

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1988 • \$3.50

THOSE LUSTY,  
BUSTY (AND OH,  
SO BRITISH)

PAGE  
**3**  
GIRLS

A THRILL  
SEEKER'S  
WINTER GUIDE

WHY WE MUST  
SPY,  
BY WILLIAM F.  
BUCKLEY, JR.

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GREED  
IN HOLLYWOOD

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HAVE ASKED  
FOR A BETTER

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# PLAYBILL

THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES can be waged by fair fighters or by cheap-shot artists. **Shere Hite** is a leader in the latter camp. In her bilious best seller *Women and Love*, Hite expends 922 pages to make the following point: Women are sensitive saints, and men—the uncommunicative beasts—don't deserve them. If that sounds like the Hite of absurdity, take heart—Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen** and Contributing Editor **Asa Baber** offer a different picture of male-female relations in this month's *Playboy Forum* and *Men* column. Read 'em and growl.

A different picture of Hite herself—in a more comely attitude—appears in our gala *Year in Sex* package, assembled from a wealth of material by Senior Editor **Gretchen Edgren**, Associate Art Director **Bruce Hansen** and Assistant Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet**. From **Gary's Hart**-breaker to condom mania to the PTL sex scandal, 1987 was an erotic year, indeed—so much so that we'll soon be publishing a *Playboy* special edition just to squeeze all the hot stuff in.

But enough about sex; let's talk about money. Specifically, let's talk with director **Oliver Stone** about money, greed and *Wall Street*—his latest film—in this month's *Playboy Interview*, conducted by **Marc Cooper**. Stone, whose multiple-Oscar winner *Platoon* cast an unblinking eye on the Vietnam war, has turned his focus on New York's financial district, also overdue for a long, hard look. Given the recent high drama on Wall Street, Stone seems to have cornered the market on cultural mood swings.

Money—the West Coast variety, great gobs of it—has also been on the mind of **Benjamin J. Stein**, author of *Minimum Headroom*. Stein shows how the awesome bucks available to TV writers, producers and executives choke off creative thought, ensuring that small-mindedness will prevail in network offices and on the incredible shrinking small screen itself.

Where you find sex and money, you often find spies. So it is in this month's *Playboy*. In *Why Spy?*, ex-CIA man **William F. Buckley, Jr.**, issues a rattling defense of espionage, arguing that in the East-West struggle, information is the front line of defense. Another inside view of spy life is offered in a companion piece, *Company Wife*, by **Karen Wynn**. The ex-spouse of an ex-spook, Wynn tells tales of CIA escapades, suggesting that our intelligence agencies may be sending boys to do men's work.

Undercover work of a different sort was carried out by Contributing Editor **E. Jean Carroll**, who went to the jungles of New Guinea to find that rare and noble creature—uncivilized man. Her experiences, recounted in *In Search of Primitive Man*, led her to a timely conclusion: Men and women need each other. Are you listening, Shere Hite?

Two heavyweights—one pugilistic, the other political—round out our nonfiction. For *Tyson the Terrible* (illustrated by **Brad Holland**), **Pete Dexter** checked in to training camp with champ **Mike Tyson**; and Senior Staff Writer **Walter Lowe** weighed in for *20 Questions* with **Harold Washington**, the undefeated but not undisputed mayor of Chicago.

This month's lead fiction offering asks the historical question Can a pyramid builder find happiness in the arms of a Pharaoh's wife? And what will her mummy think? Find the answers in **Aaron Abbey's** *An Ancient Affair*, illustrated by **Kinuko Y. Craft**. Also on tap is **David Michael Kaplan's** *Waiting for the Night Flight* (illustrated by **Blair Dawson**), in which a traveling salesman enlists Lakers star **Magic Johnson** in an effort to score a few points with his estranged wife.

Like *Playboy*, the British tabloid press keeps its readers abreast of the news. Operating on the dictum "No nudes is bad news," editors mix bustlines and headlines on a daily basis. In *Page 3 Girls*, photographer **Byron Newman** spotlights the lovelies who cavort in England's press. Those of you wallowing in snow drifts will want to take a look at **Lucien Clergue's** studies of desert nudes, where sensuous curves and solar power abound. Welcome to the February *Playboy*—a safe, reliable, renewable energy source.



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# PLAYBOY®

vol. 35, no. 2—february 1988

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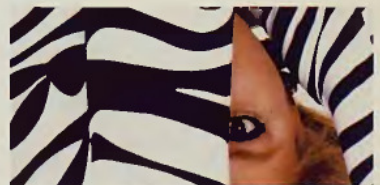
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## COVER STORY

It may be a jungle out there, but living in the jungle has its rewards. You may run into a zebra like June 1987 Playmate Sandy Greenberg, captured in her striped splendor by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Sandy's hair is by John Victor, her make-up by Pat Tomlinson, her jewelry by Philip Cantrell and her gloves by Grandae Corp. Lee Ann Perry was the stylist and Michael Ann Sullivan the producer. The hare has a leg up on the competition.



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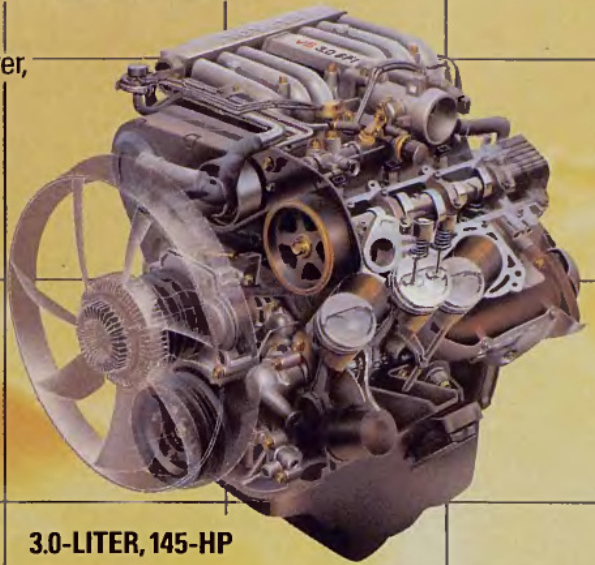


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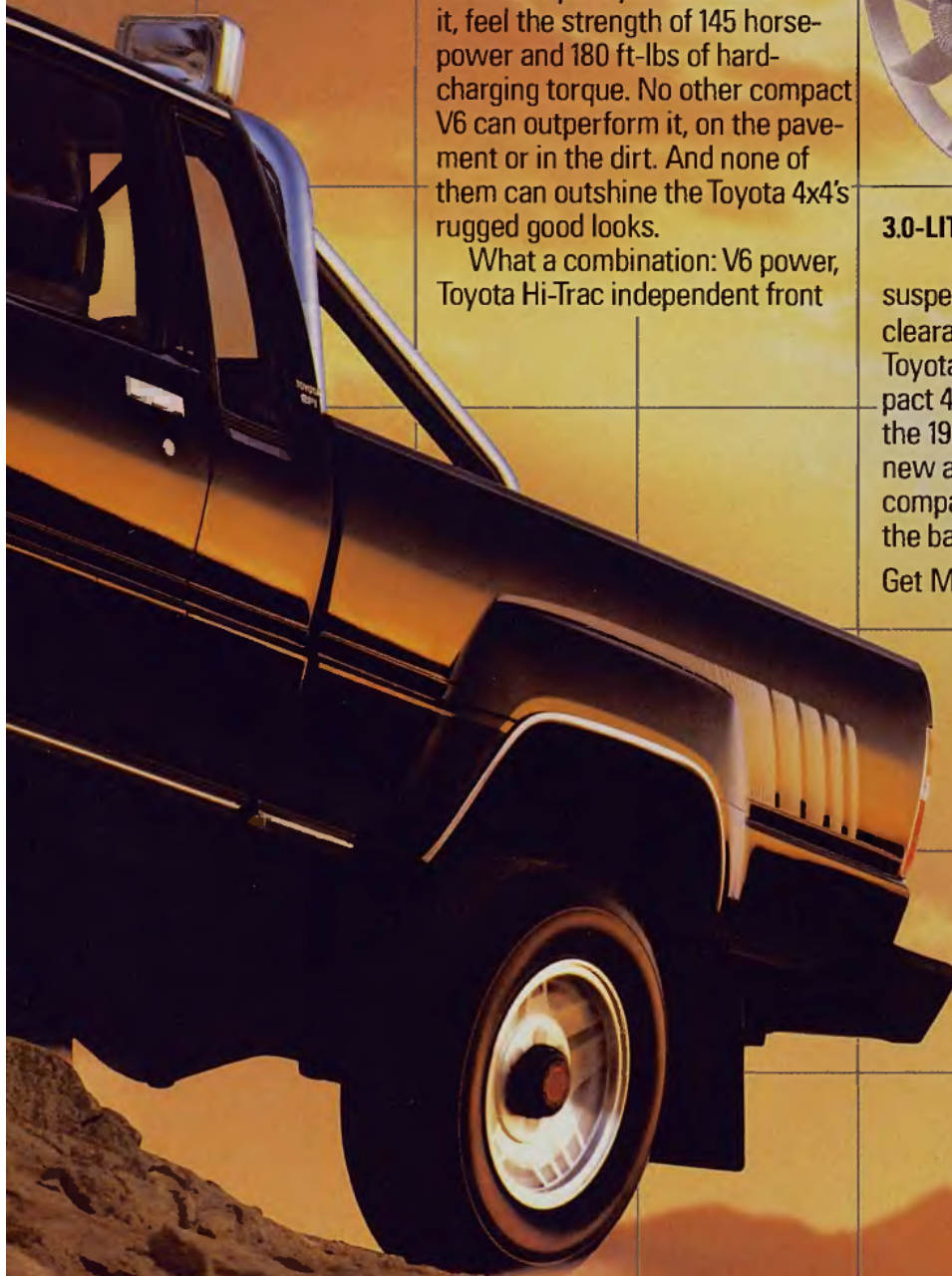
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### JUST JESSICA

I confess that my interest in reading *The Jessica Hahn Story* (*Playboy*, November) was to find out whether or not she was, as people said, a bimbo.

Having read about her ordeal, I want to salute her courage in telling the true story in all its ugly detail. I felt the deepest empathy and understanding for her. I, too, was once mentally victimized by the fundamentalist mind-set that looks on a flashy preacher as the voice of God and teaches "Woman, submit thyself. . ."

It especially galls me to think that Jim Bakker still has supporters. I wish these naïve people could be made to hear Jessica's story, but they're probably not the type to read *Playboy*.

While it's too late to put Bakker and John Fletcher behind bars, where they belong, I feel that Christians who care about justice, morality and the integrity of their faith have a moral obligation to expose such travesties so that this sort of thing doesn't happen to anyone else.

Laura D. Todd  
Oaks, Pennsylvania

Hats off to Jessica Hahn for her bravery! I was also touched by the sensitivity of *Playboy's* interviewers, G. Barry Golson and Robert Scheer. I, too, was a victim of rape. It takes a lot of guts to pick yourself up and get on with your life. As a woman, I understand Jessica's reason for wanting to tell her story and do the pictorial. After a rape, it takes a long time to feel like a woman again.

(Name withheld by request)  
Portland, Oregon

I am so damn angry that I have to blow off some steam. What upsets me is the reaction to Jessica Hahn's story by the so-called God-fearing Moral Majority that makes up the audiences for the Larry King, Phil Donahue and Sally Jessy Raphael television shows.

These audiences, with few exceptions, were ready to stone Hahn for giving her story to *Playboy*. They seemed to give little

thought to the violent acts forced on her by Fletcher and Bakker but preferred to condemn her because she had chosen *Playboy* as the means to tell her side of the story. In each of these shows, *Playboy* became the issue, while the real villains were all but forgotten.

To watch this woman be put through the wringer was enough to make me want to barf. All the questions thrown at her were colored by the presumption that Hahn must be a slut if she allowed *Playboy* to tell her story.

C'mon, you assholes. This woman was viciously attacked by a couple of animals. She was brutalized and discarded like a sheet of used toilet paper. And that story will not be told in the next edition of *Guideposts*.

Clyde M. Phillips  
Parkville, Missouri

After the disappointing pictorials of Donna Mills (October) and Jenilee Harrison (June), I wasn't expecting much from the Jessica Hahn feature. Boy, was I wrong! I believe in the pictures; it's the story that I find hard to swallow.

Robert Quezada  
Riverside, California

Is it not surprising that Women Against Pornography (otherwise known as Women Against Sexual Expression) would cite *Playboy* as one of the groups that have exploited Jessica Hahn, despite her insistence on posing nude—even after *Playboy* discouraged her from doing so? *Playboy's* generous payment to Hahn has given her lifelong economic freedom and has helped restore her self-respect. That is something the members of W.A.P. could never do for any woman in a million years—and they know it.

Roberto Santiago  
New York, New York

I'm a born-again, spirit-filled Christian. I wanted to read Jessica's story but didn't dare purchase a copy of your magazine. After all, I belong to an organization—



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Everything an exotic



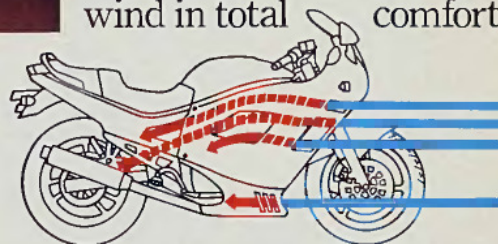


# Katana 600. machine should be.

If your expectations demand an exotic performance machine with sleek, aerodynamic design, state-of-the-art engineering, civilized ergonomics and envy-laden glances from everyone you pass, then the new and exciting Katana 600 is one machine you definitely can't afford to pass up.



Wind tunnel developed aerodynamics helped create a highly refined fairing and enclosed bodywork that reduces aerodynamic drag, feeds cool, fresh air to the engine and directs the engine heat out, away from you. And this will allow you to slice through the wind in total comfort.



A machine of uncommon character, the Katana 600 sacrifices nothing. It embodies the race-track heritage of the legendary GSX-R750. Featuring the revolutionary Suzuki Advanced Cooling System, double-overhead cams and Twin Swirl Combustion Chambers. And it also boasts strong torque spread across low-, mid- and high-rpm ranges.

*For optimum comfort its unique aerodynamic fairing directs engine heat away from the rider.*

The common ground it will share with other highly sophisticated and exotic machines is its sheer desirability. The new Katana 600. It's everything you've ever expected. And a lot more.



*The exhilarating performance of the new Katana 600 is based on the race-track proven and now legendary GSX-R750.*

Usable torque for exploring those twisty canyon roads or 2-up cruising.

The Katana 600 was ergonomically engineered for optimum comfort for as long as you want to ride. Ideal placement of the handlebars and footpegs in relationship to the seat produces an exceptionally comfortable ride. Yet another exciting and unexpected pleasure.

Right on, Suzuki



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Concerned Women for America—that protests magazines such as *Playboy*. However, my brother-in-law gave me a copy.

To my surprise, the article is done in fairly decent taste. I must admit that after reading *Playboy's* interview with Jessica, I believe her, mainly because I know someone who went through a similar sexual experience inflicted on her by another man of God. (If I gave initials, the world would know who.)

Dona L. Smith  
Melrose Park, Illinois

Like other Americans, I had been loosely following the Jessica Hahn scandal, and one afternoon I watched her at the mercy of Phil Donahue's audience. I listened to her side of the story and, unlike most of the audience, believed her. Wanting to know more, I bought the November issue of *Playboy*.

Seeing the photo of her at the age of 21, I was shocked to recognize her as one of my former clients. I was her hairdresser for about three years, from 1978 to 1981.

In that time, I came to know Jessica pretty well and can vouch for her description of herself as a girl who was totally devoted to God and the people of her church. She loved the Reverend Gene Profeta and adored his family. She worked, worshiped and lived the Massapequa Tabernacle Church.

She always wore feminine dresses and was made up beautifully. But it was clear to me even then that it was not for self-gratification but rather to be a shining example of the church she loved so much.

I think it's a disgrace that John Fletcher and Jim Bakker walk free.

Michael Schoales  
Lake George, New York

Thanks for publishing *The Jessica Hahn Story*. You have performed an admirable service both to the reading public and to a lovely girl who was used and abused by so-called men of God. From now on, I am a subscriber to *Playboy*.

Mary L. Furtado  
Arlington, Massachusetts

Those two creeps (Bakker and Fletcher) should be in the slammer for rape instead of still out there bilking the public.

I'm glad that Jessica finally saw their hypocrisy, and I hope she will realize that the degradation and subjugation of women comes straight from religion—has for centuries! She is a very attractive and intelligent woman who deserves understanding and support for her ordeal. She didn't deserve that outrageous interview on *Good Morning America* from the guy who couldn't talk about anything but her bare breasts or what type of clothing she wears.

Billie Hansen  
Ventura, California

Bravo for Jessica Hahn and her soul-cleansing spread in *Playboy*. The critics

can't complain, lest they forget that God brought Hahn into the world *au naturel* and not with Tammy Faye make-up.

Thomas Taylor  
Hollywood, California



I find as much truth and fact in Hahn's story as I do in Bakker's: not one god-damned bit.

Charles T. Muller  
Conway, Arkansas

The illustrations in *The Jessica Hahn Story* are just great. Jim Bakker looks like a frog in underwear! David Small, with his talent as an artist, gives us a sense of what Hahn must have seen and felt, including her fear and disgust. And Bakker brushes his . . . hair. Yuck!

Julia Fox  
San Francisco, California

#### SANDINISTA SOLILOQUY

Having just returned from the Soviet Union, I read the *Playboy Interview* with Nicaragua's Daniel Ortega (November) with interest. My impressions of the U.S.S.R. were very similar to interviewer Claudia Dreifus' impressions of Managua: "There were more soldiers in the streets . . . more black marketeers. . . . Everything was sadder, bleaker, dirtier. People looked really worn."

Perhaps these characteristics are due to a Marxist government rather than the *Contra* war and the U.S. economic blockade.

Andris Eiland  
Brooklyn, New York

It is obvious to me that Ortega is the George Washington of his people, having gone through hell on their behalf at the hands of *Somocista* sadists. Seven years in a Somoza prison certainly was no picnic.

Speaking of George Washington, it is very easy to tell what he would have thought of President Reagan's *Contra*-inspired terrorism against the people of Nicaragua. In a letter addressed to James Monroe on August 25, 1796, he wrote the following words of wisdom, which Reagan is too stupid to appreciate: "I have always given it as my decided opinion that no nation has a right to intermeddle in the inter-

nal concerns of another; that everyone had a right to form and adopt whatever government they liked best to live under themselves; and that if this country could, consistently with its engagements, maintain a strict neutrality and thereby preserve peace, it was bound to do so by motives of policy, interest and every other consideration."

True patriots will let President Reagan and Congress know what they think of his treason to the spirit of Washington.

Hats off to *Playboy* for its courage and patriotism!

Robert E. Nordlander  
Menasha, Wisconsin

Don't call them *Sandinistas*; call them *Stalinistas*. Anyone with the brains to look back on the words of Stalin 50 years ago is shocked to find how similar what he said was to the self-righteous, self-serving driv-el now spouted by Daniel Ortega. This hypocrite is typical of the corrupt dictators whom Russia sponsors all around the world, from North Korea to Poland, Bulgaria, Cuba and Vietnam.

In early 1980, at the United Nations General Assembly, 104 countries voted to condemn Russia's invasion of Afghanistan. Nicaragua abstained, and now has the arrogant nerve to complain about American "intervention." Wouldn't you be *contra*—against—such double talk?

Pete Melanson  
Vancouver, British Columbia

Daniel Ortega justifies the closing of *La Prensa* by asserting that it attempted to destabilize the government and was financed by the CIA, and that its owners had lobbied Congress for *Contra* aid.

But *La Prensa* was subjected to strict government censorship from 1982 until it was closed in June 1986. How could one censored newspaper threaten a government that arbitrarily decided what could or could not be published?

Steven Blakemore  
West Palm Beach, Florida

#### PRIMA DONNA

It was a pleasure to have Donna Edmondson visit the patients here at the Des Moines VA Medical Center.

I am sorry that the visit was not without some problems (*The World of Playboy*, January). Donna handled the situation so graciously, and I know the patients were pleased to have her visit them.

We have received many nice comments from veterans about her visit and a great deal of support from Service organizations.

Again, thanks to Donna and the *Playboy* staff for making a bright spot in a veteran's day.

Wayne Maddocks  
Medical Center Director  
Veterans Administration  
Des Moines, Iowa







# Instant-on radar: How to defend yourself

Instant-on radar—also called “pulsed” radar—has been a threat for years. However, as radar operators try to defeat radar detectors, instant-on is being used more and more. Understanding how it works is the first step in defending yourself.

## How radar works

In an ordinary radar trap, a radar gun is aimed at oncoming traffic and continuously transmits a beam of radar waves. Although invisible, this beam behaves very much like a spotlight. The effective range for the radar to “see” your car’s speed is less than a half mile for most cars, somewhat longer for trucks.

## How radar detectors work

A radar detector works like a radio tuned to radar frequency. And just like your eyes can see a spotlight before the spotlight’s beam is directly on you, a good detector is sensitive enough to see this radar beam before the radar sees your car. Even over hills and around curves.

## How instant-on radar works

Instant-on radar does not transmit until triggered by the operator, so there is no radar beam to detect as you approach. After you are within its range, the operator triggers the radar. It transmits the radar beam and reads your speed in less than a second, too quickly for most drivers to respond. But there is a defense.

## The best defense...

The only defense against instant-on radar is to identify it before you are within its range. You must detect it when traffic ahead of you is being clocked by instant-on. For this, your detector must reach out for distant radar signals.

You’re looking for weak radar that lasts only a few seconds. Finding even one such “pulse” is cause for alert. Finding a series of them, each stronger than the last, indicates you’re approaching an instant-on trap that’s picking off traffic ahead.

Identifying instant-on radar before you come in range is the only defense today, just as it was ten years ago when we introduced Escort. That’s why Escort and Passport have always had a warning system that tells you everything you need to know about every radar encounter. The strength of the signal, and the length of it, are critically important.

## Nothing but the truth

Our warning system indicates signal strength by both a meter and a smooth variable-rate beeper that pulses like a geiger-counter. The length of the signal is indicated by the duration of the alert. But there’s more to it.

False alarms destroy the reliability of any warning system. If you can’t trust the accuracy of each alert, eventually you’ll ignore a real radar threat. That’s why we’ve added AFR™ circuitry to identify and ignore the K-band signals of the Rashid VRSS, a device used in some trucks that sets off other radar detectors.

## Best in the business

Escort and Passport are the highest performance, most complete radar warning systems available. But don’t take our word for it. In 1987, *Car and Driver*, *Popular Mechanics* and *Roundel* each published independent tests of radar detectors.

And each gave us its highest ratings (for complete copies of the tests, call us toll-free).

## Find out for yourself

We only sell direct to you, and we guarantee your satisfaction. If you’re not entirely satisfied within 30 days, return your purchase. We’ll refund your money and return shipping costs.

To order, just call us toll-free, we’ll be glad to answer any questions. Orders in by 3:00 pm Eastern time go out the same day by UPS, and we pay for shipping. If you’re in a hurry, overnight delivery by Federal Express is only \$10 extra.

Call now and the best defense against instant-on radar can be in your car tomorrow morning.

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## THE WRONG STUFF

Once you understand how instant-on radar works, it’s obvious that being well-informed about the presence of weak radar signals is the only protection available. However, one detector maker hopes you’ll believe otherwise, and based on that they’ve added a so-called “Pulse Protection” feature to one of their detectors.

**What it does.** When this unit detects the sudden presence of a “high strength signal” (to quote the maker), a “P” (for “pulse”) appears on its display, and it sounds a special alert. They call this “Pulse Protection.”

Unfortunately, under some circumstances radar close enough to produce the “P” can also be strong enough to

clock your speed. You can already be in range, which is not the time to find out about instant-on.

**You know better.** Remember, the only defense against instant-on is to find it while the signal is weak. By highlighting strong signals only, this so-called “Pulse Protection” leads you away from the only defense against instant-on. The maker says this feature “tells you when you’re being shot at.” The problem is, when you’re being shot at, it’s too late. Maybe “P” really stands for placebo.

**The same old song.** In its most recent radar detector test, *Car and Driver* noted, “While other makers have spent their energy on funny features or zoomy styling, Cincinnati Microwave has found a way to improve function in a quiet and systematic way.” We intend to continue on our path. And apparently, others intend to continue on theirs.





# Marlboro



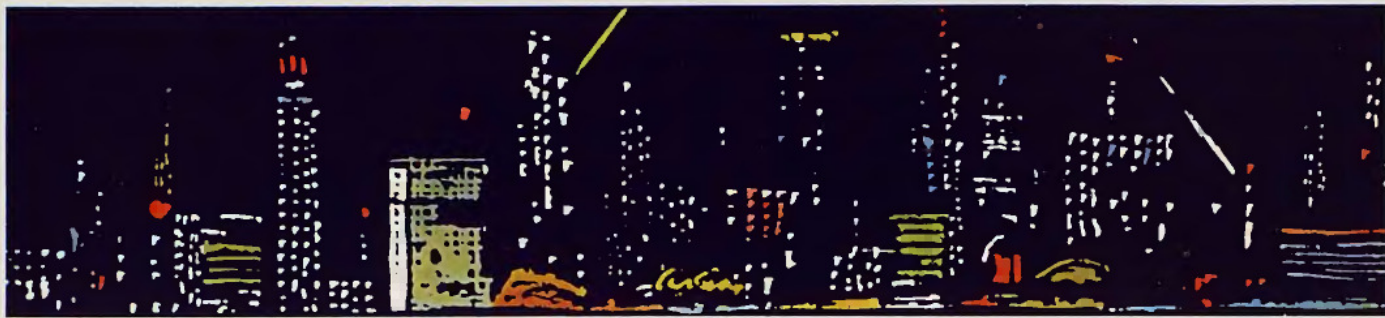
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**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.**

16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85



# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## AUTEUR, AUTEUR

Directors of TV commercials sometimes upgrade to feature films: Howard (*Slither*, *Hearts of the West*) Zieff and Ridley (*Alien*, *Blade Runner*) Scott are just two who switched from small to big screen. But how many go the opposite way? Actor/director Alan Arkin, for one. In 1987, Arkin directed his first commercial—for Miller Lite—then went on to do seven spots for Wendy's hamburgers and more for GTE.

Maybe the lure was money. Arkin told a reporter that when his agent talked numbers, "My jaw dropped to my knees." Arkin says he likes the tight shooting schedules of commercials; he's a fast thinker—he trained in improv with Second City—and gets excited about wrapping a project in a matter of days.

Arkin's Miller Lite spot has all the plot development you could hope for between downs on *Monday Night Football*. *Sports Illustrated* bathing-suit beauty Elle Macpherson strolls past a beach-front saloon; the bartender faints dead away; all other males in the joint go gaga. My, opines Elle, "you'd think they'd never seen a girl with a Miller Lite before." The horizontal barkeep is played by Arkin's son, Adam, who—honest—was first recommended by the casting department.

Actually, Arkin is not the first big-time director to move into ads. That distinction belongs to Ingmar Bergman, who shot some spots during a strike in the Swedish film industry. Knowledgeable interpreters of Bergman's canon say the commercials appear to be designed to sell soap.

## WALK THIS WAY

OK. What do Rod McKuen, Clark Gable, The Harlem Globetrotters and Audrey Hepburn have in common? They all have stars on the Hollywood Walk of Fame. And now you don't even have to walk there to see them, if you pick up a copy of *The Hollywood Walk of Fame*, compiled by Marianne Morino. It has a map and info on everyone, including Hugh M. Hefner, who has achieved sidewalk star-

dom. We loved the trivia. Did you know that Lassie's bloodline "happily lives on"? Has anyone told Spuds MacKenzie?

## SUGAR WALLS

We don't know for certain what it means, but a female source reports seeing this graffiti in a Nashville rest room:

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray I don't wake up with a creep.  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray my orgasm I can fake.

## NEW ROCK CAUSE

From *Do They Know It's Christmas?* to *Sun City*, it's obvious—this is the Plea Decade. And the charity ball continues to roll with Mr. Mister's plans to donate royalties from one of its songs to Amerasian kids. *Dust*, written by lyricist John Lang and lead singer/bassist Richard Page, aims to help the estimated 100,000 Asian children who have been separated from or abandoned by their American fathers in the Philippines, Japan, Korea, Taiwan



and Southeast Asia, where they are racially discriminated against and usually live in poverty. Says Page of the song, "It's a look at our inability to be responsible."

Earnings will be donated to the Pearl S. Buck Foundation, which provides Amerasian kids with financial, medical and educational support and tries to place them in American foster homes. The foundation runs a confidential, toll-free hotline (800-523-5328) for anyone who thinks he may have left a child in an Asian country.

## BACKFIRE

Last fall, race-car driver Kyle Petty, son of stock-car great Richard Petty, participated in a publicity stunt staged to demonstrate that booze and driving don't mix. First, Petty slugged down ten ounces of alcohol disguised in a fuzzy navel, a concoction of vodka, peach schnapps and orange juice. Then he hopped into his car and whizzed through an obstacle course of yellow pylons without touching a one. No weaving, no mishaps, just sharp, perfect driving—which, at that particular moment, was not the desired effect.

One official sheepishly pointed out afterward that at least Petty lost his balance during sobriety tests after the stunt. Lest the message be lost completely, 27-year-old Petty, in the end, groaned and reportedly announced, "I'm getting ready to throw up, to tell you the truth."

## VENI, VIDI VIDEO

For \$19.95, you can pick up *Slippery When Wet: The Videos* (PolyGram Music Video), a collection of music videos and other footage by that rock-'n'-roll package of pent-up testosterone called Bon Jovi. The segment showing Jon Bon Jovi learning to play harmonica is worth the price all by itself. . . . Yabba dabba doo! The Flintstones are now on tape, courtesy of Worldvision, the firm that's releasing cassettes of some top episodes of TV's *primo* prehistories. Time to kick back and throw a few Brontosaurus steaks on the grill. . . . Have a woman friend who's not a straight shooter?



# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### QUOTE

"When I was still in my homeland, I never could have imagined that one day I would journey to a faraway place called In-di-ana. I wouldn't even have known what the word meant."—The Dalai Lama, head of Tibet's government in exile, visiting Bloomington, Indiana.

### FIRST BLOOD

Estimated fraction of press coverage of Presidential primaries devoted to the New Hampshire primary in 1984: one fifth.

Portion of Americans living in New Hampshire: four tenths of a percent.

Percentage of the delegates to the national Democratic and Republican conventions who will be chosen in the 20 primaries to be held on March eighth, a.k.a. Super Tuesday: 33.

### THE FRANCHISE

According to the Bureau of the Census, the percentage of Americans of voting age who were registered to vote in 1986: 64.3.

Percentage of registered voters who voted in 1986: 46.

State with the highest percentage of registered voters in 1986: North Dakota, 95. With the lowest: Kentucky, 33.

### TELEMILEAGE

Number of cellular phones in use in the United States: 800,000.

Average cost to purchase a car phone: \$1400.

Peak-rate cost per minute for a cellular-phone call: in New York, 55 cents; in Los Angeles, 45 cents; in Chicago, 34 cents.



### FACT OF THE MONTH

The Federal Election Commission has been notified by 202 Americans who are candidates for the Presidency of the United States. Thirty of them have raised more than \$5000.

Wall Street investors, the CIA, Richard Nixon and Jerry Falwell.

### SQUARE FEET

Square feet allotted per passenger according to guidelines for the New York City subway system: three.

Average square feet actually occupied per standing passenger on New York City subways during rush hour: about 1.6.

New York City subway fare: one dollar. Average cost for rental business space in midtown Manhattan: \$40.15 per square foot.

### MINORITY REPORT

National Black History Month: February.

Percentage of Americans who are black: 12. Percentage of blacks who hold elective office: two.

Percentage of black preschool children in a recent study who preferred white dolls to black ones: 66; in studies during the Forties: 66.

### REDS

Percentage of Americans who consider themselves strongly anti-Communist: 70.

Percentage of Americans who think Karl Marx's phrase "from each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs" appears in the U.S. Constitution: 45.

Percentage of Americans who view Mikhail Gorbachev, the Soviet leader, favorably: 41.

American individuals and institutions viewed less favorably than Gorbachev:

Wall Street investors, the CIA, Richard Nixon and Jerry Falwell.

Get her a copy of *A Woman's Guide to Firearms* from Bianchi International in Temecula, California. The tape is hosted by Gerald McRaney, one of the stars of *Simon & Simon*. Bullets not included. . . . Latest from the hardware front: Toshiba plans to introduce the world's first 3-D camcorder. It's a VHS-C format model that has two lenses mounted side by side. The liquid-crystal shutters open and close alternately to capture left and right images at the rate of 30 a second. The tapes will play back on a standard VHS VCR, but you need special glasses to watch them.

### WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER HERO

At least not while Superman endures. This year marks Superman's golden anniversary—50 years of truth, justice and, well, you know. Naturally, major super-hoopla is planned.

The Smithsonian kicks it off with a show that includes Jimmy Olsen's bow tie, plus George Reeves's wool-knit costume and Christopher Reeve's polyester version.

In New York, DC Comics is hosting a bash in late February commemorating Superman's birthday on the 29th, as derived from the Kryptonian calendar. *Saturday Night Live* creator Lorne Michaels is producing a CBS-TV special; and in June, an International Superman Exposition will open in Cleveland, home of Superman creators Joe Shuster and Jerry Siegel.

Meanwhile, DC Comics continues to market the Man of Steel to a slightly more mature audience. Clark Kent is now a Yuppie reporter who lifts weights and writes novels on the side. Not bad for 50.

### SAFETY COOKIE

The latest novelty from California is called Condom-in-a-Fortune Cookie. We spotted a plastic pail full of the crispy critters at our favorite candy counter the other day. "We've sold 92 dozen of them in one month—they're going like crazy," the clerk told us. "More women than men are buying them." A condom in a fortune cookie is just what you think it is. Inside each cookie is a rubber and wrapped around each one is a fortune that optimistically reads: YOU ARE GOING TO GET LUCKY... BE PREPARED.

### GOOD GIRL GOES BAD

Maggie Han, whose gams jazz up the ads for L'eggs Sheer Elegance panty hose, plays a sexually debauched Manchu princess who spies for the Japanese in Bernardo Bertolucci's *The Last Emperor* (see review on page 28). Did the role pose any special challenge? Nope; playing the vamp is nothing new; Han made her acting debut in the miniseries *Space* as a journalist who got the inside scoop on America's space program by bedding each astronaut—one at a time. "That one was a stretch for me," Han confesses now. "Let's just say that I didn't draw on any real, uh, social experiences for that role."





# THE DIRTY DOZEN.\* VIETNAM-STYLE.

They were Navy SEALs—among the best we had in Vietnam. An elite force of highly trained commandos, their specialty was covert operations. That December morning, twelve were choppered in to surprise Charlie in his own backyard. And when enemy snipers opened up, they poured it on with M-16's and grenade launchers. The firefight was over in a matter of minutes. Later, SEAL Team 1 would pose with pride, holding the flag it had captured.



Did we just get lucky that day on the Cua Lon? Or were our troops winning the war all along, only to have politicians lose it at home? It is more crucial than ever that we find the answers now.

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The most comprehensive account of America's most incomprehensible war.



## NELSON GEORGE

TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY is: (A) a marketing man's dream; (B) the latest example of European insight's overcoming American racism; (C) a pale, skinny dude with a chip on his shoulder; (D) all of the above.

D'Arby, an ex-U.S. Army enlisted man, began performing professionally while serving in Germany. Tall and extremely lean, with pretty features and a flexible, soulful voice, D'Arby became an entertainment sensation in the U.K. His first two singles soared to number one in Thatcherland, and his exceptional stage presence—D'Arby's moves rival those of Michael Jackson and Prince for flamboyance—made CBS sign him as a potential American crossover star. But D'Arby is ambivalent about his grab for Stateside success; in interviews, he attacks American music and racial politics in diatribes laced with profanity and amusing egotism.

The title of his album, *Introducing the Hardline According to Terence Trent D'Arby* (Columbia), suggests the intensity of both his ambition and his vocals. *Hardline's* tour de force is *As Yet Untitled*, an a cappella journey through D'Arby's rage at America that in its imagery recalls Sam Cooke's *A Change Is Gonna Come*.

The answer to the quiz, at least for now, is D. While his story somewhat resembles Jimi Hendrix', it's not yet clear whether or not D'Arby can translate British enthusiasm into American success. What is clear is that his U.S. debut will be one of the year's best music-biz soap operas.

## ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Bruce Springsteen's *Tunnel of Love* (Columbia) is quick product in the wake of the disappointing (i.e., less than gargantuan) sales of last year's live quintuple LP. It side-steps his mythic commitment to justice, the working class and the E Street Band. It embraces pop's great romantic cliché without pursuing it full tilt. It lays out what's on Springsteen's mind. It's a retreat, but a damned honorable one. What else would you expect from him?

Springsteen has never been much of a musician without his band—however much you admire the grimly solitary *Nebraska*, you don't play it for pleasure. He has never shown much of a knack for the love song, either. Yet he has the audacity to make his love album almost as Spartan as *Nebraska*—even when his bandmates do appear (Max Weinberg on eight tracks, the others much less often), they're uncharacteristically quiet. And Springsteen almost brings it off. His singing has gained a liveness that hints at syncopation, and he colors a few tracks by taking into his own hands the dreaded synthesizer.

Not all the songs have the knack—the



Ex-GI rhythm-and-blues.

A native son  
returns, and the Boss  
is back, too.

album leads with a brave, flat joke and follows with a just-plain-flat cliché. But on the whole, this is convincing, original stuff—it zeroes in on fear of commitment as a pathology and battles it. Such lines as "You got to learn to live with what you can't rise above" and "God have mercy on the man/Who doubts what he's sure of" have a confessional feel that goes a long way toward redeeming Springsteen's chronic romanticization of the road; and while they sum up *Tunnel of Love* thematically, they can't suggest its substance. For that, you'll just have to buy and listen hard.

## CHARLES M. YOUNG

Over the years, Ry Cooder has demonstrated a love for two types of songwriters: innocent guys who come up with gems of naïveté and experienced guys who have an interestingly skewed take on reality. On *Get Rhythm* (Warner), we get one song of innocence (*Women Will Rule the World*), one of experience (*I Can Tell by the Way You Smell*), seven songs in between and a lot of rollicking slide guitar. What I really like about this record is the fact that it rocks more than Cooder's recent sound-track work. I wanna dance to several cuts and find myself wishing that for all his wonderful ventures into ethnic music, Cooder would do an album of pure rock 'n' roll: Forget about variety and just burn. Until then, I'll be happy I can *Get Rhythm*.

From the remains of the Stormtroopers of Death, whose *Speak English or Die* was a

thrash classic, arises Method of Destruction, whose *U.S.A. for M.O.D.* (Caroline/Megaforce) continues a tradition of incorrect politics (how much of this is irony?) that is partially redeemed by brutal honesty, brutal humor and brutal riffs. Expect the P.M.R.C. to blame the entire music business for such songs as *Spandex Enormity* at the next Congressional hearing on lyrics. But the question remains: Would these guys be as good without the fascism?

## DAVE MARSH

Given his mystic mumbo jumbo, melodies so soothing that they're sometimes numbing, his penchant for folkiness and his resistance to loud, hard rock, Van Morrison is something like the father of New Age noodling. On *Spanish Steps*, the mood-jazz number that opens *Poetic Champions Compose* (Mercury/PolyGram), Morrison descends into the land of George Winston. But he rebounds quickly by simply opening his mouth and singing.

Morrison's singing incorporates things


## GUEST SHOT



SINGER/SONGWRITER Timothy B. Schmit is presently thriving with a hot second solo LP called "Timothy B.," but he has a lot of history—12 albums with Poco and three years with the Eagles, just to spot the high points. We asked Schmit to describe the new LP of another rocker with a past. It's called simply "Duane Eddy" (Capitol).

"This sounded wonderfully familiar on first listen—Duane Eddy is a piece of Americana and a precious piece of my past. He's still playing guitar in that same unmistakable style—low, one note at a time and twangy. The way he bends those low strings—the expression is so subtle! It's a deceptively simple style. Could anyone else play like he does? And those other great artists on the record add so much—especially on *Blue City*, with Ry Cooder, and *Rockabilly Holiday*, with E.L.O.'s Jeff Lynne. This LP is a must for guitar buffs and people who crave big servings of classic rock 'n' roll."





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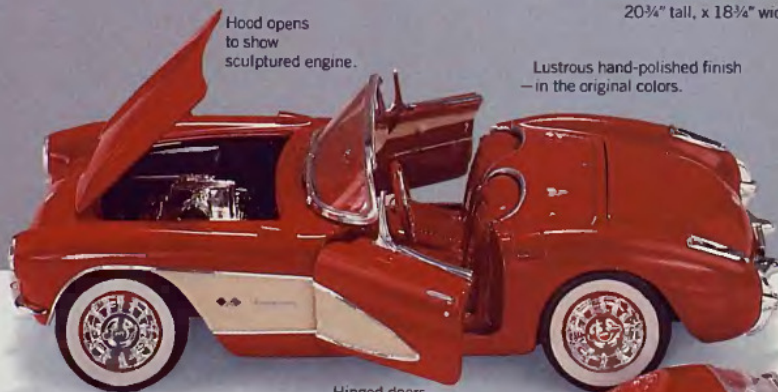
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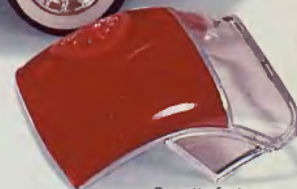
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# FAST TRACKS

# R

## ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
<b>Introducing the Hardline According to Terence Trent D'Arby</b>	7	5	8	6	7
<b>New Monkees</b>	1	4	3	1	3
<b>Van Morrison Poetic Champions Compose</b>	7	5	7	7	7
<b>Rush Hold Your Fire</b>	2	4	5	3	5
<b>Bruce Springsteen Tunnel of Love</b>	9	8	8	9	6

**SOMETHING TO OFFEND EVERYONE DEPARTMENT:** The California Raisins that embarrassed those of us who loved Marvin Gaye are at it again, folks. Now the Raisins have an album out, with such standards as *Lean on Me* and *When a Man Loves a Woman* (how would they know?) on it. Next? Videos, of course.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** Helen Reddy is producing her first film, *The Land of Oz*, a history of Australia. . . . Miles Copeland moves I.R.S. Records into the movie business with six films on subjects ranging from motorcycle racing to musical comedy. Copeland says the company will make low-budget stuff with strong rock sound tracks. . . . John Cougar Mellencamp's movie debut is 95 percent set. In *Riding the Cage*, Mellencamp will play a country singer. . . . We hear that Bono is interested in playing a terrorist in a movie and is meeting with Hollywood types. "I'd be a very good bad guy," he said. . . . Producer-director Taylor Hackford, hot off two successes, *La Bamba* and *Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll*, is going to make a movie about Linda Creed, the Philly songwriter who died right before Whitney Houston's version of *The Greatest Love of All*, which Creed wrote, hit number one.

**NEWSBREAKS:** Aretha is planning to record with Barry White. . . . Lou Reed has asked John Cale to work with him on his next record. . . . Sting is putting a band together for a major tour this year. . . . Look for Art Garfunkel's first solo album in six years. . . . Chuck Berry is working on a studio album and planning to tour with a band. . . . Ron Wood says in his book, *Ron Wood on Ron Wood: The Works*, that the Stones used to check into hotels as Fleetwood Mac in towns where the Stones weren't welcome. . . . After a break, Bon Jovi will return to the studio

to record what may be a two-LP set. . . . Look for Santana's reunion album while you keep an eye out for Carlos Santana, Gregg Rolie and Neal Schon, who may even be trying out some new material in concert. . . . Who's hot? The Jamaica Boys' Marcus Miller. He's producing the next Miles Davis album, four tracks for Roberta Flack and a track for Spike Lee's next movie, *School Daze*. The Jamaica Boys made their national TV debut last fall on *Showtime at the Apollo*. . . . Natalie Cole has finally decided she's ready to record an album of her father's hits. . . . Look for a star-studded group on Cinemax' *Roy Orbison and Friends*, to include the Boss, Elvis Costello, Jackson Browne, Bonnie Raitt, J. D. Souther, Tom Waits and T-Bone Burnett. . . . Richard Perry is producing an album of remakes of classic hits from the late Fifties and Sixties. Some of the artists already committed to the project are Michael McDonald, Luther Vandross and the Pointer Sisters. . . . Keith Richards had so much fun hanging out with Chuck Berry's St. Louis musician friends during the making of *Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll* that he's reportedly producing a solo album for Johnny Johnson, Berry's original piano player. . . . Tipper Gore, in her book *Raising PG Kids in an X-Rated Society*, got so carried away by the topic that she used lyrics and artwork from a W.A.S.P. album without permission. W.A.S.P. lead singer Blackie Lawless is making legal noises. . . . The Beach Boys, the Beatles, the Drifters, Dylan and the Supremes will be inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame this year at a dinner in New York. And if you're wondering how long rock can last, this year's inductees were chosen from among artists whose first records were released before 1963! —BARBARA NELLIS

he's learned from the conversational asides of Ray Charles, the inflamed improvisations of Gospel vocalists, the gut-wrenching exorcisms of Jackie Wilson and a variety of rhythmic techniques that could emerge only from a boyhood spent immersed in Irish poetry and jazz. If you like him, Morrison is one of the few singers who count; if you don't, maybe he's a bore—I'll never know, because I think he's great.

But I do know that he's great despite himself. *Poetic Champions* is such an internal rumination that its rare moments of lucidity—the archfolky *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child*, the bluesy *Someone Like You*, the playful *Give Me My Rapture*—are almost shocking. The gullible would begin to comb the album for meanings—surely, *Alan Watts Blues* must have something to tell us about the consequences of popularizing spiritual pursuits. Maybe, but Van's not offering to decode it.

The result is mood music that speaks only to a cult, which is disappointing coming from the composer/performer who gave us *Gloria*, and *Domino*. But then, once he has seduced you with his singing, Van Morrison may have you for life, because this stuff simply isn't available anywhere else. This victim sure isn't complaining.

### VIC GARBARINI

On the sound track to *Less than Zero* (Def Jam/Columbia), rap producer Rick Rubin has done for L.A. flash metal and rap what *The Harder They Come* did for reggae. Rubin's production trademarks—raw, razor-sharp guitars, in-your-face drums and electrifying clarity—wring incandescent performances from a raunchy team of rockers, including Aerosmith, Poison and Joan Jett. The selection of cover tunes is inspired, from Slayer's delirious romp through *In-a-Gadda-Da-Vida* to the Bangles' surprisingly gutsy rendition of Paul Simon's *Hazy Shade of Winter*. The rap material is fresh and innovative, especially the horns on LL Cool J's *Going Back to Cali*. But it's Rubin's genius for eschewing technocosmetics in favor of stripping rock down to its ecstatic essentials that makes this one of the most satisfying records of the season.

Saxophonist Branford Marsalis' recent work with Sting led some jazz purists to turn up their noses. But just as Sting's . . . *Nothing Like the Sun* proved that Branford could fashion a hybrid approach that acknowledged yet transcended everything from bebop to King Curtis, so *Renaissance* (Columbia), his third solo jazz outing, proves that Wynton's older brother has come into his own. Marsalis has deftly melded his influences—Ben Webster's languid sensuousness, Wayne Shorter's angularity and John Coltrane's mystic fluidity—into a distinctive voice that resonates with depth and authority.



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## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

REMEMBER PU YI? Probably not. So let *The Last Emperor* (Columbia) illuminate and enchant you with an unforgettable history lesson. It's the sort of epic that has to flash place names and dates on the screen now and then to keep the chronology straight. But Italian director Bernardo Bertolucci, filming in modern China with the ancient, splendid Forbidden City as a backdrop, retells the tantalizing true story of Emperor Pu Yi, who ascended the throne in 1908, at the age of three, and was deposed when China became a republic in 1912. Pu Yi subsequently ruled as a puppet emperor under Japanese invaders, spent ten years in a Communist prison after World War Two and ended his checkered career more or less content as a gardener at a people's park in Red China. Pu Yi as an adult is played strikingly by John Lone. His languid English tutor is Peter O'Toole, whose cool reserve in a relatively minor role indicates the film's deliberate style. Bertolucci's screenplay, written in collaboration with Mark Peploe, takes a semidetached view, emphasizing awesome spectacle over sentiment. Camera wizard Vittorio Storaro's cinematography guarantees breath-taking images from first to last—whether focused on the pageantry at court or on Pu Yi's frivolous middle years with his tragic empress (Joan Chen), who trades royal tradition for flapperish fads, turning in exile to drugs and lesbianism. Such glimpses of private imperial decadence echo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris*. While tame and impersonal in comparison, *Last Emperor* is bravura movie magic on a scale that makes most of the current competition look puny. ★★★

The late John Huston, bless him, caps off an illustrious career with a virtually perfect small film based on James Joyce's *The Dead* (Vestron), a classic short story from *The Dubliners* collection. Appropriately, this great director's swan song also scores as a family affair, with a faithful, sensitive screen adaptation by his son Tony and a transcendent performance in a key role by his daughter Anjelica. Don't let the title mislead you: *The Dead* is more a paean to life than a death rattle. Set at a dinner party in Dublin during the horse-and-carriage era, it's an affectionate collage of Irish quirks and sprightly conversation among some music-loving gentry. Huston clearly cherishes each character, though the evening's bonhomie ends in boozy, bittersweet revelations by a married couple who discover, almost by chance, a chasm in their feelings toward each other. As the anguished lady, driven at last to tell her husband (Donal McCann) how little she loves him, Anjelica



Emperor Lone stars with Chen.

A spectacular lesson in Chinese history; Woody does Bergman, again.

rises above her Oscar-winning performance in *Prizzi's Honor*. ★★★

Almost Chekhovian in tone as a rueful, claustrophobic study of relationships, Woody Allen's *September* (Orion) has surprisingly few laughs except for splendid comic relief by Elaine Stritch, a well-seasoned recruit from Broadway. Stritch plays a glitzy, much-married showbiz legend vacationing at a Vermont country house with her suicide-prone daughter (Mia Farrow in her mousiest mode). The girl's entire life has been discolored by a scandal in her teens, when she allegedly shot and killed her mom's resident lover, a brutish thug. Introducing a plot twist lifted whole from Lana Turner's lurid past somehow cheapens *September* without adding any real emotional depth. Otherwise, the wayward mother/wronged daughter conflict rages very much in the vein of *Autumn Sonata*, a dark drama made a decade ago by Ingmar Bergman, whom Allen idolizes and occasionally emulates. While it's not his best stuff, for my money, Woody can handle seriousness. So can his actors, a stunning ensemble that includes Dianne Wiest, Denholm Elliott and Sam Waterston. All are house guests in a four-cornered romantic muddle, since Denholm loves Mia, who's mad about her wimpish summer tenant, Sam, who only has eyes for Dianne, who is Mia's best friend and happens to be married. Enter Stritch, thank God, all wrinkles and wisecracks—lusting after her latest mate (Jack

Warden), urging everyone to lighten up and hoping she can merge her liver spots into something resembling a tan. ★★★

Every psychiatrist joke that might offend mental-health advocates is conscientiously included in *The Couch Trip* (Orion). Given a chaotic screenplay, lucky director Michael Ritchie also has Dan Aykroyd and Walter Matthau on hand as a comic SWAT team equipped to save even the least deserving gags from instant oblivion. Aykroyd plays an escaped lunatic who winds up replacing an even crazier psychiatrist (Charles Grodin) on a radio talk show in Beverly Hills. Of course, his blunt advice about penis envy and premature ejaculation swiftly boosts the ratings. While Matthau threatens blackmail, Aykroyd conceals his true identity from gorgeous Donna Dixon (Dan's real-life wife) and duped colleagues Richard Romanus and David Clennon. Because the cast far outclasses the format, *Couch Trip* offers a livelier ride than the film makers have any right to expect. ★★

Produced by and starring Barbra Streisand, *Nuts* (Warner) is a trumped-up courtroom psychodrama that Streisand treats like a one-woman show. Well, almost. She shares screen time generously and to good effect with Richard Dreyfuss, unbeatable as the Legal Aid lawyer assigned to defend her case against seemingly hopeless odds. Director Martin (Norma Rae) Ritt approaches *Nuts*, based on a play by Tom Topor, as if he were half-convinced it had something significant to say about justice, or equality, or a woman's right to choose. Barbra plays a high-priced hooker who has been declared crazy after murdering one of her Johns (Leslie Nielsen, as a perfect argument for justifiable homicide) and faces a long, dark future in the loony bin unless she can prove her competence to stand trial. What really bugs the angry defendant is a deep family secret that you're likely to guess even before her anxious mother and stepfather (Maureen Stapleton and Karl Malden) take the stand. But it's Barbra's testimony that shakes the rafters when she snaps, "You think giving a blow job for \$500 is nuts, huh? I know women who marry men they despise, so they can drive a Mercedes." Sinking her teeth into a part for which she's dead-wrong, Streisand proves once again that she is every inch a movie star, not always believable but consistently compelling to watch. ★★★½

Toward the middle of *Moonstruck* (MGM), an otherwise disarming urban comedy, a few patches of smarmy mock-poetic dialog threaten to eclipse the festive mood. Writer John Patrick Shanley also fizzes some plot points but makes up for it



with good will, plus a good eye and ear for the rhythm of life as lived by a slew of deliciously eccentric New York Italians. Cher is the star of the piece, very winsome as a working girl and widow who gets engaged to an older guy (Danny Aiello) but falls in love with his younger brother (Nicolas Cage) while her intended goes off to Italy. At confession, Cher sums up her sins cryptically: "I slept with the brother of my fiancé and bounced a check at the liquor store." She also undergoes a make-over prior to a night at the opera with Cage and turns up looking as showbiz chic as . . . well, Cher. Such crowd-pleasing concessions aside, director Norman Jewison keeps a sprightly company on the move. John Mahoney and Vincent Gardenia do right, but *Moonstruck's* chief scene stealer is Olympia Dukakis as Cher's Italian supermom, a wry and sexy lady who's got the whole show tied up in her apron strings. **YYY**

As a fledgling movie director with *Throw Momma from the Train* (Orion), Danny DeVito's shrewdest move was to find choice parts for himself and Billy Crystal. Both play low black comedy with deadpan seriousness, exactly the right way to handle a plot that might have been scribbled down on a napkin between drinks. Throw in some madcap gags (courtesy of screenplay author Stu Silver) to bolster a broad take-off of Hitchcock's classic *Strangers on a Train*, with DeVito as a would-be writer and Momma's boy who'd like to be rid of his gorgon mother (Anne Ramsey), Crystal as a creative-writing prof consumed by murderous passion because his ex-wife stole his only book and became its "best-selling author." *Throw Momma* is essentially an extended comedy sketch about a couple of nerds who become buddies when their killer instincts coincide. At worst, it's wickedly screwball; at best, hilarious. **YYY**

A beer-swilling, blue-collar lout named Billy (Chris Mulkey) persuades his best friend, Eddie (John Jenkins), to drive with him to another town. Married, but proud of his "dick that won't die," Billy has a problem: a girlfriend who's pregnant and insists she wants to have the baby, not knowing that Billy already has a wife and two kids. En route to their truth session with the dame in question, Billy and Eddie drink, argue and swap tall tales (one concerning John Dillinger's huge penis, supposedly preserved in a secret vault at the Smithsonian). Billy represents American male chauvinism at its piggiest, summed up bluntly: "If you can't fuck it or eat it, piss on it." That's the socio-sexual underpinning of *Patti Rocks* (FilmDallas), an outrageous little sleeper made with sharp insight and scathing humor on a penny-ante budget of \$350,000. Director David Burton Morris, a truly independent film maker working in and around Min-



Cher, Cage are *Moonstruck*.

Cher's screen mom steals a show; Tim Curry tries to parody televangelism.

neapolis, wrote the screenplay in collaboration with his three excellent leading actors: Mulkey, Jenkins and Karen Landry. The last (Mulkey's wife in real life) has the title role as Miss Rocks, an earthy young woman who turns out to be nothing remotely like the bimbo Billy has prepared us to meet. The seemingly improvised air of immediacy all but disguises the fact that inside Morris' on-the-cheap B movie, a sequel to his *Loose Ends* (1975), there's a fairly sophisticated sex farce nudging everyone's consciousness a notch higher. Rude as they may seem at first, the profuse four-letter words in *Patti Rocks* are land mines that, when they explode, light up that shaded arena where male and female fight the battle of the sexes to a draw. **YYY½**

Tim Curry impishly plays an unctuous TV evangelist in *Pass the Ammo* (New Century/Vista), with Annie (*Designing Women*) Potts as his overweening, overbearing little wife. "I get so many cards and letters asking about my clothes and make-up," she coos to the faithful. The trouble with *Ammo* is that it's substantially more far-fetched but only half as funny as the story of Jim and Tammy Bakker, those pious big spenders whose public and private excesses are beyond parody. Here, you get just a band of bumpkins (Bill Paxton and Linda Kozlowski as their leaders) planning an armed robbery to tap the cash flow from an Arkansas church called the Temple of Bethlehem, where Curry's give-'em-hell spectacles look more like Las Vegas than like Little Rock. Too much, too late, *Ammo* slowly fizzles. **Y**

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

- Absolution** (Reviewed 1/88) Richard Burton's swan song, as a psycho priest in a British boys' school. **YYY**
- The Belly of an Architect** (1/88) Painful, but Dennehy sure has guts. **Y**
- The Couch Trip** (See review) Some sick jokes belted out by Dr. Aykroyd. **YY**
- Cross My Heart** (Listed only) Martin Short shrift for Yuppie dating rituals. **YY**
- Cry Freedom** (12/87) Fear and loathing in South Africa. Strong stuff. **YYYY**
- Dark Eyes** (12/87) Italy's Mastroianni turns lost love into moonshine. **YYY**
- The Dead** (See review) By John Huston out of Joyce, and just fine. **YYYY**
- Eat the Rich** (1/88) Eccentric British humor waaay below Python level. **Y**
- Five Corners** (Listed only) Boys will be boys when Jodie Foster shows up. **YY**
- Gaby—A True Story** (1/88) Out-and-out weeper, but done to perfection. **YYY½**
- The Glass Menagerie** (Listed only) Paul Newman carefully cans a classic. **YYY**
- Hope and Glory** (11/87) A long, loving flashback to England at war. **YYYY**
- Housekeeping** (Listed only) Bill Forsyth and Christine Lahti raise dust. **YY½**
- House of Games** (11/87) Enticingly offbeat, though David Mamet overdirects his own screenplay. **YY**
- Jean de Florette** (8/87) and **Manon of the Spring** (1/88) Claude Berri's tandem masterpiece, with Yves Montand. **YYYY**
- The Last Emperor** (See review) China's young ruler and how he grew. **YYYY**
- Less than Zero** (Listed only) The hot best seller about overprivileged L.A. youth; watered down on film, but Robert Downey, Jr., keeps it sizzling. **YY½**
- Made in Heaven** (1/88) The mated souls are Kelly McGillis, Tim Hutton. **YY½**
- Moonstruck** (See review) Cher shines as a woman with one man too many. **YYY**
- Nuts** (See review) A dramatic shell game, but Streisand cracks it. **YY½**
- Pass the Ammo** (See review) Get rich quick peddling Gospel truth. **Y**
- Patti Rocks** (See review) *Macho* men on the road to awareness, maybe. **YYY½**
- The Princess Bride** (12/87) Tongue-in-cheek fairy tale by Rob Reiner. **YYY**
- Rampage** (1/88) Serial killer has his day in court. Brace yourself. **Y**
- Sammy and Rosie Get Laid** (1/88) Much more foreplay than real foolery. **YY½**
- September** (See review) Woody Allen in an unusual autumnal mood. **YYY**
- Throw Momma from the Train** (See review) Spirited off-the-rails farce. **YYY**
- Weeds** (1/88) No business like showbiz behind bars, with Nick Nolte. **YYY**

YYYY Outstanding  
 XXX Don't miss      YY Worth a look  
 YY Good show      Y Forget it



## By THOMAS M. DISCH

WILLIAM GREIDER'S *Secrets of the Temple* (Simon & Schuster) is a 750-plus-page tome that will tell you everything you've never wanted to know about the Federal Reserve System and would never have thought to ask. Believe it or not, it's a fascinating book. Unlike the internal operations of the CIA or the Pentagon, the Fed's secrets are open ones, protected from public scrutiny by the ability of bankers and economists to camouflage momentous decisions—their control of interest rates and the money supply—as business as usual. They're protected, also, by the public's deeply ingrained passivity in the face of financial machinery designed to seem as autonomous as the solar system. But, as Greider repeatedly warns, "The paradox for democracy [is] obvious: The Washington institution that was most intimately influential in the lives of ordinary citizens was the one they least understood, the one most securely shielded from popular control." Greider fleshes out economic theory with behind-the-headlines anecdote, and although he never manages to make his central character, former Fed Chairman Paul Volcker, seem very human, or even entirely organic, the book does make sense of the past ten roller-coastering years. No book on such subjects is complete without a dire prediction, and Greider offers up Japan as a late-Eighties rising power, heavily into financial speculation: "The situation began to look like a dangerous speculative bubble. . . . If Tokyo crashed. . . ." Why, then, it's bye-bye, high times. Reading *Secrets of the Temple* may not help you avoid the common fate, any more than reading *The Fate of the Earth* will shield you from nuclear winter, but at least you'll have the satisfaction, now that the next Crash is upon us, of having a clear idea of how we were ruined.

Since graduating at the age of 12 from E.C. comics to s-f pulps, I've seldom questioned my basic self-satisfied assumption that there are some kinds of escapist trash intended only for kids and subliterate and other kinds for grownups, and that comics represented the lowest infra-dig end of that spectrum. The appearance of "underground" comics in the Sixties made a small dent in my snobbery; but then, as *RAW*'s editors lament, underground comics "got stuffed into the back of the cultural closet, along with bong pipes and love beads, as Things Started to Get Uglier." The mass audience (including me) turned to other sources of entertainment, but comics did not revert to being kiddie lit. Comic artists simply learned to produce art for art's sake, and the results were such oddball classics as Dave Morice's quirky *Poetry Comics* and Harvey Pekar's



Greider reveals the Fed's Secrets.

### The Federal Reserve, comic-book collectibles and a *Real Guide to College*.

gritty comic-strip autobiography, *American Splendor*. Now there seems to be a new boomlet of "serious" comics, with trade-paperback editions of three of the most innovative comic books of the past few years: *Read Yourself RAW* (Pantheon), an anthology drawn from the first three issues of "the comics magazine for damned intellectuals"; Mark Beyer's exquisitely brain-damaged *Agony* (Pantheon); and the more traditional but ultimately odder *Watchmen* (DC Comics, Inc.).

Like most anthologies, *RAW* has something to appeal to, offend or puzzle every taste: Jerry Moriarty's studiously deadpan accounts of nothing happening (*feh*); Kaz's doodly antics of geometric beings cavorting through Escherish spaces (fun); and (my favorite) a set of *City of Terror* trading cards, showing such vignettes of urban life as NO PARKING ANY TIME and THE SUPERMARKET LINE. Co-editors Art Spiegelman (whose fine graphic novel *Maus* was serialized in *RAW*) and Françoise Mouly have brought out their labor of love since 1980 at the rate of one *RAW* per annum. Those first issues are now collectibles commanding as much as \$300 each. As the editors note in their introduction, so far the only people to have made a profit from *RAW* have been collectors, an injustice you can ameliorate by buying their book. (And who knows? Ten years from now, the book may be as prized a collectible.)

In *Agony*, Beyer, who drew and wrote *City of Terror*, continues the awesomely dumb adventures of his hapless urbanites Amy and Jordan. In only the first 39 mini-

pages (the book measures 5" x 5"), Amy is beheaded by a "hideous ghoulish creature" and Jordan has his legs bitten off by a big fish when he tries to retrieve Amy's head from an aquarium tank; but soon they're better—until a power plant explodes, killing the triangle-headed natives who've been holding them prisoners. Then Jordan's flesh rots away and he turns into a human skeleton. Beyer's wacky graphics and gaga story line presume a baby-punk sensibility a little on the order of the "PENNY" Claymation cartoons on Saturday-morning TV's *Pee-wee's Playhouse*. (Not coincidentally, Gary Panter, the production designer of that show, is an alumnus of *RAW* and the multimedia creator of the comic book *Invasion of the Elvis Zombies* and the Japanese LP *Pray for Smurph*.)

Back in the Forties and Fifties, when the world was young, no one questioned the political attitudes of Batman and Superman. Their brand of vigilante justice was just how superheroes did things. In the post-Bernhard Goetz era, that's all changed. Last year, in Frank Miller's *Batman: The Dark Knight Returns*, Batman went the way of Charles Bronson in *Death Wish*. This year, writer Alan Moore and artist Dave Gibbons have gone Miller one better with the most outgrossing and satirically savvy comic book ever. "!!?" as they say in the trade. It's *Watchmen*, a 12-part serial, now presented in one volume, that chronicles major crimes and atrocities in an alternate-universe U.S.A. in which a cadre of superheroes have rewritten recent history after the manner of Clint Eastwood, Oliver North and Robert De Niro (in *Taxi Driver*). Apocalyptic Grand Guignol can't get much more garish than this. Gibbons' graphic style may seem old-fashioned by comparison with *RAW*'s, but it's full of cinematic intelligence, story-boarded like a movie with an imaginary budget of billions. High-voltage lowbrow entertainment.

#### BOOK BAG

**Classic Sitcoms** (Macmillan), by Vince Waldron: A comedic compendium of the best television comedy. Snippets of every episode of *I Love Lucy*, *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, *All in the Family*, *M\*A\*S\*H* and six more. The best way ever to watch reruns.

**The Gentleman's Real Guide to College** (Rob Frankel), by Cosmo Debris: A college guide from hell. After reading this short but terribly cognizant hardcover, anyone who thought university life was all play and no work may go straight to the head of the class.

**Good Sound: An Uncomplicated Guide to Choosing and Using Audio Equipment** (Morrow), by Laura Dearborn: Dearborn has taken audio mumbo jumbo down from the rarefied altitude it normally inhabits and compiled a handbook that should be kept in everyone's listening room.





# SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

The stock-market crash of 1987 is bound to have a far-reaching effect on sports, all of it for the better. The more I think about it, the more I like it.

Consider:

As slush money from the networks and alumni dries up, college football will be forced to return to the one-platoon system, which is how the game was played for the first 81 years of its existence.

Guys played offense *and* defense. They blocked *and* tackled. In other words, they played football instead of the current combination of free-kick soccer, volleyball and arm wrestling.

Teams had a head coach and two assistants, and squads numbered only 25 players, yet stadiums were filled with as many as 100,000, national champions were crowned and true all-Americans were selected.

It was in the era of one platoon that the game produced its grandest heroes—your Red Grange, Sam Baugh, Tom Harmon, Davey O'Brien, Doak Walker, Johnny Lujack, and so on.

In those days, a 60-minute man was worthy of being called a campus hero, in contrast to the specialists who have been turned out in the Seventies and Eighties.

With a return to one-platoon football, the college game will solve most of its recruiting problems, and, as in those saner and more wonderful years, it won't be called a training ground for the pros.

Consider:

As baseball tightens its purse strings, domes and artificial turf will go first, and then, with any luck at all, batting helmets.

Consider:

Oppressed minorities will proliferate. Hence, better prize fighters.

Consider:

So many companies will go bankrupt, racing cars will no longer have decals on them. Rex Mays will win the Indy 500, averaging 74 miles an hour, provided he doesn't run out of gas.

Consider:

Many professional golfers will be forced to go to work for a living. Those who remain on the P.G.A. tour will play for first-place purses of \$1000, and no event will be named for Nabisco.

Consider:

Pro football will cut back to a sensible 12-game season and all championship games will be played in December, in blizzards, in baseball parks.

Consider:

A trivia question of the Nineties will be,



## TWO CHEERS FOR THE CRASH

What was the N.B.A. and why did it exist?

Consider:

Upon hearing the answer, most people will smite their foreheads and say, "In June? They played basketball in the fucking month of June?"

Consider:

As the nation confronts hunger and starvation, people will be too weak to run; thus, the streets will be clear of joggers.

Consider:

Army, Columbia, Yale, Fordham, Northwestern, Cal, Vanderbilt, Tulane, NYU, Colgate and TCU will play big-time football again.

Consider:

The nearest sports event to Las Vegas will be held in Los Angeles, and old-timers will tell stories about Caesars Palace, now a tabernacle.

Consider:

All Thoroughbreds will be named Gallant Fox or Twenty Grand and will be owned only by guys who lisp and date debutantes.

Consider:

Soccer will not have been heard from since it disappeared somewhere near Buenos Aires.

Consider:

The St. Louis Cardinals will revert to the white caps that made them great.

Consider:

To boost attendance and interest, all

major-league baseball clubs that moved will go back to the cities they deserted.

Consider:

The *Ziegfeld Follies* will return to Broadway, with the girls wearing peekaboo costumes largely consisting of the mesh jerseys that have finally been discarded by college football teams.

Consider:

In 1991, a white kid from Teaneck, New Jersey, will break the color barrier in college basketball.

Consider:

Aside from the USC-Notre Dame game, the two biggest sports events of 1993 will be the Soap Box Derby in Akron, Ohio, and the Cleveland Air Races.

Consider:

Hollywood will make great sports movies again. In the best one, *State Versus Normal*, the star quarterback for Normal will escape from his kidnapers in time to win the big game, the pretty girl and the tap-dance competition in the malt shop.

Consider:

Without corporate sponsors, tennis will again be played by people in long pants, for fun; the top prizes will be plates and cups. The champions will have names like Don and Fred. Almost no tennis player will be named Ivan.

Consider:

Pro football, with a new TV contract on C-Span, will announce plans to take in the Pottsville Maroons and Massillon Tigers as expansion teams.

Consider:

By 1994, an actual student may win the Heisman Trophy.

Consider:

A woman will circle the globe in a single-engine prop plane in the same week as another woman swims the English Channel. They will both sign with *Ice Capades*.

Consider:

Honey Kitty, the blonde bombshell of roller derby, will be voted the female athlete of the decade.

Consider:

All heavyweight-championship fights will be held outdoors in a ball park. All welterweight-championship fights will be held at Madison Square Garden. There will be no other weights.

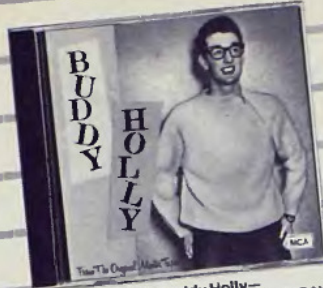
And finally:

In the opening ceremonies at the Berlin Olympics of 1996, athletes from the host country will wear peculiar armbands; many of them will drive tanks.





# From Buddy to The Boss



348110. Buddy Holly—  
From The Original Master Tapes. (MCA)



358507. Madonna—  
Who's That Girl (Orig. Soundtrk.) (Sire)



359901. Mick Jagger—  
Primitive Cool. (Columbia)



359208. Loverboy—  
Wildside. (Columbia)



359521. The Cars—  
Door To Door. (Elektra)



357939. "La Bamba"—  
Orig. Soundtrk. (Slash/Warner Bros.)

- 337659. U2—The Unforgettable Fire (Island)
- 347955. Huey Lewis & The News—Fore! (Chrysalis)
- 349985. Johnny Mathis/Henry Mancini—The Hollywood Musicals (Columbia)
- 348979. Tina Turner—Break Every Rule (Capitol)
- 352633. Dolly Parton/Linda Ronstadt/Emmylou Harris—Trio (Warner Bros.)
- 336396-396390. Billy Joel's Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 & 2. (Columbia)
- 349324. South Pacific. K. Te Kanawa, J. Carreras, etc. (Digital—CBS)
- 347153. Cyndi Lauper—True Colors. (Portrait)
- 347039. Billy Idol—Whiplash Smile. (Chrysalis)
- 346643. Andreas Vollenweider—Down To The Moon. (CBS)
- 346478. Madonna—True Blue. (Sire)
- 356576. John Adams: The Chairman Dances—DeWart, San Fran. Sym. (Digital—Nonesuch)
- 356675. Beverly Hills Cop II—motion picture soundtrack album. (MCA)
- 361980. Roger Hodgson—Hai Hoi. (A&M)
- 356196. The Cure—Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me. (Elektra)
- 343319. Janet Jackson—Control (A&M)
- 349571. Boston—Third Stage (MCA)
- 356287. Suzanne Vega—Solitude Standing. (A&M)

- 344721. Lionel Richie—Dancing On The Ceiling. (Motown)
- 355156. Vladimir Horowitz Plays Favorite Chopin. (Digitally Remastered—CBS Masterworks)
- 352948. Wynton Marsalis—Carnaval. Hunsberger, Eastman Wind Ensemble (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
- 353946. Bryan Adams—Into The Fire. (A&M)
- 234062. West Side Story—Original Cast (Columbia)
- 354985. Billie Holiday—From The Original Decca Masters. (Digitally Remastered—MCA)
- 323899. The Best Of The Alan Parson's Project. (Arista)
- 352666. REO Speedwagon—Life As We Know It. (Epic)
- 355115-395111. Prince—Sign 'O' The Times. (Paisley Park)
- 354951. Mozart: Flute Quartets—Rostropovich, Rampal, Stern, Accardo (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
- 356329. Randy Travis—Always & Forever. (Warner Bros.)
- 355990. Motley Crue—Girls, Girls, Girls. (Elektra)
- 355529. Philip Glass—Dance Pieces. (Digital—CBS)
- 357871. Tchaikovsky: Waltzes—S. Commission and Houston Symphony (Digital—Pro Arte)
- 319996-399998. Motown's 25 #1 Hits From 25 Years. (Motown)

- 355776. Stravinsky: The Firebird (1910 version); Song Of The Nightingale—Boulez, New York Phil. (Digitally Remastered—CBS Masterworks)
- 346536. The Monkees—Then & Now... The Best Of The Monkees (Arista)
- 345785. Top Gun—Soundtrack. (Columbia)
- 355362. Whitesnake. (Geffen)

- 319541. Elton John—Greatest Hits. (MCA)
- 318089. Michael Jackson—Thriller (Epic)
- 340323. Sade—Promise. (Portrait)
- 339903. The Cars—Greatest Hits. (Elektra)
- 321307. Air Supply—Greatest Hits. (Arista)
- 342105. Bangles—Different Light. (Columbia)
- 357889. Copland: Billy The Kid; Appalachian Spring; etc.—Bernstein, NY Phil. (Digitally Remastered—CBS Masterworks)
- 355958-395954. Beethoven: Symphonies Nos. 8 & 9 (Choral)—Michael Tilson Thomas, English Chamber Orch. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
- 290916. The Best Of Earth, Wind & Fire, Vol. 1 (Columbia/ARC)
- 343715. Vivaldi: Four Seasons—Maazel cond. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
- 323261. Lionel Richie—Can't Slow Down (Motown)
- 346809. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (New World); Carnival Overture—Botz, London Philharm. (Digital—Verese/Sarabande)

- 345777. Peter Gabriel—So. (Geffen)
- 246868. Jim Croce—Photographs And Memories—His Greatest Hits. (Sajia)
- 334391. Whitney Houston. (Arista)
- 314443. Neil Diamond's 12 Greatest Hits, Vol. 2. (Columbia)
- 343582. Van Halen—5150. (Warner Bros.)
- 326629. Bruce Springsteen—Born In The U.S.A. (Columbia)
- 342097. Barbra Streisand—The Broadway Album. (Columbia)
- 219477. Simon & Garfunkel's Greatest Hits. (Columbia)
- 348649. Pachelbel Canon & Other Digital Delights—Toronto Chamber Orch. (Digital—Fantare)
- 353771. Balling/Rampol: Suite #2 for Flute & Jazz Piano Trio (Digital—CBS)
- 348318. The Police—Every Breath You Take—The Singles (A&M)
- 346312. Billy Joel—The Bridge. (Digital—Columbia)
- 337519. Heart. (Capitol)
- 336222. Dire Straits—Brothers In Arms. (Warner Bros.)
- 314997-394999. Stevie Wonder's Original Musiquarium I. (Tamla)
- 348987-398982. Linda Ronstadt—Round Midnight (Asylum)
- 353789. Sly & The Family Stone's Greatest Hits. (Epic)
- 351122. Europe—The Final Countdown. (Epic)
- 346544. Kenny G—Duotones. (Arista)

## Classic Rock from the Sixties and Seventies

- 300095. Electric Light Orchestra—Greatest Hits. (Jet)
- 279133. Meat Loaf—Bat Out Of Hell. (Epic)
- 358887. Grateful Dead—Workingman's Dead. (Warner Bros.)
- 358358. Joe Cocker—Classics. (A&M)
- 357277. The Who—Who's Next. (MCA)
- 345157. Jethro Tull—Aqualung. (Chrysalis)
- 327742. The Best Of Kansas. (CBS Assoc.)
- 291864—391862. Original Soundtrack—Woodstock. (Atlantic)
- 290171. The Steve Miller Band—Greatest Hits 1974-78. (Capitol)
- 291526. Emerson, Lake & Palmer—Brain Salad Surgery. (Atlantic)
- 286914. Fleetwood Mac—Rumours (Warner Bros.)
- 244459. Santana's Greatest Hits (Columbia)
- 257279. Bruce Springsteen—Born To Run (Columbia)
- 231670. Janis Joplin's Greatest Hits (Columbia)
- 214650. Blood, Sweat & Tears Greatest Hits (Columbia)
- 287003. Eagle's Greatest Hits 1971-1975 (Asylum)
- 293597. Led Zeppelin—Houses Of The Holy. (Atlantic)
- 350736. Rolling Stones—Rewind. (Rolling Stones Records)
- 269209. Boston—Boston. (Epic)
- 291021. Supertramp—Breakfast In America. (A&M)
- 291278. The Doobie Brothers—Best of the Doobies. (Warner Bros.)
- 308049. Creedence Clearwater Revival Featuring John Fogerty/Chronicle. 20 greatest hits. (Fantasy)
- 260638. Chicago's Greatest Hits (Columbia)
- 341073. Steely Dan—A Decade of Steely Dan. (MCA)
- 292243. Jackson Browne—The Pretender (Asylum)
- 351957. Yes—Fragile. (Atlantic)
- 286740. Linda Ronstadt's Greatest Hits. (Asylum)
- 357616-397612. The Best Of The Doors. (Digitally Remastered—Elektra)
- 353102. Jimi Hendrix—Are You Experienced. (Reprise)



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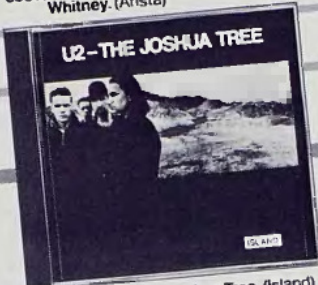
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356154. Whitney Houston—  
Whitney. (Arista)



360115. Bruce Springsteen—  
Tunnel Of Love. (Columbia)



354449. U2—The Joshua Tree. (Island)



357087. Grateful Dead—  
In the Dark. (Arista)



359075. Aerosmith—  
"Permanent Vacation". (Geffen)



354902. Fleetwood Mac—  
Tango In The Night. (Warner Bros.)



356667. Heart—Bad Animals. (Capitol)

337402. The Manhattan  
Transfer—Vocalese.  
(Atlantic)

346957. Steve Winwood  
—Back In The High Life.  
(Island)

344622. Anita Baker—  
Rapture. (Elektra)

138586. Bob Dylan's  
Greatest Hits (Columbia)

343954. Paul Winter—  
Canyon. (Living Music)

357657. Beethoven:  
Piano Concerto No. 5—  
Murray Perahia.  
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

357640. Wynton  
Marsalis—Marsalis  
Standard Time.  
(Columbia)

357186. Hooters—One  
Way Home. (Columbia)

353920. Simply Red—  
Men and Women. (Elektra)

352229. Carly Simon—  
Coming Around Again.  
(Arista)

356444. Dionne  
Warwick—Reservation  
For Two. (Arista)

354829. Lisa—Lisa And  
Cult Jam With Full  
Force—Spanish Fly.  
(Columbia)

356501. Benson/Klugh—  
Collaboration.  
(Warner Bros.)

361022. Tchaikovsky:  
Symphony No. 6—  
Claudio Abbado, Chicago  
Symp. Orch. (Digital—CBS  
Masterworks)

357350. The Duke  
Ellington Orchestra—  
Digital Duke. (Digital—GRP)

356741. Bach: Preludes  
And Fugues For Organ,  
Vol. I. (Digital—Newport  
Classic)

354100. Crowded House.  
(Capitol)

354035. Dwight Yoakam  
—Hillbilly Deluxe. (Reprise)

345751. Paul Simon—  
Graceland. (Warner Bros.)

356279. Glorio Estefon  
And Miami Sound Machine  
—Let It Loose. (Epic)

358077. Hank Williams,  
Jr.—Born To Boogie.  
(Warner Bros./Curb)

357863. Barbra  
Streisand... "One Voice."  
(Columbia)

357574. Original  
Soundtrack—The Lost  
Boys. (Atlantic)

357467. Sammy Hagar.  
(Geffen)

336669. Sting—The  
Dream Of The Blue  
Turtles. (A&M)

357806. Mussorgsky:  
Pictures At An Exhibition,  
Night On Bald  
Mountain—Leonard  
Sloikin, St. Louis Symphony  
Orchestra. (The Moss Music  
Group)

360974. Squeeze—  
Babylon And On. (A&M)

360149. Echo & The  
Bunnymen. (Sire)

360016. Spyro Gyro  
—Stories Without Words.  
(Digital—MCA)

357798. The Art Of  
Beverly Sills, Album 2.  
(Digital Remastered—  
Angel)

357145. Richard Goode  
Plays Brahms Piano  
Pieces, Op. 76 & 119/  
Fantasies Op. 116.  
(Digital—Nonesuch)

357103. Boccherini: Cello  
Concerto—Yo Yo Ma;  
Zukerman, St. Paul  
Chamber Orch.  
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

357079. Michael Brecker.  
(Digital—MCA/Impulse)

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By ASA BABER

**H**ave you done your reading for today, men? I assume you got up early and read your quota of women's magazines. Between the ads for nail polish and panty hose, I trust you found enough articles about the cruelty of men and the beauty of women to keep yourself in minimal pain.

But what have you done for feminism lately? You've got some books to read, buddy. Try *Men Who Can't Love* or *Successful Women*, *Angry Men* or *Men Who Hate Women and the Women Who Love Them*. Then try *No Good Men*.

If you like reading books such as the ones listed (if you're into self-mutilation, that is), you might try *Women and Love*, "A Cultural Revolution in Progress." It's by Shere Hite, and it's 922 pages of strangeness. Purporting to have based her work on seven years of research and in-depth questionnaires from 4500 American women, Hite concludes that the female of the species is disillusioned, fed up, angry—and is frequently breaking away from her male relationships, through either divorce or extramarital affairs. Some of Hite's numbers: Seventy percent of the women married five years or more say they are having affairs; 98 percent of all women who answered the questionnaires wish for more "verbal closeness" with their male partners; 95 percent report incidents of "emotional and psychological harassment."

Put it this way: If *Women and Love* is accurate, the Dow Jones sexual average has dropped through the floor and we're in the Great Sexual Depression of the Eighties. Is it true? Does Hite have her facts right? Are women as disappointed in men as she makes it sound? I may not have the answer to that, but I can tell you this about men: We're as happy as pigs in shit. I can prove it, too, because I've just finished my own survey. It's called *The Hype Report*.

You may not believe this, but I've talked with every man in the U.S.A. within the past 24 hours. My numbers are newer than the underwear some of you are wearing. Sure, we live in an age of exaggerated claims and pop psychology, but trust me. Would I lie to you, even for a few laughs? *The Hype Report* is a rock-solid, infinitely detailed, impeccably researched and totally accurate reflection of male thought today. And the honest truth is, we find women to be perfect, absolutely perfect. We have no complaints and, frankly, we're surprised to hear that our women don't love us anymore. Life for us is just a bowl of cherries. *The Hype Report* proves



## THE HYPE REPORT

it. Consider some of my data.

- Ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths percent of American men are sexually satiated in their primary relationship. "I wouldn't look at another woman," says a computer salesman from Sioux Falls, South Dakota, "because I've got all I can handle here at home. True, my wife is justifiably dissatisfied, because she's such a better lover than I am, so much more powerful and attentive. But that's because women are better than us. All the men I know are overjoyed." That's a statement I heard repeatedly as I prepared *The Hype Report*.

- One hundred percent of the men polled agree that problems in communication between women and men are caused exclusively by the male. "It's all my fault," says a chicken plucker from Atlanta, Georgia, in a typical interview. "Women are great at communicating exactly what they want and need. They are always direct, predictable, fair and honest. They never hide behind poses or exhibit complex personalities. They are always intensely interested in our needs and desires. And conversation? They never chatter, never mislead, never fill the air with verbal chaff. Sometimes I find myself wishing I were a woman so I could be one of the good people. I'm thinking seriously about having a sex-change operation. I'd like to be part of the perfect sex, and here I am,

stuck in a man's body. Ain't it a shame?"

- One hundred twenty-five percent of all men polled acknowledge that they never do any housework. That high number is the result of some men's coming back to answer this question a second time. "Basically, I'm waited on at home," says a stockbroker from Boston, Massachusetts. "I never lift a finger. When I walk in the door, I find everything in my home in perfect order. The kids are fed and in bed; the dog has my slippers; my wife is in her negligee; dinner's on the table. Isn't that the way all men live these days? My wife has no opinions of her own, so I talk about my day and my career, and she sits there and worships me. I never clear the table or do the dishes, but once in a while I'll fold my napkin; and on our anniversary, I fold hers, too. It's a great life and I'm a lazy, happy kind of guy."

- Only .000001 percent of all men interviewed report forms of emotional and psychological harassment from the women they love, and only .00000000000001 percent want to make basic changes in their relationships. "Harassment? I'm not sure I've ever experienced it from any women I know," says a forest ranger from Florida. "Women are fundamentally uncritical. I can't imagine them ever being picky or mean. They just love us and accept us for what we are, faults and all. That's what makes life so unstressful. I may be aggressive and difficult, but you can't find a woman who's that way. Do you know what it costs to get a sex-change operation? I'd like to be sweet and kind, too, but how can I when I'm trapped in a man's body?"

The results of *The Hype Report* are startling. Ninety-nine percent of American men today are monogamous; 98 percent never fantasize about other partners; 99 percent of divorced males loved the experience of divorce court and are ecstatic about having lost custody of their children; and only one percent think that women have any responsibility for the war between the sexes.

Perhaps most surprising of all, a clear majority of men want to become women. OK, true, a couple of guys thought that a sex change would be a good way to avoid the draft in case of war, but most of the other transsexuals I polled were sincere.

I hope there's a lot of hype about *The Hype Report*. I'm ready for my interview with *People* whenever the reporters call. I plan to make \$1,000,000 out of all this.

That'll pay for my operation, won't it?





# WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

**H**ELLO, READERS. Sit down. What I say may shock you.

I want to be a man.

Your eyes are bugging; am I right? Here's this broad, you're thinking, who's been going on for years now about how great women are, how fab feminism is, how men are just poor, misbegotten schnooks, and now, go figure, she wants to be one of the boys. Dames!

But I have been thinking about my life, and I've been thinking about what my life would be like if I were a man. If I were a man, I'd be in clover.

OK, careerwise, I'm doing fine as a woman. I have to turn down work, I'm so busy. I'm occasionally on television, and people sometimes stop me in the street to tell me they like my work. I live in a nice apartment in Manhattan, and usually I can pay my rent. This is all immensely gratifying for a writer.

But right now I'm sitting here, it's 11 P.M. on a Saturday. I'm bloated from premenstrual tension and eating too much chocolate because I'm lonely. I just went out to get the Sunday paper and saw too many couples mooning into each other's eyes. I'm sitting here with inch-long dark roots to my otherwise strawberry-blond hair because not only am I under severe deadline but my son is a senior in high school, running for class president and applying to fancy colleges and needs constant support. He also needs braces. So I haven't been able to get to the hair guy.

I saw the movie *Baby Boom* recently, which made me crazy. There's a scene in which Diane Keaton, successful Yuppie, is offered a promotion. Her boss tries to persuade her not to take it. He says something like, "I can have it all. I have a wife at home who will take care of the house, of the social arrangements; I can have a family and a home life. *You* can't have it all."

"I don't want it all," Keaton says.

Even worse is when Keaton meets Sam Shepard. She wakes up after fainting in the snow, and there's Shepard's gorgeous mug staring down at her.

At that point, I started whimpering into my popcorn. They date, they kiss, they fall in love and I'm writhing in my seat like a deranged person. I can't stand this.

"Why?" asks my friend Alan, who's sharing my popcorn.

"Because why does she get Sam Shepard? I want Sam Shepard. Why can't I have him?"

"It's only a movie," Alan says.



## SUCCESS

I knew that. And don't think I don't realize how pathetic I was, sitting there in a movie theater being convulsed with romantic yearning for a movie star. It's not healthy or even necessarily sane.

The bad time for me is about three A.M., when I've finally read myself into a stupor, put my book down and turned off the light. Just for a second then, I can't escape the knowledge that there's nobody in the other room watching TV or making a sandwich who will soon be coming in to bed. Nobody wants to date me.

OK, that is melodramatic, but nobody has wanted to date me since last May. I go to parties, nobody asks me for my phone number, nobody asks me for a drink, nobody flirts with me, nobody tries to hold my hand. This is ridiculous. If I were a man, a man as successful as I am, they'd be lining up. I'd go to cocktail parties and snap my fingers: "You! Take me home and cook me dinner! Then maybe, if I'm in the mood, we'll have sex!" And they would.

I know this is true because all my male friends say it's true. They have girls coming out of the wazoo. If one girl doesn't work out, if she's not pretty enough, or talented enough, or young enough, they just find another one.

Me, nobody's interested.

I've got a friend who has been promising to fix me up for months now with a media guy.

"Get this!" she shouts. "He makes a lot

of money! He's really nice! And he's looking for a wife!"

And every time she says those words, my heart sinks. I can't be a wife. I don't know how. I cooked dinner maybe six times in 1987. I'm mystified about cleaning floors. Buying a new shower curtain throws me into confusion. Even if I could do those things, I don't have time, I'm swamped. So what man would want me?

If I were a man, I wouldn't want me. I'd go for a more placid, domestic type in a pretty dress. A woman who would warm the pot for tea just the way I like it, who would tell the children to shut up because Daddy's working, he's on deadline, we mustn't bother him with the petty problems of financial-aid applications and braces. Romances begin in passion and confided secrets and delicious intimacy, but if they end well, they end in domesticity.

I love all of that stuff. I love the feeling I get when I'm standing in the kitchen making some eggs for a man I adore. And—this is embarrassing, but going to the supermarket with my lover is my idea of supreme happiness. But none of this is in my future, because I can't give up my work and turn into another person. Mine is the haphazard domesticity of, well, a man. You know how a family gets all giggly and excited when Dad decides to cook? They even buy him a funny apron? I should have one of those. And I shudder to the depths of my soul at the idea of someone else supporting me. I would be a perfect catch as a man.

Sometimes I get letters from you readers. Some of them are really mean, along the lines of "Ha-ha! You chicks thought you were so smart, being feminists! Look where it's got you! You've got your independence, but we don't want you anymore! We're going after the young tootsies who will wash our socks! Yours truly, Mike."

Well, Mike, you're right. You don't want me, and I don't blame you. But also: Listen, Mike, fuck you. I regret nothing. I'm miserable because I was one of the first, and I believe that women my age are a sacrifice to the future. My young monster, my beloved son, and his friends, many of whom grew up with single mothers, have lived without traditional role models since they were born. It's not going to be the same for our daughters. They will have a much better chance of "having it all." Whatever that means.





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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a 45-year-old male in good health and am not overweight. I don't smoke or drink or do drugs. My problem is that it's very difficult for me to reach a climax. I have no trouble getting and keeping an erection, to a point. It takes very fast motion and friction to bring me off, and then only when I'm standing up or lying on my back, tensing and straining vigorously. Needless to say, I cannot keep up the pace of moving fast enough and long enough to reach a climax; nor have I found a partner who, on top of me, can sustain the pace, either vaginally or orally. On most occasions, I can climax by masturbation with my hand or by my partner's masturbating me with the use of a lotion for lubrication. Even then, sometimes the demands of straining and tensing seem to rob my penis of blood and I start getting soft. I do manage to climax on occasion with a semi-erection. My partners think that I'm a good lover, but I sometimes feel robbed because I don't reach climax easily every time I have sex. Are there any solutions?—B. B., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

*Change the way you masturbate. Create a fantasy to accompany it or masturbate while watching X-rated movies. If you involve your mind as well as your body, you can choreograph your orgasm. During intercourse, replay the fantasy. Or bring yourself to the edge of orgasm, then penetrate your lover.*

A friend of mine says that I should get a separate video-tape rewinder, because the rewind mechanism in the VCR breaks easily and, when it does, will cost me a fortune to have repaired. Is he correct?—L. A., East Brunswick, New Jersey.

*The rewind mechanism in video machines is no more susceptible to breakage than is any other mechanism in the VCR. Although VCR repairs can be expensive, the repair of a rewind mechanism is relatively low priced. A separate video-tape rewinder is a good investment for extending the life of your VCR; but if you tend toward only moderate use in rewinding tapes, then forget about buying a separate one—the rewind mechanism will probably outlast the rest of the unit.*

What is the failure rate of condoms? I've heard all sorts of horror stories about rubbers' breaking one out of ten times, of condoms' leaking, etc. Are there statistics on their reliability?—D. K., New York, New York.

*The FDA regularly monitors condom manufacture. The bad news is that it allows condoms with a leakage rate of four per 1000 to be distributed. It doesn't hurt to use a back-up spermicidal foam. Nonoxonyl-9, its active ingredient, has been known to kill the AIDS and herpes viruses, as well as reduce the incidence of other sexually transmitted diseases.*



*(“Natural” condoms, such as lambskin, by the way, contain microscopic holes that could permit viral transmission.) In practice, condoms have a ten percent failure rate as a method of birth control—in a year of use, ten out of 100 women will become pregnant. Conservatives use the Chicken Little argument to bolster the argument for abstinence: If your protective system fails that frequently, better to give up sex than take the risk. These are the same people who spent money on the Star Wars defense system. If you tell people not to bother with a less-than-foolproof form of protection, they won't have anything when they need it. Carry condoms with you; they are the best protection you have.*

I am 25 and my husband is 31. Since he has been working more than 60 hours a week (ten-hour days, plus weekends) at his steel-fabrication and welding job, lovemaking has become a once-a-week-on-Sundays-when-our-seven-month-old-baby-naps affair. Getting my husband's penis from semi-erect to completely erect is a cinch, but starting from scratch is something new to me. What techniques do you suggest that won't make him feel pressured to have an erection or bad if he doesn't have one?—Mrs. P. J., Detroit, Michigan.

*We can suggest three approaches. First, try a total-body massage that doesn't focus on the genitals until the very end. If your husband doesn't get an erection, at least he'll be relaxed and loved. The second approach is direct: Take his penis into your mouth—tell him you want to practice deep throat one step at a time. Third, appeal to his eyes. Ask him to watch while you masturbate. Tell him what you imagine him doing to you. If he gets erect, jump his bones.*

The latest high-tech craze in cars seems to be four-wheel steering. What is it, what does it do and is it worth the money?—B. I., Billings, Montana.

*Four-wheel steering means exactly what its name implies: Both ends of the car are steered—partly to make it more maneuverable at low speeds (parking, U-turns), partly to make it more stable at higher speeds. Visualize this: You turn the steering wheel of a normal car, the front wheels point the way you want to go and the front of the car begins to turn. But the rear wheels still point straight ahead. The result is a short delay, after which the rear end sort of “trailers” around behind the front. Turn the steering wheel of a four-wheel-steering vehicle, however, and the back wheels also contribute. At low speeds, they point a few degrees in the opposite direction from the front, so the car turns more sharply than it normally would. At higher speeds, the rears point in the same direction, so the car's tail moves simultaneously with its nose. Think about it. It does work. There are only two four-wheel-steering cars on the U.S. market (in limited numbers) as this is written. One is purely mechanical, the other has electronically controlled rear steering. Others are being developed and should hit the showrooms in the next few years. The cost: hard to tell (it's combined in packages with other features), but roughly \$800 to \$1300. Is it worth it? For skilled drivers, probably not. It doesn't increase the tires' traction or make the car corner any harder or faster. But it does decrease the turning circle and enhance stability in highway lane changes and emergency maneuvers. One maker describes four-wheel steering's effect as “nonchalant accuracy,” meaning that the car goes where you point it with a minimum of concentration and skill. Which is fine, except that we'd prefer to increase concentration and skill on the road rather than decrease the need for them.*

We calculated that after vaginal penetration, the length of the average instroke was two and a half inches. A complete in-out cycle was then five inches. We found the number of complete cycles to vary with the eroticism of the encounter. We factored out those times we made love high (either with alcohol, which increases desire but decreases performance, or with grass, which at a minimum seemed to prolong our encounters). We discovered that the number of strokes to male orgasm varied from 100 to 600, with 400 as the estimated average. (We enjoy prolonging lovemaking.) A little multiplication,  $5 \times 400$ , gave a figure of 2000 inches per screw. That's 2000 divided by 12, or about 170 feet. So we calculated that on an average night, we were able to screw to the edge of our property and back. We figured that, on average, we made love five times a week and



that that pattern had been pretty stable for 50 weeks of the year. So  $170 \times 5 \times 50$  gave us 42,500 feet, or roughly eight miles a year. Since we are completing ten years of marital bliss, we had the startling realization that in that time, we had been able to screw all the way to Milwaukee but were not sure we would be able to get back. Soon we realized the importance of our calculations. If we were slight under-achievers, could it be that an average couple would screw 50,000 feet per year? And that in premarital sexual-assessment courses in the future, singles would be given a sort of mileage rating, "good for 50,000 feet or 250 screws per year, whichever comes first"? The possibilities began to blossom. For the first time, we thought we might have a standard to tell the "better hung" from the true lover. A male with an eight-inch penis might have a ten-inch stroke cycle, but because of *macho* expression come in, say, half the strokes of a less-well-endowed male who knew how to make his women feel good. Could it be that "distance to orgasm" would become the measure of the man? Having read Masters and Johnson, and being aware, therefore, that they have been unable to add clarity to this particularly important aspect of sexual expression, we feel compelled to share these personal observations with the scientific literature. We are not ready for prime time and feel compelled to remain anonymous to prevent unnecessary competition with our close friends.—Mr. and Mrs. L. D. L., Madison, Wisconsin.

*Pocket calculators make an interesting sex aid, don't they, folks? If it moves, measure it. Another 50,000 feet and it will be time to have your balls rotated.*

**T**ax time is just around the corner. Should I take my sack of receipts to the neighborhood accountant or should I invest in one of those tax-preparation programs for my computer?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

*You might consider one of the tax-preparation software programs. Over the past few years, they have become quite sophisticated and relatively inexpensive. Even when you use a neighborhood accountant, you have to organize your receipts into a reasonable facsimile of reality. The better tax-prep programs (such as HowardSof's Tax Preparer) take the act of organizing and carry it through to the next stage: You enter information and the program will automatically make all calculations in accordance with the latest IRS regulations, then transfer all the information to the corresponding forms and schedules without your having to re-enter any data. Look for a program that can carry tax strategies into the future, so that you can understand how what you do today will affect you five years from now. The price of these programs can run as high as \$500 (a portion of which is tax-deductible). They do print out forms accepted by the Government. How much is it worth not to have to stand in line at*

*the post office? None of the programs is as much fun as Flight Simulator, but then, nothing involving the Government is.*

**I**'ve been seeing my girlfriend for six months. Until three weeks ago, she was a virgin. I had had sexual intercourse three times previously (with one person). Now for my problem/question. My girlfriend's vagina is very small and tight. I can usually fit only one finger inside her. When we decided to have intercourse, we chose condoms as the most practical and safest method of contraception. I tried an unlubricated one and my penis just would not fit inside her and it hurt her very much to try. Then I tried a lubricated condom and the lubricant caused a burning inside her, as well as the pain that she had experienced with the unlubricated one. I decided to buy some K-Y jelly, because I had heard that it was an effective, nonirritating vaginal lubricant. Putting the K-Y jelly on the condom worked and we were able to have intercourse. The first time, she was in great pain, but she suffered through it in the hope that it would go away after we had intercourse a few times.

We have had intercourse three times in the past three weeks. There have been four or five days between each time. But whenever I put it in, it hurts her a lot. She describes the pain as pressure against what appears to be a bone on top of her vagina. I have had to very slowly put it in a little at a time and pull it out and put it in a little more. After about five minutes of this, her pain goes away. We then enjoy very satisfying sex and have orgasmed simultaneously a number of times. Certainly, it would be better and more exciting if she didn't have to go through that pain each time. Am I slowly stretching her vagina, and will the intense pain stop after it has been stretched somewhat? It really hurts me to see her in so much pain from something that is supposed to be pleasurable for both of us. Might it have to do with the fact that she is still a little afraid of intercourse because she is so new to it? (Not that I am so experienced.) Is any of this normal? Can I do anything to help her or should we just wait it out and see what happens? Should she see a doctor if this problem persists?—G. F., Albany, New York.

*You sound like a patient and thoughtful lover, the perfect guy to handle a problem like this. Some women experience an involuntary muscle spasm at the onset of vaginal stimulation. As your girlfriend becomes more comfortable with genital touching and intercourse, the response should diminish. She might ask her gynecologist if there is a physical component to the problem.*

**M**y girlfriend and I have a slight disagreement on the subject of pubic hair—namely, hers. I have on several occasions asked her to shave her pubic hair. On each occasion, she has refused. Each time I

bring up the subject, we have a lengthy discussion. She says that pubic hair serves a purpose. It keeps unwanted germs out of the vagina. Fine, I can see her point, but that shouldn't stop her from shaving once in a while. I mean, millions of women shave their pubic hair and don't catch unwanted germs. My girlfriend doesn't believe this. She doesn't know any women who shave their pubic hair. She knows that I don't know any women who shave theirs (yes, I admit it). Therefore, she concludes that women don't shave. What are the facts about women who shave? What is the function of pubic hair? What facts can I present that will show her that it is all right to shave?—M. L., College Park, Maryland.

*How would pubic hair keep germs out of the vagina? We can envision a couple of bacteria on the edge of a dark forest, saying to each other, "Hey, I'm not going in there—it looks scary!" A lot of women shave their pubic hair. Many of them report itching or rashes when the hair starts to grow back. It's your girlfriend's right not to shave her pubic hair if she chooses not to, but her decision should be based on fact.*

**I**n the May *Playboy Advisor*, reference is made to a dental dam for men and women who want to perform oral sex. I have never heard of a dental dam and would like to know what it is. How is it used? Where can it be purchased?—P. M., Los Angeles, California.

*A dental dam is a latex-rubber square (approximately 6" x 6") used in certain dental procedures. Medical experts recommend dams as a means of preventing the swallowing of vaginal secretions. In effect, dental dams act as a sort of oral condom. We think that using them in practical sexual applications would be uncomfortable and probably clumsy. You might as well try performing cunnilingus while wearing a Hefty garbage bag over your head. If you've recently been tested negatively for the AIDS virus or have had the same sex partner for a number of years—and neither of you is bisexual or an I.V.-drug user—your risk of catching or spreading AIDS through oral sex is almost nonexistent. In such a case, the use of a dental dam or similar oral protection would be unnecessary—and we suspect that this is true for many, if not most, people. We suggest that you talk with your dentist for more information. In the meantime, refer to "A Calm Look at AIDS," by David Black, in our July issue.*

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





# DEAR PLAYMATES

**T**he question for the month:

**How can a man with little sexual experience discover what a woman wants in bed?**

I would hope that by the time we were having sex, we'd be friends. Then I could say, "It feels good when you do this," or "That hurts!" I'd just be able to tell him. If you don't know a man very well, you feel kind of inhibited and shy yourself. You don't feel comfortable saying anything. And a guy should feel free to ask if I'm enjoying what he's doing to me. I don't know everything, either. It isn't wimpy to be inexperienced and it's cool to ask. There are certain sexual adventures I don't want to have. If I ever changed my mind, I'd have to ask, too.



*Lynne Austin*

LYNNE AUSTIN  
JULY 1986

**H**e has to be a conscientious and attentive lover. He has to listen and talk. He has to experiment and pay attention. Each person is different. No man can know what each woman wants and no woman can know, either. It all starts with honesty and good communication. A man can find out a great deal by just asking. This is true in all aspects of a relationship, and it certainly carries over into sex—for a sexual novice and for a more experienced lover as well. If you want to know what she wants, ask her!



*Julie Peterson*

JULIE PETERSON  
FEBRUARY 1987

**T**his is something I've had personal experience with. If an inexperienced woman is with an experienced man, it's going to work out. He'll know how to suggest or demonstrate what he wants her to do. But a woman who's in that position has to be careful if she is dealing with someone extremely shy and young. I had to make sure he didn't feel intimidated or embarrassed. I had to make sure he didn't feel stupid, as if he were supposed to know all this stuff already. You caress him. Little by little, he'll pull the right responses from inside himself. It becomes instinctive.



*Luann Lee*

LUANN LEE  
JANUARY 1987

**I**t has to be communicated to the person with the least experience. A woman can teach him with words and body language and then, if he has any imagination, he'll be able to go on. I had a boyfriend who was very experienced in one sense. He'd been around a lot. He'd had a lot of one-night stands, but he'd never been in love and was searching for it. In love, he was very inexperienced. He was afraid he wouldn't be able to satisfy me. I said, "Hey, baby, I have confidence in you." I think a guy should realize that he has already gotten as far as that. He should relax, kick back and just let it take place.



*Rebecca Ferratti*

REBECCA FERRATTI  
JUNE 1986

**T**he best way to find out what anyone wants in bed is just to flat-out ask. No one's a mind reader, not even someone who has had a lot of partners. You can read a book and find out what a large group of women likes, but no book will tell you what a particular woman wants. If I were with a man who asked me, I'd be pleased. It would show me that he wanted to turn me on, that he cared about what I wanted from sex, that he was interested in my feelings as well as his own. This is a guy who'd interest me more than someone who acted too cool to ask.



*Laurie Carr*

LAURIE CARR  
DECEMBER 1986

**I** can tell how experienced a man is by the way he acts and by the way he moves. If he's secure, if he can look you right in the eyes, if he seems to be in control, that kind of guy knows what he's doing. He's sure of himself, and I'd let him take over and dominate. If he isn't experienced, I don't want to embarrass him. I want him to feel comfortable. I might pretend I'm not too experienced myself, and that would add to his confidence. If he thinks he'll be successful, he'll be successful. What shows me that a man is sexually experienced? The way he touches me and holds me.



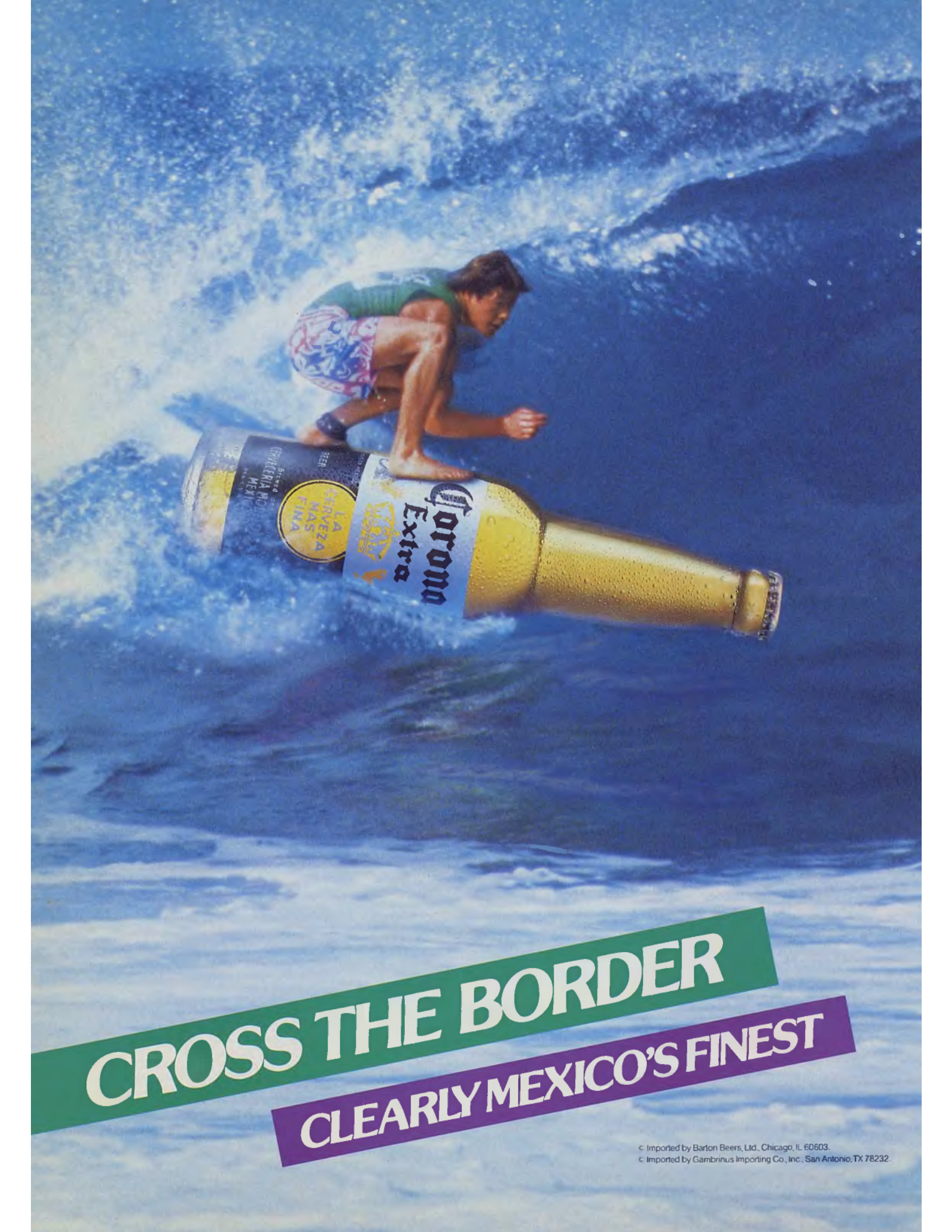
*Kimberly Paige*

KYMBERLY PAIGE  
MAY 1987

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







**CROSS THE BORDER**

**CLEARLY MEXICO'S FINEST**

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Have you ever wondered why there are so many songs about unrequited love? Because, when love is required, you've got better things to do than write songs. Or books.

Misery loves company. Ann Landers and a generation of sob sisters know that agony sells. In recent years, we've seen a rash of titles attacking the male of the species: *Men Who Can't Love*, *How to Love a Difficult Man*, *Women Men Love*, *Women Men Leave*, *Successful Women*, *Angry Men*, *Men Who Hate Women and the Women*

*Who Love Them*, *No Good Men*. The message publishers seem to be sending out is this: If you can't say anything good about men, say it in print, and we'll make a bundle. And now we have Shere Hite's *Women and Love*: "A Cultural Revolution in Progress."

In the early Seventies, Hite posed nude with a Labrador for *Playboy*, then underwent a conversion. She joined NOW (the National Organization of Women) and conducted a study of 3000 women who couldn't reach orgasm from intercourse alone. She published the results as *The Hite Report on Female Sexuality* and followed with *The Hite Report on Male Sexuality*—a study of 7000 men who seemed to be angry about intercourse. Both books were best sellers, which in America is enough to establish credibility.

The latest book is presented as a sociological study of 4500 women of all ages and backgrounds. It's not. It purports to be "powerful and profoundly moving," a "massive cry of the human heart," "vital," "in depth," a "charting of an ideological revolution in progress." It's not. What it is behind all the window dressing and pop-psychology paraphernalia is propaganda, pure and simple.

In this culture, remember, it is the antisex message that sells. Upbeat, healthy discussions of love and sex are labeled porn and are driven from the bookshelves and magazine stands. Unhappiness, whether in the region of epidemics, rape or abortion, makes the headlines. Hite's book fits right into the current naysaying in the promised land. A *Time* cover asked, "Are Women Fed Up?" The accompanying article, titled *Back Off, Buddy*, answered the rhetorical question with all the eloquence of an advice column. Enough newspapers published choice excerpts to spoil breakfast conversations all over

America. The book tour, the talk-show appearances, the well-publicized spats are all part of the window dressing. Before you take *Women and Love* seriously, or let it set the tone and topic for all future conversations about love and sex, here are a few observations.

THE SAMPLE

In 1980, Hite sent out 100,000 questionnaires to church groups, women's voting and political groups, women's rights groups, professional women's groups and storefront counseling or walk-in centers. She also invited women who read the first two Hite reports to participate in this third study. She got back a mere 4500 responses, which strongly suggests that most of the people who received the questionnaire had better things to do than complain about love. Hite told *Time* that after tabulating 1500 or so responses, she sought women who would fit the cubbyholes she needed to make her demographics match those of the U.S. census. (We can imagine the process: "Hello, Gloria—this is Shere. Do you know any female Hispanic Ph.D.'s who are unhappy in love and who hate men?") What we have, in sum, are the opinions of a limited group of women, those who join groups, or who are in therapy, or who were fans of the first two books. (When and if you read the third Hite report, notice how many subjects praise the first book.) *Women and Love* is less a sociological study than a political poll. Imagine doing a study on racial problems by sending questionnaires to the Ku Klux Klan, or even the NAACP. Would the findings

be representative?

Other studies done in the past decade—from *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey* in 1983 to the *Redbook* study to a poll by *The Washington Post*—found that the majority of women were satisfied with their love relationships. Hite claims that 62 percent of the "happiest" couples married five years or more have been in therapy or counseling. Does that figure seem astonishing? Certainly, if you took a cross section of married couples, the percentage who had been in counseling would be minute. At the very least, we can say this is a report not about women in general but about women who are troubled enough to seek help.

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

The questionnaire was a 127-item essay test. Hite did not ask that every person answer every question; thus, the result is a survey of women choosing to answer only the questions that appealed to them. Here are typical questions: "Are you happy with the relationship? Inspired? What do you like most and least about it? Can you imagine spending the rest of your life in it?"

"What is the biggest problem in your relationship? How would you like to change things if you could?"

"Describe the biggest or most recent fight you had with your husband or lover. What do you most frequently fight about? Who usually wins (if anybody)? How do you feel during? After?"

"Do you ever feel pressured into sex? Into liking sex? Why? To be loving? To be hip? Have you ever been raped? Was this an important experience? How did you feel? Whom did you tell?"

An interesting questionnaire, but not one that you would call upbeat. The questions seem designed to elicit negative responses. What kind of clitoral curmudgeon or sexual Scrooge would answer that she had been *pressured* into liking sex? Only someone who thought her antisex bias comfortably suited the status quo.

THE STATISTICS

In the business of propaganda, the big lie works best if it seems to be the majority opinion. What is startling about this book is the unanimity. According to Hite, 70 percent of women married five years or more are having





affairs. (In contrast, the *Playboy* survey found the figure to be closer to 34 percent; *Redbook* found that 29 percent of all spouses fool around.) Hite creates in her statistics a sisterhood that does not exist in reality. In one of her footnotes, she reports that a study in *Woman's Day* found that four out of five women, if they had it to do over again, would not choose the same spouse. Actually, the *Woman's Day* study found that 38 percent would not choose the same spouse. What is an extra 42 percent among true believers? Is this sloppy research on Hite's part or willful manipulation of figures?

Some of Hite's own statistics boldly go where no sociologist has gone before. For example, she says that 76 percent of all women frequently have sex on the first date, though most would rather wait, even if they were physically excited. (And those are the very same women who complain that they find men's attitudes confusing!)

We have a few problems with that figure. First, none of the questions on the 127-item questionnaire specifically asked women if they had sexual intercourse on a first date; therefore, Hite's conclusion should have read "Seventy-six percent of the women who mentioned first dates said they frequently had sex even though they would rather wait." How many might that have been? For all we know, only 76 women had sex on the first date.

Hite implies that these women have sex the first time, every time, right now. This, while being great news for single men, is not quite realistic.

A more subtle statistic, from a study by *Cosmopolitan*, revealed that only 13 percent of women frequently have sex on the first date, 23 percent occasionally do so, 32 percent have done so once or twice and 32 percent never. (Only 36 percent of the women who answered *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey* had been so turned on by a new acquaintance that they offered to have sex.) Why did Hite's statistics vary so much? Did she find these women in a basement meeting of Sexaholics Anonymous? Part of the joy of reading the Hite report is the same as reading poetry: It works only if you suspend disbelief.

#### THE CHARGES

What do men do to irritate these women? Seventy-seven percent of those Hite surveyed say we don't listen. Fifty-nine percent say that we interrupt. Eighty-four percent say that we often don't seem to really hear. Seventy-six percent say that we rarely try to draw them out or get them to speak about their thoughts and feelings the way women do or try to do

for men. Ninety-two percent of women say that "men use special phrases or patterns of speech which indicate condescending judgmental attitudes toward them."

According to Hite, one of the patterns of abuse by men is this: "There are more extreme cases of emotional harassment which amount to emotional violence (for which the perpetrator need never answer, will never be called to justice)." One of the responses that led Hite to this conclusion reads like a scene from *Fatal Attraction*: "Years ago, when I was pregnant with my second baby, we had gone to a dance. I was sick, exhausted and a number of other things, and had gone only because I didn't want to be a party pooper and spoil his fun. I made the best of a totally miserable evening; but by 1:30 a.m., I had had it and told him that I wasn't feeling well, had not been all evening (he didn't even notice), and could we please leave now? He agreed and I got my coat and stood by the door

while he table-hopped and said goodbye for another 45 minutes. I finally left without him, in tears. . . . I took the car out of the parking lot, and by this time, I was furious. He was leaving the building as I drove down the street, so I swerved the car to run him over, just missing him. . . ." Forget emotional harassment, let's talk attempted homicide.

Under the heading "Sometimes trying to get a lover or husband to open up can even lead to a violent reaction," we find the following gem of a story: "My lover lost his job (due to the company closing), had the wheels stolen off his Corvette and learned that his father was dying all in a four-month period. He was on the edge. I tried to push him to reveal his feelings and he struck out in violence instead and slapped me."

Hite uses this story to show that men are brutes, out of touch with their feelings, distant, sullen and given to violence toward women. They expect nurturing from their partners, without ever giving anything in return. Her heroine is one of those women who Hite claims "see the

## A SOCIOLOGIST LOOKS

By Janet Lever, Ph.D.

Shere Hite's new book, *Women and Love*, "A Cultural Revolution in Progress," is presented as being social science. It's not. It is pseudo science. Hite uses misleading language, hypey headlines and 100 pages of abracadabra statistics to deceive the American public.

Hite opens her book with the gloomy finding: "Ninety-eight percent of the women in this study say they would like more verbal closeness with the men they love; they want the men in their lives to talk more about their own personal thoughts, feelings, plans and questions and to ask them about theirs." Unfortunately, the reader must wade through 777 pages before Hite confesses that 95,500 women passed up their opportunity to participate in this study; her startling statistics are based on the 4500 women who agreed to respond to her questionnaire.

She gathered her samples by distributing questionnaires to various women's organizations around the country. She could have kept track of how many were returned from NOW groups versus, say, church groups, as a way to inform the reader about what type of woman chose to answer. But she didn't. Had she used persuasive follow-up reminders, she could have had a

larger and more diverse sample.

To illustrate how unscientific Hite's report is, consider this: Social-scientific reports are typically based on a 60-to-65-percent return of questionnaires. A return rate of less than 50 percent prohibits the study from being published in respected journals. The Hite study is based on a four-and-a-half-percent response rate—a truly abysmal rate of return.

The book is peppered with startling headings that announce the "percentage of women" who are miserable; for example, "83 percent of women believe most men do not yet understand the basic issues involved in making intimate relationships work." I counted only three times in the book's nearly 1000 pages when the author reminds the reader that the percentages refer *only* to the women in the study. By her use of this misleading language, Hite leads us to believe that these women represent the U.S. female population. They do not.

And let's look at the questionnaire itself. Question nine reads: "Was your mother affectionate with you? Did she speak sweetly to you? Sing to you? Bathe you and do your hair? Were there any clashes between you? When was she the angriest? What do you think of her today? Do you like to spend time



subtle signs of people's emotional states and want to say the right thing, help the person along."

Another interpretation of this story is that this woman, the moment her lover was preoccupied, responded to the sudden drop in attention by trying to push him over the edge. At least she wasn't behind the wheel of his Corvette in a dark parking lot.

There are no witnesses here for the defense, no conflicting testimony from the men accused; or, to use the analysis of Ellen Goodman, syndicated journalist, "[Hite] goes in with a prejudice and comes out with a statistic."

VIRTUOUS VICTIMS

Eighty-eight percent of the women Hite corralled say that they sometimes pick "the wrong man"—as though we're meat on a deli shelf. All of the women in Hite's book are innocent bystanders, victims of a male culture. This puts Hite in a double bind: How does she then account for women's apparently jumping into sexual relationships with wrong

guys? "Many women's relationships are miserable," explains Hite, "even degrading (though no one wants to say so). . . ." If no one wants to say so, perhaps it is because they are not miserable.

Hite has one fall guy: men's attitudes. Are you ready for this? "The majority of men hold antiwoman stereotypes and practice harassing ways of treating women in relationships. In other words, women are not 'picking the wrong men': The problem is that almost all men hold stereotypes about women that create problems."

The only thing more damaging than Hite's stereotypes about men is her stereotypes about women. She refuses to believe that there are some who can come without the clitoris' receiving the carnal attention of an industrial-strength vibrator. Listen to what one of her self-servicing respondents says of other women: "He has never really accepted my clitoris as the source of complete satisfaction for me despite whatever wonderful sensations I get from my vagina. . . . What makes me mad is that in the process, he's

getting off and I'm not. I feel guilty for not coming from fucking. I'm afraid he's going to leave me for someone who'll pretend to come from fucking, who'll lie or who doesn't know any better." You mean, who doesn't know any better and actually comes from fucking? And why, pray tell, doesn't she touch herself during intercourse? Must men do everything?

THE CURE

You might ask yourself, What is Hite's conclusion, her recipe for winning this cultural revolution? Here is what she supplies: "If women are angry, where should we put our disgust and dissatisfaction? Into action? As one woman puts it, 'Detranquelize yourself and start a revolution.' There are thousands of ways to do this, little ways and big ways, every day. It doesn't mean leaving a man you love, necessarily, unless that is what you want; but it may mean confronting the whole system, supporting women and men who are not like that, emphasizing new values, values we believe in, refusing to buy products that advertise in ways that emphasize competition and ridiculing of people, that pollute the environment; it can mean taking nature and animals seriously, re-evaluating our spiritual lives, our relationship to the universe. We can stop to see how, with our daily supermarket purchases and other uses of money, we support those whose values we disagree with." Creative shopping will change the world.

I, for one, am going to start taking nature and animals seriously. What I am not going to do is take Shere Hite seriously. The tragedy of this work is that it will be treated as news. Most of the positions were fresh and startling 25 years ago, when we first heard them. In the intervening years, there was something called the sexual revolution. Both men and women have changed. We see evidence of it everywhere—in our private lives, in the popular culture, in the ways we live and behave. Are Hite's women so alienated from society that they've missed the party? At times, reading *Women and Love*, you feel as if you were interviewing one of those Japanese soldiers who turn up living on a desert island somewhere, 20 years after the end of World War Two. The emotions expressed here are old angers, rehearsed angers, the ghosts of anger. These women are anger junkies, who would rather live in a self-righteous ecstasy of old wrongs than compromise or settle for the modulated emotion of everyday life. How rich is a life comprised of one note, one emotion?

The notion that Hite wants America to march to the beat of these drummers is appalling.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

# AT WOMEN AND LOVE

with her?"

Question 57 is: "How do conflicts or arguments usually get resolved—or at least ended? Who usually says they're sorry first after a fight? Who initiates talking over the problem? Making up?"

Most of them are multiple questions like those. The questionnaire lists 127, but there are really 506. Who would—or could—answer them all? Hite understood that most people would answer none if they had to answer all or nothing, so up front she instructs: "*It is not necessary to answer every question!* Feel free to skip around and answer only those sections or questions you choose." OK, so who would choose to answer question nine? Mainly, I'm sure, women whose relationships with their mothers are sticky and who want to vent their frustrations. And question 57? Of course, those with unhappy fight lives.

So who do we have in this sample? We have women who received the questionnaire through an organization, who chose to invest time in Hite's project (close to five hours, at Hite's estimation) and who selected the questions that interested them. This bias wouldn't be so damaging if Hite had followed scientific convention and let the reader know how many people from her total sample responded to each

item. But for all we know, perhaps only 200, 300 or 900 women took the time to describe "mostly destructive fighting." We'll never know.

Because these are open-ended questions inviting essay answers, we can only have faith that Hite was fair in coding the data and arriving at her statistics. For example, when a woman describes the emotional ups and downs of her relationship, how many downs does it take before she is classified as unhappy or dissatisfied. One? Five? Twenty? If a woman uses 30 negative adjectives and 30 positive ones, is she happy or not? If someone highlights only women's complaints and not their pleasures, we have no choice but to conclude that the women are foolish for staying in bad relationships. The way Hite presents the data is too simplistic and, therefore, easily sensationalized. She should have developed a coding scheme that captures the richness of the essays and, at the very least, presents the reader with the five or six most common answers for each item.

These are not easy methodological issues. Scientists cultivate feedback from those with differing points of view to be sure that their classification schemes are reasonable. Furthermore, they check their coding by letting other coders read (concluded on page 46)



**WIPE OUT THE FIRST AMENDMENT**

*We received this letter in response to a Playboy promotional mailing:*

As a God-fearing citizen and a member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, I find your material very offensive and highly immoral. I believe our U.S. Supreme Court has done a terrible injustice to the American people by interpreting the First Amendment to allow such filth to be published and marketed in our country.

And as for the literary content of your magazine, it's humanistic to the core and therefore offers no real solutions to the many complex problems we face today.

So as not to belabor my point any further, because I'm sure you've heard it all before, just let me say that I, along with many of my colleagues, am working very hard to put people and organizations such as yours out of business—and we will succeed.

Dennis E. Leh  
State Representative  
130th Legislative District  
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

*We're happy to see that our lawmakers are so respectful of others' rights. It gives us confidence in our governing process.*

**FEARFUL CONSEQUENCES**

Here is what Edward Cornish, head of the World Future Society, predicts about the effect the fear of AIDS will have on Americans: "Relations between the sexes will be more formal and less familiar. Romantic love will make a comeback." He sees a resurgence in church attendance, a decrease in the number of take-out meals and a significant drop in sex in advertising and in dress.

Is it any wonder, then, that right-wingers are fanning the flames of fear? They see fear of AIDS as moving the world back to where they want it to be.

P. Olson  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

**CONDOM, WITH AN "M"**

I recently saw a billboard in Los Angeles that read IF YOU CAN'T SAY NO, USE CONDOMS (RUBBERS)—HELP PREVENT AIDS. As a naturally curious person, I wanted to find out why the L.A.

County Medical Association felt the need to explain the word condoms. Well, according to the L.A.C.M.A. president, a lot of kids "think a condom is a condo." Don't they teach kids *anything* in school these days?

H. Fowler  
Los Angeles, California

**BEARLY FUNNY**

In 1985, a train carrying tons of corn derailed in Montana. Some of the corn was left on the site—and fermented. Bears, attracted by the odor, gathered at the scene of the spill and proceeded to get drunk. Will natural

wonders never cease?

L. Mason  
Missoula, Montana

**MORE ANIMAL RIGHTS**

Your response to Steve McRoberts' letter on animal rights (*The Playboy Forum*, October) is disappointing. The real problem with the animal-rightists is that they are more concerned with animal rights than with human rights. Most people do not believe in *needlessly* inflicting pain on animals. However, they do believe that humans have the right to have new drugs adequately tested before they are released on the market, new surgical methods improved before they are used on humans and new vaccines developed and tested—even though this means inflicting pain or death on animals. Most of us would also defend the rights of others to eat meat, to go fishing and to wear fur coats, regardless of our personal inclinations. Steve McRoberts (along with Ed Meese and a number of others) wants *Playboy* to purge its pages of material that he finds personally offensive. For McRoberts, it's women wearing furs; for others, it's women wearing nothing.

Joseph Erwin  
Chicago, Illinois

I can appreciate both sides of the animal-rights issue, but it strikes me that animal-rightists are too self-righteous and unrealistic.

Wade H. Thomson  
Bakersfield, California

Humans have often ignored the rights of fellow creatures and because of this have caused the extinction of certain species. When are we going to wake up and stop abusing other life forms?

Gary Meyers  
New York, New York

I'd like to clear up some misconceptions about trapping animals. First, as a trapper, I know that we do unintentionally catch one or two animals per season. These are usually feral cats or dogs, and they are easily released unharmed. I have never heard of anyone's catching owls, eagles,



FOR THE RECORD

**A VOTE FOR EAGLE EXTINCTION**

Tottie Ellis, vice-president of Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Forum, must have gotten up pretty early to get these worms of wisdom for a *USA Today* column.

"It is sex o'clock in the U.S.A. The sexual revolution is growing. The latest thing is promoting sexual 'graffiti' from the outside to the inside of buses and subways as a means to curb teenage pregnancy. The frankness of this campaign slips into vulgarity, and embarrassment encourages rather than prohibits irresponsible behavior. Parents must say, 'Premarital sexual activity is wrong, just like drugs and murder are wrong.' . . . Evil is always paid for on the installment plan with interest."

Ruffle your feathers?



R E S P O N S E

songbirds or waterfowl.

Second, the much-maligned steel-jaw trap is designed to catch an animal by the foot. Traps with teeth are illegal. Traps do not bite into an animal's flesh or tendons, nor do they expose bones. They do not break the skin. I have had traps snap on my fingers and have never suffered a cut.

Third, uncontrolled animal populations are highly susceptible to disease and starvation. A fox infected with psoroptic mites can scratch itself until its hair falls out and its body becomes raw. Too weak to hunt, it will eventually die of starvation. Seventy-five percent of all animals will not survive their first winter, trapped or not.

Maybe we should be freed from the antitrappor, who, if he gets his way, will cause individual animals to suffer for months rather than hours.

James J. Milkowski  
Dolton, Illinois

**BORK BUSINESS**

David Broder, columnist for *The Washington Post*, wrote about the grilling of Judge Robert Bork during his Supreme Court-confirmation hearings: "Candidates for elective office now routinely face battering by public emotions created by mass-media opinion manipulators. To subject judges and judicial appointees to the same propaganda torture tests does terrible damage to the underlying values of this democracy and the safeguards of our freedom. No one wins in such a game."

I am a liberal; I was against Bork's nomination to the Supreme Court; but I think that his treatment by the press and by other liberals was unconscionable. I read very few articles about Bork that were not either simplistic or overstatements of the case. Bork was attacked on issues that had nothing to do with his being a qualified member of the Court.

Here I learned a lesson: It's always the most vocal groups who get their way—generally by not telling everyone the entire story. The Reverend Donald Wildmon of the National Federation for Decency has been operating in this way for years. I'd just as soon liberals not have liberals stoop to these tactics.

J. Ward  
Springfield, Illinois

**CALLING ALL VETS**

I served in Korea in the early Fifties and made some wonderful friends. However, like most vets, I didn't keep up with

my buddies; and after I left the military, we lost touch. We lived, ate, slept and fought together—then we never saw one another again.

In the late Seventies, I decided to see what I could do about finding these veterans. I wrote to the National Records Center in St. Louis requesting its help in finding a few old friends. The Government wouldn't help; it is sworn to protect the privacy of ex-Service personnel. I asked it to forward my request to the people I wished to contact. The Government didn't reply. I couldn't find any other organization that would help me, so I decided to start my own group—Veterans Alumni Association, founded in 1981.

I have a computer file of more than 16,000 names and addresses of veterans. I collected them myself over the past seven years. I'd like to add more names (there are 27,344,000 vets in America). I've been successful in tracking down some vets and linking them with their friends, but I need all vets' help in putting more data into my computer.

Veterans Alumni Association is a non-profit organization and its sole purpose is to assist veterans in locating the friends they made during their military tour of duty. No name or address will be released without permission. If you'd like to find a military buddy, write to me for more information.

Tom Wagner  
Veterans Alumni Association  
404 South Galloway  
Mesquite, Texas 75149

**WATT'S THAT?**

The following is a quote from James Watt, former Secretary of the Interior, who made this statement in support of Oral Roberts after the media ripped into Roberts regarding his fund-raising techniques: "I believe one of the biggest problems in America is censorship of political thought and religious freedom. I have seen the media of this country try to censor Oral's free expression. One of this country's founding purposes was to guarantee free expression and free speech, not suppress it. Every preacher and Christian in this country must stand up and refuse to let censorship keep us from spreading the message of Jesus Christ to this world."

This seems to me to be a case of whose ox is getting gored.

Larry G. Seabury  
Lake Worth, Florida

**ANOTHER FALSE POSITIVE**

AIDS testing has forced drug testing out of the news, and I'd like to see it back in. I was given 365 days in jail because of a drug test that gave a false-positive reading. Indiana lawmakers, judges, prosecutors and probation officers are enthusiastic about urine tests, even though manufacturers admit that they are not 100 percent accurate. People like me are being sent to prison on the basis of inaccurate drug tests.

Edgar Charles Featheringill  
Indianapolis, Indiana

**NATIONAL COMMISSION ON AIDS**

The ever-tolerant Senator Jesse Helms is spending his spare time trying to discredit Frank Lilly, the only acknowledged homosexual on President Reagan's National Commission on AIDS. Helms mailed a letter, along with the sexually explicit comic book distributed by the Gay Men's Health Crisis, to conservative members of the Senate. Lilly,

**FACT OF THE MATTER**

**THE COST OF REAGAN'S WAR**

When President Reagan launched his aggressive "war on drugs," he neglected to plan for one little detail: After nabbing the offenders, where do we put them?

In 1980, convicted drug users accounted for 25 percent of Federal-prison inmates. A hard-line antidrug bill, passed in 1986, increased penalties for drug violators and increased the number of law-enforcement agents. As a result, drug convictions rose to 37 percent. The result: A system designed to hold 28,000 prisoners now holds 44,000—and experts predict that that number will grow to 118,000 by 1997.

"What we have done is commit fraud against the public regarding the cost of aggressive law enforcement," said Stanley Morris, director of the U.S. Marshals Service.

Ultimately, the antidrug initiative may turn out to be an enemy of the people, for some law officials feel that the lack of prison space will deter judges from sending convicted felons to prison.



chairman of the genetics department at the Albert Einstein Medical Center in New York City, is a former vice-president of the gay organization. Helms hinted that Federal funds were used to finance the comic book and wrote, "I think Senators ought to know what the taxpayers' money is being spent for. . . . Tell me what you think should be done and how to do it. Should we go down and talk to President Reagan and show him this?" A spokesman for the Gay Men's Health Crisis said that funds for the comic book were raised by private donations—not by Federal grants—and Lilly says that it is a good educational tool.

Helms should try to overcome his obvious homophobia and channel his substantial publicity-garnering talents into combating AIDS. His actions toward Lilly can only serve to weaken the already weak Government panel established to combat the disease.

Donald Vaughan  
Greenacres, Florida

#### WARNING: HAZARDOUS TO YOUR WEALTH

Thank you for the articles you have published about the greed of TV preachers. Last year, after my mother died, I discovered that she had been receiving a tremendous amount of mail from television evangelists. Some of the appeals for money made it clear that the prospective donor would go straight to hell if he didn't cough up some cash. And these appeals were requests for hundreds, even thousands, of dollars.

Most of the evangelist shows are aired during the weekday. Evangelists know full well that this is a time when widows, the disabled and the unemployed watch television, yet one of their tactics is to tell people that if they are facing hardships, it could be because they haven't been generous enough to God.

I think we should have a law that requires a warning at the beginning of all television-evangelist shows: WATCHING THIS TELECAST COULD BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR WEALTH.

C. Howell  
New York, New York

# SOCIOLOGIST

(continued from page 43)

the same material to see if it is judged and categorized the same way. If not, they know they have a problem. If unchecked, the coder's prejudices will affect the study's outcome. There is no such scientific rigor reported in this book. Hite does not reveal how she treated the complex and delicate data base, nor does she reveal the credentials of the nine people she hired (one male, eight females) to "make the data manageable." Thus, we have no reason to believe that the quotations selected are truly representative of the sentiments of the majority, particularly since those who select are always tempted to choose the strongest, most articulate, most provocative (and in this case, most unhappy?) statements.

Hite grabbed headlines by proclaiming that "70 percent of women married more than five years are having sex outside of marriage. . . ." Her question read, "Have you/are you having sex outside the relationship?" yet her finding is phrased in the present tense. Now look at the incidence of extramarital affairs reported in other surveys: In *Playboy's* survey, 34 percent of all married women said they "had ever cheated"; in *Redbook's* original survey, 29 percent; in *Ladies' Home Journal's*, 21 percent. Faced with a figure so at odds with findings from previous studies, Hite had a responsibility to explore the difference and to think again about the bias of her sample versus the bias of other surveys' samples.

I asked Dr. Pepper Schwartz, co-author of the *American Couples* study, an analysis of 12,000 partners, what she thought of Hite's finding about extramarital affairs. Dr. Schwartz answered, "It defies credibility." (Schwartz's study found that 22 percent of women married more than ten years had ever had extramarital affairs.)

After the new Hite report was published, ABC News and *The Washington Post* conducted a telephone poll. They had 767 women in their sample of 1505, smaller than Hite's but more representative because it was based on random-

probability sampling (a method to ensure that every American had an equal chance to be included in the survey) and because it had an 80 percent participation rate. There were tremendous discrepancies between the ABC/*Post* poll and the Hite report. In the Hite report, 88 percent of women say that the men in their lives prefer to avoid "talking things over"; ABC/*Post* reports 33 percent. Hite reports that 16 percent of women say they have constructive fights that "clear the air"; ABC/*Post* reports 83 percent of married women and 93 percent of single women. Hite found virtually no difference between respondents who worked and those who didn't, those with a college education vs. those without one. The ABC/*Post* poll, more logically, found that those with greater wealth and education were far more likely to be satisfied about communication and equality.

Although the ABC/*Post* poll confirms that all is not bliss in domestic America, its figures are much less worthy of headlines than are Hite's. It found that 44 percent of married women want their partners to talk about their feelings more often; 41 percent of married women want their partners to ask them about their own feelings more often; and 41 percent of married women say they give more emotional support than they get. These figures will not make the front page of your newspaper, yet they are not insignificant. Had Hite been more honest in her book and stated openly that the women who chose to be in her study overrepresent unhappy women, we would be able to give her credit for tapping a wellspring of information about this group. Unfortunately, Hite, with the mass media's promotional assistance, makes her book an occasion for more sexual warfare, instead of an occasion to encourage sexual *détente*.

But all is not lost. There is one definite value to this book: If you think you have troubles, for \$24.95, plus tax, you can read about others' private lives that will make yours seem relatively euphoric.

Janet Lever, a Yale-trained sociologist, has taught at Yale, Northwestern, UCLA and the University of California at San Diego.

## WHAT THE SWEDES WEAR TO WAR

If camouflage clothing were still hip, Sweden would be the capital of condom *couture*. In an attempt to combat AIDS among the enlisted, the Swedish army is distributing "Komm an do" condoms to 45,000 enlisted men. Each serviceman will be issued one brown-and-green box containing five condoms, along with an advisory leaflet on AIDS.

Just what kind of maneuvers do these fellas go on, anyway?





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

## PATIENT ZERO

INDIANAPOLIS—The skeleton of an 11,500-year-old bear is undermining the idea that syphilis arrived in the Old World after Columbus' crew had slept with infected Indians in the New World. Perhaps



the Indians weren't to blame after all. Studying the remains of a bear excavated on an Indiana farm, researchers found evidence that the animal may have been infected with syphilis. The discovery does not "explain how a bear gets syphilis," one of the doctors said, "and the bear isn't talking," which makes contact tracing impossible—and brings to mind a twist on an old joke: What's meaner than a bear with syphilis? The cave man who gave it to him.

## CAN'T TAKE IT WITH THEM

PONTIAC, ILLINOIS—As if death-row prisoners don't have enough trouble, some condemned men have allegedly been forced to pay protection money to gang-affiliated inmates. One gang leader has extorted as much as \$3000 a month from his fellow inmates, who got their cash from friends and relatives on the outside. The money is apparently used to buy a variety of items, including marijuana and other drugs—all of which can be purchased from certain prison personnel or inmates.

## PENETRATION PROBLEMS

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS—Researchers at Evanston Hospital think they have found a means of overcoming one form of infertility. When the human female egg's

encasement is too tough for sperm to penetrate, doctors can now drill a hole in the egg cell to let the sperm get in. Researchers stress that the procedure is in the early stages of development.

## POT LUCK

RIO DE JANEIRO—Brazilian police have their hands full trying to stop beachcombing citizens from collecting the 14,000 cans of industrially packed marijuana that have been washing up along 300 miles of shore line. The pot is in sealed, unmarked containers the size of 64-ounce fruit-juice cans. Authorities believe that the marijuana was dumped by the crew of a Panamanian-registered yacht bound from Australia to the U.S. when it was forced to enter Brazilian waters because of engine problems. Only 2000 cans have been recovered.

## COUNTERSPYING

NEW YORK CITY—A number of New York librarians are upset at the FBI's request that they cooperate in helping apprehend possible agents of hostile countries who may be using the library's unclassified books and publications to gather intelligence information. The FBI confirmed that it has a Library Awareness Program and has asked for cooperation from staff members at some libraries, mostly academic ones. Library officials don't wish to intrude into the privacy and academic freedom of library users and object to what they consider an effort to turn librarians into Government informants.

## DISCONNECTED

ARIZONA—Privately owned telephone companies cannot be required to handle "dial-a-porn" messages, according to a U.S. Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals ruling. The court held that even though the Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Company is a state-regulated public utility, it may refuse to carry sex-by-phone services. The Federal ruling may cause problems for telephone-company officials who have fended off pressure to restrict the service by citing their legal obligation to remain "content neutral" regarding 976 information-service numbers.

## SOCIAL CHEMISTRY

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA—Shyness may be simply a matter of brain chemistry. Researchers at Stanford University have

been searching for chemical explanations for certain personality traits. In their quest, they discovered low levels of the chemical dopamine in a group of men who admitted to experiencing difficult times in social situations. This study supports recent work by child psychologist Jerome Kagan, whose research indicates that some babies seem to be born shy.

## CENSORSHIP WATCHDOGS

LONDON—An international organization, named Article 19 in honor of the freedom-of-expression section of the United Nations' Universal Declaration of Human Rights, has been formed to combat censorship and to promote freedom of speech and information. The organization is the brain child of the late J. Roderick MacArthur, American philanthropist and journalist. It is funded by the J. Roderick MacArthur Foundation. The organization plans to establish a network of correspondents world-wide to help foster Article 19 ideals.

## SPEED THRILLS

BONN—West Germany's no-speed-limit autobahnen have become proving grounds for sexually frustrated male drivers, according to transport minister Jürgen Warnke. During a parliamentary debate about limiting speeds, Warnke



agreed with a fellow politician's suggestion that men often drive too fast "due to failing potency." But, he added, his ministry had no funds for "mass psychotherapy." Try that line the next time you're pulled over.



# GO TAKE YOUR GUNS TO TOWN

By William J. Helmer

The Department of State is authorized to issue licenses to carry concealed weapons or concealed firearms to persons qualified. . . .

—SECTION 790.06, FLORIDA STATUTES

Now that Florida has passed its new law, which lets nearly *anyone* carry a concealed weapon, we have an opportunity to test the claims of those on both sides of the gun-control argument.

The gun-control advocates—at least those who have not leaped off a cliff—foresee a land of Bernhard Goetzes who will confuse their permit to carry a weapon with a license to use it. Their credibility rides on there being a blood bath.

The gun nuts, on the other hand, want their position vindicated by a decline in muggings and robberies.

The blood bath that the gun-control people predict probably won't occur any time soon. Initially, Floridians may just scare one another to death. What should keep the lid on gun homicide is the sobering realization that inside any wimpy-looking guy may be a nut with a gun who's just aching for a confrontation that will make his day. At the very least, there will be a certain amount of tiptoeing around the stranger who's acting up in a bar or driving the car that just rear-ended yours. To paraphrase a Texas historian, "Everyone will be accorded the courtesy due an armed man."

There may, in fact, be a drop in street crime—which would make the gun advocates happy—but this could be a temporary statistical dip, the so-called trough effect, which sometimes occurs when the players pause to get the measure of a new situation before resuming their bad habits. If the new street-criminal thinking is to shoot the victim first and then take his money, this cannot be considered progress.

Guns obviously permit bigger and better crimes, but showing that guns *cause* crime has eluded the most energetic of antigun academicians. It may simply be that everyone who shouldn't have a gun already has one. That would explain the interesting fact that in the decade 1974 to 1984, the number of handgun murders decreased 35 percent, despite the sale of some 24,000,000 pistols and revolvers. This is embarrassing for the gun-control people, who ignore those statistics in favor of melodramatic body counts.

And appallingly high as those numbers are, the murder rate for handguns

is not quite as nightmarish as depicted by gun foes, who forget that this is a big country. It is four per 100,000. The rate of fatal heart attacks during medically supervised stress tests is ten per 100,000; the mortality rate for birth-control pills is 20 per 100,000.

Such comparisons are ridiculous when you consider how few liquor stores are held up with Ortho-Novum. But because nearly all gun violence occurs among families, friends, neighbors, street-gang members and drug dealers in the high-crime neighborhoods of our larger cities, plus a few country drunks, it's also wrong to suggest that every God-fearing American is a potential murder statistic.

The antigun groups believe that their cause is best served by scaring people with qualitatively exaggerated gun-crime statistics. However, that doesn't sell gun control nearly as well as it sells guns. For example, after the Kennedy assassination in 1963, anticipation of a promised Federal gun-control law helped kick handgun sales from around 600,000 that year to about 2,000,000 per year by 1968, when the law was passed. When the nonviolent but high-minded citizens of the Chicago suburb of Morton Grove decided to "send a message" to the rest of the country by banning private ownership of handguns, they sent a message, all right. It was "Join the National Rifle Association," whose membership then jumped from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000; and since then, more than two dozen states have passed pre-emption laws to prevent any such prohibitions by their communities. In making statements of moral superiority, reformers are often undone by the doctrine of unintended consequences.

Another barrier to arriving at effective and enforceable gun laws is the animosity between the pro- and antigun-control groups, who war with each other over a lot more than gun control. To an urban intelligentsia that favors ever stricter laws against possession, guns are associated not with sport or protection but with crime and violence or, at best, with rednecks, mean Southern sheriffs, backwoods politicians, lynch mobs and liquored-up hunters who would shoot Bambi's mother—ignoramuses, in other words. Those reformers of the liberal persuasion derive their passion from associating guns with an ideology and lifestyle that they

consider backward, insensitive and unsophisticated. So, even apart from their normal fear of armed criminals, they know that demanding new gun laws is a most soul-satisfying way to punish what they consider right-wing wrong-headedness on every social and political issue from defense spending to capital punishment.

The fact is, gun people *are* more rural and conservative and *are* more inclined to law-and-order solutions. They think that their liberal counterparts are deliberately (even gleefully) lumping them in with violent criminals—and this makes them crazy. They note with dismay the ease with which the antigun people slip wrong or misleading information to a sympathetic national press.

Unable to plant their own propaganda, the gun advocates content themselves with defeating any gun law they can and considering this a victory over a liberal philosophy that mocks patriotism, defends porn and is pro-abortion.

The conviction that guns are inherently evil and that gun people are inherently stupid is what leads the gun reformers into error and shows that they are not so smart themselves. They correctly assume that nobody likes getting shot, and flawless reasoning tells them that this is bound to happen more often if everybody has guns. Where that reasoning derails is in their further assumption that any law that reduces private gun ownership will similarly reduce gun violence. When there are an estimated 200,000,000 guns in the country and only one out of several thousand causes problems, stricter gun laws are not a very efficient solution—especially when there is little support for them outside cities, where most of the violence is, and when the kind of people who misuse guns tend to ignore laws anyway. But possession laws remain the favorite stick with which to flog the opposition, which retaliates by pushing for laws such as Florida's.

It remains to be seen whether or not the progun people have shot themselves in the foot. They do not yet seem concerned about concealed weapons' proliferating among the untrained and the irresponsible, who may make the antigun people happy by getting into trouble with them.

It's nice of Florida to offer itself up as a proving ground for both the progun and the antigun rhetoric, so we can see which side is further out of touch.



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## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

# OLIVER STONE

*a candid conversation with the award-winning director of "platoon" about his odyssey through the jungles of vietnam, hollywood and wall street*

Two Olivers made news last year: One, a gap-toothed lieutenant colonel in the U.S. Marines, became a temporary TV folk hero as he explained how he had tried to vindicate the "noble cause," by implication, of American intervention in Vietnam by promoting a war against the Communists of Nicaragua. The other Oliver, a gap-toothed screenwriter and movie director, walked away with the year's best-picture Oscar for a landmark movie that preached the opposite point of view: that Vietnam was a tragic folly and that Central America could become the next generation's debacle.

It's a good bet that the second Oliver, the showbiz Oliver, will end up winning more hearts and minds than the military Oliver. For Oliver Stone, 41-year-old Yale dropout, former GI, dooper, angry rebel and scourge of Hollywood, is now one of the true powers that be, with a body of work that has reflected—and perhaps affected—his generation's obsessions: war, politics, drugs, money.

Indeed, the fact that Stone went directly from his cathartic vision of the Vietnam war in "Platoon" to an up-to-the-minute drama on greed in America, "Wall Street," says something about his sense of symbolism and timing. Or about his luck.

It was only after ten years of excuses, post-

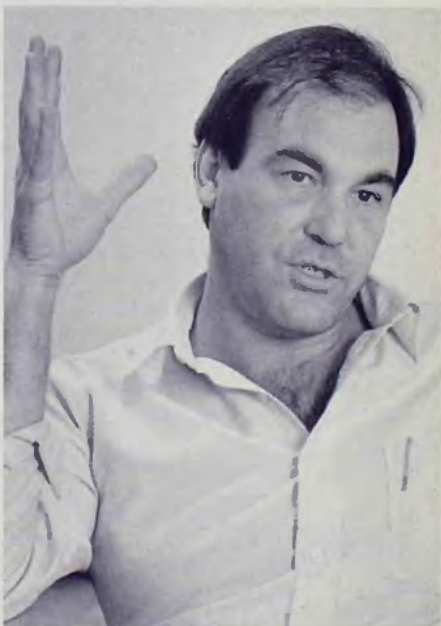
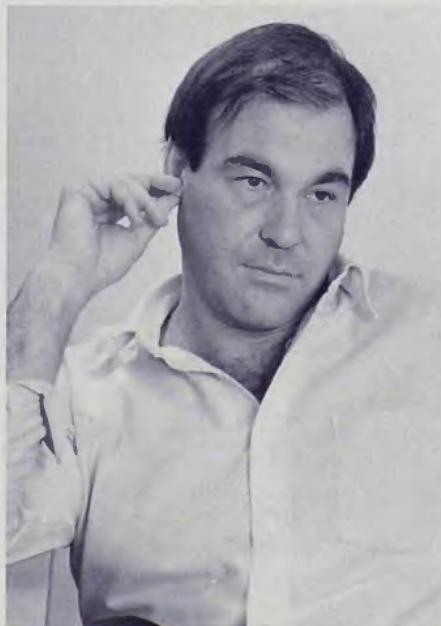
ponements, delays and rejections from every major studio in Hollywood that Stone, a journeyman screenwriter, finally got his independently produced, low-budget, no-stars Vietnam movie on the screen. The result was a film that has grossed \$138,000,000 and garnered four Oscars—including best picture and best director. For a time, "Platoon" became a kind of movable Vietnam memorial as men wearing fatigues wept in movie theaters over the film's closing credits. Not a small part of its appeal was the fact that it was embraced both by veterans who felt that their agony had gone unappreciated and by war resisters who felt that the film captured, definitively, the waste that was Vietnam.

The portrayal of U.S. soldiers in Stone's script as emotionally volatile youngsters who drank, smoked dope and occasionally fragged their officers so unnerved the Pentagon that it refused to offer any technical assistance in the shooting of "Platoon." From his right flank, Stone was barraged by columnists such as John Podhoretz, who damned the film for being "one of the most repellent movies ever made in this country." But after a decade of pious, ineffective lip service from both left and right about the need to heal the wounds of Vietnam, "Platoon" emerged as a hardy curative. "Platoon," the picture, became, in

the words of Time, "'Platoon' the Phenomenon."

Back in Hollywood, the topic of Vietnam—a long-standing taboo in studio corridors—suddenly became chic. "Platoon" was followed by a parade of Vietnam-genre movies: "Full Metal Jacket," "Gardens of Stone," "The Hanoi Hilton" and "Hamburger Hill." Studio executives and producers who for the past five years had wanted to talk only about teen comedies and middle-of-the-road spoofs now wanted projects with "social significance."

However belated his world-wide fame, Stone has been known to Hollywood insiders for a long time. The movies he has written or on which he has collaborated have nearly all been visceral, noisy, controversial. In 1978, his screenplay "Midnight Express," about an American in the hellish world of a Turkish prison, won a screenwriting Oscar and launched his career—which nose-dived three years later with the flop of his second directorial effort, a gimmicky movie about a monster hand called, well, "The Hand." Stone rehabilitated his career slowly, painfully, by writing and collaborating with a group of Hollywood's quirkiest, more demanding directors: John Milius, of "Conan the Barbarian"; Brian De Palma, of "Scarface" (a cult film today); Michael Cimino, of "Year of the



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'ROURKE

"'Wall Street' was like a Porsche to 'Salvador's' broken-down jeep—a smooth, cushioned ride. I enjoy working this way. I'm now a believer in Flaubert's advice to live a bourgeois life but to have an exciting mind."

"I understand money. I know what it's like to move overnight from golden boy to ugly duckling. I've seen success and disaster. I saw disaster after my first Academy Award, for writing 'Midnight Express.'"

"I talked with some of the American military guys down in Honduras. They didn't fuckin' remember Vietnam! That's why I made 'Platoon.' To yell out, 'This happened, kids! This is it! This is what war is really like!'"



Dragon"; and Hal Ashby, of "Eight Million Ways to Die."

Although it kept him busy, Stone's screenplay work drew mixed reviews, and he built up a reputation as a violence-obsessed xenophobe. Stories about his days as a druggie and carouser circulated freely. Although respected, he was considered a wild card, and it wasn't until he managed to turn "Salvador," his stinging film indictment of U.S. policy in Central America, into a small hit that Stone finally got financing for "Platoon" from a small independent company, Hemdale Film Corporation.

Stone went off to the Philippines with a relatively modest \$5,000,000, shot the film with the Aquino revolution raging around his location, then came home with a classic. It was also on time and within budget.

His early personal history does not hint at the discipline or the toughness that were to become Stone's trademarks: The privileged son of a New York Jewish stockbroker and a French Catholic mother, Oliver had a comfortable, conservative childhood. He attended prep schools and entered Yale with the class of 1969; there, he was suddenly afflicted with the fear that he was on a "conveyor belt to business." Influenced by his reading—mainly Joseph Conrad—and the changing times, he quit Yale, bummed around the world and wound up teaching Catholic school in Saigon in 1965. More exotic travels followed, then more romantic reading, and in a desperate, suicidal state, he returned to Vietnam in 1967 and enlisted in the U.S. Infantry.

Stone began his combat tour a gung-ho patriot. "I believed in the John Wayne image of America," he says. He earned a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart with oak-leaf cluster. But he returned from Vietnam an embittered anarchist, landing in a San Diego jail on dope charges just ten days after his discharge. A failed marriage, stints as a cabdriver and training at the NYU film school matured him personally; the collapse of the Vietnam war and Watergate matured him politically. Ending his carousing, drug-taking, "sexually wild" days, Stone has settled into a posh Santa Monica home, a new marriage and domestic concerns with a three-year-old son, Sean.

To find out about the twists and turns in Stone's life, Playboy sent free-lance writer Marc Cooper (who co-conducted the "Playboy Interview" with Salvadoran president José Napoleón Duarte in November 1984) to talk with him during the filming of "Wall Street." Cooper's report:

"My first meeting with Stone was at his Santa Monica home—just hours before last spring's Academy Awards ceremony. 'I better win,' he said, grinning, 'or you guys won't publish this interview.' I assured him we were interested, win or lose. He immediately asked how I felt he had done on ABC's '20/20,' on which he had described the Pentagon's refusal to help in the filming of 'Platoon.'

"I mean, the Army did come off as assholes, didn't they?" he asked.

"I didn't think he cared in the personal sense; it was a political question. Throughout

our interview sessions, he would speak intensely, but he was monitoring each word, each turn of phrase as he spoke, always watching my face for hints of reaction. There was nothing personal or insecure about it—he had points to make and was looking for the best openings. His manner—broad, outward, forceful—is as potent as his films. But it seemed to me the way of a writer rather than a director. A writer with a mission. A writer with battles yet to win.

"We spoke through some of the location shooting of 'Wall Street,' in the summer, between setups that included actor Michael Douglas and Stone's own toddler, Sean. The atmosphere was frantic, but Stone seemed totally focused and inexhaustible. Snatching time in Southampton as the production hurtled on, he pushed the two of us as hard as he pushed his crew, making sure we covered all the ground we had agreed upon. There was no room for distraction, for ambiguity, for drift. He was directed.

"Finally, as the interview concluded, Stone's inborn skepticism surfaced. Perhaps it was the cynicism he had acquired after ten years of betrayal and rejection in Hollywood.

*"I feel like the beggar  
who gets invited  
to the party but who  
always keeps a wary  
eye on the back door."*

He pulled off the lapel mike and said gruffly, 'Hell, you guys'll probably concentrate on all the stuff that's not important. Then you'll cut out the politics.'"

**PLAYBOY:** Not a bad year for Oliver Stone—from your four Oscars for *Platoon* to the release of *Wall Street*. For a guy who couldn't get a directing job for ten years, life has certainly changed.

**STONE:** I feel like the boggar who gets invited to the party but who always keeps a wary eye on the back door. [Laughs] I'm a bit like the Nick Nolte character in *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*. Kind of like I'm not quite sure I'm supposed to be at this party. From ugly duckling to Cinderella.

**PLAYBOY:** And do you feel a sense of getting even, considering all those people who turned down *Platoon*?

**STONE:** No, the turnaround was so enormous it forgives all the noes and the rejections. That's the way the game goes in Los Angeles. What are you going to do? An asshole who hated you and blackballed you at some studio two years ago comes up to you and says you're a genius all of a sudden—you've got to laugh.

But, sure, there are a number of phone calls I haven't been returning lately. There is a certain satisfaction there. As an old

English proverb says, "Vengeance is a dish that should be eaten cold."

**PLAYBOY:** We'll get back to *Platoon* and the hungry days of *Midnight Express*, *Scarface* and *Salvador*; but first, what about your newest film, *Wall Street*? The word is that it's another war movie—jungle warfare in Manhattan.

**STONE:** It's not that black and white. It's a tough story, but it simply has business as a background. It's about greed and corruption amid these take-over wars we've all read about.

**PLAYBOY:** Your timing is certainly interesting—the stock-market crash, the wild trading since then.

**STONE:** Yeah, I'm not amazed or surprised. Our movie doesn't deal directly with the prospects of a crash, but it reflects the hyperinflation of the times—not just of the market but also of personal values and individual egos.

**PLAYBOY:** And, as usual, the movie is controversial. Didn't *The Wall Street Journal* take off after it?

**STONE:** *The Wall Street Journal* has had a strange attitude toward the movie. We asked to use the paper as a prop, but they turned us down. We also asked about shooting in their offices and they turned us down for that. But I'm not surprised. They are very conservative, and they're nervous. There's a scene in the movie where a journalist gets an inside tip and uses that information to get what he needs for his story.

**PLAYBOY:** So, *Platoon* was denied technical assistance by the Pentagon; *Salvador* was denied assistance by the Salvadoran army; now *The Wall Street Journal* has turned you down—you're going to offend everyone, aren't you?

**STONE:** Yeah. [Laughs] We even had *Forbes* complaining about our using *Fortune* in some scene—but that was over wanting to be included in the movie. We used both magazines as props.

**PLAYBOY:** How much of *Wall Street* is a personal story? Weren't you originally groomed for a business career?

**STONE:** Well, my father was a stockbroker, and there's a character in the movie, played by Hal Holbrook, who is the voice of an older Wall Street. The Wall Street that my father worked in, the one I grew up around, is wholly different from that of today. There were no computers; they didn't trade in such volume; there were fixed commissions.

My father did very well in the Fifties and the Sixties. Very well. Then he had a reversal of fortune and had very bad luck in the late Sixties, into the Seventies. He never recovered. It sort of belongs in a Theodore Dreiser novel. But he was a man who supported the ranks of the rich—until the end, when he began to question the whole economic fabric.

Anyway, I always wanted to do a business movie. Always. My father used to take me to movies and would often say,



"Why do they make the businessman such a caricature?" Then he'd explain to me what business is. The business of America, as Calvin Coolidge said, is business. He made me aware of what serious business is.

My father believed that America's business brought peace to the world and built industry through science and research, and that capital is needed for that. But this idea seems to have been perverted to a large degree. I don't think my father would recognize America today.

Personally, I think most corporate raids are good. Not always, but most times.

**PLAYBOY:** That may surprise people who think your politics are liberal to radical.

**STONE:** Well, it's what I think about American business. Management's become so weak in this country, so flaccid. These guys are into their salaries, their golf trips, their fishing trips; there's so much fat and waste in these companies. A lot of these corporate raiders are guys who want to make the money, but in doing so, they clean up these companies. So corporate raiding is a reformation of the system. It's a natural correction.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you take a similarly benign view of insider trading?

**STONE:** I think insider trading goes on and has been going on for centuries, in all businesses. It goes on in movies; it goes on in taxicabs; everybody is always looking for an inside thing. It's the natural human impulse. How do you legislate against that? The Street has been doing a fairly strong job of policing itself. My father would say there was more inside tipping in the old days than there is now. Apparently, in this new paranoid environment in Wall Street, brokers don't even talk with one another about what they know, they're so scared.

**PLAYBOY:** Then all the busts have been healthy?

**STONE:** Probably, yes. I think the past two years have shaken it out a lot. My movie is based on 1985. It's important to note that. It could not have taken place in 1987.

**PLAYBOY:** You know, it sounds a little as though rebel Stone is defending Wall Street interests.

**STONE:** God. Here I go. This is a tough one. Look, you know something of what I've fought against in the U.S. establishment, but—McDonald's is good for the world, that's my opinion. Because I think war is the most dangerous thing. Nationalism and patriotism are the two most evil forces that I know of in this century or in any century and cause more wars and more death and more destruction to the soul and to human life than anything else—and can still do it with nuclear war. The prime objective we have in this era is to prevent war, to live in peace. The best way you can do that is to bring prosperity to as many people across the world as you can. And when you spread McDonald's all over the world, food becomes cheaper and more available to more people. Won't it be great when they can have McDonald's

throughout Africa?

The *Pax Americana*, to me, is the dollar sign. It works. It may not be attractive. It's not pretty to see American businessmen running all around the world in plaid trousers, drinking whisky. But what they're doing makes sense. Now it's been picked up more intelligently by the Japanese, the British and the Germans. But it brings education, health and welfare to the rest of the world.

**PLAYBOY:** That may be, as we've suggested, the last thing people expected to hear from the maker of *Platoon*. That movie was a landmark for the Vietnam generation, but don't most people assume that you were strongly against the American war effort, against the establishment?

**STONE:** No, I got as much mail from people who thought I was supportive of that war as from people who thought I was against it. That's part of the appeal of *Platoon*—and the controversy.

**PLAYBOY:** But the criticism from the right was that you undermined the military, wasn't it?

**STONE:** From right and left. Some right-wing vets—many officers, many Marines—said they never shot villagers in Vietnam, never took drugs, never killed other Servicemen, so the movie was unfair and unbalanced. But I don't agree. I think the movie portrays a wide range of behavior in Vietnam. I think it treats people as human beings. Some are weaker than others, some are stronger morally.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the left's criticism?

**STONE:** That *Platoon* doesn't show the causes of Vietnam, of "American imperialism." That it glorifies America's action in Vietnam instead of denouncing it.

**PLAYBOY:** In fact, *Platoon* doesn't deal with the causes of Vietnam. Was it a conscious decision on your part to omit the war's political origins?

**STONE:** I dealt with that in another screenplay that didn't get made—*Born on the Fourth of July* [Vietnam veteran Ron Kovic's memoir, excerpted in *Playboy* in July 1976]. That really broke me up, and at that point, in 1978, I felt that nothing serious would come out of Hollywood. I had written *Platoon* prior to that, in 1976, and it always dealt solely, relentlessly, with the jungle. I wrote it as a specific document of a time and a place.

In the real Vietnam, there was no political discussion, as far as I remember. And people had not really seen the true Vietnam combat-grunt story. That bothered me. I hadn't seen it in history books. Certainly not in the Army official history books, which all glossed over Vietnam. It was going to be flushed down the toilet, and I was afraid I would end up being an old man like Sam Fuller, who did a World War Two movie, *The Big Red One*, that I don't think was effective because of the lapse in years.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said *Platoon* was meant not to put down the U.S. military but to

Did anyone dare tell Antonio Stradivari he could speed up production, if he stopped fiddling around?



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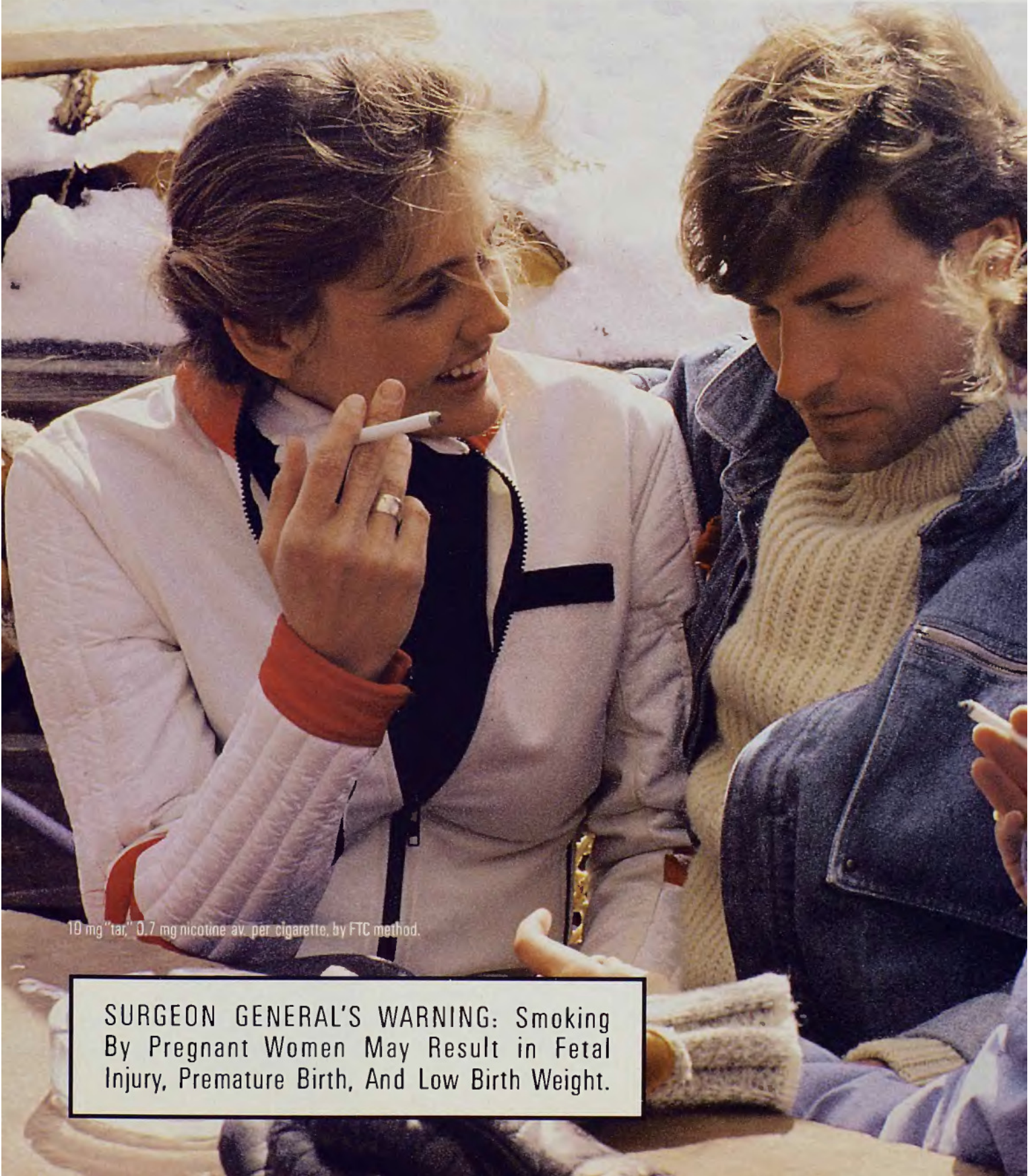


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oppose a certain mythology. Which myths? **STONE:** It's a huge question. You have to start with the way we fought the war. There was no moral purpose for the war. There was no geographic objective. There was no defined goal. There was not even a declaration of war. There was no moral integrity in the way it was fought. It started with President Johnson's defrauding the Congress with the Gulf of Tonkin incidents. Then it deteriorated noticeably when Johnson refused to send anyone except the poor and the uneducated off to fight the war. Anybody in the middle or upper class was able to avoid the war by going to college or getting a psychiatric discharge or numerous other things. This split the country from the git-go, because there's no question that had the middle class and the upper class gone to that war, their parents—the politicians and the businessmen—would have stopped it by 1966 or 1967, as soon as their little kids were getting killed.

**PLAYBOY:** You weren't poor or uneducated when you went to Vietnam.

**STONE:** I was the exception. They sent in these poor draftees, not in units but as single replacement troops, where there's no geographic objective and an attitude—which I found in '67—that everybody wanted only to survive. Everybody was counting days. I remember arriving—and I had exactly 360 days to go. I was the last guy on the totem pole. Survival, period. Forget about military heroism and all of that stuff you saw in the movies.

**PLAYBOY:** Surely, the military establishment was aware of the attitude it had created among the draftees.

**STONE:** I'm not so sure. The U.S. military had one of the sickest infrastructures I've ever seen in my lifetime, outside of Miami Beach and Las Vegas. What the United States did, in fact, was bring Miami Beach and Las Vegas to Vietnam! There were seven to eight noncombatants per combatant. They fought a different war from the rest of us. They ate steaks and lobsters every night and watched the bombs and mortars falling from a safe distance.

And it went beyond that. It went to a huge rip-off of American supplies and money. Many of the South Vietnamese we worked with were corrupt and saw in this a possibility to make a lot of money. And when we brought in our PXs, we brought our refrigerators, our cars, our TVs.

**PLAYBOY:** And the black market.

**STONE:** This was the basis of the black market. And people made a fortune. There was a huge scandal during the war in which the Sergeant Major of the Army was busted, along with about four other sergeants, for illegal kickbacks. And if you worked in the rear, it *became* Las Vegas. You went back to China Beach; you had the hookers; you had the bars; you had the slot machines. You had the good food. It wasn't a war, it was a scam.

**PLAYBOY:** As a Yale dropout with well-off parents, you were the exception among the

grunts. But campuses were hotbeds of protest and dissent. How could you not have known what you were getting into when you enlisted for combat?

**STONE:** The fact was that in '65 at Yale, there was no political discussion about the war. That didn't come till a couple of years later. When I was there, I was faced with an overriding conformity of outlook in the Yale ambience. I felt as if I were on an assembly line turning out a mass product: highly educated technocrats who could make money in Wall Street or banking, or run corporate America.

**PLAYBOY:** What were your politics when you were young?

**STONE:** I was born a Cold War baby. When Sputnik was launched, I was shocked. It was like the end of the American dream for me. I supported Goldwater in 1964 while at the Hill School. I think I might have even joined the Young Republicans [*laughs*]. I hated liberals.

**PLAYBOY:** And your father was a rich Republican.

**STONE:** One out of two. Staunch Republican, yes. But after a lifetime of devotion to his Republican masters, you'd think he'd have walked away a rich man. He walked away poor at the end, and when he died, he was still working.

**PLAYBOY:** So after dropping out of Yale, you went straight to Vietnam—but not in the military, right?

**STONE:** Yes. I felt a yearning for something exotic. To break the gray wall of the Hill School, of Yale, of my family. It was an urge that came from novels and movies. From *Zorba the Greek*. Wow! From George Harrison's Indian sitar music. Conrad's book *Lord Jim* really shook me up. I saw the world of Conrad out there: jungle steamers, Malaysia, dealing with the Asiatics. And *Lord Jim's* redemption. I knew there was another reality out there that I was not experiencing, and if I didn't do something about it, it would be too late.

**PLAYBOY:** How far out did that romantic pull take you?

**STONE:** Far enough that I investigated the possibility of going to the Belgian Congo as a mercenary. Check that out! I was so far into it, I was sky-diving. In those days, I really needed to find something. I think it was really the equivalent of a nervous breakdown—an intellectual breakdown.

**PLAYBOY:** How close did you come to becoming a mercenary?

**STONE:** Very close. I made the contacts. It was adventure. It was Hemingway. It was Conrad. It was Audie Murphy and John Wayne. It was going to be *my* war, as World War Two had been my father's war.

**PLAYBOY:** But, instead, you ended up in 1965 in Saigon for about a year and a half as a teacher. What were your first impressions of Vietnam?

**STONE:** At that point, it was still a great adventure. I remember seeing Teddy Kennedy on the streets of Thu-dau-mo. Hey, we were going to win. We were the good guys. To see the First Infantry in all its full

flash arriving in Saigon was a tremendous thrill. The Marines were already there. Guys were walking around with guns. There were shoot-outs in the street. It was like Dodge City. There was no curfew in those days. Hookers were everywhere. Bars were everywhere. I was 19 years old.

**PLAYBOY:** The romantic paradise you dreamed about at Yale?

**STONE:** Oh, yeah! It seemed as if I had finally found the war of my generation. In fact, I was terribly concerned that year, as a teacher, that the war was going to be over too quickly, that I would miss it.

**PLAYBOY:** You went back to Yale, though, tried to write a novel and dropped out again. But then you went back to Vietnam, after you enlisted.

**STONE:** Right. I was disgusted with myself. I believed my father's warnings that I was turning my back on humanity by leaving Yale. I was convinced I couldn't write. I gave up and just basically said, "I'm going back to Vietnam, and either I'm going to kill myself or I'm gonna experience life at the lowest possible level. If I survive, I'm going to be another person." So I joined the Army.

**PLAYBOY:** In a suicidal frame of mind?

**STONE:** Partly, yes. The failure of the book was really eating at me. I wanted anonymity. And the Army offered that.

**PLAYBOY:** Did the Army live up to your expectations?

**STONE:** I made sure it did. I was offered Officer Candidate School. I turned it down.

**PLAYBOY:** Not many people do that.

**STONE:** I did. I was really in a rush; I was afraid I would miss the war. All these generals were saying, "It's almost over" and all that shit. So I went the fastest way. I insisted on Infantry and I insisted they send me to Vietnam. Not Korea or Germany, but Vietnam. April '67, I got inducted at Fort Jackson; and, oddly enough, on September 14, 1967, the night before my 21st birthday, I got on the plane to Vietnam. I started smoking cigarettes on that fucking plane. [*Laughs*] To celebrate my manhood.

**PLAYBOY:** Given your father's politics, was he happy you went into the military?

**STONE:** My dad was an *intelligent* right-winger. His feeling at that time was that it was a ridiculous waste.

**PLAYBOY:** It was a waste for you or the entire war was a waste?

**STONE:** He believed in the domino theory. And he felt that the war was fine as long as other boys less economically sufficient would fight it.

**PLAYBOY:** How long did it take you after you got off the plane to change your mind about the romance of your decision?

**STONE:** I'd say one day in the bush. It was like the scene in *Platoon*, the kid on the point. I was put on point my first fucking day in the field. It was just so hard, so grimy, so tough. I thought I couldn't take it. I was about to pass out with 50 pounds of equipment. Then, about seven or eight



days in, we had that night-ambush scene—

**PLAYBOY:** Real life or movie?

**STONE:** It happened to me, and the scene was pretty closely depicted in the movie: I saw these three N.V.A. [North Vietnamese army] soldiers. They were huge. Tough! And they walked right up on me. I just fucking forgot everything I had learned. I knew the rules. I knew what you were supposed to do in an ambush. You blow your Claymore. You throw your grenades. Then you use your '16, because you don't want them to spot your fire pattern.

**PLAYBOY:** And what did Private Stone do?

**STONE:** None of the above! [Laughs] I just stood there. Wow!

**PLAYBOY:** You laugh now; were you scared?

**STONE:** I was. I remember my logical, worldly brain, of course, trying to rationalize this whole thing. I said about the North Vietnamese, "These must be lost GIs." Because they had helmets on, I thought they were coming back into the perimeter.

**PLAYBOY:** But it wasn't just fear that changed you so quickly. Or talk—you said there was no discussion of ideology there.

**STONE:** No, never. But all of a sudden, I was with black guys, poor white guys for the first time. And these poor people see through that upper-class bullshit. They don't buy into the rich guy's game. They don't buy into the Pentagon bullshit. They know the score. That score is, "We've been fucked [laughs], and we are over here in Vietnam." [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** Did knowing the score mean you dropped your Cold War view of the world?

**STONE:** Well, let's say it went into abeyance during the war. I mean, over there, we were still feeling a certain hostility toward the antiwar protesters. Like, you know, "Well, fuck them. Let them come over here and fight. Let them experience it."

**PLAYBOY:** Was that a generalized sentiment among the grunts?

**STONE:** Not among everybody, but among a lot of people. No, I'd say a lot of black guys—especially black guys—and people like the Elias character in *Platoon* were more hippie-ish in their attitude. Like Muhammad Ali said, I had no beef with the V.C. You know? Or like, just, "I'm here, man; I'm gonna smoke dope and I'm gonna make it and I'm gonna survive and I'm gonna make a lot of money." And the dope was great!

**PLAYBOY:** We take it from *Platoon* that you hung out with the dope smokers.

**STONE:** Yes. It was the first time in my life. With black guys. I had never had any black friends before. They also introduced me to black music. I had never known about Motown. I had never heard Smokey Robinson and Sam Cooke. I remember the first time we heard *Light My Fire*. It was a fucking revolution! Grace Slick's *White Rabbit*. I loved her. Jimi Hendrix. Janis Joplin was very important.

**PLAYBOY:** How long had you been in Vietnam when you started smoking dope?

**STONE:** I actually did not smoke any dope

until I'd been wounded twice.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you begin as a model soldier?

**STONE:** Not exactly. I was in the 25th Infantry First, which was where I saw most of my combat. Then, when I got wounded the second time, they shipped me to another unit, because if you had two wounds, you could get out. I went to a rear-echelon unit in Saigon. Auxiliary military police. But I was gonna get an Article 15, insubordination, because I had a fight with a sergeant. So I made a deal, essentially. I said, "Send me back to the field and drop the charges." I couldn't stand this rear-echelon bullshit. They put me in this long-range recon patrol, and that's where I met the basis for the Elias character in *Platoon*.

**PLAYBOY:** What was Elias' real name?

**STONE:** Elias. I don't know if it was his last name or his first name, but it was always Elias. A sergeant. Apache. A black-haired kid, very handsome. He looked like Jimmy Morrison; he truly was a Jimmy Morrison of the soldiers. Very charismatic. The leader of the group. He was killed.

**PLAYBOY:** What happened to you there?

**STONE:** I got this horrible grease-bag lifer sergeant, one of these guys who were raking off the beer concession. He had a waxed mustache; I'll never forget that. He didn't like my attitude, and I told him to go fuck himself. [Laughs]

So they sent me across the road to a regular combat unit, which was the First or the Ninth Armored Cav, or whatever the fuck they called it. Basically, it was infantry. And there was the Sergeant Barnes character. My squad sergeant.

There, among the First Cav with the black guys, is where I started smoking dope. There were a lot of guys over the edge in that unit. We had a bunker where we used to smoke a lot of dope. I was wearing beads, started to talk black dialect. "Hey, what you doin', man?" All that shit. "What's happenin'?" I'd do all the raps, and when I came home from the war, my father was freaked out. He hated me. He said, "You turned into a black man!"

**PLAYBOY:** Did you smoke dope in combat?

**STONE:** Yeah.

**PLAYBOY:** Even on the day you earned your Bronze Star?

**STONE:** Yeah. I had been stoned that morning and the fire fight was that afternoon. But it wasn't really a big deal. There were so many other acts of valor from other guys; it was just that in my case, somebody saw me doing it.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you feel about the Vietnamese enemy?

**STONE:** I never thought about them. My tour included the Tet offensive of January '68. So from September '67 to January we were running into crack troops that were coming from Cambodia down to Saigon, moving equipment. We thought they were pretty tough and skilled and mean. We didn't like 'em. We wanted to kill 'em, because they wanted to kill us. There was no thinking about it.

**PLAYBOY:** That's true in all wars. But in

Vietnam, there was the added factor of the civilians you couldn't trust, wasn't there?

**STONE:** Civilians were another matter. A lot of the guys, as I showed in the movie, had racist feelings about the Vietnamese. Their attitude was, "All gooks are the same. The only good gook is a dead gook," and that meant women and kids. "They're all the same rotten bunch." A lot of that—I'd say that was a very strong feeling in many of the platoons.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't that the mentality that leads to massacres?

**STONE:** There were random killings. Nothing ever preordained, nothing ordered. It would be like we'd go to a village; Bunny, for example—the Kevin Dillon character—he really killed that woman. He battered her. He smashed her head with the stock of a '16, burned her hooch down, but it was in an isolated part of the village. Nobody saw it. It was just like a really quiet thing.

**PLAYBOY:** How did that happen?

**STONE:** We'd be pissed off on certain days. We'd walk up to a village, you'd see an old lady, an old gook lady going down the trail, right? The guy would be pissed off. He'd say, "Hey, gook, come here." She wouldn't hear or she wouldn't want to turn around; she'd be scared. She'd just keep walking a few more steps. The guy wouldn't ask her a second time. He'd raise the fuckin' '16—boom, boom, boom—dead. No questions asked. She hadn't come when he told her to.

**PLAYBOY:** In *Platoon*, your character—played by Charlie Sheen—has a scene in which he comes very close to shooting an old man. Did that happen to you?

**STONE:** Yes. The time I almost blew the gook away, when I made him dance. . . . I mean, I could have gotten away with it. I could have fuckin' killed him, and nobody would have busted me.

**PLAYBOY:** In the movie, Sheen seems as terrified as his victim.

**STONE:** The holes, the pits, used to make us all nervous, because you never knew what the fuck was down there. You'd yell, "Get the fuck out! Get out!" And you'd find weapons and arms and rice stores in these villages, so you hated the civilians. A lot of guys hated them.

I felt sorry for them, because I could see that they were getting pressure from the other side. I mean, I don't know where their actual political sympathies lay. I have no idea to this day. They probably were into survival, like we were.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you take part in any of those random killings?

**STONE:** No, I saved a girl from getting killed. I put that in the movie, too, the rape. They would have killed that girl.

**PLAYBOY:** The murder of Sergeant Barnes in *Platoon* seems to suggest that fragging of officers and noncoms was fairly common.

**STONE:** It happened a lot. We knew that there was no moral objective from day to day—that there was no victory in sight. And you're out on the front lines. What



are you going to do? Risk your life and get killed for this? So that was the source of the tension leading to the murders and the fraggings. The officer corps—not just the officers but especially the top sergeants—were pretty much hated, most of them.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you hate them?

**STONE:** I came to hate them, yes. Because they were guys who for the most part were fat cats, sitting there getting rich off the PX deals or making assignments but very rarely risking their lives.

**PLAYBOY:** How widespread was fraggings?

**STONE:** It's hard to say.

**PLAYBOY:** You saw some, though?

**STONE:** I heard about it. But some people have suggested that if I really participated in some of the scenes in *Platoon*, I should be tried for war crimes—a pamphlet was sent around UCLA saying that I'm a war criminal. So I'm not going to be any more specific. You kill somebody during a battle, you put your M-16 on somebody and you just do him. Nobody's going to see it. Types like General Westmoreland don't want to admit how widespread it was. Maybe six, ten times more than the official count.

I think one of the other figures that are very interesting that I came across is that about 20 percent of our total casualties in Vietnam were accidents or people killed by our own side. I showed it in *Platoon*, in the scenes of artillery landing on our own troops. I think my first wound in my neck was caused by an American sergeant who threw a grenade. It's just—so confusing.

**PLAYBOY:** The U.S. lost more than 50,000 men in Vietnam. The Vietnamese lost perhaps 2,000,000 of their people, but they are barely mentioned in *Platoon*. Do you think this sort of self-absorption may be what gets us into places like Vietnam?

**STONE:** I know what you're saying. But it's not just self-absorption that leads us into Vietnams. Ideology is what leads us into Vietnams. Fear of communism is what leads us into Vietnams. What you're asking for would be a different kind of movie. I did *Platoon* the way I lived it. I did a white Infantry boy's view of the war.

*Platoon* is not a definitive film. It's simply a look at the war, a slice of the war. A great film would be the story of a North Vietnamese army guy who lives in a tunnel for six years, and you only see the American soldiers like blurs occasionally. And he blows them away. Because they were as scared of us as we were of them.

**PLAYBOY:** Would Hollywood ever make that film, with the Vietnamese as heroes?

**STONE:** No, I don't think so. But I agree totally with what you're suggesting. I think that the biggest, most recent example of that—what do you call it?—blindness to foreign concern is the situation in El Salvador. Because very few Americans have been killed—maybe fewer than a dozen in Salvador—America is not interested in the fact that it aided and abetted a death-squad regime that killed more than 50,000 Salvadorans between 1980 and 1986: as

many citizens as the U.S. lost in ten years in Vietnam. We don't seem to care because no Americans were killed. We cared only briefly when four nuns got killed, because they were American nuns. But nobody said anything when the archbishop of the country got greased.

**PLAYBOY:** Staying with *Platoon* a bit longer, what did the studios tell you during those years they refused to make the movie?

**STONE:** Basically, that it was too grim. It was too depressing. It wouldn't make a buck. Too real. Who cares?

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think that *Platoon* would not have been as well received eight years ago as it has been now?

**STONE:** I think it would have done OK. But in a way, it's better that it came out now. It became an antidote to *Top Gun* and *Rambo*. It's an antidote to Reagan's wars against Libya, Grenada and Nicaragua. It makes people remember what war is really like. It makes them think twice before they go marching off to another one. Maybe now is a better time for it than '76, because in '76 we didn't have this rebirth of American militarism that we're seeing now. I think *Platoon* makes kids think twice. Because fuckin' *Top Gun*, man—it was essentially a fascist movie. It sold the idea that war is clean, war can be won, war is a function of hand-eye coordination. You push your computer button; you blow up a Mig on a screen. A Pac-Man game. Get the girl at the end if you blow up the Mig. The music comes up. And nobody in the fuckin' movie ever mentions that he just started World War Three!

**PLAYBOY:** Until *Platoon* came along, *Top Gun* was the biggest military-theme movie of the decade.

**STONE:** Yeah, it certainly sobered me and made me realize that the American audience is very divided. I think there are a lot of people who learned nothing from Vietnam. Nothing! Because of them, all the men who died in Vietnam have died for nothing—that is, if we haven't learned anything from that war. If we commit troops to Nicaragua, then all those men died in Vietnam for nothing.

I'm sick of these revisionists who want to refight that war. Why don't they just understand that we *never* could have won it? Never! The only way we could have won it was to nuke Hanoi, and even then I'm not sure we could have won. These people are bad losers. That's what it comes down to.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Stanley Kubrick's *Full Metal Jacket*, which was released a few months after *Platoon*?

**STONE:** Oh, God. I don't want to get into that. . . . Look, I don't think Stanley—I don't think Kubrick was as concerned in *Full Metal Jacket* with Vietnam as with making a generic war picture. It wasn't specific to Vietnam. It was more like his *Paths of Glory*. It could easily have been about World War Two or Korea. It felt a lot like it, what with the rubble and the metallic look it had. There were some very

powerful scenes in it: That last sniper scene was very strongly done. He's a master film maker. [Pauses] Master angle shots. That's about all I can say.

**PLAYBOY:** *Full Metal Jacket* was made before *Platoon* but was released later, right?

**STONE:** Right.

**PLAYBOY:** Since you were aware that *Full Metal Jacket* was already in production, were you concerned that *Platoon* might come in second best?

**STONE:** Oh, yes. But back in '84, when I had just about given up on the idea of making *Platoon*, Michael Cimino, with whom I had written the script for *Year of the Dragon*, convinced me that we could take the project off the shelf. He said that Vietnam was coming around and that Kubrick would bring a lot of attention to the issue. But our big concern was that, because he is the master film maker that he is, our film would be unfavorably compared with *Full Metal Jacket* if it came out afterward. You don't want your movie to be compared, if you can possibly help it, with a Kubrick movie!

**PLAYBOY:** When you were shooting *Platoon*, were you aware of the plot line of *Full Metal Jacket*?

**STONE:** I had read Gustav Hasford's book [*The Short-Timers*], which the film was based on, after *Platoon* was written.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, since you're being diplomatic about Kubrick's movie, what did you think of Hasford's book?

**STONE:** I didn't much care for it. I thought it was pumped-up, *macho*-man, sort of true-life man's-adventure-story stuff. It could easily have been in the old *Argosy* magazine. I didn't think it was real.

**PLAYBOY:** Summing up your Vietnam experience, you ended up agreeing with the anti-war protesters you so distrusted when you were in Vietnam, didn't you?

**STONE:** There's just no question that, ultimately, they were right. The protesters were a force for social change. They brought about the end of the war. They forced Johnson to resign and they boxed Nixon in. They were a movement that hadn't been seen in America since the Thirties, when people had gotten together in groups and united. But it all bypassed me. I didn't realize its import until later.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the Vietnam vets are still not understood by the rest of us?

**STONE:** Oh, no, I think there's been a tremendous reintegration. I think many vets are doing very well. There's obviously a very large minority of vets who have had severe problems. But you have to keep a balanced view about this. The Korean vets have had enormous problems, too. Nobody has really examined the Korean War as a fraud or a deceit, and it, too, has become a sacred cow.

Yes, Korean vets were as much victims of the Cold War ideology as Vietnam vets. So I don't want to make a special thing about being a Vietnam vet. We are all victims of this ridiculous Cold War ideology.



**PLAYBOY:** Now to Central America. Some consider *Salvador* a better movie than *Platoon*. But you had plenty of trouble getting anyone to make *that*, didn't you?

**STONE:** I sent the script around and got extremely negative reactions. Anti-American, they said.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, *isn't* your portrayal of the U.S. as the mastermind behind the terror in Salvador fairly anti-American?

**STONE:** No. It's anti-American foreign policy. It's anti-American Government—which is truly one of the worst governments in the world. Because we're always on the side of repression. We're always on the side of the dictators.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you try to hoodwink the Salvadoran government into providing you assistance with the film?

**STONE:** Yeah. We went down there and we met with the military bigwigs, and [co-writer] Richard Boyle had concocted this scheme, because they have tons of American equipment. He said if we could only get them on our side, we could ride anywhere in the country and film anything. We could follow the army. We could do the helicopter assaults in the north. He said we could do *Apocalypse Now*—for about \$5000 or \$10,000. [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** How did you try to persuade the Salvadoran army to help?

**STONE:** We showed them a different script, which reversed everything and made *them* look good!

**PLAYBOY:** And did they go for it?

**STONE:** Oh, yes! They bought it. They liked the script. It was all set to go. What scotched it was a combination of events that culminated in our Salvadoran military advisor, who was our liaison with them, being shot and killed on a tennis court by the guerrillas. So we basically dropped the plans to shoot there, and we moved the production to Mexico.

**PLAYBOY:** As brutally explicit as *Salvador* is, you cut out a lot of scenes before releasing it, didn't you?

**STONE:** Oh, yes. The film was about two hours, 40 minutes, and we had many discussions with the producers. The film was difficult enough to distribute at two hours. We took out a lot. The original concept was that it would go from light to dark a lot. We wanted to use that Latin sort of blending that you find in a García Márquez novel—jumping from high seriousness to absurdity.

**PLAYBOY:** Weren't there also some explicit sex scenes that you cut?

**STONE:** Sure. We had this party scene where James Belushi gets a blow job under a table and Jimmy Woods is trying to get information from the colonel while he's screwing this hooker and the colonel is drunk and throwing ears—human ears—into a champagne glass. His line was, "Left-wing ears, right-wing ears; who gives a fuck? Here's to Salvador," and he makes a toast. Belushi throws up.

We showed a version of the film with that scene in it to preview audiences here in the U.S., and the comment cards that came back didn't like it. The feeling was that people in America didn't know how they were supposed to react to the movie, which I found kind of sad. *Dr. Strangelove* was a perfect amalgam of humor and seriousness about a subject that is extremely dark. There's no reason the subject of Salvadoran death squads has to be solemn. You can have fun with these guys, 'cause they're assholes. It's too bad. I think Latin-American audiences would have gotten the blend much easier; but apparently, when the North American audience wants to see a political film, it wants to see a political film, period.

**PLAYBOY:** Did El Salvador remind you of Vietnam in the early days?

**STONE:** It was Honduras that reminded me of Vietnam, because of the volume and presence of the American military there. You see a lot of young American guys in Honduras, technicians, too, that sense of Saigon in '65, that same sense of "We're doin' the right thing. We're beatin' the Commies in Nicaragua." I talked with these kids. I said, "Do you remember Vietnam?" And they kind of looked at me with a disturbed look. They don't remember. They don't fuckin' remember!

**PLAYBOY:** Did that attitude affect you?

**STONE:** Yeah, it's why I made *Platoon*. To yell out, "This happened, kids! People got



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killed here. This is what war is really like. This is it! This is what your kid is going to go through if it happens again. This is what it means. Think twice before you buy another used war from these fuckin' politicians with their 'Communism is everywhere' routine."

**PLAYBOY:** Let's move on to your personal life. Drugs seem to be a theme in every one of your movies. Were they a central part of your life?

**STONE:** I think drugs are very much a part of my generation's experience. We were not only the Cold War generation, we were the drug generation. And marijuana, with its origins in the Sixties, was good. It was a force for good. As was acid. It transformed consciousness. And in Vietnam, it certainly kept us sane.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your drug use like?

**STONE:** After the war, I took it to excess. I was using as much LSD as anybody. Even slipped it into my dad's drink once. What I did turned bad in the sense that it got heavier. My usage became heavier, but not for a purpose. It became an indulgence.

**PLAYBOY:** How much and what were you using?

**STONE:** Well, I started more acid, and grass, I suppose, in the beginning. And then I touched on some other things here and there.

**PLAYBOY:** Heroin? Cocaine?

**STONE:** Cocaine, certainly. But that was in the late Seventies. Cocaine is what took

me to the edge. I finally realized that coke had beaten me and I hadn't beaten it. So in 1981, I went cold turkey on everything. Except an occasional drink here or there, or an occasional, you know, thing, but basically cold turkey. I moved to Paris that year and wrote *Scarface*, which was a farewell to cocaine.

**PLAYBOY:** *Scarface* became a cult hit. Had you quit using cocaine before or after you wrote it?

**STONE:** I wrote it totally straight. But I researched it stoned, because I had to research it in South America, in various spots where I had to do it in order to talk with these people.

**PLAYBOY:** Before you quit, how deeply were you into it?

**STONE:** I would say it was an everyday thing. Hollywood in the late Seventies was—there was a kind of cocaine craze. And it lasted until later in the Eighties.

**PLAYBOY:** And are you now supporting Nancy Reagan's call to "just say no"?

**STONE:** No. I don't agree with her phony policies. I think she's a hypocrite—no, her policies are hypocritical. The Government, with its left hand, is basically importing drugs, and with its right hand, it's trying to stop it. It's wasting a lot of money.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you mean, the Government is importing drugs?

**STONE:** I think we barely scratched the surface in the Iran/*Contra* affair of what this Government has been up to. It's a filthy

story, and I know that the Cuban right wing is heavily involved with drugs. Our Government is really very bad, acting basically like gangsters. I mean, all the tie-ups through the years with the Mafia, the tie-ups with the dictators, the repressions are totally against the spirit of what Jefferson and Washington and Lincoln wanted for this country.

**PLAYBOY:** Back to your own experience: Don't you think the Hollywood community is now more inclined to go with Mrs. Reagan's view of things than with yours?

**STONE:** Oh, sure! Yes. Throw another two billion dollars at the problem and *fight drugs!* Any jerk-off Congressman is going to vote so the apple-pie moms will say, "Hey, we're fighting drugs." It's all horse-shit! That money just goes down the tubes. The DEA does nothing. In fact, there are quite a few DEA agents who are suspects themselves. [Laughs]

This whole thing is sick. I mean, the way to beat it is to legalize drugs, out and out. Legalize heroin, cocaine, marijuana. Yeah. Let kids try it. Let them get it out of their system. Take out the allure. Take out the glamor. Make it cheap. Make it available. People kill to get it. The gangsters will scurry like rats to find another enterprising activity. It'll take the fuckin' mystique off it and the price tag off it. But no! We won't cut the price of drugs, because organized crime makes too much money. And the bankers make too much

## STYLES VARY.





money. And the attorneys make too much money. It's a *100-billion-dollar-a-year business!* Too many people are making too much money, including establishment people in south Florida and Houston and all over the country.

**PLAYBOY:** What were the circumstances of your drug arrest in 1969?

**STONE:** I had been out of the Army ten days. I had gone to Mexico. I got busted at the border carrying two ounces of my own weed. They threw me in county jail, facing Federal smuggling charges—five to 20 years.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you formally charged?

**STONE:** Oh, yes. Everything. The papers were there.

**PLAYBOY:** How long were you held?

**STONE:** A couple of weeks. There were about 15,000 of us kids jammed into a place built to hold 3000. No lawyer showed up, and these kids were telling me they had been in there for six months and they hadn't seen a lawyer, either.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you panic?

**STONE:** Almost. The kids said to me, "Hey! Wake up! This is what America's really like, man!" There were two fucking judges. One judge was a little lenient guy. He sat on Tuesday and Thursday. If you came up on Monday or Wednesday or Friday, you hit the hard-balls guy. He would have hit me for five years; I might have gotten out after three.

**PLAYBOY:** You got the lenient judge?

**STONE:** What happened is interesting. I finally called my father. I had a hard time doing that, because he thought I was still in Vietnam.

**PLAYBOY:** He didn't know you'd gotten out of the Army?

**STONE:** Well, he knew that I was due out but not exactly when. So I called him and I said, "Dad, the good news is I'm out of Vietnam. Do you want to hear the bad news?" [Laughs] He said, "Oh, shit. What is it?" I said, "I'm in jail in San Diego." He said, "Oh, shit." He knew the score and he knew what it was about. So I could have sat in that prison for six months. My court-appointed lawyer might never have showed up. My father called him. The moment the guy knew he was going to get paid, he showed up beaming.

**PLAYBOY:** Exactly like the lawyer in your script for *Midnight Express*.

**STONE:** Same idea. I think we paid him \$2500. He got my case dismissed "in the interest of justice." I guess they had 20,000 other kids to prosecute [laughs], so they let it go. What happened beyond his receiving the money, I don't know.

**PLAYBOY:** Getting busted ten days after your tour of Vietnam must have made you quite an angry young man.

**STONE:** Yes. I suppose if I went over to Vietnam right wing, I came back an anarchist. Radical. Very much like Travis Bickle in *Taxi Driver*. Alienated. A walking time bomb. Hateful and suspicious.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you believe in?

**STONE:** Direct action. When Nixon invaded Cambodia, I was at the NYU film school, and everyone went nuts. I thought they were a bunch of jerks just running around shooting film. I thought, Why don't we get a gun and just do Nixon, you know? I'll do him. [Laughs] You know, "Let's go kill, man." I thought, If you want to shake up the system, if you want a revolution, let's fuckin' have one. Let's kill cops. Back then, I was feeling pure anger. Hatred. Well, actually, I'm right. [Laughs] That's the only way revolution is ever going to occur.

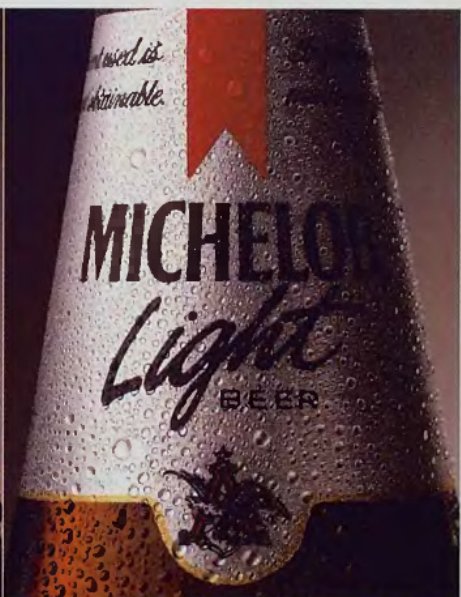
**PLAYBOY:** Do you still consider yourself outside the system? A revolutionary?

**STONE:** No. That anarchy gave way finally to some kind of reintegration into American society, I suppose. [Laughs] The Pentagon papers, Watergate, a lot of reading gave seed to what has become a sort of mature liberalism. I think I've been on that track since around 1975. And although some critics have said otherwise, I think my films have all been on that track.

**PLAYBOY:** With a little help from a healthy bank account.

**STONE:** I understand money. I know what it's like to move overnight from golden boy to ugly duckling. Success and disaster seem to be two sides of the same coin. I've seen disaster, because I saw it after my first Academy Award, in 1978, for writing *Midnight Express*. And before that, for ten

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## The Newport Ski Spree.

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All the events are absolutely free to enter, and winners walk away with prizes.

The attached Ski Spree Schedule shows you when and where. Now come join Newport for weekends we've packed with pleasure!



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Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.





## Newport Ski Spree Schedule

- Jan. 1-3: Caberfae, MI  
Goldmine, CA
- Jan. 8-10: Big Powderhorn, MI  
Devil's Head, WI  
Mt. Brighton, MI  
Snow Valley, CA  
Sugarloaf, MI
- Jan. 15-17: Big Boulder, PA  
Blackjack, MI  
Brodie, MA  
Cannonsburg, MI  
Squaw Valley, CA  
Sugar Hills, MN
- Jan. 22-24: Alpine Valley, WI  
Brandywine, OH  
Catamount, NY  
Indianhead, MI  
Jack Frost, PA  
Kissing Bridge, NY
- Jan. 29-31: Greek Peak, NY  
Magic Mt., VT  
Ski Brule, MI  
Song Mt., NY  
Sunburst, WI  
Trollhaugen, WI
- Feb. 5-7: Americana, WI  
Boyne Mt., MI  
Brodie, MA  
Mt. Holly, MI  
Snow Trails, OH  
Squaw Valley, CA  
Seven Springs, PA
- Feb. 10-12: Big Tupper, NY  
Feb. 12-14: Bittersweet, MI  
Boston Mills, OH  
Rib Mt., WI  
Timberline, OR
- Feb. 19-21: Big Boulder, PA  
Indianhead, MI  
Mt. Kato, MN
- Feb. 26-28: Cascade, WI  
Greek Peak, NY  
Kissing Bridge, NY  
Snowshoe, WV  
Snow Valley, CA  
Sundown, IA
- Mar. 4-6: Buck Hill, MN  
Boyne Mt., MI  
Jack Frost, PA  
Peek 'n Peak, NY
- Mar. 18-20: Goldmine, CA  
Apr. 8-10: Crested Butte, CO

All dates and mountains subject to change. Participants must be 21 years of age or older.



years, when I was a starving writer.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you manage to turn that initial success into prolonged failure?

**STONE:** I buried myself with my own hand, so to speak. Whatever possessed me to spend half my time on the set of the second movie I directed—*The Hand*, in 1981—fighting Michael Caine, I'll never know.

**PLAYBOY:** After that movie was panned, you suffered another setback when you couldn't get *Born on the Fourth of July* produced, right?

**STONE:** Actually, I wrote it before *The Hand*. I spent a year on it. It was a very defeating experience. I worked with a series of directors on it, and Al Pacino was committed. I came up with a really good script. We rehearsed it; Al played it. I saw all the roles played. It was really happening. And then the money fell out at the last possible second and the film collapsed and Pacino went on to work on another film. It sort of soured me on the possibility of doing something serious in Hollywood.

**PLAYBOY:** So you gave up for a while?

**STONE:** In a way, yes. Part of the reason I did *The Hand* was that it was obvious that studios weren't going to do the more dramatic material. So I thought, At least they'll do a horror movie for money. That's why I compromised, and I made a serious mistake. I wanted to work as a director. So I really should have been directing *Platoon* or *Born on the Fourth of July*. But there was no way they were even going to make those movies, let alone let me direct them. So I went into a phase of cynicism from around 1980 to 1985, which was a period in which nobody was making any serious movies.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**STONE:** The execs were very much into high-concept, kid-gloss movies—*WarGames* rip-offs, *Star Wars* rip-offs. It was a depressing time. I worked on *Scarface* during that period only because Al Pacino wanted me. And I worked on *Dragon* because Cimino wanted me. I didn't work for a studio; I never had an office in a studio. I had a miserable four or five years writing other people's movies, but I did learn from them.

**PLAYBOY:** What got your enthusiasm for *Platoon* going again?

**STONE:** Seeing Warren Beatty's *Reds* in 1981. I loved it. The fact that Beatty had spent so much time doing a film that was so unconventional really reminded me that, hey, you can make good movies if you stick it out. So at that point in time, I said, "I'm going to do it." And I wrote my Russian thing—

**PLAYBOY:** What Russian thing? Is this another unproduced script?

**STONE:** Yeah. I wrote a great script about dissidents in Russia. Universal Studios sent me to Russia to research it, but nobody wanted to make it. Frank Price was in charge of the studio. He's a right-winger and was too busy doing movies like *Fletch* and *Breakfast Club*.

**PLAYBOY:** A movie about Soviet dissidents

wouldn't offend the right wing.

**STONE:** That's true. But Price was probably offended just because it was a serious film. He was not doing dramas. Go check the books. Universal did one drama in that year [1985], probably, and it was *Out of Africa*. You know why they did it? Because it had Meryl Streep, Robert Redford and Sydney Pollack. An unknown film maker comes in and wants to do something serious, they're not going to make that.

**PLAYBOY:** Hasn't it always been hard to make political films in Hollywood?

**STONE:** No, in the Thirties and the Forties, studios did them. Darryl F. Zanuck [former head of 20th Century Fox] did them; they did a lot of stuff like that. Now they're just afraid of anything that's controversial, that stirs up emotions. Most of them want a very bland Chevy Chase comedy that gets a lot of people in to buy popcorn. Theater owners don't even like *intense* films. I'll bet you half of them would prefer uneven, mediocre movies that the audience can slip in and out of for 15 or 20 minutes to and from the snack bar and not miss a thing. I'm convinced that there's a conspiracy to make blander films.

**PLAYBOY:** Does this mean that the distributors are dictating taste?

**STONE:** No. Taste is dictated by a mass consensus of distributors, exhibitors—a floating circle of players. A guy in Cleveland says, "You gave me six dogs last year," puts pressure on the distributors. It all gets passed along. A consensus emerges.

Comedies, the least offensive category, are still "in." Comedies are the least offensive medium. They shouldn't be, but they are—though Eddie Murphy is getting to be offensive. But Chevy Chase—a very safe man. And he's one of the hottest movie stars today, as the American middle-class boob, you know, in plaid trousers, walking around with a happy face and a pretty wife, and I guess America wants to see itself that way. Put Chevy Chase up against the Libyans, I don't think he'd last two seconds.

**PLAYBOY:** What was it like to go in and pitch ideas after having written two big-time scripts?

**STONE:** From '80 to '85, miserable. Often I'd go in and have a meeting with some real smartass baby exec, maybe 24, who'd just gotten out of film school. He or she was supposed to have his or her finger on the pulse of what the new kids wanted, and I'd sit there, discussing a serious story and being patronized. You know the crap: "Well, we know from *Midnight Express* that you like those dark films, but you're not really getting the point of where America is at. America wants Steve Martin, Eddie Murphy, Dan Aykroyd."

After '85, I vowed never to go to a development meeting again, and I never did. Since *Salvador*, I've never had a script conference. On *Wall Street*, I never even saw a development person. The so-called development process is just a series of 25

(concluded on page 112)



fiction

By AARON ABBEY

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# AN ANCIENT AFFAIR

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WE BUILD the pyramids.

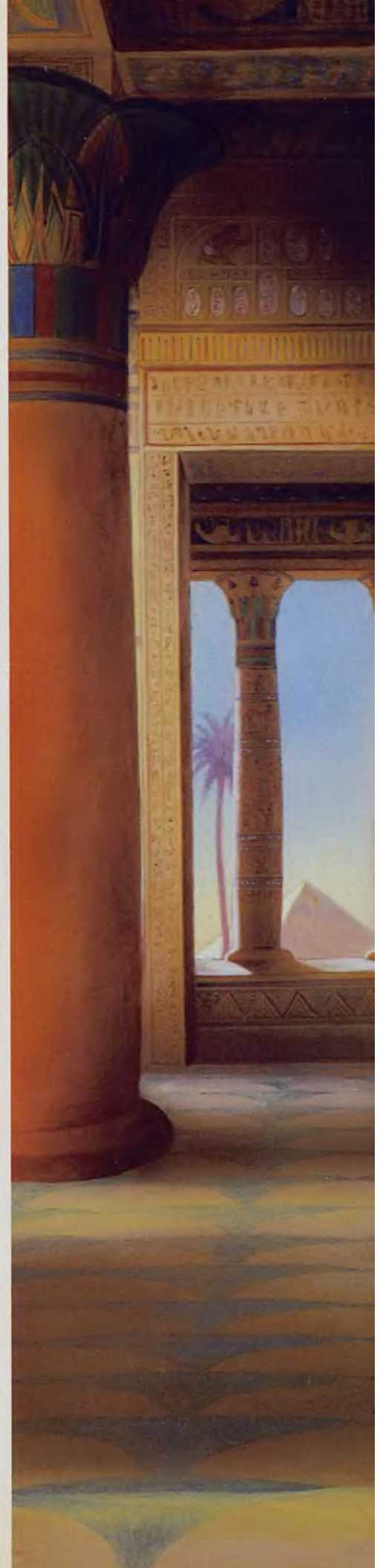
We use sleds, wheels, ramps, rope, giant rolling pins, levers and vitamin supplements. The foreman hates us. He thinks we are dogs with slow reflexes, and he uses his whip generously, especially on me. Says it hurts him more than it hurts us. A comedian. It bothers us that he holds a position of power. We secretly plot against him during coffee breaks, and one day he finds himself in the shadow of a falling obelisk. A shame, we say, gravity strikes again. But a new foreman, Max, arrives, with an even more gruesome demeanor. We secretly plot against him in the locker room after company aerobics class.

**do i want to  
make love to the  
lean teen queen?  
think of  
the scandal, the  
headlines—my  
execution. . . .  
mmmmmmmm,  
you bet i do**

The Pharaoh visits every Wednesday. Each week a new Rolls-Royce of a different color. Or maybe he just repaints the old ones, the strutting bastard. He is an old man of vision: "I picture a promenade lined with boutiques and palm trees," says he, "and glorious fountains spouting pink water in a majestic oval pool with a mosaic by LeRoy Neiman on the bottom, all leading to the pyramid's southern face, on which a sun deck, two thirds of the way up, will feature an AstroTurf floor and an endless view of the valley with sunsets selected personally by me from the impressionist catalog." His secretary nods and writes it down on monogrammed papyrus.

Nudge, hey. Pharaoh's wife, the lean teen queen in designer jeans, looks us over, cool jewel that she is. Inspecting the troops. Her bosom heaving. She longs for a man with clear eyes and a strong back, so naturally, her gaze lingers over me. I smile cordially, and nonchalantly flex every muscle in my body. She pretends not to be impressed, but I can hear her start to purr. "How would you like to move up in the world?" she says, undressing herself with my eyes. She and the Pharaoh climb back into the Rolls and depart in a cloud of dust.

Days pass. We pyramid builders move stones and sweat a lot. I can feel the muscles in my back getting stronger. The blood courses through my veins, singing robust ethnic folk songs. From the porch of her condominium, the queen watches me through her refracting telescope. She waves to me with her left hand, and with her right hand she waves her









panties. I feel a bond growing between us. Adrenaline shoots through me, and I absent-mindedly lift a four-ton block of limestone by myself. "Where do you want this, Max?" I ask the foreman.

"Quit fucking off," says Max in an unusually expressive moment.

My friend Lenny can tell I'm in love, but he urges caution. "She'll use you, chew you up and spit you out," he warns.

"Those lips, those eyes, those nose," I sigh in response.

Lenny shakes his head; this produces a rattling sound that attracts the attention of Max, who used to be percussionist for the Hop Tuit Jazz Ensemble. Max drums on Lenny's back with a branch.

Days pass again. The queen does not call. The pyramid climbs higher. "In fifteen years you should have this baby finished," laughs Max. His whip cracks. We groan and struggle, a chorus of pain and effort. In this endless labor we find neither hope nor satisfaction. We receive neither reward nor thanks. Gosh, I think, an affair with the queen would be a swell change of pace.

My work output diminishes. Max threatens me with his new whip with the titanium handle. The fat beast of a man raises it high. "Do you have anything to say before being made an example of?" he asks.

"Yes," I say. "Physicists tell us that all matter, even apparently solid objects, is mostly empty space. Take your head for instance, Max. To us it seems extremely dense. But at the atomic level it is merely a confusion of inscrutable particles whizzing about without purpose."

Hundreds of men laugh. I laugh. Max laughs. Max decides I will be torn into pieces by unruly horses.

He fetches six powerful stallions and long cords of rope. I am stripped naked and forced to the ground. He ties my left wrist to Stiff Drink, facing east; my right wrist to Burning Sensations, facing north; my left leg to Hot 'n' Bothered, south; my right leg to Amazing Race, west. Then he ties my neck to Yo Momma and my penis to Ringmaster. Max's goons lead the horses outward until the ropes are taut. The restless animals shift and snort.

Max positions a blowtorch behind each horse. Each torch is connected by cable to a master control board where computer circuits ensure precise timing.

A substantial crowd gathers.

I prepare mentally, anticipating a Zen experience.

Max mans the control board, ready to scorch Equus' bottom and rip me to bits. He sneers at me. "Whaddaya think now, smartass?" he screams.

"Please," I say, "let's not spoil this moment with words."

The queen appears on her porch and

blows me a kiss. She shrugs to indicate her inability to intervene. She weeps and eats chocolates.

Max bellows like a madman and ignites the torches. The horses bolt. The crowd gasps.

The first five horses begin to overpower me, threatening to tear my head and limbs asunder. The sixth horse is no problem.

I concentrate. I gather my strength and contract all my muscles, using the Martha Graham technique. The horses rage and tug. I survey my options: (A) keep pulling, (B) pray, (C) die.

I choose the first two.

I concert my efforts once again, and pray to the spirit of the Sphinx. The relentless horses seem to gain energy, and the horrible strain increases. But soon the Sphinx supplies me with a dose of his mystical cosmic power and an ethereal vision of the queen wearing nothing but a smile. These invigorate me beyond words, and I pull with a renewed strength so great as to startle the stallions. Quickly the animals tire, to the crowd's disbelief. I draw them in. The ropes slacken. The horses come to me, sniff, and lick my body, which I coated with sugar before the ordeal. The crowd cheers.

From my position on the ground, the pyramid appears upside down. It looks good that way. I consider a career as an architect.

Max stomps toward me with a homicidal air, but the crowd descends and carries him off, censuring him for his insensitivity and slovenly appearance.

The queen has fainted. I loosen my bonds, run across the desert, scale the wall and leap onto her porch. I embrace her. She stirs. She undresses me with her eyes, which is hardly necessary, as I am naked.

Melisma, the queen's slave, appears on the porch. Immediately, the queen rebukes me. I implore her. She re-rebukes me. Pretends to be in a huff. She slips me a note. She scurries inside with Melisma close behind.

Only later, in private, do I open the note for the first time.

Darling,

Meet me in the bowels of the tomb of Farukka-Hoo-Nupi when the sundial strikes midnight. I will wear a disguise as necessary.

Ah, typical Egyptian chic, Farukka-Hoo's. All-night spot for the hot to trot. Ladies' night Tuesday: "Wiggle your womb in a happenin' tomb." Fun, depending on who you're with.

That night, I spend a full hour in front of the mirror, deciding on a loincloth and matching necktie. Ready at last, I venture outside and hop on Moo, my faithful bovine. The sturdy steed conveys me

across the warm desert sands. Together we gaze at the beautiful starry sky.

"The stars shine with extra brilliance tonight, eh, Moo?" I say.

"Mooooo," she replies. That means yes. Two moos means no, three moos means maybe, four moos means sometimes, and so on, in increasing levels of syntactical and conceptual complexity, until by the time she reaches 600 moos, she can discuss the gods, life and the meaning of existence more intelligently than anyone I know. But 600 moos—who has the patience?

She deposits me at Farukka-Hoo's. "I'll get home by myself, thanks," I say. Moo hears distant lowing. She smiles a cow smile and departs for a party of her own.

I climb through the long passageway and enter a smoke-filled tomb. The crowd, the music, the dancing, the neon greet me. The robe-check girl winks as I pass her. I scan the joint for the lean teen queen.

I saunter to the bar. The bartender is new, strange, his face an ugly caricature with big nose and three-day beard, but his hands are smooth and delicate. "I'd like a light beer in a heavy glass," I say. He stares at me unforgivingly. "What's with you?" I demand. The bartender peels back part of his face. A mask! The queen! You ingenious lass! We laugh and touch together our Captain Clever Club rings.

We repair to deeper chambers. At last we are alone. The lights are low.

"Hold me," she says.

"I want to be an architect," I say.

"Kiss me," she says.

"Not until you take off that mask," I say.

She removes the offending facade. We kiss gently at first, then more gently. I like to start out kissing gently.

We kiss again. More passionate, more probing. Rah. My skin tingles. Her skin tingles. It's a feeling I can live with.

We pause. We sit and talk. We do not immediately indulge in a wild marathon of sexual abandon. I mean, is this the queen I really want to have an affair with? Think of the scandal: the headlines, the quarrels, my castration and execution; the Pharaoh will not be pleased. Perhaps I would be fonder of some other queen.

She blesses my lips with another exquisite kiss, and I file away those negative thoughts in the drawer marked STUPID JERK.

"Tell me about you," she says regally.

I speak in warm, confident tones! "I am actually of noble birth."

"How do you know you are of noble birth?" she asks.

"This," I say. I stand and show her the emblem tattooed on my left hip.

(concluded on page 145)





*"They're not tits. They're pecs."*



# Those Brash and British PAGE 3 GIRLS

TRUE BRITS GET THEIR JOLLIES FROM THEIR TABLOIDS' DAILY DOLLIES. SO CAN YOU

In Merry England and Scotland, Wales and Ireland, some 10,000,000 tabloid readers kick off the day with a nice reminder that the news

ain't all bad. They check out the morning's topless models, a grand tradition in Britain since November 1970. That was when *The Sun*, the coun-

try's premiere tabloid, published a bare-breasted photo of model Stephanie Rahn, thereby setting off a lively circulation war with *The Star*

and the *Daily Mirror*, the U.K.'s other major tabs. As is typical of newspaper battles on Fleet Street (the home of Great Britain's national press until the recent move by most publications to a new industrial site), the "War of the Nipples" offered up ribald fun, as well as a nice breather from England's other obsessions: football and royalty. In the last election, they even had a brush with politics: A pro-Tory paper threatened that a Labor victory would mean outlawing Page 3 Girls. Not a few of the Page 3 Girls—so christened because that's the page on which *The Sun* runs its morning love-lies—have gone on to modest fame and occasional fortune, the most celebrated being singer Samantha Fox. In the interest of Anglo-U.S. relations, we picked our own favorites and had them photographed in a London studio exclusively for *Playboy*.



## BARRY'S BLARNEY

By LIZ PHILLIPS

**WATCH** out, Wogan. Boxing champ Barry McGuigan has thrown down his gloves to take up sparring with celebrity guests on television.

Barry is returning to the spotlight as a chat show host next month in a series of 12 programmes for BBC Northern Ireland called *Now You're Talking*.

And if the show is a runaway success, it could be shown nationwide.

The former world featherweight champion, who earns close to £267,000 a fight, will probably receive only £3,000 for the series.

"I wanted to do something to take my mind off boxing," said Barry earlier.

Barry picked up tips on how to present a chat show while being interviewed by Terry Wogan and as a guest on many top American shows.

"Barry was one of the most popular guests both on British TV and on American shows."

Barry... "a natural" America," said *Now You're Talking* producer Ullan Lullinly.

I've had a long association with him on various programmes and I thought that would be a good idea for him. He is very natural in front of the camera.

The first of Barry's seasons that shows goes out on September 3.

"I'm really looking forward to this show," said Barry. "It's very exciting."

Unfortunately the weight has started to go on again while I've been on holiday. Now I'll have to lose it for the box.

Fellow Irishman Terry Wogan welcomed McGuigan into the chat show for the first time.

He said: "Having been on the receiving end of quite a few verbal licks from Barry during our bouts on Wogan, I'm sure he's going to be an absolute knockout."

### LOVE-SPLIT WIFE CUT BED IN HALF

ANGRY Anne Midgley demanded a half share of everything when she suspected her husband of being unfaithful. And she started by trying to hack their double bed to two with a carving knife.

But there were no half measures when Gerry Midgley caught her sawing through the mattress. He blew his top and slapped her across the face, a court heard yesterday.

The bedroom bust-up happened after the couple had been drinking and Mrs Midgley accused her husband of seeing an odd dame.

"She said they would have to get a divorce and split everything they owned down the middle," Mr Jeremy Love, defending told magistrates at Thirsk, North Yorkshire.

He added: "She walked off downstairs, reappeared with a knife and started to cut up the mattress."

Midgley, 41, of Hawby, admitted assaulting his wife. He was given a conditional discharge.

### STAR BIRD SPECIAL

- THIS is Jackie St Clair, the gorgeous Starbird who took pop site Prince by storm at a London nightspot.
- But it's anybody's guess what Prince—who often strips down to his underpants in his own stage act—thinks of Jackie's saucy poses.
- It's claimed he's much more prudish about women and expects them to stay covered up.

### HAIR LOSS

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Jackie St. Clair, 24 (left, right and overleaf), made her *Star* debut in 1984. Her secret: "I just stuck out my chest, pulled in my stomach and arched my back."











**M**aria Whittaker, 19 (lower left), would like to be queen for a week “and marry ten men at once.” Her dad was a boxing champ; her favorite food is chicken Kiev.

**C**arole Anne (below and right) is a 20-year-old Dorset lass and former waitress who eschews a surname. She gave up dreams of flying to become a jet-setting Starbird.







**A** modeling job led Maggie Longhurst, 19 (left and top right), to pose for a calendar, then a place in *The Sun*. Who recognizes her on the street? "The opposite sex."

**H**er Cockney accent cost Suzanne Mizzi (below and right) a *Dynasty* gig, but the 20-year-old Londoner is touted as "Britain's prettiest pinup." She drives a Mini.

















**K**aren Kelly (below) debuted in the tabloids as a teenager. Now 24, she's a veteran page brightener with a passion for riding and Grand Prix cars.



**G**ail McKenna, 19 (right and preceding spread), shows a cheeky charm that took her to the top of Fleet Street's naughtiest-news-makers list.













14-2

IN THE Phoenix airport, 11:05 at night, between planes, when I see them sitting across from me in the Concourse Lounge, their long legs splayed awkwardly beneath the bar tables. I recognize them right away or, rather, *him*, since I don't know the other guy, though by his size, he must be a basketball player, too. *Him* is Magic Johnson, All-Pro guard for the Los Angeles Lakers, my used-to-be-favorite team. I say "used to be" because I don't live in Los Angeles now. When Marian and I separated a year ago, I moved to Denver. It's a nice city, but the basketball team isn't worth much, so I don't watch the games anymore.

It's that dead time at airports when people don't rush around: There are no more appointments to keep, nothing to do but wait for the night flight and go home. Magic and his friend must be waiting, too, and I think how satisfying it is that he and I should find ourselves together in this space, at this moment, doing the very same thing. Magic is dozing and his friend is staring at Johnny Carson on the bar TV, though the set's too far away to hear anything John-

# waiting for the night flight

my wife believes in magic.  
thing is, she doesn't believe in  
me. maybe magic will do the trick

fiction

by david michael kaplan

ny says. In the corridor, a custodian moves a waxer back and forth over the same spot. The woman behind the bar puts day-old Danish into the cooler. The only other patron is a salesman like myself—I can recognize one anywhere—who grimaces as he works a crossword puzzle. Nobody but me seems to know or care that Magic Johnson is sitting with us.

Now, ordinarily, I wouldn't do this; but maybe because it's late and there's no one around to watch me make a fool of myself, I get bold and walk over to Magic's table. As I approach, his eyes flicker, then open. He knows what's coming.

"Aren't you Magic Johnson?" I ask. It's dumb,





but what else is there?

He studies me, as does his friend.

"You wrong, man," the friend says.

"He's not Magic Johnson."

Magic's face is impassive.

"They *always* mistaking you for Magic Johnson. Ain't that right?"

Magic nods solemnly.

"I used to live in L.A.," I say. I smile, letting them know I know they're kidding me.

"It's such a *pain* being with you, man," his friend says. "All the time people coming up, asking if you Magic. You ought to get yourself"—he pauses—"a nose job."

With that, Magic breaks into his famous grin, a grin as wide as the moon. Of course it's him.

"Now, nobody ever recognizes me," the friend says with mock petulance. He looks at me. "You know who I am, man?"

"No," I say. "I don't. Look"—I turn to Magic—"I don't want to bother you. I just wanted to say I—my wife and I, we used to watch you play all the time. We watched all the games on TV."

"Used to?" Magic raises his eyebrows.

"I don't live in L.A. anymore. I live in Denver now."

"One shitty team," his friend snorts.

"That's right," I say.

"You want his autograph, man? Give him your autograph, Earvin." Earvin is Magic's real name, I know.

"I don't want an autograph."

"No autograph?" He feigns surprise.

"How about mine, then? You *still* don't know who I am?"

"Sure," I say. "You're Larry Bird."

That cracks them up. "How'd you guess, man?" the friend laughs.

"It's the blond hair." That cracks them up even more.

"Sit down," Magic says. "Hey—it's OK. He's just jivin' you." He waves to a chair. "Sit down."

I sit.

"This is Fuzzy Thornton," Magic says. "He plays, too."

"Between teams, man," Fuzzy says. He leans over and tries to give me some handshake I don't know. We fumble, our fingers never quite meshing.

"Jerry Bruckner," I say.

"Have a beer, Jerry." Magic waves to the woman at the bar and taps his glass. He holds up three fingers.

*Incredible*, I think. I'm having a beer with Magic Johnson. Marian should see me now.

"Where are you guys coming from?" I ask. It's the off season, so I know they're not between games.

"Vegas," Fuzzy says.

"Going back to L.A. now," Magic adds.

"Can't you do that a little more directly?" I ask.

"Strike," Magic explains. "We've got to go to Phoenix to get to L.A."

"I'm on my way home, too," I say.

"L.A.?" Magic yawns.

"No—Denver. I live in Denver now."

"That's right. You said that." Magic slides lower in his seat and folds his arms. He seems tired or thoughtful, not at all like Fuzzy, who almost vibrates, as if some dark current were running through him.

"My wife and I used to watch all the games," I tell Magic. I'm not just saying that: For several years, Marian and I would get into bed and under the covers to watch Magic dribble the ball regally, unhurriedly down the court. We'd drink beer and eat *nachos* that she made in the microwave. We'd touch toes and snuggle while Magic found the open man. These are some of the nicest memories I have of Marian and me, yet they're really nothing special—just two tired people lying in bed, drinking beer and watching a basketball game.

"Your wife a fan, too, Jerry?" Magic asks.

She was. While I enjoyed Magic's flashy moves, those soft behind-the-back passes, his fakes to the basket that left defenders dangling helplessly in mid-air, Marian saw something else. "He never makes a teammate look bad," she'd say. "He's so—honest, somehow."

"You were her favorite player," I tell Magic.

And then, for no reason at all, I say, "You know, I used to play basketball, too."

Magic raises his eyebrows again. Fuzzy, who's been chewing on a toothpick, cocks his head. "Did you, now?"

"In college," I say. "At Pitt."

Now, this isn't true at all: I did go to Pitt, but I never played basketball. I don't know why I said that.

"What position you play, Jerry?" Fuzzy asks.

"Guard. I was a guard."

"You look a little short," Magic says.

"It was college," I say. "I was a small guard. But I was quick."

"You don't look so quick, either," Fuzzy says.

"Well, it was a few years ago, you know."

"Pitt." Magic shakes his head.

"We went twenty and ten that year," I say. "It was our best year ever."

"Jerry." Fuzzy takes the toothpick from his mouth. "If you were a guard, then tell me what a one-trap-one play is."

I'm caught, unless he's jiving me. I look at Magic, as if somehow he can help me. He grins.

"Maybe that play came *after* Jerry played," he says.

And now Fuzzy is grinning, too. "Any pro offers, Jerry?"

"No."

"A lot of quick guys then, huh?"

"Quicker than me," I say.

I'm saved when a teenaged boy, one of a group of three who've been standing outside the lounge looking at us, approaches our table. His face is slack and horselike, and he walks with an unsure slouch. Magic sees him out of the corner of his eye but pretends not to. *He's got real court sense*, I note admiringly. The boy stands before us, wiping his palms on his shorts. Nobody but me looks at him, and just when I think he's going to be ignored, Magic turns and flashes that enormous grin. The boy takes a step back, as if jolted. He glances nervously at his friends.

"Aren't—aren't you Magic Johnson?" he asks.

Magic nods.

The boy raises his hand in a lame salute. "Well, uh—hi." He laughs nervously, a titter almost, and is embarrassed. His hand falls. He leaves.

"Hi? Just 'Hi'?" Fuzzy shakes his head.

"Scared," Magic says.

The boy's friends welcome him back. One of them says something and the boy punches him on the arm.

"A lady in an airport wanted me to autograph her baby's head once," Magic says. "'With what?' I say. 'I'll go buy a pen,' she says. 'Don't go away,' she says. Then she gives *me* the baby while she runs off to get it!"

"That's so you don't run away," Fuzzy chuckles.

"What happened?" I ask.

"She got it, and I did it."

"The baby's head?" Fuzzy can't believe this.

"I told her I'd sign anything, but she really wanted me to sign the head."

"Strange," Fuzzy murmurs.

"She probably never washed it," I say.

"Yeah, I bet she thought he'd grow up with MAGIC JOHNSON on his head." Fuzzy laughs, and then we all do. I feel good. They've forgotten about my basketball lie. Magic waves again to the woman behind the bar and indicates another round of beers. When they come, I try to pay, but Magic insists.

He raises his glass. "To all us ballplayers." He winks at me.

"You and your wife live in Denver now, Jerry?" Fuzzy asks.

"No. She's still in L.A. We're separated."

Fuzzy grins. "You didn't get traded, did you, Jerry?"

"No. No, I didn't."

"I don't mean to get personal, you know."

"We're friends," I say. "We may even get back together," I lie.

"Hey, that's nice," Magic says. "I like

(continued on page 162)



# D

# ESIGNING WOMEN

DON'T YOU believe it when a *ma-*cho buddy tells you that real men like to shop for clothes alone. At least, most of the men we know don't. Guys, of course, want to look good for and to women, and the easiest way to avoid a conflict later on is to take the lady along

when you're in a buying mood. With that thought in mind, this month we've added a new twist to our yearly Designer Forecast feature, in which we ask menswear designers to preview a sampling of upcoming lines. For a change, we've chosen four female menswear designers of international fame—Jhane Barnes, Corinne Delemazure, Oriana Girombelli and Cecilia Metheny—and asked them to give us the low-down on just how they like men to dress, with picks, naturally, from their spring/summer 1988 collections. The results may surprise you. But whatever your tastes—from a casual crew-neck and pleated khaki slacks to a wool-crepe evening jacket and Hollywood-waistband tuxedo pants—there's plenty to intrigue the ladies.

four top female designers show off their latest looks—for men

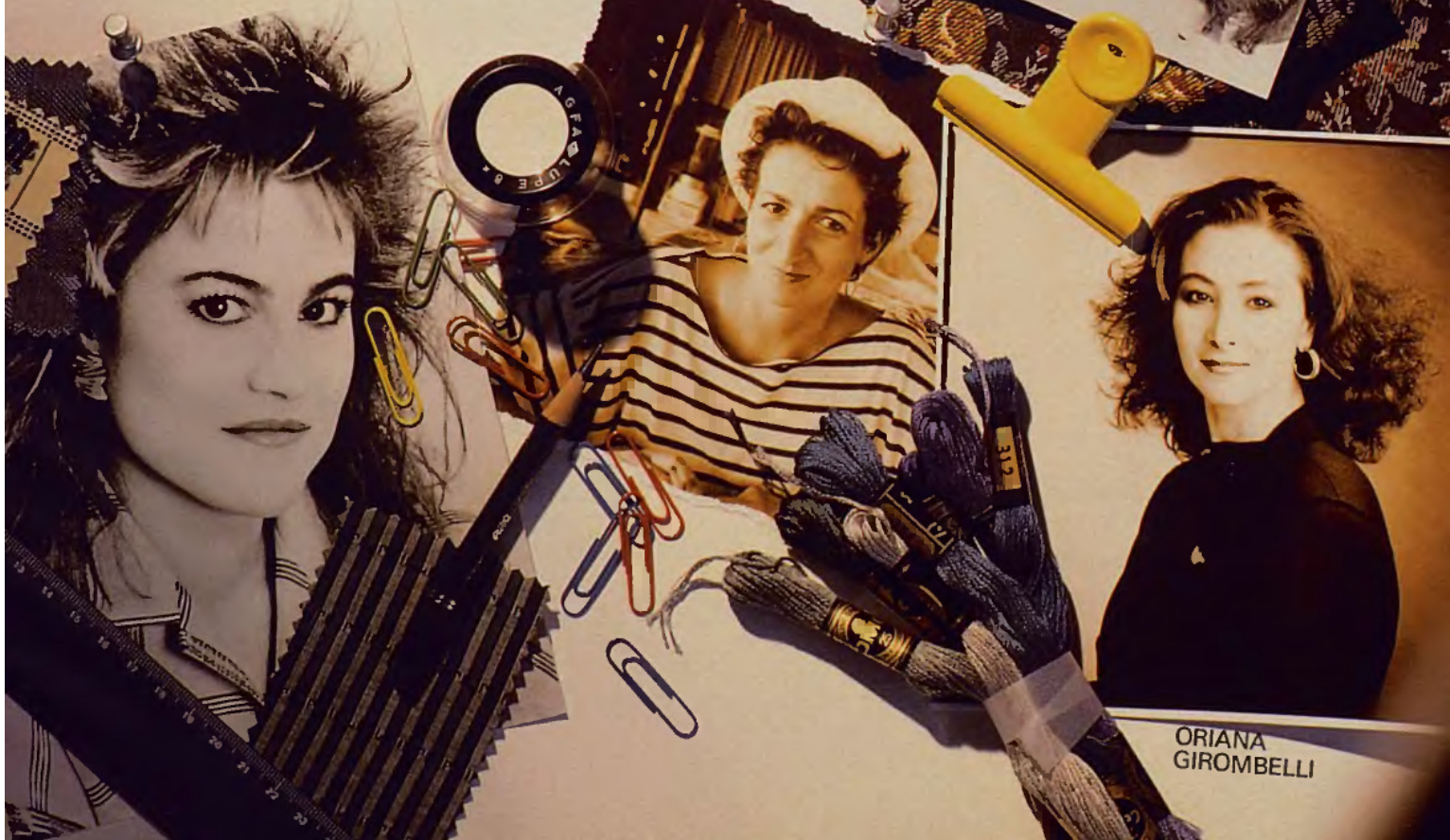
*fashion* By HOLLIS WAYNE

JHANE BARNES

CORINNE DELEMAZURE

CECILIA METHENY

ORIANA GIROMBELLI





"I like men to look modern, not traditional."

*Jhane Barnes*

Jhane Barnes began designing menswear about ten years ago, because she thought their wardrobes needed help. Her line for spring 1988 includes this cotton/rayon/linen crew-neck sweater, \$190, worn over a cotton/silk sport shirt, \$135, and khaki cotton/linen/rayon slacks with pleats, \$145.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB FRAME



"A man and the clothes he wears should move together in a natural way."

Oriana Girombelli

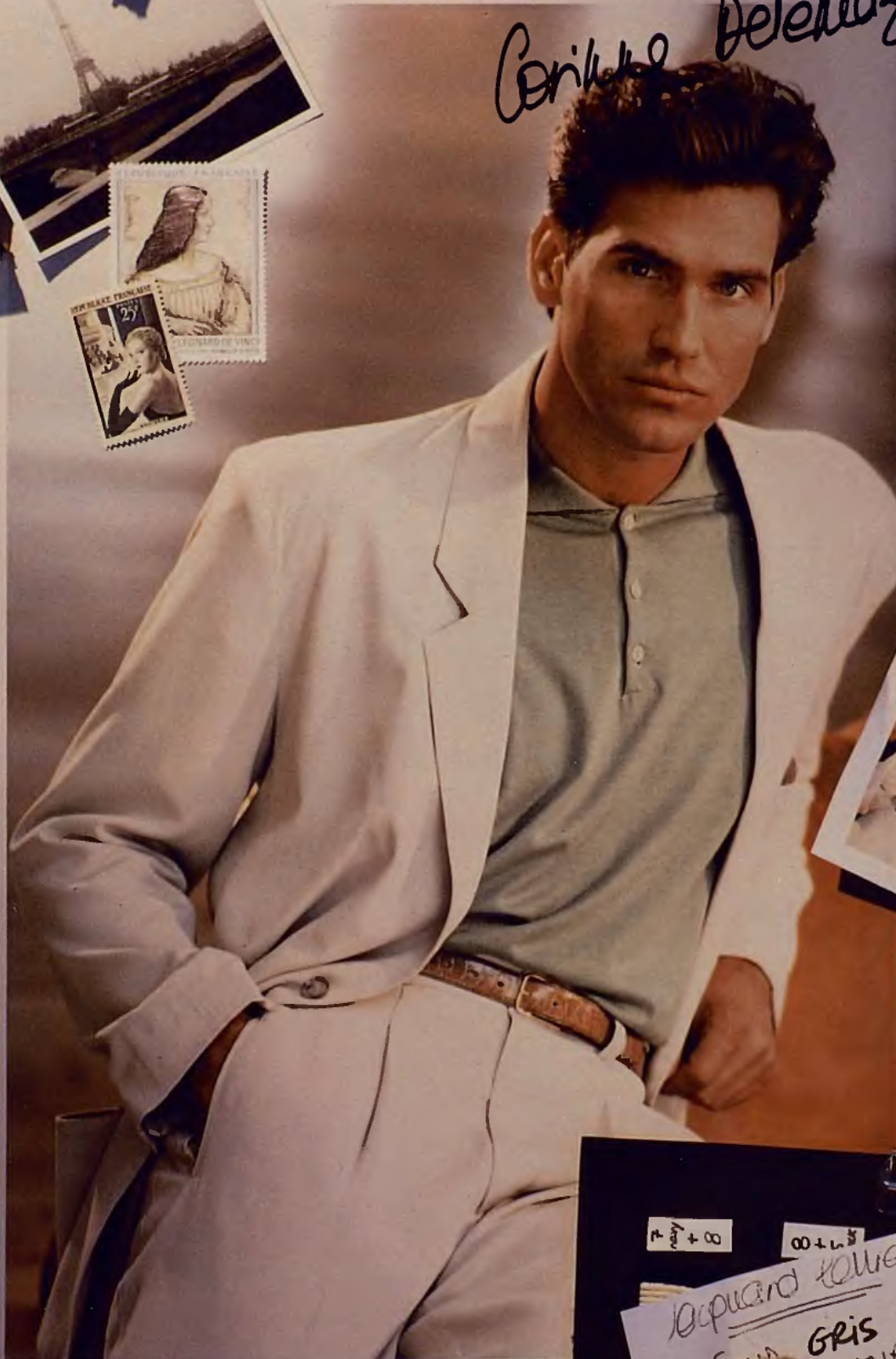


Oriana Girombelli: "The *macho* image doesn't have the same meaning it used to. Today, a man's personal style comes from his intelligence." Girombelli's choices include a checkered jacket, \$465, worn over a mock-turtleneck sweater, \$235, and crepe slacks, \$165, all by Reporter.

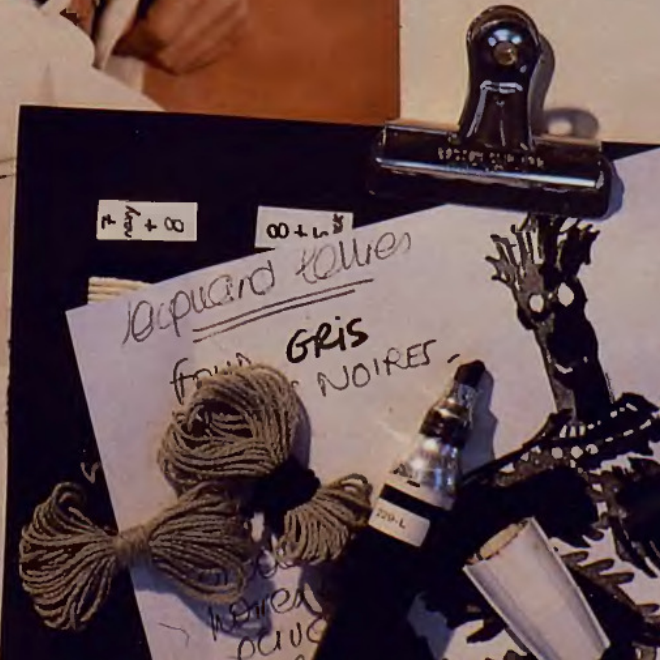


"Designing for men is a challenge. . . .  
Men have changed so much,  
fashion does not seem so suspicious to them."

Corinne Delemazure —



Corinne Delemazure's fashion philosophy marries elegance to a sense of nonchalance, as demonstrated in this teaming of a washed-silk-gabardine jacket, about \$550, with matching slacks, about \$275, and a cotton knit polo shirt, about \$80, all by Sans Tambours Ni Trompettes.





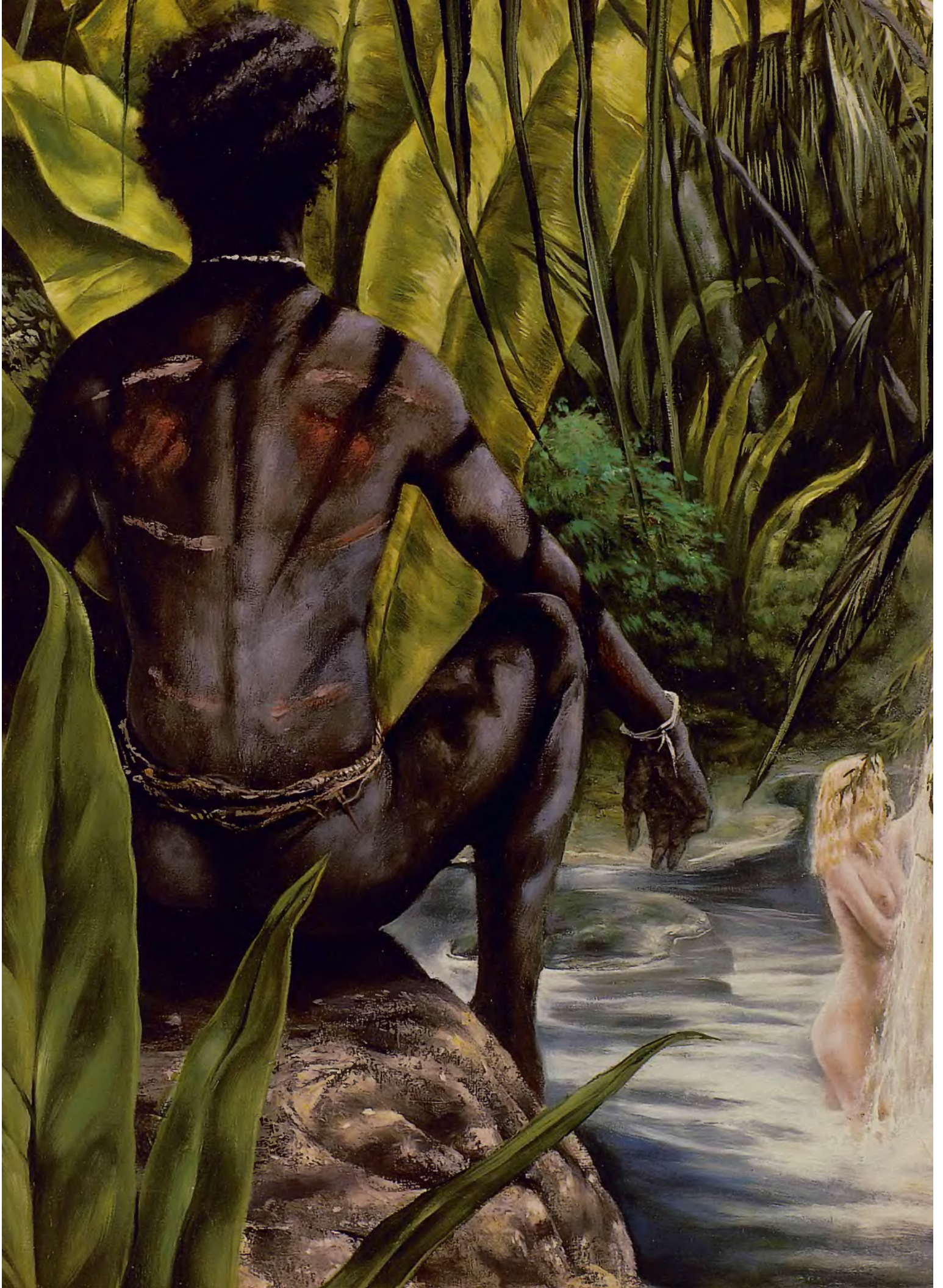
"A man looks sexy when he walks across the room in pants that are draped well."

*Cecilia Metheny*



"Men should feel relaxed, comfortable and special," says Cecilia Metheny, who has chosen for these pages a wool-crepe evening jacket, about \$695, wool-crepe tuxedo pants, about \$265, a tuxedo shirt, about \$205, and a cummerbund/bow-tie set, about \$135.











# IN SEARCH OF PRIMITIVE MAN

article By E. JEAN CARROLL

**G**OOD. YES. I'm going to the bathroom. A w f u l l y p l e a s a n t. High on a hill, in the flowers. The little bush hut is below; then a sea of mountains. Opposite is my tent. Very pleasant. One of the joys of life. Ah, the birds are singing; listen to that. Glorious morning!

I had my bath under the waterfall there in the trees. Smoke is coming out of the bush hut. Sali and Bickie must be up. How pleasant all this is. Yes, we are lost in New Guinea, somewhere near the center of the island, in the Star Mountains, between Fiamuk and the border of Irian Jaya, and starving to death; but how pleasant this is, really—the smoke, the dew, the little pink flowers, the birds.

A man is watching me. I just noticed. "Hello."

I just shouted hello. He is naked. No, he is wearing a penis gourd. You can't notice everything at once. He is 80 yards from me, on a knoll. Came out of nowhere.

"Hello!" I shout.

Well, this is too much. Really. My underpants are down around my ankles. I'm clutching a page of *What Every Woman Should Know About Men*, by Dr. Joyce Brothers, for toilet paper, and I am shouting hello. Where the hell are Sali and Bickie? OK. He is waving back. Yes, he is waving like a maniac. No, wait, he is motioning. He is motioning that he is going up the hill and is not going to pay any attention to me. That is what he is motioning, I think. I may be wrong. What is he doing here? Where did he come from? We haven't seen another human since Fiamuk. Hold it. He is going away.

Should I wave goodbye? What the heck. I'm waving goodbye.

Now I must get Sali and Bickie and run after him. We'll pay him to guide us toward Munbil, the last village before the border. Oh, my feet. It's difficult to stand up. I can't walk very well. It's the rot—comes from tracking up rivers. What's this? An anthill. A long line of ants on their way someplace. I've probably got them all over me. Big blue ants. Hundreds of them.

•  
Yes, I begged the editors to send me here. I told them that modern women run around complaining that they want a primitive man, so I thought it would be fun to come to New Guinea and find a real one. Yes, I blathered like an idiot. And now look at me—in the dim light, please. Mr. Hefner is going to have to pay a fortune to the New Guinea government—which bans his magazine—to find and rescue us.



# going native in the jungles of new guinea, modern woman finds a heart in the darkness



**S**ali and Bickie, my guides, are from Telefomin, a little village in the Stars, headquarters of the West Sepik province, the government station where the most recent killing of a white patrol officer took place and one of the most isolated, mountainous and primitive places on an island that is itself the most isolated and primitive place in the world.

Yes, I fly from New York to Sydney, Australia; from Sydney to Port Moresby, the capital of Papua New Guinea; from Port Moresby to the Central Highlands of New Guinea, where I hike into the mountains and get attacked at Andowari—oh, not a real attack, a kind of humbug attack: A certain number of people had never seen a white woman, and there was a good deal of screaming, not mine; and from the Central Highlands I take a missionary plane into the last airstrip of civilization, Telefomin.

“Your business here?”

“I want to hire a guide,” I say.

“To where?” he says.

He is stern with me.

“Well—” I get up and walk over to the wall map. I have just surrendered my passport to him. Your papers! he had said. He is the commander of the Telefomin Rural Police. He checks out my so-called identity, examines my pack and is questioning me in the police station. The village outside is silent. Quiet, at any rate. The mountains almost enclose it. “Well, around here.” I swirl my hand in the general vicinity of Tumobil and seat myself.

“For what purpose?” he says.

I don’t mention primitive man, so as not to vex him.

“To walk to the border,” I say.

“The border!” he cries.

He stands up.

“You want to walk to Tumobil?” he says.

“Yes.”

He directs a glance at my legs.

“It’s a five- or six-day walk,” he says.

He exaggerates.

“I’ll do it in 12,” I say.

He looks at the map.

“You’ll have to build a bridge here.”

He points to a river. I do not know which. He wears a yellow sport shirt and Bermuda shorts reaching to the middle of his knees. He has a medium-brown face, on the handsome side.

“Right,” I say.

“The language changes here. And here.” He points.

“Fine.”

“You’ll need soap and matches to trade for food.”

“OK.”

“A missionary plane could land at this little airstrip near the border and pick you up.”

His face grows more pleasant.

“And the people in these villages will see you and go crazy with delight.” He sits down, clasps his hands and cracks his joints. “One white-colored lady, she flew into Tumobil in a helicopter. They went crazy with delight.”

“Good. I won’t molest anybody,” I say.

“What?” he says.

“No, no. A joke. Ha-ha-ha,” I say.

“Ha-ha-ha,” he says.

Life lies smiling before me.

“Can I start tomorrow?”

“No problem. I’ll get on the radio and call for some guides,” he says.

“Great! Wonderful!”

“Now, who do I call?” he says.

He looks at me, tapping his finger on his chin like a woman.

“What?” I say.

“When you get yourself killed,” he says.

I pitch my tent in the flowers behind the Telefomin jail and eat a bunch of bananas, undress, fold my dress over the pack, place my boots outside to air, put on my nightgown, wash my face with water from the canteen, slather myself with lanolin and sleep at full stretch, with my arms flung out, 12 hours. The next morning, the sun already high, I unzip the bug flap, the tent flap, the rain flap; and a nose, big and fat, with hair jutting out the nostrils, and a pair of eyebrows, also fat and hairy, two eyes, very black and deep-set, a short beard, wide protruding lips, a head with closely cropped hair and another very round head with long, curly eyelashes and dark eyes look in. It is Sali and Bickie.

“Ahk!” I say.

“Yoi! Yoi! Yoi!” screams Bickie.

“Let me get dressed,” I say.

Yes. The beginning is easy. The first night out of Telefomin, we make Atemkinkim. The second night, Kowop-tamin. We pass from the Telefomin language to the Atbalmin (“from the trees”) language. We come to the mighty Sepik. How impossible all this sounds. “This is the bridge?” I shout. “It’s nothing but sticks and vines!”

“Yeah!” shouts Sali, laughing.

“Eeeeeeeeeee!” screams Bickie, an Atbalmin tribesman, 4’6” tall. He disappears in the trees.

“Well, what do you think of it?” I shout.

“I am afraid in the first place,” shouts Sali, laughing. Sali is a Telefomin, big-boned, big-muscled, bighearted, with a tremendous figure, reads and writes English and paid 700 *kina*, four bows and two axes for his wife. He lowers the pack. “Everything is down,” he shouts.

We are shouting over the roar. It is a huge river, one of the great rivers of the world, wide, deep, white-capped, booming and (continued on page 140)







NATURALLY,

# KARI

miss february is a rocky mountain high



**K**ARI KENNEL is wearing skintight black pants and a floppy gray sweater (which she's forever pulling away at the neck so that she can blow cool air downward), and she's talking about a party she attended not too long ago. "There were all these glitzy, beautiful ladies there," she says, somehow overlooking the fact that she's no slouch in the beauty department herself, "but I was most taken by this woman who was a *natural* beauty—you know, wearing ordinary pleated pants, a plain white T-shirt, no make-up and a simple ponytail. And that's how I'd like to think of myself," she adds, running a hand through her own thick blonde hair. "A natural, down-home, no-make-up, no-nonsense type of person."





Actually, it's no surprise that Kari Kennell identifies with natural things: She was born in scenic Colorado Springs and spent most of her school years bouncing back and forth between the Rockies and the equally serene clime of Dunedin, Florida. Ultimately, however, it would be Kari's talent as an actress that would sweep her away from the quiet life and smack into the fast lanes of showbiz. "I had booked two jobs on *Miami Vice*—once, I was a roller-skating waitress; the next time, I was a stoned-out girl tied to a bed—and I was hooked. I wanted to learn absolutely everything there was to know about acting, and New York was the obvious place to start."

"I'm a real Colorado girl," confesses Kari (at home on the range, right). "People from these parts have a laid-back, happy-to-be-here outlook on life. Someday, I hope to raise my children here."













"I don't believe in promiscuity," says Kari. "and I feel very strongly about that. Sex is not a play toy. It's a beautiful, natural thing that should be shared only with someone you love."



**E**ven though Kari immediately found work in the Big Apple, the Manhattan lifestyle began to take its toll. "After a while, New York started driving me crazy," she laughs. "You'd have to wait in line for *everything*—the phone, a taxi, a pizza. I just couldn't wait to get out to the West Coast and drive my jeep along the beach." By 1987, the transcontinental lure had won out and Kari made the move—the giant hop, actually—to Los Angeles. Once she got there, it didn't take long for the acting jobs to start streaming in regularly—a soda commercial here, a skit on *The Tonight Show* there. Still, the down-home girl inside Kari became restless once again. "I knew there had to be something else out there for me—something even more important."





**F**inally, the Colorado-born, Florida-tanned, L.A.-dwelling lady has found that something important: People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. Now she has joined hands with the “tons of determined, committed people” across the country protecting animal rights. “It’s the perfect combination of passions,” she says, the determination noticeably rising in her voice. “Every dime I make from acting gets donated to animal projects. I’m even working on a few children’s books on the subject. After all, kids are the future protectors of animals.” Add to this current mission her new digs in West Hollywood (“It’s not that ranch in Colorado, but it’ll do”) and some promising acting gigs on the horizon (“The *big* role hasn’t come yet, but I’m always at that final call back”), and you can be sure that Kari Kennell has *arrived*. Naturally.



MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kari Kennell

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 101

BIRTH DATE: 6/21/64 BIRTHPLACE: Colorado Springs, Co.

WHAT AMAZES YOU? Modern Technology, Nature, The human body, LOVE!

TURN-ONS: Fresh Flower's Eye Contact, Rainy days, Snow-Capped Mountains.

TURN-OFFS: Insensitivity, Littering, Hunting.

WHOM DO YOU ADMIRE? Walt Disney, Winston Churchill, Hugh Hefner, Katharine Hepburn, Jacques Cousteau, Martin Luther King, My Parents.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Billie Holiday, George Winston, Corey Hart, Sting, Rickie Lee Jones, Patsy Cline, Phil Collins.

SECRET WISHES: World peace, Medical Research without vivisection, To be successful, To have a happy marriage and family. First modeling Family Reunion The God ol'days



picture 5!  
trying to be sexy.



with Aunt  
Ditty



memories







# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Father Casey called in sick one Sunday morning so he could play golf. On the first tee, he sliced his drive deep into the woods. As he approached the ball, a bluebird picked it up, flew 300 yards down the fairway and dropped it into the hole.

An angel, watching from above, was puzzled. "The priest is playing hooky from church," he said to the Lord. "Why the reward?"

"Reward? Are you kidding?" the Lord replied, chuckling. "Whom can he tell?"

What has 300 legs and seven teeth? The front row at a Willie Nelson concert.



The furious general called his military and household staffs together and barked that if his wife's stolen jewelry wasn't returned in 24 hours, the whole lot of them would be court-martialed.

Hours of investigation proved fruitless. The desperate staff members finally picked up a drunk loitering outside the general's quarters and demanded that he tell them where the jewels were. When he denied knowing anything, they lowered him headfirst into a well. Pulling him up, they asked him again. The gasping drunk waved no. Again they lowered him into the water, leaving him in longer this time.

"For the last time," an aide demanded as they pulled the fellow up for air, "where are the jewels?"

Coughing and sputtering, the drunk replied, "You guys better find yourselves another diver, 'cause I can't find anything."

How can you tell when a Yuppie woman achieves orgasm? She drops her briefcase.

When the customer asked to have a tattoo of a \$100 bill put on his penis, the tattoo artist was taken aback.

"I've tattooed just about everything on everything," he said, "but this is the first time I've been asked to re-create currency on a prick."

"Yeah? Well, if you knew how my wife can blow a hundred bucks. . . ."

On the drive home from a party, the wife asked her husband, "Have I ever told you how handsome and sexy you are and how irresistible you are to the ladies?"

"Why, no," he replied, flattered.

"Then what gave you that idea at the party?"

Our aviation expert reports that Delta Air Lines was involved in yet another mishap. Two of its flight simulators nearly collided.

Two white men and a black man were removed from a South African courtroom after receiving their sentences. While they were en route to prison, the first white man turned to the second and asked, "What'd you get?"

"Two goddamn years for murdering a black man," he moaned, adding more cheerfully, "but I'll be out within a year with good behavior. What about you?"

"Six goddamn years for murdering a black family. But I'll be out in three with good behavior."

After a short silence, they both turned to the black man and asked what he had gotten. "Life," he replied, beginning to weep. "I got fucking life for riding my bike without lights. But," he said, brightening, "I should be out in 15. It wasn't even dark."

Entering the night-club rest room to purchase some condoms for what he hoped would be a pleasant end to the evening, a young man found a drunk standing at the vending machine, pouring in a steady stream of coins and tossing the condom packages into a hat.

Afraid that he wouldn't get his needed supplies, the man asked if he could use the machine just once.

"Are you nuts?" the drunk replied. "I'm on a winning streak."

There's a TV sitcom in development about an Irish homosexual couple. Its title, we hear, is *Gerald FitzPatrick and Patrick FitzGerald*.



As the couple sat in the living room, watching TV, the phone rang. The husband picked it up, listened for a moment and then screamed, "Damn it! How should I know? Call the weather bureau" and hung up.

"What was that all about?" his wife asked.

"Aw, some idiot wanted to know whether the coast was clear."

On the day a suit against him was to be settled in court, a prominent Congressman was called away on urgent business. He told his attorney to notify him as soon as a judgment was handed down. Later that day, he received a cable that read, "JUSTICE HAS PREVAILED." The politician immediately wired back, "APPEAL AT ONCE."

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.

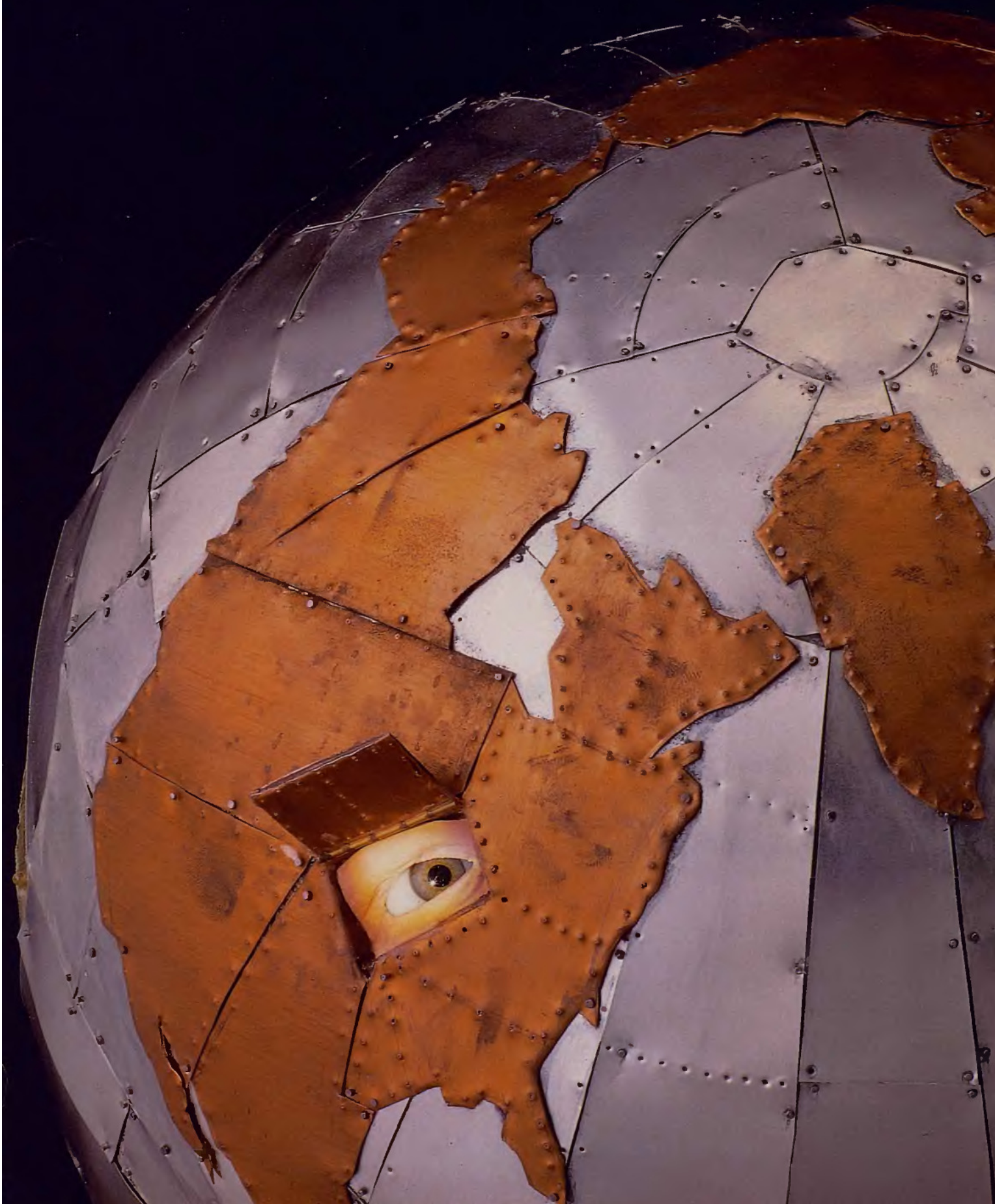




Buckle Brown

*"Remember the good ol' days, when everyone could afford to go to a motel?"*







# WHY SPY?

essay

By WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

HERE came a day in the life of Joseph D. Duffey, chancellor of the University of Massachusetts, when he suddenly said, "No more!"

One hundred students were occupying a floor of one of his buildings on the Amherst campus. They were protesting the recent presence of two representatives of the Central Intelligence Agency. The spooks had conducted interviews with U Mass students who wanted to ask questions about working there. There are 10,000 such interviews of graduating college students conducted every year by the CIA. We don't know how many people are hired and won't know unless one more Marine sleeps with one more K.G.B. agent and slips her the combination to the safe that harbors those figures; the CIA is a secret organization. No one is disputing that. But at U Mass, the question before the house was, really, Why spy?

In any event, you must understand about Joe Duffey. He was once an ordained minister. He left his church years ago to labor in more worldly vineyards. He has taught at Harvard's Kennedy School and at Yale; he has served with the American Association of University Professors and the Department of State; he has been chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities; he has run for

*(continued on page 148)*

the  
conservative  
gadfly  
and former  
cia agent  
defends  
covert  
action  
in an  
open society





**S**KIS HISSING DOWN a packed-powder run, white peaks jagged against a deep-blue mountain sky. A ski-lodge fire glinting on champagne glasses. Cold weather has a warm heart. So come with us on a special tour of the white season. We'll take you to the sites of the toughest runs and visit the country's best ski hotels, where they really know how to stuff a wild hot tub. Let's go: Snow's up!

By RICHARD AND JOYCE WOLKOMIR

## APRÈS-SKI: WHERE THE NIGHTS ARE HOT

**A**ndre's, Aspen, Colorado: Recently, this Aspen institution turned away Don Johnson: There was no room in the step-up booths that the likes of Jack Nicholson, Sally Field and Buddy Hackett rent to ensure that they have a table among the throngs. Also for rent is an old elevator cage that serves as a booth. On snowy nights, Andre opens the huge skylight over the dance floor, dims the lights and turns on the strobes, and everyone rocks in a silver shower. At the champagne bar, the status order is a magnum of Cristal for \$360. Drink up.

▼  
The Cowboy Bar, Jackson Hole, Wyoming: Saddles for barstools. Country-rock bands and a dance floor. Pecos Bill decor: a stuffed grizzly, two mountain lions and a bighorn sheep attacked by a timber wolf. Steer horns decorate one wall, and the vast bar has 600 silver dol-

lars embedded in it. (Don't try to dig one out.) Admire the two \$75,000 saddles. Eat cowboy-fryer or hot Mexican cuisine. Appearing daily out front are two or three live moose.

▼  
The Matterhorn, Stowe,

Vermont: Mecca for *après-ski*-ers. Saint Patrick's Day is a ritual: Get a shamrock painted on your forehead, wear silly clothes and dance to Irish tunes. For a temporary respite from the frivolity, seek out the fireplace lounge or slip

away to the big deck built over a mountain stream. The Matterhorn is the favorite hangout for ski patrollers, instructors and Stowe bunnies and bums.

▼  
Snake River Saloon, Keystone/Arapahoe, Colorado: Where else do the bartenders spout a mouthful of brandy at the ceiling, ignite it and turn themselves into human blowtorches? (Kids, don't try this trick at home.) Don't mistake Alphonse, the giant Texas-steer head mounted above the piano, for a moose, as one Manhattanite did. Just saunter through the swinging doors and—if it's the annual Rites of Spring party that's a real bash—be sure to wear your bathing suit.

▼  
The Wobbly Barn, Killington, Vermont: The Barn jumps all winter to thumps of Fifties and Sixties rock. Revelers waiting to boogie stand in lines that snake out the door.

### THE COLD FACTS ABOUT SNOW

**O**nce in a while, it snows red, green, blue or black. Specks of airborne fungi or dust motes cause the phenomenon. But mostly it snows white, which is the ultimate kick: You ski down a slope, sunshine scintillating from snow fields as you inhale crystals—"diamond dust." Snow can be daunting. On April 14, 1921, at Silver Lake, Colorado, more than six feet of snow fell. Snow can be eerie: Snow high in the troposphere forms luminous halos around the sun and the moon. Snow can be fun. The largest snowman ever was hand-built by Dartmouth students in February 1987 as part of the Dartmouth winter carnival. This monstrous snowman was 47½ feet tall (that's higher than a four-story building) and weighed 183 tons. That's enough white stuff to make 3,000,000 snowballs. Snow can be infinite. In 1931, a Vermont farmer, W. A. "Snowflake" Bentley, published 2500 photographs he had taken of snowflakes. No two were the same.



# WINTERING HEIGHTS

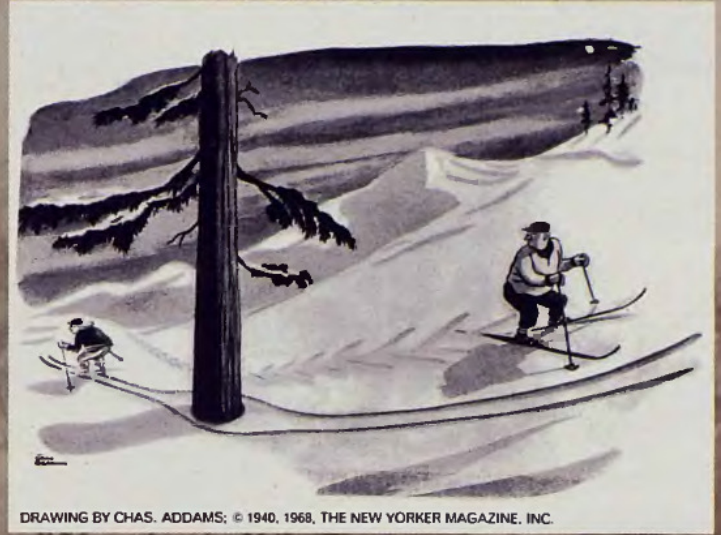
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*Hit the slopes—it's all downhill from here*





# KILLER SLOPES





## FIVE TOUGH, TERRIFYING AND SLIGHTLY TERRIFIC SKI RUNS

Sheet ice, jumbo moguls and deep powder up to your ears—this quintet of rugged slopes takes no prisoners.

▼  
Al's Run, Taos, New Mexico: Even former world-class ski racers are awed by the steep slopes chockablock with unavoidable moguls. Honorable mention goes to the shorter but no less radical Stauffenberg, an avalanche couloir with a straight-down plummet. Yeeeh! Ha!

▼  
Dave's Run, the Cornice,

Mammoth Mountain, California: Snow piled at the top vaults you into the air—and you had better land standing. The run to the bottom is so steep you can barely turn, and it's a long way down on your back—as some can attest.

▼  
Outer Limits, Killington, Vermont: Monster moguls and a pitch of up to 62 degrees makes O.L. the steepest run in the East—one that's guaranteed to separate the men from the boys.

▼  
Spiral Stairs, Telluride, Colorado: Down and down

it goes—3155 vertical feet. Round and round it goes—70-degree pitch at its steepest, with behemoth moguls that add insult to injured pride and aching muscles.

(Honorable mention has to go to Telluride's The Plunge, a close second to Spiral Stairs but a hair whitener in its own right.)

▼  
The Starr, Stowe, Vermont: Like a huge skating rink turned vertical. Sheet ice at the top, then a terrifying drop so steep, machines can't groom it. Truly the home of the brave. Only the strong survive.

## GEAR FOR SHEER FUN: A FEW OF WINTER'S TOYS



Energy! That's what a select group of products is bringing to the slopes this season. Whether it's a burst of speed from sleek, high-tech ski boots, Dynafit's 3F Comp S (above), \$350, a fast-paced workout on the SnoBound'r Alpine Ski Trainer, an angled, mini-trampoline exerciser, from Fitness Master, \$300, or Precor's 515e cross-country ski machine, an all-round, adjustable, aerobic conditioner that employs every major muscle group from the neck to the toes in a cardiovascular workout without shock or pounding to the body, \$650, toys of winter create an energy all their own. Salomon's Voyageur Bag, a multipocketed four-wheeled wonder, stores and transports all the essentials for a trek to the slopes and converts to a backpack when it's time to shoulder the load, \$130. When you arrive, The Universal Ski Ticket just might be winter's best bargain. For \$32, the credit-card-like ticket entitles the bearer to a day of skiing at more than 130 ski areas in North America and Australia. G'day.

## KINGS OF THE MOUNTAINS: THE BEST U.S. SKI HOTELS

Hotel Jerome, Aspen, Colorado: At Aspen's *haute*-Victorian, weathered-brick Hotel Jerome, the 94 rooms and suites are furnished with antiques, art objects, plants, velvets and silks. Each Carrara-marble bathroom comes with a fresh flower in a crystal stem vase. Other amenities: whirlpool baths in the suites, a year-round pool and hot tub, a health spa and a concierge. The French cuisine at the Jerome's Silver Queen Restaurant is prepared by the former chef to the king of Jordan. The Hotel Jerome is Aspen, old and new.



*Aspen's famous Hotel Jerome, above, is as elegant and as hospitable as it is historical.*

Cliff Lodge, Snowbird, Utah: Ultramodern glass and concrete, the huge Cliff Lodge has just expanded to 532 guest rooms, with an 11-story atrium backed by rocky peaks. Whatever you want, the Cliff provides, including a two-floor health spa with volcanic-ash, "parafan-

go" treatments for ski-sore muscles, a rooftop-aerie gourmet restaurant, plus four other eateries and lounges, an art gallery and on-ski access to the slopes.

Stein Eriksen Lodge, Deer Valley, Utah: Midway up the mountain, namesake of the legendary Scandinavian ski champion, this 120-room lodge blends Norwegian rustic decor with such upscale services as a resident masseuse and heated sidewalks. Suites have hot tubs, fireplaces and kitchens that the concierge will gladly stock to your requests. For a quick trip to nearby Salt Lake City, reserve a helicopter.



## BRUCE WILLIAMSON'S BEST SKI MOVIES

**F**rom Garbo in *Two-Faced Woman* to David Niven and Claudia Cardinale in *The Pink Panther*, the thrills and spills in ski movies have been largely romantic in nature; a wipe-out meant the lady said no. Here is the best of a heart-stopping, if slushy, selection.

*Downhill Racer* (1969): Ski buff Robert Redford as a drivingly ambitious Olympic contender learns winning truly is the only thing.

*Fire and Ice* (1987): A new, dim-witted but razzle-dazzle fantasy by director/designer Willy Bogner.

*Hot Dog . . . The Movie* (1984): Sex, slaloms and 1982 Playmate of the Year Shannon Tweed at Squaw Valley. Whee!

*The Last of the Ski Bums* (1969): Frothy, frozen delight from the guys who brought us *The Endless Summer*.

*The Man Who Skied Down Everest* (1976): Oscar-winning documentary charts the epic adventure of a Japanese sportsman.

*On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (1969): George Lazenby, as James Bond, escapes on skis from a mountaintop aerie. Footage is nearly topped by stunt skier Rick Sylvester's

plunge off a cliff, with parachute, in *The Spy Who Loved Me* (1977). Then came 007 skiing a bobsled run in *For Your Eyes Only* (1981), plus the downhill cello-case caper in *The Living Daylights* (1987).

*Snow Job* (1972): His acting career pretty much began and ended with this film, but France's Olympic superstar Jean-Claude Killy showed the right stuff, nevertheless.

*Ski Fever* (1969): Unsettled American Martin Milner teaches snow business to Austrian snow bunnies. Watch for real ski champion Toni Sailer, a legend in his own clime.

## HOT DOGGERY: THE TOP STUNTS ON SNOW AND ICE

**F**astest downhill skier: On April 17, 1987, at Les Arcs, France, Englishman Graham Wilkie hit a speed of 132 miles per hour.

Loftiest ski run: In 1978, two Frenchmen, Jean Attansieff and Nicolas Jaeger, skied down Mount Everest from 26,900 feet to 20,340 feet.

Mass back flip on skis: At Bromont, Quebec, on February 10, 1982, 28 skiers held hands and simultaneously executed a back flip.

Fastest cross-country skier: On March 26, 1981, Bill Koch of the U.S. skied 31.1 miles at Putney, Vermont, in one hour and 59 minutes at an average speed of 15.57 miles per hour.

Fastest hockey player: Bobby Hull of the Chicago Black Hawks was clocked at 29.7 mph. Hull also recorded the highest puck speed with a slap shot: 118.3 mph. And he tied for most goals scored with Gordie Howe at more than 1000.

Longest barrel jump on skates: At Terrebonne, Quebec, in 1981, Yvon Jolin cleared 18 barrels for 29'5".

## SKI BUCKS

**A**dd the North American ski bum to the list of endangered species. While schussing down the continent's slickest slopes for fun and profit may still be the powder hound's ultimate fantasy, pay ranges from skimpy to zilch, and an over-all lack of employment opportunities has rendered the modern-day ski bum all but extinct. The chances of landing a job skiing are slim to none; but for those diehards in need of a powder fix, there are at least two ways to make your living on the slopes. One is The National Ski Patrol System. Twenty-three thousand of the 24,000 members are volunteers. The 1000 others are paid ski patrollers who earn about six to ten dollars per hour for an eight-hour day, five months a year. All must pass a proficiency test that would make a Parris Island Marine say "Uncle." Patrol is for the big guys; the faint of heart need not apply. Besides glamor, the job of ski-school instructor offers lift tickets and relative penury: about \$1000 per month, plus tips. Top instructors at major resorts can often earn as much as \$3000 per month. Of course, employment is, again, only seasonal, and the training-and-certification program is long and arduous. Waiting on tables or tending bar still may be the ski bum's best recipes for a living wage and plenty of free time on the boards.

## SCHOOLS THAT MAKE THE GRADE

**H**ere's where to get the best degree in schussing. Vail and Beaver Creek, Colorado: 700 instructors on staff.

▼ Killington, Vermont: Home of the Accelerated Ski Method.

▼ Keystone/Arapahoe Basin, Colorado: Video feedback. Organized fun.

▼ Ski Racing School, Mammoth Mountain, California: Life in the fast lane.

▼ Snowbird, Utah: For all ages, all ski levels.

▼ Deer Valley, Utah: The Eton of ski schools.





# VAL D'AOSTA



# OLIVER STONE (continued from page 63)

*"The Cuban right wing is a very scary group. Honestly, even to talk about them is dangerous."*

meetings to make the script as obsolete and harmless and banal and inoffensive as possible. When 25 people agree that it's all of the above, then they make the movie. If the star agrees to come along! [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** And yet some very good movies do get made.

**STONE:** I think it's a random thing. It depends on the persistent vision of two or three people, and they push it through a system that's geared to compromise and obstacles. Nobody deliberately sets out to do a bad movie, but people have different tastes. There are just so many collaborative elements. You have so many actors; you have to depend on locations; you have to depend on money; you depend on whether you woke up that day with a headache. It all comes down to thousands of little choices. And if you miss one of them, the movie is not going to be good.

Sometimes a political movie gets made that people don't know is political—George Lucas' *Star Wars*, for instance, which teaches us that the forces of authoritarianism and fascism can be defeated by a good conscience. By listening to your inner voice—which is, I think, a great liberal message. Steven Spielberg has never professed political interest in his films, yet he seems to be moving toward a greater awareness of it, which I think is good. *The Color Purple*, I think, is an excellent movie, and it was an attempt to deal with an issue that had been overlooked, and it wouldn't have been done if it hadn't been Spielberg. And it's not like everyone says, that he ruined the book. That's horseshit. Nobody was going to do the book. He made the book live again.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about some of the criticism of your films. You say they are in the liberal tradition, but critics slammed you for racism in your characterization of the Turks in *Midnight Express*.

**STONE:** I think that there was a lack of proportion in the picture regarding the Turks. I was younger. I was more rabid. But I think we shouldn't lose sight of what the movie was about. It was about the miscarriage of justice, and I think it still comes through. In the original script, there was more humor. There were some very funny things that the Turks did, where they were portrayed as rather human, too. But [director] Alan Parker does not really have a great sense of humor, and I think he moved it in a direction where the humorous scenes

were cut out so that the Turks came out looking tougher, meaner.

**PLAYBOY:** Next case, *Scarface*. The charge: racist portrayal of the Cubans.

**STONE:** In *Scarface*, I don't back down for one second. I think it's clear that not all Cubans are drug dealers. The guy is, and his mother even says he is, no good. It's classic gangster stuff. But people get oversensitive, like when the Italians objected to Francis Coppola's doing *The Godfather*. It's like "We're not gangsters." I mean, every nationality wants to believe there are no gangsters. And *Scarface* is a political movie, but the Cuban right wing is a very scary group. Honestly, even to talk about them is dangerous; they may be the single most dangerous group of guys I've ever met.

**PLAYBOY:** Aren't you exaggerating the politics of the movie?

**STONE:** The politics in it are buried by a lot of superficial trivia. To some, it's a movie about cars, palaces, money and coke. It's not just about that. It's about what those things do to you and how they corrupt you. That theme got lost. I think Tony Montana—Al Pacino—has a Frank Sinatra dream of the United States, OK? So he becomes a right-winger in this sense: "I hate Communists, and this is the good life with the big steaks and the cigars in fancy restaurants and the blonde and the limousines and the whole bit."

It's the whole group from the Bay of Pigs. A few of them are drug dealers and use drug moneys to keep their political work going. A lot of these guys have disguised drug dealing as legitimate anti-Castro political activities, and that is mentioned in the movie. Tony's mother tells him, Don't give me this bullshit that you're working against Castro, you know. I know you. You've always been a gangster and you're going to die one.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the Chinese, who organized protests and boycotts against another movie you co-wrote, *Year of the Dragon*?

**STONE:** The Chinese want to believe that there are no gangsters among them. That's all horseshit! The Chinese are the greatest importers of heroin in this country. We knew this five years ago! As for the lead character, played by Mickey Rourke, he is a racist and we wrote him that way.

**PLAYBOY:** But didn't you write the character to make people cheer him on?

**STONE:** Yes. But I think people cheered him for other reasons, not for his racism. At least I hope not. But there might be

an element of it. The guy, no matter how prejudiced, is still trying to get something done—as an underdog. That's why I'm rooting for him. But I should say that I think it was the least successful of my scripts.

**PLAYBOY:** Next charge: All your movies have a locker-room feeling to them. No strong women.

**STONE:** OK. I think this is true. I have not done movies about women. I have always picked areas that involve extremist ideas that to date have involved men, mostly. The Vietnam war, the drug trade at the highest levels, the heroin trade in Chinatown, men's prisons in Turkey, Wall Street; all—at the top, anyway—were and are run by men. Though I do have women in my films and I happen to like the portrayals—Cindy Gibb as the nun in *Salvador*; Michelle Pfeiffer as the basic bimbo hanging around this Cuban gangster in *Scarface*. I know they're smaller roles, but I don't think any of them are inauthentic.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there going to be a sequel to *Platoon*?

**STONE:** I had contracted before *Platoon* was ever released to write a film called *Second Life*, to be based on my own experiences in coming back to the States. I wanted to do that whole period of the late Sixties and early Seventies in America, a period of extreme ideological conflict between the left and the right. The age of *Easy Rider*—the landmark film of that era. I'd like to go back to that. But it wasn't meant as a sequel. Now, with *Platoon*, if Charlie Sheen does it, it will be deemed a sequel. After *Wall Street* comes out.

**PLAYBOY:** Can we assume that the studios had a friendlier attitude toward *Wall Street* after the runaway success of *Platoon*?

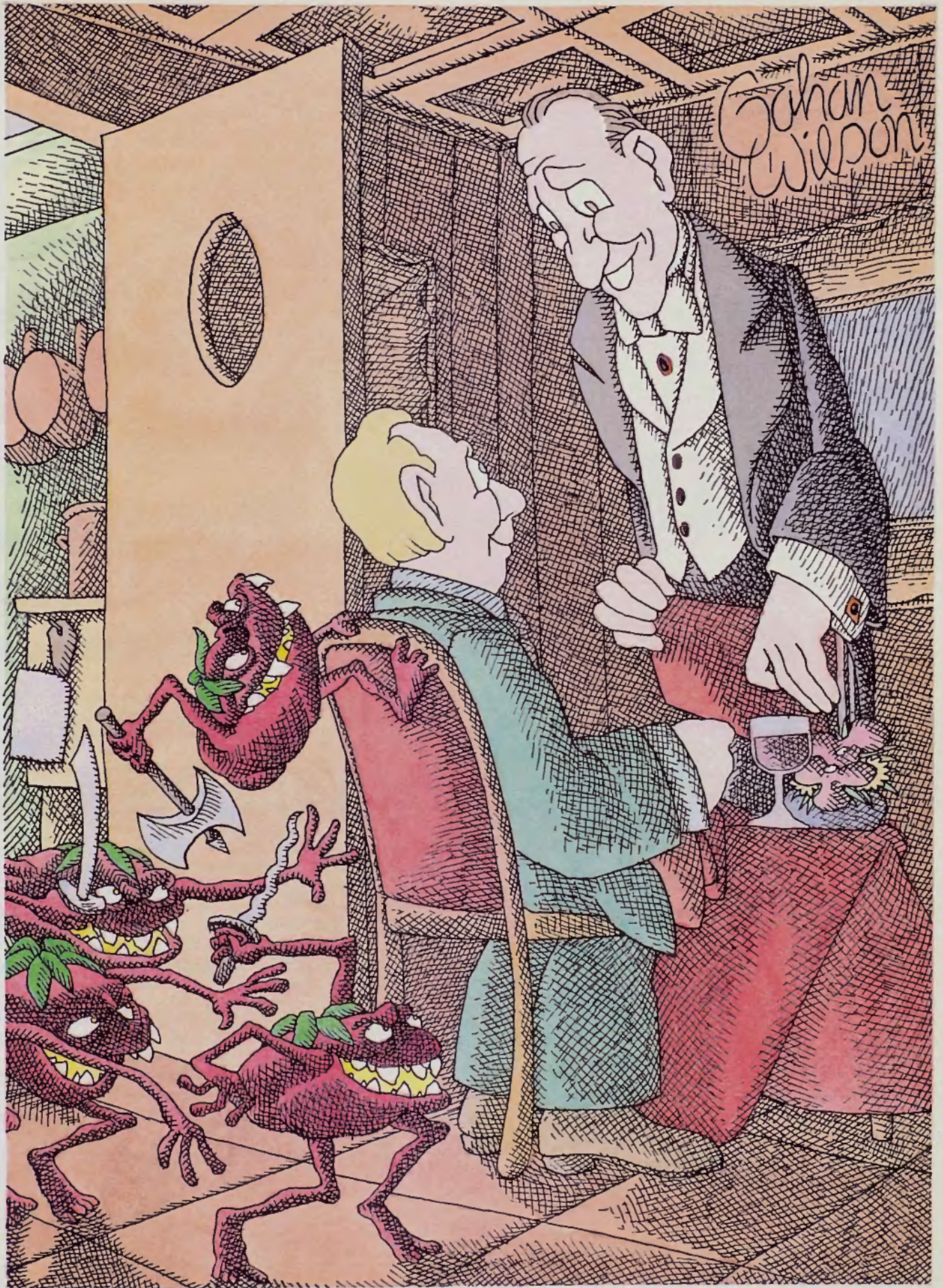
**STONE:** *Wall Street* was like a Porsche to *Salvador's* broken-down jeep—a smooth, cushioned ride. And I must tell you that I enjoy working this way, because there's so much tension in making any movie. When you have money worries, it makes things impossible. I'm now a believer in Flaubert's advice to live a bourgeois life but to have an exciting mind.

**PLAYBOY:** After the boom of *Platoon*, do you expect critics to be gunning for you?

**STONE:** It would be nearly impossible ever to follow *Platoon* with something that could be as big box office, or as critically well received. That I know. There is the king-must-die theory. I think that you have to keep your head down. You somehow have to ignore the critical storms that come and go. And you've got to continue to do good work for your life, like Ford did, like Stevens, like Hawks and Huston and Renoir. That's the only way to get through this madness: Wear blinders and keep to the work.







*"Here comes your tomato surprise, sir!"*



his domain is the ring, and he rules it absolutely. he is...

# TYSON THE TERRIBLE

**B**ACK IN the early Sixties, when Floyd Patterson was still heavy-weight champion of the world, an intelligent and high-spirited boxing writer named Jack McKinney was passing an afternoon in Darien, Connecticut, with Cus D'Amato, talking, among other things, about Patterson's upcoming fight with Sonny Liston. D'Amato, of course, was Patterson's manager.

In its way, it was a melancholy conversation. The question was not if Liston would win but if Patterson—a limited fighter—would be maimed. D'Amato cared more for the fighter than the title.

"Cus had vision," McKinney said, "but he didn't need it to see what was about to happen to Patterson."

And then, after they talked about Patterson and Liston, and the way things were and the way they ought to be, D'Amato leaned back in his chair and looked at the ceiling and began to talk about a different kind of fighter.

He told McKinney that if he could find the right athlete—someone with intelligence, concentration, hand speed, coordination and courage, who had never boxed a minute—he could turn that athlete into a world champion.

The guess is that my friend McKinney—who had once disappeared from his job at the *Philadelphia Daily News* for most of a week, only to surface in Sandusky, Ohio, knocking out a professional middleweight fighter in a four-round preliminary—began to think this might be his own shot at the title. But no.

"He wanted someone fresh, who hadn't been around boxing," McKinney said. "Usually, by the time you were good enough to be noticed by Cus, you had acquired habits that couldn't be changed. Things had been set in motion."

D'Amato eventually got such an athlete into the ring, but nothing came of it. At least, not right away.

Six or seven years after that conversation in Connecticut, a child was born in

an unhealthy part of Brooklyn called Bedford-Stuyvesant to a woman named Lorna Tyson. He was the youngest of her three children and the most like her—timid, soft-spoken, shy. He played mostly with his sister. On the streets of Bedford-Stuyvesant, he was sometimes called "little fairy boy," and no place outside his apartment was safe for him.

When the boy was ten, his mother moved from Bedford-Stuyvesant to Brownsville, which is also in Brooklyn. The neighborhoods are different in that in Brownsville, the weak and the timid are not teased, they are eaten. The boy was beaten up again and again; his shoes were stolen; the little money he had belonged to whoever saw him first.

He kept pigeons on the roof and called them his "babies." I am thinking now of his square, dimpled hands stroking and feeding his babies; I am thinking of the revelation that must have come when he finally used them as weapons.

The story, of course, has been told. Ten-year-old Michael Tyson, who would turn over his shoes or his coat or his money, drew the line at his pigeons.

An older boy tried to take one of them away, and Michael began to swing. The revelation was not so much that he won the fight but how much he enjoyed it.

"I was beating the shit out of this guy," he said, "and I was so happy. To this day, it makes me happy. The fight itself, when all the talk is over and there is nothing left to say, nothing else to do but fight. That's the best part, in the ring. The rest of it, being the champion, I don't get so much pleasure from that as you might think."

So young Michael kicked the shit out of the kid who had tried to steal his pigeon; then he kicked the shit out of some of the kids who had stolen his clothes and money; and then he kicked the shit out of a bunch of people who just seemed to need the shit kicked out of them.

Noticing this, members of the Brownsville community began to include him in their activities. "They held the guns," he told *Sports Illustrated* in 1986. "I just put everything in a bag. I was 11."

The stealing bothered Michael's mother, and (continued on page 122)

personality

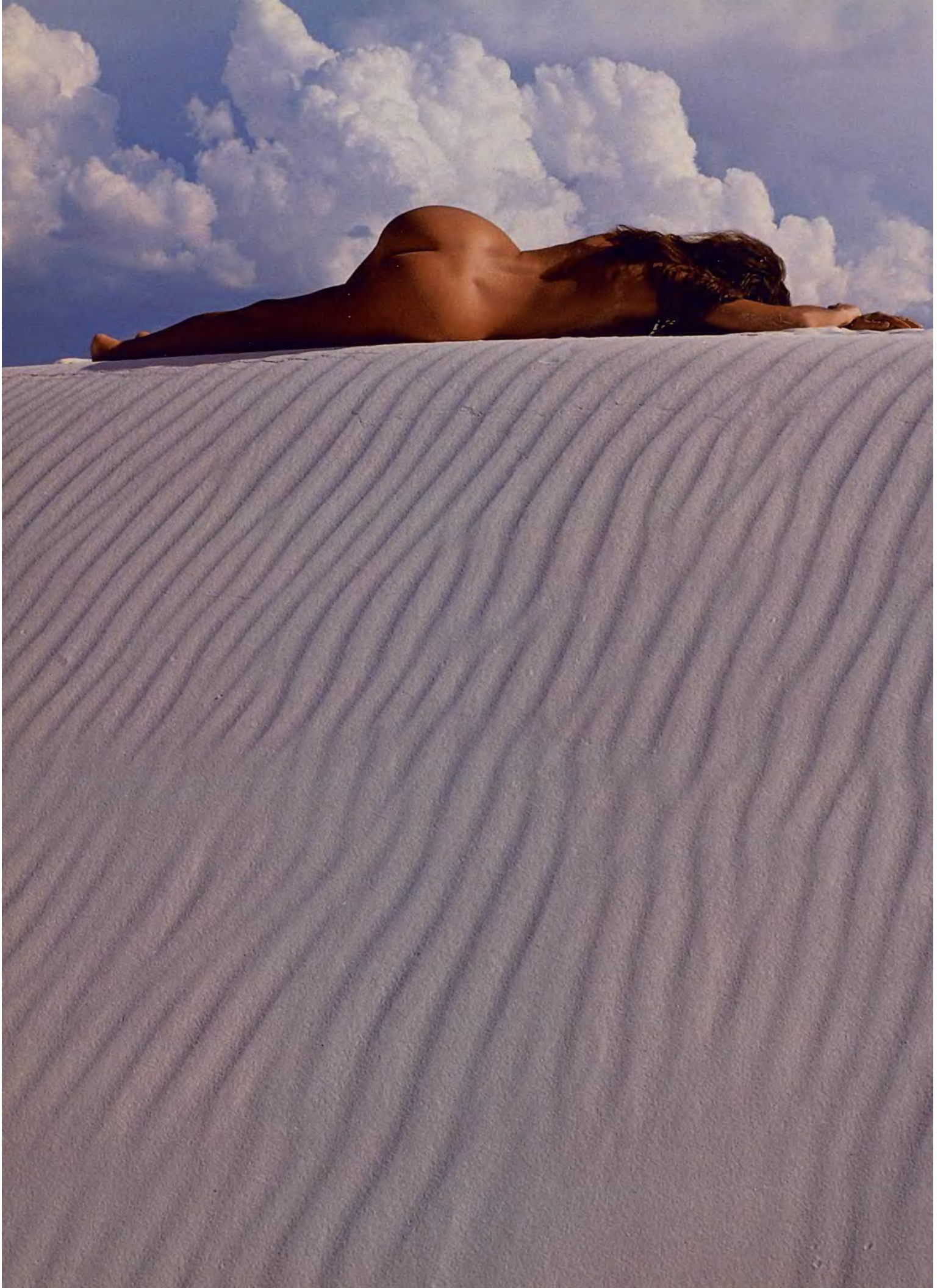
By PETE DEXTER





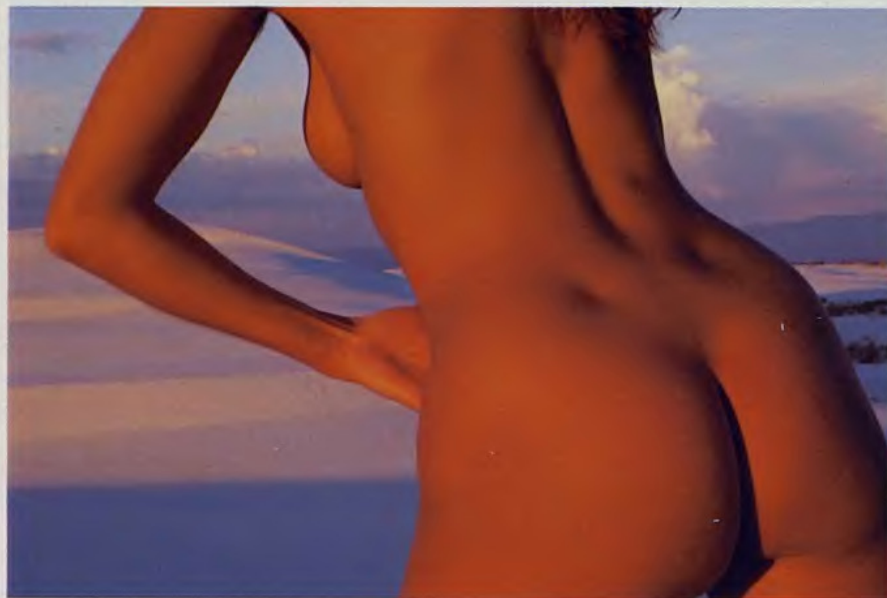
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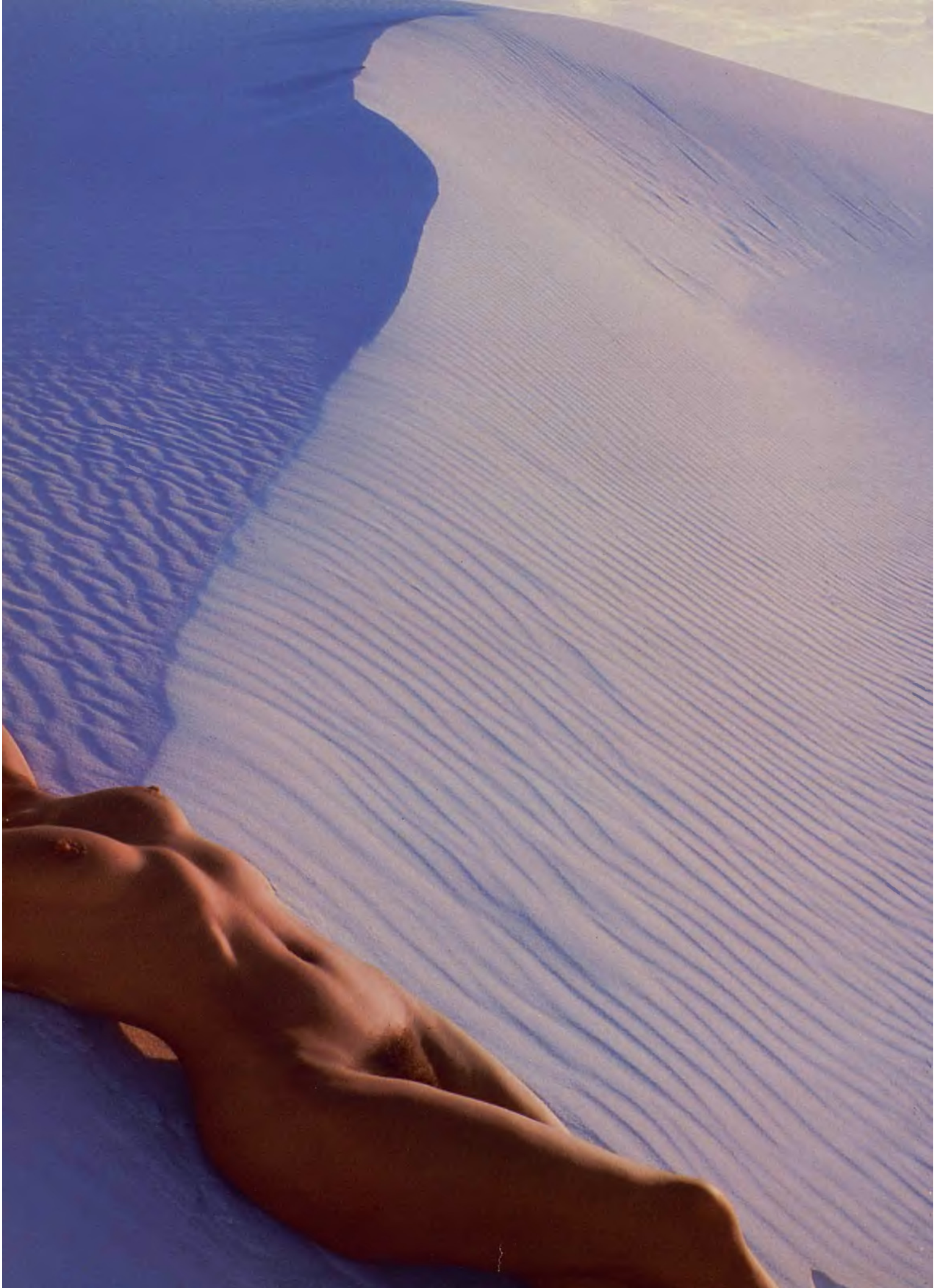
# Lucien CLERGUE



A MODEL'S-EYE VIEW OF A HOT DAY  
WITH A NOTED FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHER

**C**all me irresponsible, if you must. Lying out here on the hot, dry dunes of New Mexico's White Sands. A sky full of clouds the size of cathedrals. Just me and Lucien Clergue and Lucien's 35mm Minolta. No lights, no distractions and no noise. He likes to shoot in the silence. He says the desert helps him think. As for me, I'll do what he asks: Lie here, walk there. So quiet! So still! So hot! Is this bliss, or what?









What is it about sun and sand that turns the mind to fantasy? Did Lucien have fantasies about photographing naked women in the desert when he was an accounting clerk for a French wine-and-cheese company, 30 years ago? I hope so. You can tell that he's a man with a head for figures. Now he travels the world, the desert worlds of New Mexico and Morocco, bringing life to his dreams—and mine. Yours, too, I hope.





**R**each for the sky," he said, and I could almost touch it. And then: "Climb that tree." And I thought, What a ticklish proposition. All those silvery little leaves and trailing twigs. Lucien says the light in his home town of Arles may have worked wonders for its most famous resident, painter Vincent van Gogh, but for him the magic is out here, under the skies of New Mexico. Next year, the Sahara. Or is it the Gobi?







# TYSON THE TERRIBLE

(continued from page 114)

*"One minute, you're fighting Tyson; the next, you're up there watching the doctors work over your body."*

it bothered the cashiers in the stores that were being held up, and eventually it bothered the police. And so, just when he'd finally adjusted to Brooklyn, Michael found himself moving to the Tyron School for Boys in Upstate New York, which is sort of a prep school for youngsters trying to get into Attica.

And it was there, at the age of 13, that he met Bobby Stewart, who taught him the fundamentals of boxing. Five years before, Stewart had been the 178-pound national Golden Gloves champion, which is to say he could fight. Within a few months, however, Tyson was giving him all he could handle.

Stewart took the boy to his friend Cus D'Amato, who watched him spar three rounds, talked with him a few minutes and saw the fighter he had been waiting for all his life.

D'Amato had become reclusive in the last years, at least as distrustful of the Don Kings and Bob Arums as he had been of guys like Bernie Carbo and Blinky Palermo back when they owned and operated the sport. He lived in a large farmhouse outside Catskill, New York, overlooking the Hudson River, and trained his fighters in the gym on the third floor of Citizens Hose Company number five, in town.

He educated the boy in his house and in his gym; and if you were looking for the difference between Mike Tyson and the other fighters D'Amato had taught, it probably lay in the depth of Tyson's understanding of the things D'Amato was teaching him.

It is one thing to know what words mean and accept them; it is another thing to believe them. You may understand intellectually that courage is not a constant in anyone and that discipline is—or can be. Discipline will get you through the times when your courage fades. But for discipline to help when everything inside you is suddenly calling in sick, you have to believe it. It has to be true, or it's useless.

So what I mean by teaching is not that D'Amato put anything inside Tyson but that he showed him where it was and how to use it.

At any rate, Tyson stayed with D'Amato in the house overlooking the Hudson until the old man died on November 4, 1985. He was 77 years old. Tyson was 19, a professional fighter for only eight months. His mother was dead. He had fought 13 times and knocked 13

people out. Nine in the first round.

The funeral for Cus D'Amato was held at a Catholic church in Catskill, and among the pallbearers were two men who would guide Mike Tyson the rest of the way to the championship, Kevin Rooney and Jimmy Jacobs. Rooney had been one of D'Amato's fighters, too—a tenacious welterweight who had fought successfully without exceptional tools—and would take over as Tyson's trainer.

Jacobs was one of Tyson's comanagers and was as devoted to the old man in his way as the kid was. He is the owner—along with Tyson's other manager, Bill Cayton—of the greatest collection of fight films in existence. The number is close to 26,000. He and D'Amato used to show up in Philadelphia from time to time and show them at benefits for retired fighters. He was also arguably the greatest handball player who ever lived, and perhaps because of his own success as an athlete, he could appreciate boxing and its players the way D'Amato appreciated it—in a pure way, for the sport itself. Jacobs did not need to see himself in its reflection—not now, not back in the Sixties, when D'Amato had talked with him, just as he had talked with McKinney, about taking an athlete who had never fought a round and turning him into a world champion. The difference being that the athlete D'Amato had sought was Jacobs himself.

A year and two weeks after D'Amato's funeral, Jacobs and Rooney had Mike Tyson in a boxing ring at the Las Vegas Hilton with a heavyweight fighter named Trevor Berbick, whom you would call undistinguished, except that he happened to be the World Boxing Council heavyweight champion of the world.

Berbick had once survived 15 rounds with Larry Holmes—the first man to do that after Holmes became champion—but he hadn't tried to win, only to last; and in the end, the distinction of staying 15 rounds was forfeit to his lack of ambition.

At any rate, it was the wrong night for Berbick to try to make things right. The wrong night and the wrong ring and the wrong opponent. You never know what gets into somebody else's head, but Berbick went right at Tyson—a man with twice his ability—tried to back him up, and in two rounds he was gone.

And Mike Tyson, 20 years old, was the youngest heavyweight champion in the

history of the sport. That night, he said he felt Cus watching.

I don't know.

I've never been much of a believer in being watched by the dead, but I do know that Michael Spinks, the man who had taken Larry Holmes's International Boxing Federation title, was watching at ringside and shortly afterward backed out of the contract he had signed with Home Box Office to fight the winner of a heavyweight-champion elimination match between Tyson and the World Boxing Association champion.

On one hand, you cannot fault Spinks. One minute, you're fighting Tyson; the next, you're up there with Cus, watching the doctors work over your body.

On the other hand, what Spinks did seemed to drop him into the same category as the other heavyweight "champions" of recent years—guys like Berbick and Pinklon Thomas and Greg Page and Tim Witherspoon and Boncrusher Smith and Michael Dokes—who had cheapened what was once the most prestigious title in sports until it had no meaning.

You cannot talk about cheapening the heavyweight title, of course, without mentioning the three ruling bodies of boxing—the W.B.C., the W.B.A. and the I.B.F., each of which has the integrity of a Cleveland pimp. In the long years since boxing was divided into ruling bodies, you sometimes forgot that being heavyweight champion of the world was once a serious job.

And part of what Tyson holds out is a return to that. It is part of his appeal, a return to a time when the heavyweight champion of the world could fight.

The night I decided to write a piece on Mike Tyson, I was sitting on the couch watching the *Dick Cavett Show* with my dog McGuire. I have been trying to teach the animal the rudiments of house watching for a long time, without results.

The scarier somebody looks, the friendlier he gets. A Hell's Angel once gave him a hamburger at a Burger King and he never forgot it.

So you start at the other end, with a twerp. "You see that guy in the suit?" I said to him when Cavett came on. "Anybody like that comes near the house, you fuck him up, all right? Him and his suit."

McGuire studied the set a long time, memorizing Dick Cavett. I had the sudden thought that I might get him on David Letterman's show, which features a segment called "Stupid Pet Tricks."

"Well, Dave, McGuire here fucks up Dick Cavett . . ." and they bring Cavett in, and the dog breaks his legs. Then I take him to Burger King as a reward.

And so, not wanting to distract the dog

(continued on page 136)





*"I've been here eight years, and I've never noticed any difference between Democrats and Republicans."*



# MINIMUM HEADROOM

article

By **BENJAMIN J. STEIN**

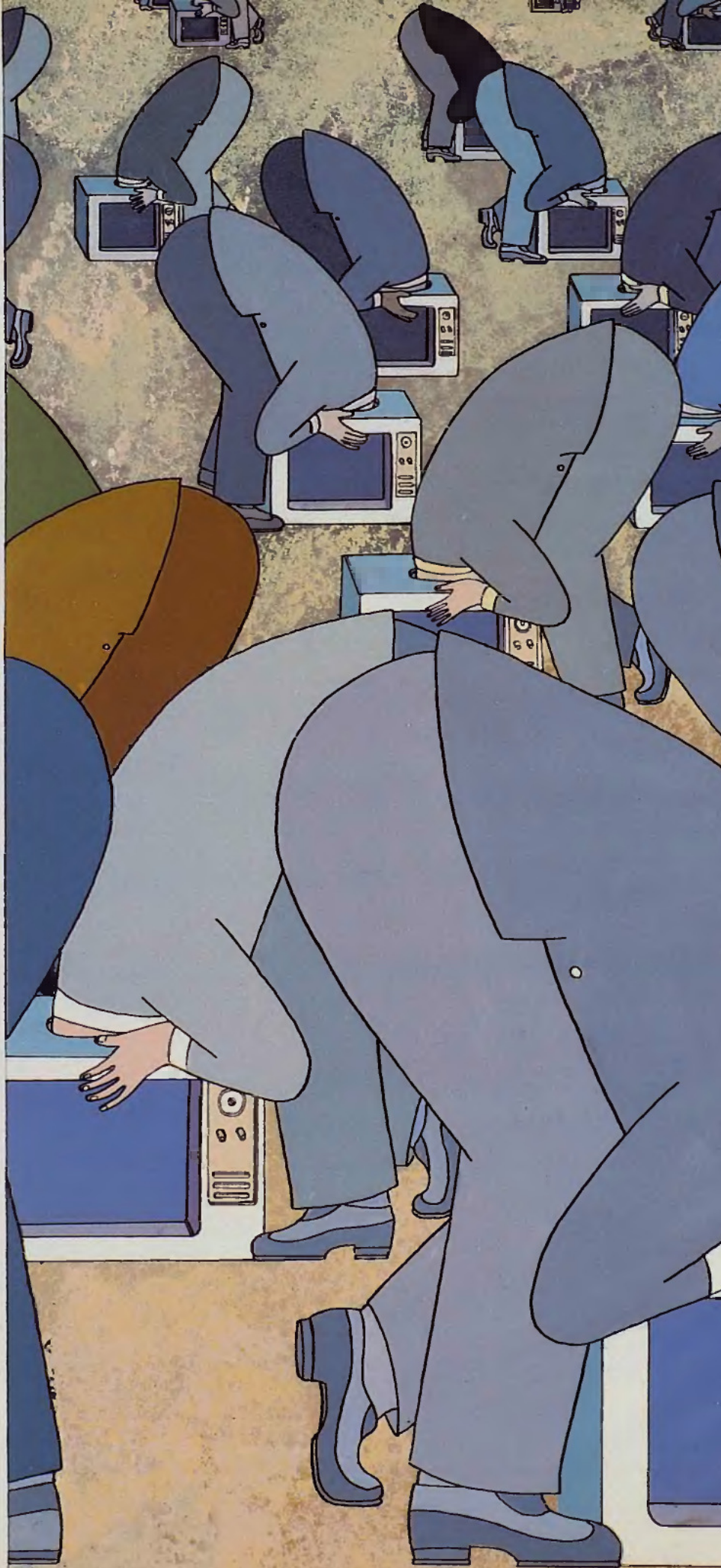
writers who feed at the trough of prime-time television develop a strong stomach for stale ideas

**T**HERE IS a popular story in the television business about a psychologist in Pasadena who wanted to replicate that business in his laboratory.

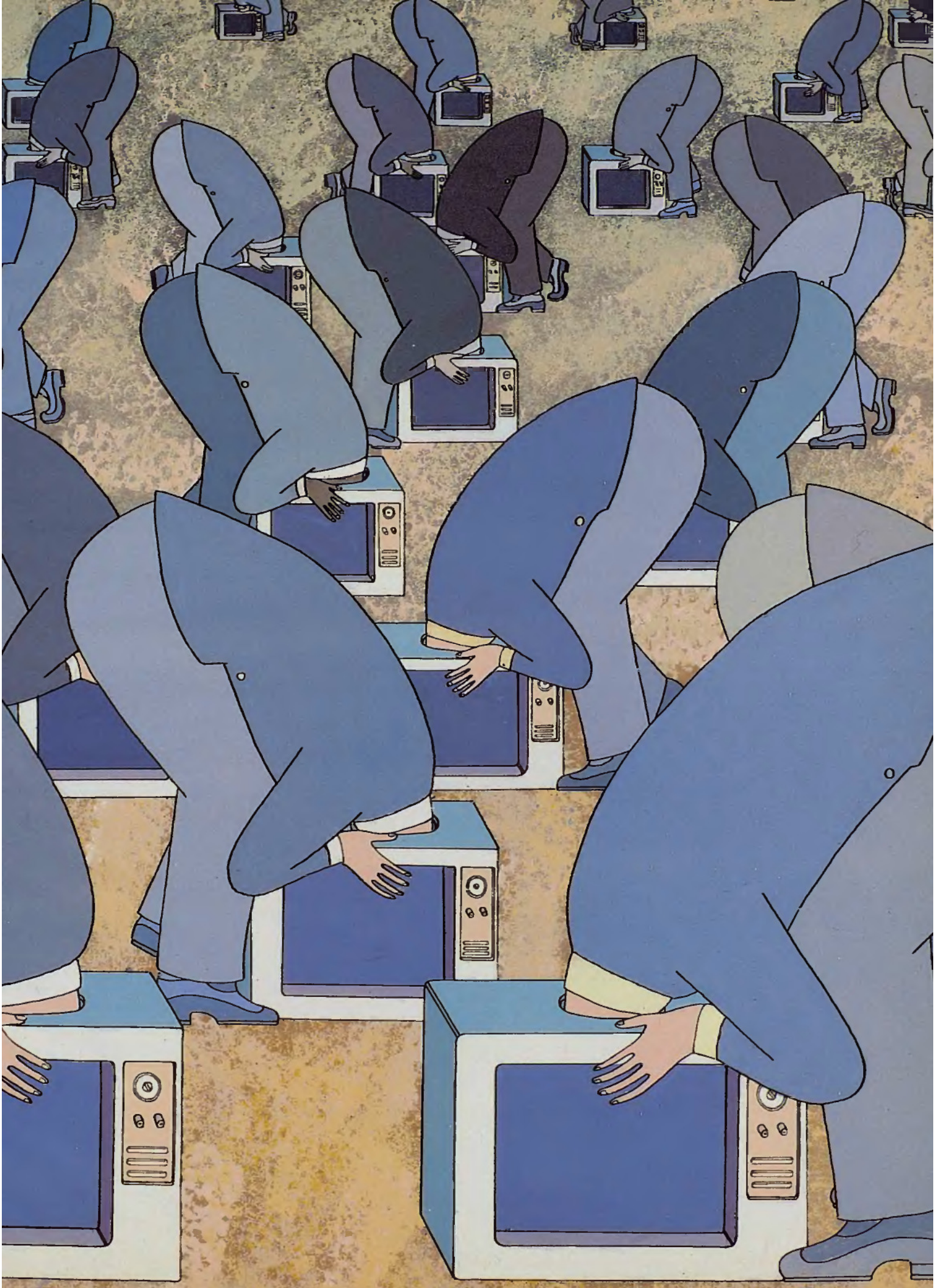
He installed a bridge in each of two cages of white rats. In one, he fed the rats a small amount of food whenever they jumped over the bridge. In the other, he rewarded their jumps with a much larger amount of a much richer food.

Then the psychologist stopped feeding both groups. The first group of rats promptly stopped jumping over the bridge and tried other activities. The second group, which had been given the lavish rewards, kept jumping in exactly the same way until they passed out from exhaustion. Then they were revived and jumped until they died.

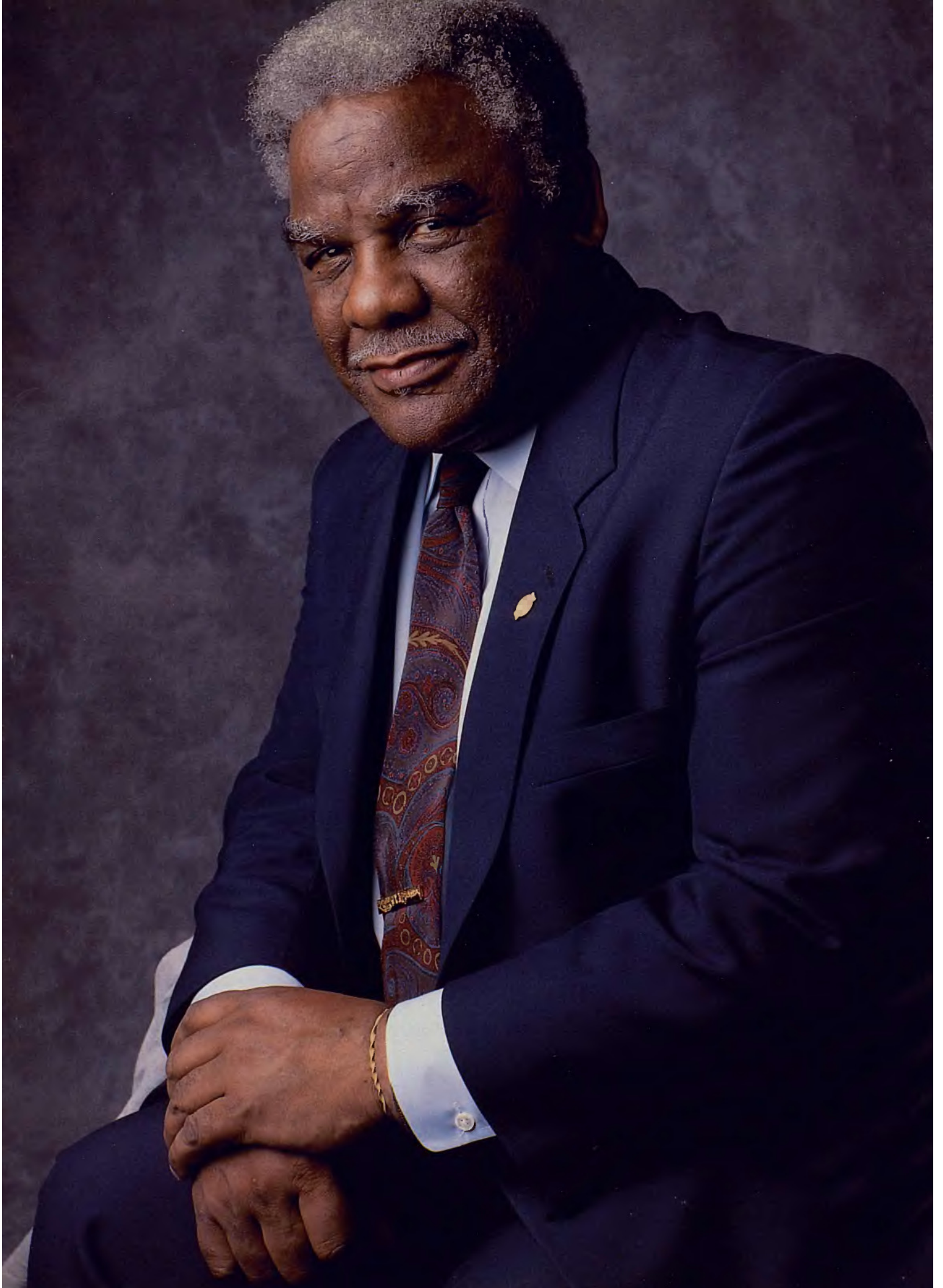
It's important to remember the story of the psychologist and his rats when one thinks about the television business and, especially, to consider the concept of rich feeding when one thinks about just why television is so incredibly repetitive and derivative. That psychologist could testify. *(continued on page 157)*













# HAROLD WASHINGTON

**J**ust as this issue of *Playboy* went to press, Chicago mayor Harold Washington suffered a fatal heart attack at his desk in city hall. Senior Staff Writer Walter Lowe, Jr., who had conducted this interview with the 65-year-old Washington one month before his death, recalled him this way: "Harold—and everyone who knew him called him just Harold—was coming into his prime as a political leader. He had proved that he could run the city, and run it well—he was the 'mayor for all the people of Chicago' that Mayor Daley always claimed to be. He was probably the nation's most eloquent spokesman for the concerns of American big-city mayors. They, like the rest of us, have lost a great champion."

## 1.

**PLAYBOY:** Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago was famous for such malapropisms as "I resent those insinuates," whereas you are known for using words that most of your constituents have never heard. Do phrases such as "a patent canard" and "blatant duplicity" come to you naturally, or do you spend a lot of time with the dictionary?

**WASHINGTON:** Ah, yes; canard, scurrilous, duplicitous. They just flow. I read omnivorously, so the language just comes naturally. I try, though I don't know if I succeed, to be as alliterative as you poets. But still, I think most of my constituents understand me very well.

## 2.

**PLAYBOY:** Last September, you declared your support for the Reverend Jesse Jackson's Presidential candidacy. When Jackson campaigned for the Democratic

nomination in 1984, you didn't declare your support for him until you were on the convention floor. Why did you decide to jump onto his band wagon so much earlier this time?

**WASHINGTON:** He urged me to come out for him as quickly as possible, and I rejoined, "Well, running a city's not simple. You've got other things to do and other people to

deal with, among them, other Presidential candidates." But then the press began to chide us as though they were throwing gravel between two growling dogs. And that created a problem. So I said to Reverend Jackson, "Rather than stringing this out and having me be food for all kinds of negative conjecture about my motives and your impotency to persuade me, let's get it over with."

## 3.

**PLAYBOY:** In your youth, you had a reputation as a lady's man. Do you ever worry about any of your past exploits' coming back to haunt you, à la Gary Hart?

**WASHINGTON:** What do you mean, in my youth? [Laughs] I don't think of myself as old now. I'm a divorced man, a single man. I have no qualms about that. My private life is private. If I were Gary Hart, I wouldn't fuck around. I'd tell the media to go to hell in a minute, that it's none of their damn business. You know, there's an attitude on the part of too many people in the media that they can say any goddamn thing they want to and be sheltered by the First Amendment. They're crazy. People aren't going to tolerate that. One day, I wouldn't be surprised if some of these media people ticked off the wrong person and wound up getting the crap beaten out of them, and I mean *bad*. I fear for some of these people's safety.

## 4.

**PLAYBOY:** With the withdrawals of Gary Hart and Joe Biden, the Democratic field of candidates has shrunk considerably, and the result has obviously been beneficial to the Jackson candidacy. Sentiment aside, what's your realistic assessment of his chances?

**WASHINGTON:** At the convention, Jackson will obviously have an uphill fight. In the primaries, he'll do well. He's already benefited from Hart's dropping out. There's been an incremental increase in support from people who supported Hart and Biden, those who had liberal trappings, and I assume that many of the people who supported them find it easy to support Jackson for the same philosophical and political reasons.

## 5.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you explain Black Muslim leader Louis Farrakhan's appeal to the black community?

**WASHINGTON:** First of all, his appeal is not universal. He appeals primarily to young people. He expresses very clearly their

frustration, their left-out-ism, surprisingly well. He knows the issues, he's poetic, he's lyrical and he's a former calypso singer, so he's got the beat, no question about it. Unfortunately, there's an assumption that because he touches a chord for some, he's the Pied Piper for all. Some of his expressions, particularly in regard to Jews, don't meet with popular acceptance in the black community.

## 6.

**PLAYBOY:** The Chicago media, by frequently mentioning it in gossip columns, have put pressure on you to fulfill your engagement promise to Mary Ella Smith. How do you resist the pressure to tie the knot?

**WASHINGTON:** The easiest way to resist the pressure is to tell them that it's none of their goddamn business. It used to irritate me, but it doesn't anymore. It might bother Mary Ella, though.

## 7.

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us what's wrong with the Republican ideology.

**WASHINGTON:** The Republican ideology? It's "Drip from the top on down." But Reagan has closed up all the openings. He's made it impossible for his own theories to work. The Republican conception of full employment takes for granted a certain level of unemployment that we cannot countenance; and even if we could countenance it, there are still no provisions made for those who aren't part of the mainstream. For Reagan's philosophy of a restricted economy to work, you've got to come on with some strong social programs; to wit, *housing*—he's sitting on the HUD money, and public housing's coming down around our ears; *transportation*—we have to have subsidies for mass transit so that we can keep our public-transportation systems rolling at a cost that doesn't cut out the poor person. You need to make some investments for the future in terms of guaranteed loans and Pell educational grants for poor college students. You've got to do all those things to shore up the Republican philosophy, but the Republican Party isn't about that. It's about a strong national defense and putting money into supersensitive weaponry, most of which doesn't work, and totally ignoring the infrastructure of the country, which puts people to work, makes it easy for them to get to work and does all those little things that make a society tick. It's those things (continued on page 155)

the windy  
city's mayor  
vents a few  
choice words  
on political in-  
grates, black  
power and the  
sexual rewards  
of high office





I AM NOT A BIMBO

WILD,  
WONDERFUL,  
WACKY AND  
OUTRAGEOUS

# THE YEAR IN SEX

so long, 1987: you were truly one for the books



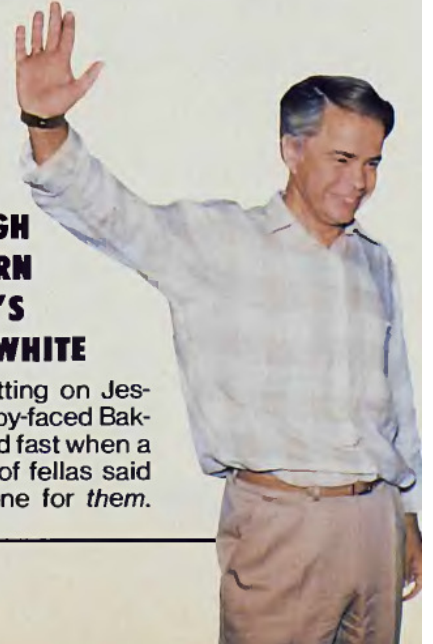
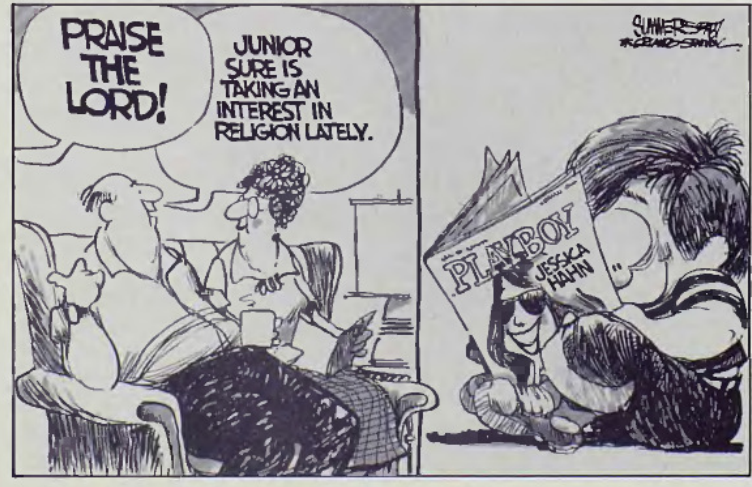
WE ARE NOT BIMBOS

## PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION

Jessica Hahn spilled the beans on Jim Bakker and helped topple his PTL empire; in *Playboy's* pages, she inadvertently launched the slogan of the year.

## HITTING BELOW THE BIBLE BELT

In happier days, Tammy Faye Bakker and Karen Paxton posed in décolletage at a Florida carnival picture booth. That was before Karen learned that Tammy had been playing kissy-face with her then husband, singer Gary (*Monster Mash*) Paxton.



## ENOUGH TO TURN A GUY'S HAIR WHITE

After hitting on Jessica, baby-faced Bakker aged fast when a couple of fellas said he'd gone for *them*.





**LOVING THE SPIN SHE'S IN**

Vanna White, everybody's favorite letterwoman, has signed a new five-year *Wheel of Fortune* contract, reportedly for \$5,000,000 (five times her previous salary). Just goes to show what appearing in *Playboy* can do for a girl's career.



**FAINT LADY NEVER WON FAIR TRIAL**

When buxom Romina Danielson passed out after testifying she had been hubby Peter Holm's lover, Joan Collins got her divorce.

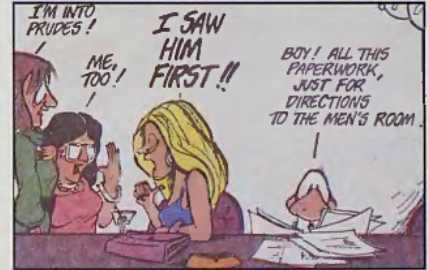
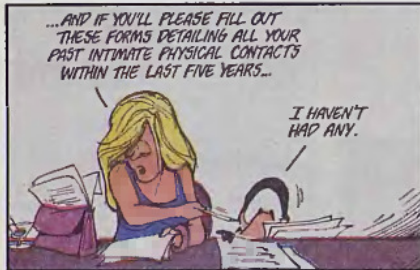
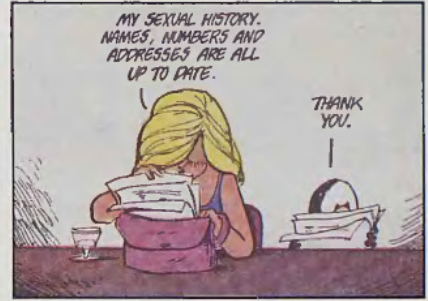
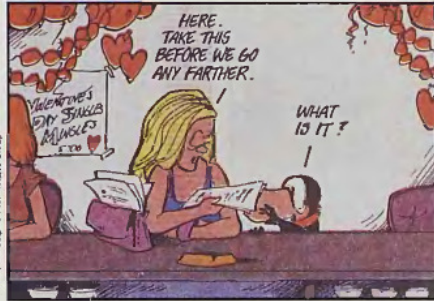
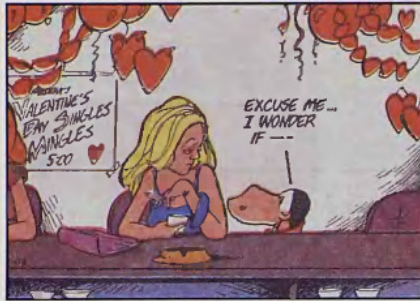
**GARY, THIS BUD'S FOR YOU**

Before she parlayed her Hart stopper into a full-blown career in jeans ads, Donna Rice revealed less-than-overwhelming charms in a Florida saloon poster. Later, those buds blossomed (inset) and she turned into a regular Silicone Valley girl.





## THE YEAR IN SAFE SEX: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW



**BLOOM COUNTY**

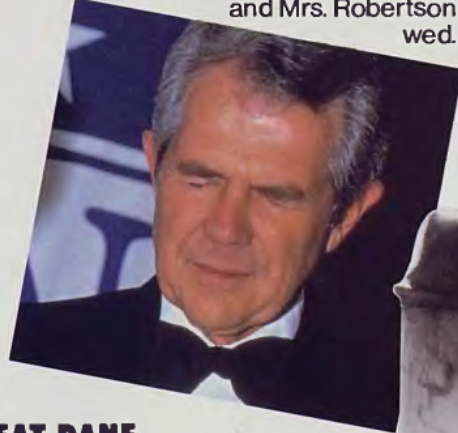
by Berke Breathed



JEG ER IKKE EN BIMBO

### GIVE THAT MAN A CALENDAR

Red-faced Reverend Pat had to admit he'd fudged his issue in a campaign bio. Son Tim was really born ten weeks after he and Mrs. Robertson wed.



### GREAT DANE UNLEASHED

One wild rumor after another surrounded the Brigitte Nielsen-Sylvester Stallone split. Was she monkeying around with her secretary? Her director? What woman would give up a body like Sly's? What man could give up this body?

### BOX STITCH

A California jury recently awarded \$6,000,000 to a woman whose gynecologist husband sewed her vagina shut during surgery. She says he suspected her of infidelity; the doc claimed the sutures were a mistake.

### ERECTION SET

The year's naughtiest band, the Beastie Boys, employed a hydraulic penis in stage shows.





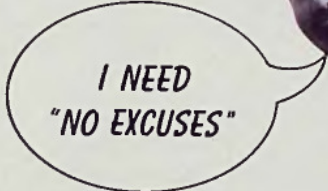


**CANDID TRANSIT**

Copenhagen buses preach safe sex in many languages; e.g., Russian.

**IS THAT A  
CONDOM IN YOUR  
POCKET, OR ARE  
YOU JUST HAPPY  
TO SEE ME?**

Condom Etiquette's ties, garter belts and other items of apparel contain hidden pockets for prophylactics.



**QUEEN'S NUDE  
GARDENER IS  
SACKED**

He stripped to mow lawns  
Windsor Castle



**ROYAL  
CUTUP**

Windsor Castle gardener Terry Creedon, miffed by japes at his jeans, stripped and got canned.



**GO FCC YOURSELF**

After the FCC chastised foul-mouthed talk-show host Howard Stern, 2000 fans—some clearly bosom buddies—rallied to his support in Manhattan's Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza.



**WE ALWAYS  
SAID SHE WAS A  
BALLSY BROAD**

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher told the British magazine *Board Room* that she takes male hormones to preserve her body and spirit.



**THE BIRDS AND THE BARES**

Which comes first, the nudist or the egg? Here we have nesting terns vs. tanning sterns as naturists and conservationists do battle over some hot territory at Moonstone Beach, Rhode Island.



**HOLD THE PEPPERONI**

Enterprising University of Texas students started the Protection Connection, a condom-and-contraceptive-sponge delivery service with a 30-minute guarantee.



ΔΕΝ  
ΕΙΜΑΙ  
ΜΤΙΜΠΤΟ

**TUSK, TUSK**

Indonesian officials are reported to be considering a new attraction with which to lure more tourists: elephant-fucking shows.



**GIVE THAT MAN A CALENDAR**

Jesse Jackson's first child was born just six and a half months after he and his wife Jacqueline were married.

**BEWARE OF GREEKS BARING GIFTS**

Will ex-stewardess Dimitra Liani become the Donna Rice to Greek prime minister Andreas Papandreou's Gary Hart? Stay tuned.



**WORKING THEIR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE**

More fun than sling-ing burgers: posing for Northern Illinois grad Frank Trebusak's coed calendar.

**SAFE CRACKING**

At Sherri Foxman's Safe Sex Cotillion in Cleveland, contestants broke condoms with mallets and Pogo sticks. The party was clearly a smash.







### ROYAL BLUSH

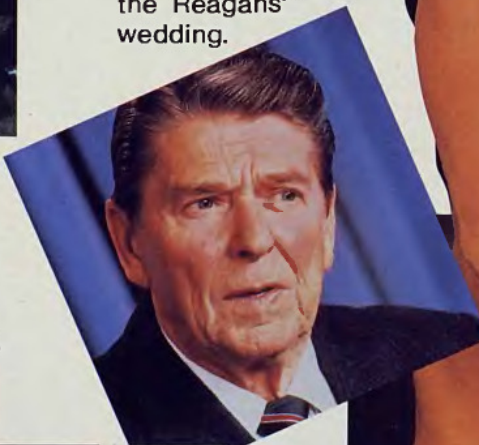
As if rumors of a rift with Prince Charles weren't bad enough, Princess Di had to deal with Christina Hance, an impersonator who appears in a raunchy video. Buckingham Palace, said London tabloids, feared fans would believe that the real royal was having a Wales of a time in the blue flick.



**THE STAR**  
**DI IN PORN FILM FURY**  
 Her lookalike goes topless

### GIVE THAT MAN A CALENDAR

Patti weighed in (at seven pounds) seven and a half months after the Reagans' wedding.



### SORRY, THEY DON'T DO WINDOWS

Almost Eden, a Tampa, Florida, outfit, will furnish servants for your next party—out of uniform.



### OUR KIND OF CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

This true Brit flashed number 10 Downing Street to protest her government's attempts to ban a spy's memoirs. Three cheers for full disclosure.



### THIS LADY DOES DO WINDOWS!

The body politic: To get back at her ex-husband, an ultraconservative French party leader who had advised her to get a job, Pierrette Le Pen posed in and out of a maid's costume for the French edition of *Playboy*.





**COS FOR ALARM?**

Lisa Bonet, *The Cosby Show's* Denise, raised brows by rutting with Mickey Rourke in *Angel Heart* and posing topless for *Interview* magazine.



**AND NOW, THE AWARD FOR BEST SUPPORTING PROPHYLACTIC**

Condoms came on strong in 1987 Hollywood. In *Amazon Women on the Moon*, one made it big.



**COCK-AND-BALLS STORY**

Here's the cover of U2's new album, *Thinking Out Loud*, which just goes to show that perspective is everything.

**WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND? A HITE REPORT**

There's new book claims men infuriate women. Maybe the canine in the 1971 shooting Hite did for us was a more congenial companion.



**PREMATURE BURIAL**

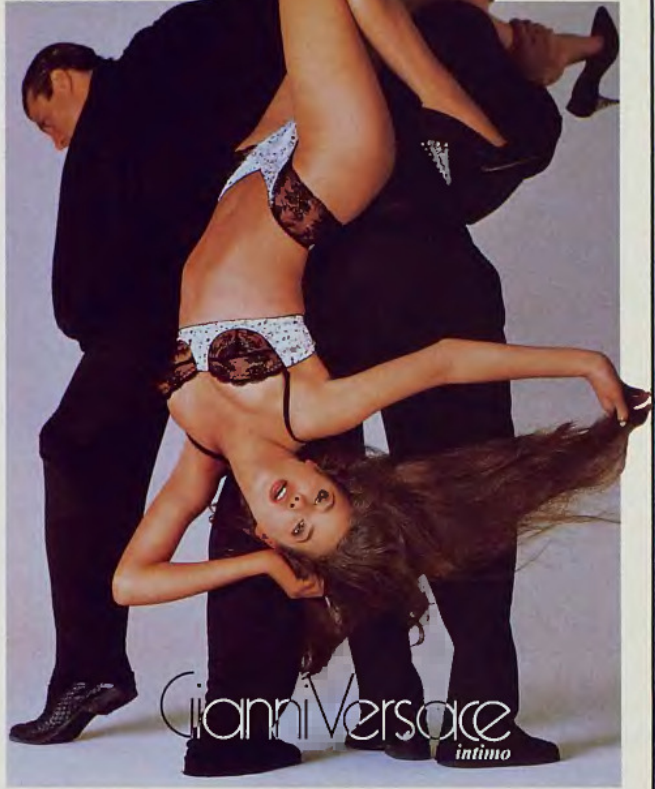
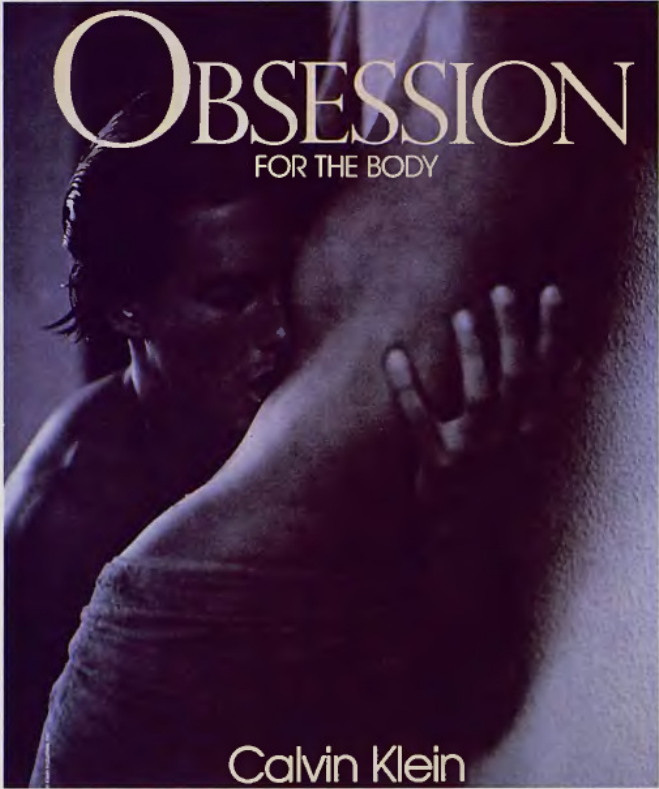
Last Christmas, the Dark Bros. sent us this wastebasket. They then quit the field—but Traci Lords, now of age, popped right back up.



**NOW, THAT'S ITALIAN!**

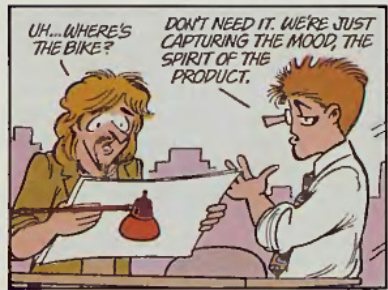
Ilona Staller, best known to the electorate as porn star Cicciolina, delighted the world's press by conducting a let-it-all-hang-out campaign and winning a seat in Italy's parliament.





**HARD SELLS**

Rediscovering what sex can do for the bottom line, Madison Avenue is producing wonderfully wicked imagery to tout everything from perfume to condoms to running shoes. Cartoonist Garry Trudeau, spoofing the trend, ran into prudery: *Newsday's* editors yanked this *Doonesbury* strip.





# TYSON THE TERRIBLE

(continued from page 122)

*"There is something like the Alien inside Tyson, and he isn't the one who gets eaten."*

from Dick Cavett, I left the television on and went into the kitchen for some Oreo cookies, which McGuire loves. If a Hell's Angel had given him an Oreo cookie, he'd be riding around on the back of a Harley right now.

Anyway, by the time I got back to the couch, Cavett was talking with Mike Tyson, dazzling him with that precious-twerp wit. And then Cavett, in as memorable an attack of little man's disease as I have ever seen, stood up, in front of a television audience that must have run into the thousands, and induced Tyson to try to hold on to his (Cavett's) wrists.

Tyson moaned. You could see he did not want to grab Dick Cavett's wrists; you could see he was embarrassed by what was happening.

Cavett insisted.

Tyson took his wrists.

"Now hold on," Cavett said.

Tyson held on.

Cavett made an oblique reference to his 80-some-year-old martial-arts instructor and then moved his arm against the place where Tyson's thumb met his fingers and pulled free. This, obviously, is invaluable stuff to anyone grabbed by the wrists on television and, just as obviously, means that hidden underneath the wonderful suit and all that wit is a very dangerous guy

who can probably handle himself with the ladies, too.

And I wondered, sitting there as McGuire finished the Oreos, what a 20-year-old kid made of rich little white guys who wanted him to hold on to their wrists, and decided to ask him.

I caught up with Mike Tyson a month or two later in Catskill, New York. It was two months before the fight with Bonecrusher Smith, his first day in the gym since taking the title from Berbick.

The gym had once been an auditorium, and Tyson was undressing in a room off to one side of the stage. Jeans, a sweat shirt, tennis shoes. I think there was an American flag in the corner. One of the truly horrifying things about Tyson is that in loose clothes, he looks pudgy, like somebody you might pick on in a bar. All right, that is not exactly all of it.

What is horrifying is the similarity to the movie *Alien*, in which Sigourney Weaver and a bunch of ordinary guys are sitting around having lunch in space when all of a sudden, one of them goes into convulsions and this awful thing eats its way out of his chest and leaves him lying there in his plate. I mean, you are just naturally terrified to find out somebody you might

know has something like that inside him.

And there is something like that inside Tyson, and he isn't the one who gets eaten.

Anyway, thoughts of pudginess disappear as he takes off his shirt. He is not the most muscular heavyweight I have seen, but there has never been another, at least to my knowledge, who carried as much muscle and could fight as long without seeming to tire. A lot of that is conditioning, of course, but a lot of it is simply a gift, like speed or natural power.

Tyson covers his chest and arms in grease and then slips into a black leotard. "I like this," he said. "It feels good."

I ask him then, while he's tying his boots, what it's like to grow up in the streets, get saved by Cus D'Amato and turned into a professional fighter, fight all the way to the top and knock out Trevor Berbick in two rounds for the title and then have Dick Cavett get up on national television and ask you to hold his wrists.

"That didn't bother me much," he said in that familiar soft voice. "I think they must pay him to act like that; I don't know why. There's always somebody wanting to tell you something about a fight they had—might go back to sixth grade. I don't pay too much attention. Or they tell you how bad they were, but their mother made them stop boxing. I don't know what to say to somebody like that. I don't even know for sure what they want.

"I'm a serious person, but I don't take this for more than it is. I like the fights themselves; I love that moment before it starts when you're scared and excited and you know it's time. The talk doesn't mean much. I'm not going to tell anybody how bad I am; I'll do that in the ring.

"And when I'm through in the ring, that's it. I'll find something else. You've got such a short time. You can't go around being the legendary champion because that's what people expect you to be."

That is one of the things that bother Tyson about his celebrity—the obligations to people he does not know. "Society puts these things on you," he said. "Some of them are saying you are insensitive to be part of this brutality; they don't know the first thing about who you are. At the same time, here are all these articulate people they look up to, sitting in the best seats at the fights. What's that about?"

"I do not see that I've got to be the focus of a bunch of bullshit. I do what I do. You will never hear anybody leaving this camp thinking anything bad about me. I don't try to hurt anybody in the gym; I leave the 16-ounce gloves on, even if somebody else is wearing 12s. I will always put myself at the disadvantage; that's when you learn.

"I have my fights, and people say things about them. About me. But you can't confuse that with what I am and what I do. Fighting is all I do, but I'm something else besides the fighter."

And somehow, that is at the core of things. Think of the heavyweights over the



Polster

*"I'll have to go now. 'Wheel of Fortune' always makes Fred horny."*



# WHAT IT CAN DO SOUNDS LIKE SCIENCE FICTION. WHAT IT SOUNDS LIKE IS OUT OF THIS WORLD.

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past 30 years. Patterson, who hid behind beards and sunglasses after Liston beat him, and never really quit hiding. Liston, dead from an overdose, probably murdered. Muhammad Ali, the best and the brightest, fogged in and showing up from time to time with Evel Knievel. Joe Frazier, who has never learned to live with his losses to Ali, sending his own kid into the ring with Larry Holmes and then with Tyson, when the kid had no chance. Holmes, who has never learned to live on the same planet as Ali, and, assuming his comeback fight with Tyson comes off, never learned from him, either. Leon Spinks.

All of them out of place in the world, because after the ring they had no place.

A few minutes later, Tyson is in the ring. The fighter with him is a new sparring partner, who has come in with his trainer. I do not know exactly what the fighter and his trainer have in mind for the afternoon,

but as soon as they see that Tyson spars without headgear, the sparring partner removes his.

He begins the round moving to his left, away from Tyson's hook, throwing jabs. There is some feeling that Tyson is vulnerable to a fighter who moves and can jab, and the sparring partner is clearly here to take some rounds from the champion.

Fifteen seconds into the round, however, Tyson throws a jab of his own—it is not a slow punch, but it carries all his weight—and staggers the sparring partner. The sparring partner is shocked; I am shocked. Tyson isn't supposed to have a jab.

The first fighter who took Tyson the distance, in fact, was a man named Quick Tillis, and Tyson went ten rounds that night without throwing any jabs that I remember. If he had thrown jabs, Tillis would not have been there at the end.

The hand is gone from the sparring

partner's face less than half a second when it returns, from the side—a hook, and then a right hand. A minute and a half into the round, the new sparring partner is holding his head, defenseless, and Tyson, not wanting to embarrass him, pulls his punches and holds, giving him time to recover; but the new sparring partner has lost interest, and Tyson stops altogether.

For the ten or 15 seconds it takes the sparring partner to get through the ropes, Tyson ignores him. It is exactly as if he weren't there.

Another sparring partner comes into the ring, a good-natured journeyman heavyweight named Irish Mike Jameson, who goes the rest of that round and two more. Jameson is not quick enough to make Tyson miss, but he takes a punch well and is not afraid to mix it up.

He is the kind of fighter who makes Tyson look unbeatable, which right now he may be. No one in the division boxes well enough to keep him off—witness Tyrell Biggs—no one with enough power and speed to stand in one spot and trade.

Three times in Tyson's career—against Quick Tillis, Mitch Green and Bonecrusher Smith—he has been taken to a decision, but each of those opponents gave up on winning early (if any considered winning) and held on to Tyson for the entire fight.

You cannot win like that, of course, but you get to live.

At least for now. It would seem to be only a matter of time before Tyson reacts better to holding, giving up some of the powerful art punches for shorter, straighter jabs and rights. It is a harder proposition to hold on to someone who is three feet away, on the other side of a fist, than it is to hold someone who is standing under your chin, trying to reach your head with off-angle hooks. But I am willing to leave that end of things to Tyson and Rooney.

What I am more interested in is what happens after that.

Tyson is still a kid.

He seems to know things that 21-year-old kids shouldn't know, and some of that—most of it—comes from D'Amato.

In the end, though, you drive your own wagon. When the training and the fighting are over, when things are not clean-cut, the way they are in the ring, and the old man's words are not so fresh, it will be easier to talk about who Tyson is.

I know this much about it—there will be something to talk about.

Tyson is smart; he feels things; he has standards.

D'Amato did not teach him that; he helped him find it.

The old man was a visionary, and it did not begin or end with boxing. When he saw Tyson, I think he saw the rarest kind of heavyweight there is:

The one who would not break his heart.



*"The ambience is elegant yet refreshingly unpretentious—where else can you get that in a rest room?"*



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in town'**  
—PLAYBOY

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I wish to make my reservation for the following arrival date:

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I will make my reservation at a later date.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

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C-7048 PB17



*"A vine holding the bamboo runner snaps. Pop! Then another. Pop! And another. Next the entire bridge!"*

rapid. The bridge itself is spanned between two high wooden buttresses in two clumps of trees, built at great altitude to compensate for the sag over the water, 65 yards across, with two thick vines on each side holding 200 or 300 small support vines, which in turn hold a runner of bamboo as thick as a high-wire rope. This is what we are supposed to walk across on. Half the small support vines are snapped in two, and the first 20 or 25 yards of sustaining vines dangle above the water.

By God, I think, no one has seen the possibility of her own death till now.

"We'll fix it!" I shout.

"It's very hard," cries Sali. "I don't know to manage."

He shakes his head and frowns full scale. Both eyebrows drop almost to his cheekbones. He has painted his forehead with iridescent-turquoise butterfly dust in honor of the mighty Sepik and has his best outfit on—a pair of dark-blue running shorts sold to him by the Baptist missionaries. He is only 23.

"Right!" he shouts. "Get the rope!"

"Five-*kina* bonus today!" I shout.

"Bickie! Bickie! Bickie!" yells Sali, laughing. Bickie appears out of the jungle, his face streaked with violet and orange dye, wearing a child's red bathing suit and T-shirt, his chest rounded out, his short, powerful legs in a trot, trailing two long vines he has cut. He climbs the buttress, tears the vines with his teeth and wraps the first support pole back in place.

Two hours later, we are ready to attempt a crossing.

"Concentrate!" shouts Sali.

"Right!" I shout.

"Right. You just come up here, Jean. . . ."

The climb nearly scares me to death. I look down into the bouncing foam. Trees shoot past from a landslide. Jets of water jump 20, 30 feet in the air off the boulders, midstream. The mountains rise 5000 and 6000 feet on either side. A familiar aroma of mud fills the air.

"Concentrate!" shouts Sali. "You are just walking across the river. That is all. You hold the vines at the top. Very firm. You don't have worry about the legs. Right?"

"Right!" I cry.

I am going first. Sali and Bickie have repaired the first 25 yards that were dangling. The last 40 yards are a mystery.

"OK!" shouts Sali.

"*¡Adios!*" I start.

"Wait!" yells Sali. "In case the vine break. . . ."

I stop.

"Yeah?"

I am six or seven feet out from the buttress, arms over my head, holding the left and right support vines, and balancing barefoot on the bamboo runner, while Bickie smiles up at me.

"Hold it firm if it break!" shouts Sali. "And then you fly down to the river. So you know, that's fine."

"Right! I just fly down into the god-damned boulders!" I shout.

"Right!"

"Thank you!"

"Thank you!" shouts Bickie.

"OK, so if you want now to take a walk across, Jean. . . ." says Sali. The Kowopatamins had warned us that morning that nobody alive or dead, ghost or human, could cross this bridge.

Ten or 12 yards out, the spray hits my feet and goes up my skirt. This is the last sort of thing I was expecting—a geyser, rising off the rocks with the force of an antiriot hose, aimed directly up my hem. But there is no stopping now. Up my calves, over my knees and into the leg bands of my underpants. Horrible sensation. Twenty yards farther, I hear a *pop!* Don't look now! I look. A vine holding the bamboo runner snaps in two. Just like that. *Pop!* Then another. *Pop! Pop!* And another. And now what? Next the entire bridge! No doubt! It's waffling under my weight. I walk on, not at a great clip, but a clip, every nerve in my body ending in the balls of my feet. The universe turns into a flashing and sparkling fog. I keep going. The deafening noise, the soggy air, the birds swooping, the flying insects, the twinkling splatter, the boulders, the geysers, the bamboo under my bare feet, the pop-pop-pop-pop-pop of the vines; never—my heart seems about to blot me out—not anywhere. . . . These are the most exhilarating seconds of my life. When I reach the Atbalmin side, Bickie sends up a high, rolling, yodeling, joyful exultation, which even I can hear, and pounds his chest, slaps his forehead, dances on one leg and nearly goes over the side with the food; and when we all are across, with the packs, and toast orange drink in celebration and eat the last crackers, and bid *adios, arrivederci* to the mighty Sepik and hit the track again up a mountain, Bickie immediately starts talking and laughing about the next river we have to cross.

Time to eat dinner.

Sali and Bickie are calling from the bush hut. Yes, getting out of the tent is going to kill me. Eating frogs, that is going to kill me, too, and my feet—in the end, it is my

feet that will annihilate me off the landscape. Well, well, I didn't think I could crawl out of the tent so easily with my bad knee. There are two fern beds in the bush hut and a fire with a pot of water on it. Across the fire sit Sali and Bickie. Night is falling. Six o'clock. How festive we are when night falls, laughing and farting around the roaring fire! Yes, farts for me at this time are a real pleasure. Did I say six o'clock? It must be more toward 6:30. Sali is half a page into his nightly reading of Dr. Joyce Brothers' *What Every Woman Should Know About Men*. About five degrees south of the equator, about 1100 miles north of Sydney, all is dark by seven. And dusk had been coming on when Sali and Bickie finished building the bush hut. The trees they hacked down! "What sentence are you on?" I say.

"The man worry about the size of his penis," says Sali.

"Ah!"

"He worry about whether he satisfy as her previous lovers," says Sali.

"Ah, well," I say.

"He worry about whether she have an orgasm," says Sali.

"Well, well."

"He worry if he is muster booting," says Sali.

"What?"

"Miester booting," says Sali.

"Masturbating?" I say, laughing.

"Yeah, masturbating," says Sali, laughing.

"Do you know what that is?" I say.

"No," says Sali.

I sit down.

"Ah! Sex without a woman," I say.

"Huh?" says Sali, stunned.

"Just by yourself," I say.

Sali ruminates.

"Now, don't tell me Telefomin guys don't do that," I say.

"No," says Sali.

"They do it all the time," I say. "Don't they?"

"Yeah," says Sali, laughing.

"Yeah," I say, laughing.

"Yeah," says Sali, laughing.

"Let's ask Bickie!" I say, laughing.

Bickie starts giggling.

Sali translates.

"Yeaaaaaaaeccc!" screams Bickie.

Before we met, Bickie had never talked to a white person. Can you blame him?

A brief silence.

"I'm dying for a pizza," I say.

"He worry there might be some truth in those old beliefs that masturbating sups—"

"Well, really, sups!"

"Saps a man's vitals," reads Sali. "His very manhood is on the line every time he make love."

"Gee whiz," I say. "Is that true?"

"Joyce is telling us the truth," says Sali.

"His manhood, you know."

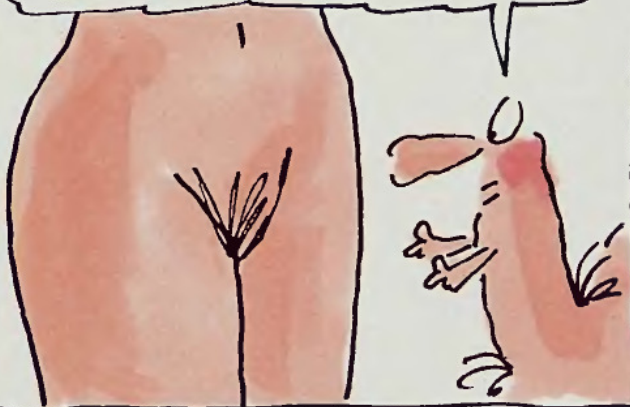
"You mean Star Mountain men in New Guinea are like men in America?" I say.

Yes, there are moments when I wonder



# WICKED WILLIE

A headache? Don't be ridiculous - how can you have a headache?



If she has a headache, I have a headache.



I don't get it - I'm in the mood even if he's been mutilated in a car crash!



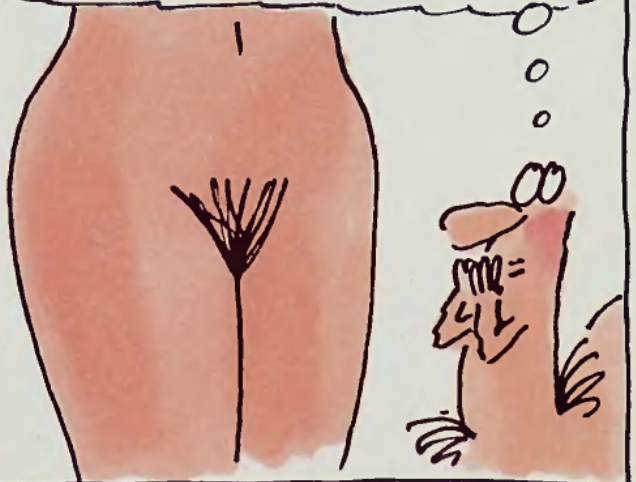
A woman is less primitive. Her mind controls her body.



Yeah? Well, luckily, with us, it's the other way round.



Please, God, don't let me come back as a pussy...



Crow



not only where I am and why I've swelled my knee to the size of a water bucket looking for primitive man but whether my manhood, too, isn't on the line. It wouldn't surprise me.

Sali banks the fire.

"Men are men everywhere," says Sali.

We hire an expert shot with bow and arrow at Elambil and a bodyguard for him, also an expert shot, to guide us through enemy territory to Yugibil. I do not know what enemy. Does it matter? The people look very refined and elegant. To tell the truth. . . . The truth! How the hell do I know what I am talking about, let alone looking at, when what I am looking at has been struck dumb at the sight of me, a gigantic white girl, rich enough to pay two (two!) men (men!) to walk to the border? But they look refined and elegant. I may be wrong. Yes, they will kill you and eat you, but in the end, who wouldn't?

All I can say is, the farther we retreat from civilization and the deeper we climb into the mountains, the gentler the people are, and the more elegant, and the happier married. Men are like that, perhaps. Perhaps it is civilization that drives men crazy. I wouldn't put it past you.

Once, I take out a photograph of my boyfriend and moon over it, by the blaze. Sighing his name, "John Johnson, John Johnson." What a man. I hold the picture to my bosom. I would press it through my skin into my blood stream if I could. Sali eyes it.

"What does he have for a job?" says Sali.

"He's on television," I say.

"On what?" says Sali.

Sometimes it's the mountains; many times it's the rivers; frequently it's the

forests, the swamps, the slime, the snakes, the sinkholes, the landslides, the heat, the cold, the rain, the mud, the leeches, the limestone pinnacles, the cliffs, the 500-foot drops that slow us down to a quarter of a mile or even an eighth of a mile an hour. Stunned by this torrent of real estate, even the villagers do not move. Some 700 distinct dialects are spoken on New Guinea—700! Sali and Bickie keep going. They are children at the campfire, men on the mountains and geniuses in the rivers. They are demigods with an ax. They are frightened of nothing. They are more canny than I am, and more intelligent than I am about basic matters, and can take care of a woman in elemental ways that modern man would never dream of. It takes three days to climb from Yugibil to Fiamuk.

We trot down the mountain around one o'clock. Six huts and a house *kiap*. The people come running. When they get a look at me, they think better of it. Not all the men are naked. Some wear penis gourds. I don't know how they stay put. They are tied on with a little piece of bark around the waist. Holding it up. The testicles hang down. They are bright orange. They smoke green cigarettes. I can't take my eyes off them. I want to bum one.

We leave after 30 minutes. They refuse to give us a guide. Sali dislikes the place. The people shout excitedly about the track as we climb the hill.

"Why won't anyone come with us?" I say.

"Ah-ha-ha-ha!" says Sali.

"It's too dangerous?"

"Ahhhh!" says Sali.

"Why?"

"Somebody poisons."

"But won't they just outright kill you, too?"

"They will."

"With a bush knife?"

"No, with a bow and arrow, then they cover themselves in the bush," says Sali.

He stops and takes some tobacco out of his pocket and lifts up his eyebrows. I sit down to change my socks.

"So how safe do you think we are?" I say.

"I don't know," says Sali with his quiet, inward laugh.

"Are you serious?" I say, laughing.

"I am," says Sali.

We are silent.

"We don't have a guide!" I yell. I am in a sweat from the climb. It is pouring down over my sunglasses. The sight is so horrifying when I take off my socks, even I can't stand to look at the rot. The flies close in. Attracted by the pus.

"We're in the roughest part of New Guinea!" I yell. "Without a guide! With the chances ninety to one against us!"

"You can't drop any *kaukau* skins," says Sali calmly.

"Why?"

He is rolling a cigarette in a page of *What Every Woman Should Know About Men*.

"They will grab it and make a poison on it," says Sali.

He licks the edge of the paper.

"I've been dropping *kaukau* skins everywhere!" I say, laughing.

"No, that's in the bush. I'm talk about that village," says Sali.

"Oh. OK. OK. All right."

We start to climb again. Sali stops to re-light his cigarette. I want to mop my face with the scarf around my neck, but it is a present from John Johnson and I want to save it. "What's Bickie saying?" I ask.

"He say there a bush hut on the other side," says Sali. "He say if we walk fast, we can use it."

"Oh. Ask Bickie what he thinks the chances are of my walking fast," I say, chuckling.

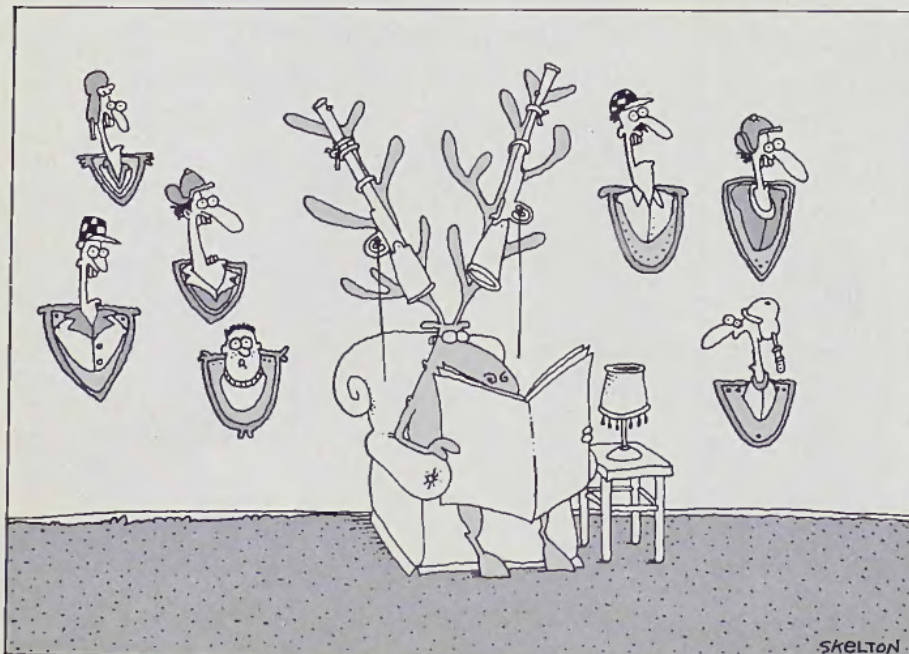
"OK! OK!" yells Bickie.

We lose the track an hour later.

Everything is wet. Everything is cold. Everything is slippery. You can't grab hold of the trees, because they are covered with spikes. My boots won't stick to anything. My hands are bloody from grabbing the trees. My head is an organ of sweating. My body is freezing.

As for Sali and Bickie, they could survive a hailstorm in the arctic. I am succeeding, however, in getting into such a bad mood, my temperature is going up. Any other woman would throw herself into the mud and refuse to budge. Not I. The mountain itself could come down on me and I would crawl on, snorting icicles and blaspheming creation. And when the sun comes out, I am going to curse it, too.

I am taking my mirror out to see how thin my face is getting. Two days without food and working on the third. Well, well. I don't look so bad. Mud is caked in the creases of my neck; I have dirt hanging out my nose; my mouth is greenish-brown; my





teeth are yellow; my left eye is black, I have mucus in both eyes; my hair is sticking to my neck; petroleum jelly is running down my forehead; and I am sweating like a pig. I don't look so bad. I don't understand it. While I have the mirror out, I may as well look at the backs of my thighs.

I've just seen the view. I may or may not be sitting on a brain-frying strip of a taro field on a hill above the village of Ilunbil, about half a day from Munbil, close to the border. I can't see the village. I see the mountains. Here and there, mist. Three huts across the valley, a bush hut behind me. I am overlooking a garden of pincapples. My eyes won't focus. There is food growing around me. I can't move to get at it. Sali and Bickie have left me.

The walk may be over. My knee. The leg is swollen, the knee. The flesh on my feet has been eaten away. Sali and Bickie have left me here, in the sun. The sun! If there is one thing I loathe, it's the sun. The solar block I consume! I would inject it into my veins with the greatest pleasure.

Sali and Bickie are going to scout down to the village. Try to get some food. Find out where we are. They said they would be back before dark. I really can't move. I'm in the open out here. An easy shot. No water. I'm thirsty. I don't have much saliva left... Wait—is my paranoia out of control, or is somebody actually calling my name?

Sali?

Sali and Bickie are coming up the mountain. There is a procession behind them. Fifteen, 20 people. They are all carrying food. In a line. They have tremendous amounts of food. They are singing and beaming with kindness. There must be 30 or 40 of them. Bananas! Corn!

"How do you do?" I scream.

"Matches!" says Sali, laughing.

"Yes, give them the matches!" I shout. "Give them the beads! Give them my lighter! How do you do? Give them the entire backpack. Oh! Tobacco!"

I try to stand.

"Careful, Jean," says Sali softly.

"I'll be better by tomorrow!" I shout and drop to the ground.

The people stop in shock, daintily moving only their eyeballs. But their faces grow tender when they see my feet. They are tiny individuals, gold-red-brown-colored, elegant, reserved, the ladies in cloth skirts and the men wearing nose quills and penis gourds.

"I just arrive and tell them," says Sali, laughing. "And this lady here [pointing], she ran and get *kaukau*."

"I'm so glad!"

I reach up and shake the lady's hand with such force, her entire thin little golden person vibrates.

We have arrived at Munbil. There is an airstrip, nine or ten huts, a short-wave radio and an aid-post hut run by a Telefomin tribesman named Robin.

Sali refuses to go on to the border. So

does Bickie. I have offered Sali the pack and the tent. He still refuses to go on. We are in Robin's hut, negotiating. The villagers are standing quietly outside. Robin says no men will go, because of the curse on the river. I walk over to the door of the hut and shout outside.

"Anybody want to go to the border? Sixty kina!"

The people step backward and gape at me, a mammoth female, red as a crab, in a turd-green dress, smelling of rotting flesh, smeared with petroleum jelly and shouting, "*The border! Sixty kina! Big bucks! You're all extremely good-looking! Sixty kina!*"

A handsome little man with a red headband, red earrings, cane calf bracelets, a nose quill and a bathing suit with red and blue flags on it holds both his hands on his forehead in shocked contemplation.

"They're not jumping at the offer," I say to Sali, laughing.

Naturally, I am filled with spite at Sali.

"I am thinking of my life, see?" says Sali. He is all dressed up. He and Bickie have groomed each other and pinched the lice out of their hair, and Sali has taken the butterfly dust off his face and is wearing the blue-and-white shirt I gave him.

"The bridge is not good," he says. "The river is high. It is bad weather."

He is wearing a pair of boots. I have never seen his feet covered before. He is sitting across the hut beside Robin, carving an arrow point with a *cuz cuz* jaw.

"But, Sali!" I cry. "Think of the adventure! Think how much money you and Bickie will have! Chicken day in and day out! Cigarettes! Survival knives! Lighters! Sanitary napkins for your wives! My God! Plus the pack!"

Sali shakes his head.

"It won't save my life, you see."

A long look passes between us.

"Oh, Sali," I say.

"We will get on the radio and call Telefomin," says Robin. "You are very strange to us, Jeanie. There are enemy across the river. The plane will come on the meadow and take you back."

By habit, I glance back at the man in whom I still have boundless faith.

"Give it up, Jean," says Sali.

The radio is not ready, because it runs on solar energy. "We wait for it to get heat," says Robin.

I step up and take a long look.

"Can we build a fire under it?" I say.

The village leader, Amos, a short, powerfully built man, comes with his bow and arrows to sit in Robin's hut with us. He makes his wife stay outside and settles down beside me. He nods to Sali with respect, then fixes his eyes on my legs.

"He say he glad to see you come here safe," says Robin.

"Thank you."

"But he say one thing," says Robin.

"What?"

"He say you got a lot of sores on your body."

"Oh!" I say, laughing.

"That is thing he really worried about."

"It's OK."

"He say to get a man and stop running around in the bush like a crazy person."

I am sulking in my tent. Should I describe the village? On high cliffs, above a fast river, at the end of a meadow, surrounded by high, jungly mountains, thick air, a power of tranquillity about it, quiet, beautiful. It is getting on my nerves. I have found primitive man. Now what? Do I





strike you as having the disposition of an anthropologist? No matter. It is *they* who watch me. The village sits outside my tent around the clock, very pleasant, pattering, very friendly, throwing great style into it, everyone very short, very tender, golden-pancake-colored, looking like Edith Wharton but finer, more elegant, slimmer, eight or nine earrings, high cheekbones, wide-set eyes, bad teeth, elegant gestures, voices like violas; and I am inside, in a rage at Sali, sitting still, listening to the sweat drop off my face onto the tent floor.

I am not a serious person. My disposition is sunny. My vocation is to have a good time. I've chosen writing to make my money and need hardly say that running sores, a burning groin, causing an entire village to ejaculate in astonishment when I take off my hat and these kinds of things are completely out of my sphere.

Afternoon. Two o'clock. Time to wash my feet. I hobble down to the stream. Sixteen or 17 people come with me. "Sing for them, Jean," says Robin. "Make them laugh." I sing *Hark! The Herald Angels Sing*, and my listeners just lie on the ground and howl. I have come 8000 miles, swum torrents, clawed up mountains, hacked through jungle, crossed through enemy territory, taught two innocent, brave men to swear like thugs in a bawdy-house and cut my legs to such ribbons that opaque panty hose loom disproportionately large in my future, to arrive at last in an Atbalmin village to entertain a clan of primitive men who live in paradise, hunting, raising pigs and being very happy with their wives and children, and whose *real* lives I can't see, for as God is my witness, all they do is sit in the shade and stare at me in amazement.

I am within a couple of minutes of hobbling out of here with two not-so-bright, money-crazed Atbalmin tribesmen I have hired from across the river, and the radio comes on. Julian, the commander of the Telefomin Rural Police, is sending in a plane. It will cost 520 *kina* (\$540) to fly Sali, Bickie and me to Telefomin. I say we'll go if they will take my check.

Things couldn't be worse. They are going to take my check. There is only one pilot in New Guinea who knows where Munbil is and he is on Christmas vacation, so Julian says he himself is coming in with a young pilot and will show him the way through the mountains.

We are going to crash. No doubt of it.

I strike the tent, pack up and am all dressed and sitting under a tree in my eye make-up for the young pilot, with all the people around me going through one another's hair, looking for lice. Wives and husbands. It's nice—the flowers, the wind going through the leaves, the clouds coming over. I only like it now because I am going somewhere.

The plane is not coming. Julian could not get a pilot who had government clearance to fly to the border. I am putting the tent back up. The radio has just come back on. The plane is coming. It's sundown. The clouds are thickening. I've struck the tent again. And put my make-up back on.

The villagers are all standing in the meadow, deadily silent. Watching.

And here comes the plane!

The village is so excited! People are running around! The plane is huge! Dogs are barking. The pigs are galloping for the huts. Everybody is screaming for everybody else to get back. We're all about a mile back. Oh! The plane is cutting very sharply to miss the back end of the mountain. Goddamn! Whooo! It's an enormous twin-engine Otter. It's tilting very sharply. *Oh—Christ!* It almost just crashed! Judas God. It almost crashed on the meadow. I am laughing hysterically. The roar of the engines is terrific. The entire village has broken into wild applause. The plane is taxiing up the meadow; the propellers are throwing up a great wind. It is circling. Whooo! Everybody is getting blown. Oh, my Lord, the plane door just opened. Not one but three pilots are stepping off the plane. Oh, Lord. A very tall pilot in reflectors and bush shorts is coming toward me!

"Bruce is my name."

"How do you do?" I shout above the roar of the propellers. "Jean."

"Jean? Pleased to meet you!" he shouts.

"You're not the fool who's taking my check, are you?" I shout.

"No," he shouts. "This is Wayne!"

The second pilot, also in reflectors and bush shorts, but blond, strolls up.

"How do you do?" I yell.

"We must board immediately," shouts Bruce. "We haven't much light."

"*Sali and Bickie!*" I scream. "Where are Sali and Bickie?"

Sali comes forward. Bickie is having no part of it. The village leader is pushing him toward the plane and everyone else back, so we can board.

"Now, where do you want to go?" says Bruce, climbing in after Bickie.

"Telefomin," I say.

Bickie is just staggering around inside in terror. Sali is running and sitting in one seat after the other and yelling out the door to Robin. The villagers are smiling and crying and waving without letup.

"What are you *doing* in this place?" says Bruce from the pilot's seat.

"I walked in," I say.

"*Walked!*" he says. "Where from?"

"Telefomin," I say.

He is silent a moment.

"Yeah?" he says. "Wow."

They rev up the engines.

"Bickie!" I cry. "How do you like this?"

Bickie is strapped in on all sides, clutching the hand rests, though we haven't even closed the door yet.

"Sali!" I say.

"We have a trip, Jean!" shouts Sali, and we make up in a glance. The third pilot shuts the door; the propellers roar; the villagers, in their little excited clump, are nearly blown off their feet; and, with everybody waving, we rocket at tremendous speed down the meadow, lift into a cut between the mountains and soar away into the heavens.

It is dark. I hobble out of the tent to get some water. Something grips my foot. It climbs all around and *under* the flesh. I start to stumble. I put my hand on the ground, and something goes up my arm. I start screaming; not screaming but saying, "Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!" Sali comes out of the bush hut. He picks me up in his arms. He screams; I am screaming; and he carries me out of the grass and puts me down and turns on the flashlight. Small, hairy, shiny, blue-black spiders are burying themselves in our flesh.

No, it's not just a nightmare. It happened. At Illunbil. But I wake up in my apartment on 26th Street in New York, with my dog on my chest in a hirsute ball, dreaming of it again.

*Sali! Bickie! You had such an effect on me!*

It was not your manly valor, or your physical courage, or your genius in fast water, or your primordial humor, or the way you turned your heads when I came down a mountain so you would not look up my skirt, or your flatteries about my cooking, or the time you hauled me across the Dagiam River, or any of the other 100,000,000 things you did to save my life and make me grow to love you and esteem you; no, it wasn't any of that.

It was something elemental, something about how you and I got along, something that changed my mind, something you taught me—that under this sky and upon this earth, men and women are truly meant to be together.

A fine thing to find out at my age!

I go into the forest in search of primitive man with one idea about the order of things and come out with an entirely different idea. Yes, under the ulcerations on these legs, I am a different woman. My brain has been cleared of the trivial and superfluous. My gray areas have been wiped out by the white spaces of the map. I now understand the significance of civilization. I see the path toward grace. I have developed a new philosophy—*Get married.*

Naturally, John Johnson is a tad surprised, but he is holding up well after a histrionic scene at four in the morning in the Food Emporium at 18th and Park, where I forced him to propose to me in front of the fresh-flower case; and very shortly now, we'll be making a little trip down Broadway to City Hall. The track has been cleared of all vegetation; the path is downhill; the way is smooth; the buildings grow tall and magnificent; and there is happiness without end.





*"I feel timeless," I say to her. "I feel blessed." "I came nine times," she replies.*

Her eyes widen, her jaw drops. "Ah, you recognize it?" I ask. "You're standing on my foot," she says. "I'm sorry." "No. I've never seen it before," she says. "Never?" "Never," she says. "I don't think you're of noble birth at all."

I frown. She comforts me with a kiss on the emblem and pats the bench for me to sit down again.

I sit close to her so that our shoulders touch. "Tell me about you," I say.

She sighs. "I was twelve," she says. "The Pharaoh won my liberty, my virginity and the rights to my father's diamond mine in a game of seven-card stud."

"A mine is a terrible thing to waste," I say, covering my mouth.

She brushes her graceful hand across my sun-bronzed cheek. I brush my hand across her cheek. What communication.

"You're so gentle," she says, "and yet so strong. How do you do it?"

I've never thought about that. Is it genetics? A childhood of splitting logs bare-handed while listening to Bach? I find the question interesting and am prevented from putting more thought into it only because the queen has begun to take her clothes off. She rises and turns to face me. She takes her time. Each article that falls reveals tantalizing curves that surpass in beauty any I have ever imagined. I am mesmerized, trapped in observation mode. I feel a surge of passion as the blood leaves my brain and goes straight to my head. Finally, she stands naked before me, hands on her hips, her weight evenly distributed in a proud, defiant stance. She smiles daringly, tosses her head back in a play of youth and exuberance and shamelessly displays her delicious body. She runs her hands slowly from her shoulders to her firm breasts, across her rib cage and stomach, to the triangle of her downy pubic hair, which she frames with her thumbs and index fingers as her hands come to rest on her pale inner thighs. She gazes deep into me. Her mouth quivers ever so slightly, and she whispers:

"Now what do you wanna do?"

Her words are barely audible over the sound of my pulse.

The queen and I spend the next three hours raising the roof, lowering the floor and knocking out the walls. We act out our fantasies and share our secrets, making love in the way only a queen and a blue-collar worker can.

At the end of the luscious hours, we lie in a daze in each other's arms, wrapped in blankets and warm thoughts.

"I feel timeless," I say to her. "I feel blessed, transcendent, as though I have tapped a source of infinite energy and wisdom unrelated to the mundane world. Do you know what I mean, my love?"

She weighs my words thoughtfully. "I came nine times," she replies.

We hear a terrible pounding noise. Max, the foreman, breaks down the door and bursts in. He wields a giant saber and slices the air with it.

"Ah-ha!" he bellows. "I knew it."

"Good for you, schmuck," I say, already on my feet, though without a stitch of clothing to cover me. The queen cowers under the blankets.

"When the Pharaoh finds out about this!" yells Max.

"Get out of here, Max," I say. "You're spoiling the mood."

He lunges at me with the saber. I jump aside, grab one of the blankets and hurl it over him like a net. I miss him completely; the blanket sails softly to the floor.

"So you're gonna play tough," says Max sarcastically.

"You'd attack a naked, unarmed man, Max?"

"Yes!" he says.

He raises the sword and charges. I let loose the loudest scream I've ever heard and counterattack faster than Max can comprehend. My fists rain down on his face; I wrench the sword from his grasp; I throw him to the floor and kick him in the ribs. Standing over him, my foot on his chest, I hold the point of the saber to his throat.

The queen is impressed.

"Now what do you have to say, Max?" I ask.

Max spits straight up at my face, but he can't spit that far, and the gooey stuff falls back down and lands in his left eye.

Gravity strikes again.

The next day, the queen banishes Max before he can get word to the Pharaoh. She secures for me the position of apprentice to the court architect. I begin work on an inverted pyramid with sauna, weight room, suntan booths, indoor tennis courts, indoor golf course—for an afterlife of recreation and stunning good health.

The queen and I contemplate running away together. But I enjoy being a court architect, and she enjoys being queen of the most powerful and advanced civilization on the planet, and those two jobs would be tough to land in the next county.

We contemplate murdering the Pharaoh and sliding him into that wonder-of-the-world crypt. But our hearts won't let us commit the dastardly act.

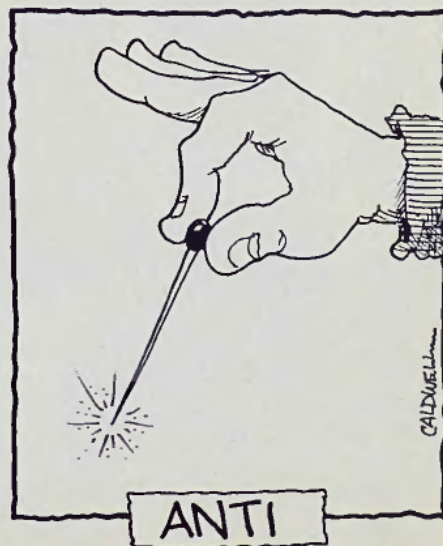
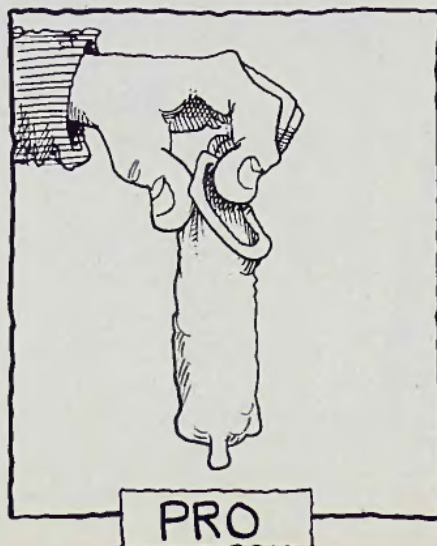
We contemplate calling the whole thing off and going back to our old roles. But then she brushes her hand across my cheek. And I brush my hand across her cheek. And we spend the night in a wild marathon of sexual abandon. Later, in the afterglow, we challenge each other intellectually by exchanging provocative viewpoints on great works of literature. If our discussion reaches a stalemate, we can invite Moo in to stimulate us with additional considerations.

Months pass. The old Pharaoh grows ill. Attended by nurses, physicians and state-licensed spiritual consultants, he makes practically no demands on his wife.

The queen and I are young. We have hope, health and beautiful white teeth. And we have love. When we hold each other tight and dance the tango at Farukka-Hoo's, nothing else matters in the world.



## UNDERSTANDING PHYLACTICS....





# FAST FORWARD

*W*

## ACKO

So tell us about your parents, Gilbert. "Well, my father's actual name is Adolf, but his friends call him Buck. Buck Gottfried." Do you think you'll ever have children? "I'd have to achieve an erection first." How was your childhood? "I wasn't an unhappy child," he explains. "I'm an unhappy adult." While Gilbert Gottfried, 32, is not very forthcoming during interviews, at least he's very funny. And he does divulge this much: He's Jewish, he's close to his mother, he's good-hearted and robustly eccentric. He is also the odds-on favorite to be this year's most talked-about comic. The credentials are all in place: the obligatory cable special, an album released ("I was thinking of calling it *Sgt. Pepper*," he says, but apparently chose *Gilbert Gottfried Naturally*); he pops up all over TV and is a major draw on the comedy-club circuit. Not everything, of course, has been a hit. "I tried to play the Catskills," he complains, "but they think I'm too Jewish."

—LAURA FISSINGER

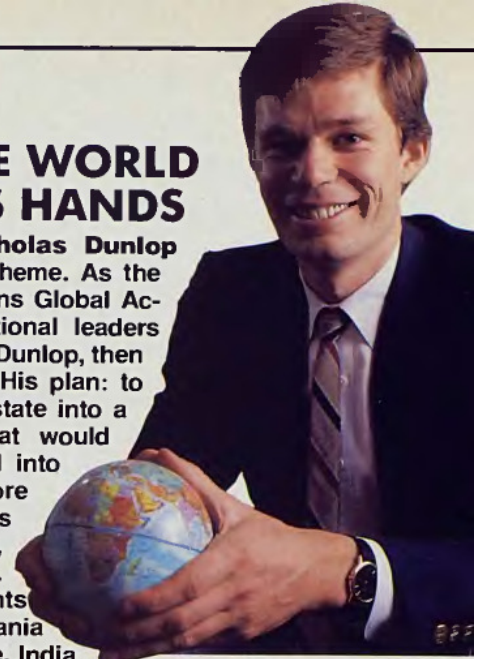


GEORGE LANGE

## THE WORLD IN HIS HANDS

It was in 1981 that Nicholas Dunlop hatched his ambitious scheme. As the director of Parliamentarians Global Action, a group of international leaders opposed to nuclear arms, Dunlop, then 24, decided to up the pressure. His plan: to organize half a dozen heads of state into a high-level antinuclear group that would "shock the nations of the world into taking nuclear disarmament more seriously." Considering Dunlop's age and his limited financing, his goal was audacious at best. But three years later, the presidents of Mexico, Argentina and Tanzania and the prime ministers of Greece, India and Sweden delivered a joint statement urging the superpowers to halt the arms race. Recently, the six world leaders moved beyond their original declaration, calling for a comprehensive nuclear-testing ban and offering to monitor it themselves. The next step, Dunlop hopes, is for the leaders to serve as negotiators between the world's two nuclear giants, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. If that seems unlikely, remember the quixotic nature of Dunlop's original quest. "All you need to achieve difficult things in politics is a certain amount of nerve," he points out. "The key thing is not to be afraid of being laughed at."

—RONALD BROWNSTEIN



BRITAIN HILL



BENNO FRIEDMAN

## SHE'S ON THE BALL

When she was seven years old, she shot pool on *I've Got a Secret*. At 13, she was the Women's U.S. Open Pocket Billiards champion—the youngest national champ in American sports history. She challenged, and smoked, the legendary Willie Mosconi. Since then, Brooklyn's Jean Balukas, 28, has won nine more U.S. Open titles, five Women's Professional Billiard Association titles and, in her spare time, has taken on the best male players in the world. "There were a lot of bad attitudes from the men at first," recalls Balukas. "But I won matches. I proved I was a legitimate competitor." She abhors the sleazeball image movies such as *The Color of Money* project of her game. "We need corporate sponsorship, and to get that, we will have to clean up our image. A lot of the bigger tournaments are now asking players to wear tuxedos. I like that," she says. "There's a company that plans to make very feminine silk tuxedos, and I'm going to be the first in line."

—KEVIN COOK





JAMES SCHNEPP

## HARD ROCK 'N' ROLL

Los Angeles has more than its share of hip eateries, most of which are as known for their limited life spans as for their fickle Brat Pack clientele. **Peter Morton** has created the most notable exception. His Hard Rock Cafe not only endures, it's successful enough to survive transplantation. Morton, 40, now rules over five new Hard Rocks, from Honolulu to Chicago, with two more restaurants set to open later this year. (The ones in New York, Dallas, London and Stockholm are now owned by a former partner.) Each branch is maniacally noisy and has an ambience Morton describes as "the Smithsonian Museum of Rock 'n' Roll," with rock artifacts lining the walls. In such a setting, the Hard Rock's biggest surprise is the food—classic American fare such as chicken, ribs, chili and burgers—which is good enough to impress even the most jaded critic. "It's probably better food than it has to be," admits Morton. "We've got high standards."

—MERRILL SHINDLER

# S FIRE POWER

he is, as they say, "one of Hollywood's fastest-rising young actresses." And **Meg Ryan**, so she says, is confident that she can avoid the ultimate show-business trap. "Going Hollywood has to do with what you drive, the size of your entourage and where you have dinner. Power lunches are not happening for me." Ryan, 26, parlayed a three-day role as the wife of Tom Cruise's buddy in *Top Gun* into starring roles in *Innerspace* ("I got to kiss Dennis Quaid and Martin Short at the same time"), the upcoming *D.O.A.* and *Promised Land*, in which she plays her dream role, a tattooed, pink-haired prostitute. "I'm sexy sometimes," she says, "but I'm never going to be a glamor puss. I'm comfortable with people treating me like a goon." Her stint on the New York-based soap *As the World Turns* armed her with an East Coast get-it-done work ethic that has served her well. "If you have the ethic instilled in you and you apply it to L.A. culture, you can get anything done," she maintains. However, she's quick to point out that she's not always like the upbeat, charming characters she plays. "I'm really a very dark soul who reads Jean-Paul Sartre," she says, smiling. "I've seen every one of the *Friday the 13th* movies. It's a vice of mine."

—ROBERT CRANE



BONNIE SCHIFFMAN



*"Why not make it a show trial? A tremendous idea! The trial of the CIA. Oh my, it was beautiful!"*

Senator from Connecticut and was for a term national chairman of Americans for Democratic Action. No man since Morris Abram landed at Brandeis University in 1968 as president has had a more pronounced career as a liberal activist—but this was the man who called the cops.

When 40 or 50 cops, dressed to endure the kind of punishment students on the march can mete out, began dragging out the trespassers, little did they know what they were initiating. Some of the students struggled to free themselves; some went limp; others preferred the tumescent body posture that requires police escorts to handle them as they would a coffin. As they were being stuffed into the buses, a 19-year-old sophomore was standing by, watching, dressed in her Army fatigue jacket, on the prowl for peace and justice.

The lightning was friendly that day: Amy Carter and her two companions were struck by opportunity. They promptly lay down on the road, preventing the police buses from moving. The obstructers

were in due course shoveled up by the police, added to the live cargo in the rear and driven off to jail. There, the 60 who had occupied the building were arraigned, charged with trespassing (the lesser of available charges: They could have been charged with attempts to violate civil rights). Amy and her friends were charged with disorderly conduct (they could have been charged with obstructing justice). Both charges being misdemeanors, the defendants were permitted to leave the police office without bail. A crowd of 100 cheered those who were now "The Defendants." The Defendants *vs.* The Plaintiffs—the military-industrial complex' spy division.

When students do that kind of thing, college officials usually don't get around to pressing charges. But Joe Dufley saw himself here defending the civil rights of other students, including their right to hear CIA representatives. And so, suddenly it was whispered about: *There would be a trial!*

Why not—the defendants reacted—make it a show trial? A tremendous idea! In-

stead of a trial documenting misdemeanors by students engaged in occupying public quarters in a university building, and of other students obstructing policemen in the discharge of their duties, the whole thing would be transmogrified into the trial of the CIA. Oh my, it was beautiful!

The defendants got Leonard Weinglass as chief counsel. He was the man who had defended the seven people charged by the fascists in Chicago, after the Democratic Convention of 1968, with having conspired against the civil rights of those gathered to nominate *somebody*, for God's sake, to oppose Richard Nixon for President. . . . Yes, the same great Weinglass who had successfully defended the Chicago Seven agreed to take on the defense of Amy Carter and her compatriots. And—it was becoming too good to be true—it just happened that among the arraigned protesters was Abbie Hoffman, and do you know where Abbie Hoffman was 19 years ago? *He was one of the Chicago Seven!*

The protesters would now need a defense committee to raise funds, and a lot of publicity.

And they would need expert witnesses.

Expert witnesses to prove what? Nobody denied that some of the defendants had seized a public building and that the others had obstructed the police in the performance of their duties. No—all that would be stipulated. The defendants would argue their innocence under the Massachusetts law called the necessity defense. That, in a paraphrase of the judge's instructions to the jury published in *The New York Times*, is "a tenet of Massachusetts case law that exonerates people who commit crimes if they reasonably believe that their actions will prevent other crimes that pose the 'clear and immediate threat' of greater harm." By interdicting any intercourse between CIA personnel and students at the University of Massachusetts, the defendants would abort efforts by an organization presumptively engaged in murder, torture, arson and rape to fertilize the aggressive eggs that lie in the dark areas of the human brain even of students who attend the University of Massachusetts. Thus, students were being saved from lives of aggressive debauchery. The court would be convinced that Amy et al. had been guilty of crossing a red light but only in order to prevent a busload of school children from driving off the cliff.

The judge was asked, by motion of the prosecutor, Diane Fernald, to deny the "experts" summoned by the defense any access to the witness stand. What does their testimony about the CIA have to do with the questions before the house? she asked. All that the state of Massachusetts is contending is that these defendants seized a public building and deprived other students of their rights. We are not here, the prosecutor said, in effect, to try the CIA, or the FBI, or the Hitler-Stalin Pact, or the Donation of Constantine; we are here to ask punishment for these people



*"Well, now. That was a pleasant evening."*



who broke the law.

But Judge Richard F. Connon must have thought it would be much more interesting to have a show trial. Perhaps he had in mind the war-crimes trials of Bertrand Russell, at which the President of the United States and its admirals and generals, *in absentia*, were the defendants, and witness after witness from North Vietnam would come into Lord Russell's courtroom in Stockholm and dilate on the criminal atrocities of the United States in Indochina, so distracting to the North Vietnamese, who were engaged in sowing paradise on earth.

Judges don't often get a chance to take part in great human parades, a chance to feel the exhilaration of sleeves-rolled-up political roistering. Mostly, judges sit; sit all day, listening to long-winded arguments from Philadelphia lawyers having to do with how hairs are logically and constitutionally split. This judge could instead sit back and listen to *Where Are They Now?*, starring Daniel Ellsberg! Then listen to Edgar Chamorro (who in the hell is Edgar Chamorro? Never mind. If the defendants want to bring him in, he will be interesting). Listen to Ralph McGehee. (Ralph who? Again, never mind: His testimony is sure to be dramatic.)

Judge Connon ruled for the defense. Let the "experts" on the CIA be heard in this trial on disorderly conduct and trespassing by students at Amherst, Massachusetts.

And so the jurors listened to Ellsberg, who 16 years ago gave the classified Pentagon papers to the press and has ever since dwelled happily in the fever swamps where, at night in the gloaming, the witches gather to tell the children about the atrocities committed by Americans in Vietnam. And listened to Chamorro, once a Jesuit priest, now a foot-loose Nicaraguan who testified that he had been recruited by the CIA and told to teach the *Contras* how to practice butchery against the *Sandinistas*—never mind that these same *Sandinistas* were merely trying to do something for their people, among other things relieving them of the burdens of due process, private property and free speech. And listened to McGehee, who feels so aggrieved against the CIA, for which he worked for 25 years (why so long? Slow learner?), that he spends much of his time now elaborating his case against it, which case is consolidated in his book *Deadly Deceits*, the kind of deceits Amy and Abbie Hoffman and, your Honor, everyone who believes in freedom and decency, the Bill of Rights and international law opposes.

The jury deliberated for three hours and found the defendants Not Guilty. Amy called home and told reporters her father was proud of her and proud of the verdict.

The headlines! The headlines! "CIA, NOT PROTESTERS/FOUND GUILTY BY MASS. COURT." If the doctrine of necessity defense applied in Virginia, presumably no one obstructing passage into CIA headquarters in Langley could be prosecuted. So the

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doors of the CIA would close, the verdict of Abbie Hoffman and Amy Carter. The jubilant defendants announced an anti-CIA march on Washington to be held ten days later.

There was a slight pause in the jubilation when Amy told a *Washington Post* reporter that she got most of her news from Oprah Winfrey's television talk show. . . .

Early last spring, many weeks were given over to spy scandals, a fitting prelude to the months subsequently spent trying to spy out what on earth was going on in Reagan's White House during 1985-1986. First it transpired—in the colorful summary of Congressman Dick Armey—that our brand-new embassy in Moscow was “nothing but an eight-story microphone plugged into the Politburo.” The reaction was sensational. Senators voted by an overwhelming margin (70-30) their conviction that Secretary of State George Shultz should, in protest, postpone his visit to Moscow, where he was scheduled to meet with his counterpart to discuss a new disarmament treaty unless security was assured. The question actually arose: Where in Moscow might Shultz meet to discuss confidentially with his advisors and aides the day's developments and to plan the next day's strategies? Normally, when in search of maximum security abroad, U.S. diplomats retire to “the bubble”—a kind of electronic bunker within which, it has generally been supposed, not even your guardian angel can overhear you. Well, it turned out that our bubble in Moscow had been successfully bugged.

Now, that which is bugged does not get debugged merely by the switch of a sweeper's wand (the estimated cost of debugging the new embassy has been put at \$40,000,000). The bubble not being secure, it was suggested by some officials that the Secretary of State take to Moscow his own traveling van, presumably something on the order of what CBS News trots out when there is a location story to be covered. But then such vans were pronounced unsafe by an expert, who said they could easily be made to irradiate the sounds even of whisperers within. For a while it was thought that perhaps the Secretary should retreat every evening to his Air Force jet and use it as an office; but the unspoken consensus was that this would not be dignified. I volunteered the suggestion that staff meetings be held in a helicopter a couple of thousand feet over Moscow, but no one took it seriously.

As we all know, the Secretary did go to Moscow, and some kind of contrivance was jury-rigged to attempt to secure one meeting room. We do not know whether security was achieved. I remember as a boy listening to the Metropolitan Opera over the radio one Saturday afternoon and hearing the narrator, during one of the intermissions, dwell on a question that had been sent in by someone listening in to the

# C O M P A

By KAREN WYNN  
memoir

I WAS MARRIED to a CIA case officer assigned to covert operations, in the elite spy section of the CIA that targets the Soviet Union and the K.G.B. For ten years, I watched the CIA in action, not only from the vantage point of my kitchen but from the streets of Europe, shoulder to shoulder with my husband. I helped out, as other wives have, as a second pair of eyes and ears. I acted as telephone contact when touchy operations were under way and carried sandwiches to an audio team holed up in a safe house to monitor Russian radio transmissions. I stood in freezing rain watching an apartment belonging to a Russian military-intelligence officer my husband hoped to recruit. And I attended all-CIA parties, three or four a week, where my husband and his case-officer colleagues topped one another's stories with ever more polished versions of their lives as spies.

One such tale of espionage life was told by an agent I'll call Terry. Like many of the agent stories I heard, this one revolved around CIA and

K.G.B. behavior toward each other. Rule one of this relationship is that American and Soviet agents do not kill each other. This keeps the blood off the floor and allows case officers for both sides to get on with the generally exciting job of “running” agents—recruiting informants, coaxing information from them, paying them and holding their hands when they get paranoid or arrested.

Terry's story hinged on a rule that covered a surprisingly common occurrence: CIA and K.G.B. case officers' ending up in the same restaurant, each entertaining an agent. Terry settled down in the booth of Munich's finest restaurant, the Vier Jahreszeiten. With him was his agent, an ex-Nazi scientist who liked to be taken to plush restaurants to bully waiters on Terry's expense account. Caught up in the embarrassment of his guest's behavior, Terry forgot to look around to see if one of the local K.G.B. was already dining there. The unwritten rule is clear: The first case officer into the restaurant stays;

the second one leaves—immediately.

Terry and his guest were well into a progression of courses when Terry excused himself to go to the men's room. Winding his way through the tables, he came face to face with a K.G.B. case officer he had seen often around town. Worse, the K.G.B. man was obviously entertaining an agent; and, from the evidence of coffee and brandy on the table, he had been there first.

Terry told it to us this way. “So I just kept going, right into the head, wondering what to do. And he followed me in. I'm standing at a urinal, trying to pee with a K.G.B. guy right next to me. He kind of hisses at me around the partition. And he says, ‘Do you hate your Germans as much as we hate our Germans?’”

Terry's story was a favorite at CIA parties; it never failed to get a laugh.

The all-CIA parties were an important proving ground for the agents, and not just because of the spy stories they told at them. Early on, I was unnerved by the way my husband's case-officer buddies stroked, hugged and kissed me at these affairs. Eventually, I saw that in the homophobic CIA, case officers safely play out with one another's wives the trust and affection that result from operations carried out as a team.

At one such party, one of the senior wives named the problem with CIA operatives. She said offhandedly, “It's just cowboys and Indians, you know. One of the things you have to live with is that your kids grow up and your husband doesn't.”

During a long tour in Greece, Paul planned and then got permission from higher and higher levels of the hierarchy to bug the Russian embassy. For my husband, there was a reason to run the operation: The CIA's finance section, emboldened by budget-cutting directives from the White House, had demanded that the Athens section justify the rent it paid, year after year, on an antique-filled apartment next to the Russian embassy. Finance's incursion into operations had to be nipped in the bud; the best way to do that was to pull off something daring.

After months of discussion with paid agents who claimed they had access to working areas of the Soviet embassy, more hours spent poring over photos of the embassy itself and trips to Germany to look over the agency's workshop of

she  
promised  
to  
love,  
honor,  
obey . . .  
and  
spy



# NYWIFE

microphones and other trick devices, Paul designed a 40-foot telescoping aluminum pole he hoped could deposit a microphone into a vent of the closest air conditioner, one of many left summer and winter on embassy window ledges.

After midnight on a dark winter night, Paul and half a dozen other case officers who couldn't bear to miss the excitement took turns extending the pole across a paved courtyard between the apartment and the embassy, aiming at the air-conditioner vent. It took six fretful hours to thread the microphone into the vent.

The bold operation forced finance to back down, and Paul got a promotion. It didn't seem to matter that the Russians found the bug within hours, and the room with the air conditioner turned out to be the embassy's day-care center.

In the tenth year of our life in the CIA, Operations selected a new group of people for training and eventual assignment to Moscow. We had psychiatric screening, medical checkups, interviews. I had mixed emotions when Paul told me we had been accepted. The training was long: two years of full-time Russian for both of us, a year or so at the State Department for Paul's cover assignment and training in communication techniques.

For years, I'd heard rumors about the training for Moscow. I knew that we would be sequestered in a New York hotel in the middle of winter, with our rooms bugged; we would be tailed up and down the streets of Manhattan and taught how to communicate with agents we could never speak with, never meet. By simulating the conditions and stress that we would feel in the Soviet Union, our trainers would teach us how to operate at the edge, before adrenaline tumbled us over into panic.

In the second week, Charley, one of our trainers, handed me an aluminum cigarette case wrapped with black electrical tape where the top half slid down over the bottom. He called it "the pass."

"What's in it, Charley?"

"Nothing. But over there, it'll have instructions, maps, money, microfilm, anything small you have to pass to your agent or he has to pass back to you."

"What do I do with it?"

"You can toss it out of a car; you can tape it under a church pew; you can leave it in a restaurant john. You can also hand it off to your agent on the street or

he can hand it to you. A brush pass, we call that."

"But the surveillance team'll see me."

"Not if you do what I say."

For the purposes of our training, Porter was our agent. I had met him once, for a few seconds at the beginning of the training for Moscow. Six times a day for the next month, I looked for his calm, slim figure at the right street corner in the right 30-second time period to receive our brush passes.

"Charley, what happens if I screw up? If I drop the pass?"

"You've got one job—recover it. Your agent's got one job—get the hell out of there. If the K.G.B. sees you, they might take you in. But you've got diplomatic immunity, and as long as you're holding on to it, so does the pass. They'll just declare you P.N.G.—*persona non grata*. You get 24 hours to leave the country."

"What about my agent? If they get him, what happens to him?"

"Well, that's why you gotta be careful. Your agent gets shot. Not so bad for you; pretty bad for him."

The last day of the training, we scheduled a brush pass to Porter in front of a cafeteria on Third Avenue at five o'clock. It was stupid planning on our part, for on the minute of five, sidewalks flooded with workers on their way home, shoulder to shoulder with us, front and back. It wasn't the first stupid thing we'd done.

"Go," I signaled Paul as I saw the cafeteria ahead. I linked my right arm in his as we fought through the crowd toward the wall before the cafeteria door. In Paul's right hand was the pass, ready to hand off to Porter.

I saw Porter's face for an instant as the crowd swept us by, and I sensed Paul's hand snaking out. Suddenly, I kicked an object before me. I dipped down as we walked by, scooping it up. It lay on my hand, aluminum and black electrical tape against my black-kidskin glove.

"Paul, I have the pass."

He stared at the case. "It went fine," he said finally. "Porter must have dropped it."

As I pushed the pass into my pocket, waves of rage shook me, rage at Porter. I wanted to kill him, and I had no idea why. Arm in arm, Paul and I supported each other back to the hotel.

As we arrived at the briefing room,

Charley bounded up. "Did ya get it, did ya get it?"

I slowly handed him the case. "I kicked it. I didn't see it, I just kicked it."

"You got it!" he crowed. "Hey, guys, she *did* get it!" he yelled into the next room. "Nobody even saw you go down. We had the whole street staked out—guys on every corner, some big shots from headquarters in an office window upstairs watching the whole thing."

A sudden frown crossed his face. He examined the case closely. "Yep, same one," he said with new satisfaction.

"How . . . ?" Paul croaked.

"Oh, I set it up with Porter, told him to drop it and see what you did."

"A setup? You told Porter to drop the pass?"

"Yeah," said Charley, reacting to the accusation in Paul's voice. "Just wanted to see how you'd do. You did fine, great."

Rage washed over me again—rage at Charley, who'd been my friend; rage at Porter, because I trusted him and because I hadn't seen the pass drop and because he would get shot.

A month later, I told Paul that I could not go to Moscow with him.

"They don't send men alone," he said. "Because of sexual temptations."

"That's absurd; they send single women."

He shrugged.

"Then turn it down. Please."

"It's an honor. I can't refuse. Not without wrecking my career."

"You have a right to do the work you love; I believe that. You have to work all your life. But now it's my job, too. I have to decide if I can live with this."

In the end, it was like reaching into a flame. No matter what resolve I had to touch the flame, to play along, my hand wouldn't do it.

"Paul, I can't help you anymore," I told him a month later. "I pass information because I'm told to. My agent gets shot, and I live with that; they don't."

Not long after, Paul resigned from the CIA. I don't know why. Our marriage was already over. Perhaps his career was ruined by my defection; perhaps he came to think that the game was trivial and lethal, as I had. In my bones, however, I know that he will never have a job that he loves as much—the cowboys and Indians and the men who never grow up.





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Saturday-afternoon series from Chicago. He wanted to know, "Who hears the opening strains of the *Tannhäuser* overture first—the people sitting in the balcony of the Met, looking down on the stage, or me, in my living room in Chicago?" The question had been turned over to the technical experts, and now their verdict was in. Given the speed of sound (1130 feet per second), contrasted with the speed of light (186,282 miles per second), the guy in Chicago heard them first. I found myself wondering whether Secretary Shultz, addressing arms-control advisor Paul Nitze across a ten-foot table, was heard first by Nitze and only after that by the K.G.B.; or first by the K.G.B. and then by Nitze. Meanwhile, it was widely reported that our diplomats throughout East Europe and the Soviet Union had been reduced to communicating with one another by handwritten notes and with chalk on children's blackboards. With denuclearization comes the return of the palimpsest.

And it was revealed that two United States Marines had been accused of reciprocating a Russian woman's *glasnost* with their own opening: of the embassy doors. Never mind that, subsequently, some of the charges against them proved too shaky to justify presentation. (Indeed, all charges against Corporal Arnold Bracy were dismissed last June.) We were not told what they might have found in the embassy; there was talk of precious secrets. . . . The key answers to policy questions, for instance (What would be our fallback position if at the bargaining table the Soviet Union said, "XYZ intermediate-range missiles and not one more?"), but also a lot of other material.

The embassy in Moscow is not the major repository of United States secrets; but at this point those following the spy saga wondered whether there was any repository of United States secrets to which the Soviet Union hadn't achieved access in recent times, perhaps with the help of Toshiba, Inc. Since 1984, *The New York Times* reported, "at least" 26 people had been convicted of spying. Among them were spies whose findings caused losses that "reached monumental proportions." An estimated billions of dollars would be required to compensate for the damage.

And we don't know how to put a dollar figure on the damage done at another level. There are, within the borders of the Soviet bloc, a few men and women who struggle against their tyrants by covertly helping the Western alliance, even as what we called the Resistance struggled against the Nazis 45 years ago. How many of them were fingered as "assets" of the United States by these spies? R.I.P.

But in what seemed a matter of hours, it was all pretty much forgotten. Shultz went over to Moscow, delivered a ritual scolding to foreign minister Eduard Shevardnadze, protesting the aggressive spying of the K.G.B. within our embassy, and straightaway got down to the business of

disarmament. The furor in Washington eased away, as it always has. In the past few years, more than a dozen Congressional committees, Government agencies and special advisory panels have published reports detailing the continuous vulnerability of America to spying.

No one is more receptive to the need to do something about it than Ronald Reagan, whose interest in subversive activity dates back to experiences in Hollywood. But—well—somehow, nothing very much gets done about it. After hearing a long report by the State Department, one Representative, a member of the Congressional subcommittee conducting the security investigation, burst out: "You've acted with gross negligence, with gross ineptitude, with gross stupidity. You're playing with people's lives." The State Department official simply stared at the floor. Through the general static we learned that when, on the prodding of his National Security Council, Reagan had resolved to give orders to send home 80 Soviet spies posing as UN diplomats, he was asked by Secretary Shultz, couldn't he please postpone such an action, which might upset pending negotiations with the Soviet Union? (Answer: No—Reagan issued the orders.) It is widely acknowledged that the organic impulse of the diplomatic mind is to belittle spying and, accordingly, to regard the paraphernalia of counterintelligence (Marines, bubbles, safes, polygraphs) as somewhat abrasive impediments to the search for diplomatic conviviality, the green pastures of the Foreign Service.

I set out, ten years ago, to write an espionage novel. That I had, soon after graduating from college, spent nine months as a deep-cover agent for the CIA didn't equip me to write anything other than about the training of deep-cover agents (they know nothing about the internal life of the CIA). No, I had only one special insight. It was that I would accept as axiomatic that the struggle for the world between the Soviet Union on the one side and the Western democracies on the other—for all the complications in holding any person or any state entirely blameworthy, the other entirely blameless—would in my novel depict a struggle between all that is hopeless and all that is hopeful. To make the case for the West does not require one to ignore the existence in America of poverty, race discrimination, a high crime rate, alcoholism, drug consumption or pornography. To make the case for the CIA does not require one to assume that the CIA has never committed, or sanctioned, acts that we would deplore.

But intelligence and counterintelligence, espionage and counterespionage are not activities subject to Euclidean legal specification, and this point is most easily communicated by illustration:

Is it right, or is it wrong, to assassinate the chief of a state with which







we are not at war?

*It is wrong.*

Is it right, or is it wrong, to risk an event that might trigger a nuclear war?

*It is wrong.*

What happens when you cannot abide by the second rule, save by violating the first?

*Give me an example.*

OK. A CIA agent reports that Colonel Idi Amin has got himself a nuclear bomb and that he plans to dispatch it at midnight, on a low-flying bomber, and to drop it on Jerusalem. That agent also reports that, at the crucial moment, at the airport, he can fix the cross hairs of his rifle on the head of Colonel Amin. Question: Does Washington tell him to pull the trigger?

If the question were put to a President Winston Churchill, my guess is that he would say two things: (1) Fire. (2) Don't ever ask me to write a rulebook about when you may and when you may not order the assassination of the head of a state with which you are not at war.

The easiest way to handle the problem

of covert action is to say, "Don't do it." George Kennan takes the position that covert action, if there is the risk that it will not succeed in staying covert, is better off not being undertaken in the first instance; and that point is seductive. Especially in the shadow of the incredible Iran arms deal. The problem with it is that it fails to account comprehensively for the immediate good that can be done by covert action, even if subsequently uncovered. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., tries to put it all in the subjunctive mood by introducing his postulate with the qualifier "One may begin to wonder whether"—one may begin to wonder whether what?—"the troubles [intelligence agencies] cause are not greater than the benefits they bring." One may begin to wonder, except perhaps when sitting in that Pan Am plane and seeing two hijackers led off by the police. Or when one receives word from an intelligence agency, as John F. Kennedy did (with Schlesinger right there in the White House), that one half of the nuclear resources of the Soviet Union had been

transported to Cuba and would be ready to fire in ten days. Would we not have been safer if we had known of it two weeks—a month? Two months?—earlier: known about this cosmic development through alert spying within the Soviet Union?

It is very hard for many Americans to remember that the safety of the republic depends on our knowledge of two things. The first, the knowledge of Soviet capabilities, is comparatively easy to establish—though this, to be sure, is not accomplished without the spying regularly done by our satellite surveillance system. We used to call such creatures Peeping Toms. And in the U-2 phase of our Peeping Toms, we even denied (President Eisenhower simply lied about it) that we were engaged in monitoring Soviet skies. That episode, in 1960, disrupted a summit conference in Paris, and Ike promised Khrushchev he wouldn't do it again. But, in effect, his fingers were crossed. He had been told—by the CIA—that the U-2s were no longer necessary over the Soviet Union, that our new satellites could do the same job at no risk. But the U-2s continued to do valuable service. It was they that discovered the Soviet missiles in Cuba and, conceivably, aborted a nuclear war.

We have resourceful means of ascertaining Soviet capabilities, and the bipartisan emphasis recently placed on verification as a part of any disarmament treaty underlies the importance we attached to a sure knowledge of Soviet capabilities.

But having established that the Soviet Union has the capability of killing about 150,000,000 Americans in a half hour, what then do we want to know? The answer to that, of course, is, We want to know about Soviet intentions. We haven't yet figured out a way for the CIA to administer a truth drug to Gorbachev, but if we could do so and learn exactly what his intentions are, would Amy object?

The importance of spying is manifest. So are the risks. And those risks are magnified by the differences between the culture of darkness, the culture of the totalitarian state, and that of the free state. A Pentagon report in 1985 concluded that spying is so easy for employees of most military-contracting companies that "a supermarket employee may encounter far more difficulty stealing a loaf of bread." The consequences of such indifference to spying are as heavy as the Soviet Union's developing and exploding an atomic bomb in 1949, by reason of its own spying and that committed on its behalf by American and British scientists. That by nature we incline toward defenselessness doesn't mean that we should be complacently defenseless. "Americans just can't get it through their heads that the Soviets will do anything to spy on us."

That was a recent comment by Admiral Stansfield Turner. He used to be head of the CIA, appointed to that position by Amy's dad.



*"Watch out for swappers—we're in enough trouble already."*







flak, and you were clearly not one of his supporters. If you had the power to nominate the next Supreme Court Justice, what would his qualifications have to be?

WASHINGTON: Well, if you're looking for a black candidate, finding a person like Thurgood Marshall, an activist lawyer, isn't that hard to do. But generally, my prerequisites for a Supreme Court Justice, whether that person be black or white, are a certain amount of erudition and training, an open mind and a record that illustrates his or her commitment to certain fundamental American principles, particularly those rearticulated in the Voting Rights Act and a whole line of legal decisions that empowered blacks and other minorities insofar as civil rights and civil liberties are concerned. Above all, the person would have to be devoted to the idea of the separation of powers—not as just some philosophical nicety but because separation of powers makes sure that our liberties are safeguarded—and not just extol the ideas of the Executive branch.

## 15.

PLAYBOY: President Reagan is noted for his afternoon naps. Do you ever take naps?

WASHINGTON: Not by design. Oh, well, I suppose that isn't exactly true. I cat-nap, but I don't go to bed. Sometimes, in the back seat of my car, when I'm being driven from one place to another, I doze for four or five minutes. I'm the kind of person who can relax *totally*, at a moment's notice,

in the middle of a crisis. One of the things people around me used to joke about was that if I got into the car to go, say, from 79th to 22nd Street, I'd usually be asleep before we got to 75th Street.

## 16.

PLAYBOY: There are large numbers of white voters who still can't accept the fact that Chicago has a black mayor. Do you think Dr. Martin Luther King's dream will ever come true in Chicago?

WASHINGTON: In my lifetime? No way, José. One of the reasons that my last campaign was as simple as it was was that the opposition couldn't generate the kind of scalding hate that existed the first time I ran for mayor, in 1983. It wouldn't sell, because people knew that the things my opponents said about me weren't true. They couldn't call me a racist trying to run white folks out of town, because there was no evidence for it. They couldn't say I was bad for business, because we stabilized business. They couldn't say we were going to be unfair to white neighborhoods, because that wasn't true. But still, I don't think I'll ever be totally accepted as mayor; or, to put it another way, I think that race will always be a factor. But the animus will die out. Or, to put it yet another way, the cat will leave, but the smile will stay.

## 17.

PLAYBOY: It has been said that fame is the best aphrodisiac. As one of the best-known

mayors in the nation, have you found that to be true?

WASHINGTON: It's a heart-warming experience; I kid you not. Wherever I go, when I see black women, you know what they say? No matter how young or how old they are, no matter how tired they are, they say, "I'm prayin' for you." It's amazing. And no matter where I run into a black man, he's going to do this [*holds up his fist in a salute*] and say, "Hang in there." It's unbelievable. And this happens all over the country. Now, as to whether being mayor makes me a *sexier* person, what can I say? When you've got it, you've got it; you know what I mean? But seriously, you know, when a man looks at a woman, sex appeal is stature, curves, svelteness—that kind of thing. But sex appeal in a man, as defined by a woman, is power. Plain and simple. Let's face it. It doesn't have anything to do with how you look. But if you're handsome like me, of course, you're a double threat. [*Laughs*]

## 18.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Michael Jackson as a role model for youth?

WASHINGTON: If he's *part* of a conglomerate role model, fine. But if he's *the* role model, no way. Nothing wrong with Michael Jackson, but the world isn't all fun and games, and everybody can't be Michael Jackson. Nor can everybody be Walter Payton. Nor can everybody be Harold Washington. We need a broad spectrum of role models. But black people specifically have to be very careful about their role models, because we don't get much of a chance to project our own; they tend to be projected for us by the white society. I'd like to see some of our academic geniuses held up as role models. I'd like to see people with a high school education or less who worked their way up to where they're now doing well. The whole spectrum; people who've taken hold of their lives and made something out of them with what they had.

## 19.

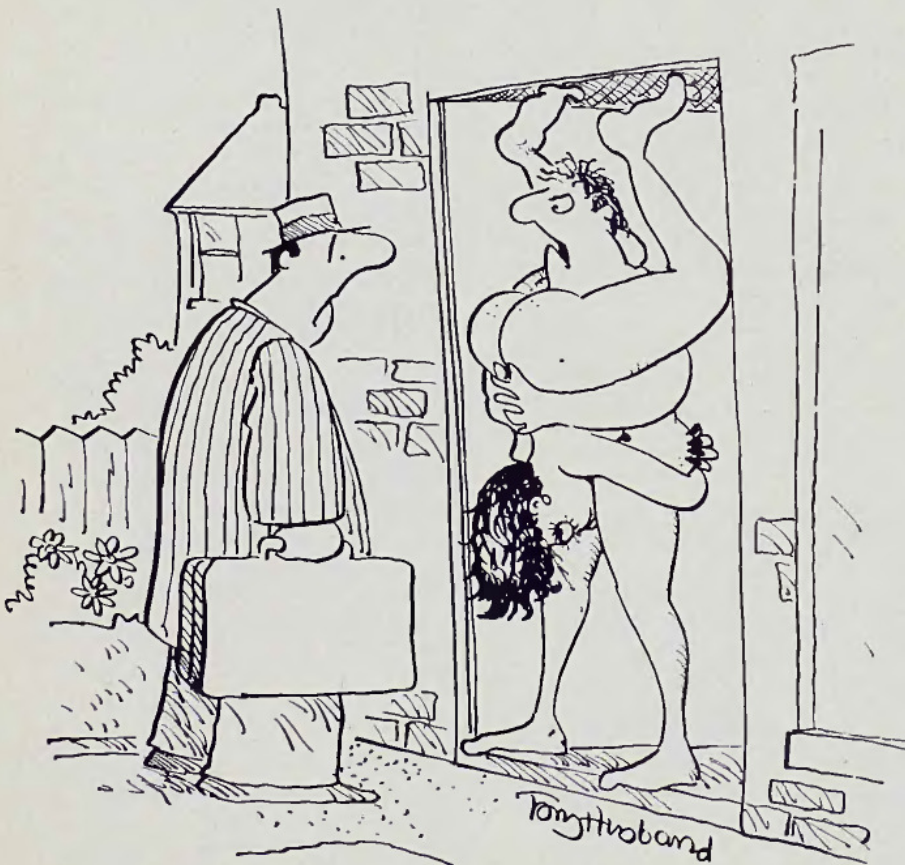
PLAYBOY: What music do you listen to?

WASHINGTON: My taste is catholic. I listen to it all. Jazz, rock 'n' roll, hillbilly; I even listen to some of that white-folks stuff they call opera [*laughs*]. Strike that, strike that! Let's just say I like the rock *and* the roll.

## 20.

PLAYBOY: The Census Bureau says that L.A. is now America's second city; and the FAA claims that Atlanta's airport, not O'Hare, is the nation's busiest. How do you defend your city's honor?

WASHINGTON: Simple. I hereby declare that O'Hare is *still* the busiest airport and that Chicago is *still* the second-largest city in America. Period.



"Yes!?"





## MINIMUM HEADROOM

(continued from page 124)

The TV business, like the auto-parts business, the rubber-goods business, the pet-food business and the investment-banking business, runs on money; and determinations of success and failure within that business are based on counting money. That's point one: The TV business is all about how much money the people who are in it can make, preferably fast.

Point two is that the television business, like very few others, takes in a huge amount of money for a very few people.

To wit: A writer of a network-sitcom script, a document of about 40 very widely spaced pages, gets about \$45,000, counting reruns and story money. A successful staff writer and supervising producer on a hit sitcom such as *Cheers* can and does make close to \$500,000 per year if he gets six scripts on the air. A writer of an hour-long continuing drama such as *Falcon Crest*, if he can get a producer credit thrown in, can and does make well over \$500,000 per year. In both cases, this is for a year that, in any meaningful sense, lasts about nine months.

This is just the beginning, the peon level of TV wages. If a TV writer is hot, a studio will sign him up to write pilots for series. If the studio really wants the writer, it can and will pay him (or her) \$500,000 to write one hourlong pilot script.

If a sitcom writer is sizzling, like Michael Leeson, who co-wrote the pilot of *The Cosby Show*, he can get close to \$1,000,000 for one 40-page script.

If the sitcom hits and stays on the air for three years, by which time it can be syndicated, and if one person both wrote the pilot and has producing credit, his share of the take can be \$10,000,000. As I am writing this, Tom Patchett is rumored to have been offered more than \$10,000,000 for his share of the proceeds from *ALF*, for which he wrote, coproduced and directed the pilot and was executive producer for the first season's shows.

Norman Lear, who started out with a typewriter and a chair and a table and turned them into *All in the Family*, *The Jeffersons* and *One Day at a Time*, among others, recently sold the company he and a partner owned for close to half a billion dollars. One of Lear's top executives, who got producing credits on many of the maestro's comedies, was bought out of his credits—and he had never written a show or directed an episode—for \$30,000,000.

Aaron (*Love Boat*) Spelling, who also made *Charlie's Angels* and other hits, recently took his production company public. He made \$127,000,000 in profit from the sale of stock, retained control of the company and drew a 1986 salary of \$26,000,000 (far more than Lee Iacocca's widely publicized \$20,500,000).

The bonanza to end all bonanzas came to former ABC executives Tom Werner

and Marcy Carsey. They left the network about seven years ago to form their own TV production company. One of their first ventures was *The Cosby Show*. It has been by far the most successful television show—and maybe the most successful communications enterprise—in history. It will earn, at a minimum, one billion dollars in syndication before the end of the century.

This sum, after costs to Viacom, the show's distributor, and residuals, will be split solely among Carsey, Werner and Bill Cosby. If the split is anywhere near even, all three will soon be on the *Forbes* 400-richest list, along with Rockefeller grandchildren, only richer.

That's just at the level of suppliers to the networks. At the network level—the buyer level, as it's called here—the money is even more staggering. Broadcasting revenues for network television now approach ten billion dollars. In a good year, profits from the three broadcast networks can exceed one and a half billion dollars.

The feed stock that determines whether or not a network is making that kind of money is the public's appetite for its shows. A single rating point (the number of households watching television at any given moment divided by 100) is worth as much as \$50,000,000 in ad revenue.

If a network's ratings move up, its revenues also advance; and if its revenues advance, then, barring a catastrophe of mismanagement—which definitely can happen—the network's profits rise. If they rise, the stock of the parent company rises. In other words, if there are a few hit shows on a network, and that network moves from third to first place (as happened to NBC), the value of the shares of the company on the stock exchange can rise by literally billions of dollars—all from putting on something that the audience likes, and maybe chuckles at, slightly more than the other shows that are on at that hour.

In other words, the stakes for success in the television business are immense and are immensely large for individuals and extraordinarily closely linked to the success or failure of the efforts of a few human beings who write shows, produce shows and choose shows for the networks.

Now, you might think that the effect of all that money chasing the "creative" talent in Hollywood, the writers and producers, would be to make them sprout little buds and petals and bloom into a million myriad forms of unique television-show life, making "a thousand flowers blossom," to use the words of Chairman Mao. You might think that, but then you would be wrong, and that's just the problem.

The effect of all that money on television creation and production is exactly the same as the effect dazzling halogen headlights on a BMW have on a little deer on a

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CREATED  
BY

**EXECUTIVE PRODUCER:** The grand Pooh-Bah. May be under contract to a studio to create a series or brought in to play C.E.O. for someone else's idea. Can earn \$20,000 to \$40,000 per episode. Television nirvana—its highest, most lucrative state—is reached when one person executive-produces a show that he or she created, which is made by a production company that he or she also owns.

EXECUTIVE  
PRODUCER

**DIRECTED BY:** Assuming that none of the producers is also directing, the job usually goes to a hired gun contracted per episode. As such, directors don't participate in the series profits. They don't mind, though, because they're paid about \$20,000 to \$40,000 per show. These figures may not apply to a few directors in the stratosphere of their craft, however—such as Jay Sandrich of *The Golden Girls* and *The Cosby Show*—for whom the sky is the limit.

DIRECTED  
BY

**PRODUCED BY:** Producer is an amorphous title. Each show has several, and they come in all sizes: producer, coproducer, supervising producer, coordinating producer, co-executive producer. . . . A producer can be (A) one of the show's main writers, (B) an agent who negotiates the title for himself on top of his client's ten percent fee, (C) the executive producer's girlfriend or (D) a real producer, who may run the day-to-day operations on the set or supervise postproduction. Whatever it is that he or she does, it's worth \$10,000 to \$15,000 and up per half-hour episode.

PRODUCED  
BY

**STORY EDITOR:** He supervises the scripts—holding pitch meetings, doling out ideas to writers, penning a few episodes himself. They make about \$10,000 and up per week, plus what they earn as writers. Story editor is the larval stage of the television hierarchy. After a few seasons, they metamorphose into pupae, otherwise known as executive story editors or story consultants. Eventually, they molt and become producers.

STORY  
EDITOR

**WRITTEN BY:** A writer just in from the prairie and a seasoned veteran usually make the same amount for a half-hour story idea and teleplay—about \$12,000, plus \$6300 for a rerun (which ain't much after union dues and taxes). Often, however, a show's writer also holds one of the positions described above, which is sufficient to keep him or her from becoming a burden to society.

WRITTEN  
BY



mountain road: The sums of money involved in Hollywood are literally paralyzing. The amount of money for buyers and sellers, for network execs and writers in tasseled loafers, for producers in Cabriolets and institutional analysts in Manhattan cubbyholes—that amount of money riding on “creative” decisions is literally and precisely terrifying and overwhelming.

Here is how the situation works in theory, by a political analogy: The crush of money pouring in from television makes the little world of television-show creation and production into a sort of totalitarian state where mind control is practiced. The threat that enforces the mind control is not a one-way ticket to Siberia or imprisonment in a psychiatric hospital. The threat is that if you do not follow the party line, you will not get to be rich.

Here is how it works down on the ground, right around the studios and the network offices on Radford Avenue and on Alameda Boulevard and in Century City:

Joe Blowmovitz, head of nighttime comedy at The Network, gets a call from programming chief Grant Robertson saying that their show *Trust Me* is getting killed at nine P.M. on Thursdays by the shows on the other networks at that hour.

“What we need,” says Robertson, “is something wildly new and excitingly different to draw away the viewers who are not wholeheartedly committed to the other networks.”

Joe Blowmovitz goes back to his office and thinks. He knows that it’s near “pilot season,” when pilots—that is, proposals for pilots—will start pouring in from all of the production houses, ranging from Warner Bros. and Fox to companies you have never heard of. He determines that he will make a big effort to find something wildly, overwhelmingly new and different. In the meantime, he will set up a series of lunches with major suppliers to tell them that The Network is looking for something good at nine P.M. on Thursdays that has to be wildly new and excitingly different.

The suppliers all gather up their writers and tell them to start thinking Thursdays at nine P.M., new and wildly exciting and different.

After a few days or weeks, the suppliers all send their ideas and their pilot scripts to Joe Blowmovitz. Now—surprise, surprise—those pilot scripts will all arrive at The Network with little notes from the producers saying that the scripts in question are all stunningly new and excitingly different. But, upon a halfway decent reading, what the network exec will see is that each one is a slightly reworked version of *The Odd Couple*, with teenagers, or *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, only set in an Air Force radar station, or *I Love Lucy*, only with two sisters instead of a husband and wife, or *The Cosby Show*, only with a black woman and her mother raising the family instead of a black husband and wife. None

of the shows that the suppliers send over will be a *real* look at life, like *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, or a wacky, unpredictable show aimed at a smart audience, like *Monty Python’s Flying Circus*. Every show will be very close to a half dozen basic templates that have succeeded in the recent past.

Why? Money. The suppliers will powwow after their lunches with Joe Blowmovitz and will toss around ideas. Then, either consciously and directly or otherwise, the suppliers will say, “You know, if this hits on Thursdays at nine P.M., we have a \$200,000,000 vehicle on our hands. If this goes into syndication, we’re going to be able to look Aaron Spelling in the eye and not blink. The Network is really looking to attract a big audience, and The Network has liked shows like *All in the Family* and *The Jeffersons* in the past. So why should we take any chances? Let’s go right down the center of the bowling alley ourselves and give The Network the kind of show they won’t have any trouble with. If we go too far out on a limb, they’re going to go with someone who didn’t.”

When Joe Blowmovitz and his colleagues get together to read the scripts, they are all going to be thinking, and their thoughts will be as follows: “You know, if we can just keep our jobs here at The Network for a little longer, we can eventually get to leave here and become major officials at the suppliers. That means that sooner or later, our little production company is going to get a *Cosby* or at least a *Mork & Mindy*, and if we do, we’re going to be rich.

“So the last thing we, as network executives, want to do is send up to Grant Robertson any pilot that looks wacky and unusual. If we do that, Grant may well think that we’re becoming too highbrow or too lowbrow on him, and next time there’s a corporate reorganization, we’re going to be out—before we’ve had a chance to latch on to a great gig with a supplier.

“Let’s be smart about this. Let’s send him ones that are a tiny bit new but are really fairly similar to what has already worked. And, most certainly, let’s send him scripts by writers who have had hits in the past and from production companies whose heads he plays tennis with.

“That way, if he chooses one of the shows we send him and puts it into production as a pilot, if the pilot is a total stifferino, we can always say, ‘Well, gee, Grant, how were we supposed to know? They did a great job on *Highway to Heaven* and they really went to town on *Designing Women*. How were we to know it wouldn’t work out this time? Anyway, you liked the guy whose company made it.’ In other words, like Admiral Poindexter and President Reagan, we can cover our asses enough to keep our jobs a while longer.”

The reasoning has a perfectly sensible flip side, too. “If we do send up something really different, and if Grant likes it and produces it and it’s a dog in the ratings, we have no excuse when Grant says it was all our fault and we hypnotized him. That’ll be our asses for sure.”

A similar process operates when the pilot scripts get to the desk of Grant Robertson. He reads them carefully and then he



“He choked to death on a piece of canvas.”



thinks about them. Like any human being, he thinks about them primarily in reference to himself. What he thinks, purely and simply, is, "Some of these shows are fine and some are dogs. Of the ones that are fine, some of them are slightly off center, even if very slightly, indeed. Others are perfectly on center, right down the middle of the bowling alley. Of that group, some of them are made by producers and writers who already have successful shows on the air and with whom The Network likes to work.

"If I choose one or two of them to produce and try out on the air, it just might work. On the other hand, if it does not work, Robert Wright or Laurence Tisch or Thomas Murphy is not going to come storming into my office and start screaming that I gambled The Network's money on a long shot and that I should be out of here, bag and baggage, by five P.M.

"If I choose something safe and sane and conservative, I can stay here as long as I want. I can accumulate major stock options. When I leave, I can go to any supplier I like, on any terms I find interesting. Eventually, one of those suppliers is going to come up with another *ALF* or another *Facts of Life*, which will be a flesh-eating monster in syndication, and I will retire rich at 55.

"If I choose something off the beaten path and it works, where's the percentage for me? I'll stay in my job just as easily by choosing something safe that flops as by choosing something off the wall that succeeds. And if that off-the-wall something fails, suddenly my name's retrovirus in this business.

"Why should I gamble The Network's stockholders' money, the nine-P.M. Thursday time slot and my own financial well-being on something different? I'll choose the route that gives me maximum plausibility in case it fails—as most TV pilots do. I'll choose the show that gives me the chance to tell Mr. Tisch or Mr. Wright or Mr. Murphy, 'Well, gee, it *should have* worked. It had a big production company behind it, hit writers, and even you said it reminded you of *Amos 'n' Andy*.'"

On and on up the ladder it goes, and the name of the game is a name that everyone in any organization from kindergarten to the National Security Council already knows. The name of the game is cover your ass. The particular variety of the game that is played in the TV business is played with \$1,000,000 chips.

Just by staying at the roulette table long enough, you are virtually guaranteed to see your number come up on the wheel. You can't win if you're not at the table, said Joan Didion in *Play It as It Lays*. All it takes to stay at the table is to get into the tiny world of TV production and network-executive "leadership." All that's necessary to get yourself kicked out of the casino is a rep for picking oddball pilots. Staying

in the game is everything in TV production, and you stay in the game by playing it safe. No showboating with intellectualoid premises, no tedious comedy shows that actually make viewers think, no adventure shows that connect with daily life, nothing to make anybody else in the casino think that you're not with the program.

There's just too goddamned much money at stake to do anything else.

Now, television is made by human beings. The rules of television production—that there will be a huge traffic jam around the middle, the safe, the tried and the tired—are rules of human conduct, with the first rule "Me first and everything else way back there." But that rule, like all rules of human conduct, has exceptions that test it.

Occasionally, a human being comes along who is so creative, so confident and so articulate that he convinces other human beings that their interests will be maximized by taking a chance on his concept. Norman Lear did it with his first line of shows about real human anger, fear and weakness, starting with *All in the Family* and continuing with *Maude*, *The Jeffersons* and his masterpiece, *Mary Hartman*. Those shows were enormous hits and laid the groundwork for a television empire. (Although, interestingly enough, they were followed out of the Lear emporium by far more conventional, more orthodox shows such as *One Day at a Time*, which were basically throwbacks to safer programming days. The power of the conventional, the normal, the safe money was felt even by Norman Lear.)

One of the great geniuses of television production, Grant Tinker, encouraged two of the great writers of television, Jim Brooks and Allan Burns, to turn out the dazzling *Mary Tyler Moore*, one of the only shows on television ever to talk about alienation in any meaningful sense. The same Tinker, as head of NBC, facilitated two other geniuses, Tony Yerkovich and Michael Mann, who gave the world the perfect visuals of *Miami Vice*; Mann was also executive producer of *Crime Story*. The same Tinker also gave a nudge to NBC to make it accept slightly more intelligent material, and the results were the intelligent outcroppings of *Cheers* and *Family Ties*.

But these were rare exceptions. As any writer, producer or network executive can see with his own eyes, for every guy who hits it big by trying something new, there are 50 or 100 living off their dividends, playing golf every day, who played it safe and wrote to the specifications of the commonplace. For every guy who tried something new and made it, there are a legion who tried something old and made it. The result is that now, after 35 years of network television, the man or woman who tries something new is rarer every year. After all, there is now a mountain of experi-

ence—getting higher every year—that tells us that tried and true in Hollywood is tried and rich.

The writers and producers and studio execs need no threats to stay in the center lane. They *want* to take the safe, sane, conservative path. That route leads to their being rich. That route leads to their having grandchildren who are financially secure. That route leads to multimillion-dollar accounts at Merrill Lynch, the Morgan Bank as your own private banker, a house in Bel-Air, a cottage on Malibu Road, two Porsche Carreras, a wife who gets her legs waxed every month and a girlfriend half or one third your age—or a boyfriend with muscles that make Dolph Lundgren look like a garden hose. That safe, sane route, in other words, leads to the rich, lavish helpings of rat food.

Alas, there are consequences of the lavish-rat-food diet beyond its effect on the rats. First, after so many years of network shows' coming out safe, sane and repetitive, the viewers get fed up. If they can, they turn off the TV. If they cannot, they turn to cable or to the VCR.

Likewise, the size of the network audience drops, and its demographic quality deteriorates—both of which are already happening in a big way. Obviously, the first persons to decide they have had enough and cannot take it any longer will be the most educated, most intelligent watchers, and they usually have the most money and are the ones sponsors want to reach. As they leave the network audience permanently, the networks get more and more panicky. They get more and more scared of doing something wrong. That means, they get even more conservative in their program choices, circle the wagons a little more closely and take an even saner, safer route than before.

Now, eventually, inevitably, one might suspect that the sameness of TV, its reminiscent flavor of those gravies we all used to get in fifth grade that might have been anything but were the same on every food—fish, meat, lamb, carrots—will drive still more viewers away, and then one day—presto!—the networks will no longer be the lavish feeding machines they now are. Then, when the feeding stops—at least the lavish feeding—we will get the real test of how right the Pasadena psychologist was: whether the writers and producers keep pitching rebashes of *The Odd Couple* in dusty, empty corridors in deserted offices hung with calendars from five years ago. We will see whether the writers and producers keep pitching another version of *Mary Tyler Moore* until they simply keel over with their little Gucci loafers pointing into the air.

But that day is not here, and not even close. For now, the rat food is flowing like water and wine, the feedings are regular and the jumping is fine.









*"Guess who I'm having a beer with. Magic Johnson. You know—the Lakers."*

that." He raises his glass again. "Here's to that."

We all toast Marian and me.

"These days," Magic says, "nobody stays no place too long. It's all trading and moving, trading and moving. In between, you're just waiting."

"I like moving," Fuzzy says. "I like to be on the go."

Out in the corridor, the custodians are emptying ash cans into large plastic sacks. The teenaged boys have gone.

"Hey, you know what would be wonderful?" I say.

They look at me.

"I don't know if you'd do this, Magic, but—if I called my wife, would you, would you just say hello? You're her favorite player. It would just surprise the hell out of her."

For a moment, Magic looks at me oddly, as if I were a stranger who only now had walked up and sat down with them. Then he says, "Sure, Jerry."

I point to the pay phones in the corridor. "I'll call from over there."

"Just wave when you want me," Magic says.

I feel a tingling in my chest as I press the numbers that used to be mine. The phone rings softly in the house where I used to live. And in this moment, when I don't know whether or not she'll answer, I'm happy. If she isn't there, I'll be disappointed; if she is, then we may have just

another tense conversation. But right now, when I'm waiting, it's perfect, the anticipation almost more pleasurable than anything that can follow.

On the fifth ring, a man's voice answers.

"Who's this?" I ask.

"Fred. Who's this?"

"Fred, is Marian there?"

"Who is this?"

"This is Jerry, Fred. Marian's husband."

"Oh—Jerry," he says, as if I'm some old buddy of his. "I'll get Marian." I hear a clunk as he lays the phone down. From far away: "Marian, it's Jerry."

Footsteps. "Jerry?" Her voice is anxious, alert.

"Hey," I say.

"Jesus, where are you? You're not in town, are you?"

"No—I'm at the airport in Phoenix. I'm between planes."

"You sound so close, though." Marian has never understood that if the connection is good, that doesn't necessarily mean you're close.

"I'm waiting for the night flight back to Denver," I say.

"So what's up? Why are you calling?"

"Marian—I hate the way our relationship has become so businesslike. Does everything have to have a reason? Can't I just call up to say hello?"

"Jerry, it's late."

"Who's Fred?"

She hesitates. "A friend."

"A friend? At this hour?"

"It's early."

"You just said it was late." I think of the phones in the bedroom, the kitchen, the den. "Where are you talking from? The bedroom? Good old Fred there with you in bed?"

"Jerry, what business is it of yours?"

"None. None of my business," I say.

"Well, OK."

"Tell me a little more about Fred," I say. "What does Fred do?"

"Jerry—"

"Hey—I'm just interested. He sounds real chipper, real bright."

"He's a nice guy."

"I bet he's got a mustache."

"He does have a mustache," she admits.

"And a nice designer haircut. And probably one of those tastefully thin gold neck chains, right?"

"Yes."

I cluck disapprovingly. "You know, Marian, you should tell Fred that those are going out. I threw mine away a long time ago."

"Why don't you tell him, Jerry?"

"I bet he's a little overweight, too. But in a nice way. He works out, so he carries it OK, right?"

"You know it all, Jerry. Nobody can tell you anything."

"I bet he's a salesman," I say. "He sounds like a salesman. I can recognize a salesman's voice."

"Well, you're wrong, Jerry."

"What does he do, then?"

She hesitates. "He's a typewriter service representative."

"A typewriter repairman?"

"It's very technological these days," Marian says. "It's like computers."

"A typewriter repairman—Jesus, Marian."

"Let's drop this, Jerry, OK?"

"Sure. OK by me."

I wait for her to say something, but she doesn't.

"Hey, listen—the reason I called—guess who I'm having a beer with?"

"I thought you were at the airport."

"I am. I'm in the bar at the airport. But guess who I'm having a beer with?"

"I don't know, Jerry."

"Magic Johnson."

"Who?"

"Magic Johnson. You know—the Lakers."

"Magic Johnson? The basketball player?"

"That's what I've been saying, Marian."

"You're kidding me."

"No—really. I've been sitting with him and a friend of his. They're between planes, too."

"Sure."

"They're really nice guys. You wouldn't believe how nice."

"Jerry—"



*"I hate to intrude, but self-service is the next island!"*



"It's true. I swear it."  
 "So what have you all been talking about?"

"Life," I say. "They're very deep guys, actually. They've got deep philosophies."

"Like what?"

"They believe in some eternal truths. God. Love. I—why are you laughing?"

"You're such a bullshitter."

"No, really, I'm serious." I laugh, too.

"Look—do you want to hear it from Magic? I'll let you talk to him." I wave to Magic, who says something to Fuzzy and gets up. I'm surprised by how tall he really is. When he sat, his height was disguised, as if he were a compressed spring. But he's at least a head taller than I am.

"Jerry, what kind—"

"I told him all about you, Marian. How you were a fan and all."

"Jerry—"

"I'm going to have him say something to you." I hand the phone to Magic. "Her name's Marian," I whisper.

"Hello? Miriam?"

"Marian," I hiss.

"Hey, sweetheart, how are you?" Magic grins, as if she can see him. "It's me. Earvin Johnson. Jerry tells me you're a big fan."

I'm as excited as a child at Christmas. Magic Johnson talking to my wife!

"Yeah, we just met Jerry here at the bar." He winks at me. "He's a good guy, Jerry." I beam.

"We've just been passing the time here, you know. Waiting around, jiving. . . ." He listens. "Yeah. . . yeah. . . well, thanks, sweetheart. Yeah, we're gonna try. . . ."

They talk basketball for a bit. I wish I could listen in and hear what Marian is saying.

"So what do you do, Marian?" I'm filled with love for Magic: He doesn't have to be taking this kind of interest.

"Uh-huh. . . that's interesting. . . uh-huh. . . that's so right. Well—I'm gonna give you back to Jerry now. I— Say what?" Magic glances at me.

What's wrong? Instinctively, I reach for the phone, but then he's saying, "OK, sure. What's his name?" and my hand falls.

"Fred," Magic says. "Hey, buddy."

Nods. "Yep, it's really me. I've just been jiving around with Jerry here, you know— Oh—I see. Gotcha." He listens. "Sure. . . sure. . . uh-huh. . . well, we're gonna try real hard. If we stay healthy, we'll put it all together. You just keep rooting, now, you hear? . . . OK. . . Nice talking to you, Fred. . . ."

"I want to talk to Marian," I whisper harshly.

"Jerry wants to talk to Marian," Magic says. "Miriam? Hey, sweetheart, here's Jerry." He hands me the phone, winks again. I wait until he begins walking back to the lounge.

"Why'd you put Fred on?" I ask.

"I thought it would be nice. What's wrong with that?"

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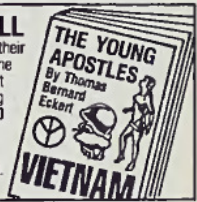
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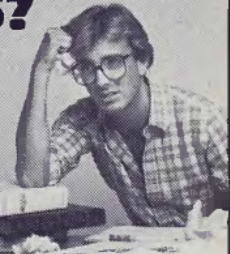
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"I didn't call you up for him to talk to Magic."

"Well, sorry."

"Let me talk to Fred."

"No, Jerry."

"No, really, let me talk to him. I just want to ask him something. About what he said to Magic. Come on."

"Jerry wants to talk with you," I hear her say.

"Hey, Jerry!" His voice is bright. A typewriter repairman, for God's sake.

"Fred, I'm going to come and cut off your balls," I say.

He expels a slow, sad breath and is silent for a moment. Then he says, "Big talk, Jerry."

"No, really, Fred, I am." I don't mean this, of course, but it feels good, making him uneasy.

And then Marian's back on the line: "Shut up, Jerry; whatever you're saying, shut up!"

"OK, Marian."

"You've got no right to— to bother me and my—"

"I'm sorry."

"I mean, just who are you, anyway, Jerry? Calling me in the middle of the night—"

"You said it was early—"

"With some bullshit about Magic Johnson—"

"It is! It is Magic Johnson—"

"You don't think of anybody but yourself, do you?"

"Let's calm down," I plead.

"No more about Fred."

"OK, look—we'll talk about something else. What did you say to Magic?"

"What's there to say? I told him I liked watching him play. I told him I hope they win it all this year. What else can you say?"

"It's just the idea, I guess, of talking to him."

She sighs. "Jerry, I've got to go now. It's late, it really is."

I want to tell her it was a gift to her, talking to Magic, but I don't.

"I'm sorry I exploded at Fred," I say. "He's probably a nice guy."

"He is."

"Let me speak to him. I want to apologize."

"Jerry—"

"Please."

"Jerry wants to apologize," I hear her say to Fred.

"Hey, there, Jerry?" And he sounds so cheery, so ready to be forgiving, that I'm infuriated all over again.

"Remember, motherfucker," I hiss and hang up. My heart's beating fast, as if I've been running. When I go back to the table, Fuzzy has a smirk on his face. I don't sit down.

"Thanks," I say to Magic. "It made her day."

"She sounds like a nice lady," Magic says.

"Oh, she is. You talked to Fred, too, right?" Magic nods. "Fred's an old buddy," I say. "A neighbor. He and his wife were over visiting."

Magic nods again and his eyes half close, as if he's really considering this. Fuzzy worries his lips, trying to hold back a smile. I stand there. I can't think of anything else to say.

Fuzzy glances at his watch. "Hey, man"—he taps Magic on the wrist—"we got to go. Time to fly."

Magic throws a five-dollar bill onto the table as a tip. We all shake hands. Fuzzy and I fumble again. He shakes his head.

"You keep dunking, now, you hear?" Magic says. Fuzzy cocks a finger at me, then grins. I watch until they disappear through the security check point at the far end of the terminal.

I sit down at the table, not wanting to drink or watch TV or do anything except sit and wait. I think about Fred and I think about Marian. I get up, sit down—and then, before I can change my mind again, I go over to the phone and call her.

"Hiya, kiddies, hiya, hiya," I say in a Froggy the Gremlin voice. Before she can say anything, I tell her, "I just want you to know that wasn't really Magic Johnson."

She says nothing.

"It was just a guy I met in the bar," I say. "It was all a joke."

"So you're not at an airport—"

"Nope. I'm in Denver."

"Why do you do it, Jerry?"

"I don't know."

She's silent again.

"Tell Fred it wasn't Magic, either," I say.

"He's not here."

"You mean he's not spending the night?"

"Jerry—I told you. He's just a friend."

"A friend," I repeat.

"Yes."

"Well."

"Feel better now?"

"Marian—I'm sorry for what I said to him. At the end."

"What did you say?" she asks sharply.

So he hadn't told her. "Nothing," I say.

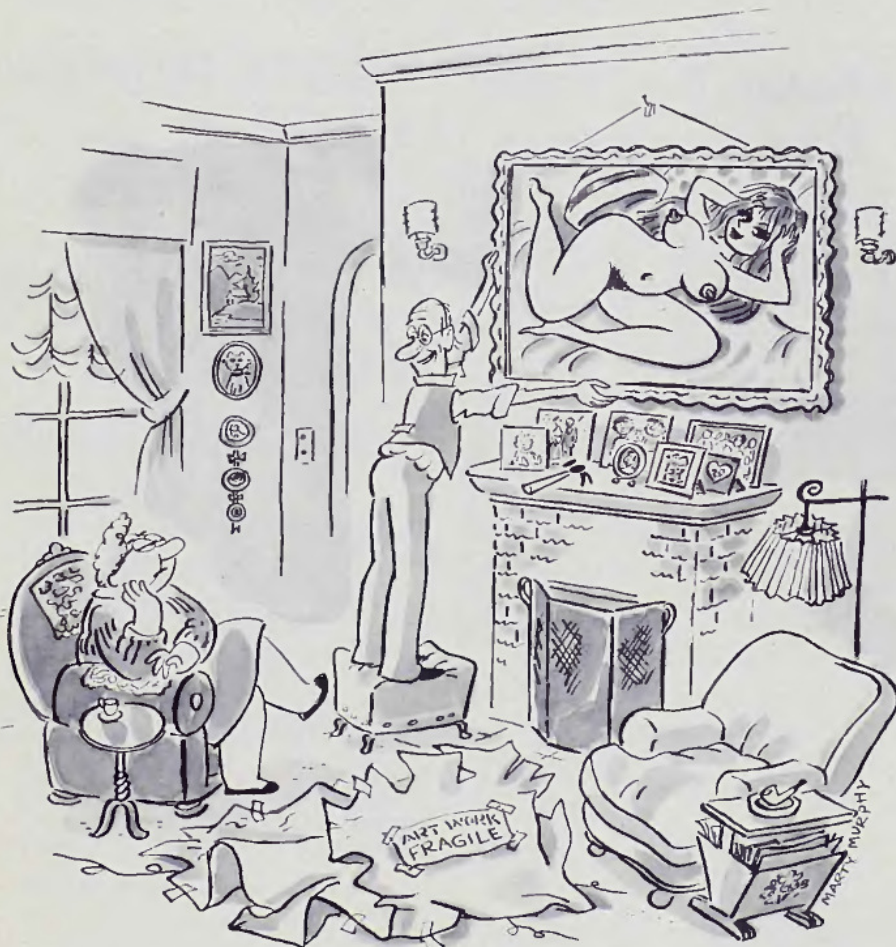
"Just kidding him."

"You're a real kidder, aren't you, Jerry?"

But I'm listening to the Muzak in the corridor, not to her. I recognize a familiar tune. "That's amazing," I say.

"What?"

"They're playing *The Mountain's High*. Remember? Dick and Deedee? We used to dance to it in high school." I croon, "The mountain's high and the valley's so deep—"



"There, Agnes . . . so much for that unsightly crack in the plaster over the fireplace. . . ."



She laughs. "Oh, sure."

"Can't get across to the other si-i-ide."

Three soldiers dragging duffel bags stare at me as they pass by. The bags streak the freshly buffed floor.

"Hey," I say to Marian, "why don't we pretend we're dancing?"

"What?"

"You get up and dance there, and I'll dance here. We'll pretend we're dancing."

"Jerry, come on—"

"Here, I'm doing it." I cradle the phone between neck and shoulder. Extending both arms before me in a mock embrace, I move awkwardly around the phone station, as far as the steel cord allows. I sing, "I know someday we will meet again but I don't know just where or whe-c-en—"

"Jerry, stop it!" She sounds almost frightened.

"What?" I ask. "Honey, what—"

"Don't call me honey!" she snaps.

I can hear her breathing over the line.

"I've got to go," she says. "It's late."

"Marian—that really was Magic, you know. I was just kidding when I said it wasn't."

"Jerry, what does it matter?"

"It was him. Really."

"You're such a bullshitter," she says softly. And hangs up.

Back in the lounge, Johnny Carson has said good night, replaced by another talk show on which a woman is listening to a man who seems blind—yes, when they cut to a wide shot, there's a seeing-eye dog by his feet. The woman looks at him intently while he talks, his hands tracing odd patterns in the space between them. I put a dollar on the table, hesitate, then place my own five-dollar bill on top of Magic's. I walk down the corridor to my gate. The plane won't take off for another 20 minutes; only a few other passengers are there.

I sit and close my eyes and imagine Fuzzy and Magic flying over Los Angeles now, as well they might be. I remember how the city looked from above, all the lights spread out and shining like oil through the valleys and hills and canyons, each one of them a home where someone lived. And I think how Marian, probably asleep now, would have a light on to scare away burglars, and so she'd be one of those lights that Magic and Fuzzy could see. If she were awake and looked out her window at just the right moment, she could see them, too, moving through the night. I think how they might see each other, and be that close, and yet neither would know that the other was there. The thought makes me shiver. It's like seeing a face on a passing bus and wondering if it's someone you used to know a long time ago, or like hearing a phone ring in someone's home, maybe your home, and you don't know, you really don't know, if anyone's going to be there to answer it ever again.



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# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### IT'S THE WHEEL THING

**C**lose-to-the-body cycling clothes have come off the velodrome tracks and the bike paths and raced onto the international menswear scene. Cycling-length shorts in cotton or blended knits with spandex or Lycra added provide form-hugging flexibility. (And you'd better believe the ladies especially like the look.) To top them

off, there are plenty of jerseys with bold graphics and daring designs from which to choose. One caveat: If you have love handles like the wattles on a turkey and a derriere that takes up half a lane, think twice before pouring yourself into cycling clothes. But for all you guys in really good shape, now's the chance to lead the fashion pack by at least a lap.

**Below:** Black, red and white cotton/Lycra pullover cycle shirt with a zippered front, rib-knit band collar and triple back pockets, \$75, worn with cotton/Lycra shorts with an elastic waistband and a back patch pocket, \$49, both by Matinique.



**Below:** Cotton knit jacket with top-stitched front pockets and trapunto elbow patches, \$160, worn with black cotton-knit bike shorts with top-stitched waistband and cuffs, \$55, both by Lamy Men; plus a short-sleeved pullover with a black band collar, by Robert Mannino for Talk Therapy, about \$25.



**Above:** Sea-foam cotton knit pullover with appliquéd Olympic design, by Franco Moschino, \$150, and cotton/Lycra shorts with a hidden center zipper, by Christian Kenth, about \$130.



**Right:** Cotton jersey-knit cycle shirt with diagonal chest stripes, a silk-screened cyclist and a geometric design features zippered front and triple back pockets, \$45, plus a pair of nylon/spandex shorts with an elastic waistband, \$37, both from Le Coq Sportif.





# SUPER SHOPPING



The Wine Cellar is a lockable wine-storage system, by Admiral Home Appliances, measuring 33" x 22" x 23", with housing for 40 bottles and racks that can be removed to allow for magnums or jugged wines. Selections can be kept at a controlled temperature from 40 to 65 degrees, and the unit can be built into a kitchen cabinet or an entertainment center if you choose, from Wine Chillers of California, Santa Ana, \$500.

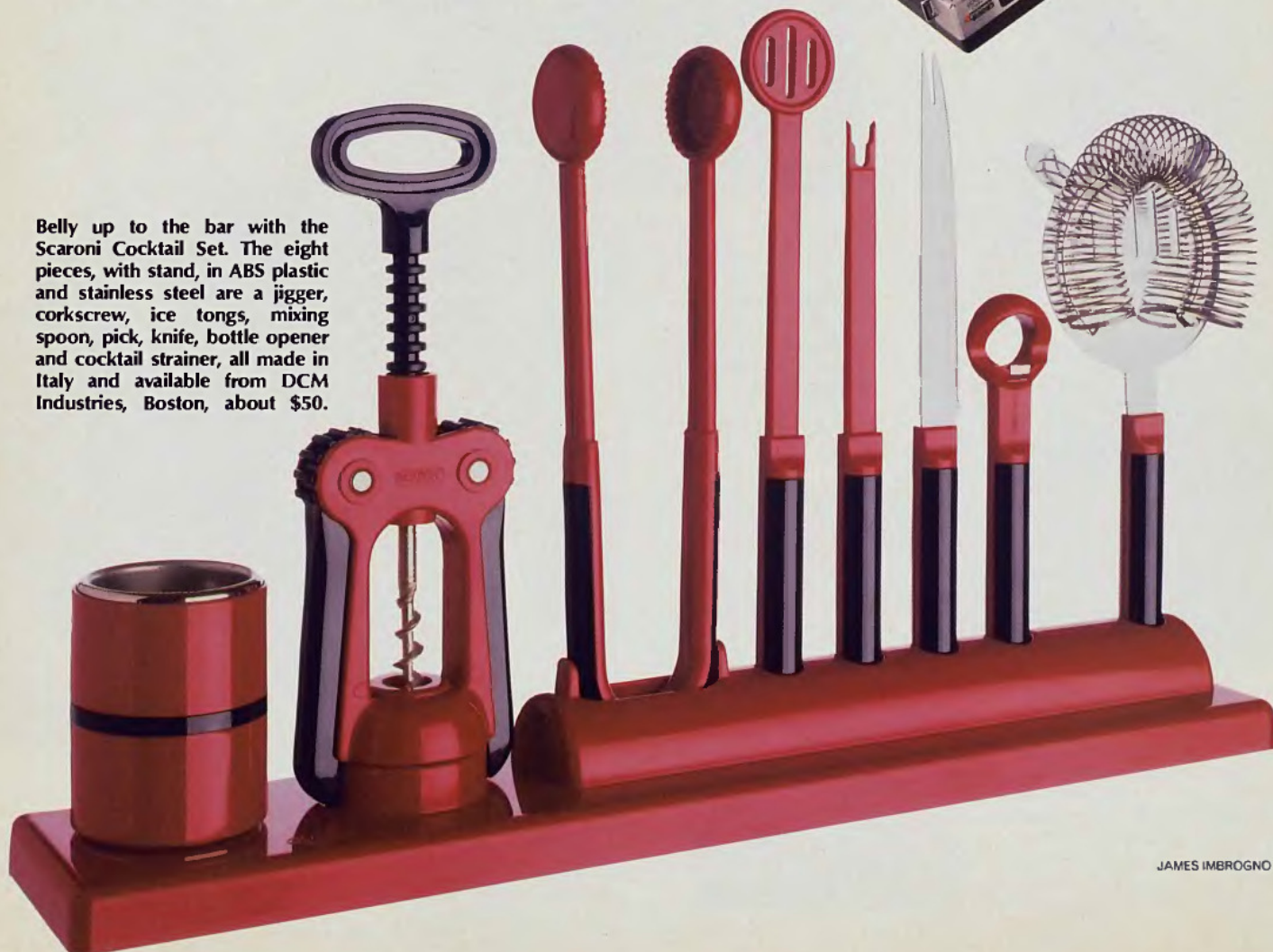


Store shampoo, conditioner, cleanser, anything liquid in the Sport Travel Mate. It comes in a waterproof pouch (not shown) and can hang by its nylon cord, by STM, Warren, Rhode Island, \$10.



From top to bottom, the trio of portable musicmakers at right lets you take compact-disc digital sound with you wherever you wander. Citizen's CBM-1000, \$249.95, the XR-9437 from Toshiba, \$295, and Sanyo's CP12, \$280, all operate on rechargeable batteries or can be plugged into a home stereo system. All three feature programmable track selection and skip and search features for nonprogrammed tracks. The Toshiba adds an AM/FM stereo digital tuner with 12 random presets and a digital clock. The ultrathin battery pack on Sanyo's player provides four and a half hours of operation.

Belly up to the bar with the Scaroni Cocktail Set. The eight pieces, with stand, in ABS plastic and stainless steel are a jigger, corkscrew, ice tongs, mixing spoon, pick, knife, bottle opener and cocktail strainer, all made in Italy and available from DCM Industries, Boston, about \$50.

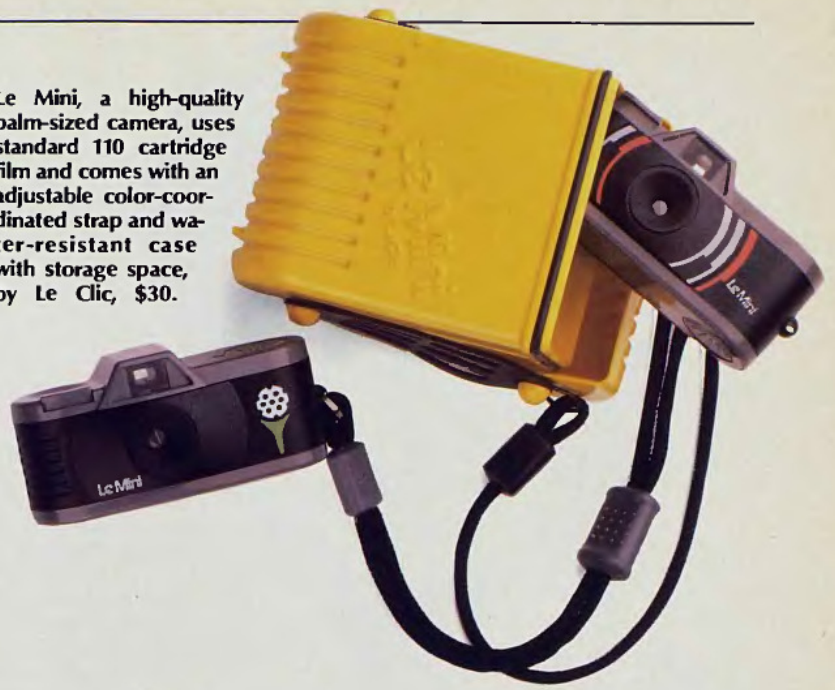




This 45½"-tall Italian standing valet features a marble base that supports a lacquered-metal frame with wood, rubber and aluminum finishing. The aluminum cone is for holding money, cuff links, etc., from Cose, Chicago, \$300.



Le Mini, a high-quality palm-sized camera, uses standard 110 cartridge film and comes with an adjustable color-coordinated strap and water-resistant case with storage space, by Le Clic, \$30.



Nicknamed WATT and designed by fidelity guru David A. Wilson, the Wilson Audio Tiny Tot speakers pictured here are a sonic dream come true. Although it measures only 17" x 14" x 12", each Tiny Tot weighs in at a whopping 60 pounds; its core is constructed of mineral-and-ceramic-filled polymer. The Tiny Tot's exterior is available in eight finishes, including rosewood (shown), from Wilson Audio Specialties, Novato, California, \$4900 per pair.



Dunhill's Return Tripper, a compact coated-cotton-canvas travel pouch with leather trim, expands to a piece of luggage measuring 15" x 23". It's perfect for traveling holidays when the gift bug bites hard, \$235.







**All's Well.  
We've Got Raquel!**

Ever wonder what the incredible RAQUEL wears to a party? Wonder no more. Busy making music, TV movies and the life of torch singer Libby Holman, Raquel probably forgot that we'd be waiting for this moment.

© JAMES RUEBSAMEN



© SCOTT WEINER / RETNA LTD.

**Who's the Leader of the Band?**

No, it's not Mickey, folks, it's CHARLIE DANIELS. His band will complete a U.S. tour in February and a new album will be out this summer. Look for a spring concert special on cable.



© NANCY ELLISON / SYGMA

**Hail! Hail! Chuck**

CHUCK BERRY turned 61 last year, wrote his autobiography, had a terrific documentary made of his birthday party, got his star in Hollywood's Walk of Fame, plans to tour with a band and is working on a new studio album. Roll over, Beethoven.

© STEVE GRANITZ / CELEBRITY PHOTO



**Made in the Shades**

If you liked actress LINDA KOZLOWSKI in "Crocodile" Dundee, hang in, because her new film, *Pass the Ammo*, is coming soon and she's working on *Dundee II* with Paul Hogan. *Grapevine* caught her giving a little warm shoulder.



## Jean Dreams

**JILL ELIZABETH SILLIPHANT** is smart and beautiful. An economics major at UC, Berkeley, and a movie debut in *Tantalizer* keep her pretty busy. But not too busy to pack her overalls with our fantasies.



© 1987 MARK LEIVDAL



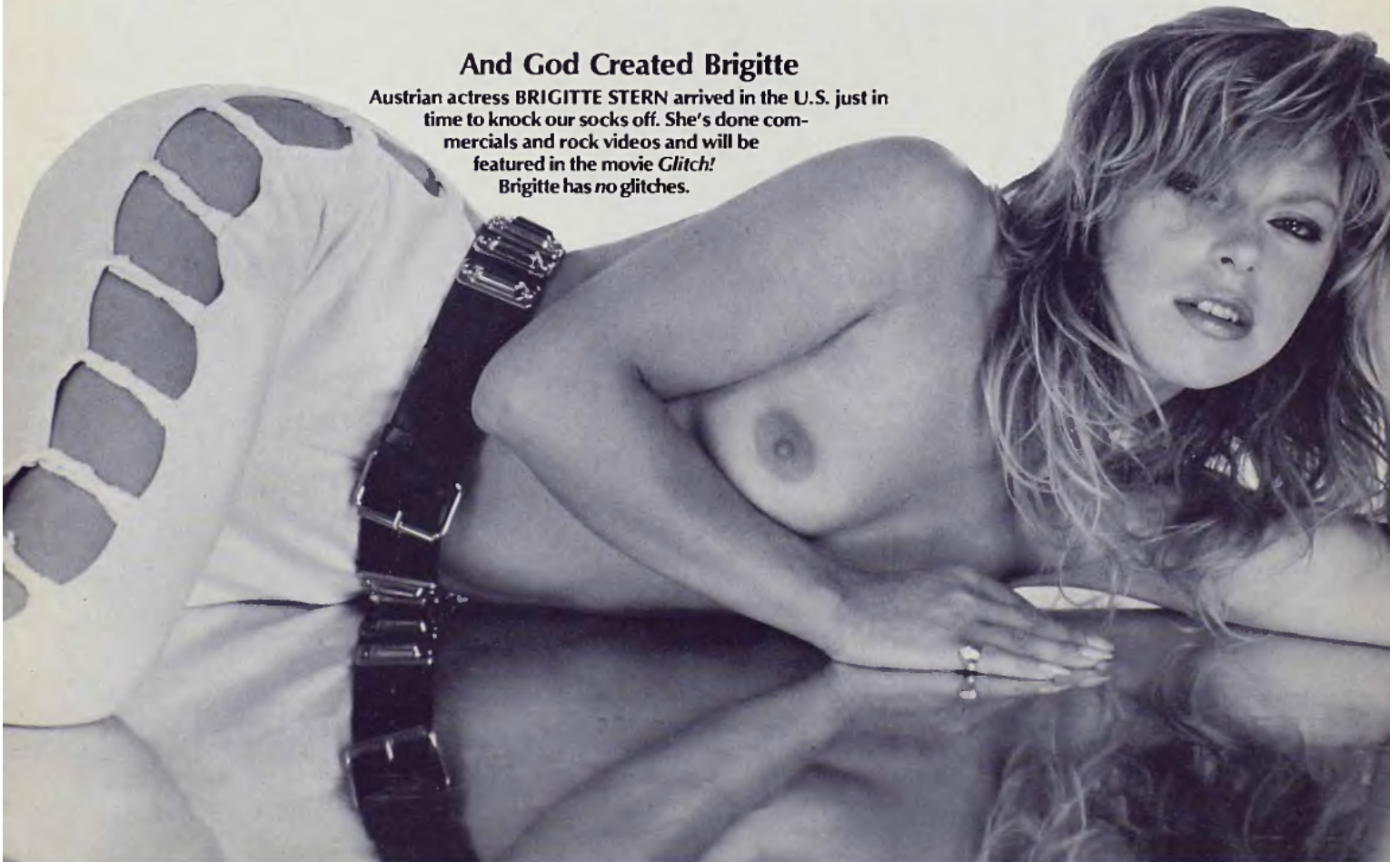
© 1987 DAVE HOGAN / LGI

## Dancin' Fool

Can a guy get a leg up from his fans? You bet. Look at **DAVID BOWIE**. Any day now, highlights from the Australian dates on his *Glass Spider* tour will show up on ABC in prime time. Kind of like a free ticket to the festivities. Let's hear it for Diamond Dave.

## And God Created Brigitte

Austrian actress **BRIGITTE STERN** arrived in the U.S. just in time to knock our socks off. She's done commercials and rock videos and will be featured in the movie *Glitch!* Brigitte has no glitches.



© 1987 MARK LEIVDAL



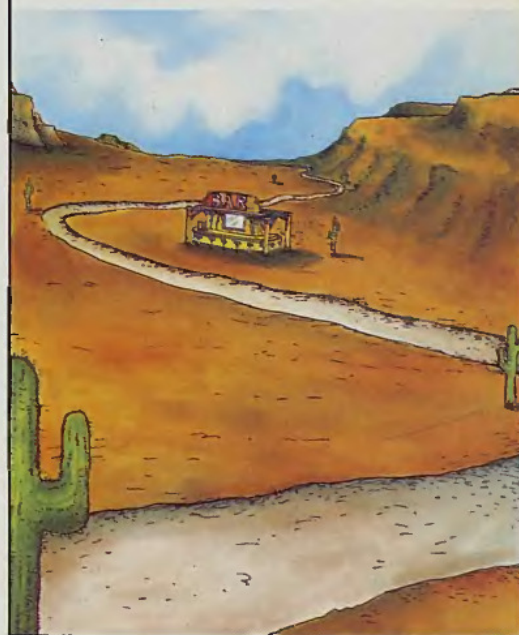
**THE AUSSIE TOUCH**



It all began with the Killer Keel and "Crocodile" Dundee. Aussie fever has come north, and the land down under has garnered admiration for everything from beer to outerwear. The latter is represented by the Snowy River, a sturdy, water- and wind-proof stockman's coat that resembles our Western duster. The Harsant Snowy River Trading Company, 520 Adante Drive, Sedona, Arizona 86336, is selling it for \$159 in black or tan (sizes extra-small through extra-extra-large). With its down-home-on-the-range styling, caped shoulders, split rear gusset, 100-percent-cotton oilskin finish, elbow patches and leg fasteners, the Snowy River is one tough coat, for outdoors or outback, and for a closer look at it and other authentic Aussie products, two dollars sent to the trading company will get you a catalog, mate.

**HAVE GLASS, WILL TRAVEL**

Here's a book we can drink to—*A View from Nowhere* (Harper & Row), by Jim Atkinson, which is "a tour of 150 of the best serious drinking bars in America." These are bar bars; and if you're looking for Billy Joel on the jukebox and fried-zucchini sticks, then you'll want to give Harold's Place and Laundromat in Milltown, Montana, a pass. Atkinson's 77 Rules of the Bar Bar alone make the book worth its \$8.95 price. His philosophizing about drinking also goes down easy.



**OH, THAT DAVE STEVENS**

When Dave Stevens the *Playboy* Senior Editor discovered Dave Stevens the pinup artist, well, you couldn't blame him for wanting to feature his namesake's work here. *Betty's Boudoir*, below, commissioned for Italy's *Glamour International* magazine, is an 18" x 18" signed limited-edition lithograph that's available for \$155 from Graphitti Designs, 1140 North Kraemer Boulevard, Unit B, Anaheim, California 92806. Nice work, Dave.



**CELERS' MARKET**

Six years ago, cels from Walt Disney's *Snow White* were selling for \$700. Not long ago, one changed hands for \$7500. That 1071 percent appreciation beats even Fidelity's Magellan Fund, which was up about 400 percent as of fall 1987. So if you'd like to collect original art from animated films, Gallery Lainzberg, 200 Guaranty Building, Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52401, is the place to contact. A call to the gallery at 800-553-9995 will get you a catalog gratis. It offers original cels from *The Black Cauldron* and *Mickey's Christmas Carol*, as well as from *Rocky and Bullwinkle*, all matted and ready for your framer. *Exit Stage Right*, above, with Daffy and Bugs, is \$295.





## HOT DOGS

First, there was *Dogue*, in which man's best friend went high fashion in a parody of *Vogue*. Now, from the same publisher, The Main Street Press in Pittstown, New Jersey, comes *CQ* ("Canine Quarterly for the Modern Dog"), with articles such as "Get Sirius: Hollywood's Top Dog Stars," plus a profile of everybody's favorite party animal, Spuds MacKenzie. Even the ads have a canine flavor, with Puppy Rabonne for Dogs just a whisker away from Reebark shoes. All for only \$8.95. Wonder when Main Street will get around to *Pawboy*. Now, *that* will be a howling success.



## ON THE ROAD AGAIN

National Car Rental has introduced California Classics, a vintage-car-rental program operating out of National's Los Angeles Airport location (where else?) and offering some terrific wheels from the Fifties and the Sixties to members of the company's Emerald Club (a frequent-user program). The cars available include David Jansen's 1960 Cadillac, Karen Carpenter's 1962 Chrysler 300 and a very cool 1957 Corvette. (All must be returned to LAX.) For \$49.95 per day and 30 cents per mile, how can you go wrong?

## SETTING SAIL WITH MAINSTAY

"From the island of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean comes a new 'spirit' as fresh as the wind, as refreshing as ocean spray, as versatile as the native lifestyle," says Eagle Imports, Ltd., of Salt Lake City, which has recently begun to bring in Mainstay, a dry cane 80-proof neutral spirit distilled from fermented molasses and selling for about \$11 a bottle. Taken on the rocks or with a mixer, such as fruit juice, Mainstay is a worthy, worldly addition to your home bar. Just looking at the label makes us thirsty.



## WINTER GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

To help you while away the long, cold winter comes Mindscape Games' ABC Sports Winter Olympics, a VCR game in which players interact with more than 180 segments of nine winter events to compete for medals. Included with a one-hour VHS tape are a game board, playing cards, medals, playing pieces and a score pad. Individual strategies—plus chance—keep the results of every game unpredictable. And the price of \$49.95 is also a wintertime winner.



## THE LATEST BRITISH HANG-UP

If you have \$2295 burning a hole in your pocket, why *not* buy a solid-oak replica of an English phone booth? It measures 89" x 32" x 32" and makes a terrific place to change into your Superman outfit when a party wanes. Oak Tree Mill, P.O. Box 148, Riverton, Utah 84065, will ship the booth F.O.B. and will even personalize it with as many as 13 letters and numbers. If the market tumbles again, you can always rent it to your broker.





# NEXT MONTH



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**"PIT BULL"**—ALLIGATOR IS THE ONLY DOG LEFT IN DEXTER'S STABLE OF FIGHTERS "THAT FIGHT AND WIN—OR DIE TRYING." CAN THE LITTLE BRUTE TURN THE OLD MAN'S LUCK AROUND? A TALE, NOT FOR THE SQUEAMISH, BY **SCOTT ELY**

**"MEN WHO SAY YES"**—IN THE MOVIE BIZ, ANYONE CAN SAY NO TO A PROJECT. SOME CAN SAY MAYBE. MEET THE HANDFUL OF MIGHTY YES MEN WHO ACTUALLY RUN THE TOWN—BY **STEVE POND**

**"MODERN LOVE"**—OUR HERO SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED SOMETHING AT THE VERY OUTSET, WHEN HIS DATE TURNED UP HER NOSE AT THAI FOOD. THE UPS AND DOWNS OF A SQUEAKY-CLEAN ROMANCE—BY **T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE**

**BILLY CRYSTAL** TALKS ABOUT BEING CUT FROM *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE*, WHY HE'S TIRED OF FERNANDO, THE COMIC PERKS OF BEING JEWISH AND THE STATE

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**"IT'S NO BULL"**—THE MARKET HAS CRASHED AND THE WORLD HAS CHANGED. IS THIS THE END OF THE PERRIER GENERATION? SOME SENSIBLE TIPS ON HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF *YOUR* INVESTMENT STRATEGY—BY **JOHN D. SPOONER**

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