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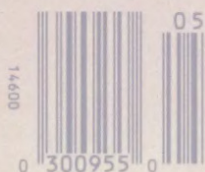
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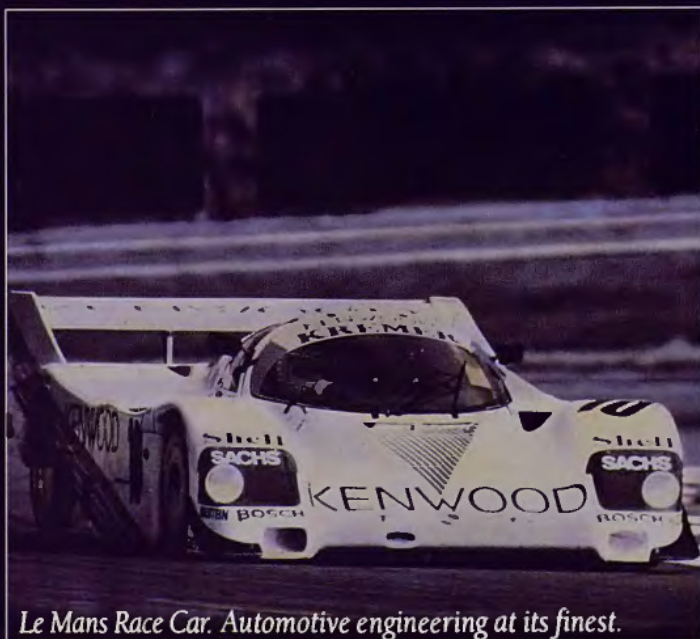
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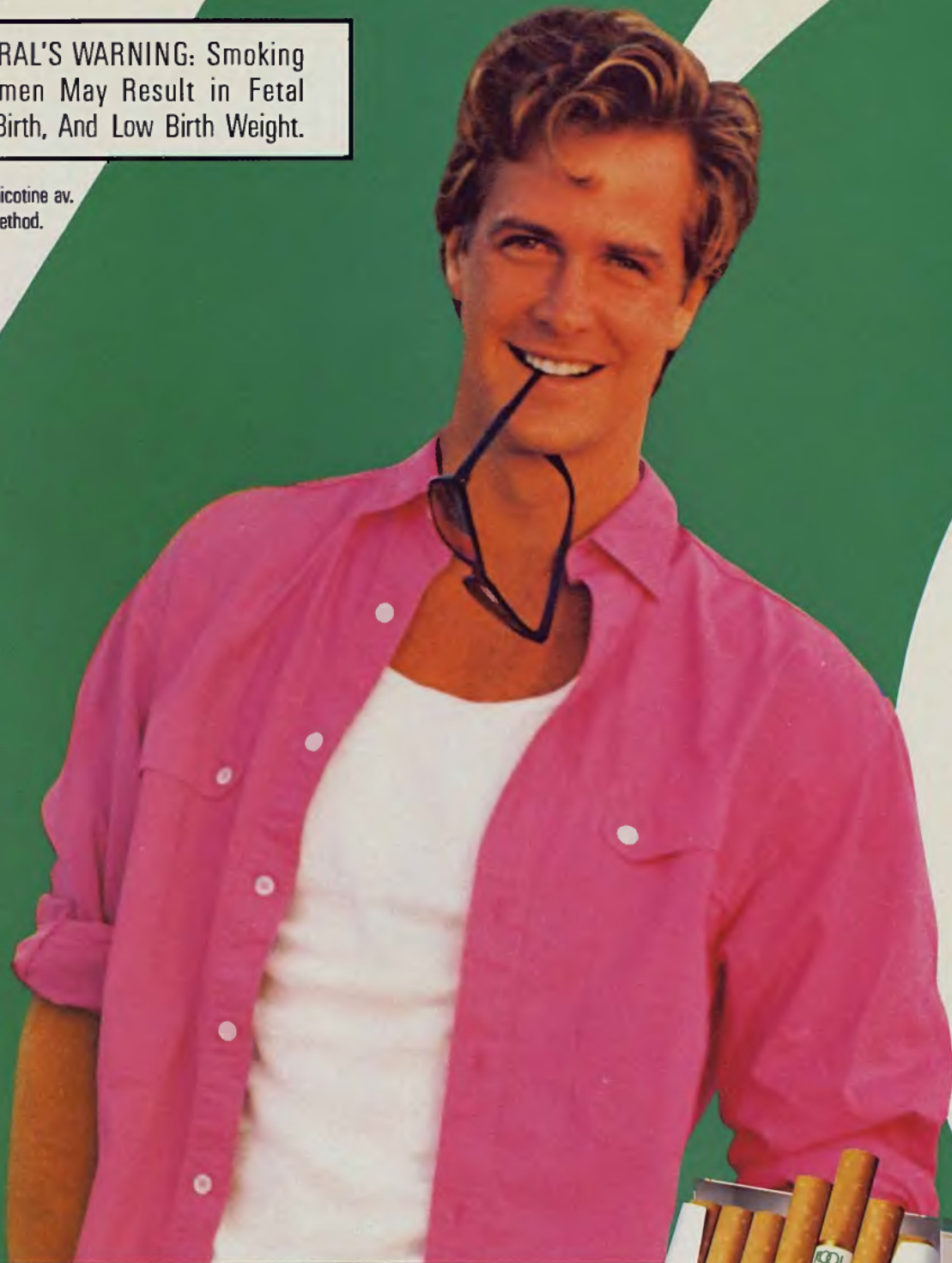
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# PLAYBILL

WELCOME TO THE May *Playboy*. It's fair weather and we're greased and ready. But not because we've been following Jane "work that butt!" Fonda or Arnold "pump up the volume" Schwarzenegger. Nope, this month, we have a new workout guru—**William Barry Furlong**, whose article *The Fitness Myth* warns against mindless exercise and tabulates its dire physical costs. After examining the inglorious fates of a few famous athletes, including the celebrated marathoner **Jim Fixx**, Furlong says that enough is enough. He checked with doctors and fitness experts at human-performance labs around the country and found that many of them believe that in working out, less can be more. If you're sweating just to feel the rush, Furlong tells you how to feel good faster. And our *Minimum Maintenance* chart, which accompanies the article, will help you choose what to do and how much to do it. Just remember, this is the age of easy does it.

If there's anything to the cliché that what's good for General Motors is good for America, then *High Noon at G.M.*, by **Albert Lee** (with illustration by **Robert Giusti**), who used to write speeches for G.M. chairman **Roger Smith**, is scary stuff, indeed. Smith thought he knew what was good for G.M.—technology and computer gunslinger **Ross Perot**. But the solution turned into a disastrous showdown, says Lee, who drew upon his privileged G.M. position to write the book *Call Me Roger* (Contemporary Books), from which this article is excerpted. For a different kind of management story, try **Kevin Cook's** *I Signed Nolan Ryan for Eight Dollars*, a hands-on look at Rotisserie League baseball, the growing national pastime in which an estimated 250,000 otherwise sane Americans pretend that they manage major-league franchises. You know, the ultimate paper Tigers. The Rotisseriens may be a little odd, but not as strange as the characters in Welsh illustrator **Ralph Steadman's** satirical view of America, *Scar-Strangled Banger*, a selection of memorable drawings from his book of the same name published by Salem House. To decode Steadman, we recruited his longtime collaborator, writer **Hunter S. Thompson**, who, in *The Twisted Vision of Ralph Steadman*, provides the right word for Steadman's America—weird. The wily inventor of gonzo journalism knows whereof he speaks.

This month, *Playboy Interview* subject **Don King**, the fight promoter, kept veteran interrogator **Lawrence Linderman** on the ropes with behind-the-scenes insights into boxing, politics and, oh, yes, hair. Our film mavens have again assembled their annual report, *The Year in Movies*, written by Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen**, with photo research by Assistant Photography Editor **Patty Beudet**; and Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson**, our movie critic, reveals his much-awaited 1987 top (and bottom) picks. The Fiction Department checks in with sex—*Slow, Slow Burn*, by **George Alec Effinger**, and guns—*A Small Matter of Consumer Protection*, by novelist **George V. Higgins** (illustrated by **Gordon Kibbee**). For *20 Questions*, **Robert Crane** heard from actress **Teri Garr** on love, **Robert Redford** and her never-to-be-forgotten *Late Night with David Letterman* shower scene.

Speaking of Shower scenes (well, weren't we?), 1986 Playmate of the Year **Kathy Shower** has starred in some outstanding ones on these pages, but now her screen credits are beginning to roll. Contributing Photographer **Amy Freytag** provides an update. Further Photo Department projects: another look at **Bing's** granddaughter **Denise Crosby** (who debuted here in 1979), now a star of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. And for *Helmut's Angels*, **Helmut Newton**, the famous lensman of leather, who spends half of his time in Los Angeles and the other half in Monte Carlo, introduced gorgeous American women to state-of-the-art two-wheelers and came up with a new kind of motorcycle momma.

We told you we were greased and ready! It's time now to send you off into the May issue on your own. If you should happen to get lost, you'll find a friend in this month's spectacular Playmate, **Diana Lee**. So go get lost.



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vol. 35, no. 5—may 1988

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**COVER STORY** To which Playmate from the past three years do the seductive eyes and lips up front belong? While you figure it out, we'll tell you that this cover was designed by Art Director Tom Staebler and photographed and hand-tinted by David Goldner. Got the answer? If you guessed December 1986's Laurie Carr, you get an A in Playmatology. The Rabbit, of course, is playing eye spy.



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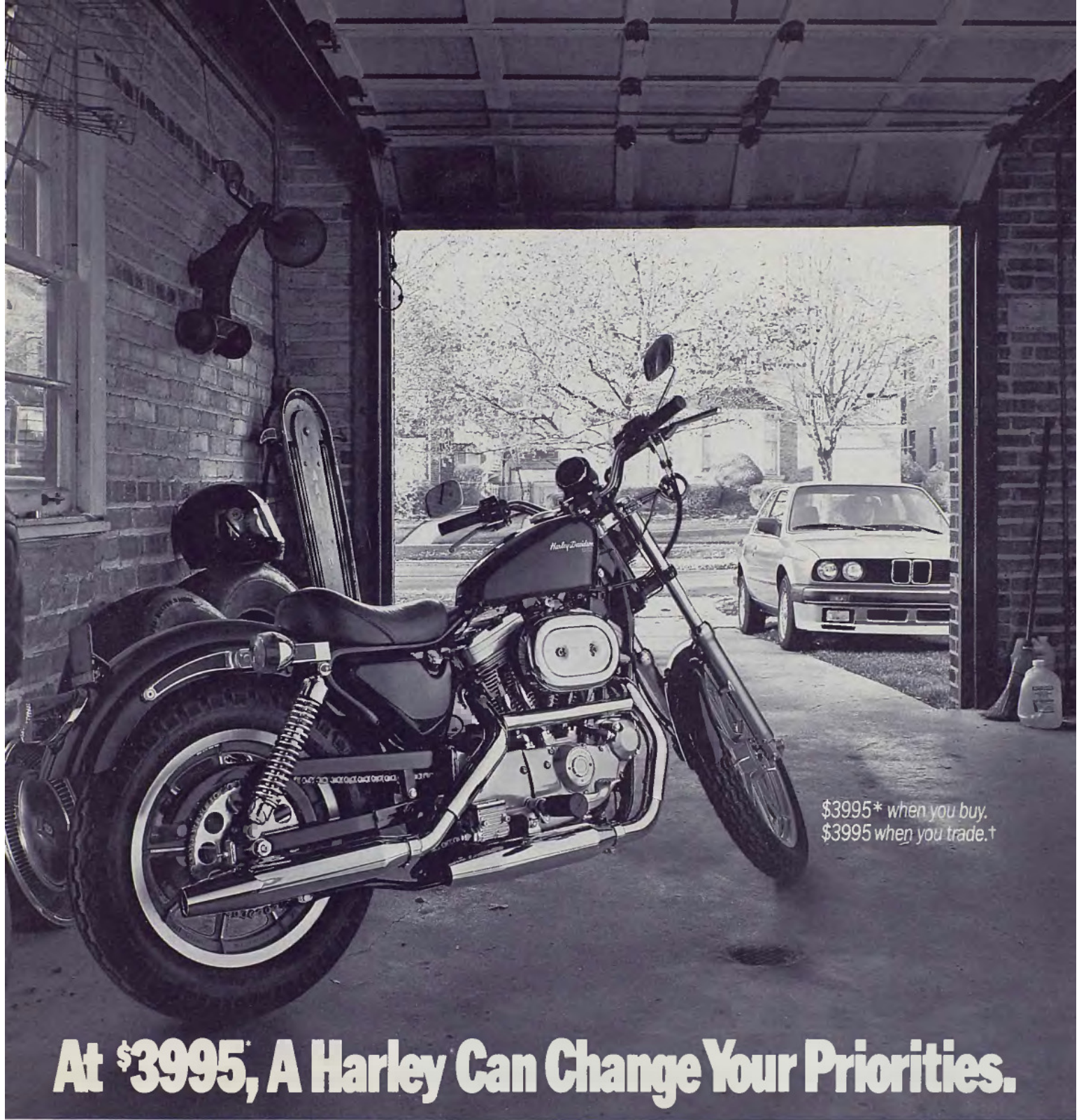
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## OLIVER'S STORY

Congratulations on a great *Playboy Interview* with Oliver Stone (February)! I have not seen *Platoon*. Several years ago, I was traumatized by *The Deer Hunter*.

Like so many veterans, I returned to a small rural town unemployed and uninsured. Survival in Vietnam was physical; survival upon return was more psychological. The enemy was even less certain and the feeling of helplessness even greater.

For 18 years, I've been waiting for someone to write a book or make a movie about the psychological hell of the Vietnam veteran's second war: coming home. I hope Oliver Stone will succeed.

Steve Wilhite  
Cincinnati, Ohio

I want to thank Marc Cooper for his truly candid conversation with Stone. I came away with what I think is an understanding of his feelings about both Vietnam and Wall Street.

Since I am a Vietnam veteran myself, I was amazed at the similarities in our attitudes regarding the war. I also enjoyed Stone's humor, which came through the pages clearly. I gave up my subscription to *Playboy* many years ago but am now returning to the fold and hoping to find more interviews conducted by Cooper.

Emmet H. Wilson III  
Los Angeles, California

*Platoon* has been called a K.G.B. film, and after reading the interview with Oliver Stone, I believe it. He says everyone is wrong but the Comrats—who does this K.G. Beaver think he's fooling?

Luke Asbury  
Mill Valley, California

When Oliver Stone refers to the U.S. Government as "one of the truly worst governments in the world" and says that the CIA and the NSA use drug profits to fund covert wars in Nicaragua and elsewhere, I, for one, believe he speaks the truth. When Regan, Poindexter, North and men of their ilk subvert the U.S. Constitution, that

does not, contrary to popular belief, constitute a brave and patriotic act. Such action is more a threat to the citizens of this country—for that matter, those of the world—than communism has ever been.

Don De Ruiter  
Reseda, California

## SPIES LIKE US

Far from being "a rattling defense of espionage," as you describe it in *Playbill*, William F. Buckley, Jr.'s, *Why Spy?* (*Playboy*, February) sounds like a lot of high-styled self-deception. Nowhere in the article does Buckley say anything about real abuses that our so-called intelligence establishment commits in the name of patriotism and duty. When the students at the University of Massachusetts held their sit-in, they were protesting such things as covert CIA support for the drug lords of Laos, Thailand and Burma, who support themselves with the proceeds of the largest opium crops in the world. Nor does Buckley acknowledge that the hand of the CIA has been destructively evident in the murders of Salvador Allende and Patrice Lumumba, in the ousting of Australia's Gough Whitlam government and in the U.S.' disastrous support of the shah of Iran. There is evidence indicating that Cuban nationals are freely allowed to smuggle drugs into our country, because the CIA thinks those Cubans may be useful one day in toppling Castro; in fact, international crime activities are so thoroughly entwined with intelligence activities that it's impossible to tell where one stops and the other begins.

William F. Buckley, Jr., makes me want to weep.

Jeffrey C. Matthews  
Richmond, California

If knowledge is power, then knowledge gained from spying is stolen power. I much prefer real power, the type that comes from believing in a vision, the type contained in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. Stolen power is hollow.

Buckley claims that by spying, we try to



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determine Soviet capabilities and intentions. I submit that many deals are cut and pockets lined in pursuit of those seemingly laudable ends in a kind of insider trading of world political opportunity. Buckley's rationalizing of the benefits of spying reminds me of the lonely and unhappy rich boy who bankrolls a trip to the ball game in an effort to buy friendship.

Thomas McGlinchey  
Pontiac, Michigan

#### HITE, BUT NO DEPTH

In your February issue, Asa Baber's satirical analysis of the latest Hite report in his *Men* column, titled "The Hype Report," is well supplemented by Dr. Janet Lever's more academic response, "A Sociologist Looks at *Women and Love*," in *The Playboy Forum*. Both point out the same basic principle: Anything one reads must be read critically. Both Baber and Dr. Lever, approaching the subject from different directions, do an excellent job of reducing the "statistics" in Hite's report to absurdity.

John C. McCarthy  
Hampton, Virginia

*Women and Love* is yet another inane Hite report for the emotionally mindless. Such dolorous caterwauling serves only as a bitter, nonprescriptive emetic.

When will Hite and those of her Yuppie, self-help, pop-psychological ilk learn that there is a vast untapped pool of highly

communicative and empathic men who are dying for a relationship?

Michael A. Stasko  
Columbus, Ohio

#### YOU TARZAN, ME JEAN

I'd once dreamed of going to New Guinea for a drastic change of scenery from my hometown Manhattan, but after reading E. Jean Carroll's *In Search of Primitive Man* (*Playboy*, February), I've decided to go on the Jungle Cruise ride at Disneyland instead.

Beth Janowitz  
New York, New York

Thank you for E. Jean Carroll's article on New Guinea. I was appalled at what she suffered and what one woman would do for a *Playboy* story—but I should have known. I'm her mom.

Betty Carroll  
Fort Wayne, Indiana

#### TV GREED

I still don't like TV very much, but at least now I understand how it works. Benjamin J. Stein's article *Minimum Headroom* (*Playboy*, February) is that rarest of forms—readable, relevant sociology.

Ona Hamilton  
New York, New York

I've often wondered why so many television shows that start out with a creative bang gradually become stale and then

hang on for years after their novelty has worn off, like ex-champion boxers who keep fighting until they embarrass themselves. After reading *Minimum Headroom*, I wonder no more. The big bucks paid for tired plot formulas make scriptwriters numb to feelings of shame.

Charles Hampton  
New York, New York

#### A GOOD MAN GONE

Now that Chicago politics have once again returned to uncertainty and turmoil, Mayor Harold Washington's vision and unifying power seem, in retrospect, even more admirable than when he was alive. As your *20 Questions* (*Playboy*, February) delightfully demonstrates, he was one of the few Chicago politicians in history with a sense of humor, something sorely lacking in the various aldermen currently battling to control city hall.

Samuel Jones  
Chicago, Illinois

A great *20 Questions* with the late Chicago mayor Harold Washington. I was impressed by his eloquence and candor. His leadership proved that people of all origins can stand tall together.

Tom McClain  
Hurlock, Maryland

#### CHEEKY CHAFFEE

In regard to the photo of my apparently bare buttocks in your January *Grapevine*:

# HARD GLOSS

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High-cut leotards that ride up are a pain in the *butt* for women and a fantasy for red-blooded men. It's a *bummer* to destroy this one, *butt* I was, in fact, wearing an ice-blue



leotard that slipped up in the extreme enthusiasm of winning the Aspen Tennis Festival! This is a message to my conservative friends who don't read this magazine that on the *bottom line*—I'm not turning the other *cheek*.

Suzy Chaffee  
Santa Monica, California

*We'll take your word for it, Suzy. We also failed to tell our readers that you won the match. Our bottomless apologies.*

#### HAIL THE DAILY NUDES

Your photo essay on Great Britain's *Page 3 Girls* (*Playboy*, February) is breath-taking. My favorite Brit lass is Gail McKenna, lusciously spread over pages 74 and 75. That photograph alone qualifies her to be a Playmate of the Month.

Glen Kwan  
Houston, Texas

Your feature on those brash and British *Page 3 Girls* is excellent but marred by an exclusion: You mention the exciting Samantha Fox but exempt her from the pictorial.

Bob Davenport  
Healdsburg, California

#### FUR CRYING OUT LOUD

It's a real shame to see your centerfold feature of Miss February, Kari Kennell, used as a forum for an issue such as animal rights. Even a casual acquaintance with a good biology or geology text would lead one to the understanding that this planet's life forms have succeeded at the expense of others for more than three billion years now. It's a safe bet that Kennell owes her obviously healthy body (as well as the cowboy boots and leather couch with which she's posed) to the exploitation of animals. Although vivisection and the harvesting of

animal products may appear cruel when viewed through Ethical Treatment of Animals blinders, in the broader scheme of nature, these are activities that have led to the current success of our species.

Tim Kregel  
Sacramento, California

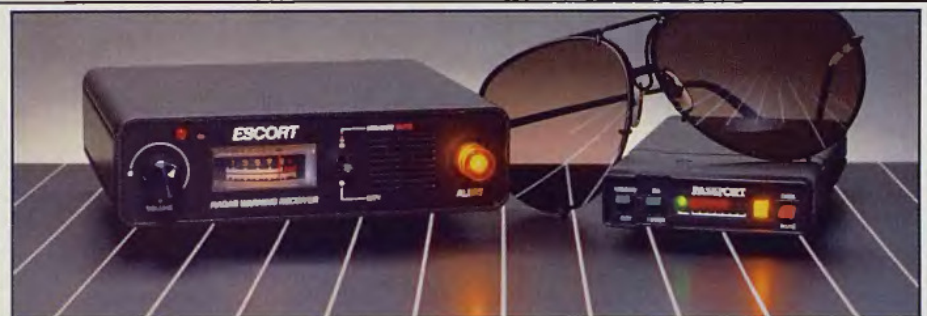
So Kari Kennell is turned off by hunting. Does she realize that the revenue from hunting-license fees goes toward wildlife and land management to help all animals? And I don't mean to be insensitive, but could that be a real fur she is wearing on page 93?

Guy Liguori  
Towanda, Pennsylvania

How noble of February Playmate Kari Kennell to proclaim her passion for the protection of animals and their rights. Had she investigated the matter, I think she would have found that the animal corpse that she allowed to be draped over her arm (page 93) undoubtedly met an untimely and violent death at the hands of trappers or factory farmers. Was that hypocrisy on her part?

Susan Nickerson  
Portsmouth, New Hampshire

*Don't blame Kari, whose animal-rights concerns are sincere. The goof was ours; a photo staffer thought that a fox-trimmed shawl she found in an antique-costume rental shop would make an attractive prop. Sorry.*



## Radar detectors: Who's telling the truth? (and who's not)

These days every maker *says* their radar detector is best. Who's telling the truth?

### It's like the movies

You've seen how movie ads use a short phrase from a review to "prove" the movie is "THE YEAR'S BEST!" Well, some radar detector makers play the same game.

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Car and Driver April 1987	Roundel June 1987	Popular Mechanics July 1987
1 <sup>st</sup> Passport (Escort not tested)	1 <sup>st</sup> Passport	1 <sup>st</sup> Escort
Cobra	BEL Quantum	2 <sup>nd</sup> Passport
Uniden	Whistler	BEL
Radio Shack	Maxon	Snooper
BEL	Radio Shack	Uniden
Whistler	Uniden	Whistler
Sparkomatic	Fox	Cobra
Fox	Cobra	GUL
GUL	BEL Vector	Radio Shack
	Snooper	Sparkomatic
	Fuzzbuster	Maxon
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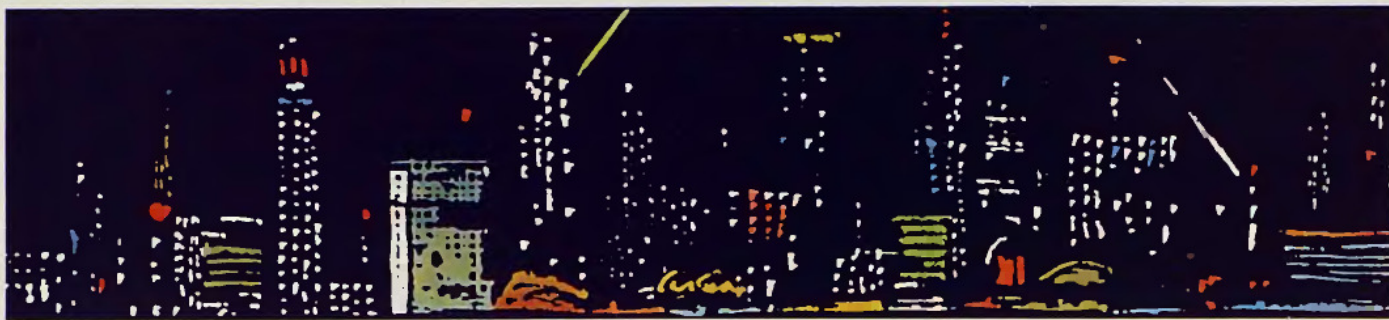
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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## TEENY

There's no phone-directory listing for tiny Walter's Barbeque (that's how he spells it) in Athens, Georgia, but it's one of America's hippest hot spots. Former Georgia football star Walter Rittenberry started cooking up a storm there in 1976, and the place still seats only six. Mostly, it's a take-out stand, serving up heaping helpings of barbecued-pork and -beef sandwiches and slabs of pork ribs. Walter's recent prominence is due to the members of R.E.M., who chow down there often, as do members of other bands—yes, the Meat Puppies and the Barbecue Killers. Now that R.E.M. has been anointed the top new U.S. band, Walter's legend has grown.

"Pork is what *barbecue's* all about," Walter is famous for saying. He's also famous for his iced tea, cole slaw and "skins"—deep-fried pork rind.

For the record, R.E.M. star Michael Sypes is a vegetarian and prefers Walter's cole slaw.

## TINY

Speaking of small. . .

Complimentary cigarettes in jars rest on the tables at Chicago's Gold Star Sardine Bar. The ice cubes are frozen Perrier. There's no cover charge, no drink minimum. A stunning woman in a low-cut dress introduces the night's performer in French, then translates. Please welcome Lionel Hampton. Or Liza Minnelli or Pia Zadora. Want a seat? Slim chance. On the night of a big act, there's room for only about 15 to sit and 200 to stand—if they don't breathe.

The Gold Star, possibly the world's tiniest top-act saloon, is the inspiration of supermarket magnate Bill Allen, whose strategy, briefly stated, is, Give folks a bargain on Tony Bennett, and they'll pay plenty to hear the house combo on a regular night. "Small rooms are always jammed," he told us. "When you rub shoulders, you feel like you're among friends."

We squeezed into the Gold Star recently to catch Bobby Short, the custard-voiced

crooner from New York's glitzy Cafe Carlyle, who had left his trademark tux at home and slumped in a sweat shirt and khakis. Short told us why a big fish had consented to play in such a small pond. "Because I like making a splash," he quipped.

Allen's bar makes a splash, all right—the newspapers gladly trumpet each booking coup and side-show stunt. When Pia Zadora played there, she took along 34 musicians from the Las Vegas Pops Orchestra. "I intend to use only small musicians," she told the press. Allen shooed his customers from the club to make room for the woodwinds, and Pia warbled for several dozen reporters crammed behind the bar.

Alas, the atmosphere can exact a price. During Short's second set, the fever of human heat from the crowd was such that a diamond-draped female fan abruptly keeled over. One tune later, a second *femme* was felled. While Short played on, tuxed employees set about ventilating the room. Eventually, doors were opened—but no one left the room until the end.

The tiny bar, which normally seats 50

and grosses \$1,000,000 a year, has meanwhile prompted its owner to think big—so watch for future Bill Allen cabarettes in Georgetown and in other locations.

## THE HOME FRONT

Look for a resumption of hostilities in Waterbury, Connecticut, this summer, when Jane Fonda and the rest of the cast and crew of the upcoming MGM movie *Union Street* descend upon the conservative blue-collar city to begin filming. Trenches were dug last December by 69-year-old World War Two vet Guy Russo, who's still angry at Hanoi Jane for visiting North Vietnam and broadcasting speeches to American pilots over Radio Hanoi at the height of the Vietnam war. While last year's letter-writing campaign failed to get the film out of Waterbury, Russo now aims to actively picket the shooting sites.

## POLSKI-NOVA

A new single being played on New Age/jazz radio stations pays tribute to the sultry Brazilian star Astrud Gilberto, who, with saxophonist Stan Getz, introduced American fans to bossa-nova music 25 years ago. *Astrud* introduces Americans to Basia Trzetrzelewska, a Polish-born jazz-inflected Gilberto acolyte who, luckily for us, dropped her last name for *Time and Tide*, her impressive Epic debut LP.

Basia cut her musical teeth on Voice of America broadcasts and later toured Eastern Bloc countries in a band called Perfect. Eventually, the group won a contest in which the prize was, no kidding, a six-month booking at a Polish night club in Chicago. Later, in London, Basia hooked up with the successful European pop group Matt Bianco. And now, to our ears, at least, she's destined for big-time solo success.

## YA, YOU BET

This book here, by Howard Mohr, *How to Talk Minnesotan* (Penguin), is one heckuva deal. For one thing, it's a paperback, so it don't cost too much then. Can't



# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### QUOTE

"I remember the place; I remember the moving and flowing of the Holy Spirit when the Lord spoke these words to my heart: 'Give Me all the record money.'"—The Reverend Jimmy Swaggart.

### YAKETY-YAK

Percentage that interstate long-distance telephone rates have fallen since January 1, 1984 (date of AT&T breakup): 36.

Percentage that the average consumer phone bill has increased since that date: 20.

Annual gross earnings of the dial-a-porn industry: 2.4 billion dollars.

Cost of an average five-minute phone-porn session: \$35.

### A BUNCH OF WHITE GUYS

Percentage of senior campaign aides to major Presidential candidates who are white males, 78; females, 15; minorities, eight.

Percentage of Americans who are white males, 41; females, 51; minorities, 15.

### NIBBLERS

Percentage of Americans who like to snack before lunch, seven; between lunch and dinner, 29; after dinner, 33.

Percentage who snack all day: 14.

Percentage who snack on sweets or ice cream, 46; on fruit, vegetables or juice, 22; on yogurt, cheese or milk, seven.

Percentage who are concerned about the amount of salt in their diet, 52; of cholesterol, 25; of fiber, 17.

Percentage who said they were very



### FACT OF THE MONTH

If the national deficit were divided equally among U.S. taxpayers, we would each owe the Government \$18,569.10. Better put it on your credit card.

State in which the most Spam is eaten: Hawaii.

States with the lowest percentage of overweight people: Hawaii and Utah, 14 each.

State with the highest percentage of overweight people: West Virginia, 24.

Diet tip for the Nineties: Eat Spam and chew bubble gum.

### PRIVATE LESSONS

Percentage of Americans who feel that parents should be the ones to teach their children about sex: 90.

Percentage who think children actually learn about sex from their parents: nine.

Percentage who think children should learn about sex from their friends: less than one.

Percentage who think children do learn about sex from their friends: 84.

Percentage of Americans who think that sex education should be taught at the elementary school level: 66.

concerned about the nutritional content of their food in 1987, 54; in 1988, 64.

### INTERSTATE DINERS

American city in which the most canned spinach per capita is eaten: Dallas; the least: Minneapolis.

City in which the most prune juice is drunk: Miami; the least: Denver.

City in which the most bubble gum is chewed: Salt Lake City; the least: Minneapolis.

complain. For another, it tells ya how to talk right so's people won't look atcha funny when you're there. It's got whole chapters on such stuff as "The Power of the Negative," "Talking Money and Road Repairs in Minnesota" and "The Minnesota Long Goodbye."

It teaches the proper use of the handy fill-in-the-blank phrase "Oh, for \_\_\_\_\_," as in, "Oh, for dumb." It reveals the difference between a good deal and a heckuva deal. And there's a section on useful phrases of indirection. For example, to get a date, you ask, "So, you don't have to, but I was wondering if you might want to go someplace with me, not tonight exactly, but you know, sometime then?" So where do ya pick up girls in Minnesota? No problem—try laundromats, hardware stores or docks on one of the state's 10,000 or 15,000 lakes. Typical pickup repartee: "Where have you been all my life?" "Well, for one thing, I don't usually fish in this lake."

Yep, this guy Howard knows his stuff, all right. He useta write for that radio show that's not on anymore, *A Prairie Home Companion*. We could tell ya more about him, but here's what he says about rattling on and on: "If you are in the big soybean for the first time, think before you talk, and cut what you were planning to say by 90 percent." You bet. So no problem then. Not too bad a deal. We could do a lot worse.

### CAT HOUSE

Amazing but true! The Anderson House hotel, a charming old country inn on the Mississippi River in Wabasha, Minnesota, provides pussycats at no extra charge. We tried it and found our kitty to be a purrfectly charming option and one that no other hotel in the country offers. Fur real.

### CD UPDATE

We've discovered a great monthly CD crib sheet called ICE (\$24 per year, International CD Exchange, P.O. Box 3043, Santa Monica, California 90403). Among the tidbits we picked up: The sound quality on Bruce Springsteen's *Born to Run*, Fleetwood Mac's *Rumors* and any of the Doors' and some of Eric Clapton's CDs has been dramatically upgraded since the original issues. But there's usually no tip-off, such as NEW AND IMPROVED stickers, on the better versions. . . . Upcoming Beatles and Beach Boys CDs will be treated by a new digital process called NoNoise, developed by California-based Sonic Solutions to improve the sound of older recordings. . . . Former MCA engineer Steve Hoffman revealed that when MCA's sound tracks of *2001: A Space Odyssey* and *Gone with the Wind* were prepared for CD release, lacking good-quality master tapes, engineers used LPs and pre-recorded cassettes to create their "Master Tapes." . . . Remember picture-disc LPs? CBS compact picture discs out now at collectors' stores include Michael Jackson's *Bad*, Springsteen's *Tunnel of Love*, George Michael's *Faith* and Mick Jagger's *Primitive Cool*.

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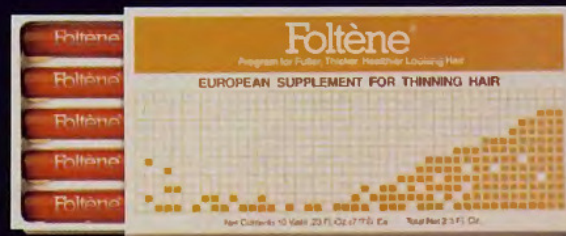
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# Foltène

## EUROPE'S ANSWER TO THINNING HAIR.

# MOVIES

## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

BECAUSE TIMES have changed, audiences will see considerably more of Rebecca De Mornay in Roger Vadim's *And God Created Woman* (Vestron) than they saw of Brigitte Bardot in his 1956 film with the same title. Little else is the same. While the original picture thrust Bardot into orbit as a world-class sex symbol and established Vadim as a connoisseur of blonde goddesses, it's a safe bet that De Mornay with all her clothes off won't have half the impact of BB loosely wrapped in a bed sheet. Vadim's entirely rehashed new *Woman* is a wily vixen who gets paroled from prison after balling a blue-collar workman (Vincent Spano) behind bars, then paying him \$5000 to marry her. Not quite ready for domesticity in the desert, she starts up a rock band and performs carnal acts off stage with a gubernatorial candidate (Frank Langella). Recycled and undressed, trash is trash in any era. De Mornay's competent but somewhat uneasy performance clearly suggests that she prefers singing to seduction; she was a far feistier bimbo when conducting *Risky Business* with Tom Cruise. ♫

*Babette's Feast* (Orion Classics) is a gourmet treat for moviegoers hungry to try something truly different and delicious. Directed and adapted by Gabriel Axel from a short story by Isak Dinesen, this vintage comedy stars Stéphane Audran in the title role as a mysterious Frenchwoman whose culinary skills disrupt the status quo in a bleak Danish fishing village late in the last century. After years of service as a domestic for two spinster sisters, Babette wins the French national lottery and squanders her new-found wealth by treating the village elders to a sumptuous banquet. Indulging their senses with amontillado, turtle soup, quail, champagne and caviar, the reticent but royally fed burghers learn through Babette's *haute cuisine* that Christian virtue is no match for either *joie de vivre* or the joy of cooking. In this worldly-wise fable, Audran presides over the kitchen routine with consummate style and sophistication. ♫

Real romance for the over-50 crowd is handled with keen humor and perception in *Travelling North* (Cineplex Odeon) by director Carl Schultz, whose *Careful, He Might Hear You* swept up most of Australia's major film awards in 1983. Leo McKern plays the retired curmudgeon wooing a mature but much younger woman (Julia Blake) whose married daughters are loath to think that Mom may have a sex life—or any life at all beyond being a grandmother. Acted to perfection by McKern and Blake, *Travelling* is the sort of movie that critics call “small”—only because we can't think of a better way to



De Mornay succeeds BB in *Woman*.

Some juicy roles for women in a decidedly mixed bag of movies.

say that it is warm, enforced and concerned with big little things such as life, death, love, marriage, loyalty and all the ties that bind or divide people. ♫

With cinematography by Italy's Giuseppe Rotunno—whose wizardry has enhanced a slew of memorable films, from *Amarcord* to *All That Jazz*—even a movie as bad as *Julia and Julia* (Cinecom) may look surprisingly good. Kathleen Turner works hard at the kind of flashy psychological hokum that actresses can seldom resist, though audiences often can. She plays a young widow who, some six years after her husband's tragic death on their wedding day, seems drawn into a time warp. Two lives has Julia, one with her supposedly deceased husband (Gabriel Byrne) and the child they never had, *maybe*; the other in the here and now with a hot-blooded traveling man (Sting). While Turner chews the luscious Italian scenery, Sting goes after her, at one point taking her for a zipless quickie up against a stately column in a busy piazza. Both Julias are sexy ladies, confirming Turner's status as an Oscar-caliber star who never quite connects with an Oscar-caliber part. ♫

Militant feminists as well as militant blacks are likely to take issue with Spike Lee's *School Daze* (Columbia). Lee is the fledgling film maker who blazed to prominence with *She's Gotta Have It* a year or so ago, presumably earning the right to make a black college musical every bit as brain-

less as those that Hollywood used to churn out with Betty Grable and Jack Oakie—or something as silly as *Animal House*. The cast has plenty of zest, best deployed in one or two bright musical numbers. As for wit, “Fuck you, scrotumface” is a fair example. ♫

Already the winner of two best-actress awards in her native Australia (and a 1984 Oscar nominee for *A Passage to India*), Judy Davis walked off with the Aussies' top acting prize a third time, in 1987, for *High Tide* (Tri-Star). She portrays a tough, strung-out backup singer suddenly out of a job in an unimpressive seaside resort where everyone seems to live in a trailer home. While stranded, worse luck, she's also forced to confront her past in the person of a teenaged daughter (Claudia Karvan, a natural actress and raving beauty at the age of 14) whom she abandoned in early childhood. It's smooth soap opera supplemented with some true grit by Davis. Among her key female collaborators is director Gillian Armstrong, whose *My Brilliant Career* also starred Davis. ♫

Carl Weathers, Rocky's nemesis as Apollo Creed, more than lives up to his title role in *Action Jackson* (Lorimar). Bigger than life but trimly true to formula, he's a Detroit cop who tends to exercise the arm of the law with both fists flying. So what else is new? Not a lot, except for Vanity (see our April issue for a more leisurely look) and Sharon Stone as two extremely decorative women involved with Jackson's case. The movie really moves, though, with the wickedest bit of sexual repartee between Vanity, as a drug-hungry *chanteuse*, and bad guy Craig T. Nelson. “I expected a standing ovation,” she purrs when he fails to applaud a suggestive musical number performed for him alone. To which Nelson quickly responds, “You're getting one.” ♫

Medieval painting, archaeology and lives of quiet desperation are the subjects delicately overlapped in *A Month in the Country* (Orion Classics). Irish-born director Pat O'Connor has a superior cast headed by Colin Firth, Kenneth Branagh and Natasha Richardson (daughter of Vanessa Redgrave and director Tony Richardson), who hit the film's emotional pressure points with precisely the right degree of British reserve. Richardson plays the wife of the stolid minister of a Yorkshire village church, where Firth has come to restore a mural while Branagh digs for artifacts nearby. Both men are walking-wounded veterans of World War One, one afflicted with nightmares and a stutter, the other with painful memories of being brought up on charges of homosexual misconduct. Very little actually *happens*, but the characters reveal their respective private hells

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# The new Everything an exotic



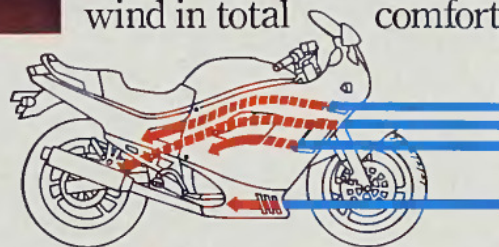
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bit by bit, not unlike the ancient, dark religious visions slowly coming to light on the church wall. *Month in the Country* is a nice, civilized visit to a time and place where headlong passions are generally kept under wraps. ★★★½

To capture the essence of a subtle and complex novel is always a challenge for film makers. Tackling *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* (Orion), director Philip Kaufman transforms Czech author Milan Kundera's internationally acclaimed novel into one of the most vibrant, sensitive and sexy romantic dramas of 1988. England's Daniel Day-Lewis—who's a latter-day Montgomery Clift, not as poetic but with twice the tomcat potency—plays the hero, a young Czech doctor with an insatiable appetite for women. France's Juliette Binoche and Sweden's Lena Olin portray, both brilliantly, his adoring wife and his free-spirited mistress—adversaries whose passion for the same man ultimately draws them into a giddy afternoon of photographing each other nude. *Lightness* follows a small galaxy of characters through the Prague spring of 1968 and beyond, but the story's concerns are only marginally political. Kaufman, who made *The Right Stuff* into a stirring but underappreciated cinematic event, knows that the right stuff here has to do with fidelity, commitment and the anatomy of love. His adaptation of Kundera's work (in collaboration with Jean-Claude Carrière) is a long-winded but seductive ramble, its bookish airs kept in sharp focus by cinematographer Sven Nykvist. While the major performers' all-purpose eastern European accents prove distracting at first, their words accompany body English that's universal. ★★★

Originally reviewed (as just plain *Jimmy Reardon*) in our September issue, *A Night in the Life of Jimmy Reardon* (Fox) was delayed until this year while acquiring a new distributor and a revised title. Again, writer-director William Richert's teen comedy with a cutting edge is enthusiastically recommended for River Phoenix' performance as a Chicago kid who scores—and I quote my earlier appraisal—as “a kind of Andy Hard-on with a huge appetite for impulsive self-gratification.” Light-years away from the John Hughes view of pink-and-pretty youth. Check it out. ★★★

All the ingredients of a do-gooder TV drama are packed into *Stand and Deliver* (Warner), director Ramon Menendez' film tribute to Jaime Escalante, a dedicated math teacher at Garfield High School in East Los Angeles. In the early Eighties, this tireless coach taught his supposedly hopeless, disadvantaged students to whiz through algebra and master advanced calculus, a feat so remarkable that California educational authorities thought they smelled a rat. What they had come upon, in fact, was a Pied Piper who became a local celebrity. On the roster of louts he con-



Olin, Day-Lewis in *Lightness*.

### An international cast tackles a Czech novel; Reardon returns, retitled.

verts to scholarship, one standout is Lou-Diamond Phillips (of *La Bamba* fame). Edward James Olmos (of *Miami Vice*) plays Escalante with unsentimental affection and intelligence, seeming to throw away scenes in a performance masterfully understated. Because he lifts the movie so high above the commonplace, *Stand and Deliver* achieves a standard rarely matched by TV. ★★★½

The trouble with *Switching Channels* (Tri-Star) is that remaking *The Front Page* yet again wasn't a very good idea in the first place. This is the fourth screen incarnation for the classic Charles MacArthur-Ben Hecht play, this time with the venue changed from newspaperdom to the world of TV journalism. It doesn't work, even with Kathleen Turner on her mettle as the ace Chicago anchor woman, opposite Burt Reynolds—less than convincing as her high-powered boss and ex-husband—and Christopher Reeve as the wealthy sporting-goods manufacturer who wants her to give up deadlines and warm his bed. Reeve is the movie's happiest surprise, playing a sort of Ken-doll character and fine-tuning the sophisticated comic flair he brought to *Superman*. Otherwise, everyone appears to be working too hard to force the humor of hard-boiled journalism into a contemporary mode. Director Ted Kotcheff has to stretch credulity to the breaking point in the updated screenplay, especially when thrashing through a sequence about live TV coverage of an execution on death row. There are some genuinely funny lines, but *Broadcast News* got there first and leaves *Channels* looking sadly strained and outdated. ★★

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

- Absolution** (Reviewed 1/88) Burton's last hurrah, high on suspense. ★★★  
**Action Jackson** (See review) A stormy Weathers with vibes from *Vanity*. ★★  
**And God Created Woman** (See review) It was BBetter the first time around. ★★  
**Aria** (4/88) Grand opera as soap opera or spoof—a cinematic spree. ★★★  
**Babette's Feast** (See review) Yum. ★★★  
**Broadcast News** (3/88) Romantic comedy brilliantly anchored in TV. ★★★  
**Candy Mountain** (4/88) Offbeat odyssey of a rock musician on a quest. ★★★  
**Dominick and Eugene** (4/88) To siblings with love, plus Jamie Lee Curtis. ★★  
**Five Corners** (4/88) Cheers for Jodie Foster and several Bronx boys. ★★  
**Goodbye, Children** (4/88) The Gestapo remembered in wartime France. ★★★½  
**Good Morning, Vietnam** (4/88) Uneven at times, but Robin Williams jump-starts it with pure comic genius. ★★★  
**Hairspray** (4/88) John Waters directs Divine in brash, bouffant style. ★★★½  
**High Tide** (See review) Here's a down-under Davis as bold as our Bette. ★★  
**Ironweed** (3/88) Might be a downer but for Streep-Nicholson fireworks. ★★★  
**Julia and Julia** (See review) Two Miss Turners and a touch of Sting. ★★  
**The Last Emperor** (2/88) Truly awesome, erotic and all about China. ★★★  
**The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne** (4/88) A new Maggie Smith coup. ★★  
**A Month in the Country** (See review) Well mannered and true Brit. ★★★½  
**A Night in the Life of Jimmy Reardon** (See re-review) Young man River. ★★  
**Patti Rocks** (2/88) She's a girl who tames male chauvinist pigs. ★★★½  
**Repentance** (4/88) An overdue burst of *glasnost* direct from the U.S.S.R. ★★  
**School Daze** (See review) Spike Lee's garbled answer to *Animal House*. ★½  
**The Serpent and the Rainbow** (Listed only) But for a harrowing buried-alive sequence, voodooings as usual. ★★  
**Shoot to Kill** (Listed only) Fiercely exciting chase through wild Northwest Poitier and Berenger vs. the psycho who's threatening Kirstie Alley. ★★★  
**Sister Sister** (4/88) Southern belles in jeopardy wonderin' how's bayou? ★★  
**Stand and Deliver** (See review) Some teacher's pets in East L.A. ★★★½  
**Switching Channels** (See review) Lame TV revamping of *The Front Page*. ★★  
**Travelling North** (See review) Senior citizens on the road to romance. ★★★  
**The Unbearable Lightness of Being** (See review) Czech sex and politics. ★★★  
**Wall Street** (3/88) The take-over expert here is mainly Michael Douglas. ★★★  
**White of the Eye** (3/88) Shivers and a welcome back to Cathy Moriarty. ★★★½

★★★★ Outstanding

★★★ Don't miss      ★★ Worth a look

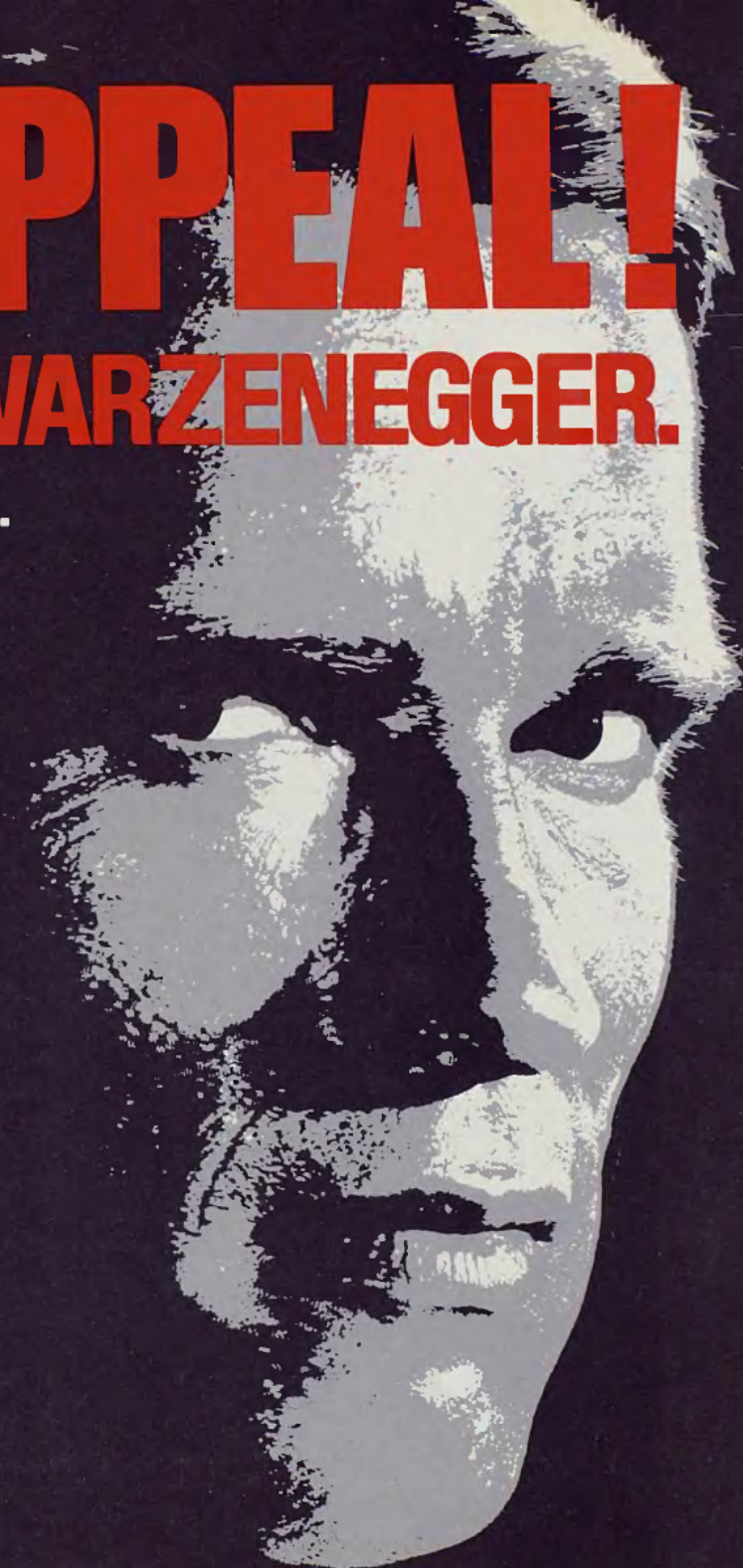
★★ Good show      ★ Forget it



# FLEX APPEAL!

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### THE RUNNING MAN

Beefy box-office superstar ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER is running for his life in the critically acclaimed action hit THE RUNNING MAN! Co-starring MARIA CONCHITA ALONSO (MOSCOW ON THE HUDSON) and RICHARD DAWSON, THE RUNNING MAN explodes in a thrilling, high-tech futuristic action-adventure! Take the advice of 'Good Morning Americas' Joel Siegel, "Arnold is at his best. Fans, start running!"



# MUSIC

## VIC GARBARINI

YES, BABY BOOMERS, they're back—Robert Plant and Jimmy Page. You remember, those Led Zep guys your little brother was always raving about but you thought were dumb and crude (until *Stairway to Heaven* and classic-rock radio convinced you that you had always loved 'em). In any case, Page adds some of his signature guitar licks to Plant's latest solo effort, but *Now and Zen* (Atlantic) is definitely *not* the Led Zeppelin reunion album. True, Page and Plant sideman Doug Boyle's heavy (but tasteful) guitars are a departure from the airier Led Lite approach Plant has been pursuing since Zeppelin crashed back in 1979. But where Zep's tunes were built around Page's muscular yet artful riffing—with melodies left to wander through the guitar lines—Plant now finally turns things around, allowing the songs and melodies to form the center of gravity. And there are other changes: Dynaglide background choruses reminiscent of Bryan Ferry neatly frame Plant's vocals, which he prudently delivers sans the melismatic falsetto that has become such a cliché in the hands of such modern-day Zep clones as Whitesnake; *Helen of Troy* shows he has been listening to U2, while *Ship of Fools* is a respectable attempt at constructing (or deconstructing) a postpunk *Stairway to Heaven*. Although this will probably be Plant's most commercially successful solo effort, the claim that it's his return to Zeppelin is a little off the mark. *Now and Zen* may sound a bit like his old band, but its musical dynamics have been rearranged. This time, for better or worse, Plant has really taken charge.

## DAVE MARSH

Rock 'n' roll's origin has so long been portrayed as the product of a well-known pantheon (Elvis, Chuck, Richard, Fats, Buddy, Ray) that it's hard to convince folks that the music really came to life years before *Heartbreak Hotel* or *Maybellene*. Relic Records (Box 572, Hackensack, New Jersey 07602) operates from a less conventional vision, reissuing dozens of albums by early Fifties groups from labels and producers unfamiliar even to most critics and collectors.

On *The Five Royales Sing—Baby Don't Do It* and *The Five Royales Sing—The Laundromat Blues*, Relic has resurrected what may be the first rock band, as that idea is now understood—a self-contained vocal and instrumental group that writes its own songs. And this band boasts a trove of magnificent harmony singing and gutsy R&B.

The Five Royales are best known for such mid-Fifties hits as *Dedicated to the One I Love* and *Think*, two of the most influential (and most frequently remade) hits of the era. Relic's reissues catch the



Is it Zeppelin or is it Plant?

Soweto has the beat,  
Robert Plant has a hit and  
God plugs roots rock.

band a few years earlier, when the North Carolina-based quintet was scoring notable hits for Apollo Records. Here, there's a larger dose of the unmistakable Gospel roots of Lowman Pauling, the Royales' masterful songwriter, and lead singer Johnny Tanner, a keening tenor who was no less talented than his more famous contemporary Clyde McPhatter. Most of the early arrangements intertwine those church-based harmonies with rocking saxophone, but Pauling's abilities as rock's first great guitarist soon begin to dominate. Here are answers to some of the great musical mysteries of our time.

## NELSON GEORGE

Keith Sweat's debut, *Make It Last Forever* (Elektra), is a slick, tasty album that establishes a male counterpart to dance divas Jody Watley and Lisa Lisa. His *I Want Her* was a dance anthem this past winter, breaking out of black radio with its ingratiating keyboard and guitar hooks. Almost as catchy is another strong dance track, *Something Just Ain't Right*. Sweat isn't a great singer, but his flexibility injects surprisingly heartfelt emotion into pedestrian lyrics. The title song—a smooth mid-tempo duet with vocalist Jacqui McGhee—was produced by Sweat with the hot New York-based writer-producer Teddy Riley, who bears watching.

In a considerably more traditionalist vein is the self-titled first album by New Orleans jazz pianist **Harry Connick, Jr.** (Co-

lumbia), a recording steeped in the Dixieland flavor of his home city. I mean, can you get more traditional than *Sunny Side of the Street* and *On Green Dolphin Street*? Still, Connick blends in enough modernist passages to show that he's more than a lounge act.

Also noteworthy is Gladys Knight & the Pips' *All Our Love* (MCA). Not classic Knight, but good Knight is better than none at all. *Love Overboard* is the party jam; aimed at the reflective are the Sam Dees-penned *It's Gonna Take All Our Love* and the two Burt Bacharach-Carole Bayer Sager tunes, *Love Is Fire* (*Love Is Ice*) and *Overnight Success*.

## ROBERT CHRISTGAU

There's great pop music in Africa, but nobody knows how to get non-Africans to discover it. Mali's Salif Keita goes the crossover route on *Soro* (Mango), and while I won't deny the skill of his heart-piercing vocals, synthesized Afrosounds and dramatic Euro-American arrangements, I still prefer the soulful flow of the more traditional album he released with Les Ambassadeurs on Rounder in 1984. Even if this one sells more, the audience he's after won't notice.

## GUEST SHOT



DURING HIS RUN as a *Righteous Brother*, singer **Bill Medley** took home a lot of hit records and left us with a new pop-music genre: blue-eyed soul. Currently coming off the hit single "(I've Had) The Time of My Life" with Jennifer Warnes, Medley is preparing an LP of new material for release this year. We asked him to audit the latest vinyl by another famous duo, Eurythmics.

"Annie Lennox sings with such animation all through *Savage* (RCA) that she ends up conjuring little movies and plays in your mind. She acts out each character with her voice—boy, is that tough to do in a recording studio! Her partner and the record's producer, Dave Stewart, has a stunning command of detail and complexity—and yet he still manages to be commercial. Guys with Stewart's kind of vision come along once every 15 years."

**Get Ready, Smokers!**

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## MILLIONAIRE CASH QUIZ-- OFFICIAL RULES

**TO PLAY:** Every Millionaire Cash Quiz game ticket contains four multiple choice questions and a Payoff Word question. Participants who correctly answer all questions on a game ticket can earn one "point". Answer the four multiple choice questions by circling the letter in front of your answer. Then use the four circled letters to spell the Payoff Word answer in the spaces provided. The "payoff clue" will help you determine the Payoff Word answer. **NOTE:** There can be more than one choice for the Payoff Word answer. However, there is only one correct Payoff Word answer. The more correct game tickets you submit, the better your opportunity to win monthly cash prizes.

**TO ENTER:** Game tickets must be answered and signed in ink to be valid. An entry consists of an envelope or package containing 10 or more correctly answered and signed game tickets and a 3 x 5 card with your printed name, address and telephone number. Mail entry to: Millionaire Cash Quiz Entries, P.O. Box 1234, Loretto, MN 55492-1234. **YOU MUST** add up the number of points (tickets) you have accumulated and print that total point score in the front lower left corner of your entry envelope or package and print your name and complete return address in upper left corner. Entries not valid until received and verified by judges. Total number of correctly completed game tickets sent with entry must equal point score shown on outside of entry or entry is subject to disqualification. Send as many game tickets with your entry as you like (but not less than 10 game tickets), including duplicate (but not reproduced) game tickets.

**EVERYONE CAN WIN BONUS PRIZES:** Every participant who submits an entry of 10 or more points will receive a bonus prize of \$2.00. Limit one bonus prize per household per month.

**MONTHLY CASH PRIZES PLUS \$1,000,000 GRAND PRIZE:** \$200,000 in cash prizes will be awarded in each of six monthly contests as described below. The independent judging agency, Promotional Marketing Corporation, Westport, CT 06880, will record the point score of each entry submitted for each monthly contest. A \$50,000 top prize will be awarded to the highest scoring entry each month, the next 10 highest scoring entries will each receive \$5,000, and the next 100 highest scoring entries will each receive \$1,000. Limit one monthly prize of \$1,000 or more per household during the six month contest period. The \$50,000 top prize winners in the six monthly contests will automatically qualify for the \$1,000,000 "Grand Prize Playoff" competition to be held at a site and date to be announced following determination of all \$50,000 monthly winners. The Grand Prize Playoff winner will receive \$50,000 per year for twenty consecutive years without interest commencing 1989. In the event of a tie for any prize, a tie-breaker competition will be used to determine winners.

**MONTHLY CONTESTS AND ENTRY DATES:** There are 6 separate monthly contests as follows:

April, May, June, July, August and September 1988. To qualify for any monthly contest your entry must be postmarked by the last day of that month and received by the 10th of the month following. The last monthly contest ends 9/30/88. Enter each month or accumulate game tickets and enter any monthly contest you wish. You may submit only one entry to any monthly contest. Monthly winners will be notified by mail within 15 days after the determination of monthly winners.

**ELIGIBILITY:** Contests open to U.S. residents. AT LEAST 21 YEARS OF AGE. The following persons are ineligible: employees of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, its affiliates and subsidiaries, and of its advertising agencies, suppliers and independent contractors engaged in the development or production of materials for this contest, or immediate families of the foregoing. All entries must be submitted in the name of an individual person and prizes can only be awarded to the person whose name is listed on the entry. Winners will be required to sign Eligibility Affidavit and Release, and must agree to use of their name, address and likeness for advertising purposes without further compensation.

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# FAST TRACKS

# R

## OCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
<b>Belinda Carlisle</b> <i>Heaven on Earth</i>	1	5	5	5	5
<b>Dana Dane</b> <i>Dana Dane with Fame</i>	3	5	8	3	7
<b>INXS</b> <i>Kick</i>	3	6	8	6	6
<b>Buster Poindexter</b> <i>Buster Poindexter and His Banshees of Blue</i>	7	6	2	4	7
<b>Linda Ronstadt</b> <i>Canciones de mi Padre</i>	*	4	5	5	5

\*Refuses to rate artist because she failed to observe the Sun City boycott.

**IT'S NOT THE MOTION, IT'S THE MEAT DEPARTMENT:** Ted Nugent is looking for investors for an L.A. restaurant he wants to open called Red Meat. The Nuge says his idea is meant as "a slap in the face to the ridiculous notion of spa cuisine and the growing problem of vegetarians in our culture." His latest album is *If You Can't Lick 'Em, Lick 'Em*.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** Mickey Thomas duets with Mel Tormé on *Dream a Little Dream of Me* in the movie *Long Before Tomorrow*, starring Jason Robards. Thomas appears in the film, too, as a math teacher. . . . Work is under way on *Strawberry Fields*, an animated movie (in both 3-D and standard two-dimensional forms) based on Beatles songs, produced by Al Brodax, who was responsible for much of *Yellow Submarine*. The title track will probably be the Beatles' version; the remaining numbers will be recorded by others, including Michael Jackson. . . . A documentary on the Eurythmics, *Brand New Day*, will mix live performance with backstage footage. . . . We hear that Ron Howard has an inside track on directing both the Jimi Hendrix and the Jim Morrison bios. . . . Beastie Adam Horovitz is shooting his first movie, in which he plays a man committed to a mental institution. The film stars Donald Sutherland.

**NEWSBREAKS:** Tim Rice, former partner of Andrew Lloyd Webber, and Elton John are teaming up to stage a musical version of *The Scarlet Pimpernel* for Broadway. . . . Paul Kantner would like to stage a Jefferson Airplane reunion, but he says his relationship with Grace Slick isn't great. Kantner thinks the recent mainstream success of the Grateful Dead makes the reunion idea a good one. In his spare time, he is writing a book about a trip he took to Nicaragua,

which he claims he's calling *I Was a Commie Dupe for the Sandinistas, or How I Spent My Summer Vacation*. . . . For all you old Chambers Brothers fans (and if you're not one, you should be), they'll have a new album out any day, produced by Stevie Wonder. . . . Also look for new albums from Robert Palmer, Hall & Oates, George Benson, Laurie Anderson, George Clinton and the Little River Band. . . . Huey Lewis and the News are working on two recording projects: a new album of their own and one with a legendary Sixties soul group, whose name is being kept under wraps for now. . . . Still more on selling the Beatles: A CBS-TV anthology series based on their songs is being developed. Isn't Michael Jackson a busy guy? Steve Binder and Bill Blinn, who worked on *Purple Rain*, will produce a two-hour pilot episode based on the essence of an individual song, which will be used in scoring and opening and closing credits. . . . Bill Wyman put together an all-star band to close a concert he hosted at Royal Albert Hall this past winter. It was the frosting on an evening that showcased five of the bands he discovered while touring England in his mobile recording studio—his way of giving something back while the Stones are on hiatus. . . . Europe's Monsters of Rock concert tour and Texxas Jam will unite for a massive metal tour, playing U.S. stadiums this summer. An array of stars on a single bill will travel to at least 15 cities and play really loud music. . . . Finally, Neil Young has written a blues song about using rock to sell things, called *This Note's for You*, which includes these immortal lines: "Ain't singing for Miller/Don't sing for Bud/Don't sing for politicians/Ain't singing for Spuds." —BARBARA NELLI

King Sunny Ade takes the opposite tack on the CD-only *Return of the Juju King* (Mercury), which, instead of adapting juju for a Euro-American audience, chooses an hour of music from the Nigerian LPs he has cut since he gave up on America in 1984. Digital recording enhances juju's intricacies, but, perverse though it may seem, I prefer the bass accents and subtle Westernisms of his Mango records, especially *Aura*.

Maybe Paul Simon's beloved *mbaqanga* can beat this predicament. South African township jive is a spontaneous crossover that synthesizes American R&B with indigenous vocals and rhythms. Sparked by *Graceland*, the British label Earthworks' anthology *The Indestructible Beat of Soweto* became an underground hit for Shanachie. The sequel, *Thunder Before Dawn*, is distributed here by Virgin; like its predecessor, if a tad less undeniably, it showcases some of Soweto's hottest bands and singers. And to prove how much more there is where that came from, Shanachie has compiled *Heartbeat of Soweto*. The collection is slightly less compelling rhythmically and vocally while a bit more exotic, spotlighting Tsonga and Shangaan as well as Zulu songs. It's also catchier, and despite its variety, it holds together. Me, I'd buy it ahead of *Thunder Before Dawn*—and also ahead of *Graceland*.

### CHARLES M. YOUNG

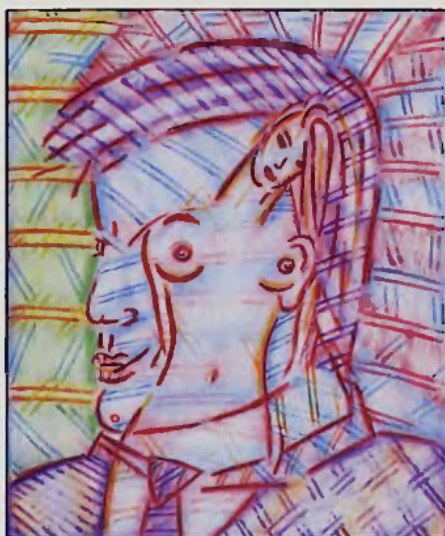
Of all the more-or-less-roots-rock bands who insist on the electric guitar over the synthesizer, songwriting over gimmick and humanity over sequencing, the Del-Lords are my favorites. The fact that their first two albums didn't sell well bodes ill for all humanity. God told me so, just after He commanded Pat Robertson to run for President. "Chuck," God said, "tell those reeking bags of sleaze who decide what gets on the radio that I'm giving them one more chance. Either the Del-Lords' *Based on a True Story* (Enigma) passes Michael Jackson's *Thriller* on the all-time best-selling list or I'm casting the entire record-buying public into the lake of fire for eternity. *Crawl in Bed* is the best hard-rock single of the year; Mojo Nixon's sermon on *River of Justice* pleases Me mightily, and there is nary a riff nor a lyric on the album that fails to move all the firmament to boogie in reflection on the meaning of My cosmos." So, reader, the choice is yours.

**Dr. Demento Presents the Greatest Novelty Records of All Time** (Rhino) amounts to a 50-year history of American musical humor—much of it sicko but short of obscene. Some of the songs are hilarious because the jokes are so good, some are hilarious because the jokes are so bad, and some give me a heavy look-on-my-works-ye-mighty-and-despair reaction. I may try *Martian Hop*, by the Ran-Dells, on my next dance tape. Except for his inexplicable omission of *Paralyzed*, by the Legendary Stardust Cowboy, Dr. Demento has done a public service for historians of the hokey.

By THOMAS M. DISCH

AS HE GROWS OLDER, John Updike gets funnier. *S.* (Knopf), his latest and most hilarious novel, is almost Wodehousian in the offhanded and inoffensive breeziness of its satire, but you'd have to go back to Petronius for a comparison to the amoral *joie de vivre* of his ribaldry. This book completes a trilogy, retelling *The Scarlet Letter* in modern dress from the three points of the adulterous triangle (unless there is still a novel to come from the point of view of Hester's bastard daughter, Pearl), but don't let that deter you from enjoying a story whose relationship to Hawthorne's original is about that of a third cousin's. Sarah Worth (the S. of the title) tells most of the story in a series of letters and tapes, the first to her husband, a wealthy doctor, as she flies West with half his earthly goods that she has raided from their joint accounts. In Arizona, she joins a commune that bears a more-than-coincidental resemblance to Oregon's scandal-ridden Rajneeshpuram (Updike gives due credit to *Cities on a Hill*, Frances FitzGerald's vivid account of that utopian summer camp that so quickly and famously metamorphosed into a Dachau for New Age types; few novels have ever owed so large a debt to a single work of nonfiction). There, she climbs a social ladder whose rungs are the beds of the disciples of the Arhat, a guru who has had the marketing genius to package sexual freedom in the trappings of Hindu mysticism and sell it to refugees from WASP respectability. Sarah proves an equal match for the Arhat, both in bed and in her ability to taunt and bamboozle the commune's enemies and its dupes with Hindu double talk. And she's more than his match in dishonesty, for as soon as she has a chance, she is skimming hundreds of thousands of dollars from the commune's Treasury of Enlightenment. American literature (which surely is the territory in which Updike now operates) has few heroines to rival Sarah Worth for sheer feckless, unregenerate criminality; but that never dampens her intelligence, sense of humor or charm. One can only hope that, like Updike's Rabbit and Bech, she will be back after the age has accumulated enough new follies to merit her merry chastisements.

Jim Harrison's *Dalva* (Dutton/Seymour Lawrence) is a more serious proposition—or half of it is, the half devoted to the imaginary journals of J. W. Northridge, a minister who survives the Andersonville prison camp and sets off in 1865 on a quixotic mission to take not the Gospel but arboriculture to the Sioux Indians: a Johnny Appleseed of the Great Plains. Northridge's journals are footnoted and interpreted by the much less vivid Michael, an academic who spends far too many



Updike's *S.* makes an indelible mark on men.

*The Scarlet Letter*  
revisited; the inside dope  
on Washington's Power Game.

pages chronicling his misadventures as an ever-backsliding alcoholic.

The other half of the book concerns the love of Dalva, an earth mother of the New West, for the half-Sioux ranch hand Duane, who plays Heathcliff to her Cathy in a romantic saga that comes within a hairbreadth of being a paperback bodice ripper. Harrison can rip a bodice with the best of them, and Dalva and Duane's romance and Dalva's search for their long-lost son are good of kind, but the historical components of the novel are so far superior that Harrison's readers may wish he'd concentrate his future efforts on an undiluted novel about the West. It's a big country, and Larry McMurtry doesn't own it all.

It seems like only yesterday that Elmore Leonard was being hyped as the next Ross Macdonald (who, in his day, had been the next Raymond Chandler). Now, already, here is Joseph Koenig, the next Elmore Leonard. In fact, on the evidence of his second hard-boiled thriller, *Little Odessa* (Viking), Koenig more nearly comes across as the next Lawrence Sanders, for the book's co-star, Harry Lema, is a retired burglar, like two of Sanders' most popular series' characters. Harry shares star billing with Kate Piro, a.k.a. Ekaterina Shapiro, a.k.a. Little Odessa, a virtuous Times Square bottomless dancer whose effect on all males is that of honeysuckle on bees. Koenig creates crisp, wisecracking dialog, plots competently and manages to write about his living-centerfold heroine as though she were as real as, for instance,

Jane Fonda. A movie is already in the works, but for those who are able to summon up R-rated scenarios on the basis of the printed page, there's no need to wait: *Little Odessa* is good escapist nonsense.

For an account of the human sexual comedy from the uncomplimentary point of view of the other half of the species, check out Jane DeLynn's *Real Estate* (Poseidon). DeLynn writes a less laissez-faire brand of satire than Updike, punishing her various scoundrels with some cruel poetry. But her characters spring from the same urban asphalt and have the same ability to reckon investment opportunities in time to the creaking of the bedsprings. The irony that is the foundation stone of DeLynn's comedy is that through all the sexual combinations and recombinations of a mazy plot, the characters' actions are motivated more by their leases than by their lovers, a socioeconomic fact of life that no resident of Manhattan would challenge. In the capital city of homelessness, your lease is where you live.

The acid test of satire, paradoxically, is not cruelty but generosity. You have to be able to relax and enjoy the rogues in your gallery, as Dickens did, as Updike does, if their eventual skewering is to be satisfying. DeLynn passes that acid test in her third chapter, where she gives a marvelous account of the coked conversation of a piggish Realtor and a Puerto Rican janitor trying to be friendly but constantly broadsiding each other as their minds tack before gusts of pharmaceutical wind. It's a comic duet delivered with perfect pitch.

## BOOK BAG

*Shoemaker* (Doubleday), by Bill Shoemaker and Barney Nagler: Shoe's 37 years of riding tall in the saddle read like real-life Damon Runyon. This one belongs in the winner's circle.

*The Power Game* (Random House), by Hedrick Smith, subtitled "How Washington Really Works," is 729 pages of anecdotes, revelations and inside dope on the power brokers of this country and the grease that keeps Washington's wheels turning. Smith's credentials—he covered Washington over the span of six Presidents—add credence to an amazing work of fact. Would that it were fiction.

*Our Hollywood* (Atlantic Monthly), by David Strick: A candid hooray for the Hollywood you won't see on *Entertainment Tonight*. Strick's collection of photographs reflects a special insight into the town he grew up in.

*Thunder Island* (Bantam), by James Howard Kunstler: It is summer 1967 on an island within an idiosyncratic stone's throw from Manhattan, and the author paints an eccentric's *Beach Party* sans Frankie and Annette.

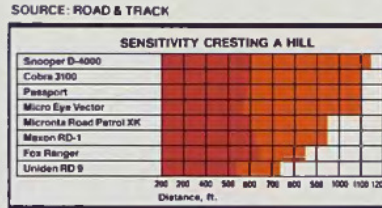
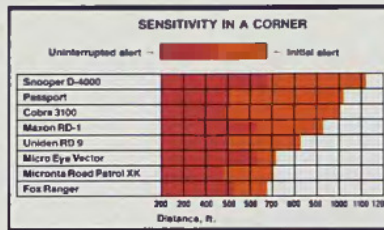




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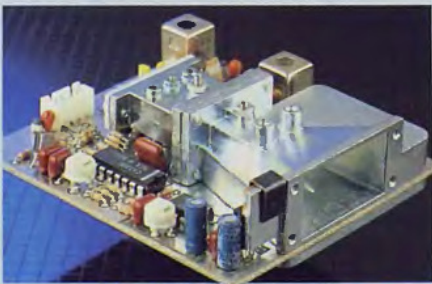
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# MEN

By ASA BABER

Women lie all the time about their sexuality," Maria said. "They aren't honest about it. You guys get caught in the middle of feminine hypocrisy. You're so busy acknowledging your own lechery that you forget to look at *ours*. And most of us pretend *ours* isn't there. Get it?"

"We're being conned?" I laughed.

"Just remember that chant—'Liar, liar, pants on fire.' It fits the women I know," Maria said. "One of my best friends is in her thirties, like me. 'I'm really glad I don't have a penis,' she told me the other day. 'I'm turned on all the time. Thank God it doesn't show.'"

Maria is a loyal reader of the *Men* column. She was giving me a lecture by telephone. She had read my January column ("The L Word") and had decided I needed a tutorial on the ways and wiles of women. In that column, I argued that men are lecherous by nature and that it is something we should not be ashamed of. "One day soon, gentlemen, we'd better stand up and cheer for our nature," I wrote, and then I posed a question about women and lechery: "You don't suppose we should construct a Universal Female Lechery Test, do you?" Maria had called to assure me that we should do just that, that women are as horny as men but that they are horny in a sneaky, hidden, deceptive fashion.

I first met Maria by mail. That's the best part of this column-writing gig, by the way. I get a lot of mail, all of it personal, some of it supportive, some of it not. There is an audience out there that seems to know me, follow me, and lets me know in no uncertain terms when I'm hot and when I'm not. Maria wrote me several letters that were honest, blunt and informative. I learned a lot about her: She's beautiful, happily married, a former singer and dancer who now lives on an orange-grove farm in California. She is also well aware of the tricks of her own sex and is willing to talk about them. In my terms, she's a national treasure.

"I call it the O word, Ace, and no, it's not what you think it is. O stands for ownership. Women are taught to view their sexuality as a thing, a commodity, a piece of trade goods, unimportant in itself, *very* important to men, the poor dears. We make sure we hold on to our sexuality until we get a deal, until we're ready to trade it for those little things that mean so much to a woman—such things as lifetime commitment, lifetime financial security, lifetime health benefits, guaranteed housing. We



## PANTS ON FIRE

don't want much for a little nookie, do we?"

"Not much at all," I laughed.

"Ownership is really the central issue for us, Ace. Women give sex; men buy it. Most of you guys are naïve. You really think you owe us for our favors. We don't want to do it, oh, no. You're making us do something nasty that we think is gross and disgusting, understand? And once you make us participate in that yukky act, that awful thing that is basically wrong and evil, after we have *given* you this favor that we own and have graciously bestowed upon you, guess what? We think we then own you."

"Sounds like a bad deal to me," I said.

"Face it, it's sick. It's a very hypocritical power trip. But I see progress. Women are starting to acknowledge their own horniness. We know we're horny, no matter how much Mom warned us against it. We know we ache and get wet in inappropriate places at inappropriate times. Guess what? There are moments when we think about hauling some unsuspecting man around a corner and dropping to our knees and making it very difficult for him to do anything but make funny little noises and give us what we want."

"Now, *that's* lechery," I said.

"You bet it is," said Maria. "But it's very difficult for women to admit to it. Why? Go back to the O word. If we admit we're lecherous, then a disastrous thing happens: We are admitting that we can lend our sex-

uality at will. We're saying that we need sex, that we need you, that we can lend and borrow and enjoy without tying strings around the offer. If you start to understand that—if you understand that we're just as sexually needy as you and that we're not doing you guys any great favors when we're sexual with you—then you'll lose your gratitude and your guilt. That gratitude and guilt have been our power base for centuries. We'd lose that, we'd lose our supposed moral superiority, and who knows what else? We treasure our power over men, all of us, especially so-called liberated women, who just happen to be power conscious to begin with. You don't expect us to give it up, do you?"

"So your pants are on fire, but you lie about it, huh?"

"Yes. All the time. Women are as horny as men. Hornier, even. But we try very hard to pretend that's not the case. We think about sex a lot. We look at men's bottoms and chests and try to see through their flies. Women ache. Physically. There's an ache that runs from the navel down the inside of both legs many times a day. We try to walk so that no one can tell how slippery we are, how lost we are in that feeling of wetness and warmth. We stand behind a man we're attracted to in the grocery store, say, and we try to absorb him. We think about his hands and eyes and mouth and body and smell—I'm not talking about cologne, either. We leave with him in our imagination. We walk across the parking lot and start the car and turn on the radio and play with ourselves all the way home. There are days when we masturbate for hours. But if you write this in your column, get ready to duck. It will be denied. With vehemence. The historic power base of an entire sex depends on this secret's not getting out. We have conned you guys for thousands of years, and I see only a few signs that we're ready to stop."

Maria and I talked about other things, about the near-freezing weather in California and the winds in the orange groves. "Winds keep the trees from freezing," Maria said.

It wasn't the first time that she had told me something about life that surprised me. Appearances, I concluded, are deceptive throughout nature. But isn't it fun penetrating those deceptions and getting to the heart of the matter? That's the name of the game.



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# WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Normally, Brendan is mild-mannered, the soul of consideration. But when we rented some hard-core pornography, he became a monster. I stood with him in the video store, dead with embarrassment, while he went raging through the tapes and barking orders. "Hold this," he said, "and this, and this!" And pretty soon I was clutching a tower of filth. He narrowed the booty down to three tapes and made me go rent them. I had to say "*Dickman and Throbbin*" out loud to another human being. Loud enough for the gay guys renting *Rear Entry* and everyone else to hear.

"I should kill you for making me do that," I told Brendan outside.

"Listen," he said, "you wanted the complete smut experience." Which is true, I did, which is why I invited five male heterosexuals over to my house to watch. I wanted to be a female fly on the wall.

What to feed them? I wondered, a fluttering hostess. Peanuts and beer, like at a football game? Genitalia-shaped objects? Tacos and wieners? They didn't care. Brendan and Jerry, very excited, stuffed themselves while arguing about blow jobs. Philip, arch and detached, wouldn't eat. Mel, fidgety and quiet, had a bit of chicken. Johnny, an inscrutable Oriental, declined even drink. I popped the first tape, *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*, into the VCR.

"This is going to be good, a classic," said Brendan, watching. "Fucking Paris! I rest my case."

"The lighting's terrible," said Jerry.

"Ugh, the music," said Mel.

"And the camera angles—you can't see anything!" said Jerry, who is such an *aficionado* he brought his VCR along to dub the movies. "Except the herpes on her lip! I can't look!"

Off came *Misty Beethoven*, on came *Three Daughters*, a Femme production, made by women, which everyone liked at first because of the music and the lighting. Then they noticed that nothing was happening.

"She's got tiny, tiny tits. Tit size is real important in films," said Jerry.

"Let's fast-forward. Once we see frontal nudity, we'll slow it down," said Brendan.

"Yuk, those tits," said Jerry. "This is definitely a female film; notice she's the one who decides when the dick goes in."

"Also notice that there's not a giant dick in her asshole," said Brendan.

"They're showing pictures of make-up



## PORN TO BE WILD

and china! What is this, the Home Shopping Network?" said Jerry.

"Phil Donahue and Marlo Thomas watch this one," said Philip.

"I have better at home," said Johnny.

"I'd rather watch sports," said Mel.

They fast-forwarded. They were intent and feverish and hardly noticed me, which was fine, for I was becoming queasy.

"Vibrators for women and home porno for guys," said Brendan during the tape change, "watersheds in beating-off history."

During *Dickman and Throbbin*, a major fight broke out. I wanted to hear the dialog, Philip and Jerry wanted a bit of foreplay, Johnny didn't care, Mel hated the whole thing because it was shot on video and Brendan wanted to charge through, stopping only at the straight fucking. Jerry grabbed the remote and was the victor.

"Got any cookies?" Brendan said.

"I've watched scenes from *Ebony Humpers* twenty or thirty times," said Jerry.

"Come shot!" screamed Philip.

"Yes, yes!" shouted Mel.

"Not much come," muttered Johnny.

"Probably coughed up a few wads already today. Do you think there was a fluffer involved in this production?" asked Philip.

"Got any milk?" asked Jerry.

They didn't like the mailman. "Bag defect!" intoned Brendan.

"We can't look at deformed scrota," explained Jerry.

But they were amazed by John Holmes. "That's sizable," said Philip. "That looks like a prototype for a lot of dildos. Perfect veining."

"Throbbin's not exactly small, either," said Johnny.

"With him, they usually have to leave three inches or so of dick outside," said Brendan. "His dick could split a girl in half. How many drugs did they have to give her to do this?"

"Maybe it's a stunt dick," said Philip.

"What? In the middle of everything, they quote from the back of a ginseng bottle?" said Mel.

"Goes to show they're ignorant white people," said Johnny. "Oh, I like that. Women are very good at faking it."

I noticed that I had had my hand in front of my eyes for about ten minutes. John Holmes had frightened me. I took my hand away and noticed that the fellows were all sitting cross-legged, drinking milk and eating cookies. Brendan was actually dunking his cookie into his milk.

"There is beer available," I said. They didn't want any.

"Oh! Between the tits!" said Mel.

"Pearl necklace!" said Philip.

"The tits aren't big enough," grumbled Jerry.

"They're human tits, fuckhead," said Brendan, "they're not from the planet Tit."

They fast-forwarded. "Hold it!" shouted Jerry. "What was that? Oh, never mind. I thought there was one in her ass." Back to fast-forward.

Then they got all excited about an N.H. blow job. No hands. Very appealing. They then admired a girl's pointy ass. Then they decided they liked the green underpants better than the beige, which bunched. Then Brendan fell asleep, Johnny started reading a magazine, Philip and Mel started discussing football.

"No matter how good it is, have you noticed it's never good enough?" said Jerry as he packed up his machine.

I felt like a den mother, watching my friends regress to voyeur boys. It was almost sweet, their simple fascination with the purely visual, with the pointy asses and the breast size. But I'm never showing my body to anyone again. Which is OK, because after seeing these films, I never want to have sex again. Ever.



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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

In response to the contest asking to describe an act of room-service sex (*The Playboy Advisor*, December), I offer the following: My wife and I were in Cincinnati for the world figure-skating championships, and our accommodations were very comfortable. After a satisfying dinner and a nice bottle of wine, already brought to us by room service, we relaxed on the sofa to some soft music. As I embraced her, she ran her fingers gently through my hair. Then she whispered, "Call room service for the Alka-Seltzer." She must have read my mind. I called instantly for the old plop-plop-fizz-fizz! Room service arrived with the little gems and my wife became quite aroused. We both knew what lay ahead and did not waste time. After we undressed each other, we engaged in some erotic kissing, licking and some heavy petting. Then she whispered in my ear, "Is it time?" I said, "Yes, it's time." I took an Alka-Seltzer, broke it in half and inserted it into her wet pussy. It started to fizz, sending her body into helpless waves of ecstasy. I entered her and soon we both exploded in orgasm! Needless to say, we used up every bit of the remaining Alka-Seltzer. I wonder if they know what they actually have. Thanks, Speedy!—M. V., Akron, Ohio.

Whether this may be classified as the elusive Venus butterfly I will leave to the judgment of experts more worldly than I. However, I have enjoyed a technique that I usually call "something hot." Using temperature during lovemaking adds a new dimension to the variety of a couple's sex life. The method that strikes me as perhaps most similar to the *L.A. Law* scenario is to order hot water, crushed ice and a couple of straws from room service. Place the hot water and the ice in two cups. After shooting the paper wrappers from the straws at each other (foreplay), put the cups on a small tray and place it on the bed. While your partner lies on her back, you perform oral sex using whatever pattern you prefer. Your only variation is that you make your lips and tongue very hot by sipping a little hot water through the straw. This can become even more exciting if you hold some of the hot water in your mouth and slurp on her labia. It sounds kind of funky, but what the heck. Although she probably will enjoy the hot water more, alternating with the ice will make the hot water seem even hotter (don't tell her which is coming next). Finally, if you put some mentholated tea in the hot water, it will drive her wild and help your sinuses at the same time. *Bon appétit!*—E. D., Arlington, Virginia.

For the successful completion of the Venus butterfly, these directions must be strictly adhered to. First, order the following items from room service—roast duck,



baked potatoes, a raw-vegetable plate (with ranch dressing), steamed carrots and two sticks of butter (wine optional). The meal must be brought up on a sterling-silver cart. After the dinner is brought up, begin to feast; you will need your strength. When you're finished dining, unwrap one stick of butter and spread it on top of the cart (having first removed the dishes). Then place the cart close to a wall, directly across from the bed (you must be at least 15 feet from it). The male partner carefully gets on the cart, lying on his back, bending his knees to a 45-degree angle. He then slowly helps his lover on top of him. She gently moves from side to side; then, when her partner reaches full penetration with his penis, she begins a slow up-and-down motion. Just before climax, the male will push off the wall with his feet, which will thrust the cart and the couple across the room (be sure to remove all obstacles in the way). When the cart hits the bed, the couple will slide off it and be launched into the air. During mid-flight, the male will pull down on his lover's waist and push his lower body forward. Simultaneously, his partner will lean back and pull on his shoulders while climaxing in mid-air, thus completing the Venus butterfly. Note—the extra stick of butter is for round two.—T. G., Bakersfield, California.

*Now, kids, don't try any of these tricks at home. (Go to a hotel.) The acts here were performed by professional stunt people. Be careful, but most of all, keep those letters and cards coming.*

After reading your article *Best of the Browns* (*Playboy*, November), I still have some questions on blended Scotch whisky. How can one determine the age of a blend-

ed product that may contain as many as 40 different whiskeys? In a bottle of 12-year-old Scotch purchased today, how much of the contents was actually distilled in 1976? How could distillers back in 1976 forecast today's demand?—R. R., Munster, West Germany.

According to local wine-and-spirits guru and liquor-store owner Leonard Solomon, the age of various whiskeys and Scotch whiskeys can be determined only by the year listed on the label. However, if the bottle states 30 as its age, that denotes the fact that the youngest spirits in its contents are 30 years old. With a single-malt whisky, the contents may be all grain spirits, but the age of the grain spirits must be stipulated on the bottle. In this case, if the label says 30 years, the full grain spirits have to be of that age. When no age is listed on the bottle, the spirits have to be a minimum of four years old. In response to your question regarding how much of the contents of a 12-year-old bottle of Scotch was distilled 12 years ago, it could be anywhere from 30 to 35 percent, though there is no way of determining that with exactitude. Finally, it is obvious that the distillers back in 1976 were not able to forecast today's demand for their product. In fact, due to the public's move to clear spirits and light wines, only 30 out of 80 former single-malt distillers are still operating today. If you're interested in obtaining a free map of single-malt whiskeys illustrating the regions and distilleries for various types and brands, write to Leonard Solomon at 1456 North Dayton Street, Chicago, Illinois 60622.

When recording a compact disc onto a cassette tape (not DAT), should any form of noise reduction (DNR, Dolby, dbx) be used? If so, why? Aren't compact discs inherently free of noise?—R. F. C., Potsdam, New York.

You definitely should use the noise-reduction system available on your cassette deck. Noise-reduction systems are designed to eliminate tape hiss rather than noise present in the recordings. Although compact discs are almost noise-free, cassette recordings that incorporate no noise reduction will have a noticeable amount of background noise, particularly on the quiet passages. Dolby noise reduction will eliminate the majority of tape hiss from the background, and dbx will make a near-perfect recording on cassette tapes.

I am blessed with something my girlfriend finds fascinating: a curved penis. The problem: How do I measure it? Around the outside curve, it's eight inches; along the inside, it is a little more than six. Would I be dishonest to boast the eight inches? Also, do you know of any sexual positions that take advantage of a penis that is crooked?—R. B., Phoenix, Arizona.

*Dishonest, no. Tacky, yes. You would*

probably fare better with a policy of truth in advertising. Many women have seen eight inches, or six inches, but both at the same time? For positions, try something known as the Captain Hook. Have your girlfriend lie on her side on a desk or tabletop. Stand facing her and use the long or the short of it, as you prefer.

Is a 100-watt amplifier twice as loud as a 50-watt amplifier? No one I know has been able to tell me why I should spend the extra cash on megawatt amps. What is the logic?—W. P., Dallas, Texas.

Imagine yourself in a Yugo, driving at 55 mph. In the lane next to you is a Ferrari, also traveling at 55 mph. Assuming the two cars weigh the same, you are using the same amount of horsepower. The differences lie in how quickly you can reach that speed, how quickly you can pass another car and how easily you can pick up chicks. Amps work the same way: For normal listening conditions, you need a handful of watts. Peaks (the cannon blast in the "1812 Overture," any drumbeat by Max Weinberg) may draw up to 30 watts, but only for a few microseconds. If your amp doesn't have the acceleration or the dynamic range to handle peaks, clipping results. You simply don't hear that bit of music as God and the Boss intended. (To switch metaphors, clipping is the audio equivalent of taking a shotgun to a Van Gogh—you can still make out the picture, even though bits are missing.) If you want to re-create concert conditions and turn the volume up until the fillings in your teeth start to rattle, the difference in power becomes evident. You need a tenfold increase in power to double the intensity of the sound. That's when the Ferrari shows its stuff. Having the extra power is great when you need it: Before you buy, though, describe to the salesman what kind of room, speakers and listening material you are accustomed to. Some of that New Age music could be powered by a firefly's farts.

Being one who enjoys a good glass of wine, I thought about something while opening a bottle. What danger, if any, is posed to anyone exposed to the lead cap that seals the bottle, either in a direct manner, by removing the seal with the bare hands, or in an indirect manner, by drinking wine that has been poured over the lead seal? I've never seen this potentially dangerous situation addressed in any article or publication. Your help in this matter would be appreciated. In the interim, I guess I'll have to drink the four-dollar-a-case variety that doesn't have a cork and a lead seal.—A. D. D., Harrison, New Jersey.

There is no danger to health posed by the presence of lead in the caps surrounding the neck of most wine bottles, though it is prudent to remove them for pouring and wipe the top of the bottle. Contact with the lead seal can hurt the wine. To avoid the remote possibility that a small piece might break off into your glass—which would be unaesthetic at best—it is worth the few seconds it takes to remove

the upper portion of the seal. The Wine Institute in San Francisco suggests removing it to at least the first, and preferably the second, notch before pouring. Doing so not only will make the presentation look more pleasing but will also eliminate any cause for concern. If you are still worried, drink California wines. Most domestic wineries use tin and synthetics for caps.

My husband likes to think he is a photographer, and his dream is to do nudes. Since "no one will pose for him" (though I have offered to many times, but he says that I don't count—he can see me any time), he has to go out looking for subjects. He looks through bedroom windows at women undressing; he looks through bathroom windows at girls bathing and using the toilet; and he has sat outside for hours at night, in freezing-cold weather, just waiting for "an opportunity to arise." He says that if women are going to dress in front of open windows, then it's OK for him to watch, and he becomes very angry with me if I interrupt him. The worst thing about this is that our sex life has gone down the tubes. I discovered one night that my husband had been taking these photos and blowing them up into 8 x 10s, or sometimes just blowing up parts of them. He masturbates to them. He stays up until three or four o'clock in the morning satisfying himself and then comes to bed and goes to sleep. Sometimes we don't have sex for two or three weeks, and when I question him, he yells at me to get off his back and says that he isn't interested because I bitch too much. Well, the sex stopped long before the bitching began. I think he's not interested because he's obsessed with beating off to his photo fantasies. He also likes to photograph little girls (ten to 14 years old) in leotards, doing various exercises with their legs spread or their butts up in the air. I view this as obsessive-compulsive behavior and perversion. I think it's a problem. He thinks of it as male curiosity and a natural thing. What do you think? And would this be grounds for divorce?—Mrs. P. J., Lynchburg, Virginia.

We hate to disappoint your husband, but his behavior in no way qualifies as "male curiosity" and/or "natural." First and foremost, he may be breaking the law by doing what he's doing—and he'll learn this the hard way if he's ever caught. We also think the nature of the photos he's taking indicates a definite need for counseling. Your husband should visit a sex therapist immediately—and you should accompany him. However, since he seems to think there's nothing wrong with him, it's unlikely that he'll seek help. In this case, you might benefit by seeking counseling, to help you deal with your frustration. As for whether or not your husband's behavior is grounds for divorce, we can suggest only that you talk with an attorney. A great deal depends on whether or not you believe your marriage can be saved—or is worth saving. However, we see no reason why you should continue to put up with this man's bizarre—

and possibly illegal—behavior. Some sort of change is almost inevitable. We wish you well.

I recently purchased a CD player. I am very pleased with the convenience and excellent sound reproduction. However, among its many features (16 bit, four-times-over sampling, etc.) is one that I'm not sure I know how to use or what it's for. It has to do with indexing within a track. I have an index readout, next to the track readout, and two index-search buttons, I-99 and 99-I. I've heard some explanations and a few guesses, but I'm counting on you for the low-down in English.—R. D., North Vancouver, British Columbia.

Very long cuts on a disc, especially on classical recordings, are read as a single track. That makes both search and track-skip functions difficult to use. Many discs feature index numbers, which means that a single track has been divided into smaller ones and each division has been assigned a number. That provides a way to access points within each track. The index-search buttons allow you to move quickly up and down from one index point to another to locate any passage you prefer in each of the track selections.

We need a question answered concerning the age-old topic of sex. A dozen close friends consuming potent hot-buttered rums around a fireplace during the holidays had to find something to talk about after exhausting religion and politics. Is the penis heavier when erect or when flaccid? One brave male member (pun intended) of our scientifically curious group was led to the bathroom scales by his current girlfriend and his last ex-wife. (I said we were close.) There, they conducted a behind-closed-door experiment. We were told no appreciable difference could be detected. No wonder; the scales register only in pounds, but he has always been the optimistic one of our crowd. A reasonably serious reply from you would be of great value because of the many huge sums bet on the correct answer. We're talking domestic six-packs among the guys, imported bottles of wine among the gals, plus tickets to upcoming sporting and cultural events.—W. F., Sacramento, California.

The penis is heavier when erect, though not as much as you think. About two teaspoons of blood per minute flow into the flaccid member; when you become erect, valves close off most of the outflow. The trapped blood (approximately 100 c.c.) produces the change in size and weight.

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



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# Marlboro

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

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking  
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# DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

**Can you turn a lover into a friend, or is the end of a love affair the end?**

I'm pretty young and not too experienced, but I think that my boyfriend and I are such great friends that if something happened and we went our separate ways, we'd be able to stay friends. Now, if a relationship ended in real bitterness, it would be harder and take longer to go back to friendship; but still, it's possible. When the end comes, you need time to think things over. But then I'd want to get in touch with him and see how he was doing and see if we could have fun as friends.



*Brandi Brandt*

BRANDI BRANDT  
OCTOBER 1987

The end is the end for me. I get very emotional. To break up with someone or to leave someone is very serious. I'd be quite hurt, no matter who did the breaking up. If I did it, I'd try to be his friend. If he did it, forget it! It would be over and done. I have always had long relationships. I've been in one now for two years. He's my buddy, friend, partner and lover. If we broke up, it would be a big mistake for both of us, unless the reason were something very dramatic!



*Rebecca Ferratti*

REBECCA FERRATTI  
JUNE 1986

No, it's not the end, unless you've had a lover who was just a lover and there was nothing else to the relationship. If you start out as friends before the love affair, you can go back to friendship. I have. My first boyfriend from years ago, Rick, is an example. I can call him and say, "What are you doing? Let's go out." Not too long ago, I had a surprise birthday party for my mother, and I invited Rick. She was really happy to see him. If you are only lovers, the end is going to feel like rejection, no matter what you do or say. He's going to think he did something wrong or, worse, that he's not good enough for you. Friendship cuts through all of that.



*Luann Lee*

LUANN LEE  
JANUARY 1987

The only lovers I have in my life are friends. Otherwise, you're only screwing. If it's just a physical thing, you never have a relationship to lose. My boyfriend is my best friend. If something were to happen, I'd still want to keep in contact with him. Of course, there is a period of mourning, when it is too painful to come together, because you remember how it used to be. Then you have to create a new definition of your relationship and take some time to get used to it.



*Julie Peterson*

JULIE PETERSON  
FEBRUARY 1987

Most of my old lovers are my friends. They still call me, and most of them live far away. They call me during the holidays or right around the anniversary of the time we met. They call to tell me how their lives are going. Sometimes, of course, it is the end. I don't know what is different about those guys. Usually, the love relationship fades into friendship. I don't sit down and have a final conversation. For some reason, after we go back to being friends, I have trouble telling them about my new involvements. They tell me about new girlfriends, but I don't reciprocate. Maybe I'm afraid they'll stop calling or something.



*Cher Butler*

CHER BUTLER  
AUGUST 1985

For me, the end of a love affair is the end. If I wait a couple of years, maybe we can connect again. Before that, it's too fresh. My high school fiancé and I didn't talk for about a year after we broke up. We are friends again now. We bend over backward to do things for each other, but we couldn't even speak for a while. We didn't want to be friends. Now we do. You have to be able to get beyond the hurt, and that isn't always possible.



*India Allen*

INDIA ALLEN  
DECEMBER 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.



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# THE HIGH COST OF SEX POLICE

Where are the police when you need them? The joke is that the best way to find a cop is to call the local doughnut shop. That, unfortunately, is not the case.

If you want to find a policeman, look in a massage parlor or a hotel, a bar or a modeling studio. Look in the back of a paddy wagon filled with prostitutes or in one of the smoky offices in the precinct house. That's where you'll find the real-life Sonny Crocketts filling out vice reports.

Julie Pearl, a recent law school graduate, provides some crime statistics in an article in *The Hasting Law Journal*. "Residents and visitors in the city of Dallas reported over 15,000 violent crimes in 1985, only 2665 of which resulted in arrest. That same year, Dallas police made 7280 prostitution arrests, which cost local taxpayers over \$10,000,000. More importantly, these prostitution arrests cost taxpayers over 300 hours daily, or 2170 hours weekly, of precious police man-hours."

The statistics are similar for other cities: "Last year, police in Boston, Cleveland and Houston arrested twice as many people for prostitution as they did for all homicides, rapes, robberies and assaults combined, while perpetrators evaded arrest for 90 percent of these violent crimes.

"Although there is no record of an increase in prostitution offenses anywhere in the nation, records show a 32 percent growth in reported violent crimes between 1976 and 1985. The police response to this problem is puzzling: Arrests for violent crime rose only 3.7 percent in those ten years, compared with a 135 percent increase in prostitution arrests. Moreover, arrests for serious property crimes decreased three percent during this period, and arrests for homicide and robbery dropped 15 percent."

For every prostitution arrest, police spend 16 to 21 hours transporting the suspect, completing the paperwork and testifying in court.

Why would anyone want to go into

this line of work? Pearl explains: "Many of the vice squads contacted maintain expense accounts for the cash layouts required in prostitution arrests. For example, most vice decoys seek solicitations from within leased or rented automobiles that must be changed every three to six months at premium leasing prices. Frequent changes in personal appearance are also necessary and some dedicated decoys reportedly spend much time and money on wardrobes, hair styles and other means of disguise. . . . [Vice officers] speak at length of the newly leased cars and the clothes ('We've got to look like guys with money to burn'). . . . Although several officers interviewed volunteered



concerning the homeliness of their cities' prostitutes, it is possible that many vice officers enjoy the time spent around women in massage parlors, modeling studios and the like. There are undoubtedly far less pleasant ways for a law-enforcement officer to spend his shift."

And to think that the average weekly cost of an episode of *Miami Vice* is \$1,300,000. If only real-life work were that cheap. Pearl gives these figures: "With the \$2,300,000 New York City alone spent in 1985 controlling prostitution, the city could have purchased the entire 1982 police departments of Toledo, Tampa, Rochester or St. Paul, or the fire departments of Atlanta, Honolulu, Indianapolis, Miami or St. Louis." Pearl studied the 1985 budgets of 16 cities and found that they spent "an average of approximately \$7,500,000 enforcing prostitution laws. This sum is more than some cities, such as Los Angeles, Dallas, Phoenix, San Diego and New Orleans, spent on all health serv-

ices and hospitals in 1982."

Law-and-order types claim that putting cops into red-light districts cuts down on violent crime, but Pearl found otherwise:

"In Manhattan in 1978-1979, the Times Square Action Plan succeeded in nearly doubling the prostitution arrest rate of the previous year. During that same period and within the same midtown area, complaints of rape, robbery, burglary and felonious assault rose by as much as 40 percent. A 30 percent increase in rape complaints was not accompanied by any increase in arrests; reported incidents of burglary rose by 22 percent, while the arrest rate plummeted 40 percent. For these results, the New York City Police Department deployed almost twice the number of patrol units used in Times Square a year earlier."

Police love prostitution work, because it jacks up their arrest records. "VICE BUSTS 32 IN RAID" makes a better headline than "COP WRITES 32 TICKETS" or

"DETECTIVE TELLS VICTIM TO CALL HIS INSURANCE COMPANY." And police get to do clever surveillance, such as setting up video cameras in hotel rooms in San Francisco and New Orleans to record suspected out-call performances. Of course, if they accidentally record you and your wife, too bad.

The police are dedicated. In San Francisco, they issued a hooker 54 citations for obstructing the sidewalk. This is dangerous work.

Police say they are only protecting the public interest. Yet a survey that asked citizens to rank 204 offenses ranging from "a person plants a bomb in a public building" to "a person under 16 plays hooky from school" found that prostitution ranked 174, immediately followed by "a store owner knowingly puts large eggs into containers marked EXTRA LARGE" and "a person makes an obscene phone call."

Vice cops have succeeded in making the streets safe—for crime. Isn't it time the police stopped picking on girls and went after someone their own size?

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

**"NEWSFRONT" UPDATES**

The "Newsfront" item "Can't Take It with Them" (*The Playboy Forum*, February) mentions the gang activity and extortion taking place in the Pontiac, Illinois, prison. Some officials believe that inmates are not the only ones being leaned upon. Guards recently discovered a Rolodex file in one prisoner's cell containing the names, addresses, telephone and Social Security numbers of various prison guards. Guards can be threatened just like anyone else. Is it surprising that prisoners possess cocaine, zip guns and knives?

B. Greene  
Springfield, Illinois

I'd like to add something to the "Newsfront" item "You Be the Judge" (*The Playboy Forum*, March). The magazine *Children* reports that at least 2,000,000 children are spanked each year in school. Only nine states—California, Hawaii, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island and Vermont—prohibit using physical force for discipline. According to *Children*, spanking and paddling actually encourage aggressive behavior.

H. Richardson  
Memphis, Tennessee

**GO TAKE YOUR GUNS TO TOWN**

There's an amusing story making the rounds that I think William J. Helmer, author of "Go Take Your Guns to Town" (*The Playboy Forum*, February), should see. The Secret Service almost left a bag of guns at the airport while it was protecting Vice-President George Bush on a trip to Florida. When one agent remembered and recovered it, the other agent replied, "Good job. We'd have been the only ones in Miami without guns."

F. Alexander  
Washington, D.C.

*Playboy* has always been willing to take a stand on sexual issues, but it avoids taking a stand on the issue of gun control. Helmer asserts that the Florida gun laws allow us "to test the claims of those on both sides of the gun-control argument."



FOR THE RECORD

**METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING:  
THE BILL OF RIGHTS**

"Praise of the Bill of Rights is proper, but we should never forget that the rights recited are fruits of the tree and not the tree itself."

—SUPREME COURT JUSTICE ANTONIN SCALIA

"When conservatives like Bork treat rights as islands surrounded by a sea of government powers, they precisely reverse the view of the founders as enshrined in the Constitution, wherein government powers are limited and specified and rendered as islands surrounded by a sea of individual rights."

—STEPHEN MACEDO in  
*The New Right v. the Constitution*

To his credit, Helmer is meticulous in using statistics to support his statements, but he is unfair in the terminology he uses to describe people who are anti-gun control. For example, gun-control supporters are called "gun-control advocates," "antigun academicians," "gun foes," "antigun groups," "nonviolent but high-minded citizens" and "reformers." Anti-gun-control advocates, on the other hand, are called "gun nuts." I feel that *Playboy* owes the anti-gun-control advocates an apology.

Eric S. Emory  
Katonah, New York

*Helmer assures us that some of his best*

*friends are "nuts" about everything from automobiles to amateur radio.*

A National Rifle Association ad bears the headline "SHOULD YOU SHOOT A RAPIST BEFORE HE CUTS YOUR THROAT?" Does a 100-pound woman have the right to defend herself against a 220-pound attacker? If you answer yes, you have to decide what the method of combat will be. Hand-to-hand? Hardly fair. A derring, easy to carry, useful only at short distances and noisy enough to attract attention, is certainly a better equalizer. Outlawing guns only notifies the criminal—who more than likely is carrying an illegal firearm—that he doesn't have to worry about retaliation.

M. W. H. Morling  
Emmetsburg, Iowa

**INSULTING OURSELVES**

"Adding Insult to Injury at Orem High" (*The Playboy Forum*, March) is interesting, particularly in light of the fact that Great Britain—which has a family-planning program rated tops in the world by the Population Crisis Committee—promotes awareness of its programs with an ad that shows a pregnant young English male. The caption reads, "WOULD YOU BE MORE CAREFUL IF IT WAS YOU THAT GOT PREGNANT?" I wonder how the Population Crisis Committee would rate Utah.

S. Collins  
London, England

*The Population Crisis Committee is a private nonprofit organization that is involved in international family planning. It gave Great Britain high marks for family planning because of the accessibility of a variety of contraceptives and birth control services to the poor and to teenagers and because of its numerous television and print ads promoting birth control. It ranks the United States seventh, behind Great Britain, West Germany, France, Italy, Australia and Canada.*

Messages urging males to take greater responsibility for using contraceptives are, unfortunately, counteracted by a bombardment of opposing messages from our culture and our legal system.



## R E S P O N S E

Boys (and men) are taught that taking the sexual initiative is a male role. The more adept a boy is at overcoming a girl's resistance to sex, the more successful he is as a male. And boys quickly learn that raising the issue of birth control also raises a girl's resistance to their overtures and reduces their chance of success.

Our legal system teaches us that children belong to mothers and, only peripherally—i.e., financially—to fathers, particularly when the children are born out of wedlock.

We must warn boys that if they get a girl pregnant, she has incredible power over them. For instance, even if the boy believes that abortion is murder, the girl has the legal right to abort his child. Even if the boy wishes to be a part of his child's life, he will probably not be able to safeguard that relationship if the mother wants him out of her life. And even if the boy does not want to become a father, the girl can still sue him for child support for 18 years or more.

We have not even tried to warn boys about what pregnancy and childbirth mean to *them*. We simply can't keep boys ignorant about their potential vulnerability any longer.

Fred Hayward, Director  
Men's Rights, Inc.  
Sacramento, California

## LASH OUT AT LEH

State representative Dennis E. Leh doesn't only want to put "organizations such as yours out of business" (*The Playboy Forum*, February), he also wants to get rid of sex education in the public schools. He has been quoted as calling one sex-ed study guide "filth, containing four-letter words and explicit drawings."

Rick Cooper  
Douglassville, Pennsylvania

I read *20 Questions* with the late mayor Harold Washington in the February issue. In response to the question "Give us a list of words that a politician can use to describe his enemies without losing his dignity," Washington responds, "Monumental nuisances. This refers to little men, carrying too much power for their size, who try to grapple with problems that they aren't intellectually equipped to deal with."

I then turned to *The Playboy Forum*, where I read the letter from state representative Leh. How fittingly Washington's quote describes Leh. Unfortunately, other mental midgets in high places promote similar views. Leh and his col-

leagues should address the real problems of this country instead of wasting time and tax dollars on their own pet peeves.

Shuji Sakai  
Binghamton, New York

Leh will *never* get my vote.

Patricia C. Jettie  
Vintondale, Pennsylvania

I'd just like to know how he got elected.

Don A. Evans  
Batavia, Ohio

## HITE'S REPORT

From all the attention that Shere Hite's *Women and Love: "A Cultural Revolution in Progress"* has received, I had assumed that it was a legitimate study. The fact that the women who returned Hite's questionnaires grouped the men in their lives toward the worthless-bastard end of the male spectrum doesn't mean that the research wasn't accurate. I'm a man who has known more than a few Worthless Bastards. If I didn't also know an equal number of worthless bitches, I might feel guilty for belonging to the male sex.

However, after reading your "Hate Report, None Dare Call It Science" (*The*

*Playboy Forum*, February), I now have to include the new Hite report under the heading Worthless. Maybe we need the literary equivalent of a Surgeon General, who has no authority to suppress anything but could require that a little warning label about the author's biases be printed on the dust jacket of every book that purports to contain legitimate research.

P. Gordon  
Chicago, Illinois

## WARNING: FIRST AMENDMENT DOES NOT APPLY

The U.S. Supreme Court's decision that First Amendment rights do not extend to student newspapers is a dangerous one. As a student journalist, I was a strong advocate of freedom of the press and managed to tangle with the school administration several times over editorial content. The mistake I made as an undergraduate editor, and the mistake the Supreme Court makes now, was in considering this a First Amendment issue. Instead of cooking up some legally dubious reasons for denying freedom of the (student) press, reasons that erode our important constitutional right, the Court

## PLAYBOY'S VERY OWN: A 1988 NOBEL NOMINEE

Joe Ingle, a minister of the United Church of Christ, came to our attention in 1978, when he sent a letter to the Playboy Foundation requesting money to help his Southern Coalition on Jails and Prisons. We thought that Joe's organization was an impressive cause and that he was an impressive man.

The S.C.J.P.'s 12,000 members work for the abolition of the death penalty and the reform of our prison system. Joe, who is cofounder and director of S.C.J.P., visits all the prisoners on death row in the South at least once a year, offering them moral and financial support. He and his organization also work to make prison conditions more humane.

Joe's efforts have earned him an international reputation. Late last year, he received a copy of a letter from five members of the Swedish parliament to the Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Storting (Parliament) nominating him as a candidate for the 1988 Nobel Peace Prize. The letter reads in essence:

Abolishing the death penalty, a cruel, inhuman and degrading form of punishment, is necessary in order for the inviolability of human life to be fully recognized. The death penalty is a major deterrent in achieving world peace. "Joseph Ingle's unique efforts in the United States have been of vital significance for numerous individuals and have had an effect all over the nation. We therefore consider that he is a worthy candidate for the 1988 Nobel Peace Prize."

Joe wrote to us with this news and added: "This nomination would not have been possible without the support and friendship you have provided the Southern Coalition on Jails and Prisons and me over the years. I simply want to express thanks for your support and to say that I regard this nomination as a recognition of your efforts on behalf of the imprisoned and condemned in our country."

Faithfully yours,  
Joseph B. Ingle

Thank you, Joe.

should simply have said that free expression is inviolate for a publisher but does not extend to the publisher-editor relationship. No editor puts out a newspaper with which his publisher disagrees—at least not for long. In the case of school-supported student papers, the institution is the publisher, who is liable for the product. It is just as wrong for the Supreme Court to give that institution the *formal* authority to censor student papers as it would be to deny it such authority.

In the real world, all publisher-editor relationships involve explicit or implicit censorship. The important thing is to keep the Government out of it.

William J. Helmer  
Chicago, Illinois

### THINK AGAIN, GARY HART

Gary Hart has stated that his private life is nobody's business and that his personal life is not a fit subject for reporters' questions or scrutiny. I disagree. Here's why: Some members of the Armed Forces are assigned to collect and safeguard our Government's classified information. In order to qualify for such a position, they undergo extensive background investigations. Although that costs the American taxpayers thousands of dollars, it does ensure that classified material and information isn't handled by those who might be susceptible to blackmail or bribery.

If Hart's life is not fair game for investigation, that means that Americans can't check out the potential Commander in

Chief of the Armed Forces, the person most readily able to obtain classified information. If Hart is not willing to make that sacrifice—one that many people in the military make—then he is not fit to be President of the United States.

Howard L. Hull  
Rushville, Indiana

### GUIDE TO AIDS

Misinformation about AIDS is the disease's best friend. And there is plenty of misinformation around. In order to combat AIDS ignorance, the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services has published an informative pamphlet titled *Surgeon General's Report on Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome*. Originally, the pamphlet was to be distributed throughout the United States. However, the Reagan Administration halted the mailing, because it felt that the report was too long and detailed. Congressmen still have the option of distributing it to their constituents. If your readers have not received a copy and wish to, they should contact their Congressman or their local Public Health Service office.

P. Tucker  
Chicago, Illinois

*You'll be happy to know that the mass mailing of AIDS information is back on the agenda of the Public Health Service. Congress signed a budget resolution requiring the PHS to mail AIDS brochures—at an estimated cost of \$20,000,000. The mailing date is targeted for early this summer, but the pamphlet won't be Surgeon General Koop's. A*

*new brochure is being drawn up, focusing on abstinence, monogamy and the use of condoms. Koop's pamphlet, however, is still available for the asking.*

### MEN'S LIBERATION

I'm sick of the men's liberation movement. Underneath its hip facade, I see a bunch of extremely conservative guys who like to whine a lot. Since when do we have it so bad?

J. Franklin  
New York, New York

### A PRIVATE SOLUTION TO THE DRUG WAR

I've read with interest the various items you've published about the ineffectiveness of the war on drugs. I'd like to give a little history lesson to the Reagan Administration that will offer a way out of its weak war.

In the 17th and 18th centuries, pirates were so numerous and troublesome that they imperiled world shipping and constituted a virtual raider nation of the seas. Naval vessels had to escort merchant ships along their routes in order to prevent the likes of Captain Kidd, Blackbeard and Captain Tew from attacking and plundering them.

During its 17th Century wars with Spain, England let privately owned vessels attack and plunder the ships of the enemy on a keep-all-you-can-get basis. This was called privateering, and it differed from piracy only in that it was legal—at least

(concluded on page 48)

## A LOAF OF BREAD, A WINE OF JUGS AND THOU

Obscenity is in the eye of the beholder, and when the eye of the U.S. Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms beheld the bare-breasted woman adorning this wine label, it declared it obscene and prohibited the wine from being sold in the U.S.

Dot Koester, spokeswoman for the BATF, offers this explanation: "The breasts on this label were upthrust and very evident. If the picture had been a masterpiece, then it would have been allowed; but it wasn't, so it's obscene." Although the design was created by Erté, pioneer of art deco and world-renowned artist, it didn't qualify. "We're talking Michelangelo," she says.

That left Romano Chietti, presi-

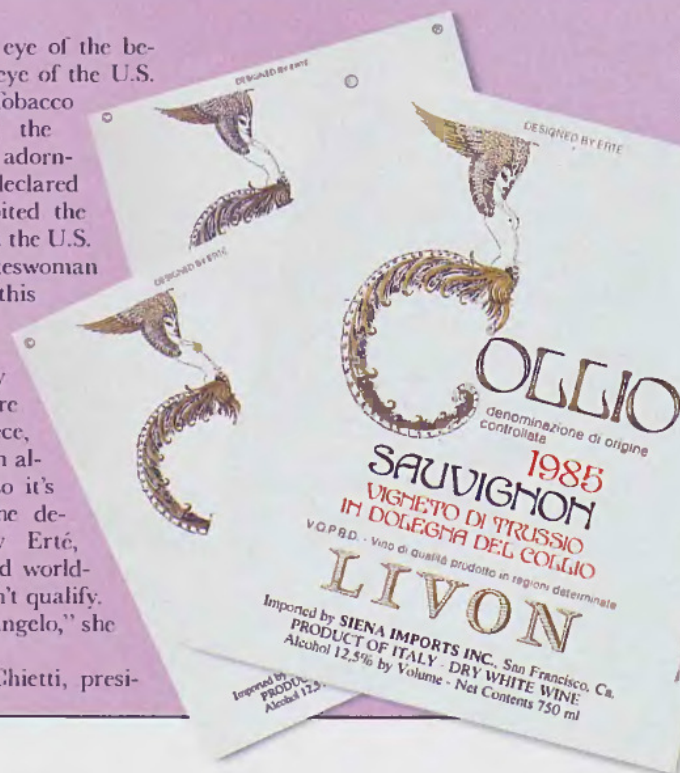
dent of Siena Imports and importer of Collio wines, with 4000 bottles of illegal wine and a real taste of American censorship. "Mama mia!

America is prudish," he says.

Frustration finally led Chietti to take brush in hand and delicately touch up the 4000 ladies on the labels with gold-leaf paint. The three-week effort paid off when the bureau grudgingly granted permission for the wine to be sold, though one agent grumbled that the picture was still very revealing.

As for next year's label, it's still Erté's woman—but minus the breasts. The BATF heartily approves. "The label is like seeing a man at the beach," says Koester. Swell.

—KIM ERWIN



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

### CONDOMS IN THE NEWS

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA—Five thousand imported condoms worth \$2000 were stolen from an import company's car. "I know condoms are definitely a hot item these days, but I didn't think they were that hot," said the company's president. He speculates that the thief was attracted to the condoms because "they are elegantly packaged" and the criminal thought the packages contained jewelry. He hopes the



condoms will be returned to the company, but "if not, I hope whoever uses them, uses them with someone he loves."

BETHESDA, MARYLAND—Dr. Florence Haseltine, director of the Center for Population Research at the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development, said that the institute is willing to finance the development of a new condom. "We never really worked with condoms before," Dr. Haseltine said, "but with the AIDS epidemic, there is a real need for condom studies." The institute's idea is for someone to develop an expandable condom that can be put on before sexual activity begins.

### LIFESTYLE EVICTION

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA—A mobile-home park has evicted a woman who shares her mobile home with her fiancé. The judge upheld the eviction, reasoning that the local antidiscrimination ordinance, which prohibits discrimination based on race, sex or marital status,

doesn't protect unmarried people who live together. "It's business as usual for the park and a victory for the residents, as well," claims the mobile-home park's attorney. "If the decision had gone the other way, it would have created a burden for the park, which needs the rule to promote a family atmosphere."

### HIGH ON TAXES

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS—Illinois is the most recent state to issue a tax on illegal-drug sales. The law requires drug dealers to buy tax stamps and display them on their packages. Legislators are not so naïve as to believe that dealers will actually comply with this law, but the legislation gives drug enforcers another weapon to use against the sellers of illegal drugs. A spokesman for the Illinois state police said, "People can say the taxes and the law are ridiculous, but they should think back a little bit and remember how Al Capone was convicted." In any case, some of the stamps will be sold—to collectors.

### SPERM STOPPER

ALBANY, NEW YORK—A new male contraceptive, which may not be available for human use for a decade, was accidentally discovered by researchers at Albany Medical College. The contraceptive is a bacterial protein that can stop the sperm-producing ability of the pituitary sex hormone, follitropin. The protein will be tested on rats and mice. If it is successful, it will not only be moved up to the next stage of testing—on primates—but will also be developed as a new weapon in rodent control.

### AIDS HYSTERIA—CALIFORNIA STYLE

SACRAMENTO—Californians can look for a familiar voter initiative on their June ballot—one that, if passed, will permit the quarantining of AIDS patients. Although the proposal was rejected in 1986 by 71 percent of voters, more than 500,000 signatures, 100,000 more than required, have been gathered in order to get the initiative back on the ballot.

Meanwhile, one lawmaker predicts that California will be forced to designate an entire prison to house inmates with AIDS. The lawmaker should note that only .002 percent of the California prison population is diagnosed as having the virus.

### FIRST AIDS

BONN, WEST GERMANY—West Germans are currently required to carry a first-aid kit in their cars. Beginning in October, they will have to add an item—two pairs of seamless gloves—in case they're called on to help victims of AIDS who are injured in traffic accidents.

PLAINVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS—A new glove, made of nickel-plated brass rings, is now being sold to pathologists. It cannot prevent needle pricks, but it can prevent scalpel cuts and is marketed as a protection against AIDS, hepatitis or other blood-borne infections.

### FIREHOUSE ROCK

LOS ANGELES—The age-old tradition of firemen's watching dirty movies may come to an end in Los Angeles if some fire fighters and paramedics have their way. They have proposed new rules to crack down on the policy of viewing sexually oriented magazines, films and videos. "The firehouse is a workplace, not a clubhouse," complains one offender. "Employees of the fire department have a right to a work environment that does not subject them to objectionable sexist magazines,



video tapes or television programs." A fire-department spokesman agrees that some discretion is in order when females and nonemployees are present but notes that there have been complaints for years. Chief Donald Manning doubts that there will be a change in policy soon.

## THE RICO

On November 10, 1987, in a United States courtroom in Alexandria, Virginia, Dennis and Barbara Pryba were found guilty of racketeering under the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations statute. Their business property was seized; they faced a combined sentence of 95 years in prison and \$785,000 in fines.

The verdict marked the end of a tough year for the Prybas. They had been harassed by Federal and local agents who searched their home and monitored their phone calls. Barbara Pryba, upset by the torment, suffered a nervous breakdown a few days before their trial began. She spent one week in the hospital under heavy sedation and remained on medication throughout the proceedings. Their lives were shattered, their children traumatized.

What did the Prybas do to suffer such a fate? Not much. They owned a small chain of video stores and adult bookstores. In most cities, their business would go relatively unnoticed. Unfortunately, the Prybas had the bad luck to live in a district supervised by Henry Hudson, the U.S. attorney who chaired the Meese Commission on Pornography. They also had the misfortune to be doing business at a time when Federal prosecutors were hunting for a case in which to test the RICO statute as a means of attacking dealers in obscenity.

RICO, also known as the Federal racketeering statute, was originally passed in 1970 to give the Government broad authority to fight organized crime. It made it illegal to engage in certain criminal activities, such as wire or mail fraud, kidnaping, gambling, arson, robbery, bribery, extortion, dealing in narcotics or other dangerous drugs, counterfeiting, theft from interstate shipments and embezzling from pension and welfare funds.

During the conservative fervor of 1984, Congress amended the statute to include obscenity offenses. The Meese commission recommended that Federal smut busters use the newly amended law against businessmen

CASE IN POINT  
U.S.A. VS. PRYBA

in X-rated ventures. What makes the RICO statute attractive to the likes of Henry Hudson are the severe penalties it exacts. If a dealer is found guilty under RICO, the Government has the right to seize all the assets of his company. Thus, in the case of the Prybas, because four films and six magazines were judged by a jury to be obscene, the Government could seize their entire stock of films, including general-audience movies such as *Star Wars*, and all their magazines. The Meese commission described RICO as "one of the strongest weapons in the prosecution arsenal."

Indeed, it is. Instead of merely being forced to relinquish the "offensive" films and magazines (valued at \$105.40), the Prybas lost their entire stock and were put out of business.

The upshot of the Pryba case is that now, local video outlets, even those with only a small section of adult films, can be put out of business. Video dealers have to figure that if it happened to the Prybas, it can happen to them—and they will begin to censor their own stock.

Judge T. S. Ellis, the presiding judge in the Pryba case, asked what would prevent the Government from confiscating the entire stock of Crown Books, if it were found to carry a few magazines deemed obscene. Prosecutor Lawrence Leiser as-

sured him that Crown Books would never be prosecuted, because it didn't market obscene material. But William Cummings, the Prybas' attorney, pointed out, "That's the problem with obscenity charges. Nothing is obscene until a jury says it is obscene. Leiser can't say that magazines sold by Crown Books are or are not obscene until a court decides."

Terry Stone, a defense attorney in Los Angeles who specializes in RICO cases, feels that the Justice Department's strategy will be to continue to go after small dealers on racketeering charges and amass numerous convictions. Then, with those convictions as precedent, it will begin to assault larger operations. "It's not as if the Justice Department has a soft spot in its heart for *Playboy*," says Stone. "It just wants to pick and choose its cases." In other words, the power of RICO will be used only against individuals who lack the political clout or financial resources to successfully fight the charges against them.

In the meantime, the Meese commission and the Justice Department have claimed their first victims in their war on pornography—the Prybas. Although the couple will appeal the verdict, RICO allows prosecutors to sell seized assets while the case awaits the judgment of a higher court. Even if the lower court's judgment is overturned, the Prybas' business will be gone, auctioned off at a fraction of its value.

Ronald Reagan and Edwin Meese will soon leave office, but their legacy will long survive them. The scores of Federal judges and prosecutors appointed during Reagan's Administration will be with us

for years, attempting to impose their sexual politics on the rest of us—and the powers of RICO give them more than enough muscle to do it. —RICHARD RYAN



On December 18, 1987, Judge Ellis sentenced Dennis Pryba to three years in prison and a fine of \$75,000. Barbara Pryba was sentenced to a three-year probation period and a \$200,000 fine. The Prybas are appealing the verdict.

R O U L E T T E

A REAL THREAT  
THE RICO TRAP

As the Pryba case ground to a close, President Reagan announced a new offensive against obscenity, sending to Congress a 106-page Child Protection and Obscenity Enforcement Act. "This Administration is putting the purveyors of illegal obscenity and child pornography on notice. Your industry's days are numbered. . . . Isn't it about time we removed the profit motive from activities that are sick and obscene?"

The *New York Times* reported that the Justice Department "plans to seek a series of racketeering indictments designed to seize tens of millions of dollars from the distribution and sale of sexually explicit material." The article noted that "for years, Federal prosecutors had all but ignored obscenity prosecutions, with the exception of cases involving child pornography. In the 1986 fiscal year, only ten people were indicted by the Justice Department on adult obscenity charges.

"But [Attorney General Edwin] Meese has made the cases a priority and the number of people charged in obscenity indictments rose to 71 last year. It is expected to jump again sharply in 1988."

Rather than turn the forces of the Justice Department loose on something important, such as public corruption, Meese is turning his agents loose on pornography. Rather than indict his friends and co-workers, he is going after mom-and-pop video stores that sell sexually explicit material.

In effect, he is creating a group of legal terrorists, who will pick off the small, isolated shops unable to afford an expensive defense. In doing so, he hopes to intimidate a whole industry. The Justice Department says that it is going after only the sick and obscene, but the issue is far from simple. One of the reasons 7-Eleven stopped carrying *Playboy* was the fear that RICO statutes would be used to confiscate the assets of the entire Southland Corporation. Giving a gung-ho prude such as Henry Hudson the right to use RICO statutes in obscenity cases is akin to providing atomic weapons to Muammar el-Qaddafi. The tastes of the nation can then be determined by any prosecutor who rounds up 12 like-minded

jurors. A conservative few can dictate what the majority reads and sees. The tactics of the Justice Department have alarmed many and pleased few. Witness some of the comments from around the country:

"Richard Pryor got rich saying things Lenny Bruce went to jail for. We all have a stake in these cases. But with the introduction of RICO forfeiture, the Government has raised the ante too high. . . . Everyone involved in the pornography



*How does one determine a community standard? "The Punishment of Anne" is "an ultra-erotic look at the infernal triangle of sadist, masochist and voyeur." "She-Male" is part of a series on the adventures of a transsexual. "The Girls of the A-Team" is about a secret branch of the Government "dedicated to relieving the anal tensions of the country." Henry Hudson found 12 citizens of Virginia who were shocked enough by the contents of these videos to label them obscene. The Prybas, on the other hand, presumably found at least 12 citizens intrigued enough by the literary, artistic, political or scientific value of the tapes to have spent money renting them. The question in this, and other obscenity trials, is, Who speaks for the community?*

debate agrees that the line between smut and constitutionally protected expression is less than bright."—STEPHEN HORN, lawyer and former chairman of the American Bar Association's RICO Committee

"It's one thing if the object of the Government's prosecutorial zeal is drugs or contract killings—crimes whose victims are apparent and where constitutional issues are not at stake. But pornography is not such an area. No one has yet died

from it, few people can even define it and grave constitutional issues are involved."—RICHARD COHEN, newspaper columnist

"The Arizona Court of Appeals in August held that state's RICO statute unconstitutional if it permits the sale and forfeiture of a defendant's assets when only a portion of those assets are found to be obscene. By contrast, the Indiana Supreme Court declared in March that under the Indiana RICO law, prosecutors can seize all contents of adult bookstores without fear of violating the seller's First Amendment rights, ruling that it is irrelevant whether assets derived from an alleged violation of the RICO statute are or are not obscene."—STEVEN BIERMAN, associate counsel, Council for Periodical Distributors Association

The use of RICO "poses as substantial a threat to the rights of booksellers and video stores as any single initiative by the Federal Government. These cases lead to the suppression of material that we should presume—and, in our system of government, must be presumed—to be protected by the First Amendment."—BARRY LYNN, legislative counsel, American Civil Liberties Union

Confiscating the assets of an entire business, even if it has sold obscene materials on only a few occasions, is a circumstance not "clearly thought through when Congress added obscenity to the racketeering statutes."—T. S. ELLIS, judge in Pryba case

"I'm not happy about [the Pryba verdict], because it allows the forfeiture of lawful inventory. . . . In terms of the First Amendment, it's a defeat."—BRUCE ENNIS, Washington lawyer and specialist in First Amendment law

"The penalty [in a possible racketeering prosecution] is so severe that I'd have to advise our membership to exclude anything that was sexually explicit because of the enormous risk involved."—MAXWELL LILLIENSTEIN, attorney, American Booksellers Association

"A \$150 fine doesn't mean anything. But taking a business, your home, your yacht, starts to get real serious. RICO is the equivalent of a death penalty for a corporation."—MIKE GUARINO, assistant Los Angeles city attorney

# SECTS

THE  
JOY  
OF

If you're like me, you want to know who you are, why you're here and where you're going when you leave. And your personal spiritual odyssey in this new age of televangelists, trance channeling and celebrity gurus has taken you down some dead ends.

Let's face it: The available religions just aren't that attractive. So where do you turn for ethical and moral guidance in the Eighties? Well, you could start by taking a look at some of the new trendy sects and religious movements that are just beginning to attract a flock. Here's where to get with it:

**Zen Dude-ism**—An offshoot of the more widely practiced "Stonerism," this esoteric neo-Oriental philosophy is practiced mainly on the beaches of Southern California. The members' unusually strong sense of identity grows out of the unexplained socioreligious phenomenon in Southern California that every male between the ages of 15 and 19 living within three miles of the Pacific Ocean be named Dude.

**The Amway Krishnas**—Although wracked of late by political infighting among its adherents, this sect of capitalistic, entrepreneurial monks continues to remain popular among young adults who pursue that slice of the American dream so many of us yearn for—being your own boss, economic independence and the freedom to shave your head, paint your face and beg for money from strangers in airports.

**Pastafarians**—A very odd black cult noted for wearing Spaghetti-Os in their long braided hair. The Pastafarians smoke oregano, their sacred herb, and worship the departed spirit of Chef Boyardee.

**Eighth Day Adventists**—Here's a group that is currently enjoying a slight resurgence as a self-help organization for chronic procrastinators. They were banished from the better-known Seventh Day Adventists around 1900 for their annoying habits of being notoriously tardy for services and incredibly stingy at collection time. Their behavior gave rise to the popular phrase "a day late and a dollar short."

**Church of Christ. Geologist**—A really underground cult. This coterie of Christian spelunkers bases its entire existence on one utterance of Jesus; to wit, "And upon this rock I will build my Church," as interpreted in the apocryphal writings of the obscure Second Century A.D. theologian Saint Igneous of the Catacombs (known also as The Mole of Mantua). They affirm a belief in grace, sin, redemption and an Eternal Water Table.

**Brie-osophists**—From the Sanskrit for "newly wealthy worshipers of smelly cheeses." This is certainly one of the most popular of the new urban religious movements. Its adherents are easily identified by their foreign cars, their fondness for vintage clothing and an insatiable desire for *gelato*. Their triune doctrine: unshakeable belief in positive thinking, reincarnation and boutique shopping.

**The Baklavites**—Not all of the new sects are actually new; some are just rediscovered. So it is with the Baklavites, whose beautiful ancient rituals and customs would be lost to the world forever were it not for the people in an Old World enclave in Chicago who are now teaching a whole new generation the traditional values of Greek-pastry worship.

**The Gikhs (a.k.a. Nurhds)**—A steadily growing assemblage of mainly male computer programmers who find peace and harmony in worshiping the ancient spirits of slide rules past. It is their avowed practice never to cut their hair or change their plastic shirt-pocket protectors.

**The Jobja Witnesses**—Not so much a religious movement as a belief system. This strange collection of independent distributors/true believers is held together solely by a faith in the redemptive power of natural cosmetics and shampoos. (Not to be confused with the Mennonites, a much more conservative, even antimodern congregation whose members find salvation only in men's toiletries.)

John Merryman  
Torrance, California

## READER RESPONSE

(continued from page 44)

from the English point of view. What made the difference between a pirate and a privateer was a document called a letter of marque, which authorized one boat to terrorize another.

If the U.S. Government wants to stop maritime drug smugglers, it should give letters of marque to coastal rednecks—and let them do the rest. We'd have to revise the English system somewhat—we can hardly let the new privateers keep all the drug booty they find—but the Government could make it worth their while by buying the drugs back at just above the wholesale price. The cost of this program would be peanuts compared with the cost of the current war on drugs.

Seems to me that this could work—and it would certainly be a better and less expensive idea than having our military interdicting illegal-drug shipments.

T. Webb  
Providence, Rhode Island

### ANIMAL RIGHTS AND WRONGS

Animal-rights activists like to use the phrase factory farms to indict modern animal-husbandry practices. What they apparently don't realize is that any physical or psychological stress will reduce an animal's rate of weight gain and will lower the quantity of milk produced or the number of eggs laid. Animals that are exposed to extremes in weather and to predators are under more stress than animals that have food, water and a warm, dry, safe shelter. Farmers do not want stressed-out animals—it reduces their productivity. Farmers, therefore, do not abuse their animals, if for no other reason than that it would be bad business to do so.

William S. Griffith  
Dairy Farmer  
Canal Winchester, Ohio

### SEND OUT THE CLOWNS

A recent edition of *The Wall Street Journal* contains a short article that begins, "Most people don't think of pornography when they think of Holiday Inns. But the National Federation for Decency does." The N.F.D. is now objecting to pay-for-view movies available in most Holiday Inn rooms, saying that some are pornographic. Apparently, the N.F.D. thinks that of just about everything. I'm tired of all those clowns who use their First Amendment rights to try to strip me of mine. All too often, it's the vocal people who get their way. I'm sending a letter to Kenneth B. Hamlet, President, Holiday Inns, Inc., 3796 Lamar Avenue, Memphis, Tennessee 38195, to tell him that he has my support. It's time we all made ourselves heard.

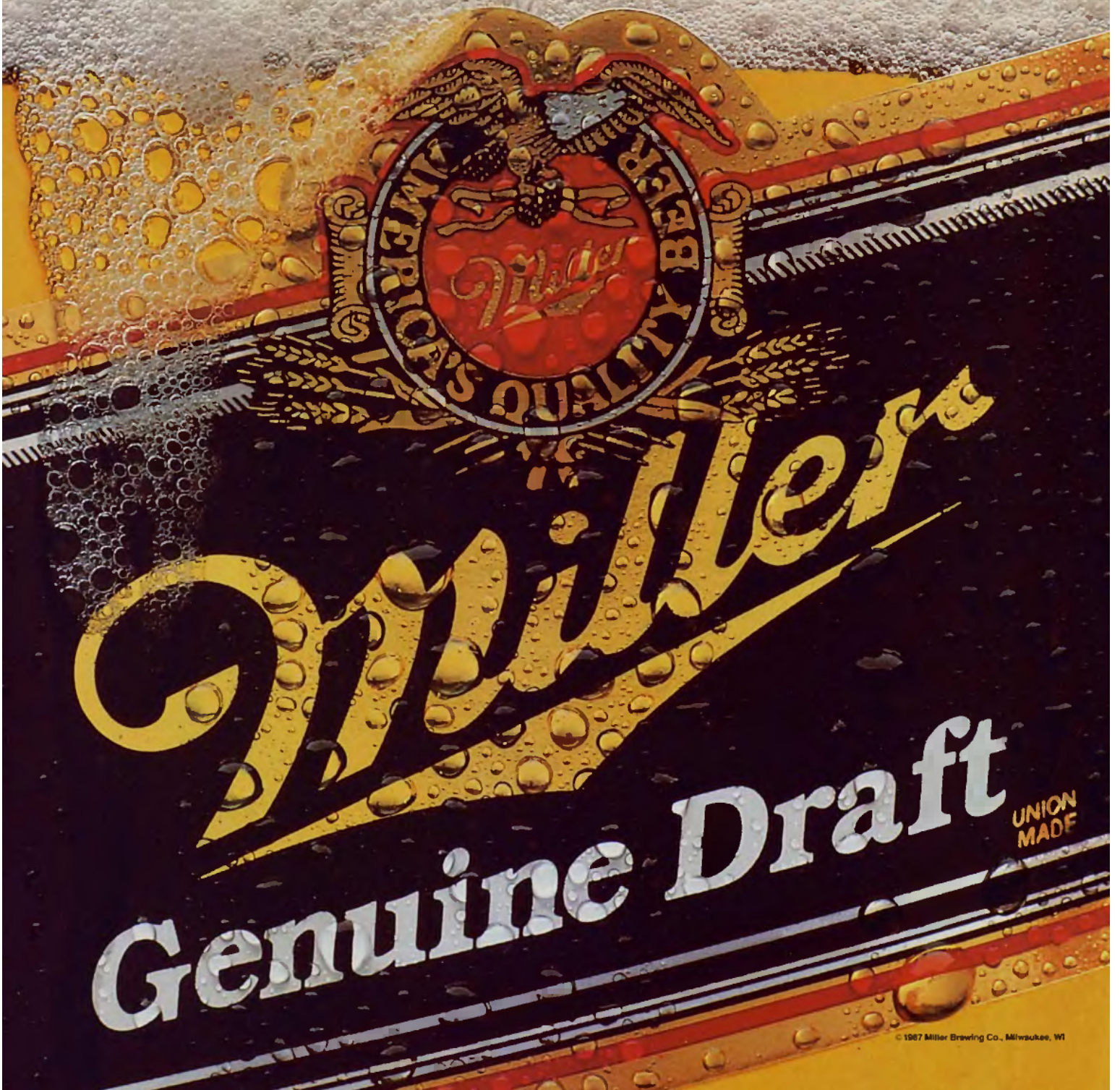
Paul Havemann  
West Paterson, New Jersey

**Until now, beer this real came only from a keg.**

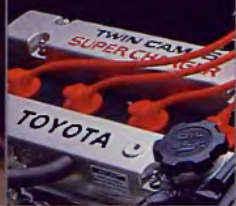
Draft beer is as real as beer gets. Since it's not heat-pasteurized, heat can't change its rich, smooth, real taste.

Miller Genuine Draft is as real as that. It's not heat-pasteurized like most other beers in bottles and cans. Instead, it's cold-filtered so it's as rich and smooth as only real draft beer can be.

**As real as it gets.**



# TOYOTA MR2 SUPERCHARGED



**TRIGGER SOME EXCITEMENT**  
High power output in all rpm ranges; low-lag response with air-to-air intercooled supercharger. The twin cam 16-valve engine pumps out 145 hp at 6400 rpm, 140 ft-lbs torque at 4000 rpm.

## GIVE IT THE GUN AND IT DO RUN-RUN.

The all-new 1988 Toyota MR2 Supercharged comes packed with velocity. "Shot from a gun" is an apt description of this mid-engine 2-seater as the intercooled supercharger kicks in. 0 to 60 in 6.82 seconds.\* The acceleration will blur the landscape and sharpen your feelings for MR2 as an agile, precise-handling, fun-seeking missile. It's a .92g whiz in skidpad tests.\* And the only supercharged production sports car in the U.S. is sleek, too—aerodynamically refined from its wind-slicing nose to the tip of its big dual diffuser tailpipe. Its snug, airtight T-Bar Roof is easily removable ... open it up for full-bore exhilaration. 1988 MR2—it's a pistol.

Get More From Life ... Buckle Up!



### HIGH CALIBER COCKPIT

Full analog instrumentation cluster includes tach (redline—7500) with supercharger indicator lamp. Grippy, 7-way adjustable driver's Sport Seat. Optional leather interior finishes off performance look.



**TOYOTA QUALITY**  
WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE!

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## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

# DON KING

*a candid conversation with the frazzle-haired, silver-tongued promoter about great boxers, mob rumors and what's wrong with michael jackson*

Humility, thy name is not Don King. As quiet as a 21-gun salute, as modest as George Patton, King is a character of both epic proportions (he's 6'4" tall and weighs well over 250 pounds) and epic pronouncements. "My life," he once said, "is a living testimony and is an incongruity and a contradiction to what America has hitherto asked for success." If that isn't clear, at least this is: Asked what he fears most in life, King unhesitatingly replied, "The repo man." Despite his success as a kind of latter-day, shock-haired P. T. Barnum, King is not a victim of hubris. Just ask him. "I am one of the masses, not the classes," he says. "I have exemplified Rudyard Kipling when he said you can walk with kings and yet keep the common touch. I've not lost my sense of balance. My equilibrium is impeccable."

Since 1974, when he matched Muhammad Ali against George Foreman in a heavy-weight title fight staged in Kinshasa, Zaire—a bout he dubbed the Rumble in the Jungle—King has been pro boxing's premiere promoter. And since the retirement of Ali, he has also been the sport's leading personality. But perhaps his chief claim to fame is as an instantly recognizable dispenser of ballyhoo at boxing matches and on TV shows around the universe.

Who is this guy? Is King just another flimflam man? The brother from another

planet? Now, that's a possibility: "Space is not space between the earth and the sun to one who looks down from the windows of the Milky Way," he once told a reporter.

Here on earth, King lives in a \$5,000,000 home with his wife, Henrietta, on a 188-acre compound 60 miles from Cleveland that also contains houses for his son, Carl, 30, and daughter, Deborah, 26. (His other son, Erik, 34, lives off the estate.) In New York, King owns a four-story brownstone in the East 60s that serves as his pied-à-terre and operates Don King Productions from a four-story building on East 69th Street.

Although King's biggest splash has been with heavyweights—he promoted Ali's biggest fights and those of his successors, Larry Holmes and Mike Tyson—he has promotional ties to nearly 100 fighters. A one-man monopoly, he also has a legion of critics. For several years, many of them griped that he gave special consideration to fighters managed by Carl, a charge King never disputed. "A father wouldn't be worth his salt if he didn't help his son," he says, but he points out that Ali's trainer, Angelo Dundee, favors his family the same way without criticism.

King thinks that much of the griping directed at him is the result of jealousy mixed with racism. Never one to answer succinctly when a bouquet of words will do, he says,

"When I deal with jealousy, I remember Othello, the Moor of Venice, and Desdemona—one of the first mixed marriages in history. Both of them loved each other dearly, but from outside agitation and outside influences, it became a tragedy. Shakespeare penned, 'Trifles light as air are to the jealous confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ.' So no matter how trivial it is, how small it is, you can't allow the seed of jealousy to fester in your breast."

The purple prose is pure King, a brand of street talk that is routinely interspersed with quotes (and near quotes) from Schopenhauer, Plato, Nietzsche, Socrates, Voltaire, Spinoza and his two favorites, Bill Shakespeare and Kahlil Gibran. Listening to King rattle on can be daunting, but one thing is clear: When he says he has "gone from the guttermost to the uttermost," he's not just whistling "Dixie."

Born in a poor black neighborhood in Cleveland on August 20, 1931, Donald King was one of five sons and a daughter born to Hattie and Clarence King. On December 7, 1941, the day the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, his father, a worker at Jones and Laughlin Steel, was killed in an explosion of molten metal. With the double indemnity for the accidental death, King's mother moved the family to a better neighborhood—"to give us



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY D'RDURKE

"I transcend earthly bounds. I never cease to amaze myself; I haven't yet found my limits. I am ready to accept my limits, but every time I feel that way, boom!—God touches me, and I do something even more stupendous."

"Some people in boxing are sleazy, that's true. Writers have associated me with Mobsters. But that's preposterous. If I have a mob, they must be pussies—they don't break no legs, they don't put nobody in cement shoes."

"What Michael Jackson's got to understand is that Michael's a nigger! It don't matter how great he can sing and dance; he's one of the greatest megastars in the world, but he's still going to be a nigger megastar."

a little better opportunity to get an education."

But money soon became scarce. King's mother and his sister, Evelyn, baked pies at home that the boys sold. The King brothers also earned money by buying 100-pound bags of peanuts, which they roasted and sold in small bags into which they had inserted a "lucky" number. "We'd go to the policy house, where they used to draw the numbers, and I'd shout, 'Buy your hot roasted peanuts and lucky numbers!'" King recalls. "I would look through 'Kansas City Kid,' 'The Three Wise Men' and the 'Red Devil' dream books to come up with my combinations, and even at ten, I was very organized—I'd write down where I sold my bags and what the numbers were, and if a customer won on one of them, I'd track him down and get a tip."

While a student at John Adams High School, he tried his hand at boxing: Donald "The Kid" King fought in the Cleveland Golden Gloves as a 108-pound flyweight, won one bout, won a second on a bye and in his third, lost a decision. He and other aspiring fighters from Cleveland then went to Schenectady, New York, for a night of bouts against New York amateurs. "I was doing great until the second round, when I got nailed on the chin," King remembers. "It felt like somebody had hit me with a lead pipe. When you get knocked out, you really do hear bells ringing—at least I did. I remember thinking, *What am I doing here? There's got to be a better way.* After that, *The Kid's career in fisticuffs was over, at least from the perspective of becoming a boxer.*"

Following his graduation from high school, King was accepted at Kent State University and needed \$600 for tuition. He earned it as a numbers runner the summer before he was to enroll but then lost it all when he misplaced a betting slip that won; he personally had to ante up \$580. At that point, King went into the numbers business full time, and before he was 30, he'd become one of Cleveland's biggest policy bankers. All went smoothly for him until 1967, when he got into a fight with one of his employees that resulted in the man's death and a four-year prison sentence. Less than a year after he was released, King promoted a charity bout with Muhammad Ali, and the rest has been a very vivid chapter of public-relations history.

To interview boxing's most prolix promoter, Playboy asked free-lance journalist Lawrence Linderman to meet with King. His report:

"King has long been hopelessly addicted to hyperbole, which he finds far more intoxicating than any other substance; he doesn't drink or smoke, and the only drug he stocks is aspirin, presumably for people who may get headaches listening to the man go on. And he does go on. Thus, it's no wonder that the public sees him as a hustler who could come up with a profitable scam alone on a raft in the Pacific. Privately, however, King is as bright as he is cunning, and his dedication to black causes goes well beyond any cursory bows in that direction. Last year, for instance, he successfully led a movement to suspend South Africa from the World Boxing Council, for which he was honored with the Martin

Luther King, Jr., Humanitarian Award.

"For some time now, one of King's closest associates has been the Reverend Al Sharpton, a highly visible New York civil rights activist and something of a high-flown talker himself. When I met Reverend Sharpton in Las Vegas, he exclaimed, 'Don King is the first black business personality to become a household name in the U.S. We've never had a Lee Iacocca or a Henry Ford. That's a breakthrough and that's where we need to be going—from the era of Dr. Martin Luther King to Don King. Dr. King said that our last battle would be on the economic front, and maybe he saw Don King coming. If Don King fails, then Dr. King's dream really fails.'"

"A few weeks after that rather sweeping comparison, Sharpton made front-page news when he admitted to having been a paid Government informant for the past five years, reportedly carrying a wire for Federal investigations of organized-crime figures and prominent blacks. In New York, rumors quickly spread that he might have divulged damaging information about Don King to Federal authorities—and that Sharpton might be involved in corruption. King's initial response to all that was a curt 'Al Sharpton is my friend.'"

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*"I feel it was an omen.  
I liken myself to  
Samson—you know, the  
Lord gave him the  
strength in his hair."*

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*"King himself is no stranger to allegations of corruption, a topic we discuss vigorously in the interview. But the conversation began on a far lighter note."*

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**PLAYBOY:** When David Letterman interviewed you, his first question was, "So, Don, what's the deal with your hair?" That seems right to us. Once and for all, what is the deal?

**KING:** It's really like an aura from God. Until ten years ago or so, my hair was kinky and nappy and curly, like any other black's. But then one night I went to bed with my wife, Henrietta, and she shook me because my head was rumbling and moving and my hair was just popping up—*ping, ping, ping, ping!* Each hair. All them curls was straightening out and going up. Henrietta couldn't believe what was going on, so she woke me up and said, "Look at yourself in the mirror." And what I saw is what you're seeing now.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your reaction?

**KING:** Well, I was alarmed. In fact, that morning, I went down to the barbershop to get a haircut, because the sight of my hair standing straight up didn't make my day at all. The barber plugged in his clippers and

tried putting them to my hair, but all he got was static electricity; there were sparks and I heard a lot of *pop, pop, pop!* I had to leave the shop because the clippers were giving me a migraine headache. So I decided it was like a direction being set for me, and I haven't had a pair of clippers on my head in more than ten years.

**PLAYBOY:** Sounds strange to us, Don.

**KING:** It *does* sound a little unbelievable, but it happened. My hair is *au naturel*. I don't use any type of chemicals or mousse on it; it just grows straight up. No matter if it's when I go to bed or in the morning when I get up, I can go right to the mirror and my hair's in a pyramid, like there's 360 degrees of light.

When it first happened, I didn't know whether I was coming or going, but now I feel it was an omen, and I liken myself to Samson—you know, the Lord gave him the strength in his hair. And I attribute my success to the Lord, for it is only through God that it could have happened. It would not have been possible without He who sits high, looks low and keeps His eye on the sparrow. There is no other way. I feel that as long as my hair ascends to the heavens, whatever modicum of success I've achieved will continue. The day that I let my vanity and ego possess me to the extent that I think the world is surrounded by me, that will be the day my star will cascade to the earth, precipitously and with a loud clamor, and there will be no more Don King!

**PLAYBOY:** Spoken like the Don King we've come to appreciate. When you get wound up that way, the public seems to love it. But is that persona real or some character you've made up?

**KING:** That, my man, is a *profession*. It's an art and a God-given talent to be able to relate and identify with people the way I do. Whenever I go on a TV show or appear in public, it's the same thing as Bill Cosby going on stage or Paul Newman and Marlon Brando getting in front of a camera.

The part of me the public sees is someone promoting an event and promising to give people excitement. In public, I'm all sizzle, but you've also got to have the substance of the steak to get repeat trade. And so far, my sizzle has been outdone by my substance—the products I deliver.

**PLAYBOY:** Does everyone buy your sizzle?

**KING:** Those who can't comprehend think I might be unsavory; they try to make me into a snake-oil salesman or something.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, haven't you said that if need be, you could sell freezers to Eskimos?

**KING:** The thing is, if I had a deepfreeze of such quality that when I sold it, it would be received and enjoyed, then, yes, I could. There's nothing wrong with being big or making a lot of money—I'm a capitalist hands down. But basically and fundamentally, I'm a performer, and my hallmarks are integrity and commitment.

And I *deliver*. I have never failed to deliver. That's what makes me remarkable. When I first came on the scene, they said, "The black promoter—he got lucky

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because Muhammad Ali liked him and allowed him to promote his fights. Without Ali, King wouldn't be able to do anything." Well, here we are, almost 15 years later, and the fact of the matter is, I've continued to excel. People no longer say black promoter about me; that qualifier has been removed, because by now, I've established myself as a promoter of the people, for the people and by the people. And my magic lies in my *people ties*.

**PLAYBOY:** Wouldn't you say that it also lies in having an eye for the theatrical?

**KING:** That's creative genius, and you can't discount it. When you create a title for an event, like the Rumble in the Jungle, which was the fight between George Foreman and Ali, or the Thrilla in Manila, which was the third fight between Ali and Joe Frazier, you are creating extravaganzas that will attract people from all walks of life.

Let me give you an education in Kingism. In business, you have supply and demand. All right, now, where there is no demand, you have to create it. And then you have to create a supply to fulfill that demand. Now you've got something to sell, something with which to make things happen. And that's what I love about what I do. I aspire to the heavens. I transcend earthly bounds. I never cease to amaze myself, because I haven't yet found my limits. I am quite ready to accept the limits of what I can do, but every time I feel that way, *boom!*—God touches me, and I do something else that's even more stupendous than whatever I've done up to then.

**PLAYBOY:** It sounds as if being Don King is really one thrill after another.

**KING:** Every day of my *life* is history! I've broken every record known to man in promotion: I've had the first \$1,000,000 fight sold to TV, the first billion-people audience for one of my spectaculars. I've done more than 200 world-title fights, and no one has ever touched that—from Tex Richard to P. T. Barnum. I started not at zero, but at subzero. As a black man, I'm one of those who've been dispossessed, disenfranchised, left out—but somehow, I found an opportunity to do these things, and in its own way, it's almost a miracle.

The thing to recognize about me is my business acumen. My forte is economics; promotion is my side line. But it's only through what I call the last vestige of free enterprise, which is boxing, that an ex-numbers banker and an ex-convict like myself got an opportunity.

**PLAYBOY:** We'll get to the numbers and prison stories later. But first, why do you consider boxing the last vestige of free enterprise?

**KING:** Because society didn't want to get in on it. They looked at boxing and decided that it was infiltrated with racketeers. So because it's unorganized, it allowed a guy like me to come in. Boxing is not corporate. The greatest thing for someone like me is to be able to think and put business deals together without being a graduate of Yale, Harvard, Princeton or Oxford. But I've

had to deal with those kinds of people. To do so, you have to create a sound, constructive business deal, which means recoupment to investment and bottom-line profit, in order to stay in business.

On top of that, I then had to be able to ensure the success of the promotions by capturing the imagination and the attention of people who might otherwise not be very interested in boxing.

**PLAYBOY:** In the course of doing all that, you've also made *yourself* into a public attraction. At what point did you decide to promote yourself as well as the fights you stage?

**KING:** Well, that didn't come from trying to promote *me*; that came from doing my job. Many people don't really understand. They say, "Don, you have done the most phenomenal job of promoting yourself of anyone I've known." They say I'm more well known than my fighters. The only reason for that is that I work at my job; but it ain't about me, it's about the attractions.

By promoting these guys, I established myself as the one in this game who was reliable, who was going to be there in the long run. In so doing, I couldn't help but

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*"Slavery stripped blacks  
of our culture and  
familyhood, and the first  
thing we must do is  
rebuild the black family."*

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promote myself, because I became the staying factor. And I worked at it so good—so dedicatedly, so assiduously—that I became an entity by myself. I work hard at my trade, but I never forget that I wouldn't be here if I didn't have a Muhammad Ali or a George Foreman.

**PLAYBOY:** But still, your profession isn't easy to classify.

**KING:** Well, I'm not an entertainer who can sing and do the moon walk. And I can't dunk a basketball or hit a baseball. Yet we live in a time when the people behind these successes in entertainment and sports are white. There's still few black coaches, no black general managers, yet most of the pawns in professional sports are black. They go out there and they can outrun an antelope.

And what Ali told me when I first came into boxing was, "We need someone to come into this sport to represent us. People think that the fight game is black, but we are the gladiators in the center of the ring. We don't have no voice in the box office, we have nobody in the board room and we have no promoters. All where the money goes is white; all where the blood goes is black."

And this is the way it is. I wanted to

change that, and I have. I'm a pioneer and a trail blazer, but I'm also human, and sometimes I get melancholy. I look at all that I'm doing for people and for myself, and yet, in the press, all I get is scorn and the casting of aspersions.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think that's the case?

**KING:** I think it's because I've never had a reporter who had the depth to see and write what I'm all about. You must understand that reporters are very important people—they paint the pictures. An ordinary artist will look at a wall and say, "That's a gray wall, a bleak wall." But a great artist will look at the same wall and say, "See that crack over there? It's like the river of life," and then he'll paint a beautiful picture.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, we won't interpret what you say. The virtue of this interview is that you're the artist here.

**KING:** Well, then, I'm going to paint for you. I'm going to be a Michelangelo, a Picasso, and I just hope that you will take my painting and put it out there for the people to see. I want people to know that Don King has a lot of textures. He praises this country and extols its virtues but also decries its evils. Slavery stripped blacks of our culture and familyhood, and the first thing we must do is rebuild the black family, the respect and love for the family that form a bond that can go from generation to generation. And I feel that by doing so, the black community will benefit and, in turn, that will inure to the betterment of America. I also feel very strongly about education, because when you educate people, no one can take your ideas away from you. The world worships an original, a creator. The rest are imitators.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you just give us Ayn Rand?

**KING:** Yeah, that's from *The Fountainhead*, and it's so true. Once you're educated, no one can steal what's in your mind. And I preach that to little kids from Harlem to Appalachia—white ones, too. Because there are guys up in the hills that don't have educations and don't realize they'll be exploited the same as a black. We have white niggers, too. And we can't rely on the Government to turn things around; we have to do it ourselves.

**PLAYBOY:** Some of the aspersions you've suffered have come from the U.S. Government. Specifically, you were indicted some years ago by the IRS on tax-fraud charges. Did that come as a surprise?

**KING:** No, because I've always been under undue scrutiny and pressure. And I really think it's remarkable that I have existed and progressed with every one of society's protective institutions on my back—the FBI, the CIA, the IRS and even Interpol, for my international activity. Everybody has had me under the eye of a microscope for many years now, and for me to walk out scot-free—that was phenomenal, because the best in the world can be found guilty of some kind of an income-tax indiscretion.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think the Government got on your case in the first place?

**KING:** Well, they accused me of a lot of the unsavory things that white promoters have done before me. In a way, I was carrying the burden of the white guys who were there before me. When the IRS came at me, my greatest fear was that I'd be framed. As far as me being guilty of anything, I knew that wasn't going to be. The IRS came at me with about 23 charges—they threw a fish net out, hoping to catch something.

**PLAYBOY:** Why would they have done that?

**KING:** Because, like many other people in America, they feel that blacks can't think. I'm a successful black, and even successful blacks are stereotyped to believe that they could not have been successful unless they were just a shield behind which some white was doing their thinking, directing and maneuvering for them.

So, coming from that basic view of blacks, they said to me, "How is it humanly possible for a nigger to think like you think? To do the things that you do, you've got to have either some racketeers or some mobsters behind you, because this is a sleazy business." That's always been the image of boxing.

**PLAYBOY:** It *isn't* a sleazy business?

**KING:** No, it's not. Some of the people in it are sleazy—that's always been true. But the thing is, boxing has been disorganized, and all the stories you hear about it have been about organized crime and guys who shoot you or put cement shoes on you and throw you in the lake. That's who a lot of writers have associated me with. Isn't that preposterous? Can you imagine? If I have a mob, my mob must be pussies—they don't break no legs, they don't put nobody in cement shoes.

**PLAYBOY:** No one's charging you with being a mobster, but you have been accused of some very unsavory practices. In 1977, for instance, you staged a national boxing tournament that collapsed when the press discovered that the records of many of the fighters involved were fraudulent. You take no responsibility for that?

**KING:** No, and it's a shame that happened, because that tournament was one of the greatest contributions I ever made to the sport of boxing. But then the discrepancies arose about some of the fighters' records, and that wasn't my doing. I worked with people who I felt were credible—I got James Farley of the New York State Athletic Commission to oversee the whole thing, and I put *Ring* magazine, the Bible of boxing, in charge of ranking fighters and knowing who they were. There was some shabby record keeping on the part of *Ring*, and when that was discovered, the media wanted to nail me to the cross. I was completely exonerated; but except for the *New York Post*, which put out a full back-page story saying "KING INNOCENT," the rest of the press buried news of my vindication in short paragraphs you had to dig for.

**PLAYBOY:** You've also been criticized for not promoting boxers unless they agree to give you options on upcoming fights, which can

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**KING:** No, I don't. The press has made option a dirty word in boxing, yet every sport has options. In baseball, you can't play for no other team until you play out your option and become a free agent. Football, hockey—they all got option clauses, and for a good reason: How else do you protect your business interests? If I've invested a great deal of time and millions of dollars in building up a fighter, and if he becomes a champion, should I just let him go off and work for another promoter? If I get a guy a title fight, he gives me options on his next three fights. I think that's equitable.

I've also given people releases on their contracts, but you never hear about that. I'm accused of all sorts of things, but where's the proof? Last year, *Sports Illustrated* assigned one of their writers to do a cover story on me, and for two months—helped by all kinds of documents I turned over to him—the man checked me out. When he turned in his work—he couldn't find no mark on me—his editors canceled the story. I can just hear them saying, "We thought you were going to write that he's connected with the Mafia or something. Don't bring us this shit—we don't want to lionize the nigger."

**PLAYBOY:** We'll be interested to see what *Sports Illustrated* has to say when this interview comes out. In the meantime, do you really think you've been victimized by the media?

**KING:** Yes, but I'm a victim who's well briefed and who understands what the situation is. I learned years ago, in reading Shakespeare, that "sweet are the uses of adversity which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head." The press has sometimes treated me badly, but I found the jewel in adversity. The jewel is being able to understand the other man's perspective. If I was raised in a society where I was told that a different race of people were of no account and lazy and untrustworthy and that all they did was lie and steal—with that being instilled in me all through my life, I'd probably feel the same way as many reporters I meet.

So I try to teach white people about black people, because I know about white people. I've got a Ph.D. in Caucasianism, but they don't know about us. It's a shortcoming for whites not to know about us, because we do exist, and you would be proud to learn about us, my white brothers. We know when you're hurt. We know when you feel bad, and when that happens, so do we. We're worried about your children. Throughout the life of black people—though they've been enslaved, tormented, tortured and persecuted—they've always taken care of the babies of the white master and his wife.

You never met another race of people like black people. During the Civil War of this great nation, there actually were slaves fighting for enslavement, as well as those who were fighting for liberty. Now, you

know it's incongruous that you would fight to be enslaved, but in many cases, the love between the master's family and the slave far exceeded what was rational, given the circumstances.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's return to your early days in boxing. You said Ali was the first to suggest you make it a career. How did your friendship with him begin?

**KING:** That came from me knowing Ali before he was forced to give up his title over Vietnam. In those days, I was in the numbers business in Cleveland, and whenever Ali—or any black celebrities—came through Cleveland, they would come to see me, because I was where the action was. All the musicians, all the people that were into the life would stop by my night club—the New Corner Tavern Supper Club—which was part of what we used to call the Chitlin' Route. B. B. King, Esther Phillips, Lloyd Price, Muddy Waters, Oscar Peterson, Lou Rawls—they all played my club. Erroll Garner—he wrote *Misty*—played so good that I put in a piano bar for him and bought a \$10,000 Steinway he'd just come by and play because it was tuned to his liking. The New Corner Tavern Supper Club took up a square block, seated about 600 people, had a revolving stage and was posh, elegant and luxurious. In addition to the best entertainment in the world, we had great food. In 1960, I was paying my chefs \$30,000 a year, and white folks used to come by all the time, the same way they used to go up to Harlem in New York. I had the carriage trade. I was one of the affluent and I used to go to all the big black outings of sophistication and glamor.

**PLAYBOY:** Were Ali's fights in that category?  
**KING:** Oh, yeah, they were like family reunions for all the players and hustlers, the money handlers and high rollers in the black community throughout the nation. I traveled with Ali. The last fight I went to with him was in 1967, when he gave a boxer named Zora Folley a payday at Madison Square Garden—Ali knocked him out. That was just before Ali went into exile and I went to prison—we both did four years.

When I got out, I brought him to Cleveland to do an exhibition for me—at the time, Cleveland had the only black hospital in Ohio, and the state was about to close it down. Ali boxed five rounds with five different guys, and we raised enough money to save the hospital. Ali told me, "You know, Donald, you're the best promoter I've ever seen. You really should go into boxing—you did a phenomenal job."

**PLAYBOY:** You went to prison for killing a man named Sam Garrett. You've never discussed it in any detail. Can you tell us what happened?

**KING:** I got into a fistfight in Cleveland. And out of the 10,000 daily fights in the ghetto, I had the misfortune to fight with a person who was sickly.

**PLAYBOY:** What led to the fight?

**KING:** Well, back then, most of the guys in the community who were getting out of

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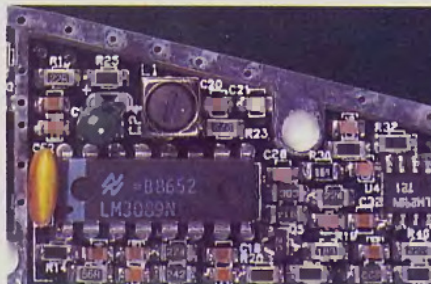
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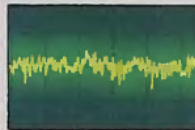
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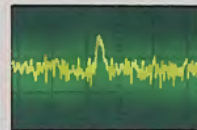
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prison knew they could come to me for help. I'd give them a few bucks and let them go on their way. When this guy Garrett got out of jail, friends of mine recommended him to me, so I gave him a job.

**PLAYBOY:** Doing what?

**KING:** I let him take some of my layoff bets—those were bets I laid off with other bookies on numbers I thought might hit. He became one of my runners. Well, one day, he came back to me and said, "I have an overlook"—that's when there's an oversight. The bookmaker he laid off the bets with supposedly didn't pay him, because the guy had no record of the bet. I gave this man the tissue on the book—the paperwork showing that the number was bet—to take over to this other bookmaker.

The next day, he came back and he still didn't have the money. He said, "The guy still hasn't paid me; he keeps giving me stories." I said, "You stop making up stories."

**PLAYBOY:** You had checked?

**KING:** Other people had told me. So I said, "I can't play with you anymore." I wasn't going to do anything more than that, because I had too much to lose by getting into big trouble in an argument over \$1000 or so. So I just told him I was disassociating myself from him. That should have been it. We were in a bar, and when I left, he followed me outside, saying, "Man, you can't stop playing with me." I said, "I just stopped. I don't want anything to do with you till you pay me my money; you bring

me my money, then I'll listen."

Then this guy called me a Mickey Mouse motherfucker and attacked me from the rear. So we got into a fistfight, and his head hit the pavement. He went to the hospital and I was charged with aggravated assault. Seven or eight days later, he expired. An untimely death. I found myself instrumental in the fatality of a fellow human being, and I've suffered deep contrition since then.

**PLAYBOY:** When Garrett died, was the charge upped to manslaughter?

**KING:** No. When the district attorney's office found out I was Donald King, the numbers man, the charges were upped to second-degree *murder*. It had happened in a hot part of Cleveland when the Hough riots were going on, and I guess the D.A.'s office felt that in getting rid of Don King, it could rid Cleveland of all the evils that ailed it. They wanted to get rid of me, because it was very difficult for them to understand my success in a time when blacks were protesting the way they were being treated. And here they saw a brash young black man, impeccably dressed and riding around in a new Cadillac. When I finally came up for trial, however, the judge reduced the charge against me to manslaughter.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**KING:** Because it had been an accident—there wasn't willful intent on my part. Witnesses to the fight had all seen that I'd

been attacked without provocation. The primary reason, though, was that when the guy attacked me, I had a .357 Magnum on the seat of my car and I didn't use it—and I could have gotten to it. I was getting in my car when he hit me from the back, and the gun was lying right there. But I left it sitting there on the seat.

**PLAYBOY:** Why were you carrying a gun in the first place?

**KING:** When you're carrying a lot of money, you carry a gun for protection. You're running from shop to shop and people know that you are doing this, so you *need* some protection. I never particularly cared for having a bodyguard, because that's a part of a gangster's image, and I never wanted to be a gangster.

**PLAYBOY:** But you ran an illegal numbers racket.

**KING:** Really, to me, being a numbers writer was being a businessman. Gangsterism calls for violence, and I didn't indulge in that. Mine was a case of self-defense, and I really believe I wouldn't have been convicted of anything if I hadn't been in the numbers business. It would have been judged as justifiable homicide, but when you're involved in something that's illegal according to statutory law, you waive your rights. When you break the law, you give the law a license to indiscriminately do whatever it wants with you, without recourse, without compunction and without remorse.

**PLAYBOY:** You spent four years in prison.

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**KING:** Yes, I was sent to the Marion Correctional Institution in the southern part of Ohio, and it was a dark, dreary world of confinement. When I arrived, they still made all the blacks walk behind the whites. I got a job on the prison farm so I could get some fresh air. The farm boss gave me a wheelbarrow and said, "I hear you drove a Cadillac when you was out on the street. Here, grab *this* Cadillac." I had to clean the pigpen.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get along in prison?

**KING:** I got along well, because I always watch the lay of the land; you know what I mean? In Rome, you got to do what the Romans do. I found the guys in there that were the tough guys, got respect from them and made friends with them and didn't have no problems. My only problem was being there—it was hell, man. When you're in jail, you're totally isolated from family, friends, everybody. After a while, people don't write you letters, and visits become few and far between. That was the most painful, excruciating period of my life.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you do to pass the time?

**KING:** I really didn't serve the time—I made the time serve me. I escaped through books; I read *thousands* of books. On my first day in prison, a guy gave me a book called *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*, and I lay there on my bed in a four-man cell, and I just went deep into this book. Reading about Rome gave me the appetite to read whatever I could get my hands on.

I then got a job in the kitchen making coffee for all the different shifts, and when I finished, I'd sit in a little room in the kitchen and read, and when I got off, I'd go to the library. I tried to escape by reading other people's ideas and putting my ideas with theirs and developing a sense of discipline. I learned that I can live without anybody. In its own way, that's a kind of freedom that is very difficult to come by.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you get interested in any political movements while in prison?

**KING:** The movement I wanted to be part of was one of humanistic adaptation, human acceptance—and I saw that all movements were more or less the same, at least in this sense: Everybody wanted to be free. But in reading about black history, I was left with the question of why, just because of color, a whole race of people could be subjugated and subordinated to become sniveling idiots and imbeciles and beasts of burden treated without any compassion or remorse. How do you justify that? What is the reason? What blasphemy, what traitorous deed did we do to deserve this?

So then I read what Malcolm X and Martin Luther King had to say. Malcolm said, "If you hit me, I'm going to hit you back." Martin Luther King said, "If you hit me, I'm going to turn the other cheek."

**PLAYBOY:** And what did Don King say?

**KING:** I said, "You got to get some money." I understood that freedom was a very cherished and precious thing, but in all cases,

there remained one factor: economic independence. Every ethnic group has to attain economic independence to be a participant in the power-sharing process.

**PLAYBOY:** What were the differences between the Don King who went into prison and the Don King who came out?

**KING:** The Don King who went in was armed with a peashooter; the one who came out was armed with an atomic bomb of knowledge and understanding—I was thinking universally and in terms of society as a whole. I'd changed considerably.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you know what you were going to do with your life?

**KING:** No, but I knew what I *didn't* want to do. I didn't want to subject myself to the humiliation of not having the benefit of the United States Constitution and the Bill of Rights. So I knew I did not want to go back into the numbers game; I knew I did not want to be part of anything that was going to be illegal. In a way, prison turned out to be another jewel in adversity, because if I hadn't gone to prison, I never would have gotten out of the numbers game.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you do instead?

**KING:** My wife and I sat down, and Henrietta strongly advised me to wait a few months—at least until the new year—before making any decisions regarding an occupation. That's when I started reading all the newspaper articles and seeing all the television news stories about how the Forest City Hospital was gonna be shut



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down. Although raising money to save a hospital wasn't my forte, I got together with the pillars of black society in Cleveland and put on that exhibition with Ali.

**PLAYBOY:** And that was when Ali encouraged you.

**KING:** Yes. I told Ali I didn't want to be a promoter, because I didn't know anything about boxing, but he said, "Man, you could promote anything. Just think about it and let me know what happens." A few days later, Don Elbaum, the local boxing promoter who'd gotten me the fighters for the hospital benefit, came to dinner at my house and echoed Ali's words. It was Elbaum who introduced me to Hank Schwartz and Barry Burnstein, the two men who owned Video Techniques, an exhibition company that had bought the rights to the closed-circuit telecast of the Joe Frazier-George Foreman fight. I went to see Hank Schwartz in New York, and after we talked awhile, he said, "You really know Ali?" When I told him I did, Hank said, "That's great. You know, there would be a big match for Ali with the winner of this fight." So Hank agreed to send me to Kingston, Jamaica, to see the Foreman-Frazier fight and to help them promote it—he felt I could get Ali, Foreman and Frazier to do interviews.

**PLAYBOY:** And he thought you might be the one to persuade the winner to fight Ali?

**KING:** Yeah, he figured I might have an in—he later began calling me his "black interface." I said, "Well, we'll see what happens," and off I went to Jamaica.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you know Frazier and Foreman?

**KING:** I didn't know Foreman. George was a big cantankerous country kid from Texas, one of them mountain boys who was as powerful as all outdoors. He was a very different animal than Ali. You could excite Ali by talking about his greatness and relating his exploits, but George didn't want to hear stuff like that. And you didn't want to say anything that was facetious, and you dare not make fun of George—he was most serious. His thing was to demonstrate to the world that he didn't have to be a clown to show he meant business. He considered Ali a clown.

**PLAYBOY:** What did he consider you?

**KING:** A friend—I really liked old George, and still do. George is making a comeback now, and if he keeps knocking out guys the way he's been doing, he's gonna have some big paydays.

Anyway, let me just say that I ingratiated myself with George. I went with him to the airport every day to pick up members of his family. Once I started talking to him, I began telling him, "You're going to knock Joe out." He'd say, "You think so, man?" I told him, "Sure, you will. George, you don't know how good you are."

I only made one mistake with Foreman, but it wasn't fatal. One day, I said, "You know, Ali ain't so bad—he helped me with a hospital benefit." George said, "Man, don't tell me *nothing* about that guy—he's

a clown. I ain't even *thinking* about what you're saying." I thought, Freeze on that, D.K. I said, "Yeah, well, the important thing is that you're the man of the hour."

**PLAYBOY:** Did you also ingratiate yourself with Joe Frazier?

**KING:** Yes, but that wasn't as difficult, because Yank Durham, Joe's manager, still knew me as a player—before I went to prison. I'd seen most of Frazier's fights. So in Jamaica, when I went over to where Frazier was training, Yank said, "Where you been?" and after that, we'd sit and talk during the afternoons.

**PLAYBOY:** At that point, no one knew you were trying to break into boxing?

**KING:** Right. I still had celebrity status from the other side of the street. Meanwhile, Ali shows up in Kingston, and he's selling my virtues about what I'd done in staging that hospital benefit. I started playing golf most every day with Yank Durham, and afterward, I'd go over and watch Joe work out.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your impression of Frazier?

**KING:** Frazier was tough, tough, tough. In training, he would just kill his sparring partners—he was always a rough fighter. When me, him and Durham would rap, Joe would say, "I'm gonna give Foreman a good whuppin', gonna teach him a lesson." He thought George was a baby, because George didn't have no experience. Foreman was big and strong, but so was Joe, and Joe felt he had the knowledge to take care of business.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you tell Foreman about any of that?

**KING:** I told him about it the next day. George said, "Come on, man, you're jiving. Did Joe really say he's gonna knock me out?" I said, "Yeah, George, he told me that, but you're going to knock *him* out. You're going to shock the world." And he did.

**PLAYBOY:** Did that surprise you?

**KING:** Yeah, because he did it so easily. On fight night, I got into a limousine with Durham and Joe Frazier and rode to the stadium with soldiers on both sides of us, sirens all the way. Yank had told me to sell my tickets and gave me a seat in the first row, right behind Joe's corner.

So I'm sitting there, and when the bell rings to start the fight, George runs out there and hits Joe, and Joe goes down, gets up, goes down, gets up—boom, boom, boom. Joe was getting pummeled, so I started moving down the row over to George's corner. When the bell rang at the end of round one, I was in the middle of the aisle. Everybody was standing up and cheering, because George done bounced Frazier up and down like a rubber ball.

When round two started, George ran out of his corner and hit Joe with another haymaker—*bang!* He hit him so hard that Joe was lifted up in the air; I've never seen anything like that. They stopped the fight quick; Foreman won by a technical knockout. When the fight was over, I shot up the steps and jumped into the ring with George

and said, "Champ, I told you so." He said, "You sure did." We're hugging and I'm telling him how proud I am of him and George says, "You've got to come home with me," so I did.

I went to the fight with one champion and left with the new champion, again with the police escorts and sirens going. I really loved being part of the hoopla and electricity that surround a heavyweight championship fight. Then and there is when I decided to get into boxing full time.

**PLAYBOY:** And you made moves in that direction when you returned from Jamaica?

**KING:** Yes. When I came back, I went to see Ali at his training camp in Deer Park, Pennsylvania. I told Ali how excited I was about the whole thing, and that I wanted to take him up on what he said about me getting into boxing. Well, Ali had a fighter in his camp named Ray Anderson, a light heavyweight who'd fought Bob Foster for the title. Ali told me I should become a manager, introduced me to Anderson and said, "You ought to start out with this guy." So I talked to Ray, and he agreed to let me manage him.

**PLAYBOY:** Had you thought of becoming a manager at that point?

**KING:** No, but it was a good place to start, even if it meant starting at the bottom. Ray told me about another fighter I should manage: Earnie Shavers. Shavers had knocked out some tough fighters and he had a pretty good name. Earnie was big and strong and looked very mean, but he was just like a pussycat when you talked to him. Ray said that Earnie had never gotten a break, and that if I worked with him, Earnie could go a long ways. I said OK, and Ray told Shavers about me and it was fine with him. So now I had two fighters, and I needed to get them bouts.

**PLAYBOY:** Was that hard to do?

**KING:** No, because I decided to personally promote a fight for Ray Anderson in Cleveland and told him he could hand-pick his opponent. Ray said, "I got just the guy—Cookie Wallace from Dallas. This is a guy who comes to fight. I know I can beat him, and since he makes a good fight, I'll look *good* in beating him." I said fine, and called up Cookie Wallace, who turned out to be a baggage handler at Dallas airport. When I got him on the phone, Cookie said he'd try to put on a good show for me, and I believed him. I'd rented the Cleveland Music Hall, and I just didn't want the fight to be a stinker.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it a stinker?

**KING:** Not at all. On the night of the fight, Ray Anderson came to the Music Hall in a full-length mink coat, a pretty lady at his side, and he'd been training and he was *ready*. And Cookie—he was this guy who just couldn't stop grinning.

Well, the fight starts and Ray's out there, dancing and hitting Cookie—and Cookie's still grinning. He just kept grinning and kept coming back at Ray. And then he started *pounding* on Ray. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. I said, "This is the guy

he *picked*?" Cookie won the fight easy, and after that, Ray's image was really ruined. It was truly embarrassing for me, too. Everybody in Cleveland who had known me from my days in the numbers business—all the players, the boosters, the pimps and the whores—were there for one reason: to see D.K.'s fighter. And my fighter got beat by a guy he hand-picked all the way from Texas, a *likable* fellow who never stopped grinning.

**PLAYBOY:** What about your other fighter?

**KING:** I got Earnie a fight with Jerry Quarry in Madison Square Garden. Great prospects there, too—Ali broke training to come see the fight. Only problem there was that the bell rang and Quarry knocked my man Shavers out in the first round. That boy beat on Shavers *so* bad. The next day, Ali called me up. He said, "I know you're disgusted and you probably want to get out of boxing, but don't. Send your fighter to my camp. I'll teach him how to box."

**PLAYBOY:** Did you think of hanging it up?

**KING:** I didn't know *what* I was going to do. I was very upset. But when Ali called me, I said, "Look, if you really want to help me and keep me in boxing, why don't you let me promote *you*?" Ali said, "I already got a fight coming up." He was scheduled for a return bout with Joe Frazier, who'd broken his jaw and won a decision in their first fight. I told him, "Ali, you're gonna win easy. After you beat Joe, you should let me put you and George Foreman together for the world title." He said, "You think I'm gonna beat Joe?" I said, "Man, ain't nothing gonna stop you."

Well, that really got Ali going. He went off on me for about ten minutes, talking about how he was gonna dance and sting Frazier all night. He whipped himself up so high, at some point, he probably started wondering why he was going through all these gyrations during a telephone call. When he calmed down, Ali said, "How much you gonna pay me to fight George Foreman?" I said, "Five million dollars."

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have that figure in mind before you got on the phone with him?

**KING:** No, I didn't even know he was going to call. I *did* know that the biggest purse in the history of boxing had been \$2,500,000 apiece for Ali and Frazier in their first fight. In order to get anybody's attention, I figured I'd have to double that, so I just said \$5,000,000 off the top of my head.

**PLAYBOY:** What was Ali's reaction?

**KING:** Ali said, "Nigger, you crazy." When I stuck to my guns and told him I could raise that kind of money, Ali said, "Well, if you think you can, talk to Herbert"—Herbert Mohammed was his manager. He said, "I'll talk to Herbert about you, and in the meantime, you bring Shavers to my camp and I'll teach him to box." I said OK. I'd planted a seed in Ali's mind.

**PLAYBOY:** How long did it take for that seed to sprout?

**KING:** As soon as I left New York and got back to Cleveland, I called Hank at Video Techniques and told him that I'd just made

an offer to Ali to fight George Foreman. Hank then invited me to go to Japan, where Foreman would be defending his title against a guy named Joe King Roman. Video Techniques was promoting the closed-circuit telecast of George's first title defense, which didn't last too long—George finished Roman in the first round.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you talk with Foreman about fighting Ali while you were both in Tokyo?

**KING:** No, because I didn't spend too much time with him—besides helping Video Techniques, I was a manager, and all the guys around George were watching me very closely. By then, Hank Schwartz and Barry Burnstein had welcomed me into their company, so now I was part of Video Techniques. Hank showed me how to make money on a closed-circuit fight—how much attendance you need, what the equipment costs, how to make deals with sponsors, everything. He really took me under his wing, even though he knew that one day, I'd leave the company and go out on my own. After we came back from Japan, we promoted the fight in Caracas, Venezuela, between George and Ken Norton, and I played a big part in holding it together, because Norton's people kept wanting to pull out. Every time they had a beef about their accommodations or transportation or tickets—whatever was bothering them—I smoothed things over and saved the fight. It turned out that Norton's style was tailor-made for George, just like Frazier's. George knocked him out quick.

**PLAYBOY:** Why were these fights being staged in places like Venezuela and Japan and Jamaica?

**KING:** Because back then, nobody thought you could guarantee big purses to fighters and still make a profit. So we went wherever we could get the money. Schwartz and I started working this way: If I could get him the fighters, he would make the deals. I began talking to Foreman in Caracas, and I got Muhammad Ali to come to Caracas and do color for the TV broadcast. By then, he'd beaten Frazier in their second fight, and a fight between Ali and Foreman seemed like it would be the biggest thing in boxing.

**PLAYBOY:** If you could get it.

**KING:** Right. But I *did* get it. While George was getting ready to fight Norton, Ali signed a letter of intent with me to fight George for that \$5,000,000 I'd offered. Ali had always been in my corner, but he wasn't going to make a move without the approval of Herbert Mohammed, a very studious and methodical man. When I met with Herbert, he said, "What are you gonna do, judge?"—he always called me judge. I said, "I'm gonna get you \$5,000,000 for Ali to fight George Foreman." Herbert wanted proof that I could raise that kind of money, so I went to a wealthy Cleveland builder named Carl Lombardo, a born-again Christian who loves boxing. I said, "Carl, what would you do if I could put George Foreman and Muhammad Ali together?" He said,

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"Well, that would be a great promotion." I said, "Yeah, I know. Tell you what: Write me a letter saying that if I'm able to put this thing together, you'd be willing to put up \$10,000,000 to pay the fighters."

**PLAYBOY:** Did he do that?

**KING:** Yeah, but only after I reassured him that I wasn't trying to commit him to anything—I just wanted him to write me a letter. So Carl wrote me the letter, and after much perseverance on my part, Herbert finally signed an agreement on behalf of Ali. I will never forget that day—I was jumping for joy. Schwartz and I then went out to Oakland, where Foreman was training, and we got him to sign a contract. I wound up convincing the government of Zaire to put up \$10,000,000 for the fight, which would introduce the country to America and western Europe. Even though the Rumble in the Jungle was staged under the aegis of Video Techniques, that was the first title fight I personally put together.

**PLAYBOY:** Foreman was a heavy favorite going into that fight. Did you think he would beat Ali?

**KING:** I saw it as being a very competitive bout, and if it ended by a knockout, I figured George would be the guy who'd do the knocking out; if it went the distance, I thought Muhammad's boxing skills would carry the day. I certainly didn't foresee Ali knocking out big George. Ali *really* shocked the world with that fight. That's when he introduced the "rope-a-dope"—Ali just laid back against the ropes and let George tee off on him. It takes a lot of courage to let a guy just come in zinging, but Ali knew how to duck and do little things to make Foreman miss and expend all his energy. When George got tired, Ali finished him.

**PLAYBOY:** Had he practiced the rope-a-dope?

**KING:** No, and no one in his corner anticipated it. I remember Angelo Dundee, his trainer, screaming, "Get off the ropes! Get off the ropes!" That was Ali's own genius. After the Foreman fight, I became Ali's promoter, and we became very close. That fight had a horrendous effect on Foreman, who didn't exactly know what had happened: Yesterday, he'd been king; today, he was nobody. Up until then, he'd been a tower of strength, and people looked at him as the most awesome and intimidating fighter in the world.

**PLAYBOY:** Has any fighter since Foreman had that intimidating effect on opponents?

**KING:** Mike Tyson does—when opponents come into the ring, I can see the same type of fear on their faces. They're very visibly shaken. Ali had it, too, but in a different way: Most of the guys who went in against him looked at Ali and just felt he was unbeatable.

**PLAYBOY:** You promoted nearly a dozen of Ali's fights. Which one, aside from the Foreman bout, most stands out in your mind?

**KING:** Probably the Thrilla in Manila. It was a classic; I've never seen two athletes

get so physically honed and sharpened to meet each other the way Frazier and Ali did. I don't think Frazier liked Ali then, and I don't think he likes Ali now. Ali agitated Joe. Ali was a childish guy, a prankster, and he was always teasing Joe. Ali would say, "There's gonna be a thrilla in Manila when I meet the gorilla," and Frazier just couldn't take that kind of talk. He was a tremendous fighter and he had his whole family with him in Manila, and Ali's teasing wounded his pride. That fight was one of the greatest fights ever put on.

**PLAYBOY:** In what sense?

**KING:** I don't think *anyone's* ever seen another pair of fighters reach down so deep in the depths of themselves to bring out energy and just punish one another like they did. When the fight was over, Ali said it was the closest to death he had ever come. I had a great deal of admiration and respect for Joe's trainer, Eddie Futch, who threw in the towel when Joe had gotten hit so much that he could hardly see. Futch made Joe quit, and Ali was glad of it. That fight was the highest mountain that both Ali and Frazier could climb. After that bout, they still continued boxing, but they never fought at that peak again.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you see a decline in Ali after the Frazier fight?

**KING:** I think that what happened in that fight, psychologically, was that Muhammad had reached the mountaintop—he truly *felt* invincible. After that, feeling his invincibility, he didn't do what he usually had to do to *be* invincible. He'd worked and worked and worked getting ready for Joe, 'cause he knew what was going to confront him. I don't think he ever again worked as hard to get psychologically, mentally, spiritually and physically ready for any other opponent as he did for Joe Frazier. Believing in his own invincibility, he began taking more liberties.

**PLAYBOY:** And more punches?

**KING:** Absolutely. Ali's thing had always been to float like a butterfly and sting like a bee—to hit and not get hit. A lot of people always questioned his ability to take a punch, so then Ali started taking shots to let them know he *could* take shots. I ain't never seen nobody in boxing who could take shots like Muhammad did. But what did that prove?

**PLAYBOY:** What do *you* think it proved?

**KING:** It didn't prove *anything*. Ali's skills went down after the Frazier fight, but a lot of that was because of Ali himself. If you're a concert pianist or a violinist, you've got to practice. I don't think there's anything more taxing than being a boxer, but instead of practicing the way he had, Ali began making a lot of indiscretions. He never would have fought Frazier the same way he fought—and lost to—Leon Spinks. Leon had a lot of courage, but I'd be remiss if I didn't say that Ali was his own worst enemy.

**PLAYBOY:** Ali now appears to be what used to be called punch-drunk. Do you think he stayed too long at the fair?

**KING:** Well, I urged Ali to retire long before

he did, but it's completely ridiculous to think that Ali is punch-drunk. Muhammad Ali does not suffer from brain damage. He has Parkinson's syndrome, which is not caused by blows to the head—it's an affliction of the nervous system, and millions of people suffer from it. Ali is still sharp, and his thinking capacity hasn't changed, but he slurs his words.

Howard Cosell also suffers from the shakes. It's ironic that two men so closely associated in their lives and careers have both ended up with similar afflictions. I think it's an omen; they should join hands and become champions in the fight against these kinds of diseases. They were a good team once, and even though Howard has turned his back on boxing, I think they could be a good team again.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you assess the abilities of the current heavyweight champion, Mike Tyson?

**KING:** I think history will record that Mike Tyson, at his age, is far more advanced than any heavyweight that we've seen. He's a *tremendous* fighter, very precocious and learning all the time. Mike's got incredible hand speed and he's a devastating puncher with either hand. I think the sky's the limit regarding how far he can go. He's also very, very smart. And funny: Tyson does great imitations of Eddie Murphy and of me.

**PLAYBOY:** In June, Tyson is going to earn more than \$15,000,000 defending his title against Michael Spinks. Do you think Spinks can beat him?

**KING:** No. I think Tyson will knock Spinks out hands down, unquestionably. I don't think Spinks can take Tyson's punches. I think he can take *some* punches, but in his second fight against Larry Holmes, Larry had Spinks out on his feet in the 14th round and could have finished him off, but for whatever reason, Larry stopped attacking and didn't do it. Tyson will not stop.

**PLAYBOY:** Why are you so sure about that?

**KING:** As he showed in the Holmes fight, Tyson is a finisher. When he gets a person hurt, he goes after him and he doesn't stop throwing leather. He's relentless and unwavering in his commitment to throw punches with bad intentions. It'll be a big fight, and Iron Mike will knock Spinks out.

**PLAYBOY:** You've pretty much done it all in boxing. Do you see yourself branching out into other fields?

**KING:** I already have. I'm producing a movie for Home Box Office and I'm planning on making a movie—a very *authentic* movie—about the life of Muhammad Ali. And don't forget, a couple of years ago I promoted Michael Jackson's Victory Tour—went right out the chute and put together the biggest concert tour in the history of mankind. I also negotiated with the Pepsi-Cola company and got the Jacksons the highest price ever paid for a commercial. People around Michael said, "Hey, King has no experience in this business. He didn't have his apprenticeship. He doesn't know all the little nuances and the little



languages that go along with this business." Well, this was not amateur night in Dixie.

**PLAYBOY:** How *did* you manage to become producer of The Victory Tour?

**KING:** I got involved with the family when Joseph Jackson, the father, came to see me and gave me the honor and privilege of promoting his children. The Jacksons are one of the most successful, wholesome and exemplary families I've ever had an opportunity to meet. Joseph Jackson has been a hard worker who suffered the shortcomings of not being able to have a top-notch education. I was delighted to meet them.

You know, people can relate to and identify with all of the brothers, and their success, vicariously, is our success. But as I mentioned earlier, blacks in America may be part of this country, but we have been ostracized and castrated—and you'll never see that more blatantly and flagrantly demonstrated than with the Jacksons.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**KING:** When you get right down to the nitty-gritty, you might find that those who have vested interests in the Jacksons—the men in the gray-flannel suits who graduated from Ivy League colleges—realize it's not in *their* best interest to extol black familyhood. In my opinion, however, it is in their *economic* interest to divide this family, which they have done.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you perhaps saying that because your role in the tour was diminished after it got under way?

**KING:** No, because they didn't divide the family on me—they divided it on the Jacksons themselves. But, sure, the suits went after me. They did their usual thing. They told Michael, "You know, a black guy can't do this. And King is a racketeer. Michael, your image is at stake here." His image? What Michael's got to understand is that *Michael's a nigger!* It don't matter how great he can sing and dance; I don't care that he can prance; he's one of the greatest megastars in the world, but he's still going to be a nigger megastar. He must understand that. Not only must he understand that, he's got to accept it and demonstrate that he *wants* to be a nigger! Why? To show that a nigger can do it! That way, it gives all those who are niggers—including the black quasi *bourgeoisie*—the understanding that we are good, basic people. Whites put an epithet on us that we don't like? Fine. Now let's demonstrate by action and deed that we can overcome it.

All right, so here we've got a wonderful family, and each one of these kids is a success, with his own personal record contract. But all of a sudden, the people who carried them, nurtured them, enabled them to be alive to do it ain't good enough to handle their business. They ain't even good enough to be a *part* of it.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you talking about the Jacksons' parents' being pushed aside?

**KING:** Yes, and this is ludicrous! The people who tell them their parents can't handle this are making more money off the kids



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than the family is. If nothing else, this would be an opportunity to demonstrate family solidarity to all black people, and that would make us blacks feel more inclined to be family-oriented.

There is no way Michael Jackson should be as big as he is and treat his family the way that he does. No way! *Nothing* can justify that! He feels that his father did him wrong? There can't be *so* much wrong his father did him—Michael, after all, is the biggest star there ever was in the music business. His father may have done *some* wrong, but he also had to do a whole lot of right. Whatever it was, Michael could reprimand, chastise, teach—“If you did it wrong, Dad, don't do it wrong no more.”

**PLAYBOY:** You're very upset at this moment. What is it about the Michael Jackson situation that gets you?

**KING:** Michael's father is a victim; he's the embodiment of all black Americans who are uneducated and who aren't able to deal in the arena of high finance—we don't know what that is; it's like a foreign country to us. But meanwhile, Michael's father always worked hard and made sacrifices to buy his children drums and guitars. What if Michael hadn't *had* a father and a mother who were musically inclined and wanted the best for their kids? What then? Do you think there would even be a Michael Jackson? This is the basic point I'm trying to get across.

**PLAYBOY:** You still haven't told us why Jackson demoted you to playing a subordinate role in The Victory Tour.

**KING:** He did that because he was told I was trying to take his manhood from him. He was told that I wanted to be able to tell him what to do, that I wanted him to work *for* me rather than work *with* me. What they did to Michael, they do to all successful blacks. They play the game of feeding our egos and pandering to our whims and caprices. Michael Jackson has got a complex, and in his complex, he lacks understanding. He's a very smart, shrewd, street-wise individual from the perspective of knowing how to ingratiate himself with people who can get things done, but he lacks the sensitivity of helping those and bringing those along who were there with him. They fed him all kinds of lines about how I was going to build something from my relationship with him and he wouldn't be a part of it. And he swallowed it.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever talk with him about that?

**KING:** Sure, I talked to him, but I'd talk to him for five minutes or an hour and they'd have him for 24 hours.

**PLAYBOY:** Who are *they*?

**KING:** They are the lawyers, the guys around him who try to protect their vested interests. It doesn't behoove any businessman who's making a living exploiting Michael Jackson to tell him to deal with a black guy who could be good for his career, and who could give Michael a basic understanding of the people from whence he came. That's what he doesn't understand.

With the type of talent that he's got and all of his brothers and sisters have, the Jacksons could be one of the most dynamic, unifying forces in the black community. But I don't see that.

**PLAYBOY:** What *do* you see?

**KING:** I see that Michael has nobody black around him—*nobody*. So therefore, he is, in effect, a pseudo white. When you get in a position of power, that is the time to be standing up against racial injustices, not by being out there with a clenched fist, but through business transactions in which you put people into positions to bring about change and to demonstrate that our people can think and can function. Instead, Michael sits in his office with his battery of advisors, none of whom are honest with him. They all blow smoke up his ass and tell him he's the Second Coming, even when he's making an absurd observation. And in the meantime, they'll be feeding him their own ideas.

In his field of performance—rhythm-and-blues and singing—Michael's a master, but in the world of business, he ain't no genius. He's no Rhodes scholar, but you're going to find these legal eagles fawning, shuffling and acting as his sycophants. I *hate* that bullshit.

**PLAYBOY:** Sum up: What do you think has happened to Michael Jackson?

**KING:** The people around him have extricated Michael from the black community. I'm hoping that Michael will come back home. He don't have to give me nothing, because I don't want to put this on a personal basis. Michael is an example of what happens to our top entertainers, athletes and leaders as soon as they begin to make money and gain stature and acclaim. They are swooped up from the black community and told, “Oh, you're not really a nigger, you're something else.” And that's basically why I use the term nigger. I don't want there to be any confusion. If I do anything worth while, a nigger did it. If I do something that's questionable, I ain't got to tell 'em a nigger did it—they'll say the nigger did it. If I can contribute any philosophy or attitude born of success, unanimity, friendship and zeal, I want it to be “The nigger did it.” This is what I want people to understand.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you sure they will?

**KING:** I am a *nigger*. Many blacks are going to get upset with me for saying this, because they'll feel they're being thrown back. But that's just *their* state of mind. I know who I am.

**PLAYBOY:** And that is . . . ?

**KING:** Well, a part of me feels that I have been chosen from the least of men, from the lowest rung of the ladder. I'm always thinking, How can I inspire people to come together? I want to be a kind of catalyst because I see the senselessness and degradation of prejudice—where people cast aspersions against this group, because it doesn't speak the same language, or that group, because it doesn't have the same

pigmentation of skin.

I tell black kids the truth: “Don't look for pie in the sky when you die; get something sound on the ground while you're around. In this society, your blackness is a shortcoming, and you better be able to deal with it, because you're going to run into prejudice, discrimination and segregation. But instead of getting bitter, angry and mad, get smart.”

Prejudice has been on a lot of people—the Jews, for instance—so no one can holler about having an exclusivity on slavery. The Jews were enslaved for 2000 years, and they've never forgotten that. What I want to do is establish a black Seder, where you can ask the questions and get the answers and say, “Yes, we were slaves, but we're not going to let this happen to us again.” And search for the ways and means to prevent that from taking place. We have to give black kids something that they can hang on to that has been proven a winner, to let them know that they can make it in America.

Now, I'm aware that many blacks have a defeatist attitude: “No matter how hard I work, no matter what I try to do, I ain't going to be able to make it.” Well, to me, that's bullshit. I just work harder. I never, ever let that touch me, because I know you ain't going to make it by hating. Kahlil Gibran says hate is a dead thing and I would not become a tomb. So I don't want to be a sepulcher, a funeral pyre. I want to be alive and evolving and helping to bring about that much-needed change. I may not be able to reach the poor bigoted peoples of America, but what I *can* do is to become a shining symbol for blacks, from a business perspective.

**PLAYBOY:** And still speak to a wider audience?

**KING:** Of course. The real secret of what I do is that I'm always promoting America. No matter where I go in the world, you'll always hear me saying, “Only in America.” For no matter how many indignities and how much suffering black people have undergone in this country, due mostly to age-old laws that were established before my birth, the fact of the matter is that this is still the greatest country in the world. I want to make my nation whole, and I want to make my nation right. I think my nation needs a lot of surgical treatment; but understand, it's my nation, and I want to save the patient. I don't want to be one of those who walks behind the casket saying, “If America had done this or that, we wouldn't be burying it.” I want to diagnose the problem and prescribe treatment to prevent America from being in that casket. I recognize that I want to live and die, if I have to, for America's virtue. I'm not gonna decry what should be—we all know what *should* be. Instead of sitting back and crying about it, I'm gonna try to *make* it happen by working hard, extolling this country and making it live up to its creed.



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# SLOW, SLOW BURN

honey pillar, everyone agrees, is the most desired woman in the world. she makes the dials go crazy

fiction **By GEORGE ALEC EFFINGER**

"ALL RIGHT, this is the way I picture it: We're in a busy midtown brass-and-fern bar, OK? Table on the sidewalk, umbrella says CINZANO on it, we'll see. Two women poking at salads, glasses of white wine. They're dressed very nice, expensive but not flashy, they pay atten-

tion to details, they *accessorize*, know what I mean? One's older, see, she's the mother, though you don't see the age difference. They could be sisters. Both blondes. The older one's got kind of a suit on, she's the dynamic woman on the go. The daughter sort of mirrors that, a subtle thing, nice blouse that says she's shopping the right stores, and she's never



more than fifteen minutes out of style. This is like *'Beauty Hints of the Idle Rich'* or something.

"So the girl is toying with her radicchio, see, and she puts her fork down and goes, 'Mother, may I ask you a personal question?'"

"Mom says, 'Of course, darling.'"

"Daughter looks down at her plate, she's just a little bit embarrassed. That's good, makes her human. Audience will relate to that. She looks back up and goes, 'Mother, have you and Dad ever used'—pause for effect—"modular marital aids?"

"Big smile. Maybe she, you know, reaches out and pats the kid's hand. Like: There, there. She says, 'Let me tell you a secret, dear.' She laughs. The daughter laughs. Then Mom reaches into her bag, see, and what do you think she takes out? Take a guess."

Two account executives have flown all the way from America to talk with Honey Pilar, who, everyone agrees, is the most desirable woman in the world. Even account executives want her, though their motives are mixed, and that's why these two anxious men have come from New York to Honey's walled estate in the south of France. She is sitting at a long table made of polished *limba*, an exotic hardwood from the Congo basin that not even the architectural magazines know about yet. Beside her is her husband, Kit, who likes to think of himself as her manager. The adman's throat is very dry after his speech, yet he is too self-conscious to sip from the fluted glass of Perrier-Jouët in front of him. He glances quickly at his associate, but it is easy to see that he can expect no help from that quarter.

Kit stares, but he's not going to say anything. The silence goes on and on. The hopeful smile the adman is wearing begins to vanish. He looks again at his associate, who is still no help whatsoever.

"On the phone, I think we discussed the kids' market," says Kit, just as they reach the breaking point. He purses his lips and turns to Honey, who is sipping Campari and soda through a straw. "She doesn't like it. I don't like it. Come back with something else."

The adman lays his sweating hands on the beautiful glossy tabletop. "Miss Pilar?" he says hopelessly.

"Kit doing business," she says and shrugs. When she smiles, both account executives are inspired with possible new approaches. The sound of her voice, they tell themselves, is something, after all. The opportunity to meet with her again will motivate them to find just the pitch she and Kit are looking for. "You have nice flight," she says.

Kit is in the control room, watching his wife on the bed with a 17-year-old Italian boy. Kit watches them through the grimy

glass, wishing he'd worn a shirt, because he is sweating heavily in the hot, stale air of the studio and his naked back is sticking to the black vinyl padding of the chair. He peels himself away and leans forward, checking meters and digital readouts that don't really need checking. Honey is a consummate performer. It's as if she had an accurate internal clock ticking behind her forehead, cuing her: 00:00 initiate encounter, 00:30 initiate foreplay with passionate kiss, 00:45 experience preliminary arousal. . . . They are seven minutes, ten seconds into the 30-minute recording. By the outline on Kit's clipboard, Honey is supposed to begin oral stimulation at 07:15, and goddamn, if she isn't already sliding down the boy's tanned body. No cue cards, she doesn't even need hand signals. Kit pretends to check the levels again, then turns away from the big glass window.

Kit had his brain wired long before he met Honey. If he wanted, he could jack into a socket on the board and feel just what the Italian boy is feeling, or he could jack into another socket and eavesdrop on Honey. Kit doesn't need to peek on the boy's responses, because he's been married to Honey for five years, and she's every bit as good live, in person, as she is on cassette. At the age of 45, Honey Pilar is still the most desired woman in the world. One out of every eight moddies—of all kinds—sold through the big modshop chains is a Honey Pilar sex moddy. Kit has never been her partner in any of them.

At 14:20, Honey and the boy curl together on their sides. Honey's eyes are closed, her face flushed. The boy is naked except for a pair of black matte-finish sunglasses. Drops of sweat glisten on his hairless chest. Kit stands up and turns away again. He leaves the control room, sure that nothing out of the ordinary will happen. He wanders down the long hall. He kicks off his deck shoes and feels the pile carpet warm on the soles of his feet. There is the strong odor of stale beer in the hall, as if several cans had soaked the floor recently and no one had cared to do anything about it. None of the windows are open, and it is even hotter in the hall than in the control room. Kit pushes open the scarred blond-wood door at the end of the hall. He is in another control room. He chases a green lizard the size of his hand from the padded chair and sits behind the board. He stares at meters and digital readouts. They are all flickering at safe levels.

Beyond the glass, a young woman in a torn T-shirt and a bikini bottom sits at a microphone, clutching a sheaf of typewritten pages. Kit knows that she works for some revolutionary organization, but there are too many even to begin to guess which one. She reads the pages in a slow, husky voice. Kit thinks her voice is pretty

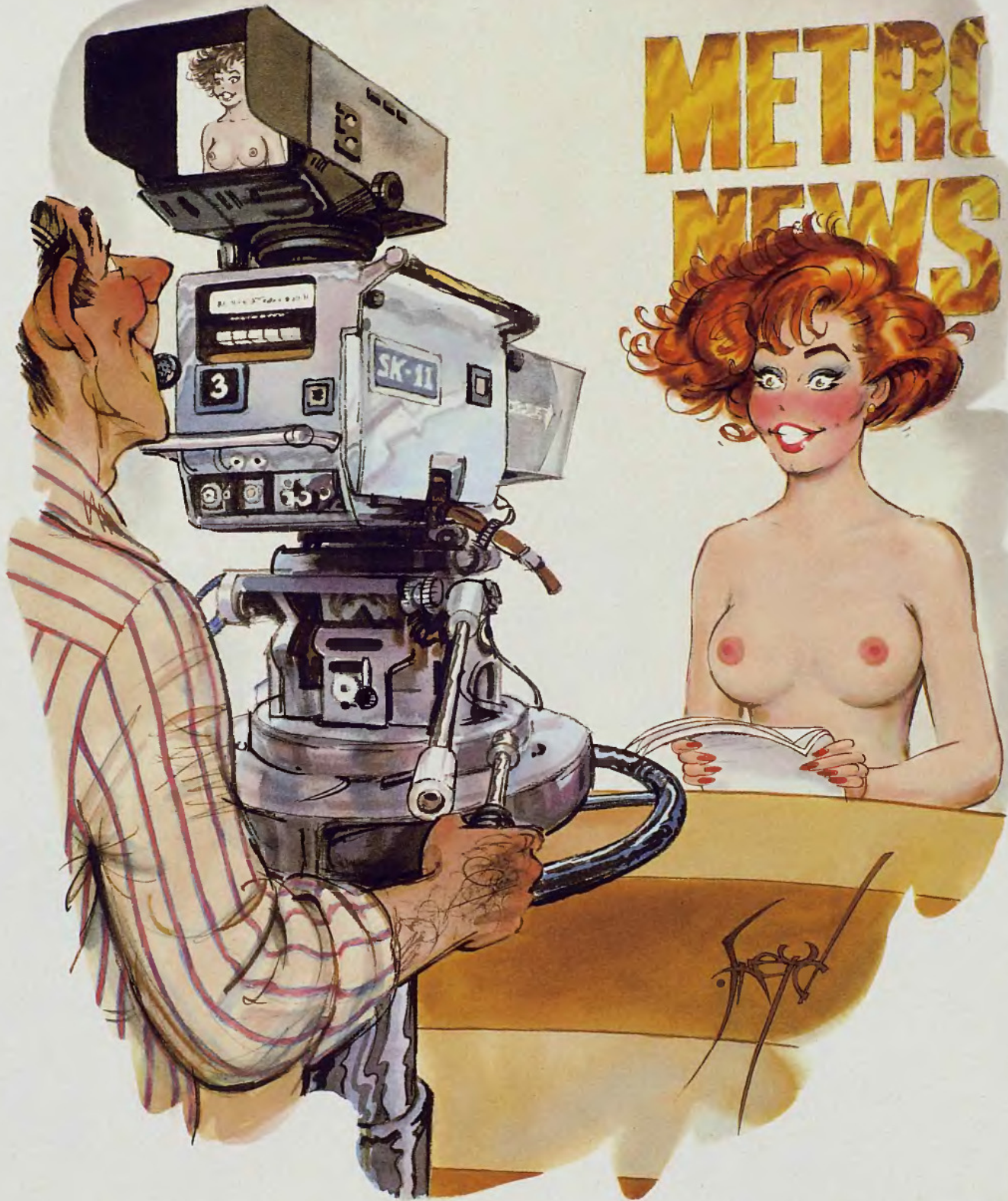
damn sexy. He likes everything about this girl, what little he knows. He likes her bikini bottom, her torn shirt, her rumpled black hair and the way she talks. After a moment, Kit hears what she is reading. "*Achtung! Achtung!*" she says. Her voice has no accent, neither German nor otherwise. She has brown skin, pale full lips and Oriental eyes. "*Achtung! Dreihundertneunundsiebzig. . . . Fünfundzwanzig.*" Then she begins reading a list of five-digit numbers. She reads 25 groups of digits, meaningful only to the audience listening to her frequency, reading the key to her code. "*Ende.*" she says. A moment later, after shifting to another frequency, she begins again in Spanish. "*¡Atención! ¡Atención!*" More numbers, more signals. Kit would like to buy the brown-skinned girl a drink, look into her black eyes, ask her if she knows who might be listening to her broadcast.

Kit leaves the control room. She has never looked up, never known for an instant that he was there. Kit walks back down the stifling hallway. As he enters the small room, he sees Honey astride the Italian boy. Kit checks the clock on the board, checks the script. The recording is still precisely on schedule. He hasn't been missed. Just as the girl at the microphone did not know he was there, Honey does not know he has been gone.

Kit sits in the black vinyl chair. He takes a moddy from a stack on the control board. He doesn't care which moddy it is. He reaches up and chips it in. There is a moment of disorientation, and then Kit's vision clears. He is Cary Grant as Roger Thornhill in *North by Northwest*, suave, well dressed and certainly in command of his feelings. He allows himself a moment of sadness for Honey, whose life could never be as interesting as his. After all, he is Cary Grant. His future will be better than good: It will be amusing.

"Twenty years ago, as a young feature reporter on my first assignment for Euro-Urban Holo, I interviewed Honey Pilar. I remember the rough wooden pier across the beach from her walled estate and the sparkling Mediterranean waves. I remember the bright morning sun making me squint a little into the camera. The cries of the gulls punctuated my lead-in. 'Here in her palatial estate,' I said, 'Honey Pilar reigns as the superstar of the sex moddies. In five years, she has risen from talented newcomer to both critical acclaim and commercial supremacy. Let's take a quick look behind the scenes and find out what Honey Pilar is like in her unguarded moments.' The camera zoomed to the main gate—and then, nothing. We weren't allowed in, even though my news service had confirmed our appointment for that morning. Honey had changed her mind.

"Fifteen years later, I was working for  
(continued on page 80)



*"A new survey just released turns up some interesting facts about what people would like to see on TV."*





# STAR TREK

here's to bing crosby's  
granddaughter denise:  
may she live long and  
prosper on the new  
u.s.s. enterprise



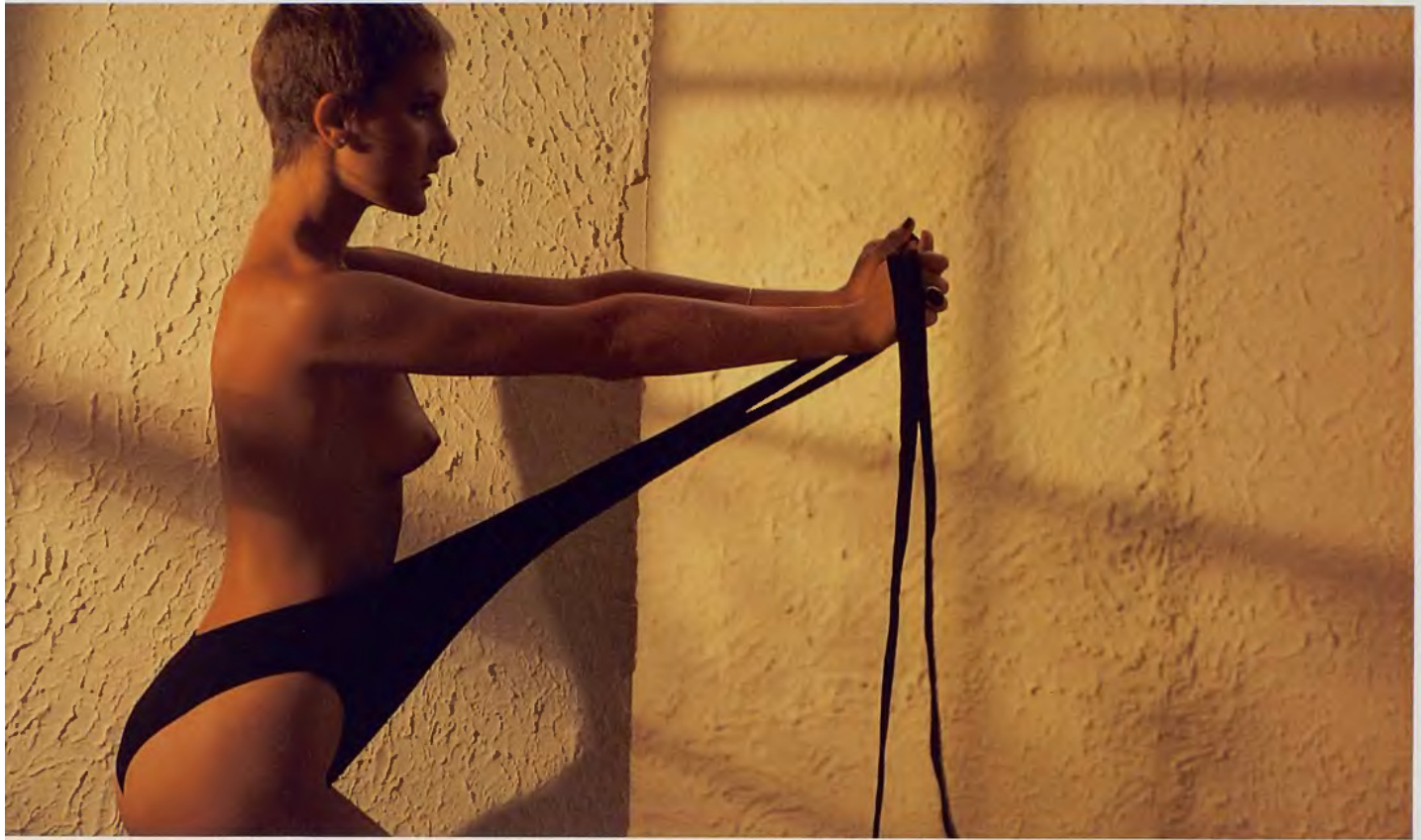
If and when I break into films," Denise Crosby told us back in March 1979, when she first appeared on these pages, "I'd like to capture the elegance of Dietrich and Garbo, but in a contemporary way." And what could be more contemporary than Crosby's current role as Security Chief Tasha Yar in TV's hot new syndicated series *Star Trek: The Next Generation*?



In 1979, when these pictures were taken, Crosby was known as a highly unconventional model with a butch haircut and outrageous clothing who happened to have a famous granddad, crooner Bing Crosby. But bigger things awaited.







Crosby paid her dues in such films as *48 HRS.* and *Arizona Heat* before landing the role of the anxiety-prone Tasha. "My grandfather was a legend," she says. "Growing up with that helps me understand Tasha's insecurities."





*“What kind of woman invites the whole world to listen in on her private sexual experiences?”*

*Visions/Runelia, and once again, I stood by the high gilded gate. What secrets does this young beauty know that maintain her position as the world's premiere moddy star? That was my lead. Honey Pilar never told me her secrets, of course. But she did make an appearance. She was tanned and smiling and, well, perfect. A week before that interview, a poll had announced that sixty-eight percent of the seven billion people on earth could identify her face. Eighteen percent could identify her naked, unaugmented breasts. That was five years ago.*

*“Tonight, we begin a new series: ‘Honey Pilar: A Quarter Century of Fascination.’ Never in the history of the personality-module industry or, indeed, of the entire entertainment industry, has one performer so dominated the charts. Since her now-classic first moddy, ‘A Life in Lace,’ recorded when she was a mere youth, she has turned out thirty-eight full-length recordings and nine of the ‘quickies’ that A.T.B. experimented with and then abandoned. Her total sales top one hundred and twenty million units, and every one of her recordings remains in print. As of last week, she had eight titles on the ‘Brainwaves’ Hot One Hundred Chart, with two in the top ten.*

*“What the world wants to know—and what she has never told us—is just what kind of woman invites the whole world to listen in on her private sexual experiences? Does Honey Pilar provide surrogate passion, and happiness, to millions of people dissatisfied with their own love lives, or is she merely pandering to an emerging taste for high-tech titillation?”*

*“Next time, I’ll tell you how this reporter sees it.”*

Kit and Honey are having dinner in a small, dimly lit café near the ocean. A tall white taper burns on their table and, shining through their wineglasses, casts soft burgundy shimmers on the linen tablecloth. Across the narrow room is a stage made of scuffed green tiles. Lively North African music, distorted and shrill, plays too loudly through invisible speakers; hovering just an inch or two above the stage is the holographic figure of a demure-eyed, big-hipped belly dancer. There are streaks and scratches on the woman’s face and body, as if this recording had been played many times over many years.

Honey Pilar sips some of the wine and makes a little grimace. “How are you thinking?” she asks in a soft voice.

“It was all right,” says Kit. He looks

down at his broiled fish. “What do you want me to say? It’ll sell a million, you outdid yourself. Your climax made the dials go crazy. OK?”

“I never know you telling me truth.” She frowns at him, then picks up a delicate forkful of couscous and eats it thoughtfully.

Kit tears a chunk of the flat bread and puts it in his mouth, then takes a gulp of wine. Communion, he thinks. I’m absolved. “If you didn’t believe me a minute ago, what can I say or do that will make you believe me now?”

Honey looks hurt. She puts her fork down carefully beside her plate. Kit wishes the shrieking Arab music would die away forever. The café smells of cinnamon, as if teams of bakers had been making sweet rolls all day long and then hidden them away, because nothing on their plates or on the menu contains the least hint of cinnamon. Kit knows that Honey wants to go back to the house in Provence. She’s not comfortable in public places.

Kit finishes his glass of wine. He reaches for the bottle, tops up Honey’s glass, then fills his own. He takes out a beige pill case from his shirt pocket, finds four Paxium and drinks them down with a Château L’Angelus that deserves better. “What next?” he says.

“What next now?” asks Honey. “Or what next we make another moddy?”

Kit squeezes his eyes shut and lets his head fall back. He opens his eyes and sees black beams made of structural plastic crossing the space overhead. He wishes that something, anything, with Honey could be simple, even dinner, even conversation. So she’s the most desirable woman in the world, he thinks. So she makes more money in one year than the C.E.O.s of any ten major corporations you’d care to name. So what? His private opinion is that she has the intelligence of three sticks and a stone.

He lowers his gaze and forces himself to smile back at her. “What do you want to do, sweetheart? Stay here, go back home, take a trip? You’ve earned a vacation, baby. We’ve got your next blockbuster in the can. The world is at your feet. You name it, *chiquita*. Someplace exotic. Someplace you’ve always wanted to go.”

He knows exactly what she will say next.

She says it. “I rather only go home.”

“Home,” he repeats quietly. He finishes the wine in one long swallow and signals

the waiter.

“Kit,” she says, “I was in happy mood.”

I was in happy mood, thinks Kit. But don’t let me kid you, sweetie. It’s been great.

“Six o’clock in the morning, and the haggard winter sun is rising over the red-tiled roofs of Santa Coloma. Wrapped in scarves, packaged in parkas, slapping their mittened hands together to fend off frostbite, Fawn and Dawn huddle against the fogged plate-glass window of the Instant Memories Modshop on Bridger Parkway. Fawn and Dawn are standing in a long line of people waiting for the manager to open the store. They’ve been waiting all night in the cold and wind and sleet, because today’s the day Honey Pilar’s new moddy, ‘Slow, Slow Burn,’ goes on sale. Fawn and Dawn want to be the first in their neighborhood to own the new Honey Pilar. They want to get it as soon as the shop opens and take it to school with them. Fawn and Dawn are in the ninth grade; these days in Santa Coloma, ninth graders all have their skulls amped, except for the trolls and feeb.”

*FAWN (shivering): My God, I haven’t felt my toes since midnight.*

*DAWN: I haven’t felt my lips. Or my nose, or my ears, or my fingers.*

*FAWN: But if we leave now, I’m going to feel like a total fool.*

*DAWN: We can’t leave now. These jerk-offs behind us will get our place.*

*FAWN (making a face): If only the wind would stop blowing.*

*DAWN: Oh, sure, the wind. If only the wind stopped blowing, it would still be, like, ten degrees below zero or something.*

*FAWN (rubbing her cheeks): Hey! (Pointing through display window) Here he comes!*

*DAWN (to store manager): Let us in now, and you can have me right on top of the cash register.*

“The manager is, in fact, opening the front door. He’s smiling in anticipation; the store is going to make a fortune today. ‘Slow, Slow Burn’ is stacked up four feet high in the front window, piled up beside every register and loaded into cardboard dumps scattered all around the selling floor. You can’t turn around inside the store without staring into the liquid green eyes of Honey Pilar. Her holographic likeness is more than just inviting; if the mythical sirens had looked like Honey, they wouldn’t have had to sing.

“When the door opens, of course, what disappears is any respect for the length of time Fawn and Dawn have been waiting in the freezing night air. They are pushed aside by the jerk-offs behind them and by the jerk-offs behind them. Fawn and Dawn are cast aside by the charging throng of people. They announce that this is truly unfair and rude, that they’d stood in line longer, that they are

(continued on page 165)



Rawland B. Wilson

# THE FITNESS MYTH

article by  
**WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG**

**I**N THE RICH, winy days of heretofore, when the measure of envied achievement passed from Schweitzer to Schwarzenegger, the best that could be said of exercise was that it wouldn't affect your mind. Today, you'd better hope that it does.

For something dramatic is happening along the jogging paths and in the gyms of America. Exercise is losing its cachet. For years, the hype and hustle grew so remorselessly that exercise reached the point where it was using us; we weren't using it. Exercise became not a pastime but a tyranny, not a means to an end but an end in itself. It demanded not reality but an unswerving, unthinking fealty. And the faithful complied: They scooped up the latest exercise gear peddled by Madison Avenue; they jumped and pumped at noon-time aerobics class; they banged their way along the indoor track; they sweated and grunted to the latest tapes. And, lo, it was good.

But was it healthy? Of course it was! It was exercise! And, until recently, few questioned its salutary effect.

***we're a generation in the grip of exercise mania, running and pumping and swatting and sweating. ever stop to ask why?***

■

Few asked, Why run a marathon without building the strength to raise your own kid over your head? Why develop the strength to lift boxcars while having so little stamina that carrying a letter to the mailbox caused heavy breathing? An almost Nazilike belief in the virtues of exercise prevailed. For more than a generation, after all, the Gallup Poll had tracked the percentage of American adults into exercise as it rose from 24 (in 1961) to 49 (in 1984). Those were the glory years, when exercise was taken up by millions of people who'd previously believed that life should never have a dull moment, or at least a dry one. It was a conversion by immersion. In sweat.

Then something happened. At least, it did if you looked close enough. In 1985, the Gallup Poll reported that the percentage of adult Americans committed to exercise had dropped to 44, the first drop in a generation. Perhaps it was a statistical anomaly. But then the National Sporting Goods Association, which had triumphantly tracked the rise in sales of exercise-related (continued on page 140)





# MINIMUM MAINTENANCE

compiled by  
Walter Lowe, Jr., and Trish Wend

If you, like us, think that staying in shape need be neither grueling nor ruinously time-consuming, we have good news. It doesn't have to be. Fitness is a lifestyle decision. Forget those articles that require that you burn 2000 calories doing the butterfly—or the effort is wasted. At every level of effort, there's a benefit. The accompanying chart, prepared with the help of experts in the fitness field, invites you to select your goal and then outlines the minimum maintenance required. We start with **Basic Fitness**. The goal? To minimize the risk of heart attack and injury without strenuous exercise. At this level, your physician is your partner. Begin with a complete checkup. **Recreational**. This level prepares you to play weekend sports in suitable shape, to be fit for running to catch a bus, vacation sports. **Lifestyle**. The goal here is a top level of cardiovascular conditioning; to benefit from the high that can accompany rigorous sports activity. **Competitive**. With this, you can be gratified that you're in the best shape, for your age, that you can be. You will notice that each level builds on the previous one; approach your plan for fitness that way. Move ahead gradually as you step up. Educate yourself. And, above all, determine first what you want from fitness.

## THE LEAST YOU SHOULD DO TO FEEL THE BEST



### CARDIOVASCULAR



### BASIC FITNESS

Consult physician to determine that cholesterol, blood pressure and pulse rate are within norms. Minimize smoking, alcohol consumption and caffeine. Inform physician of family health history.



### RECREATIONAL

If overweight or over 35, take a stress test. Aerobic exercise (walk, run, bike, swim, dance) 20 minutes three times a week, bringing pulse rate to 60 percent of maximum heart rate (subtract age from 220). Or play aerobic sport.



### LIFESTYLE

Aerobic exercise for 20–30 minutes three or four days a week; aim to bring pulse to 75–85 percent of maximum heart rate. An hour of tennis or basketball, 30 minutes of squash replace one workout.



### COMPETITIVE

Spend at least three hours per week (three or four 60-minute workouts) exercising at 80 percent of maximum pulse rate. Depending upon your heart-rate response, increase speed and/or intensity of your exercise.



## FLEXIBILITY

Important to avoid injury. Stretch five to ten minutes every day (not right out of bed—muscles are tight and injury-prone). Concentrate on hamstring, calf and Achilles' tendon, lower back. Yoga is ideal.

Stretch five to ten minutes before game or workout to prevent injury, again as you cool down, to increase range of motion and reduce sore muscles. Good flexibility is a must before starting any exercise-machine program.

Pay extra attention to stretching as you increase exercise intensity (e.g., walk or run faster) to prevent muscle strain. Be sure to stretch joints (knee, elbow, shoulder) in each direction, both bending and extending.

Flexibility is key component of a strength program. Warm up with light calisthenics, a short walk or a jog. Hold each stretch for 10–30 seconds, repeat two or three times.



## ENDURANCE

Spend more time in motion: Walk, don't ride; climb stairs. Start slowly if in poor condition, building gradually to 30 minutes per day. Ten-minute walks add up. Benefits start when you exercise for 20 minutes three times a week.

Increase playing time gradually from 30 to 40 minutes. Practice interval training: Warm up, work at 80 percent top pulse rate 20 seconds, regular pace 40 seconds. Repeat 10–12 times, three–four times a week. Gradually shorten rests.

Gradually extend half-hour workouts to one hour, or extend one-hour basketball or tennis workouts to 90 minutes.

Incorporate interval training during cardiovascular workouts. Consulting a running coach is highly recommended for interval training at this level.



## STRENGTH

If strong enough to perform your job and daily chores, no special exercises are required at this stage. Ten to 15 minutes of calisthenics (see below) two or three times a week to maintain musculature.

The most important muscles for sports are the legs, upper arms, back and stomach. Try 20 minutes of calisthenics (push-ups, sit-ups, leg raises), two or three times a week. Begin with ten push-ups and ten sit-ups.

Gradually increase push-ups and sit-ups to 30 repetitions per set; increase sets from two to three. Build opposing muscle groups for balance and to avoid injury. Machine weights best safe option.

To major-muscle workouts, add free weights or equipment for forearm, calf, triceps, biceps. Tailor workout to your sport. For bulk, increase weight load, decrease repetitions; for staying power, add repetitions, decrease weight.

**G**ENERAL MOTORS CHAIRMAN Roger B. Smith once lost his composure over a raw egg. He witnessed a demonstration of a new touch-sensitive robot, which picked up an egg with its mechanical fingers and handed it to him without cracking the brittle shell. The chairman became almost giddy with excitement and for days waxed eloquent to anyone who would listen about the technological miracle. The egg clearly held the embryo of Smith's corporate rebirth.

Smith, the accountant who had never been a plant manager or been directly involved in the development of a single product of any kind, concluded that G.M.'s answer to world competition should be *deus ex machina*—salvation through the machine. Only his machine would have artificial intelligence and articulated mechanical hands.

Smith's quiet scenario—his "final solution"—was to eliminate the vast majority of the workers and to become competitive almost exclusively through computer-based automation. His mandate was to replace people—who, after all, were not very productive, had bad attitudes and often belonged to belligerent unions—with intelligent machines. "Every time you ask for another dollar in wages," he told the U.A.W., "a thousand more robots start looking more practical."

The human side of the equation has always eluded Roger Smith, whom a *Detroit News* reporter once aptly described as "brilliance unimpeded by humanity." To illustrate that point, I offer an example of an encounter I had with him at a press conference in December 1986, more than a year after I had joined G.M. as a speechwriter.

"Call me Roger," he had said in his squeaky voice, extending his hand.

I was astonished, not that the most powerful industrialist in the world would speak to me but that he obviously did not know who I was—even though I had written the speech he would soon deliver, even though I'd attended many meetings where he had been present, even though I had shared a corporate jet with him for thousands of miles. So here I was, holding his hand, wondering how I might tell him diplomatically that I was on his staff.

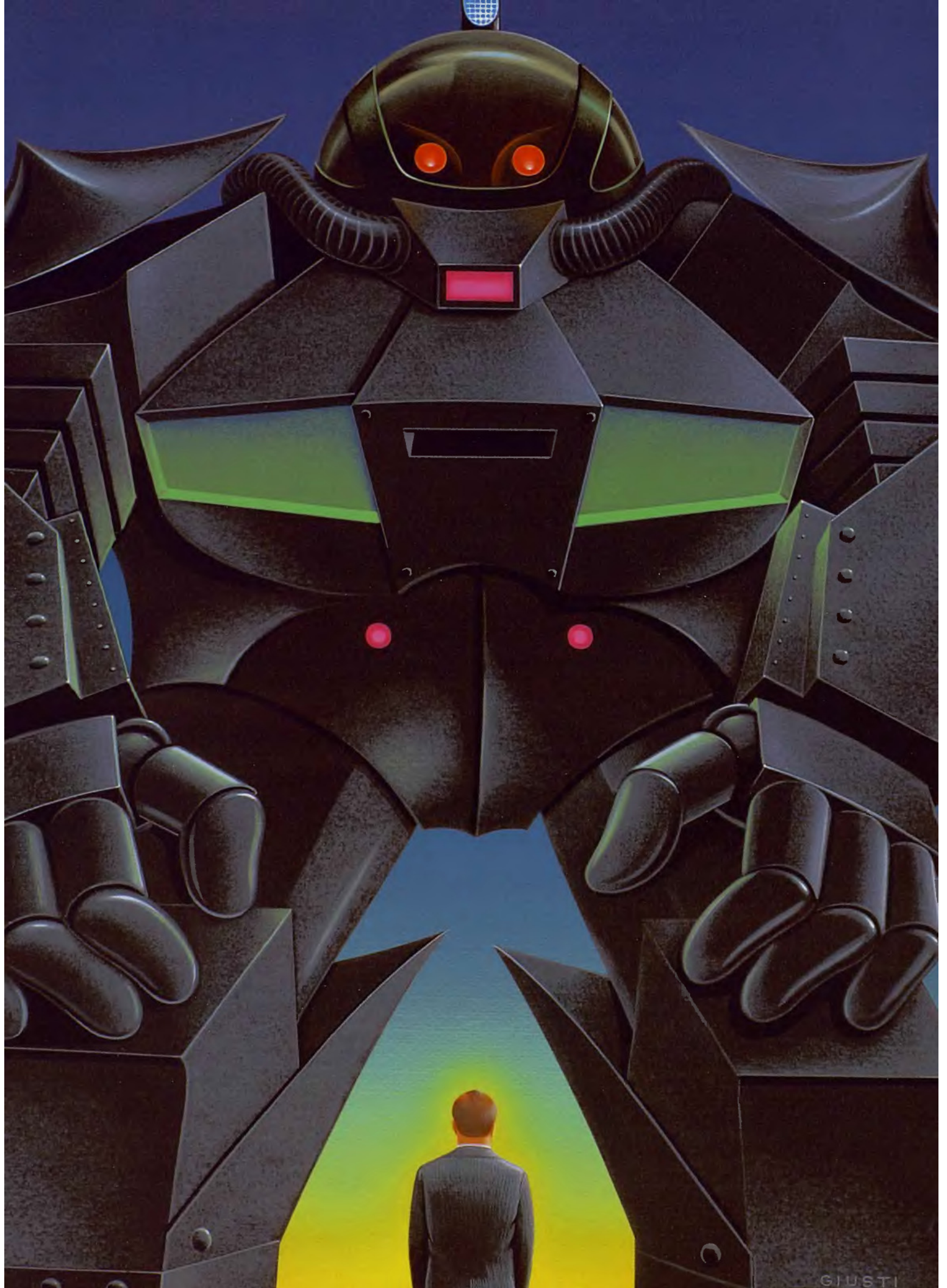
"Roger, I've checked the microphone height, and I have an extra copy of your speech here if you need it." His near-albino skin flushed and he dropped my hand as if it contained a joy buzzer. He was off to meet people who mattered.

Perhaps I shouldn't have been surprised. After all, Smith had more important things to do than to remember what his speechwriter looked like. The power of his position is awe-inspiring. General Motors is the largest corporation in the world, holding more assets than all but two dozen of the largest nations of the world. One out of every five cars on the planet was built by General Motors, and so was the only car parked on the surface of the moon. In addition to more than 750,000 direct employees, there are 500,000 dealership people and 1,500,000 or so supplier employees who owe their livelihoods to "Mother Motors." In a good year, its revenues exceed 100 billion dollars. As chairman of the board and chief executive officer of all that, Smith might not be expected to remember who had written the speech he was about to deliver. *(continued on page 94)*

## HIGH NOON AT G.M.

how the world's largest corporation  
was outgunned by a feisty Texas entrepreneur

article By ALBERT LEE



# HELMUT'S ANGELS

photographer helmut newton  
pops a wheelie on the high c.c.s

**H**ELMUT NEWTON is known for high-fashion photography that conveys surprise, a sense of the edge. In the past, he has shown models posed enigmatically with mannequins, saddles and riding crops. Put something compelling, something startling, in the center of a picture, and you strip away the polite façade. You say, This is serious.

These are serious motorcycles that we've asked Newton to shoot. Their names call up images of noble warriors, samurai swords, great winds and jet fighters. The numbers are

The Kawasaki 600 Ninja was the pioneer in the middleweight class. The 1988 version is lighter and more powerful. The 85-horsepower engine propels the bike to a top speed of 141 miles per hour. (The engine is 13 percent more powerful than last year's model.) The new two-piece double-cradle-design frame reduces weight by almost 33 pounds to a lean, mean 397. The front forks feature Kawasaki's Electric Suspension Control System with variable damping and antidive; the rear suspension is a single-shock Uni-Trak. Dual disc brakes on the front and a single disc on the rear provide the stopping power. Yours for \$3899. (Want to try before you buy? The Kawasaki 600 Ninja is the bike of choice at the California Superbike School in Willow Springs.)





deceptive: At 600 c.c.s, the engines are not the largest or the most powerful. They are middleweights in the way that Thomas "Hit Man" Hearns is a middleweight: lightning fast with great moves.

These bikes go as fast as 750 c.c.s did four years ago. They are the right tool for the right job—if your job is to find the edge and live there. They will reach triple-digit speeds in the time it takes you to read this paragraph. They will make you believe that size

Motorcycles have a certain impact on beautiful women. Tom Cruise demonstrated that point in *Top Gun*. Admittedly, it took him almost half the movie to kiss Kelly McGillis, but that was an old version of the sport bike. New ones are much faster. Call it red-line fever. The effect on your peers is even more dramatic. The 600-c.c. class is the weapon of choice of club racers across America. The Yamaha FZ600 was introduced in 1986 and has improved every year since. It cradles a D.O.H.C., four-stroke, six-speed engine in a box frame and tips the scales at a mere 410 pounds. A 16-inch front wheel provides lightning-fast handling. Yours for \$3749.







doesn't matter: If a 600 can be this much fun, who needs the megabike 1000 and 1100 c.c.s?

These motorcycles are adrenaline, frozen in time, sculpted into shapes that cut the wind. They arouse the senses. They are also the best-selling class of motorcycles in America. They are what the Japanese do best: create an experience out of thin air and, through refinement and competition, evolve a machine that goes beyond the stuff of dreams. Dream on!

The Honda CBR600F Hurricane (below) invites you to be the calm at the center of a storm of power. The engine is a double-overhead-cam, 16-valve, liquid-cooled in-line four that will blow you, and most of your competition, away. The bike is a whisper at 396 pounds. Cost: \$4098. The Suzuki GSX600 Katana (right) is the new kid in town. Borrowing the technology that made its big brother, the GSX-R750, both fast and famous, it boasts a 16-valve, D.O.H.C., six-speed engine that cuts through boredom and rush-hour traffic with the ease of a samurai sword. Cost: \$3999. So make a choice. Buy one of these bikes, find a canyon road and ride with the angels.





## HIGH NOON AT G.M. (continued from page 86)

*"If Roger Smith had set out to destroy all morale in the company, he couldn't have done a better job."*

In the office, Smith is so rushed that he occasionally leaves out words or misspells obvious ones, such as spelling sure "shur." When he removes his glasses—a nervous habit—holding eye contact is nearly impossible, as he has a weak eye that wanders, which is oddly appropriate, since the windows to this man's soul always seem to be open to more than one horizon.

The endless string of actions and pronouncements during his long tenure at the top has given him the image among hourly and salaried ranks alike as being insensitive. He has made such amazing public-relations blunders as giving himself and his top executives massive bonuses at the same time that he canceled profit sharing and sharply cut merit pay and demanded that the rest of his employees make major concessions to keep their jobs. Even one of his most loyal associates says, "If Roger had purposely set out to destroy all morale in what once was the most confident and secure company going, he couldn't have done a better job."

Now, it may seem that it should not matter how one businessman relates to people. In another time and place, the man's persona might simply be accepted as nonfunctional secondary success characteristics. Not now. Not at General Motors. For never has a man so needed the ability to motivate people to great heights.

The chairman's task is daunting. He is attempting to create a new kind of corporation in the Eighties (which coincides with his ten years as chief executive). His quest, which is truly visionary, is to establish what he calls "the world's first 21st Century corporation"—the first all-electronic manufacturing corporation with a high-tech elite, paperless processes and peopleless plants. Smith has committed nearly 80 billion dollars—more than the assets of any other Fortune 100 company—for high-technology equipment and acquisitions of or investments in computer and electronic talent trusts. Nothing in the once most stable, if not staid, of all corporations will escape his redirection.

By 1984, Smith felt that his dream was in trouble, and not only because of Japanese competition. G.M. had just come through a difficult reorganization, its car lines were under increasing accusations of uniformity, and the unions were heating up over profit sharing and job security. Perhaps most important to the chairman him-

self, his planned thrust into the 21st Century was in jeopardy because of G.M.'s still-decentralized computer operations.

The computer was to be the heart of Smith's plans. G.M. had more computer power than any organization short of the U.S. Government. Yet there was no centralized control. Smith saw a way of getting the act together in one decisive move. He'd simply buy an outside computer-services company and hand over all G.M. computer business and people. Smith needed a company such as Ross Perot's Electronic Data Systems. And not just the company but Perot himself.

"Perot's style fits right in with what we're trying to do at General Motors," Smith said. "E.D.S. has the kind of entrepreneurial spirit that we need to develop in G.M."

Smith thought he needed Perot, yet from the time they met, it was obvious that the need was not mutual. Perot, at 53, had created a corporate culture and a public persona that gave him more than he had ever wanted. "I had no interest at all in selling my company," Perot said. "I had \$100,000,000 in cash and 46 percent of E.D.S. stock [worth more than a billion dollars then]. E.D.S. was growing at 20 percent and more a year. Why did I need them?" He might also have added that, by 1984, Ross Perot was already being heralded as "the greatest Texan since Sam Houston," and groups were forming to urge him to run for President of the United States. What could Smith possibly offer?

Moreover, what could he actually buy? E.D.S. was more of a personality cult than a company. This cult centered on a man of legendary accomplishment and compassion. Perot likes to call the stories about himself half myths, yet even without embellishment, he had accomplished more before he met Smith than most men could in several lifetimes. The former IBM salesman had invested \$1000 to start Electronic Data Systems, a computer-services company that, within 20 years, made him one of the wealthiest men in America. When a reporter asked him if he preferred being referred to as a billionaire or a millionaire, he snapped back, "Call me Ross."

By the time he met Smith, Perot had lost interest in the day-to-day running of E.D.S., turning it over to his close friend and E.D.S. president Mort Meyerson. Perot had no patience with anything less than grand and heroic themes. He devoted himself to causes. Over the years,

his charitable acts have been so numerous, in fact, that he has given away more money than Smith can possibly earn during his ten years as G.M.'s chairman.

Perot's causes are legendary. ("Not legend," Perot says, "myths.") A few involve just money, such as \$15,000,000 for a rare-book collection donated to the University of Texas, \$1,000,000 to the boy scouts and \$10,000,000 to build a new symphony-orchestra hall in Dallas and insist it be named for his friend Meyerson.

But none of Perot's philanthropies involve his personally doing what he seems best at—taking on challenges that would stifle Saint Jude. Trying to bring back the prisoners of war still missing in Vietnam has been one of his crusades since 1969, when he spent \$2,000,000 to fly two planeloads of Christmas presents to Hanoi. Perot didn't get his items through to the POWs, but he focused world attention by standing in front of the North Vietnamese embassy, protesting with a bullhorn in hand. He has financed more than 20 expeditions to free POWs since then and has spent countless millions more—including \$1,000,000 on newspaper ads alone—just to draw attention to the cause. And, most recently, it was revealed that Perot had put up \$2,000,000 to pay for the release of hostages in Lebanon.

Perot tackled the entire Texas school system, spending \$2,000,000 and hiring the state's best lobbyists so the other side couldn't retain them. His goal was to make basic education, not sports, the priority in Texas high schools. He would not budge an inch on the legislation he wanted—it had to be "no pass, no play" or nothing.

But by far, the most publicized Perot venture was the putting together of a commando force of E.D.S. employees with military experience that rescued two executives from an Iranian prison. The effort became the subject of a best-selling book, *On Wings of Eagles*, by novelist Ken Follett. Some 26,900,000 Americans watched an enactment of his daring exploit in a television miniseries.

In crusade after crusade, Perot has shown that once he defines a goal, he goes after it tenaciously, even if it is as seemingly unresolvable as the POW challenge. In trying to explain why he had offered Oliver North \$2,000,000 in cash for a hostage deal on the strength of a three-A.M. phone call, Perot said, "What would you do if you were sitting on a pile of money that didn't mean much to you and you got a chance to help some Americans?"

Never deviating from his own standards, Perot defined exactly what his company would be like while the entire staff was still small enough to fit around

*(continued on page 148)*

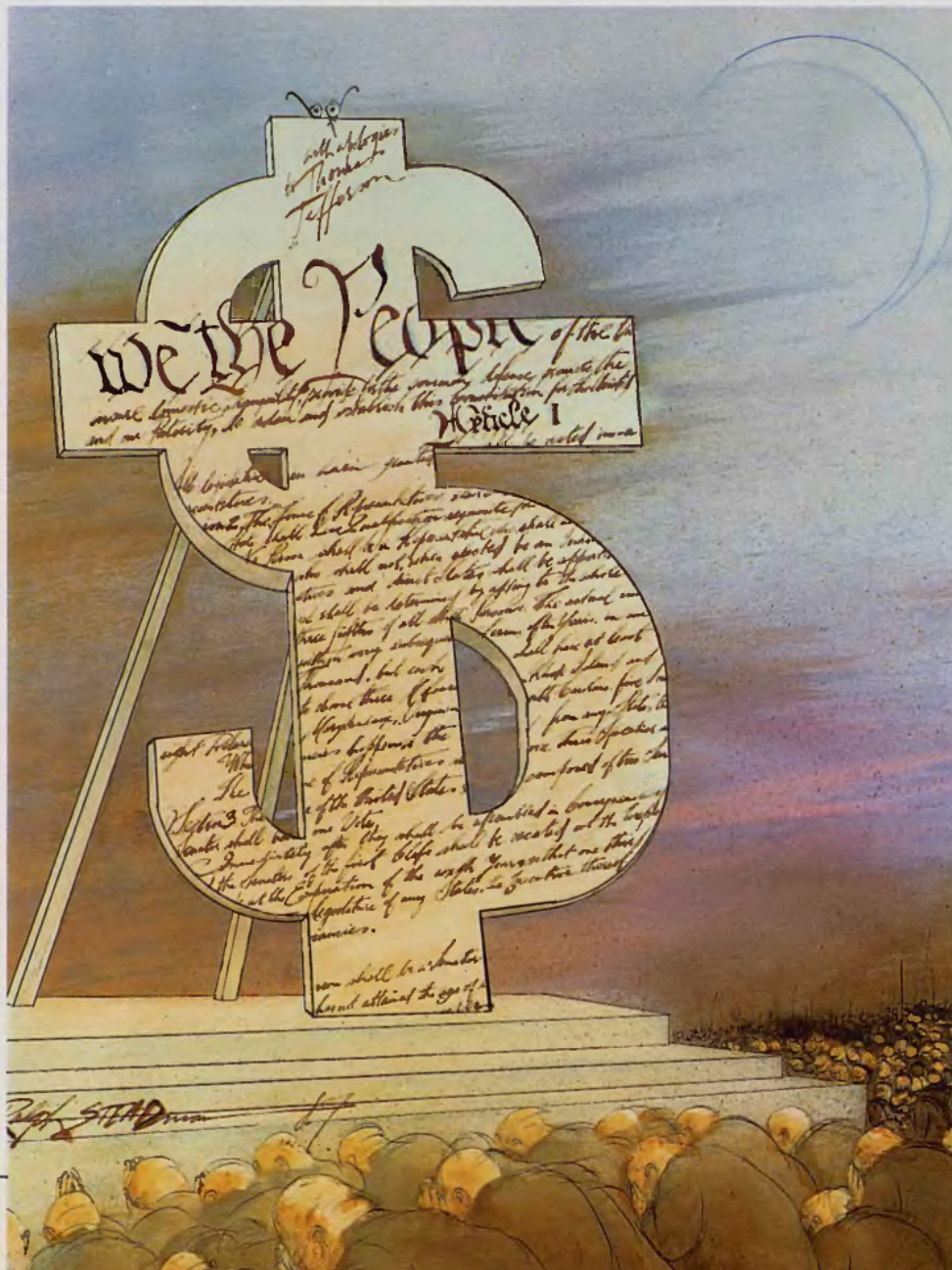
# SCAR... STRANGLED BANGER

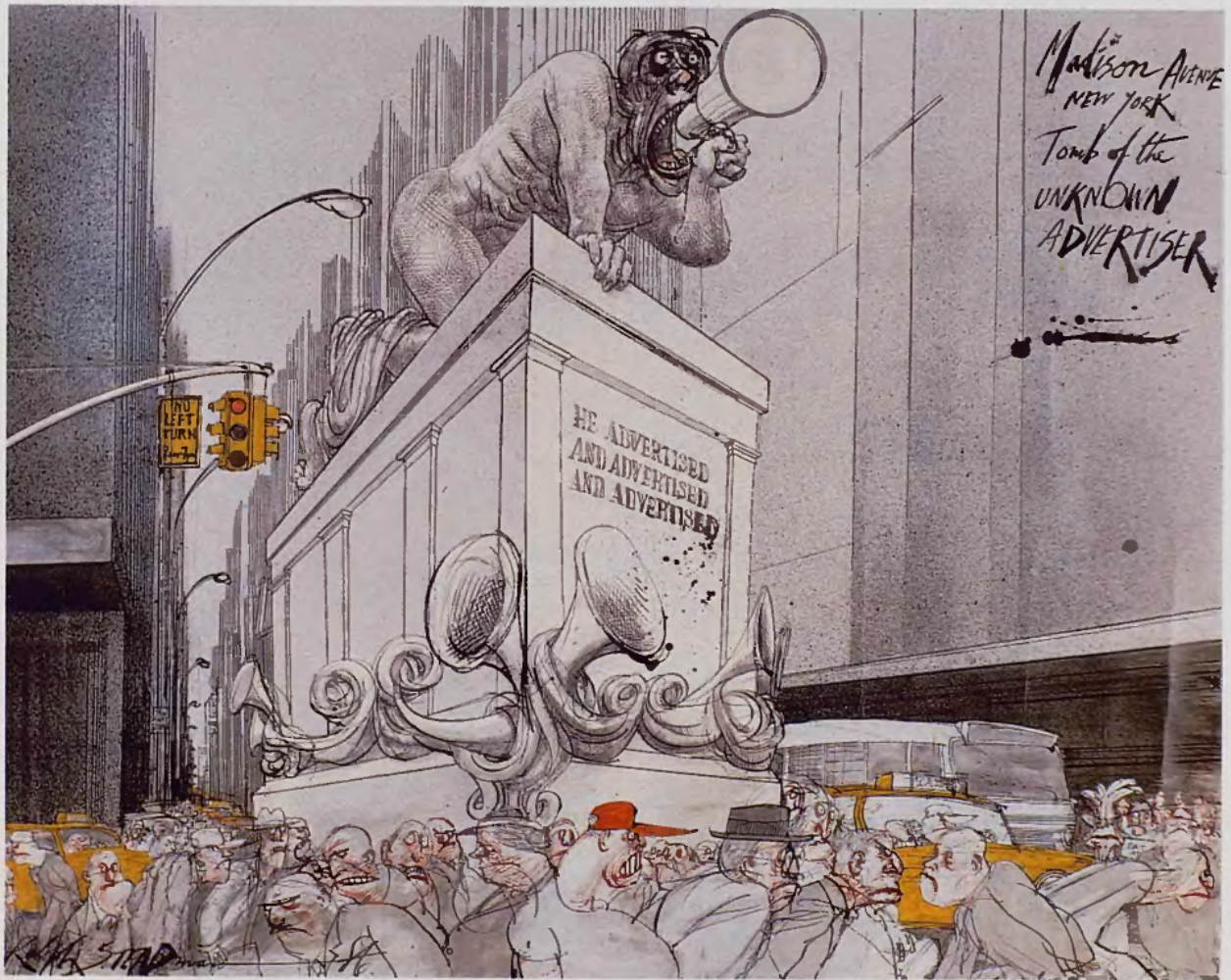
the twisted vision of ralph steadman

text by HUNTER S. THOMPSON

RALPH AND I met at the Kentucky Derby in 1970, and it took me about 14 seconds to spot the Jekyll-and-Hyde quality in him. He looked straight, but I knew he wasn't. I don't think I'd even seen his work—maybe he sketched a little—but I recognized the fiend in him immediately . . . that dark whistling sound that

comes with the shock of recognition. Here was this kinky fucking Welshman, first time in the United States, and I could tell just from talking with him that the way he saw things was unique, original, hopelessly twisted. He didn't know a fucking thing about the Derby. I'm from Louisville, so I knew all about that shit,





and his perceptions convinced me right away that I had found a true monster, a man who would gnaw the ears off children. We understood each other.

We were thrown together at the last minute. I had an assignment to cover the race for *Scanlon's Monthly*, and I had refused to work with photographers any more, because they were just too much fucking trouble. I called Patrick Oliphant, the political cartoonist, but he couldn't do it. Then Warren Hinckle, the editor of *Scanlon's*, said, "By God, I think I know somebody. A weird Welsh cartoonist, crazed." I hadn't seen a thing by him, but we had no choice. He flew straight from London to Louisville, and I flew from Denver.

I don't think Ralph liked me at all when we met. He didn't appreciate the fact that the press passes we were holding had been obtained at the last minute by questionable means. I'd applied for them three days before the race and the press guy had said to me, "Are you crazy? We've been out for three months." I finally pulled every string I had in Louisville and got us into the press box, which was right at the finish line, above the governor's box.

As soon as he started sketching, I saw that he was an incredible artist. I knew the Derby to be a fucking nadir of human behavior, I knew what he was looking at, but he saw it very differently than I did. It was like having another set of eyes.

In fact, his reactions to  
(concluded on page 164)



Ronald REAGAN  
& Maggie THATCHER



Maggie THATCHER  
& Ronald REAGAN



Russell CHARLES  
& Richard NIXON



Woody ALLEN  
& Richard NIXON



ABC LINCOLN  
& Ronald REAGAN



Ronald REAGAN  
& Jimmy CARTER

THOROUGHLY  
戴  
MODERN  
DANCER

DIANA LEE  
安  
IS A  
LIVELY  
ARTIST

DIANA LEE is the sort of woman who pursues her goals with passion. Always has. When she was six years old, she climbed her first piano bench and tackled classical music. Next, she took up the flute and was soloing with the Seattle Philharmonic while her fellow seventh graders were still tootling in the school band. At 17, accompanied by the Seattle Symphony Orchestra, she played Mozart's *Concerto Number Two in D*. "I also ran track and joined the gymnastics team at school—it wasn't as if I skipped all the things other kids did," she says, "but I was always drawn to the self-expression of music and dance." Diana's Chinese immigrant parents endowed her with a work















"Posing is performance—  
flirting with a camera.  
The camera's eye is my  
lover, and I enjoy  
flirting with my lover."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA  
AND RICHARD FEGLEY



ethic, which she applied to honing her own talents. At the State University of New York at Purchase, where she went to major in music, she became entranced by modern dance, but an instructor told her she was too old to consider that career. Dancers, like tennis players and musical prodigies, start young. "I took that as a challenge," she says, "and made dance my passion." She saw a performance by a dance troupe from the University of Utah, fell in love with the "unaffected grace" of the dancers, packed up and followed them back to Utah.

Three years ago, Miss May earned her bachelor of fine arts degree in modern dance from the University of Utah. She still lives in the thin air of Salt Lake City ("a great place to train—

when you get down to sea level, you feel like Superwoman") but spends much of her time touring. Today, although she still plays the flute at gatherings of classically minded friends, she makes her living as a dancer. "I don't like to limit myself," Diana says. "I like to play around investigating things. I'd like to do some choreography. I like to draw. I like to write. I'm learning to play the congas. And one of these days, I want to raise a family, too."

Relaxing at a Japanese restaurant in Santa Cruz, California, after a rehearsal with her dance troupe, she eats *sushi* and drinks water. Dancers may not *have* to start as toddlers, as Diana proves, but they can't afford to pig out on the beer and Häagen-Dazs everyone else in this college (concluded on page 148)

MISS MAY  
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Diana Lee*

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Diana Lee  
BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35  
HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 118#



BIRTH DATE: 5/11/61 BIRTHPLACE: Seattle, Washington

AMBITIONS: Dance, Draw, Write, Mend

Injured Athletes... and play the Congas.

TURN-ONS: Massages, Walks on the beach,  
Hot Chocolate + Popcorn by the fire.

TURN-OFFS: Racism, Smoke-filled rooms,  
People who look for excuses.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Wynton Marsalis, Fred  
Astaire, Twyla Tharp Dance Company

FAVORITE FOODS: Everything from Kiwis to  
Stir-Fries to Hamburgers.

MY MAN: He's able to find humor in the darkest  
of circumstances. He makes no excuses  
and isn't afraid to show his emotions.

RECURRING NIGHTMARE: waking up blonde!



My first solo with  
the Philharmonic



With my pup  
Phaedra



Oops! Too much  
bubble bath!





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

John found himself amid a crush of excited people as he entered Gary Hart's national campaign headquarters. He started to fight his way to the front of the crowd, when he recognized a co-worker. "What's going on?" he asked.

"Hart's on the elevator threatening suicide unless he raises enough money to pay his campaign debt," the colleague replied. "He's soaked himself with gasoline and is ready to set himself on fire. I'm taking up a collection. Want to donate?"

"Sure," John replied. "How much have you collected so far?"

"Sixty-five bucks and twelve books of matches."



On the eve of his transfer to Rome, the Irish priest paid a visit to the Kellys, who had been childless for six years, promising to light a candle for them at the Vatican.

Thirteen years later, he returned to Ireland, dropped in on the Kellys and found nine children romping around the house. Congratulating Mrs. Kelly on her fruitfulness, the priest looked around and asked, "But where is Mr. Kelly?"

"Sean?" the haggard woman said. "Oh, he went to Rome to blow out that candle."

A stockbroker walked into his apartment, poured himself a stiff Scotch and sank into a chair. Throwing back the drink, he told his wife that Black Monday had completely wiped them out.

"We'll have to sell the condo, the car and your jewelry," he said. "We're broke."

The stunned woman gasped, then ran to a window and jumped out. The husband slowly raised his head from his hands and muttered, "Thank you, Paine Webber."

What do you get when you cross James Dean with Ronald Reagan? A rebel without a clue.

An African aboriginal chief was flown to London by a local scientific society and met at the airport by a flock of curious reporters. One asked, "Did you have a comfortable flight?"

After making a series of squeaks, shrieks and gurgles, the chief replied in perfect English, "Yes, thank you very much."

"How long do you plan to stay?" he was asked.

"Tweeet, squeak, eeeuuu," he began. "I think about three weeks."

Baffled, the reporter asked, "Where did you learn to speak English?"

"Shhhh, tweet, waaaaiii. Short-wave radio."

As the highway patrolman approached the accident site, he found that the entire driver's side of the BMW had been ripped away, taking with it the driver's arm.

The injured Yuppie, obviously in shock, kept moaning, "My car, my car," as the officer tried to comfort him.

"Sir," the patrolman said gently, "I think we should be more concerned about your arm than your car."

The driver looked down to where his arm should have been, then screamed, "My Rolex! My Rolex!"

Latest theological bumper sticker: EVANGELISTS DO MORE THAN LAY PEOPLE.

A golfer was searching for his ball in the deep rough when he saw a tiny witch crouched by a tiny caldron. The little woman asked him how his golf game was going and the man replied that it was terrible. She told him to take a sip of her brew. When he had done so, she asked him how his sex life was. He confessed that it was worse than his golf game. She told him to take another sip. The man thanked her and made his way back to the fairway.

A month later, the same man was looking for a friend's golf ball when he spotted the witch.

"How's your golf game?" she asked.

"Terrific," he replied.

"And your sex life?"

"I'm averaging once a month."

"Hmmm. It should be better than that."

"But it's not bad for a minister in a small town who doesn't own a car."



In the spirit of *glasnost*, the Russians finally publicly admitted to the incidence of AIDS in the Soviet Union and sent one of their top researchers to Stockholm for an international conference on the matter.

Between working sessions, the Russian was introduced to an American scientist and the two held an informal conversation about the disease.

"We in Russia have found a difference between AIDS in the U.S.S.R. and in the U.S.A."

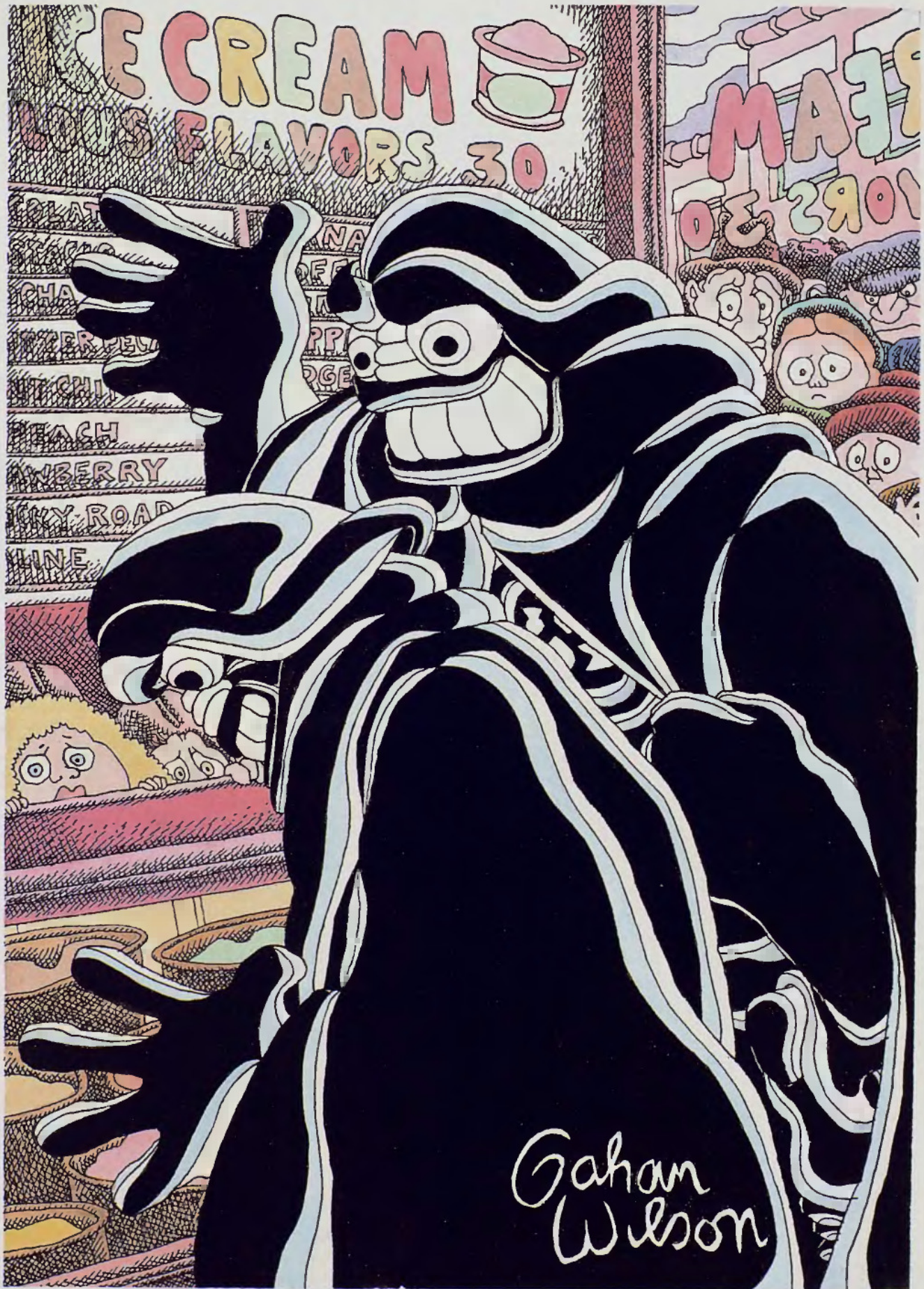
"What's that?" the American asked.

"Obviously, your AIDS virus is incurable."

"So is yours!"

"Nyet. Ours is invincible."

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.



*"Imagine this stuff's street value back home on Pluto!"*

# A SMALL MATTER OF CONSUMER PROTECTION

*fiction*

By **GEORGE V. HIGGINS**

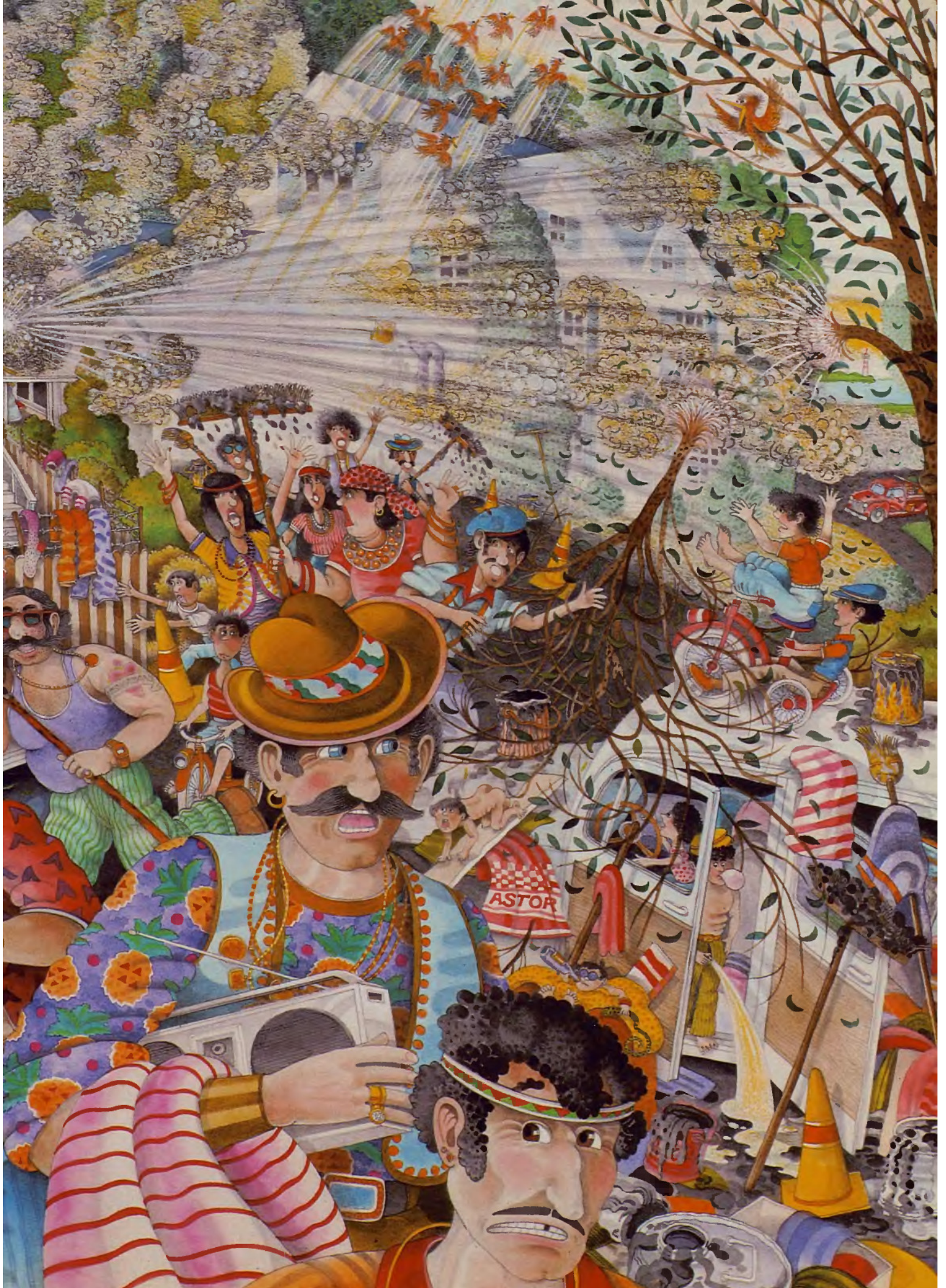
those gypsies got  
a great scam going—till  
they picked my guy. he  
had a scam of his own

"AH, BROTHER SHOATE," Dennis Carnes said in the crowded concourse outside the district courtrooms, "and what brings you out at this ungodly hour to this din of inequity? Dressed up like a regular bandleader—as usual, I might add." Teenagers in jeans and tank tops jostled one another in the line outside the probation office while they waited to state their names and addresses for the later purpose of the judge's setting bail. Aloof from them and sneering stood five men in their middle 20s, their hair long and greasy, their leather vests studded and carrying insignia consisting of a grinning red Devil carrying a naked blonde woman and the legend SATAN'S APOSTLES. As far away as possible from both groups, and self-consciously apart from each other, were two teenaged girls and four men in their late 30s wearing suits, shirts and ties.

"The matter of making a living, Dennis," Robert Shoate said, "and a tedious business it is."

Carnes arched his bushy eyebrows. "A living, is it?" he said. "And you, as I get it, representing a number of prominent members, (continued on page 157)







## T E R I G A R R

**R**obert Crane caught up with the effervescent Teri Garr at her office in Los Angeles. He reports, "Teri is as pretty, funny and full of doubt in person as she is on the big screen. Angst could easily be her middle name. A dancer in nine Elvis Presley movies, Garr prominently displayed her fabulous legs while wearing a business suit straight out of 'Mr. Mom.' In case you were wondering, she doesn't enjoy being asked what it's like to be David Letterman's girlfriend."

1.

PLAYBOY: If men were food, describe your favorite meal.

GARR: Burger and fries are very appealing, if you get my drift. Sometimes, gourmet food is good, too. Slow, nice gourmet food.

2.

PLAYBOY: About what are you neurotic?

GARR: Relationships with men. I never shut up about them. What does he mean? Why can't I? Why can't he? Why doesn't he? Why don't I? It's the same shit over and over. It's endless. I don't know what's going to stop it. Maybe shock therapy.

3.

PLAYBOY: Describe your recurring dreams.

GARR: Robert Redford is in my dreams a lot. I don't know why. I don't know what he represents. I don't take any notice of him. He's just another actor. All of a sudden, he'll be in a dream. I'll be working with him. I'll wake up in the morning and go, "Robert Redford. Why?" I like him very much, but it's not like Brando or De Niro.

**our favorite  
dizzy blonde  
speaks out on  
great breasts,  
bad dates and  
how letterman  
lured her into  
that shower**

I'll dream that I walk off the stage and someone says, "You were fabulous. The audience was crying." I go, "Me?" "You. We never knew that you had the capacity and depth. You were really beautiful and sexual and moving." I go, "Me?" I wake up feeling great in the morning. If dreams help you conquer your fears, then I'm in great shape.

4.

PLAYBOY: What flatters you?

GARR: Good lighting. Pink lights. Vittorio Storaro, one of my favorite cameramen. Driving around L.A. in a fancy car and being recognized. You know, the construction-worker deal; you're walking down the street and they whistle at your ass. It feels good. When people come up to me and tell me they like my work as an actress, I say, "Thank you. Can I have a dollar? Is there some way I can turn this flattery into cold cash? Otherwise, it's not worth much to me, is it?"

5.

PLAYBOY: If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?

GARR: I would have bigger breasts. I always thought that would be the answer. It's why everybody is popular. I'd be coping out if I had that surgery done, though. "What is essential is invisible to the eye," says the Little Prince.

6.

PLAYBOY: David Letterman: the truth.

GARR: We're secretly married and have a couple of kids. But don't print it, please. He begged me, "Don't tell anybody."

The relationship appears to be something that it isn't. I go on the show because I like David and I've known him for years. When I did *Young Frankenstein*, I went on a tour of ten cities in ten days. I thought that was the glamor part of show business. David Letterman had a radio show in Indianapolis that I appeared on and he asked the same stupid questions—"So, what's it like out there in Hollywood? What kind of car do you drive?" So, now, we have this relationship that has some time behind it. That's the only thing that makes it look so comfortable on TV. I guess we flirt with each other. We don't hang out. He's a very driven person. He's out to be at the top of the NBC peacock. He's clawing his way to the middle. He's good at talk-show stuff. He's funny. To do *The Tonight Show* is harder, because Johnny Carson always asks, "Who are you dating? When are you getting married? Who are you living with?" It's all about dating and personal life. I like Johnny a lot, but he's like a father. "It's none of your damn business, Johnny." You can go on *Letterman* and talk about how stupid beauty pageants are. David's funny, and, of course, we're married.

7.

PLAYBOY: How did Letterman lure you into his shower?

GARR: I've done other things, but I'm known only for that shower scene. Here's what happened: Letterman was doing his show in his office as an experiment. They wanted me to come early so David could show me around. He's got pencils stuck in his ceiling. He's got his own bathroom with a shower in it. When he showed me around, he asked, "Do you want to take a shower?" I said, "No, I don't want to take a shower." That night, we did the show in his office without an audience. It was like dead air. It was going out to millions of people and it was not entertaining. We started talking and trying to make a conversation. I'm thinking, Dead air. Big, big dead air. He asked me again if I wanted to take a shower. I said, "No, forget the shower." We all wore body microphones, because there wasn't room for a boom mike. When the next guest appeared, the sound man said he wanted to take my body mike. I said, "No, because I might say something while I'm sitting here." He said, "We have only so many body mikes." During a commercial, David said, "Come on, take a shower. It would make the show more interesting. Just do it." I said, "No, forget it. I'm not taking a shower. It's stupid. Stop it." The sound man was bugging me about the body mike. Finally, I said, "OK, take the fucking mike. I won't say anything anymore." As soon as I handed him the mike, the sound man said, "She's gonna take the shower!" That was on the air. I decided, what the hell. I went into the bathroom. I thought, This is just a joke. It's just some kind of a titillating, sensuous idea, but all right, I'll take the shower. It was live TV and I went in there and started to take my clothes off and thought, What am I doing? Why? David's at the door, saying, "Turn on the water; we're running out of time." I turned on the shower, and I had my underpants on. I had to walk home with wet underpants. They didn't plan this. That was my foray into "living theater" and live show business with David Letterman browbeating me into doing it. People love to see people with a firmness crumble. It must have been some kind of a sexual conquering.

8.

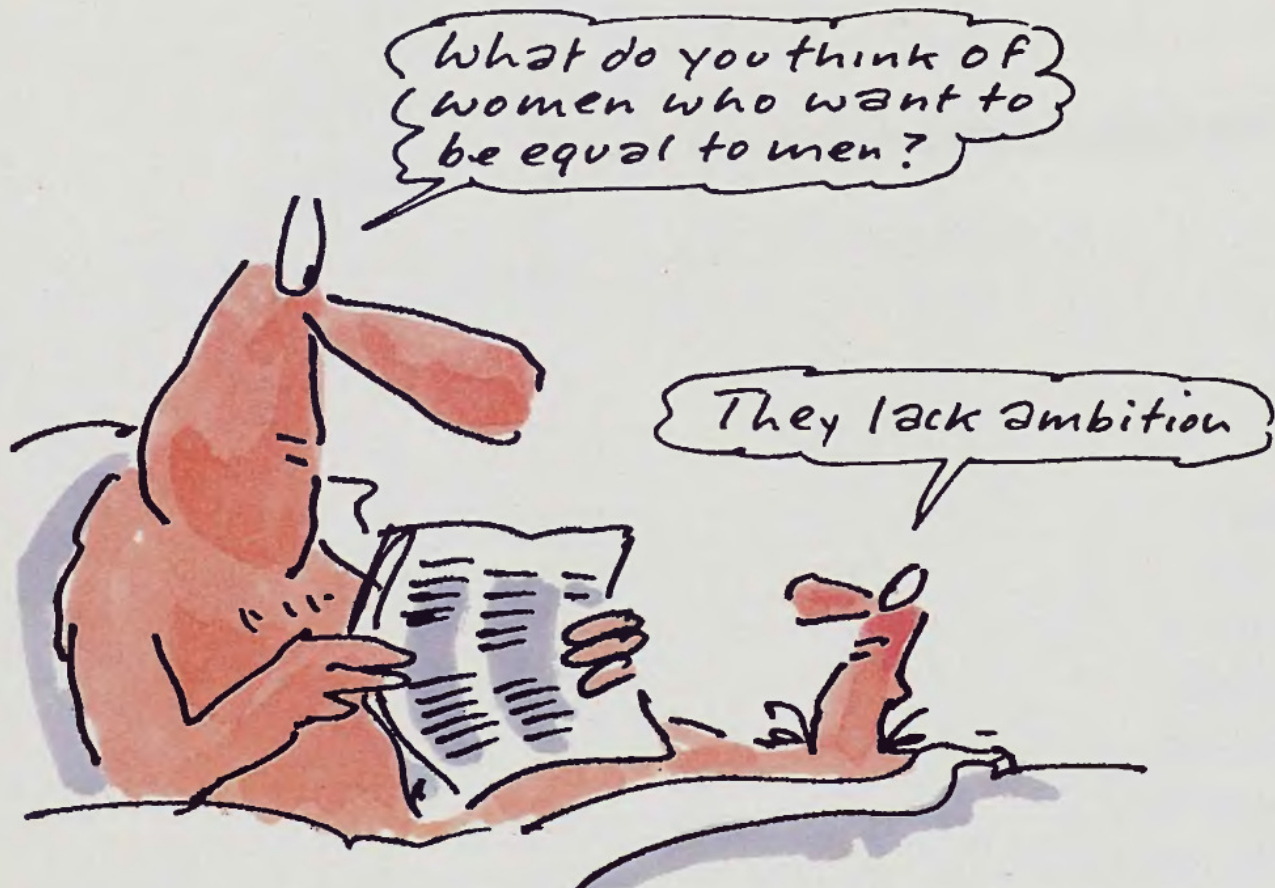
PLAYBOY: What have you learned from the Eighties? (concluded on page 138)

# WICKED WILLIE'S LOW-DOWN ON MEN

## THE YEARS OF INDISCRETION

**E**VER SINCE our old friend prehistoric man crept guiltily back to the family cave with a telltale smudge of woad on his hairy cheek and a slightly dented club, the world has been full of masculine mischief. And despite occasional deterrents, such as late-night television, things seem to be getting worse

rather than better—particularly when man reaches those golden years of common sense and maturity that come between hot-blooded youth and harmless dotage. Students of sociology are always trying to explain why it is that men who are old enough to know better are constantly being caught, figuratively and



Cartoons and Captions by Gray Jolliffe

Text by Peter Mayle



What would you like to do?



Anything - you choose



Ummm... well...



My brain says lets see that movie...



.. But his body says lets go somewhere and DO IT!



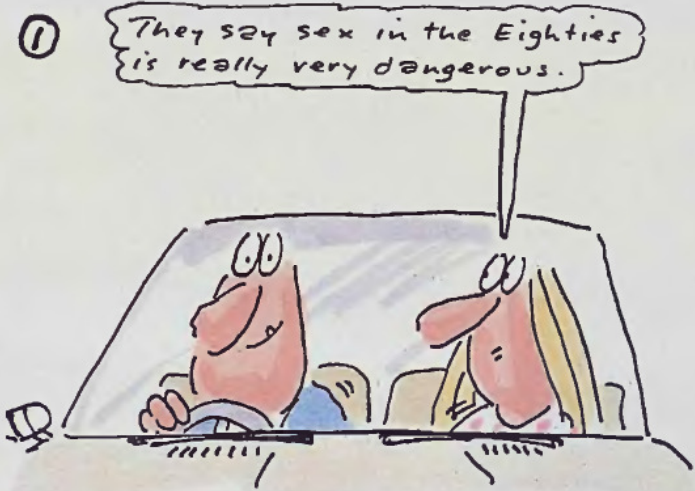
Incredible - I didn't even see your lips move



# PHILOSOPHY



sometimes literally, with their trousers down. No section of society is immune: cabinet ministers and vicars, plumbers and milkmen, schoolmasters and long-distance lorry drivers—they're all at it, providing the News of the Screws with endless material. The explanations put forward by learned observers of this continuing phenomenon vary from a desperate attempt to recapture the joys of young manhood to a charitable urge to take wayward girls in hand, but these are merely symptoms of a more fundamental conflict.





# CASUAL CLASSICS

easygoing hot looks for  
the hot months ahead  
fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE  
Part Two

T

HE EYES have it: Everybody's setting his sights on crisp-looking casual styles that are spectator- rather than player-oriented. Left: A cotton/linen hand-woven cardigan, by Tony Lambert Collections, \$92, is worn over a cotton pullover, by 10-S, \$48; plus linen shorts, by Joseph Abboud, \$95; a web belt, by Cole Haan, \$28; and driving shoes, by J. P. Tod's for Diego Della Valle, \$149. Right: Cotton knit cardigan, by Nancy Heller Menswear, \$170; cotton T-shirt, by Claiborne, \$20; linen walking shorts, by Palmer & Palmer Australia, \$58; woven belt, by Trafalgar, \$15; and sunglasses, by I.a. Eyeworks, about \$150.





W

e like Ike: The traditionally cut viscose/silk Eisenhower-inspired Ike jacket (left) goes multi while retaining authentic detailing, \$565, plus washed-silk pants, \$190, both by Reporter; linen sport shirt, by Bill Robinson, \$125; woven belt, by Trafalgar, \$15; and aviator sunglasses, by Ray-Ban, \$106. Right: A washed-silk baseball-style jacket that's not for the birds, by Men Go Silk, about \$290; a knit shirt, by Jeffrey Banks, \$36; linen walk shorts, by Perry Ellis, \$135; a fabric belt, by Cole Haan, \$28; deck shoes, by Colours by Alexander Julian, \$72; a twill cap, by Jeff Sayre, \$55; and sunglasses, by Ray-Ban, \$50.





M

ore hot styles for a hot summer include the white cotton/linen cardigan (left), \$270, teamed with a white cotton long-sleeved pullover, about \$90, and white cotton-gabardine pants that have a Hollywood waistband and a double-pleated front, \$160, all by Ronaldus Shamask. Right: Are we blue? You bet—and looking good in a blue washed-silk double-breasted jacket with padded shoulders, \$623, a blue washed-silk shirt, \$359, and blue washed-silk pants with a triple-pleated front, \$405, all by Byblos; plus tortoise-shell sunglasses with a gold nose bar and green lenses, by Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics, \$60.





# I SIGNED NOLAN RYAN FOR EIGHT DOLLARS

**A**ND OTHER CONFESSIONS FROM ONE OF THE 250,000  
ARMCHAIR STEINBRENNERS WHO PLAY ROTISSERIE  
LEAGUE BASEBALL—THE POPULIST NATIONAL PASTIME

**article By KEVIN COOK** DALE MURPHY is mine. This may be news to Nancy Murphy, the slugger's wife, but she doesn't love him like I do. Does she kiss his replays? When the Atlanta Braves' cleanup hitter muscles a moon shot, I pound my chest, do a little Murphmaster *non compos mentis* boogaloo and perform *frottage* on the TV.

I am a Rotisserie fool.

There are 250,000 of us now. You can spot us lurking at newsstands at dawn, ripping the box scores out of the first edition and throwing the rest of the paper away; cheering *both teams* at the ball park; exchanging wedding vows with transistor radios pasted to our ears. We are the grown men you see buying baseball cards at the 7-Eleven. We play Rotisserie League baseball—named for La Rotisserie Française, a Manhattan restaurant haunted by the barflies who spawned our game.

The essence of the game is simple. We pay for the right to pretend to be major-league general managers.

Each spring, in groups of ten or 12, we gather in 25,000 smoke-filled rooms to bid for the services of actual major-league players. We use actual money that many Rotisserie wives think might be better spent on orthodontia for Rotisserie kids, but damn the retainers—this is our chance to prove we know more about baseball than the weevils who run the real game. At our annual player auctions, we drool over Darryl Strawberry and sneer at Bill



FERNANDO VALENZUELA

HAROLD BAINES

NOLAN RYAN

BUDDY BELL

RUDY LAW

ORLANDO MERCIER

BILLY JO ROIBDOUX

T.R. BRIDGES

RAY SEARAGE

RON DARING

DALE MURPHY

RANCE MULLINIX

HOWARD JOHNSON

DANNY COX

ANNIS BOYD

MEL HALL

MICHAEL BRAN

RYNE SANDBERG

CECIL FIELDER

KEVIN RASS

SCOTT BRIBER

LEONID KENAMO

Scherrer. We husband our funds, trying to hang on to that last dollar bill it might take to buy Danny Cox. Our players' actual on-field performances determine whether we wreath ourselves in glory at season's end or consider suicide.

During the summer, we phone one another constantly to propose trades—wheeling and dealing our chattel like a quarter of a million trader Jacks. Then we gloat or whimper like so many Steinbrenners. We become obsessed. The *Today* show's Bryant Gumbel calls New York from China to check on his team's pitchers. New York governor Mario Cuomo is passing up the Presidential race to concentrate on his Rotisserie team, the Queens Alliance. Rotisserie League ball is more than an adventure—it's a job.

Once, I loved baseball the way normal men do. I was on a first-name basis with the stars—Reggie, Ozzie, Fernando, Pete—but I thought Ray Searage was sunburn. I thought Ed Amelung, Rance Mulliniks and Dickie Thon were diseases. I would not even try to pronounce Joaquin Andujar.

Today, I not only pronounce Joaquin, I can rattle off his birthplace (San Pedro de Macoris), weight (170) and most profound thought ("There is one word in baseball that says it all—"You never know"). I watch the Cubs on WGN, the Braves on WTBS, the Dodgers on KTTV and everyone else on SportsCenter, Sports Latenight and George Michael's Sports Machine. I run up quarter-pound phone bills calling Sportsline and, yes, collect baseball cards. My desk features photos of my bride, my mother and Buddy Bell. I give my players pet names: Juanderful Juan, "Royal" Albert Hall, Ron "Not Tonight" Darling. I am thinking of getting a satellite dish so I can pick up the *USA Today* feed.

I had it under control at first.

A city slicker came to town, this David Mamet sociopath with a firm handshake, a practiced line and shifty pink rodent eyes.

"You know baseball better than ten men," the Rodent said. "Profit from your knowledge of the game."

"Bullschmidt," said I. "I've seen you posting the names, ages and birth weights of little league all-stars in your office."

"Humiliate your friends," he said.

"Where do I sign?"

He found eight more suckers and we formed the Great Lakes Bush League, the third league in Rotisserie history. We held our first auction in April 1982. We had \$260 each to buy 23 major-league players—\$11.30 per man. Murph went for \$42, Fernando for \$28, Nolan Ryan \$15 and hot prospect Ryne Sandberg one dollar. I passed on all of the above and shelled out \$36 for my hustlin' boyhood hero, Pete Rose. Our teams competed in

four hitting categories (batting average, homers, R.B.I.s and steals) and four pitching categories (wins, saves, earned-run average and H. + B.B./I.P., or "uncertainty principle"). Their real stats determined our teams' final standings, as well as our status among our friends, or "thumb-sucking mandrills."

We ate box scores and shat stats. One of my friends lost a bet and had to swear to name his next son or daughter *Señor Smoke*, after Astros fireballer Aurelio Lopez. Another left the faith of his fathers to worship Darryl Strawberry. As the addiction took hold and we found our lives and sacred honors riding on our teams' fortunes, some of us even began to resemble our players. I became a dead ringer for my third baseman, matinee idol Howard Johnson.

In the end, the Rodent cleaned our clocks. He had cleaned up at the auction, pouncing on Sandberg, Pedro Guerrero and Jack Clark, while I pursued Rose, who went on to clout three home runs and age before my eyes like Dracula at the beach.

My guys finished last, with 17 points. Ten points is the minimum. My team had amassed one save. I had traded Tim Raines and John Tudor for Ivan DeJesus and Minnie Pearl. My big star, Rose, had thrown out his back trying to carry his own jock. Mandrills cackled.

I resolved to change. I swore to my players that one day, they would taste Rodent blood. The next spring, I applied myself to *USA Today*, barnacle style. I learned major-leaguers' strike zones, caught-stealing ratios and hobbies ("Pulling my hamstring"—Terry Puhl). I dumped Rose, drafted Strawberry and turned the tables on the Rodent by trading him a can of Cheez Whiz for Sandberg. That year, my Newport Gnus faded in the stretch ("Oww!"—Puhl) to finish second. But in 1984, and again last year, we copped the G.L.B.L. flag. Our cry: "When the going gets tough, the Gnus stamped."

Style counts in Rotisserie ball. A jazzy team name or slogan won't make up for a low batting average but can give you an edge among your so-called peers. Great Rotisserie teams have ineffably dumb names. Cuomo's fey-sounding Queens Alliance will never compete with the classics—Harvey's Wallbangers, the Consultants of Swat, Salembier's *Flambés*, the McCall Collects and Donner's Party Animals. Call your team the Tigers and you can be fined and suspended under Rotisserie bylaws.

You learn to love players' names. Brad Pounders. Este Beltre. Randy Ready. Bean Stringfellow. Mike Sharperson. Bombo Rivera. Sherwin "The Typo" Cijntje. The music in names. Candy Maldonado. Orlando Mercado. Billy Jo Robidoux. Razor Shines.

You pick up useful facts, too. Mets lefty Sid Fernandez wears number 50 in honor of his home state and its sacred text, *Hawaii Five-O*. Nick Esasky hit .316 in late-inning pressure situations with runners in scoring position in 1985. Pirates first baseman Sid Bream had off-season cosmetic surgery. Goose Gossage pulled a muscle sneezing. If Alex Trebek ever answers "Waving a runner around third," I'll know the question: "How did Terry Harper dislocate his shoulder?"

Spinning the dial looking for a late score, you can't help but stumble on great moments in broadcasting:

"There's a fly to deep center. Winfield is going back, back. He hits his head against the wall. . . . It's rolling toward second base!"—Jerry Coleman, San Diego Padres.

"The last thing manager Davey Johnson needs right now is for Sid Fernandez to go down on him."—*Ibid.*

"We'd like to send birthday greetings to the lovely wife of Fred Mitchell, who covers the Cubs for the *Chicago Tribune*."—Steve Stone.

"Speaking of wives, Clay Carroll's was killed last night."—Harry Caray.

And you get to deal with a lot of greed, jealousy and hate in a Rotisserie League, at least in a good one. As Freud once said to Jung, "Cy, my Vienna Sausages would have won it all if not for . . . Sausage envy." One of the mandrills in my league started whining the moment I traded him Wally Pipp for Carmelo Martinez in 1984. Since then, he has been molested by everyone in the league; he runs from us the way Ned Beatty fled the saltines in *Deliverance*. Still, he whines that he's going to sue *me*. Fair enough. I triggered the nuking of this man's team. As Robert Oppenheimer said of his explosive Opp-Erratics, "Now I am become death, the shatterer of franchises."

I become bored, the taker of naps, in the off season. Larry Bird, Michael Jordan, Magic Jump Suit—these are unaffiliated beings throwing balloons through a hoop. Why?

I console myself with reports from the winter leagues. Carmelo makes flan of the pitching in San Juan.

I study rosters, incentive clauses, strike zones, K-B.B. ratios and platoon differentials. Opening day dawns.

The Rodent is always a threat, and I will have to watch out for the Scoul Men and Scott Tissues, but Joaquin is joarming up, they're naming buildings in London after "Royal" Albert and Murph is still mine. My Gnus look good for 1988. Our new Gnu cry is "Let them eat hooves."





*"Tinted glass always makes me hot."*

# KATHY

## GOES HOLLYWOOD

say hello again to kathy shower,  
whose first three *playboy* appearances helped  
make her a movie star



In April 1984, Kathy Shower made her debut on our cover. A year later, our April Shower became Miss May, and during her reign as *Playboy's* Playmate of the Year 1986, she co-starred on TV's *Santa Barbara*. Last year, she shot up the big screen in *Commando Squad*; this year brings a new action flick, *The Further Adventures of Tennessee Buck*, and a wild comedy, *Frankenstein General Hospital*, in which Kathy stars as "Dr. Alice Singleton, shrink."

Before she flew to Africa to shoot her fourth movie, *Pray to the Moon*, we persuaded her to stop off in Jamaica to relax and







refresh the memories of *Playboy* readers who first fell in love with her four years ago. When we first met her, Kathy's acting career had been limited to commercials, TV bit parts (sometimes it seemed to her that she



specialized in falling out of moving cars) and a role in a Broadway show she demurely called *The Best Little Blankhouse in Texas*. Now that her vehicular-vixen days are over, Kathy steers clear of the fast lane. In Ocho



Rios, she idles in a cool Caribbean breeze. Kathy can't sit still for long. Faster than you can say piña colada, she takes a walk off the end of a short pier, dives into the crystalline waters of Ocho Rios and emerges, gleaming, looking like Venus in a mythic wet-T contest. Soon she will be 5000 miles from here, starting a series of 14-hour days on location in South Africa. For now, she is content to while away the day working on an allover tan. Kathy may hate to waste time, but on this trip, she's willing to let the day ebb. By nightfall, she will be stretched out on the sand, contemplating the setting sun—and memorizing her lines.









*"I was on 'The Dating Game' and I won and we had to go to Las Vegas. I wanted to be dead."*

GARR: Condoms.

9.

PLAYBOY: Is fidelity part of your vocabulary?

GARR: Of course it is. That's the only thing that's fair. It's also completely human and natural to flirt with people and have sexual feelings, as Jimmy Carter said. You can't deny that that goes on. Fidelity is also sticking up for your friends and your ideals. It's the only kind of good thing about the Mafia.

10.

PLAYBOY: Whose thighs would you die for?

GARR: Arnold Schwarzenegger's. They're very well developed; every muscle is defined. I don't want to say I'm envious of any other woman's body. It's a bad myth to perpetuate. Women have enough trouble liking themselves.

11.

PLAYBOY: When do you know you're in love?

GARR: It can be an instant thing. It can be a guy at the cleaners who makes a joke and I can walk out of there and think, I love this guy.

I've spent so many years being defensive and wisecracking that it's very hard to let myself know. I'm very defensive about it. It's because of men I trusted who left. I'm scared of it.

12.

PLAYBOY: Describe your worst date.

GARR: One? I have 20 and they all make me shut the door just a little bit tighter each time. I was very naïve. I came to town by myself and dropped out of college and had my own apartment and was going to be an actress and was going to be a dancer and I had roommates. I was prey to all kinds of awful situations. Men are out to get you—I'm sorry—if you're out there and you're vulnerable and you're nice. I had to learn the hard way about how to protect myself.

Once, years ago, I was on *The Dating Game* and I won a date with this guy and we had to go to Las Vegas. It was like prison. I didn't want to do it. This guy was in a singing group called the Fuzzy Lumps. It was pretty bad. I played the nickel slot machine all night and came home. Thanks, dream date. I wanted to be dead.

13.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you lied?

GARR: Just now. Sometimes, you tell people things to protect them. You know what's best, because you know better than anybody and that's why you lie. So, it's OK.

I have a hard time with my family. I

keep certain things from my mother. I keep certain things from my brothers. I don't call it lying, but if I tell them everything about my life, then they worry. So it's not really like lying.

14.

PLAYBOY: What is an irresistible combination of features in a man?

GARR: Sense of humor is on the top, which also connotes some kind of intelligence and wit. A man should be able to dance. When I was in high school, these were the two big things: Guys had to have a great car and they had to dance. Somehow, this stuff got lost through the years. But I'm bringing it back. Men who work on cars have always been very appealing to me. I like to say, "What have you got in there? Dual cams? You got two sixes? You got three fours? What have you got?" I like these guys.

15.

PLAYBOY: What's it like being the other woman?

GARR: Being the other woman is something you unconsciously do on purpose, because you don't have any self-esteem or you don't want a relationship. You know he's not going to leave his wife, so you're putting yourself in this painful place. You're putting yourself as second fiddle and you accept it. You don't feel that you deserve or are entitled to be the number-one person. I once went out with a guy who was married—I didn't know he was married at the time—and when I found out, I went nuts. I said, "You can't do this. This is unfair." What about the wife? There's something about a man who wants to have all kinds of people he's committed to or faking it. What does that say about his ego? Being the other woman is torture. But at least it's something.

16.

PLAYBOY: When you're dateless, what are some good things you can do only alone?

GARR: I like to get into my car and drive around. It's very meditative. I've always had a fantasy that I could get a pickup truck and drive around, bash it up, go way out, just drive. It's because I'm from Southern California. We learn to drive when we're young. When you're an adolescent and you're going through such insane angst, anyway, and the minute you're 15 and a half, you have this learner's permit, you start driving. I would drive everywhere—just get on the freeway and see what it's like. I'm like the woman in Joan Didion's *Play It as It Lays*. Driving is my acting research, because I can check out how different societies live and what their day is like.

17.

PLAYBOY: How do you perceive yourself? Beautiful? Perky? Vague?

GARR: Perceptive. Energetic. Curious. Malevolent. Hostile. Empathetic. Compassionate. Precise. Occasionally, confused. There is one word—I'm not going to tell you what it is—that is used to describe me all the time. If I hear that word one more time, I'm going to eat my shoes. I guess it's my own fault for trying to be charming and please everyone. You finally get to the point where you go, "Fuck that shit. I'll just please myself."

18.

PLAYBOY: What's the Teri Garr workout regimen?

GARR: This is pathetic. I used to be really good about the running. I did a lot of running. I do Jane Fonda's workout at least three times a week. That class is like the Marines. When I go to work, it's so hard to do any exercising that the best I can do is, like, ride a bike. I hate running any more. I hate fucking running. I won't do it. I'm going to start swimming. There is no regimen. I feel so embarrassed about this. It's catch-as-catch-can. I joined three gyms. I've been to two of them once. When I'm on location, I think, The best I can do is to walk around and shop today. I'll get some exercise. Tighten my butt as I walk down the street. I'm beginning to hate it all.

19.

PLAYBOY: Who wears the pants in your life?

GARR: I do. I'm pretty much of a leader. My mother, sister-in-law and I are all from the same place, Island of the Bossy Women. You should see my brother get bossed around, and he's a surgeon, he's not a *schlep* guy. All women are like that on a certain level, because they're not allowed to do it anyplace else. So women develop this thing where their home becomes the Land of Bossiness.

20.

PLAYBOY: Where were you when Elvis died?

GARR: I danced in a lot of Elvis' movies when I was starting out and studying acting. I was in Mobile, Alabama, doing *Close Encounters*. Elvis was doing a concert there. He was right upstairs in a suite and I thought, I should go up and say hi to him, because I know him. I didn't, and he died the next year and I felt like, You see, you should say hello to people you know. We're circus people. We take care of our own. I'm fascinated with Elvis, because he came from nothing and was given a lot, and how did he deal with that transition? Where's the party? There is no party. Where's the level of fun? There is no fun. It's just another level of your life, but you have more money. If he were alive, I bet he'd be a health nut, a nondrug person. But he just didn't make it around that corner. Too bad. Nice guy.





*"I'll say one thing for you, Muriel: You instinctively know what I'm a sucker for."*

## THE FITNESS MYTH (continued from page 82)

*"If exercise is so good for you, how come so many people are getting sick doing it?"*

equipment and clothing (everything from designer jockstraps to special bras), reported that, in 1986, sales seemed to have flattened (at 16 billion dollars). True, the N.S.G.A. could still "prove" statistically that three times the population of the nation exercised. But the exercise the N.S.G.A. did was juggling statistics. With very little effort, it converted one exerciser into two or three: A water skier was, of necessity, a boater and a swimmer. The N.S.G.A. tagged anybody who engaged in an activity more than once a year as an exerciser. It also included children as young as seven.

Maybe the N.S.G.A. needed the security of numbers. For, clearly, not everyone was getting well, or even fit, from exercise. Not a few of the hardy faithful were coming up sore or limping . . . or worse. Not a few who went into exercise also went into traction. Doctors began seeing a significant increase in exercise-related ailments, from shin splints to "tennis toe" (bleeding and bruising under the big toenail when it's repeatedly jammed against the shoe in sudden stops) to eyeball injuries (25 percent of the injuries it treated, reported one major eye clinic, were sports-related), from "runner's nipple" to "ischemic neuropathy of the penis"—a numb penis in bike riders caused when the saddle crimps off the blood supply to the pubic area. Admittedly, not every individual was going into hock to Blue Cross. But suddenly, the question was unavoidable: If exercise is so good for you, how come so many people are getting sick doing it?

The retort was ingenious: "No gain without pain." You had to feel really bad before you could hope to feel good. But does that make sense? Is it rational to fight through pain in exercise when every other precept of medicine holds that pain is a primary signal, a warning that something is wrong and that you'd better stop what you're doing? Suppose pain were a precursor not to pleasure but to more pain. Or to death. The death of one athlete had a traumatic effect.

In the tragic figure of Jim Fixx—arguably the most celebrated runner in American history—one can find everything that is rich and bewildering in the crisis that faced the so-called fit. For if Fixx had ever asked himself the critical question (Why am I *doing* this?) and received a candid answer, it might have saved his life. The truth is that he was not running so

much as fleeing. He was fleeing his family-health history: His father suffered a devastating heart attack at 36 and died of another heart attack at 43. Many experts believe that such a history is *the* single most important factor affecting longevity. Fixx knew that and began running at the age of 36, but it didn't save him. Indeed, it might have made him more susceptible, for he suffered from continuous stress, perhaps further stimulated by his growing celebrity as the apostle of running and the best-selling author of *The Complete Book of Running* and *Jim Fixx's Second Book of Running*. (He was known to take Valium before his TV appearances and public speeches.) Fixx became mesmerized, a willing victim of running. When he suffered his own series of heart attacks—he kept them secret, telling neither his family nor his doctor—he surrendered to the canons of exercise instead of the canons of common sense: He ran through pain. In eight weeks, he ran through four heart attacks—and made it three times.

On the hot summer evening when Fixx died, he was fleeing celebrity. In the process of writing another book, he had rented a lakeside cabin in northern Vermont to be alone and concentrate. During the long, hot drive to New England, he apparently decided to stop a few miles short of the cabin and check into a motel, go for a run, then get a good night's sleep. He may even have felt congestion or a pain in his chest as he decided to stop. An autopsy revealed that one of his coronary arteries was 99 percent obstructed; another was 80–85 percent obstructed; a third was 70 percent obstructed. And yet there is a feeling among many runners that running resuscitates them, that they cannot *live* without running.

Roughly two miles into his usual ten-mile run, he turned and headed back to his motel. Yet he didn't stop running; he didn't seek help. The irony is that he could not make the last and most important 40 steps of his life. He dropped to his knees and rested his head and upper body on the soft grass of a sharply rising slope beside the road within twoscore steps of his motel and help. He died there. On his knees. Just as martyrs to a faith have done all through history.

The lonely death of the long-distance runner perhaps did more to trigger the crisis in exercise than any other event. For the first time, people stopped and asked, Shouldn't exercisers handle pain the way

normal people do—as a signal to stop what they're doing, because they're hurting themselves? In the risk-benefit ratio, risk was suddenly looming large, and not a few were questioning the benefits from mindless exercise.

Item: At the Human Performance Laboratory at the University of California, Dr. George Brooks, the director, argued that the best in athletic performance was not achieved by ceaseless exercise by rote but by taking well-calculated periods of rest during the periods of exercise. Too little rest, he said, could do as much damage as too much running. For the fibers in the overstressed muscles break down and are destroyed if stressed without rest. "The key to training is to apply stress and wait for a response," he said. No longer was there an inviolable rule—so often cited in old-guard exercising—that 72 hours without intense exercise was the road to perdition.

Item: David L. Costill, director of the prestigious Human Performance Laboratory at Ball State University, declared that there are points beyond which exercise is of very limited use. That was a startling concept; the longtime view of the old guard was that it was difficult, if not impossible, to reach such a point. But in Costill's research, the useful limit of exercise comes before or when the individual expends 5000 calories a week (or 50 to 60 miles a week of running, depending on the individual). Beyond that level, he asserted, there is a fall-off in performance and in aerobic improvement. Costill analyzed swimmers and found that they improved on a workout discipline of 5000, rather than the oft-accepted 10,000, yards a day. He analyzed two marathon runners who'd taken a six-month hiatus from running and found that they showed "dramatic improvement in aerobic capacity" on a retraining program of 25 miles a week, but that the rate of improvement dwindled as their workout routines edged up to 50 miles a week, flattened out as they increased to 75 miles a week and disappeared above that.

Item: Dr. Kenneth Cooper, the famed guru of aerobic conditioning, cited an even more moderate standard. He said that after a person has run 15 miles a week—slightly more than two miles, perhaps 15–20 minutes, a day—"you do not see much further improvement [in aerobic conditioning]. It takes tripling of the number of miles to get any minimal improvement in oxygen consumption. And there's an exponential increase in injuries."

All that was quite a different attitude from the one espoused by the swamis of sweat and their loyal army of researchers. Until the current crisis, every claim about the value of exercise was supported by an "inviolable" statistical proof. Suddenly,

*(continued on page 160)*



# MOVIES

## THE YEAR IN

IT MAY NOT have been the number-one box-office draw of 1987 (Eddie Murphy's *Beverly Hills Cop II* topped the charts), but it was the film most likely to be discussed over lunch, dinner or bedtime snack. *Fatal Attraction* coupled hot sex and sudden death and earned \$129,400,000 by the end of the year. It was known as the AIDS



**Freddy**

movie, because it put in human form the consequences of casual sex. It embodied the message that has been screamed in headlines for the past few years: Have sex and die. Hollywood had been criticized for showing carefree lust. Now it would still show sex, but there would be responsible, cautionary, fear-mongering counselors around the campfire. In short, the industry would take the sure-fire success formula of the teen slasher movies and repackage it for adults. The moral logic of those movies is familiar:



"Fatal Attraction"

You always know who Freddy (left) or Jason (below middle) will go after—the first girl to show a nipple dies. The first couple to make out ends up as chowder.



Only the virgin survives. In 1987, the message was, if you have sex, maybe even your whole family dies. We're talking boiled bunny. Hollywood hadn't made movies like that for adults in years, not since Jessica Walter threatened Clint Eastwood's love life (Donna Mills) in *Play Misty for Me* (below). Ah, remember the good old days, when all of us were single and the only things we had to worry about were psychopaths with butcher knives?



**Jessica**



## MAGIC MOMENTS

People spent more money to see movies last year than ever before. For a while, it looked as if the Hollywood box-office draw would equal the entire budget for the Vietnam war. In fact, for a while, it looked as if Hollywood were refighting the Vietnam war, with *Platoon* clones ranging from *Full Metal Jacket* to *Hamburger Hill*. The best vet? Robin Williams found the role of his life in *Good Morning, Vietnam*. Our favorite line: his farewell to an uptight sergeant

major: "That man is in more dire need of a blow job than any white man I know." It was the year that Hollywood discovered the right man for the right role. Steve Martin, delivering a 20-joke soliloquy on the subject of his oversize nose, in *Roxanne*: "Laugh and the world laughs with you; sneeze and it's good-



Best Shock Jock

bye, Seattle. . . . Commercial: Hi, I'm Earl Scheib and I can paint that nose for \$39.95. . . . Sympathetic: Did your parents lose a bet with God? . . . Hey, does that thing influence the tides? . . . Prurient: Now here's a man who can satisfy two women at once. . . . Paranoid: Keep that man away from my cocaine! Inquiring: When you smell the roses, are they afraid?" Jack Nicholson, a perfect match-up as the Devil in *The Witches of Eastwick*: "Do you think God

knew what He was doing when He created women? . . . Do you think it was another of His little mistakes? Like earthquakes and floods. Volcanoes. Tidal waves. Just another little fuck-up in the divine plan. We make mistakes and they call it evil. God makes mistakes and they call it nature. So what do

Eddie Murphy,  
"Beverly Hills  
Cop II,"  
\$153,700,000

## POLICE LINE-UP

Usually, we reserve this space for our favorite heroes, side-kicks, bad guys and bimbos, but this year, the boys in blue racked up all the awards. Five of the top ten money-makers were cop movies. Eddie finally followed his dick to a stint in Holmby Hills, giving us the scene most likely to be featured in *The Year in Movies* (left). The rest of the roll call was pretty impressive. Mel Gibson, besides having the best buns in the business (ask your date why she sat through the beginning of *Lethal Weapon* twice), turned in the best action-cop performance of the decade. Now we just have to check out the rumor that the Republicans are going to run Rabo-Cop for President, if they haven't already. He's a heavy-metal hero.

Mel Gibson,  
"Lethal Weapon," \$65,200,000



BEST PAIR

Tom Hanks, Dan Aykroyd,  
"Dragnet," \$57,300,000

### TOP OF THE COPS



### BEST ACTION COP





## HOLLYWOOD BUSINESS SCHOOL

"Whadda you wanna be . . . one of those guys who makes \$400,000 a year and flies first class?" Michael Douglas earns an M.V.P. (Most Valuable Popcorn award) for his lust-and-greed double play. The guy has a gift. He starred in *The China Syndrome* and we had *Three Mile Island* for publicity. He made *Fatal Attraction* and we had the age of AIDS. He filmed *Wall Street* and we had the crash of 1987. Just don't let him film *World War*



Best Boesky



*Three*, or we're all crispy critters. Our award for Best Employee-Motivation Technique goes to Robert De Niro, for his novel use of a baseball bat in *The Untouchables*. Beats an M.B.A. any time.

Best Boss

you think? Women. A mistake? Or did He do it to us on purpose?" The movies were filled with magic moments, from Ed-209 shooting the junior executive in *RoboCop* ("It's just a little glitch") to the moment the boss fired the bad guy. As he went through the window, did you think, What color is your parachute? We'll confess to liking all of *The Princess Bride* but especially the final duel. And we'll admit to liking *Three Men and a Baby*, particularly the way

Steve Guttenberg uses a turkey baster. The sex scenes in *No Way Out* and *Wall Street* revitalized the limo business. No one will win an Oscar for those performances, but they may enliven the trip to the presentations. We even liked the nod to safe sex—the rubber scenes in *Dragnet*, *Cross My Heart*, *Working*

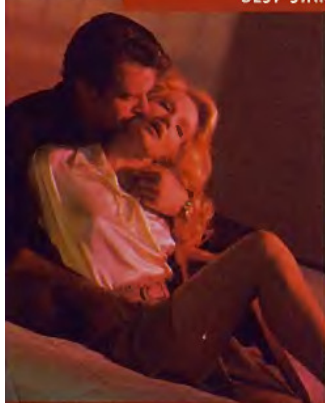
*Girls, Wish You Were Here!* and *Amazon Women on the Moon*. And there were musical magic moments, from all of *La Bamba* to *Chuck Berry: Hail! Hail! Rock 'N' Roll* to Meryl Streep's singing in *Ironweed*. In the year after the Meese commission tried to ban nudity, we appreciated the almost nonstop nakedness of *Betty Blue*, *L'Année des Méduses* and *Castaway*. Our favorite scene of the year was the sexual encounter between Ellen Barkin and Dennis

Quaid in *The Big Easy*: You saw only her face as he performed exotic Cajun sex tricks off camera. In 25 words or less, what was he doing? See, they finally leave something to your imagination and you've forgotten how to use it. That's OK. Rent the video of *Angel Heart* and see all of Lisa Bonet. Say amen.



BEST STAKEOUT TEAM

Richard Dreyfuss,  
Emilio Estevez,  
"Stakeout,"  
\$65,800,000



Dennis  
Quaid,  
with  
Ellen  
Barkin,  
"The Big  
Easy,"  
\$17,600,000

BEST COP COPPING A FEEL



BEST CHICAGO COP

Sean Connery,  
"The Untouchables," \$76,300,000

OSCAR LOOK-ALIKE COP

Peter Weller,  
"RoboCop,"  
\$53,300,000





## CLASS & TRASH

Paramount was the number-one studio, pocketing one out of every five movie dollars with a few blockbuster films such as *The Untouchables*, *Beverly Hills Cop II* and *Fatal Attraction*. Touchstone continued to be the in town, showing that consistency—a string of 13 critically successful

money-makers (we'll try to forget *Hello Again*)—was enough to move

it into second place. Some theater owners complained that there were too many movies last year.

They didn't have time to book the likes of *Surf Nazis Must Die*, *I Was a Teenage Sex Mutant*, *Slave Girls from Beyond Infinity*, *Assault of the Killer Bimbos*, *Bitchin' Sorority Babes*, *Space Sluts in the Slammer*, *Fat Guy Goes Nutzoid*, *Nice Girls Don't Explode*, *Hack 'Em High*, *Amazon Women on the Moon*, *Street Trash*, *The Dirty Filthy Slime*, *Ishtar*, *Leonard, Part 6*, *Less than Zero* and *Over the Top*. Look for them on video. We'll rent anything to keep from seeing Shelley Long twice.



## BEST LINES

- From *Planes, Trains and Automobiles*, John Candy's remark to Steve Martin about the odds against finding transportation: "We'd have more luck playing pick-up sticks with our butt cheeks."

- From *Broadcast News*, William Hurt's reply to Holly Hunter's suggestion that he seems to like her: "I like you as much as I can like anybody who thinks I'm an asshole."

- From *Stakeout*, Emilio Estevez to Richard Dreyfuss, who has just spent the night with a woman: "Did you practice safe sex?"

- From *Ishtar*, the world's worst song lyric: "There's a wardrobe of love in my eyes. . . . See if there's something in your size."

- From *Running Man*, heroine to Arnold Schwarzenegger (in bright Hawaii togs): "I'm going to throw up all over you." Schwarzenegger: "Go ahead, it won't show on this shirt."

- From *Throw Momma from the Train*, a nerd describing a book project: "*One Thousand Girls I'd Like to Fuck*. It's a coffee-table book. Chapter one: 'Kathleen Turner.'"

- From *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*, a comment on Sammy's politician father: "We can't let a little torture get in the way of a party."

- From *Moonstruck*, Cher's confession to her priest: "I slept



From "The Hanover Hilton": "Knock, knock, knock. . . ."

with the brother of my fiancé and bounced a check at the liquor store."

- From *Raising Arizona*, husband commenting on wife's infertility: "Her insides were a rocky place where my seed could find no purchase."

- From *The Lost Boys*, kid to teenage vampire brother, whose reflection does not appear in a mirror: "You're a creature of the night, Michael. Wait'll Mom hears about this."

- From *In the Mood*, Sonny Wisecarver, World War Two lover boy on one of his honeymoons: "This is so much better than ninth grade."

- From *Patti Rocks*, Billy to woman propositioning him on the road: "You're so ugly I wouldn't fuck you with his dick" (gesturing to buddy Eddie).

- From *Dancers*, two ballerinas discussing character played by Mikhail Baryshnikov: "You know how he is when he has a headache. . . he takes two girls and feels fine in the morning."

- From *RoboCop*: "Nukem and other quality home games from Butler Brothers."

- From *Broadcast News*, man to employee he has just fired: "If there's anything I can do for you. . . ." Employee: "Well, I certainly hope you die soon."

Heard you at the movies.



**BEST THIGHS**



*Emily Lloyd  
"Wish You Were Here!"*

**BEST BICEPS**



*Arnold Schwarzenegger  
"Predator"*

**BEST PROP**



*Rubbers, in "Working Girls,"  
"Dragnet," "Wish You Were Here!"*

**DUMBEST JOKE**



*Harvard M.B.A. Diane Keaton  
with Huggies, "Baby Boom"*

**BEST DAY CARE**



*The biker as baby sitter  
"Raising Arizona"*

**BEST COSTUMES**



*Amanda Donohoe, Oliver Reed  
"Castaway"*

**BEST STUNTS, AGAIN**



*The 007 doubles  
"The Living Daylights"*



**THE PLAYBOY  
POPCORN AWARDS**

Hollywood gives Oscars for individual performances. If there were a category for season-long stunts, Cher would get an M.V.P. award for her triple play in Moonstruck, Suspect and The Witches of Eastwick. Dennis Quaid would earn a similar honor for Innerspace, The Big Easy and Suspect. Richard Dreyfuss gets an ironman award for Tin Men, Stakeout and Nuts. Nice going, guy.



# BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED

Nineteen eighty-seven was the year of the adult movie. Relationships took prime place—as opposed to Brat Pack puberty rites, one-man-army turkeyshoots, terminally cute extraterrestrials or things that could be merchandised as toys at Christmas (though if the sexual chemistry in movies such as *No Way Out*, *Dirty Dancing* and *The Big Easy* could be battled, or

powered by batteries, we'd like to see it under our tree). Some of the best chemistry happened between adversaries—Debra Winger's investigator and Theresa Russell's murderer in *Black Widow*; Richard Dreyfuss and Danny DeVita in *Tin Men*; Danny DeVita and Momma in *Throw Momma from the Train*; Steve Martin and John Candy in *Planes, Trains and Automobiles*. Male banding put in a good show—in the Vietnam movies but also in *Cry Freedom*—as did offbeat living arrangements, from *The Witches of Eastwick* to the re-release of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* to *Three Men and a Baby*. It was a year for special effects from the heart.



Kevin Costner, with Sean Young  
"No Way Out"



Kevin Kline, Denzel Washington  
"Cry Freedom"



Theresa Russell, Debra Winger  
"Black Widow"



Patrick Swayze, Jennifer Grey  
"Dirty Dancing"



The unwanted mom  
"Throw Momma from the Train"



Cher, Jack, Michelle, Susan  
"The Witches of Eastwick"

BEST ASTAIRE AND ROGERS

BEST ATTEMPT AT SAFE SEX



Holly Hunter, William Hurt  
"Broadcast News"



Love, Chinese Style, John Lone, Joan Chen, "The Last Emperor"

## BRUCE'S PICKS

### BRUCE WILLIAMSON'S TEN WORST

(in alphabetical order)

1. **DUET FOR ONE** As a dying violinist, Julie Andrews scrapes up something roughly equivalent to the sound of Muzak.
2. **OVER THE TOP** Looks more like Stallone has bottomed out when he's reduced to arm wrestling.
3. **A PRAYER FOR THE DYING** Slow death for audiences, with Mickey Rourke and Bob Hoskins in an Irish stew.
4. **THE SICILIAN** Another Michael Cimino disaster that makes *Heaven's Gate* look like a smash hit and Christopher Lambert look idiotic.
5. **SIESTA** Snooze right through it, blinking when Ellen Barkin and Jodie Foster take their clothes off.
6. **STRAIGHT TO HELL** Or more likely to video. Alex Cox directs Grace Jones and Dennis Hopper in a witless Western spoof.
7. **SUPERMAN IV** Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No, just a loud, hollow thud as a durable series crash-lands.
8. **TOUGH GUYS DON'T DANCE** Norman Mailer still trying to pummel that rugged prose into a movie career. Read his books.
9. **WALKER** Strained spoof about U.S. meddling in Nicaragua and another strike-out by director Alex Cox.
10. **WHO'S THAT GIRL** We can depend on Madonna for a contribution to our annual turkey shoot. Save her wishbone.

### BRUCE WILLIAMSON'S TEN BEST

(in alphabetical order)

1. **BROADCAST NEWS** Wit, women and TV workaholics put it all together in the year's top romantic comedy.
2. **CRY FREEDOM** Richard Attenborough's flawed drama about the fight against apartheid is poignant and powerful.
3. **THE DEAD** By the late John Huston out of James Joyce, a screen classic with Anjelica acting her heart out for Dad.
4. **EMPIRE OF THE SUN** When it's good, it's very, very good, and when not so good, it's still stunning Spielberg cinema.
5. **HOPE AND GLORY** Director John Boorman's memoirs of his boyhood in Britain during the blitz make World War Two almost heart-warming.
6. **JEAN DE FLORETTE** and **MANON OF THE SPRING** Claude Berri's two films are really one old-fashioned masterpiece, starring Yves Montand.
7. **THE LAST EMPEROR** Bertolucci combines Chinese history with breath-taking screen spectacle.
8. **RADIO DAYS** A really winning nostalgia trip back to the good old pre-TV days with Woody Allen.
9. **RAISING ARIZONA** This breezy, amoral comedy is the one 1987 movie that doesn't break into a rash of cuteness just because there's a baby (or babies) in it.
10. **THE UNTOUCHABLES** Slouching toward stardom with Kevin Costner as Eliot Ness.

## LIVELY ARTIST

*(continued from page 104)*

town seems to live on. Miss May has delicate hands, a voice to match and almond-shaped eyes that take in everything that happens around her, even as she describes her current passion. "Dancing is using every part of yourself to make art," she says. "If you have certain flaws, as we all do, you don't always hide them. You put them to use. It's like when *Playboy* takes pictures of all your best angles—in dancing, you can jimmy things around a little, so that to the audience, everything looks perfect. It's like any job in that you learn tricks like that, but one thing I like about dance is that your *body* is your job, the only means you use to express yourself."

One of Diana's few frustrations is that the public is often intimidated by modern art forms. "It should be a job to *do* it but not to see it," she says. "People work too

hard trying to understand modern art or modern dance." Her advice: "Just enjoy it! Draw your own meaning from it. You either like it or you don't. If you don't, don't worry about it."

Diana doesn't worry. She's too busy. Even as she dances up and down the West Coast, she is weighing future passions. She looks forward to the day when she'll have more time for writing, drawing, playing the drums and wrapping injured knees.

Knees? "I want to go back to school to study sports medicine. That's next."

Why not? Diana is already a physical artist. She felt that it was natural to make a once-in-a-lifetime appearance in *Playboy* now, "before I get wrinkled. I brought the same feeling to posing that I bring to my dancing," she says. "Posing is flirting, cajoling, seducing—performing."

Brava!



## HIGH NOON AT G.M.

*(continued from page 94)*

the kitchen table. He set everything down in a code of standards, which defined precisely how the E.D.S. employee would look, act and feel. In case the rules missed something, there was the all-purpose ethical code, which said, "Your character, integrity and behavior, both on and off the job, determine the image of E.D.S. in the community. Therefore, your standards of conduct must, at all times, be above reproach."

Perot attacked massive jobs by putting his people in what looked like SWAT teams. One of their jobs, for example, was to set up the software for an entire state Medicare system. They laid out bunks at the job site before Thanksgiving and did not come out until Christmas, when they had the system designed. Success came rapidly. Within 20 years, E.D.S. served more than 3200 customers in 50 states and foreign countries.

Perot had no intention of giving up all that when he was contacted by a New York agent and told that General Motors wanted to buy his company. But as a good businessman, he figured that he and Meyerson should talk with them, anyway—there could be a massive contract in it for E.D.S. When Perot and his people got to Detroit, Smith took them on a whirlwind tour, flying one of the company helicopters over a number of component and assembly plants and attempting to show the Texans the scope of G.M. with world maps and film clips. "The sun never sets on General Motors," Perot said, obviously impressed.

As he left Detroit, Perot was convinced that G.M. would be a customer rather than his company's buyer. "You don't have to buy a dairy to get milk. We'll sell you service," Perot told Smith. They parted with Smith promising to make an offer and Perot still thinking service contract.

It was the bankers at Salomon Brothers, from all reports, who came up with a way of making a deal that would be impossible to refuse. Perot would join the G.M. board and pick up one billion dollars in cash and 43 percent of a G.M. stock offering created specially for the deal. The shares, called Class E common stock, would bring E.D.S. under the G.M. umbrella, but the stock would remain independent and would be traded at a price based on E.D.S.' performance—not the auto maker's. Perot was also promised that he would retain managerial control of his company. E.D.S. would be handed at least 2.6 billion dollars in new business—about three times E.D.S.' 1984 earnings.

Perhaps most important, Perot would be challenged personally to help save Detroit. "It was the opportunity to save millions of American jobs," said Perot. "It was too exciting to pass up."

The deal was signed on June 27, 1984, Perot's 54th birthday, which was also the 22nd anniversary of the founding of E.D.S.



"Your mama-san."



Smith didn't attend Perot's birthday party, but he certainly provided the cake.

Once Perot signed on, Smith wasted no time announcing that E.D.S. would assume responsibility for every piece of computer hardware and software and that 10,000 G.M. computer people (7000 in the United States) would be transferred immediately from General Motors to E.D.S. An advance guard of 650 E.D.S. people would come to Detroit to secure the beachhead.

As usual, most of the 10,000 G.M. transferees learned about the acquisition from the newspapers. They read that E.D.S. had much lower pay rates, few benefits and no retirement program. All of the articles about E.D.S.' storm troopers, Army-boot-camp operating standards, dress codes and ethics statements devastated morale among the G.M. transferees. The fear grew, and any significant development entailing computers screeched to a near stop.

In the midst of the confusion, E.D.S. began recruiting in Detroit. The company would quickly hire some 5000 additional people, many of whom had no professional computer experience whatever. High school business teachers, who perhaps had taught a class using a personal computer, were hired to jump headlong into massive mainframe programs. Ads promised the newcomers that "together we will cross thresholds of countless breakthroughs."

In the meantime, E.D.S. hiring became a Detroit joke—"How many E.D.S.ers does it take to change a light bulb?"

"No one knows, because they're not done hiring yet."

Smith sold Perot on the competitive problem as an open challenge for him to launch a personal crusade. Perot quickly went into action. He placed a Norman Rockwell painting in his outer office. It was *War Stories*, in which a Marine has returned from World War Two and tells his friends about the victories. "I put that there for my G.M. visitors," Perot said. "It's to remind them that we used to whip the Japanese right regularly, and if we ever decide we want to do it again in the car business, we can."

At his first G.M. board of directors meeting, Perot declared that he was going to be the spokesman for the employees, the dealers and the customers. And of E.D.S.' arrival, he said, "We are bringing G.M. from a mature company to a young, exciting company. . . . We will be the brains and nervous system of General Motors."

Perot went around visiting dealerships in "Saturday clothes" to see about service firsthand and to "get to know the guys in the trenches." Unannounced, he visited a G.M. plant in Arlington, Texas. That shook up the G.M. central office, which was on the phone to the plant every 15 minutes during the visit, asking, "What's he doing now?" Perot was, in fact, having lunch with the workers on the factory floor.

tions from Detroit came over the issue of E.D.S. executive stock benefits.

"Roger came down to Dallas and tried to get the board to change our compensation," Perot said. "He didn't like the fact that a lot of E.D.S.ers could make more money than he could through stock."

Other E.D.S.ers in that meeting were surprised by Smith's insistence and stunned when he had a temper tantrum. "His face turned beet red," an E.D.S.er said, "and he started foaming at the mouth. It was unbelievable."

Perot said of the incident, "I took Roger aside and told him he couldn't be chairman if he was going to act like that." Perot did not back off on his compensation system, reminded Smith of their deal and sent him home.

From then on, Perot said, "there was a continuous stream of trivia." G.M. auditors and personnel people visited Dallas frequently. "If a guy comes down and just wants us to fill out forms, then we don't do it," he said. "We give him a hot meal, pat him on the back and say, 'No! We're not going to do this,' and that's it." Perot interpreted Smith's promise of noninterference to mean exactly that—*independence*.

Smith, as you would expect, was surprised that E.D.S. didn't blend into G.M. policies and procedures. "Independence does not mean indifference," he said. The issue of G.M. auditors became central. E.D.S. had its own independent auditors, and Perot re-

used to let the G.M. teams in the door. This went on for more than a year, until Perot finally relented, but not without acquiring the worst epithet anyone could receive in G.M.—"He's not a team player."

"Sure, he finally gave in on the auditors," Smith told me, "but what would it be next?"

Publicly, Perot and Smith continued to say pleasant things about each other for the first turbulent year, but the relationship was rapidly deteriorating. Elmer Johnson, G.M. vice-president and corporate counsel, said that Perot's dislike for Smith began to surface within six months of the E.D.S. purchase. That was the period in which Perot was steadily losing faith in

# Too good to gobble.

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As Perot saw it, his task was to be the gadfly. His open criticism of G.M. was, at first, a direct reflection of Smith's own largely unarticulated feelings. He said that before the Japanese invasion, the only competition at G.M. was that among rival divisions within the company. "Fellows, that's intramural sports," Perot said. "You don't even tackle there; you just touch the guy. Now the Japanese have shown us they're competing professionally. We've got to compete professionally with them."

Still, all was not well. It came as a shock to Perot and E.D.S. that "hands off" did not mean what Smith had originally said. The first indication that he wanted to renege on his deal and direct E.D.S. opera-

G.M.'s sincerity, watching his own people become casualties in the struggle to change the giant, while thousands of people who were not of the E.D.S. culture were being forced into its ranks.

Yet there was little at the time that he could do about it. The frustration Perot must have experienced during that first year was not unlike that of those caught in the chaos within G.M. Perot, however, was too much of a fighter to acquiesce. "A team player at G.M. is one who will march over the cliff," he said. "Not me."

In May 1986, Perot sent a letter to Smith that contained an ultimatum. Things had to change. Perot gave Smith four choices. First, he proposed, they could begin to work together in good faith, but there had to be a written agreement of how that was to be managed. Second, Perot was no longer willing to compromise on the original agreement. Either G.M. lived up to it or they must take it to the board. Third, Smith could try to terminate him, but with the understanding of the length and severity of the fight ahead. Fourth, Smith could buy him out, but, Perot emphasized in the letter, "in my judgment, this would be a serious mistake for General Motors."

Smith had sent his attorney, and when nothing came of the meeting, the assumption was that the crisis was over. Yet even a cursory knowledge of Perot's background should have told Smith that more, and worse, was to come. Here was a man who had proved he was fiercely loyal to his E.D.S.ers, a man who saw money only as a means to greater ends and whose tenacity was proved on the grandest scale. Perot could not sell out at the time, because the best he could have done was to cut a deal to save himself. That wasn't good enough.

Perot denies having stayed to develop a rescue plan for his people, nor will he admit to having planned any tactics. Yet, conscious or not, the strategic genius of his moves is self-evident.

During that time, the Texas gadfly was buzzing freely around the company. He visited plants, development labs, styling studios, test tracks and accounting offices. And he used his down-home charm to encourage people to speak their minds. "I've been with G.M. for 24 years," an Arlington, Texas, plant employee said, "and I've seen mostly arrogance from executives. Ross is a real change."

Perot revealed his natural affinity with the working people, living, as he did, closer to their lifestyle than to that of G.M.'s executives. He refused to accept a free company car and instead traded in his 1979 Chevy for a new Oldsmobile, bargaining over price at the dealership like everyone else.

And Perot was in regular contact with his E.D.S.ers, who were operating—or attempting to—in every plant and office in the corporation. With his ability to put people at ease and get them to talk freely, he gained a thorough overview of the corporation and an appreciation for the tremendous frustration so many felt.

After all attempts—including two reorganizations of the G.M.-E.D.S. crew—failed to resolve the E.D.S. contractual problems, Perot stepped up his public attacks. "You want to know how to teach an elephant to tap-dance?" he asked. "You find the soft spots and start poking." In late July, Perot got out his prod.

In an interview with *The Wall Street Journal*, and on several less formal occasions, he made thinly veiled attacks on Smith's spending spree:

"We are spending billions to develop new cars. This isn't a moon shot; it's just a car."

"Brains and wits will beat capital all the time."

"Our solution is to go out and buy new uniforms. The team looks good, but it still can't play."

And he jabbed at Smith's tendency to blame the workers: "G.M. has failed to tap

the potential of its people. In America, we tend to blame the workers, but the workers don't design the cars, or sell them, or set up the standards. American workers are the salt of the earth, and they could beat anyone if they were given half a chance."

Perot's outbursts started the press speculating that he was campaigning for Smith's job. Smith had let such rumors persist back when the chair was not a hot seat, but now that he was under criticism from Wall Street and the media, the press speculation became a personal threat. Still, he made it clear that no one was to confront Perot.

"He's impatient," Smith said, "but he's impatient for the same things we are." Later, someone said that Smith was practicing "good-dog diplomacy"—saying "Good dog" publicly while he was looking for a stick with which to beat Perot. That was simply not the case. As unbelievable as it may seem, Smith continued to admire the Texas folk hero and throw flowers at him, even while Perot was hurling bricks in his direction.

Smith's admiration was mixed with a degree of fear. "I don't want to antagonize him," he told those who urged him to fight back. President Lyndon Johnson had had a similar problem with J. Edgar Hoover. When someone asked Johnson why he didn't fire Hoover, he said, "I'd rather have him on the inside of the tent pissing out than on the outside of the tent pissing in."

The pissing match soon turned into a torrent of bad publicity for G.M. In two major interviews with *Ward's Auto World* and *Business Week*, and in several other talks, Perot hit G.M. hard:

"The first E.D.S.er to see a snake kills it. At G.M., first thing you do is organize a committee on snakes. Then you bring in a consultant who knows a lot about snakes. . . . Then you talk about it for a year."

"This place cries out for engineers with greasy hands who know how to make cars to be making the policy and motivating every member of the G.M. team."

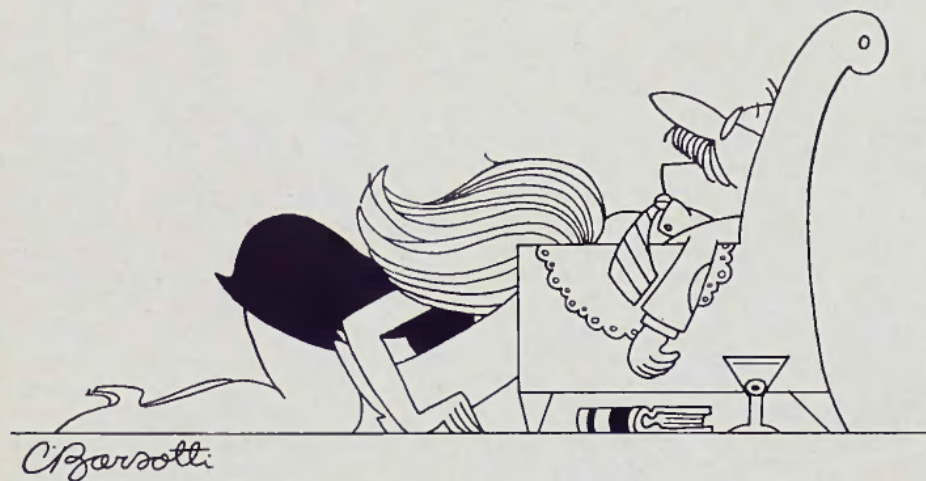
"It costs \$140,000 a year to heat one [executive] parking garage. I'd shut that thing down; it has nothing to do with making cars."

Smith's sense of humor was straining, but he kept up the supportive front initially. He said, "The other day, I was talking to Ross, and he was saying, 'I have to make a speech or something to tell everyone I don't want the chairmanship.' And I said, 'Well, Ross, I don't know if we need another speech.'"

Perot probed deeper. "Just a trip to the 14th [the executive] floor is depressing. Get rid of the 14th floor. Get rid of the private dining rooms and chauffeured limos and heated garages. Get rid of everything that separates people."

Perot laughs about the reaction when he finally hit the sensitive spot. "They went nuts when I criticized their chauffeurs and executive dining rooms," he said.

Although his popularity was low on the 14th floor, Perot was fast becoming a folk



"Absolutely, my dear, oral expression is protected by the First Amendment."

hero to the rest of the company. He was saying publicly what G.M. employees were telling one another privately. In Perot, they were hearing direct feedback of their comments to him, and they were delighted that their ideas were finally being aired.

Perot's rapport with the G.M. rank and file was a disastrous threat to Smith's faltering leadership. The appearance of unanimity on the 14th floor had always been sacrosanct. Conflict meant a lack of control, something Smith was not in a position to endure. With Wall Street already questioning his ability to get things done, he was beginning to understand the broader implications of Perot's thrust.

While the verbal jousting was gaining center stage, Perot found two other spots into which to drive barbs. First, Smith had decided that the corporation was not going to pay profit sharing for 1986, yet he would insist that his executives receive their bonuses. There was already a great deal of controversy on the 14th floor over that issue. The more people-sensitive executives urged that Smith forget the bonuses or approve a symbolic executive pay cut of, say, ten percent, to let the employees know they were sharing in the company's misfortunes. Smith insisted on the bonuses and knew he could easily get the board to approve them on December first.

Perot, however, was certain to vocally oppose the move. He was already hinting in that direction with statements such as: "In a war, you feed the troops, then you feed the officers, because the troops fight and the officers plan. . . . It's hard to fight while you're hungry." Perot would certainly be an embarrassment on the bonus issue.

There was another soft spot that Smith needed to protect. This was the one year in which he could not afford to have an inside critic exposing G.M.'s machinations. For he had painted G.M. into a financial corner with his spending and was unable to get the organization to make cuts fast and deep enough. The third-quarter losses were much worse than most suspected. David Healy of Drexel Burnham Lambert, a respected New York research firm, concluded that G.M. was playing with numbers. In a report titled "The Case of the Missing Thirteen Billion Dollars," Healy wrote, "Our suspicion is that the company inflated its third-quarter operating profit to avoid reporting a net loss for the period and 'paid back' the borrowed earnings in the fourth quarter." That, however, was not the brightest of ideas, since the fourth quarter was a disaster. G.M. unit sales dropped, while Ford sales increased. By the end of November, when the E.D.S. buy-out came up, G.M. was down to a paltry 33.8-percent market share—the lowest in 50 years.

The worst, however, was yet to come. For Smith had done what seemed to be the impossible. G.M. would pass the 100-billion-dollar revenue mark in 1986 yet actually make no money. Smith did post a net

income of 2.945 billion dollars for the year, but that was largely the result of some extremely innovative accounting. "G.M. seems to have reached something of an accounting high-water mark," Healy wrote, "by claiming an apparent four-billion-dollar total U.S. loss on its tax return and simultaneously showing an \$87,000,000 pretax U.S. profit in its stockholder report."

In looking at Smith's situation in late November of 1986, it was obvious that he would have agreed to any terms to get the loose cannon off his deck. Each time Perot spoke out against G.M., you could hear G.M. and E.D.S. stock click down another notch. Gershon Kekst, a New York PR guru who specializes in take-over battles, warned Smith about the possibility of a hostile assault on G.M. and said that Perot was one of the few people with the currency and the clout to pull it off.

Even if Perot didn't want his company, Smith must have sensed that his survival as chairman depended on giving Wall Street some good news. He somehow had to make the most embarrassing year in G.M. corporate history look good. That kind of creative reporting would not be possible with the vocal Mr. Perot shouting the truth from the deck.

So when Tom Luce, Perot's lawyer, called Johnson, Smith's lawyer, and said,

"Perot will take a buy-out," there was no question of who had the upper hand. One of the basic business lessons Perot had learned from trading horses as a boy was that the one who needs the sale most is going to pay the price.

That was no time to dicker. Smith agreed to be more than generous. In all, he gave Perot \$61.90 per share for his 11,300,000 shares. It broke down to \$33 per share for the stock and \$28.90 per share from the contingent note attached to each G.M. Class E stock. The contingent note guaranteed all other Class E stockholders returns of \$62.50 per share by 1991. In other words, if Class E stock sold for \$45 in 1991, G.M. was contractually bound to give each stockholder another \$17.50. The buy-out simply paid Perot off in full—five years ahead of the agreement.

That Smith would have agreed to the bizarre terms of the buy-out, terms that virtually guaranteed the departure of most of E.D.S.' best people, becomes perfectly logical when Smith's vulnerability and Perot's superior maneuvering are considered. By any measure, the buy-out was totally lopsided. "I just kept making obscene demands," Perot said, "and they kept agreeing to them." In the agreement, Perot was not restricted from immediately starting up another E.D.S.-like company on a non-profit basis and in three years converting it



*"You haven't tried to get away with one single little thing. Just what are you up to, sir?"*

into a profit-making business and hiring every one of his original E.D.S. people away from G.M.

And just as important to the many E.D.S.ers left behind, Perot got written promises that Smith would finally live up to the original agreement. E.D.S. would receive fixed-price long-term contracts as quickly as they could be worked out. The promise of E.D.S. autonomy was spelled out in the buy-out agreement far more clearly than before. In other words, the key issues that Perot had fought for were conceded to him entirely.

"I really thought the board would tell Roger he was out of his mind. It was the dumbest business deal I ever heard of," Perot said. "I found during the negotiations that they'd agree to anything on the business side, no matter how ridiculous, but they were very tight on anything that had to do with criticism or taking over G.M. The anti-take-over provisions were very strong. I had to commit to not making any effort to take over General Motors for five years," Perot said, pausing to laugh. "I was happy to do that, because I had no interest in taking over General Motors."

Smith worked hard to consummate the buy-out. He called each board member in advance of the December first meeting to be certain he would vote his way. The entire decision was arranged before the board meeting, which, with virtually no discussion, led to a unanimous vote.

Yet with all that effort, the buy-out resulted in about one hour of peace for Smith. That's how long Perot waited after the contract was signed to issue a public statement:

At a time when General Motors is closing 11 plants, putting 30,000 people out of work, cutting back on capital expenditures, losing market share and having problems with profitability, I have just received \$700,000,000 from General Motors in exchange for my Class E stock and notes.

I cannot accept this money without first giving General Motors' directors another chance to consider this decision. This money will be held in escrow until December 15 in order to give the General Motors directors time to review this matter and the events that led to this decision. If the General Motors directors conclude that this transaction of December first is not in the best interest of General Motors and the Class E stockholders, I will work with the G.M. directors to rescind this transaction.

Once again, Smith's inability to understand human relations caught him unprepared. He fully expected Perot to take his money and crawl into the woodwork. And he miscalculated public response, figuring that after taking a few days of heat for the buy-out, he could put it behind him. He had never been more mistaken.

Perot became a martyr of sorts. He was perceived as having spoken up for the common man—as having spoken the truth—and been squelched by a paranoid G.M. chairman. He was suddenly referred to as the man who could have been G.M.'s salvation. That he had spent the vast majority

of his time in Dallas and had made only a handful of management proposals during his G.M. board tenure went unnoticed. What would G.M. do without its helpful critic? Or, as one columnist put it, "If you remove the grain of sand, do you still get the pearl?"

After Perot left town, there were not enough pieces left of Smith's credibility to fill a body bag. Every major constituency—employees, stockholders, customers and media—joined in picking apart Smith's vision of a 21st Century corporation. By almost every measure of management achievement—return on investment, stock prices as an expression of confidence, employee productivity and morale, market share (without artificial supports)—his leadership had failed.

Smith's 21st Century corporation was half of a very good idea. Technology is the future. But the other half of the equation—by far the more significant half—is the individual. A Stradivarius is only wood and catgut; the music is in the mind and hands of the performer. Getting 3,000,000 people to perform in harmony is G.M.'s ultimate task. When that happens, it will truly be a cultural revolution. But that will happen only when a leader who can establish trust and inspire commitment arises within the corporation. As Alvin Toffler says in *The Third Wave*, "Elites, no matter how enlightened, cannot by themselves make a new civilization. The energies of whole peoples will be required."

The greatest rescue mission in Ross Perot's life will not be the time he sprang two executives from an Iranian jail but when he rescues all of his E.D.S.ers through a singlehanded assault on General Motors.

By the summer of 1988, the top E.D.S. executives still held contractually inside G.M. will be free to walk away with their pockets bulging with G.M. ransom money. They will just as likely join their leader-in-exile, Perot, to start an all-new corporation—financed through what may be the most generous buy-out agreement in corporate history. And recognizing Perot's flair for historical significance, one can even predict the date the new company will come into existence. It will be on June 27—Perot's 58th birthday, the 26th anniversary of the original E.D.S.' founding and the fourth anniversary of G.M.'s ill-fated acquisition of E.D.S.

When Smith bought E.D.S., he said, "If we hadn't found it, I guess we would have bought a college somewhere in Iowa and started our own. We needed an entrepreneurial company that had the youth and enthusiasm to do the job." He later added, "We decided on E.D.S. because of its strong leadership. We need the E.D.S. spirit as much as its skills."

In the end, after spending three billion dollars, he will get neither.



*"I still want something else, but I don't know if it's beef in oyster sauce, sweet-and-sour shrimp or a blow job."*

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# FAST FORWARD

## HITTING THE MARK

Not every up-and-coming actress can hit Sean Connery square in the forehead with a dinner roll and live to tell about it. Virginia Madsen did. The 25-year-old Chicago-born actress, who co-starred in *Slam Dance*, *Hot to Trot* and *Mr. North*, was having dinner at the free-for-all Le Pirate in the south of France. "The place looks like a shipwreck and you're allowed to throw food and dishes," she explains, "and Connery was sitting in the dead center of this insanity. No one would dare throw anything at him. I finally threw a roll, and he raised one finger, shook his head no and went back to eating. He was as clean and as handsome when he left as when he walked in." At home, Madsen likes to play hostess, especially at daylong Sunday brunches for her Brat Pack chums. "Those guys are great," she claims. "They haven't been vicious and abusive and they haven't been boring to be around." Her L.A. apartment, however, is no *Animal House*. "I love to clean and cook," she admits. "It surprises people that I am so domestic, because I tend to be one of the boys."

—ROBERT CRANE



TONY COSTA

## Moving Elsewhere

Had a TV producer been paying closer attention, **Bruce Greenwood**, 31, might still be belting out Bruce Springsteen covers as lead singer of a Canadian bar band. "I got my first big break because a producer came up to me and said, 'Hey, I loved you in *First Blood*,'" recalls Greenwood. Greenwood was in the movie, all right, but for only two seconds as an extra. "The guy mistook me for someone else," he laughs. That mistake took him to Hollywood and eventually landed him the heart-throb-in-residence slot on *St. Elsewhere*. Like Mark Harmon before him, Greenwood has discovered that the show is a natural steppingstone, with offers pouring in for both films and series since the *St. Elsewhere* producers called it quits. Right now, the idea of doing a movie intrigues him most, but he has learned to be philosophical about the process of getting a job, including his breakthrough television role. "I just happened to be the last actor auditioning for the part who didn't fall through the screen." —MARK CHRISTENSEN



BONNIE SCHIFFMAN

**N**o one would ever accuse **Matt Groening**, 34, of being a great artist, but his crudely drawn, angst-filled characters—notably rabbits named Binky, Bongo and Sheba—have made him, and his *Life in Hell* comic strip, a favorite of malcontent Yuppies and disaffected collegians. Groening (rhymes with complaining) syndicates his strip to 60 newspapers and has published three collections: **Work Is Hell**, **School Is Hell** and **Love Is Hell**. The last of these includes the nine types of girlfriends, from Ms. Nice Guy ("Tickets to the boxing match? Oh, darling, you shouldn't have") to the Woman from Mars ("I believe this interpretive dance will explain how I feel about our relationship"). "The frivolity of drawing rabbits can get to me," Groening admits. "That's why I hope to write something that will be taken a little seriously."

—JON KRAMPNER



TONY COSTA

## GOLD LINGERS

Danny Goldberg's day job involves managing such acts as Don Johnson and Belinda Carlisle (formerly of the Go-Go's) and putting together sound tracks for movies and TV shows (he was behind both the *Miami Vice* and *Romancing the Stone* albums). At the age of 38, he has been in the music business half his life. And he's smack in the middle of the age group he's shooting for with his newest venture, Gold Castle Records, an exercise in nostalgia that he swears isn't nostalgic in the least. Gold Castle's roster includes three of the biggest names from the great folk-music scene of the Sixties—Peter, Paul and Mary, Judy Collins and Joan Baez, three acts that have been without recording contracts for much of this decade. Goldberg is gambling on his hunch that there's a massive demographic group that has aged along with the folkies—a graying baby-boomer generation that is far more comfortable with acoustic guitars than with the Beastie Boys. "If this were a nostalgia label, we'd put out old songs," points out Goldberg. "We're not releasing any old songs at all." So far, his instincts have paid off, and Gold Castle has tapped an audience the larger labels ignored. "Most people don't want to think their best years are behind them. Peter, Paul and Mary aren't trying to look like they're still 18; they accept who they are," he says. "I don't think we're carrying on a flame—I think we're lighting a new one."

—MERRILL SHINOLER



BENNO FRIEDMAN

## queen of the punch line

As the owner of two of the hottest comedy clubs in the country, **Caroline Hirsch** hears a lot of jokes, but her favorite didn't come from the likes of Steven Wright, Sam Kinison or Pee-wee Herman—it came from competitors who thought her idea of a sophisticated comedy club on a low-rent block in Manhattan would never succeed. "We proved that if you have the right product, people will go anywhere for it," says the 37-year-old Hirsch, who opened Caroline's in 1982. As a cabaret, the club sputtered, but once Hirsch started booking comics, it became one of the top venues in the country for both new and established talent. Five years later—with more financial backing from her computer-tycoon husband Neil—she opened a second Caroline's in the downtown South Street Seaport and once again had a good punch line for those who thought it couldn't be done. "Comedy is just getting bigger and bigger," says Hirsch, who still greets customers most nights. Business is so good, Hirsch is branching out, producing an up-and-coming comics show for the home-video market and preparing a cable special, *Caroline's All-Stars*, featuring her family of regulars. "Never in a million years did I think I'd be doing this, but it really is a lot of fun. I can sit in the club night after night and hear the same jokes and they just get better."

—SUSAN ORLEAN

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*“Well, now, let’s be careful here. He didn’t actually shoot them. But he came near enough.”*

the community, engaged in a variety of enterprises making fortunes, except when they get shut down by the authorities? ‘United States of America vs. Gelato Marinara—interstate racketeering’: That’s your bailiwick. No living for you to be made in these poor surroundings, Robbo, not by your lofty standards. Disturbing the peace? Drunks and disorderlies? Drivin’ unders and guys who whack their wives? Public urinators? You spend two hours in these shabby precincts, you’ll lose what’d be a week’s pay for guys like me, compared with what you’re makin’ on your fat arse in your office. Get out of here and leave the garbage to poor scavengers like me—we’re used to going through the barrels—come here from the farce of habit, and we don’t mind the stink. But you, you’ll ruin that fine suit. Have to go home and take a hot bath before you can go back to work.”

Shoate sighed. “Put your mind at ease, Dinnis,” he said. He jerked his head to the left. “My client’s down by the door.”

Carnes peered over Shoate’s shoulder. He saw a man about 70 in a silvery-gray suit that matched his wavy hair. “Don’t recognize him,” he said. “Don’t belong in here, though—that I recognize. What’s the charge?”

“A small matter of consumer protection,” Shoate said.

“That’s a civil thing,” Carnes said. “Civil don’t start till eleven. This’s the criminal session. See what happens, you guys in the swell suits start working our side of the street? Right off the bat, you make mistakes, show your ignorance.”

“My client’s particular consumer-protection matter,” Shoate said, “happens to be criminal. My consumer protected himself. A and B, D.W.’s the charge. Five adults and their wee small children claim he fired a shotgun at them.”

“My goodness,” Carnes said. “What’s the fuckin’ world coming to, gentleman like that starts firing on other civilians?”

“That’s almost what he says,” Shoate said. “His version is: ‘Fuck’s going on, man has to keep a shotgun handy just to live in his own house?’”

“Did he do it?” Carnes said.

“Yup,” Shoate said. “Just between you and me, of course. And not just once, either. He’s got one of those Remington Bushmaster twelves, with the just-legal harrel, and he loaded her up and emptied the magazine—five full ounces of shot.”

“So it wasn’t a mistake, then,” Carnes said. “He didn’t think they were pheasants or something.”

“Nope,” Shoate said. “He thought they were gypsies.”

“Jesus,” Carnes said, “what is it, legal

shoot gypsies now? Who is this fellow? Adolf goddamned Hitler or something?”

“Well, now,” Shoate said, “let’s be careful here. He didn’t actually shoot them. But he came near enough so they thought he had that in mind. Little do they know. When this guy misses, it’s because he wants to miss.”

“Then why’d he shoot at them, he wanted to miss?” Carnes said.

“To get them off of his land,” Shoate said. “And also out of his pool.”

“They doing on his land? Bangin’ their tambourines at him?”

Shoate laughed. “Look,” he said, “he’s retired. He’s mostly retired. He’s got a nice big house at the foot of a lane, out at the end of the point. Got the ocean from his windows, and the lighthouse—all of that. You know how it is with these older guys:

Likes to get up early, take a swim in his pool, get his robe on and go out, get the papers from the yard. And you know how the paperboys are—papers’re always way the hell down the driveway.

“So he does that, Saturday morning. Finishes the swim, gets the terry robe on, opens the garage door and goes out and gets the papers. Coffee’s making, he’s got the little glass of anisette on the dining-room table—hey, why the hell not, all right? Enjoy his life? What’s wrong with that? He’s retired.”

“Especially since most your clients, his old pals, get retired, they’re down in Atlanta,” Carnes said. “He’s a lucky man.”

Shoate chuckled. “Well,” he said, “he’s got a good lawyer, and he usually does what his lawyer tells him. Which the guys that went South didn’t always do. But that’s another matter.

“The door opens and he goes out in the driveway and picks up the papers. Got to keep track, his investments, stocks and bonds and all that stuff. And he’s going back into the garage, and up come these two cars. White Dodge wagons with the wood on the sides? And down around



*“This is intimacy? A close relationship with good communication is intimacy? I thought intimacy was something physical.”*

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the corner, he sees this red pickup truck pull up.

"Jesus, Bobby," he says, "it's like the clown cars in the circus. I'm standing there in my robe and slippers, and these two cars pull in my driveway, and all these people start getting out. Big people, little people—it's like a fuckin' rally, something. And the daddies start rubbing their hands on my driveway, you know? Their knuckles. And the mummies—I assume they're the mummies—start unloading the trikes from the cars, and it's like a fuckin' magic act. All of a sudden, I got about eleven people swarming all over my driveway. And I think, What the fuck? And then I know: gypsies."

"Gypsies," Carnes said. "How's he know they're gypsies?"

"Because they come back, like locusts," Shoate said. "Every four, five years, they come around again, and they cheat people. They especially like old people. They don't tell them they're gypsies. They tell them their roof's coming off and they'll fix it for twelve hundred bucks. 'Gonna have a lotta bad leaks here, lady, don't get them shingles nailed down.' They tell them their trees're all dying. 'Get a good windstorm here, mister, gonna knock all your power lines down.' And they come in for one day, whole army of people, and they climb all over your roof, hammering like hell. Or they get a whole buncha people and cut off a whole buncha limbs. And that night they leave, with half of your money—they wanted it all, but you're not that dumb: 'The rest when you finish the job.' And that's the last you see of them. If it was the roof scam, your yard's full of nails, half the shingles're off your roof. If it was the tree scam, your yard's full of branches and your trees look like they're half dressed. And you never see them again. And nobody else finds them, either.

"Well," Shoate said, "this year it's asphalt driveways. 'You better seal that driveway, mister. Gonna lose the whole thing, the next rain. Four hundred, good as new. Finish in a day. We'll be here tomorrow. Gotta be cash—we're nonunion help.' Meaning: 'We don't pay no taxes.' Wink, wink. 'Twice as much if we were.' So the addled old bastard goes to the bank, gets the money in hundreds, and the next day, the gypsies show up with a buncha highway cones they stole, and they block off the driveway and get out their brooms and spread the whole thing with crankcase drippings."

"Used motor oil?" Carnes said. "I never heard of that sealing driveways."

"It doesn't," Shoate said. "But because you do what they tell you and stay off it forty-eight hours, you don't find that out for two days. Then you find out what the oil does is get on your shoes, and you track it in the house, the wall-to-wall, and the carpets, your car, and it takes about three hundred pounds of phosphates, wash the damned stuff off, and that costs you another nine hundred bucks, and the meantime, the gypsies're off to another town, playing their sad violins, dancing

around in the firelight.

"The whole theory is: They intimidate you. They arrive like an army and they get these old people, well off, naturally, but still old. And all of a sudden, these elderly people are surrounded by a bunch of jabbering bastards telling them their house is going down the hill if something isn't done real soon. The people that get cheated, about twenty minutes after they get taken, it dawns on them, what's gone on. But by then, it's too late—the gypsies're gone. Nothing a soul can do.

"This is a good theory—until the guy you pick to intimidate is my guy. He does not intimidate. He used to, so he knows how it's done, and he knows a scam when he sees one. Furthermore, he knows knowledge is power, and that's why he reads the newspapers. Especially the local police blotter reports.

"He retreats the garage and he hits the door button, and two their eight kids or so ride their trikes in. And he says to them, in his best kindly fashion—it happens to be Gospel truth: 'Inna house I got the biggest goddamned kid-eating dog you ever saw in your life. Either get out the garage, 'fore the door's alla way down, or stay the garage—wait for him. And he will fuckin' eat you.' Which he would. Dog's a fuckin' Rottweiler, 'bout the same size as Goliath. So the kids screw, and the door goes down, and he figures he's rid of the bastards.

"He's not. 'They're stupid,' he says me. 'No brains at all. The next thing I know, I look outa my window, the bastards're all in my pool. The kids, anyway, at least are. I got three strands of barbed wire, top of my fence, and those fuckers got in over it. Now I think to myself, Hey, what's going on? And then, What do I do about it?

"Now," he says, "I know from the cops. I been through this routine before. You call up the cops: 'There're kids in my pool.' The cops say, 'Serve 'em a snack.' They'll do nothing for you, guy like I am, do nothing for nobody else. Last thing they want's a good wrestling match, some kids climbed the fence to your pool. They're whooping and hollering, raising all hell, my wife's trying to sleep, and who invited these shits?

"So I go inna closet and get out the gun and load up the son of a bitch. Then I open the back door, go out on the deck and start taking a few practice shots. Took a couple branches off the dogwood and I trimmed the willow some, but it's all in a good cause. About the third shot, I see people running, fast. So I cut back the spruce next the driveway and I hear the cars starting up. I went back in the house, and that's all I did. Honest to Christ, that is all."

"Has he got a permit?" Carnes said.

"Why's he need a permit?" Shoate said. "He had the gun before the law changed. Doesn't carry it. Keep it in his own home, protection life and property? Doesn't need a license. He's all right on the gun law—the people law's his trouble."

"Well, he's gonna get bound over," Carnes said. "Cop gets onna stand, reads

his report of that, Judge Feeley isn't gonna have no choice: 'Off to the grand jury, Guido—take your chances there.' ”

“Ah,” Shoate said, “but that’s where I come in. The cop’s not reading his report. Saturday afternoon I went down the station and I said, ‘Now, look, all right? I just want to tell you, so you don’t think I pulled a fast one when my guy gets arraigned. I’m gonna call for eyewitness testimony, which you guys don’t happen to be. And I know you’re gonna say you’ve got a sworn complaint, and hearsay’s good enough P.C. to bind my client over. Good enough probable cause, far’s that goes, to get a damned indictment. But then there’s gonna be a trial, because my guy will not fold. And then the D.A.’s gonna have to crank up some real live witnesses. You think they’re gonna show up for that? These bastards’ll be in Oklahoma by then, swindling innocent cowboys.’”

“And the lieutenant looks at me,” Shoate said, “and he says, ‘We can’t dismiss the thing, you know. That gets in the papers, everyone in town’ll say we’re in the bag, your guy. Selectmen’ll be bullshit, looks like we took a walk.’”

“‘It won’t,’ I say. ‘All I want you to do between now and Monday’s try to find the victims. That’s all—just try to locate them. And if you can’t, and I ask you, just tell the truth—that’s all.’”

“You figured they’d be gone?” Carnes said.

“Oh, I *knew* they’d be gone,” Shoate said. “‘Bobby,’ my guy says, yesterday lunchtime, calls me up out at the pool, ‘I had some people find out these bastards’re staying. Hot-pillow joint, over Quincy. About eight of them to a room. And you know what? The strangest thing happened. They get up this morning, go out inna lot, their cars and their truck disappeared. So they’re raisin’ a big stink and head for the office—they’re gonna call the police. They get in the office, the manager hands them a note. They can’t even read it. Here’re these bastards, out cheating people, they can’t even read a fuckin’ note. Desk guy reads it to them. And they look at each other, and I guess the first thing crosses their mind is find out whether it’s true.’”

“‘So they all go tearin’ out the door again,’ he says, and he’s laughing like hell, of course, now, ‘and they go down the river like the note says and, sure enough, there’s truck, under about five feet salt water. And on the other side the river, over in the marsh, there’re the white cars. Up to their bumpers in mud. And I guess then they believe what the note says: ‘Noon today, the tide comes in. You don’t get them cars out by then, you never get them out. And when you get those cars out, you get in them and get out. You better not come back.’”

“So,” Shoate said, “they got a wrecker on the double, winched the cars back on the road, took them down the car wash—my guy’s guy watching this—hose them down

and screw. ‘The last he seen of them, Bobby, they’re headed west, real fast.’”

Carnes frowned. “I can’t maybe put my finger right on it,” he said, “but there’s just the slightest smell here, maybe justice got obstructed.”

“By who?” Shoate said. “My guy wasn’t there. I wasn’t there. Just happened to be a guy, knows my guy, and all he did was look on. Nothing wrong with that. Perfectly legal thing. Some tourists come in, their plans suddenly change—some young punks think it’s funny, sink their truck in a river. So they decide we’re a lawless community. They leave town sooner ‘n planned. You’ve seen those American Express ads—happens all the time. Besides, you know those happy gypsies—foot-loose bastards—always on the move, looking for a peaceful town.”

Carnes stared at him. He nodded. “And all these years,” he said, “I think the reason you’re getting all the heavies is because you’re so goddamned good. And it isn’t. The reason you get all the heavies is because you let the heavies do all the lifting, and you’re just the guy out in front, takin’ all the bows.”

Shoate laughed. He clapped Carnes on the shoulder. “Hey, Dinnis,” he said, “long’s the music comes out sounding good, I’ll be willing to lead the damned band.”



## HAWAII VS THE PHOTOTRON

My name is Jeffery DeMarco, president and founder of Pyraconic Industries. My master's thesis concerned the cannabinoid profile of marijuana. The knowledge gained through this research and experimentation can now be applied to the growing of any herbaceous plant from mint and basil, to roses, orchids and tobacco.

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The Phototron is not presented to the public as paraphernalia intended for the unlawful production of marijuana. The system was designed to grow any plant. The private cultivation of marijuana has been illegal under numerous state and federal laws since 1936. Marijuana can only be grown legally with a federal license. Pyraconic Industries will never knowingly sell products to anyone expressing the intent to produce illicit substances.

If you read all the popular literature, I did. All of the scientific literature, I did. And look at every apparatus for growing plants, you will find one common denominator. Every system, before the Phototron, has attempted to re-create a tropical climate in a confined area, such as Hawaii. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do NO BETTER than Hawaii's results. AND WHAT ARE HAWAII'S RESULTS?

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## THE FITNESS MYTH (continued from page 140)

*"Researchers [tried] to prove exercise saves you from everything from terminal dimpling to meteor splat."*

though, both the proof and the statistics began to look as though they were as reliable as a Devil's smile. It's not just that special-interest groups played manipulative games with statistics. It's that respectable researchers undertook to prove that exercise could save you from everything from terminal dimpling to meteor splat. And the flaw was not so much in what they said as in what they didn't say.

Consider pioneering research in the field, published in the early Fifties, that "proved" that exercise lessened the risk of heart disease and extended the life span: The study compared longevity for drivers of

London buses with that of their conductors. The fact that the conductors did far better statistically than the drivers was attributed to exercise alone. Certainly, the drivers did little but sit behind the wheel, cursing gently, while the conductors were in aerobic action, bouncing up and down the stairway on the two-level buses, hustling for money and tickets, hopping on and off the buses at stops to shepherd passengers aboard.

But what about other differences between the two groups? A difference in their ages? In obesity? In the family-health histories? (Workers who are older, obese and aware that their fathers and grandfathers

were immobilized or killed by heart disease may actually choose sit-down jobs when they apply for work—they may prefer to be drivers.)

How about smoking habits? And eating habits? And sex habits? How about the differences in the environments of the work stations? The drivers were up front, eating exhaust all day, while the conductors were somewhat removed from it. How about stress? Drivers had to cope alone and silently, while the conductors could release tensions by chatting with or yelling at passengers.

Any or all of those factors may have been as important as exercise in their effect on heart disease and longevity. In fact, the bus drivers turned out to be more obese than the conductors when they started work in the London bus system. But that statistic was uncovered too late to influence the publicized results of the study. It was a typical case of the triumph of dogma.

Another distortion—in fact, my favorite such grotesquerie—involves the assertion, published in *The New York Times* and *Reader's Digest* in the late Seventies, that exercise is indisputably good for you because it is good for the Masai warriors of East Africa. These warriors had, it was reported, larger arteries than had their counterparts among American males. In addition, the arteries in the Masai warriors kept getting larger with age, while those of American males did not. The assumption was that coronary arteries as large as those in Masai warriors would be beneficial for American males—the proof was not stated—and the *only* reason that American males did not reach that goal was lack of exercise. Both publications pointed out that Masai warriors walk an average of 12 miles a day to herd their cattle, while American males only rarely hike so far. It was persuasive stuff.

Of course, nobody mentioned other factors that might influence the warriors' arteries. For instance, the Masai often grow to extreme heights (seven feet or more) and may thus need larger arteries—developed through the millennia in an evolutionary process—to meet the demand for blood flow over such a large frame. Masai warriors also walk around nearly naked while tending their cattle—and that places a certain demand on blood circulation. Certainly, the most pertinent factor was not mentioned at all: Masai warriors have a much shorter life span than American males, by 20 years or so. Take the available evidence and make another conclusion: The Masai exercise more and they die sooner. Do they die sooner *because* they exercise more?

All of which is not to say that exercise is bad for you. To be sure, mindless exercise is dumb of you and *perhaps* bad for you. But it is not the exercise that is bad; it is the



Bruce Brown

*"I get so sick of the rotten, petty bullshit that goes on at the office. Take your husband, for example. . . ."*

mindlessness. On the one hand, it can lead to your going to your death by rote—without thinking—as Fixx did. On the other hand, it can lead you to unreasonable expectations, as the statistics do. The trick is to bring your mind into play. Literally.

Start by asking yourself, What's the most rewarding way for me to spend my spare time? Is it the pursuit of fitness (as we know the meaning of that word from sexy ads for exercise machines)? I know an astronaut from the lunar excursions for whom the most important thing outside of his work and his family was not popping pores and building muscle—which had been adopted as legend for the astronauts—but raising roses. "I don't know how I could get through all this," he once told me, "without my roses." I know another astronaut whose concern was not just that he would die but that he would die without ever having learned to play the guitar. To people facing death, exercise tends not to be the most important thing in life. Maybe it's flying sailplanes or studying *haiku*, picking stocks or shooting skeet. You do not have to succumb to the mania for exercise just because some mildly unhinged personality on TV cries, "Exercise—or die!"

But if you do accept exercise as your preferred leisure-time activity, at least ask yourself why you're doing it. Are you in it to build muscle? Vanity is a powerful motive in exercise—why not face it?—and weight-lifting may be the answer to your needs. Do you go to the gym to get laid more often? Or because you prefer women who smell more of arnica than of alcohol? Or because you've got to give your liver a rest? On the obscure chance that you're really interested in certain known benefits of exercise, you can build stamina—but not strength—in jogging and running. If you want to build stamina while seeing something of the world beyond the range of your own two legs, cycling will do it. If you want to build stamina without leaving your home, a rowing machine or a stationary bicycle will help you do it. Do you have a variety of reasons for going into exercise? Not to worry: There's an exercise to meet your needs. The new president of Notre Dame, the Reverend Edward Malloy, plays pickup basketball for one and a half to two hours a week with any and all comers, particularly students. For him, it's fun, it's exercise at its best, it involves some of his practiced skills—he played varsity basketball when he was a student at Notre Dame—and it has a useful social-cum-career dimension: It thrusts him into a give-and-take with students that is without the artificial barriers that usually divide college students from college presidents.

Obviously, there is a lot of meaningless babble about what fitness means. It may mean anything from feeling good to minimizing sudden death in a pickup basketball

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game to knowing you can outrun 200 Zulu warriors with spears. Being able to bench press 520 pounds or do 75 finger-tip push-ups in 65 seconds may prove insignificant if you can't make love twice in the same night or walk uphill without breathing heavily.

If some of the benefits of exercise have escaped you, other benefits may surprise you. The Gallup Poll once reported that 43 percent of the adults it surveyed said that they enjoyed greater *creativity* because of their exercise. That wasn't something the fitness pitchmen touted. A report by A. H. Ismail and L. E. Trachtman on the impact of exercise on out-of-shape members of the Purdue University faculty and staff showed that they felt they had a pronounced increase in *imagination*. That wasn't something the fitness pitchmen touted. Then Dr. Sol Roy Rosenthal, at the time a professor at the University of Illinois' Abraham Lincoln School of Medicine in Chicago, reported a benefit from exercise that involved a certain risk.

In his research, Dr. Rosenthal had been stymied by a laboratory problem that, after weeks of work, left him weary and frustrated. To get a break, he turned to a daring form of sport: He went timber racing at the Oak Brook Club, a horseman's paradise west of Chicago. Timber racing is a dangerous run through woods, where any low-hanging bough or gnarled root can bring down both rider and horse. Rosenthal does not remember today who won the race. What he does remember is the unprecedented high he experienced afterward: the rush of exhilaration, of euphoria. He felt a strong sharpening of his mental powers and a heightening of his senses. In particular, he remembers that as he headed back to Chicago, he suddenly hit on the answer to his impenetrable lab problem.

Intrigued, Rosenthal soon found that many other participants in high-risk activity reported a similar euphoria. Not every time, not always with the same intensity, but with a sufficient consistency for him to offer, as a general theory, the Rosenthal Effect. Risk exercise, went the theory, provoked a psychic reaction that left the exerciser feeling, for a few minutes or a few hours, able to handle and solve problems. It provided a profound insight, said Rosenthal, such "that his life and mind have been enormously enhanced."

Other researchers have gone beyond those early findings. Some, for instance, showed that exercise could trigger a "peak experience"—a response that was both psychical and quasi-mystical. That was an insight into science as well as into exercise; for psychologist Abraham Maslow, in describing peak experience as a part of experiential psychology, suggested that it derived from a long-run cumulative set of experiences, not a single short-term activity. Other scientists began to discover that

specific chemicals secreted in tiny amounts by the brain during certain exercises could explain the mental high. Still other researchers suggested treating drug addiction by substituting the high of exercise for the high of a drug.

For the everyday exerciser, the most dramatic frontier was the new concept being formulated by some researchers called hi-psy. This approach was oriented to the individual, not—as in Rosenthal's theory—to the sport. In hi-psy, the response does not rest upon the risk of the exercise but upon the attitudes and input of the exerciser. Most individuals invest a high psychic input in activities such as skiing or sky diving or rock-climbing and get a consequent high psychic reward—while the psychic input invested in golf or tennis or walking is low, so the psychic reward is low or nonexistent. Hi-psy allows for the person to choose the measure of psychic response he wants by the psychic investment he makes in his exercise of choice.

Hi-psy is different from any exercise concept of the past, because it demands thought and awareness—an involvement of the mind, not just the muscle. It is different also because the force comes from within the individual; it does not depend upon the sport or obedience to some fitness guru or pitchman. It is a liberating idea.

The everyday, every-sport dimension of hi-psy explains the mystery of the "runner's high." As Rosenthal sees it, running should not return a psychic high, because it is not, for the most case, a sport of risk. Yet certain runners repeatedly report a definite psychic boost. It develops because the run on that day over that course demands an inner commitment of the runner that rote repetition does not. It is not because the next step demands risk. It may demand speed. It may demand running uphill when the runner is uneasy about his growing fatigue. It may demand running longer on that day than he feels he can run. The point is, it requires the individual to exercise his brain. It is thus the beginning of the end of tyranny.

To that, add one more advantage: In hi-psy, you get the return today. If you jog just 15 miles a week—what Dr. Kenneth Cooper now offers as a useful pace for aerobic conditioning—then you will, in the next 40 years, jog 31,200 miles (around the world and then some) without ever having been anywhere. You may find at the end that you haven't even extended your life. But in the new regimen, the reward is immediate and intimate.

A number of individuals have already programed hi-psy into their lives. One young bank executive I know went trail cycling on his way to work after an all-night hospital session that was climaxed by the birth of his first child. Not only did he overcome a bone-searing exhaustion but he developed such a psychic high that he came

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up with an idea in the loan-and-collateral area that solved a major problem at work. A French-horn player I know took to highest skiing on the eve of a day on which he was to play the difficult solo horn part in Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel*. He purposefully induced a psychic high that carried him through a performance that earned acclaim from the critics and a commendation from a testy, grudging conductor.

All this reflects the powerful, new impetus—and value—emerging from the current crisis in exercise. For crisis inevitably brings change, and these changes present immense new rewards for the indi-

vidual committed to fitness. Only a short time ago, such a person had little choice but to submit to a dismal, Spartan future: As a jogger or a runner, one had to give up not just smoking but living. The sea change is profound; the individual doesn't take orders—he gives them. To himself. The most exhilarating fact rising out of the crisis in exercise is that anybody who doesn't like the change—the hoary old pore-popping muscle-bending high priests of the past—can beat the competition cold. Just get in shape by getting smart.



*"It might make you feel better to know that ten percent of everything I steal is going to be contributed to the 1988 U.S. Olympic team."*

## RALPH STEADMAN

(continued from page 97)

things were so good that I began to put him in horrible, violent situations just to see what would happen. I still do it. He claims to hate it, of course, but I tell him, "Ralph, you have to have pain. You have to get weird." It got so that if I were going to Mace somebody, I would put Ralph out there to confront the Macee, just to get his reaction.

I actually did Mace the governor's box at the Derby. Mace was legal then, and I'd bought a can for \$5.98 in a drugstore, and at some point, I just moved over to the rail of the press box and sent a stream down on the governor and his guests. It was a while before they realized what was happening. I mean, you're in the governor's box with a cordon of state troopers around you, the cream of Kentucky society coming and going, and you start to feel weird, feel something dropping, and your first thought is *not* that it's Mace coming from the press box. It takes a long time to make *that* jump. They got an itch on them, then they rubbed their eyes. It got nasty.

Ralph was horrified, of course. It confirmed every ugly thing he'd thought about America before he'd ever visited. Savages. Brutes. Drunken louts with no respect for authority. All of a sudden, he's in the middle of this hideous spectacle and the guy he's with is saying, "Governor? Fuck the governor. Let's Mace the bastard." And since he'd just come from England, he figured that was normal. And I was spreading a story about how the Black Panthers were going to infiltrate the Derby and erupt in a wave of violence. I told the press that I had got my information from the Michigan SDS. I had Ralph watching for them, and every once in a while, he'd say, "I see a Negro. . . . My God!"

He got onto the whole thing very quickly, though, and once he figured out that you could fuck with anybody and have a good time and get paid for it, well, the two of us were unbeatable. Of course, he's turned it into a kind of fey act by now: The Baffled Britisher . . . "This is teddible, teddible. . . . What's going on here? . . . Somebody please give me a dollar."

Still, it's magic seeing things through Ralph's eyes. It's the kind of fun that can keep me in a story. And knowing that the art is going to be the best, that you couldn't do any better, is reassuring . . . and a little bit intimidating sometimes. I'm not sure how many stories we've done together, but in a way, I have a feeling I'm always working with Ralph. If there's some kind of weird story out there somewhere, I know Ralph is brooding on it through his own twisted eyes. It's a real piece of luck and a great gift to work with a fucker like that.





*"Honey marches, in tight zebraskin pants, in front of the long, high picture window."*

going to complain, but no one listens. The flood of bakebrains shoves the two girls this way and that, until they are afraid of being trampled. At last, however, Fawn and Dawn are pitched up like driftwood at the front cash register, each with credit card in one hand, moddy in the other."

**EWYN** (clutching package, fighting way out of shop): Wow!

"On the street again, with the air so cold it shocks nose and throat, the two girls wait for the bus to take them to school."

**DAWN**: Are you and Adam going to use it tonight?

"Fawn's eyes open wider and she smiles. She taps the crown of her head, the corymbic plug invisible now beneath her hair."

**EWYN** (smiling slyly): I've got it all down on this moddy. Who needs him any more?

"Think about study period tonight: to be Honey Pilar in the throes of ecstasy, instead of Fawn and Dawn in the grip of homework!"

Two account executives sit on a couch in the north parlor. "Nice, huh?" says one of

the admen. Kit thinks that "nervous" doesn't begin to do the man's condition justice.

"I think——" says Honey.

"She doesn't like it," says Kit. He has to be tough, and quick, or these Madison Avenue guys will think they're doing her a favor. And then it will make it that much harder to deal with them the next time. Kit wonders why Honey hasn't learned this by now.

"I think it work fine," says Honey.

Kit gives her a stern glance, but she ignores it.

"Good," says the adman, tremendously relieved. "We think we've put together a nice spot here."

"I'm not sure," says Kit. He doesn't want these men to get self-congratulatory.

"Kit," says Honey, "be quiet. It's for my moddy; I like it."

Kit is going to have to have a serious talk with Miss Honey Pilar, international star. He doesn't tell her how to do her job, he doesn't want her telling him how to do his.

"The girls, they pretty," she says.

The account executive's smile grows wider. "My daughters," he says in a proud voice.

Mood swing by candlelight.

Honey marches, in tight zebraskin pants—not zebra-stripe, but the genuine pelt of a former zebra, which is becoming less obtainable all the time—and a gauzy *moiré* tunic created by the actual hands of Lenci Urban of Prague—not by one of his underling designers but by Lenci himself, making the design even dearer than the zebraskin—back and forth in front of the long, high picture window. Kit watches her eclipse first the lighthouse beyond, then the strings of lights marking the marina, then the sallow moon maundering over the ocean. Honey reaches the far end of the room and turns, blocking the moon again. In the air is the heavy scent of incense, church incense, the fragrance Honey loves best, because she thinks it reminds her of her childhood. Kit hates it, and he's panting in shallow breaths. In a corner of the room is the largest commercial datalink money can buy. Kit sits at the keyboard and calls up the first reactions to *Slow, Slow Burn*. Honey watches it indict her.

Total sales for the first seven hours of release: 825,000 units.

"Eight hundred thousand," she says. She is carrying half a melon in one hand, hacking at it with a knife she holds in the other,

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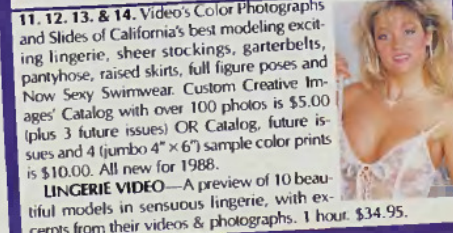
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and flicking seeds across the dusty-rose carpet.

"Eight hundred thousand," says Kit noncommittally.

"In one day, I sell eight hundred thousand. Eight hundred thousand people come out of their house all over the world, they just to get the new moddy. You don't know what can be happening—the rain, the bombs in the airport, the police—all these people come out to pay money for me."

Kit presses a key and columns of figures begin to scroll up the screen. "Sales are up in Provence and Aragon," he says. "They love you here."

"I see that, I see," says Honey. She tosses the bulk of the melon into a corner of the white-on-white brocade couch. "I see also I have no million sales today, first day. You told me a million sales."

Kit glances up at the ceiling, hoping for courage. "A million sales, eight hundred thousand, what difference does it make?"

"Sales up at home," she says, turning her back on him, looking out the window. Far below, the crisp thin line of surf wrinkles toward the beach. "Sales down in England, Burgundy, Catalonia. That list get longer." She faces the screen again, and the sales reports are like the incessant waves, in their sum victorious, devastating. "Turn it off," she pleads.

Kit is glad to kill the data. He watches Honey misplace her manic energy. How quickly she is drained and empty. Kit feels a peculiar thrill, knowing that none of the 800,000 who have bought the new moddy could even imagine their dream lover in such a mood, that he alone is privileged with this intimacy. She lowers herself into a black leather chair and draws her small feet up on the cushion. She hugs her knees. Kit knows that she wants him to tell her the sales figures mean nothing; he does not. He knows she wants him to come over and rub her neck and shoulders. He will not. He watches her massage her temples with trembling fingers.

On the first day of sales, Honey Pilar's latest moddy has sold 825,000 copies. Her previous moddy, on its first day, sold 972,000. The one before that, 1,200,000. Is this a trend?

Goddamn right, it's a trend, Kit thinks. If it weren't, why have computers track the numbers? Honey and Kit respond differently, however. Kit doesn't see any practical point in mourning 100,000 sales one way or the other.

But Honey weeps quietly. In the silence, in the candlelight, in the cloud of burning incense, there is a peculiarly supplicatory feeling in the house. Honey herself seems wrapped in a fragile innocence. Kit thinks

that, for him, this was once one of her chief attractions.

*"This is Jerome Nkoro in the critic's corner at New York CommNet 'Morning Magazine,' and today I'm going to be talking about 'Slow, Slow Burn,' Honey Pilar's new moddy from A.T.B.*

*"In these days, when, thanks to surgical and biological wonders we've come to take for granted, men and women routinely maintain their youthful looks well past their seventieth birthday, it probably shouldn't matter that our number-one fantasy girl has just celebrated her forty-fifth. But it's something to think about. Honey Pilar is forty-five. Does that make you feel old? It makes me feel like the last of the dinosaurs.*

*"I can remember having holos of Honey Pilar in my bedroom when I was twelve, alongside my Death-to-Argentina football and my scale model of the Mars colony. My first sexual experience was a dream in which Honey couldn't remember her locker combination. And now this is her thirty-ninth moddy, and she's old enough to be a grandmother. . . .*

*"But don't get me wrong, I still think Honey is the most exciting woman in the world. I've left word with my secretary that if she calls, she can have my home phone number any time. And my locker combination, too! The problem with 'Slow, Slow Burn' is certainly not Honey's age. The problem is that my moddy library has two full shelves devoted to her, and I'm beginning to ask myself, Do I really need another Honey Pilar moddy?"*

*"Believe me, I've never had a complaint from anyone about her moddies. My partners agree with me that they're likely to get more pleasure from Honey than from anyone else's moddy—or from me, either, for that matter. Whether the moddy is turning my partner into a hungry, writhing Honey Pilar or consuming me in one of Honey's recorded sexual fire storms, there's never any chance that she will fail to perform.*

*"The question is simply this: How will she continue to keep our interest? Her partner in 'Slow, Slow Burn' is an uncredited seventeen-year-old. As she gets older, must her partners get younger? I'm dismayed by the vision of Honey Pilar offering the kids ten-speed bikes to entice them. And, for myself, doesn't a lifelong relationship with three dozen plastic moddies begin to resemble—I hate to suggest this—a marriage?"*

*"'Slow, Slow Burn' is right up to the standard Honey Pilar has set throughout her long and dazzling career. I guess it's just that after all these years, I'm beginning to realize that although I've been to bed with Honey a million times, I'm never actually going to have her. All I'm going to have is two shelves of plastic with her name on them, and an exquisitely detailed knowledge of what she's like in the sack.*

*"I'm getting to the point where I wonder what she likes to talk about afterward. What she's like at breakfast. I guess I'm getting wistful in my old age. But don't mind me. Go*



*"Because of the relentless media attention on my personal life, my wife and I have decided I should drop out of the race!"*

out and buy 'Slow, Slow Burn.' As always, it does what it's supposed to do."

Kit and Honey are throwing a party in their hotel suite, after the annual Pammie Awards. Honey is still clutching her special Lifetime Achievement statuette. It has been a wonderful, satisfying evening for her. Reporters and fans and fellow artists come up to her and tell her again and again that the honor is long overdue. Honey knew in advance that the association was presenting her with the Lifetime Achievement, so her acceptance speech was gracious and tearful and as nearly grammatically correct as she could manage. She looks beautiful in her silver Lenci sheath.

Kit stands looking out across a city that seems to live for the night, toward a black harbor streaked with the pale-green lights of bridges. Beyond the window, the world seems cold and clean. People are hurrying according to unknown but vital reasons; they are not . . . wandering. The stars are hard, white, not dimmed and hazy with smoke. Kit turns and gazes at the room, at the men and women talking and laughing. The hotel has catered this party, and the champagne is cheap and sweet. Kit sets his plastic champagne glass on the holoset for the maid to clear away. He looks for Honey.

He finds her in a corner, talking with her agent and a representative from A.T.B. He brings her a fresh glass of the awful champagne. Honey looks up quickly and smiles at him. Her eye make-up looks terrible. The agent indicates the Lifetime Achievement Award in her hand. "They wouldn't have given that to you if they didn't love you," he says.

"I owe you, too," says Honey. Kit thinks that he wound her up too much earlier in the evening, and now she just can't stop being gracious.

The agent smiles. "You did all the work, Honey."

Kit thinks of the 17-year-old boy from the beach.

The woman from A.T.B. swallows the last of her potato salad. "Are you giving any thought yet to retiring?" she asks.

The agent glares at her. Honey's eyes open wide, and then she runs across the room. Kit hears the agent say, "There isn't any air in here anymore."

Half an hour later, the party is over. Kit and the agent are trying to make Honey feel better. "That woman was a fool," says the agent.

Honey shakes her head. "They give me the Lifetime Award. They do when your career is over."

"That's not what it meant at all," says the agent. "They were telling you that you're the best, that you've always been the best."

Kit takes a deep breath and lets it out. "I think we'd better call it a night," he says.

The agent stands up. "Well, anyway, it's time for me to run. Thanks for the drinks."

He bends to kiss Honey on the cheek. "Congratulations, baby," he says. "Don't worry about that A.T.B. woman. She'll be out of a job tomorrow."

When they're alone, Honey puts her head on Kit's shoulder and sobs. He pushes her away. "Don't start," he says. "Don't get into this sad and insecure business again. I don't want to put up with it right now; I'm too tired."

Honey stares at him. "How do you talk to me like that?"

Kit turns away. "It's easy," he says. "We have this same conversation about three times a week. I've learned my part. You're still trying to get it right, because in your line of work, you don't have to worry about learning lines."

Honey turns him around and slaps his face. Kit gives her a thin smile. "You want me to tell you that you're *not* getting old?"

Honey slams her fist into his chest. He finches but says nothing. She runs into their bedroom and slams the door.

Kit stares after her. "You're still my wife, you know," he calls after her. "Get undressed, and get ready." He knows this will make her even angrier.

This is the only part of their relationship that is all his, that exists only between the two of them. Kit becomes aroused. "I want you," he says.

She opens the bedroom door and looks at him blankly.

"I want you," he says. "But tonight, I want you to use this." He offers her a pink-plastic moddy. He has never asked her to be anyone else before.

Her eyes narrow. She looks at the moddy. "But this is me," she says, not understanding.

He laughs. "Yes, it's you. Only *younger*."

Kit will hold her in his arms and let himself be carried away by her passion, but already he is thinking of someone else, a young woman with Oriental eyes, leaning close to a microphone and murmuring cryptic messages in other languages.

*"Here on 'Venezia Affascinante' tonight, we're going to tell you everything there is to tell about the people you love and the people you'd rather hate.*

*"There may be a billion people in this world right now who don't like Honey Pilar, and there may be a billion people who don't care. The other five billion, though, absolutely adore her, and we're wondering tonight how they'll take the news that her fourth marriage has come to a shattering, devastating conclusion. Shattering and devastating, that is, to her fourth husband, Kit, because after you've been married to Honey Pilar, the rest of the women in the world must suddenly look a little on the drab side.*

*"Venezia Affascinante' today conducted its own scientific poll on the subject. Our question to one hundred average moddy users was this: 'Which aspect of their relationship will Kit miss the most now that he's been abruptly shown out of Honey Pilar's life?'*

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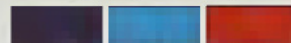
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performance' was the most popular reply. If you take our meaning.

"The second most popular answer was 'Honey's bank account,' because, after all, a good deal of her irresistible attraction lies in her wealth, her extravagant lifestyle and her association with the most stimulating celebrities in the world.

"The third answer was, unpredictably, 'her nose,' which, we must admit, is certainly cute enough.

"It took us several hours to get in touch with Honey's most recent ex-husband to compare these answers with Kit's own personal reactions in our exclusive long-distance interview. When he finally accepted our call, we put our question to him for his definitive reply. He said, and this is a direct quote, 'You can goddamn go to hell!'

"And you'll hear that nowhere else but on 'Venezia Affascinante.'

"Some unanswered questions remain: How long before Honey Pilar marries again? Will she continue to record new moddies, or does this alteration in her life signal a desire to make a fundamental change in her professional career? And who will be her new business manager? Did her experience with Kit teach her a sad lesson about combining her emotional and business interests in one person?

"Whatever she decides, 'Venezia Affascinante' is on the job to bring you the news. Twenty-four-hour-a-day coverage of the world, the world you wish you lived in. We'll be back after this word."

Two account executives sit in the smaller

of the two dining rooms in Honey Pilar's home in Provence. They've finished lunch and are sipping brandy and beaming down at Honey at the far end of the long table. Both men feel wonderful—first, because the meal they've just enjoyed was one of the finest in their memory and, second, because this is the only time they've come to the walled estate with any real confidence that they'd be able to bring their business to a satisfactory conclusion.

"The meal was truly marvelous, Miss Pilar," says the first adman.

"Was good, no?" Honey smiles with innocent pleasure.

"Well," says the account executive, letting his expression become gradually more serious. "Perhaps it's time to turn our attention to business."

"Go ahead," says Honey. "You shoot."

"Yes, well. *Slow, Slow Burn* has been in the stores now for a little more than six months. I trust you've had the chance to look over the figures we sent you."

"Yes, I see them."

"They're a little difficult to understand, even after you've been in the business as long as I have."

"No, OK, I understand them fine."

The adman frowns. "That is, I know you've been without a business manager ever since, uh—"

Honey gives him a reassuring smile.

The man from the agency looks a little uncomfortable. "Uh, as I say, you've been without a business manager. Well, we want you to know that we value your account very highly. We've represented you for al-

most twenty years. I want to tell you that you can rely on us during these troubled months."

"No trouble," says Honey.

The adman opens his briefcase and takes out a report. "We've taken the liberty of drawing up a preliminary schedule of promotional opportunities for *Slow, Slow Burn* and a suggested scenario for your next personality module. Our consultants have made some valuable suggestions relevant to regaining the market support you enjoyed on some of your previous releases."

Honey gives him her brightest smile. The account executive smiles back. "May I have?" she asks, holding out her slender hand for the report.

"Certainly," says the adman. "I'll be happy to—"

Honey rips the papers in half while she looks directly into the man's eyes. Her smile never wavers.

"Miss Pilar," says the adman unhappily, "we have some of the best market analysts in the business studying current trends in the personality-module industry and your own standing as a recording artist. While your reputation is greater now than ever, your impact at what we call point of sale seems to be softening somewhat. Our proposals are designed to make the best use of what our agency considers your chief strengths—"

"In twenty years," says Honey Pilar, "I earn much money for your agency, no?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"We call New York. Your boss is good friend."

The man takes out a handkerchief and mops the perspiration on his upper lip. "I don't think that will be necessary," he says. "We'll, uh, give them your views. Later, if you should find that handling your career on your own is too much for you, we can always—"

"You not understand. I handle my career some twenty-five years," Honey says. "I think you go now."

The two men from New York glance at each other nervously and stand up. "As always, Miss Pilar," says the first adman, "it's been a pleasure."

"You bet," she says.

As the men are retreating from her home, the second account executive pauses. This is the first time he has actually summoned the nerve to speak. "Miss Pilar," he says, looking down at the tiled floor, "I was wondering if I might invite you to dinner tonight."

Honey laughs. "You Americans!" she says, truly amused. "No, Kit was American, too. Next time, tall, blond, Swedish, maybe Dutch."

The second adman hurries after his colleague, not even looking back at their client. Honey watches them for a moment, then closes the door. She is still holding the agency's torn report. She goes back into the living room, toward the wastebasket.



"We're not building better mousetraps here. We're building better mice."



Outstanding.

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# Alive with pleasure! Newport



*After all,  
if smoking isn't a pleasure,  
why bother?*

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

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# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### SHOE·IN FOR SPRING

**W**ith a return to the great white way of classic tennis sweaters and shorts comes a reappraisal of that stalwart staple of the courts—the white tennis shoe. Styles in rainbow hues and *ninja* black are fun footwear looks, to be sure; but this year, white's right when it comes to tennies, and, better still, the

rulebook on how or with what you can wear them has been all but tossed out: with socks or sockless; with shorts or sports pants; or, of course, casually coupled with your favorite pair of jeans. (Is there any better way to unwind?) One caveat: Don't match your belt with your white shoes unless you're on your way to a chicken breeders' convention in Keokuk.

Top to bottom: White-leather Sure Fire tennis shoe with reinforced forefoot strap, by Pony, \$40. Vertical shoe below it: White-leather model with appliqué striping, by K-Swiss, \$48. Next to it: Canvas tennis shoe, by Tretorn, \$39. White-leather Becker Whirlwind tennis shoe with gray leather-and-suede appliqués, by Puma, \$45. At bottom: White-leather Deuce tennis shoe with leather back appliqué with logo, by Adidas, \$32.



# S U P E R S H O P P I N G

Go with the flow. Sonneman Design Group's ultramodern Wind 1 ceiling fan with an over-all diameter of 52 inches is a supersilent model that features three speeds, a choice of center light fixtures and a reverse switch that enables you to draw air upward during the winter months, from Homestead Products, Ramona, California, \$250, in four breezy choices—polished brass (shown), polished chrome, shiny black or white. Nice.



Everybody's pulling for Vinnie D' Corker, a five-inch-long bottle-shaped corkscrew with an extra-length spiral, plus a cap lifter, a foil cutter and a handy pocket clip, by DCM Industries, Boston, \$5.95.



At only \$49.95, Soundesign's Model 3918 four-and-one-half-inch black-and-white personal television is a portable bargain that's tough to beat. The unit comes in five colors (yellow, vivid blue, vivid green, soft gray and burgundy) and has a swivel stand, plus adapters for A.C., car or a battery pack.





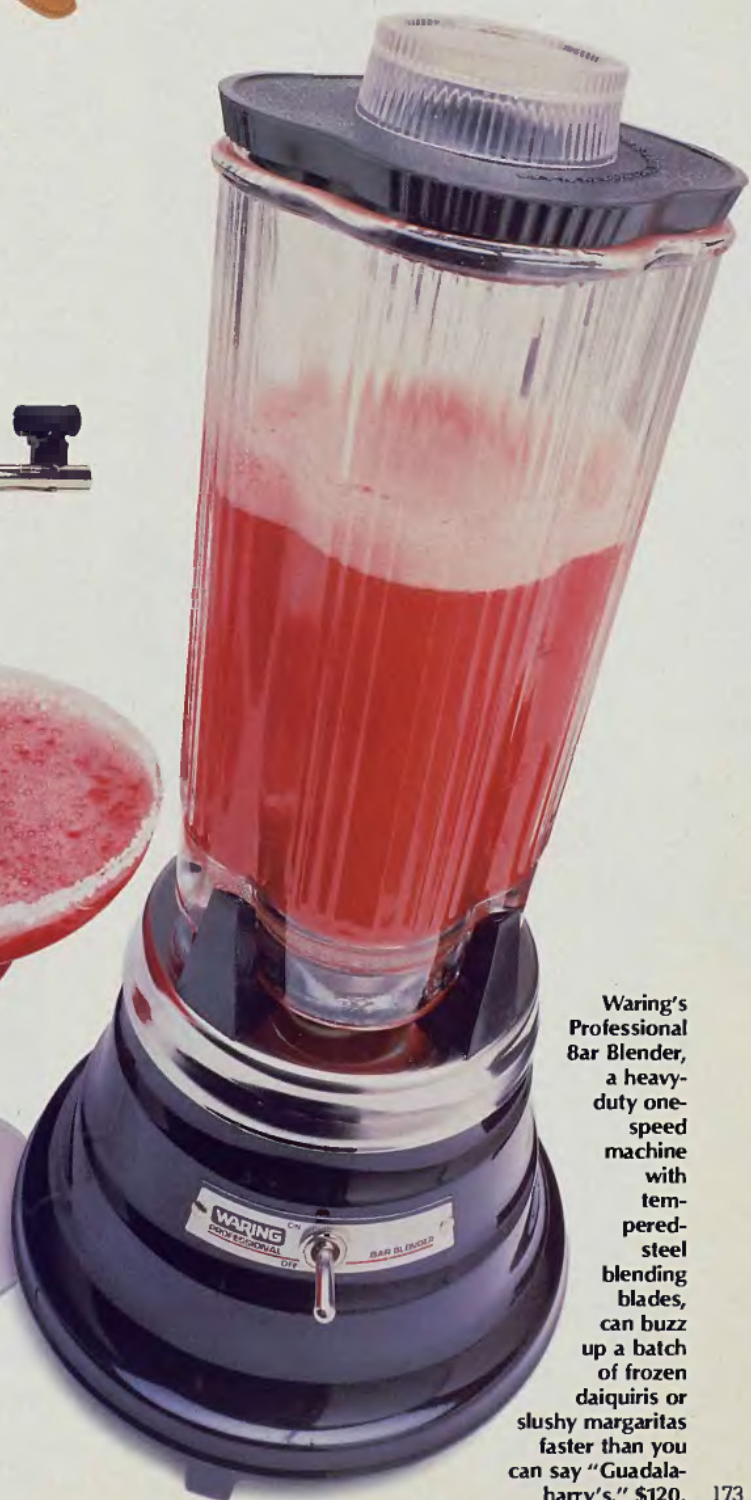
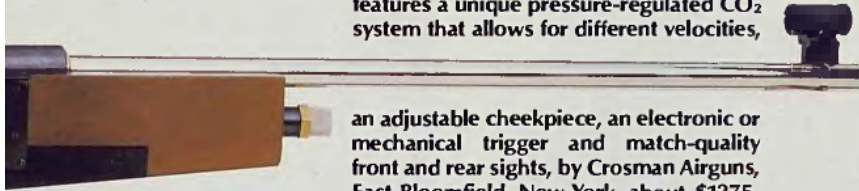
Hand-crafted in Italy of polished stainless steel and fitted with a Swiss precision quartz movement, the water-resistant Alessi wrist watch converts to a pocket watch by snapping the timepiece into a matching case, \$1195.



DAT goes mobile! Kenwood's KDT-99R AM/FM Digital Audio Tape Player is the first auto stereo unit featuring the DAT format, plus a tuner, to hit the streets. Wireless remote control, two-color LED back lighting, volume control displayed in decibels, index scanning for music sampling and 20 station presets on the tuner are just some of this model's sexy offerings—and DAT's a fact, \$2000.

Crosman's Model 84 Challenger, which will be used in this year's summer Olympics, is truly a high-performance air rifle. It features a unique pressure-regulated CO<sub>2</sub> system that allows for different velocities,

an adjustable cheekpiece, an electronic or mechanical trigger and match-quality front and rear sights, by Crosman Airguns, East Bloomfield, New York, about \$1275.



Waring's Professional Bar Blender, a heavy-duty one-speed machine with tempered-steel blending blades, can buzz up a batch of frozen daiquiris or slushy margaritas faster than you can say "Guadalupe's," \$120.

The Karate Rescue Radio, a stylish, simple-to-use, 40-channel mobile emergency unit, fits into the palm of your hand and automatically tunes to the channel-nine distress frequency when you activate it, by Uniden, Indianapolis, \$89.95.



# GRAPEVINE



## These Boots Were Made for Walking

Actress STACY NIX walks softly and rides on a big ax. You've seen Stacy at the movies in *52 Pick-Up*, *Valley Girls* and *Turk 182!*; here, she's dressed for the rock concert of our dreams. Say good night, Stacy.

© 1987 MARK LEIVDAL

## Bull's-Eye!

Not even a splash of cold water can dampen STEVEN TYLER's spints or Aerosmith's hot album, *Permanent Vacation*. The photo is by our friend Ross Marino, who died this past winter. We'll miss his humor and his great rock-'n'-roll shots.



© 1987 ROSS MARINO



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

## They Could Be Contenders

OK, everyone, rev up your Harleys, practice your sneers, tear a white T-shirt and get ready for the BRANDOS. Do they yell "Stella" in concert? You'll have to catch them on tour or pick up the album *Honor Among Thieves* to find out.

JEFF KATZ



### The Elements Return

EARTH, WIND & FIRE, which has released its first album in four years, *Touch the World*, has hit the road for a reunion tour. Philip Bailey says, "I'm ecstatic about getting back together." These guys are definitely the sum of their parts. Welcome back.



### Gloria in Excelsis

Pop singer GLORIA ESTEFAN and her band, the Miami Sound Machine, are red-hot. They are touring through the fall and *Let It Loose* is riding up the charts. ¡Olé!

JOHN SCHIAVONE / ELITE PHOTOGRAPHY

### In the Swim

This lovely dish is actress-model RENEE WAY. Maybe you saw her in *Party Plane* or *Newly Dead*. If not, get ready for *Stewardesses in Chains*—no kidding! Renee has been spotted on Southern California beaches dressed exactly like this.



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

### No Couch Potatoes

This goofy bunch is ANTHRAX, which has completed a tour of Europe, the U.S. and Japan and is working on a new album. Lead guitarist Dan Spitz says, "We're here to prove... that speed metal is here to stay. We're not trend." They're havin' fun.

© 1987 SCOTT WEINER / RETNA

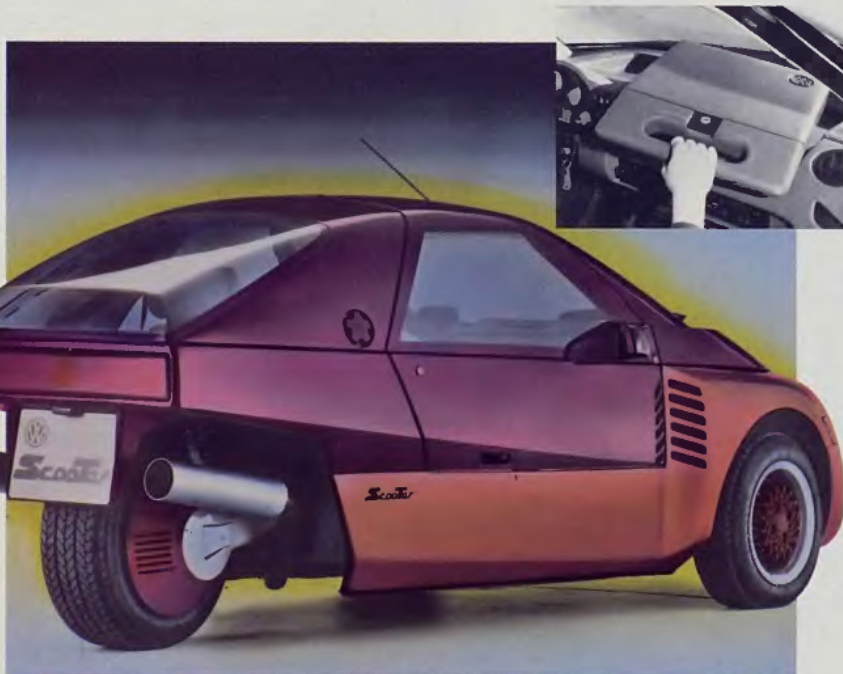


**HOT AND COLE**

Remember Marilyn Cole, the stunning statuesque British beauty who was *Playboy's* first and only U.K. Playmate of the Year? Her love affair with itsy-bitsy, teeny-weeny bikinis has been well documented on our pages. So when Marilyn chanced upon a bathing suit called the Minikini, which allowed for a maximum of tan via a gravity-defying bottom half held comfortably in place by an ingeniously designed durable and rustproof spring (yes, you can wear the suit in the water and it won't fall off), it was no wonder that she bought the company. Now Marilyn's Minikinis are available in America in small, medium and large and in neon pink (shown), white and black for \$70, from Marilyn Cole, Department 1003, 330 Diversey Parkway, Chicago 60657. The top, by the way, is as brief as the bottom and every bit as sexy.

**WE CAN HEAR CLEARLY NOW. . .**

Anyone who flies knows that most airline headphone sets have about as much sonic quality as a tenpenny nail used for a stylus, and they're none too comfortable, either. That's why Executive Travelware, P.O. Box 59387, Chicago 60659, created the Jetset portable headphone system—a small \$23 device that plugs into the airline audio system, enabling you to use lightweight headphones as a sound source. The movie will sound better, too.



**HILL-AND-GULL-WING RIDER**

"The Scooter perfectly marries the safety of a passenger car with the fun of a motorcycle," says Volkswagen United States, Inc., about its sporty prototype shown here—a ten-foot-long gull-winged three-wheel machine fitted with an 88-horsepower four-cylinder engine and four-speed transmission. While there are no plans for production at this time, you can bet that VW didn't invest two and a half years of research and \$3,000,000 just to turn a few heads. The doors and rear window remove for wind-in-the-hair motor-ing (the Scooter has a top speed of 137 mph), and an attaché case fits into the dash, doubling as a glove box. Stay tuned.

**BIG TALK**

There's nothing small about the way Think Big! thinks. In fact, this New York store, which specializes in outsized largess, has more than 100 unique items in its collection. (A catalog is available for a buck.) So what's big at Think Big! these days? We say go for the 15½" x 16½" reproduction of the Eveready desk calendar (refills available). At only \$72, sent to Think Big! at 390 West Broadway, New York 10012, it's a sure way to guarantee that an appointment catches your eye.



### ET TU, JULIUS?

Caesars World, the creator of Caesars Palace in Las Vegas and six other Romanesque locales across the country, has rendered unto the cosmetic industry a new fragrance line. Caesars Woman and Caesars Man are terrific-smelling exotic scents. (Just what you need in a crowded Roman forum, eh?) Caesars Woman, \$160 an ounce, is packaged in imported crystal. Caesars Man comes in four-ounce spray cologne, \$32.50, four-ounce after-shave, \$25, and after-shave balm, \$22.50. All are sold at Caesars properties, by mail or by phone, 1-800-843-1043. Sniff said.



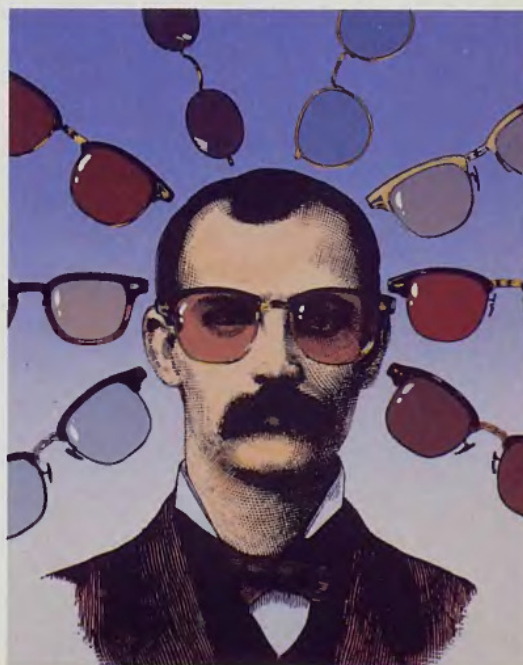
### THE BODY TALKATIVE

According to the experts at TransVision, more than 60 percent of the communications between people in one-on-one conversations are nonverbal animated movements of the face or body. So if that isn't enough reason to order the video tape *Body Language*, "The Silent Communicator," we don't know what is. In it, TransVision, Inc., 1520 East Mulberry Street, Suite 150, Fort Collins, Colorado 80524, covers signals of honesty and dishonesty, power and control and—listen up!—women and body language and much more. All for \$29.95, in Beta or VHS.



### READ THE TOP LINE, PLEASE

Just when you thought you'd seen your last pair of original Buddy Holly horn-rims, Old Focals is reconditioning classic eyeglass frames from the Forties to the Seventies with custom-crafted sun-glass lenses. The refurbished frames come with a certificate of authenticity and their history. Prices start at \$35, with choice frames exceeding \$100. Old Focals, Box 3451, South Pasadena, California 91030, has all the info. Here's looking at you, Buddy.



### A GATHERING OF EAGLES

Robert Taylor is regarded by many as Britain's foremost aviation artist, so it's no surprise that the Smithsonian's National Air and Space Museum in Washington, D.C., has a retrospective of his paintings this April. If you'd like to see more of his superlative work, The Military Gallery, P.O. Box 34, Livingston, New Jersey 07039, is offering an oversized hardcover titled *The Air Combat Paintings of Robert Taylor* for \$49.95, postpaid. It's a tome that truly captures the romance—if you can call it that—of life and death in the sky.

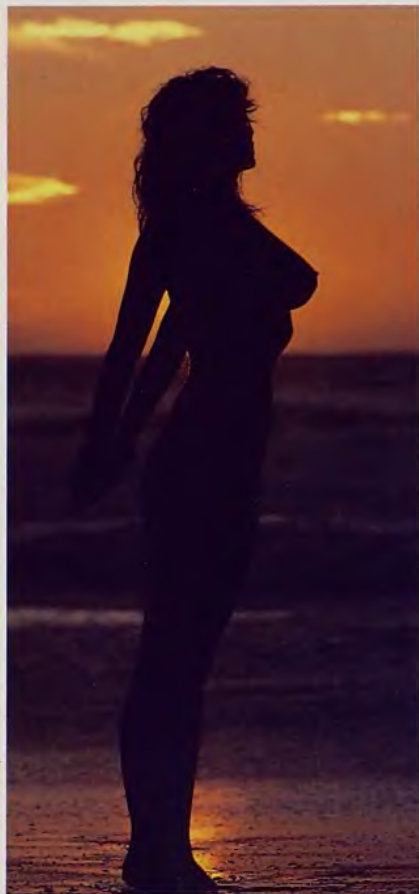


### LIKE PALM TREES, WILL TRAVEL

Confused about islands-in-the-sun vacation junkets? We don't blame you. There are at least 10,000 package deals available, and sorting out what's hot from what's not is a tough task. Enter TourScan, a travel agency at 39 Walmsley Road, Darien, Connecticut 06820, that specializes in the Caribbean, the Bahamas and Bermuda. Twice a year, it publishes *The Island Vacation Catalog*, a refundable \$2.50 savvy 64-page guide to the best values. So where did you spend your winter vacation?



# NEXT MONTH



TOP PLAYMATE



'NAM, AGAIN



GOLF BAGGED



LOOKI LÉGÈRE!

**"VIETNAM LOVE STORY"**—A HERO OF THE SAIGON EVACUATION SETS SAIL IN AN 18½-FOOT BOAT TO RESCUE THE WOMAN HE LEFT BEHIND, ONLY TO LAND IN JAIL. FINALLY, THEY'RE REUNITED, WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM US—BY **ROBERT SCHWAB**

**"DRIVE, WE SAID"**—NOW THAT GOLF HAS SHED ITS STUFFED-SHIRT IMAGE, WE BRING YOU EVERYTHING YOU'VE WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT THE GAME. THE LAST WORD IN CLUBS AND CARTS; THE WORLD'S BEST AND WORST COURSES; NEVER-BEFORE-REVEALED PRO TRICKS TO AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS; AND WONDERFULLY ORIGINAL EXCUSES FOR BAD GAMES

**"PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"**—ONLY ONE MORE MONTH TO WAIT, GUYS. CAN YOU STAND IT?

**"LATE NIGHT"**—A SITCOM STAR PREPARES FOR *LET-TERMAN* IN A STORY THAT ADDS SUSPENSE TO POST-CARSON VIEWING—BY **DAVID FOSTER WALLACE**

**"CAPITOL GAINS"**—WILL **JOE SMITH** REVIVE THE LEGENDARY RECORD LABEL, ONCE THE HOME OF THE **BEATLES** AND THE **BEACH BOYS**? THE VERDICT'S STILL OUT—BY **BEN FONG-TORRES**

**CHEVY CHASE** TALKS ABOUT **RONALD REAGAN**, **JOHN BELUSHI**, LIFE AT THE BETTY FORD CENTER AND WHAT HE *REALLY* THINKS OF HIS MOVIES IN A FREEWHEELING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"THE COMPOSITE CANDIDATE"**—FACE IT: NOBODY'S REALLY FIT TO RUN, SO WE MAKE OUR OWN POL WITH A DROP OF **GARY'S** GALL, A PINCH OF **PETE'S** BLUE GENES, A DASH OF **AL'S** MILITARY CARRIAGE, AND SO ON. AN ASTUTE MOCK-UP—BY **LEWIS GROSSBERGER AND: "LET'S GET TOUGH!"**—A SURPRISE SLATE OF SURE-FIRE WINNERS—BY **KEVIN COOK**

**PHOEBE LÉGÈRE**, THE SULTRY KNOCKOUT YOU'VE SEEN IN THOSE AMARETTO ADS AND THE CULT FILM *MONDO NEW YORK*, TAKES IT OFF FOR US IN AN EXCLUSIVE PICTORIAL

**PLUS:** GOOD NEWS FOR **NORMAN MAILER**, **PAUL THEROUX** AND OTHERS IN A RACY **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH **THERESA RUSSELL**; DIVING CHAMP **GREG LOUGANIS** MODELS THE SEASON'S HOTTEST SWIMWEAR; NEWS FROM THE FRONTIERS OF ELECTRONICS, INCLUDING THE LATEST ON DAT, CD VIDEO AND SUPER VHS; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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“And it’s got the  
taste that’s right  
for me.”



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tar, 0.2 mg. nic.

*U.S. Gov't. Test Method confirms 17 years of  
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King Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '85.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.**

Your Scotch and Soda  
is only as good as your Scotch and soda.



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What are you saving the Chivas for?

