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PLAYBILL

ARE YOU TIRED of seeing the same old faces on the Presidentialcampaign trail, Bunky? And after months of looking at those guys, do you see them all kind of blended together in an indistinguishable mass of teeth and handshakes? Well, then, you have the bug that seems to go around every four years: the election blahs. Not to worry. We have the cure. It's Lewis Grossberger's The Composite Candidate (illustrated by Steve Brodner), an artful satire based on the premise that while a whole is generally greater than the sum of its parts, the opposite may be true when it comes to politicians. Then again, if you don't like anything about any of the candidates, Kevin Cook offers a few timely alternatives in Let's Get Tough!, a guide to men and women on whom we can depend, if we elect them, to win re-election the hard way: They'll earn it.

In case you prefer your humor and politics neatly rolled up in one package, check out John Blumenthol's Playboy Interview with comedian, actor, writer and all-round swell guy Chevy Chose. Chase, whose political satire was one of the highlights of the original Saturday Night Live, hasn't lost his touch. But then, when your movies keep making money, it's easy to laugh.

Now that the weather's warm and the days are long, millions of us are spending every spare minute on the golf course, and so, as a public service, we're going to tell you the rules of the game. You say, "I already know the rules, buddy; I've been playing it and watching it on television for years." OK, then, so tell us: When your ball lands against a half-eaten pear, can you remove it without adding a penalty stroke? That and other strange questions about the Byzantine rules of dimple ball are answered by Worren Kalbacker in If Your Ball Lands on a Newspaper, Can You Burn It to Improve Your Lie? If golf is hard to fathom for the English-speaking, you can imagine how tough it must have been for the Japanese. But, as in everything else they've tried, they got the hang of it just fine, despite the fact that a small island with a population crisis isn't the ideal place to lay out 18 holes. But the Japanese have solved the problem, as you'll read in A Yen for Golf, by Chris Hodenfield.

It was more than a year ago that Associate Articles Editor Peter Moore read an article in a newspaper about a Vietnam veteran who returned to Vietnam on a secret mission to find the woman with whom he had fallen in love and bring her home. "Right in the middle of Rambo hysteria," says Moore, "I thought, Here's a guy who went back to Vietnam for all the right reasons." The soldier and hero is Robert Schwob and we think his first-person account of his daring rescue attempt, Vietnam Love Story, with its surprise conclusion, is one of the most romantic and courageous tales we've ever published. As Moore says, "No bandanna and oiled muscles here. He's a real man."

Needless to say, this issue is also jam-packed with real women, beginning with Claudia Dreifus' 20 Questions with sultry actress Theresa Russell. If you're more into the, ah, visuals, you'll want to see our pictorials on Phoebe Légère (with text by Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson), Playmate Emily Arth (photographed by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley) and our spectacular layout on the Playmate of the Year (we'll give you 12 guesses who she is).

To round out the issue, Ben Fong-Torres chronicles the rise and fall and rise of Capitol Records, the label that carried what were once the world's two hottest rock groups (the Beatles and the Beach Boys), in Retooling the Hit Factory, illustrated by David Wilcox; David Foster Wollace contributes a haunting short story titled Late Night, featuring a certain gap-toothed talk-show host and illustrated by Nick Backes; a special electronics round-up-Disc, DAT and the Other Things-by Rich Warren, gives the low-down on the most exciting new developments from digital audio tape to Super VHS; and we have the latest in men's swimwear, photographed by Lonce Stoedler and featuring Olympic diving superstar Greg Lougonis. Which brings to mind a great idea: Take this issue and a cold sixpack down to your nearest beach and, as the phrase goes, chill out.











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PLAYBOY.

vol. 35, no. 6-june 1988

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Winning Form

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Super Sounds

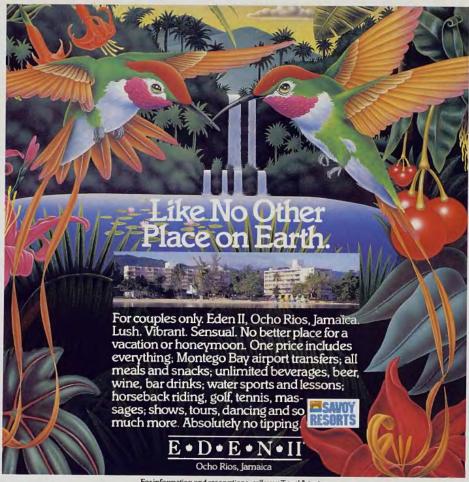
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COVER STORY

We smiled last year when December Playmate India Allen told us that her mother was a psychic. But Mom predicted that India would be voted Playmate of the Year and, hey, give Mom credit: She was right. India was photographed by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda for this cover, which was produced by West Coast Photography Editor Marilyn Grabowski. The Rabbit, as you can see, is fit to be tied.



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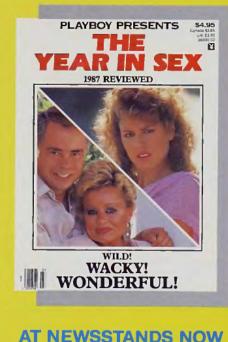


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PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM.

Sexually speaking, 1987 was something else. It was the year of Jessica Hahn and Donna Rice. The year of Jim Bakker's PTL slide and Gary Hart's weekend of Monkey Business. It was a year of erotic show 'n tell, shocks and slips, in the most surprising places. The year everyone around the globe seemed to have an Obsession with one subject. And now it's all here, in a wild, wacky, wonderful Playboy Special Edition: The Year in Sex. Relive it.

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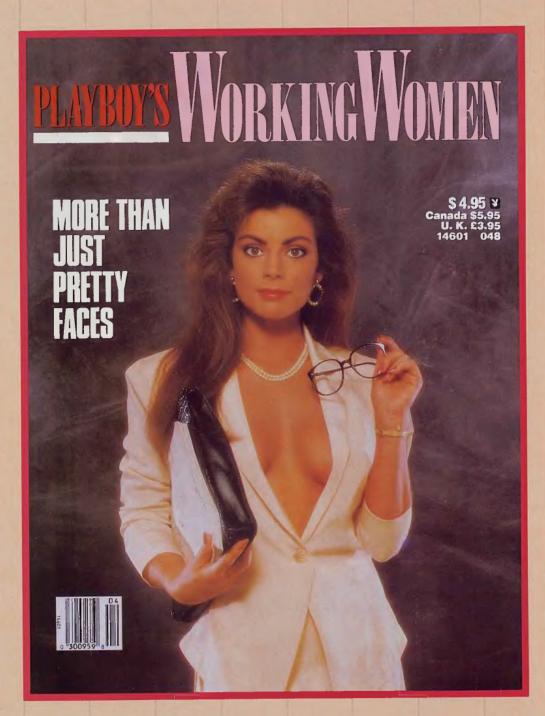
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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BILLY, CRYSTALLIZED

The Playboy Interview with Billy Crystal (March) is funny and sometimes touching. In many ways, he's still a smart-aleck kid trying to be a man, but in others, he's wise beyond his years. He's a better critic of comedians than he is a comedian, but his critiques are right on the money. Like that of his buddy Albert Brooks, Crystal's future will, I think, increasingly lie in his acting ability—a talent that helps both of them be good comedians but has many other facets besides comedy.

Alex Fetter Taos, New Mexico

I agree with most of Billy Crystal's evaluations of comedians except for that of Eddie Murphy. I'm not talking about Murphy's personality—he may be an ass, Crystal may be an ass, George Burns may be an ass, but that has nothing to do with whether or not they're funny. I can understand why Crystal isn't crazy about Eddie as a person, but Murphy is a very funny dude, at least 90 percent of the time. I'm not sure Billy Crystal is.

Frank Nichols Chicago, Illinois

David Rensin's interview with Billy Crystal in the March issue is . . . is . . . oh, no . . . here it comes . . . mahvelous!

Of course, Crystal had a lot to do with it. I think he's a great talent. Thank you, *Playboy*; and thank you, Billy Crystal.

Blumen Young North Hollywood, California

SCHLESINGER, PRO AND CON

Thank you for Claudia Dreifus' wonderful interview, Seeing Daylight, with historian Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (Playboy, March). What a joy and a comfort to read his views!

As long as there are philosophers with his integrity, there is hope for the future of this country.

Waldo King Sutherlin, Oregon Thank you for your interview with Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. I hope it shows your readers that Schlesinger is a better spokesman for the Democratic Party than he is a historian. He could be a more effective historian if he accepted the fact that Republicans have done a lot of good for this country.

Joseph Spencer Easton, Pennsylvania

NORTH POLL

As a former Marine officer and longtime fan of Asa Baber, I was disturbed by some of his conclusions in *True North* (*Playboy*, March).

I have no quarrel with Baber's conclusion that Oliver North is a man whose ambition has blinded him to the distinction between means and ends. That North is "a very strange anomaly, a two-percenter" and a man "out on the fringe," however, is a gross underestimation of the issue. The problem is a great deal larger than a meager two percent. The Oliver Norths of the United States Marine Corps are a shell-shockingly common phenomenon.

The average Marine Corps sergeant has very few fantasies about leading the National Security Council up San Juan Hill. The same is not always true when the prospects of prestige grow more tangibleoften right after promotion to the rank of captain. An irrevocable metamorphosis occurs in the fourth or fifth year of an average officer's career, a change of perspective. I've watched it happen a dozen times. Most officers experience a great deal of maturation during this period. Some of them-a lot more than two percent-do not. Seduced by a romantic though essentially unfounded portrait of power and glory, these embryonic Ollies are suffering from a potentially fatal disease called blind ambition-fatal, that is, to nearby subordinate personnel. More often than not, the most common form of sacrifice in today's Marine Corps is not in the accomplishment of a viable and necessary mission but in a machine that squats like some

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PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY PREFERRED and RABBIT HEAD Design are trademarks of Playboy. Roman official at the Colosseum, indicating thumbs up or thumbs down. The destiny of "a few good men" depends all too frequently on how well they impress their superiors.

The only difference between the Ollie on Capitol Hill and his various clones on Okinawa and at Camp Pendleton is that he had more opportunity. Lieutenant Colonel North is not the first, and he is certainly not the last, of the great blind mice.

Paul Lawrence Tremblay Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s, Seeing Daylight (Playboy, March) is stunning in its ignorance, outright stupidity and gross error. For his information, "the notion that the more you lower taxes, the greater the revenue will be," which he describes as folly, is actually accurate, as is proved by the fact that the past several years' tax revenues have been the highest ever.

But I expect such ignorance from the Kennedy-family historian. What I did not expect was Asa Baber's utterly indigestible *True North*. It is a classic example of character assassination by innuendo. Maybe Ollie's not all he's cracked up to be or says he is, but I put as much credence in his statements as I do in those of Baber's faceless, à la Bob Woodward, accusers. If those Marines are so tough, brave and honest, why aren't they willing to attach their names to their words?

I live in the Washington, D.C., area and work on Capitol Hill. Every day, I see Marines (along with Congressmen, Hill staffers and other military). I've yet to observe the Marine consensus that Baber found in his investigation. I've found that some like North, some think he's a hero; for some, he's a fascist military thug; for others, he is a hot dog.

Brett Moss Merrifield, Virginia

HEAVY WAITS

The 20 Questions with Tom Waits (Playboy, March) condenses more information (about not only Waits but a dozen other topics) in a relatively short space than any other interview I've read in years. His recommended tour of Los Angeles is priceless, and his observation about hotels named Taft is absolutely true. I've stayed in a lot of them from coast to coast, so I know whereof he speaks.

Ben Thomas Palo Alto, California

I enjoyed the 20 Questions with Tom Waits, one of my favorite songwriters of all time. But, one wonders, how do his wife and kids feel about his staying out all night, riding up and down elevators with colorful tobacco-chewing old men, or hanging out till the wee hours eating pickled eggs in the bar next to the bus station? I guess it's just like any family where Daddy works the

night shift, only Waits's kids say, "Dad's not home tonight, 'cause he's working on real-life experiences for his music." A great gig if you can get it.

> Albert Seigal Long Island, New York

The 20 Questions with Tom Waits is a masterpiece of egotistical fodder. That guy has to be one of the most arrogant, namedropping, "wish I were a poet" types on the streets. I'll bet the only films he ever turned down were the ones in which he couldn't blow his own horn.

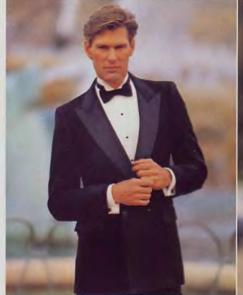
Congratulations to writer Steve Oney for keeping a straight face during the interview. It must have been difficult.

> Patrick Christian Seattle, Washington

I almost enjoyed your 20 Questions with Tom Waits, but his perception of Barry Manilow hurts. Anyone who knows Barry knows that he's the furthest thing from "expensive furniture and clothes that you don't feel good in" that there is.

Tom, Barry's just as down to earth and as real as you are. Within the past several months, he has mentioned in an interview that he is a great admirer of yours and admitted that he would give anything to be able to sing the way you do. To realize that you, for all your professed sensitivities, can't be bothered to look beyond the surfaces of things is an astounding letdown.

STYLES VARY.







Keep on goin', Tom. Someday, someone you admire will kick you in the teeth, too.

Jackie Chute Yonkers, New York

BULL PIT

Although I am not as sympathetic toward pit fighters as is Scott Ely in Pit Bull (Playboy, March), it is a reasonable story with an imaginative outcome. However, I object to Playboy's packaging it with Braldt Bralds's illustration of a black monster with a bloody fang-filled mouth and a broken chain, suggesting that it had escaped and mutilated some innocent. The only human being injured in the story is a willing participant in a matched dog fight, and he isn't severely hurt.

A lot of people will get their impressions from the picture rather than the story. By frightening them, *Playboy* harms innocent dog owners and their dogs.

Elliott Case Alfred, New York

Scott Ely's *Pit Bull* made me sick. Anyone who enjoys reading that stuff is sleazy, red-necked white trash.

Larry White El Paso, Texas

SUSIE MAKES 30 LOOK GOOD

As a regular *Playboy* reader for the past 15 years, I must admit that I began to feel my age as I grew older and your young, beautiful Playmates stayed between the ages of 18 and 24.

The women I once adored and worshiped, who helped me through adolescence into adulthood, seemed now to be distant and incomprehensibly beyond my aging grasp. They no longer spoke of fashions and trendy manners but of careers, breaking into middle management and "finding their own space." They were all too often a subtle reminder that I am no longer the carefree lad I once was.

You cannot imagine the surprise and the revival of youthful exuberance I felt when I discovered Playmate Susie Owens (*Playboy*, March), a mature woman who is, without a doubt, a true lady of the Eighties.

Here is a person who has experienced life, set goals and followed them to achieve a successful career; an individual with values and a sense of purpose not found in the young; a woman who is proud of her appearance and not ashamed of expressing it with an openness that only nudity allows.

Maybe I'm not as young as I used to be, but with a Playmate like Susie Owens, I know I'm in good company.

Luis Neira Uvalde, Texas

I am a 33-year-old registered nurse, mom and wife who regularly reads *Playboy*. One of my biggest gripes has been the frequency with which you choose teeny-boppers as your Playmates. Therefore, it was a great pleasure to read about 31-year-old

nurse Susie Owens, your March Playmate. Not only is her physical shape inspiring but she makes some illuminating observations about the nursing profession. I especially like the way she has directed her work toward wellness instead of illness.

Now I'd like to read about a 40-year-old Playmate. That would, once and for all, end any trend you might have established that could be considered discriminatory toward older women.

> Emilie Budd Dolores, Colorado

A buddy of mine once told me, "You know you are getting old when the Playmates are younger than you." So when I reached the age of 24, I gave up the thought of ever seeing another Playmate my age.

Thus, I was stunned to read that the March Playmate, Susie Owens, with her youthful beauty, is older than I am. I know girls of 17, 18 and 19 who would kill to look

The real surprise was that when I looked at *Playboy*'s November 1983 issue, in which Susie appears in your pictorial on nurses (*Women in White*), I realized that she looks even better now than she did then! I only hope I will age as well in four years as Susie has.

Gregory K. Smith Denton, Texas

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

TV advertising trend of the month cinéma vérité. You remember it from the Fifties and Sixties: shaky pictures, extreme close-ups and stray characters wandering in front of the camera. Now, jerky handheld camerawork is selling everything from Grape-Nuts to Levi's. Call it ad vérité.

You know the ads—AT&T's grim folks facing up to their bad phones, for example. But it's so hard to care, what with the image jiggling like Jason's point of view in Friday the 13th. Your phones? Lady—get out of the house!

Ad *vérité* began innocently enough in the Seventies when political commercial maker Charles Guggenheim wanted to make his Kennedyesque shirt-sleeved guys look different from the other guy's shirt-sleeved guys. He hit on the hand-held camera, recording the candidate with the folks, in a sort of newsy-documentary sense.

"The concept behind doing that was to make the viewer an observer," Guggenheim says. "Sort of unannounced, someone who'd, in a sense, happened upon the scene." And since we've all been educated by the evening news to read jerky, newslike camerawork as real, such ads tend to grab our attention—which, after all, is the goal of advertising. Never mind that the entire nation has succumbed to seasickness.

COUNTRY BOY?

Country singing star (five top-ten albums, five number-one singles) Gary Morris says he's contemplating another starring role on Broadway in a revival (or is that a resurrection?) of Jesus Christ Superstar. While Willie Nelson may bear a greater resemblance to the original, Morris has more experience on the Great White Way. He first ditched Nashville in 1984 for a New York Public Theater production of Puccini's opera La Bohème and went on last November to take over the lead in the Broadway smash Les Misérables. We wondered whether Morris was threatening to ruin his country credentials.

"I am not, never have been nor have

purported to be a good ol' boy," he told us. "I wear my hair long, I wear a beard, I don't care about wearing spangles and I don't care about certain country traditions that I suppose I should uphold with a certain amount of reverence," he harrumphed irreverently. "But it's 1988 and why not be a part of 1988? Country music is the *only* musical format that clings to a 30-year tradition rather than grow."

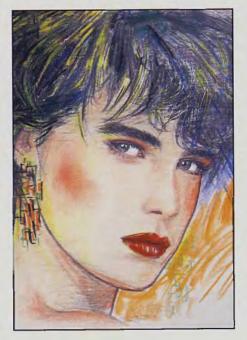
Got it, Gary. Guess we won't be seeing you at the Grand Ole Opry this year.

PETER PIPER'S PEPPER

A classified ad from a recent issue of Organic Gardening aroused our interest: "Rare Peter Pepper—realistic shape, hot, delicious. Seed, three dollars." So that's what they mean by organic gardening.

HEEL AND TOE

Tired of watching All in the Family reruns? Take a hike! That's what good old Sally (Gloria Bunker Stivic) Struthers says. Perhaps tired of waiting for a new script



from Norman Lear, Struthers has taken things into her own hands—er, feet. She's now the host of Sally Struthers' Walking Video, a fitness tape that shows striders how to put their best feet forward. The method is based on "style, rhythm and results." Archie would have loved the rhythm part.

TURNING JAPANESE

His clients call him a miracle worker. To the Japanese, he is the Swifty Lazar of baseball, the agent *extraordinaire* of some of America's major-league stars. Maybe stars is too strong a word. What Alan Meersand does is take marginal or underappreciated U.S. ballplayers and recycle them to Japan as baseball heroes.

Meersand has placed some 20 former big-leaguers there since 1980. One of his players, ex-Twin, ex-Royal, ex-Expo, ex-Padre, ex-Ranger first baseman Randy Bass, has won two Japanese Triple Crown awards (leading his league in home runs, batting average and runs batted in), a marked improvement over his flickering major-league statistics: nine home runs and a .212 average in six years. Meersand's recent negotiations snagged Bass a historic two-year \$4,000,000 contract—the highest ever given to an American in Japan.

It's easy to see why marginal major-leaguers are eager to play in Japan, but few agents succeed in placing their clients there. And Americans who do sign with Japanese teams often end up quitting before their contracts expire.

Meersand and his players are the exceptions. Why? "I teach them the ways of Japan and of Japanese baseball," he told us from his headquarters in Marina Del Rey, California. Meersand tutors his clients in Japanese language, culture, geography and food. He's proud that each of them has stayed in Japan at least two years.

Last summer, Meersand was sought out by Brian Dayett, a Cubs outfielder making \$62,500. Meersand landed him a four-year contract with the Nippon Ham Fighters of the Japanese Pacific League. Dayett's net

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Television has been a great boon to the ill and lonely, but the degree to which it has impaired the brain cells of the general population has not been measured."-Historian Barbara W. Tuchman in The New York Times Magazine.

PAY LOAD

Median weekly income for a full-time American worker in 1987: \$381.

Median weekly income for a white worker, \$391; for a black worker, \$306.

Median weekly income for an American

man, \$445; for an American woman, \$309.

SEX-TV

Average number of sexual references per hour on American television, 27; number of sexual innuendoes, ten; kisses, nine; hugs, five.

Average number of references to sexual intercourse per hour: between one and two.

Average number of references to sexually transmitted diseases per hour, .10; to sex education, .06; to birth control, fewer than .02.

WHERE DID YOU CATCH THAT?

Percentage of single Americans who learn about sexually transmitted diseases mostly from magazines, 51; from television, 48; from newspapers, 40; from friends, 27; from parents, 12; from sex partners, ten; from hospitals, nine.

THE LOW-DOWN

Percentage of U.S. adults who think they have a right to know whether a political candidate drinks heavily, 90;



FACT OF THE MONTH

The United Nations costs the city of New York \$16,000,000 a year in lost taxes, unpaid parking tickets and uncompensated police protection. How much does the UN spend in New York City each year? Eight hundred million dollars.

cheats on income-tax returns, 80; is a homosexual, 62; cheated in college, 43; has been unfaithful to his/her spouse, 28.

DISPLACED PERSONS

In one year, average number of Americans who change residences: 46,500,000.

Percentage of the total population that moves: 20.2; in the West, 24.8; South, 21.8; Midwest, 19.1; Northeast, 14.4.

Percentage of men who move, 21; of women, 19.7.

COURT

Percentage of Federal judges appointed by President Reagan: 45.

Percentage of appointees who are black, 1.6; who are women, 8.4.

Percentage of lawvers in America who are black, three; who are women, 13.

SPORTS TV

Percentage of Americans who tune in N.F.L. football, 37; major-league baseball, 37; college football, 29; college basketball, 21; professional basketball, 20; bowling, 17; professional wrestling, 17; tennis, 16.

Top five TV advertisers during sports programs in 1987: Anheuser-Busch (\$96,100,000); General Motors (\$95,100,000); Philip Morris (\$89,400,000); Ford Motors (\$45,500,000); and the United States Armed Forces (\$44,100,000).

BLAH DAY

Percentage of personnel directors who say that their employees are least productive on Fridays: 59.

take? A possible \$3,750,000, including incentives. "I realized when I became a player agent that there's more than just U.S. baseball," Meersand said. What's next? Try Korea.

WHO WAS THAT MAX?

It wasn't the computer-generated wacko of the airwaves, Max Headroom himself. No, it was a masked impostor who broke into local Chicago television broadcasts and showed off his fanny, among other things. In his first of two appearances, mock Max interrupted a sports broadcast for 20 seconds of cackling before the TV station's engineers dumped him.

Later the same night, on a different channel, the ersatz Max struck again with a truly bizarre routine that lasted a full minute and 28 seconds. The screen flickered and then a guy in a Max mask, shades and a tacky-looking rust-colored sports coat appeared and cackled, whooped, sang off key and rambled wildly, at times wagging an oversized rubber finger-or was it a rubber penis? "Catch the wave!" he wailed, throwing an empty Pepsi can off screen. "They're coming to get me!" he shrieked. Turning around, he stood up and bent over to reveal his bare buttocks. Then a woman, visible only from the neck down and wielding a flyswatter, began spanking Max until engineers managed to reclaim the airwaves.

So far, Federal investigators have not found the perpetrator, who faces a possible sentence of one year in the slammer and/or \$10,000 in fines. That's the max, anyway.

THE FAST-FOOD CHAIN

We know we're supposed to be reveling in the Reagan legacy about now, but we can't help noticing that socially relevant (dare we say "protest"?) pop songs are making a comeback. In February, we mentioned Mr. Mister's Dust, about Amerasian orphans. Now The Jungle Pioneer, a song about agribusiness, has popped up on Manhattan Transfer's new LP, Brasil.

Man Tran founder-member-producer Tim Hauser says he got the idea for the song from an article in L.A. Weekly about the redevelopment of the Brazilian rain forest, which involves cutting down the forest to raise cattle, injecting them with steroids and slaughtering and selling them to fast-food chains in North America. "They take this magical, mysterious place and then make it into a hamburger," he said. Hauser got together with like-minded lyricist Brock Walsh and composers Milton Nascimento and Marcio Borges and produced the song, written from the perspective of one of the plunderers.

And so, "Day by day, life is eliminated-God's own work, altered and uncreated," sings the pioncer between swings of the ax. The moral of the story, according to Hauser: "You put yourself in the place of God, then you're in trouble."



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1979 Car and Drivar	1980 BMW Roundel	1980 Car and Driver	1981 BMW Roundel	1982 Cer and Drivar	1983 BMW Roundal	1983 BMW Roundal	1985 BMW Roundel	1987 Car and Driver	1987 BMW Roundel	1987 Popular Machanics
151 Escort Rearrinder Fuzzbuster Double Nickel Hawk Eye Snooper Radar Sentry Super Eliminator Whistler Fox Super Buster X-Kaliber	➤ 151 Escort Whistler Fox Radar Intercept Fuzzbuster Fox Sidewinder Fuzzbuster Bearfinder Snooper	► 151 Escort Fox Whistler Radar Intercept	► 1st Escort Gul Whistler Fuzzbuster Fox Radar Intercept Snooper	Si Escort Gul Bel K40 Radar Intercept Whistler Radio Shack Fuzzbuster Fox Phantom	► 151 Escort Whistler Fox Radio Shack	► 151 Escort Whistler Bel Fuzzbuster Gul Cobra Fot K40 Gul Radar Intercept Radio Shack	> 1st Passport > 248 Escort Whistler K40 Fuzzbuster Uniden Cobra Bel Snooper Whistler Bel Fox Fox Bel	151 Passport (Escort not tested) Cobra Uniden Radio Shack Bel Whistler Sparkomatic Fox Gul	➤ 151 Passport ➤ 250 Escort Bel Whistler Maxon Radio Shack Uniden Fox Cobra Bel Snooper Fuzzbuster Sparkomatic Sunkyong	> 1st Escort > 2st Passpor Bel Snooper Uniden Whistler Cobra Gul Radio Shack Sparkomatic Mazon
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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ENERGY AND exuberance must be bursting from her genes. That would explain why Carrie Hamilton, who is Carol Burnett's daughter, galvanizes her feature-film debut in Tokyo Pop (Spectrafilm) into a onegamine spectacular. Granted, she has a talented co-star in Yutaka Tadokoro, a dynamo on a roll in the world of Japanese rock. But Hamilton, boyishly bobbed and blonde and making music that seems to well up like laughter, takes charge of an otherwise unexceptional rock-to-riches saga. The once famously wayward teenager (now collaborating with her mom on a book about her battle with drugs) has clearly evolved into a seasoned pro. After picking Carrie, co-author and director Fran Rubel Kuzui's second-best idea was to set this East-meets-West romance in Japan, where a punkish singer named Wendy goes to look for adventure, experience and stardom. She finds all three with a rocker named Hiro but has to come back home to really find herself. Got it? Don't sweat it. Tokyo Pop offers lots of amusing, exotic local color to glitz up its clichés, while Hamilton blithely carries the show. ***

Like any film directed by Nicolas Roeg, Track 29 (Island) may baffle audiences conditioned by movies that let you see where you're going and leave you knowing just where you've been. A screenplay by British writer Dennis Potter (count Pennies from Heaven among his loftier imaginative flights) gives Roeg's roguishness even more leeway than usual. Track 29 leads headlong into the psyche of a young North Carolina matron, played by Roeg's wife, sultry Theresa Russell (see 20 Questions elsewhere in this issue), who drinks to forget that she's childless, suffering from the heat and married to a boorish doctor (Christopher Lloyd) with a passion for model trains. The doctor also has a secret passion for bondage games with his favorite nurse (Sandra Bernhard, whose scenes vis-à-vis Lloyd are black-comic gems). Catharsis for the heroine coincides with the arrival in town of a mysterious young Englishman who may or may not exist, may resemble a stranger by whom she was left pregnant as a teenager, or may be the long-lost son she gave up at birth. Whoever he is, Britain's Gary Oldman snakes through the role with insolent charm-reminiscent of his previous dark-side characters in Sid and Nancy and Prick Up Your Ears. Oldman's tantalizing collisions with Russell make Track 29 perversely funny, a hallucinatory comedy that trips along from hints of incest to simple home wrecking and homicide. ***

A merger of corporate ruthlessness and cannibalism occurs in **Consuming Passions** (Samuel Goldwyn), written by two other



Tokyo Pop's Hamilton, Tadokoro.

Carrie shows her star genes; *Bright Lights* dim on screen.

guys but based on a play by those Monty Python miscreants, Michael Palin and Terry Jones. Something vital must have been lost in translation. The unabashedly vulgar action starts in a failing candy factory, where a nerdy young executive trainee (Tyler Butterworth) accidentally pushes a button that blends three fellow employees into a vat of chocolate. While the resulting bonbons come out vummy, the movie's taste level deteriorates fast. Freddie Jones and Jonathan Pryce, both seasoned performers, play the company heads who requisition more corpses to meet public demand for their flavorful new goodies. Consuming Passions reaches rock bottom, though, with the appearance of Vanessa Redgrave, an awesome actress in a god-awful role as a horny Maltese widow who develops a sweet tooth for our hero after her late husband's chocolate-coated death. Try this junk-food bundle from Britain and you won't want to go back for seconds. \\%'2

Having lost his wife, his mother and his job at a smart magazine, the muddled young man about Manhattan in *Bright Lights, Big City* (UA) seeks to fill the void with nose candy. Coke is his solace during an odyssey marked by what he calls "D" words: disco, dames and drugs. It all worked smoothly in Jay McInerney's pungent best seller, an urban tale of downfall and redemption told with keen, self-deprecating humor. Most of the humor is missing from McInerney's own adaptation, directed with little rhythm or momentum by James Bridges. Michael J. Fox is engagingly earnest as the corrupt-

ible hero, Kiefer Sutherland engagingly shallow as his fun-seeking chum, Tad Allagash. The book's bones glow, yes, but the instant high is gone. ****

The strength of Do (FilmDallas) stems from the earthy warmth and sensitivity of Hugh Leonard's adaptation of his Broadway stage hit. Like the play, the movie is blessed with a matchless performance by Barnard Hughes. In the title role, he's the deceased father (Da is for Dad, if you're speakin' brogue) of an Irish-born New York playwright who flies home for his da's funeral, only to find that the crusty old bugger won't get out of his head, his gut or his field of vision. Yet there's nothing truly ethereal about Da. Under director (and former actor) Matt Clark's reverent and loving hand, the flexible time frame of the movie flows freely through flashbacks, with past and present bridged in a wink by Hughes as a very substantial ghost. In fact, he's largely a memory in the mind of his son Charlie, whose mourning reveries become instant replays of old quarrels, old hurts, universal father-son confrontations. Martin Sheen plays a perfectly attuned second fiddle as the returned prodigal, nicely complemented by Karl Hayden as young Charlie, who is not overly impressed by his adult alter ego. William Hickey and Doreen Hepburn shine among the Irish types upstaging some glorious scenery. Brace yourself for chuckles, tugs at the heart and salty tears as certain as an Irish mist. ***1/2

The tired formula for making movies from Agatha Christie's collected works is fairly simple: Just hire every available celebrity who's willing to take the money and run off to some exotic locale to flesh out the list of suspects. In Appointment with Death (Cannon), Peter Ustinov turns up for his third stint as the portly sleuth Hercule Poirot, whose companions in transit include John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Piper Laurie, David Soul, Carrie Fisher, Jenny Seagrove and Hayley Mills. Lured off to Israel by producer-director Michael Winner, they all wind up shooting scenes at an archaeological site where the Dead Sea Scrolls were unearthed. Although ham is not supposed to be kosher in those parts, Appointment heaps generous portions atop a turgid screenplay that should have been buried with the scrolls but much deeper. ¥

The place is Newcastle, England, looking suitably dank and clammy for **Stormy Monday** (Atlantic), a mean-streets B movie with some class-A flourishes. Sting, who was born there, fits right in as a local night-club owner currently booking a Polish jazz ensemble. He's also resisting take-over moves by a vicious American tycoon (Tommy Lee Jones) who wants to

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buy up huge chunks of waterfront property for redevelopment. British writer-director Mike Figgis confidently sustains the movie's nervous improvisational mood, while Melanie Griffith, as Jones's ex-mistress, and Sean Bean, as Sting's flunky, pair off during breaks in the action. Although her connection to the plot is tenuous at best, Griffith's camera presence makes her seem to be the main event. If the girl in every port were someone like Melanie, sailor had best beware. \\ \forall \forall '\forall '\

As writer, director and co-star of A New Life (Paramount), Alan Alda scores highest with his screenplay, an enlightened comedy about a middle-aged Manhattan couple who discovers that life begins with divorce. Alda and Ann-Margret are the twosome drawn inch by inch into consciousness raising. He fumes, fumbles—and, in the early scenes, often overacts—before he finds a gorgeous, scnsible woman doctor (strongly played by Veronica Hamel) who



Playing politics: Richardson is Hearst.

OFF CAMERA

Talk about irony. Guess who's playing the plum title role in Patty Hearst, director Paul (Taxi Driver) Schrader's upcoming drama about the American heiress kidnaped by radical militants? None other than British-born Natasha Richardson, daughter of outspoken leftist Vanessa Redgrave. Natasha (her father is director Tony Richardson) doesn't share her mother's political views, but she's potentially just as talented an actress. "Paul saw me in Ken Russell's Gothic and got the idea," she says between transatlantic hops for some final chores on the psychological thriller shot in the San Francisco Bay Area, where Hearst was abducted by the Symbionese Liberation Army. "Patty wrote about 12 pages of notes on the script, which were quite helpful. Making the movie," says Natasha, "was a very harrowing experience for me as an actress, living what she went through. But I, at least, got to go home at night."

teaches him how to be a real husband the second time around. Ann-Margret, that Sixties icon who seems to age like the best California wine, excels as a long-neglected wife and mother on the way to learning that a possessive, passionate young lover (John Shea) is not what she has been missing after all. Alda's direction ranges from sentimental-slick to wobbly, yet New Life exudes an engaging warmth. **YY

British colonials steeped in depravity in Kenya while their countrymen brave the 1940 blitz make White Mischief (Columbia) an explosively erotic spectacle. Freely adapted from James Fox's book about real-life indolence, infidelity and murder, the movie hasn't a single admirable character. Still, Greta Scacchi, Charles Dance, Joss Ackland and Sarah Miles are wickedly fascinating as privileged folk flamboyantly abusing their privileges. **YY**

Ever hear of C.R.A.S.H.? It's a Los Angeles police unit officially called Community Resources Against Street Hoodlums, and its beleaguered law enforcers are the main men in Colors (Orion), a hard, brutal and festering picture of gang warfare in East L.A. Dennis Hopper dons his director's cap to steer Robert Duvall and Sean Penn through the conventional format of an old cop-young cop yarn, via chases, investigations and bloody shoot-outs. As the feisty, quick-fisted junior member of the team. Penn is obviously cast to type, but both he and Duvall are tough-guy stars whose ballsy charisma never dims. The mostly black and Hispanic marauders, dressed to kill-the film's title refers to the identifying reds, blues or other hues they choose as a fashion statement-look drugged, dangerous and stubbornly resistant to reform. Cinematographer Haskell Wexler sets the tone with vivid images of a graffiti-spattered limbo seemingly sealed off from normal civilization. Colors' world is one where the macho ideal is Rambo, where rap songs drone out anger and despair, and it's disturbingly real. ***

Neil Simon's Biloxi Blues (Universal), directed by Mike Nichols with his usual showbiz savvy, retains most of the rowdy, boyish charm and unabashed nostalgia that made the play a major success on Broadway. This is chapter two in Simon's autobiographical trilogy-drawn from his memories of boot camp and basic training midway through World War Two, circa 1943. Matthew Broderick repeats his stage role as Eugene, the quintessential Simon youth, with Christopher Walken interestingly miscast as Sergeant Toomey, the psychotic noncom, who comes on pretty strong for so mild a comedy. Yet the movie improves on the play in spelling out Eugene's awkward sexual initiation with a prostitute (Park Overall) on the same day that he discovers dreamy first love with a Catholic schoolgirl named Daisy (Penelope Ann Miller) at the U.S.O. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

And God Created Woman (Reviewed 5/88) Vadim retosses BB's salad days with mild sauce De Mornay. Appointment with Death (See review) Undoing another Christie classic. Biloxi Blues (See review) Neil Simon says he's in the Army now. Bright Lights, Big City (See review) Like the book, but dimmed a bit. **881/** Broadcast News (3/88) TV anchors away in a glib, wry romantic comedy. ***** Colors (See review) Dennis Hopper's front-line report from the barrio. *** Consuming Passions (See review) It's pure dyspepsia, but, oh, Vanessa. ¥1/2 Do (See review) Barnard Hughes hosts and ghosts a fine Irish wake. XXX1/2 D.O.A. (Listed only) Remade with Quaid, but inferior to the oldy. XX Frantic (Listed only) Harrison Ford combs Paris in so-so thriller. Goodbye, Children (4/88) Jewish boys at a French Catholic school in Louis Good Morning, Vietnam (4/88) Here's why Robin Williams won his first Oscar nomination. Hairspray (4/88) Teens on TV, with the late Divine as stage momma. ¥¥1/2 The Last Emperor (2/88) Bertolucci's majestic portrait of modern China in the final throes of monarchy. **8888** Midnight Crossing (Listed only) All at sea, except for unsinkable Dunaway. ** Mondo New York (Listed only) Grim to Grand Guignol in Gotham. A New Life (See review) Alan Alda and XXX Ann-Margret after Splitsville. Off Limits (Listed only) Willem Dafoe, Gregory Hines stalk Saigon killer. ***/2 Patti Rocks (2/88) Sexy sleeper about Shoot to Kill (Listed 5/88) Harrowing adventure with Poitier, Berenger. *** Sister Sister (4/88) Evil deeds, plus things that go bump in the bayou. Stand and Deliver (5/88) A dedicated teacher brightens up East L.A. Stormy Monday (See review) With a well-weathered Miss Griffith. ¥¥1/2 Switching Channels (5/88) The Front Page again, fraved at the edges. Tokyo Pop (See review) Another Carrie who really makes things move. Track 29 (See review) Roeg on a roll, with Oldman hassling Russell. *** Travelling North (5/88) A geriatric duo *** finding true love down under. The Unbearable Lightness of Being (5/88) Men, women, politics-and so far, the 2222 sexiest adult movie of the year. White Mischief (See review) World War Two scandals, out of Africa

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MUSIC

VIC GARBARINI

ALMOST a quarter of a century after blues fans began writing CLAPTON IS GOD on London walls, PolyGram has issued the ultimate Eric Clapton retrospective. Crossroads is a six-album (four-CD) digitally remastered extravaganza ranging from his earliest demos to his latest solo material. All the hits and highlights you'd expect are here, from the Yardbirds' For Your Love through Cream, Blind Faith, Derek and the Dominos (Layla) and Clapton's solo work. But the real news is that more than a third of the 73 tracks consist of rare and previously unreleased material from nearly every Clapton era. The newly released Derek and the Dominos material is the real find here. Spurred on by Duane Allman and an unrequited love for Patti Harrison, this is Clapton's most incandescent playing since his Mayall days. The slow-burn live versions of Key to the Highway and Crossroads are exquisite, as is the entire side of selections originally slated for the second Dominos record. After the deaths of Jimi Hendrix, Duane Allman, Janis Joplin and others, Clapton became more musically cautious, toning down his intensity during the Seventies. This laid-back Clapton-in-thedoldrums period is represented by some respectable efforts, including Motherless Children and a live I Shot the Sheriff, plus some rare singles. His somewhat-rejuvenated Eighties work is topped off with the surprisingly effective remake of After Midnight that recently popped up in a Michelob beer ad. Overall, Crossroads offers up equal portions of the expected and the unexpected from one of rock's seminal figures. Now, will somebody do the same for Hendrix?

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Teenaged rock-and-roll stars have become such a rarity that it was only after their albums went platinum that grownups paid Debbie Gibson and Tiffany any mind. Now the fun is to compare and contrastwhich sexy ingénue would you like to date, or have a heart-to-heart with? Well, neither, but on the turntable, I'll go for the Californian who doesn't write her own material. Tiffany is convincing in the role of a solid kid who knows the location of her heart and her vagina. The strongest cuts on Tiffony (MCA) are the side openers: Should've Been Me, which has her pining for her ex-beau's jacket, and I Saw Him Standing There, which adds new touches to the Beatles' teen dream. Neither had been released as a single at the 2,000,000 mark. More platinum, coming right up.

As for Gibson, I ask you, is it really possible to be independently wealthy and a girl next door simultaneously? What an ambitious miss, and what a phony. If you're



Clapton turns silver.

Twenty-five years of Eric Clapton; women with staying power.

weak for the Latin-disco synth beats of Only in My Dreams and Shake Your Love, which are definitely the best Out of the Blue (Atlantic) has to offer, try the real thing—at least one third of Exposé is Latino.

While the females in the trio are even flimsier than Gibson personalitywise, they're magnanimous enough to segue their three best songs into one ten-minute megamix on the Seasons Change (Arista) 12-inch EP, which I recommend.

The three New York lookers who make up the Cover Girls aren't above sharing production touches with both Exposé and Gibson or putting real phony pop songs on **Show Me** (Sever/Sutra), a debut album any Svengali would be proud to have produced. More platinum, coming right up.

NELSON GEORGE

Brenda Russell is a formerly missing gem returned to her proper setting. As a singer-songwriter on A&M in the early Eighties, she made a few intelligent, thoughtful albums, earning a cult following and a minor hit: So Good, So Right. She penned some outstanding songs, including If Only for One Night, which was covered memorably by Luther Vandross, but A&M dropped her. Some said she couldn't write hits; others, that as a black singer, she would never be a viable pop stylist.

That was before Russell wrote and coproduced *Dinner with Gershwin* for Donna Summer. Since then, A&M has re-inked Russell, and **Get Here**, coproduced by exRufus member Andre Fischer and bassist Stanley Clarke, is my early pick as 1988's most important comeback album. Russell turns in a series of bright, engaging and ultramelodic songs. *Piano in the Dark* is a honey-sweet piano ballad with a clever, recurring tempo change that provides its real vitality. The mid-tempo *This Time I Need You* is about the shifting weight of responsibility in a relationship. The lyrics to many of her songs deal with the realities of a mature love: sharing and, oh, yeah, pain.

Some of these songs, even if they don't become hits for Russell, are so good they're likely to score for other singers. Let's hope that the late Eighties prove that a thoughtful musician such as Brenda Russell can enjoy commercial success.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

David Lee Roth's an entertainer of enormous charm, much in the tradition of his hero, Al Jolson. He has the glitz and the will to do anything to make you like him, even to hang by a rope from a mountain, which you can see in spectacular fashion on the cover of **Skyscroper** (Warner). His lyrics are full of warmth, happiness and confidence in the physical world. Unfortunately, the album

GUEST SHOT



GLORIA ESTEFAN and Miami Sound Machine hit big with the international Spanish-speaking audience II albums ago. Since then, they've conquered North American pop with such hits as "Bad Boy" and "Can't Stay Away from You." Singer-songwriter Estefan clearly enjoys trying uncharted territory, and that's why she reviewed David Lee Roth's "Skyscraper" (Warner).

"To tell the truth, I'm surprised I like this album. This isn't a normal part of my musical diet. Then again, Roth is a stage performer I truly enjoy, so perhaps my pleasure in this is a gut reaction to a classic showbiz personality. He's utterly confident and makes no apologies for himself. He knows how to laugh at himself, too. Steve Vai plays an incredible lead guitar—lots of musical experimentation and not a boring note on the whole record."

FAST TRACKS

R	o c	K M	E 1	T E	R
	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
AC/DC Blow Up Your Video	3	7	5	8	7
Debbie Gibson Out of the Blue	3	6	5	6	5
Gladys Knight & the Pips All Our Love	7	5	8	6	6
David Lee Roth Skyscraper	3	7	6	5	6
Keith Sweat Make It Last Forever	5	4	8	7	6

TELL IT LIKE IT IS DEPARTMENT: When the Housemartins split up this past winter, we got what must be the most honest press release we've ever seen. Said their label, Go! Discs, "The band genuinely feel that they have taken things as far as they can without managing to break through the 'quite good' barrier." We'll really keep our eye out for those guys in the future.

REELING AND ROCKING: Kris Kristofferson has been added to the cast of Big Top Pee-wee, you-know-who's next film. . . . Bob Geldof will direct his first movie, Cowboys, a semiautobiographical tale set in Dublin. . . . Drummer Carmine Appice will make his movie debut in Black Roses, a horror flick about a drummer in a satanic-rock band. . . . Patti LoBelle will play a Brooklyn high school teacher in Sing. . . . Gregg Allmon makes his movie bow in Rush Week, due out as you read this. . . . A Toronto-based company, Norstar Entertainment, plans to make a movie of a novel called Dear Bruce Springsteen, by Kevin Major.

NEWSBREAKS: Elton John and Yoko Ono have submitted pieces for a celebrity AIDS book to be published by The Saturday Evening Post Society. The book will include poems, photos and other writings and will also have a contribution from our own Hugh Hefner. . . . For some good memories, keep on the lookout for Martha and the Vandellas, who are singing together for the first time in a decade. . . . Devo is back together, too, and recording an album due out this month. . . . Suzanne Vega would like to write music and lyrics for and star in a musical about writer Corson McCullers. . . . Fleetwood Mac's spring Showtime special will be released as a home video. . . . And speaking of TV specials, Peter, Paul and Mary have taped a Christmas 1988 one for public television.

Their last PBS outing helped generate more than \$4,000,000 for the educational network. . . . Jody Watley is hard at work on record number two, which she says will definitely include a ballad. . . . Van Halen will do a 25-date summer stadium tour. The next Van Halen album will include the warm, romantic song Love Is a Source of Infection. . . Led Zep news and notes: Jimmy Page will do a U.S. tour this summer following the release of his new record. On drums in his band will be Joson Bonham, son of Led Zep's late drummer, John Bonham, Page is also featured on two cuts of Robert Plant's album Now and Zen. Plant did some low-key performances in London to prepare for his U.S. tour. For the first time since he launched his solo career, he's playing some Led Zeppelin tunes on stage. . . . Kenny Aronoff has a home video, Laying It Down, which stresses the fundamentals of playing for aspiring drummers. Aronoff uses his drum parts on several John Cougar Mellencamp songs as examples. A booklet is included. . . . Sounds Good Music Company is offering two special limited editions of Songs, by George Harrison, with watercolor illustrations by Keith West. One edition (2500 copies) includes a book and a record or a CD signed by West and Harrison. The other (850 copies) is a series of lithographs of Piggies, Taxman and Here Comes the Sun. For more information, contact Sounds Good at 3355 West El Segundo Boulevard, Hawthorne, California 90250. . . And, finally, our favorite marketing concept of the month comes from the Swedish postpunk band Leather Nun, which is selling black condoms with pink skulls and crossbones on them in water-soluble ink at concerts. For three dollars, anyone can have a souvenir from a really big night on the town. -BARBARA NELLIS

has nary a riff nor a melody that I want to hear again, so I have to recommend that if you're going to spend your money on Roth, a concert ticket is a better investment.

The Swans' Children of God (Caroline) is the perfect antidote to warmth, happiness and confidence in the physical world. Not since Joy Division has anyone come out of the despairing-puritan and/or existentialist tradition with such relentless guilt and flagellation. Their minor-key power chords, played at dirge pace with Gregorian chant-like melodies, are surprisingly beautiful even if you're not planning to commit suicide. If the economy collapses and everyone is wondering why God is treating us to a taste of hell, these guys will be number one on the charts. They make Kierkegaard sound like Tiffany.

Yanni's **Out of Silence** (Private Music) is New Age that is more appropriate for dancing than for meditation. It's a couple of technosteps beyond *Chariots of Fire* and lots faster. No departure from Private Music tradition, but I like its tradition, and Yanni even has melodies.

DAVE MARSH

Since 1984's Buscando America, salsa star Rubén Blades has been snatching his influences and inflections where he finds them to craft genuinely transnational pop music. But since Blades sings—however marvelously—in Spanish, most Americans have never given him a chance.

On Nothing but the Truth (Elektra), entirely written and sung in English, Blades meets Anglophones more than halfway. Several of the songs were written and/or recorded with such stars as Sting, Elvis Costello, Lou Reed and James Ingram. They won't storm the Top 40, but they do constitute a beautiful, literate and visionary album, as if Randy Newman had been blessed with Michael McDonald's pipes.

The album's strongest music is still made with Blades's regular band, Seis del Solar. The Hit, the opening track, is a brilliant fable that wouldn't be out of place on an early Springsteen LP, evoking both the plain-spokenness and the utter strangeness of street life. Its chorus ("Don't double-cross the ones you love . . 'cause no one can say when you'll need a friend out on the street") is a hummable statement of commitment to the salsa faithful: Blades is reaching out, not selling out.

Nothing but the Truth also reveals a potent knowledge of rock roots and how to apply them. Ollie's Doo-Wop deflates Lieutenant Colonel North's assertions as adeptly as it caresses Frankie Lymon's harmonies. Sting's I Can't Say actually makes credible the Policeman's Latin-inflected jazz-rock. Writing with Reed, Blades is an edgy rocker; with Costello, he becomes a moody balladeer. Not that the album is just a superstar pastiche—every bit of it sounds like nothing but Rubén Blades, who is, in the age of Julio Iglesias and George Michael, something better: a real artist. Everybody ought to speak that language.



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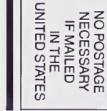
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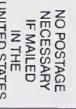
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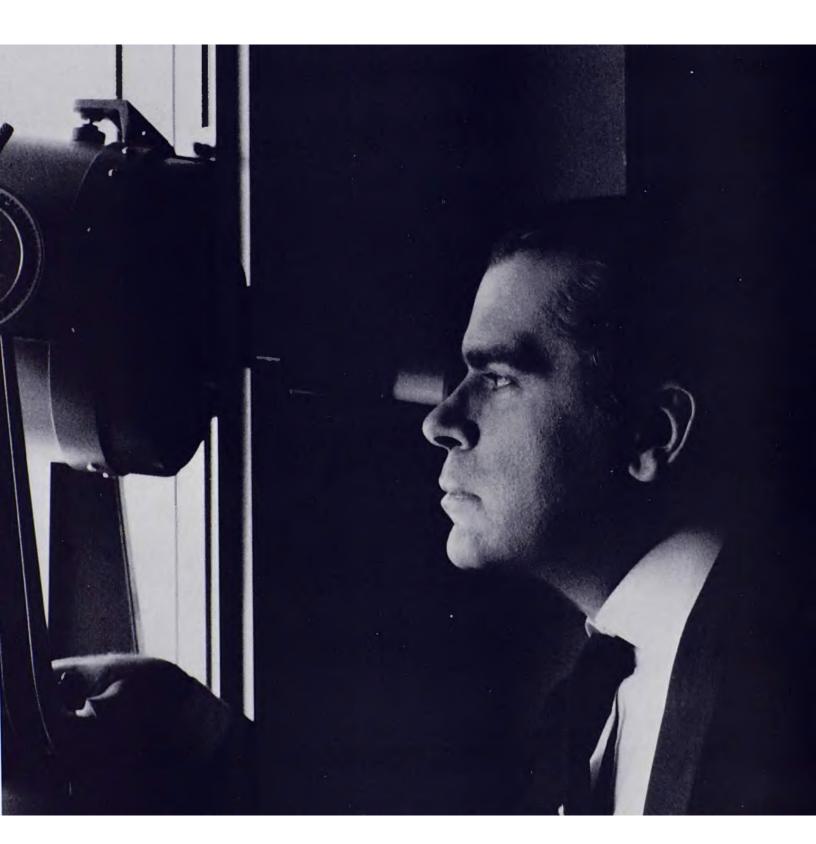
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BOOKS

PICO IYER SET OFF to tour the East-Bali, Tibet, Nepal, China, the Philippines, Burma, Hong Kong, India, Thailand and Japanand to find how American culture had seeped into those far-and somehow notso-far-away places. In Video Night in Kothmandu (Knopf), he loads up the striking, sometimes hilarious contradictions that obtain in lands where the natives have adapted aspects of American culture whimsically and sometimes nonsensically. A kid who is likely to shout "Yankee go home" is also likely to be wearing a Springsteen BORN IN THE U.S.A. T-shirt while doing so; a transvestite in Singapore, asked to name the best restaurant in a town celebrated for its combination of Chinese, Indian and Malaysian delicacies, answers, without hesitation, "Denny's." The Third World responds well to the images and cultural icons of the First World. But Iver sees that when Westerners invade little pieces of paradise, their conquest is devastating: a kind of Coca-colonizing. Video Night in Kathmandu is an entertaining guide to places most of us won't ever see and a reminder that we may not be able to investigate a culture without changing it. Forever.

In William Kennedy's adventurous new novel, Quinn's Book (Viking), the dead don't stay dead, the poor don't stay poor and the plot is not at all predictable. A likable self-taught journalist called Daniel Quinn narrates, bringing a fresh eye to such bread-and-butter literary themes as war, freedom and true love. His quest is for the last, specifically in the form of Maud Fallon, whom Quinn rescues from drowning at story's beginning but is separated from for most of the next 15 years until story's end.

Like Kennedy's much-admired Albany trilogy (Legs, Billy Phelan's Greatest Game and Ironweed), this book constitutes another visit to 19th Century Albany, New York. And, like the earlier books, it boasts a Dickensian cast of characters, plus a trove of cultural details as compelling as the plot: A stock speculator, for example, travels in a huge coach carrying "five cuddlesome women," drawn by six horses that follow the German marching band he has hired to travel with him for the week.

This time, though, Kennedy tries out a new dimension—the supernatural. But it's not of the Rod Serling yikes-we're-in-the-Twilight-Zone sort. Kennedy's supernatural is much more playfully integrated with real life, the way it is in the works of such Latin-American writers as Carlos Fuentes and Gabriel García Márquez. Here, Kennedy has dreamed up a female dancer whose performances elicit thunderclaps, a resurrection through sex and one man's fate glimpsed through the eyeball of a dead woman. Powerful forces are at work in



Pico lyer's guide to the changing East.

Coca-colonizing the East; spectacular new novels from Kennedy and García Márquez

Quinn's Book, not the least being the strength of Kennedy's imagination.

Imagine Rocky filmed in the style of Fellini's Satyricon and you may be ready for Harry Crews's latest novel, The Knockout Artist (Harper & Row). Crews has added another eccentric character to his catalog of Gothic heroes, a list that includes Gospel singers, snake farmers, a side-show freak who eats cars piece by piece and a karate student whose dojo was the bottom of a drained swimming pool. The knockout artist is Eugene Talmadge Biggs, a washed-up prize fighter with a glass jaw who turns himself into a human novelty by knocking himself out at kinky parties. His girlfriend, Charity, is a psych major whose interview technique consists of turning on a Dictaphone in the middle of a raging fuck. The rest of the sick crew consists of a girl who performs on stage with a Teddy bear outfitted with a switchblade cock, a red-headed lesbian named Jake and a twisted businessman called The Oyster Boy. It is a rich gumbo, not to everyone's taste but memorable. One of the recurring images of the novel, a BMW motorcycle laid dangerously low to the point of scraping chassis to pavement, best describes the uneasy, thrilling feel of this book.

Gabriel García Márquez, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1982 and author of *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, has weighed in with another novel of equal humor, imagination and craziness: **Love in the** Time of Cholera (Knopf). The book begins with the death of one of the major characters as he tries to chase and strangle his parrot, a bird that can talk back in any language and can also bark like a dog. García Márquez weaves his unusual legends with his usual magic, and what you get is a world all its own, filled with love, sex, death and laughter. Just what we might expect from the best novelist alive.

The thrill of the first tee shot of the U.S. Open, the agony of the shank on the muni course—they're all here in Mike Bryan's **Dogleg Modness** (Atlantic Monthly), an account of the author's love affair with golf. The book's title belies its low-key approach to the game. Bryan is a calm, suitably humbled hacker who details the horrid frailties of his own game as well as he describes the strengths and weaknesses of the pros. Whether addressing the holy coils of Saint Andrews or the baked fairways of a nine-hole ranch in Ozona, Texas, he evokes the spirit of golf as well as any current writer.

As Germany hurtles toward national suicide in 1944, Sebastian Westland, 17, enlists in the Waffen SS. His father dead, his mother unhinged, his best friend crippled in a freak accident, Sebastian leaves his country village for a 13-week militarytraining course in a Bavarian castle. "Now is the time for heroes!" exhorts the SS "ideology" teacher. Neither hero nor ideologue, Sebastian trundles off to the blood bath on the Western front. Night over Day over Night (Knopf), a stunning first novel by Paul Watkins, is a triumph of detail: the scrape of hobnail boots on cobblestones, a veil of new snow in a bomb crater, the sound of laughter "like a small animal choking." How refreshing to find a young author tackling issues other than modern angst; how gratifying that his talents are equal to the task.

BOOK BAG

It's Anybody's Ballgame (Contemporary), by Joe Garagiola: Baseball's other Joe shows why he has never been too far away from the bigs. Garagiola spins a baseball yarn the way Doctor K throws heat.

One of the Guys (Simon & Schuster), by Harry Stein, subtitled "The Wising Up of an American Man": Finally, an Erma Bombeck for men. Stein's walk down his personal memory lane reveals his slants on life, love, ladies, family, friends and foibles.

Shooting from the Lip (Bonus), by Mike Lupica: A chronicle of the very best columns from the New York Daily News and Esquire sportswriter extraordinaire. Call Lupica the Hunter Thompson of sports journalism and buy this book!

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THE REFRESHEST

GAMES

By GENE STONE

THE STORY IS that our dollar-a-chip boys'night-out poker game went to Las Vegas and destroyed the winner of the World Series of Poker in half an hour. But first, a few details.

New York. Two AM. January 7, 1987. Bob Asahina, David Blum, Richard Ben Cramer, David Hirshey, Ron Rosenbaum, Gil Schwartz and I. Candy wrappers, pretzels and cigarette butts littered the floor. So did chips, most of which were Rosenbaum's. "I won \$125," he said. Rosenbaum wins the most, as he is the most single-minded, pokerwise. When he plays, he pays attention.

"I won, too," Cramer said. He is another frequent victor, as we deal a lot of inventive games and Cramer has invented many of their rules.

The rest of us counted our chips. "I won, too," we all said. The rest of us don't win as much, particularly all in the same game.

And then, minutes later, from the poker cloud that envelops his playing time, Blum spoke: "I won, too." Blum has, on occasion, mistaken his fingers for chips, claiming to have won hundreds of dollars.

Now, some might think our creative accounting would throw us into disarray. Not so. We aren't guys who question truth in the face of bare facts. Each one of us makes his living as a writer and/or editor.

"You know," Schwartz said, "we are very good players." He continued. "I wonder just how good we are," he said. "I mean, we need to know how good we are." Schwartz talks a lot at the game, as he doesn't get much of a chance at home.

"One way to find out," Rosenbaum said, with his clear logic. "We'll call the winner of the World Series of Poker and challenge him. Then we'll see how good we are."

We looked at him and at one another. We were speechless at our genius. Then Asahina spoke. "A good idea," he said. That clinched it. Asahina seldom talks, so when he does, we assume it's the truth. We agreed it was our destiny to face off against the world's champion poker player. We shook hands, left and forgot the whole thing.

All of us except Hirshey. Our group is a nervous one, but Hirshey's condition is most easily aroused, by events large and small, such as traffic accidents in foreign countries, or the dawn. Or, as it pertains here, the absence of someone on the other end of the phone, which is always in Hirshey's ear. Hirshey, falling back on the charm he has developed over the years of dealing with temperamental writers, convinced the World Series' publicist that we deserved a chance to play the champ.

For some reason, Henri, the publicist,



Card sharks: Ruthless stakes in Vegas.

Seven aspiring poker studs plot the ultimate boys' night out . . . with the "Orient Express."

accepted. There we were, booked to play the winner of the World Series of Poker. The chance to challenge the best. We were a little anxious.

The World Series of Poker was founded in 1970 by Benny Binion (the owner of Binion's Horseshoe Hotel and Casino in downtown Las Vegas). In 1971, the first year a cash prize was offered, the series attracted six players competing for \$30,000 in prize money. This year, 152 gamblers from all over the world entered the tournament to play for \$1,520,000. As soon as we got the chance to play these guys, our nerves frayed. The first to go was Schwartz. A month before the event, he announced he couldn't join us. "It's better this way," he lied. "Seven makes for a better game."

We suspected he was having a problem clearing it on the home front, but he swore that such was not the case and whimpered something about missing his kids, his dog and his job. "My wife has nothing to do with it," he said. "And you better not say that she did in your article."

Then, just before the trip, Blum made an announcement. "None of us can go," he said, "unless we sign a collaboration agreement. We could be talking TV movie here." Without a formal agreement, an offer made for our rights would expose us to bitter negotiations.

But Blum never followed through on the agreement, so by the time we showed up at the series late in May, we weren't legalized. So instead of squabbling over shares, we watched the tournament. The championship game was being played at Binion's Horseshoe Hotel and Casino, in a pit scorched by lights and surrounded by a railing that was in turn surrounded by fans; they looked as though they had all been snatched fully clothed from their previous habitat, making the place resemble a huge come-as-you-are party.

Thursday. Six men were left in the tournament. We rooted for the one we thought least likely to laugh at us: Howard Lederer, at 23 the youngest man to reach the finals. The man we most feared was Johnny Chan, the "Orient Express," a Las Vegas real-estate investor and restaurateur originally from Houston.

Late that evening, Schwartz called Hirshey. "You want to know what's going on?" Hirshey asked.

"No," Schwartz said. "I heard about the collaboration agreement. You aren't cutting me out of anything, are you?"

David Letterman was finishing up a week in Las Vegas, and Frank Sinatra and Joan Rivers were scheduled to be in town the next day. So was our game. But first Henri had arranged a practice game with three female players—Linda Ryke, Cyndy Violette and Debbie Parks. Linda is the 1987 women's champion; Cyndy is one of the most successful players on the circuit. Cramer asked Cyndy why she was playing. "I want you guys to introduce me to David Letterman," she said.

None of us knew Letterman, but we didn't tell her. Instead, Cramer explained our rules, which took half an hour. When he was finished, a dealer joined us. We spent 20 more minutes explaining rules; when we were through, she left. Another dealer, Dennis, sat down. We intended to explain the rules to him, too, but Linda finally informed us that the dealers leave the table every 20 minutes for a break.

We started. Dennis explained some house rules. "You can't hide the cards," he told Blum.

"Huh?" Blum asked from his fog. Dennis pointed to Blum's hand, curled over my cards. He removed his hand.

"Put that in the piece," Cramer said.

We played a few more hands before Hirshey called for Pass the Trash. Again we explained rules for a while. By the last hand, the women were still trying to comprehend the rules, and they had lost. "Well . . ." they said. They didn't want us to explain anything else to them, so they left, and we decided to go out on the town. Cramer had befriended a few dealers; they invited us to play poker with them, so we took a limo to their house and, after explaining our rules, we killed them. They told stories of players' debt, drugs, divorce and despair. Worst, to us, many players own pieces of other players, so when one wins, others do, too. The players sounded

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less like the Cincinnati Kid and more like us if we'd signed Blum's collaboration agreement.

We ended up cutting the evening short, because the game, indeed, turned into an embarrassment. Somehow, perhaps because we had played only our games and our rules, we annihilated them. When we felt that we had won too much, we took off, excusing ourselves, because we had to be up early for the big game. But in the limo, Hirshey decided that if we were truly boys on a night out, we had to see girls without clothes; the limo driver overheard us and volunteered to take us to a nude bar in North Las Vegas. "Don't wander far from the bar," he said, as we passed cops and drunks prowling through the streets. Frankly, we had no intention of wandering anywhere near or far from the bar; the neighborhood did not look like the sort of place given to late-night fun. Neither did the bar, where, as soon as we walked in, Hirshey got nervous and wanted to leave. But we sat dutifully far from the stage so we wouldn't have to get involved and watched what turned out to be amateur night. It was tragic, that amateur night, as the novices couldn't dance, or do much else, except reveal their bodies, which weren't much. They didn't receive much applause, either.

The emcee yelled at the audience. "If you didn't like that," he said, "we've got a real novelty act for you up on stage. Live, Jim and Tammy Bakker, having sex—with

each other!"

We laughed and promptly left.

Friday. The players were still vying for the right to play with us. We watched the final game, which Johnny Chan won at three o'clock. He was immediately enveloped by the media, giving interviews while a man in the crowd heckled him. "You look like that Chink in the movies, Charlie Chan," he kept saying until a cameraman told him that Johnny was plugged into the audible and couldn't hear anything. The heckler moved aside, leaving a space for us to move in and see that the table was being reset—for us.

And so, after months of worrying, boasting and playing hands over and over in our heads, it was time for the big game. Right there, right in the pit, in front of all the lights, the people, the cameras. No one had told us we were to play in the pit. We fled like cowards; when we returned, Henri wandered over to consult. "Ready?" he asked.

Hirshey yanked on his mustache. "Johnny's been playing a long time. Doesn't he want to take a break?" he asked.

"You are his break," Henri said.

"Put that in the piece," Rosenbaum told me.

"I guess Johnny's now the world's best poker player," Henri added.

"Not yet," Cramer said.

"Put that in the piece, too," Rosenbaum said.

So we sat at the table and waited for

Johnny. An hour later, when he drifted by, followed by friends and fans, Henri intercepted him and whispered into his ear. Johnny frowned. It dawned on us: Had anyone told this guy that he had to play us? Regathering our forces, Rosenbaum suggested that Henri had not mentioned it so as not to hang such a heavy weight over the players while they were concentrating.

Meanwhile, Henri and Johnny engaged in an angry exchange of whispers until Johnny shrugged, looked at his watch and then sat down, asking about the stakes. When we told him, Johnny frowned. "More," he said, so we doubled them. As Johnny pulled out a wad of \$100s and we reached for our tens, we started to explain our rules. Johnny shook his head. "Not interested," he said.

"Who's *Playboy*?" he asked instead. We said we all were.

"No one is *Penthouse*?" Johnny frowned. We shook our heads. "Let's start, then," Johnny said.

The first game was seven-card stud. Johnny glanced at his cards and raised the maximum. From then on, he bet the maximum on every bid, regardless of cards. "Can I cheat?" he asked.

"Put that in the piece," Cramer said.

During the second game, Johnny became obsessively conscious of Blum's beer. "What is that?" he asked. When Blum, oblivious, didn't answer, Johnny dipped his fingers into it and licked them. "Beer," he said and drank it.

The fourth game was Pass the Trash; Johnny picked up his hand, passed his best cards to Hirshey and then bet the maximum. During the next hand, Johnny did not consult his cards but bet the maximum anyway. On the final hand, he handed his cards to a man behind him.

Twenty-six minutes after it had started, the big game was over. We had played six games with Johnny and he had lost all six. We had defeated the best poker player in the world, taking his entire \$200. Johnny shook our hands and walked off. As we returned to our rooms, Asahina spoke—and remember, Asahina speaks only the truth. "We won," he said.

So that's the basic story of how our two-dollar-limit game went to Las Vegas and defeated the winner of the World Series of Poker—and, for that matter, the women's champion and the dealers, too. Now, there may be some detractors out there who would say that Johnny thought we were a waste of time, or that he was just throwing his money at us; but we have thought it over, and we think Johnny knew when he was beat. We have been told that good players know when to fold.

And so, if anyone asks us what happened when we played the winner of the World Series of Poker, we say that it was OK but that the guy lasted only half an hour against us. We are giving him the extra four minutes.

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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

One of the saddest things for me to come to grips with is that some of my best friends like pro basketball.

They don't like pro basketball so much that they would actually go to an N.B.A. game in person. They would no longer be my friends if they did *that*.

But the mere fact that they occasionally flip around on TV and watch parts of N.B.A. games has always bewildered me, because *I* know how meaningless those games are, at least for the first 29 months of the season.

All any of my friends have ever been able to tell me about this flaw in their character is that a few moments of an N.B.A. game are more interesting than the weather channel.

Recently, I got to thinking that there must be something wrong with me, so I decided I would try again to watch an N.B.A. game on TV. The last time I had tried, all I had seen were these aliens floating around in the air above a basket, while down below, Jack Nicholson looked like he needed a shaye.

I was determined to watch the entire game, though I knew what that would mean. It would mean watching the first two hours that lead up to the real game, which is the last 23 seconds, and it would then mean watching the two hours that it takes to play the last 23 seconds.

The game I tried to watch was one of those where Michael Jordan scores 67 points but his team loses by eight.

The last 23 seconds took a little longer than two hours, and it seemed obvious to me that Jordan's team wasn't going to come back from 16 points behind, no matter how many time-outs the coaches called. The drama was in waiting for the possible drug bust.

My friends tell me they've watched games in which a team has come from 16 points behind in the last 23 seconds to win the contest.

If that's true, I have said, then I am very happy for the players on the losing team, because I can imagine how much money they must have won on it.

In the first ten seconds of the last 23 seconds of the game I was trying to watch, Jordan's team closed the gap to 13 points.

The most thrilling things about it were the two meat-loaf sandwiches I made for myself, the correspondence I got out of the way, the income-tax returns I completed and the 30-minute nap I took.

Over the next ten seconds of the last 23



HOOP-DE-DO

seconds of the game, while Jordan's team narrowed the gap to 11 points, I cleaned out my desk, went to the 7-Eleven, fed the dog, cleaned out my closet and called a friend long distance.

"Are you watching the game?" I asked.

"No, I was watching the weather channel: why?"

"It's fantastic," I said. "Michael Jordan's team is only eleven points behind with three seconds to play."

"Oh, it's getting ready to start? I'll turn it on"

In the first second of the last three seconds, Jordan's team cut the other team's lead down to six points.

But in the next second of the last three seconds, while I was taking a shower, washing my hair, slipping into my robe and rereading the first two chapters of an old John le Carré novel, the other team built the lead back up to eight points.

My friends tell me it's possible for an N.B.A. team to make up eight points in the last second of a game. They say they have seen it happen.

It all has to do with the clock, they say. The clock, apparently, doesn't start after a time-out until a player actually has two feet on the floor and both hands on the basketball, provided he is from the state of Utah to begin with.

It is entirely possible, my friends say, for a team to score a basket, foul, call time out, score a basket, foul, call time out, score a basket, foul, call time out and score another basket, all in one second of play.

Nobody made a basket in the last second of the game I was watching, but there were three time-outs called, which enabled me to dish up the peach cobbler.

Although the clock still showed that there was one second to go at the very end, an announcer explained during one of the strategic time-outs that the official time was probably less than three one-hundredths of a second, so Jordan's team was going to have to come up with something pretty tricky if it were going to pull this one out. But they didn't, and that was it.

I called my friend back and said I guessed I didn't have to watch any more N.B.A. games in this lifetime. I now loathed the sport more than ever.

"I know they're great athletes," I said. "Don't tell me what great athletes they are. That's the problem. They're so great, they're boring."

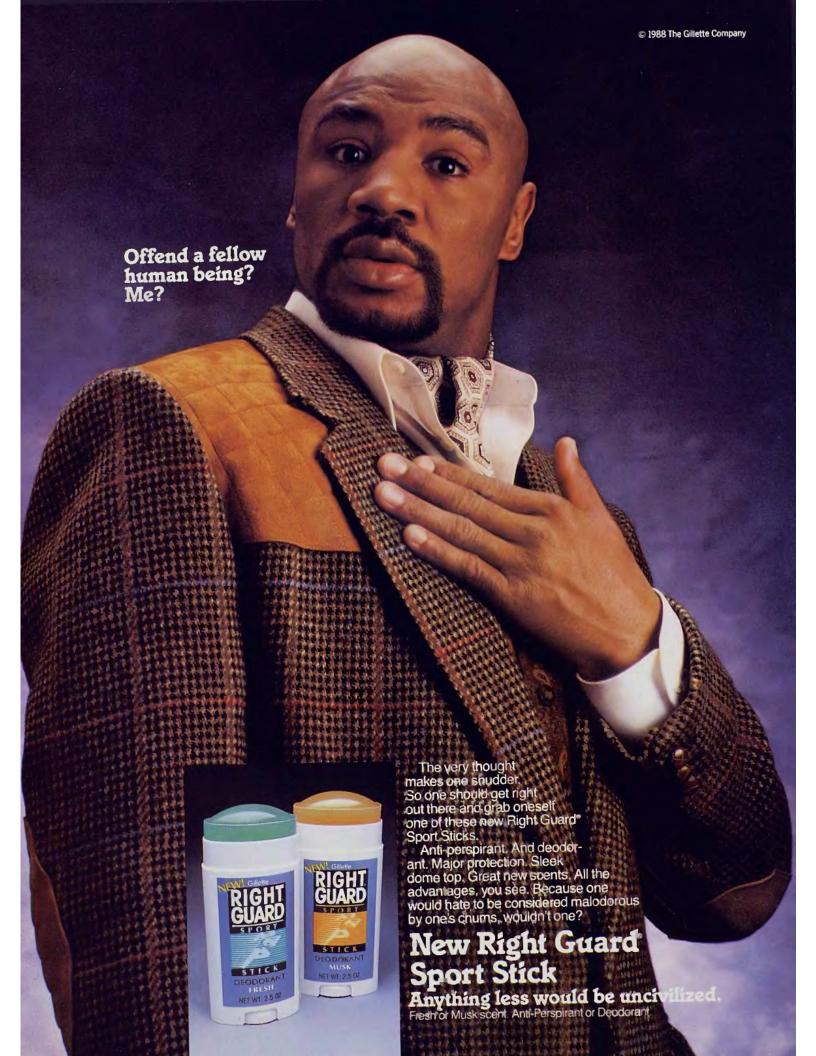
Unless you bet, I said. Then it's a case of guessing which team's going to miss a free throw on purpose in the last six one-hundredths of a second.

I did accidentally stumble upon something that made me get slightly more interested in the N.B.A.

I happened upon one of those sports talk shows on cable, the kind where the interviewer is somebody you've never heard of, and the athlete is somebody you've never heard of, but they're both looking very grim as they discuss a deadly serious issue that's going to change civilization as we know it.

And this athlete was saying, "Yes, Roy, as you know, I have been a cornerstone everywhere I have played. You know, I was a cornerstone in high school, and I was a cornerstone in college, and it has been my custom to be the cornerstone everywhere I have played in the league. I am looking forward to being the cornerstone on this team, and you know, I think with me as the cornerstone, we can get the job done. We almost got the job done when I was the cornerstone on that other team, but the management and I had a difference of opinion about the role of the cornerstone. I don't let my brain worry about being a cornerstone, you know. So I am going to be the best cornerstone I can be when I'm on the court, and the rest of the time, you know, I just plan to turn myself over to education."

Suddenly, the sport was irresistible.



By ASA BABER

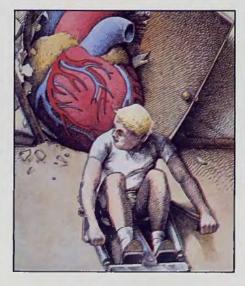
irst things first: They are always trying to frighten us. Take that as a given. No news affects us more deeply than news about our health and longevity. The media lean on that fact in all seasons. What better way to get us to read the newspapers, buy the magazines, watch the TV reports, than to try to scare us? "You might die any day now from this disease we're telling you about," they say, "but if you listen to us, there's a chance—just a chance—you'll be OK." It's great for ad sales and ratings, not so great for us.

They got us with AIDS. We consumed the screaming headlines and TV specials. We suffered through years of hysterical reporting about AIDS (Playboy being one of the few exceptions) that spared none of us and injected a calculated hyperfear into the national sexual imagination.

Anxiety is a growth industry. It perpetuates itself, and the media know it. They pry open our minds with the chisel of fear and walk around in our brains and rearrange the furniture. Supposedly, in the case of the AIDS reporting, they were helping us. Actually, they were manipulating us with one-sided war stories that exponentially exaggerated the threat of the disease to hetcrosexuals. Only now, after almost a decade of hand wringing and doomsday predictions, is some sanity coming back into the discussion.

From the front page of a recent New York Times: "As the AIDS epidemic moves into its eighth year in the United States, the evidence grows ever stronger that the muchfeared explosive invasion of the general population is not occurring, and never will. . . . 'We do not expect any explosion into the heterosexual population,' Dr. Otis R. Bowen, Secretary of Health and Human Services, said last month, in a striking shift in views. Only a year ago he warned that the disease was 'rapidly spreading' to the wider population and would ultimately make the Black Plague . . . seem 'pale by comparison.'

You might think that the quick-change artists who yelled plague and then retracted it would be ashamed of themselves and quiet down, but health hysteria never sleeps. How can it? There are still newspapers and magazines and television spots to sell. What's next? What's next is heart disease. We're being inundated with coronary cautions. It's a particularly hazardous curve ball for the American male, because, in this case, the anxiety and fear created by the hysteria can contribute to the disease



TAKING HEART

itself. And it's a classic double bind. The melodramatic treatment of the news adds to the stress that we're told is harming us.

As is often the case, the people who are trying to scare us are not our friends, even though they pose as such. They want our money, not our affection. The sooner we recognize this and take steps to protect ourselves from them, the better. I've got some specific survival advice that boils down to two simple thoughts: (1) Don't go crazy; we've read a lot about heart disease, we've absorbed the information, we know generally what we should be doing to prevent it and there's no need to pay heed to all the hypesters out there who are preying on our anxiety. (2) Several times a week, eat soup instead of a full meal and you'll probably find yourself losing a little weight and staying nourished. I'm no expert, but I've thought about the problem, and I'm here to help, not hype. So here it is, from nuts to soup:

(1) Don't go nuts. You and I know a lot about the problem. We don't have to pay attention to every so-called health reporter who whispers alarms in our ear. The rules are well defined: Eat a low-fat diet, stop smoking, drink only in moderation, don't load up on caffeine, take an aspirin every other day (with a doctor's OK), exercise aerobically several times each week (after you get a physical exam), control the stress in your life as much as you can. We're not talking about the mysteries of Delphi here,

gentlemen. After that, it's up to self-discipline, genetics and circumstance to determine our longevity. Life has its risks, and we'd be bored out of our gourds if it didn't. So shape up, seize the day and enjoy a mental attitude that avoids the hypochondria being sold on every street corner.

(2) Eat soup. I can't prove it, but I think the mature male body takes in far too much solid food these days. Our ancestors ate much less meat, for example, and when they did trek through the wild and make a kill, the carcass they consumed was lean and liquid-perhaps one percent body fat. How can we get back to that kind of diet? I made a great discovery a few years ago. Most restaurants serve soup. You don't have to order steak or lobster for lunch and you don't have to nibble on rabbit food! You can order a big bowl of soup. And then I made another discovery. I can make soup at home! Healthy, easily digestible, inexpensive soup that makes an excellent replacement for a main meal on the days when I have lots of energy-or the days when I feel heavy and out of shape. I make a great lentil soup. Here's the recipe: Rinse and boil a pound of lentils in four quarts of water, add a sliced red onion, garlic, celery, carrots, small potatoes, leeks, parsley, one bay leaf, a pinch of dry mustard; let it simmer for a couple of hours, refrigerate it after it has cooled down. Eat lentil soup with dark bread and it's a hell of a nutritious

Over time, we're going to think and work and play our way out of heart disease. We know where it comes from. Our forefathers did not lead sedentary lives, but we've been caught in a time warp. In the wink of an evolutionary eye, men have been asked to go from hunter to computer jockey, from tribesman to office bureaucrat, from scavenger to couch potato. Time has challenged us more than it has women. The role changes demanded of us have been greater and our bodies have not always been able to change as rapidly as our lifestyles. But guess what? We understand that. And we're doing something about it, so cut the doom and gloom, the dire predictions, the media mesmerism.

Here's to a vigorous life for all of us, a life in which we sweat hard, eat lightly, love fiercely, hunt shrewdly, live long. And may we also learn to ignore the siren call of the health hysterics as they sing their dirges to us, because the lives we save will be our own.

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

irst, we all had to have a hundred cups of coffee. Then we had to admire Erin's sweater. Then we had to have a boy (my son) connect the VCR. Then we had to decide how many of us had P.M.S. (two). Then we had to tell how many of us were estranged from our boyfriends (too many). Then we had to have my son start the VCR. Then we started to scream.

High-pitched girl shrieking, like teenagers did for Sinatra and the Beatles, except horrified, as if we had seen Sinatra murdered. That seems to be what women do while watching porno movies. Eventually, we settled down to mere hysteria, watching Dickman and Throbbin.

"I feel like I'm eight years old and my friends like boys and I don't get it," said

"Those are fake tits," said Rita. "She's on her back and they stick straight up. God, she doesn't have any pubic hair. And what she does have is dyed."

"I guess that's an OK blow job," said Erin.

"How does she not vomit?" asked Carla.

"He's so big," said Marta.

"And it's not even hard," said Rita, "which means it's really big. Oh, look, she's taking responsibility for her own orgasm."

"We've all faked orgasm better than that," said Erin.

"Look how she's looking at him," said

"She's trying to get him to come any way she can," said Cleo. "She figures if she gives him a sultry glance-

"A come-hither look," said Sue.

"Forget the hither, just come," said Cleo.

"She's not gonna age well," said Carla. "Why is she doing this with her life?"

asked Rita. "We're talking bladder infection with that."

"This is worse than A Nightmare on Elm Street," said Cleo.

"This girl has a mother and a father someplace," said Sue.

"She grew up with a father who drank and fucked her," said Erin. "She thinks this is OK."

"Oh, my God, phone sex," said Rita. "Sure, like the phone-sex girl would be dressed in a garter belt."

"Did anybody have a boyfriend who would call up and want phone sex?" asked

"So tedious," said Cleo.

"I'm always wearing my granny nightgowns and knee socks," said Rita.



GIRLS WATCH PORN

"And he always asks what you are wearing," we all said.

"Is that Gael Greene's boyfriend?" wondered Marta.

Total shrieking for cunnilingus close-up. "I could never be a lesbian; that clinches it," said Cleo.

We all had our hands in front of our eyes. "But aren't we supposed to have female pride?" said Erin. "Why do we think this is gross?"

"I haven't seen a cunt so far that looks like mine," said Rita.

"I've never seen mine," said Carla.

"I have," said Erin. "But I don't think I would recognize it in a crowded room. We've been socialized not to like this. We've been trained to hate it; men have been trained to love it."

Dickman, a.k.a. John Holmes, unveiled his shaft. Screams.

"That looks like a weapon!"

"That can't be real!"

"That's attached to his body?"

"That looks like an elephant!"

"Varicose dick veins!"

"OK, now," said Rita, "you take this premise: A girl's a virgin and her mother wants these guys to give her some experience. That could be really sexy if you did it the right way, instead of like this, where they're bludgeoning her to death with their

"Like, if it was only one guy and he was

Dennis Quaid," said Cleo.

"Oh, I would like two guys," said Erin.

"Yeah, the other guy could be Sean Connery," said Rita.

"Have you noticed that there's absolutely no kissing in this movie?" said Marta.

My son came into the room. "Don't look, don't look!" we screamed.

He got a magazine. "Instead of watching that, I'd buy this," he said, holding up Sports Illustrated's swimsuit issue.

"That's a healthy attitude," said Cleo. "It'll make you want girls you could never have in a million years." He left.

We watched Three Daughters, a film allegedly for women.

"This is better; it's not as offensive," said

"But it's not sexy," said Erin.

"Wait a minute," said Carla. "We never saw his penis!"

"It was negligible," said Marta.

"Is anybody else looking at that wallpaper?" asked Rita.

"Who ever masturbates like that?" asked Cleo.

"I never even take my clothes off," said

"And I won't even talk to myself afterward," said Sue. "Turn this off. I don't want to see a movie more boring than my own life."

"Why don't they ever get it that boxer shorts are the most sexy?" asked Cleo.

"Blue jeans are sexy."

"When they roll up their sleeves is sexy."

"When they work on cars."

"When they concentrate on anything."

"A guitar goes a long way."

"What about shopping in a stereo store? Just kidding."

"Never when they look like they've contemplated what they're wearing."

"Someone who looks like a smart Hell's Angel.'

"When they're a little bit dirty. Long

"Blue-jean jackets, whaddya think?"

"Yeah!"

We absolutely didn't get why they had to show semen spurting. Two of us almost gagged. A couple of us were turned on for a moment or two but then upset by the overkill. We all hated the close-ups. Three of us had severe anxiety attacks. All of us decided that we like sexy books much better. So we ate lollipops and talked knitting and calmed down.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Livery day, we read another story of how the AIDS scare has changed dating behavior. Are there any real statistics to show this change? Most of my friends, while saying they are more cautious, seem to be doing the same as a few years ago. Forget the headlines. Can you tell us what's really going on?—W. F., Boston, Massachusetts.

Abbott Laboratories recently commissioned a study of changing sexual mores of American singles aged 18 to 34. One in five said they had fewer sexual partners than in years past; one in four said they had more sexual partners than in years past; the rest said that things hadn't changed. The average number of partners in the past 12 months for males was three, for females, 1.4. Almost half reported having only one partner in the past year. Three out of four singles said they were less likely to have casual sexual encounters (i.e., one-night stands). The survey asked, "How many dates did you have with your last sexual partner before you had sex with him/her for the first time?" A third of the respondents had sex after one to four dates, 25 percent after five to ten dates, 20 percent after more than ten dates. Younger singles are more cautious: Eighteen-to-20-year-olds averaged 11 dates before sex; 21-to-29-year-olds averaged nine dates; and 30-to-34-year-olds were in bed after seven. About 36 percent of concerned singles said they had gone as far as abstaining altogether from sex with new partners. Although four out of five said they were more likely to use a contraceptive, only 26 percent had increased their use of condoms. The death of sex has been greatly exaggerated.

For my birthday, my girlfriend gave me a pocket square, or so she calls it. I always thought it was a handkerchief. I don't want to insult her, but to be honest, I don't know what to do with it. How do I use it?—W. Z., New York, New York.

Although you are correct in calling it a handkerchief (either name is appropriate), do try to refrain from blowing your nose in it. A pocket square is an accessory item like a tie or a pair of suspenders. It is most commonly made of cotton, silk or linen. Place the square in the breast pocket of your suit jacket or sports coat-that is, after all, what the pocket is there for. Although a white-linen handkerchief peeking from a lawyer's breast pocket is almost considered part of his uniform, the more fashionable printed-silk squares are slowly but surely gaining acceptance in board rooms and offices across the country. The easiest way to wear one is to round the center out and push the corners down into the pocket, leaving no more than one inch of the square showing. For a dressier, more conservative look, fold the square so that the corners line up in points and push the rest of the square into the pocket, leaving one inch of the points showing. You should try to complement the square with the colors in your tie, but stay away from the matching sets. Keep an eye on



the Playboy fashion pages for examples. If your office is not ready for this look, use it to dress up a business suit or sports jacket for an evening out.

Would you please answer some questions about autofellatio for an avid reader of *Playboy*? Is it considered sexual perversion? Is it autosexual, heterosexual or homosexual? In what position is autofellatio performed by a male? Do more homosexuals perform the act than heterosexuals?—C. L., Crystal, Minnesota.

Do you want to hear the only joke "The Playboy Advisor" remembers? It's a great hit at dinner parties. "Two guys are walking down a street and they see a dog licking its own genitals. One guy says, 'Gee, I wish I could do that.' The other guy looks at the dog, then looks at his friend and says, I think you're going to have to pet him first." Autofellatio has less to do with sexual preference than with loose joints. We've seen porn movies in which one of the stars could perform oral sex on himself, and we've seen one female contortionist who could perform cunnilingus on herself. We don't recommend that anyone with a normal spine, or, for that matter, a normalsized penis, try the contortions. Those who can, probably do. The rest of us have to subcontract the job.

In the January issue, the Advisor recommends several devices that allow one to store leftover wine. They make great sense if you are trying to store only one bottle at a time. What happens if you have two or three half bottles at the end of a long dinner? Are there simpler devices?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

We received a letter from Jerry Outlaw, a member of the Society of Wine Educators, with several helpful hints. Here are his suggestions: "The increased ratio of air to wine in a partly consumed bottle is the spoiler. Reduce that ratio in the following ways: (1) Keep a few clean half bottles (375 milliliters) handy. Decant wine into the smaller container and close with a clean cork or any of the commercially available bottle stoppers. (2) Many wine merchants and accessory distributors sell marble-size glass beads that are simply poured into the bottle to increase volume and decrease air space. (3) At least two nationally read wine writers have recently suggested freezing leftover wine. I will risk anathema by admitting that I have been experimenting with the idea by placing partially filled bottles in the freezer for as long as a month. The wines were allowed to thaw slowly and return to drinking temperature. Tested wines included chardonnays with and without oak, Gewürztraminer, Riesling, sauvignon blanc, zinfandel and cabernet sauvignon. In blind tastings with friends, no one has measured any difference between frozen and fresh. Try it yourself. Small investment . . . fun . . . informative." What next? Wine Popsicles? Microwave champagne? We tried freezing wine and agree with Outlaw. Most varieties can stand

have been living with my boyfriend for 14 months. During that time, we have had an enjoyable sex life-that is, during intercourse. My problem is that my boyfriend finds foreplay boring. He is more the "Let's get to it" type. Unfortunately, my body does not react as quickly as his without foreplay. I love this man very much and I have no problem coming to orgasm during masturbation, but sex is usually rough at first due to this lack of foreplay. How can I (or we) make foreplay more exciting for my boyfriend so that he will spend more time at it? He spends less than a minute licking my boobs, then moves into position to enter me. Needless to say, my body is seldom lubricated sufficiently for comfortable penetration. Is there something I can do to make him enjoy foreplay?-Miss S. D., Scarsdale, New York.

You should take charge of the next few lovemaking sessions. Tell your boyfriend that you are going to make love to him the way you want him to make love to you. Give him a total body massage, tease his nipples, brush your lips along his thighs, the usual stuff. While you are doing this, position your body so that you give yourself some indirect clitoral stimulation. When you are lubricated, jump his bones from a dizzy height. When you switch back to your normal roles, make noise, pull your hair, claw his back, etc. You can give directions in bed without sounding like Ilse, She-Wolf of the SS. Make a set of flash cards that say: HIGHER. LOWER. HARDER. SOFT-ER, FASTER, SLOWER, LONGER, SHORTER, OH, MY GOD, I'M COMING. Or simply challenge him:

Let's see how many orgasms you can give me before you enter. Anticipation is also an effective form of foreplay. Earlier in the day, why not fantasize about your boyfriend? That way, you won't have as far to go to catch up when he starts making his moves. Finally, don't think of it as foreplay. Think of it as play. Put on a blindfold and play with the nonvisual senses. Ask him to make a list of fantasies or sexual positions that he has dreamed of trying. Make a list of your own. Put them in a hat and draw them out, one at a time.

Can you tell me just what it is that fog lamps are supposed to do on a sports car? I still don't know if they should be amber or clear, mounted low or high. I remember your answering this question recently but not in detail. What's the complete picture?—D. E., Santa Fe, New Mexico.

According to Bill Condon, at Performance Unlimited in Painesville, Ohio, here's what you need to know about fog lights: "First off, there is no light that cuts through fog. Fog lamps are designed to be mounted low and illuminate under the fog blanket. That is why good fog lamps have a cutoff on the top and the bottom—so no stray light goes up to be reflected back into the driver's eyes. It is the lens design that makes it a fog light, not the color. Regarding color: Amber does have a benefit. It increases contrast, making light objects lighter and dark objects darker. However, whenever color is introduced into a lens,

the light output is lowered. In the case of a good fog lamp, we are talking about 20 percent. In the case of the discount cheapies with the very dark lens, we can be talking 50 percent. I would always recommend a clear fog lamp in conjunction with a set of good European halogen head lamps to handle almost any normal driving situation. Please note, I always mention 'good' when referring to lamps. These are usually of European manufacture and usually carry the EEC approval code (a circle E followed by a number). Most of the discount-store variety have little or no beam pattern and are a waste of money." Enough said?

Recently, I have been hearing a lot about Chlamydia. How does it affect people?—P. T., Denver, Colorado.

According to Dr. Donald McCarthy, Chlamydia trachomatis annually infects almost 10,000,000 Americans. Slower in onset, with milder, more easily ignored symptoms, Chlamydia eludes the tests and resists the treatment for gonorrhea, which it closely resembles. In men, Chlamydia varies in severity from slight morning itching of the penis to discharge, painful urination, swelling of the testicles, eye disease and arthritis. Only 40 percent of infected women show symptoms; the others suffer damage without warning. Painful urination, vaginal discharge, menstrual disturbances, abscessed and ruptured tubes, hepatitis and painless blocking of the tubes leading to permanent sterility all occur.

Chlamydia is the leading cause of female sterility and of the 60,000 tubal pregnancies that claim 1000 lives annually. One in four pregnant women has Chlamydia; their babies are subject to conjunctivitis and a slow simmering pneumonia. Because its symptoms are so easily ignored, Chlamydia is becoming the commonest sexually transmitted disease in the country. When diagnosed, it is easily cured by antibiotics.

A friend showed me a copy of the Italian *Playboy* and I was hooked. It struck me that if I could subscribe to foreign editions of my favorite magazine, I could enjoy the visuals while improving my language skills. Can you help?—H. S., Detroit, Michigan.

You want to tell your girlfriend that you read Playboy for the articles, in Turkish? We have a dozen foreign editions (how would you like to learn Australian?), and each handles subscriptions differently. For a complete list, you can write to Playboy Reader Service. Here are the ones you may be interested in: Playboy Germany (write to Heinrich Bauer Verlag, AVG-Mr. E. Blank, Burchardstrasse 11, 2000 Hamburg 1, West Germany); Chinese Playboy (PBI Publications [HK] Ltd., 20th floor, Shiu Lam Building, 23 Luard Road, Wanchai, Hong Kong, Attn.: Circulation Department); Playboy Italy (Edizioni Lancio S. P. A., Via Roccagiovine, 267, 00156 Rome, Italy, Attn.: Subscription Department); Playboy Spain (Editorial Origen, 437 Avenida

Keeping safe distance



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Scoping



Diagonal, Piso 5, 08036 Barcelona, Spain); and Playboy Japan (Sheuisha Publishing Co. Ltd., 2-15-10 Fujimi, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 102, Japan). You might also check newsstands in your area that sell international papers. The better dealers stock some of our foreign editions.

Can you give me some guidelines for buying batteries? The flash on my camera seems to chain-smoke them. I've tried heavy-duty batteries, different brands, the works. Do gold tips really make a difference?—T. P., Boston, Massachusetts.

Americans spend two and a half billion dollars a year on batteries-slightly less than they spend on X-rated videos or dope, but they're closing in. We prefer alkaline batteries: They can power a flashlight for 20 hours, compared with seven hours for a general-purpose (zinc-carbon) type. Your own experience with flash units is even more telling. Alkaline batteries are usually good for about eight 36exposure rolls, while heavy-duty (zinc-chloride) batteries average one and a half rolls, and general-purpose about half a roll. Rechargeables, if used properly, can power about three rolls. (Exhaust them completely before recharging.) The second consideration is shelf life: General-purpose batteries are susceptible to heat and can leak a corrosive paste. Heavy-duty batteries are slightly more enduring; both last longer if stored in a refrigerator. Alkalines check in with a two-tothree-year shelf life. So the vibrator you left at your ski lodge will still be working next winter. Lithium batteries are starting to appear on the market: They hold power for eight to ten years and are said to last twice as long as alkalines. We can't recommend a specific brand. As nearly as we can tell, all batteries within a certain category perform about the same. Don't mix batteries (alkaline with heavy-duty or new ones with weak ones).

have a problem. I don't know how many other men share it and I don't care. The only concern I have is giving as much sexual pleasure as I can to those few women who lower their standards enough to let me sleep with them. The problem is my refractory period. It is much too long. I can make love for 30 to 45 minutes, on a regular basis. No matter what it takes, I am willing to do what I can in order for my partner to come before I do. But my last encounter was a disaster. My partner was three times as horny as usual. I had an intense orgasm, the best I have ever had. But she didn't come and still wanted to-she tried everything to get me up again: sucking, touching, stroking, even rubbing me with an ice cube, but all to no avail. I could not get hard. She passed out while talking to me and I went to sleep. The next morning, we made love and I was successful; she came. I should be happy, right? Wrong. As a healthy 32-year-old male, I ought to be able to screw as often and as long as the woman I am involved with wants to. I'm nothing

but an instrument, designed to bring physical pleasure. I am sensitive when it comes to my lovemaking. I don't want to have any doubts about whether I'm good in bed. When I make love to a woman for the first time, I want her to know that the next encounter will be better, longer and even more fun. Finding out that I didn't please a female would be a very serious blow. How can I decrease the time between orgasm and erection?—N. I., Oakland, California.

You are a problem waiting to happen. If you think that you are responsible for your partner's orgasm and that the only proper orgasm is the one she receives from your erection, you are setting yourself up for disaster. How would you cope with a woman who could not reach orgasm from intercourse? Lasting longer is not the only way to improve lovemaking. Try to be more flexible: Use your hands, tongue, toes or one of those devices that require alkaline batteries. You are not just an instrument. You are a normal male. Relax. She respected you the morning after.

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.

V

Double take

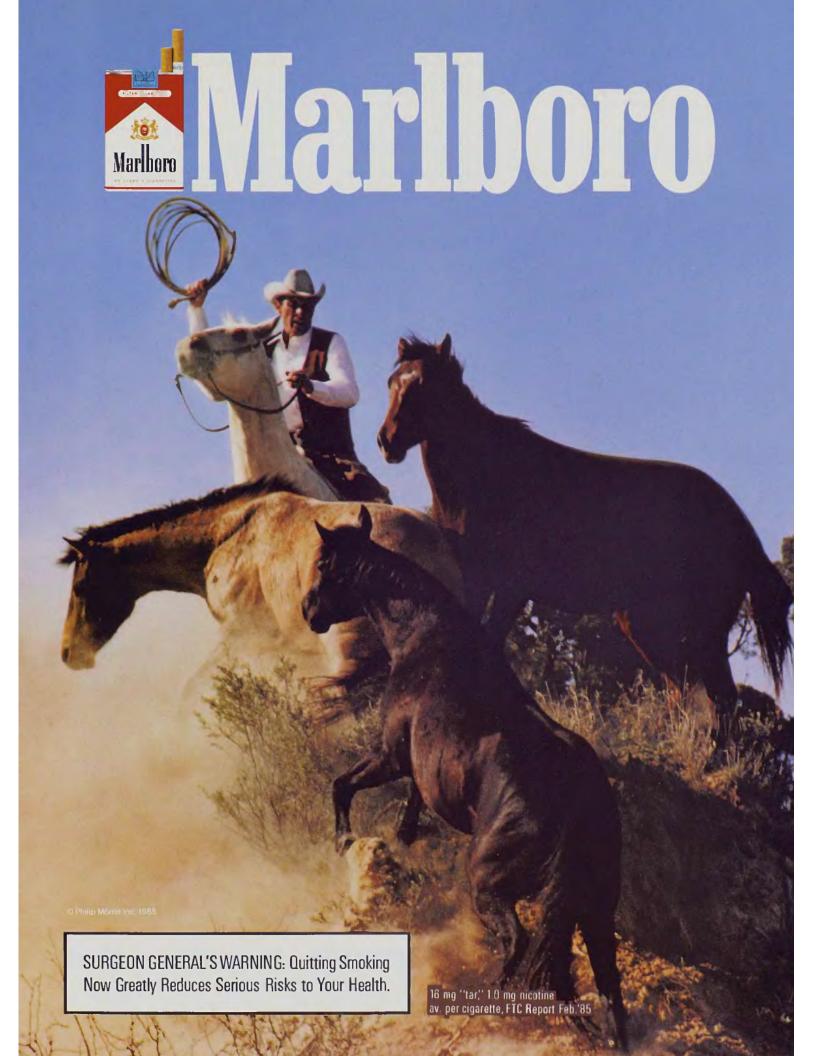


Drop dead gorgeous



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PLAYMATES DEAR

he question for the month:

Has your awareness of AIDS changed your sexual habits?

feel pretty lucky that I'm in a long-term relationship. If I weren't, I'd be very careful these days. I'd want to know my partner pretty darn well before I went to bed

with him. I'd go for honest conversation and use protection. But I also don't think that we should all live in constant fear. You protect yourself and your partner; then, if you reach the point where marriage



is a consideration and you're still worried, you go for blood tests. It isn't a good time to be a single person. It isn't a good time for unnecessary risks.

> Jamie Carr LAURIE CARR

DECEMBER 1986

m monogamous. I'm busy and I have time for only one person in my life. More than one would be too confusing. If I were single and on the loose out there, I'd look

for a recently divorced man who swore he'd been faithful to his wife! Seriously, the kind of man I'd want in my life would also want just one partner. The bottom line? Yes to condoms. I have recently



moved to L.A. from Maryland, where I didn't know anyone who even knew anyone who had AIDS. Then to come here, it's reality time. I'm very careful.

Julie Reterson Brand Brand

JULIE PETERSON

FEBRUARY 1987

think that anyone who is planning to have a lot of relationships has to protect him- or herself. AIDS kind of makes you stop taking things for granted. If you sleep with someone and don't know his history, it can be a death ticket. You have to take care of yourself, too, which means getting test-

ed. My partner and I went to be tested, and I think that is going to be a responsible part of being in a relationship in the future. It brought me closer to him, because we did it together for each other. We



faced our past and we got the facts; the doctor we saw got the results back in a day and we tested negative. I think even married people should get tested, because they each had a life before marriage.

CHER BUTLER AUGUST 1985

ve always been a one-man kind of person and I never slept around, even before AIDS. I am more aware now. I'd ask him to take an AIDS test and I'd take one, too. I've been in a relationship for a while now,

but if I were suddenly single again, I'd get to know him first and then I'd wait for the results of the test before I got involved. For something that's as important as my life, I can wait. I've talked to my



mom a lot about AIDS. In fact, she is the one who suggested the test. I wouldn't take any in-between precautions, like condoms. I'd just wait.

BRANDI BRANDT

Drastically. When I was growing up, buying a condom was not a matter of life and death. They were considered kind of dorky. But after my boyfriend and I broke up, I didn't care how dorky or how much of

an interruption they were. I wasn't going to do it without a condom. And I haven't. I've never had a one-night stand. Ever. I'm not going to start now. This is not the time for that kind of thing. If I were



to get involved with someone completely new, he'd have to understand and feel the way I did. If he wanted to go without the raincoat, he'd have to take the AIDS test.



For a long time, I've been paranoid about sexually transmitted diseases. It hasn't changed my behavior much, because

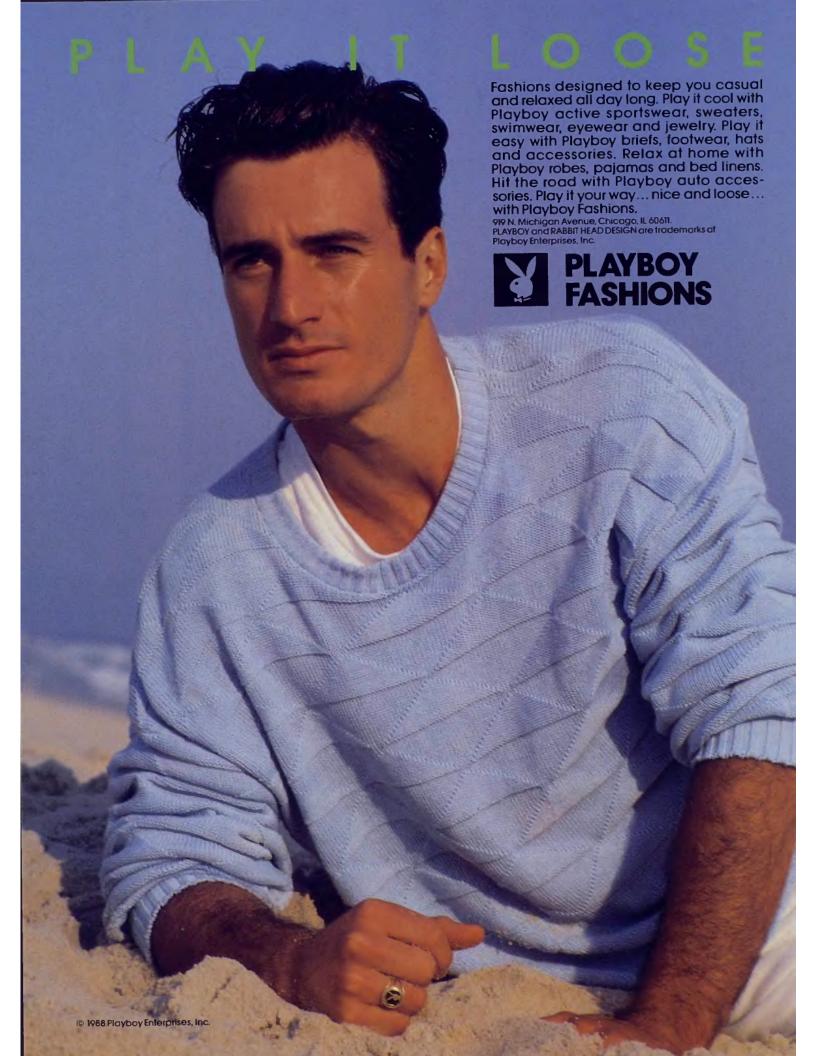
I'm selective about my partners. Here's the rule: Unless you have only one partner, you use condoms every single time you have sex. Period. I don't have AIDS. I've had a test. I'd ask a man if he had



been tested. Always. It isn't about whether or not I do or don't believe his answer. I ask. And I'll use condoms until I find my one and only.

ANNA CLARK

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



HE WHO LAUGHS LAST....

By CHRISTOPHER M. FINAN

In 1985, Attorney General Edwin Meese III started a joke that started the whole world laughing. Unfortunately, Meese may get the last laugh.

The joke? The Attorney General's Commission on Pornography, a.k.a. the Meese commission. And why was it so funny? Well, who could take seriously the titillating testimony, the erotic exhibits, the Keystone Cop quality of the proceedings—other than the prudish antipornographers? The New York Times didn't even see fit to publish reports of the New York hearings.

When the punch line was finally delivered in the form of The Final Report of the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography, the Meese commission was clearly on the defensive. Social scientists disputed its conclusion that pornography causes violence; indeed, two commissioners disputed the conclusion and severely criticized parts of the report. Playboy and others sued Meese and the commissioners for using a kind of official blackmail to try to get certain magazines off the shelves of convenience stores (The Playboy Forum, August 1986).

In fact, once the commission issued its report, it dropped from the news—out of sight, out of mind, a dead subject.

It was far from dead, however. Quietly behind the scenes, the Justice Department was reviewing the commission's 92 recommendations—and preparing to act.

In October 1986, crusader Meese was ready; he outlined his plan of attack. He would create a National Obscenity Enforcement Unit (NOEU), headed by Robert Showers, a well-known antipornographer; he would open a Justice Department Center for Obscenity Prosecution; he would introduce a number of anti-obscenity bills in Congress; and he would urge the law-enforcement community to focus its attention on obsceni-

ty-law violations.

Oddly enough, after Meese's announcement, the commission gained respectability. Because skeptics refused to deal with it, the true believers were able

to push their view of the Meese report as Gospel.

Those law enforcers who believed in Meese's program (or thought it was politic to do so) went into action. The National District Attorney Association, for example, issued a policy statement urging its 6000 members to vigorously enforce obscenity laws.

Legislators listened, too. Early in 1987, numerous obscenity bills were introduced in state legislatures. South Carolina enacted an obscenity law that mandated that any offense of publishing or selling an obscene book or magazine be a *felony* punishable by as much as three years in prison with a fine of as much as \$10,000. Other states have anti-obscenity bills pending.

In February 1987, Meese ordered that one attorney in each of the 93 U.S. Attorneys' offices must specialize in obscenity prosecutions—and he put pressure on them to perform. The pressure paid off. Among other cases, a Missouri

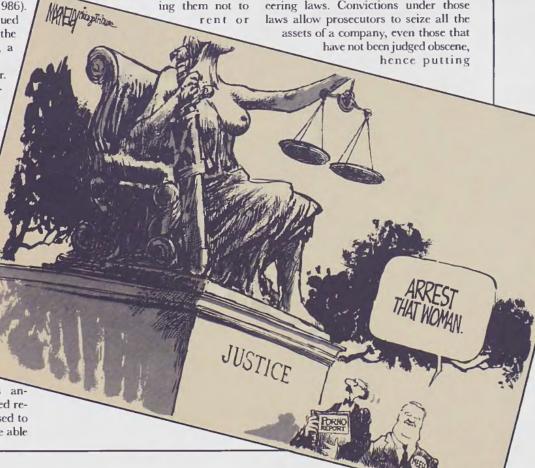
Federal prosecutor sent letters to St.

Louis video retailers warn-

sell obscene tapes, and an Ohio U.S. Attorney joined a civil suit to prohibit the distribution of obscene video tapes in Columbus.

In April 1987, the Federal Communications Commission believed that the political climate was right to put into force a new generic definition of obscenity (*The Playboy Forum*, August). That was a direct attack on disc jockeys who specialize in "shock radio," and it also served to make all radio personnel more cautious about erring in what they aired. Meese followers expressed full support for the new FCC standard.

Meanwhile, the NOEU began its roll. It aided Federal prosecutors in the Traci Lords case; it wanted the producers of Lords's movies to be held liable for using a minor in pornographic films. (Lords had reportedly lied to them about her age.) The NOEU was also instrumental in the Dennis and Barbara Pryba case (*The Playboy Forum*, May). The Prybas, owners of a chain of video stores and adult bookstores, were convicted of obscenity under Federal racketeering laws. Convictions under those laws allow prosecutors to seize all the



store owners out of business conceivably even if they had sold only two "obscene" tapes. Federal prosecutors have vowed to prosecute more obscenity cases under the racketeering laws.

NOEU was also involved in the conviction of two Los Angeles companies that provided dial-a-porn services in Utah.

"Mr. Meese elevated obscenity to a top criminal-justice priority," Showers explained. "We're not just prosecuting kiddic porn and violence."

A U.S. Attorney in Utah predicted, "I would expect that within the next 12 months, there will be literally an explosion of cases on the Federal level."

The Meese commission's influence didn't stop with Government agencies. It also had a serious impact on the fortunes of antipornography groups. Those groups believed that they had received a Government directive (via the commission report's encouragement of private action) to boycott places of business that offended their extreme right-wing views.

The members of the National Federation for Decency (N.F.D.), headed by Donald Wildmon, picket any store that displays adult magazines and any Holiday Inn that offers pay-per-view adult movies (*The Playboy Forum*, April). The Michigan N.F.D. fights dial-a-porn; the Baltimore group fights adult magazines and videos.

Another antiporn group, Citizens for Decency through Law (C.D.L.), ac"THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT IS IN THE PROCESS
NOT ONLY OF CHILLING
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BOOKS, MAGAZINES AND
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CONTENT BUT OF
FREEZING IT."

quired Alan Scars, executive director of the Meese commission, as its legal counsel. The C.D.L. gives state and local lawmakers models of obscenity laws and provides legal advice to prosecutors.

A similar organization, Morality in Media, planned an all-out campaign in Pennsylvania to urge law officers to increase their efforts in enforcing obscenity laws. If the drive is successful, Morality in Media will carry its campaign to other states.

The Reverend Jerry Kirk, head of the National Coalition Against Pornography, has worked hard to bring his fringe group to the "average American"—and the Meese commission helped bring him legitimacy. He also organized the Religious Alliance Against Pornography to add religion as a way to bolster the believability of antiporn groups.

Kirk now claims that the fight

against pornography has become mainstreamed and, indeed, that is another legacy of the Meese commission.

The Meese commission has had another insidious effect. Retailers, knowing that Federal, state and local prosecutors are keeping an eagle eye out for obscene material, will censor their own stock in order to avoid legal hassles and prison sentences. Publishers and retailers of adult books, videos and magazines will shy away from dealing in material with sexual content. The Justice Department is in the process not only of *chilling* the distribution of books, magazines and videos with sexual content but of *freezing* it.

In two years, the Meese commission went from being a laughing matter to a serious matter. As a result of the commission, retailers and publishers are censoring themselves, antiporn groups are flourishing, the number of obscenity cases has increased, more antipornography laws are being considered in state legislatures and a major obscenity bill is before Congress (see following article).

Two years after the release of the Meese commission's report, the laughter has stopped.

Christopher M. Finan is director of Media Coalition, Inc.



The Reagan Administration recently proposed legislation titled the Child Protection and Obscenity Enforcement Act of 1988. President Reagan rounded up Representative William Hughes of New Jersey and Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina to introduce the bill to Congress.

To feature child protection in the title is a good PR ploy—but that's not really what the bill is all about. Some sections discuss child pornography, but most of the bill is concerned with obscenity—and incorporates all of the most radical anti-obscenity measures suggested in the Final Report of the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography.

Let's hope that members of Congress read the bill carefully before they vote, for if they do, they will see that First Amendment and privacy rights will be severely curtailed if it passes.

The following are the most seriously flawed portions of the bill.

Section 301 assumes that a person is in "business" if he offers for sale, or gives away, two or more copies of any obscene publication. Therefore, if a consumer gives his adult-magazine collection to his neighbor, he is criminally liable. The penalty mandated for such an action? A fine—and as much as five years in a Federal penitentiary.

If passed, this section also will amend the Interstate Travel in Aid of Racketeering (ITAR) statute to make obscenity an offense covered under it (in addition to arson, gambling and narcotics). For example, a magazine wholesaler could be brought into court if he telephoned a retailer in another state to discuss the purchase of magazines. If a jury subsequently found those magazines to be obscene, the wholesaler could receive a jail sentence and a fine. If this amendment is added to ITAR. there will be virtually no difference between constitutionally protected activity, such as the buying and selling of magazines, and dangerous criminal activity, such as arson.

Section 302 permits the courts to seize not only material found to be obscene but also any property that might have been purchased from the proceeds of the sale of obscene merchandise or that is an "instrumentality" of obscenity. For instance, if a retailer sells a tape on Monday that is later deemed obscene and on Tuesday purchases *Star Wars*, *Star Wars* can be seized by the courts—because it was purchased from the proceeds of an obscene tape. And if a radio

NO LAUGHING MATTER:

THE REAGAN WAR ON OBSCENITY

By BARRY LYNN



station plays a record later declared obscene, its broadcasting equipment can be seized by the courts.

Such Draconian sanctions make it likely that bookstores, video retail stores and radio and TV stations will steer clear of selling or broadcasting sexually oriented material of *any* kind.

Section 303 is designed to strengthen existing laws regarding obscene programing on cable television. Did the authors of the bill consider that the edited cable versions of X-rated movies would not be deemed legally obscene in any jurisdiction? Did they consider that, currently, there is no demonstrable basis for concluding that existing statutes could not handle obscene interstate cablecasting if it did exist? Nonetheless, Section 303 states that "the harm caused by obscene television programing, combined with the interstate nature of such programing, requires that the Federal Government must assist the states in their efforts to combat it." Lawmakers should note that at this moment, there is no pending prosecution at any Government level against a cable operator.

Furthermore, when Congress passed the Cable Communications Policy Act of 1984, it clearly did not intend for cable operators to be liable for obscene material disseminated on the statutorily required access channel, nor did it intend that a cable operator be forced to act as a censor for every program distributed on his system. And yet the Justice Department insists that a cable operator should be prosecuted if he knew that a movie contained "explicit visual depictions of sexual acts"—even if he didn't know that it was obscene.

Section 304 would create a new Federal statute prohibiting "obscene live or recorded commercial telephone services," that is, dial-a-porn. The bill would make the transmission of obscene messages—even to adults in the privacy of their own bedroom—a felony.

Section 305 criminalizes the simple possession of an "obscene visual depiction," which includes undeveloped film or video tape, if it is on Government property. This section concedes that if a person possesses an obscene picture of an adult at his own residence, there is no crime, but that there should be a crime if a person possesses an obscene video tape or magazine either in his desk drawer at work (if he is a Government employee) or in the back seat of his car if he drives through a military base.

Section 306 adds obscenity to the list of crimes for which the Government may seek court-approved wire taps or surveillance. If this section passes, law-enforcement officers will have an increased authority to scrutinize, perhaps even to video-tape, citizens who purchase sexually oriented material—which must be presumed to be constitutionally protected.

Members of Congress must thoroughly examine this bill and be aware of its ramifications. They can readily approve some provisions that can protect children from sexual exploitation, but the portions of the bill that affect adult consumers of adult material will need radical surgery if they are not to infringe on the First Amendment and our constitutional guarantee of privacy.

Barry Lynn is the American Civil Liberties Union's legislative counsel.

R E A D E R

DEVILISH BEHAVIOR

Jim Bakker's dad accused Jerry Falwell of engineering the Jessica Hahn affair and now Pat Robertson intimates that George Bush set up Jimmy Swaggart. What ever happened to "The Devil made 'em do it"?

J. Kelly Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I'll give you one reason I will vote for Gary Hart. When he was questioned about his liaison with Donna Rice, he didn't say, "The Devil made me do it."

Ernest Miller Auburn, California

OBSESSIVE BEHAVIOR

It's a well-known fact that people who go on diets become obsessed with food. Friends of Swaggart's claim that he prayed and fasted to get rid of his desire to look at pornography. Maybe if he hadn't denied his desire, he wouldn't have become obsessed with it.

> G. Weber New York, New York

GUNNING FOR GUNS

My thanks to William J. Helmer for "Go Take Your Guns to Town" (*The Playboy Forum*, February). Finally, an article on guns bereft of the usual rightwing rhetoric or ultraliberal hysteria. No amount of legislation will change the fact that guns are available. What must change is the lack of public education on the uses and handling of weapons.

Mark Brady Round Top, New York

Your essay on the new Florida gun law is disappointing. Instead of making an appeal for the right of law-abiding citizens to bear arms, you propagate the lies of both pro- and antigun extremists.

> Cheri Montagu San Francisco, California

Florida is not the first—or only—state to have a "concealedcarry" permit law, that is, a law allowing its citizens to carry a concealed weapon if they pur-



UNPLANNED *VS.* PLANNED PARENTHOOD

"Margaret Sanger, the founder of Planned Parenthood, was an advocate of what was called eugenics. She and her disciples wanted to sterilize blacks, Jews, mental defectives and fundamentalist Christians. I certainly don't favor getting myself sterilized. And I certainly don't favor the programs of the Nazis. But some of her literature undergirded the genetic experiments of Adolf Hitler. The long-range goal of Planned Parenthood . . . in my estimation, is to provide a master race.

"I believe Planned Parenthood right now is very heavily involved in sterilization as one of their means of birth control."

—PAT ROBERTSON, when asked whether or not he would support Federal funding for the nonabortion programs of Planned Parenthood

"Margaret Sanger worked on the Lower East Side of New York in the Twenties. She saw many poor women struggling to support their large families. Her own mother died at the age of 48 after her 18th pregnancy.

"Eugenics was a popular concept in the Twenties and Sanger rode its popularity in order to advance her own beliefs in birth control. Her philosophy was simply that people should be allowed to choose whether or not they want to continue to bear chil-

"Pat Robertson is poorly informed. Planned Parenthood supports sterilization only for those who choose it."

FAYE WATTLETON, president of Planned Parenthood, in response to Pat Robertson's comments

chase a permit. Many Western states have had this law for years—and have much lower crime rates than states with more restrictive gun laws. We should focus on preventing crime, not on entrapping those who are simply trying to protect their lives and property.

Alan King Olympia, Washington

Helmer calls the Florida concealed-carry law the first of its kind in a high-crime state. High crime is the operative phrasefor many other states allow their citizens to carry guns with or without licenses. In any case, the new law isn't really new, for Florida had a concealed-carry provision under a previous law. The "new" law merely changed a vaguely worded law into one that spelled out the details and requirements of carrying a concealed weapon. One of the reasons that the revised version got so much attention is that the press picked up on the phrase "license to kill" and now strains to connect any shooting with the new statute. So far, there hasn't been a single incident as a result of this statute, much less a "blood bath."

What really shocked big-city folks was the sight of Floridians carrying guns *openly*. But the loophole that allowed them to flaunt their weapons was quickly closed.

What's interesting is to drive through Arizona and notice Hell's Angels bikers with largecaliber handguns strapped on their hips. This "open carry," though unlicensed, is perfectly legal and has never been a problem. The bikers don't bother you and you, for sure, don't bother them.

> David Trevallion Kittery Point, Maine

INSULTED IN UTAH

I read your feature "Adding Insult to Injury at Orem High" (*The Playboy Forum*, March) to the Alpine, Utah, school board. According to the board, its policy is dictated by state law, which is currently being reviewed by

R E S P O N S E

the state legislature. We can only hope that the legislators will be enlightened enough to allow AIDS education in high schools.

> Michael Barth Orem, Utah

The Alpine school district does have a bizarre policy concerning AIDS education, but keep in mind that Utah is a Mormon state. Salt Lake City has no adult-movie theaters and almost no adult magazines—*Playboy* included. Why should anyone think that a course on sex education would be acceptable in Utah?

T. W. Morzelewski Salt Lake City, Utah

LOVE FROM MISSISSIPPI

I've read *Playboy* for 34 years. I always picked it up at the newsstand or at a convenience store. When Southland Corporation stopped carrying it, I went two miles out of my way rather than patronize its stores. Now I've found an easier way to beat the likes of Attorney General Edwin Meese, Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson. I subscribe.

James Love Ridgeland, Mississippi

MORMON'S MONEY

When the U.S. Congress was holding hearings on television evangelism and investigating how the TV preachers use the money donated to them, it should also have taken a look at the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In order to be a Mormon in good standing, a person must contribute ten percent of his income. The contribution can then be deducted from the person's income tax as a charitable deduction. The Mormon church uses this money to purchase stock in companies-sometimes to gain a controlling interest. I think the Mormon church should be investigated to see if the ultimate use of investment income from those contributions is for charitable purposes.

Theador V. Rogers Salt Lake City, Utah

A THANKS TO THE COURT

I don't often congratulate the Supreme Court, but I'd like to do so now for its refusing to hear the appeal of the seven evangelical Christian families who claim that the Tennessee public schools violated their children's religious freedom by requiring that they read textbooks that promote "godlessness." Catholics, mainstream Protestants and Jews don't seem

to have any problem with the schools' curriculums—and if they do, they enroll their children in private schools. Why should evangelicals get special treatment?

F. Gonzales Miami, Florida

AND JUSTICE FOR ALL

Isn't it grand that even a suspected criminal such as Edwin Meese III is entitled to an impartial investigation and a fair trial? Maybe he'll change his mind about the statement he made a year ago: "If a suspect is innocent of a crime, then he is not a suspect."

Russell Brown Blanding, Utah

CANNED IN CANADA

He Shoots, He Scores is a Canadian television series about a hockey team. In one episode, the writers took the title too seriously—at least for some people. They included a scene showing a hockey player embracing a naked woman prior to their tumbling into bed. The scene was shot so that only the woman's bare back and the

sides of her breasts could be seen. When word of the scene hit the streets, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation was besieged with calls and letters demanding that it not be shown. Because of the controversy, the CBC news program aired the scene on the nightly news. Then, deciding that it really was too offensive to show, the CBC cut the scene from the episode. Talk about having your cake and eating it, too.

Barry Brown Toronto, Ontario

BAN THE BIBLE

Ireland is well known for having strict censorship laws and one of its citizens is fighting back. Anne Spicer, from Dublin, asked the censorship board to ban the Bible because of its graphic sex and violence scenes. She probably won't get too far with her request, but maybe procensorship people in the U.S. should take note—their censorship-mindedness may come back to haunt them.

S. Kent Omaha, Nebraska

CTODY OF LODE.

In 1913, an organization from Los Angeles set up two tents on a small plot of land in Duarte, California. A fledgling medical center was born. Its purpose was to help people with the incurable disease of tuberculosis.

Seventy-five years later, the tents have become 50 buildings, the small plot of land has grown to 93 acres and the medical center has 500 support chapters throughout the country.

The center's name? The City of Hope.

Thanks to modern medicine, tuberculosis is no longer an incurable disease. Researchers at the City of Hope are currently working to make that statement true of another incurable disease—AIDS.

In order to help cure the incurable, Christic Hefner, in conjunction with the City of Hope, has established the Christie Hefner Fellowship in AIDS Research. She believes that "it is important for people to support AIDS research. We have to take the position that AIDS is neither necessary nor acceptable in a society as technologically advanced as ours."

If you would like to help cure AIDS, please send your contribution to Christie Hefner Fellowship in AIDS Research/City of Hope, 1500 East Duarte Road, Los Angeles, California 91010.

◆ The City of Hope

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"odvoncing lifesoving research in AIDS."
Christie presented those who ottended the owords bonquet and contributed to AIDS research with a magazine, Playboy and City of Hope: The Fight Against AIDS.

Was Jimmy Swaggart a self-righteous hypocrite? Or was he the victim of sexual repression? Playboy has long argued that repressive attitudes toward sex cause harmful behavior. The writings of Jimmy Swaggart reveal a mind-set that all but guaranteed a liaison with a prostitute in a cheap motel. His philosophy blames television, counseling, movies, pornography, the Devil and masturbation and never once allows for individual responsibility. Here is a man with a tortured soul and a Tefton conscience.

"Everyone recognizes the obvious dangers of the lusts of the *flesh*, so few (if any) Christians wander naïvely into situations that will involve them with adultery, witchcraft, murder or drunkenness

"Ah, but the lusts of the eyes. These are sins that are far less easily recognized—especially in ourselves. Is it good Christian concern for the image our brother is projecting with his new possessions—or is it overt envy? Do we offer advice to a brother because we're concerned with his immortal soul—or is it sheer malice that prompts our action? Is it for the good of the church that we discuss a sister's shortcomings—or is it a simple love of gossip? The lusts of the eyes are, for some reason, exceedingly difficult to recognize and root out—especially in ourselves."

-The Evangelist, February 1987

"The mind is the battleground of right and wrong. It is an open door and it has no lock on it. It is impossible for one to keep thoughts from coming into one's mind.

"I receive letters constantly from individuals wanting to know how they can prevent evil thoughts from coming into their minds. It can't be done. If a person could stop the evil thoughts, he could also stop any good and wholesome, even Godly thoughts from coming in. So, the door that is open to good thoughts is also open to evil thoughts....

"So, when masturbation takes place in conjunction with mental images that depict a sexual situation forbidden by the Word of God, as it often does, then according to His words in *Matthew* 5:27–28, it is wrong. The essential problem is not that the body is being stimulated by its owner but that the mind is engaging in lustful thoughts.



"This is the reason that in what little counseling I do I always tell the individual that masturbation is wrong. While it is not entirely impossible for masturbation to be engaged in without sinful mental imagery, any mental imagery involved would border very close to sin. . . .

"One of the reasons that pornography has become a multibillion-dollar business in this nation—and is becoming bigger almost by the hour—is, at least in part, because of masturbation.

"Once the individual engages in this practice, the next step is mental imagery, and then pornography—this including printed matter, books with pictures and dirty movies. You would be shocked and surprised at the number of Christians who are 'hooked' on these things." —The Evangelist, June 1986

"There is no ministry on the face of the earth any cleaner than this Ministry—from any angle that you would desire to look at it."

—The Evangelist, June 1987

"I once heard A. N. Trotter say that it is not God's will or the Bible way for a preacher of the Gospel to sit for hours listening to one sordid tale of woe after another. He went on to say that these endless stories of perversion, sin and immorality come to permeate right down into the subconscious of the counselor and will eventually take their deadly toll.

"Brother Trotter was right. Hundreds (perhaps even thousands) of preachers (and others) are falling into immorality and sin—simply because they are trying to take the place of the Holy Spirit."

—The Evangelist, November 1986

"What is the difference, when you get right down to it, between the purveyors of porn-70 percent of which, we are told, ends up in the hands of minorsand street-corner sellers of drugs? Both are peddling death and destruction, and no amount of legal posturing can change that. Pornography, you see, is not about sex, any more than rape is about sex. Porn is sex out of control, sex without commitment or passion, and those who make their livelihoods off of it represent the worst our great nation has to offer, the scum on an otherwise tranquil pond. They are not 'beautiful people,' not the 'smart set.' They are wretched, disgusting and dangerous."

-The Evangelist, June 1987

"How can we expect our children to believe anything but that sex is valueless and without consequences when the heroes and heroines are hopping from bed to bed in excited, breathless frenzy?" —The Evangelist, April 1987

"When boys see women who are indecently dressed, or when they look at erotic pictures or read books of this nature, they become sexually stimulated. And then one of several things may happen.

"If the young man is unsaved, he possibly will visit a prostitute or go to bed with his girlfriend (which has become overtly common), or he will engage in masturbation. I think it would be very simple to see how *then* masturbation becomes very wrong. It becomes an outlet for lust.

"If a Christian reads material that is not wholesome, or looks at movies—most movies being sated with innuendo, indecency and filth—or attends places where suggestive dress is worn, he is going to fall. And it must be hastily added that after masturbation is engaged in, little by little the moral fiber is weakened until fornication and adultery will follow. As we have said repeatedly, sin always escalates."

—The Evangelist, June 1986

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

DEATH IN THE DESERT

MINNEAPOLIS—Forty-eight wild mustangs died after they were used in an experiment testing horse contraceptives. No, they didn't die in the line of duty; they died of dehydration in the Nevada desert when they were unable to find their way back to their water supply and pasture. The Humane Society of Southern Nevada came



down hard on the University of Minnesota researchers who conducted the experiment and threatened to sue the university. An official of the Federal Bureau of Land Management, however, excused the deaths as being the result of unforeseeable circumstances.

CONDOMS, CONDOMS

TOS ANGELES—A UCLA-USC condomsafety research project discovered a batch of condoms with glaring defects. A number of Protex Contracept Plus condoms with an expiration date of November 15, 1990, were so fragile that some of them broke when being removed from their package. Researchers informed the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, which issued a recall.

LAS VEGAS—The Nevada Board of Health adopted a regulation that makes the use of condoms compulsory in the state's 35 legal brothels. The president of the Nevada Brothel Association commented, "We are already doing it on a voluntary basis. We are 100 percent in support of the requirement."

SEX SUITS: CALIFORNIA STYLE

EL SEGUNDO-Deborah Volkert recently won a \$60,000 settlement in a suit she filed against the city after the police department rejected her application to be a police officer-and it wasn't a sex-discrimination suit. She won on the grounds that the city had invaded her privacy when she was tested for the job. Volkert was required to take a polygraph test in which she was asked a number of questions, including: "When was the first time you ever had sex?" "Have you ever had an abortion or miscarriage?" "Who was the father?" "What kind of birth-control devices do you use?" During the questioning, she acknowledged that she had had an affair with a police officer. When Volkert was rejected for the job, she was told that the assumption was that she "would be out in the field, fooling around with the other men." Her lawyer commented, "As a result of Ms. Volkert's legal battle, employers may no longer engage in unrestricted fishing expeditions into a prospective employee's private sex life."

LOS ANGELES—A 33-year-old vice officer lost her job recently in part because of alleged misconduct involving a minor. The L.A.P.D. claims that the officer was having sex with a 17-year-old West German exchange student. Meanwhile, the woman filed a \$10,000,000 lawsuit purporting that the police had illegally searched her home to support the sex charges. Her attorney contends that "there is a leering preoccupation with the sexual conduct of female Los Angeles police officers."

ENNULÀ PAREE

PARIS—So much for the French lover. A recent poll of French women found that 31 percent of them are often or occasionally bored during lovemaking. The study, published in the weekly magazine VSD, attributes the results to, among other things, the pressures of modern life.

CANADA LEGALIZES ABORTION

OTTAWA—After 16 months of deliberation, the Supreme Court of Canada voted five to two to strike down the restrictive 1969 abortion law, saying that it "clearly interferes with a woman's physical and bodily integrity" and violates the national constitution's guarantees of "life, liberty and security of the person." The law permitted abortions to be performed only in a hospital, only in cases where a woman's life or health was in jeopardy and only after approval by an abortion committee. One justice wrote that the 1969 law "takes a personal and private decision away from the woman and gives it to a committee. . . . It asserts that the woman's capacity to reproduce is to be subject not to her own control but to that of the state."

AIDS TWO

NEWARK—A second AIDS virus, discovered three years ago in Africa, has now made its way to the United States. Researchers at the University of Medicine and Dentistry of New Jersey say that the virus, HIV-2, was contracted in Africa by a patient but that there is no evidence that it has spread to anyone else in the States. They refused to release details about the patient who subsequently developed the disease. A screening test for HIV-2 is awaiting approval by the Federal Food and Drug Administration.

ARMED WITH PLASTIC

In order "to fight against those who would take away our rights to protect ourselves and our families against criminals who attack, rob, rape and kill," The Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep



and Bear Arms struck an agreement with a bank to issue a VISA credit card in which the bearer can donate one half of one percent per transaction to the pro-gun organization. Have card, will travel.

Schoolhouse gates should bear the warning "Abandon rights, all ye who enter here"

In 1983, Cathy Kuhlmeier, a Hazelwood, Missouri, high school student and editor of the school paper, picked up the May 13 issue of Spectrum and found two of the six pages missing. It took some investigation before she identified principal Robert Reynolds as the person who had killed two articles before the paper went to press. What did he kill? Stories about teenage pregnancy and the impact of divorce on Hazelwood students.

Kuhlmeier went to court, charging

that Reynolds had violated her First Amendment rights. A Federal district court judge ruled against her, then that judgment was overturned by the court of appeals. Finally, four years later, the case was heard by the U.S. Supreme Court.

In a tremendously controversial and troubling decision, the nation's highest Court ruled five to three that Kuhlmeier's rights had not been violated. It was a green light to public high schools' intellectual traffic cops.

'Students in the

public schools do not 'shed their constitutional rights to freedom of speech or expression at the schoolhouse gate," declared Justice Byron White, writing for the majority. "[Nevertheless], the First Amendment rights of students in the public schools 'are not automatically coextensive with the rights of adults in other settings."

That decision will no doubt be applauded by conservatives who grant a person full constitutional rights for the nine months after conception and then none whatever for the ensuing 18 years. Those same conservatives, however, should take note of a recent Colorado incident in which three high school students were suspended after distributing a Christian newspaper to other students. Those students, too, are suing for their rights.

Kuhlmeier and other student editors who have fought for freedom of speech are not the only minors who have been frustrated by the Court. In the past years, Justices have ruled that many rights of students "are not automatically coextensive with the rights of adults

lead to a search for contraband.

FIFTH AMENDMENT: You do not have the right to know that you have the right to remain silent. Principals or other school administrators are not police officers and, therefore, do not have to give a Miranda warning before asking incriminating questions. Also, they may give a student's answers to those questions to the police.

SINTH AMENDMENT: You do not have the right to take an attorney or witnesses to a hearing involving a short suspension (of

up to ten days).

EIGHTH AMEND-MENT: In some states, school officials may inflict corporal punishment-even without your parents' consent. According to the Court, "The prohibition against cruel and unusual punishment was designed to protect [only] those convicted of crime."

Some students have resorted to circumventing the rules. High school journalists at Evergreen High in Syl-California, published a survey of attitudes about drugs, sex and other social issues.

The principal pulled the newspaper from publication because he judged one sentence to be obscene. The student editors quit the paper and published a privately financed alternative paper called Off the Record. It's unfortunate that not all infringements of rights lend themselves to

such relatively easy solutions.

The authors of the A.C.L.U. handbook The Rights of Students (a lamentably thin book) note that in 1930, a Tennessee court ruled that a "child in the public schools . . . is entitled to as much protection as a bootlegger." How times have changed. -JOHN DENTINGER



in other settings."

Enter the schoolhouse and here are a few of the rights you lose:

FIRST AMENDMENT: You do not have the right to protest an insult. A Federal appellate court upheld the suspensions of black students who walked out of a pep assembly when Dixie was played.

FOURTH AMENDMENT: Your desk and locker may be searched without warrants. Students may be searched without warrant based on "reasonable suspicion." In California, merely looking young is enough to justify questioning on suspicion of truancy-which can

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CHEVY CHASE

a candid conversation with the actor/comedian about great mugging, lousy movies, his days at "saturday night live" and his life since betty ford

More than a decade ago, when NBC's "Saturday Night Live" was still being regarded as anything from "sophomoric" to "subversive," one of the cast's resident loonies took it upon himself to make his presence on the show even more bizarre. "Good evening," he began his weekly mock-newscast segment, "I'm Chevy Chase, and you're not." Then, with the slightly off sobriety of a Dan Rather on acid, he would deliver a smug, hip rundown of the week's top news stories.

Conceived and largely written by Chase himself, "Weekend Update" was one of many segments on "Saturday Night Live" that offered a brand of political satire not seen before on network television. But even though the irreverent sketches spotlighted each of the other talented cast members as well, there was something about the TV clown's preppie-hip persona that tickled viewers' funny bones. No matter what he did—artfully pratfalling in mimicry of the accident-prone then-President Gerald Ford, or gingerly picking his nose on camera—he became the show's mainstream favorite.

Within a few weeks of its premiere, "Saturday Night Live" was a runaway hit, but by October 1976, after just one season, Chase got restless and left the show to write, produce and star in a series of specials for NBC.

Inevitably, Chase decided movies were the

way to go. Paramount signed him to star opposite Goldie Hawn in a romantic adventurecomedy called "Foul Play," in which he was
cast as a San Francisco police investigator.
Although the reviews were mixed, the movie
did well at the box office, grossing about
\$45,000,000. It was followed by "Caddyshack," in which he played a wealthy but
strange country-club golfer. That, too, was a
hit, and suddenly Chase—dubbed by some
media pundits as "the new Cary Grant"—
was Hollywood's most sought-after leading
man for light comedy.

Then something happened: By the early Eighties, the heady momentum of his meteoric career hit a snag. A series of mediocre pictures-"Under the Rainbow," "Modern Problems" and "Oh! Heavenly Dog"caused many critics and fans to question whether Chase had sold out to Hollywood. Reviews were generally scathing and, to add injury to insult, "Under the Rainbow" was a box-office turkey. In the midst of all that, he was beset by a series of personal tragedies, including the breakup of his second marriage and the deaths of two of his closest friends, Doug Kenney and John Belushi, He turned to drugs and alcohol, but on weight, mouthed off on talk shows and became a popular target among tabloid journalists.

Then came "National Lampoon's Vaca-

tion," in which Chase portrayed the bumbling but enthusiastic Clark Griswold, a typical middle-class family man who takes his kids and wife on an ill-fated car trip across America. A box-office smash (it earned about \$63,000,000), "Vacation" put Chase back on top and "Fletch," which came out two years later, won over his critics, who dubbed it his comeback film. Here, finally, was a movie that best took advantage of his good-natured charm as well as his agile comic characterizations. "Fletch" did well and, for the first time in his erratic movie career, Chase was getting spectacular reviews.

His next three films—"National Lampoon's European Vacation," "Spies Like Us" and "¡Three Amigos!"—were not greeted with as much critical enthusiasm, but that didn't seem to faze the film industry's business machinery: Today, Chase is one of a handful of leading men able to command more than \$5,000,000 for a picture.

Although he became famous announcing that he was Chevy Chase and we were not, he wasn't Chevy Chase, either. He was born Cornelius Crane Chase in New York City on October 8, 1943, but while still a newborn, his paternal grandmother started calling him Chevy—perhaps after the Washington, D.C., suburb, though no one is quite sure—and the name stuck. His father, Edward Tinsley



"The more I see good actors, the more I understand. What I've been doing is mugging, getting laughs. It's great entertainment, but there's another way to go. I could, for instance, learn how to act. That would be nice."



"Nowadays, anybody can be raked over the coals on TV. Except Ronald Reagan. You can't with a guy who has lost his prostate and half his nose. Nice fella. But it never occurred to him he might be running the country."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY COSTA

"I thought 'Saturday Night Live' was in the dumper after just one year. The quality of writing was never as good. But the present cast is the best one since the first year. The girls are better than any we had." Chase, a writer and book editor, taught him the singular importance of a sense of humor, while his mother, a concert pianist, gave him an enduring interest in music.

Growing up amid comfortable middleclass surroundings, Chase attended a number of prep schools (where, not surprisingly, he developed a reputation as a class cutup) and entered Bard College with the class of 1967. There, he took up music-mainly jamming on drums-and teamed up with two fellow students to write and perform "Channel One," a satirical stage revue that lampooned all aspects of TV-including commercials, kiddie shows, newscasts and documentaries.

After graduating from college, Chase wrote spoofs for Mad magazine and appeared as a white-faced mime in public television's "The Great American Dream Machine." He made his theatrical debut in "National Lampoon's Lemmings"—an off-Broadway musical revue satirizing the foibles of rock-and-roll culture-and later wrote and performed on the "National Lampoon Radio Hour," the cast of which included John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd, Gilda Radner and

In 1974, Chase moved to Los Angeles, where he wrote material for comedians Alan King and the Smothers brothers. It was during that period that he got the big break. Standing in line to see "Monty Python and the Holy Grail," he struck up a conversation with producer Lorne Michaels, who was putting together the first cast and crew for 'Saturday Night Live." Michaels was so impressed with Chase's impromptu patter, he offered the 31-year-old comedy writer a job as the new show's head scribe.

To illuminate the twists, turns and pratfalls of Chase's career, we sent free-lance writer John Blumenthal (who had co-conducted the "Playboy Interview" with the cast and writers of "Saturday Night Live" in May 1977) to talk with Chase following the completion of his 14th film, "Funny Farm." His report:

"The last time I interviewed Chevy, he had just left the cast of 'Saturday Night Live' and was about to embark on a new career. At that time, he seemed a bit uncertain as to whether or not leaving the show had been the right decision. He was an articulate interviewee then, quick with the glib repartee, outrageously funny and not shy with acid-dipped put-downs. I was curious to see, II years and millions of dollars later, if he were still the same Chevy Chase or if film stardom and family life had altered his perspective.

"Our first meeting took place just before Christmas. Chevy, his wife, Jayni, and their two daughters, Cydney, five, and Caley, three, live in a modern security-gated complex in Pacific Palisades. The house is not a mansion-just a simple, well-appointed, conventionally comfortable dwelling, mercifully free of the usual Hollywood trappings; the sort of place Clark Griswold would buy if he won the lottery.

"Chevy greeted me on the front lawn and led me inside. I noted that the intervening 11

years had not aged him much, though he pointed out a few gray hairs at his temples. We strolled through the kitchen-which was alive with pre-Christmas hubbub-managed not to trip over either of his children and took a tour through an elaborate recording studio that had recently been installed in his guest house. Admitting that he had no idea whatsoever how to use the studio, Chevy sat down near a gargantuan Christmas tree and began talking.

"Over the course of our conversation, it became apparent that Chevy had mellowed. Although still sardonic, the years had softened the outrageous, sassy edge. He seemed mistrustful of the press and, at times, guarded, occasionally even conservative. Nevertheless, I found him to be candid about his mistakes and weaknesses, eager to refute some of the negative legends and more than a little selfdeprecating about the ups and downs of his checkered film career.

"Since he had just come off the set of his 14th movie, a retrospective look at his films seemed like an appropriate place to begin. But first, we had to clear something up."

PLAYBOY: What's the biggest misunderstanding about Chevy Chase?

CHASE: A lot of people think I'm shorter

"I felt embarrassed that I wasn't doing the heady, edgy, hard-hitting stuff I'd been doing on 'S.N.L.'"

than I am, and that has always bothered me. Most people think I'm around 5'10".

PLAYBOY: And instead?

CHASE: I'm actually 5'11".

PLAYBOY: A serious problem. And the second-biggest misunderstanding?

CHASE: I think I've gotten a bad rap from people who think I'm a smart-aleck, a wise guy who doesn't care about other people's feelings. But it's quite the contrary. Actually, there aren't too many deep dark secrets about me. I'd also like to state here that I am not a bimbo.

PLAYBOY: Noted. With all your popularity as an actor, there are very mixed feelings about your movies. If you were reviewing a Chevy Chase film festival, which ones would you like best?

CHASE: The first Vacation movie was a great picture in many ways. A very funny picture. Fletch was a good picture.

PLAYBOY: And your least favorite?

CHASE: Modern Problems was awful. So was Under the Rainbow. To this day, I haven't seen Oh! Heavenly Dog in its entirety.

PLAYBOY: Let's review the rest, briefly. What about Caddyshack?

CHASE: Caddyshack was great fun to make, but every time I see it, I think it's worse. I just don't understand my performance. I went in thinking I was the funniest man in the world and could do anything. But when I saw Caddyshack, I realized I couldn't act.

PLAYBOY: Deal of the Century?

CHASE: A piece of shit.

PLAYBOY: Seems Like Old Times?

CHASE: Mediocre.

PLAYBOY: Spies Like Us?

CHASE: I liked it, but a lot of funny stuff was cut out by the director, John Landis, which pissed me off.

PLAYBOY: ¡Three Amigos!?

CHASE: Very funny, but again, a lot of the funny stuff was cut out and replaced with scenes of lots of Mexicans shooting guns.

PLAYBOY: But most did well at the box office. Why is your audience so faithful?

CHASE: Beats me. I can't figure it. No matter what I do, they keep coming. And I don't know for sure who my audience is.

PLAYBOY: You don't?

CHASE: Well, children are a big audience for me. Ten-year-olds. Which is great, because as I get older, they get older and they'll stick with me. And I suppose there's still a band of people who remember me from Saturday Night Live who enjoy the stuff I do. So there's a broad base. I'm not sure I understand why, but it just may be that my audience expects a certain thing from me and they usually get it. Even though they didn't get it in Modern Problems or Deal of the Century and those did well at the box office, too. . . .

I do know this: I've met a lot of the big movie stars-the Jack Nicholsons and the Warren Beattys. Before I met them, I always wondered, What makes them such great actors? And the answer is that what you get on the screen is pretty much what you get when you spend time with them. In other words, they are all pretty much the same in real life as they are on the screen. So whatever draws you to people like that may be an intrinsic part of what they are: No matter how much they act the crap out of something, no matter how much makeup or how many hairpieces they put on, it's something about them that's coming out, their individual charisma. And that may be why, regardless of what I do, my audience keeps watching me.

PLAYBOY: You didn't include your first picture, Foul Play, in the Chevy Chase film festival. Any particular reason?

CHASE: I was embarrassed when I first saw that picture. The audience liked it, but I was embarrassed.

PLAYBOY: Why? CHASE: Because I hated seeing myself try to act. At the time, it didn't feel natural. What felt natural to me then was Saturday Night Live, writing sketches, appearing live, winging it and having fun. Playing a character who was supposed to be able to shoot a gun and know about detective work-actually acting-was a horrible thought to me. It was very tough. There was a line in that movie that I'll never forget, where I had to say to Goldie Hawn, "You have the most beautiful green eyes

I've ever seen." And as I said it, on the close-up, my mouth would twitch; I was so frightened. I was thinking, God, how do I do this? How do I pretend to be something I'm not?

I felt embarrassed that I wasn't doing the heady, edgy, hard-hitting stuff I'd been doing on S.N.L. Instead, I was doing an easy, romantic role that maybe I could fall into doing for the rest of my life, and I was thinking, God help me if that's what it is and there's big money in it.

PLAYBOY: That's what we're getting at: Why haven't your movies reflected more of the "heady, edgy, hard-hitting stuff" you started out with on Saturday Night Live?

CHASE: If you think that I could do in a motion picture what I did on Saturday

Night Live, you're nuts. It's a different audience, a different medium, a different form of expression. The very topicality of a show like Saturday Night Live changes the approach. It was politically oriented and it put the medium of television down. I can't do the same things in movies.

The point is, there's no way to know what quality is. It's a subjective question. I can't tell you that the quality of my work on Saturday Night Live was better than the quality of my work in Oh! Heavenly Dog. By what standards? PLAYBOY: Let's put it another way. There's a kind of movie that someone like Tim Conway does and there's a kind of movie that someone like Albert Brooks does. There's a dif-

CHASE: Sure, there's a difference. But people don't go to the theater to see what a Tim Conway movie is about or what an Albert Brooks movie is about. They go to see Tim Conway or Albert Brooks. The personality and charisma are stronger than the subject of the movie itself. And it happens to be the same in my case.

Incidentally, Tim Conway and Albert Brooks are two of the funniest guys in the world. In fact, Tim Conway probably gets me laughing harder than Albert Brooks ever will, but whenever I'm asked who I think is funny, I always forget Tim Conway and end up mentioning Albert Brooks. PLAYBOY: Most of your movies have also been criticized as being relatively safe.

Have you made a conscious decision to stay away from certain topics?

CHASE: I've made a conscious decision to stay away from movies that call for nudity or the use of foul language or drugs. But that has to do with my private life. I have two little girls and a wonderful wife who are going to see these pictures. Why take the chance that you might hurt the people you're closest to by taking your pants down and showing off your body like, let's say, Richard Gere? On the other hand, if I had Richard Gere's body, I might well take my

PLAYBOY: How do you decide which pictures to do and which ones to turn down? CHASE: It depends. I picked ¡Three Amigos! because I had always wanted to work with ple, so everything takes twice as long. It takes twice as long for them to run across the set in a chase scene.

PLAYBOY: We'll take your word for it. How do you feel about making sequels-such as the Vacation movies?

CHASE: The trouble is, I loved the first Vacation and hated the second one-European Vacation. I thought it was awful. It was poorly written, the performances weren't particularly good and the directing was crap. As for a third one, we have to come up with something particularly funny and different, and the only idea we've had so far is something [Monty Python actor | Eric Idle came up with. He thought it might be funny to set a sequel in Australia. That Paul Hogan movie, Kangaroo

> Dundee, had just come out-

> PLAYBOY: "Crocodile" Dundee.

CHASE: Right, and it sounded like it might be fun to do a Vacation movie in the wilds of Australiauntil Eric started describing what funnel-web spiders can do to you.

PLAYBOY: What can funnel-web spiders do to you?

CHASE: Apparently, if a funnel-web spider bites you, you have just enough time to say, "Excuse me, I have to leave the room." And then you're dead. It seems they have a tremendous number of poisonous animals in Australia. But unless the script is hilarious, I don't see it happening. On the other hand, should my career suddenly plummet, you can be sure that I'll be back doing as many sequels as

cause I had always wanted to work with Danny Aykroyd. Interestingly enough, I didn't find Danny as good an actor in movies as he was in Saturday Night Live. Acting doesn't come easily for him. But I wanted to work with him, anyway.

PLAYBOY: What about Under the Rainbow? CHASE: God knows why I decided to make that film. I read the script and thought it was hilarious. Incidentally, it was supposed to be a 55-day shoot, but it turned into a 110-day shoot, because it was all little people, midgets.

PLAYBOY: Why would midgets double the

CHASE: They're half the size of normal peo-

PLAYBOY: What about Caddyshack II and Fletch II?

CHASE: It looks like I will be doing another Caddyshack, but it will just be a cameo appearance, as an accommodation to the studio. As for Fletch II, I don't know; it depends on the script. Fletch feels very much like me, so he's easy to play.

PLAYBOY: How is Fletch like you?

CHASE: There's a certain tongue-in-cheek, cynical attitude about Fletch that is me in many ways. The way in which he handles people, the way in which he talks, the way in which he performs are not unlike the way I am with people.

PLAYBOY: Fletch was one of your few critical



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successes. In fact, a lot of critics called it your comeback film. Did you see it as that? **CHASE:** I never really understood what they meant by that. There hasn't been a picture for which my salary didn't go up a million bucks each time. And most of them have been hits. So when they say comeback, I'm not sure what they're talking about.

PLAYBOY: We assume they meant it in terms of the film's critical acclaim.

CHASE: In which case, it wasn't a comeback; it was actually my first picture, because I've never had critical rayes. I've never been treated well by critics.

PLAYBOY: How do you react to that?

CHASE: I don't particularly care for critics. There's an ad running now on one of the local L.A. stations promoting a movie critic—Steve Kmetko—and it shows him sitting back and saying, "I can't write, I can't act, I can't sing, I can't dance, so I'm a critic." And it's supposed to be funny and charming. But basically, that's the way I see it. These are guys who can't do it, so, instead, they bust down a guy who spends two years of his life making a picture. In two minutes, on television!

The critics I do like are the ones who write the best. For example, I'll read Pauline Kael on occasion and I'll find that she's completely off the beam, but she writes beautifully. Lovely writing.

I remember saying something about another critic, Rex Reed, on *David Letterman*, but I asked Dave to delete it and he did. It was a typical Chevy Chase—ism.

PLAYBOY: What's a typical Chevy Chase-ism?

CHASE: Something better left unsaid on national television.

PLAYBOY: You want to tell us what it was? **CHASE:** No, because it's better left unsaid in *Playboy*, too. It was thoughtless and it was silly and I'm glad it didn't come out.

PLAYBOY: But it's fair to say you don't care much for Rex Reed?

CHASE: Frankly, I don't know why Rex says the things he says. He's hurtful. He's always saying things about my movies, like "I don't know what they're smoking out there, but Jesus Christ!" He's generally been personal about his affronts and has said on many occasions that he can't understand how anybody could like a guy like me. I don't understand how a guy with that kind of power can abuse it so thoroughly.

Recently, I saw Rex Reed. I was getting out of a cab somewhere. I hadn't seen him in years and he knows there's something going on between us. Anyway, I was with Steve Martin and his wife, Victoria, and Jayni, my wife, and Jayni said, "Look, there's Rex Reed." In my heart of hearts, I was thinking that what I'd really like to do is pick him up with my left hand and slap him across the face with my right hand, the way Rod Steiger slapped the guy in In the Heat of the Night. Bam, bam, bam, bam, bam. That was my thought. What, in fact, I ended up saying was, "Rex, I think you're going to like my next movie a lot better." And I think he will. But I also think that I

understand why there has been so much bad criticism.

PLAYBOY: Why is that?

CHASE: Because the more I see good actors and good movies, the more I understand there has to be an element of truth in what you do on the screen. And what I've been doing on the screen is mugging, getting laughs. There's nothing wrong with that; it's great entertainment. But there's another way to go. I could, for instance, learn how to act. That would be nice.

PLAYBOY: Surely, you're not thinking of doing a serious film?

CHASE: Not in the near future, but in my new film, Funny Farm, I don't do any of the traditional pratfallish, mugging things that I'm known for doing in my movies. And it changed my view of acting, because the movie is funnier because of it. It'll either ruin my career or give me a new one.

I just saw my dog walking up the street. He shouldn't be out there. He's a puppy. OK, he's dead; that's it.

PLAYBOY: Our condolences. What about your career as a writer? You began by writing all your own material. Aren't you interested in writing a movie for yourself?

CHASE: I'm not sure I can. And I'm not sure I have the time. I don't know how to use a computer. I have children, a family, and I try to spend most of my time with them. Also, I just don't have any major film in my head that's bursting to come out. I'd probably die trying to finish a script—I'd be holed up somewhere writing and thinking, This is terrible; this is terrible.

PLAYBOY: You wrote the original "Weekend Update" scripts on *Saturday Night Live*. Don't you miss doing that kind of political satire?

CHASE: Yeah, I miss it a lot. Back then, in 1976, it was an election year and you couldn't have had better material than Gerald Ford and all the other guys who were running.

PLAYBOY: This election year has had its share of comedy. Have you followed it? CHASE: As closely as I can. I was trying very hard to like Gary Hart, after he came back into the race. I watched him on 60 Minutes and Nightline and he didn't impress me. It was like watching a kid who's not telling the truth. The way he second-guessed the question before it came, the way he would get ready to not quite tell the truth. Then there's Michael Dukakis. I like his eyebrows. Everybody does. But, in fact, I feel sorry for the guys who are running this year.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CHASE: Because a precedent was set with Hart, then with Biden. The press wouldn't have touched those personal things years ago; they'd just have stayed out of it. Now they go after anything. Look at Robert Bork—he was probably more qualified than he was given credit for, but the media came down on him and he lost. Of course, he didn't look like the kind of guy you'd want on the Supreme Court. That

Ahab-werewolf beard didn't help any.

PLAYBOY: Isn't your criticism of the media ironic considering your career as the "Weekend Update" anchor, during which you savaged practically everybody?

CHASE: No. I think that's good fodder for a satirical television show, but as the "Weekend Update" guy, I wouldn't have gone out and followed Gary Hart around to find out who he was screwing. What I did was read the newspapers and make funny remarks about the news. So it wasn't exactly an investigative situation for me.

The problem is, nowadays anybody can be raked over the coals on television. Anybody. Except Ronald Reagan, for some reason. You can't rake over the coals a guy who has lost his prostate and half his nose.

He's a granddad. He's a nice fella. But I don't think it ever occurred to him that he might be running the country.

PLAYBOY: Have you met him?

CHASE: Actually, I did once. Javni and I met the Reagans at a Kennedy Center awards ceremony. We went through a receiving line. It seems to me that that is all those guys do, stand in receiving lines. So by the time we got to him, he was pretty much asleep. It was up to Nancy to say hello. I think there's an element of senility creeping in there.

PLAYBOY: Did you talk with him?

CHASE: Yeah, a little. It was the Christmas season and there was a Christmas tree and I made a comment about the big, nice wooden choo-choo train that was going around

the tree and how it reminded me of a child-hood nobody I knew had ever had. He was gracious enough, but I don't think he had the slightest idea who I was. Later, when I was performing up on stage, he laughed a lot. He was sitting next to Bob Hope and when I looked at him, I think Bob was trying to tell him that I was the comedian who had made fun of Jerry Ford. I don't think he really remembered, but that's all right. It's hard enough for him to remember where to go next.

Incidentally, I've gotten to know Jerry Ford over the past few years, and I find him to be an honest person, a terrific guy. Not a lot of bullshit there. In fact, I'll never forgive myself for some of the things I said about him on Saturday Night Live.

PLAYBOY: Such as what?

CHASE: Like when I said that looking into Ford's eyes was like looking into 15 milligrams of Valium. Actually, that was one of Michael O'Donoghue's lines, but I said it on "Weekend Update." It was a funny line, but making fun of Ford was easy cheapshot stuff. In some cases, I think it might even have hurt his feelings, and it had little to do with his effectiveness as President. It was really just comedy, easy cheap-shot comedy. Having met the man and gotten to know him and his family somewhat, I regret some of it, because it's kind of embarrassing to see him now. He's very sweet, almost grandfatherly. On the other hand, I loved doing it and would probably ly?" I went to Michael and said, "You mean he was a real guy?" So I had to send out a form letter apologizing to everybody whose feelings I'd hurt.

PLAYBOY: That wasn't the last time you got in trouble for something you said on national television. There was also the time you called Cary Grant a "homo" on the old *Tomorrow* show.

CHASE: Now, there's an example of some fine thinking on my part. It was a typical wise-ass remark that was misunderstood. **PLAYBOY:** So he sued you for \$10,000,000.

CHASE: And I don't blame him. It was a stupid thing to say, and I could easily have had it cut out of the tape, but I thought maybe he'd laugh. I certainly have nothing against being gay and it wouldn't have

bothered me one iota whether or not Cary Grant had been as gay as the day. It didn't have anything to do with that.

PLAYBOY: How did the subject come up? CHASE: Tom Snyder asked me a question that I'd been hearing repeatedly from interviewers for the past two or three years, and the guestion was, "Has anybody ever told you you're the next Cary Grant?" So I simply told Tom that nobody's ever going to be Cary Grant. I emulate him, but nothing like him. Then, for the laugh, I said, "And I understand he's a homo." And it got a big laugh, such a big laugh that when Tom said, "Let's edit that out," I said, "No, let's leave it in; he'll laugh." Had I picked anyone else, he would have

laughed. I unfortunately picked a man who, I guess, was once thought to have been gay. It hadn't really even occurred to me that that was an issue, but apparently it had been an issue in his life and a rather hurtful one.

Well, somebody showed Grant the tape—and this man was relatively litigious, anyway; always had a lawsuit going—so he sued me. And he kept it alive for about three years. Once he realized I felt awful about it, he should have forgiven me, but he just kept it going. Ultimately, I paid somewhere in the vicinity of \$100,000 as a settlement.

PLAYBOY: Did he ever ask for a formal on-air apology?



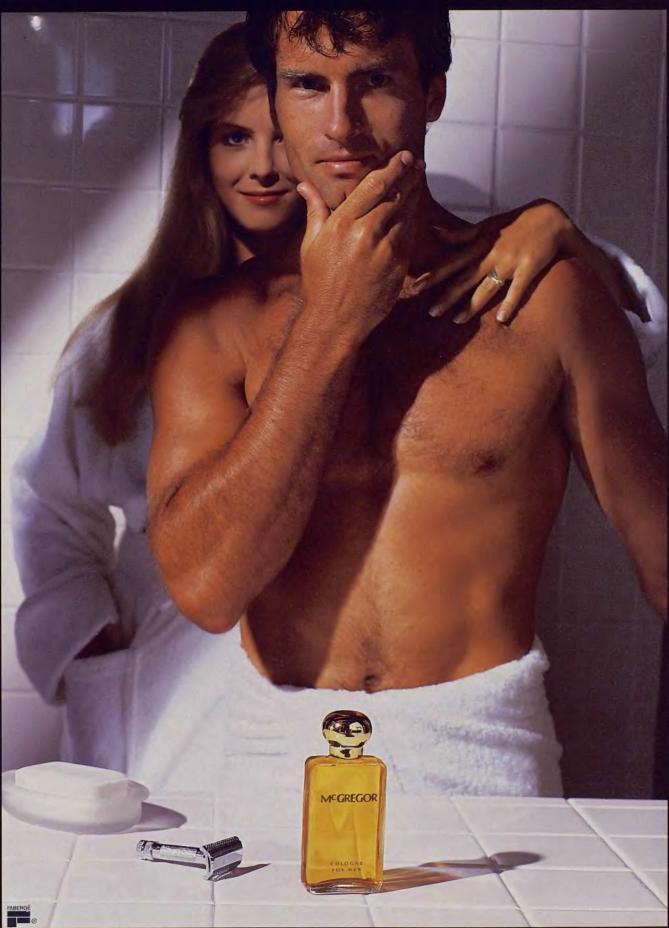
do it again.

By the way, O'Donoghue was also the writer who gave me the Professor Backwards line that got me in a lot of trouble.

PLAYBOY: Refresh our memory.

CHASE: It was a "Weekend Update" item that Michael wrote about this guy named Professor Backwards who was killed, shot to death. I had never heard of Professor Backwards, but apparently, he was a night-club entertainer who could speak backward. And Michael wrote that his last words were "Pleh! Pleh!"

Well, I thought that was fucking hilarious. I said it on the air, and the next thing I knew, I had letters up the wazoo, saying, "How could you do this to this man's fami-



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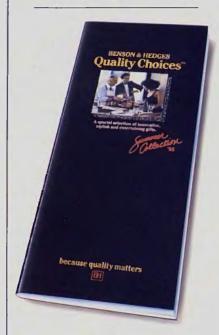


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CHASE: As a matter of fact, he did. It was supposed to be part of the settlement that I make a public apology. Which I've never done. I always thought that that was a very strange request. I mean, why would he want me to remind everybody on national television that I'd said he was a homo? I kept wondering, How would I do that? Would I go on The Tonight Show and say, "By the way, Johnny, there's something I'd like to say. Recently, I called Cary Grant a homo. I'd like to take it back"? What would that do for Cary Grant? Anyway, I never did it. But I hereby formally apologize. Here it is, on paper, at least.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever meet him?

CHASE: At the deposition. It was very funny, actually. The lawyer asked him, "Mr. Grant, what were your feelings when you saw the tape and heard Mr. Chase say that he understood you were a homo?" And Grant replied, in his Cary Grant voice, "I felt I wanted to sue."

In retrospect, I don't think the whole mess ingratiated me much with the gay populace. So my films don't do great in San Francisco.

PLAYBOY: Here's a question that should ingratiate you with the heterosexual populace: Have you ever gotten romantically involved with a co-star?

CHASE: Actually, the only one who stands out is Goldie Hawn. We were infatuated with each other. I fell absolutely head over heels in love with her. And I don't think she would take offense if I said that she felt almost the same way about me.

PLAYBOY: Any other romantic flings?

CHASE: Yeah, Gregory Hines. It really began very innocently. We were dancing and he put his hand down the back of my pants. It was a big surprise to me. And I found it to be surprisingly delightful. Greg and I went out together for a while, maybe two or three years.

PLAYBOY: Sounds as if you're trying to win back that gay audience. That's it for romances on the set?

CHASE: No. There was Benji, of course, but I don't really want to discuss that relationship. Filthy little mutt. All I can tell you is his mouth was very small.

PLAYBOY: Onward. Do you still watch Saturday Night Live-the current version?

CHASE: Yeah, sometimes.

PLAYBOY: Are you surprised that it's still going strong?

CHASE: No, I'm not surprised. I thought it was in the dumper after just one year. I still think that the quality of the material and the writing were never as good as they were the first year. There were some interesting characters, some better actors, some very funny moments, but it just got weird. It wasn't as edgy. And, basically, it had done what it had set out to do in the first year, which was to parody television. That had a real part in my deciding to leave. To this day, I've not seen any "Weekend Update" that I've liked as much as the ones we did the first year.

On the other hand, I think that the

present cast is the best one since the first year. Phil Hartman is a genius. Jon Lovitz is brilliant. And the two girls-Jan Hooks and Nora Dunn-are better than any of the girls we ever had.

But I think the writing has suffered. It's not as good, and I'm not sure why. Maybe Lorne Michaels is not as excited by the show as he used to be. It's old hat for him, and I don't think he spends as much time in the area that he's best at, namely, editing and rewriting material. So the material simply isn't honed the way it used to be. Plus the staff is too big. You go to a staff read-through now and there are 50 people in the room and the material is chosen on the basis of how many of them laugh.

They're also missing the kind of weirdness that people like Aykroyd and O'Donoghue and Belushi gave the show in the old days.

PLAYBOY: There has been some controversy recently about the old days at S.N.L. In a book titled Saturday Night: A Backstage History of "Saturday Night Live," published last year, the authors devote a chapter to you and they don't paint a very pretty pic-

CHASE: I cried when I read that book. I literally cried! There were things that were said about me in that book that were just total bullshit!

PLAYBOY: Such as what?

CHASE: I don't remember the specifics. If you'd like to refresh my memory. . . .

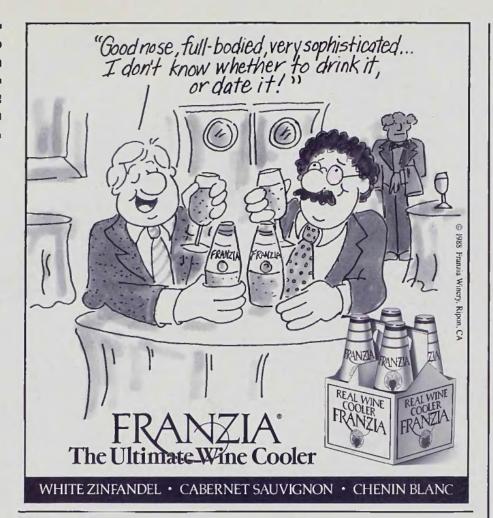
PLAYBOY: The authors claim that your early fame turned you into an "obnoxious egocentric," that you bragged about how much money you were making, used cocaine heavily, tried to attract attention to yourself by riding around in convertibles, took over the show

CHASE: All lies. First of all, I was not making more money than anyone else. So there was nothing to brag about. I was not a heavy cocaine user. That first year-1976-none of us were making enough money to be heavy cocaine users. Sure, cocaine was there sometimes and some of us liked it, but we were pretty moderate in our use of ft. I understand that after I left, it became horrendous.

As for the other accusations-how can you try to attract attention to yourself when you're already getting so much? It's just not true. One thing I do recall is that Belushi used to have his own limo, and sometimes after the shows, he'd ride around with the windows open to see if anybody would recognize him. But Jesus Christ, I was spending most of my time in the studio or the offices. As for the "obnoxious egocentric" business, I'd like to know exactly where they got that quote.

PLAYBOY: It's unattributed.

CHASE: Right. The authors obviously talked with people they could get some spice from, people who had been fired or who were jealous or who couldn't get their work on the show. Those guys weren't there. They have no idea. I'd love to see them in a dark alley. And I'd like to have a



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The fact is, that year was one of the happiest times in my life. And I was never an "obnoxious egocentric." Just the opposite. I was very sensitive to the fact that I was saying my name every week—

PLAYBOY: "I'm Chevy Chase and you're

CHASE: Right, and that it was a name people could easily recognize, more easily than the names Belushi or Aykroyd, which were rarely heard and hard to remember. I was very sensitive to their wants and needs and to their egos as actors. And the fact is, they were better actors than I was. So I may even have been overly cooperative. In my writing, I would consistently put other people into my news items and sketches, people who had less to do on the show. So it hurt me to read shit like that.

PLAYBOY: The book also implies that Belushi resented being upstaged by you.

CHASE: Which is really a put-down of Belushi, the worst kind of put-down. John wasn't like that at all. He tended to be bellicose about everything, but we all had that in common, being arrogant young sprouts at the time. But John was never loud about my stardom, unless he was being satirical or sarcastic about it.

PLAYBOY: How did he feel when you left the show?

CHASE: I think he was probably delighted, gratified because he would get more attention and maybe a little bit frightened that he would have to live up to something. Which I think he lived up to. Danny, on the other hand, couldn't have cared less. He was upset because he loved me and I loved him, but he wasn't as ambitious as John. John was clearly, at the time, ambitious. In a very natural, human way. There was nothing mean or bad about John.

Incidentally, it was O'Donoghue and I who pushed Lorne Michaels into auditioning Belushi for Saturday Night Live. Lorne didn't really think he wanted John on the show, because John had made some remarks about hating television or something and Lorne was afraid he would be a downer. I don't think he knew how funny John could be.

PLAYBOY: Did your relationship with Belushi change after you left the show?

CHASE: After I left, I moved to California, got married and attempted to start a new life. John was still in New York, so we didn't see much of each other. When I did see him again, he was finally getting his share of the fame and was pretty high on the hog.

I remember one time I went to see him at the Beverly Hills Hotel. It was just after Animal House came out, and he was quite famous. He had a bunch of his cronies around him and I could barely get into his hotel room. Those guys were huge Hell's Angels types with beards, pusher types. And when I finally got to talk with John, I found him to be a little upset with his fame.

PLAYBOY: How so?

CHASE: It was funny, really. He said,

"Jesus, Chevy, when people see you on the street, they go, 'Hey, Chev, how ya doin'?" When they see me, they hit me." It was funny to me that people just considered him to be a human punching bag.

John also got more deeply involved with drugs than I did. As involved as I was during that period, it was to a lesser extent and with a different crowd. So we didn't really have much of a relationship after that, though there were a few occasions when he visited me and my wife and was distraught over his use of coke and said that he wanted to get off it but didn't know how. I felt that he had a real problem.

But at the time, I was taking it and I didn't feel that I had a problem. By the time you think you have a problem, you're half dead.

PLAYBOY: There were rumors that during that period you were doing \$4000 worth of cocaine a week.

CHASE: That's ridiculous. I never spent that kind of money. I took it in small increments, a little at a time, over a period of years. At the time, we didn't know it was addictive. We just knew that we had money to spend and that it was a great high.

And there were other reasons—I was pretty badly shaken over my separation and divorce and I tended, during that period, to take drugs to dull my feelings. I didn't know at the time that that was what I was doing, but basically, I was keeping my feelings from being seen or felt. And it always seemed that I could drink more and do more drugs than anybody else and still appear to be straight.

John, on the other hand, was always over the line when it came to taking any kind of drug. He was like a brick. He could take more than anybody and still, somehow, remain upright, like some sort of Bozo doll. Once in a while, we'd have to carry him around, but he was about the same height lying on his side as he was standing on his feet, so it didn't matter.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you saw

CHASE: A couple of months before he died. He had a bodyguard with him, a guy named Smokey, who had been one of President Ford's Secret Service guards. John had hired him to keep him off drugs and get him in shape for a new movie, a romantic comedy called *Continental Divide*. It was, incidentally, a script I had turned down.

Anyway, whenever John and I got together, we were very warm and loving. But whenever there were other people around us, he tended to be more jealous, more anxious, more sarcastic, sometimes even a little pushy. Quite frankly, over the last couple of years of his life, he was an asshole. And I think a lot of his friends were put off by it.

I remember one time, I went back to New York to see one of the shows and there was a party afterward in the Village. It was around the time *Animal House* had become a hit. John was in a bathroom stall and he was yelling to me something to the effect that he now made more money than I did. It was a little strange for John, but I wrote it off at the time, figuring he was just on a cloud. Not necessarily from drugs but from all the attention he was getting.

PLAYBOY: What were your reasons for not going to his funeral?

CHASE: I was against going to his funeral because I thought it would become a media event and a shambles, which I found personally distasteful. I cared too much about him. I loved him. And I did not want camera shots of me and other Saturday Night Live people shedding crocodile tears.

PLAYBOY: Another one of your close friends, Doug Kenney [cofounder of *The National Lampoon* and one of the writers of *Animal House*], died two years before Belushi.

CHASE: That's right. Doug was the first of the casualties. To this day, no one's really sure exactly how he died. A lot of people think he committed suicide. But I just don't believe that.

PLAYBOY: What's your theory?

CHASE: Doug and I had gone to Hawaii to dry out. I left Hawaii and Doug stayed on. I got a call from him a couple of days later and he sounded sad and depressed. I don't know why. But the last thing you'd have expected Doug to do was to take his own life. There's a possibility that it was an accident, that he fell. That makes a little more sense to me, because if you stepped too far out on that cliff, the dirt would give way. And that was the explanation the police had given us, that the dirt had given way.

On the other hand, if I recall correctly, his shoes were apparently still at the top of the cliff. Which is a little odd, because I remember a joke I'd pulled on Doug at the Hyatt Regency on Maui before I left. I was on the balcony and I had my cowboy boots on. He was in the other room and I just went "Ahhhhhhhhhhh," like I was falling, and he rushed out to the balcony. I was hidden behind the curtains and all he saw were my boots. So it looked like I had jumped out of my boots. So, naturally, I wondered if Doug had pulled some incredibly strange suicide joke, but as I said, I can't believe that he was ever that unhappy. So I tend to doubt that. Which leads me to the conclusion that maybe somebody gave him a push. I have nobody to accuse of it, but there's the possibility that he got mixed up with the wrong kind of people.

PLAYBOY: Pushers?

CHASE: Maybe. We met some strange types on Maui. And Doug was not afraid of meeting people like that. So it's not unfathomable that he might have wanted to buy something and someone took his money and pushed him. On the other hand, I have no evidence to support that. I just can't believe he committed suicide. I mean, what did he do, take his shoes off and walk through the briars to the edge of the cliff? PLAYBOY: You've been fairly open about your problems with coke and alcohol, but

you also became addicted to painkillers.

CHASE: That was a few years later. I got hooked on psychoactive drugs—Percodan and Percocet—which I was taking for my back. As you know, I've spent much of my career pratfalling without padding up or taking any other precautions. Over the years, I've really worn myself down, so I have an illness called degenerative-disc disease, which once you have, you can't get rid of, and which is rather painful. And I got hooked on painkillers.

PLAYBOY: When did you first realize you had a problem?

CHASE: At Gerald Ford's Humor and the Presidency Seminar in 1986. It was one of the worst times I've ever had.

PLAYBOY: How so?

CHASE: I was a nervous wreck. I was having panic attacks and I couldn't stop sweating. I was scared to death. I was shaking in my boots. At the time, I couldn't understand what it was. And what it turned out to be was withdrawal from the painkillers I'd been taking. I had run out of pills. The problem was, I was hooked.

When we got home, Jayni got me and my doctors together one afternoon. We were ostensibly all going to play tennis, but only one of my doctors had his tennis clothes on. The other one was in a suit. And I had this strange intuitive sense that something was going on, some sort of "intervention." And that's exactly what it was. Jayni appeared in the room in tears, and then they were saying, "Chev, we think you've got a problem with prescription drugs and there's only one way to get out of it. We know a place, the most private place in the country. . . ."
PLAYBOY: The Betty Ford Center?

CHASE: Right. Only it's not the most private place in the country. Far from it. In fact, it wouldn't surprise me if everybody there is on the National Enquirer's payroll. I got there and registered under my doctor's brother's name, and within an instant, there was a photographer outside my window. The next day, Jayni was followed by two reporters from the Enquirer.

PLAYBOY: How had they found out you were there?

CHASE: Somebody called my home, my private line, pretending to be Tim Hutton and saying he needed to get in touch with me to wish me a happy birthday or something. I hardly knew Tim Hutton—I'd met him once on a plane—but Jayni didn't know that. So she got conned into giving him the Betty Ford Center's phone number. He asked if I was there, they said yes and he hung up. And the next thing I knew, it was all over the papers.

PLAYBOY: What was the therapy like?

CHASE: We called the therapy "God-squadding." They get you to believe that you're at death's door, that you're ruined it for everybody, that you're nothing and that you've got to start building yourself back up through your trust in the Lord. Lots of (continued on page 162)

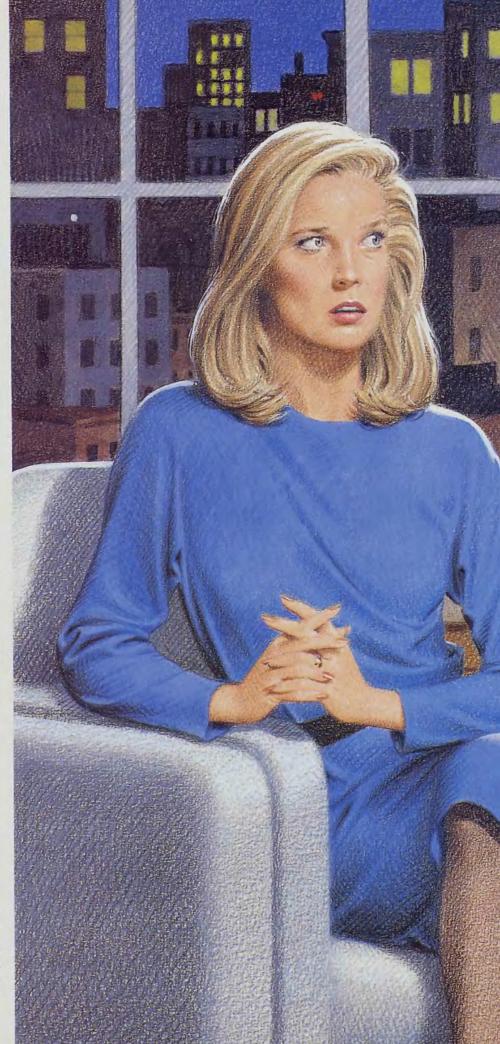
By DAVID FOSTER WALLACE

"he likes to make himself look as ridiculous as the guest," i said to rudy. he answered, "that's what makes him so dangerous"

AM A WOMAN who appeared in public on Late Night with David Letterman on March 22, 1989.

In the words of my husband, Rudy, I am a woman whose face and attitudes are known to something over half of the measurable population of the United States, whose name is on lips and covers and screens. Whose heart's heart is invisible to the world and unapproachably hidden. Which is what Rudy thought could save me from all this appearance implied.

The week of March 19, 1989, was the week David Letterman's variety-and-talk show featured a series of taped skits on the private activities and pastimes of executives at NBC. My husband and I sacrificed sleep and stayed up late, watching. My husband, whose name in the entertainment industry is better known than his face, had claimed at first to be neutrally excited about the call I'd gotten from Late Night, though by the time he'd been driven home, he was beginning to worry that this particular public appearance could present problems. He knew and feared Letterman; he claimed to know that Letterman loved to savage female guests. It was on a Sunday that





Rudy told me we would need to formulate strategies for my appearance on *Late Night*. March 22nd was to be a Wednesday.

On Monday, viewers accompanied David Letterman as he went deep-sea fishing with the president of NBC's news division. The executive, whom my husband had known and who had a pappus of hair sprouting from each red ear, owned a state-of-the-art boat and rod and reel, and apparently deep-sea fished without hooks. He and Letterman fastened bait to their lines with rubber bands.

"He's waiting for the bastard to even think about saying holy mackerel," my husband said, smoking.

On Tuesday, Letterman perused NBC's chief of creative development's huge collection of refrigerator magnets. He said, "Is this entertainment, ladies and gentlemen? Or what?"

I had the bitterness of a Xanax on my

We had Ramon haul out some video tapes of old *Late Night* episodes, and watched them.

"How do you feel?" my husband asked. In slow motion, Letterman let drop from a roof 20 floors above a cement lot several bottles of champagne, some fruit, a plate-glass window and what looked, for only a moment, like a piglet.

"The hokeyness is vital," my husband said as Letterman dropped a squealing piglet off what was obviously only a pretend roof in the studio; we saw something fall a long way from the original roof to hit cement and reveal itself to be a stuffed piglet. "But that doesn't make him benign." My husband got a glimpse of himself in our viewing room's black window. "I don't want you to think the hokeyness is real."

"I thought hokeyness was pretty much by definition not real."

He directed me to the screen, where Paul Shaffer, David Letterman's musical side-kick and friend, was doing a gofigure with his shoulders and his hands.

We had both taken Xanaxes before Ramon set up the video tapes. I also had a glass of Chablis. I was very tired by the time the magnets were perused and discussed.

My husband, watching, said, "This could be very serious."

The call had come from New York the Friday before. The caller had congratulated me on my situation comedy being picked up for its fifth season and asked whether I'd like to be a guest on the next week's Late Night with David Letterman, saying Mr. Letterman would be terribly pleased to have me on. I tentatively agreed. I have few illusions left, but I'm darn proud of our show's success. I have a good character, work hard, play her well,

and practically adore the actors and people associated with the series. I called my agent, my unit director and my husband. I agreed to accept an appearance on Wednesday, March 22nd. That was the only interval Rudy and I had free in a weekly schedule that denied me even two days to rub together: My own series tapes Fridays, with required read-throughs and rehearsals the day before. Even the 22nd, my husband pointed out over drinks, would mean leaving LAX very early Wednesday morning, since I was contracted to appear in an Oreo commercial through Tuesday. My agent had thought he could reschedule the cookie shootthe people at Nabisco had been very accommodating throughout the whole campaign-but my husband had a rule for himself about honoring contracted obligations, and, as his partner, I chose also to try to live according to this rule. It meant staying up terribly late Tuesday to watch David Letterman and the piglet and refrigerator magnets and an unending succession of eccentrically talented pets, then catching a predawn flight the next morning: Although Late Night's taping didn't begin until 5:30 E.S.T., Rudy had gone to great trouble to arrange a conference with Dick beforehand, to help me prepare to handle and be handled by Letterman.

Before I fell asleep Tuesday night, David Letterman had Teri Garr put on a Velcro suit and fling herself at a Velcro wall. That night, his Late Night Bookmobile featured a 1989 Buyer's Guide to New York City Officials; Letterman held the book up to view while Teri hung behind him, stuck to the wall several feet off the ground.

"That could be you," my husband said, ringing the kitchen for a glass of milk

Letterman offered up a false promo for a cultural program ABC had supposedly decided against inserting into next fall's line-up. The promo was an understated clip of four turbaned Kurdistani rebels, draped in small-arms gear, taking time out from revolution to perform a Handel quartet in a meadow lush with purple flowers. The bud of culture flourishing even in the craggiest soil was the comeon. Letterman cleared his throat and claimed that ABC had finally submitted to conservative P.T.A. pressure against the promo. Paul Shaffer, to a drum roll, asked why this was so. Letterman grinned with an embarrassment Rudy and I both found attractive. There were, as usual, ten answers. Two I remember were "Gratuitous Sikhs and violets" and "Gratuitous sects and violins." Everyone hissed with joy. Even Rudy laughed, though he claimed no such program had been commissioned by ABC. I laughed sleepily and shifted against his arm, which was along the back of the couch.

David Letterman also said, at various intervals, "Some fun now, boy." Everyone laughed. I can remember not thinking there was anything especially threatening about Letterman, though the idea of having to be peeled off a wall upset me.

Nor did I care one bit for the way the airplane's ready, slanted shadow rushed up the runway to join us as we touched down. By this time, I was quite upset. I even jumped and said "Oh!" as the plane's front settled into its shadow on the landing. I broke into tears, though not terribly. I am a woman who simply cries when she's upset; it does not embarrass me. My husband touched my hair. He argued that I shouldn't have a Xanax, though, and I agreed.

"You'll need to be sharp," was the reason. He took my arm.

The NBC driver put our bags far behind us; I heard the trunk's solid sound.

"You'll need to be both sharp and prepared," my husband said. He ran his arm, which was well built, along the top of the leather back seat. He invited me to rest my head against him.

But I was irritable by now. Much of my tension about appearing, I knew, was Rudy's own fault. "Just how much preparation am I supposed to need?" I said. Charmian and I had already conferred long distance about my appearance. She'd advised solidity and simplicity. I would be seen in a plain blue outfit, no jewelry. My hair would be down.

Rudy's concerns were very different. He claimed to fear for me.

"I don't see this dark thing you seem to see in David Letterman," I told him. "The man has freckles. He used to be a local weatherman. He's witty. So am I, Rudy." I did want a Xanax. I turned in the back seat to look at him. "I honestly don't see what about me is savageable."

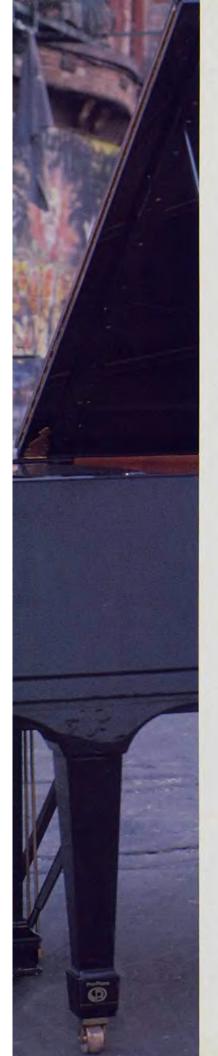
As we were driven up through a borough and extreme southeast Manhattan, my husband became anxious that the NBC driver, who was young and darkly Hispanic, might be able to hear what we were saying to each other, even though there was a thick glass panel between us in back and the driver up front, and an intercom in the panel had to be activated to communicate with him. My husband felt at the glass and at the intercom's grille. The driver's head was motionless except to check traffic in mirrors. The radio was on for our enjoyment; classical music drifted through the intercom.

"Why do you insist Letterman is mean? We watched the show. He didn't seem particularly mean."

Rudy tried to settle back as serious Manhattan began to go by. "This is the (continued on page 88)







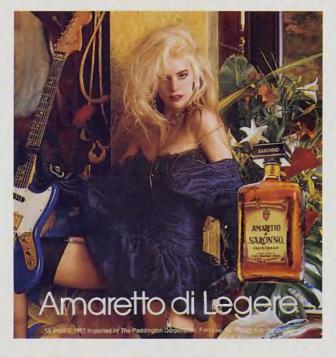
PHOEBE

manhattan's a meltdown for this plymouth rocker

text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON

HE MAY look like the queen of camp, but don't let the far-out threads fool you. Phoebe Légère is a pulchritudinous pop-rock phenomenon

who presents herself gaudily gift-wrapped in a style she likes to call "my insane-Pilgrim look." The Pilgrim reference is well taken, because Phoebe, a Mayflower descendant and Vassar graduate who studied piano at the New England Conservatory of Music, has already become a demilegend among the



night people of New York's downtown underground cultural scene. She rocks, she shocks, she shakes the rafters playing piano, accordion or hot-pink guitar. And she sings—with a pure, remarkable four-and-a-half-octave range that makes Madonna sound tone-deaf. There's no reason to suspect that the sultry blonde Légère preening in those ads for Amaretto liqueur is a bombshell of talent as well, yet Phoebe has wowed audiences from Manhattan's Carnegie Recital Hall and the trendy Tramps to the Hilton Hotel in Nairobi. Backed by her band, Blond Fox, she's currently steaming up movie screens in *Mondo New York*, a celebration of the bad and beautiful downtown entertainment world, where drag queens,





perverts, nudists, masochists, rap singers and legitimate performing artists mingle. Phoebe's showstopper is Marilyn Monroe, her own composition, released as a single by Great Jones Records and inspired by a dream she had after watching Some Like It Hot on TV. But let Phoebe tell it: "In my dream, I was swimming with Marilyn, and she sang a lovely song in my ear. . . . I woke up, and as the sun came over the hill, I wrote the song." Fanciful, maybe. Typical, also, of the pearls issuing from the painted crimson lips of a free spirit whose life literally began with a bang. "I was born on July 4, 1961, in Lexington, Massachusetts. Légère is my real name, and I am obsessed with music and beauty; can't you tell?" She paints, sketches, designs erotic lingerie, undaunted by any art form. Says Phoebe, "I never met an art I didn't like." Phoebe credits Vassar for outfitting her with aplomb as an articulate sex symbol who can rattle on about the works of Plato,

The protean Phoebe Légère, on a stairway to stardom (right), sketches a storyboard all her own (starting at left). "This is my sexual fantasy. I'm dying to make it come true, if someone will just book me on the Riviera."

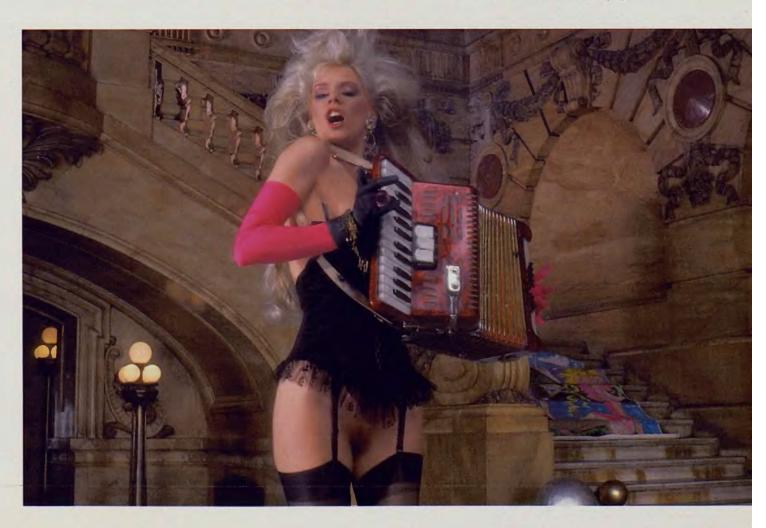






Her story goes on, and so does Phoebe the unstoppable, who has mastered seven musical instruments and overcome her New England inhibitions. "Rock and roll is a virile art form," says she. "I'm glad that when I see men looking at *Playboy*, I know they're looking at me."

Kant, Darwin and Count Basie without missing a beat. "The art director who does the Amaretto ads fell in love with me from a song I sang, Sex Object, which I had written as part of a performance spectacular called Folies Légère. That I describe as total art synthesis. I had with me the tallest, most beautiful nubile women I could find, all undulating through the creation myth. I took the audience through five billion years of earth's history in half an hour. . . . Well, of course, you put Darwinism together with high-fashion tits and atonal music, you have the makings of a big flop. Everybody hated it." Except the art director from Amaretto. Nowadays, her mixed reviews are more often mixed (text concluded on page 132)



I begin seducing the stranger.

I tell thin I read money to produce my expression.

I show him my hand-painted Merry Wickowand

panties and he asks if he can
buy them the asks, Combien?

I million francs. "May I see

you in them?"he asks. I

you in them?"he asks. I

yeturn with a large feather fan,

yeturn with

Phoebe wraps up both fictional and photo fantasies in her own words: "I'd perform nude if I could. But I try to leave as much of my body showing as possible. It's one of the most beautiful things God ever made, don't you think?" Who's to argue?







The

COMPOSITE CANDIDATE

satire by Lewis Grossberger

LECTION 1988 is nearly upon us, with its challenge to choose a President of bold vision, courage and leadership, a challenge that will be rendered even more difficult than usual by an appalling field of candidates.

The two major parties find themselves in differing circumstances. While the Democrats have fielded one scandal-ruined unelectable spoiler and multitudes of tiny, irritating mouselike ciphers whom no one cares about, the Republicans have two well-known, distinguished leaders of great stature and accomplishment whom no one can stand.

What does all this portend? An election so dreary that not even three fully puffed-up network anchors can make it interesting. A country governed by a President elected by maybe 16 voters.

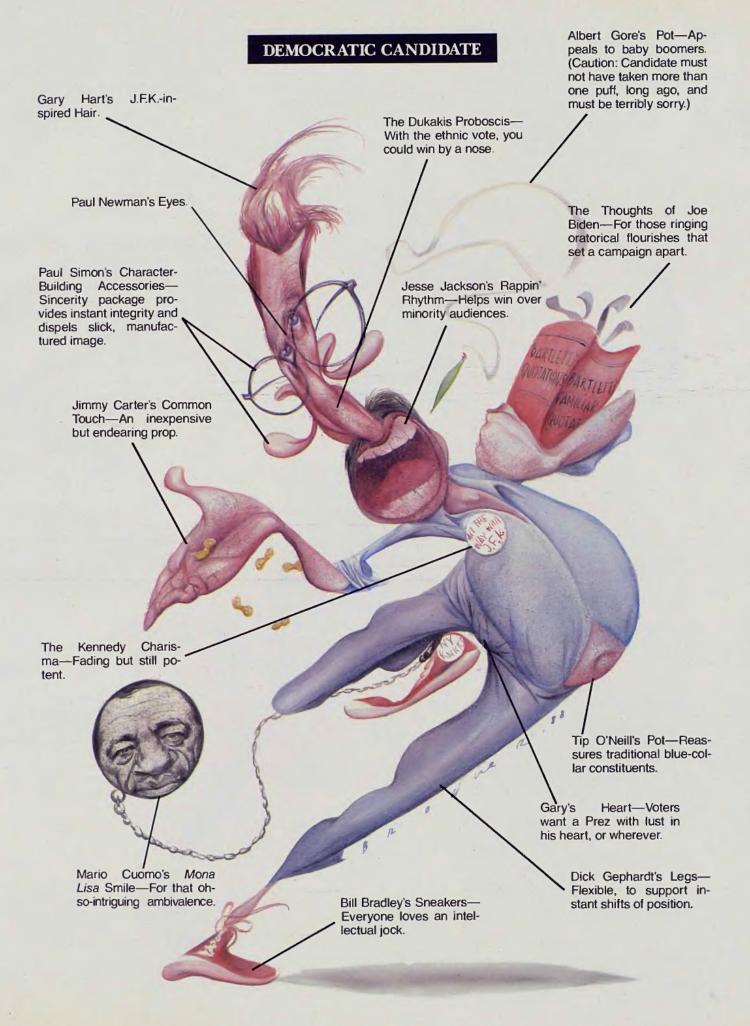
Is it ever time for a change.

Which is why, in the name of public service, we have come up with the Emer-

gency Composite Candidate Replacement Plan.

And quite a nifty little proposal it is, the kind of idea doable only in a hip, forward-looking, solution-oriented nation like ours. Enlisting the aid of modern medicine and science fiction (if, in fact, there is a difference between the two), we selected the best bits of the present mediocrities (whether running, formerly running or coyly nonrunning) and constructed two glory-bound supercandidates.

So cast off those preconvention worries and look to the following pages, where the brightest and the best meet the genetically impossible.





Pat Robertson's Direct Line to God—No evangelist can resist.

> Jerry Ford's Trusty Pardoning Pen—A G.O.P. necessity due to surfeit of Reagan Administration figures facing convictions.

Jack Kemp's J.F.K.-inspired Hair.

Charlton Heston's Face— Is this guy Presidential or what?

The Kissinger Drone—Evokes G.O.P.'s golden era in foreign policy and war crimes.

"Ve must achieve hegemony but vid rapprochement, uddervise our deterrence vill be compromised by de strategic, etc., and de nuclear vhatchamacallit vid de geopolitical blah, blah, blah. . . ."

Frank Sinatra's Eyes.

Robert Bork's Beard— Signals solidarity with farright lunatic fringe.

Ollie North's Medals— Suck in the superpatriots every time.

> Richard Nixon's Never-Say-Die Heart—Allows candidate to recover from fatal blows.

George Bush's Record— For the multitudes who are more impressed by quantity than by quality.

Arnold Schwarzenegger's Physique—Subtly dispels negative image left over from party's Bush/wimp identification.

Jeane Kirkpatrick's Chutzpah—Toughest man in the house. Al Haig's Backbone— Affirmative strategy factor for electioneering mode.

Clint Eastwood's Magnum—Guarantees vital redneck-geek vote.

Presidential Polyps— Growths gain sympathy and distract from flaws.

Famous Reagan Shield — Wards off accusations of incompetence.

Pierre du Pont IV's Croquet Mallet—Blueblood tool for smacking down upstart masses.

> Bush Ball Bearings— Quick-escape system from press questions on Iran arms deal.



FROM THE DESK OF THE GIPPER

Dear George or Bob . . . gosh, I sure hope it's one of you guys. Well, whoever:

I guess you're wondering why I'm not here to shake your hand and help you drive down Pennsylvania Avenue waving to the cheering crowd.

I know it's supposed to be a big tradition and all, but, doggone it, I'd just had it up to here with Washington, so I said to Nancy, "Say, what's the harm if we bug out for the ranch a little bit early?"

So we left eight months ago.

And you know the funny part? Nobody noticed! What most folks don't realize is that the country pretty much runs itself. Heck, I didn't realize it myself when I first came in. Ed Meese said to me, "Ron, you just keep your eye on the big picture; let me and Mike Deaver and Ollie North worry about the details." Well, I have, and you know how well it worked out.

Of course, there's no way I would duck out on my responsibility to brief my successor. The world's just too complex and dangerous for that. So I got on the horn and dictated this note to Howard Baker, and he promised to leave it on your desk, right next to that big red button, where you can't miss it. (And, for heaven's sake, be sure not to touch that thing. The Pentagon will send someone around to explain it before long.)

So here's the low-down:

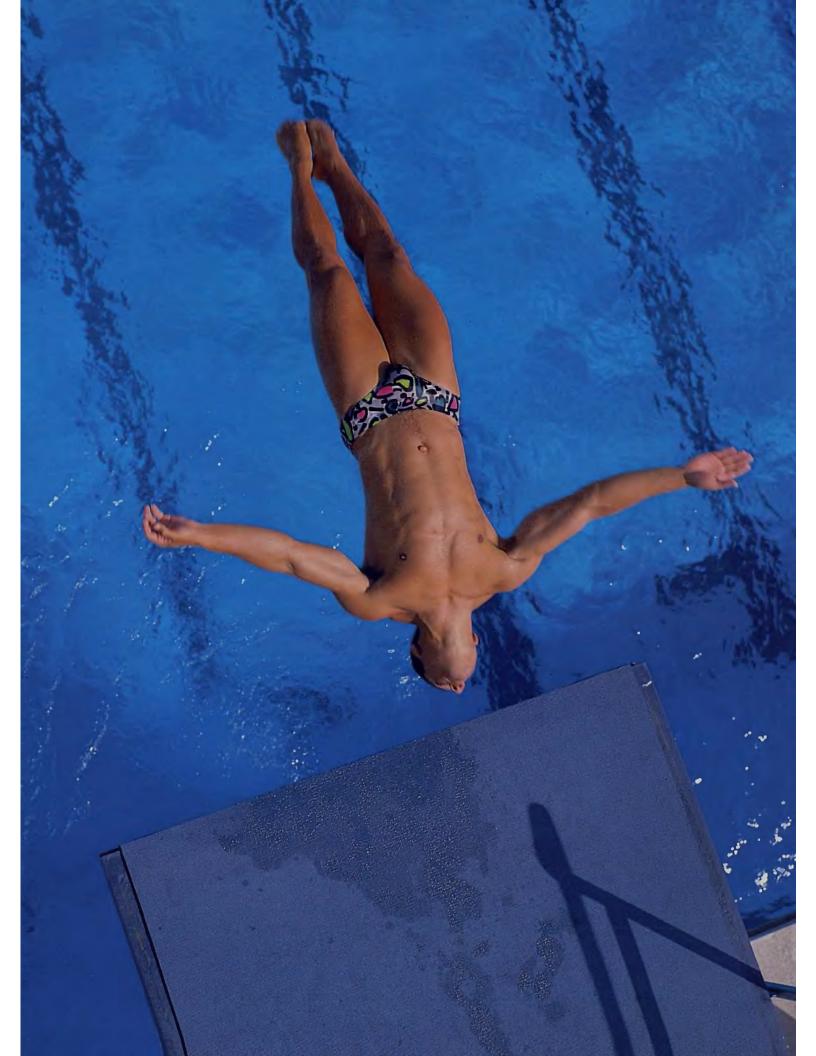
Now, I've heard all the nonsense about what a jam the next President's going (concluded on page 147)

O L Y M P I C GREG LOUGANIS TAKES THE PLUNGE

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE IT TAKES approximately two seconds for Olympic gold medalist Greg Louganis to go off the deep end. The time he spends airborne may be golden in the eyes of his fans, but hitting the water at 35 miles per hour off the tenmeter (33 feet) board still "hurts some," Louganis confided in an awshucks-it's-no-big-deal-to-do-this-50to-80-times-a-day kind of way. Now 28, Louganis, of course, was the diving darling of the 1984 Olympic Summer Games in Los Angeles, where he picked up two gold medals while redefining the expression personal best. Other accolades: a silver medal

ouganis descends in a trim nylon-and-Lycra racing tank suit with a handsome red, yellow and blue stars-and-stripes print on the front, a nylon-Lycra lining and a handy drawstring waistband, by Speedo America, \$23.





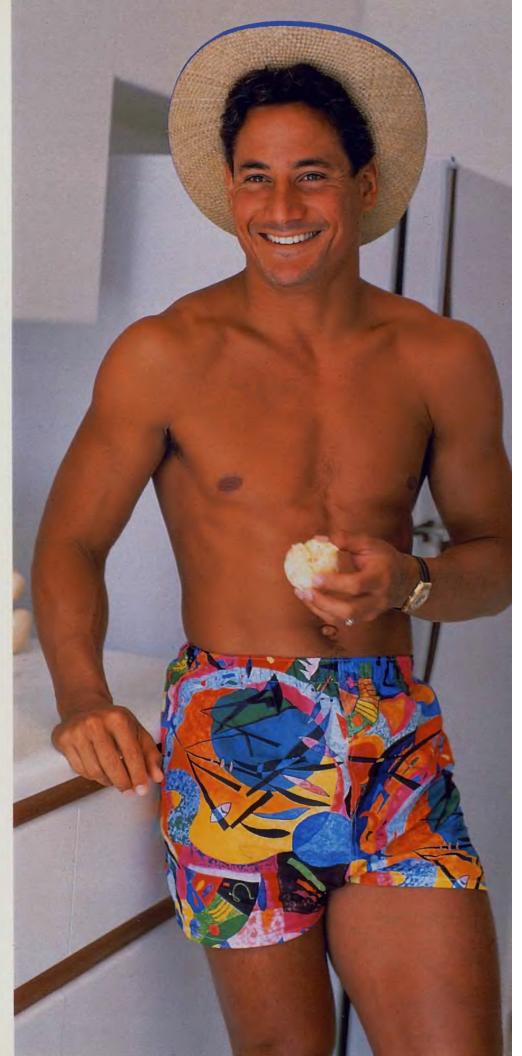
in 1976 (when he was 16 years old), five world championships, 21 world titles in three-meter springboard diving and 26 world titles in ten-meter platform diving. Plus, he is the only diver to score a perfect ten in national and international competition. A singular accomplishment.

What's a typical workout day in the life of a diving superstar? Louganis begins with stretching exercises, followed by one hour and a half of video-taped diving at the Mission Bay Aquatic Training Center in Boca Raton, Florida (where our feature was photographed). Then comes weight lifting, then back and front somersaults to quicken his reflexes and, finally, an aerobics class.

Staying fit also means eating right. "I watch my intake of fat," says Louganis, who sometimes struggles to keep trim. "My major weakness is Häagen-Dazs ice cream, but I eat it only once a month."

The moment of truth comes, naturally, when Louganis has to slide his 160-pound, 5'9" frame into a form-fitting tank suit or brief—like those pictured on these pages. Since he is sponsored by Speedo America (as is the rest of the U.S. diving team), the brand of bathing suit he'll be wearing this summer at the Olympic games in Seoul, Korea, is no secret (we're betting he'll qualify at the trials in August). But from the variety of suits shown here, it's obvious that there's no shortage of styles to choose from; trim guys like Louganis will probably opt for swimskins (swim versions of cycling

erial perfection (left) in a silver nylon-Lycra swim brief with multicolor abstract print and an elastic waistband, from Swim by Darling Rio, \$25. Right: Multicolor cotton trunks with a geometric print, by Paul Smith, \$80.





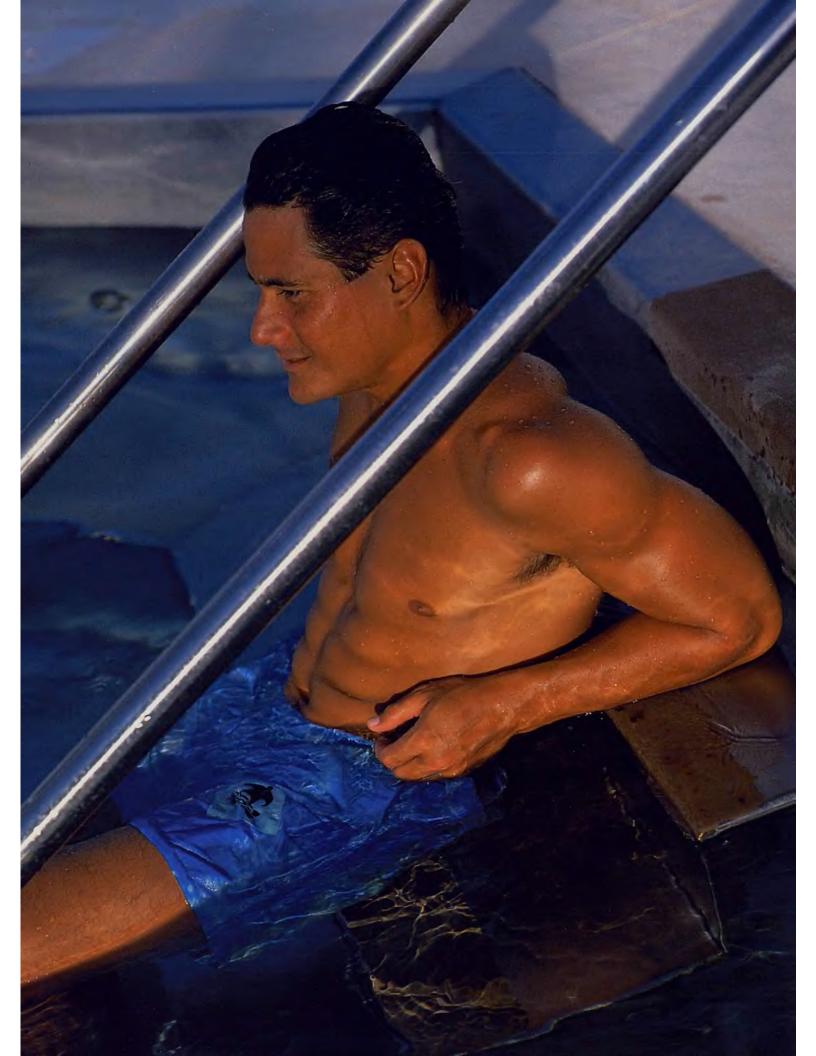
shorts), bikinis and volleyball-length trunks in hot colors and splashy prints. Those who are built more like John Candy, however, may feel more comfortable in a pair of looser-fitting boxer trunks—very trendy these days.

Even Louganis, of course, does not spend all his time in a swimsuit. "When I'm not vegging out in front of the TV, I'm working on my book, which is tentatively titled A Single Obsession. It's about what I've learned about competition and myself. Despite all those long hours of training, diving is only part of my life. There are other things out there."

But out on the board, ready to launch himself into space, Louganis doesn't let anything get in the way of his concentration. "I visualize a dive to music," he says. "I definitely don't see a dive as lines and angles, I look at it as a fluid performance. Janet Jackson's Control is inspirational: I can relate to it since I'm also taking control of my life."

Louganis, a bachelor, does have a special lady, though they haven't revealed any plans to marry. When he's not training or writing or vegging, he makes personal appearances in California, campaigning in schools against the use of drugs. Louganis' major public appearance, of course, should come in Seoul. Judging from his past performance and his form on these pages, the champion should be looking good. (Additional reportage on Louganis by Phil Cooper and Elizabeth Owens.)

ives don't get any better than this. Left:
Louganis performs a dive in the pike position wearing a nylon-Lycra swimskin suit,
by Speedo America, \$29. Right: Louganis' suit is
a pair of nylon Supplex trunks, by Leggoons, \$28.



"Rudy smiled grimly. 'She thinks Letterman's really going to be like what she sees.'"

man, Sue, who publicly asked Christie Brinkley what state the Kentucky Derby is run in."

I remembered what Charmian had said on the phone and smiled. "But was she or wasn't she unable to answer correctly?"

My husband smiled, too. "Well, she was *flustered*," he said. He touched my cheek, and I his hand. I began to feel less jittery.

He used his hand and my cheek to open my face toward his. "And Sue," he said, "meanness is not the issue. The issue is *ridiculousness*. The bastard feeds on ridiculousness like some enormous Howdy-Doodyesque parasite. The whole show feeds on it; it swells and grows when things get absurd. Letterman starts to look gorged, dark, shiny. Ask Mary Moore about that. Ask Charmian or Dick. You've heard them. Dick could tell you stories that'd curl your toes."

I had a compact in my purse. My skin was sore and hot from on-air make-up for two straight days. "He's likable, though," I said. "Letterman. When we watched, it looked to me as though he likes to make himself look ridiculous as much as he does the guests. So he's not a hypocrite."

We were in a small grid lock. A disheveled person was trying to clean the limousine's windshield with his sleeve. Rudy tapped on the glass panel until the driver activated the intercom. He said we wished to be driven directly to Rockefeller Center, where *Late Night* taped, instead of first going to our hotel. The driver neither nodded nor turned.

"That's what makes him so dangerous," my husband said, lifting his glasses to massage the bridge of his nose. "The whole thing feeds on *everybody's* ridiculousness."

The vagrant fell away as the young driver leaned on his horn. We were driven west and slightly uptown; from this distance, I could see the building where Letterman taped and where Dick had an office on an upper floor.

"It will be on how your ridiculousness is *seen* that whether you stand or fall depends," Rudy said, leaning into my compact's view to square the knot of his tie.

Less and less of Rockefeller's skyscrapers were visible as we approached. I asked for half a Xanax. I am a woman who dislikes confusion; it upsets me. I wanted, after all, to be both sharp and relaxed.

"Appear," my husband corrected, both sharp and relaxed."

"You will be made to look ridiculous," Dick said. He and my husband sat on a couch in an office so high in the building my ears felt as they'd felt at take-off. I faced Dick from a mutely expensive chair of canvas stretched over steel. "That's not in your control," Dick said, raising his glass to his little mouth. "How you respond, though, is."

"If he wants to make me look silly, I guess he's welcome to try," I said. "I

Rudy swirled the contents of his own glass. "That's just the attitude I've tried to get her to cultivate," he told Dick. His ice made a sound as he crossed his legs and looked at Dick's white cat. He smiled grimly. "She thinks he's really going to be like what she sees."

The two of them smiled, shaking their heads.

"Well, he isn't really like that, of course," Dick told me. Dick, who is NBC's vice-president in charge of broadcast resources, has maybe the smallest mouth I have ever seen on a human face, though my husband and I have known him for years, and Charmian, and they've been dear friends. His mouth is utterly lipless and its corners are sharp; the mouth seems less a mouth than a gash in his head. "Because no one's like that," he said. "That's what he sees as his great insight. That's why everything on the show is just there to be ridiculed." He smiled. "But that's our edge, that we know that, Susan. If you know in advance that you're going to be made to look ridiculous, then you're one step ahead of the game, because then you can make yourself look ridiculous, instead of letting him do it to you."

I cocked an eyebrow. "I'm supposed to go out of my way to look ridiculous?"

My husband lit a cigarette as his old superior stood. "It has to appear that way, yes." Rudy's brand is that foreign sort that lets everyone around know that something is on fire. "It's got to be clear it's your choice," he exhaled. The couch he sat on was in a slant of sunlight. The light, this high, seemed bright and cold; his smoke hung in it like ink in water.

Dick is known for his tendency to fidget. He will stand and sit and stand. "That's good advice, Rudolph. There are definite dos and don'ts. Don't look like you're trying to be witty or clever. That works with Carson. It doesn't work with Letterman."

"Carson would play along with you," my husband said. "Carson's still 'sincere."

"Sincerity is out," Dick said. "The joke is now on people who're sincere."

"Or who are sincere-seeming, who think they're sincere."

I asked whether it might be all right if I had just a third of a Xanax.

"That's well put, Rudolph," Dick said, looking me up and down. His head was large and round, his knee up, elbow on his knee, his foot on the arm of another thin steel chair, his cat swirling a lazy figure eight around the foot on the floor. "That's the cardinal sin on Late Night. That's the Adidas heel of every guest he mangles. Just be aware of it."

I smoothed my blue dress. "What I want to know is, is he going to make fun of me over the Oreo spots?" I told Dick. I was truly worried about at least this. The Nabisco people had been a class act throughout the whole negotiations and campaign, and I thought we had made some good, honest, attractive commercials for a product that didn't claim to be anything more than occasional and fun. I didn't want Oreos to be made to look ridiculous because of me; I didn't want to be made to look as though I'd prostituted my name and face and talents to Nabisco. "I mean, will he go beyond making fun? Will he get savage about it?"

"Not if you do it first!" Rudy and Dick said together, looking at each other. They laughed. Dick turned and made himself another small drink. I sipped my own. My cola's ice kept hitting my teeth.

"In other words, appear the way Letterman appears on *Letterman*," Dick gestured, as if to sum up, sitting back down. "Laugh in a way that's somehow deadpan. Act as if you knew from birth that everything is clichéed and hyped and empty and absurd, and that's *just* where the fun is."

"But that's not the way I am at all." Dick's cat sneezed in the sunlight.

"That's not even the way I act when I'm acting," I said, looking from one man to the other.

"At least she's looking terrific," Dick said, smiling. He felt at his sharp little mouth, his expression betraying what looked to me like tenderness. Toward me? We weren't particularly close.

When tense, my husband always rubs at the red dents his frames impose on his nose. I looked at the watch I'd received on my birthday.

I am a woman who lets her feelings show rather than hide them; it's just healthier that way. I told Dick that when Charmian had called, she'd said that David Letterman was a little shy but basically a nice man. I reminded them that I was a professional, had done three Carsons, a Cavett, a Donahue, and felt that I knew how to handle an appearance. I said

(continued on page 156)



"Who is she, Robert? You've been tripling your daily dosage of vitamin E."

ovely miss june, emily arth, is

FANCY-FREE



In her 27 years, Emily
Arth has lived in eight
states and has crisscrossed the globe. These
days, she works as a
secretary in Connecticut
and explores New England: Here, it's a watery
weekend in Maine.



"I'm so adaptable, I'm almost like a chameleon. And I like to do a variety of things—listen to opera, cook a gourmet meal, ski, camp, sail, swim and, once in a while, just relax."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS is a book Emily Arth has read. And it's a book she has lived. OK, it took her more than 80 days to see the world, but she did it, nonetheless: Japan, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Indonesia, Mexico, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Saipan, France, Hungary, Switzerland, Haiti and Kenya are only some of the fantasy

lands she has visited. The daughter of a man who has held jobs all over the world, Emily had ample opportunity to travel—and she grabbed every chance. She has explored places as disparate as Bali ("an island paradise"), Salzburg, Austria ("I went there for the music"), and Nairobi, Kenya ("It's so different, it's like everything in *Out of Africa* and more. It's one of my favorite places").

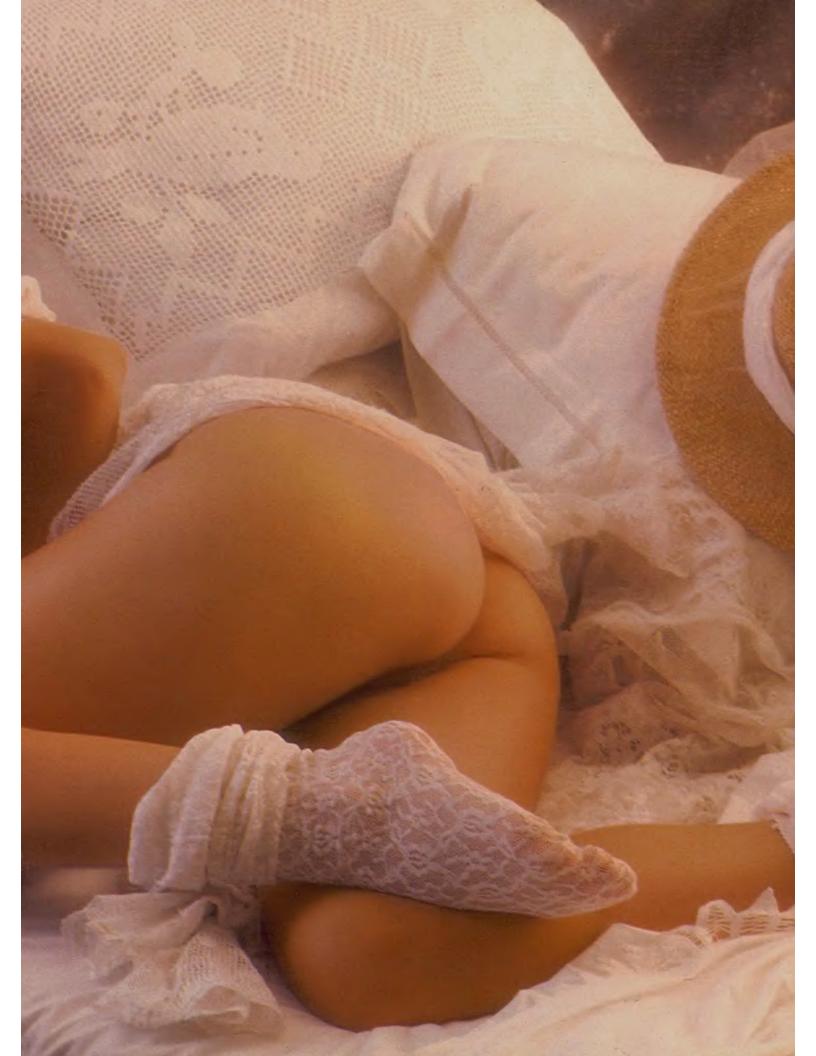
Globe-trotting has made Emily versatile, open-minded and eager to learn more about other cultures and other times. She reads constantly. But don't imagine it's all light-hearted fare. We encountered her at breakfast one morning during a visit to Chicago engrossed in *Doctor Faustus*, by Thomas Mann. Also on her night table: *The Idiot*, by Dostoievsky. "I'm on a classics binge," she admits. "I wouldn't call myself cerebral, really, but intellectual things do appeal to me." Who says beauty precludes brains?



Occasionally, Emily's books clash with her treks. "I was reading James Clavell's novel Shōgun on the subway in Tokyo and the Japanese were very disapproving. They said that Shōgun







should not be considered true Japanese history. I don't know whether or not any of them had even read the book." She laughs.

What else tops her reading list? Cookbooks. At one time, Emily's ambition was to be a cordon bleu chef, but now she's content to have quiet dinner parties with menus that include vichyssoise, saddle of veal stuffed with spinach pâté and raspberry tarts. "I can't draw, I can't write short stories, I can't compose music, but I am a creative cook. Eventually, I'll develop my own recipes." She's happiest when



preparing an intimate dinner. "Cooking, for me, is a labor of love."

Another love is music, a passion inherited from Emily's mother, who was an opera singer before she married. Emily was only 16 when she was accepted at Oberlin College as a piano student. However, hours and hours of solitude at the keyboard didn't suit her style. "I'm far too social to bury myself in a practice room for years on end, and I really didn't want to give my life to the piano. There are too many other things I want to do."



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Emily Arth

BUST: 35" WAIST: 24" HIPS: 35"

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 10 18/60 BIRTHPLACE: Evanston, IL.

AMBITIONS: To have a family too big to hold in my arms

all at once

TURN-ONS: Music, great restaurants, dinner parties

TURN-OFFS: Bigots, Spitting, newsprint on my hands, evasive

Politicians

I'D MOST LIKE TO MEET: Julia Child, Carl Sagan, Dictrich

Fischer-Dieskau, Itzhak Perlman

FAVORITE FOODS: Milk, wine, Scafood, hittersweet chocolate

THE ONE PLACE IN THE WORLD I'D MOST LIKE TO VISIT: Egypt

FAVORITE BOOKS: The Persian Boy, Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc,
Slaughterhouse-Five, A Confederacy of Duries, Of Human BonDage, Shogun
IDEAL EVENING: A great dinner, a great concert and a great
Scary movie on TV



Beware the Balinese Monkey Forest!



In Baskin-Robbins in Tokyo



In lingerie in Chicago



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A member of a regular golfing foursome told his buddies that he would have to miss the following week's outing because of scheduled surgery.

"Hope it's not serious," one friend said. "Everything OK?"

"You guys may have noticed that I never showered with you," he said. "That's because, through some fluke, I was born with both male and female genitalia and I was too embarrassed to let anyone

see. The doctor is going to sew up the vagina."
"Are you crazy? Have him cut off your balls—

then you can hit from the red tees!"



During a recess in the proceedings, three delegates to an international agricultural convention sat down for cocktails, and before long, they began to discuss methods for driving their wives wild.

The French delegate volunteered that he always picked a few roses from the garden, spread the petals on his wife's body, then gently blew them off before making love.

The Englishman declared that before making love to his wife, he would massage her with hot

The two Europeans then turned to the Texan and asked him his secret. "Well," he said, "after the wife and I get it on, I hop outa bed and wipe my dick on the curtains. That, gents, drives her wild!"

What do you call oral sex between two Yuppies? Sixtysomething.

While shopping, a young socialite recognized a classmate from her finishing school days. She was shocked at her friend's appearance: skintight miniskirt, black mesh stockings, high-heeled boots and skimpy halter top.

"Blair," she said after their initial greeting, "I hate to say it, but you look like a hooker."

"I am."

"But why?"

"Honey, it was either this or dip into princi-

How many Reagan Cabinet members does it take to change a light bulb? None-they like to keep Ron in the dark.

A preacher who advertised himself as a great healer set up a tent in a small rural town. That evening, a man came in on crutches and said to him, "Ain't no doctor been able to cure my leg. Can you heal me?"

"What's your name, brother?"

"Bob."

"Bob, you just go behind that red curtain."

A moment later, another man walked in and said, "S-s-sir, c-c-can you help m-m-me with m-m-my s-s-stuttering?"

"What's your name, brother?"

"John."

"John, you just go behind that red curtain."

After ten minutes of frenzied preaching and praising, the healer threw his hands in the air, raised his eyes to the ceiling and dramatically shouted, "Bob, drop your crutches! John, say something!"

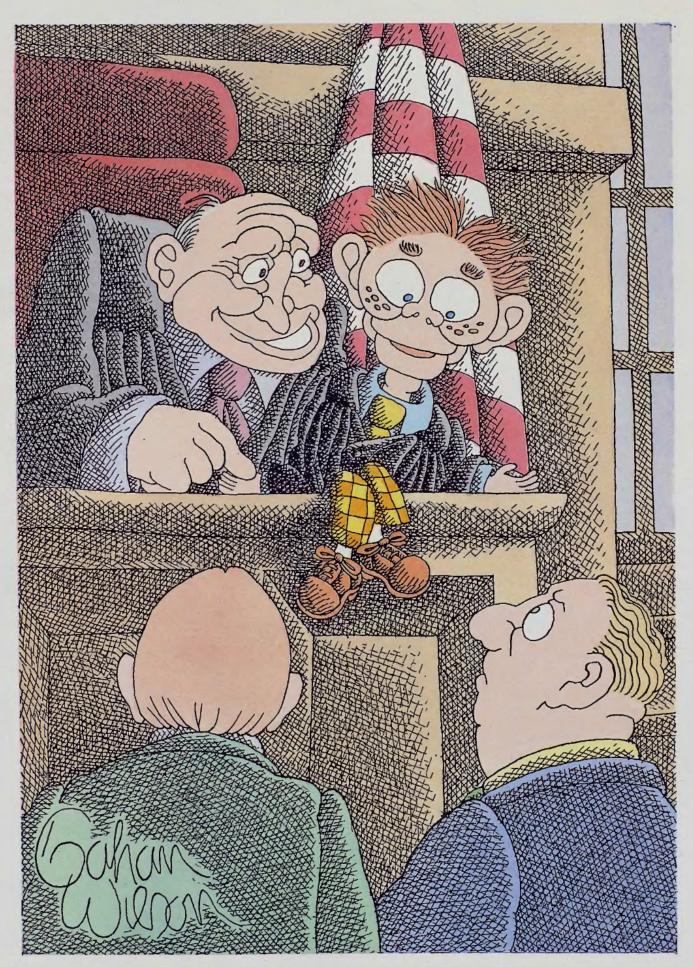
A few moments passed before a voice behind the curtain said, "B-b-bob just f-f-fell on h-h-his ass."

How many stockbrokers does it take to change a light bulb? One hundred. Ninety-nine to climb the ladder and one to claim he wasn't hurt in the crash.



Two retired banking colleagues were enjoying a few martinis over lunch when one suddenly mused, "You know, when I was thirty, my erection was so hard that I could grip it with both hands and not be able to bend it." His friend nodded in understanding. "When I was forty, I could bend it ten degrees with the greatest of effort. At fifty, I could bend it maybe twenty degrees. And now that I'm past sixty, I can bend it in half with one hand." He paused to take a sip of his drink. "Harry, I wonder just how much stronger I'm going to get.'

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 1ll. 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"So, hey, what do you think, Little Willy—is this guy guilty or not?"





VIETNAM

LOVE

STORY

one war veteran's ten-year quest for lost honor and the woman he left behind

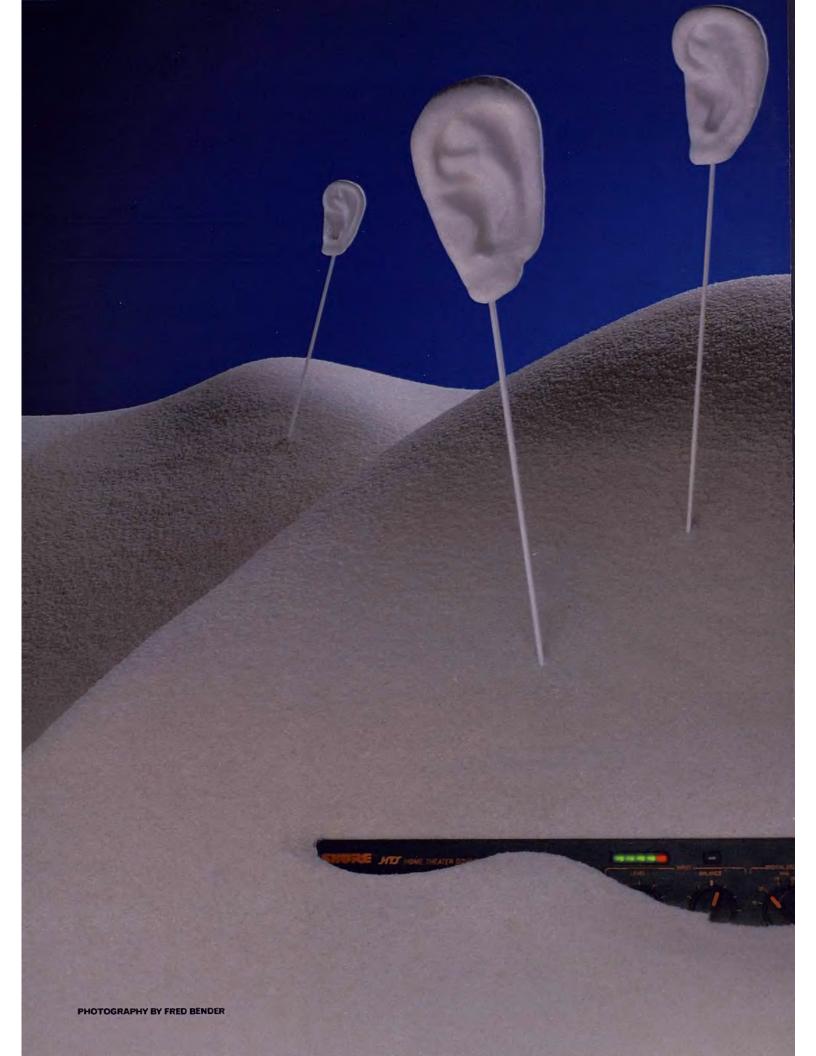
article By Robert Schwab

n April 10, 1985, Robert Schwab left Subic Bay in the Philippines in a small sailboat. His destination was Vietnam, and his goal was to win the release of his Vietnamese fiancée, from whom he had been separated during the fall of Saigon ten years earlier.

Schwab had been deeply involved in the evacuation effort, helping thousands of Vietnamese escape from the surrounding chaos. But his fiancée, too weak to travel, was not among them. For much of the next ten years, Schwab, a war-zone adventurer who had served six years in Vietnam and had made several covert forays into Laos and Cambodia, investigated legal, and then illegal, ways of gaining her release. That is what led him to the small boat Hubris and the 13-day voyage to Vietnam.

HUBRIS WAS NEWLY FINISHED and anchored in Subic Bay, in a cove near the huge U.S. Navy base there. The seas rocked her gently, but then, sailboats at anchor resemble themselves under sail the way 12-year-old girls resemble themselves at 16. The gentle waves of the bay were nothing compared with what Hubris would face on the South China Sea as she carried me on my clandestine return to Vietnam.

I had paid (continued on page 136)

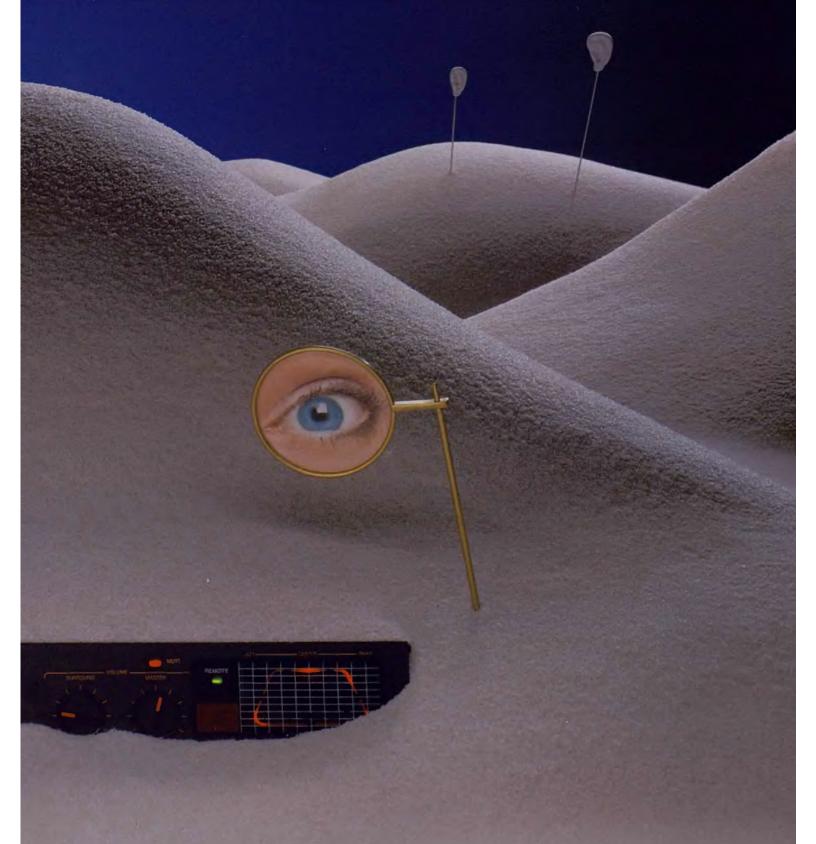


DISC, DAT AND THE OTHER THINGS

digital audio tape, high-definition tv, super vhs-you ain't seen or heard nothing yet

modern living By RICH WARREN A generation ago, we thrilled to the sight of the NBC peacock unfolding on a 21-inch color TV set and marveled at the sonic sock that stereo brought to our hi-fi systems. If we adjust yesteryear's dollar to what's left of today's buck, that vintage

video cost as much as, if not more than, today's best monitors, and the venerable Garrard turntable of early stereo systems cost more than a basic CD player does now. Well, start saving pennies to boost your audio/video budget, because the consumer-electronics (continued on page 148)





N COUNTRIES around the world, aiming a 1.68-inch-diameter ball at a four-and-a-quarter-inch-diameter hole is a sacred ritual that millions practice each Sabbath. As in

other religions, golf embodies high ideals—play the ball as it lies, play the course as it's found, do what's fair—and exhorts adherents to enter not into temptation. Of interest to theologians, moral philosophers and students of human nature, perhaps even to those trying to cure their slice or improve their putting, is a

peculiar moral imperative: Golf demands self-inflicted punishment for transgressions of its rules.

Such rules require, at the very least, Talmudic scrutiny. One's ball may come to rest in a bunker against a half-eaten pear (with no pear trees in the vicinity) or manage to stick in an orange that has obviously dropped from the tree above. Can the player obtain relief, move the ball without penalty? Or the player's drive may slice from the tee back into the clubhouse. Naturally, he'll wish to know whether he can open a window and play his second shot out of the locker room.

The conscientious golfer will equip himself with the 1988 edition of Decisions on the Rules of Golf, a 450-page paperback that fits neatly into any golf bag. For those who dare to tee off with something a bit more condensed, there's the 136page pamphlet. Unwieldy? Hardly. These publications represent nothing less than a major effort to enumerate and explain the Rules (upper-case R). Before a major 1984 revision, golfers had to contend with a two-volume 900-page affair, about as accessible as the minutes of the Roman Curia. That becomes all the more poignant when you realize there are only 34 rules.

The Rules emanate from the font of wisdom and the ultimate authority of the game, the United States Golf Association, whose stately Georgian Golf House is located in Far Hills, New Jersey. There, the Rules of Golf Committee thrashes out decisions that weigh upon every golfer who's tempted by what Frank Hannigan, senior executive director of the U.S.G.A., terms "the national inclination to nudge the ball to a better lie."

Hannigan, an affable man who, with Tom Watson, wrote *The New Rules of Golf* and whose Labrador retriever shares his office, claims that the system for decision making is "surprisingly democratic," with a 12-member committee deciding on questions referred by amateurs and professionals. With five members from the U.S.G.A. board and seven consulting members, including representatives of the P.G.A., the P.G.A. Tour and the L.P.G.A. and "distinguished elders," the Committee's (with a capital C) decisions become precedent for the sport, akin to law in the nongolfing world. Major tournaments have been decided on arcane questions that percolate through the system, as Craig Stadler discovered at the

If your ball lands on a newspaper, can you burn it to improve your lie?

Can you move a dead land crab? A live rattlesnake?

no question, the biggest hazard on a golf course is the rulebook

article By WARREN KALBACKER

1987 Andy Williams Open. He knelt on a towel to hit a shot from under low-hanging branches and was disqualified for turning in an incorrect score as a result of unknowingly "building a stance." The rule had been decided upon just two weeks earlier to resolve a question raised in the 1982 N.C.A.A. championship tournament. Stadler's infraction would probably have gone unnoticed (he knew nothing of the rule), except that someone Hannigan describes as a "Rules of Golf nut" had spotted it on a video replay.

Just how high a stance does the thickness of a towel afford, anyway?

"That question irritated a lot of people, because the circumstances seemed so remote," Hannigan admits. Alas, somebody must make the Rules, so the Committee eventually "throws up its hands and puts things to a vote."

"On some of these goddamn decisions, no answer is going to make any sense," says Hannigan. "What's really important is that you have answers and that people accept the answers."

But back to the course. If golfers have trouble accepting dirty trousers, they can accept a penalty. If they spread a towel when no one is looking, they will, of

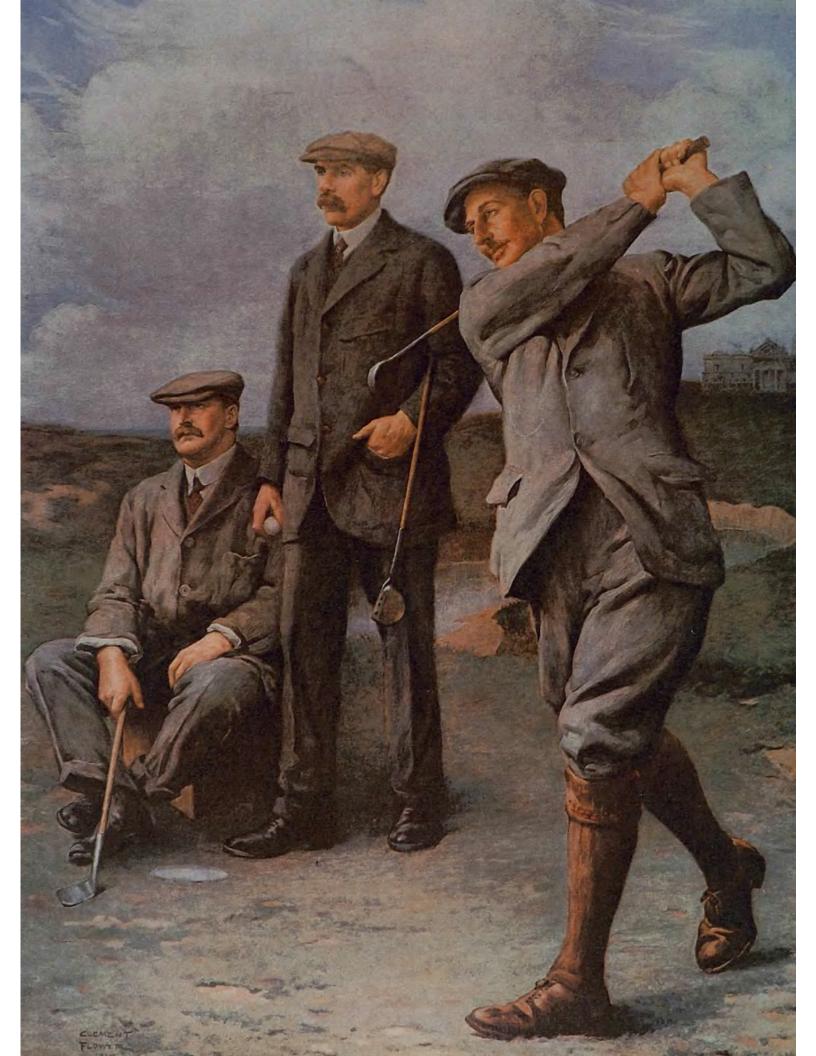
when no one is looking, they will, of course, inflict that penalty upon themselves. The Committee has also judged the halfeaten pear in the bunker to be forbidden fruit; it is a natural object and a player may not move it. The fact that there was a bite in the pear and no tree in the neighborhood did not sway the members into granting it the status of an obstruction and therefore providing relief to the golfer. The golfer whose ball became embedded in the orange was offered the option of "playing it as it lies" or declaring it unplayable and suffering a penalty stroke.

"Critics would accuse us of having a tortured set of rules," says Hannigan. "But don't forget the nature of the game and the nature of the playing field. You're talking 125 or 150 acres out there and balls bounce and rest in screwy little places. This is not like a tennis court."

Of course, golf does demand creative play, the ability to invent a shot. Top money winner Tom Watson offers an illustration: "You have to think out a problem when you don't have a swing for it. Your ball may be up against a fence and you can't swing right-handed. You may have to play it out left-handed with your putter."

On the other hand, the Rules forbid certain options that some may construe as creative. If the ball lies on a discarded newspaper, it is not permissible to burn the newspaper and create a better lie. The golfer whose drive landed back in the locker room may, however, open the window and attempt to hit it out onto the fairway. He should be wary of kneeling or standing on any towels, though.

The U.S.G.A.'s goal is to achieve universal acceptance of the Rules, and success depends on, well, universal acceptance. The U.S.G.A. is an amateur body and its enforcement of the Rules



extends only to the 13 tournaments it sponsors each year. (The most famous of these, the U.S. Open, will be held this year at The Country Club in Brookline, Massachusetts, June 16 through 19.) However, the U.S.G.A.'s moral authority extends from the idyllic hilltop in New Jersey over courses in the United States, Mexico and the Philippines. The rest of the world's golfers defer to the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, Scotland. Just how that demarcation was established is lost in history. Perhaps it had something to do with the advance of the British Empire. What is clear is that as golfers ventured forth from the original St. Andrews links, the Rules had to adapt to new terrain and new ecology. To wit:

Balls encountered anthills (the anthill may be removed without penalty; if it is home to fire ants, however, the player may take relief) or came to rest in bunkers alongside the remains of dead land crabs (the dead crab, as a natural object, may not be shifted). During the 1987 Women's Mid-Amateur Championship, the Committee afforded relief to the player whose ball came to rest against a dead squirrel, which, though a natural object, was feared to carry disease.

Over the years, the U.S.G.A. and the Royal and Ancient have become quite chummy about the entire Rules process. Their joint negotiating committees meet regularly and at four-year intervals issue revised rules for the game. The Rules will become uniform throughout the world in 1990. Until then, the one remaining difference is small but basic: the size of the ball. Americans tee off with a 1.68-inch ball; Brits may hit the smaller 1.62. And in a generous departure from Anglo-Saxon tradition, motivated, no doubt, by their responsibility to the entire world, the bodies began issuing metric measurements in 1984.

Transatlantic harmony reigns on such matters as the troubling ice question. If a ball lands in a pile of ice cubes, as distinct from one that comes to rest in a clump of ice caused by the climate, what are the golfer's options? The former impediment is considered "manufactured" and therefore an "obstruction" that may be moved without penalty. Prior to the Rules' revisions in January of this year, ice cubes were considered either "loose impediments" or "casual water." Casual water wouldn't have required a penalty stroke; the player could simply have moved the ball a club length away. However, if the player had chosen the loose-impediment option and had inadvertently moved the ball while clearing away the ice, he would have been penalized a stroke.

Of course, actually getting a ruling poses other problems. If a foursome in a quandary queries the club pro or the local governing body, called the Committee, and the question cannot immediately be resolved by a reading of the Rules (which the local governing body has no power to waive), the U.S.G.A. stands ready, if not necessarily eager.

"You should be around this place on a spring Monday morning," bemoans Hannigan. U.S.G.A. staffers have long recognized the voice of "that pro from California" on the line. And there was the Japanese gentleman who repeatedly submitted exotic circumstances in overly polite letters composed in fractured English. When politely reminded that Asia, with the exception of the Philippines, lay within the sphere of the Royal and Ancient rules, he responded by showering the U.S.G.A. staff with gifts of small electronics.

Lest the Rules of Golf Committee be accused of being a crotchety body (one member, a leading attorney, once asked that a petitioner withdraw a question rather than subject the Committee to the pain of deliberating it), Hannigan insists it is capable of "bursts of humanity." It once ruled a rattlesnake an "outside agency" and didn't penalize a player for moving her ball outside fang range. The golfer's partner had insisted she play the ball where it lay and had graciously volunteered to ward off any attack. The eventual ruling clarified language that had dealt with only worms and insects and had made no mention of a possible life-threatening situation. A worm poking out of the ground may be removed without penalty, by the way. Environmentally concerned golfers whose drives land in birds' nests may also move the ball without penalty, a gesture perhaps to endangered avian species.

In addition to its environmental awareness, the U.S.G.A. was one of the earliest converts to arms control. A 1938 rule limits a player to 14 clubs; at the time, some pros were building arsenals of as many as 25 per bag. Nevertheless, golfers have encouraged weapons development-sorely testing the patience, if not the moral authority, of the U.S.G.A. The precise design standards for balls and clubs are determined at the U.S.G.A. laboratory at Far Hills, a place packed with instruments, a wind tunnel and a mechanical golfer dubbed Iron Byron (its swing is patterned after that of legendary pro Byron Nelson), which hits shots out onto an instrumented test range. A legal ball, for instance, may fly and roll no farther than 297 yards when hit by Iron Byron. Real live golfers, of course, are permitted to milk all the distance they can out of the ball. The building is a favorite of cameratoting Japanese golfers; the guest book is filled with Oriental calligraphy.

"We scientifically address the issue of

performance characteristics," says Dr. Ronald E. Philipp, who manages the research-and-test center. "And we go about it in a rigorous manner." Dr. Philipp uses both hands to set a huge binder on a conference table. The several hundred pages contain the data gathered in the U.S.G.A.'s third groove study, completed just this past January. For those who have been consumed by the Iran/Contra affair or the Presidential primaries or who maybe don't play the game, the groove question has been golf's major controversy of recent times. U- or box-shaped grooves on club faces have become more popular ever since the V-shaped-groove requirement was eliminated in 1984. U.S.G.A. specifications require that the minimum distance between grooves be at least three times the width of the grooves themselves. If the grooves were closer together on the club face, players presumably would be able to put more spin on the ball and vastly lower their scores.

Karsten Solheim's Ping Eye 2 clubs do not meet the U.S.G.A.'s specifications. But more of the maverick designer's clubs have been sold than any other manufacturer's in recent years: Solheim's corporation sells 500,000 sets in 66 countries each year.

Hannigan offers the U.S.G.A.'s position: "Manufacturers are invited to submit samples to us when there's any doubt as to their meeting standards. In this case, the clubs were produced and sold before we even knew about them."

Hannigan admits that the U.S.G.A. was a bit slow off the tee with its ruling. While club-face standards were set in 1984, an exact engineering method for implementing them was not specified until 1987. The Ping clubs still do not meet the U.S.G.A.'s requirements.

To resolve the groove question, the U.S.G.A. conducted studies. According to test-center manager Philipp, "We did 30,000 hits with balls fired by an air gun against 60 club-face plates of various groove arrangements. These were correlated with Iron Byron hits at three club lofts."

The lab even grew its own grass to mount on the club faces to emulate fairway and rough conditions. The result, says Philipp: "On 'grassy hits' there was a direct correlation between the amount of space between grooves and spin rate."

Not that the average golfer would notice. According to Hannigan, variations in performance are hardly measurable in everyday golf. But there is a different perception among another class of golfers.

"Tour players are paranoiac," Hannigan insists. "They see things that are not really there. There are some amazing intellects on the pro tour who really feel

(concluded on page 134)



"I am a hedonist—if found, please administer hand job."

the beatles and the beach

boys made
capitol
records a
legend.
its future
depends
on a man
named smith

RETOOLING THE HIT FACTORY

B

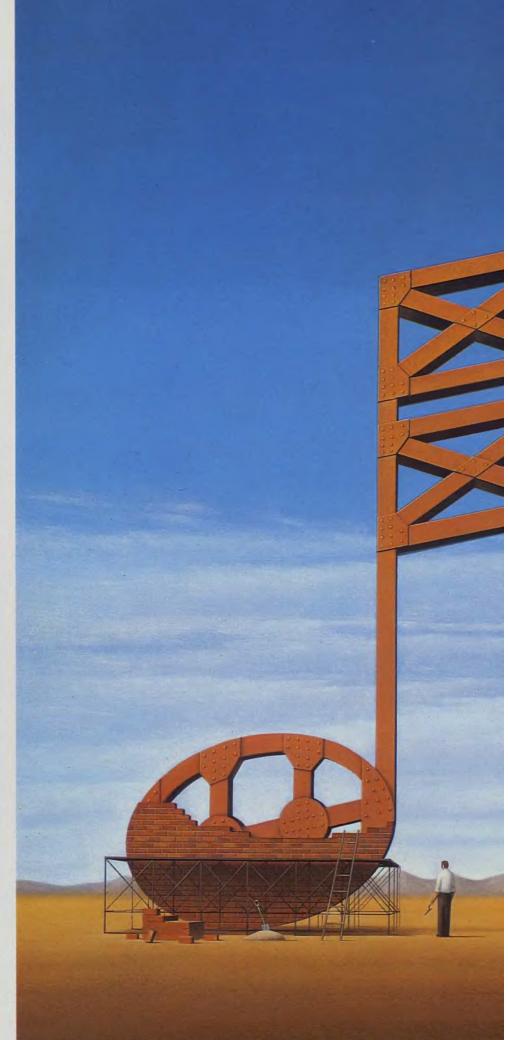
Y KITSCHY Hollywood standards, it's an architectural landmark-a round building 13 stories high that looks like a stack of records with a needle on top. True, that wasn't the intent of architect Welton Becket, designer of the Cairo Hilton, when Capitol Tower opened in 1956. Instead, he claimed he was look-

ing for "economy of construction, operation and maintenance, plus maximum utilization of space." Round buildings, or so it seemed at the time, were the coming trend, and if they didn't exactly catch on, the company that commissioned the tower, Capitol Records, was destined to become one of the legendary names in music. Today, the Tower is more than just the only round building in town, it's a major tourist attraction, complete with a beacon that has blinked out H-O-L-L-Y-W-O-O-D for more than 31 years. It has been on postcards, in movies and on TV, and it's arguably the only building in the world that makes an onlooker automatically think of music.

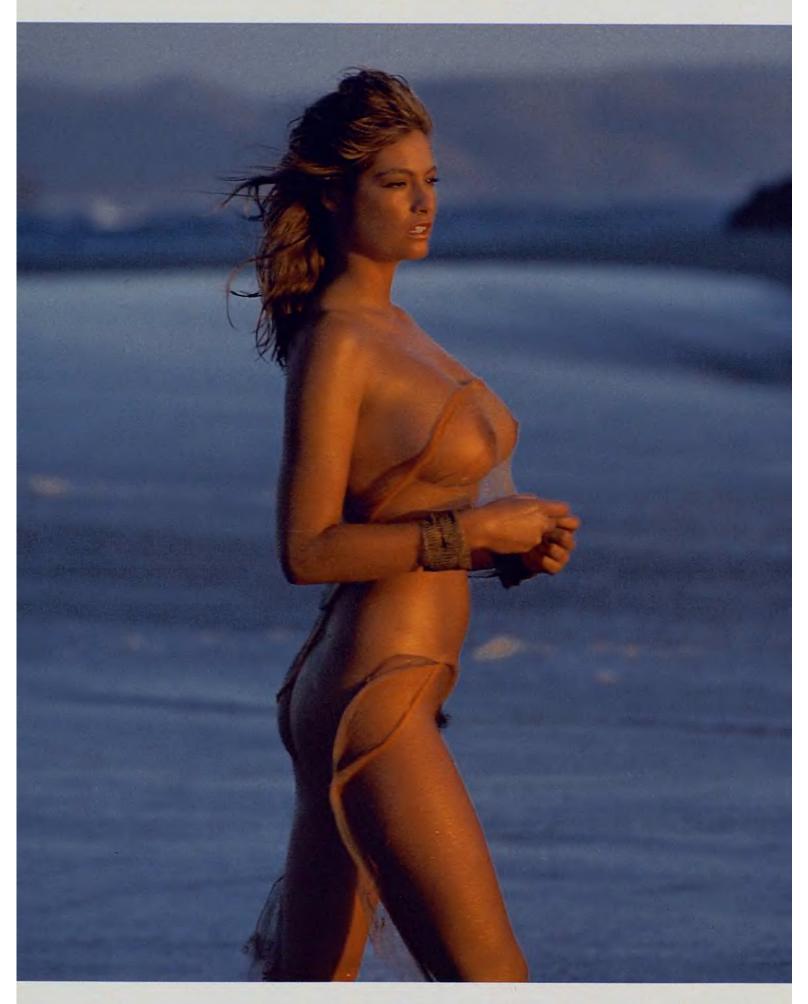
As well it should. It is, after all, where Frank Sinatra and Nat "King" Cole and Peggy Lee and Nelson Riddle used to hang out and make their music. It is where, a generation later, the Beach Boys first rode a musical wave, and where the Beatles, in mid-mania, found an American home.

Like movie studios and television networks, record companies seldom generate brand loyalty (continued on page 151)

article by BEN FONG-TORRES







PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA AND RICHARD FEGLEY



LAYMATE OF THE YEAR

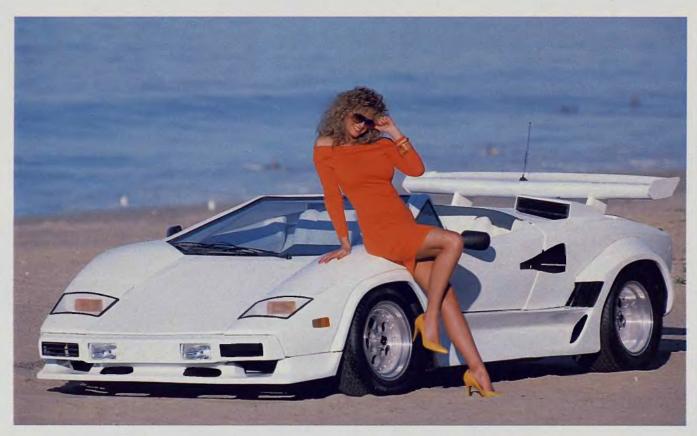


INDIA ALLEN
GETS HER FONDEST
WISH AND A
BRAND-NEW TITLE



India Allen. She was thinking of retiring from the hectic world of modeling without having achieved her goal: getting her picture on the cover of a major magazine. "When you're in fashion and in your 20s, it's all downhill," she reports. At the age of 22, India thought her only chance to save her career was moving to New York, but that meant giving up both the active, outdoorsy California lifestyle she loved and leaving her





fiancé, Bill Garfield, a Lawndale, California, veterinarian. Today, however, things are looking up. For one thing, India's dream, gracing the cover of a major magazine—this one—has come true, and her financial worries are things of the past, thanks to the \$100,000 check from Playboy Enterprises that goes along with being named Playmate of the Year.



fter receiving a custom-built California Countach Roadster valued at \$60,000 from Exotic Dream Machines of Rancho Cordova (above) and a \$100,000 check from Playboy and spending a week in Careyes, Mexico, shooting this pictorial, India says, "I'm still stunned."



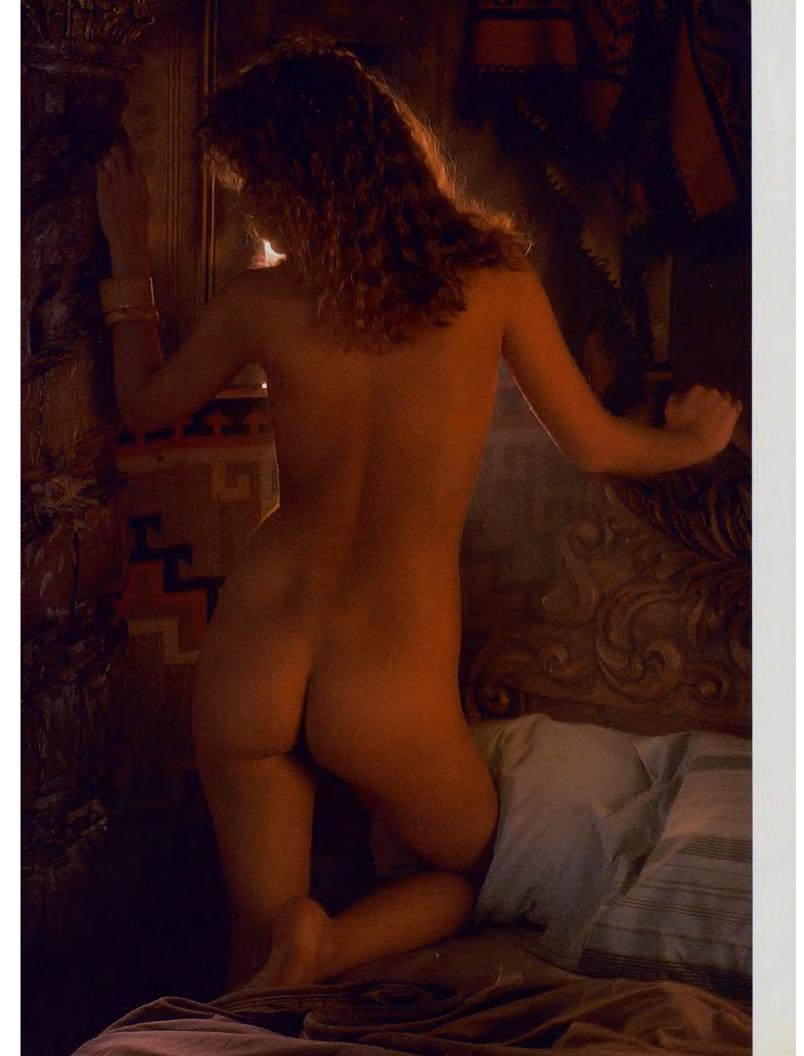




'm still walking around in a daze," India confesses. "It hasn't hit me yet." Of course, being in a daze didn't stop her from making her first major purchase. She plucks a photo from the pile of papers on her dining room table. "This is the house I bought with the money," she says, showing off a color picture of a two-bedroom home in Lake Arrowhead, California. "It's an oasis in a rat-race," she exclaims. "And it's only two and a half hours away from Los Angeles."

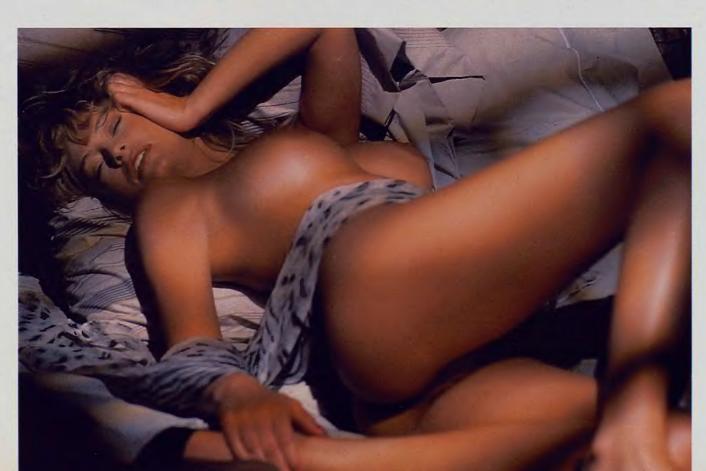








hat took only *part* of the money, India is quick to point out, and she's busy making plans for the rest. Which only shows what a difference a year can make. "I was struggling as a model," she remembers of the not-so-distant past, "but I kept getting work in TV, which was not what I wanted." On one of those TV jobs, she became friends with actress Monique St. Pierre, *Playboy*'s Playmate of the Year in 1979. After looking at India's portfolio, Monique personally called Marilyn Grabowski, *Playboy*'s West Coast Photo Editor, who scheduled a test (*text concluded on page 132*)









20 QUESTIONS

THERESA RUSSELL

Theresa Russell gives off strong sexual heat and magnificently intelligent performances in interesting films. She is married to film director Nicolas Roeg and lives with him and their two young sons in London. Claudia Dreifus caught up with Russell while the actress was passing through New York City on a recent afternoon. She reports: "All the men I know are crazy for Theresa Russell—and when you meet her, it's easy to understand why. The woman is bright, sensuous, funny—and wonderfully candid. Incidentally, she wears black-leather minidresses better than anyone alive except Tina Turner."

1.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have a quality in your movies that says, I'm sensuous, I like being that way and I'm totally in control of my own sexuality. Is that something you're looking to project?

RUSSELL: [Laughs] No. I mean, it's nothing that I work for. If I give off a kind of self-determined sensuousness, that's just something I happen to have, something I was born with, a lucky gift. You know, there have been critics who've accused me of overplaying my sensuous side. Well, that's just not true. If the role calls for something else, I'll work against that part of me. Now, a couple of years ago, when I played a Marilyn Monroe-like character in Insignificance, of course I tuned up my own qualities-exaggerated them. And if in some of my other films a sexiness was projected, well, that just happens to be part of who I am. In real life, I am very aware of my own sensuousness. And, yeah, it is a bit on my own terms.

the thinking man's sex symbol on jealousy, recreational underwear and the impact of being mooned by robert mitchum

2.

PLAYBOY: When you played that character in *Insignificance*, did you do much thinking about what guys find sexy?

find sexy?
RUSSELL: Yeah, before the movie, I thought that most guys were turned on by natural-looking women. One afternoon, I decided to go out into the street in my Marilyn drag and see what kind of effect it had on men. My plat-

inum-blonde hair was teased a mile high and my make-up was about an inch thick. I was very plastic-looking. Underneath my dress were a pair of artificial breasts the costumer had planted there to make me look enormous. Wherever I went, guys did double takes. They started following me around; they went crazy. The fact that men looked at me when I was dressed up like that was a shock: I looked like some tart! But then, men still do look at tarts, don't they?

3.

PLAYBOY: In *Insignificance*, your Marilyn made a list of the ten men in the world she most wanted to sleep with—Albert Einstein was her first choice. Who would be on such a list if Theresa Russell were drafting one for herself?

RUSSELL: Please-I'm a happily married 31-year-old mother of two. I don't have thoughts like that! [Laughs] Well, OK, we'll do this as an exercise. Obviously, Nick Roeg is number one-and that's because he's clearly the guy in the world I'm attracted to most. Now, about the others, I don't mean this all that seriously, but number two, I'd say, is Norman Mailer. He's such a tough guy and he's kind of cute. A man's man. I like his work, also. I think he's probably a good fuck, too. Next on my list is Sam Shepard. He's just the cutest leading man around. Also, I'd be interested in the young Brando. Oh, yeah, like my character in Insignificance, I'd like to go to bed with Einstein, because, obviously, it would be fun to fuck a genius. Or Mozart-my favorite composer. And Joseph Conrad, my favorite author. After that, John Kennedy. Robert Kennedy. Any Kennedy male, dead or living. Their aura intrigues me.

4

PLAYBOY: Rumor has it that John Kennedy was no prize in the sack—a one-poke man. Are you sure you want to leave him on your list?

RUSSELL: No! We'll scratch him off. Besides, we need to put some more living people on this. Let's add Paul Theroux. I know him. He's really cute and neat and a really good writer. Let's see, also Ian Botham—he's a cricket player in England. He's really good and plays great cricket. I'm madly in love with him. Also Walt Disney—because he was one of the first men I ever loved—a big daddy. Also, finally, any Marlboro man. Now, I don't want you to think from this that I appreciate just macho in guys—there are

quite a few brains on my list. That's more than ten, isn't it?

5.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet Roeg? RUSSELL: Through work, what else? He had come to Hollywood to read actresses for Bad Timing a Sensual Obsession, and I had a million questions and notes for him. Instantly, there was some kind of magic connection. God, I wanted that part like nothing I'd ever wanted in my life-and I got it. Actually, nothing happened between us until later-when we were in Vienna, shooting the picture. In Vienna, we'd go out for drinks or dinner-a lot. Step by step, things got a little more intense. After about two or three months, I absolutely knew this was the man for me. It wasn't all that easy being together. He was married. There's a big age difference between us. None of it was all that feasible. But here we are, in 1988: We're real happy, we have two little boys and we've made five real interesting pictures together.

6.

PLAYBOY: What did you do to make this relationship become "feasible"?
RUSSELL: We went through a long pe-

riod of indecision about what our future would be. I remember sometime around 1980, after we'd finished shooting Bad Timing, things between Nick and me were very on-again and off-again. I was living in New York-and Nick was in England, cutting the picture. We were flying back and forth. One day, I couldn't stand not seeing him-so, on an impulse, without telling him, I just got on a plane, took a taxi to Pinewood Studios and headed straight to the lavatory there. Then, without even thinking about it, I took all my clothes off and put on my overcoat. After that, I went to his office, told his secretary that I had to see him. When he got to his private office, I ripped open my coat and we fucked madly for the rest of the day. [Laughs] Right there in the office! I mean, I didn't plan it. But it was great.

7.

PLAYBOY: Before Roeg, you lived with a shrink, right?

RUSSELL: No, I was alone when I met him. I'd been alone for a year at that point. But before that, I lived with a psychologist—again, he was a man much older than me. He was an associate of Arthur Janov, the primal-scream

therapist. That was a relationship I had begun when I was 16, and there were some problems between us. When I made Bad Timing, it was interesting to have that relationship in my past. The movie was about a love affair between my character, Milena, and a shrink played by Art Garfunkel. Given my own experiences, I was able to use a lot of my own life for the characterization. Now, my real-life lover wasn't like the Art Garfunkel character, but there were certain superficial parallels that I was able to bring to my part. Shrinks do try to get into your brain a little too much and mess about with it. They try to manipulate you all the time. In the real-life relationship, I was constantly battling against that, and after a while, it was tiring to me. So by the time I got to Bad Timing, there were enough experiences in my own background to give me plenty of openings to really identify with Milena. In its own way, acting in Bad Timing was an exorcism for me. I needed to get that part of my life dealt with and get on with what was coming next.

8.

PLAYBOY: Donald Sutherland says that Roeg

demands total obedience from his actors, that an actor has to become his complete creature. As Roeg's wife and leading lady, do you give him that?

RUSSELL: Yes, but only when our ideas are the same. We do have moments when our ideas clash and we get into our little difficulties. And, yes, it does pose a problem being married to the director. If I'm working in one of Nick's films and I disagree with something he says, I can't exactly just fly off the handle and abuse him in front of the crew. On the other hand, when Donald says that Nick requires surrender, I agree. Nick has very definite ideas of what he wants, and an actor must capitulate to them. Actually, I want to please my director—Nick or whomever.

9.

PLAYBOY: Do you take your characters home with you?

RUSSELL: I try not to—though people complain that I do. When I did *The Razor's Edge*, I had a four-month-old baby at home and I had to do a scene where my character loses her husband and her baby. The horrible feeling that I had to conjure up for my performance was something I couldn't shake for days. I put myself into that place, and it was unbearable. The same thing with the rape scene in *Bad Timing*. My character has taken an overdose and has tried to kill herself and she's called the Art Garfunkel character for help. He waits until she's almost dead to go to her, and then, just before she's dead, he rapes her. Rape is really horrible, and if you start thinking about how you might feel being raped, well, you can't push it away so easily. After I did that scene, I felt kind of dirty for a long while.

10.

PLAYBOY: You seem more comfortable than a lot of actors with doing nude scenes. RUSSELL: I've never been that modest a person. So I don't have that to overcome.

11.

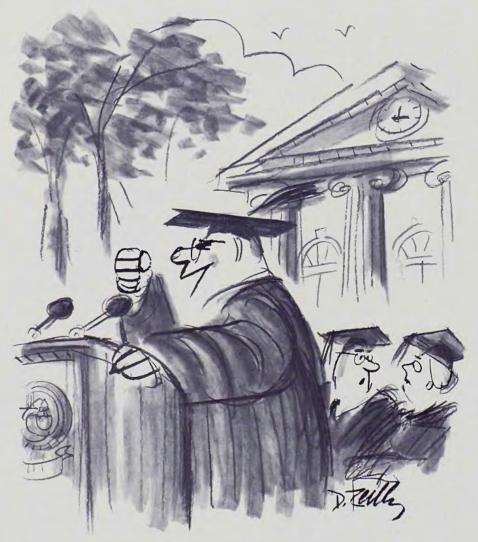
PLAYBOY: Is it hard to achieve a sense of intimacy on a set?

RUSSELL: It's not easy. But it's very controlled. It's one of the least horny things you can imagine doing. In fact, it's not horny at all-or at least I don't find it horny. They usually clear the set-but there's still the cinematographer and the director and others standing around. The lovemaking is almost choreographed. When you first get onto the set, it's tremendously embarrassing. The crew is thinking, What does she really look like nude? But then they start shooting you from every angle and everyone loses both curiosity and modesty. After you've been doing it for a few hours and the crew has seen you from every angle, you can't be bothered with modesty. Basically, you get into a room and you work out ideas about what you're going to do. You go from A to B. You roll over and maybe you go down and do this and do that. And a lot of the time, there is this really noisy camera going bbbzzzzzzzrrr and there's the director yelling, "Now, roll over this way. Oh, that's great. Now lift her up." And, meanwhile, you're trying to make it look natural-as if you've thought of each motion right then and there.

12.

PLAYBOY: What's the most interesting thing that's happened to you while doing a nude scene?

RUSSELL: When I was making Straight Time, with Dustin Hoffman, we had a love scene. We got to the rehearsal and I'm there in my robe and he's there in his underwear and we're going through what was to happen: whether we'd go up and down or sideways—the usual choreography that one works out for those scenes. All of a sudden, I look down and there's this big dildo there! It must have been 100 feet, or at least 12 inches, long—and it's sticking out of his underwear. Boy, that broke the tension. You know, it's usually so boring when you do love scenes.



"'Go out and give it your best shot'—for this he gets a doctorate?"

PLAYBOY: Does it help to be attracted to your co-star?

RUSSELL: That's totally unnecessary! You're an actress, for Chrissake, you act. A lot of times, when you see a love scene between two people who are really having an affair, it's, like, stinko. They're mooning over each other and there's all that crap in the scene that doesn't work and that isn't necessary. Real sexual chemistry doesn't matter in a movie. Sometimes it's even destructive to the film.

14.

PLAYBOY: Does Nick get jealous when you do nude scenes?

RUSSELL: Not if they're in his films. Interestingly, he doesn't like it if I do them in other people's films. My position is that I will do a nude scene if I feel it's nonexploitative, and that's that. If Nick's reaction is just personal jealousy, I'll say, "I feel I have to do this and you'll just have to live with it." I mean, he's just finished making a film called *Castaway*, and his two leading characters were nude for most of it. I wasn't thrilled with his being away and the leading lady's having her tits out all the time.

15.

PLAYBOY: Can it be that Theresa Russell is a jealous woman?

RUSSELL: I'm very jealous and possessive.

And I don't apologize for it. It's a part of passion, and life. Jealousy is one of the main emotions. Now, when Nick went off to do Caslaway, I had to accept that—even though I was jealous. But you develop a kind of emotional intimacy with the director and the other actors. Nick knows that I have my priorities straight about our relationship. Sometimes—on a set—things can get a bit fuzzy. I don't do that, though. I can't fool myself into falling in love with the leading man or the director.

16.

PLAYBOY: What's the strangest thing you've ever had to do for a part?

RUSSELL: That scene in *Bad Timing* where I had to get dressed up in a very weird outfit and basically cut the nuts off Art Garfunkel's character. My character is screaming, "Is this what you want?" Also, in *Eureka*, I got dressed up in a solid-gold bikini. That was pretty strange.

17

PLAYBOY: The character played by Rutger Hauer in that movie looks at you in that outfit and says, "You look fantastic." Did you feel fantastic?

RUSSELL: Sure. Once I was over the embarrassment of it. I mean, sure, I like dressing up. I prefer it in the privacy of my own bedroom, of course. I see nothing wrong with men's and women's dressing up for each other and having fun. As long as nobody gets hurt and everyone agrees with whatever is happening and there's no element of humiliation—why not? It's probably healthy. And it has nothing to do with being an actor. Every woman should be able to do that.

18.

PLAYBOY: Any personal preferences in outfits?

RUSSELL: I'm keen on suspender belts and stockings and nice push-up bras. A little G string, maybe. That always is fun.

19.

PLAYBOY: What's the funniest thing that has happened to you while making a movie? RUSSELL: This didn't happen on camera, but in *The Last Tycoon*, I have to laugh hysterically when my father's secretary falls out of the closet. I was drying up and I couldn't do it. So I said to Robert Mitchum, who played my father, "When you come out of the bathroom, do something funny to make me laugh. Tell a joke or make a face or do something." So, on cue, he opened the door, came out of the bathroom and mooned me!

20.

PLAYBOY: How did his butt look? Droopy? RUSSELL: He looks great! I mean, he'll probably look great until he drops dead.

Ã



F4STFORWARD

erence Trent D'Arby isn't your ordinary expatriate. Last year, his debut album, Introducing the Hardline According to Terence Trent D'Arby, with its unique blend of Gospel-derived dance rock, made the 26-year-old son of a Florida preacher Europe's-and now America's-Next Big Thing. Along the way to making Hardline a hit, D'Arby discovered a knack for inciting controversy. He bitterly denounced America's rampant racism and refused to play Vienna as long as Austria was ruled by "a known Nazi conspirator." D'Arby also boasts that he "became known as this habitual womanizer." He doesn't seem to bear much of a grievance about it, pointing out, perhaps needlessly, "I

don't want to be the boy next door." He's more worried, he says, about America, "which feels so threatened by black male sexuality it needs to emasculate its stars—Lionel Richie became everybody's uncle and Michael Jackson's been neutered. I really had to think for a long time if I was willing to go through that." -DAVID MARSH



CATCHING THE

s Los Angeles grows in importance as an art center, more attention is being focused on figurative painter D. J. Hall. Her large photolike oil paintings of beautiful Southern California women lunching beside swimming pools have been shown in more than 30 exhibitions as far away as West Germany and have been sold to major corporations for sizable prices. "I paint blondes because they are everyone's idea of what a successful woman is," says Hall, smiling. "I look for women with great clothes, great teeth and a wonderful pair of sunglasses." Hall, 36, a graduate of USC, works from a montage of photographs taken of her attractive models in such moneyed locales as Palm Springs, Marina del Rey and Las Vegas. "I'm creating a fantasy of the ideal life for myself," she admits. "If I paint beautiful women enough, I'll be a beautiful woman. If I paint blondes, somehow I'll stay blonde. If I paint young women, I'll stay young." Hall's New York City representative, O.K. Harris Works of Art, thinks she's eccentric. "My stuff is wacky," she says with a shrug. "My models and I poke fun at everybody's idea of the L.A. woman." Working out of her Venice studio, Hall is finishing a series of paintings destined for a one-woman show in New York this fall. "Painting the human figure is the hardest thing you can do," she maintains. "I'm less vicious in my painting now, because I'm accepting myself more." She's also more secure: "A hundred years from now, when the current curators are gone, I expect my work to be hanging in museums. It's not going to end up in the trash heap." -ROBERT CRANE

MARK HANAUER



WHERE THERE'S SMOKE

"There have been times in history when smoking was punishable by death, and other times when it has been mandated as a remedy for everything from the common cold to impotence," muses Gary Blumenthal. "If the Surgeon General called to get my opinion, I'd tell him he's not the first person to go on a crusade about smoking." Not that the C.E.O. of Tinder Box International, the nation's largest chain of tobacco stores, is waiting by the phone. In three years, Blumenthal, 33, has dragged his company into seven-figure profits—at a time when lighting up is sometimes seen as the moral equivalent of clubbing a seal. His most inspired move was adding upscale gifts to his inventory. But while he'll wax eloquent about Lladro collectibles and many other noncarcinogens in his stores, Blumenthal's true love is tobacco. "Like wine, a cigar is a natural product, blended from different crops and enjoyed for its texture, aroma and flavor. When you have a cigar, you close the world off for a little bit and enjoy yourself," he says. "It's statement. It's a

For o stond-up comic, **Rita Rudner,** 32, is pretty straitloced. In fact, she's

straighter than most accountants, insurance salesmen and an occasional Supreme Court nominee. "I was put on earth to make people feel guilty about the way they live their lives," she explains, almost apologetically. "I've never been wild. The worst thing I've ever done is read in a bad light." She started her showbusiness career as a dancer leaving

THE BOARD

BARONS

Don't call Stacy
Peralta (far right),
31. chairman of the
board. unless
you're talking skate
boards. Along with
George Powell, Peralta has created a
mini empire that's built
on a rolling foundation
of maple wood and
polyurethane wheels. In
nine years, Powell-Peralta has gone from 500
skate boards per month



REID ASHTON

to 28,000, maturing from a wild idea into a \$10,000,000 business. That is not to say that the partners are guided solely by sales. "We approach this as the combination of a business and something we really love." claims Powell, 43, who designed the better skate board after taking a spin on his son's decidedly interior model. Spurred by its success, the company has branched out into clothing, skate-boarding video tapes and a company-backed team that's coached by Peralta, a former skate-boarding champ himself. In fact, Peralta keeps his

hand in with his own back-yard skate-boarding ramp. "I ride the ramp and thoroughly enjoy it," he admits. "It's something I expect to be doing for at least another ten years."

—MICHAEL KAPLAN

GUILT ON WRY

home in Miami and moving to New York at the age of 15, two years after her mother died. She worked steadily, doing commercials and dancing in six Broadway shows, including a long stint in Annie, before switching to comedy. "I was petrified the first time I performed [at New York's Catch a Rising Star], but I knew I'd never be that scared or that bad

again," she recalls. "I don't know what possessed me, but I just had to keep at it." She's now using the same

determination to break into film, and while she has landed a couple of small parts, she's still learning the Hollywood way of doing business. "I've had so many lunch meetings about my career," she says with a sigh. "At first, I got excited when people called. Then I got a little less excited. Now I just hope the food is good."

COSTA

way of life."

— PAMELA MARIN

| | | PHOEBE

(continued from page 75)

with superlatives calling her fabulous, charismatic, extraordinary and comparable to Edith Piaf. She has also been labeled "the Mae West of rock and roll," and one critic rhapsodized that Phoebe's act combines "the virtuosity of Jascha Heifetz with the showmanship of Lucille Ball." Still with us? The air gets heady up here in the glowing ionosphere of showbiz hype.

Still, nobody knows better than Phoebe that hype may be helpful, but music is the name of the game. In a published essay, she riffs esoterically on "the 19th Century and a genius like Chopin, who probably had an I.Q. of 270. You're talking about some tremendous cultural achievements, like the Parthenon. Chopin's ballades and études are like the greatest Praxitelean marble sculptures and stand for all time. . . . It seems that musicians are traveling in the Concorde, and the public is on an old bus, behind somewhere."

Phoebe's verbal flights zoom right down to terra firma when she talks about creating a *Playboy* pictorial with photographer Richard Fegley. "People get mad because I don't buy into the patriarchal bullshit that the female body is disgusting. When one gazes appreciatively upon the female form, it's a religious act. . . . It all depends on the mental attitude you bring to it. For my money, the ancient reverence for the voluptuous magic of woman is the way to go."

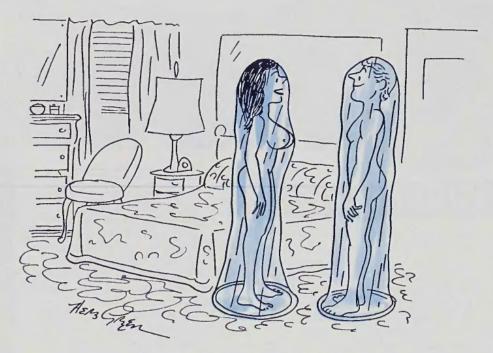
Her own synthesis of blatant eroticism and art may account for Légère's becoming a local celebrity almost before she had shaken the New England dust off her spikeheeled shoes. New York's artiest writers and artists liked her style. She studied jazz with John Lewis of the Modern Jazz Quar-

tet. She became a chum of artist Larry Rivers and sang with him and a scholarly combo known as the East 13th Street Band; Rivers also painted her several times, most memorably as Diana the huntress. While Phoebe's anything but a one-man woman, she expresses lasting affection for aspiring film maker Nile Southern, writer Terry Southern's son. "Nile comes from a movie family," she notes. "His father eats, sleeps, drinks and breathes movies."

Appropriately, Phoebe has movies on her mind as well. She did a walk-through in Jonathan Demme's Something Wild, carrying one of her large nude paintings into camera range. On the heels of her Mondo New York success, she's up for the lead female role in a sequel to The Toxic Avenger, the pop-schlock classic that cultists revere. "I'm really excited about it, because the script is very funny. I'd play the blind girl. . . The Toxic Avenger borrows money from the Devil to have her eyesight restored."

The rest of us may relish her as a constant source of surprises, but the Légère clan up in Boston, she confides, shudders to think what Phoebe will say or do next. "Both my parents are artists, but very conservative. My three sisters are all married and work for a Boston bank. They worry that I'm not married. Of course, just being a female musician or a woman of any kind is a great psychological handicap. I behaved like a boy until I reached puberty, because my parents had wanted a boy. By then, though, I understood what boys liked, and that made me what I am. But I enjoyed being a boy. I intend to have a sex change in about ten years. Maybe. Not necessarily the surgical kind." Huh? Say it isn't so, Phoebe.

Ä



"Well, gosh, I guess I do feel safer using a condom, but . . . !"

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

(continued from page 123)

shooting. Shortly thereafter, India was Miss December.

"I really didn't have any time to think about it," remembers India. "Normally, when you make that kind of decision—like whether or not to pose nude—you want to think about it for a few minutes. But once I walked through the doors at *Playboy*, I felt like, This is where I belong. I never had any doubts."

Neither did anyone else in her family. Bill, a physical-fitness buff, was proud of the body India was getting to show off, and her parents, who are divorced, were equally pleased. In fact, India's mother, a full-blooded Algonquin Indian and part-time psychic, had both encouraged her to pose for *Playboy* and predicted that she'd be accepted. When the pictorial appeared, Mom called. "Do you want to go in with me on an apartment complex in Florida?" she asked. India explained that Playmates don't exactly make *that* kind of money. "I mean when you're Playmate of the Year," replied Mom nonchalantly.

India and Bill currently share a new house only blocks from the ocean in Hermosa Beach with two dogs (Stinker and Jack) and a cat (Mr. Kitty). It's a life that has virtually no glitzy trappings. For fun, India and Bill ride motorcycles or have small dinner parties for friends, most of whom are other veterinarians or computer whizzes from nearby TRW, the advancedtechnology giant. "I don't party and I don't go to bars," maintains India. "And I try not to squander my money. I like to work out and to ride my bike. I like to rent movies for the VCR and I love to cook and bake. I could spend a couple of hours in my kitchen every night making something."

Now that India has been named Playmate of the Year, she and Bill have agreed to postpone their scheduled spring marriage, at least until fall. For the next few months, India's hands will be full with promotions and appearances both for the magazine and for her special Playmate of the Year Video Centerfold, on sale soon. But India insists that nothing, not even being P.M.O.Y., will change her life. "My private life keeps this from going to my head. When I get home from a shooting or an appearance, I still have to find my dogs, take care of my cat and look after the house. I still hang out with the same people and they go out of their way not to treat me any differently."

Bill has been particularly supportive. "I think he's more excited by this than I am," India admits. "Bill's a very secure man. As long as I come home and act like the same person I've always been, he's fine."



PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

INDIA ALLEN

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A YEN FOR GOLF

handicapped by crowded courses back home, the golf-mad japanese are buying ours



TEE FOR 200: Tokyo hookers and slicers bang away of o high-rise practice range.

hen the talk turns to Japanese money, the figures begin to sound inflated, impossible, absurd. Yes, it is true that memberships in Tokyo's most prestigious golf spread, the Koganei Country Club, are now trading for \$2,600,000. Ads brokering membership to Koganei and a dozen other clubs requiring at least \$1,000,000 can be found in golf magazines. (As with heavily armed fortresses, such as the Los Angeles Country Club or Augusta National, don't even bother to apply if you sing or act for a living.)

And, yes, Japanese collectors have pushed the price of antique sticks to ghastly levels (\$4000 for a set of MacGregor 945 Eye-O-Matic woods or \$10,000 for a George Lowe Wizard 600 Sportsman putter, the kind Jack Nicklaus uses). Those are the people, after all, who decided that a Van Gogh might be worth \$40,000,000.

Behind these breath-taking prices, however, is the hard economic fact that the yen has doubled in value over the dollar in the past three years. That rate change means that Japanese shoppers can charge through the U.S. as if it were one big half-price red-tag sale.

A two-bedroom apartment in Tokyo's suburbs can easily cost \$2,000,000. Why spend another few mil for a golfing membership when you can go to America—home away from home for Japanese businessmen—and buy an entire country club? In Hawaii, ten courses have been purchased by Japanese companies, with a like number going in California. Close to Los Angeles, the semipublic Valencia course was bought by Japan's Uniden Corporation, which turned it into a private club catering specifically to an Asian membership.

"Sometimes, you can get one for \$3,000,000," said the sales manager of Focus Enterprises, who helps buyers find the courses. "That's cheap. In Japan, just one hole of a golf course would cost that much."

Even if you owned a hole, when could you play it? In Japan, a weekend round must be scheduled a couple of months ahead; the average fee is now around \$200, but that includes caddy, insurance and lunch between nines. The duffer who just wants to keep his hand in at the driving range may spend \$25 for the privilege—unless he goes to one of those layer-cake three-tier driving ranges.

But that's business. And business in Japan is volcanic. It's where a flashy Australian golfer such as Greg Norman will get a few million to represent a golf resort. Or where the wee Welshman Ian Woosnam can get \$2,000,000 to swing Maruman golf clubs. In a country smaller than California, where only 1300 golf courses serve more than 122,000,000 people, the mantle of exclusivity is draped heavily and luxuriously over anyone lucky enough to get onto the course.

—CHRIS HODENFIELD

RULES OF THE GAME

(continued from page 110) that God put them on earth to win and if they don't, then something is wrong."

Hannigan notes that pros will often blame their equipment for high scores—or insist that the competition has discovered a magic club. Nevertheless, the U.S.G.A. will prohibit Ping clubs in its own 13 events at the end of 1989. Other golfers who feel magic in their Pings will be able to enjoy them until 1996, when the clubs will be prohibited from all play. After that date, a golfer may presumably take them out on a course, but the U.S.G.A. imperative becomes a moral imperative, and to paraphrase a Watergate tape, "It could be done, but it would be wrong."

And how about dimples? An organization that is capable of differentiating worms from burrowing animals (and pronouncing that one's own saliva is "foreign material" when applied to a club face) has not, oddly, ever debated how many little depressions there should be on the surface of a golf ball. Although dimple arrangements dramatically affect flight, as long as balls meet U.S.G.A. standards for weight, symmetry, initial velocity and distance, those balls will be approved for play.

Several years ago, a pair of entrepreneurs challenged the status quo by developing a ball with different aerodynamic characteristics. It was self-correcting.

The U.S.G.A. promptly prohibited the ball from play by all the power not really vested in it. The developers immediately brought suit against the U.S.G.A. for conspiring against them with golf-ball manufacturers.

After a protracted court battle, the U.S.G.A. settled with the complainants. But the Rules had survived.

The Rules are not puritanical. If the U.S.G.A. finds high-tech balls abhorrent, it tolerates betting with little trouble. Rules on amateur status include a section on wagering, which does specify a few conditions. Players may bet only on themselves or on teammates, put up all moneys themselves and never forget that "the primary purpose is the playing of the game for enjoyment."

Courtesy is paramount, but beware: A golfer who advises an opponent about which club will carry that bunker or water hazard may be surprised that it's strictly against the Rules. And if a golfer graciously lends an opponent a club to replace one damaged in the course of normal play, unfortunately, he cannot have it back for the duration of the round.

Make no mistake about it—those are not esoteric quibbles whose implications stop at the fairway. The golfer who's sorely tempted to nudge the ball to a better lie should never forget how the Rules bear on the rest of his life. As Tom Watson says, "If you kick a ball out of a bad lie, you may cheat at other things, too. Could be the IRS. Or your wife."

¥

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The EXPRESS 3 utilizes surface mount components

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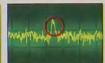
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the owner of a local fishing banca for 24 hours of towing, enough to get me out to dependable winds. As we left the beach, I watched the dim shape of Subic's high northern headland slide behind me a mile to starboard and remembered the last time I had sailed past it: going the other way one hot morning almost ten years before, standing on the deck of the carrier Hancock in clothes I'd worn for six days, my only possession a .38-caliber pistol.

For an exhausting week before my voyage on the Hancock, I had been working on the evacuation of Saigon. In the end, I had been extracted by a Marine helicopter from the roof of the U.S. embassy, driven from the country to which I had given six years, a citizen of a country shown at last to be incapable of keeping its promises. And I thought of Mai, the Vietnamese woman I loved, standing there, emaciated, clutching her sides and crying, and I wondered if I had done any better than my country.

As I made my way out of Subic Bay under tow, I remembered that day and my feelings well, and I remembered re-establishing contact with Mai in 1982 and my promise to do all I could to get her out. Alone among the hundreds of thousands of Americans who served in Vietnam, I was being given a chance to recover my honor. All I had to do was go back and get it.

Simply put, my plan was this: I would sail back to Vietnam alone in an 18-foot open boat, no motor, no weapons, along the same track on which the Seventh Fleet had retreated after our defeat, and I hoped to come away with Mai, my kept promise and

my victory. My plan was neither simpleminded nor arbitrary, and the hard part would be over when I reached the coast of Vietnam. It was all so perfect.

I met Nguyen thi Mai (I've changed her name to protect her) in 1972, when she was 18 and I was beginning my fourth year in Vietnam. That was in Kontum, a mountainous tribal province in central Vietnam as rugged in its beauty as Mai was serene in hers. All but a few isolated parts of Kontum had been lost, U.S. ground forces were gone and we watched the infiltration of the North Vietnamese. Finally, their B-3 Front command element surfaced like the fin of a shark, and we waited for the strike.

In this atmosphere, the Nguyen family's rustic café, 100 yards from our compound, was a harbor for me. It was quiet, the home-grown coffee was good and the three beautiful Nguyen sisters, who floated among the tables when they were busy, would sit with me when they weren't. Traditional Vietnamese girls had both a fascination with and an aversion to Americans: Any girl seen in public with one was presumed to be sleeping with him, and traditional Vietnamese practice the cult of the virgin as religiously and as chauvinistically as Spaniards. That the girls would sit down and talk comfortably with me was a real compliment.

GIs who remember the debased side of Vietnamese women-the Tu Do Street bars, the Saigon teas, the roving hands, the five-dollar short times-will laugh, but there was an entire Vietnamese world they

never got to see, just as the Vietnamese usually saw the roughest side of the GIs.

Mai was the youngest of the sisters, and the quietest. It was her older sister, a striking widow of 25, who first attracted my attention. A casual affair might have worked out with her, but that kind of thing would have been unconscionable with Mai. My first year in Vietnam, a girl much like Mai had left her family for me, and then I had left her. She was dead to her family the minute she walked out the door, and a traditional Vietnamese girl without a family and abandoned by the man she has chosen is a flame trying to burn without a candle. I didn't know that at the time, but after learning the rules, I was determined not to be the cause of anything like that again. There were plenty of liberated girls around, not to mention the professionals, who were just as pretty as the traditional girls and immune to their kind of grief. I enjoyed them. They were a necessary ingredient of the life I saw myself living, an aficionado of The Zone.

Michael Herr wrote that "Vietnam was what some of us had instead of happy childhoods." So it was for me. People lived because of my successes and died from my errors. I whistled up helicopters like other men call ducks, and information I gathered diverted B-52 strikes. I had myself dropped into tribal villages where I'd get soused in the company of men who drank from the brainpans of old enemies. Marriage didn't go with my spurs and my horse, and Mai was a girl for marriage. But I kept going back to the café.

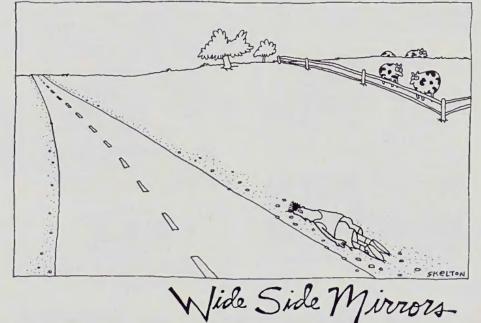
After eight months in Kontum, I was transferred to another province. Mai was supposed to be a pretty young girl who would fade into a memory, but she didn't. Maybe because my background was as traditional as it gets in the United States-Southern, Catholic, Jesuit-prepped, oldschool liberal arts-the virtues of the classic Vietnamese woman, antediluvian by contemporary American standards, were overwhelmingly attractive to me. Mai seemed to have become the archetype in both memory and imagination, and the remoteness of my subsequent postings kept her in place. I didn't meet many other women, certainly none as beautiful. I saw her only a few times more before the country started to collapse in 1975.

After Ban Me Thuot fell, wholesale terror hit the highlands. Military units and discipline collapsed. All ethnic Vietnamese-civilians as well as deserting and leaderless military-began a horrific 100mile exodus toward the coast.

For a week of that hell, Mai was there.

I kept trying to find people from Kontum and finally ran across someone who knew the Nguyens and where they were: Most of the family had made it to Saigon.

I had heard about some close-held plans to evacuate Vietnamese employees of various U.S. agencies and asked if I could help. At the same time, I had located Mai's family and had made up my mind: The Zone



was dying and the intense, indulgent life I had there was going to fade. But I could still have the best of the Vietnam that was disappearing if I could take Mai with me. Marriage made sense now, selfish sense, and she would be a wonderful and cher-

ished wife. But would she go?

Mai wasn't there when I tracked down the address in Saigon. The family was crowded into one room and a small loft and had lost almost everything. I told her parents I wanted to take Mai with me to America if she would go, and if they would agree. They said yes and that they would ask her for me when she came back. I told them how she could find me.

A few days later, Mai and her older brother, a priest, appeared in the chaos of a

crowd of evacuees at what had been an officers' quarters. Mai, always thin, was now skeletal and was crying so hard she could say nothing. Her brother told me that she had been that way since the horror of the highlands exodus, but she had made up her mind to leave with me. He saw the shock on my face.

"She'll be beautiful again as soon as she can eat. She doesn't eat," he said.

It wasn't her beauty I was worried about but her physical and emotional condition. She looked ready to

"She can't leave the family if she's in that condition," I told him, "That's the worst thing she could do."

"Take her, take her, she wants to go with you."

But I knew, or I thought I knew, that permanent separation from her family would be the worst possible thing for her just then-Vietnamese family ties are much stronger than ours and emotionally exhausting when broken. I thought that the worst was over for the family and for Vietnam and that Mai's health and peace of mind would come back a lot faster with them than without them. I also thought that there would be some way to get her out once the new regime had settled down. I tried to say all this. There was chaos around us. I was trying to get the right Vietnamese families on an evacuation bus and keep others off. It was a time of desperation, noise, exhaustion, stretched nerves.

"Mai, you can't go like this," I said. "I can't take you away like this.'

She cried and cried, and I don't think even she could have sorted out all the reasons she was crying.

I left Mai and her brother there and headed for the next busload, hurting but certain I was right. After a tense half hour, I worked my way through the embassy gates, the teeming country locked out behind me.

The next day, Saigon fell. At President Ford's orders, we evacuated the embassy. I climbed up to the roof and onto a helicopter, which beat away into the darkness.

I went back to Southeast Asia and found things to do that were solitary, hard and in Kontum, but, of course, it was up to Mai whether or not she would respond.

I heard nothing from her for months. Then, in the spring of 1982, I got a wonderful letter, and many more after that, full of bravery and heartbreak. She didn't blame me for anything (which made me blame myself), she had heart and stomach problems, her life was hard and unhappy, she wanted to leave Vietnam and she wanted to be with me. "What should I do?" she asked. She had tried twice to escape by boat and had been caught and jailed both times. Did I want her to try again?

I had already heard plenty about boat escapes from Vietnam: It is estimated that between 15 and 25 percent of the boats are lost at sea, and virtually every surviving

> boat is hit by pirates, who routinely abduct and rape any young women among their victims. Further escape attempts would be worse than foolish. And yet there was no hope through official channels, either. There were 500,000 people already waiting to join relatives in the U.S., and Mai and I weren't even married. With my history of activities in Indochina, I'd never get an exception for Mai.

> At that point, I had to choose between giving up or planning something on my own. That is, there wasn't any

> My first idea was to try a run and snatch from Thailand or Malaysia, using a high-speed boat to make a rendezvous with Mai. By the time I had

abandoned that impractical plan, though, I had a dossier on Vietnamese coastal security that was so thorough it seemed a shame to waste it.

My reluctance to let the adventure go was what led me to Hubris. I would sail to Vietnam in a small boat, approach land and arrive ashore in such a way as to be observed but not stopped, having meanwhile communicated the fact of my imminent arrival to the news media as I neared the coast. The difficulty of the voyage and the nature of its purpose would be newsworthy and would ensure widespread interest.

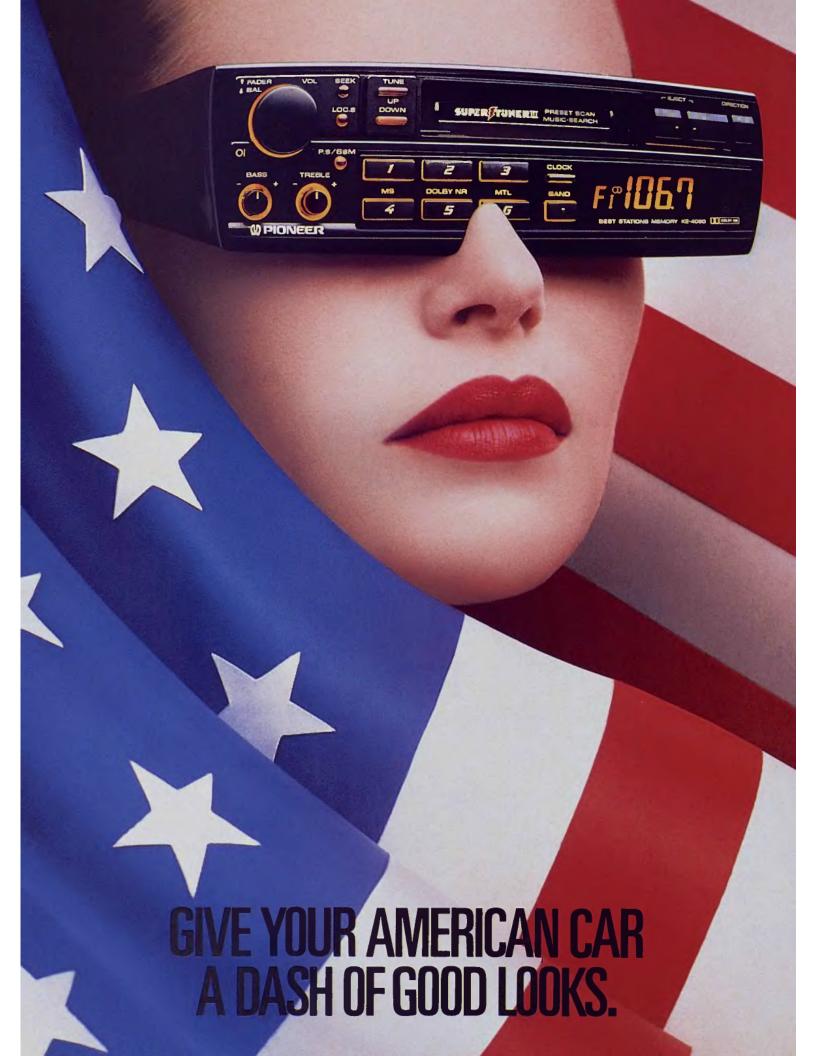
That would have several effects. First, the fact that news stories would be on BBC and Voice of America broadcasts

You can't hurry love or bourbon. Especially bourbon.



worth while. They were approximations of the life I had led, but I got little from them but good stories and the cold comfort of having done my best. Even the few successes led to nothing. I didn't stay single because of Mai, but I did stay single. Always, always I thought this: If I was wrong to leave her behind as the country collapsed, I owed her.

In late 1981, I was in Thailand. A refugee in a camp for Vietnamese boat people heard I was looking for Mai and wrote to me. He said she had suffered a nervous breakdown after the fall of Saigon, had spent about two years in the hospital and had recovered mentally but was physically weak. She was unmarried. He could put us safely in contact via his family, still



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Auto America units available: KE-4060, KE-4060 Quick Release, KE-4010, and KE-4010 Quick Release. Optional graphic equalizer stacking kits also available. © 1988 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA at the time of my arrival would prove to the Vietnamese that I had no secret purpose: No spy announces his infiltration. Second, both Mai and I would be protected by the international awareness of my presence and innocent purpose. Third, the international attention would persuade the S.R.V. (Socialist Republic of Vietnam) to put us together and let us go-it would be good public relations for them and cost them nothing: I wasn't "rescuing" Mai but simply asking them to make a bureaucratic exception for her, because she didn't meet administrative requirements for the Orderly Departure Program. Hubris was not one among many possible ways for me to win Mai's release—it seemed like the only way.

When you are the only thing on it, there's nothing as enormous as the sea. Even under fire, I've never felt my mortality more keenly than I did staring at so much huge and potentially destructive indifference so few inches away.

I thought a lot about this during my first two days at sea, because the northeast monsoon, supposedly on its way out, started blowing again as if it had eminent domain. The wind stuck about 30 knots. Because the waves were steep and confused, breaking close together, Hubris couldn't be sailed. I helped her the only way I could: I put her under jib and wedged myself beside the centerboard trunk to keep my weight low and to windward.

I couldn't believe the rigging would stand the strain, even if by some miracle we weren't swamped, but Hubris stood it. When the wind dropped to a reasonable rate, I let out a yell that rolled right off the sea's back. I strung everything wet out to dry and ate for the first time in two days.

Besides an air-communications transceiver, I had one for ship-to-ship relays. My course was perpendicular to several major shipping lanes. I had planned to use freighters as a check on my navigation, and also as a backup for establishing my distance from Vietnam. Fixes from the two ships I did reach by radio showed me that my navigation was better than I had hoped. The second one, which I reached on April 20, 150 miles east of Nha Trang, was an Evergreen Lines ship out of Hong Kong. The affable Filipino officer said that he would pass a message on to my friend, Tom O'Donnell, a commodities broker in Hong Kong, when the ship got to Singapore on the 22nd. That turned out to be the only indication the outside world could have had that Hubris and I were near Vietnam and in good shape. Tom never got the message.

The ten days between the high winds and reaching the Evergreen ship had been fantastic: ten-to-15-knot steady, beam-reaching winds that died for a while every afternoon about five so I could dry my sleeping slot and put everything straight before dark. I luxuriated in the grandeur I awoke to every morning and sailed through all day. Those bounding blue acres and that shining sky were mine: Crossing the

South China Sea that way gave me title—I owned that sucker.

Then came the 13th day.

Things went bad about ten in the morning. A front headed by line squalls as far north and south as I could see was closing astern. I still remember the particular cloud that did us in. It had an extraordinary aspect as it bore down, its base just above the water, a towering face that drew itself up higher and higher, blotting out the sun, then burst with a roar of thunder, lightning and wind. The black-green bruise color under the cloud and the whitecaps like teeth had warned me, and I was in a panic to douse the mainsail before the wind blast hit. When those things strike, there's always a wind shift the second the force hits you that can tear your rigging out by its roots. In an instant, the jib collapsed on one side of the mast and exploded drum-tight on the other with a sound like a shot; but Hubris held.

She held all day while I was down shivering and bruised, wedged against the centerboard again, worrying. Not just worrying about whether or not Hubris would get us through it but about where we were headed-which was in the wrong direction at the wrong time. The storm was driving us southwest, toward Cam Ranh Bay, when we were already close to Vietnamese territorial waters. Cam Ranh is the billiondollar naval and air base America left behind after the war. It's now used by the Russian navy, a strategic and sensitive place, one where neither Hubris' clearly innocent appearance nor outside radio reports could prevent spying charges.

Contacting airliners on my radio was a crucial part of my plan, to advise friends of my progress. I had tested the sea-to-air transceiver on my second morning at sea, and the captain of a Singapore Airlines flight came up so clearly he sounded as if he were in the bow of my boat. On the 12th day, the day before the storm, I went on the air again. I passed under an airlines crossroad, where there should have been five or six flights within hailing distance. Looking up, I could see the flights; checking my flight chart, I could name them. But my transmissions drew no response. Except for being adrift or dead, I was near the worst circumstances I'd envisioned.

Without communications with the outside world, I became obsessive in my determination not to land anywhere near Cam Ranh. I decided I had to get the information I needed from the next Vietnamese fishing boat I saw—I'd already seen about ten—and to get it in such a way as not to show that I could speak Vietnamese. I also developed a story about being on my way to Singapore from Manila. My reason for approaching Vietnam was stomach trouble, which would be easy to mime.

I sailed up to a 40-foot fishing boat at nine in the morning of the 14th day, pointed to a map, said "Nha Trang? Nha Trang?" then pointed questioningly southwest, west and northwest. I figured the fishermen would answer by pointing; the comparison between my compass and the direction they indicated would give me a rough relative bearing of Nha Trang.

They did point, and a compass check told me I was actually north of where I wanted to be, having overcompensated after the storm by sailing northwest, heading toward my lesser evil, Qui Nhon.

One of the fishermen had hold of Hubris' forestay to keep their boat from damaging her as both of them rose and fell in the choppy sea. The fishermen were talking among themselves in a heavy accent I couldn't understand. The one at the forestay didn't let go. More talk. They started motioning me to lower my sails. I realized then the stupidity of giving them control of Hubris—for a small sailboat, a hand on the forestay is all it takes—and also realized that their heavy boat could be used as a weapon to disable Hubris if I got out my diving knife and forced the man to let go.

I lowered the sails. They motioned me to go aboard their boat. One man jumped down onto Hubris and began searching through her lockers, pulling out all my equipment. It was as if she were being violated. I felt shamed, having to stand there and watch it.

They asked me what country I was from. "England," I said. That must have satisfied them, because they left me alone, talking among themselves. I don't remember much of what happened next. The lifting of the nervous strain of the voyage hit me like depressurization and I went to sleep in the wheelhouse.

I woke up a few hours later, held fast in the grip of my fixations. Christ, I thought, my story is that I'm on my way to Singapore, but there are documents on Hubris that prove I'm headed for Vietnam. My only idea was to get rid of them.

It was a mania, and I wasn't careful how I did it. Not even waiting for dark, I began pulling out papers and charts and tossing them overboard. No one tried to stop me. At the time, the Singapore story seemed like a necessity. Then, when the officials in Qui Nhon let me call my parents or my friend Tom, or at least talk with the Australian consul (Australia helps with diplomatic affairs for the U.S. in Vietnam), everything would be back on an even keel, and with the press alerted, Mai and I would have our guarantee of safety and our assurance of success. Everything wasn't lost, not by a long shot.

We came into Qui Nhon harbor about 10:30 at night and docked beside a stone quay that had been broken up by U.S. bombs or Vietnamese artillery during the war and never repaired. On the low headland above it was a small stone-block house. The scene—lit by a single bulb on the wall of the building—looked like a stage set. A young officer in charge of the small detachment took me up to the building and struggled to match his few English words with the needs of his forms. Punchy with fatigue, I ached to shorten things by

speaking Vietnamese, but according to my cover story, I wasn't supposed to know how. Finally, he finished and invited me to walk with him and a few soldiers to town. Some invitations can't be refused.

That was how I made my return to Vietnam. I never thought crossing over into hell would be such a quiet process, or that I'd be guided there by a polite young officer pushing a bicycle.

Despite the international treaties protecting seamen of all countries, especially those taken at sea, my captors refused me all outside contact and did not notify the U.S. that I was alive, much less that I was in custody. This extraordinary treatment convinced me that divulging my six years of wartime experience and the fact that I had planned to go to Vietnam, not Singapore, was more dangerous than ever. For three days, I refused to eat unless allowed to contact someone, and I maintained my Singapore story. A year later, I learned that my interrogators had known of my past and my plans since the first day: They'd found and translated my letter requesting Mai's release and were letting me spill my cover story while their suspicions of espionage grew into certainty.

After the third day, there were no signs that my hunger strike was having an effect. When a higher official came to question me, a man in civilian clothes who I was told was the province chief, I decided my only hope was to tell him the truth. But I withheld Mai's name.

My admission had no positive effect. At midnight, I was moved north under heavy guard to Da Nang.

The city is directly below the air corridor commercial airlines use between Bangkok and east Asian capitals. From my cell, I watched the planes fly over; that might have been the worst part of my first days in prison. In an hour, people would be stepping down from those planes, awash in freedom they didn't even feel, annoyed with the heat and customs formalities and pirate taxis. I would have given anything to be annoyed about those things again.

They put me on the second floor of a building at China Beach that used to be an orphanage supported by U.S. Marines. Now it's a Spartan R&R barracks for the S.R.V. army. From my window, from time to time I could see Russian advisors and their huge wives on the beach. The Vietnamese seemed to avoid them.

For two or three weeks, nothing official happened. Then an old man who spoke careful, perfect English showed up to begin interrogation. His looks and manner strangely reminded me of Alec Guinness. We sat in a small room at opposite ends of a small table, an overhead fan going listlessly through the motions of dispelling a heat that had nowhere to go. Before he left the first day, he said, "Many of my superiors are convinced you are a spy."

"If I tell you my fiancée's name and where she is, and you find out she's real,

then will they see I'm not a spy?" I asked.

"That will help you in the short run but not in the long run. It is necessary, you see, but it is not sufficient."

I answered the old man's questions for three more weeks, assuming that I was going to be imprisoned for the rest of my life, however short, and planned an escape. I knew the odds were astronomical against my ever reaching Thailand alive via the Montagnard highlands and Laos, but I decided I would rather die trying to escape than live in their prisons and die according to their whims or their laws. Then, too, there was always the chance that I'd make it. On top of everything, God help me, was that voice telling me, What an adventure, boy, what an adventure just to try it.

There was no lock on my door. At night, a chair was pushed against it, not so much to hold it closed as to make a loud noise on the stone-tile floor if I moved it. After midnight, the guard on duty was usually asleep. The top half of the door was made of glass panes, and one panel was missing. When I realized I'd have to lift the chair to escape, I added isometric biceps work to a daily exercise routine so I could lift it. After ten days or so, I could lift it.

From my door, it was only two steps to get over the parapet and onto the ledge. I'd seen the outside of the wall when the guards walked me to another building to wash; there were construction rods and latticed brickwork under the ledge that would get me the 30 feet to the ground. It was about 75 feet from there to a urinal built into the perimeter wall above the beach. The concrete side of the urinal was a couple of feet high; that would get me over the wall.

Finally, one night, the conditions were perfect, the moon was down and I could hear the guard snoring. I got up noiselessly and eased my way to the door. He was stretched out on a mat right in front of me, and to open the door, I would have had to lift both the chair and the guard. The next night, another guard brought a friend and they stayed awake. The dim glow of their cigarettes burned up the hours, and when they finally went to sleep, there wasn't enough time to give my plans a chance.

The next morning, a group of hard-faced men in civilian clothes arrived and ordered me downstairs, into a three-car entourage that carried me back to Qui Nhon.

This time, I was to be held in the prison of the Cong An—Vietnam's K.G.B. The loss of the chance of escape on the verge of my attempt was demoralizing: It was the only way I could have got out of the nightmare without involving Mai. Now her corroboration of our relationship was my last hope—"necessary but not sufficient," as my captors had told me.

I knew that sooner or later, they'd find Mai no matter what I told them. Praying that the information I gave would not result in her arrest, I gave my questioners her name and told them where she lived. The Cong An would press its interrogations about my "secret mission" for another



AS ADVERTISED NATIONALLY SINCE 1979 WITH OVER 50,000 SOLD WORLDWIDE

year, never believing I'd already made the only betrayal that was mine to make.

It's the job of any country's security service to be skeptical. Given the fact that the Vietnamese Communists have been continuously involved in warfare since World War Two, with real spies in large numbers to look for, and given my background and the fact that the Vietnamese see China and the U.S. as enemies in league against their regime, their skepticism about me was logical (if they could overlook several points). I had lied about being headed for Vietnam when I was first questioned in Qui Nhon; I had had a radar detector on board Hubris (to keep me from being run down by freighters) and, in theory, it could be used to pinpoint coastal radar emplacements; I had, in the past, worked in Laos and Cambodia with anti-Vietnamese resistance movements and could be doing the same thing now.

Supicious that I was a spy, the Vietnamese had the option of using physical torture to compel my cooperation, but they used it only once. They did, however, use mental torture, and it hinged on their declaration that they were keeping my capture a secret, exploiting my fear that no one-Mai, my parents-knew where I was. Over and over, they repeated the questions: "Why isn't anyone asking about you? We haven't had any questions about you from your parents or from your Government. Why are they silent?" At first, I was puzzled, then I got worried. Could my letters have been lost, the ones I'd sent in a large envelope to Tom O'Donnell from the Philippines, to explain what I'd done and why, in case something did go wrong and no news ever broke? And Tom was supposed to talk with reporters if he hadn't heard from me in a month; I thought news stories might still have proved my true purpose to the Vietnamese, even if they hadn't appeared as soon as I landed.

But if the letters were lost, and if, for some reason, Tom hadn't talked with reporters, a deadly silence would fall over my case. Nothing could have been worse for me. Silence about a possibly captured agent is standard procedure on the part of the Government. It would have been strong evidence to the Cong An that I was a spy.

The envelope with the letters had been lost. Tom never got it, and he waited three months before he told anybody—my parents or the press or the Government—that I was gone. The delay was bad luck and my fault, not Tom's. I hadn't been explicit enough, except in the lost letters, about what he should do and when he should do it. So there was silence for three and a half months, until an article appeared in *The Wall Street Journal* and an A.P. dispatch by my friends Jon Swain and Denis Gray. Then the U.S. had asked questions.

The Vietnamese said they knew nothing about me. Of course, they never told me there had been inquiries.

sory patterns of any place you spend time in. In solitary confinement, it takes only a few days. I was aware of a new set of footsteps outside my cell, the smell of a different kind of cigarette smoke, a light that stayed on 20 minutes longer than usual, five extra beats in the cadence count of the guards' morning exercise. It reminded me of the way I would wake up at sea when the slap of the waves changed against the hull of my boat.

A week after the first interrogation sessions ended, there was an ominous shift in the routine. Normally, the only voices I heard were those of the guards, in small talk among themselves or in battle cries as they slammed their pieces around in Co-Tuong, Vietnamese chess. But on that particular morning, there were more voices outside the cell than usual, and they were lower and more serious.

Then there was a shifting of furniture, uncertain footsteps on the stairs as more pieces were carried in and repeated small scrapings of wooden legs on the tiles, minute alignments, as if they were preparing for a conference of VIPs. "Tomorrow," I heard one guard say to another.

Three long days later, a guard told me to "get ready to work." They call interrogation "work," with no sense of irony. I put on a pair of trousers and a T-shirt they'd left for me and walked into the next room, which was packed with about 20 men wearing the expressions the Romans must have worn when the first Christians stumbled into the ring. I was ordered into a chair. There was silence for a few seconds. Then an old man leaped up and yelled, "Tie him up! This man is CIA! Tie him up now!" I held my hands in front of me, hoping at least for that much, but two men forced them behind my back and handcuffed them. The interrogation began and the faces around me got that glint-the lions had started their work.

That went on for about five days. The constant dread of painful death, plus the behind-the-back position and pain of the handcuffs, made sleep impossible. Time, for me, was reduced to drifting in and out of consciousness. In desperation, I decided to try to shock my captors into treating me humanely, and the only way I could see to accomplish that was to make a convincing attempt at suicide. I'd never thought of myself as the suicidal type, but at that point, a quick death—if I lost too much blood and my fake turned unintentionally real—seemed preferable to the slow, painful death I thought I faced.

I'd learned how to loop my arms up under my buttocks and bring them around to the front. It was a useful, if painful, skill. I waited till late at night, when the guards checked on me only about once an hour. Right after a shadow moved away from the door, I got my hands around to the front and pried the frame off a small mirror in my cell. I have prominent veins, and I started sawing into my forearms, pressing

the biggest veins against the bone to sever them. When the grisly task was done, I was able to annoint myself and much of my cell with blood. When the guard arrived, he saw one of the more memorable tableaux in his young life.

It was still dark when I came to. A doctor was sewing up my forearms. The head officer of the prison facility was there, alternately angry and worried. His worrying was just what I had been hoping for.

Instead of daily visits with the interrogators, I was now under the care of a doctor, who came every day to check for infection and change dressings. The handcuffs were gone and the quality of my food improved. There was no sympathy, but there was a kind of cover-your-ass attitude. They did not want a dead American on their hands, especially one who hadn't confessed.

About a week later, I was called to work

"We have been to see Mai in Saigon and her parents in Kontum," they told me. "Her parents say they were friendly to you under the puppet regime. But now, after studying their past behavior, they realize you deceived them. They don't want their daughter to have anything to do with you. You didn't come back here for Mai. The Socialist Republic of Vietnam is lenient to those who confess but hard on those who run away. Go back to your cell and think about that."

It was clear what had happened. Mai's old parents had already had problems because of their being Catholic, and apparently, their son, the priest, had got into serious trouble. Questioned about their relations with an American "imperialist," they naturally tried to distance themselves and their family from me. Who could blame them?

The heartening thing was that the interrogators didn't claim any wavering on Mai's part. In fact, they didn't, at first, say anything at all about her. It was clear to me that despite the risk to herself—and to her parents—she must have confirmed our relationship. By putting herself and her family at risk to protect me, she had shown tremendous courage. That realization gave me new strength against my captors.

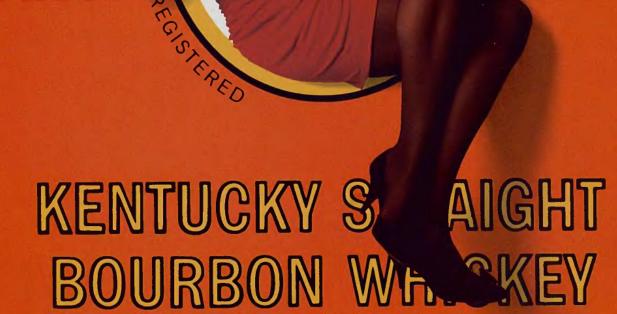
At four o'clock one morning, three months into my imprisonment, I was awakened, told to get dressed, taken downstairs and put into an old Toyota sedan. Oddly enough, my escorts were at pains to be affable. I came to understand that their attitude was that of men ordered to deliver a volatile element from Qui Nhon to Saigon without an explosion.

to Saigon without an explosion.

At one point along the coast,

At one point along the coast, we stopped at a snack bar that was trying for all the world to be a tourist attraction. It was built on rocks near the sea, but for some reason, it turned its back on the water and gave patrons a view of a dirt road scrambling up a bare hill. The guards put a Russian version of an English country-squire hat on me and said, "If anything happens, if





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the difference is pronounced.

anybody talks to you, you are a movie star from Czechoslovakia. Keep this hat on. Do

not speak Vietnamese."

Seated in the café, I couldn't believe my good fortune. I was among people again, people who didn't wish me harm, who probably would have been sympathetic had they known my story. Completing the strange experience was a large cassette player that was propped on a window sill, banging out a tune by Jerry Lee Lewis. Despite everything that had happened since my capture in the South China Sea, I'd been able to keep my composure. But what my interrogators failed to do through hours of questioning and mental and physical torture, Jerry Lee Lewis, open air and friendly faces accomplished in a moment: I wept openly and uncontrollably, which is hardly what you'd expect from a visiting Czechoslovakian movie star.

By the time we hit Saigon—that is what the eastern part of the city is still called—it was dark. I tried to sneak past the memories that lay in ambush at every corner, but it was useless. Worst of all was the knowledge that I was within a mile of Mai. I learned to deal with the memories, but I couldn't get over being so close to her yet farther than if I'd never left the Philippines.

They put me in a large cell on the third floor. There was a plank bed, no mattress, a small table and a chair. There was a big window, but because there was no other opening, only a little fresh air drifted in. In a separate cubicle was a crumbling toilet and a faucet. There was room to sit under the faucet and bathe, but usually, water was short, and each day, I'd have to choose between a three-minute wash or dumping all the water down the toilet to flush it.

Although the cell itself was decent, it had one feature that preyed on me mentally at a time when I was least able to handle it. Scratched into the paint on the walls and the door, along with a lot of Thai and Cambodian writing, were crude pictures etched by men who had occupied the room before me. There was a drawing of a man in leg irons and handcuffs and a sketch of a man with his biceps tied excruciatingly behind him, a torture many POWs suffered.

But most disturbing of all was a drawing next to the peephole in the metal door. It showed a man holding sticks in his hands out before him; there was a lightning bolt beneath him, and he looked as if he were dancing. In place of his head was an electronic haze that graphically indicated the scrambling of his brains. The sticks, of course, were electrodes.

Pushed to the point of desperation, I found a thin piece of metal with sharp edges that had been used to fasten an electric cable to a wall in my cell. I worked it until I could break a small rectangle off. I sharpened it against the cement step under the faucet and kept it near my back teeth between my gum and upper lip, should suicide—not the counterfeit kind—become my only option for escape. It was the only weapon I had against my interrogators.

And I could use it against only myself.

The key part of the investigation centered on my relationship with Mai. What it came down to was my having to prove that my motivation was sufficiently compelling to cross the South China Sea in a sailboat for a woman.

Because the various components of my motivation depended so much on my own character, and on the American tradition of rugged individualism, which is diametrically opposed to the Vietnamese (and particularly to the Communist) concept of collective behavior, the investigators found it easy to disbelieve me.

Finally, one morning, they said, "We have talked with Mai and her parents several times. She's waiting for you. But her story and yours are only similar; they aren't the same. And her parents contradict most of the things you say. The committee has decided we do not believe you came here for Mai."

And then he began to scream, "You are a snake! You are an American snake and we will kill you."

I was taken down to the interrogation room two or three more times after that and handed small pieces of paper with questions on them. The interrogators themselves were gone. I was in complete despair again, and the questions were designed to keep me that way during the empty months that followed:

"Name the French, British and American secret agents you met during the war."

"Explain the intelligence functions of the Orderly Departure Program."

"Tell all you know about the supervisory influence of the CIA over the Peace Corps."

They took me back to the cell. It would be eight months before I walked through that door again.

In the cell, shutters and blinds were arranged and bolted outside the window so that light came in but there was no view—except for a few square inches below one shutter. Ironically, I could see the front gate and the life passing through it. Sometime in the fifth or sixth month, one of the children in the compound—some of the staff's families lived there—tricked the guard into going outside the gate, then ran back inside and shut the gate and locked him out. I started to laugh out loud, but at the first sound, I caught my breath in astonishment. I hadn't heard my own laughter in a year.

My mind watched for the slightest changes in conditions and from them divined salvation or dived deeper into despair. In the eighth month of isolation, the 13th of my captivity, there were signs and miracles. I got toothpicks and a broom—both on the same day! A few days later, they began letting me out for exercise again. Something had changed.

A few days later, I went back to work with a new set of interrogators: a tough old man of about 70, a sarcastic young hot-shot and an interpreter of about 30 who spoke perfect, idiomatic English and wore Western shoes and cologne.

In the beginning, they concentrated minutely on questions about my voyage and especially about where I had been caught. In a legal sense, it was crucial: If I'd been seized outside Vietnamese territorial waters, then the fishermen would have been guilty of piracy and the S.R.V.—or at



"Uuunngahhhhhhhhh. . . . It's nothing, Ma . . . the dishwasher is on."

least the Cong An—would have sanctioned it by imprisoning me.

We reached a compromise of sorts: I agreed that I'd planned to come to Vietnam without a visa and would have been arrested on land, anyway, as part of my plan, and that lacking a detailed log, I couldn't prove that I had been in international waters when seized.

That in itself was encouraging, beyond the point of law: They seemed to accept the idea that coming ashore and being arrested was what I had had in mind. Did that mean the "secret purpose" idea had been shelved?

Then my hopes took a dive again. The interrogators started on my infiltrations into Laos and Cambodia with anti-Vietnamese resistance forces. They read me an astounding law: It's against *Vietnamese* law to enter Laos or Cambodia without a visa. My protest that these "crimes" had taken place five years earlier made no difference. They added up the years and the fines and told me that my punishment might amount to 80 years and \$800,000.

"But the policy of the Socialist Republic of Vietnam allows you to apply for clemency to the chairman of the council of ministers," they told me. "There is no guarantee you will get it; anyone may apply. Everything depends on your attitude."

At the next session, the old man said, "Well, do you want to write your request for clemency?"

"Yes, naturally."

"Here's what I suggest you say."

I wrote what they suggested, including the fact that I'd been a soldier in the U.S. Army of aggression (that made me, according to early interrogators, liable for prosecution as a war criminal). At the end, I added something of my own: that I hoped my reason for coming to the S.R.V. illegally, to get permission to marry a Vietnamese girl, would enter into the minister's consideration for clemency.

"We accept that that was your purpose," the interpreter said.

Now he tells me.

Then they looked at one another and started beaming in a kind of complicity. "Do you know Dick Childress?"

Christ, I thought, Dick is the National Security Council's highest ranking official for Southeast Asia and in charge of all dealings with Vietnam. And he's one of my best friends. For his sake—that is, for the sake of the delicate M.I.A. discussions he has regularly with the Vietnamese and the Laotians, and for my own, since I was sure the Cong An would see our friendship as sinister—I had never mentioned Dick. They're really going to nail me now, I thought

The old man handed me a letter. Surely, that was the first time a letter from the Executive Office of the President had been seen in that prison.

"Dear Rob," the letter said. "I've been officially notified by the Vietnamese government that you are being held by local

authorities. Your family is fine, have never given up hope and look forward to your safe, speedy return. Be patient and I'll buy you a meal when you return. As ever, Richard T. Childress, Director of Asian Affairs."

My release was due to Dick's never having given up trying to learn what had happened to me and his eventually coming across accounts from boat people in refugee camps that an American had gone to Qui Nhon in a small boat, had asked for his fiancée and had been arrested. Too close to my story to be coincidence, that, in effect, proved I had made it to Vietnam. Dick suggested to the foreign-ministry officials with whom he worked that they might check with their local officials again, because it sure did look as if I had made it, and maybe a new look would turn up some news. A month later, they determined that those old boys out in the provinces did have me after all. . . . A hell of a surprise.

At the end of the week, there was nothing. Another week. Another. And then a month. I was beside myself. What was happening?

Then one morning, "Get ready to go to work."

We didn't go to the interrogation room but to a larger one down the hall. It was filled with people, some seated around a Ushaped table, others standing up and taking pictures and video-taping.

Mercifully early in the proceedings, it was announced that the prime minister had granted clemency. Those formalities were an "administrative settlement" by the People's Committee of Nghia Binh Province.

When I got back to the cell, it had been cleaned and there was a load of food big enough to feed three men and piles of fruit arranged like a hotel welcome basket. Several jailers stood around like waiters, urging me on, as if I needed it. Then the man with the video camera walked in and said, "Don't mind me."

Later, a jailer came back and said I'd be put on the first plane out when my parents paid the several-thousand-dollar fine imposed. Hubris and everything except the few things I had with me would be confiscated. He gave me a shirt and a pair of shoes.

About eight o'clock the next morning, they told me to get ready to leave. I walked out of that cell for the last time an hour later. They put me in a VIP lounge at the airport; there was a bevy of officials on hand, pushing lots of forced bonhomie. I was given assurances that if I wished to return for Mai, I would simply have to apply for a visa to do so. A tall man walked up and said in Oxford English with all the unction due a respected guest, "I have the honor to inform you that Colonel Dick Childress will be arriving in a few minutes to take you to Bangkok."

Dick walked in and I hugged him as if he were life itself, and he was. When no one

was looking, I slipped the sharpened piece of metal out of my mouth and dropped it at my feet.

Not long after I arrived in the U.S., I got a letter from Mai. She had learned from news reports about my attempts to gain her release. She wrote: "Dear Rob! I write to you in the greatest happiness of mind. Freedom was given back to you! All the worries and longing overloading my heart flew away. I felt as if I personally was released. As soon as the speaker announced the hero's name, I wanted to run through mountains, valleys and oceans in search of him so that I might offer him my admiration, gratitude and love. I was all the more determined in my love and desire to be with you and to care for you. I heard your own voice, too, which I thought I should never hear again in my life."

I had gone back to Vietnam for Mai and my honor. I had achieved nothing tangible for Mai, but at least she now knew that I had done all there was to be done. I suppose I had got my precious honor back, but without success to go with it, honor meant very little.

Was I wrong to have tried? I think the question is meaningless. I don't see how there ever was a choice—giving up is not a choice; it's only giving up.

Perhaps that is why my return to the United States in the late summer of 1986 was so frustrating. I took Dick's advice and waited for the slow rounds of diplomacy to secure Mai's freedom. But waiting is not what I do best. Nor Mai: Since 1975, she had tried twice to escape by boat and was caught and jailed both times. I knew she would try again. But even jail is better than what can happen to young women when a refugee boat is hit by pirates.

As it happened, my fears were well founded; in December 1987, I learned that Mai had made a third attempt to escape from Vietnam.

Ever since my release, I had been trying to persuade Mai and her brother not to go through with their plans: for her to escape overland, then board a small boat that would try its luck among the pirates and other perils in the sea. I kept hoping, and writing to Mai with no real conviction of my own, that the Communists would act on their 1986 assurances and let me go back for her, working things out through paperwork and patience.

But late last fall, her letters stopped. I knew then that she had gone underground to begin her escape attempt. As the silence persisted, I railed at her brother, who had made the arrangements from outside Vietnam. As the weeks went by, even he seemed to lose faith in his dangerous plan.

In the end, the silence was broken. Mai literally surfaced, wading ashore at night from where her boat had dropped her 100 yards out. Exhausted, helpless and unprotected, she was met at knife point by one of an army of thieves who go down to the

shore every night, waiting for the sea to deliver the next wave of victims.

A man she'll never know saw what was happening, drove away the attacker and led her to the local police station. She stayed there with other refugees from other boats for ten days, when she was sent to a refugee camp. (Because of circumstances in the camp, it's best not to say where it is.)

Her brother relayed the joyous news to me, and suddenly our impossible reunion was just a plane flight away.

Two weeks after her placement in the camp, Mai was looking for some sewing materials at the refugee market place. A friend of hers pushed through the crowd and said, "Come outside quick, quick; someone is here to see you."

She went out into the light, shielding her eyes against the bright sun. She saw me just after I saw her, and there was a look on her face that no man deserves. In a moment, her head was on my chest.

Everybody around us—all refugees who had lost home, country, spouses, children, parents and everything they owned—was standing in the dust of that strange land smiling for two people who had won.

We had one day together. I will probably not be able to see Mai again until she leaves the camp. It's a tightly controlled place, and I got permission to go in only through the intercession of the U.S. embassy. Even now, 13 years after the war ended, the rate of new arrivals is up, and the governments of Southeast Asian countries—responding to emigration caps placed by Western countries—have ordered their navies to begin driving the refugee boats back out to sea.

Mai was fortunate to have made it when she did. As it is, she must wait a minimum of five months while her immigration papers are ground through the bureaucracies of two countries.

Looking back on our few hours together in Mai's narrow, curtained space in the camp, it strikes me how strangely our story mirrors the larger story of the war.

America went into Vietnam with such good intentions, but then, to its own great cost in every sense, it became partners with the enemy and destroyed the country it set out to save. I sailed to the remnants of that country to help Mai and managed only to put her and her family into danger, my own parents through the grief of believing that they had lost their only child and myself into a situation that could well have made that a reality.

But when I think back on my time with Mai and remember how she had laughed as she told me how the Cong An had tried to convince her that I had a wife and three children back in the States, I figure that right there—in that dusty refugee camp—is where the awful parallel ends. The war is long over, but Mai and I live on.



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LET'S GET TOUGH!

c'mon, guys, how about some candidates with cojones?

By KEVIN COOK

MADISON WAS a runt. John Adams was a pain in the butt. Washington brushed his teeth with Lemon Pledge. None of them would be elected today. They weren't cuddly. The founding fathers were stubborn s.o.b.s who called honor sacred and fought for what they believed. In 1804, our third Vice-President, Aaron Burr, shot and killed ex-Treasury Secretary Al Hamilton in a duel.

Of our current crop of Bushes, Doles, Harts, Gephardts, Simons and Dukaki, whom can you even imagine in a fistfight?

"Hair styles masquerading as statesmen," Adams might call the airbrushed leading men of Campaign '88.

"Am I lying," Washington would say, "or are these dudes the Spuds MacKenzies of governance?"

Somewhere between the Cuban Missile Crisis and the Super Bowl Shuffle, we screwed up. We adapted a TV formula to politics. We learned to settle for the least objectionable candidate, and candidates learned to be guys we'd be comfortable having over for wine coolers. Goodwrenches, Whipples and Thickes. Where in Article Two, Section One, did they find the words "less filling"?

I lost interest in Campaign '88 in the middle of December '87, watching the opening minutes of Gary Hart's rerun. This is what we've come to, I thought—the spectacle of Hart, a political Thicke if ever there were one, exhuming himself at a press conference shown on a news update sponsored by a "No Excuses" jeans commercial that just happened to feature the bimbarella who roped and branded him in the first place. The next day, the polls showed Hart leading the race for the Democratic nomination. Puleeease.

"Make my day, Gary," Burr would growl.

Hart claimed he was the hope of tomorrow. Millions of Americans apparently agreed, but I think they did it out of Presidential burnout. They figured that if we survived the consecutive Administrations of an ex-offensive lineman, a peanut farmer and a chimp's second banana, we could settle for any cabin-cruising lothario, bow tie or chimp's second banana's second banana who comes along.

I'm not sure. Fourteen years of dip-

stick leadership have left us looking like a high-tech Weimar Republic. The deficit doubles every five minutes. The Pentagon can't make a tank that would survive a collision with a Hot Wheels. The dollar is burning, the whole world hates us and Gorbachev looks like a Commie J.F.K. If we don't want to get our geopolitical doors blown off in the Nineties, we had better get off our national duff. What this country needs is the cojones to scrap Campaign '88, go back to square one and run stubborn workaholics for President-men and women with some of the gusto that made the founding fathers famous.

I have them. Ladies and gentlemen, the next Presidents of the United States:

Clint Eastwood, 58, Republican, Lame-Duck Mayor, Carmel, California. Here's a candidate with the guts and the ammunition to get a big job done. He has more governmental experience than Jesse Jackson. He kept Carmel's streets free from psychopathic scum, repealed its oppressive ice-cream-cone laws and still found time to explore the sexual confusion of the modern male in Tightrope. How could we lose? He asks Gorbachev if he feels "lucky." President Eastwood offers a deal-the U.S.S.R. out of Afghanistan if the President can shoot a ruble out of the air. The first secretary tries to fake him out; the President shoots the ruble out of Gorbachev's hand. A few rubles more and the world is at peace. Roll credits.

Ted Koppel, 48, Independent, Interlocutor, ABC News. Young, brilliant, fair-a workaholic with a national constituency and a strong resemblance to great Americans Jefferson and Howdy Doody. Koppel has foreign-affairs experience as ABC's Vietnam correspondent, Hong Kong bureau chief, Miami bureau chief and chief diplomatic correspondent before holding our hands and talking us through "America Held Hostage" in 1979 and 1980. He would sweep the women's vote, having put his career on hold to be a househusband while his wife went to law school. He has fab hair. Koppel says he has no interest in the job, but he might reconsider if 10,000,000 of us called Nightline's 900 number and pleaded.

Kenneth Olsen, 62, President, Digital Equipment Corporation. Boring, maybe, but if Dukakis is a manager, this guy is a manager. The ideal President for the New Info Age. When the personal computer was still a slide rule, K.O. bought a used textile mill and launched Digital. In 1986, it boasted revenues of 7.6 billion dollars, and today, Digital is all that stands between IBM and world conquest. He would not win the labor

vote: He eliminated 6000 jobs in 1985 and ended up with a 4.2-billion-dollar cash reserve the following year. That's enough to pay slugger Mike Schmidt's \$2,000,000-a-year contract through the year 4088. Olsen would have to take a killer pay cut to be President, but we could offer him free rein to sic the FTC, IRS and NLRB on IBM.

Nancy Reagan, 64, Republican, First Lady. Call this one a sop to the right, but the woman has qualifications. She is tough and smart. She never took drugs. She banished the villainous Regan from the White House and is a permanent member of the Fashion Hall of Fame. She spawned a Contributing Editor of this magazine. I personally would have some trouble voting for a woman whose skirts cost more than the school-lunch program, but she kept her husband and the country running for seven years.

Arnold "Red" Auerbach, 70, Celtic, President, Boston Celtics. Tough, smart, driven, smokes cigars with Churchillian flair. He rose through the ranks before taking over the Celtics in 1950 and leading them to nine N.B.A. titles. He is a philanthropist—the Auerbach Foundation funds parks and sports programs for poor kids—and a World War Two vet. He is a fiscal conservative—players say a true Celtic never picks up a check. He would name Bill Russell Secretary of Defense, leading to a blocked-shot gap in favor of the U.S. He would carry Massachusetts unanimously.

Barbra Streisand, 46, Democrat, Star. My personal choice. The only candidate with Oscar, Tony, Grammy and Emmy awards. The diva of democracy. She once hitched rides to Manhattan dives where she sang for five dollars; she made \$5,000,000 for Nuts. A fierce negotiator, she bucked the Hollywood system and became the first modern female star to produce her own films-a trend followed by Fonda, Lange, Field, Hawn, et al. The most intelligent person in the state of California. She would look great on Mt. Rushmore. She never backs down, or even slows down. La Presidente would probably make the best President in 123 years.

A dream? Perchance. I think it's nobler to take arms against the insolence of office, and by opposing end it, than to suffer pinheads. I would rather scratch "None of the above" on my ballot, and write in Eastwood, Koppel, Olsen, N. Reagan, Auerbach, Streisand, or even Tartikoff, Knight, Cougar Mellencamp, Streep, Prince, Nicklaus or Woody, than buy the dandied yams now on sale.

This year, when you go to the polls, at least consider Streisand/Koppel. They kept us out of war.



COMPOSTIE CANDIDATE

(continued from page 81)

to be in. I've heard the blubbering about the budget deficit and the economic mess and the trouble in the Middle East. I've heard about all the "impossible" questions facing the new President. Where do we get the billions to build Star Wars? How do you keep from staring at Gorbachev's birthmark? When you meet Mrs. Thatcher, do you have to give her a kiss? Could it give you AIDS? Why, I've even heard some gloom-and-doomers say that after my term, our entire economic system will collapse and throw us into a monster depression that could spell the end of Western civilization.

And I know you're wondering, What on earth should I do about all that?

Well, buddy, that's your problem, not mine! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

OK, just kidding. Seriously, though, of all the problems ahead, the worst by far—no question—is the press. Lick that one and you've got it knocked. Those goof balls will just drive you batty if you let 'em. So don't let 'em! Whenever you see that media herd stampeding at you, do what I did. Just cup your ear and squint so it looks like you can't hear their questions. Then give 'em a big smile and a wave and walk away!

It always worked for me. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if history recorded my media policy as one of my biggest achievements, right alongside Star Wars, joking after surgery and, of course, proving that you, too, can cut taxes and boost the budget at the same time, which the liberals claimed would ruin the economy. That's a laugh.

Which reminds me: Have you heard the one about the mouse who has a date with a beautiful giraffe? Well, he comes home a wreck, and when his pal asks him if he scored, he says, "Oh, sure, no problem. But between kissing her and screwing her, I must have run 500 miles."

Because, you know, that's exactly what it's like running America. I mean it. You keep that in mind and you'll never go wrong.

But if you do, why, come on out to the ranch and I'll let you touch me for luck. As you know, that was the real secret of my success, and maybe it'll rub off. Nancy and I are always here (except when I'm in Vegas headlining at Caesars) and it's such a tonic. I always say that nothing helps the inside of a man like the outside of a horse. Unless, as Gary Hart says, maybe the inside of a. . . . Oops, Nancy just walked in, so I'm signing off now. Break a leg, Mr. President!

Your pal, Ron

Dictated but not comprehended RR:hb

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"Virtually every record label jumped aboard the CDV band wagon in 1987. . . . They jumped off just as fast."

industry-which had been struggling under the burden of a sluggish economy-is about to rise again and tempt you with previously undreamed-of viewing and listening experiences. In 1959, Rod Serling figuratively welcomed viewers to a new dimension in his Twilight Zone series. In 1988, we invite you-literally-into the new dimensions of home electronics.

DIGITAL AUDIO TAPE

Digital audio tape (DAT) delivers what office-copier companies only promise: perfect copies. A tiny cassette, about half the size of the standard audio cassette, can hold as much as two hours of compact-discquality sound. In other words, it shrinks the CD to shirt-pocket size. For the first time, you can walk around with an entire opera or rock concert in your pocket.

Being digital, DAT performs many of the same tricks as CD. Slip a recorded tape into the deck and a display automatically tells you the number of tracks and their length. Skip forward or back to the desired tracks by touching the appropriate buttons, or program only the tracks you want to hear. These functions may resemble CD's, but they happen much more slowly, since the tape has to physically shuttle back and forth, compared with the quick flick of the laser on a CD player. Unlike CDs, which

IMM AIRLINE FLIGHT OUN HEALTH DAIN Handa Pince

"Last time, you accidentally sent my luggage to Hong Kong. This time, if at all possible, I'd prefer to have it accidentally sent to Paris."

should never wear out, DATs, like all tapes, will ultimately deteriorate. Ignore rumors that DAT will supplant CD.

Although both DAT and CD use similar digital systems, they are not identical. You won't be able to make direct digital copies from CD to DAT. Should some technical genius come along with a black box that matches CD to DAT, copies would still be impossible, since most CDs incorporate a digital copy-prevention code that doesn't impair the audio.

All the subtle differences in the digital system, and the digital copy-prevention code, don't affect analogue copying. You simply copy as you do now from the line outputs of the CD player (or amp or receiver) into the line inputs of the DAT recorder. Even this method results in remarkable transfers with inaudible sonic losses.

The ability to make near-perfect copies has piqued the ire of the recording industry. Since the announcement of DAT, record companies have attempted to stifle sales by requesting that an integrated circuit chip be incorporated in every machine to block recordings of discs and prerecorded tapes. But after extensive testing, the National Bureau of Standards (NBS) found that the copy-code system audibly degraded sound quality and could be circumvented. Those findings removed a major roadblock to DAT sales in the U.S. As we go to press, it is too early to tell the immediate effects of the finding, but, more than likely, some DAT recorders will be on sale by the time you read this. One company that jumped the finding is Harman Kardon; its machine, along with others, is in the \$1500-to-\$2200 range.

Since the main controversy concerned DAT's recording ability, the first models that became available were DAT players designed for the car. Several small record labels have rushed to fill the void with prerecorded DATs. Kenwood and Clarion released players this past spring, and Ford offers one as an option with its Ford/IBL Sound System in the Lincoln Continental. DAT fends off bumps and vibrations on the road better than CD. That also applies to Walkman-style personal portables smaller than a paperback novel from Technics and Casio. Don't postpone buying a good CD player, but perhaps you ought to put that analogue cassette deck on pause.

SUPER VHS

To corrupt the lyrics of that old pop hit, "We can see clearly now/The grain has gone" sums up the biggest video breakthrough since the VCR. Most household products debase the word super through hyperbole, but not Super VHS (S-VHS). If any doubts still exist about the supremacy of VHS in the world of home video, S-VHS settles the question once and for all. Even Beta's stalwart developer, Sony, announced that it would begin marketing VHS machines this year.

Recent developments in technology enabled JVC to electronically "stretch"

half-inch video tape. That greater band width permits recording more video information and, thus, more lines of resolution. S-VHS tape, conceived by 3M (Scotch), marks a dramatic improvement over conventional video tape. As you may know, color TV consists of both color information (chrominance) and black-and-white information (luminance). Broadcast TV and conventional home VCRs mix the two, reducing the quality of the picture. S-VHS keeps them separate. Some new TV sets include a special Y/C or S connector, which keeps the signals apart, resulting in the utmost picture quality. But even if your set lacks this new connector and mixes the chrominance and the luminance, the picture you'll enjoy with S-VHS is still 90 percent better than what you've seen before.

S-VHS decks remain compatible with older VHS decks and tapes. The S-VHS deck automatically senses tape type. Insert a standard VHS tape into an S-VHS machine and it records or plays in standard VHS. You can even use S-VHS tape as a high-grade tape in your standard VHS machine, but the recordings won't be S-VHS. The one impossibility is playing tapes recorded in S-VHS on a standard VHS deck.

S-VHS decks sell in the \$1000-to-\$1500 range, with prices already falling. Blank two-hour S-VHS ST-120 tape, at \$15-\$20, costs about triple the price of high-grade T-120 tapes. That only sounds expensive, since recording at the slow EP speed on S-VHS equals or exceeds the picture quality of the faster SP speed on regular VHS.

S-VHS faces one main obstacle, similar to owning a high-performance track car and not being able to find a gas station that sells premium racing fuel. Software companies and commercial duplicators say they are waiting until enough people purchase S-VHS machines before releasing S-VHS movies. A tiny trickle of S-VHS releases began this year, but it looks as if it will be a while before it turns into a flood. Meanwhile, you can enjoy the remarkable picture of S-VHS by making your own videos with one of the many S-VHS and S-VHS-C camcorders on the market.

HIGH-DEFINITION TV

High-definition television (HDTV) widens your horizons. It stretches that almostsquare TV screen to a rectangle, similar in ratio to a movie screen. But there's more. With HDTV, TV looks like the movies, with a picture that's solid, displaying almost no lines of resolution. The bad news is that HDTV won't be receivable on your present TV set, or even on the one you buy next year. Taping HDTV requires a special VCR, souped up beyond even S-VHS.

RCA has developed an HDTV system, or, more accurately, an improved-definition TV system, called advanced compatible TV (ACTV). Existing TVs will show the normal picture, while new, specially designed TVs will have a wider screen and improved picture quality. Since the system works within the standard TV



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channel, it can't transmit all the information necessary for true HDTV. Recent demonstrations show ACTV to have the picture quality of S-VHS, far from true HDTV. RCA expects its system to be ready early in the next decade.

While it may be the 2lst Century before the U.S. watches broadcast HDTV, the Japanese have begun tooling up to provide it from discs, tapes and satellite. It can also be transmitted via cable. Engineers in Europe and Japan are laboring to develop converters that would make HDTV systems compatible with existing TVs.

CDV AND CD+G

Compact disc-video (CDV) and compact disc plus graphics (CD+G) promise more confusion than an election year. Both offer pictures from CDs. That's where the similarity ends.

A CD, of course, is a 4.75-inch digitally encoded audio disc that holds about 70 minutes of music. It's on its way to becoming the standard for music reproduction. LaserVision, on the other hand, started as 12-inch video discs and added eight-inch discs along the way. It recently added the ability to include CD-quality digital sound tracks. LaserVision developed a small but loyal following in the U.S. and Japan for its superlative 420-line video quality, unmatched until the recent introduction of S-VHS.

Last year, the electronics industry decided to fuse CD and LaserVision together under a single family name: CDV. In Europe, Philips, a prime proponent of the system, introduced a 4.75-inch CD that included five minutes of full-motion video as well as 20 minutes of audio. The LaserVision-quality videos sounded as good as CD.

Virtually every manufacturer and record label jumped aboard the CDV band wagon when it rolled into the spotlight at the summer 1987 Consumer Electronics Show in Chicago. They jumped off just as fast when the consumer response to audio/video discs fizzled. Now about 100 titles have been released on the small discs and about 2000 titles on the 12-inch ones, in addition to the hundreds of existing LaserVision titles. By the end of this year, there should be a few hundred more releases.

When Sony and Philips designed the CD, they built in a hidden bonus. The full 70-plus minutes of music occupies only 95 percent of the disc. The remaining five percent, called the subcode, provides space for still graphics. Hundreds of still pictures can be encoded on the CD without affecting the quality or quantity of the music.

So guess what was introduced at the 1988 Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas this past January? Something called CD+G. Users select from as many as 16 channels of graphics, with a switch on the CD player or the CD+G adapter, just as on a TV or a VCR. Warner New Media, the power behind CD+G, suggested song lyrics in several languages, sheet music, guitar chords and fingering, opera libret-

tos, photos, interviews with the performing musical artist, extensive liner notes, discjockey cues and creative art graphics as many of the visual possibilities to match the music. The cost of creating all those graphics may be substantial, but the expense of encoding them on a disc is minimal. Warner New Media will release as many as 50 CD+G titles of its own this year and has extended the offer to encode for other record labels for a modest fee.

It's rumored that JVC plans to introduce a CD+G player this summer for an estimated price of \$400. Adapters, which Warner New Media calls Graphics Tuners, for already existing CD players with subcode outputs, will cost about \$100 to \$200.

Two sizes of CD, three sizes of CDV, 16 CD+G possibilities from a single disc and various permutations of these add up to more candidates promising more good times than the Presidential primaries.

SURROUND SOUND

A good magician shades the line between illusion and reality. Dolby Surround enhances the illusion of reality. Movie theaters exploit Dolby Surround, seducing you to return for the "theater" experience. Most recent films encode the Surround on the sound track. Now here's the big secret: The same encoded Surround information survives the transfer to video tape.

Dolby, the company that popularized the Dolby Stereo System for theaters, does not manufacture home Surround products but rather licenses the process to other electronics companies and, until recently, home-movie buffs enjoyed only the mildest form of Dolby Surround. But this year, Dolby's theater system, which utilizes an analogue computer that steers dialog to the center channel while increasing stereo separation, became available for home use under the name Dolby Pro Logic Surround.

Shure, an electronics company located in Evanston, Illinois, licensed Dolby's basic Surround process but improved upon it with its own logic circuitry. Shure's newest model, the HTS-5200 (shown in the illustration), is currently considered by many to be the state of the art in Surround processors. The nifty graphic red display indicating the position and intensity of the sound alone justifies the \$1000 price.

For Surround, in addition to the processor (Lexicon, NEC and dbx also make excellent ones), you'll need a pair of frontchannel speakers, a pair of rear- or sidechannel speakers, a center-channel speaker for above or below the TV screen and a subwoofer. The rear-channel speakers and the center-channel speaker need not match the extreme low-end and high-end capabilities of the front-channel speakers. You'll also need three stereo amplifiers to power all those speakers. Table-d'hôte Surround begins around \$3000 with the processor.

More than 100 years have passed since the invention of the phonograph. New Age music arrived early, but New Age electronics arrives now.

THE HIT FACTORY

(continued from page 112)

among their customers. Few people scan the movie ads and say, "Honey, I'm in the mood for a Paramount picture. What about you?" Fewer still go into their local record store and say, "Got any new Atlantic albums? What about A&M?" So it should come as no surprise that the problems that have existed on and off for 17 years inside the Capitol Records tower are largely known only within the industry, and that the general public, seeing the building and hearing the name, might be shocked to know how the once-mighty Capitol Records has fallen on hard times, even in the midst of a record-business resurgence. And they're most certainly unaware of the attempts to salvage the trouble-torn company.

"It's so wormy in there," mutters one executive who turned down three job offers at Capitol after checking out the company.

Horrendous is how a ten-year employee describes the conditions before the new administration took over. "There was not a lot of pride inside the Tower," she explains.

Nor was there any reason for pride. Workers were abused, burned out or run off the property. The company was lethargic and out of touch when it came to signing new acts, and the old acts got older, broke up or simply lost their appeal.

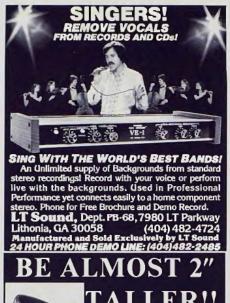
Management blunders were compounded by episodes straight out of Ripley's Believe It or Not. There was, for instance, the cattle-prod incident of 1986. A Capitol promotion man accused his boss of berating him in the office, poking him with a battery-operated cattle prod and yelling, "You're dog meat. Go back to your stall." That one's in the courts.

And then there's the tale of a past executive who, upon taking office, was perturbed to see a veteran female singer still with the label. "What's that douche bag doing on our roster?" he demanded loudly at a meeting. He was talking about Tina Turner, who was, at the moment, poised for a comeback that would give Capitol one of its few shining moments.

Despite Tina, sales fell, and the onceproud name of Capitol became a pathetic industry joke, the Harold Stassen of the music world. But, like Tina, Capitol Records, under the guidance of a new team, is poised for a comeback, and in the world of show business, there are few stories that tantalize the imagination like that of a down-and-out performer, or company, emerging, once again, as a contender.

Not very long ago, insiders like to point out, NBC was considered to be a terminally ill network, until Grant Tinker came on as chairman and started the resurrection. Now Capitol Records has its own Tinker in the form of a square-looking, wisecracking record-industry legend with the unassuming name of Joe Smith.

When Smith ended a hiatus from the record business and moved into his office at



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the Tower early last year with the title of vice-chairman and chief executive of Capitol Industries-EMI, Inc., he encountered a mood so dark that when he made his first speech in front of 600 employees, he found himself urging them to be "a little looser, a little funkier, a little less neat, a little less orderly." It was, to those who heard about it later, a telling example of what had been wrong at Capitol. Even by laid-back L.A. standards, a record company is a casual place to work, with flexible hours, outrageous dress and idiosyncratic behavior the accepted norm.

But Smith went further, reminding the group that Capitol Records was not Prudential Insurance, suggesting "a little more music playing in the place." And "on those interminable elevator trips," he said, "you can speak up—and laugh. All of that's fine."

Smith got a standing ovation that day. His work, however, was just beginning.

It's not as if Smith had wandered into 13 unlucky stories of emptiness and desperation. Capitol-EMI was still a going concern, and it included Capitol Records, two smaller pop-music labels (EMI America and Manhattan) and a classical label (Angel). Capitol-EMI is a subsidiary of Thorn EMI, the London-based electronics and entertainment empire. Big names remained on the roster, among them the heavy-metal bands Poison, Great White, Iron Maiden and Megadeth; newer bands such as the Pet Shop Boys and Crowded House; rock war horses Bob Seger, Steve Miller, David Bowie, Joe Cocker, Heart and Paul McCartney; the singular Tina Turner and the new soul hero, Freddie Jackson; country crooners such as Barbara Mandrell, Anne Murray and Tanya Tucker; and, to round things out, Natalie Cole, daughter of Nat "King" Cole himself.

In the record business, however, a roster doesn't tell all. And history—even if it includes Sinatra and the Fab Four—means nothing. "Image is key," admits Smith, who had created extremely successful images for Warner Bros. and Elektra-Asylum when he ran those labels. "At Capitol, it was like, 'Who are those guys?" he remembers. "We'd see records on the charts, but the company was anonymous. I've emceed dinners for every conceivable disease over the years and I almost never had anyone from Capitol to introduce at the head table. Either deliberately or by coincidence, Capitol kept a low profile."

That hurt. MCA Records chief Irving Azoff was once one of the town's pre-eminent managers. "I had this perception that if you could get an act from zero to gold yourself, CBS Records was the place to be. If you were looking to sell an act based on image, A&M was the place to be. And if you were looking for just an all-around great label, Warner was it," says Azoff. "I stayed away from Capitol, because there were always rumors of impending executive changes and 'Will the company be sold?" I stayed away based on instability."

Azoff was hardly an isolated case. Bobby Colomby, a former drummer for Blood, Sweat and Tears who spent five years as a producer at Capitol, recalls a conversation he had with a prominent rock manager. "He asked me, 'Did you ever notice that

the most powerful managers in the business don't have acts there? He was talking about men like Frank DiLeo [Michael Jackson], Freddy DeMann [Madonna, Lionel Richie, Billy Idol] and Jon Landau [Bruce Springsteen]. It's because the kinds of managers who are successful at Capitol are very passive, people who do not make waves, who just allow that system to go unaltered."

Smith's first order of business was to change that image. "Smith is a great personality," says Bob Merlis, a Warner Bros. vice-president. "Before him, the building had more personality than the staff."

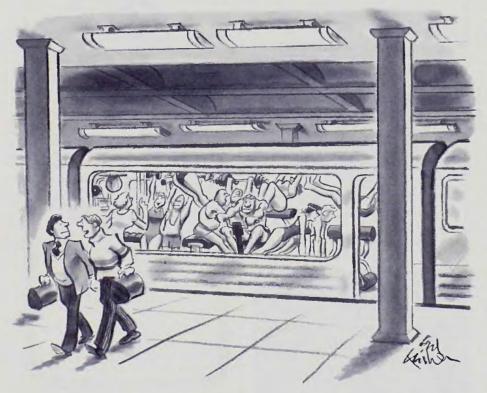
Capitol was the archetypal sleeping giant. Having come of age in the Fifties, it was stuck in the Fifties. It was an old boys' club-girls typed and fetched coffee, and when one dared ask about advancement, she was told by a senior executive, "It will be a cold day in hell before you see a woman vice-president in this company." When music changed, Capitol failed to change with it. Rock and roll and R&B were overlooked, and in more recent years, Capitol was slow to check out alternative rock, or to start up a department to service college radio stations, or to get into dance music. Such vital departments as marketing and public relations were understaffed.

Even when it came time for all record companies to band together-to honor an industry big shot, to join ranks against bootleggers, home taping or Tipper Gore—Capitol stood to the side, becoming vulnerable to derision from its peers. In 1971, for instance, when Capitol was going through its third president in about four months and was in the painful process of cutting its artists' roster of 280 down to 80, Warner Bros. Records sent out a newsletter with a front-page illustration of the Capitol Tower leaning precariously. "What's wrong with this picture?" asked the caption. Ironically, Smith was then executive vice-president of Warner Bros.

The sales figures were in keeping with the image. In 1984, the company's total market share was a miserable 6.7 percent; and when the 100 top-selling pop albums for 1986 were tallied, only five came from the flagship Capitol label. Worse yet, Capitol was considered a major financial drain on its parent company, with one report pegging the loss at \$1,000,000 per month. Ugly rumors have haunted Capitol for years.

A record company's strength may be in its artists, but within the industry, the image comes from the top. Most successful labels have chief executives who act as super A&R men. A&R stands for artists and repertoire, a term coined in the earliest days of the record business to describe the department responsible for finding, signing and recording artists.

In the late Sixties, when rock exploded, a new breed emerged: the record exec as star. He would be at the clubs, checking out the hot new bands, or trekking to Boston or San Francisco, or to the Monterey Pop



"I approve of their putting on the new exercise cars."

Festival, to snap up the latest rage. These guys became such a part of the rock land-scape that, as rock became a fascination for the media, they were profiled in *The New Yorker*, *Esquire* and *Rolling Stone*. We're talking Clive Davis, during his CBS years, when he signed Janis Joplin, and Ahmet Ertegun of Atlantic, who signed the Stones. We're talking Walter Yetnikoff, who now heads CBS and is a high-bidding player who hangs out with Cyndi Lauper. We're also talking Joe Smith, who, before he took over Capitol, had joined John Lennon, Bob Dylan and Little Richard as a subject for a *Rolling Stone* interview.

We're not talking about Capitol Records, whose chairman, Bhaskar Menon, is from India, speaks with a pronounced accent

and, while warm at heart, comes off stiff and awkward in public appearances. What Menon lacks in charisma he makes up for in brains. He's the man who hired Joe Smith.

"I came here to fight the big two," says Smith, referring to CBS and Warner. "My intention is for there to be a big three."

Smith is a short man who looks a decade younger than his 57 years, a sweater-and-slacks man with a salesman's smile. He's always in motion, roaming the hallways, darting in and out of offices, talking with the troops. "He's a saint," says one former employee. "He's classy and honorable, and he's a publicist's dream."

When Smith was president of Warner

Bros. and Reprise Records (the label Warner bought from Frank Sinatra in 1963), the company signed and/or worked with Joni Mitchell, Van Morrison, James Taylor, Jimi Hendrix, Fleetwood Mac, the Faces, the Kinks, Neil Young, Randy Newman, Van Dyke Parks, the Grateful Dead, Captain Beefheart, the Mothers of Invention, Black Sabbath, the Doobie Brothers and Tiny Tim. It was an ideal list—full of mass-appeal showmen but with enough off beat artists, such as Captain Beefheart, to give the label an all-important reputation for hipness.

"With the Fugs and Van Dyke Parks, we indicated that we were ready to take a chance on any kind of music," explains

Smith, admitting that the idea was to give the company an image that said, "That's cool, that's what's going on." He once told another executive that he had signed Alice Cooper and Black Sabbath to pay for signing Van Dyke Parks and Randy Newman.

In 1975, Smith was named chairman of Elektra-Asylum records, a division of Warner Communications. E.-A. was known as an old folkies' home but Smith turned it into an eclectic avenue populated not only by Joni Mitchell, Linda Ronstadt, Jackson Browne and Tom Waits but also by the Eagles, the Cars, Queen and Mötley Crüe.

Of course, neither company was as troubled as the one Smith now runs, and the music business went through some enorDecca—ever considered. It changed the face of record promotion by sending advance copies of records to disc jockeys. Before Capitol, record companies figured that radio airplay discouraged people from buying records, and most stations had to buy what they broadcast. As Alan Livingston, a GI who walked in off the street looking for a job in 1945 and stuck around long enough to become president, says, "It took a new, small company to break the rules."

In the mid-Fifties, with Sinatra joining Cole, Dean Martin and the Jackie Gleason orchestra, the company was firmly in the majors. "Capitol was probably the number-one record company in the business," says Livingston.

By then, it had become the first Ameri-

can company to sell out to a foreign interest. In 1955, EMI Ltd. bought 96.4 percent of Capitol Records' stock for \$8,500,000. And the next year, the revolutionary Capitol Tower was completed.

Still, Capitol wasn't exactly action central. Sure, Livingston shrugs, Frankie, Dino and Nat used the ground-floor studios for cutting records, and they'd visit their producers on the 12th floor. "But we took the stars pretty much for granted," he recalls. "They were close friends, mostly. We'd have lunch with them or deal with them on a one-to-one basis. There was no excitement about it." And when one of them scored a smash hit? "We took them as they came," says Livingston. "You

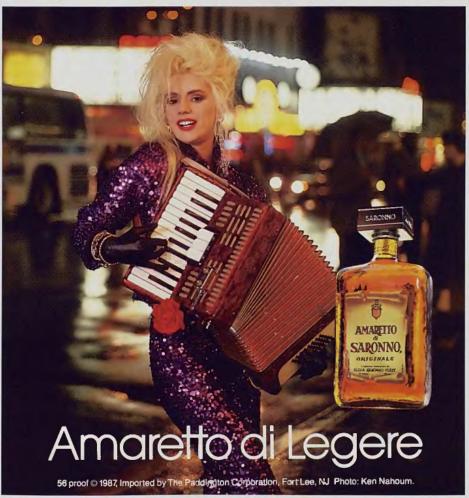
know, there were plenty of failures, too."

Livingston, confesses, that his compar

Livingston confesses that his company missed out on the greatest explosion in the history of popular music: rock and roll. Why? The top brass simply hated it. "I think if you go way back to the Sixties," says former president Don Zimmermann, "Capitol was probably one of the last companies to recognize rock-and-roll music." The only exception was a kid from the country division, Gene Vincent.

"When rock and roll hit," says Dan Davis, who began at Capitol in 1964 writing liner notes, "we weren't there. We were still selling Kingston Trio records."

Livingston, who left in 1955 for a job in television, returned in 1960 and became



mous changes, from music videos to compact discs, while Smith was out of the business. That leaves one important question: Can he work the same magic at Capitol Records?

Capitol Records was founded in 1942 by three music fans: Glenn Wallichs, owner of two record shops in Hollywood; Johnny Mercer, a singer who could also write songs; and B. G. "Buddy" De Sylva, a songwriter and movie producer. De Sylva put up \$10,000, and Capitol became the first major record company on the West Coast

The infant Capitol did things none of the established majors—Columbia, RCA and

president in 1962. He was there when the Beach Boys signed, but he wasn't an active player in the acquisition that dragged Capitol into the world of Top 40 radio. It was Nick Venet, Capitol's token kid-he was 21 in 1962 and had produced hits by the Lettermen and the Kingston Triowho heard a demo recording of Surfin' Safari and wanted the Beach Boys but had to argue with executives to get them to pay the group a \$300 advance for each master recording they could provide. His actions were quickly justified. The Beach Boys were an immediate smash with Surfin' Safari, Surfin' U.S.A., Surfer Girl and all the rest, and Capitol began rushing the group for so much product that by the end of 1964, the band had produced seven albums, and Brian Wilson, declaring himself "so mixed up and so overworked," was on his way to his first nervous breakdown.

By then, the Beatles were on Capitoleven if it was almost by accident. As Livingston tells it, his A&R chief kept rejecting them when EMI, which had signed them in England, offered them to its American partners. "He'd say, 'Aw, they're nothing." The band's first records were distributed by several small labels. Shortly after Livingston signed them, the Beatles blossomed and injected life into Capitol; along with the Beach Boys, they made Capitol dominant in the mid-Sixties. The Beatles-who once occupied all ten spots in the Top Ten in 1964-blinded Capitol, made it lazy about pushing its other acts or signing up new ones.

"It was hard to avoid," says Livingston.

"There were only so many records your plants could press and so many orders your salesmen could take. They dominated our operation, which made it difficult to break new artists."

When the Beatles fell apart, so did Capitol. Albums by the various solo Beatles kept the cash flowing into the Tower, but by 1971, it was in trouble. The company, as several old-timers now admit, got too fat and lazy on its two meal tickets and didn't bother to sign and develop new acts.

In 1967, Capitol observed its 25th anniversary. In a special issue of Cash Box, a lead story reprised the glory years and then listed the current roster. There were, of course, the Beatles, along with a few other British acts signed by the EMI arm. On its own, Capitol named under "newcomers" the Beach Boys, Nancy Wilson, Lou Rawls, Buck Owens, the Lettermen, Wayne Newton, the Four Preps, the Stone Poneys (with Linda Ronstadt), a flash-inthe-pan group called the Outsiders and a couple of no-hitters. That's a padded list, when you consider that the Four Preps had been with Capitol since 1956 and that the Beach Boys, Wilson, Newton and the Lettermen all dated back to the early Sixties.

That year, Livingston followed a migration of record executives to San Francisco and roped in the Steve Miller Blues Band and Quicksilver Messenger Service, and he signed Bob Dylan's backup group, the Band. Merle Haggard and Bobbie Gentry joined Capitol. But that was about it.

The problem, in Livingston's estimation, was a shortage of good ears. "I think it

was a lack of A&R-oriented people," he says. Like talent itself, good talent scouts are hard to find, and while there were plenty of people willing to put their ears up for sale, the good ones were rare. "When you do find them," Livingston complains, "they're usually totally irresponsible fiscally. They'd be off the wall, getting into a studio and spending \$200,000 an album."

In the first boom of the record industry, that kind of spending was affordable. By 1967, sales had passed the one-billion-dollar mark, and by 1972, they had doubled. By the early Seventies, artists and managers were boosting royalty rates and triggering bidding wars. Capitol turned conservative. As one interested observer—Joe Smith—points out, the label not only failed to develop acts, it let its bread and butter get away: "They had all these artists under contract. I'm talking about all the Beatles, Linda Ronstadt—a bunch of major artists. All they had to do was give them a little better royalty. They lost them."

Capitol went on a belated signing binge, made deals to distribute smaller labels' artists and built up an A&R staff of some 30 people. The overhead, combined with the breakup of the Beatles, amounted to a \$15,000,000 loss for the fiscal year ending in June 1971.

"They were backing up some bad A&R and sales judgments," says Smith. "And shipping records like crazy, saying, 'This is a hit and if we put another 100,000 out on the streets, it'll automatically be a hit.' That was part of a philosophy in the Seventies for many albums: 'Ship platinum!' 'Ship double platinum!'"

The records kept getting shipped back as plain old vinyl. Towers of unsold records. In 1971, a perplexed EMI shipped Bhaskar Menon in from London. "I would be ashamed that I had let my company go down the toilet like that," said one employee, directing his comment at Menon. "Where has he been all these years when

all this shit's been going on?"

Menon, now 53, is a 31-year warrior in the ranks of Thorn EMI. He is chairman of Capitol Industries-EMI, Inc., and chairman and chief executive of EMI Music Worldwide. When he arrived at the Tower, he cranked up the executive turntable, ordered a drastic cut in both the employees' and the artists' rosters and moved Capitol back into profit. He even tried to get Joe Smith in 1972, but Smith was tied up with Warner. Regardless, Capitol enjoyed a healthy few years through the mid-Seventies, with loads of thanks to Grand Funk Railroad and a Pink Floyd album that never left the Billboard charts, and began an expansion program, buying up United Artists Records (which gave the company Kenny Rogers), Screen Gems Music and starting up a new label, EMI America. In the early Eighties, Capitol-EMI enjoyed record profits-and then crashed again.

Menon is a cool, philosophical man



"The food is excellent, but the ambience leaves something to be desired."

whose values are deeply rooted in his birthplace. "All organisms face this challenge," he says in a benign way. "There is a general balance in the universe that determines the course of affairs."

Don Zimmermann has an earthier appraisal. "Our artists' base seemed to erode," he says. A number of stars—Kenny Rogers, Kim Carnes, the J. Geils Band, the Motels and the Stray Cats—left the company, lost their power stroke or broke up.

In 1984, Menon began a new assault. He opened a New York base with Manhattan Records; he reactivated the bountiful jazz catalog of Blue Note Records; he put new life into the country operation out of Nashville and into the classical label, Angel.

And he reached out, once more, for Joe Smith.

This time, he got him.

Smith is at his corner table at Le Dome on Sunset Boulevard, doing his job, seeing people and being seen. He greets friends and basketball--talks about how he has been a junkie for the game for 30 years now, from the Celtics to the Lakers, and how he spends something like \$40,000 for sideline seats alongside Jack Nicholson and a galaxy of showbiz stars and star makers. Look, he says, "what do people do with their money? Houses, Rolls, Ferraris, Mercedes. Some buy art; some buy wine. I buy four seats at the Lakers games. And I key my trips to where the Lakers are.

You're 11 years old again, and why not?" His office has a framed photo on display, showing himself gesturing with outstretched arms to Magic Johnson. Johnson has inscribed the picture: "Joe, thanks, I needed that advice."

After dinner, Smith aims his red Mercedes 560 SL toward Beverly Hills, where he lives with Donnie, his wife of 30 years. Their house, which they've occupied for 17 years (two kids are raised and gone), is spacious but by no means lavish. In many ways, it feels like your average upper-middle-class home. On a kitchen counter, there's even a booklet of discount coupons from a local chain drug store.

"The fascination," he says, "is that in

the top ten a year from now will be three names we never heard of today. And we'll wonder whatever happened to some of the names in the top 20. What's constant is the executives. Ahmet Ertegun is a star. David Geffen's a star. Walter Yetnikoff's a star. Stars burn out, but Red Auerbach's still there in Boston; he's got a new group of guys, but his talents were never subject to the vagaries of the public. He doesn't make the money those guys make, but, as they say, it's steady work."

When he was a kid in Chelsea, Massachusetts, Smith wanted only to be a sportscaster. He did a bit of play-by-play out of Yale, but in Boston, where he wanted to work, he figured his chances at his dream job were slim—"In Boston, you

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almost had to be an Irish Catholic to do the Red Sox"—and became a Top 40 d.j. instead. Fearful of being a d.j. forever, Smith moved to Los Angeles and got into the record business as a promotion man. He was, of course, a natural, breezing into radio stations and getting hits as easy as Ted Williams. At Warner Bros., then a tiny branch of the film studio, he went from promo man to president by 1972, before moving over to Elektra-Asylum. He left the record business in 1983.

Smith swears he didn't miss the music. He still saw his industry buddies—usually at Lakers games or charity dinners. When Menon called, he was working on a book—an oral history of pop music—and he had

just taken on the presidency of N.A.R.A.S. (The National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences), the folks responsible for the Grammy awards. He was busy and content. He didn't need the pressures or the money that come with running a record company.

But as he started thinking about the Capitol job, something dawned on him. He knew what the company needed and he also knew he was the only executive both able and available for the job. That thought saddens him, because it's further proof that his generation failed to recruit the next group of leaders. "One theory is that drugs were so much a part of our business culture in the Seventies that people didn't work as hard. Those of us who were running the

companies were just a shade ahead of that. We grew up in a relatively drug-free culture, so maybe we came from a different ethic, and we were very serious and hard-working. But the people we thought were going to be the leaders—all of them failed in one way or another."

There were other reasons, he admits. Adding a third major record company to his résumé—most of his peers have topped out at two—appealed to his ego. And Capitol, with its history, roster and international connections, held special allure.

Smith has moved quickly, grabbing top-drawer executives from other labels; realigning his label and division heads to give each one autonomy and accountability (a theory he learned at

Warner); and, shades of Menon in 1971, trimming the roster from more than 200 to about 150 acts, while on the prowl for new signings

"It's no quick fix," he concedes. The days when you could force a group to crank 'em out every two months are long gone. The superstars are expensive, call the shots and have long-term contracts. "Even if I signed Bruce Springsteen, he wouldn't have a record for two years," he shrugs. "What you do is build a basis. I wanna build a machine that's gonna be attractive to talent."

As part of that process, he has built a higher profile. "If you foster the perception

that you are hot, and you say it enough, your records sound different to the radio stations," he says. That sense of heat carries into the record shops. "Right now, Warner's guy walks into a store, he's got an attitude: 'We're hot, we gave you Madonna, here's Z Z Top. You better give us space right above the cash register."

Imagery is equally vital to the process of getting the hot artists onto his labels. "When I walk in to deal with an artist, I'm as well known to him as he is to me. I've dealt with Crosby and Sinatra, so that carries some weight. And it's important to me to establish everybody in the company as a star, so the artists we sign have respect for us, too."

Besides the proven veterans on the roster, Capitol and EMI-Manhattan are rolling dice with recent signings like Robert Palmer, Thomas Dolby, ex-Go-Go Jane Weidlin and Late Night with David Letterman maestro Paul Shaffer; fresher faces like Meli'sa Morgan and the Kane Gang; instant hit makers like Robbie Nevil, Richard Marx and Glass Tiger; great pop and jazz voices like Angela Bofill, Martha Davis, Bobby McFerrin and Melba Moore; strong new country entries like T. Graham Brown; and contemporary jazzmen like Stanley Jordan and Najee.

True, every record made is a crap shoot. It's good music and lots of luck. Smith cites a handy example: "My company has Heart, whom CBS paid to go away. They had 200,000 on their last album there. We proceeded to sell 4,500,000 Heart albums. That would mean we were 20 times better than CBS—which is nonsense. They made a great record for us."

Capitol was lucky with Heart. But, Smith says, "when you have a good company, you narrow the odds. I narrow the odds immediately, because I will avoid doing some of the stupid things like chasing boozers and making incredible deals with artists just to put a name on the boards."

Late last year, nine months after Smith joined, Capitol was still only a slight presence on the charts, and the rumor mill, while quieted, continued to churn. Nonetheless, Smith was confident. "It's an upbeat, effective operation. They just need some records. It's product flow." He has rebuilt the machine, he says, and it works. "We've shown the ability to break new acts like Crowded House and Poison. In the talent world, we're told that we're a label of choice. People will come to us along with Warner Bros. and CBS. There's a good feeling here."

Smith bounces up from his couch. He has a new record he just has to put on. It's not the latest from Heart or Bowie; it's a doo-wop ditty, clearly out of the doo-wop Fifties.

"We're gonna rock with... Joe Smith," a group called the Valentines sings with jinglelike repetition. "On his swinging rock-and-roll show!"

It is, of course, the theme song from Smith's old WMEX radio show, and it has just been released in a best-of compilation. "We're gonna rock with . . . Joe Smith. . . ."

"The lyrics are brilliant!" he shouts over the close harmony.

Give Joe Smith credit. He has a great ear for music.

À



"Good night, and thanks again for your diligent attempts to induce an orgasm—it was fun."

MIGHT

(continued from page 88) that if I was tense, it was really my husband's fault, and now Dick's; and that I'd appreciate either silence or a Xanax or some constructive, supportive advice that wouldn't demand that I be artificial or empty or on my guard to such an extent that I vacuumed the fun out of what was, when you came right down to it, supposed to be nothing more than a fun interview.

Dick smiled very patiently as he listened. Rudy was dialing a talent coordinator. I looked at both of them. Dick instructed Rudy to say that I wasn't really needed downstairs for make-up until after 5:30: Tonight's monolog was long and involved, and a skit on the pastime of another NBC executive would precede me.

Dick said to me, "You could say it's like what happened over at Saturday Night Live. It's the same phenomenon. The cheap sets that are supposed to look even cheaper than they are. The home-movie mugging for the cameras, the back-yard props like Monkey-Cam or Thrill-Cam or coneheads of low-grade mâché. Late Night, S.N.L.—they're antishows."

"You'll just have to act, is all," my husband said, brushing the hair back from my ear. He touched my cheek. "You're a talented and multifaceted actress."

"So I'm to be a sort of antiguest?" I said.

It turned out that an area of one wall of Dick's office could be made to slide back automatically, opening to view several rows of monitors, all of which received NBC feeds. Beneath a local weatherman's setup and the March 22nd broadcast of Live at Five, the taping of Late Night's opening sequence had begun. The announcer, who wore a crew-neck sweater, read into an old-fashioned microphone that looked like an electric razor with a halo.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he said. "A man who is, even as we speak, checking his fly: DAVID LETTERMAN!" There was wild applause; the camera zoomed in on a tight shot of the studio's APPLAUSE sign. On all the monitors appeared the words LATE NIGHT APPLAUSE-SIGN-CAM. The words flashed on and off as the audience cheered. David Letterman appeared out of nowhere in a hideous yachting jacket and wrestling sneakers.

"What a fine crowd," he said.

I kept stabbing at the fur of Pepsi and fine rum on my ice. My finger left a clear stripe in the dark fuzz. "I really don't think this is necessary, Rudy."

"Trust us."

"Dick," I turned, "talk to him."

"Testing," said Dick.

Dick and I stood near the room's broad window, which was no longer admitting direct light. The window faced south; I could see rooftops bristling with antennas below us. Dick held a kind of transmitting device, compact enough to fit in his soft palm. My husband had his head cocked and his thumb up as Dick tested the signal. The little earplug in Rudy's ear was originally developed to allow sportscasters to take direction and receive up-to-the-minute information without ever having to stop talking. My husband had used the transmitter sometimes when he was at NBC and associated with Saturday Night Live. He removed the earplug and cleaned it with his handkerchief.

The earplug, which was supposed to be flesh-colored, was really prosthesis-colored. I told them I emphatically did *not* want to wear a pork-colored earplug and take direction from my husband on not being sincere.

"No," my husband corrected, "being not-sincere."

"There's a difference," Dick said, trying to make sense of the transmitter's printed instructions, which were mostly in Korean.

But I did want to be both sharp and relaxed, and to get downstairs and have this over with. I did want a Xanax.

And so my husband and I entered into negotiations.

"Thank you," Paul Shaffer told the studio audience. "Thank you so much." I laughed in the wings, in the long, jagged shadows produced by lights at many angles. I wanted a few moments to watch David Letterman in the flesh. There was applause for Shaffer. The APPLAUSE sign was again featured on camera.

From this distance, Letterman's hair looked something like a helmet, I thought. It seemed thick and very solid. He kept putting index cards in the big gap between his front teeth and fiddling with them. He and the staff quickly presented a list of ten medications, both over-the-counter and 'scrip, that resembled well-known candies in a way Letterman claimed was insidious. He showed slides side by side for comparison. It was true that Advils looked just like orange M&M's. Motrins, in the right light, were SweetTarts. A brand of MAO inhibitor called Nardil looked just like the tiny cin-

namon Red Hots we'd all eaten as children. "Eerie or what?" Letterman asked Paul Shaffer. And the faddish anti-anxiety medication Xanax was supposed to resemble miniatures of those horrible soft pink-orange candy peanuts everyone sees everywhere but no one will admit to having tasted.

I had gotten a Xanax from my husband, finally. It had been Dick's suggestion. I touched my ear and tried to drive the earplug in deeper. I arranged my loose hair over my ear. Agreement or not, I was seriously considering taking the earplug out.

We saw a short veterinary film on dyspepsia in swine.

"Your work has gone largely unnoticed by the critics, then," the video tape showed Letterman saying to the film's director, a veterinarian from Arkansas who was panicked throughout the clip, because, Rudy's ing over at Paul Shaffer, laughing.

The Bolsheviks had used the circle device ceremoniously to "execute" Russian noblemen they really wanted to spare, the executive said; it was an ancient and time-honored illusion. I thought he looked quite distinguished and decided that sense played no part in the diversions of men.

As I waited for my appearance, I imagined the coordinator in his Westchester back yard's perfect center, unhurt but encased, as waves of concussed dynamite whirled around him. I imagined something tornadic, colored pink—since the dynamite piled on stage was pink.

But the real-live explosion was gray. It was disappointingly quick and sounded flat, though I laughed when Letterman

claimed that they hadn't gotten the explosion properly taped and that the executive coordinator of NBC Sports, who looked as though he'd been given a kind of cosmic slap, was going to have to do it all over again. For a montent, the coordinator thought Letterman was serious.

"Terribly nice to see you," is what David Letterman said to me. I had followed my introduction on stage; a sweatered attendant had conducted me by the elbow and peeled neatly away as I hit the lights.

"Terribly, nay, grotesquely nice to see you," Letterman said.

"He's scanning for pretension," crackled my ear. "Pockets of naïve self-importance. Something to stick a pin in. Anything."

"Yas," I drawled to David Letterman. I yawned, touching my ear absently.

Close up, he looked depressingly young. At most, 35. He congratulated me on the series' renewal, the Emmy nomination, and said my network had handled my unexpected pregnancy well on the show's third year, arranging to have me seen only behind waist-high visual impediments for 13 straight episodes.

"That was fun," I said sarcastically. I

laughed dryly.

"Big, big fun," Letterman said, and the audience laughed.

"Oh Jesus God, let him see you're being sarcastic and dry," my husband said.

Anaretto di Armitage

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distant voice in my ear maintained, he couldn't tell whether or not to be serious with Letterman about his life's work.

The executive coordinator of NBC Sports apparently fashioned perfect rings of high explosives in his basement workshop, took them into his back yard, and sat inside explosions; it was a hobby. David Letterman asked the NBC executive to please let him get this straight: that somebody who sat in the exact center of a perfect circle of explosives would be completely safe, encased in a vacuum, a sort of storm's eye; but that if so much as one stick of dynamite in the ring was defective, the explosion could, in theory, kill the executive?

"Kill?" Letterman kept repeating, look-

hands in response to something Letterman asked him.

David Letterman had a tiny label affixed to his cheek (he did have freckles); the label said MAKE-UP. This was left over from an earlier joke, during his monolog, when he had returned from a commercial break with absolutely everything about him labeled. The sputtering fountain between us and the footlights was overhung with a crudely lettered arrow: DANCING WATERS.

"So then, Susan, any truth to the rumor linking that crazy thing over at your husband's network and the sort of secondary rumors? . . ." He looked from his index card to Shaffer. "Gee, you know, Paul, it says 'secondary rumors' here; is it OK to go ahead and call them secondary rumors? What does that mean, anyway, Paul—'secondary rumors'?"

"We in the band believe it could mean any of . . . really, any of hundreds of things, Dave," Shaffer said, smiling. I smiled. People laughed.

The voice of Dick came over the air into my ear: "Say yes." I imagined a wall of angles of me, the wound in Dick's head and the transmitting thing at the wound, my husband seated with his legs crossed and his arm along the back of wherever he was.

". . . secondary or not, about your fine comedy program moving over to that other, unnamed network?"

I cleared my throat. "Absolutely every rumor about my husband is true." The audience laughed. Letterman said, "Ha, ha." The audience laughed even harder.

"As for me," I smoothed my skirt in that way prim women do, "I know next to nothing, David, about the production or business of the show. I am a woman who acts."

"And, you know, wouldn't that look terrific emblazoned on the T-shirts of women everywhere?" Letterman asked, fingering his tiepin's label.

"And was it ever a crazy thing over at his network, Dave, from what I heard," said Reese, the NBC Sports coordinator, on my other side, in another of these chairs that seemed somehow disemboweled. Around his distinguished eyes were two little raccoon rings of soot, from his hobby's explosion.

My husband told me to prepare for direction.

"In fact," I said, "I'm not even all that talented or multifaceted an actress."

David Letterman was inviting the audience, whom he again called ladies and gentlemen (which I liked), to imagine I AM A WOMAN WHO ACTS emblazoned on a shirt.

"That's why I'm doing those commercials you're seeing all the time now," I said primly.

"Well, and now hey, I wanted to ask you about that, Susan," Letterman said. "Let's see," he rubbed his chin, "is there, maybe, any way we could indicate to the folks at home what they're commercials for without quite hitting the nail right on the head, I'm wondering."

"Sure," I smiled. "Oreo."

Letterman and the audience laughed. Paul Shaffer laughed. My husband's electric voice crackled approvingly. I could also hear Dick laughing in the background; his laugh did sound deadpan.

"That would about do it," Letterman grinned. He threw his index card out a pretend window behind us. There was a clearly false sound of breaking glass.

The man seemed utterly friendly.

My husband transmitted something I couldn't make out because Letterman had put his hands behind his head with its helmet of hair and was saying, "So then I guess why is the thing, Susan. I mean I know about the dollars, the big, big dollars over there in, ah, prime time. They scribble vague hints, allusions, really, is all, they're such big dollars, about prime-time salaries in the washroom here at NBC. They're amounts that get discussed only in low tones. Here you are," he said, "you've had, what, three fine comedy series? You've got a series that's been on now, what, three years? Four years? You've got a daughter who's done several fine films and who's currently in a series, you've got a husband who develops series. . . ."

"Remember Saturday Night Live back when it was good?" said the NBC Sports coordinator.

Letterman released his own head. "So, series, daughter's series, husband's series, Emmy nomination, one of the best marriages in the industry, if not the Northern, ah, Hemisphere. . . ." He counted these assets off on his hands. His hands were perfectly average. "You're loaded, cookie," he said. "If I may." He smiled. I smiled back.

"So then, Susan, a nation is wondering, What's the deal with going off and doing these . . . Oreo commercials?" he asked in a kind of near whine that he immediately exaggerated.

Rudy's small voice came: "See how he exaggerated the whine the minute he saw how——?"

"Because I'm not a great actress, David," I said.

Letterman looked stricken. For a moment, in the angled white lights, I looked at him and he looked stricken for me. I was positive I was dealing with a basically sincere man.

"Be honest," Rudy said, his voice slight and metallic as a low-quality phone.

"Let's be honest," I said. The audience was quiet. "I just had a traumatic birthday, and I've been shedding illusions right and left."

Letterman opened his mouth to say something, but then didn't.

"I am a woman with no illusions, David."

My earplug hissed a direction never to say the word illusions.

"That's sort of a funny, coincidental thing," Letterman was saying speculatively. "I'm an illusion with no women. Do you . . . detect a sort of parallel there, Paul?"

Paul Shaffer did a go-figure from the bandstand.

"Doom," my husband transmitted from the office of a man whose subordinates fished without hooks and sat in exploding circles. I patted at the hair over my ear.

I said, "I'm forty, David. I turned forty just last week. I'm at the point now where I think I have to know what I am." I looked at him. "I have four kids. Do you know of many working actresses with four kids?"

"There are actresses who have four



"Forgive me, Carolyn. My left brain knows you're not that kind of a girl, but my right brain says 'Go for it.'"

kids," Letterman said. "Didn't we have a lovely and talented young lady with four kids on recently, Paul?"

"Name ten actresses with four kids," Shaffer challenged.

Letterman did a pretend double take. "Ten?"

"Meredith Baxter Birney?" Reese said.

"Meredith Baxter Birney." Letterman nodded. "And Loretta Swit has four kids, doesn't she, Paul?"

"Jane Fonda?"

"I think Meredith Baxter Birney actually has *five* kids, in fact, Dave," said Paul Shaffer, leaning over his little organ's microphone. His large bald spot had a label on it that said BALD SPOT.

"I guess the point, gentlemen," I interrupted them, smiling, "is that I've got kids who're already bigger stars than I. I've appeared in two feature films, total, in my whole career. Now that I'm forty, I'm realizing that with two films but three long series, my mark on this planet is probably not going to be made in features. David, I'm a television actress."

"You're a woman who acts in television," Letterman corrected, smiling.

Paul Shaffer, still leaning over his organ, played a small but very sweet happy-birthday tune for me.

Letterman had put another card between his teeth. "So what I think we're hearing you saying, then, is that you didn't think the Oreo-commercial thing would hurt your career."

Dick was asking Rudy to let him have the remote transmitter for a moment.

"Oh, no, God, no, not at all; I didn't mean that at *all*," I said. "Career considerations didn't come into it at all."

Letterman rubbed his jaw. He looked at the sports coordinator. He scratched his head. "Not a factor, then?"

"A decision without factors," I smiled. I

leaned toward him conspiratorially. He leaned over his desk toward me. I looked furtively from side to side. In a stage whisper, I said, "I did the Oreo commercials for fun."

I worked my eyebrows up and down. Letterman's jaw dropped with glee.

"I did them for nothing," I said.

"Oh, now, come now, really," Letterman said, laughing. He pretended to appeal to the studio audience: "Ladies and gentlemen...."

"In fact," I said, "I called them. I volunteered. Almost begged. You should have seen it. Not a pretty sight."

"What a kid," Paul Shaffer tossed in, pretending to wipe at an eye under his glasses. Letterman threw his index card at him, and the sound man, in his red sweater, hit another pane of glass with his hammer. Letterman seemed to be having the time of his life. He smiled; he said, "Ha ha"; his eyes came utterly alive; he looked like a very large toy. Everyone seemed to be having a ball. I touched my ear.

"This is inspired," I heard Dick telling

We talked about the cookie commercials I'd appeared in.

"David, there were more people on that set taking care of the cookies than there were taking care of me." I laughed.

"Have to make those cookies look good, I'll bet," Letterman mused.

I heard my husband thanking Dick.

"God," I said. "We'd be rolling, and I'd be hitting my stride, you know, really starting to emote—and they'd all of a sudden yell, 'Gut!' They'd come rushing out onto the set: 'Ohmygod, the cookie doesn't look good.'" I looked at him. "David, the cookie must look good."

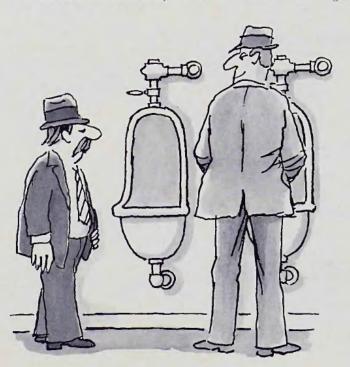
"Words, really, to live by, if we pause to reflect just a moment, ladies and gentlemen," Letterman said, looking out at the audience. I laughed. Everyone laughed. Letterman smiled warmly at me as we went to commercial.

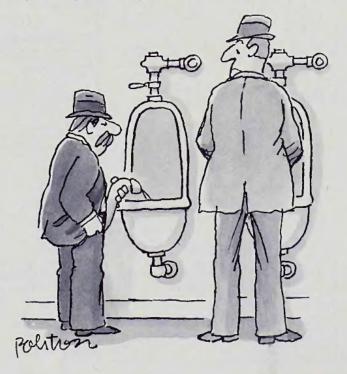
It was then that I felt sure in my heart I was safe. Because, when we cut to that commercial message, David Letterman was still the same way. The director, in his cardigan, sawed at his throat with a finger, a cleverly photographed bumper filled all Six-A's monitors, the band got funky under Shaffer's direction and the cameras' lights went dark. Letterman's shoulders sagged; he leaned tiredly across his obviously cheap desk and mopped at his forehead with a ratty-looking tissue from his yachting jacket's pocket. He smiled from the depths of himself and said it was really grotesquely nice having me on, that the audience was certainly getting the very most for its entertainment dollar tonight, that he hoped, for her sake, my daughter had even one half the stage presence I had, and that, if he'd known what a thoroughly engaging guest I'd be, he himself would have moved molehills to have me on long before this.

"He really said that," I told my husband later in the NBC car. "He said 'grotesquely nice,' 'entertainment dollar' and that I was an engaging guest. No one was listening."

Dick had gotten a driver and gone ahead to pick up Charmian and would meet us at The River Café, where the four of us try to go whenever Rudy and I are in town. I looked at our own driver, up ahead, through the panel; his hat was off, his hair close-clipped, his whole head still as a photo.

My husband, in the back seat with me, held my hand in his hands. His necktie and handkerchief were square and flush. I could almost smell his relief. He had been terribly relieved when I saw him after my appearance. Letterman had explained to the audience that I needed to be on my way, and I'd been directed off stage to much applause as David introduced the self-proclaimed king of kitchen-gadget







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home sales, who wore an Elks pin.

"Of course he really said that," my husband said. "It's just the sort of thing he'd say."

"Exactly," I maintained, looking at what his hands held.

We were driven south.

"But that doesn't mean he's really that way," he said, looking at me very directly. Then he, too, looked at our hands. Our three rings were next to one another. I felt a love for him and moved closer to him on the soft leather seat, my face hot and sore. My empty ear did feel a bit violated. "Any more than you're really the way you seemed when we were handling him better than I've ever seen him handled." He looked at me admiringly. "You're a talented actress," he said. "You took direction. You kept your head and did us both credit and survived an appearance on an antishow." He smiled. "You did good work."

I moved away from my husband just enough to look at his very clean face. "I wasn't acting, with David Letterman," I told him. And I was sincere. "It was more you and Dick that I had to . . . handle." Rudy's smile remained. "He wasn't savage," I said. "He was fun, Rudy. I had fun."

He lit a long Gauloise, smiling. "Did it just for fun?" he asked wryly. He pretended almost to nudge my ribs. A high-rent district that I had remembered as a low-rent district went by on both sides of us.

And I'll say that I felt something dark in my heart when my husband almost nudged me there. I felt that it was a sorry business, indeed, when my own spouse couldn't tell I was being serious. And I told him so.

"I was just the way I am," I maintained. We both listened as something sweetly baroque filtered through the limousine intercom's grille.

"It's like my birthday," I said, holding my second husband's hand in mine. "We agreed, on my birthday. We drank wine to it, Rudy. We held the facts out and looked, together. We agreed just last week about the way I am."

My husband disengaged his hand and felt at the panel's grille. The Hispanic driver's hatless head was cocked. A part of his neck was without pigment, I saw. The lighter area was circular; it spiraled into his dark hair and was lost to me.

"He leaned across right up to me, Rudy. I saw freckles. A little mole, near that label. I looked at him. I saw him."

"But we told you, Sue," my husband said, reaching into his jacket pocket. "What put him on television in 1989 for you to see is that he *can't* be seen. That's what the whole thing's about, now. That no one is really the way they have to be seen."

I looked at him. "You really think that's rue."

His cigarette crackled. "Doesn't matter what I think. That's what the show is about. They make it true. By watching him."

"You believe that," I said.

"I believe what I see," he said, putting his cigarette down to manipulate a bottle's cap. Its label read TAKE SEVERAL, OFTEN.



"Are you being all that you can be?"

"That strikes me as really naïve."

Certain pills are literally bitter. When I'd finished my drink from the back seat's bar, I still tasted the Xanax on the back of my tongue. The adrenaline's ebb had left me very tired. We broke out of the tall buildings near the water. I watched the Manhattan Bridge pass. The late sun came into view; it hung to our right, red. We both looked at the water as we were driven by. The sheet of its surface was wound-colored under the March sunset.

I swallowed. "So you believe no one's really the way you see them?"

I got no response.

"Dick doesn't really have a mouth, I noticed today. It's more like a gash in his head." I paused. "You needn't defer to him in our personal lives just because of your positions in business, Rudy." I smiled. "We're loaded, cookie."

My husband laughed without smiling. He looked at the last of the sun-colored water as we approached the Brooklyn Bridge's system of angled shadows.

"If no one is really the way we see them, that would include me," I said. "And you."

Rudy admired the sunset. He said it

looked explosive, hanging, all round, just over the water. Reflected and doubled in that bit of river. But he was looking only at the water. I saw him.

"Oh, my," is what David Letterman said when Reese the coordinator's distinguished but raccoon-ringed face had resolved out of a perfect ring of exploded dynamite. Months later, whenever I'd come through something by being in its center, surviving in the stillness created by great disturbance from which I, as cause, perfectly circled, was exempt, I'd be struck all over again by what a real and simply right thing it was for a person in such a place to say.

And I have remembered and worked hard to show that, if nothing else, I am a woman who speaks her mind. It is, yes, the way I'm forced to see myself. To live.

And so I did ask my husband, as we were driven in our complimentary limousine to join Dick and Charmian for drinks and dinner at NBC's expense, just what way he thought he and I really were, then.

Which turned out to be the mistake.





"It's our responsibility to preserve the best of the sexual revolution. Not the conflict, not the rhetoric, not the extremes. What we must preserve is the sex."

CHEVY CHASE

(continued from page 65)

lectures and harsh reassessments of your life. It's a horrifying experience and you end up coming out of it so raw, you can never have any self-respect again. On the other hand, I must admit it worked for me, and I was there only two and a half weeks. **PLAYBOY:** It's hard to imagine you playing it straight and obedient for two and a half weeks.

CHASE: I wasn't. I started raising hell. I was a little like Jack Nicholson in *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*. I didn't care for the scare tactics being used there. I didn't think they were right. So I became kind of a rabble rouser, getting on their cases for the way they were talking to the patients and the amount of blame they were shoveling out and the amount of crying they were making people do. They used the phrase "Thank you for sharing that with us" so much it made me go nuts.

PLAYBOY: Were you the only celebrity there at the time?

CHASE: As far as I know, it was just me and Madonna. Just kidding! Seriously, though, you'll never see me back in one of those places again. Never. You could put one of those pills in front of me right now, and I'd say, "No, I don't want it." [Pause] You don't, by any chance, have any on you, do you?

PLAYBOY: No, sorry. Your wife, Jayni, was a top-class pentathlete, wasn't she?

CHASE: Yeah, she's great. She's still fast as hell, a great sprinter.

PLAYBOY: Has she inspired you to become physically fit, now that you're cleaned up? CHASE: I've always been physically fit.

PLAYBOY: What do you play?

CHASE: The piano.

PLAYBOY: Hmmm. Moving right along, were you always a funny kid?

CHASE: I was never the class clown, but I was funny in a subversive way. There was always a class clown who would make loud remarks and stuff, but I would do things the teacher never knew were happening.

PLAYBOY: What things?

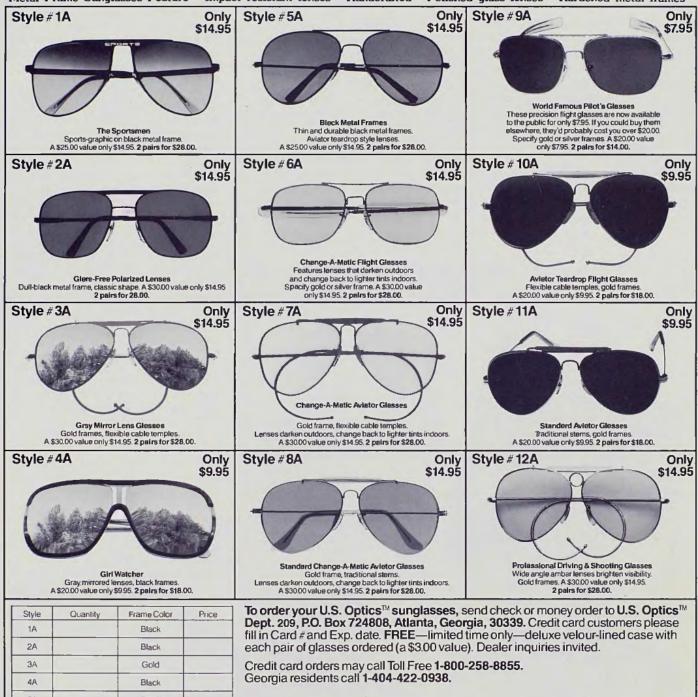
CHASE: Like getting everybody in study hall to cough at the same moment, stuff like that. So all of a sudden, 50 guys would cough and just about give the teacher a heart attack. Or I'd walk into study hall and keep dropping things on the floor, making a lot of noise. But I'd do it with a straight face, so there was no way I could be castigated. I was always trying to do things to screw up the people in authority. PLAYBOY: Where do you think you got your sense of humor?

CHASE: My father. I was once asked to write a school essay on the most valuable quality of human behavior. When I asked my father what he thought that was, he said, "A sense of humor." He explained it as a sense of perspective, of priorities.

And to this day, he's the funniest man I know. He finds just about everything

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funny. He's a well-respected book editor, an editor emeritus at MacMillan, 68 years old, a man who wears pinstripe suits. But he's the kind of person who will walk down the street and suddenly stop by a hydrant and lift his leg.

PLAYBOY: You come from a family with money and social standing, don't you?

CHASE: Well, Mom's a plumbing heiress. Her adoptive father was a guy named Cornelius Crane, whose father was one of the founders of the Crane Valve Company. They made all their money in World War One by making valves for ships and for many of the toilets that, to this day, we stand in front of. Although some of us stand to the side.

Anyway, when Cornelius died, he had a lot of money, a hundred and something million bucks. But he had already remarried and was no longer my mother's mother's husband. And his new wife—some Japanese woman I've never met—encouraged him to disown all of his former friends and family, and when he died, he left all his money to the Zen Buddhist Foundation. My mother got crap. A lot of people think I come from a rich family, but we never saw any of that money.

PLAYBOY: But your upbringing was at least comfortable, wasn't it?

CHASE: Yeah. Up and down. I went to P.S. six in New York for a while, but then I went to private schools after that. It seemed to me we were always struggling one way or another, but there was always some money somewhere. So we were never poor.

PLAYBOY: Your college years were 1963 through 1967, the beginning of the protest era. Were you involved in radical politics? **CHASE:** To a degree. I went to a few marches, but I was never with SDS or SNCC. I

didn't affiliate myself with anybody in particular. But I suppose I was as radical as the next guy. I never took any drugs in college either, which was strange, since Bard was pretty well known for drugs. But I was scared to death of pot and acid in those days. It wasn't till later on that I took acid, and it made me paranoid and afraid. I was led to believe that I would get to know myself better, but I always felt that that was a load. All it meant to me was that you got to know what you were like as a psychotic.

PLAYBOY: Did you avoid the draft?

CHASE: Yeah. There was this jazz pianist named Soyce who used to hang around the Bard campus a lot. He was a nice guy, but he was generally considered to be mentally deranged. So just before my induction physical, I studied Soyce, figuring I'd try to be like him at my physical, sort of incommunicado. His tongue would hang out of his mouth and he'd stare at the ground and he wouldn't say anything to anybody and his head would sway back and forth.

So I showed up at my physical acting like Soyce. Also, I'd been drinking a lot of strong coffee and I hadn't showered in three days, so I was just a teeming nervous wreck, sweaty and stinky. On top of that, I'd put about a tube of hair grease in my hair. Basically, I looked like the kind of person you wouldn't want anywhere near you. When they made us take off our clothes, I kept my wallet over my balls, as if I didn't want anybody to see them. So I was definitely not giving the appearance of somebody you'd want to spend a lot of time with in the barracks.

Next came the written exam. There were questions like "Have you ever wet your bed?" and "Have you ever had headaches?" and so on. I'd taken that same exam at my preinduction physical the year before and checked "No" for all the answers. This time I checked "Yes." Hell, everybody has wet his bed at least once. Everybody has had headaches. Everybody has had homosexual tendencies—the way I saw it, beating off with a friend at the age of 13, just to learn how to do it, could legally be considered a homosexual tendency.

So this time I checked "Yes" to all of the above and I was immediately ushered into the office of a shrink, who turned out to be-I'm not kidding-the typical German psychiatrist with a goatee. And he said, with a German accent, "Mr. Chase, I see there's been a tremendous change in one year. How do you account for this?" And I didn't say anything; I just shook my head and let my tongue hang out. "Do you like girls?" he asked. "Yeah." "Do you like boys?" "Yeah." "Which do you like better?" I said "Boys," meaning, of course, that most of my friends were guys. I never had a problem liking men's genitals, but I'd be the last guy in the world who'd want to have mine anywhere near another guy's.

So they gave me a card that said 4-F and I was out of there.

PLAYBOY: What if your act hadn't worked? Did you have a plan B?



"I guess we just docked at the French Riviera."

CHASE: I probably would have started kissing the guy next to me on the bus to boot camp.

PLAYBOY: After college, you moved to Los Angeles.

CHASE: That's right. I was encouraged to move to L.A. by a William Morris agent. He said L.A. was the place to be if I wanted to work in TV, which I did. Of course, I went straight onto the unemployment line for six months.

PLAYBOY: What was your initial impression of L.A.?

CHASE: I hated it. I saw myself adapting like a cockroach. I felt that my brain was going to slowly wither away and I wouldn't even know it. And, of course, that's exactly what happened.

PLAYBOY: But at least you got yourself off unemployment. You mentioned earlier that your acting fee has gone up by \$1,000,000 with each picture. That would put your salary around \$14,000,000 per movie.

CHASE: That's right.

PLAYBOY: That's what you make? Fourteen

million dollars per movie?

CHASE: No. I meant it has gone up after every picture. I have a price-it's anywhere from \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000 a picture. Plus a ten-point gross.

PLAYBOY: Do you handle your own finances? CHASE: No, my wife does, with a little cal-

PLAYBOY: You're kidding, right?

CHASE: Right. Actually, I have people who do that for me. I don't know where the money goes. I keep seeing people who make less than I do who appear to be much wealthier than I am. I'm pretty frugal and careful with my investments. I don't have a lot of stocks. I invest in land. And I'm trying to build up a huge pension plan for my kids, so that everybody's taken care of when I pop off.

PLAYBOY: If you suddenly became box-office poison, what would you do?

CHASE: I'd move in with Elliott Gould and we'd open a pig ranch together.

That's a terrible, frightening expression-"box-office poison"-and I'm sure my blood pressure shot up as soon as you said it. Frankly, I have no idea what I'd do. It may happen. But I have to believe that I'm good at what I do. There's obviously some longevity here. A lot of people have come and gone since I came onto the scene. That's not necessarily to say that the quality of my work has stood the test of time. I'm sure someday people will grow tired of me, and God knows, I wouldn't blame them. I'm just hoping my family won't.

PLAYBOY: Chevy, any ideas for your epitaph?

CHASE: Yes. "Dig him up and give him CPR."

PLAYBOY: Any other hopes for the future?

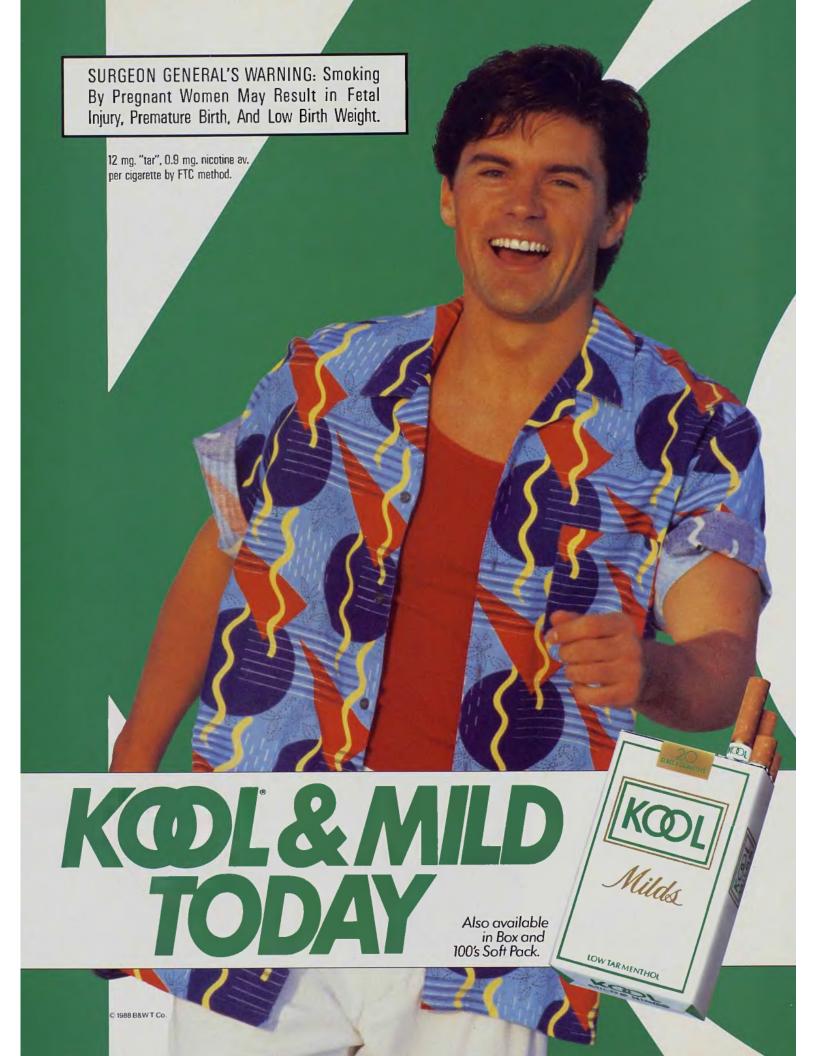
CHASE: Yes. I'd like to live long enough for everyone who reads this interview to have forgotten it.

PLAYBOY: Anything clse?

CHASE: Yes. Can I put my clothes back on now?









THERE BE DARK-

ver since ancient Chinese jurists began wearing tinted lenses so that the look in their eyes wouldn't give away a verdict, sunglass wearers have had it made in the shades. When picking a frame, go for whatever fits your face and mood: maybe an aviator-style happy-wanderer look trimmed with leather, a funky vintage type of clip-on, a matte-finish-metal style or a colorful wild-and-crazy model that's a complement to a pair of surfer trunks. Lenses can be the color of your choice (cool green is red-hot), but make sure that they cut as close to 100 percent of the ultraviolet rays as possible while still allowing you to see true colors. Here's looking at you, kid, through great-looking shades.

Below: Matte-plastic semirimless glasses with curved brow, mirror polycarbonate lenses, \$60, and rubberrimmed glasses with brass accents and cable temples, \$65, both by Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics.

Left: Masculine tortoisebrown plastic/metal-framed semirimless sunglasses, by Christian Roth Eyewear, about \$185; blue-metal sunglasses with gray lenses and flexible sport temples, by Alfred Dunhill, about \$200.



Right: Embossed-leather Wayfarers with lizard look, from Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb, \$97.50; mottled matte-plastic glasses with clip-on sunglasses, \$175, and silver case, circa 1930, \$45, both by Oliver Peoples.



SUPERSHOPPING





GRAPEVINE-

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Actress ZARA KAREN salutes basic-black lingerie, and our photographer is there to record the winning moment. Feast your eyes on this, guys, then check out Zara's movies, Secret Contract, Mean Time and the upcoming Tax Season. Want more? Use your imagination, take two aspirins and don't call us in the morning.

The Joy of Sax

BRANFORD MARSALIS is just so cool. He plays the sax on a recent jazz LP with Jeff Watts and Milt Hinton. He's touring with Sting through 1988. And you can see him in Spike Lee's movie School Daze and last year's Danny DeVito/Billy Crystal comedy Throw Momma from the Train. Cool, yes, and hot.



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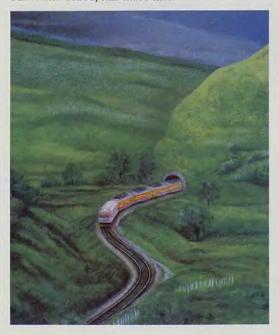
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Want to write to your Congressman and bitch, bitch, bitch? It's easy if you plug yourself and your personal computer into the new 1988 Directory of Congress on Disk, which Gabriel Publishing Company, 1469 Rosena Avenue, Madison, Ohio 44057, is selling for \$19.95, postpaid. The Directory, on a single floppy disk, can be used with almost any data-base manager or word processor. Info includes names, addresses, phone numbers, party affiliation and much more. Do call.



SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

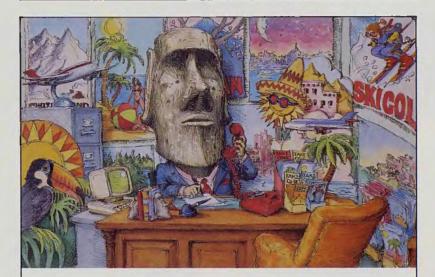
Sentimental Rail Journeys has wedded Amtrak with the elegance and luxury of private-railroad travel and come up with an itinerary—from Los Angeles to New Orleans, San Diego, San Francisco and other cities—that's affordable. The eightday New Orleans trip with vintage private sleeper and dome car costs \$1370—and that includes hotel and air fare back to Los Angeles. Sentimental Rail Journeys, P.O. Box 4574, Thousand Oaks, California 91360, has more info.





NICE GUYS FINISH LAST

"The city plans a new garbage-dump site in your area. Property value has depreciated. Pay \$2,000,000." Tooooo bad, J.B., you've just come a cropper and your dream of outtrumping Donald Trump has faded like last week's Palm Springs tan. That's the name of the game—Tycoon, a board game in which players try to take over Manhattan. To do so, according to its creator, RAM Innovations, you must have a "thirst for revenge, a taste for double-dealing and cutthroat tactics.... This is one game where nice guys finish last." And it's all yours for only \$24.95, postpaid, from RAM at 1161 East 156th Street, Bronx, New York 10474. Have a nice day, asshole.

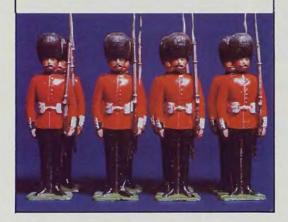


EASTER IN NOVEMBER

Like Timbuktu, Easter Island is the Holy Grail for those who quest for faraway places with strange-sounding names. Located 2000 miles off the coast of Chile, it's the home, of course, of hundreds of huge stone figures that stand like silent sentinels frozen in time, staring out to sea. In 1967, Hanns Ebensten went to Easter Island with the first tourist expedition, and this year, his travel agency at 513 Fleming Street, Key West, Florida 33040, has reintroduced an expedition to the island. The dates are November 10 to 20 and the trip (which is limited to 18 people and personally led by Ebensten) also includes three days in Chile's lovely lake district. The cost: \$1985, plus round-trip air fare from Miami. We'll bet nobody on your block will have been there first.

SOMETHING TO TOY WITH

"The little toy soldier is red with rust," wrote Eugene Field in the poem Little Boy Blue, and if he is, boy, have you lost a nifty investment. Just check out The Art of the Toy Soldier, by Henry I. Kurtz and Burtt R. Ehrlich, covering two centuries of metal toy soldiers, and see for yourself. It's a huge \$75 Abbeville Press hardcover with several hundred photos (plus text) devoted to war the way it should be fought—marching across the counterpane.



PLAYING BALL, NAVY STYLE

Maybe it's because they're made in the U.S.A. or maybe it's because they just look neat, but official U.S. Navy ball caps—including the official *Top Gun* style shown here—have become the hottest headgear going. A unique store called the Ship's Hatch, 10376 Main Street, Fairfax, Virginia 22030, sells them for \$11.50 and \$13.50, postpaid (the latter has "scrambled eggs" on the bill). One dollar gets you a list of ships' names available.



EVELYN WOOD, EAT YOUR HEART OUT!

According to the 1987 Guinness Book of World Records, Taumatawhakatangihangakoauauotamateaturipukakapikamaungahoronukupokaiwhenuakitanatahu is the longest place name on earth still in use. It means, in Maori folklore, "The place where Tamatea, the warrior who slid down and swallowed mountains, played on his flute to his beloved." You can own a full-length, untorn T-shirt in sizes extra-small through extra-large for \$19.95, postpaid, sent to Kenward Design, P.O. Box 50412, Porirua, New Zealand, Colors: blue, white, green and gray. Wear it to your next speed-reading class.





GENTLEMEN, START YOUR POSTER COLLECTION

The price of vintage racing cars may have accelerated out of sight, but it's nice to know that reproductions of vintage automobile-racing posters are still affordable. Chuck Groninga, 8318 Avenida Castro, Cucamonga, California 91730, has a list that includes the 21" x 13" 1922 Cotati Speedway poster pictured above. Its price? Would you believe \$5, postpaid? That's cheaper than wallpaper.

AS THE WORLD TURNS—AND FLOATS

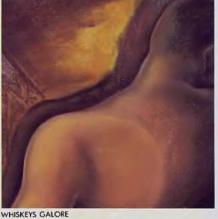
If you look closely at the TV show Wiseguy, you'll see a curious-looking globe that floats in one of the sets-yes, floats in space, supported by invisible forces. It's the six-inch Magnetic Levitation World Globe that's a spin-off product of Maglev Sales, 31-1030 West Georgia Street, Vancouver, British Columbia V6E 2Y3, a high-tech company researching industrial applications for magnetic levitation and frictionless magnetic bearings. A cleverly positioned electromagnet is the secret to the globe's floating act, and the world can be yours for \$189, postpaid. Give it a spin!



NEXT MONTH







SALLY'S SCAM



WORLD CLASSMATES

"THE JELLY-BEAN LEGACY"-SERIOUSLY, GUYS, HAS THE REAGAN PRESIDENCY MADE YOU BETTER OFF, OR WORSE? THINK ABOUT IT. WE HAVE

"SKINSUITS: A HERB RITTS PORTFOLIO"--EAT YOUR HEART OUT, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED: WE HAVE YOUR MODEL CINDY CRAWFORD IN HOTTER SHOTS THAT PROVE LESS TRULY IS MORE

"ON THE ROAD WITH ROBOCOMIC"-OUR BILL ZEHME SHADOWS JAY LENO, THE HARDEST-WORK-ING WHITE MAN IN SHOW BUSINESS, FROM BACK-STAGE AT THE TONIGHT SHOW TO A LAS VEGAS DRESSING ROOM, WHERE HE DISCOVERS HIS EVIL

"RUN, SALLY, RUN"-WHILE INVESTIGATING AN IN-SIDER-TRADING SCAM, TIMOTHY CONE, THE WALL STREET DICK, LEARNS A LOT FROM A TRASHY BROAD. A FEISTY CRIME YARN BY LAWRENCE (THE SECOND DEADEY SIN, THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT) SANDERS

"REJUVENATION"-A SHEEPISH WRITER AND HIS WIFE PAY A VISIT TO CLINIQUE LA PRAIRIE, THE SWISS ANTI-AGING SPA WHERE LAMBS DIE FOR YOUR SKINS-BY DAN GREENBURG

PAUL HOGAN, PROFESSIONAL AUSSIE, PUTS HIS SHRIMP ON THE BARBIE FOR US WITH SIZZLING ANEC-DOTES ABOUT "CROCODILE" DUNDEE II, MACHO MOVIE STARS AND THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN YANKS AND THOSE BLOKES FROM DOWN UNDER IN A TRANS-PACIFIC PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

"THE ROOTS OF JESSE"-WHAT MAKES JACKSON RUN? AMERICA'S PREMIERE BLACK POET/PLAY-WRIGHT, AMIRI BARAKA, HITS THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL WITH THE CHARISMATIC CANDIDATE

"MISS PLAYBOY INTERNATIONAL"-THERE HAS NEV-ER BEEN A BEAUTY PAGEANT LIKE THIS. REPRESENT-ATIVES OF PLAYBOY'S 14 WORLD-WIDE EDITIONS MET IN HONG KONG TO COMPETE FOR THE TITLE, RESULT-ING IN A LUCKY WINNER: YOU!

PLUS: "BUSTER TAKES MANHATTAN," ENTERTAINER POINDEXTER IN URBANE NEW YORK FASHIONS; "WHISKEY AMÉRICAIN," BY NOTED ENGLISH DRINK AUTHORITY MICHAEL JACKSON; "20 QUESTIONS" WITH JUDGE REINHOLD ON WHY STEWARDESSES HIT ON HIM NOW THAT HE'S NO LONGER SELLING YO-GURT TO THE STARS; AND, NATURALLY, MUCH MORE

