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JULY 1989 • \$4.00

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“Would a PLAYMATE
Kidnap a Kirin?”



I thought I'd seen everything. From blood-thirsty crocodiles to blind dates. Now this. Four gorgeous PLAYMATES. One of them kidnapped a Kirin. No surprise, since wherever the Kirin appears, good times always follow. I swallowed hard. (There went my last piece of chewing gum.) My only clue was an exotic purple feather. I needed help. Fast."

2 She's got million-dollar looks... and a ten-cent alibi. She claims to have spent the night in question playing "Hide the Saki" with a black-eyed bull terrier in a tuxedo.

3 Devoted Kirin lover and champion of good times, she recently directed 300 Sumo wrestlers in a production of Swan Lake. Never goes anywhere without her exotic purple parrots, "Shang" and "Hai."

4 The First Lady of Festivity. She likes to unwind with a few jackknives from the crow's nest of her posh party yacht, the "Kirin Queen."

1 Voted by her senior class "Most Likely to Throw a Bash." A world-class Kirin connoisseur, she once hired two dozen Oriental fire-eaters to heat up her hot tub.

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EXCITING PRIZES!

Here's your chance to help the Kirin Adventurer! Choose the right suspect.

GRAND PRIZE: (1) A Trip To The Set Of An Original HBO Movie Filming... Look for the film "Heist" on HBO this fall.

FIRST PRIZE: (1) A Mystery Cruise for two from CHANDRIS FANTASY CRUISES

SECOND PRIZE: (10) Limited Edition STETSON Adventurer Hats from RHE-STETSON

THIRD PRIZE: (100) How To Host A Murder™ Party Games from Decipher

PLAY THE KIRIN/PLAYBOY MYSTERY SWEEPSTAKES

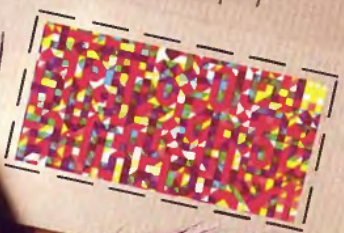
HOW TO PLAY AND WIN

- To discover which PLAYMATE would kidnap a Kirin, take the scrambler game piece on the ransom note to your participating Kirin retailer.
- Place the scrambler game piece behind the red decoder screen on The Kirin/PLAYBOY Mystery Sweepstakes display at participating retailers, and see for yourself!
- Or, call 1-900-990-5000 (\$1.50 will be billed to your telephone number), or write to Kirin/PLAYBOY Game Materials and Rules, P.O. Box 6040, Loretto, MN 55306 by October 3, 1989 to obtain the answer.
- Then, complete the coupon below and send it to the address below.

OFFICIAL RULES—THE KIRIN/PLAYBOY MYSTERY SWEEPSTAKES

- ELIGIBILITY:** Sweepstakes is open to residents of the U.S.A., ages 21 and over, except residents of Texas and officers, employees and representatives of Kirin USA, Inc., Martini Importing Co., Inc., Playboy Enterprises, Inc., their affiliates, subsidiaries, judging organizations, agencies, licensed alcoholic beverage retailers and wholesalers, and members of their immediate families. Void where prohibited, restricted or taxed. Information requested regarding phone number and sex need not be furnished in order to enter.
- TO FIND WHICH PLAYMATE WOULD KIDNAP A KIRIN:** Read the Kirin ad in PLAYBOY Magazine to find written and visual clues. Take the scrambler game piece on the ransom note found in the Kirin ad in PLAYBOY Magazine to your participating Kirin retailer. Place the game piece behind the red decoder screen on the Kirin/PLAYBOY display to find the number of the PLAYMATE suspect who would kidnap a Kirin.
- TO GET SCRAMBLER GAME PIECES, CLUES AND ANSWERS:** Game pieces are available in the July, 1989 issue of PLAYBOY Magazine. Or, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope (Washington and Vermont residents need not include a stamp) to: Kirin/PLAYBOY Game Materials and Rules, P.O. Box 6040, Loretto, MN 55306 by October 3, 1989 to request a game piece, copy of the PLAYBOY Magazine ad, game answer and official rules. One entry request per household.
- IF THE DECODER SCREEN IS NOT PERMITTED IN YOUR STATE OR IF THERE IS NO DISPLAY AVAILABLE AT YOUR PARTICIPATING RETAILER,** you can write to the above address or call 1-900-990-5000 for the answer. (Please note: you will be billed \$1.50 to your telephone number for each call you make to the 989 number.)
- ENTRY INSTRUCTIONS. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO ENTER SWEEPSTAKES.** Each Official Entry Form contains the numbers of the 4 PLAYMATE suspects. Decide which suspect would kidnap a Kirin and check the appropriate box on the entry form. Complete the rest of the entry form (or send in a 3" x 5" card with your choice of suspect and your name and address), and mail it to: Kirin/PLAYBOY Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 6002, Loretto, MN 55306.
- SPECIAL OFFER INSTRUCTIONS.** If you avail yourself of the special premium offer for a 3-month trial subscription to PLAYBOY Magazine or for PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW special and indicate which suspect would kidnap a Kirin, you are automatically entered in the sweepstakes. See special offer details at the Kirin display at your participating retailer.
- Special offer void in Hawaii, Maine, Missouri, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Texas and Utah.** Enter on offers as you like, but each entry must be mailed separately. No mechanically reproduced entries will be accepted. All entries must be received no later than October 31, 1989. Not responsible for late, lost or misdirected mail.
- DRAWING.** Winners will be chosen in a random drawing of all correctly answered entries to be held on or about November 10, 1989. The drawing will be conducted by Deans Marketing, an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. Odds of winning depend on the number of qualified entries received.
- GENERAL.** All prizes are non-transferable. No prize substitutions except by sponsor due to unavailability. Taxes on all prizes are the sole responsibility of winners. Odds are subject to all applicable federal, state and local laws and regulations, and is void where taxed, prohibited or otherwise restricted by law. All prizes will be awarded and all travel must be completed by December 1, 1989. One winner per household. Winners will be notified by mail. Major prize winners will be required to execute an Affidavit of Eligibility and Liability/Publicity Release within 21 days of notification or prize will be awarded to an alternate. Companion of travel prize winner will be required to execute a Liability/Publicity Release within 14 days of notification. Winners and travel companions agree that Kirin USA, Inc., Playboy Enterprises, Inc. and Martini Importing Co. will have no liability in connection with the Kirin/PLAYBOY Sweepstakes. Winners consent to the use of their names, photographs or other likenesses for purposes of advertising and promotion on behalf of Kirin USA, Inc. or Playboy Enterprises, Inc., without further compensation to the winners. All travel, hotel and all other travel accommodations will be subject to availability and 45-day advance purchase before departure. All air travel is coach class, and all hotels will be determined by Kirin USA, Inc. By entering, participants agree to these rules and the decisions of the judges.
- WINNERS LIST.** No telephone requests for information about winners will be accepted. For a list of grand and first prize winners, send a separate, stamped, self-addressed envelope by December 15, 1989 to: Kirin/PLAYBOY Winners List, P.O. Box 6059, Loretto, MN 55306.
- PRIZES.** Sweepstakes prizes and their approximate retail values are as follows:
 - GRAND PRIZE**—A trip for two to the set of an original HBO movie filming consists of: round-trip coach-class air travel via U.S. carrier. Accommodations for two nights at a select domestic hotel. Spending money: \$300.00. Retail value \$1,500.00/person.
 - FIRST PRIZE**—A cruise for two from Chandris Fantasy Cruises consists of: round-trip coach-class air travel to point of cruise embarkation (San Juan), double occupancy cruise cabin, meals and entertainment, transfers and taxes. Retail value \$1,500.00/person. Alcoholic beverage and cruise stopover and shopping expenses not included.
 - NOTE:** All trips must be taken before December 1, 1990. Certain restrictions apply. Accommodations and travel subject to availability, and HBO filming schedule.
 - SECOND PRIZES**—Limited Edition Stetson® Adventurer Hats courtesy of RHE-Stetson. Retail value \$110.00 each.
 - THIRD PRIZES**—"How To Host A Murder"™ party games from Decipher. Retail value \$27.00 each.

Dear
adventurer
Have got Kirin!
couldn't resist
good times
anything else is
for the birds
cheers



ENTER THE KIRIN/PLAYBOY MYSTERY SWEEPSTAKES! OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

The Kirin Adventurer Needs Your Help! To enter you must check the PLAYMATE you suspect "would kidnap a Kirin":

- Suspect 1 Suspect 2 Suspect 3 Suspect 4

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone Number (____) _____ Age _____ Sex _____

For Sweepstakes Entry, Send To: Kirin/PLAYBOY Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 6002, Loretto, MN 55306.

SPECIAL PLAYBOY OFFER! For a 3-month trial subscription to PLAYBOY Magazine or for the exciting PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW special, see details at your participating Kirin retailer or write to Kirin/PLAYBOY Offer Information, P.O. Box 6040, Loretto, MN 55306. All requests for material must be received by October 3, 1989. Special offers expire October 31, 1989.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO ENTER SWEEPSTAKES. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED. OPEN TO PERSONS AGE 21 AND OVER. Employees of Kirin, its importers, distributors and wholesalers not eligible for sweepstakes or special offers. SEE OFFICIAL RULES. All completed sweepstakes entries must be received by October 31, 1989.



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Professional riders pictured. Please ride safely. Read your owner's manual carefully. Always wear a helmet, eye protection, and protective riding apparel. Remember, riding and alcohol or drugs don't mix. Take a riding skills course. For the course nearest you call the Motorcycle Safety Foundation at 1-800-447-4700.

**Suggested retail price. Dealer's actual price may vary. Price does not include dealer prep, freight, taxes, license and title fees.*



PLAYBILL

AS YOU KNOW women have come a long way, er, baby. Many of them are powerful. Some even buy us dinner. In addition to their own cigarette, they now have careers and Filofaxes. They also have husbands, babies, babies with diaper rash, housework, mortgages and other exhausting reminders of their own mortality. Doing it all, it turns out, exacts its price. A new generation of females has been watching and is responding with some survival plans of its own. One such scheme resurrects an old standard: snagging a rich guy. How does the modern career-steeped woman do that? She creates an agenda, of course, says **Marcia Froelke Coburn** in *The Return of the Designing Woman*, an eye-opening article that makes us wonder which weighs in more heavily in feminine calculations—our hearts or our wallets? Read it.

Just when you think TV news programers have tried everything to grab your attention, here comes reporter/producer **Shelly Jamison** of Phoenix' channel ten with her very own *TV News Knockout* pictorial, shot by Senior Staff Photographer **Pompeo Posar** and free-lancer **James Schnepf**. Says the television journalist who was discovered during our 35th Anniversary Playmate Hunt: "For once, I felt like being the subject." And a compelling one she is. Compelling in quite another way is *B-Movie Bimbos*, a look at the bosomy babes from all those bloodcurdling thrillers—with heartfelt text by **Joe Bob Briggs**, who, as host of The Movie Channel's *Joe Bob's Drive-in Theater*, knows his bimbos. And speaking of thrillers, don't miss this month's fiction, *A Sleep and a Forgetting*, **Robert Silverberg's** odd tale about talking with dead people, with accompanying illustration by world-renowned artist **Peter Max**.

Larry Heinemann's 1987 National Book Award winner, *Paco's Story*, focused on a fictional Vietnam veteran who suffered from posttraumatic stress disorder. For this month's *The Road from Afghanistan* (illustrated by *Playboy's* Art Director emeritus **Arthur Paul**), Heinemann traveled to Russia, where, eerily, he found similar symptoms among the *Afghantsi*, the Soviet troops who have returned from the war in Afghanistan. That luckless country has been called the Soviet Vietnam, and Heinemann plans to incorporate his material into a nonfiction volume about Vietnam veterans and delayed stress syndrome.

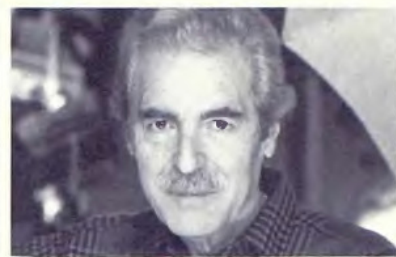
A few years ago, a pundit declared that money was the new sex—hey, just ask **Ivan Boesky**. Our long-held personal conviction that sex is really the new sex has recently been shaken by a small but intense group of *Playboy* editors who want to change all that. They think golf is the new sex. And that's why we've titled their special report on the game *By Golf Possessed*. Special thanks go to writers **Brian McCallan**, **John Andrisani**, **Chris Hodenfield** (for coaxing **Greg Norman's** tips out of him) and **Paul Engleman** (for his golf-instruction video and hook charts). We wonder, Do these guys smoke after they—pardon the pun—play a round?

July's *Playboy Interview* subject, Fox Inc. chairman **Barry Diller**, describes himself as "difficult," but that didn't stop seasoned celebrity interviewer **Kevin Sessums**, who came away with an informed look at one of the movie industry's newer legends. Contributing Editor **David Rensin**, a *20 Questions* regular, chatted up another legend—**William Shatner**, a.k.a. Admiral (formerly Captain) James T. Kirk of the U.S.S. Enterprise, whose first feature-film directorial gig, *Star Trek V: The Final Frontier*, will be at your theater any day. **Steve Chapple** and **David Talbot** look at life with the oddball kingpins of California's porn-film industry, San Francisco's **Mitchell brothers**, for this month's chapter in their series *Burning Desires: Sex in America* (illustration by **Rafal Olbinski**). The book version, from Doubleday, is on store shelves now. By the way, in the not-too-distant future, we think you'll be seeing a big change in home videos—whether they're porn or not. To see what we mean, turn to *Picture Perfect*, **Edward Rothstein's** report on video discs—which, he predicts, will soon become standard.

And one last word to the wise: Check out Miss July, our real-life Valley girl/aspiring actress Playmate **Erika Eleniak**. You'll be seeing her on television, soon.



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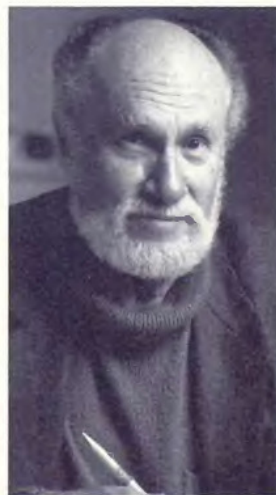
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PLAYBOY®

vol. 36, no. 7—july 1989

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COVER STORY

Broadcaster Shelly Jamison uncovers a lot more than the news this month in our exclusive news-making pictorial. Shelly was photographed by Contributing Photographer Richard Izui for the cover, which was designed by Senior Art Director Len Willis and styled by Shellee Wells. We thank Richelieu Pearls, New York, for Jamison's jewelry, Vidal Rodriguez for styling her hair and Mary Elking for make-up. "Testing," quips the Rabbit.

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Rave Review

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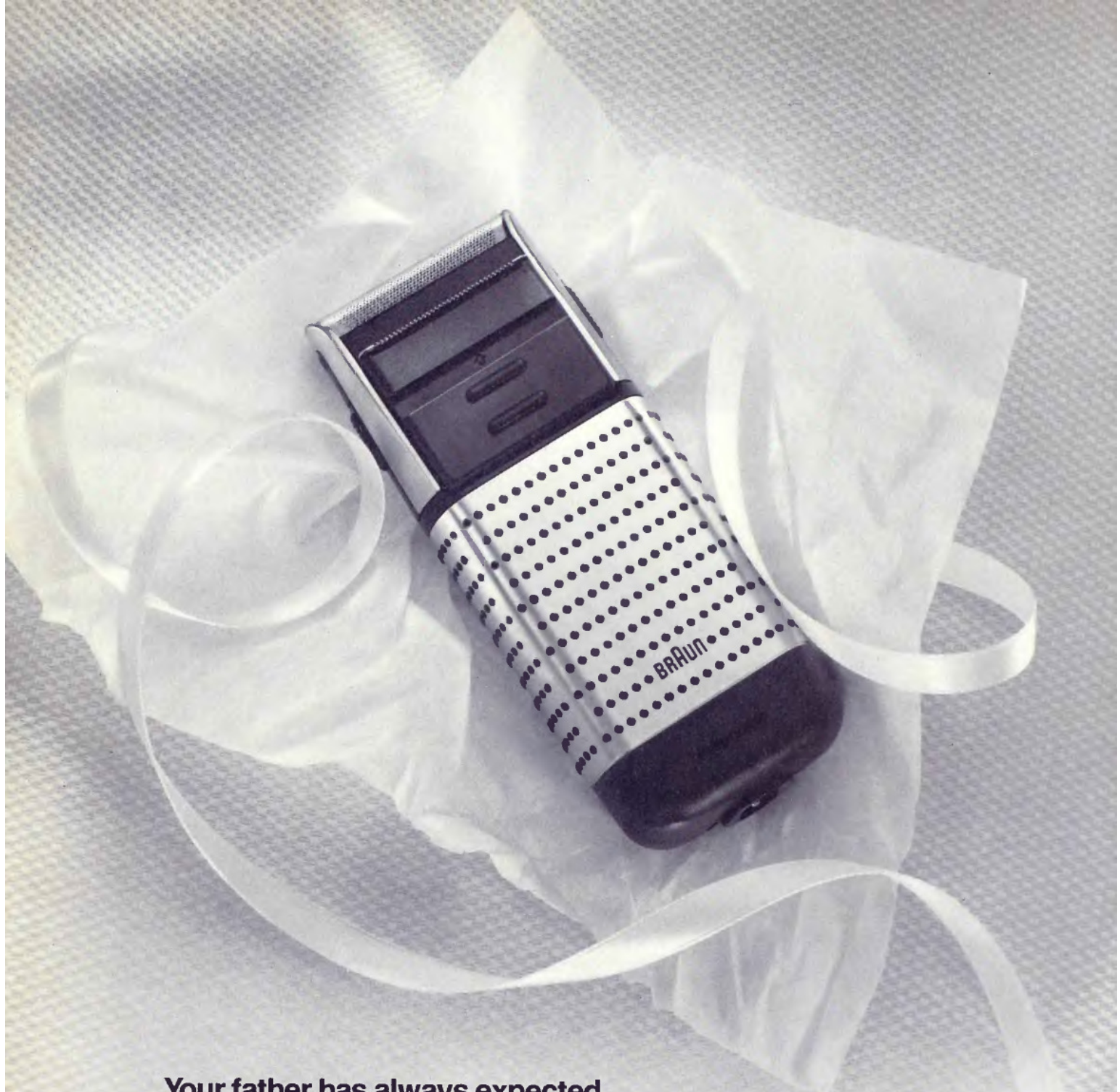
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INTERVIEW WITH THE I.R.A.

Kudos to Morgan Strong for his courage in risking his life to obtain the *Playboy Interview* (April) with the Irish Republican Army provo and Gerry Adams and Danny Morrison of Sinn Fein. Compliments also to *Playboy* for having the courage to publish it.

The British agenda in Ireland is genocide. It has been for 800 years. The Brits' most powerful tool for concealing the truth of their state terrorism from the American people is the cooperation of the United States State Department.

If an Eastern bloc nation treated civilian nationals the way Britain's war machine treats the Irish, our Government would attack it with economic sanctions and every other means. But when these things happen in Great Britain, we turn a deaf ear.

No member of Sinn Fein has been able to come here and address Congress. The same cannot be said for British prime minister Margaret Thatcher. Shamefully little information about Britain's brutality reaches the press here. We are cut off from the facts by a wall of silence.

Jana R. Meehan

St. Louis Committee for a Free Ireland
St. Louis, Missouri

The interview with Danny Morrison, Gerry Adams and the anonymous I.R.A. "soldier" should put to rest any doubts as to whether or not the I.R.A. is a terrorist organization. From it, one can plainly see that the I.R.A. is, indeed, a terrorist organization that employs subversive, violent methods to make a statement. It is the I.R.A., not the British government, that has brought the many hardships upon the Northern Irish citizens.

How can the I.R.A. compare the bombing of Germany at the end of World War Two to its illegal activities against innocent British citizens? The bombing of Nazi Germany was a direct result (and not a subversive one) of World War Two, while the I.R.A.'s illegal activities are a *cause* of its war.

I applaud Morgan Strong for his drive to get sensible answers from a situation that appears far less than simple or sensible to the average observer.

David R. Pitcock
Arlington, Texas

My compliments to Morgan Strong on an intense, comprehensive and overdue interview with the I.R.A. provisional and the two representatives of the I.R.A.'s political wing. I hope that it, along with Strong's previous interview with Yasir Arafat (*Playboy*, September 1988), awakens some of the public from their one-dimensional, Chuck Norris views on "bad guys" (i.e., the I.R.A. and the P.L.O.) and "good guys" (the British and the Israelis).

As a young American who has spent a substantial portion of his life in Belfast, I fear that the British will continue to erode their own civil rights in the name of anti-terrorism, thereby driving more people to the terrorists' ranks, particularly the young, who have few job prospects but much pride and anger.

Derek P. O'Brien
Malmstrom AFB, Montana

When Ronald Reagan was elected, I had great hopes for a change in U.S. policy toward Britain regarding Ireland. What we did get from the supposedly Irish Reagan was rhetoric about human rights in South Africa, Afghanistan and Central America. Did Reagan forget his roots? I think not. No Irishman forgets whence he came. Reagan simply did not have the balls to stand up to a longtime ally and say, publicly, "Maggie, what you are doing in Ireland is no longer acceptable!" The conflict will go on for another 800 years unless the U.S. demands the same of England that it does of the Soviet Union—human rights and the right of self-government.

Michael Damian Fitzsimmons
Poway, California

You have my appreciation for helping educate Americans on "the troubles" in



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Northern Ireland. As the Irish-American son of a man born and raised in Belfast's west side, I find it frustrating that most Americans are ignorant of the true injustices in the north of Ireland. Violence is not the answer, however.

I have to wonder if the civil rights movement against similar injustices in America would have been half as effective had blacks turned to violence instead of listening to the wisdom of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Irish-Americans do wish to help the cause, but, unfortunately, in many instances, it's help our friends and relatives in Northern Ireland don't want.

John Heaney
Dayton, Ohio

The argument that in the six northern counties of Ireland (Ulster) there is a Protestant majority that wants to be a province of England may be correct, but it ignores the fact that in the 17th Century, during a period known as The Ascendancy, the British imported loyal Scots and granted them huge amounts of land stolen from the Irish. To learn about the human side of this struggle, read the novel *Trinity*, by Leon Uris.

John F. Kennedy said, "Those who make peaceful revolution impossible make violent revolution inevitable." Perhaps the British are reaping what they have sown.

Howard Kincaid
Fort Worth, Texas

Three cheers for your interview with the I.R.A. You humanize the struggle taking place in Ireland, and you show great integrity in challenging a touchy situation. It's too bad that British government representatives refused to be interviewed.

Mike Schumacher
Princeton, Minnesota

The I.R.A. is a small group of terrorists, pure and simple. John Hume, a member of the British and European parliaments and the leader of the Social Democratic and Labor Party in Northern Ireland (a party that draws membership from both communities), said at his party's conference in November last year that "of the two thousand seven hundred and two people who have died in the current troubles" (since 1969), those "describing themselves as Irish Republicans have killed six times as many human beings as the British army, thirty times as many as the R.U.C. [the civil police force] and two hundred and fifty times as many as the Ulster Defense Regiment." Now, set these figures against Adams' claim that Sinn Fein and the I.R.A. want democracy for the people of Ireland.

The democratic process is fully available to everyone in Northern Ireland. In the last general election, in 1987, Sinn Fein polled 11.4 percent of the total vote; in the 1987 election in the Republic of Ireland, it

polled 1.9 percent of the first-preference votes. If, as Adams says, "the people of Ireland support us," why, then, did his party receive only 116,322 votes from a possible 3,500,000, the combined electorate of both parts of Ireland, in the 1987 elections? It is because of Sinn Fein's failure to win support at the ballot box for its goal of a united democratic-socialist republic that the I.R.A. resorts to murder and mayhem.

Francis Cornish
Counselor, Information
British Embassy
Washington, D.C.

BURNING DESIRES

Speaking as a reader of *Playboy* for more than 30 years, I think part one of *Burning Desires: Sex in America*, by Steve Chapple and David Talbot, in the April issue, is the nastiest and most disgusting article I've



ever read in the magazine. I can hardly wait for parts two, three and four.

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

I started reading *Playboy* when I was just about to become a man, because it had articles of interest to and about men. For a while, it seemed that *Esquire* had more material suited for me. But, in your April issue, both *Burning Desires: Sex in America* and Asa Baber's *Men* column talk to me and are much more in tune with who I am today. I'm looking for more positive, upbeat, it's-good-to-be-a-man stuff to offset the onslaught of *Cosmopolitan*, *Glamour* and other publications, with their male-bashing covers.

Tony Leisner
Winnetka, Illinois

FIRE IN THE BELLY

I'm no Don Johnson, but I certainly can appreciate an exotic, all-American sports

car. Brock Yates's article *Fire in the Belly* (*Playboy*, April) describes as accurately as words can the awesome power of what can only be called a four-wheeled rocket. Being privileged to own production number 112 of 185, a 1987 Callaway Corvette, I have discovered the true meaning of auto erotica. I'm an airline pilot and ex-Air Force jock who has found nothing closer in quality workmanship and thrilling speed to a supersonic jet than a Callaway Corvette. Yates's article mentions that no Callaway existed in the Chicago area as of presstime. Guess what's burning up the suburbs? Should there be any skeptics left at *Playboy*, all I can say is, "Got a g suit?"

Bob Schineller
Carol Stream, Illinois

WHY MOVIE VIOLENCE DOESN'T WORK

Senior Staff Writer James R. Petersen's *Why the Movies Don't Work for Me* (*Playboy*, April) is a piece of precise writing of which I'd like to read more. The man has a voice.

The only fault I found is in his father's philosophy of never throwing a fight's first punch. I disagree. My father, who fought from Omaha Beach on D day to Germany, always told me, "Whenever you have to fight somebody, make damn sure you *have* to, then make damn sure you get in the first lick." Being gallant in the movies is expected; being gallant in life can get you dead.

Alfred T. Whitehead II
Cape Cod, Massachusetts

KARL MALONE

I enjoyed Peter Knobler's profile of Utah Jazz power forward Karl Malone (*The Mailman Cometh*, *Playboy*, April), but I wonder if Malone realizes that N.B.A. refs may read the article and make note of his admission that he sometimes hits an opposing player or sticks an elbow into him "just for the hell of it," on the assumption that, because he's a star, the refs won't call a foul on him. He may be right, but if he isn't, calling attention to his strong-arm tactics may get him fouled out of more games than he'd planned on.

Wilbur Lewis
Gary, Indiana

OH, THOSE COLLEGE GIRLS

Having been comfortably nestled in the Pacific Northwest all my life, I've always been a diehard supporter of the Pac 10 conference. However, when I saw your *Girls of the Big East* pictorial (*Playboy*, April) and, most notably, Boston College's Vera Sobey, I was converted! Miss Sobey is one of the most beautiful women ever to grace the pages of *Playboy*, so please make her a Playmate. If not for my sake, do it for Mike Dukakis. He could use something to smile about these days.

Eric Keller
Seattle, Washington





Traffic radar doesn't say which car is being clocked, it merely flashes a number. The radar operator must then try to determine which vehicle produced the reading.

Why radar makes mistakes. How to protect yourself.

Although nine different errors have been documented for traffic radar, the most common source of wrongful tickets is mistaken identity.

It's hard to believe, but traffic radar does not identify which vehicle is responsible for the speed being displayed. It shows only a speed number and nothing else. The radar operator must decide who is to blame.

How radar works

The radar gun is aimed at traffic and it transmits a beam of invisible radar waves. Each moving object within range reflects these invisible waves back to the radar gun. Using the Doppler principle, the radar calculates speed from the reflected waves.

Traffic radar is blind

Traffic radar works differently from military, air-traffic-control, and weather radars. The others use rotating dish antennas in order to track many objects simultaneously.

Traffic radar uses a far smaller, far cheaper, gun-shaped antenna. This simplification requires traffic radar to ignore all reflections but the strongest. The number displayed is speed calculated from the strongest reflection.

The best guess

Remember, these reflections are invisible. Truck reflections can be ten times stronger than car reflections. How can the operator know for sure which vehicle is responsible for the number?

The truth is, he can't be sure in many cases. The result is mistaken identity. You can be ticketed for somebody else's reflection.

Self defense

The only way to defend yourself against these wrongful tickets is to know when radar is operating near you. Others agree with this method. In his verdict upholding a citizen's right to use a radar detector, Judge Joseph Ryan, Superior Court, District of Columbia, wrote:

"If government seeks to use clandestine and furtive methods to monitor citizen actions, it can ill afford to complain should the citizen insist on a method to effect his right to know he is under such surveillance."

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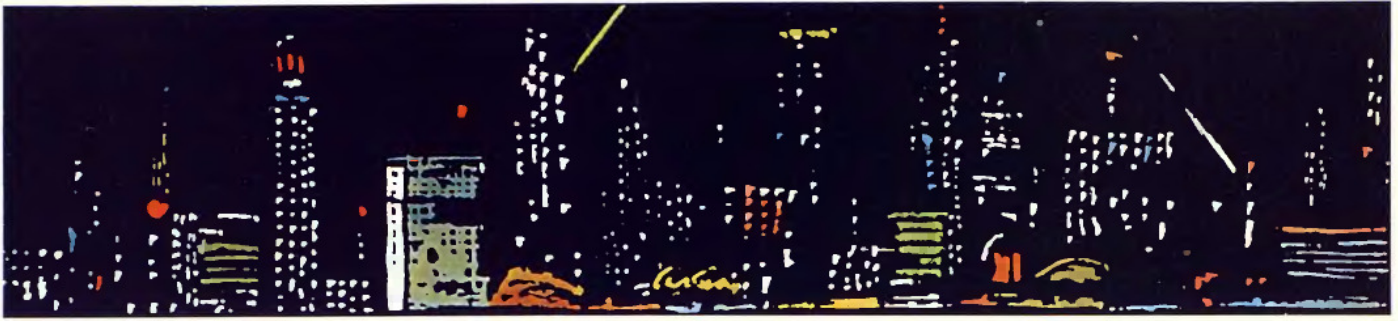
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



WAYNE NEWTON, THIS ONE'S FOR YOU

Black flowers were a very hot item back in the Forties, after Brenda Starr's elusive comic-strip lover, Basil St. John, sent her black orchids from afar.

Now black roses are raising their shadowy little heads among the Beverly Hills and Hollywood crowds. Florists there say they get orders for the dyed blooms for funerals, weddings and as mid-life-crisis jokes for 40th birthdays.

"It's the environment out here," said Dave Hunter of Century City Florist on the Avenue of the Stars. "We have a lot of people—male and female—with power. They're often married, have affairs and then end them. It's the spurned lover who usually sends the black rose," he explained. But sometimes, the meaning isn't so clear. Hunter remembered the time someone sent black roses anonymously to an entertainment lawyer as a birthday joke. His wife called the next day, terrified. She thought it was a death threat.

Some florists just won't do black. "It's a despicable practice," huffed Jef Hackbarth of Jef's . . . an Affair with Flowers. "They look hideous. I won't send anything black—or dead flowers, either," he ruled, allowing that "maybe if you're into Devil worship, it's an appropriate gift." In California, that's an important consideration.

QUEEN KONG

The camera pans from a woman's spike heels, up shapely fish-net-hosed legs to a leather miniskirt, a bustier and, hmm, a gorilla mask. The gorilla speaks: "I'm a Guerrilla Girl, and I'm not angry that female artists make one third of what male artists make on commissions."

We recently beheld that politically sexy scene in *I'm Not Angry*, a very funny video produced by the Guerrilla Girls, a Manhattan-based group of women artists who have formed "the first women artists' terrorist organization." Its aim is to mock art galleries and museums that don't give women artists a fair shake. While its message is earnest, the group's real turn-on is its wit. We like the woman in the video who bubbles, "I'm a Guerrilla Girl and I'm not

angry. Anger is not part of our vocabulary. Pissed, yes; pissed is part of our vocabulary."

To further illustrate their professed *sang-froid*, the girls—we use this term advisedly—often slap up posters around Manhattan. ONLY FOUR OF THE 42 ARTISTS IN THE CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL ARE WOMEN, says one, which is signed, A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE FROM THE GUERRILLA GIRLS, CONSCIENCE OF THE ART WORLD. They also lecture, perform and sponsor art shows. Their "The Guerrilla Girls Review the Whitney" exhibition lampooned the Whitney Museum's 1987 male-dominated review of contemporary American art. The girls' show featured such pieces as a huge metal target shaped like a breast at which viewers shot darts. CAN YOU SCORE BETTER THAN THE WHITNEY CURATORS? asked an accompanying placard.

This being the type of cleverness we find so attractive in a woman, we set out to meet the Guerrilla Girls, which is more difficult than it sounds. Its membership is a closely guarded secret. Ultimately, we flushed out an insider who insisted that millions and millions of Guerrilla Girls are all over the place—"just like McDonald's." She said



even Nancy Reagan wants to join. "Her gowns," the spokesguerrilla pointed out, "will look just wonderful topped off by a gorilla mask." Who said the meek shall inherit the earth?

GREED IS NOT GOOD

In Los Angeles, we saw our first anti-greed bumper sticker: HE WHO DIES WITH THE MOST TOYS . . . IS DEAD.

MOB BELL

When Joseph Ferriola, reputed Syndicate leader, died of kidney failure this past March, reports of his death revealed a little-known first. Ferriola was "reputedly the first gangster to have a car phone," said the *Chicago Sun-Times*. Ring-a-ding-ding.

M-M-M

Product of the month: Armour Potted Meat Food Product. Our favorite ingredients? Beef tripe, beef hearts, cooked beef-fat tissue solids, partially defatted beef fatty tissue, "natural flavorings" and sodium nitrite.

HAPPY FLAG DAY

Maybe you've heard about the Art Institute of Chicago student "Dred" Scott Tyler, who cooked up a project called "What Is the Proper Way to Display a U.S. Flag?" that kicked up a ruckus among veterans. Tyler asked art appreciators to record their thoughts about his work in a book positioned over an American flag that lay, rug-like, on the floor. Anybody who wanted to comment had to stand on the flag—and that, the protesters said, was desecration.

For days, agitated citizens suggested various grisly fates for Tyler and his project. Leading the charge was Walter Dudyecz, an Illinois state senator who was nearly arrested for personally trying to rescue Tyler's flag. Fate took a curious turn when newspaper columnist Mike Royko reported that Dudyecz had distributed flag-decorated litter bags to his constituents during a political campaign. Licking the egg off his face, Dudyecz defended his garbage bags by saying that his flags weren't really flags but *images* of flags, apparently a simple

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Well, when I got off the plane, I was expecting my luggage, but it didn't come."—Albert Kostenevich, a curator at the Hermitage art museum in Leningrad, when asked whether he'd arrived in the United States with particular expectations, quoted in *The New York Times*.



A VERY EARLY POLL

According to an ABC News survey, the top Democratic contender for the 1992 race: Edward Kennedy, with support from 26 percent of those polled. Other contenders: Mario Cuomo, 19 percent; Michael Dukakis, 15 percent; and Jesse Jackson, 15 percent.

CAN WE TALK?

Most popular city in America for random-sample telephone market research: Des Moines, Iowa.

FACT OF THE MONTH

The average age of the airplanes now being flown for major American commercial airlines is 12.67 years.

POL POWER

Number of popularly elected officials at all levels of government in the United States: 504,404.

Number of popularly elected officials at the local-government level, 485,691; at the state level, 18,171; at the Federal level, 542.

Number of American citizens per elected official: 478.

Average number of elected state officials per state: 363.4.

State with the lowest number of elected state officials: Delaware (80). State with the highest number: Pennsylvania (1156).

State with the lowest number of elected state and local officials: Hawaii (160). State with the highest number: Illinois (38,936).

Percentage of elected officials who are white, 97; black, two; Hispanic, one; women, 20.

CHITS OF STATE

Yearly salary of the U.S. President, as of January 1989, \$200,000; of the British prime minister, \$113,700; of the Japanese prime minister, \$172,600; of the West German chancellor, \$194,200; of the general secretary of the Communist Party in the U.S.S.R., \$30,000.

Other top-ranked choices: Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Indianapolis, Indiana; and Boulder, Colorado.

Least favorite cities for random-sample calls: Anchorage, Alaska, and Honolulu, Hawaii.

DOING TIME

Number of prisoners in American prisons per 100,000 residents, 228; in British prisons, 96; in West German prisons, 85; in Japanese prisons, 45.

EATS

Percentage of total caloric intake derived from protein in the average American man's diet: 16. Percentage of total caloric intake derived from protein in an ideal diet: around 15.

Percentage of total caloric intake derived from fat in the average man's diet, 37; in an ideal diet, less than 30.

FEELING GNARLY

Percentage of time ninth-graders say they are in a bad mood: 11. Percentage for fifth-graders: six.

Percentage of time ninth-graders say they feel great: 12. Percentage for fifth-graders: 25.

SPOTLIGHT



Rib man Wendt.

Veteran Hollywood actor **George Wendt** is best known for his portrayal of Norm, the plump, beer-slurping house painter on NBC's *Cheers*. Speaking with Wendt, we quickly discovered that he shares Norm's affection for beer: "Nobody's that good an actor," confessed Wendt. We wondered whether maintaining Norm's chunky physique posed any problems.

"Are you kidding? That's all me. I've lost a few pounds jogging, but I don't think there's any danger of my being too thin. I still like to eat an awful lot."

Take, for example, ribs: "I can eat three, four slabs, no problem," said Wendt, noting that he prefers his own rib recipe. For our readers' edification, Wendt passed along his barbecue secrets.

"You need both a smoker and a grill. I prefer the baby back ribs without too much fat. Start by putting the ribs in a smoker. On the bottom, put hickory, black-oak, apple-, cherry- and maybe orangewood chips, and in the water pan above the smoking wood, put water, beer, garlic, rosemary and a couple of busted-up oranges, rinds and all. Then lay the ribs on the rack a couple of levels over the pan and let 'em smoke. You gotta get that smoke flavor in the meat. It's in our DNA; it goes back to Neanderthal times. We gotta have that smoke-on-the-meat thing.

"Add more wood chips as the meat smokes for two, maybe three hours. Then take the ribs out of the smoker and put them on a regular grill over charcoal and finish them off for about a half hour. Put on the sauce during the last five minutes."

What kind of sauce? "The best commercially available sauce I can find," admitted Wendt, demurely adding that "if there's a barbecue-sauce manufacturer out there that is interested in having me try its sauce, I'm willing and available. Send it to me care of *Playboy*." And does Wendt serve any side dishes with his barbecue?

"Sure. Beer." No recipe included.

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And now we're pleased to introduce you to our latest. One that we believe reflects even more of the 214 years of our Stroh family heritage and brewing tradition.

We hope you like it, since we don't plan on making another change for at least the next century.



MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

AN ADVERTISING executive charged with promoting a dubious new pimple cream suddenly develops an unattractive boil on his neck. Worse yet, the boil turns out to have a mind of its own, as well as a voice, "like your very own Big Brother," eventually spouting hard-sell slogans *ad nauseam*. That comic conceit propels *How to Get Ahead in Advertising* (Warner) from rude hilarity to wretched excess, which makes it pretty much a hit-or-miss satire. Still, writer-director Bruce Robinson gets good mileage from an overworked subject. Richard E. Grant, star of Robinson's *Withnail and I* a year or so ago, exudes manic energy as the frenzied adman, with Rachel Ward as his gorgeous, dumfounded wife, driven to suspect that the creep she married has been reconstituted as a carbuncle. **★★½**

Cinematically, the bold Brits keep coming on strong, and no major movie so far this year has displayed more bare flesh and outspoken sexuality than *The Rainbow* (Vestron). Based on a D. H. Lawrence novel that was denounced as obscene in 1915, *Rainbow* was adapted by that wild man of moviedom, director Ken Russell (with his wife, Vivian, as co-author) and introduces characters who reappear in Lawrence's celebrated *Women in Love*. That, too, became a Ken Russell film and brought Glenda Jackson her first Oscar as Best Actress of 1969. She's now portraying the mother of the girl she played then, Gudrun, whose rebellious sister Ursula (Sammi Davis) is a typical Lawrence heroine—ripe and ready to explore any new frontier. As a school-girl, Ursula has a lesbian fling with her favorite teacher (Amanda Donohoe), poses nude for a sadistic painter (Dudley Sutton), defies her father to take up a teaching career, finally lets herself go with a lusty young soldier (Paul McGann) but rejects his offer of a dull, safe future in marriage. Davis' headlong intensity lends color to what might have been a conventional coming-of-age tale, and Russell helps by giving his best shot to make *Rainbow* glow with sympathy for Lawrence's exceptional women. **★★★**

"Is this heaven?" "No, it's Iowa," replies Kevin Costner, trying to explain why he has built a baseball diamond in his cornfield to accommodate some players who have been dead for decades. Among the ghostly stars who show up in uniform is "Shoeless Joe" Jackson (Ray Liotta), with teammates from the infamous Chicago "Black Sox," banned from the sport for taking bribes back in 1919. Corn may be the key word to describe *Field of Dreams* (Universal), writer-director Phil Alden Robinson's adaptation of a novel by W. P.



Grant, Ward getting Ahead.

Looking for a film topic?
Try zits, lesbians, incest,
Indians and, oh, yes, baseball.

Kinsella. Despite cornball touches, the movie works on several levels, thanks to easygoing performances by Costner and by Amy Madigan as his amazingly patient wife. Burt Lancaster and James Earl Jones check in with vivid cameos as a couple of surreal figures steeped in baseball history. To his credit, Robinson keeps the whimsical tone under control. *Dreams* is a disarming fantasy if you go with it, though literal-minded moviegoers may feel someone has thrown them a wicked curve. **★★½**

The image that stays with you at the end of *Powwow Highway* (Warner) is of two modern Cheyenne Indians in a rusted-out 1964 Buick, roaring across the vast Western landscape their noble ancestors once owned. Buddy and Philbert (grittily played by A. Martinez and Gary Farmer) are on a rescue mission from Lame Deer, Montana, to Santa Fe, New Mexico, where Buddy's sister has been jailed on a trumped-up charge. The Indians consistently outwit the cowboys in this trenchant social comedy, directed by Jonathan Wacks from a screenplay full of irony, mischief, mysticism and righteous rage. There are, of course, the usual Government stooges trying to chip away the natives' cultural heritage as well as their mineral rights. Even so, *Highway* is as fresh as a mountain spring, plunging good-naturedly into territory too seldom explored in film. **★★★**

Barbara Carrera, Carrie Fisher and Kirstie Alley are among the neglected old-

er women paying to pass the time with a younger man (Patrick Dempsey) in *Loverboy* (Tri-Star). He's a pizza-delivery boy trying to earn college tuition by servicing 43 restive Beverly Hills housewives at \$200 a pop. Some of them ask little more than dance practice, and Dempsey—a versatile young comedian who starred as the teenaged Lothario of *In the Mood*—is boyishly engaging even in an unsavory sexist role as a male prostitute. Depraved teenyboppers would seem to be the target audience for *Loverboy*, which was directed with zest and energy by Joan Micklin Silver, of all people. Silver had better luck with the buoyant humor of last year's *Crossing Delancey*. Here, she's handicapped by a screenplay (charge the error to Leslie Dixon and Tom Ropelewski, a married writing team) laboring mightily to wring charm from imminent incest when the collegiate hustler unwittingly goes to turn a trick with his own mom in a hot-sheet motel. As Mom, Kate Jackson is more to be pitied than censured. Give *Loverboy* low marks for questionable taste and worse timing. **★**

In startling contrast to *Loverboy's* slick vulgarity is *On the Make* (Taurus), a youth film with something to say. Shot on a penny-ante budget by 24-year-old director Samuel Hurwitz, this cautionary tale deftly captures the frenetic energy and rhythm of the club scene. It's also a showcase for a slew of noteworthy new talent. Bobby and Kurt (played by Steve Irlen and Mark McKelvey, both giving the Brat Packers cause for concern) are former high school buddies—Bobby an incurable romantic hoping to replace the girl who dumped him, Kurt looking to rack up his 100th one-night stand. *On the Make* begins with a funeral, followed by flashbacks, sharply edited and set to an effective original musical score. The screenplay is slight, the over-all mood just right for the first message movie to educate youthful, hyperactive heterosexuals about the risk of AIDS. While sophisticated adults may scoff, confused teens are likely to find comfort in the timeless cliché that true love's a many-splendored thing. **★★½**

With his promising first feature, *Signs of Life* (Avenue), director John David Coles limns a poetic small-scale portrait of life in a sleepy Maine fishing village where things ain't what they used to be. Veteran actor Arthur Kennedy, long absent from the screen, scores with his portrayal of a crusty boatyard owner on the verge of bankruptcy who's bedeviled by the very palpable ghost of his father (Will Patton). Beau Bridges, Kevin J. O'Connor, Kate Reid, Vincent Phillip D'Onofrio, Michael Lewis and Mary Louise Parker deepen the local color as various townfolk bracing

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PRAYER TO THE HEALING SPIRIT



Holy big break for Wuhl.

OFF CAMERA

"Running hot," which means working a lot, actor/stand-up comedian **Robert Wuhl** (pronounced wall) has had his biggest hit to date in *Bull Durham*, playing the tobacco-juicy pitching coach who sidles up to the mound and suggests that, for a teammate's wedding, "candlesticks make a nice gift." Before that, he was Robin Williams' fellow deejay in *Good Morning, Vietnam*. Wuhl, 34, may soon be remembered more for his role in *Batman* as a journalist with a romantic streak. "He's a real Carl Bernstein character. And I get to kiss Kim Basinger, so my stock's going up. I didn't get it right the first time," he says with a chuckle. "My momma didn't raise no fool." Now *Bull Durham* writer-director Ron Shelton, currently filming *Blaze*—with Paul Newman starred as Governor Earl Long, who risked his kingdom for famed stripper Blaze Starr—has hired Wuhl to play a rascal named Red, who introduces Blaze to the tinsel world of burlesque. Wuhl's stock started climbing when he got his first job after college—writing jokes for Rodney Dangerfield. He landed the gig by knocking on Dangerfield's dressing-room door and delivering a monolog in his best Dangerfield voice. He broke into acting in the 1980 cult film *Hollywood Knights*, which pops up at regular intervals on cable TV. "Fans still approach me on the street and ask, 'Aren't you Newbomb Turk?'" Between films, Wuhl continues to do a stand-up act he describes as "urban Garrison Keillor," and he's booked for his own HBO special. That's his hedge against the uncertainties of stardom, a smart move for a guy whose improvised comedy scenes were once cut from the final version of a movie called *Flashdance*. "A shame," he recalls. "Had they used me, the picture might have become successful."

themselves to meet changing times, unemployment, disappointment, fading dreams. Despite a few risky sequences, *Signs* is a movie of minor aspirations with just enough folksy humor and simple humanity to keep its fantasy on an even keel. **★★**

If *Listen to Me* (Weintraub/Columbia) is an accurate measure of the political climate, there must be a tidal wave of conservatism building up in Hollywood. Writer-director Douglas Day Stewart (whose screenplay for *An Officer and a Gentleman* depicted patriots in love) has fashioned a youth drama for young fogies, set at a California college where debating appears to be the favored team sport. Roy Scheider's the coach, Jami Gertz and Kirk Cameron (of TV's *Growing Pains*) his top-seeded contenders. Never mind a sudsy subplot. *Listen to Me* reaches its climax at a championship student debate in our nation's capital, where three out of five Supreme Court Justices praise Jami and Kirk for their emotional arguments *against* abortion and *for* repealing the *Roe vs. Wade* decision that granted women the right of choice. The kids' losing adversaries are a couple of smug Harvard liberals, Ivy League but not Bush league. **★**

A French colonial officer's lovely young wife (Giulia Boschi), living in an isolated corner of Cameroon, Africa, with too much time on her hands, becomes preoccupied with the strong sexual presence of a black household servant named Protee (played powerfully by Isaach De Bankolé). The feeling is mutual, and while nothing comes of it—except for one fleeting, furtive touch—*Chocolat* (Orion Classics) stretches a mere thread of narrative into a rich, subtle portrait of life among the privileged whites who still ruled Africa some 30 years ago. French director Claire Denis, making an impressive debut with this subtitled feature, spent part of her childhood in Cameroon and tells the story mostly in flashbacks through the eyes of a child (Cécile Ducasse). Although inconsistent and so stubbornly understated that it feels stalled by heat exhaustion at times, *Chocolat* is scenic, sensitive and unabashed in its regard for women drawn to dangerous men, regardless of color. **★★★**

A slightly square, 30ish and virginal London hair stylist named Gavin (Jesse Birdsall) profits from several close encounters with women in *Getting It Right* (M.C.E.G.). As a wealthy adventuress on the party circuit, Lynn Redgrave blithely leads Gavin into the way of all flesh, preparing him for on-and-off relationships with a shy shop assistant (Jane Horrocks) and a titled, hyperneurotic minx (Helena Bonham Carter, *A Room with a View*'s reserved heroine, in a striking change of pace). Director Randal (Grease) Kleiser employs Peter Cook and Sir John Gielgud in peripheral roles to give this minor comedy of manners additional clout. **★★**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- The Adventures of Baron Munchausen** (Reviewed 4/89) Terry Gilliam's classic cornucopia. **★★★★**
- Chances Are** (5/89) Reincarnation lights the moon for Cybill Shepherd. **★★★**
- Chocolat** (See review) Sexual repression out of Africa, French style. **★★★**
- Cold Feet** (6/89) Homicide on the range, but far too little fun. **★½**
- Comedy's Dirtiest Dozen** (Listed only) Stand-ups offering shock therapy. **★★½**
- Crusoe** (6/89) Aidan Quinn in a revisionist remake, sans Friday. **★★½**
- Dead Calm** (6/89) All at sea with Sam Neill and a woman in jeopardy. **★**
- The Dream Team** (6/89) Certified nuts on a comic romp around Gotham. **★★★**
- Earth Girls Are Easy** (6/89) Geena Davis shows L.A. to extraterrestrials. **★★½**
- 84 Charlie MoPic** (6/89) War through a combat photographer's lens. **★★★**
- Field of Dreams** (See review) Costner conjuring fantasies on the mound. **★★½**
- Getting It Right** (See review) Another hairdresser obsessed by women. **★★**
- High Hopes** (4/89) Thatcher's England scored in a super true-Brit satire. **★★★**
- How to Get Ahead in Advertising** (See review) Zit cream paves the way. **★★½**
- Lawrence of Arabia** (5/89) Epic, awesome and absolutely one of a kind. **★★★★**
- La Lectrice** (Listed only) Stylish French eroticism, entirely by the book. **★★★**
- Let's Get Lost** (6/89) Photographer Bruce Weber's compelling, atmospheric ode to late, great jazzman Chet Baker. **★★★½**
- Listen to Me** (See review) Pro-life but antediluvian youth drama. **★**
- Little Vera** (5/89) Blue-collar blues in the U.S.S.R., with Natalya Negoda. **★★★½**
- Loverboy** (See review) Teen trickster. **★**
- Miss Firecracker** (6/89) Deep in redneck country, brash is beautiful. **★★★**
- New York Stories** (Listed 6/89) In a trio of wry urban tales, Woody Allen's comic gem is the one that really matters. **★★★**
- On the Make** (See review) Timely AIDS-era tale of youth or consequences. **★★½**
- Powwow Highway** (See review) A couple of Indians stage a last stand. **★★★**
- The Rainbow** (See review) Another take on D. H. Lawrence, by Ken Russell. **★★★**
- Scandal** (5/89) Christine Keeler, John Profumo and other party animals shaking England's Parliament circa 1963. **★★★**
- Shell Shock** (Listed only) Soldiers' tales after the Yom Kippur war. **★★½**
- Signs of Life** (See review) Boat people. **★★**
- ★★★★ Outstanding**
- ★★★★ Don't miss** **★★ Worth a look**
- ★★★ Good show** **★ Forget it**

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT



For Bronson Pinchot, video viewing is all in a day's work. The actor whose art-gallery cameo nearly stole *Beverly Hills Cop* has gone on to TV's *Perfect Strangers* and the big screen's upcoming *Second Sight*.

"Mostly," he says, "I buy tapes for research. Like when Balki was hypnotized and woke up as Elvis, I bought a bunch of Elvis videos, mostly documentaries. Or when I did a performance piece about manhood in the Thirties, I bought Clark Gable's *Red Dust*, Robert Taylor's *Waterloo Bridge* and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.'s, *The Thief of Bagdad*." Pretty impressive, but what about videos viewed strictly for pleasure? Replies Bronson: "*Gone with the Wind*, *The Wizard of Oz*, *Captains Courageous* and *Mary Poppins*. Oh, yeah, and the entire Shirley Temple library; the packaging, the style, the tone, the pure fun—they're like art-deco ice-cream sundaes, you know what I mean?" You bet. —LAURA FISSINGER

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Ball Talk, Baseball's Voices of Summer: Magic moments relived by six of the game's best-known broadcasters. Larry King hosts (J2 Communications).
The Commies Are Coming! The Commies Are Coming!: Jack Webb narrates vi-

gnettes replete with the Red-menace paranoia of the Fifties (Rhino).

Nudes in Limbo: Fifty-three minutes of free-floating naked men and women, set to soothing mood music. Inventive, pretty and downright sensuous—a blast for parties (MCA).

Hollywood Home Movies: Behind the scenes with the stars: John Wayne playing ping-pong with Dick Powell, Gregory Peck as a 14-year-old cadet, Phyllis Diller on water skis, Candice Bergen toddling at 19 months (MPI).

VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

The Decline of Western Civilization, Part II (The Metal Years): You don't have to like heavy-metal music to relish these interludes, plus interviews with hard-rock stars, upstarts and worshipful groupies.

Gizmo! A barrel of laughs disguised as a documentary, it features wild inventors with their mad devices in rare old newsreels and far-out film footage.

Ground Zero: Fact bolsters fiction in a neglected 1988 Australian drama about a nuclear conspiracy down under, decades ago. Colin Friels and Jack Thompson are the adversaries clashing over the cover-up.

Street Smart: Lively crime melodrama has Christopher Reeve as a New York reporter but will be remembered mainly for Morgan Freeman's electrifying stint as a sadistic pimp, which made him a 1988 Oscar nominee. —BRUCE WILLIAMSON



COUCH-POTATO VIDEOS OF THE MONTH

Face it; there's something about Larry, Moe and Curly that only guys can appreciate. You'll be in *nyuk-nyuk* heaven with the 25-volume *Three Stooges* collection from RCA/Columbia.

COUCH-TOMATO VIDEO OF THE MONTH

Ladies: Tired of your man watching *Stooges*? Grab his attention with *How to Strip for Your Lover*—a "how-to" for you, a turn-on for him (Frontline).



THE HARDWARE CORNER

A Real-Time Saver: One of the best features we've seen in ages is on Yamaha's top-shelf Super VHS deck (YV-1110S): a real-time counter. With it, you can find something that happened, say, three minutes into a tape, rather than fussing with random counters that recycle at 9999.

The Big One: Sony's 46-inch floor-model projection TV (KPR-46DX10) is the couch potato's dream: It has picture-in-picture options, including a full-height split screen (for those torn between two stations), a movable second-source corner inset, seven-image scanning of other channels and its own instant replay—a repeatable, two-second digital freeze that allows you to keep your eye on the picture long after the network has gone to commercial. All this for a mere \$4599.95.

Enlightening: Camcorder light fading? Ambico's One-Gun Powerlight (V-0850) combines high-energy light and rechargeable nickel-cadmium power pack, \$149.95.

SHORT TAKES

Stupidest Video Title: *Mustard: The Spice of Nations*; **Favorite Video Investigation:** *Behind the Veil: Nuns*; **Least Subtle Samantha Strong Porn-Video Title:** *Coming on Strong*; **Best Not-a-Bad-Way-to-Spend-the-Month Video:** *Four Weeks to Fuller, Firmer Breasts*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *Dutch Foot Stools*; **Best Laugh-a-Minute Video:** *Nixon's Most Memorable Speeches*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Construction of an Insulated Concrete Sandwich Wall*.

VIDEO MOOD METER

this month: series mania—when one tape just isn't enough

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING COMBATIVE	Hollywood Goes to War (CBS/Fox's big-screen World War Two series, including <i>The Desert Fox</i> , <i>Patton</i> and <i>The Longest Day</i>); Warlords (Hitler, Rommel, MacArthur and others in a seven-docuvideo set from HBO); Vietnam War Story (HBO's brilliant, award-winning anthology; two volumes).
FEELING SLEUTHISH	Sherlock Holmes (the complete Rathbone-Bruce collection—14 tapes in all, Key); The Thin Man Collection (six delightful installments with William Powell, Myrna Loy and their dog, Asto, MGM/UA); Charlie Chan Mysteries (the master in seven newly released classics, Key).
FEELING NOSTALGIC	Key's Betty Grable Collection (those gorgeous gams in a nine-tape set, including <i>Pin Up Girl</i> and <i>Moon over Miami</i>) and Charlie Chaplin Centennial Collection (<i>City Lights</i> , <i>Modern Times</i> and nine more); MGM/UA's Silent Classics (five new titles, including <i>Ben-Hur</i>).
FEELING ANIMATED	Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles (four wild tapes, including <i>Heroes in a Halfshell</i> and the new <i>The Shredder Is Splintered</i> , Family Home Entertainment); DuckTales (Donald in six quackerjack volumes, Disney); Beany and Cecil (a comeback continues in a 13-tape set, RCA/Columbia).

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

FROM ROCK and pop to second-line neoclassicism and cocktail funk, the Neville Brothers have made lots of commendable albums since 1977, when the four of them invested their collective 80-plus years of professional experience in a single group. But only *Yellow Moon* (A&M) has accomplished their cherished goal of taking New Orleans into the future. Although gumbo purists will claim that producer Daniel Lanois, longtime associate of new Nevilles sideman Brian Eno, isn't greasy enough, the old beats are there in all their sweet, swaying syncopation. And if Lanois downplays trap drums in favor of subtler percussive devices, getting a coolly sublime sound that's sophisticated without ever whispering lounge, the material thrives under the treatment. From black-history lessons such as *My Blood* and *Sister Rosa* to the New Orleans neoclassics *Voo Doo* and *Wild Injuns*, these are the group's most articulate songs ever. It's no surprise that brother Aaron sings the shit out of *With God on Our Side*—this man has sung the shit out of the *Mickey Mouse Club* theme. But wait till you hear what brother Art, aided by a cunning bottleneck guitar, does with *The Ballad of Hollis Brown*.

Fine Young Cannibals' *The Raw & The Cooked* (I.R.S.) isn't sublime, or ridiculous, either. Slight, maybe, but entertaining. Fronted by the cutting vocal attack of *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid* sex symbol Roland Gift and completed by bass player David Steele and guitar player Andy Cox, English Beats vets, the Cannibals have turned from bastard *ska* to the undeniable pop that English Beat mastermind David Wakeling has jawed about since he broke up the band. With *She Drives Me Crazy* mounting the charts as I write, this one could make somebody rich. Enjoy.

NELSON GEORGE

Roachford and Gail Ann Dorsey are black, but, like Living Colour, they don't fit the traditional view of how black pop artists should sound. And unlike white fellow British performers Boy George and George Michael, who work hard at being funky, Roachford and Dorsey sound funky and rocky and, more often than not, poppy. In the current U.S. market place, that means that their introduction here will not come via black radio but through pop radio and even MTV.

Keyboardist-vocalist Roachford leads a frisky three-piece band through songs with strong hooks and the vitality of good rock and roll. His self-titled debut album was the rage in the U.K. last winter, while he cemented his reputation with a kick-ass live show. True to his rep, *Roachford* (Epic) suggests a live-band energy lacking in most new high-tech black pop.



A Neville Moon.

Gumbo music for the Nineties, plus hot black Brit pop.

Dorsey was born in Philadelphia, where she learned to play bass and sing. About five years ago, she moved to London and became a session musician in demand. Last summer, with the aid of another American bassist, Nathan East, she released *The Corporate World* (Reprise/Sire), one of the most critically acclaimed U.K. albums of 1988. And quite brilliant it is. Supporting her husky, strident voice are songs of love (*No Time*), politics (*The Corporate World*) and songs that balance both themes (*Where Is the Love?*). The arrangements are crisp, elegant and even surprising—sometimes reminiscent of Steely Dan, sometimes of David Bowie circa *Station to Station*. Dorsey's *Corporate World*, like Roachford's debut, shows that London is incubating a community of commercial yet nonstereotypable black musicians.

VIC GARBARINI

Some disgruntled rocker once argued that most critics like Elvis Costello because most critics look like him. More to the point, many rock scribes *think* like Costello—they're bitter, disillusioned idealists. On *Spike*, Costello's first release for Warner Bros., the song *Deep Dark Truthful Mirror* just about says it all. There are also ditties about Stalin, Macbeth and the imagined pleasures of stomping on Maggie Thatcher's grave. The politics may be correct, but, typically, the attitude is all acerbic nastiness. C'mon, Elvis, no affirmation about anything? True, this is his most musically adventurous album in years, with help

from the likes of Roger McGuinn, the Chieftains and the Dirty Dozen Brass Band. But even they can't lift the dark center of his work to any kind of catharsis or transcendence of the misery he documents. The exceptions are his unlikely collaborations with Paul McCartney. On the slightly Beatlesque *Veronica*, they combine strengths and mitigate each other's excesses, à la Lennon and McCartney. Elvis' lyrics about a senile grandmother are given wings by Paul's uplifting musical structures—proving that the music itself, sometimes in spite of the words, can transmute a song to a different level. Elsewhere, I'm sure Elvis is giving us as honest a picture of the world as he can, but it's missing

GUEST SHOT



SCOTTISH SINGER/actress *Sheena Easton* is the first musician ever to have hit the top five on each of Billboard magazine's five singles charts. Again relishing crossover success with her latest LP, *"The Lover in Me,"* Easton assayed *"A New Flame,"* the second LP by *Simply Red*.

"I'm uncomfortable in the role of a reviewer; but I wanted to do *A New Flame* because I saw *Simply Red* in concert about three years ago and thought it was one of the best new live acts around. I still prefer the rawness I heard that night to the slicker production sound of *A New Flame*. But what comes through, anyway, is Mick Hucknall's voice—he truly *could* sing the phone book. Also, he writes political lyrics—as on *Turn It Up* and *She'll Have to Go*—particularly well. I liked the tunes he wrote here with Lamont Dozier. I was immensely impressed with *If You Don't Know Me by Now*, a Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes classic. Vocally, Mick pulled it off—no small feat. Now, if only *Simply Red* can work its live sound onto the next record. If you like *A New Flame*, go see this band live."



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FAST TRACKS

R

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Neville Brothers <i>Yellow Moon</i>	10	6	7	8	7
Bonnie Raitt <i>Nick of Time</i>	6	7	5	8	7
Was (Not Was) <i>What Up, Dog?</i>	9	6	2	10	7
Elvis Costello <i>Spike</i>	6	6	8	5	7
Fine Young Cannibals <i>The Raw & The Cooked</i>	8	7	7	8	8

YOU CAN'T GET WHAT YOU NEED DEPARTMENT: The Stones' Bill Wyman has opened a chain of fast-food restaurants in England called Sticky Fingers, decorated with Stones memorabilia. No word on the menu.

REELING AND ROCKING: Quincy Jones will be the musical consultant on Taylor Hackford's film bio of Ray Charles. . . . Former teen idol Frankie Valli has roles in two movies: *Eternity*, starring Jon Voight, and *Modern Love*, with Robby Benson. . . . George Michael's managers are looking for a movie for him. They say no to rock-and-roll scripts per se and yes to anything new and different. . . . Busy Appollonia has two films in the can and two more in the works, plus a stage show, an exercise video and two albums, one in English, the other in Spanish. . . . A Russian rockumentary, *From Russia with Rock*, was screened at the San Francisco International Film Festival. It shows bands performing at the biggest rock festival in Soviet history and also charts the fortunes of an underground band from Siberia. It's worth a look.

NEWSBREAKS: Look for a Steve Winwood Showtime special. . . . Just thought you'd like to know: Last year was the best in history for the record industry. Dollar volume topped six billion. That's a lot of zeros. . . . Sting plans to do *The Threepenny Opera* on Broadway this fall. . . . David Bowie will make another album later this year and perform a greatest-hits tour in 1990. . . . PolyGram will release a six-album Allman Brothers anthology, including never-before-heard material. . . . San Diego-based Revolutionary Comics has published one about Guns n' Roses and its rise to fame. The company plans to issue quarterly comics about

rock bands. . . . Billy Idol's album *The Charmed Life* will be out any second. . . . Lamont Dozier has written the book and 12 songs for his Broadway musical *Angels*, which is being considered by Andrew Lloyd Webber's company. . . . Dolly Parton's Dollywood Foundation has developed a program that promises a college scholarship to every student who graduates from any of the three high schools in Dolly's home county in Tennessee. This incredible program will be administered in conjunction with Hiwassee College, which is also located in the county. . . . Mark Knopfler, Tina Turner, Bruce Cockburn, Bonnie Raitt and members of Pink Floyd have recorded a song called *Spirit of the Forest* to benefit the Rain Forest Action Network. The tune was written by Gentlemen Without Weapons. . . . Buck Owens and Ringo Starr have teamed up to record Owens' *Act Naturally*, which was a hit for both of them in the Sixties. . . . Michelle Shocked is back in the studio recording her second L.P. . . . A court decision has cleared the way for more of Jim Morrison's poetry to be published. Another Morrison book, *Wilderness: The Last Writings of Jim Morrison, Volume One*, has become a best seller. . . . In other Doors news, Robbie Krieger is working on an album. . . . Finally, in the art-imitates-life category, Dave Stewart and Etta James went down to Avenue D in New York to shoot a video called *Avenue D*, to coincide with the movie of the same name. Gun-toting teens and crack dealers threw rocks and debris at them as the words to the song "Everywhere you look on Avenue D, there's a crack pad" boomed out over the speakers. Said James, "It was strange, because the music and the reality are the same."

—BARBARA NELLIS

a vital dimension—that of affirmation and hope in the face of adversity. Perhaps *Spite* would have been a better title than *Spike*.

DAVE MARSH

When rock gets arty, funk usually flies out the window. With *What Up, Dog?* (Chrysalis), Was (Not Was) goes beyond all its funky art-rock predecessors. These guys are not only funky: On such tracks as *Walk the Dinosaur*, they're outright funny. Chief composers David and Don Was have wisely placed their music in the mouths of a skilled pack of Motor City master musicians, headed by singers Sweet Pea Atkinson and Sir Harry Bowens. Get the CD so you can hear them rip up Otis Redding's *I Can't Turn You Loose*, along with their boho-soul classics *Spy in the House of Love* and *Out Come the Freaks*.

Don Was also produces pop records, including Bonnie Raitt's latest, *Nick of Time* (Capitol), on which uptown horn and rhythm section is balanced against Raitt's husky voice and always-gorgeous slide guitar, an unlikely but immediately appealing blend. Raitt has always had a good ear for songs, and in addition to the title track, which she wrote herself, she picks up on John Hiatt's *Thing Called Love*, Larry John McNally's near-anthem *Nobody's Girl* and Bonnie Hayes's *Love Letter*. Raitt's music has been marginalized by the rigidity of pop and rock formats in the past decade; these arrangements place her smack in the middle of a contemporary scene that's slowly opening up again.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Since the breakup of the Police, Andy Summers has pursued a variety of solo efforts in which he has appeared determined not to repeat himself. Great guitarists usually need great front men, and without Sting at the rudder, Summers has often been adrift. Not any longer. *The Golden Wire* (Private) has the intricacy of jazz, the hooks of pop and the atmosphere of New Age—sort of Booker T. and the MG's crossed with the Gyuto Monks. I just can't get four or five of its tunes out of my head, so I ask, Who needs a front man, anyway?

Fixtures on the Southern rock scene for many years, the Swimming Pool Qs have never quite enjoyed national recognition, despite the perceptive and catchy songwriting of leader Jeff Calder. My theory of their lack of huge success is twofold: (1) Their name sucks and (2) their style was too traditional at a time when only artsy-fartsy weirdness was allowed out of Atlanta. With a new record company and a new album, *World War Two Point Five* (Capitol), which deserves a serious hearing, the S.P.Q.s ought to go somewhere this time. The national mood seems more in tune with Calder now. *I'd Rather Feel This Pain (Than Be Nowhere)* should be the theme song for the new sobriety movement.

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K.T. OSLIN: This Woman	1 0 0 5 7 9
KENNY G.: Silhouette	1 0 0 6 0 3
VIVALDI, THE FOUR SEASONS	1 1 5 3 5 6
D.J. JAZZY JEFF & THE FRESH PRINCE: He's the D.J. I'm The Rapper	2 6 4 1 3 4
KARYN WHITE	1 0 0 8 3 2
ROY ORBISON: Mystery Girl	1 0 0 8 4 2
THE SUN STORY	2 4 4 5 3 4
WINGER	1 0 0 8 3 0
TCHAIKOVSKY: 1812 OVERTURE Sofli/Chicago Symphony	1 2 5 1 7 9
TRACY CHAPMAN	1 5 3 5 8 2

RANDY TRAVIS: Old 8 x 10	1 0 0 0 0 8
VAN HALEN: DUB12	1 5 0 9 1 3
SEGOVIA PLAYS PONCE	1 6 3 5 7 9
DIRTY DANCING: Original Soundtrack	1 8 2 5 2 2
MORE DIRTY DANCING Original Soundtracks	1 3 0 7 6 6
DIRTY DANCING LIVE IN CONCERT	2 0 1 0 2 6
GUNS N' ROSES: Lies	1 0 0 8 0 5
RICK ASTLEY: Hold Me In Your Arms	1 0 0 6 8 4

CHICK COREA: Acoustic Band	1 0 1 0 0 6
LOU REED: New York	1 0 1 0 5 8
PERLMAN: French Violin Showpieces	1 1 5 4 5 7
TONE-LOC: Loc-Ed After Dark	1 0 1 0 3 3
METALLICA: And Justice For All	2 0 0 4 7 8
TIFFANY: Hold An Old Friend's Hand	1 0 0 7 0 7
BOBBY McFERRIN: Simple Pleasures	1 6 4 1 6 5

REM: GREEN	1 0 0 7 1 5
SKID ROW	1 0 1 0 3 8
GIpsy KINGS	1 0 1 0 5 9



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FLEETWOOD MAC: Greatest Hits	1 0 0 7 9 6
20 YEARS OF JETHRO TULL	2 0 0 8 1 7
DAVE GRUSIN: Collection	1 0 0 9 2 9
BEST OF DIRE STRAITS: Money For Nothing	1 0 0 7 1 3
BEST OF STEELY DAN: Decade	1 5 4 1 3 5
KISS: Smashes, Thrashes & Hits	1 0 0 7 3 6
ELVIS PRESLEY: 18 No. 1 Hits	1 7 2 1 9 0
BEST OF ERIC CLAPTON: Time Pieces	1 2 3 3 8 5
BEACH BOYS: Endless Summer	2 2 3 5 5 9



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STEVE WINWOOD: Roll With It	1 5 4 6 3 3
BEETHOVEN, SYMPH. NO. 7 Pravni/Philharmonia	1 5 3 6 2 1
MELISSA ETHERIDGE	1 6 0 3 5 2
REPLACEMENTS: Don't Tell A Soul	1 0 1 0 2 4

CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG: American Dream	1 0 0 7 1 4
CHARLIE PARKER & DIZZY GILLESPIE: Bird & Diz	1 7 3 4 1 3
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RUSH: A Show Of Hands	2 0 0 6 0 8



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By DIGBY DIEHL

NO ONE has written about the inner life of the American male lately with more comic, poignant candor than Paul Theroux in his new novel, *My Secret History* (Putnam). Like Hemingway, Theroux travels to exotic locales for adventure; like Updike, he has a wry and urbane self-consciousness; and like Henry Miller, he revels in the multifaceted joys of sex.

Told in the first person by Theroux's alter-ego narrator, Andy Parent, this book begins with Andy's sexual initiation as a Boston altar boy in the Fifties and wends its *Tom Jones* picaresque way from bed to bed into the Eighties, when he tries to juggle a seemingly idyllic adulterous arrangement, with "two of everything" in London, Cape Cod and Delhi. In the decades between, Andy luxuriates as a sun-tanned lifeguard eating whale steaks with a wealthy Armenian "Mrs. Robinson," as a Peace Corps volunteer in Nyasaland with an insatiable appetite for African girls and as a husband with wanderlust whose wife answers telephone calls from Hokkaido, Moscow and Calcutta with diminishing enthusiasm.

Early in *My Secret History*, Theroux's young hero pores over the *Henry Miller Reader* and offers a review that might apply to his own story: "It was wild, it was funny, it thrilled me." Theroux also shares with Miller a talent for rich, descriptive passages and a philosophical bent. Best of all, he writes brilliantly about people. His ability to evoke cities and countries through conversations—mastered in travel books such as *The Great Railway Bazaar* and *Riding the Iron Rooster*—has added impact in this novel, which focuses on intimate relationships. Maybe you should keep this book away from the women you love, so that they never learn these dark secrets of a man's heart.

Frederick Forsyth's books are short on lust but long on action and intrigue. It has been five years since *The Fourth Protocol*, but he still writes the toughest and tightest thrillers in the business. *The Negotiator* (Bantam) is the most complicated international labyrinth he has created (there's even a cast of characters at the beginning to help you keep track of the plot), but it holds you transfixed for nearly 400 pages. A plot triggered by the kidnaping of the President's son races through Europe and reverberates from the White House to the Kremlin right up to a shocker of a finish in the snows of Vermont. This one is so tense that every other paragraph should have a reminder for readers to breathe.

Three disparate views of the Vietnam war are explored in *When Heaven and Earth Changed Places* (Doubleday), by Le Ly Hayslip with Jay Wurts; *Buffalo Afternoon* (Knopf), by Susan Fromberg Schaeffer;



Theroux's intimate *Secret History*.

Dark secrets of a man's heart; three disparate views of Vietnam.

and *Khe Sanh: Siege in the Clouds* (Crown), by Eric Hammel. Hayslip first experienced the war as the terrified 12-year-old daughter of a peasant living near Da Nang. Tortured by the South Vietnamese, raped by the Viet Cong and prostituted by the Americans, she survived to eventually marry an American civilian contractor and emigrate to the United States. Her memories of the war are intertwined with a diary of her return to Vietnam in 1986 to see her mother. The vivid images of her childhood traumas, coupled with a mature, forgiving perspective on the war, make this an especially powerful memoir.

Schaeffer's novel about a 17-year-old kid from Brooklyn who enlists to escape his family troubles follows him through the chaotic horrors of the war and concentrates on the aftermath at home: the experience of the Vietnam vet. Pete Bravado suffers the social rejection, a trip to the psycho ward, a divorce, drinking problems and bursts of rage that mirror the unhappy pattern of many guys trying to fit back into civilian life. If the story takes melodramatic twists, so have many lives. Vietnam vets who may object to a novel about their experience by an author who never saw the DMZ should remember that Tolstoy never fought in the Napoleonic Wars, either.

Military historian Hammel gives us a remarkably personal account of a crucial 77-day battle in this remarkably personal war. *Khe Sanh: Siege in the Clouds* is retold as an oral history by the men who fought in it,

which gives the account not only a vividness and immediacy but a human perspective so many other war analyses are missing. This eyewitness montage is the ideal way to write history.

In *Intoxication: Life in Pursuit of Artificial Paradise* (Dutton), Dr. Ronald Siegel argues that the desire to get high is a basic human drive as vital as hunger, thirst and sex. He supports this controversial concept with mountains of scholarly study and controlled tests, and then confronts the question: What can society do about drugs if intoxication is a normal human need? He rejects both legalization and "Just say no" in favor of high-priority research to find "safe" intoxicants we can all take as medication for the disease of being human.

Finally, even before the paperback edition of *The Queen of the Damned* can be published, Anne Rice is back with *The Mummy or Ramses the Damned* (Ballantine). Unlike her *Vampire Chronicles*, which passionately forged a breath-taking new mythology, this novel is flat-out high camp. Ramses the Great pops out of his coffin in Edwardian England and takes off around the world with the beautiful daughter of an Egyptologist. Got it? Oh, yeah, Cleopatra has a big supporting role. Does this sound like the treatment for a TV show?

BOOK BAG

God's Ear (Holt), by Rhoda Lerman: A Jewish insurance salesman is conned by his dead father's ghost into becoming a rabbi. Humor with a distinct Hasidic spirit.

How to Buy, Trade and Invest in Baseball Cards and Collectibles (Fireside), by Bruce Chadwick and Danny Peary: Skip the hobbyist prattle and go directly to the behavioral sketches of famous baseball players at collectors' card shows. It's better than reading a supermarket tabloid.

Route 66 (Oklahoma), by Quinta Scott and Susan Croce Kelly: A nostalgic trip across North America's Yellow Brick Road in text and photographic essay. U.S. 66 linked more than the 2000 miles between Chicago and Los Angeles—it funneled the hopes and dreams of countless generations who shuttled from East to West and back. Get your kicks on *Route 66*.

The Survival Game (Mustang), by Bill Barnes, subtitled "Paintball Strategies & Tactics": Son of Capture the Flag Meets Gun Fight at the OK Corral. Tips and instructions for paintball—which the author calls America's fastest-growing team sport. Stick to roller derby. It's safer.

"*F*" Is for *Fugitive* (Holt), by Sue Grafton: In Grafton's sixth book in the alphabet series, private investigator Kinsey Millhone looks into a 17-year-old murder and gets mixed up with the Fowlers, all of whom are a little strange. Grafton's Kinsey is perfect.



By DAN JENKINS

Darlene Stump, a housewife and mother, said she had no problem with the title of her tell-all book about the life and good times of an auto-racing groupie. All along, it was going to be called *Me and Harley and Ralph and Shorty and Joe Ed and Cecil and Them Others*.

The book is a paperback original and I was Darlene's first stop on her publicity tour. We met at the 7-Eleven on Route 12, halfway between Bobcat's Cleaners and Thelma's Adult Video. Not too far from the warehouse they're turning into a combination tollbooth and disco.

Darlene said she wrote the book because she wanted to tell her side of the story.

"I was sick and tired of all the rumors and innuendo," she said. "It was time to set the record straight."

I asked her to excuse my ignorance. I wasn't familiar with the rumors and innuendo regarding her life.

"Sue Ann Grimes started most of it," Darlene said. "She's the one who told everybody in the trailer camp that Joe Ed and me was making a baby while I was living with Shorty. Among other things, this wasn't fair to my husband, Cecil."

Darlene said she got a great deal of satisfaction out of getting even with Sue Ann Grimes in the book.

"She won't be able to show her face around Daytona or Darlington anymore," she said. "I put it all in there. I put it in there about Sue Ann and Royce Adcock. How she was screwing Royce Adcock and E. T. Brunson at the same time, and even Deadeye Stearns when he was home on parole. Nobody's man was safe around that woman. It's pretty much what everybody talked about in the pits."

I asked Darlene what she liked best about automobile racing.

"Well, the men are men, if you know what I mean," she said. "You don't hear an awful lot of talk about antique furniture."

While Darlene hoped her book would sell, she was mainly happy that it got published, because writing a book would prove to everybody that she wasn't dumb.

"I am not dumb," she said as we shared a sack of Chee-tos and drank a root beer and watched 7-Eleven customers buy lottery tickets. "I went to six weeks of community college, like everybody else I know."

Her favorite event was the 24 hours of Daytona.

"But you've got to get invited to the right parties," she said. "There's a crazy group from Fan Belt, Indiana, that goes down ev-



DRIVE, SHE SAID

ery year in their campers. They know how to get it on. They don't do nothin' but eat ribs and swap wives and husbands."

Darlene confessed that she was in the process of getting divorced again—from Joe Ed this time. She had married him after she married Cecil and Shorty and Ralph.

"They all worked in the pit for E. T. Brunson's racing team and they never won shit. My whole life, I'd wanted to be with a winner. That's why I married Joe Ed. He's the crew chief for Royce Adcock's team and the best tire man I ever saw. He was the first person to shave the raised white letters off a tire to reduce wind resistance. First time I seen him doing it, I said, 'Joe Ed, I didn't know you was interested in art.' He said, 'I'm lookin' for that one eighth of a second that's gonna get us into Victory Lane.'

"Of course, the trouble with a tire man is, they don't think about nothin' but the weather."

"How so?" I asked.

Darlene said, "Baby, if you don't have the right tires on your car for the rain or the heat, you can just stay home and play with your dick."

Anybody can put the pedal to the mat and drive like a high school drunk, she said. Races are won in the pits.

"But that's the trouble with being married to a pit man. They don't think about nothin' but how to invent a contraption

that'll cool the fuel before it reaches the combustion chamber."

In a way, you could say that axle grease broke up Darlene's marriage to Joe Ed. He spent most of the time thinning it, trying to come up with a lighter lubricant to cut down on friction.

"I said, 'Joe Ed, why don't you put some of that axle grease on my body sometime?' but he didn't even hear me," Darlene said sadly.

It's all in her book about the night she left Joe Ed. How she kicked him in the nuts and said, "You've blocked off my radiator for the last time, asshole."

Darlene said her biggest thrill was meeting Third Turn Henderson at Indy.

"He's the only celebrity I've ever known personally," she explained. "There's a fairly intimate chapter about us in the book. It was the most wonderful three hours I've ever spent with anybody. People will say I made up some of his quotes—that I can get away with that kind of thing because he's dead now, but everything I say is true."

Darlene's interest in literature dated back to the time she read the life story of the Captain and Tennille. Her interest in automobile racing was even older than her interest in literature, however. In fact, she didn't understand why everybody wasn't more interested in automobile racing than any other sport.

"Cars are what people do," she said. "And everybody's a race driver, even if they aren't going nowhere but Arby's or Pizza Hut. They'll cut you off. They'll slip-stream you. You just watch 'em next time you're going somewhere."

She vividly remembered the day, as a young teenage girl, that she became fascinated with car racing.

She and Sue Ann Grimes had driven down to Daytona.

They were overwhelmed by the excitement of it all—the trucks, the tattoos, the noise.

Then, suddenly, Darlene saw this G.M.C. pickup and all the good-looking guys standing up in it.

She waved and smiled at them.

One of them held up a hand-lettered sign—and that was the clincher.

The sign said:

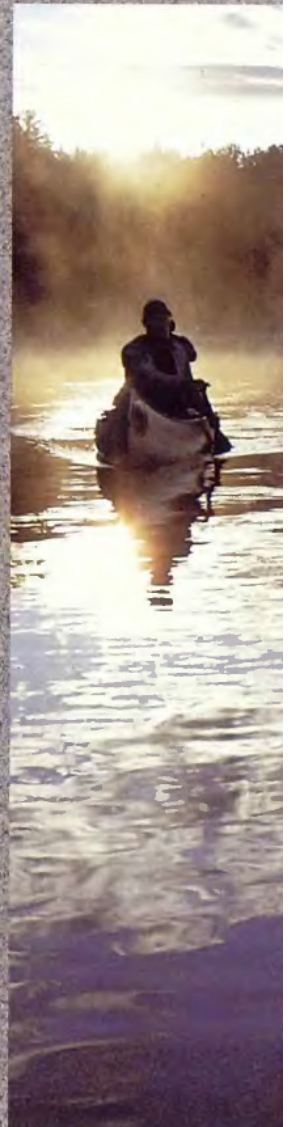
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By ASA BABER

It was unseasonably cool in Washington, D.C., even though the cherry blossoms were in full bloom and the tulips were as bright as paint.

As I always do when I visit Washington, I walked down to the Vietnam War Memorial to say hello to some friends I miss very much. Then I circled back toward the base of the Washington Monument, hearing music and amplified voices in the distance.

Sunday, April 9, 1989, was the day of the now-famous abortion-rights march that drew an officially estimated 300,000 "pro-choice" activists to the nation's capital. My unofficial estimate is that the crowd was probably twice that size, and I would guess that three quarters of the marchers were women and children. Most of the women wore white and many of them sported yellow sashes and NOW buttons. Throughout the day, there was a wonderful rush of feminine energy in the crowd.

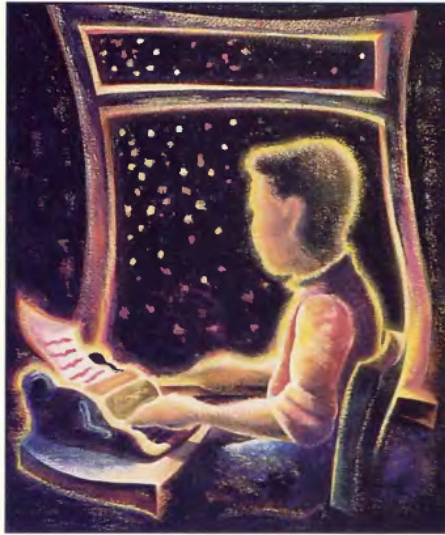
I enjoyed that energy, but I also felt slightly isolated from it. After all, this march was not totally mine. As a male, I had some unspoken questions about fathers' rights rattling around in my brain. Not only that but I also found the stated motive for the march to be off the point and out of focus. This street demonstration would sway the Supreme Court's decision-making process? Doubtful, I thought.

Walking through the immense crowd that day, I had questions that I didn't ask aloud. The few times I did try to talk to women about the issues, I was met with reserve.

My major job in Washington was to cover a conference being held the next day called Women, Men and Media. It was cochaired by Betty Friedan and Nancy Woodhull, and it was sponsored by The Gannett Foundation and the University of Southern California School of Journalism. "Our goal? To examine how women are hired, promoted and portrayed by the media," Friedan and Woodhull wrote in an introductory letter.

Monday morning dawned warm and bright, and I walked into the National Press Club wondering what was ahead of me. ASA BABER, *PLAYBOY*, my name tag read. "Wear your name tag at all times," the woman at the reception desk said sternly. I nodded that I would do so, and as I put it on, she handed out other name tags without similar admonishment.

That woman at the desk was one of only three women to speak to me voluntarily that day. Confronted with my name tag



CHERRY-BLOSSOM BOOGIE

and my presence, most of the women I saw avoided me. I was a white male writing for a magazine that bothered them and that most of them thought should be banned (as remarks later in the day proved). As such, I was sent to my own ghetto in the back of the room.

Friedan opened the conference by talking of the previous day's abortion-rights "march of millions." She also spoke of "the symbolic annihilation of women" in the media. She pointed out that while women make up 66 percent of journalism school graduates, they constitute less than ten percent of top management.

The statistics quoted during the conference were (by now) familiar and unpleasant. They show that, on average, women still are not treated equally in the media business. According to the reports presented, women earn 64 cents for every male employee's dollar in media companies. Three percent of television presidents or vice-presidents are women (eight percent in radio). Newspaper coverage of women is often scanty, with female by-lines and articles about women's issues relegated to someplace other than the front page most of the time. Ownership of media companies is primarily male, and fully qualified women are still running into a "glass ceiling," able to be promoted only so far and no further in their media companies.

No fair-minded man listening to these

statistics can be proud of them, and I make no case that things should continue as they are. But statistics tell only part of the story, and some funny things happened at the conference that proved to me, once again, that women are just as human as men—and just as prone to gloat and segregate, ignore and exclude, no matter how much they may proclaim today that theirs is a kinder, gentler psyche.

During the first panel discussion, a man named Joseph Ward, a student at Marymount University who described himself as a "young white male," stood up and asked Carole Simpson, a black senior correspondent at ABC-TV in Washington, how he would do in the present-day job market that seemed to him, in spite of the statistics, to be biased against him.

"I feel sorry for you right now," Simpson replied. "I think we're at a period of time where there is some compensatory time due. . . . Perhaps you are going to be at a disadvantage. That's new to you white males. And you'll see how it feels."

Joseph Ward sat down politely and the conference went on, but I thought a lot about the sexism that men like him will meet as this society struggles to make things equal. I thought of the blatant feminist sexism there in that room and in the culture, the ads on TV that mock men, the sitcoms that present them as nothing but jerks, the current feminist literature of sexual politics that gives men no shelf space. I wondered if Ward had registered for the draft, if he was ready for combat, if he was ready to see his rights to protect his children abolished by a divorce court.

Linda Ellerbee gave the luncheon speech. She was tough and funny and mostly fair-minded, and I would buy her a beer any day. "If you believe in equal rights, you are a feminist," she said. I knew that I fit clearly into her definition, but I also knew that it wasn't that simple anymore.

Somewhere in her talk, Ellerbee mentioned a female reporter who had threatened to kick a man's balls through his brains if he didn't get out of her way. The women in the audience roared their approval. I winced, and I imagine Joseph Ward did, too.

Late that night, I went back alone to the Vietnam War Memorial and sat in the grass and talked to my brothers for a long time. They listened kindly and silently, and I felt at home.



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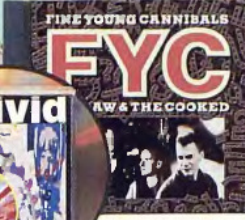
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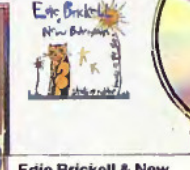
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Happiness—Love Junk
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Gipsey Kings
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Gilbert Kaplan—Mahler:
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Symphony Orchestra (MCA
Classics) 376517-396515

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Skid Row (Atlantic) 379602

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Sheena Easton—The
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Jeff Healy Band—See
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Up Dog? (Chrysalis) 375857

Kix—Blow My Fuse
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Kim Wilde—Close (MCA)
375816

Stevie Wonder—Orig.
Musiquarium I, Greatest
Hits (Tama) 314997-394999

Alexander O'Neal—All
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Jane's Addiction—
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(Warner Bros.) 375741

Samantha Fox—I Wanna
Have Some Fun (Jive/RCA)
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The Human League's
Greatest Hits (A&M)
375709

Kylie Minogue—Kylie
(Geffen) 375691

'Til Tuesday—Everything's
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Journey—Greatest Hits
(Columbia) 375279

Weird Al Yankovic
Greatest Hits
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Karyn White (Warner Bros.)
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Young—American Dream
(Atlantic) 376533

Bad Company—
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Winger (Atlantic) 374652

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Robbie Nevil—A Place
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By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

What is low self-esteem?" Where have you been? Low self-esteem is the inferiority complex of the Eighties. They are exactly the same. Chances are, low self-esteem will be an even bigger hit in the Nineties, since the daily usage of this term has increased over the past year at exponential rates. It's a happening concept. All it means is that, all data and empirical evidence to the contrary, you think you're a piece of shit.

"Funny you should say that—a very good friend of mine thinks he is a piece of shit. How does he know he just has low self-esteem? Maybe he's really a piece of shit."

It never turns out that way. If you (or your "friend") think you're a piece of shit, nine times out of ten, you're not. Did Adolf Hitler think he was a piece of shit? No. He thought he was fabulous.

Rule of thumb: If you think you're a piece of shit because you've just raped and murdered an entire village, or because you stepped on many people's throats to get a job promotion, or because you've just put your aging relative in a publicly funded nursing home so you could buy that yacht, you're right. You're a simple piece of shit.

But if you think you're a piece of shit because you . . . well, you have bad thoughts sometimes, and you're not very good-looking, and you could stand to lose a couple of pounds . . . a couple of pounds! Who are you kidding? You're a porker! And not only are you a porker but when was the last time you had your teeth cleaned? Huh? You think that shirt is becoming? You think nobody notices that gravy stain? People are smarter than you think. People are smarter than you. Everybody's smarter than you. You're just a piece of shit.

If your thoughts run along these lines, you have low self-esteem.

"I don't have low self-esteem. But if I did, where would it have come from? What's the cause?"

Television, of course. Everybody on television is beautiful and skinny and never has creased or dirty clothes. Everybody on television has a fresh outfit, perfect white teeth, gorgeously becoming hair and witty repartee to meet every situation. When they wake up in the morning, they're gorgeous. (OK, not everybody. There are the slobs, the reprobates, the criminals and the dweebs. But nobody wants to be them. That's the message of television.)



THE LOW-DOWN ON SELF-ESTEEM

Also, there're your parents. If you have low self-esteem, chances are your parents did, too. And it was too much of a burden for them, so they gave it to you and felt much better, thanks.

"OK, maybe I do have low self-esteem. I probably don't. But say I do. What's the big deal? How can it hurt?"

If it goes undetected, low self-esteem will make your life a living, raging hell. Even if you know about it, you'll probably be a miserable crud.

Here's how it works: Objectively speaking, you're a fine human being. You pay most of your taxes. You're decent, well-spoken, hard-working enough, attractive, pleasant. You deserve a life commensurate with those qualities. A faithful, loving wife. An interesting and rewarding job. A nice apartment. A Porsche.

But because you are crippled with the heartbreak of low self-esteem, you think you deserve none of that. You think you deserve a mean-spirited, nagging, withholding wife who fools around with everyone on the block. Or maybe even no wife at all; maybe you think you deserve a string of half-baked, cocaine-addled cocktail waitresses who want to become actresses and want you to help them. You think you deserve a job where they treat you like an unpleasant and incapable moron with bad

breath. And a hovel with a toilet down the hall. A rusty '76 Chevette.

And because life is funny (ha, ha), you never get what you actually, objectively deserve. You always get what you *think* you deserve. Having low self-esteem means someone else is driving your Porsche.

"Do women have low self-esteem?"

Oh, please. Women wrote the book. All women, except six-foot-tall, blonde, 100-pound, 19-year-old fashion models, have low self-esteem.

First of all, they're not men. Women can't help but notice this. That's why they formed consciousness-raising groups and burned their bras and became art historians specializing in finding lost women artists. Because everything in society tells them that men are the exalted sex. Women are taught that men are the subjects, they are the objects.

Second, they don't have the same body as the girl on the cover of the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue. Or, for that matter, the centerfold of this magazine. This makes a woman feel apologetic. She wants to beg forgiveness for her breasts, her thighs, her sorry lack of cheekbones. Sure, she'll talk cynically about airbrushing, but secretly, she's convinced that no amount of airbrushing will make her even slightly OK.

Especially the morning after the night before. The liquor, the giddiness, the intense sexual desire of the night before will make her believe she is Elizabeth Taylor. Then, the morning after, she will be her old self—a moldy dishrag.

"If women have the lock on low self-esteem, if men have it so great, why do men bother having low self-esteem at all?"

It's no picnic being of the exalted sex. So much is expected, there's so far to fall. The exalted sex is supposed to be fearless, sure-footed, a dead-eye shot, a devastating love machine with a giant hard-on that lasts forever. He should pack a crippling right hook, win the Indy 500, take his Scotch neat and never show it. Pearls of wit should dribble incessantly from his mouth. He must be a millionaire.

No men, not even 19-year-old blond fashion models, are actually like that.

"OK, you win. I do have low self-esteem. What can I do about it?"

If I knew that, I'd stop seeing a shrink, taking Valium and dating musicians.





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W O R L D C L A S S P R O T E C T I O N

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I recently dated a girl who could lock her feet behind her head—she has spent years in yoga and stretching classes. Well, I asked her if she could do it in the nude; one thing led to another and we ended up having sex. The pressure was intense. Have you ever experienced anything like this?—H. S., Trenton, New Jersey.

What are you looking for—the sordid details of the *Playboy* Advisor meets the *Human Pretzel*? Actually, this technique is described by Alex Comfort in "The Joy of Sex." He calls it the *Viennese Oyster*. But, kids, don't try this at home. Comfort warns: "Don't try to put an unsupple partner into this position—it can't be achieved by brute force. You can get a very similar sensation—unique rocking pelvic movement—with less expertise if she crosses her ankles on her tummy, knees to shoulders, and you lie on her crossed ankles with your full weight."

On an airplane, I overheard some passengers talking about State Department travel advisories. Apparently, our Government issues warnings and cautions about traveling to certain countries. My local travel agent has never heard of these or, if he has, is playing dumb. Are these reports available to the common citizen?—S. P., Chicago, Illinois.

The State Department runs an emergency center for people who are worried about the whereabouts of friends or relatives or who are trying to deal with medical emergencies overseas. The center also offers travel advisories provided by State Department staffers that range from warnings to cautions to simple travel advice. You can find out that land mines claim an unusually high number of civilian casualties in El Salvador or that it is risky photographing anti-apartheid demonstrations in South Africa. Beyond bombs and body counts, the advisories can also indicate fashion trends (don't wear camouflage T-shirts or military hand-me-downs in Ghana) and overcrowding during festivals. The advisories are available via telephone: Call 202-647-5225. And then say hello to modern technology: You punch numbers on your Touch-Tone to narrow the geographic region, finally selecting as many as three reports from an available 50 or so.

Have you ever heard of an anal violin? I came across the phrase in a story about China but could not figure out what the device was—except that it had something to do with sex. Any clues?—W. O., New Orleans, Louisiana.

"Sex A to Z," by Robert Goldenson and Kenneth N. Anderson, defines anal violin as follows: "An anal masturbation device of the Orient consisting of a hard-boiled egg or a wooden or ivory ball to which a catgut string is attached. The egg or ball is inserted in the anus, the string is made taut and a sex



partner uses a violin bow to make it vibrate. The device was especially popular among the eunuchs of the Ottoman Empire. Today, electric equivalents are used, too, as in Europe, the United States and Japan." Makes for a wonderful image, doesn't it? A bunch of eunuchs sitting around, making chamber music. Our guess is that the anal violin was the only stringed instrument not featured on "A Prairie Home Companion." Thank heaven for batteries.

I'm confused by coffee terminology; hence, my coffee suffers. Maybe a *Playboy* coffee guru can clear things up. For instance, what's the difference between Viennese, French and American roasts? Better still, what types of roasts are there? What's *café filtre*? Is it another name for espresso? What is meant by city roast? Is Jamaican a type of roast, too?—K. R., Dallas, Texas.

Our coffee guru is impressed with the sagacity of your questions—and rises to the challenge. Here's the scoop: Coffee terminology first addresses the place where the beans are grown; e.g., Brazilian is coffee from Brazil; Colombian is from Colombia; Jamaican is from Jamaica; Kona is from Hawaii; etc. Each of these has a definite style. Jamaican, for instance, is mellow, aromatic and full-bodied, while Brazilian—world leader in volume—tends to be mild and smooth but not very distinctive. Coffees from different regions are often blended together for balance.

The taste of a given coffee or blend is further influenced by the way the beans are roasted. However, here nomenclature is a bit less precise, since coffee merchants may differ in the names they give the various roasts. Coffee maven D. Mottel of *Empire Coffee and Tea* in Manhattan divides roasts into two bas-

ic groups: American and espresso. American roasts are lighter; the beans are roasted for a shorter time and at a lower temperature than espresso-style roasts. The beans, which emerge from the roaster a medium brown with a rather dry look, provide the standard cup of American coffee served in diners and restaurants throughout the land. There are, of course, variations among American roasts; some coffee merchants refer to the darker ones as city roast.

The term espresso is applied in different ways but always carries the connotation of dark, strong coffee. Espresso roasts produce beans that range in color from deep brown to brown-black and have a somewhat glistening appearance. Mottel divides espresso roasts into three categories: Viennese roast, the mildest of the three, is often combined with American roast to make the coffee a bit fuller. The deeper French roast provides a well-flavored, strong-tasting brew. It may also be referred to as Continental roast. Italian roast is the darkest espresso and the most popular. The beans are sometimes sprayed with sugar and water before roasting to enhance their depth of color and shiny look.

When you order an espresso in an Italian caffè or restaurant, it will likely be made from finely ground Italian-roast beans. Note that coffee must be made under steam pressure or it's not true espresso. *Café filtre*, which is often offered as espresso, is brewed from finely ground French- or Italian-roast beans in a small drip pot. Like the true espresso brew, it's usually served in a demitasse.

Can orgasms affect a male's strength and stamina? I have started to work out faithfully, lifting weights three or four times a week, and I have noticed that if I have sex the day, or even the day before, I exercise, I don't seem to have the strength or stamina to complete my normal routine. Although I still participate in sex, I avoid having orgasms, much to the displeasure of my girlfriend. She says it's purely psychological. Is there some type of secret ingredient that is lost during ejaculation, or is it all in my head?—M. B., Diamond Bar, California.

There is no physiological explanation for the belief that orgasm reduces stamina. However, it does reduce tension and may induce a kind of what-the-hell attitude about your workouts. If you're already getting laid, who needs to get in shape? You're perfect, right? It's all mental.

Recently, I inherited a sizable box of old 45-rpm singles. Most of them are country-and-western, rock-a-billy or rock and roll from the early Fifties and appear to be in excellent condition. I want to sell as many of them as I can, quite frankly, for as much as I can. Unfortunately, the people I have found to appraise them for me also want to



From the makers of Jack Daniel's...

buy them from me, and I can't help assuming that their appraisals may be self-serving. Is there any way to find a collector's market value for the records?—J. B., Long Beach, California.

Go to a shop and try to buy one of the records you have. See what it sells for, then determine what percentage you might be willing to take. Or consult "American Premium Record Guide," by L. R. Docks (available from Books Americana, P.O. Box 2326, Florence, Alabama 35630). But what's the rush? Why not buy an old Wurlitzer or Rock-Ola and fill it with your favorites?

My husband and I had trouble having sex for a long time because he had difficulty getting an erection. Then we moved to another apartment. We noticed that every night, the couple next door would engage in sex, and the steady, rhythmic sound they made would be transmitted into our bedroom. This sound seemed to arouse my husband so that we could make love at the same time the couple next door were doing it. This went on for about a month, until the couple next door moved away. We really missed them, and every night, my husband would put his ear to the wall, listening for some activity. I knew they were gone, but he didn't. When he put his ear to the wall, he'd say, "I think I hear them," he'd get an erection and we'd make love. Even after he noticed that they had moved away, he still put his ear to the wall

every night, got an erection and away we'd go. After a few weeks of this, I asked him how he got aroused when there was nothing going on next door. He told me that it was the sound of his own heartbeat that turned him on. It seems to work for us, but I'm wondering if this is a little unusual.—Mrs. M. G., Seattle, Washington.

Your husband's actions sound harmless. Why not rent a porn movie, turn up the VCR and listen from the next room?

Office gift giving—be it birthdays or Christmas—is a baffling experience. I never know what to get my secretary, nor how much to spend on her. I don't know which of my colleagues—both inside and outside the company—I should give gifts to. Any guidelines?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

The trend during the past few years is to tone down interoffice gift giving, concentrating on quality and thoughtfulness. Don't overdo it or you'll raise expectations for next year. First, your secretary. If she has been with you for only a short while, something that costs ten dollars or \$15 should be sufficient. Two or three years: \$25; more than five years: \$50; and more than ten years: \$100. Many people like to pick out their own gifts, and while cash is never appropriate, a gift certificate to a favorite department store or mail-order catalog may be very much appreciated. (Mind you, we don't follow these rules, which is why we're typing these letters ourselves.) When it comes to giving gifts to superiors, the

issue is tricky. Your boss may think you're trying to brown-nose him with an expensive gift. However, if there's something he likes that he can't get (a bourbon available only out of state), it's your thoughtfulness, not your showiness, that will shine through. Outside the office, stick to the IRS limit: You can deduct only \$25 as a business expense. Also, many companies have strict rules governing the acceptance of gifts. If a client gives you something lavish, return it, within 24 hours, with a note (keep a copy) expressing your thanks but citing rules beyond your control.

Apparently, my girlfriend (I should say former girlfriend) is seeing another guy. I am devastated. All I do is walk around having arguments with myself, rehearsing the things I would like to say to her if I had the chance. If I really want to make myself miserable, I imagine her with this other guy. In my whole life, I have never felt so jealous. How do you deal with the green-eyed monster?—D. W., San Francisco, California.

A study of 95 Yale undergraduates came up with several strategies for coping with jealousy. Psychologists Peter Salovey and Judith Rodin report that it is best to avoid emotional outbursts and to stick to normal routines. According to an article in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, it will be easier if you refrain from feeling angry, sad or embarrassed, if you direct your thoughts away

from the unfairness of the situation and if you resist pleading for help or advice. Think about your own good qualities, treat yourself nicely and, finally, decide that your former girlfriend wasn't so important after all. We don't know if we need a study of Yalies. The old advice works best: The best cure for a woman is another woman.

Often my girlfriend rides in my car with her shirt open, and on the open road, she takes it off. We listen to a C.B. radio and get some interesting comments from truckers. I keep telling her she'll get arrested sometime for riding topless. Our question: Is it illegal to ride topless in a motor vehicle?—G. P., Colorado Springs, Colorado.

It's illegal in Colorado and many other states. Fun, but illegal.

My dress shirt always seems to come out of my pants during the day. That can be embarrassing, especially if I take my jacket off in a meeting to find that my shirt has come untucked and is hanging half in and half out of my pants. Should I buy longer shirts?—D. G., Northbrook, Illinois.

There's an old trick that may help solve your problem before you go in search of long-tailed shirts. Try tucking your shirttails into your underwear and out through the legs. The elastic of the underwear (provided it is fairly new) should help keep your shirt in

place and leave you with smooth lines under your jacket, as well as under your pants.

For years, I have been content with the size of my penis. I was raised to believe that no matter what you have, be thankful for it, and I am. At 26, I've had more than my share of lovers, none of whom ever complained, to my knowledge, about my performance. After I broke up with my latest girlfriend, all that changed. She said that she wanted to date other men because I was not large enough to satisfy her. Now I have begun to have doubts about my penis size. I've even looked at ads for penis enlargers. Are those things safe?—P. L., Detroit, Michigan.

We recommend that you pick up the updated version of "Sexual Solutions," by Michael Castleman (available for \$27.45 from Self-Care Catalog, 504-892-8032). Castleman writes: "What should a man do if his lover does care about penis size and thinks his is too small? Probably the same things a woman should do if her lover complained that her breasts were too small; that is, try to discuss the situation and decide whether, under the circumstances, the relationship can continue in mutual comfort. Sometimes a woman might lash out about penis size when, in fact, something very different is upsetting her. Anger about a physical trait a lover cannot change is a way to get the last word, to shout the other person down. A woman might feel driven to castigate the endowment of a lover

who, for instance, consistently refused to discuss the issues in the relationship that were important to her. It is the ultimate verbal slash. . . . Each of us has a mental list of requirements for our ideal lover, and not all of them are, or need to be, rational. Some men get turned on only by women with a certain kind of figure, or breast size, or height, race, ethnic group—whatever. That's perfectly natural. But if lovers who do not quite measure up to each other's ideals decide to build a relationship despite minor anatomical imperfections, it behooves them not to needle one another about the things they cannot change. If a woman complains about the size of your penis, try to remain calm and get ready to listen. Ask if your size is the real issue or if something else has been bothering her that you might not have realized." Castleman gives a few good tips on how to make the most of what you have—enlargers are not among them. We think your former girlfriend just established the fact that she's a bigger prick than you. Trust your other lovers—you're fine.

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



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THE MAKING OF A MONSTER

"I mean, essentially, I was a normal person"—TED BUNDY

By PHILIP NOBILE

When Dr. James Dobson, the most radical member of the Meese commission and an antiporn propagandist, interviewed convicted killer Theodore Bundy, he created the ultimate monster. He made the serial killer into Ted, the boy next door. There but for the curse of porn go your own children. The facts, however, say the opposite. Bundy was a deadly psychopath with the charm of Mark Harmon (who played the killer in the made-for-TV movie). He was telegenic (more than 40,000,000 people watched his trials, and probably that many have seen excerpts of the last confession) and twisted. He may have had as many as 100 victims, women he referred to as "cargo" and "damaged." He was a master manipulator. A psychiatrist who watched Bundy defend himself in Florida said: "In a certain sense, Bundy is a producer of a play that attempts to show that various authority figures can be manipulated, set against one another and placed in positions of internal conflict. Bundy does not have the capacity to recognize that the price for this thriller may be his own life." The Bundy video tape, "Fatal Addiction," produced by Dobson, is being used by the religious right to call for more sexual repression when it is evident that repression was part of the recipe that led to creating the real monster. We asked Nobile, co-author of "The United States of America vs. Sex," to look behind the smoke and mirrors to try to get at the real roots of Bundy's evil. This is his report.

ALL SERIAL KILLERS ARE NOT alike in their *modus operandi*. Some strangle (Alberto DeSalvo), some shoot (David Berko-

witz), some stab (the Yorkshire Ripper). Some torture teenaged boys and bury them under the house (John Wayne Gacy).

Then there was Ted Bundy. His last spree in Florida was semiwerewolf. He clubbed to death two sorority sisters in

his kick. Nor was rape. Bundy was not just a sadist. His secret excitement was something so shameful that he had kept it from the cops, the psychiatrists and even his biographers. He talked endlessly about his violent side, but he did not part the curtain on his awesome vice until the end was near; and then, only to Dr. Dorothy Lewis, a psychiatrist he had come to trust.

According to a source familiar with Bundy's confession (Dr. Lewis was silenced by a Bundy lawyer), the killings began with a ritual (drinking particular wines); most of the sex, maybe all of it, followed death; he preferred anal intercourse; he ejaculated; he bit; he took bodies home; he dismembered bodies in the mountains at night under the beam of his headlights; sometimes he took pieces back with him; he returned to his personal cemeteries and played with the remains; decomposition did not deter his enjoyment. There may not even be a name for him in psychiatric literature.

Significantly, in conversations with Lewis, Bundy never cited a pornographic preamble to his grotesqueries. His sexual violence did not depend on pictures, text or film. "He never mentioned imagery or where he got the idea for the necrophilia," said one source familiar with his confession.

Lewis is a professor of psychiatry at New York University and a clinical professor at the Yale University Child Study Center. Her research focuses on violence among adolescents and adults. She entered the case in 1986, when



their beds. Before escaping, he bit a nipple off one of them and raped her in the vagina and the rectum with an aerosol can. He sank his teeth into her buttocks. Three weeks later, he kidnaped, raped and murdered a 12-year-old girl and left her body to rot in a hog shed.

But those crimes were atypical, a departure from form. Out West, where the serial began, Bundy took more time with his fantasies. Killing itself was not

Bundy decided that he needed psychiatric testimony to escape the electric chair. Fearing a judgment of insanity, he had previously sabotaged inquiries into his psyche. But now his only hope of avoiding execution lay in a diagnosis of incompetency—i.e., that he was too confused and irrational to assist in his defense at the two Florida murder trials.

Lewis, who had gained renown for recognizing mental illness in death-row inmates, found a number of symptoms—from abnormal discharges in the temporal lobe to possible multiple personality. Based on ten hours of clinical interviews with Bundy, as well as her review of voluminous records, she concluded that he had been afflicted since 1967 with manic-depressive psychosis, “an illness characterized by wide fluctuations in mood that often include periods of extreme depression and periods of euphoria, grandiosity and extremes of rage.” Specifically, she attributed the murders to “uncontrollable manic rages.” Although Lewis’ diagnosis is contestable, her detective work into Bundy’s dark past seems to have uncovered the genesis of his aberration. Lewis traced Bundy’s alleged insanity, and the serial killing, back to the cradle.

Here is Lewis’ testimony from an evidentiary hearing on December 15, 1987:

Q.: Can you describe what that evidence [about a serious psychiatric disturbance as a child] was?

A.: Well, first I should say that this came from interviewing family members and not from Mr. Bundy himself, who apparently does not have a recollection of this time in his life. However, according to Julia, his mother’s sister, who was twelve years his senior, [Bundy exhibited] some extremely bizarre behavior. . . . She said, “When he was three years old, the only time he frightened me was when he brought butcher knives up from the kitchen and stuck them in the bed.” And she went on subsequently to say he had three knives. All of a sudden, he picked up the covers and laid them under the covers and stood there, and she said, “You know how kids will get that glint in their eyes,” and she went on again later in the interview to say, “I think, to me, it did happen more than once.” . . . She also went on to say that shortly after that, the family arranged to have him and his mother leave that household and move elsewhere.

Q.: Doctor, in your opinion, what does such behavior indicate in a child that age?

A.: Well, first, it’s extraordinarily bizarre behavior. It’s not part of normal childhood behavior. It’s the kind of behavior that one occasionally will see in a psychotic youngster. But, more important, it’s the kind of behavior that, to the best of my knowledge, you see only in youngsters who themselves have been very seriously traumatized, either who

have themselves been the victims of extraordinary abuse or who have witnessed extreme violence among family members.

Q.: Now, in the course of your evaluation, did you find evidence that Mr. Bundy

FRACTURED FAIRY TALES

“I grew up in a wonderful home with two dedicated and loving parents, as one of five brothers and sisters, a home where we as children were the focus of my parents’ lives, where we regularly attended church, two Christian parents who did not drink, they did not smoke, there was no gambling, there was no physical abuse or fighting in the home. I’m not saying this was *Leave It to Beaver*. I don’t know that such a home exists, but it was a fine, solid Christian home, and nobody—I hope no one will try to take the easy way out and try to blame or otherwise accuse my family of contributing to this, because I know and I am trying to tell you as honestly as I know how what happened. And I think this is the message that I want to get across: that as a young boy of twelve or thirteen, certainly, I encountered outside the home again, in the local grocery store and the local drugstore, the soft-core pornography, what people call soft-core. . . . The basic humanity and the basic spirit that God gave me were intact, but unfortunately, they became overwhelmed at times.

“I think people need to realize that . . . those of us who are . . . influenced by violence in the media, in particular pornographic violence, are not some kind of inherent monsters. We are your sons and we are your husbands. And we grew up in regular families.

“And pornography can reach out and snatch a kid out of any house today. It snatched me out of my home twenty, thirty years ago.”

—Bundy interview with Dobson, January 24, 1989

had been exposed to violence as a child?

A.: According to all of the family members whom I interviewed, Mr. Bundy’s grandfather, with whom he lived for the first three years of his life, was an extremely violent and frightening individual. And as Julia said, “I was afraid of him. When he was coming home, I would disappear. He could be wildly angry.” . . . According to [Bundy’s] great-aunt, Mrs. Ginny Bristol, [his grandfather] could be extremely verbally aggressive to his own mother. And she said that his own brothers wanted to kill him.

Julia recalled an incident when [her father] threw her downstairs. . . . She also said that he could be very violent to animals. She said, “I had a dog.” She said, “I loved animals.” She said, “He would kick it until it howled.” And she described his swinging cats by the tail and flinging them around. In short, all of the family members whom I interviewed described [Bundy’s grandfather] as an extremely violent person. And the family seemed to feel that it was very important for Bundy and his mother to get out of that household. To quote [Mrs.] Bristol, “We felt [Ted’s mother] had to be rescued.”

Despite Dr. Lewis’ testimony, the court did not declare Bundy incompetent. Since he was not officially mad, Dobson dared to portray him as a normal youth who had been corrupted by pornography. But Bundy had already confessed, and every time he talked, his story changed.

TED BUNDY’S CONFESSION—1978

Bundy made many confessions. It is fascinating to watch how he changed his story over the years.

After his February 15, 1978, arrest in Florida, a dazed and agitated Bundy agreed to talk about “his problem” with the cops, though he was extremely cautious about incriminating himself.

His reflections on the causes of his sexual violence are preserved in the notes of the detectives present.

The investigators would ask: “What turns you on?” in reference to his problem. Bundy indicated that several things were involved in his problem.

“It has to do with fantasies”—but he would never tell what they were.

“It has to do with voyeurism. . . .”

“It has to do with alcohol or beer.”

He would drink beer and start fantasizing and start driving his car.

He would work all day and then at night would get into his car and drink and drive. He would get only three hours of sleep a day.

“It has to do with soft pornography—like cheerleader magazines. . . .”

“Sometimes I feel like a vampire.”

Bundy told the investigators that he never enjoyed "the act," but he had to do it to keep up the fantasies. He said: "The actual act is a downer."

Pornography was a minor item in this tantalizing mix of factors. Curiously, neither hard-core nor violent pornography rated a mention. Instead, soft-core and cheerleader magazines (actually, booklets for cheerleader camps) seemed vaguely involved but certainly not causal. And between the lines, there was a hint of necrosadism, the fantasy for which he had to murder.

TED BUNDY'S CONFESSION—1980

Two years after he talked with detectives, Bundy started collaborating on a biography with authors Stephen G. Michaud and Hugh Aynesworth. Because he was appealing two murder convictions, there would be no full disclosure during the 200 hours of interviews. In the book, *The Only Living Witness*, Bundy describes the killer inside himself in the third person. He told Michaud and Aynesworth that "this person" was aroused by *Playboy* and "a host of other normal, healthy sexual stimuli," such as suntan-oil ads and jiggle starlets on talk shows.

But the harder variety of porn began to bother him in college. Feeling conflicted, he would read it and then shred it in anger and guilt. "This person" frequented adult bookstores, too. Bundy told his biographers that "in a pornography shop, you can find a variety of perversions. Anyone who walks into one of these places is not just interested in a great Dane humping someone. . . . A certain percentage of it is devoted toward literature that explores situations where a man, in the context of a sexual encounter, in one way or another engages in some sort of violence toward a woman or the victim."

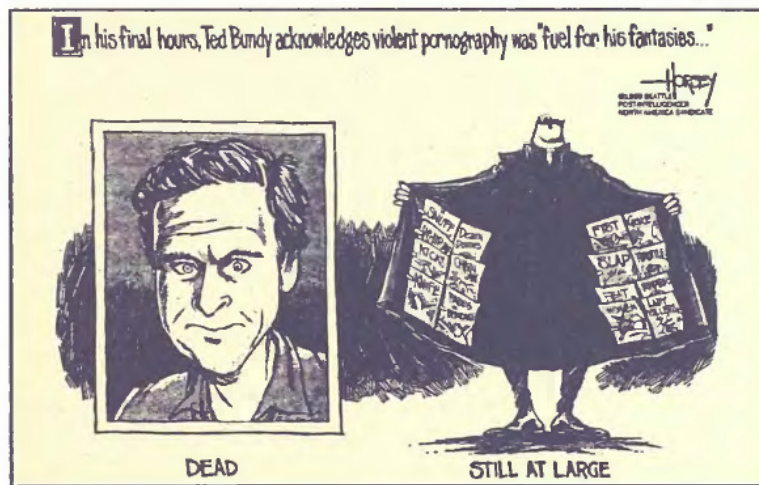
This admission suggests that Bundy knew what he wanted when he walked into a porn store. Even so, Michaud does not recall that Bundy ever linked his taste for bloody visuals with his murders. "Pornography came out in the course of discussing a lot of things that concerned him—alcohol, genetic flaws, his confused thinking. But it's significant to me that when Bundy was arrested, his car was filled with cheerleader booklets—with lots of pictures of cute and bouncy cheer-

leaders—meant for schoolgirls. At the height of his sexual frenzy, this fiend was devouring innocuous literature, which he may have taken from his last victim, the twelve-year-old girl, or perhaps stolen from someplace. If we are supposed to believe Dobson and the antipornographers, Bundy's car should have been full of the most vicious, wild porno on earth."

TED BUNDY'S CONFESSION—1987

Bundy was seven hours from the electric chair in November 1986 when he received a stay of execution. After this shock, his feelings quickened about the Christian religion, to which he had reconverted in 1984, and about the harms of pornography. He had a fresh auditor,

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As evidenced by this cartoon, published in newspapers nationwide, the media covered Bundy's last confession without examining what—or who—was behind it.

too, a sainted Samaritan receptive to his new spin. John Tanner, the state attorney in Daytona and Bundy's friend in Christ, accepted every word that Bundy had to say about porn. Amplifying on the version in *The Only Living Witness*, Bundy tossed in religious nuances.

"In the beginning, Ted felt guilty after seeing the pictures and reading the books," Tanner recounted. "But eventually, he used them several times a week. Then it was every day except Sunday. 'I still had a moral side to me,' Ted said. 'I felt I shouldn't do it on the Sabbath. It sounds foolish, but I tried to keep some decency.'"

His attitude toward men's magazines was born again, too. They were no longer "healthy sexual stimuli." "He did not condone soft-core as wholesome," said Tanner. "He perceived destructive effects, because it aroused fantasies for someone other than the spouse."

In 1987, Bundy transformed himself into an antiporn zealot. He asked Tanner to obtain a copy of the Meese Commis-

sion Report, which Dobson said he read from cover to cover, and he schooled himself in the current arguments against graphic depictions of sex. If he couldn't establish his innocence, perhaps he could find something to blame. He had followed the commission controversy in the papers and regretted the media's cold reception of its report. He also read about the FBI's study of sexual homicides and showed alarm at the finding that 81 percent of the sample looked at pornography. "Ted was disappointed that the bureau didn't publicize the connection, because he thought it was a key element in the mystery," Tanner said. Bundy also embraced the untested addiction theory of pornography that was "discovered" by the Mormon psychologist Victor Kline and vigorously promoted by Dobson. "Ted told me he wanted to let the American people know the truth about pornography," Tanner said. "It would save girls' lives." Tanner suggested he write to James Dobson.

Bundy made the contact and correspondence between the killer and the commissioner ensued.

TED BUNDY'S CONFESSION—1988

In ten years, Bundy had moved from thinking that porn caused lust to arguing that it caused blood lust. Last August, he wrote an 11-page letter

suggesting a death-row interview to lay out his case against pornography. Marsha Tanner, John Tanner's wife and Bible partner, read the following excerpts over the telephone:

Many people have speculated that my family life was the cause of the trouble I had. This is not true. It is not. People are looking for the pat, easy answer. If they blame my family, it is because they do not know the truth. I must say that pornography did not cause me to do certain things. . . . It is far more complex than that. I take full responsibility. Nobody held a gun to my head. . . .

Even so, Bundy went on to blame pornography: *I agree with the authors [Edward Donnerstein and Daniel G. Linz] of the Psychology Today article ["The Question of Pornography," December 1986] when they say: "The most clear and present danger is all violent material in our society, whether sexually explicit or not, that promotes violence against women." I know what they are talking about. Many mainstream books, movies and TV programs contain such violence. My*

proportions: reduce violent erotica and saturate the market place with images of healthy erotic depictions in order to maximize the proportion of boys who will develop normal sexual-arousal patterns.

At the annual convention of the Religious Broadcasters Association in Washington, D.C., four days after the execution, Dobson wowed the faithful with a slice-and-dice sermon featuring bondage, bestiality, whipping, urination, defecation, rape, broom handles up vaginas, throats being cut, mutilation and sexual murder.

"How do people become pedophiles? How do people get into sex with animals? How do they get into all these weird things?" asked Dobson rhetorically. "Usually, pornography walks you down that path until you get to the place where you've seen everything that a man and a woman can do together, and then you make that little jump over to perversions. Then what? A small but very potent number of people take that step that Ted took—from vicarious experience to reality. There are from fifty to seventy-five more serial killers out there now. Virtually every single one of those serial murderers, when they catch them, is deeply into violent, hardcore pornography. And you cannot get the world to believe that."

Dobson interrupted himself with a clip from his final interview with Bundy in which the well-read Bundy supplies a footnote: "The FBI's own study on serial homicide shows that the most common interest among serial killers is pornography."

The gist of that sermon has been packaged in a propaganda video tape, *Fatal Addiction*, which may become the *Reefer Madness* of the antiporn movement. In a controlled setting, Dobson can say anything he wants and sound persuasive. Take the example of the famous FBI study published in the book *Sexual Homicide: Patterns and Practices*. Dobson says the killers "listed as their predominant interest—to the level of a compulsion—the matter of pornography."

But a spokesperson for the FBI said,

"The FBI knows nothing about pornography." In fact, its study of sexual killers contains just two vague sentences on the subject.

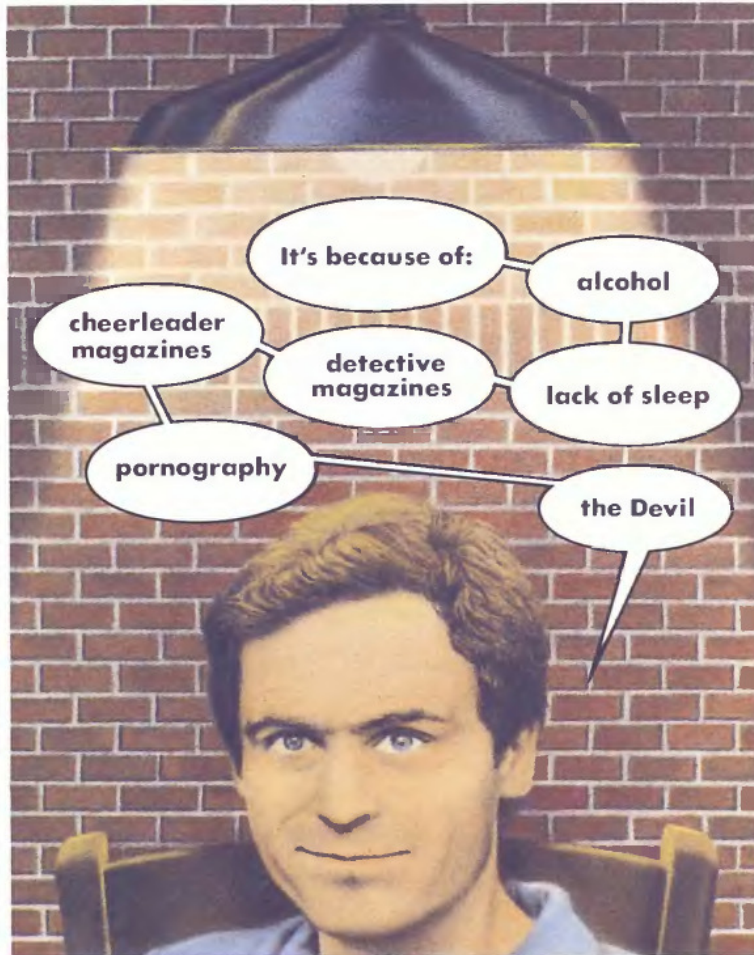
One of the study's authors, Dr. Ann Burgess, said that Dobson had misinterpreted the study. "We weren't looking at pornography. Pornography just happened to be in the data. We didn't ask how often they thought about it. We never quantified it. We didn't ask them at what age they saw it."

What Bundy and Dobson also did not

antiporn propaganda. But there is evidence that even Bundy himself did not believe his gallows confession. Dobson may have known, or should have known, that the man he was propping up as the patron saint of antiporn was Norman Bates's weird cousin. In dialog with Christian colleagues, he convinced himself that the Devil, not dirty pictures, made him kill.

This satanic revelation came from an intimate of Bundy's who wanted the story told. "Ted believed that he was demonically possessed," the source said. "It began in college. He called it 'the Beast.' It was not your typical demon. It spoke to him, but it had no human emotion, no conscience. At first, he was afraid. The demon was totally contrary to his make-up. But then he conditioned himself to it and got so he could tolerate it. Finally, Ted gave himself over. He joined the demon and got to like pornography. He believed that other serial killers were also possessed. He struggled with the demonic influence, marked by lust and feelings of violence, even in prison. But through prayer and reading God's word, he subdued the demon somewhat. However, he never felt that the Beast ever left him entirely."

On January 24, 2000 volts of electricity subdued the Beast, at last, and ended the confessions.



say was that the Justice Department rejected the study for Government publication after outside reviewers flayed its statistics and methodology.

The study's sample is interesting. One man mutilated his own genitals as punishment for bad thoughts; another shaved the hair from his body because it made him feel dirty. Almost half had suffered sexual abuse in childhood; a third were abused in adolescence. Forty-three percent even had an aversion to sex, and more than fifty percent described themselves as ignorant about it.

Dobson and Bundy corresponded, rehearsed, then taped the perfect piece of

In 1440, Gilles de Raie, a marshal of France, was condemned to death for murdering hundreds of boys. De Raie had placed their severed heads on stakes, enlisted a beautician to pretty them up and then conducted a necrophilic beauty contest with his victims.

In his final confession, De Raie blamed his unspeakable crimes on Suetonius' description of the orgies of Tiberius and Caracalla, in which children were locked in castles and killed.

If you were to ask De Raie what had led him to kill, perhaps he would respond, as Bundy did, that he was essentially a normal person.

ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD

William J. Helmer, in his article "One for the Road" (*The Playboy Forum*, April), is right on. I'm a 65-year-old driver. I've worn out dozens of automobiles and one airplane and I've *never* been in an automobile accident. Some time ago, I was stopped by the police for driving too slow on a practically deserted street. The officer gave me a blood-alcohol-content test. My B.A.C. was .15. I spent the night in jail, I was fined \$500 and my annual insurance rate skyrocketed from \$160 to \$480. I know several people who have had a number of accidents and even injured people. They don't drink, but they still drive daily and have less expensive insurance rates than I do. I'm MADD.

Milton Wright
Golden City, Missouri

Your article about MADD is accurate. Let me give you a scenario: Mary goes shopping and has a beer at lunch. On the way home, a drunken driver hits her. The drunken driver dies. Mary is charged with D.U.I. She can also be charged with D.U.I. homicide and vehicular manslaughter. All this for one beer. Is it worth it? Is it fair?

E. Warren
Port Orange, Florida

The chronic alcoholic is still a major problem on the highway, whereas the moderate drinker can no longer take his wife to dinner and have a glass of wine or go grocery shopping after having a beer at home. It's a shame.

Bradford Curtis
Brooklyn, Connecticut

Excuse me if I missed something in the Constitution, but I don't think that Americans have been given the right to drink and drive. Is it too inconvenient to appoint a designated nondrinking driver? There are a lot of people, including me, who have had friends or lovers killed by slightly drunk drivers. There are about 65 people killed in alcohol-related accidents per day in the U.S. Soon, people who have been affected by the killings will outnumber those who haven't.

Derald Leggitt
San Diego, California



FOR THE RECORD

THE JOY OF DRUG BUSTS

"Whenever we narcs got together, we used to talk about how much dope we seized. Now it's, How much car did you get? What kind of money? Did you get a phone?"

—Sergeant Joe Klein, head of the Fullerton, California, Police Department's drug detail, on seizing assets from drug suspects.

Sad to say, MADD's ineffective, self-righteous political style has made no dent in the highway carnage it was supposed to curtail. Safety issues should not be treated as solely black-and-white criminal issues.

Matthew C. Hogan
Eules, Texas

The folks at MADD have done a yeoman's job of helping enforce D.U.I. laws. But let's not cast stones at the millions of people who are just social drinkers and who know and monitor their capacity.

Arthur Bodenheimer
River Edge, New Jersey

N.R.A. FIRES AWAY

William J. Helmer has his say about the National Rifle Association and its coloring book, *My Gun Safety Book* ("N.R.A.: Color Them Red-faced." *The Playboy Forum*, April). Now how about a little return fire? Firearms are present in the majority of American homes. As a

Louisiana State certified hunter-education instructor and a card-carrying member of the N.R.A., I hate to hear this one excuse more than any other when a firearm accident occurs in the home: "I didn't know the gun was loaded." Firearm-safety instruction for hunters has drastically reduced the number of hunting accidents during the past five years. Firearm-safety education for children should help reduce home accidents. I applaud the N.R.A. for what it is trying to do.

Bennet E. Krueger
West Monroe, Louisiana

Regardless of how Helmer feels about the N.R.A. or gun ownership, the point is that the guns are available and children sometimes come into contact with them. Perhaps the coloring book, with a simple message designed for small children, is too much for him to handle.

Kenneth W. Hastings, Jr.
Mechanicsville, Maryland

Whether or not the coloring book is too much for Helmer to handle is not the question. It's clearly too much for children to handle, at least according to the school districts that rejected it.

My Gun Safety Book is meant to instruct children who are in the homes of citizens who own legal handguns. It is not meant to scare non-gun owners or to teach children what to do when a bad guy leaves a gun around. The N.R.A. is as patriotic and American as any other organization. It is also pro-law enforcement. Attacking the N.R.A. is as stupid as thinking that gun control has something to do with crime control.

Rick Hochmann
Paint Rock, Texas

The N.R.A. has taken a positive step toward educating children in the safe handling of firearms. It should be applauded for its mature approach—not ridiculed.

J. Kuray
Longview, Texas

It is a terrible tragedy when someone especially a child, is accidentally shot or killed. The N.R.A. knows this and is trying to do something about it. The answer

R E S P O N S E

to the problem of accidental shooting is education in the proper use of guns.

Chris Moulton
Cheyenne, Wyoming

Should the press and liberals succeed in eliminating the Second Amendment, there will no longer be a guarantee of the First Amendment. Your magazine purports to be "entertainment for men." Remember that many of the men in this country are gun owners. Help us protect our rights if you expect us to watch after yours.

Charles T. Morse, Jr.
Hardinsburg, Kentucky

That's the problem with exercising freedoms—here we let Helmer express his First Amendment rights . . . and we go and shoot ourselves in the foot. Imagine what we'd do with an AK-47.

UP IN SMOKE

The condemnation of rock music and the burning of rock records and tapes are hardly news. But the Reverend Wayne Jones of the Rainbow Baptist Church of Aberdeen, North Carolina, is more extreme than most antirockers. He and his followers burned more than 1000 tapes and records, including those of Elvis Presley, Tammy Wynette, Tom Jones, Bread, Petula Clark, Nancy and Frank Sinatra, the Beatles, Madonna, Tanya Tucker, the Lettermen and Paul Revere and the Raiders. I don't knock these people's beliefs or their actions, because they are protected by the First Amendment. Let them trash their records if they want to, as long as they don't take away other people's. But do you think an intelligent, logical person would want to join a group that says a person goes to hell if he listens to *New York, New York*?

Bill Lindau
Southern Pines, North Carolina

REVIEW OF REISMAN

I applaud your efforts to provide a sane and reasonable response to Judith Reisman's charges ("Peer Review," *The Playboy Forum*, April). It isn't easy to defend oneself against ludicrous and unfounded accusations when they're made under the guise of legitimate scientific research. If Reisman and her kind ever became the majority, I'd be better off moving to the Soviet Union, which seems to be getting more liberal.

A. W. Michael
San Francisco, California

If the morons you write about don't want any freedom, they should move to Russia and leave the people of this country alone. That's why this country was founded.

Paul James Koffler
Seattle, Washington

I'm not an expert on the subject (but then, neither is Reisman, and that didn't stop *her* from speaking her piece), but I have read several articles and remember from my psychology classes that often people who are strongly opposed to something suffer from, or are influenced by, that which they oppose. There is a perfect example of this in Jimmy Swaggart, who preached against pornography and then was found to have asked a prostitute to pose as women do in some pornographic magazines. It makes one

**"JUDITH REISMAN SHOULD
WAGE A WAR AGAINST
THE REAL ABUSERS
OF CHILDREN."**

wonder about Reisman and her obsession with child pornography.

Robert Powers
Anchorage, Alaska

Judith Reisman gives women a bad name. She should have used the \$743,371 in Federal grant money to wage a war against the real abusers of children instead of harassing adult magazines.

L. K.
Fort Rucker, Alabama

I wonder if giving Reisman's research publicity does more harm than good ("Peer Review," *The Playboy Forum*, April). Given Americans' lack of scientific sophistication, her kind of research should be relegated to the garbage dump.

John Gold
New Britain, Connecticut

CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT TO PRIVACY

Many years ago, the citizens of Alaska felt strongly enough about the right to

privacy that they incorporated it into the state's constitution. I suggest the Federal Constitution be so amended.

Jack Hamik
Homer, Alaska

PLEA FROM PRISON

In February 1988, Ohio gave the administrators of the Ross Correctional Institution a grant to develop a drug-and-alcohol-counseling program for inmates. The Phoenix Program was aimed specifically at prisoners who had severe addictions and who were repeat offenders. Treatment included teaching inmates how to handle stress and anger and helping them develop better self-esteem. Participation was not mandatory, but attendance was high. From the point of view of those who were part of the program, it was a success. Unfortunately, the program was canceled, allegedly because of a lack of funds. Yet, at the same time the program was deprived of money, four additional guards were hired. Maybe reading this letter in *Playboy* will prompt Ohio officials to reinstate a successful program.

Gary J. Frazier
Robert A. McNeal, Jr.
Chillicothe, Ohio

LEGAL DRUGS

I am a 42-year-old who holds a middle-management position in a Fortune 100 company. I don't drink alcohol or smoke cigarettes. I do smoke marijuana on weekends. I applaud your stand on legalizing drugs (*The Playboy Forum*, January and February). It's hard to believe that I can be treated as a criminal for smoking dope when I can get drunk legally. There are millions of us who don't deserve to be criminals because we use drugs instead of alcohol. Legalize drugs now!

(Name and address
withheld by request)

CARCINOGENIC MARIJUANA?

Although the National Cancer Institute says that there is no conclusive proof that marijuana causes cancer (*The Playboy Forum*, January and April), a recent study conducted at the UCLA School of Medicine found that marijuana smokers absorbed nearly five times as much carbon monoxide and three times as much tar as did tobacco smokers. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to conclude that marijuana *can* cause cancer.

Daniel Wong
New York, New York

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CONDOM CAPERS

WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT—Presiding over a symbolic “condom roast” in his Catholic Church’s parking lot, the Reverend Joseph Looney protested what he



called the “condom-nation” of the United States and declared that “condoms mean cheap sex, Yuppie love, calculated noninvolvement.” He hopes that condom roasts will be held at other churches.

MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA—School officials suspended eight cheerleaders for their part in a pep-rally scavenger hunt. The girls compiled the list of items to find and included “protection,” which inspired two male students to bring condoms. The boys were not suspended.

FRANKFURT, WEST GERMANY—A West German soccer club won the right to advertise condoms on its jerseys. A court ruled against the West German Soccer Federation, which alleged that the shirts violated “the basic principles of ethics and morals in sport.” The ruling stated that “morals have fundamentally changed” in the past 20 years and cited a health-ministry campaign promoting the use of condoms for safer sex.

THE JOY OF SEX

HELSINKI—Enlightened Finland has an official government committee for Eroticism and Promotion of Health, which recommends good sex as an antidote for daily stress. One of its members said that the country’s education cam-

paigns to decrease the incidence of sexually transmitted diseases and unwanted pregnancy have been extremely successful, but “what we have to do is to be able to talk about sex in a positive manner. It seems that whenever the subject is brought up, it is either in association with such negative elements as AIDS, diseases, abortions or as something lewd and dirty.” Consequently, the committee endorses sex holidays for relaxing in erotic pleasure and satisfaction.

SHOT DOWN

DALLAS—Major women’s magazines have refused ads for Smith & Wesson’s new LadySmith 38 revolver. The gun, marketed as a personal-protection weapon, is scaled down to fit a woman’s hand and the ads focus on dangerous situations for women. S&W’s director of advertising surmises that the magazines are “biased against the S&W name . . . since there are no guns in our ads.” Nevertheless, Glamour, which refused the ads, published an excerpt from the book “Armed and Female,” by Paxton Quigley, a former gun foe who now supports armed self-defense for women.

ALL-INCLUSIVE COVERAGE

CHICAGO—A case of herpes has led to a “substantial six-figure” insurance settlement after a woman sued her ex-boyfriend for transmitting the virus to her. Several states recognize transmission of herpes as a basis for civil liability, but this is one of the first cases in which a homeowner insurance policy provides coverage.

WIDENING RICO

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act (RICO), passed in 1970 to fight organized crime, is getting a thorough workout at both Federal and state levels in areas not anticipated by Congress. The U.S. Supreme Court upheld applying RICO laws to prosecute obscenity cases and a Federal appeals court upheld applying RICO against anti-abortion demonstrators.

RENEGING

WASHINGTON, D.C.—During his run for the Presidency, television preacher Pat Robertson promised, before God and the

American voters, that he would not accept matching funds from the Government to help finance his campaign. Well, he changed his mind. The Federal Election Commission reports that it gave the reverend \$10,100,000 in matching funds, which puts him over the campaign-spending record set by Ronald Reagan in 1984.

POVERTY POCKETS AND AIDS

NEW YORK—HIV tests conducted on 143 emergency-room patients at a South Bronx hospital found that 23 percent of them were infected with the AIDS virus. Health officials said that the infection rate was one of the highest “in the country, if not the world.” Similar high infection rates were found at other hospitals in impoverished neighborhoods with rampant drug use: Harlem, parts of Brooklyn and Newark, New Jersey. Meanwhile, a once-rare type of leukemia virus is also spreading rapidly and widely among intravenous-drug users.

COMMUNITY PROPERTY

MARYVILLE, TENNESSEE—A couple’s divorce has been complicated by a custody battle over the fertilized eggs they put in frozen storage several years ago. The hus-



band does not want to be a father and objects to his wife’s plan to have an embryo implanted. A county circuit-court judge issued a temporary order blocking the woman from removing the eggs from storage pending further hearings.

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JUST WENT DOWN.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

BARRY DILLER

a candid conversation with a true hollywood mogul—the former head of paramount, now head of fox inc.—about power, politics and showbiz

Let's take Barry Diller, chairman and chief executive officer of Fox Inc.—which includes Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation, Fox Television Stations Inc. and the Fox Broadcasting Company—out of his fraternally twin kingdoms of Los Angeles and New York. Let's put him in someone else's palace and principality—Caesars, in Las Vegas. Diller is with a friend. They stride through the casino and approach one of the craps tables. The friend is eager to gamble. "Not at this table," Diller growls with the ferociousness of a pit-bull terrier. "This table is pathetic! This table stinks! This table has no heat!" They approach another. "This table has possibilities," Diller decides. "This table has. . . ." But before he can come up with the word, he puts down his money, grabs the dice and quickly quintuples his stake. "There," he announces to the friend and picks up his chips, once again knowing the precise moment to walk away a winner. "Heat."

Another Caesars story:

Diller is sitting in one of the Palace's giant booths with Diana Ross. Later that evening, she is to record a live album in the main room. Diller is bashful; the pit-bull voice is gone and in its place is a charmingly boyish one. "I hope you're going to sing 'Corner of the Sky' from 'Pippin,'" he whispers. "That's my favorite song," Ross sings it.

Which of the two stories is an example of

Diller's true nature—the pit bull or the boyish charmer? Ask around. They are equally true, for Diller is not an either/or kind of guy. He's a pit bull, all right, but one you might risk petting.

His poker buddies: Steve Martin, Johnny Carson, Dan Melnick, Neil Simon.

His best-known former lover: designer Diane Von Furstenberg.

"His brain is extraordinarily precise," says Jeff Katzenberg, chairman of Walt Disney Studios. "He is probably the smartest individual I've ever dealt with. He has an uncanny ability to go right to the core of an issue."

Katzenberg got his start in the business when Diller, then chairman and C.E.O. of Paramount Pictures, hired him at the age of 24 to be his assistant. "It was the worst job interview I'd ever given," Katzenberg recalls. "I was totally out of control. Obnoxious. Cocky. I didn't think I could possibly have landed the job. But, on the other hand, maybe being out of control was what made me hit a home run with him. Maybe he saw some of himself in me."

Born in San Francisco in 1942, Diller grew up in Beverly Hills. His father amassed the family's wealth following World War Two by constructing tract houses. After dropping out of UCLA at 19, he asked Danny Thomas, father of his childhood friend Marlo, to use his influence with the William Morris Agen-

cy to get Diller a job in the mail room. Good at cutting to the core even then, Diller realized that to be successful in the business, he needed a foundation of knowledge—and where better to learn about the intricacies of entertainment than the William Morris mail-room files?

His cars: Corvettes, a Jaguar convertible.

His addresses: Coldwater Canyon, Manhattan, Utah, East Hampton, Malibu.

Backtrack: One night, at a party given by Marlo Thomas, Diller met Leonard Goldberg, then the head of programming for ABC. They began to argue about the business and Goldberg was so impressed with the 23-year-old's outspoken brilliance that he offered him a job as his assistant. (Goldberg now works for Diller as president and C.E.O. of Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation.)

At ABC, Diller was given the duties of buying packages of motion pictures from studios, deals that could run to \$100,000,000. He quickly rose to vice-president of primetime programming for ABC Television. He also introduced a form of programming that would forever alter television—the miniseries. He acquired "QB VII," which became the first miniseries on network television, then secured the rights for "Rich Man, Poor Man" and "Roots."

Even more important, however, was Diller's creation of the revolutionary "Movie



PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY COSTA

"You know what the truth is? Nobody really knows. We start with that. No one really knows. None of the research people—who are witch doctors—know. It's really all just opinions argued forcibly. That's all."

"I read the entire file room at the William Morris Agency. It took me three years. The files for Elvis Presley were six feet high. I learned about everything from those files—about people and personal relationships."

"I don't care about what I turned down. In the movie business, it has nothing to do with what you don't do. It has to do only with what you do. If you define yourself by what you haven't done, you're foolish."

of the Week," a 90-minute format to be broadcast each week in series form. Not only did he launch the venture, he was also given unprecedented control over the advertising, direction and promotion of the project. The form was so successful that in one year, ABC produced more than 50 original movies made specifically for television. What Diller had succeeded in doing, in fact, was create for himself a ministudio within a TV network.

While he was buying packages from the big studios, he came to the attention of Charles Bluhdorn, the late founder of Gulf + Western, the parent company of Paramount. In 1974, Bluhdorn was looking for a fresh face to run his troubled studio and gambled on the brash, young ABC vice-president. At only 32, Diller became Paramount's chairman and C.E.O.

Diller was the first motion-picture executive to come from the ranks of the TV industry. (His protégé over the years, Michael Eisner, now chairman and chief executive officer of The Walt Disney Company, was the second such executive to make the lateral move when Diller brought him over from ABC to be president of Paramount.) Diller was not exactly welcomed by the moguls, but his success earned their respect. It was during his Paramount tenure that the Diller legend began to take shape. Its first facet is his uncanny ability to "green-light" (approve) films that combine commercial and critical success. A few of his decisions and their world-wide grosses to date: "Airplane!" (\$154,000,000); "The Bad News Bears" (\$59,000,000); "Beverly Hills Cop" (\$286,000,000); "Flashdance" (\$176,000,000); "48 HRS." (\$78,000,000); "Foul Play" (\$85,000,000); "Grease" (\$350,000,000); "Heaven Can Wait" (\$132,000,000); "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (\$45,000,000); "An Officer and a Gentleman" (\$170,000,000); "Ordinary People" (\$76,000,000); "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (\$340,000,000); "Reds" (\$63,000,000); "Saturday Night Fever" (\$260,000,000); "Star Trek: The Motion Picture" (\$150,000,000); "Terms of Endearment" (\$147,000,000); "Trading Places" (\$105,000,000); and "Urban Cowboy" (\$60,000,000).

Total box-office value of these decisions: almost three billion dollars.

The second facet of the Diller legend concerns his fiery temperament. Many fear him not only for his power but also for the way he wields it. Indeed, it is common to hear him referred to as the meanest son of a bitch in Hollywood.

"I don't know why he has that reputation," says Dawn Steel, who has been called some pretty rough names herself. She worked for Diller as a vice-president in Paramount's merchandising and production departments, later becoming production president, and is now president of Columbia Pictures. "Sure, Barry is tough. Very tough. Sure, he fights for what he believes in. But he is always fair and never loses sight of the big picture. He created the 'advocacy' system within the motion-picture studios. He taught movie executives how to put some passion into their jobs. The

business is a better place because of Barry. And movies are better, too."

But back in 1984, Martin Davis, who became chairman of Gulf + Western after Bluhdorn's untimely death, didn't quite agree with Steel's assessment. At the height of Paramount's success, he thought there was a need for change. (Some say Davis was simply agitated that Diller's annual \$2,500,000 salary and bonus were higher than his own.) Having appointed Diller president of Gulf + Western's entertainment and communications group, which also included Simon & Schuster and Madison Square Garden, Davis was making his unhappiness known throughout the company. Diller, ever the instinctive gambler, made the first move. He quit his job and accepted an offer from oilman Marvin Davis to take over the chairmanship of his recent purchase, Twentieth Century Fox. It was rumored that the \$2,500,000 Paramount compensation was spare change compared with the deal Diller cut for himself at Fox, a deal that included equity in the company. Ultimately, Marvin Davis became disenchanted with the movie business and sold Fox to Rupert Murdoch, the Australian-born media baron.

"Listen, the only thing I care a lot about is this: All you really have to contribute is what you think. I respect people who approach problems in that way."

When Diller arrived on the Fox lot, the company was in disarray, but he has steadily strengthened its many ventures. Third in motion-picture market share in 1988, Fox was labeled by The New York Times "the comeback studio of the year." Two of last year's top-ten films were Fox movies—"Big," with a domestic gross to date of \$114,000,000, and "Die Hard," with a gross of \$86,000,000. Other hits since Diller came on board include "Broadway News" (\$53,000,000); "Aliens" (\$88,000,000); "Predator" (\$65,000,000); "Prizzi's Honor" (\$28,000,000); and "Wall Street" (\$34,000,000). The company's recent hit "Working Girl" has so far grossed \$60,000,000 and there are high hopes for this summer's release of "The Abyss."

But it is the fledgling Fox Broadcasting Company that takes up most of Diller's energy. Currently, Fox broadcasts only on Saturday and Sunday nights—Monday-night programming begins September 11—covering 90 percent of the United States with its signal, though many of its stations can be found only on UHF. During its first full year of operation, the company lost \$94,000,000.

But, as Diller told Fox's affiliates' meeting back in January of this year, the company pulled in a profit of \$400,000 for the six-month period that had at that point just end-

ed. Some of its shows—"Married . . . with Children," "America's Most Wanted," "The Reporters," "The Tracey Ullman Show," "It's Garry Shandling's Show" and "21 Jump Street"—though at the bottom of the national ratings, are at least breaking into the Nielsens with double-digit numbers. The Fox network, at first ridiculed for its audacity in going up against giants ABC, NBC and CBS, seems to have turned the corner. Once again, Diller has confounded the "experts."

Private corporate fetish: discarded rubber bands.

Private corporate jet: Gulfstream G-II.

Playboy sent New York writer Kevin Sessums, who is also the executive editor of Interview magazine, to California to confront Diller in his lair. Sessums' report:

"The first thing you discover about Diller is that, although he has a highly evolved intellect, he also has a primal instinct for human fear. If he senses for but an instant that you are intimidated by him—and just about everyone I spoke to off the record is—he'll eat you for lunch. Diller respects strength; that's his bottom line. Our interview is an example of what it's like to have a meeting with him—the verbal sparring that takes place, the in-the-gut glee of battle.

"At one point, he came to New York on a business trip. We had dinner and I tried to persuade him to tell me some showbiz war stories. Famous for being press-shy, he was already having second thoughts about this interview and was trying to persuade me to drop the whole thing.

"He was quite agitated. 'Why should I help you if I don't want the thing to run?'

"Because it will be more of a portrait,' I said. 'Like switching to oils.'

"Well, you've got a great Polaroid, as it is,' he parried. 'Polaroids are more revealing in their way. More candid.'

"That's a great hook,' I fought back, calling his bluff. 'May I use that in my intro?'

"Sure. That's what I do for a living,' he said, grinning. 'I take other people's ideas and make them better.'

"The rest of our conversations took place during Christmas week in Los Angeles. Toward the end of my stay, I accompanied Diller to a couple of quintessential Hollywood parties. One was a Christmas party thrown by his good friend Sandy Gallin. Gallin, a Hollywood manager and producer, has become famous for his extravagant parties. That night was no exception. Man-made snow had been pumped onto his L.A. lawn. Dolly Parton greeted us at the door. In the entrance hall, a robed choir was stationed up the two staircases to serenade the guests with carols. Everyone was there: Sylvester Stallone, Barbra Streisand, Shirley MacLaine, Patrick Swayze, Pee-wee Herman, Jane Fonda, Bob Dylan, Madonna.

"One incident illustrated Diller's power. Farrah Fawcett, there with Ryan O'Neal, bumped into Diller in a doorway. 'Barry!' she exclaimed in her best holiday voice and kissed him on both cheeks. 'Happy birthday! I mean . . .' she stammered, 'merry Christmas!' We all laughed, but Farrah's switching

of birthdays was a fair summation of the man's position in that town. He may not be God in Hollywood, but he sure as hell is God's Jewish son."

PLAYBOY: On the drive over to your studio office, we found the Los Angeles streets full of motorcyclists. It seems to be the trend here. Don't you own a motorcycle?

DILLER: Yeah. Lots. Well, not lots. Five or six.

PLAYBOY: Which is it?

DILLER: What do you mean, "Which is it?" Specifically? Exactly?

PLAYBOY: Do you have five motorcycles or six motorcycles? Or do you have so many you can't remember?

DILLER: [Laughs] This isn't an insight into anything; I just can't remember. I have to count them up. They're not all in Los Angeles. Some are in East Hampton. I'm hardly your image of "the biker." I just started riding for the hell of it.

PLAYBOY: No one would mistake you for a biker, but you do have the reputation for being a mean son of a bitch.

DILLER: I know I have that reputation, but I don't cultivate it. As a matter of fact, I'm surprised at it. Yet it's clear that that's what people think. I *am* difficult—that's true. But I think difficult is good, especially if you're dealing with the "creative process," in which you have to make editorial choices. Editorial choices *should* be

toughly made. That's probably the first reason I've got that reputation.

Second, I think most business things are often adversarial—one side against the other. Give-and-take. To sell and to buy. All forms of commerce are adversarial. And in order for you to prevail with what you think is right, there is a psychological imperative that says, "I won't do anything other than what I want." That helps you

get the things you want the way you want them. And, in the end, that comes out tough. It is tough, I guess. You just always try to prevail within your own boundaries.

Then other issues come up: Do you deal fairly? Do you deal straight? You must have standards. Listen, the only thing I care a

DILLER: Go ahead.

PLAYBOY: The first one is that you were sitting in your office right after arriving at Fox and a producer walked by outside your window. You were having a meeting with some top executives. When you saw this producer, you started screaming, "I

thought I told you guys I wanted that bastard off the lot! I want him thrown off now! Why is he still here? I don't want to see his face again!" At that point, one of your executives told you that the guy's latest movie was about to be released by Fox—and that he possibly had terminal cancer. The executive said, "Let his movie open and *then* we'll change the locks on his office door." At that point, you screamed, "I said I want him off the lot and I want him off the lot now!"

DILLER: [Laughs] That's absurd!

PLAYBOY: But it's a typical Barry Diller story. Did it happen?

DILLER: Of course it didn't happen. I mean, if I'd really said, "I want him off the lot!" in a strong, noisy voice, with which I do a lot of things—I'm not here to defend it—don't you think the people in the room would have had the obligation to come over to my big white desk and turn it over on me?

PLAYBOY: People don't always meet their moral obligations—especially when you've succeeded in intimidating them.

DILLER: But that's the kind of monsterism that *should* be met by an action like turning over a desk. If it weren't, then even *I* would be offended.

PLAYBOY: The other story is the flip side. When you were running Paramount, a publicist in New York was dying of AIDS. He was very sick, in what turned out to be the last week of his life. You supposedly



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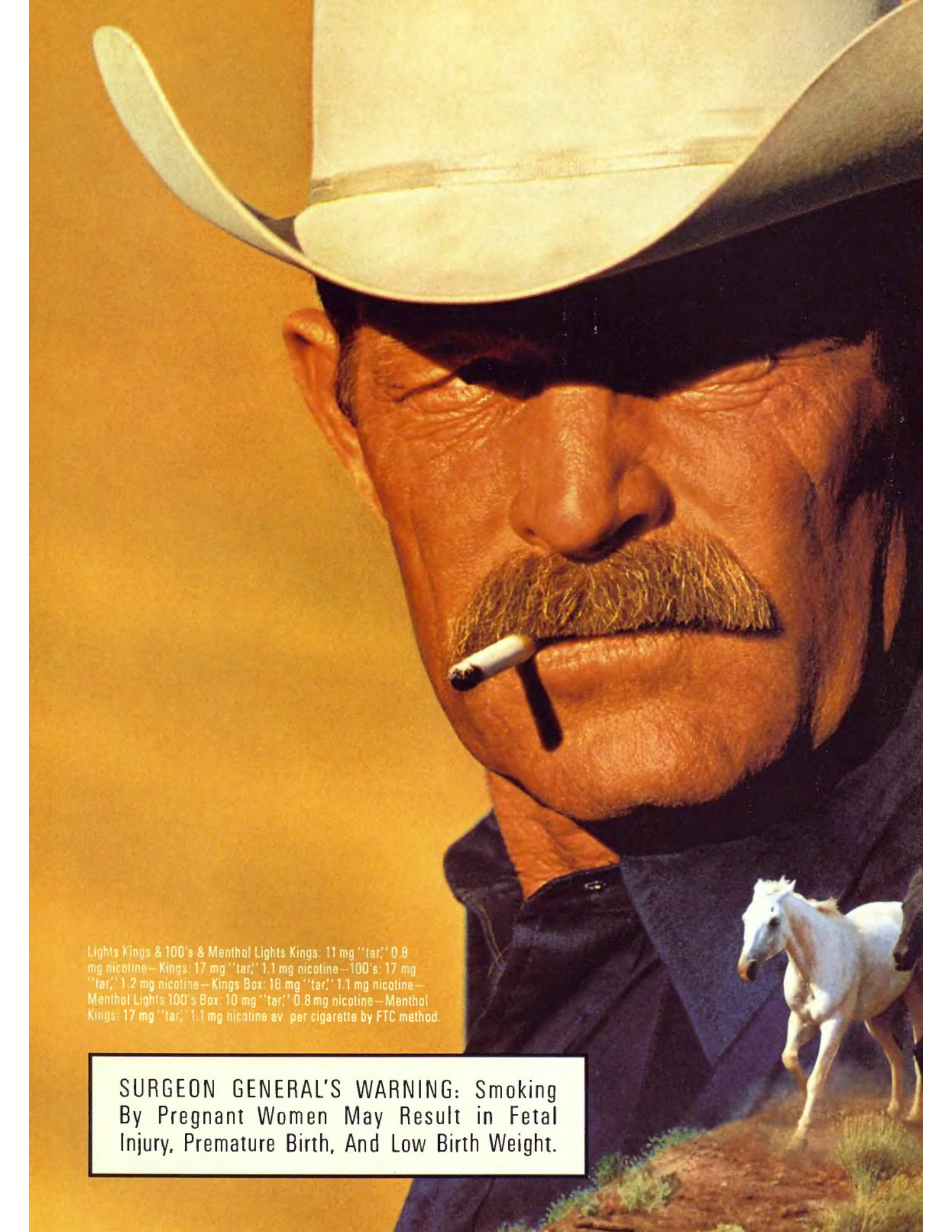


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lot about is this: All you really have to contribute is what you *think*. That's all you have to contribute to any process. I respect people who approach problems in that way. There is not rightness involved, only being true to oneself.

PLAYBOY: Hollywood is full of Barry Diller stories. Two of them show opposite sides of you. Will you tell us if they're true or false?



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offered the company plane to fly his body home.

DILLER: I wish that were true, as an antidote to the earlier story. But it isn't. Although I did call up and ask what we could do, I didn't go quite so far as that. You know what the probable truth is? That both of those stories are true up to the point that they get interesting. You know what I find odd? The stuff that I find the most interesting—I mean the really interesting, complicated stuff—never becomes a story.

PLAYBOY: What do you consider the interesting stuff?

DILLER: Oh, please. Do you think this is the forum I'd use for that? It's just stuff that involves lots of texture and lots of emotion and lots of *stuff*. Come on, leave me alone.

PLAYBOY: OK. What is it like to get your ass kissed all day long?

DILLER: It's been true for so many years, it really doesn't affect me. I've had positions of influence since I was twenty-three, when I was assistant to the head of programing at ABC. I'm pretty inured to the ass-kissing process. That said, at times, I'm probably blind to it, also. But my history is that I've always wanted—and I've always had—strong people around me. Any time I've had anything but that, it's usually been a nightmare.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever have to kiss Rupert Murdoch's ass? [Murdoch owns Fox.]

DILLER: The term kissing ass is not sophisticated enough, because you're dealing in sophisticated leagues. The only issue really is, do you use your charm to persuade people to do things? I suspect that anybody in any kind of structure does that.

If you're going to deal in the world of ideas, you have to be, to some extent, a salesman. And you're going to either sink or rise according to your ability to be a good salesman of ideas. The only thing that is important is, do you say what you believe? And do you try to do whatever you can to get people to do what you say? So what I'm interested in, again, is, what do people *think*? I'm interested in noisy exchange and conflict over that. It helps everybody, that process.

You learn things if you are able to *listen*. In my career, when I was in the position of working for people, I always did that. Always. I had a very "noisy" relationship with Charles Bluhdorn [the late founder and head of Gulf + Western, which owns Paramount Pictures]. I think there was great affection between us, which anybody could see. But that's one of the places I learned you'd better be up for the fight.

PLAYBOY: Why?

DILLER: Charlie was a genius. He's probably the only person I could ever call that. His was a brain you just couldn't understand—at least I couldn't understand it. It had extra senses. Of course, Charlie was also crazy, in his way. And he was a romantic. I don't think the world has seen too many romantics who were businessmen. The energy you had to have just to function with him was immense. But more than any-

thing, he and I had fun. At times, it was engaging, but fun. Battle as fun!

You know what the truth is, though? Nobody really knows. We start with that. I've always dealt from that point of view: *No one really knows*. None of the research people—who are really nothing but witch doctors—know. "The combined knowledge." "The morning line." Nobody knows. It's really all just opinions argued forcibly. That's all. Opinions are facts to me. Does all this sound bird-brainy?

PLAYBOY: No. But let's talk about how you got to be a movie mogul. You were a Beverly Hills brat, weren't you?

DILLER: I don't know if I'd put it quite that way, but, yes, I grew up in a community that, oddly enough, was very small-town. Beverly Hills was the essence of a small town. It had a population of around thirty thousand, but its borders were rather confining. It was oddly rural-like—not in terms of what the eye could see but in terms of the sensibility. You knew everybody and everybody knew you. This was back in the late Forties, early Fifties, when there was no Rodeo Drive, no silly commercial thing for tourists to visit. There were barely even any cars.

PLAYBOY: You were an only child?

DILLER: I had an older brother who died.

PLAYBOY: Your father was a wealthy builder. Was he upset with you later on, when you dropped out of UCLA?

DILLER: I didn't really drop out. In a way, I never went. The little time I did go, I wasn't there, anyway; I sort of slid away.

PLAYBOY: Why? Did you hate school?

DILLER: Yeah. Always. Because it was boring. And because anything I ever learned, I learned because I was curious, not because someone asked me to learn something. When anyone did, I would resent it and rebel against it. I never was interested in the direct approach. But I read an immense amount of stuff for a little person.

PLAYBOY: So you skipped college and went to work for the William Morris Agency.

DILLER: Yeah. I was nineteen years old and I thought that was a great place to go and learn about the business. I was the only person who *wanted* to stay in the mail room, since I really didn't want to become an agent. I was the only one who kept saying, "You mean I have to go be an agent now? I just want to stay here and *read* all this stuff." I wanted to learn everything that was going on. I'd take these huge stacks of files and read every detail in them. I mean, you go to college to read; that's what I was doing at William Morris. I read their entire file room. It took me three years, but I did it.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever sneak anything home for night reading?

DILLER: I did have a terrible early experience. I was very naïve. Somebody had stolen documents from William Morris and was leaking them to the press. The place was turned into a police state. I was called in to take a lie-detector test. First they asked me if I'd ever taken anything home

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and I said yes. They almost fired me right there. But that got the lie-detector guy going and he started asking me more questions—and the machine said I was lying about *them*. How do you protest to a machine when you are the only source on whether you are telling the truth or not? What do you do? It was tyranny! [William Morris would not confirm this account.]

PLAYBOY: Sounds like a Fox television show.

DILLER: What's that supposed to mean?

PLAYBOY: As in *America's Most Wanted*.

DILLER: [Laughs] You have nothing to fear from that show if you're innocent—only if you're guilty. Anyway, it turned out that the thief was a disgruntled press agent.

PLAYBOY: Did you read the William Morris files alphabetically or did you go right to certain people's files?

DILLER: I was selective. I do remember it took me about a week and a half to read Elvis Presley's file. I wasn't overly interested in artist representation; I was interested in the process of what Elvis was *doing*. I enjoyed dissecting it—why was he doing this and what was the reason for that? I was like a huge sponge. The files for Elvis were about six feet high. It was fascinating. They contained his life. I learned about everything from those files at William Morris. I learned about people and personal relationships from them.

PLAYBOY: That sounds scary.

DILLER: You know what I mean: I learned about those things in a *business* sense. I knew more about William Morris than anybody who worked there, including the people who ran the company. But I didn't learn how to *be* an agent—I completely missed that. What I did learn was the structure of that company, and how companies work, which fascinated me.

PLAYBOY: Had you always wanted to be in the entertainment business?

DILLER: Kind of always—yeah. I mean, I didn't have any epiphanies at ten, if that's what you mean.

PLAYBOY: In school, were you more popular with the teachers or with other kids?

DILLER: What is this all about? Are you trying to figure out my life? Are you doing some psychological inspection?

PLAYBOY: Sure. With your cooperation.

DILLER: I would say I was not a hit with my teachers, because I wasn't overly interested in what they were doing.

PLAYBOY: Were you a loner in school?

DILLER: Not at all. But I wouldn't say I was popular, either—popular is not the right word—I was *compelling*. People noticed me. That all sounds horrible, doesn't it?

PLAYBOY: Did you boss other kids around on the playground?

DILLER: No, of course not. Please. You're just trying to fit me into the little executive a-growin'.

PLAYBOY: We were just wondering if you might fit the profile of the school nerd who becomes a success in business and spends his life confusing tough with mean.

DILLER: Meaning what?

PLAYBOY: That perhaps really tough men

don't compromise, which is the soul of business. Truly tough men can be found painting in a garret in Paris or working on an oil rig in the Gulf of Mexico. They aren't behind a desk negotiating and compromising all day. Or so goes the theory.

DILLER: Are you asking me if I agree with that theory? No, I don't. I don't think it's as simple as compensating for early nerdiness. These things may or may not have anything to do with compensating. There are too many gradations.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your early days at Paramount.

DILLER: Paramount was a big part of my life and it meant a lot to me in a lot of ways. I think about it only romantically. I see it only as . . . well, as something sweet. I never think about the struggle. And God knows there *was* struggle. But we were all young and it was our first time in the movie business. We were the television generation. I was the very first television person to go into the movie business. I was treated poorly. I was treated as less than scum. I remember being hurt a lot.

PLAYBOY: Did you get even later, when you were in power?

DILLER: No, that I don't do, thank God. I've never been able to seek revenge. I have no list. There is no room for vindictiveness in the process. That's neither good nor bad; that's just the way I operate.

PLAYBOY: You went from Paramount to Twentieth Century Fox, which was in deep trouble. What did you think when you got to Fox?

DILLER: I felt horrible. I felt as if somehow, in my forties, I had gotten off a round earth and happened upon a flat earth. I was stepping off the end of it. I thought, I am now in this company that does not in any way *work*. I was incredibly frustrated.

PLAYBOY: Were you afraid you might not be able to pull it off?

DILLER: I was never afraid of any of that stuff. I never saw business situations as fearful. That goes back even to ABC, when I started movies for television, which everybody said would fail.

PLAYBOY: At ABC and Paramount, you hired and became the mentor of two men who went on to make Disney such a success—Michael Eisner and Jeff Katzenberg. Why did you hire them?

DILLER: Because I liked them both. Honestly, it's all instinct. What connects. What appeals to you. You have to feel something going on between you and somebody else in a room; if you feel it, then you have to follow it. I don't respond to people simply because they agree with me. *Never*. I respond to people who have something interesting to offer. Or are fun. Or . . . I don't know—you know something? I really don't know *anything* about *anything*. Shut that tape recorder off. This is all babble. It's pure pretentiousness.

PLAYBOY: It's not babble. You're a successful businessman in a glamorous business. People are interested in what you have to say.

DILLER: My problem is that I have no powers of self-observation.

PLAYBOY: But your outlook is less corporate than that of most businessmen. You socialize with the creative side of your business; you don't hang out with other "suits." Do you ever feel like a spy, working the other side of that desk? A kind of double agent?

DILLER: [Laughs] I told you I didn't even want to be an agent—now you're making me a double agent. Maybe I could get a job at the C.A.A. [Creative Artists Agency]. And triumph! I really don't think about these things, but you're pushing me to it. Let's see: What I *really* do for a living is, I come into this office, I make a lot of noise, then I go home. But I have never been interested exclusively in one thing.

Let's get down to basics. The truth of all truths in this business is: What is The Product? What is The Program? What is The Idea? That's it. If you ever lose that or stray too far away, if you're in some back room somewhere, flipping papers around and making deals and doing grand strategy for the Twenty-first Century and you lose "What is The Program?" from your prime sensibility, you fail. That's it: You *fail*. So, to me, that pushes you in a certain direction.

I don't think I'm an irresponsible executive. I'm better at some things than at others. There was a period when I really liked negotiating. It was fun for me. It was fun to figure it out. It was fun to *win* at it. It has not interested me in some time. I just evolved out of it.

PLAYBOY: What holds your interest now? What are the challenges?

DILLER: Fox Broadcasting. [Points to the color chart of all the weekly network-TV shows by time slots] It's funny. I look at the board even while I talk to people about the weather. I'm always looking at it. Often, I sit here in this room with people, having some meeting, and I catch myself studying that board. I'm running on a parallel track. It keeps drawing me back.

PLAYBOY: You seem like the kind of businessman who would prefer creating a network to running one.

DILLER: That has always been true with me. What has always interested me is building something. Once it gets built, I am less interested in it.

PLAYBOY: Pardon the psychology, but you sound like you could be your father.

DILLER: How?

PLAYBOY: All this emphasis on building.

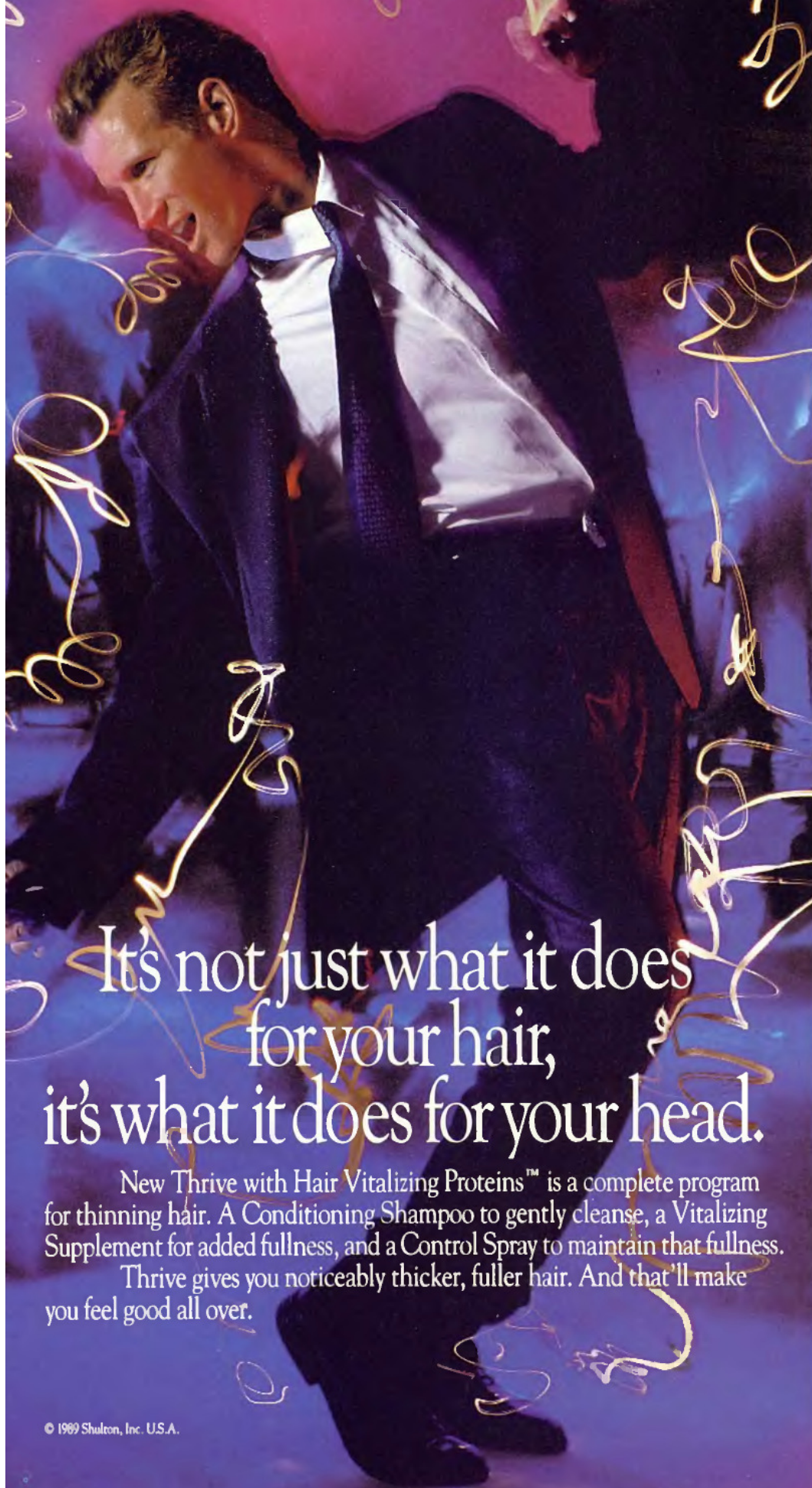
DILLER: Yeah, well. Building tract houses is not poor-mouth work. But I tract wondering as a kid how people could live in those houses. They all looked the same. How did you know which one you lived in? I wouldn't know where to take my bicycle. But I'm not poor-mouthing it. All I'm saying is building something is interesting.

PLAYBOY: When do you expect the Fox network to start turning a profit?

DILLER: We plan to break even within the next six months.

PLAYBOY: But can you have number-one

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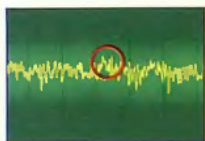
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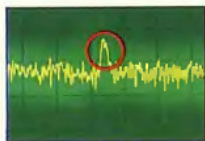
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shows with the kind of stations affiliated with Fox—smaller stations, UHF stations? **DILLER:** If you had checked with Leonard Goldenson, the TV pioneer who started ABC from the floor up, and he had told you the stations ABC had at the time they started, you wouldn't have given him a chance, either. They had thirty-five stations, I believe. Of course, they had a clear, strong signal.

But what happens is that your programs and your efforts mature those stations that carry your product. We see it. During the first period of the Fox Broadcasting Company, we'd take an action and there'd be no reaction. We'd say, "What happened? We put the show on the air. We spent millions of dollars promoting it. And nobody watched." We couldn't figure it out. Then, suddenly, this past summer, we started doing promotions for particular shows and we'd see a blip—it was like watching a baby—you'd see a little reaction. Two weeks later, you'd see even more of a reaction. So what happened was that while we thought nobody was watching, we were really laying the groundwork for this thing called Fox. It took that much time before people began to say, "Oh, yeah, Fox. I see. If I hear that idea, I must get it there."

This maturing process is very satisfying. When we started, if you had asked anybody in America who was educated about television if it were possible for us to get double digits in the national ratings, they'd say, "No. It's impossible." Well, we've done that a few weeks in a row. [NBC's programming chief] Brandon Tartikoff ridiculed our signal by saying it had the power of a coat hanger. Well, we've proved we *are* capable.

So the answer to your question is, sure, it's possible to have number-one shows. In a year or two, these stations will be able to get ratings in the twenties—when they deserve it. And they'll deserve it when we put shows on the air that people want to see. We cover ninety percent of the United States. The question is, do we cover that area with depth and clarity? Now, in some places, it may be difficult to get the signal—you may have to go to channel thirty-one or twenty-eight or thirty-seven. But with the advent of cable, it's getting easier. **PLAYBOY:** What image do you want the Fox network to have?

DILLER: Probably as an alternative to the networks instead of just *an* alternative. That's a piece of it. These things are made up of little pieces, and until you have enough of the pieces that your personality begins to be reflected, then it's sort of foolish to try to pigeonhole things. I don't really do this very well. I didn't do it very well at Paramount.

But there's no question that after ten years at Paramount, there was definitely a certain personality to Paramount movies. As time goes by, you can look back on it with an even clearer vision. Back then, all those Paramount movies seemed pretty eclectic while I was dealing with them, but now I can see them as a whole. It will be

true of this endeavor at some point, also. But if you asked me right now, "What is it?"—well, to use adjectives to describe it would sound as silly as the sound of my voice does to me right now.

PLAYBOY: Some critics would say that Fox is responsible for the rash of lowest-common-denominator shows on television now.

DILLER: Wait a minute. What you're doing is the crime of the media. You have a little thesis and then you mightily shoehorn the facts into it so that they will fit. Look at the shows you're excluding—*Tracey Ullman*, *Garry Shandling*, *Duet*, *Beyond Tomorrow*.

PLAYBOY: But those shows are not as successful as your "blue-collar" ones, for lack of a better term. *A Current Affair*, *Married . . . with Children*, *America's Most Wanted*, *21 Jump Street*, *The Reporters*.

DILLER: *A Current Affair* is not a Fox Broadcasting Company show—it's Fox Television Stations', a syndicated show.

PLAYBOY: Joan Rivers is starting a new talk show that your old studio, Paramount, is going to syndicate. That's ironic, considering what happened to her at the Fox network. Why couldn't you come up with a show to fill that late-night slot?

DILLER: We had one idea, which was Joan Rivers. It was a good idea. It succeeded for a while, then it eroded and failed. We had no other idea. You can't audition on television. It doesn't work.

PLAYBOY: Arsenio Hall seemed to be working, but you pulled him off the air for *The Wilton North Report*. Now he, too, has his own show that Paramount is producing and syndicating.

DILLER: Arsenio was fun. We got very lucky. That was rare luck. We would have kept him. In fact, we wanted to keep him, but unfortunately, we had the *Wilton North* train arriving in the station. We had no choice. We had to get the Arsenio train out of the way. The *Wilton North* train that arrived was a disaster. But, you know, I'm very proud of my failures. I'm perverse that way. You're so interested in peeling off these personal things—there's a good example of my ego coming out. I'm not shy about admitting my mistakes or failures.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Fox treated Joan Rivers shabbily?

DILLER: No, I don't think we treated her shabbily at all. I watched an interview with her the other day and I thought that she was so vulnerable and sympathetic. Now, the person I went through a process with was not particularly vulnerable or sympathetic, but that may have just been because of the circumstances. What happened is that it didn't work out. What do you do when something doesn't work out? We didn't act mean or rude or any other adverse way. At a certain point, we ended it, which was our responsibility.

PLAYBOY: You also run Twentieth Century Fox Films, a company that produces not only movies but also television shows. How do you decide which Twentieth Century Fox pilot is sold to the three other net-

works and which is sold to the Fox network?

DILLER: We've kept some walls up in the company, because we think it is the right way to do it. I guess it sounds strange; you want to say, "Oh, come on." But if you asked people in the company, they would tell you that it is true. Fox Films has the integrity of its own operation. Sometimes, pilots will come to the Fox network, but the Fox Film Corporation believes that their charter is to first go to the three other networks; if there is anything left over, they will then come to Fox and other entities. They're straight about it. I respect that and keep that wall as high as necessary. There are program departments all over this company. The thing is to keep them separated so they can generate what they believe in. We have an arm of this company that produces shows for one network and another arm that produces a show that may be in competition. But that's just a healthy, sensible way to run the kind of business that I'm in.

PLAYBOY: What makes a great movie? What makes you choose one script over another?

DILLER: There's only one thing: Does it interest you? Period.

PLAYBOY: You don't look at a script and say, "I don't get this, but audiences will love it"?

DILLER: I do not know what that means. When people use the word commercial, I want to take out a BB gun and wound them. Not kill them; wound them. It's such an awful word. There's only one thing you know: what you like. That's all you know. That sounds simple, but so many times, people stray from that. Your instincts are educated by who you are. But the one thing you absolutely *cannot* do is say, "I don't have any idea what this is about, but they'll like it," and then define "them": "Kids'll like it." "Black people in ghettos will like it." "White Protestants in Kansas will like it." You can't do that. All you can say is, "I like it." "I hate it." "I love it." If you can keep it clean—and it's very tough to keep that instinct clean, without much adornment—if you do that, you'll probably tend to do OK. It's a very broad avenue, this thing thought of as Main Street. Now, if you are interested only in esoteric things—in breaking the fourth wall or something—it's pretty silly for you to labor away in mass media.

PLAYBOY: You never order your production department to bring you scripts that can fit into conceptual categories?

DILLER: No.

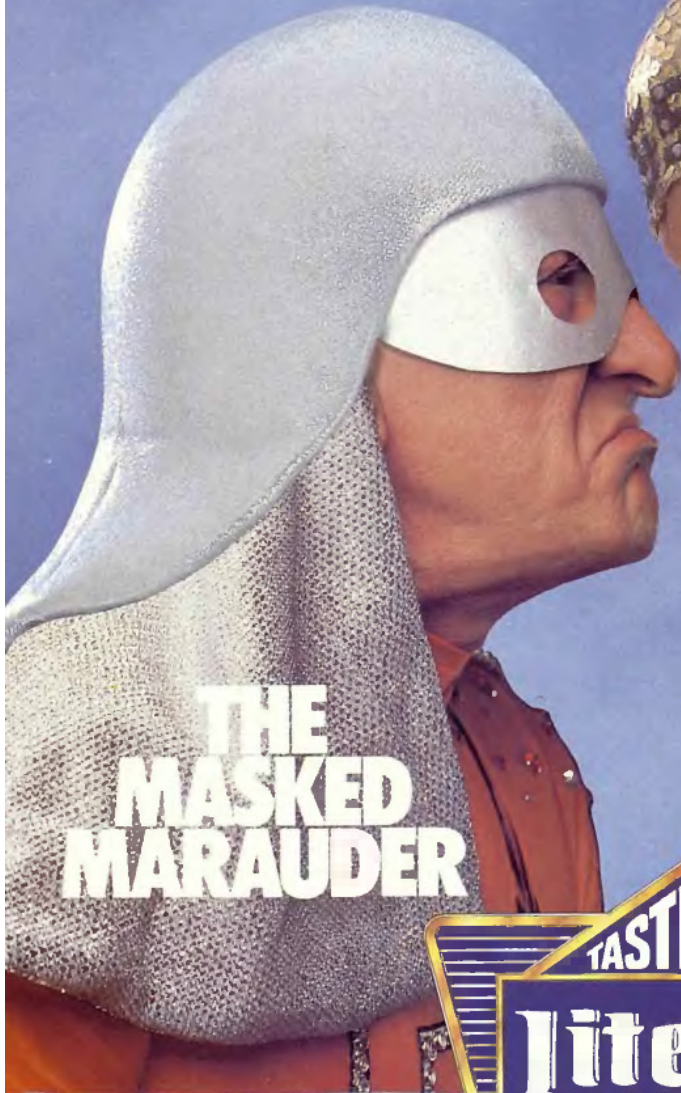
PLAYBOY: Your movie line-up for 1989 at Fox is all over the map—there is no one driving sensibility.

DILLER: But that's good moviemaking!

PLAYBOY: Then your personal tastes are all over the map.

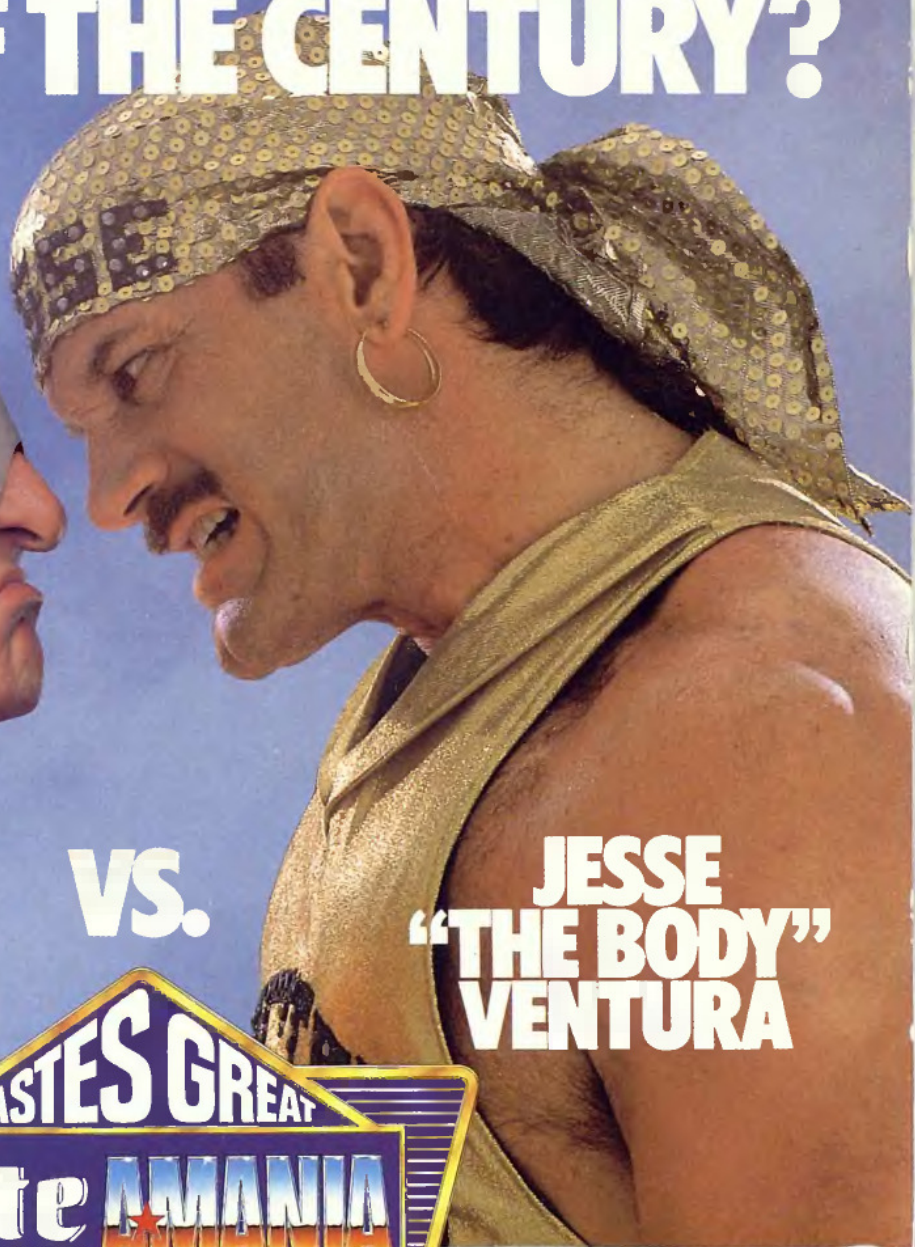
DILLER: Yes! The thing that always drove me crazy at Paramount was the way I was positioned as the executive who made the serious films—*Reds*, *Ordinary People*, *Terms of*

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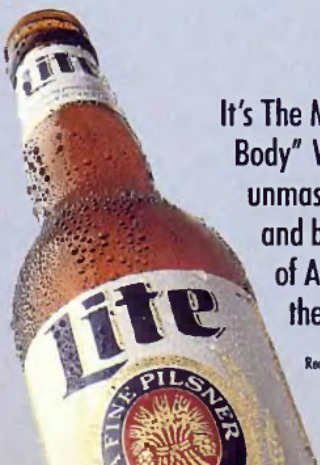
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Endearment. How did that happen to me? What happened to *Saturday Night Fever*? And *Foul Play*? And *Heaven Can Wait*?

PLAYBOY: Your first two movies at Paramount were *Bad News Bears* and *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*. That seems like a summation of Barry Diller.

DILLER: How interesting. Explain yourself.

PLAYBOY: They are two opposite films. One is about innocence and competition and winning. The other is about power and sex. One is light; one is dark.

DILLER: What are you saying? That I'm a schizophrenic?

PLAYBOY: No. You can have those two sides to your personality and be healthy—if you admit to them.

DILLER: Look at what you're doing. Look at the positioning that you're doing with me—"If you can admit to them."

PLAYBOY: You're the one who said you were schizophrenic. Just trying to help.

DILLER: Believe me, if you think the words "I am schizophrenic" have come out of my mouth, then you—

PLAYBOY: Are going to have a lawsuit?

DILLER: [Laughs] No, you're just not going to be able to walk.

PLAYBOY: Then you'll have a lawsuit.

DILLER: I'll defend it. I'm not worried.

PLAYBOY: Why would those two films attract your attention?

DILLER: I read a script of *Bad News Bears* and I simply loved it and we bought it within an hour. I remember, because we took it away from somebody else. It cost thirty thousand dollars. I was thrilled. Then we set out to make the movie. It was my first movie lesson, because we *made* that movie. We then took it to preview and the audience liked it, but they didn't love it. Then we opened the movie and nobody went. I was crushed. I was not feeling well. I kept thinking it could not be—the movie was terrific. All the experts kept saying to me that once a movie opens and dies, you cannot resurrect it. I'll have to admit that's almost true. But we succeeded in bringing it back from the dead. We started by taking out a double-page spread in *The New York Times*. I remember Charlie Bluhdorn saying to me, "This movie has failed; how dare you spend this money to take out this ad?" He went on and on. But it cooked. It became a big, juicy early hit for me.

As for *Goodbar*, I hadn't even read a script—just the book. I didn't like the book—but I thought the *story* was great. It was one I hadn't heard before. I'm always up for something that's fresh and interesting. And *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* was a hot idea for a movie. It was made into a devastating movie by Richard Brooks. I'm not so sure that the movie I initially envisioned is the movie we got—but there it is.

PLAYBOY: The story of British director David Puttnam is well known—how he came to town as the new head of Columbia, claiming he would revolutionize Hollywood by defying the packaging of movies by agents, slashing star salaries, making films at lower costs, etc., until he was dis-

missed. Isn't that some of what you did at Paramount?

DILLER: I had problems with . . . [laughs] I was going to say the Puttnam years, but maybe I should say the Puttnam months. That was a blowhard and a media manipulator at work. Puttnam has been doing it—attempting to manipulate the media—for years. My first experience with him was when we were making *Reds* at Paramount. We cared a lot about that movie. It was a very difficult movie to make, very controversial in a lot of ways. Here was Gulf + Western, this big bastion of capitalism led by Bluhdorn, and we were making this romantic movie about communism.

The plans for the movie were rough; it was unprepared, I admit it. It was rushed into production because the elements demanded it. That was the nature of the beast at the moment and it caused the picture to go way over its budget. But the budget wasn't real, because you can't budget a movie that's unprepared. That happens from time to time if you push the production of a movie. It was very hard. Warren Beatty is a good friend of mine, and even *we* had a lot of difficulties with each other. There was a lot of conflict.

PLAYBOY: Would you have made *Reds* if Warren had not been your friend? Did friendship get in the way of your business acumen?

DILLER: The question makes no sense. It would not have been a film without Warren. The two things are not exclusive, but it was a highly charged situation. I'm not excusing anybody's behavior, mine included. However, we covered the movie financially. Paramount was assured of not losing any money on the deal. I pride myself in that. But emotionally, *Reds* was a very difficult time for everyone.

Now, I'm giving you all this boring background against the following: One day, during the worst part of the process, a story appeared in the press from this person, David Puttnam, decrying big-budget Hollywood moviemaking as exemplified by the excesses of *Reds*. He even gave specific examples concerning our movie. While here he was, making *Chariots of Fire*, this wonderful little movie, for spit and polish. He made himself out to be the nice, honorable person compared with the Hollywood bad guys. It was a body blow to us.

None of us could figure it out. I kept wondering why this person would attack another movie. Why would he do this? I just couldn't figure it out. Then I realized what he was doing. He had started his campaign early to win the Academy Award by putting our movie in a certain classification. That was brilliant. Everybody always says that Warren and I are so sophisticated about the business, but this train went right by us without our even seeing it. Then it was too late. But I thought, What a horrible thing to do. Honestly, what a rotten thing to do.

PLAYBOY: Will Fox release Puttnam's next movie?

DILLER: [Laughs] Not likely. I think Puttnam has certainly made some movies that I've liked, but here is a person who came to town and made all of this *noise*. By the way, he had a unilateral right to spend a great deal of money, and he spent it. He was destructive to an awful lot of people who are decent and act honorably. When you asked me what I had done at Paramount, it did occur to me that we accomplished there what he was so busy talking about. And why, if you weren't inherently fraudulent, would you talk about what you wanted to accomplish instead of *accomplishing* it?

PLAYBOY: You talk more about the exercise of power than the making of movies. Is power very important to you?

DILLER: It's impossible for me to say, for a simple reason: I have had access to power for a very long time. I have asked myself how uncomfortable I would be without it. I can honestly say I don't know. It has surely ceased to matter to me. It is complicated. I have never particularly seen my actions from outside myself. I've never had a very complete sense of being powerful. I know that sounds odd, but I've never had a sense of acting with power. I've never stood outside myself and said, "Oh, my God! Look at what I can do!" I've never done it. And I've always felt good about that.

PLAYBOY: In a free-enterprise system, you are almost a titled person—chairman and chief executive officer. It's like being royalty in a European country, except that you have even more power—you can act as king and queen.

DILLER: I've got my eyes pressed against the glass panes just like everybody else: Things are only important or interesting depending on your vantage point. I've never had this conversation with anybody else who has had access to power, but the truth is that I've never looked at it from the point of view of someone looking in at it. I just don't know what that's supposed to feel like. I'm sure it's supposed to feel like *something*, because I have the feeling about other things with other people. But I don't have it about myself or my daily life. It doesn't mean I'm not proud of my "tiering" in this world.

PLAYBOY: Or your list of accomplishments.

DILLER: That's separate. *That* I'm very proud of.

PLAYBOY: Which accomplishments are you most proud of?

DILLER: Oh, I don't know. I don't know. When I think of them, I'll write them down . . . like dreams.

PLAYBOY: Do you get any kind of sexual feeling from power?

DILLER: No.

PLAYBOY: What do you seek in another person—or do you find all your satisfactions in your job?

DILLER: Are we sliding into a morass here,

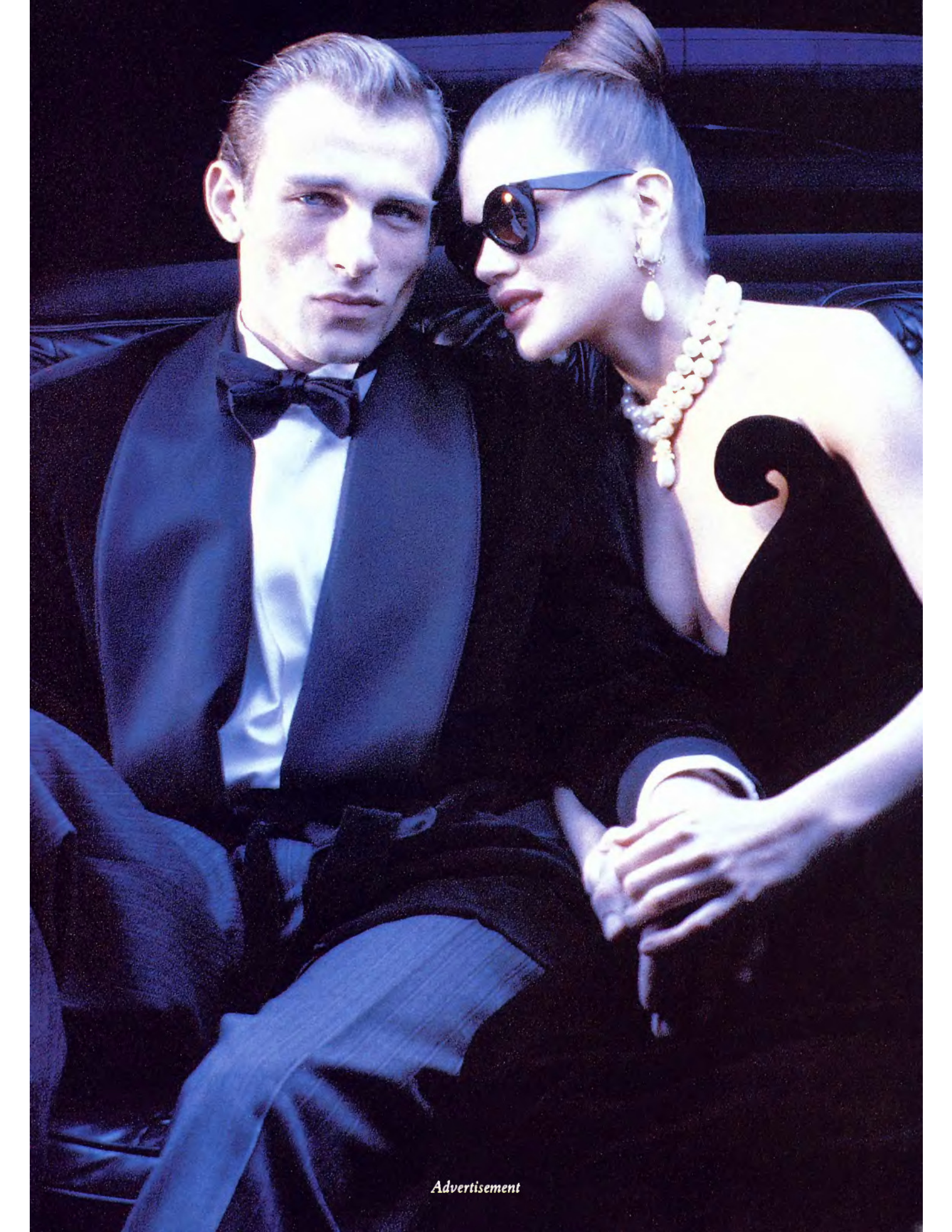
THE ESSENCE OF
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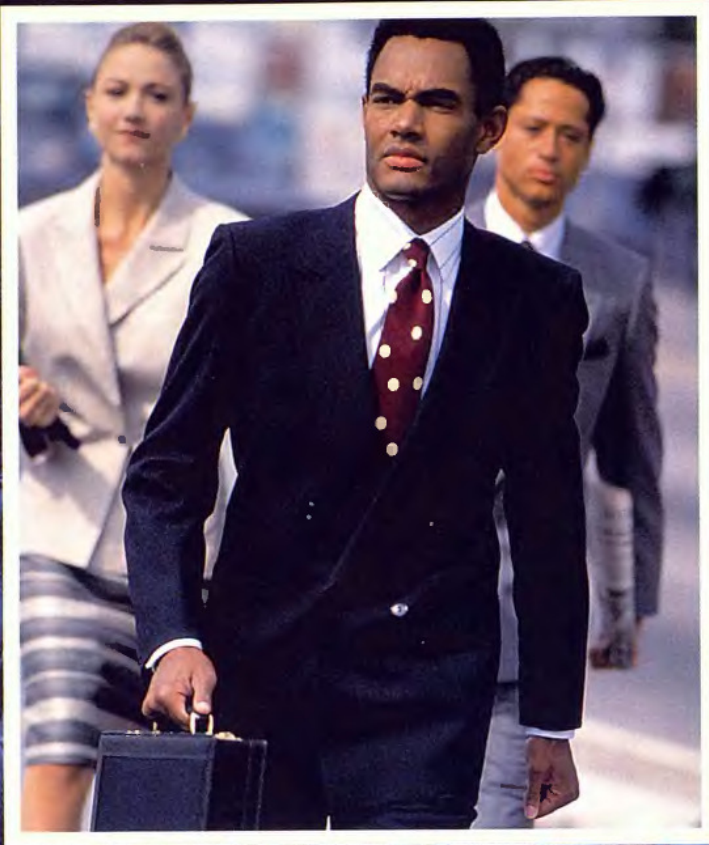
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A COMMANDING SIGNATURE

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Striking sophisticates, the signature scent of Pierre Cardin and exclusive Bleu Marine de Cardin evoke a dazzling aura of power, success and pure luxury. Here: Tuxedo, Cecilia Metheny. Dress, Relend Niveleis. Jewelry, Marilyn Buck. Seeglasses, Michele Lamy. Insets: Blue Suit, shirt, Hervé Bernard. Tie, Perry Ellis. Gray suit, shirt, tie, Hervé Bernard. Her suit, Eileen Ruhini. Briefcase, portfolio, La Begegerie. Watch, Seelimente. Silver hex, Irnme, Asprey. Biedermeier table, Victor Antiques.

Knowledge is power. The more you know about a given situation—the big picture *and* the details—the more you can handle it from a position of strength. Consider scent as one of those details that, used properly, can have great impact on your overall image. Learn to select colognes and after shaves not only for their appealing scent, but as a complement to the occasion...and your individual style.

SOME NOTES ABOUT SCENT

Every fragrance is created through the careful blending of a series of essential oils into "notes" that yield a dominant theme or character. Most men's scents fall into one of the following types: oriental, citrus, spice, leather, and musky/earthy—each of which has a distinctive personality. Understanding the character of each of these types helps you choose a fragrance that suits the situation.

Oriental scents are a mixture of exotic oils that give a sophisticated, sultry, even mysterious feeling. *Santa Fe* fragrance, for example, is a subtle but elegant oriental with sensual undertones that capture the casual style and warmth of the American Southwest. *Pierre Cardin for Men* fragrance is a more assertive oriental with spice and wood accents that project a sense of power, both at work and after hours. Scents in the citrus family tend to appeal because of their bright, exhilarating qualities. So for a lighter, but equally sophisticated touch try the new French import *Bleu Marine de Cardin* fragrance. It

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is a blend of lively citrus with the added sensuality of wood notes. Spice scents are known for their fresh, masculine character. *Old Spice* fragrance is a perennial favorite, a classic loved by men and women all over the world. For a more seductive, sensual spice, there's *Night Spice* fragrance to heighten the mood of any romantic moment.

HOW TO CHOOSE

So how do you find the right scents for your life? Try them on at the men's fragrance counter. The right way is to dab or spray *one* on your wrist, wait a few minutes, then see how you like it. It is crucial to test scent on *your* skin because fragrances are "built" to reveal themselves in stages, in reaction to your skin's chemistry and the air. (A quick whiff from the bottle will smell mostly of alcohol.) You'll discover that a scent's initial note mellows a bit, developing gradually into the long-lasting "foundation" scent, or bottom note, that stays with you for hours. For example, your first feeling of *Old Spice* cologne will be of crisp, citrus notes, but after a few minutes you'll sense its rich foundation of spice.

After you've tried one scent, you can test another, and then another—but three's the limit your nose can register at one time. If you're pressed for time, ask for fragrance samples, little vials or packets that allow you to "road test" scents you think you might like.

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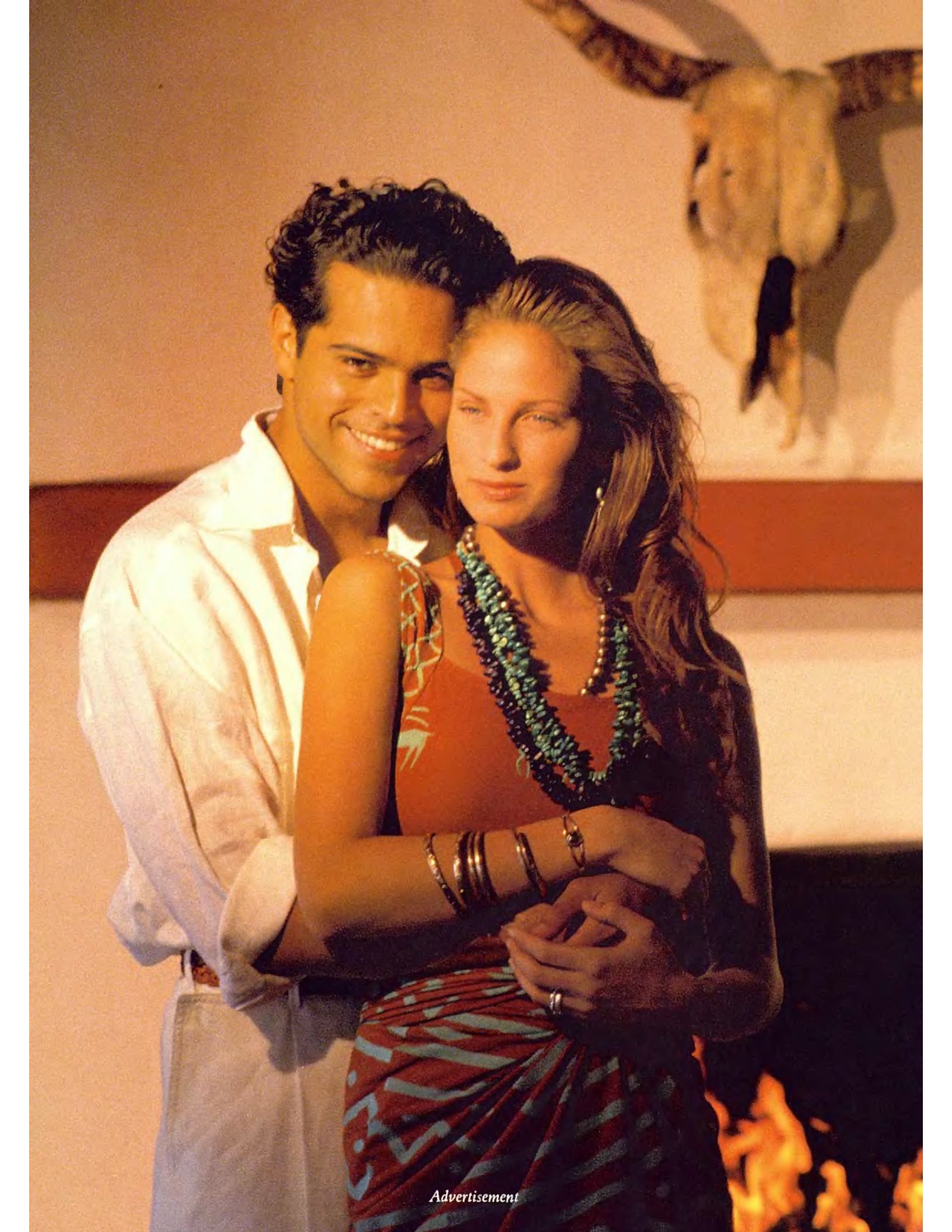
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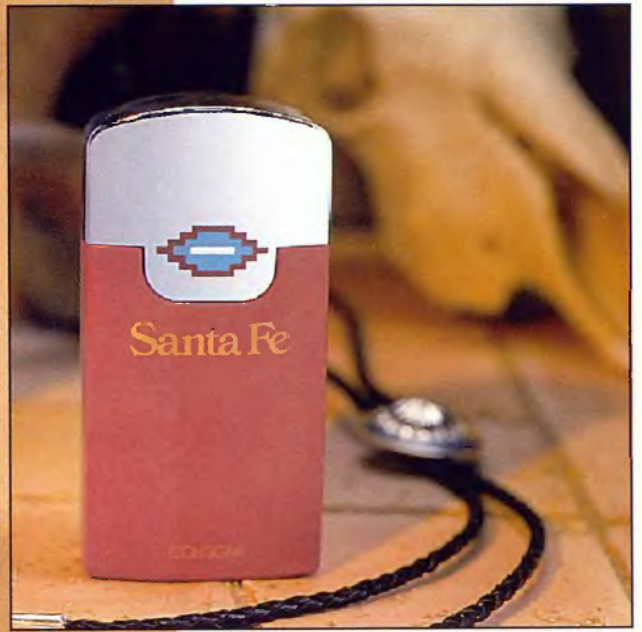
Born in the USA, Old Spice is a worldwide classic with a playful sense of savoir-faire—ideal for the well-rounded man who is at home in any situation. Here: Suit, Harvé Bernard. Skirt, Jacket, Morisane. Insets: Sweater, shirt, pants, Cecilia Metheny. Agenda, Coach. Picnic hamper, Key ring, Abercrombie & Fitch.





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Assured and at-ease, Santa Fe speaks of turquoise, terra cotta and casual elegance, evoking the warm glow of a Southwest sunset. Here: Linen shirt, Cecilia Metheny. Pants, Sabato Russo. Belt, 5 x 5 at Style Council. Her apparel, Guy Paulin at Jet Lag. Jewelry, The Common Ground, Inc., New York.



HOW TO USE

Once you have found an appealing scent, you can select the form to use. Cologne and after shave both enhance your image. How to choose? Use both! After shaves are formulated to close pores, relieve razor burn, and start your day off right. *Santa Fe* after shave is perfect as the final step in your morning grooming ritual, leaving you invigorated—with a warm, refreshed glow. Elegant but unpretentious, *Santa Fe* suits a casual but sophisticated lifestyle. And for men with sensitive skin, *Old Spice* and *Pierre Cardin* lines have special conditioning after shaves that are rich in soothing emollients and moisturizers. But after shaves aren't created with long-lasting scent power. That's where colognes come in. They contain more fragrance oil, and therefore their scent lingers longer.

To make the most of your scent options, try layering after shave with cologne. Splash after shave on your face and cologne on pulse points where body temperature is highest. Layering *Santa Fe*

Santa Fe
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Santa Fe





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You're discovering the real power of fragrance to express your personality, to convey your character in all facets of your life. Ultimately, you'll want to build your own personal collection of after shaves and colognes. Most men do. (And women love it.)

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As romantic as dancing by candlelight, *Night Spice* adds intrigue to after hours encounters. Here: Suit, *Sabato Russo*. Shirt, *Studio Tokyo*. Dress, *Diana Paraet*. Jewelry, *Cec Le Page* at *Yvatta Fry*. Insat: *Champagne Notes, Lalique*. Cuff links, *Asprey*.



A TOUCH
OF ROMANCE

Night Spice

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a . . . I don't know, the words escape me. I get too shy about it.

PLAYBOY: About your personal life?

DILLER: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Give it a try.

DILLER: I'm very eclectic. About everything. I have nothing very profound or interesting to say about this. If we weren't sitting here doing this interview and you said, "Now, concentrate. What is it that attracts you to another person?" I still don't know if I could do it.

PLAYBOY: What has been the common characteristic?

DILLER: There isn't one! Line them up. You can't find it, I don't think.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever lined them up?

DILLER: [Laughs] Yes, I have. It's an interesting picture.

PLAYBOY: Is there a common characteristic?

DILLER: You really want to know, don't you? You're not letting me off the hook. Let's see. I guess, in the end—I do mean in the very, very end—they are all genuinely nice people. I do think that actually does distinguish them from other line-ups of other people. Let's skip all of this.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you just let go and open up?

DILLER: Why should I?

PLAYBOY: It might be good for this interview; it might be good for your life.

DILLER: Let's concentrate on the second part. Explain to me why it would be good for my life.

PLAYBOY: You are a corporate officer and all that that entails. You have to keep a lot of boundaries—a word you use—in your life.

DILLER: I know what my boundaries are. What's wrong with that? I do think that is what interests a person in other people—what are the boundaries.

PLAYBOY: Aren't people who live inside boundaries afraid of loss? What—besides your temper—are you afraid of losing?

DILLER: I can't talk about it psychologically and make any sense about it. But I do know this: I feel strongly about privacy. Now, it's fair to ask me where this came from. But there is no question about it—anybody who knows me, any of my friends, anybody who is aware enough and is in the concentric circles of my life knows I care a lot about privacy. *Privateness*. I think acting with privacy is admirable. I respect privacy in other people and I expect them to respect it in me. That sounds really bird-brainy, but I believe it.

PLAYBOY: As you evolve as a person, do some things that were once private in your life become public?

DILLER: No, your sense of privacy remains the same. Embarrassments may change. Shynesses may change. One may become more outgoing. But the basic sense does not change.

PLAYBOY: Should someone like Gary Hart have been given his privacy?

DILLER: That is yet another issue. You're go-

ing from what I personally feel to a question of media. We could wear out sixty-two tapes on how I feel about the media. Briefly, I think that Gary Hart *tortured* privacy. If you want to have a private affair, you can have one, even if you're the President of the United States. But there are boundaries and rules and promises you have to keep.

PLAYBOY: When you look back at the moguls who started this town—Adolph Zukor, Louis B. Mayer, Sam Goldwyn, the Warners—with whom do you identify?

DILLER: I wouldn't think any of them. They really built the movie business; it would be silly to put myself in the same category. Plus, they came out of such a different culture. Have you read this book by Neal Gabler, *An Empire of Their Own*? It's really interesting. Very anti-Semitic, I suspect.

PLAYBOY: No, just the opposite. Gabler makes the point that the Jewish men who started the studios were themselves anti-Semitic in their actions. They had a chance to present a humanist view to the public but, instead, codified a Christian one.

DILLER: That's so untrue. What they did was give an *emotional* base to Christianity. It is terribly sad, in a strange way, and I probably can't say it right, but what those men did was interpret out of their own emotions these respectable and responsible emotional issues; they put them in a kind of American order. But all immigrants do that. It's just more enhanced if you're Jewish—there's more *Sturm und Drang*. I mean, talk to immigrants. Gabler's is a convenient theory. I'll give him that. And the book is nicely anecdotal. But I'm not here to give you a book report. I'll shut up.

PLAYBOY: Do you think of yourself as a Jew? Do you have a Jewish identity?

DILLER: [Laughs] No. Not really.

PLAYBOY: The irony of Jewish anti-Semitism brings up another question. Some people claim that show business is run by homosexuals; others, that the business is homophobic. What do you think?

DILLER: I don't think you can say that the entertainment business is homophobic. That is at base untrue. It's incorrect.

PLAYBOY: Can an actor or an actress in this town live his or her life openly as a gay man or a lesbian and still get hired?

DILLER: Well, you may have a point about the hiring of actors and actresses—but that's a different issue, in which other things come into play that have nothing to do with phobias, homo or otherwise.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about some of the big names in town. We'll mention a few and get your response to them. Eddie Murphy.

DILLER: What about him?

PLAYBOY: You were at Paramount when he made *48 HRS.*, *Trading Places* and *Beverly Hills Cop*. Why did he become a star?

DILLER: Why would he not be a star? He's a funny guy.

PLAYBOY: How did you develop a relationship with him?

DILLER: Larry Gordon and Joel Silver, who produced *48 HRS.*, tell the tale that Paramount—meaning me—wanted to replace Murphy. I wasn't there when they were seeing the dailies—I don't know where I was—but somebody from Paramount supposedly said, "Get rid of this guy." I don't know. I like him a lot. I guess a lot of other people do, too. I haven't the vaguest fucking idea why he's a star. What an absurd question.

PLAYBOY: Did Paramount, in fact, try to fire him from his first movie?

DILLER: I truly don't know. I think it's kind of apocryphal. If it was during the dailies for *48 HRS.*, you certainly couldn't tell that he was going to become such a big star. When we put him in *48 HRS.*, nobody had the foresight to say, "My God! This guy's going to be the number-one movie star in America!" Nobody said that. Nobody ever says that. But after *48 HRS.*, we were alert enough to say, "Let's take him."

PLAYBOY: Warren Beatty.

DILLER: Warren Beatty is my friend. I wouldn't ever talk about a friend.

PLAYBOY: Madonna. Her movies fail. Why isn't she a movie star?

DILLER: I think she is a movie star. Whatever the reasons are, there have been bad choices made for her and by her. But she's a movie star. How can she not be? She may be a movie star who's never in a movie, but Madonna is a movie star. Thirty years from now, people will say, "Mmmmm . . . movie star: Madonna."

PLAYBOY: Mike Nichols.

DILLER: I can't talk about him. He's a friend.

PLAYBOY: Diane Keaton.

DILLER: My friend.

PLAYBOY: Bruce Willis.

DILLER: I like Bruce Willis.

PLAYBOY: Why did you give him a reported five million dollars to star in *Die Hard*? You supposedly toed the line against "star" salaries at Paramount.

DILLER: I don't know. What you do at a narrow moment of time for the reasons that you do does not necessarily prove anything. You can say you paid him too much, you paid him too little. The fact of the matter is that *Die Hard* made a lot of people a great deal of money. So who's to say? There was a small window of time to make the movie and have it ready when we *needed* a movie to be ready. So Willis was available, and he said he wanted X amount of dollars to do it, and we said yes to it. Now, that was dumb or smart or some gradation in between.

PLAYBOY: Diana Ross.

DILLER: A friend of mine.

PLAYBOY: Marvin Davis [former owner of Twentieth Century Fox].

DILLER: He's *not* a friend of mine. It's interesting, I'm being pretty straight about this. I wouldn't speak publicly about Marvin

Davis. I've spoken too much privately.

PLAYBOY: Martin Davis [chairman of Gulf + Western].

DILLER: Probably the same. However, he's done a great job at Gulf + Western.

PLAYBOY: Which movies are you most proud of?

DILLER: The most proud of? [Laughs] There was this chimp movie at Paramount—*Going Ape!* Then there was . . . I see the images, but I've blocked out the titles . . . there was a Joan Darling movie with that little blond guy in it, *First Love*. That was great; I was very proud of that. [Laughs] Oh, and, of course, *Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood*.

You know, when Diane Von Furstenberg and I got together, she used that awful movie as the symbol of our lives. We really began going out when we went to the preview of *Won Ton Ton* together. We were on our way to the country, so we dropped by this theater in the suburbs of New Jersey. It was in some mall somewhere. Just awful. The audience was full of motion-picture-exhibitor types and their fur-clad wives.

PLAYBOY: You mean like the folks who watch the Fox network?

DILLER: No, these were exhibitor types—believe me, they don't watch *nothing*. They only know what they know. And there was Diane, watching *Won Ton Ton* with all these furs. She survived it, but she still says to me, "Well, you know, you can always go back to *Won Ton Ton*." It was the lowest. To watch that movie in that huge theater with those people was an awful experience. What else? This is fun. Oh, yeah, *1900*.

PLAYBOY: Are you being facetious or serious? Some people think *1900* was Bernardo Bertolucci's best film.

DILLER: I saw the six-and-a-half-hour version of *1900*, for which I gather I will have the undying enmity of Mr. Bertolucci. It was painful sitting there for that length of time. I had just arrived in Rome and was very tired. Maybe that had something to do with it.

PLAYBOY: Seriously, which films have meant the most to you?

DILLER: OK. *Bad News Bears*. Should I do this by years? *Saturday Night Fever*. I remember: Until the first hour of the first day of release, no one liked that movie. *Heaven Can Wait*, which was very emotional and a great turn. *Days of Heaven*, for sure. I'm just thinking of movies that were emotional for me. *Reds*.

PLAYBOY: Which movies have you turned down that you wish you had made?

DILLER: I don't care about what I turned down. In the movie business, it has nothing to do with what you *don't* do. It has to do only with what you *do*. What you don't do that someone else has the alertness or the perception or the taste to do, and that turns out to be great, has nothing to do with you. It has to do with him. If you begin to define yourself by what you haven't done, then you're foolish.

There are people who say, "You read the script for *E.T.* and you turned it down? You

bird brain!" But the truth of the matter is that any success you have is because you *see* something, not because you *don't* see it. It doesn't matter that someone else sees it. More power to him. But if you look at the movies—or any creative thing—you'll discover that before they were fully realized and people could then react to them, an endless number of people didn't initially "get" them. That's fine. Thank God that happens. If that didn't happen, then all you would need is some research firm that could do it all, figure it all out up front, plug it in one way and pull it out the other.

We're very lucky that that's not the case. For example, Warner Bros. turned down the script for *Heaven Can Wait*. Then I read it and thought it was wonderful. The reverse of that is that very early on, I read *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* and didn't want to make it. It's only what you react to. But who cares if you've turned down a movie and other people went on to make a success of it? It doesn't concern me.

PLAYBOY: It is reported that your contract with Fox runs out next year. Will you sign

*"I really don't think of
Fox as a job. I don't
really think I work anymore.
I have no need to work.
I don't have to pay the bills."*

up for another hitch?

DILLER: Unfortunately, in terms of technical freedom, it's not true about next year. It's a little further in the distance than that. You know, I've probably had fewer, as they say, "jobs" than most people. I've really had only three. I went to school at William Morris. I was at ABC. And then Paramount. I really don't think of Fox as a job.

PLAYBOY: What is it, then?

DILLER: I just don't really think I work anymore. I have no need to work. I don't have to pay the bills.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you're worth the money that Fox pays you?

DILLER: How can anyone respond to such a question—whether you're paid X or five hundred times X?

PLAYBOY: How do you measure your worth?

DILLER: There's no way you can measure it in dollars, that's for sure. Dollars have nothing to do with worth. You measure it in the things you ought to measure it in: What do you do? What do you contribute? What effect do you have on the people around you and the organism you have responsibility for? I don't think you can put that in dollar terms. *I've never asked any single person for any single thing*. Well, wait—is that true? Let me think. Yes, it is

true. I'm being honest here with you. As it relates to me personally, I've never done it. I've never said, "Pay me this and I'll do that." It's an irrelevant issue to me. To me, Fox has nothing to do with money. I have more money than I would ever be able to spend in multiple lifetimes.

PLAYBOY: Then why are you at Fox?

DILLER: For a lot of complicated reasons. Because I'm still interested in the process. Because there's still work to be done. In contrast to what I've done in the other phases of my life, the Fox companies are a challenge. But if somebody came up to me and said, "Would you be interested in running this movie company?" I'd look at him like he was crazy. I've been in the entertainment business for more than twenty years. If I were still interested in only running a movie company, I'd be a fool.

PLAYBOY: You sound a bit bored. Would you ever leave the corporate world and just produce movies?

DILLER: Never. No, no, no.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever leave show business and do something different?

DILLER: There's nothing else I would do in the entertainment business than what I do now. And I doubt that I will be in the entertainment business for the rest of my life. I would presume that, I would hope. I'm just not sure what it will be, because I'm not finished with what I'm doing yet.

PLAYBOY: How do you avoid burnout?

DILLER: You *reburn*. By not burning the same stuff I was burning five years ago or ten years ago or fifteen years ago. I think you have to keep doing different things.

PLAYBOY: Throughout the interview, you have tried to give us the impression that you are not a self-observant person, that you don't contemplate your life. If that's true, you are the only celebrated, successful person we know who does not look at his life as some sort of narrative flow. All successful people seem to have a sense of themselves as characters in their own lives.

DILLER: But I never have, and I think that has a lot to do with the best parts of my life. I never have.

PLAYBOY: Let's give it one more try. At Paramount, you were known for championing high-concept films—those that could be summed up in one line. If you were going to sell *The Barry Diller Story* to a movie company, what would be the one sentence that would hook it?

DILLER: [Laughs] Oh, God! You've been doing this all the way through this interview! You've kept coming up with these ultimate truths every time I say something. So you write the sentence; I can't write it. I'm the worst judge of me. I do not do that well. I've told you that. Anything I would say would be utter noise. By the way, I'd love to be challenged, to be forced to do it so that we could laugh over it. Because we would really laugh. I would laugh hard.





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Fit for a Dad.

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Brace yourself. Here are some of the things your girlfriend, your lover, the dream chick you haven't even met yet are reading:

- *How to Make a Man Fall in Love with You* (book).

- *How to Keep a Man in Love with You Forever* (book).

- "How to Close the Deal: Get Married" (*Cosmopolitan* article).

- *How to Be Married One Year from Today* (includes a sample wedding invitation).

Take a deep breath.

Here are some of the things they are being told:

- If a man wants pancakes for breakfast, start flipping. You can always put him on a yogurt-and-bran diet after you're married.

- Set deadlines for the relationship's progress—but don't tell him.

- Laugh a lot, flirt a lot, act cute, never

The Return of the Designing Woman

she's back with a new agenda—
and she's out to get you

article by

MARCIA FROELKE COBURN





WHAT WOMEN REALLY WANT: A GUIDE FOR GUYS

	FIFTIES	SIXTIES	SEVENTIES	EIGHTIES	NINETIES
50 years inside the female psyche					
GOAL	Raise children	Raise hell	Raise consciousness	Raise annually	Raise her standards
PERSONAL BREAKTHROUGH	Getting in touch with his mother	Getting in touch with his feelings	Getting in touch with her feelings	Getting in touch with her broker	Getting in touch with his broker
WHAT TO CALL HER	Mrs.	His chick	Ms.	C.E.O.	Mommy
METHOD OF CONTRACEPTION	The girdle	The pill	The blow job	The job	Coitus (occasionally) interruptus
GREATEST ANXIETY	The bomb	The war	The pill	The deficit	The prenuptial agreement
IDEAL MAN	Daddy	John Lennon	Gloria Steinem	Cliff Huxtable	Donald Trump
IDEAL WOMAN	Scarlett O'Hara	Cher	Cher	Cher	Scarlett O'Hara
NAME FOR PENIS	N/A	Peter	Dick	Willie	The hape of the future
WHAT SHE CALLS HER MAN	My breadwinner	My old man	My significant other	My ex	My hero
PREFERRED SEX ACT	Headache	All of them	Cunnilingus	Foreclosure	Conception
FAVORITE FANTASY	Being shipwrecked with Ezio Pinza	Being shipwrecked with the Doors	Being shipwrecked with Werner Erhard	Being shipwrecked with T. Boone Pickens	Being shipwrecked with Dr. T. Berry Brazelton
FAVORITE GREASEBALL	Elvis Presley	Dennis Hopper	John Travolta	Gordon Gekko	Vinnie Terranova
INDISPENSABLE HOUSEHOLD ITEM	Girdle	Rooch clip	Food processor	Microwave oven	Husband
TV HEROINE	June Cleaver	Goldie Hawn	Mary Richards	Murphy Brown	Wilma Flintstone
IDEAL DATE	Drive-in	Love-in	Nat giving in	Dick Loudon's Stratford Inn	Staying in
BEST REASON TO HAVE SEX	Duty	Fun	Self-awareness	Distraction	Nostalgia
INCOME	His	None	Hers	Theirs	His
WHAT SHE BURNS	The meat loaf	Her bridges	Her bra	The midnight oil	Her résumé
SECRET SHAME	Not really a virgin	Not really promiscuous	Reads <i>Bride's</i> magazine	Lied about "that Yale thing" on her résumé	Hates kids
GREATEST TRIUMPH	Her moist chocolate cake	Banging a rock star	Finding her G spot	Conquering escrow	Memorizing the names of all four Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles
ROAD MOST TRAVELED	<i>Happy Trails</i>	Hippie trail	Abbey Road	Her career path	The Mommy Track
HOW FAR SHE'LL GO ON A FIRST DATE	Above the waist	All the way	As far as she wants to when she wants to	As far as the blood-testing clinic	To Cancún—especially if she's ovulating
MOST EROGENOUS ZONE	Her ring finger	Her aura	Her closet	Her office	That spot behind her ear
BOOK SHE HAS READ TWICE	<i>Peyton Place</i>	<i>The Feminine Mystique</i>	<i>The Female Eunuch</i>	<i>Smart Women, Foolish Choices</i>	<i>How to Be Married One Year from Today</i>
AFFECTATION	Apron	British accent	Leg hair	Briefcase	Pregnancy
SURGERY OF CHOICE	Rhinoplasty	Ear piercing	Breast reduction	Breast augmentation	Boning a chicken
THE GREAT ESCAPE	Scotch	Second	'Ludes	Evian water	Tupperware party
SEX TOYS	His zipper	Her vibrator	Her clitoris	Their I.R.A. statements	Basal thermometer
MOST TREASURED OBJECT	Girdle	Bong	Rape whistle	Cellular phone	Home-security system
ENEMIES	Sluts	Straights	Sexist pigs	Wives	Preschool admissions directors
HER BIBLE	Her Bible	<i>The Whole Earth Catalog</i>	<i>Our Bodies, Ourselves</i>	Her Filofax	Ivana Trump's autobiography
WHAT SHE SAYS WHEN SHE GETS HER PERIOD	"My friend dropped in."	"I wish I could share this with you!"	"Thank God."	"You're fired!"	"Maybe you should get a sperm count."

really disagree with him, encourage him to trust you.

- Act as though money doesn't matter.
- Do whatever it takes to find out whether he has big bucks.
- Make sure he understands that the last thing you want is to get married.

If the popularity of such self-help books and articles is any indication, there is a vast new brigade of designing women out there, virtual Rambettes, and they're coming to get you. Now, you may be saying, women as head-hunters seems like a hysterical exaggeration, a throwback to some antediluvian age, such as the Fifties, when every female had her eyes set on a 2.3-carat diamond, 2.3 model kids and a ranch mink.

OK. You're trying to be reasonable, you're trying to hold down the panic. But let me ask you this: If you really don't believe that women today have some kind of secret agenda, why does the name Robin Givens send you into a cold sweat?

The last big era for designing women was the Fifties, a time when women approached marriage like a big-game hunt. Watch *How to Marry a Millionaire*. That's the movie where Lauren Bacall, Marilyn Monroe and Betty Grable rent a penthouse—a bear trap, if you will—to lure some seven-figure meat. The object: matrimony, and with it, a legalized expense account. In other words, a long stroll down the bonbon trail.

Over the next three decades, it appeared that women gave up the hunt to pursue other things; they designed love-ins, self-awareness, career tracks. Love was free, of the heart, hit-or-miss. Then women became more professionally minded and outwardly directed. They wanted to *find* themselves, to fulfill their potential, to maximize their abilities; what happened was they went to work. Then they went home and continued to work, for, as it turned out, the men weren't really picking up the slack (or the dishes or the dirty clothes) on the home front.

In the recent past, the ultimate female goal was To Have It All: the career, the man, the kids, the lifestyle and the energy to maintain it. If women's batteries ran low, well, maybe they just needed the recharge of better organization. After all, the thinking went, it could be done.

But current research indicates a new trend: Young women today are looking for a role about halfway between superwoman and June Cleaver. And that means they are taking a new, pragmatic approach to affairs of the heart.

David Meer, senior vice-president of the Daniel Yankelovich Group, an opinion-research company, thinks young women are re-evaluating the merits of

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH FOR THE NINETIES?

Red-blood-cell count:

4,500,000–6,000,000 per cubic millimeter. Indicates well-oxygenated blood.

White-blood-cell count:

4500–10,500 per cubic millimeter. Shows no infectious diseases.

Cholesterol count:

200 or fewer milligrams per 100 milliliters.

HDL (high-density lipoprotein):

40 or more mgs./100 mls.

LDL (low-density lipoprotein):

130 or fewer mgs./100 mls.

Urine:

clear, no sugar, no protein, no evidence of marijuana or other toxic chemicals; no opiates, no drugs to regulate blood pressure or ulcers, which decrease fertility.

Job:

must not expose him to radiation or toxic chemicals that affect fertility. Must poy very much money.

Tax return:

open for inspection.

Turn-on:

buying nice things for his girlfriend.

Turn-off:

using birth control.

Personal strengths:
money, lots of it.

Heart rate:
65 beats per minute.

Blood pressure:
120/80 or lower.

Breathing rate:
14–18 breaths per minute—
a minimum of 30 when she's nearby.

Low stress-index figure:
below 150 on Holmes and Rohe's Social Readjustment Rating Scale.

Briefs:
loose boxers to ensure high sperm count.

Hero:
supermom.

Sperm viability (measures sperm's ability to swim):
greater than 60 percent.

Sperm density:
greater than 20,000,000 per milliliter of semen.

Ejaculate volume:
5 mls.

Family ambitions:
dynastic.

Life-insurance policy:
double indemnity.*

What kind of guy does the new designing woman go for? Start with his wallet: thick. His health is primo—so much will depend on him. And, oh, yes, his ability to propagate is highly prized. We've assembled the details here. See if you have what it takes to wind up on the new designing woman's short list.

*Just kidding

the workplace, the family and the concept of nurturing. "A big trend is the return of the classical family as an ideal," says Meer. Which means that more women are saying that they want to have children, that they want to have them earlier than this most recent beat-the-biological-clock generation, that they want to spend some time with them around the hearth. And that they're willing to put some kind of temporary cap on their careers, to swap the fast track for the Mommy Track, if that's what it takes.

"And that means that they're probably thinking about the men they're going out with in terms of who is going to be a good provider," says Meer.

So let's talk about this woman I met named Lorie. She's 25, graduate degree, bouncy, good job, nice looks. Here's her real career path: "I want to get married and have some kids," she says. "So I plan to hock everything I own, get enough capital to move into a very good place, an apartment building with lots of rich guys," she says. "Because when you want someone wealthy, you have to go to him. And you have to look the part. Because if he ever gets a whiff of desperation, then you're sunk. The most important thing is to act like money doesn't matter. That it's dripping off you, so who needs it? Then I'll join the most elite health club around. Go there all the time; rich guys like a tight fanny. And they like someone who looks like she has her own interests. This may sound cold, but what it really is is practical. Looking for a husband and a potential father is like looking for a job. You have to present yourself correctly and check out all the competition."

So what does this mean for the male gender? Maybe that you can no longer count on being judged in terms of who is sexy or adorable or smart. Not even in terms of who's a good dresser. There is no fallback position here; if you can't rely on a second paycheck, then you will have to prepare yourself to bear most of the financial burdens in life. That is, if a woman is thinking about donning an apron, it may also mean the return of the man in the gray-flannel suit. That is the breaking of the last romantic taboo: love in terms of Father Provides Best.

Now, a guy could start to feel used. Begin to worry that he's nothing but a money object, a big bag of Gravy Train.

But let's look at the facts. Great Expectations, a nationwide chain of video dating services, found that 72 percent of single women and 56 percent of single men said they wanted to get married within the year. And 42 percent of women talk about marriage and kids on the first date. In the book *100 Predictions for the Baby Boom*, Cheryl Russell wrote that nine out of ten baby boomers say that marriage is the best possible lifestyle.

So get used to it. Commitment and responsibility are in. There was a marriage on *Miami Vice*. *Moonlighting*. *L.A. Law* and *thirtysomething* were all trying to have babies, seemingly against all odds. Calvin Klein's big perfume used to be *Obsession*; now it's *Eternity*. According to *The Washington Post Magazine*, the terms my husband and my wife have crept back into usage, replacing the use of spouses' first names. So has We-speak, as in "We love the new Scorsese film."

All of this may make you feel like a trapped rat, but buck up. Remember, it's the women who are having problems. In a recent issue of *Psychology Today*, sociologist Andrew Greeley discussed a new study that examined whether married people today are as happy as they used to be. He concluded that married men are just about as happy now as they were back in the Seventies. The disenchantment was found in young working wives, who feel pressured by the demands of home and family. It's a balancing act for them, the work load of nine to five in the office, followed by the household chores from five to nine every night. Eventually, some of them start to think, Is this really worth it?

Enter what you could call the new designing woman. Someone who knows what she wants (some security, some flexibility, some vertical options) and what she doesn't want (no more office-then-Endust double duty). Someone who is unwilling to leave the results to chance. Think of her not so much as calculating; rather, as personalizing her life—you know, like the way you buy accessories for a Filofax. A calendar, some dividers, some blank pages: Shuffle it around and you've set up your own little world.

The world she is organizing is not a world that will exclude her from the work force. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, 55.9 percent of all American women work and 56.5 percent of married women with an employed spouse work. So what we are talking about here is a sea change in the nature of love and work for both men and women.

What women are looking for, it seems, are new ways to balance career goals and marriage. At the moment, the most highly touted (and yet unproven) solution is the idea of a Mommy Track. Advanced by Felice N. Schwartz in the January-February issue of the *Harvard Business Review*, the idea consists of dividing women managers into two groups: career-primary and career-and-family. The career-and-family women opt for a flexible schedule on a slower track.

Which means that someone has to pick up the slack. Probably a husband. And that's potentially scary. Even though most men have been raised knowing that they would work, the concept of signing on as a main breadwinner can feel overwhelm-

ing. If girls just want to have fun, and wives just want to create a little flex time between career and home, men just want to feel appreciated. You know, that feeling that is the opposite of being strapped to a yoke and made to plow the fields.

Here are some other things that scare you about designing women:

- That they've seen *Fatal Attraction* too many times.
- That the question "How much is enough?" is meaningless to them.
- That Jack Nicholson, in *The Witches of Eastwick*, has the right idea when he asks, "So what do you think: Women? A mistake? Or did He do it to us on purpose?"

Granted, life these days may seem to be a new kind of extended Sadie Hawkins Day. But that doesn't mean that you are without options.

There is, of course, the unilateral approach, which I observed recently in a jewelry store. A guy, innocently minding his own business, is checking out the watches, when his ladyfriend calls him over to another part of the store. "Look," she says, pointing through the glass-topped case. "Here's exactly the kind of diamond ring I want."

He looks. "The third one down?" he asks. She nods. "Yeah, well, that's nice," he says. "I hope someone buys it for you."

Then there is this man I talked to; I'll call him Charles. A polished, focused, professional guy on his way up. When we agreed to talk, he was engaged but troubled by what he called his fiancée's lack of ambition. By the time we actually speak, a few days later, he has some news for me.

"I've decided that I can't go through with it," he says. "I've been battling with this for a while. I've got too many problems in my life right now, and she's just becoming one of them. So I am breaking the engagement. I'm telling her this afternoon. My main concerns have to do with career and money issues."

According to Charles, he used to think that "just being in love, drifting along, was enough. But I've discovered that her lack of ambition has affected not only her income but her self-confidence, as well. I need someone strong, someone I respect, who can help me grow, as well. And someone who can help pay the bills."

He says that, yes, they had talked about having kids. But, no, he had not been prepared for her to stay home with the family or even to slow down her career: "I want every able body working."

"A lot of women really want to be taken care of. They're working, but work is not that important to them."

And is that the stuff that love is made of today?

"You bet," Charles concludes. "I don't
(concluded on page 146)



"Dear Diary: I fear Roderick suspects . . . !"

this just in: phoenix newscaster is amazing arizona

SHELLY JAMISON TV NEWS KNOCKOUT



I had this horrible dream—a real nightmare—that the magazine came out, I was fired from Channel Ten and wound up autographing pizza boxes at a Pizza Hut opening. I thought, Hell, I don't want to lose credibility—I want to gain exposure.

—SHELLY JAMISON, October 1988



NEWSCASTER [smiling]: Good morning, Arizona—here's today's top story: In a move that has shocked co-workers, bosses and friends, Channel Ten newscaster-producer Shelly Jamison has bared all in an exclusive pictorial in this month's Playboy magazine. A local television personality known best for her intelligence, enthusiasm and good looks, Jamison kept the details of her magazine debut, ah, entirely under wraps from the hard-working news team at the local CBS affiliate. . . .

That's right, Shelly Jamison, newscaster, has become Shelly Jamison, news maker. And for the time being, that suits her just fine.

"I've been in the business long enough to know you want a good sound bite—a good explanation as to why I did this," Shelly told us last October during a whispered interview at her desk at KTSP, Channel Ten in Phoenix. "But, to tell the truth, I'm not really sure. I know I wanted to expand my horizons, I wanted something more. Instead of being the reporter, for once I felt like being the subject.

"Face it," she continued with a half-smile, "I'm a product—whether I'm reporting on TV or appearing nude on the pages of *Playboy*. Plain and simple: I'm a package."



"When I was a teenager, I was always a show-off," says Shelly (keeping up with the news, above and opposite). "And becoming a TV anchor was not a farfetched idea. A lot of today's newswomen were formerly Miss This or Miss That. And I was once Miss Arizona Boat Show," she confesses. "It was cheesy stuff, really: You put on a bathing suit and stood next to a boat." Eventually, Shelly was intraduced to the news business by her stepfather, then one of the town's top talking heads. "Now he's the weekend anchor for the NBC affiliate in Phoenix," she says, laughing. "He's my competition!" Nat here, at least.







Although her news job has put her in the spotlight countless times, Shelly (on and off the set, below) admits that posing under the *Playboy* lights was something entirely different. "It was this whole psychological thing," she says. "First, they dressed me up in this sexy outfit—push-up bra, panties, the works—and then slowly had me undress for the camera. For the first six rolls of film, I was pretty uptight," she says, giggling. "Then I started to worm up." Hoppily for all.





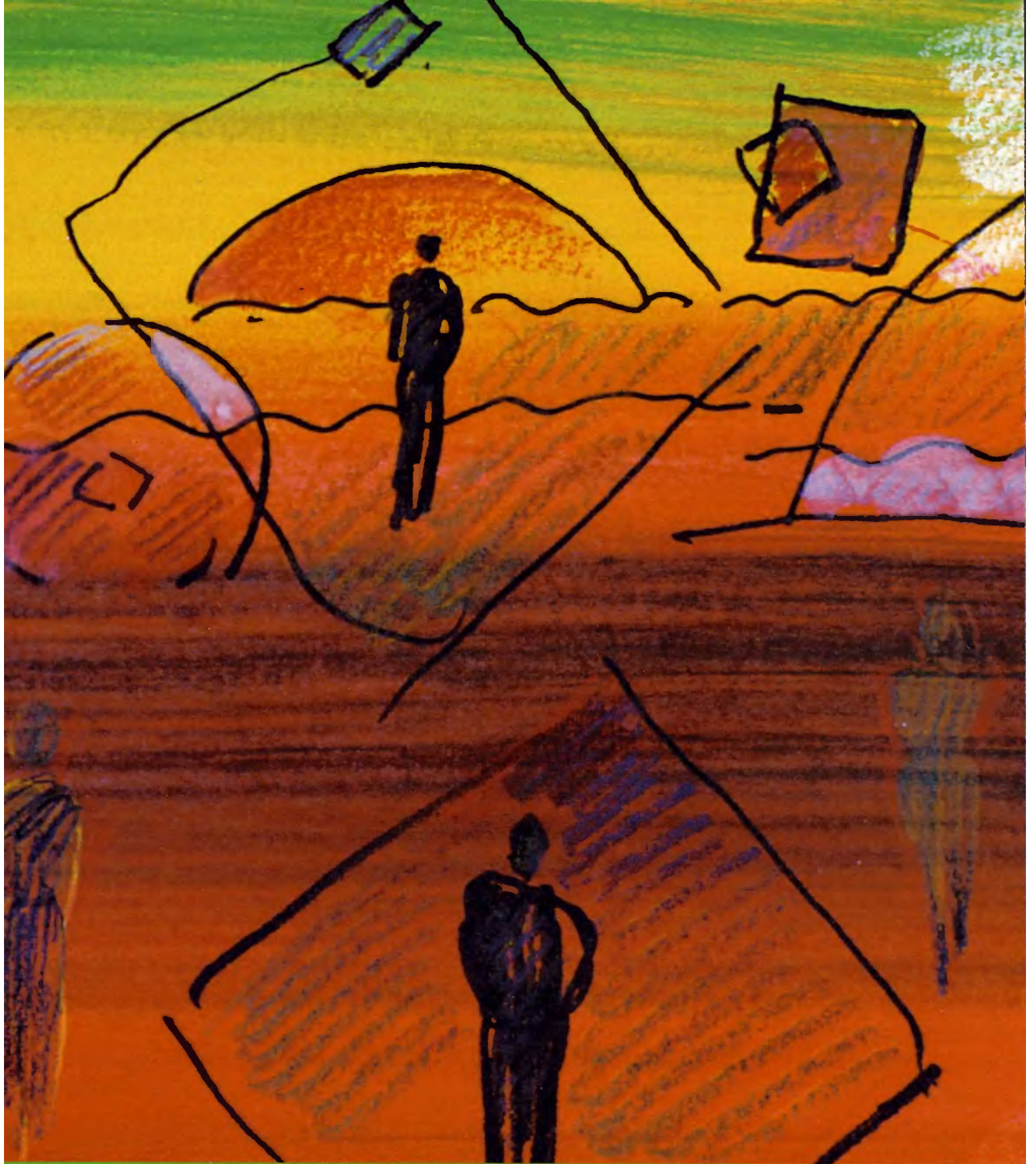


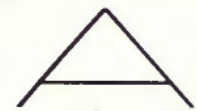
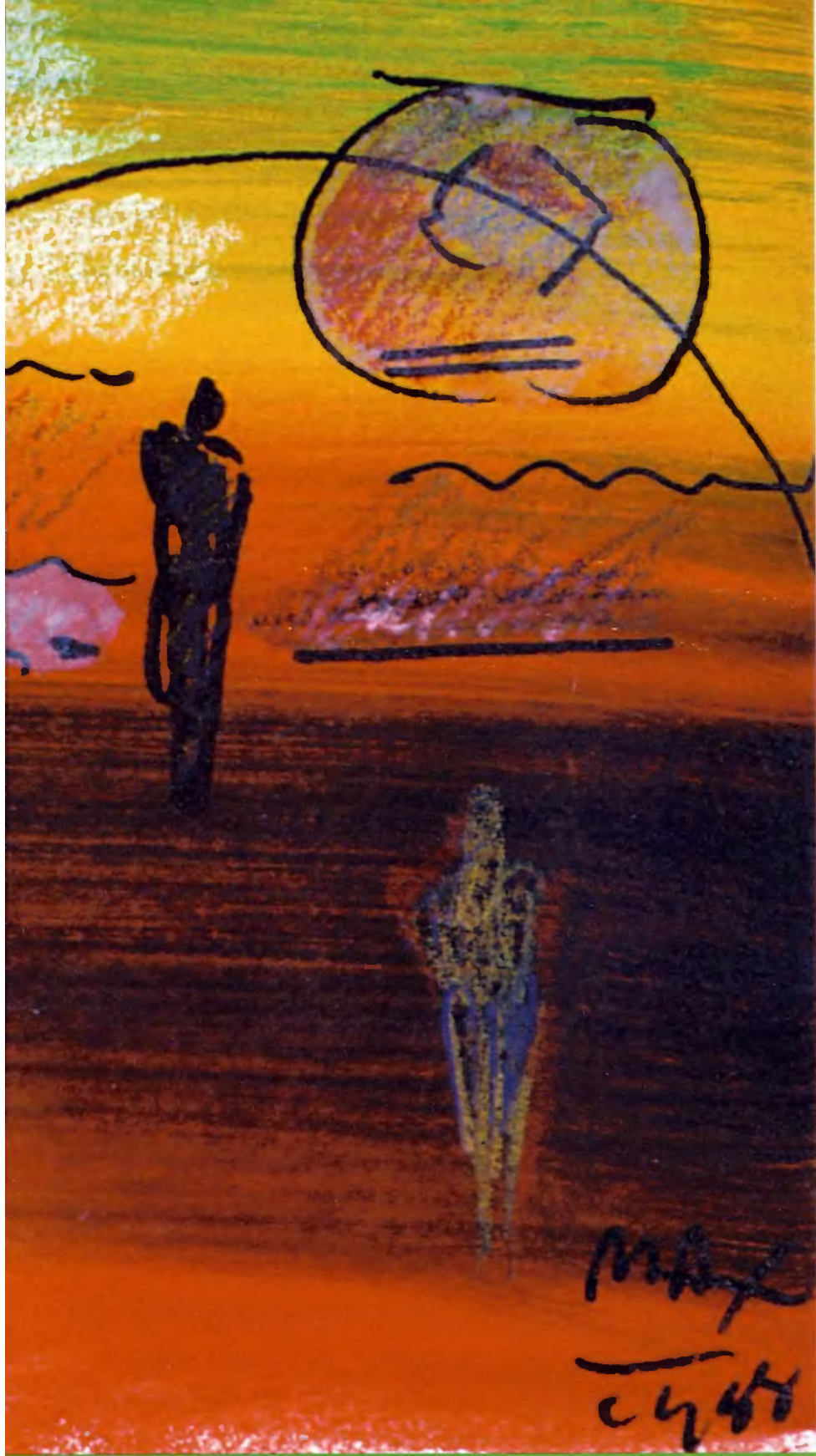




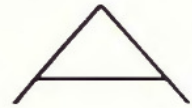
Far from plain *or* simple, the Shelly Jamison package arrived at *Playboy* in a somewhat roundabout way. When the magazine announced its 35th Anniversary Playmate Hunt, Shelly sent in some bathing-suit shots—just as a goof, really—and more or less forgot all about it. “That is, until I got a call from the Photo Department,” she recalls, “telling me they were interested and asking me to send more shots—nudes. I hung up and started to giggle. I called my parents and grandparents; I sat down and talked (text continued on page 167)







**sleep
and**



forgetting

what they have,
the kid said, is a
machine that lets
them talk with the dead

"CHANNELING?" I said. "For Christ's sake, Joe! You brought me all the way down here for dumb bullshit like that?"

"This isn't channeling," Joe said.

"The kid who drove me from the airport said you've got a machine that can talk with dead people."

A slow, angry flush spread across Joe's face. He's a small, compact man with very glossy skin and very sharp features, and when he's annoyed, he inflates like a puff adder.

"He shouldn't have said that."

"Is that what you're doing here?" I asked. "Some sort of channeling experiments?"

"Forget that shithead word, will you, Mike?" Joe sounded impatient and irritable. But there was an odd fluttery look in his eye, conveying—what? Uncertainty? Vulnerability? Those were traits I hadn't ever associated with Joe Hedley, not in the 30 years we'd known each other. "We aren't sure what the fuck we're doing here," he said. "We thought maybe you could tell us."

"Me?"

"You, yes. Here, put the helmet on. Come on, put it on, Mike. Put it on. Please."

I stared. Nothing ever changes. Ever



fiction by
**ROBERT
SILVERBERG**

since we were kids, Joe's been using me for one cockeyed thing or another, because he knows he can count on me to give him a sober-minded, common-sense opinion. Always bouncing this bizarre scheme or that off me, so he can measure the caroms.

The helmet was a golden strip of wire mesh studded with a row of microwave pickups the size of a dime and flanked by a pair of suction electrodes that fit over the temples. It looked like some vagrant piece of death-house equipment.

I ran my fingers over it. "How much current is this thing capable of sending through my head?"

He looked even angrier. "Oh, fuck you, you hypercautious bastard! Would I ever ask you to do anything that could harm you?"

With a patient little sigh, I said, "OK. How do I do this?"

"Ear to ear, over the top of your head. I'll adjust the electrodes for you."

"You won't tell me what any of this is about?"

"I want an uncontaminated response. That's science talk, Mike. I'm a scientist. You know that, don't you?"

"So that's what you are. I wondered."

Joe bustled about above me, moving the helmet around, pressing the electrodes against my skull.

"How does it fit?"

"Like a glove."

"You always wear your gloves on your head?" he asked.

"You must be goddamn nervous if you think that's funny."

"I am," he said. "You must be, too, if you take a line like that seriously. But I tell you that you won't get hurt. I promise you that, Mike."

"All right."

"Just sit down here. We need to check the impedances, then we can get going."

"I wish I understood at least a little bit about—"

"Please," he said. He gestured through a glass partition at a technician in the adjoining room, and she began to do things with dials and switches. This was turning into a movie, a very silly one, full of mad doctors in white jackets and sputtering electrical gadgets. The tinkering went on and on, and I felt myself passing beyond apprehension and annoyance into a kind of gray realm of Zen serenity, the way I sometimes do while sitting in the dentist's chair waiting for the scraping and poking to begin.

On the hillside visible from the laboratory window, yellow hibiscus was blooming against a background of billowing scarlet bougainvillea in brilliant California sunshine. It had been cold and raining, this February morning, when I drove to Sea-Tac Airport 1300 miles to the north. Hedley's lab is just outside La Jolla, on a sandy bluff high up over the

blue Pacific. When Joe and I were kids growing up in Santa Monica, we took this kind of luminous winter day for granted, but I had lived in the Northwest for 20 years now, and I couldn't help thinking I'd gone on a day trip to Eden. I studied the colors on the hillside until my eyes began to get blurry.

"Here we go now," Joe said, from a point somewhere far behind my left shoulder.

It was like stepping into a big cage full of parakeets and mynas and crazed macaws. I heard scratchy screeching sounds, and a harsh loony almost-laughter that soared through three or four octaves, and a low, ominous burbling noise, as if some hydraulic device were about to blow a gasket. I heard weird wire-edged shrieks that went tumbling away as though the sound were falling through an infinite abyss. I heard queebings. I heard hissings.

Then came a sudden burst of clearly enunciated syllables, floating in isolation above the noise:

Onoodor.

That startled me.

A nonsense word? No, no, a real one, one that had meaning for me, a word in an obscure language that I just happen to understand.

"Today," that's what it means. In Khalkha. My specialty. But it was crazy that this machine would be speaking Khalkha to me. This had to be some sort of coincidence. What I'd heard was a random clumping of sounds that I must automatically have arranged into a meaningful pattern. I was kidding myself. Or else Joe was playing an elaborate joke. Only he seemed very serious.

I strained to hear more. But everything was babble again.

Then, out of the chaos:

Usan deer.

Khalkha again: "On the water." It couldn't be a coincidence.

More noise. Skwkaark skreek yubble gobble.

Aawa namaig yawuulawa.

"Father sent me."

Skwkaark. Yabble. Eeeesh.

"Go on," I said. I felt sweat rolling down my back. "Your father sent you where? Where? *Khaana*. Tell me where."

Usan deer.

"On the water, yes."

Yarkhh. Skreek. Tshhhhhhh.

Akhanartan.

"To his elder brother. Yes."

I closed my eyes and let my mind rove out into the darkness. It drifted on a sea of scratchy noise. Now and again, I caught an actual syllable, half a syllable, a slice of a word, a clipped fragment of meaning. The voice was brusque, forceful, a drill-sergeant voice, carrying an undertone of barely suppressed rage.

Somebody very angry was speaking to me across a great distance, over a channel clogged with interference, in a language that hardly anyone in the United States knew anything about: Khalkha. Spoken a little oddly, with an unfamiliar intonation, but plainly recognizable.

I said, speaking very slowly and carefully and trying to match the odd intonation of the voice at the other end, "I can hear you and I can understand you. But there's a lot of interference. Say everything three times and I'll try to follow."

I waited. But now there was only a roaring silence in my ears. Not even the shrieking, not even the babble.

I looked up at Hedley like someone coming out of a trance.

"It's gone dead."

"You sure?"

"I don't hear anything, Joe."

He snatched the helmet from me and put it on, fiddling with the electrodes in that edgy, compulsively precise way of his. He listened for a moment, scowled, nodded. "The relay satellite must have passed around the far side of the sun. We won't get anything more for hours if it has."

"The relay satellite? Where the hell was that broadcast coming from?"

"In a minute," he said. He reached around and took the helmet off. His eyes had a brassy gleam and his mouth was twisted off to the corner of his face, almost as if he'd had a stroke. "You were actually able to understand what he was saying, weren't you?"

I nodded.

"I knew you would. And was he speaking Mongolian?"

"Khalkha, yes. The main Mongolian dialect."

The tension left his face. He gave me a warm, loving grin. "I was sure you'd know. We had a man in from the university here, the comparative-linguistics department—you probably know him, Malmstrom's his name—and he said it sounded to him like an Altaic language, maybe Turkic—is that right, Turkic?—but more likely one of the Mongolian languages, and the moment he said Mongolian, I thought, That's it, get Mike down here right away. . . ." He paused. "So it's the language that they speak in Mongolia right this very day, would you say?"

"Not quite. His accent was a little strange. Something stiff about it, almost archaic."

"Archaic."

"It had that feel, yes. I can't tell you why. There's just something formal and old-fashioned about it, something, well—"

"Archaic," Hedley said again. Suddenly, there were tears in his eyes. I couldn't

(continued on page 90)



"You really like this place, don't you, Harry?"



Above: Joseph Abboud at work in his New York showroom. "I'm my own best customer."

A B B O U D !

a preview of a hot new york designer's
hot fall collection



fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

THE REASON I do sloping shoulders," says Joseph Abboud, "is so it doesn't look like a guy left the coat hanger in his jacket."

Abboud can afford to be blunt: The 39-year-old New York menswear designer is the toast of the fashion world. And his clothes—tailored yet unpretentious—have won him wide acclaim among fashion's trendsetters. From suits to shirts to trousers, Abboud's creations have an all-American athletic feel and fit. Add a measure of Italian style and color combinations that are earthy and masculine and you have a finished product that's truly international. "A man's clothes should enhance him, not overpower him," Abboud says. "What I'm trying to do is take the roots of traditional style and change them in sophisticated ways so that I end up with a look that's not Ivy-jivey and not all pink and blue but a much hipper approach to dressing." His fall 1989 collection is so hip that it has been snapped up by many of the top Italian retail stores. That's quite an international tribute to quite an international guy.

Left: One of Abboud's casual yet rugged creations—a leather jacket with a contrasting leather collar, \$935, worn over a hand-knit earth-tone crew-neck sweater, \$605, and wool-tweed pants, \$242. Opposite: Abboud's skill in blending fabrics and colors is showcased in a wool/silk heather plaid sports jacket, \$465, combined with a worn-leather vest, \$286, a cotton dress shirt, \$123, pleated corduroy trousers, \$120, an ancient-madder silk print tie, \$78, and a Jacquard-ground silk pocket square, \$38.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB FRAME





Here's another mellow Abboud signature look—the easy elegance of a single-breasted three-piece suit with a ventless back, a five-button vest and button-tab double-pleated pants, \$935, combined with an ecru-ground cotton dress shirt with a soft, straight collar, \$123, an ancient-madder silk print tie, \$78, and a Jacquard-ground silk print pocket square, \$38.



To bring a distinctive fashion statement to a formal dinner party, Abboud designed a herringbone-tweed dinner jacket that's worn with wool/cashmere pleated tuxedo pants, \$760, a silk Jacquard formal vest with a shawl collar, \$285, a cotton wing-collar shirt, \$182, and a silk bow tie, \$60. Antique stud-and-cuff-link set, from The Sentimento Collection, about \$250.

“It’s no fucking joke. We are channeling, only it looks like it may actually be real.”

remember ever having seen him cry before.

What they have, the kid who picked me up at the airport had said, is a machine that lets them talk with the dead.

“Joe?” I said. “Joe, what in God’s name is this all about?”

We had dinner that night in a sleek restaurant on a sleek, quiet La Jolla street of elegant shops and glossy-leaved trees, just the two of us, the first time in a long while that we’d gone out alone like that. Lately, we tended to see each other once or twice a year at most, and Joe, who is almost always between marriages, would usually bring along his latest squeeze, the one who was finally going to bring order and stability and other such things to his tempestuous private life. And since he always needs to show the new one what a remarkable human being he is, he’s forever putting on a performance, for the woman, for me, for the waiters, for the people at the nearby tables. Generally, the fun’s at my expense, for compared with Hedley, I’m very staid and proper and I’m 18 years into my one and only marriage so far, and Joe often seems to enjoy making me feel that there’s something wrong with that. I never see him with the same woman twice, except when he happens to marry one of them. But tonight, it was all different. He was alone, and the conversation was subdued and gentle and rueful, mostly about the years we’d put in knowing each other, the fun we’d had, the regret Joe felt during the occasional long periods when we didn’t see much of each other. He did most of the talking. There was nothing new about that. But mostly it was just chatter. We were three quarters of the way down the bottle of silky cabernet before Joe brought himself around to the topic of the experiment. I hadn’t wanted to push.

“It was pure serendipity,” he said. “You know, the art of finding what you’re not looking for. We were trying to clean up some problems in radio transmission from the Icarus relay station—that’s the one that the Japs and the French hung around the sun inside the orbit of Mercury—and we were fiddling with this and fiddling with that, sending out an assortment of test signals at a lot of frequencies, when out of nowhere, we got a voice coming back at us. A man’s voice. Speaking a strange language. Which turned out to be Chaucerian English.”

“Some kind of academic prank?” I suggested.

He looked annoyed. “I don’t think so. But let me tell it, Mike, OK? OK?” He cracked his knuckles and rearranged the knot of his tie. “We listened to this guy and gradually we figured out a little of what he was saying and we called in a grad student from UCSD who confirmed it—Fourteenth Century English—and it absolutely knocked us on our asses.” He tugged at his ear lobes and rearranged his tie again. A sort of manic sheen was coming into his eyes. “Before we could even begin to comprehend what we were dealing with, the Englishman was gone and we were picking up some woman making a speech in medieval French. Like we were getting a broadcast from Joan of Arc, do you see? Not that I’m arguing that that’s who she was. We had her for half an hour, a minute here and a minute there, with a shitload of interference, and then came a solar flare that disrupted communications, and when we had things tuned again, we got a quick burst of what turned out to be Arabic, and then someone else talking in Middle English, and then, last week, this absolutely incomprehensible language, which Malmstrom guessed was Mongolian and you have now confirmed. The Mongol has stayed on the line longer than all the others put together.”

“Give me some more wine,” I said.

“I don’t blame you. It’s made us all crazy, too. The best we can explain it to ourselves, it’s that our beam passes through the sun, which, as I think you know, even though your specialty happens to be Chinese history and not physics, is a place where the extreme concentration of mass creates some unusual stresses on the fabric of the continuum, and some kind of relativistic force warps the hell out of it, so that the solar field sends our signal kinking off into God knows where, and the effect is to give us a telephone line to the Middle Ages. If that sounds like gibberish to you, imagine how it sounds to us.” Hedley spoke without raising his head, while moving his silverware around busily from one side of his plate to the other. “You see now about channeling? It’s no fucking joke. Shit, we are channeling, only it looks like it may actually be real, doesn’t it?”

“I see,” I said. “So, at some point, you’re going to have to call up the Secretary of Defense and say, ‘Guess what? We’ve been getting telephone calls on the Icarus beam from Joan of Arc.’ And then they’ll shut down your lab here and send you off to get your heads replumbed.”

He stared at me. His nostrils flickered contemptuously.

“Wrong. Completely wrong. You never had any notion of flair, did you? The sensational gesture that knocks everybody out? No. Of course not. Not you. Look, Mike, if I can go in there and say, ‘We can talk to the dead and we can prove it,’ they’ll kiss our asses for us. Don’t you see how fucking sensational it would be, something coming out of these Government labs that ordinary people can actually understand and cheer and yell about? Telephone line to the past! George Washington himself, talking to Mr. and Mrs. America! Abe Lincoln! Something straight out of the *National Enquirer*, right, only real? We’d all be heroes. But it’s got to be real, that’s the kicker. We don’t need a rational explanation for it, at least not right away. All it has to do is work. Christ, ninety-nine percent of the people don’t even know why electric lights light up when you flip the switch. We have to find out what we really have and get to understand it at least a little and be two hundred percent sure of ourselves. And then we present it to Washington and we say, ‘Here, this is what we did and this is what happens, and don’t blame us if it seems crazy.’ But we have to keep it absolutely to ourselves until we understand enough of what we’ve stumbled on to be able to explain it to them with confidence. If we do it right, we’re goddamned kings of the world. A Nobel would be just the beginning. You understand now?”

“Maybe we should get another bottle of wine,” I said.

We were back in the lab by midnight. I followed Hedley through a maze of darkened rooms, ominous with mysterious equipment glowing in the night.

A dozen or so staffers were on duty. They smiled wanly at Hedley as if there were nothing unusual about his coming back to work at this hour.

“Doesn’t anyone sleep around here?” I asked.

“It’s a twenty-four-hour information world,” Joe said. “We’ll be recapturing the Icarus beam in forty-three minutes. You want to hear some of the earlier tapes?”

He touched a switch and from an unseen speaker came crackles and bleebles and then a young woman’s voice, strong and a little harsh, uttering brief blurts of something that sounded like strange singsong French, to me not at all understandable.

“Her accent’s terrible,” I said. “What’s she saying?”

“It’s too fragmentary to add up to anything much. She’s praying, mostly. May the king live, may God strengthen his arm, something like that. For all we

(continued on page 146)



"Hey, lady—your butt is eating up your bikini."



THE ROAD FROM AFGHANISTAN

WHEN I MENTIONED the word bullshit, the Soviet translator—a beautiful young woman from Moscow University—blinked her big eyes and said, “What is this ‘bool-sheet’? It is a rude word?”

Our group of American veterans was trying to teach some useful new vocabulary to the Afghantsi—veterans of the brutal Soviet invasion of Afghanistan—but the translators weren’t catching on. After many tries and much theatrical

body language, we finally defined it as something like this: Bullshit characterizes blunt contempt for an especially egregious, outrageous lie that no one but a stone, dipstick fool would ever believe. You know—*bullshit*.

We also tried to explain mind fuck, but that was even tougher. Then again, after talking with Afghantsi for two weeks in Moscow and in the Soviet Central Asian city of Alma-Ata, after listening to their

horror stories, after hearing about the universal bitterness and resentment of a manipulative government for having sent them to Afghanistan, after learning about the lousy health care, after seeing the false face of welcome that had met their return—I’d say they understand mind fuck pretty well.

•

Last February, the last Soviet troops drove their armored personnel carriers



article **By LARRY HEINEMANN**

and tanks out of Kabul, Afghanistan. After nine years and 15,000 dead, their ordeal was finally over. Along the road north, mujahidin—the Afghan guerrillas—stood grinning as the convoy passed, mocking and dry-sniping them with rifles and R.P.G.s (rocket-propelled-grenade antitank weapons). When the troops crossed the bridge into Termez, in Soviet Central Asia, they were welcomed by party officials, a martial band and

flowers but, most of all, by their families. One young woman had come all the way from Siberia to greet her husband; another woman searched the ranks until she found her grandson and immediately embraced him. Someone asked one young Soviet what they had accomplished. He shrugged and said, "We survived." Premier Mikhail Gorbachev himself declared the war "an old sin." It sounded like a familiar story.

the national
book award-winning
author and vietnam
veteran meets the soviet
enemy on common ground

I went to the Soviet Union last December with a group of 30 Americans, most of them Vietnam veterans, to meet and talk with the Afghantsi. We were more or less ordinary grunts from California, Montana, Illinois and the East Coast, many of whom are now serving as drug-and-alcohol counselors, leaders of veterans' groups or representatives from the Vietnam Veterans of America.

(continued on page 114)

By EDWARD ROTHSTEIN

E.T.'s index finger lights in an orange glow as it lifts to touch Elliott's forehead. The extraterrestrial's right eye squints and his cheek rises in sadness. The spaceship's illumination casts a moonlike aura around his head, while his glowing red heart shines a light on Elliott that suggests another celestial body, the setting sun.

When creating *E.T.*, Steven Spielberg selected every shade of light, every crease in the extraterrestrial's skin, with extraordinary care. But if you want that kind of movie-theater detail, the only way to get it is to play a laser disc, a.k.a. video disc: a 12-inch silver disc that can hold a two-hour movie on its two sides, looks like a compact disc and is, like a CD, read by a laser beam. The laser-disc

version of *E.T.* almost seems like a different movie from the one available on video tape. Tree branches are etched on the screen; the frogs Elliott sets free look like real amphibians.

And there's the sound. On disc, the quality is that of a digital CD. VHS tape, even with hi-fi, can't come close. Moreover, discs, unlike tapes, will not deteriorate with each play. And you can jump

PICTURE



Below, left to right: Pioneer's LD-S1 disc player with wireless remote plays only video discs (not CDs), one side at a time, but is considered by connoisseurs to be the video reference machine, \$2000. The Sony MDP-700 multidisc player with digital effects and universal-wireless-remote programming plays all sizes and formats of audio and video discs—eight- and twelve-inch laser discs, five-inch CD video discs and three-inch com-

act discs in two outload drawers, \$1350. The LD-W1 from Pioneer holds two full-sized discs and plays both sides sequentially with only a several-second lag per side during the change-over, so you don't have to change or flip the discs; other features include digital sound, wireless remote and programable memory, \$1700. Yamaha's CDV-1600 multidisc player plays all disc formats and has a 15-selection random-access memory and a

wireless remote, \$899. Pioneer's multidisc player, the CLD-3030, plays all sizes of audio and video offerings on disc and has an eight-bit memory for special effects and a wireless remote, \$1300. The Philips CDV488 multidisc player also handles all disc formats and features a programable memory for as many as 218 discs, a universal wireless remote and highest-quality digital-to-analogue audio and video outputs, \$1300.

PERFECT

looking for the ultimate video experience? the decks are stacked in favor of the laser disc



anywhere you want on a disc, even program it to play and replay the same scene without pause. If you are serious about collecting movies, this is the format.

Not so long ago, the conventional wisdom about video discs was that they were about to join eight-track audio and quadraphonic sound as audio/video fossils. In the late Seventies, the developers of DiscoVision, the ancestor of the 12-inch laser disc, relinquished hope and abandoned the name, since neither discs nor players were selling well, while VCRs and tapes for rental were becoming as commonplace as TV sets. When RCA's SelectaVision, featuring stylus-operated VD's, bit the dust, its much-publicized failure nearly carried laser discs with it to the grave. Part of the problem may also have been that early laser discs were sloppily manufactured, causing them gradually to decay—a problem known as laser rot. No one seemed upset over the coming demise.

•
The Wicked Witch of the West crooks her fingers in anger: "I'll get you, my pretty. And your little dog, too!" Except when viewed on a movie theater's screen, she has never looked so greenish blue, and Dorothy's Technicolor ruby slippers so red, as in Voyager's release of "The Wizard of Oz." After her digitally remastered cackle, the witch disappears in a puff of orange smoke. But push a button on the remote and replay the scene, and you hear—as on many Voyager laser releases—a simultaneous commentary. The film historian Ronald Haver points out that if you look carefully, the smoke actually begins rising before the witch ever makes it to the right spot. The mistake stayed in the film because, in a second take, Margaret Hamilton herself caught fire and was hospitalized. Throughout the movie, Haver explains special effects, the changes the screenwriters made in L. Frank Baum's story and other bits of trivia. Press the button again and Haver is silenced, leaving it all up to Dorothy.

The laser-disc obituaries that were being written in the early Eighties might have come true had it not been for the Japanese company Pioneer. It clung to the possibilities of a format dubbed LaserDisc and brought out generation after generation of increasingly sophisticated players, which resemble CD players with gargantuan trays.

A band of growing loyalists kept buying the evolving machines and the discs—attracted not just by the picture and sound quality but by discs' other possibilities, including the separate audio tracks. But it was mainly in Japan that laser discs really took off. By 1988, more than 30 manufacturers were making players in Japan, with 1,750,000 in Japanese homes by the end of that year.

In the United States, although 60,000,000 VCRs are in use, industry

spokesmen put the number of households using the laser machines between 140,000 and 180,000. But U.S. video-disc-player sales have gradually begun to grow, for several reasons. One is that nearly every video store began demonstrating its televisions with laser discs, because they offer greater resolution and finer color than VHS. That was particularly important as screens grew in size and clarity. The laser disc can produce more than 420 horizontal lines of resolution, compared with only 330 for broadcast and fewer than 250 lines for VHS tape. But what finally made the difference for disc was that Pioneer, living up to its name, began to make laser players that could play both video discs and compact discs: One machine could be hooked up to combined audio and video systems and serve them both.

That meant that for just a little bit more money, fans could hear Michael Jackson's music with the digital sound of CD and see him on screen, as well. So successful was this idea that last year, other manufacturers began to join in creating multidisc players (some manufacturers call them combi-players) that could double as laser and CD players. One hundred thousand of these machines were sold in 1988. New companies entered the software business, most notably the European giant PolyGram with an extraordinary collection of classical concerts and opera (more than 100 discs will be in its catalog by the end of this year) and an impressive array of pop-music videos on discs of all sizes.

As options have grown, so have the number of formats and gimmicks. The 12-inch video discs spawned other sizes. There are the five-inch and three-inch mini audio CDs, of course, but also eight-inch video discs with shorter selections and a curious hybrid five-inch disc that generally holds one five-minute pop-music video and 20 minutes of audio. (There has been a concerted effort by some companies to pass the aura of success from CD to video by calling these five-inch discs and others CD video.) The new machines took them all on, leaving the ordinary CD player seeming a crippled option in the new audio/video age.

By now, these machines are in their second or third generation, and they are impressive, indeed, offering digital memories that allow special effects and slow motion on all discs. Most of the newest high-end multidisc players offer a jog wheel (even on the remote control) that allows precise control of the image. A twist of the dial and the jets of *Top Gun* race across the screen at eight times the normal speed. Twirl the center ring and they can amble frame by frame. Sony and Yamaha have energetically joined Pioneer's laser universe with machines offering similar functions.

Philips, a co-inventor of the entire technology, has also just become the only non-Japanese company in the player business with its own high-end entry—a \$1300 machine whose performance begins to rival the precision Pioneer has already achieved in its extraordinary \$2000 model LD-S1 player. The LD-S1 can't play CDs; its aim is solely the perfection of video—which, at least by present standards, it achieves. But the Philips machine, like the Sony and Yamaha machines pictured on our opening spread, can also do it all; it even includes a universal remote that can be programmed to run ten pieces of audio and video equipment, along with state-of-the-art outputs for audio and video.

While sales of VCRs are slowing as they saturate homes and dealers' shelves, attention in the electronics world is now shifting to laser players and their software. Later this year, some multidisc players are expected to sell for less than \$500, speeding acceptance of the form. The prices of discs, now generally about \$35 (less, for many movies, than the price of tapes), are also expected to drop. Nearly all estimates for laser-disc business in 1989 were double those of 1988—which was itself an exceptional year. U.S. Video Source, the country's largest mail-order house for laser discs (800-USA-DISC), had \$3,200,000 in sales in 1988, compared with \$450,000 the year before.

There are now 70 to 80 new releases on disc every month. Not every disc is well made, but given the format's inherent superiority to tape, optimism is rampant—and should be. Just about the only disadvantage discs have is that they have to be turned over or changed every 30 minutes to an hour, causing a break in the film. But Pioneer has even addressed that problem with its LD-W1, a \$1700 player that can sequentially play two discs on both sides in two trays.

•
Cary Grant is standing alone, the flat, brown expanse of dry fields cut by the ribbon of an old highway. He expectantly turns each time a car approaches from a point near the edge of the screen—only to see it disappear into the horizon. When the crop duster roars at him out of the sky and chases him through the barren fields marked by barbed wire, the expanse becomes horrifying. There's no place to hide.

The only problem for you, the home viewer, is that if you're not watching Voyager's version of *North by Northwest*, the edges of the picture are cut off. The perspective is no longer Hitchcock's: Cary Grant takes over the screen and the fields shrink. Hitchcock, like nearly every other director, shot movies for a screen that was wider and less high than that on a TV set. As a result, a movie shown on TV—along with most VHS and Beta
(concluded on page 144)



D'Erini

"We don't advertise—our salon has grown by word of mouth."



ERIKA ELENAK is sitting in the living room of her mother's airy suburban home in the San Fernando Valley. Of course, in a manner of speaking, it's also her fiancé's house. And to cloud the issue further, the house technically belongs to a man who is both Erika's future father-in-law and her potential stepdad. Confused? "I know it's bizarre," confesses Erika with a shrug. "I have a very interesting life." That's true. Almost everything about Erika is interesting. Take, for example, her career. As she sits, wearing a floppy straw hat, pink T-shirt and shorts in the living room jointly claimed by her mom, boyfriend and future father-in-law, she talks animatedly about *Bay Watch*, a two-hour NBC-TV pilot about lifeguards that she recently

after some stormy seas,
miss july wants to
be captain
of her own ship

ERIKA



"I think sex is very important in expressing love," says Erika. "Some men have a hard time expressing affection—they just can't get all kissy and huggy. For them, sex is the only way they know how to show they love you."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



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When your hair is hurt, crying won't make it better. IGERAPHIX will. Nexxus IGERAPHIX is professionally formulated just for the problems of dry damaged hair. For hair that's become rough and brittle. For hair that's been undernourished, over-treated or even chemically mis-treated. Let IGERAPHIX make it better. Strong. Soft. Shiny. Healthy. Beautiful. Nothing could be better than this. Available only at hair-styling salons.

NEXXUS
Where you go for beautiful hair.

"My father was in the Navy and I love the sea," says Erika. "The jacket I'm wearing in my gatefold shot is actually mine. I wore it to my test shooting and *Playboy* added the sailor's hat." Erika started acting and modeling when she was ten years old, posing for ads, such as the one for Nexxus above, and appearing in everything from industrial films to TV shows to *E.T.*, in which she plays Elliot's girlfriend. Her most recent job was as a rookie life-guard in the NBC pilot *Bay Watch*.





finished filming. In it, she plays a rookie lifeguard, along with actors David Hasselhoff and Parker Stevenson, and if NBC likes the pilot, Erika will have a regular berth on a prime-time series. If not, as she points out with equanimity, it's just another job. Most fledgling actors would fret about their show's future, but not Erika. At 19, she's a pro—with nine years of modeling assignments and acting jobs on her résumé, including a role as Elliot's girlfriend in *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial*. Besides, Erika, after a rocky start in life, has learned to take her problems in stride. Those problems began when she was young and her parents divorced, leaving her on her own much of the time. "I chose to be the girl you didn't mess with," she explains. "I was into heavy metal. I didn't have a lot of direction in my life, so maybe I partied too hard." In the San Fernando Valley, as in many other places, if you party too hard, you pay the price with drug and alcohol







problems. "I was going through so much pain," Erika recalls. "I had a boyfriend I had no business being with, and I felt not good enough, abandoned." But when she was 17, someone new entered her life. On wheels. His name was Steve Ferguson, and he'd been a quadriplegic since a diving accident seven years earlier. The two ran in the same social circles, and Erika had definitely noticed Ferguson, but not just because he was wheelchair bound. "I'm like most of us when it comes to people in wheelchairs," she says. "I didn't want to stare, but he's very good-looking." Two years ago, after breaking up with her other boyfriend, she ran into Ferguson on the Venice boardwalk. "I guess I was a brazen little brat," she recalls with a laugh, "because (text concluded on page 155)

"I was watching *The Brady Bunch* when Marcia was getting kissed and skyrockets went off," recalls Erika. "I swear, when I had my first real kiss, there were skyrockets, too."





PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
MISS JULY

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Erika Eleniak

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 108

BIRTH DATE: 9-29-69 BIRTHPLACE: Glendale, Cal.

AMBITIONS: To be a Successful, happy person. One day I'd like a house in the country and happy babies.

TURN-ONS: Water, cool, sunny days, sunsets, the beach, happy people, holidays & chocolate-covered strawberries.

TURN-OFFS: Smog, complainers, narrow-minded people, Drugs, arguing and traffic!

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Rod Stewart, Stevie Nicks, The Grateful Dead, ELVIS, Aerosmith, The Red Hot Chili Peppers, Ice-T & Rappin' DR. BEEK

FAVORITE MOVIES: The Godfather Saga, 9½ weeks, The Color Purple, LA Bamba, Sophie's Choice, Fatal Attraction & MASK.

I'LL KNOW I'VE MADE IT WHEN: I am completely satisfied with who I am and where I am, inside and out.

IDEAL WEEKEND: Going to the Colorado River with my Honey- We'd have lots of fun in the sun, wild nights and when we were together, endless laughter.



trying to be
Christie Brinkley at 13!



My Honey 'n' me
at the prom



DO I know how to
Play dress-up, or what?



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

As he deplaned from Air Force One, President Bush stumbled, fell down the steps, hit his head and went into a coma from which he did not awaken for three and a half years.

"Where am I?" he asked when he finally regained consciousness.

"You're in the hospital, Mr. President," a nurse responded. "You've been unconscious for more than three years."

"Oh, my God!" Bush cried. "How has Quayle done?"

"Oh, fine," the nurse reassured him. "We have peace and prosperity—even the mail comes on time."

"Hmmm. Tell me, how much does it cost to mail a letter these days?"

"A hundred yen."



A French couple was in the throes of heated lovemaking when the phone rang. The man said, "I'll get it, my petite *chouchou*; the phone is at my end of the bed, anyway."

During a heated World War Two battle, three GIs were captured by the Germans and held under guard in a farmhouse. After several days of detention, the three planned an escape. Breaking a board in the rear of the building, they waited for the sentry to pass. When he did, the sergeant squeezed out, ran across a field and dived into some bushes. The sentry heard a rustle, turned around and shouted, "Who goes?"

The sergeant thought for a moment, then replied, "Meow."

"Ah," the sentry murmured, "only za cat."

The two remaining Americans waited for the sentry to pass again. As soon as he did, the corporal dived for the bushes. Hearing the rustle again, the sentry yelled, "Who goes?"

"Meow," came the reply.

"Ah, only za cat," the sentry said, resuming his march.

Finally, the private made a run for it and dived into the bushes. "Who goes?" demanded the sentry.

The private thought, then confidently replied, "Za cat."

Two friends, shopping for over-the-counter remedies in a drugstore, stopped to talk. "My mother-in-law says this is the most effective hemorrhoidal ointment on the market today," the first said.

"Why should you listen to your mother-in-law?" the second asked.

"Because besides being my mother-in-law, she's also an asshole."

"Remember," the doctor told the elderly couple, "no physical exertion for the mister. And that includes sex. It could kill him."

That night, to avoid temptation, the old man slept downstairs on the couch. But at three A.M., he woke up horny and started for the bedroom. Halfway up, he met his wife.

"Oh, honey," he said, "I was just coming up the stairs to die."

"And I," she replied, "was just coming down to kill you."

Have you heard about the baseball star who signed a contract so lucrative that he asked for a uniform with an unlisted number?

A pianist was hired to play background music for a movie. When it was completed, he asked when and where he could see the picture. The producer sheepishly confessed that it was actually a porno film and it was due out in a month.

A month later, the musician went to a porno theater to see it. With his collar up and dark glasses on, he took a seat in the back row, next to a couple who also seemed to be in disguise.

The movie was even raunchier than he had feared, featuring group sex, S/M and even a dog. After a while, the embarrassed pianist turned to the couple and said, "I'm only here to listen to the music."

"Yeah?" replied the man. "We're here to see our dog."



Shelby Kleiman

Three little boys were bragging about their fathers. One said, "My dad's so fast he can shoot an arrow from his bow and get to the target before the arrow does."

"That's nothing," the second boy said. "My dad's so fast he can shoot a deer at five hundred yards and get to the deer before it falls."

"So big deal," the third said. "My dad works for the Government and gets off work at four-thirty, but he's so fast he gets home by three forty-five."

A Hollywood producer made his chauffeur stop at an upscale Sunset Boulevard night spot and told him, "Go in there and get me a thousand-dollar whore."

The chauffeur did as he was told and came out with a screenwriter.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a post-card, 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.



"She's a Yuppie—anybody asks her, she says 'Yup.'"

WORLD TRAVELERS know that when it comes to the little luxuries of life, you not only can but *should* take them with you. In other words, tote your own toiletries instead of gambling on what the hotel offers. Traveling with personal gear that's special brings style to even the most mundane journey. Packing and unpacking is a pleasure instead of a chore, because you've already pampered yourself shopping for the contents of your travel kit. And at day's end, a tot of your favorite malt Scotch, poured from an antique flask, makes the perfect sundowner. All aboard!

Following the numbers: 1. Oxhorn hairbrush, from Rosenthal-Truitt, Los Angeles, \$75. 2. Ostrich travel case with double-zippered openings and vinyl lining, from Mark Cross, Chicago, \$450. 3. Night mask, from Royal Appointments, Chicago, \$8. 4. Voice-controlled travel alarm with world-wide time-zone chart, by Braun, \$39.95. 5. & 6. Antique silver, crocodile and glass pill jar, \$340, and crocodile travel box, \$598, both from Butler & Wilson, West Hollywood. 7. German-mode beard scissors, from Hoffritz, Chicago, \$30. 8. Mini bottery-powered shaver, by Braun, about \$25. 9. Antique crocodile-and-silver flask, from Butler & Wilson, \$528. 10. Pewter pen flask for your favorite mouthwash, from Royal Appointments, \$28. 11. Swiss-army knife, from Hoffritz, \$49. 12. Men's face soap, by Clinique, \$8.50. 13. Men's deodorant, by Oscar de la Renta, \$13. 14. Antique crocodile-and-silver soap dish, from Butler & Wilson, \$178. 15. & 16. Ostrich condom case, from Luc benoit, New York, \$140; and French nail clipper, from Hoffritz, \$18. 17. & 18. Antique toothbrush container, from Butler & Wilson, \$138; and badger-bristle toothbrush, from Rosenthal-Truitt, \$35. 19. Precision razor with blade storage, by Gruene, \$18.50. 20. Stoghorn shaving brush, from Rosenthal-Truitt, \$65. 21. Shave cream that's part of a four-item travel set, by English Leather, \$8.95 complete. 22. Hair gel, by Aramis, \$10. 23. Faux tortoise-shell nailbrush, from Rosenthal-Truitt, \$45. 24. Year-round sun shield with an S.P.F. of 20, by Gruene, \$10. 25. Systema Travel Kit includes shampoo (shown), plus other toiletries, by Sebastian, \$24.50, including case. 26. Jet Stream hair drier, by Ronde, \$22. 27. Hand-finished English Kent comb, from Royal Appointments, \$6. (The sexy silk lounging robe, from A. Sulko, Chicago, \$650.)

"It struck me how young the Afghantsi seemed, how smart and tough and how handsome they were."

Our gathering was as far removed from government rigmarole and interference as possible. "Official" meetings have the taint of Brotherhood and Solidarity—phony words spelled with a capital B and a capital S. We met with many Afghantsi, broke bread, talked and danced. We knocked back many toasts of that righteous Russian vodka (so ice-cold it poured like liqueur) with ordinary ex-soldiers like ourselves; the talk was ordinary soldiers' talk. On such occasions, an Afghanyetz might fill an aperitif glass with vodka, drop a bit of bread into it and leave it on the table, a symbol of the men who had not returned (a subject never far from any conversation). The Soviet Union lost 20,000,000 people in World War Two and has not forgotten that fact. Outside the city, there is a monument to the 28 guardsmen who held back German tanks within plain sight of the city limits, an astonishing act of infantry grit and spit and courage. Everywhere, there are memorials to those who died during World War Two. Newlyweds visit these sites on their wedding day to lay flowers in remembrance. It is as important a ritual as cutting the cake.

Our welcome by the Afghantsi—perhaps 30 men in their early and middle 20s—was profuse, prolonged and astonishingly friendly: handshakes and warm smiles and immediate conversation. Several walked with canes, limping deeply, or leaned on crutches. Accompanying them were the beautiful young interpreters, who had names to match: Svetlana, Irina, Olga, Leila. I don't suppose the distraction was any accident. The Afghantsi's reluctance to speak frankly in front of the translators became immediately obvious. They were hesitant not just because the translators might be informers but because they were young women—and most of the Afghantsi with whom I talked had told their wives and families little of their war experience.

Several of the Afghantsi had photographs of another group of veterans who had visited the previous September, and shared them. It didn't take long for us to crack open our luggage and haul out our own photographs—Vietnam pictures and family pictures. Very soon, there were small clusters of people standing with their coats open and their heads together—Americans, Afghantsi and the interpreters—poring over snapshots, engaged in deep conversations, with increasingly dramatic gestures and intense

eye contact for emphasis, explaining uniforms, weapons, exotic names of places, names of friends not seen for 20 years standing bare-chested next to a tank, an 81mm mortar or the base-camp squad hootch or rigged out for night ambush.

Forgive the sentimentality, but it struck me at once how young the Afghantsi seemed, how smart and tough and how handsome they were. And looking at the photographs of ourselves, I realized how young and tough and handsome we had been—wiry, hard, not about to take shit from anyone. Standing there in that strange, chilly place, I felt my body swell with feeling for those men who were young enough to be my sons, men I did not even know. We shared a great deal.

In Moscow, Sergei and Alexei came up to my room, saying they had something important to tell me. I fetched the bottle of vodka I had chilling on the window sill and poured a round. Our American interpreter, Marianne Clark, and Brent MacKinnon, an ex-Marine, were with us in the tiny room, and we sat on the beds facing one another, knees intertwined.

Sergei spoke first. He told of a time when his company was assaulting a village, moving in a skirmish line, accompanied by armored personnel carriers. When they got within 750 or 1000 meters, a sniper shot and killed their commander, a good soldier popular with the men. The second officer went into a fury. The company moved into the village and searched it, but the mujahidin were gone. They found the house where the villagers—nursing mothers and children—were hiding. The officer, furious with rage, hauled out his pistol and started killing them.

Sergei shook with rage and shame, looking me right in the eye. "What do I do?" he asked.

Brent and I saw ourselves reflected 20 years ago. Yes, we said, the same things happened to us. We felt the same way.

"Did you help kill the women and infants?" we asked.

"No," he replied, "but some of the others did. I couldn't stop them; there was nothing I could do."

Brent leaned toward him and said, "Have you forgiven yourself?"

"No," Sergei said.

Brent told of when he was a radioman, ordered to call an artillery barrage on a village where sniper fire had come from. It was done, he said, out of sheer meanness. In the aftermath, all that was found

were the bodies of women and children. "I have learned to forgive myself for that," Brent said after some reflection. "I was young and dumb. You did the best you could. You have to forgive yourself."

Then Alexei spoke up. He had been an N.C.O., like me. He said he was an alcoholic. When he was stationed in Riga, he was always getting drunk and spent a lot of time in the stockade. His commanding officer told him that he would rot there, but he finally managed to transfer to Afghanistan.

In the Soviet army, there was considerable hazing—certainly more than we had given newcomers, who were variously called 'cruits, newbies or fucking new guys. Soviet hazing often involved beatings, and rank was no protection. When Alexei arrived in Afghanistan, he called his squad members out, stood them at attention and said that if anyone thought he could kick his ass, he should step forward. Two men stepped up, and Alexei whipped them.

Some time later, Alexei's troop captured a guerrilla. They bound his arms, set him against a wall and used him for knife target practice. Alexei signified the knife hits by thrusting his fingers at his throat, hissing, "*Shew-shew-shew!*" Now, he said, he dreams about that and drinks so that he won't dream. "I know it's wrong, but I can't help it."

Not all the war stories were grim, of course. One afternoon, a group gathered at the home of one of the Afghantsi to finally talk without the female interpreters, and one of the Afghantsi piped up: "Say, has anybody ever told the story about the guy who got shot in his dick?"

We all said, "Why, no."

So the man, a little pudgy, a little shy, stepped forward. "Well," he said, "we were in a battle"—he went *bang-bang-bang* with his fingers—"and one guy got shot in his dick, *kaput*." He stood bolt upright, grabbed his crotch with a big swooping gesture of his hands and fell back into his chair, writhing in agony. He finally opened his eyes, looked at us and sat up. "He asked us to shoot him, said that he was worthless without his dick, but we gave him every kindness, bandaged him up and sent him away." He swirled both hands in front of his crotch, signifying a heap of bandages, and then jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the hospital.

"While he was in the hospital convalescing, he tried to commit suicide," said the storyteller, slashing at his wrists vigorously, "telling himself that life without a dick would be too humiliating. But the nurses always caught him in time. The nurses"—he held both of his hands out in front of himself, as if he were holding basketballs—"sat with him day and night

(continued on page 162)

ambushed by the aids epidemic, fundamentalist blowhards and a guy named ed meese, porn-film makers retreat—and then pull out their secret weapon



By STEVE CHAPPLE and DAVID TALBOT

BURNING DESIRES

SEX IN AMERICA

Part Four

PORN MINDS ITS MANNERS



IN SAN FRANCISCO live the Mitchell brothers, Artie and Jim. Before the Mitchells, porn films mostly consisted of grainy loops made in New York by older producers who thought that sex just wasn't a turn-on unless it was forbidden and dirty. But the Mitchells liberated pornography. Even before they made *Behind the Green Door* with Marilyn Chambers in 1972, they had brought a California feel to the business. Jazz scores were mellow. Colors and sets were lush. Lovemaking flashed across the fantasy world of Seventies Northern California: rocky beaches, Victorian mansions, Marin hot tubs, even fishing boats and fields of orange poppies. Most of all, their films were fun, and fun in porn was itself a new concept. Perhaps most strange, the sex was clean and women appeared to have natural orgasms, even a measure of control.

Along with *Deep Throat*, *Behind the Green Door* is still one of the most popular erotic films of all time. It cost \$60,000 to make, then a fortune for a porn movie, but has grossed \$50,000,000 to \$60,000,000, including bootleg versions.



Behind the Green Door showcased a 19-year-old Chambers. She would forevermore be the symbol of California pornography: the good girl gone very, very bad. She did it, and she liked it, and she asked for more. This was something new, something Seventies. For the first time, couples trooped down to the Pussycat Theater in their city and watched, mouths agape, hands in each other's laps. It was the dawn of porno chic.

"The movie was made under conditions so hot," recalls Artie Mitchell, "we just wanted to throw down the cameras at the end of each day of filming and fuck and suck our way to oblivion. Do you understand me?"

Artie has a tough little pixy face. Sometimes he is all smiles, cracking up at some insider's joke: *How come it is that the biggest dicks, like the 13 inches of the late Johnny Holmes, never become truly hard? You understand the connection between the shape of a woman's mouth and the feel of her pussy?* He loves his chosen field of pornography as affectionately as he loves his own mother.

Brother Jim often frightens people. His face is harder than

his brother's; his eyes are smaller. He doesn't drink much these days, and he doesn't make jokes about eating pussy or why big spongy dicks never get hard. Jim's the producer, elder brother Artie is the director, and what Jim likes to talk about is money, usually big money or the sorry state of America or both, as in "The Japanese will own most of the country by the end of the Nineties; face it."

The story of the Mitchell brothers begins at a smoker in the early Sixties in Antioch, a dusty California town in the Sacramento River delta, the sort of place where hamburgers are always well done and most people's fathers work in the nearby steel mill. During the underground-film showing, one brother—nobody remembers which—turned to the other and said, "Hey, bub, an ol' boy could make himself a lot of money with these kinds of movies."

Still teenagers, the brothers began to grind out soft-core "beaver shoots" in which a woman on a bed slowly peeled off her dress and then her bra but rarely bared all. "We believed in happy endings," remembers Jim.

Their parents were shocked when they heard what their sons were up to. What did they say? "They didn't say anything," remembers Artie. "They were struck speechless."

After the huge success of *Behind the Green Door*, the Mitchells made *Resurrection of Eve* and *Inside Marilyn Chambers*. Then they got silly. They pumped \$450,000 into an apocalyptic fantasy called *Sodom and Gomorrah*, far and away the most expensive porn movie of all time, the *Gone with the Wind* of American pornography. In the film, God is a chimpanzee who lives in an orbiting space station where the Virgin Mary floats naked in a tank of clear water, while far below on earth, the citizens of Sodom worship the back-door impostor Anu. *Sodom and Gomorrah* was a bomb.

So the Mitchells retired to their "live porn" palace, the O'Farrell Theater, at the corner of O'Farrell and Polk in San Francisco, a building they had painted with 50-foot murals of undersea life—salmon, dolphins, octopuses and two humpback whales mating. Inside, Japanese tourists sat reverently in the little glass booths that ringed the Ultra Room and watched teams of leathered lesbian strippers mock-maul one another to the crash of *U Got the Look*, by Prince; or shone long-tipped airport flashlights on the nipples of Caucasian women in the Copenhagen Room; or experienced the thrill of Western lap-dancing—strippers twisting on their laps. The Mitchell brothers had built themselves a candy store.

They picked a good moment to retire. The times were about to pass them by, anyway. Within the world of porn, the





O L B I N S K I

Mitchells represented something playful between hard-core men and women. In the Eighties, though, relations between men and women turned tough. Women were more equal, more demanding. Men were more resentful. Porn, always a wild release, suddenly reflected the sex wars. The fun and games of the Mitchells gave way to the bitter, gouging sex of the Dark brothers. Even their name was ominous.

"Hey, I didn't set out to denigrate women," Gregg Dark tells us. "I consider men to be morons, too. Humans are animals. I do commentaries."

At the time he made his first hard-core film, Dark was a 30-year-old film school brat from Stanford who was between development deals at Home Box Office. "The adult producers were so stupidly serious. They'd call a scene beautiful when it was only a twenty-year-old girl who couldn't remember her lines for more than thirty seconds, screwing for six minutes. 'It's sooo beautiful,' the producer would say. 'Why?' I'd ask. 'Her pussy doesn't have crabs?'"

The Dark brothers represented the resurgence of New York-style porn, down and nasty. But this time, the shoots were done in L.A. and it was New Wave: bleached-blond mohawks and scores by the Plugz. They took every sexual stereotype in America and corn-holed it. There were no real brothers, only Walter, then the thick-bodied eminence of big-time Southern California porn, and hired gun Gregg "Not My Real Name" Dark.

The Darks made a porn classic in 1986 and it was a vision of hell: *The Devil in Miss Jones, Part 3*. In *Devil*, Southern belles are damned to take on black shoeshine boys. Black women must fuck Nazis.

The Darks' films were amoral and hot at the same time, the perfect porn combination for the Eighties—crossover material, in fact, just like *Green Door* a decade before. Hard-core porno was chic again. The Darks made the annual "What's Hot" list in *Rolling Stone* and were prominently trashed in *Vanity Fair*, which was better than being praised.

What the Darks said about women and men in the Eighties was hardly uplifting. They went balls-out with borrowed MTV effects: hot backlighting, quick cuts, rock pacing. The emotional logic was urban Eighties, a kind of equal-opportunity degradation. Women became things, but so did men.

Artie Mitchell once visited the Dark brothers' studio and found it hilarious that on the same production line, the corporation was churning out Bible classics with titles such as *Story of Jesus* next to tapes of *Devil in Miss Jones 3* and *Black Bun Busters*.

But Gregg Dark was finally frightened by his own nihilism. As the Meese com-

mission held hearings in Los Angeles, he jumped out of porn.

"I'm thirty-four now," he tells us. "I feel like an old man. I don't even like to do nudity anymore. No brutality. Heavy feminist parts in all my films. OK, I slid into adult films for a few years, but it's the kiss of death. This is not a moral opinion. But the grand scheme of the country is against these sorts of things. Features and TV are safe. You don't hire curious directors. You hire safe people. It's hard to believe, but if they wanted to drive me out of the industry, well, they did, 'cause I never made a real wad to retire on like the Mitchells. I don't have the money to defend myself. I'd rather sell shoes than go to jail."

While Dark retreated to hard R, spouting and whining all the way like one of his never-satisfied characters, the Mitchells saw a chance for a comeback. Perhaps the Darks had gone too far. In their films, sperm sprayed around like water from a loose fire hose. Women sucked and licked and swallowed as if there were no tomorrow. Anal sex was regular fare. Like the revelers in Edgar Allan Poe's *Masque of the Red Death*, most porn producers and performers persisted with the Darks in thinking that their dream factory was immune to contagion.

But by the middle of the Eighties, the AIDS virus had worked its way into the blood stream—and, more important, into the consciousness—of the heterosexual community. The Mitchells saw a perfect way to step back into the porn game. Why not remake *Behind the Green Door* as the first safe-sex porn film?

The original brain storm came from Priscilla Alexander, codirector of COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics), a prostitute union. COYOTE founder Margo St. James took the idea to the brothers.

"I first approached them when the Meese porn-commission hearings were being held in L.A. I said, 'You guys should take the offensive here before they shut you down. Show that you're responsible citizens—help men get over their prejudices against rubbers. Make it smart and sexy to wear them.'"

The Mitchells liked the idea of staving off the porn hunters by wrapping themselves in the hygienic flag. They had been in and out of court since they had entered the business, so they were always looking for ways to protect themselves legally. It would be harder to sue the new paragons of promiscuous virtue. Besides, to the brothers, the project looked like big fun, and the Mitchells like fun.

Not that they didn't think it was a bit of a gamble. "A lot of men believe wearing a rubber is like wearing a raincoat in the shower," said Artie Mitchell just before the remake was released.

"There was resistance to the first *Green Door*, also," added Jim Mitchell in his soft

growl. "But we've never been dictated to by the market. If we were, we'd be like all the other scum-bags in the industry."

The set of the film was both a tight ship and a typically eccentric Mitchell production. We'll let Susie Bright tell the story. Bright is a character for the Eighties. Tall and strongly built, 29 years old, she is the editor of *On Our Backs*, a journal of lesbian eroticism. Her mien often switches from reference librarian to charming firebrand, from shy and polite to sexy and animated. Her glasses are thick and old-fashioned. Her hair hangs to her softly rounded shoulders or is tucked away in a bun.

Bright, who was intrigued by the fact that nearly all of the actors in the safe-sex orgy scene would be amateurs, decided to try out. She went to the filming with two friends, Fanny Fatale, who was a dancer at the O'Farrell Theater, and Vanessa. Once they were seated at their table and the other orgy extras were seated at theirs, director Sharon McKnight shouted out, "Raise your hand if at any time you believe you are not having safe sex. The staff will now be handing out a bag of condoms, surgical rubber gloves, dental dams and nonoxynol-nine lubricant. No penis will be touched without a rubber on. No fingers will get stinky without a rubber glove. All pussies must be covered with a dental dam before they are licked. I want to be able to smell your lubricant a yard away. Is that clear?"

It was five hours before the cameramen reached Bright's table. Her friend Fatale worked on her tax forms while the other porn hopefuls in the room orgied on cue. Finally, the overhead videocam zoomed in on their table.

Bright describes the scene:

"We rehearsed like a last-minute addition to *The Gong Show*. When the floor camera rolled into our view and Fanny hiked her hips above the table, I realized that I was probably the only woman in the room who had not properly clipped and pruned her pubes. There was no time to regret that now, however.

"So I fished around in what the Mitchells called our safe-sex kit and pulled out a dental dam. This sucker was like a file card and thick as glass! It was supposed to be the equivalent of a condom. I thought, Isn't that just like an all-male group of safe-sex experts? They had chosen the ultimate barrier to cunnilingus. You could have blindfolded someone with this wad of rubber. But Fanny was getting into it, serving up some impressive Method moans, arching her back like a fish. I laid the dam over her pussy and took a tentative plastic lick. When Vanessa rolled her eyes, I became extremely annoyed. You could say my Amazon imagination went into overdrive. Nobody was about to destroy my
(continued on page 170)



BY
GOLF
POSSESSED

*we golf, you golf, the veep golfs,
even willie golfs—get set for
the greening of america*

I walk onto a golf course . . . and so many things go through my head—keep your eyes on the back of the ball and don't move your head until the ball is gone, and keep your grip real light, like you're holding a tube of tooth paste with the cap off. Make a full shoulder turn, but don't forget to turn your hips and get that left knee behind the ball and that left heel off the ground. . . . Make a good swing, inside out, full extension of the arms, a big arc; don't try to bash the ball, just swing and the club will do the work. And don't forget to fucking relax!

—From *Willie*, an *Autobiography*, by WILLIE NELSON with BUD SHRAKE

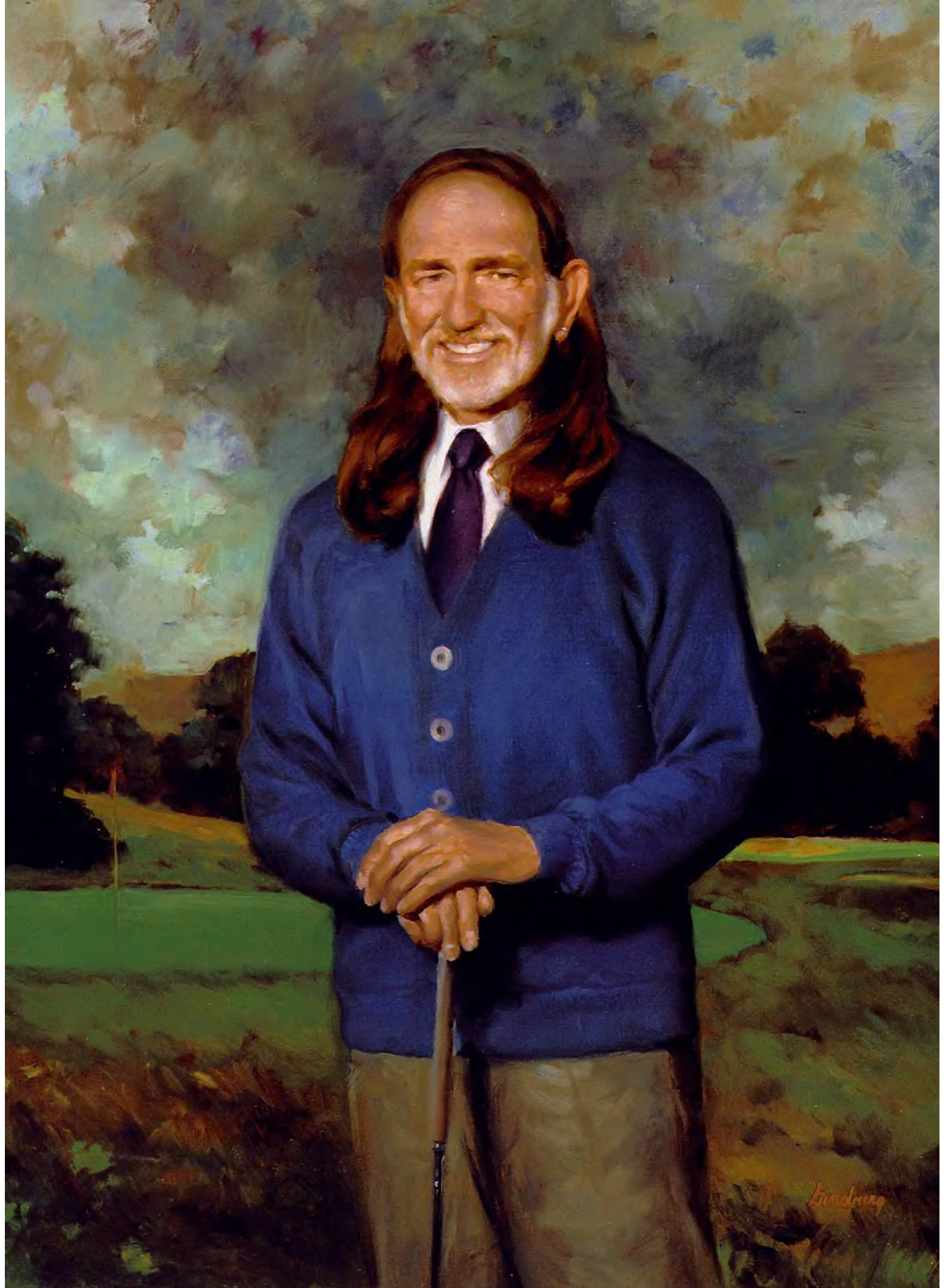
It is not too likely that I will be playing golf very often. . . . If I do play, I will generally go to clubs which do not allow photographs to be taken. . . . Also, with regard to the golf routine, in the future, will you instruct the Secret Service that I do not want any caddies; I prefer to play with a cart, without caddies, and that only one Secret Service cart travel with me and everybody else out of sight.

—Memo from Richard Nixon to H. R. Haldeman, cited in *From: the President, Richard Nixon's Secret Files*

THINK OF IT. On the one hand, you have Mr. On-the-Road-Again, whom we imagine to subsist on Jack Daniel's and guitar picks but who turns out to be the *owner* of the Pedernales Country Club and the *cosponsor* of a celebrity program. On the other hand, you have Tricky Dick, up to his ass in Presidential paranoia, picking golf as the primary agenda item in a 1969 memo. Both men are clear examples of the egalitarian nature of golf obsession. These guys can barely exist on the same continent, but match them in a foursome and friendly banter would spontaneously erupt: "All right,

that'll play." "What'd ya hit?" "It'll break left to right." "Take a mulligan."

Perhaps that's why golf is experiencing such an extraordinary boom just now and why *Playboy* editors have been spending unconscionable amounts of office time testing new putters on plastic-foam greens, undertaking swing analysis on the editorial broadloom and menacing fellow workers with whiffle golf balls. We've been trying to cram the celebrity golfers, the reams of advice, the tricky arc of the swing, the sheer tons of golf stuff into a special section on the obsessive wonderfulness of golfing. There's *(text concluded on page 155)*



TAPES THAT TEE US OFF

a comparative guide to golf's instructional videos

TITLE	FORMAT	QUALITY OF INSTRUCTION	PRODUCTION VALUES	ENTERTAINMENT QUOTIENT	OF NOTE
Bobby Jones—the Instructional Series By Bobby Jones Rating: Hole in one	A series of short films made by the golfing legend in 1931–1932, with an intro by Jack Nicklaus.	Fundamentally sound techniques and advice, though adjustments needed for modern equipment.	Black and white and brilliant—makes the case against colorization.	True classic; golf's answer to the Dead Sea Scrolls.	Includes old footage of Bobby's finest moments.
Golf Made Easy By Nancy Lopez Rating: Birdie	Nancy plays every shot and angle, with voice-over analysis by Donna Capone.	Clear advice; graphic review boards after each segment; well organized.	Slo-mo, stop action, split screen, the works. Sensible graphic aids—maddening music.	Better than mowing the lawn.	Warning: Long segments about Nancy and life with Roy (baseball-player husband Knight).
Golf the Miller Way By Johnny Miller Rating: Triple bogey	An impromptu lesson to a small gallery on the practice tee.	Virtually nonexistent; random thoughts that pop into Johnny's head.	Done in one take.	Not even the presence of Sean Connery can save this.	Johnny bears a striking resemblance to Don Quoye.
Golf My Way By Jack Nicklaus Rating: Eagle	Jack takes the viewer from the basics through every club in the bag.	Everything you need is here, carefully explained and illustrated.	A lot of effort, with an array of camera techniques and graphic enhancements.	Do you want to learn or do you want to be entertained?	Musical interludes after every segment will drive you straight to the 19th hole.
Mastering the Fundamentals By Arnold Palmer Rating: Birdie	Arnie and the viewer one on one; a thorough course in swing fundamentals.	The information is all here, though Arnie's presentation gets sleepy after a while.	Top-notch camerawork; almost surreal intercuts from outdoors to indoors in which Arnie's sweater changes color.	Better than cleaning the garage.	Arnie devotes more attention to the basics (grip, stance, ball position) than anyone else; may require fast-forwarding.
Chi Chi's Bag of Tricks By Chi Chi Rodriguez Rating: Double bogey	Chi Chi plays bad lies and tells bad jokes.	Seventy-five percent anecdotal, 25 percent instructional. You'll wish there were more anecdotes.	Done in two takes.	Guaranteed laughs for Chi Chi on the rubber-chicken circuit.	Chi Chi on playing out of water: "I wish I were Moses, Jacques Cousteau and Lloyd Bridges."
Golf Lessons from Sam Snead By Sam Snead Rating: Bogey	Sam and caddie Dave take the viewer from the practice tee to the green.	Sam can show, but he doesn't tell so well.	Standard fare; graphic add-ons are more afterthoughts than useful review.	Little to speak of, except for when Sam hits out of a sand trap and into a pond.	Voice-over translation provided for Sam's coverage of the basics.
How to Golf By Jon Stephenson Rating: Par	Jon tutors Jane, Jill and Hisako on every point of the game.	Some segments a bit rushed, but over-all content is solid.	Bare-bones graphics but slo-mo split-screen shots of Jan's perfect form.	Close-ups of Jan's legs makes this one like <i>Charlie's Angels Hit the Links</i> .	Don't miss Jan's stretching exercises.

FAMOUS PEOPLE WHO PROBABLY WOULD GIVE IT ALL UP FOR GOLF

Kathleen Sullivan
Michael Jordan
Bill Laimbeer
Mario Lemieux
Tommy Lee
Dr. J
Huey Lewis



FAMOUS PEOPLE WHO PROBABLY SHOULD GIVE IT ALL UP FOR GOLF

Pat Boone
Alan Alda
Bob Hope
Bob Eubanks
Monty Hall
Gary Carter
Dan Quoye



HOW TO BET ON GOLF

Best ball: The foursome divides itself into two teams. Each player shoots his own ball, but the team uses the position of its best shot for the following shot, and so on, until the putt drops—and that's the score for the hole. Best ball usually results in under-par shooting.

Nassaus: You bet \$5, \$10, \$20 per hole, winner takes all. You can add automatic extra bets ("presses") along the way. For example, a two-press means that if you've lost (or won) two holes in a row, another bet automatically starts with the next hole—but the original bet continues. You can have many bets running at once. You tally everything after the first nine holes and start new bets, usually a higher amount per hole, on the back nine.

Fewest putts: You make the fewest over-all putts through 18, you win.

Junks: Junks are just automatic bets that are on when particular ball positions come into play. For example, there are greenies and sandies. A greenie is when you land on the green in one stroke from the tee on a par three. You can make money from each of your partners if you com-

plete a birdie or par and no one else does. If another player birdies or pars, the bet is carried over to the next par-three hole and will keep being carried until someone wins. If all four players get onto the par-three green in two or more shots, no bet; someone has to be on in one. A sandie is when you par the hole after hitting from a sand shot.

One ball: The teams use only one ball and alternate shots. What makes it interesting are the teams: pro-amateur, father-son, member-caddie.

Remorseful golf: Remember when someone in your foursome holed out a 30-foot chip from the rough under a tree—for a birdie? In this game, each player reshoots four shots, usually those the others feel were pure luck.

String: Each player gets a piece of string. The length equals one foot for each handicap stroke. A 12 handicap gets 12 feet. The player can use the string to advance the ball, cutting off the length used each time. You can string a ball instead of putt it, or move it from a bad lie. When you're out of string, you're on your own.

THE GAME YOU'LL NEVER KNOW

the great white shark gives us a lesson on the will to win

THE AVERAGE Sunday golfer may feel that if he just had the talent of that jerk playing golf on television, he could show the world. The hacker knows all too well the dangers of his own game. But he cannot hope to guess the dangers felt by the very best of the very best—the professional golfer in the final stages of trying to win a major tournament. Several times has Australian Greg Norman contended in that sweet torture garden of golf's maximum expression, the major championship. He managed to win the 1986 British Open. In several other close calls, he was left with only that familiar baggage, the headful of vivid thoughts.

People ask me what it was like to win the British Open. Or what it was like at the 1986 Masters, walking up the 18th fairway when I had to make par to tie Jack Nicklaus. I don't feel my feet touch the ground. You don't feel anything. It's like you're in your own time zone and nothing's going to take you out of it.

The only person who does take you out of it is yourself, either by screwing up or by mentally taking a break.

When I think about a major championship, the first thing that rushes into my mind is how quickly the events happen. One minute, you're teeing off on 17, and the next minute, you're putting on the 17th green. It's like 15 minutes just flash by. And the hardest part of a major championship is controlling your emotions. Things happen so quickly, you have to sit back and watch them.

You feel the emotion coming from the spectators, but you don't really see them. You look at them when you wave to them, but you're basically looking right through them. Because your mind is so focused on what you're doing.

And a major championship is different. If you have a chance to win it, and you're leading, your *metabolism* changes. Your adrenaline rushes so fast you feel as though there's nothing you can't do with a golf ball. You feel as though you can put it within a *foot* of where you want it to land at 180 yards. Basically, it makes you feel like you're immortal.

Then, *wham!* You hit one shot and get humbled so quickly. Because you're not controlling your emotions.

The hardest part of [dealing with the



crowd] is actually walking from green to tee—when you're walking through an archway of people and they're all slapping you on the back, and they're yelling at the top of their lungs and it goes right through your ears. You walk onto the tee, take a deep breath and say to yourself, "OK, control yourself again." You empty your mind. Think the imagery of the shot and go from there. The code word is probably rhythm.

People who watch us play don't understand the pressures, the frustrations and, obviously, the joys that come with the game. The better you become, the harder the game becomes. More internal and external pressure gets thrown on you.

I remember a lot of my rounds of golf. When I finish a round and get on a plane, I like to think about what happened that week: analyze it, understand it, think about where it was good or where it was bad. You learn more by your losses than you do by your victories.

When you win, you're swept up in the euphoria of it. You go home with friends, you drink and then you forget about it. But when you lose, you get on the plane and think, *God*, what did I do wrong today?

The game is 80 percent mental, anyway. You obviously have to get yourself up in the morning and get yourself ready to play. Some days, you don't feel like go-

ing to work, but you have to. If you feel flat that day, it's almost impossible to get yourself going. Whereas if you feel hyper and buzzy and you have butterflies in your stomach, it's easy to bring yourself down. You have to feel the buzz.

You have to maintain your level; you actually have to try to improve it. If you go backward, not only will one guy pass you by, maybe 500 will.

My greatest driving force is that I hate the idea of failure. I hate the idea of waking up in the morning and not being able to go out there and be as successful as I was the day before. So I set little motivational goals as the day goes by. If I get off to a bad start, I say, "OK, the golf course starts at the fifth hole. Forget what you started, go on and shoot the best you can from here."

The biggest temptation to any professional player is complacency. You *expect* to go out there and play well. One of the greatest sayings I've ever heard, and I use it a lot on myself, is, The day you think you're a golfer is the day your career is over. It's just a fact of life with everything. I keep saying to myself, "Greg, you've never achieved the level of golf that you've wanted to achieve." So I keep motivating myself: Get better, get better. Maybe not physically but mentally. Keep that motivational drive going. That and my fear of failure are my two strongest suits.

I learned this in the 1986 P.G.A. Championship in the Bob Tway incident, when he holed his bunker shot to win. Right through that entire day, I never thought I was going to lose the tournament. Even when he hit the bunker on 18 and I spun it off the green into the rough, I *still* never thought I was going to lose the tournament. And then, in just five seconds, from when he hit the ball to when it went in, everything changed. I said to myself at the end of the day, "You know the greatest lesson you learned. Greg? Expect the unexpected." I felt as if I had everything under control, both emotionally and physically. But the unexpected happened. Then the same thing happened again a few months later at Augusta—identical scenario. Out popped an unusual shot that took it away from me. But you can only do the best you can do.



THE PERFECT SWING

with the help of computer-enhanced video, the most elusive arc in sports is now visible, and attainable

EVERY AMATEUR GOLFER dreams of making the perfect swing and hitting the perfect shot—even just once. Yet, some 500 years after the first featherie golf ball was struck at St. Andrews in Scotland, the typical club-level player still takes almost two and a half times more whacks per round than Lizzie Borden took to kill her stepmother.

So what's the average golfer's problem? Because the normal swing takes about one and a half seconds, it's very difficult for the nonprofessional player to feel whether or not the shape and the path of his swing are both correct. Furthermore, owing to the swing's being a mere flash, it has been nearly impossible for a professional instructor to trace a player's swing. Until now.

Today, a highly sophisticated swing-analysis computer at the Phil Ritson Studio of Golf in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, is solving golfers' problems, because it can project their swing paths onto a video screen. That's like being able to shave in front of a mirror for the first time.

All a player has to do is swing a special club while wearing a lightweight suit studded with sensors. Then a computer and three video cameras take over. Ritson, whom Gary Player labeled "one of the best teachers of the golf swing in the world today," describes what happens next: "Within a few minutes, a three-D representation of a player's swing appears on a screen, so he can clearly see any mistakes in his swing path, then remedy any errors with the help of an instructor."

While you're waiting to don the sensor suit, we've distilled the essence of Ritson's computer analysis. You can arrange for the full treatment by calling 803-272-6399.

—JOHN ANDRISANI

RIGHT



1. Side view



2. Back view

WRONG



3. Side view



4. Back view

It's all in the hips—by coiling and uncoiling them, you swing with the big steady muscles of the torso and help control the lively muscles of the wrists and hands. And that's how to hit straight and true. **RIGHT:** (1) Note how the backswing (green) starts low to the ground, drawing the egg-shaped arc that produces direct, powerful hits. Trigger the backswing by turning the hips clockwise, and start the downswing (red) by rotating in the opposite direction. This brings the downswing path inside the backswing path, a technical must for hitting solidly through the ball (gold). (2) In the back view, note that the swing paths are separate, showing proper hip action. **WRONG:** (3) In this swing, note how the arc is more circular, caused by locked hips and overly lively hands and wrists. The golfer chops down on the ball, increasing mis-hits. (4) The back view shows a distinct loop where the swings intersect. This whipping action will cause the club head to cut across the ball, resulting in a wild hook or slice.

BUYING A BETTER GAME



Soft and supple, the Sta-Sof II glove—made from tanned leathers—gives great grip, by Foot-Joy, Brockton, Massachusetts, about \$17 each.

BY ACQUIRING new golf equipment, you accomplish many worthwhile things: You mentally shift the blame for past mis-hits and banana slices onto the treacherous old clubs you are abandoning, freeing you to imagine that your new set will be made up of dub-free, straight-arrow, cup-finding ball-mashers; you feed the all-American obsession to acquire the latest, bestest, mostest, thereby keeping the post-Carter economic boom going; and you get a new reason to spend even *more* time golfing, to maximize your investment. What you may *not* do, necessarily, is improve your game; it ain't the mashie, it's the motion. But golf's high technology is available to all, for a price, and the arguments sound persuasive. So pay your money and take your choice.

THE SHAFT

After a disappointing debut in the early Seventies, graphite has re-emerged as the top component in golf shafts. In

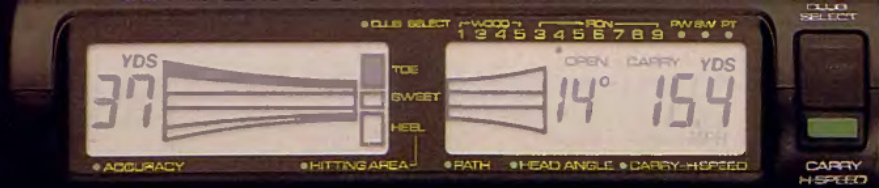


This revolutionary putter (left) has a larger sweet spot to stop club-head rotation due to off-center hits, from Tech-Line, Jackson, Wyoming, \$65. According to manufacturer Dunlop Slazenger of Greenville, South Carolina, the Maxfli HT's triangular-dimple design gives the ball greater distance, \$39.50 per dozen.



The Great White 2100 putter features a shallow blade and a pistol/paddle grip, from Tiger Shark, Mojave, California, \$52.50.





The ultimate pro to go, the GL-500 Golf Trainer helps perfect your swing by measuring vital elements in your motion. It checks head speed and angle, measures distance, drop and duffs, from Mitsubishi Electric, Cypress, California, \$462, including a carrying case.



Drivers, left to right, include a persimmon head with titanium insert, from Optima, Rock Island, Illinois, \$255; a Burner Plus metal wood, from Taylor Made, Carlsbad, California, \$217; an MSX metal wood, from Mizuno, Norcross, Georgia, \$300; and a Poly Rocket, from Orizaba, San Diego, \$150.

The first full-graphite iron on the market, the Black Turbo here combines heel-toe weighting with a sexy black coating, from Mizuno, Norcross, Georgia, about \$200.



fact, manufacturers predict that, just as steel replaced wood in the Thirties and Forties, first in shafts and then in heads, graphite will dominate in the Nineties.

According to manufacturers, golfers can expect two major advantages from playing with a set of graphite-shafted woods or irons. The first is a better swing plane and squarer contact, resulting in greater distance and straighter shots. Field tests indicate that graphite's lightness and feel reduce the subconscious tendency to assist the natural swinging motion of the club, which usually produces an off-line shot. The second is that graphite fibers, unlike steel, act as an insulator rather than a conductor of vibration. Graphite produces a softer, more controlled feel.

The average nominal weight of a graphite shaft is around three ounces. A typical steel shaft weighs about 4.25 ounces. So lightweight graphite clubs can be swung easier and faster, resulting in greater power behind the ball and increased distance. Manufacturers claim that less exertion is required to swing graphite-shafted clubs; hence, a round of golf is less tiring. It's also easier to develop a smooth, consistent tempo when the club is light and "feels" good.

Because the price gap between graphite-shafted and steel-shafted clubs has narrowed considerably, golf-equipment companies are gearing up for a big graphite push in the years ahead. With the exception of Aldila and Fenwick, both reputable U.S. manufacturers, most of the graphite shafts on the market are being made in Japan by Mizuno, Yonex, Yamaha and Daiwa Seiko. Indeed, the Japanese excel at reinventing something and actually improving upon the original. It should also be noted that Mizuno and other Japanese companies make extensive use of robots, lasers and computers in golf-club manufacture. Only the grips are put on by hand.

Impressed by cosmetics? The hottest color for graphite shafts is gold.

The second most highly valued shaft material on the market is titanium. Weighing in at 3.25 ounces, the Ti Shaft is 94.5 percent titanium with three percent aluminum and 2.5 percent vanadium (the same alloy used in hydraulic systems for advanced spacecraft). Like graphite shafts, the titanium-alloy shaft reportedly provides faster club-head speed without compromising accuracy.

Some complain that titanium-shafted clubs have the insubstantial feel of a fungo bat, but they're popular with some pros and have carved a niche in the market.

THE CLUB HEAD

Golf-club heads have come a long way from the days when Scottish professionals carved beech-, apple- and pearwood into long-nosed clubs faced with leather

to soften the shock of impact. Today, graphite, steel and even ceramics are being used in the manufacture of game-improvement "woods," many of which are said to improve distance.

Although the steel-head drivers and fairway woods that have taken the market by storm propose to be new, they are not. The first metal wood appeared in 1906 and flopped. Aluminum-head woods were in brief vogue during the Forties, but kiln-dried, oil-hardened persimmonwood heads were the clubs of choice because of their superior feel and click at impact. They remain the choice of many better players. In fact, until their re-emergence in the early Eighties and subsequent endorsement by top players, metal-headed drivers were reserved for those who failed to bring their own equipment to the driving range.

Although most major golf-club manufacturers now carry metal woods, the top producer is Taylor Made, which first garnered attention with its line of Pittsburgh Persimmon clubs. These hollow stainless-steel clubs are perimeter-weighted away from the center of gravity to reduce torque and twisting on off-center hits. When used with a solid two-piece ball, greater distance is produced.

While perceived primarily as a shaft material, graphite is also being used in club heads, both woods and irons. Graphite offers the same shape and controlled feel of wood, but it does not fatigue with age.

But graphite isn't the only space-age material that has found its way into the business of golf-club manufacturing. Several manufacturers also use boron in their graphite composites. Boron is as strong as steel yet more lightweight. Other manufacturers are producing a perimeter-weighted ceramic-composite wood head that is lightweight and built to withstand shock and vibration.

Irons, like woods, have undergone a revolution of sorts, with exotic materials and new head shapes replacing iron forgings and classic streamlined looks. The commotion began in 1969, when a former engineer by the name of Karsten Solheim introduced his perimeter-weighted, investment-cast, cavity-back Ping irons. Today, virtually every major golf-club manufacturer has followed the lead set by Ping and now produces an investment-cast, perimeter-weighted club.

Solheim and other manufacturers now make cavity-back irons from beryllium copper. Softer and slightly heavier than stainless steel, the burnished-copper heads reportedly supply more feel to golfers able to detect it. What probably sells the club most is its copper color.

The graphite irons on the market are billed as extra-long, but industry leaders tell a different story. Minoru Yonex, president of the company that bears his

name, said, "The major advantages to graphite irons are feel and freedom of design. You're not looking for distance with an iron. You're looking for control." The soles of most are made from cast steel to protect against scrapes and scuffs, but graphite irons pick up more than their share of nicks and abrasions.

GOLF BALLS

Ah, the wide-ranging discussion of golf balls and the reported distances they travel. Years ago, beknickered Scots teed up a featherie ball on a hill of sand and swatted it with a quick, wristy stroke. The featherie was nothing more than a top hat—ful of boiled goose feathers or animal hair compressed into a small leather pouch and stitched shut. A strong hitter could carry it maybe 200 yards—with the help of a good tail wind.

Modern balls are of two basic varieties: a balata-covered wound-rubber ball with a solid or liquid center (balata is derived from the dried juice of tropical trees) and a two-piece solid ball with a Surlyn (a thermoplastic resin developed by DuPont in the Sixties) or similar synthetic cover. (Lithium Balata is this year's hot new synthetic covering.)

Golf balls have not kept pace with other golf equipment, probably because the distance parameters have been stretched to the limit. While the United States Golf Association is specific in its ball specifications—the rules state that the initial velocity shall not be greater than 250 feet per second and shall not cover an average distance in carry and roll exceeding 280 yards—these restrictions do not prevent each manufacturer from claiming that it produces the longest ball.

Ball choice itself is a personal thing. The majority of the P.G.A. tour pros play a Titleist, a wound balata-covered ball made by Acushnet. However, 13 of the top 30 money winners last year played the new Dunlop Maxfli Tour Limited HT.

All that is fine if you happen to hit your drives 250 yards with a slight fade and can stop your chips on the green with a precision backspin. The average golfer may wish to select a ball more attuned to his erratic game. Which is where compression—the measure of the force necessary to alter the ball's round shape—comes in. A high-compression ball, like the ones pros use, takes a mighty whack to compress fully, but it flies farther after that whack than any other ball. A low-compression ball will perform at its peak after a more modest swing. Generally speaking, the higher the level of your game, the higher-compression ball you should be using. Look into your hearts, golfers, and choose the ball that's best for your game.

—BRIAN MCCALLAN





"I don't think of it as raising hemlines—I think of it as raising consciousness."

B - M O V I E

B I M B O S

they're wild! they're dangerous! they're the chain-saw-wielding cuties of camp cinema

text by JOE BOB BRIGGS



NOW THAT you've opened to these pages for the 84th time and you're finally gonna read the article, let me tell you what I know about the gals who work in B movies. I've seen about 39,000 of their pictures, give or take a few Oklahoma triple features, and that comes out to about 784,000 nekid breasts. Those are not very impressive figures to the editors of *Playboy*—I realize that—but it has led me to a few conclusions about what makes a great Queen B.

There are only two kinds of B-movie starlets: the kind about to get cut up by the maniac psycho demonhead creepola sex-deviate corpse-grinders or the kind that *are* maniac psycho demonhead creepola sex-deviate corpse-grinders. The first kind get all the publicity, like Jamie Lee Curtis in *Halloween*, or Heather Lagenkamp in the original *Nightmare on*

Elm Street, or, going back to the Fifties, all the slinky Mexican bimbos who had their necks drained in the *El Vampiro* movies. In fact, the woman I consider the very first queen of the B's—Bettie Page, star of lots of domination-and-bondage flicks in the Forties and early Fifties—was so enthusiastic about being a victim that she would hand the restraining ropes to her master. Marilyn Burns, probably the best pure-dee screamer ever to work in the business, was so effective in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* that you never were quite sure which

would be more fun—watching Marilyn escape from the clutches of the cannibal butcher family or watching Marilyn *not* escape.

But if you really know your B-movie sleaze, it's not the bimbo in peril who holds your (continued on page 158)

Monique Gabrielle, who tempted Tom Hanks in *Bachelor Party*, battled her own evil clone in *Deathstalker II*. Now she'd like "to play a nun in full habit, with only my face showing." Our advice: Kick the habit—why cover your assets?





We like the progression of Bobby Bresee's career. The music teacher became a Playboy Bunny, then made her movie mark in *Mausoleum*, sporting a pair of carnivorous breasts. Now she has moved on to *Evil Spawn* and *Surf Nazis Must Die*.









Queen B Linnea Quigley (left) has *Creepozoids* and *Sorority Babes in the Slimeball Bowl-o-rama* among her many movie credits; "fully recovered Mormon" Christina Jensen (right) appeared in *Death Stop 395*.





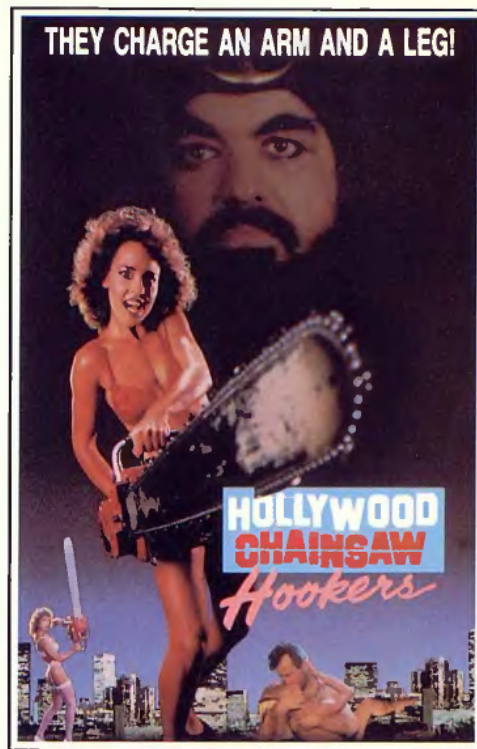


In *Critters 2*, Roxanne Kernohan (left) made the transformation from an all-male alien bounty hunter into—get this—a *Playboy* centerfold. Talk about special effects! Suzanne Slater (above), an exploding-head victim in *Chopping Mall*, would “like a part in a really sexy, steamy movie, like *9½ Weeks*.”



An alumna of adult movies, Ginger Lynn Allen (right) says, “I don’t take my former career too seriously. I’m one of the few porn stars who don’t claim to have done it against their will.” Now she plays a fantasy rocker in the s-f sex comedy *Dr. Alien*.





Michelle Bauer (below) carved a niche in *Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers*, then made *I Was a Teenage Sex Mutant* (a.k.a. *Dr. Alien*). Rock-a-die Baby's Becky LeBeau (right) is launching a video series on "naturally voluptuous women." First subject: herself.







WILLIAM SHATNER

Writer's Log, Stardate 89076, Contributing Editor David Rensin reporting. I'm in traffic around the Paramount Pictures lot, where William Shatner, also known as Captain—now Admiral—James T. Kirk of the U.S.S. Enterprise, has finally gone where he's never gone before: to direct a feature film, 'Star Trek V: The Final Frontier.' I'll be parking soon and walking to his production offices. There, according to reliable information, we will meet for an interview. I don't know what to expect. A review of preparatory materials indicates that he's difficult to detain and interrogate. Also, that he can talk tirelessly about horses and the environment, as well as space adventures. This much is also clear: The Shatner creature can, at will, transform himself into something called a T. J. Hooker. Yet I have been advised that he will likely be neither Hooker nor Kirk but something far more formidable. Perhaps with a sense of humor. I can only hope so. My job apparently depends on it."

1.

PLAYBOY: You once said that your life is a single-minded pursuit of the adrenaline rush. How does that inform *Star Trek V: The Final Frontier*?

SHATNER: When asked how this one may be different from the others, someone said, "There is much more running and jumping." And, indeed, there is. A lot of running and jumping and rioting and yelling and screaming. Yeah, the adrenaline rush is the food of life. *Star Trek V* is an adrenaline rush personally, because it is the culmination of a lifetime of being in the business and finally making a film. I helped write the story, I directed it and I acted in it. I've been with it for three years and it's really good. I've made a motion picture. That's something very few people can say. To hear myself say it sounds miraculous.

2.

PLAYBOY: You've directed theater and television. What was there about directing a film that your

previous experience hadn't prepared you for?

SHATNER: I had assumed that the higher up one went—if one takes expensive films as the highest point—people knew more about what they were doing. And it turns out that nobody knows what he's doing. The big lesson is: With a little taste and good sense and experience, one man's opinion is the equal of another's.

3.

PLAYBOY: In *Star Trek III: The Search for Spock*, your relationship with Leonard Nimoy was altered when he became the director and you were taking orders, so to speak, from somebody with whom you'd been on equal footing. Which of you took direction better?

SHATNER: [Laughs] I had more trepidation when Leonard was directing, because at the time, he was an unknown quantity. He probably handled being directed by me better because he has such great equanimity about him [laughs]. He also had mixed reactions to the script and was forceful in wanting certain changes. We felt it very important to go along with as many as we could. Leonard's a very logical person. He approaches things from a very constructive point of view.

4.

PLAYBOY: Nimoy's reported reaction to being asked back for the first *Star Trek* film was, "I threw up. [And then] I called to see whether my passport was still valid." Yet he came to terms with his Spock identity and reported for duty. Describe the process of making peace with a character you'll be all your life.

SHATNER: On *Star Trek*, I played the hero. Leonard's character had ears on, which made him freaky, so it was very difficult for him to get away from it. I've done a lot of other things as an actor, though much of it, in the years subsequent to *Star Trek*, has been based on the series' being so popular. I've made a good living. I've lived a wonderful life. I became an international figure. After I decided to be in the first *Star Trek* motion picture, there was no question about doing another. Even if the movies weren't called *Star Trek*, the part was good. And, finally, during the past three pictures, I was doing another TV series, and some people now think of me as T. J. Hooker.

5.

PLAYBOY: Hooker was a tough cookie, a conservative cop in liberal times. What

was his biggest fear?

SHATNER: Feeling too much for the victims. Most cops are like that. They have to become inured. Otherwise, the job is too tough. There's more divorce, more suicide. The best cops are the professionals who are able to look objectively at the good guys and the bad guys.

6.

PLAYBOY: As one of the good guys, Captain Kirk often has brief flings with alien—albeit humanoid—women. Give us Kirk's guide to breaking the ice with alienettes. What's his routine?

SHATNER: First of all, you take off your boots [laughs]. You want more? Then you have to find the erogenous zones. They differ on every alien. They may have all been humanoid, but that doesn't mean anything. An alien erogenous zone can lead you down all kinds of strange paths—some of which I can tell you and some of which I can't. Let's just say that when you scratch your head, you may be fulfilling the sexual fantasies of some alien. Also, Kirk would often talk about [shrugs] . . . love. How it was a wonderful thing. Men, women . . . a good approach.

7.

PLAYBOY: Right. And you used that very technique to get Shahna to help you out of a jam in the episode called "The Gamemasters of Triskelion." Later, that same actress apparently put out a provocative poster of herself. Do you own one?

SHATNER: Was she the big-busted girl with the hair? [Smiles] I remember her. I haven't seen the poster, but what I have seen is some footage of her and me kissing in a gag reel. What they did was loop it so it looked like we were making the same motion again and again. Went on for quite a bit, caused some laughter.

8.

PLAYBOY: What's an early-warning sign of a Trekkie?

SHATNER: It's the wild-eyed look, the hands lifted above the ears and the shambling walk that breaks into a run as they approach me. [Pauses, looks serious] I love *Star Trek*. I've had the greatest time. And we've spent a lot of this interview talking about it and that's OK. But it's a small part of my life.

9.

PLAYBOY: *Star Trek* is a major part of other people's lives. What's your favorite Trekkie story?

our ambassador to the universe describes the earth without a future and angie dickinson without underpants

SHATNER: I got into a car with a driver some years ago, and he stopped the car in the middle of the road and said, "I've got to talk to you." I thought, Oh, my God, what a place to be hung up with a Trekkie—no escape and the doors were locked. He said, "I've been looking for you for years," and I thought, Well, this could get dangerous. Then he said, "I was a prisoner in Vietnam," and I began to listen more carefully. He said, "I was captured early in the war, along with several of my buddies, and whatever you saw in *The Deer Hunter* was child's play compared with what we were put through. We were kept in cages half under the water and all that. We could have gone insane. The only way we kept our sanity was by playing the *Star Trek* game. One of us would pretend to be Captain Kirk and others Spock, McCoy and the rest of the crew, and we'd do episodes. We did that for the length of time that I was a prisoner of the Vietnamese, and I wanted to thank you. It's been a long time." By that time, we were both crying.

10.

PLAYBOY: In the film *Big Bad Mama*, you co-star with Angie Dickinson. There are at least three seminude scenes. When you read that script and knew you would do those scenes with her, how much did you offer to pay to play the part?

SHATNER: I gave them a blank check. Angie is beautiful. She is luscious, sensuous, intelligent. . . . I have to censor myself, because my kids will read this. But I'll tell you this story: When we first read the script together, everybody was embarrassed because at times Angie and I were going to have to be nude. So we all agreed that when the nude

scenes came around, we would empty the set and only absolutely required personnel would remain: the cameraman, the first assistant director; that's about it. Angie started the movie about two weeks before I did. When I came in, the first scene, of course, was the nude scene [smiles]. So I got my body make-up on and wore my shorts under a kimono to the set. Angie was already there, in her dressing gown on the bed. I awkwardly took off my slippers and stepped out of my shorts and kept my robe clutched around me. That's when I noticed that her robe had spilled open a little and she wasn't wearing *any* shorts. Then I heard the first assistant director say, "All right, everybody, only the essential personnel will stay. Everybody else, please go." A general movement began toward the door when I heard Angie say to me, "Oh, Bill, Bob's make-up; do you mind if he stays?" I said, "Oh, no problem." She said, "Bob, you can stay—uh, George! Uh, Dick! Fred. . . ." and gradually, one by one, she named them all, friends she had made during the first two weeks. By the way, I've had other nude scenes. I had to make love to Anne Francis on stage in *Remote Asylum*. Live. I had to reach an orgasm at the Ahmanson Theater, in Los Angeles, in front of twenty-two hundred people, every night for six weeks. That was tough. Because how much do you reveal? Are you a screamer or aren't you?

11.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of screaming, you once recorded, to music, what can only be considered imaginative recitations of such popular songs as *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds* and *Mr. Tambourine Man*. Are they

something you'd now like to forget?

SHATNER: [Laughs] There were quite a few. There was a whole record. The idea was to combine a modern song with some classical piece. So we took a song that was popular at that time and tried to act it as though it were prose. Or we took some prose and wrote music for it. *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds* went with something out of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, I think, in which Cyrano says, "I will stand by myself"—the speech in which he says, "I'm my own man." Well, *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*—it was a drug song, and I performed it as best I could, as though I were drugged—segued into a stalwart man's saying, "I may not be a part of everybody else, but I am my own man." Some cuts worked, some didn't. I haven't heard it in a long time.

12.

PLAYBOY: Are an actor's nightmares more likely to come when he's asleep or awake?

SHATNER: Mine came to me on a live television show, years ago, when I was crossing the stage. I was playing a scene with Lee J. Cobb. And the camera was following me as I walked across the room, and in that walk, getting from point A to point B, my mind went, My God, there are thirty million people watching me walk. And then I couldn't move my left hand with my right leg. I became somewhat spastic. At that moment, I realized the enormity of what I was asking of the human mind. I was asking thirty million people to suspend disbelief and assume that I was this person walking across the room. That kind of third-person view of yourself as an actor is the most dangerous pit we can fall into.

13.

PLAYBOY: Captain Kirk has certain mannerisms. One is an urgent, neo-Shakespearean phrasing when he's trying to be convincing or making a moral statement. He'll linger on a word, midsentence, then say the rest rapidly, often running past the period into the next sentence. Another characteristic is the shrug, sometimes accompanied by open arms, bent at the elbows, cupped palms and wide eyes. Why did you employ these devices?

SHATNER: There were two things at work. One was what I do naturally. Because it was a series, and because fatigue means you have no time to separate yourself from the character, I tried to retain in Captain Kirk what was the essential me, I guess. I'm dimly aware that Captain Kirk phrased things in a certain way, and I'll do that on occasion. But I try not to be deliberate or even cognitive about it. It's all just part of me. The second thing was that Captain Kirk is an enthusiast, a man of the future. As such, the attitude of the body and the voice is one of trying to look forward. Kirk isn't a cynic who simply sits back and listens and ponders. But again, I don't think of it in technical terms. I am Captain Kirk, I am T. J. Hooker. These things are like the breath of life.



"I can't swear to what they're up to. All I can tell you is that for a small desert nation, they're importing an awful lot of Genius, Jr., Chem Sets."

14.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever declined the opportunity to take your shirt off on screen?

SHATNER: [Laughs] I declined on *T. J. Hooker*. There was a point when I wondered if I could still do it. I looked at that guy who had lifted weights when he was doing *Star Trek* and thought, I've got to do a lot of running and a lot of starving to get down to that weight and shape again, if I ever could. [Pauses] I never thought much about having a good body, because I was gifted by *having* a good body. I didn't do much in the way of care, nor did I ever abuse it by drinking or smoking very much. But I didn't know I could build muscles until much later in life. While I was doing *Star Trek*, I worked out. I ran, I lifted girls [laughs]. But I didn't lift weights, technically. Now I've gotten into it. But two things happen as you get older: Not only does gravity take its toll but you think, Is it worth missing this great-tasting dessert for the narcissism of taking off your shirt, or is life too short?

15.

PLAYBOY: When you see yourself on TV, do you change the channel?

SHATNER: Yes. I just don't like to look at myself. I don't like to see youth slipping away. There are a handful of people who, like me, have grown up in television—I've been on since the early Fifties—and I've watched myself grow into the thing I am now. Seeing old photographs, buried in the attic

someplace, that's one thing. But to see yourself walking around on a television screen in one instant and then to compare that with your present-day form in the next is tough [smiles]. However, I believe that if I can keep upping the limit of what I think I'm capable of doing, I can give myself the illusion that I'm not slowing down. That means I get up earlier, I attempt to do more things. I keep my mind open for new ideas. And, of course, I read *Playboy*. Perhaps this is all an illusion, but I'm living on that illusion.

16.

PLAYBOY: Of the four main actors on *T. J. Hooker*—you, Heather Locklear, Adrian

Zmed and James Darren—who spent the most time in front of the mirror?

SHATNER: [Laughs] Well, it wasn't Heather. It was a toss-up among the three guys, with Jimmy winning by a whisker.

17.

PLAYBOY: You're from Canada. What do Canadians know about this country that Americans tend to miss?

SHATNER: Canadians know that the lakes and rivers of eastern Canada are being eaten up by the lack of commitment of major industrialists in the central part of the United States to put scrubbers on their smokestacks. All that debris is blowing into Canada, which is known for its cleanliness. All it takes is some money to stop the sul-

Senator and your Congressman and give some money to buy some land and save some rain forests, or save a whale, or neuter your pets, or don't have too many children. There are many things we can do that will help in some small way.

18.

PLAYBOY: Recently, sixteen-year-old Wil Wheaton, one of the actors on *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, visited you on the set of *Star Trek V*. A local newspaper quoted you as telling him: "If this were my bridge and my ship, you wouldn't be allowed on." True?

SHATNER: I didn't know who the young man was; he was in costume, and he came onto the set to say hello. I said, "Where are you working?" and he said, "*Next Generation*," and I said, "God, they're getting younger and younger," laughed, and that was it. Besides, I don't watch the new show—for two reasons. One, I don't watch episodic television. Two, if I did watch, I'd have to express an opinion. If I didn't like it, it wouldn't be politic for me to say so.

19.

PLAYBOY: When have you most wanted to say, "Beam me up, Scotty"?

SHATNER: Of late? [Laughs] A guy in a car, trying to pull in front of me in traffic, gave me the finger. Traffic stopped and I stopped. I got out of the car. I was in a rage. He got out of the car and got taller and taller. I thought, What am I doing here, outside

the car, with a potentially crazed man? So I made a lot of loud noises and, at that point, I think "Beam me up, Scotty" would have been a good phrase.

20.

PLAYBOY: One last question: In *Star Trek's* final episode, "Turnabout Intruder," Captain Kirk is forced to switch bodies with a jealous old flame, Dr. Janice Lester. With which real woman would a guy who has played only the manliest of men like to switch places for a day?

SHATNER: None. I'm so content being a man that I would miss the clanging of my balls.

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phur clouds. There are endless discussions about it, but nothing is being done. In the meantime, nature is dying. [Pauses] I have, ready to be released next fall or winter, a ten-hour series called *Voice of the Planet*, based on the Gaea principle of mother earth; that is, all matter is a part of mother earth and we have to start cleaning our act up immediately or we're all going to die. I think the end of the road is in sight. There's a cliff and we're all going to go over it if the polluting of the planet doesn't stop. We must stop swiftly and dramatically and the Americans have to be in the forefront, as we are in everything else. So, hey, if you like *Star Trek* and you want to see me again, don't litter, or write to your



PICTURE PERFECT

(continued from page 96)

tapes—is “panned and scanned,” its dimensions changed, its focus shifted, sometimes with extra movement added as technicians desperately try to capture the important elements the director had put together in a single wide-screen picture.

What is often seen on TV would horrify the original director. A scene with two characters may be edited to show just one of them; an expanse of mountains may be cut to reveal only a single peak.

The makers of video discs have dealt with this problem by a process called letter-boxing. The result is unsettling at first: The picture appears as a wide band across

the center of the TV screen—the shape of an elongated movie screen—with black bars above and below the image, creating a shape that preserves the entire picture in its original proportions. Not every video disc is letter-boxed, but, as on Voyager's scrupulous *North by Northwest*, it has become the preferred form within this small market. There are even re-releases planned of some films, restoring them to full-screen proportions. Letter-boxed versions are now replacing old releases of *Star Wars*, *The Sound of Music* and *Gone with the Wind*.

A CONNOISSEUR'S GUIDE TO VIDEO DISCS

The Voyager Company (1351 Pacific Coast Highway, Santa Monica, California 90401, 213-451-1383) takes its name from the spacecraft. Like the Voyager, the company is small in size but not in ambition. The list of more than 50 titles from its Criterion Collection series—titles including *King Kong*, *The Producers* and *It's a Wonderful Life*—could constitute a basic film library. But aside from presenting classic films, the discs set technological standards for the industry. The shades of light and dark in *Citizen Kane*, the bright Technicolor swashbuckling of *Scaramouche*, the digitally remastered sound of *A Hard Day's Night* are unmatched in home video. The outer limits of laser achievement are, not coincidentally, in two science-fiction films: *2001*, which was mastered under the watchful eye of its director, Stanley Kubrick, and *Blade Runner*, whose somber, detailed images seem etched on the screen. Voyager's best discs include supplementary material, interviews, essays, stills and trailers—and, in many cases, a second sound track of commentary by film historians and critics. There are also such offbeat ventures as the radio dramas of Orson Welles, a survey of computer animation and “ephemeral films” from 1946 to 1960, which include *Dating: Do's and Don'ts* (1949), about how to handle that goodnight kiss. The prices of Voyager discs are high—as much as \$124.95 for the three-disc *2001*—but so is their achievement.

FILMS: Here, all is taste. Aside from the Criterion discs, any viewer may want to sample the digital score of *RoboCop*, see the animators' love of color and detail in *Cinderella*, watch the antics of *Beetlejuice* or find out what makes suspense so effective in black and white in a fine remastering of *Psycho*. There's a letter-boxed *Dr. Zhivago* and an MCA *Frankenstein* with censored footage restored. We're partial to the epic pace of *Jean de Florette* and *Manon of the Spring*—a two-part tale of jealousy and revenge that on disc can seem like a late-night reading of a great novel.

OPERA AND CLASSICAL: Opera and laser disc seem made for each other. The subtitles, the close-ups and the special effects in Jean Pierre Ponnelle's video version of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* (PolyGram), for example, remove vestiges of pomposity and mystification and turn this opera into an erotic, intimate drama. There's also a lively *Barber of Seville* from Glyndebourne, Ingmar Bergman's irrepressible *Magic Flute* (both available from Pioneer) and, for ambitious viewers, Pierre Boulez conducting Patrice Chereau's production of Wagner's *Ring* cycle (PolyGram) from the Bayreuth Festival, in which the Rhine maidens become prostitutes and the operas become knotty allegories.

POP: Here disc sizes and options proliferate. Michael Jackson's *Moonwalker* goes for broke—a 12-inch disc of special effects, concert performances and Claymation drama. Kiss's Gene Simmons, on *Exposed*, leads the viewer on a tour of his pleasure palace, breaking for videos and concert performances. The five-inch CD videos mix a single video selection with other straight audio cuts—by groups including the Moody Blues, Bon Jovi, L.A. Guns, Scorpions and Rush. And there are full-sized discs presenting Joe Cocker, Barbra Streisand, the Manhattan Transfer and Bob Dylan.

A Video Standard (Reference Recordings, Box 77225X, San Francisco 94107) is a \$60 disc that's in a category by itself. It provides a set of test signals for audio and video systems, with instructions on how to optimize monitor performance and set up sound systems, and it also includes a miniature education in video technology, showing, for example, how film is transferred to video.

The Laser Disc Newsletter is a 12-to-20-page monthly that reviews nearly every disc released. The author, Douglas Pratt, has also written *The Laser Video Disc Companion*. Sample copies of the \$25-a-year newsletter are available from Suite 428, 496A Hudson Street, New York 10014, 212-242-3324.

“WE ARE NOW APPROACHING THE FUTURAMA,” proclaim the titles on the screen as black-and-white films of crowds waiting in line slowly shift to color. “To help us get a glimpse into the future of this unfinished world of ours,” intones the narrator, “there has been created for the New York World's Fair a thought-provoking exhibit of the developments ahead of us—the greater and better world of tomorrow that we are building today.” Portentous proclamations in this 1939 General Motors film invite us to travel into the future—the “wonder world of 1960,” where cars look like bubbles, cities are Utopian settings of parks and quarter-mile-high skyscrapers, and elevated sidewalks guide happy pedestrians to their destiny—to “a future that can be whatever we propose to make it.”

The future of laser disc is not, perhaps, as breath-taking as this vision, created just before the outbreak of World War Two. It appears on a Voyager disc of “ephemeral films”—industrial and educational short films from 1931 to 1945. As the disc itself proves, though, standard movies will be only part of the laser-disc future. Laser discs are already used by the Army, the Navy and the Air Force for flight training and education and by industry for giving manufacturing instructions and teaching assembly. Voyager has even developed Macintosh software that will allow the computer to be connected to a disc of 1600 paintings at the National Gallery of Art and call up any succession of pictures on a television screen in a high-tech slide show. And 35,000 images from the Louvre will soon be available.

Voyager also plans to release discs devoted to cities, which will permit the viewer to take varied walking tours of Vienna or Paris, for example. In more sophisticated, future interactive discs, doctors may even practice surgery the way pilots can now practice flying prowess. The technology already exists for creating laser discs that record as well as play back. So, in a decade, some say, the VCR will be obsolete. Martin Greenwald, the president of Image Entertainment, Pioneer's rival distributor and manufacturer, believes that “laser is the pinhole in the wall through which the light of the future is coming.” E.T., phone home.



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Designing Woman

(continued from page 72)

want to take care of anybody. I look at marriage as a merger of two companies that's based on love."

If you're wondering, then, what love has to do with it, you are not alone. On a recent *Oprah Winfrey Show* about "gold digging," someone raised the question of romance between men and women. A member of the audience set the questioner straight. "It's a business deal and I'm going to get as much as I can out of it," she said. And on the same segment, the authors of a new book called *Rich Men, Single Women* advised viewers to do exactly what our friend Lorie had in mind: Go to where the rich men are. Don't work in a school or an exterminator's office; get a job in commodities, a law office, big business. Don't play in the public parks; sign up for golf or tennis lessons at the local country club. You'll look rich, you'll see rich.

This is the current state of affairs. Relationships are, evidently, some new form of business with its own style of negotiating. And if you don't want to be cast as the ultimate provider or the sugar daddy, now is the time to compromise, to cut a deal. Picking up your own socks is probably a good way to start. How far will that get you? Who knows? Women, even to other women, remain mysterious, their agendas sometimes hidden. I don't know what else I can tell you.

Oh, yeah. I don't know why, but this moment lingers in my mind. Once, on *The Oprah Winfrey Show* (something you may want to check out if you want to eavesdrop on opposite-gender mind-set), a woman in the audience stood up and spoke a simple truth. She said, "Women are thinking while men are sleeping."

Enough said.
Best of luck.



sleep and \triangle forgetting

(continued from page 90)

know, it is Joan of Arc. We haven't gotten more than a few minutes' total coherent verbal output out of them, usually a lot less. Except for the Mongol. He goes on and on. It's like he doesn't want to let go of the phone."

"And it really is a phone?" I asked. "What we say here they can hear there?"

"We don't know that, because we haven't been able to make much sense out of what they say, and by the time we get it deciphered, we've lost contact. But it's got to be a two-way contact. They must be getting something from us, because we're able to get their attention somehow and they talk back to us."

"They receive your signal without a helmet?"

"The helmet's just for your benefit. The actual Icarus signal comes in digitally. The helmet's the interface between our computer and your ears."

"Medieval people don't have digital computers, either, Joe."

A muscle started popping in one of his cheeks. "No, they don't," he said. "It must come like a voice out of the sky. Or right inside their heads. But they hear us."

"How?"

"Do I know? You want this to make sense, Mike? *Nothing* about this makes sense. Let me give you an example. You were talking with that Mongol, weren't you? You asked him something and he answered you?"

"Yes. But—"

"Let me finish. What did you ask him?"

"He said his father had sent him somewhere. I asked him where, and he said on the water. To visit his elder brother."

"He answered you right away?"

"Yes," I said.

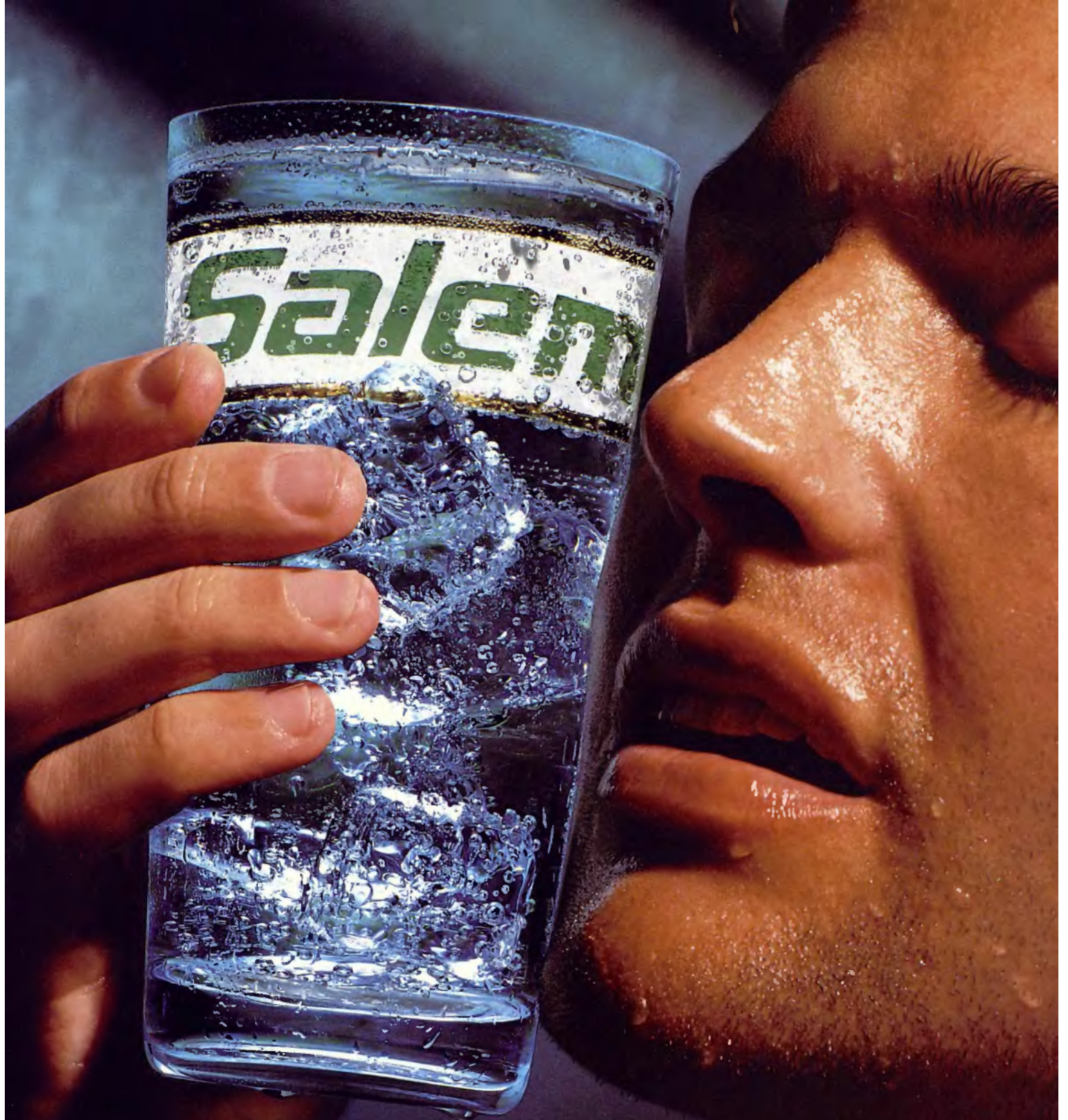
"Well, that's actually impossible. The Icarus is ninety-three million miles from here. There has to be something like an eight-minute time lag in radio transmission. You follow? You ask him something and it's eight minutes before the beam reaches Icarus, and eight minutes more for his answer to come back. He sure as hell can't hold a real-time conversation with you. But you say he was."

"It may only have seemed that way. It could just have been coincidence that what I asked and what he happened to say next fit together like question and response."

"Maybe. Or maybe whatever kink in time we're operating across eats up the lag for us, too. I tell you, nothing makes sense about this. But one way or another, the beam is reaching them and it carries coherent information. I don't know why that is. It just is. Once you start dealing in impossible stuff, anything may be true. So why can't our voices come out of thin air to them?" Hedley laughed nervously. Or perhaps it was a cough, I thought. "The thing is," he went on, "this Mongol is staying on line longer than any of the others, so with



"Could you hold it just a min, Officer—the tape's just getting to the real *ka-boom* part."



THE REFRESHEST

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you here, we have a chance to have some real communication with him. You speak his language. You can validate this whole goddamn grotesque event for us, do you see? You can have an honest-to-God chat with some guy who lived eight hundred years ago, and find out where he really is and what he thinks is going on, and tell us all about it."

I stole a glance at the wall clock. Half past 12. I couldn't remember the last time I'd been up this late. I lead a nice, quiet tenured life, full professor for 13 years now, University of Washington, department of Sinological studies.

"We're about ready to acquire signal again," Hedley said. "Put the helmet on."

I slipped it into place. I thought about that little communications satellite chugging around the sun, swimming through inconceivable heat and unthinkable waves of hard radiation and somehow surviving, coming around the far side now, beaming electromagnetic improbabilities out of the distant past at my head.

The squawking and screeching began.

Then, emerging from the noise and murk and sonic darkness came the Mongol's voice, clear and steady:

"Where are you, you voice, you? Speak to me."

"Here," I said. "Can you hear me?"

Aark. Yaaarp. Tshhhhhh.

The Mongol said, "Voice, what are you?

Are you mortal or are you a prince of the Master?"

I wrestled with the puzzling words. I'm fluent enough in Khalkha, though I don't get many opportunities to speak it. But there was a problem of context here.

"Which master?" I asked finally. "What prince?"

"There is only one Master," said the Mongol. He said this with tremendous force and assurance, putting terrific spin on every syllable, and the capital letter was apparent in his tone. "I am His servant. The *angeloi* are his princes. Are you an *angelos*, voice?"

Angeloi? That was Greek. A Mongol asking me if I were an angel of God?

"Not an angel, no," I said.

"Then how can you speak to me this way?"

"It's kind of. . ." I paused. I couldn't come up with the Khalkha for "miracle." After a moment, I said, "It's by the grace of heaven on high. I'm speaking to you from far away."

"How far?"

"Tell me where you are."

Skrawwwk. Tshhhhhh.

"Again. Where are you?"

"Nova Roma. Constantinople."

I blinked. "Byzantium?"

"Byzantium, yes."

"I am very far from there."

"How far?" the Mongol said fiercely.

"Many, many days' ride. Many, many." I

hesitated. "Tell me what year it is, where you are."

Vzsqkk. Blzpz. Yüüüüik.

"What's he saying to you?" Hedley asked. I waved at him furiously to be quiet.

"The year," I said again. "Tell me what year it is."

The Mongol said scornfully, "Everyone knows the year, voice."

"Tell me."

"It is the year 1187 of our savior."

I began to shiver. Our savior? Weirder and weirder, I thought. A Christian Mongol? Living in Byzantium? Talking to me on the space telephone out of the 12th Century? The room around me took on a smoky, insubstantial look. My elbows were aching, and something was throbbing just above my left cheekbone. This had been a long day for me. I was very tired. I was heading into that sort of weariness where walls melted and bones turned soft. Joe was dancing around in front of me like someone with tertiary St. Vitus'.

"And your name?" I said.

"I am Petros Alexios."

"Why do you speak Khalkha if you are Greek?"

A long silence, unbroken even by the hellish static.

"I am not Greek," came the reply finally.

"I am by birth Khalkha Mongol but was raised Christian among the Christians from the age of eleven, when my father sent me on the water and I was taken. My



TO PROVE HOW LONG RAIN

name was Temujin. Now I am twenty and I know the savior."

I gasped and put my hand to my throat as though it had been skewered out of the darkness by a spear.

"Temujin," I said, barely getting the word out.

"My father was Yesugei the chieftain."

"Temujin," I said again. "Son of Yesugei." I shook my head.

Aaark. Blzzp. Tshhhhhh.

Then, no static, no voice, only the hushed hiss of silence.

"Are you OK?" Hedley asked.

"We've lost contact, I think."

"Right. It just broke. You look like your brain has shorted out."

I slipped the helmet off. My hands were shaking.

"You know," I said, "maybe that French woman really was Joan of Arc."

"What?"

I shrugged. "She may have been," I said wearily. "Anything's possible, isn't it?"

"What the hell are you trying to tell me, Mike?"

"Why shouldn't she have been Joan of Arc?" I asked. "Listen, Joe. This is making me just as nutty as you are. You know what I've just been doing? I've been talking to Genghis Khan on this fucking telephone of yours."

I managed to get a few hours of sleep by simply refusing to tell Hedley anything else until I'd had a chance to rest. The way

I said it, I left him no options, and he seemed to grasp that right away. At the hotel, I sank from consciousness like a leaden whale, hoping I wouldn't surface again before noon, but old habit seized me and pushed me up out of the tepid depths at seven, irreversibly awake and not a bit less depleted. I put in a quick call to Seattle to tell Elaine that I was going to stay down in La Jolla a little longer than expected. She seemed worried—not that I might be up to any funny business, not me, but only that I sounded so groggy. "You know Joe," I said. "For him, it's a twenty-four-hour information world." I told her nothing else. When I stepped out onto the breakfast patio half an hour later, I could see the lab's blue van already waiting in the hotel lot to pick me up.

Hedley seemed to have slept at the lab. He was rumped and red-eyed, but somehow, he was at normal functioning level, scurrying around the place like a yappy little dog. "Here's a print-out of last night's contact," he said the moment I came in. "I'm sorry if the transcript looks cockeyed. The computer doesn't know how to spell in Mongolian." He shoved it into my hands. "Take a squint at it and see if you really heard all the things you thought you heard."

I peered at the single long sheet. It seemed to be full of jabberwocky, but once I figured out the computer's system of phonetic equivalents, I could read it readily

enough. I looked up after a moment, feeling very badly shaken.

"I was hoping I'd dreamed all this. I hadn't."

"You want to explain it to me?"

"I can't."

Joe scowled. "I'm not asking for fundamental existential analysis. Just give me a goddamned translation, all right?"

"Sure," I said.

He listened with a kind of taut, explosive attention that seemed to me to be masking a mixture of uneasiness and bubbling excitement. When I was done, he said, "OK. What's this Genghis Khan stuff?"

"Temujin was Genghis Khan's real name. He was born around 1167 and when he was still a boy, his father, Yesugei, was poisoned by enemies. Temujin became a fugitive, but by the time he was fifteen, he had started putting together a confederacy of Mongol tribes, hundreds of them, and eventually, he conquered everything in sight. Genghis Khan means 'ruler of the universe.'"

"So? Our Mongol lives in Constantinople, you say. He's a Christian and he uses a Greek name."

"He's Temujin, son of Yesugei. He's twenty years old in the year when Genghis Khan was twenty years old."

Hedley looked belligerent. "Some other Temujin. Some other Yesugei."

"Listen to the way he speaks. He's scary. Even if you can't understand a word of

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what he's saying, can't you feel the power in him? The coiled-up anger? That's the voice of somebody capable of conquering whole continents."

"Genghis Khan wasn't a Christian. Genghis Khan wasn't kidnaped by strangers and taken to live in Constantinople."

"I know," I said. To my own amazement, I added, "But maybe this one was."

"Jesus God Almighty. What's that supposed to mean?"

"I'm not certain."

Hedley's eyes took on a glaze. "I hoped you were going to be part of the solution, Mike. Not part of the problem."

"Just let me think this through," I said, waving my hands above his as if trying to conjure some patience into him. Joe was peering at me in a stunned way. My eyeballs throbbed. Things were jangling up and down along my spinal column. Lack of sleep had coated my brain with a hard crust of adrenaline. Bewilderingly strange ideas were rising like sewer gases in my mind and making weird bubbles. "All right, try this," I said at last. "Say that there are all sorts of possible worlds. A world in which you're king of England, a world in which I play third base for the Yankees, a world in which the dinosaurs never died out and Los Angeles gets invaded every summer by hungry tyrannosaurs. And one world where Yesugei's son Temujin wound up in Twelfth Century Byzantium as a Christian instead of founding the Mongol Empire. And that's the Temujin I've been talking to. This cockeyed beam of yours not only crosses time lines, somehow it crosses probability lines, too, and we've fished up some alternate reality that—"

"I don't believe this," Hedley said.

"Neither do I, really. Not seriously. I'm just putting forth one possible hypothesis that may explain—"

"I don't mean your fucking hypothesis. I mean I find it hard to believe that you, of all people, my old pal Mike Michaelson, can be standing here running off at the mouth this way, working hard at turning a mystifying event into a goddamned nonsensical one—you, good old sensible, steady Mike, telling me some shit about tyrannosaurs amuck in Los Angeles—"

"It was only an example of—"

"Oh, fuck your example," Hedley said. His face darkened with exasperation bordering on fury. He looked ready to cry. "Your example is absolute crap. Your example is garbage. You know, man, if I wanted someone to feed me a lot of New Age crap, I didn't have to go all the way to Seattle to find him. Alternate realities! Third base for the Yankees!"

A girl in a lab coat appeared out of nowhere and said, "We have signal acquisition, Dr. Hedley."

I said, "I'll catch the next plane north, OK?"

Joe's face was red and starting to do its puff-adder trick and his Adam's apple

bobbed as if trying to find the way out.

"I wasn't trying to mess up your head," I said. "I'm sorry if I did. Forget everything I was just saying. I hope I was at least of some help, anyway."

Something softened in Joe's eyes.

"I'm so goddamned tired, Mike."

"I know."

"I didn't mean to yell at you like that."

"No offense taken, Joe."

"But I have trouble with this alternate-reality thing of yours. You think it was easy for me to believe that what we were doing here was talking to people in the past? But I brought myself around to it, weird though it was. Now you give it an even weirder twist, and it's too much. It's too fucking much. It violates my sense of what's right and proper and fitting. You know what Occam's razor is, Mike? The medieval axiom Never multiply hypotheses needlessly? Take the simplest one. Here, even the simplest one is crazy. You push it too far."

"Listen," I said, "if you'll just have someone drive me over to the hotel—"

"No."

"No?"

"Let me think a minute," he said. "Just because it doesn't make sense doesn't mean that it's impossible, right? And if we get one impossible thing, we can have two, or six, or sixteen. Right? Right?" His eyes were like two black holes with cold stars blazing at their bottoms. "Hell, we aren't at the point where we need to worry about explanations. We have to find out the basic stuff first. Mike, I don't want you to leave. I want you to stay here."

"What?"

"Don't go. Please. I still need somebody to talk to the Mongol for me. Don't go. Please, Mike? Please?"

•

The times, Temujin said, were very bad. The infidels under Saladin had smashed the crusader forces in the Holy Land and Jerusalem itself had fallen to the Moslems. Christians everywhere mourn the loss, said Temujin. In Byzantium—where Temujin was captain of the guard in the private army of a prince named Theodore Lascaris—God's grace seemed also to have been withdrawn. The great empire was in heavy weather. Insurrections had brought down two emperors in the past four years and the current man was weak and timid. The provinces of Hungary, Cyprus, Serbia and Bulgaria were all in revolt. The Normans of Sicily were chopping up Byzantine Greece, and on the other side of the empire, the Seljuk Turks had chewed their way through Asia Minor. "It is the time of the wolf," said Temujin. "But the sword of the Lord will prevail."

The sheer force of him was astounding. It lay not so much in what he said, though that was sharp and fierce, as in the way he said it. I could feel the strength of the man in the velocity and impact of each syllable. Temujin hurled his words as if from a catapult. They arrived carrying a crackling

electrical charge. Talking with him was like holding live cables in my hands. Hedley, jiggling and fidgeting around the lab, paused now and then to stare at me with what looked like awe and wonder in his eyes, as if to say, *You really can make sense of this stuff?* I smiled at him. I felt bizarrely cool and unflustered. Sitting there with some electronic thing on my head, letting that terrific force go hurtling through my brain. Discussing 12th Century politics with an invisible Byzantine Mongol. Making small talk with Genghis Khan. All right. I could handle it.

I beckoned for note paper. NEED PRINT-OUT OF WORLD HISTORICAL BACKGROUND LATE 12TH CENTURY, I scrawled, without interrupting my conversation with Temujin. ESP BYZANTINE HISTORY, CRUSADES, ETC.

The kings of England and France, said Temujin, were talking about launching a new Crusade. But at the moment, they happened to be at war with each other, which made cooperation difficult. The powerful emperor Frederick Barbarossa of Germany was also supposed to be getting up a Crusade, but that, he said, might mean more trouble for Byzantium than for the Saracens, because Frederick was a friend of Byzantium's enemies in the rebellious provinces, and he'd have to march through those provinces on the way to the Holy Land.

"It is a perilous time," I agreed.

Then, suddenly, I was feeling the strain. Temujin's rapid-fire delivery was exhausting to follow, he spoke Mongolian with what I took to be a Byzantine accent, and he sprinkled his statements with the names of emperors, princes and even nations that meant nothing to me. Also, there was that powerful force of him to contend with—it hit you like an avalanche—and, beyond that, his anger: the whipcrack inflection that seemed the thinnest of bulwarks against some unstated inner rage, fury, frustration. It's hard to feel at ease with anyone who seethes that way. Suddenly, I just wanted to go somewhere and lie down.

But someone put print-out sheets in front of me, closely packed columns of stuff from the *Britannica*. Names swam before my eyes: Henry II, Barbarossa, Stephan Nemanja, Isaac Angelus, Guy of Lusignan, Richard the Lionhearted. Antioch, Tripoli, Thessalonica, Venice. I nodded my thanks and pushed the sheets aside.

Cautiously, I asked Temujin about Mongolia. It turned out that he knew almost nothing about it. He'd had no contact at all with his native land since his abduction at the age of 11 by Byzantine traders who carried him off to Constantinople. His country, his father, his brothers, the girl to whom he had been betrothed when he was still a child—they were all just phantoms to him now, far away, forgotten. But in the privacy of his own soul, he still spoke Khalkha. That was all that was left.

By 1187, I knew, the Temujin who would become Genghis Khan had already made

himself ruler of half of Mongolia. His fame would surely have spread to cosmopolitan Byzantium. How could this Temujin be unaware of him? Well, I saw one way. But Joe had already shot it down. And it sounded pretty nutty, even to me.

"Do you want a drink?" Hedley asked. "Tranks? Aspirin?"

I shook my head. "I'm OK," I murmured.

To Temujin, I said, "Do you have a wife? Children?"

"I have vowed not to marry until Jesus rules again in his own land."

"So you're going to go on the next Crusade?" I asked.

Whatever answer Temujin made was smothered by static.

Awkkk. Skrrkkk. Tssshhhhhhh.

Then silence, lengthening into endlessness.

"Signal's gone," someone said.

"I could use that drink now," I said. "Scotch."

The lab clock said it was ten in the morning. To me, it felt like the middle of the night.

An hour had passed. The signal hadn't returned.

Hedley said, "You really think he's Genghis Khan?"

"I really think he *could* have been."

"In some other probability world."

Carefully, I said, "I don't want to get you all upset again, Joe."

"You won't. Why the hell *not* believe we're tuned in to an alternate reality? It's no more goofy than any of the rest of this. But tell me this: Is what he says consistent with being Genghis Khan?"

"His name's the same. His age. His childhood, up to the point when he wandered into some Byzantine trading caravan and they took him away to Constantinople with them. I can imagine the sort of fight he put up, too. But his life line must have diverged completely from that point on. A whole new world line split off from ours. And in that world, instead of turning into Genghis Khan, ruler of all Mongolia, he grew up to be Petros Alexios of Prince Theodore Lascaris' private guards."

"And he has no idea of who he could have been?" Joe asked.

"How could he? It isn't even a dream to him. He was born into another world that wasn't ever destined to have a Genghis Khan. You know the poem: 'Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting; / The soul that rises with us, our life's star, / Hath had elsewhere its setting, / And cometh from afar.'"

"Very pretty. Is that Yeats?" Hedley said.

"Wordsworth," I said. "When's the signal coming back?"

"An hour, two, three. It's hard to say. You want to take a nap and we'll wake you when we have acquisition?"

"I'm not sleepy."

"You look pretty ragged," Joe said.

I wouldn't give him the satisfaction.

"I'm OK. I'll sleep for a week, later on. What if you can't raise him again?"

"There's always that chance, I suppose. We've already had him on the line five times as long as all the rest put together."

"He's a very determined man," I said.

"He ought to be. He's Genghis fucking Khan."

"Get him back," I said. "I don't want you to lose him. I want to talk to him some more."

Morning ticked on into afternoon. I phoned Elaine twice while we waited, and I stood for a long time at the window watching the shadows of the incoming winter evening fall across the hibiscus and the bougainvillea, and I hunched my shoulders up and tried to pull in the signal by sheer body English. Contemplating the possibility that they might never pick up Temujin again left me feeling weirdly forlorn. I was beginning to feel that I had a real relationship with that eerie disembodied angry voice coming out of the crackling night. Toward midafternoon, I thought I was starting to understand what was making Temujin so angry, and I had some things to say to him about that.

Maybe you ought to get some sleep, I told myself.

At half past four, someone came to me and said the Mongol was on the line again.

The static was very bad. But then came the full force of Temujin soaring over it. I heard him saying, "The Holy Land must

be redeemed. I cannot sleep as long as the infidels possess it."

I took a deep breath.

In wonder, I watched myself set out to do something unlike anything I had ever done before.

"Then you must redeem it yourself," I said firmly.

"I?"

"Listen to me, Temujin. Think of another world far from yours. There is a Temujin in that world, too, son of Yesugei, husband to Bortei, who is daughter of Dai the Wise."

"Another world? What are you saying?"

"Listen. Listen. He is a great warrior, that other Temujin. No one can withstand him. His own brothers bow before him. All Mongols everywhere bow before him. His sons are like wolves, and they ride into every land and no one can withstand them. This Temujin is master of all Mongolia. He is the Great Khan, the Genghis Khan, the ruler of the universe."

There was silence. Then Temujin said, "What is this to me?"

"He is you, Temujin. You are the Genghis Khan."

Silence again, longer, broken by hideous shrieks of interplanetary noise.

"I have no sons and I have not seen Mongolia in years, or even thought of it. What are you saying?"

"That you can be as great in your world as this other Temujin is in his."

"I am Byzantine. I am Christian. Mongolia is nothing to me. Why would I want to be master in that savage place?"

"I'm not talking about Mongolia. You



Intorlandi

"No, I don't want to go to bed with you, but you may smoke."

are Byzantine, yes. You are Christian. But you were born to lead and fight and conquer," I said. "What are you doing as a captain of another man's palace guards? You waste your life that way, and you know it, and it maddens you. You should have armies of your own. You should carry the cross into Jerusalem."

"The leaders of the new Crusade are quarrelsome fools. It will end in disaster."

"Perhaps not. Frederick Barbarossa's Crusade will be unstoppable."

"Barbarossa will attack Byzantium instead of the Moslems. Everyone knows that."

"No," I said. That inner force of Temujin was rising and rising in intensity, like a gale climbing toward being a hurricane. I was awash in sweat now, and I was dimly aware of the others staring at me as though I had lost my senses. A strange exhilaration gripped me. I went plunging joyously ahead. "Emperor Isaac Angelus will come to terms with Barbarossa. The Germans will march through Byzantium and go on toward the Holy Land. But there, Bar-

barossa will die and his army will scatter—unless you are there, at his right hand, taking command in his place when he falls, leading them onward to Jerusalem. You, the invincible, the Genghis Khan."

There was silence once more, this time so prolonged that I was afraid the contact had been broken for good.

Then Temujin returned. "Will you send soldiers to fight by my side?" he asked.

"That I cannot do."

"You have the power to send them, I know," said Temujin. "You speak to me out of the air. I know you are an angel, or else you are a demon. If you are a demon, I invoke the name of Christos Pantokrator upon you, and begone. But if you are an angel, you can send me help. Send it, then, and I will lead your troops to victory. I will take the Holy Land from the infidel. I will create the empire of Jesus in the world and bring all things to fulfillment. Help me. Help me."

"I've done all I can," I said. "The rest is for you to achieve."

There was another spell of silence.

"Yes," Temujin said finally. "I understand. Yes. Yes. The rest is for me."

"Christ, you look peculiar," Joe said, staring at me almost fearfully. "I've never seen you looking like this before. You look like a wild man."

"Do I?" I said.

"You must be dead-tired, Mike. You must be asleep on your feet. Listen, go over to the hotel and get some rest. We'll have a late dinner, OK? You can fill me in then on whatever you've just been jabbering about. But relax now. The Mongol's gone and we may not get him back till tomorrow."

"You won't get him back at all," I said.

"You think?" He peered close. "Hey, are you OK? Your eyes—your face—" Something quivered in his cheek. "If I didn't know better, I'd say you were stoned."

"I've been changing the world. It's hard work."

"Changing the world?"

"Not this world. The other one. Look," I said hoarsely, "they never had a Genghis Khan, so they never had a Mongol Empire, and the whole history of China and Russia and the Near East and a lot of other places was very different. But I've got this Temujin all fired up now to be a Christian Genghis Khan. He got so Christian in Byzantium that he forgot what was really inside him, but I've reminded him; I've told him how he can still do the thing that he was destined to do, and he understands. He's found his true self again. He'll go out to fight in the name of Jesus and he'll build an empire that'll eat the Moslem powers for breakfast and then blow away Byzantium and Venice and go on from there to do God knows what. He'll probably conquer all of Europe before he's finished. And I did it. I set it all in motion. He was sending me all this energy, this Genghis Khan zap that he has inside him, and I figured the least I could do for him was turn some of it around and send it back to him and say, 'Here, go, be what you were supposed to be.'"

"Mike—"

I stood close against him, looming over him. He gave me a bewildered look.

"You really didn't think I had it in me, did you?" I said. "You son of a bitch. You've always thought I was as timid as a turtle. Your good old sober stick-in-the-mud pal Mike. What do you know? What the hell do you know?" Then I laughed. He looked so stunned that I had to soften it for him a little. Gently, I touched his shoulder. "I need a shower and a drink. And then let's think about dinner."

Joe gawked at me. "What if it wasn't some other world you changed, though? Suppose it was this one."

"Suppose it was," I said. "Let's worry about that later. I still need that shower."



BRIAN SAVAGE

"Do you know what that says to me? 'The system works.' That's what it says to me."



I've been called a lot
of things in my life.
My favorite is Dad.



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ERIKA

(continued from page 104)

I walked up to him and said, 'I think you're really cute and I just wanted to say hi.'" Ferguson, who is 23, made some big changes in Erika's life. First, he introduced her to A.A., and she has not been drinking for more than two years. Then, he and Erika plotted to introduce his father to her mother. "Why don't you have your dad drop you off at my house one day?" suggested Erika. "Boom!" she says now. "That's all it took." The two have been an item ever since, and Iris, Erika's mother, now rents a house owned by Robert, Steve's father. "It can get a little claustrophobic," admits Erika. When her first fling at living with Steve didn't go smoothly, she decided to take a breather and move out. However, her room at her mother's had been Steve's room while he was growing up, and just sitting among his memorabilia was painful. Besides, his father was a constant presence around the house, so Erika found other, though equally illogical, living arrangements; she moved in with Steve's mother. Needless to say, that didn't help her forget Steve, and it provoked not a little sarcasm in her own mother: "Sure," she cracked, "go and stay with my boyfriend's ex-wife." Eventually, Steve and Erika ironed out their differences and Erika moved back in with him, but she recalls that period with wide-eyed amazement. "It was so weird," she says, showing a flair for understatement. Now they're one big Eighties type of extended family. If Erika and Steve get married first, which is likely, her father-in-law will be dating her mother. If Iris and Robert tie the knot first, Erika will end up marrying her stepbrother. "I'm getting used to it," she says. Despite the wheelchair and the soap-opera family arrangements, Erika and Steve lead a rather typical life. "More than any other boyfriend I've been with, Steve takes me places and does active things. He has a boat and races it, and he drives a van. We're just like any other couple, except that Steve doesn't stand up when we talk, he sits down. And I get the common question, 'Can he have sex?' Yeah, absolutely. Steve has taught me so much," she says. "I've never laughed so much in my life. From the time I get up in the morning to the time I go to sleep at night, I'm laughing." She is also very busy. Her manager keeps sending her on auditions (just in case *Bay Watch* doesn't pan out), her fiancé keeps taking her on trips and she has scarcely enough time to hang out at her mother's, where she can do her laundry, visit with her 15-year-old sister and talk things over with Mom. "A.A. has really made me aware of my feelings. I don't want to hurt anymore and I don't want to be under anyone's thumb. I want to take charge of my own life and I want to be a good person. I've already started acting that way."



BY GOLF POSSESSED

(continued from page 120)

something in the game for everybody.

Take Messrs. Nelson and Nixon. You can think of them as the angel and the Devil of golf; Nelson represents all that is easy and carefree in the game (wide fairways, pool-table greens, unobstructed par-threes), while Nixon embodies the game's dark heart (pot bunkers, blind approaches, water holes, the yips). All of the above—the good and the bad—are critical to the game's allure. The joy of golf is dependent on the terror of golf for meaning; a birdie is terrific only because a triple bogey is loathsome. Of such stark contrasts is fixation born. That is especially the case in a sport whose standard—the par—is regularly attainable by only a skilled few.

Of course, the achievement of par over 18 holes isn't the only way to enjoy the game. The pleasures of the game have more to do with your nerve and enthusiasm than with your technical ability. When you let your mind run on it a bit, there is much to the comparison between golf and that other magnificent obsession: sex. Consider the words on which the sport is built: swinging, strokes, balls, holes, shafts. Then there's our favorite bit of putting advice: Never up, never in. Visit a golf show or a pro shop and the sheer kinky variety of equipment (have you seen Orville Moody's 52-inch putter?) will convince you that it is a game for fetishists—and each a unique fetishist with different body mechanics, musculature and psyche. As a result, no two golfers will ever play a course the same way, nor can an individual replicate even his own swing with machinelike precision.

The intense individuality of the game makes golf *teaching*, in the standard sense

of the word, impossible. All you can hope for from a pro is that he'll make suggestions that you can somehow internalize into the million small decisions and movements that make up your own, irreproducible golf swing. When you step onto the tee, you're on your own. More fodder for obsession.

For all of the game's stubborn unpredictability, there are a few things you *can* count on. One is companionship. You may have to hit the ball by yourself, but there will always be three guys around to laugh at, or admire, the arc of the driver. Golfers travel in packs divisible by four, a handy social unit for Boys' Day Out, which, after quantities of clubhouse beer and phone calls home, can naturally transform itself into Boys' Night Out, or even Boys' Week Touring the Great Golf Courses of Scotland. And then? Hell, a house on a golf course is one of the hottest real-estate deals going. Think of it as an *investment*.

When single-minded obsessions reach the brick, mortar and mortgage phase, you know you're really, pardon the expression, hooked. And as you chart your progress in this headlong rush, we offer these pages for guidance—distance markers on the great fairway of your golfing life.

Back to Dick Nixon for a moment. You think a sharp operator like him would just allow Watergate secrets to leak all over Washington like a faulty fairway sprinkler? Forget it. If you wonder who Deep Throat was, look among Nixon's regular golf partners. The golfer-packed Senate threatened impeachment, Nixon resigned and was pardoned by *another golfer*. The Commander in Chief was probably just looking for better tee times.

(see box overleaf)



DIFF'RENT STROKES

if you follow every piece of advice of each of the game's great players, you'll golf as goofy as we do

ELEMENTS OF THE GAME		TOMMY ARMOUR <i>How to Play Your Best Golf All the Time</i> (1953)	BEN HOGAN with Herbert Warren Wind <i>Five Lessons: The Modern Fundamentals of Golf</i> (1957)	JACK NICKLAUS with Ken Bowden <i>Golf My Way</i> (1974)
GRIP	TYPE OF GRIP	Vardon, or overlapping, grip, in which right pinkie rests in groove between index and middle finger of left hand.	Vardon grip.	Interlocking grip, in which right pinkie is hooked under left index finger.
	E-Z "V" GUIDE	Vs formed by thumb and index finger; should point to right shoulder.	Left-hand V points to right eye; right-hand V points to chin.	No mention of V, despite jacket-copy claim of taking reader from A to Z.
	CORRECT PRESSURE	Right-hand pressure should be half that of left.	Grip should feel secure and comfortable.	Pressure of both hands about equal.
SET-UP	STANCE	Closed (right foot back from target line) for woods; square (feet parallel) at right angle to line for long irons; open (left foot back from target line) for short irons.	Square to target line; left foot turned out by 22 degrees.	Square; left foot turned out at 30 degrees on all shots.
	HANDS	Behind ball for drives; slightly ahead for irons; ahead for pitch shots.	Does not mention.	Slightly ahead of ball for all normal shots.
	WEIGHT	Sixty percent on right foot for drives; 60 percent on left foot for other shots.	Should be slightly more on heels than on balls of feet.	Equally distributed between right and left foot, heel and ball, on insides of feet.
	SET-UP TIP	Must have your hips in position to turn easily.	Elbows should be tucked in, with left one pointing at left hipbone, right one at right hipbone.	Address position should mirror impact position.
	BALL POSITION	Opposite left heel for driver; inch behind left heel for fairway woods; equidistant between feet for long irons and chips; just ahead of right heel for pitches.	Half an inch inside left heel for all standard shots.	Opposite left heel for all normal shots; a matter of personal preference.
	LEFT HEEL	Should lift automatically.	Should not be lifted more than one inch.	May rise a little.
TAKE-AWAY	TRIGGER	Left knee bends in and points just behind ball.	Hands start backswing, followed by arms, shoulders, hips.	Chin swivels slightly to right; body presses forward and to left of target; hands swing club back slowly.
	TURN	Full turn of shoulders and hips.	Shoulders turn 90 degrees; hips turn 40 degrees (driver).	Shoulders turn at least 110 degrees; hips turn 60 degrees (driver).
	TAKE-AWAY TIP	The cardinal rule of all shot-making is that if you move your head, you ruin body action.	When you finish your backswing, your chin should be hitting against the top of your left shoulder.	Key is to take the club back low and slow.
DOWNSWING	TRIGGER	Right knee bends in toward ball.	Hips initiate, then shoulders, arms and hands.	Transfer of weight from inside of right foot to inside of left.
	WEIGHT TRANSFER	Does not specify.	Does not specify.	Seventy percent to inside of left foot.
	DOWNSWING TIP	The more you get your hands ahead of the club face, the more power you apply with the right hand.	The main thing for the novice or average golfer is to keep any conscious hand action out of his swing.	The movements that make up the downswing cannot be made with much conscious direction. Downswing is a reflexive action.
	ETIQUETTE	Does not mention.	Does not mention.	Does not mention.

NANCY LOPEZ with Don Wade <i>The Complete Golfer</i> (1987) 	GREG NORMAN with George Peper <i>Shark Attack!</i> (1988) 	SEVE BALLESTEROS with John Andrisani <i>Natural Golf</i> (1988) 	SUMMARY
Interlocking grip.	"Intermesh" grip; revealed "in print for the first time" in Greg's book.	Vardon grip.	Any grip is fine, as long as it overlaps, intermeshes or interlocks.
Left V points between neck and right shoulder.	Both Vs point to right ear.	Vs point midway between chin and right shoulder, confirming jacket-copy claim of A-Z reading.	<i>C'est la V.</i>
Same pressure as if holding a tube of uncapped tooth paste.	Grip more tightly with left hand than with right; "shorten" left thumb until pressure is felt in last three fingers of left hand.	Comparing grip pressure to squeezing tooth paste is "confusing"; advising the same pressure on all shots is "ludicrous."	Right-hand pressure equal to that you get from your boss; left-hand pressure equal to that you get from your wife.
Square; left foot turned toward target.	Square; left foot turned out slightly; open for short irons.	Square; left foot turned 20 degrees.	Square is clearly the way to go, with your left foot turned out approximately 24.1638 degrees.
Behind ball on high shots; ahead of ball on low shots.	Even with ball.	Directly above ball for medium irons to long clubs; slightly ahead for short irons.	Hands should be on the club.
Majority of weight on right side for high shots; an left side for low shots.	Evenly divided between right and left foot; majority on heel and inside of foot.	Evenly distributed between heel and ball of each foot; 65 percent on left for short irons.	If this were a donce, Patrick Swoyze would sit out.
Proper address position allows you to aim the club, not the body, at the target.	Alignment is the number-one priority.	Notion that address position should mirror impact position is "total nonsense."	Try not to think about how you're going to screw up the shot.
Constantly off left heel.	Back of left heel.	Varies—opposite left instep to two inches behind heel for long clubs; opposite left heel to two inches behind for middle irons; two to seven inches behind left heel for short irons.	Somewhere between the feet.
Does not specify.	Should not be lifted.	May be lifted, but Seve doesn't.	Avoid heavy lifting.
Does not mention.	Left elbow moves directly away from target.	Chin moves to left; right hond starts back-swing; left hond turns clockwise.	Click your heels together three times and say, "It's only a game."
Does not specify.	Shoulders turn 120 degrees; hips turn 60 degrees (driver).	Shoulders turn 120 degrees; hips turn 60 degrees (driver).	Turn shoulders and hips until you feel a sharp stab of pain in your lower back.
Don't worry about keeping your head still. Instead, keep it <i>level</i> and your eyes focused on the ball.	Low and slow ore the key wards.	Turning shoulders guides the club on the correct plane.	Close your eyes ond make a wish.
Hips slide to the left.	Left knee moves laterally.	Left knee starts "shuttling" toward target.	By this time, you've already screwed up your shot, so don't worry about it.
Does not specify.	Eighty percent to the outside of left foot.	Eighty-five percent to left foot.	Approximately 78.3 percent to some part of the foot, unless otherwise specified.
A slower tempo works better for most.	In o good swing, your position at impact is almost identical to your final position at address.	The downswing is far too complex ond fast an action to be consciously directed.	The faster you get it over with, the sooner you'll be able to start working on your grip ogain.
Eight-point program of etiquette ground rules.	Does not mention.	Does not mention.	Don't worry about etiquette, unless you're playing with Noncy Lopez.

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B I M B O S

(continued from page 130)

attention. It's the second kind of B-movie queen. Dangerous women. Scary women. Black widows. The kind that invite you into some dark place where your head says "No, no, no" but your body says "I believe I will." This is the drive-in-movie queen of the Eighties, a demon in high heels.

Of course, it's not a new character. Mamie Van Doren, the first B-movie superstar in the Fifties, was the ultimate fantasy older woman next door, always coming over to borrow a cup of sugar wearing spiked high heels, a cashmere sweater three sizes too small, and looking like she'd been shot through the back with a couple of Cruise missiles. But touching Mamie, at least in the Fifties, would have been too much like touching your mom, so she always had an evil heart (or at least a slutty one), and the star, like Russ Tamblyn in *High School Confidential!*, was never allowed to follow where his raging hormones led. Mamie was bad news, bad business, bad luck. And every guy who saw her wanted her.

Mamie's two enormous talents set the look of the B-movie queen for two decades: soft, fleshy, top-heavy—and deadly. The hungry man-killers of the Russ Meyer movies (Kitten Natividad in *Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens*, Tura Satana in *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*, Lorna Maitland in *Lorna and Mud Honey*) were some of the finest devouring sex-machine she-wolves ever seen. None of these women was the girl next door. They were the girls next planet. We would never meet these women in our lifetimes. But this kind of fantasy reached its limit in the early Seventies, when Chesty Morgan starred in *Deadly Weapons*, the story of a woman who doesn't just beckon men with her 73-inch hooters—she beats them to death with 'em. (The sequel, *Double Agent 73*, has Chesty getting a camera implanted in her left breast so she can infiltrate a dope ring.)

But these holdover Fifties-era Amazons were already being replaced by the new queens of the B's, beginning with Barbara Steele in the early Sixties. Her body was sleek, her hair jet-black, her eyes tinged with madness, and in Edgar Allan Poe movies like *The Pit and the Pendulum*, her live, trembling body, sometimes seen in dark outline underneath a white negligee, was fascinating even when you suspected that it was the body of a zombie. This became the formula for successful B-movie vixens, and it holds true today. Every B-movie queen's performance has to answer these questions:

Would you like to possess this woman? (The answer should always be yes. Otherwise, the movie is over.)

Now that this woman is acting a little

crazy, would you still like to possess her? (The answer should still be yes.)

Now that this woman is scheming, conniving, attempting to control the man who loves her, would you still like to have her? (If the movie is working, we say "Yes!")

Now that you know that this woman has been sent by the Devil, do you want her? (Here, the answer can be "Probably. Make that yes.")

Does it matter that this woman is not alive but a beautiful zombie raised by the Devil? Do you still want her? (The kinky say "Yes." Some of us say "Whoa!" Most of us say "I don't know, maybe.")

How about when it's revealed that she's not really a woman but a horrible 12-headed lizard with a three-foot tongue and a tail? (The correct response is "Uh-oh.")

Now, I don't think we have to be psychiatrists to see what's going on here. There's a bunch of guys out there in Exploitation Movie Land who have been around the block seven or eight times, and if the dark-eyed beauty in an aerobics leotard dances into view and says, "Why don't we spend some time aardvarking in a hot tub?" there *has* to be *something* wrong, but you're not gonna find out what it is until it's way past too late. This is life. This is reality. This is what we expect.

Sure, there are always a few gals who are naïve blonde bimbos, offering free sex and a life of ease. But listen to me: *They don't last as B-movie stars*. They're boring. They don't have the ability to pick up a machine gun and blast their way out of prison like the gals in the women-in-cages movies of the early Seventies (*The Big Doll House*, *Caged Heat*). They can't claw their way to the top of the roller-derry world like Claudia Jennings, 1970's Playmate of the Year and the undisputed B queen of the Seventies, in *Unholy Rollers*. In fact, at one time, Nancy Sinatra made a bid to become a B-movie queen, in the great biker movie *The Wild Angels*, as Peter Fonda's old lady. Nancy had the miniskirt, the body, the long, lanky hair, but she didn't have the toughness of Claudia Jennings or the menace of Barbara Steele. She didn't make you squirm.

Now to the Eighties. The Eighties are different. In the Fifties, outer-space monsters tried to eat our women, and men had to save 'em. In the Sixties, women picked up ray guns and fought off evil bikers right alongside their men. In the Seventies, women dropped the men and started fighting for themselves. (This is true even in the cheerleader and stewardess movies.) But in the Eighties, the era of genetic DNA mutant monsters, the enemy is *inside* the woman and it's attacking everyone around her, *as well as her*. The outer-space monsters are now inner-space monsters. The Eighties are the decade of special effects, so not only does any self-respecting queen of the B's look good in a Jacuzzi, and in a

TOUGH

AS THE WORLD IS TODAY

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bikini with a machine gun strapped across her chest, she even looks great in full-body special-effects zombie make-up. That is what now determines the great ones, the true superstars.

Clare Higgins, a raven-haired British actress with a cruel mouth and laser eyes, is one of those women who can transform themselves from beauty to ugliness simply with their attitude. In *Hellraiser*, she's so hungry to have kinky sex with her dead lover that she picks up men at singles bars, takes them home to the attic and clubs them to death with a hammer so that her zombified womanizer can drink their blood and once again make her a love slave. Not only does she make love with a bloody, pus-faced zombie seem sexy but, in the sequel, she loses her skin, walks around a house dripping blood on the white carpet, is little more than a pulsating picture out of a medical journal and still has sex appeal.

And there are other superstars as well. Linnea Quigley, in *The Return of the Living Dead*, is a punkster who does an eerie moonlit dance on a tombstone while she and her friends are being turned into ravening zombies. That one scene is so memorable that, even though she has girl-next-door looks and once played Linda Blair's deaf-mute little sister in *Savage Streets*, she has been a queen ever since. She's at her best when she's on the offensive—as a blonde punkster in *Sorority Babes in the Slimeball Bowl-o-rama* or a demon-possessed zombie stripper in *Nightmare Sisters*, rock-and-rolling her

way into a guy's heart so that she can show her fangs at the last moment and bite off his . . . excuse me, there are some things too grisly for even me to mention.

And if Linnea's big "discovery" moment was the tombstone boogie, Monique Gabrielle's was the scene in *Bachelor Party* where, as the ultimate dream date, she offers herself to Tom Hanks. (Tom turns down the offer and marries Tawny Kitaen, instead.) Monique has a pouty, come-to-Momma meltdown look in her eyes that she can evidently turn on and off at will, but she can also play innocent heroines. In *Deathstalker II*, she plays both—a princess in distress and the princess' greedy, man-eating evil clone. I have to admit, though, the clone is much more interesting.

Every Queen B pictured here has her "moment," and usually, it's something extremely nasty. Michelle Bauer is always perfect as the privileged rich bitch who takes her pleasure with men and tosses them aside. After a memorable debut as the cave bunny in *Phantom Empire*, she pushed a whole banana down her throat in *Nightmare Sisters* and assaulted a guy sexually until he was dead in *Sorority Babes in the Slimeball Bowl-o-rama*. Shame on you, Michelle, and thanks.

The stunning Roxanne Kernohan's big scene is in *Critters 2* when she is transformed on camera from a male space alien into a totally nude Playboy Playmate. (Barbi Benton—Hef's old pal—invented the gimmick in the original *Deathstalker* when a male warrior is transformed into her

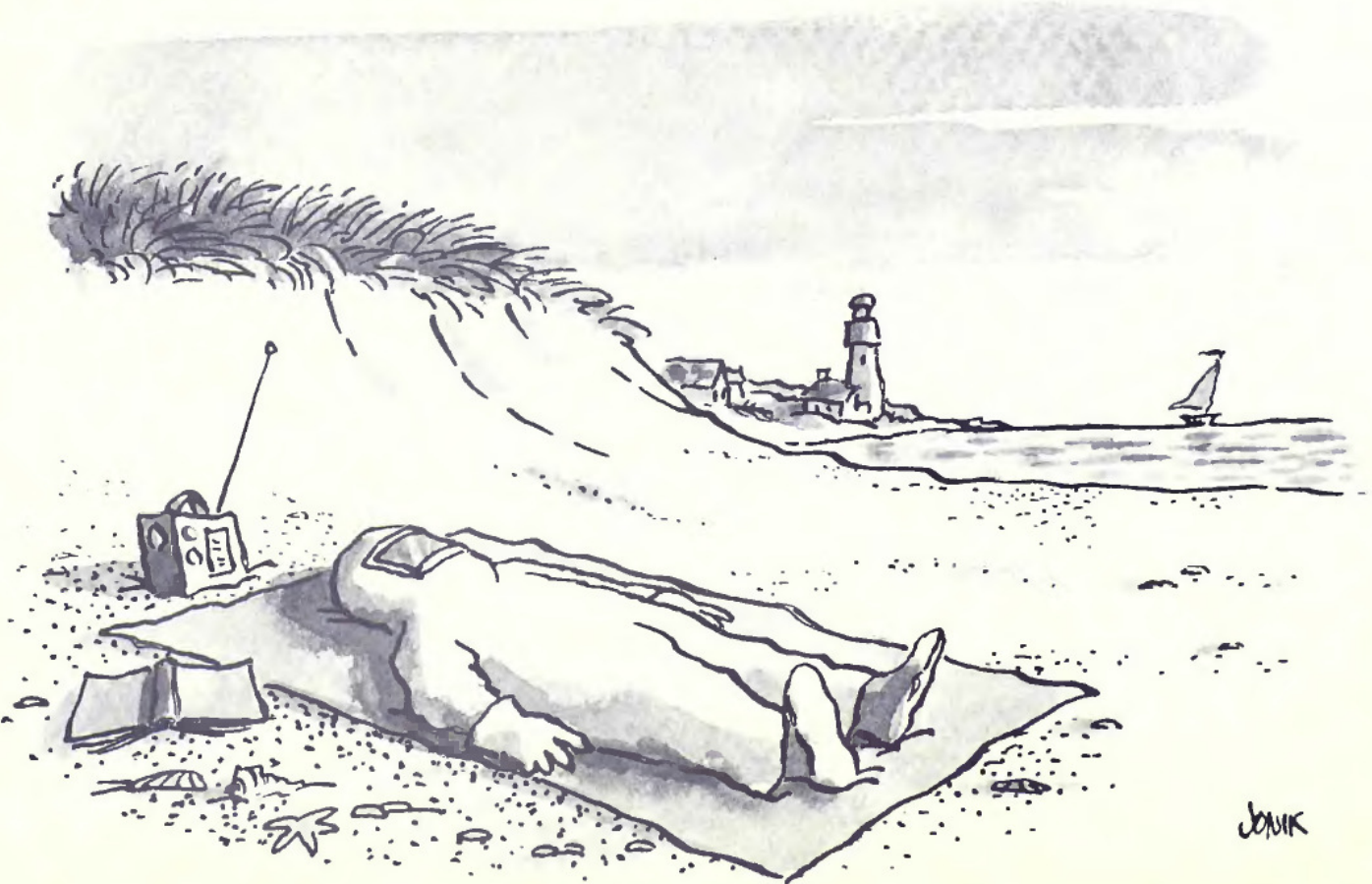
look-alike. It's so painful the guy grabs his breasts and screams until the process is over.) Bobbie Bresee launched herself into B-movie history in *Mausoleum* when her breasts start eating her lovers. (You had to see it.)

Ginger Lynn Allen may be one of the first porn stars to successfully cross over into R-rated movies, which she did in *Dr. Alien*. Marilyn Chambers tried it in the great David Cronenberg film *Rabid*, but for some reason, she never clicked with drive-in audiences. Traci Lords tried it last year in *Not of This Earth* but didn't have the acting skills to be convincing. One thing the ex-porn stars seem to have in common is that, once they're in the "legitimate" arena, they don't want to take off their clothes anymore. This tends to have a depressing effect on B-movie box office.

Becky LeBeau's smiling, open baby-doll face makes her one of the few natural blonde-bimbo types, a role she's very comfortable with. (Watch her as the clumsy stripping telegram messenger in *Not of This Earth*.) Christina Jensen is the latest bright-eyed beauty queen to seek her fortune in B movies. And Suzanne Slater is such a drop-dead beauty that she's the only memorable thing about *Chopping Mall*, where her principal purpose is to get her head exploded.

These are the Queen B's. And from what I've learned of 'em in the movies, we shouldn't go near their hives.

Right.



JONIK



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ROAD FROM AFGHANISTAN

(continued from page 114)

to make sure he didn't try again. Then, one day, the doctors, taking pity on him, gave him a penile implant—which he signified by making a fist and sticking his fist and forearm in front of his crotch—a whopping erection.

"When the nurses," big breasts, skinny legs, "discovered what he had, they wouldn't leave him alone." He pumped his arms and fists back and forth, like a kid imitating a choo-choo train. "Day and night they were screwing him"—*pump-pump-pump* went the arms, *bouncy-bouncy-bouncy* went the hips—"until he was exhausted. 'Why won't you leave me alone?' he pleaded. 'Before, you wouldn't let me kill myself, and now you are killing me.'" A beseeching, forlorn look came over the soldier's face.

"The man was well enough, so the doctors wanted to discharge him and send him back to his unit. But every time his discharge came through, the nurses picked it out of the stack and threw it away." The storyteller flicked his wrist as if tossing a playing card into a hat across the room. Then he threw up his hands. "Finally, in desperation, the man goes A. W. O. L."—the storyteller sneaked around the table on his tiptoes with one arm out for balance and one finger over his lips—"but the nurses sent the MPs after him to bring him back." And he grabbed himself by the ear and escorted himself briskly around the table, flat-footed, sure of his punishment.

What would the barracks of this world be without impossible stories of impossible fucks?

These stories, and many others, came forward because the Afghantsi finally had someone in their midst—as we surely did not two decades ago—who knew what they were talking about. We were fellow soldiers who could listen to the madness and know they were not mad; someone who could validate their worst blood-bath nightmares; someone who had an inkling of the brutality they had endured and

inflicted; someone whom they could trust with stories about the dearest, darkest places in their hearts.

That we shared these nightmares is no accident. The comparison between the United States' war in Vietnam and the Soviets' war in Afghanistan is striking.

Both wars were fought without the full support or involvement of their citizens. Indeed, before 1985, the Soviets were told that their troops were in Afghanistan fulfilling their "international duty," building schools and hospitals and planting trees. For six years, the corpses were sent home in sealed zinc boxes, accompanied by military escorts, with orders that the coffins not be opened. Families were never certain that their sons were actually inside.

guerrilla terror tactics of hit-and-run fire fights, night ambushes, road mines, booby traps and the safety of abundant border sanctuaries.

Both the American and Soviet veterans were overwhelmingly working class. In the United States, if you didn't have the money for a leisurely college deferment or the family influence to obtain a slot in the National Guard, you were likely to be scooped up in the draft. In the U.S.S.R., it was the children and grandchildren of ordinary working stiff and peasants who served, not the sons of intellectuals, high-ranking executives or party members.

In both wars, most of the soldiers were in their late teens or early 20s, and they served a fixed tour of duty: GIs one year

and the Soviets two years. But there was an important difference at the end of these tours. With the exception of the first arrival of entire divisions, American soldiers arrived and departed Vietnam individually. When you finished your tour, you got onto a plane and went home. There are any number of stories about being in the bush one day and home the next—and by home I mean the house where you grew up—your isolation was sudden and extreme. There was a celebration of survival as well as a feeling of malaise, an everlasting ache in the heart.

Soviet troops served a two-year tour but rotated in and out by unit. The units were often composed of men who had grown up

together, gone to school together and then into the army together to do their "international duty." Unit rotation provided the structure for the Afghantsi "clubs" that we met in various districts of Moscow and Alma-Ata, giving the veterans close, mutual support and a ready-made structure around which to organize nationally if their needs are not met. The Young Communist League, Komsomol, is officially responsible for the 1,000,000 Afghantsi. But Komsomol is unprepared to deal with the Afghantsi and is generally mistrusted. One veteran told us, "All the Komsomol bureaucrats have to lose is their position and their privilege. All we have to lose is our chains." The Afghantsi are not

PHOTOTRON
STATE OF THE ART IN BIOTECHNOLOGY

Hello, my name is Jeffrey DeMarco, president and founder of Pyraponic Industries. My master's thesis concerned the cannabinoid profile of marijuana. The knowledge gained through this research and experimentation can now be applied to the growing of any herbaceous plant from mint and basil to roses and tobacco. In pursuit of this master's thesis, I first had to generate the world's most extensive, non-academic 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 1938. 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 plants 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 drastically 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 each 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 to 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. And sorry about your business. 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 1-619-451-BUOS. 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?

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Both wars are clearly understood as foreign-policy disasters. Both were civil wars fought, on one side, by uninspired and lackluster government troops (the "host" government itself was bought and paid for) with the help of main-force battle troops from a powerful (if not overpowering) ally. The Soviets spoke of the Afghani troops the same way we spoke of Vietnamese troops—the last to join a battle, the first back to camp when it was over. Both wars were fought against well-armed, highly motivated guerrillas; in Afghanistan, it was the mujahidin, whom the Afghantsi called bandits. Both the Viet Cong and the mujahidin were committed to national liberation and used classic

kidding about their support of Gorbachev's restructuring and openness. Similarly, the Veterans' Administration—now kicked up to Cabinet level—has never been regarded by Vietnam veterans as an advocate of their health and well-being.

In both wars, medical evacuation by helicopter and advances in frontline medical care saved many lives but produced thousands of bedridden and disabled veterans who need long-term medical care, prosthetics, wheelchairs and treatment for alcoholism, among other things.

In the Sixties and Seventies, the Veterans' Administration was ill-equipped to deal with Vietnam GIs. Many Soviet clinics are outdated, and there are no special facilities for the wheelchair-bound or the blind in public areas, and the engineering of artificial limbs is antiquated.

In Moscow, we heard that several weeks before we arrived, a group of wheelchair-bound Afghantsi had gathered in Red Square to protest the lack of facilities and access and were beaten up by the cops. Is it any wonder that they are bitter toward Komsomol and its bureaucratic jive?

Both sets of veterans are experiencing prolonged emotional problems following military service—posttraumatic stress disorder, known simply as P.T.S.D. or delayed stress. A list of symptoms goes with it: a survivor's guilt expressed as a crushing depression, with recurring dreams and nightmares, supravigilance and height-

ened startle responses and self-destructive impulses that may take the form of drug or alcohol abuse or violent behavior. Other symptoms include the inability to show emotion and "attitude" problems—distrust of authority, fits of temper and undirected anger and inability to keep a job.

Before 1980, meaningful, sensible treatment by the V.A. for delayed stress was unheard of. If a Vietnam veteran went to the V.A., he might have been diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic, invited to enter the psychiatric ward and join the Thorazine shuffle. Soviet psychiatrists and psychologists had never heard the term posttraumatic stress disorder until last September, when the first group of Vietnam veterans visited. Until now, the Soviet response to treatment has also been psychotropic drugs, and plenty of them.

Soviet government policies dictated that communities have welcome-home ceremonies, no doubt to the bafflement of local officials and communities, since the troops had been in Afghanistan "engaged in public works." The Afghantsi have called these largely meaningless, horsy rituals the "false face of welcome." Vietnam veterans returned proud and sad at the same time, knowing that something was terribly wrong; and if they weren't literally spit on or called baby killers, and most were not, at the very least, they were met with an aggressive indifference—"Been to Vietnam? So what?" Or the more blunt "Lost your

arm? Well, *good!* Serves you right!" The welcome-home parades now popular in this country are distinctly gratuitous, a day late and a dollar short.

During our stay in Moscow, the Afghantsi took us to their memorial in Druzhba ("Friendship") Park. The memorial was begun last summer by two Afghantsi when they simply "liberated" about seven and a half acres in the park. The project was quickly embraced by the city and then the entire country. With the help of donated labor, they put up a huge chip of quarystone about shoulder high and built a small garden. The bronze plaque bolted to the face of the stone reads: A MEMORIAL WILL BE ESTABLISHED HERE FOR THE INTERNATIONALISTS WHO DIED IN AFGHANISTAN. There was a simple but well-attended unofficial dedication in June 1988. The city then donated the land, and it now belongs to the local Afghantsi club.

After stopping off to buy carnations, we walked across the meadow in deep snow, our boots squeaking, to the top of a rise where the foundation stone had been laid among raised beds of roses and chrysanthemums. We shivered in the cold and laid our flowers across the top and around the base in the icy snow.

One of the Afghantsi stepped forward and said, "We started this as a memorial, but this stone has become sacred for many people. Families come here. People come

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here on their wedding day. Afghantsi come here. Children come here." We stood looking at the inscription, comparing that place to our own Vietnam memorial, which is visited by solid throngs day in and day out. I remembered and understood full well what it was we had seen in Vietnam, what we had done, what we had become, we soldiers; good friends dead 20 years, killed for a lie; the everlasting reverberations of vivid memories that will not fade. We and the Afghantsi stood in the snow and embraced with crushing hugs. We Americans wanted to express our uttermost sympathy and fellow feeling to the Afghantsi, for whom grief was very fresh.

When we left Moscow for Alma-Ata, we assembled in the dreary foreigners' lounge of the Moscow airport. To our astonishment, we shared the room with a group of Vietnamese kids dressed in light street clothes and high-topped gym shoes, sleeping on benches among their coats and rag-wrapped luggage. It was clear that they were not traveling for pleasure.

Brent MacKinnon, who spoke Vietnamese, engaged them in conversation. He found out that they were contract-labor "volunteers" sent by the Hanoi government to work in the mines. Some of us wanted to join in; to say something, anything—"I'm sorry," if nothing else. Some of us demonstrably did not want to engage the Vietnamese at all. Jack Lyon (a former

Marine Corps platoon leader) took one look at them, turned and walked into the next room near our gate and sat heavily in a chair. "Jesus," he said, making a grim joke, "a cluster fuck of gooks, and me without a weapon!"

He later told me, "I was stunned. There it was—every Marine's wet dream. I had not been alone among that many Vietnamese since I was overseas. It was disorienting, a real flashback. Sort of a slap in the face. At the memorial, everything was, 'Peace, we're all brothers,' then we walked in and there *they* were, and there was that dark feeling. Fear is an easy thing to tickle. The whole focus of my life has been to feed the light, and the darkness will take care of itself. And in that moment, the dark hatred in my heart came forward. It was an undeniable, conditioned response, as if nothing had intervened between leaving Vietnam and arriving at the Moscow airport."

Not a week later, an earthquake killed 25,000 people in Armenia. We would hear the rumor that 300 miners had been trapped underground and would wonder if the young Vietnamese were among them.

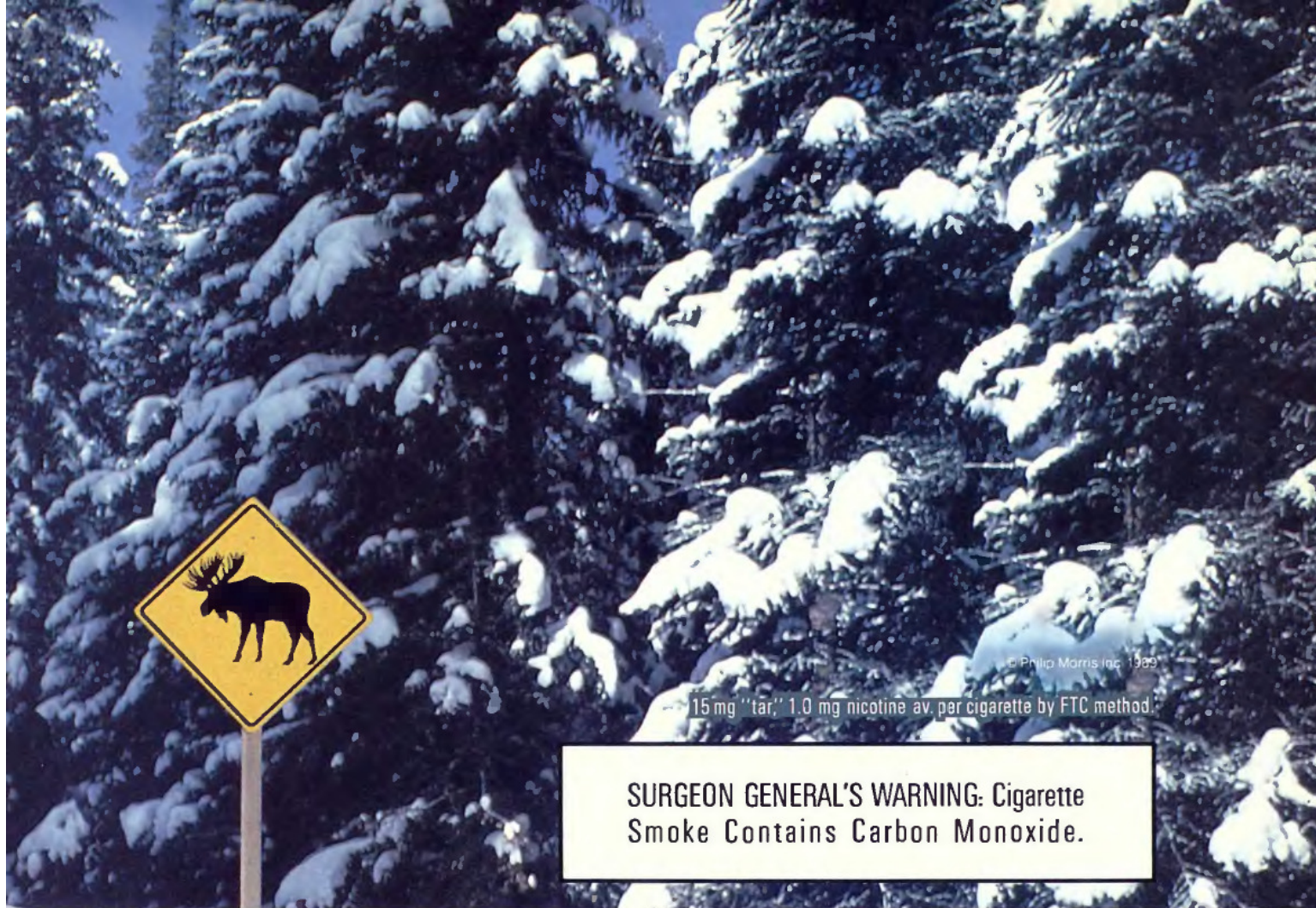
We took off on the Aeroflot redeye for Alma-Ata, but halfway there, the plane was diverted to Tashkent because of bad weather. We arrived in Tashkent about three o'clock in the morning, staggering with jet lag, and were ushered into another

lounge segregated for foreigners. We couldn't cat-nap because of the overpowering fluorescent lights and horrible chairs, so we just sat around and talked—until four o'clock the next afternoon.

We fell into conversation with a group of Afghani nationals. Several of the group were young guys who had served in the army; there was also an older businessman in a neat, good-looking suit. The young guys seemed genuinely pleased to be meeting Americans—no doubt the first they'd seen. After they left to get their plane, the businessman expressed a furious, righteous anger about the war. He wanted to know why the Americans were giving guns and such to the mujahidin—"Your weapons killed my father," he kept saying, as if *we* had done it.

Later that morning, Diana Glasgow—who had organized the trip under the auspices of Earthstewards Network, a peace-activist group from Seattle—sat down next to me. We got to talking about my novel *Paco's Story*, which contains a chapter about a Viet Cong girl who is captured after a fire fight, gang-raped by 40 or so members of Paco's company and then shot in the head by one of the men; he walks away from the corpse with her scalp in his hand.

We talked about the horror of the atrocity, and then Diana told me this story: In the summer of 1968, she was visiting in Chicago and had a lover who was a



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Vietnam veteran. One night, after a long session of lovemaking, he told her about a gang-rape and murder that he had been a party to during the war. She listened in horror.

In the middle of the night, she woke up with terrible abdominal cramps—waves of pain, she said. Her lover took her to the hospital emergency room, where the resident asked if she were pregnant. Diana replied that she was not. The resident said, "Well, you're having quite regular and sound labor contractions. Are you sure you're not pregnant?" No. The resident gave her some muscle relaxers, and she was released from the hospital and went home.

She looked at me and said, "How strange to be having labor pains. All I can think is that whatever my lover's story meant to him or to me, physically or emotionally, my body wanted it *out*, and by any means possible."

When we finally got to Alma-Ata, it was nearly dark. A number of Afghantsi met us at the airport, where they had been waiting all day. They wore their uniforms, complete with rank, patches, ribbons, as well as the blue berets of airborne troops. They sang for us, and we were given handfuls of flowers. A large loaf of bread the size of a hatbox was presented to us—the top sprinkled with salt, an old Russian custom—a gesture of welcome and hospitality.

The crowds immediately intermingled.

It didn't take long to notice that the Afghantsi had tattoos on their wrists—single letters as big as my thumb and not very well done. I asked what they were. One of the Afghantsi told me that they were blood-type tattoos; members of airborne troops had them on the tips of their shoulders. The Soviet military had not provided dog tags, and the Afghantsi were more than bitter about it. They understood that it was part of the government's failure to acknowledge the war. So they improvised their own. Some were simple homemade tattoos. Some were more elaborate: spent brass cartridges crimped at the end and worn around their necks with rolled-up pieces of paper inside with their name, their family's address and phone number, their blood type and other information; some were large scraps of army-green khaki or rubberized canvas sewn on the inside of their clothes.

Several days later, after attending a memorial service at Saint Nikol'skaya Church for soldiers killed in the Afghan war, we went to the park in the city's center, which was the site of the war memorial and the eternal flame. At one end of a lane dedicated to the Great Patriotic War (World War Two) was a large bronze tableau done in the fierce, heroic style of all really bad public art. In front of it was a long, wide slab of polished granite where the eternal

flame burned luxuriously. Around it stood four guards at crisply held attention, dressed in gray army greatcoats, gripping AK-47s at port arms across their chests.

I had not seen an AK-47 in 20 years, since I was an N.C.O. in the 25th Division in the midst of the Michelin Rubber Plantation. It was the first months of the Tet offensive in 1968, a time I thought I would never survive. At a place called Suoi Cut, next to the Cambodian border, I saw the bodies of 500 North Vietnamese soldiers stacked like cordwood, then dumped into a head-high common grave dug by a bulldozer. We buried them the way you'd make lasagna: a layer of bodies, a layer of quicklime by the bagful, then another layer of bodies—grim work that took all fucking day. The Automatic Kalashnikovs and the R.P.G. launchers, the corpses and the cartridge brass and other fire-fight junk littered the ground like garbage in the bleachers after a ball game.

Seeing the AK-47s again, I couldn't help but shiver. It was a shock of autonomic memory, like the one Jack Lyon had felt after encountering the Vietnamese kids. My response to the AKs was, no doubt, a permanent imprint—even though the Afghantsi said the weapons were toys, the guards mere children.

Next, we visited the Riskulova Cemetery on the outskirts of town. The small, compact gravesites were set helter-skelter in close-packed rows, each grave separated

from the other by a low wrought-iron fence. Our party, probably 60 people, wound in and out among the graves in a long, meandering procession. Some of the graves were marked with Russian Orthodox crosses, but most were marked with large, thick stones. It was clear to me as I walked through the deepening beauty and melancholy of the place that the Russians knew how to organize their grief, draw it out and keep it close.

The mothers of Afghantsi buried there refer to themselves as cemetery mothers, a kind of club; their grief and these visits are two things they share. We met a man visiting the graves of his son, an Afghanyetz, and his wife, who had died within a year of her son. I heard later of several mothers who followed their sons to the grave.

At one of the headstones, Victor Nasatov stepped forward to speak as we laid flowers across it. In Afghanistan, he had been a political officer, functioning in somewhat the same capacity as an American Army chaplain. (U.S. chaplains generally take care of the soldiers' "morals" by giving "character lectures"—more often than not polite harangues to "Shut up and do what you're told.") Political officers had the added jobs of censoring mail and keeping track of a network of snitches.

Victor, older than the others, seemed very little like a political officer. At the graveside, he spoke eloquently and at length about the waste of lives. He talked with some bitterness about a government

that would send them to fight and die in a useless war but that for six years had sent K.I.A.s (soldiers killed in action) home in sealed zinc boxes with no explanation. He finished with these words: "We have to struggle for disarmament actively. It's difficult for any one person to struggle, but when the whole world starts struggling, I think the government and the people in government will start listening to the people of the world. There is a lot of work to do. For the time being, our boys are fighting in Afghanistan. They are still dying from American, English and Italian missiles and mines."

Here was a man thinking through something very hard.

Marianne Clark, who had been standing next to Victor and translating his words, spoke through tears.

Quiet and regardful, Victor reminded me of an observation Michael Herr makes in *Dispatches* about the wasted lives of wasted grunts; how the war made a place for you that was all yours and how discovering it was like listening to esoteric music; how some walked along its dark, hard path and returned "wised up" but with an eviscerated heart. Never mind for a moment that these Soviet soldiers had turned Afghanistan into dead, rocky slaw—this was what the war had done to *them*.

At another grave, we laid more flowers. The dead soldier's mother said, "Just before my son was to come home, he wrote that I should make something sweet. For

months after he was killed, I cooked these sweet dishes," until her friends began to worry about her. She said, "My life has no meaning. Night is the same as day. There is no pain in the world like the pain of a mother who has lost her son."

Marianne translated with tears rolling down her cheeks—we all cried for the death of this stranger. The mother did not cry; the grace and dignity of her grief had long since transformed her. She put an arm around Marianne to comfort her and said, "We have a lot of pain. God forbid that you should ever have it. Don't let it happen again."

One of the Afghantsi took a folded photograph out of his coat pocket and gave it to the woman. It was a picture of her son's corpse in his coffin that had been smuggled home. The woman looked at the picture and said without irony, "I am luckier than most mothers, because even though my son is dead, at least I have proof, *here*, in this photograph."

A small group stopped at the grave of Oleg Tchivilov, a young officer who had earned the Red Star and the Order of Lenin for extraordinary bravery. His mother, Zinaida, stood at the side of the grave.

Just then, two Komsomol officials, waiting in their limousine, came into the cemetery and stood nearby. As Zinaida looked at the portrait of her son on the headstone, she was approached by an old woman. "Don't cry, Mother," she said. "Your son died defending his motherland. Be proud of him."

"Died defending our motherland?" said Zinaida, suddenly enraged. "Then why did he die not within our borders? Why do our sons come back from Cuba and Angola and Afghanistan in zinc boxes? Maybe our friends from Komsomol can answer my question."

One of them replied, "Why don't you ask the Americans?"

She ignored him.

One of the mothers went up to her and said, "Please be quiet"; but Zinaida would not be quiet. She said she'd waited for years to talk to Americans. Her reason for sharing her anger was that she suspected that the mothers and the wives of men killed in Vietnam, Beirut, Grenada and Central America were in the same predicament. "I really want to talk to American mothers. There must be something *we* can do."

Jack Lyon and Bill Leslie walked with her back to the parking lot. Leslie, an ex-Marine, had helped bury the corpses of good friends during the war and later went back to exhume them. His own mother had passed away some years earlier, and as he walked next to Zinaida Tchivilova, he tried to talk to her, but her extraordinary grief and bitterness affected him so much that he could hardly get the breath to speak. Finally, he told her, "If you will be



my Russian mother, I will be your American son."

Jack Lyon met her at the cemetery again, and gave her his Silver Star, earned for bravery in combat. She brought a gift, too—an heirloom shawl of sheer cloth, red and white, seven feet long, handmade by her great-grandmother and passed down from daughter to daughter. She had planned to give it to Oleg's fiancée.

During the conversation, she said, "How can they treat our boys like cannon meat? Not cannon fodder but *meat!*"

She invited Jack back to the small apartment she shared with her husband, Nikolai, a retired military man. He had been in shock since his son's death six years earlier and spent his time staring at the shrine Zinaida had made of Oleg's photograph and his medals. She told Jack that the bullet that had killed her son had killed all three of them.

Before the end of our stay in Alma-Ata, a letter was produced for us to sign; it was addressed to the Pakistani government, asking for the release of the Soviet prisoners of war—who were said to be traded back and forth among the mujahidin like slaves. It was a blatant manipulation by Komsomol, which wanted to make the Afghantsi and their families think it was making an effort in their behalf. We told the Afghantsi that we were private citizens, that the war was still going on, that this was work for diplomats, that we could not sign.

Jack Lyon came to the gathering from Zinaida Tchivilova's apartment and had her shawl in his kit bag. He shook his head, saying that we were all simple, honorable soldiers and that this letter, and the argument that followed, was precisely the way wars start. Then, one by one, the Afghantsi got up and apologized to us, as if it were their fault, not Komsomol's.

One of the Afghantsi stood and spoke directly to Jack from across the room. "I was trained to hate Americans. I was trained to kill guys like you. But after our meeting, knowing you, if they were to order me to shoot, I would not shoot you. I would throw down my rifle, and they could call me a coward, but I would not shoot."

The Afghantsi have caused a great many people a great deal of grief and have themselves suffered—for a lie, let us not forget—the same as we in the United States have caused much suffering in Southeast Asia and have also suffered much in return, also for a lie. It was no small betrayal, no small lesson for a man to learn at the age of 19. Any soldier returning home must rediscover his humanity and establish a livable peace with the discovered, liberated, permanently dark places in his own heart—the darkness that is always with us.

SHELLY JAMISON

(continued from page 80)

to my husband, Ron. He said, 'If you send those nudes, they'll call you in for sure.'

"So we tore down the living room, took the lamp shades off the lamps, put the baby in the baby swing and began to shoot. Ron took out his *Playboy* collection—there's a stack of them a mile high by the bed—and told me how to pose. It was like he was Pompeo [Posar], Jr."

Obviously, Ron's lensmanship cut the mustard: One look at Shelly's shots and *Playboy* Managing Photo Editor Jeff Cohen whisked his Arizona discovery off to Chicago for a bona fide test shoot. "But he told me I shouldn't try for the Anniversary Playmate," says Shelly. "He convinced me that my job as a newscaster might make an interesting story. . . ."

Interesting is putting it mildly: Shelly is

more than a popular talking head. Wearing the proverbial "many hats," she churns out 16-hour workdays ("Nobody should have to wake up at three-thirty A.M.!), not only producing the station's noon newscast but also serving as on-camera field reporter for the morning and evening news. "As producer," she explains, "I whip the show into shape—everything from deciding how much time the weatherman gets to giving that first segment punch. But I *really* like the reporting," she adds, "meeting new people, wringing them out for information. That's what the job calls for."

NEWSCASTER: So how did the twenty-six-year-old, down-home, native Phoenician get herself into the center of such a media storm in the first place? For Jamison, the tale begins when she was a child.

[Roll video of Jamison family scrapbook pictures.]

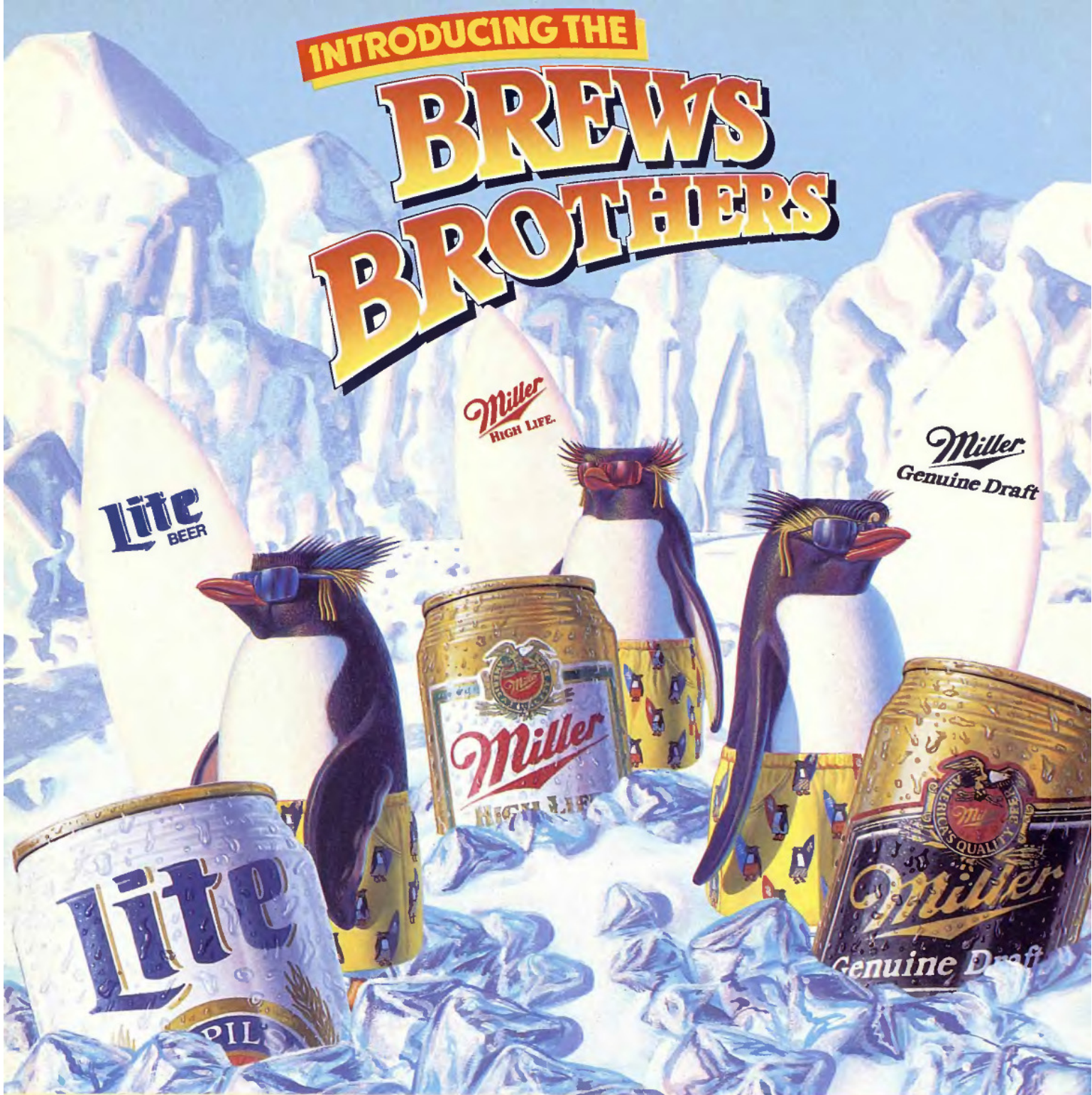
JAMISON VOICE-OVER: As a kid, I was always



"I think we've been at sea too long, Olaf!"

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the little show-off—"Let Me Entertain You" and all that. My parents divorced when I was eight and my mom remarried a man who was the top anchor for the ABC affiliate in town. One day, he asked me if I wanted to go with him to work. When I got there, I took one look around and thought, This is great! From that point on, I knew I wanted to be in TV news reporting. . . .

Indeed, when the news bug bit, it bit hard. Majoring in broadcast journalism at Arizona State University, Shelly filled her afterschool hours with internships, serving as a tape editor and news writer for various local stations. Fresh from graduation, she waltzed into Channel Ten and a just-vacated position. "My title was assistant producer," she says, "but, to be honest, I was a grunt. They paid me near minimum wage to do things like paste scripts together. The job was fun, but I still dreamed of being an anchor—and I let everyone within a hundred-mile radius know exactly that.

"Everyone told me that I'd have to start small, at a little station somewhere else. I thought, Fuck that, and began producing my own stories on my own time. Week after week, I'd take them to my producer, each time changing my make-up, my hair, my voice. And each time, it was close-but-no-cigar."

But in August of 1986, Shelly gave it one more push. The station was replacing a regular anchor and needed a one-week fill-in for the morning news cut-ins (four brief local updates during the *CBS Morning News*). "Frankly, I just beat them down," she says, laughing. "And when they actually said yes, I was elated, scared and sick to my stomach."

As is her style, however, Shelly turned her newscast debut into an exercise in self-improvement. Watching a video replay of herself directly after her first segment, she decided to make changes for the second one, 40 minutes later. "In that first cut-in, I looked stiff and nervous and my eyes looked like piss holes in the snow," she remembers. "I knew I was much better than that, so I fixed my hair and make-up and the way I carried myself. And I got better each day."

Her weeklong stint as a morning anchor sparked a new determination in Shelly, and she stepped up her treks into her bosses' offices. Eventually, they agreed to let her join the Channel Ten news team as an on-camera reporter.

NEWSCASTER: But now Jamison has placed it all on the line with her *Playboy* appearance. [Roll video of exterior of Channel Ten.] Despite her four and a half years of loyalty and service, it is unlikely that station managers will take warmly to Jamison's newfound popularity.

"I can tell you exactly what they're going to say," snaps Shelly. "They'll tell me that my credibility is shot—that viewers will now think, How can I believe her about the

Central Arizona Project if she's in *Playboy*? She must be dumb. That's so hypocritical. Connie Chung is a looker and her credibility isn't questioned. But my appearance in *Playboy* will be considered crossing the credibility boundary. That's crazy. *Playboy* is an institution—like *The Wall Street Journal*. Besides, I'll still be talented. I'll still have a good voice. I'll still be smart. I'll still be good-looking and I'll still be good in front of a camera. There's your dichotomy."

When Shelly talks of an imminent dismissal, she isn't bluffing: "Right before the magazine hits the stands," she warned us last October, "I'll have already cleared out my desk." The problem, according to Shelly, stems from the news industry's preoccupation with image. "On one hand," she says, "news ratings are based on popularity; at work, we're constantly being reminded of our numbers, the people we reach. And in *Playboy*, I know I'll be seen by more people than my bosses could ever dream about. But on the other hand, Channel Ten is not the kind of station to take advantage of the publicity and suddenly put me up on billboards or on the sides of buses," she says, sighing. "No, I'm pretty positive I'll be fired—if not, at least yanked off the air."

And just suppose Shelly's suspicions

come true—if suddenly, overnight, she finds herself back on the sidewalk with little more than a résumé and a smile?

"I'm not going to curl up and die if I'm fired," she says with typical confidence. "I was always a big ham and, now that I've done news, I know I can do anything. Hand me five things on a platter and I'll tell you which one's good.

"I'd love to be an anchor for *Entertainment Tonight*," she confides, blushing. "I know it's not considered as serious as a news job, but it's glamorous, high profile and has great exposure—if you'll excuse that word popping up again.

"But when it comes down to it," she concludes, "this is exactly what viewers want when they tune into the news. They want to reel from the day's big shocker—to be amused by it, to feel it. Then the next day, they're back in front of the TV again, looking for another story. That's what the news is all about, isn't it?"

NEWSCASTER: Although the end of her story has yet to be written, one thing can definitely be said of Shelly Jamison, Phoenix' newest rising star: She had the courage to put herself in the very spotlight she has so often aimed at others. And to this reporter, at least, she looks darn good. . . .

Film at eleven.



MARTY MURPHY

"Whoa! You mean, like, you actually were a World War Two bomber pilot?"



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BURNING DESIRES

(continued from page 118)

moment of glory with a strip of wallpaper. I don't know what I thought, but I knew I had to do something raunchy and safe at the same time, and very quickly. So I twirled the dental dam into a nice little rubber cone and started flossing Fanny's clit. I may have been dreaming, but I think she raised her hips toward me. So I began to play her like a cello. The latex bow hummed to and fro between her little pink clit and her labia. Real safe sex and hot, too. I was ready to latex every pussy in the room."

The porn of the Eighties was becoming a very strange slice of ginger, indeed.

After the sequel was released, Jim Mitchell bragged that it would make other porn films "obsolete." And if those other porn producers didn't like that, "tough shit. It's a whole new sexual world out there, and they're going to have to change with the times."

In our files is a picture of Missy Manners, the star of *Behind the Green Door: The Sequel*, with Senator Orrin Hatch, the conservative and powerful Reagan stalwart from Utah. The date is 1981. Senator Hatch looks like a sincere game-show host. Missy, 19 years old and Hatch's Senate intern, looks like an ungainly goof-bug in an oversized sports coat and sweater, high collar and bow tie. Her frowzy hair is clipped behind her ears. Her grin says, *Aw, shucks.*

Four years before she made the *Green Door* sequel, Missy became a model and a dancer at the O'Farrell Theater, as well as girlfriend to the boss, Artie Mitchell. Hers is one of the stranger political transformations of the times, at least at first glance.

Recalls Manners, "I remember very clearly walking out of the O'Farrell Theater after the filming was over and feeling, Did that really happen to me? I'd had sex with ten people that day. I thought, What's my sex life going to be after this? How jaded am I going to get? Oh, God, am I going to have to do little dogs or goats or girls?"

Missy's real name is Elisa Florez. Her father is John Florez, who is the former Chief of Staff of the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee and has served as a White House consultant and Reagan appointee to the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. Missy herself worked as a staff aide for the Republican National Committee.

"I'm not sure my dad and Senator Hatch saw the movie," she tells us. "I know they had a discussion with a reporter to find out what happened. They wanted to know, 'Did she take off her clothes?' The reporter said, 'Oh, yeah, she took off her clothes!' Then there was this pause. What do you say—'Uh, yeah, your daughter just made a porno movie. I saw her fuck six guys wearing goat costumes; she was really great?'"

"I knew I wanted to do *Green Door*. If you really want to know, I get off ten times more than most women do. I'm not one of

those people into orgasm retention, like one a year. I could have ten great ones in a day and not feel guilty.

"The way I look at it," explains Missy in her firm, high voice, "I'm still a good Republican. I worked hard to get Reagan elected, twice. I consider myself the Pat Robertson of porn. This is my fight for individual rights." She throws back her head and laughs. "Once I was a freedom fighter. Now I'm a freedom fucker."

This morning, the freedom fucker is behind the wheel of Artie Mitchell's long white Mercedes 500 SEL. Mitchell points out that with a flick of a switch, he can "toast our buns" with the special heaters inserted under the seats. "You know the difference between a Mercedes and a Rolls-Royce?" he asks from the passenger seat. "In a Mercedes, you have to take off the girl's panties. In a Rolls-Royce, she takes off her own."

"Oh, Artie!" protests Missy.

It is nine A.M. in Berkeley, and the fog is still on the ground. We are on our way to Sacramento. The California Senate Judiciary Committee wants to tighten significantly the state's operating definition of obscenity. In the year since the *Green Door* sequel has appeared, Missy Manners has become America's unofficial spokesperson for safe sex (and lots of it), and she wants to testify against the bill.

Missy is wearing little black slippers with the face of a cat outlined on them in rhinestones and an electric-blue silk dress that fits her like a sheath, except around her breasts, where it is open like a robe.

Artie Mitchell is dressed down for the occasion, as he is for most: old blue jeans, lace-up lumberjack boots, gray-and-red wool socks and a T-shirt from the skateboard magazine *Thrasher* that shows a human skull with a snake wrapped around it. On his tight bald head is a Rommel desert hat that he ordered through *Soldier of Fortune* magazine; and at the crown of the hat is a little brass pin in the shape of an old-fashioned movie camera.

Between the leather seats, front and back, always moving, is Mr. T. Mr. T is a dog, a tiny teacup poodle the size of two fists. It is as white as the color of the car's carpeting.

Mitchell swigs a couple of morning beers and puffs on the butt of a joint. Pretty soon, he is dancing away in his seat to the oldies blasting from the marvelous speakers—*Ain't That a Shame*, by Fats Domino, and *You've Got a Friend in Jesus*, by Norman Greenbaum. Accidentally, his foot taps down on Mr. T, and Mr. T lets out an incredibly loud scream for a cup of fur.

"Artie!" screams Missy.

Mitchell puts down the joint and lights up a cigarette.

"You can fuck up your own lungs, Artie, but don't fuck up Mr. T's."

"Life is hard," replies Mitchell. More than once today, he will expand on this theme: "Life is hard for a couple of old pornographers like Jim and me. We're



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burned-out old men. Our time in porn is done. I wish I knew where all the money went. Just two old pornographers . . . living alone—with nine children . . . and a Brazilian maid."

Sometimes it seems that the Mitchell brothers have gotten where they are as much for their developed sense of humor as for their sense of depravity. Artie's claim about the money has been debated by the IRS, but it is true that the brothers live together in a large house in a wealthy suburb across the bay from San Francisco with the nine children of their four previous marriages, and some order is kept by a South American maid.

We arrive in Sacramento before noon. Mitchell saunters forth from the Mercedes. His needs are primitive. He looks up at the capitol dome only a few yards away. Beside the building is a block of lilac bushes. He decides to mosey through them and relieve himself of most of the beers. When he parts the bushes again, his hand is still on his zipper, but his mind has turned to Missy's upcoming testimony.

"Tell 'em lies, Missy, but only to save lives."

"Freedom fuckers!" says Missy, laughing.

On the way to the senate offices, we walk up a long sidewalk between two cement-pillared buildings. Mitchell waves his hands like Lincoln and shouts out the inscriptions on the cornices. INTO THE HIGHLANDS OF THE MIND is written across one cornice. "Yes!" he says. BRING ME MEN TO MATCH MY MOUNTAINS is chiseled across the other. "That's it!" he shouts once more. "Men to match your mountains, Missy! That's your slogan!" Clearly, the pornographers are ready to meet the assemblymen.

The large chamber where the Assembly Committee on Public Safety is meeting is packed with reporters, profamily lobbyists and state bureaucrats, all bored and hoping for a circus. Senator Wadie Deddeh brings forth his anti-obscenity motion. Deddeh is a Persian-born Christian who represents an important part of the Central Valley. Essentially, he wants to tighten the definition of obscenity so that material such as *Behind the Green Door: The Sequel* or, for that matter, the Jack Nicholson-Ann-Margret film *Carnal Knowledge* could be found legally objectionable.

"When are we going to grow up," Deddeh says, "and realize that people who invoke the First Amendment are, in fact, preying on the minds of the young? I pray to God that history will record our votes."

And then it is Missy's turn.

"My name is Missy Florez, though I believe that many of you legislators may know me as Missy Manners." She pauses and looks each of the men in the eye. "Missy Manners, the star of *Behind the Green Door: The Sequel*, which is a safe-sex video. You live in a world where political survival is paramount, but I live in a world of life and death, where survival itself is at stake. I think you could say"—and here Manners treads water for her big line—"that I have



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a hands-on perspective about safe sex."

The room is silent, and then, of course, the audience begins to laugh. The legislators stare down at their yellow legal pads and do not laugh. Missy immediately begins to pass out copies of *Behind the Green Door: The Sequel*.

"I would like to put this safe-sex video on the record," she says.

"No way!" answers a young blond assemblyman from San Diego.

Missy waves the video above the heads of the committee members like a hussy goddess. They do not appreciate this.

"Obscene video cassettes such as this woman's are worse than pornographic cinemas, because they can be taken home and shown to minors," says an assemblyman.

"You don't want my video?" asks Missy, pretending to be hurt. She is taking control, beginning to enjoy the spectacle.

"No, ma'am," says the careful Deddeh. He stares at the shrink-wrapped box as if it were slathered with the AIDS virus. THE REALITY—THE FANTASY—THE SENSUALITY, promises the cover. In the photo, Missy is without a bra under a white T-shirt. Her brown nipples stand at attention, and she is smiling like a rebellious Republican.

And then it is over. Missy drops her video into her aluminum power briefcase and shrugs and her large breasts shake. The committee chairman bangs the gavel.

Ever cynical, Artie Mitchell has skipped the hearing in favor of more beers at a nearby bar. But afterward, outside, he is sweetly encouraging: "Gotta rat-fuck those guys, Missy! It's the only way."

Missy is on a roll. She wonders if we

should stay another hour or two in order to crash a Pat Robertson reception. She and Mitchell debate whether Robertson wears nylon panties. "Let's go home," says Mitchell. "I'm already a member of the LORD club: Let Oral Roberts Die."

Missy drives. Mitchell fires up another joint. At a red light on the way to the freeway, a thin little woman with straw-red hair gawks at us from the sidewalk. A black Harley-Davidson T-shirt is stretched across her bony ribs.

"Hey, momma!" shouts Mitchell. He whistles.

"Women do not like to be whistled at, Arthur," says Missy.

"Hey, Missy," says Mitchell, "I'll suck little titties if I have to."

The woman with the green-apple breasts leers at Mitchell, and he returns the leer.

Missy floors the Mercedes. On the drive back to San Francisco, she grows more jealous. Mitchell begins to talk of the time he served as a fluff boy for Ginger Lynn and, almost, for Traci Lords. It is a story he will tell in more detail later—without Missy.

Artie and Jim Mitchell were filming *The Grafenberg Spot* around a swimming pool.

It was seven in the morning, the beginning of the shoot, and Artie was meeting star Ginger Lynn for the first time. Over coffee and doughnuts, Lynn told Mitchell that she might require a fluff boy. Now, thought Mitchell, porn producers often employ fluff girls to keep the men hard between takes, but this was the first request he'd ever heard of for a fluff boy. Porn had, indeed, changed in the Eighties. And Lynn

was then the queen of adult films, a tongue-between-the-lips blonde. So he answered, all gallant, "I'll be your fluff boy."

As Mitchell recalls, Lynn and co-star Harry Reems, who had been the male star of *Deep Throat*, were inside on a large bed, waiting for the crew to set up. A fluff girl who had a yen for Reems began to service him. Lynn motioned to Artie. "I think, Mr. Mitchell, I could use that fluff boy now."

Mitchell was on the spot, prince of his own jaded world. Photographers from *Hustler* magazine were there, and his own crew was staring.

"It was a profile in courage. Had to rise to the occasion. Got down on my little bony knees, licked my lips and just turned into the human vibrator. *Vrrrooom! Vrrrooom! Vrrrooom!* Sweet Jesus, but Ginger had a nice little clitoris!" Mitchell shakes his head. "Life is hard."

The next day, Mitchell drove to Half Moon Bay to film a scene with Traci Lords, the notorious underage porn star of the Dark brothers' video *New Wave Hookers*. She was 16 at the time. ("She claimed to be eighteen," insists Mitchell.) Mitchell had never met Lords, who was in her dressing room when he arrived. She was putting on her lipstick.

"I hear you really know how to eat out, Artie."

"Traci Lords's first words to me!" says Mitchell, laughing, his mouth goofy, his eyes hard.

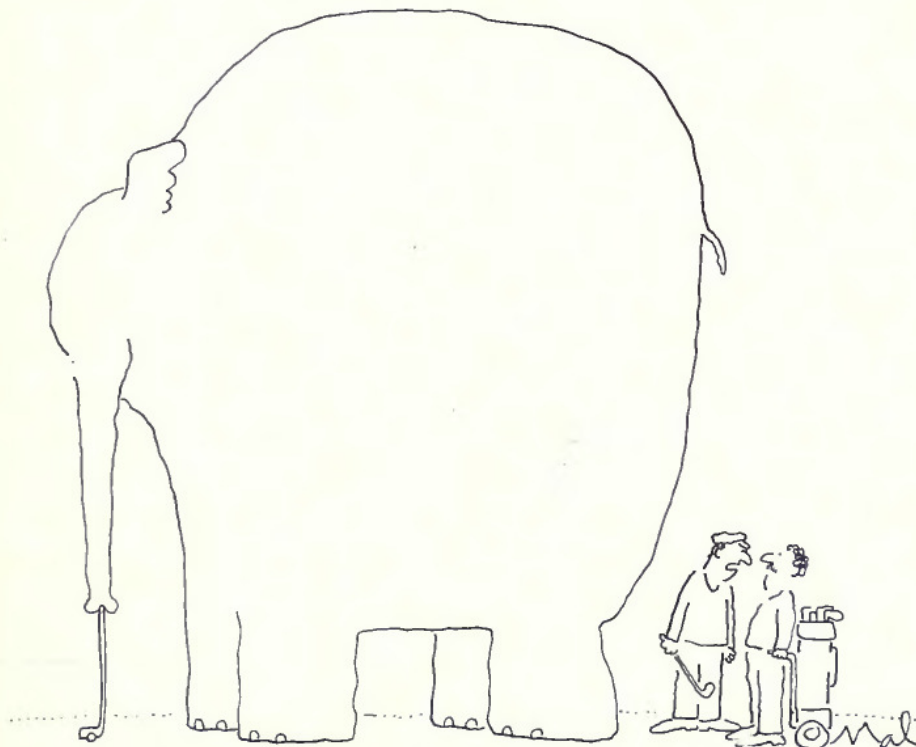
Missy Manners hates these stories.

It was an on-again, off-again relationship between this safe-sex Republican porn star and the co-king of American pornography, a relationship that eventually would turn more off than on. Mitchell and Manners were birds of a feather in a unique American forest. Both are serious fuckaholics, yet each is intelligent and ferociously independent, as well as politically shrewd. And they are outlaws. Missy has exploded her bridges. Mitchell was born with fewer limits than the rest of us. They were a match.

But Mitchell and Missy were also a volatile mix. She craves the respectability of being somebody. She wants to influence events. Mitchell is old and unchangeable, an outlaw of excess with a mercurial temper, saved, perhaps, by his sense of humor. "Artie is the funniest man I've ever known," Missy once said.

Then there was the little matter of jealousy. The green-eyed monster follows different rules in a world of safe-sex orgies and live sex shows. Playing around was assumed by both parties. But each got very angry if he thought the other might be growing serious about someone else.

It was all crazy, a wild, true love affair. Yet it made perfect sense. Artie Mitchell and Missy Manners are at once very different from you and me, and not so different at all.



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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

THE WILD ONES

The classic 1953 film *The Wild One* may have helped Marlon Brando's career, but it didn't do much for the image of the motorcycle jacket. Popular opinion was that only greasers and gang members wore them, despite the fact that the sturdy hide gave riders wonderful protection in case of a spill. But as the motorcycle has become

an upscale urban means of transportation, so has the motorcycle jacket been rediscovered. The Harley-Davidson black-leather look is a traditional favorite, but leathers with more subtle styling are also very hot—especially with guys who would rather hang out at their favorite bar than hang on to a pair of handle bars while negotiating a twisting gravel road.

STEVE CONWAY



On this page are four black-leather motorcycle jackets that are similar in cut but surprisingly diverse in their fashion details. The jacket at top left features an asymmetric zipper front, vertical zip front pockets, a half belt with belt loops, a metal buckle in front, zippered cuffs and epaulets, by Andrew Fezza, \$1025. Bottom left: An English lambskin jacket with about the same zipper treatment, by Collezione, about \$700. Top right: This jacket features a snap-down leather collar, a front-flap snap pocket and unusual beadwork on the back, by Bill Robinson, \$1200. Bottom right: Deer-tanned cowskin jacket with metal tarot-card plates set into the lapels and back, by M. Julian, about \$600. (Men's cotton crew-neck T-shirts, by Fruit of the Loom, about \$6. Her black-leather jacket is by Harley-Davidson; the motorcycles are, too.)



S U P E R S H O P P I N G



Hamilton Classics has introduced the Art Deco—a registered-edition reproduction of a timepiece first made in 1927 by the Hamilton Watch Company. While the exterior looks the same (the tools and dies of the original design were carefully recast), it now has a Swiss quartz movement; \$298.50, including handling. To place a credit-card order, call 800-367-4534, extension 9000.

Ten space-age-looking tools that come fitted into a hard plastic case include a saw with a folding blade, a cutter with a retractable blade, a two-headed hammer, four types of screwdrivers and three types of chrome-plated pliers (each a cutter), by Takagi Tools, Torrance, California, \$350.



These four elegant sterling silver and lizard-grain-leather writing instruments from the Classicus series Sterling Collection include (left to right) a water-based fine roller pen, \$65, a fountain pen, \$115, an oil-based ballpoint pen, \$65, and a mechanical pencil, \$65, from Plus U.S.A., Closter, New Jersey.



The hand-built Kestrel MX-Z off-road bicycle is made of ultralight graphite and supertough Spectra, the latter a high-strength fiber used in armor. The frame is constructed as a single piece for extra stability on any type of terrain, from RRB Cycles, Kenilworth, Illinois, \$2400.





Designed by Robert Sonneman, this halogen banker's lamp stands almost 15½" high and 17½" wide; it's made of enameled steel and polished glass and it operates on a dimmer, from George Kovacs, New York, about \$550.



CafePress is a coffee system that quickly makes four cups of espresso or cappuccino and eight cups of drip coffee simultaneously or independently—plus there's a feature that enables you to pour a drip cup during the brewing process, from Robert Krups, North America, Closter, New Jersey, \$225.



NEC's V50U full-size VHS camcorder (top) and the Panasonic PV-460 OmniMovie full-size VHS camcorder (bottom) feature automatic focusing and power zoom, plus high-speed shutter. NEC adds its CCD low-light imaging for low-light recording, \$1859, while Panasonic features electronic image stabilization to eliminate bounce and jitter caused by movement during recording, \$2150.

Send it in, coach! The Optonica Voice Coach is a voice-synthesized remote-control unit that comes with the VC-G980U video-cassette recorder (not shown) or other selected Optonica VCR models. It verbally prompts you through programing steps and adds gentle scolding when you make a mistake, from Sharp Electronics, \$649.95.



Class and Sass

Here we have GREGG GIUFFRIA and the lovely RITA posing during the filming of the House of Lords' video *I Wanna Be Loved*. We love Rita for flashing us and you'll love the band when it plays your city. The album, also called *House of Lords*, is the first release on Simmons Records, Gene Simmons' label. Rita doesn't appear in concert, so you'll have to make do with *Grapevine*. Aren't you glad we're on the job?



© ROBERT MATHEU



© TOM SHEEHAN/LFI

Tom Waits for No One

Singer/songwriter/actor/humorist/raconteur TOM WAITS has spread his considerable wings past albums and concerts to include *Big Time*, his filmed musical vaudeville minstrel show, and the anxiety-over-marriage movie *Cold Feet*, co-starring Sally Kirkland.



The Girl Can't Help It

For those of you who missed *Comic Relief III* on HBO, this is not Minnie Pearl. It's actress SHELLEY LONG in her Mildred mufti, from a character she created years ago at Chicago's Second City. For a completely different Shelley, see *Troop Beverly Hills* at your local theater.

STEVE GRANITZ/RETNA LTD.



At Home on the Range

Has the Canadian band COWBOY JUNKIES ridden into your concert hall yet? When they arrive, go see them sing and play country blues. Or go out and buy *The Trinity Session*, a spare, clean album without showbiz glitz that includes Lou Reed's *Sweet Jane*, Patsy Cline's *Walking After Midnight* and the Cowboys' own *Misguided Angel*. Ride 'em!

At the Heart of Her Matter

Actress LISA MELI was first spotted in *One Crazy Summer* on the big screen and in TV's *General Hospital* and the now-defunct *Spenser for Hire*. We spotted her right away behind this balloon looking too cool for words.



Just a Couple of Dancin' Fools

Do these girls know how to have fun or what? MADONNA and her pal actress/comedienne SANDRA BERNHARD are dancing the night away at an AIDS benefit in L.A. Besides her new album and Pepsi commercial, Madonna is working on *Bloodhounds of Broadway*, due soon, and *Dick Tracy*, scheduled for spring 1990. Sandra's off-Broadway show *Without You I Am Nothing* will be made into a movie.



GENTLEMEN PREFER BLOND

Yes, the hottest new Swedish import is a natural blond but not the kind you'd expect. Kroner Dry Sparkling Wine has just hit the stores, and if you'd like to try a refreshing new *vino* at a refreshingly low price (about nine dollars a bottle), this is the one to sample. Kroner's ingredients—*chardonnay* grapes from France, *durello* from Northern Italy and *macabeo* from Spain—are picked and pressed in their respective countries and the juice is then transported to Sweden for fermentation. And Kroner's packaging—a handsome beveled-glass bottle—is nifty, too.



SOMETHING TO BRAGG ABOUT

We've been a fan of artist Charles Bragg for years, so we're happy to see that lithographs from his Art Heaven series are now available at Dyansen Galleries across the country. *Rembrandt* measures 27" x 27" and is available in a limited edition of 300 for \$975 each. (There's also an edition of 100 that has been remarked by the artist that sells for \$1500.) Call 212-925-5550 for more info.



RACE TO THE CLOUDS

The Pikes Peak Auto Hill Climb, America's second-oldest motor-sports challenge after the Indy 500, will be off and running this July ninth, as an international assemblage of drivers once again attempts to conquer the peak's 12.4 miles and 156 turns before arriving at the summit 14,110 feet above sea level. *Playboy* rode the top third of the mountain during practice runs last year with rally driver Rod Millen in his Mazda RX-7, fitted with a turbocharger, four-wheel drive and road-gripping Bridgestone tires. And believe us, "road-gripping" was on our mind as Millen took the Mazda to within six inches of the edge of hairpin turns with such colorful names as Bottomless Pit and the Devil's Playground. His speed at the top was 112 miles per hour—which is pretty amazing, since we traveled sideways most of the way up. Thanks, Rod. A great ride!



HOT SPOT!

Aside from playing Woody Boyd, the bartender on *Cheers*, Woody Harrelson is one of the owners of Son International, a Los Angeles company that designed Sonspot—the world's first and only round beach towel. Sonspots are big (about six feet in diameter) and hot—so hot, in fact, that Son International got Springmaid into the act to facilitate production. The towels, which are made of Brazilian cotton, are available in ten patterns, including Club Tango, pictured here, at retail stores nationwide for about \$50. Your spot or mine?

ADVENTUROUS HAT TRICK

For the next time you brave the Amazon or cross the Sahara on a camel, there's the Ultimate Hat, a preshrunk, floatable cotton-duck swashbuckling style with a wide brim, tie-down capability and brass snaps and grommets. Ultimate Products, 9300 North 16th Street, Tampa, Florida 33612, sells the Ultimate for \$31.95, postpaid, including a guarantee that if your hat wears out, it will be replaced free. How can you go wrong, Frank Buck?



UPWARD MOBIL

Mobil Corporation has just introduced a series of compact travel guides that cover five U.S. cities—Boston, Chicago, New York, San Francisco and Washington, D.C. Pertinent information on star-rated accommodations and restaurants, walking tours with maps, shopping, entertainment, sports and recreation tips, plus much more, is included and the guides are paperback-sized, so they slip easily into a jacket pocket. The price: \$5.95 each.

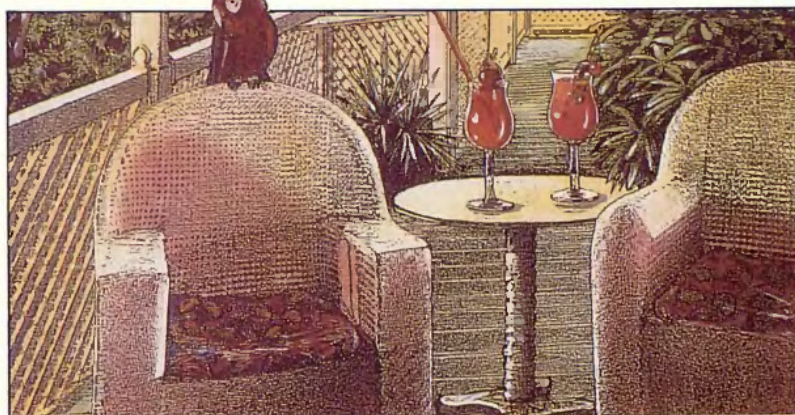
**Mobil
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CHICAGO

TRUMPED AGAIN

Trump The Game has just hit the stores and, like the man himself, it's definitely a winner. As you may have guessed, the object of the board game is to accumulate megabucks by wheeling and dealing for big-ticket real estate, such as luxury hotels or high-roller casinos. The catch is that if you pay too much for a property, you'll be trumped in the end and lose your shirt. Milton Bradley, the manufacturer, is offering Trump The Game for \$25. Appropriately, at the ceremonial closing of the deal, Donald Trump rolled 14-kt.-gold dice on the first copy of the game. A very nice touch.



TIPLING IN THE TROPICS

Charles Schumann, the owner of Schumann's, "the thinking man's bar," in Munich, West Germany, is the author of *Tropical Bar Book*, a handsome hardcover guide to the lore and lure of such Latin liquids as rum, famous Cuban cocktails, coladas, punches, tequila and mes-cal. The publisher of *Tropical Bar Book* is Stewart, Tabori & Chang, the price is \$19.95 and the book's wonderful hand-colored engravings, by Gunter Mattei, won a special award.

THE LEGENDARY JONES BOY

Back in the early Thirties, golfer Bobby Jones filmed 18 golf lessons in conjunction with Warner Bros. For years, these amazing black-and-white films were thought to be lost. Now they've resurfaced, and SyberVision, an audio/video company in Pleasanton, California, is offering the three-hour *Bobby Jones Limited Collector's Edition* on VHS or Beta for about \$250. Subjects covered include everything from big irons to the putter—plus vignettes with Hollywood stars of the era. SyberVision's number is 800-456-7557. Fore!



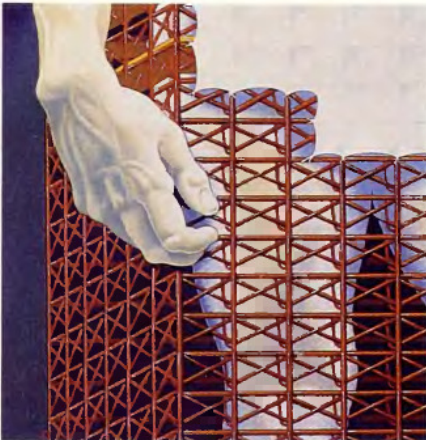
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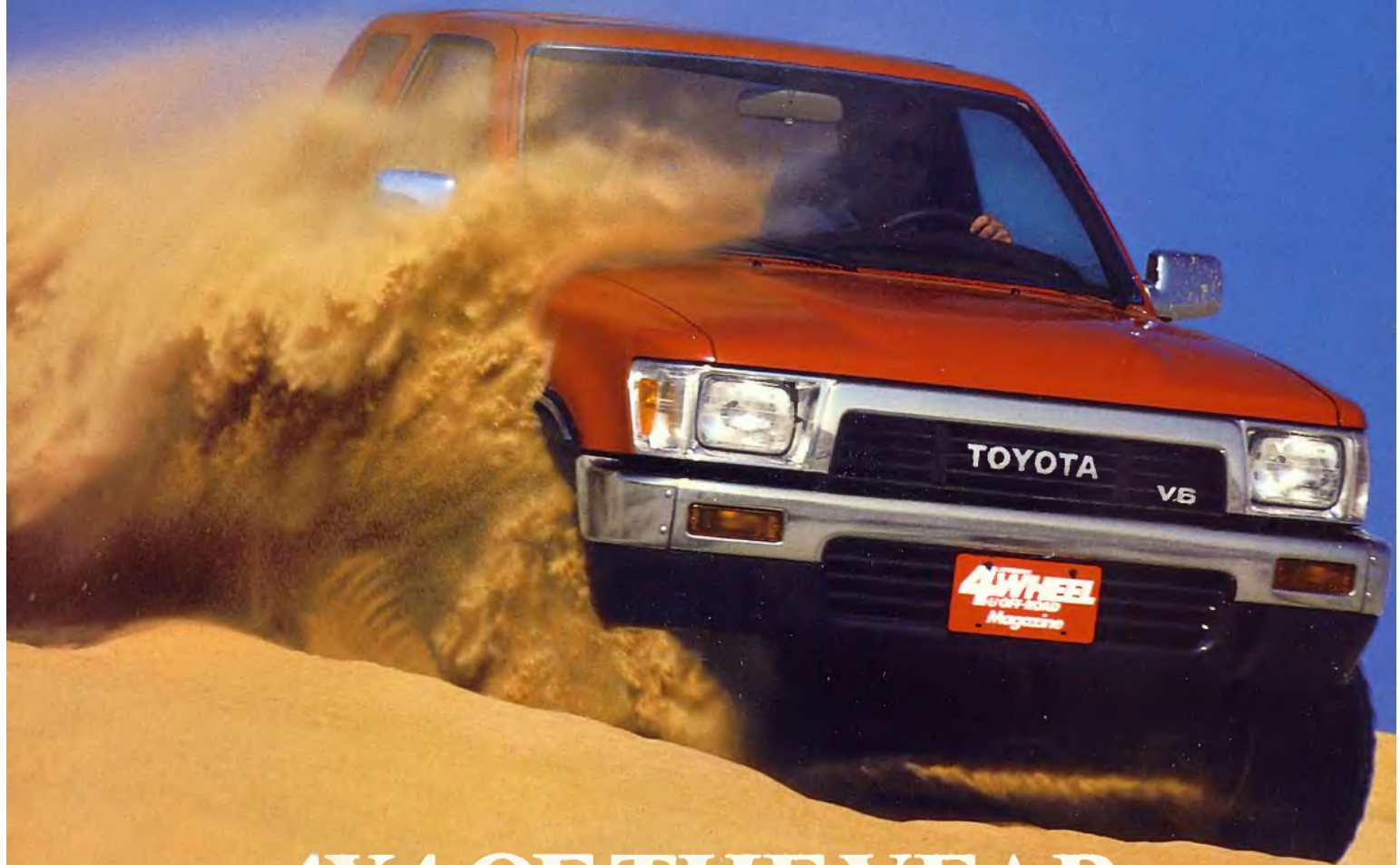
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