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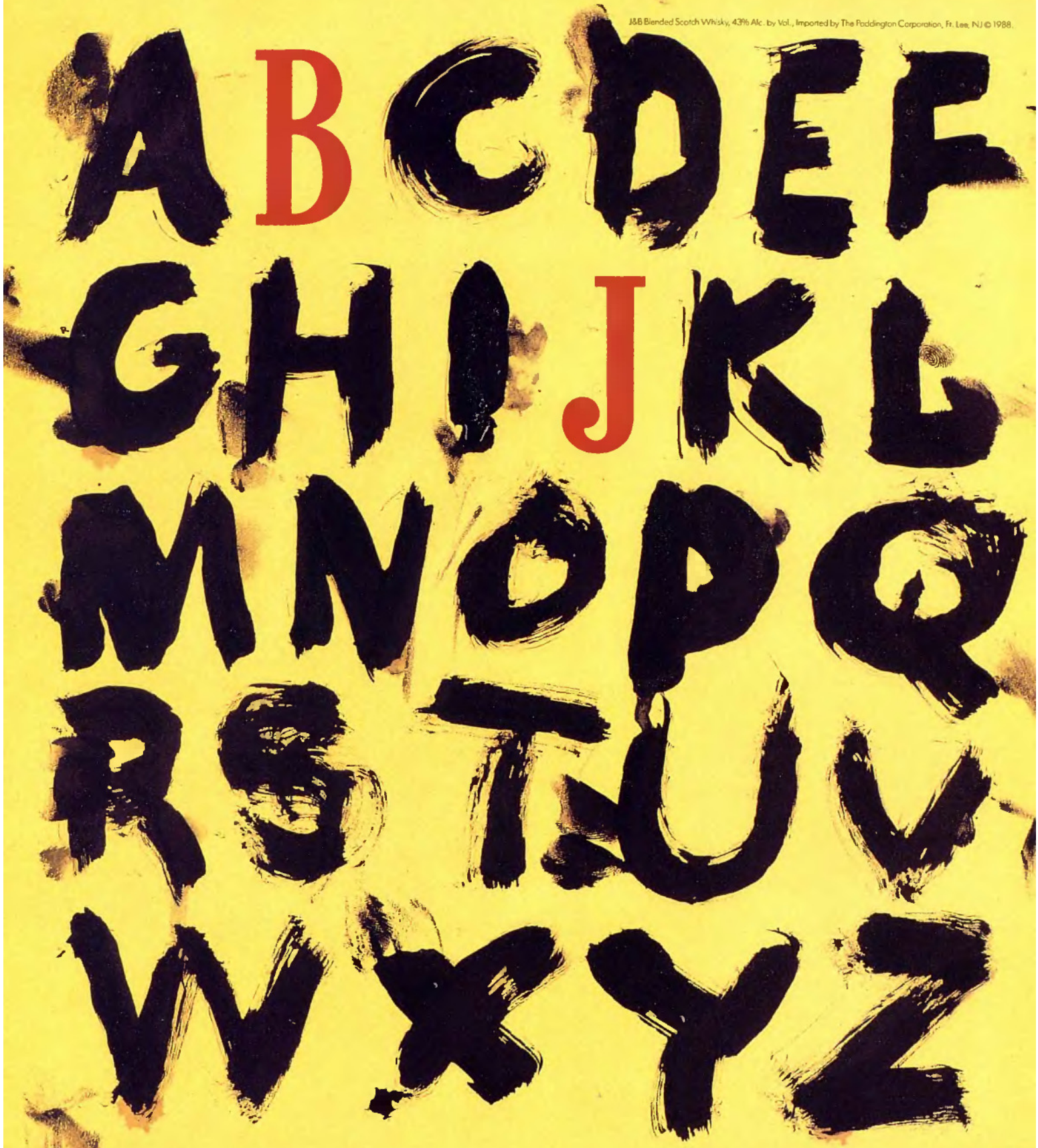


love (luv), *n.* **1.** the profoundly tender or passionate affection for a person of the opposite sex. **2.** a feeling of warm personal attachment or deep affection, as for a parent, child or friend. **3.** sexual passion or desire, or its gratification. **4.** a person toward whom love is felt; beloved person; sweetheart. **5.** (used in direct address as a term of endearment, affection or the like): *Would you like to see a movie, love?* **6.** a love affair; amour. **7.** (*cap.*) a personification of sexual affection, as Eros or Cupid. **8.** affectionate concern for the well-being of others: *a love of little children; the love of one's neighbor.* **9.** strong predilection or liking for anything: *her love of books.* **10.** the object or thing so liked.

L O V E

A SPECIAL
PLAYBOY ISSUE





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CREWS



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AH, FEBRUARY: Month of the wind chill, the snowdrift, the cold front. Just the time of year for some romantic warm-up. Hence, in plenty of time for Valentine's Day, the Love Issue of *Playboy*; think of it as sexercise for the heartstrings. Under the guidance of editor **John Rezek**, we offer an issue in which nearly every feature is on the complex, many-splendored subject of love.

First we take on those damnably persistent questions about a vital blood-filled organ that is said not to function well in males. We're speaking, of course, of *Men's Hearts*. Physician-novelist-film director **Michael Crichton**—of *Andromeda Strain* fame—found man's romantic pulse to be plenty strong, thank you; women just have to be willing to listen and communicate.

Denis Boyles, a co-author of *The Modern Man's Guide to Life* (featured in our December 1987 issue), is a prime source of solid advice on things masculine. In *A Thinking Man's Guide to Losing Your Head*, he shows how to fall in love without breaking your heart or your bank account. The key: learning to control your fall and protect your tender body parts.

Novelist **Harry Crews**—author, most recently, of *The Knockout Artist*—speaks up for lust in *The Wisdom of the Groin*. His story of a married friend, caught naked on the roof while chasing a coed, gets to the heart of love's true self. In *That Cheating Heart*, **Ben Stein** issues a ringing apology to infidelity, seeing in it every man's struggle with mortality.

Asa Baber is a double threat in this special issue, writing of women and rejection in his *Men* column and contributing a short story, *Casanova's Ghost* (illustrated by **Dennis Mukai**), about the demons and angels who negotiate our amorous deals.

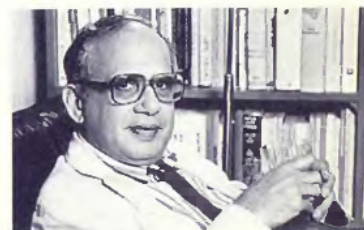
Elsewhere, you'll learn to fight fair in *Rules of Engagement*, peek in on *Courtships Weirder than Ours* and find out, at last, *How to Sleep with Women*—all humorously illustrated by **Everett Peck**. And what better time for the lusty, glorious *Year in Sex*?

Of course, all love and no work makes a dull *Playboy*, so we hit the beat with investigative reporter **Bob Woodward** in this month's interview. He sits down with **J. Anthony Lukas**, himself a two-time Pulitzer Prize winner, for some sharp talk on sex and politics.

Now, you may wonder whether Editor-in-Chief **Hugh M. Hefner's** engagement to **Kimberley Conrad** made us decide to launch a Love Issue. We'll say this: It didn't hurt.



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PLAYBOY®

vol. 36, no. 2—february 1989

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COVER STORY Love is in the air, and Michelle Smith is Cupid's target. Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda shot the cover, for which Michelle's hair was styled by John Victor and her make-up by Pat Tomlinson. Lee Ann Perry was the stylist. Michelle's sexy dress was designed by Christopher Clauer, her gloves by Naomi Misle. Quoth the Rabbit: "It's all in the wrist."

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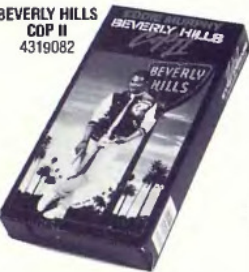
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In pursuit of this master's thesis, I first had to generate the world's most extensive, nonacademic library on the subject. Second, I assembled the most extensive, scientific bibliography ever created. Then, I went into the laboratory at a major university while under federal license, and designed the most sophisticated laboratory grade growing chamber in the world called the PHOTOTRON and the methodology "Growing Plants Pyraponometrically".

The Phototron is not presented to the public as a piece of 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. I worked under such a license at the time I was engaged in my research. Pyraponic Industries will never knowingly sell products to anyone expressing the intent to produce illicit substances.

If you were to research indoor plant growing techniques, as I did, a similarity soon becomes apparent. Every system before the Phototron has attempted to duplicate a tropical climate, such as Hawaii's, in a confined area. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do no better than Hawaii's results.

In fact you will grow the plant six (6) to nine (9) months with an average six (6) inch internodal length, (the distance between fruiting sites). That will produce a fruiting ratio at the tops of the plant equal to only ten percent (10%). Ninety percent (90%) of the plant material is unusable and the plants are killed off after harvest in preparation for planting the next crop.

Number one, the only thing I am waiting nine (9) months for is a baby. Number two, I don't want a tree growing in my home. Number three, I am not going to pay the electric bill to artificially reproduce the sun. That is why I made my system so revolutionary. The Phototron measures only 36 inches tall by 18 inches wide. Its potential is deceptively masked by the simplicity of functional design and compact size.

On average, the Phototron draws only \$4.00 per month in electricity. I guarantee you will grow six (6) plants, three (3) feet tall in forty-five (45) days, while maintaining a one (1) inch internodal length. I guarantee that in your Phototron each of your six plants will produce over one thousand (1000) fruiting sites from top to bottom. Mine is the only system in the world which will allow you to reflower and refruit the same plants every forty-five (45) days. You will remove from the system everyday. Beginning on DAY 20 after seed germination an average of six (6) to eight (8) ounces of plant material, such as tobacco can be harvested every forty-five days.

Please, do not allow the technical sounding nature of the Phototron scare you away. I personally service back and guarantee each unit sold. The instructions are clear and simple; the system comes to you complete. All you must do is select your seeds, plug in the system and water it routinely. Then, if you have any questions, you may call me directly. Ask your question. Get your answer.

You can not fall with my Phototron. I do not allow any of my Phototrons to fall below showcase. I personally have guaranteed every Phototron ever sold and I have never had one returned, ever, and I'm not starting now.

Call me at 1-312-544-BUDS. If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call. Can you afford not to call?

Jeffery Julian DeMarco



PHOTOTRON	NONE	12	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
HALIDE SYSTEMS	50%	1	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
LIGHT	LEAF SHADING	LINEAR FEET OF LIGHT	SPECTRUM ADJUSTABILITY	SPECTRUM DESIGNED FOR EACH SYSTEM	COMPUTER FEMALE SET	GUARANTEE THE PLANTS	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS	ONE INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS = 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT	ONE INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS = 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT	ONE INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS = 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT
NUTRIENTS	COMPUTER FEMALE SET	GUARANTEE THE PLANTS	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS	ONE INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS = 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT	ONE INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS = 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT	ONE INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS = 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT	ONE INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS = 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT	ONE INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS = 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT	ONE INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS = 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT	ONE INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS = 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT
CO ₂	TOTALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT TO LEAF SATURATION	TOTALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT TO LEAF SATURATION	TOTALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT TO LEAF SATURATION	TOTALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT TO LEAF SATURATION	TOTALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT TO LEAF SATURATION	TOTALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT TO LEAF SATURATION	TOTALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT TO LEAF SATURATION	TOTALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT TO LEAF SATURATION	TOTALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT TO LEAF SATURATION	TOTALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT TO LEAF SATURATION
SERVICE	SERVICE HOT LINE FOR QUESTIONS	SERVICE HOT LINE FOR QUESTIONS	SERVICE HOT LINE FOR QUESTIONS	SERVICE HOT LINE FOR QUESTIONS	SERVICE HOT LINE FOR QUESTIONS	SERVICE HOT LINE FOR QUESTIONS	SERVICE HOT LINE FOR QUESTIONS	SERVICE HOT LINE FOR QUESTIONS	SERVICE HOT LINE FOR QUESTIONS	SERVICE HOT LINE FOR QUESTIONS

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NOVEMBER COVER PLAYS THEIR TOON

Just a short note to say that the cover of the November issue has to be one of the most imaginative that you've designed in quite a while. There will definitely be a sequel to *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* if Laura Richmond is around!

Mike Venia
Adrian, Michigan

Your November cover with Playmate Laura Richmond portraying Toontown's seductress Jessica Rabbit sure wants to make me dabble in water colors.

Michael L. McCarty
Davenport, Iowa

PARKINSON VS. QUAYLE

Playboy is out of line with the replay given to Paula Parkinson's allegations against Senator Dan Quayle in your November *Women of Washington* pictorial. I had the impression that *The Playboy Philosophy* argues that a marriage should be the business of the people who are married and no one else's. That is a view with which I heartily agree.

The last good President we had was Jack Kennedy; after 25 years of inadequate leadership from the White House, it seems that a Presidential (or Vice-Presidential) candidate who is married and allegedly fools around should be the least of our worries.

Michael K. Flesher
Oceanside, California

MONDO WEIRDO

Jerry Stahl's article *Mondo Weirdo* (*Playboy*, November) correctly asserts that we have a natural love for the eccentric. However, Stahl barely scratches the surface with his assertion that "in the same way that nightly body counts inured Sixties citizens to death and violence, Eighties media victims have O.D.'d on weirdness. . . . Eight years of the old coot with rouge on his cheeks have anesthetized the popular psyche." Am I the only one to draw some sort of connection? Since the Sixties, global violence has escalated to

such a point that wars in Iran/Iraq and Afghanistan, to name a couple, haven't even merited attention on the six-o'clock news. (Quick, name three hostages and their captors.) Couple this with a near decade of Ronnie in Fantasyland and it should be obvious that not only do we love the oddballs but, hell, we need them, for balance, if nothing else.

If anyone who read Robert Scheer's profiles of George Bush and Michael Dukakis (*The Men Who Would Be President*, *Playboy*, November) voted for either man, he went straight past weird to ultra frigg'in' gonzo. Personally, I support the candidate whose slogan "This time, why not the weirdest?" applies to the times. I'm speaking, of course, of *Bloom County's* Bill D. Cat. You can't get much weirder than that.

Dana Cieslak
East Boston, Massachusetts

PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER?

The Men Who Would Be President (*Playboy*, November), by Robert Scheer, gives new meaning to the phrase "Figures don't lie, but liars can figure." Scheer appears to have the same attitude as most politicians on matters of responsibility; i.e., that individuals are not responsible for their actions, the system is.

Mark M. Yagodzinski
Newton, Massachusetts

BRUCE WILLIS

In the November *Playboy Interview*, Bruce Willis proves to the world that his TV personality is not quite as shallow as the real thing. His television *machismo* is obviously a guise. But in reading the interview, one can see right through the mask of toughness that hides an insecure schmuck. He makes a true blunder when describing his first sexual encounter. Of course, I would expect Bruce to come up with some fairy tale that fit his assumed persona. A guy as cool as he could not possibly have gotten laid like a normal kid. A guy who likes to party as hard and blast music as loud as he obviously should be

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snagged by an older chick, and then fuck her in a laundry room, at the age of 14. And he has the nerve to complain that he didn't get it again for another six months. Now, this story struck me as such obvious bullshit from the start that I originally passed over Willis' blatant error. Besides the fact that very few people get laid at 14 and give the chick an orgasm on their first try, and that no 14-year-olds work as bell-boys, Willis says he walked out whistling the theme from *The Godfather*. If, as he purports, he was 14 when he nailed his first piece of ass, then the year was 1969. Everyone knows that *The Godfather* wasn't released until 1972, making Willis a pitiful liar. Either he made up the entire story or else he was 17 when he first got it. It is sad that Willis' image of a cool guy has forced him to fictionalize his life. But I guess no one is as cool as he believes he is.

J. Forstadt
Middletown, Connecticut

Bruce Willis says he must have been mistaken about the song. It was the theme from "Moonlighting."

WOMEN'S VS. MEN'S STUDIES

In his September and October *Men* columns, Asa Baber criticizes the "monopoly of feminist thought" on college campuses and the virtual exclusion of men's studies from academic attention. To illustrate his point, he lists the many courses in Dartmouth's women's-studies program dealing with women's issues. Notably lacking from Baber's list, however, is the program's introductory course—Women Studies Ten: Sex, Gender and Society—a course that I and other male members of the Dartmouth faculty frequently teach in collaboration with other women's-studies-program faculty.

As the descriptive title of this important introductory course makes clear, it is by no means confined to women's issues. Rather, its focus is on the "gender system," the complex pattern of role relations in our society by which men and women are mutually defined. Male socialization and other concerns that form a part of men's studies are thus a vital component of this course.

I share Baber's belief that the field of men's studies is important and merits a much fuller place in our curriculum. But I would add that the current emphasis on women's issues at Dartmouth and elsewhere is not the result of inequity or liberal prejudice. The fact that women have been the most notable victims of the gender system has made women scholars and writers pioneers in its study. The field of women's studies is thus a crucial beginning of the kind of expanded study of gender of which men's studies are a part.

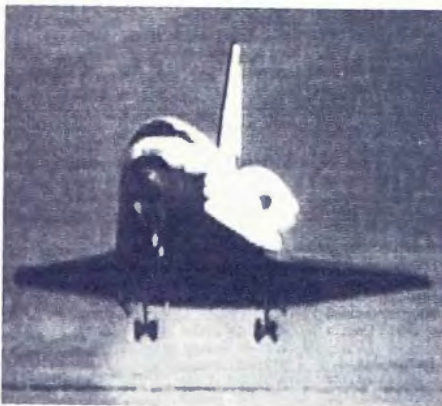
Ronald M. Green
John Phillips Professor of Religion
Dartmouth College
Hanover, New Hampshire

Baber responds:

Have women really been "the most notable victims of the gender system," or have men shared equally in those risks and inequities? Given the military draft, divorce and child-custody laws, unequal longevity rates and a host of other problems, aren't men struggling in this culture, too? Perhaps those are questions that a viable men's-studies program at Dartmouth could help answer. I hope Professor Green is doing something about setting up such a program—and I hope he doesn't think that Women Studies Ten is an adequate response to the issue.

BOLDLY GOING WHERE NO HARE HAS GONE BEFORE. . . .

So very glad my favorite Rabbit got to go on the Discovery's flight!



Look at this picture, published in a Kansas newspaper. The white portion of the ship makes a perfect Rabbit Head, with its nose to the right instead of the left. Love it!

Dick Courtney
WaKeeney, Kansas

A CYNTHIA FAN

After reading Cynthia Heimel's October *Women* column, "Texas Crude," I had to write to say that she is amazing. Her insight and perspective never cease to move me. That is not to say that I always agree with her. However, she invariably manages to ignite my emotional and intellectual fuel. Don't ever let this lady leave *Playboy*.

Douglas Rush
Salt Lake City, Utah

SNOW WHITE'S MIRROR

As one who has struggled with anorexia a good part of my life, studied it and (mostly) triumphed over it, I was deeply touched by what Asa Baber writes in his November *Men* column, "Snow White's Mirror." Asa, you got it exactly right. I have never seen it written about more eloquently or more compassionately. Your words are going to help a lot of men and women. They may help save a few relationships that would otherwise be splintered. They may even save a life.

Patti Flanagan
Menlo Park, California

Bless Asa Baber for his November *Men* column, which discusses eating disorders

in women. This is an issue that needs to be addressed not only by the women who are afflicted with it but also by the ones who love them. And the most powerful thing a man can do to help a woman with an eating disorder (aside from a subtle steering toward therapy) is to make sure that she knows he loves her for who she is, not for what her body looks like.

Today's culture demands that women look and dress like 16-year-old adolescent males: no breasts or hips, undefined limbs, no shape at all to speak of. What many women really want is the OK from the fashion industry, and from the men they love, to have the bodies that women really have—with curves and softness. It is my experience that many men would prefer a woman who's about ten pounds heavier in bed than out of it. Would that we could oblige. Let's take a vote, guys: Who would you rather jump in the sack with—Twiggy or Bette Midler? I'll put my money on Bette any day.

Laura Wamelin
Nashua, New Hampshire

Asa Baber's column "Snow White's Mirror" needs to be shouted through a megaphone to every male who loves and cares for a woman caught in the clutches of anorexia/bulimia. And it is a must read for any woman hauling around the excess baggage of a poor physical self-image coupled with an eating disorder!

For almost ten years of my life, it was *Me and My Shadow* (bulimia) looking into the mirror. I felt like the *Three Faces of Eve* with a different body type to fit my many mood swings. It was either the 400-pound circus lady or the young woman with the Popsicle-stick frame and no cellulite. Occasionally, the real me would surface—a pretty woman in her early 20s who felt good about herself (but bulimia always darted in and out to spoil everything).

Finally, two years of weekly sessions with a psychiatrist trained in eating disorders helped pave my way to freedom. And last, but certainly not least, was my husband, who stood by me, supporting me every painful step of the way.

Kathleen M. Rodgers
Alexandria, Louisiana

PIA REYES

Being a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh, a longtime rival of Penn State, I have rarely been able to find any beauty in the Nittany Lions. However, November Playmate Pia Reyes has changed that for me. She is, indeed, a very beautiful woman. I believe if we were to get together, we would be able to work out all our rival differences. If you could arrange this, I am sure both centers of higher learning would benefit and fully appreciate this peace-making gesture.

Rick Rasz
Cleveland, Ohio





Instant-on radar: How it works. How to defend yourself.

Instant-on radar—sometimes called “pulse” radar—has been around for years. But it’s being used more frequently now as radar operators try to defeat detector users. Here’s how it works.

First things first

Ordinary radar and instant-on radar use exactly the same type of radar beams. In fact, most radar guns can operate either way. It’s just a matter of which buttons the operator pushes.

How ordinary radar works

In an ordinary radar trap, the radar gun is aimed at traffic and it continuously transmits a beam of radar waves. The effective range for the radar to “see” your speed is less than a half mile for most cars, longer for trucks.

How radar detectors work

A radar detector is a radio receiver tuned to radar frequency. A high-performance radar detector is sensitive enough to pick up the radar waves before you drive within speed-measuring range. It’s as simple as that.

How instant-on radar works

The instant-on radar trap is set up just like an ordinary radar trap. The only difference is that the gun doesn’t transmit until the operator pushes a button. So there is no radar signal for a radar detector to find.

Then when you’re within speed-measuring range, the operator triggers the beam. Hence the term “instant-on.” The radar reads your speed within a fraction of a second, too quickly for a human to respond.

Your only hope

Because instant-on radar is faster than your reflexes, your only defense is to identify it before you are within its range. You must detect it when the operator zaps the traffic ahead of you. For this, your detector must reach out for distant radar signals.



The Kustom Signals HR-12 and KR-11, two of the many radar units that can be operated in an instant-on, or “pulse” mode.

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

Same old strategy

Identifying instant-on radar before you come in range is the only defense today, just as it was when we first introduced Escort. That’s why our warning system, used on both Escort and Passport, tells you both the strength of the signal and the length of it. You need to know both to defend yourself.

Nothing but the truth

Our warning system indicates signal strength two ways: by a meter for a visual check, by a variable-rate beeper if you prefer to listen. The length of the signal is indicated by the duration of the alert. Knowing signal strength and signal length of every radar encounter is the only way to find instant-on radar before it finds you.

Escort and Passport are the most effective radar-warning instruments available. But don’t take our word for it.

In 1987, *Car and Driver*, *Popular Mechanics* and *Roundel* each published independent tests of radar detectors. And each gave us the highest ratings. Call toll-free and we’ll send reprints of the complete tests, not just excerpts or quotes.

We’re as close as your phone

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

To order, call toll-free. Orders in by 5:00 pm eastern time go out the same day by UPS and we pay the shipping. Overnight delivery is guaranteed by Federal Express for only \$10 extra.

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

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DOING IT WRONG

When you understand that instant-on radar is nothing more than ordinary radar being turned on and off, the threat loses its mystery. Defense comes down to detecting the radar before it’s strong enough to find you.

Baloney breakthrough. Yet one detector maker has added a feature it calls “Pulse Protection” to one of its models. Here’s what it does:

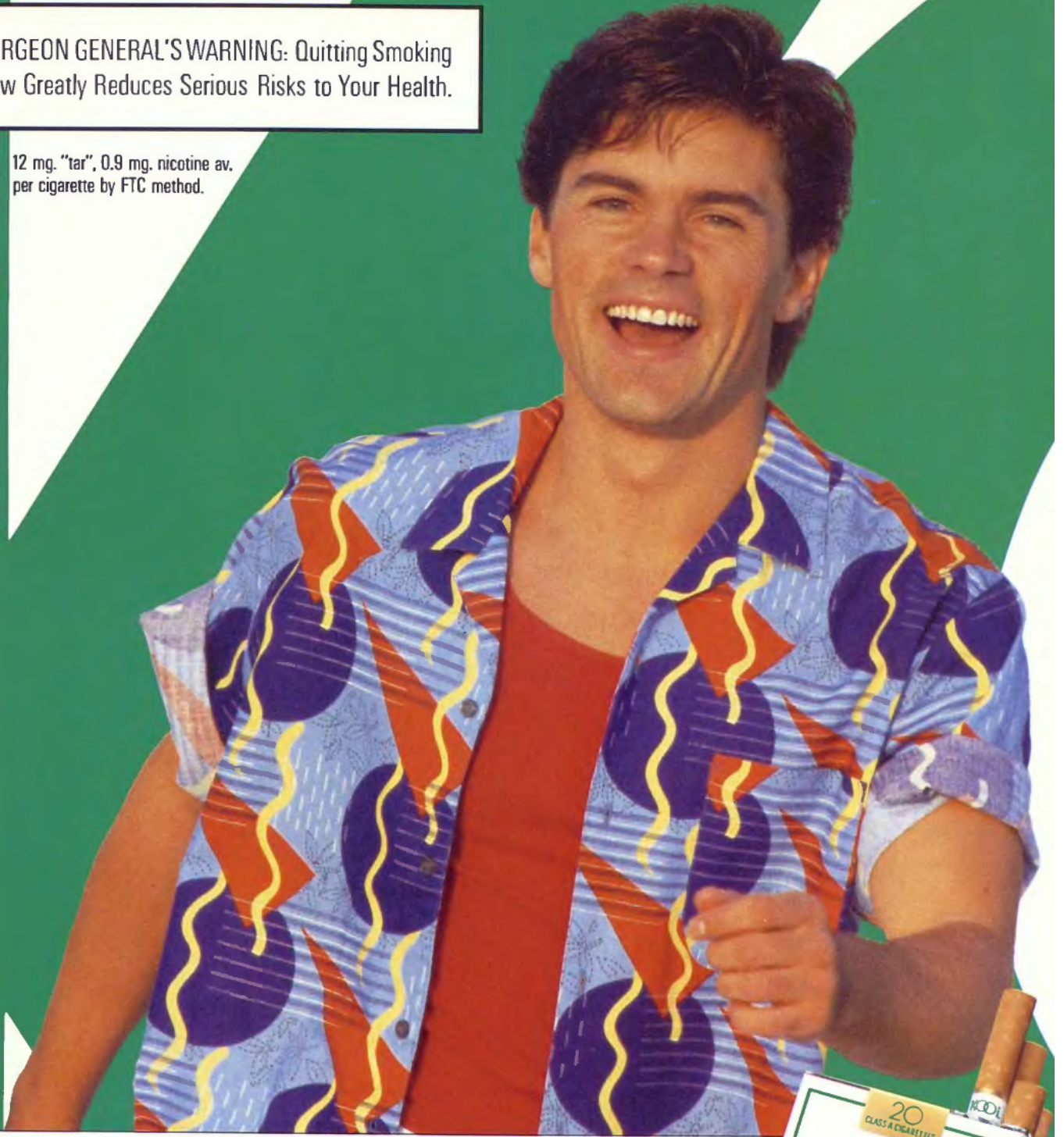
When this unit detects the sudden presence of a high-strength signal, a “P” appears on its display and it sounds a special alarm. This is your “Pulse Protection.”

The fine print. Unfortunately, the sudden presence of a high-strength signal describes an instant-on encounter when you’re within range. True protection from instant-on depends on responding to weak signals, but “Pulse Protection” doesn’t respond to weak signals.

The maker says this feature “tells you when you’re being shot at.” And that’s the problem. When you’re being shot at, it’s too late.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



PUTTING IT ALL BEHIND US

It used to be over when the fat lady sang. Now it's over when the pundits slap the prefix "post" on it. Have you noticed that now we're living in the *postmodern* world? We've read that our age is *postliberal*, *post-conservative*, *postfeminist*, *postnuclear* and *postliterate*, among other things. We want to know whatever happened to "neo"? And Post Toasties, for that matter.

PUTTING IT ALL BEHIND US, PART TWO

Postelectorally, we have *The New Republic's* Hendrik Hertzberg to thank for the best new term in political parlance: the *expectorate*. It refers to journalists, consultants and spin doctors who play a game of expectations during political debates. "Quayle was expected to do poorly," wrote Hertzberg. Therefore, the *expectorate* expected Quayle to do well, "because expectations for him were so low that he could hardly fail to do better than expected." Get it?

MOO NEWS

Kemps Ice Cream Company in Minneapolis sponsored a Sound of Moosic singing contest last year. The rules: a minimum of lyrics, a maximum of mooing and no instrumental accompaniment. The results: More than 150 entrants from around the country mooed through *Moolight Sonata* (not quite the way Beethoven intended it), a Ravel homage called *Bullero*, the *Hallelujah Chorus* from Handel's *Moosiah*, plus the more contemporary *Blue Moo*, *I Remember Moo* and the grand-prize winner, *Moodolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*.

For just a little moooola (six bucks, from Kemp's Sound of Moosic, Julie Johnson, Kemp's Ice Cream, Marigold Foods, 2929 University Avenue S.E., Minneapolis 55414), you can own a cassette of the 32 finalists, plus the nine weirdest losers.

DIRTBALL

Baseball's spring training is about to start and we have a phenom for you—Todd Welborn, a relief pitcher with the minor-league Jackson Mets in Mississippi. What does he have? Dirt. Just a pinch of

soil between his cheek and gum and he's ready to throw. (And we hear his fastball's all right, too.)

Keith Burkman, the Jackson Mets' grounds keeper, says that Welborn dips dirt instead of tobacco because "You don't get diseases, there's plenty of it and nobody bums it off ya."

Burkman says he told Welborn to stop dipping field dirt because it's sprayed with herbicide. Instead, the grounds keeper began to experiment with various flavors of dirt for Welborn and has come up with a winning recipe.

"I sift the dirt to get out all the little rocks," Burkman says. "Then I add some vanilla extract and some cinnamon and stir it up to get a good consistency. After that, I bake it in a microwave for about 30 seconds to kill the bacteria."

And who said *nouvelle cuisine* was dead?

DON'T BE A POOH BUTT

So you think that cold-as-ice street talk on the cop shows is phony? Here's a dose of reality—a glossary assembled by the *Los Angeles Times* (with the help of court reporters) that includes the fondest expressions of L.A.'s real street punks:



Fooled out—made a mistake
Do a train—leave
Do a ghost—leave
Mud duck—ugly girl
Deuce and a quarter—Buick Electra 225
Benzo—Mercedes-Benz
Hoopty—car
Deuce-deuce—.22-caliber gun
Trey-eight—.38-caliber gun
Four-five—.45-caliber gun
Gauge—shotgun
Breakdown—shotgun
Gat—gun
Dimday—dusk
Bustin'—go out shooting
Ride on—drive-by shooting
Jack—hijack
Talking head—arguing
Rush—attack
Squab—fight
You got four feet?—Want to fight?
Take out of the box—kill someone
Dead Presidents—money
Kite—letter from prison
Hook—phony person
Eight-track—two and a half grams of cocaine
On the pipe—free-basing cocaine
Water—PCP
High beams on—high on cocaine
Mark—someone who wants to be a gang member
Poohtbutt—someone who thinks he is a gang member but is not considered worthy
Glass house—police headquarters or a 1967 Chevrolet (with wrap-around windshield)
Jim Jones—a joint laced with cocaine, dipped in PCP

TRAVEL TIPS?

We heard about a new magazine that challenges our imagination: *Foreskin Quarterly*. Reportedly, it features articles on travel, circumcision and other personal experiences. You want it? Write to P.O. Box 11314, San Francisco 94101.

WHAT A CARD

When Doris A. Stokes applied for a VISA card over the phone, a Citibank employee asked whether she'd like a second card for a family member. "Maybe later,"

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"A Jesuit once told me that the easiest way to prevent yourself from committing a major sin was to watch one or, in the age of the VCR, *rent* one."—George Hick-enlooper, writer, in *L.A. Style*.

TALL SHOES

According to Converse, Inc., sales figures, percentage of buyers whose favorite color of high-top sneaker is black, 44; white, 27; navy, 12; red, nine; maroon, four; pink, two.

M.B.A.

Percentage of new United States M.B.A.s who have no work experience before starting graduate school: 11.2. Percentage who have had four years or more of work experience: 39.3.

Average age of a new M.B.A.: 26.

Percentage of new M.B.A.s in the United States who are American, 87.3; who are foreign, 12.7; male, 62.2; female, 37.8; white, 84; Asian, 7.9; Hispanic, 3.3; black, 3.2.

ONE LIFE TO GIVE

Percentage of Army enlistees who are black men: 28.2.

Percentage of female Army enlistees who are black: 44.3.

Percentage of the officer corps that is black: 6.6.

Percentage of Americans who are black: 12.

1-800-I-SPY

Number of calls the Army's counterespionage toll-free number (1-800-



FACT OF THE MONTH

In a *Wall Street Journal* survey of chief executive officers who were eligible for military service between 1965 and 1972, 27 of the 54 who responded had not served in the military, 14 had been in the military but had not served in Vietnam, 11 had served in the Reserves—and two had served in Vietnam.

identify bad loans: 59.

Percentage that had passive or uninformed boards of directors: 59.

DANGEROUS JOBS

Industry with the greatest chance of an injury on the job: meat packing. Number of on-the-job injuries per 100 meat-packing workers: 33.4.

Second riskiest industry: mobile-home manufacturing. Injuries per 100 workers: 29.8.

Third riskiest industry: vending-machine manufacturing. Injuries per 100 workers: 28.1.

STOP MAKING SENSE

Percentage of Americans who say that they have or will bank their own blood to avoid contracting AIDS: 21.

Percentage of Americans who think AIDS will become epidemic for dentists: 31; for the population at large: 51.

CALL-SPY) receives in one year: more than 20,000.

Percentage of those leads that are followed up: one.

Number of arrests generated by the toll-free-number program: zero.

Number of workers needed to operate CALL-SPY: 13.

BROKEN BANKS

Since 1979, percentage of failed Federally chartered banks that either had no loan policies or ignored them: 81.

Percentage that skirted Federal banking laws or internal operating procedures: 69; that lacked adequate systems to

Stokes answered. In a few weeks, her new credit card arrived, along with a second card for Maube Later.

SPOTLIGHT



Antoinette Giancana: Mafia cook.

Antoinette Giancana, star of our February 1987 pictorial *Mafia Princess* and daughter of the late *mafioso* Sam "Momo" Giancana, told us she's writing a book—a Mafia cookbook. Not surprising. After all, what was her dad up to the night he was rubbed out in 1975? Cooking sausages and spinach.

"Sausage, beans and *escarole*. That's what he was making," Antoinette corrected us when we recited the old news reports to her. "It wasn't spinach, it was *escarole*," she repeated, ripping the lid off another botched police report. "Any Italian would know—there's a tremendous difference, but the cops didn't know the difference, which is too bad," she added. "At any rate, Italians knew what he was cooking and that he hadn't added the beans yet."

Antoinette shared the family recipe, which will appear in her book, with us, so herewith, a preview of the recipe for:

SAM GIANCANA'S LAST SUPPER

1½ lbs. Italian sausage (sweet or hot)
3 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil
3 cloves garlic, minced
1 can Great Northern beans, with juice
1 large head escarole, rinsed
1 or 2 small chili peppers
3-4 tablespoons dry white wine
Sharp Romano cheese, grated
Sauté sausage in oil. Remove from skillet. Sauté garlic, but do not brown ("If you know what you're doing, cooking Italian food, you never overcook your garlic"). Add sausage to skillet again, along with beans. Cook for 5 minutes over medium heat, then reduce heat. Add escarole, cover and simmer for 5 or 10 minutes. Stir gently, then add chili peppers, wine and a little water if necessary and serve in soup bowls with toasted Italian garlic bread on the side. Top with grated sharp Romano cheese and serve a good red Italian wine. "I prefer a Valpolicella," said Antoinette. One thing stumped the Mafia princess: "Why do they call Italians romantic people when they eat all that damned garlic?"

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VIC GARBARINI

KEITH RICHARDS' record company says that he's "reluctantly ecstatic" about his first-ever solo album, *Talk Is Cheap* (Virgin). Me, too. A combination of insecurity and dedication led Richards to stick with the Stones almost exclusively for more than 20 years. But Mick Jagger's solo outings and his refusal to tour after the last Stones album persuaded an angry Richards to take the plunge. And while *Talk Is Cheap* may not prove that Keith is all there is to the Stones' magic (maybe two thirds of it), it conveys the essence of that band more convincingly than Jagger's solo efforts.

At first listening, the album has a sketchy work-in-progress kind of feel. Keith is ably assisted by such maverick session pros as ex-*Late Night* drummer Steve Jordan (who, with Richards, is the LP's coproducer), Charlie Drayton and Waddy Wachtel, but the real payoff comes when he spins off new variations on his patented churning riff, most notably on *How I Wish*. Some of the sketchiness may result from Keith's old work habits: With the Stones, he'd usually cultivate a riff with the rest of the band until it flowered into a complete song. Here he's jump-starting the process with an entirely new crew. And the results are all the more impressive. The lyrics are thoughtful and heartfelt—and, yes, our boy can be brutally frank, as on *You Don't Move Me*, a searing dressing down of his old friend Jagger. Keith's singing is more than serviceable most of the time. But on mid-tempo rockers and ballads, such as *Locked Away* and *Rockawhile*, you really miss 'Hot Lips'. This would have been the best Stones record in two decades. It's still the best Stones album this decade and proof that the heart of the Stones is alive and beating—hard. Play it loud.

NELSON GEORGE

Luther Vandross' *Any Love* (Epic) is not his best album, but then, when you're as consistent as this composer-producer-singer, it's hard to say that one project is better than another. Each of his five other albums has sold more than 1,000,000 copies. And each has contained at least one classic ballad performance, either interpretations of standards (*A House Is Not a Home*, *Superstar*) or self-penned hits, such as *So Amazing*. Vandross' musical catalog is so impressive that he merits comparisons to vocal giants as diverse as Sam Cooke, Nat "King" Cole and Dionne Warwick. The fact that Vandross isn't as well known as, say, Whitney Houston or Anita Baker—both fine singers, but neither has his track record—is an example of image's winning out over talent. Vandross, a heavy-set man who shies away from interviews and non-



Stone alone.

Whitney and Anita are fine,
but, Nelson asks, what
about Luther Vandross?

musical public appearances, is not natural music-video material. But why should he be? From the beginning, he, along with his frequent collaborators Marcus Miller and Nat Adderley, Jr., has understood how to showcase his creamy-smooth tenor, highlighting both his technical facility and his romanticism. For this album's classic performances, check out his cover of Major Harris' *Love Won't Let Me Wait*, as well as *The Second Time Around* and the title song.

DAVE MARSH

U2's *Rattle and Hum* (Island) is big, it's bombastic, it's mythmaking, it wears its heart on its sleeve and drenches itself in historicity. And that's why I love it.

Rattle and Hum is the first U2 album to come to grips with the blues at the heart of modern popular music, and I don't mean just the overt Delta influences on *Silver and Gold* or the duet with B. B. King on *When Love Comes to Town* as much as the entire shape and spirit of the performances.

This is the album on which U2 makes its case for inclusion in the rock-and-roll pantheon. Sure, that's pretension, but who cares? The point isn't that U2 has reached for the sky but that its versions of *Helter Skelter* and *All Along the Watchtower* are its own, not just homages to the Beatles and Dylan and Hendrix.

It would be a very silly critic, indeed, who didn't notice that Bono's submersion in a loving Godhead strains against his

egotism, and I've always been offended by the Christian vanity that suggests, in *Pride*, that Martin Luther King, Jr.'s martyrdom was the only fitting measure of his life. But only an idiotic critic would let that stuff get in the way of guitar lines as strong as the ones Edge conjures up in *Desire* and *All I Want Is You* or of singing as powerful as Bono's on *Desire*—or, for that matter, of ranting and preaching as useful as his on *Bullet the Blue Sky*. U2 is a great rock-and-roll band, and with *Rattle and Hum*, it sets a mark not only for the rest of its career but for everybody else who picks up a guitar in the next few years.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Humor can be used as a wall to defend against unwanted feelings invading from the unconscious, or it can be used as a bridge to those same feelings, making the unbearable bearable or at least more understandable. Most television comedians are wall humorists. Randy Newman is a

GUEST SHOT



NIA PEEPLES is a triple threat. After a three-year run in TV's "Fame," she's now enjoying the success of her first LP, "Nothin' but Trouble," and starring in the science-fiction big-screener "Deep Six." This month, we put her to work critiquing U2's sound track "Rattle and Hum."

"I am fascinated by what U2 is saying—these guys truly say what they want the way they want to say it, which is every artist's goal. Some people haven't liked the stylistic diversity of this record, but it works well for me. U2 is just reaching further back to its roots in American Gospel and rhythm-and-blues. *Desire* emerges from a rock-a-billy base and *I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For* has been changed forever by the addition of the Gospel choir Voices of Freedom. The music blends beautifully with the lyrical theme, which involves U2's glimpses of the United States during the *Joshua Tree* tour. U2 really made me stop and think about America. Now I want to catch up on U2's earlier work."



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FAST TRACKS

R

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Bon Jovi <i>New Jersey</i>	C+	C+	C	F	C+
Keith Richards <i>Talk Is Cheap</i>	B+	A-	C	C+	A-
Etta James <i>Seven Year Itch</i>	B+	B	B	B-	B
U2 <i>Rattle and Hum</i>	B+	B	C+	A-	B
Luther Vandross <i>Any Love</i>	B-	B-	B	A-	B

I CAN'T GET NO SATISFACTION DEPARTMENT: Reebok is said to be disappointed in **Mick Jagger** for wearing his Nike running shoes in public. Why? Because Reebok is sponsoring his Australian tour. Jagger has promised to wear Reeboks, but, as **Keith** could tell company spokesmen, *Talk Is Cheap*.

REELING AND ROCKING: Video director **David Rathod**, who has done clips for **Huey Lewis** and the **Bangles**, is planning a heavy-metal feature called *Smash, Crash and Burn*. . . . **Tom Waits** has another movie wrapped up, a black comedy with **Sally Kirkland**, **Rip Torn** and **Keith Carradine** called *Cold Feet*. . . . **Robbie Robertson** is beginning a new movie called *Insomnia*, about a Sixties rock idol who drops out for a while and returns to find the music scene radically changed.

NEWSBREAKS: **Dionne Warwick** has taped a pilot for a talk show, *Dionne and Friends*. . . . The **Dead's** drummer **Mickey Hart** is working on an adaptation of *Peter and the Wolf* for TV and home video. It will use skiers to enact the classic. . . . Fox Broadcasting has committed itself to airing a series of 13 Friday-night rock shows from venues around the world, starting this spring. . . . Showtime plans to air four music specials, including **Pink Floyd's** last tour, **Miami Sound Machine's** homecoming concerts, a **Hall and Oates** show in Japan and **Steve Winwood's** Royal Albert Hall concert. . . . **Aretha** will duet with **James Brown** on her next album. . . . **Michael Jackson** has so much money, he's giving chunks of it away. The *Bad* Tour has sold \$108,000,000 worth of tickets so far and another \$25,000,000 in memorabilia. Michael presented Motown Museum founder **Berry Gordy** with a check from proceeds of a Detroit concert to pave the way for community grants. . . . **Willis "Bebop" Edwards**, **B. B. King's** road manager, is writing a book

about the blues guitarist, **B. B. King: Then and Now**. . . . **Elton John** has come off the road to record but will tour America more extensively this year. . . . RCA, America's oldest record label, has just enjoyed the most successful year in its 87-year history, thanks to *Dirty Dancing*, *More Dirty Dancing* and the company's catalog of rap groups, which combined to make 1988 even more profitable than the golden **Elvis** years. . . . **Patti LaBelle** has recorded a **Prince-Sheena Easton** song, *Love '89*, for her upcoming album. . . . A studio fire destroyed **Rick Astley's** next album. Astley will have to sing the vocals again after his producer rerecords the music. . . . **Siedah Garrett's** debut album, *Kiss of Life*, is moving along on the charts. Garrett, the co-author, with **Michael Jackson**, of *Man in the Mirror*, has recently had other songs recorded by both **Roberta Flack** and **Aretha Franklin**. She has also recorded a duet with **Chaka Khan**, which may show up on the **Quincy Jones** album. A very busy lady. . . . Keep your eye out for events sponsored by **Musicians for Life**, a nonprofit organization started by Warner Communications in response to the Surgeon General's request that entertainers get more involved in AIDS education. **Madonna** did the first spot, which has aired on the major networks, Fox, MTV and VH-1. Other stars who'll do spots include **Peter Gabriel**, **Los Lobos**, **Al B. Sure!**, **Rubén Blades** and **Whoopi Goldberg**. . . . Finally, for all you **Beatles** fans who've grown tired of **Albert Goldman** and want to relive the old days, try a card game called *Beatle Significa*. For only three dollars (plus one dollar postage and handling), you can find out what near catastrophe in May 1963 in the Canary Islands almost ended the Fab Four. You can get the game from Whit Album Editions, Box 1114-Y, Lanham, Maryland 20706.

—BARBARA NELLIS

bridge, more so than ever on *Land of Dreams* (Reprise), which contains his first three explicitly autobiographical songs. Newman knows how miserable he was as a child but never sinks into self-pity with his almost surreal eye for detail and sense of compassion for all his characters. Besides childhood, Newman returns here to two other favorite themes: racism and greed. *It's Money That Matters* sums up the mood of our time about as well as any song I've heard this year. If it weren't funny, it would just be unbearable.

Whenever my cat takes a dump, he hops onto the sink next to his litter box and yowls the feline equivalent of "Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair." Much as I like my cat, I daily ponder the question "But is it art?" When I listen to Bon Jovi, I think of my cat. *New Jersey* (Mercury) attempts to step up from the litter box of power schmalz to the pop metal of Def Leppard and the mythos of Bruce Springsteen. Having money to spend in the studio, Bon Jovi does a good job of sounding like Def Leppard. Having spent no time learning to write, it does an excellent job of sounding like Springsteen when he's more ham bone than mythmaker. Look on the charts, ye mighty, and despair.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

No sooner did Richard Thompson dump his spouse and partner, Linda, in 1982 than he turned into a walking ad for connubial stick-to-itiveness. His solo albums started off vaguely unsatisfying and got deader every time out. Since Thompson is a world-class guitarist and composer who can outsing Ry Cooder himself, it's news that *Amnesia* (Capitol) is at least a big improvement and maybe the rock and roll he has been aiming at all decade. His skill no longer cries out for Linda's acrid contralto and contrary soul. I must note, however, that some romantic reversal or other has inspired a set of love songs even nastier than has been his nasty habit. The uproarious revenge hyperbole of *Don't Tempt Me* is the pole that defines the regrets of no fewer than six additional songs. Thompson seems to thrive on friction.

Back from limbo at less apparent personal cost are two veteran soul singers who've never been saddled with that label. Both reggae fixture **Toots Hibbert** and blueswoman-to-the-stars **Etta James** have chosen the same route back: via Memphis. *Toots in Memphis* (Mango) is a cover album that doesn't cloy—these oldies taught Toots to sing, though never (before) for the record. His **Otis Redding** is as on it as anyone who knows his sound would figure; his **Jackie Moore** and **Ann Peebles** are strokes. **Etta James's** *Seven Year Itch* (Island) is more ecumenical, but its deep groove is pure Stax-Volt, the kind of firm musical ground she hasn't stood on since she provided make-out music at basement parties 25 years ago. Her **Otis Redding** ain't bad, either.

VIDEO

VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

Eyewitness: Early William Hurt opposite a post-*Alien* Sigourney Weaver in an amusing thriller about a high-rise janitor who has a crush on a TV newswoman and finds the way to her heart through a murder. Clever script, complex characters from the guys who brought you *Breaking Away*.

FIX: The title killed it. Few knew it was trade jargon for cinematic special effects, trickily hitched to the plot of a smooth, scary suspense drama starring Australia's Bryan Brown, with feisty, reliable Brian Dennehy as top cop on the case.

Just Tell Me What You Want: Back in 1980, we called it "sophisticated comedy in cold blood." Ali MacGraw and Alan King still score as combative valentines—bitchy mistress vs. ruthless tycoon. Best scene: Ali's purse-flailing assault on King in front of stunned shoppers at Bergdorf.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

LADIES' CHOICE: VIDEO TURN-ONS

Women have their own favorite hot movies, and they don't star Charles Bronson. We made an unscientific survey of the women we know and came up with a list.

Swept Away . . . Rich bitch gets marooned on a desert island with her servant. He turns boss and gives the orders; she puts up a good fight but soon succumbs to the man-on-top-in-the-sand position. Women just love a take-charge kind of guy.

Dracula: You know the story. But this vam-

GUEST SHOT



Comic Gilbert Gottfried claims to have the kind of beyond-wretched love life to which most other funnymen aspire. Who better, then, to wax romantic on the perfect Valentine's Day

videos? "For me, *Night of the Living Dead* is romantic because there are human limbs in it. OK, not all the limbs are attached, but I can't be picky. I thought *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* was the feel-good movie of its year; but then, I always enjoy films about families." C'mon, Gil, aren't there any videos that tug at your heart a little? "I rented *Love Story* once. Ever since then, I hang out at singles bars and go up to the first woman who coughs. But for the most part, women like romantic films, men are into pure filth. Let's face it; when an actor and an actress kiss in a movie, women sigh, men say, 'Good, here comes the fuck scene!'" —LAURA FISSINGER

pire is Frank Langella and women happily bare their throats for him.

The Big Easy: Tough New Orleans cop seduces a reluctant D.A. the old-fashioned way: He earns it. Women love a man who takes his time, and no lady can resist Dennis Quaid's slow, easy tease.

Body Heat: Then again, sometimes you just

skip the foreplay. When William Hurt throws that chair through the door to get Kathleen Turner, she ignites, along with women everywhere. Splendor in the glass; lust doesn't get any better than this.

Last Tango in Paris: The classic: frenzied, passionate sex with no names. Two strangers meet, mate; then she kills him. Women have a bit of praying mantis in them, don't they?

The Story of "O": A woman becomes a sex slave to please her lover, who likes to play with whips, chains and other toys. Kinky? Definitely. But the slave ultimately becomes the master, and *that's* what pushes a woman's PLAY button. —PHYLLIS HALLIDAY

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Warm Up with Traci Lords: Yep, the formerly underaged porn star is back on video—this time in a bona fide exercise tape. Are her new routines as high-impact as the old ones? Not really: They were choreographed by Tanya Everett of the President's Council on Physical Fitness. God bless America (Starmaster).

Hollywood Scandals and Tragedies: James Dean's bisexuality, Vivien Leigh's nymphomania, Errol Flynn's weakness for

SHORT TAKES

Best It's-a-Coin-Flip Video: *Eat or Be Eaten*; **Best Art-Instruction Video:** *Nude Beach Body Painting*; **Weirdest Special-Interest-Group Video:** *Clowns for Christ*; **Worst Fashion Video:** *TV or Not TV: The World of Cross-Dressing*; **Best "Let's Not" Video:** *Let's Tap*; **Best We'd-Sooner-Swallow-Arsenic Video:** *Take Time with Pat Boone*; **Best Sure-to-Be-a-Cult-Classic Video:** *English Irregular Verbs*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Bread Dough Folk Art*.

young girls—it's all here in a vid documentary that claims to reveal the inside-Tinseltown dirt (MPI).

THE HARDWARE CORNER

Bang Zoom!: Just when you thought camcorders were as simple as point and shoot, along comes the Hitachi gang with a VM-3150 model that features a snooping 1.5x telephoto lens adapter—and *that's* on top of a 6:1 zoom. Talk about getting up close and personal!

Stay Put: For video-disc owners who don't like getting off their rumps mid-movie, Pioneer's LD-W1 player has two disc drives and four laser hookups—so you can play both sides without so much as a flip.

VIDEO MOOD METER

a guide to how we really choose what to watch

MOOD	MOVIE
WITH YOUR VALENTINE	Straight from the heart: <i>The Way We Were</i> , Zeffirelli's <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> , <i>Wuthering Heights</i> . Also, on land: <i>Gone with the Wind</i> and <i>Out of Africa</i> ; on water: <i>The African Queen</i> and <i>Houseboat</i> ; in the air: <i>An Officer and a Gentleman</i> and <i>Top Gun</i> .
WITH YOUR "OTHER" VALENTINE	<i>Brief Encounter</i> (two marrieds meet and cheat; commuter passion you never got from Meryl and Bob in <i>Falling in Love</i>); <i>Shampoo</i> (Warren Beatty blow-dries mast of Beverly Hills); <i>From Here to Eternity</i> (Burt Lancaster and the captain's wife in the famous sex-in-the-surf scene).
WITH YOUR EX-VALENTINE	<i>Heartburn</i> (Streep and Nicholsan divorce Washington style; best mave: the cake in the face); <i>Shoot the Moon</i> (Diane Keaton's marriage goes bust—in the fierce finale, so does the scenery); <i>Philadelphia Story</i> (Kate Hepburn dumps a chump to remarry Cary Grant. Who wouldn't?).
WITH YOUR RED-HOT VALENTINE	<i>Two Moon Junction</i> (rich bride-to-be discovers kinky VCR sex with local carny; from the screenwriter of <i>9½ Weeks</i>); <i>White Mischief</i> (depraved Brit colonials steam up Forties Kenya with exotic bed-hopping); <i>Call Me</i> (lately newspaper lady finds new ways to hang on the phone).

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

YUPPIE LOVE makes the world go round in *Working Girl* (Fox), an assured and glitzy romantic comedy about sexual chemistry between corporate climbers. Melanie Griffith, playing an ambitious secretary from Staten Island, purrs it succinctly to wheeler-dealer Harrison Ford: "I have a head for business and a bod for sin. Is there anything wrong with that?" In Melanie's case, the answer is a resounding no. Ford, thoroughly engaging as her horny partner in a multimillion-dollar financial coup, seems to be turned on by Melanie's shrewd business sense—that alone may be an indication of the new way moviemakers are looking at women. On the other hand, the standard dressed-for-success ball-buster is played with fine flourishes by Sigourney Weaver as the boss lady whose skiing accident gives our heroine a chance to sneak in some take-over moves on her own. Sound familiar? Michael J. Fox bounced through very similar shenanigans in *The Secret of My Success*, a 1987 megahit. Here, while Kevin Wade's screenplay hardly lights up the board with originality, the formula still works, because director Mike Nichols puts some fresh spin on it with an all but irresistible cast. ★★★

When toting up the triumphs of late 1988, reserve another spot in the winner's circle for Meryl Streep. Without her, *A Cry in the Dark* (Warner) might resemble one of TV's earnest docudramas about justice miscarried. With her, it's a riveting Streep sweep of major proportions, recapping the ordeal of Lindy Chamberlain, an Australian woman whose trial for the 1980 murder of her infant daughter became a national sensation. Chamberlain claimed that a dingo carried off her baby while she, her husband (played to the hilt by Sam Neill) and their three children were vacationing at a campground. As directed by Fred Schepisi, the story is compelling in itself, made more so by Streep's vivid work as a tough-minded religious zealot who all but challenges the jury to convict her, because she won't take the witness stand pretending to be a wounded doe or anything but what she is—innocent. While they still debate that question down under, Lindy Chamberlain has been officially exonerated, and Streep summarizes her case in some wrenching movie moments you won't soon forget. ★★★

The political climate of the Deep South has changed dramatically since 1964, when three young male civil rights workers were murdered in Mississippi. The landmark case that finally brought their killers to court, if not to justice, inspired director Alan Parker's *Mississippi Burning* (Orion), a fictionalized, fiercely exciting message



Weaver Working with Ford.

Banish winter's chill with a trio of comedies, two powerful fact-filled dramas.

movie written in blood, sweat and tears. The screenplay, a hard-hitting polemic by Chris Gerolmo, explores FBI efforts to break through a stonewalling society of Southern bigots. But even the Bureau's good guys (Gene Hackman and Willem Dafoe) are locked in a contest of wills about which way to go. Dafoe is solid as a by-the-book agent in charge of the investigation, while Hackman—a dynamic actor's actor who *never* lets a scene slip away from him—sets the tone as a tough, shrewd Southern-born veteran with a strong-arm approach to law enforcement. His methods, however, don't preclude cozying up to a gentle beautician (Frances McDormand) who's married to a local deputy sheriff (Brad Dourif). All the performances are first rate in a sizzling slice of social history about the battle for hearts and minds. ★★★

The troubled teenager (Alyson Hannigan) reports to her blissed-out dad (Dan Aykroyd) that his sexy new bride (Kim Basinger) has peculiar habits: "I saw her drink the battery juice from your Honda!" That, with a slew of variations, pretty well sums up the humor of *My Stepmother Is an Alien* (WEG/Columbia). Four writers take credit for an immensely silly screenplay with a high-concept premise—eccentric widowed scientist accidentally beams down an extraterrestrial golden girl and marries her. While the premise never develops into anything resembling a plot, Aykroyd is often hilarious as the pie-eyed beneficiary of

Basinger's discovery that earthly sex has a lot of wham-bam cosmic potential. Clearly cognizant that Kim is an out-of-this-world comedienne who could stop traffic in space, director Richard Benjamin dotes on her curves as if to compensate for too many uninspired lines. *Saturday Night Live*'s Jon Lovitz forces chuckles from a largely irrelevant role as Aykroyd's randy, jest-propelled brother. But even a fire-cracker string of intergalactic sex gags can't lift *Stepmother* up from mediocrity. ★★★

Looking back at the war in Vietnam from this distance in time, *The Iron Triangle* (Scotti) is an earnest, highly emotional combat drama that tries to give both sides a fair shake. *The Killing Fields*' Oscar winner Haing Ngor brings resonance to his peripheral role as a Viet Cong captain, but the movie's main concern is the relationship between a captive U.S. officer (Beau Bridges) and the young Cong guerrilla (Liem Whatley) who saves his life. Filmed in Sri Lanka and full of fierce, gutsy battle scenes that *Platoon* might have envied, *Triangle* dilutes its do-gooder intentions with *déjà vu*. ★★

Updated and immeasurably improved, *Dirty Rotten Scoundrels* (Orion) is more or less a remake of *Bedtime Story*, a mediocre 1964 comedy with David Niven and a mis-cast Marlon Brando. Now Michael Caine and Steve Martin are gloriously odd-coupled as con men on the Riviera, fleecing rich women and singling out a flaky young American they assume to be a soap-company heiress (played with impish charm by Glenna Headly). Director Frank Oz fields this talented trio in a triumphantly screwball caper film with a delicious final twist. One or two slow spots, but the actors waltz around them and send you home happy. ★★★

The madcap guys who created *Airplane!* are at it again in *The Naked Gun* (Paramount), a sorry spoof of cops-and-killers movies borrowed from their own TV series, *Police Squad!* Leslie Nielsen, Priscilla Presley and Ricardo Montalban head a cast heavily making light of everything from Beirut terrorists to body condoms. Despite some boffos, little of it works. ★★

Describing its plot may create the mistaken impression that *We Think the World of You* (Cincom) is just a kinky British love triangle about two men and a dog. It's that and more, directed with true Brit class consciousness by Colin Gregg from a novel by Joseph R. Ackerley, one of the first modern homosexual authors to break out of his closet. Alan Bates plays a gay middle-aged businessman named Frank whose lover (Gary Oldman, roughing out one more

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vibrant character sketch in his gallery of rogues) is married, obviously bisexual and in jail for burglary. While Johnny the housebreaker sweats it out behind bars, his beloved dog Evie, a rambunctious German shepherd, starts fur flying in a heated



Gilliam grins and *Barons* it.

OFF CAMERA

The tribulations of former Monty Python/film maker **Terry Gilliam** have been legendary since *Brazil*, which triggered his war of wills with Universal executives. His just-completed epic *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen* has been yet another ordeal. "Making *Brazil* was a dream; the nightmare came later," he says. "With *Munchausen*, it's been an agonizing seven-month nightmare." His litany of horrors began with a battle for rights to the classic. "We had to prove that the material was public domain, albeit the original was forty-two pages written in 1787 by Anonymous." The bad vibes multiplied on location in Italy ("We had a crew speaking four languages, and I'm totally inarticulate under pressure"), then financial backing evaporated, then shooting moved to Spain, where "African horse fever broke out and two highly trained dogs we were using came down with liver complaints. Then David Puttnam got fired as head of Columbia, and everything turned to rat shit." Doggedly optimistic, Gilliam is thrilled with his cast: John Neville as Munchausen, Robin Williams as King of the Moon ("an uncredited appearance" originally meant for Sean Connery), Eric Idle as "the fastest runner in the world, pre-steroids," plus Oliver Reed as the god Vulcan. "Reed's fantastic. If he doesn't get an Academy Award nomination, there is no God." During the worst of the *Munchausen* brouhaha in Rome, "Fellini used to come into the studio and bless everybody, crossing himself. My last night there, we had dinner and wound up walking around the Trevi fountain arm in arm. That," said Gilliam, "almost made it worth while."

custody battle involving Johnny's wife, his old mum and stepdad and Frank, who ultimately becomes more obsessed with Evie than with her absent master. Bates eases into his role with grand English finesse, not quite concealing a smirk of superiority and *noblesse oblige* as he drops pound notes among Johnny's working-class kin. Although the dog, as always, is a scene stealer, Evie (played by a bitch named Betsy) gets stiff competition from the company she keeps in this mordant domestic drama with a cutting edge of wounding humor. ★★★½

Bill Murray, playing a nasty network-TV executive, winds up director Richard Donner's *Scrooged* (Paramount), a modernized spin-off of the Dickens classic, with a dollop of yuletide cheer and bonhomie that would choke Rudolph the reindeer. Playing the Scroogelike tycoon with a god-awful production of *A Christmas Carol* in the works, Murray gets to have it both ways, because the rest of the time—or most of it—*Scrooged* is sock-full of rudely hip hilarity and sick seasonal jokes. John Glover, Karen Allen, Robert Mitchum and Bobcat Goldthwait add dandy contributions to Murray's helpers, though Carol Kane—sporting angel wings and a good right hook—delivers the comic knockout punch as the Ghost of Christmas Present. Pour an eggnog, too, for whoever had the temerity to cast Buddy Hackett as Scrooge and gymnast Mary Lou Retton as Tiny Tim in the TV special within the movie. If your funny bone has a mean streak, here's a gift rap of wicked wit and spoofery to brighten the holidays. ★★★½

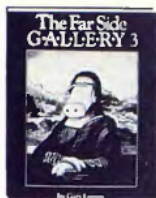
Gay rights are asserted with mocking high-camp humor and unabashed pathos in the film version of Harvey Fierstein's Broadway hit *Torch Song Trilogy* (New Line). AIDS was not yet the scary issue it is today in the early Eighties, when Fierstein first sashayed to stardom as a drag queen named Arnold whose relationships with lovers, his Jewish momma and his gay adopted son moved audiences to giggle through their tears. Grim reality now shadows the lighter side of Arnold's dogged search for love, but director Paul Bogart does little to inhibit Fierstein, whose performance remains outrageous, brash and amazing. Whether it will play in Peoria or elsewhere in Middle America is doubtful, yet there's plenty of genuine passion shining through the schmaltz. Matthew Broderick's heralded stint as Arnold's youngest lover seems more a promotional stunt than shrewd casting. Anne Bancroft initially overacts her Jewish-mother routine, then settles down to carry the big scenes. After Fierstein, though, the showstopper is Brian Kerwin as Arnold's married lover, Ed, whose anguished shifts between the gay and straight worlds make *Torch Song* more than a nostalgic dragtime tune for endangered boys in the band. ★★★

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

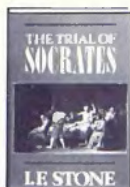
- The Accused** (Reviewed 1/89) As a rape victim, Jodie Foster takes charge. ★★★
- Buster** (Listed only) Paired with Julie Walters, singer Phil Collins proves he can act as a train robber on the run. ★★
- Cocoon: The Return** (Listed only) Despite nice company, this sequel shoulda stood in the pod. ★★
- Crossing Delancey** (11/88) Warm comedy with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert as a charmingly mismatched couple. ★★★
- A Cry in the Dark** (See review) Onward with Meryl the Great. ★★★
- Dirty Rotten Scoundrels** (See review) Caine, Martin and Headly play clever con games on the Riviera. ★★★
- Everybody's All-American** (Listed only) Quaid and Lange as football jock and his Jill. Sudsy but star-spangled. ★★½
- The Good Mother** (Listed only) Custody case brings Diane down to earth. ★★
- Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie** (12/88) Revisiting a Nazi henchman and the company he kept. ★★★½
- The Iron Triangle** (See review) Back to 'Nam with humane hindsight. ★★
- Little Dorrit** (1/89) Six hours of Charles Dickens, but Alec Guinness and Derek Jacobi make the time fly. ★★★
- Madame Sousatzka** (12/88) Teaching grand piano, MacLaine's on a roll. ★★★
- Manifesto** (1/89) Revolution with a wry twist, by Dusan Makavejev. ★★
- Mississippi Burning** (See review) Dixie's death squads revisited. ★★★
- My Stepmother Is an Alien** (See review) Piece on earth for space traveler. ★★½
- The Naked Gun** (See review) Softheaded spoof of hard-boiled detectives. ★★
- Punchline** (12/88) Stand-up comedy is another coup for Tom Hanks, a dead end for a miscast Sally Field. ★★★
- Scrooged** (See review) Bill Murray's mad, merry Christmas special. ★★★½
- Spike of Bensonhurst** (1/89) More broad, trendy Mafia mockery, about a punk prize fighter and how he grew. ★★
- Talk Radio** (1/89) Decline and fall on the air in Dallas, with Eric Bogosian, directed by Oliver (*Platoon*) Stone. ★★★
- Things Change** (12/88) Mobsters according to Mamet. ★★★½
- Torch Song Trilogy** (See review) Life and loves of a drag queen. ★★★
- We Think the World of You** (See review) Boy meets man, man meets dog. ★★½
- Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown** (1/89) Screwball comedy *Español* and much more fun than flamenco. ★★★
- Working Girl** (See review) High rollers in high heels, and on the money. ★★★
- ★★★★ Outstanding
★★★ Don't miss ★★ Worth a look
★★ Good show ★ Forget it

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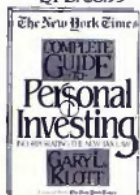
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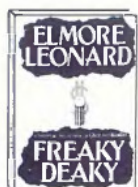
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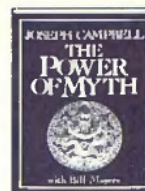
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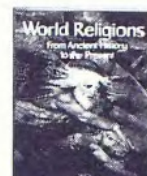
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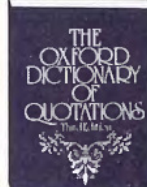
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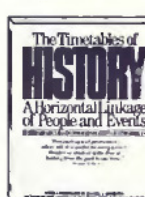
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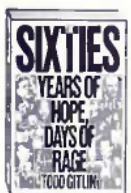
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By DIGBY DIEHL

IT IS ALWAYS a good season for crime, but this month brings a particularly rich collection of transgressions to the literary docket. Joseph Wambaugh's *The Bleeding* (Morrow) is a detailed nonfiction study of the first murder case ever to be solved through "genetic fingerprinting" (comparing DNA in blood or, in this case, semen samples). In addition to the historical and scientific interest of the case, it is told with such passionate fascination for the personalities, such careful unfolding of the investigative process that this book holds the tension and excitement of an imaginative police novel. A series of rape/murders and sexual assaults in the small village of Narborough, England, became the focus of a police task force that worked for five years before cracking the case. We are allowed to experience the lives of the victims and, later, their families with an intimacy that magnifies the horror of these crimes. Of course, at the heart of every Wambaugh best seller are his candid portraits of policemen and his knowledgeable step-by-step re-creations of police procedure. The British cops in Narborough and nearby Leicester are not quite as outrageous as the L.A.P.D.'s *Choirboys*, but their determined quest for justice and their peculiar brand of constabulary black humor are familiar.

Wambaugh's nonfiction masterpiece, *The Onion Field*, burns with his anger at the nature of psychopathic crime. That anger is undiminished in *The Bleeding*, but in this 11th book, we can see clearly Wambaugh's evolution from a cop who writes about his experiences to a master storyteller who helps us learn from human behavior at its extremes.

Psychopathology is also at the heart of E. L. Doctorow's astonishing new novel, *Billy Bathgate* (Random House). Set in Depression-era New York City, it is the colorful and violent story of gangster Dutch Schultz and his henchmen, narrated by a clever 15-year-old boy who has struggled up out of the poverty of the Bronx to become the youngest member of the gang. Staying close to the often ranting and irrational Schultz, Billy attentively studies crime, greed, sex and a distorted microcosm of the American ethos.

The novel opens with a stunning episode in which Billy participates in a classic Mob murder. He impulsively jumps aboard a cabin cruiser that is carrying former Schultz associate Bo Weinberg to his death. Tied to a chair, still dressed in a tuxedo, with his feet in a laundry tub of rapidly hardening cement, Weinberg sobs and sings *Bye Bye Blackbird* as his debutante fiancée is taken into an aft cabin by Schultz. The existential cruelty of the scene is heightened by the cold-blooded



Wambaugh re-creates the *Bleeding* murder.

A good season for crime novels; Bob Greene touches a nerve with Vietnam vets.

efficiency of Schultz's gunmen and Billy's own wide-eyed terror as he witnesses the reward for the sort of life upon which he has embarked.

In previous novels, such as *Ragtime* and *World's Fair*, Doctorow skillfully juggles American history to create a fresh mythological vision of our past. *Billy Bathgate* transforms the vicious New York underworld of the Thirties into a magical curriculum in American Studies. The crude poetry of Dutch Schultz's soliloquies and Billy's own inner monologs become Walt Whitman-esque cadenzas. Billy's love affair with a wealthy blonde gun moll reverberates with F. Scott Fitzgerald imagery of sex and money. The surprise ending certainly bows in the direction of O. Henry. In passage after passage of his own rich, descriptive prose, Doctorow places himself squarely in the mainstream of American romantic literature with a magnificent adventure story.

If Doctorow's book emerges from a 19th Century tradition of storytelling, Richard Saul Wurman's *Information Anxiety* (Doubleday) looks forward to a 21st Century nightmare of technological data run riot, overflowing computer boxes and overload signals flashing in everyone's brains. We're already seeing cases of information bulimia, Chinese-dinner memory dysfunction, Periodical-Proliferation Shock Syndrome and paper weight-watchers, according to Wurman. As he points out: "More new information has been pro-

duced in the past 30 years than in the previous 5000."

I doubt that it will allay anyone's anxieties, but Wurman's philosophical overview of "The Noninformation Explosion" is the most stimulating examination of our overinformed society ever written. He is a brilliant, shameless eclectic who has made the unusual organization of his book a lesson in information management. It is designed so that you can read bits and pieces of it in no particular sequence and absorb the same concepts as if you had read it conventionally. Wurman's iconoclastic approaches to problems of classification, communication and understanding are fun and commonsensical. His prescription to cure information anxiety, in a nutshell: Relax, accept your ignorance and ask questions; fail and learn from it; try doing things the wrong way when the right way isn't working.

Syndicated columnist Bob Greene has proved he can write candidly about sensitive issues, but in *Homecoming: When the Soldiers Returned from Vietnam* (Putnam), his role is really that of catalyst and editor rather than writer. Incredulous of stories he had heard about Vietnam vets' being spat upon in airports upon their return from duty, Greene wrote a column asking vets to respond if that had actually happened to them. The column touched a nerve: More than 1000 people replied, and he has edited a representative sampling of their letters for this book.

A few vets confirmed the spitting stories; others experienced warm welcomes. Many more, however, describe the moral equivalent of being spat upon: rude remarks, cold stares, the feeling of being resented and unwanted. The outpouring of emotions from all sides in *Homecoming* makes clear that here at home, the Vietnam war will not be over for a long time. But, in the words of one letter writer, Greene's direct question made it possible "for a lot of us to wipe a little spit off our hearts."

BOOK BAG

Bird (McGraw-Hill), by Lee Daniel Levine, subtitled "The Making of an American Sports Legend": Larry Bird's tremendous ability to overcome adversity is never clearer than in this candid on- and off-court look at one of basketball's premiere players.

Wait Till Next Year (Bantam), by William Goldman and Mike Lupica: Eat, sleep and drink New York sports, season by season, for a full year. For superfan/Hollywood-movie man Goldman and New York's oh-so-prolific sports columnist Lupica, it was an odd couple's 50-yard dash through the sporting scene.



SKI!

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO SUPER SKIING

There you are. Standing at the top of the steepest ski run you have ever seen. Your skis seem defiant, anxious to test your ability to control them. Your heart races and your hands make futile stabbing gestures with your pole tips in the snow, as if by touching the icy surface you will plug into some energy source known only to the most expert skiers. Finally, after mentally mapping your first few crucial turns, you take a deep breath, lower your goggles and push off—a prisoner of gravity, soaring in ecstasy.

Too advanced for you? Too adventuresome? Nonsense. The beauty of the sport of skiing is that descriptions of moments like the one above apply equally as well to beginners on their first intermediate slope as to experts flirting with death by extreme skiing. Extreme skiing? The definition of "extreme" is brutally simple. In extreme skiing, if you fall, you die. Fortunately, for the rest of us, there

are gradations of extreme. And, as we will see, there are adventures enough for everyone. Even for beginners. Welcome to Playboy's Guide to Super Skiing, ladies and gents.

WHAT KIND OF SKIER ARE YOU—REALLY?

Let's start at the beginning, because if you don't have an accurate idea of your skiing ability, you can't begin to have fun pushing your limits. Remember, the first step to skiing better is to admit how you actually ski. Unfortunately, for most skiers, this is the hardest part. Here's why.

Skiing, perhaps more than any other sport, is daunting to its practitioners—especially to beginners. This is why ski publications do their editorial best to give you as much monthly statistical information as possible so that, if you can't ski like a skier, at least you can sound like one. The result of all this mostly useless data is that some beginners actually believe they know what they are talking about. And the result of that self-delusion is the infamous term "advanced intermediate."

Not surprisingly, this pressure to appear proficient extends to more advanced skiers as well. Intermediates boast they are advanced, advanced skiers sneer and proclaim themselves experts. Genuine expert skiers, however, the ones who can ski anything at Mach 5, rarely play this game. If you ask them to describe their skiing, they usually just smile and say something disarming like, "Oh, I guess you might say I can turn 'em both ways."

So take a tip from the experts. Assess your ability honestly. Especially when buying or renting equipment. Never speak with forked tongue when the guy who is adjusting your bindings asks, "What kind of skier are you?"

Next, consider the options. Skiing is no longer exclusively defined as what one does on two alpine skis. More accurately, skiing is a synonym for "having great fun in the mountains on snow." Clearly, FUN is the ultimate goal, yet there are many paths to achieve it, grasshopper. And they all classify as skiing. More or less. Shall we look at the menu?





First, there are types of skiing. These would include cruising, racing, bump skiing, powder skiing, tree skiing, freestyle skiing, going for air/ski jumping, speed skiing, cross-country skiing (including telemark skiing and skating), mountaineering, and extreme skiing. Then there are types of skis. Alpine skis, nordic skis, monoskis, snowboards, nordic jumping skis, Mexican jumping skis, mono-nordic-crashing skis...etc. Finally, there are things that are just barely, sort of skiing—kind of. Things like parapenting (jumping off mountains on skis with a small steerable parachute), parachute skiing uphill, hang-gliding with skis, inner tubing (no skis), riding cafeteria trays or snow shovels (no skis, no brains), and being dragged by horses—skijoring, an actual Scandinavian sports event. But whether you choose to specialize in one area or dabble, it's all skiing. And it's all fun.

Once you have a good idea of all the wonders available to you, ask yourself what kind of thrills you like best. Are you a speed demon? Or do you delight in repetitive precision and effortless, Stein-like grace? Some skiers lust after the weightless feeling that comes from hurling their bodies off of rocky promontories. Others get positively rhapsodic about skiing that driest and lightest of all snows—powder. Some demented individuals actually enjoy destroying their knees and backs by bashing through the bumps as fast as gravity and skill will allow. As in love and sex, there is no best for everyone. It's purely a matter of taste, a matter of style.

Begin by asking yourself what kind of challenges you prefer. If you haven't skied a lot, and you haven't actually experienced things like tree skiing or giant slalom racing, ask instead which kind of skiers you admire most. Remember, there are no rules here, just personal preferences. For example, some people think racers are tres cool. Others call racers "stick chasers" and wouldn't be caught dead on a downhill course. Some people find cross-country boring. Others speak of it as if they had seen God. Powder skiers, on the other hand, think they are God.

Now assuming you have an idea which aspect of skiing you might find most stimulating or rewarding, there are a couple of down-to-earth considerations. Such as? Such as, if you decide to become a serious powder skier—the kind who uses helicopters for all uphill transportation—can your bank account take the strain? Or if you decide to become a racer on

the pro circuit, bang through the gates on solid ice with skis as stiff as 2x4's, can your body meet the demands? Or if you decide to get back to nature on skinny skis, are you really prepared to deal with any emergency—from cranky bears to walls of snow moving at 200 mph—when you're 30 miles from the nearest outpost with a phone? Or a bathroom?

THE 4 COMMANDMENTS

Thus we arrive at the four commandments of adventure skiing. **Assess your ability. Consider the options. Choose your thrill. Consider the realities.** These are not carved in stone, of course, but they may be helpful in changing your relationship with skiing from an infatuation to a passion. And passion, as we all know, is lots more fun than infatuation.

To assist you in deciding what to sign up for this winter, we have devised a simple test. Don't worry, it's multiple choice and you can't help but pass. Like skiing itself, the test is fun, fast and very revealing. Racers ready? Course clear? Go!

THE TEST

- When someone says "powder" you...
 - Think of cosmetics, explosives or illegal stimulants.
 - Wish you were a better skier because everybody knows how hard it is to ski powder.
 - Begin to salivate, your eyes glaze over and you make helicopter noises in public places.
- You're skiing and you see a slalom course set up on the left side of the run. It's empty, the race is over, nobody's looking, so you...
 - Ski to the right.
 - Enter the course at the top and ski slowly next to the gates—just to see what it's like.
 - Ski the course flat out until the mountain closes and the ski patrol drags you screaming off the hill.
- You think tree skiing...
 - Is for lunatics and morons with a death wish.
 - Must be fun but only if the trees are gladed with lots of space in between.
 - Is so much fun that you and your buddies sneak back in the summer with chain saws to cut your own secret runs.
- It snowed two feet during the night. It's morning, the sun is out, the powder is perfect, so you...
 - Leave town, you have to get back to work.
 - Catch the first tram up the mountain but wonder if you have the right gear.
 - Sabotage the first tram after riding up with the ski patrol.

5. You meet a member of the opposite sex who skis much better than you do. Naturally you...

- Realize it won't work out.
- Ask her/him for lessons.
- Nobody skis better than you do.

6. A snow cat is...

- A kind of tractor that runs over beginners.
- A kind of tractor that smooths out the bumps.
- A kind of tractor that can take you to perfect powder even when the weather is too crappy for helicopters to fly.

7. A helicopter is...

- A kind of airplane with no gliding ability whatsoever.
- An awfully expensive way to go skiing.
- Your best friend.

8. Your best friend...

- Thinks you are crazy to be skiing at your age.
- Skis almost as good as you do.
- Is a helicopter.

9. Cross-country skiing is...

- For joggers who can't ski.
- For those times when you just want to get away from it all.
- What God did on the seventh day.

10. Bumps are...

- What no ski resort charging \$30 a day for lift tickets should have.
- What you're finally going to learn to ski this year.
- Nature's way of saying, "Turn here, now!"

11. "Getting big air" means...

- You'll never go back to that Mexican restaurant again.
- Leaving the snow for more than two seconds.
- Having enough time to read a trail map and wonder if your bindings still work before you land.

12. Snowboards and monoskis...

- Are for kids.
- Look like fun.
- Make it hard to decide what to take up on a good powder day.

13. To stay in shape for skiing you...

- Plan to join a health club next summer.
- Ride your bike and play tennis once a week.
- Work for a living.

14. To mentally prepare yourself for the ski season you...

- Watch ESPN
- Visualize yourself skiing like a World Cup racer.
- Get your body in shape early.

15. One of your friends looks at the trail map and says, "You wanna try Death Spiral?"



Photos by Wade McKay/Jackson Hole

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Whether it's downhill or cross-country, the 4Runner SR5 V6 is your ticket to all-weather performance. It's got rugged good looks and an adventurous four-by-four spirit that longs for the deep stuff. With a powerful V6 engine, 4Runner challenges whatever terrain it encounters. Yet its 150 horsepower provides remarkably smooth highway cruising. All with room and comfort to spare.

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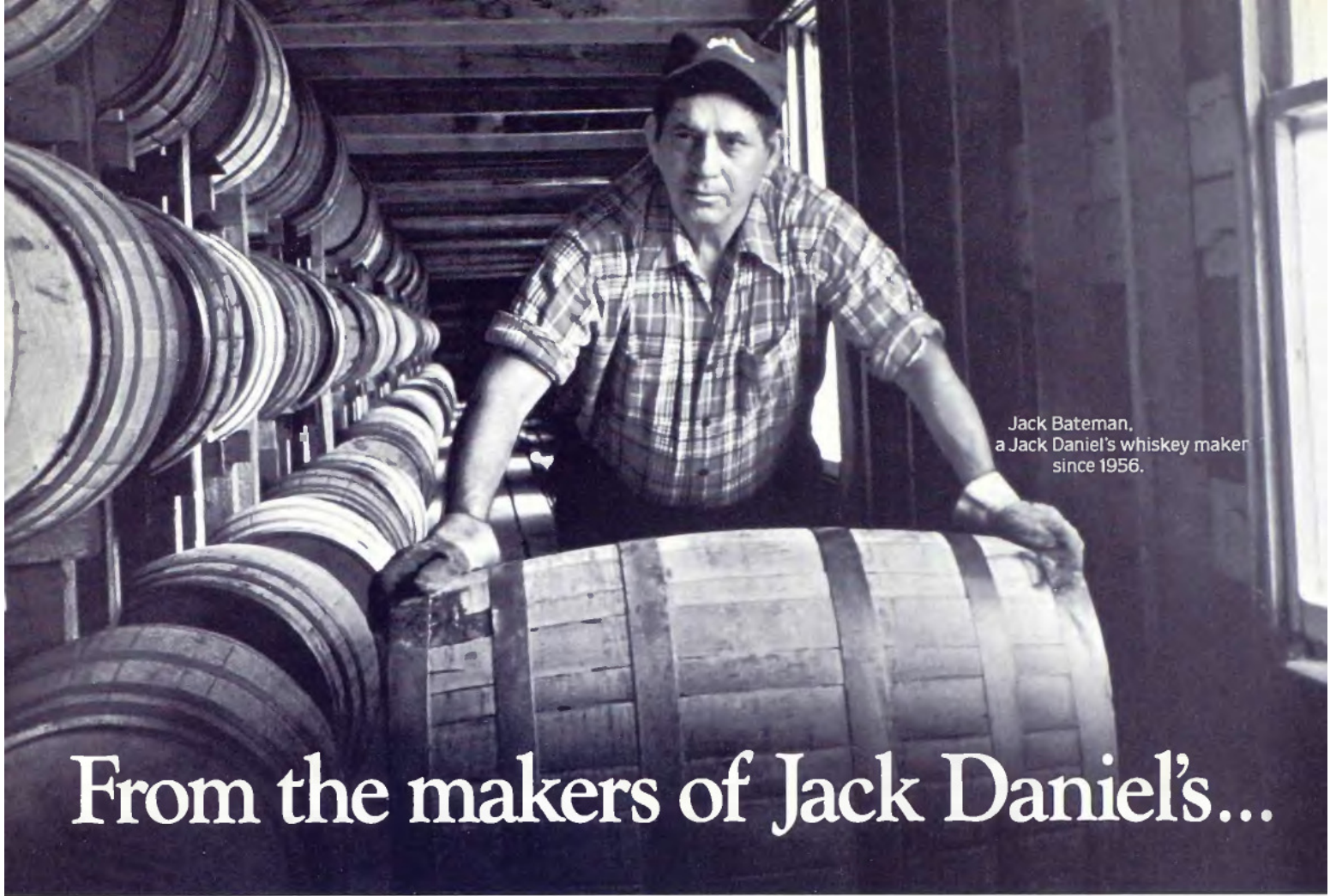


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Jack Bateman,
a Jack Daniel's whiskey maker
since 1956.

From the makers of Jack Daniel's...

- a. You suggest therapy.
 - b. You say, "I'll try it if you will."
 - c. You bet him a liver you can beat him to the bottom.
- 16. The weatherman says you can expect a big dump tonight.**
- a. You book the first plane home.
 - b. You call the office and tell them you are already snowed in.
 - c. You're not surprised. The weatherman calls you twice a day for updates.
- 17. At a major World Cup downhill event...**
- a. You watch the race on TV in your condo.
 - b. You go skiing because everyone else on the mountain is watching the race.
 - c. You fore-run the course.
- 18. Your spouse/roommate/significant other...**
- a. Dictates that you ski resorts with extensive nearby shopping facilities/phones the office twice a day.
 - b. Is as crazy about skiing as you are.
 - c. Borrowed your 223cm. downhill boards and the 4X4 without waking you up this morning.
- 19. \$30 for a lift ticket is...**
- a. Outrageous.
 - b. Not bad. What else can you do for \$5/hour that's as much fun?
 - c. Another reason you cross-country ski.

THE ANSWERS

Congratulations. Since there was no way to fail this test, you have passed brilliantly. However, since the available answers ranged from the Extreme Timid Beginner variety (all the ones labeled "a") to the Extreme Ski-to-Die Fanatic (all the ones listed

under "c"), some elaboration has been provided for your information.

1. No matter what anyone says, skiing powder is the absolute easiest kind of skiing. It is also the most fun. So whatever you do, wherever you go to ski this winter, don't avoid powder snow. **Tip:** Since powder snow naturally offers some resistance to your forward motion, don't try to make your first turns until you have gained a little speed. Make the turns close to the fall line at first—mainly straight down the hill—and then round them more as you get a rhythm and gain more speed and confidence. And don't step from one ski to the other as you turn. If you do, one ski will sink and the other will float and this imbalance will cause you to fall. Instead, try to turn both skis together as a platform.
2. Want to turbo-charge your skiing? Just step into a race course for a run or two. You don't have to go fast, mind you; all you have to do is steer around the gates. But whether you steer around the gates in a snowplow or in your best downhill tuck, you'll soon be hooked.
3. Tree skiing is not for beginners. You need to be able to make good short turns in all kinds of snow conditions. You have to be able to ski well enough to concentrate on the terrain, not on your turns.
4. Try to be flexible in your travel plans. Especially if the snow is perfect on the day you're supposed to leave. One day of great skiing can make an expensive, crowded week of crud and glop seem all worthwhile.
5. One of the beauties of skiing is that it is a finesse sport, not a strength sport. And the better you ski, the less energy you need to expend. This is why you may be surprised to see so many kids, women and old folks zinging past you like you were standing

still. Don't let this discourage you. Let it inspire you to become more efficient, more aggressive. Better yet, go take a lesson.

6. Snow cats are a poor man's answer to heli-skiing. They aren't exactly cheap, but they will take you to great powder skiing even in bad weather. And, unlike jet helicopters, which can whisk you back up 4000' to start skiing again within minutes, snowcats travel at a more leisurely pace and offer you the luxury of resting between runs.
7. Heli-skiing is the ultimate. Period. It is also very expensive. **Tip:** You will have much more fun heli-skiing if you can get a group of friends together who all ski at about the same level and pace.
8. Heli-skiing aside, always try to ski with friends who have the same interest, physical ability and endurance as you. Unless you like waiting, giving lessons, or trying desperately to catch up.
9. Try cross-country. It's peaceful. It's contemplative. It's great exercise. **Tip:** Cross-country is no longer just diagonal striding—jogging on snow. Two aspects of nordic skiing are very interesting and may be more attractive if you prefer a more active form of skiing. One is telemark skiing—essentially downhill skiing using nordic equipment. The other is skating—essentially replacing the diagonal stride with a side-to-side skating motion.
10. Bumps, like ice, are unavoidable. Unlike ice, which is weather dependent, bumps are more or less permanent fixtures at all ski areas. You may never have to learn to ski ice if you watch the weather, but you should definitely learn to ski bumps. Try to think of them as your friends.
11. Jumps are fun. Just don't pick ones with flat landings. And make sure you have a spotter to

watch for traffic if you can't see the landing site from your launch site.

12. Have you reached a plateau in your skiing? Try something new. Monoskis and snowboards are not exactly new, but they may be new for you.

13. Your ski fun is directly proportional to your ski conditioning. How much fun do you want to have? A whole bunch? Get in shape. Tip: Find a summer sport that's as much fun as skiing. That way you never have to "work out."

14. The expert has a point here. If you are sure of your body, you take a lot of pressure off your mind. Visualization does work, but it helps to be able to make 20 or 30 turns without stopping to catch your breath, too.

15. Try new runs. Also have options if the new run is tougher than you thought it would be and you want to escape. Tip: Many long steep or bumpy runs have access routes to easier runs. Watch for cat tracks leading to other runs. But don't be a wimp either. If you don't ski runs that make you fall, you won't improve your skiing.

16. Storms are wonderful. Some of your best skiing experiences will happen when the weather closes down the roads and leaves you stranded or discourages the pampered hordes from braving the elements.

17. The nice thing about big events at a ski area is that everybody else wants to stop, stand around in the cold and watch them. This is a perfect time to go ski. Unless you like standing around in the cold.

18. Ski with skiers. Shop with shoppers. Don't call the office or read any part of a newspaper except the sports and weather.

19. Evaluate the cost of your skiing before you

begin. Decide what you can afford, find out what all the costs will be, fit that into your budget and then forget about it. You don't want to be thinking about money, talking about money, or looking for ways to save money when you're skiing.

MAY WE HAVE THE ENVELOPE, PLEASE?

Well, how'd you do? All A's? That makes you a semi-pro couch potato who skis a couple of weekends a year. All B's? Hmm... maybe you are an advanced intermediate after all. Or maybe you are a B skier with C tendencies? No? You mean all your answers were C's? Interesting... maybe you are one of those C types who skis well, who's been skiing a long time, but just can't seem to generate as much excitement about the sport as you once did.

Lazy, intimidated, or jaded, the problem is the same. You need a little nudge to get going. A friendly hand to get you out of your rut. Someone to come over and turn off your TV and unplug your refrigerator. What you need is a goal. A cold white reason to live. A kick in the priorities.

JUST SAY YES

Don't worry, we won't suggest a drastic boot camp physical fitness regimen. Nor will we attempt to get you fired or spend all your money in the pursuit of powder and feline

grace on snow. What we will do, however, is suggest that you do something different this year. Not even "some things." Just one thing different.

If you don't normally take lessons, take one. If you avoid the bumps like the plague, spend an afternoon skiing nothing but bumps. If you've always wanted to heli-ski, go heli-ski. Just do one thing different—let's say, every other day. If you enjoy it—and you will enjoy it—don't try to thank us. Just go do something else you've never done before. Pretty soon, you'll be hooked on new experiences. Pretty soon you'll realize that adventure skiing is simply a matter of doing something that's new for you. Who knows, before long, you may be doing truly C-level things that are new for you. Maybe even O level. All in the name of fun.

Don't say we didn't warn you.

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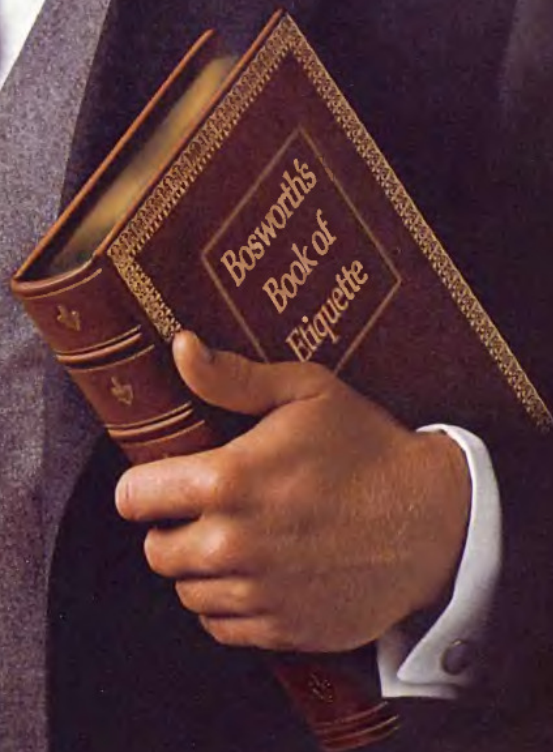
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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

Helped along by Hollywood, there was a more romantic time in our history, when an athlete wanted to excel because of love and the girl next door. Whether it was because the girl next door had big tits, we never questioned.

Remember those days?

Curly, State's star quarterback and all-around good person, gets kidnaped by unshaven gamblers on the eve of State's big game against Normal.

Woe is coach Goldie Bricks, who is tough as bricks but has a heart of gold.

The coach goes to Betty Jean, Curly's girlfriend, who happens to be the sweetheart of Sigma Chi and lives in a little white house only a half block off Flirtation Walk.

"Curly's been kidnaped," the coach says to Betty Jean, who's helping her mother bake a cake.

"Oh, no!" Betty Jean cries out, almost dropping the mixing bowl. "We can't win the game against Normal without Curly!"

"Our kids will give it all they've got, but it sure would make it easier if we had Curly in there so we could hup the ball to him."

Betty Jean says she bets those unshaven gamblers are holding Curly in the old haunted house on the outskirts of town.

"Could be," says the coach, who has to leave now and go to the stadium, because Normal is kicking off to State.

"Bozo and I will go find Curly," Betty Jean says.

Bozo is Curly and Betty Jean's trusty side-kick, the pudgy fellow who plays a hot clarinet when everybody dances at the malt shop.

Betty Jean and Bozo go to the haunted house. Bozo distracts the unshaven gamblers by playing the *Washington and Lee Swing* on his clarinet, while Betty Jean unties Curly.

Curly and Betty Jean race for the jalopy while Bozo fends off the unshaven gamblers with his clarinet.

"Don't worry about me," Bozo yells. "Get Curly to the game!"

"Bozo's a good egg," Curly says, as Betty Jean drives recklessly through town.

They get to the stadium at the start of the fourth quarter. State is two touchdowns behind.

"You know what, Betty Jean?" Curly asks, smiling. "I'm going to win this game for you."

"No, Curly," says Betty Jean, giving him a kiss. "You're going to win it for all of us—for everybody who believes in love . . .



CUPID'S PLAYGROUND

friendship . . . loyalty . . . and America!"

Down on the side line, as Curly slips into his football suit, Betty Jean slips into her cheerleader's uniform.

Curly trots onto the field. The crowd roars. State's band strikes up the fight song, which sounds remarkably like the Alabama fight song, and Betty Jean sings: "Fight on, fight on, / Fight on, men. / Remember the Rose Bowl; / We'll win then!"

State lines up in the Notre Dame box formation. Curly says, "Forty-seven . . . twenty-three . . . sixteen . . . hike!"

Curly runs 79 yards for a touchdown.

Mysteriously, State gets the ball back.

Curly says, "Sixty-two . . . thirty-seven . . . nineteen . . . hike!"

Curly runs 88 yards for a touchdown.

And State gets the ball back.

Apparently, under the unique rules of this era, a team gets the ball back every time it scores a touchdown.

State is on its own one-yard line and there is time for only one more play. In the huddle, Curly looks at his teammates and says, "K-F-seventy-nine."

Hippo, a burly lineman, says, "Gosh, Curly, that's awful risky, isn't it?"

"It's our only chance," Curly replies.

Curly takes the snapback, throws a pass to himself, runs 30 yards, pitches a lateral to himself, runs 30 more yards, pitches another lateral to himself and goes the rest of the way—a 99-yard touchdown play.

Up in the stands, Bozo, his head bandaged and his arm in a sling, waves his clarinet jubilantly.

Happy fans swarm the field and carry Curly and Betty Jean from the stadium to the malt shop on the campus drag. There, Bozo is playing the clarinet, coach Goldie Bricks is on piano, Hippo is blowing trumpet and everybody is singing a medley of college songs.

Meanwhile, in a quiet corner, Curly and Betty Jean sip from the same chocolate malt out of two straws.

"I love this country," Curly says.

"And I love you," Betty Jean says, smiling sweetly.

Things are a little different today, of course.

When Curly tests positive for steroids on the eve of the big game, Betty Jean dashes over to the athletic dorm in the Porsche her daddy bought her.

"What are we going to do?" she asks Dion Leon, the all-American linebacker, who's snorting a line of coke as he talks on the phone to his agent.

Dion can't be bothered, so Betty Jean races up to the six-room suite that's shared by Rusty Hackle, the all-American running back, and four nude, sex-crazed sorority girls, who are nibbling on him.

Rusty can't be bothered, either, so Betty Jean seeks out Kinky Leaper, the split end, who hasn't been to a class in three years but has twice made the scholastic all-American team.

"Curly's tested positive," Betty Jean says.

"Better him than me," says Kinky, who takes a hit off a joint that looks like a cigar as he lies in his indoor hammock and watches three surf movies on three VCRs.

"What do you think we ought to do?" Betty Jean asks.

Kinky shrugs and says, "I don't know about you, but I'm gonna put Normal in a teaser with Auburn and bet the Under."

Kinky rolls out of the hammock, unzips his jeans and takes out Wilbur. "So, uh . . . is Curly still your old man or what?"

"Fuck him," says Betty Jean, lurching for Wilbur.

Later, they're sitting in a bar having their fourth margarita.

Kinky says, "What do you want to do now, bitch?"

"I don't give a shit, asshole," Betty Jean says. "Why don't we suck up some more rocket fuel and go piss on a graveyard?"



By ASA BABER

Ah, so, grasshopper," the old man said to me. "You think you know about love, about men and women and the war between the sexes, but you don't know monkey poop about anything."

Was it a dream? I was sitting at the feet of the famous Chinese philosopher Wun Hung Low, a man estimated to be 2000 years old. It was almost Valentine's Day and, as if by magic, I had been transported into the mountains of China, there to listen and learn about love from this little old man with the wispy beard and shining eyes. While we talked, two beautiful Chinese maidens wiped his brow and massaged his neck and fed him rice. The women wore almost no clothing and their bodies were shining with oil.

"Your eminence," I said, bowing low, "you are reputed to know all there is to know about men and women and their struggles to understand one another. I find the subject confusing. Please educate me."

"I cannot teach a swan to bark," he said, sniffing, "or a mule to sing." As he said this, he placed his hands in the maidens' laps and made a low, moaning sound. "You are an American male, which by definition means that you are stuck in a mountain of cultural doggy do. Face it, grasshopper, the sex lives of you and your brothers are totally screwed up. Almost all of your women are angry with you, few of them respect you, most of them feel quite superior to you. Your lives have become as bitter as hemlock tea."

"This has to be a dream," I said to myself. "Soon it's going to be Valentine's Day. I should be buying candy and cards in Chicago. How did I get here?"

"What a strange culture," Wun Hung Low said, laughing. "You name your day of love after Saint Valentine? How peculiar. He is a man who was martyred in ancient Rome. Why choose him as a symbol of love? Passion and death, sex and pain, martyrdom and marriage—those are the combinations you people worship? Very strange." He paused. "You have plans for this Valentine's Day, I presume?"

"Sort of," I said.

"You will give gifts?"

"Probably," I said, nodding.

"You will receive gifts?"

"Not many," I said, laughing. "But I can explain: I'm the guy, so I'm supposed to give a lot of presents and stuff. If I'm lucky, I may get a card or two in return."

"You accept this imbalance?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said, shrugging, "I guess so. I



THE WISDOM OF WUN HUNG LOW

never really thought about it."

"Tell me, grasshopper, how many of your Valentine gifts are actually rejected by the women you give them to?" Wun Hung Low sipped tea and ate an egg roll.

"I don't know," I said, shrugging again. "I never checked."

"I am not speaking only of your pitiful cards and candies, grasshopper. Surely, some of those material gifts will be accepted and then simply forgotten. I am speaking of all the other gifts you men offer women—gestures of friendship, moments when you try to communicate and bring some kind of peace to the sexual wars. For example, when you smile at a woman, do you receive a smile in return?"

"No, not always. See, women are pretty suspicious of men these days."

"When you speak politely to a woman, do you receive politeness in return?"

"Well," I said, "sometimes. But not always. See, women are very busy with their careers and things."

"When you do a favor or a kindness for a woman, do you find reciprocity?"

"Not necessarily," I said. "See, women have been battered throughout history, and they think it's our fault and we owe them."

"Very strange," Wun Hung Low mused. "Men have not been battered?"

"Well, yeah, but that's the way it's supposed to be. Men have had a tough time

throughout history, but that's OK. Women have also had a tough time throughout history, and that's not OK."

"Why this double standard?"

"Because women are more precious than we are and it is our job to protect them, even at the risk of our lives. Then, if they are unfair to us, we are supposed to shut up about it, because men are supposed to be strong and silent."

"Strange," Wun Hung Low said, smiling, "very strange. Are you sure that is how you wish to live? I suggest that you men examine your lives very carefully."

"Where should we start?" I asked.

"Start with this Valentine's Day. Ask yourselves: Are you being treated equally in all phases of your lives? And, as a matter of self-protection, are you acquainted with the three forms of womanly rejection? They are extremely subtle, but you must learn to recognize them."

"Please instruct us," I said.

Wun Hung Low shifted on his pillow. "First, there is the Rejection of the Smiling Hyena. In this form, the woman smiles at you and pretends to like you but is actually ready to bite off your appendages. She laughs and smiles, but there is great anger in her eyes. She takes your gift, but she will ignore it, and you will never see her again.

"We find, secondly, the Rejection of a Thousand Waterfalls. In this form, the woman seems sad, despondent, deeply touched. But behind the deluge of her tears, you will find the hard rocks of judgment. She has plans to dump you, even as she accepts your gift and weeps. This is the most deceptive form.

"Finally, we have the Rejection of the Executioner. In this, the woman neither sees you nor recognizes you. You do not exist. You are an unforgivable male who is to be punished for every injustice ever committed toward women. If you hand her a gift, she drops it at your feet. All men have experienced this form."

"Not you, surely," I said.

The women seated by Wun Hung Low smiled and giggled. "Very well, I admit it," he said. "I have always been able to attract women, grasshopper, but only because of my other name."

"I don't understand," I said.

"He is also called Wun Hung Like Horse," the women chanted in unison.

Suddenly, everything was clear to me. Then I woke up and went shopping.





***DISCOVER THE PEAK
OF REFRESHMENT.***

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Dear Reader:

I just want to tell you how much I love you. I love your mind. I love your heart. I love your soul. I love the silly way your nose crinkles when your favorite quarterback is sacked. I love those wackily soft triangles of skin on the top of your feet. I love the pattern the sweat makes on your T-shirt and your grunts of pain when you bench 225. I love your nostril hair. I love that vulnerable curve to the small of your back. I love the way you tell a joke, the way you soft-soap your mother. I love your high school-graduation picture. I love your love handles. I love you.

Ready to puke? Come on, go with it, it's fun. Besides, I have to do this. I'm sitting here at my computer and a big, burly editor from *Playboy* is standing over me with a pistol pointed at my head.

He forced his way into my apartment a few moments ago, the brute. "No liberated whining, no feminist diatribes," he hissed. "You're going to write about love and like it. It's a special issue."

Oh, boy. You and I know that every column I write is about love, but try telling this bozo that. So where were we?

I love the way your pupils dilate when you lie. I love the way you understand the infield-fly rule. God, is this boring. I'm putting us to sleep. Try another tack:

"How do you know if you're in love?" I asked Cleo.

"Well," she said, "if you know for sure that he's scared of spiders, anal retentive about the cap on the toothpaste, can't swim and faints at the sight of blood, and you love him just as much, but not more, you're probably there."

"But," I said, "what about that nauseous feeling in your stomach?"

"That's obsession," she said crisply, and I felt— Wait a minute! Didn't I already write this once? Oh, Jesus! OK, how about:

Love, I am afraid of it. It makes my brain cringe. No, I'm not talking about the inevitable pain of love—Nicholas Cage spoke authoritatively on that topic in *Moonstruck*—it's the inevitable subservience that scares me.

The moment I fall in love, I run into the kitchen and start to cook. Nothing can stop me; I am compelled to whip up my famous chicken paprikash for my beloved. I bake, I boil, I poach, I wash, I dry, the entire time feeling cozy and fulfilled.

And when I'm not in the kitchen, I'm dashing madly through lingerie shops, fingering wispy little garter belts, silky cam-



LOVE LETTER

isoles, leather dog collars. Whereas normally, I am the kind of woman who—

"Yo," pipes up the *Playboy* editor, "shaddup."

"But why? This seems to me—"

"Just put a fucking sock in it, awright? I may not be educated, but I can sniff feminist whining a mile off."

The man is Cro-Magnon. Why must I cope with this rampant testosterone, this gun? Would a woman do this? No. If a woman were here instead, we. . . Aha!

WHY I LOVE WOMEN

Women are the greatest. I love them. They have the totally right attitude about everything—for instance, phones. Some people think that a phone's primary purpose is to communicate information. Not women. We know that the purpose of phones is to enable us to watch soap operas together in nightgowns.

My phone rings at one P.M. every day. I pick it up and say, "I simply do not understand why Erica is living with this Dave person."

And Sandy will say, "Could somebody please kill Natalie and Jeremy instantly?"

And I will say, "I want to be Tad Martin's wife." We may actually exchange information, such as the fact that there's a great new hair colorist at Barney's, but only during commercials.

Phones are also good for complaining,

for dissecting everything our boyfriends said and did in the past 24 hours and, yes, for exchanging monumental insights! Cleo called this morning. "I have just realized that in a previous life, I was a fluffer," she chirped. Momentous!

Women are also aware that nothing, nothing, is what it seems. If we ruled the world, we would relegate linear thinking to a back burner, where it belongs.

"My boss has postponed the conference in Wichita," Rita will tell me.

"Oh, my God!" I'll say. "That means he's definitely leaving his wife."

"Obviously," she'll say. "But I knew that yesterday, when Sally in accounting wore her green jersey."

In communal dressing rooms, women reign supreme. I'll be trying on, say, a pair of Romeo Gigli pants and of course I'll become immediately suicidal. "I never realized that my thighs were so intensely like sausages," I'll weep.

"Come on, doll," a woman next to me will say. "Even Paulina the model looks like Porky the Pig in Gigli pants. Jackets, yes; pants, forget about it."

"You could try control-top panty hose," another woman will say.

"Sure," a woman in the far corner will yell, "then she can have a crotch that starts at her knees."

I'm saying here that women will be there for you in every sort of crisis.

"I think you're saying that you're all a buncha dykes," says the *Playboy* boy. "We ain't publishing no lesbian shit about crotches." I quell him with a poison glance.

Pick a crisis, go ahead. Say you're a woman on a date at a fancy restaurant, and your escort, during the soup course, tells you he's bisexual. You know you must immediately go to the ladies' room, where, inevitably, a girl you've never seen before is checking for lipstick on her teeth. First you'll help her, then you'll explode.

"Did you see who I'm with? He tells me he's bisexual! He doesn't even have a mustache!"

"God, you didn't know that?" she'll say calmly. "But he's a caterer. He went out with my brother. Maybe you'd like my date. I hear he's great in bed, and he knows who Moschino is, but I don't know, I can't go for a blond. Want him?"

"The one at the bar? Listen, he is definitely good in bed! Reconsider!"

"Broads!" says the *Playboy* fellow. But I can tell he's impressed.





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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have a problem on which I'd like your advice. I'm 29 years of age and single, and I haven't had sex for at least three years. Where I live, the women are nearly all married or engaged. Actually, I don't know many women, since I am kind of shy. However, one girl I know likes me a lot. She is about my age and lives with her parents. That's where the problem is. I know from the signals she gives when we are alone that she would make love with me. In fact, she has all but asked me to have sex with her. I'm the one who hesitates. Not that she isn't pretty—she's very attractive! I fantasize about her a lot, but I'm afraid to make a move. She has a big mouth! She can't keep a secret. If we were to engage in sex, her relatives would find out for sure. In fact, I might just as well tell them my intentions, because she would surely let the cat out of the bag. I'm afraid they would come down on me like a sledge hammer if they found out.

How can I persuade her not to tell anyone about our making love? Should I trust her to keep our sex life private? I need some advice.—J. D., Harrogate, Tennessee.

Exactly how do you expect her to break the news to her parents? "Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad. I'd like you to meet my new sex toy. He's eight inches of throbbing steel..."? Unless her parents belong to the Mob or some revenge cult, we'd let the situation proceed. Sexual intimacy has a tendency to create its own privacy—your mouth and hers will have better things to do than talk. And most parents don't want to know, especially if she's your age.

My girlfriend and I are engaged in a debate about the best way to visit paradise. Specifically, we want to travel to Tahiti and some other islands in Polynesia. She has heard about a luxurious cruise ship that calls at several islands and thinks that's the way to go—no packing and unpacking. I would prefer a room that didn't rock and roll, and I'm also worried that a cruise like that would sink me financially. What's the best way to island-hop?—P. J., New York, New York.

Cruises are a hot ticket for island-hopping; they are only slightly more expensive than land packages and they have a certain charm (especially if you plan to spend most of your time playing in your stateroom). The drawback to such a cruise is that while you get to see a lot, you don't have much time to interact with the people or their islands. A friend of ours who recently spent time on Bora-Bora claims that many of his most memorable encounters took place over lingering restaurant dinners or as he strolled down a beach and struck up conversations with the locals. Tough to do if you have to be back on board in an hour or two. Seven days on the Wind Song (a 440-foot motorized sailing vessel) runs from \$1895 to \$2400 per person, or



nearly \$635 per day for two people. That includes all your meals and, naturally, transportation from island to island. The best accommodations on Bora-Bora, such as the remarkable new Moana Beach Hotel, go for nearly \$400 per night for two people, and meals are extra (and not exactly cheap). Of course, your room at the Moana Beach is actually an over-the-water thatched-roof bungalow, complete with a glass-bottom coffee table for viewing the fish without getting wet. It may not be what Gauguin had in mind, but you could probably suffer through it for a few weeks.

Here's a sexual technique for *Playboy* readers. My wife and I play something called statues. I call her from work and ask her to fantasize about a sexual position for lovemaking later that day. She has to find a position—anywhere in the house—and then freeze in it. I have to be able to touch her, kiss her and eventually penetrate her without her moving a muscle. We find that the hours of planning and anticipation make great foreplay, while the challenge of finding a suitably accessible position offers both humor and tension. On different occasions, I have found her on the dining-room table, on the weight bench in our home gym or just peering out an open window, buttocks bared to the room. It is very exciting and our roles can be reversed. Sometimes I get to be the frozen one.—E. O., Chicago, Illinois.

Thanks for the tip. Generations of American wives have played this game—only they called it "pretending to be asleep."

When we entertain, I get the carving duty—and I always botch the task. Talk about hack jobs! A friend suggested that the problem may be my knife. What kind

of knife is best for carving? Can I get by with an all-purpose blade or do I need an assortment?—T. P., Hartford, Connecticut.

Your friend sounds as sharp as your knives ought to be. The fact is, carving a roast or a turkey isn't difficult—unless your knife is dull, in which case, the best you can do is hack away. Regardless of shape, size or purpose, the best knives are those that will take and maintain a razor-sharp edge for a reasonable period. The best knife blades are made of high-carbon stainless steel.

A basic arsenal of knives includes the following: (1) an eight-to-ten-inch chef's knife—triangular blade, wide at the base, tapering to a point—which is indispensable for chopping and slicing and, in a pinch, can substitute for a carving knife; (2) a utility knife—shaped like a chef's knife but smaller—handy for a variety of jobs around the kitchen; (3) a paring knife—three to four inches long—good for peeling and small cutting jobs; (4) a carving knife—long and straight, tapering to a point; (5) a bread knife—long, with a serrated or scalloped edge; (6) a sharpening steel to give your knives an edge between professional sharpenings.

Keep knives in a block or on a magnetic knife bar rather than in a drawer. If a drawer is the only available storage space, put the knife in a sheath to protect against buffeting by other utensils. Consistent use of the sharpening steel will help maintain your knives in good condition. Hold the steel horizontally in one hand at a slight angle away from you. Hold the knife in the other hand, with its point straight up, and, working from the base to the point, pull the blade down and across the steel. Repeat this procedure on the other side of the steel with the other edge of the knife. Do each edge several times. To keep them at their best, knives should be professionally honed from time to time.

An old joke has the wife complaining about a headache every time the husband initiates sex. My problem is just the opposite. Quite often, after I reach climax, I experience an incredible headache. Have you ever heard of such a phenomenon?—R. W., Washington, D.C.

The tension associated with sex can trigger several kinds of headache—from a dull muscle-contraction headache to something called benign orgasmic cephalalgia. According to an article in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, "Men may be more prone to experiencing muscle-contraction headaches, since most couples favor sexual positions in which the male is more active, without head and neck support." What are the contributing factors? "Muscle-contraction headache can occur in any personality type but is characteristically associated with states of prolonged chronic anxiety. Maintenance of a rigid head-and-neck posture may be the body's

attempt to brace itself against the anticipated psychological assault from a hostile environment. This symbolic stance can lead to real and severe pain, as the toxic metabolites of the muscles in spasm irritate nerve endings and generate a cycle of further spasm-pain-spasm. Like migraine patients, those with muscle-contraction headaches have difficulty expressing aggression and hostility and feel impotent in the face of overwhelming psychological forces. The normally heightened myotonia inherent in coitus is intensified and escalates to progressive, persistent headache." Most doctors treat the problem with relaxation therapy. To put it succinctly: Hang loose. Next time you make love, monitor yourself for tension. Are you grinding your teeth or having sex in a headstand? Start sex with a massage and the headaches may go away. If not, check with a doctor.

I'd like to present an old vintage cognac as an anniversary gift to a friend who's an aficionado. I've looked high and low, but I haven't been able to locate such an item. Does anything like it exist? If so, can you steer me in the right direction?—J. P., Dallas, Texas.

By "vintage cognac," we assume that you mean one that was made entirely from grapes grown in a single year. Until recently, there was no such animal on the market, which accounts for your difficulties. However, Prunier 20 Years Old, a cognac certified as the product of a single harvest, aged in wood for 20 years in a bonded state warehouse, is now available in limited quantities. Maison Prunier states that the cognac was made with grapes from the 1966 harvest and bottled in 1987. It can be ordered through selected wine and liquor shops.

Cognac is traditionally offered as a blend of distillates from grapes grown in different years, based on the philosophy that blending results in a superior and more consistent product. But there have always been a few maverick producers who wanted to bottle cognacs that were the product of a single harvest for their individuality and style. While the Cognac Bureau (a French quasi-government agency that supervises the production of cognac) has never actually prohibited the bottling of vintage cognacs, its stringent requirements as to verification of the age of any cognac bottled as a vintage make it virtually impossible for any cognac house to qualify. But Prunier has met the challenge and plans to continue producing a vintage cognac as part of its line. More vintage cognacs should be coming along in the next decade or so as other producers get into the game.

What are the odds of getting AIDS from a single sexual encounter? I recall seeing the figures somewhere, but now I can't find them. Would you search your files?—O. E., Seattle, Washington.

There is no single set of odds. The most reliable predictions come from the Journal of the American Medical Association. If you have sex with someone who has the virus and do not use a condom, they say, you have a

one-in-500 chance of becoming infected. If you have 500 sexual encounters with that same person, your chances are two out of three. Using a condom reduces the odds to one in 5000 after a single encounter; one in 11 after 500. Having unprotected sex is the equivalent of playing Russian roulette: You know the gun is loaded. Since most people in America have not been tested for AIDS antibodies, it is unlikely that you will know the infection status of your partner. If your partner does not belong to a high-risk group (homosexual or bisexual men, intravenous-drug users from major metropolitan areas, hemophiliacs) and you do not use a condom, you stand a one-in-5,000,000 chance of catching the virus after a single encounter; a one-in-16,000 chance after 500 encounters. Use a condom and your odds of catching the virus decrease to one in 50,000,000 after one sexual encounter; one in 110,000 after 500 encounters. What if your partner does belong to a high-risk group and you still have sex? Without a condom, your chances of being infected range from one in 1000 to one in 10,000 after a single encounter. If you have a relationship that lasts for 500 sexual encounters, the odds range from one in 32 to one in three. To put these odds into perspective: You stand a one-in-33,000 chance of crashing on take-off or landing of a commercial airplane flight; a one-in-85 chance of crashing in an airplane you built yourself (as suitable a metaphor for love as we've ever found). The clear message from these statistics is that a condom can be man's best friend.

After investing a great deal of time and an inordinate amount of cash keeping my car protected and clean, inside and out, a friend now tells me that detailing is the only way to go for car care. What am I doing wrong?—G. H., Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Detailing your car is like getting a manicure: You know you can do it yourself, but it just looks and feels better when someone else does it for you. A reputable detailer should clean your vehicle with a surgical precision that results in an extremely clean and shiny automobile. We're talking about taking Q-Tips to gauges and steam cleaning the engine. In addition, he should provide protection from the environment (i.e., weather sealing the paint job) for a few months down the road. Make sure you find a detailer with a good reputation. Ask around. An expert may cost more (prices range from \$125 to \$450), but you'll be taking the high road.

I share an apartment with three girls, one of whom has an operatic sex life, five nights a week. Is there a tactful way to ask her to keep the noise down or to give us a break altogether? What was once comic is now just irritating. It has gotten to where we can't study.—Miss W. E., Denver, Colorado.

Have you tried talking with her? All three of you could stand outside her room with score cards, rating the performance. You could set up a tape recorder, tape the noises and play them back at full volume. Is it real

or is it Memorex? You could take 1000 cardboard egg cartons and tack them to the walls of her room for soundproofing. You could buy her a gag from one of those S/M shops. Suggest that maybe her boyfriend doesn't need audio feedback—that clawing his back would prove just as effective. Maybe she's faking the noise—in which case, everyone is losing out. Maybe she is reacting honestly to an incredible lover—in which case, demand that she share the techniques, if not the lover, with all of you. At the very least, suggest that she do it at his house occasionally. Or, if her boyfriend has three friends, start a chamber-music society.

After years of faithful service, my AM/FM tuner finally passed to the great stereo swap in the sky. Short of investing my life savings in a new, updated version, I'd like to revamp my entire sound system and still be able to eat. Any suggestions?—N. T. D., Calgary, Alberta.

Look into a rack system. They're compact, stylish and reasonable enough to cause minimal financial damage. Kenwood, Sony, JVC and Panasonic all make a wide range of rack systems that include tuners, amps, cassette decks, CD players, speakers and shelves, most of which will expand as your system does.

Why does your heartbeat increase during lovemaking? Is it the exercise or the excitement? Can you lose weight by making love?—P. W., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

According to Gabe Mirkin, a sports-medicine specialist, your pulse quickens during lovemaking because of catecholamines—hormones that the body produces during periods of excitement. You aren't going aerobic, just chemical. Mirkin also cites a New York doctor, Abraham Freedman, who suggests that you can lose as much as a pound every four days by reaching for your mate instead of your plate. By substituting sex for a 700-calorie between-meal snack, he claims, you avoid the calories in the snack and you burn 200 calories as well, for a total of 900 calories. Mirkin challenges those figures: Very few people burn 200 calories during sex (aggressive coupling burns about 250 calories an hour—but if you're that eager, are you going to last an hour?). Mirkin calculates that foreplay (or, for that matter, being the passive partner in intercourse) burns only 100 calories an hour. Orgasm apparently consumes 400 calories per hour but lasts only about 15 seconds. You'll have to look for other ways to lose 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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 AUGUST 1987

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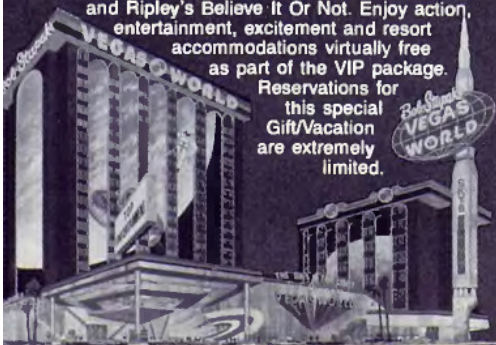
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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

How well or how long do you have to know a man before you're willing to get physical?

Friends before lovers is what I say to this question. My relationships have worked out best that way. Even though it's hard to wait to get physical, I always do. I want my sexual experience to come with love. The waiting makes the sex mean more. These days, to start a new relationship means to use protection. If I were to start a new sexual relationship now, I'd ask the guy to get a blood test, and even though I've tested negative, if he wanted me to take the test again, I would. I've only been with three guys in my life, but I had the test anyway, just to make sure.



Kari Kennell

KARI KENNELL
FEBRUARY 1988

People do tend to lie about their pasts. I'd ask for a blood test, even though that wouldn't cover all infectious diseases. How long two people wait to have sex has a lot to do with chemistry. But you have to be careful about contraception and you both have to be willing to talk about your sexual histories. In fact, to break the awkwardness of it, I'd talk first. It's going to be tough to ask, "Are you bisexual or a drug user?" If he were, would he tell me? I don't think so. I'd have to try to protect myself, because I *know* where I've been.



Brandi Brandt

BRANDI BRANDT
OCTOBER 1987

I don't think the answer is how long have you known someone, but how well. It has to do with honesty and trust. It has to do with being able to ask, "Is there anything I should know?" You can't get that kind of rapport on one date, but you might learn enough in a week to know if someone is lying to you. I have to be able to believe the answer to "Do you have AIDS or herpes?" If I get what I think is an honest answer, even if it's yes, I love him for telling the truth. Look, everyone I've talked to hates condoms. One of the options is not to sleep with anyone until you get in a relationship and then stick with it. It's restricting and I don't like that very much, either. So I'm celibate for the time being. Until I get this stuff figured out.



Laura Richmond

LAURA RICHMOND
SEPTEMBER 1988

Nowadays, I think that it's very important to know someone before you have sex with him. I wouldn't sleep with just anyone. I've been with the same man for four years, but if I were starting a new relationship, I'd want to talk about his past relationships and I'd hope we would agree about our mutual intentions. My boyfriend and I have talked about getting the AIDS blood test, but my doctor discouraged it. He said the test is still unreliable enough to give one either a false sense of security or the scare of a lifetime. Until the test is more accurate, I think people need to communicate with each other about the important sexual facts of their lives.



Terri Lynn Doss

TERRI LYNN DOSS
JULY 1988

I think it would be great to be friends for a couple of months first. Then I'd feel comfortable enough to talk about how both of us have been taking care of ourselves sexually. By then, I've observed his behavior and he has checked out mine, too. People are so aware of AIDS now that no one's ego is harmed by saying, "Let's go get a blood test." One of the men I dated told me that he had been seeing a girl who had messed around so much that he had had the blood test. He offered this information to me. I think that happens more often if you've gotten to know someone first, and it shows real consideration on the part of a prospective partner.



Eloise Broady

ELOISE BROADY
APRIL 1988

I only sleep with men I know, and I have to feel very strongly about someone to even want to sleep with him. Part of feeling strongly about someone is agreeing with him about lifestyle. For me, that would not include promiscuity. I feel I have to know my sexual partners, and there is no time limit. Both people have to be unafraid and up front about their past and be willing to talk to each other about it.



Julie Peterson

JULIE PETERSON
FEBRUARY 1987

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IS THERE

LIFE AFTER LEGALIZATION?

By William J. Helmer

For many people—maybe for most people—the idea of legalizing drugs conjures up nightmare visions of a nation self-destructing in an orgy of chemical abuse. They presume that only they, and a few other sensible souls, could resist the lure of uncontrolled substances and would be doomed to live hunkered down behind barricaded doors—because even the police would be stoned.

For those of us who are awake, the nightmare is now. What we have is *de facto* drug legalization. Anyone who wants drugs can get them and, if you're not tooting or shooting *too* obviously, the risk of punishment is minimal—even for cops, kids, Yuppies, welfare mothers, famous athletes and train engineers. When you find an Iowa farm boy with a dollar bill up his nose, you know that the potential for illegal-drug use has pretty much been realized.

Our present laws make some poor people rich and keep drugs attractive because of the good old American "Don't tell me what to do" attitude, the same trait that made Prohibition such a great success—at giving birth to organized crime, discrediting the law and corrupting law enforcers. So let's not talk about how bad things would get if drugs were legalized: Half the violence in our cities today is associated with drugs, a result either of ingesting them or of raising the money to buy them. Decriminalization would give us life as we know it—without the guns.

Of course, there's a legitimate concern about kids' using drugs as a rite of passage. Teenagers are not going to "just say no" (only a Nancy Reagan could have come up with something that makes forbidden fruit even more

tantalizing). Age restrictions—any legalization plan would undoubtedly have them—would still keep drugs attractive for adolescents who need to outwit the system and defy parental authority. We can't tell kids *not* to do drugs; they'll do them anyway. We can't

to use them. Among tolerably well-adjusted young people, the need to get high is not as great as is the drive to conform or to imitate—usually celebrities and famous athletes. The things at which celebrities excel require certain special qualities, to be sure, but good

sense is not necessarily one of them. They are as prone to stupidity as anyone else. The difference is that their stupidity and bad judgment are newsworthy, affordable and (with a few glaring exceptions) survivable, and whatever problems drugs cause them, personally or professionally, are seldom apparent to the television viewer.

Celebrities give drugs a certain glamor that provides a strong argument against letting the free-enterprise system sell drugs (though seeing starlets pitching heroin might be fun). And the best way to strip the glamor from drugs is to see that they remain generic and are distributed exclusively by Government agencies. Nothing would reduce the novelty and the attractiveness of drugs more than having to stand in line for them at a Government-operated clinic, where staffers would doubtless be wonderfully adept at incompetence, incivility, passive-aggressive obstructionism and ordinary rudeness. The system would be

so user *unfriendly* that it would discourage the casual use that could, in fact, lead to addiction.

Furthermore, just making drugs legal, available and cheap would doom the international drug industry overnight, saving billions now being spent on law enforcement that is failing spectacularly to interdict smugglers—and freeing those funds for drug education and rehabilitation. And levying



A Thirties poster portends today's fear of drug legalization.

tell them it's OK to do drugs; they'll turn into test pilots going for the outer limits of drug use. Education that separates use from abuse might save lives by providing information on how to do drugs without doing damage. If you're going to drive, you need to know where to find the brakes.

But there's obviously something in addition to the effects of the drugs themselves that entices teens and others

even a modest tax on legalized drugs could raise enough money to retire the national debt.

The rich might object to the degrading clinic experience and be tempted to buy their drugs at a small markup from someone willing to endure bureaucratic indignities. That would have to be discouraged, so we should leave in place some pretty Draconian penalties—such as confiscating the BMW—for anyone who goes outside the system.

There's a down side to everything, of course. If drugs were legalized and bureaucratically dispensed in a manner that eliminated much of their appeal,



we would also be eliminating an important avenue of upward social and economic mobility. Liquor Prohibition permitted an otherwise disadvantaged boy named Al Capone to ascend from a lowly brothel bouncer to Chicago's multimillionaire crime lord in less time than it takes most people to finish college. In the same city, drug prohibition recently allowed another unschooled slum kid to meet his maker in a coffin built to look like a Cadillac, his embalmed fingers festooned with diamond rings and clutching wads of money. Thanks to our naïve and moralistic approach to the drug problem, crime—at least for now—does pay.

BLUEPRINT FOR DECRIMINALIZATION

By Georgette Bennett

Panicky headlines and national hysteria have, for nearly eight decades, colored Americans' feelings about drug use. We've been told often enough that legalization means license, that legalization means approval, that legalization means crime and chaos.

Legalization, if handled properly, means none of those things. It means that the black market would shrink; it means that we could isolate the criminal by-products of drug abuse from the public-health issues; it means that we would have more resources for education and drug treatment.

If drugs were decriminalized, America would look like this:

DRUG SALES

- Drug sales would be permitted only by Government-licensed vendors.
- Vending would be restricted to pharmacies and clinics.
- All decriminalized drug products would be sold generically. Brand-name competition would be prohibited.
- The commercial middle person would be eliminated. The Government would act as the middle person and distribute drug products to vendors.
- The Federal Government would negotiate drug purchases directly with foreign governments.
- Foreign governments would be given economic incentives for controlling production and channeling distribution through legitimate channels.
- Proceeds of drug sales would be taxed.
- Strict price controls would keep costs low.
- Drugs would be provided on demand to discourage the development of black markets.

• Government clinics would dispense free drugs to impoverished addicts and offer treatment and re-education programs.

PUBLIC HEALTH

- The Food and Drug Administration would impose strict quality-control and labeling requirements on drugs.
- The majority of drug-enforcement and drug-interdiction dollars would be redirected to treatment and prevention facilities.
- Massive antidrug advertising and public-education campaigns would be undertaken.
- All commercial advertising of drugs would be banned.
- Antidrug education would be a mandatory part of all school curriculums.
- All community centers servicing school dropouts and impoverished populations would be required to provide antidrug education.
- Minimum-age requirements would be established.
- Outreach programs would be developed for underage offenders.
- People in whom drugs induce psychotic, violent behavior would be treated through the mental-health system and subject to involuntary commitments.

CIVIL CONTROLS

- Civil penalties for workplace drug use would be established.
- Strong corporate antidrug policies would be promulgated.
- Bona fide job-related criteria would be developed for jobs in which drug use was prohibited on and off duty.
- Where bona fide job-related crite-

ria could be established, noninvasive drug-testing procedures would be implemented. Drug testing would be conducted *only* where reasonable suspicion or probable cause could be established.

CRIMINAL SANCTIONS

- Criminal sanctions would apply for:
 - Driving while drug-impaired.
 - Circumventing regulations for legal sales of drugs.
 - Gouging prices.
 - Selling drugs through unauthorized outlets, including by mail or by wire.
 - Skimming, evading taxes and keeping criminally negligent records.
 - Enforcement responsibilities would be divided among the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, the Drug Enforcement Administration and the FBI.
- Legalizing drugs would obviously not rid our society of all drug corruption, black-marketeering or underage drug use. However, with drug legalization, much of the drug-related crime would decrease and public education and much-needed treatment programs would increase.

A free society is based on the premise that human beings are rational and can be trusted to make informed choices. Just as an excess of tar and nicotine, caffeine, cholesterol, alcohol and sugar can be harmful to users and yet be legal, so also should drugs be legal.

Georgette Bennett, the author of "Crimewarps: The Future of Crime in America," is a former professor of sociology at the City University of New York and has worked as an advisor to the New York City Police Department.

R E A D E R R E S P O N S E

REISMAN REVISITED

Judith A. Reisman lives in a dream world if she thinks magazines such as *Playboy* make readers run out and commit sexual crimes ("The Big Lie: Reisman Revisited," by James R. Petersen, *The Playboy Forum*, October). She apparently spent too much time talking with Mr. Green Jeans.

Shane Hines
Arlington, Texas

It goes without saying that pedophiles are sick people who would molest children even if *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Hustler* did not exist. Yet you devote four and a half pages to Reisman's "Executive Summary: Images of Children, Crime and Violence in *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Hustler* Magazines." Did her bullshit study scare you that badly?

John H. Kindt
Raleigh, North Carolina

About the cartoon (published in the March 1972 issue of *Playboy* and reprinted in *The Playboy Forum*, October) that supposedly implies incest. There's also a bear in bed with the girl. Does that imply bestiality? A picture is worth 1000 words, and Judith Reisman's interpretation of the picture is just that—an interpretation. Maybe the girl is a prostitute, maybe she is the man's wife, maybe...

Reisman should also note that breast size varies from woman to woman. Not all full-grown women have full-grown breasts. She has forgotten the purpose of cartoons—to make us laugh. Even if the artist *did* imply incest, the twist is in the caption. Perhaps the cartoon itself teaches us a lesson about incest.

Lynn Willer
Sodus, Michigan

Reisman is a fucking wacko. Her so-called findings are totally ludicrous and hilarious, and the conclusions cannot possibly be supported.

Jack Lee
Bridgewater, New Jersey

For some reason, I'm on the mailing list of the *A.F.A. Journal*, published by Donald E.

Wildmon. I usually just toss it into the garbage, but after reading your article on Reisman, I noticed that the *Journal* has a two-column advertisement for the Reisman report that states that it puts *Playboy* in its "true light." To keep the A.F.A.'s views in perspective, your readers should note that the *A.F.A. Journal* also says that the television show *Alf* promotes "incest and child sex."

(Name and address withheld by request)

The Reisman report is a disgrace to social research as well as to Reisman herself.

Wayne John Henry
Craigs ville, Virginia

As the following letters attest, Reisman mailed her report or a summary of it to bookstores and newspapers in order to encourage them to publish editorials against Playboy or to pull the magazine from their shelves.

Two years ago, a local decency group descended upon the Houghton [Michi-

gan] County Board of Commissioners to demand that it enact a law to remove pornography from stores. The board refused.

I thought that that was the end of the matter. Not so. Judith Reisman has been circulating her report indicating that *Playboy* and other magazines cause child abuse—and bookstores, including Michigan Tech's, are refusing to carry them.

Michigan Tech is not an activist campus, but I'm hoping this free-speech issue will inspire discussion on campus about the right of adults to make their own choice of reading material.

Robert P. Yeo
Laurium, Michigan

I have been a reader of *Playboy* for many years and have yet to see children "in the nude, in full intercourse with an adult or being violently molested," as one reader of *The Free Press* newspaper in Carrollton, Ohio, believes. The letter writer was basing his statements on the report issued by Judith Reisman.

Linda L. Icenhour
Carrollton, Ohio

I am sure that I am not alone in my concern over the lies stated as fact by the people who quote the Reisman report. Our constitutional rights are threatened more by people in our own country than by our foreign "enemies."

W. S. Griffith
Canal Winchester, Ohio

The *Somerset Messenger Gazette* published an article about a man who claimed that pornography causes child molestation and drug abuse. It's amazing that a mere 50 miles west of the most intellectually advanced city in the world, there are people with such small minds.

W. Sarra
Bridgewater, New Jersey

VOODOO SEX

Regarding voodoo sex as described by Julie Goodall in "For the Record" (*The Playboy Forum*, September), after enjoying *Playboy* for 13 years, I have yet to have the urge to stick needles in my dick!

Jack Shahan
New Creek, West Virginia



FOR THE RECORD

SEXUAL LIBERATION, 1988

The following statements were made during the time that the Chicago City Council was pondering a human-rights ordinance that would prohibit discrimination against homosexuals:

"In the words of the great Reverend [Hiram] Crawford, 'God made Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve.'"
—ALDERMAN WILLIAM BEAVERS

"Sodomites eat human waste."
—THE REVEREND HIRAM CRAWFORD

"We don't raise no sissies—we raise men."
—ALDERMAN MARLENE CARTER

The human-rights ordinance did not pass.

CANCELING CIVIL LIBERTIES

TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF POSTAL SPYING AND CENSORSHIP

By John Dentinger

The Postal Service's meddling in mail—instead of merely delivering it—is by no means a recent phenomenon. The entrapment schemes described in "The Child-Pornography Myth," by Lawrence A. Stanley, and "Operation Borderline," by Frank Kuznik (*The Playboy Forum*, September), are simply its latest Gestapo ploys. For from its earliest days, behind that cheery façade of indolence and insolence, postal officials have been doing *one* thing efficiently: canceling civil liberties. The following is a partial litany of Postal Service offenses.

From 1835 until the Civil War, many Southern postmasters—illegally but with the acquiescence of the Postmaster General—suppressed abolitionist literature because of its incendiary nature. The ensuing controversy came to the attention of the Congress, and Senator John Davis of Massachusetts noted that, under some state laws, the Declaration of Independence itself could be considered incendiary and, thus, barred from the mail.

In 1873, Anthony Comstock successfully lobbied Congress for a Federal law (still standing as the Comstock Law) to ban obscene material from the mail. Obscenity, then as now, was not clearly defined. Comstock was appointed special agent of the Post Office and he arrested people who sent contraceptive devices and birth-control information through the mail. By January 1, 1874, he had seized 194,000 obscene pictures and photographs, 134,000 pounds of books and 60,300 rubber articles (mostly condoms). One of his victims was a magazine publisher convicted for mailing a periodical that contained a letter to the editor asking if there were legal redress for a woman whose husband had forced her to have sexual relations even though she was recovering from a vaginal operation. The publisher served more than one year in prison. Comstock prosecuted anyone who advocated sexual views that did not conform to his own and bragged about having driven at least 15 of his victims to suicide.

During World War One, the Post Office did its best to put several anarchist newspapers out of business by refusing to deliver them—sometimes on the pretext of their having advertised or advocated birth control.

In 1917, under the newly enacted Espionage Act, the Postmaster General ordered his men to turn in all publications "containing matter which is calculated . . . to cause insubordination, disloyalty, mutiny or refusal of duty in the military or naval service, or to obstruct the . . . draft." Within one month, 15 publications—most of them socialist—had been excluded from the mail and, ultimately, 75 newspapers were barred for one reason or another. Among the dangerous mailings intercepted was an announcement of the formation of the Civil Liberties Bureau, a forerunner of the American Civil Liberties Union.

The Post Office obstructed distribution of U.S.-based German-language newspapers if they refused to adopt a

stickers attacking Franklin D. Roosevelt and ones stating I DON'T READ HEARST—LEAGUE AGAINST YELLOW JOURNALISM, the latter on the grounds that the 70-year-old William Randolph Hearst, Sr., might be offended.

In the Forties, publishers were required to send their books or magazines to the Solicitors General of the Post Office Department, who then determined whether or not the publications were suitable for mailing. The magazine *Revolt* was barred from the mail for quoting one sentence from *The Communist Manifesto* of 1848.

In 1943, the Post Office stripped *Esquire* of its second-class-mailing permit, alleging that it contained obscene material—and then claiming that the magazine was "not of a public character contributing to the arts, literature and the sciences."

In the late Forties, a man was convicted for sending his wife a first-class letter of an indiscreetly passionate nature.

In 1951, the Post Office refused to deliver a rare edition of Aristophanes' comedy *Lysistrata* to a California bookseller. It claimed that the text was "plainly obscene, lewd and lascivious" and that it was "well calculated to deprave the morals of persons reading same." The "lascivious character" of this story (which tells how the women of two Greek city-states plot to cease sexual relations with their husbands until they make peace with each other) had somehow been overlooked for some 3000 years.

Also in 1951, the Post Office stopped delivery of the Soviet newspapers *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, claiming that only diplomats and registered agents of foreign powers could receive "political propaganda."

In 1954, under pressure from Catholic groups, the Post Office decreed that *Catholic Imperialism and World Freedom*, an anti-Catholic book, was "nonmailable."

In 1957, it publicly burned 100 sacks of "trash and nudism" in Chicago and seized cases of "pornography" en route to sex researchers at the Kinsey Institute.

In 1959, the Post Office attempted to ban D. H. Lawrence's novel *Lady Chatterley's Lover* from the mail and, as late as 1961, tried to ban Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*.



U.S. MAIL

pro-Government policy toward the war. Even a resolution against sabotage was banned from the mail—because it used the word sabotage.

In 1928, the Post Office brought criminal action against a Brooklyn mother who mailed out sex-education pamphlets reprinted from a medical journal.

In 1929, two men seeking to bar "psychoanalytical" books from schools were indicted for "obscene" mailings for sending excerpts through the mail.

Also in the Twenties, the Post Office forbade the Anti-Imperialist League from using envelope labels that read PROTEST AGAINST MARINE RULE IN NICARAGUA. In the Thirties, it forbade mail

In 1963, it issued the following decree: If non-first-class mail that looked "like Communist propaganda" came from abroad addressed to a U.S. resident, the addressee could receive the item at the cost of having his name go on a list of persons wishing to receive Communist mail. A copy of the list was reportedly obtained by the House Un-American Activities Committee.

From 1953 to 1973, the CIA conducted an extensive (and illegal) program of opening, copying and assumedly reading first-class mail coming in and going out of the country. (A similar secret FBI program began in 1940 and ended in 1966.) It copied more than 215,000 letters and distributed them to other Federal agencies. The CIA also photographed the covers of 2,700,000 pieces of mail going to or arriving from the U.S.S.R. It took down the names of every person mentioned in the correspondence—about 1,500,000—and stored them in its computer data bank in McLean, Virginia. Among those whose mail was read and photocopied were Richard M. Nixon, Edward Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey,

Frank Church, Martin Luther King, Jr., John D. Rockefeller IV, Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns, A.E.L.-C.I.O. head George Meany, Representative Bella Abzug, John Steinbeck, Jane Fonda, an American exchange student in Moscow writing home to his father and a 12-year-old short-wave-radio listener who wrote to Radio Moscow.

In 1965, a Senate subcommittee investigating the snooping being conducted by Federal agencies asked then-Postmaster General John A. Gronouski for the names of the people—24,000 of them, by official estimate—whose mail had been intercepted and scrutinized by Post Office agents during the preceding two years. Gronouski refused to reveal the names, saying that disclosing them would violate the civil liberties of many innocent persons (whereas spying on them presumably had not). According to the Chief Postal Inspector, "mail watches" were authorized only when there was good reason to believe that they could be instrumental in solving a crime. Yet information submitted to the subcommittee showed that such watches could even

be placed on suspects' doctors, priests, ministers and attorneys. And in Kansas City, a mail watch was placed on a ten-year-old boy.

At the same time, postal officials admitted to diverting personal first-class mail to the IRS, saying that it belonged to tax evaders and that, therefore, no real harm had been done.

In the Eighties, the Postal Service delivers tax delinquents' mortgage payments and other checks to the IRS, which then stamps INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE over the name of the payee—and cashes the checks. In the case of one ex-post-office employee who owed the Government \$285, the IRS cashed and kept a \$1300 mortgage-payment check. Attorney-client correspondence of people who are involved in IRS investigations has been delivered to and opened by the IRS. Both the Postal Service and the IRS claim that the delivery and openings were accidental.

Your friendly Postal Service. It builds dossiers, censors, spies, hijacks checks and masterminds entrapment schemes. Who would have guessed that postage stamps could buy so much?

THE POSTMAN RINGS TWICE

THE DEBATE CONTINUES

I would like to bring to your attention my concerns regarding the special report on "The Child-Pornography Myth," by Lawrence A. Stanley, and "Operation Borderline," by Frank Kuznik (*The Playboy Forum*, September). The authors of the articles misled your readers. I would like to set the record straight.

Project Looking Glass is aimed at individuals who knowingly purchase and receive child pornography through the mail. The Department of Justice and the judicial system have upheld the sting concept—in particular, Project Looking Glass—as being legally sound for identifying and apprehending individuals who violate The Child Protection Act of 1984.

The subjects of the investigations were individuals who had demonstrated an interest in child pornography on at least two previous occasions. Only those individuals were sent solicitation/disclaimer letters. Recipients who expressed a further interest in child pornography were sent catalogs fully describing the material available. Orders were filled with child pornography seized in other investigations and reproduced specifically for this operation, and the material was recovered in subsequent searches. Never has the U.S. Postal Service produced child pornography.

The success of the operation can be

measured by the results. Controlled deliveries were made, search warrants were executed and 139 individuals were charged. We have had successful prosecutions in 93 cases, with 46 cases pending. Those cases were heard in numerous judicial districts across the country. Al-



WARNING

All of the material described in the following pages is sold by Far Eastern Trading Co. Ltd., for educational purposes only. There are no visual depictions of any person under the age of eighteen (18) and any sale of this material will only be to those who have filed a written disclaimer with the company indicating that they are not employed or acting as an agent of any municipal, county, state or federal agency.

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A Federal lie: disclaimer on the Government entrapment brochure.

though the authors rely on the American Civil Liberties Union's opinion that child-pornography stings are entrapment, our experience has been the opposite. Kuznik's statement that "there was no crime until the Government seduced people into committing one" is untrue.

Project Looking Glass searches uncovered 35 cases of sexual molestation of children. Some examples are:

In a Pennsylvania case, postal inspectors found diaries and notebooks detailing actual child-molestation activities. The suspect admitted to sexually abusing children and was arrested by state police.

In a New York investigation, postal inspectors found a suspect's diary that included the names and ages of his victims and sexual acts performed with males as young as 12 years old. The diary was dated from 1976 to 1984 and contained approximately 100 entries.

In a Michigan case, postal inspectors found numerous sexually explicit photographs of a suspect's nieces. The photos had been taken from the time the girls were five years old.

In a Connecticut case, postal inspectors found sexually explicit photos of a suspect's seven-year-old nephew.

We have never claimed that the Postal Service is trying to "solve the problem of

sexual child abuse." We do believe we have contributed to solving it. Our responsibility, as mandated by The Child Protection Act of 1984, is to keep child pornography out of the mails. The Postal Service will not allow the mails to be used to distribute child pornography and thus perpetuate the victimization of children. We believe that if only one child is molested, that is one too many.

Stanley says, "Anyone looking for the child-porn underground will find only a vast network of postal inspectors and police agents." Thank you for making this statement. If it is true, I sincerely hope it will deter anyone from using the mails to obtain child pornography.

Charles R. Clauson
Chief Postal Inspector
Washington, D.C.

Lawrence A. Stanley replies:

Chief Postal Inspector Clauson claims that his Project Looking Glass was aimed only at those who purchase and receive child pornography through the mails; yet a great many of the sting-operation victims—a good number of whose homes were ransacked by teams of law-enforcement officers—possessed no child pornography whatsoever. And in most of those cases, there was no direct evidence suggesting that those targets were seeking out child pornography at the time they were solicited by the U.S. Government. Indeed, both the Postal Inspection Service and U.S. Customs carefully concocted their solicitation letters so as to be intentionally misleading regarding the legality of the material they were selling.

Many of the defendants who were solicited by the Postal Inspection Service's Far Eastern Trading Company initially received a brochure containing the following legend: THERE ARE NO VISUAL DEPICTIONS OF ANY PERSON UNDER THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN (18). One person who was convicted stated that he thought he was "going to get adult women with pigtails or that the pictures would be altered to make it look like there were children in them." Another convicted man said that he was "curious to see how they were going to show this stuff and still be legal."

Clauson claims that each victim of his sting was identified on two previous occasions as having an interest in child pornography. But once again, he has misrepresented his operation. For example, in a case in Oregon, the alleged connection to child pornography was the fact that the suspect's name was on one of 2000 index cards seized in a raid on pornography dealer Catherine Wilson's residence in 1976. But Wilson was at that time—by the Postal Service's own admission—selling primarily heterosexual material (see "The Playboy Forum," January). There was no evidence that the suspect had purchased child pornography.

In another postal sting, a defendant was targeted because his name was on the mail-

ing list of Award Films, a distribution company that never sold child pornography. What it did sell were award-winning foreign films about, among other things, growing up ("Fanny and Alexander," "Small Change," "Pixote") and being gay ("You Are Not Alone").

The implication made by law-enforcement officials—that purchasers of Government-issued porn pose a danger to children—also fails to carry weight. Studies of men convicted of sex crimes against children reveal very little exposure to pornography at all, let alone child pornography. Ron Langevin, senior research psychologist and associate professor of psychiatry at the Clarke Institute, University of Toronto, is one of the foremost experts on sex offenses, particularly pedophilia and incest, and has been conducting research on sex offenders for nearly 20 years. Langevin has noted the low rate of association between consumption of pornography of any type and the commission of sex offenses. He writes, "It seems that men who commit sexual offenses against children do not accumulate child pornography, though some individuals may. To predict a predisposition to pedophilia or to the commission of child abuse based on the possession of pornography would be a futile effort."

Clauson cites 35 alleged instances of child molestation that were discovered as the result of searches made during Project Looking Glass. The information he gives about each of them is vague, possibly misleading and intended to manipulate the reader. How many of those 35 cases have been adjudicated? What evidence did the Government have that would prove that the writings in the diary seized in the second instance were not mere fantasy? What does Clauson mean by sexually explicit? Does he mean what Postal Inspector Robert Northrop meant when he tried to bust Alice Sims? (See following item, "In the Eye of the Beholder.") Clauson's instances are best understood as the rhetorical devices that they are.

Contrary to Clauson's impression, the question raised by my article is not whether or not the Postal Inspection Service should be called upon to solve a social problem as serious as the abuse of children. Rather, the question raised in my article is, What does the Government think it is doing selling child pornography to individuals who otherwise could not obtain it? Why are the United States Department of Justice, the Postal Inspection Service, U.S. Customs and the FBI leading the American public to believe that child pornography is a serious problem, when the Government is the only commercial producer?

Clauson may argue that the Postal Service has never "produced" child pornography, but the fact is that it advertises and offers child pornography for sale, and it sells and delivers it. Both crimes carry with them penalties of as much as ten years and a \$100,000 fine for a first conviction.

YOUR

PART ONE

THE TOOTSIE STING

United States Postal Inspectors don't just censor sexually explicit mail, they create it. Postal Inspector Calvin Comfort—using the name Jolene Edwards—wrote at least a dozen letters to the Reverend Russell Zangger, an Iowa minister who is involved in an anticircumcision movement. "Jolene" professed interest in Zangger's work and asked for information. The minister sent Comfort anticircumcision material in the form of letters and video tapes:

June 20, 1986

Dearest Reverend Zangger,

Thank you very much for the wonderful tape. The children and I watched it first—and then I was so inspired, I showed it to eight of my friends. You should have heard the hushed silence and looks of thoughtful contemplation as we watched the poor little boys be circumcised.

I agree with your thoughts in your letter: Our society is so mixed up—it condemns masturbation, which is a healthy means of sexual expression, and instead urges the brutal disfigurement of boys' penises. . . .

Can I ask you, Has a woman ever told you what it feels like to have an uncircumcised cock firmly nestled in her vagina? How does it feel stroking gently in and out compared to a circumcised penis? I guess I have so much to learn!

Please write me another *personal* letter. You are so intelligent and sure of yourself. And please, if I may be so bold, could you send me the tape showing yourself in the beautiful and natural act of masturbating?

Thank you and God bless you.

Jolene

P.S. Again, thanks for the tape—it was superb!

In response, Zangger sent Comfort a tape with more anticircumcision instruction. It included a seven-minute segment of him demonstrating masturbation. Comfort responded:

July 9, 1986

Dear Reverend Zangger,

I was so excited watching you masturbate that I must have watched that part nine or ten times. Fortunately, you had sent me the article about women's masturbating, so I knew what to do. I would have gone crazy otherwise. I turned the lights down low and was

POSTAL DOLLARS AT WORK

wearing only a thin silk night robe. As I watched the third time, I felt my hand reach down and gently caress my aching vagina. I was softly moaning in pleasure and had a tremendous orgasm. My whole body was coated with sweat as I came over and over again.

Maybe you can help me with a decision. I showed the tape to Andy—he's 13 and I felt he was ready. His candor shocked me at the end of it. "Mom, would you show me how to masturbate?" I was so surprised and shocked that I said it was a very important question and that I wanted to ask someone who would be very knowledgeable. What do you think? Would it be OK to touch Andy? Have you ever done that to any children? How should I tell Andy if you think it's not a good idea? It's so amazing how fast children grow up these days. I would really appreciate an answer, as I have seen that you have a lot of wisdom on interpersonal relations.

About my "true confession," I love oral sex. Prior to getting married to my ex, I guess I led a wild teenage life. My ex only liked to have penetration and

nothing more, just enough to satisfy himself. Before that, I met some boys who loved giving and getting sucked. Daryl and I met when I was 16. He would bury his soft curly brown hair and lick my vaginal area, sometimes his tongue caressing gently, other times thrusting deeply like a wild animal. He gave me my first orgasm. It was wonderful. I begged to have him enter me with his now-throbbing penis, but he brought it to my lips. I soon found myself enjoying licking his member and he moaned loudly. Daryl and I were close until he went off to college.

I was introduced to sex at 14 and am not ashamed to admit that I have been active ever since, until the onset of my divorce. Other than for you, I have not encountered a man that I thought I could trust to take a girl's feelings into account.

I would like to ask a special favor. I really enjoyed the video with the young boys' penises—they have been so helpful in teaching Andy and Kim. Could you send me one or two pictures of a young boy's penis—maybe a picture or

a video tape? Kim now has so many questions and I want to show her how a boy grows up. Who knows, maybe she will find an uncircumcised man. . . .

Yours,
Jolene

Zangger responded to this letter by telling Jolene to demonstrate masturbation to her son by standing behind him and holding "his penis just like mine on the video tape." He advised her that she might get sexually aroused.

The Postal Service indicted Zangger for mailing child pornography and a video tape of himself masturbating. Zangger was found innocent of the first charge but was convicted of the second. The conviction was vacated on appeal.

The question we are raising is not whether or not Zangger was beyond reproach in his actions or words but rather, What was Calvin Comfort, Postal Inspector, doing spending time and tax dollars portraying himself as a woman and writing sexual fantasies to a man whose only offense to date was being an antircircumcision advocate?

PART TWO

KIDDIE PORN: IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

Postal Inspector Robert Northrop of Washington, D.C., is one of those tireless Government workers who keep the mails free from kiddie porn, come rain, snow, sleet or lack of credible evidence. And, if you are unlucky enough to live in his jurisdiction, you don't even have to use the mails to have him meddle in your affairs.

Artist Alice Sims of Alexandria, Virginia, took a roll of pictures of a friend's four-year-old daughter and of her own one-year-old daughter frolicking in the nude. She planned to use the shots in a series of drawings that would juxtapose naked children with images of water lilies. She dropped the film off at a local drugstore to be developed. A developer, seeing photos of naked children, suspected kiddie porn and contacted Northrop.

The Alexandria police moved in with a search warrant. Workers from the Division of Social Services took her two children into protective custody. *The Washington Post* and *The Washington Times* paraded the family before their readers; the latter identified Sims as a kid-porn suspect.

Friends of Sims and her husband's

sent more than 100 letters to the Division of Social Services attesting to their good character. One gallery director looked at the photos and found them "harmless pictures any parent would take. Nothing titillating at all."



Sims's drawing, 1988 (left). Water-baby drawing published in *Punch*, 1887 (above).

Northrop couldn't be fooled, though. In some of the pictures, one of the girls' hands were in contact with her genitals. "The child's hand was on her genitals; she was masturbating," declared the vigilant postal inspector to Skip Kaltenheuser, a free-lance writer covering the story for *Legal Times*. "The Federal Code definitions of child pornography include 'lascivious display of the genitals' and 'masturbation,' and the law was violated. . . . Those pictures are pornographic. . . . Intent is something defined not by state of mind but by overt acts."

Fortunately, saner voices did not agree with Northrop, and a judge returned custody of Sims's children. The commonwealth decided not to prosecute her, for lack of criminal intent. "The state should have made her say she was guilty of child pornography," Northrop told *Legal Times*, "but did not intend it, and put her on probation."

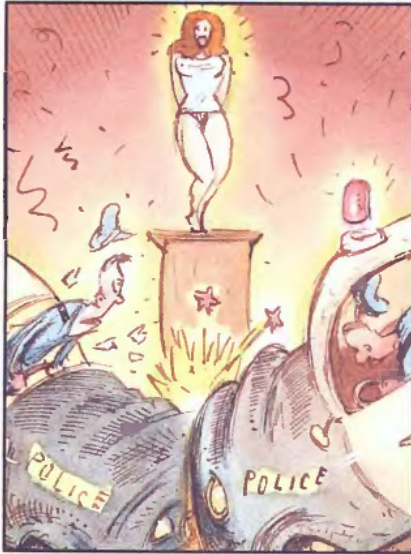
Sims's son had nightmares. He wanted to hide his mother's artwork, to tell the Government she won't paint anymore. He showered in his underwear.

This is child protection, Postal Service style. Now, about those pictures of your kid on the bearskin rug. . . .

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

COPS WILL BE COPS

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT—Six state vehicles were damaged when a crowd of off-duty cops scrambled on top of them to get a better view of a wet-T-shirt contest at their



annual police picnic. The Connecticut State Police Union has agreed to reimburse the state for the repairs.

CALLING ALL ANGELS

SALEM, VIRGINIA—A self-ordained Pentecostal minister and self-proclaimed prophet said that during a vision, three angels warned him that U.S. authorities were going to file sex charges against him. Unfortunately, he revealed the vision only after he had been brought to trial in the state court for sodomizing two teenagers and after he had been indicted by the Federal court for using boys as prostitutes during revival tours. He was unable to prophesy the outcome of the trials.

RIGHT TURN

DALLAS—The Christian Life Commission, an agency of the Southern Baptist Convention, the nation's largest Protestant denomination, recently made some decisions that indicate a sharp right turn for the already conservative organization. It decided to stop distributing copies of the Surgeon General's report on AIDS, because it is not a guide to Christian morality; it has withdrawn support for a

pamphlet opposing the death penalty, because capital punishment is "society's way of upholding the sanctity of human life"; and it elected a new director who believes that it is "contrary to God's will to date non-Christians" and that "God hates homosexuality."

SHOWERS TAKES A BATH

WASHINGTON, D.C.—When H. Robert Showers, Jr., head of the Attorney General's National Obscenity Enforcement Unit, was asked to serve also as deputy to the Criminal Division chief, prosecutors complained that he was not qualified for the position, one that includes supervising the department's fraud section. Because of the complaints, Showers' position was redefined to exclude fraud from his jurisdiction.

The prosecutors apparently knew what they were complaining about, for recently, Showers was placed on leave while awaiting the outcome of an investigation by the Office of Professional Responsibility, which is reviewing allegations that he asked a lawyer to destroy a document pertinent to an obscenity case.

PARTING GESTURES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Ronald Reagan signed legislation ordering the Federal Communications Commission to crack down on radio and television indecency—not just in daytime or prime time but at *all* times. The 24-hour prohibition was stipulated in an amendment to an FCC appropriations bill and sailed through both Houses of Congress with virtually no discussion. North Carolina Republican Senator Jesse Helms was the author of the amendment.

Reagan also acknowledged support for a legislative amendment to tax organizations that earn a significant portion of revenues from performing abortions. The amendment will be tacked on to a bill reworking the 1986 Tax Reform Act.

BUYERS BEWARE

HOUSTON—If you're planning to shop in Mexico, better pause before buying any artifacts that remotely resemble drug paraphernalia. Note the story of two women shoppers who returned with a couple of 50-cent pipes—only to have Customs agents seize their automobile under the

zero-tolerance program. After a public outcry, the car was returned.

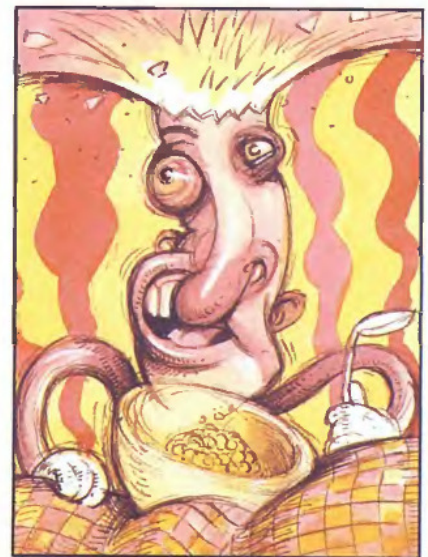
AIDS AND RAPE

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT—A woman's request that an AIDS test be given to the man accused of kidnaping and repeatedly raping her has been turned down by a state superior-court judge. The alleged rapist's attorney contended that testing his client for AIDS would violate the defendant's constitutional rights, because state law permits testing only for venereal diseases, and AIDS is a viral illness.

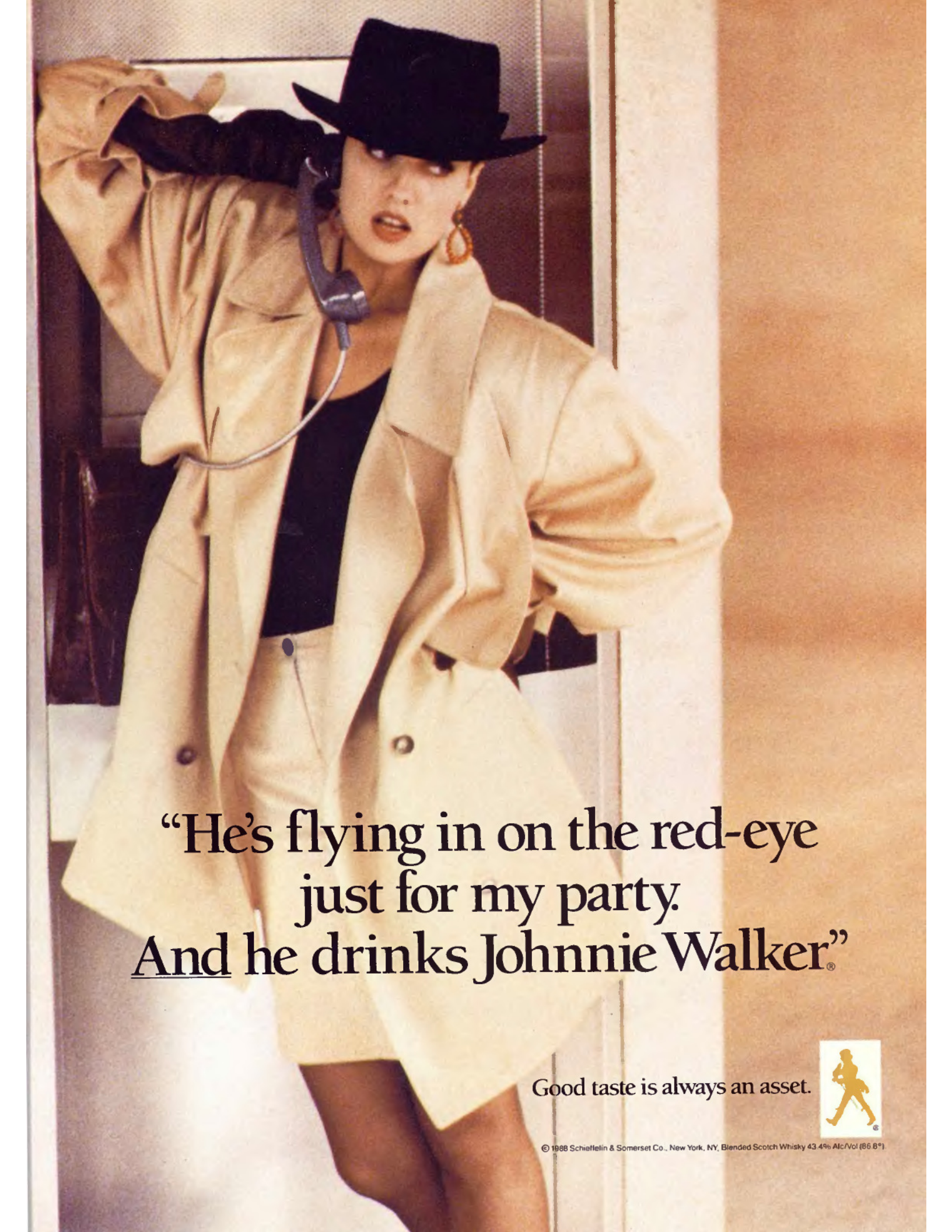
BOWIE, MARYLAND—Two men accused of raping four women in Prince Georges County wore condoms during the rapes—apparently in order to protect themselves from acquiring AIDS.

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

LONDON, ENGLAND—British nutrition expert David Conning made the mistake of telling a group of scientists that daily consumption of a common fungal infestation named ergot, which is sometimes found in the wheat used in high-bran cereals, can theoretically cause LSD highs. Tabloid newspapers subsequently report-



ed: "BREKKIE BRAN CAN BLOW YOUR MIND!" and "ALERT ON HIPPIES' DRUG IN BREAKFAST FLAKES." Conning denied that breakfast food contains enough LSD for an acid high and issued a British understatement regarding the press reports: "Well, I think most of them have gone over the top."

A woman wearing a black hat, a tan trench coat over a black top, and large hoop earrings is talking on a corded telephone. She is leaning against a wall with a textured pattern.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BOB WOODWARD

a candid conversation about watergate, the supreme court, john belushi and politicians' private lives with the celebrated investigative reporter

When Bob Woodward telephoned a source some time ago, the secretary who took the call thought it was Robert Redford on the line. Even the source—who knew better—hesitated when Woodward came onto the line, confusing the reporter with the actor who had once played him.

Woodward occupies a unique niche in American popular culture—he's perhaps the only print reporter who is more famous than most of the people he interviews. Much of his celebrity derives from Redford's portrayal of him in "All the President's Men," the 1976 film version of the Watergate saga based on the book by Woodward and his Washington Post side-kick, Carl Bernstein.

It's about to get even more confusing. For, in a relatively short time, Woodward will be portrayed by as many as four more actors. He is slated to be a character in movies or TV series based on three of his other best-selling books—"The Final Days" (1976), the story of Richard Nixon's decline and fall; "Wired" (1984), about the death of actor John Belushi; and "Veil" (1987), about William Casey's tenure as Director of Central Intelligence—and, perhaps, in an autobiographical script now being completed by Elsa Walsh, Woodward's companion of the past six years and herself a Post reporter.

Indeed, at the age of 45, Woodward is a full-blown journalistic legend. Ben Bradlee,

his boss at the Post, calls him "the best reporter I've ever seen. Period." David Halberstam, who made his name with aggressive pursuit of the truth in Vietnam, hails his "single-minded ferocity." Seymour Hersh, perhaps the only other reporter of this era with a comparable investigative record—and a man not given to gushing about others' achievements—says of Woodward, "He's awfully good; his work has really held up over the years."

But, not surprisingly, Woodward's celebrity has brought him disparagement as well. Critics question his confidential relationship with his sources, suggest that he may even have fabricated some critical scenes in his books and argue that he has not found the proper balance of his roles as the Post's assistant managing editor in charge of its investigative unit, as the newspaper's star reporter and as a writer of best-selling books.

So pervasive is Woodward's influence and so familiar is his by-line on the front pages and the best-seller lists that it is hard to believe that he emerged onto the national scene only in 1973. His upbringing gave little hint of the role he was to play.

Born on March 25, 1943, in Geneva, Illinois, he grew up in nearby Wheaton, a suburb of Chicago. When he was 12, his parents divorced, with his father retaining custody of Bob, a brother and a sister. Later, his father

remarried a woman who had three children of her own, and together they had another. The eldest of the seven, Woodward tried hard to live up to the expectations of his father, then Wheaton's leading lawyer (and later a judge). In sports, he did not impress, but academically, he did well enough to snag a naval R.O.T.C. scholarship to Yale, where he majored in history.

Graduating in 1965, he fulfilled his Navy obligation with four years as a communications officer at sea, then was "extended" to a fifth year in the office of the Chief of Naval Operations. Woodward hated the Navy and the Vietnam war, so when he got out, he gravitated toward the institution most critical of U.S. involvement in Vietnam: the press.

After a year with the Montgomery County Sentinel, where he made a local splash covering Maryland's political hanky-panky, he joined the Post in September 1971 and was assigned to the night police beat. Another story soon intervened.

On June 17, 1972, Woodward was awakened at home by a call from city editor Barry Sussman, who told him that five men carrying photographic and electronic gear had been arrested earlier that morning during a burglary at the Democratic Party headquarters. The city desk needed some extra hands on the story. Could he come in?

Woodward jumped out of bed and walked



"You know from human nature that if a Congressman is living a lie in his private life, what kind of lie is he living as a committee chairman? I'd say, 'Let's look at this guy and see if there's a pattern.'"



"Judy Belushi wanted a different ending to the story. I guess she hoped I would find out that John had been tied up and forced to take drugs, or that he was alive in Des Moines. She couldn't cope with the real ending."



"The real question is how our reporting has stood up. I am totally comfortable with the record. After the attacks on 'The Final Days,' Kissinger's memoirs come out and describe the prayer scene almost exactly as we did."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BENNO FRIEDMAN

the six blocks to the Post, where he found another reporter, a rumped, shaggy-haired fellow named Carl Bernstein, at work on the same story.

In the days following the break-in, as they worked side by side, the two young men—Woodward was 29; Bernstein, 28—eyed each other suspiciously. But soon they discovered that they worked well together—Woodward supplying the establishment credentials, a well-honed intelligence and dogged diligence; Bernstein providing the writing skill, cunning and an almost feral intensity. Woodward had been divorced from his first wife and high school sweetheart, Kathleen Middlekauff, and Bernstein was separated, so neither had a family life to prevent him from working 12 to 18 hours a day. Work they did, breaking story after story as the Watergate saga unfolded. For their efforts, the Post won a Pulitzer Prize.

Soon Watergate was a cottage industry, with Woodward and Bernstein its chief entrepreneurs. Their book on how they got the story, "All the President's Men," was published in 1974. It sold more than 300,000 copies and rose to number one on the best-seller lists. (It appeared first as excerpts in Playboy in May and June 1974.) Two years later, it was released as a film, starring Redford as Woodward, Dustin Hoffman as Bernstein and Jason Robards as Bradlee. That same year, Woodward and Bernstein published their second book about Watergate—"The Final Days"—which, like its predecessor, soared to the top of the best-seller lists and sold nearly 600,000 copies.

But behind the scenes of this long-running show, the two stars squabbled. Woodward took increasing umbrage at Bernstein's work habits; Bernstein met and married New York journalist Nora Ephron, left the Post and set out to become a true "writer." So, when the opportunity to report from inside the Supreme Court presented itself, Woodward turned to his boyhood friend Scott Armstrong, then a reporter at the Post. The result, in 1979, was "The Brethren," again a number-one best seller, with some 600,000 copies sold.

Meanwhile, Woodward was beginning to see himself as the logical successor to executive editor Bradlee. He became metropolitan editor, but it was soon apparent that that was not his strength. In 1981, one of his staffers, a young woman named Janet Cooke, won a Pulitzer Prize for her story about an eight-year-old heroin addict, only to have the prize revoked when it was discovered that she had fabricated the story. Although Woodward and his colleagues pried the truth out of Cooke and promptly published everything they knew, the episode was a setback for the young editor, dashing his hopes to succeed Bradlee. The next year, he was shunted aside, appointed an assistant managing editor and given free rein to pursue his own book projects while developing investigative stories for the paper.

His next book—and the first without a formal collaborator—was "Wired," which told

the story of John Belushi's losing battle with drugs. (It, too, was excerpted in Playboy, in July 1984.) Once more, Woodward hit the top of the best-seller lists, with more than 300,000 copies sold, but the book stirred a furor among Belushi's family, friends and admirers, who charged that he had distorted the late actor's life.

Then, in September 1987, Woodward produced "Veil: The Secret Wars of the CIA 1981–1987." Its publication provoked fresh controversy, particularly over its final scene, in which he claimed to have interviewed CIA Director Casey in the hospital shortly before he died. Casey's widow vehemently denied that Woodward had been in her husband's hospital room. Others charged Woodward with withholding important material from his newspaper in order to hype his book.

As usual, the book hit the top of the New York Times best-seller list, selling an impressive 500,000 hardcover copies. But Woodward's publishers had expected even higher sales, and his critics were harsher than ever.

At this interesting juncture, Playboy asked

*"I don't get any kick
out of protecting sources,
but . . . it's a kind of
sacred trust."*

J. Anthony Lukas, twice a winner of the Pulitzer Prize for journalism and nonfiction, to talk with Woodward. Lukas' report:

"When I told mutual friends that I was preparing for these conversations, they expressed astonishment that Woodward had agreed to talk. Reporters who have dealt with him claim that he is temperamentally secretive, loath to volunteer information about himself. 'Bob's one of this city's most private people,' said a colleague. 'Not quite the J. D. Salinger of the press corps, but getting there.'

"Indeed, when I first called, he didn't seem eager for the interview that had been suggested, though he graciously proposed a private dinner. I persisted, Woodward eventually acceded and one morning, I presented myself at his gray Victorian house in Georgetown.

"Vogue magazine once said that Woodward had a face 'as open as a Finnish sandwich,' and he was the soul of genial hospitality as he welcomed me into the spacious house decorated with movie posters, deep leather chairs, expensive stereo equipment and potted greenery. At our heels nipped Pym, a tiny Lhaso Apso that belongs to Elsa Walsh. In the kitchen, the cook was assembling a picnic lunch, for Woodward had decided that our first encounter should take place at his new weekend retreat on the Maryland shore, just south of Annapolis.

"It took the best part of an hour in Woodward's Honda Accord to reach the house on a

wooded point off Chesapeake Bay. The sunny Cape Cod-style home had breath-taking views of the water and the pine-clad islands. We sat on the bright sun porch in a brisk breeze off the bay.

"By noon, it had grown chilly, so we moved inside to eat lunch in two armchairs pulled up to the great stone fireplace. Perhaps it was the bone-chilling cold, perhaps the length of the marathon interview, but the afternoon session didn't go so well.

"As I dug into his relationship with confidential sources, he grew a bit testy. For a time, we danced around the delicate issues: the persistent doubts in some people's minds that Woodward's super sources, notably Deep Throat, exist as he describes them. Woodward suspected that I was pursuing some agenda of my own. It was getting late, we weren't making much progress, so we drove back to the city.

"A month later, I returned to Washington and checked into a hotel. Woodward couldn't make it until eight that evening, because he'd spent the entire day with the producers of 'Wired,' going over a draft of the script. When he arrived, he looked exhausted.

"But over dinner in my room, it soon became clear that the air between us had cleared. We were two reporters trading journalistic yarns. Talking about how he builds source relationships, Woodward warmed to the task.

"The next day, we finished up, with several hours at his house in a cozy study with forest-green walls, comfortable chairs and a well-stocked bar. 'I do a lot of interviews myself in this room,' he said. 'It puts people at their ease. They seem to talk here.'

"I bet they do."

PLAYBOY: You have a problem most journalists don't suffer from—being mistaken for Robert Redford. Is it true that ever since he played you in *All the President's Men*, people have tended to confuse the two of you?

WOODWARD: Well, I've gone out with lots of women who were immediately able to tell the difference.

PLAYBOY: You're about to be portrayed in several more movies. Have you seen them?

WOODWARD: I've seen an early print of the film based on *Wired*, my book about the death of John Belushi. It's terrific, well beyond my expectations; in fact, much better than the book. The movie doesn't pull any punches about drugs, but it really captures Belushi's spirit.

PLAYBOY: However good it may be, it will be hard to top the impact of *All the President's Men*. There was a story around that the movie—and the original book—set off a flood of applications to journalism schools.

WOODWARD: Yes, I know that that idea is around, but I think the *Columbia Journalism Review* showed that it wasn't so much Watergate as Vietnam that really struck a chord in young Americans. That feels

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right to me. Vietnam was a searing experience, a bloodletting. Nobody died in Watergate. The morality of Nixon and his group distressed a lot of people. But it's not the kind of distress that changes a career. Nobody has ever told me, "I went into journalism because of you."

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, you and your Watergate partner, Carl Bernstein, changed the image of reporters forever. Yet now, when reporting on personal lives has become a part of political life, polls are showing a marked hostility toward the press. Are you concerned about this kind of backlash?

WOODWARD: No, I don't think those polls reflect what people really feel. People are uncomfortable with reporters' going around, as *The Miami Herald* did in 1987, staking out Gary Hart's house. No one likes that. Even the reporters who did it are uncomfortable. But, like the reporters, I think the public is comfortable with the result. They said, "Yeah, we needed to know that, and now that we know it, we don't think he's fit to be President."

PLAYBOY: Why do you believe that evidence of an affair is an indication of unfitness for the Presidency?

WOODWARD: It has to do with your word. The marriage vow is your word, even though a lot of people break it. And Hart wasn't just breaking it, he was obsessed with breaking it.

PLAYBOY: The old rule of thumb was that you could report a public figure's private life only when it affected the performance of his public duties. Is that outmoded now?

WOODWARD: Being President is a twenty-four-hour-a-day job. If you've got somebody living a lie in one phase of his life, that inevitably affects how he's going to perform his duty. It's a fundamental character issue.

As to the old rule of thumb, remember, I started reporting in the middle of the Vietnam war, when *everything* was up for grabs. There we were, as reporters and as citizens, examining the basic issues of whether we were involved in an illegal and immoral war; indeed, what kind of nation we were. I never felt constraint when I entered the reporting business.

PLAYBOY: But *shouldn't* there be constraints? If a Presidential candidate is always fair game, what about the woman who calls you at the paper and says, "I'm sleeping with a Congressional committee chairman and I'll go on the record." Do you report it?

WOODWARD: Well, it depends. If you called him up on it and he said, "Yup, it's true; I'm going through a lousy time and my marriage is on the rocks," I'd tend on both a human and a repertorial level to say, "Well, here's a guy who knows himself pretty well and is willing to lay it out," and I probably *wouldn't* do the story.

Let me give you an example from real life. Just after Jimmy Carter was elected, his new Appointments Secretary was supposed to be a fellow named Greg Schneiders. Somebody came to me and

said that Schneiders had owned some bars and defaulted on some loans and was in a financial mess. So I called him and he said, "It's absolutely true. My finances are in a mess. I'm straightening them out, but I think it's going to take some time." I didn't do a story on it. I gave it to another reporter, who mentioned it in passing in a profile of Schneiders. Eventually, he didn't get the job. It may subvert my attack-dog image, but, quite frankly, my threshold just wasn't crossed.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to our hypothetical Congressman, if he said to you, "That's a damn lie," you'd go after him?

WOODWARD: Well, if you see him on the cover of the local magazine with the perfect family, and so forth, then there's a contrast. And you know from human nature that if he's living that kind of lie in his private life, what kind of lie is he living as committee chairman? Then I'd say, "Let's take a look at this guy and his committee and see if there's a pattern."

I feel pretty strongly that you've got to look at these things. And the nice thing about where I work is, you can spend months looking at them and still end up saying, "Gee, we don't have a story."

PLAYBOY: You seem to be saying that the behavior is less important than how the person cycles that behavior through his own psyche. Is that the standard?

WOODWARD: It's about self-knowledge. Look, everyone has to confront failures or mistakes, and part of character is how you deal with failures and mistakes. I have a twelve-year-old daughter, and many of our confrontations are about owning up to behavior and accepting the consequences.

PLAYBOY: But aren't there acts that are wrong in and of themselves, whatever the attitude of the person who commits them? Take the case of the SEC officer who was accused of beating his wife—

WOODWARD: But that's a *criminal* act. We're talking about the margins, aren't we? Screwed-up finances, extramarital sex, smoking marijuana. . .

PLAYBOY: Then the lesson to anyone in public life is, If you've committed a criminal act, you probably ought to cover up, because Woodward will go after you. But if the activity is at the margins—

WOODWARD: Confess! [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Does any of this apply to Watergate? Of course, that involved outright criminal activities. But if Nixon had been more frank about what the White House had done, wouldn't he have finished out his second term?

WOODWARD: We could sit here and craft the one-paragraph statement that Nixon could have read in late June 1972 that would probably have disposed of the whole thing. But what kept everyone going was the fierce and overstated denial from the start, so people said, "What's being concealed here? Why is there such a rabid reaction to all of this?"

PLAYBOY: We'll return to Watergate, but before leaving the topic of ex-candidates, let's

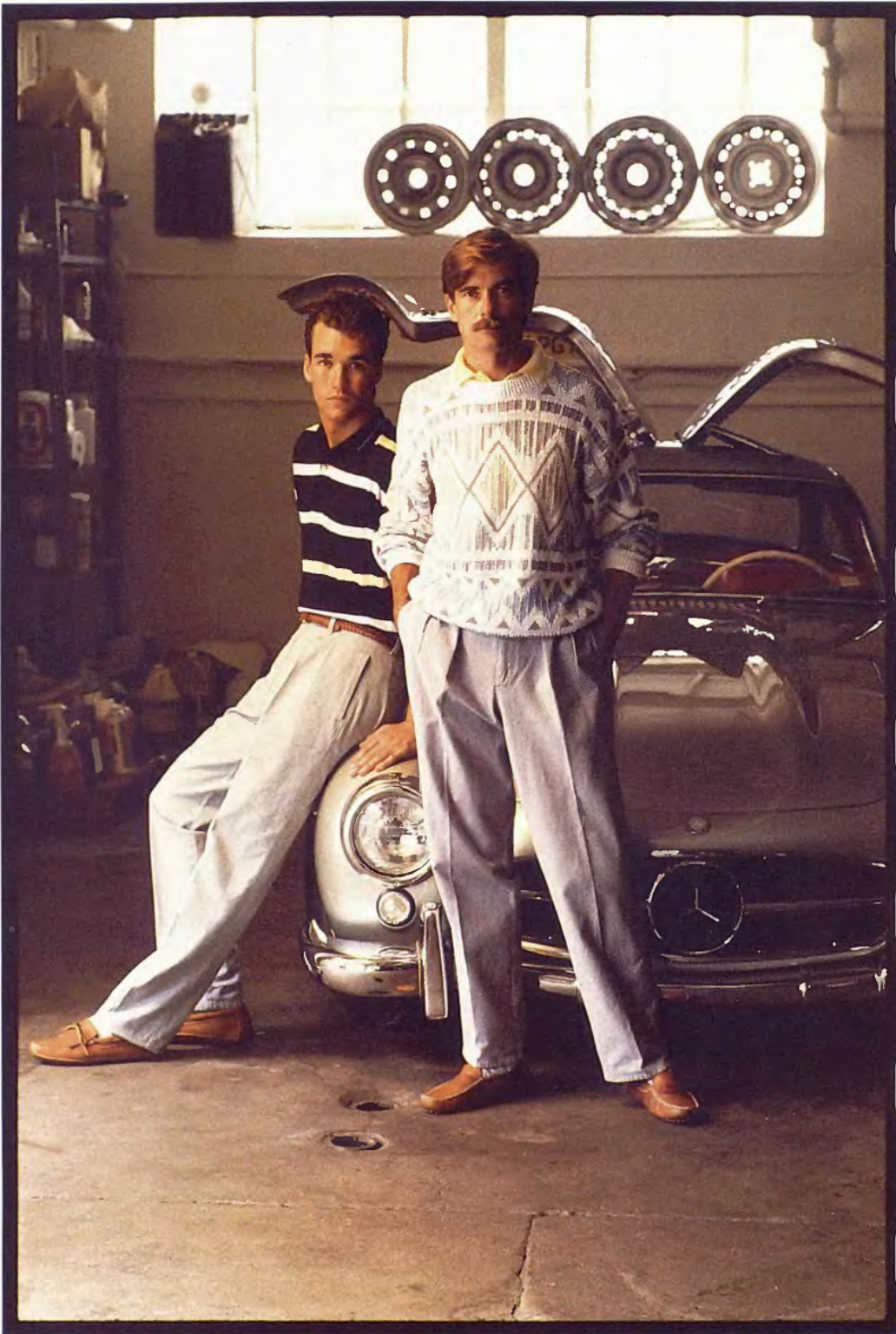
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clear up a side light about Gary Hart. It turned out that he was your friend and had even lived in your house on two occasions. How did that come about?

WOODWARD: In 1979, Hart called me up and said he knew I had recently been divorced and had a big house in Georgetown. He was a distressed, confused person—confused about his marriage, about whether it was on or off. The human thing to do was to say yes, which I did.

PLAYBOY: How well did you know Hart?

WOODWARD: We'd had a couple of long conversations. That's all.

PLAYBOY: How long did he stay that first time?

WOODWARD: A couple of months. Then he came back in 1981 or 1982, well before he was a Presidential candidate.

PLAYBOY: Did you see much of him when he was living with you?

WOODWARD: No. That second time, he barely ever opened the refrigerator. I found out that he was staying at some woman's place and using my house as a kind of mail drop, and I was uncomfortable with that. Then some Colorado reporter wanted to interview me about the Senator and I told Hart I would have to answer fully and honestly. We had a lunch at Trader Vic's that got pretty testy. He said, "These are private matters. Why can't you just tell him, 'No comment?'" And I said, "Because he's a colleague and because dodging something like that never works." Hart was upset, but he moved out.

PLAYBOY: A telling conversation in light of what happened later.

WOODWARD: More than telling. I was very distressed. I told Bradlee, "This man thinks that he can erect a Chinese Wall between his personal life and his political career, and you can't do that." I urged him to assign a reporter to carefully examine Hart's career after the 1984 election. So all I did was encourage aggressive coverage.

PLAYBOY: If you got a call this afternoon from a general at the Pentagon who was separated from his wife and he said, "Bob, I hear you have a spare room. . . ."

WOODWARD: If you called up and needed a room, I might let you in if you were willing to sign a notarized affidavit that you would never run for public office. That thing with Hart, it was a mistake. I didn't see its ramifications. It substantiates my mother's view that no good deed goes unpunished.

PLAYBOY: Are you bothered at all by the appearance of hypocrisy in the reporting of such subjects? When you investigated Watergate, you were examining activity you'd presumably never engaged in. But when reporters investigate marital infidelity or the use of marijuana, that is something many of them have done themselves.

WOODWARD: Well, you couldn't have a reporter who was committing adultery on Thursday following some candidate around on Friday night to see who he was sleeping with. That would be absurd and hypocritical. But a reporter who had com-

mitted adultery years before and learned his lesson, maybe. . . .

PLAYBOY: Gay Talese, in his book on *The New York Times*, says that all good reporters are outsiders. Are you an outsider?

WOODWARD: Yeah, I think so.

PLAYBOY: Really? Son of a leading lawyer in a Midwestern town. Protestant. Middle class. Educated at Yale. A naval officer. To many people, you look like the quintessential insider.

WOODWARD: That's where you've got it wrong. There's no better place to start a career as an outsider than on the bench at Wheaton Community High School, which was Red Grange's school, too. I was *terrible*. I almost never got into a game. And up in the stands was my father, who'd been captain of the Oberlin football team.

PLAYBOY: Was he disappointed in you?

WOODWARD: He never upbraided me, but I knew how disappointed he was. So I spent a lot of time up in my room as a radio ham, talking in Morse code around the world. You remember the ham-radio club in high school—all those guys with slide rules on their belts? That's an outsider, believe me.

PLAYBOY: Didn't it begin even earlier than that? There's a story one of your friends tells about you as a child at Christmas. Your parents had divorced, and you didn't think that the presents you and your siblings got were up to those your new stepbrothers and stepsisters got.

WOODWARD: Oh, yes. I looked up the prices of all the presents in the gift catalog. It was a moment of great emotional distress for me and my father when I confronted him and showed him that the money he'd spent on them and on us was so dramatically out of balance.

PLAYBOY: Bob Woodward's first piece of investigative reporting and, psychologically speaking, a significant moment?

WOODWARD: Oh, absolutely. It was kind of sad, but the fact is that it's a very competitive world when two families are brought together that way. You end up feeling like an outsider in your own family.

PLAYBOY: What about Yale? Did you feel like an outsider there?

WOODWARD: I remember taking the train from New York to New Haven—and walking into the university and literally knowing no one. I was eighteen years old and utterly rootless in this Eastern-establishment world, starting all over again.

PLAYBOY: It's a paradox, isn't it, to seem like such an insider and feel like an outsider?

WOODWARD: A paradox, maybe, but I'm not so sure it's a handicap. In fact, it may be a wonderful benefit to feel like an outsider inside establishment institutions.

PLAYBOY: You started writing at Yale, didn't you—some poetry and a novel?

WOODWARD: A silly novel, about a young man growing up in a small Midwestern town very much like Wheaton. And all the turmoil in the family. One chapter would be in very overwritten Faulknerian prose, the next in sparse Hemingway style.

Garbage. I sent it off to some New York publishers. But when they said no, I abandoned it.

PLAYBOY: You abandoned more than the novel, didn't you? We're told that you abandoned all your literary ambitions, the whole idea of being a writer, even the notion of yourself as an intellectual.

WOODWARD: Yes. It was purely practical. The novel wasn't accepted and it was clear that I wasn't any good at it.

PLAYBOY: But you'd had only one book turned down something every published novelist has experienced. It doesn't seem to be enough of a reason to give up all literary aspirations. Did something else drive you away?

WOODWARD: [Pause] Yes. I suppose what later attracted me to journalism was that I could deal with the *external* world and not have to look *inside* so much. Because inside me, inside that first novel was all the painful material of Wheaton and childhood and divorce and families in which all the innocent are wounded, because children are innocent, and it inflicts great pain. . . .

PLAYBOY: The novelist has to dredge up all those buried emotions, while the journalist can keep them at a distance?

WOODWARD: At a *great* distance. Frankly, I find other people more interesting than I find myself. One has to make choices in life. That was a choice I made. Maybe it has erected a barrier in my life, but by and large, it has worked for me.

PLAYBOY: But it wasn't only a rejection of the inner life—wasn't there also a strong attraction to the life of a newspaperman?

WOODWARD: Oh, yes! I knew right away that was what I wanted to do, because I got excited just going into the newsroom. It was immediate, not filtered or abstruse.

PLAYBOY: Your first real exposure to journalism was when you got out of the Navy, in 1970, right?

WOODWARD: I went to see the *Post's* metropolitan editor, Harry Rosenfeld, who somewhat reluctantly gave me a two-week tryout. I wrote fifteen stories, none of which was published. He said, "See, you're terrible. It's a profession you've got to learn like any other. Get your training somewhere else. Then come back and we'll see."

PLAYBOY: Those words didn't discourage you as the rejection of your novel had?

WOODWARD: No, and when I went to see the editor of the *Montgomery County Sentinel*, I told him, "I want this job so bad I can taste it." Later he told me, "That's why I hired you."

Some of the stories I did there got picked up by *The Washington Post*, and in the summer of 1971, Harry Rosenfeld took me back. They put me on night police, from six-thirty P.M. to two-thirty A.M. I'd work the night shift and then go in the next day and write the story. I did nothing but work. I was all over the paper.

It was a period I remember with great fondness. Life was simple and direct. This may overstate it a little bit, but it's the

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closest thing to the Platonic academy that exists in this country, where you're interested in ideas, inquiring, skeptical. There were no sacred cows. Nothing was off limits.

PLAYBOY: Nine months later, along came Watergate. Where were you when you first heard about the burglary?

WOODWARD: I was asleep in bed when the phone rang. It was nine o'clock on a Saturday morning, and Barry Sussman, my city editor, told me that five men had been arrested earlier that morning in Democratic headquarters. It didn't seem like much, but I liked to work weekends, so I went over to cover the arraignment hearing.

PLAYBOY: What first aroused your suspicion that there was something bigger lurking in that little burglary?

WOODWARD: The presence of this lawyer, Douglas Caddy, representing the burglars. Burglars normally don't have attorneys ready to appear at the arraignment. I kept asking Caddy how he'd become involved. He was very vague, finally claiming he'd gotten a call in the night asking him to represent Bernard Barker, a man he'd met at a cocktail party. It made you go, "Hey, wait a minute."

But the big "Hey, wait a minute" was when they asked one of the burglars, James McCord, where he worked. He said he'd recently retired from Government. The judge asked, "Where in Government?" and McCord finally said, "CIA." That's when I really did a "Holy shit." A burglar who worked for the CIA!

PLAYBOY: You did have one disappointment over Watergate, didn't you? The Pulitzer advisory board later decided to award a prize for what you had done, but Bradlee determined that it should go to the *Post* as an institution rather than to you and Bernstein individually.

WOODWARD: Yes, you get only a couple of shots at a Pulitzer in your career. That was our chance and it was snatched away. I worked myself up into some concern about it and went to see Bradlee. He said that Carl and I would always be identified with the story but that the *Post* needed the prize at that moment. He had the longer perspective and I had the shorter one.

PLAYBOY: Of the major unanswered questions about Watergate, which interest you the most?

WOODWARD: I think the main unanswered question is, *Did Nixon know about the burglary in advance?* I'm working on part of that answer now. I think there are some people who are still alive who may be able to answer that.

PLAYBOY: What about the motive for the Watergate burglary itself? As you know, there has long been a theory that the Nixon forces were principally interested in finding out how much Larry O'Brien, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, knew about Nixon's ties to Howard Hughes, specifically the one hundred thousand dollars that Hughes had passed to Nixon through the President's

friend Bebe Rebozo. At a recent conference on the Nixon Presidency, Jeb Magruder said that that was, indeed, the motive. What do you think?

WOODWARD: I think the Hughes-Rebozo thing was part of it, but motivations are complex. There's a tendency to feel that because Watergate turned out to be such a calamity, the burglars had to have been looking for the Holy Grail. In fact, if you look at their testimony, they say they were on a general fishing expedition to find some dirt on the Democrats. And, as with any expedition, everyone had a different motive.

PLAYBOY: Do you resent the implication by some critics that your sources on Watergate—among them the fabled Deep Throat—may have been people in the intelligence community?

WOODWARD: I resent it because it's untrue. As you know, I'm not going to discuss the identity of Deep Throat or any other of my confidential sources who are still alive. But let me just say that this suggestion that we were being used by the intelligence community was of concern to us at the time and afterward. When somebody first wrote the article saying about me, "Wait a minute; this is somebody in an intelligence agency who doesn't like Nixon and is trying to get him out," I took that seriously.

The CIA is an agency with professional covert manipulators who try to alter events by deceiving people and directing them, running them like an intelligence agent. I have revisited this question of disinformation—I'd rather not go into how it was done—but I've satisfied myself and others that that was *not* the case.

PLAYBOY: With the story's breaking all around you, how did you find time to write *All the President's Men*?

WOODWARD: We didn't. That August, Carl said, "We've got to get out of town." My mother had a house in Naples, Florida. Bradlee gave us six weeks off and we flew down. Carl wrote on a glass-topped table by the pool and I wrote inside, controlling the car keys and the telephone to keep Carl around. We wrote most of the book that way and finished it locked in a couple of New York hotel suites that December.

PLAYBOY: The book came out in spring 1974 and was quickly a best seller. When did you realize to what extent it had captured the nation's imagination?

WOODWARD: The excerpts first ran in *Playboy*, and one evening, Carl and I were riding down Connecticut Avenue and this all-news station was reading from an excerpt with no break for about six minutes. Carl and I looked at each other and shrugged. What *was* this?

PLAYBOY: Later on, especially after the movie, a lot was made of the contrast between you and Bernstein. When he looked at you, he saw, as he would later put it, "lawns, greensward, staterooms and grass tennis courts." You were supposed to have seen him as "one of those counterculture

journalists" you despised. Was that a problem between you?

WOODWARD: No. I especially don't remember ever talking politics with him. We had a job to do and that absorbed our energy.

PLAYBOY: But wasn't there some friction developing between the two of you?

WOODWARD: We had some disagreements about work habits. I tend to be more of a workaholic and Carl tends to be on the lesser side of workaholicism. But the differences weren't political.

PLAYBOY: If Bernstein was the countercultural kid, you had been an officer in the U.S. Navy. Did the Vietnam war affect your politics?

WOODWARD: I was on board a Navy ship off the coast of Vietnam, a radar picket ship that ran communications for carrier-based bombers. And bouncing around out there, I asked myself, What am I doing here? What are we trying to achieve? Who is the enemy? Why is my life being wasted?

I was a great fan of *Catch-22* and saw the senselessness that pervaded everything we were doing out there. I really hated the war. I hated the idea of dying. I hated the idea of killing. When I think back to 1970 and ask why I became a reporter, it was probably because of Vietnam more than anything else. It was a bad war, a wrong war, and the people who were uncovering that were journalists. So, yes, I was affected.

PLAYBOY: But for a lot of young Americans in that period, the passion against the war carried over to a passion about everything else that was wrong with America. That didn't happen with you, did it?

WOODWARD: Did I become a radical? No. Think of it. I left the Navy in 1970. Less than two years later, I was working on Watergate. In another two years, the President had resigned. You couldn't come off that experience and say the system was corrupt. It was a sense that you didn't need radical solutions. The establishment solutions *work*. And after what we did on Watergate, which would have seemed so outlandish a few years before, Carl and I *both* became the nice little boys. Carl got a haircut, and so forth. So you could probably say that we were co-opted and taken into the establishment.

PLAYBOY: But, of course, your politics had been pretty establishment, hadn't they? At your high school graduation, you gave a speech cribbed from Barry Goldwater's *Conscience of a Conservative*; and as a Yale freshman, your political-science instructor called you a cryptofascist.

WOODWARD: Yeah, but by the time I got out of Yale, I was probably a cryptoliberal, largely about the race issue.

PLAYBOY: As late as 1968, though, you were a registered Republican and voted for Nixon.

WOODWARD: Yeah, but that was largely an antiwar vote. I was in the Navy then, voting by absentee ballot. I hated the war. L.B.J. had been waging and, reading the press, it was obvious that if there were any chance

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of stopping the war, it would be the other party—Nixon's.

PLAYBOY: Nixon was, of course, the subject of the next book you and Bernstein wrote, *The Final Days*. Many people believe that that was your finest book. But it also stirred up a storm. Those people who didn't like the way you had used Deep Throat—perhaps suspected there never was a Deep Throat—were even more critical of your reliance on confidential sources in *The Final Days* and of your adamant refusal to name them.

WOODWARD: Oh, yes. When that book came out, there was an incredible barrage. People jumped up and down, saying, "How can you say that Nixon and Kissinger were praying on the floor together? How did you know he was talking to the pictures on the wall?"

PLAYBOY: And demanding that you tell them who your sources were?

WOODWARD: The late John Osborne, then the White House correspondent of *The New Republic*, invited me to lunch one day and said he had to know whether Al Haig was a source for the book. And I said, "I'm not going to tell you." He was outraged and he grilled me, implying that Haig had said he wasn't a source. I remember thinking, What a temptation to answer.

I'd like to tell you who all the sources are. I don't get any kick out of protecting sources or keeping names out of books and newspapers. But those are the terms of engagement, particularly when you're involved with the intelligence agencies or the Nixon White House or the Supreme Court. In those worlds, there's no way people are going to talk on the record.

So it's a kind of sacred trust that works from a practical point of view as well, because the people who come to me at the *Post* know that if they request confidentiality, it will be protected at all costs.

PLAYBOY: If you found that a source had lied to you, would you feel released from the confidential relationship?

WOODWARD: Yes. The terms of that relationship are trust and candor. If I quote the Secretary of State as saying something, he's accountable for what he said. But if I say that a source said this, the underlying fact has to be true. So if I could establish that somebody had lied to me, I'd write an article saying that so-and-so had broken the trust relationship, and this is how it happened.

PLAYBOY: Has it ever happened?

WOODWARD: Not that I'm aware of.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it important that a reader know what "spin"—what tone or interpretation—is being put on a story? And whose spin that is?

WOODWARD: Well, first, my hackles get up when I hear that term spin. People often have an ax to grind, but we put it through a pretty rigorous process to determine that somebody isn't distorting. You have to correct for that by having a second or a third source, trying to get documents, putting it through all the tests and filters.

Finally, the real question is how our reporting has stood the test of time. I am totally comfortable with the record. After all the attacks on *The Final Days*, Kissinger's memoirs come out and, lo and behold, he describes the prayer scene almost exactly as we did. He puts it in the Lincoln bedroom instead of the Lincoln sitting room—apparently our mistake. Then Nixon comes out with his memoir. One line: The President and the Secretary of State got down onto the floor and prayed. As more memoirs are written, piece after piece of the book proves to be right.

PLAYBOY: OK, *The Final Days* comes out and it, too, is a huge best seller. But then you and Bernstein split up. Why?

WOODWARD: Our differences in work habits took their toll. There were distractions in his life that kept him from the task at hand in a way that caused too much anxiety for me. And I just couldn't see undertaking another project with him.

We had talked about doing something on the military, but that was pre-empted when Carl fell under the spell of New York and of [writer] Nora Ephron. He ultimately decided, with encouragement from New York, to cease being a daily journalist, to leave the *Post* and to upgrade himself, to re-create himself as a writer's writer. It has always fascinated me that there's this feeling that people have—generally not for themselves but for others—that now that you've succeeded, let's find something you can fail at or something that you will have difficulty adapting to.

Carl is a great reporter. So the fact that he hasn't practiced that much in the past dozen years is everyone's loss, including his own. And I have told him that. But you have to credit him; he has produced a magnificent book on his parents in the McCarthy era. And, happily, since we stopped working together, we've become much better friends.

PLAYBOY: How did you happen to go on to write a book about the Supreme Court?

WOODWARD: I'll tell you the source who started that whole project, because he's dead. I'm revealing his name now, for the first time, because it's worth showing that there really are sources, people really do talk. It's not some reporter's imagination or some letter that comes in the mail with no address, typed on a standard typewriter. You have relationships, you nurture them and they pay off.

PLAYBOY: We're all ears.

WOODWARD: It was Justice Potter Stewart. It was the spring of 1977. I was back at the *Post*, writing on a whole range of things. I went to a party at the home of Mrs. Katharine Graham, the publisher, and Justice Stewart was there. All through the reporting on *The Final Days*, I'd tried to talk with him and he said he couldn't. But when I renewed the request at Mrs. Graham's, he said, "Well, maybe; call my office."

So, the next morning, I called his office and he asked me to come by the next night. It was after dinner on April eleventh, 1977,

that I drove out to Wesley Heights and, for security's sake, parked my car a block away from his big home on Palisades Lane. We sat out on his enclosed sun porch and he drank out of a silver mint-julep cup. I told him I'd become fascinated by the Court when writing about the Nixon-tapes case. He agreed to tell me about the Court—on background. "You don't identify me in any form or shape."

Then out came this anger about Warren Burger. It wasn't really a Burger Court, he said. The Court was actually controlled by a group of center Justices made up of himself and Powell, with bits of White, Stevens, Blackmun and sometimes even Rehnquist. What came through most of all was this real intellectual disdain of Potter Stewart, who'd gone to Yale, for Burger and for John Mitchell, these Nixon appointees who'd gone to night school.

I didn't take a note that night, didn't even take out my notebook, and then when I got home, typed out this two-and-a-half-page single-spaced summary.

PLAYBOY: How long were you there?

WOODWARD: Oh, it must have been four or five hours. What Potter Stewart did that night was to outline *The Brethren*. He talked about all the fights with Burger, about who was going to get paid the most, whether the Chief Justice would get twenty-five hundred dollars a year more than the other Justices. And about dinners at the Court given by other Justices in which Burger would take over the whole evening and act as though it were his occasion because it was his Court. And Powell, this courtly gentleman from the South, labeled Burger's behavior "gross."

But the most impressive thing Stewart did that night was to describe in incredible detail the sanctum sanctorum of the Court, the Friday conference. He went around the table and described the approach each Justice would take. All Burger would want to do was uphold criminal convictions; Brennan would give the straight liberal line; White was a loner, hard to predict; Blackmun would say, "I agree with everything that has been said," which Stewart thought hilarious, because there had generally been total contradictions.

What also came across that night was Stewart's contempt for Richard Nixon. He felt that what had happened with Carl's and my Watergate reporting was very important for the country and for journalism and for subduing this rightist movement in America, tamping it down and saying "Whoa." The guys who had proclaimed they were going to fight crime turned out to be the criminals.

At the end of the evening, his wife reminded him to walk the dog, Amos. So he had a long leash, which was actually a clothesline, and he was still carrying his mint-julep cup. He was stumbling around—not drunk, just feeling good—and it was this nice spring night and he said, "Look, any time you want anything, or you want to talk, you call. I'll answer any

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question." He knew what he was doing and I think he almost hoped that he could bring Warren Burger down by launching this inquiry into how he ran the Court.

PLAYBOY: What were you thinking that night as you drove away from those incredible four hours with an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court?

WOODWARD: Well, as I drove home, I realized that either I could write a really interesting article with a little bit more work or here was the next book. So I wrote a memo and then I went to my boyhood friend Scott Armstrong—whom I had helped place as an investigator for the Ervin Committee and who was now at the *Post*—and said, "This is really a two-man job," and so that's how *The Brethren* got under way.

PLAYBOY: Did you go back to see Stewart?

WOODWARD: He continued to cooperate on and off in a very complicated way. He realized he'd started something, but as Scott and I really dove into this thing and talked with four other Justices, talked with one hundred seventy law clerks and penetrated to the point where we got internal memos, drafts of opinions, conference notes, and so forth, Stewart realized he wasn't necessarily going to be happy with the result. I think he realized he had started an avalanche of sorts that was going to cause the Court a lot of problems internally and externally. He would talk with me for hours, but he was never quite as candid as he had been that first night.

Now, I want to emphasize that we had this confidential relationship that has been preserved until this moment. I don't know to what extent Stewart shared with his brethren the fact that he had talked, but I think they had some idea, particularly after the book came out, and I think I complicated his presence on the Court. Another Justice told me that part of the reason Stewart had left the bench was that there was a suspicion—I suspect in Burger's mind in particular—that this was a Stewart operation.

PLAYBOY: All right. Here's an insider offering you information because it serves his agenda. How do you correct for that?

WOODWARD: Well, Stewart's contempt for Burger is very clearly stated in the book. Some other people's contempt for Stewart is also clearly stated.

PLAYBOY: Yes, but if Stewart had wanted a book that would cast doubt on the way Warren Burger ran the Supreme Court, he certainly got it, didn't he?

WOODWARD: A lot of the things Stewart said checked out from left, center and right.

PLAYBOY: But your critics would say that this is typical of source journalism. "Here's this Justice who has a grudge against the Chief. At a party, he responds to Woodward's suggestion that they get together. Then he opens the door to Woodward, giving him material with which to assail the Chief in a way the Justice himself could never do. Attracted by the opportunity to penetrate the Court's secrecy, Woodward serves as Stewart's hit man, while reporter

and source take shelter behind the confidential-source relationship." That would be the attack, wouldn't it?

WOODWARD: But that would be from somebody who hadn't read the book. Yes, Burger probably comes off worst, but that's a view shared by the other Justices we talked with, by the clerks, by most academic Court watchers and supported by the documents we got. They agreed on Burger's pomposity, his concern with appearance, his lack of real interest in cases and the level of his scholarship.

And I wouldn't say that Stewart comes off best. I think Powell probably comes off best, then maybe Blackmun and Rehnquist. Stevens, to a certain extent. I have to tell you of Stewart's private comment to someone else after the book came out. He said, "There's a lot of truth in that book, probably too much." Which meant, it hurt. He didn't call up and say, "Great job, great hit job."

PLAYBOY: Did you talk with him at all after the book came out?

WOODWARD: Yes, but it was chilly. You see, he opened the door, but then we got into the room and I think we saw it from all corners. Look, would it have been nice to spell this all out in the introduction: "By the way, it was Stewart who opened the door and there's a lot of animus here"? The answer is, the terms of engagement prevented it. I would argue that a good journalist has to protect those relationships or he'll never get into the room in the first place.

PLAYBOY: Your most acerbic critic on *The Brethren* was Renata Adler, who, in her review for *The New York Times*, condemned the protection of a source's identity, "except when actual, identifiable harm would result to the source or to some other worthy cause or person." The confidential-source relationship, she concludes, "makes stories almost impossible to verify. It suppresses a major element of almost every investigative story: who wanted it known."

WOODWARD: Adler didn't understand how the Court worked. She understood how it was supposed to work, based on having gone to Yale Law School, but not how it actually worked. And she has a kind of infantile ignorance about the way reporters work, because she's not a practicing journalist.

Specifically, she doesn't understand what we were doing in that book. It is verifiable. We had documents, we had diaries. In the Nixon-tapes case, we had all the memos, all the drafts—everything. If you make the simplest effort to check that book, you will find that you can verify it, which, thankfully, scholars have done. As for sources, I've named our first one for you, and when others die, I'll be happy to name them, too.

PLAYBOY: How security conscious did you have to be on *The Brethren*? Did you ever interview a Justice in his chambers?

WOODWARD: Oh, yes, and I didn't even wear a red wig. I remember calling one Justice for the first time, and he said, "Can

you be here in five minutes?" It was before the term started. We just sat there in his chambers for two or three hours. I went back the next day and the day after that.

The Justices are part of the intellectual, political and social life of Washington. One night, at a party, I met Sandra Day O'Connor. "Oh," she said, "I loved *The Brethren*. It told me *more* about the Court!" And I said something like, "I'd like to do an update on it," and she said, "Absolutely not." And, in fact, I gather that her clerks have to sign what amounts to a secrecy pledge.

PLAYBOY: You met Justice Stewart at a party and Justice O'Connor at a party. You must disagree with I. E. Stone, who said a reporter had no business breaking bread with the people he writes about.

WOODWARD: Of course, undue chumminess can be a problem, but if people invite me to cocktails or dinner, I accept. My job is to get to know people. I think I. E. Stone, who is obviously one of the greats, limits himself by not dealing with people.

PLAYBOY: By the time you finished *The Brethren* in 1979, you began taking on a new role at the *Post*.

WOODWARD: Yeah. Bradlee said, "You ought to try this." So, I gave up writing books for a while and became the paper's metropolitan editor. Colleagues would go out to lunch with me and say, "You're going to be Bradlee's successor; it's obvious." And I would say, "I don't know about that." It was fortunate that I didn't put all my eggs in that basket, because, although I really enjoyed editing, I guess it's pretty clear that I wasn't very good at it.

PLAYBOY: Your critics argue that that was a result of your inordinate concentration on high-impact, "Holy shit!" stories at the expense of routine, bread-and-potatoes coverage of a city. Is that fair?

WOODWARD: Yes, I think that's fair. I think that's what I was looking for. In a way, I got what I deserved.

PLAYBOY: And that came to be symbolized by the Janet Cooke affair?

WOODWARD: Yes. Miss Cooke, a reporter on the city staff, which reported to me through the city editor, wrote a remarkable story about an eight-year-old heroin addict who was essentially being held hostage by his mother and the mother's boyfriend.

In 1981, her story won a Pulitzer Prize. Within a few hours, the Associated Press checked with Vassar, where Miss Cooke claimed to have gone, and found that she'd been there for only one year. Then Vassar called Bradlee and he called me in and we just looked at each other, said, "Oh, my God," and we knew.

So then I went on the case and got her notes, questioned her into the night, really got tough with her and finally said, "In the interest of yourself and this newspaper, this can't go on. We need the truth." That Sunday, we published the full story of how she had fabricated that piece.

PLAYBOY: Did the episode hit you hard?

WOODWARD: Those were dark days. I

was shaken. I talked with everybody, trying to figure out how I could have been so stupid. One night, I invited the entire metropolitan staff out to my living room. There were a lot of questions, there was a lot of anger, because people felt it splattered on them. It was like the passengers on an ocean liner that had gone aground who said to the guy up there on the bridge, "How did you let this happen?"

PLAYBOY: Did you ever contemplate resigning from the paper?

WOODWARD: Yes, the next Sunday, I went out to [publisher] Don Graham's house and told him that somebody had to be fingered and I felt that I should quit. I was not the one who edited the story; the city editor did that. But when you're at the top of the chain of command, you have to accept responsibility. Graham said that if I quit, then the city editor would have to quit, and so would the managing editor and Bradlee and Graham himself—which he wasn't about to do. What we ought to do was to look hard at the mistakes and extract the proper lessons.

PLAYBOY: What were those lessons for you?
WOODWARD: My failure was not only journalistic but moral. I said, "This is a great story" and never looked at the human impact on an eight-year-old. I think my greatest failure when Cooke came in with this story was not to have said, "We're going to run the story tomorrow and then I'm going down to a phone booth and drop a dime myself to the cops and tell them, 'Go to this address and rescue this child.'"

That might have set off alarm bells to solve the journalistic problem. After the story came out, the mayor, to his credit, wanted to know who the child was and where she was. And we took a "principled" stand, saying, "No, we have a source relationship with the mother." Well, that's absurd. It was murder, or slow torture, of a child. If that happened now, I'd think of journalism second and the child first.

PLAYBOY: That is interesting, coming from the protector of confidential sources. Suppose you were writing on covert operations and your source were someone who had participated in the assassination of a foreign leader, which is a crime—would you drop a dime on that person?

WOODWARD: No, I wouldn't. But it's a provocative question. I think there are times when you might find a way to do your story and also uphold the law. They shouldn't be at war with each other. But I have a special feeling for children. I have a twelve-year-old daughter and I think journalists have extra responsibilities toward children.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your next book, *Wired*. It's the only book you've done on a non-Governmental subject. How did the project develop?

WOODWARD: Well, as in *The Brethren*, it began with a key point of access to somebody. Judy Jacklin Belushi, John's widow, called

me and said, "I want you to look at this."

PLAYBOY: She went to you because she believed there was something fishy about her husband's death, that the woman who had injected her husband with the lethal dose of drugs might have been a police informant. So once again, the source went to you armed with her own agenda.

WOODWARD: Yes, but there was a major difference here: Virtually all my interviews for *Wired* were on the record. Certainly, all the discussions with Judy Belushi. There was no disguised source, certainly no disguised agenda.

PLAYBOY: Lynn Hirschberg, who wrote a piece in *Rolling Stone* about the *Wired* controversy, believes you were drawn to Belushi because, in some way, it was your own story. She thinks you were "fascinated by the failure of success." She quotes you as saying, "I know what it's like to have early fame. And I hate to say it, but it's almost like you're already dead."

WOODWARD: Sure, the perils of early success—and that real problem, What are you going to do next? "What are you going

*"Getting secrets out of
people in the intelligence
world takes incredible
nurturing."*

to do for us now?" is the famous Bradlee line on the pressures of a daily newspaper. Howard Simons was wonderful on that issue, a real *mensch*. He sat me down even during Watergate and said, "This is going to be hard; it's going to be treacherous. Think about what you do. I'll help you."

PLAYBOY: Specifically, you launched the Belushi project about a year after the Janet Cooke fiasco and the forced abandonment of your ambition to succeed Ben Bradlee. Were the two episodes related?

WOODWARD: Oh, yes, I guess so. Here were these two men from Wheaton, both of whom had tasted failure. I'd been hit from behind and had to turn and look at the whole situation. Belushi got hit from the front and it was terminal. He had no time to take stock and extract a lesson. Maybe that's what I was trying to do on his behalf. And, since we all identify with everybody we write about, maybe I was trying to extract a lesson for myself as well.

But I was also drawn to the subject for other reasons. There's the Wheaton connection; there's the universal mystery of death; there's drugs; there's the Hollywood culture, which is Mysteryland to those of us in Washington.

PLAYBOY: When the book was published, some prominent people charged that you hadn't done justice to Belushi's life. Dan Aykroyd called the book "trash." Jack

Nicholson said of you, "The man is a ghoul and an exploiter of emotionally disturbed widows." The widow herself said, "He lied to me." How did you react to those ferocious attacks?

WOODWARD: What I did in that book was hold a mirror up to those people and draw attention to their responsibility for Belushi's death. They didn't like it.

Film people are used to getting a free ride in the press, particularly out there. If we covered Washington like the *Los Angeles Times* covers Hollywood, we would be out of business. There is no curiosity at all about the abuses, the stuff in *Indecent Exposure* or the drug stuff in *Wired*. They just don't touch it. They don't ask the hard questions about these people.

PLAYBOY: The film people seem initially to have accepted you as a celebrity. Did their rage come from a sense of betrayal, that a fellow celebrity had turned on them?

WOODWARD: If so, then they're naïve. Because I was there with my tape recorder out, notebook out, making it clear what I was doing.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps you can dismiss the criticism from Nicholson and Aykroyd, but isn't it harder to deal with the widow's contention that you lied to her?

WOODWARD: Well, everything I did with her is on the record. She knew exactly what I was doing. I think Judy Belushi wanted a different ending to the story. I guess she hoped I would find out that John had been tied up and forced to take drugs or that he was still alive in Des Moines living under a different name. She couldn't cope with the real ending. I understand that emotionally.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on to your most recent book, *Veil*, once again based on extraordinary access to a major source, though no longer a confidential one. Perhaps the central question is, What was William Casey's agenda? Why did he talk with you?

WOODWARD: Well, he was one of the cagiest, sliest, smartest, most manipulative, unscrupulous people.

PLAYBOY: But what was he up to in this case?

WOODWARD: I think he was up to a whole series of things. I think he kind of enjoyed the game. I think he wanted to play defense. I was an early-warning system for him. People have quoted him as saying that I was dangerous to the agency, and he may have thought it was better to know what was going on than to slam the door.

PLAYBOY: Murray Kempton wrote a column putting it a bit more bluntly. He suggested that by drawing you into a quasi-confidential relationship and by spilling selectively to you, Casey was diverting your attention from the things he didn't want you to find out. Any truth to that?

WOODWARD: As an umbrella description of what was going on, no, I think Kempton just doesn't know what he's talking about.

But I concede that there were elements

of what Kempton is talking about. For example, one of the things I should have made explicit in the book is that Casey succeeded in keeping me from writing that William Buckley, one of the hostages, had been his CIA station chief in Beirut. For more than a year, I knew that he was a CIA man and Casey regularly talked me out of writing it: "If you want to get him killed, you go right ahead." So I talked with Bradlee and others at the *Post*, and we agreed not to do it. I think we made the right decision. But I'm sure he was able to say to people, "I've kept that story out of the paper." And that was very important, more important than I said in *Veil*.

PLAYBOY: Why?

WOODWARD: Well, because Buckley had some secrets that were unrelated to the Middle East.

PLAYBOY: What were they?

WOODWARD: I'd love to tell you what they were, but I'm not going to. Anyway, Casey felt that he had to leave no stone unturned to get Buckley out or, if not, to protect him and that information.

PLAYBOY: All right. What about Iran/*Contra*? You've admitted that you missed much of that while it was happening. Did Casey's strategy work there?

WOODWARD: Well, I would have preferred to have found out about the Iran arms sales before that rag in Beirut, and I didn't. I failed and I should have got it, and I am really critical of myself. He knew about it and he didn't tell me. So was I being co-opted? I don't know. I didn't get anyone else to tell me about it.

PLAYBOY: Casey was pretty shrewd at using the press, wasn't he?

WOODWARD: Oh, yes. I think the real story there is the manipulative quasi openness of the Reagan Administration that didn't create the Haldeman-Ehrlichman wall. The Reagan people let people in and they talked. All kinds of officials—National Security Advisors, CIA Directors, White House Chiefs of Staff—dealt with stories in a very sophisticated way, a level of sophistication that neither the Nixon nor the Carter White House could match. I don't think it was necessarily dishonest, but I think it wound up concealing some things.

Casey was part of that. People were surprised that he would deal with me, that he would say, "C'mon, fly back with me, sit on the plane, get out the Scotch and the peanut mix," and let me roam the world with the Director of Central Intelligence [D.C.I.]. So I think the case file is still not closed on what and how much Casey managed to conceal.

PLAYBOY: Let's take a great story you did have in the book: the fact that Casey personally authorized the attempted assassination of Sheik Fadlallah, the Shiite leader. You write that Casey had blood on his hands, because eighty innocent people—though not Fadlallah—were killed in the bombing. Isn't that something Americans ought to have known about as soon as a reporter uncovered it, without having to wait

a year or two to read it in a book?

WOODWARD: I agree with you completely. But, in that case, the final information—about the crucial discussion between Casey and Prince Bandar, the Saudi ambassador to the United States—was not confirmed until July 1987. We were winding up the book and we knew it would be out in September. So I told the *Post's* editors about it. Casey was dead at that point, the Iran/*Contra* hearings were winding down, they couldn't get the Saudi ambassador to testify, because he had diplomatic immunity. So we waited two months. If I had had that confirmed much earlier, when Casey was D.C.I., I would have published it. But I didn't.

PLAYBOY: That raises the question of whether your multiple roles—as the *Post's* assistant managing editor for investigations, as its best-known investigative reporter and as a writer of best-selling books—are in some conflict. It's the issue Flora Lewis of *The New York Times* raised in a very pugnacious column.

WOODWARD: I think it raises some questions, but I think there are answers. Again, I think Flora Lewis just charged out of the box with that and didn't look at what was in the book or what had been in the newspaper, and I think, pretty much, we put the right things in the paper and saved the right things for the book.

Flora Lewis kind of assumed in that column that we hadn't thought about that question, whereas we were well aware that it was fraught with potential problems, which were sorted out in open consultation with the senior editors at the *Post*. It was a case-by-case decision on each story.

A lot of what I was getting from Casey and elsewhere at the CIA found its way into the paper, either under my by-line or in conjunction with what others at the paper were doing. I did a lot of good exclusive stories for the paper with the White House, the State Department and the Defense Department correspondents.

PLAYBOY: So you would argue that your diverse roles actually reinforce one another.

WOODWARD: Oh, yes. Getting secrets, particularly top-secret documents, out of people in the intelligence world takes incredible nurturing. I mean dozens of meetings, the slow building of trust and mutual confidence. So I and the top editors at the *Post* agree that you aren't going to get good daily stories about the CIA unless somebody's going for the deep game, interviewing people over months, years. You can't get the stories without the book and you can't get the book without having the role at the newspaper.

Casey knew I was going to write about the CIA in the *Post*, maybe the next day, which gave me access to him and to lots of other people. The fact that I was doing the book made it possible to build the source relationships that produced documents, tips and clues on major stories.

PLAYBOY: A word about the famous scene in the hospital. Don't you think the reason

that it attracted so much attention is that you put it at the end, implying that you lent Casey's few mumbled words a great deal of weight? Was placing it there a mistake?

WOODWARD: Well, the book is the story of my relationship with Casey. That was the last encounter, so it appropriately goes at the end. Was it conclusive evidence that he knew about the diversion of funds to the *Contras*? No, there's an inherent ambiguity about much that he says. At the same time, I think everyone agrees now that of course Casey knew about the diversion, that of course Casey was the hidden hand behind Oliver North, behind the whole series of actions, many of which we know about, many of which we may never know about. So I think it's kind of a nice coda, and I feel basically comfortable about it.

PLAYBOY: One reason many people seem to doubt that you were in that hospital room is that you were so mysterious about how you got in there—presumably because you had help and don't want to identify that help. Can you be any less mysterious today?

WOODWARD: Sure I had help. Whether it was high-level, low-level or mid-level, I'm just not going to say. I gather the CIA conducted some sort of witch-hunt, trying to determine how it occurred. So I have to protect whoever helped me, and I will, just like any other source.

PLAYBOY: Mrs. Casey insisted that you were never in her husband's hospital room and, indeed, that you hadn't had the relationship you claimed to have had with him.

WOODWARD: She's a very sweet lady. Those were statements of emotional support for her husband, which she had every right to make.

PLAYBOY: As we move toward the end here, it occurs to us that you're reputed to have a problem, as a writer, with the big, sweeping conclusion. You tried to write a big summary chapter at the end of *Veil* and couldn't; you tried a similar chapter at the end of *The Brethren* and couldn't do that. True?

WOODWARD: Yes, that's true. I can't write those big cosmic analyses. I read things by various people that I wish I could replicate, weaving fact and judgment, the kind of sophisticated calls that really help the narrative. But I am just not capable—and this is a grave fault—of taking A, B, C and D and saying, "OK, now E." And I'll tell you why: You never know what you don't know. You fill in the puzzle, you get lots of things, but there are parts you don't see. And I've found it best to stick with what I've got.

So you play to your strengths, and I guess I'm destined to be a fact reporter. If I thought there was a whole array of fact reporters out there finding out everything that needed to be reported, I guess I would fold my tent. But I don't. I think there are still all kinds of important things we don't even know the basics about.





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M E N ' S

they say

we don't

have feelings,

article By MICHAEL CRICHTON

MY FRIEND DICK IS A PSYCHOLOGIST. I tell him *Playboy* has asked me to write about men's hearts. "That's a tough assignment," Dick says. "You have a majority of the population against you."

"The majority against me? Why?"

"The majority of the population is women," Dick says.

Dick has written books on feminism. He's knowledgeable about the politics of the women's movement, which can be pretty brutal. But I'm wondering if anything about men's hearts goes beyond politics, if anything more fundamental can be said.

I am staying with a family in a thatched hut in a Tari village in New Guinea. I expect I will live among people in a state of primitive bliss. Instead, the husband and the wife fight long into the night. The baby screams. The other children look worried.

One day, the wife chops off her little finger. In New Guinea, this is a serious female protest against the way things are going.

I find the husband, Hebru, stomping around outside the house. He's wearing a grass skirt, feathers around his neck, a bone in his nose, bright-yellow paint on his face. He kicks the dirt for a while. "I don't understand that woman," he says in pidgin English, shaking his head. "I don't know what she wants."

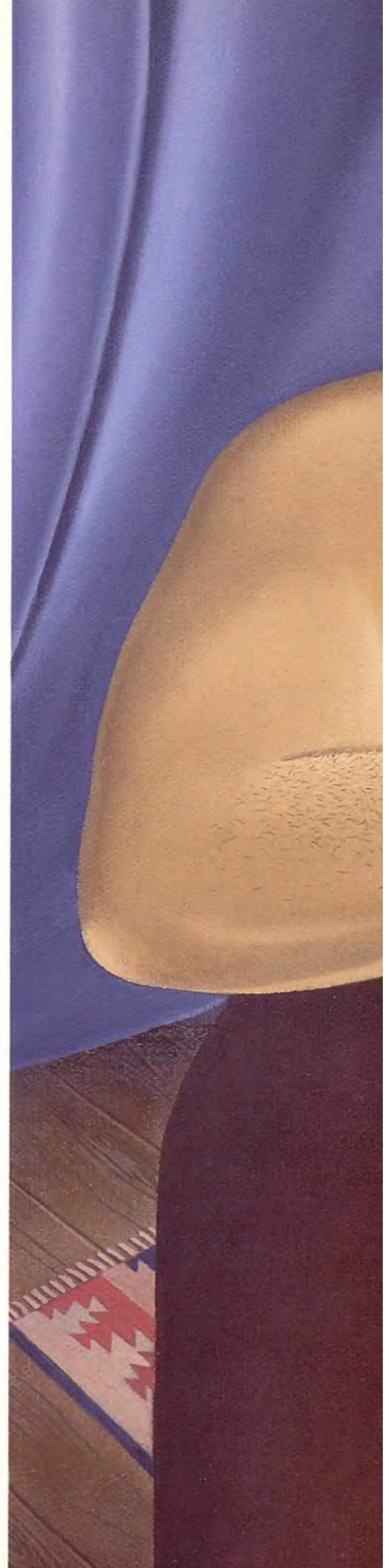
Well, I could have told him. Hebru is about to marry a third wife, and this woman, his second wife, is unhappy about it. It's perfectly clear to me. Yet, according to Tari custom, Hebru is entitled to as many wives as he can support. If he has enough

but what

the hell

do they know?

H E A R T S





pigs to pay the bride price, he is entitled to take another wife.

So, from Hebru's standpoint, his second wife, Rose, has no business complaining this way, acting badly, cutting off her finger. She is behaving outrageously.

So there we are, standing in the morning sun, kicking the dirt and commiserating over a traditional guy's problem.

She isn't doing what she's supposed to. She's mad for no reason.

She's unreasonable. She's impossible.

Women!

•
Men and women don't understand each other. They never have. Perhaps they never will. The battle of the sexes may be a permanent condition.

If so, how can it be anyone's fault?

•
At a conference in Aspen, Betty Friedan argues that women are more moral than men. She receives a standing ovation from men and women alike. I refuse to stand. And seeing the men applauding and smiling, I think: If a man came to this conference and gave a speech in which he said that men were inherently more moral than women, the women would stone him to death.

So why are these men standing and applauding?

What has happened to men, anyway?

There is no question that men feel that they are under attack and psychologically beaten down. All sorts of horrible qualities are attributed to us: We are unemotional, we are brutal, we are violent, we are uncaring. We're lousy lays. We don't know how to find that clit. We don't know how to satisfy our mates.

We've been hearing this for more than 20 years. There are young American men who have heard nothing else.

•
I am 45, old enough to remember a world before television and a world before feminism. Even in the quaint, simpler world of the Fifties, there was plenty of conflict between the sexes. A typical Sunday afternoon would find the men outside by the barbecue drinking beer and the women in the kitchen drinking coffee. And before long, each sex would be complaining about the other. The women were inside saying, "Men are such children, they're so helpless," while the men were outside saying, "Women are so helpless, they're children."

Each group bitched about the other in those simplistic terms. Everyone got his complaints aired before a sympathetic audience, and then everyone went home with his mate, feeling much better. Nobody really believed it.

But, 30 years later, it seems as if the Fifties' stereotypic view of men has been accepted in many quarters as true. The bookstores are full of books about how

men hate women, refuse to grow up and are unemotional, unloving, violent. Television is full of men such as Alan Alda and Phil Donahue, who show by their enlightened example that ordinary men are insensitive, incapable of commitment.

There's some truth to all that, but there's also some exaggeration.

Many studies are shamefully unscientific; many spokespersons have a personal ax to grind; and much of the rhetoric simply doesn't match the facts. To take an example, the most accurate study of domestic violence concludes that women engage in it as often as men. That isn't widely discussed: Few men want to be known as wife beaters, but even fewer want to be known as wife-beaten. It's one of the places where the much-criticized *macho*-male image collides with the facts. Rhetoric is simpler than reality.

But meanwhile, men find they must defend themselves against the rhetoric, that they are inarticulate and won't express their emotions; that they don't listen; that they are unwilling to commit.

It's gotten so bad that when Friedan says men are often morally inferior, all the men stand up and applaud her.

Let's consider those complaints again.

•
Are men inarticulate? Sure, sometimes. Expressing deep feelings is difficult, especially if you've been told—as most males have—that to express feelings is unmanly.

But I don't really see that women are able to express their feelings any better. Many women like to talk *about* feelings, as men like to talk about football and computers. But when it comes to talking *about your own* feelings, it seems to me that women suddenly stumble. In the workplace, around the dinner table, on that big date, I am not aware that a woman has an easier time saying the hard truths: that her feelings are hurt, or that she feels weak or sad or inadequate.

I don't see women powering through psychotherapy faster than men because they have easier access to their feelings.

I don't see lesbian relationships going more smoothly than heterosexual ones.

I don't see friendships between women going more smoothly than friendships between men. Plenty of female friendships collapse into nastiness.

I don't see any real evidence that women handle their feelings better than men do: Most child abuse occurs in single-parent homes headed by women.

In short, I think the stereotype of the inarticulate, emotionally unexpressive male is simply untrue. The truth is that expressing a deep feeling is difficult for anybody, male or female.

•
Supposedly, men don't know how to listen, either. But here's my friend Lois,

seated beside me at a dinner party, asking what she should do in Stockholm when she goes there next week on business. She's flattering me, treating me like the big travel expert.

But when I start to answer, Lois turns away and asks another man another flattering question. I am giving my answer to the back of her neck.

Lois' behavior is an exaggeration of a well-documented reality. Studies show that in social situations, women ask questions of men far more often than men ask women. It's a way of interacting. Flatter their egos. Keep 'em talking.

But as I see it, Lois isn't being sociable at all. She is making herself the center of attention by insincere behavior. She's a kind of conversational cock tease. I find her behavior hurtful and demeaning.

And later on, when we're alone, if she wants to tell me how men don't listen, she's got a big problem.

•
Of course, it's in intimate situations that listening is most critical—when the other person is saying something you don't want to hear, don't want to deal with. But at those times, are men especially deficient?

Notice at work, or in some other non-intimate setting, how often you must explain again what you mean, to males and females alike. Notice how often ideas get scrambled and even inverted.

Communication is difficult even when nobody is angry or hurt or threatened. It's just plain difficult.

I don't find that women have any special gift here, either.

•
Men won't make commitments? Let's face it: Commitment is hard for anybody. Watch a person in a store buying a shirt. "Oh, I don't know. . . . Is it me? . . . I'm not sure I like the color." On and on, for some lousy shirt that he'll discard in a year.

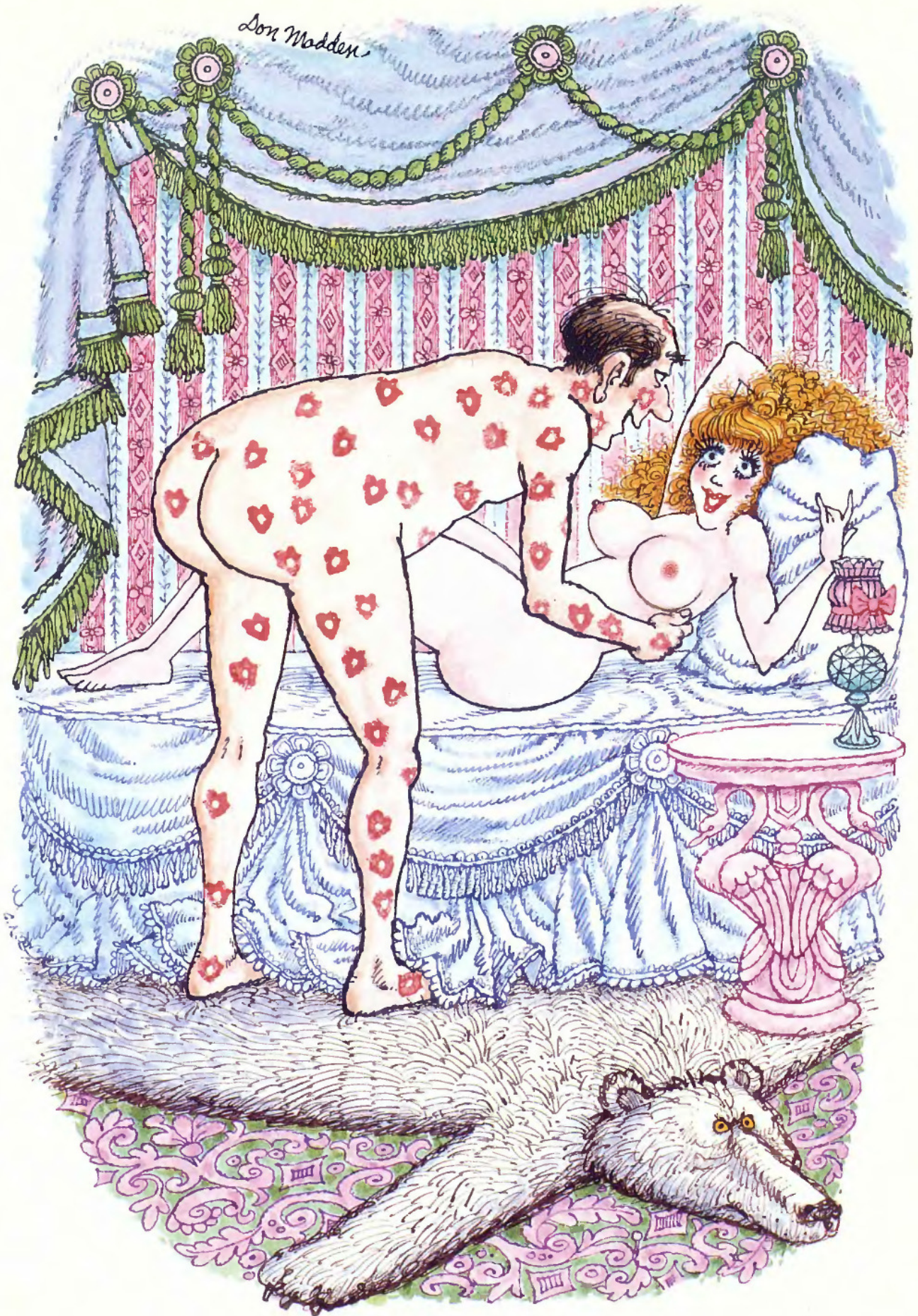
It's harder if you're choosing your college major. Or a paint color for the apartment. Or a new car. Or a job. Or a mate.

The more important the decision, the more difficult it is to make. The more tension that surrounds it, the longer it takes.

When I was young, in the Fifties, all the women were eager to get married and all the men were eager to stay single. That dynamic has changed, perhaps even reversed. But the point is, it was always a dynamic. There was always tension and disagreement: "Let's get married." "Not now." "Then when?" "I don't know. I'm just not ready to settle down."

One of the great ironies today is that women who aren't ready to settle down are doing a good thing—pursuing their careers and fulfilling themselves. Whereas
(concluded on page 80)

Don Wodden



"Stop playing hard to get, Bernice!"

THE SHAME-FREE NATURAL HISTORY OF MAKING OUT

WELCOME BACK TO THOSE GIDDY DAYS WHEN
GETTING THERE WAS HALF THE FUN

essay By DAN GREENBURG

THE RULES of the game during my youth were rigidly laid out. You invited a girl out three to five days in advance for a Friday- or Saturday-night date. You took her to a movie or a dance and then for a burger. On the third date, you tried to kiss her good night. If she let you, on successive dates, you necked with her in some semiprivate place, such as your dad's Chevy, before



dropping her off at home. You began with French kissing, proceeded to general outside-the-clothes body fondling and, if you could manage to distract her attention long

enough while trying to get her hot, on about the 17th date, you went for bare tit. Once you got bare tit (second base or "bare second"), you could try for third. If the girl was not "fast," that might occur around date number 34. From there on into home plate, it was largely a matter of how skillfully you could manage the mechanics of clothing removal and actual entry while coping with a gigantic steering wheel, a

gearshift, passing motorists, inquisitive pedestrians, occasional tricky underwear, such as corsets or (God forbid!) panty girdles, without calling attention to the fact that you



were actually aware of what you were about to get away with. As long as you could allow the girl to pretend that she was merely being swept along on a tide of passion rather than making a conscious decision to permit sex, the responsibility for what was happening wasn't felt to be on her shoulders. Once you permitted it to shift to her shoulders—and that generally happened long before you got to third base—there was



only one thing you could do: attempt to convince her verbally of the logic, the naturalness, the healthiness, the goodness, the rightness and even the *beauty* of letting you shove your schlong between her legs. I became a master in my time of this type of verbal intercourse. I started using the technique long before it was necessary or advisable in the process of seduction and continued using it long past the point of diminishing returns—often losing the opportunity to score in the process. I began babbling about respecting her afterward when we'd barely kissed and continued chanting the litany of precoital rites well into bed—occasionally into the very act of intercourse itself. If the bodies of all of us overly verbal, ambivalent, guilt-ridden urban middle-class youths had been wired for sound and plugged into a P.A. system, the streets of our cities would have reverberated with thunderous choruses of: *“Just let me sleep all night with my arms around you and I promise I won't touch you!”* and *“Just let me touch you there and I promise I won't go any further unless you want*







You Misty, with Bobby Hackett's faraway trumpet blurring all the old standards into sleepy sound-alike versions of *Our Love Is Here to Stay*. It was a much more innocent time. It was before the advent of herpes, AIDS, ticking biological clocks and the transmutation of premarital assets into the marriage community. What you worried about back then was whether your breath smelled good enough to risk kissing her, what

me to!" and "Just let me put the tip in and I promise I won't go in all the way unless you ask me to!" and "Just let me put it in all the way and I swear to you I won't come unless you beg me to!" We were nervous, sweaty and horny. We hungered for sex, yearned for it, had wet dreams about it. We plotted make-out strategy with our buddies, endlessly analyzing everything our intended had said or done after each encounter for evidence that we were succeeding or failing in our quest. When we struck out, we were crushed, beaten and reduced to a bloody pulp. When we succeeded, it was with a whimper of relief, gratitude and outrageous joy and, even if it was with a "fast" girl, we imagined that we were in love. In the late Fifties, we lay on car seats and our dates' living-room floors and made out to records that seemed to typify dating in that period: the Kingston Trio, the Four Freshmen, the Four Aces, Frank Sinatra; Dave Brubeck with Paul Desmond's saxophone doodling lazy curlicues around the melody lines; Jackie Gleason's *Music for Lovers Only* and *Music to Make*



to do when the arm you had around her shoulders in the theater went numb and froze, how to buy a condom without setting off a clanging alarm in the drugstore and whether the breasts you'd been furtively fondling through her cashmere sweater for the past hour might somehow prove to be falsies and reveal you as the schmuck of the century for not having been able to tell the difference. Although I lost my cherry at



the advanced age of 23 and got married five minutes before the start of the sexual revolution, I eventually got divorced, and this magazine sent me on a number of assignments to write about orgies and sex clubs. Soon I'd made up for all the time I'd squandered on verbal seductions on the seat of Dad's Chevy. "Isn't it amazing how fast you can get to know someone really well by having sex with her upon meeting her?" I was fond of saying during that period. In time, I tired of orgies and sex clubs. I met a tasty young woman, dated her for a few years, married her and had a child with her. I'm glad I went to orgies and sex clubs, and I'm glad I evolved to other things. And I realize now, contrary to what I said at the time, that having sex with someone upon meeting her, far from causing you to know her well immediately, was false intimacy; it practically ensured that you didn't get to know her at all. For all its frustrations, making out caused you to get to know your partner well. It was also exciting and fun and, at times, achingly beautiful. I miss it.



MEN'S HEARTS

(continued from page 70)

men in the same situation are seen as unwilling to commit.

In the end, complaints about men seem to come down to the issue of intimacy. Men aren't intimate. They don't know how to be. They avoid intimacy at all costs.

A woman I once lived with discussed our personal troubles with her girlfriends. Whenever I'd see those girlfriends, I was uncomfortable, because I knew they had been told all sorts of intimate things.

I mentioned this to my friend Elaine, a corporate psychological consultant. I said I felt betrayed by the fact that my girlfriend went outside our relationship that way. I said that in my experience, men didn't discuss their relationships in that sort of detail with other men.

"Of course not," Elaine said. "Men aren't intimate."

Well.

Evidently, Elaine wasn't listening, because I wasn't talking about men, I was talking about me. Second, Elaine was giving me a stereotypic reply, and a rather unthinking one, considering that she is a psychologist. And third, Elaine was newly divorced, 39 years old and living with an 18-year-old stud muffin. So, off hand, I'd say she was avoiding intimacy like the plague. Which is fine—in the battle of the sexes, we all need some R&R.

But where did she get the idea that it's men who aren't intimate? How could she say it so confidently, as if it were a truth universally acknowledged?

A statistician of the sexes would draw a Venn diagram with two overlapping circles. According to any trait, men cluster in one circle, women in the other.

But the circles overlap.

We all know that is true.

Even in the simplest aspect of sexual dimorphism—such as the fact that men have more muscle mass for body weight—the sexes overlap. What man has never cast an uneasy glance at the woman pumping iron next to him in the gym, trying casually to add up the weight she's lifting? And how many reps *is* she doing?

The fact is, there are aggressive women and passive men, physical women and verbal men, career-oriented women and home-oriented men.

It may be true that most men differ from most women in some statistical way. But we don't have relationships with "most men" or "most women." We have relationships with individual men and women. And when we apply the group stereotype to an individual, we are guilty of prejudice.

It's no longer acceptable to talk about

shiftless blacks, mincing gays or drunken Irishmen. Why is it still acceptable to talk about intimacy-avoiding men?

Most of the men I know want to please women, to be friends with them, to get along with them. Most of the men I know want sex and love and caring relationships in their lives. And on some level, we need our relationships with women more than women need their relationships with us. We are biologically frail: More male infants die in the first year of life, we don't live as long as women and we fare less well living alone. We don't need statistics to remind us. We know in our hearts.

How did we get to be defined as intimacy avoiders? It doesn't make sense, except as prejudice.

When I look at people, I see individual human beings struggling to find love and fulfillment, using their skills, overcoming their drawbacks. Each human being has some behavior that he or she can do easily, almost without thinking, and other behavior that he or she accomplishes only with painful effort.

From this individual standpoint, gender doesn't seem very important. It's a detail, like where you were born. I can't say, "All men are this way," any more than I can say, "All Chicagoans are this way."

The generalizations won't stand up.

On the other hand, intimate relationships are hard.

Communicating with another person is hard.

Getting along with another person is hard.

Trusting another person is hard.

Frankly, the easiest thing is to live alone. Then you can do whatever you want. No conflicting schedules, no competing careers, no restraints, no different ideas, no annoying other person to put up with.

But the thing is, then you're alone.

These days, men and women can live comfortably as singles, and 25 percent of the adult population now chooses to do so. There's plenty of fast food, plenty of takeout, plenty of services catering to singles. It's a convenient way of life.

But if you don't want to live alone, you'll have to put up with another person. And that other person just isn't going to be the person you want him to be.

At least not all the time.

That's just the way it is.

So how can it be anybody's fault?

Faultfinding through male stereotyping has some unpleasant aspects that should be mentioned. The first is this: If you can adopt the position that you're inherently skilled in some aspect of rela-

tionships—say, intimacy—and the other person is inherently deficient, then you have an unbeatable position of power. The other person is always on the defensive. He will always have his hands full trying to prove that he isn't the way you say he is.

This is a control dynamic.

The second is this: If both men and women have trouble expressing intimacy, then both men and women experience tension in that area. A convenient way to get rid of that tension is to blame it on the other person. Everything would be fine if he'd just talk or listen or make a commitment.

This is a scapegoat dynamic.

The third is this: If you treat another person as a stereotype, he will feel it, and sooner or later, he will pay you back.

This is a revenge dynamic.

The fourth is this: If you treat another person as a stereotype, you will miss a great deal of delight and richness in your association with him.

This is a tragic dynamic.

My friend Bill is an artist whose wife has just given birth to a son. Several of us go over to his house to see the new baby. "This is what it looks like when the baby's head starts to come out," he says, grabbing a piece of fruit, pushing it through his cupped hands. "It looks just like this." He is excited. He tells all about the birth. "It's a miracle," he says, his eyes misting. "It's a goddamned miracle."

An awkward silence falls over the table. We all look at our dinner plates. Bill is a tough guy, an unemotional guy, a guy wrapped up in his work.

Bill is crying.

Some people say that having a baby has changed Bill, but I don't think so. As far as I can tell, he is the same person he always was. He's still a tough guy and he's still wrapped up in his work. But, like everybody else, Bill has another side. And here he is, crying over the birth of his child, revealed for a moment as a more complex person than he's usually assumed to be.

The older I get, the more impressed I am by the importance of human diversity. We're all so different—and a good thing, too. We need all kinds of people in the world. We need people who can express their emotions (actors, for example); we need people who are reflective, caring and intuitive. We need people who are interested in things, and people who are interested in people.

We need all the traditional opposites: artists and critics, coaches and players, bosses and underlings. Males and females. And somehow, we've just got to get along.



Raymond



"Trust silly, romantic me to fall for that old bewitched-sailor routine!"

LOVE

NOTES

dispatches

from the

heart

THE MORE WE SAY about love, the less we have it pegged. How we fall in love, what we are like when we're in love, the nuts and bolts, the grand, impossible feelings—bright minds throughout history have tried to capture that slippery sensation.

[Love is that] delightful interval between meeting a beautiful girl and discovering that she looks like a haddock.—JOHN BARRYMORE ♥ *Absence is to love what wind is to fire: It extinguishes the small, it enkindles the great.*—COMTE DE BUSSY-RABUTIN ♥ *Man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'Tis woman's whole existence.*—LORD BYRON ♥ *In love, one always begins by deceiving oneself, and one always ends by deceiving others; that is what the world calls a romance.*—OSCAR WILDE ♥ *I try never to be alone with a beautiful woman. Because when I'm alone, the devil in me becomes dangerous.*—TINY TIM ♥ *Don't let that little frankfurter run your life.*—BRUCE JAY FREIDMAN ♥ *If two people love each other, there can be no happy end to it.*—ERNEST HEMINGWAY ♥ *As long as you know that most men are like children, you know everything.*—COCO CHANEL ♥ *Love consists in this, that two solitudes protect and touch and greet each other.*—RAINER MARIA RILKE ♥ *I believe that love cannot be bought except with love, and he who has a good wife wears heaven in his hat.*—MARLON BRANDO in *Viva Zapata!* ♥ *Dames lie about anything—just for practice.*—RAYMOND CHANDLER ♥ *I'll be damned if I'll love just to love—there's got to be more to it than that.* —HUMPHREY BOGART



E. PECK

SOMETHING HAPPENS

what we know about the chemistry of desire

FOR SOME OF US, it happens once in a lifetime; for others, a few times. For many people, it seems to happen every Friday night. Regardless of how often it happens, one thing seems clear: Falling in love makes all of us feel good.

From the instant we become attracted to someone, our energy level begins to surge. We become so overstocked with adrenaline that we can put our basic needs on indefinite back order. Our heart starts racing, our breath comes more quickly; we feel excited, euphoric. To those of us who have taken amphetamines, it feels exactly as if we were on speed.

What happens? For the answer, we turn to . . . science.

It is no coincidence that falling in love makes us feel as if we were speeding. In recent years, medical researchers have come to believe that romantic attraction and stimulant drugs such as cocaine and amphetamines affect our brain chemistry

in much the same way. Much of the research that has been done in this area is examined by Dr. Michael R. Liebowitz in *The Chemistry of Love*. Dr. Liebowitz is the director of the Anxiety Disorders Clinic at the New York State Psychiatric Institute and an associate professor of clinical psychiatry at the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University.

"What seems likely," says Liebowitz, "is that the same neurochemical events that underlie many kinds of pleasure and stimulant-drug arousal are also involved when we feel very attracted to someone." That could account for why the feelings are so similar and, he adds, "for the bad judgment that both amphetamine users and lovers sometimes show."

While acknowledging that it may seem strange to compare romantic feelings to drug-induced states, Liebowitz points out that drugs work not by creating new chemical reactions in our bodies but by speeding up or slowing down existing processes.

It is interesting to note that he makes no distinction between the neurochemistry of men and of women. Despite the differences in our anatomical designs, our chemical wiring seems to have the same scheme.

To understand what happens neurochemically when we begin to fall in love, we must have an idea of how the nervous system works. When the brain sends a signal through the nervous system, it is carried through the nerve cells and across the synapses by chemical substances called neurotransmitters, of which medical researchers have discovered more than 30. Two important ones, for our pleasurable purposes, are dopamine and norepinephrine.

To move down the biochemical chain of command, the neurotransmitters must attach themselves to a set of receptors on each cell. Each receptor, it appears, can receive only one specific neurotransmitter.

In the late Seventies, scientists discovered that the brain has receptors for narcotics such as opium and heroin, as well as Valium. That led to the discovery that the body contains naturally occurring narcotics that are called endorphins or enkephalins, depending on their size. Although it seems clear that these chemicals are powerful painkillers and can calm us down under stress, it is not clear just how they work. Some seem to function by stimulating the receptors; others, by blocking them.

Curiously, one type of psychoactive drug for which there does not appear to be a specific receptor is amphetamine. Speed, it seems, affects the nervous (concluded on page 144)





COURTSHIPS WEIRDER THAN OURS

when it comes to mating games, we don't have it so bad after all

SO YOU TAKE this real zonzy young otter to the Four Cirques by cab (\$5.50). Dinner *avec* wine (\$185.85). Tip the maitre d' (\$10), even though he interrupted your most amusing anecdote with "Is everything all right, sir?" Cab to *Phantom of the Chorus Line* (\$6.50), tickets (\$100). Cab to some funkadelic disco in a converted reform synagogue (\$7). Cover (\$40), tip (\$20) for the bouncer so both ear lobes won't have to be amputated from standing outside in 15-degree cold. Drink charge inside (\$17.50). Go to the head (tip \$2), come out and a bar-keep in *Lederhosen* tells you your date left with Gino, this 19-year-old bass player whose childhood was all messed up. Home (\$1) by subway. (Total: \$395.35.) Drink that quart of raki your super gave you at Christmas. Sleep, fists balled up,

wishing Mother—the only loyal woman ever—were still alive.

Noon, Sunday. The otter calls and she is *furious*. Where did you go last night, huh? If this sweet kid (he was gay and harmless and so caring) hadn't seen her home—well, it was time to peddle the old bod for cab fare. So you apologize and forgive her. *She*, of course, hasn't forgiven *you*, but she may if you get tickets ringside to that Springsteen thing on Thursday.

You may think, No way can there be any weirder courtship custom than that. But you'd think wrong. There are many weirder. Weirder and much, much less expensive.

Capture courtship. This custom, as you might imagine, has several attractive features. For one, it can cut way down on rejection. The *Kama Sutra* (concluded on page 162)

HOW TO SLEEP WITH WOMEN

intimate tips on spending the night

THEY SAY THAT YOU SPEND one third of your life sleeping. And that big chunk of time probably involves a woman. But are you sleeping with her properly?

In many ways, visiting the sandman with a partner is more intimate than sex, miles beyond the simultaneous orgasm, a zone that takes you light-years past the erogenous, across time. Let's assume that you've just made love, and now it's actually time to go to sleep. Is it OK to close your eyes and drift off to the land of Nod just because you're happy? Absolutely not. Like any voyager, you have to prepare for the trip and be respectful of your bunkmate.

In other words, don't reach over and turn off the Bambi night light. It's there for your partner's protection. Yes, that's why you're there, too. But the presence of a night light doesn't mean that you're an inadequate bodyguard. Women are worrywarts, and as soon as the sun sets, they get the willies.

Just as you forgive your gal's need for a night light, refrain from saying things such as, "Hey, what's he doing here?" referring nervously to Teddy, the truly favorite twilight buddy of your sister in fatigue. This is the Teddy bear she has had since she was a toddler, another endearing talisman from her



past used to ward off evil. Don't think of him as a competitive third wheel, unless your partner insists that Teddy sleep between you, instead of on the (continued on page 156)

JUST WHO WERE ABÉLARD AND HÉLOÏSE, ANYWAY?

a guide for the romantically illiterate

WHERE HAS LOVE GONE? Once you did straddle crunches and cable crossovers and pec decks to stay pumped up for her; now you couldn't break a ten-dollar bill. Your lovemaking together

was laser tag and white-water madness—of late, it has been so dull, Ted Turner couldn't colorize it. "Whatever became of Great and Enduring Love? Abélard and Héloïse, Tristram and Isoud, Antony and Cleopatra—those people?" she asks you. Well, this is whatever.

Abélard and Héloïse. Back around 1100 A.D., before MTV, scholastic philosophy got big media coverage. Paris groupies followed Pierre Abélard, who could make dialectic sound better than Sinatra singing *My Way*. Then, one day, Abélard met a young girl. This little cheese puff, Héloïse, was niece to Fulbert, a canon of Notre Dame and the top-ranked gullible around. "I had such celebrity at that time and possessed such graces of youth and body," Abélard wrote in his *Historia Calamitatum*, "that I feared no refusal from any woman." Bon Jovi he must have thought he was. Abélard offered to, um, tutor Héloïse. Fulbert the Purlblind was grateful: He gave Abélard permission to meet with Héloïse at any time of day and to *beat her* if she didn't pay attention.

Abélard was near 40 and a cleric. Héloïse, bright and lovelier than snow showers, had maybe turned 17. The whole thing was like Brooke Shields's going to Princeton.

Héloïse got an A for amplexness. And Abélard "sought her breasts more often than the pages." At last (they were really pushing it), Fulbert caught Abélard and Héloïse *flagrante delicto*. Fulbert was whizzed off something awful. Abélard made an offer of secret marriage, but Héloïse—chicks like this don't come along (concluded on page 94)



HOW YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN LOVE

love styles of the rich and famous

DWIGHT GOODEN (pitcher, New York Mets): You just know it. It's like when I go to the mound with my good stuff. You just know it's there.

ROSS SHAFER (host of Fox Broadcasting's *The Late Show*): First, you find yourself spending way too much time in the Hall-mark gooshy-card section. Second, you're daydreaming about the night before and your trousers spontaneously combust.

SUSAN DEY (actress): You're real scared.

MICKEY ROONEY (entertainer): After sixty-seven years of experience, including eight marriages, heartbreak, sorrow and occasional elusive happiness and joy, I have found that love isn't something that should hit you suddenly. If it hits you suddenly, it will leave you just as quickly. Real, lasting love is not like a dandelion that the wind blows away. It's planted and, with nurturing, grows into something beautiful. That's why the secret to a happy marriage is to marry your best friend.

AL GOLDSTEIN (publisher): If I still want to see the girl after having masturbated, I know it's love. Otherwise, it's just friction and sex. For me, it's usually my dick that's doing the thinking. I've found I can usually just masturbate and then go on to have a hot-fudge sundae and watch Ted Koppel and be happy.

ZSA ZSA GABOR (personality): Who wants to know? What kind of question is that? If you don't know when you are in love, darling, you're really in trouble. When I'm in love, everything is rosy. I buy the best clothes and the best jewels. Nothing is too good. And I buy the most expensive food and spoil him to death. And if I'm not in love, I wear the cheapest clothes and buy the cheapest food and look like hell.

JERRY SEINFELD (comic): When you see *Love Story*, with Ali MacGraw and Ryan O'Neal, on TV and you find yourself thinking, You know, this really isn't that bad a movie.

SONNY BONO (mayor): It's like when you start doing everything that's stupid . . . then you're in love. By stupid, I mean walking into walls, saying the wrong thing, not paying attention to anything else . . . like when a horse puts on real blinders. That's love.

KIRSTIE ALLEY (actress): You know you're in love when you want to throw up. Loving someone is very cool; but being in love is a sickness.

DR. TONI GRANT (radio shrink): The criteria for men and women are different. Infatuation happens quickly, but so can love. A woman knows she has found real love when she has a man

she can admire, appreciate and accept exactly as he is, without any desire to change him . . . when she can truly view a man as her hero.

LONI ANDERSON (actress): Everyone knows you're in love when your knees grow weak as that certain someone walks into the



room, when the bells go off when he holds your hand, when that incredible fireworks display takes place as you're being kissed. Yet I think the real test comes later.

ERIC DICKERSON (running back, Indianapolis Colts): If you love a woman, you may hear someone say something about her going out with someone else and you get a sick feeling in your stomach and hope it's not true. If you love a woman, you think about her day and night. Even on the field, when I'm practicing, she comes across my mind and it brings a smile to my face and makes me want to do (concluded on page 156)

THE WISDOM OF THE GROIN

there's a cock-sure kind of intelligence
that thrives below the belt

essay By HARRY CREWS

"AND YOU WERE NAKED in the middle of the night on the goddamn roof?" I said.

"As the day I was born," he said, shaking his head in genuine disbelief and bewilderment as he stared down into his whiskey glass.

"I do believe you gon' have to run that by me again, old son. I think I missed a transition in there somewhere."

We were sitting at his kitchen table, waiting for his wife to come home from a Tupperware party. He poured us another dollop of bourbon and said, "There is nothing so ignominious on the face of God's earth as man in pursuit of pussy."

I took off half the glass he'd poured and said, "Well, hell," which was a kind of noncommittal agreement with what he'd said and a general lament of the fact that any man who had reached the age of puberty would instantly recognize that what he had said was true. A truth as universal, consistent and inarguable as the law of gravity.

"Naked and spread-eagled on the goddamn roof?" I said.

"In a misting rain, too," he said, knocking back the last of the whiskey he'd poured and refilling the glass. "And surrounded by what looked to be ever' goddamn cop car in town. But no sireens. Didn't turn on one goddamn siren coming or going." He sighed. "One siren would've woke the wife dead-solid certain."

"I guess it's always something to be thankful for in any given situation," I said.

He said, "And the thing was, my dick was still hard."

"Your dick still hard, you say?" I said.

"Son," he said, "you coulda broke a brick with my dick. Never been harder. One of God's own mysteries." He swirled the whiskey in his glass and thought about it. "A mystery right up there with the mystery of pussy its very own self."

Despite having recently received his Ph.D. and accepting his first teaching position in the English department at a great Southern university, he still habitually dropped into the cadences and speech patterns of Mississippi, which is where he was born and raised. Especially does his voice turn to grits when he is doing battle with the bottle while at the same time wrestling with complex philosophical issues like pussy.

He went on to teach for some ten years in the South but has come now to be a distinguished professor of literature at a famous Yankee institution of higher learning, because over the years, he has become an internationally known exegete of many learned subjects. But I bet pussy ain't one of them. Not entirely, anyway. He probably understands about as much as I do; that is, something just above high-grade imbecility.

I know for a fact that having grown steadily in scholarly reputation, as well as long in the tooth and thin in the shank, he still makes an occasional crawl across a rooftop in the middle of the night to the bed of a young graduate student, where she, wet to the knees with anticipation, awaits his entrance through the window instead of the front door, which sanity would seem to indicate he would prefer using. But what the fuck has sanity got to do with fucking? When the groin calls, it calls in a language understood only by the gods—and a cursory reading of mythology makes even that open to question—but certainly, the language of the groin has never been completely understood by a single swinging dick over the long course of human history.

While he steadily watched his whiskey, bemused by the mystery before us, I patiently waited for him to retell the story in which I expected to find the transition that I had missed, and, once found, it would make sense out of a grown man with a Ph.D.'s being naked in the middle of the night on a roof with a hard-on. When he did retell the story, it did make sense of a certain sort.

The sense of the groin.

"See," he said, "what I do is go across the roof to Martha's little apartment. She's a graduate student of mine and nasty enough to make you think you've died and gone to heaven."

"That fine, you say?" I said.

"Sacredly and righteously nasty, and you know I don't say that about many. Not many a man *can* say that about, unfortunately."

"My experience exactly," I said.

"Anyway, hell, you can see how this place is put together. Once a mighty fine old home but then cut up like it is in apartments for starving students and assistant professors, and then all these L-wings jammed onto it any which way, so that if a man was to go out that window back in there in the bedroom, he could cut over the roof to the wing that runs yonder toward the street. And, as I said, I did it at night, and since I don't sleep in pajamas—don't sleep in a damn thing, never have—I was out there naked as the day I was born. But you can see from the lay of the roof how it can be done."

I understood how a man *could* do what he had done. Hell, I understood that the first time. What I was having trouble with was why a man *would* do what he had done.

The graduate student whose lilies he had been feeding in—apparently more or less nightly—lived diagonally across the roof from the apartment he and his wife shared. And what he had been doing was waiting for his wife to fall asleep and then going out the window and across the roof. And he went naked.

"I couldn't very well start sleeping in pajamas when I never had before, and I didn't want to try to slip on nothing because of the noise and all, you understand. Then, one night, luck was agin me and I guess somebody heard me on the roof and called the law on me, you know, thought it was a burglar or some such thing. And it must have been a slow night down at the police station, because I think ever' goddamn cop in town showed up."

"Damn, Buck," I said, "couldn't you have popped in for lunch or the middle of the morning or otherwise figgered out something a little more convenient than the roof and night and naked?"

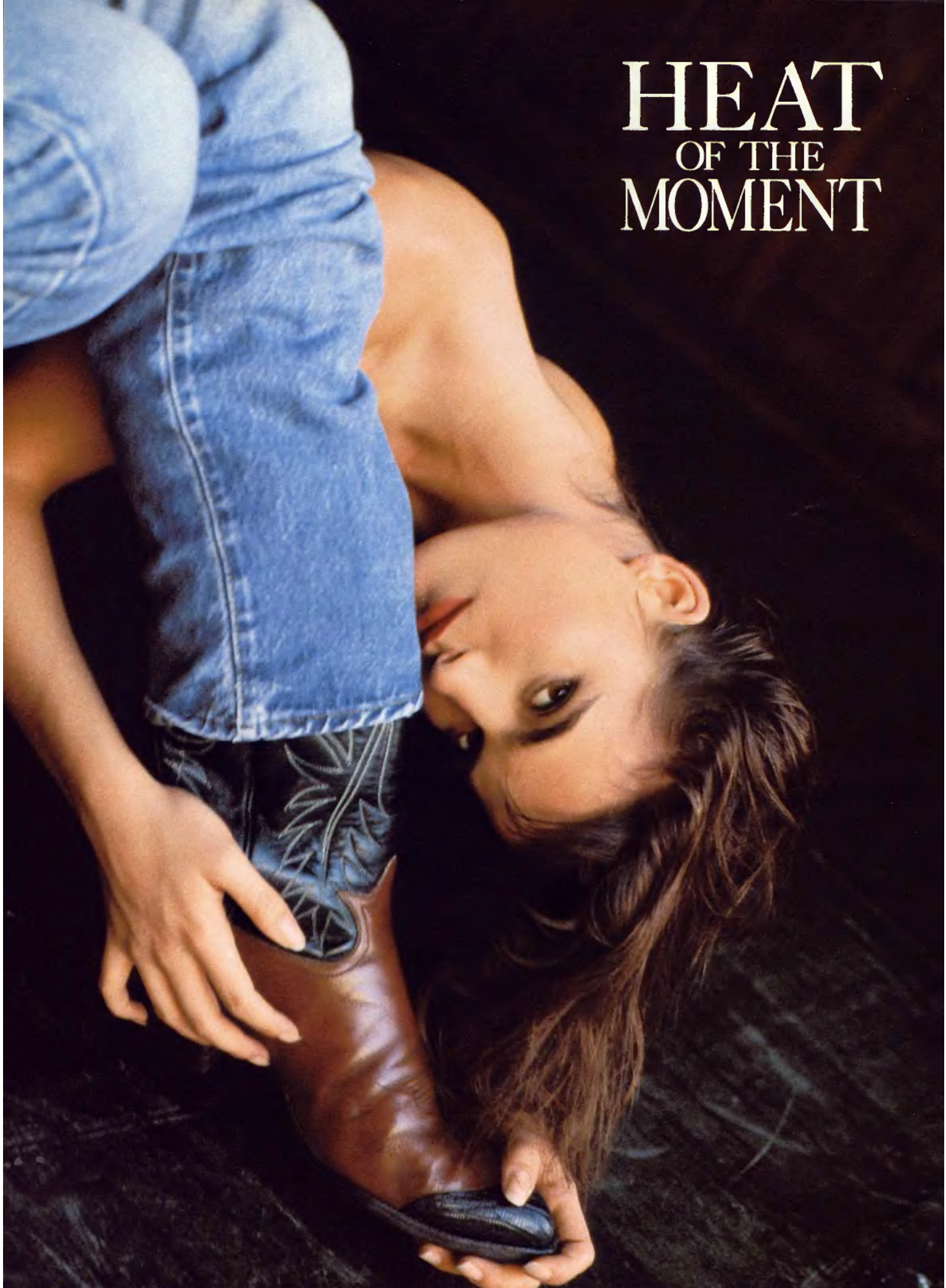
"Of course I could. And did. But mostly, my path to her bed lay over the roof. Either you understand the rightness of that or you don't. It cain't be explained."

●
Sitting at that table with my friend 25 years ago, I knew I did understand, and I also knew that I could not have talked about what I understood—make any sense of any sort out of it—under threat of death.

But I think I can now. By temperament, I am predisposed to reflect upon such things as the experience of the roof, the night, the window and the naked hard-on. And it occurs to me right now that (concluded on page 158)



HEAT OF THE MOMENT



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
KEN NAHOUM

CLASSIC HOT LOOKS
THAT TURN THE
LADIES ON

fashion by
HOLLIS WAYNE

THE SIZZLING LOOK of a man in sexy clothing is the fuel that feeds the fire of a woman's libido. And that effect is compounded when the styles he has slipped into are pleasing to the touch. The tactile pleasure of a cashmere sweater definitely is a head—and hand—turner, as is the sexy bad-boy look of an oxford-cloth buttondown shirt worn with the collar opened and the necktie loosened. Elegant formalwear also is seductive, especially a black-as-night dinner jacket and trousers combined with a crisp white wing-collared evening shirt. But, of course, the all-time favorite female bait is a pair of snug-fitting jeans stretched across a trim male tush. Get it on, guys.

Left: Ride 'em, cowgirl! Her guy has pulled on a pair of lizard-tipped broken-in leather cowboy boots, from Mark Fox, Los Angeles, about \$295. **Right:** The classic soft touch—a cable-design cashmere sweater, by Malo Cashmere, \$650; worn with wool pants, by Cordovan & Grey, Ltd., \$115. (His partner's blouse is by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo.)





Left: The pause that refreshes. His choice of turn-on clothes includes a striped oxford-cloth shirt, about \$53, a red-striped tie with woven flag motif, about \$45, both from Polo by Ralph Lauren; and double-pleated khaki cotton-twill trousers, by Cordovan & Grey, Ltd., about \$65. Near right, above: This formal affair features a double-breasted worsted-wool tuxedo, from Perry Ellis for the Greif Companies, \$475; worn over a diagonal-pleated bib-front tux shirt, \$56, and a silk bow tie, \$15.50, both by After Six Accessories; plus a gold-and-onyx cuff-links and stud set, by Alfred Dunhill, \$330. (The lady's dress is by Tahari.) Near right, below: *Mondo Brando!* A cotton T-shirt, by Claiborne Furnishings, \$10; worn with classic stone-washed button-fly 501 jeans, by Levi Strauss, about \$32; and a hand-tooled floral-design belt, by Al Beres, about \$165. Far right: A close encounter of the best kind, and he has on only viscose lounge pants with a drawstring waist, by Reporter, \$125.



"Cleopatra was a kind of supine patriot. Egypt had no defense. Her body was its entire armed force."

often—said, no, she didn't want Abe to bollix up his brilliant career. She'd rather be his concubine, thank you. The Catholic Church didn't mind if a priest got off now and again, but marriage didn't fit its image. Héloïse, however, was pregered by this time. Abélard—afraid that Fulbert would crack her engine block for spite—sneaked her off to his sister in Brittany. There she brought forth a son, Astrolabe, which sounds like some kind of California theme park.

In time, Héloïse came round. Agreement was made with old Fulbert, and the pair wed secretly. Héloïse went off to a convent. Abélard visited when he could, once giving her deep absolution in the refectory. But it ate at Fulbert: What balm was a secret marriage to his public dishonor? So he hired some creepy types and— Let Abélard tell you; my pencil lead is so scared, it won't come out. "One night, as I lay sleeping in my chamber, one of my servants, corrupted by gold, delivered me to their vengeance . . . they cut off those parts of my body with which I had committed the offense they deplored." Not what you'd call elective surgery. Paris was stupefied. Two of the men got caught. They were parted from their parts and had their sight put out. Fulbert lost all his worldly pelf, which isn't the same thing. As for Abélard and Héloïse—she went back to a convent and didn't see her love for ten years. By then, Abélard had become abbot at St. Gildas-de-Ruis and could help her order. They met in the convent garden. It must have been a poignant moment. She spoke first with her sweet, bright voice. And he talked back in a gentle, loving, if rather high-pitched, whisper.

Tristram or Tristan or Tristram and Isoud or Isolde or Iseult or Isolt. There are, good sooth, at least 11 versions of this legend, each about as dull as a barium cocktail. In one—*Le Morte d'Arthur*, by Sir Thomas Malory—paranoid King Mark asked Tristram to fight Sir Marhaus for him. Tristram hit Marhaus "such a buffet that it went through his helm . . . and through the brainpan and the sword stuck so fast . . . Sir Tristram pulled thrice at his sword or ever he might pull it out from his head." That is, Tristram was Lawrence Taylor and hot with women, for how else could he part someone's hair right down to the neck? But Tristram got dinged up, also. Since this was

before Arthurscopic surgery, King An-guish set daughter Isoud to healing him. Tristram, as a Freudian could have told you he would, fell for his nurse.

Anyhow, when he got home, bigmouth Tristram told King Mark about his major medical experience. Mark, piqued at groin level, sent Tris right back to woo La Beale Isoud for him. That was the chivalric era: Knights were pure and honorable and didn't even have a shop steward to whom they could complain. Worse yet, on shipboard, Tristram and Isoud drank a potion—which they thought was just a nice glass of schnapps—and came down with eternal love for each other. Mark and Isoud wed. But, in time, some Iago-type gossip poisoned Mark's ear about Tristram and Isoud. Royally put out, Mark sent Tristram to the stake and Isoud to a leper camp, which is kind of unsporting, when you think it over. But Tristram beat that rap. He and La Beale hid in a forest until, after much adventure and emptying of brainpans, Mark found them asleep together. They were clothed. Between them, though, was a nude sword. This was history's first bundling board.

Mark, large-souled, as usual, took Isoud in again. Poor Tristram went back to the joust-and-dragon circuit. In a foreign land, he wed another Isoud or Isolde or Iseult or Isolt, this one yclept Isoud La Blanche Mains. He never made it with Isoud number two, though—being still hung over from the magic schnapps. Time lurched on. Tristram got hit amidships by a poisoned arrow. He sent for Isoud number one, who alone could heal him. The deal was this: Her ship would carry a white sail if she were aboard; black if not. Isoud number two, grudging Isoud number one all those marital orgasms lost, told Tristram her sail was black. Tristram hit the planet, *sayonara* and out. On landing, Isoud number one did likewise. But, ah, love would generate a miracle yet. From their joint graves, two trees sprang up and entwined. That and \$1.50 will buy you a clammy pretzel on Fifth Avenue.

Antony and Cleopatra, or *The Crack That Almost Swallowed Up Rome*. Her voice, said Plutarch, "was like an instrument of many strings. Plato admits of four kinds of flattery, but she had 1000." Looking at coin portraits, you see a pre-MasterCard Jewish-American princess.

But back then, women often blacked out their teeth, so who are we to judge? Speaking charitably, Cleopatra was a kind of supine patriot. Egypt had no defense against Rome. Her body was its entire armed force. When she took up with Marcus Antonius, she had already flung herself at Julius Caesar, who, it is said, had given her one son, Caesarion, and a villa near Rome. He also installed her and her husband firmly on their Egyptian throne. Her husband was her brother—Ptolemy XIII—in the economical, if incestuous, Egyptian custom that, whatever else, meant you didn't have to invite in-laws to your wedding reception.

But Julius got rubbed out—which left Mark Antony and Octavian (a.k.a. Augustus Caesar) in charge of the world. Again, Cleopatra had to find a *very* significant other for herself and Egypt. She was 29 then and capable, one would guess, of arousing cadavers. Antony went to Tarsus. Cleopatra sailed over there with her Donald Trump-sized barge and put a binder on his soul. Soon they would form the fellowship of "inimitable livers"—who were to debauchery what Zamboni is to ice. In 40 B.C., M.A. went back home and, under pressure, made a dynastic marriage with Octavia, Octavian's sister. On his return to Egypt, he also married Cleopatra. That, aside from being bigamous, set all Rome against him. But Antony didn't care. Going by Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, you'd think their relationship lasted about two and a half hours with intermission. In fact, Antony and Cleopatra were together for more than a full decade and had three children. Any woman who can look that appealing with four sets of stretch marks must be a sexual cluster bomb.

Octavian had it out with his delinquent brother-in-law at Actium. As we all know, just when it meant most, Cleopatra got henhearted and took her fleet out of battle. Thus, Antony lost the world. He didn't speak with her for three days. Cleopatra thought, so it wouldn't be a total loss, that if Antony could be induced to off himself for love of her (if not out of sheer exasperation), they might still win eternal renown. Cleopatra hid in her mausoleum and sent him a message saying she was defunct. Antony fell on his sword. (Romans did that a lot: They weren't very well coordinated.) Meanwhile, what the hell, Cleopatra made a pass at Octavian. He, however, was about as highly sexed as a floor lamp. Cleopatra saw that he would lead her captive through Rome, so she took two asps and went to bed. But she was right about eternal renown: Antony and Cleopatra, more than two millennia after their love ended, are still a decent brand of cigar.

—D. KEITH MANO





Intarlandi

"Aside from being horny, what did I do to deserve you?"



CASANOVA'S GHOST

ALL GREAT
SEDUCERS ARE
ENTERTAINERS,
RILEY. YOU'VE
GOT TO
WORK AT IT

fiction **By ASA BABER** Riley Grimes fell in lust with his editor the first time he met her. She was shapely, energetic, sweet-smelling, and her red hair and clean features were straight out of a Botticelli painting.

Her name was Vanessa During. Riley knew that he loved her body and in time would probably even love her mind and that he wanted to sleep with her immediately, if not sooner. He also knew that she seemed too tough and independent to be interested in romance. Wasn't that the way it usually was these days? Most of the women Riley knew were too busy for dalliance. "Not this year, I have a career" was the universal female slogan.

"You write a good query letter," Vanessa said. She was reading Riley's article proposal with a tight smile. He had submitted the idea that he write a profile of a big-time commodities broker for *Chicago Business Magazine*. "Ever think of teaching a course to free-lance writers on how to submit queries? You'd be good at it." Vanessa smiled again. Her face had a flawed brightness to it, a wholesome beauty that was clouded by tension.

"Not a lot of liquidity in that market." Riley smiled as he stretched his arms. "Most writers would take the course and never pay me. Writers are always broke."

"That's good," Casanova interrupted. "There's no seduction without laughter. Keep it light. She'll (continued on page 152)





THE MORE things change in the Eden clan, the more they stay pretty much the same—as pretty as American beauty gets. Almost 29 years ago, America's girl next door was Miss December 1960, Carol Eden. To find this month's exemplar of that famous girl-next-door look, we didn't even have to go next door. We



stayed home. Daughter Simone Eden, you see, grew up. This month, we proudly present the first second-generation Playmate ever. "I couldn't be more proud," says Carol.

"I couldn't be more excited," says Simone. "I've wanted to follow in my mom's footsteps since I first saw her picture in the magazine,

EDEN REVISITED

miss february has great gatefold genes



Simone Eden and her mother, Miss December 1960, Carol Eden, now share a footnote in beauty's history. Above left is Mom's 1961 *Playmate Review* photo. Above center, her December 1960 gatefold. Above right and on the facing page, Simone shows off the fruits of her lineage. At the top of the page, mother and daughter share a smile.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

when I was ten. Now, at last, it has happened.” Born Simone Howe, Miss February switches surnames this month. Henceforth, she’ll be Simone Eden, in honor of her mother. Not that mom and daughter agreed on everything. “As a kid, I could be a little wild,” she says. “Mom was always working—she was a model, then a nurse—and I rebelled. I grew up fast, mostly on my own. I always told her I was going to be a Playmate, like she was. She didn’t quite believe me. Now that I *am* a Playmate, we’re closer than ever.”

Simone’s mother, now a licensed vocational nurse who cares for the elderly in San Clemente, California, agrees. “It has brought back a lot of memories,” she says of sharing a history-making moment with her



"I love lace, perfume, soft colors, feminine things," says Simone. "But I'm a Gemini, the twin. I also love leather corsets, spike heels, water beds and long, slippery baby-oil massages. That's me—nasty but nice."



daughter. "I remember some of the fan mail I got when I was a Playmate, and the thrill of being recognized on the street. I'm sure Simone will enjoy that. And I think she'll be a wonderful representative of *Playboy*. She's sweet and kind and so enthusiastic. Simone is a natural."

All-natural California girl Simone Edén surfs, skis and works out to uphold her spectacular figure—and the family name. "I love looking good," she says. "I'm shy by nature, but sometimes I don't mind showing off." When the subject



is men, she is not at all shy. "I don't like *machismo*, but I don't like guys who need instructions, either. I like daring men."

In olden days—when Simone's mom appeared on our centerfold—a glimpse of breast was looked on by some as cause for arrest. Things change. "Mom and I—we're the first mother-daughter Playmates ever, and that's special." The Edens prove that while some things change, other things—like the beauty of the girl next door—are American perennials.





MISS FEBRUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Simone Eden

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Simone Maurice Eden

BUST: 37B WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'5½" WEIGHT: 117

BIRTH DATE: 6-14-70 BIRTHPLACE: Arcadia, California

AMBITIONS: To travel the world, further my education and be deliciously happy.

TURN-ONS: Her, baby oil, the water, G strings, romantic men, long, slow kisses, pillows.

TURN-OFFS: Dirty hands, jealous men, fake blonde, ugly fat, bad breath.

MY HEROINE: Cher - She has the audacity to defy society if she has to; she has beauty and sophistication.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION: To control my fiery temper & be nice all the time.

MY THERAPY: A gigantic water bed, a gallon of baby oil & a handsome masseur.

DREAM DATE: A trip to the islands with a man who'd show me places & things I never dreamed of!



Leo & I in Mexico



Prizzed out Oct '74



Sweet 16, with my mother



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Willard had heard so much about ice fishing that he decided to give it a try. He got all his gear together, went out onto the ice and started to drill a hole. Suddenly, a deep, resonant voice from above said, "There are no fish there."

Willard shrugged, picked up his equipment, moved another 50 feet out onto the ice and began to drill. Again, a big voice boomed, "There are no fish there."

Willard looked up and asked, "Are you God?"
"No, asshole. I'm the arena manager."



As the French and American diplomats walked to lunch, they were stopped by a social scientist conducting a study on sexual mores. The two men agreed to answer a three-part question.

"Say you are alone in a hotel room," the researcher began. "There is a knock on the door. You open it and a beautiful naked girl is standing there. Where would you kiss her?"

"On the cheek," the American answered.

"Next, she steps into the room and closes the door. Where would you kiss her?"

"On the mouth," the American said.

"Now she pushes you onto the bed and leaps on top of you. Where would you kiss her?"

"Hmmm," the American pondered. "Jacques, where would you kiss her?"

The Frenchman shrugged. "Don't ask me, *mon ami*. I would have been wrong *ze first* two times."

How many college football players does it take to screw in a light bulb? Just one, but he gets three credits for it.

A New Yorker went to see his doctor for a check-up. The doctor examined him and took some blood.

As the patient was getting dressed, the doctor told him, "The physical exam went well. As far as I can tell, you're fine. As for the blood tests, go out to the beach. The results should show up in about a week."

A cemetery grounds keeper was going about his rounds when he saw a man lying on a grave, sobbing loudly and pounding his fists on the ground. "Why did you have to die? Oh, why? Why?" he lamented.

"A loved one's passing is a terrible loss," the grounds keeper offered in consolation, "but someday, the pain will pass."

"Loved one?" the weeping man said, looking up. "I didn't even know the guy."

"Then why all the tears?"

"He was my wife's first husband!"

As the president of the women's guild desperately leafed through her Rolodex for a guest speaker to replace a last-minute cancellation, her doorbell rang. Two men offered to do work around the house in return for a meal. She agreed to provide them with dinner if they chopped the wood in back of the house.

Ten minutes later, she glanced out the window to see one of the men whirl across the lawn, performing a succession of double flips and one-handed cartwheels before disappearing into some bushes.

Rushing out, she grabbed the second man and gushed, "That was amazing! Would your friend be willing to do that again at the women's guild this afternoon for twenty dollars?"

"Charley," the man called, "lady here wants to know if you would chop off another finger for twenty bucks."

A golfer hooked his tee shot over a hill and onto the next fairway. Walking toward his ball, he saw a man lying on the ground groaning in pain.

"I'm an attorney," the wincing man said, "and this is going to cost you \$5000."

"I'm sorry, I'm really sorry," the concerned fellow replied. "But I *did* yell 'Fore!'"

"You got yourself a deal."



Sally Weiman

Perhaps you've heard of the new social-action group DAM—Mothers Against Dyslexia.

An American, an Ethiopian, a Russian and an Israeli were asked, "Excuse me, but what's your opinion of the food shortage?"

The American answered, "I don't understand 'shortage.'"

The Ethiopian replied, "I don't understand 'food.'"

The Russian said, "I don't understand 'opinion.'"

The Israeli thought for a moment and finally responded, "I don't understand 'excuse me.'"

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.



"But then I think about how rich you are, and then everything's all right again."

A
THINKING
M A N ' S
GUIDE
T O
LOSING
Y O U R
HEAD

HOW TO KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU
WHEN A WOMAN'S ON YOUR MIND

article By Denis Boyles

HERE'S THE SCENE: A normal guy gets up, puts on his suit and leaves for work. He's a brown-shoe guy, average in every way, regular as a traffic light. Up ahead is the office. He picks lint off his tie, glances at his beautiful secretary standing in the office window and starts across the street.

But the cover is off the manhole. Everyone can see it. People stop to watch the disaster. It's like a cheat sheet for a Greek tragedy in which everyone except the hero knows something's wrong. Sure enough, his chin still up, the guy hits the hole mid-stride, and it seems that in a nanosecond, he's going to be up to his neck in shit.

But in a flash, he's popping his head up through the manhole opening, fresh as a daisy. Hey, you say, how did he do that? Well, it's a gimmick shot in a movie of the mundane, and the hero is just a normal stunt man, a guy with a great talent for falling and never, ever getting hurt.

Now, don't you wish you could pull off that stunt? Don't you think that in the film story of your life, you could do with something more than trick photography (ah, how your eyes deceive you) and a rich assortment of supporting characters? Don't you think you may be able to use a little industrial-strength stuntwork now and then?

But, see, we're not really talking about guys' falling into *(continued on page 145)*





HERE'S COOKING WITH YOU, KID

food and drink By HERBERT BAILEY LIVESEY

LAST NIGHT approached perfection. Dinner at your discovery bistro had all the theatrical *élan* promised. The car wasn't towed. Cognac was sipped by starlight. And all that was a prelude to the main event, which was a bell ringer.

But now, a ray of sunlight shoots between the curtains and the person next to you is stirring from sleep. A choice must be made. Coffee and a hurried kiss goodbye? Or a voluptuous lingering, a time to savor the mood of the night before? The second option requires a little advance planning. Provisions must be laid in, especially if your usual breakfast is a bowl of dried guava and twigs. The menu should have a touch of style. Most of all, its preparation should be a mutual effort, not only to get yourselves around some food fast but

to extend the sharing, the warm and fuzzy. That means familiar ingredients assembled in provocative combinations that don't require the skills of a *chef de cuisine*. All the recipes that follow can be on the table within 30 minutes of first padding into the kitchen, and all lend themselves to division of labor, cutting cooking time even further.

In the instructions that follow, the key word, *meanwhile*, signals tasks that can be undertaken by your partner. To further reduce potential drudgery, place champagne, spirits and squeezable fruits in the refrigerator before your night out. That's the time to ensure that all necessary ingredients are on hand, with extras to hedge against goofs.

And while you're at it, some other thoughtful touches are in

**a host of morning-after
share-the-chores
breakfast menus.
who says guys have
trouble with intimacy?**



order. Hang a laundered robe on the closet door and place fresh toiletries by the sink. Extra points are given for neatness; and rewards follow.

BREAKFAST TENDERLOINS

Steaks make a smashing brunch entree, and there is no better beef than *filet mignon*, the best of the tenderloin. Several fried eggs and broiled tomatoes sprinkled with Parmesan cheese may be added for heartiness.

- 2 6-oz. *filets mignons*
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 5 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon vegetable oil
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 3 drops Tabasco sauce
- 1 teaspoon minced parsley

Remove any border fat from steaks. Sprinkle them liberally with salt and pepper on all sides. In skillet, melt 1 tablespoon butter with oil over high heat. Add steaks. Sear for 3-4 minutes on one side. Holding steaks between two forks or large spoons, sear all edges. Reduce heat to medium high, then cook other side. Total cooking time should be about 8 minutes for medium rare.

Meanwhile, melt remaining butter in small saucepan. Add lemon juice, Worcestershire, Tabasco and parsley. Stir. When steaks are done, put them on warmed plates and pour sauce over.

OPEN-FACED OMELETS

Omelets are always a treat, but it takes practice to master the turning technique. Left open, with the fillings mounded in full view, they are more appealing to the eye and far easier to execute. The two variations below are designed for an 8-inch skillet. If only a 10- or 12-inch skillet is available, double the ingredients. In either case, a pan with a nonstick surface is essential. Each recipe is intended for one person, so make one for her and the other for you. That leads to cross-tasting, a chummy exercise.

OMELET ONE

- 1 small onion
- 4 ozs. Monterey Jack cheese
- 2 eggs
- 1 tablespoon half-and-half or cream
- 2 slices bacon
- ½ cup walnut halves
- 1 tablespoon butter
- Salt to taste
- Sour cream
- Parsley for garnish

Peel and dice onion. Dice cheese. Mince parsley. Set aside. (This can be done the day before.) Break eggs into mixing bowl. Add half-and-half or cream. Whisk until smooth. Set aside.

Meanwhile, fry bacon over medium-high heat until crisp. Remove to paper towels to drain. Retain bacon fat in skil-

let. Add onion and cook, stirring, until soft. Remove with slotted spoon and place in bowl. Add walnuts to skillet and cook, stirring, for 2 minutes. Remove with slotted spoon to another small bowl.

Wipe out skillet with paper towels. Add butter and melt over medium-high heat until foaming; swirl around to coat bottom. Beat eggs lightly once more and pour evenly into skillet. Add onion and cheese and swirl into eggs. Add salt to taste.

When eggs start to set, sprinkle walnut pieces over all. Don't stir. Cook another minute or two, until edges start to puff up. Slide omelet onto plate. Break bacon into pieces and scatter over omelet. Repeat with parsley. Put large dollop of sour cream in middle. Eat right away.

OMELET TWO

- ½ new potato
- 2 ozs. salami or pepperoni
- 1 small onion
- 1 small tomato
- 2 eggs
- 1 tablespoon half-and-half or cream
- 2 tablespoons butter
- Salt to taste
- Shredded fresh basil for garnish

Peel and dice potato. Slice salami or pepperoni into thin rounds. Peel and chop onion. Seed and dice tomato. Set aside in separate cups or bowls.

Meanwhile, break eggs into mixing bowl. Add half-and-half or cream. Whisk until smooth. Set aside.

Put 1 tablespoon butter in skillet. Melt over medium-high heat until foaming. Add potatoes and fry, stirring, for 5 minutes. Add salami or pepperoni and onion and cook 5 more minutes or until potatoes are nicely browned. With slotted spoon, remove ingredients to bowl and cover to keep warm.

Wipe out skillet with paper towels. Add remaining tablespoon butter and melt over medium heat. Stir eggs and pour evenly into skillet. Add potatoes, meat and onion. Stir eggs to cover other ingredients. Add salt to taste. Cook until eggs start to puff around edges of skillet.

Slide omelet onto plate. Scatter diced tomato over it and sprinkle with basil. Serve.

FLAMED BANANAS

Breakfast at Brennan's, a landmark New Orleans eatery, is such an institution that people forget that it serves other meals. One of its most popular desserts is Bananas Foster. This is a simplified version, appropriately showy to climax a memorable brunch *à deux*.

- ¼ cup cognac
- 2 bananas
- ½ stick unsalted butter
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- ½ cup sugar

Pour cognac into cup and set aside.

Peel bananas, cut off fibrous ends and slice in half lengthwise, then crosswise.

Cut butter into chunks and melt in skillet. When butter foams, place bananas in skillet, flat side down. Sprinkle lemon juice and sugar over them. Spoon resulting sauce over bananas and turn them two or three times until browned. Then put them on plates.

Slightly warm cognac, then pour into skillet and touch match to it. Shake skillet gently until flame goes out and sauce starts to caramelize. Serve bananas with sauce poured over them.

KIR ROYALES

The French aperitif called kir blends *crème de cassis* with dry vermouth or white wine. With champagne, it becomes truly regal.

- 1 oz. *crème de cassis*
- 6 ozs. champagne

Put bottles of *crème de cassis* and champagne in refrigerator at least 1 hour before serving. Pour ½ oz. *cassis* into each of 2 fluted champagne glasses, then add 3 ozs. champagne to each.

BLOODY MARIAS

A bloody mary made with tequila instead of vodka. The small amount of lime juice required takes very little time to squeeze and the result is better than with bottled juice.

- 3 ozs. tequila
- 6 ozs. V-8 juice
- 1 oz. fresh-squeezed lime juice
- 2 dashes Tabasco sauce
- 2 dashes celery salt
- 2 teaspoons catsup
- 2 lime slices

Pour tequila, juices, Tabasco, celery salt and catsup into shaker filled with ice. Shake well. Strain into 2 glasses. Add fresh ice and garnish with lime slices.

MIMOSAS

Vitamin C in an even more palatable form.

- 6 ozs. orange juice
 - 10 ozs. champagne
- Chill juice and champagne separately for at least 1 hour. Divide juice between 2 large stemmed wineglasses. Add 5 ozs. champagne to each. Stir.

No matter what the morning-after breakfast consists of, a canny host will also have plenty of breads and spreads on hand. Fresh-baked biscuits or blueberry muffins can be stored in the fridge overnight, wrapped in foil in the morning and resuscitated by a few minutes in an oven preheated at 200 degrees.

A morning such as this can lead to another perfect night. Who says guys don't like to cook?





"It was a great affair. I bronzed his briefs."

ARTICLE By D. KEITH MANO

THINK, Hey, that can't just be *mist* rising over the Pocono Mountains this A.M. Uh-uh. That is a sexual greenhouse effect, I bet: the steamy residue, the hot-air slag from 5000 passionate groin encounters last night. There is a sheet-lightning flash. And I say to Moompsie, my wife, "See?

ALL HAIL THE
POCONOS,
THE ULTIMATE
HAVEN
FOR THAT
FIRST NIGHT

The atmosphere itself just discharged static build-up from what must be a higher concentration of orgasms per capita than anywhere else in America." You've heard about hitting your sexual peak? It's in north-eastern Pennsylvania.

That green, that fertility is caused by enriching, hymeneal virgin blood.

Each year, more than 200,000 people honeymoon between East Stroudsburg and Equinunk, Pennsylvania. As the Pocono Mountain Vacations Bureau will tell you—often—ten main resorts gross more than \$100,000,000 per annum. Solid, predictable commerce: After all, at any moment, one percent of our national population is being led to an altar somewhere. There are more than 1550 resort beds—heart-shaped, round, king-sized, canopied. Each is grinding out bridal jelly day after day. And, incredible as it may sound, the Kinsey Institute for Research in Sex, Gender and Reproduction at Indiana University has reported (continued on page 124)

HONEYMOON HOTELS







RIO'S GRAND!

a brief visit with monica,
a brazilian bombshell

THIS cruel world of ours sometimes brings us up against the big issues in life, such as: Who is that incredible woman, and how do I get to meet her? In this case, all we can do is offer a few clues; the rest is up to you. First, the lady's name: Monica Andrea Silvia Do Santos. A *carioca*, or native of that wondrous city Rio de Janeiro. She's a student and something of a linguist, speaking English, German and Portuguese. She also admits to being superstitious, especially when it comes to *macumba*, a kind of voodoo magic that comes in two varieties—black and white. Monica is a habitu e of the hot Rio clubs Help and Jazz Mania, where, by all accounts, she is a lovely mover. Many people have been deeply moved by watching her. There have also been sightings on the beach at Copacabana. That's about it, Monica-wise. Maybe the next step is to think about flying down to Rio. Admit it; it makes perfect sense, especially at this time of year. Rio has the sun, the music, the sea, Carnival, Monica. . . .

The many moods of Monica: At left, without the Brazilian flag; right, with. It's a grand old flag.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERBERT HESSELMANN



Look at that smile. Check out those eyes. Pay close heed to the astounding beadwork. And those outrageous feathers. Is this great craftsmanship or what?



"Romancing seven feet up in our whirlpool made us feel like, ah, like two roaches in a flush toilet."

that 50 percent of newlywed folk have not slept together before marriage.

It is a tender time. A time of love and commitment and pet names for his big cherry picker. Of shyness and sweet new sensation and rice found in her moist bud vase. Of, yes, awkwardness, ignorance and *mucho macho* pressure. A night that'll take the crease from anyone's performance underwear. Not to mention occasional danger. Let me tell you Moompsie and Pumpsie's favorite Pocono Mountains wedding-night tale. This is certified true.

Couple comes down to breakfast after their sexual Kickoff Classic at Paradise Stream. They look like funerary sculpture. He doesn't speak. She won't pass the apple butter. There is serious grudge-work going on. So one lady social director draws the bride out.

What happened was. . . . See, at the best Pocono resorts, you can have a swimming pool right in your very room. Beside the bed. He and she, as one might guess, were making love there. Picture this: She is floating out supine—hands behind head to support her upper-body weight on the pool ladder. He is rummaging away down below. All of a once, he gets so passionate, so banzai berserk that he yanks her off the ladder—*yoik!* She has gone under, head and torso—and he doesn't stop. This woman is not waving but *drowning*, and her groom won't lay off the piston pleasure. He thinks those wild fingers are thrashing through the chlorine because she has caught a monster orgasm. In fact, she is about to inhale half their heart-shaped pool. Aaargh. Was it good for you, too, dear?

Dear?

Glub.

You can imagine how a bride might react, confronted by such murderous urgency. The case is pretty extreme, of course. Nonetheless, it serves as an emblem. Male sexual appetite, monotonous and warlike, can be enough to make any unprepared young wife major in menstruation for life. Pocono-resort people know that. They set out to mitigate and feminize sexuality. This is managed in three ways: (1) They distract the clientele from sex; (2) they refurbish sex, making it plush, irresistible and unthreatening; (3) they laugh at it a whole lot.

1. *Distracting his or her libido.* The Pocono Mountains resort ambience may

recall the ambience of Camp Taka-Wee-Wee—back when Mom was telling me that children came from a giant dust ball under her bed. At that magic moment of husband-wife consummation, the Pocono resort will return you to safe pre-pubesence—games, social activity and organization. Not that this is ever enforced. You can hang out a DO NOT DISTURB, WE ARE STILL IN BED sign and play two-man petting zoo all day. But Pocono games are so attractive (and part of your expensive prepaid package) that even the raunchiest groom will want to shoot baskets and pool as well as beaver.

Remember, also, that newlywed kids have often never been alone before. Even if you warm her scallops every hour on the hour, there will still be time to kill. Boredom can override love: It is seditious and scary. She stares at him while thinking, Why doesn't this interloper leave so I can call my mother? Or, on his part, If only she'd take a nap and let me watch *The N.F.L. Today*. These "pups," as they are referred to, often don't have great conversational grist or imagination. They need structure. The Pocono resort provides lush intimacy—mixed with as little familiarity as possible.

For a similar reason, all meals are taken in common. Eating with your spouse may be too much like, um, marriage. The social and occupational diversity is provocative of talk. We shared one four-couple table with a banker, a Shop Rite manager and a West Virginia coal miner. These people were as shy as bandicoots at first. But Pumpsie caught on how to crack ice. Just mention the Pocono Mountain room fly. The room fly is small, MiG-evasive, and can produce a tiny chuckling noise—"Heh, heh, heh." As in, "Heh, heh, heh, he's about to come. I'll land on his scrotum." *Zang*—did anyone see an erection around here? I know I put it down someplace. The only luggage you need take to northeastern Pennsylvania is a number-six rubber band.

As one social director remarked, "Games and activities are fun. But they also help you find out things about your partner that you never knew before." I never knew that Moompsie played ping-pong like a gym snake. Or tennis like some kind of court pirate. Moompsie never knew that Pumpsie was such a bad sport. This, in fact, is the down side of gamesmanship. Competition can get sour-spirited. Victory on the golf course may lead to reprisals in bed. Your lust

may be taken hostage—and held for her missed backhand. I heard a woman say on the miniature-golf course, "Well, gosh, honey, at least you got it in *one* hole this weekend."

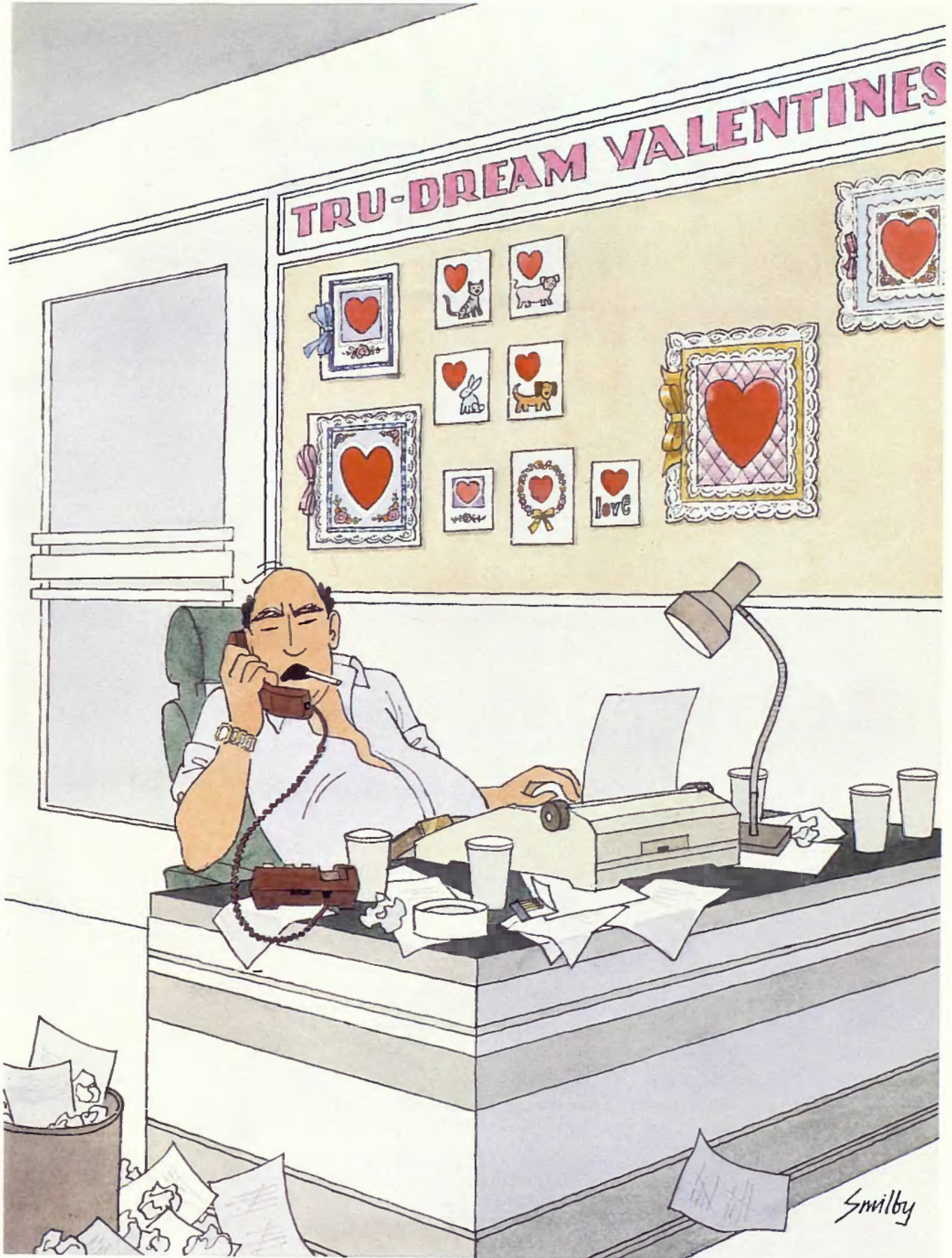
2. *Plush, irresistible and unthreatening, or furniture can be an aphrodisiac.* Moompsie and Pumpsie stayed first at the Summit Resort, then at Caesars Cove Haven. Our Fantasia suite was near Caligulan (pool, sauna, heart-shaped tub—which, unfortunately, took so long to fill that we fell asleep before we could climb into the HIS-AND-HER ventricles). But, oh, our Champagne Tower Suite at Cove Haven came right from moom pitchers. I felt like throwing my childhood sled into the fireplace. I mean, sheesh, what a *toy*. Half brothel cloud chamber, half Houston mission control. Thing should've had a dashboard. It played "Feelings, doo-wah-wah, feelings" on every part of the old sensorium.

For just \$336 per night, you get indoor heart-shaped pool, sauna, massage table, steam shower, refrigerator, fireplace, round and mirrored bed, *no* reading lamp and—*tah-daah!*—the preposterous and spectacular whirlpool bath set in a seven-foot-tall champagne glass (patented). This concept is so laughable, so late-American megalomaniac that it is flabbergastingly effective. Marriages go downhill fast after Cove Haven. The place, in fact, makes a cinematic statement; it says, "Scream out that orgasm; sex is *big*; this entire two-story room will be nothing less than amplification for your pleasure." It functions both as bed partner and as co-conspirator; it is like a stroll through one of your own sexual organs, particularly the female—moist, dark and enclosing. And your Champagne Tower Suite has been engineered with brilliance. Hell, there are—in one area—so many temperatures and moisture levels, I was surprised the whole dang thing didn't shatter when I opened the refrigerator door.

Romancing seven feet up in our transparent whirlpool made us feel like, ah, like two roaches in a flush toilet. You bark the odd shin, snort foam, achieve B-plus gratification and probably do it just once there. But this once may be one you wouldn't have thought of otherwise. And that, after all, is the rationale behind sexual gimmickry—from absurd to high tech—it can serve as pretext for some extra touching.

Circular beds are *de rigueur*. Now, I can think of no reason—pure novelty aside—why roundness should be more voluptuous than squareness. And, in fact, it isn't. Worse, thus far, at least, no one has managed to invent a round sheet. All bed linen, therefore, molts one minute after you get in, and you spend

(continued on page 151)



"Hey, Jacko—gimme a good rhyme for tits."

TOOLS OF THE HEART

OTIS REDDING REMINDED US NOT TO MESS
WITH CUPID, 'CAUSE CUPID'S NOT STUPID.
BUT IN THE MIDST OF A
BLINDING LOVE STORM, YOU MAY NEED HELP

Rules of Engagement

How to Argue with a Woman You Still Intend to Have Sex With

SETTING THE STAGE

- Both parties should be fully clothed and stationary.
- Neither party should be wearing a Walkman, watching TV or doing something "more important" than participating in the argument.

GROUND RULES

- Open the dialog in an inviting, rational tone. Instead of "Get your ass in here so I can chew it out," try "Let's sit down and get to the bottom of this." (Whoopie cushions are prohibited.)
- Do not lecture.
- Avoid gesticulating in what could be interpreted as a provocative style. This includes finger wagging, tongue thrusting, mimicking, any gesture employed by the Three Stooges.
- Avoid the use of sarcasm, insinuation and any foreign language.
- Avoid threats, no matter how well thought out.
- Speak in the first person singular. (Rather than "Everyone who has ever met you knows you are the most controlling Amazon," try "I feel that I am constantly being judged.")
- Do not use superior intellect as an edge.
- Resist the temptation toward one-upmanship ("Well, if I'm dense, you must be brain dead").
- Be specific in your grievance. Don't say, "There's just something about you that irritates the shit out of me." Try "We all have



our idiosyncrasies, but that bit with the electric toothbrush really puts me on edge."

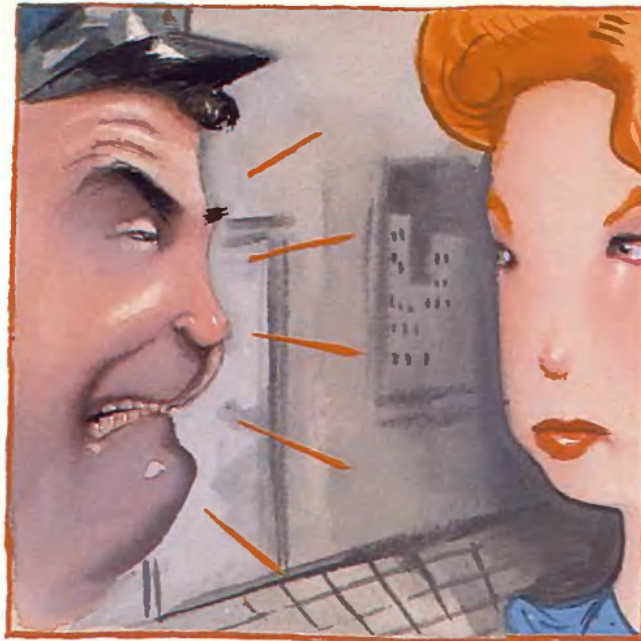
- Admit to your own shortcomings without protracted defensiveness.

- Avoid repetition. ("I'm unresponsive! I'm unresponsive!")

- Avoid all reference to physical attributes. Also, this is no time to bring up sexual shortcomings.

- Never quote the Bible or the other party. Not "You said you were going to a Tae Kwon Do class." Rather, "I understood you to have said you were going to a Tae Kwon Do class."

- Lay your cards on the table from the outset. Don't hold back the ace for an opportune moment, e.g., "I didn't realize they held Tae Kwon Do classes in the lobby of the Drake Hotel at ten P.M. on Fridays."



- Don't resurrect issues from a previous argument.

- Avoid name-calling.

- Do not be distracted by tears. Counter empathetically with: "Don't change the

subject."

- Bargain, compromise: "What series of sexual acts are you willing to perform, in what sequence and for what duration, in order to

cloud my memory?"

- Beware of sweeping overstatements: "I could be your perpetual slave and you still wouldn't be happy."

- Do not hedge, dodge or otherwise divert the subject: "Have you put on a few pounds recently?"

- Do not lie.

CLOSING ARGUMENTS

- If you can get up the energy to fight, you can get up the energy to forgive and apologize.

- Rock the boat whenever necessary. Couples who fight are more passionate.

- Stage a ceremonial closing. For example: a slight tousling of each other's hair, two bops on the shoulder, playing any song by the Righteous Brothers or taking turns carrying each other to the bedroom.

- Remember, friction is your friend.

How to Deal with Her Bibliographical Baggage

WHAT SHE HAS READ

Our Bodies, Ourselves—The Boston Women's Health Book Collective

Games Mother Never Taught You—Betty Lehan Harragan

The Feminine Mystique—Betty Friedan

The Little Prince—Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

Having It All—Helen Gurley Brown

Fear of Flying—Erica Jong

Tiffany catalog

The Fountainhead—Ayn Rand

The Peter Pan Syndrome—Dan Kiley

Let's Have Healthy Children—Adelle Davis

Wuthering Heights—Emily Brontë

Out on a Limb—Shirley MacLaine

Princess Daisy—Judith Krantz

Love Story—Erich Segal

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—Tennessee Williams

The Hite Report—Shere Hite

The Sensuous Woman—J.

Anything by Susan Brownmiller

The Road Less Traveled—M. Scott Peck

WHAT YOU SHOULD READ IN RETALIATION

Scout Handbook—Boy Scouts of America

The Book of Five Rings—Miyamoto Musashi

Lolita—Vladimir Nabokov

Naked Lunch—William S. Burroughs

Being and Nothingness—Jean Paul Sartre

The Scarlet Letter—Nathaniel Hawthorne

The Panic of '89—Paul Erdman

The Great Gatsby—F. Scott Fitzgerald

The Godfather—Mario Puzo

Silent Spring—Rachel Carson

Moby Dick—Herman Melville

Out of Africa—Isak Dinesen

Marlborough: His Life and Times—Sir Winston Churchill

Old Yeller—Fred Gipson

The Taming of the Shrew—William Shakespeare

The Kiplinger Washington Letter

Basic Plumbing and Pipe Fitting—Frank Logiudici

Anything by Norman Mailer

Swim with the Sharks Without Being Eaten Alive
—Harvey Mackay

The ideal mate:

1. Wears heels at least 65 percent of the time and *always* when you're out with guys from the old neighborhood.

2. Can catch a ball and then throw it—not like a girl (but, then, not entirely like a man, either).

3. Never disconcerts her husband's mother.

4. Has well-developed political and social opinions but never airs them in the middle of her husband's set speech at a party.

5. Can use jumper cables.

6. Is not afraid of mice, snakes or spiders—and is *not* allergic to cats.

7. Doesn't begrudge the occasional quickie.

8. Can pick a horse, bluff with two low pairs and lose as much as \$50 without going into a funk.

9. Will take weeklong trips by herself and not call home every night.

10. Has at least two close girlfriends her husband both likes and trusts—but to whom he is not sexually attracted.

11. Is an incisive judge of character.

12. Can, on a half hour's notice, produce a useful wedding present for someone you know fairly well and pack for a weekend trip.

13. *Must* generate enough respect (if not healthy fear) in her husband that he will be persuaded not to do the really foolish and unnecessary bad things.

14. Doesn't remind you too much of her mother, or yours.

15. Can drive a stick shift.

16. Buys her mate a surprise present at least once a year.

17. Isn't afraid to take the car for an oil change.

18. Doesn't bother you when you're really pissed off.

19. Likes oral sex.

20. Graciously deals with the enthusiasm of a lifetime, whether it be crossbows, golf or Etruscan pottery, and tolerates the enthusiasm of the moment, be it crossbows, golf or Etruscan pottery.



"Come up and see my etchings"? It just doesn't work these days. Gal bait needs to be more cunning. The new lures include an elaborate espresso machine, a private steam room or a litter of puppies.

Rubbing Her Right: A Perfect Foot Massage

WOMEN CRAVE foot massages. Many consider them justified rewards for enduring another day of high-heeled shoes—cruel footwear that nonetheless enhances the curve of the calf and the perk of the butt. It's best to consider it your end of that visual bargain.

Some techniques include making a fist and using your knuckles to press hard in small circles over the sole of the foot. Go over the sole with strong thumb strokes while holding the foot with your fingers. Lift the foot by the ankle and work on the heel with your finger tips and thumb. Probe the skin around the anklebone. Locate the long tendons that run lengthwise up to each toe. Massage the valleys be-



tween the tendons. Squeeze the skin between each toe. Work each toe separately. Rotate them. Pull them as though disengaging little corks. Squeeze the foot with the heels of your hands on the top of the foot and your fingers grasping the underside. Let the heels of your hands slide to the outside of

the foot. Finish by holding the sides of the foot between your outstretched palms. Using a rapid and vigorous alternating motion, work up and down along the sides of the foot.

If you perform this massage routine regularly and right, her little piggies will want to stay home.



ANDREA MARCOVICCI

Andrea Marcovicci describes torch singing as "I torture myself for your benefit." After years of acting on TV ("Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," "Baretta," "Medical Center," "Magnum, P.I.") and in movies ("The Front" and, most recently, her boyfriend Henry Jaglom's "Someone to Love," the video of which is a Valentine's Day release), she is concentrating her energies on filling the Hotel Algonquin's Oak Room, Los Angeles' Gardenia club and Carnegie Hall with a growing following, which includes Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson. *Articles Editor John Rezek caught her in Chicago at The Gold Star Sardine Bar and hasn't been the same since. They met later, appropriately enough, in the lobby of the Algonquin. Rezek reports: "On stage, Andrea is charming, witty, beautiful and rivetingly intelligent. Face to face, she's exactly the same, only more casually dressed."*

1.

PLAYBOY: Describe the start of a perfect Valentine's Day.

MARCOVICCI: Don't let me sound like Jane Seymour. I want to be able to talk about romance without anybody's thinking that I'm having a faint or anything. Waking up to a valentine left under the door would be very nice.

2.

PLAYBOY: How can a feminist get her heart broken?

MARCOVICCI: It takes a little more effort, but not much. A lot of us lost sight of our hearts—and of some of the things that make life truly bearable. I know women around my age who have found themselves incapable of creating relationships that will give them security and warmth and safety, because they have no roles to play that they can understand. Many women have waited for the great romantic love of their life to come along and he has never come. And they have never had children. It's a

the torch singer and scholar of heartbreak tells how men do women wrong and why she weeps at weddings

rather chilly time for so many women. One older friend said when she had her child, "That's the romance I was waiting for, the real love of my life. Who knew that the prince I'd waited for was going to be my child?"

3.

PLAYBOY: What are the early events of a woman's life that inform the way she later approaches men?

MARCOVICCI: All women carry their relationships with their fathers throughout their lives in one way or another and usually end up looking for someone like their fathers in the men they choose—or someone opposite. My father was sixty-three when I was born. He was much older than my mother. I grew up worried about his dying. And in a weird, perverse way—the way in which psychology works—I avoided picking somebody who would be continuous. I chose very difficult men who were not at all marriageable.

Getting my period was really disturbing, an enormous event that I thought was handled brilliantly by my father. He told me he was going to take me dancing and got me all dressed up. It was his way of saying, "You'll make a wonderful girl. You'll be fine, and there are beautiful aspects of womanhood that you'll enjoy." And what could a man do that could be more beautiful than that?

As for the other moments of a girl's life, I bet all women remember their father's coming home at the end of the day, the sound of his keys in the door. When Daddy comes through the door, he's a god. That is one of the reasons fathers like to be fathers. And I still feel special when I hear keys outside the door, and I've had that in relationships with men.

First boyfriends are a very difficult situation. I fell in love when I was about thirteen, and I got the boy to give me his I.D. bracelet. My father was furious. "Get that slave bracelet off your wrist." He was so angry that I would have the mark of this other man. Later, I realized that he was also furious because when turned over, it had written on it: I AM A DIABETIC. My father was a doctor and was angry because what if I were in an accident or something? He was being very sensible.

4.

PLAYBOY: Give us a brief history of the major events in an adult romance.

MARCOVICCI: Eyes start the whole thing off. When you see someone across a

room, or you're introduced to him at a party, or you work with him, there is a moment that has to do with really looking into his eyes and seeing what you see there. Good conversation is next. Laughter and how fast it happens and how easily it happens are next. Then there's the first kiss. Vital. Now there's a first kiss practically immediately. Being comfortable at a movie together is a big part of every romance. Also, whether people want to admit it or not, that moment when you finally are comfortable *not* going out and you stay home and watch television. Sunday afternoons are the next milestone. People are very complicated on Sunday afternoons. They have old sadnesses that come up on Sunday afternoon, and dealing with them together is a good idea. Then comes the decision and the celebration of making love, and, with luck, you get over that and then try it again. Then there's living together and/or marriage. And day-to-day life. And seeing whether you're lucky enough to have fallen in love with somebody who's trustworthy.

5.

PLAYBOY: What behavior of women should immediately be forgiven?

MARCOVICCI: All premenstrual behavior short of murder.

6.

PLAYBOY: What immediately disqualifies a man?

MARCOVICCI: If he doesn't know who Cole Porter was. That's it: You, out of here. You're disqualified if you're not at least a self-educated person. A woman of culture can certainly spend and enjoy time with somebody without a formal education. A man who is interested in the arts and in the world around him will more than qualify. If his only subscription is to *Field & Stream* or *Guns and Ammo*, I think we've got a problem.

7.

PLAYBOY: Name three things a gentleman never does.

MARCOVICCI: A gentleman doesn't *insist*. He has the sensitivity to see when something has gone too far. A gentleman never gets into an argument with your parents. He can have a *heated* discussion with them, perhaps, but he should always back off at the right moment when he's talking with your mother. [Laughs] Third, a gentleman doesn't keep a woman (continued on page 160)



falling in love is easy,
especially when
you're married

THAT CHEATING HEART

O

NE SWEET DREAM,/

Pick up the bags and get in the limousine./ Soon we'll be away from here./ Step on the gas and wipe that tear away. . . ."

I had just plugged in my new remote-control CD and was testing it with *Abbey Road*, which is about as modern as I get, when the dogs started barking and hurling themselves at the front door. I opened it. There in the darkness of the Hollywood Hills stood my best friend, Lenny, a man whose life I had often admired from afar and even up close. He wore his usual mask of ironic detachment, but his hands were fluttering around his face as if he were warding off mosquitoes. On his back was one of the beautiful Polo jackets he always wore, this one a dark-blue silk-and-linen blazer. It was about 11 at night, which is the usual time that Lenny arrives to tell me about who was at Morton's or Spago and how much he has made or lost speculating in stocks.

He walked into the living room and sat down on an orange love seat. I handed him a Scotch on the rocks. In one gulp, he downed half a tumbler.

"I want to begin at the beginning," he said.

"Please do."

"About half an hour ago," Lenny said, "I was sitting in the bedroom with my wife. I had just gotten back from a date with Kathy, who is almost unendurably beautiful but is not, as you know, my

article By Ben Stein

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ILLUSTRATION BY BRAO HOLLAND

wife. She's also twenty-five and I'm forty-two. My wife, Cassie, is lying there in bed with a cough from this bronchitis she's had for about a month.

"She looks at me with a wan smile and asks, 'Have I told you the fantasy that I use to keep from going completely insane when you're out at Morton's with Kathy? You might find it interesting.'

"I'd love to hear it,' I told her.

"Cassie says, 'I tell myself that the Lenny I know and love, that I've been in love with for twenty-two years, is away on a secret mission, and maybe he's been dropped into Nazi Germany or something like that. Maybe he's been captured. But you're doing something brave and wonderful, and that's where you are.'

"In the meantime,' Cassie says, 'I'm living with someone who's perfectly nice and he's paying for me to stay home so I can take care of our daughter, Marie. But he's not the Lenny I love. He's somebody else who I'm not really close to.'

"And what I hope every minute,' Cassie goes on, 'is that there'll be your key in the door and it'll be you, and it'll be as if there never had been any Kathy, and you'll be the same Lenny I've loved from the minute I met you.'

"So, she's saying this," Lenny told me, sipping again on his Scotch, "and I'm thinking that this is what it must be like to have lung surgery with no anesthetic.

"And meanwhile, Cassie goes on, 'I have to realize that you may not ever return, and then Marie and I will just have to deal with it like a million other women who deal with it when their husbands don't come back. But if you don't come back, I'll always remember you as the Lenny who looked so handsome and so confident that first night at the Stork Club, when you met me and explained why the Vietnam war had to stop.'

"You know," Lenny said to me, "I was wrong. It really wasn't like lung surgery at all. It was more like they were doing a quadruple bypass without anesthetics while they were holding my eyelids open and making me watch *The Cosby Show*. After she said those things, she walked into the nursery to check on Marie and I started thinking about Kathy, whom I had just left and who was not exactly bubbling over with the milk of human kindness, anyway.

"A half hour before Cassie told me what a great guy I was, I had been sitting in a chair in Kathy's bedroom, overlooking the Pacific in Malibu. She had just finished telling me that she did not feel like having sex with me that night, or any other night, for that matter, and that the few bits and pieces of sex we had had in the past were history, a chance escape past her mental guards. 'I have a big psychological problem with your being married,' is what she tells me. 'It's a big thing, you know, 'cause you have this big, important wife, and every night, you go

back to her bed. I don't wake up and see you next to me in the morning. So if I have a problem having sex with you, don't start yelling that I'm an ungrateful bitch. You're always saying that you love me, but listen to yourself, Lenny. You're married. Married.'

"So I reminded her that she had just had a two-year relationship with a married guy and that I gave her presents and took her to nice places and treated her about a thousand times better than he did.

"Yes,' she says. 'I don't deny it. You treat me like a queen. But that's like saying that because you're riding a horse and it throws you, and you break your back, and you go into traction for two years and you really, really suffer, that when they offer you the chance to ride the same horse again, you should just get right back up on it and ride it. Besides, I was twenty-two then, I'm twenty-five now. I've learned a lot about life. I'm still naïve, but I'm nowhere near as naïve. Can you hear me? Can you understand? Do you even care what I say, or do you only care if I say I'll go down on you?'

"So I say, 'But, Kathy, I treat you so well——' and she won't let me finish.

"Yeah, you treat me too well,' she says. 'It bugs me sometimes. You're all over me, and you're married, and it would be too much even if you weren't married.'

"I told her that I didn't have to be married, that maybe that would change, and she says, 'Don't do it on my account. I'm not promising a thing.'

"So I sat in her chair, and I looked out at the waves, and I looked at the pictures of her and her old boyfriends, and the new picture of me and Kathy in Santa Fe. I tried to think of whether any person who was physically well in a free, democratic, industrial country felt as bad as I did at that moment. While I was thinking about it, Kathy says to me, 'Don't sit all the way over there. Come over here and get in bed with me and hug me. But just hug me and hold me and listen to me.'

"Sometime,' she tells me, 'I'm going to just go up to your house and get some of those pills out of your closet and take some of them and sleep forever. I could easily do it after some guy's just gone home or I'm going home alone from some guy's house, and I start to cry and just wish I could sleep forever.'

"Kathy fell asleep and I went home and I heard my wife tell me about how she imagined that I was away on a secret mission, and then she changed Marie, and then she took a righteous dose of benzodiazepines to keep from losing it over her problems, mainly one problem, a husband who has a girlfriend. And the pills knock her flat in about three minutes, so she doesn't have the slightest problem sleeping, either, just like Kathy.

"There's really only one person who has a lot of trouble sleeping around this whole thing."

"I can imagine," I said. Lenny looked to me, too, as if he were on a dangerous mission from which he might not return. I wondered how well secret agents slept when they were in enemy territory.

"Usually," Lenny said, "I read *The Wall Street Journal* and make circles around every story where someone is stealing money from stockholders until I can fall asleep, but the fun has gone out of it, because by then, I'm circling just about every story on every page. I get so panicky that I take a chloral hydrate, which looks exactly like an emerald, and then a Com-pazine, which is a pastel-canary color, and then a meprobamate, which is just blah white, and then a lovely Percocet, and I start wondering how many I would have to take to get out of the whole story. But I know my hypothalamus pretty well now. I just take enough to sleep, and preferably not to dream."

Lenny lit a cigarette. He inhaled so deeply that in one puff, he turned a third of the cigarette to ash. "That's what I do most nights," he went on. "But tonight, I'm going to tell you why I do this, even though it makes me and everybody around me crazy.

"I have to tell you, even though you probably don't want to hear. It's like one of those monsters from a Fifties horror picture: A surgeon has to wrench it out, and it's covered with blood and tentacles and ooze, and it slides onto the laboratory floor and scuttles away.

"Only it really isn't ugly. It's really almost sweet. It's really almost pretty. It's like a cute little monkey, and you can't get it off your back, no matter what you do, and I think it's called *life*."

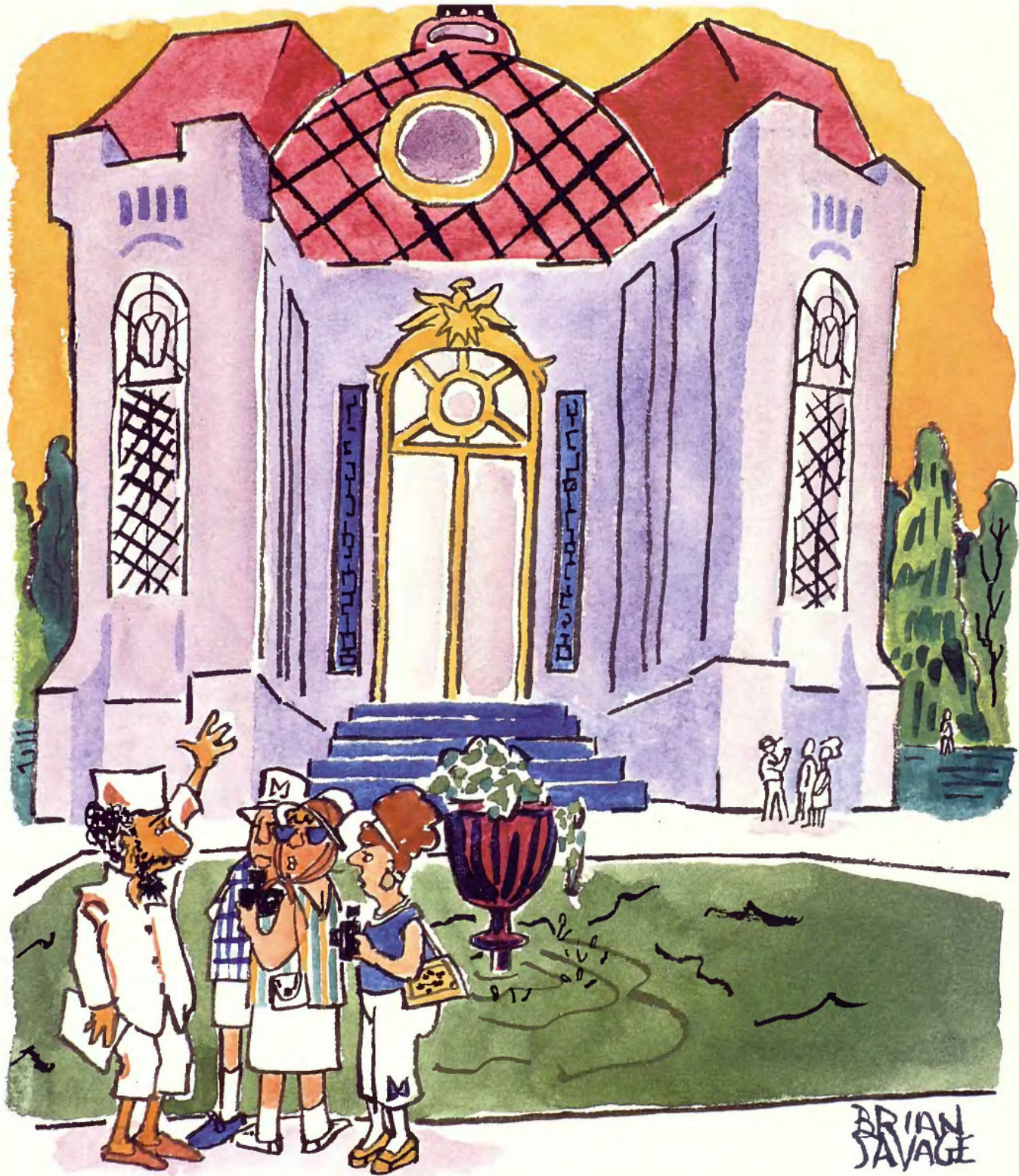
God help us; talk to me about anything but not about life. That's too hard, I thought, but I said nothing. I don't like to interrupt Lenny, and I knew he wouldn't interrupt me if our roles were reversed, which they sometimes have been.

"First," Lenny said, "I'm forty-two, and that's right up there in middle-aged land, as far as I'm concerned. I don't like it. The way I see it, being young is where it's at. Being old is the last place I ever want to be.

"So far, life's been going only one way. It's going from being young to being old. Now, at three A.M., you know and I know that there's not really a goddamn thing I can do about it. But at some other hours, it occurs to me that there definitely are a few things I can do about it. I can start jogging, or I can buy some new clothes at Bijan, or I can buy a new car.

"But those don't really accomplish much, except as a by-product. The only thing that really works is a girlfriend.

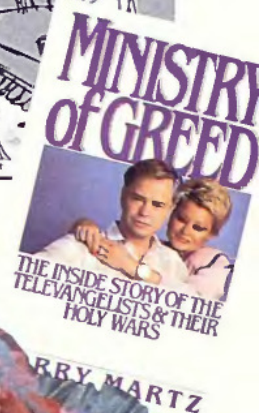
(continued on page 149)



"A prince built this for his ladylove in an exceedingly romantic era that, sadly, no longer exists: to celebrate getting into her pants."

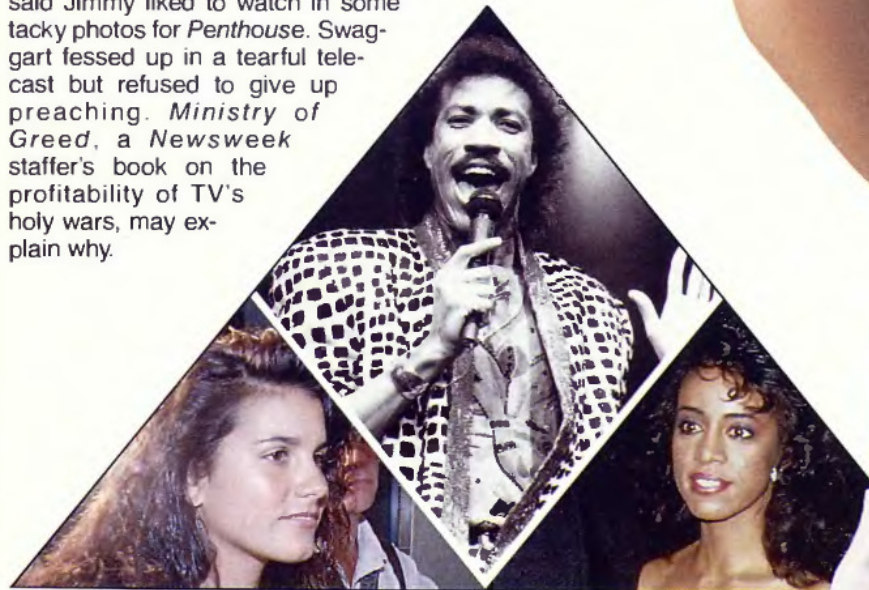


THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT!



MURPHREE'S ROMANCE: UNHOLY ROLLER

Televangelist Jimmy Swaggart, who had earlier accused fellow Assembly of God preacher Marvin Gorman of adultery, was himself defrocked when a Gorman snoop tracked him to a motel room shared with hooker Debra Murphree—who then reproduced the poses she said Jimmy liked to watch in some tacky photos for *Penthouse*. Swaggart fessed up in a tearful telecast but refused to give up preaching. *Ministry of Greed*, a *Newsweek* staffer's book on the profitability of TV's holy wars, may explain why.



LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND FICKLE, PART I

It was The Year of the Infernal Triangle, as exemplified by what happened when Brenda Richie (above right) discovered her R&B-singer husband, Lionel, in a compromising position with one Diane Alexander (above left) in the latter's Beverly Hills apartment. Brenda proceeded to bash both of 'em; cops were called.



AT WITT'S END

Katarina Witt, the *derrière cri* of Calgary's winter Olympics, was in fine feather while icing a skating title for East Germany.

THE YEAR IN SEX

the ups, the downs, the horizontals of 1988



It's Love! Jessica Hahn Flips For 300-Lb. Wacky Ex-Preacher

Jessica Hahn, who brought evangelist Jim Bakker and his PTL empire to ruin, has given up on her former X-

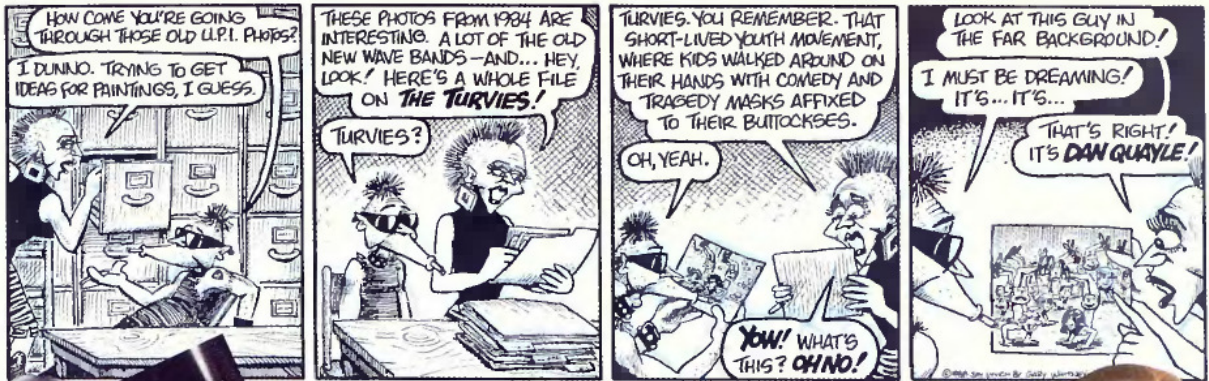
THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JESSICA

We haven't heard the last of Jessica Hahn, the ex-church secretary who blew the whistle on Jim Bakker. Equipped with improved physical assets, she again appeared in *Playboy*; spilled the beans on former pastor Gene Profeta (with mike and Good Book, left), who was subsequently indicted for tax evasion; got a Phoenix radio-d.j. gig; and made a video with ex-preacher Sam Kinson (top). The conclusion drawn above is the *National Enquirer's*. Ours is that Jess was costumed by Cassandra (Elvira, Mistress of the Dark) Peterson (left).



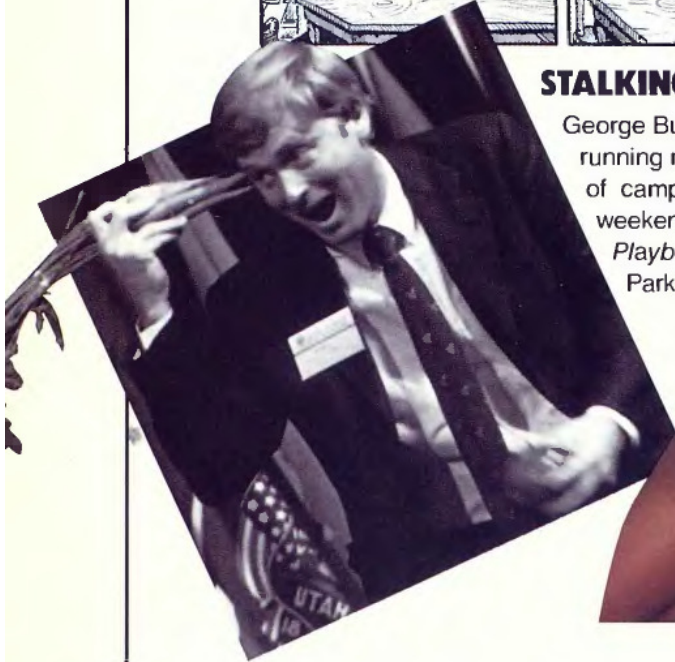
Phoebe & the Pigeon People

By JAY LYNCH & GARY WHITNEY



STALKING THE 24-CARROT CANDIDATE

George Bush's surprising choice of Dan Quayle as his G.O.P. running mate sent the press scurrying after tales of campus capers and a memorable golf weekend spent with, among others, *Playboy* pictorial veteran Paula Parkinson (right).



SAUCY BAGGAGE

Fire equipment and the Chicago Bomb and Arson Squad sped to O'Hare Airport June 16 to defuse a stewardess' ticking suitcase. They found a battery-operated vibrator.



ILONA'S OFF THE WALL IN JERUSALEM

Ilona "Cicciolina" Staller, porn star and Italian M.P., had some down time: She was ejected from the Wailing Wall and busted for indecent exposure in Brussels.



LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND FICKLE, PART II

Born in the U.S.A., fooling around on the road: Boss Bruce Springsteen was caught frolicking on tour with longtime backup singer Patti Scialfa (above left) in Paris, London and Rome. His wife, actress and model Julianne Phillips, whose TV movie *His Mistress* was being rerun at the time, soon sued for divorce.

ONE-WOMAN BAND AID

Pamela Des Barres (far right) describes her groupie days with Waylon Jennings, Keith Moon, Don Johnson, Mick Jagger, Noel Redding, Jimmy Page and others in her book *I'm with the Band*; she'll show, if perhaps not tell, even more in next month's *Playboy*.



THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT!

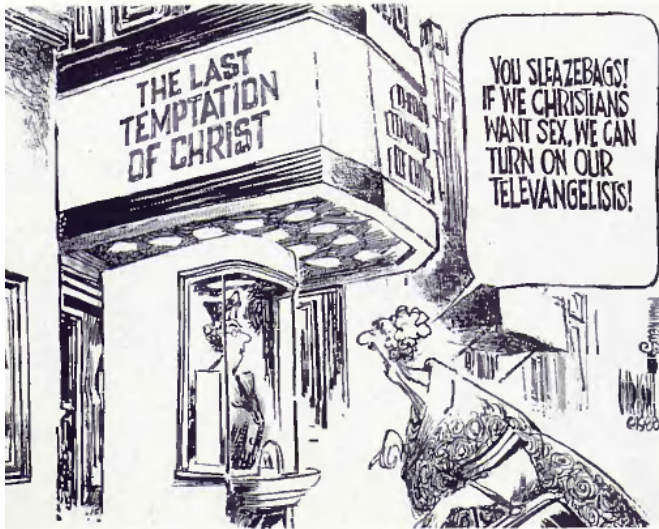
JESUS CHRIST, MOVIE STAR

Martin Scorsese's controversial film *The Last Temptation of Christ* stars Willem Dafoe as a Christ enticed by Satan with plausible visions of marriage and a family. Furious fundamentalists raised holy hell.



SALES PITCHER

After the release of *Bull Durham*, in which hurler phenom Tim Robbins (inset) sports a garter belt, Frederick's of Hollywood reported a 15 percent increase in its sales of hosiery holder-uppers like the ones Playmate Kim Morris models at the right.





PASSION'S FRUIT

A party in a former gay bath in Manhattan, now the Cave Canem club (left), celebrated the release of *Passion*, a video and single by Romina Danielson, the Passion Flower of 1987's Joan Collins-Peter Holm divorce proceedings.



PUBIC-SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

Two Clearwater, Florida, guys sell shirts, panties, watches—everything but rubbers—starring cartoon condom Eddie Rascal.



SO THAT'S WHERE GEORGE WAS!

Speaking of his pal Reagan, George Bush told Idahoans: "I am proud to be his partner. We have had triumphs, we have made mistakes, we have had sex. . . ."

NEXT TIME, GODIVA, GET A HORSE
 Distracted by a naked woman, two L.A. motorists collided. When paramedics arrived, the streaker stole their ambulance, drove the wrong way on a freeway and hit a bread truck. All survived.

HOT CHECK SERVICE

Money with extra interest: Tops Check Cashing, Fort Lauderdale, hires topless hostesses. One likens her job to being at the beach. "Only you can't get a tan in here."



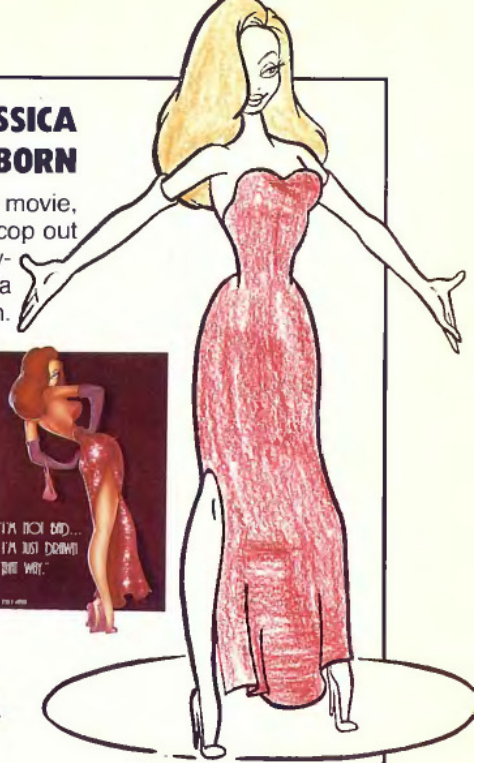
LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND FICKLE, PART III

When Whoopi Goldberg became engaged to cinematographer Eddie Gold (below left), there was a hitch: her marriage to cinematographer David Claessen (below right).



ANOTHER JESSICA REBORN

She was drawn "bad" for the movie, but Disney's coloring books cop out with a Jessica Rabbit cover-up for the Crayola generation.



T.K.O. IN MARITAL ARTS

The turbulent marriage of boxing champion Mike Tyson and TV actress Robin Givens hit the ropes after eight months amid a flurry of press-conference jabs and counterpunches, suits and countersuits. In polls, the public branded Robin a gold digger.

A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR THE UPWARDLY MOBILE URBAN COWGIRL

Buzz off with Sybian, a \$1395 device driven by a pair of 1/50 horsepower motors (one for rotation, one for vibration). It's from Abco Research Associates, Post Office Box 329, Monticello, Illinois 61856.



FEATURES LIMITED
**Where bra they
 now?**
 SAM HAS LOST 4in
 FROM HER BOOBS



SAM, YOU MADE THE CUPS TOO SMALL

Page 3 Girl turned songstress Samantha Fox was back in Britain's tabloids again with news that a diet had trimmed her formerly bountiful breast measurement by four inches.



DO IT
 OR GO TO THE
 DEVIL!

**JERK IN
 THE PULPIT**

The Reverend Thomas Streitferdt of Harlem, up on rape charges, allegedly told parishioners they'd go to hell for refusing his advances.

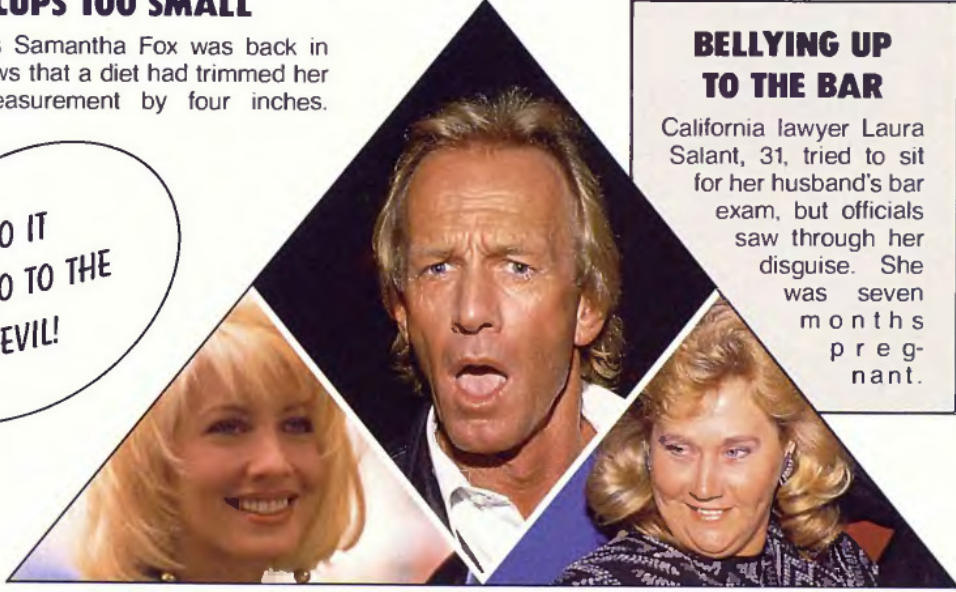


GRANDSTAND PLAY

In Cockney rhyming slang, Bristol Cities are titties. At a Bristol City-Mansfield Town football final in London's Wembley Stadium, fans showed theirs. To no avail: Bristol City lost.

**BELLYING UP
 TO THE BAR**

California lawyer Laura Salant, 31, tried to sit for her husband's bar exam, but officials saw through her disguise. She was seven months pregnant.



LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND FICKLE, PART IV

Make a couple of movies with a sheila and see what happens! Aussie actor Paul Hogan's 30-year marriage to wife Noelene (above right) went on the shoals when Paul cozied up to his "Crocodile" Dundee co-star, Linda Kozlowski (above left). While in London to promote "Crocodile" II, Hogan quipped: "I'm rich and famous and Linda wants my money."



WHY POLITICS ARE MORE FUN IN FRANCE

Liberté, égalité, nudité?
The Socialist Party's bare billboards reproduced at left may have helped François Mitterand win his election campaign. Gov. Michael Dukakis, take note: At the polls, sex outsells competence every time.



WEDDING BELLS ARE BREAKING UP THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

America's most confirmed bachelor, Hugh M. Hefner, popped the question to Playmate Kimberley Conrad at the Playboy Mansion's wishing well.

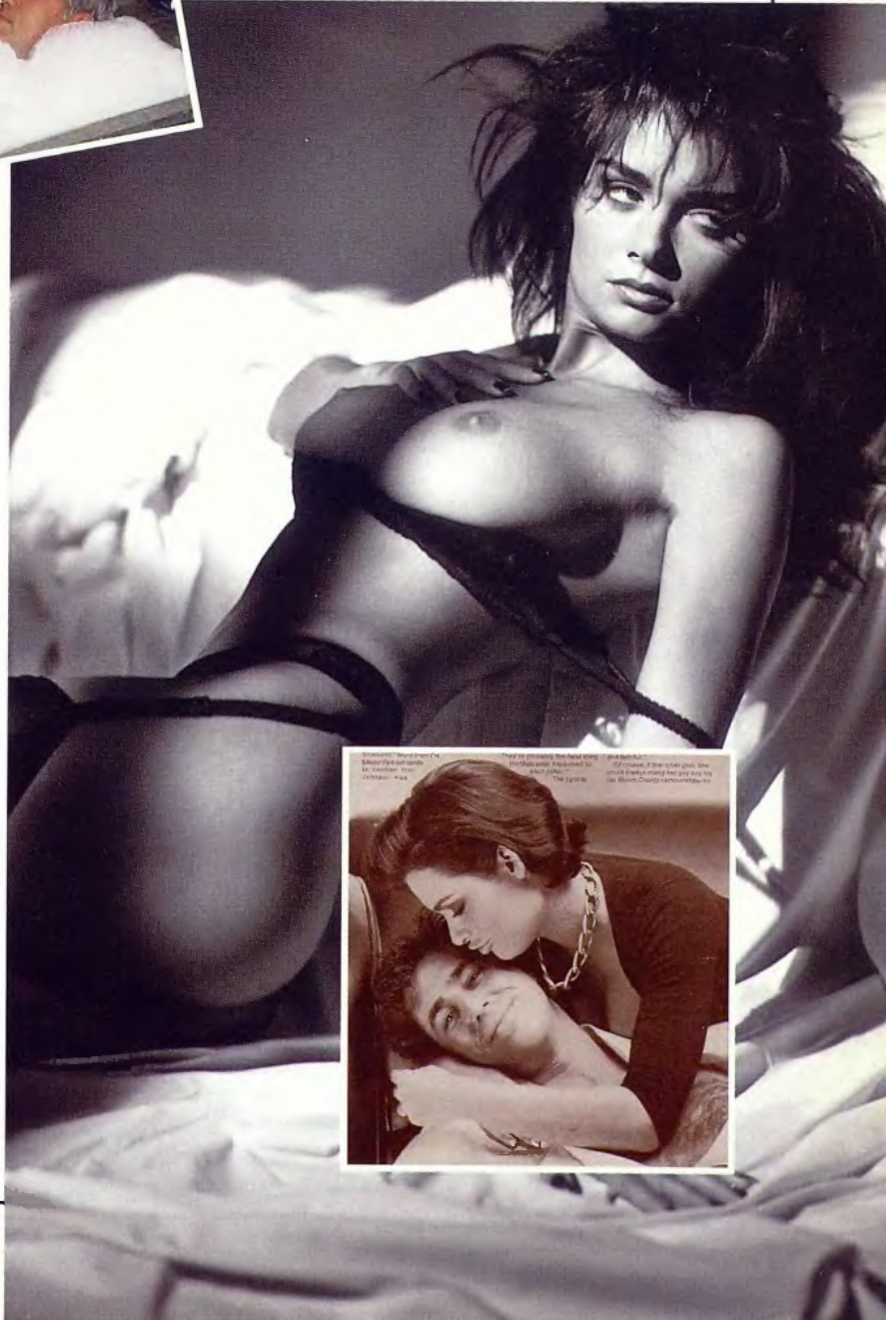
HOT WATER, COLD SHOULDER

Divorce lawyer Marvin Mitchellson (right) had a lousy year, climaxing in accusations of rape by ex-clients. Carrie Leigh (far right) retained him for her palimony suit vs. Hef, then unexpectedly eloped with Cory Margolis (inset bottom right). Now they've split and she looks great spoofing us all in *National Lampoon*.



VANNA'S PEEKS

TV's Vanna White claimed that she wasn't nude in her unreleased flick *Gypsy Angels* (above). Evidently, she didn't like it any better than our pre-*Wheel of Fortune* undies pix (right). But a TV-movie gig as Venus rated high.



"The natural high of being head over heels in love eventually wears off, just as drugs run out."

system *indirectly* by inducing the brain to crank out high levels of norepinephrine and dopamine—the same two neurotransmitters that are released at gusher levels during romantic attraction.

Dopamine and norepinephrine seem to work their magic by lowering the activation threshold of the brain's pleasure center, which is located in the limbic region of the brain. The limbic system is primarily responsible for our ability to experience emotions. Dopamine interacts with testosterone (a hormone that both sexes share), which fuels sexual desire, and thus may be the chemical that puts the lust into love.

The neurotransmitter activity triggered by romantic attraction prompted Liebowitz to quip in a *New York Times* interview that love could be viewed as a "brain bath" of dopamine and norepinephrine.

If only it were that simple. It appears that the brain must first be showered with phenylethylamine, or PEA, a naturally oc-

curing chemical in the brain that is one carbon atom away from amphetamine. Liebowitz believes that it is PEA—or some other amphetaminelike substance—that causes the brain to release the dopamine and norepinephrine.

In addition to giving new meaning, and perhaps respect, to the notion of a PEA brain, it brings us to a crucial question: Do we fall in love when we are producing more PEA, or do we produce more PEA when we are falling in love?

Liebowitz can say only that when we encounter someone who meets our personal set of emotional and physiological criteria, a switch in our limbic system is "automatically thrown" and "our limbic pleasure centers go bonkers."

In other words, something happens.

It is worth noting that some foods—chocolate, in particular—have high levels of PEA. That raises the question of whether or not we could simulate the feeling of falling in love—or at least lust—by

doing some serious choco loading. At the very least, it would be a cheap date.

The answer to that seems to depend on whether or not we can hold the MAO.

MAO stands for monoamine oxidase, a class of brain enzymes that regulate our emotional states. Just as digestive enzymes break down, or metabolize, food in the stomach, MAO is a primary metabolizer of various neurotransmitters, including dopamine, norepinephrine and PEA. Sadly, it turns out that PEA in food is metabolized so quickly that it doesn't have time to reach the blood stream, much less the brain.

We all know that the natural high of being head over heels in love eventually wears off, just as drugs inevitably run out. As our body chemistry returns to normal, the exhilaration of romantic attraction usually gives way to the comfort and security of romantic attachment.

According to Liebowitz, the pleasurable feelings of attachment may involve not only a stimulation of the brain's pleasure center but also a reduction of anxiety, which suggests the involvement of another brain network, the *locus coeruleus*. Researchers believe that this area acts as a human alarm center that regulates our feelings of anxiety, fear and depression.

Attachment also appears to be the stage at which the brain's production of natural narcotics, the endorphins, comes into play. While it is not clear whether the endorphins affect us by blocking or stimulating our receptors, they do seem to elevate our pain threshold and, medical researchers believe, may strengthen our immune system as well. Thus, it's possible that being in love provides us the added benefit of making it easier to stay healthy.

For the most part, those of us who have experienced the exhilaration of falling in love also know well the pain and sadness of falling out of love. From a neurochemical standpoint, our production of PEA appears to drop and our reservoir of dopamine and norepinephrine shrinks to the size of a birdbath. Factor in decreased receptor sensitivity and you're looking at a virtual shutdown of the pleasure center.

Another neurochemical factor that may be involved has to do with the activity of MAO. That notion is based on the effectiveness of a class of drugs called the MAO inhibitors in treating certain types of extended depression. These drugs work by blocking the enzymes from breaking down neurotransmitters, thus preventing the reservoir from drying up.

Whether it's high MAO, low PEA, too little dopamine and norepinephrine or clogged receptors that turns us into chemical basket cases when we go through the trauma of breakup, there seems to be little doubt as to what's needed to get those neurochemical circuits firing again.

All it takes is a wink or a nod, and in the blink of an eye, our limbic switch is back in the ON position.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN



"So he goes, 'You want to get married?' and I'm, like, 'Yeah.'"



LOSING YOUR HEAD

(continued from page 112)

holes in the streets. It's an analogy in which the open sewer is romance and the normal guy is you. What we're really talking about here is losing your head over a woman. And, alas, the ability to take a fall over and over without showing the scars and bruises is a learned skill, one we generally miss, because at the time we need that knowledge most, we're living in the suburbs of stupidity, head over heels for some dame. Which, by the way, isn't necessarily bad but is—necessarily—disorienting. And that's why we're all gathered here.

THE FIRST ALARM

Know the early-warning signals. The key to prevention, as they say, is early detection. After every date or encounter with the object of your fascination, check for the seven danger signals:

1. Elation. You are ecstatic. You can't believe someone as wonderful, beautiful, witty, whatever, actually seems to be attracted to you. It's amazing, it's incredible and, really, to everyone else, it's boring.

2. The critique. You replay the game tape. You can't believe the number of awkward, inappropriate and outright stupid things you said. You stand in front of the mirror; you see your hair the way she must have seen it and you look like an experimental vegetable, something in the tuber family. You wonder why strangers didn't stop you on the street and warn you that you looked hideous.

3. Apprehension. You thought everything went well. But let's say you have the following thought at one in the morning: You are certain that she liked you less this time than she did last time. By 1:15, you'll be convinced you'll never see her again, unless it's in the company of another man and with a cruel smirk on her face.

4. The Copernican fixation. Suddenly, you realize that she is at the center of everything you do and say. The books you buy are the books you think she thinks you ought to be reading; when you're with your pals, she's the constant topic of your lame conversation.

5. The Uri Geller phone-bending syndrome. You watch doors and will her to walk through them; you stare at your telephone and demand that it ring.

6. The neediest case. You require an inordinate amount of reassurance, especially from her, the one person from whom you should never seek it.

7. Gender confusion. You act just like a girl. (See one through six.)

Is this you? If your behavior fits any of the categories above, you're in deep. Swim to the edge and get a grip.

KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO LAND

Know what you expect from a woman before you fall in love with her. If you simply hope that falling in love will make you

when you fall in love with a woman, you submit yourself to the emotional equivalent of a government experiment in pain and disorientation. When you check into the lab for testing, there's one crucial thing to remember: Hide your valuables. No matter what happens, make sure you put the following items in a safe place: your friends, your job, your bank account and your favorite hangout. If your romantic adventure doesn't work out, you'll mistakenly think that you have misplaced your self-esteem and your dignity. In fact, you'll find both right where you left them before the whole mess started.

But forget about your common sense; you'll lose that first, and you won't get it back until much, much later.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

Love lurks in alleys and around blind corners, and, as a rule, you can be reasonably sure you'll never meet a woman in whom you may be interested in any of the predictable places. Nevertheless, here's what you can expect if you go out looking for trouble.

The five worst places to meet women:

1. Bars and taverns. The women you meet at bars will have their availability well upholstered with the soft edges of desperation. Only museums and supermarket frozen-food sections will offer such a wide range of truly lonely people. If you're a lonely guy yourself, then you already know that loneliness leaves you vulnerable; it's like a crippling

ailment, one of which you hope somebody will quickly take advantage.

2. Personal ads. Sure, sure, everybody thinks of answering a personal ad sometime. It's an attractive proposition, because you figure any woman who has to humiliate herself to the extent of advertising her availability can't possibly reject you. Wrong.

3. Work. We're told over and over not to mess around with co-workers, and for good reason. When the romance is over, so is the job. You cannot function well in an office where one of your colleagues is a former mattress mate. And even if the two of you succeed in ignoring the situation, others won't. After all, most workplaces

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feel better, or if you just want somebody to nurse you through the illness of life, you're going to be disappointed.

Condemned to repeat it: Unless you're reading Dad's copy of this magazine, you have a personal history that is littered with the remains of old romances, like a collection of secondhand *pinatas*. By now, you should be able to see a pattern of some sort. Whatever went wrong before will go wrong again, unless you watch your step and try to change the normal course these things have taken before.

WHAT TO KEEP WHEN YOU LOSE YOUR HEAD

Sometimes love seems like something cooked up by the Chilean secret police;

mass produce boredom as a by-product, and for everyone in the office, a failed affair will have the same compelling quality as a school-bus plunge or a prostitution bust. Don't defer the decision on this one. Make up your mind whether or not you think your prospective lover is worth your job.

Beyond all those considerations, remember that using seduction as a means of getting ahead is a unisex gambit, and many of the women you meet at work will come fitted with a scabbard containing a double-edged sword. An ambitious woman at work sees romance as a weapon.

On the other hand, where else is a busy chap going to meet somebody with whom he already has much in common? So, if you're determined to follow a bad hunch, here are some hot tips.

• At all costs, avoid relationships with women who are your immediate subordinates or over whom you exert any potential professional influence. The road to sexual-harassment hell is paved with ill-

formed intentions.

• Get out. If you work for a large company and the romance gets serious, one of you should transfer to another division. If you work for a small business, one of you should look for another job.

• She's on top. The most sensible relationship is one with a woman who is your superior at work. The costs of high-risk romance are much easier for you to calculate if you're the one who's going to pay.

• Get it down. If you're going to get involved with the woman in the next cubicle, wait until the third date (see below) to discuss the inevitable complications; make sure she understands the consequences of the affair before you run the risk of screwing up your job.

4. School. If you're involved with somebody you met at school, it won't matter, because, despite what you think now, it won't last. Women turn into grownups sometime in their late 20s; men defer such postadolescent transformations until they reach their mid- or late 30s. As the new you

evolves, the relationship will dissolve.

5. Police stations.

THE TEN BEST PLACES TO MEET WOMEN

If you're ready to get serious, here's a rundown of the ten best places to meet a woman.

1. In line. You're in good shape anyplace a queue has formed because of bureaucratic inefficiency—the motor-vehicles department or the bank, for example.

2. At fires. There's nothing like sharing the experience of watching your apartment building go up in flames to bring two neighbors a little closer together.

3. Hospitals are filled with women paid to care. The trick is to demote them to amateur status without a loss in the quality of their attention.

4. In restaurants. Waitresses are made to be wed. There is something compelling about a good-looking woman coming at you with food in her hands.

5. At weddings, but watch out for topical conversation.

6. At A.A. meetings.

7. On airplanes—but only if you're lucky. If the woman sitting next to you looks swell but couldn't outwit livestock, you're in for nonstop nonsense.

8. In churches or clubs. If you're involved with a woman you met at church, you probably aren't reading this, because you're afraid of going to hell. Churches, synagogues, clubs, coed gyms and professional organizations are swell places to meet potential mates. Like the people you meet at work, women you meet at clubs or in churches come with a ready supply of shared interests. But unlike those salary-threatening work liaisons, the only material thing you stand to lose is your dues-paying status.

9. At parties. Parties are great, the second-best place to meet a girl.

10. The best place to meet a woman is at the home of a mutual friend. It's a safe territory; you come well recommended, at least by association; and your mutual friends will tailor the conversation for you.

HERE, HOLD THIS PIE ON YOUR FACE

It's important to distinguish love from infatuation and infatuation from lust.

Lust: We assume you know the difference between infatuation and lust, just as you presumably know the difference between your dick and your heart. If, for example, you look into her eyes when you talk to her, it's probably infatuation. If, on the other hand, you look down her blouse when you talk to her, it may well be lust. It's definitely lust if you push her head back and out of the way to get a better look.

While serious infatuation is usually the first step to long-term romance, lust is occasionally the first step to infatuation. If that happens, you can figure lust to last three months or so. After that, it's trouble. Nothing's uglier than lust beached and floundering on the shores of reality.

Lust in lust: Lust looks exactly like love;



"You realize, of course, I'm only doing this because of your cologne."

even an expert can't tell them apart, so be careful here. If you find yourself being pulled loins-first into an affair you think may be ill-advised, excuse yourself, go to the men's room and look at yourself in the mirror while you slowly count to 50. When you return to the source of the heat, try to imagine what she'd look like with food in her ears or peas in her nose or chow in the spaces between her teeth. Listen to what she's saying and pretend you have to listen to two hours of it every day for the rest of your life. Do anything you can to put the brakes on. We're all breeding fools, drowning in the deep end of the gene pool, and even the most savvy guy sometimes wakes up too late and wonders how his brains wound up in his briefs.

On the other hand, lust and infatuation make a mighty heady mix, a brew for two that will still taste sweet after three kids and a retirement cruise.

AVAILABILITY

Respect a woman's private life. If she's wearing a wedding ring, don't come on like some Ronco Romeo—you'll just look like a jerk. Some women, however, are on the confused cusp of availability, and a little conversational exploration is necessary. But don't get involved in an overproduced detective movie. If it seems that a dinner invitation won't be a social *gaffe*, then tender one. If you aren't sure, try for lunch.

WOMEN WHO ARE AVAILABLE IN THEORY BUT NOT TO YOU

Here's a short list of women who may be available, all right, but who will deliver a lot more trouble than you have bargained for.

- Your sister's best friend.
- Your boss's ex-wife.
- Your best friend's ex-girlfriend.
- Your ex-girlfriend's best friend.
- Any woman too young to remember the songs that were popular when you were in high school.

DATE DESIGN

A good date is just like a TV movie, in that it has a beginning, a middle and an end. Beyond that, each of the first three dates is a component of a unique sort of progression: If the first three dates go well, you're on the stairway to heaven. If they don't, you're in the subbasement and on the escalator down.

With that in mind, here's the bottom line up top. Keep a first date simple. This isn't grand opera you're plotting here, pal. Just plan a pleasant and unpretentious evening. Remember that the purpose of a first date is to confirm an initial attraction—on both sides, presumably—and to get to know each other, so build in a little flexibility and keep the whole thing casual.

Don't do anything that adds to the inherent discomfort of a first meeting. What we're talking about is something like dinner, maybe some dancing and a nightcap at a bar or a night club. What we're not talk-

ing about is a crowded schedule full of stops at every cool, quaint or chic bar you've ever heard of. Above all, a first date isn't a contest with sex as a prize.

Here are some other things to keep in mind.

- Plan ahead, but don't orchestrate the evening so tightly that you preclude any spontaneity.

- Comfort counts. Pick a place with which you are familiar and where you will feel somewhat in control. The best way to impress a first date is to be genuinely at ease. After all, the ultimate purpose of a good romance is a balance of mutually assured comfort.

- Separate yourselves from the crowd. Choose a restaurant that offers both the

chance for conversation and the opportunity to do a little people watching. Save the more intimate venues for later dates.

- Sure, sure, you're interesting, but so is your date. Ask her a question and listen to her answer. Remark on her answer, then ask more questions. This is called conversation, and it's a powerful aphrodisiac. Any woman who matters will respond to a man who is genuinely interested in her interests. If you make a woman feel interesting, you've also made her feel somehow more attractive. And you've gone a long way toward making her think that you're interesting and attractive.

- If you really want to get the goods on a girl, schedule a substance-free date: no drinks, no drugs. And make it in

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midwinter, to eliminate all natural distractions. Just the two of you sitting there stark-naked from the neck up, listening carefully and speaking clearly.

- Don't seek reassurance. Not on a first date, not on a third date, not ever. Women can sniff out fear and insecurity. Keep yours well hidden for life.

- Avoid future shock. Don't discuss your dreams for a family and a picket-fence future. Don't talk about favorite baby names. If you feel you must talk about the future, ask her how she feels about the new tax regulations as they apply to IRAs and other independent pension plans.

- Don't ask her out for a second date before the first date is over (see below).

- Don't make a pass on a first date. This isn't a contest. A simple kiss—or even a handshake—will suffice. If she expects anything more, you'll be the first to know.

- When to ditch her: When you ask a woman to join you on a date, you're not volunteering for target practice. If your date is rude or gets uncontrollably drunk or starts giving you the all-women-are-victims-and-you're-an-oppressor lecture, take her home pronto. Never, ever abandon a date, no matter how obnoxious she becomes. Unless she specifically refuses to accompany you, you are obliged to take her back to where you found her.

- Be polite. Open that door, light that match, hold that chair, stand up, sit down. Courty gestures and graceful manners are not optional. If you don't know the rules of etiquette, learn them. And by the way, modern men do these things not because we think women want us to (though functional intelligence and good manners are usually all it takes to get the girl of your dreams). It doesn't matter what women want. We follow the rules of etiquette because it's the right thing to do, and a modern man always tries to do what's right.

First-date analysis: By the end of the first date, you will have a well-developed impression not of who your date actually is but of who you fervently hope she may be. Try your best to separate the two, since any confusion you bring forward from this point on will only haunt you later.

A final first-date tip: The chances are, she'll never look better to you than she does after the first date.

The second date is a confirming circumstance in which your fantasy characterization will either hold water or not. Consequently, second dates should be casual and somewhat briefer than first dates. If she even comes close to meeting the expectations you projected during the first date, you'll find yourself in a state of militant euphoria after you drop her off. Cool down. Any willful self-deception at this point will come back to haunt you later.

And one other thing about second dates: They are as important to her as they are to you. She's not sitting there with you because there's nothing good on TV. Now is your chance to use all that body-lingo garbage you've been reading in wom-

en's magazines. Watch for dilated pupils, excessive laughter at your lamest one-liners, presenting behavior—lots of breast thrusting, preening and leaning into your conversation—and touching. Especially touching.

The third date is crucial. If your third date goes well, you're a goner. On the basis of knowing a woman for only a few hours, you'll have made a significant emotional investment. You will have given someone you barely know an enormous amount of power over the happiness in your life. Consequently, a good third date can last for months, even years.

Conversely, it can also plant the seeds of the romance's destruction. Look at the danger signals. How much objectivity can you muster? After all, those assumptions you made about her on the first, second and third dates may all be wrong, something you'll find out much, much later.

THE FIRST BREAKFAST DATE

It's a classic mistake to confuse sex with love. You'll know the difference between fucking and making love when it happens. Until then, you can assume that sex has no intrinsic meaning for her or for you.

Your place or hers? If your first over-nighter occurs at her place, you're still on probation. You'll see the museum of her life, but only the exhibits she has selected for public viewing: Everything is there for a reason. If some other guy's raincoat is on a coat hook, she knows it and she knows what it means to you.

On the other hand, when she decides that she wants to be with you on your turf, she's exhibiting a meaningful measure of trust. If you stay at her place, you'll be expected to leave in the morning. If she stays at your place, she'll expect to stay forever.

Moving in: A woman moves in figuratively long before she shows up with the extra stereo. Women come with a congenial ability to seduce with domestic subtlety. Suddenly, your home life is decorated with all the ornaments of comfort—socks are dispatched to drawers, maybe, or there's a sudden defoliation of the refrigerator. That first hopeful fantasy of a life of home-grown comfort starts to become a reality, and pretty soon, you'd rather not live at all than live without it.

A FINAL REMINDER

There is an objective world out there, and you should try to visit it as often as possible, especially when you're falling in love. Try to bear in mind, for example, that there is no universal standard of beauty, and no matter how good-looking your sweetie is to you, to somebody else, she's so-so at best. In your infatuated, druglike state, she's the most talented, the most intelligent, the funniest, most sensitive woman on the planet. To your pals out there, she's just some girl laboring under your squidlike preoccupation. In fact, to them, frankly, she's your problem, not theirs.



THAT CHEATING HEART

(continued from page 134)

Not just someone you meet at a bar or take off a street corner: a girlfriend.

"I'm not talking about sex here," Lenny said to me, staring at me as if I were a cobra ready to strike. "I'm talking about *falling in love.*"

God, I thought, I knew it. Tell me about your gallstones or your proctosigmoidoscopy. But please, not about love. It hurts too much. Even to listen. But I said nothing and Lenny went on.

"It's that feeling you have when you're in the sixth grade or at junior prom or at the end of the best date of your whole life. It's the feeling that you've met someone so wonderful, someone who makes you feel so good that you're not going to die. It's that feeling of spring in the East, of the little fishies swimming upstream in your blood, of every edge being sharp, of every color being Technicolor.

"It's that feeling that life has just begun. It just started the minute the elevator door slid shut and you leaned forward to kiss her and she shut her light-blue eyes and opened her mouth and kissed back. At that moment, there is no such thing as death. There's just that moist, warm kiss and a feeling that life is a gracefully arching skyrocket that will burst sometime, but the burst will go on forever.

"Do you honestly think that anyone would give up that feeling just because he got married?" Lenny said. "Who would give up that feeling for *anything?*"

"Of course," I said. "But you know it never lasts."

Lenny stubbed out his cigarette and lit another, then waved the match around as if it were a pointer. "Of course it never lasts," he nodded. "But I'm not talking about the smell of a new car. I'm talking about the ultimate euphoria of the human condition. I'm talking about the temporary but extremely sound defeat of death, and I'm not giving that up.

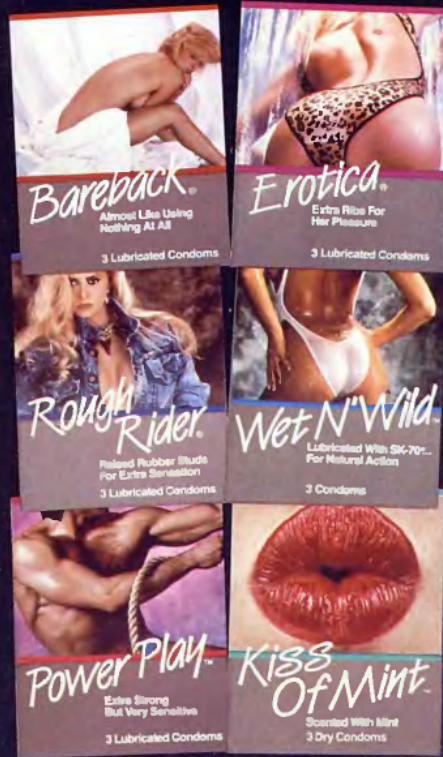
"By the way, do you think I'm the only man on my block who has affairs after he gets married?"

"I know you're not," I said.

"You bet you know it," Lenny said, smiling and drinking his Scotch. "I really believe I am speaking for every one of them when I say that I don't want to give up that feeling of love. Eros versus Thanatos. We're not giving up the Eros part of the equation, even if we know we're doing something wrong, according to some people. Life is too precarious. If you take out that weight balancing the death ball, there's nothing between here and there except down, down, down, down, and I want to avoid that trip for as long as I can."

Lenny looked at me like the mind reader he is and went on. "Of course, I love my wife. How could I not love her? But I've known her for twenty-two years. She's not that new face, those new lips. Yes, she's a

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queen, but she's not the first kiss in spin the bottle. She's my wife."

"Lenny," I said, "you're an addict."

"Exactly," Lenny said, nodding energetically. "The hook is in my flesh, right to the bone. That hook is so strong that it keeps me in Kathy's orbit. And before her, in Lisa-Marie's orbit and Terry's orbit. I take her to The Palm and she asks me to introduce her to other men who can get her important jobs. I take her to my class and she flirts with the star tennis player in the back row. She does it and then she stares at me when I call her a psycho bitch, and she says, 'You're married, Lenny.'"

"But then there are the moments when she's lying in bed with me, showing me her high school yearbook and I think, Dear God, these are from eight years ago, when I was already pretty near middle age. Jesus, this kid is doing cart wheels in front of her high school, and now she's here with her head on my shoulder.

"I put up with her anger, because those moments are perfect Lucite instants that make me feel as if I'm outside time, outside history, outside entropy. Don't get me wrong. A lot of the time with Kathy, I feel as if the entire Czech soccer team were kicking me in the teeth. But when I see the head on my shoulder, it's all worth while. It's worth anything.

"Then there's another thing. I'm a lawyer. I also teach a class in law. I am also the father of a little girl and two German shepherds. Those jobs involve cleaning up an incredible amount of shit, human and animal. In fact, I often feel as if my whole life is putting shit into a brown-paper bag for someone else, then sealing it up in plastic and waiting for someone to take it away, and then no one ever does.

"Except," Lenny added, almost breathlessly, "when I fall in love. Then everything comes together. Then the shit is someone else's problem. The repetitiveness, the ugliness, the boredom, the feeling that life is just incredibly short and I'm wasting what little of it there is just disappears. It's just gone. *Gar nicht*.

"The girl who stops me on the corner in Beverly Hills and offers me a bite of her yogurt. The woman at Yanks who asks me if I go there often. The woman down the hall who wants help with something she's writing. 'Gimme shelter.'"

"It's just a shot away," I said.

"And you know what comes last? The sex. Sometimes it's great. Sometimes it's so-so. Sometimes it's so filled with guilt and conflict that it's barely there. When it's great, it's euphoria. It's everything in my life lining up where it's supposed to be. It's all of my confidence and everything strong in me bursting out in a major way, so that when I'm in court, I know the judge is going to buy my arguments, and when I'm talking with the general counsel of a corporation, I know he's going to hire our firm to do his work. When the sex is really happening, it's rockabye sweet baby Lenny,

and I feel powerful and confident and aggressive and peaceful all at the same time.

"But the photos of the debate team, with Kathy standing up at a battered table, are every bit as valuable.

"Of course, I have pals I play cards with who tell me that the real thrill is getting away with something. They like the conspiracy," Lenny said. "And I have still other friends who do it pure and simple to get back at their wives. Marriages sometimes go on for a long time. Men and women in those marriages inevitably do something that hurts. The night the wife got drunk and passed out when the boss was at dinner. The night the wife said she had a headache and then stayed up reading for two hours. The day the hubby won a big case and the wife didn't say a word. A husband can even the score for a lot of those by taking another woman to bed."

"Let's play Global Thermonuclear War," I said.

"Yes, let's," Lenny said. "In the bedroom." He started to pick at imaginary lint on his silk jacket, and then he went back to his story. "Then there's the power aspect. The idea of the potentate of Baghdad, only he's in Beverly Hills. The law may say he can have only one wife, but his power is too great for that. He can have as many girlfriends as he has time and personality for. I know for a fact that there are men in Los Angeles who have fifty mistresses stashed around town. It's the caliph of Cairo all over again. It's pure power. Real simple.

"But I'm not talking about that situation," Lenny said. He got up and walked over to my stereo and looked at the CD. "I love *Abbey Road*, too," he said. "I'm not talking about that power game or getting back at my wife. It's not that. It's something else. It's falling in love.

"In a way, that's a lot more dangerous, because if you make an appointment with a callgirl and she misses the date, you don't lose any sleep over it. But when you fall in love, you're gambling with your self-respect and your future, and that's a big gamble. You play around, you lose your wife,' the song goes. 'You play too long, you lose your life.'"

"I know that song," I agreed.

"Still," Lenny said, heading for the door, pursued by my dogs, "it's the only game I'm interested in playing. Kathy will disappear, just like the others. My wife is perfect, and I hope she'll be around for all eternity; but then, I'd like to keep falling in love for all eternity.

"They say that falling in love is wonderful, and even if they're only half-right, that's enough."

Lenny stopped and walked over to my chair. He patted me on the shoulder. "Now I'm going to sleep," he said, "if I can sleep."

He said that and then he opened the door, walked out into the Hollywood night and was gone.



"Tuesday, people hug, share the same wad of chewing gum. Saturday, people drink and heckle the comedian."

the night on a clammy rubber pad, just as you did in childhood. But *mirrors*, believe me, are still erotic. There will be 12 of you at any given moment in any Pocono resort. This induces a sly, lubricious *ménage à trois* sensation. I mean, you and that guy with boils on his behind are *both* turf building the missis. Subjectivity and objectivity interpenetrate. There may even be a homosexual twinge. Making love with Moompsie is so glorious, so dreamlike that I find it reassuring to wave at myself just before completion, to make sure I'm really there.

With the spotlights on here and there, our room looked rather like a natural-history-museum diorama: HOMO SAPIENS IN MATING POSTURE, maybe. With lights out, you could cripple yourself trying to find a leak. Open one wrong door and you could step out through your Champagne Tower—*aiieee*—goombye. But they'd bury you in tasteful decor: plum and rose, Erté art deco. Are the Champagne Tower suites a success? you ask. Well, each cost \$100,000. They started with 16 at Cove Haven. Now they have 136 at all four resorts. Guess.

There has been amicable but piss-expensive competition among resorts. It is the most American sort of war—a war over plumbing. Pocono Gardens Lodge people threw down the gasket when they began to install their Roman-style sunken tub. Then came Morris Wilkins, inventor of the heart-shaped tub in 1963. Around 1973, Wilkins struck again: He invented the in-room swimming pool. Everyone had to take that plunge. By 1982, the Summit had retaliated. It put both a Jacuzzi and a swimming pool in its priciest room. But Wilkins wasn't through. He saw the Jacuzzi and raised it seven feet up.

"Most of us now call ourselves couples resorts rather than honeymoon resorts," Tony Farda, manager of the Summit, said. "The vacation couple has become more important to us. But we still have honeymooners, and that's our mainstay, because it's midweek." No one would mistake Tuesday for Saturday at a Pocono resort. Midweek, there is this foolish glaze of love around—the kind you see in a beagle puppy's eyes. Tuesday, people hug. They share the same wad of chewing gum. They feel each other up at dinner. Saturday, people drink a lot and heckle the comedian.

Michael Wilkins, Morris' son, said, "Now probably less than half our business is honeymoon."

And that half has changed. "They've

gotten much older," Farda said. The groom in a prototypical first marriage is 25; his wife, 23. They've traveled. They've seen a Jacuzzi before. Average combined income is around \$30,000; about 45 percent have a college degree. Only 20 percent of the women are "housewives." Are they venturesome sexually? Just check out the gift shop at Cove Haven. You have a sex-toy department right out of Peep-O-Rama on 42nd Street. Joy Jell. Motion Lotion. Dildos. *Fart, the Game*. Even, I was perplexed to see, an inflatable-sex-doll collection.

On that rococo note, I'll flip to:

3. *Laughing at sex*. This is the debatable and threatening aspect of Pocono love. Mind, now, ribald, exaggerative humor has a hallowed place in our sexual canon; I realize that. But it has always been primarily male stag-show stuff. Often during our vicarious honeymoon, we were nudged to the hem of puerile tastelessness—and even cruelty. It was as if, in the midst of all that mountain green, deer and raccoons, ragweed pollen and insect life, we had come across a jaded urban burlesque house. Moompsie and Pumpsie were never at ease with this. It gave us an ambivalent pleasure, the kind you get, say, eating sunburn peel from some beautiful woman's shoulder blade—sensuous, infantile, vaguely

cannibalistic. We could surmise potential for damage: After all, the sexuality here was frail, just nubile, not hardened. Laughter can be freeing; there is catharsis in it. Recognizing part of yourself in the gross and absurd may be healthy—as long as it is not too large a part of you. For, in fact, laughter has forever been the natural foe of hard-ons and dignity.

The game program is dangerous and childish. And, yes, I admit, popular. Moompsie and Pumpsie sat in on the snide, tattletale newlywed games. The room was full; everyone seemed eager to achieve victim status. There is a sort of foolish bravado in this, as well as good sportsmanship. Because, under lewd cross-questioning, serviceable illusions are exploded. Her fake orgasm, for instance, may have been a loveful performance. In sex, as in most human enterprises, honesty is an overrated virtue.

We learned—not that it was any of our business—the following dirt:

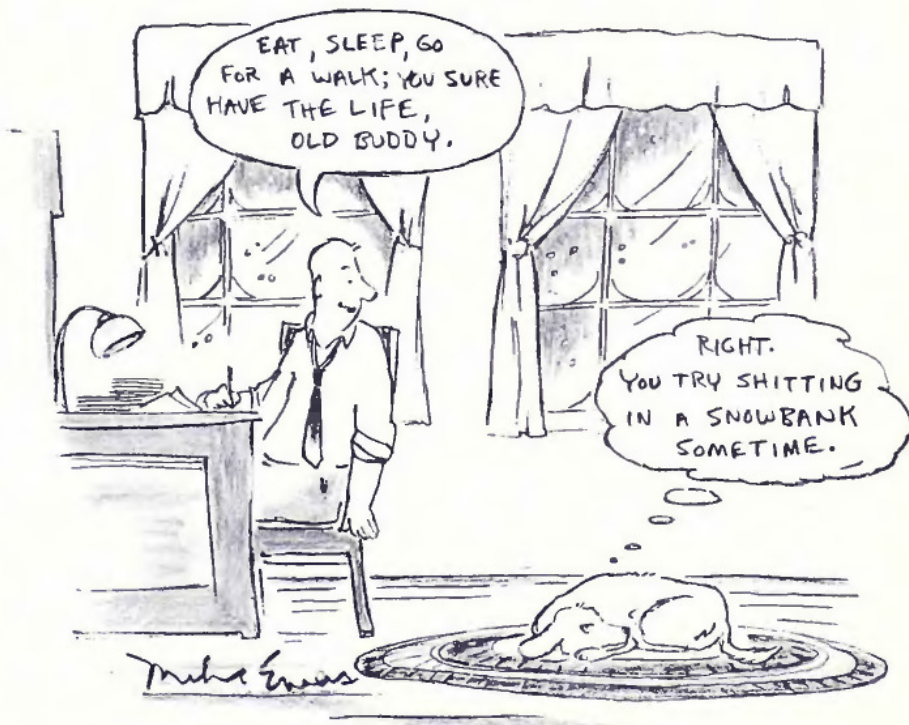
Which women had on what color underpants (most wore vanilla).

The pet name for his yang (Enormous Heat-seeking Moisture Missile. Robodick and Fred) and for her love glove (Alice, Gertrude and One Size Fits All).

The most interesting place they had made love (bed, bed, bed and in their student lounge at school).

How many times they'd made love since Sunday—and this was Thursday (20, eight, four and, yes, one. "Well," she told us, "he's been drunk every night but Tuesday." The record, since you ask, for a week at Cove Haven is 69, or once every two and a half hours, night and day).

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this group experience. It is, first and obviously, a rite of passage. Certain humiliations are essential, as they are, for instance, when one has just traversed the equator. But that is a general correspondence. More to the point, our Pocono week reminded me of some tribal marriage ceremony. In Africa, columns of nubile women dance, with provocative accent, "against" their husbands-to-be. Sensuous display will occur. But there is derision and humorous challenge, as well. It all announces an end to male promiscuity and the harnessing of his dangerous, disruptive libido. Pocono prurience—obscene joke and voyeuristic behavior—is, in fact, sublimation. Language has taken the place of performance, all symbolized neatly later when, on Hawaiian Night at Cove Haven, Honest Phil put his men in effeminate grass skirts and made them hula for their women.

Honest Phil Policaire, social director at Cove Haven since 1972, is the Great God Hymen himself. Honest Phil looks like an extremely intelligent horse or the bastard child of Huntz Hall and your coatrack. Vulgar beyond belief, sentimental beyond belief, energetic, wily, vain and unassuming, sly and innocent—that is to say, an American of the most attractive sort. You sense that no womb at Cove Haven is hospitable to conception, no sperm fertile until it has been blessed by Phil.

Honest Phil lives in the shadowland between good dirty fun and fighting words. It is a matter, ultimately, of tone and timing—as in *shütté*, his leitmotiv, his refrain. "The word was 'Oh, shit.' But people wrote to management and said, 'Oh, shit' was very vulgar for a Caesars honeymoon resort. So we made it *shütté* [pronounced 'shit-tay']. It means the same thing, but it sounds foreign. I haven't had a complaint yet."

I said to Phil, as he opened his third pack of cigarettes that day, "So, what's the funniest thing you've ever seen or heard around here?"

"Well"—he thought a bit—"well, there was this real young couple. I was having breakfast and I heard someone ask them if they'd enjoyed their in-room pool. And the guy said, 'Darn it, no. We forgot to bring our bathing suits.' Spit my food out, I laughed so hard."

But reconsider for one moment, as Phil and I did then. See instead two young children, not stupid but shy. Two who, overmodest about their bodies, have just made love for the first time without any light on. See them now standing, hand in hand, beside their beautiful and expensive pool—because they are too bashful for a skinny-dip together.

The sweetness of newlywed love. Oh, we could weep.

CASANOVA'S GHOST

(continued from page 97)

respond. Look, she's crossing her legs! That's very significant. She's fidgeting! You're getting to her."

"Shut up!" Riley hissed. He hated the way Casanova followed him around and popped up at embarrassing moments, carrying on a dialog that only he and Riley could hear or participate in. How many years had this been going on? There Casanova was, floating in the air close to Riley's shoulder, a ghost in miniature, a bantam phantom, a little figure about six inches high who haunted Riley's days and nights and irritated him no end. As always, Casanova was wearing his court clothes—knickers and frilled shirt and frock coat—but everything was slightly seedy, the wig poorly powdered, the vest in tatters.

"I suppose you're right," Vanessa said brightly. "Writers never have enough money to pay for much of anything, do they?"

"Nope," Riley said, laughing. He was trying to ignore Casanova, who had moved through the air and was currently peeking into Vanessa's blouse.

"Grazie, grazie," Casanova chortled. "What beautiful breasts! Long nipples, I'm sure, very responsive nipples that feel everything, and there's a scent here"—Casanova was sniffing like a bloodhound, hovering perilously close to Vanessa's neckline—"what a wonderfully clean woman, she's wearing hand lotion, aloe-cactus oil, I think, with a touch of strawberry fragrance. *Bellissimo, molto bene!*" Casanova kissed his finger tips in joy.

"Great view!" Riley said to Vanessa. He coughed once into his fist and nodded toward her office window. *Chicago Business Magazine* had an unbeatable location just south of the river on Michigan Avenue. From where he sat, Riley could see the Tribune Tower and the Wrigley Building, landmarks of that magnificent skyline with which he'd grown up. And this day, the summer solstice of 1988, was a Chicago special, a sky of Midwestern blue, the air clear and clean.

"*Mama mia,*" Casanova chortled. He was gliding along the office ceiling, staring out the window at the Michigan Avenue Bridge. "Look at the wind twirl those dresses! Look at those legs! I love it, I love it!" He flew down and sat like a leprechaun astride Vanessa's trim ankle. "Giddy-up!" He laughed as he bounced to her beat.

"It is a great view," Vanessa said to Riley. "But I think we may lose it soon. It's a bit pricey. Warner's thinking of moving the office."

"Where to?" Riley asked. He tried to look sincere and businesslike, composed and sexless. That was what Vanessa expected, wasn't it? Casanova had told Riley that women these days wanted asexual professionalism at first, so Riley was determined to give it. He'd be neutral, rational, reserved, factual, orderly, against intimacy, very much in favor of getting the job



done, without flirtation, a supposedly sexless, nonthreatening drone in the new American workplace. He didn't do any of that well, but he tried.

"Too much desire in the eyes, Riley!" Casanova yelled. He was still bouncing on Vanessa's ankle. "Cut the heat."

"West," Vanessa said, gesturing. "Somewhere behind the Merchandise Mart, I think. Much better price per square foot."

"Real estate," Casanova called. "Talk real estate—her condo, your condo, hot neighborhoods, location, location, location—you know the routine."

Riley tried to ignore his mentor. "You're from New York City?" he asked.

A sharp sound pierced the air. Casanova was whistling through his teeth. "Time out!" he yelled, pounding his palm on his fingers. "Whoa, hold your horses! Time!" It was maddening. Casanova could freeze time and carry on a conversation with Riley that contained, in that nanosecond, an annoying mixture of advice and criticism.

"You don't bring up New York City, Riley," Casanova said in exasperation as he jumped to the floor. "She gave you no indication that she wants to talk about it. You don't know what it represents to her. Remember the rules? Follow her lead. Make her comfortable. Acquiesce. You're The New Man talking to The New Woman."

"Real estate bores me," Riley griped. He hated these debates with Casanova. They were so draining.

"What are you here for, Riley? To entertain or to be entertained?" Casanova asked. He was on Vanessa's desk now, sitting on the edge of her computer keyboard. "All great seducers are entertainers. Besides, you're no spring chicken, buster. You've got to work for it. You're almost forty and you're losing a lot of hair and carrying a few extra pounds. *You* may think you look like Nick Nolte, but nobody else does." Casanova raised his arm and whistled once more. "Play ball!" he yelled.

"Because, being from New York, I'd think you'd find the real-estate prices in Chicago easier to deal with," Riley said. He took a deep breath.

"Definitely," Vanessa said. She smiled brightly, showing her perfect white teeth, then took off on her own story line about real-estate agents and mortgage rates and condo assessments and a cranky fireplace and a leaking roof.

Riley listened in his intensive mode, the beast on the prowl, in heat and unstoppable. He took in Vanessa's every signal, the movement of her eyes, the tilt of her neck, the pace of her words. He was absorbing her, an act that was as instinctual to him as breathing. Riley inhaled women as often as he could. They were his stimulant and comfort.

"Check list, Riley," Casanova said while Vanessa talked. He had his arms folded across his chest as he leaned back against the computer.

"I can't stop looking at her hair," Riley said. "It's Irish-setter hair, isn't it? Red as

rust. An amazing color."

"Agreed." Casanova smiled. "Beautiful."

"She's about twenty-eight, maybe thirty. She's neat. Look at her desk. Nothing out of place. It's intimidating, this neatness. Look, she lines up her paper clips on a tray. What can I say? No family pictures, nothing personal in her office. She's an editor on a career path, an executive on the fast track. So what else is new? There are millions of women like that now. She wouldn't be interested in me, would she?"

"There's potential here," Casanova said. "She chews her pencils. She licks her lips a lot. She's very oral. White panty hose and red pumps and a very lacy bra. A Van Gogh print on the wall, a Shirvan hanging by the door. This is not a colorless woman, Riley. She's filled with passion and she doesn't know where to put it." Casanova paused. "She aches for it. I promise you, she aches for it."

"You don't know that," Riley scoffed. "She's terrified of sex. She's an ice queen."

"I know her, I know her," Casanova said.

"I've seen her kind before—wonderful, anxious women who need it and deny they need it at the same time. They're all over the place these days. Reminds me of a *contessa* I met—gorgeous creature, lived two canals over from St. Mark's, always pretended to be colder than the Alps, snotty, severe, scared every man she met. Vanessa even looks like her. Same tight little mouth, same hunch to the shoulders. The *contessa* was dying for love. I could see it in her eyes when we passed in the piazza. I sidled up to her one evening at a ball in the palace. Without saying a word or introducing myself, I pulled the back of her hand down to my groin. 'My cape is in the atrium,' she said without missing a beat. We were in her gondola in ten minutes. I made love to that woman all night before she asked me my name. 'Giacomo Girolamo Casanova, at your service, *contessa*,' I said. It was dawn and we were passing under the Bridge of Sighs. She had pulled the drapes back. The sunrise in Venice is like a sunrise in heaven, Riley, and I remember that moment as if it were yesterday."

"It was two hundred years ago," Riley said.

"Yes, but it seems like yesterday." Casanova smiled.

"You're ancient," Riley said. "You're a relic from another age."

Casanova laughed. "Some things never change, Riley."

"And you, Riley?" Vanessa was saying.

"Me?" Riley panicked. He had not been listening carefully.

"Yes, you. Hello in there. Anybody home?"

"Me? Well, I don't know, I guess I—"

"She's asking you about your condo assessments," Casanova whispered.

"I don't own," Riley said quickly. "No assessments. I rent. Old Town. Upper floor of a brownstone. I've got a great landlady. She hasn't raised my rent for years. She



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says it's her contribution to the arts." Riley laughed, a little too forcefully. He hated his own eagerness and anxiety, his relentless desire. He wanted so many women so much of the time.

"Life in the Fast Lane." Vanessa cleared her throat as she read from Riley's article proposal. "You'd do a profile of a commodities broker, a day in the life of, that sort of thing?"

"Yes," Riley said, nodding.

"You think you could do a profile that really touches the reader?"

"Yes." I could touch you, Riley thought; I could touch you because you want to be touched, because you are as sick of the sexual wars as I am, because your life is as pale as mine.

"You could explain what a day in commodities is like, how people handle money and losses, how they relax—if they relax?" Vanessa asked.

"I think I have some good sources," Riley said. "I could pull it off."

"Her day!" Casanova called through cupped hands. "Get her talking about her day!"

"Besides," Riley said, "I've got something better than sources."

"And that is?" Vanessa asked, smiling.

"I love it! She likes to be teased!" Casanova clapped.

"Intuition," Riley said.

"Oh, I see. An intuitive male? Isn't that a contradiction in terms?" Vanessa asked.

"Not really. I can intuit your life. Parts of it. We've never met before, but I think I know you," Riley said.

"You do, do you?"

"Fantastic!" Casanova cheered. "High risk!"

"Yes," Riley said.

"Be my guest," Vanessa said, gesturing.

Riley took a breath. "You didn't tell me where you live, but I think it's near Lincoln Park. You take the one-fifty-one bus to work. You like to shop at Crate and Barrel. Your father's a lawyer. Your mother's a real-estate agent. In New York City."

"Scarsdale," she said, absorbed. She held a pencil eraser to her lips and smiled as she listened. Her eyes seemed suddenly moist.

"Breakfast!" Casanova prompted.

"You eat oatmeal for breakfast—after you've run three miles in the park. You have a cat. You hate dogs. You belong to the Art Institute. You spent a summer in France and you want to go back. When you're depressed, you drink a bottle of expensive Burgundy and listen to Mozart."

"You sure it's not Brahms?" Casanova asked.

"Mozart!" Riley said through gritted teeth.

"Her bath!" Casanova said.

"Not yet." Riley shook his head.

"Yes, now!" Casanova ordered. "Pounce!"

"You bathe with oatmeal soap," Riley went on, trying to see Vanessa at home, using the intuition Casanova had urged him to cultivate, "you have a whirlpool in your bathtub and a vibrating shower head—"

"That's enough!" Vanessa said, breathing deeply.

"And a lime-green shower curtain, and you use hand lotion, different kinds, hundreds of small bottles of hand lotion you've picked up in hotels when you travel—"

"Enough!" Vanessa's voice broke.

Casanova whistled. "Avanti!" he said.

"And you let your cat sit on the edge of the tub whenever you're in it, whatever you're doing," Riley said rapidly. "And you

use large pink towels, very soft, very warm from your towel warmer, and you wear big furry slippers after you've oiled your feet and trimmed your toenails—"

"That's enough!" Vanessa said softly, raising her palms toward Riley as if to push him away. "Please! Enough."

Riley shifted in his chair. He was almost out of breath. "All right," he said.

Vanessa stared at the article proposal. She seemed disheveled. She had slumped in her chair. The room was silent except for the white noise of the computer. She bit her lip. "That's very good," she said quietly. "That's really very good."

"Don't we make a great trio?" Casanova asked proudly. "Pounce, Riley! Kiss her! Grab her and kiss her!"

"No!"

"Seize the moment, Riley!"

"No!"

Casanova broke into a chant. "Riley's scared of women, Riley's scared of women."

"You don't exist, Casanova," Riley said.

"I do for you, *paesano*."

"I wish you'd go away."

"No chance, Riley. I'm your buddy for life."

"You don't sound like a count. You don't sound like you're from Venice. And how could you be two hundred years old? Impossible. You're just a ghost, a hallucination, a figment of my imagination. I can get rid of you whenever I want to."

"Oh, yeah?" Casanova laughed. "Just try it!"

"OK, wise guy, I will!" Riley snapped his fingers loudly and sharply.

"I'm still here, numb nuts," Casanova chortled.

Riley snapped his fingers again. The sound reverberated in the office.

Vanessa looked up with a frown. "I beg your pardon?" she said toughly. There was an enormous change in emotion. It was as if a cold wind had swept through the office. Ice formed on everything, thick, fierce ice that coated filing cabinets, bookshelves, mail trays, the carpet itself. "You think I'm a waitress, perhaps? Or do you snap your fingers at all the women you meet?"

"No!" Riley blushed and shivered. He pulled his hands into his lap. He wanted to crush his offending fingers into calcium. He searched wildly for an excuse, an explanation, a way out of hell. "I snap my fingers when I'm thinking," he stammered. "It's a habit, a nervous habit."

"Oh, Riley," Casanova moaned. "You blew it. You had her and you blew it!"

"Let's get on with it, shall we?" Vanessa said briskly. She sat up in her chair, cleared her throat, tucked her feet under her desk, made some notes on a legal pad. "How soon can you get us a first draft?"

"Stall!" Casanova argued. "Play for time."

"Two months," Riley said. "I'll need expenses. Lunches with brokers and that sort of thing. And a kill fee."



"I really appreciate all your help, but I can handle it from here."

"You're not stalling," Casanova warned. "You're forgetting love for business? I don't understand that."

"Expenses within reason are all right," Vanessa said. "How about a mid-August deadline? We'll have to keep the kill fee small. Warner's a bear about that." She made sharp, slanting notes on the pad. Her back was very straight.

"You've really screwed this up, Riley," Casanova said.

"Two thousand dollars for the article?" Vanessa asked.

"Let's try four thousand," Riley said, trying to smile. He hated negotiating with women.

"Oh, go for it," Casanova said cynically. "Nothing sexier than a business deal."

"That's a little high for us," Vanessa said. "I can't go over twenty-five hundred."

"She's lying," Casanova said.

"Thirty-two hundred?" Riley asked.

"Can't do it," Vanessa shook her head. "Twenty-eight hundred is tops and I'm going over my line at that."

"You've completely screwed it up, Riley," Casanova said, shaking his head. "When she talks dollars, she's in her cocoon, she's a butterfly in amber."

"OK," Riley nodded at Vanessa.

"Done," Vanessa agreed. She reached out and pumped Riley's hand with one sharp shake.

"Oh, great," Casanova said. "One second you've almost got her on the floor, now you're shaking hands."

"I'm looking forward to working with you, Riley," Vanessa said as she stood. She tugged precisely on her jacket, straightened her bow tie.

"Me, too," Riley said.

"Lame, lame," Casanova clucked. "You've lost it. Ask her out to lunch or something. Save it!"

"Well, it's been good meeting you," Vanessa said. She looked at her wrist watch. Every movement was controlled, premeditated. "I have a phone conference in five minutes."

"You wouldn't have time for lunch, would you?" Riley asked as casually as he could.

"Sorry," Vanessa said, shaking her head.

"I mean, I could come back after your phone conference——" Riley stopped talking. He was looking into corporate eyes, eyes that had completely dismissed him minutes ago.

"Sorry," Vanessa said again without smiling. As she led Riley down the office corridor, her heels clicked like ice picks on the tile floor.

"You're leaving?" Casanova laughed. "Oh, cute! We walk down the hall, she shakes your hand, the doors close, you're out in the cold! Hello. Goodbye. Nice to meet you."

Casanova sat like a parrot on Riley's shoulder in the empty elevator. "Totally ineffective performance, Riley. If I'd acted like that, you never would've heard of me. Persistence and endurance. All great

lovers have persistence and endurance. And no fear of rejection—none at all. I remember once in Piombi Prison—lead-tile roof, hot in the summer, freezing in the winter—the jailer's wife, Carmen was her name, beautiful woman, enormous breasts——"

"Shut up, Casanova," Riley said as he walked through the lobby and into the sunshine.

"Just before they exiled me, they threw me in jail because I'd written this memoir about all the rich women I'd seduced——"

"Casanova," Riley sighed, "would you give it a break?"

"What are you going to do, huh, Riley? How many empty evenings have you got ahead of you for the rest of your life? You're not doing so well, you know that, kid? I mean, how many times can you work out at the club and pretend that you're happy?"

Casanova chattered on. Riley walked north toward his favorite coffeehouse. He turned onto Rush Street and ran smack into an outdoor art fair, booth after booth of paintings and pottery and wood carvings and photographs, crowds of people mingling slowly down the closed street in the afternoon sun, the smells of grilled food, the sound of music from loud-speakers.

"All right!" Casanova applauded. "This is my kind of market place!" He stood up suddenly on Riley's shoulder, sniffing the air like a bird dog. "I'm onto something," he said with urgency. He tugged on Riley's ear lobe and pointed his nose in different directions. "Lemons. New-mown hay. The sea."

Riley was sniffing, too. "Got it," he said, nodding. "A touch of baby powder. And coconut suntan cream. Banana-oil base, maybe?"

"Lemon hair conditioner," Casanova said. He coughed and waved aside a surge of barbecue smoke. "Straight ahead. It's getting stronger. Whoa! Right, forty-five degrees, Riley, or you'll lose it. She's here somewhere."

"Musk perfume?" Riley asked. His nose twitched on overload. "Booth seventy-six?"

"Yubba dubba doo, Riley. Booth seventy-six! Long, tall, tawny, with a ponytail! Bears T-shirt, pink bikini bottoms, shower shoes, great tan, great teeth! We could love her, Riley." Casanova did a swan dive toward the pavement, circled the booth, went back to Riley's shoulder. "Not a bad photographer, either. I like her stuff. Cowboys and Indians. You think she took these herself?"

"You took these yourself, right?" Riley asked the woman. She was sitting in a lawn chair by her booth, smiling at Riley as he studied her pictures. Lisa Deneuve was the name on the photographs. "I mean, these look like the wild West from a hundred years ago."

"It's still the wild West in some places," she said, laughing as she stood up.

"I love her," Casanova said dreamily. He

jumped onto Lisa's shoulder and held on to her ponytail. "I want her. You'd better be good, Riley."

Riley was good. He was superb. He pulled out every stop, talked cameras and darkrooms, history and genocide, Remington and Sitting Bull. He praised pictorial composition, sepia coloring, the interaction of light and shadow, the virtues of black-and-white photography, film speeds and flash attachments. He expounded on the outlaw in all men, the eternal cowboy in their hearts, his own urge for a life on the range, alcoholism on the reservation, the loss of the soul through the photographer's lens, environmental folly, corporate criminality, political cowardice. He even lied and claimed ranch-hand ancestors, rodeo progenitors. Riley was so good that Casanova didn't interrupt him for an hour.

"You know, I've always wanted to do a book about today's cowboys and Indians," Lisa said. "But I'm a photographer, not a writer. I can't do the text."

"There you go, little fella! An intro from heaven. Think you can screw this one up, too?" Casanova prodded. "Maybe you could push her into that charcoal grill or something."

Riley looked condescendingly at Casanova. "Just watch me, wop," he said. And to Lisa: "I'm a writer. Maybe I could help."

"Do you think you could?" She smiled.

"Sure," Riley said. "We'd have to work out the details."

"But you might help me write it?" Lisa asked.

"Maybe," Riley said, nodding.

"Oh, you'd be perfect!" Lisa clapped her hands. "You understand my work. And you come from a family of cowboys——"

"Make that bullshit artists——" Casanova scoffed.

"And we could be partners!" Lisa said.

"Well, there are details," Riley intoned, proud of his self-control. "We'd have to work out a contract, how we'd split the profits if there were any, who gets rights to what, that sort of thing."

"Maybe we should talk about that." Lisa smiled a prairie-goddess smile.

"Maybe," Riley said.

"I close up the booth about nine," she said, "if you'd like to come by then. We could have some coffee."

"Sounds good to me," Riley said, laughing.

Lisa shook Riley's hand vigorously. "You're on!"

"You're in!" Casanova cheered. "How to go, jerk. You did OK." He stopped. "But what about that commodities article, Riley? You've got a deadline to meet."

"Deadline?" Riley said, smiling. "Deadlines were made to be broken."

"You really mean that, don't you?" Casanova asked.

"Cross my heart," Riley said. This time, he was careful not to make the gesture.



YOU'RE IN LOVE

(continued from page 87)

something good.

DR. RUTH WESTHEIMER (sex therapist): When your heart beats fast. When suddenly, the world looks wonderful. When you're very nice to all people—people you usually can't stand—you see them with different eyes. When you suddenly have a surge of energy and even tedious tasks seem to be finished much faster.

DAVE BARRY (humorist): When you lend your car to a woman and she calls you up and says she has had an accident and the first thing you say is "Are you all right?"

HANK WILLIAMS, JR. (country singer): When you're washing your hair more than twice a week.

JUDY TENUTA (stand-up comic): When you've put your love pig through law school

and he leaves you for a fetus in candy pants, and then you still tattoo his name on your back porch.

RICK OCASEK (musician): You think the person you're with is the most important thing in your life. It makes you crazy. It's a form of insanity.

SHEENA EASTON (singer): Things can get a little out of hand. When I'm in love, I go from frantically checking my phone machine for messages to eating pints and pints of Häagen-Dazs chocolate chocolate chip—I mean, anything chocolate.

LARRY GATLIN (musician): It's kinda like when you've got something in your eye. It's just a little bitty thing—about the size of a pinhead—but it feels like the Rock of Gibraltar.

MADONNA (singer): No comment.



"I see lovemaking as a gourmet feast—right now, we're marinating."

SLEEP WITH WOMEN

(continued from page 86)

chaise longue, where he belongs.

If you'd like to join the frequent-sleeper program here at Trans-Love Airways, don't simply roll over after lovemaking, with your back to your partner, and doze off as if it were your own bedroom. Even if it is your own bedroom, don't do it! A woman takes that gesture as a rejection. Of course, if *she* is the first to turn over, *you* shouldn't take it as a rejection (and in my experience, you probably don't). Simply regard it as a lucky break. Now you can stop pretending to enjoy postcoital communication and resume your natural persona. Turn over, grab some Zs, have an out-of-body experience, for all I care! Stop trying so hard! I'm asleep already!

Nine times out of ten, though, women don't fall asleep first. That's because they're thinking about a snack, wondering if you knew they faked an orgasm or wondering if you faked the whole thing because all you probably wanted to do was go to sleep, anyway. To avoid dealing with those issues, and to prevent others from arising—such as, should you file a joint will even though you've only been living together for one week?—proceed directly to the universal starting position after you finish with the other stuff. The universal starting position is you on your back, ever accessible, and your bedmate on her side facing you, with her head resting in the crook of your arm and her arm languidly across your chest. You figure out which arm goes where. As we all know, this position is very lovey-dovey—and comfortable for exactly three and a half minutes, at which point, *you* don't fall asleep, *your* arm does, and so does her neck. What if you feel the discomfort of this position before she does? Get out of it quickly and discreetly to prevent irreparable physical damage. In other words, don't announce that you forgot to put the top up on your Mustang, then run out to the street in order to return and assume a more enjoyable position. Simply roll over, gently taking her arm as you go (again, you figure out which arm), and indicate with body language that it is now time for the highly sleep-inducing spoon position. Like the universal starting position, it is practiced the world over, even in places where they don't have spoons. And everybody really likes it!

Soon, one or both of you will have fallen asleep. But what if she can't sleep? Try as she may to be polite and keep her insomnia to herself, you can't help noting that every 30 seconds or so, she muffles a cough, not well enough so that you don't hear it and not badly enough to indicate that she's secretly yearning for a foot massage. Stifle the urge to say, "Don't you chicks ever take five?" Instead, scoop her up in your arms, whisper an endearment or two and then administer a foot massage. If you resist the temptation to ask her shoe size, she'll probably doze off almost as quickly as you can say "reflexology." If you

happen to be with one of the high-strung few who aren't soothed by podiatric indulgence, get up and make her a cup of hot chocolate. (Remember, you get hot water by boiling it, not by turning on the hot-water tap.) Or you can make up a bedtime story and hope that it's good enough to lull her into lullaby land but not so good that she remains awake and asks for the rest of the trilogy. If none of that works, take a hint from that accomplished paramour Teddy and put on a bear suit.

By now, both of you should be snoozing away. But this is only temporary shelter. You may find yourself awakened from a deep sleep by your slumbering partner's strange sounds or mysterious muscle twitchings. Or, in the illumination of her Bambi night light, you may notice an expression that says, "I'm being chased through the catacombs of Cairo by a giant jackal with three heads and flames coming out of its left nostril. Please help me! My career is just beginning to take off!" What do you do? Do you gently wake her from this nightmare, gallant knight that you are, offering a swift ride back to the real world? Hey, I'm no M.D., but in general, it's not a good idea to wake a sleeper from a nightmare. Nightmares are (not necessarily) scenic overlooks on the pathway of life that often need to be completed naturally so the tourist can continue the journey. If you interrupt this side trip, you may prevent your partner from completing the dream cycle, thus causing her to be cranky during the ensuing hours and do things such as refuse to coddle your egg in the morning. Think about it this way: Would you want your shadow side to be stranded in some subterranean nether world where it was forever trying to get back to a Good Humor truck? Probably not. So if your partner is having a fitful sleep, the best thing to do is gently hold on to her like a wave just before it breaks. That way, when she reaches the shore, she'll know that the bogeyman is still in the hallway.

Now, supposing you two have finally reached the point at which your breathing is in complete synchronicity; you're about to enjoy a rare, simultaneous entry into the alpha state. Suddenly, you remember that you forgot to do something really important! You forgot to phone Sports Line to find out whether you won that bet with Dave about how many goals Wayne Gretzky would score in the second period against the Rangers. After all, it was a sucker bet, your idea, and you haven't even phoned Dave to gloat. Guys, when in bed with your sweetie, the only buttons your fingers should contact are spelled L-O-V-E, and that's only when she's awake or half awake. (In fact, being the test body for an Anatomy 101 lesson while semi-sleeping allows women to express their true catlike nature.) But twilight emergencies such as phone calls to your bookie do not foreshadow resumption of the spoon position. So if you'd like to spend the remaining wee hours clutching her little

sleepy head's safety knobs, keep your hands off the horn.

Which brings us to the subject of her hands. Where are they? Uh-oh! They're down there, clutching your unit. Don't worry. Nothing bad is going to happen. Assume she's genuinely fond of it and is simply reminding herself how good it felt when it was part of her infrastructure.

Finally, remember that to successfully sleep with a woman, you must be able to successfully greet the morning with her. Should you fake sleep? Only if you want to run the risk of your partner's actually believing that you're still sleeping, ignoring you completely because she's too polite to wake you up. However, once you admit to being conscious, it's difficult not to show off your daybreak tumescence with its insistent wake-up-show cheerfulness. But don't start poking her with it. She may think the whole thing is turning into date rape. This is a memorable time. If she's not a sheet clutcher or someone who barricades herself behind a fort made of pillows, she is probably affording you a delightful view of sleep-puffed femaleness. Study it. Take notes from which to construct those compliments she'll be startled by and for which she'll invite you back for another evening of sleep. Bear in mind that, for some reason, women do not feel beautiful in the morning. It's not for nothing that one women's magazine advises its readers to wear their false eyelashes to bed. However, most women don't do this. Honest! Nor do they get up while you're sleeping to reapply mascara. So when they wake up, they feel unconstructed and exposed. And, like you, they probably have to pee. This state is not conducive to romance. If you leave the bed first, don't do so without kissing her—anywhere. She needs reassurance, not abandonment. When you return, allow her to escape easily. But while she's away, resist your urge to get to know her better by taking a quick peek under the bed. Because if you weren't thrilled to encounter Bambi in a wall socket, imagine how you'll feel when you find a case of industrial-strength prophylactics, an empty pint of Southern Comfort and a half-foraged package of Ring Dings. Wait. She'll be back. If she's taking a little longer than you expected, don't get nervous. She's either reassuring kitty that there's still room in the bed or Martinizing herself in the bathroom. Should you have hosed yourself off before returning to bed? Not necessarily. The smell of sex is sexy. The smell of sex from last week is not sexy. So you be the judge. If she returns and says, "You can use the shower now," it's probably time to do that. But if she climbs like a panther back into her lair, then stroke her, make her purr and make her purr again. Because other than having someone to help slay the dragons of the spiritual subcontinent, the best reason to sleep with a woman is to wake up together, make love and fall asleep again.



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WISDOM OF THE GROIN

(continued from page 88)

long before this, I should have written a piece called *Rooftops I Have Known*. Maybe another time. The man's groin needs and wants the urgent, savage and dangerous window. Finally, it may want nothing else. And the woman's groin wants and needs it, too. She is waiting there across the roof, the young woman, wet to the knees with anticipation, precisely because of that want and need.

Since we came out of the caves—for that matter, probably before we went into them—the wants and needs of the groin have been tempered and softened, to the extent that a tempering and a softening are possible, by all those abstract nouns you have ever heard: responsibility, concern, compassion, mercy and the really big one we've all been waiting for—love.

But those words are all language of the head and the heart, not of the groin. The groin knows pump and thrust. The groin listens and speaks to blood. The groin *demand*s blood. Blood touching blood and thereby creating blood. It has been the knowledge and the language of the groin that have kept the race alive. Most of us walk this earth not because men and women wanted children but because men and women wanted each other.

Love comes through the front door with a rose in its hand, wearing a suit and smelling of the sweet fakery of bottled perfume. The groin—driven by and caught in the demands of its necessary knowledge—comes through the window after having made a journey through the uncertain night. And the perfume it brings is not from the bottle but from the sea; its salty, wondrous primeval odor charged with and flavored by the myriad fish swimming there.

Love wants Broadway Joe Namath in panty hose with a bottle of Brut in his hand. The groin wants Joe Willie Namath taped, muddy, preferably bleeding a little and smelling of sweat, but with so much fire in his blood that he is making yet another painful, impossibly courageous demand that his ruined knees take him to the only place he would ever accept: to victory, to *conquest*.

Make no mistake about it, the groin knows only victory, conquest, hunt down and subdue. The language of the groin does not know compromise or appeasement; the groin is incapable of seeing and understanding the other side of any argument other than its own. Lest I be misunderstood, which on this topic, I knew going in was unavoidable, I emphasize that I am speaking and have been speaking of both halves of the human race, male and female. The language of the female groin and the male groin is identical. It is for that reason that they carry on so well together.

The myth of the male groin being the pursuer and the conqueror and the aggressor ought to be put to rest. It ought to be but never will.

Of course, there are those who believe there is *only* the language and the knowledge of the groin. If you believe that, you will one day find yourself in a trick of shit deeper than you ever imagined possible, or else you will lead a generally twisted and certainly diminished life.

But, ironically and paradoxically, it is the belief in only the language of the head and the heart that leads to genuine evil. Such people do not really believe there is hair on the belly of the beast. Consequently, they can be sold anything. Tell the lie big enough and often enough, always couching it in the language of the head and the heart, and they will buy it. Hitler could never have sold to Churchill what he sold to Chamberlain. Churchill, that old hard-drinking, cigar-eating warrior, was too rank himself, had too much hair on his own belly—and *always knew it*—to ever buy a single goddamn word Hitler had to sell.

God save us all from those who believe we exist only from the navel up, and save us, too, every mother's son and daughter, from those who would have us believe we exist only from the navel down. The major religions of the world have taught that the head and the heart must rule whatever is below it. I despair of that, have always despaired of that. But I might be more inclined to entertain the notion if the religions of the world had not so enthusiastically brought their teachings on the point of the sword and—need it be pointed out?—always explained the reasons for doing so in the language of the head and the heart, never the groin.

The knowledge of the groin may want to fuck you a little bit, but it rarely wants to kill you.

And what, you may have been wondering, happened to my friend patiently waiting naked back on the roof surrounded by the police? Was he caught? Of course not. Had he been, I don't know where he'd be, but surely not at a famous Yankee institution of higher learning as an exegete of learned subjects.

"Hell, I just hunkered low as I could git right there behind the chimney till the police finally got bored and left," he said, finishing his glass.

"And when they did," I said, "which window did you go toward?"

"The rut was on me, you sunbitch. You know damn well which window I went in. Ain't that a mystery?"

"Not really," I said. "You got another bottle?"

"Try to keep one," he said, getting up and going to the cupboard.



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Buck Brown

"Hey, fella—you've got one dynamite lady here. Boy, I wish I was in your shoes!"

"If you're discussing ideas and being reasonably eloquent, a swear word now and again is part of it."

waiting. And I don't mean that in a small way, the five minutes or the half hour. But a gentleman doesn't worry a woman. It's so easy to make sure that you allow a girl you're with to feel secure. It's so easy to say, "Yes, I'll be there," or "Yes, I'll call."

8.

PLAYBOY: Under what circumstances is it permissible for a woman to swear, and how does she learn how to make it natural and poignant?

MARCOVICCI: [Laughs] With the phone company, for instance, swearing is absolutely necessary. If you don't learn to say "fuck" to the phone company, there's no hope. Learning when a little swearing is judicious is of great value, as is the ability to

raise your voice at certain times. That, however, shouldn't become a habit. There's something so ugly when swear words are used in anger. But a swear word used in fun is OK. There's a section in my show I call "Songs from Movies That Fucked Us Up." There's no other way to say it. If you're discussing ideas and being reasonably eloquent, a swear word now and again is part of it. Let's be honest here: I swear in a black-velvet dress, so it's a totally different story.

9.

PLAYBOY: What should a guy do when his girlfriend cries?

MARCOVICCI: Hold her, hold her, hold her—that is, if she wants to be held. And I can



"Darling, are we talking deliberate, responsible left-brain love or are we talking impulsive, spontaneous, damn-the-torpedoes right-brain love?"

tell you what not to do, but this is personal only to me. Don't say "shhhhh. . . ." [Laughs]

10.

PLAYBOY: Are you fond of weddings?

MARCOVICCI: I cry at weddings. Badly. I weep uncontrollably. I don't even have to know the people. I hear the wedding march, I cry. I see the white dress, I cry. But I don't get invited to a lot of weddings. What do they want a torch singer there for? I'm the harbinger of things to come.

11.

PLAYBOY: Describe the man who inspires torch singers.

MARCOVICCI: A withholder. A bad boy. The kind of strong, silent type who can't commit, who brings fire to a relationship but has no foundation upon which to build anything of any lasting strength. That's the classic profile of the man about whom a torch singer sings. I do some of that in my shows now. But I also have a new category. For "Girls' Night Out," I sing torch from the standpoint of my being the one who was wrong: having met the right man, not recognizing him as such and having let him go. It's probably the most painful torch of all.

12.

PLAYBOY: Distinguish between a cad, a bounder, a dweeb and just a plain jerk.

MARCOVICCI: [Laughs] A cad is a man who knows he's hurting you, who knows he's misbehaving and does it anyway. A bounder can't help himself. [Laughs] And a jerk doesn't even *know* what he's doing, doesn't have a clue. As for dweebs, they're probably just skinnier. A woman will sit around and complain about her cads, jerks and bounders, but she won't take responsibility for the fact that she saw all the signs long in advance. Once, I fell in love with a man who, when I first saw him, made me say to myself, That man is a cad. For thirty seconds, I *knew* he was insane. And for six months, after those first thirty seconds, I had to have it proved to me. Finally, I came around to see his face one more time, at the very end, exactly as I had seen it at the beginning. And I kick myself to this day.

13.

PLAYBOY: Give men an education about jewelry.

MARCOVICCI: First of all, buy it. [Laughs] Don't think of it as meaning something important; it doesn't have to. You're not engaged the moment you give somebody a piece of jewelry. Take a look at what your girlfriend wears. Go window shopping with her. Notice what she points to. I'm more moved by antique jewelry and small stones. Something sweet from the past. You can't ever go wrong with giving a person jewelry.

14.

PLAYBOY: What don't love songs tell us about love?

MARCOVICCI: We get enormous illusions about love from love songs, and I'm contributing to that. I sang *Some Enchanted Evening* for the first time not long ago, and I asked myself why it didn't go something like: "You will go to a party you don't really want to go to, and you'll meet your cousin's best friend, and you won't like his suit, but you will like his eyes. And he won't be able to dance at all well, but he'll say something sweet, and you'll realize he likes his mother, and therefore, maybe he'll like yours." Why don't they write that in a song? They'll never do it, and I probably wouldn't sing it if they did. We've been damaged by our love songs and by our movies, and yet they're such an essential part of that yearning that love seems to be about, that I absolutely must sing them. But I usually end my show with something more realistic, about finding love where it may have been all along: under your nose.

Romantic fantasy love is what I call anxiety love. It makes you sick. And it's not really love, it's narcissism. What you love is how you feel about yourself. You're floating on a feeling that is basically all your own. And it feels like being in love, because we're used to that kind of tension as being in love. Romantic movies are all about tension, but we don't see it played out. We don't see what happens after the words THE END. So what we get is—

15.

PLAYBOY: Emotional chase scenes?

MARCOVICCI: Exactly. And that's what we respond to and in some ways what I sing about, too—that fabulous, emotional chasing. And I'm particularly moved by those scenes when I see them in the movies, and that's why I sing. You're not supposed to be worried all the time when you're in love. Of course, you lose your appetite a little and that's fine. We all love that. We want to lose weight when we fall in love. If you don't lose a pound or two, that isn't love.

16.

PLAYBOY: What's the most preposterous song you sing?

MARCOVICCI: *Stay Well*—a song I love in spite of myself. I almost have to issue a disclaimer before I sing it, because it is the most torchy of torch. The song says [*singing*], "If I tell truth to you/my love, my own,/Grief is your gift to me,/grief alone./Wild passion at midnight./Wild anger at dawn./Yet when you're absent,/I weep you gone." It's the craziest, sickest of all the torch songs I do. I get little girls coming to hear me sing. And I tell their mothers to put cotton in their ears for this song. But it's the most beautiful song I've ever heard. And I must sing it. Love is a remarkable feeling. And I've had times in my life when I was able to let somebody go, knowing he was bad for me but loving him anyway. A man who treated me terribly came to hear me sing, and I always thought that if I ever saw him at the club again, I'd just throw him out bodily. I should just spit

on him. I should say to the audience, "He's the one." And it was so silly. When the show was over, I went over to him, shook his hand and said, "I wish you well in whatever you choose to do." So go figure. For me, it's more important to be able to feel those feelings. But I didn't make a date with him. I'm not stupid.

17.

PLAYBOY: Who understood women better, Cole Porter or Ira Gershwin?

MARCOVICCI: Ira Gershwin. Most people believe Cole Porter's lyrics are a little more brittle and clever and a little distant. And, in truth, most of them are. They're more cocktail-party love, more sophisticated. But there are Porter songs that are so different from that. Like, "After you, who/ Could supply my sky of blue?/After you, who/ Could I love?/After you, why/ Should I take the time to try./For who else could qualify/After you, who?" It's intense, pure and direct, and not quite so clever as many of his other songs were. Ira Gershwin understood more and was more emotional, more female. As Michael Feinstein reminds us of the old joke, "George and his lovely wife, Ira."

18.

PLAYBOY: In *The Front*, you kiss Woody Allen for the first time with your hands folded neatly on your lap. What was going through your head?

MARCOVICCI: Right before we shot that

scene, Woody said to me, "I'm going to give you only one lip when we kiss. Because if I give you two, you'll never live through it." So I was laughing, because we were a little nervous. Those kisses were very sweet, as I recall.

19.

PLAYBOY: When men go to hear you sing, do they become overwrought with emotion and throw themselves at you?

MARCOVICCI: Throw themselves at me! [*Laughs*] They don't throw themselves at me at all. Though I'd be ready to catch. I intimidate, mostly. Men are quite romantic with me and will write me lovely notes or send flowers. What I do on stage is a very romantic vision, and it reminds people of another time and of another time's manners and romances. I've had a couple of men show up in white tie and tails, because of my crush on Fred Astaire. My audience seems to think I have a lot of emotional knowledge. I appear to be somebody who knows so much about romance that I bring out a rather tender awkwardness in some men. They're very courtly with me.

20.

PLAYBOY: Under what circumstances do you sing in the shower?

MARCOVICCI: Under all circumstances. I sing arias and things like that. And I warm up and do all my vocalizing in the shower. I get into the shower to sing.



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"There are people for whom marriage is convalescence, courtship being like a bout of erotic dysentery."

recommends that you get your love carried with wine. Or you kidnap her. Then that you prong her till her tikka dot falls off. Afterward, hire local clergy and light the cow-dung oven. Marriage consecrated around fire "cannot be set aside." Polynesian women of the likable Tikopia tribe are taken, then—in public ritual—held down and raped. Once insertion occurs, they stop resisting and accept Mrs. status. Her mom and dad won't grouse about it, either, as long as decorum has been observed. That is: Groom must abduct bride from family hut. Should she be snaffled up while hoeing in a field, mortal combat with dad may ensue. The Tikopia have their priorities nicely set: Rape is one thing; theft of service is another.

Capture courtship in other cultures may be more ceremonial and less satisfying—when it isn't positively hazardous. Among Khond folk of southern India, a prospective bride and her female kin are waylaid by the groom and his men. Anthropologist Arnold van Gennap gave this play-by-play coverage: "The women attack the young men, hitting them with sticks, stones and clods of earth, and the boys defend themselves with their sticks. . . . This fighting is by no means child's play, and the men are sometimes seriously injured."

Among Mabuiai people, a woman will propose marriage. But before he can take her, according to Van Gennap, this poor fiancé is cold cocked. "First, [her brothers] wound him only on the leg, but finally, they hit him on the head with a club. Immediately afterward, one of the girl's brothers takes her by the hand and gives her to the young man." ("Have you got a ring?" they ask. "Ring?" he says. "Oh, sure, sure—I'm in Madison Square Garden.")

As one might surmise from this last example, capture courtship can rather easily become *Courtship by trial*. In some traditions, the woman will refuse to submit until her suitor has, say, croaked his first crocodile or taken a human head for their conversation cove. Elsewhere, men must absorb rare torment before marriage. According to Lailan Young (*Love Around the World*), Danakil men of Ethiopia are scourged by their future in-laws with raw hippohide. They must smile throughout or lose face as well as skin. Macusi Indian men (of Guiana) are stitched up in a hammock full of fire ants. The best husbands are those who can stay put longest. I do find a certain dollop of outback common sense in that.

Courtship by exhaustion. There are people for whom marriage is convalescence, courtship being rather like a long bout of, oh, erotic dysentery. The Yapese practice

gichigich, which, I think, must be pure sexual onomatopoeia. Young wrote: "*Gichigich* . . . is so frenzied that . . . women become weak and helpless, experiencing a multiple series of orgasms so hectic that they are unable to prevent themselves from urinating. The men feel that they are on fire. The climax comes when the woman puts her finger in the man's ear." Encyclopedic carnal knowledge, you might say. But "all this stops after marriage." And sensibly, I say: Too much *gichigich* is like trying for the second take in a snuff film.

Margaret Mead's cannibal Mundugumor of New Guinea are also rather impulsive. Courtship assignation is made by wink or nod as the scarcely acquainted boy and girl pass each other along a jungle trail. They then come together like matter and antimatter. "These quick encounters," Mead wrote, "take the form of a violent scratching and biting match, calculated to produce the maximum amount of excitement in the minimum amount of time. To break the arrows or the basket of the beloved one is one standard way of demonstrating consuming passion; so also is tearing off ornaments [even—*aiee*—an earring] and smashing them if possible." Something more than hug therapy, that. When, however, the bush is flooded, your impetuous Mundugumor male may try sneaking into his bint's mosquito basket—a ten-foot-long cylinder made of bast or sago shoots. This can be unhealthy. The Mundugumor father is jealous (and will often sleep alongside his daughter). If he catches them at it—and, as we've noted, Mundugumor courtship isn't particularly quiet—Pop "may fasten up the opening of the sleeping bag and roll the couple down the house ladder, which is almost perpendicular and six or seven feet in height." You've heard tell about basket cases. These are.

Courting the in-laws. To primitive (and not-so-primitive) people, marriage is an economic event. Among Ilongot headhunters, for example, the apprentice son-in-law must prove that wife and family can "eat his hand" (labor). A father-in-law-to-be will say, as relayed by anthropologist Renato Rosaldo, "Do not come to me unless you plan to care for me when I am old." A good son-in-law is like some kind of pension plan. The young man will enter his fiancée's family and job audition there. Meanwhile, he has been wooing. First, he looks his intended in the eye. Next, he might give her a nice betel quid. Sometime later he may ask her to fetch him water. And so on. This process, one head-hunter commented, was like how you trained a pig. Soon, then, our suitor may win favor—

unless he falls from a 100-foot tree while being shot at by his brother-in-law, which is the courtship-by-trial part of being Ilongot and horny that I forgot to mention.

Promiscuous courtship. When Jesus says, "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise," he was referring, of course, to the Trobriand Islands. Trobriand people court the way old Jewish men *shmoose*—with just about everyone. They have (or, I guess, had) an institution, the *bukumatula* (bachelor house), which ranked just below Chinese takeout among cultural advances.

Let Bronislaw Malinowski describe it: "Furniture consists of bunks with mat coverings. . . . In such an interior, the older boys and their temporary mistresses live together. . . . When a couple dissolve their liaison, it is the girl who moves . . . to find another sleeping place with another sweetheart." Malinowski insisted that this wasn't group concubinage—but it's good enough for me. "Strict decorum obtains. The inmates never indulge in orgiastic pastimes, and it is considered bad form to watch another couple during their lovemaking. . . . The couple share a bed and nothing else." In time, mates are chosen, but "two people about to be married must never have a meal in common. That would greatly shock the moral susceptibility of a native." Oh, brave new world—where women just want to make love and are offended if you buy dinner for them at Orso's.

Contact courtship. Everyone knows about bundling—where man and his maid, in bed but dressed for an antarctic traverse, would grope each other half-rabid. What fewer people realize is how extensive this habit (brought over from Holland, where they called it *queesting*) was before 1776 or so. As much as 30 percent of the rural population may have gotten a feel for it. Bundling was Yankee practical: In your average single-room house, a bed may have represented the entire Ethan Allen furniture set. If your lover walked 16 hours round trip on Sunday to see you for three, some prone time was only polite—and bundling saved firewood. On occasion, Mother would tie her daughter's ankles together or place a low board lengthwise between them. Bundling was tremendously controversial. Jonathan Edwards spoke against it. Pro- and anti-bundling poetry appeared. As Diedrich Knickerbocker said, "By [bundling], they acquired an intimate acquaintance with each other's good qualities before marriage . . . and a strict adherence to the good old vulgar maxim about buying a pig in a poke."

That courtship custom died with two-room houses and less expensive fuel. But it may return. Given our present distaste for human-fluid exchange and modern fabric technology, I foresee a body-length contraceptive suit made of "skinlike" polywhooosis. And Eddie Bauer catalogs directed at the young urban bundler. —D. KEITH MANO



PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

—THE MEN'S DIAMOND MARKET—

If you haven't done it already, now's the time to hang up the gold neck chain and retire any fat pinkie ring that might have crawled onto your little finger when you masqueraded as a used-car salesman last Halloween. Diamonds for men are today's hottest rocks, with diamond-studded dress sets (links, studs and vest buttons) and platinum rings

set with natural-colored diamonds fast becoming the crown jewels of a man's accessory collection. Clarity, color, cut and carat are the four Cs to be considered when shopping for something set with sparklers. The last, however, is the least important factor. When it comes to his diamond jewelry, a man, for once, isn't judged by the size of his stones.

Clockwise from 12: Crystal-and-diamond cuff links, by Trianon, \$7500. Platinum diamond ring, \$1025, atop an 18-kt.-gold ring with a .65-ct. diamond, \$4475, both by Pedro Boregaard. Platinum diamond and onyx dress set includes cuff links (shown), from Asprey, \$12,000. Platinum diamond fly lapel pin, by Pedro Boregaard, \$425. Cone-shaped diamond lapel pin, by Matthew C. Hoffmann, \$720. Diamond bird pin, by Pedro Boregaard, \$600. Antique Hamilton watch with diamonds, from the Chiuzac Gallery, \$2800. Diamond studs, by Matthew C. Hoffmann, \$1550.

BRAD GUICE





Available in an eau de toilette spray, \$30, and an after-shave, \$25, Colors de Benetton Men's is a crisp, bold scent that comes in a masculine pentagonal bottle. It's sold only at Benetton stores.

Just snap and schuss, as these Rocky Mountain Breakdown skis both glide and divide. Each ski features a heavy-duty take-apart clip that facilitates transportation or seasonal storage without affecting the board's performance, from Evolution U.S.A., Salt Lake City, \$850.

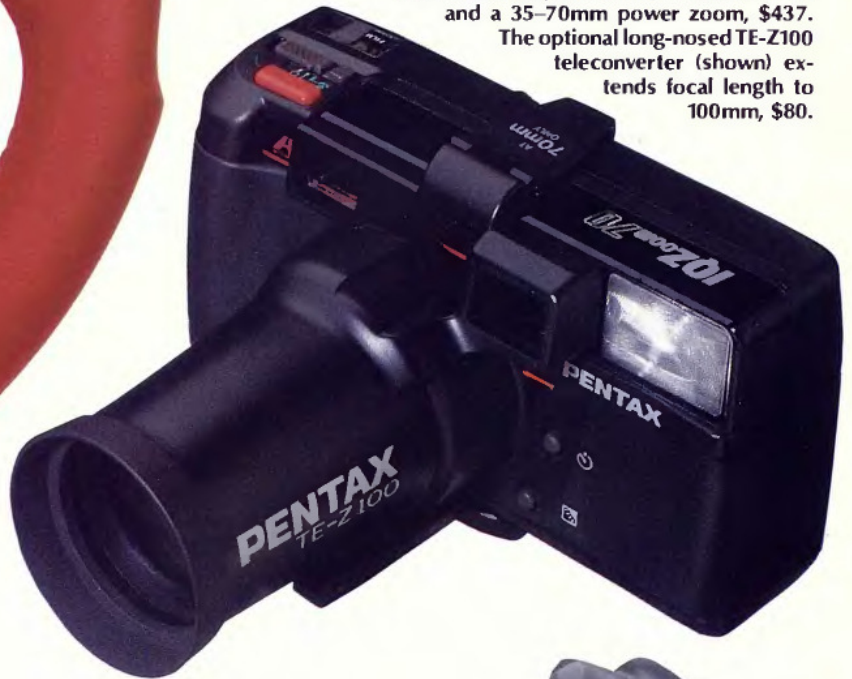
Made of water-repellent canvas duck and rich leather, these stylish English sportsman's bags are the ultimate duffel. They measure 18", 25" and 29" long and each features a full-length zipper and a dust flap to keep out the elements, from Gokey's, St. Paul, Minnesota, \$89, \$114 and \$165.



This titanium quartz watch in a leather case with jeweler's tools and extra watch bands, by Heuer, \$1950, and custom padded leather steering wheel, \$312, are just two of a number of products being offered by famous race-car driver Emerson Fittipaldi as part of his accessory collection. Both items are available from Fittipaldi Motoring Accessories, Miami.



Pentax' 35mm IQZoom70 compact camera features autofocus, autowind, a built-in flash and a 35-70mm power zoom, \$437. The optional long-nosed TE-Z100 teleconverter (shown) extends focal length to 100mm, \$80.



Not just a fax, ma'am. The Panasonic KX-F120 (left) is a telephone with a speaker phone, a fax machine, a copier and an answering machine, \$1695. Canon's FaxPhone 8 (above) is a fax machine and a phone with a tone key pad and fast dialing, \$1495.

No, this isn't son of Robocop. But these Oakley Razor Blades sunglasses do have tremendous bionic charm. The lenses are 100 percent effective against UV rays, and the frames, lenses, ear and nose-pieces are interchangeable, \$70.



GRAPEVINE

A Serve and Two Curves

Fans of David Lee Roth's music videos know beauty BECKY LE BEAU. After the ABC miniseries *War and Remembrance* this past fall, everyone recognizes her, even if she's no threat to Martina. Yet.



© 1988 STEVEN GABRIELLE



SHELL/GALELLA, LTD.

A Little Less than Basic Black

We've often observed HEATHER LOCKLEAR in skimpy clothing on TV's *Dynasty*. Lord knows, she looks good that way. Still, this new look—sleek, chic and daring—is in keeping with Sammy Jo's new nicer-girl image.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.



The Party Ninjas

AXL ROSE (left) and SLASH are two of the five-member Guns N' Roses band, whose album *Appetite for Destruction* hit the charts fast and hot.

Grace's Lace Is in the Right Place

Actress/dancer GRACE MORELY appeared on TV in *Crime Story* and is now putting together a Las Vegas night-club act. Grace can be our valentine any time.



© MARK LEIVDAL

Water Babe

Actress MEG TILLY wanted to be a dancer, and anyone who remembers her breakthrough role as Chloe in *The Big Chill* knows that a dancer still lurks inside. Recently, she has completed two films, *The Girl in a Swing* and Milos Forman's *Valmont*, based on *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*. Meg's keeping cool.



D. ABOLAFIA / LIAISON



PAUL NATHAN / PHOTO RESERVE INC

A Touch of Ass

Why is it that the back end of this guy is enough for some of his fans? Singer GEORGE MICHAEL greeted his first American concert audience last summer with a little cheek. It drove the ladies wild.



© LOUIE DE FILIPPIS

His Highness

PRINCE comes out from under the fog machine for a royal second in this shot taken on his current concert tour. *Lovesexy* has gone platinum. We eagerly await his next move.



VIVA VARGAS!

It's been six years since the legendary artist Alberto Vargas died, but many original paintings of the voluptuous ladies he created for *Playboy* are still in our archives. And now, for the first time, we're making prints of the best of these beautiful paintings available in limited issue through Mirage Editions, Inc., 1658 Tenth Street, Department 711, Santa Monica, California 90404. Each will measure about 21½" x 29¾" and will be produced in a nine-color lithographic process on 100 percent archival paper. The price for the first image, *May 1968*, pictured here, is \$75, postpaid. No prints will be produced after February 28. For credit-card orders outside California, call 800-228-8819; inside California, call 213-450-2240. We'll keep all of you posted.

A NEW BALL GAME

Remember the Magic 8 Ball that seemed to answer all your questions with "Ask again later"? A Chatsworth, California, company named With Design in Mind has gone one better and created Sound F/X, The Talking Crystal Ball. All you do is ask Sound F/X a yes or no question, pass your hand over it and a human-sounding voice replies with one of 28 answers. (You can hook Sound F/X up to your hi-fi for a larger-than-life voice.) Sound F/X is available in electronics stores for about \$80.



THE SPIRITS PREDICT YES.



THE THINGS YOU DO FOR LOVE

Our Love Issue wouldn't be complete without a mention of the Sybaris Clubs, oases of luxurious privacy in the Chicago area "dedicated to romantic marriage." The Sybaris at 3350 North Milwaukee Avenue in Northbrook, Illinois, has a variety of cottages for two. But the one we like is the new Sybaris Chalet. It's a multilevel hideaway of pleasure that includes a water bed, a whirlpool tub and a steam room, plus—get this—your own private 22-foot swimming pool with an eight-foot slide. And it's all for \$450 a night on weekends. (There are lesser rates for days and week nights.) Call 312-298-5000 for more information. Have fun.

READ ON, BWANA

This winter, instead of curling up with a good mystery, try *The Book of the Lion*, by Sir Alfred E. Pease, or *Kill: or Be Killed*, by Major W. Robert Foran. These are just two of the many titles that St. Martin's Press has introduced in a new and continuing series of reprints of the greatest classics in the literature of hunting and adventure. Peter Capstick, the famous big-game hunter, is the series editor, and all selections are from his personal library.



LOOK, MA, NO WIRES

Tired of tripping over all those wires after you've hooked up your favorite video game and begun blasting away at aliens or looking for lost treasure? Check out America's Freedom Stick, the only wireless infrared joy stick on the market that's compatible with Nintendo, Sega, Commodore and Atari game systems. Yes, it really does work and offers arcade-style feel and action for one or two players as well as simultaneous two-player play. All for \$59.95 at toy and consumer-electronics stores.



PANTIES TO GO

You may have heard of Panty-of-the-Month, the unique service that sends one sexy panty a month to the lucky lady of your choice on a three-month, six-month or one-year subscription basis. Now P.O.M. is branching out and offering two qualities of panties—regular *and* deluxe—with prices for a three-month subscription going for \$58.50 and \$117, respectively. A call to 718-745-0227 gets you all the information and, yes, Panty-of-the-Month also sells other kinds of lingerie. A two-dollar catalog, *Undress to Kill*, shows and tells all. Ask about it.



SPLASH MENAGERIE

With everyone getting into rubbers these days, it only figures that someone would develop a better product for the feet, too. Grips footwear, manufactured by Jordan David Safety and Health Products in Warrington, Pennsylvania, is the first product we've seen that actually brings *style* to overshoes. Two looks are available: One is a CapToe model and the other is a Wing Tip. And, to give you extra traction, the soles of both have been treated with aluminum-oxide grit. The price: \$45 a pair at better shoe stores.



GREAT BEDDY BUY

This Valentine's Day, try ordering a Breakfast-in-Bed basket from Confections in Birmingham, Michigan, and see if you don't score major points with your wife or girlfriend. (You may score in another way, too.) A Breakfast-in-Bed basket for two, which includes *croissants*, strawberries, cider, chocolate truffles and more, all nicely packaged and delivered by U.P.S. overnight, is \$50. To order, call 313-626-9848 and allow 48 hours (sorry, no weekend deliveries) to be on the safe side.



AS THE SPIRITS MOVE YOU

"The cocktail has returned from exile in the pale world of white wine . . . and stepped out on the town in high heels and hip company," says Jill Spalding in the coffee-table book *Blithe Spirits*. "A Toast to the Cocktail." And if you like to read about the lore and lure of great drinks (accompanied, of course, by gorgeous photos of the concoctions), you'll find *Blithe Spirits* (Alvin Rosenbaum Projects, Inc.) worth its \$50 price. Call 800-543-1037 to order, then drink up.

BLITHE SPIRITS

A TOAST TO THE COCKTAIL BY JILL SPALDING



NEXT MONTH



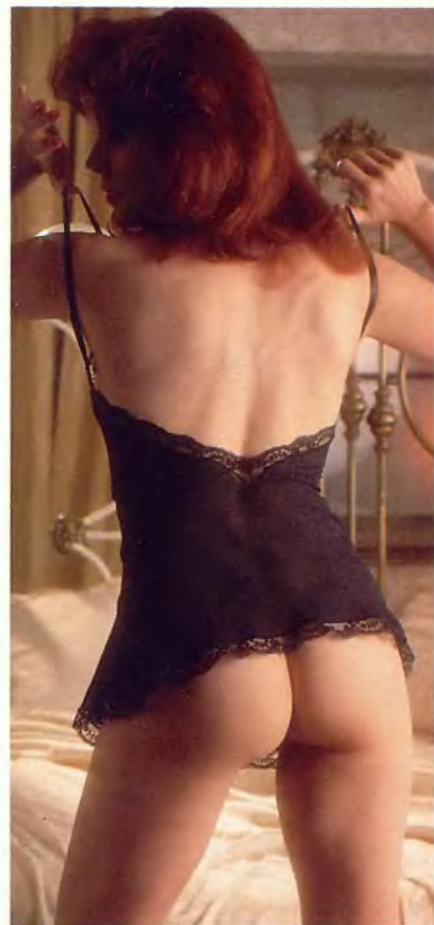
BIG BLUE



KING BEE



FUTURE FASHION



BAND AID

"THE PRIDE OF BALTIMORE"—WRITER-DIRECTOR **BARRY LEVINSON**, OF *DINER*, *TIN MEN* AND *RAIN MAN* FAME, HAS BEEN CALLED THE MASTER OF THE MALE ENSEMBLE—A PROFILE BY **DAN GREENBURG**

"KING BEE"—A BOY'S OBSESSION LEADS HIM INTO A SWARM OF TROUBLE THAT ENDS IN A STICKY TALE OF TERROR—BY **T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE**

FRED (HUNTER) DRYER TALKS ABOUT BUSTING OUT OF FOOTBALL AND INTO TELEVISION, ADMITS THAT PLAYING A DICK HAS HELPED HIM BEAT TRAFFIC TICKETS AND GIVES US THE LOW-DOWN ON GAYS IN THE LOCKER ROOM IN A FRANK **"20 QUESTIONS"**

PAMELA DES BARRES, GROUPIE *EXTRAORDINAIRE* AND AUTHOR OF *I'M WITH THE BAND*, BARES BODY AND SOUL IN TEXT AND PICTORIAL

"MY BROTHER'S FIRST CLIMB"—A RUGGED TRIP IN THE HIGH SIERRAS BRINGS TWO MEN MUCH TOO CLOSE TO DEATH—BY **CRAIG VETTER**

"FANCY'S GROUPEUR"—A RECLUSIVE ANGLER HOOKS HIMSELF A BEAST OF A BIG ONE OFF CAPE HATTERAS AND DISCOVERS THE POWER OF FAME—FICTION BY **BOB SHACOCHIS**

"ANATOMY OF A DRUG BUST"—ONE OF THE DEA'S MOST NOTORIOUSLY SCREWED-UP CASES AND HOW IT GOT BOTCHED—AN INVESTIGATIVE REPORT BY **REG POTTERTON**

BIG MAN TOM HANKS PLAYS CRITIC, ADVOCATES SAFE SEX IN FILMS AND REVEALS WHAT HE WAS REALLY LIKE AT THE AGE OF 13 IN A **PUNCHY PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"MAKING A SPLASH"—*PLAYBOY'S* GUIDE TO THE DEEP BLUE YONDER. A SCUBA DIVER'S MANUAL OF WHERE TO GO, WHAT TO DO AND HOW TO DO IT IN STYLE WITH STATE-OF-THE-ART GEAR. PLUS, THE ULTIMATE UNDERWATER THRILL: A DIVE OFF THE EXOTIC MALDIVE ISLANDS—BY **GEOFFREY NORMAN**

SSSSSSST—WE'RE KEEPING OUR NEXT MYSTERY PICTORIAL A SECRET, BUT HERE'S A HINT: SHE'S A MEDIA PERSONALITY WHO'S SURE TO RATE HIGH

PLUS: "RETURN OF THE MARTINI," BY **JIM ATKINSON**; FOUR DESIGNERS PREDICT FUTURE TRENDS IN MEN'S FASHION; A FIERY GLIMPSE AT ONE OF THE WORLD'S FASTEST PRODUCTION CARS—THE TWIN-TURBO CALLAWAY CORVETTE; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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IT'S AS REAL AS IT GETS**

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