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PLAYBILL

JUNE HAS ALWAYS BEEN songwriters' favorite month because it rhymes with so many words—spoon, tune, jejune. June has also been a favorite month for *Playboy* readers, because that is when they moon, croon and otherwise swoon over the latest dazzling Playmate of the Year. Admirers of this year's model, of course, are in special company: **Kimberley Conrad** (a.k.a. Miss January 1988) is Editor-in-Chief **Hugh M. Hefner's** bride-to-be. So she'll go from the cover in June to a Hefner honeymoon. Somebody ought to write a song.

Elsewhere in the magazine, the fun begins with an inquiry into who's getting rich from the comedy boom. In *Cash and Comedy*, **Mark Christensen** exposes the handful of agents who are laughing all the way to the bank. For the viewpoint of a travel-weary comedian, turn to **Franklyn Ajaye's** *On the Road*.

Now we'd like to make an in-flight announcement to all readers who are perusing this issue on airplanes: You've obviously chosen the right magazine as your travel companion. With a wing and a prayer, we present three high-flying pieces.

First up is **Craig Vetter**, who has been hanging out with guys who regularly jump from airplanes. Into burning forests. On purpose. In *Smoke Jumpers*, he tells the incendiary story of the courageous parachutists who battle wilderness blazes.

Next on the runway is **Nadine Gordimer's** short story *A Journey*, illustrated by **Mel Odom**. The celebrated South African novelist spins a tale of adultery centering on a mother, a son and a baby winging over Africa.

You may want to wait until you're safely back on the ground to check out *Confessions of Captain X*, an excerpt from the forthcoming Doubleday book *Unfriendly Skies*, "Revelations of a Deregulated Pilot," which **Reynolds Dodson** co-authored with a pilot (no names, please) from a commercial airline. Between the chaos of deregulation and the terrors of microbursts, you may decide to go Amtrak next time.

We like to keep our eyes on the nation's college campuses—for better or worse—so we sent **Trey Ellis**, author of the highly acclaimed novel *Platitudes*, to visit Stanford, Michigan and the University of Massachusetts to come to grips with the recent flare-ups of racism at those schools. His report is contained in *Disillusioned in the Promised Land*, illustrated by **Gary Kelley**. In a companion piece, *Reassessing the Roots*, **David J. Dent** weighs in with observations on what might be called the Denise Huxtable Effect: a boom in enrollment in predominantly black colleges.

Edward James Olmos, this month's interview subject, also knows about tough times at school, and not just from his Academy Award-nominated role as the motivating math teacher in *Stand and Deliver*. Olmos, who first became widely known on *Miami Vice*, spends much of his free time visiting high schools and juvenile-detention centers, helping kids, well, stand and deliver. **Marcia Seligson** was his interrogator. In *20 Questions*, **Robert Crane** catches up with **Nicolas Cage**, who launched his film career in *Valley Girl* and moved on to bed **Cher** in *Moonstruck*. Talk about rehabilitation.

Rounding out June's nonfiction is part three of *Burning Desires: Sex in America*, our continuing series on sex in the Eighties. In their latest installment, **Steve Chapple** and **David Talbot**—who wrote the book of the same title, which will be published by Doubleday in June—discuss the male-bashing of **Andrea Dworkin** (boo!) and the rise of feminist porn (yea!). **Mitch O'Connell** illustrated the piece.

Our June pictorials are busting out all over. Travel to Maui to shoot the breeze with the *Wet and Wild* girls of windsurfing, and then island-hop to Honolulu for a *hukilau* with heavenly Playmate **Tawnni Cable**. Back in L.A., there's **Dana Plato** (shot by Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda**), who has grown up a lot since her days on TV's *Diff'rent Strokes*. And, just in case you needed reminding, there's Playmate of the Year **Kimberley Conrad**. It proves once again what a generous guy Hef is. He's sharing her with the world. What a guy. What a gal. Enjoy.



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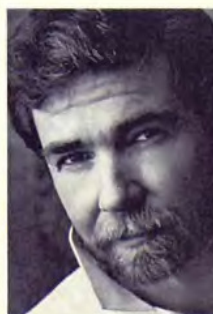
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PLAYBOY®

vol. 36, no. 6—june 1989

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COVER STORY

Decorating our cover is none other than gorgeous Kimberley Conrad, the winning Playmate of the Year and Hef's Playmate for a Lifetime. Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda shot the cover, which was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski. Kim's stylist was Jennifer Smith-Ashley; her hair and make-up were styled by Clint Wheat for A La Mode Agency/L.A. Our friendly Rabbit says hi to Kim's sexy, seductive thigh.



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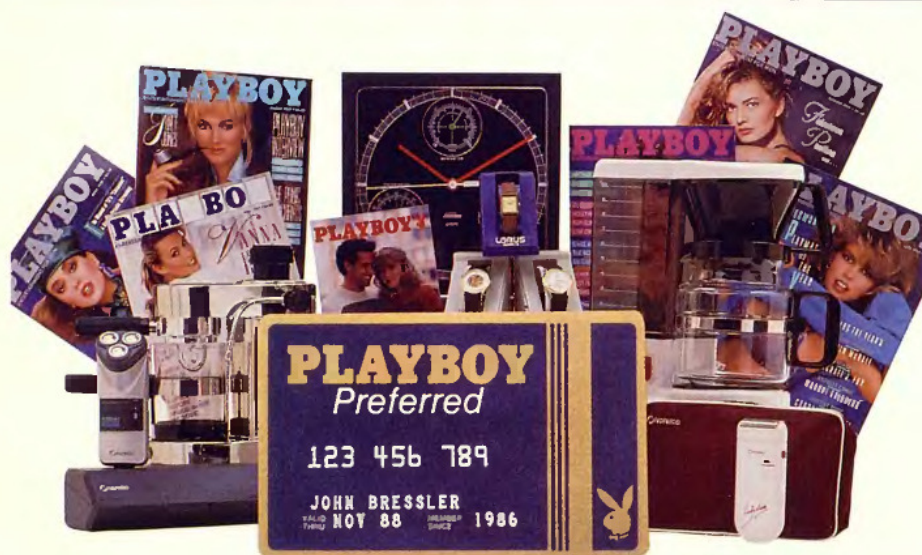
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THANKS FOR HANKS

I truly enjoyed your March *Playboy Interview* with Tom Hanks. After following this talented actor's career for many years, I'm elated that he now has the success he so deserves. It's so refreshing to see a celebrity whose movies are big but whose head is not!

Hanks has gone from a twinkle to a star and won many hearts along the way.

Jodi Pearce Peters
Sarasota, Florida

DEEP THRILLS

Thank you for *Deep Thrills*, the article on scuba diving by Geoffrey Norman (*Playboy*, March). I am a master instructor and dive-store owner affiliated with the Professional Association of Diving Instructors, one of the largest certifying agencies in the world, and I have been to many of the beautiful dive locations Norman speaks of. I would like to point out that taking a vacation certification course means spending much of a trip in classrooms and pools learning the needed skills. Also, while getting certified in quarries and springs may not seem romantic, it motivates people to practice buoyancy skills and become more comfortable in the water. If these same divers continue to practice once they are certified, it keeps them from hurting themselves and the delicate ecosystem of the magnificent dive sites around the world.

Patrick A. Linam
Innerspace Divers of El Paso
El Paso, Texas

It's nice to see diving articles in publications other than diving magazines. The underwater world is magnificent, and as you swim through it, it's as though you were in your own personal aquarium.

I was a little disappointed, however, that you mention only tropical dive sites. I dive mainly in cold water—Campbell River in British Columbia, to be exact—and as far as I'm concerned, some of our dive sites are as good as, if not better than, what you

can find down south—you get walls and reefs of anemones, cloud sponges, etc., that sometimes make your head spin.

Keep up the good work and I hope we divers can read more about our hobby in future issues of *Playboy*.

Allen L. Cox
Campbell River, British Columbia

Thanks for the informative article covering scuba-diving instruction and equipment. I'm dying of curiosity, though. What happened to the girl in the photo with the menacing shark on page 89? Did she survive to see the photo?

Martin Giesbrecht
Abilene, Texas

Yes, she did. As a matter of fact, she's one of photographer Herwarth Voigtmann's three daughters.

A VISIT FROM PIA

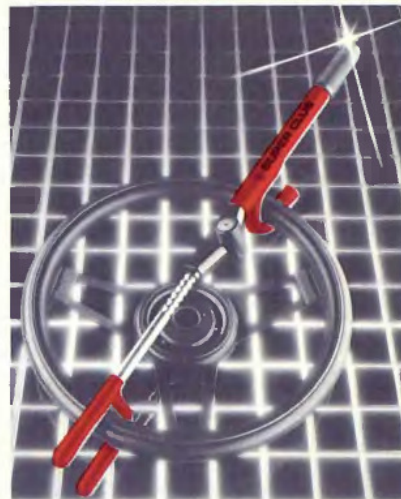
While the rest of the world was watching the thrill of George Bush being inaugurated and, later, the Super Bowl, November 1988 Playmate Pia Reyes was gracing this boring town with her beautiful presence. Thank you, Pia, for coming to this town. I hope *Playboy* continues to show the world just how beautiful Oriental women such as you and Miss May 1988, Diana Lee, and black women such as La Toya Jackson (*Playboy*, March) really are.

Adam Farley
Springfield, Missouri

GROWING UP WITH PLAYBOY

I'm a 29-year-old nuclear engineer originally from Monaca, Pennsylvania, where my parents own and operate a small convenience store that carries *Playboy*. When I was 15, I used to sneak a copy off the shelf to look at the pictures. After a while, I started sneaking copies to read the articles, and soon I stopped sneaking altogether, reading it in the kitchen. My mother's only request was that I replace the magazine when I was finished. When I was commissioned in the U.S. Navy and out at sea, my mother bought me my first subscription. It

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is no surprise that a men's magazine that intelligently addresses so many political and social issues, and whose value is also recognized by women, has lasted for 35 years and will probably last for many more. Congratulations on a job well done.

The first things I read each month are the columns by Dan Jenkins, Asa Baber and Cynthia Heimel. I also enjoyed, and I hope you will bring back, Craig Vetter's *Against the Wind*. The *Playboy Forum* has almost prompted me to write on several occasions. Thank you for providing me with 14 years of entertainment and thought-provoking literature.

Before I close, I'd like to mention that I've just received the March issue, and isn't the Ginger Lynn Allen mentioned in *Grapevine* the Ginger Lynn of X-rated-movie fame?

Ernest J. Taormina
Forked River, New Jersey

Thanks, Ernie, from Cynthia, Asa, Dan, Craig and all the rest of us. In answer to your question: Yep, she's the same Ginger Lynn.

LA TOYA

I received my copy of the March issue in the mail today and I just can't seem to put it down. Your pictorial on La Toya Jackson (*Don't Tell Michael*) is breath-taking. She is incredibly beautiful and oh, so sexy! I will treasure these photos and this issue for the rest of my life. My compliments to *Playboy* Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda for an outstanding job. He was blessed to be the only one on the set with her, and the same goes for that lucky snake!

Wayne Washington
Dayton, Ohio

I must congratulate you on your cover photo of La Toya Jackson on the March issue, as well as the pictorial inside. The photography is superb. La Toya is a truly beautiful woman. It's an amazing pictorial. Thank you.

Tracy Day
Universal City, Texas

Finally, a display of beautiful black women! I am, of course, referring to your recent pictorials on La Toya Jackson and Monica Andrea Silvia Do Santos (*Rio's Grand!*, *Playboy*, February). I have been a reader of your magazine for quite a while and, while *Vanity* (*Playboy*, April 1988) is breath-taking and La Toya is so, so fine, it would be nice to see more women like Monica.

Gregory Michael Newbold
Glenolden, Pennsylvania

Never have I seen a woman as beautiful as La Toya. She has an almost pure, innocent face and yet a wicked look that would stop a priest in his tracks. She is delicious.

I don't understand why a woman with a face so radiant and a shape to match would be so shy. She has something to be proud

of and shouldn't be ashamed to reveal it to the world, as she has done. If I were her brother or sister, I'd say she has done the family name proud. Do you have an address I could write to for her leather catalog? I'd like to buy my wife something from it.

Dave Misner
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario

La Toya's no longer in the leather business, but you might consider stopping by your local perfume counter and buying your wife Platinum by La Toya, a fragrance that Miss Jackson has recently marketed.

As one who not only appreciates feminine beauty but also owns a business breeding exotic reptiles while continuing graduate research in herpetology, I must say that your March pictorial on La Toya Jackson is a culmination of my greatest passions.

However, a correction is in order. The serpent with which she is posed on page 126 is not a boa constrictor, as noted; it's a



Burmese python (*Python molurus bivittatus*). Although both species are common as pets, they differ in many respects, including continents of origin.

James E. Eggers
Waco, Texas

You sure know your snakes, Jim. We had ordered a boa constrictor for our photo session, but our snake supplier substituted a Burmese python. Seems he was out of boas that day.

Praise to La Toya Jackson for taking a stand and being herself. It's about time she escaped from the dictatorship of Michael and the rest of the Jacksons.

Essex Reed
Greenwood, Mississippi

Clever putting the name Michael in large letters above the picture of his sister La Toya. In all the photos, it's like seeing Michael's face on La Toya's body. How eerie!

Faye Nontelle
La Crosse, Wisconsin

As La Toya Jackson's personal manager, I am writing to praise the *Playboy* staff for its magnificent work on her pictorial. As a result of her appearance, we are receiving movie offers, commercial endorsements and bags of fan mail. Without question, *Playboy* has enhanced her career.

Jack Gordon
New York, New York

STUD RABBIT

Congratulations on the placement of the Rabbit Head on La Toya's beautiful leatherwear on the cover of the March issue. I checked out 160 studs before I spotted it. Pretty darn clever, I would say.

William R. Baker
Ben Lomond, California

LAURIE WOOD

To say that Miss March, Laurie Wood, is beautiful is an understatement. She more than upholds the *Playboy* tradition of finding and photographing the world's most beautiful women. Her husband is one very lucky man, and I am sure many men like me (married) are envious.

Thank you, *Playboy*, for Laurie Wood. You've done yourself proud, and so has she.

Mick Birge
Vincennes, Indiana

These days, when so many people are giving love and sex a bad name, it is reassuring to find someone like March Playmate Laurie Wood, who exemplifies the true meaning of both. It is unfortunate that she must be referred to as "old-fashioned." There is certainly nothing wrong with being a virgin nor with waiting until you are married to share a very cherished part of yourself with someone you truly love.

I hope that if and when I find the woman I want to spend my life with, she will be as wonderful as Laurie.

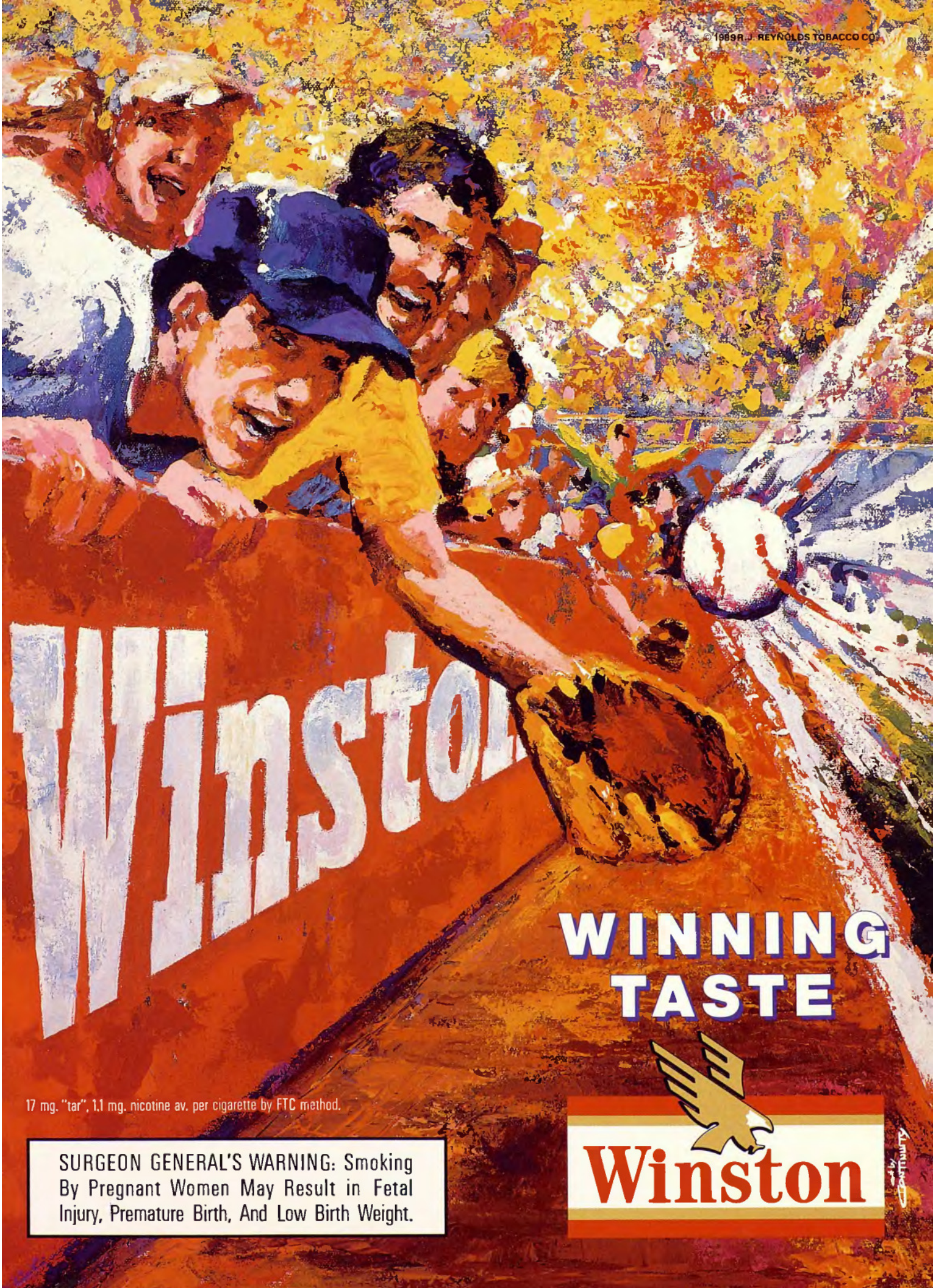
Eric Keller
Seattle, Washington

MARTINI COMEBACK

Bravo to Jim Atkinson for *Return of the Martini* (*Playboy*, March)! He has hit the nail on the head with his analysis of the martini's fall in the wake of Yuppiedom and the pseudo health nuts of the Eighties. Is it such a crime to appreciate the purity and nostalgia that are so characteristic of the basic martini? As the Nineties approach, I only hope that Atkinson's prediction of a return to a martini-drinking America rings true. Now, if I can only trade in my BMW for some Detroit muscle. . . .

David S. Grennek
New Castle, Pennsylvania





Winston

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Winston

OLD GRAND-DAD

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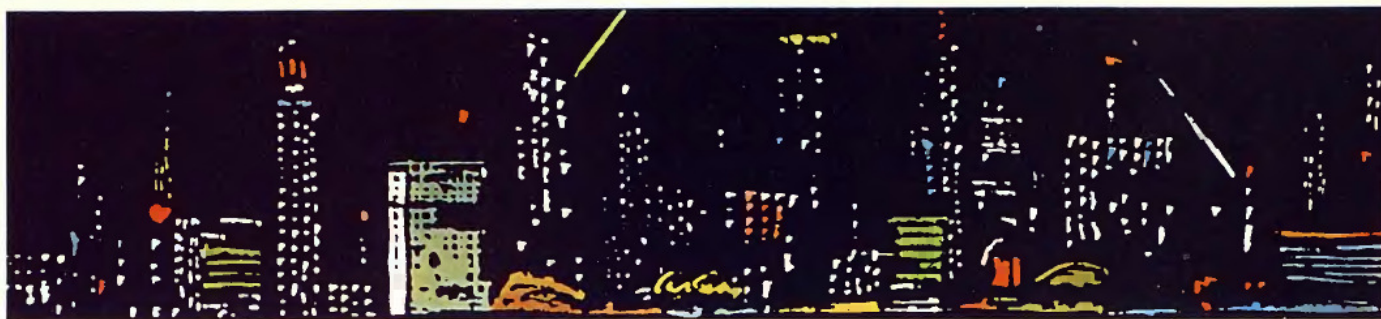
REGISTERED

86
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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

ME AND MY GRAND-DAD

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



WILD JOKER

Southern comics? We couldn't think of a single one until someone mentioned the Reverend Billy C. Wirtz, an elaborately tattooed South Carolinian who has a case of rural anxiety pretty far removed from the urban version of, say, Richard Lewis. Wirtz, who is not really a preacher, plays boogie-woogie piano and sings, but he specializes in skewing Southern life, covering such Dixie staples as inbreeding, televangelists, paintings of Elvis on black velvet and small towns, his favorite target being the fictional Chromosome, North Carolina.

"I like to think of myself," Wirtz told us, "as some freak genetic experiment that went awry when a scientist mutated the brains of Tom Lehrer and Jerry Lee Lewis." We suppose he was referring to the climax of his act, when he unzips his pants, sticks his hand through his fly and plays red-hot piano as the "five-headed albino snapping trouser trout." He is also likely to caress one of his favorite stage props—an anatomically correct Mr. Potato Head—and then coyly tease his audience: "A lot of girls say that I remind 'em of Dan Fogelberg—do y'all think so?" The answer, bluntly? No way.

Welcome to Southern shtick.

HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE

A corrections column in *The Washington Post* featured this item: "An incorrect phone number for where to call for help with suicide prevention was printed Saturday. The hotline for the Psychiatric Institute of Washington is 467-HOPE."

ROAD MOVIE

Only a *Buck* is a movie. But don't look for it at the multiplex or on your TV—unless you've shelled out \$19.95 for the video, which you can buy only from the back of director Gerry Cook's Brickmobile, a weird van that has been painted to look as if it were made of bricks. A caricature of Cook painted on a side panel implores, BUY MY MOVIE, IT'S FACTORY DIRECT. When we talked with them, he and his partners Charlie Schmidt, Don Moulton and Peter Hunrichs were passing through Chicago,

eastbound from their Spokane base.

"Sometimes," says Cook, "we'll be *starving*, and just then, someone buys a tape, and we've got dinner money." In the beginning, he and his crew quit their jobs and sank \$100,000 into equipment to make the movie. Then, spooked by releasing deals that would have snatched all the rights to their opus, they took to the highways.

The film *à clef* stars the Spokane crew as regular guys who try to shoot a low-budget flick. Its special effects actually led to a commission from ABC-TV for last season's dazzling *Monday Night Football* opening sequence, in which a camera ricochets through a pinball game. Their next project: a movie titled *The Art of Mooch*. Says Cook, "We're researching it as we go. Got any food?"

ACRO-RATS

Samantha Martin has a way with rats. At her coaxing, they clamber up ladders, nudge bowling balls at pins and leap through hoops. Samantha and her pack perform in night clubs and were recently booked on the *Mino Demato Show*—Italy's version of *Late Night with David Letterman*. Let's get one thing straight: Saman-

tha's Amazing Acro-Rats are not cuddly white lab rodents; they're descendants of the same urban vermin that made a smorgasbord of Ernest Borgnine in *Willard*.

Martin trains her scaly-tailed troupe in an apartment she shares with a nine-foot-long python, five other snakes, a tarantula and dozens of rats. "Boyfriends seldom last three months," she says, sighing. "My last one was bitten in a sensitive area while he was sleeping." Still, she has no phobias about waking up as rat chow. "They think I'm their mother. I pick the best ones out of the litter and carry them in my purse."

While Martin earned a "Rat Wrangler" credit on an independent film, she occupies most of her time with live shows, disposing of clumsy performers by feeding them to her pet python. How does she say goodbye? "I just name it after an old boyfriend and pitch it right into the cage. 'This is the end, Bill—you shouldn't have lied.'"

ULTRA FAME

Isabelle Dufresne, a.k.a. Ultra Violet, the Andy Warhol acolyte, has written a memoir, *Famous for 15 Minutes—My Years with Andy Warhol*, in which she ponders fleeting fame. She notes, for instance, that Warhol was miffed when Robert Kennedy was assassinated just two days after his own wounding by a feminist. "If only Kennedy were shot a different time, I would have gotten all the publicity," Warhol supposedly whined. Violet recalls herself elbowing for a position in front of the photographers in the hospital lobby just for the publicity.

But now, she told us, she's flacking for a work of substance, not just for fame itself. Still, she admits, celebrity is addictive. "Who can run from fame? Fame really means money, power, love. That's what people believe. The day will come," she predicts, "when everybody will be on TV and nobody will be watching. . . . Everybody will be writing books and nobody will be reading them."

In the face of such fierce competition, we asked, how does one go about becoming the next big thing? "Always tell people what they want to hear," she counseled. "Hire a personal photographer, so the



RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"There was a time when you could say something about somebody's momma, and you got to fight. Not so anymore. But if somebody say, 'Fuck your dead home boys,' oh, *now* we got a problem."—Tee Rodgers, Los Angeles "gangologist," formerly affiliated with the Bloods, interviewed in *Harper's*.



ROOT, ROOT, ROOT

Percentage of professional football fans who have attended college: 39.7.

Percentage of professional baseball fans who have attended college: 41.5.

Percentage of professional basketball fans who have attended college: 39.9.

Percentage of professional hockey fans who have attended college: 54.6.

Percentage of workers in managerial, executive or professional jobs who are football fans: 38.4. Percentage who are baseball fans: 27.9; who are basketball fans: 28.8; who are hockey fans: 40.9.

Percentage of professional football fans who earn more than \$50,000, 34.9; of professional baseball fans, 22.7; of professional basketball fans, 27.7; of professional hockey fans, 44.

RIKKI DON'T LOSE THAT NUMBER

Percentage of American households that have at least one telephone: 93. Percentage that have unlisted telephone numbers: 27.6.

City with the highest percentage of unlisted phone numbers: Las Vegas (60.3).

Others in the top five: Los Angeles and Long Beach, California (56 percent); Oakland, California (53.6 per-

cent); Fresno, California (52.6 percent); and Jersey City, New Jersey (51.3 percent).

STRESS TEST

Five least stressful cities in America: Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Madison, Wisconsin; Ann Arbor, Michigan; Lincoln, Nebraska; and Fargo, North Dakota.

Five most stressful cities in America: Gary, Indiana; Baltimore, Maryland; Chicago, Illinois; Houston, Texas; and Jersey City, New Jersey (ranked by Zero Population Growth, Inc.).

H₂O DOZE

State with the greatest percentage of households that own water beds: California (13.1 percent).

Other top-ranking water-bed states: Texas (5.6 percent), Illinois (4.9 percent), Florida (4.8 percent), Ohio (4.6 percent) and Michigan (4.2 percent).

CATS AND DOGS

Number of cats in American households: 58,000,000. Number of dogs: 49,000,000.

Percentage of cat or dog owners who talk to their pets: 99.

Percentage of pet owners who keep pictures of their pets in their wallets: 40.

Most popular names for male cats: Smoky, Tiger, Max and Charlie.

Most popular names for female cats: Samantha, Misty, Muffin and Fluffy.

Most popular names for dogs in Los Angeles County: Lady, Max, Brandy, Duke, Rocky, Princess, Ginger, Pepper, Blacky and Lucky.

SPOTLIGHT



Hardison, a.k.a. Dwayne Wayne.

Three years ago, **Kadeem Hardison** was, in his words, "just another Brooklyn B-boy, out here tryin' to get over." Today, Hardison, 23, has gotten over as Dwayne Wayne, the woman-crazy leading man on NBC's *A Different World*. When Hardison arrived—sans flip-up shades—for his interview at MTM studios, he flashed that Dwayne Wayne jive-ass smile that gives Eddie Murphy's a run for its money. We asked him to summarize Dwayne's approach to women.

"He's the type of guy who will walk into a room with eight women and start rapping to the first one, and if she says, 'Get out of my face, turkey,' he'll turn to the next girl and say, 'Well, hey, what about you, baby?' and if *she* tells him to get lost, he'll just move on to number three. He's the only guy I know who could get turned down seven times in a row and still have enough nerve to go for number eight. *Awesome* confidence."

"This season, though, the scriptwriters have made him more intelligent, more sensitive, more thoughtful. They want to let him have his heart broken, be confused, show some uncertainty. They want the old boy to feel some *pain*, all the shit ordinary guys feel."

How does Hardison's approach differ from Dwayne's?

"Well, three years ago, I had to work very hard to get *anybody* to talk to me. These days, all I have to do is show up. It's all eye contact. For instance, here comes one now. Watch me."

A pretty young woman walks toward us, absorbed in something that she's reading. Hardison leans in her direction, smiles broadly and locks his eyes on her. Without a blink of recognition, the woman keeps walking past us.

"She's wearing sunglasses. Didn't pick it up," he explains with a shrug. Then he wheels around, hollering, "Better watch where you're goin' in them shades, baby! You gonna walk into the front of somebody's car!"

You just can't beat good eye contact.

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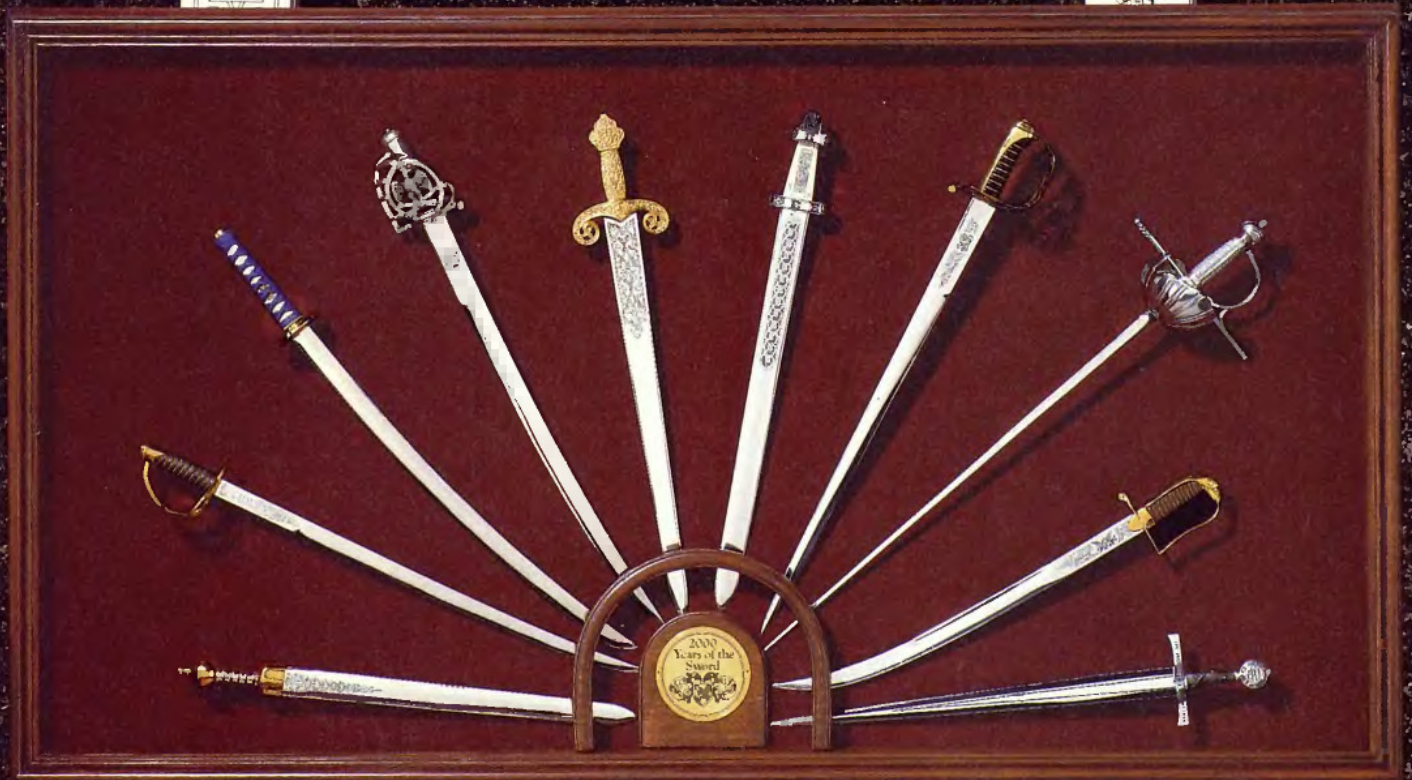
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VIC GARBARINI

TWO SIMPLE rules govern the quality of modern sound tracks: First, sound tracks featuring anyone named Kenny (G., Loggins, Rogers, et al.) are likely to be stinkers. Second, any movie featuring Tom Cruise is likely to have an excellent sound track.

Take the recent *Rain Man* (Capitol), which boasts a sound track seemingly assembled by Dustin Hoffman's autistic-savant character. Odd flashes of real brilliance (hip, integrated South Africans Johnny Clegg and Savuka; rare oldies such as *Dry Bones* and Etta James's potent *At Last*, plus Rob Wasserman's duet with the incomparable Aaron Neville on *Stardust*) are juxtaposed with the slightly ridiculous (a couple of guys from Deep Purple doing a ballad and the unfunky Belle Stars stumbling through *Iko Iko*). Down a notch as a film but up a point as an album is *The Color of Money* (MCA), a tasteful blend of new material by Don Henley, Mark Knopfler and Eric Clapton, plus fine stuff from Willie Dixon and B. B. King. Finally, there's *Cocktail* (Elektra), easily Cruise's worst film but best sound track. Forget the two number-one singles (Bobby McFerrin's *Don't Worry, Be Happy* and the Beach Boys' *Kokomo*). Just check out the rest: John Cougar Mellencamp recalling a Cajun Buddy Holly as he romps through the latter's *Rave On*; the Georgia Satellites tearing up the classic *Hippy Hippy Shake*; the Fabulous Thunderbirds rocking hard on *Powerful Stuff*; and Ry Cooder doing a deliciously funky take on Elvis' *All Shook Up*—with Little Richard's original *Tutti Frutti* thrown in for ballast. Program your CD player accordingly.

DAVE MARSH

No sooner had Bob Dylan made his best music of the past decade or two with the Traveling Wilburys than he released *Dylan & the Dead* (Columbia), a live album that ranks at the bottom of his work. The album contains seven songs, including the execrable *Joey*, two of his interminable Christian harangues and an *I Want You* in which he forgets the last verse. The Dead are at least consistent; they remain the worst band in creation.

You want a great live album? Try the Country Music Foundation's reissue of *Buck Owens and the Buckaroos Live at Carnegie Hall*, from 1966. Not only are the Buckaroos a far greater rock band than the Dead, they prove it here with one of their lost masterpieces, the Beatles parody on *Twist and Shout*, as well as outstanding versions of all manner of Owens classics. It's available from the C.M.F. at Four Music Square East, Nashville, Tennessee 37203.

But why settle for a parody? There's



Sound tracks: the Cruise factor.

Gems from the movies, the Beatles and the Replacements.

great new Beatles music out there on a bootleg CD called *Back-Track*, which includes 27 tracks, ranging from outtakes of *I Saw Her Standing There* and *Strawberry Fields Forever* to previously unreleased masterpieces such as the original *The One After 909* and Little Willie John's *Leave My Kitten Alone*. The sound quality is superb, the playing is great and revealing. Calling *Back-Track* great barely begins to do it justice; this may be the best new music of 1989.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

A wondrous marriage of pop, New Age, folk and classical sensibilities, Enya's *Watermark* (Geffen) combines gorgeous melodies reminiscent of Carl Orff with the gently insistent beat of trance. A veteran of the Irish folk group Clannad, Enya sings shimmering soprano in Latin, Gaelic and English—don't worry about the translations; the mood is what counts. That mood is mostly pensive, more surreal than specific, a haunting by loss and distance. About half the songs make me want to explore faraway places, and the other half remind me of the ancient, anonymous poets who seemed to be writing in the middle of winter about three months after the vikings trashed their huts and stole the pigs. What's it all about, Alfie? No one has asked the question more beautifully.

No one has asked that question more wrathfully than Lou Reed, whose expanding political concerns are everywhere in

evidence on *New York* (Sire). He hates what has happened to his home town at the hands of the demagogues, greedheads and thugs who run it, and he hates his own lack of power to do much for those who have been crushed by the system. Can anyone with a heart to feel and eyes to see disagree? No. Is it listenable? Yes. The feel is similar to that of Mark Knopfler or Bob Dylan. My one quibble is his knocking Jesse Jackson for anti-Semitism. Jackson has apologized a hundred times for his "Hymietown" remark. Let him who has never said anything stupid in a moment of pique cast the first stone. Lou Reed ain't that him.

NELSON GEORGE

One of 1987's biggest disappointments was Simply Red's *Men and Women*. Unlike its moody, dark, soul-stirring predecessor, 1986's *Picture Book*, *Men and Women* was shiny, slick and unsatisfying. This year's

GUEST SHOT



GUITAR gourmets have swooned over Robben Ford's blues and jazz licks since the mid-Seventies and have made no exception for his latest LP, *Talk to Your Daughter*. This month, Ford checks out some new rock and roll on *Calm Animals*, the latest from the Fixx.

"I really enjoyed the Fixx's earlier *Reach the Beach*. This new one shares a lot of the same elements—imagination, a Kinklike English sound, great grooves, unique lead singing and guitar playing that I really respect, with unusual chord voicings and a great propulsive energy. But *Calm Animals* isn't quite as strong as *Reach the Beach*. The lyrics can be a bit wordy, and it's a little less direct musically. I guess it does sound more contemporary, however, and I can't blame them for that."

model, *A New Flame* (Elektra), returns Stewart Levine, producer of the debut album, to the board and recaptures the fire that made Simply Red a most promising integrated English soul band. *It's Only Love*, an obscure Barry White B side, is

Now your underarms can be where your head is at.



*On days when exercise is lifting an umbrella drink, bask in crisp, natural Island Breeze.
When you feel more athletically inclined, head off with virile, earthy Classic Sport Scent.
You'll find both new scents in a range of Old Spice Deodorants and Antiperspirants.*



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

FAST TRACKS

R

OCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Ashford & Simpson <i>Love or Physical</i>	5	6	7	6	6
Bob Dylan & the Grateful Dead <i>Dylan & the Dead</i>	1	6	5	2	4
Lou Reed <i>New York</i>	8	8	8	8	8
The Replacements <i>Don't Tell a Soul</i>	7	6	8	7	5
Simply Red <i>A New Flame</i>	3	5	7	5	5

HE'S GOT HIS MOJO WORKING DEPARTMENT: Can't we cut Elvis some slack? Guitarist **Mojo Nixon** has a new tune, *619-239-KING*. It's an actual phone number Nixon has set up as the Is Elvis Alive? hotline. Says Mojo, callers can leave a message about "the Elvis vibration that's sweeping the nation."

REELING AND ROCKING: The *Eddie and the Cruisers* sequel, *Eddie and the Cruisers II: Eddie Lives*, is on hold, waiting for actor **Michael Paré** to re-create his role. . . . **Dick St. John**, who in the Sixties was one half of **Dick and DeeDee**, has written a screenplay about the early days of rock called *Before the Beatles*. . . . Producer-director **Taylor Hackford** will bring the **Roy Charles** story to the big screen. . . . If they can get **Patrick Swayze** and **Jennifer Grey**, producers for the movie *Dirty Dancing II* will start shooting this fall. . . . *Riders on the Storm*, the film bio of the **Doors'** **Jim Morrison**, will finally begin production this year.

NEWSBREAKS: Musicians have started to raise big money for AIDS. **Huey Lewis** and the **Grateful Dead** will headline an Oakland, California, concert, and Rock and a Hard Place, the concert slated for June at Radio City Music Hall, will be headlined by **Guns n' Roses**. . . . The Delta Blues Museum is selling Highway 61 pins and, for the really hip, it's also selling Highway 49 pins. Get both and you have the famous *Crossroads* of bluesman **Robert Johnson**. They go for ten dollars each from the Delta Blues Museum, 114 Delta Avenue, P.O. Box 280, Clarksdale, Mississippi 38614. . . . **Miami Sound Machine** is back in the studio recording for a summer release. They expect to tour again in the fall. . . . **Maxie Watts**, the mayor of Wink, Texas, **Roy Orbison's** home town, is planning to erect a monument to the singer if his fans chip in. If you want to chip

in, send donations to The Roy Orbison Memorial Monument Fund, Wink Chamber of Commerce, Box 397, Wink, Texas 79789. . . . Fellow ex-Velvet **Undergrounders** **Lou Reed** and **John Cale** are working on a performance piece dedicated to **Andy Warhol** and plan to put it on stage at the Brooklyn Academy of Music this year. . . . **Todd Rundgren's** theatrical debut, *Up Against It*, will open at New York's Public Theater in August. Rundgren wrote the music and lyrics. . . . **Aretha Franklin** is writing her autobiography. . . . The **Jefferson Airplane** reunion album and tour are a definite go. No word yet on whether **Marty Balin** will participate. . . . A copy of **Bob Dylan's** novel *Tarantula* is being offered for sale by a London bookseller for \$15,000, not because it's great prose. The book belonged to **John Lennon** and is inscribed, TO JOHN AND YO-YO. LOVE, BOB. . . . A rock-and-roll fantasy camp that will provide would-be rock stars with everything but the groupies is being organized in San Francisco. **Gilbert Klein**, a San Francisco club owner, came up with the idea after hearing about baseball fantasy camp. Klein is putting together a panel of professional musicians to listen to audition tapes and pick 25 musicians, who will be divided into five bands and spend a week writing, rehearsing and recording demo tapes under the supervision of music-industry professionals. Camp will close with a concert at the Fillmore. Tapes can be sent to Rock 'N Roll Fantasy Camp, P.O. Box 460159, San Francisco 94146-0159. If you're accepted, camp will cost \$3500 for lodging, breakfast and all events. . . . Finally, the U.S. Copyright Office is seriously thinking about allowing aerobic dance exercises to be copyrighted. No bending without a lawyer!

—BARBARA NELLIS

given a driving, crisp interpretation. Not as successful is a cover of the Harold Melvin & the BlueNotes classic *If You Don't Know Me by Now*, on which lead singer Mick Hucknall attempts to go groan to groan with ex-BlueNote Teddy Pendergrass and comes up a loser. The highlight is *Enough*, by Hucknall and Crusaders keyboardist Joe Sample. *A New Flame* isn't a triumph, but it does confirm that Simply Red isn't a one-note wonder.

Underexposed (Capitol) is an apt title for Paul Laurence's second album. This gifted writer-producer has spent most of the Eighties writing hits for Freddie Jackson, Stephanie Mills and other pop-soul luminaries. His previous solo album, *Haven't You Heard*, was an uneasy blend of the soft soul he'd penned for Jackson, plus Prince-influenced funk. On *Underexposed*, Laurence leans more on the funk, blending Prince, Sly and hip-hop. On such songs as *Make My Baby Happy*, *Cut the Crap* and the rap parody *I'm a Business Man (Kick It Too)*, Laurence gets funky in a most creative manner.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Paul Westerberg is getting kind of old for an *enfant terrible*, so I'm sure that the Replacements' leading light is responding to an inner urge rather than Sire Records' siren call. But with its maturing tempos and hooky guitar-chime echoes, *Don't Tell a Soul*, the Replacements' third album for Sire, sounds like the commercial compromise their cult began claiming in 1985. Westerberg's gifts are undiminished—he's pithy, tuneful, raucous, sincere. But although he proved long ago that the longing for wisdom is a winsome thing, achieving it is harder. Back when he wrote songs called *Fuck School* and *Tommy Gets His Tonsils Out* and *Kiss Me on the Bus*, Westerberg and his careening band made adolescent angst not just intelligible but compelling. Summing up his ruefully jaundiced world view in *We'll Inherit the Earth* and *Asking Me Lies* or his feelings on *Achin' to Be* and *Darlin' One*, he's just pithy, tuneful, raucous and sincere. Which is plenty, and not enough.

In age and class, Long Island's De La Soul is like the young Replacements. But the same pop cuteness and accessibility that represent a retreat for the white hardcore veterans signify an audacious eccentricity in the black rappers. **3 Feet High and Rising** (Tommy Boy) is radically unlike any rap album you or anybody else has ever heard. With its 24 cuts crammed into 67 minutes, it's playful, arch, often obscure, sometimes self-indulgent. Yes, they write songs about their "jimmies"—there's even a heavy-breathing interlude called *De La Orgee*. But they're also fascinated by childhood and by high school. *Treading Water* features a squirrel, a fish and a crocodile; *Transmitting Live from Mars* samples a French lesson. De La Soul's totem is the daisy. You can dance to them.

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By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

WHAT CAN YOU reasonably hope for in life? "Not too damn much," draws Scott Glenn, playing a carnival roustabout, pretty much summing up the philosophy and psychology of *Miss Firecracker* (Corsair). Director Thomas Schlamme's cheeky film version of the off-Broadway hit play *The Miss Firecracker Contest*, by Beth (Crimes of the Heart) Henley, is a human comedy with heart, high spirits and another flashy performance by Holly Hunter, a 1988 Oscar nominee for *Broadcast News*. In the role she originated on stage, Hunter plays Carnelle Scott, a do-or-die beauty contestant with touched-up red hair and a reputation as "Miss Hot Tamale," one of the easiest gals in Yazoo City, Mississippi. Carnelle is one of those valiant losers who are heroines to author Henley. Her role model is her cousin Elaine, a faded Miss Firecracker of 1972, played with fine, giddy desperation by Mary Steenburgen. Tim Robbins plays another cousin, recently sprung from a mental hospital, who finds himself attracted to a cuddlesome black seamstress known as Popeye (Alfre Woodard). All too often, the line between character and caricature is so dim that *Miss Firecracker* could be mistaken for a Tennessee Williams parody. But in its strongest scenes, Henley's unabashed affection for these Southern-fried scamps becomes contagious. **★★**

Body English is spoken eloquently by Aidan Quinn in *Crusoe* (Island), director Caleb Deschanel's scenic revisionist remake of the Daniel Defoe classic. Liberties are taken in the screenplay by Walon Green, which omits Robinson Crusoe's man Friday but does give him another native companion, a warrior played with savage intensity by England's Ade Sapara. The shipwrecked hero here is a Virginia slave trader who learns something about his own limitations and his own humanity before he spies a billowing sail on the horizon. Filmed in the Seychelles Islands off the east coast of Africa, Deschanel's leisurely adventure tale is breath-taking visually but no real challenge to the *Robinson Crusoe* starring Dan O'Herlihy (whose effort earned a 1954 Best Actor Oscar nomination), made by Spain's past master of cinema Luis Buñuel. That's a tough act to follow. **★★½**

The title character in writer-director Patrick Duncan's *84 Charlie MoPic* (New Century/Vista) is a U.S. Army cameraman accompanying six GIs on a reconnaissance mission in Vietnam. MoPic (played by Byron Thames) is scarcely seen, though his point of view becomes ours, with his buddies confiding in him or cursing him to turn that thing off as they fight, cry, bleed and die right in front of his lens. Using the



Miss Firecracker: bows by Holly.

Best of mixed bag this month: a hit play on screen, another trip to Vietnam.

camera eye as a character is a risky choice, easily undone by self-conscious gimmickry. "I wanted to make the most intimate war film that could possibly be made," says Duncan, himself a Vietnam veteran. He may be a tad late, yet he and his performers squeakily beat the odds with a modest antiwar movie that is unique, immediate and as gut-grindingly real as an open wound. **★★**

Feudin' and fussin' take up a lot of screen time in *The Winter People* (Columbia), a homespun Romeo and Juliet saga set in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina. Kurt Russell and Kelly McGillis play the star-crossed couple; he's an outsider, she's a spirited unwed mother whose child was sired by a brute (Jeffrey Meek) from the Campbell clan, her family's blood foes. You may watch *Winter People* wondering why anyone thought this rugged, melodramatic backwoods romance would attract audiences in the late Eighties. The co-stars are foursquarely appealing, even so, with nice work by Lloyd Bridges as McGillis' father and Mitch Ryan as the dour Campbell chieftain. Ted Kotcheff directed from Carol Sobieski's adaptation of a novel by John Ehle, which I do not intend to read. But if you relish roaring country matters, hitch on. **★★**

Lucy is played for laughs by *The Dream Team* (Universal), which consists of four asylum inmates at large in New York after their doctor (Dennis Boutsikaris) vanishes while taking them to a ball game. Michael

Keaton, Christopher Lloyd, Peter Boyle and Stephen Furst are the peerless quartet of kooks who begin to get a grip on reality when circumstances force them to function as amateur commandos. Keaton leads the pack with the somewhat grudging help of a young waitress/actress, deftly played by Lorraine Bracco (see "Off Camera"), who loved him before he flipped out. Their common goal is to keep the shrink from being rubbed out in the hospital by some baaad cops whom he may identify as killers. From a screenplay by Jon Connolly and David Loucka that just misses being insulting about mental illness, director Howard Zieff manages to make Manhattan's supposedly normal police, psychiatrists, advertising men and sundry hot-shots look amusingly and certifiably nuts. **★★★**

Win or lose, *Let's Get Lost* (Zeitgeist) stands tall among 1989 Oscar nominees for Best Documentary Feature. Using stills and vintage film clips, combined with compelling footage by producer-director Bruce Weber (better known as a world-class still photographer), the film is a sad, vibrant memorial to jazzman Chet Baker. In 1988, when he died in a fall from his hotel-room window in Amsterdam, Baker was 58—a prematurely aged and wasted shadow of the Fifties golden boy he had been. Back then, he was the James Dean of jazz. His hot trumpet, husky vocals and go-to-hell good looks made him a legend so electric that Hollywood cooked up a bad movie about a musician much like him (1960's *All the Fine Young Cannibals*, with Robert Wagner on the horn). In words, music and interviews, *Let's Get Lost* sets the record straight but doesn't let hero worship dilute this revealing Weber portrait of a manipulative but endearing genius hooked on drugs, drink and, as one old-timer recalls, "other guys' women." Jazz singer Ruth Young flatly describes her years with Baker as "like living with Picasso." Under his spell, you can almost believe it. **★★½**

One of the leading characters in *Cold Feet* (Avenue) is a stallion named Infidel who has had a cache of stolen jewels surgically implanted in his body. Singer-actor Tom Waits plays a gleeful psychopath; Sally Kirkland, one of his ditzzy, sexy partners in crime. A third crook, Keith Carradine, double-crosses his colleagues and rides off with the horse to a Montana ranch owned by his brother and sister-in-law (Bill Pullman and Kathleen York, both appealingly normal in very odd company). Waits' charmless tongue-in-cheek portrait of a born killer pretty well sums up the shortcomings of this black comedy, which has little wit or any other redeeming quality. **(continued on page 27)**

FIVE FANTASY PORTS OF CALL

Or, how I keep
my juices flowing
without ten
million bucks and
a megayacht...
well, almost.

by Doug Schryver
Publisher, BOATING Magazine

Ever since I've worked at BOATING Magazine, I've had the pleasure of going places I never dreamed existed, aboard boats of all descriptions. And while I have enjoyed seeing exotic things far from home, I have felt freer, more in charge of my destiny, in places right next door. That's why my fantasy ports of call are a mixture of the foreign and the familiar. Also, I want to let you in on the same secret I've been telling the readers of BOATING the past few years: The thrill of adventure is inversely proportional to the size of the boat.

FIVE FANTASY PORTS OF CALL

The Great Bank

For a "small-boat adventure", my first Fantasy Port is the Bahamas. Actually, there are thousands of ports in these islands and, in fact, thousands of islands. I have seen many, and I recommend one: the island of Bimini, Ernest Hemingway's special place. It is reachable by small boat from mainland Florida.

Back in Papa's day, Bimini was a tiny, scrubby chunk of coral and sand stuck out on the westernmost rim of the Great Bahama Bank. Because it is right on the lip, hard by the warm flush of the Gulf Stream, its longshore waters teem with billfish...marlin, sail, broadbill. In the off-season, the shoals of the Bank host huge schools of bluefin tuna that come in and graze like buffalo in the warm water. Hemingway and his crowd ran their boats out to Bimini once a year and stayed in small beach houses; they lived to fish from the island. At night, they drank rum at The Compleat Angler and argued or sang loudly in the street. They got involved with the local citizenry; they employed them, drank with them, and fought with them.

Bimini hasn't changed much. The Compleat Angler still stands, though the rooms aren't as grand as they once were. Today, you can stay at the Bimini Big Game Club, just a fishing station in Hemingway's time, but now a thriving modern resort. Chalk's Airline, the local seaplane service, and other carriers will deliver you from civilization, but know that the 20th century can still catch up with you via telephones, computers, and all kinds of other modern annoyances. Still, Bimini stands out there at the Edge. Marlin still swim in the deep blue offing; bonefish still scatter around the flats. You can get there by heading almost due east from Miami's Government Cut, and you can do it in a 25-footer. That's how I got there last year.

Islands North

"The Islands" are the chunks of rock that form the San Juan Archipelago, a stone's skip from mainland Washington. You can flop your boat on a trailer and ferry there,

or you can cruise on over like most Washingtonians do.

The prettiest of the San Juans is Orcas Island, at the chain's northern end. The two big lobes of rock forming the island create East Sound, the region's most spectacular harbor. At the harbor's head is the town of East Sound, a frontier-like village with a dash of New England's salt thrown in.

A tug of war on the water.
White walls of spray.
And my Johnson outboard.



It usually happens just before you pop out of the hole.

Your breath comes a little quicker, your eyes open a little wider, your whole body feels a little more alive. And you get that vision of your ski transforming a glass calm lake into plumes of white spray. Some people call it anticipation. Whatever it is, if it ever stops happening, being out there just won't be the same.

Nothing should spoil days like these. That's why at Johnson

Detroit Doesn't Know

There is another Michigan. It is north of Macatawa and Saugatuk, past St. Joe, along the sandy shores of Lake Michigan. As you run the curving shore on a summer morning, the lake is a flat, calm ice-sheen. Fishermen watch you lazily, one eye on their downriggers, feeling for the jiggle or

snap that means a big lake trout or silver king has jumped the bait 200 feet deep in the cold blackness.

As the sun climbs toward noon, you round the head at Northport and tuck into the small marina there. Northport is the westernmost port of call on the thumb of land that juts up from farm-country Michigan to form Grand Traverse Bay. It is a getaway spot for the harried and hard-

working of Grand Rapids and Detroit and Traverse City itself. Chicagoans fly there to weekend. If New Yorkers knew about Northport, there would be big trouble at Woody's Bar.

The haven of Woody's notwithstanding, Northport has a lot to recommend it: namely, its closeness to the bay's sights and sounds, its proximity to the big water just around the point (for sailors and those wishing to "conquer" the westward passage to Green Bay and beyond), and its nearness to magical Charlevoix.

Lake Charlevoix is a sinkhole in the soft glacial sand of upper Lake Michigan's eastern shoreline. Like Macatawa to the south, it is a narrow cut in from the Great Lake. Once in, however, you get a quaint town with all the comforts, including some not-bad pizza (when you're from New York, all pizza except John's on Bleeker is "not bad"). Farther up the lake, you find the boonies. Pines and low swamp country stretch away for miles and miles. It feels a lot like the great Canadian wastes. You can hear the loons at night and in the early mornings. And the mist comes in low at dawn, cradling the sun.

Conch Out

The original cheeseburger in paradise was served here. Just because Jimmy Buffet found it doesn't mean he found it first. Oh, no, Ernest Hemingway slept here, too. So did Tom McGuane. But so what. There are plenty of hotel rooms in Key West now.

But you're not staying in a hotel, are you? No, you're lucky. You've dropped anchor behind the coast guard station or across the channel from Mallory Square. Or maybe you found that little deep-water spot just shoreward of that flat rock to the west-southwest of town.

And, you've had a week of perfect weather, nothing unusual for the Keys. There's the dawn, which comes in all watery and filled with light so you can't tell the sky from the sea. Then the day gains definition and separation, land masses (if you can call them that) warming and baking and then broiling in the heat. On the larger

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 **Johnson**



FIVE FANTASY PORTS OF CALL

land masses, the new asphalt driveways of the condos get soft and mushy until the cool sea breeze of the afternoon hardens them up again. On the smaller chips of coral, pelicans sit motionless until the breeze brings them scents of the schools moving in offshore.

But Key West isn't the only place down here. Islamorada-Marathon and Largo are two of the other Keys that make up the chain. These are great places with nice, quiet nooks and crannies, all washed in purifying salt and left to dry in the air. And in the evening, as the sun crashes into the sea, you can almost hear it hiss and fizzle. Nothing is more gratifyingly final than day's end in the Florida Keys.

Al Fresco

Okay, so one place is actually exotic on this brief cook's tour. You fly to Paris and hang a right; or Rome and then a left. Either way, if you pass Portofino, you've missed it.

Actually, Portofino is only a part of it. You should also include Ste. Margherita and Rapallo. These three towns stretch along the eastern shore of the small peninsula that juts out into the Gulf of Tigullio about halfway between Genoa and La Spezia. Portofino, a gem of an ancient fishing village, sits on the point, about seven miles seaward of Rapallo, which is at the edge of the mainland. Ste. Margherita is right in between, cradled within the big bay formed by the crescent of the peninsula.

All along the shore the roads wander among the cypress trees, amid olive groves, between villas and farms and tiny villages. At the footings of granite lies the sea. The Mediterranean, dark as Homer's wine, fidgets at the skirt of land, tugging and prodding it to noise and sweet odor.

A small boat from modern Rapallo, a true Riviera resort town, makes Portofino in an hour or less of easy running. A big, fast express yacht of the type common to this coast makes it in minutes. Once inside Portofino's snug harbor, one look ashore takes you through the entire town. A broad stone terrazzo aprons the place, cafés spill out into the street, noisy flocks dancing, singing, shouting the rituals of summer. It is not hard to find pleasure in Portofino, but for ecstasy, try Ste. Margherita.

There, step ashore near the fishmarket docks or on the old stone quay that juts into the bay forming the artificial harbor. Walk along the fragrant streets and sit for a *caffè latte* at a waterfront bar. Dine at Ancora, up the back street opposite the old quay. Then go back to your boat and watch the town fall asleep under the brightest moon you have ever seen, as the sea of Ulysses breathes under you.



Northport is a favorite of both the sailing crowd and city-dwellers looking to make a getaway.

You will note that only in the last port of call will most of us need to charter a boat. This is easily done with a bit of planning and some guidance from your travel agent. In the Bahamas, charters are widely available, but the near islands are quite accessible with the right planning. Everywhere else is easy going for the competent small-boat skipper.

So, study hard. And keep your dreams alive. ■



Lake Charlevoix, a magical sinkhole in the soft glacial sand of upper Lake Michigan's eastern shoreline, boasts miles of swamp country, early morning mists and a quaint town with all the comforts.

Novelist Tom McGuane wrote it in collaboration with Jim Harrison, and Robert Dornhelm directed on and around McGuane's own Montana spread. Looks like actors on a dude-ranch holiday, everyone having a high old time. Unfortunately,



Bracco: model career.

OFF CAMERA

Lorraine Bracco, 34, is a striking exception to the rule that gorgeous models in movies usually become either leading ladies or living statues but rarely make it as respected character actresses. Bracco accomplished the switch with the same panache that got her started modeling as a teenager, when she showed up unannounced at Manhattan's ultrachic Wilhelmina Agency. "I had no portfolio, no experience. Wilhelmina eyed me and said, 'I don't know *what* you've got, kid, but you've got something.'" While working in Paris, she met actor Harvey Keitel. Before long, the two were married and she abandoned the world of *haute couture* for that of showbiz. A couple of bit roles led to a part in a David Rabe play at New York's Lincoln Center along with Keitel, Madonna and Sean Penn ("I was terrified . . . but whatever you may hear, they're both kind, giving people"). The play brought her to the attention of an agent, who got her screen-tested for her breakthrough role as Tom Berenger's betrayed wife in *Someone to Watch over Me*. Her Queens-housewife angst stole the movie, and Bracco was on her way. She has subsequently been cast as "a mugged music teacher" in *Sing*, as the addled former love of Michael Keaton in *The Dream Team* (see review), as Al Pacino's ex-wife in the upcoming *Sea of Love*—and has just finished "a little gem" of a role in a film by Italy's Lina Wertmüller. "I love being a chameleon, breaking the notions people have about former models who act. It's a real charge to see yourself on the cover of a fashion magazine, but films are a more soul-searching experience, something you've *lived*."

the party mood is seldom contagious, so catch *Feet* first on video, if at all. $\frac{1}{2}$

The plot of *Soursweet* (Skouras) now and then resembles a Chinese puzzle with one or two pieces missing. Otherwise, there's subtle but solid merit in British director Mike Newell's lively, exotic family saga about a young couple from Hong Kong trying to make ends meet in contemporary London. When Lili and Chen (played by Sylvia Chang, a forceful Taiwanese actress, and Danny Dun as her fairly wimpish lord and master) open a small restaurant in a trashy neighborhood, they almost succeed. What messes things up is Chen's involvement with drug-dealing thugs and gamblers from London's Oriental underworld. This plain-spoken slice of life combines ethnic color and melodrama in an unassumingly fresh format. $\frac{1}{2}$

An old-fashioned, sudsy brand of screen romance is played once more, with feeling, in *Echoes of Paradise* (Quartet). Australian actress Wendy Hughes, a delicate beauty in the Vivien Leigh mode, portrays a neglected homebody who travels abroad to find herself and forget the pain and humiliation of her husband's habitual philandering. On a visit to an exotic island off the coast of Thailand, she is seduced first by the lushly photogenic scenery, then by a handsome young Balinese dancer (John Lone, memorable in *The Last Emperor*). *Echoes* has all the earmarks of paperback fiction illustrated with swaying palms, a full moon and adulterous embraces. Director Phillip Noyce, however, exercises such taste and restraint that the screen-play's clichés begin to look semiclassic. $\frac{1}{2}$

Three sex-starved extraterrestrials, their spaceship submerged in a Los Angeles swimming pool, become the house guests of Geena Davis in *Earth Girls Are Easy* (Vestron). Before they can make out, the visitors—vaguely resembling vegetables in primary colors—require make-overs at a nearby beauty salon. Jeff Goldblum (Davis' real-life husband since they co-starred in *The Fly*) plays a spaceman named Mac in this trendy, glitzy screwball comedy that is inconsistent but easy to take. "You guys are so lucky you landed in the *Valley*!" chortles one enchanted earth girl. Get the picture? England's Julien Temple directed it with knowing nonchalance. $\frac{1}{2}$

Nicole Kidman, who looks as if she could be perfectly cast as Sigourney Weaver's kid sister, is a young Australian actress with obvious star potential. Except for her emphatic screen presence, *Dead Calm* (Warner) goes nowhere fast. Co-starring with Sam Neill in this Australian-made shocker, Nicole is abducted, beaten, terrorized and ravished by a mad, mad hijacker (Billy Zane) who dupes her husband (Neill) into leaving his moody young wife unprotected aboard their yacht at sea. You may get seasick. $\frac{1}{2}$

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Adventures of Baron Munchausen (Reviewed 4/89) A cockeyed wonder, by Terry Gilliam. $\frac{1}{2}$

Bert Rigby, You're a Fool (5/89) Small-scale musical with a big-time performance by Britain's dandy Robert Lindsay. $\frac{1}{2}$

Chances Are (5/89) Cybill scores as a widow courted by her late husband, reincarnated as Robert Downey, Jr. $\frac{1}{2}$

Cold Feet (See review) Game cast of clowns, but *rigor mortis* has set in. $\frac{1}{2}$

Crusoe (See review) Shipwrecked again, with Aidan Quinn as Robinson. $\frac{1}{2}$

Dead Calm (See review) Film flotsam. $\frac{1}{2}$

The Dream Team (See review) Screw-loose fugitives take Manhattan. $\frac{1}{2}$

Earth Girls Are Easy (See review) At least for sexy spacemen in L.A. $\frac{1}{2}$

Echoes of Paradise (See review) Many-splendored idyl for a mad housewife. $\frac{1}{2}$

84 Charlie MoPic (See review) Vietnam in close-up, and you are *there*. $\frac{1}{2}$

Farewell to the King (4/89) Nolte dons a sarong to rule restless natives. $\frac{1}{2}$

For Queen and Country (4/89) After the Falklands war, Denzel Washington gets a cold welcome back to England. $\frac{1}{2}$

High Hopes (4/89) True Brit social satire with a fine cutting edge. $\frac{1}{2}$

Jacknife (5/89) De Niro loses his post-'Nam GI blues with Kathy Baker. $\frac{1}{2}$

Lawrence of Arabia (5/89) Awesome desert spectacle starring Peter O'Toole: a masterly all-time classic. $\frac{1}{2}$

Lean on Me (5/89) Educating hard cases, Morgan Freeman earns stardom. $\frac{1}{2}$

Let's Get Lost (See review) Haunting film bio of a man with a horn. $\frac{1}{2}$

Little Vera (5/89) Youthful angst in the U.S.S.R., starring our May cover girl, Natalya Negoda, as a sexy rebel. $\frac{1}{2}$

Miss Firecracker (See review) A beauty pageant deep in the heart of Dixie. $\frac{1}{2}$

New York Stories (Listed only) A trio of comedies by Scorsese, Coppola and Allen. Mediocre but for Woody's *Oedipus Wrecks*, a wildly funny take on motherhood. $\frac{1}{2}$

Scandal (5/89) Party girls and randy big-wigs knock 1963 Britain on its ear. $\frac{1}{2}$

See You in the Morning (4/89) Jeff Bridges and Alice Krige romancing the second time around, blandly. $\frac{1}{2}$

Slaves of New York (Listed 5/89) Bits and pieces of Tama Janowitz' already-patchy novel, with Bernadette Peters gamely striving to make it work. $\frac{1}{2}$

Soursweet (See review) Cooking up trouble for London's Chinese. $\frac{1}{2}$

The Winter People (See review) Mountain mating rituals in cold blood. $\frac{1}{2}$

$\frac{1}{2}$ Outstanding

$\frac{1}{2}$ Don't miss

$\frac{1}{2}$ Worth a look

$\frac{1}{2}$ Good show

$\frac{1}{2}$ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT



As he does in his stand-up act, comedian Louie Anderson feeds his VCRs ("I have four of them—one for each TV") a balanced diet of both the silly and the significant. "I like

movies that deal with reality—that make you look deep inside yourself. Like *Dominick and Eugene*—that's about real feelings, real people; and *Big* is great because it combines the horrors of being an adult with the dreams of being a child. *Being There* is a summation of how simple and difficult life is, and *Blue Velvet* is extraordinary—the sort of movie I might watch with someone else, but not with Dennis Hopper." For lighter viewing, Anderson chooses early John Hughes—*Sixteen Candles*, *The Breakfast Club*—"and, of course, I love *Casablanca*," he adds. "You can watch that alone or with a thousand people and still feel the same way each time."

—LAURA FISSINGER

VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

Bronco Billy: In this 1980 comedy, Clint Eastwood mocks his image and stretches his talents as a cowboy headliner who runs a hokey wild West show.

The Diary of a Chambermaid: Subtitled

French erotica, vintage 1964, from Spanish master Luis Buñuel. Still pretty heady stuff, with superstar Jeanne Moreau at her peak as a servant enamored of a sex killer.

Prick Up Your Ears: Gary Oldman is hypnotic as the late British playwright Joe Orton, who was boy-crazy, Morocco-bound and murdered by his jealous lover. A 1 bitchery by Vanessa Redgrave as Orton's wry agent.

Runaway Train: Japan's Akira Kurosawa wrote it. Jon Voight and Eric Roberts co-star as a pair of crazed convicts on the rails, with comely Rebecca DeMornay along for the hair-raising ride. Hold tight.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIDEO FIX-ITS

Listen up, guys. You don't have to pump up your biceps or perfect your backhand to impress the woman in your life. Instead, fix her leaky faucet, build her some bookshelves, tune her car—these are the manly arts about which she'll brag to her friends. Here are a few fix-it videos to help you hammer your way into her heart.

Get the Basics (Morris): Be your own auto mechanic. This car-care video covers everything from flat tires to oil changes and jump starts. Get your hands dirty—remember, grease monkeys finish first.

Home Repair (Random House): When things go wrong at home—and they always do—you are there. The tape comes with a manual and guides you through basic plumbing and electrical repairs and also teaches you how to replace a broken window (especially helpful if you were the one who broke it).

This Old House (Crown): Now that you've repaired your house, it's time to improve it. Learn from PBS' Bob Vila how to tackle big and small restoration projects, such as installing track lighting, insulating the attic or cleaning the chimney.

Other fix-it best bets: **Installing a Lockset** (from selecting the best one to chiseling out the door; You-Can-Do-It) and **Build Your Own: Computer Desk** (a must for the Yuppie carpenter; Morris). By the way, it won't hurt to get your woman a pair of overalls and put her to work. Beats waiting around for a repairman.

—PHYLLIS HALLIDAY

SHORT TAKES

Best Video Sedative: *About Jerry Falwell*; **Second-Best Video Sedative:** *In Conversation with Joan Collins*; **Most Redundant Video Title:** *Fundamentalist Jokes*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *Kosher Labels on Foods*; **Grossest Parenting Video Title:** *How to Give Baby*; **Worst Video Tax Guide:** *Reverend Moon & Tax Exemptions*; **Favorite Video Onomatopoeia:** *Boom! Bang! Whap! Doink!*; *John Madden on Football*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Violin Bow Rehairing*.

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Talk to Me: "Your Interactive Home Video Psychiatrist": Yep, a 30-minute shrink session for only ten bucks. Stars avuncular *Laugh-In* vet Jack Hanrahan, who elicits your heart-to-TV confessions with such responses as "How long have you felt this way?" "Don't hold back" and, everyone's favorite, "Um-hmm" (Horizon Entertainment).

The Ultimate Pipe Video: Everything you never knew you needed to know about pipes. This tape, which includes interviews with pipe makers and tips on smoking, cleaning and collecting, runs 60 minutes—or, as they say, one and a half bowlfuls. Fun for Father's Day. (Available at your local tobacco shop, or call Richard Hacker Corporate Marketing, 818-783-2477.)

THE HARDWARE CORNER

Hot Hitachi: Driving to Grandma's but don't want to miss the big game? Hitachi is rolling out a five-inch LCD TV made exclusively for your car. It has a scanning tuner with a 20-watt-per-channel stereo audio amp, A/V inputs and a nifty computer-controlled antenna system that keeps your picture picture-perfect. . . . Meanwhile, if you're tired of trying to make sense out of VCR manuals, check out Hitachi's VT-3044. It has a feature called Intelescan, a built-in on-screen manual for directions and trouble shooting that you can access straight from your remote control—assuming you know how to work that.

VIDEO MOOD METER

a guide to how we really choose what to watch

MOOD	MOVIE
WANT TO LAUGH	Midnight Run (Robert De Niro as bounty hunter, Charles Grodin as his scene-stealing prey; achingly funny); Moon over Parador (Dreyfuss impersonates Latin-American dictator; hammy and wry); Married to the Mob (madcap Mafia spaaf— <i>The Godfather</i> was never like this).
FEELING JAZZY	Spontaneous Inventions (dazzling performance from one-man jazz band Bobby McFerrin); All-Star Swing Festival (live from Lincoln Center with Ella, the Duke, Basie, Gillespie and the gang); All That Jazz (Bob Fosse's bitter, brilliant regards to Broadway; slick and sassy).
WANT SOME ACTION	Jewels of the Triple Crown (vid tribute to the 11 steeds that pulled off horse racing's hot trick); Live and Drive the Indy 500 (high-speed highlights; you sit behind the wheel); Force 10, Sail the Gorge (50-knot windsurfing action from the Columbia River Gorge).
FEELING OLD	George Burns: His Wit and Wisdom (a day in the life of the world's hippest nonagenarian, including live on-stage footage); Grampa's Monster Movies (classic fright-film trailers hosted by Al Lewis, a.k.a. Grampa Munster); Cocon (senior citizens meet pod people).

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By DIGBY DIEHL

SHOWBIZ BIOGRAPHY is traditionally a disgusting form of literary necrophagia. What puts two new biographies a cut above the grave robbers is that they concentrate on the work (as opposed to the "intimate, personal lives") of two extraordinary men.

Orson Welles has been called a genius so often it seems like his middle name. But Frank Brady's *Citizen Welles* (Scribner's) is the first book in the huge Welles bibliography to thoroughly document that claim. Brady begins with Welles's childhood theatrical feats as a prodigy at the Todd School in Illinois, he chronicles in detail the triumphs as both actor and director in hundreds of radio, stage and motion-picture productions and he continues unflinchingly through the pathetic later years of guest shots, voice-overs, commercials and long lunches at Ma Maison.

Stripped of gossip and explorations of his vast, fascinating psyche, Welles and his remarkably prolific career are awe-inspiring. Brady reminds us that even without the films, Welles would be remembered for his innovative Mercury Theater productions. Brady's well-researched descriptions of the planning and execution of masterpieces such as *The Magnificent Ambersons*, *The Lady from Shanghai* and *Mr. Arkadin* inspire new appreciation for the director's careful artistry. Most significantly, however, in fewer than 100 pages, Brady provides a comprehensive—perhaps definitive—account of the making of *Citizen Kane*.

Despite this testimony to Welles's creative contributions, at the end of this book, Brady is forced to confront the inevitable haunting question: "What happened to all that youthful promise?" He answers: "Since he seemed to start at the top, or at least arrive there with early and startling speed, Orson's problem was that whenever he accomplished anything later in his career that was less than overwhelmingly magnificent, he was said to be slipping."

Another figure who often loomed bigger than life (sometimes more than 300 pounds) both on stage and off has been captured in *Zero Mostel* (Atheneum), by Jared Brown. Like Brady, Brown never met his subject. Samuel Joel Mostel began as a painter who was sustained by the WPA, became a night-club comic and had established himself as a successful comedian and character actor before being accused of Communist sympathies by the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1952. Brown details Mostel's tragic black-listing that derailed the actor's personal and professional life; he was virtually forgotten until Burgess Meredith bravely cast him in a 1958 off-Broadway production of *Ulysses in Nighttown*.

With dramatic effect, Brown recounts how Mostel overcame both the blacklist



No biz like showbiz bios.

Welles, Mostel
loom larger than life
in two new biographies.

and a devastating accident to return to Broadway and Hollywood—and triumph. He won Tony awards in 1961 (*Rhinoceros*), 1963 (*A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*) and 1965 (for his long-running performance as Tevye in *Fiddler on the Roof*) and starred with Gene Wilder in *The Producers*. Brown's biography rekindles our enthusiasm for this complex and immensely talented theatrical rhinoceros.

Two novels of ethnic experience look like contenders for the best fiction of 1989. Alice Walker, who won the 1983 Pulitzer Prize for *The Color Purple*, returns with a multilayered love story that swirls through black history: *The Temple of My Familiar* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) is a book of contemplations and emotions. A lot happens in the minds of the six main characters, and in their minds, they travel far in time and distance. Miss Celie and Miss Shug from *Purple* make reappearances (don't miss "The Gospel According to Shug"), but this book is a far greater imaginative leap into the vast uncharted territories of the human heart.

Maxine Hong Kingston's two earlier nonfiction books—*The Woman Warrior* and *China Men*—gave us an intimate tour of Chinese-American life. Her first novel, *Tripmaster Monkey: His Fake Book* (Knopf), follows the adventures of Wittman Ah Sing—playwright, Chinese-American hip and picaresque hero—through San Francisco in the full blossom of the Sixties flower-power revolution. Like her earlier books, it has a wonderful verbal rhythm, a

Chinese "talk-story" momentum that propels us from one wild, funny episode to another. Like Walker, Kingston embraces a large chunk of her heritage, but it is done differently—with a lighthearted theatrical flair that reaches a knockout Chinese-fireworks climax. There was never any doubt that Kingston would eventually write fictional stories for us, and this one is well worth having waited for.

John Hersey, now 75, is a remarkable writer who has written some fine fiction (17 novels) and also some of the most forceful and affecting nonfiction of our time. In this new collection of profiles, *Life Sketches* (Knopf), he is impressive in his sweep of history, his empathetic wisdom and his unyielding journalistic eye. Creating precise portraits of people as diverse as John F. Kennedy, Lillian Hellman, Harry S. Truman, James Agee, Henry R. Luce and Sinclair Lewis, he demonstrates the kind of mastery that takes a long lifetime to achieve.

Two delightful tributes to the bottle grace our bartops this month. Barnaby Conrad III explores the cultural history of an infamous elixir in *Absinthe: History in a Bottle* (Chronicle). The only alcoholic beverage that has been outlawed virtually world-wide has a colorful, mythic past (most celebrated by French impressionists) that makes one yearn for that fatal first taste. Conrad's book is a classic, if only for recalling the marvelous line "Absinthe makes the tart grow fonder." Its companion volume is Christopher Finch's *Beer: A Connoisseur's Guide to the World's Best* (Abbeville), an extravagantly illustrated study of suds that will warm the heart of a serious beer drinker almost as much as a six-pack of Pilsner Urquell. As much as I admire Finch's diligent research (who else would have discovered the Victoria West Brewery, hidden in Spinnaker's Brew Pub in Victoria, British Columbia?), I urge him to rush to Juneau, Alaska, for some Chinook amber beer, so that he can include it among the best in his next edition.

BOOK BAG

My Life with the Pros (Dutton), by Bud Collins: Thirty-four years ago, no writer at the *Boston Herald* wanted to cover professional tennis, save the author of this memoir. Collins serves up an ace of a history about the sport that he helped make a household word.

The Munchkins Remember: The Wizard of Oz and Beyond (Dutton), by Stephen Cox: Meet the men and women who hold the perpetual citizenship papers of Munchkinland. A behind-the-scenes glimpse of the little people who made such a large contribution to the classic movie. Warning: If you still believe in Santa Claus, take a pass.





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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

I have an idea that the people who run singles ads in these give-away weeklies, which have names like Beach Gazette, Reflections and Folio, are not having much luck because none of them seem to be sports fans. I'm certainly not antifucking, but isn't there a place for Wimbledon, or a Yankee-Red Sox series, or a Notre Dame-USC game in their lives?

I submit the following suggestions for ads and wish everybody good hunting!

WRITE TO ME

Single white female, 35, seeks professional man, humorous, adventurous, high-principled, with a dick like an outside linebacker's. Box T417.

LAUGHTER LOVER

Fantastically funny white male, 32, requires friendship with delusional schizophrenic who follows Chicago Cubs and has body of goddess. I am very much into pain. Box L440.

SOCCER FAN

European-born white male seeks slim, attractive, honest, sensuous lady for romantic relationship leading to marriage. Prefer Hispanic or Arabic descent and must be familiar with World Cup history. Box H139.

NEED NYMPHET

Man born to life of crime desires fetching nymphet with poor memory and knowledge of six-point teasers in college football. Send photo. Box A998.

SEX SLAVE

Morally corrupt woman, 32, intelligent, career oriented, smoker, social drinker, seeks married man who is a gentleman in public, deviate in private. Must be fan of Dallas Cowboys. Box M763.

DIVORCED MALE

I am 62 years old, very wealthy, pleasant, outgoing and sensitive. My dream is to meet a nonprofessional female, preferably under 50, who enjoys dining out, good wine and buying football players for Notre Dame. No photo required. Box B688.

NEW TO AREA

White male just turned 40, but I look younger. I am physically fit, nonsmoker, nondrinker, nonreader, nontalker but vitally interested in making it with a woman



GETTING PERSONALS

instead of some rather beastly tennis pros whose names I won't mention. Box N130.

ATTRACTIVE BLONDE

Educated, romantic, sexy woman, 52, seeks handsome silver-haired gentleman to pamper and spoil, provided he is a three-handicapper from the back tees and has season tickets to Masters. Box M980.

FUTURE LOTTERY WINNER

I am not quite middle-aged, not quite divorced and not quite financially solvent, but I keep a hard-on throughout football season and most of basketball season and would like to share it with a fun-loving blonde under 30 who believes in the future. Preference given if your name is Melissa. Box C221.

NEW BEGINNER

Single white female with sparkling eyes, under 30, must meet this wonderful man who wants to provide home and family like the Waltons and enjoys the wonder of life's simple things. Take a chance on a dream. Take Auburn with six points over Alabama. Box D119.

FORGOTTEN LADY

Yes, I do exist. I am 29, blonde, trim, vivacious, a dancer, smoker, drinker, dope-head and collector's-edition nympho, but I am tired of sucking cock in the American

League West and wish to settle down to simple friendship and dating. Box E776.

COMPLETELY FREE

Single male who has undergone sex operation wishes relationship with normal human being. I am 36, unselfish, respectful, resourceful, affectionate, generous and willing to adjust to any situation. Very experienced, stemming from seven years on the ladies' golf tour. Both men and women are invited to respond. Box D888.

SAUCY AND JUICY

That's how I like 'em. That's what I'm all about. Grab hold of this 287-pound, 6'8" offensive lineman and take a little trip to heaven. Call weekdays between nine and six while my wife is at work, or during church on Sundays. Box T987.

HI, BIG BOY

Need a valve job? I am 43, single, blonde, trim, love the beach, and my tit job worked fine the third time around. I like stock cars, Formula 1, Indy, Daytona, Darlington, you name it. I have a valid passport and strongly favor abortion. No need to send photo—I play the cards that are dealt in this old world. Box F100.

BORED TO DEATH

Man, 28, reclusive, ill health, jobless, light eater, seeks companionship with woman willing to change TV channel from ESPN to any other sports event, except equestrian. Very tired, unable to move from sofa at present time. No sex involved. Box M446.

SPORTS CRAZY

My name is Loretta. I am 31 and in the prime of my life, and I am ready to put this town behind me. If that means going off and leaving my husband and three kids, so be it. Don't none of 'em know the difference between a curve ball and a slider. Write Baseball Bonnie, Box J881.

TALL IN SADDLE

Man 6'10", capable of reverse, hang-time, slam dunk, into recreational drugs, seeks companionship with all good-looking bitches under 21. Send photos. I ain't interested in no motherfucking grandmothers, you hear this shit? Box F101.



**Lesson number one
in the social graces:
Never be offensive.**



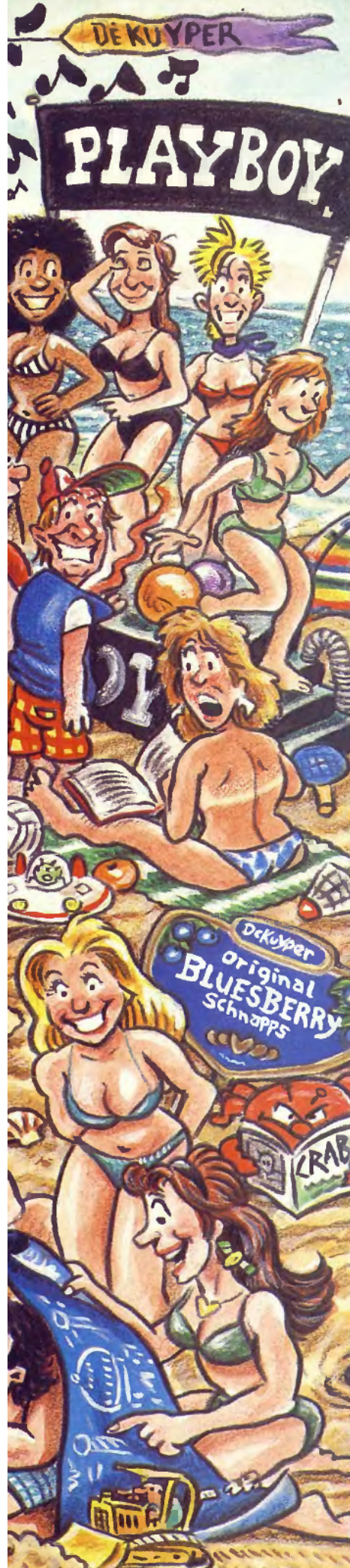
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Whether you want to play some serious volleyball, or just do some serious playing around, you'll find the good times pouring on and on.

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In the center of it all is the tournament itself. Entries are now being taken in men's and women's divisions. The action will be red hot. Cold cash and an all-expense paid trip to the finals in L.A. await the winners.*

So get your team together now. And drink in the fun.

San Diego, CA May 20-21
Scottsdale, AZ May 27-28
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Fort Walton Beach, FL June 10-11
Miami, FL June 17-18
Clearwater, FL June 23-24

Isle of Palms, SC July 1-2
Ocean City, MD July 15-16
W. Hampton, NY July 22-23
Salisbury, MA July 29-30
Jersey Shore, NJ Aug. 5-6
Grand Haven, MI Aug. 12-13

Chicago, IL Aug. 19-20
Boulder, CO Aug. 26-27
Los Angeles, CA Sept. 2-4

Proceeds benefit:
leukemia
society of america

Schedule subject to change. Entrants to be notified by mail.

REGISTRATION FORM

Entry fee is \$20.00 per team per tournament. You and your teammate must be at least 21 years of age and provide proof at the time of competition.

Make check payable to: Howard Marlboro Group. Send to: Pete Tarnapol, Howard Marlboro Group Sports Events and Licensing, 475 10th Avenue, New York, New York, 10018. Mail-in entry must be received 2 weeks prior to the date you wish to enter. You will be notified by mail as to specific time and location.

Entry is also accepted at 7:30 AM on Saturday of the tournament and at local sign-up parties. Call (212) 714-6706 for further information.



NAME _____ CIRCLE ONE: M F

TEAMMATE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Proceeds to benefit The Leukemia Society of America. All players required to sign eligibility, liability and player guideline releases at tournament site.

TWA



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*First prize winners must be eligible to participate in the National Championship weekend, September 2-4, 1989. If either partner is unable to attend, the team waives its right to the trip to Los Angeles and releases the sponsors from responsibility to provide any comparable trip, cash alternate, or any other prize at any time in the future. Subsequent winners will be offered the first prize trip.

CASH PRIZES: 1ST—\$500; 2ND—\$250; 3RD—\$100.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

Paul was a hell of a kid," Joseph Kinney says of his younger brother. "He was a fourth grader when I was in Vietnam. His school class adopted me and my fellow grunts. We were their heroes. They sent us letters and drawings and small gifts. I was thirteen thousand miles away from those kids, but every time I got a package from them, they reminded me that there was something left to live for."

Kinney looks like a dark-haired Huck Finn, and his biography is that of an all-American male. He was born in 1949 in Joplin, Missouri, and raised in Wichita, Kansas. He graduated from public high school in 1967 and immediately enlisted in the Marine Corps. In the fall of 1968, he was sent to Vietnam as an infantryman.

On the evening of July 9, 1969, Kinney was deployed on a night ambush. "I knew I was going to be wounded that night," he says. "We were near An Hoa. The N.V.A. turned the tables on us and we were ambushed. They hit us hard and we lost several men. I was hit in the right leg and the right chest cavity. I remember telling the corpsman I couldn't breathe.

"They finally got me out of there by medevac. When I was carried into the operating room, a priest asked me if I wanted the last rites. Then one of the corpsmen handed me a rock, told me to squeeze it as hard as I could, and they put in my chest tubes. That hurt like hell."

Like many Vietnam veterans, Joe Kinney came back from that war wounded in body and spirit, but he was also determined to create a good life for himself.

"I got very close to Paul again. He was like a son to me. We spent a lot of time together. And I set a goal for myself. I wanted to learn how that war happened. Vietnam was such a stupid mistake. I'm not talking about morals or ethics here. I'm talking about strategy and tactics. I wanted to find out how something that dumb could happen at the national level."

Kinney went to college, then to graduate school, ended up with a master's degree in public administration from Syracuse University. From there, he went to Washington, D.C., and held a series of jobs, first with the General Accounting Office, then as a Congressional aide. He was learning how national policy was made from the inside. He was also rebuilding his life.

On July 5, 1986, something happened. Paul Kinney was involved in an industrial accident. A scaffold collapsed under him while he was stringing fireworks for an In-



OUT OF THE ASHES

dependence Day celebration in Denver. He fell about 30 feet and was badly injured. It was almost 17 years to the day that Joseph had been hit in Vietnam.

"I remember how much I was shaking as I walked into the trauma center to find my brother," Kinney says. "The place reminded me of the hospital at Da Nang. I had a real flashback.

"Paul was on a life-support system. My dad kept saying that he was going to pull through because his color was good, but I knew it was over. I got my parents out of there, then I stayed with Paul and watched him die. It was July 7, 1986, 11:15 P.M. I lost a son and a brother at the same time.

"The next morning, I had my bags packed for Kansas, but first I wanted to go to the firehouse and thank the paramedics who had assisted at the accident. I talked to those guys and to the fire captain.

"I have this feeling that you're not telling me everything you know about the accident," I finally said.

"Your brother's death was a disaster waiting to happen," the captain said.

"It turned out that the fire captain had been a masonry contractor and had erected a lot of scaffolding. He started to list the hazards: The scaffold had not been plumbed and the support wire was fourteen gauge, which was too thin for the support it was supposed to give.

"At that moment, for me, my brother's accident turned into reckless homicide. I was determined to find out exactly what had happened and to push for better industrial protection for all workers. I had seen so many men die in vain, and I was not going to allow Paul's death to be a waste. People were telling me to settle down, that it was God's will, that death was a part of life, and I just wouldn't have any of it.

"I personally interviewed the head of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration in Washington and got the run-around for two hours. As I was leaving his office, I turned and said, 'I will spend at least thirty hours a week for the next ten years on the subject of industrial safety.' That statement came to me out of the blue, but I meant it."

Mean it he did. Kinney is now spending almost all of his time on this subject. With a few small grants and a lot of energy, he has founded the National Safe Workplace Institute in Chicago. He arm-wrestles with Government bureaucrats on a daily basis, trying to get information, challenging public assumptions about industrial safety, launching his own investigations. Among other things, he is currently examining the Deep Tunnel project in Chicago, a project that has taken the lives of ten men during an estimated 15,000,000 man-hours of labor (by comparison, the Washington, D.C., subway system has gone about 20,000,000 man-hours since its latest fatality).

"Right now," Kinney says, "the world is pretty much asleep on this issue of industrial safety. I find myself outraged sometimes when no one else seems to be. Between 1971 and 1987, 142,000 workers were killed in industrial accidents. Few, if any, employers have gone to jail for any related infractions. The cost in lives and dollars is tremendous. We've got to wake up and make the workplace safer."

In the last conversation Joseph had with Paul, they discussed the subject of fathering. Paul kidded his older brother about that. "Boy, I feel sorry for any kid you have," he joked. "He'll never have a chance." There was affection, laughter and unconditional love.

On January 14, 1987, Joseph Kinney and his wife, Andree, had a son.

They named him Paul-Claude.



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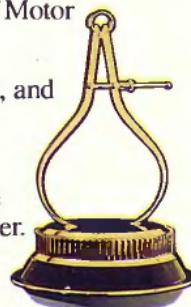
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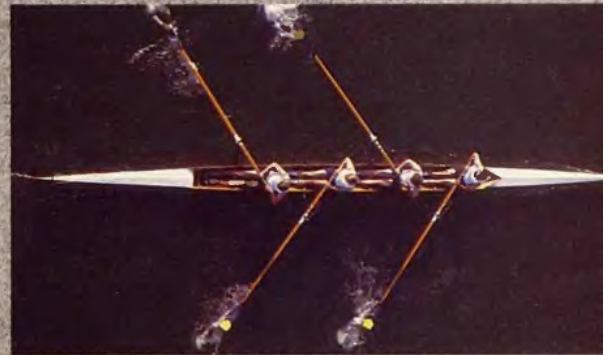


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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

There's something we have to talk about. I thought it was all settled years ago, 1975 maybe, when men and women were in the throes of ironing out their differences. Way before we figured out who opened the door for whom, who got to call whom for a date, whose orgasm was most important, I thought we'd already sorted out the money thing.

I was on the phone with this guy recently. This guy is so smart and successful; he is at the top of his profession, and his profession demands the utmost perception about human relationships. So you could have knocked me over with a bean sprout when he said, "I think when women went into business, men felt a great loss."

"Is this a joke?" I asked. "What's the punch line?"

"No, listen," he said urgently. "I don't think men will ever recover; it was really a blow."

"When you say business, do you mean like executive women, like Wall Street bankers and such, the ones who dress in suits and seem hard and cold and not what you'd consider feminine?"

"No," he said. "I mean all kinds of business."

"You mean women just generally working for a living? Like . . . me, even?"

"I shouldn't have brought this up. I don't mean anything."

"I want to know. Tell."

"Well," he said, "I think men want to care for women. Take care of them. It's very important to us. We deeply miss it."

"What do you miss, our subservience? Your being in control? I don't get it. What do you miss?"

"I don't know!" he wailed, and I felt my heart break into a million pieces.

Listen, I told him. It is my new policy to tell men things without anger, because anger begets anger; and this guy, well, this is a great guy who was telling me the truth I didn't want to hear.

"This breaks my heart," I said, "because the very thing that I need most, that I could never give up, that is most essential to my existence is the very thing that hurts you, that causes a deep and insurmountable rift between us. I need to take care of myself. I need to be financially independent."

"Oh, God, don't listen to me; what do I know?" he asked.

But he knows. I see it all over the place.

I see it in the faces of men when I'm standing at the bus stop at night. If a



TAKE A CAREER WOMAN, PLEASE

woman stands at the bus stop at night in Manhattan, she looks vulnerable and financially needy. I stand there and am amazed to notice the sharp interest men take. They don't leer. Their faces say, "I want to know you. Maybe you're the one for me." It's very weird. If I am instead hailing a cab, they don't even see me; I don't exist.

And I see it in the lives and the relationships of friends and acquaintances. Get a job, your husband hates you. Get a good job, your husband leaves you. Get a stupendous job, your husband leaves you for a teenager.

Oh, don't mutter. Maybe not you. Men are all different. Some men positively thrive and grow sleek on their women's success. But more and more, men's resentment and anger are rearing their ignoble heads. This is not exactly what I had in mind for 1989.

I vaguely understand how men feel. I get a small dose of it when I consider my kid. He's growing up and away from me, becoming independent, as he should. But, of course, I hate it. I hate losing him. I want the familial bond snug and undisturbed. Whenever I panic over this awful separation, a tiny voice in my brain says, "But, babe, you hold the purse strings—he's totally dependent." And my brain breathes a small, ugly sigh of relief. He has to stick by me.

Is it that men (not you, surely) are afraid of losing us? Afraid that we'll just pick ourselves up and run off when we start getting a regular pay check? Does it cause intense insecurity? That seems reasonable. We want to bind those we love to us by any means we can, fair or foul. And it can easily happen that a woman with financial independence will run off, for any number of good or bad reasons, so I understand such a man's feelings.

Nevertheless, I want to explain my own. It would be easier if you went to a video store and rented *His Girl Friday*. This movie is a total wit fest, pure entertainment; I've seen it at least 20 times. It concerns an ace reporter, Hildy, who wants a "normal" life, so she's quitting her job and marrying Ralph Bellamy. But somehow, just as she is leaving, she is embroiled in *one last story*. She can't help herself; the story, involving murder, is too good to resist. At a crucial moment, just when she must get on the train with her fiancé or forfeit all, Hildy sees the sheriff, who has essential information. She goes after him. He runs away. She runs after him and, with a giant leap, grabs him around the legs and tackles him.

Now, this is a great comedic moment; viewers piss themselves laughing. Not me. I burst into tears every time.

Do you see? She can't help herself, she has to do a good job! Even deeper than her need for normalcy, for marriage, is that wellspring of commitment to the work she loves. Instinct takes over and she runs like a gazelle.

All human beings, even women, have a deep need to perform their work with as much creativity and competence as they can muster. It fulfills us; we feel complete and satisfied. Work can be housekeeping and child rearing—convenient for all concerned. It can be selling junk bonds. Anything. (Listen, when I write what I consider a good joke, I feel the adrenaline rush from my toes to the top of my head.)

A human being who is deprived of her work, her destiny, becomes despondent. She ends up wearing her pajamas all day.

So when a woman goes to work, try not to take it personally. We do it not to hurt men, nor to take something from them. It's not about men at all. We do it because we have to.

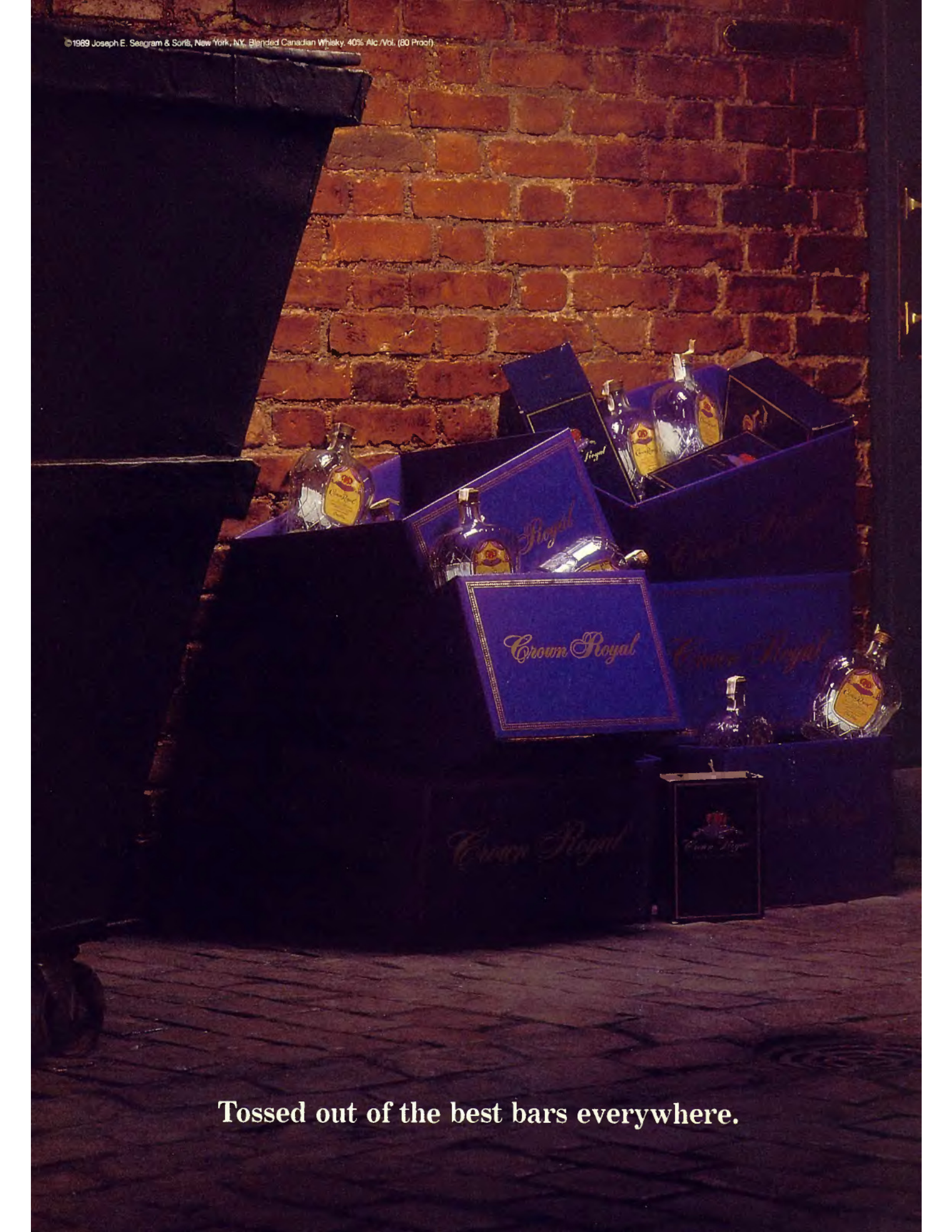


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BUGLE BOY MEN'S

A COMPLETE LINE OF CASUAL CLOTHING FOR MEN.



Tossed out of the best bars everywhere.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Where does one carry a condom so that he's prepared in case a too-good-to-pass-up opportunity presents itself? A wallet seems to be a poor storage place. So does a pocket in a pair of trousers. Keeping condoms in a vehicle's glove box would put them closer than the nearest drugstore but not as convenient as having them stashed somewhere on or near my person. I've been pleasantly surprised often enough on first dates that I'd like to have condoms available, without their being conspicuous in case nothing happens. Any suggestions of places to carry them? How about a combination business-card case and condom holder? Is there such a thing?—J. S., Hoffman Estates, Illinois.

We have seen school ties with little pockets on the back for condoms, jockey shorts with a little watch pocket for a condom and customized jewelry (condom earrings, condom watch fobs). Usually, these are sold as novelty items at sex shops. If you are looking for a tasteful carrying case, why not convert a cigarette case or old pocket watch? Or hollow out the heel of your shoe (a great way to smuggle condoms into prison, where they're needed). We know someone who carries condoms in the leather sheath where he used to carry a Buck knife, though it does tend to destroy the line of his tux. The obvious solution is to take your date back to your place for a nightcap. Or be gentlemanly enough to suggest safer forms of sex—a few hours of oral sex, touching each other or playing spin the vibrator. Not having a condom doesn't rule out sex, just intercourse.

My college roommate hooks his turntable and cassette deck to a small guitar amplifier. He argues that if you really want to reproduce the sound of a concert in your living room, you should use the same amps the guys in your favorite band use. Is he nuts?—E. F., New York, New York.

No, just brain dead. An artist puts a sound through his amp to produce sound A—with all the little quirks of distortion that life on the road, spilled beer and the occasional swift kick can create. The studio takes that signal and puts it on tape, so that when you play it back on your sound system, your speakers can reproduce sound A. If you put it back through the same amp, you are adding distortion to the original distortion. It may get your friend off, but it's not quite the sound the artist wants you to hear. Save the amp for live performances; trust your components for recorded ones.

A friend and I were talking about the mile-high club. She wants to make love to her boyfriend in his private plane. I said that I didn't think private planes counted toward membership in the club. What do you say? Is membership in the mile-high



club earned from any intimate episode in any aircraft, or just in commercial airliners? Also, what sexual acts grant membership? I maintain that it's only intercourse that counts. If you manage to get into some heavy petting or oral sex, does that count toward membership or just give you membership in the half-mile-high club?—Miss S. J., Chicago, Illinois.

It strikes us that the people who own private airplanes don't need to belong to clubs. And as for the standards of the mile-high club, certain things seem obvious. You don't gain membership by making an obscene phone call from an in-flight telephone. You don't gain membership by obtaining an orgasm solo (the airline has other uses for those emergency bags). Beyond that, it seems pointless to distinguish among orgasms. Why would a couple who achieved fully nude, simultaneous orgasms from 69 in the overhead compartment be less entitled to glory than two people who did it in the lavatory?

The letter in the January issue concerning tie tacks prompts me to write about another relatively minor fashion issue that has been the topic of some discussion among my friends. The subject is lapel pins. Is it proper to wear more than one? If so, how many is too many? When wearing more than one, should they be on the same lapel? Finally, should the pin be straight up and down or parallel to the thread pattern of the material?—A. W., Cumberland, Maryland.

The manner in which you wear a lapel pin (or pins) is mostly a matter of personal taste. They are generally worn on the left side, and if you are wearing more than one, the pins should be worn on the same lapel. Some men (often in the jewelry business or ward alder-

men attending national conventions) can get away with wearing clusters of exorbitant lapel pins, but not everyone can bring this off in an acceptably stylish manner. A lapel pin should merely provide an accent for your outfit, without calling undue attention to its presence. (Does the world really need to know that you voted for McGovern in 1972?) When lapel pins are worn by models in our fashion layouts, they are usually placed on an angle to the over-all line of the garment. However, you should experiment with the positioning of any pins you wear to determine the best placement for a given ensemble.

After dating for a few months, my lady and I finally made love. It was wonderful, but I found that her previous lover had shaved her. Her hair is still very short. My problem is that I can't help but feel his presence every time I touch her. How can I rid myself of his ghost and enjoy the company of my new lover?—S. L., Detroit, Michigan.

Start from scratch. Ask her to shave herself for you.

How much do you tell a first date? Some of the women I've gone out with have asked for detailed sexual histories—number of partners, number of one-night stands, whether or not I'm sleeping with anyone else, drug use—before agreeing to sleep with me. And even then, they always suggest that we use condoms. This fear of AIDS is getting out of hand. Whatever happened to discretion?—D. O., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Discretion is alive and well, or maybe it's lying. That's what one researcher concluded when she surveyed 660 adults and found that 47 percent of the men and 42 percent of the women told their dates that they'd had fewer sexual partners than was actually the case. (Let's see, there were the Flying Watusi sisters; they were Siamese twins. Do you count that as one or two partners?) The report, in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, also found that "even though one-night stands are especially risky for disease spread, 42 percent of the men and 33 percent of the women would 'never' disclose to their dates a 'one-time impulsive' sexual encounter." The study concluded, "Simply asking one's partner about his/her sexual and drug background is not by itself 'safer sex.'" We disagree with some of the assumptions underlying the study. Why, for instance, is a one-night stand a greater risk for transmission of disease than an ongoing relationship with the wrong person (such as an I.V.-drug user)? And if you practiced safe sex, could you have a million partners and not pose a great danger to an inquisitive partner? The questions are like the fine print on a Racing Form—narrowing the estimated odds from, say, one chance in five billion

(the odds of catching AIDS from someone with a negative AIDS test and no history of high-risk behavior) to one in 5,000,000 (the odds of catching AIDS from one sexual encounter, no condoms, status unknown) to one in 500 (the odds of catching the virus if you actually have a sexual encounter with someone who has the AIDS virus and you don't use condoms). Our impression is that if you tell everything, there is a greater chance of jealousy and insecurity wreaking havoc with the relationship than of your catching the virus. How do you handle an inquisition? Say that, to your knowledge, you are healthy. You appreciate his or her concern, and since you share that concern, you prefer to use condoms and spermicidal foam, or practice safer sex (touching, kissing and oral sex—not unprotected intercourse). If you are still unsure as to how to handle these discussions, we suggest that you order a cassette titled "How to Talk with a Partner About Smart Sex." It's put together by Bernie Zilbergeld and Lonnie Barbach, two California-based therapists, and it covers topics such as bringing up protection, saying no to sex, getting into sex gradually, using condoms, oral and anal sex. It costs \$11.95 from The Fay Institute, 7247 Ariel Avenue, Reseda, California 91335 (phone 800-843-0305).

Occasionally, I become something of a party animal and overconsume everything that's offered. I always make sure there is

someone to handle the driving on the way home. But recently, someone told me that I should also refrain from driving with a hangover, because the morning after a binge, my body's reflexes are still off. Is there any truth to that?—D. W., San Diego, California.

Sweden's National Road and Traffic Research Institute conducted a study that indicates the need for morning-after caution. Researchers threw a party for volunteers, then let them sleep for eight hours. After a full night's sleep, their blood-alcohol content was still 46 milligrams per deciliter of blood, about half of what U.S. state law considers to be under the influence. The volunteers then ran a slalom course through pylons. Even when the subject said he felt fine, his results were 20 percent lower than those of non-drinkers. We're not sure that is enough to warrant calling a cab the morning after, but we wouldn't enter the Indy 500, either.

I sometimes enjoy doing odd things during sex. For example, two years ago, in Upstate New York, my girlfriend at the time and I had intercourse while we were water-skiing. I held on to the tow rope while she wrapped her legs around my waist. My friend driving the boat was getting fellatio from his girlfriend. I have also had sex in my Monte Carlo while driving Route 80 at 100–110 miles per hour at two o'clock in the morning. Doing it in odd situations is

so much more exciting. Is this feeling common, or do I have a fetish?—C. A. B., New York, New York.

We've all taken risks at one time or another. Our only question: Were you wearing a condom at the time? One more thing: As a personal favor, will you warn us before moving to the Midwest?

For as long as I can remember, I have worn cotton socks for athletic endeavors. Now one of the guys at the gym claims that acrylic socks are better. Have you heard of an advantage to man-made fibers over natural fibers?—K. C., Dallas, Texas.

According to a report in Medical Tribune, acrylic socks have the edge. Doctors at the California College of Podiatry investigated 60 long-distance runners in 800 runs, averaging 50 minutes. The acrylic socks were superior in preventing friction blisters and in dissipating moisture. Cotton socks produced twice as many friction blisters and those formed were three times the size of those seen on runners wearing acrylic socks. One of the doctors reports that acrylic fibers wick moisture off the surface of the foot, reducing the coefficient of friction on the surface of the skin. Also, cotton compacts when it gets wet and becomes abrasive with repeated use.

One of my audiophile friends says that I should clean the antenna on my car, or road dirt and rust will cause the signal to deteriorate. I've never given this much



TO PROVE HOW LONG RAIN

thought. Is he pulling my leg?—S. A., Miami Beach, Florida.

Not really. A less-than-immaculate antenna does interfere with reception. Experts advise cleaning a car antenna every two months. A West German antenna maker (Hirschmann) sells specially treated cleaning tissues, three for a buck. Collapsible antennas tend to collect gunk more than single-piece antennas and may deteriorate. So follow your friend's advice. That way, when some punk kid snaps your antenna off, at least it will be clean.

Why do we have pubic hair? What possible evolutionary purpose could that patch of dark curls serve?—Q. A., Boston, Massachusetts.

We took a poll in the office and came up with the following answers: Pubic hair is nature's way of teaching us to floss. Pubic hair is the body's defense against crab lice (as in, "If you have crabs, how do you get rid of them?") Shave off one half of your pubic hair, set fire to the other half and stab the little buggers with a fork as they run for cover). Pubic hair is nature's traffic signal—as you reach adulthood, triangles of hair form to direct your attention to more important things. However, the best—at least the most rational—explanation is this: As we evolved, we lost most of our fur, saving only that which served a useful purpose. The hair under our arms is a dry lubricant to prevent chafing. If you are lucky

enough to couple, then the pubic hair prevents chafing during intercourse.

Every now and then, we read an article about violating some taboo. It always seems to be about crossing the sexual frontier into an area that was previously forbidden. But what is the difference between something that is merely rare and something that is forbidden for a reason? Can you give me a list of current taboos?—G. K., Chicago, Illinois.

What is this? You have a term paper due next week? OK, here goes. Looking through "Sex A to Z," by Robert Goldenson and Kenneth N. Anderson, we came across some interesting definitions. Freud described taboo as follows: "On the one hand, it means to us sacred, consecrated; but on the other hand, it means uncanny, dangerous, forbidden and unclean." Number one with a bullet is the incest taboo—having sex with your dad or mom is almost universally frowned upon. Having sex with a virgin before marriage is taboo in about half of the societies studied by anthropologists. From that point on, the taboo moves from the unclean to the ridiculous. Most societies forbid having sex during menstruation; others limit sex during pregnancy and nursing. Certain tribes forbid sex during daylight, before going to war, during a thunderstorm or for as long as a year after the birth of a

child. Hindu societies forbid sex during certain phases of the moon. The Chinese forbid sex on the birthday of a god (which is one reason the rest of the world switched to monotheism). In America, we have a taboo about talking about sex—at least in a vocabulary anyone can recognize. A study by Dr. Timothy B. Jay at North Adams State College listed 28 terms in order of offensiveness or degree of taboo. They are: motherfucker, cocksucker, fuck, pussy, cunt, prick, cock, bastard, son of a bitch, asshole, suck, nigger, tits, whore, goddamn, shit, bitch, piss, slut, queer, bullshit, ass, spick, blow, Jesus Christ, damn, hell, pig. Most of these are sexual. Taboos seem to restrict normal behavior in certain situations. In contrast, what are viewed as aberrations—sadism, masochism, pedophilia, fetishism, exhibitionism, voyeurism, transvestism, zoophilia, coprophilia and necrophilia—are not normal sex in the wrong place or time, they are viewed as wrong, no matter what the time or place.

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



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TED BUNDY'S

ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR

"I think people need to recognize that... those of us who have been so much influenced by violence in the media, in particular pornographic violence, are not some kind of inherent monsters. We are your sons and we are your husbands. And we grew up in regular families. And pornography can reach out and snatch a kid out of any house today.

It snatched me out of my home twenty, thirty years ago. And as diligent as my parents were—and they were diligent in protecting their children—and as good a Christian home as we had—and we had a wonderful Christian home—there is no protection against the kind of influences that are loose in society. . . . I've lived in prison for a long time now, and I've met a lot of men who were motivated to commit violence, just like me. And without exception, every one of them was deeply involved in pornography, without question, without exception, deeply influenced and consumed by an addiction to pornography."—Ted Bundy, in an interview with James Dobson, a religious broadcaster, on the eve of his execution for murder.

Bundy's statement put a torch to the dry brush of the antipornography crusade. In *USA Today*, the Reverend Donald E. Wildmon, executive director of the American Family Association, said:

"I believe [Bundy] died telling the truth, because about a year or so ago, he became a Christian. He made the statement at that time, and we have it here in our files, that pornography was the motivating factor. This man knew he only had a few hours to live. He confessed to killing 20 girls and then said pornography was a determining factor in all this. . . . What he says merely

verifies everything that we've known for years."

A columnist wrote in her local paper: "Regardless of how anyone views Bundy, here is an 'expert' in a field of perversion telling us the truth."

Barbara Reynolds, Inquiry editor of *USA Today*, wrote: "Of course, Bundy

pornography?"

The Reverend Jerry Kirk, president of the National Coalition Against Pornography, said that parents "ought to be concerned, because this material hooks people, inflaming them and causing them to act out violent and sexually aggressive fantasies."

Victor Cline, a psychologist from Utah and a proponent of the porn-is-addictive rap, said: "What I find is that [pornography] is very addictive. Not only the pornography that [men] get into but eventually the activity—the sexual activity—that they begin to act out, and it's very difficult to treat and cure. I find that [pornography] desensitizes [men] and I find that they escalate in it. They go to rougher and rougher pornography until finally they do get into the violence thing. Not everybody is a Ted Bundy, but there are a lot of people out there who haven't yet escalated to that."

So much for the religious zealots and the New Right conservatives whose only credential is their sincere belief that pornography corrupts—other people. What do the experts and the people who actually *knew* Bundy say about his remarks on pornography?

Bundy's lawyer, James Coleman, said: "That [statement] was vintage Bundy. It was Bundy the actor. He didn't know what made him kill people. No one did."

Irwin Stotzky, a University of Miami professor of criminal law, said: "The argument that looking at pornography will lead to violence is like saying alcohol advertisements will lead to heroin addiction. The Supreme Court has



was not the only madman who admitted a link between pornography and his own insanity. Another fiend, Arthur Bishop, who was executed last year for murdering and sodomizing five young boys, also said pornography fueled his deviant desires. . . . How many Bundys and Bishops must a Sodom and Gomorrah—bent society produce before the nation cracks down on hard-core

looked at pornography and, so far, none of the Justices has gone out and murdered."

Dr. Emanuel Tanay, the Detroit psychiatrist who interviewed Bundy after he was arrested in Florida, said: "Pornography doesn't have the power to cause the severe deformity of personality that he had."

Norma Wagner, director of the adult-sexual-offender program at South Florida State Hospital, said: "Pornography is probably more a symptom than a cause. Just as adolescent animal torture and arson are symptoms—not causes—of a personality that is likely to commit violent crimes, sexual or otherwise."

Gene Abel, professor of psychiatry at

Emory University School of Medicine and an expert in the field of sexual deviance, said: "When we have done scientific studies of sex offenders, we have not found a relationship between the use of pornography and the commission of crimes, and the use of aggression. Sex offenders have specific sexual interests, and then they seek out pornography that will match that. It isn't the other way around. They don't see the pornography and then develop the deviant interest. . . . A lot of people who don't carry out sex crimes use soft-core porn and, of course, they obviously do not develop sexual deviations. Also, what we find is that sex offenders have rationalizations and justifications

for their behavior. And Ted Bundy, like most of the sadists we've dealt with, had a lot of false beliefs or rationalizations to explain his behavior. What he said, in essence, was, 'It isn't my fault, these are pornographic things that I've seen.' And we just don't see that relationship."

Barry Lynn, legislative counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union and an expert on the antipornography crusaders, said: "If everyone who read *Playboy* went on to hard-core, and if everyone who read hard-core went on to become a serial killer, the streets would be running in blood. The streets are running in blood—but from drugs, not pornography. Let's use a little common sense."

WAR VETERANS

"Why do they do this to us?" pondered Junior Bridge, a spokeswoman for the National Organization for Women.

"I would hope that chapter had been closed," said Mary Ruthsdotter of the National Women's History Project.

These women are bemoaning the resurgence of "girl art," the World War Two practice of painting images of nude and seminude pinup girls onto the noses of U.S. military aircraft. Bridge and Ruthsdotter want the pictures removed—but the bomber beauties, who survived an at-

tack in the Forties, are likely to survive this Eighties action.

The first girl-art battle came during World War Two when the Army Air Corps tried to censor it but was forced to back off when it realized that a ban would cause a serious pilot-morale problem. Bomber art flourished during the Korean War but went out of vogue during the Vietnam war.

Now the girls are on the planes and in the news again. The wars may be over, but the fighting continues.

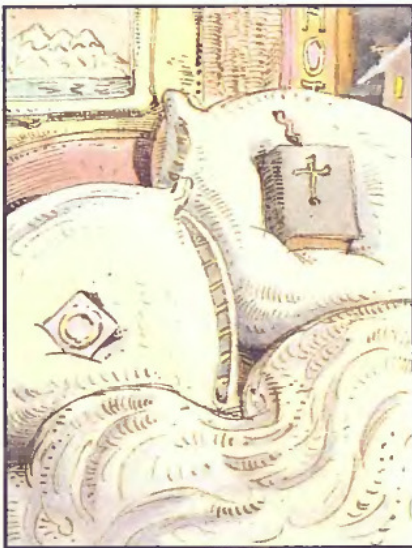


NEWS FRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BODY AND SOUL

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—City officials are considering a proposal to require that safe-sex kits be put in all hotels and motels in the city. "Certainly, if hotels can have a Gideon Bible in every room, they can include a safe-sex kit," said the AIDS researcher who made the proposal. "There could be a sign with each kit saying, THE



BIBLE MAY SAVE YOUR SOUL, BUT THIS WILL SAVE YOUR LIFE." Hoteliers are less than enthusiastic. The manager of a Mormon-owned hotel said, "It could be difficult to ask a housekeeper of deep religious conviction to handle these types of items." Another manager expressed concern that a faulty condom could result in a lawsuit against the hotel.

BRAIN DAMAGE

TORONTO, ONTARIO—A Canadian psychiatric researcher reports that his study of more than 400 sexual aggressors found that half of the child abusers had a damaged right temporal lobe and 40 percent of sadistic rapists had a damaged left temporal lobe. The researcher speculated that the damage was due to trauma before or shortly after birth.

CHUMPS FOR CHIMPS

SAN ANTONIO—Eighty-one chimpanzees used in AIDS research can look forward to comfortable retirement under a plan set

up by the Southwest Foundation for Biomedical Research. "We always have had a moral obligation to take care of the animals that we use," said a controller of the foundation, which will invest more than \$1,770,000 over the next ten years to take care of the chimps in their old age. Exposure to the AIDS virus disqualifies the chimps for use in other experiments and they probably will live out their normal life spans of 40 years without developing the disease.

FLOWER POWER

FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS—The Framingham Humane Society is outraged at The New England Wildflower Society for using neck-breaking traps to kill the muskrats plundering its Garden in the Woods. The flower people, who are otherwise pro-animal, say that their primary mission is to preserve the garden's rare plants and bulbs and that muskrats have not been deterred by kinder methods. The animal people, who are otherwise proflower, insist that the killing must stop because "the muskrat is just doing what is natural." A town meeting will be called to try to resolve the dispute.

JUST DON'T SHOOT

WASHOE COUNTY, NEVADA—When a defendant refused to admit that he had exposed himself to a woman on the ski slopes of Mount Rose and the woman wanted to avoid a trial, the deputy district attorney's office proposed a compromise. The man was allowed to plead guilty to "carrying a concealed weapon." According to the prosecutor, "In a way, it kind of fits."

KEEPING JUNIOR STRAIGHT

LOS ANGELES—The most elaborate personal drug-testing kit yet is now available to parents who want to test their children for signs of alcohol or drug use. The Winners Program sells for \$49.95 and includes a 50-minute video tape, two audio tapes, a saliva test and a penlight pupilometer for eye tests similar to those used by police on drunk-driving suspects. The president of the company that markets the kits tests his own sons, aged 18 and 21, several times a week and says, "If the parents have a good relationship with kids, it's kind of like brushing their teeth. It's fun for them."

ROOM WITH A VIEW

ANAMOSA, IOWA—A Federal district court judge has held that prisoners have the same right to see pornographic publications as other citizens. To comply with the ruling, the Iowa state prison at Anamosa has designated an official "porno reading room," where inmates can look at pornography—but only under close supervision. "They don't let you sit and enjoy it," complains one prisoner. "With that cluster of guards coming in and out of the reading room, it's like a freeway."

HEAVEN SENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—At the 46th annual convention of National Religious Broadcasters, the Reverend Pat Robertson proposed parachuting thousands of solar-powered television sets to "unreached people groups" in Third World countries. Each set will have graphic instructions for its use and will be programmed to receive Robertson's programs via satellite. A Robertson aide said that



it will be ten years before technological advances make the proposal economically feasible.

On a less holy note, one religious broadcaster reported that, according to hotel bills, 80 percent of the delegates at last year's convention "watched an X-rated movie in their room." He called the percentage "scary."

MISFIRED N.R.A. PR

The opinion expressed by William J. Helmer in "N.R.A.: Color Them Red-faced" (*The Playboy Forum*, April) does a disservice to your readers and to America's 70,000,000 gun owners.

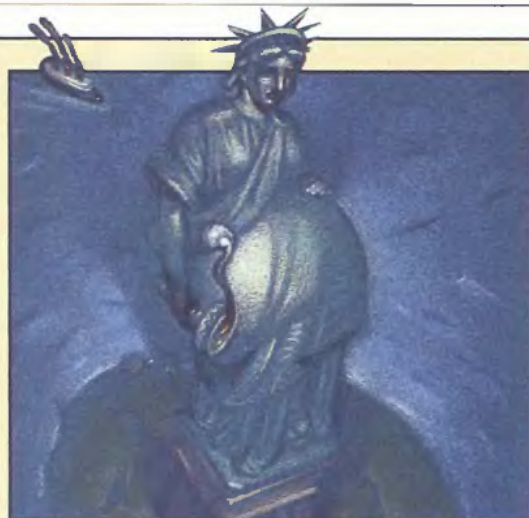
Helmer has a right to disagree with our program and, as an antigun person, to express his opinion. However, he should rectify his obvious ignorance on the subject of gun safety before attempting to degrade the National Rifle Association's program for children.

Our association has been dedicated to firearm safety for more than 117 years. Fatalities due to firearm accidents have steadily declined since 1940.

The program Helmer assaults was under development for more than two years. The coloring-book format was adopted as a result of the input we received from educators and child psychologists. Our intent is to give children a simple safety message that they will remember. The program does not teach the handling or the use of firearms, nor does it make any value judgments on gun ownership, nor is it a political statement.

As Helmer himself states, half of the households in America contain a firearm. This fact indicates that gun ownership is a normal part of the average home. Even if a child lives in a household without a firearm, the chances are good that he will visit a home where guns are present. The N.R.A. has always emphasized responsible gun ownership. Our coloring book is a logical step in our effort to protect our nation's children by teaching them that if they come upon a gun, "Stop, don't touch; leave the area; tell an adult."

Gun owners are hunters, target shooters, collectors and citizens concerned with the protection of their homes and families. More than 99 percent of all firearms are used by law-abiding citizens for legal purposes. It is our constitutional right under the Second Amendment to



FOR THE RECORD

STATE-FORCED PREGNANCY?

anti-abortion advocates want
a new addition to
the family—big brother

The state may have an interest in seeing that a child, like any other citizen, comes within its reach. This same interest, however, when it deals with potential human life, leads to a logical conclusion that could become legal tyranny.

In the interest of protecting potential human life, [will the state require] mandatory gynecological examinations for all women of childbearing age, married or not . . . and for all men, to make sure both sexes are fit to produce "normal" children? . . . Might there not be mandatory diets for both sexes to ensure the potential health of human life; mandatory bed rest for women with difficult pregnancies to prevent the loss of potential human life; mandatory dismissal from jobs that present reproductive hazards in either sex? . . . mandatory inspections of women's uteruses to check for I.U.D.s; mandatory house searches to check for abortifacients now capable of use in the home? Would the preference for potential human life override Fourth Amendment strictures against illegal search and seizure? Would law-enforcement officers be empowered to make unannounced break-ins to determine if a couple's sexual activity includes positions and acts not calculated to lead to the production of potential human life? If all this is too repulsive to contemplate, would an acceptable alternative be to question the couple, their children and neighbors to ascertain if they have engaged in such conduct or made use of abortifacients?

—from *The Law Giveth*, by Barbara Milbauer and Bert Obrentz

own firearms. But with the exercise of this right goes responsibility. We should not accept less from those exercising their First Amendment rights.

Tracey A. Martin, Manager
Promotions & Materials
Development
National Rifle Association
of America
Washington, D.C.

Helmer responds:

Either you didn't read past the headline or you missed the point entirely. As beneficial as firearm-safety programs can be, they are not worth much if they're constantly rejected, as the coloring book was, because of the N.R.A.'s chronic inability to relate to its opponents or understand the fears of people who associate firearms only with crime and violence. It may not be uncommon—in a country with 70,000,000 gun owners—for a child to find a handgun on a living-room coffee table, but the N.R.A. is completely out of touch not to see that that's a scenario guaranteed to horrify antigun people.

Helmer should have mentioned that the Dade County, Florida, school system rejected the N.R.A.'s gun-safety program but accepted a gun-awareness program designed by gun-control advocates. Such foolishness ensures that an entire generation of young people will be ignorant about the safe use and handling of firearms. Florida tax dollars are being used to promote fear and ignorance as effective teaching tools. The N.R.A. has actively promoted firearm-safety training for police and civilians for more than 100 years. The only message in N.R.A. educational programs is that ownership and responsible use of firearms are not a crime in this country.

J. J. Gibbons
Topeka, Kansas

According to a Dade County school official, the Dade County school board believes that the N.R.A. coloring book contains a subliminal message that guns are OK to have around the house. The

RESPONSE

school board is still developing a gun-safety program.

Guns are used for sport and for personal protection by responsible people. The police are understaffed and are of little use when a crime is in progress. A responsible, trained citizen is of use.

David Kveragas
Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania

I own guns. I also have two young sons. My boys are taught gun safety and the dangers of misusing firearms. They know that we have guns in the house and that we will always have them. I want to thank the N.R.A. for trying to teach children about gun safety. I'm proud to be a gun owner and user.

Carl N. Ball, Jr.
Hardinsburg, Kentucky

Conservatives and moralists in America repeatedly make the assertion—unsupported by reliable evidence—that pornography causes injury to people and especially to children. On one hand, they claim that protecting children outweighs an individual's right to freedom of expression; on the other, they claim that it's unconstitutional to have gun control.

It is clear that guns cause more harm than pornography does. As a resident of the Los Angeles area, I am bombarded daily with news reports of children being gunned down on the streets. Thus far, none of these shootings has been attributed to pornography.

Why aren't the zealots who are willing to deprive us of a constitutional right because of purported harm to children willing to use the same argument to protect society from a documented threat?

Donald B. Cripe
Whittier, California

We members of the N.R.A. have failed to convince the nonshooting public that we are not maniacs.

Otto J. Jaks
Los Altos, California

Guns kill people just as drugs kill people. Guns are legal; drugs are not. I'd rather that my death were my choice—not someone else's.

Benjamin Lattanzio
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

ABORTION

I was 15 when I had an abortion, and how I wish I could have taken a pill such

as RU 486 ("Abortion: Viva la France," *The Playboy Forum*, March). Why not make abortion safer by allowing women to take a pill rather than forcing them to have back-alley abortions? The only emotional distress I suffered from my abortion was caused by Right-to-Lifers. I wish they would realize that abortion is a woman's choice and nobody else's.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

It's too bad your ass was not aborted—then we wouldn't have to read your bullshit. I'm pro-life and proud of it.

Danny Dillon
Hyattsville, Maryland

Having legalized abortion doesn't mean everyone who gets pregnant has to have one; having illegal abortion forces everyone who gets pregnant to have chil-

"The only emotional distress I suffered from my abortion was caused by Right-to-Lifers."

dren. I'm embarrassed by the people who stupidly believe that making abortion illegal solves *anyone's* problems.

Ann Boyd
Fullerton, California

A baby at conception has 46 distinct chromosomes and is a unique individual entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In light of this, how can you possibly justify abortion?

David Brock
Portland, Oregon

We are bombarded daily with pro-abortionists' arguments for the termination of human life in the womb. However, reverence for human life is a hallmark of Judaeo-Christian thought and Western ethics. The trend toward disrespect for life must be reversed.

Phillip B. Snow
Davie, Florida

I'm tired of anti-abortionists' justifying their position on moral grounds. In a perfect world, moral considerations

would be the determining factor in establishing laws. This isn't a perfect world.

When anti-abortionists complain that 1,000,000 babies were aborted last year, I can only ask whether that is more appalling than the concept of those 1,000,000 unwanted babies being born.

K. Erwin
Chicago, Illinois

It is ironic that the conservative fanatics who oppose abortion are the same people who oppose measures that may help reduce the number of pregnancies that end in abortion—such as sex education and readily available contraceptives for teenagers. Don't we teach teens how to drive before we let them drive? And when they do drive, don't we make seat belts available to them? Education helps prevent mistakes; protective devices help minimize the severity of accidents.

Our right to make our own choices is one of this country's basic founding principles. I am opposed to abortion; however, it is not appropriate for me to force my belief on other people.

Ernest J. Taormina
Forked River, New Jersey

DRUG LAWS

By applying adolescent punishment to a very mature problem, the Government has failed in its war on drugs ("Decriminalize Drugs Now," *The Playboy Forum*, January). Education and rehabilitation are the solutions—not the costly expansion of programs that further restrict individual freedom.

David Barnes
New Brunswick, New Jersey

WILY WILDMON

I'd like to comment on your item about the Reverend Donald E. Wildmon, who protested the movie *The Last Temptation of Christ* and then collected \$1,125,000 in donations to support his cause ("An Ill Wind Blows Money," *The Playboy Forum*, April). Your implication that fundamentalist groups would be willing to finance pornographic movies so that they could then make money through donations is irresponsible. You are not interested in finding the truth. You are interested in using the power that you wield to discredit any organization that threatens your interests.

Nathan Phelps
Rancho Santa Margarita, California
Lighten up. The remark was tongue in cheek.

THE BETRAYAL OF Sex Research

By PAUL OKAMI

According to much sex research, we are living in perilous times. To cite a few of the most startling findings recently published in various scholarly books and journals:

Six percent of the American people are victims of "sex addiction," defined as "a progressive form of insanity."

Viewing pornography increases the likelihood of aggression, violence and rape.

Sixty-two percent of American women are victims of child sexual abuse.

Nineteen percent of American women are victims of childhood incest.

Male sexuality is "predatory and exploitive" and men are "predisposed to violence, to rape, to sexual harassment and to sexually abusing children."

Scary stuff. Are we approaching a sexual Armageddon? The problem may lie more in the sexology than in the sex.

Sexology has, until recently, remained an essentially sex-positive social science. But, like any other social research, sex research is influenced by prevailing political and ideological winds. The recent chill in the national sexual climate has brought with it a new kind of sexology that intentionally blurs the important line between social science and social criticism. Bloated with hidden political agendas, the new research exalts the dangers of sex while intentionally ignoring its healthful pleasures.

This antisex sexology is spearheaded by victimologists. The study of victims, as opposed to perpetrators, was once a progressive movement. It called attention to the fact that victims—most notably, women who had been raped—were frequently blamed for their own misfortunes.

However, victimology has quickly become the pseudoscientific voice of moral conservatism. According to the nation's foremost sexologist, John Money, victimologists treat sex as "a behavioral disease scheduled to be eradicated or lawbreaking scheduled to be punished." In their frantic search for "sexual victims" to study, victimologists frequently create victims where none existed. They have by now so distorted the idea of victimization and the nature of scientific inquiry

for victimologists, addictionologists and other morally conservative researchers and clinicians.

Recently discovered by a member of Alcoholics Anonymous who attempted to recover from his "sex and love addiction" using the 12-step program of A.A., sex addiction has also been popularized as a concept by an ex-prison psychologist, Patrick Carnes. While there is no doubt that some people experience psychic pain or problems as a result of their sexual behavior, the use of

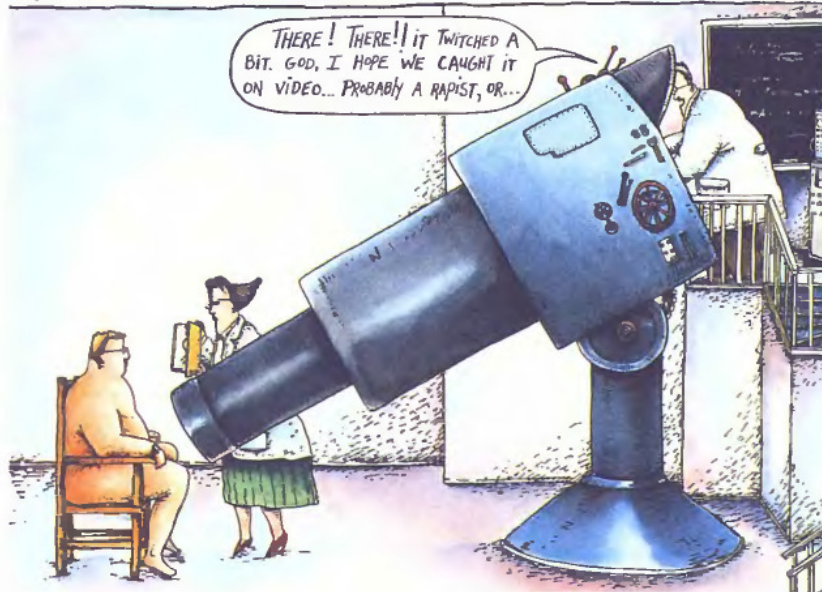
the term addict to describe such people is closer to *National Enquirer*-style journalism than to medical science.

As sociologists Martin Levine and Richard Troiden point out in an article in *The Journal of Sex Research*, addiction refers to a dependence on a substance that results in tolerance and physiological withdrawal symptoms. Sex is not a substance and does not result in tolerance. Refraining from sex, while possibly extremely annoying, does not induce withdrawal symptoms.

One simply cannot become addicted to sex, though one may certainly learn to depend upon it as a means of coping—just as one may learn to depend on prayer, work, parenting or friendships. Few persons would seriously try to suggest that dependence on any of the above pursuits, as a means of coping with anxiety or stress, constitutes a disease or an addictive disorder. It is because of our cultural assumption that nonprocreative sex is somehow sick or wrong that this diagnosis has become popular.

According to Levine and Troiden: "There is nothing intrinsically pathological in the conduct that is presently labeled as sexually compulsive or

SEX RESEARCH, today



itself that it is extremely difficult to learn anything meaningful from their studies other than information about their own personal beliefs and biases. The alarming statistics and claims found in victimological sex research generally turn out to be grossly misleading—and that's putting it charitably.

The most offensive examples of the new negativity toward sex can be found in three fields of study: sex addiction, pornography and sexual abuse.

SEX ADDICTION

The idea of sex addiction (see "Confessions of a Sex Addict," *The Playboy Forum*, March 1987) has been a magnet

addictive; these behaviors have assumed pathological status only because powerful groups are beginning to define them as such. . . . [The] concepts of sexual compulsion and sexual addiction are value judgments parading as therapeutic diagnoses."

Psychologist and sex therapist Eli Coleman writes about some of the consequences of portraying sex as addictive: "A young client came to me and said he was a sexual addict. When I asked him why he thought this, he told me that he masturbated two to three times weekly and had been trying to stop for several years. He began worrying about this behavior after he learned that sex could become addictive."

Coleman adds that critics of the concept of sex addiction point out that "free use of the words addiction and compulsion have rendered these terms meaningless. The way that some people are defining these terms renders the world and all the people within as compulsive or addictive."

PORNOGRAPHY

There is no evidence that pornography is any more harmful than media dealing with nonsexual themes. It is because pornography portrays recreational sex unapologetically that it has been singled out for condemnation. Antisex bias is rampant in pornography research and flawed methods are used to confirm researchers' belief that people can be victimized by visual portrayals of sex. For example, pornography researchers are fond of using correlational studies. Correlation refers to two or more things that tend to occur together. For example, heavy drinking and depression are highly correlated. However, correlation alone doesn't tell us why things may occur together, which occurs first or whether or not one causes the other. Does heavy drinking cause depression or does depression cause heavy drinking? Or does a third, unknown factor—a biochemical imbalance or a childhood trauma, for example—cause both depression and drinking?

Two recent studies, one among prisoners by William Marshall and one among students by Mary P. Koss, have shown a

correlation between the extent of exposure to pornography and the committing of sexual offenses against women. From this correlation, antipornography activists make the leap to conclude that pornography increases sexual aggression toward women. As Dr. Ferrel Christensen, a philosophy professor at the University of Alberta interviewed in "A Philosopher Looks at the Porn Debate" (*The Playboy Forum*, January 1988), points out: "There is a very strong correlation between lying down and dying, but this fact is hardly evidence that the former produces the latter!" Dr. Christensen also notes that there is a correlation between increases in reported rates of violent sex crimes against women and the sales of *Ms.* magazine and an even higher correlation between the sales of pornographic magazines and progress in women's rights. Can we conclude that feminist magazines cause violent sex crimes against women and that pornography

trolled laboratory experiments that are supposedly not dependent on simple correlations. Several of these studies were recently designed to test the effects of pornography on violence toward women. Typically, one group of men were intentionally angered by a female experimenter. They were then given pornography to view. Finally, they were asked to administer fake electric shocks to the experimenter. A second group of men were also angered by the researcher and then, without exposure to pornography, were asked to administer shock treatments to him or her. The result: Subjects exposed to porn were more likely to administer higher voltages of electric shocks to the experimenter than subjects who had not been exposed to porn.

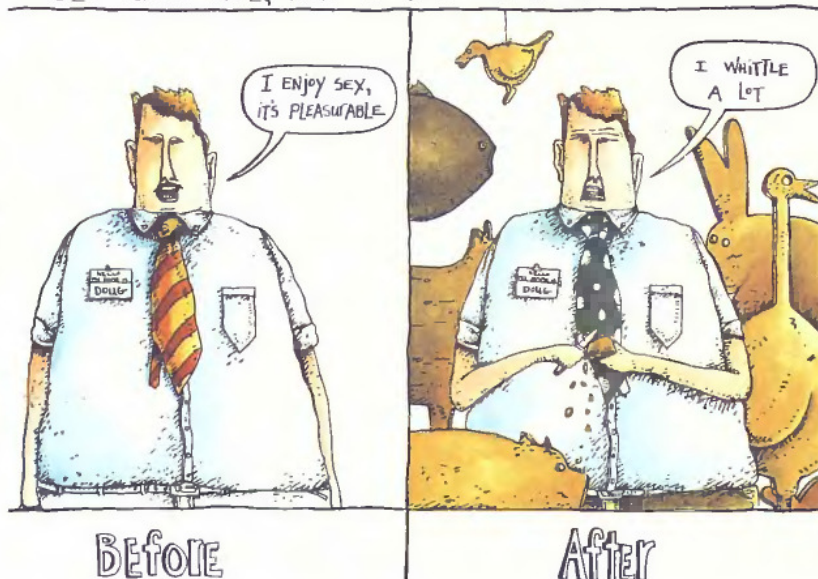
Is this evidence that pornography increases aggression toward women? It is not—for the following reasons:

1. Excitement in general seems to produce similar increases in aggressiveness. Several studies have found increased aggression in subjects who were recently watching comedy films or exercising heavily, for example. Can we blame an increase in violence against women on Bill Murray or Jane Fonda? Furthermore, since it has become virtually impossible to obtain research grants to study positive aspects of sex, few have bothered to test to see whether exposure to pornography in a lab also produces increases in positive behaviors. In fact, several studies

have found that many forms of excitement, including sexual arousal, lead to subjects' giving higher token rewards—just as the pornography experiments have produced higher token punishments. It may be, as Christensen suggests, that excitement—such as that experienced during exposure to pornographic films—may simply exaggerate all emotional responses.

2. The subjects of these experiments were college students who had been given authoritative permission to administer mild shocks to persons as part of a scientific experiment. There is no evidence to suggest that these students would commit actual violent attacks

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promotes respect for women's rights?

The problem is that while two things may be correlated, any number of unknown factors may be operating to produce the observed effect. Christensen argues that any greater use of pornography by sex offenders than by others is likely due to the probability that sex offenders are more preoccupied with sex than others are. Sex offenders would therefore tend both to commit more sex crimes and to use more pornography—perhaps also to visit more massage parlors, masturbate more often, etc. That is not the same as saying that pornography (or masturbation) *caused* the sex crime.

Antipornographers also point to con-

against women in real life after viewing the same pornographic material.

3. The slight increase in aggressiveness found in the lab lasted only a few minutes. Therefore, we cannot assume that viewing pornography in daily life creates long-term aggressive feelings or behaviors that will be acted upon at any moment.

4. Exposure to porn alone, without the provocation by the experimenter, produced no increase in aggressive response.

In any case, many studies that examined a possible connection between pornography and aggression toward women failed to find even the dubious links revealed in the studies discussed above. In fact, some of these studies found a decrease in rates of many sexual offenses, especially child molestation, following the liberalization of pornography laws that took place during the Seventies. While we should not conclude from such findings that pornography decreases sexual crime, neither should we conclude that it increases it.

SEX-ABUSE RESEARCH

Unlike pornography and sex addiction, child sexual abuse is a genuinely serious social problem and it is here that the poverty of the new sex research is most apparent. In this research, victimologists deliberately play upon our concern for children's well-being in order to propagate their own antisexual agenda. As with the issue of pornography, it is sexuality itself that is the ultimate target, and several prominent sexual-abuse researchers moonlight as antipornography activists—campaigning against what they term the current “pornographic reign of terror” and indicting male sexuality as inherently “exploitive and predatory.”

Scientific abuses are committed by these researchers with impunity, since any criticism or differing approach is met with accusations of “condoner of child molestation” against the critic. Consequently, propagandistic manipulation of statistics and bias in the design and conduct of research flourish virtually unchallenged.

For example, two recent well-publi-

cized studies produced frightening statistics about childhood sexual abuse that will clearly produce a moral panic: Sixty-two percent of American women are victims of child sexual abuse, according to the first study, and 19 percent are victims of childhood incest, according to the second. However, the definition used for child sexual abuse in the first study was broad enough to possibly include one 17-year-old's making suggestive remarks to another 17-year-old. Although that situation may cause problems and even traumas, does the sexual harassment of a sexually mature woman past the age of consent really belong in the same category as, say, the anal rape of a three-year-old by a parent?

The definition of incestuous child sexual abuse used in the second study

sexual abuse, and by including experiences between persons very distantly (or not at all) related in their definitions of incest, victimologists degrade the experience of persons who have suffered actual childhood sexual abuse or incest by diluting the terms until they are rendered virtually meaningless.

While comparatively innocuous incidents such as voluntary kissing or peer sexual harassment may not necessarily have made up a large portion of the instances reported in the studies described above, the use of such broad definitions is indicative of a wide range of research abuses committed in victimological sexual-abuse studies. These abuses include the intentional structuring of questionnaires and interviews so that only information that will confirm the viewpoint of the researchers can be

reported by subjects. When all of these research abuses are added together, statistical findings become useless to anyone seriously wishing to understand this issue.

Victimologists have become so carried away by their own hysteria that they have begun to target childhood sexplay as a form of sexual abuse and a breeding ground for future pedophiles and sexual abusers. “For a long time, most people wrote it off as just ‘playing doctor,’” begins a recent newspa-

per article reporting this research. “Now authorities know better. Children as young as four and five are sexually abusing other children.”

Obviously, it is not sexual abuse that worries these people but sex itself.

In a fundamentally antisexual culture, all information pertaining to sex must be examined for its potential origins as negative sexual propaganda. Despite the portrait of our sexual landscape that victimologists and their fellow travelers wish to paint, human beings continue to make love and to stay healthier and happier because of it. If there is a sexual Armageddon in our future, the antisex research is, if anything, an agent of its approach.

Researcher Paul Okami presented his critique of the new sex research at the recent annual meeting of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex.

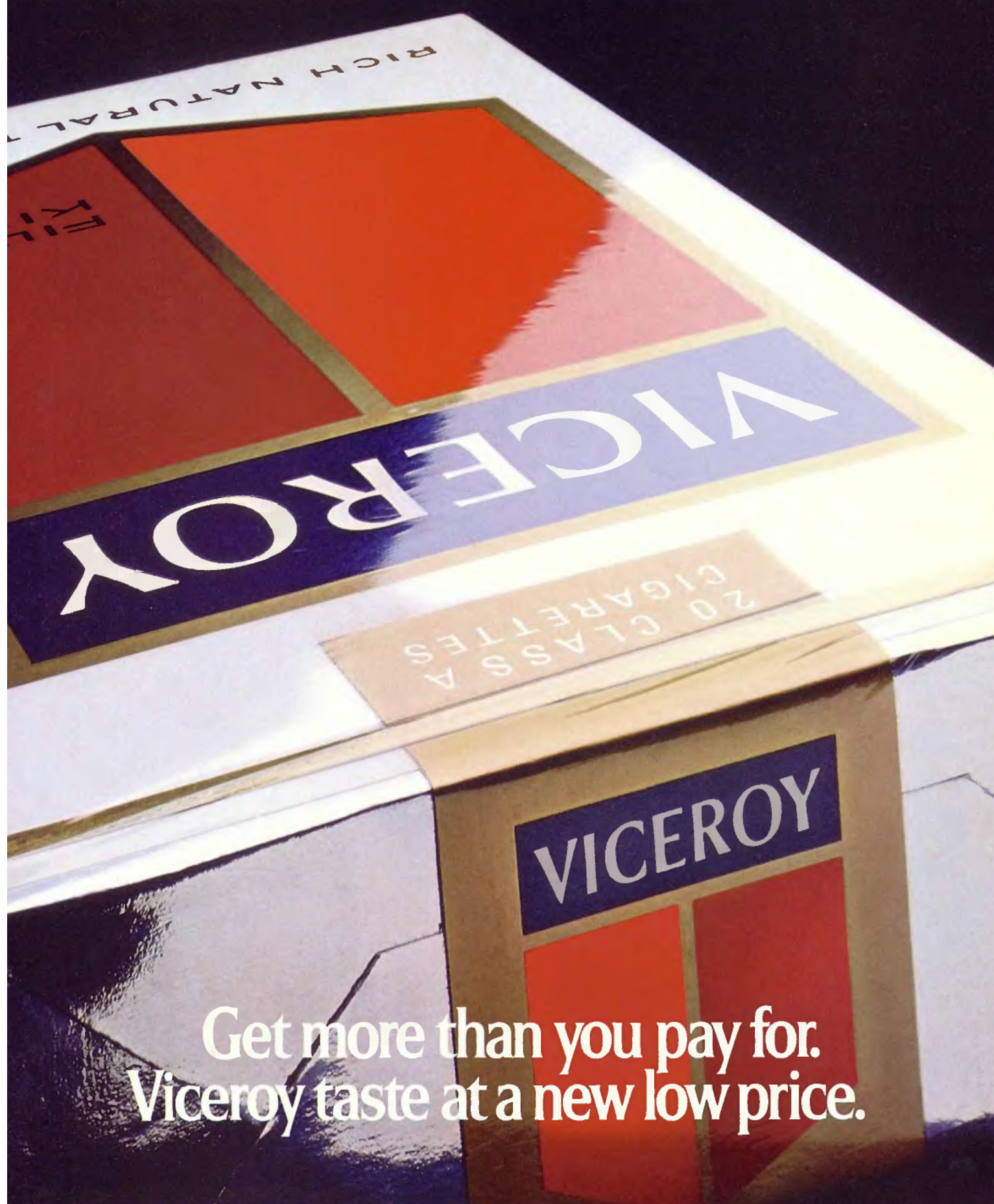
THE DANGEROUS NEGATIVE ASPECT OF SEX



included a voluntary one-time passionate kiss on the lips between a 13-year-old and her second cousin's 19-year-old stepbrother and a voluntary long-term relationship between a 17-year-old and a very distantly related 22-year-old.

This uncontrolled broadening of definitions for child sexual abuse and incest sometimes reaches hallucinatory proportions, as when one self-proclaimed sexual-abuse expert, E. Sue Blume, insists that “at least 27,000,000 American women are current and future survivors of child sexual abuse” and includes in her definition of incest sexual experiences between a victim and her “dentist, piano teacher or priest.”

By including verbal harassment, exhibitionism, voyeurism, peer experiences, voluntary experiences and experiences involving people up to the age of 18 in their definitions of child



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HOMETOWN: Milwaukee, Wisconsin

OCCUPATION: Cold-Filtered real draft beer

MEASUREMENTS: 12oz bottles, 12oz cans!

TURN ONS: Parties, longnecks, poker games, clean refrigerators, loud music, ice-cold mugs, people willing to try new things, portable coolers

TURN OFFS: Pasteurization, hot muggy days, beer commercials with dogs in them

FAVORITE SONG: "Cold as Ice"

HOBBIES: Ice Sculpture, Ice Skating, Ice Fishing

FAVORITE MOVIES: "Cool Hand Luke" "Ice Station Zebra"

AMBITION: To provide everyone with a great way to chill out!



Here's me out on the town



I love it at the beach

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: EDWARD JAMES OLMOS

a candid conversation with the actor/activist about "miami vice," "stand and deliver," education and the growth of hispanic culture

Last July, when *Time* magazine ran the cover story "Hispanic Culture Breaks Out of the Barrio," about the rise of the fastest-growing population in America, the face gracing the cover was that of Edward James Olmos. At that time, the craggy, intense face was familiar primarily to aficionados of "Miami Vice," on which he plays the darkly enigmatic Lieutenant Martin Castillo. But *Time* pinpointed what others in the entertainment industry had believed for years: "He is not only possibly the best Hispanic-American actor of his generation but one of the best performers working today." Olmos' 1988 portrayal of the heroic inner-city math teacher Jaime Escalante in "Stand and Deliver" served to confirm that status and earned him an Academy Award nomination for Best Actor.

Several of Olmos' earlier performances have become cult classics. In 1982's "The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez," he played a Mexican farmer in Texas; and in the role of El Pachuco, which he created for the Luis Valdez musical drama "Zoot Suit"—for the theater and then a film—his depiction of the strutting street dude won both the L.A. Drama Critics Circle Award and a Tony nomination. Currently, he is shooting a film in Poland about Auschwitz survivors, "Triumph of the Spirit."

As committed as Olmos is to acting, he is

perhaps even more committed to his volunteer activity for literally dozens of causes. Not only has he become America's most visible spokesman for the burgeoning Hispanic community and culture, with its myriad special needs and problems—he helped form the Mexican Earthquake Relief Fund in 1985—but his devotion to youth and education has proved his most time-consuming, gratifying pursuit. He speaks to kids in tough, troubled environments—schools, juvenile halls and Native American reservations—on the average of 150 times a year; he works with disabled and sexually abused children; he makes antidrug public-service announcements; he brings together warring Los Angeles barrio gangs. His credo is "If they call and I'm available, I'll go." He has been known, many times, to make a backbreaking one-day round-trip flight from Miami (his main current home) to Los Angeles to speak for 45 minutes to a group in behalf of a cause.

Eddie Olmos was born 42 years ago in Boyle Heights, the inner city of L.A., just a few miles from the Garfield High School of "Stand and Deliver." His maternal grandparents were Mexican revolutionaries, owners of a radical newspaper. His father, Pedro, was born in Mexico City and educated only to the sixth grade; after he immigrated to the United States at the age of 21, he went back to

school and eventually graduated from high school. Olmos' mother, a *chicana* (an American of Mexican descent), left school after the eighth grade but insisted that her own kids—three girls and four boys—be well educated; she herself returned to school and will graduate from junior college next year. Education, to Olmos, has been a lifetime passion, more tempting than the lure of the drug, street and gang life swirling around him through his early years.

His parents' divorce when he was eight shaped his life in several fundamental ways: He is dedicated to personal discipline (he saw that he could avoid loneliness by focusing on one project he loved); he is determinedly ambitious (people didn't bother him when he worked hard and succeeded); and, mostly, he has abiding ties and devotion to the barrio, which for him was a place of intense extended-family-like relationships with Koreans, Chinese, Mexicans, Russians and Native Americans, all together on one block.

A self-taught piano player, Olmos formed a band called Eddie and the Pacific Ocean and was lead vocalist while still a hair-down-to-the-waist teenager. Rock and roll was his passion—Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Fats Domino. By the mid-Sixties, he was attending Cal State University by day and playing seven nights a week at the popular Gazzarri's



"The film 'Stand and Deliver' is about the triumph of the human spirit. It's about something we've lost—the joy of learning, the joy of making our brains develop. It's like 'Rocky' and 'Chariots of Fire.'"



"I believe the future of the Western Hemisphere lies totally in the hands of the Hispanic woman. Because of machismo and jealousy on the part of Hispanic males, the only person to unite us is the woman."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BRIAN KING

"When I speak, I say to kids, 'I'm your worst nightmare. With me, all your excuses go out the window. You're looking at a guy with an upbringing no different from yours.' Then they sit up straight and it gets quiet."

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night club on the Sunset Strip.

By 1967, Olmos had discovered acting. He had also met, lived with and married Kaija Keel, the daughter of actor/singer Howard Keel, and they had two sons, Mico and Bodie, now high school students in Miami. Olmos and Keel have been married for 18 years.

Like scores of struggling actors, Olmos spent years scraping together a living, doing tiny parts on "Kojak" and "Hawaii Five-O" and delivering antique furniture—the real financial ballast of his family's life for a decade. Then came the proverbial lucky break: landing the role of El Pachuco in "Zoot Suit," a play that awakened the city of Los Angeles to its Hispanic population, to its racial tensions and to the chicano community's fight for identity. Olmos poured his entire life into the part—his Mexican heritage, his street savvy, his anger, his ability to do perfect splits. The show opened for a ten-day run but ran for a year and a half until it moved to Broadway, where it closed after seven weeks but earned its star a Tony nomination.

After that, Olmos landed feature parts in "Wolfen," "Blade Runner" and "The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez." "Ballad," made originally for American Playhouse on public television, would have died quickly had it not been for Olmos' characteristic perseverance. When no studio chose to distribute the film, he started showing it free every Saturday morning at a Hollywood theater, waiting for word of mouth to spread. He spent two years promoting this low-budget film on the film-society circuit, turning down more than \$500,000 worth of standard acting work in order to have it seen.

Then, in 1984, along came "Miami Vice." The part of Castillo was meant to be secondary to Crockett and Tubbs, but created by Olmos, it became the moral center of a show that, in its first few years, transformed the economy of a city, the look and style of television drama and the world of men's fashion. And it earned a ferociously determined Edward James Olmos Emmy and Golden Globe awards and substantially altered his life.

Playboy sent L.A.-based journalist Marcia Seligson to Miami to talk with Olmos about the wide spectrum of his commitments and passions. She reports: "I was expecting Olmos to open the door like Castillo—mysterious, coiled, aloof, intimidating. Instead, I found a gentle, soft-spoken man who loves to talk. There's not much chitchat in his repertoire but a lot of heartfelt conversation about his concerns and dedications. And I quickly discovered there is almost nothing about which Eddie Olmos feels neutral.

"We spent five days hanging out, me tagging along on what he assured me was a typical week, only one long day of which was spent on the set of 'Miami Vice.' In that hotbed of male bonding, Don Johnson acts the somewhat temperamental, fairly inaccessible megastar, while Eddie is just one of the folks. The crew frequently enters his trailer to swap jokes or talk about rock music. He wears no make-up, he's not patted and puffed, signs dozens of autographs and is consciously

pleasant to everybody. We watched sunsets from the deck of his beautiful and spacious home while he spoke of his unflagging gratitude for his expensive new toys—which include a Porsche, a BMW and a twenty-six-foot speedboat. But, clearly, the real treasures were in his living room—dozens of awards and plaques, mostly stacked in piles on the bookshelves. I was stunned by the sheer quantity of community work the man does.

"In his jazzy red Porsche, he tooled me around his beloved Miami, a city in which he is a major celebrity—toll takers and waitresses and doormen give him that 'look' reserved for the occasional stratospheric star.

"But the most powerful time I spent was accompanying him on two of the regular journeys he makes to speak to disadvantaged kids. The first was to a high school about thirty miles southwest of Miami, to the children of migrant field workers—about two hundred of them, equal proportions of blacks, Hispanics and whites. This school has overwhelming problems with gangs, drugs and dropouts, and when they gathered in the assembly to listen to this celebrity, they struck self-conscious 'attitude' poses. But then, slowly, as he spoke, funny, not lecturing, talking about his own

"Jesuits are very strict with themselves, very disciplined, and so is Castillo. I would like to think of myself that way."

life, answering with candor questions about Don Johnson and money—always the students' most overt concern—they woke up and listened. They became enraptured with his soft-sell message of 'I was just like you; I had no natural gifts, no advantages, but I worked damned hard and here I am in my red Carrera signing autographs.' He entertained them as only an actor can, and I believed that he was getting through to them about the possibility of their creating a future for themselves unfettered by the past. Later in the week, when we visited a juvenile hall and he spoke to the toughest hard-core kids, I had the same feeling. Something was seeping into them from his words, from his own personal story, from his style and from his humanity. We both left those events high and hopeful. I think the kids did, too."

PLAYBOY: Let's begin with *Miami Vice*. How do you feel about its ending in May?

OLMOS: Mixed. In some ways, I'm very excited about the future and, in other ways, very saddened that we have to get off the air. But one of the reasons I'm not terribly sad is that I have had a big problem with the stories recently. They have gotten to be so repetitive. I know people are really try-

ing their hardest to get them out, but as soon as the executive producer, Michael Mann, took his hands off the direction, after the first year, the show changed.

PLAYBOY: It seemed to have had one or two seasons of enormous success, when everything was fresh and innovative—the famed *Miami Vice* style—but then it didn't grow. Do you share that opinion?

OLMOS: Yes, it seemed to deteriorate; actually, it began after the first year. Nothing was really able to top the excitement of that first season. Later, it became a parody of itself. It was sad, too, because once it was great, great entertainment.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your character Lieutenant Castillo, *Miami Vice*'s enigmatic mystery man. Who is he?

OLMOS: He's mysterious because you don't know very much about his life. Actually, he's a fairly normal guy who has been beaten back by life. In one early episode, it was revealed that he had lost his family and all his friends, he was betrayed by his own country, by the CIA. So what he learned about life made him very bitter.

PLAYBOY: But viewers have never learned much else about Castillo in all the years of the show.

OLMOS: Yeah, the concept of the show was never to develop any of the other characters besides Crockett and Tubbs. *Miami Vice* is more in the vein of *I Spy* than in the vein of *Hill Street Blues*. It's a buddy piece rather than an ensemble piece. In *Hill Street Blues*, you learned about a lot of characters; in *I Spy*, you learned about the two main characters. That's what our show is, too.

PLAYBOY: But many critics think Castillo turned out to be the most interesting character on the show. Was the character given to you fully formed or did you invent Castillo as you went along?

OLMOS: I don't think that the producers were expecting him to turn out this way. All anybody knew about Castillo at the start was that he was the lieutenant. Period. There was no bible on Castillo.

PLAYBOY: Bible?

OLMOS: A bible is the background and history of the character you're playing. It tells you where he comes from, what his feelings are. The writers are given the bible so they will know what the character's about. Not having one for Castillo gave me the freedom to create him. The only thing Michael Mann said in the beginning was that he could see Castillo as one of those ruthless Jesuit priests. You know, Jesuits are very strict with themselves, very disciplined, and so is Castillo. I would like to think of myself and my own values that way. He embodies concepts that I think are essential to getting to the highest level of understanding of oneself—discipline, determination, perseverance and patience.

PLAYBOY: When you got the part of Castillo, you had never done a series before. How did it happen?

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STATE OF THE ART IN BIOTECHNOLOGY

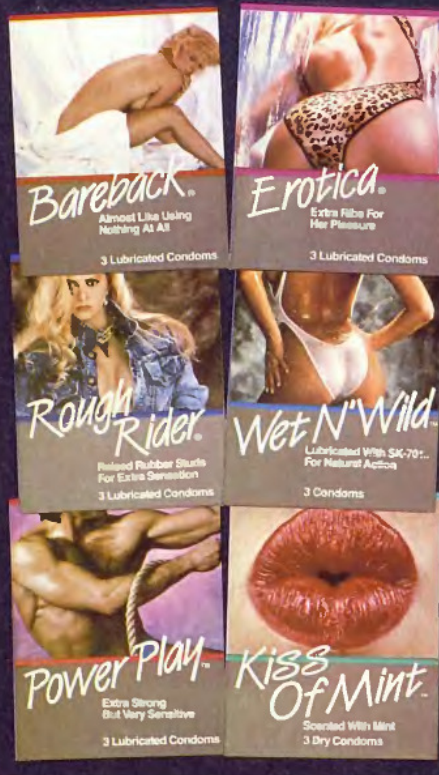
Hello, my name is Jeffery DeMarco, president and founder of Pyraconic Industries. My master's thesis concerned the cannabinoid profile of marijuana. The knowledge gained through this research and experimentation can now be applied to the growing of any herbaceous plant from mint and basil to roses and tobacco. In pursuit of this master's thesis, I first had to generate the world's most extensive, multi-academic library on the subject. Second, I assembled the most extensive scientific bibliography ever created. Then I went into the laboratory at a major university while under federal license, and designed the most sophisticated laboratory grade growing chamber in the world called the PHOTOTRON and the methodology "Growing Plants Pyraconimetrically." The Phototron is not presented to the public as a piece of paraphernalia intended for the unlawful production of marijuana. The system was designed to grow any plant. The private cultivation of marijuana has been illegal under numerous state and federal laws since 1936. Marijuana can only be grown legally with a federal license. I worked under such a license at the time I was engaged in my research. Pyraconic Industries will never knowingly sell products to anyone expressing the intent to produce illicit substances. If you were to research indoor plant growing techniques, as I did, a similarity soon becomes apparent. Every system before the Phototron has attempted to duplicate a tropical climate, such as Hawaii's, in a confined area. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do no better than Hawaii's results. In fact you will grow the plant six (6) to nine (9) months with an average six (6) inch internodal length. (the distance between fruiting sites). That will produce a fruiting jello at the tops of the plants equal to only ten percent (10%). Ninety percent (90%) of the plant material is unusable and the plants are killed off after harvest in preparation for planting the next crop. Number one, the only thing I am waiting nine (9) months for is a baby. Number two, I don't want a tree growing in my home. Number three, I am not going to pay the electric bill to artificially reproduce the sun. That is why I made my system so revolutionary. The Phototron measures only 36 inches tall by 18 inches wide. Its potential is deceptively masked by the simplicity of functional design and compact size. On average, the Phototron draws only \$4.00 per month in electricity. I guarantee you will grow six (6) plants, three (3) feet tall in forty-five (45) days, while maintaining a one (1) inch internodal length. I guarantee that in your Phototron each of your six plants will produce over one thousand (1000) fruiting sites from top to bottom. Mine is the only system in the world which will allow you to reflower and refruit the same plants every forty-five (45) days. You will remove from the system everyday. Beginning on DAY 20 after seed germination, an average of six (6) to eight (8) ounces of plant material, such as tobacco, can be harvested every forty-five days. Please, do not allow the technical sounding nature of the Phototron to scare you away. I personally service back and guarantee each unit sold. The instructions are clear and simple; the system comes to you complete. All you must do is select your seeds, plug in the system and water it routinely. Then, if you have any questions, you may call me directly. Ask your question. Get your answer. And carry on about your business. You can not fail with my Phototron. I do not allow any of my Phototrons to fall below showcase. I personally have guaranteed every Phototron ever sold and I have never had one returned, ever, and I'm not starting now. Call me at 1-619-451-BUOS. If you don't learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call. Can you afford not to call?

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OLMOS: On a Wednesday afternoon in 1984, Michael Mann called to offer me the part. I turned it down. I said, "I can't do it, Mike. I can't sign an exclusive contract." I had turned down a part in *Hill Street Blues* for the same reason. So I said, "Thank you very, very much for asking" and hung up the telephone. My wife, Kaija, said, "Look, man, the odds are that the network isn't going to pick up the show—how many shows do they do for thirteen weeks and you never hear of them again?" I said, "With my luck, the show will run for five years and I'll be boxed in; then we'll be stuck in Miami. And when something I want to do comes up—one of the movies that I've been trying hard to make for ten years—I won't be able to make it because I'm on a TV show. I can't do it." She said, "I think you better go talk to your son, because he doesn't understand why his father doesn't want to work." See, we didn't have any money.

PLAYBOY: You were broke?

OLMOS: Well, we weren't starving on the streets; we just didn't have any money. We owned our own house, and the payment was two hundred and seventy-seven dollars a month. We did not live above our means. I had worked very hard to support my family, delivering furniture and doing odd jobs and working on my acting. But we still had the same old 1968 Volkswagen that had three hundred thousand miles on it, and we were very conservative in our expenditures.

PLAYBOY: What happened next?

OLMOS: So I went in and talked to my eleven-year-old son for twenty minutes. I explained to him how I was patterning my life and how I had always said no to money and yes to good stories. If the story was good and the values were good, and if I could understand the passion and the commitment, then I could do it. Because I *wasn't* a great actor. I told him, "I'm not ever going to know the mastery of this craft; it's too intricate. I just hope I can choose material to use in a positive way." When I finished talking to my son, he said he understood. But he really didn't.

Fifteen minutes later, the phone rang. It was Michael Mann again. He raised the weekly price twenty-five hundred dollars. I said I really appreciated it, but it had nothing to do with money. I'd said no to money before, I would continue to say no. Fifteen minutes after that, the phone rang—he was raising the price again.

PLAYBOY: Were you getting tempted?

OLMOS: Yeah, I was tempted, of course. I could see my future changing. My wife was saying, "It's probably only for a few weeks." But I said no again. Twenty minutes later—now you're talking about the fourth phone call—he raised the price again, and I said to myself, "Now he's offering me more money for eight weeks' work than my father made in a year." If the show went one full season, it would be more than my father probably made in his lifetime.

PLAYBOY: Hollywood money.

OLMOS: Unbelievable! So he raised the price again, I said no again. By now, he had raised the price two and a half times from where he started. Twenty minutes later, on the fifth phone call, he said, "You got it." I said, "What?" He said, "You got a nonexclusive contract. Just give me ninety days and you're out."

PLAYBOY: Is that what nonexclusive means? That you can leave if you want?

OLMOS: Yeah. I could leave to do a movie. Then I could go back when it was finished. And they couldn't write me out of the show while I was gone. They had gotten me; they had checkmated me. The amazing thing is, now, in the last season, I'm using this clause to leave the show and do a film called *Triumph of the Spirit* in Poland. I wouldn't have been able to be in this film if I'd had an exclusive contract.

PLAYBOY: Do Philip Michael Thomas and Don Johnson have nonexclusive contracts?

OLMOS: No one in the history of television has ever had such a contract. Producers do not sign contracts like that.

PLAYBOY: Most of the villains on *Miami Vice* are Latinos. Does the perpetuation of such stereotypes bother you?

OLMOS: Yeah, even though a stereotype is always based on some form of reality. But the show definitely has a tendency to perpetuate stereotypes and also is chauvinistic toward women. I have gotten into intense discussions with the producers about that and I've had some big blowouts with them over it. But one of the truths, especially in the Miami area, is that the soldier on the street is usually black or Hispanic. If you were to do *Butte, Montana, Vice*, about the guys who are dealing drugs there on the street level, you'd be showing Anglo-Saxon dealers.

But we've never argued that *Miami Vice* shows a realistic world. It's a heightened reality.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that the stories are essentially inaccurate?

OLMOS: There is nothing to base them on, as far as accuracy is concerned. Most of

deaths and car crashes per commercial.

PLAYBOY: One of the criticisms of the show is that it has actually glamorized the drug culture—with the mansions, the pools, the gorgeous women and the yachts.

OLMOS: Well, it has glamorized the lifestyle of the high-profile drug dealer. But then you read in the paper that one of the largest banks in the world is financed by drug money and that the laundering of drug money is probably its number-one resource. So you start to realize that *Miami Vice* is not glorifying anything. We can't even get as excessive as their lifestyles really are. Not only here but anywhere else in the world. You're talking about a hundred-and-fifty-billion-dollar-a-year market. That's bigger than the defense industry!

So, you tell me, how much do we really glorify it? People think that Sonny Crockett is a little flamboyant. But then again, where these guys work in this city, you could not get in undercover if you were driving a 'Fifty-nine Chevy with dented fenders. The undercover cop as portrayed in *Serpico* could not walk into parts of the drug world in Miami and get away with it. Now, *Miami Vice* frequently portrays the drug world in an exploitative way, but what you have to remember is that there's a lot of truth in that glorification.

PLAYBOY: But what about the kid who watches *Miami Vice* and sees dealing

drugs for several hundred bucks a day as a lot better than what his father does—driving a cab or working in a restaurant? Isn't that the message you're giving him?

OLMOS: Except when they have the vice squad after them and you see what happens to them. Most of those dealers end up dead in the show. Or in jail. But it's certainly true that we read every day in our



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Miami Vice is fiction. Most of the writers don't even come from here. They don't know anything about Miami; it's one of the problems with the program. Most of them have never been to this city. They use a formula. And that formula, to me, leaves a lot to be desired.

PLAYBOY: And what's the formula?

OLMOS: X number of exciting points,



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newspapers that crime does pay. And it doesn't take our show to emphasize it.

PLAYBOY: How is the show chauvinistic?

OLMOS: Women are just used as decor. Once in a while, we'll have a story in which a woman is shown in a positive light, but mainly, they're suffering victims. Even the two female detectives on the show are not really used enough to show the positives of having women on the force. In terms of their dress, Trudy and Gina are undercover in the vice activities, so that's understandable; but every other woman is usually dressed in a very exploitative way. It's a male-oriented show.

PLAYBOY: And there aren't really any ongoing relationships—Crockett was married for, what, five minutes?

OLMOS: The concept is that the show is about the inside dealings of police work, not what happens to the guy once he finishes blowing away somebody and goes home and sits down to a cup of coffee and his kid. It's not that kind of show.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about *Stand and Deliver*. For the reader who hasn't seen it, tell us the story of Jaime Escalante.

OLMOS: How do you describe this plot line? It's the true story of a teacher who helps a group of minority kids understand the value of education and helps them take a mathematics examination twice. When you see this on paper, it just doesn't bounce; nobody wanted to buy it. That's why it took us so long to sell it. It's not what they call in Hollywood "high concept." In fact, it's the *worst* concept.

PLAYBOY: Let's try again.

OLMOS: OK. Jaime Escalante is a very gifted and committed teacher at an inner-city school in L.A. who takes eighteen not-very-motivated kids, most of whom would never go to college, and convinces them that they should prepare themselves to take one of the most difficult tests in the world—the Advanced Placement calculus exam—to get them college credit. That's it, the not-very-exciting story. But what really happens is, these kids eventually understand the potential they have to become masters of their own destiny, to be the best they can be as human beings. That's what is so inspiring about *Stand and Deliver*. It's one of the most uplifting films I've ever seen.

PLAYBOY: What has been the impact of *Stand and Deliver* since its release?

OLMOS: I think it will be worth more in the year 2050 than it is in 1989. I tell you, if I never do another thing in my life but this, I will be forever grateful to have been given the opportunity to make it. Because of *Stand and Deliver*, I've been asked to be the keynote speaker at a conference of four hundred or five hundred executives from the largest corporations in America who get together to look at how business can further the advancement of society. Do you know what the power of that group is?

PLAYBOY: What do people say to you about the movie?

OLMOS: Oh, it's monumental. People walk up to me on the street, in planes. Never

have I done anything that has gotten this response. People thank me; they talk about the value of education and how that's lacking in our political structure. So the movie has just begun to awaken the need to make education a number-one priority in politics. During the Presidential debates, George Bush, if you remember, labeled Jaime Escalante as one of his heroes, and Reagan gave him the highest award he could—the Presidential Freedom Award for Excellence in Education. But the best response is from teachers, who cry, who say, "This is why I got into the profession." There have been standing ovations at performances, not only here but in Germany and Australia.

You know, the film is really about the triumph of the human spirit. It's about something we've lost—the joy of learning, the joy of making our brains develop. It evokes the same feelings as *Rocky*, *Chariots of Fire*, *The Miracle Worker*.

PLAYBOY: What has happened to Garfield High School?

OLMOS: Because of Jaime, and because of the movie, the school's feeling of pride has made it become one of the top schools in the L.A. area. That from having been close to losing its accreditation.

PLAYBOY: To what does taking the Advanced Placement calculus exam entitle the student?

OLMOS: High school and college credit. And, in terms of getting into college, you can just about call your own shot when you pass that examination. Because only two percent of the entire student population in the country attempt that exam, with fewer than three percent of that two percent passing it.

PLAYBOY: All eighteen of Escalante's students passed the first year. That's remarkable.

OLMOS: He had eighty-six percent of the students pass it in 1987. Last year, the percentage dropped to sixty-seven, and he attributes the reduction to the amount of attention the film brought to the school. The press was around there all the time and it was just too overwhelming for him and the students. But he contends that it's the number of students who take the exam—who have the confidence to prepare for it and to sit in the room—that makes the difference. Not how many pass or how high they score.

PLAYBOY: What has happened to that class of 1982, the *Stand and Deliver* group, since graduation?

OLMOS: I think all but two of the eighteen have graduated from college and are professionals or are in school and intending to graduate. One girl went to USC and got her master's degree in business in five years, when it normally takes six.

PLAYBOY: What is it about Escalante that inspires such transformation in students?

OLMOS: Jaime Escalante is truly gifted, even beyond his dedication and commitment. He is gifted with the ability to make complex math very practical. I've been in

his classroom. He does parabolas off the arc of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's sky hook. And he uses Jerry West as a straight line. So when he uses number forty-four, everybody knows what he's talking about. Jerry West! Forty-four! Straight line! It's so unbelievably wonderful I can't tell you. He has shown that it does not take a specially gifted student to understand the concepts of calculus. He says, "If you've got the desire, I'll get you through it. But you must come to class with the desire, the *ganas*." He also requires the student and the parents to sign a contract, which he signs as well. It says, "When you come to class with desire, I will come to class with as much desire, if not more, to teach." So it's a commitment made by everybody involved.

Jaime has a gift—the ability to touch your heart, to spin you around and entertain you. He always catches his students off balance, bringing out little toys, using props and disguises to keep their interest, and then has a mastery of the subject matter that he's trying to teach.

PLAYBOY: So the subject doesn't have to be advanced math in order for this transformation to occur. It could be history or Shakespeare.

OLMOS: I think that it was essential that it did come out of mathematics. As the movie says, mathematics is the great equalizer, the universal language. You can speak to Russians in mathematics; almost every language uses the same kind of mathematical symbols. And it also happens to be the foundation for thought and theory. It actually develops the portion of the brain that calculates, that makes choices.

PLAYBOY: Did those kids see that in the course of their study?

OLMOS: Oh, yeah. He told them constantly: "Where are the jobs? Where's the money? It's in computers, it's in medicine, it's in engineering, it's in electronics. And what's the language? Mathematics."

PLAYBOY: Did you study math?

OLMOS: I think a lot of us were afraid to step into that arena. When they told me in the eleventh grade that I had completed my two years of algebra and my one year of geometry and I had all my math prerequisites for college, I said, "Well, that's great." And I didn't take any more math. Now I regret it. I should have taken trigonometry, math analysis and tried to go on to calculus. I think all students should be into calculus by the time they graduate from high school.

PLAYBOY: And now you have a project to get *Stand and Deliver* placed in every school.

OLMOS: Yes. It is going to happen. We made the film first and then we went out and solicited the financial help of major corporations in America. Pepsi was the first one to join up, then Arco. They helped sponsor the film in the first place for American Playhouse. And now we have IBM and General Motors committed. My idea is to put a cassette in every private, parochial and public school. Also in every library, correctional institution, Boys and Girls

THE JOY OF SIX.



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Clubs of America, the girl scouts and the boy scouts, children's hospitals, Indian reservations—places that can benefit from the movie. It was a God-sent project and I'm really happy that Jaime Escalante is alive and well today.

PLAYBOY: Not too long ago, your picture appeared on the cover of *Time* with the headline "Hispanic Culture Breaks Out of the Barrio." Does that mean we can now label you the spokesman for America's Hispanic community?

OLMOS: If you wish. But I always wonder. Why do you and other people need to look at me as a Hispanic-American actor, instead of just an actor? I've never heard anyone say, "Ladies and gentlemen, here he is, that great Jewish-American actor, Dustin Hoffman." Or "Here he is, that marvelous Italian-American actor, Robert De Niro." But I do hear, "Here he is, that Hispanic-American actor, Edward James Olmos." I'll never understand that. I see myself as an actor, as a human being who happens to be a Hispanic-American. I do have mixed blood, by the way; I'm a mestizo—part Spaniard, part Native American.

But *Stand and Deliver* is now called a great Hispanic-American movie. It's interesting how a positive situation, such as the identification with one's culture, can be distorted so that it boxes you in.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you perpetuating some of that by the kind of parts you play?

OLMOS: Well, I don't play just Hispanic-Americans. I'm about to go to Poland to do a film in which I play a Greek gypsy imprisoned at Auschwitz. But I have made a conscious choice to do certain stories that excite me. And I've turned down some that I was offered because I couldn't find myself in the stories. Like, they originally offered me the George C. Scott part in *Firestarter*. And *Scarface*, where I couldn't see any reason at all to make that movie. And they wanted me to be in *Red Dawn*. Most of those were non-Hispanic roles. I just chose not to do them. And the stories that I *did* choose to do happened to be Hispanic characters. It's interesting, though, that when *Playboy* interviewed De Niro, Hoffman and Don Johnson, their ethnicity wasn't an issue.

PLAYBOY: Well, they aren't associated with their ethnicity and you are. And there are Jewish and Italian actors who are associated with *their* ethnicity, as well.

OLMOS: People have placed me in that position. *Time* placed me in that position. And I'm not going to deny my culture. I'm very proud of what I am.

So, who do you consider a Jewish-American actor?

PLAYBOY: We knew you would ask that.

OLMOS: Well, answer it. Yeah, you can't. Who do you think is a Scottish-American actor? Or a Swedish-American actor? Or a . . . you see, the only ones who get it are black-American, Hispanic-American and Asian-American actors.

PLAYBOY: Jewish-American actor: Judd Hirsch.

OLMOS: Wrong! No one has ever told him, "You're a great Jewish-American actor."

But people put a tag on *me*. Why?

PLAYBOY: Maybe it has to do with the growing awareness of the Hispanic in the U.S.

OLMOS: It does.

PLAYBOY: That's good, isn't it?

OLMOS: Did I ever say that it was bad?

PLAYBOY: Let's take you out of this argument for a minute. *Time* will probably not do a story called "The Jew in America." People would yawn—they'd say, "We've been reading about the Jew in America for decades already." But they haven't been reading about the Hispanic culture. Isn't that part of it?

OLMOS: I know. Guilt. A tremendous amount of guilt. And I'll bet you anything the next thing to be covered will be: "Who's the hot Asian actor around now?"

If we had an Eddie Olmos who was Japanese, you might be sitting in *his* trailer.

PLAYBOY: One of the emotionally charged issues in urban America these days is bilingual education. What are your thoughts about that?

OLMOS: I believe in bilingual education, totally. In areas with a large *Latino* population, they should do what they've been doing here in Miami for twenty years: offer all students Spanish and English.

PLAYBOY: What was it like when you were a student in L.A.?

OLMOS: When I got to Belvedere Elementary, there was a sign on the wall that said, IF IT ISN'T WORTH SAYING IN ENGLISH, IT ISN'T WORTH SAYING AT ALL. It was done for the kids' betterment—everyone thought at the time. It was commonplace, going to school and being told that you must speak English. It was very good. Everyone should speak English, and everyone should learn to speak Spanish, and everyone should learn to speak computer. Those are the three languages that must be spoken in the Western Hemisphere.

PLAYBOY: Why Spanish?

OLMOS: Because more people speak Spanish than any other language in the Western Hemisphere. And it should be spoken as they speak English in other parts of the world. In Latin America, schools start teaching English in the first grade. And you have to take English for eight years. It's just part of life.

PLAYBOY: Do your children speak Spanish?

OLMOS: Yes, they do. They don't speak it fluently, but they are speaking better and better, with the help of the school system here. Miami is an extraordinary place. It is about twenty years ahead of the rest of the country in dealing with some of the problems that other areas are soon going to be hit with. Politically, Hispanics are much more involved and organized here. And they are economically at a higher level. Most of those who came here in the Fifties, from Batista's Cuba, were professionals. They were doctors, lawyers and people who set up their own businesses. And everything became bilingual.

PLAYBOY: A Hispanic politician has said:

"We are the fastest-growing group but the least educated." Do you agree or disagree?

OLMOS: I'm not sure of observations like that and I'm not an expert on that situation. I do know that most of the people who immigrate to this country from Latin America are either striving for economic relief from their existence in poverty-stricken areas or exiled from some kind of a revolutionary war in their country. And they're less educated than the Hispanic who is native-born and raised in this country. It's a devastating problem. It's something that we have to look at and really start to try to understand how to deal with in every city with a Hispanic community.

PLAYBOY: There's a rich mixture of Hispanic cultures in America—Mexican, Central and South American, Puerto Rican, Cuban—yet they're all lumped together under the umbrella called Hispanic. Is that a problem?

OLMOS: Yeah. I really think so. They're about as different as, say, the Swedes and the Germans. They are *Latino*, they all speak Spanish, but they're very different. Lumping them all together under one banner has a positive effect and a negative effect. The positive effect is that they become a more viable commodity to deal with; you have to reckon with the strength of that group of individuals. But there's a problem with respect to their cultural backgrounds, which are very different.

PLAYBOY: In what ways?

OLMOS: Customs, foods, clothing, their indigenous roots. The basic foods—rice and beans—are the same. But the *meals* are completely different. The values are different. And the manner in which they deal with certain characteristics, such as *machismo*, is different.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about that.

OLMOS: *Machismo* is found in all male animals; it's not indigenous to the Hispanic. But you see it a lot in the depictions of the stereotype of the Hispanic male. I don't know the different cultures well enough to decipher every single one of them. I know only my own, the Mexican. I was speaking to the Cuban-American National Council here. I said I believe that the future of the Western Hemisphere lies in the hands of the Hispanic woman. And there was silence. And I said I felt that it was very difficult because of *machismo* and ego and—we have a great word—*envidia*. That means jealousy. Because of jealousy, the Hispanic male can't fully collaborate with other Hispanic males. So really, the only person who's going to unite us as a people and as a force is the woman. Because of her rearing of children and her love of mankind through the child, she can look past cultural differences, past money, and see the common bond of humankind.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that much of that understanding has infiltrated the *Latino* culture in America?

OLMOS: The *male* culture, period. You've got to stop thinking about the differences between Hispanic and non-Hispanic males



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when you get to those questions.

PLAYBOY: Why?

OLMOS: Because there's nothing more volatile than that kind of question. The Japanese, the Asian, the Native American, the Anglo-Saxon, the black, the Hispanic—they all have their own sense of *machismo* and their own sense of dignity and pride, being able to walk among men.

PLAYBOY: What about the Hispanic's assimilating into mainstream American culture? Does that concern you?

OLMOS: I don't think that any culture really assimilates. It's like the theory of making a gumbo soup or making a rich salad. I believe in the salad theory.

PLAYBOY: What is the distinction?

OLMOS: The difference is that in the soup, or melting-pot, concept, all the ingredients dissolve and become more than they were, blending into a fine soup. I've never seen that happen in the U.S. What I see is the salad concept: The lettuce stays the lettuce, the tomato stays the tomato, the onion stays the onion, and you put on top of it a Russian or French or Italian dressing. And it's a really great salad rather than a melting pot. I don't need to assimilate to anybody's culture to understand it. Nor do I have to lose my identity, ever. I don't think the Greeks or the Germans or the Irish have ever lost their identity in America. Yeah, they're all whole-hearted Americans, but I don't see them losing their identity.

PLAYBOY: That's a good analogy, except for the fact that in the salad, all ingredients are still in one bowl. But here—

OLMOS: You're going to say that the lettuce is not allowed to play in the salad bowl? Well, that's a problem of mankind since the existence of two tribes. Tribe number one says that tribe number two can play only up to a certain point but has to stay on the other side.

PLAYBOY: Right. Doesn't that bother you?

OLMOS: Racial prejudices bother me. Prejudgments bother me. But the fact that we're all different *doesn't* bother me. I like being a Mexican-American. I like knowing Korean-Americans. I enjoy having friends who are Hungarian-Americans. And I

love Native Americans. I think they all have something to offer. And they all deserve to be heard and allowed to understand their identity. Los Angeles, for example, is a place where every single culture that's found in the world exists. It's one of the few places that can probably say that. It's wonderful.

PLAYBOY: But our point is that they're not living together.

OLMOS: And it's OK that they don't live together. I just don't want the atheist to look at the Jew or the Jew to look at the Christian and get violent over the fact that the other one doesn't believe the way he does.

PLAYBOY: But isn't that very separation one of the facets of racism? If you took a poll of most Anglo-Saxons in America about what

you want to prejudge, you can. It's your right. If you want to stereotype, you can. But you'll be hit between the eyes when one of your loved ones ends up marrying a Hispanic. I would like everyone to be exposed to images of blacks, reds, browns, yellows and whites in a positive way. Because what we present to the world is really stupid. Can you imagine what the rest of the world thinks of us as we send out *Rambo*? I've talked to people all over about that.

PLAYBOY: What do they think?

OLMOS: They laugh at us because, basically, we have a *Rambo* mentality. Our former President said something like, "I saw *Rambo* last night and the next time there's a confrontation somewhere in that part of the world, I'll know what to do." And he really

thinks that *Rambo* is a good image to have out there in the world. It makes people afraid of us. I believe that *Ordinary People*, *On Golden Pond* and *Stand and Deliver* are better representations of the American image than the *Rambo* image is.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about immigration. Eighty-five percent of the illegal immigration is Hispanic. Central Americans come across the border with a dream; then they get here and life is almost as difficult as before.

OLMOS: They don't even need a dream. They just need to know that there's a possibility that they won't get shot and killed here. That's a better possibility than staying where they are and dying. People cry, "Why don't they just stay home?" Well, be-

cause right now, the political turmoil in Latin America is overwhelming. A lot of people say it's not our problem. It is.

PLAYBOY: How so?

OLMOS: Basically, because of what we've forged in those countries with those governments. In two hundred years of dealing with Central America, we have helped them get into the mess they're in. They couldn't have done it all by themselves. We turned a deaf ear and a blind eye to the injustices and went for the economic rewards of the situation. And we kept on saying, "We had nothing to do with it. They're a free country. They can do whatever they

Some guys know.

English Leather
or
nothing
at all.

English Leather
A Man's Cologne

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their picture was of the Hispanic culture, we think they might answer—if they were candid—maids, gardeners, handy men, construction workers. And that they related to them that way. It's in part because of this separation that you're applauding.

OLMOS: You're saying that because of the separation, prejudgments are set. I think maybe there are people who would say that, but I think that there are many Anglo-Saxon people who would say, "I deal with them on an equal level constantly. They are my equals in the work force." Because there are just too many Hispanics now. There are too many Gonzalezes and Fernandezes who are doctors and lawyers.

But, again, back to the fundamentals: If

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want." But we continued to deal with them. So if we're not supposed to take on the responsibility, who is?

PLAYBOY: But does the responsibility include open immigration?

OLMOS: No. Because there is too much strife. It means that we must now start exporting; instead of guns and ammunition, we must start exporting a tremendous amount of good will and sensitivity toward the common man in whatever country we're dealing with.

PLAYBOY: That sounds lovely but...

OLMOS: Idealistic?

PLAYBOY: Politically naïve.

OLMOS: Yeah, it has to start from having the right values and ideals. Our country will eventually work with the people of Latin America in a positive way to reconstruct human dignity and self-esteem throughout the Western Hemisphere. We have no option. And it may take less time than we think, because the immigration situation is just too overwhelming. People all over this country are going to start saying, "What are we going to do about this? Somebody has to come up with a solution."

PLAYBOY: It looks as though the Hispanic community will be facing a critical time in the next twenty years or so.

OLMOS: I think the *non*-Hispanic culture will be facing a critical time, unless it understands, first of all, that the Latin American is in the majority in the Americas, not the minority. And that within thirty years, there will be a doubling of the population of Latin people in this country alone. That's why I think it's essential that the arts open up to the Hispanic culture. *Stand and Deliver* was a surprise to a lot of people, whereas to us, it was simply a confirmation of our own beliefs.

I see the arts and the humanities as the only two things that really bind us together: First, there is the humanity; all of us are human. We all bleed the same way; we are all from the same origin. Second, there is the art, whatever discipline. I can see a painting created by a black Jewish woman born and raised in Russia and understand it and either enjoy it or not enjoy it. But it can still unite me with a sixty-eight-year-old Mississippi man of a different religion and culture who saw the same painting. We would have nothing in common other than that moment we saw the same piece of art. That is a wonderful thing about art; it breaks down the barriers and unites us.

Religion tries to do that. But I've never known the Baptist to call the Mormon to make sure the Jehovah's Witness is not late for the *bar mitzvah*. It's more like, "We don't know if you can make it to heaven without being Catholic or being on the list of souls for the Mormon Temple."

PLAYBOY: Has there been increased exposure to the Hispanic culture in the arts? *Stand and Deliver* seems like a rare bird.

OLMOS: Before *Stand and Deliver*, there was *La Bamba*. Before *La Bamba*, there were things like *Zoot Suit*, *El Norte* and *The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez*. None were huge

commercial successes. Slowly but surely, I think the economic interest has opened up and, like anything else, it'll be a slow process. And pretty soon, a Hispanic-themed film will be as normal as an Italian- or Jewish-themed film.

PLAYBOY: How critical is the drug crisis to the Hispanic culture?

OLMOS: Oh, I think it's tearing apart the fiber of our entire society. There are no two ways around it. The value system of America says that greed is good and that success is in the dollar. And the selling and distribution of narcotics brings about the highest financial rewards—it's the largest industry in our country, because our values are in the wrong place. People say that as long as there's a need, there's going to be a supplier. And I say, yeah, but we must understand the real root—that if we could change the value system so that dollars weren't the highest form of showing your success, we would be on the road to solving the drug problem.

PLAYBOY: When you were a child growing up in East Los Angeles, were you ever into drugs or gangs?

OLMOS: I was in between, because I had a brother who was into gangs. It wasn't that he was into a single gang, it's just that he hung around with a group of guys who were considered a gang. And I saw the problems that he got into. He ended up having the choice of either going to jail or going into the Marine Corps. And he chose the other gang—the Marine Corps gang. And that gang straightened him out, but still, it was a gang.

PLAYBOY: Those were his only two choices?

OLMOS: Well, he saw it that way.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about the project in which you brought rival gangs together in L.A.

OLMOS: It was the first breaking of bread, so to speak, the first peace treaty among fifty-seven gangs, together in one room for the first time. Several people who have worked for years in the gang-prevention task force finally got these kids to meet, to declare a truce from Thanksgiving to Christmas. And I went and spoke to them.

PLAYBOY: Had they all been fighting one another?

OLMOS: Oh, yeah. There had been blood spilled. These guys will fight against anybody who goes into their territory to either mark their walls or trespass on their domain. It's all about drugs, you know. Most of the gangs find their strength through being the street dealers. They control the streets and they will kill anybody who tries to move into their territory. The bigger the gang gets, the more streets they can cover.

PLAYBOY: And are the wars usually black against Spanish, or—

OLMOS: No, no. It has nothing to do with race, it has everything to do with business. It's that simple, and it's brutal and ruthless and it's done by kids who don't yet know the value of life.

PLAYBOY: How old are the gang members?

OLMOS: They can start as young as kids

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in grammar school and go all the way up to eighteen or so. The gangs have their names, their identities, their laws and their structures. And their warfare is dominated by the dollar—the only color is green.

PLAYBOY: How many gang members do you estimate there are in Los Angeles?

OLMOS: There are sixty thousand in the county who are registered with the police—those are only the registered ones.

PLAYBOY: So fifty-seven of these gangs were represented at the meeting. Describe the scene to us.

OLMOS: It was wonderful but difficult, because we knew very well what it took for them to be sitting in that room. I told them it was a day that I had been waiting for for forty years—the day that I could see these rival gangs that I had known about my entire life sitting together in the same room without any kind of confrontation. There were hundreds of people in the room, and they left their weapons outside. We all held hands and ate together. It was monumental, so moving. A lot of people were crying.

PLAYBOY: What was the outcome?

OLMOS: They created a truce for six weeks, and then things went right back to normal. They have too many years of hatred and vengeance. The gangs are their survival. This will not change overnight.

PLAYBOY: Our understanding is that it wouldn't have occurred if you hadn't been there, because you're a hero to those kids. And you first thought you weren't going to be able to make it.

OLMOS: Yes. I had to fly in from Miami, where we were shooting the show that day. I told them at the show that I absolutely had to do this, no matter what. So I flew that morning from Miami to L.A., got there at eleven-thirty and had to be gone by twelve-thirty to make the plane back, to shoot that night.

PLAYBOY: You're deeply committed to talking to kids, particularly kids in trouble. How did you start?

OLMOS: About fifteen years ago, Roosevelt High School in L.A. invited me to talk to an assembly. This was before *Miami Vice*, and nobody knew who I was. All I did was share what my occupation was, how I'd got to where I was, and allow them to question me. They invited me back to speak to another group and I did that. Another school heard about it and asked me to do the same. Then a couple of libraries and juvenile halls started passing me around. Now I do about a hundred and fifty talks a year, wherever I am, about two or three a week. The pattern is, whenever I go to a city for whatever purpose, I visit two schools and one juvenile hall.

PLAYBOY: Some of the kids you talk to are extremely tough. How much can you influence them in an hour or two?

OLMOS: I can't influence. I can only share my experiences in the hope that they will be able to understand something from my life that they can carry with them. And that's all one can hope for.

PLAYBOY: What's a typical speech like?

OLMOS: I start out by saying, "I came by to say hello and to allow you to ask me any type of questions that you may have about the show, or about my life, or how I got where I got to, or what color my underwear is." Then they ask me questions that always start out with money and cars and Don Johnson. Always. And then, slowly, we get into important stuff.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about visiting juvenile halls.

OLMOS: Any city I go to, the first places I hit are the juvenile halls, the holding facilities where they keep young people while they're getting their trials set or they're waiting to be dispersed to prison. I used to go to prisons, but I would rather spend my time at the holding facilities before they get to the hard-core lock-down prisons. I've been in holding facilities with eleven-year-old kids who have killed. And they know nothing's going to happen to them. At the age of seventeen, they'll be out, and in the meantime, they get three meals a day and a warm place. I usually talk with them about how to use dead time. I tell them there are two kinds of dead time that they're going to experience. There's the dead time when you are in jail—where you can't leave and that's the way it is—and then there's the dead time that happens when you don't use even the *jail time* creatively. Because you always have the ability to learn and move yourself forward. I tell them that if they use their time correctly, they'll come out of there like a shot from a pistol, with such energy and direction that they'll know exactly what they need to do with their life.

PLAYBOY: Do they hear what you're saying?

OLMOS: It depends. They usually don't realize the choices they have. Mostly, they've gotten peer pressure not to study books but to deal drugs and steal, and they don't see that they have chosen that. Usually, they won't have any hope until they get out of there, and then they can maybe start their lives over again. And that's wrong. There's hope inside prison. You can use that time.

I remember one kid in a juvenile hall in Laredo, Texas, who had just gotten arrested for murder. He broke down and cried. He was supposed to be leaving that day for Miami on vacation with his parents. He said to me, "I shot a kid last night in a drug deal that went wrong and I think he's dead." And he got real tough, but you could see that he wanted to relate to somebody. He wanted to get it off his chest. That's a human saving device. He had to talk it through. And everyone in the room, all the other kids, didn't say anything. And I didn't either. What do you say to the kid? "Oh, it'll be all right. Things'll be great?"

PLAYBOY: What do you say?

OLMOS: You can't say anything. He's got to deal with the truth of his situation. I just started talking about dead time. I said, "You're going to have some time in here. You have to think about what you've done, how you could have changed those choices,

done something different."

PLAYBOY: Is it heartbreaking to work with these troubled kids?

OLMOS: No, it isn't; I can't let it be, because if I stopped to think about the down side, you know, I probably couldn't work with them. It would be overwhelming and debilitating. It wouldn't give me any energy; it would just knock me for a wallop.

PLAYBOY: So what do you focus on?

OLMOS: I think you have to focus on what's going to happen that day and not take it any further. I don't get into delivering messages, but there are some points that I constantly hit—that discipline, determination, perseverance and patience are the key ingredients that we need to be successful in life, that we all have the same thing when we start out—nothing. So that makes us all equal. And none of us were born very gifted and talented, we're all just learning, we're all in the same boat. There are very few Mozarts born in the world. I say, "I did not come out of my mother's womb reciting 'To be or not to be'"—which I say in a heavy Spanish accent. I try to make them laugh a lot; that's Jaime Escalante's technique for reaching kids. It grabs and holds their attention. They don't know where I'm coming from. There's an instantaneous rapport with people when I start talking about what drives me to do what I do.

I also say to the kids, "Listen, you should never in your wildest dreams be sitting here and listening to me, because I'm your worst nightmare. With me, all your excuses go out the window. You can't use any of them to excuse why you can't cope or achieve your full potential. You're looking at a guy with an upbringing no different from any one of yours. I'm just the average guy who learned to hit the home run. I went from not knowing *nada*, zippo, nothing about acting to winning Emmys and Golden Globes." Then they get to sit there and think about that. And they begin to sit up straight and it gets real quiet. Money, cars, fame, fortune—that'll always get their attention, because that's what they all dream of. If they ask me about my money, then they're going to get the full brunt of it. They're going to find out that, yeah, I have money, but I made it through values of integrity that are very strongly committed. You know, they usually ask me how much money I make.

PLAYBOY: And do you tell them?

OLMOS: Yes. Why shouldn't I? Should I be tactful? You know how many people's attention you would hold in that room if you were tactful? You would lose their interest in two minutes. So the more honesty you bring, the more possibility there is for some kind of interaction and connection.

PLAYBOY: How much money do you make?

OLMOS: I get thirty thousand dollars an episode. I made probably a little more than a million dollars a year on *Miami Vice*.

PLAYBOY: You also tell the kids a great story about your cars.

(concluded on page 96)

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CAMPUS RACISM

A SPECIAL REPORT

DISILLUSIONED IN THE PROMISED LAND

article By Trey Ellis

HERE'S SOME VERSE from one of many fliers that were slipped under the doors of various University of Michigan black students last year:

*Nigger, nigger, go away,
For the white man is here to stay.
Everywhere you look,
Everywhere you'll see
The menacing branches of a tree.
And from that tree,
What do we see?
The beautiful sight of my friends and
me,
Laughing at your dangling feet.
So be forewarned
And do be scared,
For I, nigger child, will see you there.
Take your black asses back to Africa,
Before it's too late.*

•
Last year, Peter O. Steiner, dean of Michigan's College of Literature, Science and the Arts, announced, "Our challenge is not to change this university into another kind of institution where minorities would naturally flock in much greater numbers. I need not remind you that there are such

REASSESSING THE ROOTS

article By David J. Dent

IN 1960, 75 percent of all black American college students attended traditionally black schools. Then the civil rights movement and Federally funded financial-aid programs threw open the doors of previously white schools. The black colleges were virtually ignored in the rush by many black collegians to enroll in the theretofore forbidden white schools. The result: By 1984, only 14 percent of black American collegians were enrolled at black schools.

Now the figures tell a different story. As the Eighties draw to a close, blacks are returning to black schools. In 1988, the percentage of black students enrolled at predominantly black colleges leaped to 20. And that trend is seen mostly at the schools with the best academic reputations. Many are reporting record increases in the number of applications for admission. Applications have doubled at Virginia's Hampton University and at Tallahassee's Florida A&M University (FAMU) over the past five years. At Atlanta's Morehouse College, the celebrated alma mater of Dr. Martin (continued on page 155)





institutions—including Wayne State and Howard University. . . .” Sensing an ally, the student pamphleteers followed up quickly with more fliers:

“Niggers, get off campus!” they wrote. “Dean Steiner was right.”

The smart money should start investing in Ann Arbor copy centers.

The YPSILANTI CITY LIMITS sign slides past my eyes for the first time in 17 years; I feel old. Four years out of Stanford, I’m back in Ypsilanti, suburb of Ann Arbor, cradle of the University of Michigan, where my father and mother taught and where I napped on an oval rug and ate Nutter Butters in the campus nursery school.

My nursery class of 1967 was fashionably diverse: blacks, whites, Asians, Jews, Catholics, Protestants. You couldn’t have stopped us from hugging and holding hands—just like the kids in the Benetton ads today. Our only fear was not outrunning Ruthie, a frisky-lipped white girl also known as the Kissing Cootie.

This year’s freshmen weren’t born yet in 1967. By the time Ronald Reagan took office, they were ten. If my childhood saw the explosion of progressivism, theirs witnessed its opposite—the systematic strangulation of liberal values. Having been educated to the old-fashioned intolerance of the Reagan years, this year’s incoming frosh has found far more to fear than just a premature kiss on the lips.

At home in New York, I’d read about the University of Michigan’s recent racist incidents; but surely, it couldn’t have changed that much, I’d thought, heading west. After cruising State Street in person and hitting up both black and white Michigan students for the real deal, however, I hardly recognized my home town. I was going back—I just didn’t know how far.

Here’s the story of black U of M student Regina Parker (not her real name). Her parents have just hauled her footlockers and posters and radio up to her room and are driving back to Flint, Michigan, proud of their 18-year-old, all grown up. Regina thinks, How about a little Gap Band on the stereo to celebrate my new life as a collegian? Then in walks her new white roommate, who plugs in a new 40-watt sound system and cranks up the greatest hits of REO Speedwagon. After months of squabbling, Regina’s roommate promises, “I’m gonna make life hell for you.” Eventually, the white girl gives up and moves out. But it’s not over. Some white guys, upset by the loss of a soulmate, start calling Regina the word—nigger—and late at night, while other U of M students are out distributing leaflets, the white guys regularly hurl blocks of ice at the black girl’s door. Says

Regina, “I thought about jumping out of school, out of the window.”

Most of us would have dropped out or maybe dropped somebody with a punch and been kicked out, but Regina took a course in ego aerobics—she checked out the Center for Afro-American and African Studies (C.A.A.S.). The center reminded her that there are black doctors of political science, of sociology and most other disciplines, that blacks, indeed, finish school. In high school, she had been a cheerleader and believes, as ex-cheerleaders will, that “everybody used to be my friend—blacks and whites.” In any case, Regina did not imagine when she arrived from Flint that she would ever voluntarily stay away from white folks. Now Regina, like other black students here, believes only separatism will pull her through.

When I was in fourth grade, my father took a job as a campus psychiatrist at Yale. We lived in Hamden, a not-very-ritzy Italian and Irish New Haven suburb, where I met a new kind of off-campus creature. I was doing yardwork one day when a big white seventh grader walked by.

“Keep raking, Toby,” he taunted. At the time, Alex Haley’s *Roots*, the miniseries, was breaking TV viewing records nationwide. I had been glued to it. That white boy profoundly rocked my world. Naturally, I wanted to fillet his back with my rake the way the slave master had whipped Kunta Kinte until he had given up his African name for Toby. But the seventh grader was bigger and older, so I stood there alone silently in my own damned front yard.

Later, I transferred to Phillips Academy, Andover, one of the oldest boarding schools in the country and the high school home of Humphrey Bogart (before he was booted), Jack Lemmon and George Bush. By the time I got there, it was a progressive, coeducational junior think tank, ruled by hippie wanna bes playing 12-string guitars and reading *Howl*. But the Colonial town of Andover, squatting just north of Boston, offered me no such protection from traditional American values. It was the kind of town where a nine-year-old boy could freely shriek the word—nigger—at me from his school-bus window. If he eventually made it as far as college, he’d likely drive his primer-spotted Camaro an hour or so west to attend the University of Massachusetts at Amherst.

An excellent school with one of the nation’s first Afro-American studies departments, where Bill Cosby got his Ed.D. and where James Baldwin lectured, U Mass Amherst also boasts the first notable campus race riot of the mod-

ern era. After the last game of the 1986 world series, 1500 disgruntled white Red Sox fans took out their disappointment on 20 or so black students, including then-sophomore Yancey Robinson, who was “stomped on the ground and beaten with bats and clubs,” in the words of one witness. The Red Sox fans assumed that all black students came from New York and therefore must be Mets fans.

Last year, two black freshmen were attacked by five white freshmen. The black guys had been seen with a white girl.

At U Mass, only 2.7 percent of the students are black. Most of the students come from eastern Massachusetts, from Andover, the other Boston suburbs and parts of the city itself. One famous Boston locale, South Boston, made headlines in 1974, when “Southies” rioted and stoned school buses rather than let black kids be bused there.

I’m getting another note pad from my trunk in the U Mass parking garage near the student union when a Toyota with Massachusetts plates, driven by a white guy in a baseball cap with another beside him in the front and a blonde in the back, drives into the garage. “Yo!” yells the driver in mock black B-boy, to the great amusement of his passengers as they drive past willfully only inches from my foot. Great, I think, running down the ramp after them—my very own racial incident. With luck, they’ll be Southies, and I’ll interview them. It will be like Oprah’s broadcast from Georgia’s all-white Forsyth County. But I lose them in the spiral of the garage, give up and go back to the student union to check out the Earth Foods Café, the People’s Market and the Central American Solidarity Association, the hotbeds of U Mass progressivism. The Pioneer Valley, home of U Mass, Smith, Mount Holyoke, Amherst and Hampshire, is, in fact, as liberal an area as our nation knows.

I see two white guys who look like possible Southies sitting in front of the union. Instead, David Martin, an economics major, is from Dorchester, another hard-scrabble urban Boston neighborhood, and Robert Thompson, a communications major, comes from down near the Cape. But they were both at the Red Sox riot and agree that there is a lot of racism on campus.

“U Mass reflects the attitude of Massachusetts in general,” Robert says and splits for class.

“They bring the attitude up here,” says David. He has a classic Boston-Irish accent—the “here” comes out *he-ah*—and he tells me he is going to try boxing in the Golden Gloves this *summah*. A tough

(continued on page 84)



"Hear me, and hear me good, kid. Unroll the condom all the way to the base of the erect penis, taking care to expel the air from the reservoir at the tip by squeezing between the forefinger and thumb. . . ."

DIFF'RENT DANA

miss plato, the all-american girl of *diff'rent strokes*, has definitely grown up

UNLIKE the average 24-year-old, Dana Plato did not spend a large portion of her youth watching television. She was too busy *living* television. For seven years, in the long-running comedy series *Diff'rent Strokes*, she was the sweetly smiling epitome of the teen-queen schoolgirl—5'2", freckle-faced, with twinkling blue-green eyes and a blonde ponytail. And by then, she was already considered an old-timer in the business. "I started when I was six," she recalls. "It wasn't the result



Plato's Retreat: Dana in the *Diff'rent Strokes* den with Charlotte Rae, Canrad Bain, Gary Coleman and Todd Bridges.

of a master plan or anything. I was studying ballet and was having trouble at a recital. There I was on the stage, crying for my mommy, when an agent in the audience saw me. And that was that."

Her first video appearances were in commercials—more than 250 of them—for fried-chicken and other fast-food chains, gasoline and greeting cards. One of the toughest was a Dole commercial that, because of the constant retakes, required her to eat 82 bananas. "Or maybe

it just seemed like eighty-two."

Her age was still single digit when she was offered her first major film role. But she didn't get to play it. "I was cast as the daughter in *The Exorcist*," she explains. "But my mom wouldn't let me do it. She felt that it wasn't smart to start your career in a role like that. It would limit what you could do afterward. I guess she was right."

Mom did approve of Dana's appearance in a television thriller, Playboy Productions' *Beyond the Bermuda Triangle*, in which she, Fred MacMurray and Donna Mills dared the dangers of the deep. And, a few years later, she finally got to share celluloid with Satan via a small part in *The Exorcist II: The Heretic*.

At that point, acting was merely a means to another end—a career as a

figure skater. As early as the age of seven, she'd excelled on ice and, with an eye on the Olympics, she trained at the rink from 5:30 A.M. to seven A.M. and from three P.M. to eight P.M. daily.

Her real break came when she and a group of friends were auditioning for *The Gong Show*, of all things. "We were Pop Warner Football Cheerleaders, and we'd won gold medals left and right. So we did a little dance-cheer thing. We were real good. Too good for *The Gong Show*, as it turned out. They wouldn't let us on. But a producer was there who asked me to come to his office the next day. I did and he offered me the part of Kimberly on *Diff'rent Strokes*."

That was the start of seven seasons on the hit comedy series. She portrayed the daughter of a wealthy widower who generously moves the orphaned sons of his late housekeeper from their Harlem hovel into his Park Avenue digs. "The show was about the two boys and the dad," Dana says. "They needed a female element besides the maid, but they didn't bother to develop Kimberly's character. My job was mainly to open a door and tell the boys that the bathroom was free. Viewers must have thought I slept in there."

Eager to dispel the impression that she was unhappy with life in seriesland, Dana adds, "I liked doing the show. I liked knowing I had a job every day. I liked going to the same place, doing the same sort of work."

The only thing she really disliked was her ponytail. "I just wanted to wear my hair some other way," she says. "But they [the producers] wouldn't hear of it. Every day, someone would be there to make sure I had my ponytail with a curl and bangs. Once, I tried something different and they postponed the show until the ponytail returned. Of course, now that I don't have to, I like to wear my hair in a ponytail."

Dana left *Strokes* just before the end of the seventh season, when she and her



Cover Girl: Dana with stage brother Gary Coleman back in 1981.



Dana's Progress: You've come a long way from sitcoms, baby.







I want to make it clear that I didn't pose for these pictures to change my image," Dana says. "I don't feel any desire to grow up. I'm not ready to be a lawyer. I'm right there for the young-girl parts. I still fit in between sixteen and twenty-four, and that's fine with me." She has good reason to believe in her flexibility. Her character on *Diff'rent Strokes* grew erratically. "Kimberly stayed twelve years old for three entire seasons, then, all of a sudden, she was fifteen. Amazing what you can do in television." And in magazines, as well, you'll notice.



alter ego, Kimberly, were both 20. "It was not a pleasant parting," she admits. "I was married and I got pregnant and I wasn't sure how that would go over with the producers. They let me go. Ah, well, so much for show business."

Today, separated from her husband and living with her four-year-old son in Los Angeles, Dana has lost none of her girlish enthusiasm. She bubbles, "What's

coming up for me right now is music. I'm putting an album together. I love all kinds of music and I don't want to limit myself. I think I'm best with country-rock, but I'm not ruling out R&B."

Nor is she ignoring her acting career. It's just that she was less than thrilled by her most recent feature, a whodunit titled *Prime Suspect*. "It hasn't come out yet and, honestly, I hope it never does. Still,"

she adds, grinning, "I did get to die with a big old knife and lots of blood, and I've never done that before. It's important to do things you've never done before."

Appearing in *Playboy* is another new experience, but a much happier one. "It makes me feel very special—like getting an award for acting. And, after all," the grin is mischievous now, "isn't posing for *Playboy* every girl's dream?"

I've only recently been able to look at myself on television," Dana says. "When I was younger, I'd get all nervous and fidgety. But now I can look at myself and see the wrong moves I made, and the right ones, too." To that, we can only respond, with Bogey: "Here's looking at you, kid." And we may have more chances to do just that in the near future, if Dana's career pans out the way she hopes it will. "I want to do everything," says the irrepressible actress. "I love what Cher has done. A combination of singing and acting. That's it for me."



"Last year, a group of freshmen printed up T-shirts saying ARYAN BY THE GRACE OF GOD."

and friendly street kid with feathered hair, he wears acid-washed jeans and jeans jacket buttoned up to the neck, brown loafers with white socks. "Kids in my neighborhood don't wear ripped-up jeans, tie-dyed T-shirts," he tells me, jerking his chin toward a fashionably unkempt barefoot couple. His Dorchesterites are a dwindling working-class people whose urban neighborhood blackens as they, the last European immigrant offspring in America to make it, finally do.

David is a latter-day Bowery Boy, as alienated from this pastoral college life as many of the black students. "Suburban kids don't know what goes on in the city," he says. "People look at city kids here like they're some kind of maggot."

Here at U Mass, he has found other divisions besides white and black, Irish and not; you can hear him struggling to modernize his lifelong ethnocentric allegiances. "Of course, you'll have some, uh, city kids up here," he says. "My grandpa came from Ireland. He experienced racism." WASP New Englanders still have contempt for the Boston Irish. David and his friends don't like the children of the D.A.R. much, either. "We used to go up to Milton [a tony Boston suburb], beat kids up. That's when we were young, but that's all changed."

"This is much better than the city; it's good to get away. It's so quiet here. . . . But it feels kind of good to stay with kids of your own kind," he confesses, hinting at his own sense of isolation. Maybe that's why the traditions of his roots seem to be undergoing a transformation: "Racism is passed down from generations, but I'm still not prejudiced," he tells me, "and my friends aren't as bad as they used to be. Because there's nothing you can do. I don't want to die because some guy wants to play ball in the park."

I walk through the student-union building looking for black students to interview, but most I pass look away. It is a campus dotted with insular black strays, trying to be invisible. Usually, at a college, when you pass other blacks on the street or in the student union, you acknowledge them. Yo, what's up? Nothing much. All right. At the University of Michigan, a school of comparable size but with twice as not-very-many blacks, folks waved at me from their cars. But at U Mass, instead of consolidating their tiny community, a dozen black organizations compete for

the same members and money.

Black students here complain of severe "creeping," gossipy backbiting. "Smile at your face, talk behind your back," says Scott Thompson, an industrial-engineering major. He and his friends tell me of fistfights between rival black factions at last year's Funkathon concert, just like those between white frat boys. You'd hope blacks would see the bigger picture.

Margaret Jones, a psychology major, Afro-American studies minor, sits by herself in one of the student-union cafeterias, watching a soap. She says white students smile when they tell her she "doesn't sound black," as if it's a compliment. She has heard it a million times. Jones is not yet used to being a living science project, a lab rat.

Even in good situations, minority students remain curiosities—objects of social vivisection. Maybe that's one reason even brilliant black students burn out and don't graduate: "What is that you're putting in your hair?" "What does Jesse really want?" "Whitney Houston's really attractive—don't you think?" Just a day of racial Q. & A. tires you out. Try to imagine four years of it. Can't? Neither can a lot of black students. At such humongous labyrinths as U Mass and UC Berkeley, about three black students in four drop out. At the University of Michigan, if you're black, your chances of getting out with a degree are 30 percent. Universities with a primarily black enrollment graduate percentages in the 90s. No wonder Denise Huxtable chose Hillman College.

The problem is that both sides need to be educated about each other. It's not only that the white kids see the blacks as illiterate athletes or affirmative-action-lottery winners. The blacks see the whites as callous and corny, garden-variety rich kids. But those polarities are seldom acknowledged publicly. That's why "the occupation" was an event of such magnitude at U Mass.

Jones's eyes widen as she tells me about it. After those two black freshmen were beaten up and after the university nibbled off yet another classroom in the black-studies building, hundreds of black students stormed New Africa House and locked its doors. Jesse Jackson and Mike Dukakis called the school's chancellor in support of the students. "I was almost in tears," says Jones. Not since

Isaac Hayes had a hit has the campus' black community knitted together so tightly. And yet, now it is over and I discover a campus again dotted with strays, separate and alone.

As a black student entering Phillips Academy at Andover, I had the option of choosing a black roommate to watch my back, but I integrated. I think I felt then as neoconservatives feel now: Black separatism is as bad as segregation and talk about racism and bigotry is distasteful.

At Stanford, I snapped out of my naïveté. I chose to have a black roommate in the black dorm. Ujamaa, the black cultural house, half black, half white by population, is a mini black college within a mostly white university. The sense of safety in numbers that Jones felt during the New Africa House occupation existed in "Ooj" year round. Thanks to this dorm and the relatively large number of black students at Stanford (approaching ten percent), 87 percent of its black students graduate.

My senior year, I worked on a committee that demanded that the works of women and minorities be added to the reading list of the mandatory freshman Western Culture class. Our demands didn't get very far, but last year, after much screaming and lobbying from both the Black Student Union and campus conservatives, the Stanford faculty senate finally agreed to open up the reading list.

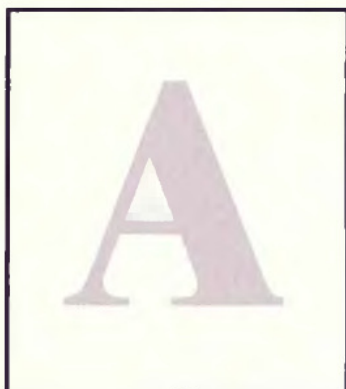
Before that fight, Stanford had been racially tranquil. The campus looks like a golf course and most of the students were as political as a seven iron—until then—Secretary of Education William J. Bennett got wind of the reading-list debate and decided to take sides. The proposed changes, the way Bennett apparently saw them, would bring down the cornerstones of the culture. The Black Student Union, the women and the other protesters were not broadening Western civilization, he said, they were trashing it.

Bennett goosed the proto-Yuppies into action—miraculously, they started giving a damn. Where previously the white students had had no visible gripes, Bennett supplied them with a cause. Last year, a group of freshmen printed up T-shirts saying ARYAN BY THE GRACE OF GOD. This year, in Ujamaa, somebody added the word NIGGER to a poster for a black fraternity. But more specifically, the new white consciousness got political. Every Stanford student organization exists on fee assessments voted on by the entire student body. The Black Student Union had always easily won approval; but last year, in a climate that feels increasingly alien to black students, it lost (until, after a

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"The Trappist monks? No, monsieur, you have joined the Trapeze monks!"



J O U R N E Y

my imagination took over: these were the lives i invented

ON MY WAY BACK home from Europe, I saw a beautiful woman with a very small baby and a son of about 13. They were sitting across the aisle from me in the aircraft. The baby could not have been more than ten days old. It had abundant black fine hair standing up from its head the way hair lifts from a scalp under water, as if the hair had been combed, floating, by the waters of the womb. The pathetic little bent legs had never been used. The eyelids were thick and lifted slowly, a muscular impulse still being tested, revealing an old and wondering gaze: eyes very dark but no color that could be described as black or blue. Perhaps color has something to do with focus, and it was focusing only now and then—that was the wondering—on the face of the mother. Or, rather, the *gaze* of the mother. She would look into its face and its eyes would open like buds. The strange concentration between them was joined, frequently, by that of the boy.

The boy was beautiful as his mother. In words, beauty can only be suggested by its immediate signal. Theirs was of clarity. Their identical round brows were clear horizons, their nostrils and ear lobes appeared translucent, their skin, lips and eyes had the coloring of portraits in stained glass. The baby was

fiction **By NADINE GORDIMER**



unlike either of them. It was the presence of someone absent, and yet it was so intensely theirs. She parted her clothes (fashionably, expensively, discreetly dressed, she was) and although I couldn't see her breast, I could tell from the angle of the baby's head in the crook of her arm and the slight bobbing movement of its hairy head that it was sucking. The boy and the mother leaned over it—this process—reverently. Once I saw her put her well-used but beautiful hand round the curve of the boy's head and hold it there a moment. A trinity.

From time to time, the boy suddenly became the child he was; he was working at a puzzle or game supplied for youngsters along with the usual handout of headsets and slippers. He was turned away then but kept being drawn back to that contemplation in which he served. Literally: He was up and down during the night, taking the baby's dirty napkins to be disposed of in the toilet, bringing plastic cups of water that his lips and his mother's touched indiscriminately. Then the baby slept in its portable cot on the floor and the two of them, the dividing arm between their seats removed, slept as a single form disposed under aircraft blankets. They had even covered the separate identity of their faces—no doubt against the cabin lights. They left the plane when it landed to refuel in the middle of Africa. That airport recently had been closed for the period when there was an attempted coup in the country; distorted in the convex window of the plane, I could see burned-out military vehicles, two of the letters that spelled out the airport's name—the name of the country's president—across the façade of the terminal were missing, and dogs were foraging at the margin of the runway.

She had the baby in her arms. The boy carried their hand luggage, hovering protectively close as she stepped through the door onto the gangway that had been rolled into place. My window was a lens with a more restricted range of vision than the human eye: mine could not follow them across the tarmac to the terminal building, I don't know if they hurried antcipatedly, excitedly to what was awaiting them there, I don't know where they had been, why they had gone or what they were coming back to. I know only that the baby was so young it must have been born elsewhere, they were bringing it to this place for the first time, it was its first journey. I continued mine; they had disappeared. They exist only in the alternate lives I invent, the unknown of what happened to them preceding the journey, and the unknown of what was going to happen at its end.

•

I'm 13. I'd had my birthday when I went away with my mother to have the

baby in Europe. There isn't a good hospital in the country where my father is posted—he's economic attaché—so we went back where my parents come from, the country he represents wherever we live. I know it only from holidays with my grandma, because I was born when they were on another posting.

I'd been my parents' child—the only one—for so long. I always wanted brothers and sisters but never had any. And then, round about my 12th birthday, I noticed it; something went wrong in our house—I mean the house we are living in on this posting. My mother and father were almost silent at meals. The private language we used to speak together—cat language—we didn't use anymore. You see, I'm allowed to have cats as pets but not dogs, because cats can almost fend for themselves when we get another posting and they have to be left behind; we have a different kind of voice for each of the three cats I have here, and we used to pretend the cats were making remarks about us. For instance, if I was eating with my elbows on the table, my father would use a cat voice to tell me I had bad manners; and if my father forgot to fill up my mother's wineglass, my mother would use her special cat voice to complain she'd been left out. But the cats stopped speaking; they became just cats. I couldn't be the only one to use their voices. A child can't use even a cat voice to ask, What's the matter? You can't ask grownups that.

The three of us stopped going swimming together. We love swimming, and before, we used to go often to the consul general's pool. But my father made me learn to play squash with him and he took me on spearfishing trips with men. The sea is very rough here; it's horrible being thrown about by breakers full of bits of plastic and rotten fruit from the harbor before the boat gets to the place where you dive. These were things my mother didn't do: play squash, spearfish. I told her about the sea, but she didn't say anything to my father, she didn't take my part. It was a bit like what happened to me: as if she couldn't use a cat voice to tell him.

He—my father—would hug me, just suddenly, for no reason; not when he was going away anywhere but just leaving the room, or if we met at the top of the stairs. And my mother encouraged me to spend the weekends with friends. To sleep away from them, my mother and father. I cried once, by myself, because she seemed to want me out of the house. It wasn't as if they could need to be alone together, to talk without a kid around the way grownups sometimes do even though they love you; they would sit there at meals with nothing to talk to each other about, just quiet. The cats would get scraps and say nothing.

And yet it was that time that it happened—the baby. They made the baby. My mother told me one day: "I'm going to have a baby." She looked at me very anxiously. To see if I'd mind. I didn't mind. I know about sex, of course, how she'd got pregnant, what my father had done with her, though they didn't smile at each other, didn't tease or laugh at each other anymore. Nine months is a long time. I turned 13. My father was away a lot, round the country. Once she used to go with him, leaving me for a day or two, but then she didn't go because of the baby growing, she said. So we were alone together. We watched her changing, the baby changing her. I know some boys aren't allowed to see their mother's breasts, but she used to swim topless, like the other ladies at the consul general's, and I was used to seeing how pretty hers were—not the hard-looking little kind that stick out on girls a few years older than I am, but not the hanging kind that swing when the woman gets up, either—soft and quite far apart, because my mother has broad shoulders. Then the breasts filled up; I felt them against me like plastic bags filled with water when she put her arms round me to kiss me good night, and I saw above the low neck of her nightdress that they were changing, becoming pink and mottled. It was strange; I thought of a chameleon slowly blotching from one color to another when you put it on a flower. But it was the baby that was doing it. When it began to move inside her, she put my hand on her stomach for me to feel. More like hearing than feeling; it knocked very softly. So I put my ear there. My mother put her hand on my head and I listened and felt. A bit like Morse code, I told her: It would give three or four quick taps and then stop, and start again. What was it saying, doing, in there? We'd laugh and make up things, like we used to with the cats. But it was only the two of us and the baby; he wasn't there.

Sometimes, those months, in a dream, I would feel against me the breasts that were changing for the baby and the dream would become one of those normal for boys to have (my mother and father explained before I began to have them). There's nothing to be ashamed of, you should enjoy those dreams; I just put my pajamas in the wash. Another time, I dreamed I put my ear to where the baby was and suddenly the big hard stomach turned into a goldfish bowl, and the baby was swimming around in there and I was watching it. A golden baby, a big golden fish, like the ones He went after, under the sea. But this one was ours—my mother's and mine—in her bowl, and in the dream, I was taking care of it.

I was the first to see the baby. I saw it when it was exactly 40 minutes old. I was
(continued on page 94)

BODIES *—of—* WATER

the
bottom
line on
swimwear
for 1989

fashion
By
HOLLIS
WAYNE



Even water can't cool down this summer's explosion of colors, patterns and styles that the boys on the beach will be wearing. And because all men are not created equal, this season there are shapes of suits that vary from micrabikini to baxter to bicycle length. Hold on tight, guys, because it's going to get hot. Above: Cattan flower-power swim trunks with a drawstring elastic waist, by Paul Smith, \$80.

Forget baggy and go for knockout swim trunks. Below: Rayon boxing-trunk swimsuit with an elastic waistband, from Jams Boxer by Jams World, about \$35.





Day-Glo colors are making a statement on the beach—or on the move. Left: Nylon/Lycra swimmer's brief in mellow yellow, by Jantzen, about \$14.



Sometimes it's just a matter of checks and chicks. Left: Nylon/Lycra bicycle swim shorts with taxicab-checkered panels, from Speedo America, about \$30.

Below: Supplex trunks, from Joe Boxer, \$25. Left to right: Water Watch, by Catchit, \$25; K-28 Surf watch, \$65, and Ironman watch, \$40, both by Timex.



A JOURNEY *(continued from page 88)*

the first to see my mother with the baby. I was in the hospital waiting room with my grandmother, and when the nurse said we could come and look, I ran ahead and I was there before anyone—nurses don't count, it's not theirs. My mother asked the time, and when I told her, she said the baby was exactly 40 minutes old; she had promised me she would remember to ask the doctor the time the very moment it was born, and she had kept her promise. We looked at the baby together, its ears, its feet and hands; everything was all right. Its eyes didn't open. We were surprised by its hair; it had a lot of wet-looking black hair that stood up on its head as she carefully dried it with the edge of a blanket. We have pale-brown hair; my grandmother says my mother was born bald, and my mother says I was, too. The baby was not like us at all. Neither of us said who it must be like. The baby was only what we couldn't have imagined, what had been tapping messages and changing her body all that time and had suddenly come out. For the next week, we watched it changing, beginning to live outside my mother, live with my mother and me.

It was born so healthy the doctor said we could fly back with it when it was only nine days and 62 minutes old (I made that calculation while we were waiting for our flight to be called). They gave us the bulkhead seats and there was plenty of room for the baby's stuff—the seat across the aisle was vacant, only a lady with gray hair in the other window seat. We didn't speak to her. We didn't have to talk to anyone, it was just us alone. I arranged our big canvas bag so my mother could rest her feet up on it. Then I fitted in the baby's cot and there was still room for my legs, though my legs are getting long; my mother has had to pick out the hems of my jeans. The baby was very good. It cried only when it wanted to feed, and then softly; you could hardly hear it above the sounds of the air rushing through the jet engines and people talking in the rows behind us. It was more as if it was talking to us, my mother and me, than actually crying. I lifted it out of the cot each time so's my mother wouldn't have to bend and put her feet down. It sucked away just as if it was on the ground and not up at an altitude of 30,000 feet, traveling at 500 miles an hour. Its eyes were able to open by then. They are big and dark and shiny. It looked at us; it distinctly looked from my mother to me while we watched it feed—my mother said it was wondering where it had seen us before and forgotten us. That's how it seemed to her. I thought it was curious about us. We both kissed its head often, that funny hair it has.

The steward gave me an acrostic game, but I'm used to my computer games and I didn't find it too interesting. I tried it while my mother had her eyes shut, resting (it's tiring, feeding a baby from your own body), but that meant I might miss something the baby was doing—yawning, pulling faces—so I didn't keep on long. I like old-fashioned rock and roll my mother remembers she used to dance to and I found the dial number to turn to for it, but I took off the headset every few minutes, because I thought I heard my mother speaking to me. She might need something; feeding a baby dehydrates you; I had to fetch those plastic cups of water from the dispenser for her, and I took the baby's napkins, in the plastic bags we'd specially brought along, to dump in the lavatory. I pushed them through the flap marked AIRSICKNESS CONTAINERS. We had prepared everything for the journey; we didn't need to ask anyone for a single thing. We made ourselves comfortable and slept, the baby quite safe. We knew even with our eyes closed and the blankets over our heads (my mother is sensitive to light and the eyeshade she was given was too thin) that the baby was there.

Suddenly, my mother was saying to me, "Here's the river." I woke up and it was light and I leaned over her and the baby and saw far down through the window the whole river, whose other bank you can't see from the side where we're posted—it's such a wide river. We were there. I didn't think about Him waiting for us. I had so much to do: packing the baby's stuff away, getting our coats from the overhead bin, making sure for my mother we wouldn't forget anything. Remember, we'd never arrived with the baby before; it was the first time ever. The baby did not know what posting it had lived in, beginning when something went wrong, growing inside my mother all those months when He was away most of the time. I felt very excited, landing with something new, new. I felt new. I came down the gangway behind my mother, who had the baby in front of her, in her arms the way I'd seen her carry an armful of flowers. I carried everything else of ours—the canvas bag, the coats, the cot. We came quickly through immigration, because people let you go first in the queue when you have a baby. But we had to wait for the luggage. Before the conveyer belt had even started moving, the baby began to cry; it had woken up and was hungry again. The luggage was a long time coming and the baby didn't stop. My mother sat down on our canvas bag and I knelt in front of her so people wouldn't see when she opened her clothes and fed the baby. It was very greedy, all

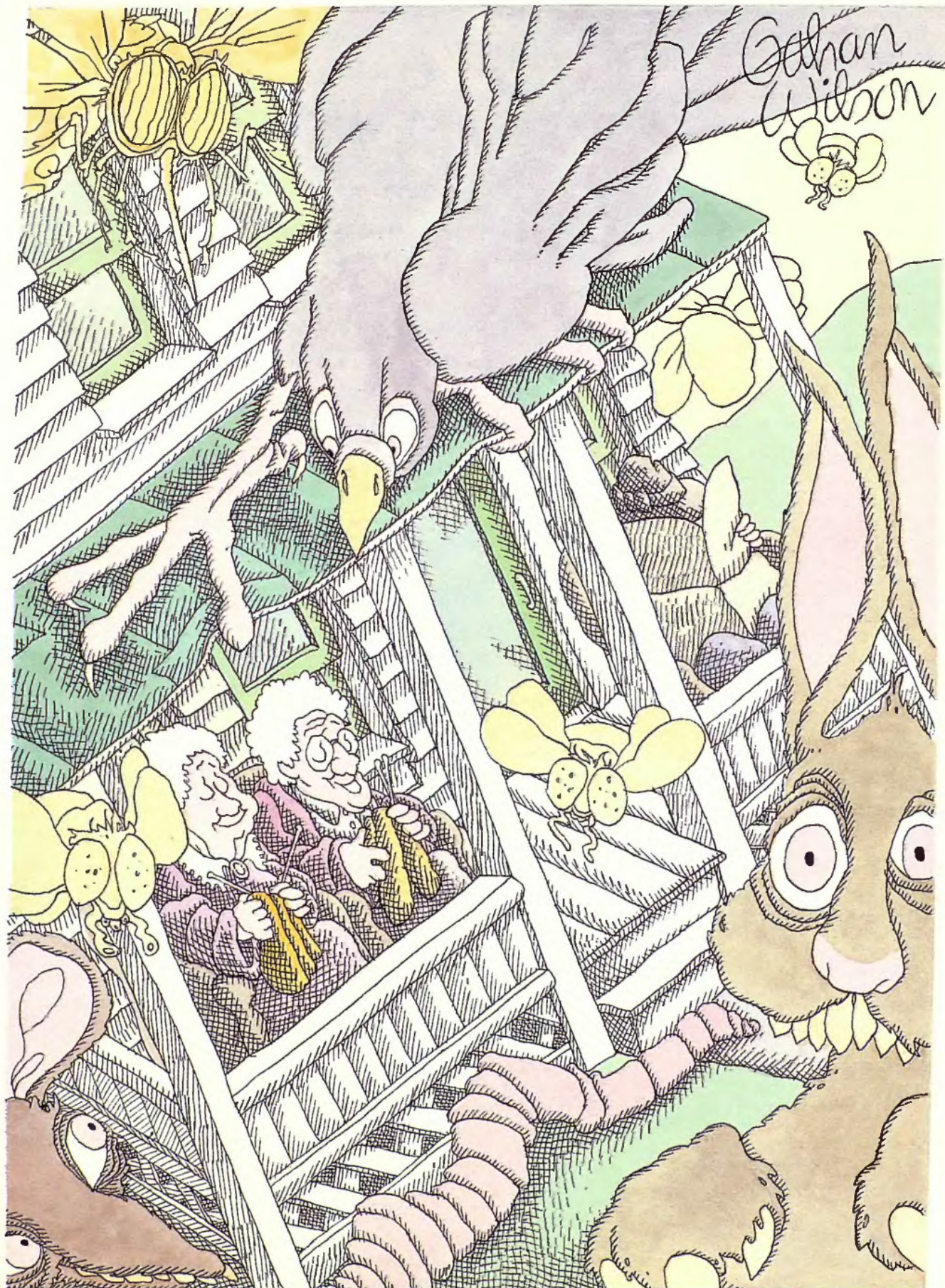
of a sudden, and it grabbed her and pulled—"Like a little goat," my mother said, and we were smiling at it, saying to each other, "Just see that, it's going to choke, it's gorging, listen to it gulp," when I looked up and saw Him where they had allowed him in through customs. They always let him in where others can't go, because He's the economic attaché. I saw him finding us, seeing us for the first time, watching my mother and me feeding the baby; He might even have been able to see her breast from where he was; He's tall. He threw up his head and his mouth opened, He was happy, He was coming to get us. Then I felt full of joy and strength; it was like being angry, but much better, much, much better. I saw him looking at us and he knew that I saw him, but I didn't look back at him.

The silence is over.

That is what has been repeating in his head since the alarm clock woke him with its electronic peeps at five this morning. He phoned the airport before he got out of bed, and while hearing the stretched glockenspiel tape they entertain you with when you're waiting for Information to answer, that phrase was counterpointing again and again, himself speaking inside himself: "The silence is over." Because the love affair is over. The silence in which the love affair was hidden, precious and thrilling, something she must not be allowed to touch with a word, now seems an agony endured. More than a year of confidences, feelings unexpressed, emotions, anecdotes lie painfully trapped, layer on layer, constricted within him. But she has given birth; he wonders how it will be to see her again, rid of her burden. Her body as it was before, when he used to see it: He saw her only clothed while her body was growing, filling; she stopped undressing in front of him because they could not speak.

The flight is expected in on time. He puts on linen trousers and sandals, the air conditioner continues to stutter and shudder and soon, thank God, he won't notice it anymore, because it won't be the only noise in an empty house. He shaves but puts the cologne back on the shelf, because—like an impulse of nausea the morning after a night out—it is what he used to smell of when he came home from the bed and scent of another woman, an unsuccessful disguise, he knows, because it was obvious he had showered after lovemaking; you don't come from the consulate offices with wet hair. The madness of it! Just as during that year he couldn't think about his wife, didn't see her even when she was sitting across the table from him, so now he is too preoccupied to visualize the woman

(continued on page 174)



"Harry always said genetic engineering would be a big mistake!"

OLMOS (continued from page 72)

"If you asked a teacher if he would suggest that his own children become educators, he'd say no."

OLMOS: Well, the message is not very subtle. I tell them that last year, I bought my wife a 1986 BMW Seven-forty-five, the European model that would cost you around fifty-two thousand dollars. It has an incredible stereo system—nine hundred watts. It's got the CD player, the telephone. It's got BBS wheels with Pirelli tires. I bought it for twenty-two thousand dollars at a police drug auction. They found two hundred thousand dollars' worth of cocaine in the car. The guy whose car it was got thirty years; I got his car. Then I tell them how I went to another drug auction and they had this gorgeous brand-new 1987 red Porsche Nine-thirty turbo with less than two thousand miles on it. With the stereo, phone, everything else on it, it's an eighty-four-thousand-dollar car. I picked it up for fifty thousand dollars. The previous owner got twenty years. That's about as right to the point, as nitty-gritty as you can possibly get. I say, "You have a choice: You can be either the current owner of the car—that's me—or the dope dealer who owned the car, who's in jail. Which one of us is the winner? You want to be the owner of the car? Just discipline yourself to do something that you enjoy that isn't fattening and isn't harmful to your health or anybody else's." So they may say, "OK, man, I want to sit around and listen to music all day long. That isn't fattening; that isn't harmful to your health." "Great," I say, "you can be a musicologist and understand music to the ultimate, or you can be a disc jockey. And if you did it seven days a week, you could be an *expert* in music. And if you *really* got ambitious, you might be able to listen to music of different eras, say the Fifties and the Sixties. Or maybe you'll go back to the music of the Eighteenth or Nineteenth Century." And all of a sudden, their trip of just sitting back and cruising through life turns into something else. And I tell them, "You may get wealthy off it, you may not. That's not the issue. The issue is that you'll get to the end of your life feeling satisfied with yourself. And that's the main thing."

PLAYBOY: Do you have a high self-esteem?

OLMOS: Yeah, I do. I think that's the only thing that we're put here to feel. But I think we're much harder on ourselves than we are on anybody else.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you believe your causes and community activities feed your acting. How?

OLMOS: They are an extraordinary source of energy that I would not have

otherwise. After an hour of speaking with those kids, I walk away with a buzzing feeling inside. Because you're one person giving to more than three hundred people who are giving back to you. I learned that the first time I ever gave a talk. After I finished that day, I had to perform that night in a play. It was one of the best performances I had ever given. And if I do two or three schools in one day, I go home and I'm careening off the walls and just feel great about what I've done with my life that day. I'm in love with life; yeah, it's very rewarding. These are the most fulfilling moments that I've spent on this earth. That and just staying with my family are the two things that give me the most joy.

PLAYBOY: More than your work?

OLMOS: Yeah. There's no comparison.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your education project.

OLMOS: David Rockefeller, Jr., wanted me to help them recruit teachers into the educational system and I said it would be my honor, but the only way I would do that would be by making sure that they helped me change society's attitudes toward teachers and the value of teaching. You know, in the Twenties and Thirties, we had reverence for the teacher. We valued education and made sure that our children used their brains instead of their backs so that we could further advance ourselves economically. I don't know when we decided that it was more important to be an engineer or a chemist or a businessman. Why aren't people going into the profession? If you asked a teacher if he would suggest that his own children become educators, he'd say no. And if you asked parents the same thing, they would say, "Are you kidding? No, I want him or her to be successful." The day must come when education and the teacher are valued at the highest level by our society. If our values were on straight, our Government would give the most money to protect the future of this country—to education, not to armaments. People say, "Oh, that's too idealistic, Eddie. Idealism just doesn't work in the everyday world." Well, I beg to differ.

PLAYBOY: What are your suggestions?

OLMOS: We must concentrate on the values that we give our children. If the majority of the people in this country are saying, "Don't be a teacher, it doesn't pay enough; better to be in business," or if we're paying eighteen thousand dollars to twenty-five thousand dollars a year to teachers, or if we don't invest our money

and time and energy for the advancement of the human mind, then you can just about write off this country in fifty years. And fifty years is going to come and go real quick.

PLAYBOY: So the corruption of our value system is at the heart of the matter.

OLMOS: It has to be. I mean, what's the answer to the problem of drugs, of teen pregnancy, of AIDS, to any of the major situations happening in our country? It's all about education and making that our highest priority. We must stop thinking that our future lies in being militarily strong and start thinking that it lies in being educated strong. Everybody knows about it, but nobody wants to look at it. Everybody wants to go fishing.

PLAYBOY: How do you shift people's values?

OLMOS: You begin through the media. For example, I proposed to David Rockefeller that we mount a two-year campaign in thirty-second and sixty-second radio and TV spots directed to all the educators of this country—just thanking them. We would inundate the American public with commercials and actually get all the networks to give time, to acknowledge the thousands of people who spend their entire life committed to the advancement of thought and theory. To do nothing more than praise them for twenty-four months, nonstop. To have an Educator Month, culminating with a tremendous commitment by all Americans to say thank you to them.

PLAYBOY: Will the foundation do that?

OLMOS: They're going to have to do it if he wants me to get involved.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself idealistic or pragmatic? Or in between?

OLMOS: I've been called an idealistic optimist who's romantic and pragmatic.

PLAYBOY: That about covers all the bases. Do you ever wonder whether or not your community service is making a difference?

OLMOS: I get frustrated, but worrying about whether or not I'm making a difference is useless; it's really self-defeating. You don't even think about that. Nobody knows what makes an impact; all you can do is expose people to something. I do a film the same way—I don't know if anybody's going to go see it, but I'll make it because I like the story. I talk to these kids because I really enjoy it; there's a satisfaction in knowing that I gave something to somebody that day. And then ten years later, I'll be walking through an airport and a guy comes up to me and thanks me for talking to him in school years ago and says I touched his life and it really made a difference with him. And he shakes my hand and walks away. And that's enough. That's the pay-back for me.



in the eighties, some feminists burned out on sex,
but others turned up the heat



By STEVE CHAPPLE and DAVID TALBOT

BURNING DESIRES SEX IN AMERICA

Part Three

THE CHANGING OF THE FEMINIST GUARD



CAT FIGHT! That's what the producers of *Donahue* were trying to stage, thought Erica Jong, when they booked her with Andrea Dworkin in the spring of 1987. Both were feminists, both were writers, but the parallels stopped there. Jong, author of the 1973 best seller *Fear of Flying* and other popular novels featuring frolicsome heroines, was one of the country's most widely recognized voices of sexual liberation. Her books spread the idea that women could emancipate themselves by adopting the same jaunty attitude toward sex long held by men. It was Jong who had coined that memorable phrase the zipless fuck.

Andrea Dworkin was a far different creature, a radical lesbian polemicist who viewed sex between men and women as a desecration of the female body. In her latest book, *Intercourse*, she had likened the erect penis to a weapon of war: "The thrusting is persistent invasion. [The woman] is opened up, split down the center. She is occupied—physically, internally in her privacy."



Dworkin had made pornography her political passion. "The penis must embody the violence of the male in order for him to be male," she wrote, in her incantatory prose. "Violence is male; the male is the penis; violence is the penis or the sperm ejaculated from it." Sex, violence and death. This is "the male erotic trinity," according to Dworkin.

Yes, the fur was sure to fly on this one. Here, on one stage, under the white-hot TV lights, the opposite poles of American feminism were going to thrash away at each other. Phil Donahue, that symbol of male sensitivity and moderation, would have to

jump in to restore order. Hose them down with a commercial break. Talk-show melodrama thrived on face-offs such as this.

But something unexpected happened that morning in the NBC studio in Rockefeller Center. Instead of greeting Dworkin's extraordinary sexual opinions with cries of derision and savage barbs, Jong offered her qualified praise. She rejected the notion that sexual intercourse was an inherently "invasive and pounding" act; in a "more feminized culture," sex

between men and women could be something warm and cuddly. Still, she said, "[Andrea] has asked some very important questions and written a very brave and honest book."

Donahue seemed unsettled by this unlikely *rapprochement*. "Do you have any differences at all with Ms. Dworkin?" he pleaded with Jong. But the novelist would not be goaded into attack. His studio audience, however, was less deferential. It was made up of women who already knew what they felt about sexual intercourse. They regarded Dworkin with pity and scorn.

"I'm married and I would never give up my sexual intercourse," said one.

"What tragic thing happened in your life that made you feel this way?" asked another.

A third woman expressed her wonder at Jong's apparent turnabout: "You were the one who coined the term zipless—uh—encounter!" she marveled.

The following year, Jong and Dworkin renewed their sisterly pact by posing side by side on the pages of *Ms.* magazine. They made an odd couple: Jong, with her soft, bouncy mane and her sparkling black-and-silver designer outfit with matching high heels, flirting with the camera; and Dworkin, as fat and impressive as a Samoan queen, looking us dead in the eye, wearing her trademark blue-jean overalls, leather jacket and running shoes—a costume designed "to keep men and the world at bay," in Jong's words.

The press did not take notice of Jong's tribute to Dworkin. But it seemed to us a cultural marker of sorts, an event that suggested a deepening rancor in the world of feminism, a growing division between the sexes.

We seek out Jong, finding her in her New York brownstone off Park Avenue. We want to know how she has come to sip from the tart and brackish waters of Andrea Dworkin and call it a fount of wisdom.

Jong tells us she has come to feel soiled by her association with sex, because America has a dirty mind. A mind Dworkin understands all too well.

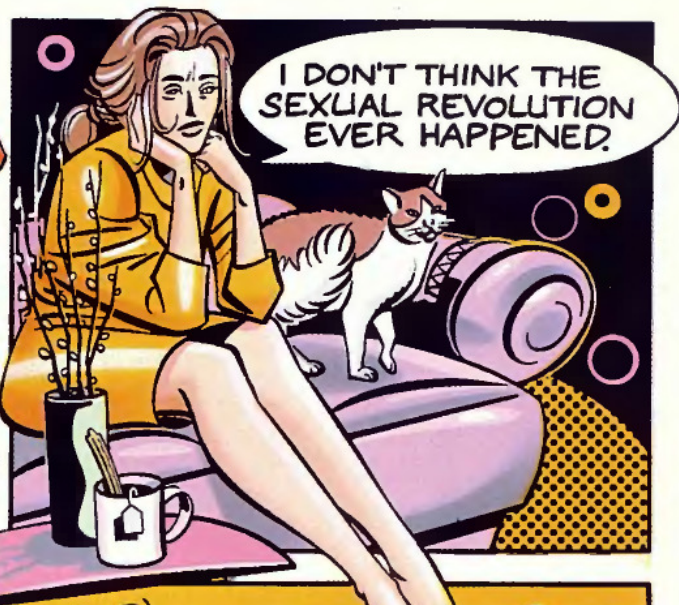
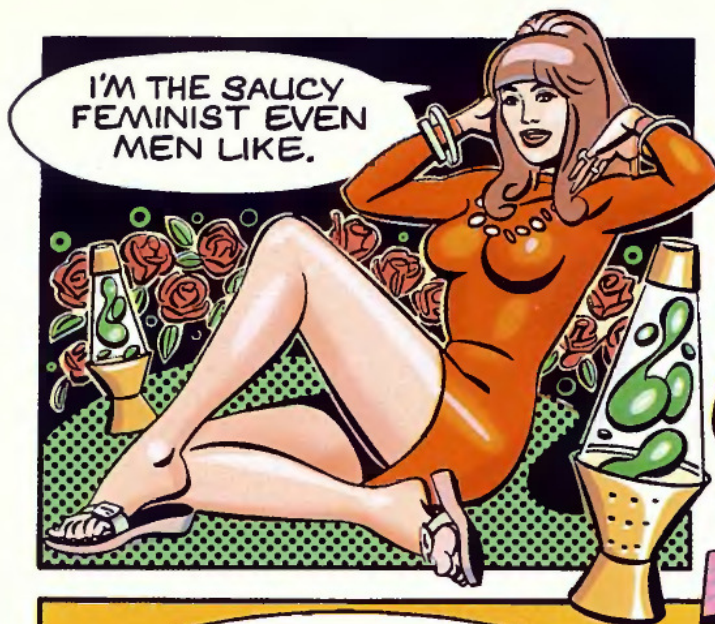
"I can't tell you how horrified I am," says Jong, "when I get these letters from men: 'I'm going to be in New York; can I come and fuck you?' Or 'Send me a pair of dirty underwear.' They've taken sex, which should be a feast of life, and put it in their meat grinder. When you get mail like that for fifteen years, you begin to get dismayed."

"We reduce sex to the gutter in this country. It's a vast Forty-second Street of the mind out there. 'The zipless fuck' was just Isadora's fantasy, not something I yearn for. My idea of sex is something sensual, beautiful, poetic, not indiscriminate. It's cuddling in bed, lying in a field of flowers, eating figs. My books are better understood in Europe."

"The sexual revolution was joyless, acquisitive, quantitative. It was an outgrowth of our materialistic, addictive (continued on page 102)



Feminist Encounters of the Eighties Kind: Right: Purported foes Erica Jong and Andrea Dworkin bury the hatchet as Phil Donahue urges them to throw choirs. Opposite, above: Germaine Greer does the feminist flip-flop from Sixties sex kitten to Eighties obstainer. Opposite, below: Candida Royalle, the David O. Selznick of feminist porn, lends a loving touch to on-set sex.



TIME AFTER TIME

watch words to the wise

To paraphrase an old axiom, you can never be too thin, too rich or own too many wrist watches. In

fact, a well-chosen watch wardrobe says as much about a man's taste and personality as does his choice in cars, suits, ties and shoes. Also, less is often more when choosing a timepiece.

Diamonds may be a girl's best friend, but to our taste, they shouldn't ring the perimeter of a man's wrist watch unless he wants it to look like a Barbie-doll necklace. And you should have at least one chronograph that has a stopwatch feature. It just may come in handy the next time you're at the race track timing the ponies.





Left to right: Fossil's quartz chronograph with dual time, day/date and stop watch, from Overseas Products, Dallas, \$75. Multidial watch with sun-and-moon A.M./P.M. indicator, day, date and second time-zone dials, by Timex, Waterbury, Connecticut, \$69.95. The American Tank watch in 18-kt. gold with gold wristband, from Cartier, Chicago, \$11,500. A five-time-zone ultrathin 18-kt.-gold watch, from Tourneau, New York, \$2400. Rolex Oyster Perpetual Day-Date chronometer in 18-kt.-gold bark finish, from Henry Kay Jewelers, Chicago, \$11,950. The four-function conquest quartz chronograph in titanium case, from Longines-Wittnauer, New Rochelle, New York, \$1350.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

BURNING DESIRES

(continued from page 98)

"Oral sex? It's like being attacked by a giant snail. I prefer conversation."

culture. Americans believe the more they consume, the richer they'll become."

We are feeling an impolite urge to point out that no best-selling author has done more to trivialize sex than she. The men in Jong's novels are seldom more than ducks in a shooting gallery, knocked off in quick succession. But the conversation suddenly turns to erections. "Andrea Dworkin has a profound aversion to the penis," Jong observes. "I don't share that feeling, that fear of penetration. But I honor her as an intellectual."

Dworkin, she continues, is "on to" something deep, something buried in the American unconscious—the boot-in-the-face element of male-female relations. "The extreme reaction to Andrea Dworkin is like shooting the messenger. She says things people are afraid to say. Our society is in deep denial about the violence toward women."

The bonds between men and women seem more frayed than ever, Jong goes on. "Both sexes are running screaming from each other in panic and dread. Men don't feel they're getting the nurturing they need, and women feel they're getting trashed all the time, getting dumped after falling in love." She has crashed and burned more than once in recent years.

"The culture is not giving us any answers about love or sex or raising babies," Jong concludes, sounding at sea. "We've torn down the old social structures and haven't replaced them with anything new." But in the confusion of the Eighties, with men and women groping for new roles, sexual antagonism has more immediate appeal. It is easier to bash the opposite sex than to set up a new social order.

It has not always been so.

Young American men learned that there might be something erotic about women's liberation when they saw the May 7, 1971, issue of *Life* magazine. There she was on the cover, reclining on a bench in a park, laughing and pointing at something in the distance, too cool to notice the camera. She wore pink lipstick and red clogs and a paisley coat over a blue knit dress that nicely showed off her bosom. Silver gypsy jewelry dangled from her and her long chestnut hair was shagged like a British glam rocker's.

"SAUCY FEMINIST THAT EVEN MEN LIKE—GERMAINE GREER," trumpeted *Life*. She did

seem special, a Seventies suffragist whose crusade was brightened with wit and flair and sexy Moll Flanders fun.

Greer was sharply aware of how men needed to change, but she also had a fine appreciation of men's assets. She knew all the troubles that came when the two sexes rubbed against each other, but she still liked the fit. And she was smart and cocky enough to tell off her sisters when their sexual doctrine grew tyrannically Sapphic. "It is nonsense to say that a woman feels nothing when a man is moving his penis in her vagina: The orgasm is qualitatively different when the vagina can undulate around the penis instead of vacancy," she wrote in *The Female Eunuch*, the best-selling book that established her reputation.

Instead of inveighing against the power of the phallus, as Dworkin would years later, Greer sang the praises of potent vaginas. She also availed herself of the pleasures of many beds in those years. She had an affair with the lead singer of the kick-ass, radical-prole Detroit band MC5, though years later, she would forget his name. "How awful," she would tell a reporter, "when you can't remember their names." She was the original bad girl of feminism.

"I believed there was no such thing as promiscuity," she tells us in her authoritative way, lying on a hotel bed in midtown Manhattan. "If you have chosen to be with the man you're with—even if he's the fifth man today—if you've chosen him, you are not promiscuous."

But this is the fall of 1987, and by now, Greer is a different woman. We have come to talk with her, one September afternoon, in her room at the Orleans Hotel, where she is staying during a visit to New York.

The woman who greets us is not the vibrant lady of *Life*. More than 16 years have passed since that photo was taken—Greer is now nearing 50—and time has not trod lightly for her.

The spark, we quickly discover, is in her speech. She is a dazzling conversationalist with a gift for the brassy assertion and the cutting remark. As the afternoon progresses, most of her wicked brilliance is directed against the sexual revolution and, more disconcertingly, sex itself.

"I don't think the sexual revolution ever happened," Greer says, settling into a straight-backed chair. She is wearing a

sensible blue dress and blue stockings with runs in them.

"We didn't release the average person to a full understanding of his own eroticism. What we did do was tie him to a duty of genitality and sexual response. He wasn't allowed even to be bored. Holy shit!

"Look, it seems to me that the basic fact about human sexual conjunction is that it's banal, and the chief problem of the human race has been to render it interesting. In the past, it was made exciting and exotic and faraway, so that when you finally got into the woman's bodice, it was like going all the way to Turkey. But nowadays, instead of mystery and danger, we have a performance ethic about sex. You're supposed to keep your circuits unjammed, you're supposed to climb on regularly, you're supposed to have good orgasms of the right kind. We've now got a Protestant religion of sex. We have WASP sex. And it is deeply tedious."

Greer's pure, bright anger is invigorating. She sees with a burning clarity how badly sex has been used. But there is a great fatigue in her voice, as well. No sexual practice seems to hold interest for her anymore. Masturbation? "Basically dull. I think we can all agree to this. We have all masturbated and we all know that it is deeply dull. Doctors now prescribe it, certain proof that it's deeply dull." Oral sex? "It's like being attacked by a giant snail. I prefer conversation. 'Hey, what's-your-name, what are you doing down there? Do you mind if I smoke while you're eating?'"

Is Greer really as weary of the dance to Venus as she sounds?

She assures us that she is. "I have found sexual love extremely exhausting, riddled with tensions and hostilities and jealousies and insecurities. I spent most of the best years of my life trying to get it right, and I'm just delighted not to be worried about it anymore. I really couldn't care less.

"Believe me," she tells us, propping her head up with one elbow, "I would love to lose interest altogether in the penis. I don't know what's the matter with me that I still think it's so fascinating. It really makes me mad. But at least I prefer boys to men, so I'm not entirely lost."

The graying of Germaine Greer was part of the general fade-out of feminism in the Eighties. For more than a decade, feminism—along with gay liberation—had provided most of the intellectual energy in the great exploration of the country's erogenous zones. But by the mid-Eighties, the boiler had run out of steam. For the most part, feminist intellectuals seemed like ragged and lifeless

(continued on page 168)



Gicle Brown

"Just ask anybody who knows anything about farming—if you don't screw me, we're not going to have any rain this year, either."

close calls, tenderfoot pilots
and deregulated airlines—a
harrowing view from
unfriendly skies

article By **CAPTAIN X**
and **REYNOLDS DODSON**

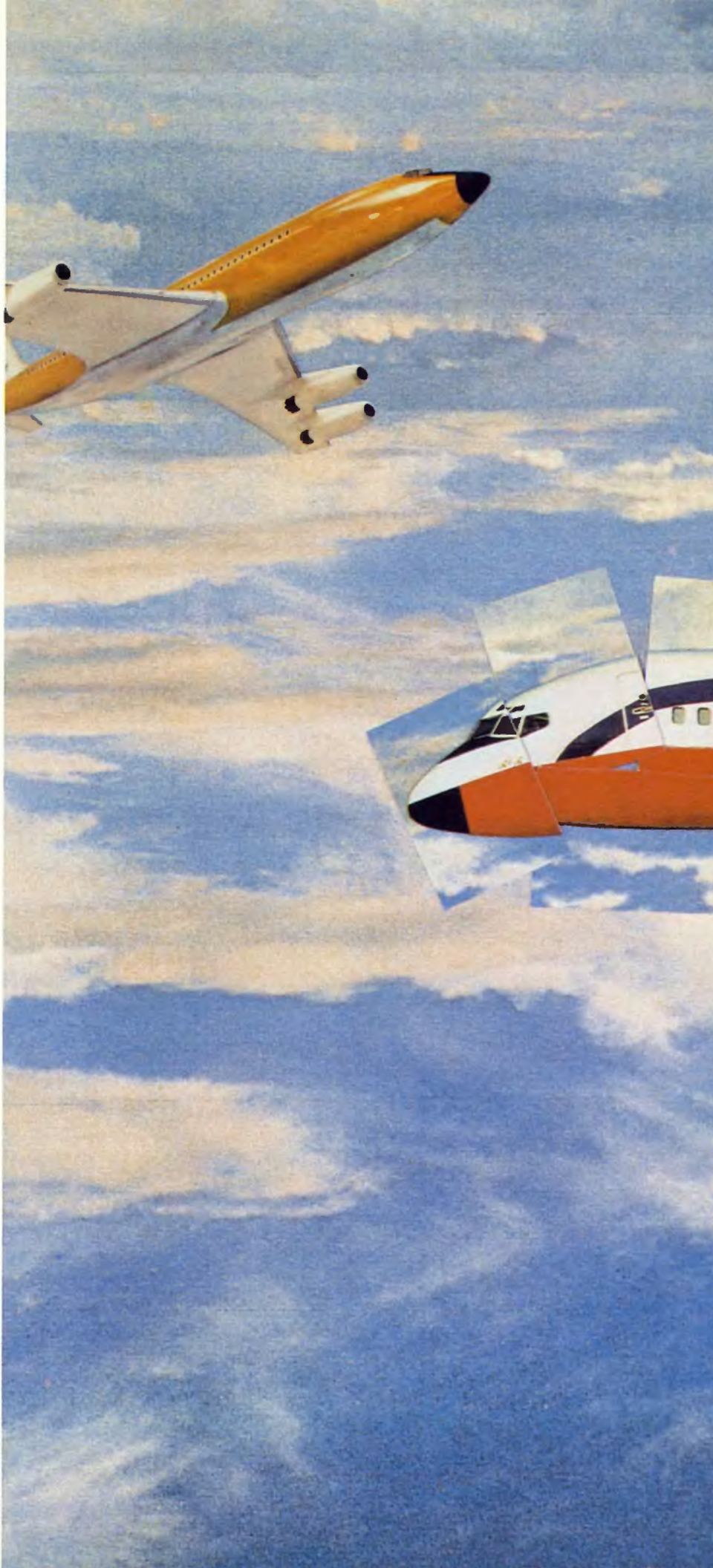
CONFESSIONS of CAPTAIN X

IT SHOULD HAVE been routine. We were bringing a 727 into Saginaw, Michigan. The weather was clear and we had already begun our descent. I could see the airport spread out below me in a little geometric spill among the snowbanks.

In one of those board-room maneuvers that have become endemic in our industry, my company had recently merged with a smaller airline. This had given us some new and, to me, unfamiliar routes. Although I knew about 200 U.S. airports like the palm of my hand, I had never been to Saginaw. (Some details of this otherwise true account have been altered to protect my airline.)

Boarding the plane, I had introduced myself to my copilot and flight engineer, who were new to me. They were employees of the now-absorbed smaller airline. My copilot was a man of about my age, 42.

Saginaw was the second leg of our trip. The flight had originated in Miami and, following the custom of our industry, I had turned the controls over to the copilot after the (continued on page 140)









meet miss june,
one of the aloha
state's top attractions

CABLE READY

FIRST OFF THAT NAME. In an age in which names get changed at a whim, Tawnni Cable still has the one she was born with. She has the birth certificate to prove it. Still, when Miss June introduces herself, she gets looks that say "*Suure!*" She doesn't even *like* the name that much. To her, it sounds like tanned phone lines. Tawnni is, however, tawny. Her Waikiki tan—a shade darker than the pictures

in Hawaiian Tropic ads—can be seen in swimsuit calendars sold to panting men all over Oahu. She is also impossible to pigeonhole. Raised in rainy northwest Oregon, she has carried on a lifelong love affair with sun, surf and sand. Too free-spirited to tolerate a clock-punching job, she nevertheless wears two

wrist watches when she travels—one set for local time, the other for Hawaii time. She once spent a stint as that rarest of combinations, a busty New York fashion model. "I was as skinny as the rest of them," she says, "but I had boobs." On Waikiki Beach, she usually tans in glowing green and orange bikinis; off the beach, she wears black. Once a "wild and crazy girl," she now pines for monogamy and motherhood.

"People around here call me 'the girl in black.' I wear black underwear, too—silky, sexy G strings and bustiers. When I get dressed up to go out at night, I like to feel good underneath. Silk and lace. I never plan anything in advance, but it's good to be prepared."





Most of all, Tawnni is relentless fun. Nothing about her is conventional, from her 36-24-34 figure to her fastidiousness ("I never leave the house without doing the dishes and cleaning *everything*") to her surfing advice ("Stand up as long as you can") to her lingerie (sublime). Other people make career decisions on New Year's Eve. Tawnni left one of New York's top modeling agencies on Halloween. Even her approach to posing for *Playboy* was unique. "I didn't look at the camera as a lover or anything like that. I thought of a girl I knew from kindergarten through high school. She was Satan's spawn. She made fun of everybody. When I posed, I knew I looked good, and I thought, I want *her* to see this."

Thousands of gorgeous young women, believing that looks are the essence of acting, fancy themselves Streeps in waiting. Not Tawnni. "I wanted to be an actress. For a while, I thought that would be great," she says. "But I'm junk as an actress. I am the worst actress I ever saw." Working in Miami one summer, she tried out for a role in *Miami Vice*. Her looks got her an audition. She spent a night practicing the two lines she would read for *Vice* executives, working up a different delivery for every possible mood. When her big moment came, a *Vice* exec nodded and, she recalls, "I forgot my lines. I guess I'd like to be an actress, but it's not in my blood."

"Being nude is not that different from wearing a bikini or being a fashion model," Tawnni says. "In New York, fashion models change clothes in the street—somebody holds up a coat and you change. Appearing nude in *Playboy* isn't weird. Being uncomfortable nude is weird."











MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Tamara Falcão

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Tawnni Cable

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 120 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 5-1-67 BIRTHPLACE: Salem, Oregon

AMBITIONS: To try to help children and have a few of my own.

TURN-ONS: Snuggling in front of the TV, dry white wine, athletic men.

TURN-OFFS: Thinking of answers to this question, wake-up calls, wrinkled sheets and shopping.

MY BOOKSHELF: No fiction - Biographies of intriguing people.

MY MAN: He's over 30, in a Versace suit, stable in money and in mind.

MY FAVORITE OUTFIT: My green fluorescent Brazilian-cut bikini.

MY, MY, MY: Sometimes I cook my spaghetti naked - don't tell!



central High cheerleader



a New York model buzz cut



"Brushaholic"



"In bed, I like to cuddle. These days, I like cuddling—snuggling under a blanket, watching TV and eating popcorn—more than getting all erotic, wild and crazy, hanging from the chandelier and screwing. But there are times when I hang from chandeliers. I used to be a wild and crazy girl. I'm not so wild and crazy anymore. I want to get married. I want to have a baby. Marriage comes first, I guess."

She laughs, recalling her moment on the brink of *Vice*. Tawnni is not the type to brood. She makes do with surf, sand and sun in her Hawaiian paradise, where her daily fluorescent-bikini'd tanning session is currently tourist attraction number three. *Numero uno* is Tom Selleck of *Magnum, P.I.* fame. First-time visitors to Hawaii, she says, invariably rent Selleck-style red Ferraris, hoping that someone will point at them and cry, "There goes Magnum." Honolulu crooner Don Ho is Selleck's runner-up. (Spoofing Ho's signature song, *Playboy* photographers refer to Miss June as Tawnni Bubbles.) "Don Ho is kind of weird," says Tawnni, who sees the singer in a nearby parking garage "all the time. He'll split a beer with anybody who comes along." If lucky, Ho will one day share a few bubbles with Miss June, the Aloha State's most natural resource.

He knows where to find her. Every afternoon, Tawnni dons a shimmering bikini and stretches out on the white sand of Waikiki Beach. Tourists and natives alike gather round to gawk. "I don't mind being looked at," Tawnni says. This news may do for Waikiki's travel business what Paul Hogan did for Australia's.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

While entering his limo, Vice-President Quayle spotted a mugger attacking an old woman in a nearby alley. Instinctively, he ran past his Secret Service agents, pounded the scoundrel on the head with his ostrichskin attaché case and saved the woman from further harm.

Later, a reporter asked him why he had used his attaché case to subdue the attacker. "It was either that," Quayle explained, "or ruin a perfectly good five iron."

How can you tell the bride at a WASP wedding? She's the one kissing the golden retriever.



A man walked into his daughter's bedroom to say hello and was shocked to see her playing with a vibrating dildo. "Honey, what are you doing?"

"Daddy," his daughter replied, "let's face it. I'm forty-five years old, fat and ugly, and I haven't had a date in fifteen years. This is the best I'm going to do." Her father walked away with tears in his eyes.

The next day, the daughter went home and found her father watching TV with a beer in one hand and a vibrating dildo in the other. "Daddy, what are you doing?"

"Well, honey," he replied brightly, "I thought I'd have a beer with my son-in-law."

The gentleman was so taken with his new love that when they got married, he had her name tattooed on his penis. When it was erect, it read W-E-N-D-Y; when flaccid, W-Y.

They went to Jamaica for their honeymoon and spent their first afternoon on a nude beach. After an hour, the man went to the bar to order some drinks. He found himself standing next to a very large native man and couldn't help but notice that his penis read W-Y.

"Excuse me, sir, but is your girlfriend's name Wendy, too?" he asked.

"No, mine says, 'Welcome to Jamaica, mon, have a nice day.'"

In the Forties, two Nevada Indian tribes were engaged in a heated territorial dispute on the U.S. Government's atomic-testing grounds. The respective chiefs were busy exchanging insults and threats by way of smoke signals when there was a thunderous explosion and an enormous cloud

rose thousands of feet in the air. One of the chiefs stared silently at the cloud for a long time, then sadly shook his head and muttered, "I wish I had said that."

A delicate young man went into a recruitment office. After answering numerous questions, he was finally asked if he was a homosexual. The fellow admitted that he was.

"Gay, huh?" the brawny recruiter grunted. "Do you think you could kill a man?"

"My, yes," the man giggled, "but it would take days and days."

Did you hear about the cheap jerk who got away with giving his girlfriend an empty box for her birthday? He told her it was a Stealth Bomber jacket.

The phone rang in the Army-base motor pool. "What kind of transportation do you have available?" a gruff voice asked.

"Just an old jeep that fat-ass general rides around in," came the reply.

"Do you know who this is?"

"No, I don't."

"This is General Reynolds and that is *my* jeep, soldier!" he bellowed.

"Do you know who *this* is?" the GI asked.

"No, I don't!"

"Then goodbye, fat-ass."



Lloyd McMan

The woman complained to her vet that her dog would start humping her every time he came into the house.

"Is there anything you can do?" she asked.

"Well," the doctor answered, "we could cut his balls off, and then he would no longer have a sex drive."

"Gee," the woman replied, "that seems awfully harsh. Couldn't you just clip his nails and do something about his breath?"

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



PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS & GRADS

Isuzu's newest sports utility vehicle, the Amigo, is a kicky little machine that's available in two- or four-wheel drive powered by either a 96-hp or a 120-hp engine coupled to a five-speed gearbox. Prices begin around \$9000 for the two-wheel drive and \$12,000 for the four-wheel drive. Great fun!



Sanyo's MCD950 is an audiophile's command center. A boss surround sound system provides a bottom beat for the remote-controlled 30-selection programmable dual compact-disc players, auto-reverse dual cassette recorders, three-band graphic equalizer and AM/FM stereo radio, about \$800.

When the big boys go salt-water fishing, Triton's Beast-Master 30/50 reel and rod is the weapon of choice. The lightweight rod has a patented grip that eliminates line wear and the two-speed aluminum reel shifts



on demand, from Shimano, Irvine, California, \$750.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI



Staying fit is an uphill battle. Treco's Power Steps 150 gets you over the top with programmed or custom workouts. The PC150 measures climbing speed in feet per minute, feet climbed, the calories burned up and the time remaining, from The Fitness Warehouse, Skokie, Illinois, \$3495.

To celebrate the company's 70th birthday in a big way, Olympus has created a limited-edition camera named O-Product. It's a nifty-looking point-and-shoot 35mm model that's completely automatic and has a retrotech body and a detachable flash, \$600, with a strap and a pouch.



PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS & GRADS



Magnavox' new little three-inch color TV features a pop-up back-lit screen, on-screen display and 68-channel capability. And if you're not into TV, there's an AM/FM stereo to listen to (the unit can be powered by A.C., car battery, battery pack or batteries), \$499.



The ultimate Big Easy surely must be this Ke-Zu Club Chair made of handsome vegetable-tanned leather stretched over a hardwood frame. The chair, \$5500, matching ottoman, \$2915, both from Dakota Jackson, New York.

It's iced-tea time, and Mr. Coffee is playing fast. That company has just introduced The Iced Tea Pot, a machine that creates a pitcher of iced tea in about ten minutes from water, ice cubes and tea, about \$50.





The Michel Perrenoud Collection from Switzerland manufactures meticulously crafted luxuries such as this elm-burr gentleman's jewelry case coated with high-gloss polyester, from ITAG, New York, \$1230.



The Diner Radio, pictured here, which plays AM/FM and cassettes, is a perfect reproduction of a Crosley-Select-o-Matic. The buttons flip down to reveal radio dials, by Thomas America, about \$130.

RISKY BUSINESS

tales of the outdoors

BY CRAIG VETTER

EARLY LAST SUMMER, on a float trip down the Middle Fork of the Salmon River in Idaho, a group of us spotted a thin white plume of smoke against the otherwise perfectly blue wilderness sky. We watched for about a half hour, wondering out loud whether the U.S. Forest Service were going to let the blaze burn its course or try somehow to get fire fighters into this roadless spot to knock it down.

About the time the ribbon of smoke became a small column, we got our answer: A DC-3 made a couple of passes, then let two parachutists into the air near the smoke. We watched them drop softly out of sight behind a ridge. Soon after, the smoke turned wispy, then was gone.

There was a beautifully quiet sort of drama to the whole thing, and it made me remember something a friend had asked me after I made my one and only sky dive: "You jumped out of an airplane that wasn't on fire?" Made me wish he'd been there to see those smoke jumpers—two guys jumping out of an airplane that *wasn't* on fire into a forest that *was*.

"Probably the most important thing out there is that you never want to come down to your last option," Jim Thrash told me when I asked

SMOKE JUMPERS

why would anyone parachute into a burning forest?

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MCLEAN





him about his work. "You always want to have someplace to go if things get away from you." Thrash is 39, and in the fall and winter, he works as an outfitter and guide, packing people by horse into the Idaho back country to fish and hunt. Summers, for the past eight years, he's been a smoke jumper for the U.S. Forest Service. I met him shortly after the incredible firestorms of 1988 had finally burned themselves out. No one had ever seen a summer like it, he said, and those who were actually on the fire lines knew early that they were in trouble. In the first 11 weeks of the season, Thrash worked 850 hours and jumped 14 fires.

That's what those guys call it—jumping a fire: going out the door of an airplane 1500 feet above some remote patch of burning wilderness, hoping that the mountain weather doesn't sail them into the tops of the big ponderosas, hoping that there is at least a small piece of flat ground to land on and that by the time they are down, the fire will still be small enough so that a few men with Pulaskis can dig a line that will contain it.

And what if the line doesn't hold? What if the fire gets up into the trees and begins to run?

"Happens all the time," Thrash said. "Especially in conditions like we had last season. Four years of drought, near zero fuel moisture, high winds. A lot of times last summer, we were just overwhelmed. That's when you hope you haven't come down to that last-resort situation, where all of a sudden, you hear the roar of the flames coming up a canyon and your partner looks at you, and you look at your partner, and you're both thinking, 'We're taters.'"

There are about 400 smoke jumpers in the U.S. They work for the U.S. Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management, and from June to September, they are on call for duty anywhere in the country, including Alaska. When a smoke column is spotted, usually in deep back country, a decision is made to either let it burn—a so-called management fire—or attack it with the paratroops while a commando assault may still make a difference.

The jumpers go in pairs, at least, and sometimes in teams of as many as 20, with just survival gear and personal kit. Tools and drinking water are dropped to them on cargo chutes. When they've done what they can, they hike to the nearest road with more than 100 pounds of gear on their backs. They make seven to ten dollars an hour, time and a half for overtime, with a 25 percent hazard-pay bonus for fighting uncontrolled fires.

Thrash works out of the McCall, Idaho, loft, which is where he took the four-

week training course that's designed to turn an already experienced fire fighter into a jumper. Altogether, the trainees make nine practice jumps: onto clearing and open hillside at first, then into heavily wooded terrain. Thrash got through jump training and even his first fire jump into meadowless woods on Ironside Mountain with no particular fear or trouble, he says. It was the final test he hated. "That was the worst. You have to hike three and a half miles over mountain terrain in three and a half hours, with a one-hundred-and-fifteen-pound pack. It's fairly simple on flat ground, but when you start going up or along sidehill over downed timber, it's really tiring, because once your pack gets moving in a certain direction, it takes all the strength you have to keep it from pulling you off your feet. My first time out, it took me three hours and thirty-six minutes, which meant I had to do it again."

Three days later, with a patch of mole-skin over a large sore that the pack had worn into the middle of his back, he made the walk in two hours and 18 minutes.

About 70 jumpers work out of McCall, and, Thrash said, they're a motley crew. "If you were looking for a common thread, it would be that they all like adventure. They're adrenaline freaks. Otherwise, we have all kinds, from ultrareligious family men to drunken welfare types and everything in between. A lot of guys are real quiet, not what you'd call *macho*, and then there are some John Wayne types. Strangely enough, an amazing number of them are afraid of heights. That doesn't show up so much on the jumps, because from fifteen hundred feet, it looks like a diorama or a relief map down there, and you really can't feel the height. But when a cargo box lands in a tree and somebody has to climb a hundred feet or so, that's when you see the fear."

It isn't only cargo boxes that land in the trees, of course. "A lot of things can happen on the way down," is the way Thrash put it. "You get these tremendous winds in the mountains and they can be very local. I remember jumping once in an area of thunderstorms. We dropped the streamers and everything seemed OK, so I went out the door, and all of a sudden, I got hit by a microburst that blew me straight backward, which is how I landed. On a pile of rocks. Hurt my neck and my back a little is all."

"Tree landings are the biggest danger. The branches collapse your chute, then you just drop, sometimes more than a hundred feet. Happened to me once and I think it was about the worst scare I ever got. My lines caught on a little branch

and stopped me about six inches from the ground. I've been lucky, though; more than a hundred twenty jumps with no serious injuries. I think the casualty rate is something like three injuries per hundred jumps."

Casualties are usually evacuated by helicopter from the nearest clearing. If no one is hurt, the team sets to digging a line wide enough to stop the spread of fire. If the flames jump that line, the effort sometimes turns into a survival exercise.

"When fire gets up into the forest crown," said Thrash, "when the whole vertical array of fuel is involved, there's just nothing you can do about it under the severe sort of conditions we had last summer. All you can do is fall back, get yourself into a safety zone, hope it is safe, and regroup. Most of the effort thrown at fires like that is for the media. So they can't say, 'You guys didn't do anything about it.' Once a fire escapes initial attack, chances of catching it are very minimal until the wind dies, or it rains, or until the fire reaches a natural barrier."

"Big fires create their own weather and the release of energy is unbelievable. Sometimes you get fire whirls, which are like tornadoes, and talk about problems! You get these two-hundred-mile-an-hour cyclonic winds that will lift the burning debris up into a column and then just kind of wander off. And when the embers do come down, all of a sudden, the fire's a lot bigger than it was before. When you're standing fifty or a hundred yards from a fire and it burns your skin, you know you're in a hot one. We saw a lot of that last summer."

Like many of those who were involved with the wildfires of 1988, Thrash thinks most of what happened was unstoppable, given the drought in the Western mountains and the winds that fanned whatever got started. But he does think those in charge might have decided to hit some fires earlier and harder if their estimates of the potential danger had been more complete.

"I think there was just too much emphasis on computer models and not enough on common sense. The theorists were basing their projections on fuel loads and fuel types. But things were so dry out there—remember, this is an ecosystem that normally gets daily rain, and it didn't get any for ninety days last summer—they were seeing stuff burn that they thought was fireproof. Now they're saying, 'Gee, weather has a lot bigger role in this than we thought it did.' Surprise, surprise."

Thrash will tell you that all smoke jumpers' stories begin with "There I
(concluded on page 178)



"Would you mind looking at the sunset on the ocean without me today, Herbert?"

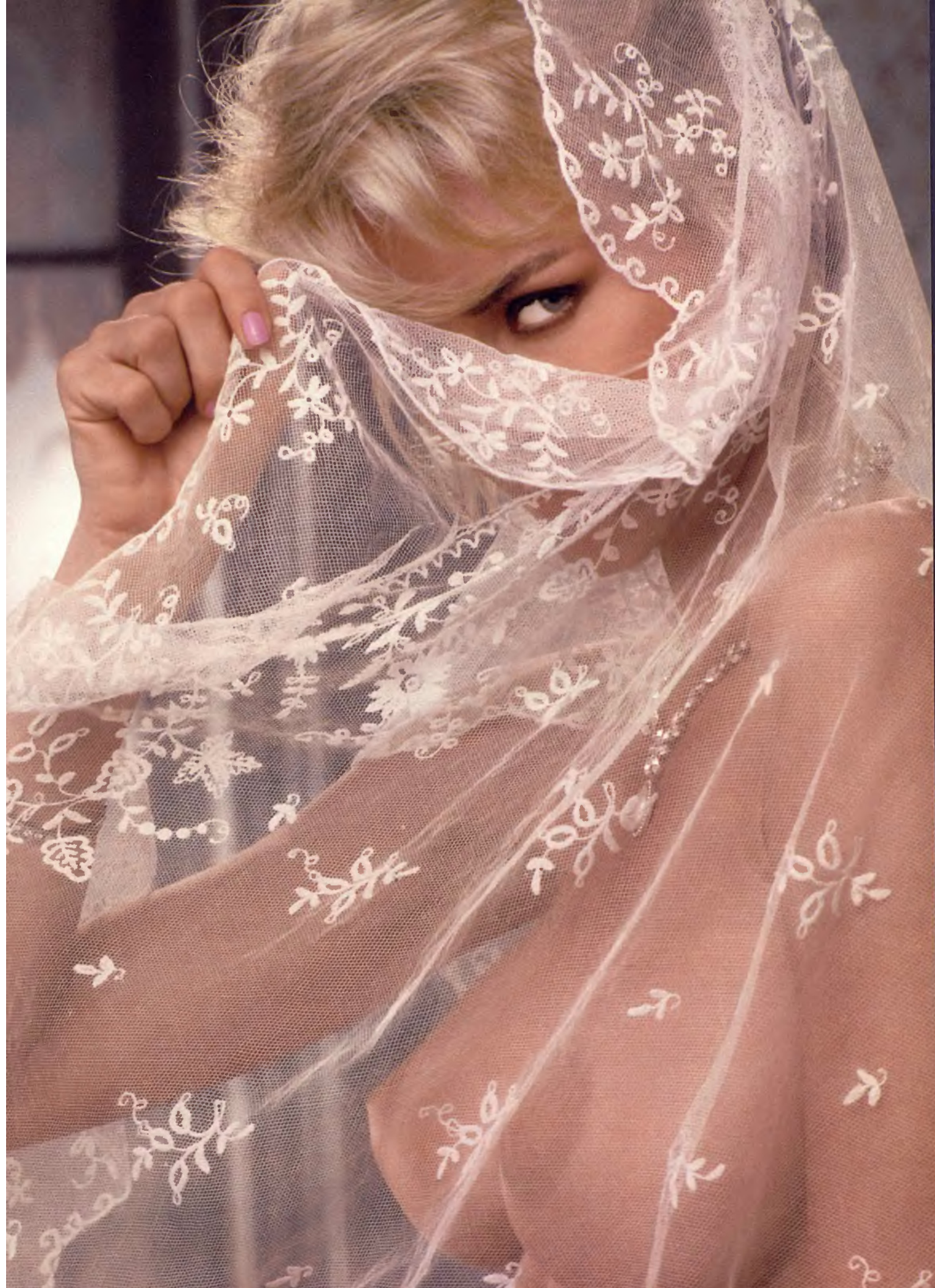
THIS PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR IS A PLAYMATE FOR A LIFETIME



SEVENTEEN MONTHS AGO, she left her British Columbia home and flew to Los Angeles, touching off an international affair that has been chronicled around the world. As Miss January 1988, Canada's gift to *Playboy* mused, "I'm in control of my own destiny, and whatever it is, it's going to be fun." And fun it has been, for a mere six months later, standing beside the Wishing Well on the grounds of Playboy Mansion West, Kimberley Conrad said yes to a destiny she—and countless others—had long believed was fantasy. She agreed to wed Hugh M. Hefner, a man who was thought to be the pajama-clad icon of bachelorhood. Sitting in the Mansion Library, her long, perfect legs curled under her, Kimberley recalls the night Hefner popped the question no one thought he had in him. "It was July twenty-third of last year," she recalls. "It was a beautiful, romantic night, and Hef and I had been playing Foosball in the Game House. I was in a wonderful mood, since I had won, and as we walked back to the main house, Hef stopped me by the Wishing Well. He was very calm, very sweet. 'Will you marry me?' he asked. I said I would have to think it over. You should have seen his jaw drop." She laughs, remembering that magical evening. "I thought about it for

about two seconds. Then I said, 'Of course I'll marry you.'" The wedding and gala reception are scheduled for July first at Playboy Mansion West. The ceremony itself will take place, naturally enough, beside the Wishing Well—where Hef proposed nearly a year earlier.

Dennis Mukai's specially commissioned acrylic-on-canvas portrait of Playmate of the Year Kimberley Conrad (above) will be made available in the form of limited-edition serigraphs; information on ordering them appears on page 175. At right, our top Playmate—and fiancée of Editor-in-Chief Hugh M. Hefner—in a hint of bridal lace.





Very much at home at Playboy Mansion West, Kimberley lounges in Hef's pajamas, takes a playful puff on one of his old pipes and frolics with beagle Boots. At far right, she poses with another specially commissioned work of art, a life-sized etched-glass panel in her likeness designed by Emanuele Raffi for Glass Visions. This one she plans to keep for herself.

Dressed simply in bride-white tennis duds, she nuzzles her beagle, Boots. Curled beside her is Dior, her

Doberman. Kimberley, who is *Playboy's* 1989 Playmate of the Year as well as Hef's fiancée, has introduced two dogs and a cat to the Mansion. But when she moved in, she brought something much more important than a menagerie to Hef's life. January 1988 was not the happiest time for Hef, who was just emerging from a bad relationship. Kimberley had flown in from Vancouver for a two-day shooting with famed photographer Helmut Newton, who was working on a special project for *Playboy*. She was no stranger to the Mansion, having stayed there several times while shooting her centerfold and pictorial. "I had admired her from afar," admits Hef now. "So I asked her to join a small group of us for a screening in the Living Room." Kimberley politely declined. "In part out of self-defense," she explains. "I knew I was attracted to him, but I also knew he had his choice of hundreds of women. And I certainly was not going to be a one-night stand." But the next night, she was drawn into casual conversation with Hef and some friends around the Dining Room table. During that evening, both Kimberley and Hef let down their guard long enough to admit to a strong case of mutual attraction. Kimberley left the next day, with plans to return the following week for a longer visit. Their long weekend together proved what they had already suspected: Theirs was a very special relationship. "She returned to Vancouver to collect her belongings and was back in my arms within a few days, where she has been ever since," says Hef happily. "This relationship is simply too special to end."









He treats me like royalty," says Kimberley, "and I have to admit that I love it. People always ask about the difference in our ages. I'm twenty-six. He's sixty-two. But he looks forty, and the way he thinks, the way he moves—it's like he's my age. And there's a lot of passion in our relationship. He's *very* passionate. Of course," she adds with a little smile, "I do take credit for some of the passion myself." Kimberley is not publicly flamboyant; she is actually something of a private person and still not completely at ease in crowds. She does her best at the parties, press conferences, interviews and photo sessions her new life demands, she says, but she worries that her best may not always be good enough. She always wants her best to be better. That self-improvement impulse is apparent even in her physical view of herself.





Unbelievably, Kimberley worries that her pictures aren't pretty enough. She says she likes her famous front but isn't so sure about her backside. "My bum could look better," she says. "I'm building it up in the weight room." She was so sure she'd be a runner-up that she would not believe she'd won until the pictures you see on these pages were sent to the printer. "Becoming Playmate of the Year is as unbelievable to me as anything else. I probably should have listened to my friend Ken Honey," she says, referring to the veteran Vancouver photographer who has discovered virtually all of the Playmates who came to us from British Columbia, including 1980 Playmate of the Year Dorothy Stratten, Heidi Sorenson, Kelly Tough, Lonny Chin and a half dozen other gatefold girls. "It was Ken who first encouraged me to try out for Playmate, telling me that one day I'd be Playmate of the Year. I laughed. I didn't believe him then, and, frankly, it's hard to believe even now."



As Playmate of the Year, Kimberley is the surprised owner of a check for \$100,000. A hefty chunk of that allotment will go to her granny, whom she still calls "Mema Lila" in fond baby talk. The rest, as befits a self-described "practical girl," will roll over forever in money-market funds. So much for the practical. Kimberley's other Playmate of the Year award, a pearlescent white Porsche 911 Cabriolet, is impractical to the tune of 149 miles per hour and 24 miles per gallon. Pragmatism has its limits. "I got one without scoops and fins, a real *lady's* car," she says, "so people won't see me drive by and say, 'That's her boyfriend's car.'" Earning those wheels was not easy for the shy Alabama-born beauty, who admits, "It's a lot easier to be naked with the person I'm in love with." *(text concluded on page 152)*







CAPTAIN X *(continued from page 104)*

"There I sat with 152 passengers. None of us had the faintest idea that we might have 97 seconds to live."

first leg. During our preflight check-out, I had asked him how long he had been driving the Seven-Two.

"Eight years," he said as he busied himself with the hundreds of details that go into every preflight check list.

"Eight years," I said to myself. "That's pretty good."

While I was qualified to fly the 727, my experience on it had been mostly in training flights. I was glad to have a man at my side who had such intimate knowledge of the plane.

"And you know Saginaw," I said.

"Been flying there since I joined the company," came the slightly smug reply.

Terrific. Superterrific.

Through Flight Control, we had learned that the airport was undergoing renovation. The longer of the two runways—about 6800 feet—had been temporarily shortened. It was now about 5500 feet, which was well within the requirements of a 727 but considerably short of the 7000 or so feet that would be considered average. The second runway—runway 14—was about 5000 feet.

Now, 5000 feet on a 727 is cutting it pretty close. The plane can land in a shorter space, but unless you've been making your home in that cockpit for quite a while, you really don't want to go around testing a plane's minimum landing requirements.

"How do you plan to take her in?" I asked as we neared Saginaw. (As captain, I'm the copilot's chief and mentor. From gate to gate, no matter who is actually handling the controls, the captain is responsible for everything that happens.)

"Runway fourteen," he said. "I'll bring her in at a forty flap."

A plane's flap setting is crucial to the landing procedure. The farther the flaps are down, the lower the nose is tilted. It's what we call the *deck angle*. The usual flap setting—the one I had been performing day in and day out along the Southern tier—is 30 degrees. By choosing a 40-degree setting, my copilot was indicating that he was planning to alter our deck angle, increase the amount of drag and lessen our velocity. These factors would enable us to land the plane at a relatively slow 120 knots and come to a stop well within the 5000-foot limit.

It took me about half a second to conclude that my copilot was making the right decision, and I again congratulated myself on drawing Mr. Spock as my first officer.

So there I sat, ignorant and blissful,

my arms folded across my chest, my soda and my peanuts at my side, with 152 equally ignorant and blissful passengers in the cabin behind me. None of us had the faintest idea that we might have about 97 seconds to live.

One of the great thrills of flying is that you're constantly getting to experience what other men spend their entire lives clawing and scratching to achieve—that awe-inspiring, ego-swelling phenomenon called The View from the 40th Floor. I never tire of it. The landscape is constantly changing. I wouldn't trade offices with Donald Trump on a bet.

But The View from the 40th Floor takes on a special significance when you're coming in for that delicate operation called the landing. You're not sitting in an office with your feet up on the desk, you're sitting at the tip of a falling arrow. Every decision is potentially a matter of life and death. You're scanning your instrument panel. You're making many small adjustments in your ailerons and your elevators. You're watching to see that your wings are level, your air speed's steady, your landing gear's down, your angle of approach is proper. And while you're doing all that, and while you're looking at your engine pressure and your compass headings and your rate of descent and your altitude gauges, you're also looking through your windshield and you're comparing what you're seeing on the ground with what you've seen a thousand times before in a thousand other similar landings. It all happens very fast and your actions are instinctive.

When the airport is new to you, however, when the terrain is just a little different from any you've ever seen before, when it's a plane you're not quite comfortable with and it's coming in on a configuration that is used only in the most unusual circumstances, sometimes your instincts don't work right. And when that happens, all you can do is marvel at what a weird feeling this is and look to your supercompetent copilot for support.

As I sat there, I couldn't help thinking, Isn't it strange how, when you come in at a steep angle toward a runway you've never seen before, you have the optical illusion you're about to crash?

I rolled a peanut over on my tongue.

The ground rose closer.

And isn't it strange, I thought, the way it looks like you may not even clear those trees down there, but even if you do clear those trees, you're certainly going to hit

those lights, and aren't you lucky that Mr. Spock here knows so much more than you, and that the lump rising in your throat, which seems to be getting larger with every passing moment, is apparently not rising in his much more knowledgeable one?

In 20 years of service, I've listened to more than my share of dead men's chatter on voice recorders. I've sat through too many postcrash conferences and listened to too many ghostly conversations coming from those charred and battered "black boxes." (Actually, they're orange or yellow—the better to spot them in the wreckage.) And I know that often the last word a pilot utters before his plane disintegrates in a fiery ball is *shit*. That may not be a very noble way to depart this planet, but that's the way ill-fated pilots usually go.

I can't swear that that particular Anglo-Saxonism was the one that escaped my lips at that moment, but if it wasn't, it wasn't for lack of thinking it.

Snapping forward, I grabbed the yoke with one hand and pushed the throttles forward with the other. We were a good 100 yards short of the runway, and we were doomed to crash.

"Power. . . full power!" I cried.

I knew that my only chance, if I had a chance, was to bring the nose up, push the throttles to the limit and hope like hell we would clear those approach lights. Straining forward against my shoulder harness, I slammed the throttles against the fire wall.

The plane leaped forward.

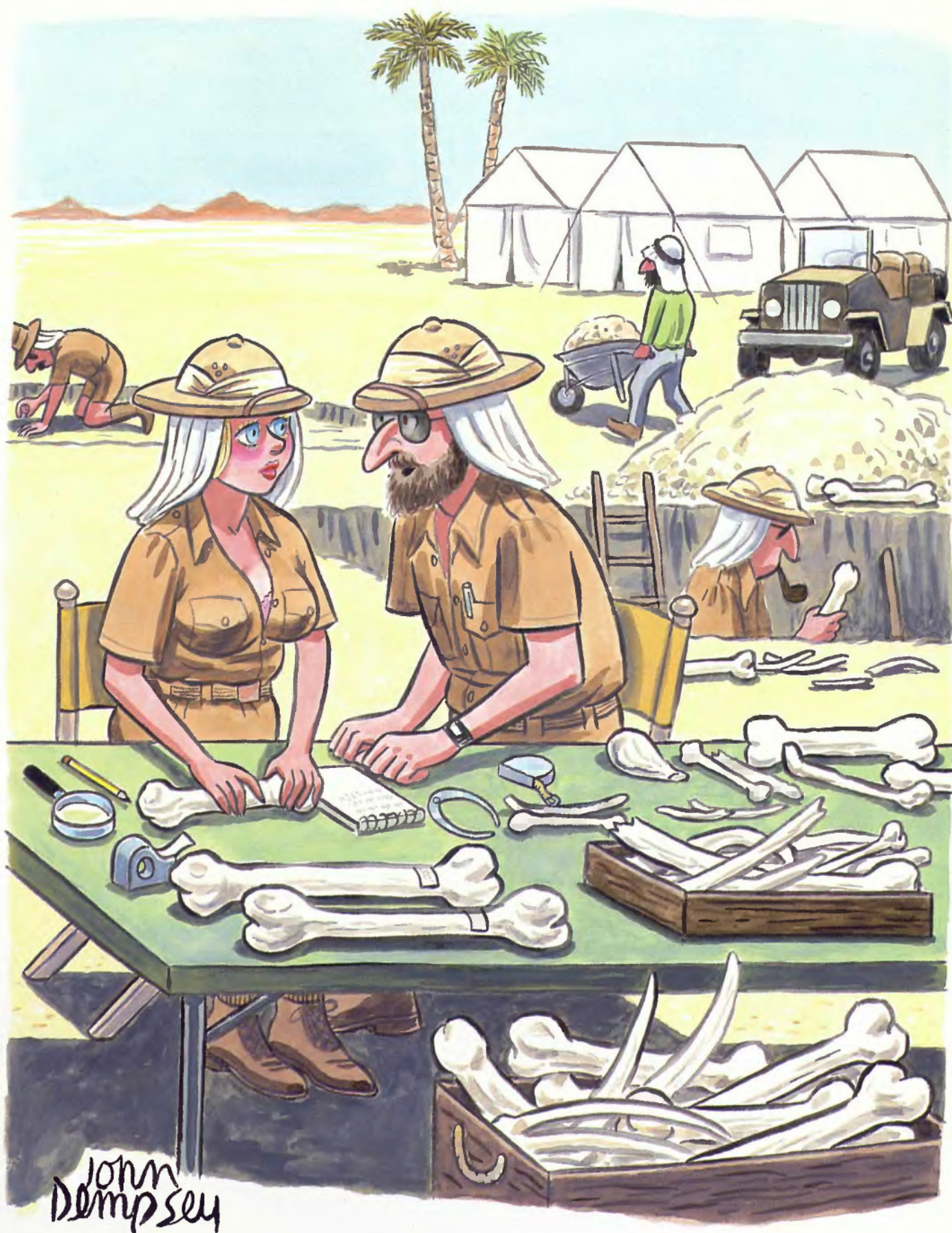
I won't even venture to guess what the passengers thought at that moment. Even through the closed cockpit door, I could hear the first of what would be many crashes as dirty food trays, coffee pots and various pieces of overhead baggage shifted violently in their compartments. Within seconds, the air speed indicator shot from 122 to 143 knots. The plane bolted, flared—then hit the pavement. Later inspection would show that our main gear had cleared the end of the runway by less than 30 inches.

But that wasn't the bad part. The bad part—the part that would make me wonder how my mother's little boy had ever come to be in this predicament—was that we were now hurtling down a dwarf-sized runway at a speed approximating a Grand Prix race car's!

As any pilot will tell you, when you have executed a landing as sloppy and screwed up as this one, there is only one right thing to do. It's an embarrassing and inelegant maneuver called a go-around. You shove the throttles forward and lift the plane back off the ground.

Unfortunately, that is not the procedure my reflexes chose to perform. In the split-second's confusion caused by the

(continued on page 178)



John
Dempsey

"Miss Bowman—my dear—I get a boner every night, dreaming about you. . . ."



*comics aren't the only ones striking
it rich in the funny business*

C A S H

&

C O M E D Y

SEATED BEHIND the blinking phones in his well-appointed padded cell of an office on the Sunset Strip in Los Angeles, Marty Klein, superagent, speaks of clients current and former. "I met Steve Martin when he was playing the Icehouse in Pasadena in the early Seventies. I saw essentially a magic act. The first time I saw Andy Kaufman, he didn't get one laugh, not one. The audience hated him. But when I saw him on stage, I thought, This is something; this is different. I told him, 'You're a great comedian.' He looked at me and said, 'I'm not a comedian, I'm an entertainer.' I said, 'Entertainer, great,' and offered my services. When I met Rodney Dangerfield, he said, 'All I want is twenty-five thousand dollars a week in Vegas.' I said, 'If that's all you want, I don't want to represent you.' Pee-wee Herman I saw playing with the Groundlings in L.A. I went to see him ten weeks in a row. When I saw Sam Kinison the first time, it was on an HBO special. I tracked him down over the

article By MARK CHRISTENSEN

Monday, October 10—Burbank

I did *The Tonight Show*, with Jay Leno as the host. Because Jay is a friend, I didn't suffer the same type of nervousness I normally do. Also, with a guest host, you're allowed to repeat material you've done on the show before, so my set went real well. What I really liked was that Jay made a point of coming to my dressing room before the show. Johnny generally doesn't talk to the guests beforehand, because he doesn't want to detract from the spontaneity. David Letterman's policy is the same, though David is also more of an inward person.

Jay and I go back to the Comedy Store days, when I used to call him Mr. Chin.

Jay once told me he operated under the act-check philosophy. "Do the act, pick up the check," he said. Of course, with his stature now, it's probably check-act. He has no artistic pretensions. Yet with his sharp intellect, dedication to truth and work ethic, he has emerged as a blue-collar comedic artist.

I really admire Jay's lack of neurosis. To him, being on the road is like a vacation. I find that incomprehensible, given my own moodiness; but then, once you remove that moodiness—as he has done—it becomes quite simple.

•
Tuesday, October 18—Chicago

I always leave for a show with the feeling of numbness. No expectations, no adrenaline. By Los Angeles standards, where I live, it's colder than a motherfucker here in Chicago. I'm staying at one of those residential hotels and my room has no heat. I was also down because I read an article in *The Wall Street Journal* today that said that while eight of the ten most popular athletes in the country were black, nine of the top ten athletes in endorsement money were white. I must say, that didn't put me in a good mood

a comic's daily grind
isn't all laughs

ON THE ROAD

By FRANKLYN AJAYE



to do comedy. After I read the article, I just said to myself, "It's great to be an American." Whenever I find myself in one of these moods, I try to be professional. You have to be a self-starter to do stand-up night after night regardless of your emotional state.

The Improv was half full, or half empty, according to the Shearson Lehman Hutton commercial. So I'll say it was half full. Unfortunately, my show was half empty. It's the first time that's happened in a while. My engine just wouldn't turn over. I even had to pull out my note cards and look at them during the show. I got off the stage to a good laugh, but it was a struggle. It's going to be a tough week psychologically, be-

cause it's October. I've got a lot of jokes behind me this year—the dog days of comedy have arrived.

•
Wednesday, October 19—Chicago

The show tonight was much better. It was almost a full house, and that makes a hell of a difference. Laughter is more infectious with a big audience. A small audience demands, unconsciously, that the comedian be responsible for generating the enthusiasm, which is fine for those good days but quite a chore if you're a little out of sorts.

About five years ago, I was in San Francisco working at a club with another comedian named Doug Kehoe. He was a baseball fanatic and he said that being a stand-up comedian was like being a pitcher. Like a pitcher, a comedian has the ball. Nothing happens until he releases the ball, or, in our case, the routine. And the success of the show depends on the comedian's choice of pitches. Because I never do the same show twice, I liked that idea, so for the rest of the week, when one of us would finish our act, the other would tell him what he thought the score was. For example, tonight I won 4-0, (continued on page 158)

phone to Colorado, and when I finally got him on the line, he said, "I've been waiting for you to call me for ten years."

That's not surprising. As president of the Agency for the Performing Arts, Klein is one of the most powerful kingmakers in a booming comedy industry. His client list includes not only Steve Martin (who has been represented by Klein for 16 years) but a host of other comedy stars ranging from John Candy to Steven Wright to Martin Mull. "If you're really serious about comedy, you must be represented by Marty Klein," insists Winston Simone, who manages Emo Phillips and Judy Tenuta. "He's the Wayne Gretzky of comedy, the greatest."

OK, so Klein also represents Phillips and Tenuta. That's one of the funny things about the comedy business. You could fill half of Dodger Stadium with the young comics up at the mikes in the hundreds of clubs that have sprouted from coast to coast. But backstage, among the agents, managers, entertainment executives and major club owners, few are called and even fewer are chosen. Comedy is a very big business run by a very small group—about as many guys as it would take to provide pallbearers if, say, Bob Hope, Eddie Murphy and Bob Goldthwaite were all killed in the same plane crash.

These few men preside over a show-business explosion the likes of which have not been seen since the Beatles. In some ways, however, comedy is an even greater bonanza than rock and roll. "There's nobody you can make more money out of than a really hot comic," says one agent, "simply because he can do everything. Most rock-and-roll guys can do only one thing—sing. Who's gonna pay to go see Jon Bon Jovi try to act? And who's gonna pay to see Robert Redford belt out *Gimme Shelter*? But a Jay Leno can perform in concert, a Jay Leno can make records and videos and a Jay Leno can star in a movie or a sitcom, host his own TV talk show, endorse potato chips, make money doing anything up to and probably including going to the toilet."

All right, that's the goal. Now, how do you get there? Who plucks you from obscurity? Who gets you the job? Who makes sure this isn't your *only* \$50,000 gig of the year? For the record, the following are the *real* kings of comedy.

Among agents: The aforementioned Marty Klein is the most powerful. Hot on his heels come Bob Williams and the voluble Geary Rindels—president and director of operations, respectively, of Spotlight, which represents such people as Jay Leno and Jerry Seinfeld. It specializes in concerts and clubs and drives the hardest deals in the business. Hildy Gottlieb at International Creative

(continued on page 162)

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



**THE
REFRESH**

IT HAS BEEN nearly 25 years since a man named Hoyle Schweitzer stood balanced on a surfboard holding a sail. The result was a sport that goes by the name of wind-surfing, or boardsailing, or wavesailing, or simply holy-shit-this-is-fun. It occurs everywhere wind meets water, from



mountain lakes to raging rivers to open ocean. Leaf through a copy of *Wind Surf* magazine and you will see boardsailors cruising beneath the gaze of the stone statues on Easter Island, beneath the steel bridges in the great harbors of San Francisco, Corpus Christi and New York, beneath the massive granite wall of Lake

Wave goddess Sophie Laborie (above and right) made the pilgrimage to Maui from Noumea in New Caledonia.

Wet and Wild

**for the
ultimate thrill,
come fly with
the women of
maui**





Garda in Italy or the red sandstone arches of Lake Powell in Utah. Ground zero for the sport is the island of Maui. The best sailors in the world—male and female—go there to play at the beaches of Kanaha, Spreckelsville and the ultimate arena, Ho'okipa State Park. Stroll the rigging areas and you'll hear French, Japanese, Swedish, German and a mangled English that includes the words gnarly, awesome, radical and shred. The subculture is vivid—the streets of Paia and Haiku are lined with shops selling fluorescent boards, sails and swimwear. The locals shape and sell the toys of the trade in tiny lofts, then take them out to play. We asked photographer Sylvain Cazenave to capture some of these superb athletes in their natural habitat. He found Karla Weber and Sophie Laborie. Karla moved to Maui from Clearwater, Florida, to surf professionally. She



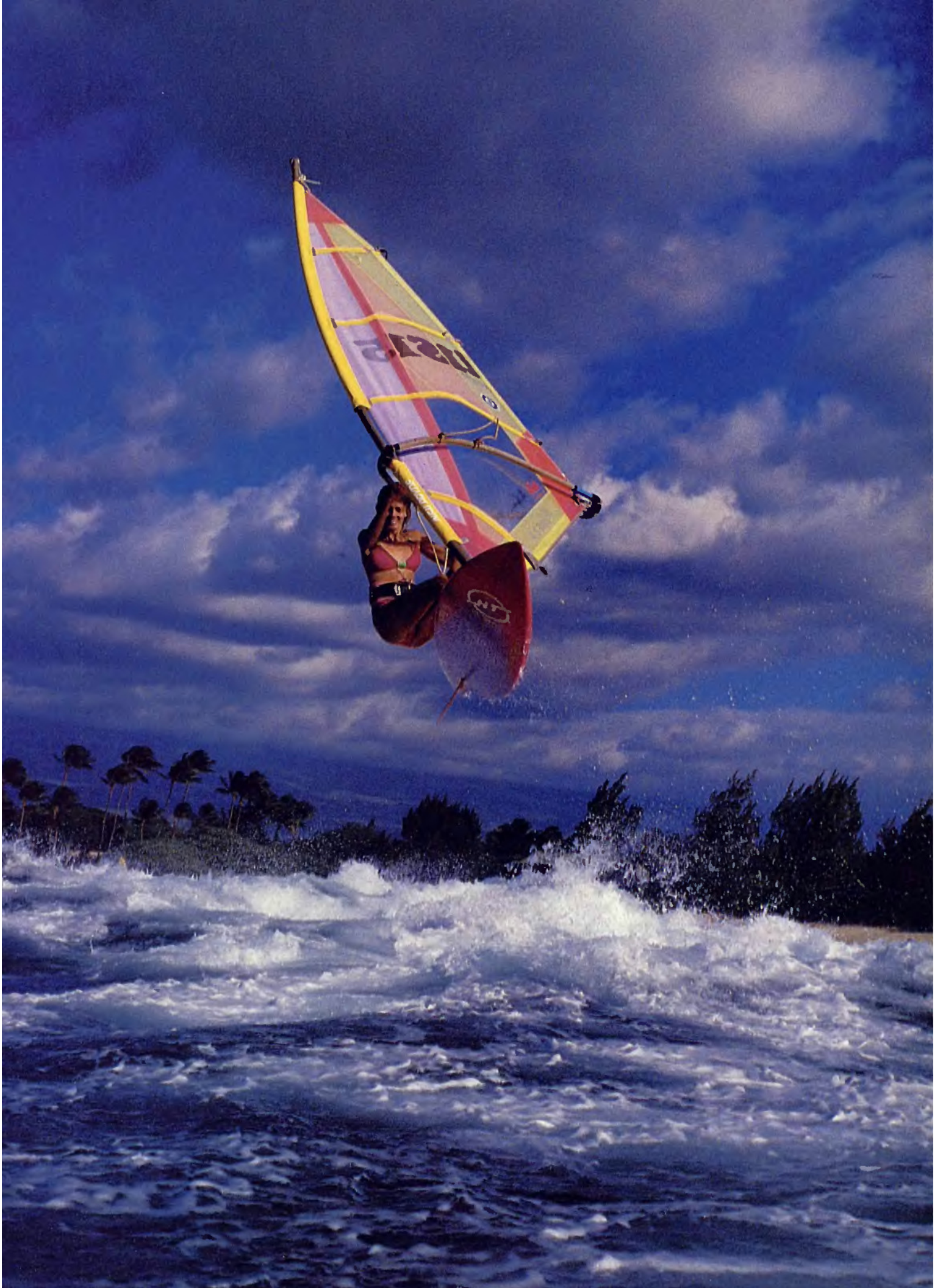
Karla Weber (above), a world-class wind angel, has sailed off the shores of five other countries but likes to hang out above the waters of Ho'okipa State Park.

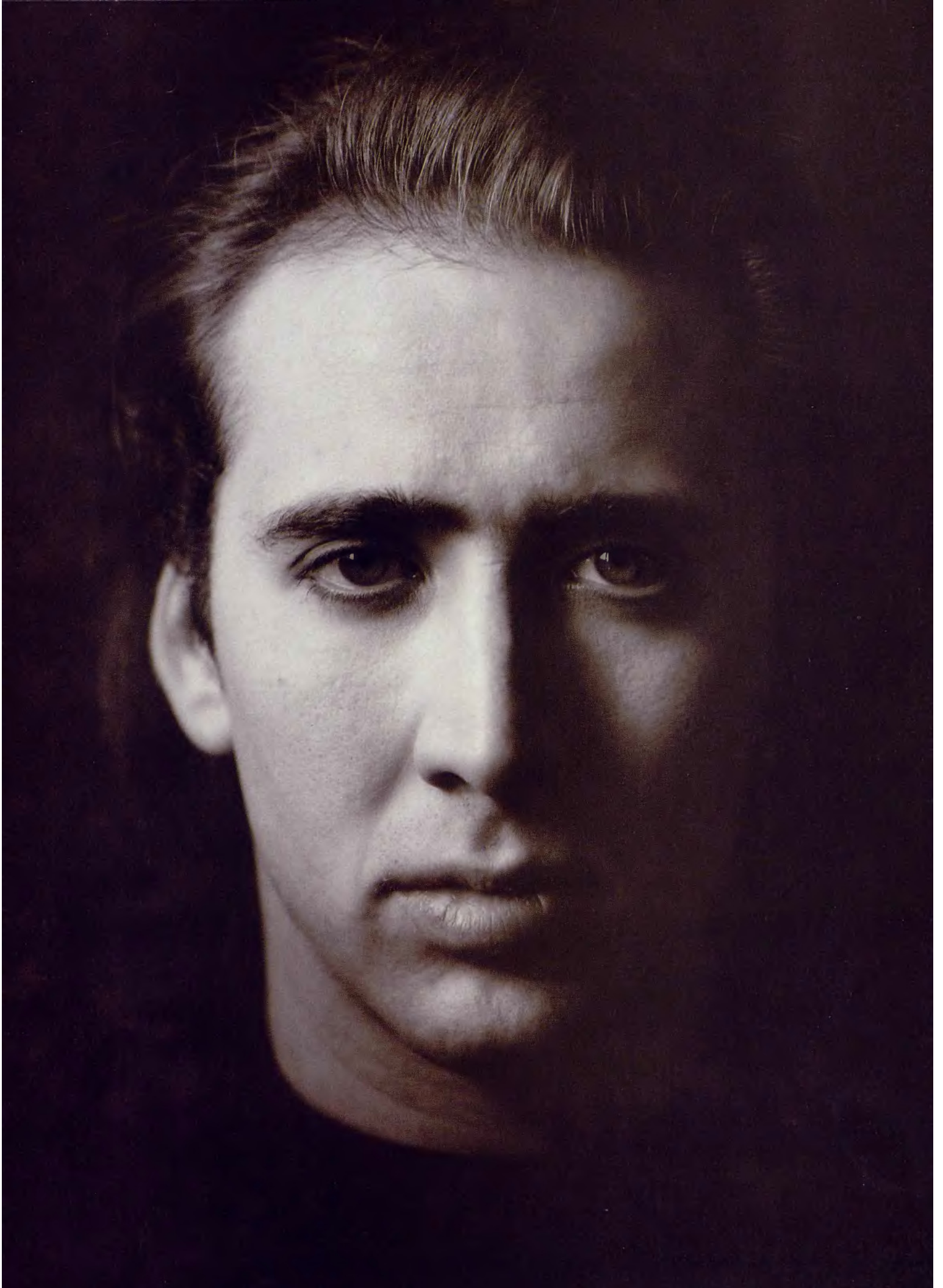
designs bathing suits on the side. Sophie followed the winds from New Caledonia to be part of the sport at its best. Why do they love boardsailing? Let's talk reckless abandon. The sport combines the beauty of modern dance with the power of surfing: Imagine *t'ai chi* in a wind tunnel. You stand on an epoxy board that is just over eight feet long and hold a sail that is 40-some-odd square feet of Mylar and Dacron. The sail is a wing, an airfoil that propels you to speeds greater than 40 miles per hour. When you take off from a wave, you can fly—maximum height is somewhere around 50 feet.

Boardsailing is a sport that involves the entire body. Look at these women: Behind every curve is a muscle. Now look at the sail: Behind every curve, the wind. Harness the two, put them into motion—and then catch them if you can.



Sophie (above), who learned on the reef-protected waters of New Caledonia, likes to speed-sail. Karla (right) got a rocky start at boardsailing—"My brother sent me out without telling me how to get back and I had to swim"—but has become a pro. "It is a sport without limitations." When the only boundaries are imagination and courage, you have obsession.





NICOLAS CAGE

Nicolas Cage's baleful expression has, paradoxically, enlivened such movies as "Birdy," "Peggy Sue Got Married" and, most recently, "Raising Arizona" and "Moonstruck." His new release is "Vampire's Kiss," in which he eats a cockroach. Robert Crane caught up with Cage at his office in Los Angeles. Crane reports, "Cage reacted to being interviewed as most people react to having root-canal work done. Unaccustomed to self-promotion, he paced the floor like an inmate on death row, constantly running his fingers through his shock of unruly hair. Yet he was very cordial."

1.

PLAYBOY: Your uncle is Francis Ford Coppola. Do you call him Godfather?

CAGE: I called him Godfather when I was about eight years old. We used to go shopping in Chinatown. He would buy me laser-beam guns. There were three other kids: my brother, Christopher, and his two boys, Roman and Gian Carlo.

I remember one time we went miniature golfing and I kept singing the theme song to *The Godfather* just to bother him. I kept doing it over and over. He thought it was funny, I guess.

I'm kidding. I don't really call him Godfather. I call him Kurtz.

2.

PLAYBOY: When Coppola gives you advice, do you follow it?

CAGE: Sometimes I ask him questions about people he's worked with. Once, I asked him about auditions because I was having trouble with readings. He reminded me that the reading is not a finished product and that has always calmed me down. He told me how Brando used to like to work with the artificial elements around him on films like *Mutiny on the Bounty*, where he requested a block of ice to sit on. These are probably all secrets. I shouldn't be exposing them.

3.

PLAYBOY: Our female colleagues think you're made

for the Italian T-shirt. Why?

CAGE: My grandfather was a coal miner in the Twenties and he used to wear one of those shirts. I remember him wearing them at breakfast. It's sort of a worker's shirt. It sort of says manual labor.

4.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time the moon hit your eye like a big pizza pie?

CAGE: It hasn't happened yet and I'm twenty-four.

5.

PLAYBOY: Describe *amore*.

CAGE: *Amore* is a real Dean Martin kind of thing. *Amore*, to me, has shades of *Hollywood Squares*. It's a real saccharine concept of love. I don't really know anything about *amore*. I think I do have a romantic tendency in my life. I do like women. I'm totally mystified by women. I don't quite understand women. If I were to become a woman for a day, the first thing I would do is masturbate.

Cupid came around once or twice last year, but I didn't exactly get stung—you know what I mean.

6.

PLAYBOY: You're with a woman and your body is not interested. What do you say?

CAGE: I don't have that problem. Maybe I'd look her in the eye and say, "I dig affection, baby, but not while I'm driving."

7.

PLAYBOY: A woman has just slapped you. What are your options, as a man of culture?

CAGE: One: Ask her, "Did you enjoy it?"

Two: "Would you like to do that again?"

Three: "Harder."

8.

PLAYBOY: Give us three danger signs that indicate a woman is interested.

CAGE: When they pop their gum; when they arch their back; when they shout my name and applaud.

9.

PLAYBOY: What are your best and worst opening lines?

CAGE: The worst opening line is "Do you know what time it is?" I haven't cultivated a best one at this time.

10.

PLAYBOY: What do you miss about not having gone to college?

CAGE: Nothing. However, I'd like to know more about cars. The only course I should have taken in school is auto mechanics, because it's the only thing I could use right now—the knowledge of cars, how they work—and apply it to my own life.

11.

PLAYBOY: Give us your Elvis rescue plan.

CAGE: I have a real problem with Priscilla Presley. I thought *Elvis and Me* was pretty much a big insult and it made him look like a villain. Whether or not he was, I don't know. But I don't think the movie was necessary. I could never do that to someone I was in love with—trash them nationally.

I like what Elvis turned into, physically. I know he probably wasn't feeling well, but he became big, really big. I like the suits that he wore and his operatic voice. He got pretty close to America's concept of a godlike image. The sideburns, the mutton chops. I think it's pretty impressive and slightly ridiculous and I like things that are slightly ridiculous. That gives them a universal quality, the absurd. I like Elvis' later years.

12.

PLAYBOY: You snifle, your eyes droop, you have unfashionable sideburns and unruly hair. What's the look, Nick?

CAGE: I like the fact that I have a nose problem. I know it bothers some of my friends. I've recently investigated the possibility of getting it fixed. Some girl told me on the street the other day, "I'm a big fan, but, if you'd like a piece of advice, keep your mouth shut. Your mouth is always open." I said, "It's because I can't breathe. I have to breathe through my mouth." I've grown fond of my nose problem, my snifle. I find it a youthful thing. I don't like it when people on the street say "Smile" or "Cheer up." It's a real cheap line. I'm feeling good. I'm feeling real grateful for everything. It's a solid time in my life. When people say I look sad, they're wrong.

13.

PLAYBOY: What's Cher like in bed?

CAGE: Uh, oh, wow. Um. Cherilyn. Well, there's, I mean, are you talking about the visual image? I'm sure she's great.

14.

PLAYBOY: Cher slapped you. What other responses have you had when you've told

hollywood's
unlikely heart-
throb describes
amore,
discusses
getting slapped
and defends
his contempt
for parking
tickets

women you love them?

CAGE: It fluctuates between the sound of a hissing lynx and the expression of a Mary Poppins idealism.

15.

PLAYBOY: What popular song or sentiment describes love best?

CAGE: I like a lot of what the Beatles did. I think they were coming from the real place when they were singing about love. I like John Lennon's lyrics. I think Willie Nelson has a good song that Elvis recorded. [Sings] "Maybe I didn't hold you quite as often as I should have." What's that song? That's a real sad song. (*You Were Always on My Mind*).

16.

PLAYBOY: What do you do when you get a boner?

CAGE: Keep it, hold it there and walk down the street. You know, ask the girls how they're doing.

17.

PLAYBOY: Describe the last time you were knocking and she didn't let you in.

CAGE: I disguised my voice and said I was room service and the door opened. It was a real big surprise, I'll tell you. She'd thought I was in Paris.

18.

PLAYBOY: A meter maid has just ticketed your car. Talk your way out of it.

CAGE: I don't worry about tickets. I don't pay them. I wait until it's a bigger problem to deal with. When I get a phone call from the Supreme Court, then I'll deal with it.

19.

PLAYBOY: What were you wearing when you had the absolute most fun?

CAGE: I was stealing an aquarium from the Museum of Modern Art and I was with a friend of mine and I think I was wearing a large black trench coat.

20.

PLAYBOY: What was the last bill you received that surprised you?

CAGE: I don't look at my bills. I try not to worry or think about money. I just keep spending until I get a phone call from my business manager telling me to stop. Even then, I have difficulty doing that. I like to purchase things and not worry about it. I find that money problems are too big a headache for me to think about, so I wait until that phone call comes. I do enjoy a good cigar. That's kind of decadent. I did order a box of cigars that kind of set me back. Cuban. I'm trying to get a cappuccino machine, but I can't afford it right now.



PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

(continued from page 136)

To watch Hef and Kimberley is to see a couple in love with being in love. "Hef wants me close," she says. "He worries when I'm away. Not that I mind." Whenever she leaves the Mansion grounds, she carries a cellular phone. They talk while she shops. They exchange pet names. He leaves love notes under her pillow, decorated with a hand-drawn heart over his signature. As a surprise for him (stop reading now, Hef), she will have her wedding gown embellished with a heart outlined in pearls. Inside it will be two sets of initials, H.M.H. for him, K.C.H.—Kimberley Conrad Hefner—for her.

Is it unseemly that Hef's fiancée is also Playmate of the Year? "It's an honor she clearly deserves," replies Hef. "I can't take it away from her just because we've fallen in love." And he would certainly get no argument from one of the biggest supporters of the relationship—Kimberley's mother.

"My mom loves Hef. She knows how much self-confidence he has given me. In fact," says Kimberley with a laugh, "she told me she'd kill me if anything happened to the relationship."

Lovers have a way of sounding the same in all ages and all places. Shy, nervous Kimberley Conrad is not so different from any other fiancée. Sometimes, she says, she "chokes up, crying," for no reason other than joy. Sometimes she is downright giddy. When Hef showed up at the studio during her photo shoot, she giggled like a girl who had never before been naked in a man's presence. As she plans her July first wedding, she lavishes each contingency with a love-struck bride's attention to detail. How long should her gown be? How many guests should they invite? Given her druthers, she would have a small wedding—family, a few friends, a minister, a kiss and a quick getaway.

Hef and Kimberley do not rule out having a child but say they are marrying solely for love. It will be one of the most startling developments of the century if Hef, whose career has symbolized bachelorhood, comes to represent marriage, American style, in the Nineties.

"People often accuse me of living out what they perceive as adolescent fantasies. In a way, they're right," admits Hef. "We all have our fantasies. I have just lived out mine in a very public way. But what I didn't dream was that this angel would come along and make the last of it the very best of it."

Kimberley, for her part, is taking life one day at a time. She looks at the picture of herself and Hef that's displayed on the new 35th Anniversary Playboy Pinball machine and still can't imagine what the next set of photos will look like—Kimberley in bridal white, on the day that this Playmate of the Year becomes the Playmate for a Lifetime.



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1953



1956



1959



1961



1962



1965



1966



1967



1973



1974



1975



1977



1980



1981



1982



1984



1985



1987



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"On 'The Cosby Show,' mentions of black colleges are woven into the chitchat in the Huxtable household."

Luther King, Jr., and of moviemaker Spike Lee, the applicant pool has swelled by more than 40 percent since 1984. Meanwhile, black enrollment at majority white four-year schools is decreasing, even in the face of active minority-recruitment programs.

Why are blacks heading back to black colleges? The answer lies in a mix of economic, academic and racial factors.

First, in plain dollars, black schools are cheaper when compared with other well-ranked private institutions. A year at Howard runs about \$6800, while a year at Northwestern costs \$17,500. Howard, some think, may not deserve academic comparison with Northwestern, yet the success of its graduates refutes that bias.

Until now, black colleges have been battling what Sam Myers, president of the National Association for Equal Opportunity in Higher Education, calls the myth that the only way to get a good education is at a predominantly white school. In fact, a new study shows that among all blacks who earned Ph.D.s in the past five years (mostly at white-majority schools), 55 percent had earned their undergraduate degrees at black colleges. Considering that fewer than 20 percent of the black students of that generation attended black colleges, the figure becomes even more significant. In pure statistical terms, enrolling at a black college increases the chances that a student will earn a doctorate.

Black schools have also drawn students seeking a refuge from racism. Atlanta's John Kevin Franks, for example, was courted by several Ivy League schools as a high school junior with a 3.9 G.P.A. and a 1380 S.A.T. score. Yet he chose to enroll at Morehouse. Franks explains his choice: "In the media, it seems all the brothers and sisters appear to be in jail or pregnant. I wanted to be in an environment where black intelligence is normal and expected. I didn't want to have to prove I was smart just because I'm black. I also wanted to be in the majority." Franks says that he was not running from racism but that it *was* a consideration in looking at colleges. He didn't want to complicate that confusing-enough stage of his life with the anxieties of discrimination. "Before my junior year," he remembers, "I thought about Harvard, Stanford or Yale, but to know that if I went to one of those schools, I could get taunted for just being myself—it was something to think about."

Evidently, Franks's reasoning is not uncommon. "I think it's clear to some degree that we black colleges have been the

beneficiaries of the recent wave of racism that's been so blatantly demonstrated on predominantly white campuses," says Morehouse president Dr. Leroy Keith.

For every shock wave of bad press generated by racial incidents on mainly white campuses, black colleges are certain to register a few more students, say the experts. But after the news comes the hour of good publicity televised every week when millions of Americans tune in the phenomenally popular *Cosby Show* and its spin-off, *A Different World*, which is a virtual showcase of black college life. On *The Cosby Show*, numerous mentions of Talladega, Fisk and other black colleges are casually woven into the chitchat in the Huxtable household. The name-dropping sends a clear message to black teenagers, according to Harvard psychiatrist Dr. Alvin Poussaint. "Cliff and Claire went to a fictitious black school and they are portrayed as very successful on the show," says Dr. Poussaint, who also serves as a production consultant for the program. "So you have the association of success with attending a black school."

A Different World spotlights the mythological Hillman College—Cliff and Claire's alma mater. It's a different world to black viewers who attend integrated colleges and high schools. At Hillman, we see a group of bright, funny black students who suffer through calculus and unwind at the snack bar but for whom race is rarely an issue. "Put that together with the negative press about racial incidents on white campuses and you can see why many black students don't want to attend predominantly white schools," says Poussaint.

The highly publicized donation of \$20,000,000 to Spelman College by Bill Cosby and his wife, Camille, may also provide incentive.

Racism was part of it, says Sherri Edwards, a freshman at FAMU who won a National Achievement Scholarship, "but my choice was more of a family-heritage type of deal. Everyone in my family went to black schools and they encouraged me to do the same."

The current college generation is the first to grow up in integrated schools and other institutions. Many of its parents, some of whom attended black colleges, maintain that desegregated schools have jeopardized their children's self-esteem and cultural pride. "Most of the children do not have the same cultural ties to the black community that their parents had," says Dr. Walter Allen, director of the University of Michigan's National Study of Black College Students. Many are ignorant of black contributions to civilization and their parents are shocked. "It's as though they wake up one day and say, 'Oh, no, I've raised a white brown child!'" jokes Dr. Allen. "And they look to black schools to ground their children in black culture."

Jeffrey Blackshear, from Nashville, says his father encouraged him to follow the family tradition and attend Morehouse, and he passed up scholarship offers from Carnegie-Mellon and Dartmouth with little regret. After four years at a mostly white high school for gifted students, he was eager to be a part of the majority.

"I didn't experience overt racism, but there *were* cultural differences," says Blackshear. "At school parties, they'd play Top Forty and rock music. I wanted to hear rap and soul music. So I would take my own cassette tape to those parties and give it to the deejay. I started carrying it to all the parties and kept it in my pocket for emergencies. I never have to use it here."

Chances are that Blackshear would have



"Oh, go ahead, roll down the window and stick your head out."

found soul and rap fans at a black student center on a white campus, but, he says, musical tastes aside, the word from his friends at predominantly white campuses was discouraging. As Harvard-trained psychologist Dr. Jacqueline Fleming, author of *Blacks in College*, sees it, students who are in the majority have more social opportunities. The search for friends and dates is not limited to one segment of the population—as it is on most integrated campuses.

"Social adaptation is far better at black schools," says Dr. Fleming. "Students make more friends, and having a lot of friends is the raw material for leadership."

Blackshear feared that going to a predominantly white college would burden him with the same social handicap he'd endured at his integrated high school. "I was treated nicely," he admits, "but it was like I was a spectator watching them play their game. Here, I'm part of the game."

When the black student tries to fit into the larger culture, the game becomes even more complicated. "I was always accused of being white in my integrated high school, even though I'm a fully dark person," says Sherri Edwards. "I was always trying to prove to brothers and sisters that I was black. That issue has never come up with me at FAMU."

"They get tired of it," says Morehouse sociologist Dr. Anna Grant, who has heard similar stories. "Black students get tired of trying to prove how black they are to black

students and how white they are to white students. So they say, 'To hell with it. I'm getting out of here.' These are the students who are knocking on the doors of predominantly black schools—where they can be themselves."

The comfort level for black students on a black campus yields a significant result: The graduation rate is higher than for blacks on predominantly white campuses. Twenty percent of all black students attended black colleges last year, but black colleges accounted for 34 percent of all black college graduates.

Fleming believes that good student performance is predicated on being part of an environment where the student feels in control: "At predominantly white schools, white males tend to get the most out of the experience. And at predominantly black schools, black males tend to get the most out of the experience."

For better or for worse, there is life after college, and ultimately, blacks must face a black-and-white world. Some experts argue that the expanding enrollments at black schools, with their higher graduation rates, will help integrate the professional world by sending more college graduates into the workplace.

However, at least one sociologist fears that blacks who attend all-black high schools and then all-black colleges may have an impaired ability to cope in the in-

tegrated world.

"Our children need to experience both settings," says Dr. Gail Thomas, a sociologist at Texas A&M who has conducted several studies on black college students. "I know our kids are hungry for their culture, but the reality is that we live in a white world and our black youngsters need to learn to negotiate in that world."

That argument has had a mixed impact on the students themselves. "I don't plan to segregate," says Blackshear. "But by separating myself now into an all-black environment, I get a stronger sense of identity. That will give me the strength to integrate later as an equal, toe to toe and eye to eye."

Experts predict that enrollment at elite black institutions such as Howard, Hampton, Morehouse and Spelman will continue to climb, but that enrollments at most black colleges will remain steady, following the pattern at predominantly white schools. A key determinant may be how many blacks transfer to black schools when and if they encounter hostility and isolation on white campuses.

"I went to the University of Massachusetts for a year," says Joyce Herd, now a senior at Fisk. "I felt so isolated; I felt that it was important for me to go to a place where I belong. I think if I weren't getting this kind of experience now, I never would."



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(continued from page 84)

fracas, overseas-studies votes were added to the tally and the B.S.U. squeaked by).

Black students are five times more likely than whites to drop out of a mainly white university. And those are middle-class, well-prepared black students. Walter Allen, director of the National Study of Black College Students and professor of sociology and Afro-American and African Studies at Michigan, told me, "Universities don't go to the street corner; they take the cream of the crop now more so than ever. Yet it's not a supportive environment. Fully seventy-five percent of black students report they don't feel a part of campus life."

Be that as it may, affirmative action has become a dirty phrase. Syndicated columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak concluded last spring that affirmative action itself "is the only plausible explanation" for the rise in campus racism. It's like blaming the miniskirt for the rape.

Vanessa Gibson, a Mount Holyoke student from Detroit, is in a sociology class. The discussion lights on poverty and all eyes respectfully turn to her. Like Cliff Huxtable, Vanessa's dad is an obstetrician-gynecologist. Her mother is a schoolteacher. The talk eventually centers on low test scores among blacks and, again, all eyes face her. She argues that plenty of blacks score well on the college boards. The other women are silent, but after class, one white classmate pulls her aside to compare S.A.T. scores. Gibson wins and the white girl walks away. Gibson isn't trying to separate herself; it just happens.

The most famous case of campus racism created international notoriety for the University of Mississippi. In 1962, a month before I was born, a riot over the admission of its first black student, James Meredith, ended with two people dead and 375 wounded.

At the Memphis airport on my way to Ole Miss in Oxford, I tell the white, born-again shuttle-bus driver that I'm on my way to Ole Miss.

"You know there's a time change in Mississippi," the Tennessean tells me. "You turn the clock back twenty-five years."

Actually, Oxford is a charming college town with a Benetton store across the street from Square Books, where you can buy both Capote and cappuccino. Both face the county courthouse and a white obelisk commemorating the Confederate dead.

I drive past another Civil War monument approaching the Lyceum, Ole Miss's administration building. Giant letters on the neoclassical pediment proclaim RANDOLPH UNIVERSITY and I'm sure I'm lost. In fact, the campus *has* turned its clock back

25 years—for the filming of *Heart of Dixie*, a movie about a Sixties Southern debut turned civil rights activist starring Ally Sheedy, Virginia Madsen and Phoebe Cates.

The campus needed little alteration for the film: A gray-bearded "rebel" colonel remains the official school mascot, and Confederate flags, while no longer officially endorsed by the university, pop up frequently at football games. Blacks are even more underrepresented at Ole Miss than at U Mass—seven and one half percent in a 40-percent-black state—only at Ole Miss, you don't get called nigger as often.

After a basketball game last year, a car

filled with white boys passed Charlsy Wise and her friends, screeching "Niggers!" as they drove by. A white student approached Charlsy and her friends and apologized. "That was real nice," she says. "They've had so many problems here that people bend over backward to be race considerate."

Not everybody. Arson is suspected in last August's burning of Phi Beta Sigma house, which was about to be the first black frat house on fraternity row. Yet, in response, white Mississippians were "race considerate." The interfraternity council swiftly pledged to raise \$20,000 to rebuild Phi Beta Sigma house. The university and



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the alumni association have also donated money.

Segregation on campus remains nearly absolute. Barbara Britten, a black student from Oxford, finds Ole Miss "more divided than high school. There, most of my friends were white," she remembers, "but at Ole Miss, you're frowned on if you run with a group of white people or vice versa."

Derek Nelson, a white student with an earring, who comes from the heart of Klan country, complains that some white students choose Ole Miss "because there aren't going to be too many blacks here."

To kill time the night before graduation, I go to the Hoka, a dilapidated, ex-hippie restaurant/movie barn to watch what's playing. It turns out to be John Waters' civil rights dance farce, *Hairspray*. On the screen, a black teenaged boy says, "Our love is taboo." His white girlfriend snuggles up and coaches him, "Go to second, go to second." At Ole Miss, a few of the black track stars now have white girlfriends, so I ask Charlsy if any of the black women go out with white men on campus. She says, "I've never seen that, except on TV."

Unsurprisingly, separateness of the races here is as ingrained as in the North. But here I sense an aggressive dedication to reversing the pattern that is absent at the Northern schools. James Brown, assistant dean of students, a black ex-pro linebacker, has helped institute programs to make sure students stay in school once they're admitted. Now, about 70 percent of

the black students graduate. "When I start talking about this, I get happy, because I can make a difference," Brown says. "I see this state as a new frontier." And Toni Avant, Ole Miss class of 1986 and an admissions counselor, recruits the state's best black students. If they don't have transportation to visit the school, says Avant, she drives out and gets them.

At the class of 1988's graduation, Governor Ray Mabus, Ole Miss class of 1969, is the commencement speaker. As the organ pipes *Pomp and Circumstance*, the basketball floor fills with black caps and gowns. Parents happily collapse in the stands, finally shaded from the sticky broil of the Mississippi sun. One especially proud black family takes up nearly a whole row and shines smiles from grandpa to toddlers as their graduate files past, breaking rank for a moment to beam back.

Despite "entrenched interests to be discomforted," testifies the liberal governor in dramatic contrast to former governor Ross Barnett, who defended the whiteness of Ole Miss by physically blocking Meredith from registering. No matter the intentions of those who have reshackled minority progress in a decade that "in many ways has sanctified selfishness," the state and the country will not truly live up to their potential for equality and for good, he proclaims, "unless we succeed in educating all our children."

Amen. And just singing *Ebony and Ivory* won't make it so.



"Three things he's got going in his favor: his image, his stand on the issues and he's running unopposed."

ON THE ROAD

(continued from page 144)

allowing six hits. Last night, I won 6-5, allowing 12 hits. If I'd had a bull pen, I'd have been relieved.

Thursday, October 20—Chicago

I'll be 40 next year and the thing that bothers me the most is the possibility, the way things are going, that I may never have a family of my own. I keep reading how single men die sooner than married men and married men die sooner than women. Either way, men are getting the short end of the stick. I think single men die sooner because sometimes they have to order pizza three nights in a row. Too many years of eating pizza for dinner will shrink a life span considerably. I'm not involved with anyone right now and my lifestyle does not lend itself to developing relationships.

One of the great myths about show business is that comedians have groupies. It's not true. But when I did my first film, *Car Wash*, women actually gravitated to me. I loved it; but, to tell you the truth, I think anyone who's halfway decent-looking can become a sex symbol if he's in a movie or in music, but *not* if he's a comedian. Years ago, when I used to play in folk-rock clubs, single women would come in groups to see the musicians. If you were lucky, some of the overflow would show interest in the comedian. When comedy started booming, the make-up of the audiences at clubs changed drastically. All the women have dates! On those rare occasions when a woman approaches you at a club, she's almost always very intelligent. Whenever I learn that a comedian I respect is getting married, I immediately assume that his wife is very smart and quick. I'm always proved right.

Friday, October 21—Chicago

I've been eating at a restaurant called the Oak Tree, and today, the cashier came up to me and said, "You know, people have been asking if you are a comedian who's been on HBO." "Well, if a pretty woman asks, please send her over," I said. I appeared on Robert Townsend's HBO special and it seems to be paying off, though I still can't get HBO to do a special with me. They say I don't have enough heat.

There are two ways to do the road. Either you can be wild and party or you can be fairly disciplined and restrained. Ultimately, you have to be a loner to handle it. Being disciplined seems to work best for me. I carry my chess set, my chess computer, my clarinet, my golf clubs (weather permitting), sometimes my little portable typewriter and a book or two. My interest in more cerebral things is increasing as I get older.

I'm working with another Los Angeles comedian named Ron Richards. He helps Jay Leno by critiquing his *Tonight Show* monologs. Jay is left-handed. It's amazing how many comedians are left-handed.

They say that only ten percent of the general population is left-handed but that 60 percent of the comedians are. I was at The Improv in Los Angeles one night and Jerry Seinfeld, Kevin Rooney, Jay Leno, Larry Miller and I were sitting at a table talking, talking. As the evening wore on, with autographs and checks being signed, it became apparent that all of us were left-handed. Mind-blowing.

•
Saturday, October 22—Chicago

Tonight was grind-it-out night at the club, because I had three shows—seven, 9:30 and 11:45. Not many clubs have three shows anymore. Fifteen, 16 years ago, many clubs did three shows on Saturday nights. And I used to get confused by the third show. I'd start to say something and then think, Did I already say this? I used to have an agreement with the waitresses. Whenever I'd start a routine that caused me some doubt, I'd look at them and they'd give me a signal if I'd already done it. Tomorrow I head out for El Paso, where I'll do a one-nighter with Jeff Altman, the comic in the Bud Light commercials.

•
Sunday, October 23—El Paso

Everything went great in El Paso. We sold out two shows. Jeff and I play tennis together. He has one hell of a temper, especially after one of his many beatings at my hands. At one time, he used to break more than \$1000 worth of rackets a year in fits of anger. I remember one night at The Comedy Store, 12 years ago, Jeff did a physical impression titled "A Day in the Life of a Penis." He lay down on a stool and then imitated a penis alternately erecting and then subsiding as women walked by. I was the only one in the audience who laughed, and he's never done that routine since. Jeff and I both made a good taste of money tonight, and I'd like to do more of these one- or two-night gigs. I have a 4:15 A.M. wake-up call and a six A.M. flight to Houston so I can do some early radio shows to promote my one-nighter there.

•
Monday, October 24—Houston

I did a one-hour-and-50-minute show—the longest set I've done in ages. Plus, I had two hecklers. My first tactic with a heckler is to ignore him. Thank goodness most hecklers say stupid things and you can usually hang them in a short time if you need to. It took ten minutes before my first heckler could be embarrassed into silence. I was boiling inside—if a heckler takes up too much of your time, it's difficult to get back to your prepared material. I won the audience back, and I was cruising when the second heckler hit—an hour and 40 minutes into the show. I said, "Look, man, I dealt with one cat, I don't need this. Y'all take it easy," and I started to walk off the stage. This was no bluff. The rest of the audience said, "No, no, come on back," and intimidated the heckler. In fact, the first heckler offered to shut him up for me. So I stayed and finished the show.

Afterward, a couple of people said, "Man, you handled those hecklers so well. You were so relaxed." When I told them how infuriated I was, they seemed surprised. "You're very lucky. Your anger doesn't show," one of them said.

•
Thursday, October 27—Houston

Called my answering machine, got my messages. One call was from Arsenio Hall's office. I wonder what that's about. I'll find out when I get back to L.A.

•
Friday, October 28—Los Angeles

Talked to Arsenio today. He said he has always liked my writing and wanted to know if I'd be interested in writing for his new talk show. He figured if I were anything like him, I'd want to get off the road. I said, "You got that right!"

•
Thursday, November 3—Los Angeles

I had a meeting over at Paramount Studios with Arsenio Hall and Marla Kell Brown, his producer. I've known Arsenio for a number of years, and I know he's one of those performers who truly enjoy being on stage and showing off. There are others who are more reticent—they aren't show-offs but are still in show business. Johnny Carson is one. You can tell he doesn't have an exhibitionist's personality. I don't either.

It was a very good meeting. They wanted to know if I'd resent writing for someone else. Could I work five days a week with that type of regimentation? And my answer was: In all honesty, I'm interested in the challenge. Whether it will work out in the long run, who knows?

Arsenio and I are going to work out some details—I'll need some flexibility so I can continue performing live if I want to, because I make such good money on the road. I told them I have some club dates through New Year's Eve, and after that, I'm free. They said I should be receiving an offer in a few days.

•
Sunday, November 6—Studio City

I had dinner tonight with Jonathan Winters in preparation for his Showtime special, *Jonathan Winters & Friends*, that's being taped tomorrow. Some of the other "friends" and their spouses were there, too: Jeff Altman and his wife, Leslie, Louise DuArt (an excellent impressionist), her husband, Barry, and some executives from Showtime. Jonathan has a quicksilver mind that's constantly spewing shards of thought. He'll start one thing and then, in the middle, switch to another, and I found it a little hard to follow him because he's so ever-changing. But he's a genial man, who was very much the host and kept the conversation going.

Jonathan told us he doesn't like to do talk shows, because they pay so little. Of course, the trade-off is exposure. That doesn't set well with Jonathan. He told a story about going to a store and when the saleswoman asked for some money, he just held out the palm of his hand. "Here," he

said. "Take this."

"What's that?" she said.

"That's exposure," he answered. Yeah!

•
Monday, November 7—Los Angeles

We taped Jonathan's special at Igby's in West Los Angeles today. During a break, Jeff Altman and I were sitting in the dressing room, looking through a copy of the comedy newspaper *Just for Laughs*. Jeff kept looking at the club listings and shaking his head, saying, "There are too many comedians, man."

I had to follow Jonathan—and, man, was he on his game! I was backstage listening, and immediately, I realized—he's on. He's really on. The last couple of years he's been a little hit-and-miss, but tonight he was cooking.

Jonathan's performance really rocked me. I kept saying to myself, "You've been doing this for sixteen years, you've paid your dues, you've prepared diligently for the show and there must be some intrinsic value to what you do." Then I went out and everything turned out fine: 4-2, six hits.

•
Tuesday, November 8—Los Angeles

Tonight, I started work reshooting some scenes on the new Tom Hanks movie, *The 'Burbs*. We shot the film in July, and now they're reshooting because they want Tom to be on the screen more at the end. Regrettably, I don't have that much to do on the film. I'm basically a highly paid extra. My call was for eight P.M. and we didn't shoot the scene till 3:30 A.M.

•
Thursday, November 10—Los Angeles

I talked with Tom Hanks for a while on the set. Tonight was the first time we'd seen each other since July. I asked him how he liked *Narcissus and Goldmund*, a book I recommended he take on his recent trip to Europe. If I were an English teacher, I'd have to give him an F on his book report.

My one line tonight was, "Is this your vehicle, Dr. Klopek?" You know, all in all, I like doing film work better than stand-up, just for the camaraderie. There's a lot of down time, that's true, but there's a family feeling on a movie set that's nonexistent in a club situation.

•
Saturday, November 12—Los Angeles

I'm convinced that no one loves his work more than a film director. The *'Burbs* director, Joe Dante, said that he got only one hour of sleep yesterday, and yet here at the end of shooting, at six A.M., he's still as energetic and charged up as ever.

It's my last night of work on this film. Tom and I were in his trailer during a break when a young female extra knocked on his door to see if she could get an autograph. We talked to her for a while, gave her autographs, and you could just see her trying to drag out the moment—and I realized she'll always treasure the time she talked to Tom Hanks in his trailer.

I've been in the business too long to be overly impressed. The last time I had even

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the slightest sense of awe was when I worked on *The Jazz Singer* in 1980 with Neil Diamond and Sir Laurence Olivier. When I was introduced to Olivier, I asked him what I should call him. "Oh, just call me Larry," he said. Yeah, sure. I told him in that case, he could call me Sir Franklyn.

Wednesday, November 16—Los Angeles/Detroit

I don't even know the club I'm booked at. All I know is that Bernie Young, my agent, called me and said I'd be leaving tomorrow for a three-day gig in Detroit.

While I was buying my ticket at the airport, the saleswoman recognized me. She said, "Comedians are God's gift to people." That was really nice. Sometimes I feel somewhat low about the seemingly ephemeral nature of what I do.

I'm working at a club named Puzzles Comedy Club in the city of Warren, Michigan, which is right outside Detroit. When I drove into the parking lot, I saw that my first name was misspelled. Over my career, that's been a constant. People just insist on spelling Franklyn with an L-I-N instead of L-Y-N, even though everything my agents send them has L-Y-N on it.

Tonight, I met Keith Ruff. Keith is 31 and he's an appliance salesman during the day who does comedy at night. He told me that he has been following comedy for years and that he studies comedy albums diligently. He's one of the few young comedians I've met who take such an analytical approach. Most young comics say, "I wanna be funny," without giving it much thought. When I started out, I bought every comedy album I could—Richard Pryor, Bill Cosby, Robert Klein, Winters, Bob Newhart, Lenny Bruce, Woody Allen. I'd dissect their routines in my own way, just to get a feel for how comedy works.

My major influence was Richard Pryor. Next to him, my favorite was Robert Klein. In fact, I consider my approach to be a synthesis of Pryor's black urban sensibility and Klein's college-educated wit—with a touch of George Carlin's genial informality thrown in. Among comedians, Pryor is universally acclaimed as the greatest stand-up ever. To my mind, only Jonathan Winters comes close. But Richard has everything Jonathan has, plus something more—real emotional conviction fired by a dramatically rebellious point of view. I once watched him every night for a week at The Comedy Store, and I left the club every night depressed, because my material seemed to be so trivial in comparison. I'd look at his head and say, "It's just a normal-sized head. How could all those ideas come out of a normal-sized head?"

Friday, November 18—Warren

I had a fun morning at WRIF radio. The show's guest host was Bill Engvall, a comedian I first met years ago in Dallas. As we were exchanging phone numbers, I noticed that Bill was left-handed. Maybe that's what keeps comedians together;

we've got a left-handed way of looking at life in a right-handed world. After the radio interview, Leonard Palermينو, the club owner, dropped me back at my hotel with a few helpful tips: "There's a mall up the road and there's a cinema up a little farther with about thirteen movies." Then he drove off.

Well, it doesn't look like I'm going to be a big draw here in Warren. I had a small audience for the first show, so I geared down and had a more conversational style with them. The room seemed more like a friend tonight as well. When you're in a club three or four days, you get a certain sense of the room, the acoustics, the feel when you walk in.

Attendance for the second show was bad. Some of the things that knocked people out in the first show didn't work at all in the second show. Man! They've got me puzzled. I feel like a pitcher who has run into a team that can flat-out hit his stuff.

Friday, November 25—Lake Tahoe

I flew up with the Pointer Sisters. When we drove up to Caesars Tahoe, where we're appearing, I saw that my first name was misspelled on the marquee. That's hardly the least of it. Tonight there was a whole table of drunks right up front. Why do drunks always sit up front? It's like they say, "Wanna get drunk?"

"Yeah."

"Well, in that case, we'd better sit up front, so we can fuck up the show."

As the opening act, I did 20 minutes. They're very strict about time here in the casinos—the shows run like clockwork. The minute I jumped off the stage, the Pointer Sisters were poised backstage ready to hit.

Saturday, November 26—Lake Tahoe

I had an attack of indigestion right before the second show. I took an Alka-Seltzer, but when I walked out on stage, I was in agony. Any movement really agitated my stomach, so I tried to just stand there and do witty lines. I kept looking for the one-minute warning spotlight, but the pain got worse, until I finally said, "Thank you and good night," about five minutes early. This was only the second time in my career that I've been too sick to finish a show. I got sick five or six years ago working for Grace Jones in front of an audience composed of freaks and troglodytes. Boy, was that hell! I was so sick I had to actually be helped off the stage.

Tuesday, December 6—Los Angeles

Today I talked with Marla Kell Brown, Arsenio's producer. She informed me that they had set their writing staff and that I would not be on it. I was stunned. After our meeting, I was sure that everything was settled. Marla told me that that was her impression as well but that Arsenio had reservations later. "He respects and admires you so much, he would feel uncomfortable telling you that anything you

submitted to him wasn't funny," she told me. What a bizarre compliment. He respects me too much to pay me? I don't know what to make of it. I wish they had told me earlier. I had already notified my agents that I would be tied up starting in January, so I don't have any club work scheduled. I've got to get Bernie on the phone and see if he can line up some clubs for next year, before they get booked too far in advance. I'm calling Arsenio to find out what went wrong.

Monday, December 19—Los Angeles

Still no word from Arsenio. I've placed five calls without a return. I tried to watch some of Bob Hope's special. Couldn't do it. They don't have TV this bad in Italy.

Wednesday, December 21—Los Angeles

My manager Ben notified me that I've got a *Tonight Show* set for the 28th and that I'll join Johnny on the panel after my stand-up. I haven't done much panel, and it has hurt me. Panel is where you establish your personality, or at least give the illusion of having a personality. I'm even going to play my clarinet at the end.

Tuesday, December 27—Los Angeles

I worked out at The Improv to tighten up my set for *The Tonight Show* tomorrow. What I do is a loose 20 minutes from which I'll pick the six minutes I need for the show. After my set, I joined comedians Jer-

ry Seinfeld, Jeff Cesario and my friend Bill Jones to sit around and shoot the breeze. The conversation turned to dating waitresses. Jeff says that he doesn't date waitresses anymore, because the conversation drives him nuts. Jerry complained that he's tired of saying, "So how did you do tonight? Did they tip good?" I told Jerry, a workaholic who travels 300 days a year and never takes a vacation, that I hadn't been on a stage in a month. "You're the anti-me," he said.

Wednesday, December 28—Burbank

I couldn't sleep. I got up at seven A.M. I'm always edgy the day of a *Tonight Show* taping. All day I'm preoccupied—running my material through my head constantly. *The Tonight Show* with Johnny is the comedian's Wimbledon.

I did *The Tonight Show* and everything went well, except that the show ran long and I didn't get a chance to play my clarinet. I watched Johnny interview the actress Catherine Hicks, who was obviously nervous. He really is a good interviewer. He listens, he takes his time and is still involved in the moment—after 25 years, yet.

Saturday, December 31—Cleveland

Hilarities—that's the name of the club. The New Year's Eve show was, of course, a big party. My last gig of the year has now ended, and 1989 beckons. I'm not one for New Year's resolutions. My only resolution

each year is to do everything that I can to be around for the next year. With the Arsenio situation falling through, I've had to scramble. I've notified my voice-over and acting agents that I'm going to be in town, so that I can be sent out on auditions.

I'm at a crossroads about what I should pursue next year. The social value of making people laugh cannot be denied. But for me, the challenge of stand-up is gone, and I think I'm rebelling against the constant pressure to be good. In some shows, there are moments when I'll have a real sense of exhilaration. At those times, I'll say to myself, "Boy, this is a great way to make a living." But sometimes I wonder if stand-up can express all I want to say. I've got some film ideas that are crying to be developed, and now I'll have time to work on them.

After a sabbatical, I've decided to re-enter the "wonderful and cruel work of woman," as my golfing partner Glenn likes to call it. I think about settling down in some way, but for that to happen, I'll need confidence in my mate's character. There's so much smoke and illusion here in Los Angeles that it's hard to find people who believe in a basic bedrock honesty. That's one of the reasons that I like comedians. There's a certain level of integrity there, a sense of right and wrong. It's so easy to deal with people like that. But then again, what else would you expect from people who have a left-handed view of life?



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RICH TASTE
AT 1/2 THE TAR

"The comedy world," Klein says, "has become what rock and roll used to be."

Management (ICM) has made client Eddie Murphy very rich. Bill Gross at Triad Artists represents guys such as Richard Belzer and Sam Kinison. Finally, there's Debbie Miller, senior vice-president for on-camera talent at William Morris. Want your own TV series? You could do worse than to give Miller a call. The legendary Michael Ovitiz of Creative Artists Agency represents many of the Mount Rushmore figures from the original *Saturday Night Live*.

Among managers: the Brillstein Company and the people at Rollins, Morra and Brezner are at the top. While the agencies concentrate on getting comics jobs, the management firms specialize in guiding entire careers, finding the right scripts, helping package the shows and often arranging financing for films or producing films outright. Brillstein does everything. For clients such as Dan Aykroyd, it produces movies such as *Ghostbusters*. For clients such as Garry Shandling, it produces television shows such as *It's Garry Shandling's Show*.

Rollins, Morra and Brezner does the same, though on a more intimate scale. Its

client list is short but powerful. The company has guided Woody Allen's career since his days as a stand-up and has produced every one of his films. It also produces *Late Night with David Letterman* and has made movies for clients such as Robin Williams and Billy Crystal.

Among talk-show producers: *The Tonight Show's* Jim McCawley and *Late Night with David Letterman's* Bob Morton select talent for the two shows that can make a comedian's career in 90 seconds.

Among cable kings: Chris Albrecht of HBO and Steve Hewitt of Showtime are responsible for breaking more new comedy nationally than anybody else.

Among club owners: Budd Friedman started it all with The Improv. Mitzi Shore's Comedy Store in L.A. now has so many rooms and shows it's like a comedy mall. Richard Fields is continuing it all by franchising Catch a Rising Star comedy clubs faster than McDonald's.

So there they are. There are a few more, certainly. If somebody over at Shapiro-West in Beverly Hills says he wants to manage your career, listen to him. And if

Warren Littlefield's secretary at NBC leaves a message on your machine, call back. But the people above are the heart of it. If just one of them sees you perform and, afterward, as you step from the stage, puts out his hand and says, "My son," your problems are over. For not only are they kingpins but almost all of them work together at some level.

"It's just an incredibly small world," says Klein. And who would know better than he? Klein is a deceptive power figure. No ice around the eyes. No \$1600 sharkskin suit. He looks less like a showbiz mullah than like a genial golf pro who should drop ten pounds before the start of the next seniors' tour. "Young comics call me. They tell me where they're playing. I've never seen a comedian I didn't like."

That's a trait that has served Klein well. "The comedy world," he says, "has become what rock and roll used to be. Big comedians—a Steve Martin, a Jay Leno or a Robin Williams—have become like the Doors or Janice Joplin was twenty years ago."

Klein can remember those early days. He got his start as Shelley Berman's road manager in the early Sixties before becoming an agent—taking his young comics to strip joints. His big breaks came when he packaged *Laugh-In* in 1968 and when he helped launch the first wave of the comedy revolution with Steve Martin's outrageously successful HBO comedy special in 1976.

Klein got to be known quickly as a man with a near-infallible eye for new talent. Says Showtime vice-president Steve Hewitt, "Marty's one guy who if he says, 'I've found someone spectacular,' you get on an airplane that minute and fly to see that person perform."

Klein, whose walls are upholstered so that, if you were so inclined, you could literally bounce off them, explains, "Buddy Morra, Bernie Brillstein—we say: 'This guy's funny.' We put a stamp of approval on him, which is important. Right now, we're putting the stamp of approval on Robert Schimmel. We keep him working and we start the machinery rolling. The machinery is making people in the industry aware of him. It's all telephone." Klein picks his up. "I made a call yesterday to the *Letterman* show. OK, Bob Morton's going to go to see him Monday at Catch a Rising Star. That's the beginning."

Of course, it probably doesn't hurt that Klein also represents David Letterman.

There are those who'll tell you that avarice is on its way out, that greed is going the way of the granny dress. Still, it's hard not to get a little excited when you consider the kind of money you can make just for being funny.

Consider the short, happy career of Eddie Murphy. The first year he was on *Saturday Night Live*, in 1980, he made \$750 a week. His salary the second year was \$8700



"Double indemnity in case of accidental death, you say?"

a show; his take the third year was \$300,000 for ten S.N.L. performances and ten pretaped scenes. For his first film effort, *48 Hours*, he was awarded \$200,000. Then his agent got him \$15,000,000 for signing up for a five-picture deal at Paramount. But Murphy was not to be limited to the normal constraints of any simple package; his compensation for *Beverly Hills Cop II* was \$8,000,000, plus a nice bite off the back end.

Last year, Murphy's take-home pay averaged \$181,114 for each of his 28 concert appearances. Even a lesser light such as Howie Mandel walked away with an average of \$73,970 per night for 61 concerts. Sam Kinison's concert take for the year brushed \$3,000,000.

While Bob Hope is the only comedian who currently makes *Forbes* magazine's list of the 400 richest people in America, there are others who are not far behind. In addition to Murphy's mammoth windfalls, Martin's take-home pay last year was close to \$12,000,000. Johnny Carson made \$20,000,000. And then there is Bill Cosby. Last year, he made more than \$6,000,000 from concerts, \$10,800,000 from night clubs—his going rate for a one-night stand in Vegas is \$250,000—\$1,000,000-plus from videos and records, and when you throw in *The Cosby Show* itself, his over-all annual income approaches \$60,000,000. He is also expected to make \$400,000,000 from the sale of the show in syndication.

Still, before any comic hits it big, he plays to the really cheap seats. The dives. The strip joints. And he rarely has an agent or a manager. "The real nightmares," says Goldthwaite, "were before you had anyone to get you money. You'd do a gig and the guy would try to pay you in blow. Blow's not gonna pay my phone bill; I can't forward it to AT&T. I remember one gig: I went to cash a check and it bounced—and I was headlining! I called the guy up and he told me, 'Hey, I lost the money playing cards with Gabe Kaplan.' I said, 'You're tearin' my heart out.'"

In the old days, of course, there was only one club to make a big hit, and that was The Improv in New York City, run by Budd Friedman. Friedman, who now owns the L.A. Improv (his ex-wife has the New York club), did give a handful of people a start. Among them: Richard Pryor, Lily Tomlin, Robert Klein, J. J. Walker, Gabe Kaplan, Andy Kaufman, Jay Leno and Robin Williams, to name a proverbial few. And he remembers them all well.

"The night Lily Tomlin auditioned, she walked down to a nearby theater and paid a limo driver five dollars to drive her to my front door. I was very impressed. That was back in the early Sixties, when we started to attract all sorts of people. I'd heard about this new kid playing an East Side club. I expected a young Princeton type. How did I know Rodney Dangerfield was already working on his third career? One



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night, he staggered in drunk and bombed. But the next night, he came in sober and kicked ass."

Today, even with nine Improvs open across the country, Friedman has something less than a total lock on talent. As Bob Williams, president of Spotlight, says, "I can take you out on Route Forty-six to Jersey and you'll see comedy clubs as thick as gas stations. Vaudeville is back with a vengeance. That's all this comedy-club business is, Yuppie vaudeville. Ten years ago, there was almost no comedy-club scene in this country. Now there are four hundred to six hundred full-time comedy clubs and eleven hundred more clubs holding regular comedy nights. There are four headline comedy clubs in Cleveland alone." Williams' clients range from Jerry Seinfeld to Jay Leno to Sid Caesar, but he is still very much in touch with the grass roots. "We've got more than fifteen hundred comedians listed in our computer," he enthuses. "Guys you've never heard of are touring the country, club by club, and pulling down seventy-five thousand dollars a year."

A six-dollar cover and two-drink minimum can underwrite a lot of one-liners. And that's the beginning. "Making five thousand dollars a night in Vegas is nothing," explains Marty Klein. "Even ten thousand dollars is small money."

Jay Leno has been rumored to pull down \$60,000 a night. "He tours two hundred and eighty nights a year, so you figure it out," says Williams. Well, six times eight is 48, carry the four. . . .

Barry Weintraub, editor and publisher of *Comedy USA Newswire*, a trade publication, claims, "Right now, Spotlight is really the king of comedy. It was the one that realized fortunes were to be made out of Middle America, not just in L.A. and New York. Spotlight's the power that's out there in the trenches, developing the comedians who will be the big acts of the future."

New York's Catch a Rising Star plans to open 21 additional clubs across the country within a few years. "We're just beginning to tap the market," says Catch president

Richard Fields, "because comedy is getting bigger and bigger. The baby boomers are getting older, and they aren't going to stand in line for two hours to get vomited on at a rock concert anymore. When we opened our club in Cambridge, we made a lot of other club owners in Boston—there were four of them—nervous. But we did about a million dollars our first year and business was better for everyone."

For comics such as Seinfeld, the clubs have proved to be money machines: "Last year, I made a quarter of what I made this year. The year before that, a tenth." And just what, exactly, does that pencil out to? "Well, let's just say I can buy any car I want. In fact, many of them. The nice thing

a year. "Well," Williams concludes, "actually, he can be a little flexible on his price."

One of the ironies of the comedy boom is how inept the big, established Hollywood machinery has been in dealing with it. The major talent agencies and managers, people who handle the De Niro and the Streeps, the Willises and the Shepherds, are, with precious few exceptions, lost when they sign up a stand-up comic.

"When you sign with a big agent, you think you're finished with hustling, that he'll take care of everything—get you bookings, handle publicity, keep you working," says Seinfeld, who was represented early on by a major firm. "Well, I sat for a year waiting for this big, powerful agency to do something for me and it never happened. They were interested only in TV. Most agents are just a suit and a nice lunch. Forget that, I need bookings. The big agencies are the worst for comedy. They don't know how to build talent."

Another comedian, Wil Shriner, who was once represented by the enormous William Morris Agency, agrees. "I had good luck and was treated very well at the Morris agency. But I'm not sure I'd recommend a big agency to any new comic. Most of them are looking to make the really big score. You gotta be the new Eddie Murphy. You know they're not spending a lot of time at their weekly meetings trying to figure out 'What can we do for Mr. Young Comedian today?' They just

don't have the time."

Few people understand the limitations better than Chris Albrecht, who has been one of comedy's Jacks-of-all-trades. A stand-up performer at one point in his career, he became manager and then co-owner of the Improv in New York when Friedman moved West to open his L.A. club. In the early Eighties, Albrecht tried his hand at being an agent for mega-agency ICM.

"At ICM, they wanted someone to give them the next Freddie Prinze or Robin Williams," he recalls. "It was a pretty horrible experience. I ended up signing a lot of people: Eddie Murphy, Joe Piscopo, Whoopi Goldberg, Paul Rodriguez and

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about comedy is that once you get rolling, it keeps going. All the club owners know one another. Once word gets out that you can draw a crowd, your price goes through the roof. If you're a known quantity from TV, that really helps, because even if a club loses money on you, it boosts the club's reputation, so that crowds will be bigger for a month after you're gone."

Seinfeld's agent, Bob Williams, is quick to point out that the overhead is peanuts. "Touring costs are nothing. You're one guy on a seven-oh-seven and where's the mike and where's the light?"

OK, six times 12 is 72, add the four. . . .

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Billy Crystal. I had to try to convince ICM that it could build multimillion-dollar careers for comics based on continuous series of big-club dates." Traditionally, large agencies aim at movie roles for comics rather than club tours.

The fact is that comedians take special care and handling, which Albrecht knew when he signed Bob Goldthwaite. Goldthwaite is hardly anyone's idea of a mainstream comic, and it often seems more like he's having a nervous breakdown on stage than doing an act. "I felt the same way about Bobcat that I felt about Sam Kinison," says Albrecht. "They made me really, really laugh—but being an agent, you say to yourself, 'This guy's brilliant, but what are we going to do with him?'"

The solution was to have Goldthwaite make his Hollywood debut as an opening act for Whoopi Goldberg at The Comedy Store in L.A. "It was a huge night for Whoopi, the main room was packed to the rafters with a *Who's Who* in showbiz," enthuses Albrecht. "Bobcat really scored; he went through the roof—for people whom you wouldn't have been able to drag down to see him in the best-possible situation. All of a sudden, he was a cult hero. Something in a dark little club might have been scary, but in a party situation, they were much less likely to be afraid of him. That one night did as much for Bobcat as anything anybody's done since."

Albrecht's role as an agent was unusual—and short-lived. After five years, he quit ICM to become senior vice-president of original West Coast programming at HBO. "For a comic, an agent is basically just a phone caller and a job booker," maintains Seinfeld. "The manager is the architect of your whole career. For a comic,

having the right manager is like having the right wife."

That makes Brad Grey the right wife to lots of top comic talent. The cherubic 31-year-old is president of the Brillstein Company. Remember *Ghostbusters*? That was a Brillstein Company picture that rewarded its producers a cool \$230,000,000 at the box office and another quick \$32,000,000 in video sales. ABC then paid \$15,000,000 for the rights to show the film on television. Next, there were two *Ghostbusters* cartoon series and a merchandising campaign that included a *Ghostbusters* video game, a breakfast cereal, a computer game, various books, T-shirts, a board game, hats, cups, posters, records, you name it. Retail sales for *Ghostbusters* merchandise from Kenner Toys alone is said to be \$90,000,000. And, of course, *Ghostbusters II* is likely to keep that streak alive.

The company produces *ALF*, *The Days and Nights of Molly Dodd* (for cable), *It's Garry Shandling's Show* and has several pilots in production. That's more than some studios have. "We're also in motion pictures with our clients, and we manage much of the cast of *Saturday Night Live*, plus its producer, Lorne Michaels. And *Letterman's* producer, Robert Morton," says Grey.

Connections are important: The company's paterfamilias, Bernie Brillstein, not only oversees his management firm but also served as chairman of Lorimar Film Entertainment, leaving only when Lorimar was sold to Warner Bros.

"I started out in college," Grey says, "putting on rock-and-roll shows. But it was very linear and not very interesting. So I started managing comics."

Those comics included Dennis Miller and Jon Lovitz, and Grey began adding

others. Finally, he came to Brillstein's attention. "I eventually had breakfast with him at the Beverly Hills Hotel," he says, "and gave him a twenty-minute pitch. My point was, I wanted to be in business with him." What had Grey brought to the table? "The next people." To wit, the core of the new *Saturday Night Live*. Brillstein signed him up. "Never in my life," Grey says with a smile, "did I think we'd be so successful so quickly."

His phone rings. He picks it up. "Hello. Hi, how are you? . . . No, I understand. . . . I really doubt it. . . . I'm thrilled to be in business with Coca-Cola. You're talking a million point five; that's what they need, and I don't want to do it otherwise. . . ."

Here's the nub of Grey's world: He's the soul of vertical integration. He manages comedians, he produces comedians. He puts the talent together with the script and the director and the money guys. He provides the entire package.

Last year wasn't a bad year for Buddy Morra. Two of his firm's movies, *Throw Momma from the Train* and *Good Morning, Vietnam*, made truckfuls of money. *The 'Burbs*, with Tom Hanks, was released earlier this year. Both a manager and a producer, Morra, like Grey, is affable vertical integration personified. His firm, Rollins, Morra and Brezner, is one of comedy's most venerable institutions.

In simplest terms, Morra is a career planner. He is a man who makes, hustles or conjures opportunities for his clients. The best of those opportunities are now in films, specifically ones he can put together himself. Operating from a small tree-shaded office on a back street in West Hollywood, he maintains the same kind of unbuttoned style as his friend and frequent partner Marty Klein. "Comedy movies are very big right now," he says. So the transition from comedy-career planner to comedy moviemaker was obvious. "Over the years, our clients have become more and more important; as a result, we've got ourselves into film production so our clients can be protected as much as possible. We'll find a property and we'll go to a studio and say, 'Hey, we've got this terrific film we'd love to develop,' and they'll say yes or no. We'll keep going somewhere until we can get a studio to underwrite the cost of the film."

Like all agents and managers, Morra works both ends of the comedy spectrum. In fact, his firm has recently launched its own comedy label, Blue Rose Records, in association with A&M. It'll feature the work of comedy's best ascending acts, such as Will Durst, Paula Poundstone and Diane Ford.

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ans. Out of that, we found Jake Johannsen." The development of Jake Johannsen began forthwith: "When we brought him down here, I did not want him to play *The Improv* or *The Comedy Store*. If he was just going to work out, I wanted him away from where everyone else goes. So we put him in Hermosa Beach, put him in Pasadena, put him on the road for a week. When we felt he was confident, when we felt he was ready, we took over *The Improv* with enough advance notice for everybody—studio people, TV people. Out of that came a pilot for NBC. It was really very simple."

"We don't represent filth," Geary Rindels says, cradling a drink at one of the Riviera Hotel's many bars, his voice rising above the jangle of nearby slot machines. "Some of the finest acts in the business are, but we don't touch them. That's part of the reason *Spotlight* has the best comedy roster in the business."

White shirt. White coat. White slacks. A short beard. Rindels has Eric Clapton's face and Barry Manilow's nose and, dressed all in white, looks as if he might have just stepped off the top of Barry Gibb's wedding cake. But as director of operations for *Spotlight*, he's the man of the hour, here in Las Vegas to show the flag at Budd Friedman's shmooze-a-thon, The First Annual American Comedy Convention.

Drop a bomb on this place and the comedy explosion would probably be over. Rindels has spent the afternoon mingling with a zoo of club owners, managers, other agents and comedians. His counsel is much in demand because of *Spotlight*'s success in breaking hundreds of new comedy acts.

Marty Klein is here, too, looking tan and chatting it up with young comics who trail behind him like chicks behind a momma hen. (One novice comic capped the mood of this gathering with the remark, "I don't want to sell out, but I want to come *really* close.") Chris Albrecht has just given a talk to some of the 300 comedians who've ponied up \$300 apiece to mix it up with more than 50 club owners and booking agents who've flown in for this grand summit of comedy.

The TV czars are probably the biggest draws. The names Bob Morton and Jim McCawley may not mean anything to the public; in fact, they probably mean nothing to the heads of the major studios. But to comics, those names are nothing short of magic, since Morton produces *Late Night with David Letterman* and McCawley books comedians for *The Tonight Show*. They have the rapt attention of the crowd as they offer some advice. "It gets down to lines," says McCawley. "The actual written material. Johnny is interested in the hard line, the joke. Perfect example: Rodney Dangerfield. He's incredibly disciplined. He'll get a laugh in the first fifteen seconds. In three minutes, he'll deliver twenty-five

strong lines. During a six-minute set—including three minutes of talking with Johnny—he delivers fifty laughs. That's what you want to deliver."

"On *Letterman*, we look for specific things," adds Morton. "We try to stay on the cutting edge. No guys juggling chain saws. We look at all audition tapes, anybody who calls up, we try to see. We try to be as accessible as we can."

But McCawley issues a warning: "Before you call either one of us, be ready. If I see an act and it doesn't go over for me, I won't look at it again for at least a year."

HBO's Albrecht is a popular guy, too. Cable has become a powerful force in the comedy world, and it's a symbiotic relationship. Comics need exposure; cable needs low-cost original programming. "HBO is the one place where a comedian can televise his work in its purest form. If you look at an HBO comedy concert, it's a pure form of comedy that's done for a mass audience."

More and more comedians are making it on cable. HBO, for example, is now doing 50 hours a year of original comedy programming. "I talk to Buddy Morra three times a day, trying to get as many shows out of Robin and Billy as I can get," says Albrecht. "Buddy, meanwhile, is pitching me show ideas of his own."

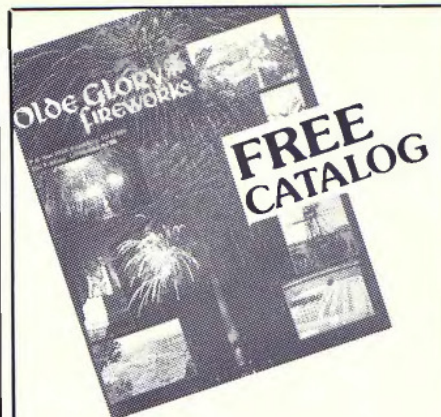
"Chris Albrecht is a good friend," boasts Brad Grey, "and we do a lot of business with HBO. One advantage is creative freedom, which is a joy. Another is not having to worry about the ratings."

At Showtime, Steve Hewitt, Albrecht's counterpart, boasts, "Showtime is scrappier. We've hooked up forty comedy clubs to form Showtime's Comedy Club Network and taped more than ninety comedians in the first cycle already. I'll be damned if we're not going to discover the next wave, the new comedians of the Nineties."

"This is a great time to be in this business," says *Spotlight*'s Bob Williams. "If a comedian is any good at all, we can get him a job. Nobody's starving in comedy now. A half-hot actress is lucky to do two films a year and make sixty thousand dollars so she doesn't have to wait tables. Some of these young comics are coming off the road making four times that."

Clubs are fighting over new acts; cable constantly needs new comic blood; comedy movies are dominating the box office; network executives haunt clubs looking for the next Roseanne Barr or Bill Cosby to perform ratings magic. And in typical show-business fashion, the sums of money being exchanged are phenomenal. No wonder the czars of comedy are laughing. They're getting richer and more powerful each day. As Klein puts it, "He who controls the talent controls the game."

"A boom like this has got to end," says Morra philosophically. "The problem is, I just don't see when."



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BURNING DESIRES

(continued from page 102)

survivors of the sex wars, with no heart left for engaging the enemy and no inspiration for how to reach an armistice.

With feminists of Greer's stature renouncing sex and even cheering on crazy-as-birds Andrea Dworkin, women's liberation came to rest on the shore opposite where it started, the shore opposite desire. The movement was born in the hothouse of love, and its first cry was for more human pleasure. But in the Eighties, feminism took its place alongside Christian fundamentalism, AIDS and money mania as one of the chief inhibitors of America's sex drive. The women's movement began to give a different message to American society: Sex is dangerous and degrading; desire must be strictly regulated. It was the song sung by Dworkin: "I'm a feminist, not the fun kind."

Fury has a way of immolating itself. How long could feminist culture make gargoyles out of men? How long could lust and romance be banished from the feminist cathedral?

The Eighties saw an explosion in erotic material produced by women. These books, magazines and films could be seen as explorations of the feminine unconscious or as masturbatory vehicles, or both, and they were met with silent blushes by intellectuals. For once, and suddenly, women were fantasizing about naked bodies and unusual positions, aggressive behaviors and games of all sorts. Women producing pornography broke all the rules.

The feminist pornography of the Eighties began at a baby shower for Veronica Hart in the spring of 1983.

Hart was an innocently beautiful woman who sometimes shaved her pubic hair in the shape of a heart. She had once performed with the shower's hostess, Annie Sprinkle, in a film called *Pandora's Mirror*, in which the two women discover a magical antique mirror that allows them to watch everyone who has made love in front of it.

"While Annie Sprinkle may not be one of the top female erotic performers of all time," qualifies the *Directory of Adult Film*, perhaps unfairly, "one thing is true: She is certainly one of the kinkiest."

"We'd had sex together and made movies together," Sprinkle tells us in her soft, otherworldly voice, "but before Veronica's baby shower, we never got to know each other in a more intimate way, you know what I mean?"

The women giggle and scream like teenagers at a slumber party. This is the first time most of them have been together without cameras or men; men have been expressly forbidden at the shower in "the Sprinkle Salon," as everybody calls Annie's apartment.

Except for Roger T. Dodger, of course. Giant, silent Roger, the gorgeous body-builder who is a former Mr. New York,

serves the hors d'oeuvres. "Annie made sure Roger was wearing a green apron and a black bikini bottom and little else," remembers Veronica Vera, Sprinkle's best friend and the Catholic performance artist who wrote the antiseminal essay "Cunt Envy."

"A deep connection came out of that baby shower," says Candida Royalle, who co-starred with Hart in *Delicious*. "We realized we were kindred souls."

So seven of the women, including Royalle, Sprinkle, Hart, Vera and Gloria Leonard, the pioneer of phone sex, would decide a few months later to form a consciousness-raising group. They would call it the Club 90, after Sprinkle's street address, and they would meet twice a month thereafter.

"We earned our living in a very intense way," says Royalle, "making love on camera for money. None of us really fits in anywhere else. The way people who don't understand or approve can treat you, it helps to have women around who love and trust you and who are doing the same crazy thing."

Royalle would go on to form *Femme Productions*, a response to the video revolution. Today, *Femme* has become a haven and creative home, a sort of United Artists, of what can only be called fem porn.

What could be more natural—and more unexpected—than a group of former porn stars coming together to produce videos for women and what the industry calls couples? It was a commercially compelling concept, because a survey of 1000 video stores in 1986 revealed that 63 percent of all X-rated videos were rented by women or by women and men together. Video pornography is a \$600,000,000-a-year business. The VCR revolution of the Eighties put sex tapes in the bedroom, where women and a new generation of young couples felt comfortable watching them. But still—feminist pornography? It was an affront that would catch moralists of all persuasions with their pants down.

Tonight in *Femme's* soundproof editing room on the West Side of Manhattan, Sprinkle is rewinding the rough cut of her new video, *In Search of the Ultimate Sexual Experience*. She explains the difference between the old, male-dominated porn and *Femme's* new "hard erotica."

"In the old days, the sex was already over before they thought about the woman's orgasm. You'd be lying there on the bed. The guy would be toweling himself off and the director would shout, 'OK, take a face!' Then the camera would move onto your face for the close-up and you'd fake the orgasm, like, 'Ooh! Ahh! Moan! Groan!'"

She laughs.

Royalle smiles. "At *Femme*, we don't go in for overdubbing moans and groans. We



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fold the woman's orgasm into the music.

"I try to get real-life lovers as often as I can," she says. "You get the heat and love that way. It's wonderful. And if I use real lovers, I don't have to use safe sex. But I think it's important to educate viewers as to how they can eroticize the use of safe sex."

Femme Productions' videos range from the wacky, such as Sprinkle's *In Search of the Ultimate Sexual Experience*, to the sensual, such as *Christine's Secrets* and *Three Daughters*.

Femme women don't sleep with men until they want to, and if the guys do start things, they usually ask first. And politely. There's lots of kissing and fondling and foreplay. Afterward, the men rock the women in their arms. Royalle likes cuddling.

The men dress like models in Calvin Klein ads. The women are hardly the "Talk dirty to me" fuck-bunnies of older porn but rather normal, if horny, gals with good jobs and *Dynasty* clothes. The sets seem to be designed by Laura Ashley—flowered wallpaper, arranged silverware, antique oak beds, designer sheets and yards of expensive lingerie. The music is decorous, mostly Wyndham Hill-sounding stuff.

Violence is as forbidden as a male lead with a potbelly. OK, maybe a little giggly bondage with silk scarves looped around the pipes of the brass bed. But no "golden

showers" of love—which is how, if you haven't already guessed, Sprinkle got her name—and definitely no nipple piercing. The ladies have gone mainstream!

"Women want a situation, a tenderness component," explains Royalle. "They want a relationship, more than a body and a sex organ. Of course, I'm filming erotica for men and women together, couples, and that's tricky. I don't want to lose the men to get the women, who have different fantasies. The big fantasy in many adult movies is to have lots of women throw themselves at a man, because that sort of thing almost never happens to men in real life; whereas for women, it's easy—too easy—to go out and have sex, so we like build-up and lead-in. But I'm convinced that the new men my age want a lot of the same things women do and that it will be the women who help the men explore."

After *Christine's Secrets* and *Three Daughters* were released to good reviews in major newspapers and thousands of women began to rent or buy the videos, Royalle found it odd that feminist organizations seemed reluctant, at best, to publicize what she thought was a revolutionary development. So she invited half a dozen women from the Media Reform Committee of the National Organization for Women's New York chapter to her house in Brooklyn to view *Christine's Secrets*. All of them seemed

to enjoy the movie, and some seemed to like it a great deal.

In the discussion that followed, the women told Royalle that her film was, indeed, more sexually egalitarian. They found that it was sincere. Florence Rush, a founder of Women Against Pornography, agreed that *Christine's Secrets* was certainly much better than the old cock-in-the-face stuff, but she felt that the film showed little concern for the problem of unwanted pregnancies or sexual disease. "Can we be exploring women's fantasies now in such dangerous times?" she asked.

In a way, thought Royalle, it was as if NOW, unlike the women who were buying and renting her videos, actually preferred old garbage porn, because the old male-made porn was easy to understand and even easier to hate. It certainly raised no unsettling questions, the most obvious of which was, Weren't a lot of women just as turned on by the sight of men and women making love as men were?

While Candida is chatting in the hallway, an executive from another company has been trying to enter the editing room. He knocks first, slides the door halfway, sticks his head in, then stomps off. Candida stops talking to check out the scene. She opens the door.

"An-nie!"

Annie Sprinkle is on a gray leather couch beside the monitor, but a technician



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is underneath her. Her silk dress is bunched around her waist. The breasts that shocked the *Directory of Adult Film* swing free. Her hips are nonchalant, but they don't stop rocking.

"Ummm, sorry, Candida," whispers Annie as sweetly and tentatively as ever. "Ummm, I guess my video must be OK. At least it turned me on."

The raucous debate over pornography has divided the women's movement since the mid-Seventies, pitting those who want to eradicate pornography as an expression of male aggression against those who want to push the envelope of women's sexuality. It's "good girl" versus "bad girl," and the language has gotten pretty dirty. The most sweetly savage of the new bad girls is novelist Anne Rice. "No matter what bad-girl things my heroines do," she says with a smile, "they never get truly hurt, because at heart, they are still good girls."

Upstairs in Rice's study on the top floor of her San Francisco Victorian, it's all saints and computers. "I hope that I may be one of the most famous female pornographers in the United States," she says, her smile as tiny and sweet as one of the antique cloth dolls in her collection.

Rice is in her late 40s and is short—5'2", though she seems taller. Her bones are small and perfect, her eyes happy and, it seems, knowing; her hair is long and as black as a moonless night.

She touches a red-and-black whip nailed to the wall opposite her computer. It's a cat-o'-nine-tails with the softest of leather strands, given to her by a fan who thought her books should contain even more accounts of flagellation.

Has Mrs. Rice ever been whipped herself?

"Let's build up a mystique," she says with a perfect china-doll smile. "Let's not tell everybody how dull I am."

Rice is the author of *The Queen of the Damned*, *The Vampire Lestat* and *Interview with the Vampire*, the classic horror novel that may be to our sexually ambiguous time what Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley's *Frankenstein* was to the early 19th Century. Under the mildly lusty pseudonym Anne Rampling, Rice also writes best-selling contemporary novels of exotic sex and romance. And under the French nom de plume A. N. Roquelaure (which means "cloak"), she publishes fairy-tale pornography, hard-core variations on the *Sleeping Beauty* theme.

The writing in the *Vampire* books is sensual, but the sex is veiled. Not so in the hard-core Roquelaure books, *Claiming of Sleeping Beauty*, *Beauty's Punishment* and *Beauty's Release*, all novels of "discipline, love and surrender."

In a chapter from *Beauty's Punishment* titled "Soldiers' Night at the Inn," Beauty is a captured slave. She is naked as she serves

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food and ale to the golden-haired captain and his men.

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"To my good soldiers, who have served the queen well," the captain said, and at once, there was loud stomping and clapping. "Who will be the first?" the captain demanded.

Beauty felt her pubic lips growing thickly together, a spurt of moisture squeezing through the seam, but a silent burst of terror in her soul paralyzed her. What will happen to me? she thought, as the dark bodies closed in around her. The hulking figure of a burly man rose in front of her. . . .

The smell of the stables rose from the man, the smell of ale and the rich, delicious scent of sun-browned skin and rawhide. His black eyes quivered and closed for an instant as his cock plunged into Beauty, widening the distended lips, as Beauty's hips thudded against the wall in a frantic

rhythm. . . . Yes. Now. Yes. The fear was dissolved in some greater unnamable emotion.

The cock discharged its hot, swimming fluid inside her and her orgasm radiated through her, blinding her, her mouth open, the cries jerked out of her. Red-faced and naked, she rode out her pleasure right in the midst of this common tavern.

Rice touches her wedding band as she talks, seated at the desk. America's most famous female pornographer has been married to her high school sweetheart, poet Stan Rice, for 24 years. From time to time, Lucky, her giant bull mastiff, barks deeply from the back yard. A deer's head with comic dentures wedged in its mouth stares down from the wall.

"When I'm before that computer writing," she says, "I'm fairly sexually aroused. Very frankly, I'm creating a one-handed read. I pace the scenes with my natural feelings. If you don't, then it's only hack work, which, to me, is pornography, written by people who don't really share the fantasy, to use the cliché, but are only trying to second-guess the market."

But what about the sexual violence of, say, "Soldiers' Night at the Inn"?

To Rice, the scene at the inn is not violent at all, because it is consensual. "The whole point in my Roquelaure books is that the sexual experimenter doesn't get truly hurt, no matter what bad-girl things she does, *because she is a good girl.*"

In fact, one of the things that made Rice begin her pornographic series was her hatred of Pauline Reage's classic *Story of O*. She found it grim, pessimistic and sinister, because O goes mad, is branded and disintegrates. She set out to create a fairy-tale world in which the heroine could enjoy all manner of fun and games without being slashed or killed.

What Rice does is give good girls permission to dream bad-girl dreams. "There are thousands upon thousands, if not millions, of women in the United States who would like nothing better than to be dominated in a safe context by some man who they know is not going to kill them," she says. "They would love it. They buy tons of romances in which women are dominated by pirates and Yankee soldiers and God knows what."

Why?

"The heart of the matter," stresses Rice, "is that people want the permission to enjoy. They want to be carried away in the whirlwind and receive all that wonderful attention—then emerge unharmed. That's the sadomasochistic fantasy, and it appeals," she insists, "to men and women both."

Rice believes that any culture that emphasizes sin and repression will create people who want to be punished before they can enjoy. She points out that Raymond Chandler and Ian Fleming may be viewed as writers of male S/M, since they subject Philip Marlowe and James Bond to continuous, appalling, excruciating tortures, a good many of them sexual in tone. Rice laughs her rich laugh: "And didn't Woody Allen say that he wanted to die smothered in the flesh of Italian actresses?"

But in the end, she prefers to beg off. "I'm not a psychiatrist. I'm not a lawyer. I'm not an anthropologist," she says crisply. "I am a writer and I write only what turns me on."

What bothers Rice more than the possibly dark implications of her fantasies is any attempt to rein her in.

"Women as sexual beings haven't been out of the closet for more than about twenty years. What I see now is the closet door being slammed back in our face by an alliance of feminists, Moral Majority conservatives and old-guard liberals, who seek more to protect women as victims of male sexuality than to argue for their equal rights to express themselves sexually. To me, this is very frightening. I want to know



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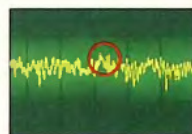
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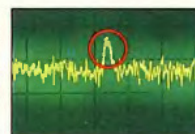
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what other women feel. I wish they would write more erotica. It's a big mystery what women want. It's a big mystery what turns them on. We've spent two thousand years telling women what they should and shouldn't feel. It's time now to find out what they really do feel."

Rice is matter-of-fact about this. "I largely see feminists as my enemy, though I see myself almost as a radical feminist. At this point in history, there are many vocal, reactionary, repressive feminists who are trying to get pornography banned and trying to interfere with the expression of sexual desire in art."

Rice believes that antiporn crusaders such as Andrea Dworkin and Catharine MacKinnon are "idiots" and "fools." She thinks that "they have been indulged. If the kind of antipornography legislation that they advocate were pushed by two fundamentalist Baptist ministers from the Bible Belt, it would be laughed out of the public arena overnight. But because Dworkin and MacKinnon are women and

are supposed to be feminists, they have confused well-meaning liberals everywhere. People have bent over backward to understand their position, when they don't deserve any leeway, because Dworkin and MacKinnon have no respect for free speech, for the Constitution of the United States or for rights that have mattered to the rest of us for hundreds of years, rights that have evolved out of English common law.

"Americans don't really want censorship from their Government. They don't want Linda Lovelace to be hurt, either, but they do want to be able to go to the video store and rent *Deep Throat* and find out what it's about. Middle-class Americans are renting these tapes by the millions. To me, that shows that the sexual revolution is still going on, to a large extent, and I think that's healthy and wholesome. The Meese commission made noise but had little impact."



A JOURNEY

(continued from page 94)

he couldn't keep away from even for a day. Driving on the airport road over fallen yellow flowers of cassia trees, he feels memory like a hand alternately scalded and balméd—fear of the terrible experience of the wonderful love affair that belongs to this place, this posting, as the trees do, and gratitude to the endurance of these trees, this posting, where he is about to be restored. There were tanks rolling along this road not long ago, and it's unevenly patched with fresh tarmac where it was blown up. But the familiar trees full of yellow blossoms are still here. So is he.

He parks the car innocently, now, right out in the open; it has not brought him to any clandestine destination where he would arrive already with an erection. He walks slowly into the airport building, because this passage between low hedges of Christ's-thorn and hibiscus propped up like standard roses (nobody would believe what survives an attempted coup, while people are shot) is the only way toward something that is both old and new (nobody would believe what a man and a woman can survive, between themselves).

This decaying airport that he has been in and out of impatiently many times is going to be where it happens; how strange that is. How appropriately inappropriate definitive places are. He is early; at first, the arrival hall is empty, bins overflowing with beer cans seem blown away against the walls, the worn red-rubber flooring glittering under its spills and dirt stretches vast; he is alone in the perspective of a De Chirico painting. . . .

These wisps of philosophical generalizing, fragments of the culture and education that overlay the emotions that drive life, drift irrelevantly away from him. She is coming home with a live baby. That flesh, that fact is what has resulted from one night when he returned from a weekend trip with that woman and was so angry at his wife's forlornness, her need of comfort he couldn't give, for something he couldn't say, that he made love to her. Fucked her. It was not even good fucking, because he had been making love to the other woman, rapturously, tenderly, hardly sleeping for two nights. It was an act shameful to them both, his wife and himself. It did not serve as a way of speaking to each other. More like a murder than a conception. If it hadn't been for that horrible night, there would have been no baby and—a clutch of fear at the danger so narrowly escaped—he wouldn't be waiting here now, the love affair might have plowed on through his life, leaving nothing standing.

The gatherings of people who hang about these airports all day rather than arrive or depart are beginning to humanize and domesticate the surreal vacuum of the hall. The men come in talking; there



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seems always, day or night, something for black men to explain, argue, exclaim over to one another. They are surely never lonely. The turbaned women are clusters rather than individuals, children clinging to and climbing about their mothers' robes, whose symbols of fish and fruit and the face of the president circled with a message of congratulations on his 60th birthday are their picture books. The blacks take their children everywhere—they sleep under their mothers' market stalls, they nod, tied on their mothers' backs, through the beer halls—these people never part from their children, at least while they are preadolescent. After that, in this country, the boys may be abducted by the rebel army or drafted beardless into the president's youth labor corps; often not seen at home again, after all that closeness when they were little, all that flesh contact of warmth and skin odors that is—love? He tried to keep the boy out of the silence, to speak to him. To show love. That is, to do things with him. But the fact is, the boy is not manly, he's not adventurous—he's too beautiful. Too much like her, her delicate skin round the eyes, her nacreous ears, her lips the way they are when she wakes in the morning, needing no paint. Lovely in a woman—yes, *lovely*, what a man wants, desirable and welcoming (how could he ever have forgotten that, even for one year in 15?). But not in a boy. The boy can swim like a fish, but he sulked when he was taken spearfishing with adults, with his father, an expedition any other boy would have been proud to be included in. And those times when *love*, suddenly, for a moment, didn't mean the other woman, when it was a rush of longing for flesh contact and the skin odors of one's own child, to have that child cling—he didn't understand, he only submitted. As his mother did, that one night.

He doesn't allow himself to look at his watch. There is still at least a quarter of an hour to go. That night—that she should have conceived that night. When the boy was younger, they tried for another child. Nothing happened. All the time when it would have been conceived out of joy, when they still desired each other so much and so often! And, of course, that's the main reason why the boy has been spoiled—as he thinks of it, he doesn't mean only in the sense of overindulged as an only child. And it is also *his* fault—part of that madness! No point in sorrowing over it now (a spasm of anguish), but when she conceived out of the willed lust of anger and shame, he felt at the sight of his victim that he didn't want to see what was happening to her, he didn't want to see her belly growing and she didn't want him to see her. She was alone days and nights on end with the boy, poor little devil. And even when the time came, only last month, for the baby to be born, he sent the boy with her to Europe for the birth. He sent her away with an immature 13-year-old as her companion, when his own place was with her—there is a hoarse, twanging murmur over the public-address system, but he makes out that it is the departure announcement for another plane—*his own place was with her*: The throbbing of the words starts up again; immediately, his attention is turned from the distraction.

This onslaught of the past year rising from the places in himself where it was thrust away denies his actual presence here in the airport hall, where people beside him are eating cold cassava porridge and drinking Coke from the refreshment-and-curio shop that has just removed its shutters, and, at the same time, makes momentous every detail of this place, this scene. For the rest of his life, he knows, he

will be able to feel the split in the seat beneath him where the stuffing spills like guts. He will be able to arrange the graduated line of ebony elephants from charm-bracelet to doorstep size, the malachite beads, copper bangles and model space monsters imprisoned in plastic bubbles against cards among the dead cockroaches in the shop's window that he walks past and past again. These are his witnesses. The tawdry, humble and banal bear testimony to the truth; the splendid emotions of a love affair are the luxurious furnishings of the lie.

A green star on the ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES indicator is flashing. He stands up from the broken seat. It doesn't matter that the announcement comes as a burble, he catches the number of the flight, the green star keeps flashing. The unhappy night when he forced himself to make love to his wife and she conceived this baby he's awaiting—that's all over. He is her husband again, her lover. He has come back to her in a way she will realize the moment she steps off the plane and he embraces her. The end of a journey he took, away from her, and the end of her journey now will meet and they'll be whole again. With the baby. The baby is the wholeness she is carrying off the plane to him and he'll receive.

The ordinary procedure of privilege is taking place. The customs man recognizes him, as usual, someone attached to a foreign consulate, someone who doesn't have to abide by the rules for local people with their bundles and relatives. "Right through, sir, thank you, sir." He has passed a check point this way countless times, but this time replicates no time.

There they are.

Through a glass screen, he sees them near the baggage conveyer belt. There they are. A little apart from the other passengers ringed round the belt. What's the matter with the boy? Why doesn't that boy stand by ready to lift off the baggage?

They are apart from the rest of the people, she is sitting on that huge overnight bag, he sees the angle of her knees sideways, under the fall of a wide blue skirt. And the boy is kneeling in front of her, actually kneeling. His head is bent and her head is bent, they are gazing at something. Someone. On her lap, in the encircling curve of her bare arm. The baby. The baby's at her breast. The baby's there; its reality flashes over him in a suffusion of blood. He pauses, to hold the moment. He doesn't know how to deal with it. And in that moment, the boy turns his face, his too-beautiful face, and their gazes link.

Standing there, he throws his head back and gasps or laughs, and then pauses again before he will rush toward them, his wife, the baby, claim them. His cry flings a noose toward the boy. Catch! Catch! But the boy is looking at him with the face of a man and turns back to the woman as if she is his woman, and the baby his begetting.



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SMOKE JUMPERS

(continued from page 126)

was . . ." and end with "And that's no shit"; but when I asked him what the worst moments were like out there, he rendered a scene that had more grunt than bravado to it.

"You jump in the afternoon, dig line till three or four in the morning and are two or three miles from where you started with a minimum of stuff to survive the next several hours. You're tired, you're hungry, you're filthy, you've been working real hard, so you're probably soaking wet; it's ice cold, pitch black, you can't look around for a place to relax, so you just sit wherever you are, even if you have to jam your Puluski into the ground to keep from rolling off the mountain."

When I asked Thrash why he does it, he told me that was a good question and that it would probably take several hours over several beers to come up with a good answer. Then he said, "I just like it. I like going all over the Western United States,

seeing the neatest, most remote places. I like being out there in a spot I've never seen before and more than likely will never see again. I'm comfortable in the wilderness. I also enjoy the physical challenge of the work. It's like being an athlete—you have to get yourself up for every jump. It's a grind sometimes, putting in that many hours without any time off. In a way, though, that's part of the attraction of the work. Smoke jumpers are pretty much expected to be tougher than a two-dollar steak."

I told him I'd try to resist any jokes about a well-done two-dollar steak.

"We have our own little jokes," he said. "Like, we always carry an apple out there, for use in that last-option situation I was talking about. We have these small aluminumized fire shelters. About a three-pound package, shaped like a pup tent when you get it set up. It will resist temperatures as high as eight hundred degrees for ten or fifteen minutes. We figure if it comes to that, you crawl inside, stick the apple in your mouth and wait."



CAPTAIN X

(continued from page 140)

poorly planned landing, my instincts overrode my training. I decided to *stop the goddamn airplane!*

I cut the throttles, reversed the engine thrust, raised the spoilers (the big noisy flaps on the tops of the wings) and hit the brakes.

Outlandish noises reverberated in the cabin. Everything that was not nailed down in the galley flew against the forward bulkhead. Along the aisle, the overhead compartments began springing open—*pop, pop, pop*—showering overcoats, garment bags, pillows, blankets, you name it, onto the hapless heads of the people below them. All the oxygen masks came down, dangling before the bewildered and panic-stricken eyes of our whiplashed passengers.

Still the plane roared on.

I sat clench-jawed at the controls. I could see the end of the runway rising before me. The plane was skipping and skidding along the pavement, its tires alternately grabbing and sliding as we heaved and rattled across the asphalt. My feet were clamped hard on the brake pedals. I was sure that in another few seconds the plane would nose-dive off the far end of the runway and explode in the same fiery inferno we had so narrowly averted at the runway's near end.

God have mercy on us all.

The fact that that didn't happen seems, to me, a bit of a miracle. Somehow, the combined forces of brakes, spoilers, reversed thrust and Lady Luck slowed our momentum, and the plane shuddered to a halt. We were sitting with our nose practically overhanging the end of the runway, but we were breathing.

The next few minutes are unclear. Somehow, I managed to get the plane to the gate, and those poor scared passengers managed to crawl out of the valley of death and onto sweet terra firma. ("Thanks for flying with us, and we do hope you'll choose us again the next time you travel!")

The three of us in the cockpit sat white-faced and stonily silent. Finally, I suggested—softly, and as offhandedly as possible—that the flight engineer might want to go out and get a cup of coffee.

"Roger!" he said. I'd never seen a man exit a cockpit door as fast as he did.

That left just me and Mr. Spock.

"I will try to put this as kindly and succinctly as I can," I said. "Just what the bloody fuck did you think you were doing back there? Just what the bloody fuck did you, in your eight distinguished years of flying Seven-twos, mean by coming in on such an erroneous and obviously half-assed approach angle? Didn't you in your infinite wisdom see that we were all about two seconds away from becoming crispy critters on this north-woods landscape?"

Mr. Spock squirmed.

I won't belabor this poor fellow's humili-



"And do you promise to take this man to be the main man in your life, for now, as far as you know?"

ation. Suffice it to say that it was intense and well deserved.

I later learned that everything he had told me during our preflight check-out was true. He *had* been flying 727s for eight years. He *had* been coming into the Saginaw airport since the day he joined his company. As a *flight engineer*! This was only his third trip as a copilot! He had never actually *landed* a plane at Saginaw, and he had never made a 40-flap landing in his life!

Let's take another look at that incident, and this time, let's see it for what it really was.

Factor one: Both my copilot and my flight engineer were new to me.

This in and of itself is not unusual. My airline has more than 5000 pilots, so I'm obviously not going to know them all. But in the old days, I at least knew how they were trained.

Since deregulation, there have been a large number of mergers involving hundreds of air routes and thousands of employees. This means that on a significant number of flights, part of the crew will have been trained on one airline, part on another. Many of today's crew members come from small airlines that have neither the money nor the equipment to give them the sophisticated jet training they need. The result can be disastrous.

This was demonstrated on a snowy afternoon in November 1987, when a Continental DC-9 tipped a wing on take-off from Denver's Stapleton Airport and broke into three pieces, strewn glass and twisted debris along 500 feet of windswept runway. Twenty-eight of the 81 people on board were killed. Subsequent investigation showed that the captain had spent a mere 33 hours in the captain's seat. His first officer, who was at the controls at the time, had been hired a couple of months

earlier from a small commuter airline in Texas. He had never taken off in snow.

I can assure you that I have been much more careful in questioning my copilots since that landing at Saginaw.

Factor two: I, as captain, didn't know the airport.

Before deregulation, when a crew took

bought Eastern in 1985. Meanwhile, Continental added Frontier Air and People Express to its burgeoning fleet. By 1987, 40 new cities had been brought into Continental's system. Texas Air Corporation had patched together a work force of 61,000 people, including approximately 8000 pilots and copilots. You can imagine the chaos.

Factor three: The copilot and I were about the same age.

All pilots advance by seniority. But the seniority track at an unprofitable airline can be much slower than it is at a profitable one.

I'm convinced that this unevenness of seniority contributed to our near disaster in Saginaw. I had been with my airline 13 years and I had long been a captain. My copilot had been with his airline 12 years and he had barely made it past flight engineer. What could be more natural than that he would not want to admit—to me, of all people—that he had never actually landed in Saginaw?

It's been said that a pilot's ego is exceeded only by the size of his wrist watch. In this case, my copilot's ego (ably abetted by my own complacency) almost killed us.

In terms of take-offs and landings, Atlanta's Hartsfield Airport is today the world's busiest. It is one of the best-designed airports in the world, and it is ideally suited to deregulated hub-bub.

The "rush hour" at Hartsfield begins about seven A.M. Until now, it's been quiet. The sky looks like gun metal. In another few minutes, the planes will start swarming. For me, passing through, it's about an hour before flight time.

How can I begin to describe this to you? This business nowadays is so incredibly complicated. Take the people up in those ramp towers. There are about ten zillion

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off in an airplane, there was at least a pretty good chance that their destination was familiar to one or more of the crew members. Because the industry was so controlled, air routes were fairly static.

Today, it's different. For example, in 1982, the regional airline Texas International acquired Continental Airlines to become Texas Air. That new corporation launched New York Air in 1983 and

things that can go wrong at those airplane parking places—called aprons—they're looking at. You have hundreds of workers and literally millions of hardware pieces.

Take a look around this tower. Over there, in the corner, there's a monitor just for passenger loading. It has the names and locations of every booked passenger, plus their times of arrival and what flights they'll be departing on. At a desk next to that, there'll be a computer just for fuel deliveries. The fuel for these planes has been banked in huge storage tanks. It's snaked underground to the various gate areas, where it's pumped up by truck and filtered to the airplane bodies. You have another worker who just deals with the baggage problems. When there's a late-arriving flight, he looks up all the connecting flights; he'll send a signal to the guys out in baggage and it will trigger an alert to watch out for certain baggage numbers.

Sometimes, when I stand here and watch this activity and the computerized data and all the phone calls and keyboard antics, I thank my lucky stars that all I'm doing is *flying* this equipment.

Here come the passengers. You have to worry about security check points. Their bags are going out to the baggage area. And here comes the fuel; it has to be carefully monitored, and you have cargo to load, and you have livestock and post-office pallets. Wheels within wheels. And what's that? That's a food truck down there. You look through the windows and you have a truck—*on a runway, damn it!* Some apprentice is driving, and he hasn't seen a marker, and he's out there on the

runway, and we've got a 747 landing! Gimme a break!

And what's this? Weather info. They're reporting storm cells—lightning in Delaware—and there's a guy on to tell us there are a dozen more airplanes coming and they're all landing here because it's the only field open to them. Wheels within wheels. It's incredibly machinated. Here's security on the phone. They have a woman trying to board with a target pistol. She says it's OK because she's going to a shooters' convention, and how's she going to shoot if she can't take her pistol with her? Pistol, indeed. And what's this from the ticketing department? (Tell her to take that damn pistol. . . .) They have a businessman there, and he has a quick change of schedule, and we're supposed to pick out his bag, which is gray and says SAMSONITE on it.

Lord in heaven, preserve us. It gives you ulcers just thinking about it.

Fortunately, I don't have to worry about those ramp-tower problems. All I have to do is check in with my computer terminal. The computer keeps beeping and spitting out what looks like gibberish: 1184/10 RLS 2 ATL 1148Z 0648L-TUC 1535 0835L SHIP 411 H/B767/R EBFT TYPE ECN FL 390 ROUTE AIX 1452 ATL J14.VUZ.ARG.BUM.LBF.HIA.GEG.PHX.TUC. ETE-347 RAMP WT 268200 LWT 225653 PAYLOAD 137/032000 TAXI 16/05 TARGET GATE ARVL FUEL 12.2 SCHEDULED GATE H05

That's my future talking. My computer is telling me that I'll be leaving from Atlanta at 6:48 A.M. local time. I'll be flying to Tucson, crossing various way points. I'll have such and such a weight and I'll have such and such a fuel consumption.

The computations involved are incredibly complicated. They'll have taken into account all my fuel burns and wind conditions; they'll have me changing compass headings (what we call vectoring around), or going higher, or descending, and it will be figured with a precision I couldn't have duplicated by myself. The pilot signs the waiver and takes responsibility for the flight, but it's a whole corporation flying around up there.

This increased sophistication has led to two distinct consequences. On the positive side, we've made flying so *organized*. We've got routers and schedulers and supervisors and meteorology departments; it's a pretty far cry from guys in flight jackets with white scarves flying. But on the underside of that is a kind of Copernican trade-off. Homo sapiens (read *the captain*) has been shoved from the epicenter. He twirls around the system with a host of gray figures, getting less and less glory—and, on occasion, less money from it.

"Pilot as overhead" has become an increasingly big issue nowadays. It has been spurred, in large part, by advances in technology. "Why should we pay you so much money," ask our executives, "when all you're doing up there is reading dials and pushing computer buttons?" A pilot isn't paid for all those hours when nothing is happening up there—he's paid for those seconds when suddenly there's a crisis confronting him and no computer on earth can save him, or his passengers.

In the early Seventies, on an approach into Denver, I encountered a force I couldn't explain. We were almost on the runway when suddenly we plunged; it was as if some hand had pulled a rug out from under us. "Whoa!" said my copilot. I jammed up the throttles. Luckily for us, we were well into our landing flare by then. Just as the power came on, we made contact with the runway. As it worked out, we pulled a reasonably good landing out of it.

Other pilots haven't been so lucky. There was a 727 that hit the ground in New Orleans. There was an Allegheny jet that fell to earth in Philadelphia. There was a United on take-off that suddenly dropped and hit a radio antenna. What they all had in common was a phenomenon called microburst.

The most analyzed crash since the discovery of microbursts happened on August 2, 1985, when a Delta L-1011 made a fatal attempt to land in Dallas. What I'd like to do now is fly that landing with you, just the way those crewmen did. The only difference is, you'll walk away from it.

In the training hangars of every major airline, giant white capsules known as simulators are hunched up on arms that look like the pods on a lunar module. These computer-driven cockpits cost \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000. Their effectiveness is such that they've become the sole means of pilot training. When you get on an airplane nowadays, it's a very good bet that your



"Look, I'd be glad to wear one. Do you know a drugstore that delivers?"

junior-most pilot will have had nothing other than simulator training.

When a plane goes down, the investigators pull the data out of the flight recorders and airlines feed them into their simulators. Because the doomed flight to Dallas carried extremely sophisticated recorders—measuring 42 parameters to the microsecond—the capsule can create a harrowing facsimile of the real crash.

When you enter a simulator for an L-1011, you find that it looks exactly like an airplane cockpit. The only real difference is that you can't see any daylight out there. The windscreen is black, like a television set with the picture turned off.

By pushing some buttons, you can bring up an "airport." If you push the O'HARE button, you'll see the skyline of Chicago, and it will look exactly as a pilot sees it. When you press DALLAS, you'll see four runways staring at you. The one we're approaching—from the north—is 17L; it's on the far left.

The forecast on the evening of August second was anything but ominous. The National Weather Service was predicting a "slight chance" of thunderstorms. There were no sigmets (significant meteorological conditions) issued.

The captain of the flight was one Edward N. Connors. He was what we call "a good stick": a 30-year veteran with 30,000 hours of flying time and a clean safety record. The man to his right was First Officer Rudy Price. Price was 42. He was a 15-year veteran. He had been flying an L-1011 since 1981.

These two men, along with their flight engineer, Nick Nassick, had taken off earlier from Fort Lauderdale. They planned to stop at Dallas, then go on to Los Angeles. They carried 152 passengers and eight

flight attendants.

Most of the flight had been uneventful. In fact, they had joked about that as they began their descent pattern. "Another exciting day in the life," one of them chuckled.

Reading from these comments has a very strange effect on me. The speakers

They were vectored for approach. There was a Learjet ahead of them. The plane in front of that was an American 727. The controller asked the American pilot if he could see the airport yet. His reply: "As soon as we break out of this rain shower we will."

According to the files, it was now 6:03 p.m. A warning horn sounded, saying that they had pulled back their engine power. They were traveling at a speed of about 180 knots. They were converging on the radar beams that were guiding them home. They were less than five miles from touchdown.

As we bring our "plane" down, we see the landscape adjust itself. The runway grows closer. We're able to make out the lighting details. The field keeps enlarging just as it would if we were a real plane landing. We see Hertz and Avis signs, even buses and taxicabs on the ground.

Now it's 6:03:03. The plane gets a message from the approach center: "Delta one ninety-one, reduce your speed to one sixty."

"Be glad to," they say. They've still got that Learjet ahead of them. It's a typical tight schedule, and they have to slow to maintain air separation.

6:03:11: Now they're locked on the "localizer beam." This is a parabolic beam that's sent to planes from the runway threshold. Stay on that beam and you'll stay locked on your

glide slope. There's still nothing remarkable happening.

6:03:31: "We're getting some variable winds," says the controller. He remarks that there's a shower to the north of the airfield somewhere. Oh, yeah—they can see it. One of the crewmen even remarks about it: "Stuff is moving in." It looks like they're going to hit a few raindrops.

6:03:46: They're "handed off" to the

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are gone, but their voices live after them. I know of no other calling in which one of the requirements is to mount your own death as a kind of miniature theatrical production. As you read from these files, you want to shout—you want to warn them somehow. But they always do the same thing. Their tragedy is engraved in the files of the National Transportation Safety Board.

control tower. Basically, what this means is that they're on their own hook now. They're so close to the ground, there are no more instructions for them. They're going to put their wheels down, then they'll be directed to the gate.

Flaps and gears checked. The American has landed. The Learjet is landing. Nothing strange is being reported to them. Everything is happening just the way it's supposed to happen. On the flight engineer's panel, all the lights are twinkling greenly.

6:03:58: The rain begins falling. The captain keeps the controller informed. "Delta one ninety-one, out here in the rain," Connors tells the controller. "Feels good," he says.

6:04:18: "Lightning coming out of that one."

"Where?" says Connors.

"Right ahead of us," Price tells him.

Price is the one flying. Connors is monitoring him. He hasn't seen the lightning, probably because he's been studying the instrument panel.

In the court trials, they would try to make a big deal of this. Here were these pilots flying straight into lightning, they'd argue, and they didn't abort. This was an obvious case of negligence, said the attorney.

Well, if you'll allow me to speak in the dead men's defense: What Connors was doing—what I would have been doing—was mentally computing the dangers of that lightning bolt. He was measuring those dangers against the data from his instruments, and he was concluding, quite logically, that there was no imminent peril

confronting them. The airwaves were silent. Not so much as a bump had been reported.

The mood of the crew was anything but tense at the time. In fact, the flight engineer decided to extract some dry humor from the situation. In a jibe at Price, who was driving, Nassick was laughing and saying: "You get good legs, don'tcha?"

At 6:05, the rain started pounding.

At 6:05:05, they were at 1000-foot altitude. Price was still steering. Connors was monitoring him. They began to drop toward the runway markers.

In the next 30 seconds, all hell broke loose.

Picture a hose with a very strong nozzle pressure. You point it to the ground and turn on the water full blast. The water comes out and hits the ground like a bomb exploding. The spray goes all over. Like a starburst of water.

That, simply put, is the principle of microburst. That such things even existed in the atmosphere was considered fantastical. They had never been recorded, so there was very little information about them. In fact, when meteorologist Dr. Ted Fujita published evidence of the phenomenon, some of his colleagues laughed at him. Such intense downward air currents couldn't exist near the ground, they commented through the snickers. No more laughter was heard after an Eastern crash at Kennedy, in 1975, that proved the devastating effects of this rogue wind.

Here's what takes place when a plane encounters a microburst: First and foremost, the crew has no warning. The first thing

they'll see is a rise in air speed. The plane will seem to lift, even though they haven't increased their engine power.

So they cut back their power—then they enter a downdraft. The draft may be so narrow that it will elude airport wind meters. This draft, plus the rain, will hit like a mallet. The plane will drop. It will get caught in a swirling motion. Within less than a second, the plane will exit the head wind and enter a tail wind—and that will rob it of flying power.

At 6:05:12, flight 191 was at about 900 feet. That's when they were hit by a strong gust of head wind. Their air speed increased and they began to go high on their glide slope.

At 6:05:19, there was a warning from Connors. He told Price, "Watch your speed." He could sense that they had trouble coming. Ahead, through the wind-screen, he could see a gray wall approaching. The cloud burst open on top of them.

At 6:05:20, they heard the sound of the rain. It was a veritable flood. They had no visibility. One second later, a comment from Connors: "You're gonna lose it all of a sudden." And a moment later: "There it is."

Connors probably knew what was happening, he just didn't understand the intensity of it. He knew that their climb would soon be followed by a fall-off and, anticipating that, he was reaching for the engine throttles.

The next 30 seconds were, to say the least, memorable. Even when you experience it in a simulator, you will not soon forget it. You can feel the cab bucking. You get a violent, sharp rolling motion. Those giant lift arms are beginning to shake like a funhouse ride.

Amazingly enough, Connors and his crew initially stayed on the glide path. Lightning and thunder exploded around them. Witnesses on the ground described the descent of a solid dark rain wall. Even a few feet away, they couldn't see that an airplane was caught in the storm.

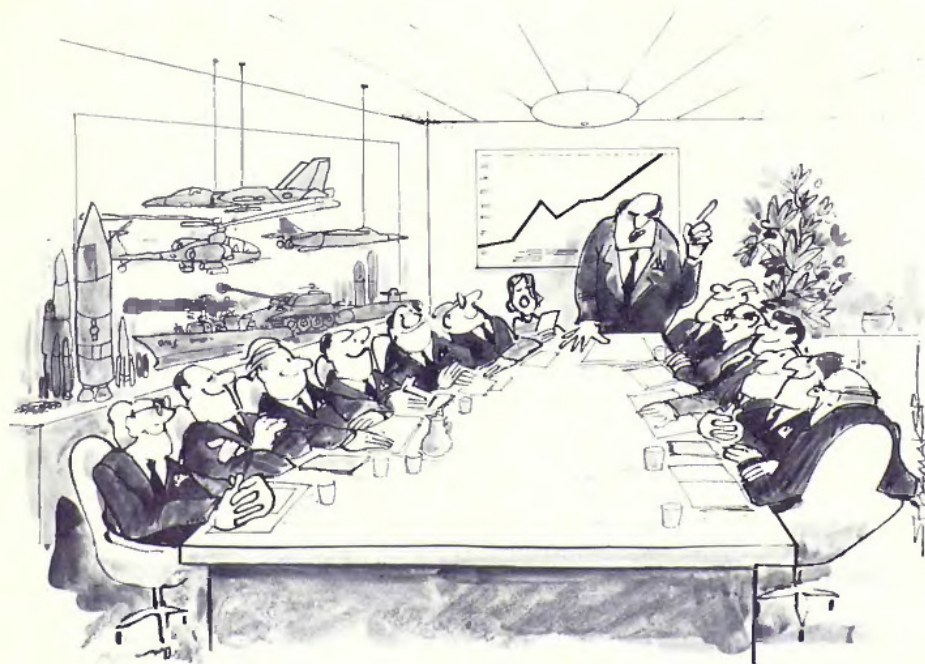
The flight deck was buffeted. The roar grew excruciating. Connors was screaming: "Push it up! Way up!"

Their angle of attack, which was 5.3 degrees, went to 19 degrees. They were sailing in with their nose uptilted.

The plane at that moment weighed 324,800 pounds. It was 178 feet long and had a 155-foot wing span. Imagine, if you can, trying to ride such a bronco through two gale-force winds traveling in opposite directions.

"Hang on to the [expletive]!" That was a cry from Connors. The engines were screaming. They had the throttles pushed to the fire wall. The plane was still slipping. They couldn't see the runway. The deck rolled and rocked. That was when, suddenly, their stick started vibrating.

Among the various safeguards that are built into airplanes, and which are also a



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part of these sophisticated simulators, are automatic "shakers" that will warn of a stall condition. When your control yoke starts shaking, it means that you're about to lose the lift that's holding you off the ground.

"Whoop . . . whoop . . . Pull up!"

That's the Ground Proximity Warning System. It's a computerized voice that actually shouts at the flight-deck crew. Its Cassandra-like wail tells you you're descending too fast. When that warning goes off, you must react instantaneously.

On the ground at that moment, the world was going crazy. Motorists were stopping. They couldn't see the road in front of them. Along highway 114, there was a 60-mile-an-hour wind gust. Signs were uprooted. A fertilizer trailer overturned.

Connors worked feverishly. He was lowering the nose again. If you're fighting a stall, you have to try to get your air speed back. You push on the yoke. The nose began lowering. From a 13-degree *up* angle, it swung to an eight-degree *down* position.

What was remarkable about this was that they almost pulled a miracle out of it. The majority of pilots would have been splattered across the ground by then. These guys were still flying. More than that, they were *landing* it. Their wheels touched the earth at 6:05:52, leaving a six-inch-deep impression behind them. But they were still a mile out from the runway and they had highway 114 in front of them.

When the plane hit the ground, it was doing 169 knots. It rose in the air, touched again and then flew forward. A Toyota was crossing the highway. A wing struck the car, sheering its roof and spilling fuel.

The plane lurched toward the airfield. There was a cry from a crew member.

There was a shout from a second crew member.

A pair of white water tanks rose like specters.

The last voice you hear is the controller's:

"Delta, go around."

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Of the 163 people who were on that airplane, 137 died. Twenty passengers, sitting in the back of the plane, unhooked their belts and scrambled out of the chaos.

The men who were flying, of course, were not among them. The plane pierced a tank and Ed Connors and his crewmen were instantaneously pulverized. All that remained were their voices on the flight recorder.

There have been several new developments in the battle against microbursts. We've learned to deploy more wind meters and use them with more sophistication. Some airports now are installing Doppler radar systems, which can scan greater distances and give earlier warnings of wind anomalies.

As of 1990, all our planes will have on-board warning systems. They'll also provide the pilot with pitch-up guidance in order to take full advantage of the airplane's power and flight dynamics. We might never have had such systems were it not for that Delta accident. It was a high price to pay.

Although I'm looking forward to new developments in safety technology, I don't think the engineers have all the answers. Too often, their approach is simply to eliminate the human factor. That's clear enough; after all, we pilots are the dunces, aren't we? It only makes sense to turn the plane into a robot. You can fly it like a drone—use one of those boxes with a control rod sticking out of it.

The only problem is, these planes aren't like space rockets. We are not firing missiles into a black vacuum. We are transporting real people through an ever-changing atmosphere, and only a real living pilot can make the split-second decisions needed to see a plane home safely.

Still, we airline professionals tend to be pretty realistic about the life-or-death nature of our duties. There's an old saying in our industry: When an air traveler dies, it makes no difference whether he's going to heaven or hell. Either way—come on, you know this—he has to change in Atlanta.



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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

A VESTED INTEREST

The last time you wore a vest was back in the late Seventies, as part of a three-piece suit, right? Well, the vest is back and showing up as a decorative addition to both tailored attire and sportswear. The look came to us from Europe last fall (you may remember that we featured vests in *Up Close & Personal* last October) and was

an instant hit. No, not all vests hug the body. Some are oversized and there's a variety of fabrics to choose from. But when you invest in a vest, think of its many purposes. The same vest can spark up a drab-looking suit, add a touch of sophistication to a blazer and trousers and look smart worn with a casual shirt and a pair of jeans. Go vest, young man!

Clockwise from 12: Rayon vest with polka-dot pattern and shawl collar, by A.B.S. Men, \$185. Bright striped silk dandy vest with six covered buttons and silk lining, by Katharine Hamnett, \$725. Silk paisley Jacquard-front and wool challis striped-back vest, by Gina Ferrigno, about \$320. Gold washable silk knit cardigan vest with five-button front, by Men Go Silk, \$160. Striped cotton vest with six-button front and striped cotton lining, by WilliWear, \$38. Viscose/cotton paisley-patterned windowpane vest with tortoise button closure, from Mondissimo by Mondo, \$140.





Fit and Polish

This incredible shape belongs to RACHEL MCLISH, four-time world-champion bodybuilder. If this photo's too small, get the poster or watch her on the CBS special *Woman of the 21st Century* airing any minute. It's about a woman's commitment to a physical life. Amen!

HARRY LANGDON

Girls Ain't Nothing but Trouble . . .

Rap DJ JAZZY JEFF & THE FRESH PRINCE with help from three friends. The single sold more than 100,000 copies and became the kickoff rap for *He's the DJ, I'm the Rapper*, the duo's double album. We caught them winning rap song and rap album of the year on the American Music Awards and they were jazzy and fresh. A hip-hop delight.



© RON WOLFSON LFI



Sneaking a Peek

Unless you've been in a coma, you recognize JON BON JOVI. The album went platinum and the *New Jersey* tour roared back into the U.S. after sell-out concerts in Europe and Japan, proving once and for all that precious metal can be found in New Jersey.

© JON BON JOVI LFI

Going Bananas

BANANARAMA has been around long enough to have a greatest-hits album on the pop charts and to have made the *Guinness Book of World Records* as the most successful British girl group ever. Says Keren Woodward, "We're quite happy sharing the limelight with one another."



© L. LAWRY LFI



Pleased to Meet You

DANNY WILSON (the name comes from a 1952 Sinatra movie, not the band members) is a trio from Scotland. Its debut album, *Meet Danny Wilson*, was a hip mix of jazz, pop and big-band swing. A second album is in the works for this summer. Meet them again.



Polar Opposites

Actress AVA CADELL has the bear down, all right, but she's managed to get us all worked up. Ava has appeared in *Not of This Earth* and *Master Demon* on the big screen. Frankly, we'd rather look at this photo, even if it's only in black and white. You add the color!



Born to Menace

They mean no harm, really. They like to look upon the underbelly. They find it funny. IGGY POP (left) and JOEY RAMONE like each other a lot, too. Catch the Ramones' new album and Iggy's *Instinct*. A wall of sounds.



FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE

In the spirit of *glasnost* comes Soviet chic in the form of a collection of T-shirts emblazoned with artwork done by young Soviet artists. The guiding hand behind this is Joanna Stingray, an American record producer who brought the double LP *Red Wave* to the U.S. back in 1986. Now she's into Soviet software that you *can* wear. Cotton T-shirts, such as the Gorbachev-inspired one by artist Gustav Gurianov shown here, go for \$20 (short-sleeved) and \$28 (long-sleeved) sent to CV/Red Wave T-shirts, 251 Park Avenue South, 12th Floor, New York 10010. (One size fits all.) Or call 800-237-2671 for more information on other artists. By the way, our model pictured here is named Natasha. A nice touch in international relations.

TOYS FOR BIG BOYS

Mint & Boxed, 110 High Street, Edgware, Middlesex, England HA87HF, is the world's largest market place for antique toys. Its stock totals more than \$20,000,000 and contains some mighty rare playthings, including the circa-1905 German car pictured below that's priced at about \$4400. Mint & Boxed issues slick catalogs for ten dollars each, postpaid. Its overseas number from America is 011-44-1-9522002—in case you can't wait.



THE SOUND OF MONEY

If you're seeking what surely must be the ultimate in stereo headphones, treat your golden ears to Sony's MDR-R10 model, which, says Sony, "achieves the ideal balance between acoustical performance and ergonomic comfort." Inside the headphones is a superthin biocellulose fiber; outside is Zelkova wood, which is lightweight yet rigid, affixed to ear pads made of matched sheepskin. The MDR-R10 offers other refinements for which you need a degree from Cal Tech to appreciate. The price: \$4000. Now, *that's* hi-fi.



STUCK ON THE STINGER

The bad news is that the cute little Pontiac Stinger pictured above is only a concept car. The good news is that while it isn't in production at this time, Ed Benson, Pontiac's director of market and product planning, believes that it can be produced and that "a Stinger-type vehicle could represent a special sports vehicle in the mid-Nineties." Versatility is the key to Stinger's personality. With its glass body panels in place, it eases on down the road like any vehicle. But with the panels removed, it becomes an off-road fun machine ready to take full advantage of its all-wheel drive, antilock brakes and superwide tires. Under the hood is a three-liter, four-cylinder 16-valve engine that delivers 170 horsepower. Keep your fingers crossed.

BEARING DOWN ON CAR THIEVES

From the outside of your car, there's no sign of an alarm—just a cuddly Teddy bear sitting on the back seat. But if an intruder tries to enter, that cuddly Teddy turns into Security Bear and fills the car with a 110-decibel sound so intense that it's impossible to remain in the vehicle. Rabbit Systems of Santa Monica, California, is marketing Security Bear for \$79.95, including a tether that anchors it in the car. At that price, Security Bear is a steal, but don't try anything funny.



FUN IN THE SUN

Seen from a distance, Fun Tanner looks like a big white melting gumbdrop. But stretch out on it and you'll be atop a 7½-foot pad of water-cooled comfort. Fun Tanner is made of incredibly tough PVC vinyl; the white exterior reflects the sun's rays, thus keeping the 300 gallons of water inside consistently cool, ready for your sweaty bod. Fun Tanner sells for \$89.95 from Dial Direct Response Marketing at 800-877-2232, extension 360. A word to the tanning-wise: Fun Tanner is meant to be used *outdoors*; it's not a water bed.

DOWNWARD TREND

Snuba, a shallow-water-dive system that "bridges the gap between snorkeling and scuba diving," has just come ashore at beaches everywhere; and if you want to limit your underwater sight-seeing to a maximum depth of 20 feet, it just may be for you. Priced about \$2000, Snuba includes an inflatable raft with a bottom viewing window, an air cylinder (which holds an hour's supply of air) and a 20-foot air line connected to a face mask. For complete info, write to Snuba, Inc., 419 Main Street, Suite 212, Placerville, California 95667. Take the plunge!



CREATING A SPLASH

It isn't enough that the Vendex HeadStart III computer is relatively inexpensive (\$2995) and easy to use. Along with each computer comes a large array of software, including *Splash!*, a program that enables you to paint on the screen with your choice of 256,000 colors, thus creating original visuals or displaying color photos that are as visually crisp as the originals. A call to 800-882-1888 gets you the name of a dealer near you. Admit it; you always did think of yourself as an electronic Picasso.



A SODA GROWS IN BROOKLYN

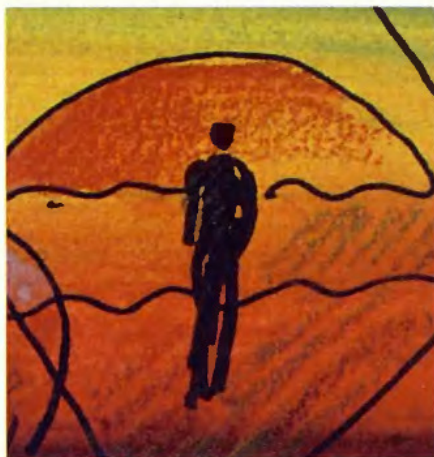
Best Health Natural Gourmet Sodas are the only natural gourmet sodas still manufactured and bottled in New York—just as they were 50 years ago. Hey, you like cherry? They got cherry. Also chocolate, ginger ale, root beer, cream, lemon-lime, peach and raspberry, Seltzer and more. The taste is old-time fresh, as there's no salt, preservatives, caffeine or additives in any of Best Health's 12-ounce bottles. Look for them in supermarkets, gourmet delis and health-food stores.



NEXT MONTH



MEN'S TOILETRIES



ALTERNATE REALITY



BIMBO-RAMA



BROADCAST NUDE

"A SLEEP AND A FORGETTING"—ENTER THE OFF-CENTER WORLD OF A GROUP OF SCIENTISTS WHO ACCIDENTALLY TAP INTO A DIRECT LINE TO THE DEAD AND FAMOUS. A TALE OF ALTERNATE REALITY BY **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

"COMRADES IN ARMS"—IN THE AFTERMATH OF THE BRUTAL AFGHAN WAR, SOVIET VETERANS ARE SLOWLY HEALING THE EMOTIONAL AND PHYSICAL WOUNDS. VIETNAM VETS MEET WITH THESE "AFGHANTS" TO SHARE THEIR PAIN AND THEIR OWN PERSONAL BATTLES—A REPORT FROM THE RUSSIAN HOME FRONT BY THE ACCLAIMED AUTHOR **LARRY HEINEMANN**

"BURNING DESIRES"—PART FOUR WRAPS UP OUR SEX-IN-AMERICA OVERVIEW WITH A PEEK AT THE ADULT-FILM SEX WARS STARRING THE PRODUCERS OF PLAYFUL PORN—**THE MITCHELL BROTHERS**—AND THOSE "DOWN AND NASTY" **DARK BROTHERS**. ALSO: AN INTERVIEW WITH **MISSY**, PORN'S FIRST REPUBLICAN SPOKESPERSON FOR SAFE SEX—BY **STEVE CHAPLE** AND **DAVID TALBOT**

"BIMBO-RAMA"—THANKS TO SOME TRULY OUTRAGEOUS B MOVIES, **PLAYBOY** BRINGS YOU A BEVY OF SEXY HOLLYWOOD STARLETS—WITH TEXT BY THAT INIMITABLE DRIVE-IN-MOVIE CRITIC, **JOE BOB BRIGGS**

"BROADCAST NUDE"—IF YOU'RE THE KIND OF GUY WHO LIKES TO BE WELL INFORMED ABOUT NEWS-MAKING EVENTS, YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS OUR HUSH-HUSH PICTORIAL NEXT MONTH

WILLIAM (STAR TREK) SHATNER GIVES US CAPTAIN KIRK'S GUIDE TO BREAKING THE ICE WITH OFF-PLANET BABES, DESCRIBES THE TELLTALE SIGNS OF A TRUE TREKKIE AND DETAILS A NUDE LOVE SCENE WITH **ANGIE DICKINSON** IN A COSMIC **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"THE RETURN OF THE DESIGNING WOMAN"—NEW STRATEGIES FOR THE SUPERWOMAN WHO'S NOT TRYING TO HAVE IT ALL. AS WOMEN REASSESS THEIR PRIORITIES—FROM THE BOARD ROOM TO THE BEDROOM—MEN MAY HAVE TO ADAPT TO A NEW GRAND SCHEME—BY **MARCIA COBURN**

"TEE TIME"—IN OUR SPECIAL TRIBUTE TO A POPULAR SPORT IN ITS THIRD BOOM, PROS AND CELEBS ADDRESS THE SUBJECT OF GOLF, TAKE A FEW SWINGS AT SOME OF THE MYTHS AND TAKE YOU OUT OF THE ROUGH WITH NEW EQUIPMENT. FOOOOOOOORE!

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