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# PLAYBILL

YOU'VE SEEN THEM—the scare headlines, the magazine covers, the ads for TV specials blaring out yet another message of impending doom. If it's not AIDS, it's crack, herpes, Third World debt, sunburn or salt; by Thursday, you're afraid of something that you'd never heard of on Monday. In *Crisisweek*, Associate Articles Editor **Peter Moore** examines this phenomenon and its victims, with a little help from **Lewis Grossberger** and **Paul Dickson**. The trend's a classic case of overkill—a word that, not incidentally, ranks high in *A Guide to Crisis Journalese*, Dickson's guide to the hypessters' hottest hits. Speaking of lexicons, stone the crows if it isn't the fair dinkum; that's from *Say What, Mate?*, "A Glossary of Aussie Argot," accompanying **Michael Thomas' The Decline and Fall of Okker Chic**. Illustrated by **Robert Giusti**, *Chic* is a nostalgic tribute to the g'day syndrome that has conquered the rest of the world but is fast becoming extinct in its homeland. Down under, it seems, the mates are drinking LA beer and eating quiche—when, of course, they're not battling the Fremantle Doctor, some upstarts from New Zealand and a bunch of crazy Americans bent on vengeance in the final throes of the world's most expensive sporting event, the America's Cup yacht race. **Reg Potterton** and marine technical illustrator **Stephen L. Davis** explain in *Of Bucks and Boats*, a stem-to-stern breakdown of the 12-meter boats competing in the race, why they cost so bloody much. Davis should know all about boat-building expenses; he lives with his wife and daughter near Port Townsend, Washington, on a 45-foot cutter he helped design and construct. A cup victory, it's estimated, will be worth upwards of a billion dollars to the winning country.

So you want to escape the crisis crunch but you're a bit short of the float for a trip to Australia? Start by making reservations for an unforgettable dinner at one of the establishments listed in *Critics' Choice: The 25 Best Restaurants in America*, a compilation put together for us once again by food authority **John Mariani**, whose latest book is *Mariani's Coast-to-Coast Dining Guide*. Editorial Director **Arthur Kretchmer** slipped out from behind his desk and into the driver's seat of the hot new BMW 325i convertible for this month's *Road Warriors* feature. If that doesn't finish off your winter blahs, we prescribe a vicarious trip to the tropics to check out the safari-inspired styles in Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne's Jungle Fever**.

*Herpes and the Chaplain*, our lead fiction, doesn't sound exactly escapist; but trust us, you'll marvel at the ingenuity displayed by Flanagan in this prison yarn by **Lew Steiger**. Steiger, who lives in Prescott, Arizona, has been a professional river guide in the Grand Canyon for 14 years and is working on a novel with the Colorado as its setting. **Chet Williamson** tells us that his short story in this issue was "the first piece of writing I did on my first day as a full-time free-lance writer." The tale, illustrated for *PLAYBOY* by **Olivia De Berardinis**, was inspired by a visit from a salesman. We won't tell you what the guy was pitching; read *Getting Enough* and you'll understand. You say you're not getting enough? Maybe you've been spending too much time around the sort of ladies **Asa Baber** describes in his *Men* column this month: the Cliff Dweller, the Statistician, the Fastest Douche in the West and their frosty female friends.

Not our kind of women, those. We prefer the likes of Playmate **Marina Baker**, photographed in England (as was *Shorts Story*) by **Byron Newman**; actress and cover girl **Janet Jones**, shot for us by Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda** and profiled by Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson**; and *True-Blue Detective* **MiSchelle McMindes**, who posed in and out of her trench coat in her home town of Pendleton, Oregon, for Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley**. (A graduate of Pendleton High School, Senior Editor **Gretchen Edgren**, wrote the text.) But we know you really read *PLAYBOY* for the interviews, so we won't disappoint you there, either: Meet supermusician **Lionel Richie**, interrogated by **Glenn Plaskin**, and *This Old House* host **Bob Vila**, dealt 20 Questions by **Glenn Rifkin**. Now you're set to go forward with March.



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# PLAYBOY®

vol. 34, no. 3—march 1987

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Janet Jones

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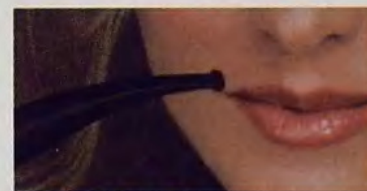


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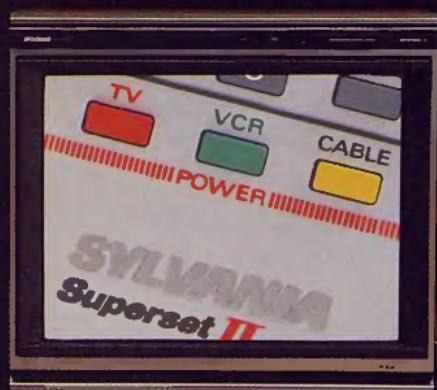
## COVER STORY

"Gee, that reminds me a little of Hef," observed Janet Jones after seeing a proof of her cover photo by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda (with styling by Elisabetta Rogiani for Cloutier). She should know; she has been a frequent guest at Playboy Mansion West and counts Playmates Heidi Sorenson (July 1981) and Tracy Vaccaro (October 1983) among her close friends. For more of this hot young actress, see her eight-page pictorial.



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*in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it*



## CAN WE TALK? MEET THE PLATINUM PLAYBOY

It's a hot time on the talk-show set as Joan Rivers gets her late-night gab fest going with an all-star panel of guests. From left above are singer Michael McDonald, comic Howie Mandel and Mr. Playboy himself, Hugh M. Hefner. In the inset at right, Hef holds a matched pair. He has plenty to smile about: The more than two dozen home-entertainment programs produced by Playboy Video have garnered multiple awards for sales. Among the platinum winners have been the first *Playboy Video* magazine (left, with Playmate Lonny Chin on the cover) and the first *Video Centerfold*, featuring Miss January 1986, Sherry Arnett (right).

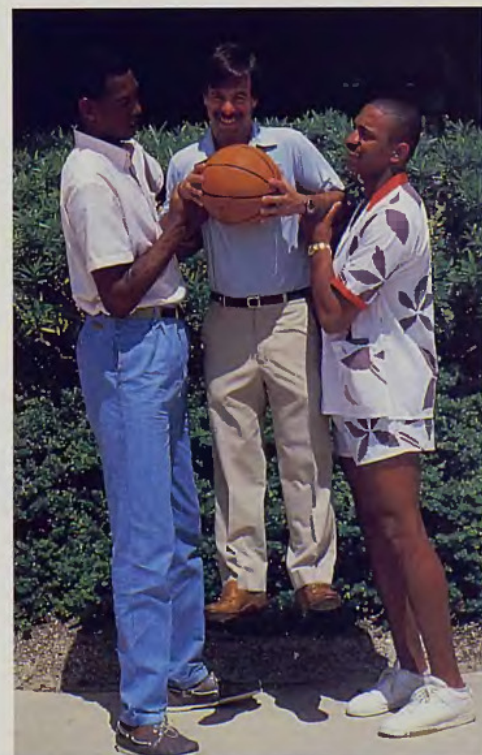
## ART FOR ART'S SAKE

Celebrating his induction into the Art Directors Club Hall of Fame in New York (below) are PLAYBOY's Founding Art Director, Arthur Paul, who designed the Rabbit Head, and Playboy Enterprises President Christie Hefner. Also honored was the creator of another world-famous eared creature, Walt Disney.



## VISITORS TO A STRANGE PLANET

Miss June 1986, Rebecca Ferratti (left), stars in Cannon Films' forthcoming adventure flicks *Gor* and *Outlaw of Gor*, based on the science-fiction books by John Norman. Here she's on location in Africa with boyfriend Jimmy Franco, who plays a snake man on the planet Gor. Rebecca plays the warrior princess Talena; co-stars include Oliver Reed, Jack Palance and Urbano Barberini.



## BLAZING ANOTHER SADDLE

## '87 QUADRACER 500

The shot at right isn't from science fiction: It's January Playmate Luann Lee's new Suzuki Quadracer poster. She has another one, too, for the company's Intruder 1400 bike. Sizzling.



## THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

Phillip Epstein, food and beverage director of the Sheraton Bal Harbour hotel, gets a boost (above) from Kansas forward Danny Manning (left) and St. John's guard Mark Jackson (right) during Playboy's All-America Basketball weekend at the Florida resort.



# Vision Break-through

*When I put on the pair of glasses what I saw I could not believe. Nor will you.*

By Joseph Sugarman

I am about to tell you a true story. If you believe me, you will be well rewarded. If you don't believe me, I will make it worth your while to change your mind. Let me explain.

Len is a friend of mine who has an eye for good products. One day he called excited about a pair of sunglasses he owned. "It's so incredible," he said, "when you first look through a pair, you won't believe it."

"What will I see?" I asked. "What could be so incredible?"

Len continued, "When you put on these glasses, your vision improves. Objects appear sharper, more defined. Everything takes on an enhanced 3-D effect. And it's not my imagination. I just want you to see for yourself."

When I received the sunglasses and put them on I couldn't believe my eyes. I kept taking them off and putting them on to see if indeed what I was seeing through the glasses was indeed actually sharper or if my imagination was playing tricks on me. But my vision improved. It was obvious. I kept putting on my cherished \$100 pair of high-tech sunglasses and comparing them. They didn't compare. I was very impressed. Everything appeared sharper, more defined and indeed had a greater three dimensional look to it. But what did this product do that made my vision so much better? I found out.

## DEPRESSING COLOR

The Perception sunglasses (called BluBlockers) filter out the ultraviolet and blue spectrum light waves from the sun. You've often heard the color blue used for expressions of bad moods such as "blue Monday" or "I have the blues." Apparently, the color blue, for centuries, has been considered a rather depressing color.

For eyesight, blue is not a good color too. There are several reasons. First, the blue rays have one of the shortest wavelengths in the visible spectrum (red

is the longest). As a result, the color blue will focus slightly in front of the retina which is the "focussing screen" onto which light waves fall in your eye. By eliminating the blue from the sunglasses through a special filtration process, and only letting those rays through that indeed focus clearly on the retina, objects appear to be sharper and clearer.

The second reason is even more impressive. It is not good to have ultraviolet rays fall on our eyes. Recognized as bad for skin, uv light is worse for eyes and is believed to play a role in many of today's eye diseases. In addition, people with contact lenses are at greater risk because contacts tend to magnify the light at their edges thus increasing the sun's harmful effects.

Finally, by eliminating the blue and uv light during the day, your night vision improves. The purple pigment in your eye called Rhodopsin is affected by blue light and the eyes take hours to recover from the effects.

## SUNGLASS DANGER

But what really surprised me was the danger in conventional sunglasses. Our pupils close in bright light to limit the light entering the eye and open wider at night—just like the aperture in an automatic camera. So when we put on sunglasses, although we reduce the amount of light that enters our eyes, our pupils open wider and we are actually allowing more of the blue and ultraviolet portions of the light spectrum into our eyes.

BluBlockers sunglasses are darker at the top to shield out overhead light. The lens used is the CR-39 which most eye doctors will tell you is one of the finest materials you can use for glasses and is manufactured under license.

The frames are some of the most comfortable I have ever worn. The moulded nose rest will fit any nose. The hinge causes the frames to rest comfortably on your face and can be adjusted for almost

any size face.

We also have a clip-on pair that weighs less than one ounce. Both come with a padded carrying case and an anti-scratch coating.

I urge you to order a pair and experience the improved vision. Then take your old sunglasses and compare them to the BluBlockers. See how much clearer and sharper objects appear with BluBlockers. And see if your night vision doesn't improve as a direct result. If you don't see a dramatic difference in your vision—one so noticeable that you can tell immediately, then send them back anytime within 30 days and I will send you a prompt and courteous refund.

## DRAMATIC DIFFERENCE

But from what I've personally witnessed, once you use a pair, there will be no way you'll want to return it.

Astronomers from many famous universities wear BluBlockers to improve their night vision. Pilots, golfers, skiers, athletes—anyone who spends a great deal of time in the sun have found the BluBlockers indispensable.

Our eyes are very important to us. Protect them and at the same time improve your vision with the most incredible breakthrough in sun glasses since they were first introduced. Order a pair or two at no obligation, today.

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## REVVIN' WITH 7-ELEVEN

Hooray, hooray for your pictorial *Women of 7-Eleven* (PLAYBOY, December)! I was disgusted with 7-Eleven's decision to bow down to the Moral Majority faction and suspend sales of PLAYBOY in its stores. I feel quite strongly that this action is a breach of my constitutional rights and a frightening step toward "Big Brother is watching." My husband and I have enjoyed PLAYBOY for years and will continue to do so despite the efforts of Meese, Falwell and the rest of the bunch. More power to you and your wonderful sense of timing.

Mary R. Limoges  
Poway, California

After 7-Eleven stopped selling PLAYBOY, I solemnly vowed I'd never set foot in one of its goddamn stores again. Now, with *Women of 7-Eleven*, PLAYBOY has presented me with a moral dilemma: whether to stick to my wavering principles or hotfoot it into 7-Elevens in search of those dynamite dolls.

Lanny R. Middings  
San Ramon, California

The pictorial *Women of 7-Eleven* is a great way to come back against The Southland Corporation. I applaud you! For years I have subscribed to PLAYBOY and find absolutely nothing wrong with showing the nude human body as you do. There is great beauty in properly done nude photos. If The Southland Corporation or any of those TV evangelists think we shouldn't read your magazine, I have only one thing to say to them: Just watch MTV on your local cable channel. Some of the things they do on MTV are disgusting. I do not have any children, but if I did, I would much rather they watched The Playboy Channel.

Yes, you can publish this letter and use my name. I hope the owner of The Southland Corporation sees it. I also hope a few of the evangelists see it and like it (I know they won't, but who the hell cares?). Just

don't publish my address. I don't want to start receiving mail from the evangelists on any subject.

Albert S. Lobel  
(Address withheld by request)

Re *Women of 7-Eleven*—bravo! Now how about some Meeseketeers (i.e., the women of the Justice Department)?

Keep up the good work.

Luke Finlay  
Annapolis, Maryland

## PIX CLICK

I loved the old photos of tuxedoed celebrities in your *Civilization Revisited* feature (PLAYBOY, December). Where did you find them?

Rachel Morrison  
Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

From the top sources of vintage photos:  
*The Bettmann Archive and Culver Pictures.*

## GOING FOR GUMBEL

After reading the December *Playboy Interview* with Bryant Gumbel, I stopped to write this letter before finishing the rest of the magazine. Gumbel's ability to analogize interviewers, talk-show hosts and newsmen with players on a baseball team is fascinating. At first it sounded like a stupid idea; but as Gumbel gave his reasons for each selection, I had no problem imagining Johnny Carson as a steady first baseman or David Hartman as a durable catcher.

I am happy to see Gumbel enjoying success on the *Today* show; however, I will always miss him in sports. As a sportscaster, he displayed the same candor that made his interview one of the best I've read in PLAYBOY. Incidentally, I think he would make an excellent baseball commissioner.

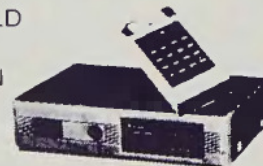
Rick Roberts  
Dayton, Ohio

I fully agree with Bryant Gumbel—why should he bust his hump to make some jerk look terrific? I'd much rather hear him chat with Jane Pauley or Willard

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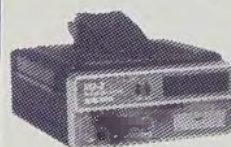
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Scott than put up with the celebrity of the month pushing his/her latest book/movie/TV show. The interview is an easy and enjoyable read, displaying Gumbel's wit, candor and insight, but seemed much too short. How about a follow-up—*Gumbel II: The Story Continues?*

Paul Stefaniak  
Denver, Colorado

Some years ago, Bryant Gumbel interviewed me on the *Today* show on the subject of ground-water pollution. I thought he arrogantly interjected himself into the interview as an expert on something of which he had clearly only superficial knowledge. I have harbored an unfair bias against him ever since. David Rensin's interview with him is one of PLAYBOY's best in my 25 years as an avid reader of your magazine. I will see Mr. Gumbel in the future as an intelligent, honest, straightforward journalist with the kind of human forthrightness we should all desire from our television news celebrities. The Rensin/Gumbel baseball-team gambit could well become a classic in brilliant interview repartee.

I would like this letter to serve as a formal apology to Mr. Gumbel for my long-held unfair and undeserved opinions. May he and PLAYBOY continue to do this job as well for many years to come.

Jay H. Lehr, Ph.D., Executive Director  
National Water Well Association  
Dublin, Ohio

#### KID STUFF

I really enjoyed Jean Penn's *Rock Brats* (PLAYBOY, December). Now that kids have started to turn their parents in to the police for committing various kinds of mischief, I think it's important to know just what our kids really do think of us. How about some interviews with parents of famous kids? What did the parents of Kristy McNichol, Michael Jackson, Ron Howard, Rob Reiner and Gary Coleman have to contend with?

Jack S. Margolis  
Los Angeles, California

We're ahead of you, Jack. Check out our July 1985 issue for some comments by Carl Reiner about life with son Rob.

#### WIN A FEW, LOSE A FEW

It has been said that a picture is worth 1000 words. Those 1000 words would fall tenfold short of describing PLAYBOY's December cover, featuring Brooke Shields. My compliments.

John C. Poster  
Omaha, Nebraska

What is this with the Brooke Shields cover? She's got about as much sex appeal as a department-store mannequin.

P. R. Pantley  
Kirkland, Washington

The December PLAYBOY is by far your most tasteful issue. The cover photo of

Miss Shields is absolutely succulent.

Alfred K. Gudka  
Bloomington, Illinois

Brooke Shields's photograph on your December cover is a cruel and monstrous hoax. What was the motive for featuring a photograph of a woman known for her uncommon modesty on the cover of an erotic men's magazine? Is this a joke or a scam of some sort?

J. R. Renn  
Redwood City, California

Brooke Shields! Beautiful photograph, beautiful woman—but I get the impression that she is unhappy. Why can't models smile, especially for Christmas?

C. E. Willis  
San Diego, California

#### CLASSIC CARR

Miss December, Laurie Carr, is a beautiful woman. But what sets her apart from so many others is the fact that she really smiles. I'm sure other readers will agree with me: Looking sexy and sultry is nice, but a warm smile is also appreciated.

Gordon Chow  
La Mesa, California

Well, guys, I just want to congratulate you on making a recent college graduate regret having sold his drums for white-collariness. I wish I had known that the life of a rock-'n'-roll star could include a woman as incredible as Laurie Carr. Please, Laurie, tell me a business suit can be sexy, too.

J. Rogers  
St. Louis, Missouri

I'm infatuated with your December Playmate, Laurie Ca-Ca-Carr. I still ca-ca-can't ca-ca-catch my breath. What beautiful eyes! Please, just one more look at the future Playmate of the Year.

Craig E. Durr  
Effingham, Illinois



OK, Craig—but are you sure you're not ghostwriting for Max Headroom?

#### BAD COMPANY?

In her December *Women* column, Cynthia Heimel says that all she has seen in the movies lately is "Meryl Streep being victimized. Or Robert Redford deciding between a good woman and a bad woman." Where was I while this was going on? Oh, yes, I remember. I was having my socks blown off by Sigourney Weaver's stunning performance in *Aliens*.

As for your assertion that Sigourney lacks personality, maybe you aren't her first choice "for a martini and a chat," either, Cynthia.

T. Richards  
St. Peter, Minnesota

#### THE EYE OF THE BELIEVER

I'd like to make some comments on your December issue. I am a Bible-believing Christian, but I don't believe in censorship of any kind. Woman is a beautiful creation, made from one of Adam's ribs, and your photographs are like Rembrandt paintings. Readers can't have sex with these women; they probably will never meet them personally. So the photos are art and I don't believe in censorship of them. It's the same with the TV evangelists Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson, Jim Bakker, Jimmy Swaggart. They are but pictures on the boob tube—not even artwork. Yet these men get funds to support themselves and their empires through Christian gangsterism: extortion from gullible, emotional people. The human body is a direct creation of almighty God, not the almighty dollar.

Paul R. Van Engen  
Mattawan, Michigan

#### GORILLA OUR DREAMS

Thank you for the 20 *Questions* with Koko the gorilla in your December issue. Her commentary is far more entertaining and enlightening than the drivel coming out of the Attorney General's office and the Supreme Court these days.

William Holdsworth  
Providence, Rhode Island

#### SENSE IN CINEMA

I enjoy reading Bruce Williamson's movie reviews each month and frequently consult them before and after seeing a film. But when I desire to *reread* them, I'm inconvenienced by having to flip through past issues, hoping that I have the correct one. This time could be saved if you were to put the month the review appeared next to its title in the "Movie Score Card" box. Another benefit would be that a reader could immediately learn by consulting the "Movie Score Card" whether or not the film *had* been reviewed. This would be a great service to me and, perhaps, to other readers. Keep up the good work.

Larry Jacobucci  
Newnan, Georgia

That's a good suggestion, Larry. Check this month's "Score Card."





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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## THE HUMAN HOOK

Watch for *Showtime at the Apollo*, upcoming on Saturday-night TV. It's not unlike *Star Search*, but its origins go way back to a historic live show—amateur night at the Apollo Theater in Harlem. Amateur talent competitions have come and gone over the years, but the Apollo version has always been a little different from all others—the Apollo audience has never been encouraged to hide its reactions.

Although audience approval may reach fever pitch in response to a piercingly precise high note or a perfectly timed punch line, a muffled riff or a shallow rendition of a pithy ballad can evoke a barrage of boos sufficiently overwhelming to traumatize a young performer for life. Once, when a rookie comedian teetering on the brink of rejection attempted to save himself with an impression of Al Jarreau singing McDonald's theme song, hecklers nearly stormed the stage.

The inevitability of such disasters and the lynch-mob mentality they elicit has resulted in a position at the Apollo known as the Exterminator, a job faithfully executed for many years by Howard "The Sandman" Sims, a 69-year-old tap dancer whose show-business career began on an amateur night more than 30 years ago.

During particularly dismal acts, when an early exit seems mandatory, it is Sims who soft-shoes his way onto the stage and diplomatically conducts the performer to safety. Dressed in outrageous costumes with wigs, hats and sunglasses, Sims employs props—a siren, a trombone, a giant rubber hammer—to distract the audience while he shuttles the nixed performer off stage. "The buzzard roost—that's the second balcony—can get vicious and they'll throw things and holler all sorts of names if they don't like you," Sims states grimly. "Getting little kids off the stage is very delicate, because you don't want to hurt their feelings, but you can't let them stay out there and take all that abuse, either."

During one recent show, Sims had to remove so many acts that "hell, they even

booed me off stage," he cackles. In fact, one reason he wears such crazy outfits is to ensure his own survival. Some acts dislodged from the stage by Sims have waited around until after the show to get even with him. "But," he says, shrugging philosophically, "since they never know what I really look like, they don't know who to go after. One guy who was looking for me even asked me if I'd seen me anywhere."

## GUNS & AMMO

President Reagan sometimes wonders out loud why all those pesky reporters insist on giving coverage to his Administration's inconsequential little covert operations in foreign countries. Until now, we had supposed that such journalistic excesses probably resulted from the proverbial slow news day—after all, newspapers had to publish something, didn't they? But now we think the media are just trying to give the public what it wants.

Judging from the 1986 figures for magazine circulation, the public wants to read about the stuff of covert little wars—stuff such as handguns, other weaponry and

secret operations. The Audit Bureau of Circulations reports that while subscriptions were down 50.1 percent for *National Lampoon* and 14.8 percent for *Americana* in 1986, subs to *Soldier of Fortune* increased 24.9 percent, and *American Handgunner* subs rose 20.8 percent. So what's a news medium to do? We think the President should forgive the media their intemperance. After all, even he admitted he admired *Rambo*.

## TINY TEMPEST

After a foreign student at the University of Illinois designed the set for a production of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, stagehands assembled it according to his specifications. Only one problem—the specs were scaled to the metric system and the stagehands were working in inches and feet, so the set turned out to be much smaller than it was supposed to be. No word of complaint from the actors. We suppose it helped their egos.

## FACTOID OF THE MONTH

Did you know that the dog treat known as jerky is actually made from dried cow lungs? Yuk.

New York's Hard Rock Cafe has posted this message on its bathroom-stall doors: NO DRUGS OR NUCLEAR WEAPONS ALLOWED.

## "SIT, FLORES, SIT"

When Santa Cruz County, California, deputy sheriff Joe Flores couldn't overtake a fleeing prowler, he decided to bluff. Flores shouted that he would send a police dog after the prowler if he didn't stop. When that failed, Flores barked at him. The prowler stopped in his tracks and was apprehended.

Dr. A. Jay Block of the University of Florida Health Science Center says that people who snore are more likely to score lower on intelligence tests than those who don't. In studies, Dr. Block has found that snorers experience breathing lapses during sleep, resulting in oxygen loss, which is





# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

Weight of a hockey puck: .38 pound. Weight of the world's largest ball of string: 10,000 pounds. Average weight of a Chihuahua: five pounds. Average weight of a Saint Bernard: 190 pounds. Average weight of Fred Astaire: 140 pounds.

Average amount of dust to settle on the U.S. each year: 43,000,000 tons. Amount per six-room house: 40 pounds.

Air time, New York to Tokyo: 15 hours and 35 minutes.

Average number of sperm per ejaculation: horse, eight billion; human, 500,000,000; mink, 260,000; golden hamster, 3450.

Percentage of women in various U.S. occupations: secretaries, 99.2; nurses, 96.7; bus drivers, 45.1; auto mechanics, 0.6; air-conditioning mechanics, 0.0.

Percentage of nonwhites in various U.S. occupations: domestic workers, 52.5; garbage collectors, 32.9; lawyers, 2.7; airline pilots, 1.4.

Percentage of American lawyers who own a new Mercedes, 7.2; who own a piano, 39.3; a car tape deck, 57.7; a 35mm camera, 75.4; a home-security system, 15.1.

Average annual income of an American lawyer: \$104,625.

Number of lawyers with a net worth of \$1,000,000 or more: one out of nine.

Snail's pace: .00758 mph.

Length of an average blink: 0.1 second.

All the tea in China: 356,000 metric tons.

Velocity of a speeding bullet fired by a Colt .45: 800 feet per second.

Number of Americans over 100 years old: 13,000; number who are overweight: 16,000,000.



Length of gestation of an African elephant, 640 days; of a human, 267 days; of a rabbit, 31 days.

Temperature at which butter melts: 88 degrees Fahrenheit.

Length of time that caffeine remains in the blood stream after ingestion: adults, five to six hours; pregnant women after the first trimester, ten to 18; oral-contraceptive users,

12; smokers, 3.5.

Percentage of Americans who approved of U.S. bombing raid on Libya: 71.

Percentage who approve of future raids if there are more terrorist attacks: 80.

Percentage who would have turned down a trip to Europe last summer because of terrorism: 79.

Percentage of Americans who habitually wear seat belts: in 1973, 28; in 1982, 17; in 1986, 52.

Percentage of parents who would let their children attend school with a child who had AIDS: 67.

Percentage of Americans who think the national drinking age should be 21, 80; who favor the 55-mph speed limit, 66; who say they always obey the limit, 17.

Percentage of Americans whose favorite evening entertainment is watching TV: in 1966, 46; in 1974, 46; in 1986, 33.

Percentage of Americans who believe that homosexuals should not be given jobs in sales, 22; in the military, 38; in teaching, 60.

Percentage of Americans who believe that female nudity in films should be illegal: 32.

Percentage of Americans who believe that people should have the right to see or read pornography: 78.

—PARKER BENNETT and TERRY RUNTÉ

known to impair intelligence. We suppose further research will reveal more—but don't hold your breath.

Mike Tyson's convincing victory over Trevor Berbick has made him the youngest heavyweight champion in history. After the fight last fall, Berbick's trainer, Angelo Dundee, had no words of encouragement for future contenders. *Chicago Tribune* columnist Bob Verdi asked Dundee about Tyson. "I've never seen anyone like him. How do you fight him? With a gun," deadpanned Dundee, who counts Muhammad Ali among his many former trainees. "How do you slow him down?" he mused. "I don't know. He's young. Maybe he'll find himself a girlfriend." How about a real knockout?

### HOW YA GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM?

Proving once again that the National Organization of Women's work is never done, Darrel Lafon of Des Moines, Iowa, has opened a garage employing topless female grease monkeys. Boob and Lube has been picketed by 50 NOW members, but Lafon is figuring that protests will only increase his business. Don't, however, bet on Shirley Muldowney's rolling in for a tune-up.

Cyndi Smock, the wife of Campus Ministry's founder, the Reverend Jed Smock, visited Dartmouth College last fall with some advice on dating, sex and marriage. The self-proclaimed "born-again virgin" condemned Dartmouth women as whores who drive men to masturbation with "premarital kissing." Then Cyndi instructed coeds to grill potential husbands with three questions: Are you ready to rule over me? Are you willing to die for me? Do you masturbate? Correct answers: yes, yes and no.

### PRAYING WITHOUT A NET

Three touring American tennis players were sent home from Nigeria after seeing God, according to a Reuters report. The Supreme Being apparently directed Morris Strode and Bud Cox to tear up their money, traveler's checks and passports and renounce tennis. Jimmy Gurfein crashed through the window of his first-floor hotel room screaming, "Jesus!" And here we thought God was love.

### THE MATING GAME

Faced with declining income from its oil-and-gas industry, Indonesia has decided to place more emphasis on tourist attractions. One new form of entertainment being considered is an elephant-mating show. Indonesian Travel Agencies Association chairman Sri Mulyono believes that tourists "who are fond of strange things not existing in their country" will be fascinated. We think it will just make them feel insecure.



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# MOVIES

## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

WHEN a shocker is as well crafted and chilling as *The Stepfather* (New Century/Vista), some of its claims to seriousness seem unnecessary. Taking off with a screenplay, by Donald E. Westlake, tightly woven from the loose ends of an actual unsolved case, director Joseph Ruben explores the psyche of a serial killer who has gruesomely murdered his whole family about the time we meet him. He then sets off to start a new life with an attractive young widow (Shelley Hack) and her unhappy teenaged daughter (Jill Schoelen), a perceptive kid with a strong hunch there's something weird about this new dad. As *Stepfather* moves toward a breath-stopping climax, with many intermediate stops along the way, the odds increase that the youngster will be proved dead right. In the title role, Terry O'Quinn performs with cool precision as an affable middle-class maniac subject to unexpected lightning bolts of rage when crossed. While it may be argued that director Ruben is exploring the dark side of an elusive American dream about home and family, I suspect he's keener to keep an audience riveted with whatever he can find in his bag of stylish movie tricks. He uses them sparingly, with a minimum of gory detail, and that's good enough to send thrill seekers home wasted but happy. ★★★

Replacing perfectly fine Broadway actors with bankable movie stars is no guarantee that a hit play will succeed on screen. An infusion of star power, however, seems altogether beneficial for *Crimes of the Heart* (De Laurentiis), Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy. On Broadway, Henley struck me as a watered-down Tennessee Williams or Carson McCullers, with a good ear for dialog but very little weight behind her overpraised stage sitcom about three eccentric sisters pooling their problems in the town of Hazlehurst, Mississippi. But with Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange and Sissy Spacek under the direction of Australian-born director Bruce Beresford, *Crimes* becomes a triple-threat tour de force. Which of the three actresses will be the front runner for an Oscar is anybody's guess at presstime, though my money would be on Spacek, who's both droll and poignant as Babe—the ditsy sister charged with shooting her husband because, as she enigmatically confesses, “I didn't like his looks.” Sissy's showstopper is a failed-suicide scene so cunningly carried out that any further description might spoil it.

Keaton, cast against type, plays the stay-at-home spinster sister with a “shrunk ovary,” and Lange is the bimbo who has a fling with her married



O'Quinn, Schoelen in chilling *Stepfather*.

New faces in a taut thriller; star power enhances *Crimes*.

former beau (Sam Shepard) after her Hollywood singing career has been stymied by a nervous breakdown. Both are exceptional. Tess Harper, as a meddlesome kissin' cousin, and David Carpenter, as Babe's enraptured defense attorney, round out a company of adroit *farceurs* who give Henley's screen adaptation a warm new tingle of life. Taken on its own terms, as flavorsome potluck instead of a seven-course meal, *Crimes* is a picnic. ★★★½

Back on home ground among the aborigines of Queensland, Beresford also wrote and directed *The Fringe Dwellers* (Atlantic). This exotic and earthy slice of life, based on a novel considered a modern classic down under, examines an uprooted, racially ambiguous family called the Comeaways. While they try to escape from a makeshift village of corrugated huts into a neat white tract house in town, their moves toward upward mobility seem predestined to fail. Seen mostly from the perspective of a proud, handsome native girl (Kristina Nehm) who vows she'll put aboriginal ways behind her, *Fringe Dwellers*—not altogether inadvertently—bolsters many a negative racist preconception about poor blacks. Here, the menfolk are shiftless and irresponsible, the girls fertile as well as fairly easy, and people given a nice new house tend to despoil it with loud colors and loud fighting or by moving in hordes of noisy relatives. The heroine manages to extricate herself at last only after her ille-

gitimate baby has suffered a suspicious fatal “accident.” Although he shows compassion, Beresford pulls few punches in depicting the kind of slow genocide generally rationalized as social progress. American Indians will understand. ★★★½

Those *Thorn Birds* lovebirds, Rachel Ward and Bryan Brown, met and married while making the TV miniseries. They are teamed again in *The Good Wife* (Atlantic), a feverish romantic melodrama that is energized by eroticism but is ultimately derailed by serious lapses of logic. Peter Kenna's screenplay, set in a backwoods Australian community circa 1939, begins well enough with a graceful and touching performance by Ward as a lumberjack's bored, childless wife, a local do-gooder who notes wistfully, “Sometimes it seems nothing exciting will ever happen to me.” All that changes when her devoted husband (Brown) inexplicably approves her sleeping with his lusty kid brother (Steven Vidler), presumably to preserve close family ties. Soon after, the woebegone wife goes quietly, then not so quietly, berserk—maddened by her sexual obsession with a bartender (Sam Neill) who won't give her a tumble, though he sets out to seduce every other female for miles around. The movie lacks conviction, but not for want of watchable efforts by Ward, Brown and Neill, a trio of A-1 actors in search of an author. ★★

The perennially radiant Julie Christie, as *Miss Mary* (New World), brings her particular magic to an atmospheric period piece by Argentine director María Luisa Bemberg, whose *Camila* was a 1985 Oscar nominee. Made in English but set in Argentina during a volatile political era before the 1945 emergence of Juan Perón, Bemberg's depiction of family life among the right-wing aristocrats of the time is graceful and satirical, with a cutting critical edge. Christie plays the household's prim English governess, a woman who keeps her passionate nature in check while tutoring two young girls but ultimately succumbs to their handsome older brother (Donald McIntyre) one stormy night after a party celebrating his coming of age. Exposed and dismissed almost immediately, the governess goes. Most of her sad tale unfolds in flashbacks, but what the lady's fall from grace has to do with the rise of the *Peronistas* remains a mystery that neither Bemberg's film sense nor Christie's incandescence can bring to light. That dichotomy takes a lot out of *Mary*. ★★★½

Father-son enmity erupts at well-timed intervals in *Billy Galvin* (Vestron), with Karl Malden as a high-rise construction worker in Boston who wants his son



Billy (Lenny Von Dohlen) to study architecture so he can design the skyscrapers that lesser men build. Well, Billy would rather be like Dad, if only Dad could say "I love you." Thereby hangs an all-too-familiar tale retold by writer-director John Gray with obvious sincerity, authentic local color and reams of all-too-conventional dialog about needing to love one another because "life goes by so fast." The movie cannot be charged with speeding, but Malden and Von Dohlen occasionally force electricity into the long, long pauses. ♡

Show me a top female star who would pass up the chance to play an alcoholic actress on the skids, and I'll show you Joan Crawford's secret recipe for girl-scout cookies. Jane Fonda, taking temporary leave from socially significant issues, galvanizes *The Morning After* (Fox) as a bleached-blond Hollywood bimbo who's scared stiff after she wakes up one bleary A.M. in bed with a very dead porno entrepreneur known as the king of sleaze. Jane's cultural slumming expedition is a kick, though *Morning After* is no *Klute*. Despite Sidney Lumet's lively direction, this thriller—even with Jeff Bridges and Raul Julia to add staunch support—winds up woefully undernourished. Any armchair sleuth will know within minutes that the heroine has been framed, and James Hicks's haphazard screenplay offers scant margin for error in pinpointing suspects. What you see and what you get is Jane on a holiday from high-mindedness—a dazzling, dynamic floozy, letting all stops out but instinctively infusing her B-movie has-been with a touch of class. ♡♡

Mary Steenburgen, gamely tackling a triple role in Arthur Penn's *Dead of Winter* (MGM), starts off as a young actress hired to stand in for a murder victim she strikingly resembles—a detail she doesn't grasp until she's trapped in a remote country house with two diabolical schemers, juicily played by Roddy McDowall and Jan Rubes. Although Steenburgen's a bit mild for pure bitchery, *Winter* itself strikingly resembles those arch formula thrillers of yore in which Olivia de Havilland or Bette Davis would play identical twins, at least one of them seething with homicidal impulses. The potboiler plot seems pretty thin gruel for Penn, but he frames a scene with flair and pushes performers to wring spine-stiffening suspense from rather familiar fluff. ♡♡½

In its newest and zaniest incarnation, *Little Shop of Horrors* (Warner) is chock-full of top bananas, among them John Candy, James Belushi, Bill Murray and Steve Martin, doing guest shots. Unquestionably, Martin, screamingly funny in his stint as a sadistic dentist, steals the show. As his masochistic patient, Murray has the part played by Jack Nicholson in Roger



Fonda, frowzily fantastic in *Morning After*.

Fonda as a bimbo,  
Martin as a dentist?  
Odd, but it all works.

Corman's 1960 black comedy, later transmogrified into a stage musical with book and lyrics by Howard Ashman (music by Alan Menken). In this song-filled cinema version, Rick Moranis drolly plays Seymour, the schnook who works in a skid-row flower shop and discovers a flesh-eating plant that has an insatiable appetite. Seymour calls his find Audrey II in tribute to a bruised shopgirl named Audrey (Ellen Greene), who gets beaten up a lot by that dentist, while he lasts. The special effects are a tongue-in-cheek tribute to Spielberg and his ilk, and there's even a glitzy Greek chorus. Director Frank Oz (of Muppets fame) makes all of it stagy, sublimely silly and as flamboyantly trashy as that other cult favorite, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. ♡♡♡

The stringent asceticism of *Thérèse* (Circle Releasing), filmed on minimal sets without background music, makes it hard slogging for moviegoers in search of simple pleasures. Even so, sheer integrity brings a glow to French director Alain Cavalier's austere chronicle of the life, death and long-suffering devotion of Thérèse Martin, a sickly country girl who became a bride of Christ in the Carmelite order and was canonized in 1925, nearly three decades after her death. The line between religious exaltation and auto-erotic sensuality is a fine one, but Cavalier consistently manages to illuminate it without a hint of prurience. His ace in the unremitting holiness is Catherine Mouchet, an unaffected young actress whose beauty and innocence produce something like a miracle to crown a magnificently disciplined piece of work. ♡♡♡

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

- Billy Galvin** (See review) Father-son conflicts on building site. ♡
- Brighton Beach Memoirs** (Reviewed 2/87) If you believe Blythe Danner as a Jewish mother, enjoy. ♡♡
- Children of a Lesser God** (12/86) Hurt's all heart opposite lip reader Matlin, who's all hurt. ♡♡½
- The Color of Money** (12/86) Scorsese revisits *The Hustler* with Cruise control and a triumphant Paul Newman. ♡♡♡
- Crimes of the Heart** (See review) Three screen sisters heat up Henley. ♡♡½
- Dead of Winter** (See review) Middling suspense abetted by Penn pal. ♡♡½
- The Decline of the American Empire** (12/86) Sex games people play. ♡♡½
- Duet for One** (2/87) Ailing Andrews fiddles while Bates roams. ♡
- 52 Pick-up** (2/87) John Glover trumps as villain in Elmore Leonard plot. ♡♡
- The Fringe Dwellers** (See review) Urban aborigines down under. ♡♡½
- The Golden Child** (Listed only) Murphy into mysticism. Mediocre comedy. ♡
- The Good Wife** (See review) Some Aussie rustics have a go at bed hopping. ♡
- Heartbreak Ridge** (Listed only) Clint Eastwood trains Marines to curse, swagger and invade Grenada. ♡♡½
- Little Shop of Horrors** (See review) All-star sci-fi set to music. ♡♡
- The Mission** (1/87) For Jesuit martyrs, it's really a jungle out there. ♡♡½
- Miss Mary** (See review) Prime time for Julie Christie fans, period. ♡♡½
- The Morning After** (See review) Through a glass darkly, Fonda working out. ♡
- The Mosquito Coast** (2/87) Theroux according to Harrison Ford. ♡♡
- Native Son** (2/87) Richard Wright's classic, dated but deserving. ♡♡½
- No Mercy** (Listed only) Colorful, implausible suspense down in bayou country—with Kim Basinger as prize, Richard Gere as avenger. ♡
- Platoon** (1/87) Harrowing drama about U.S. youth on the line in 'Nam. ♡♡½
- River's Edge** (2/87) Odd Americana. Some clean-cut high school kids aid and abet a murderous psycho. ♡
- Something Wild** (2/87) Untamed, Jeff Daniels meets Melanie Griffith. ♡♡
- Star Trek IV** (Listed 2/87) Saving whales, deftly spoofing the series. ♡♡½
- The Stepfather** (See review) Just keep weapons out of his reach. ♡
- Sweet Country** (2/87) Well-meaning but dim drama about a crisis in Chile. ♡
- Thérèse** (See review) A nun's story in an austere French *tableau vivant*. ♡♡
- Three Amigos!** (2/87) A droll posse adding up to Zorro. ♡♡

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♡♡ Good show      ♡ Forget it



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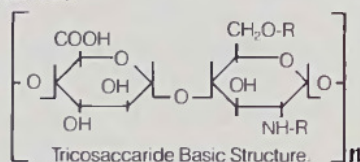
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# MUSIC

## VIC GARBARINI

THE FIVE-RECORD LIVE SET **Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band Live / 1975-85** (Columbia) has been eagerly awaited by the faithful for the past umpteen years. Its 40 selections have been culled from more than a decade of marathon touring, ranging from a moving acoustic *Thunder Road*, recorded during a club date circa 1975, to selections from the multiplatinum *Born in the U.S.A.*, recorded at the Los Angeles Coliseum almost ten years later. And although they're often Springsteen's most fully realized works, the later songs sometimes sound strident and strained—as if written to be pitched toward the back bleachers of the stadiums he's been filling. Three songs from the unremittingly bleak *Nebraska* are included, reminding us that the Boss is just as willing as Elvis Costello and Johnny Lydon (and often more able) to confront his demons, while the eight selections from *Born in the U.S.A.* prove that he's learned to face the grimmer side of reality with his hope, vision and humor not just unimpaired but renewed. Maybe any attempt to capture rock's most cathartic performer live on vinyl must be somewhat disappointing. But if *Badlands* or *Candy's Room* or *The Promised Land* doesn't transport you to that place where you first discovered that rock 'n' roll could free your soul, check your pulse.

## CHARLES M. YOUNG

All who think that traditional blues rock and the double live album are moribund forms are hereby directed to check out **Live Alive** (Epic), by Stevie Ray Vaughan (and Double Trouble), who is the ace number-one bull-goose guitar hero of the decade. No one could accuse Vaughan of originality; but Vladimir Horowitz doesn't make up his own tunes, either.

As long as we're on the subject of virtuosos, my nomination for ace number-one bull-goose hero of the acoustic guitar (six- and 12-string) goes to Preston Reed for **The Road Less Travelled** (Flying Fish). Not many people have heard of him, because his style falls between the cracks: He ain't New Age, he ain't folky, he ain't jazz and he ain't rock. Well, then, what is he? Very, very fast. More orchestral than Stanley Jordan. Early Leo Kottke is probably the closest precedent, so let's call him neo-Leo and start a new genre just for Reed.

A lot of the best New Age music is old age, specifically medieval. My theory is that at any given concert 400 years ago, half the audience was probably dying of bubonic plague, tuberculosis or syphilis, and the musicians were therefore primarily interested in cooling people out rather than in inducing a jig. So if you want to cool out, listen to **Legacy of the Scottish Harp-**



E Street live.

Two Davids; two Durans; there's still only one Bruce.

**ers, Volume Two** (Flying Fish), by Robin Williamson, a Scottish harpist who dug around in some dank basements and discovered some great tunes that haven't been heard since Black Death was dominating the charts.

## NELSON GEORGE

This is a tale of two very different black guitar heroes, Nile Rodgers and Robert Cray. Once a partner in disco's best band, Chic, Rodgers has since become a producer to the stars, with good (Madonna, David Bowie) and, more recently, bad (Philip Bailey, Al Jarreau) results. He's back in the good groove with **Notorious** (Capitol), by Duran Duran. Those revamped pretty boys, with ex-Average White Band drummer Steve Ferrone funk-ing up the skins (and programing on the drum machine), are as danceable as they wanna be on the title track, as well as on *Proposition* and *Vertigo*. A surprisingly artsy and affecting ballad, *Winter Marches On*, suggests that the fab five (now minus some original members) haven't been hanging out only at clubs.

While Rodgers makes superstars sound super, Cray is building a career that may make him the first black blues-guitar star since Jimi Hendrix. As a player, he echoes such masters as Freddie and Albert King without becoming a blues "greatest licks" machine. On his major-label debut, **Strong Persuader** (Mercury/Hightone), Cray performs with spirit and fire, doing some seri-

ous blues-guitar house rocking on *New Blood* and exercising his pliant, soulful vocals on *I Guess I Showed Her*. This strong statement firmly establishes Cray as an important figure in contemporary music.

## DAVE MARSH

David and David's **Boomtown** (A&M) may be the most impressive debut album of the past year. Certainly, it's uncommonly sophisticated and intelligent. Vocalist and lyricist David Baerwald and musical architect David Ricketts, together with producer Davitt Sigerson, make music of diverse textures that captures the modern and decaying quality of lives in such overexpanded urban centers as Houston and (especially) Los Angeles. Here's a successor to the California sound that relies neither on close harmony nor on denatured rhythm-and-blues. What keeps you coming back is pure mystique, embodied in the sound itself, a mixture of

## GUEST SHOT



HAVING COLLABORATED previously with such jazz greats as Dexter Gordon, Quincy Jones and Chick Corea, bassist **Stanley Clarke** looked for the abstract truth with colleagues Herbie Hancock, Stewart Copeland and David Sancious on his new LP, *"Hideaway."* We asked Clarke for the truth about Talking Heads' *"True Stories"* (Sire).

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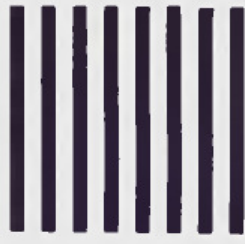
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## ROCK METER

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<b>Robert Cray</b> <i>Strong Persuader</i>	10	7	8	4	5
<b>Kool &amp; the Gang</b> <i>Forever</i>	2	6	7	6	5
<b>The Pretenders</b> <i>Get Close</i>	6	10	6	6	5
<b>Bruce Springsteen &amp; the E Street Band</b> <i>Live/1975-85</i>	8	10	10	10	4

**PARTY ANTHEM DEPARTMENT:** Richard Berry, the writer and original performer of the rock classic *Louie, Louie*, has regained royalty rights to it 30 years after signing them away. More than 1000 versions of the song have sold 300,000,000-plus records. From punkers to the Rice University Marching Band to TV commercials for wine cooler, *Louie, Louie* has made everyone feel like yelling, "It's party time!"

**REELING AND ROCKING:** Laurie Anderson is doing the music for Jonathan Demme's next movie, *Swimming to Cambodia*. . . . Ozzy Osbourne will play the evil stepmother in a rock version of *Cinderella*. . . . Mick Fleetwood and Dweezil Zappa will play a father and son in *The Running Man*, based on a Stephen King story. . . . Adam Ant and X's John Doe have made a movie, *Slam Dance*, with Tom Hulce and Harry Dean Stanton. It's scheduled to open this spring. Ant plays a night-club owner and Doe a corrupt cop. . . . David Bowie, Genesis, Paul Hardcastle and Squeeze have contributed to the sound track for the animated British film *When the Wind Blows*, based on an antinuclear cartoon. . . . Griffin Dunne will co-star with Madonna in *Slammer*. . . . Janet Jackson will make her movie debut in a film with *The Time* this spring. The movie will focus on the misadventures of Morris Day, and word has it that former Prince associates Vanity and Jerome Benton may also have roles in it.

**NEWSBREAKS:** Beatles producer George Martin is working on a 24-part British TV series on pop music from the Fifties to the present, called *All You Need Is Ears*. We can only hope it eventually reaches us. . . . The Mattel toy company, with the help of Giorgio Moroder, is launching a massive talent hunt to find a real-life version of the Barbie doll in her rock-'n'-roll incarnation.

The winner will get a recording contract and a band. The catch? She has to look *exactly* like the doll. . . . George Lucas is doing a video of the song *To Know Him Is to Love Him* with Linda Ronstadt, Dolly Parton and Emmylou Harris. . . . Brian Wilson is working on a solo LP. . . . Peter Gabriel and U2 will appear on the upcoming Robbie Robertson album. . . . Prince's Revolution is over. Wendy Melvoin and Lisa Coleman are going to record an album together and work on a movie sound track, and drummer Bobby Z plans to concentrate on songwriting and producing. Prince will be working to come up with something completely different. . . . Look for a new album from the Grateful Dead this spring . . . and a new album from Ringo, too. . . . Both Stevie Wonder and Michael Jackson have asked Run-D.M.C. to participate in their upcoming albums. . . . A search is on for an actor/singer to portray Dylan in a stage production called *Dylan: Words and Music*, scheduled to open in San Francisco this spring. Producer/director Peter Landecker got the rights after reassuring Bob that the play would be a celebration of his music, not a production such as *Beatlemania*. . . . Bob Seger has turned down an HBO offer. Says Seger, "When you expose your whole show—all the best stuff—who would want to go see it? Concerts are like tribal events, and you just can't capture them on the small screen, not to mention the sound." . . . Marsha Hunt, singer and mother of Mick Jagger's daughter Karis, is writing her autobiography, *Real Life*. Maybe she'll dish some real-life dirt. . . . Daryl Hall has put together a band for his first tour without John Oates. He's on the road now. . . . Says Rick Derringer about Cyndi Lauper, with whom he toured, "She's better live than Barbra Streisand." —BARBARA NELLIS

two-packs-a-day gravel of Baerwald's singing. When he sings about devastated lives, you can taste the rack and ruin. And because the structures and melodies are descended from Top 40 pop, barroom blues and hard rock, the result is genuine avant-garde pop, not just bohemian gesturing. Like all good records, *Boomtown* is about matters of consequence. The songs develop characters who are archetypally virtuous or perfidious while remaining true to life, particularly the decadent gang in the opener, *Welcome to the Boomtown*. Like the album's other songs, this is the sound of collisions between jaded, joyless sex, pointless thrill seeking, the ashes of idealism and hopes of revolution. In the final track, *Heroes*, Baerwald and Ricketts say some things about the connection between glory and hard work that are a million miles from Bruce Springsteen and every bit as honest and revealing. Pop music doesn't come tougher or more arty than this—or much better.

### ROBERT CHRISTGAU

No way Boston's Tom Scholz is a profiteer—not when he's spent six years doing *Third Stage* (MCA) his way. In fact, even though he's patently reluctant to venture out of the studio retreat he calls home, he's more like a priest of the Church of Latter-Day Arena Rock, perfecting majestic guitar sounds and angelic vocals for hockey-rink cathedrals the world over. And just in case designated singer Brad Delp—or, heaven forfend, Scholz himself—doesn't hear the call to go out among boys and preach the word, Scholz has also designed elegiac melodies suitable to a modern radio ministry. What it all means is known only to adepts. MCA figures there are about 10,000,000 of 'em.

In Britain, shambling has been described as a new movement or, at least, a new revival, though it sounds like a slightly effete variation on the Sixties-style all-guitar pop heard in American garages since before Mitch Easter was a legend. The first three entrants with domestic-label deals are all talented young bands, but, like their U.S. counterparts, they tend toward stasis. Hence, The Mighty Lemon Drops will probably end up also-rans, though the tough, uncute edge of their *Happy Head* (Sire) sets it apart—from, for instance, James's *Stutter* (Sire), which redeems itself somewhat by delivering morbidly eccentric lyrics and cutting its peculiar hooks with hints of neopsychedelic chaos. So far, only the Woodentops have more to say musically than is dreamed of in electric jangle and the odd good tune. Their fastest tracks—usually also their earliest ones, sad to say, which is why *Well Well Well* . . . (Upside, 225 Lafayette Street, New York, New York 10012) tops the fairly wooden *Giant* (Columbia)—could be punk without nihilism. Let's hope the cuteness is only a phase.



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# BOOKS

RICHARD GID POWERS' *Secrecy and Power* (Free Press) has to be the definitive biography of one of this nation's most powerful men, J. Edgar Hoover. On May 10, 1924, Hoover was named acting director of the FBI, a position he would hold until the day of his death, May 2, 1972. That comes to 48 years as head of a Federal police force that could surveil, arrest, harass and indict. What *Secrecy and Power* shows us in a balanced and thoroughly researched way is that Hoover came from a long line of bureaucrats ("The Hoovers were part of an almost hereditary order of families who knew their way in and about the Federal agencies"), held his office with brutal efficiency ("By refusing ever to forgive or forget anyone who crossed him . . . Hoover was giving his subordinates a taste of what was in store if they ever gave him reason to turn on them") and had his moments of extralegal activity ("Hoover's next step outside the law was to apply the disruptive tactics of COINTELPRO to an attack on black radicalism"). But through it all, Powers shows that Hoover did strive to be professional and responsible. "His most unassailable achievement was creating one of the great institutions in American Government," he writes. And it's not a bad epitaph for a complex, sturdy man.

World-class writing this isn't; but for a polemical romp into well-researched Baptist bashing, you won't find anything quite like Arthur Frederick Ide's *Evangelical Terrorism* (Scholars), appropriately subtitled "Censorship, Falwell, Robertson & the Seamy Side of Christian Fundamentalism." Half the fun is in the footnotes, which not only provide a libraryful of sources but gleefully expand on every point that supports Dr. Ide's contention: Fundamentalists are as dangerous as they are ridiculous.

William Goldman is responsible for one of the most terrifying images in cinema: the tooth-drilling torture scene in the film of his novel *Marathon Man*. The book was a success, the movie was a success, the video rental was a success. It was inevitable that Goldman would return to the same terrain. *Brothers* (Warner) brings Scylla back from the dead. He survived the knife attack in the middle of *Marathon Man*, we are told, and was reassigned to a tropical island until an appropriate international crisis arose to demand his talent for killing. *Brothers* trots out an odd assortment of psychoactive drugs (one of which causes people to commit suicide), an attempted rape, sudden deaths and exploding kids. Everyone with a code name gets killed gruesomely. The entire work has the feel of being written on an Etch A Sketch: good for a plane ride but not much more. Halfway through the



The FBI's czar examined.

Read about Hoover, fundamentalists, bogus Nazis and high finance.

book, when Scylla is hiding out in a movie theater, he muses, "They really should pass a law . . . No Movie Sequels. Ever. Under threat of death or worse." *Brothers* doesn't follow its own advice. Too bad.

What's refreshing about reading each Harry Crews novel is learning what's on his mind this time. In *All We Need of Hell* (Harper & Row), his subjects are handball, bicycling, weight conditioning, nutrition and, of course, karate. The issues addressed, on the other hand, are divorce, sex, sex gone stale through marriage, children gone astray, revenge and the deep mental poison with which each of us who knows the world isn't quite right lives. Early in the novel, Crews muses that God lives "in a hot muscle strained beyond its limits." By analogy, this funny and wise book lives in that hot corner of fiction that has successfully spilled over its borders.

What if the banking crisis we are currently enjoying were a Commie plot, one that was hatched between two of Keynes's brightest, gayest students—one American, one Soviet? What if, as Lenin said it would, communism gave capitalism the rope with which to hang itself? These and other intriguing questions are given lush and high-level soap-operatic treatment in *The Ropespinner Conspiracy* (Warner), Michael M. Thomas' most successful financial thriller yet. In addition to giving us palatable lessons in banking history and finance, he keeps us abreast of his

other area of expertise, art, through his heroine, an investor. The main hero, though, is a former Wall Street wonder turned Episcopal priest, a twist so nifty it makes our eyes water. Thomas grinds his ax for ethical capitalism with such enthusiasm and grace that we should airlift planeloads of this book all over eastern Europe. Have we forgotten to mention it's a dandy read?

Marshall McLuhan's global village has finally come of age, with electronic cottages, PCs and desktop publishing. And Michael Green has written/composed/encoded/designed a new bible for high-tech artists. *Zen & the Art of the Macintosh* (Running Press) is about creativity, as discovered in the process of generating computer graphics on a Macintosh. This is software for the spirit, an amusing, enlightening, playful romp through the possibilities of man and computer: a technological rite of passage. The book works, whether you are Apple- or IBM-compatible. Give it to your local technonerd as an example of what books can do. You remember books?

We're beginning to think that World War Two couldn't have been fought without doubles. There were Monty's double, Churchill's double and now Rommel's double. Hey, double your trouble, double your fun. Jack Higgins has worked this turf before, in his best seller *The Eagle Has Landed*. This time, he sends a philosopher spy to the Channel Island of Jersey to rescue from the clutches of the Nazis the one man who knows the date and destination of the D-day invasion. There's also the usual crew of Resistance fighters, Gestapo villains and Nazi superstars, including the bogus field marshal. *Night of the Fox* (Simon & Schuster) is for armchair agents everywhere.

Andre Dubus has long been writing about the unhip: the unemployed, the blue-collar worker, the soldier, the sad. He has a corner on this particular territory, because *nobody* writes it better. His new collection, *The Last Worthless Evening* (Godine), consists of four novellas and two short stories, all demonstrating Dubus' uncanny ability to get inside the heads of a remarkable variety of regular people: 15-year-old girls, young sailors, 11-year-old boys, aging men. Pick up *The Last Worthless Evening* and give yourself a worthwhile night.

If you're a fan of Tom McGuane's fiction, you're aware that it is habit-forming. Be glad we've told you that *To Skin a Cat* (Dutton) contains 12 of his best stories.





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# SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

**P**ro football is finally over, but I wouldn't want the sport to depart from your consciousness without letting you in on a television-series possibility inspired by the N.F.L.'s "electronic official"—the replay guy.

I would call the show *Fumbles* and, as creator, writer, producer and director, would hope to find a good group of indecisive, stammering and blind actors to portray the zebras, or game officials.

In the pilot episode, a running play occurs in which the football winds up rolling around loose on the ground, being fought over and then scooped up by a defensive player, who carries it into the end zone for a crucial touchdown. Two officials signal a touchdown, but two others throw their flags. A big meeting of zebras then takes place on the field.

In real life, you can't hear what is said in these meetings, but you can in the sitcom. That's the charm of *Fumbles*. Well, that, plus an ongoing subplot about one zebra's love affair with his numbered account in Switzerland.

Anyhow, the meeting takes place and the referee says to the back judge, "OK, Charley, what have we got?"

"Touchdown. Defense."

The referee turns to the umpire.

"No fumble," says the umpire. "The guy was down."

The referee glances at the field judge for help.

"How'd you see it, Fritz?"

"See what?" the field judge asks.

"The play. Was it a fumble or not?"

The field judge shrugs apologetically.

"Gec, I don't know, Frank," he says to the referee. "I was looking at that blonde cheerleader over there."

The referee calls in the head linesman.

"Al, did you see a fumble or not?"

"When?"

"Never mind," says the referee. "We better ask upstairs." The referee nods to the umpire to establish contact with the zebra in the booth.

The umpire beeps on his pager and speaks into a walkie-talkie that he unhooked from his hip.

"Ground to booth . . . ground to booth. Come in, Robert. Over."

Upstairs in the press box, Robert, the "electronic official," spreads caviar on a piece of party rye and sips champagne. Robert, with a certain amount of irritation in his voice, speaks into the walkie-talkie.



## SCORING WITH GRID VID

"Yes?" he says. "What is it *this time*?"

"How'd you see it, Robert?" the umpire asks.

"The field goal was good."

"What field goal?"

"The one the Dolphins just kicked."

"What game are you watching, Robert?"

"Dolphins-Patriots, silly. What game do you *think* I'm watching?"

"I kind of hoped it might be the Cowboys-Giants, since we happen to be at The Meadowlands," the umpire says.

"All anybody ever has to do is *tell* me," Robert says, switching channels on his tube TV.

Down on the field, the referee says to the umpire, "Eddie, are you sure it wasn't a fumble?"

"The ground can't cause a fumble," the umpire says.

"What do you mean?" asks the referee.

"It's the rule. The ground can't cause a fumble. The guy didn't lose the ball until he hit the ground."

The referee looks frustrated.

"Are you trying to tell me, a man who's refereed eight Super Bowls, that a ball carrier gets tackled, hits the ground, loses the football and it's *not* a fumble?"

The umpire spits, looks off and says, "The ground can't cause a fumble."

The referee glares at the back judge, field judge and head linesman. They all

shrug, and the back judge says, "He's right."

"Well, that's the goddamnedest thing I ever heard of," says the referee. "Back when I played, the ground was the main thing that *could* cause a fumble."

The head linesman asks for calm.

"Gentlemen," he says, "I think we ought to consider all the things that might be at stake on the decision we make. A touchdown would put the Cowboys ahead by 14. Is that what we really want with only six minutes left to play?"

"Good point," the back judge says. "My next-door neighbor has the Giants with seven and a half. Right now, he's ahead. I don't want to sway anybody, but he's a real nice fellow with a fine family, and he's been hoping to buy one of those G.E. no-frost refrigerators with an ice-cube dispenser. This game could do it."

"Yeah, well, fuck *him*," says the field judge. "My next-door neighbor has the over, and I'd like to put this son of a bitch out of reach for him."

Back upstairs, Robert hollers into his walkie-talkie.

"Booth to ground, booth to ground! I just saw the replay, Eddie."

"Good!" shouts the umpire into his walkie-talkie. "What is it?"

"I can't tell," says Robert.

"You can't tell if it's a fumble?"

"Don't snap at me, Eddie. I've looked at it from both angles. I think you can call it a fumble if you want to, but on the other hand, I think you can get away with not calling it a fumble, if that's what you feel like. I mean, it's kind of up to you guys."

The umpire whispers something to the referee. The referee snatches the walkie-talkie from the umpire.

"Listen to me very carefully, Robert," the referee says. "I'm calling it no fumble, no touchdown. The ground can't cause a fumble."

"Since when?" Robert asks, frowning.

"Just shut up and listen!" says the referee. "We never talked, do you read me? Our communications broke down. Maybe we picked up a few words—I don't know yet—but we never got through to you, OK?"

"Whatever you say, Frank."

"We never talked, right?"

"Not a syllable. No one has called all day. I have no date for the prom."

The episode ends as Robert refills his champagne glass and switches his TV set to a movie channel.





By ASA BABER

**Y**ou think I won't pay for this one? Hey, not for 1000 years will I be forgiven for this one. But a man's got to do what a man's got to do.

We men have been hearing for decades that we are lousy lovers. It's a given in this culture. If we are dumb enough to believe what women have been telling us, it seems that today's males are hasty, inconsiderate, ignorant, confused and uncaring. We are, supposedly, limp-dicked premature ejaculators with no sense of timing or communication. There's not a Casanova among us, according to the hypercritics who blast us from TV and radio, in books and magazines.

I've got news for you, sweetheart/cookie/baby. When it comes to sacktime, most of you aren't such great shakes, either. Granted that this culture is sexually chaotic, repressed and unhappy. But it's time to give tat for tit—after too much tit for tat. You women contribute just as much to our culture's sexual malaise as we men do. As hard as it may be to believe, you sometimes make lousy lovers, too.

Let me count the ways.

*The Otherwise Engaged:* If she were on a frequent-flier plan, it would take her ten years to earn a trip from Des Moines to Cedar Rapids. To live with her is not to know her. "Not tonight; I have a headache" has become "Not this year; I have a career." In this relationship, the hand you hold will probably be your own, but don't be embarrassed by that. Rejection and lack of interest are general all over this workaholic culture. You think you're the Lone Ranger because you're living with an Infrequent Flier? Then who are all those other masked men out there?

*The Cliff Dweller:* She lives on the edge of everything, especially the extended orgasm. It is always just around the corner, but the corner is forever disappearing into the distance. Superman might be able to satisfy her, but it's 60-40 he'll finally give up and take a nap. Be assured that when he awakes, he'll hear about how inconsiderate he was.

*The Sperm Hater:* This woman has a basic fear of our precious bodily fluids. She treats the male orgasm as if it were an explosion at a nuclear-power station. She scrambles away, a distasteful expression on her face, as you lie there like a beached whale. By her standards, sperm is radioactive poison and should never be deposited on skin, sheets or clothing. She is also



## TAT FOR TIT

the Fastest Douche in the West.

*The Statistician:* You can spot her by the tape measure she keeps under her pillow and the pencil marks on her wall. She's a combination C.P.A., historian and Official Scorer. Her brain is one big computer print-out, and if you ask her, she'll reel off numbers and measurements that boggle your mind: how you rate compared with her other lovers in terms of genital heft, number of orgasms (hers, then yours), errors committed, times you were too base and runs batted in. Her accounting will be accurate, impersonal and cold. Only her eyes will glow as she quantifies love.

*The Electrician:* Yes, you guessed it; the Electrician is sister to the Statistician. Indeed, they may be one and the same person. The Electrician punches data into her computer keyboard while your love-making progresses, but it will be difficult for you to see that as you struggle to keep your headphones from becoming entangled with hers and as you sort out the vibrators that she keeps in a batrack by her bed. On average, she will have two video-tape machines running—one to record your activities, the other to play back an X-rated movie for the TV monitor on her ceiling. Don't feel dehumanized by the stock-market ticker she has on her wall. And, yes, it can be disconcerting when the Electrician carries on telephone conversations from one of the six phones


she has on her headboard while you are huffing and puffing away.

*The Aerobic Lover:* Isn't she something? Will her activity ever cease? Why does your back hurt? Why are you dehydrated? Why are you wondering if you'll have a coronary and she'll never even notice? Is it fair that she can go for four hours straight and never even stop for breath? Why does she wear her aerobic-dance shoes to bed? Gatorade instead of champagne. Only one change of sweatbands allowed. Mirrors all over, even the floor. *Bolero* is too slow for her. What are those yelping sounds she makes at odd moments? Why does she confuse you with her aerobics instructor? Why does she have a hotline to her own team of paramedics? Why are they leaning over you and giving you oxygen? Why is she still bouncing on the bed?

*The Screecher:* This one is sneaky and mean. There is no known way to spot her beforehand, either. You just have to place your bets and then go for broke. It's a sweet moment. You're making love with a warm and wonderful woman, and if the truth were known, this is how you'd like to make your living. You love comfort and tenderness and humor and caring, and sex is central to your life, a denial of death, a creative gesture in a sometimes cold universe. You wait for her; you hold yourself in; you administer and placate and excite.

Then, as you feel her rhythms rise, your own pleasure approaches; and as she rides into her sunset, you take a deep breath and—your ears; what is happening to your ears? You have never heard a sound like that before. Is it nuclear war? Is there a jet engine in the bedroom? Your ears are bleeding; you're sure of it. There is this unearthly screeching going on, and there is no distance between you and the screeching. She has your head in a vise, and her mouth has just swallowed your eardrums. They are somewhere slightly above her voice box, and they are now hers forever, because you will never hear again, not a sound, not even the whimper of a child. The Screecher has claimed another victim.

OK, you cultural vixens who have mocked male sexuality, you angry females who have claimed that men are such a mess in the bedroom, how do you like them apples?

They're no more rotten than the ones you've been throwing at us. 



# WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I don't think I have any friends who aren't virgins," said Alan.

"Most—well, a lot—of my friends aren't virgins," said Evan.

"You hang out with older guys," said Mark.

"At this age of sexual inexperience, the most attractive aspect of a girl is willingness," continued Alan.

I was naturally agog, but then they broke off talking to contort their hands. Sixteen-year-old boys do a lot of strange things with their hands. Right now they were flapping them violently at the wrist so the fingers made a snapping sound.

"My mom can't do this at all," said my son (who for the purposes of this piece would like to be called Mark) as he and his friends stood in a semicircle, flapping and snapping.

"I don't care about that; I want to hear more about girls," I said. Being the mother of a teenager is a strange and precarious exercise; you both know about sex, but nobody's talking. Better to talk about cannibalism.

But I've known Alan and Evan since they were grimy-handed and milky-faced seven-year-olds with water-color stains on the cuffs of their cotton pullovers. And I've been carefully cultivating them all these years—feeding them chocolate milk and letting them watch TV until dawn—so that when this day finally came, I could force them to tell me about their sex lives.

"You can't tell your mother things about sex," said Evan. "A mother has her own problems with P.M.S. and all. Plus, it's your *mother!*"

"I am not opening my mouth," said Mark.

"Girls are people, maybe," said Evan, a baby-faced hulk with bleached hair. "Most boys my age don't think about the true value of a woman. They just think about sex." He stretched his hands wildly above his head in an enormous yawn and knocked over a vase of flowers. "That's how suave I am with the womenfolk," he said.

"There was this girl," said Alan, who is blond and intense. "We told her we were NYU drama students. We thought we could pull it off."

"She was very sexual," said Evan. "She offered me, Alan and this other kid—"

"Let's just say a motel, tequila and fun and pleasure entered into it," said Alan. "Anyway, she was just leading us on. We found out later that she had herpes."



## BOYS ON THE BRINK

"She was aggressive," said Evan. Aggressive?

"There's one kind of girl you have sex with," said Alan, "another kind of girl you have a crush on."

Oh, guys, please, don't tell me this.

"The girls I have liked, I have only liked from a distance," said Alan. "None of them has been aggressive. Sweet girls. But the girls I go out with are pretty aggressive. I'm a nervous guy. I guess it's not a big deal getting rejected; you forget about it in a month. But I've asked a girl out only about five times. I just can't bring myself to do it. So if a girl sits on my lap and wiggles her . . . ah . . . well, it's easier to ask her out."

"I'll think a long time before I ask a girl out," said Evan.

"I'll do it if I will myself to do it," said Alan.

"I refuse to answer anything," said Mark.

"That's why sluts are easier," said Evan.

Sluts? Oh, my God. Still? Readers, I had hopes for this generation. Sons of the women's movement, sons of single mothers, sons of women with demanding careers. Sluts? Has anything changed? What about feminism?

"Throw it out the window," said Alan.

"It's silly that a woman should be paid less for the same job as a man," said Evan.

"She shouldn't have the job in the first place," said Alan. "Only kidding."

"But I'm not changing diapers," said Evan. "In a theoretical sense I would, but I don't like children."

"Remember in Lucy's class," Alan asked Mark, "she was reading us *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* and I stole your comb and you hit me and she threw me out of class? Me? Remember that, smegma-head?"

"Bogey-bum," said Mark.

"We're not exactly grown-up yet," said Alan.

We went to a restaurant and they made plenty of jokes about the blowfish on the menu.

"Why can't women give gifts to men?" asked Evan. "Why do we always—"

"I've never given a gift to a woman," said Alan.

"What about those earrings?" asked Mark.

"What about that bracelet?" asked Evan.

"You know, I stay away from the women I like more than I stay away from the sluts," said Alan. "There was this girl I really liked and she liked me. I got so freaked out every time I saw her, I would go away. I just started acting like an asshole so she wouldn't come near me. Her smile drove me crazy."

"It's a lot harder to talk to a girl you *really* like. It's easy with easier girls," said Evan. "Although I think girls should talk about their sexuality. I'm mature. I live with my mother and know how a woman acts. Girls like it when I tell them I'm a virgin."

Suddenly, they were all pressing their palms together and making snaky movements.

"All this hand playing is extremely symbolic, boys."


"Very phallic," said Evan.

"Very Freud," said Mark.

"In junior high, sluts got attention; we were just breaking into masturbating then," said Evan.

"They just get hated now," said Mark.

"The girl I'm in love with," said Alan, "if she brought up sex, I'd probably say no, because we're not ready. Even in this day and age, I think it should be special. Especially the first time. I also think right now we can't think straight."

"We're 16 years old," said Evan, "and let me tell you, our hormones are more active than our brain cells." 



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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

In an early episode of *L.A. Law*, one of the characters referred to a sex act called the Venus butterfly. A polygamist with 11 wives had used the technique to keep his ladies happy. I have a suspicion that it has to do with the female labia, which, when spread, somewhat resemble butterfly wings. Can you explain the technique?—T. S., Marysville, Ohio.

It's a new kind of Nielsen rating: Apparently, the producers of "L.A. Law" were inundated with several hundred phone calls asking for more details about the Venus butterfly. They got caught with their creative pants down. They took the official line that it was a secret technique and that viewers would have to watch later episodes. The response from the sex-starved hordes is such that it could become a running gag. Since it doesn't exist, the show's creators can't very well explain it; and according to our inside source (Deep Throat), they won't even try (though executive producer Steven Bochco did give us baby oil in the microwave on "Hill Street Blues" years ago). The Venus butterfly makes a marvelous Rorschach test. It brings to mind some of our favorite orchestral maneuvers in the dark. "Sensuous Woman" had a butterfly flick, a fellatio technique that consisted of moving the tongue in circular motions about the male penis while sucking on it. Substitute the clitoris for the penis and you have something. "Xavier's Supersex" mentioned the butterfly, a maneuver that involves flicking your eyelashes over lips, nipples or other erogenous zones—slowly at first, then faster. The Pleasure Chest sells Joanie's Butterfly, a small vibrator that rests above the clitoris in a special G string. Clearly, none of these is ready for prime-time TV. If the Venus butterfly doesn't exist, it should. So we are announcing a contest: Invent a sexual technique that deserves to be called the Venus butterfly, describe it in 200 words or less and we will publish the best suggestions, after testing each one in the Playboy Test Bedrooms.

At a formal dinner, after cutting the food on your plate with a knife, should you place the knife back on the table or leave it on the plate?—J. S., Gainesville, Florida.

After using your knife to cut your food, you should place it on your plate—with the cutting edge facing inward.

Perhaps you can clear the air for me. My girlfriend says that humans secrete pheromones—special scents that affect sexual behavior. I know that other species release such chemicals as sex attractants, but I'd always heard that we were different. What's the story?—R. K., Portland, Oregon.

Well, there is some proof that men do produce a pheromone, but its effect is less than spectacular. Scientists at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School and the



Monell Chemical Senses Center had a group of nearly celibate women rub essence of male armpit under their noses three times a week. A second group sniffed an alcohol swab. After about three months of this, the group that had inhaled aroma de macho developed regular menstrual cycles of approximately 29.5 days (prior to the experiment, they had cycles longer than 33 or shorter than 26 days). Apparently, the chemical that is present in sweat glands in the armpits, the genital area and around the nipples can be transmitted to women via intimate sex. Scientists conclude that a woman who has regular sex is in better physiological condition as a result. She has regular menstrual cycles, fewer infertility problems and a milder menopause—as well as a smile on her face.

Can instructional video tapes really improve your sports performance? I'm thinking of taking a ski vacation in the near future and wonder if I should rent or buy one of those tapes. Any recommendations?—A. L., Des Moines, Iowa.

There are two basic types of sports videos. The first type has a star or a knowledgeable instructor talk you through the basics, followed by a taped demonstration. Such tapes can be walk-throughs by fairly inarticulate stars or inspired seminars by true sports mystics. A second type of video—one that shows loops of perfect performance, repeated over and over—suggests "Do what I do, not what I say." In skiing, you have an assortment of tapes to choose from. "Warren Miller's Learn to Ski Better" (Karl/Lorimar Home Video) is a humorous collection of lessons for novice, intermediate and advanced skiers. The sections on bump skiing and powder are right on—better than any written lesson we've read and as good as the best real-life lessons. Once you've had some on-slope experience,

you may be ready for the nonverbal tapes—they work better for experienced skiers. You have the choice of SyberVision's "Skiing" (SyberVision, Fountain Square, 6066 Civic Terrace Avenue, Newark, California 94560) or Phil and Steve Mahre's "Ski Right" (Sports Imaging, P.O. Box 420, Gypsum, Colorado 81637). Both stem from the old "Inner Game of Tennis" idea that if you have a mental image of the perfect motion, you can repeat it without words. It is called subconscious competence by some. For après-ski, we recommend "Debbie Does Denver" or similar X-rated flick. If erotic videos can improve your sex life, then sports videos can improve your athletic performance.

Some time ago, I had a date with an attractive young thing who had an iron-clad rule about how far to go in a first encounter. The chemistry was right, and after an evening of heavy petting, we were both experiencing a lot of sexual tension. When it was time to say good night, I decided there was no reason for both of us to go to bed horny, so I enhanced the goodnight kiss by masturbating her with the palm of my hand through her clothing. My little courtesy surprised and thrilled her—no one had ever done it for her before, she said—and our next date resulted in some wild and uninhibited sacktime. While I have used this dry-masturbation technique before, when sex was impossible for some reason or another, I have never masturbated an undressed female. In fact, I'm not sure exactly how to go about it properly. Since there are a number of delightful things to do in the sack that could be enhanced by manual stimulation of the female genitalia, it might be useful if the Advisor would give all of us clunisy male readers some basic instruction in this delicate area.—J. J., Newport Beach, California.

Ask your unclad friend to show you how she masturbates. Or have her touch an area of your body to give signals (faster, slower, softer, right or left, up and down, whatever). Then, for variety, try feathers, fur mittens, silk scarves or gasoline-powered vibrators for a sensation that she is not used to. Use your toes under the table. This list should get you through your next date.

While in college, my wife and I enjoyed the annual showing of the best short films from the Erotic Film Festival. Now that the kids are grown and the dog has died, we would like to purchase video versions of those films to keep us entertained during the long winter nights here. Unlike most X-rated films, they were typically gentle, loving and often terribly funny. Can you help us locate a source of such



tapes or similar-quality X-rated videos to refresh our old memories and help us make some new ones?—T. G., Fairbanks, Alaska.

We suggest that you take a look at Robert Rimmer's book *"The X-Rated Videotape Guide,"* published by Harmony Books, 225 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10003. This book, which retails for \$16.95 in paperback, reviews 1300 films, some of which you're sure to remember from the Erotic Film Festival days. You might also consult a paperback guide titled *"Adult Movies,"* available for \$3.95, plus postage and handling, from Pocket Books, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020. Happy viewing.

**M**y lover calls it the six-pack. She reclines on her back and I straddle her belly, facing her feet, pinning her just firmly enough to prevent her from struggling away from my control. With the fingers of my left hand, I tease her lubricated clitoris; my right thumb I keep in her vagina, and my right forefinger—also lubricated—goes snugly into her anus. As she grows more excited, I gently pinch and wiggle her perineum occasionally, using about as much pressure as one would need to lift a six-pack of beer. From time to time during our congress, I rise on my knees and scoot backward, dangle my genitals above her active mouth and enjoy her kinetic tongue. When she achieves orgasm, I keep her pinned to the bed; her hands cannot reach around my body to prevent me from extending stimulation to the point of ecstasy. She says it feels better than anything should be allowed to feel. She keeps claiming she's going to do the same thing to me—accommodating our anatomical differences, of course—but just can't bring herself to touch my anus. We both bathe thoroughly before and after. How can I change her mind?—J. R., Houston, Texas.

Beg.

**I**'ve been looking at European luxury cars and I'm almost ready to buy. But why are most of them so plain? You'd think for those prices, they'd at least have white-wall tires.—D. S., Louisville, Kentucky.

Let us put it to you this way: Fashion changes. Most of us don't dress the way we did in the Fifties and Sixties, so why should our cars? Following the lead of the European makers, American auto fashion has evolved toward the subtle, clean and understated. Along with padded roofs, opera windows, coach lamps, excessive exterior chrome and (yechhh!) wire wheel covers, white-wall tires are now "out," as are chrome mag wheels and white-letter tires on performance cars. Definitely "in" are smooth, aerodynamic body shapes with restrained bright trim and black-wall or black-letter tires on styled aluminum wheels. Hipper still are body-color trim for a monotone look, flared-out fenders to fit lower,

wider tires and "ground-effects" skirts along the lower sides of performance-type cars. Inside the cabin, tastefully textured vinyl and leather are "in," fake wood, bright accents and pillow-style seats in warehouse velvet very much "out." A subtle touch of real wood is de rigueur in British luxury cars and acceptable in most others.

Who cares? Well, like it or not, we are what we drive—and we like it. Our automobiles make a statement. People judge us by what we arrive in. If you want to be thought of as old, conservative and out of style, drive a big, blocky American car with a vinyl roof, slap on some white-walls and simulated wire wheels. But, please, no white-walls on European cars. That's about as tasteful as a torn T-shirt and tennies with your tux, and pink-plastic flamingos on the lawn.

**I** have a problem whose solution I may be afraid to hear. I am a 30-year-old female with a simply marvelous 23-year-old lover. Our sex life together is more than satisfying, except for one thing—I cannot scream! I want to scream when he orally brings me to the heavens (as he most certainly does), and I want to scream when he is inside me, because I love it, but I seem to be inhibited. One night in bed, he even looked up at me and said, "Scream"—he could tell he was turning me on that much—but, once again, I didn't. I'm so sick of this yearning to scream. Am I simply being inhibited? If so, please suggest something for me to do.—Miss D. S., Los Angeles, California.

Are you afraid that the neighbors will hear you or that Edwin Meese himself will come pounding on your door? Reflecting on the latter possibility should be enough to make you want to scream. You may be inhibited about expressing yourself sexually, which is probably a learned response to prohibitions you were exposed to while growing up. You are certainly capable of learning new response patterns, including learning how to let go. If you don't talk during lovemaking, start doing so—or at least allow yourself to vocalize pleasurable feelings; moaning and groaning are definitely allowed. Practice letting go while masturbating and see if getting deeper into your fantasies doesn't help you forget about yourself somewhat. Finally, just grab the nearest pillow and use it to muffle the sound.

**W**henver I make a cassette recording of an album, if I so much as touch the record-level knobs, a grand array of static, hissing and popping appear on the finished tape. This has made fading out nearly impossible. Recently, this problem has worsened. Now, if I adjust the volume knob on the receiver (whether I'm recording or just listening), I get the same annoying static. The stereo is almost ten years old, but I have never had this problem before. I've tried cleaning the tape heads with a cleaning kit, but it doesn't

work. My recordings are suffering and I would appreciate any advice.—M. T., Salt Lake City, Utah.

You have encountered a service problem common in older equipment. Dirt or dust has found its way into the control knobs on your equipment, causing static or popping noises in your system. You may be able to solve the problem yourself. Electronic-parts supply stores carry tuner-cleaner sprays commonly used in TV servicing. Pull off the knobs on your cassette deck and receiver and spray inside the controls while turning them repeatedly. If this does not solve the problem, unplug the unit and remove the top. Locate the controls and spray them from inside the cassette deck or receiver, again turning the controls repeatedly. This should remove the dirt or dust from inside the controls. If you still have not solved the problem or do not want to attempt the repair yourself, a repair facility can take care of it for you. It will disassemble and clean the controls or replace them if necessary. Repairing the record-level controls on the cassette deck and the volume control on the receiver should eliminate the annoying noise problem.

**I** am a 22-year-old college student and I have what I feel is a very serious problem. During erections, my penis curves downward noticeably. I feel that this is due to my years of masturbating while lying on my stomach. I've had this condition for a long time, and I've been afraid of getting into any sexual situations, because I think that it must make sex extremely difficult to perform. It would probably also make my partner think that I was deformed, since a penis should be really perfectly straight during an erection. Common sense tells me that I may never have a normal sexual relationship with anyone now. Is there anything that can be done?—R. S., San Francisco, California.

Relax. There's no direction unknown when it comes to erections. You can have normal sexual relations any time you want. If sex in the missionary position is uncomfortable, try it with the woman astride, facing away from you. You will find that some positions that others might find painful will work for you. For example, instead of going down on you, your partner can go up on you. We've seen an X-rated movie in which a couple sat on opposite sides of a hot tub, joined at the middle. The woman sort of floated in place, gyrating on a downward-pointing erection. Give it a try.

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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# DEAR PLAYMATES

**T**he question for the month:

**Do women brag about sexual conquests the way men do?**

**I**t's human nature to boast from time to time. When women do it, it's usually more in terms of the romantic details. Men usually brag about the sexual details. I tend to keep my personal life private. I think that the more you care about someone in a relationship, the more private you are about it. It's easier to be public about a casual encounter. When women talk about these things to one another, they focus more on what a man said and how he acted than on how he was in bed. They tend to discuss the way he treated them—the romantic parts.



*Laurie Carr*

LAURIE CARR  
DECEMBER 1986

**C**ertainly women brag, but not exactly the same way as men. Women tend to tell their best friends lots of details about their love lives. So in that way we do brag. Do we brag about the conquest? No, because—let's face it—it's easy for most women, if they are half-way decent, to get a man to bed if they want him to be there. What we do is confide in our friends—not the gory details but the informational ones. And women tend to confide in one or two close friends, not a tableful or a barful.



*Carol Ficatier*

CAROL FICATIER  
DECEMBER 1985

**A** woman might tell her closest girlfriends, but I don't think most women go around bragging about who they've slept with or how well he performed in bed. If a woman is insecure, she may boast to make herself look better or to make a friend jealous. But I think women are short on the details. A friend might say, "Well, how was he?" You'd answer something like, "He cuddles nice" or "We had a wonderful time." Most women wouldn't get too specific. A few might talk about size, but I won't get into that.



*Ava Fabian*

AVA FABIAN  
AUGUST 1986

**I** don't think women brag nearly as much as men do. If they're having a crisis, they might talk a little more. I've noticed that men quit bragging when they find someone special. Then, all of a sudden, it's not as much fun to talk about. Boasting and bragging is really kind of a college thing. Everyone goes through that phase when you talk about who you've had or how many different people you've had at the same time. Women generally don't go into great detail. When they talk about intimate information, I think it's meant more for conversation and for trying to understand a relationship or a situation.



*Sherry Arnett*

SHERRY ARNETT  
JANUARY 1986

**W**omen boast entirely differently from men. I don't think they do it verbally. Instead, they start wearing his clothes, his shirts, his shorts, his jewelry; or they'll hang his picture in some prominent place where other people can see it. Then their girlfriends will say something like, "Where'd you get the shirt?" And they'll say, "It's my boyfriend's." You don't have to say anything else; that pretty much says, "I slept with this guy and he was great." Wearing his clothes, on the other hand, is showing off in another way.



*Cher Butler*

CHER BUTLER  
AUGUST 1985

**W**omen do brag. I remember when my friend did it with the school jock. She was so excited, so happy, but she didn't yell it out. Women like to tell a close friend and swear her to secrecy. If someone came up to me and asked me if I was sleeping with Mr. X, I would deny it. I wouldn't say, "Yeah, I'm sleeping with him. And he's great." No way. I'd say, "Who?" That is not to say that sleazy women don't go around bragging about who they got, but most women would brag to only a close friend.



*Rebekka Armstrong*

REBEKKA ARMSTRONG  
SEPTEMBER 1986

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FOR THE RECORD

## DIAL-A-PORN

Our special thanks to Senator Jesse Helms for providing some oomph to the normally dry *Congressional Record*. Helms is on a crusade to ban dial-a-porn phone calls and included the following evidence in his testimony before Congress.

Hi. I'm Nellie from High Society, and I'm so busy getting ready for my June wedding. Why don't you and I have a private shower—a tool-and-lingerie shower. I'll supply the lingerie, black crotchless panties, and you provide the tool. Let me slick my tongue over the head of your swollen rod and watch it grow even bigger. Ooh, I can feel it throbbing in my throat and I love it. Really, umm, ooh, I'm wrapping my lips tightly around your tool and sucking. Umm, ooh, as I tickle your hairy back. Come on, I said I wanted a shower, a shower of your come. Ahh, ahh, ahh, umm, umm, ahh, umm, yum. I have an empty box that needs to be filled with your wedding present, so call back after six.

And Helms says he got this transcript for research.

### X-RATED MATURITY

Whenever a state legislature reacts to MADD pressure by raising the legal drinking age to 21, a familiar complaint is heard from 18-to-21-year-olds: "I can be sent to war, but I can't buy a drink." Even though most people consider 18-year-olds to be adults, there

enough to marry, sign a mortgage, enlist in the military, vote and be expected to fulfill "adult" obligations—yet are not considered mature enough to take off their clothes in front of a camera. This has nothing to do with child porn; it has everything to do with politics.

always seems to be a handful of legislators who disagree—for political reasons.

Now it's Attorney General Edwin Meese who's playing politics by proposing a new restriction on 18-to-21-year-olds. He is recommending that people under the age of 21 be barred from modeling in X-rated videos. He wants it to appear as if he is attempting to curb the problems of child abuse and kiddie porn. But consider the following:

- An 18-year-old woman can marry—without her parents' consent—yet she would not have the right to appear in a sexually explicit video.

- A 19-year-old man, on his signature alone, can take out a loan for \$10,000, yet would not be able to pose nude for a calendar shooting to help him pay back that loan.

- A 20-year-old can sign a lease and rent a studio in order to film an orgy scene for a movie, yet would not have the right to appear in that scene.

And so on. . . .

In other words, people in this age group are presumably intelligent

If Meese's recommendation is accepted by Congress, perhaps I should abandon some of my longer-standing contracts—my student loan, my car payments—and write them off to the fact that I signed them before I was a responsible adult; that is, before I turned 21.

Doug Hatt  
New York, New York

Attorney General Edwin Meese wants Congress to pass legislation outlawing the use of models under the age of 21 in X-rated films. The notion that a person is old enough to enlist, to go to war, to marry and bear children but not to engage in sexually explicit acts before a camera is absurd.

If Meese really wants to dry up the X-rated-film business, he should ask that the age of its actresses be raised to 65. No one would want to watch the Golden Girls engaged in kinky sex, right? *Dr. Ruth Does Rochester?* No, thanks. Since Meese feels that people who watch porn films are driven to repeat the behavior they see on screen, perhaps he should try to pass a law stating that only impotent or frigid people can be filmed attempting sex.

J. Johnson  
San Francisco, California

### "DOPEY" TELEVISION

The media antidrug blitz may go out with a bang if what I read recently is true. Apparently, one of the "drug dealers" busted on national television by Geraldo Rivera in his program *American Vice: The Doping of a Nation* was none other than an innocent house painter who was busy painting baseboards when Rivera and his drug busters appeared on the scene. She was slammed against the wall, handcuffed, dragged off in a paddy wagon and held two days in jail.

She is—naturally—going to sue. If she wins big enough, maybe this will stop some of the ridiculous lengths to which the media are going in hyping the "drug crisis."

B. Gordon  
Atlanta, Georgia

### DRUGGED DOWN

President Reagan has said that the current war on drugs is intended not to punish drug users but, rather, to help them.

In spite of (concluded on page 46)





At eye level on the wall of my office is a poster for the Thirties antimarijuana film *Reefer Madness*. WOMEN CRY FOR IT—MEN DIE FOR IT! blares the poster, whose lower-left-hand corner features a wild woman dancer transported in DRUG-CRAZED ABANDON. A cloud of deadly smoke wafts toward the upper-left corner, warning, ADULTS ONLY!

I keep the poster there as a reality test. Whenever I read a certain kind of story, filled with a certain kind of outrageous anecdote, my eyes drift toward it, and I think, They're at it again.

This year's reefer madness is something called sexual addiction. Newspapers from *The New York Times* to the *Los Angeles Times* to *USA Today* have run articles on this newest menace.

Even the usually reliable Sex Information and Education Council of the United States (SIECUS) has contributed to the melodrama surrounding the topic. In an article in the *SIECUS Report* titled "A Sex Addict Speaks," we are shown how quickly innocence is subverted and degradation triumphs:

After I had an orgasm, I wanted to have sex all the time. . . . I would have sex constantly. I also got into bestiality. After this guy would have sex with me, his dog would lick my genitals. I used sex as an escape, to avoid dealing with life. My whole life revolved around having sex. The

only time I had any self-worth was when someone was having sex with me. I felt that sex was all I could offer in a relationship. I also felt powerful when I pleased someone sexually. When my psychiatrist asked me what my main goal was, I told him it was to have as many orgasms as possible.

All sorts of supposed experts are promoting the new reefer madness. Dr. Victor Cline, a University of Utah clinical psychologist, testified before the Meese commission that porn was addictive:

First: There is an addictive effect. The man gets hooked on pornography and keeps coming back for more to get his sexual turn-ons. Second, there is an escalation in need for rougher and more sexually shocking material in order to get the same

sexual stimulation as before. Third, there is, in time, a desensitization-to-the-materials effect. What was first gross, shocking and disturbing becomes, in time, acceptable and commonplace. And fourth, there is an increased tendency to start acting out the sexual activities seen in the pornography witnessed. What was first fantasy, in time, becomes reality. All sexual deviations—the best evidence suggests—are learned. And it often happens through a pattern of masturbatory conditioning. What is viewed is first masturbated to at the fantasy level then later acted out in real-life behavior. This, in my clinical experience, nearly always disturbs the individual's marriage or psychological equilibrium.

Let's get that straight. Sex is something so good, you shouldn't do it even once. The soft-core stuff (pornography and masturbation) leads to the really hard-core stuff (actually having sex). Clearly, this was a menace that had to be investigated, and immediately I started hunting for examples of reefer-madness mentality. They were not hard to find. Donald Wildmon's *NFD Journal* introduced a story about a Meese commission witness with this intriguing come-on: "The chance discovery of a deck of pornographic playing cards changed the life of Larry Madigan." Quick, what hap-

pened next? If you guessed that Larry masturbated, had a wonderful orgasm, learned how to play contract bridge, went on to a great relationship with a good-looking girl and built a fine family, wrong. If you guessed that Larry started stealing PLAYBOYS from the grocery store, had oral sex with the family dogs and tried sodomy with another young boy, go to the head of the class.

The textbook for students of sexual addiction is something called *Out of the Shadows: Understanding Sexual Addiction*, by Patrick Carnes. It opens, appropriately, with a list of dramatic moments culled from the life of a hypothetical sex addict. According to Carnes, "A moment comes for every addict when the consequences are so great or the pain is so bad that the addict admits life is out of control because of his or her sexual behavior." Carnes then gives a few examples of such moments that manage to rival the drug-crazed ruin of the victims in *Reefer Madness*: "When the squad car pulls into the driveway and you know why they've come. . . . When your teenaged son finds your pornography!" (Hold on a minute. Is Carnes equating being arrested for a sex crime with stashing a copy of *Swedish Nude Volleyball* under one's mattress? The latter would result in a man-to-man discussion about sex, not a phone call to a lawyer.) Advance warning of sexual addiction, according to Carnes, comes when you find yourself "in a room full of people, three of whom you have made love with recently." I guess Carnes has never been to a college reunion or a midtown coed health club.

Carnes's book is filled with fictional composites of sex addicts. A fictional composite, by definition, is a person who does not exist. Among those figments of his imagination is one real person who would never identify himself as a sex addict. Carnes offers as illustration (or is it diagnosis?) a passage from Gay Talese's *Thy Neighbor's Wife*:

Although Hefner was approaching 45, and had been involved with hundreds of photogenic women since starting his magazine, he enjoyed female companionship now more than ever; and perhaps more significant, considering all that Hefner had seen and done in recent years, was that fact that each occasion with a new woman was for him a novel experience . . . and he never tired of the consummate act. He was a sex junkie with an insatiable habit.



## N O T E B O O K

We should all be so sick. I've told Hef of Talese's diagnosis as confirmed by Carnes. Hef has agreed to have himself committed to a Mansion in Holmby Hills for the rest of his life.

I laid hands on a copy of Carnes's sexual-addiction screening test, a list of 25 questions designed to help readers distinguish between addictive and non-addictive behavior. The questionnaire starts with a serious query ("Were you sexually abused as a child or adolescent?"), then quickly moves to the ridiculous ("Have you subscribed to or regularly purchased sexually explicit magazines like *PLAYBOY* or *Penthouse*?").

Gosh, this sexual addiction must be worse than I thought. That would give you at least 15,000,000 fellow addicts right there. (Carnes's official estimates are even grander. He told *USA Today* that sexual addicts numbered between three and six percent of the population. Others say ten percent. That's somewhere between 6,600,000 and 22,000,000 people. Think about that for a minute.

More danger signs from Carnes:

Q. Do you find yourself preoccupied with sexual thoughts?

A. I'd guess that they occur every ten minutes or so. Is that obsessive? According to a study at the University of Louisville, that's about average.

Q. Are any of your sexual activities against the law?

A. In 25 states they are, but that's because of a fucked-up Supreme Court and archaic sodomy laws, not because of my behavior.

Q. Do you have to hide some of your sexual behavior from others?

A. Yes—that's why God invented Levolor blinds.

Q. Do you ever feel bad about your sexual behavior?

A. Only when I'm not getting any.

I went to another screening test, used by Dr. Mark Schwartz, professor of psychiatry at Tulane University. He lists as one of the symptoms of sex addiction "feeling compelled to have sexual relations again and again within a short period of time." Clearly, Dr. Schwartz has never checked into a room at the UN Plaza with a lover for the weekend or, for that matter, gone on a honeymoon.

I began to see what was going on. For Cline, Carnes and Schwartz, all excess is wretched. The old definition of a nymphomaniac was "someone who had a stronger desire than the person doing the labeling." And that's what sexual addic-

tion is—a label. In last summer's hit comedy *She's Gotta Have It*, one of the men who tried to court and control a woman with a healthy sexual appetite said, "I'm not calling you a slut or a nymphomaniac. Maybe you're a sex addict."

If it weren't so dangerous, it would be funny. Dr. Eli Coleman, associate director of the human-sexuality program at the University of Minnesota Medical School, writing in the *SIECUS Report*, goes straight to the heart of the matter: "Free use of the words addiction and compulsion has rendered these terms meaningless. The way that some are defining these terms renders the world and all people within as compulsive or addictive."

One has to wonder: Why now? Coleman explains:

There seems to be no coincidence that the growth of interest in sexual compulsivity or addiction has paralleled the growth of right-wing, conservative and discriminatory attitudes about sexuality and the increase in the dangers of sexually transmitted diseases, such as herpes and AIDS. The argument has been made that the mental-health professionals using such conceptualizations have become simply instruments of such conservative political views and have made people who do not fit into a narrow, traditional sexual lifestyle feel bad, immoral and now mentally ill. For example, a young client came to me and said that 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."

His behavior could be understood as addictive by some or compulsive by others. Or his behavior could be defined as a conflict between conservative sexual attitudes and a misunderstanding of normal or healthy sexual behavior. I chose the latter in treating this individual.

When I read that quote, I wondered where that young boy had gotten the idea that sex was addictive. Maybe he read *USA Today*. Maybe he watched *Donahue*. Or had he gotten the message from the agents of repression who used to

say that masturbation would make you insane, grow hair on your palms, deprive you of sight? Clearly, the young man had run into a hurtful message about sex right at the time when he was most curious and most vulnerable. But isn't that the point?

Just as the film makers who created *Reefer Madness* tried to warn children about the dangers of drug use with distorted side-show images, the conservative right tries to threaten the wonder and delight of sexual pleasure with the ominous specter of addiction. It portrays sex as something beyond your control. Just as the Meese commission tried to classify all erotica as pornography, the new theorists suggest that all sex is potentially addictive. The Meese commission designated three classes of harmful pornography. Carnes describes three levels of addictive behavior: The first includes such widespread behavior as "masturbation, heterosexual relationships, pornography, prostitution\* and homosexuality." Once hooked, some victims drift inexorably into the second level: "exhibitionism, voyeurism, indecent phone calls and indecent liberties." And on level three, lurking in the shadows, are the true horrors of "child molestation, incest and rape."

Why all of this emphasis on horror? Carnes is trying to scare you back into the fold with such remarks as "The addict runs great risk by being sexual outside of a committed relationship" and "The absence of a relationship and the desire for heightened excitement are the twin pillars of sexual addiction." He condemns a "macho society" for its array of topless bars and porno movies. "A veritable smorgasbord of obsession for the addict exists." Working in a shoe store, however, does not make one a shoe fetishist.

Sexual addiction is a loaded term, complete with a hidden agenda. Says Coleman, "The concept can potentially be used to oppress sexual minorities. For example, individuals with multiple sexual partners or same-sex partners may be viewed as compulsives or addicts because they do not conform to the moral values of the prevailing culture (or therapist). With the political swing to the right in sexual morality, the dangers for abuse of this conceptualization are rife."

The notion that sex is addictive is nonsense. I am sure that there are people who are troubled by sex and that there



are people who abuse sex. But I refuse to let them give sex a bad name. Psychologist Sol Gordon, professor emeritus at Syracuse University, says, "Any form of behavior can become compulsive. Some people eat too much, not because they are hungry but because they have high levels of anxiety. Some people drink too much, not because they are thirsty but because of anxiety, and many become alcoholics. And there are those who masturbate too much, not because they are aroused but because of tension. My point is that if you absolutely must have a compulsion, please choose masturbation rather than overeating or overdrinking. Nobody has ever died from overmasturbating." Or from having too much sex.

For sex to satisfy the classical definition of an addictive substance, two conditions would have to be met: (1) The addict would have to partake of progressively larger doses to get the same physiological effect; (2) withdrawal from sex would have to result in noticeable symptoms. I have found that a little dose of sex (a quickie) produces the same effects as a large dose of sex (a marathon). The only condition withdrawal from sex causes is boredom.

Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan, one of the foremost experts in the field of sexual problems, does not believe that sexual addiction should be a distinct diagnostic category, due to its rare occurrence and indistinguishability from other compulsive disorders. She believes that sexual addiction is a media term that has no scientific validity—in other words, a hype.

At the center of the sexual-addiction controversy is a fallacy. Sexual Addicts Anonymous is patterned on Alcoholics Anonymous. People get up and confess: "I used sex just like alcohol sometimes. If I had a bad day, I'd use it to make myself feel better. I'd use other people the way an alcoholic uses drink." If you follow that analogy, then it is people who are addictive, not sex. Do I use sex the way I use alcohol? Sometimes I have sex before a meal, sometimes after and, on occasion, during. I have used sex to forget. I have used sex to remember. I have used sex to celebrate a success. I have used sex to drown my sorrow at the death of a friend. I have been roaring horny. I have been a belligerent lover—and more.

To deny that sex is multifaceted, to reduce it to a single authorized, itemized, rationed use, is to devalue it completely.

*Webster's* gives as one of its definitions of addict "one showing zealous interest" or one who has "enthusiastic devotion, strong inclination or frequent indulgence." That's me. I confess. I'm a sex addict. I can live with it.

## PUTTING STAR WARS TO WORK NOW

When it first made news, a lot of people laughed off the Strategic Defense Initiative (S.D.I.) as the finest example of deranged politico-military thinking since the Maginot line. Its projected costs would make it the most expensive human venture in the history of the solar system—and maybe the most reckless one, considering the amount of self-delusion required to imagine that it would (A) work and (B) not freak out the Russians, whose equanimity in such matters can be judged by their past behavior toward errant Korean airliners and snoopy U.S. Army officers.

But since S.D.I. managed to shoot down the arms talks in Iceland without even being deployed, it appears we're stuck with it and will just have to make the best of the situation. So I've re-examined this cloud in search of a silver lining, and I think I've found it—we can use Star Wars as a sanity test for people seeking public office.

The test is simple. A "Yes, I believe in Star Wars" tells us all we need to know—which is to say, the candidate's unhealthy capacity for wishful thinking.

Just consider for a moment what supporters of the Strategic Defense Initiative presume:

- That the military hardware will work, that it will work untested, that it will work 100 percent, that it will work indefinitely;
- That subsequent scientific discoveries won't turn it all into useless space junk;
- That the Russians will stand still while we fill the heavens with exotic military hardware;
- That world politics will remain on their present course indefinitely;
- That future American Presidents will share Ronald Reagan's vision of military strategy;
- That we can do without New York, Washington, Houston and the rest of our coastal cities—which irate Russian submarine skippers might take out just for spite.

Anyone who believes in even *one* of those things should be considered as crazy as an outhouse mouse and clearly unfit to hold public office.

It's obvious from watching Government officials defend S.D.I. on televi-

sion that they have a desire to believe in Star Wars that is religious in its intensity and is also immune to contradictory information. They remind me of Samuel Shenton, the last presiding member of England's Flat Earth Society. No matter how severely tested, his faith that the earth was flat remained unshaken.

(Snicker at Shenton if you will, but in our own land we still have millions who cannot abide the godless concept of evolution, and among them are some seemingly rational and educated people who toil away for years in laboratories to scientifically defend the literal Biblical account of creation. I have yet to hear of one who looked at evidence to the contrary, concluded it was overwhelming, sighed and changed his mind.)

The S.D.I. Shentons have the same fervent mind-set and espouse the same philosophy; that is, "I think it should be, therefore it is." They have an as-yet-unexplained imperative to believe in a space god, just as their ancestors had to believe in magic, which can be regarded as the S.D.I.'s basic operating principle. There's not much point in arguing about Star Wars with people who believe in it. All we can do is promote our S.D.I. sanity test just to annoy them, meanwhile hoping that the Russians will understand that they are dealing with loonies and will be too afraid to start anything.

On the other hand, I may be all wrong about S.D.I. supporters. It's possible that President Reagan and his men are, in fact, the shrewdest statesmen of our time, masters of political subtlety, and that they sense world danger from the diminishing credibility of Mutually Assured Destruction (M.A.D.). How brilliant of them to replace that worn-out doctrine with a Crazier-Than-Thou approach to secure an arms-control agreement on the most favorable terms possible. Try to imagine yourself an atheistic Russian arms negotiator who would sincerely like to avoid war for his own selfish reasons, knowing that the world's other great nuclear arsenal is in the hands of the Ayatollah Khomeini's American counterpart.

—WILLIAM J. HELMER



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

## SPLIT ENDS

BIRMINGHAM—Opening another front in the war on drugs, scientists at the University of Alabama have adapted the radioimmunoassay technique to test hair samples for cocaine and other drugs that are no longer present elsewhere in the body. Writing in the *Journal of Forensic Sciences*, researchers Frederick P. Smith



and Ray Liu state that traces of drugs are deposited in hair as it grows in the scalp and remain detectable even after the hair is cut or lost. Since hair grows half an inch per month, a person with 18-inch-long locks could be tested for drug use as far back as three years. The scientists added that one advantage for investigators is that about 50 hairs fall out every day and can be obtained without a person's consent.

## JUSTICE REJECTS A LEMON

After paying researcher Judith Reisman \$734,371 to examine *PLAYBOY*, *Penthouse* and *Hustler* for images of children and expecting her to draw conclusions about the portrayal of children and sex in these magazines, the Justice Department has announced that "the major objectives of the study . . . were not accomplished" and that the report's quality is too low for publication. "As the final report from American University [which sponsored the study] acknowledges, there are multiple serious flaws in the methodology," the acting director of the juvenile

justice office wrote. "We believe, based on confirmation of the problems by external peer reviewers, that these flaws significantly reduce the definitiveness and usefulness of the findings."

## WRONGFUL LIFE

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS—In a key ruling, the Illinois Supreme Court rejected a wrongful-life claim by parents who contended that it would have been better for their child never to have been born than for it to have suffered through a painful and fatal degenerative disease. The parents accused doctors of not informing them of prenatal tests that could have detected Tay-Sachs disease in the fetus; such test results might have prompted the option of abortion. Referring to the argument that abortion would have been preferable to the child's suffering, the court majority held that "man, who knows nothing of death or nothingness, cannot possibly know whether that is so." A dissenting justice wrote that the court had enmeshed itself "in a philosophical issue which it has no competence to resolve" and suggested that, "given the nature of the birth defect, nonlife may have been preferable to life."

## ILL WIND BLOWS GOOD

CHICAGO—The Department of Unintended Consequences, Righteousness Division, reports that more than 1000 retail stores have added *PLAYBOY* to their reading racks in the wake of pressure-group efforts to limit availability of adult publications. In addition, sales of the magazine increased by 30 to 40 percent in chain stores that resisted the censorship campaigns.

## THE BACK OF THE CHURCH

ROME—In a thinly veiled criticism of homosexual lobbyists in the Catholic Church in America, the Vatican has issued new guidelines that reiterate the Church's doctrinal condemnation of homosexual acts. The statement urges greater vigilance in opposing the "deceitful propaganda" of prohomosexual groups in society and in the Church. While not actually calling homosexuality a sin, the guidelines do demand celibacy on the part of gays in order to avoid conflict with Church teachings. They also

direct Church officials not to permit homosexual-rights groups to meet or hold worship services on Catholic Church property. Error in attitude toward homosexuality was one of the factors cited in two recent cases of Vatican disciplinary action against two prominent Catholic clerics in the U.S.

## SEX AND VIOLENCE

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS—The Christian Broadcasting Network is free of sex but is hot for killing, according to the National Coalition on Television Violence. N.C.T.V. research director Thomas Radecki said that Presidential hopeful Pat Robertson's very proper CBN bills itself as "The Family Entertainer," but its shoot-'em-up Westerns and other action dramas deliver more death and violence than any other TV channel in the country. He noted that in CBN reruns of "The Man from U.N.C.L.E.," the two heroes kill 48 of their enemies, attempt to kill another 14 and knock 61 people unconscious. "Violence is something all around us," countered CBN spokesman Earl Weirich. "And it always has been. You can no more take violence out of our lives than remove love. You can ignore it, but



it's still there. It has to be shown for what it is." He said that CBN had received bundles of mail from parents thanking them for providing alternative programming that they feel comfortable watching with their children. He failed to explain why CBN ignores sex, which, like violence, is something all around us.



these words, judges in Chesterfield County, Virginia, continue to give stiff sentences for possession of small amounts of controlled substances. Their intention is most certainly *not* to help drug users but to punish them.

In 1978, I broke my neck and back. While trying to combat the chronic pain from my accident, I became drug-dependent. I knew I had a problem; but before I got myself together to join a drug-rehabilitation program, I was arrested for possession of .17 gram of cocaine and sentenced to five years. Between the time of my arrest and my sentencing, I admitted myself to a rehabilitation program at the VA Medical Center in Salem, Virginia. I haven't used any cocaine since my arrest.

In any case, whether or not I've gone through rehabilitation, I'm faced with spending time in a state penal institution. I don't see that any good, for the state or for myself, will be accomplished by my being incarcerated. In view of President Reagan's statements concerning drug users, the sentence I received has left me very confused.

Stephen Allen Redd  
Chesterfield, Virginia

Our Government is billions of dollars in the red, yet it's spending millions on military reconnaissance flights to detect marijuana planted in our national forests. More millions are spent on eradicating these plants. Why aren't we legalizing marijuana—and taxing it? We'd be saving on law-enforcement costs *and* we'd be making money on its sale.

(Name withheld by request)  
Alexandria, Louisiana

*Contrary to what President Reagan wants us to believe, the facts are these: Federal funds for drug education and treatment have declined from \$332,000,000 in 1980 to \$234,000,000 in 1986, while law-enforcement measures cost more than one billion dollars per year. The Reagan Administration is spending heavily on high-profile antidrug operations. You may remember the recent series of helicopter raids on deserted cocaine laboratories in Bolivia, or the blockade of New York harbor, when 21 law-enforcement craft stopped 90 pleasure and commercial boats in search of drugs. Both were costly expeditions that contributed nothing to the halt of the drug trade. In any case, Reagan is apparently more interested in using drug-test results as a way to discharge or punish workers than in using them as a way to cure people. The Government's Office of Personnel Management has issued new guidelines on illegal drug use by Federal employees. The rules, which became effective last November, give Federal agencies immense discretion in deciding what disciplinary action should be taken if a worker is found using drugs. Dismissal is possible after a first offense, mandatory after a second. These Federal guidelines contradict Reagan's statement last September that the program of*

*drug testing and screening would not be used to punish Federal workers.*

#### LIMITED ACCESS

I read recently that there is more information in one weekday *New York Times* than a person in the 16th Century had access to in one lifetime. The people in Tennessee and Mobile, Alabama, are trying to put their children back to the 1500s by not *allowing* them access to the information that's available.

William Price  
Chicago, Illinois

If a parent protects his child from anything that the parent considers threatening, how is the child ever going to be able to make decisions on his own? At some point, no matter how protected people are, they will be hit with an incredible array of information from which decisions have to be made. I find this movement toward banning texts and censoring library books frightening, indeed.

John Randall  
Scottsdale, Arizona

#### ADULT DECISIONS

The Toot 'n Totum Food Stores, based in Amarillo, Texas, have decided to begin selling adult magazines again after a poll showed that the majority favored their sale.

According to the company's survey, which involved 500 customers in 17 stores, 75.6 percent were against removing the magazines and 23.8 percent were for a ban. Three respondents said that they didn't care one way or another.

I think that the folks at Toot 'n Totum have the right idea. I'll bet that if all proposals to ban reading material were put to a public vote, our nation's convenience stores, so easily intimidated by the far Right, would be very surprised by the results.

Contrary to popular belief, antiporn advocates and other book burners are *not* the majority. They just have bigger mouths than those of us who favor freedom of choice.

Donald Vaughan  
Greenacres, Florida

#### SIMPLE ANSWERS FOR SIMPLE QUESTIONS

In January *Forum Feedback*, J. A. Rice asks a simple question: "7-Elevens don't sell sexual aids such as vibrators, so why should they sell sexually oriented magazines?" I have a reply: 7-Elevens don't sell military equipment such as grenades, so why should they carry *Soldier of Fortune* magazine? They don't sell running shoes, so why should they carry *Runner's World*? Can't fundamentalist thinkers come up with better arguments than those they're giving us?

Vincent J. Tomaino  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

#### WOMEN FOR PORNOGRAPHY: CENSORED

Last November, a volunteer for Women for Pornography called in a classified ad to *The Huntsville Times*. Buford Bagwell, the classified-ads manager, would not accept the following copy:

Women for Pornography to open Alabama chapter. For information, write Melanie Holzman, P.O. Box 20579, Columbus, Ohio 43220. Include S.A.S.E. and \$2.

Now, what is so unprintable about that? I never imagined that newspapers would begin supporting censorship!

Deedra Merope  
Women for Pornography  
Huntsville, Alabama

#### IM-PEACHY IDEA

In the past, I've been a passive person. But no more! I'm starting a campaign to impeach Attorney General Meese. Anyone care to join?

Paul R. Williams  
Austin, Texas

#### SEX AS A RELIGION?

I've read that fundamentalists have gone to court in Alabama to prove that secular humanism is a religion. Although they seem upset that humanists don't believe in God, I'll bet their major beef is the fact that secular humanists believe in the right to birth control and the right to abortion and are against prohibiting sexual practices between consenting adults. Let's let the fundamentalists win this case. We'll make secular humanism a religion and make sexual promiscuity its main tenet. Pornography will become a religious text protected by the First Amendment. The nine-billion-dollar-a-year porn industry, supposedly feeding the coffers of organized crime, will receive the same tax-exempt status as organized religion. Cable TV won't just show X-rated movies but will allow the producers of such shows to ask for tax-deductible charitable donations. Since we don't allow religion to be taught in public schools, we will have to forgo sex education (thus giving fundamentalists one victory); but at least after high school, we secular humanists will be allowed to worship in our own way.

M. Freedman  
Chicago, Illinois

#### "PERVERTED" THINKING

Imagine the trouble it would cause if all us perverts who delight in the heinous crime of heterosexual oral sex were to turn ourselves over to the authorities, confess our transgressions and *demand* to be punished.

What would those states that consider sodomy a crime do with us all? Maybe then they'd change their laws.

M. P. Kahl, Ph.D.  
Sedona Arizona





A cowboy wearing a light blue shirt, a brown vest, and a cowboy hat is riding a dark horse. He is holding a Marlboro cigarette in his mouth and the reins. The background is a warm, golden-brown color, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. In the foreground, two packs of Marlboro cigarettes are shown: a red pack for Marlboro Red and a yellow pack for Marlboro 100's. Both packs are labeled 'FILTER CIGARETTES' and '40 CLASS A CIGARETTES'.

**Come to where the flavor is.**



**Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—  
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Is 2 months' salary too much to spend for something that lasts forever?



# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LIONEL RICHIE

*a candid conversation with the number-one songwriting champion about breaking away, dancing on the ceiling and singing all the way to the bank*

At three A.M.—in the middle of his composing day—Lionel Richie is locked away in the soundproof studio of his Bel Air home, “mean and rolling,” he jokes. Outfitted in a mustard-yellow track suit and munching a bagful of Famous Amos cookies, the 37-year-old singer sits surrounded by a one-man band: two synthesizers, a 24-track board, three electronic keyboards, a Yamaha grand and a “live” microphone hooked into mammoth speakers. Tape recorders are strewn everywhere, because the nation’s number-one hit man doesn’t read music, much less bother to write it down.

No matter. Blessed with an impeccable ear that can pull one discordant error from 24 tracks, Richie is a self-professed “humma-holic,” conjuring up tunes “from a radio playing in my head” and customizing lyrics during 45-minute showers and three-hour drives on the Pacific Coast Highway.

Hidden behind his ubiquitous shades and revving to 80 miles per hour, Richie roams in his beefed-up white Porsche or silver Mercedes—both of them miniature recording studios, equipped with studio-quality tape decks and vibrating doors that serve literally as speakers. Sleeping half the day, working most of the night, he searches for the melodies and words that describe his favorite subject, love: the loss of it, the pain of it, the joy of it,

the anything of it. Not for him the whimsical eccentricities of Michael Jackson, the bad-boy sexual taunts of Prince, the grit of Bruce Springsteen. Richie does, however, see himself as a rock-'n'-roller and proudly shows off his punky collection of rainbow-colored leather pants, vowing to “rock up my pop” and “take off my shirt” in future work.

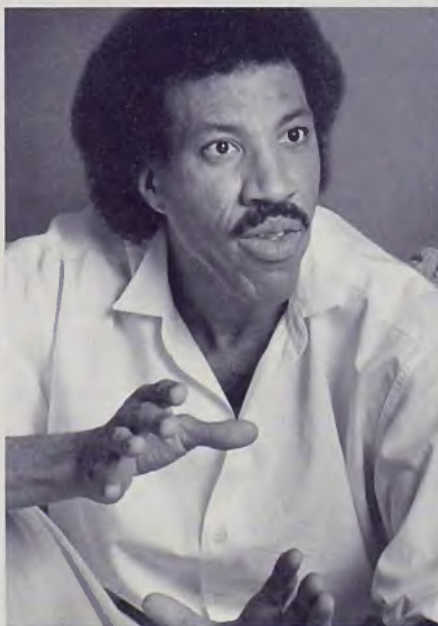
Although unsympathetic critics can be scathing about what they’ve called Richie’s saccharine tunes and boy-scout demeanor, Richie himself says matter-of-factly, “My music works. People respond, the records sell—and nobody determines my musical journey but me!”

Richie’s composing muse has yielded nine years of consecutive number-one singles, an astonishing record rivaled only by Irving Berlin, who also topped the charts for nine years running. Motown executives hope that his latest album, “Dancing on the Ceiling,” will eventually outsell Richie’s last blockbuster, “Can’t Slow Down,” the biggest-selling album in Motown history: more than 15,000,000 units sold, more than \$100,000,000 grossed. Richie has five Grammys (out of 33 nominations), 13 American Music Awards, a Golden Globe and a roomful of People’s Choice statuettes. His bathroom is for photographs—and its walls are covered with favorites: Quincy Jones,

Michael Jackson, Diana Ross, right-hand producer James Anthony Carmichael and members of Richie’s Alabama family. “Making the wall,” he laughs, “means true friend.” Although he grounds himself with family trips to Hawaii and likes to return periodically to Tuskegee—where he keeps the same apartment he used as a college student—the touring life and the fast lane hold equal appeal.

To hear him tell it, the following happened, not so unusually, within one two-week period: He shared soul food and a private screening at home with Elizabeth Taylor and George Hamilton; Michael Jackson dropped by to demonstrate dance steps on a specially built floor in the family gym; he had a chat with Placido Domingo on the travails of performing in mammoth amphitheaters; he put in a couple of hours’ sun-bathing with Springsteen; he slipped unnoticed into a Prince concert and afterward was backslapping in the theater parking lot with Muhammad Ali; he danced at his favorite L.A. night spot, Tramps; he spent an afternoon trading gossip with Tina Turner; he unpacked the polka-dot boxer shorts sent to him by admirer Calvin Klein; and he generally just hung out with family friends, Quincy Jones and Sheila E.

Not bad for a painfully shy Alabamian who, as a boy, flubbed his classical-piano



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK SENNETT

*“I was a boy scout. I was an altar boy. I grew up on a college campus. Who the hell wants to hear about a kid who wasn’t from a broken home? Well, that’s not how it happened for me. Not everybody can be on drugs.”*

*“Success means more to me than hip. Success means selling 20,000,000 albums, filling 20,000-seat coliseums. I’m into total masses of people. I want as many people to hear my music as possible.”*

*“I was the kid who was too slow for baseball, too short for basketball, too light for football—and I wasn’t the world’s greatest lover. So here was something I could do: Writing was like therapy.”*



assignments and dreamed of becoming an accountant or a lawyer.

Born June 20, 1949, Lionel Richie was raised in academic environs, across the street from the Tuskegee Institute. The hard-work philosophy of Booker T. Washington, the school's visionary founder, served as the Richie family credo. Both the boy's father, Lionel, a systems analyst for the Army, and his mother, Alberta, an elementary school principal, believed the key to success was education. And both parents were determined to keep their son protected from a more alien environment. "I never even went the three miles into town without them—and then, only to the bank," he recalls.

Richie attended Tuskegee on a tennis scholarship, majoring in economics and accounting, and also took to roaming with his sax case—a ploy designed to impress the opposite sex. Thanks to a freshman talent show, he hooked up with five ambitious crooners who boasted that they would become the black Beatles. In 1969, armed with a 200-page game plan for success masterminded by Richie—which copied many of the touring and public-relations ploys used by the Beatles—and calling themselves the Commodores, they painstakingly carved out a regional following and hit the big time in 1971 as the warm-up group for the Jackson 5. Their 1974 hit "Machine Gun" fired them into the national spotlight, as did "Just to Be Close to You" (1976). But it wasn't until Richie led the way with "Easy" (1977), "Three Times a Lady" (1978), "Still" (1979) and "Sail On" (1979) that the group soared, racking up four gold and three platinum albums.

The down side of this success was the fact that while Richie had captured the spotlight, his colleagues were being virtually ignored. Jealousy and resentment infested the relationship, though Commodores manager Benny Ashburn tried desperately to hold the band together. Group member William King accused Richie of pulling the group apart: "I just hope he realizes the price the band paid so he could become a star." The final break came in 1980 with "Lady," rejected by the Commodores as "corny" and rebelliously presented by Richie to Kenny Rogers. "Lady" became Rogers' biggest single to date, tallying more than 15,000,000 copies.

Later that year, when infighting among the Commodores reached its height, Richie wrote "Endless Love," a duet with Diana Ross that further enhanced his solo status. It became the biggest hit single of Ross's long career. Richie could do no wrong.

Going solo in 1982, he enlisted the support of rock-pop-business wiz Ken Kragen, who for years had masterminded Rogers' career. Kragen's challenge was to make Richie's face as recognizable as his songs—a feat partly accomplished in 1984, when the singer signed an \$8,000,000 pact with Pepsi-Cola—topping Michael Jackson's deal at the time with Pepsi by \$3,000,000.

It was Kragen who, not content with being merely the manager for Rogers and Richie, helped develop the idea for USA for Africa in

1985. A year later, he created and administered Hands Across America—the overblown clone of USA that would yield disappointing financial results. But to his chagrin, Kragen discovered that Richie—worn out from his backbreaking organizational feat for USA for Africa and eager to finish his latest album—had refused to become as fully involved in Hands. Kragen impulsively fired Richie on February 5, 1986, and then cut his staff to the bone, axing ten employees. The two speedily reconciled, yet one senses a newfound wariness in Richie: "Agents and publicists come and go," he says now.

Accompanying the singer throughout these times is his wife of 11 years, Brenda, a native of Brewton, Alabama, who has been described by Richie as a "systems person—Miss Organization." Brenda is a formidable businesswoman, overseeing the marketing of Richie merchandise, directing his fan club and otherwise protecting her husband from opportunists. "She has a temper and knows how to use it," he says proudly.

Brenda, a social worker with a passion for children, has also faced, with Richie, the dis-

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"Wimpy to me means—  
guess what?—sales.  
Criticisms don't bother  
me. One guy called me  
'yucky, gooey, icky.'"

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appointment of not yet having been able to have children. In the meantime, they relish the visits of their ten godchildren, who roam a Spanish-style house sumptuously decorated with African objects d'art, overstuffed furniture and, in the living room, Lalique swans nesting near a mammoth Bösendorfer concert grand. "He deserves to have the best," says Brenda of her husband.

We sent writer Glenn Plaskin, whose last "Playboy Interview" was with Calvin Klein, to talk with Richie during the five-week period that included the singer's completion of "Dancing on the Ceiling" and preparations for a world tour.

"I worried that Richie, the perennial nice guy, might turn out to be as bland in conversation as sharp-tongued critics have accused him of being in his music," Plaskin says. "A sky-high career hadn't driven him to drugs or fits of star temperament; his sunny disposition and tongue-tied thank yous for dozens of awards—'This is outrageous!' he'd say over and over again—had become the butt of good-natured jokes; there were no marital scandals or nervous collapses, not even a workout video.

"I was therefore relieved to meet the real Skeet, as he calls himself: mischievously ironic, a methodical craftsman, perhaps too quick to trust and disarmingly candid—though as cagey as any political candidate when dodging an unwanted question.

"One marked contradiction is Richie's attitude toward money: Although he insists that material objects and cold cash mean little to him, he admits unabashedly that every song and lyric is gauged with concert-ticket and record sales in mind. 'Mass appeal is it,' he says.

"Business aside, Richie frequently expresses his emotions in pet phrases he emphasizes aloud. 'That's called memo off my desk,' he said of Kragen's dismissal of him, or 'That's called being slow motion,' of his early sex life. On the subject of sex, Richie discussed candidly—if shyly—the past temptations of the road and his present-day contentment with his wife. Not once did he refuse to answer a question—whether about fidelity in his marriage, his curiosity about drugs or the racism he faced from radio program directors in the Seventies.

"Our first session, a one P.M. breakfast in the Richie dining room, started with a platter of spaghetti and a head-on collision between Richie and those who criticize him."

**PLAYBOY:** As a songwriter and performer, you've had more consecutive number-one singles than anyone else in history—that includes Frank Sinatra, the Beatles, Michael Jackson and Bruce Springsteen. Those are pretty staggering statistics. Do you feel bowled over?

**RICHIE:** I'm laughing. What in the world is going on? I was going to do a quick spin in rock 'n' roll with the Commodores, make what's called fast money and then go to law school. I didn't have a clue about the magnitude of this thing. By the time I won the Oscar for *Say You, Say Me*, my dream had actually come true.

**PLAYBOY:** That's when you made a rather gushy acceptance speech.

**RICHIE:** I had practiced my acceptance speech in the privacy of my bathroom hundreds of times—I had prepared to be ever so calm and gracious. But when I won, my mouth didn't work. I found myself spilling out my guts, while inside I was saying, "Lionel, don't do this. This is not what you want to say." But I meant it.

**PLAYBOY:** Your fans love you, but some critics think of you as a boy scout. Are you?

**RICHIE:** I was a boy scout. I was an altar boy. I grew up on a college campus. The word is boring—because who the hell wants to hear about a kid who wasn't a gangster from a broken home? Not everybody can be on drugs. The standard question is "How did you make it in the business?" and the standard answer is "I started out in the ghetto, coked up, didn't know my mom and dad, finally struggled my way into a rock-'n'-roll band, got off drugs and here I am today." Well, that's not the way it happened.

**PLAYBOY:** So when critics charge you with being a little . . . wimpy?

**RICHIE:** [Laughs] I say, "Thank you." Watch me at the ticket booth; watch record sales. Wimpy to me means—guess what?—sales. Criticisms don't bother me. One guy called me "yucky, gooey,



icky—a true maltz schmaltz” before *Can't Slow Down* came out. Then I received a telegram from him saying, OK, FELLA, I WAS WRONG.

**PLAYBOY:** Whose opinion do you genuinely value?

**RICHIE:** John Q. Public's. I'm selling to him. I've discovered that the average John responds best to a simple lyric—nothing flowery, flamboyant or abstract. He's not impressed by big words. So-called educated people like to sit around and impress one another with how much they can remember. I'm not selling to that crowd. In very simple terms, I want to say, “I love you, I miss you, I'm hurting, I'm lonely.” Now, there's only one way to say it: “I'm lonely.” It sounds boring, but it works.

There's a little saying in the industry: Compose a fast song and you can write, “Baby, ah-ah, baby, ooh-ooh,” and it makes no difference—people will dance to it. But in slower songs, you've got to reach in and find something that people can relate to. That's what I do.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you're a good lyric writer?

**RICHIE:** I think that I'm hitting it dead on the head. Period.

**PLAYBOY:** As you did most memorably with *We Are the World*, a collaboration with Michael Jackson. How did that work? Did Jackson say “We are” and you say “the world”?

**RICHIE:** [Laughs] We'd wanted to write a song together ever since 1971 but never had.

**PLAYBOY:** Who wrote more of the melody, you or he?

**RICHIE:** He did.

**PLAYBOY:** And the words?

**RICHIE:** We did. Michael and I were willing to test ideas out on each other without being embarrassed that we'd look like idiots. We sat down and talked about the song for three days before we wrote it and came around to the main point: The song had to be an anthem. Quincy Jones told us we could never use phrases like “Let us stand together as one” if *one* artist were performing the song. But when you've got 45 of the strongest performers in the business, the body of sound and spirit lives up to the words.

**PLAYBOY:** The song became a monster hit. It also became a target for parody on *Saturday Night Live*. Did that bother you?

**RICHIE:** I always trust success when 15 jokes in five languages surface in four days. I think it's a fabulous song considering its purpose. But I understood the jokes. It's called burnout on the radio. But when I turned on my television set and watched people in London, New York, L.A., Paris singing in the street—when I found out that jailed rebels in South Africa and South America were singing in their cells—how big a joke was this song?

**PLAYBOY:** So why, despite your popularity,

are some people so hard on you?

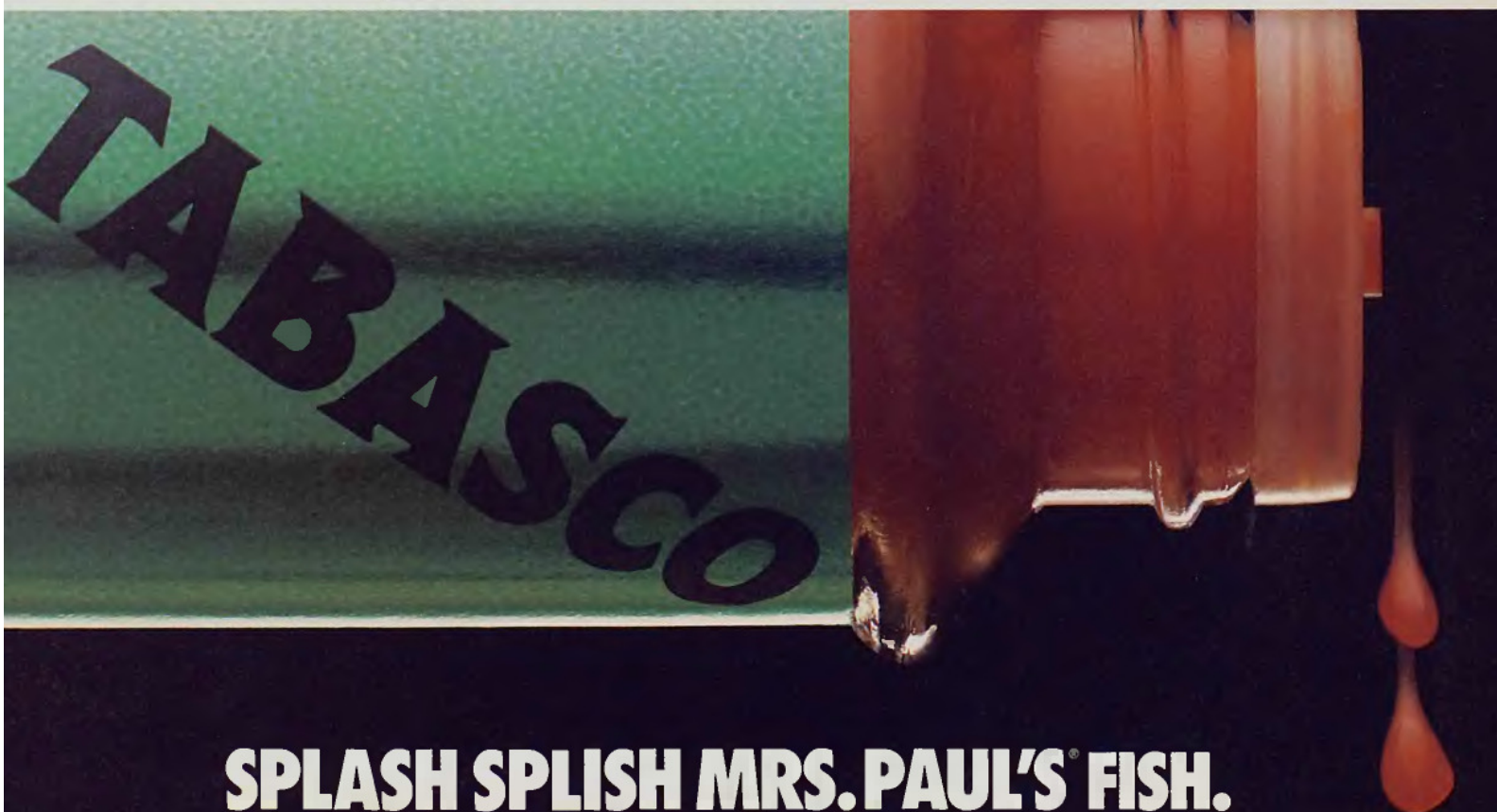
**RICHIE:** Because who the hell wants to hear about a great dose of love? That's so ridiculous: People want to hear about beating people in the head and stabbing them in the back. And that's not what I'm about.

A lot of people who write about me don't give a damn about me. Even worse, they don't know what they're talking about. They'll say, “I'm really the sports guy; the music guy is sick.” Or “I was at the Springsteen concert last night; fabulous show—how does your music compare with his?”

**PLAYBOY:** People on your staff have told us you would desperately like to have more of a Springsteen edge in your music. True?

**RICHIE:** I *hate* categories. They're great marketing tools—but they limit an artist. I don't tell myself, “I'm a balladeer; I'll keep composing ballads, because that's what I am.” That means I'm not testing myself. I *do* want to dirty up my music slightly, but I can't go to a rocker and say, “Write me one of your songs”—it wouldn't be believable. I'm not going to lose the audience I've built and say, “Ladies and gentlemen, on this album, I'm doing my thing, and anyone who wants to come along—welcome.” Barbra Streisand did that a number of times and lost. I'll come out with three ballads every two years and hope the fans are happy.

**PLAYBOY:** You keep a lot of fans happy, but some say that during your shows, your



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early stuff—the Commodores material—really swings, while the later songs can seem, in the words of one critic, “schmaltzy, TV-evangelist, calculated, trite sentimentality.” Sound familiar?

**RICHELIE:** Yup. I am not insulted. The one thing I know about the world is that everybody wants to feel they’re hip, when actually, most of us aren’t. There are only three or four hip capitals of the world: Paris, New York, London and, maybe, L.A. Now, try to write a song for those cities and you’re going to bomb. That’s called fad. For ten years, Willie Nelson and Kenny Rogers have come out as top vocalists in listeners’ polls—not Mr. Mister, Prince or Michael Jackson. Why? Because Nelson and Rogers represent the world between New York and L.A. They’re not hip. They don’t know anything about hip. But they understand words: Johnny Paycheck sings “Take this job and shove it.” Jackie DeShannon sings “Put a little love in your heart.” And the audience reacts, “Yeah, that’s how I feel.”

**PLAYBOY:** But is audience draw equivalent to artistic success? *Porky’s* and *Friday the 13th* were popular, too.

**RICHELIE:** I know exactly what you’re saying and I’m not going to psych it out, nor tell you that I’m looking at my career with rose-colored glasses. But after an evening of *Truly, Lady, Three Times a Lady*, people are jumping out of their seats. When I say I’m going for some edge, I don’t mean I’m taking apart the Lionel Richie everybody knows; I’m just going to test the waters.

**PLAYBOY:** Where do you draw the line when testing new waters?

**RICHELIE:** You have to be open-minded. The punk groups only look punk—it’s not real. When I was a kid, I once turned on the television to watch a press conference with a “wild sex-maniac fanatic” named Elvis Presley, who sang black music. The lower part of Elvis’ body was out of control. Ten years later, Tom Jones was worse, or better, and he got a television show by doing it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you like hard-core punk?

**RICHELIE:** Some of the groups are a little bit ridiculous, but I won’t call names. However, when a singer says fuck on the stage—I mean, give my imagination a break; let’s bring in some old good taste. Let me at least fantasize a little bit.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you worry about not seeming hip enough?

**RICHELIE:** I don’t give a crap. What is hip? Success means more to me than hip. Success means selling 20,000,000 albums and filling 20,000-seat coliseums. I’m into *total masses of people*. I want as many people to hear my music as possible.

**PLAYBOY:** You’re a composer and a lyricist—

**RICHELIE:** Yes, but *not* a trained musician. My grandmother’s great frustration with me was that I memorized piano music rather than read it—and I still don’t read music. But I have a great ear. When I listen to an orchestrated song, I can hum all

the parts.

**PLAYBOY:** Wouldn’t reading music or writing it down be a useful tool in the studio?

**RICHELIE:** When I first got to California, I ran into a wonderful guy named Norman Whitfield—he wrote *Heard It Through the Grapevine* and a lot of Temptations hits. I asked, “What music school did you graduate from?” He said, “I hum.” That’s all I needed to hear. I asked Quincy [Jones] about reading music and he said, “After you retire, Lionel, after you retire. Right now, you’re doing just fine.” And my producer, James Anthony Carmichael, also told me not to worry about people who urged me to learn to read music: “Lionel, for every day they can read, they wish they could write.”

**PLAYBOY:** How do you compose?

**RICHELIE:** One of two ways: Either I’ll just start singing melodies and keep my tape recorder in the car or studio running until I hum something I like or I’ll sit down at the piano and “Say you, say me” or “Easy like Sunday morning” will come right out of my mouth. It comes out all in one breath, without my consciously thinking of it or planning it. This is a blessing, because I’m not trying. I asked Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, “How do you throw the ball from half court?” He said, “Just throw it down there, man.” I asked O. J. Simpson, “How do you run from goal post to goal post?” He said, “I just start running.” I start with the hook.

**PLAYBOY:** A hook? You mean like “All night long”?

**RICHELIE:** Yeah. When people listen to *All Night Long*, they can’t recite the verses, but they can remember “All night long.” In order to create a best seller, you’ve got to have a hook. It didn’t take me years of theorizing to learn that.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you as good a singer as you are a composer?

**RICHELIE:** I’m not a singer, I’m a stylist, whereas Streisand is both. But I do know how to make my songs sound believable. I know how to sell my voice. But if I got up and stood next to a singer-singer, he’d blow me off the stage. I love what Kenny [Rogers] told me the first time I walked into a recording studio with him, to record *Lady*: “I’m not a singer. I just know how to make what I do sell.” That’s really all that matters.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you’re a businessman-singer?

**RICHELIE:** No, I’m a pulling-off-what-you-can-do singer. My belief is that what makes a person great is knowing his shortcomings as well as his strengths. When I recorded *All Night Long*, I loved playing that character, though I’m not Jamaican. It gave me a chance to be somebody else, and that’s fun to me. Lionel Richie singing his song with a calypso flavor is one thing, but singing a calypso song with a calypso accent? That could have backfired.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, some think you play it safe.

**RICHELIE:** If you don’t think bringing out a

## HOW IT WORKS

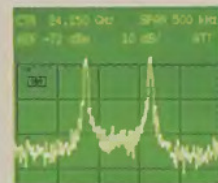
With traffic radar and Rashid VRSS both transmitting on the same frequency (24.150 GHz), normal receiver technology can’t tell one from the other. Even when you scrutinize K band with a digital spectrum analyzer, the two signals look alike (Figure 1).

We needed a difference, even a subtle one, the electronic equivalent of a human fingerprint. Magnifying the scale 100 times was the key (Figure 2). The Rashid signal then looks like two separate traffic radars spaced slightly apart in frequency, each being switched on and off several thousand times a second.

### Resisting the easy answer

Knowing this “fingerprint,” it would have been possible—although not easy—to design a Rashid-recognizer circuit, and have it disable the detector’s warning section whenever it spotted a Rashid.

Only one problem. With this system, you wouldn’t get a warning if radar were ever operating in the same vicinity as the Rashid. Statistically this would be a rare situation. But our engineers have no interest in 99 percent solutions.



RASHID  
Figure 2: An electronic close-up reveals two individual signals.

### When the going gets tough...

The task then became monumental. We couldn’t rely on a circuit that would disregard two K band signals close together, because they might be two radars. We couldn’t ignore rapidly switched K band signals, because that would diminish protection on pulsed radar (the KR11) and “instant-on.”

### A whole new deal

The correct answer requires some pretty amazing “signal processing,” to use the engineering term. The techniques are too complex to go into here, but as an analogy of the sophistication, imagine going to a family reunion with 4.3 million attendees, and being able to find your brother in about a tenth of a second.

Easy to say, but so hard to accomplish that our AFR (Alternating Frequency Rejection) circuitry couldn’t be an add on. It had to be integrated into the basic detection scheme, which means extensive circuitry changes. And more paperwork for our patent department.





## Radar warning breakthrough #4 is now available from the same engineers who made #1, #2, and #3

Bad news for radar detectors. The FCC (Federal Communications Commission) has cleared the Rashid VRSS for operation on K band.

### What's a Rashid VRSS?

The Rashid VRSS is a collision warning system using a radar beam to scan the vehicle's path, much as a blind person uses a cane. It may reduce accidents, which is very good news.\*

### Now for the bad news

Unfortunately, the Rashid transmits on K band, which is one of the frequencies assigned to traffic radar. Rashid speaks a radar detector's language, you might say, and it can set off detectors over a mile away.

Faced with this problem, we could hope Rashid installations will be few. Or we could invent a solution.

### Opportunity knocking

Actually, the choice was easier than it sounds, because our engineers are in the habit of inventing remarkable solutions. In fact, in the history of radar detection, only three advancements have qualified as genuine breakthroughs, and all three came from our engineers.

Back in 1978, they were first to adapt dual-band superheterodyne technology to the problem of traffic radar. The result was ESCORT, now legendary for its performance.

In 1983, when a deluge of cheap imported detectors was found to be transmitting on radar frequency, our engineers came through again, this time with ST/O/P\*, a sophisticated circuit that could weed out these phony signals before they triggered an alarm.

Then in 1984, using SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics originally intended for satellites, these same engineers designed the smallest detector ever. The result was PASSPORT, renowned for its convenience.

\*For more information on Rashid VRSS collision warning system, see Popular Science, January 1986.

### They said it couldn't be done

Now we're introducing breakthrough number four. In their cleverest innovation yet, our engineers have found a way to distinguish Rashid from all other K band signals. It's the electronic equivalent of finding the needle in a haystack. The AFR\* (Alternating Frequency Rejection) circuit isolates and neutralizes all Rashid signals, yet leaves the radar detection capability undiminished for your protection.

### No waiting for the good stuff

When testing proved that AFR was 100 percent effective, we immediately incorporated it into ESCORT and PASSPORT. Our policy is to make running changes—not model changes—whenever a refinement is ready. That way our customers always get the latest science.

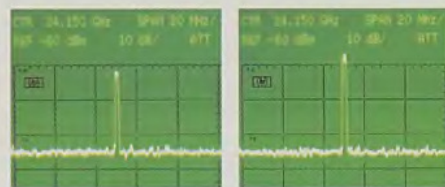


Figure 1: A digital spectrum analyzer scanning the entire width of K band can't see the difference between radar and Rashid.

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song called *Three Times a Lady* in the middle of the disco craze was taking a chance, think about it. Or let's talk about Kenny Rogers' and Lionel Richie's getting together on *Lady*—that was quite an odd couple. I like stretching, though it's not good for your stomach.

**PLAYBOY:** Are your songs autobiographical or just plain fantasies?

**RICHIE:** I don't live half the stories I write about, nor am I this wise owl that sits up on a hill. I'm just an observant person who walks through life.

I start with my friends. *Still* is about a couple in Houston I happen to love very, very much. We were classmates at Tuskegee; they married and, years later, decided to divorce. When they split, I couldn't believe it. I said, "What are you talking about?" And they said, "Well, we've been fighting like cats and dogs, everything we've done is wrong and we realize we made a mistake: Marriage is not for us. But we love each other—*still*." End of story. Inspiration can take exactly five seconds.

**PLAYBOY:** In one interview, you said, "My co-writer is God." How literally did you mean that?

**RICHIE:** I get chills thinking about that quote, but, yes, I said it. I'm not a fanatically religious person. After being an altar boy for seven years, I elected to keep going to church. Every Saturday, I'd show up for one hour of acolyte practice; afterward, I'd play ping-pong with Father Vernon Jones, who turned religion into recreation. He was the *best* ping-pong player in town, and he taught me every bit of religion I needed across the table.

When I write, I prefer to say I'm surrounded by guardian angels—people like Benny Ashburn, James Carmichael and Brenda.

**PLAYBOY:** You make composing sound very easy. Are there down days?

**RICHIE:** [Laughs] Not everything that Lionel Richie writes is gold. For every good song, there are 20 that are pure crap. I throw them away.

**PLAYBOY:** Whom do you go to when you're stuck?

**RICHIE:** To James or Quincy, my musical foundation. They've both mastered the music and speak to me in a simple form I can understand. I'm not embarrassed to say I'm having a problem, and I know that their advice works. Quincy inspires me as an all-round musician-producer. He's just a nasty musician—a killer cat on every level. When it comes down to arranging, composing and conducting, he can't be beat. But most of it's up to me: I work from one o'clock to five in the morning every day. I stay in my studio or drive around and I can be me. At home, I need a room no one will touch. If the studio needs cleaning, I'll do it; if it needs vacuuming, I'll push it. *Nobody* touches this room. I'm a gypsy, and I'm the only one who has a key. Brenda can come in.

**PLAYBOY:** Brenda has a duplicate key?

**RICHIE:** No, you didn't hear what I said. This is *my* house. Right here. Really off limits. She respects it, and anybody can walk in if I'm crazy enough to leave the door open. But I need to know there's one place where I can drop tapes, hide things in the drawers and not worry. I don't want interior decorators or stylists in this room. There's *nothing* here but what I need to pull off what I do. This is my sanctuary. It's very selfish, but I'm the recognized guy living with this strange animal called fame. It's a long way from Tuskegee.

**PLAYBOY:** You hardly suffered there, did you?

**RICHIE:** Deprived was definitely not the word. In the Fifties, there were three places in the South affluent blacks gathered: Nashville, close to Fisk University, Atlanta and Tuskegee—a self-sufficient, self-supporting black community, a novelty in the middle of the black belt. Integration may not have existed anywhere else in the South, but in those communities, you could find a host of black doctors, lawyers, politicians, scientists and

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*"My dad always told me,  
'Aptitude plus attitude  
equals altitude,' which  
is absolutely true."*

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professors—who were considered the elite of the community. They may have made only \$5000 a year, but a black professor had a car and a home, and he was *the* socialite of the campus. Those people were my family's friends. I was taught you can be anything you want to be—no limitations. Just go for it.

**PLAYBOY:** So racism didn't play a very big part in your childhood.

**RICHIE:** I didn't inherit racist complexes. Mostly, what you still get in the world is "You better watch out for those black people, because they're violent." Hatred isn't inborn—it's taught. My parents never told me, "We hate Jewish people" or "All white people are bad." They never sold that crap to me.

**PLAYBOY:** Were your parents strict with you?

**RICHIE:** [Laughs] I could get four whippings before I got home to get one from my father, because I had a ton of love from a community of folks who cared about me. I hated school. In fourth grade, I was learning Latin and French—because Tuskegee teachers were trying to create superkids. But I was the kid who said, "I don't want to learn that crap." I wanted to go out and play.

**PLAYBOY:** You use this line in one of your album ads: "I love going back to Tuskegee, because the only Mr. Richie there is

my father." What did you learn from him?

**RICHIE:** Dad had a wonderful habit of talking to everybody the same way. A briefcase and a three-piece suit didn't impress him. "The guy with the mop may have the answer you need," my father told me, "but if you're holding your head too high, you're going to miss what he's saying."

The second thing I got from him was the ability to laugh in the face of disaster. Although he wound up a systems analyst for the Army, he came from humble beginnings and never had much money. So he didn't dwell on materialistic things. He sold me heart and didn't spoil me. Every time I said, "Dad, I need this," he answered, "Son, let me tell you about not having a suit until. . . ." Or "Dad, I'd like to borrow the car"; "Son, let me tell you about the time I used to walk."

My dad always told me, "Aptitude plus attitude equals altitude," which is absolutely true. You can have the greatest personality and no brains or be a total asshole but a genius.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Tuskegee's elitist environment shield you from racism?

**RICHIE:** Absolutely. I even went to a special elementary school sponsored by the college and attended by all the sons and daughters of the professors. I was totally insulated.

**PLAYBOY:** So even though you spent your childhood in Alabama, you never witnessed or experienced blatant racism?

**RICHIE:** Nobody threw a rock at me and called me nigger. Never. So I never felt the bitterness and the anger. But I remember driving from Detroit to Tuskegee and saying to my dad, "Let's stop off at a hotel," and he told me we'd have to make it to Nashville first. I couldn't understand why and he wouldn't tell me—just "It's the best hotel for us," and that was all. Thank God I missed the hate, the anger and frustration and moved on. I got the experience secondhand, but I never suffered. And missing it had a great deal to do with the way I approached my music. I was listening to Bach, Beethoven and Chopin every day.

**PLAYBOY:** This relatively privileged existence must have irritated some of your less-than-fortunate colleagues later on.

**RICHIE:** Damn right. I was once on a plane with Count Basie, returning from Japan, and I tried to identify with him. I said, "You know, Count, the business is hard. We travel so much. . . da, da, da." He looked at me and said, "Lionel, you don't even know what struggle is about. At least you come in the front door and get paid after you're finished playing. At least the black bandleader doesn't sleep on the bus and have his meals sent down to him there while the white boys in the band sleep in the hotel." That was a lesson, an era I missed, an era that Quincy Jones and Duke Ellington told me about—but cats like Michael Jackson and me knew nothing about it.



**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel alienated from the black experience?

**RICHIE:** That question makes me angry. Heavy white acts, like the Beatles, said they patterned their music after Muddy Waters and Chuck Berry—black R&B artists. The Stones have said the same—and not *one* interviewer asked them if they were leaving their roots. The passage of time has created a new breed of black guys, though everything isn't perfect for them. It's not perfect for me.

In my early years with the Commodores, what I didn't know about racism didn't kill me, because my naïveté and ignorance got me farther upstream. I didn't approach getting ahead in the music business out of militancy; I wasn't interested in making any social statement. I thought, You sit down, you write a song, the record companies say "Great" and you're a hit. And that's it.

**PLAYBOY:** It didn't work that way, did it?

**RICHIE:** Nope. I discovered the world of categories—a quiet, subtle form of racism. Why is it that the Temptations could sell 2,000,000 albums, the Grand Funk Railroad the same—but the Grand Funk played Shea Stadium and the Temptations a 1000-seat club?

In the Seventies, the Commodores couldn't get into that white market. I'll never forget 1969. We took a song to a pop radio station in Baltimore. The program director, who happened to be a woman, told us, "Sorry. I can't play this record, because it's too black." Reality hit me in the face. What does that mean? The nerve of that bitch. How can you look at six black men, make that statement with a straight face and not even turn red doing it? I felt more embarrassed than she did.

**PLAYBOY:** Only embarrassed?

**RICHIE:** I was furious. I wanted to curse her out—but it's not the thing to do. I decided to kill her with a good dose of the truth; i.e., prove her wrong, which is exactly what we did. That one lady got me off my behind to work harder. I asked myself, "How can we, the Commodores, make a difference?" You know what? We didn't adjust our music one iota. We hit stations with *Machine Gun*, and then with *Brick House*—both of which went gold. I went back to Baltimore and asked the same woman, "Is this white enough?" The third time I visited, she wasn't at the station anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** Did the Commodores want to be a star band?

**RICHIE:** We'd listen to groups that had made it and say: "We could do that; that's no problem."

**PLAYBOY:** But you weren't trained musicians.

**RICHIE:** God, no. At the beginning, the thing that kept us rock-'n'-rollin' was the fact that none of us—except for our drummer, Walter Orange—was a music major. We were six guys crammed into a Chevy

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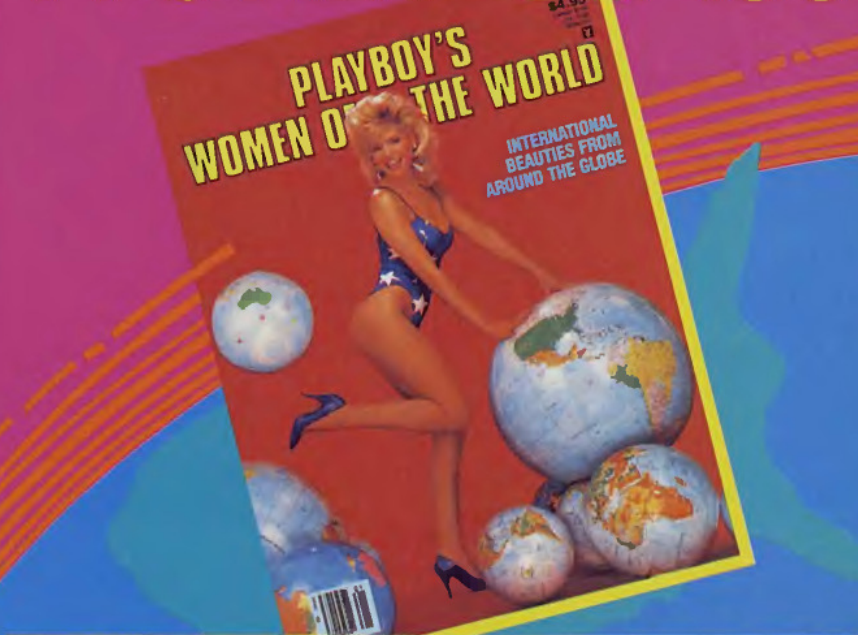
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van—piled high with equipment and a few mattresses—who approached the music business as something we'd do for a while before going our separate ways as architects, engineers and business majors.

I was considered the horn holder, and the joke of the group was that I carried my sax around campus in order to learn how to play it. It wasn't until two years into the Commodores that they found out I was doing a real good job of faking it. We made a good sound together, but we weren't killer musicians.

**PLAYBOY:** What made you begin to take the Commodores seriously?

**RICHIE:** Money. When we broke into the big time by opening for the Jackson 5, we watched Michael and his brothers walk out onto the stage of Madison Square Garden, and they played about an hour and were paid \$70,000. We traveled with the Jackson 5 for almost three years and, in 1971, Motown heard us in Detroit and signed us to a long-standing contract.

**PLAYBOY:** During those early years, what kind of a guy was Michael Jackson?

**RICHIE:** We're talking about a little kid who loved to knock on the door, holler for help and throw a trash can of ice-cold water on you at seven A.M. He was also an isolated little kid, because he'd given up the sandbox too soon—nine years old and he had a hit record. So he missed everything, because all he'd ever heard were warnings: Here come the girls, watch out; here come the fans, watch out; here come the reporters, watch out. So he's been watching you for 20 years!

**PLAYBOY:** And?

**RICHIE:** And I watched fame slam a door on his existence. Recovering from the publicity blitz of *Thriller* was tough—38,500,000 records, the covers of *Time*, *Newsweek*, *People*, *Rolling Stone*; dolls of him, his glove, jackets, pants and underwear being duplicated. It can drive you nuts. I think that his closest link to reality is that he's *trying to come out*. Fame frightens him to death, but he's survived. The Michael Jackson I know—not the person the world knows—is a really beautiful cat. He's trying his best to stay real in an unreal situation.

**PLAYBOY:** But the breathy voice, the make-up, plastic surgery, retreats to Disneyland and a menagerie of house pets—is that really the way to touch down in the real world?

**RICHIE:** That's his voice. He's not putting it on. He's got to find his space. I think he's just built a world that's comfortable for him—something he can survive in, though I'll tell you that he's still the practical joker I knew. He entertains practically every evening. Screens movies at his house or goes out to the movies with a team of people: I'm not talking about security; I'm talking about friends. That you never hear about.

One night, Elizabeth Taylor, M.J. and I went out to dinner, and I couldn't believe the chemistry between Elizabeth and

Michael—the best I'd ever seen. Because she was also a child star, Elizabeth could relate to him, and they talked about isolation and what you do when you're lonely. It was good for Michael to hear that Elizabeth often went out of the house *without* security guards. The idea that you could live without them was a revelation to him.

**PLAYBOY:** So you were touring with the Commodores and things were looking pretty good. Did you see yourself as a composer back then?

**RICHIE:** No, no, no. I didn't know anything about being a writer. I was still the great horn holder and singing two songs a 45-minute show. The turning point for me came in 1974, when the Commodores had their first hit, *Machine Gun*. Milan Williams, who wrote the song, received a check for \$35,000! Now, the rest of us were all sitting around making \$150 to \$200 a week—which was pretty good money for college guys—but that \$35,000 gave me all the incentive I needed to be a composer. I said to myself, "Wait a minute; there's a market and a profit here." So in 1975, I wrote *This Is Your Life*, the first

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*"The Michael Jackson I know—not the person the world knows—is a really beautiful cat. He's trying his best to stay real."*

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song I ever composed. And a few years later, *Easy*, my first gold. I had no idea I could write!

**PLAYBOY:** What inspired you?

**RICHIE:** Money. Remember, now: I was the kid who was too slow for baseball, too short for basketball, too slow for track, too light for football—and I wasn't the world's greatest lover. So here was something I *could* do. I suddenly felt good about myself, and my confidence level rose. Every song I wrote—*Just to Be Close to You*, *Sail On*, *Easy*, *Three Times a Lady*—tapped more and more of my insides. Writing was like therapy. Suddenly, I wasn't shy about spilling my guts to people in songs—though I wouldn't tell them what I was feeling face to face.

**PLAYBOY:** Were the Commodores supportive of you as a composer?

**RICHIE:** Absolutely, at least at the beginning. Every time I wrote something that was successful, they'd say, "There you go, Lionel. Do it again."

**PLAYBOY:** According to the manager of the Commodores, by 1981, the group was begging you to leave. You were agreeing to concert dates and recordings and then canceling. You were "fucking them up" endlessly and they wanted you out. Is that how it was?

**RICHIE:** They didn't beg me to leave—I left. That was a real love-hate wrestling match. I was looking desperately for acceptance from the group. Imagine: We started out as equal partners—\$100 a man per week. I was the last one you'd expect to succeed; I was the guy who ironed the shirts and uniforms—the jokester. But as my ballads became more popular, we began to fight. The group would say, "We don't want your song." It happened with *Lady*. By then, the anger had built up in me; we weren't speaking, and I thought, You don't want it? Fuck you. Well, here we go, Kenny Rogers.

**PLAYBOY:** But you'd been together 15 years. Wasn't there some way to talk with them, to reconcile?

**RICHIE:** I didn't know what to do. I agonized for months over giving away *Lady*, but after 15 years of playing on the team, I didn't think I had to prove I was one of the guys.

**PLAYBOY:** Next came *Endless Love*.

**RICHIE:** A magical moment. Diana Ross had been a star when I was still in high school, and even though we had known each other in 1980, when we recorded the song, it wasn't until after the session that we really got to be friends. She loved the song. I couldn't go to New York and she couldn't come to California, so we met in Reno at one A.M., and by 4:30, we had history on tape.

**PLAYBOY:** What did it do for her career?

**RICHIE:** I think it was her biggest hit and an all-time record seller at Motown.

**PLAYBOY:** And your career?

**RICHIE:** Well, Kenny Rogers' singing *Lady* and telling everyone I wrote the song was the beginning for me; but there was really no face on the record. It was Kenny's all the way. But with *Endless Love*, I was on the screen, singing with Diana—the first time the public really got to see my face. People started to buzz, "Maybe he really will go solo."

**PLAYBOY:** What did the Commodores say?

**RICHIE:** They said, "We do Commodore albums—not Diana Ross/Lionel Richie duet trips." It was a real fuck-you atmosphere. I couldn't believe their pettiness. I didn't realize that composing *Lady* and *Endless Love* was the best thing that could have happened for me.

**PLAYBOY:** In terms of your becoming a solo artist?

**RICHIE:** Yes, but at the time, I wasn't confident about going solo. My God, the idea terrified me. I was petrified to stand out there and take the rap, all the criticism and flak. It was just so much easier to perform as a group. So I told them I wasn't going anywhere. But they kept saying, "No, you're leaving; you're leaving any day now."

**PLAYBOY:** What was the final straw?

**RICHIE:** I couldn't take the pressure. The press would review the group and end up just writing about me. It was like pouring gasoline on a fire. I finally said, "Screw it. Let it go." I remember standing up in a



room one day with the Commodores and crying. I pleaded with them: "Guys, I'm not leaving." In fact, the rumors of my leaving weren't coming from me but from the Commodores themselves. They wanted me to get out but just didn't want to say it. That hurt me a lot.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't any of them take your side?

**RICHIE:** No. They were threatened, bottled up with their own frustrations and their fear of the unknown. What really got me was that I expected the fiber of love between us to surface—for someone to come to me and say, "I love you and I'm going to fight for you." But I never got the phone call. The key word is loss.

**PLAYBOY:** What did Brenda say to you at the time?

**RICHIE:** She was just trying to hold me together. She'd say, "I didn't get you into the Commodores, so I'm not going to be the one to get you out." But the split came anyway.

**PLAYBOY:** Regrets?

**RICHIE:** I don't blame those guys. We were all being petty, picking on one another. When you spend 15 years waking up with the same guys and going to bed with them every night, it's sad to lose them. To be honest with you, I miss them a lot. What makes groups so wonderful is that when you win, you know who's going to be at the party, and when you lose, you take heart. Camaraderie. It's a cushion. I'm a group player.

And don't listen to what people say about me nowadays. Lionel Richie did *not* make it by himself. I'll say that now. The Commodores are a part of me, and I lost them.

**PLAYBOY:** In 1981, you chose Rogers' manager, Ken Kragen, to launch your solo career. Why?

**RICHIE:** Ken was brought up in Berkeley, an environment as sheltered as Tuskegee—and he didn't know *anything* about the black community. It took me three months to give him a brief history of the black experience so he could understand that he couldn't manage me Kenny Rogers style. I tried to explain to him that certain things are just not said or done. For example, when Richard Pryor or a black mayor would call Ken's office to speak to me, Ken would automatically say, "Lionel's not available for comment; he'll get back to you." In the black world, that means "Screw you!" Now we work together well. I don't want a hip manager, a guy to sit down and say, "OK, baby, I heard the record; it sounds great, *but* . . ." No. Ken says, "You give me something to sell and I'll sell it for you." The creative part is mine.

**PLAYBOY:** But didn't Kragen face *any* obstacles in getting you crossed over from black to white airwaves?

**RICHIE:** No. I'd love to sit here and say we had the biggest strategy of my life and that Kragen masterminded my crossover. But

that's not how it happened. I walked in the door of Kragen & Company with *Endless Love*, 12 Grammy nominations, two American Music Awards and 15 years with the Commodores. I was not Kenny Rogers, but I had some credentials. Still, nobody knew my face.

**PLAYBOY:** Kragen certainly remedied that.

**RICHIE:** Pepsi helped. "Do this commercial," he said. Pepsi is a hungry company. They said, "How would you like to be presented?" How? At the end of every basketball game. At the end of every cartoon. At the end of every Saturday afternoon. What we had wasn't a commercial but a glorified video of *Running with the Night*.

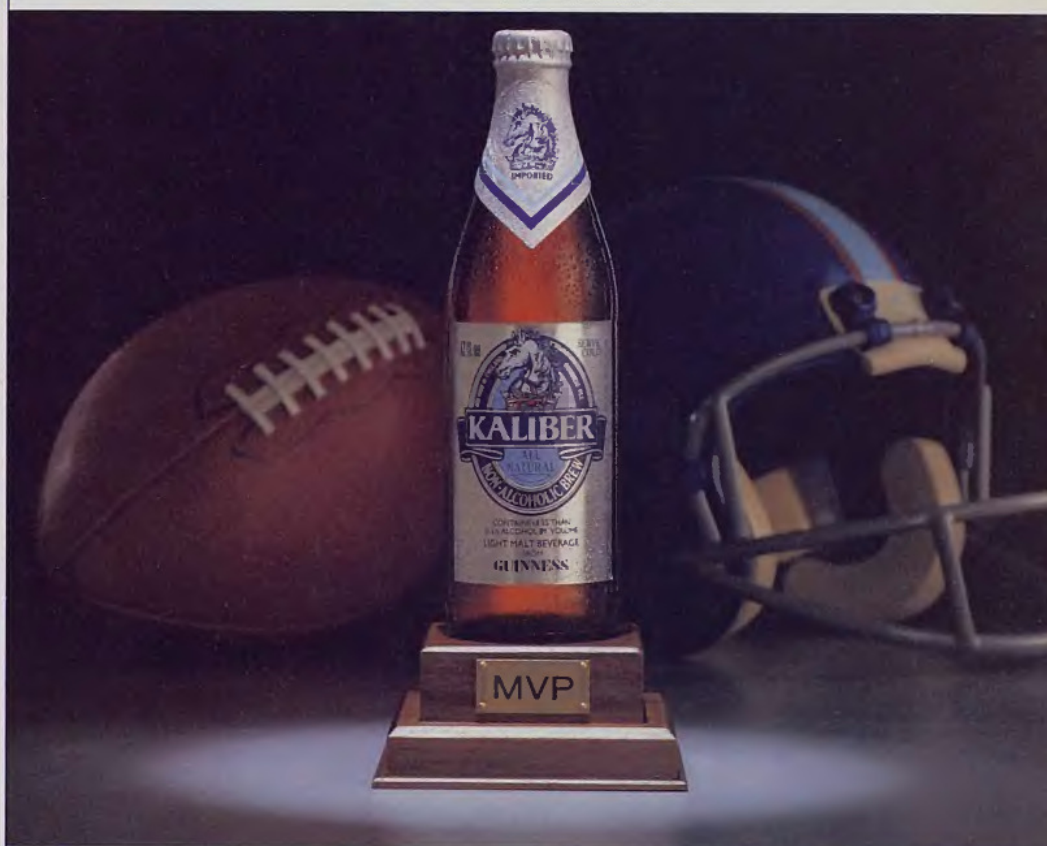
Instead of its running on MTV, we had it running on prime-time television.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever expect USA for Africa or the song *We Are the World* to become such mammoth successes?

**RICHIE:** Never. I remember saying to Kragen, "This year, I want to get involved in a charity that will help Africans who have nothing to eat. I'll write a song." Then I was talking with Quincy, and he said, "I was talking with Harry [Belafonte], and, you know, Michael would like to do something like that. . . ." Next thing I knew, *We Are the World*.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the recording session sticks in your mind?

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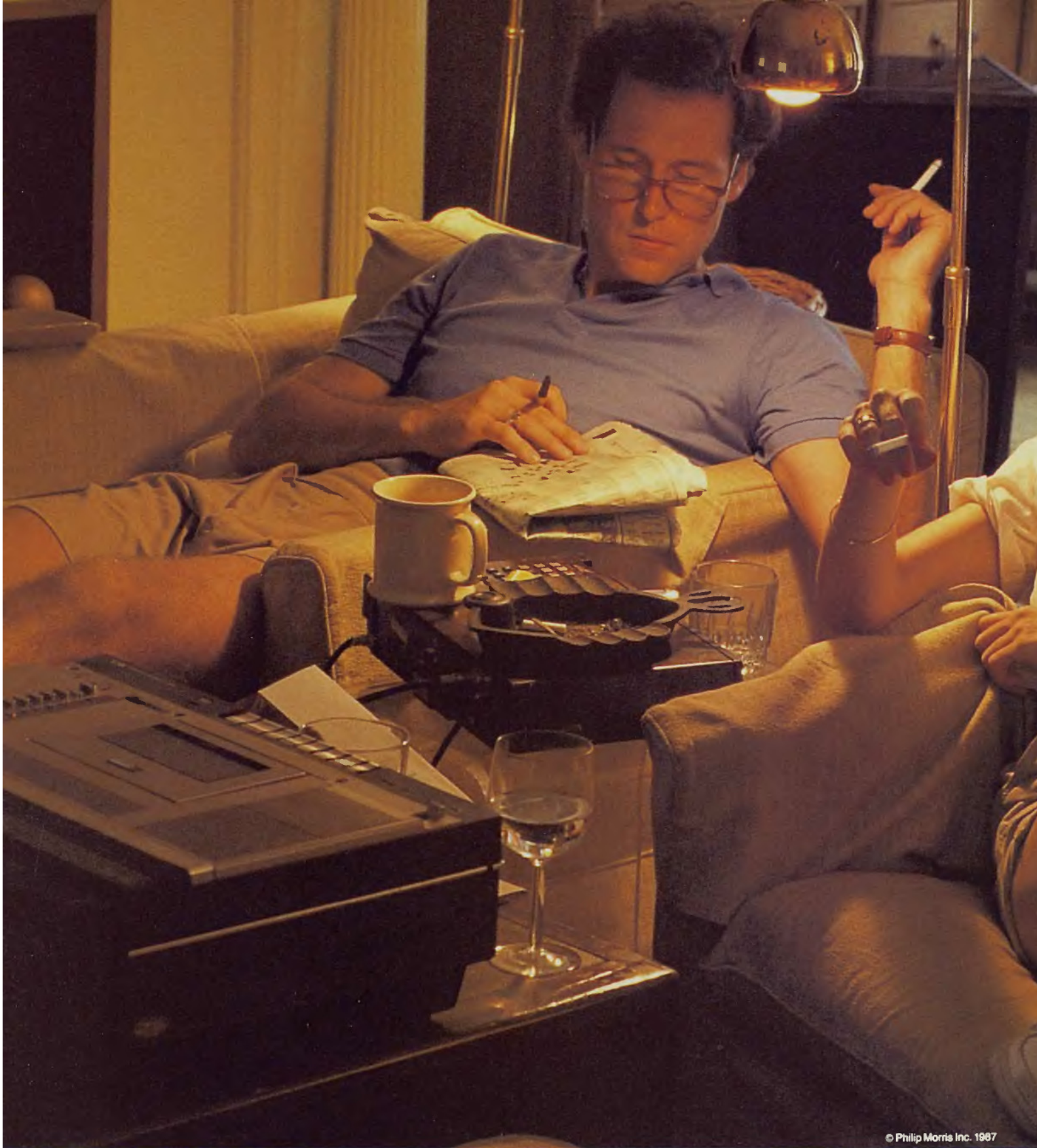
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**RICHIE:** I'll never forget standing at the studio door and watching Diana Ross, Michael Jackson, Billy Joel, Bob Dylan, Springsteen, Steve Perry, Hall and Oates—everybody coming together. But suddenly Ray Charles walked in and *all of us were in awe*. Suddenly, we were null and void. It was also wonderful when two Ethiopian ladies walked in and said, "Before you all get started, we want to thank you for saving our country." That also put us in our place.

**PLAYBOY:** There were also the Commodores—personally invited by you but not in the actual recording studio. Why were they kept away from the microphones?

**RICHIE:** My inviting the Commodores was sincere, but the doors were slammed after 45 artists were in the studio. Remember, now: There were two rooms; one had *all* the celebrities in it—people like Sidney Poitier who weren't recording—and the other had the 45. I didn't have a lot of time to go out and find out what was happening with the Commodores. I'm sure they wanted to record with us, but the problem was, I couldn't get them in.

**PLAYBOY:** You—who wrote the song and organized the session—couldn't get them in?

**RICHIE:** Remember, now: Our reconciliation hadn't yet started, and we weren't on the greatest of terms. So just saying, "Hey, guys, I'd like you to come down" felt a little awkward to me—because I didn't know how they felt about me. But as far as my being in the best of their graces was concerned, I wasn't. I did the best I could under the circumstances.

**PLAYBOY:** Quite a few egos were intermingling that night. Who impressed you as modest?

**RICHIE:** Springsteen. I dug him the most. That's because he's business. I didn't have to worry about making him the prima donna. He came in the door and said, "I came here to do this. Just tell me where to go and I've got it, buddy."

After it was all over, I was vacationing in Hawaii and Bruce was there on his way to Australia for a tour. I called up and said, "Hey, I'm here," and we spent the afternoon hanging out, partying. He is so cool. We sat on the beach, just the two of us—no guards, nothing.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about your physical image. Has Kragen suggested any changes?

**RICHIE:** No. His thing was simply "Let the people know who you are."

**PLAYBOY:** Then why, in photos and videos since that time, does it seem as if your skin tones have become lighter, your hair closer cropped? Even your music seems less funky. Do you agree?

**RICHIE:** Absolutely. But look at Leontyne Price: She wouldn't have a shot at being recognized by the black community; she has never uttered a funky phrase in her whole career—and I can name black classical conductors, like William L. Dawson,

or ballet dancers; same thing. The point is, why, all of a sudden, when we get down to rock-'n'-roll or contemporary-music performers, do critics start talking about straight hair or white music? Is that all you expect from a black person?

**PLAYBOY:** We're talking about image.

**RICHIE:** Well, let me tell you: The Afro is gone because I can no longer maintain that much hair. But when I look back at pictures taken with the Commodores, I see the greatest-looking cat in the whole world. Everybody had Afros out to here—and if you had five cats in a car, that was a real crowd. Everybody walked down the street in those dancin' platform shoes. Now when I think about it, I say, "My God, how could I have looked like that?" Nowadays, I can experiment as a solo performer: I like the idea of being uptown, downtown and in between.

**PLAYBOY:** Does Kragen call the shots?

**RICHIE:** Show me a great army and I'll show you a great general. Although Brenda is my rock, when it comes to management, Kragen is wonderful. I mean, this guy can build you up and make you feel like you're going to take over the world. You have to be pumped up when 2.6 billion people are watching, and after a coaching session with him, it's "Thank you very much, Kragen; I'm ready to go." In fact, after three years, I went into his office and said, "I think you can slow down now." Fame is an amazing thing; it can drive you nuts. Final conclusion: He's done a great job.

**PLAYBOY:** Then why, last February, at the height of your record-and-ticket-selling power, did Kragen virtually fire you?

**RICHIE:** How do I say it kindly? Ken was bottled up with creative frustration and wanted something meaningful to do with his life. Hands Across America was it. He wanted to make a statement, so I said, "Fine; go ahead and do it."

**PLAYBOY:** What did he do?

**RICHIE:** He made one of the greatest errors of his life, called *memo off my desk*. He began by announcing to the *L.A. Times* that the two of us were going our separate ways. He told me, "Lionel, I can't handle the work load that you and Kenny bring in," and he didn't want to jeopardize my career by committing himself so fully to Hands.

**PLAYBOY:** He fired a third of his creative department, didn't he?

**RICHIE:** That's right. He panicked. I won't use the word maniac, but it takes sizable balls—*chutzpah*—to put your ass on the line. He could afford to do it thanks to me. I even appreciated his being up front: Most cats hustle you for cash—but he wasn't coming from that angle. Still, I told him, "Ken, Hands is a charity, which means it's going to happen and going to end May 25, 1986. You don't have to make this decision." But he said, "Goodbye, Lionel."

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't that a bit like the servant's firing the king?

**RICHIE:** If you're not used to the spotlight shining in your face, it will affect you in strange ways. Right after the announcement, he regretted it, called me up and said, "My God, what happened?"

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you consider finding another manager?

**RICHIE:** I never thought for a moment that Ken wasn't coming back to me. I've seen lawyers handle major clients who are used to telling them, "Fuck you." They don't expect to lose those clients—until they do. They don't realize that their power is in who they're managing.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you patch up the relationship?

**RICHIE:** It was a very simple phone call. He said, "Do you think we can work something out?" I said, "Fine."

**PLAYBOY:** What did you work out?

**RICHIE:** Nothing. It's called *business as usual*. I dreaded the idea of starting over again and learning about a new manager. We had just spent three years ironing out kinks.

**PLAYBOY:** After *Can't Slow Down*—a title that pretty much sums up your career—it took you three years to come out with *Dancing on the Ceiling*, and even *that* was eight months late. What happened?

**RICHIE:** It's called *fame*. I told Motown, "I didn't promise you speed, I promised you quality." But Motown doesn't understand. And it isn't getting any easier. I'm becoming a world entity: A tour no longer means three months on the road from New York to L.A.—it means Japan, Australia and Europe, too.

**PLAYBOY:** But when you're not being an entity, you're known to be a pretty shy guy.

**RICHIE:** I *used* to be painfully shy, and audiences frightened me. Then, about ten years ago, a wonderful thing happened in Washington, D.C. As I went out on stage, I could practically hear my heart beating when I held the microphone close enough to my chest. Then a girl screamed, "Sing it, Lionel!" Then somebody else screamed. Then everybody started in. I realized, "They like what I'm doing. They like me."

**PLAYBOY:** Aren't there nights when you just don't feel like performing?

**RICHIE:** Many a night. But there's something about a coliseum packed with 20,000 people that gets you in the mood. I'm still a shy guy until the lights come on. Then I'm a total damn fool—a 37-year-old kid having recess.

**PLAYBOY:** How about all those women who would like to come up onto the stage? What does that do to you?

**RICHIE:** Oh, God. Man, I *laugh* at me.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you're sexy?

**RICHIE:** No, no, no—they do. That's why I keep laughing. I don't see myself like that at all. I *don't* think I'm good-looking. In fact, I can't deal with looking at publicity pictures of myself. There's something about a still lens that scares the shit out of me. I have to leave the room. I see things



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- RESERVATIONS — No Thursday or Saturday arrivals. Rescheduling of reservations must be received in our office 72 hours prior to planned check-in time or this offer and your reservation fee will be forfeited. Your invitation is also completely transferable to anyone you choose.
- Transportation and any other individual expenses are not included.
- Terms and conditions may in no way be altered. So we may adequately plan room availability, you must act before March 9, 1987.

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Please read the "Privileges and Provisions" of your invitation thoroughly to make the most of your vacation and to know exactly what you're entitled to receive.

Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover ☐ American Express

Card No. \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

☐ YES! I qualify for an additional FREE \$100 Bonus Casino Action

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

I wish to make my reservation for the following arrival date:

\_\_\_\_\_, 19\_\_\_\_

☐ I will make my reservation at a later date.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Vegas World Hotel-Casino

PB14

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that other people don't see, like, "My God, the eyebrows—they shouldn't be so low."

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think women find you sexy?

**RICHIE:** There are two kinds of guys: the hulk hunk, like Sylvester Stallone or Tom Selleck, and the Woody Allen type—the average guy with some personality and wit. That's me. I was the guy who couldn't tell a girl face to face I loved her. In high school, I was out of it. I would have loved to be the lover of life back then, but it was slow motion. I was awkward—just couldn't figure out a formula that worked. But about my junior or senior year, it started clicking.

**PLAYBOY:** Was part of the click losing your virginity?

**RICHIE:** It was called "This is what they talk about . . . this is the aha . . . yes." I guess I was expecting *The Star-Spangled Banner* to break out—which it didn't—but it was close enough. I was 17.

**PLAYBOY:** Nowadays, that would be considered slow, wouldn't it?

**RICHIE:** That's called real slow now. But I remember walking around the next day saying, "I gotta try that one more time." My God, I didn't know what I was feeling, other than "Hallelujah, here we go!" That's why I got into the music business in the first place. Forget the money, OK? When I played the saxophone on the Tuskegee campus, guess what was in the audience. Girls. After three hours of playing the top-ten songs, all I had to say was "Hi."

**PLAYBOY:** So you were a wild man in college.

**RICHIE:** I was a wild and crazy man when it came to parties and hanging out, but forget the crap about "the lover." The Commodores nicknamed me "Holdin' hands, makin' all kinds of plans," because "Come on back to my hotel room" were words that wouldn't come out of my mouth. But all I had to do was sing three notes and women were suddenly dropping their skirts.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you tempted to partake of all this?

**RICHIE:** I burned out on it. I realized that there were real-life things called paternity suits. I was horny all day long but usually went back to my room alone.

**PLAYBOY:** So, nowadays, when women in your audiences throw themselves at you—

**RICHIE:** I absorb it. I don't deny it. I take it in, because it's a wonderful feeling to be loved. On the stage, it's like making love to 20,000 people.

**PLAYBOY:** What if a woman wants to go backstage?

**RICHIE:** Then she's in trouble, because I go out the back door. There's only one of me, and I've already gone through the period when I wanted to make love to the whole world.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you a romantic?

**RICHIE:** I'm a *hopeless* romantic. I'm a

believer that man has the capacity to love more than just once. One of the reasons I'm so successful is that I've been loved by so many ladies in my life: my mom, my grandmother, my sister.

**PLAYBOY:** What about your wife?

**RICHIE:** I've been married 11 years, and I've found that romance comes down to some very simple qualities: You find the person who knocks your socks off and, ideally, the relationship builds. Brenda was a freshman at Tuskegee, a majorette, when we met, and I was a senior, playing the opening act at track meets with the Commodores. Brenda was Miss Prude. It's called *come up with some meaningful dialog*. She didn't fall for that "Oh, baby!" crap. She had the ability to be playful yet serious, too. When her mind got locked on to something, you could forget it. Stubborn. Virgo. A real systems person.

**PLAYBOY:** But you eventually got married, and the relationship has not been without its problems. In *My Love*, you write, "Life with me, I know for sure it ain't been easy / But you stayed with me anyway. . . ." Just how hard has it been for Brenda to stay with you?

**RICHIE:** We've weathered the ups and downs. *My Love* was a very personal statement for me. For the first six years of our marriage, I woke up every morning with Brenda and asked her, "You sure you want to try this again?"

**PLAYBOY:** What was the biggest problem?

**RICHIE:** The *newness* of the temptations of ladies, the temptations of money, the temptations of travel. All of a sudden, I was making an outrageous amount of money and was traveling two or three weeks at a time. I was facing aggressive women. I would say, "I'm sorry, but I'm married," and they would say, "OK, excuse me; I didn't know." But soon they began asking me, "Is she *here*?" It wasn't easy to be *that* adored on stage. But that's over; Brenda and I are through wrestling with each other. She knows that wherever I am, I'll be home at six.

**PLAYBOY:** Is your understanding of marriage one of total fidelity?

**RICHIE:** That's asking a lot. I was brought up the old-fashioned way: There is a wife and there is a ton of respect, and it works for me not to disrupt that. My lawyer once told me, "You could not only lose your marriage, you could lose your money, too." Divorce is expensive. That's all I need to hear: I'm the original Jack Benny!

**PLAYBOY:** So you're the monogamous type.

**RICHIE:** If I said to you that for 11 years I'd been the saint of life, it would be a lie. But I try to keep it that way; I really try desperately to keep it on that level.

**PLAYBOY:** OK, how do you keep your sex life fresh?

**RICHIE:** If you asked my wife, she'd say, "Fresh?" [Laughs] It's been good with us because Brenda and I have managed to laugh in bed, and I sometimes use fanta-

sies to inspire me. The saving grace is that there's no pressure to perform. I can't imagine getting into bed and suddenly being *this stud*. I go in and say, "No rules, no regulations; we're going to enjoy each other." Conversation is so important. Right in the middle of something "serious," I'll crack a joke because Brenda's feet are cold. Those spontaneous moments take the pressure off me.

**PLAYBOY:** Brenda has a reputation for being a tough businesswoman—and many say she wears the pants. True?

**RICHIE:** In order for me to be the creative person that I am, Brenda deals with the business. She'll sit through four-hour meetings and bring information back to me. In order for me to turn my back and say, "I am now going to devote six months to creating an album and I'm not going to worry about the house, cars, anything else," I have to know I have a partnership with Brenda. What makes this marriage work isn't only love or sex. I need somebody called partner.

**PLAYBOY:** Does she protect the family purse?

**RICHIE:** Absolutely. Point-blank. She gets livid when a guy says, "I'll be glad to do your gardening for \$1000 a week." That's ridiculous.

**PLAYBOY:** According to someone who's close to the Commodores, "Brenda can be a real bitch" to those around you. True?

**RICHIE:** I say great! Brenda doesn't take any shit from anybody. In order for me to be the nice guy, she has to be the heavy. When I walk into a room, everybody smiles. They don't smile at her. Nine times out of ten, they don't know who she is—she blends in. People have the chance to put their foot in their mouth—to spend the entire evening talking about what they *don't* like about Lionel Richie—and later wonder, Who was she? When they find out, it's "Oh, my God."

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever play the star, even in your own home, and expect to be attended to hand and foot?

**RICHIE:** In my house, I'm Skeet—the kid Brenda married in college. The one thing she will not tolerate from me, the one thing I won't tolerate from her, is the drama of "ta-da"—the drumbeat of "Listen, I'm Lionel Richie now and I want A-B-C-D *now*!" I never could pull that crap off on Brenda. It's called a grandstand.

**PLAYBOY:** Then what happens when marriage and career conflict?

**RICHIE:** The struggle is Brenda's battling with my mistress—"the craft." I'm really married three times—to my wife, to my keyboard and to the audience. It's not like I dread going out on tour: It's like a wonderful love affair and I want to go. But it's ever so delicate figuring out which of my loves is in control. A wife always has to feel, "Yes, if anything ever goes wrong, he's coming home to me."

**PLAYBOY:** Are you?

(continued on page 152)



# Crisisweek

The Journal of Media Hype and Hysteria



**THE  
SKY  
IS  
FALL-  
ING!**

**Toxic tooth paste,  
breast milk that kills,  
your radioactive pet  
and much, much worse!**

ILLUSTRATION BY GUY BILLOUT



# THE CRISIS CRISIS

It's bad news, Biblical style: Plagues of swarming journalists are swallowing—and selling—every doomsday scenario in sight

**P**icture a crowded bar. Three television sets hang from the ceiling, tuned in to the network feed. This is a high-tech joint, so there are competing amusements, as well: MTV on wall-sized monitors, dueling jukeboxes, video games with synthetic voices. On top of this racket, there's the festive roar of conversation.

That is, until the news comes on. Talk stammers to a halt and eyes are cast upward; they dart from screen to screen. The anchor men begin to talk loudly, and they're talking crisis—drugs, vanishing rain forests, terrorism, Armageddon. They're inflating stories to ten times their natural size, decrying the end of the world. Their graphics are flashier than video games, their footage better than MTV, their high-tension talk scarier than s-f.

In the face of this onslaught, the patrons can't concentrate; they can't even think. Aghast, afraid, they gulp their drinks as the hysteria level rises.

When they've got a crisis to hawk, news magazines love to start stories in italics. In that type face, they can get away with anything: apocalyptic fiction that would otherwise be out of place in straight journalism, even overextended metaphors for American society like the one in the paragraphs above. Italic type can also clear the way for a single anecdote to stand in for the latest trend that's ravaging society, and it lays the groundwork for paragraphs that begin, "The sad story of Bob J. is all too familiar in America today. He represents an insidious epidemic that is sweeping. . . ."

As it so happens, America today is

suffering an epidemic of nation-sweeping events unseen since the Biblical plagues in Egypt. In the attack of the killer trends, we are terrified on Monday by a crisis we scarcely knew existed the previous Friday, and Monday's dark portent, in turn, gives way to the next week's hysteria.

In horrific succession, herpes anxiety is overtaken by the plague of AIDS, which is followed by the shock-

ing specter of Third World debt. After a brief but chilly nuclear winter, we are threatened by our *own* national-debt crisis and devastated by starvation in Ethiopia; then it's back to our leaky ozone layer. Terrorists are suddenly in our midst, then the homeless—until all is swept away by crack mania.

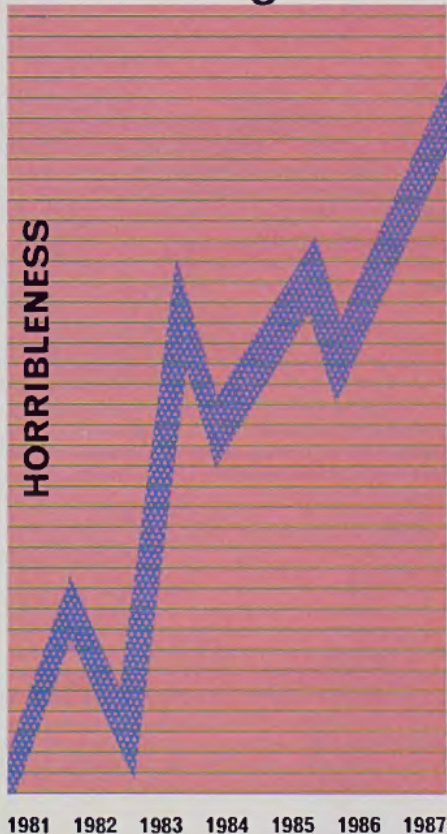
The problems appear, the alarms sound, the cover stories and the special reports proliferate. Then the media lose interest, and it's on to the next disaster. The phenomenon is so pernicious, it's worthy of a cover story all its own: Call it the Crisis Crisis.

Nobody would tell you that our bloated national debt is a healthy sign, that AIDS is a passing annoyance or that crack is good for you. These are serious problems deserving of serious reporting and concerted follow-through—if only that would happen.

No, the Crisis Crisis is not a matter of what's reported, it's a matter of who reports the bad news and how it's reported. This new menace springs from the number of news outlets competing to force tragic trends down our throats and the vehemence with which they deliver the goods.

In the September 15, 1986, issue of *Time*, associate editor Evan Thomas told us that given the proliferation of drug abuse, "we really are in the midst of a national crisis." The previous spring, *Time* had decried the state of liability insurance in numbingly similar terms: "a rising flood of problems growing out of what has become a new national crisis." *Newsweek* easily matched the hysteria level of its competitor, asserting in the August 18, 1986, issue that radon gas is "the most dangerous source of radiation in Amer-

## It's Getting Worse





ica" (a window fan in contaminated homes turned out to be the solution). The radon scare followed a classic in slam-dunk Crisis Crisis delivery by no less a source than *Newsweek* editor in chief Richard M. Smith. In the June 16, 1986, edition, he wrote that drug abuse is "as pervasive and as dangerous in its way as the plagues of medieval times."

If the editor wanted to talk drug plague, he needed to look no further than the early 1900s, when cocaine use was far more commonplace than it is today. The editor was right to identify a plague, but it doesn't have anything to do with drugs, the use of which has remained pretty constant in the Eighties. The swarming critters gnawing on the landscape these days are not locusts but news-hungry journalists, and they are truly omnivorous beasts. Fueling their appetites is the intense competition for attention, both from the public and from the all-important advertisers.

It's no secret that *Newsweek*—the magazine that brought you the Hitler diaries—has been suffering a decline in ad pages. There's no dishonor in that; the past few years have been a tough time for many magazines. But when *Newsweek's* bottom line dipped, its hysteria level rose; suddenly, sunshine could kill the sexy babe it put on its cover and unmarried 40-year-old women were "more likely to be killed by a terrorist" than to find a husband. *Newsweek* told us that Richard Nixon was "back" (now, *there's* a crisis), and the magazine has driven the cocaine band wagon from the start, with three 1986 cover stories on the subject.

As *The New Republic* recently asserted, "*Newsweek* has vowed to pursue the lonely struggle against crack no matter how much money it makes." And the results have been good: Its "Kids and Cocaine" cover sold 15 percent better than average, and "Cocaine—The Evil Empire," the February 25, 1985, granddaddy of drug hysteria, weighed in with a whopping 37 percent bonus on the newsstand.

*Time* was in there slugging as well, nearly matching *Newsweek's* torrid pace on drug coverage with "The Enemy Within" and "Drugs on the Job," finding toxic waste in our water (and repeating a scary 1980 cover image in the process) and shrieking about the insurance crisis.

The television networks, suffering from a defection of 18 percent of their prime-time audience over the past eight years, may be the loudest contributors to the noise level. As ad revenues fall and corporate shake-ups rock



**Terrortime:** Munich-based saboteurs exchange Pentagon arms-by-mail video.



**Male Delivery:** Miami sex-den habitués pass pestilence through casual contact.



**Day-Care Dopers:** Steps from White House, toking teachers swap urine samples.



the executive suites, news departments have become pressure points. The same competition that has escalated on-camera news positions into multimillion-dollar jobs is pushing these media superstars to lend their voices to inflated crises worthy of their inflated salaries.

So we watched Geraldo Rivera unveil *American Vice: The Doping of a Nation* (December 2, 1986), propelling the independent Chicago superstation WGN to a Nielsen rating of 18.1, doubling its average for the Tuesday prime-time period and trouncing the offerings from NBC and CBS in the Chicago market. On September 2, 1986, Dan Rather relived *48 Hours* on *Crack Street*; a few days later,

Tom Brokaw toured *Cocaine Country*. Rather's descent into drug-trend hell earned the highest ratings of any documentary in the past six years; 15,000,000 people tuned in.

Crack use was then, and still is, a local—not a nationwide—phenomenon and nowhere near as deadly as, say, drunk driving. But that mattered less than the public's hunger to know about the new form of cocaine, and CBS mainlined the sordid goods straight into their living rooms. Not surprisingly, a *Newsweek* poll in the August 11, 1986, "Saying No!" issue showed that public perception of the drug crisis—skewed by media overbad—rated crack and cocaine as close seconds to alcohol as threats to soci-

ety. And from the press coverage, who would know any different? During the Crisis Crisis, the boring old news about the high societal costs of alcohol abuse just won't play. Clearly, the networks and the news magazines had given their customers what they wanted, which is the first rule of merchandising. But when the product being sold is the news, that age-old hustle takes on a whole new meaning.

Never mind that the public may actually believe the hyperbole that they see and read. The greater problem is that impressionable Government officials in Washington may believe it. Our legislators must have watched all 17 hours of drug programming on network TV during the first half of last

PAUL DICKSON

# A Guide to Crisis Journalese

In recent years, I have become fascinated with journalese, the professional jargon of journalists. It is an amusing but often deceptive tongue that requires careful translation. For instance, there is the way journalists describe people: Ebullient usually means crazy, outgoing means noisy, Rubenesque is fat, spry means not in a wheelchair and ruddy-faced means drunk. If you are called crusty in print, it means the writer thinks you are obnoxious.

There are also rules concerning words, phrases and verbal tricks that are trotted out when a crisis is being invented. Carefully deployed, the devices below can build a swarming of termites or a flooded basement into the breathless stuff of a news-magazine cover story, a front-page special report or a TV news series.

1. *Alliteration adds anxiety.* Poets, playwrights, prosecutors and politicians have long known that drama is drummed up when sounds at the beginning of words are repeated. So it is not quite by chance that we have crisis headlines about "CRACK AND CRIME," "FALTERING FARMS," "TROUBLED THRIFTS" and "KIDS AND COCAINE." The D words make a special contribution at disaster time: Where would journalists be without death and destruction, doom and despair, diseased and dispirited, dull and dreary and drunk and disorderly.

2. *Hyphenate for the double-whammy effect.* Hyphenated words always give a special pop to the proceedings. Gangland-style murders are more alarming than garden-variety killings but not quite as scary as those deemed to be execution-style. Two sure crisis boosters

are ever-increasing and ever-mounting, which invariably amplify problems and casualties.

3. *Pumping prefixes.* Many are used—mega-, neo-, super-, hyper-, etc.—but the most effective may be over-. One must now use overcrowded in all articles about crises in schools, psychiatric institutions and prisons. Similarly, overcommercialized is becoming the pumped-up modifier for Christmas, the Olympics, popular tourist attractions and the drive to raise repair money for the Statue of Liberty.

4. *Mix-'n'-match metaphors.* When crisis looms, journalists call out the metaphors. A problem to be studied by a committee becomes a crisis to be attacked by a task force. Crisis reporting requires the use of terms from each of the following metaphorical groups:



## Ten Time- (and Newsweek-) tested tricks of professional crisismongering

### MILITARY

Attack, defeat/surrender, task force, battle, invasion, casualties, strike.

### MEDICAL

Epidemic, terminal, malignant, festering, hemorrhaging, surgical.

### RELIGIOUS

Born-again, crusade, evangelical, Armageddon, doomsday, apocalypse.

5. *The romance of high numbers.* In crisis journalism, numbers should be expressed early, often and high, and only in deaths or dollars. The wildly wrong death count offered up immediately (concluded overleaf)



# Victims of Press Stress

By Lewis Grossberger

**S**tan H. and his wife, Gloria, slump dejectedly in the squalor of their once merely unkempt suburban home, their vacant eyes fixed on the television screen, their shaky hands clawing at the rising tide of newspapers and magazines. They both know that they are helpless victims

PCBs, dioxins, radon gas, fluorocarbons, acid snow and gamma rays—and terrorists are behind it!"

Lost in their frenzy, they both begin to rock rhythmically back and forth, emitting the hackle-raising, defeated moan that is the characteristic cry of America's most pathetic individuals—the crisis-crisis victims. Such unfortunates have been exposed to so many crises, near



**News junkies:** Average family implodes after mainlining nightly news.

of something awful, but they're not sure exactly what, as they haven't yet seen a thing about it in *Time* or *Newsweek*.

"Once we were a special kind of family," says Stan bitterly. "You know, a family not trapped in an ever-deepening nightmare spiral of fear, anguish and horror."

"Shh!" says Gloria. "The six-o'clock news is on. My God! They say the nation is caught in the vise-like grip of a deadly drug crisis!"

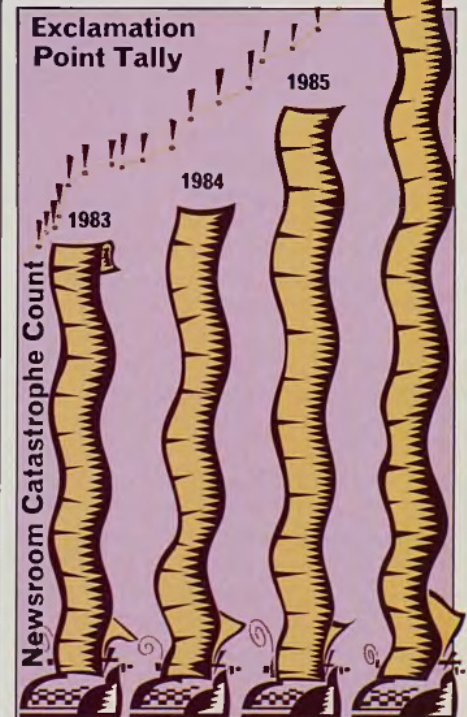
"Forget that," says Stan, whimpering. "I just heard a bulletin on my Walkman. North America may soon be engulfed by a lethal cloud of

crises and pseudo crises that their bullshit-immunity systems have broken down, leaving them defenseless against news-media penetration of the vulnerable, gray blob that is the human brain.

Stan, only recently the handsome, 40ish manager of a prosperous used-pet boutique, is now a gaunt, unemployed zombie of 58. Gloria, a rancid, gargoylike caricature of the beauty queen and supermarket cheese demonstrator she once was, has the smudged fingers and blood-shot eyes of the hard-core news abuser. Their three children, Jane, 15, (concluded overleaf)

year, because they rushed through some spectacular—and probably unconstitutional—drug legislation during the pre-election rush last fall.

Before crack mania, Federal anti-drug initiatives had apportioned 1.8 billion dollars to catch dope smugglers, dealers and users, compared with \$230,000,000 for education and rehabilitation of substance abusers, even though everyone from the President on down had said that we should attack this problem from the demand side. With the media drums pounding for action on the latest crisis, Congress responded to this serious problem not with a well-thought-out plan but with a proposed \$900,000,000 worth of



## The Crisis Index

frenzied half measures and hocus-pocus. As New York Representative Charles Schumer said, "What happens is that this occurs in one seismic jump instead of a rational build-up. The down side is that you come up with policies too quickly and that the policies are aimed at looking good rather than solving the problem."

Savvy politicians play the hysteria game another way as well. Aware that the press is always up for a good scream, President Reagan and Secretary of State George Shultz were able to score points against the Evil Empire in the hours after the downing of KAL flight 007, charging that the Soviets willfully shot down a planeload of



## Journalese

after the Chernobyl accident has done nothing to suppress journalists' appetite for big, early returns. Consider street value, the term used to alert readers to an upcoming, fantastic estimate of the value of a recently seized cache of drugs. Has anyone ever seen an explanation of how street value is determined? Do news organizations keep junkies on staff for this purpose?

6. *Anecdotal apoplexy.* The press loves to reprimand the President for letting the story of a lone farmer or welfare mother stand in as a token for a much larger issue, but this may be because he is encroaching on one of the favorite techniques of crisis journalism. Show me an article on the farm crisis that does not contain a wrenching tale of barnyard suicide and I will show you an academic journal.

7. *Negating positives.* Panacea, for instance, is a word that is now journalistically restricted to such usage as "It is not a panacea, he warned." Ditto for the increasingly scarce—some say extinct—easy answers and cure-alls. Crisis journalese requires an assertion that "Band-Aid solutions" will not work and that the crisis at hand cannot be solved by "throwing money at it." Technical and scientific help is possible but inevitably "years away"—perhaps not until after the year 2000.

8. *The year 2000.* Crisis writing always benefits from a dire prediction of how bad the problem will be in the year 2000 unless something is done now. The beauty of the year 2000 is that it is just far enough away that we will have forgotten the dire predictions by the time it rolls around.

9. *There's no word like a buzz word.* When possible, journalists compare crises to (A) Watergate, (B) Vietnam, (C) Jonestown or (D) Chernobyl. They quote "noted authorities" and "some observers" who always say that the crisis may be worse than is generally acknowledged. If there is a phone number to be called, it's always a "hotline"; if a committee is appointed, it must be a "blue-ribbon" panel; and anyone given authority to deal with the problem will be called a czar who has "unprecedented powers."

10. *Pandora's press box.* The opening of Pandora's box has a nice fatalistic feel if one wants to suggest a host of new ills and evils that are about to be released on a crisis-weary world.

## Victims

Bryant, ten, and little Willard (a wizened toddler sad beyond his years), are locked in the air-purified, multidisaster-resistant fallout shelter in the basement to protect them from the plague of virulent crises ravaging society.

"This is one screwed-up family," says Dr. Mumford Kittle, head of the Crisis Dependency Network, who is chained in the attic. "I thought we were making progress, but when I arrived for our session yesterday, Stan knocked me out and dragged me up here. Gloria had read a story about a wave of child abuse surging across America, and she suspects everyone. We're back to square one, treatmentwise."

Back downstairs, Gloria's digital wrist watch starts beeping; she stands bolt upright. "Testing!" she screams. "It's testing time!"

Scrambling to the basement, the panicky couple bursts into the fallout shelter. "OK, kids, fill up these specimen bottles," says Stan.

"You haven't succumbed to the nightmare of crack addiction, the number-one menace in the U.S. today, have you?" Gloria demands.

"Aw, Ma," Bryant whines. "You don't sniff it, you smoke it."

"Aha!" his mother cries. "How did you know that?"

"Dan Rather."

"Good God!" shouts Stan, stricken with terror. "Where's Jane?"

Bryant says that he saw his sister sneak off to school. "She had to," he says. "She's scared she'll become unemployable and end up a starving bag person roaming the streets of some overpopulated megalopolis, easy prey for psychotic killers, AIDS and the partnerless-single-woman syndrome."

"But school," Gloria sobs. "It's full of crime, illiteracy, rap music, satanic cults and secular-humanist values, whatever they are."

"We've got to save her," says Stan.

"You're right," says Gloria.

But neither moves toward the door. Instead, they resume that terrible moan, a sound so irritating that bystanders frequently become agitated to the point of homicide—a fact that, expert crisis theorists now believe, may result in America's worst crisis yet: a crisis-crisis-victim-victimization crisis.

## Crisis Crisis

innocents. In *The Target Is Destroyed*, Seymour Hersh pointed out that the Russians had simply made a tragic mistake and that our Government intelligence gatherers knew it had been a mistake, as did the President and Shultz. They wouldn't admit that in the glare of a crisis, mind you; why waste the spotlight?

During the Qaddafi hysteria, the press was fully lathered to accept State Department—manufactured assertions of Libya's intended terrorist activities, and it ate up the fiction that our bombing raid had weakened "Mad Dog" Qaddafi's grip on his government. The crisis machinery was already in place and functioning, waiting for the next bit of news to pump up. In a telling bit of timing, the strike itself took place at two o'clock in the morning Libya time, which was seven o'clock in the evening New York time. And there was Dan Rather, encouraging his Tripoli correspondent to hold his microphone out the window so the American public could hear the 12 minutes of mayhem. At 7:20, Larry Speakes was in the pressroom, waging media war.

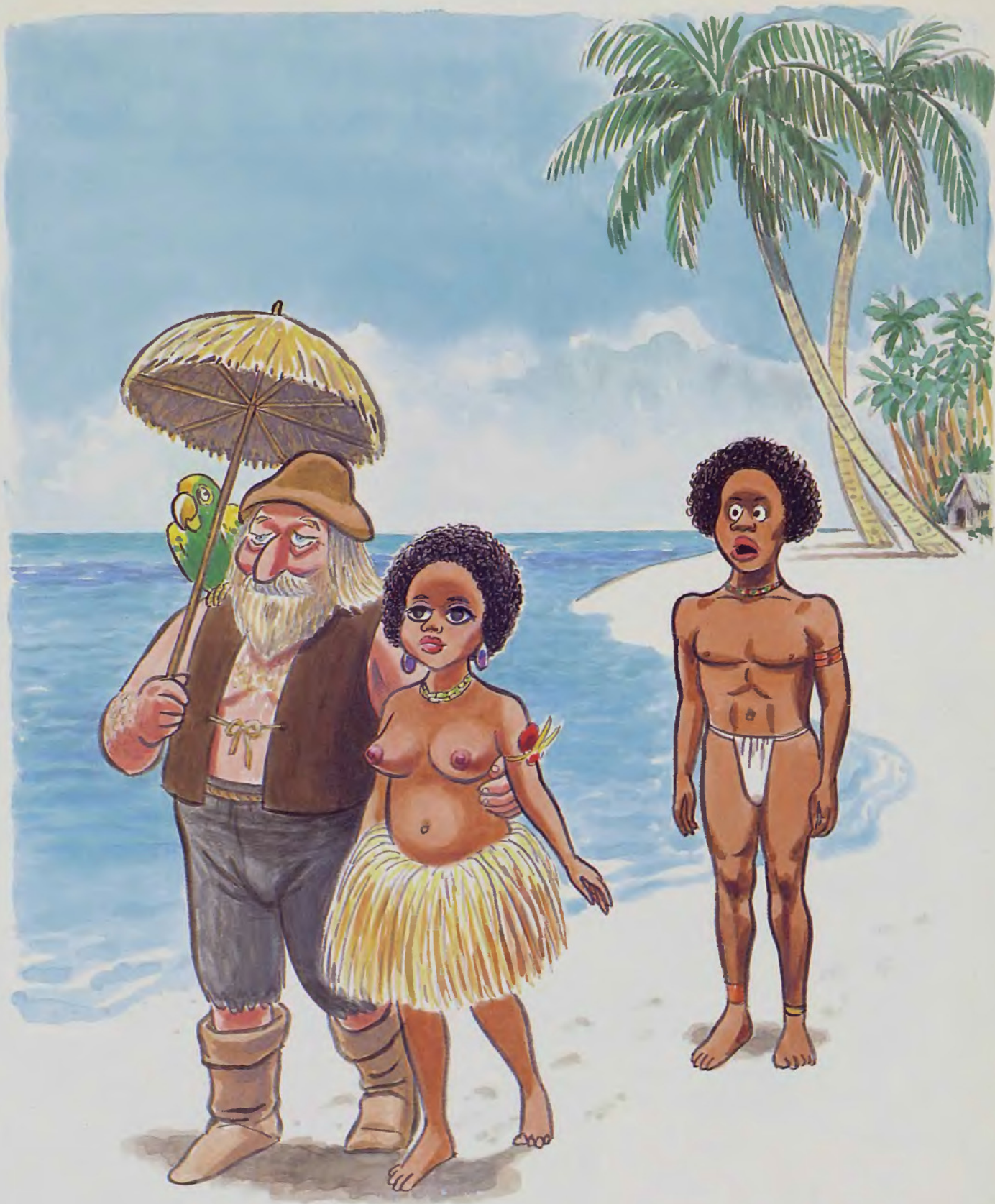
Reflecting on the whole mess, House Majority Leader Jim Wright told *The New York Times*, "One of the unfortunate by-products of the television age is the short attention span of the American public. We walk along fat, dumb and happy until a crisis grabs us by the throat. Once it is off the front burner of nightly television coverage, we go back to sleep."

So it is that the wave beyond the Crisis Crisis takes shape: dismissal by cover story. Once *Time* covers the famine in Ethiopia, we can forget about it. After *Newsweek* looks at nuclear war, the bombs disappear. Under the new system, crises will spend their few minutes in the spotlight, grant interviews all around and then gracefully retire, like Joe DiMaggio.

*We're back in the bar again, as you can tell from this italic type. With all of the TVs blaring, the din of crisis-mongering has increased to a heavy-metal sonic boom. But the patrons no longer look frightened. They've stopped watching the monitors; they're numb to the very latest causes for hysteria. But that's what happens in noisy bars: Turn up the sound loud enough and you'll deafen the customers.*

—PETER MOORE





John  
Dempsey

*"Since she arrived, you never say 'Thank God it's Friday' anymore."*



# **TRUE-BLUE** *Detective*

**MISCHELLE McMINDES**

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

THE ADVENTURES OF A  
SMALL-TOWN  
SLEUTH





WHEN WORD leaked out that MiSchelle McMIndes (rhymes with finds), a licensed private investigator and a seven-year resident of Pendleton, Oregon, was posing for a PLAYBOY pictorial, the letters column of the local daily, the *East Oregonian*—which had run a front-page story about her—got the predictable protest mail from Falwell followers. The story even made the news in big-city Portland, 200-plus miles west. “WILL PLAYBOY ‘STRIP’ AWAY PENDLETON’S IMAGE?” an *Oregonian* headline inquires. Responds MiSchelle, an attractive, articulate 29-year-old native of Nebraska: “No way.” To understand what the fuss is about, it helps to put Pendleton in perspective. It’s the kind of place, as the adage has it, “where the men are men and the women are glad of it.” Its chamber of commerce claims it’s “not the old West, not the new West—the real West.” Stroll down Main Street on a Saturday and you’ll meet an eclectic mix of cowboys, Indians, doctors, lawyers, even an occasional merchant chief. The town’s money, most of it, comes from the surrounding land: rolling hills that nurture wheat, peas, cattle, sheep and pine trees. During one week in mid-September each year, the place explodes in the heady blend of dust, horse sweat, whiskey and excitement that heralds the Pendleton Round-Up, one of the country’s top rodeos. For the other 51 weeks, this community of 14,500 inhabitants and 32 churches is fairly calm. That may change if MiSchelle’s pictorial sets Pendleton on its 107-year-old ear. Frankly, though, she expects the citizenry of her adopted home town to take it in stride.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY









**T**he reactions I'm hearing from people," MiSchelle told us, "are 'We're real proud of you' and 'When is your issue coming out? We can't wait.'" How she came to be in *PLAYBOY* is a story in itself.

After being approached by a photographer who represented himself as a scout for a *PLAYBOY* feature on female private eyes, MiSchelle wrote to our Chicago offices to check him out. Associate Photography Editor Michael Ann Sullivan read the letter, called MiSchelle and said, "We've never heard of this guy, but the *idea* sounds great. Are you interested?" MiSchelle was. So was Richard Fegley, a genuine *PLAYBOY* Contributing Photographer. The results you see here. MiSchelle came to her field by a roundabout route. She'd majored in music and theater in Nebraska and California, then took seminars in counseling at the Menninger Foundation. A job with a mental-health program, Independent Living, drew her to Pendleton.



On the steps of the Umatilla County Library (above), Pendleton mayor Joe McLaughlin (left) runs into MiSchelle, her boyfriend, Morrie McCormach (back to camera), and Mike Hagen, with whom she's working on a movie project scripted by Ken Kesey. "I spend a lot of time in the library doing research," she says. "Luckily, it's only about a block away from my office."





After three years with Independent Living, MiSchelle decided she wanted to live independently and start her own business. "I had done some volunteer work with rape victims, during the course of which I met several attorneys," she says. "One suggested I might be a good investigator." It took a bank loan, hard work refinishing floors and stripping brick walls to renovate her office space and a year of pounding pavements before her firm, Northwest Investigators, took off; "but once I convinced some attorneys that I had the moxie to do the job, word of mouth just spread. Now I can pretty much pick and choose what cases I'll accept." Nearly all are referrals from attorneys, who may ask her to conduct surveillance on accident victims suspected of fraudulent workmen's-compensation claims, pose as a store clerk to smoke out a shoplifting employee or locate and interview witnesses to a traffic mishap. "If you don't do it right," MiSchelle says, "you can scare away potential witnesses or make them hostile."



On Main Street just outside the Rainbow Café (top), a funky favorite local watering hole, MiSchelle talks with Richard Thompson (left) and Isaac Parr of the tribal police from the nearby Umatilla Indian Reservation. Above, she interviews veteran saddle maker Bill Severe in the Severe Bros. Saddlery, which he shares with sons R.L. (background) and Monty (partly obscured at right), seeking details about a traffic accident he'd witnessed. "Actually, I do most of my investigating outside the immediate area," MiSchelle says. "In a small town like this, where you know almost everybody, it can be very hard to avoid conflicts of interest."









ff the job, MiSchelle enjoys life to the hilt. On the ranch where she lives with wheat farmer Morrie McCormach, she gardens and raises standard poodles. In town, she has scores of friends.

"I love the small-town feeling here, the fact that I can walk to the bank, the post office, do a little shopping and be back in my office in 15 minutes. Or I can go for a beer after work, and people just sit down in the booth next to me and start telling stories. And where else but a town like Pendleton could you go into a bar and find real cowboys talking like real cowboys do on TV?" There's more to it, she adds. "People here are intelligent; they go to concerts and plays and keep up on contemporary issues. We're not just a bunch of hicks." What about the down side of small-town life—its lack of privacy? MiSchelle laughs. "Well, if you really want to go on a rip and tear, you can always get out of town, go and be anonymous somewhere."



MiSchelle's work puts her in contact with a variety of people. Conferring in her office are (above, from left) insurance agent Roger Bisnett, appraiser Larry Davis and agricultural scientist Richard Greenwalt. All, she suspects, are looking forward to this feature. What made her decide to do it? "Seeing a *PLAYBOY* pictorial," she says, "makes me feel proud to be a woman."









has australia killed off  
the bush-bred koalality that  
made it great? has it lost  
its beer-besotted soul?

By Michael Thomas

## THE DECLINE AND FALL OF

# OKKER\* CHIC

DON'T YOU love Paul Hogan? He's the Rogue Okker in the Australian Tourist Commission commercials chucking prawns on the barbie. Have you seen the Foster's Lager campaign? Hogan again, in his cashmere jumper, gasping for a drop of the amber nectar.

They love him in Beverly Hills. Since "*Crocodile Dundee*," they've been sending him all the scripts that Harrison Ford doesn't want to do. The studio intellectuals have actually read *The Thorn Birds*—not just the press coverage—and quite a few of them drop into Koala Blue on Melrose after they've had lunch at Trumps or Moustache Cafe. And if all that hadn't attracted their attention, there was Rupert Murdoch buying up half of 20th Century Fox.

Murdoch muscled his way in by waving greenbacks, but Hogan's a natural. He's got the born-innocent Bondi-blue eyes and the straw hair and the seamless amber tan and the sloppy grin and the cauliflower knees you get from kneeling on a surfboard and the whole who-gives-a-root-she's-apples Rogue Okker insouciance he was born with. But it's the verbal they love in L.A. That wacky dinky-di slang. And the *vowels*—those excruciating A's and E's and oi's ricocheting off the adenoids and resonating up there in the sinuses like a blowfly caught in a bottle of Château Tanunda. It's the way he says "G'day."

The way he speaks, that dinkum larrikin adenoidal vibrato, is the way entire suburbs in Australia speak. The entire North Shore of Sydney and everybody else with two bob to rub together have been trying to *stamp out* that peculiar noise in their sons and daughters ever since

**\*Okker** (noun): Australian rogue; presumed extinct due to low-alcohol beer and loss of habitat.







World War Two. But that was before Okker Chic.

Okker Chic really became official the day it went international, on October 4, 1983, when Olivia Newton-John opened Koala Blue on Melrose. By then, there were agents in Hollywood—hardhearted men, real ruthless, liver-eating hyenas—who had menus from Sydney's Berowra Waters Inn in frames. They'd bludged a free trip to Sydney to tell a few funny stories at some movie conference, they'd spent the day on a yacht in Sydney Harbor and they'd had lunch on the Hawkesbury River. Now they were foaming at the mouth, talking about the oysters and the lobsters and the wine that smelled faintly of passion fruit. They were raving about the women, especially the wild, fresh, amusing and—here was the thing—oddly *intelligent* women, in miniskirts up to here. The word was out, and the word was: If you were looking for the next best thing to heaven on earth, Pan Am 815 flew nonstop to Sydney three days a week.

Meanwhile, on the up-and-coming 7300 block on highly desirable Melrose Avenue, there was Koala Blue. Forget the fact that Olivia's a ring in, an *arriviste*, like the Gibb boys or Mel Gibson, for that matter, or all the other boys and girls of penniless migrants who arrived in Australia when they were 12 and never looked back. As far as anybody in Hollywood was concerned, Olivia Newton-John was as dinky-di as, well, Lorraine Crapp. But the Koala Blue in Hollywood had the real Aussie goods: Eta peanut butter, Vegemite, the full range of I ♥ AUSTRALIA T-shirts and AYERS ROCK T-shirts and hand-knitted Merino-wool cardigans with a kanga on the back, or a koala or a kookaburra, op'ra-house stuff, America's Cup stuff, beach towels spelling out the rules of cricket or the complete lyrics of *Waltzing Matilda*.

Stone the crows! It was amazing. Suddenly all this Okker junk had *meaning*. Cling peaches! Jaffas! Minties! Lamingtons! Hoadley's Violet Crumble Bars! Pelaco shirts! Akubra hats! These things had become cultural artifacts, as though Australia had not just a look, not just

weather, not just good oysters and cold beer and big surf and funny accents, not just infinite space and light and waterfrontage but a culture. It was embarrassing. What was next? Jo'burg? *Voortrekker* Chic?

Okker Chic owed its early speed not to friendly, freckle-faced Paul Hogan, thank you, but to Sydney radio host John Singleton. Singo was the architect, the Wernher von

## SAY WHAT, MATE?

### A Glossary of Aussie Argot

**Akubra hats.** Cowboywear, hopelessly out of date but coming back with the help of Aussie golfer Greg Norman.

**amber nectar.** Beer, especially Foster's Lager.

**Australian Rules.** High-kicking, nonstop rugbylike game of football.

**barbie.** Barbecue.

**bludged.** Lit., borrowed, but implying gravel rash on the knees; very, very insulting.

**bodgie.** Unlettered lout.

**Bondi.** Sydney's best-known surfing beach.

**bottle-brush.** Flower with blooms like punk lavatory brushes.

**Château Tanunda.** Australian answer to Night Train and Wild Irish Rose.

**chunder.** Drunken vomit.

**Crapp, Lorraine.** Olympic champion swimmer of the mid-Fifties.

**daggy.** Unattractive.

**didgeridoo.** Aboriginal wind instrument fashioned from a hollow log; when blown, sounds like the world's coming to an end.

**dinkum.** Cf. DINKY-DI.

**dinky-di.** Genuine, unalloyed, the real thing.

**Dirty Digger.** Rupert Murdoch.

**float.** Enough money in your pocket to back the first horse-race winner.

**G'day.** Universal salutation.

**get stuck into.** Attack.

**gum tree.** Eucalyptus, native to Australia. Its leaves are the staple diet of the koala bear.

**Hoadley's Violet Crumble Bars.** Chocolate-coated honeycomb that sticks to your teeth.

**Jaffas.** Orange-jacketed chocolate balls for rolling down

## THE AUSSIE IMPACT

It Came from Down Under



**1 THREE BILLION B.O.C.\***  
Australia, future playground for marsupials, solidifies down under

**2 500,000,000 B.O.C.**  
Ayres Rock formed

**4 1947** Pan Am begins excruciating multistop service to Sydney



**5 1962** Rod Laver wins grand slam of tennis



**3 1788** First shipment of British crooks and hooligans



\*Before Okker Chic



Braun of the affair; he lit the match. Singo's a big bodgie with a loud voice and a foul mouth and a chip on his shoulder the size of a trailer home. His view of the fancier things in life came across loud and clear when some dingbat phoned in on *The Singo Show* on station 2KY and asked him what he thought about arts and culture in Australia. "Jeez, mate," he goes, "what race is she in?"

the uncarpeted aisles of suburban cinemas.

**jumper.** Sweater.

**kanga.** As in 'roo.

**King Gee shorts.** Daggy.

**kookaburra.** Cheeky, kingfisherlike, carnivorous bird with a laugh like gravel in a bucket.

**lamingtons.** Day-old spongecake, dressed in chocolate syrup and sprinkled with desiccated coconut.

**Lantana.** Flowering bush with a pretty flower and a disappointing bouquet.

**larrikin.** Rowdy, undisciplined lout.

**Merino.** Wool off the sheep's back.

**Minties.** Hard peppermint candy, famous for the cartoon and slogan on the box. Sample subject: A bloke is caught with his **STRIDES** (q.v.) round his ankles, rooting the ass of the boss's wife, and the slogan reads, "It's moments like these you need Minties."

**Okker.** Australian, but the

meaning changes depending on who says it. Said by a **REFFO** (q.v.), it's derogatory if not inflammatory. Said by an **Okker** himself, it's a backhanded boast.

**Pelaco shirts.** Officewear.

**prang.** Road accident.

**reffo.** Feringi. Lit., refugee; by extension, any lowborn foreigner.

**ring in.** Illegal or unauthorized entry.

**schooner.** About a pint.

**She's apples.** Everything's A-OK.

**singlet.** Sleeveless undergarment.

**"Stone the crows!"** Expletive equivalent to "You could've knocked me down with a feather!"

**strides.** Trousers.

**turn-up for the books.** Unexpected, form-defying result, such as Australia's winning the America's Cup.

**up himself.** Pretentious.

**wattle.** Flowering tree.

**yakka.** Labor.

Singo may have the manners of a professional lawn mower, but he was the last half-witted voice of the indigenous white English-speaking culture that found its hero in the iconoclast. He spoke for the little battlers, a breed of men with no time for bankrupt European airs and nothing but scorn for trashy American high-rise and hard-sell. There used to be an entire nation of them. All the little battler asked out of life was a cooked breakfast and a few beers and a float to take to Randwick to get stuck into the bookies. Sunday morning, he'd wake up stony broke and still laughing, pull on his navy-blue singlet and a pair of daggy King Gee shorts and take the street kids fishing off the rocks. Afterward, he'd fire up the barbie on a stretch of empty beach and fry flatheads and yellow jackets for breakfast.

Nobody dared get *up himself* that far—but there was an ethic here: Nobody had any status he couldn't defend. If you didn't see eye to eye with the bloke at the bar, you stepped outside. You didn't discuss it. You settled it. It was rough, but it was just.

What you had here, in the postwar years, until the big boom in the Sixties, was a society unlike any other in the history of the planet. You had equality. You had resolute, doctrinaire mediocrity. If you got a cab, you rode up front with the driver. Everybody shined his own shoes. There were no rungs on the social ladder. There was no ladder. There were only two unforgivable heresies: success and failure.

Failure was shame. All anybody had to do to make a decent living was get out of bed in the morning. The country was so rich and so empty that if you failed to make the grade in Australia, you got what you deserved. Success was worse. Success was subversive.

It broke the first unwritten law of mediocrity, which is: No tall poppies. It sounded like hard yakka, like five days a week, or else it was



**7** 1977 *The Thorn Birds* aligns in U.S.



**8** 1979 Australian Rules football cablecast on ESPN



**6** 1973 Foster's Lager, the amber nectar, flows Stateside

**9** 1982 Men at Work hit pay dirt



**10** 1982 *The Road Warrior* opens in U.S.



**11** 1983 Stone the crows! Australia wins the America's Cup!



**12** 1986 Foster's pitchman Paul Hogan stars in "Crocodile Dundee"



theft. Either way, it was unnatural.

Australians—indigenous white English-speaking Australians—didn't much like to work. Adults worked. And Australians didn't much like the idea of adulthood. What they liked was adolescence until death.

It was Singo who first heard the nagging didgeridoo hum in the national marrow. There was a growing need to paint the Union Jack off the flag, change the national anthem, kiss off the queen and the entire embarrassing colonial pals' act and stand up and be seen among the front runners, internationally speaking. Singo knew what the mob would put their money down for.

Hogan cracked it first in advertising. He came straight off the Harbor Bridge in Sydney, which he was painting at the time. Hogan said, "Anyhow, have a Winfield," and Winfield became the market leader. It was those vowels. Hogan was talking to people in their own language, Okker to Okker, ratbag to ratbag, and it was thrilling. After years of being made to feel vaguely ashamed of themselves, Australians looked in the mirror and fell in love.

Okker Chic spread like a bush fire: All was quiet, one match flared and whhhooooooooosshhh! It transformed everything, rewrote the consciousness, turned known facts upside down. It wasn't just a matter of accent, though accent was fun for a while, like suddenly learning how to sing in tune. There were other things. Take Albert Namatjira, the aboriginal artist. All anybody ever gave Albert Namatjira while he was alive was all the beer he could drink. Namatjira landscapes of central Australia were pure play school dreck, but people began to look at them again. Now they saw space and color and form and naïve mystical geometries.

Everything home-grown became achingly significant, invested with patriotic magic. Arnott's Sao dry biscuits, Sargeants' pies, Ayers Rock, the Sydney Harbor Bridge, the Acroplane Jelly song, 19th Century paintings of gum trees, 20th Century paintings of gum trees, the gum trees themselves.

Oh, but the op'ra house was it. The most fantastic building of the 20th Century, a glittering armada docked in Sydney Harbor, the very flagship of born-again Okker pride, a daily reminder of how far we'd come up in the world. It's traditional to put up an opera house when you've gotten rich quick and yearn for status. But the Sydney Op'ra House, as everybody knew, was *the best fuckin' op'ra house in the world!*

In throngs, the mob flocked to the colors. The rush was on. For years, the rush had all been the other way: All most people

with any brains wanted to do was get out of Australia, even if it meant traveling six to a cabin on a Greek boat. You couldn't shake off the feeling that you were shipwrecked on a remote pink rock at the bottom of the atlas, and no matter how loud you shouted, nobody could hear.

Okker Chic did away with all that. By the Eighties, it was one-way traffic home. All the unbelievers who, in the Sixties, couldn't wait to get out realized on reflection that adolescence until death had a lot to recommend it.

Okker Chic really got out of hand when we won the America's Cup. The hum in the national marrow became a 10,000-voice choir singing in tune. This is a country that likes sport. We very nearly quit the Empire in the Thirties over a cricket match. Australians read the paper from the back; 100,000 of them turn up every weekend at the Melbourne Cricket Ground to watch Australian Rules football, and one of Australia's biggest-selling records in the Eighties was some clown doing a foul-mouthed parody of a cricket telecast. Pure Okker Chic, in fact. But when we won the America's Cup—when skipper John Bertrand came back from the dead and broke the longest winning streak in sporting history—the barrage of popping corks sounded like war breaking out. Great Western champagne had the best day's sales in the history of grapes. By Christ, you should've seen us. If you thought folks in America were a bit worked up when the hostages got back from Tehran, if you thought Mrs. Gandhi's funeral got a little out of hand, you should've been in Sydney the day we won the cup. It was sheer frenzy. Bob Hawke had a fit.

Prime Minister Hawke, who is now on the wagon, showed up at the Royal Perth Yacht Club with tears streaming down his cheeks. They drenched him in Great Western, and it must have soaked through his skin and gotten into his blood stream, because he started flailing about as if he were trying to bite himself on the back of the neck. He was slapping people on the back, being everyone's best mate—this is the prime minister, mind you—and when they finally got a microphone on him, he yelled, "Any boss who sacks a bloke for not showing up at work today is a bum!"

People were still staggering around days later, evil, inky udders under their eyes, tears spilling down their cheeks, kissing policemen in the street. We carried on that way because the America's Cup had been unwinable. It was bolted down in an inner chamber, under glass, and guarded by the Grail knights of the New York Yacht Club. Bertrand's attack on it was heresy. When he smashed the glass and grabbed the Grail, brought it home for the current cup chase on our own stretch of ocean off

Fremantle, he proved once and for all that we could do anything.

Ask Clay Felker. He knows all about that. He found out the hard way. It was Clay, remember, who first took on Rupert Murdoch. What Clay discovered too late—when the bathroom door opened and the Dirty Digger stepped into the 11th-hour board-room meeting and all Clay's old friends suddenly looked the other way—was this: Okkers play dirty.

Clay couldn't believe it. He can't to this day. He, Clay Felker—inventor of *New York* magazine when it was in a class of its own and before that of the legendary *Herald Tribune* magazine, a legend himself, Mr. Manhattan, practically, with one of the top tables at Elaine's—outwitted, outflanked, totally trounced by this rube, this baboon, in fact, this badly dressed nobody from a remote pink rock at the bottom of the atlas where they still wear corks on their hats to keep the flies off!

Clay has never recovered. And Rupert has never looked back. Now no newspaper in the Western world is safe. No corporation is too big. The bigger, the better—you just build up a holding and make a silly offer. It's taken a few years to sink in, but the board rooms and news desks are beginning to recognize the ghastly truth: It's not just Murdoch. There's a pack of them down there—a rogue Mafia of Dirty Diggers with more money than sense and no scruples whatsoever—and they're barking at the door. Alan Bond, of Bond Corporation, barks loudest of all. Bond's mascot—the kangaroo that flew on the mainsail of Australia II—was wearing boxing gloves. The message was plain: Get out of the way or get thumped.

Singo is still going strong on 2KY, defending the larrikin way of life. But he's lost the plot—there's nobody out there in navy-blue singlets anymore. They're all wearing alligator shirts and running shoes. They're sitting around in butterfly chairs, under the ficus in the open-plan distressed-pine dining-cum-sitting room of their \$250,000 home units with a view of the yachts on Sydney Harbor, eating *guacamole* quiche and drinking LA beer. And what are they talking about? They're talking about giving up smoking. They're driving Datsuns. Half the people in Sydney don't even speak the same language.

The bottom's fallen out of Rugby League. Nobody wants to watch grown men kick one another's teeth in and gouge one another's eyes out anymore, so nobody goes. There are no fights in Australia anymore, either. There are no fighters. No more little battlers. If you went looking for a dinkum Okker little battler these days, you'd need four-wheel drive and a Mobil map and a few days to spare.

(continued on page 138)



# WICKED WILLIE

Tell me about your ex.

Oh, him...

BATHROOM

Well... he was very good-looking, a writer, musician, composer, critic - but lesser known as a champion chess player, mathematician, artist, windsurfer and cordon-bleu chef....

What made you ask?

Good question.

BATHROOM

Gray







*a new playboy series*

# BMW 325i CONVERTIBLE

the  
bavarian  
motor  
works  
returns  
to the  
fold

Deauville, France, is a seaside resort on the Normandy coast, the sort of chic village where they shoot James Bond films. It's picturesque, civilized and expensive. Recently, a group of editors from PLAYBOY's 13 international editions met there to discuss the demanding work of putting out these magazines. To lighten their load, BMW sent over five new 325i convertibles. ("So you won't all go stir crazy," said BMW's PR manager.) It took about half a day for the editors to realize that the most important strategic question facing them was how to wangle the key to one of the cars. Their routine was set in short order: By day, they talked magazines; at night, they raced for the BMWs. PLAYBOY's Editorial Director, Arthur Kretchmer, was one of the lucky drivers. Here's his impression of the 325i.

SKILLFUL ENGINEERING is the spine on which BMW has built this sexy convertible. Because open-top cars are less structurally sound than sedans, BMW gave its usual Teutonic attention to detail when it came to reinforcing the frame and stiffening the convertible's chassis. To give you an example of how dedicated the BMW engineers were to the strength and integrity of the shell, the frame that holds the windshield in place is so strong that it serves as a roll bar in case a driver does a 180-degree turn in three dimensions. To give you an example of how well thought out BMWs are in general, the buttons that control the electric rearview mirrors are perfectly (concluded on page 144)

No, it isn't true that with the introduction of the 325i convertible, BMW now stands for *Better mit Wind*. Five-speed manual is standard, automatic optional—and there's the possibility that an easy-to-attach plastic hardtop weighing about 55 pounds will be available.



# H E R P E S

## AND THE

# C H A P L A I N

---

if the chaplain is going to save any souls in this jail, he's got to pass Flanagan's test. and he'd better not flinch when he does it

---

### fiction **By LEW STEIGER**

HERE IN TANK ONE, nobody has come or gone for about two weeks, and in the accumulated seconds spent together, we've reached an understanding. We're all innocent.

All of us except Snow, maybe, but he doesn't count.

It can't last, of course. Some they'll ship to prison, and they'll let others go or move them to different tanks and then new ones will come in. We'll get a queer or a nut or an obnoxious punk, and the mood will shift. But right now we've struck a balance. We've developed, you might say, a certain tenderness toward each other.

Flanagan, the oldest, is the ringleader of this common decency. It goes like so: The bars clang, the electric locks slam shut, they've spit someone else in here. He comes through a set of doors built like an air lock; he's a man entering a submarine. It's Peters, who was our last addition. "What did you do?" says Braxton. "I didn't do shit," Peters says. "Of course you didn't, son," Flanagan soothes in a slow, deliberate drawl. "He was jist askin' you what the chaaahge is." "Drunk," Peters says. "Which I had a right to be." "Why, sure you did," Flanagan says. "There ain't a man alive that never once had a right to be drunk. Every one of us has had a right to be drunk. And been that way, too, naturally. Now come on." Flanagan gets up and takes Peters by the arm, steering him toward the last vacant bunk in cell D. "You look like you need to lie down, boy. Take a load off your mind."

Peters is young; he's got a fresh gash on his forehead and a huge shiner, and his right arm is swathed in bandages. Coming into this tank, he's a bomb ready to explode—and that's Flanagan for you. He keeps things calm for us. We like things quiet in here. If Peters was just a drunk, he'd be in the drunk tank, Tank Five, not in Tank One. But so what? What's the difference? We're in this

hole together, and while we are, nothing else matters. The point is to do good time, not hard time. Flanagan has been in longer than anybody, since July, and here it is February, and his trial date isn't even set, but do you see him sweating it? No. He's dry as dust.

Flanagan is a big, pear-shaped guy with yellow skin from chain smoking and a crewcut and false front teeth. He's about 55. They don't let us see the papers in here, but on the one channel of TV we get, they're calling him the Septic Tank Killer.

Flanagan had this retard living with him and his girlfriend. The retard was married to Flanagan's girlfriend, and the insurance, along with a Government pension, was in her name. Flanagan drove over the retard with a rented backhoe while he was digging a new septic tank. Flanagan says he backed into the retard without seeing him. But, allegedly, blood, hair and bone chips were found on the front bucket of the backhoe, then underneath, in a pattern to suggest that Flanagan knocked the retard down going forward, then drove back and forth over his head about three times. Flanagan says he was flustered. He never drove a backhoe before; he was trying to drive the backhoe off the retard. Flanagan says if he wanted to kill for money, why wouldn't he have done it sooner? Why would he put up with all that bullshit for three straight years before committing the crime? Flanagan says he took the victim into his home because the worthless bastard had nowhere else to go. He was wrong in the head. He was dying of a brain tumor, anyway, and the only reason Flanagan's girlfriend married him was to become his guardian so the state couldn't come along and commit him. It was charity, pure and simple. While they salivate on TV about Flanagan's love triangle and the delay of justice, Flanagan will just sit there playing dominoes with Braxton. He'll have his teeth out on (continued on page 92)











*fashion by*  
**HOLLIS WAYNE**

LET HER SLIP  
INTO  
SOMETHING  
COMFORTABLE—  
YOURS—  
AND JOIN  
THE BOXER  
REBELLION

Is it because of lawyers' loss of favor that briefs are losing popularity? Or is it more fundamental than that? Is it that women are trying to lay claim to the champion-boxer look and men want it back? Looking at the options on these pages, we'd say that men and women benefit from the new boxer styles. Left: You (or she) can have the universe by wearing these cotton-flannel boxers, by Joe Boxer, about \$15. Right: Try these paisley-print cotton boxers, by Calvin Klein Menswear, \$8.50.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
BYRON NEWMAN



# SHORTS STORY





**We've** come a long way from the days when boxers came only in white. Now you can dress down according to your mood. Above: Be a little frivolous in these Snoopy-print white cotton/polyester boxers, by Hanes Menswear, about \$5, or, facing page, the white cotton/polyester boxers with Garfield print—they're the cat's meow, by Jockey International, Inc., \$6.50. Right: Want to be semiserious? Put on some blue-and-white-striped cotton-oxford boxers, by Under Construction, \$15.



STYLING BY BRIGITTE ARIEL  
HAIR AND MAKE-UP  
BY PATTI BURRIS







## HERPES

(continued from page 86)

*"Snow beat a man to death with his bare hands and he won't say he's sorry about it."*

the table—the steel picnic table that's bolted into the concrete floor—and he'll just chuckle and shake his head.

Flanagan, a trapped man, is cooler than January in Idaho. And he's got the rest of us talked into being the same way. Which is why, on this Saturday morning, we have a nice, quiet, decent tank with no hassles. And all of us are innocent.

That is, all of us except Snow. Snow is out there. Snow beat a man to death with his bare hands on a sidewalk in broad daylight and he won't say he's sorry about it. Snow can't get the difference between hard time and good time, either. He suffers constantly. Which is understandable. "Give the kid time," Flanagan says.

Snow won't talk much. He's a real good-looking kid, but about all he does is lie on his bunk and stew. Either that or wash his hands and face. He's always jumping up to wash. He's a sharp kid but very tight; he's not looking for trouble, but he's not somebody people would fuck with just for the hell of it, either. Anyway, one day Snow makes an announcement. He gets his cup through the slot in the morning, like always—every morning at wake-up, they bring us the cups we're going to have for the day, just ordinary plastic coffee cups. They give them to us in the morning and take them away at night after dinner to be washed, and nobody thinks anything about it. But on this particular morning, Snow ties a torn little piece of sheet on the handle of his cup and holds it up for everybody to look at.

"See this cup?" he says. "The cup with the tag on it is mine. Anybody touches my cup is going to be very sorry. You all got that? Don't touch my cup."

We think he's crazy, of course. We got our own cups; who would want to touch Snow's cup? We roll our eyes at each other. Snow's gone off his nut. He isn't the first.

Then, a couple of days later, whammo, the blisters. For the first time, we see Snow's blisters.

It's something. Here's this great-looking kid. He has this fine white face and nice dark hair and big, innocent brown eyes. And around his mouth he has the grossest case of herpes anybody ever saw. Not just one little cold sore, either. We're talking blisters here.

When half of us go to the commissary, Peters rummages through the magazine stack and digs up a dog-eared old *Time* magazine with a cover story on the subject. "The New Scarlet Letter" is the title.

Snow's back in the tank, so Peters reads us the gory details out loud: There's no cure, you get it for life; some people never have sex again; it's extremely painful; it comes and goes, but when you have it, you can feel it coming; it's people who sleep around that get it. Finally, they say it's good; maybe it will usher in a new morality.

Braxton laughs at Peters' horror. "Look at you, Peters," Braxton leers. "What the fuck you want to worry about *that* shit for?" he says, slapping Peters on the back. "I was you, man, I'd be thinking about AIDS. . . ."

Peters takes the magazine back into the tank with him, anyway, and Flanagan confiscates it immediately. Flanagan pushes it out through the slot.

A day or two later, Flanagan asks Snow to read his case. Snow reads the papers, then gives them back to Flanagan. "You shouldn't have said you backed into him," Snow says softly. "You should have just said you hit him going forward and it was an accident."

Flanagan shrugs. He takes back the papers. You can picture how it was for him. She marries the retard. He's going to die any day, any minute. It's barely a crime. It's just a neat piece of engineering. Social justice. Who else would get the money? The Government? But then the retard won't die. He won't die and he won't die and he won't die. After three years of having him underfoot, something tears loose inside Flanagan. He's outside trying to dig a septic tank and the retard's on the ground, in the way. The retard won't leave Flanagan alone; he's out there slobbering in the wind. Flanagan sits on the cold steel seat of the backhoe, grinding his teeth, breathing exhaust, trying to get the job done. Then the retard stumbles in front of the backhoe. Afterward, Flanagan panics. He tells the wrong story.

In jail, Flanagan rallies. He's surrendered all the dignity he's going to. No more. He's told them his story and that's the one he's going to ride with.

And in the cell, looking at Snow, he shrugs.

But now it's the second Saturday of the month, the day they have the rap session. At first, none of the new ones are going to go, but then Flanagan says they have a coffee maker in there and you can drink all you want. Sometimes they even have doughnuts, and the old chaplain is pretty easy, too. Pretty laid back.

At the last minute, Flanagan gets Snow to come. Snow's had a paper towel spread out on his pillow. He's been lying on his bunk, his face to the wall, since wake-up.

We go to a plain concrete room with TV cameras in two corners and metal chairs set in a circle. Sure enough, there's a coffee maker on a little card table back in a corner, outside the circle. Just our luck, though, no doughnuts. The bastards in here before us have eaten them all. Right off, we make a beeline for that coffee, though.

It's a new chaplain, not the regular. This one is young and he's cool. He nods the guard away with a look that says he's got things under control. God's on his side. The guard locks us in as he goes, and the rap session begins. As we sit, Braxton rolls his eyes at the cameras to say, "Watch out, the room could be bugged." It's true, too; there are little microphone slots in the camera housings under the lenses. In the center of the jail is a control cage, and wherever you go in the jail outside a tank, somebody watches you.

The chaplain has a sip of coffee. "The first thing we have to decide," he says, "is whether we want to have smoking in this room or not. How many smokers do we have?" It's a democratic circle. The chaplain is sitting in a metal chair, just like ours, and he's a coffee drinker, too. He's assumed a position of no particular importance, except nobody will sit next to him, so he's got a couple of empty chairs on either side of him. There's seven or eight of us in the room, and all of us raise our hands except Snow and the chaplain. "Well," the chaplain says, "obviously we're outnumbered." He indicates himself and Snow. "And obviously we'd rather you didn't smoke. But it's up to you."

The rest of us purse our lips at each other and smile. It's like this is some kind of test, where if we don't smoke, it proves we could be good citizens or it's a victory for the chaplain or something. This bird is pretty *Mod Squad*. He's trim, he's got a nice haircut, with the hair still down over his ears to show he wasn't asleep back in the Sixties and Seventies. He's wearing a fancy turquoise ring and a nice sport shirt, faded jeans, jogging shoes. He's got this look that says, "I've been there, too, baby. There and back. I know what it's all about. *We can talk.*"

The chaplain doesn't even blink when Flanagan lights up. We're all thinking about the camera, wondering how to play this one. Flanagan lights right up. The chaplain smiles. He takes another sip of coffee, then he leans to put his cup down on the floor in front of him. He stretches. He puts his hands behind his head and bends over the back of the chair, shuts his eyes tight as if to say it's already been a long day for him. He's had people in here before us, and he'll have more after we're

(continued on page 118)



Crisson



*"Is Wendy's precious Ronnie too busy to come to the phone just now?"*



A close-up, artistic photograph of a woman's face, partially obscured by a delicate fishnet veil. She is holding a large, vibrant orange flower near her face. The lighting is warm and dramatic, with a dark background. A vertical metal frame with a diamond pattern is visible on the left side of the image.

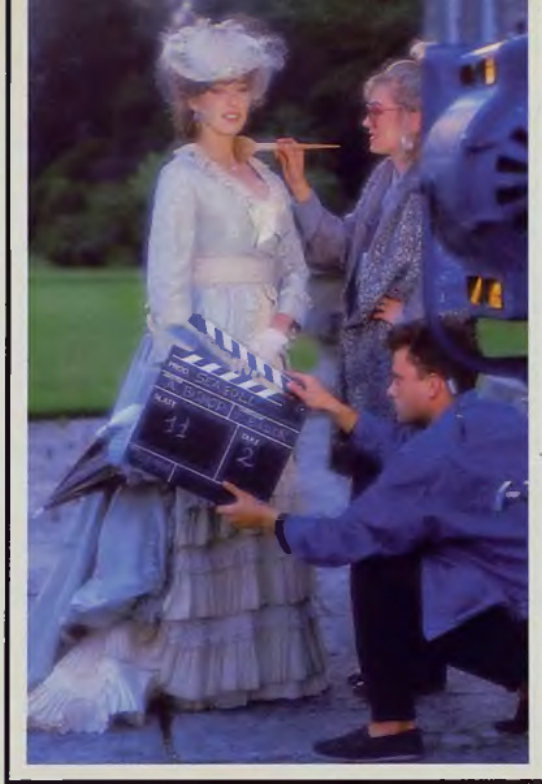
# GREAT BRITON

londoner marina baker's  
lines will not soon  
be forgotten









At the time we met actress/Playmate Marina Baker, she'd just bought a flat in London. Marina told us all about her mortgage, her monthly note, finance brokers, interest rates and how she saves most of what she earns. So, we ventured, we take it you're a British Yuppie. "I suppose I'm a Yuppie," she agreed. "The few Yuppies here are thriving more than most Sloane Rangers, meaning certain upper-class types who live near Sloane Square, a posh area of London."



*"My greatest friend is my mother, Margaret [above left]. She's a poet and she used to be a schoolteacher. Now she and I go riding together every Sunday morning." At top: Marina is made up for her role as Nina in a production of "The Seagull."*













I'm not a Sloane, but I'm invited to Sloane dinner parties. You know, 'Marina's an actress—she's so amusing.' But I don't often entertain the Sloanes anymore since I've been in *Forever Elvis*." That's the long-running musical-theater production in which Marina plays Priscilla Beaulieu Presley. "And when I'm not acting, the time I have is not spare—it's used. I'm taking singing lessons, trying to find time to ride horseback and to develop a one-woman show."













I've done things before that have been very camp, very feminine. I want my solo show to be hard-hitting. Maybe it'll be political—though I don't particularly want to be labeled as political. In the meantime, I'm really quite happy at the moment in my new flat with nothing to sit on as yet. I may not be a Sloane, but I honestly wouldn't want to change anything—except, perhaps, my nose. Not really—my nose and I get on quite well now. We've been together 19 years."



*"When I visited the United States for my shooting, it surprised me that it was very much like American television shows. I'd always heard it wasn't. People really do say, 'Have a nice day!' So many people spoke to me. They asked things like, 'Do you know Princess Diana?' Very friendly people. Amazingly so!"*





MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Lana Baker



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Marina Augusta Baker

BUST: 34EE WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5' 7" WEIGHT: A secret

BIRTH DATE: 12/8/67 BIRTHPLACE: WINOSOR, ENGLAND

AMBITIONS: Have my own professionally produced and directed one-woman show.

TURN-ONS: Mickey Rourke, educated people, Sunday-morning rides.

TURN-OFFS: fur coats, smokers, men who shave their chests

OCCUPATION: Actress in musical

"Forever Elvis"

FAVORITE TV SHOW: Anything with good acting (i.e., not much)

MAN YOU'D MOST LIKE TO MEET: F.F. Coppola for work, M. Rourke for

WOMAN YOU'D MOST LIKE TO MEET: Margaret Thatcher. fun!!

FAVORITE THING ABOUT THE U.S.: A nation of friendly people with a strong will to succeed.

LEAST FAVORITE THING ABOUT THE U.S.: couldn't find a decent cup of tea.



English Rose  
fun at 15....



me and my pony  
sweet at 16....



is that me!?!  
surprised myself at 17.







# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A horny American visiting Amsterdam was down to his last five guilders when he walked through the red-light district. Stopping one of the girls, he asked, "Do you do American Express?"

"I'll do it as fast as you want," she replied.

Billy Graham and Green Bay Packers coach Forrest Gregg were spotted shaking hands at a recent charity event.

"Amazing," remarked an observer. "They're probably the only two men in the country who can each get 40,000 people in a stadium to rise to their feet, shouting, 'Jesus Christ!'"



Mario, the underboss of the local Mafia family, agreed to see the godfather about a job for his deaf-mute nephew, Carmine. The godfather decided that Mario's nephew would make a perfect bagman, as he would be unable to hear or speak of the underworld's activities.

A year passed without incident until one day the godfather summoned Mario to his favorite restaurant. "Your nephew's a nice boy, Mario," he said. "But his latest delivery is \$150,000 short. Mario, I'm sending Bruno with you to find out how he made such a mistake."

When they arrived at the young man's house, Bruno put a gun to Carmine's head and told Mario to ask his nephew what had happened to the money.

"The godfather is willing to forgive you if you tell him what happened," Mario said in sign language. "Now, where's the money?"

His eyes popping in fear, Carmine signed back, "It was a mistake. I'll never do it again. The money's in a shoe box behind the furnace."

"OK, what'd the punk say?" Bruno rumbled.

"He said he doesn't think you have the balls to pull the trigger."

The soldier came home from a two-year hitch overseas to find his wife with a new baby. Furious, he was determined to track down the father.

"Was it my friend Allen?" he asked.

"No," his weeping wife replied.

"Was it my friend Steve?"

"No."

"Well, which one of my son-of-a-bitch friends was it?" he demanded.

"Don't you think I have any friends of my own?" she snapped.

A farmer was intent on running off the couples using his property as a lovers' lane, so one Saturday night, he went out armed with his flashlight and a shotgun.

At the first car, he knocked on the steamy window and yelled, "Hey, whadaya think yer doin'?"

The girl in the back seat raised her head, giggled and said, "We're doing the *rumba*."

"OK," the farmer said, "just hurry up and move along."

The farmer knocked at the second car. "Whadaya doin' back there?" he yelled.

"We're doing the tango," came the reply.

"OK," said the farmer, "just move along."

At the third car, the farmer stuck his head into the open window and said to the two naked, gyrating occupants, "I suppose you two are doing the bossa nova."

"Oh, no," replied the startled girl. "I'm doing him a favor."

Talk in publishing circles is of the debut of an entertainment magazine designed exclusively for married men. It will look like other men's magazines—except the centerfold will be the same every month.



*Billy Neiman*

A flashy showgirl married a 97-year-old millionaire, largely in the belief that the old codger would never survive the wedding night.

While her husband was in the bathroom, the woman slipped into a black-lace nightgown and struck her most seductive pose on the bed. When the old man finally emerged, she was surprised to see that he was stark-naked except for ear-plugs, nose plugs and a condom.

"Why are you wearing those?" the startled bride asked.

"Cause if there's anything I can't stand," he grumbled, "it's the sound of a woman screaming and the smell of burning rubber."

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





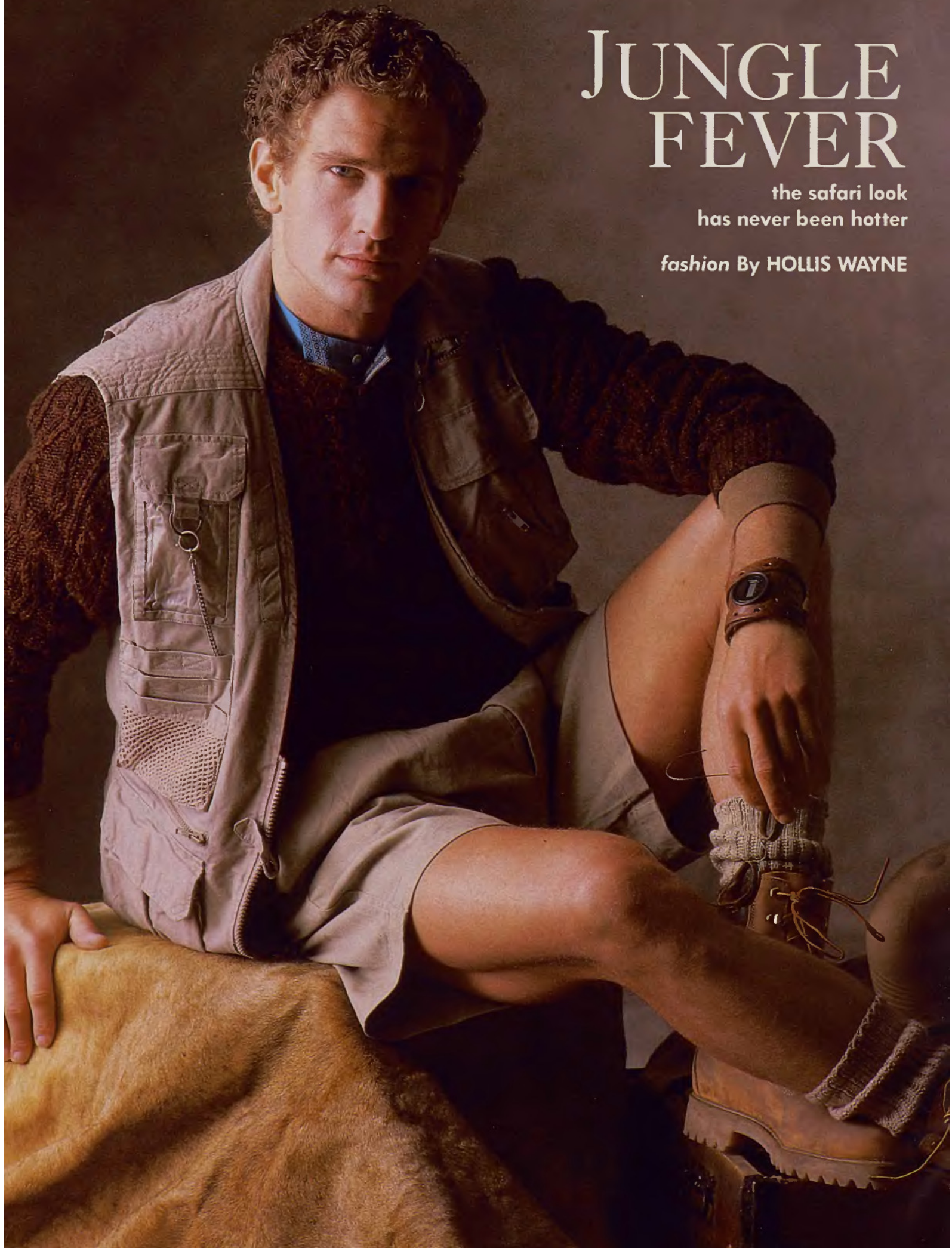
*"Goodness, do you need all this money just to go skiing?"*



# JUNGLE FEVER

the safari look  
has never been hotter

*fashion* By HOLLIS WAYNE





# T

HE LAW of good design is not dissimilar to the law of the jungle. To survive, you have to fulfill a function. And function—along with good design—is what safari-style clothing is all about. It's the symbol of an adventurous international spirit. Indiana Jones and "Crocodile" Dundee are cinematic Johnny-come-latelies to the *bwana* look, as anyone who's seen *The Roots of Heaven* and endless episodes of the Jon Hall *Ramar of the Jungle* TV series already knows. Yet they've certainly contributed to the enduring popularity of the sun-never-sets-on-the-British-Empire clothes. And with sequels to both films rumored to be in the works, bush jackets, Bombay shirts, slouch socks, Foreign Legion jungle hats, sahib shorts, etc., aren't about to fade away.

Left: The urbane outback look—a cotton photojournalist's vest with 22 pockets and a zip-frant snap-closure combination, \$89, that's worn over a cable-stitch crew-neck sweater, \$59, a cotton long-sleeved shirt, \$20, and khaki-cotton shorts, \$25, all by Banana Republic; plus a cotton round-neck shirt, by Gianfranco Ruffini, \$48; cotton slouch socks, by E. G. Smith, \$8.50; waterproof insulated-leather work boots, by Timberland, \$120; and a leather wrap watch, by Pini, New York, \$28.

Right: Hame is the hunter in same great-looking safari-inspired clothes, including a lambskin jacket, by Bill Kaiserman, about \$1200; a rayon work shirt, by Gene Pressman and Lance Karesh for BASCO, \$64; Kenya pants with zip-off legs, \$59, and a multi-colored cotton fringed scarf, \$18, both by Banana Republic; and a leopard-print leather-band watch, by Pini, \$28.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
ROBERTO ROCCO





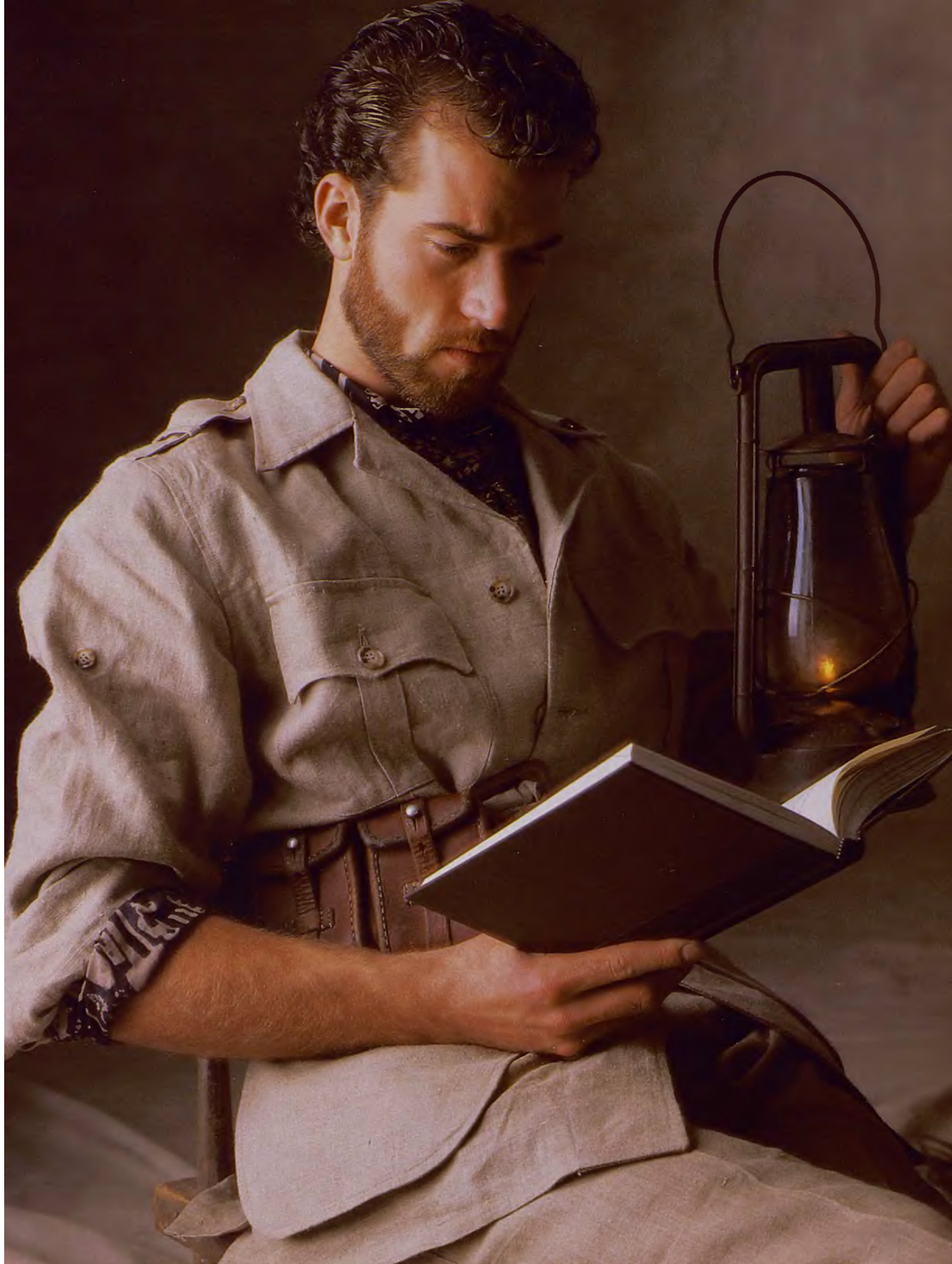


N either

is a chain of stores named Banana Republic. Started in the late Seventies by Mel and Patricia Ziegler, Banana Republic is a retail phenomenon, with 66 outlets nationwide, as well as a thriving mail-order business. The company's catalogs are witty and imaginative, and excerpts from them have been incorporated into the Zieglers' hardcover *Banana Republic Guide to Travel & Safari Clothing*, published some months ago, that chronicles the couple's success while celebrating the adventurous life (and the clothes you'll need to enjoy it) in a tongue-in-cheek Walter Mitty style. While Banana Republic keeps the adventurous spirit alive, the details of the clothes themselves also add to the romance.

Left: Now, here's a rough-and-ready fellow who's certainly long in the tooth (tusk, octu-olly), and we also like the lengths he's gone to in his choice of outerwear—a ton silk trench coat with two patch pockets, about \$425, worn with a multi-colored viscose Cosoblanca comp shirt, about \$145, and viscose/royon pleated socks, about \$175, all by Byblos; plus a giraffe-print ponyskin belt with a brass buckle, by Al B. Arden, \$116; and a handsome pair of calfskin boots, by Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, \$525. Right: A look that's right out of Africo but never out of style, including a natural-linen safari jacket with epaulets, two flap pockets, button front and a self-belt, about \$180, plus natural-linen pleated socks, about \$100, both by Willis & Geiger; a royon print shirt, by Pink Dragon, about \$75; and a brown-and-black cotton print tie, by Byblos, about \$42.









# E

paulets were created by the French to keep their bandoleers from slipping off their shoulders. Baggy bush-jacket pockets are credited to the British (an ideal place to stash trinkets liberated after a battle, perhaps?). And khaki, according to the Zieglers, can be traced back to one Lieutenant Harry Lumsden, stationed in the Punjab in 1846, who chucked his red-felt uniform in favor of dyed-cotton pajamas and, thus, "distinguished himself as the only comfortable Anglo-Saxon south of Liverpool." That's the kind of detail that enhances the romance of Banana Republic. It also makes for sharp, comfy clothing. Remember, men, it's a jungle out there. Adventure awaits. And so do stores filled with fashion prey. Bag yourself a winner.

Left: Richard Halliburton, we presume? No, just a *bwana* who shares his taste in tropical threads, including a khaki sports jacket, \$75, and white cotton/linen slacks, \$62.50, both by Yves Saint Laurent; a rayon shirt, by Robert Lighton for British Khaki, \$48; and a wool scarf, \$16, and pocket square, \$4, both by Banana Republic. Right: Twa for the adventure road. The chap at near right wears a linen/cotton safari suit, by Bill Kaiserman, \$590; a viscose shirt, by Ideas by Massimo Osti for C. P. Company of Italy, \$135; a cotton print tie, by Pink Dragon, about \$17; a rabbit-fur/felt hat, by Willis & Geiger, about \$110; and a quartz watch, by Robert Lighton for British Khaki, about \$325. His buddy likes a cotton sports jacket, \$295, pleated slacks, \$135, a cotton shirt, \$95, and a safari lapel pin, \$17.50, all by Reporter; plus a rayon tie, by Pink Dragon, about \$20.







IF MARTY RECOMMENDED  
HER, SHE HAD TO  
BE GOOD

FICTION

By CHET WILLIAMSON

I need life." Frank Ames looked over the rim of his third gin and tonic at his friend Marty Green. "Christ, I'm forty and not getting any younger, I've been married to the same woman for seventeen years; I got three kids. . . ."

"I have somebody for you."

"Huh?"

"A girl. When you going up to the city again?"

"Two weeks."

"Good." Marty pulled from his pocket the stubby pencil he'd used to score their match, smoothed out his cocktail napkin on the bar and scribbled on it. "Here." It read, SHARON—815-8872.

"This on the level?"

"I kid you? She's the best I ever found. You want life, this is the lady."

Frank didn't wait two weeks to go to the city. Monday morning, he told his wife he had agency meetings both that afternoon and the following day. She drove him to the station, smiled and kissed him good-bye, not realizing that along with his clothes, he had packed the unopened bottle of cologne his daughter had given him last Father's Day.

When Frank checked into his hotel, he brushed his teeth, then dialed the number.

"Hello, Sharon Allison speaking. . . ." The voice reminded Frank of a Black Velvet billboard.

"Uh, hello, Sharon. My name is Frank. Marty Green gave me your number."

"Oh, yes, he told me you'd be calling. He thought that maybe you and I could . . . do some business together."

"God, this is easy, Frank thought.

"Would you like to come over here?"

Her voice *dripped* with lust, with the promise of clandestine acts of indescribable whoopee.

He was about to ask for the address when, amid thoughts of silky flesh, came creeping other thoughts of hidden cameras, blackmail, divorce settlements, lawyers. "Well, maybe it would be better here. I'm expecting some calls."

"And when would be convenient?"

"Um . . . any time."

"Say in an hour?"

"Ah . . . sure."

"So tell me a little about yourself."

"Why?"

"Well, I have to know what you want."

Frank thought for a moment. "The usual, I guess."

"The usual?" She laughed, a clear, bell-like sound that made the base of Frank's spine sweat. "There are so many ways to go, Mr. . . ."

"Ames." He bit his tongue. He'd been planning to tell her his name was Smith, but the truth had jumped out of his mouth faster than a bad clam.

"Mr. Ames. . . ." He had always thought his name was short, but her voice made it delightfully polysyllabic. "And I *do* want to work up something very special for you, since you're a friend of Marty's. Now. How old are you?"

How *old* was he? Was she worried about his heart, or what? "Thirty-seven," he lied.

"Are you married?"

"Uh. . . ." Why should I lie? Maybe there's a discount. "Yes."

"Children?"

Children? "Three. But. . . ."

"You like to . . . travel?"

A leading question if ever there was one.

"Oh, yeah."

"Yes?"

What the hell; he'd said sillier things. "Around the world . . . you know?"

"Hmm," she mused breathily. "That could be a little extra."

"No problem."

"Now, how about any illnesses?"

Although it was an intrusive question, it made him feel relaxed. If she was so concerned, the chances of picking up anything from her would be very small. And Marty, as Frank knew, was a very cautious man. "Oh, no, I'm clean."

"Oh!" She laughed again, and his toes curled. "It's so *good* to be clean. Just one more thing—do you smoke?"

"Smoke . . . what?"

"Cigarettes."

"No."

"Good. That'll make things much nicer. And less expensive, too."

Frank wondered if she were associated with the American Cancer Society or if she simply detested smoker's breath. Either way, he was glad he had quit.

"So," she went on, "I'll be there at six. Where are you?"

He gave her the name of his hotel and the room number.

"I assume you have everything we need?"

Another leading question. "Well, I . . . should hope so."

"Fine. Then you'll be all ready for me when I arrive."

He frowned. "You mean . . . be ready to start as soon as you get here?" He realized she was a professional, but there were, after all, amenities.

"Sure."

"Well, do you want anything to drink first?"

"Oh, no, I really don't like to drink on the job."

"Ah. I'll just be ready to go, then."

"Yes. Have everything out when I get there."

"Everything out?"

"Mmm-hmm. *You* know."

"Everything out."

"Right."

"Right."

"See you."

"Right."

There was a click, and she was gone. Frank sat thinking for a minute, then went into the bathroom, showered, shaved and splashed the Father's Day cologne into all his cracks and crevices. There was no telling what she might do, and if she was so concerned about smoker's breath, he wanted to make sure he didn't offend in any other way.

Cleansed and anointed, he stood before the full-length mirror in the bathroom door and looked at his pink and naked body. Not bad for 40. He thought the two miles a day on the stationary bike had helped. He brushed his teeth again, sat on the bed and waited.

At six o'clock, there was a knock on his door. He thought of getting up to open it, but romance and bravado overcame him, and he lay back on the bed, arranged himself to his best advantage and called, "Come in, Sharon!"

The door opened and she walked in, wearing a black dress that clung to her tall and slender body. Her face and form were so lovely that he didn't notice the briefcase in her hand until she slowly moved it in front of her like a shield.

He looked at her, she looked at him, neither saying a word. They remained like that for several minutes, giving Frank plenty of time to wonder what bizarre devices she might have in her case.

At last he spoke. "Well," he said, "aren't you going to say anything?"

She swallowed heavily, and he became suddenly and horribly aware that the red flush in her cheeks was not merely healthy color.

"I *was* going to ask," she whispered huskily, her voice trembling, "if you wanted term, whole life or endowment. . . ."

Sharon left ten minutes later. In her briefcase, along with the print-outs she had brought for Frank Ames, was a check for \$900, the first of four quarterly payments he would send to her company every year for the next two decades to pay for his \$250,000 Flexible-Premium Policy.

At least, he thought that evening on the train home, she had complimented him on his cologne.





# GETTING ENOUGH





## HERPIES

(continued from page 92)

*"The chaplain leans forward; he's so close to notching up Peters' soul, he can taste it."*

gone. "You're Flanagan, aren't you?" he says. Flanagan nods. "OK, Flanagan, you want to spread out some ashtrays?"

Flanagan gets the ashtrays. They aren't real ashtrays, they're little cereal boxes with the fronts torn out of them, tin foil left inside so the cardboard won't catch fire. Flanagan sits back down and scoots the ashtrays across the floor at strategic intervals. Nobody else can tell whether to light up or not. We look from Flanagan to the chaplain, and we're still waiting for some kind of sign.

"What it boils down to is this," the chaplain says. He sighs and shakes his head. "There isn't a man alive who wouldn't like to suck his own dick."

Everybody sits up except Flanagan. "There isn't a man in this room who wouldn't like to smoke his own bone," the chaplain says.

He stops to let the thought really sink in.

Flanagan leans back in his chair. Something's got his attention. He leans forward and rubs the whiskers on his jaw and frowns, staring. Then he smiles. Those of us who are smart enough start looking for what's made him smile. It takes whoever is going to get it a second or two to put it together, but by the time we do, the chaplain is pretty much back to being just another chaplain.

"We'd all like to fellate ourselves, but we can't, can we?" the chaplain says. "We can't suck ourselves off, because God didn't have that in mind for us."

It's great. It's a terrific opener, because they never cuss. It's so rare a preacher will ever say a dirty word. And it's true what he said. Anybody that claimed he never thought of it would be a liar. So if Flanagan hadn't noticed the chaplain's cup, then the chaplain would've pulled it off.

The thing about the cup is, there's a little piece of pink yarn tied to it.

We'd have all missed it; if Snow hadn't taken us through the same mental exercise earlier, none of us would have even noticed the chaplain and his cup, but now we're primed for it. First it's like—hey? What's the chaplain got? Then, just by looking at him, it changes. We can see it in the set of his mouth and the way his head sits on his neck and even in the manicure he's got—in the soft, surgical cleanliness of his hands. It's . . . what's he afraid he might catch? There's vermin slouching in and out of here all day long, right? A man could catch something. But a guy who's that fastidious . . . well, how could he ever put it together on his own that all of us

have thought about sucking our own peters? It's like he'd never come up with it on his own, so it's probably a borrowed line. It's got to be a borrowed fucking line.

"God didn't make us that way," the chaplain says, "so no matter how much we'd like to, we can't gratify ourselves in that fashion. But what we're here to talk about today is how and why we're all in this particular room together, and what we may be able to do about that. . . ."

"Come on," the chaplain says, "how about somebody starting us off? How about you?" He indicates Braxton.

Braxton's chewing gum a mile a minute, grinning. He lights a cigarette before he speaks. "I'm here because my ex-old lady says I got a little face off her seventeen-year-old daughter," he says. "Which is pure crap. I never touched that kid. Now that ain't, uh, that ain't to say I'm perfect or nothing. I done some wrong things in my life, for sure. But being in here this time has really made me think. I'm . . . uh . . . I'm on the verge of getting it together. I mean, going to church on Sunday . . . all of that shit. Steady job, no more drinking, no more fooling around. This time I think I've, uh, this time I've damn sure seen it, you know . . . the light." Braxton leans back and eyes the camera over the chaplain's head. He nods at it once for emphasis.

"So I'll see you tomorrow, then," the chaplain says. "At the service."

"Uh," Braxton says frowning. He sucks on his cigarette and cracks his gum faster. "That's right, Father. You, uh, you sure will. Unless . . . unless I was to get real sick or something, I'd damn sure be there, all right. The only thing . . . the only thing possibly could stop me is if I got real sick; then I might just lay in my bed. But if I ever did have to lay up sick, I'd sure be praying right there. You can take that one with you to the bank, Father. I'd pray right there in my bunk and nothing could stop me. Wild horses couldn't keep me from praying in that bunk. No, sir, Father. I'd just buckle down and make the best of it. Just go right on in spite of the sickness and pray my worthless heart out right there in that skinny old bunk."

"OK, that's fine, that's real good," the chaplain says. "Now . . . how about you?" He looks at Peters.

"Me?" Peters touches himself on the chest. "Me?" he says again in a squeaky voice.

"You," the chaplain says.

"I, uh. . . ." Peters sits up. "I'm here

because of my wife," he says. "It's all her fault."

The chaplain frowns. "Why do you say that?"

"The dog," Peters says.

"The dog?"

"Yep. The dog."

"I don't understand," the chaplain says.

"It was the dog. That bitch. That cunt. If she wouldn't of let the dog out, like I told her not to, then the dog wouldn't of gotten runned over. And if the dog wouldn't of got hit, then I wouldn't of had to get drunk. And I wouldn't of gone driving the truck on the road like I did. I wouldn't of hit the car and the little kids wouldn't be dead and I wouldn't be in here. And now that cunt won't even visit. I been in here two solid weeks and she hasn't even answered my phone calls."

"But here you are, aren't you?" the chaplain says.

"Yep. Here I am."

"So what are you going to do about it?"

"Divorce her. I'm gonna divorce that bitch."

Everybody laughs except the chaplain and Snow. The chaplain leans forward. Snow puts his cup down between his legs on the waxed concrete floor. He sits up and covers his mouth with his hand.

"Come on," the chaplain says to Peters, "think about it. It's not her fault you crashed that truck. It's not her fault the kids are dead. Is it?"

Peters looks exasperated. "I already told you. She let the dog out."

The chaplain shakes his head. "Check your heart, man. Think about it. Letting the dog out is not what killed those kids."

"The hell it isn't," Peters says.

"The hell it is," the chaplain says.

Peters frowns down at the floor. He's crumpling. "I told her not to let him out," he says. "If I told her once, I told her a thousand times. Now, what the hell else could I do? Huh?"

"You could kneel down now and ask God about it," the chaplain says.

"Huh?"

"You could ask God for forgiveness."

Peters looks around the circle. "Now?" he whispers. "In front of everybody?"

The chaplain leans forward; he's so close to notching up Peters' soul, he can taste it.

"I had a dog once," Flanagan says, abruptly. "He was a razorback. Good nose on him. I was out driving this ridge once. Seen cat tracks crossing the road." Flanagan leans forward. "Put the dogs on them," he whispers. "Off they go. Slow at first. Then they start baying. I know they're on to something. Razorback is leading them, see. I can hear him. I hear him just steam-rolling through that brush. I'm following them on foot, running fast

(continued on page 146)



CRITICS' CHOICE

THE

# 25 BEST RESTAURANTS IN AMERICA

THERE AREN'T many opportunities in life to say, "This is the best there is," but PLAYBOY's restaurant poll comes close. In 1980, we first polled the nation's food critics, columnists and editors to identify the absolute best restaurants in America; that list, revised in 1984, stands as the grandfather of such rankings. The chefs and owners, an individualistic bunch, are said to regard them as *the* definitive selections in the restaurant industry. It is the only national ranking of American restaurants based on an extensive survey of the most distinguished American food commentators—people who monitor both the latest trends and the finest enduring classics to determine the direction that American gastronomy is taking in 1987.

Secret ballots were sent to more than 120 experts around the country, who

By  
JOHN MARIANI



were asked to vote for and rank what they believed were the best restaurants in the United States, without regard to cost or location. Our critics were also asked to vote for a separate list of those restaurants within their own locality to help form our Regional Favorites list. Those who candidly felt that they had not eaten around the country enough abstained from voting for the top-25 list.

As is apparent from the results, it is about as easy to remain on *PLAYBOY*'s list as it is to survive the cut on the Chicago Bears' defense. While there is an encouraging number of veterans, many old-timers from our first two lists have been dropped (albeit sometimes by only one vote), while an interesting number of rookies—including one open little more than a year—have been hoisted to a solid position. To make *PLAYBOY*'s list at all, of course, is an extraordinary achievement, and in many cases there is a difference of only one weighted vote separating two restaurants, especially those ranked 11 through 25.

We are delighted to see the reappearance of numerous restaurants demonstrating the staying power of classic cuisine and service; three—Lutèce, The Four Seasons and Commander's Palace—have maintained their pre-eminent positions for more than a quarter of a century. Then there are newcomers such as Le Bernardin, Aurora and Stars that have joined the select ranks within a year or two of their opening.

What strikes us most about all these restaurants is that each has such a distinct personality behind it. In some cases, it is the chef (and often owner), such as Le Bec-Fin's Georges Perrier or Routh Street Cafe's Stephan Pyles; other instances, it is the restaurateur whose dedication to both the kitchen and the dining room shows in every detail, from the superb cuisine to the professionalism of the staff. Restaurateurs such as Joe Baum at Aurora, Paul Kovi and Tom Margittai at The Four Seasons, Piero Selvaggio at Valentino and Alice Waters at Chez Panisse sum up all that is meant by savoir-faire and impeccable taste. Only ten years ago, the best restaurants in America

might have looked like clones of one another—deluxe decor, heavy draperies, French cuisine and snooty captains. Today, our top restaurants are as different from one another as is imaginable, even when the cuisine or locale might dictate similarity. Thus, deluxe French restaurants such as Le Français and Jean-Louis at the Watergate bear little comparison in food and decor, except in their devotion to

American cuisine served at New York's An American Place and the snappy California cookery at Los Angeles' Spago.

Much attention these days is owed such young American chefs as Bradley Ogden (Campton Place), Barry Wine (The Quilted Giraffe) and Anne Rosenzweig (Arcadia), who have captivated both critics and public with their imaginative transformation of American traditions and

ingredients. In many ways, this has led to a streamlining and simplifying of a French cuisine that—some feel—too long depended on classic clichés and overly elaborate dishes to dazzle the palate. The more sensible lessons of a tony *nouvelle cuisine* have been absorbed while its more extravagant aberrations have all but disappeared from good restaurants, so that tastes are now purer, ingredients are better and menus tend to respect a contemporary concern about too rich a diet.

While there are only two real Italian restaurants—Felidia and Valentino—on our list, the influence of authentic Italian food on other restaurants has been significant; pasta will readily appear on the menus of Aurora, Chez Panisse and Chinois on Main, and the use of ingredients virgin olive oil and sun-dried tomatoes is becoming as much a part of American as it is of Mediterranean gastronomy.

No Oriental restaurants, we're sorry to see, made our past two polls, mainly because, as our critics told us, Chinese, Japanese and Thai restaurants lack consistency from year to year.

As we noted last time, the clout of the superstar chef has increased tremendously; exalted cooks such as Wolfgang Puck, Alice Waters, Jonathan Waxman and Paul Prudhomme

merely have to add a new dish to their menu for it to be published in newspapers within days and adapted by other cooks within weeks.

Menus change; not all the dishes mentioned here may be offered when you go. But whatever happens in the years to come, *PLAYBOY* will be sure to monitor the excitement. For now, in 1987, these are the very best America has to offer. Our congratulations to them all.

## CRITICS' CHOICE FOR THE BEST IN '87

1 **LUTÈCE**  
NEW YORK CITY

2 **THE FOUR SEASONS**  
NEW YORK CITY

3 **LE BERNARDIN**  
NEW YORK CITY

4 **LE CIRQUE**  
NEW YORK CITY

5 **CHEZ PANISSE**  
BERKELEY

6 **LE FRANÇAIS**  
WHEELING, ILLINOIS

7 **SPAGO**  
LOS ANGELES

8 **CAMPTON PLACE**  
SAN FRANCISCO

9 **JEAN-LOUIS**  
WASHINGTON, D.C.

10 **COMMANDER'S PALACE**  
NEW ORLEANS

11 **THE QUILTED GIRAFFE**  
NEW YORK CITY

12 **LE BEC-FIN**  
PHILADELPHIA

13 **K-PAUL'S LOUISIANA KITCHEN**  
NEW ORLEANS

**ROUTH STREET CAFE** 14  
DALLAS

**STARS** 15  
SAN FRANCISCO

**MICHAEL'S** 16  
LOS ANGELES

**AURORA** 17  
NEW YORK CITY

**AN AMERICAN PLACE** 18  
NEW YORK CITY

**FELIDIA** 19  
NEW YORK CITY

**LE PAVILLON** 20  
WASHINGTON, D.C.

**L'ERMITAGE** 21  
LOS ANGELES

**ARCADIA** 22  
NEW YORK CITY

**JAMS** 23  
NEW YORK CITY

**CHINOIS ON MAIN** 24  
LOS ANGELES

**VALENTINO** 25  
LOS ANGELES

manifesting their owners'—Jean Banchet and Jean-Louis Palladin, respectively—personal style and imagination. The elegant ambience and Creole cuisine of New Orleans' Commander's Palace is a 180-degree turn from the down-home-luncheonette atmosphere and spicy Cajun cooking at that city's K-Paul's Louisiana Kitchen. And the Texas panache that characterizes the food at Dallas' Routh Street Cafe contrasts with the refined new





1.

## LUTÈCE

249 EAST 50TH STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
(212-752-2225)

For Lutèce to take the top spot on *PLAYBOY*'s list for the third time in a row is achievement enough, but for it to do so in the face of such intense competition from a new generation of exciting chefs is truly extraordinary. Chef-owner André Soltner, a man wholly dedicated to the highest principles of French classicism, offers a cuisine that is both simple and wondrous. He always tries to do the least possible to an ingredient to bring out its essential taste, whether it's quail in a *sauce périgourdine*, baby chicken cooked in Riesling or a tangerine soufflé. Soltner's food is never fussy, never too rich, always light on the stomach and, although his basic menu seems conservative, the ever-changing specials—such as a mousse of cod, zucchini blossoms (from his own garden) or the most perfect blueberries of the season warmed in puff pastry—are exquisitely prepared. Such is the range of Lutèce's kitchen that you may go there for years and not get the same dish twice. The newly renovated premises of Lutèce are equal parts deluxe formality and breezy familiarity, from the richly appointed dining rooms upstairs to the airy garden room downstairs. Reservations are still

**CAJUN TRIUMPH:  
PRUDHOMME  
WITH PRIZE FARE  
IN NEW ORLEANS**



tough to get—plan on calling a month in advance—but persist and you'll be amply rewarded.

## 2. THE FOUR SEASONS

99 EAST 52ND STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
(212-754-9494)

Since its opening in 1959, The Four Seasons has been the very model of the modern New York restaurant, from the urbanity of architect Philip Johnson's masculine design to the influential menus



GRAND CLASSIC: NEW YORK'S LUTÈCE WINS TOP HONORS (AGAIN)

that have helped define what is meant by the new American cuisine. The professionalism of the staff—which is overseen by owners Tom Margittai and Paul Kovi—is finely attuned to every whim of a very demanding clientele. Its stirring feel of spaciousness, in both the handsome Grill Room and the shimmering Pool Room, and its appointments—including two-story windows behind a scrim of beaded-metal draperies, a glassed-in wine cache and some monumental paintings by Picasso, Frank Stella and James Rosenquist—make The Four Seasons the ideal rendezvous for such New York power brokers as Donald Trump, S. I. Newhouse and David Rockefeller. Sepi Renggli's austere cooking style combines a passion for

freshness with a desire for lightness—the beautifully roasted squab breast with figs, lobster *risotto*, perch in a marrow-and-red-wine sauce—and he is the pioneer of the low-calorie, low-sodium spa cuisine designed for customers who eat at The Four Seasons five times a week.

3.

## LE BERNARDIN

155 WEST 51ST STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
(212-489-1515)

Few restaurants have ever opened to more instant critical and popular praise than Le Bernardin, a stunning dining room built at a cost of \$6,000,000. Within weeks of its opening last year, it garnered an unprecedented four stars from *The New York Times*, and when *PLAYBOY* sent out ballots, votes tumbled in from critics all across the country, many of whom had dashed to New York to see what all the fuss was about. The reason for the excitement is the brilliance of the cuisine prepared by chef-owner Gilbert Le Coze, whose Le Bernardin in Paris is considered one of

France's great seafood restaurants. You'll be amazed by the quality of the fish here as well as by the refinement of the decor, with its 19th Century seascapes, blue-gray walls and teakwood ceiling. Even the most blasé gourmets are bowled over by such dishes as tuna *carpaccio*, black bass with coriander and basil, monkfish with savoy cabbage and halibut in a warm vinaigrette—reveries to be finished off with fruit sorbets or a selection of caramel desserts. Le Bernardin will run you \$55 before you order wine or tip the waiters, but you won't regret a penny of it.

4.

## LE CIRQUE

58 EAST 65TH STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
(212-794-9292)

The pre-eminence of Le Cirque ("the circus") as New York's high-society restaurant may for some obscure the fact that it also serves some of the best food anywhere. Classic but imaginative French cuisine with a few Italian pastas perfectly reflects the heritage of owner Sirio Maccioni, an urbane Tuscan who orchestrates his fashionable clientele (continued on page 154)







# 20 QUESTIONS: BOB VILA

*the man who set america's house in order defends vinyl siding  
and retires some old saws about rehabbing*

**B**ob Vila, the host of PBS' "This Old House," pulled up the long drive to his very old and very large house in his vintage fire-engine-red Jaguar XK-E convertible. The car, a present from his wife, was in honor of Vila's 40th birthday a few days earlier.

The house is a 125-year-old Gothic revival in a spectacular locale hidden by woods and acres of lush lawn in the Jamaica Plain neighborhood of Boston. Vila directed freelance writer Glenn Rifkin to the expertly renovated enclosed porch overlooking the swimming pool for their conversation.

Despite nine years of continued renovation and remodeling, Vila is ready to build his dream house and move out of this imposing structure. "I hate the idea of leaving it," he admitted, "because I hate the idea of somebody's not taking the kind of care it deserves. But I'm getting tired. It's so big. You want another glass of water? I have to walk 100 feet to get to the kitchen from here."

1.

PLAYBOY: Describe the house in which you grew up.

VILA: It would fit into this house six times. My father built it. It was your basic Forties concrete-block Miami structure, with cypress beams and planks on the front porch. It kept on growing as I was growing, and by the time I left for college, it had expanded to fill up most of the lot. I probably knew how to mix cement by the time I was ten.

2.

PLAYBOY: How did a south Florida Cuban end up in the Back Bay of Boston, renovating houses for Yuppies and Brahmins?

VILA: Life is all connections: who you meet and where you go and who asks you out to dinner. I came to Boston because the best friends I had made in the Peace Corps in Panama were going to school here. I finished the Peace Corps at 22, and I was pretty sure that I did not want to make south Florida my permanent home. I had traveled enough to know that I wanted to live in a bigger, older city.

3.

PLAYBOY: Does your show inspire people to take on projects that they can't handle—financially, emotionally or technically?

VILA: A type-A person is going to undertake something that he is incapable of handling regardless of whether or not he watches me traipse through a construction project. If anything, the program shows

people that some things take a lot of time, money and talent to accomplish. We try to distinguish between what is feasible for the amateur to attempt and what should be handled only by the professional.

4.

PLAYBOY: Did you gain TV stardom through the service entrance?

VILA: I did not set out to be on television. It was just a coincidence that I got married and bought a wreck of a house in a very good neighborhood and a newspaper reporter pulled her car into the driveway, saw the renovation we were doing and put me in the newspaper. It was a further coincidence that a TV producer saw the article, came out and asked if he could shoot some video tape and interview me and then called back six months later to ask me to host a new show. I was the most embarrassed man in Boston after that first show went on the air. At the end of the season, of course, we had an Emmy.

5.

PLAYBOY: What do you say when you whack your thumb with a hammer? And what does master carpenter Norm Abram say?

VILA: I stick to "Shit." Norm probably has not whacked his thumb in a long time. Anyway, he's the kind of guy who *doesn't* say "Shit."

6.

PLAYBOY: How do you build soul and personality into a house?

VILA: Do what you like on the inside and, if it's an important piece of architecture, get advice on the outside. There's a current obsession with the English country house, and it's painful to see people trying to achieve that look in a ranch house.

Best is when people stick to being themselves and live with things they like—weird things they've inherited and crazy things they've won at an amusement park. People should be honest about their surroundings and possessions and not create stage-sets for themselves.

7.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you are about to build your own dream house. What will its personality be?

VILA: Relatively informal. Here we are living in a house that is too big and is quite formal. We bought this house because it was practically a giveaway ten years ago. With five acres of land, it was like moving

into a private park. Now we want to live on a smaller scale, and I'm starting to create my dream house. In my mind's eye, it has rocks and stones that I can gather on the property. It has large timbers and slate and copper, the classic building materials. It does not involve any kind of fussiness—except, perhaps, for one formal room. We'll also have a big kitchen with a wood-burning stove and a huge table; at the other end, a fireplace and a TV, a place where the whole family can live together. That really appeals to me.

8.

PLAYBOY: Explain your show's visit to Trump Tower.

VILA: That episode stands out in everybody's mind, because we were looking at a \$5,000,000 two-bedroom condominium; but that season, we also looked at log cabins, antique houses and floating houses in Seattle. Trump Tower was a fun place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there. I like to be able to walk out my door and step on my ground.

9.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you feel that the place was hideously overdone?

VILA: I was taken aback by the level of expense and degree of ostentation. I have been in the homes of many wealthy people, but I'd never gone into a house where all the walls were covered in silk and 24-kt. gold.

10.

PLAYBOY: What's the dumbest mistake made in renovation?

VILA: The dumbest mistake is to put in \$100,000 worth of renovations that price you out of the market. What good is it to buy a \$75,000 house in a neighborhood of \$100,000-to-\$150,000 houses and then put \$100,000 into it?

11.

PLAYBOY: To viewers of the show, it sometimes seems as if you turn over the difficult chores to Norm. Do you think that's a reasonable impression?

VILA: Norm is there as master carpenter. It would be inappropriate for me to stand behind him, saying, "Now do this, Norm." I actually miss the stuff we build together. I remember four years ago, we built a set of kitchen cabinets, but in the past few seasons, we've all been too involved with real-life homeowners. On the show, my role continues to be (concluded on page 163)



# J A N E T



a hot young  
actress gives us  
a peek at her  
very best form

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
STEPHEN WAYDA





# J O N E S



Janet's career highs so far are (from left): Debuting with Matt Dillon in the 1984 hit *The Flamingo Kid*, she strode off with PLAYBOY'S Year in Movies citation for Best Bathing Suit. In 1985, she stepped lively in *A Chorus Line* and sprang ahead in *American Anthem*, opposite Olympic gymnast Mitch Gaylord. Janet's off-screen love match, though, is with tennis ace Vitas Gerulaitis (right).







**S**TARTING HER movie career Cinderella style, with a sunny-California twist, Janet Jones was lobbing balls over the net on the courts at La Costa resort when director Garry Marshall approached her. He saw a beautiful blonde

with a marvelous body, just what he needed for *The Flamingo Kid*. "Garry walked over to me and said, 'I think you'd be right for my new movie starring Matt Dillon.'" Janet still calls it a dream come true, grateful because she

"never had to beat the pavements" but soon began to get phone calls about reading more movie scripts as well as about posing for *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. She wound up on the cover of *Life*. Anyone for tennis?

At rest or romping In menswear, says Janet, "the real me is movement." She also tells us she endorses the notion of "bringing out your sexuality without going too far." We say she's got it about right.









**G**irl watching becomes a subtle art when there's a Janet Jones to contemplate. Believe it or not, this all-American beauty insists she was chiefly celebrated right through high school for her skill at softball. "The guys wouldn't start the game till I finished my dinner," says Janet, adding, "I guess I stopped looking like one of the boys when I was about 18."

By that time, number six in the Jones family line-up of seven kids had already traded her baseball cleats for dancing slippers and won a Miss Dance of America title. She joined a San Francisco ballet troupe but decided that the rigorously disciplined life of a ballerina was not her style. "I wanted more freedom, more fun . . . more time to be with my friends." So she moved to L.A., got a job on *(concluded on page 144)*

**Seductively pensive in—or out of—the manly mode, but still getting next to her Calvins, this jazzy Jones girl recalls her origins as a tomboy in Missouri, the Show-Me State. Putting all that aside (overleaf), our Miss Jones has clearly come a long way from St. Louis.**















# OF BUCKS AND BOATS

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## WHY IT COSTS \$10,000,000 TO RACE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP

article By REG POTTERTON

OCEANS OF cash and high-security dementia have transfigured what was once a relatively low-key nautical spree between sporting amateurs into a rare and often ludicrous frenzy, the kind that inevitably results when corporate sponsors jump into bed with jingo loonies, tiny-brained yacht-club yahoos and seagoing rock stars—the generic label for 12-meter skippers and other key crew members.

In the pre-1983 history of the America's Cup, the foreigners took their boats to Newport, Rhode Island, got soundly thrashed by the U.S. defender and went home to sulk, leaving the cup safe on its pedestal at the New York Yacht Club, where it had resided for many happy, smug decades. Australia put an end to that in 1983, leading the U.S. yachting establishment to conclude that the end of the world was imminent and setting off a recovery campaign that has little precedent in any sport. Now the stigma of losing carries with it the enormous thrill of spending millions upon millions of dollars in the world's biggest floating crap game. It's been estimated that the current challenge will produce a write-off of as much

as \$300,000,000, regardless of the result.

In 1977, when Ted Turner won with *Courageous*, each of the three American boats entering the final selection trials had spent about half a million dollars. This time, \$10,000,000 is a typical budget, and estimates for the heaviest hitters—the New York and San Diego yacht clubs—range from \$15,000,000 to \$25,000,000.

The traditional motives for cup racing were honor, prestige and sailing supremacy; and while these high-minded concepts still have their place, other and more pragmatic forces have come into play. For openers, a billion dollars, which is the estimated revenue windfall for the host country. We want the cup back because it's got our name on it—so there. The Italians want it because they'd like to make their part of the Mediterranean the world's premier yacht-racing venue, and the Canadians crave it because it's about the only chance they have of forcing everyone else to race in their frigid waters. New Zealanders want it because, as the Australians' closest cousins, they'll do anything to annoy them, while the French want it because they're French and

because they have ambitions for *their* stretch of the Mediterranean. As for the Brits, who made the cup and lost it in 1851 to the black wooden schooner *America*, they'd like to get their hands on it because, dash it all, it was theirs to begin with; a joke's a joke, lads, fair enough, but gosh. And all six challenger nations and the Australian defenders have spent money as fast as they could raise it, to the immeasurable benefit of the Australian tourist industry and everyone remotely concerned with designing, building and equipping 12-meter yachts.

The boats themselves are comparatively worthless after the race. A modern 12-meter is too lightly built for heavy-weather sailing over long distances; it has no engine, no living accommodations and no crew amenities except for a plastic bucket for "used food." A 12-meter yacht is mainly a high-speed warehouse for sails. You can pick one up for a few hundred thou once the racing's over.

Precise figures for America's Cup expenses are impossible to determine. They're as jealously guarded as the secrets of 12-meter keel configurations, and



## Standing rigging:

Once made of rope, then of wire, it was and is intended to hold up the mast. Modern 12s use rods made of nickel-cobalt alloy. Riggers—once a breed of seagoing steeple jacks who worked with B.F.H.s (big effing hammers)—now talk about the “modulus elasticity factor” and “the elliptical transverse.” Aerospace engineering and aerofoil techniques, in particular, play a major role in rod-rigging construction; and while the rigging still helps support the mast, it serves mainly as a sophisticated tuning mechanism. With two sets of spares: \$150,000.

**Spars:** The mast, the spinnaker pole and the mainsail boom. The mast is aluminum, while the rest are carbon fiber, which weighs less. To further reduce weight aloft, some syndicates replaced stainless-steel fittings on the mast with costly titanium, achieving up to a 40 percent weight saving. Because masts may now be built more lightly than in the 1983 cup series, breakages and failures have been frequent, straining both crews and budgets. Spars and their spares: \$250,000.

**Sails:** Canvas is history. Dacron's on the way out. Nylon and Mylar are widely used for lighter sails, but the newest sailcloth (for mainsails and headsails) is Kevlar, which is used for tire cord and bulletproof vests. Attrition is horrific—and expensive; figure about \$23,000 for a main, \$6500 for a spinnaker, as much as \$16,500 for a genoa. A low-budget operation will have a minimum inventory of 50 sails; one with deeper pockets carries 400 or more. Allowing for original research—computer time and design—and for spares, sail budget totals \$1,500,000.

**Hardware:** Just about every fixture on and below decks is made of expensive metal: stainless steel, aluminum, titanium, nickel-cobalt and other big-ticket platings and alloys. Hardware ranges from the tiniest nut, bolt and washer to the steering system and rudder. The two major winch-grinding systems (for sail control) cost about \$50,000 and \$20,000, respectively. The six-part hydraulic installation that tunes the rig costs about \$50,000. In all: \$200,000.

**Hull:** Except for the fiberglass New Zealand boats, all 12s in the current series have aluminum hulls and decks. The most critical stage in hull development after design and construction is the fairing process—to provide optimum perform-

ance value. For this, putty is caked liberally onto the hull and then faired—or sanded by hand—dozens and dozens of times. Under the 12-meter rule, aluminum hulls can be no thicker than 5mm above the water line, 6.5mm below, with

reinforcement layers where necessary. New Zealand's fiberglass hulls were in excess of 30mm thick. A U.S. protest against the Kiwi hulls failed from lack of support. Figure the hull (including keel) between \$400,000 and \$550,000.





## Running rigging:

A 12 needs close to 3000 feet of line (rope, to landlubbers). Sheets are the lines that control sails; halyards (from haul and yard) hoist sails up the mast; afterguys control spinnaker poles. Most of the line on a 12 is Kevlar; some lines are all Kevlar, some are wire spliced to Kevlar. The wire costs about \$1.50 a foot; Kevlar, two dollars a foot. Some syndicates replace all of it daily. In the 1983 cup series, a sailmaker boasted that the four boats he supplied used enough line to reach from Newport to Los Angeles. Running rigging for three full sets: \$20,000.

## Electronics:

Nautical nerds have become the new gurus of 12-meter-racing exotica. Complex on-board computers integrate information from conventional electronic instruments (wind velocity, boat speed, course, etc.) and other data to provide a "wind history" that is transmitted ashore for instant analysis, then stored for future tactical guidance. Other gimmicks: a device that measures distance to start line and a laser instrument still in development that reads the wind direction upcourse by analyzing movement of dust particles. A California syndicate that rented a Navy computer spent more computer hours on hull design than the Navy spent designing nuclear submarines. Cost: anywhere from \$50,000 to \$200,000.

## Keel:

The Australians introduced the revolutionary winged keel, which took the America's Cup in 1983. All modern 12s now have winged-keel shapes of varying configurations, some more radical than others; all use good old-fashioned lead to provide the needed weight. The advantages of winged keels over conventional shapes are threefold: They provide greater stability, reduce drag and improve the boat's performance when sailing close to the wind. Five of the six American syndicates in the current challenge had their keels built by a California firm that by early 1986 had received orders for 20 winged keels, each of which required about 400 man-hours to build. Cost: an average of \$40,000.



Design, Research and Development \_\_\_\_\_

Hull, Deck and Keel \_\_\_\_\_

Spars \_\_\_\_\_

Sails \_\_\_\_\_

Standing Rigging \_\_\_\_\_

Running Rigging \_\_\_\_\_

Electronics \_\_\_\_\_

Hardware \_\_\_\_\_

Practice Program \_\_\_\_\_

Trial Horses and Tenders \_\_\_\_\_

Transportation \_\_\_\_\_

Insurance \_\_\_\_\_

Administration \_\_\_\_\_

Fund Raising \_\_\_\_\_

Australian Campaign \_\_\_\_\_

\$2,500,000

550,000

250,000

1,500,000

150,000

20,000

50,000

200,000

1,250,000

600,000

130,000

100,000

750,000

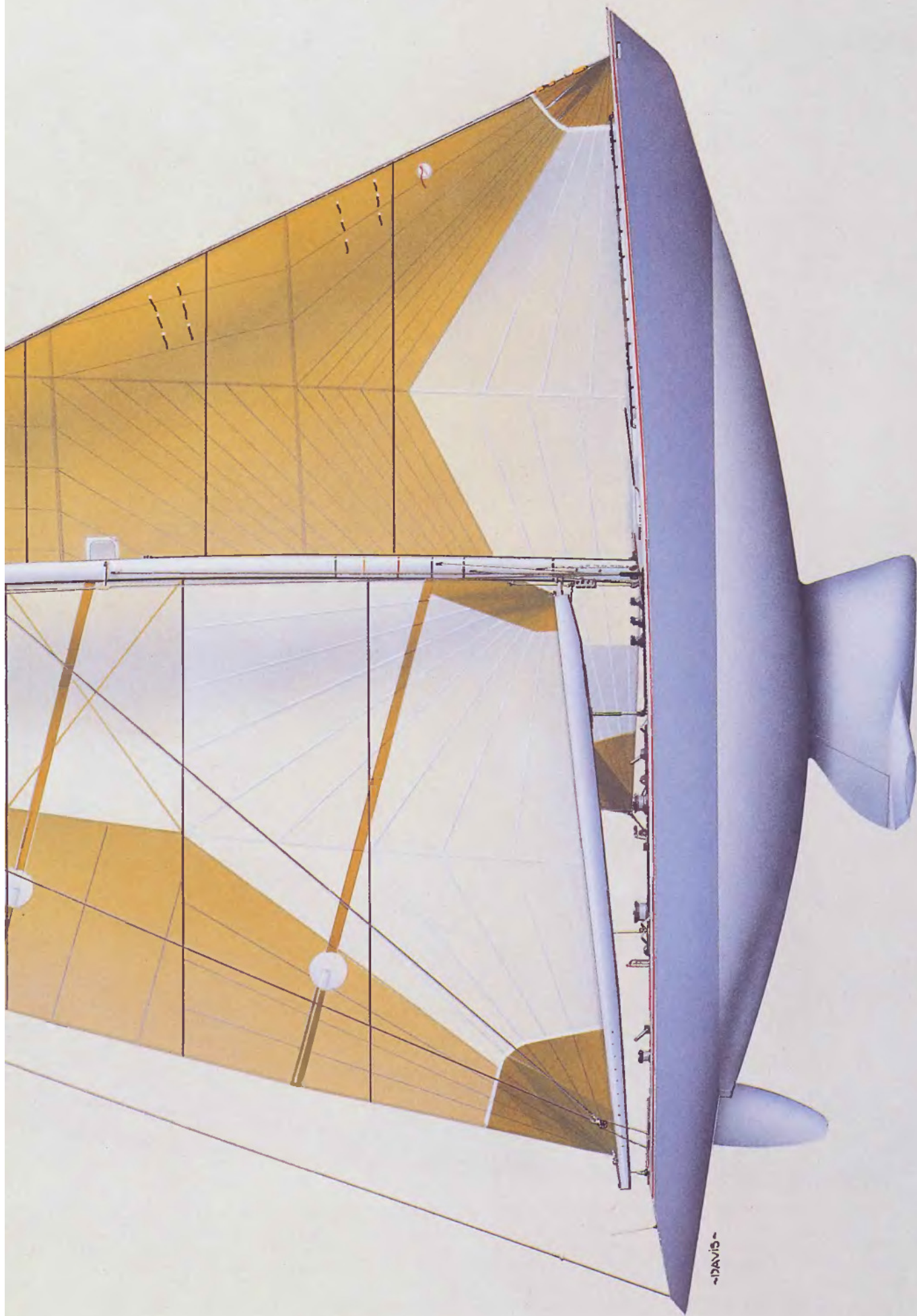
450,000

1,500,000

Total: \$10,000,000







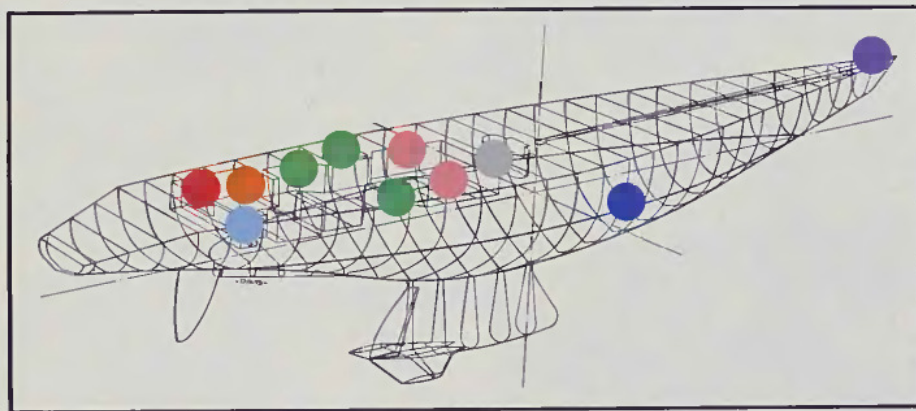
A state-of-the-art 12-meter yacht displays the streamlined profile of an America's Cup contender. Except for the fiberglass New Zealand boats, all the 12s in the current series are aluminum. The 12-meter tag refers to a complex formula by which these boats are rated, and it takes into

account sail area, hull length and other measurements; the actual length averages 65 feet, weight about 60,000 pounds. The wooden schooner America, which won the first cup in 1851 after beating 14 British competitors in a race around the Isle of Wight, had a water-line length of 93' 6".



nobody ever knows what the final tab will be, because equipment replacements during the race can easily run to six figures before the meter stops. Moreover, some equipment and services are donated by sponsors and manufacturers in exchange for promotional tie-ins. On the basis of information from a current challenger, however—one whose budget was slightly less than the magic \$10,000,000 figure—we've compiled the cash breakdown that follows. Anyone curious to know why it costs so much to campaign a 12-meter in the America's Cup need look no further.

Our figures (which are composites that reflect only minimal outlays in some cases, with allowances for spares in certain categories) are culled from numerous 12-meter authorities, including sailmakers, builders, sailors, equipment suppliers and research experts, as well as one of the world's foremost naval architects. In the best tradition of the 12-meter game, everyone asked for anonymity.



Trimmers (green) and grinders (pink) control soils; sewermen (dark blue) and mastmen (gray) stow and supply soils; the helmsman (orange), the tactician (light blue) and the navigator (red) form the afterguard; the bowman (purple) has the riskiest job, often works aloft. Except for the afterguard, others in the 11-man crew may be deployed elsewhere while racing, especially during sail changes.

#### DESIGN, RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

Generally the biggest single expense in 12-meter racing, our \$2,500,000 figure may be tripled or quadrupled for the New York and San Diego syndicates, which produced more designs and more boats than any other challenger. More than half of the total goes for tank testing (at \$5000 a day) and model building (\$6000 to \$15,000 apiece). The big spenders will tank-test for as long as 18 months, working in the tank for one or two weeks at a time, evaluating the results and then returning for another series. The tanks themselves are normally used for naval and commercial-ship development and are located in California, New Jersey, Holland and England. The Hydronautic Ship Model Basin at Tracor Hydronautics in Laurel, Maryland, is about 415 feet long, 25 feet wide and 13 feet deep; it has a full-time tank staff of about 15. The models are about 20 feet long and are usually of modular construction to allow the designer to

experiment with hull shapes without having to build a complete model each time. The designer works on a range of boats for testing, design and wind-tunnel testing of keels, research in hull, keel and spar materials, construction methods, rigging and sail development. He also collects data from existing 12-meters. For this, he and his team receive about 20 percent of the total R-and-D cost.

#### INSURANCE

For offices, docks, boats, equipment, cars, housing and an Australian base team of about 50 personnel, including 11-man racing crew.

#### CREW

Most syndicates remain coy on the subject of crew pay, though one defender estimates that ten percent of its \$10,000,000 budget goes for wages. Some rock stars are in the six-figure bracket, with promises of fat bonuses for winning, plus incentive

When a Fremantle pub staged an arm-wrestling contest before the present series started, one of the New Zealanders broke the arm of an Australian rival.

#### PRACTICE PROGRAM

Three years for some syndicates, this includes costs of consultants, shipping boat to practice site, gear repair and replacements, crew accommodation, allowances, clothing, food and travel.

#### TRIAL HORSES AND TENDERS

Secondhand 12-meters against which the main boat is tested and powerboats used for towing, supply, rescue and mobile-communications missions.

#### TRANSPORTATION

The cost of shipping the boat from the home country to Australia; also includes the cost of a crane for lifting the boat on and off its trailer.

#### ADMINISTRATION

Office staff and rental, travel, equipment, consultants.

#### FUND RAISING

This includes everything from setting up public photo sessions (give a buck, get a signed picture of crew with boat) to organizing \$10,000-a-plate send-off parties and buying media space to enlist support.

#### AUSTRALIAN CAMPAIGN

This covers all costs while a challenger is down under, including administration, boat and matériel transportation within Australia, crew housing, food, travel, dock space, workshops, small-boat operations and an average daily sailing cost of about \$1000 per boat.

#### THE FUTURE

To quote journalist Mike Royko: "If rich people want to spend their time and money proving which of them can sail a yacht fastest, that's OK. But I wish they'd stop trying to convince the rest of us that what they do is a matter of national pride and a potential boon to our economy."

A lot of people might agree. But the cup is one of the few remaining international contests—the hardest testing ground of any sport. That counts for something at a time when it seems to have been proved beyond any reasonable doubt that mankind is governed by frightened half-wits. While it's unlikely that an American baseball or football team will ever meet a Soviet team, the possibility can't be ruled out that one day, the Russians will challenge for the America's Cup. Or the Libyans will. Like us, they've got their share of sailors; and, like us, they'd be facing the same problems—wind and water. And, like a lot of people, they'd probably rather be sailing.



What kind of people are grinders?



OKKER CHIC *(continued from page 82)*

*"All you had was an hour after work to down the amber nectar. The Six O'Clock Swill, it was called."*

You might just find a few throwbacks at the Silverton Pub outside Broken Hill, and you'd be all right in Tibbooburra. But you'd be bugged in Sydney. Tim Bristow's eating quiche.

There was a time when just the drop of Bristow's name sent icy Chopin up and down your spine. When this free-lance thug turned race-horse trainer turned detective walked into the Newport Arms, there was a hush. Heads turned. Grown men—six-footers, 200-pounders—went weak at the knees. It was like a volcano

just took a seat at the bar: You could feel the heat, hear a deep, subterranean rumbling, sniff the sickening, sulphurous fumes of sheer unadulterated terror; it was just a matter of time before he'd blow. Some numbskull with a skinful would put his young manhood on the line in front of his mates and pick a fight, and then, *blam! Hammer!* This was what Tim liked, what he was good at, what he was famous for. Tim Bristow in full cry was the most violent human being I have ever seen. Now he sits in the sunshine, nursing his belly,

thinking about all the things he'd like to do to Bo Derek, drinking LA beer.

LA is a market leader these days. It's sissy piss with scarcely a trace of alcohol, but if you don't want to get banned for years if the police flag you down on the Wakehurst Parkway, it's the only way to go. Australia has the lowest, meanest breath-test fail score in the non-Islamic world: The sniff of a cork and you're over the limit, and \$50 won't help—these days, a traffic cop costs four figures.

It's all part of the Ulterior Agenda, the grand plan to detoxify the society. They say they want to save lives, but what they're really doing is laundering the sap, physically wringing the booze out of the blood and reprogramming the national genetic inheritance. For years, on all the indexes, the number-one expenditure in the average little battler's household budget was booze. Gambling ran a close second, and then you'd get down to food and shelter. But booze was where the money went—gallons of it, lakes and oceans of frothing middies and schooners of KB and DA and Tooth's Old and Toohey's New.

Before the rot set in, before the Ulterior Agenda took shape, the pubs closed at six P.M., so all you had was an hour after work to down the amber nectar. The Six O'Clock Swill, it was called. When the big hand got to five, everybody would drop everything and stampede for the pub and start sinking schooners. Just getting to the bar was like fourth down and inches. You either had to launch yourself, Marcus Allen-like, over the pile-up at the line of scrimmage or get down low and duck and dive and burrow and elbow and somehow worm your way near enough to scream at the barmaid. The noise! The roar! These places would hold 200 or 300 thirsty Okkers, all shouting at the top of their voices, bawling in one another's faces, getting drunker and louder by the minute.

At 5:30, when the pub was so full you couldn't move an inch and the air was full of smoke and noise and B.O., the late-comers would arrive. More and more people, till the clock's hands crept round to 5:45 and the very-late-comers came charging in the door like mad rhinos. There was this sea of jabbing fists full of money waving frantically in the air and heads pogoing up and down and a noise that killed fish underwater, a roar like the Super Bowl in an eggcup.

When the pubs closed, the streets filled with wild cries and the gutters ran with chunder. Legless drunks came staggering up the street, barking at the pavement, caroming off the buildings and the plate glass, crawling on their hands and knees the last few yards to their cars, fumbling



*"Anyhoo, there I was, at 37,000 . . . the bird on autopilot and my hands up this stew's skirt, when who walks onto the flight deck but the regional director of the FAA!"*



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking  
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal  
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, KING: 17 mg. "tar",  
1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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*You've got what it takes.*

# Salem Spirit

*Share the spirit.  
Share the refreshment.*





for the keys, spilling change, carrying on these totally blotto conversations:

"I'll be bugged."

"You'll be lucky."

"Fuckin' dickhead."

"Who's a fuckin' dickhead?"

"Who d'you think?"

"Don't you fuckin' call me a fuckin' dickhead, you fuckin' dickhead"—and so on. Totally blotto, they'd crawl into the car, shut one eye and drive home. There were only two ways to drive home in this condition: dead slow or flat out. Flat out, if you hit something, you had the momentum. Dead slow, limping along at 20 miles per hour in third gear, there was the danger you'd forget where you lived, that you'd blink and fall asleep suddenly.

You have to go a long way to find a pub in Sydney in 1987. The Newcastle and the Brooklyn have been knocked down to make way for the skyline. All the pubs have been turned into building societies—just to save a few miserable lives.

They've got the numbers to prove it. Since the Ulterior Agenda took root, with front and back seat belts and breath tests and big concrete ramps in the middle of the road and red lights everywhere that

don't change for so long you've got time to read the *Mirror*, since the arrival of LA and detoxification, the number of people killed on the roads has fallen off a lot. Days go by without a decent prang.

The big right-hand bend on the Wakehurst Parkway—the main drag from the beach to Sydney—was so famous for head-ons and total write-offs that it used to draw a crowd. All these ghouls would picnic in the stringybark trees, waiting for the next *scrrreeeech* of brakes, the *hkaarrrrruunnch* of metal as another North Shore boy in a TR4 with twin cams hit Kamikaze Korner blind drunk and flat to the boards.

Road accidents were the daily bread of the Australian popular culture. Without the Wakehurst Parkway, you might never have heard of Rupert Murdoch. It wasn't tits and ass and garrotings and scalplings and air conditioners falling from the sky that sold Murdoch's *Sydney Daily Mirror*, it was these fantastic front-page pictures of twisted steel and burning rubber and tell-tale pools of black blood, followed up inside with all the grisliest details—hospital shots, the fatherless kids, the limbless girlfriends, the weeping widows,

the grieving mums. You people in New York think the *Post* is cheap? You think the London *Sun* and the *News of the World* lower the tone? You should see the *Mirror*, where it all began.

This may not seem so important to you Paul Hogan fans. You may think it a wee bit capricious to decry the passing of multicar pile-ups and drunken brawling and grown men on their knees being sick in the street. But English-speaking white Australian culture was hatched in the pubs. It was rooted in drunkenness. The jokes, the songs, the poems of Henry Lawson, *The Man from Snowy River* and *The Sentimental Bloke*, the language and the who-gives-a-root-she's-apples Rogue Okker insouciance that was the blood and guts of Okker Chic were born in the boozy democracy of the Six O'Clock Swill. Australia on low-alcohol beer is like a car without gas. It just sits there looking good.

But LA was only half the story: There's the wog channel, for instance. Channel 0/28, ethnic TV, is only serving its audience when it puts out all these Egyptian soap operas and Iraqi sitcoms and wacky zero-rating Herzegovinian folk-dancing shows. When Okkers refer to the immigrant population that now numbers more than half the country as *reffos*, when they talk of Maltese and Greeks and Cypriots and Kurds and Calabrians and Lebanese and Serbs and Croats and Montenegrins and Herzegovinians and Shi'ites and Sunnis and bewildered Salvadorans as *dagos* and grease-eating turd burglars, they're only joking. These people have done wonders.

They've taught the mob how to eat pasta and quiche and *falafel*. They've brought violins: You can hear Mozart and Mendelssohn 24 hours a day on FM. They've raised the tone. They've certainly taught the economy a few tricks. Middle Europeans, wily Hungarians and plausible Poles with a flair for green mail have built huge conglomerate empires.

And oh, my, those Chinese deals! Nineteen ninety-seven isn't far off, and all the shrewd Hong Kong money's flooding into Sydney, but you've got to understand the way the Chinese like to play the game. They always give you room to take unfair advantage, a certain latitude to steal. This is to see what you're made of. If you don't steal anything, they're not interested. If you steal too much, they couldn't care less. But if you're devious enough, if you've read Confucius and you steal just the right Confucian amount, then you're in business with the best and the sky's the limit. The Chinese like *buildings*, and they like them big, with all the lights on. They're sinking untold zillions into the skyline. Not to mention our, ahem, Japanese friends: All the Hitachi personnel are quietly colonizing the garden suburbs.



"You certainly *did* call me a jerk. Let's just check it on the instant replay."



They have made the country prosper.

What Okker malcontents are muttering about—because they don't want to be overheard by the Hitachi personnel at the next table—is this: Half the population hardly even speaks the same language. It was funny to start with. There were books about the pratfalls of a newly landed migrant from Italy. The first cappuccino machines drew a crowd just to watch them steam and hiss.

What began in the Sixties is now past the post. Nobody talks about New Australians anymore. It's bad taste and it's out of date—the mongrels are in charge. The little battler has lost the plot. As the known world was rewritten before its very eyes along brighter, more TV-like lines and the new hybrid society shrugged off doctrinal mediocrity and surrendered to the dizzy delights of status envy—the extra leg room in Clipper Class, the faultless engineering of the 280SL, etc.—as social ladders sprouted like oil rigs, the indigenous white English-speaking culture retreated into truculent pockets of resistance, with small cells of paranoid men and women clinging to the wreckage. A few of the boys started putting some of the more inflammatory graffiti into effect and beating up boat people, who struck back with shiny knives.

This is the unacceptable face of Okker Chic, the creepy paranoid streak that came out of the closet when Australia won the cup. This is the sharp end of flag-waving national pride. It peaked at the 11th hour, just as the tide was turning and the little battler and all he ever stood for was left standing on the shore with his pants rolled up round his ankles, shaking his puny fist at the ocean. Okker Chic, in this sense, offered a last fling, a last defiant adolescent rapture before the curtain came down for good.

Welcome to Sydney in the Eighties. It's bliss—a lot like California but without the obvious drawbacks. Lovely homes, big pools, plenty of Porsches, and you can still live your whole life in shorts and thongs. Champagne's dirt cheap. The surf's big, the oysters are good, the sun shines, the yachts come and go on the harbor, the op'ra house is divine. There's money to burn. If it reminds you of somewhere else—Sausalito, perhaps, or Marbella or the Hamptons—if the Ozone looks like the Carlton Terrace at the Cannes Film Festival, that's the point.

If you like ironies, this is it: As Okker Chic sweeps the civilized world and all an Australian has to do is open his mouth and eyes light up all round the room, here's a memo to all you Paul Hogan fans—you missed it. Tough luck. It's all a dream. It's not there anymore. Tim Bristow eats quiche.



If you're a friend of Jack Daniel's whiskey, raise a glass or two.

ON JACK DANIEL'S BIRTHDAY most folks like to bake a cake.



Some of our employees gather in the office Mr. Jack built when he started our distillery in 1866. And down at Mary Bobo's boarding House, Margaret Tolley has chocolate cake for everyone at

her table that day. No, we never serve Jack Daniel's Whiskey on these occasions. (Lynchburg, you see, is dry.) But we hope the law is more lenient where you work or live. And that, come March 25th, you'll find time to raise a glass or two.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'  
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey•80-90 Proof•Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery  
Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352





# FAST FORWARD

## GETTING THE JUMP ON STARDOM

**Donna Keegan**, 26, can't figure out what's toughest about her soon-to-be ex-job—the anonymity or the danger. When she drove the speeding car that chased after Tom Cruise in *Top Gun*, it was Kelly McGillis who got the credit. When she was tackled by Robert Redford in *Legal Eagles*, Daryl Hannah got all the sympathy. Did anyone care when Keegan was shot off a cliff for Kate Capshaw in *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*? When she was machine-gunned and broke three ribs in *Scarface*? It's no wonder Keegan is retiring, giving up her status as one of Hollywood's top stunt women, to become—what else?—an actress. “I guess I’m getting out of my tomboy stage,” says the former world-class diver. “I’m even starting to dress like a girl.” Was she envious of the actresses for whom she’d doubled? Is the Pope Catholic? “Sure—I’m the one who’s being dragged along the street by a car, but you hear *her* voice saying, ‘Oh, no!’

At least in acting, the only thing that gets bruised is your ego.” Her ego gets its chance in this summer’s

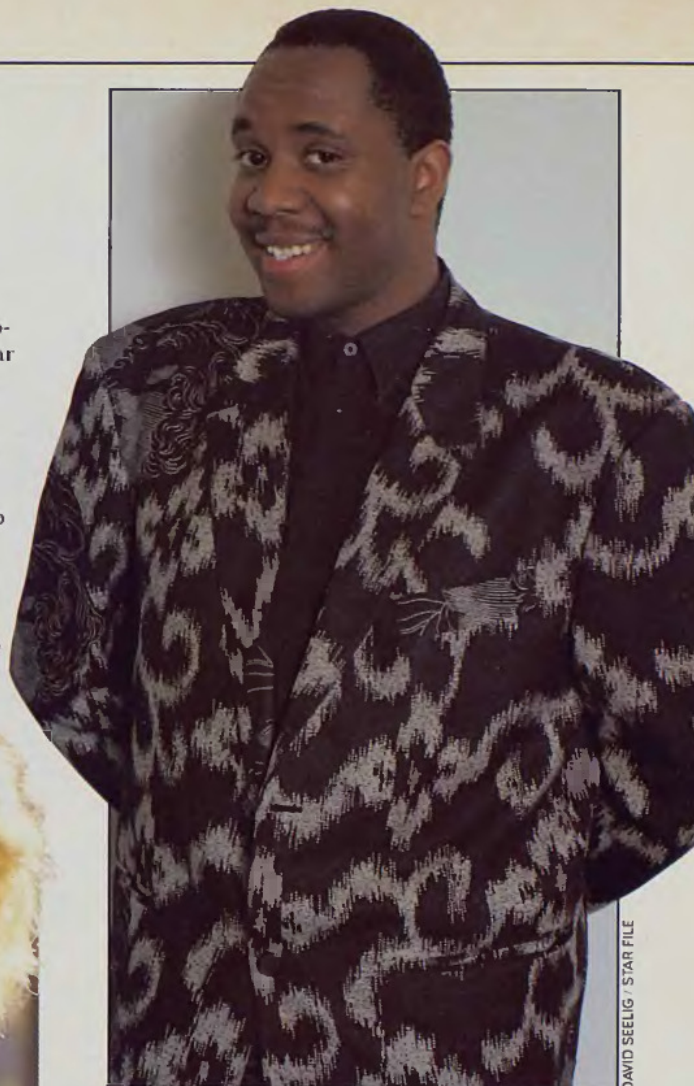
*Robocop*. “For the first time, I walked onto a set and wasn’t worried about going home with a broken bone,” she sighs.

“I felt relieved.”

—SAL MANNA



TONY COSTA



DAVID SEELIG / STAR FILE

**TEARJERKER** Pop-and-soul heartthrob Freddie Jackson, 28, almost made a highly premature stage debut. His mother—his very *pregnant* mother—was on stage singing Gospel. “And during the middle of her concert, she went into labor. Luckily, there was a hospital just around the corner from the concert hall. That’s why people like to say that I was born to sing.” Jackson grew up in a Gospel household; his mother is a Gospel singer, as was her mother before her. Balking at such a heritage, Jackson went to business school—and became a 100-word-per-minute typist. At night, though, he began to sing at small clubs—until he was noticed one evening by Melba Moore, who told her manager to check Jackson out. The result was a pair of number-one soul hits—*Rock Me Tonight* and *You Are My Lady*—several Grammy nominations and an end to Jackson’s career as a typist, “though I guess I could always go back to it if all this falls apart.” His most important lessons about singing, Jackson likes to stress, were learned in church. “That’s where you really want the audience to feel what you’re singing about. If you don’t make them cry, you aren’t doing anything. Now, when I sing a ballad or a love song, I look for tears in people’s eyes. That’s my seal of approval.”

—MERRILL SHINDLER





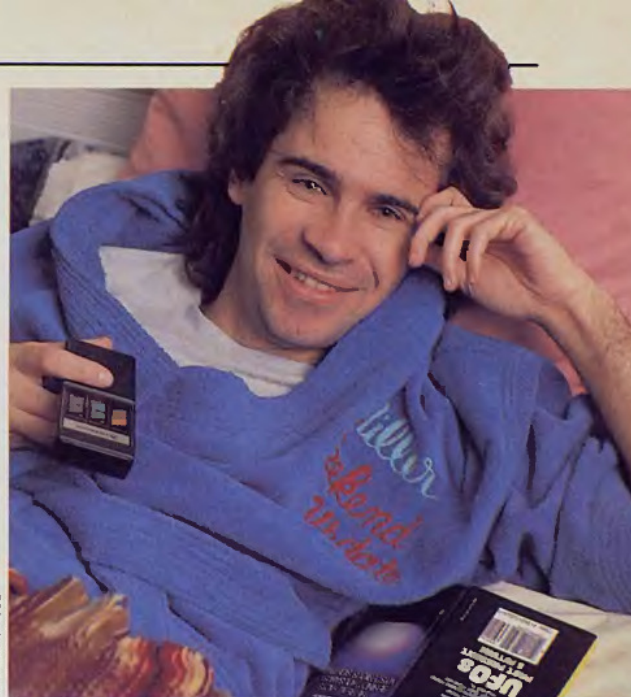
MECHELE CLEMENT

## BREWS IN THE NEWS

As a photographer, **Bill Owens**, 48, produced an odd book called *Suburbia*, a cult classic filled with some very offbeat photographs of some very ordinary people. As a beermaker, Owens is doing virtually the same thing—he's taken a very ordinary beverage, brewed it in an offbeat manner and come up with some highly select, idiosyncratic beer. How about pumpkin ale, made with mashed pumpkin? Or a beer he calls Tasmanian Devil, because it's made with Tasmanian hops? But don't go looking for Owens' beer at your local supermarket. This is truly designer beer, sold only in his own Brewpub

(Owens' registered trademark), Buffalo Bill's Brewery in Hayward, California, just southeast of San Francisco. It's one of a growing number of microbreweries that have recently sprouted around the country, in states where the sale of beer brewed on the premises is allowed. "We're part of a general revolution in society," says Owens. "Ten years ago, you walked into a supermarket and there was nothing but air bread. Now, there's all-grain, seven-grain—everything. The beer revolution is on, too, and our message is that for the first time, you can sit down to a beer that's delicious, with a floral bouquet of hops. It's distinctive and different. You don't get that in big-brewery American beers."

—MERRILL SHINDLER



GEORGE LANGE

## ANCHOR'S AWAY

His humor's sly and dry. His take on current events would make your high school history teacher scream. He's *Saturday Night Live*'s **Dennis Miller**, and his trademark sign-off at the "Weekend Update" desk—"I'm outa here!"—perfectly sums up his weird and witty look at the week in review. Miller, 33, has not only brought pointed political gibes back to *S.N.L.*, he's also added an attitude, a hip smugness not unlike David Letterman's. "I just want to look confident behind the desk—like I belong," he insists. "That's the way I am in life. Maybe I'm a little less glib at home, because this is show business and you have to jack everything up a couple of decibels so people know you're doing something, but the perceptions are the same. My stand-up, me at the desk, me at home—there's no variance." Miller, who writes most of his own material, began developing his sarcastic take on world events in the late Seventies in comedy clubs in his native Pittsburgh. He moved to New York but wasn't ready for it: "I had to fuck my life up a little more, I guess." He returned home, honed his act and got a series of odd jobs, finally landing a spot as host of a local kids' TV show. That on-camera experience gave him the confidence to move to L.A., where his appearances as a club comic first drew raves and attention. Even with his success on *S.N.L.*, Miller is still a regular on the club scene, to perform or just hang out at spots such as New York's Catch a Rising Star and, during off weeks, L.A.'s The Improvisation. "I'll always do stand-up. That's what I do," he explains. "I don't drink, I don't do dope. There are times when I can't unwind at night, so I go to a club and tell jokes. It cools me out."

—ERIC ESTRIN

## VIVE LA FRANCE

"My skull is too flat, my ears stick out, my mouth is too big and my belly too round." Such is actress **Béatrice Dalle**'s opinion of herself. But critics who've seen the 21-year-old in *Betty Blue*, the highly praised French tale of erotic obsession, compare her to Brigitte Bardot and Marilyn Monroe. "She is a challenge to the rules of beauty," says director Jean-Jacques Beineix. "She has something that's the gift of God—the camera loves her."

—RANDALL FLEMING





# JANET JONES

(continued from page 128)

TV's *Dance Fever*, acquired an agent and began doing commercials for such products as Kodak, Shasta cola and Wrangler jeans.

The stroke of luck that led to her role in *Flamingo Kid* came about because she had taken up tennis with actor-athlete Nels Van Patten. Their four-years-plus relationship ended about the time Janet went into *A Chorus Line*. The film didn't fare so well, either, but Janet recalls it as "a fantastic learning experience," noting that she also remains good friends with Nels. In her code of cheerful fatalism, what happens is most likely what's meant to be.

What happened next was her major role as a gymnast in *American Anthem*. "To do it was thrilling, even if the movie as a whole didn't really work out. Seeing myself up on a screen *that much*, my first real starring part, was a little scary, a terrific responsibility. Thank God I saw it with Vitas, and he was proud of me, because he knows I give all I've got in whatever I do."

Now settled into an engagement to tennis star Gerulaitis—they haven't set a wedding date yet—Janet calls her off-the-court courtships pure coincidence. "I wasn't ever a tennis fan. Until I met the Van Patten family, I didn't even know how to keep score—though I did meet Vitas once, when I was 17, and had an instant crush on him."

That crush took years to blossom. Once known—not unlike his close friend John McEnroe—for his volatile behavior during matches, Gerulaitis is "semiretired" from competition, devoting himself to business, to bicoastal romancing of fair

Janet and to a charitable youth foundation that bears his name. "People always loved him because he was so colorful on the court," Janet notes. "In private, he's fun and very giving—a great guy with a heart of gold."

Before Miss Jones officially becomes Mrs. G., both agree there's much to do. "We definitely want a family, but we have to get our careers going first. I'm up for a couple of new movies. Vitas plans to open a tennis camp in either Delray Beach or Malibu. And we'll be deeply involved together in a wonderful club he just opened in Dallas, called Pasha. It's elegant—a sort of disco for socialites who like to dress up but not as wild as the Hard Rock Cafe, right down the street."

Meanwhile, they're commuting from Dallas to his Kings Point mansion on Long Island's North Shore and to Janet's Los Angeles loft and making numerous jet stops in between. Discussing her PLAYBOY appearance over lunch on a rainy afternoon in New York, Janet smiles. "My mother's worried, of course. But so far I've been very fortunate in my choices. Choosing the right men, the right friends, the career moves that have turned out best for me. I'm happy, I'm lucky, but I don't plan that far ahead—except that when I was a little girl and hated cleaning my room, I always told my mom that someday I'd have a maid." Now, of course, she can afford one. Will success and domestic help spoil Janet Jones? Probably not, according to her own footnote: "Last night, I was doing Vitas' washing and ironing when he came in and said, 'Well, *this* is a sight for sore eyes.'" And so she is.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON



# BMW 325i CONVERTIBLE

(continued from page 85)

sculpted into the driver's door handle, right where one's fingers naturally come to rest. An important consideration when you're at light speed on the *autoroute* between Deauville and Bayeux, as I was, and a Porsche 930 wants to pass.

When the 325i gets to the States this spring, it will immediately become an automotive cupcake, the car for which Yuppie bankers will hock their Rolexes.



They won't *drive* them, but they'll give them nice homes. The car deserves better. It's a muscular driving delight. It does the things you'd expect a BMW to do, only it does them faster and crisper.

The engine is a 2.5-liter six with 12 valves that run up and down the rev counter like a small Italian four. The seats are firm and the dash looks Spartan, but the good stuff's all on board (cruise, air, central locks, cassette, antilock brakes, etc.). German cars seem to be at their best when you give them their heads on twisty, mountainous roads. This open-air BMW is no exception. The car stays flat and firmly bonded to the road, and with the top down, you get a much better view of the scenery—which, in France on a sunny day, is the only way to travel.

The top itself is ingeniously balanced and counterweighted so it slides up and down with ease. How ingenious? you ask. Try this: The rear section doesn't have to be snapped, clamped or buttoned. It just stays there, held in place by a lateral rod, secure and waterproof. The convertible top's fabric has three layers, designed so it won't stretch or rot. The bearings in the rods that hold the top in place have Teflon inserts so they'll function smoothly forever. You want more? It takes about 25 seconds to get the top up—from first latch opened to last latch closed. Honest. About 20 to get it down. You *do* have to stop the car and stand alongside to slide the top up or down. The Bavarians are working on that problem.

Are there any negatives? Sure: The steering gets a little light above 80 miles per hour; there's not much rear-seat leg room; there's going to be a waiting list (the cars were sold out in England before they actually went on sale); and, at about \$30,000, the 325i isn't cheap. There are also some neighborhoods where you won't want to leave it unattended. Then again, who'd ever leave it unattended?







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## HERPIES

(continued from page 118)

*"What's so funny?" the chaplain says. 'Me? I'm laughing at your notion of God,' Snow says."*

as I can. There goes razorback, roooo, roooo, roooo." Flanagan throws back his head to imitate the howling. He sits up. "All of a sudden, it's quiet," he says. He snaps his fingers. "Right now it's quiet. Too quiet. I think, Uh-oh, trouble. Sometimes nothing is the worst sound you can hear, you know? Sure enough, I find him in a draw. Belly's split. Guts hanging out. He's just laying there real quiet and still. I take my T-shirt off. Brand-new white T-shirt, I take it off and wrap it around his belly. I get some water from the creek, I splash his guts a little to clean them. Push 'em back inside. Tie my T-shirt around that belly. Carry him to the truck real easy. Slow. Son of a bitch weighed seventy, eighty pounds, too. Long way to the truck. I took him home, laid him down in the garage. Gave him a shot of penicillin, put some of that blue goop on the gash. Wrapped him up. Boy"—Flanagan shakes his head, chuckling—"you should have seen him whimper when he saw that needle. He knew he was going to get a shot, see. He knew what that needle meant." Flanagan shuts his eyes. "Well," he says, finally, "do you know that dog lived? Laid there three, four days without moving a muscle, then just got up and

went on. And that was the quickest dog I ever saw to catch a coyote." Flanagan snaps his fingers. "He'd be on a coyote like that. Never would kill him, though. He'd just stop him and sniff him, then let him go. . . ." Flanagan shakes his head. "Never could get him to kill a coyote. Used to make me sooo mad. Furious. Finally, I gave him to my brother. Brother said he could make that dog kill coyotes. Knew for a fact he could. Well, he thought he could, but he never did. He shot him instead. Got so mad at that dog for not killing coyotes, he shot him. Oh, he never told me that, of course. Told me the dog just disappeared one day. But I know damn well he shot him."

We all sit there blinking. It's like Flanagan cast a spell on us, took us away for a second.

The chaplain frowns. "What does that have to do with what we were rapping about?" he says.

"Well. . . ." Flanagan rubs his eye. "It reminded me of that dog."

The chaplain turns to Peters and considers him. It doesn't quite seem like Peters is ready to pray anymore. "Look, see me after this hour is up, OK? Will you do that?" the chaplain says to Peters.

Peters looks around the circle. Finally he nods at the chaplain.

"Good." The chaplain claps his hands together and beams at the rest of us.

Snow laughs.

"What's so funny?" the chaplain says.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Me? I'm laughing at your notion of God," Snow says.

"What do you mean?" the chaplain says.

"You think God looks like us, don't you?" Snow says. "You think God looks just like a man and heaven is a town up in the sky."

"It's written in the Book. He made us in His image," the chaplain says, pissed.

"Well, if He did," Snow says, "if God does look like a man and if God just sat down and made all of this up off the top of His head, then God is an asshole."

The chaplain blinks. Snow drops his hand away from his mouth. The chaplain looks at the floor. "I don't quite follow you," he says.

"How could you?" Snow says.

"Lay it on me," the chaplain says, recovering, leaning forward again. "I'm willing to try."

"Ha." Snow glances around the room. Nobody can look him in the eye except the chaplain.

"Come on, man," he says. "You've got nowhere to go but up."

Snow shrugs.

"You keep it inside, it'll kill you for sure," the chaplain says. "A thousand times over. For eternity. It's the opposition for you. That's exactly what the opposition wants."

"Oh, Jeeesus." Snow groans and shakes his head. The opposition. As though life was a football game.

"Hell, son, go ahead," Flanagan says. He's leaning back in his chair, legs crossed and arms folded, head laying sleepily to one side, smoking a fresh cigarette, rubbing his whiskers with the hand holding the cigarette. "Man might have a point."

Snow looks at Flanagan.

"Ahem, a-he-he-he-em!" Braxton clears his throat. He jerks a shoulder toward the camera.

"Fuck that camera," Flanagan says.

"There ain't nobody on the other end of that thing but Sergeant Hoberman, anyway, and if he ain't reading the sports, he's probably got his eye over on Six."

"What's Six?" Peters says.

"The women's." Flanagan blows a smoke ring. "You go ahead, son," he says to Snow. "Spit it out. Probably do you good."

Snow looks around the room again. Then he turns to the chaplain. He has to work at getting the words started, but when they finally come, they come in a rush. "She was beautiful," Snow says,



*"I would like you to know from the beginning, Miss Keller, there are certain things about myself I am unable to discuss."*



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shaking his head. "She was as nice a woman to look at as I've ever seen. She was a brilliant actress. She was really, really good. Me, too; I'm an actor, I mean. Not great, but I worked at it. But she was something else. Exceptional. She was very sensitive and she had . . . like, a lightning rod for feelings. And I loved her. For her acting, first . . . then later just because. Just because in the beginning I didn't know any better and once you give yourself over to that, well, it stays.

"So we were living together. We tried out for leads in the same play. A local thing. Short run. But she got hers and I didn't get mine. I got aced out by Higgins. Just in from the Coast, right? Just made a two-bit movie. They know his name.

"So she's out for rehearsals and I'm sitting at home, broke, looking at myself in the mirror. And Higgins, everybody knows his name.

"She was fragile in bed. I had to handle her with so much care . . . so gently. She . . . she could never come in the usual way. I don't know why. I don't know what it was. But . . . if I wanted to lift her up there, I always had to go down on her. I had to give myself over to it completely. I had to play her softly, with absolute concentration, or I couldn't take her away.

"OK, I loved her, right? It was what I could give her.

"So . . . Higgins. I can tell something's happening there, right? You can always tell if you're paying attention. But what am I supposed to do—rant and rave? It's not my style.

"We never talked about it. One night, we're in bed together and I can tell something's bothering her, and I decide the best I can do is take her away. She stops me. She says, 'No, don't. Don't do that.' And I miss it completely. I tell her not to worry. I tell her it's all right. It doesn't matter. It simply doesn't matter. And she believes me. She gives in, she lets me. And I do it. I take her away and that's the last time. The next day, she's gone. . . ."

Snow starts to cry. "She was too weak," he says. "All she needed was the strength to tell me and it wouldn't have mattered. If she'd just stopped me, I wouldn't have cared. Even afterward . . . all she had to have was the strength to face it. But no. She's gone. Packed a bag and went.

"I kept thinking it was me. For a week, I worried about her. Then I get these . . . these twinges all around my face. Then, a couple of days later, this." Snow indicates the lesions. "Then I don't care whether I find her or not. I put it together. The twinges. She knew something was wrong, but she was too weak to face it. She didn't want to tell me she'd been screwing Higgins. Then, the next day, she gets her first outbreak and realizes what it is. She knows she'll probably have given it to me, too. She can't handle it—she knows it means my career—and she splits.

"Ten days she's gone, and then she calls. She isn't brave enough to walk through the door.

"Listen," she says.

"Listen, hell," I say.

"You've got it, then . . . you have it," she says. "I gave it to you."

"Me, I can't make myself speak. I'm trying to say something and I can't.

"Where?" she says. "Where is it?"

"I close my eyes. I still can't talk.

"I'm coming over," she says.

"No," I say. "Don't come. Wait till it goes."

"Oh, my God," she says.

"And she hangs up the phone. Now, me . . . you've got to understand . . . I'm trying to grasp it. How can I work? How can I ever love anyone again? They say it's only contagious just prior to and during an outbreak. But they're not sure. They waffle. No one will say when it's guaranteed you're safe. So if she could give it to me unknowingly, then why couldn't I give it back to her or to anyone else without even knowing it? I don't even have to fuck anybody. All I have to do is kiss them. Drink out of the wrong glass at the wrong

time. Most people, it's no big deal, right? They have a few outbreaks or just one or none at all. But me, I get this. The outbreaks keep coming, one after another. And no one can tell me why. Why is it me? You know what they say? I take it too seriously. I worry about it too much. Shit. If I didn't have it, I wouldn't worry about it, would I? You have to understand, it's my life. It's my work. How could I ask for a part, knowing that at any time it could nail me again? They'd have to stop shooting. If it was a play, I'd have to cancel out. So what could be worse? You tell me. How could it get worse?"

Snow looks around the room. We shift uncomfortably in our chairs. Nobody can say a word.

"They fish her out of the river," Snow says. "That's how. *They fish her out of the fucking river!*"

Snow boots his coffee cup across the circle. Coffee spills all over the floor. The cup clatters to a stop two chairs over from the chaplain. Snow's voice fills the silence, but now it's just a whisper.

"She ran her fucking MG off the fucking bridge," Snow says. "An accident? You tell me. Explain that one." His face twists. He nods to himself as he runs the last of it down. "So we do the funeral. We have the funeral, and my first outbreak has passed, and then the second, and then the third. Months go by. I'm sitting at home, drinking, watching TV. Going to the movies. I don't see anybody. There's nobody I want to see. I go out when it's OK, I see someone, I keep thinking of the next time it won't be OK. Sooner or later, it's going to nail me again.

"Then I see Higgins. I meet him on the street, outside the theater. I ask him. How long has he had herpes? How much of a problem is it for him? He takes it in. I can see him adding it up. Standing there watching me, adding it up. Then he has the gall to tell me it's no big deal. 'Everybody has it these days,' he says. 'You get it, it's bad for a couple of years, then it disappears. No problem. It's no sweat.' And just from the way he says it, I know he never told her. He never said a word to her about it. Not one fucking word. He had herpes and he knew it and he gave it to her just so he could fuck her. 'No sweat,' he says. He knows he gave it to her and to me. And he knows I know, and he tells me no sweat. So I drop that cocksucker right there and I beat his fucking brains out on the curb. And I'll tell you something—if I had it to do over again, I would do exactly the same thing. And if there is a God and He's up there watching this and He looks just like you and me, and everything that happens is something He made up for a test . . . if that really is what it's all about and He actually can control it all but just won't . . . if He's so weird that He has to let it all happen so we can prove to Him how much we love Him in spite of it, and then He's going to make it up to us . . . if we'll just say we're sorry every day and



*"Secure in the knowledge that my tax bill will be appreciably lower next year, I'd like to buy you a beer."*



tell Him we love Him, then when we die, He'll scoot us on up there to heaven . . . if that's how it works . . . then He can kiss my ass."

Snow breaks off and sits there quivering.

The chaplain shudders. He jumps up. "No, man. No, no, no. Don't you see? You've got it all wrong. All of you. Can't you see it? You. Your herpes is nothing. What's herpes? There are a thousand diseases you could have that are worse than herpes. All of you. All your afflictions . . . all the afflictions on earth are nothing compared to what's in store if you don't come to God. Don't you see? God is your only hope. It's been written! The Bible, man—that's where it is. What else would we have if not for our God, for our faith? But God has left it to us to choose. We have to take the first step. We have to give ourselves to God. And if you don't . . . all of you"—the chaplain slams a fist into his open palm with each phrase—"if each and every one of you won't take that first step, then you're doomed. You're lost."

"Shit," Snow says. "What can God do for me now? Get me probation?"

The chaplain can't believe it. "Don't you see it?" he cries. "Look at you!" He turns around the room. "Look at yourselves. Where are you? Where have you come without Him? You're on the brink, and still you're blind. You'll never know what God can do for you until you open your hearts to Him. A man's faith . . . a man's faith can move mountains. Herpes. Ha! Jesus was crucified on the cross for that herpes of yours, friend; for those children of yours, Peters; for your perversity, Braxton; for the weight of your conscience, Flanagan . . . Jesus did it long ago. And all you need to gain His forgiveness is the guts! All you need is the balls to get down on your knees in this room, with me, right now, and ask Him for it! I'll show you! I'll go to my knees this minute, and if there's another man in this room, he'll join me. . . ."

"Hold on a minute, there, chaplain." Flanagan's up. "We don't need all this shouting," Flanagan says. He squints at

the chaplain. "If He's there, He'll hear us all right. We ain't gonna need to be jumping up and down, shouting and carrying on, for Him to hear us. There's enough fuss in this world as it is. If we're all gonna have to get down on our knees, we might as well do it in a calm and sober fashion." Flanagan sighs. "Now let's just set here a minute and have a real quiet cup of coffee to settle our nerves before we go any further. Here, I'll buy this round." Flanagan stoops to get the chaplain's cup. "And . . . uuuuhh! Oof! Snow, I'll get you one, too."

Flanagan drags Snow's cup out from under the chair. There he stands in the center of the circle in the puddle of spilled coffee in his shower slippers. "The rest of

and lead us in a moment of silence, for starters." Flanagan is staring at the chaplain and the chaplain is staring at the cups. Flanagan holds both cups out to the chaplain, asking him to pick which one he wants. And the chaplain stares at those cups like they're a couple of 8 x 10 snuff photos. Because Flanagan's taken the torn piece of sheet off Snow's, he's taken the little piece of pink yarn off the chaplain's, and now they're just two yellow cups. Looking at the chaplain, you can see the wheels spinning.

What he'd like to say is "No, no thank you. I don't want any coffee." But then Flanagan would say, "Why, sure you do, chaplain. Why, a man like you has just got to have so much faith that he'll damn near leap out of his britches at a chance to demonstrate the strength of that faith. Why, the possibility of getting herpes . . . that little trifle wouldn't mean shit to a man in cahoots with God. Would it?"

You can see the chaplain working it out. If he says no thanks, Flanagan will have him. Or, worse, he might even get on the outs with God.

If he's going to keep saving souls in this jail, he's got to take one of the cups. And the hell of it is . . . he better not flinch when he does it. All he can do now is reach for one of those cups and hope the hand of God puts his own hand on the right one.

And that's what he does. He takes one of those cups and sits down. Then

Flanagan hands the other cup to Snow and gathers the rest of the empties. He tanks them up and passes them out. And all that time, the chaplain is staring at Snow's mouth. He's trying not to, but he can't stop.

And Snow isn't covering his mouth anymore. He's just drinking coffee and watching Flanagan. Watching the chaplain.

Flanagan sits down, and he's watching the chaplain, too. Everybody's watching the chaplain, and the chaplain is suddenly watching Flanagan. He's not watching Snow anymore, he's watching Flanagan.

At last he takes a drink. Then another. Looking at him, you know yourself that if it was you, you'd want to put your mouth

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you want to just sit still and shut your traps for a while," Flanagan says. "If we're gonna let this chaplain lead us down onto our knees, we ought to do it like men. We ought not to do it"—Flanagan's left the circle; he's talking over his shoulder, real slow and easy—"we ought not to do it like a bunch of hysterical school kids. If a man's going to set out to talk to God, then he might as well try and do it with a clear head"—Flanagan is back, standing before the chaplain—"and there's nothing . . . there just ain't nothing in the world like a nice, hot cup of coffee to clear a man's head for him. Here you go, Father. Now you just wrap your hands around a cup of this good ol' java and set yourself down



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on the tiniest spot you could. But he can't even do that.

And suddenly we're all holding our breath, watching it. It's like it's a movie and they don't have a ceiling on the set and the camera zooms up out of the room, out of the building, out of the city. . . .

Here's one man sitting in a room full of men, in a building full of men, in a town full of men. The room is still, but the rest of the world is busy; no one else is watching. Here's a man sitting in a dingy little room, drinking coffee out of a plastic cup. . . .

Is God watching?

And you know. . . . That little son of a gun polishes off the entire cup without flinching. It's prim. But he doesn't blink and he doesn't wince. He drinks her down.

So now we're really on the edge of our chairs, and the big question is just ringing through that room:

Is God watching?

And finally the chaplain looks at Flanagan, and the chaplain looks at Snow, and you can see it: He's going to slide off his chair and lift his arms and call out to Jesus.

The chaplain looks at Flanagan, and even Flanagan is on the edge of his chair. He is staring holes into the chaplain.

The chaplain swallows one last time. Then he looks at Snow and shuts his eyes. Then he stands. He leaves the circle. Looks up at the camera.

"Guard," he says. Then louder. "Guard. Would you come in here, please? On the double."

The chaplain stands there with his back to us, facing the door.

Pretty soon, the lock slams open on the steel door. The guard enters and the chaplain leaves without a word. The guard shuts the door behind him.

"What did you assholes do to the chaplain?" the guard says.

A collective sigh runs around the room.

"I said, *What did you assholes do to the chaplain?*"

"Nothing," Flanagan says. "He just went to wash his mouth out."

"What?" the guard says.

"He's went to wash his mouth out," Flanagan says, "and it's a damn shame, too."

Flanagan looks at Snow. "Got to hand it to him, though, don't you?" Flanagan shakes his head. "That little son of a bitch almost hung it out there, didn't he?" Flanagan sniffs and shakes his head again. "Damn shame. You know, if he'd just held on . . . well, hell, I'd have got down there and prayed right with that kid."

Flanagan nods slowly to himself, then he smiles wryly, almost sadly, at Snow. "Yep," he whispers. "It would have been a good experiment, wouldn't it?"



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# LIONEL RICHIE (continued from page 62)

*"If you have a little problem, get a lot of money and the little problem becomes a big one."*

**RICHIE:** Never give an entertainer an ultimatum—"It's either me or your work"—because the woman always loses.

**PLAYBOY:** So if push came to shove—

**RICHIE:** I wouldn't want to even think about it, and I hope I never have to face that choice. That decision would tear me apart.

**PLAYBOY:** Since so much of your married life revolves around your career, does your being the center of that universe become tedious for you both?

**RICHIE:** Yes. There are days when even I get enough of me! Sometimes I just O.D. on "Lionel, your album; Lionel, your album cover; Lionel, what about your

tour? Lionel, what about the ticket reservations?"—it's the L.R. crunch.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the best part of success?

**RICHIE:** Tasting control. This is heaven up here. I've built a little sanctuary that allows me to live with my family but also be separate from them when I want to be. I can go out into the night in my car and gather information, come back here, stay up till morning and sleep all day. That's what I mean by control. There's no such thing as standard today; I can create my life just as I create a song. I own my time—but the money is spooky. Money doesn't erase problems. I always hear people say, "If I ever got enough money, all

my problems would go away." Not true. What money does is magnify *what* you are. If you have a little problem, get a lot of money and the little problem becomes a big one. A little bit of fame and fortune can actually drive you into the nuthouse.

**PLAYBOY:** What drives you nuts?

**RICHIE:** Going into a supermarket and getting clobbered with attention at the egg counter.

**PLAYBOY:** And when you're compared with songwriters such as Cole Porter, Paul McCartney, John Lennon and Irving Berlin, what do you think?

**RICHIE:** One night recently, I had a conversation with Tina Turner. She said, "You know, for the longest time, Lionel, I felt guilty about living like a queen"; but then, she said, she began to think about all those years of nonstop gigging—the hard-core gigs. And she said, "You know what? I deserve it." I've definitely put the time in, too, dedicated 18 years of my life to getting exactly where I am, and I'm not going to make excuses about my success. Tina and I have worked hard for what we've got.

**PLAYBOY:** On the Richter scale of ambition, where do you rank—anywhere near Sylvester Stallone?

**RICHIE:** Certainly the body is different. He's a little heavier. I think we're both ambitious. He obviously has a craft that he believes in, and he wants to get paid for it. So do I.

**PLAYBOY:** Some would say *overpaid*.

**RICHIE:** I think about how silly the world really can be. A friend of mine from college studied for years to be a neurosurgeon, and I recorded *Baby, Baby, Baby* for three minutes and four seconds and made his lifetime earnings. I'm not saying I feel sorry for him; you can't compare us.

**PLAYBOY:** What about someone like Kenny Rogers, who, at one point, spent \$16,000,000 on a house in Hollywood?

**RICHIE:** Kenny and I are very different when it comes to money, but how he spends it is his business. I'd be a nervous wreck spending \$16,000,000 on a house. In fact, it was Kenny who actually helped me get over my upset stomach when I bought this house in Bel Air. Kenny said, "I hate to tell you this, Lionel, but you've got to get in. Once you buy your first house, the rest is easy." We're talking about spending \$1,000,000-plus on this house.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you gotten your money's worth?

**RICHIE:** I like it. But I still need to go to Alabama, and that's why Brenda and I keep a home there, too. I can come back down to being the guy that I know myself to be. Remember, now: Most people think famous people get on a rocketship that takes them back to the moon right after the concert. But I've got to live right here, on earth; unfortunately, there are many artists who think they *do* live on the moon. But before their lifetime ends, they always wind up finding out that their home was



*"We're all out of blackened redfish. How about if we just burn you a nice herring?"*



earth. They're forced to see it.

**PLAYBOY:** How easy is it to forget that fact?

**RICHIE:** Very. On occasion, this fantasy-land can get overwhelming. There are days when I say, "Let me back up a little bit." I'm going to take my machete and Weed Eater out into the back yard, and then I'm going up into the woods and cut out my own path. I like to walk in the woods. I just think, reflect.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever get depressed?

**RICHIE:** My God, you can't experience the extreme high of performing for 2.6 billion people at the Olympics, of singing *Say You, Say Me* at the Academy Awards or performing for 20,000 people every night for six months and then come home for a three-week vacation and go to bed at nine o'clock without feeling depressed.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever used drugs to pump yourself up or down?

**RICHIE:** I experimented with grass in college, and when the Commodores and I began traveling, we came into contact with cocaine. In New York, a guy came up to me and said, "Do you want to try coke?" I said, "Great." He said, "Give me \$400." That's the end of my drug story.

**PLAYBOY:** You've never used drugs to get up for a performance?

**RICHIE:** No. I'll tell you my great marijuana story. I was outside a club one night and an old bebopper came up to me and said, "Lionel, babes, you've got to get a hit of this grass. You'll play that horn better than you ever did." I took two puffs of it, went on stage and forgot the show. Since then, I've discovered that everybody's trying to be fashionable with drugs and only half the folks are using them.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your biggest fear?

**RICHIE:** Not having control of my life. I hate the idea of being trapped. I would hate *having* to go in to do a job I disliked because I needed the money. That's a horrible line. But the biggest fear of all is people deprivation: I can't imagine being friendless.

**PLAYBOY:** How could that ever happen?

**RICHIE:** I'm not talking now about fans; I'm speaking of actually being in a tight bind and saying, "God, I've got to talk to somebody" and not having anyone to call. Did you know there are actually people in this town who say, "I'm having a party" and call up a PR firm to invite the guests? They have no friends. That's terrifying.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't worry about your career's coasting downhill?

**RICHIE:** The terror to me is not being without dollars. I went through years of having very little money and feeling the fear of poverty. On a bad day, I can still get a three-piece group together and go play at the Holiday Inn.

**PLAYBOY:** Assuming that won't be necessary, what's the next challenge in your career?

**RICHIE:** Motion pictures, definitely. I wouldn't be so presumptuous as to say I'd demand a leading role, but I'd like to

approach a film career in the right way—as Cher did. Cher didn't want an audience spending two hours watching just her in her first movie; she came in with established actors who could take some weight off her.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you have real acting talent?

**RICHIE:** I'm certainly a ham. I know that. And 15 years ago, if you had asked me if I had talent as a composer, I'd have said, "Are you kidding me? No, man." I'm not going to be presumptuous and say, "Turn on the cameras . . . I can handle it," and I know a movie isn't a music video. But until I try, I'll never know.

**PLAYBOY:** As a guy from a small Southern town, do you find Hollywood phony or boring?

**RICHIE:** I try to tell my wife, parents and friends that I can't write blues in the back of a limousine. I have to get back to Alabama or get to street level—to the real world—in order to be an effective writer. I live in Bel Air for convenience' sake only. It's close to everything; it's safe.

**PLAYBOY:** How much do you worry about your personal safety?

**RICHIE:** I can't worry about it. When I'm standing in front of 20,000 people, anybody who wants to shoot me has a good chance. Anybody who wants to grab me has got me. So I just live my life—cool. If I were dealing drugs or bound to creditors or the Mafia, then I'd need beefed-up security. But all I do is sing.

**PLAYBOY:** Where do you see yourself in 20 years, when you're 57?

**RICHIE:** On the moon. Or wherever. I hope the key word is happy. I still feel I'm in the achievement years, when I'm laying the foundation for my future. What I'm really doing is putting together my insurance policy to play *with* and *in* life later. I want to make sure that when I'm 50 or 60, I can, indeed, go out of my house and play with life rather than be victimized by it. I've heard so many horror stories about people who had their moment, killed it and wore themselves out. So what's happiness?

**PLAYBOY:** You tell us.

**RICHIE:** It is not a formula; it's not living in Tahiti. A lot of happy people can't lie down and relax anywhere! I relax in a 24-track studio, and my friends think I'm crazy. But I have the *choice* of being there, and I want to be. But what I'm ultimately aiming for is *quality* of life. It doesn't require a 24-track studio. It doesn't require an airplane. It doesn't require 20,000 people applauding me in a coliseum. It's called *turn off the lights; everybody go home. Now: Am I happy?*

**PLAYBOY:** And the answer is?

**RICHIE:** Yes, hopefully.

**PLAYBOY:** Then what?

**RICHIE:** Then I've pulled off the best life possible—and maybe there'll still be time to write just one more song.

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## CRITICS' CHOICE

(continued from page 121)

*"Few restaurants have ever opened to more instant critical and popular praise than Le Bernardin."*

and suave staff with the control of Arturo Toscanini and the eye of Dan Marino. The bright, swanky decor is a fit setting for a restaurant whose 100 seats are filled daily with clients such as Richard Nixon and Woody Allen. And when anyone wonders why the tables must be set so close together at Le Cirque, Maccioni shrugs and asks, "Would you rather sit far away from or right next to Sophia Loren?" Put yourself in his hands and the kitchen will send forth little bites of fried sole with a *sauce dijonnaise*, fresh sautéed *foie gras* with endive, perhaps a little fettuccini with white truffles, then a heady bouillabaisse, perfectly succulent baby lamb accompanied by a *grand cru* Bordeaux from an astounding wine list and an array of desserts that understandably includes Le Cirque's famous *crème brûlée*. Polish off the chocolate truffles and *petits fours* with a glass of sauterne, and you will come to know the true meaning of pampered luxury.

**5. CHEZ PANISSE**—1517 Shattuck Avenue, Berkeley, California (415-548-5525). The impact of Chez Panisse and its owner, Alice Waters, on American gastronomy can hardly be exaggerated. It was here that California cooking really burst forth with such exuberance and style that such

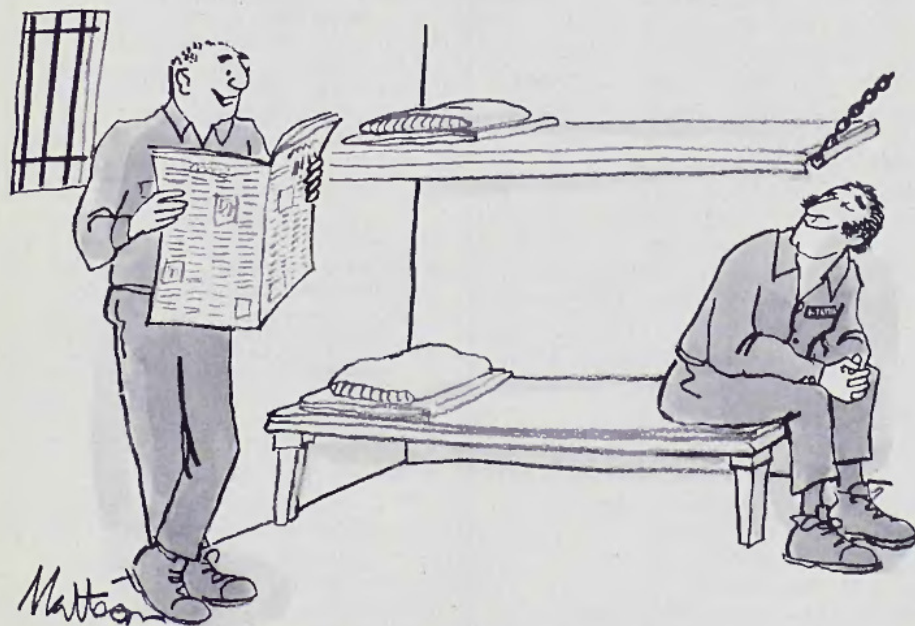
signature items as pizzas with California goat cheese, pasta with Northwest wild mushrooms and salads made with garden-grown field greens have since become standards in restaurants from Berkeley to Boston. Yet Chez Panisse has remained true to its French Provençal and Mediterranean inspirations—good, simple home-style dishes such as *ratatouille*, a scallop soup, grilled squab with braised garlic cloves, squash ravioli with giblets and sage and compotes of fresh berries and fruits. Alice is still the matriarchal presence at Chez Panisse, while chef Paul Bertolli heads the latest of a long line of brilliant protégés who have included Jeremiah Tower (see Stars, number 15), Mark Miller and Joyce Goldstein—all now star chefs on their own. And despite all this, Chez Panisse is still a most unpretentious place, as befits its location in laid-back Berkeley, where the idea took root in 1972.

**6. LE FRANÇAIS**—269 South Milwaukee Avenue, Wheeling, Illinois (312-541-7470). If you are anywhere near Chicago and feel in the mood for blowing out all the stops and dining as lavishly as any nobleman of the *ancien régime*, make the 40-minute drive to suburban Wheeling, settle yourself behind a banquet at

Le Français and try not to gape as the extravagant dishes pass before your eyes: terrines and *pâtés* and mousses of exceptional richness, a *galette* of crab with mustard sauce, lobster au gratin with sauce Nantua and basil, tenderly cooked red snapper in an herbed *beurre blanc*, rare squab and sweetbreads in vividly reduced pan juices, *sorbets* the color of purple velvet and desserts set in fragile layers of puff pastry decorated with spun sugar. Chef-owner Jean Banchet refuses to skimp on anything, so you may be sure the *foie gras* is of the best quality, the game perfectly aged and the raspberries at their ripest. All of this arrives via silver serving carts, is set on Villeroy-Boch china and is served by swooping waiters who seem as enthralled by the sheer profusion of it all as you will be. Le Français doesn't look like much from the outside, but you're sure to leave Wheeling knowing you have dined at one of the true temples of gastronomy in this country.

**7. SPAGO**—1114 Horn Avenue, West Hollywood, California (213-652-4025). It's a good bet that if Spago started serving nothing but *burritos* and Cobb salads, it would still be one of the hottest restaurants in L.A., for on any given night you are likely to see Joan Collins, Tony Bennett, Barbra Streisand or Tom Cruise meandering about the wide-open spaces of Wolfgang Puck's decibel-busting restaurant above Sunset Strip. One cannot even begin to count the number of drop-dead-beautiful starlets and just-plain-drop-dead agents who fill the rest of the seats. But, in fact, Spago has made its reputation not on its decor, its atmosphere or its celebrity clientele but on the terrific food from the open grill and the pizza oven. And Puck has kept up the level of his cuisine, which on our last visit included pizza with sweet peppers and prosciutto, sautéed Pacific oysters with a spicy *salsa*, crabcakes with lime butter and winter greens, chervil-and-black-pepper noodles with smoked duck and wilted greens, red snapper with pecan butter, Sonoma baby lamb with herb butter, a macadamia-coconut tart and a blueberry-butter-milk tart. Spago has gone way beyond being trendy: It is part of the new Hollywood establishment and is still a bellwether of great cooking on the West Coast.

**8. CAMPTON PLACE**—340 Stockton Street, San Francisco, California (415-781-5155). As elegant as Campton Place is, its fame does not rest on its owner's reputation, for the restaurant is the dining room of the deluxe Campton Place Hotel off San Francisco's Union Square. No, the restaurant owes its national reputation to the talents of chef Bradley Ogden, a 33-year-old native of Michigan who has never set foot in France but whose culinary skills would be the envy of any *sous-chef* in Paris or Lyons. Ogden is



*"I see your money-management book is still on the best-sellers' list."*



one smart cookie, and he shows it in dishes of simple, unerring taste—even at breakfast and lunch, which may include scrambled eggs with prawns and *crème fraîche*, chicken with biscuits or a spinach soufflé with Sonoma-jack sauce. At dinner, Ogden goes into high gear with delicacies such as sautéed morels on buttery brioche toast, barbecued prawns with vegetable slaw, baked lobster with ginger-tomato sauce and knockout desserts such as blueberry shortcake and nectarine crisp with homemade vanilla ice cream. Ogden clearly works out of a long American tradition but gives it a twist of refinement that makes Campton Place a stellar act and one a lot of chefs are trying to follow.

**9. JEAN-LOUIS AT WATERGATE**—2650 Virginia Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. (202-298-4488). Here's another restaurant that shows how far hotel dining rooms have come in this country. Jean-Louis is located in the lower depths of the Watergate Hotel and has a sexy intimacy about it that attracts as many lovers as it does lobbyists. Indeed, for some reason, there always seems to be a couple at the next table discussing their torrid love affair in whispers. This only adds to the intrigue of the place, and chef Jean-Louis Palladin would be the first to admit that he loves nothing better than to stage a surprise. He'll do that by offering the kinds of dishes you won't find anywhere else: Palladin once served a meal in which every dish had truffles in it (even the dessert was a truffle ice cream). On other occasions, he may serve a jellied consommé of crawfish, a lobster mousse with *osietra* caviar, cepe mushrooms stewed with squab breasts or shrimp sautéed with a sauce of green and red peppers. Menus change all the time, and Jean-Louis is at his happiest when you let him compose a menu for you (which may cost up to \$100 per person). The wine list, incidentally, is as enticing as the food.

**10. COMMANDER'S PALACE**—1403 Washington Avenue, New Orleans, Louisiana (504-899-8221). Commander's Palace is everything you'd want a New Orleans restaurant to be, with the possible exception being the fact that it is not situated in the French Quarter. Instead, it is in the residential Garden District in a multiroomed 19th Century mansion, wherein you'll find the heart and soul of Creole hospitality in the Brennans, longtime owners who have made Commander's the New Orleans mecca for all serious epicures. The decor has a swaggering antiquity about it, and there's no better place to enjoy a *café brûlot* than on the leafy brick patio here. And if the private dining rooms' walls could talk, you'd get a quick course in Louisiana politics—such is the popularity of Commander's among the local political bigwigs. Chef Emeril Lagasse's new *haute* Creole cuisine is creative without straying far from cherished

tradition, so you may begin with a delicious old-fashioned turtle soup or a spicy shrimp rémoulade or a rich gumbo, then try the shrimp-and-andouille soufflé or the hickory-grilled redfish with a basil-tomato sauce glazed over with pepper cheese. The bread-pudding soufflé is sensational, and the raspberry Grand Marnier mousse cake could, on its own, bring you back here again and again. Add to this a wine list of real depth and service of genteel charm, and you've pretty much realized your dream of what a New Orleans restaurant should look, smell and taste like.

**11. THE QUILTED GIRAFFE**—955 Second Avenue, New York, New York (212-753-5355). Barry and Susan Wine never wanted to open a restaurant in the first place, but since his suburban law practice wasn't very exciting and he'd already invested in a restaurant in New Paltz, New York, Barry shifted his attention to fine cuisine. Now, ten years later, The Quilted Giraffe, removed to Manhattan, has become one of the most inventive dining rooms in the country. Although Barry's ideas sometimes get the better of him—like the time he served a poached pear with basil sauce—he is a masterful cook who turns out a magical *confit* of duck with a winsome side dish of creamed corn and tomato. Other fine dishes include sweetbreads in crushed pecans, shrimp and mango with broiled tomatoes, chicken *aioli* with fried sweet potatoes and pecan crisp with vanilla ice cream. Wine will never overcook a fish or overelaborate a dish, and his Grand Dessert of several sweets is irresistible (though it *will* add ten bucks to your bill). The dining room is warm and comfortable, the wine list excellent (but very pricy) and the staff one of the best-trained.

**12. LE BEC-FIN**—1523 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania (215-567-1000). Imagine a dining room in one of the great châteaux of France—with Scalandre damask on the walls, paintings of Louis XIV and Catherine the Great, silverware from Christofle and a private room done in a *trompe l'oeil* ceiling motif of clouds—and you'll have a good idea of Le Bec-Fin's new premises. Owner Georges Perrier spared no expense to bring the quality of his decor into line with the quality of his cuisine, which is on an unabashedly Lucullan level. Perrier doesn't kid around—every dish is carefully prepared to dazzle your eyes, nose and palate, from the first taste of sweetbreads salad to the last bite of chocolate-ganache cake with mint sauce. In between, he offers at least three other courses on his \$66 menu, all of them equally awesome in design and richness: ravioli stuffed with truffles, swordfish with a *confiture* of onions, a *jambonneau* of chicken with a *sauce sabayon*, a *filet mignon* of veal with morels and cream, several peak-condition

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cheeses and a tiered pastry cart groaning under nearly three dozen items, from floating island to apricot-mousse cake. Lunch, at \$20, is a great bargain, but you owe it to yourself to have dinner here to appreciate how seriously Perrier takes his profession and his cuisine.

**13. K-PAUL'S LOUISIANA KITCHEN**—416 Chartres Street, New Orleans, Louisiana (504-942-7538). If you've never heard of Paul Prudhomme, then you've spent the past three years eating out in Siberia. Prudhomme, the gargantuan, effusive and inspired chef/teacher from the Cajun country of Louisiana, revolutionized cooking in this country by waking up the taste buds with his fiery dishes, such as blackened redfish, and Cajun martinis laced with *jalapeno* peppers. K-Paul's Louisiana Kitchen is where it all started almost eight years ago, first as a little breakfast-and-lunch shop serving po'-boy sandwiches, now as a common man's café of Cajun cookery and as much of a tourist attraction in New Orleans as the Preservation Hall Jazz Band. The tiny restaurant still has Formica tables, paper napkins and diner-class silverware, but the waitresses could charm an alligator out of the bayou. The multilevel flavors of the food will blow you away—chicken-and-andouille gumbo, rabbit tenderloin with mustard sauce, stuffed eggplant with shrimp butter cream, shrimp *etouffée*, deep-fried soft-shell crabs with sauce Choron and, of course, the now-famous blackened fish. Prudhomme's bread pudding with lemon sauce and sweet-potatop-ecan pie will send you reeling. No one leaves K-Paul's disappointed (or hungry), and you get a star on your check if you clean your plate.

**14. ROUTH STREET CAFE**—3005 Routh Street, Dallas, Texas (214-871-7161). It's a delight to see a Texas dining room again represented on our list, and with good reason: The Routh Street Cafe, owned by John Dayton and chef Stephan Pyles, is the foremost kitchen in a burgeoning movement to upgrade the image of Texas cooking from chili and nachos to something of a higher quality. Some examples: tenderloin of wild boar with sweet-potato pancakes and a tamarind-ancho-chili sauce, smoked pheasant in emerald Riesling vinaigrette and catfish that will make you rethink your attitude toward that critter. Pyles, who once studied music, loves to get his seasonings in harmony and may use several chilies together with several sweet peppers to achieve unique flavors. His concepts are never odd and are always based on the best local game, meats, seafood and produce, so you'll feast on axis venison, Gulf shrimp, Texas beef and some impressive cabernets and chardonnays from wineries near Lubbock and Fort Davis. The premises have a streamlined two-level design of peach-pink and gray, and this is clearly where the young professionals of Dallas are dining these days.

**15. STARS**—150 Redwood Alley, San Francisco, California (415-861-7827). Would-be architect Jeremiah Tower got his first cooking job at Chez Panisse (see above) when he improved a soup by adding cream and salt to it. Since then, he's honed his own genius for coaxing the best flavors out of ingredients and for refusing

kitchen is right out in the open, and the entire place has a bright conviviality that makes this as perfect a spot for a full-scale dinner as for dessert and cognac after a night at the nearby opera. Tower's cooking concentrates on the intensity of tastes—a *paillard* of yellowtail with ginger, *cilantro* and black beans, a spicy lentil soup with a red-bell-pepper cream, a braised-veal-and-lamb ragout with wild rice and some first-rate California-style pizzas and French fries. Finish with a paragon of a blueberry pie or some lusciously rich ice cream, and you'll have a lasting memory of the kind of food you wish you could eat every night.

**16. MICHAEL'S**—1147 Third Street, Santa Monica, California (213-451-0843). Even after eight years, Michael's is still the most serenely beautiful restaurant in the Los Angeles area. With its pale-peach walls, its superb collection of graphics by top contemporary artists and its peaceful garden patio set with canvas umbrellas over roomy tables, Michael's has established a new concept of dining out in L.A. Even more impressive after a decade is the clarity of owner Michael McCarty's culinary vision, which is to serve only the most refined and delicate French cuisine—a mousse of *foie gras* with apples and calvados, a salad of chicory, hot goat cheese and walnut vinaigrette, grilled chicken with tarragon butter, veal steak with caramelized lemon and desserts that know few equals in a city of great sweets. If Michael's had opened only yesterday, its food would seem like a breath of fresh air amid the loopy shenanigans going on in L.A. kitchens these days. The fact that McCarty has stayed his course through the follies of recent years is to his enormous credit, and Michael's, as a result, has clearly emerged as a California classic of style, grace and unerring taste.

**17. AURORA**—60 East 49th Street, New York, New York (212-692-9292). The owner of Aurora, Joe Baum Company, set out to capture an upscale-executive market and, from the day it opened a little more than a year ago, has succeeded by providing a sedate, restrained dining room (decorated by graphics designer Milton Glaser) of rich woods, stippled, painted borders, leather-upholstered chairs and a savvy U-shaped bar where you can grab a quick lunch. Joe Baum knew that his clientele would also want the kind of imaginative but sensible food served at The Four Seasons (see number two), which he once ran. So he hired an esteemed French chef named Gerard Pangaud to develop a menu of beautifully wrought light dishes such as smoked sea bass with water-cress salad, a terrine of wild mushrooms and *foie gras*, roasted pigeon with sweet garlic, lobster poached with ginger, lime and sauterne and just about the most delectable chocolate-mousse cake you'll ever encounter. Nor will you want to miss the *papillon* of apricot, pastry and caramel ice cream. The wine list is small, carefully selected

## AMERICA'S 25 GREATEST RESTAURANTS 1984

*for your reference,  
here are the rankings from  
our list three years ago*

1. **Lutèce**, New York, New York
2. **The Four Seasons**, New York, New York
3. **Le Français**, Wheeling, Illinois
4. **Chez Panisse**, Berkeley, California
5. **Le Cirque**, New York, New York
6. **K-Paul's Louisiana Kitchen**, New Orleans, Louisiana
7. **The Quilted Giraffe**, New York, New York
8. **Le Perroquet**, Chicago, Illinois
9. **La Côte Basque**, New York, New York
10. **Commander's Palace**, New Orleans, Louisiana
11. **L'Ermitage**, Los Angeles, California
12. **The Coach House**, New York, New York
13. **La Grenouille**, New York, New York
14. **Le Bec-Fin**, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
15. **Michael's**, Santa Monica, California
16. **Le Lion d'Or**, Washington, D.C.
17. **Ma Maison**, Los Angeles, California
18. **Rex—Il Ristorante**, Los Angeles, California
19. **Spago**, Los Angeles, California
20. **Valentino**, Santa Monica, California
21. **Ernie's**, San Francisco, California
22. **Il Nido**, New York, New York
23. **Felidia**, New York, New York
24. **Jean-Louis**, Washington, D.C.
25. **Parioli Romanissimo**, New York, New York

to disguise what is best about fresh fish or pungent herbs. Consequently, his peers credit him with one of the sharpest palates in cooking today. Tower is now the owner of Stars, a truly stellar restaurant very much in the San Francisco-grill tradition and very much the kind of comfortable *brasserie* where people enjoy eating. Stars'



and fairly priced, and the staff, after some early *faux pas*, is now as impeccable in its ministrations as in its dress. Aurora has emerged as one of those dining rooms that define New York's unique temperament in the Eighties.

**18. AN AMERICAN PLACE**—969 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York (212-517-7660). So celebrated was chef Lawrence Forgione's reputation when he worked at Brooklyn's River Café that every critic who had voted for that restaurant in our 1984 poll pulled his vote on hearing that he had resigned as its chef that year. Fortunately, Forgione soon opened his own restaurant, An American Place, where he has established himself as one of this country's most important chefs of the decade. Here, in a small room with spare but appealing decor, Forgione began streamlining his once-elaborate cooking concepts and devoted himself to a thorough investigation of the true strengths of American cookery. His reinterpretations of classic dishes—such as planked salmon, barbecued chicken with creamy potato salad, grilled Key West shrimp and even devil's-food cake and apple pandowdy—have earned him the mantle of his late beloved mentor, James Beard. Meanwhile, his new dishes—such as duck sausage with spoon-bread griddle-cakes and corn *salsa*, sirloin steak with a dark-beer sauce and terrine of three smoked fish with their own caviars—show ample evidence of his inventiveness. Anyone who wishes to know what the inevitable direction of American cooking will be should book a table at An American Place without delay.

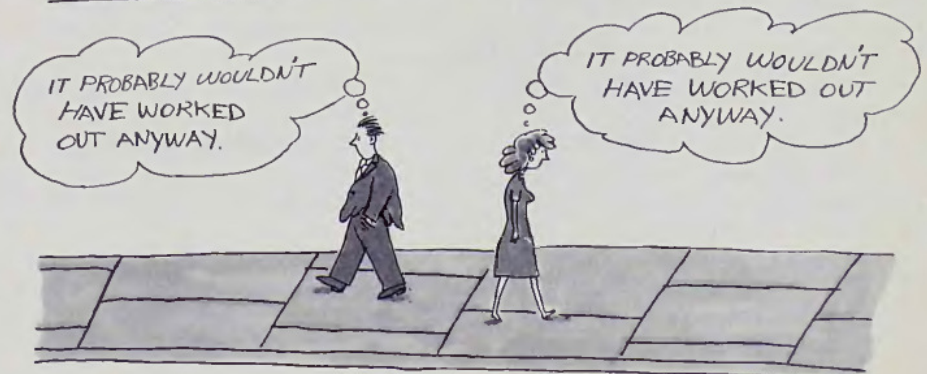
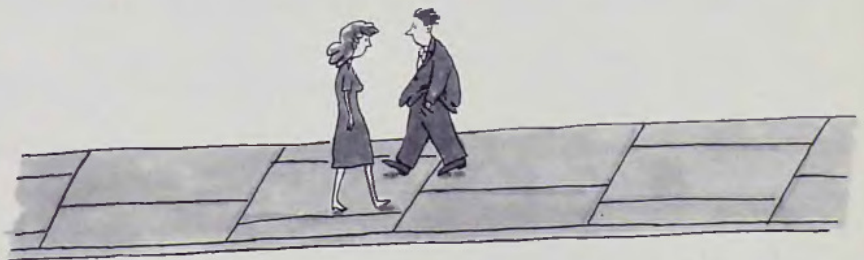
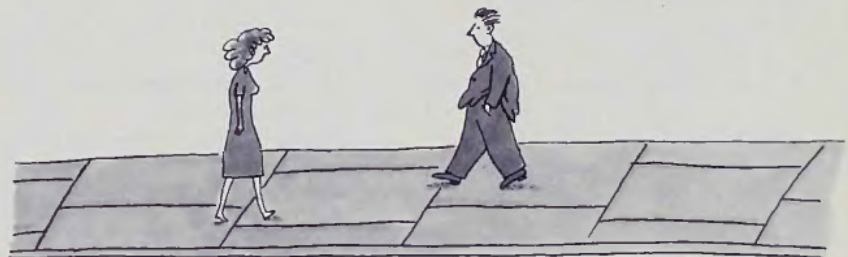
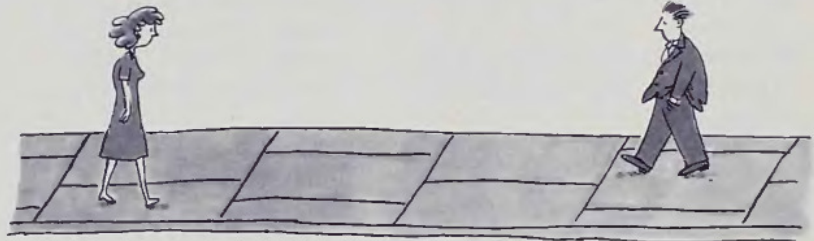
**19. FELIDIA**—243 East 58th Street, New York, New York (212-758-1479). Felidia has moved up our list and stakes its claim to being the best Italian restaurant this side of the Atlantic. From the moment you enter the bustling dining room, with its dark woods, exposed brick and airy skylight, you have a real sense that this is not the place to order lasagna or veal *parmigiana*. The wine list has extraordinary depth to support a kitchen of extraordinary range. The only sensible thing to do is to throw yourself into the arms of owners Lidia and Felix Bastianich and ask them to feed you. You will thereupon be rewarded with such enchanting dishes as polenta with wild mushrooms, *pasutice* pasta with lobster, a raviolilike pasta called *kraft*, filled with veal, lemon zest, cheese and rum, grilled mackerel marinated with garlic and olive oil and feathery-light crepes for dessert. Even a simple dish of tomatoes, mozzarella and fresh basil will thrill you because of the quality of the ingredients, and you could easily make a meal of such first courses as Felidia's own air-cured prosciutto and some figs or a *mélange* of cold seafood. Lidia, who is nothing if not maternal, wants you to feel good after a meal, not stuffed, so her sauces are far from the

heavy, pasty cover-ups served in most Italian restaurants in this country. Trust her as you would your Italian aunt. And if you don't have an Italian aunt, trust us.

**20. LE PAVILLON**—1050 Connecticut Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. (202-833-3846). If cooking is, indeed, an art, then Yannick Cam is an artist. Cam's Le Pavillon can make even the most demanding gastronome swoon over such dishes as a soup of wild mussels and white corn, a *gratin* of turbot, potato and leek, beet-filled ravioli with *osietra* caviar, roasted lamb with white asparagus and an array of ethereal desserts. Cam seems driven to be better and better, and he sets standards for Le Pavillon that would be unnerving for any other chef to meet. The second-story dining room is itself an exercise in subtlety and sophistication, from the romantic lighting to the Lalique-crystal display table and the salmon color-

ings that flatter every woman in the room—none more so than Cam's beautiful wife, Janet, who directs the dining room with a grace and perfectionism you'd be hard put to find even in France. The wine list is long, offering a variety of choices to accompany the exquisite cuisine.

**21. L'ERMITAGE**—730 North La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles, California (213-652-5840). Perhaps the highest compliment you can pay chef Michel Blanchet of L'Ermitage is that if you close your eyes, you'll be able to identify every ingredient in every dish he serves you. So strong is Blanchet's sense of taste and texture that he is determined not to sully the full flavor of crawfish or rabbit or apples with any sauce or reduction that might mask the essence of the main ingredients. This means a marvelous fidelity to classic technique that is too often disappearing in



P.C. VEY



# REGIONAL FAVORITES

Some of the restaurants on this list missed making our top 25 by just a few points. Some represent the regional critics' choices of the best in their locales. Others are new, exciting prospects to watch in years to come.

## ARIZONA

**Vincent Guerithault on Camelback**, Phoenix (602-224-0225)  
**Janos**, Tucson (602-884-9426)

## CALIFORNIA

**Gustav Anders**, La Jolla (619-459-4499)  
**Fog City Diner**, San Francisco (415-982-2000)  
**Fournou's Ovens**, San Francisco (415-989-1910)  
**Masa's**, San Francisco (415-989-7154)  
**Mustards Grill**, Napa (707-944-2424)  
**Primi**, West Los Angeles (213-475-9235)  
**Square One**, San Francisco (415-788-1110)  
**Trumps**, Los Angeles (213-855-1480)

## COLORADO

**The Rattlesnake Club**, Denver (303-573-8900)

## CONNECTICUT

**L'Americaïn**, Hartford (203-522-6500)  
**Fine Bouche**, Centerbrook (203-767-1277)  
**Restaurant Jean-Louis**, Greenwich (203-622-8450)

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

**Le Lion d'Or** (202-296-7972)

## FLORIDA

**Bern's Steak House**, Tampa (813-251-2421)  
**Joe's Stone Crab Restaurant**, Miami (305-673-0365)

## GEORGIA

**Capriccio**, Atlanta (404-237-0347)  
**Carsley's**, Atlanta (404-261-6384)  
**45 South**, Savannah (912-354-0444)

## HAWAII

**La Mer**, Oahu (808-923-2311)

## ILLINOIS

**Ambria**, Chicago (312-472-5959)  
**Carlos'**, Highland Park (312-432-0770)  
**Jackie's**, Chicago (312-880-0003)  
**Les Nomades**, Chicago (312-649-9010)  
**Spiaggia**, Chicago (312-280-2750)

## KENTUCKY

**Casa Grisanti**, Louisville (502-584-4377)

## LOUISIANA

**Galatoire's**, New Orleans (504-525-2021)

**Le Ruth's**, Gretna (504-362-4914)  
**Vernick's**, Abbeville (318-893-8008)

## MARYLAND

**The Conservatory**, Baltimore (301-727-7101)  
**Obricky's Crab House**, Baltimore (301-732-6399)

## MASSACHUSETTS

**Chanticleer**, Nantucket (617-257-6231)  
**Chillingsworth**, Brewster (617-896-3640)  
**L'Espalier**, Boston (617-262-3023)  
**Restaurant Jasper**, Boston (617-523-1126)  
**Restaurant Le Marquis de Lafayette**, Boston (617-451-2600)

## MICHIGAN

**Chez Raphael**, Novi (313-348-5556)  
**Elizabeth's**, Northville (313-348-0575)  
**Justine**, Midland (517-496-3012)  
**Tapawingo**, Ellsworth (616-588-7971)

## MINNESOTA

**Primavera**, Minneapolis (612-339-8000)

## MISSOURI

**Café Allegro**, Kansas City (816-561-3663)  
**Fio's La Fourchette**, St. Louis (314-863-6866)  
**Jess & Jim's Steakhouse**, Kansas City (816-942-9909)  
**Richard Perry Restaurant**, St. Louis (314-771-4100)  
**Tony's**, St. Louis (314-231-7007)

## NEVADA

**La Pamplemousse**, Las Vegas (702-733-2066)  
**The Summit**, Lake Tahoe (702-588-6611)

## NEW JERSEY

**Chez Catherine**, Westfield (201-232-1680)  
**The Knife & Fork Inn**, Atlantic City (609-344-1133)

## NEW YORK

**Arizona 206**, New York (212-838-0440)  
**La Caravelle**, New York (212-586-4252)  
**Chanterelle**, New York (212-966-6960)  
**The Coach House**, New York (212-777-0303)  
**La Côte Basque**, New York (212-688-6525)  
**The Gotham Bar and Grill**, New York (212-620-4020)  
**Hubert's**, New York (212-673-3711)  
**Maxime's**, Granite Springs (914-248-7200)

**Palio**, New York (212-245-4850)  
**Le Périgord**, New York (212-755-6244)  
**La Tulipe**, New York (212-691-8860)

## OHIO

**Barricelli Inn**, Cleveland (216-791-6500)  
**The French Connection**, Cleveland (216-696-5600)  
**Maisonette**, Cincinnati (513-721-2260)  
**Sammy's**, Cleveland (216-523-5560)  
**Z Contemporary Cuisine**, Shaker Heights (216-991-1580)

## OREGON

**Jake's Famous Crawfish**, Portland (503-226-1419)

## PENNSYLVANIA

**Déjà-Vu**, Philadelphia (215-546-1190)  
**DiLullo Centro**, Philadelphia (215-546-2000)  
**The Garden**, Philadelphia (215-546-4455)  
**La Normande**, Pittsburgh (412-621-0744)

## RHODE ISLAND

**Al Forno**, Providence (401-273-9760)

## TENNESSEE

**Chez Philippe**, Memphis (901-529-4188)

## TEXAS

**Brennan's of Houston** (713-522-9711)  
**Cafe Annie**, Houston (713-780-1522)  
**La Fogata**, San Antonio (512-340-1384)  
**The Mansion on Turtle Creek**, Dallas (214-526-2121)  
**Sonny Bryan's**, Dallas (214-357-7120)  
**Tony's**, Houston (713-622-6778)

## UTAH

**Cafe Mariposa at Silver Lake**, Deer Valley (801-649-1005)  
**Liaison Restaurant**, Salt Lake City (801-583-8144)

## VIRGINIA

**The Inn at Little Washington**, Washington (703-675-3800)  
**The Trellis**, Williamsburg (804-229-8610)

## WASHINGTON

**Le Gourmand**, Seattle (206-784-3463)  
**Ray's Boathouse**, Seattle (206-789-3770)

## WISCONSIN

**Grenadier's Restaurant**, Milwaukee (414-276-0747)



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the new Los Angeles eateries. Blanchet's cassalette of snails au gratin, *médallions* of veal with apples and calvados, salmon in cabernet sauvignon, cream-of-turnip soup, apple tart and chocolate charlotte are textbook examples of the power and glory of classic training. New owners have recently refreshed the look of L'Ermitage, but the place still bespeaks a luxury that makes a visit here cause for celebration. If you need a break from caviar pizzas and waiters dressed like Talking Heads, L'Ermitage is a soothing change of pace.

**22. ARCADIA**—21 East 62nd Street, New York, New York (212-223-2900). Anne Rosenzweig, co-owner of Arcadia

with Ken Aretsky, has proved that female chefs are as much a part of the dynamics of the new American cooking as are men. Having earned the respect of her peers, Rosenzweig has also won the hearts and minds of critics and the public, who flock to this tiny dining room—with its bucolic Paul Davis murals and French windows—night and day. Reservations, therefore, have become the toughest tickets in town. The restaurant's small size allows Rosenzweig to offer a seasonal menu reflective of what she finds best in the market. Consequently, you may feast on buckwheat pasta with goat cheese, a salad of roast quail with fresh-fig chutney, grilled

tuna with red-pepper marmalade, corn-cakes with *crème fraîche* and caviars or Rosenzweig's signature dish—a dazzling lobster club sandwich. Also to her credit are the chocolate bread pudding, the pear-and-pecan crisp or any of the other winsome desserts. You could ask for a longer wine list, and the service staff can occasionally be snooty, but you'll have wonderful food here and get an idea of what a personal cooking style is all about.

**23. JAMS**—154 East 79th Street, New York, New York (212-772-6800). The owners of Jams—Jonathan Waxman and Melvin Master, whose initials give the restaurant its name—have given New Yorkers their first real taste of California cuisine: grilled and sautéed fish, meat and poultry, ingenious combinations of peppers and baby vegetables in pastas and salads and rich, devil-may-care desserts, all served up with a casual but informed attitude. Since Jams opened in 1984, others have tried to copy its formula, but none has enjoyed the success of this very original restaurant. Here, in two stark, brightly lit dining rooms with a downstairs open kitchen, you'll be treated to such specialties as tiny shrimp on cabbage with blanched bacon and diced tomato, deep-fried rabbit on a bed of pasta, swordfish with blood oranges, the best French fries you'll ever eat and scrumptious desserts such as lemon tart and chocolate-truffle terrine with praline sauce. Some critics cluck that Waxman doesn't spend much time in the kitchen these days (he and Master own two other restaurants), but few question his ingenuity or Master's ability to keep things humming night after night.

**24. CHINOIS ON MAIN**—2709 Main Street, Santa Monica, California (213-392-9025). It isn't surprising that not one but two of Wolfgang Puck's restaurants should appear on our list, for there's little question that Puck has more creative juices and spunky energies than any five other chefs in California; he has kept right on the edge of new ideas since his days at the late, lamented Ma Maison. Unlike Spago, which is basically an affair of American and Mediterranean lustiness, Chinois is an honorable marriage of the culinary traditions of East and West. Therefore, you may begin with some Japanese-style tuna *sashimi* or stir-fried chicken in lettuce bundles, then move on to roasted-leg-of-lamb salad or marinated grilled salmon atop black and gold noodles and wind down with an upside-down peach cake. The decor (done by Puck's wife, Barbara Lazaroff) similarly mingles Oriental and Occidental elements, including a gold Buddha over the bar, jade-green tables and enormous crane *cloisonné* sculptures. Chinois is designed to be fun and a little *kitschy*, and after one bite of Cantonese roast duck with plum-wine sauce, you'll happily settle into the



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**10. Your Fantasy is Reality at Michael Salem's Exotic Boutique. Our catalog features Sensuous Lingerie. Corsets, Garter Belts in Satin, Laces, Leather and Rubber, plus Wigs, Stiletto Heeled Shoes, Stockings and unusual related items. Sizes Petite to Super Large and Tall. New Exciting Spring catalog sent First Class discreetly. Send \$6 deductible from first order. For women and cross-dressers. (Our name does not appear on return address.)**



**JOYCE HOLDER**  
**—JUST BIKINIS, INC.—**  
**BIKINI SEPARATES TO SUIT YOU 1987 Color Catalog**  
**11. Joyce Holder's Just Bikinis, Exclusive designs (not available in stores). Helpful Hints on the best style for your figure. Finest Quality Lycra Spandex. Perfect Fit—We Guarantee It! TOPS: A B C D DD E. BOTTOMS: 5 7 9 11 13 15. Color Catalog and "How To Fit Guide" \$2.00 (refundable with first order).**



**Romantic Lingerie**  
**12. A fine collection of intimate apparel to help you create those romantic moments. Feminine by day or romantic at night, our \$5.00 catalog with over 40 color pages, offers you a wide selection of romantic lingerie at affordable prices.**  
**13, 14, & 15. Video's, Color Photographs and Slides of California's best modeling exciting lingerie, sheer stockings garter-belts, pantyhose, raised skirts, full figure poses and Now Sexy Swimwear. Custom Creative Images' Catalog with over 100 photos is \$5.00. (plus 3 future issues) OR Catalog, future issues and 4 (jumbo 4" x 6") sample color prints is \$10.00. We also sell lingerie.**  
**LINGERIE VIDEO—A preview of 10 beautiful models in sensuous lingerie, with excerpts from their videos & photographs. 40 mins. \$34.95.**



**16. Discover the NEW Frederick's of Hollywood...for the woman who feels different—more romantic, more playful, more daring. Distinctive dresses and sportswear, sexy lingerie, exclusive bras, swimwear, shoes, menswear and accessories. Send \$3.00 for a one year catalog subscription—plus—receive \$10.00 worth of gift certificates.**

Send coupon to: CATALOGS U.S.A.  
c/o Nielsen Inquiry Service, P.O. Box 2035, Clinton, IA 52735

Check to the left of each listing the catalogs you want. Enclose a check or M.O. for the total, including a \$1.00 mailing charge. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

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2. Undergear (\$1)	11. Joyce Holder (\$2)
3. International Male (\$2)	12. Romantic Lingerie (\$5)
4. Am. Sports Collectibles (\$2)	13. Custom Creative/Catalog (\$5)
5. Mellow Mail-Catalog (\$2)	14. Custom Creative/Catalog & Prints (\$10)
6. Mellow Mail/VHS Video (\$22.95)	15. Custom Creative/Video (\$34.95)
7. Mellow Mail/Beta Video (\$22.95)	16. Frederick's (\$1)
8. Voyages (\$3.50)	
9. Linda's Love Lace (\$3)	

total cost of catalogs ordered \$  
ADD \$1.00 MAILING CHARGE \$1.00  
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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

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restaurant's other main attraction: the celebrity watch.

**25. VALENTINO**—3115 Pico Boulevard, Santa Monica, California (213-829-4313). It would be easy enough to convince you of the greatness of Valentino simply by listing the components of a typical meal here: a soft *focaccia* bread, sausages, zucchini flowers and smoked *scamorza* cheese, *carpaccios* of *calamari*

with *pesto*, scallops with red peppercorns, rabbit salad, duck salad with a sweet-and-sour pickle, ravioli with artichokes, *tagliolini* with pepper, *risotto* with corn, polenta with *shiitake* mushrooms and quail, lamb in little purses of *radicchio*, dates, *mascarpone* cheese and chocolate, a *semifreddo* of roasted nuts and several fruit sherbets. This is Italian food California style, and every course has something

superlative in it. The exuberant owner, Piero Selvaggio, recently redecorated the restaurant to resemble a country estate in Tuscany rather than a dining room in Santa Monica, but the enthralling menu is always changing. Piero aches to show you a good time, and no one who cares about food can afford to miss Valentino. The wine list is one of the best in the West.



## CHOICE CRITICS

**Molly Abraham**, restaurant critic, *Detroit Free Press*; author, *Restaurants of Detroit*.

**Antonia Allegra**, food editor, *San Diego Tribune*.

**Colman Andrews**, restaurant columnist, *Los Angeles Times*; author, *Catalan Cuisine*.

**Anonymous restaurant critics**, *Texas Monthly*.

**Iris Bailin**, restaurant critic, *Northern Ohio LIVE*.

**Robert Lawrence Balzer**, food and beverage editor, *Travel-Holiday*.

**Ariane and Michael Batterberry**, authors and food consultants; founders, *The International Review of Food & Wine*.

**Charles Bernstein**, editor, *Nation's Restaurant News*; author, *Great Restaurant Innovators*.

**Sally Bernstein**, restaurant critic, *The Houston Post*.

**Alexandra Mayes Birnbaum**, editor in chief, *Good Food* magazine.

**Anthony Dias Blue**, author, *American Wine*; WCBs-Radio, New York, New York, restaurant critic.

**Paul Bocuse**, cookbook author; owner of Paul Bocuse Restaurant, Lyons, France.

**Gene Bourg**, restaurant columnist, *The Times-Picayune/The States-Item*.

**Patricia Brooks**, author, *Best Restaurants Southern New England*; restaurant critic, *The New York Times* Connecticut section.

**Ellen Brown**, author, *Cooking with the New American Chefs*.

**Patricia Brown**, food writer/consultant.

**Pat Bruno**, restaurant critic, *Chicago Sun-Times*.

**Anne Byrn**, food editor/restaurant critic, *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution*.

**Teresa Byrne-Dodge**, restaurant critic, *Sunday* magazine of *The Houston Post*.

**Paul A. Camp**, restaurant critic, *Chicago Tribune*.

**Michael Carlton**, restaurant critic/travel editor, *The Denver Post*.

**Doral Chenoweth**, restaurant reviewer, *The Columbus Dispatch*.

**Maria Ciani**, food editor, *Restaurant Business* magazine.

**Craig Claiborne**, food editor, *The New York Times*.

**Alison Cook**, restaurant writer, *Texas Monthly*.

**Betty Cook**, restaurant critic, *The Dallas Morning News*.

**Lucy Cooper**, restaurant critic, *The Miami Herald*.

**Elaine Corn**, food editor, *The Sacramento Bee*.

**Ann Criswell**, food editor, *Houston Chronicle*.

**Bill Cutler**, editor, *Knife & Fork: The Insider's Guide to Atlanta Restaurants*; restaurant critic, *Georgia Trend* magazine.

**Constance Daniell**, food writer and columnist, *The Milwaukee Journal*.

**Jane De Mouy**, food and wine editor, *Baltimore* magazine.

**John Dorsey**, former restaurant reviewer, *Baltimore Sun* magazine.

**Stanley Dry**, associate editor, *Food & Wine*.

**Lois Dwan**, restaurant writer; former restaurant critic, *Los Angeles Times*.

**Barbara Ensrud**, author, *Pocket Guide to Wine*.

**Florence Fabricant**, author, *Florence Fabricant's Pleasures of the Table*.

**Donna Ferrari**, tabletop, food and wine editor, *Bride's* magazine.

**Fred Ferretti**, food writer, *Gourmet*.

**Tom Fitzmorris**, editor, *The New Orleans Menu* magazine; author, *Encyclopedia of New Orleans Restaurants*.

**Malcolm S. Forbes**, publisher, *Forbes* magazine.

**Charles Forman**, editor, *Restaurant Insights*.

**Pierre Franey**, food writer, *The New York Times*; author, *The 60-Minute Gourmet*.

**Jacqueline Friedrich**, food, wine and travel writer.

**Ruth Gardner**, food editor, *Elle* magazine.

**Marion Gorman**, editor, *Gastronomie*; food author.

**Diane Gould**, restaurant critic, *Denver* magazine and *Daily Camera*.

**Emanuel Greenberg**, wine, food, spirits writer, *PLAYBOY*.

**Madeline Greenberg**, contributing writer, *Chocolatier*.

**Bert Greene**, food columnist; cookbook author.

**Gael Greene**, restaurant critic, *New York* magazine.

**Joshua Greene**, editor, *Wine & Spirit* magazine.

**D. Gustibus**, former dining critic, *Houstonian* magazine.

**Phyllis Hanes**, food editor, *Christian Science Monitor*.

**Zack Hanle**, New York editor, *Bon Appétit*.

**Marilyn Hansen**, editor, *Country Accents*.

**Judith Hill**, editor in chief, *Cook's Magazine*.

**Polly Hurst**, former restaurant critic, *Philadelphia* magazine.

**Jeremy Iggers**, restaurant critic, *Minneapolis Star and Tribune*.

**Schuyler Ingle**, author of an upcoming book on the cuisine of the Pacific Northwest.

**Jay Jacobs**, contributing editor, *Gourmet*.

**Leslie James**, restaurant critic, *The San Diego Union*.

**J. Marry Jardene**, restaurant reviewer, *Houston City Magazine*.

**Elin Jeffords**, restaurant critic, *The Arizona Republic*.

**Barbara Kafka**, food columnist, *Vogue*; author, *Food for Friends*.

**Rob Kasper**, "The Happy Eater" columnist, *Baltimore Sun*.

**Allen and Carla Kelson**, dining critics, *Chicago* magazine.

**Elliot S. Krane**, restaurant editor, *Las Vegas Review-Journal*.

**Carole Lalli**, senior editor, Simon & Schuster.

**Jennifer Harvey Lang**, author, *The Best: Tastings from Ketchup to Caviar*.

**Bob Lape**, restaurant critic, *Crain's New York Business*.

**Michel LeBorgne**, executive chef, New England Culinary Institute.

**Robert Levey**, restaurant critic, *The Boston Globe*.

**Larry Lipson**, restaurant critic, *Los Angeles Daily News*.

**Liz Logan**, senior editor/restaurant critic, *D Magazine*.

**Karen MacNeil**, former food and wine editor, *USA Today*.

**Tom Martin**, restaurant critic, *Memphis* magazine.

**Peter D. Meltzer**, co-author, *Passport to New York Restaurants*.

**Ferdinand E. Metz**, president, The Culinary Institute of America.

**Stephen G. Michaelides**, editor, *Restaurant Hospitality*.

**Bryan Miller**, food critic, *The New York Times*.

**Donna Morgan**, food editor, *The Salt Lake Tribune*.

**Jane Moulton**, food and wine editor, *The Plain Dealer*.

**Barbara Gibbs Ostmann**, food editor, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*; co-editor, *Food Editors' Favorites Cookbook*.

**Jacques Pepin**, cookbook author.

**Bea Pixa**, restaurant critic, *San Francisco Examiner*.

**Joe Pollack**, restaurant writer, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

**Steven Raichlen**, restaurant critic, *Boston* magazine; author, *Taste of the Mountains Cooking School Cookbook*.

**Ruth Reichl**, restaurant editor, *Los Angeles Times*.

**William Rice**, co-author, *Where to Eat in America*; food and wine columnist, *Chicago Tribune*.

**Phyllis C. Richman**, executive food editor, *The Washington Post*; syndicated columnist, "Richman's Table."

**Dannye Romine**, restaurant reviewer, *The Charlotte Observer*.

**Marilyn McDevitt Rubin**, food editor, *The Pittsburgh Press*.

**Susan Sarao**, associate food and equipment editor, *Ladies Home Journal*.

**David Sarasohn**, restaurant critic, *The Oregonian*.

**Gus Saunders**, restaurant critic and featured food writer, *The Boston Herald*; host, *The Yankee Kitchen*.

**Richard Sax**, author, *From the Farmer's Market*.

**Arthur Schwartz**, food editor, *New York Daily News*.

**Deborah Scoblionkov**, food and wine critic, *Atlantic City Magazine* and *Inside* magazine.

**Richard T. Scott**, president and publisher, *Fodor's Travel Guides*.

**Donna Salle Segal**, food editor, *The Indianapolis Star*.

**Stan Sesser**, restaurant critic, *San Francisco Chronicle*.

**Marvin R. Shanken**, editor and publisher, *The Wine Spectator*.

**Patricia Sharpe**, senior editor, *Texas Monthly*.

**Merrill Shindler**, restaurant critic, *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*.

**Art Siemerling**, restaurant critic, *The Kansas City Star*.

**Sandra Silfven**, restaurant critic and wine columnist, *The Detroit News*.

**Camille Stagg**, food writer; author, *The Cook's Advisor*.

**Harvey Steiman**, managing editor, *The Wine Spectator*; host, *The KCBS Kitchen*.

**Stendahl**, pseudonym for the food and wine critic, WNCN Radio, New York, New York.

**Corrine Streich**, editorial director, *Corner Table Magazine*.

**Elaine Tait**, food critic, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*.

**Robert Tolf**, restaurant critic, *Florida Trend* and *Fort Lauderdale News/Sun-Sentinel*; author, *Florida Restaurant Guide*.

**Patricia Unterman**, restaurant critic, *San Francisco Chronicle*.

**Roger Verge**, cookbook author; owner, Le Moulin de Mougins.

**James Villas**, food and wine editor, *Town & Country*; author, *James Villas' Town & Country Cookbook*.

**James Ward**, restaurant critic, WLS-TV, Chicago.

**Donna Warner**, editor, food and design, *Metropolitan Home*.

**Jan Weimer**, senior editor, food, *Bon Appétit*.

**Patricia Weitzel**, food editor, *Cleveland* magazine.

**Burt Wolf**, syndicated-TV food commentator.

**Roger Yaseen**, American president, *Confrérie de la Chaîne des Rôtisseurs*.



*"If I can't swim or get exercise, I may end up building something or knocking down trees or clearing brush."*

that of the host, the come-on, the sit-right-down-and-watch kind of guy. I'm supposed to ask the right questions.

12.

PLAYBOY: What is your favorite smell on a construction site?

VILA: Wet wood, right after a rain.

13.

PLAYBOY: How do you build a sensuous room?

VILA: From the point of view of the architecture, you have to equate the word sensuous with the word cozy. A vast space is not a sensuous environment. Frankly, I equate the sensuousness of a room with the ability to lock the doors. But, then, I have three kids running around.

14.

PLAYBOY: Defend vinyl siding.

VILA: I'm certainly not dumping on it, but I don't see it as a product that belongs in a historic district. I would never say that vinyl siding is appropriate to put on a house that is an antique. But it's very appropriate if someone is creating a 1986 replica of a 1686 garrison. Let's face it: The economics of housing today make carefree living very important. Maintenance is expensive, and it doesn't make any sense to force people into situations where they constantly have to worry about getting the money to paint the house. There are some improvements I would refuse on aesthetic grounds, such as adding a Florida room to a perfect Federal house. I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole. Marrying materials is another of my pet peeves. I'm a big booster for natural materials, though in today's economy, it is harder to afford them.

15.

PLAYBOY: Could you move into a house that needed no work at all?

VILA: No, I could never move into somebody else's space without personalizing it. I bought this house from a fellow who had just spent a year working on it, and it has taken me nine years to get it into close-to-terrific shape. He had—oh, God, the bedroom—he had just put up some Victorian wallpaper, a replica that was shades of green and mustard yellow, and it had a pattern that was a series of repeating plumes going up the walls. In the moonlight, it looked like giant spiders crawling across the walls. It was hideous. I always hate to remove material that somebody has spent good money on, but I couldn't live with that.

16.

PLAYBOY: Are there opportunities in American housing today such as you encountered in Boston 13 years ago?

VILA: Yes. Some are in the inner cities. Pittsburgh, for instance, has some great opportunities. In the country, Maine right now is where Cape Cod was ten years ago in terms of development and potential for turning a tidy profit.

17.

PLAYBOY: What makes something worth saving?

VILA: Has it been touched by the hand and the mind of a designer, artist, sculptor? I have a basement full of doors and dentils and an occasional mantelpiece, and every bit of it is from before 1900. In my dream house, I will incorporate a lot of it.

18.

PLAYBOY: What's the critical element an amateur needs to get through a project?

VILA: The safety zone: the ability to get out of the battlefield. That may mean checking into a motel for the weekend or going

to the trouble of creating some elaborate safe zone within the project.

19.

PLAYBOY: When other people get tense, they drink or eat or read. You move furniture. Why?

VILA: It's like juggling. Sometimes you inject a new element into the way you use a room that makes you have to juggle the furniture or the books around. I may go in to look for a book and find a certain amount of disarray. Everyone's gone to bed, so I may have a brandy and spend the next hour trying to figure out why certain books ended up in a certain place, or I may move the furniture around. I do the same thing outside. If I can't swim or get exercise, I may end up building something or knocking down trees or clearing brush.

20.

PLAYBOY: When your oldest son was three, he climbed onto the monkey bars at nursery school and shouted, "Let's build a condo!" Are you pleased with the influence you are having on your children?

VILA: Yes. I just worry about making these children live up to something that may be difficult to live up to. I mean, I didn't have a daddy on television. I want them to be themselves. If they decide that they would like to live on the 30th floor of some skyscraper, that's terrific.

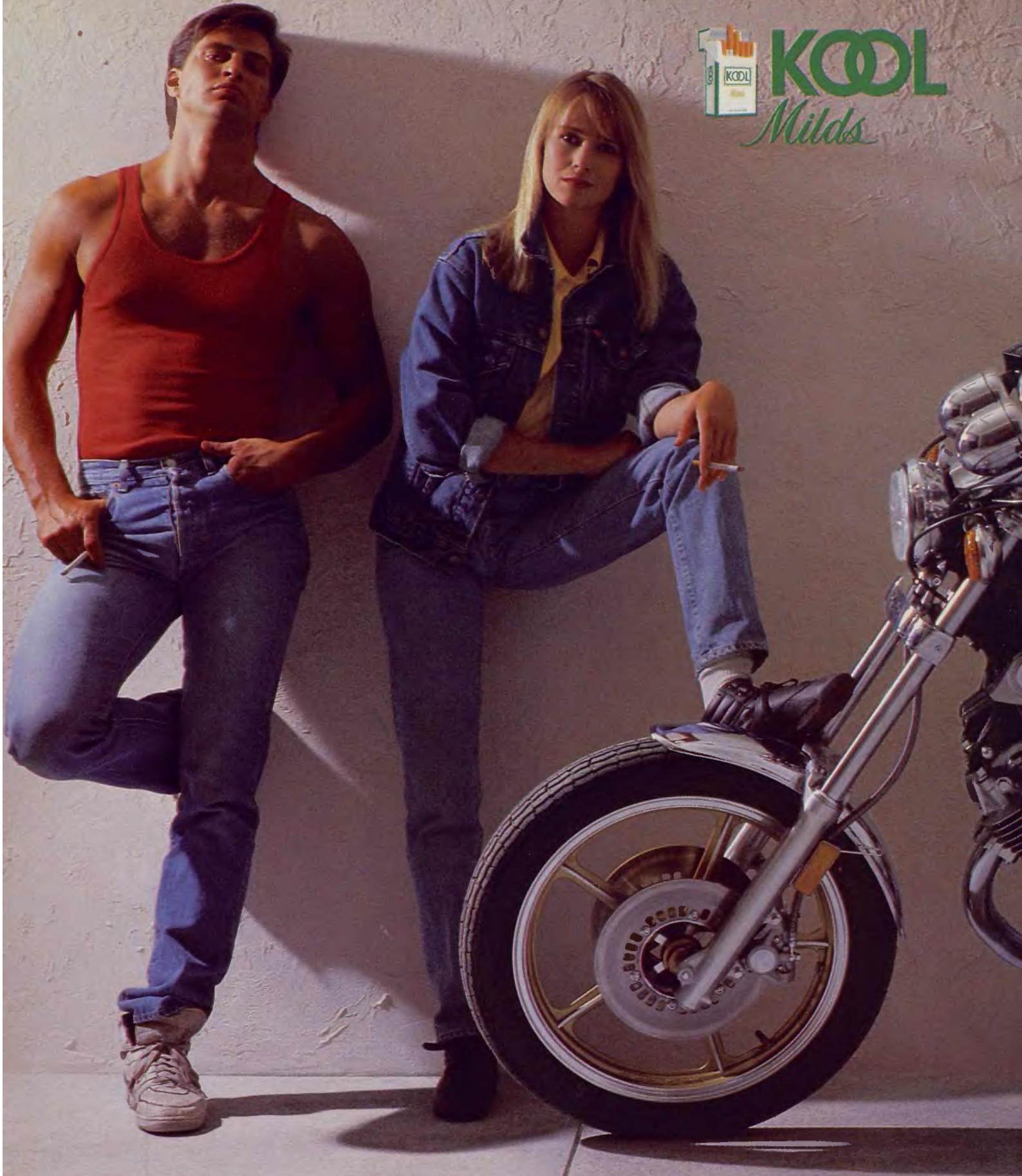


*"Oh, wow! Is that ever neat! Let's ask for a million of them and then see how many we can really get."*





**KOOL**  
*Milds*



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking  
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12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### ELECTRONICS

Any resemblance between the original pocket calculator and the sophisticated Lilliputian devices pictured below is truly coincidental. Aside from doing arithmetic, three of these models—Casio's Digital Diary/Pocket Calculator, Seiko's Dayfiler and The Calling Card—act as electronic appointment calendars, memo pads

and phone books, recording dates, names and numbers for future reference. (The Calling Card is as thin as a credit card and adheres magnetically to its own leather case.) The two other devices bring electronic ease to the golf course and the wine cellar. Caddy Card is the world's first computerized golf-score card, while the Wine Guide II gives vintage ratings.

Clockwise from 12: Casio's large-screen Digital Diary/Pocket Calculator features a 10,000-character memory capacity for phone numbers, etc., and 200-year instant calendar recall, \$110. Caddy Card, the computerized golf-score card, ends the day of the three-inch pencil, from On-course International, Thornhill, Ontario, \$50. The Calling Card is an electronic little black book that holds phone numbers, messages and more, from International Telesis, New York, \$50, including the leather case shown. Seiko's Dayfiler is a pocket-sized solution to personal time management, \$100. And, last, Wine Guide II, rates vintage wines back to 1945, from Hammacher Schlemmer, Chicago, \$56.95.

VON





# SUPERSHOPPING



That beige box just above is a Videophone, and when you connect it to the optional TV, camera and modulator shown, you can send video pictures in the form of a series of snapshots (which remain on a screen for five to ten seconds) to anyone who has a similar hookup. Or use it to monitor the beach cottage when no one's there. It's available from Videophone, Inc., Riverside, California, about \$600 per unit. Dick Tracy would love it.

Maserati design has gone from the road to the wrist in a Maserati watch with a pivoting body and hinged sides that hide the stem, \$1100. For info, contact Venture Network International, Arlington Heights, Illinois.



Panasonic wants to get into your head. This lightweight Soundband digital headphone features a built-in FM-stereo tuner and sophisticated circuitry that's compatible with portable CD players. Soundband's earpieces are adjustable, about \$110.



The Professional Taster, at left, a portable foam-lined wooden attache case, contains four different *Les Impitoyables*—exclusive and beautiful French-made crystal wineglasses, all available from the Winewares division of Morrell & Co., New York, \$225.







Designed by Roberto Trapeletti, the Italian-made Cose bike may look like a cheese grater, but its aerobic design and single-speed gear make it an invigorating machine to pedal, from Cose, Chicago, \$550, including a removable headlight and rubber saddlebags.

Right: The rugged Ranger-2 AM/FM/weather-band portable radio operates on batteries or you can hand-crank it, if necessary, from Cosmo Communications Corp., Miami, \$79.95, including the cover shown.



Join the space race. Zenith's sideways-loading Model VR3300 VHS VCR is small enough to sit atop a 19" TV and features 14-day, eight-event programming, VHS/hi-fi, cable-compatible tuner and audio-dubbing capability, plus a memory that locates and plays preset tape segments, about \$1000, including a wireless TV/VCR remote unit.

Canon's sporty PC-3 personal copier comes in four colors—red, blue, black and white—and makes copies in five: black, red, green, blue and brown. Its pop-up handle makes transportation easy for anyone toting it to and from the executive desk, the office at home or the dorm, \$695.





# GRAPEVINE

## Cheesecake

Here are two great-looking women to check out. On the left, actress ANNA UPPSTROM, and on the right, JENNIFER LEIGH RICE, who has made her mark in numerous commercials. Uppstrom, a former airline stewardess, successfully went Hollywood in TV guest appearances and on the big screen in movies such as *Caddyshack* and *Club Paradise*. You may remember Rice from the Richard Gere remake of *Breathless*, but more likely you know her from Dr Pepper, Budweiser and Charlie commercials. Once again, Grapevine's on the beat.



ALAN HOUGHTON



© 1986 MARK LEIVDAL

## Here's Mud in Your Eye

ROBERT PALMER can afford the toast. His career is in high gear. *Riptide* has done so well that he's holding up a new album until later this spring. And Madison Avenue has discovered him. Look for his video in a Panasonic commercial.



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

## Two Axes to Grind

CRAIG CHAQUICO of The Starship designs his own art pants, plays two guitars and gets to hear Grace sing every night. A new Starship album will be ready in the late spring and the band has a song on the movie sound track of *Mannequin*.



## I, Tina

The wild one, TINA TURNER, is off to Europe but will be back to sing in a city near you this summer. Her book hit the best-seller list in *The New York Times*, no less. Asked recently what her best feature was, even Tina mentioned her legs. Here's the best of the rest.



© 1986 STILLS / LGI



© 1986 ROSS MARINO

## Say Hey to Stevie Ray

Can STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN play the guitar? Are little green apples green? His U.S. tour is about to end, and on his album *Live Alive*, he does what he does best. He's touring Europe soon. Go, Stevie!

PIP / LGI

## Danish Pastry

LINDA KRIJGSMAN left Denmark for London to look for rock stars—Duran Duran's John Taylor in particular. She hasn't had any luck with Taylor yet, so she's taken up a modeling career. The way we see it, his loss is our gain. P.S. to John: Linda's still in London.





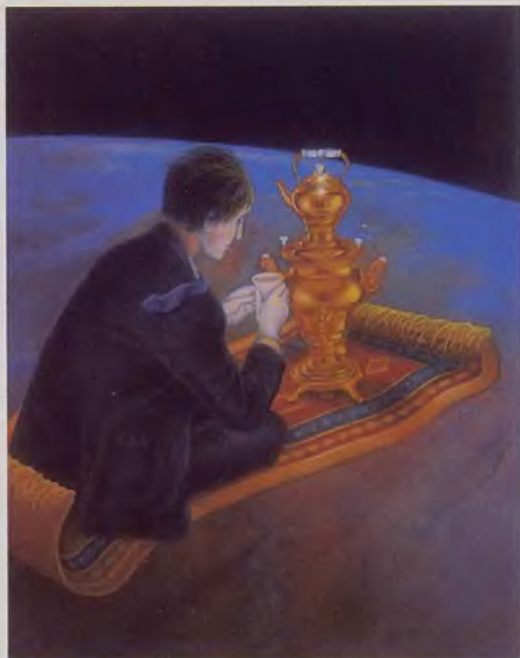
## ZAGATCHA AGAIN!

Canny New Yorkers have known for years about the *Zagat New York City Restaurant Survey*, an informative softcover compiled by Nina and Tim Zagat, with a little help from about 1500 food mavens. Now the Zagats have broadened their culinary horizons: The 1987 *Zagat Washington, D.C., Restaurant Survey* has joined the New York edition, as have Los Angeles, Chicago and San Francisco. (Boston is coming soon.) Each is available for \$9.95, postpaid, from Zagat Survey, 55 Central Park West, New York 10023. Read up!



## HOT FOR TEA

Anyone can brew a simple cup of Earl Grey, but for those of you who like to do your teamaking in grand style, there's Mr. Tea, a 24"-high electric samovar made in West Germany and available in four finishes: gold plate (\$550), silver plate (\$350), chrome plate (\$300) and stainless steel (\$250). Beem California Corporation, P.O. Box 2001, Glendale, California 91209, sells the samovars, and each comes with a one-year warranty.



## IT'S A WHOLE NEW LOLOBAL GAME

Just when you thought you'd seen every crazy aerobic device imaginable, along comes Lolobal, a Dutch exercise toy that looks like the planet Saturn. In reality, it's a durable rubber ball wedged into the center of a plastic platform on which you squat and bounce your stomach and leg muscles back into great shape while also improving your cardiovascular system. Lolobal is available from In-Tech Marketing, Inc., Suite A-110, Benjamin Fox Pavilion, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania 19046, for \$27.95, postpaid. Hop to it.



## GO TO THE DEVIL

To the locals, it's known as the *Île du Diable*; but to you, it's Devil's Island, that beautiful but infamous French penal colony 12 miles off French Guiana, where Dreyfus and Papillon toiled in the tropical heat. Devil's Island was closed as a hell in 1949; now it's been reopened, though undiscovered, as a tropical paradise, and Hanns Ebensten Travel, 513 Fleming Street, Key West, Florida 33040, includes a two-day stay there as part of a week-long "Discover Guyane" guided tour from July 18 to July 25. In addition, you spend two days on Martinique and overnight in the Guiana jungle, checking out the region's incredible flora and fauna. The cost: \$1185 per person, plus \$563 air fare from Miami. Now let someone ask, "Where did you spend your vacation?"



### REACH OUT AND TOUCH NO ONE

Everybody knows that it's not what you own, it's what people *think* you own that gets you moving up the status ladder. That's why Faux Systems, 101 First Street, Suite 431, Los Altos, California 94022, created the Cellular Phoney—a plastic replica of a cellular phone that attaches to any surface in your car, plus antenna with magnetic base to complete your phony four-wheel act. All for \$17.95, postpaid—including monthly charges.



### WAKE UP TO A LITTLE SUSHI

For generations, tobacco stores have been selling machines for rolling your own cigarettes. Now you can buy a device for rolling your own *sushi*. That's what we call progress. All you do is load the plastic *sushi* maker shown here with rice, follow the simple directions and—banzai!—you've got neat little *sushi* ovals ready for your choice of topping. The price: \$55 from Taka Industries, P.O. Box 1218, Oak Brook, Illinois 60521. *Hai!*



### LA BELLES ARE RINGING. . .

Raymond Vineyards, one of the oldest wine-making families in Napa Valley, has introduced a second label, LaBelle, and to give it a fresh new look, it commissioned designer Ralph Collona and illustrator Mark Gray to create a new label for the project. Pictured at right is their Erté-inspired joint venture. It appears on bottlings from chenin blanc and chardonnay to white zinfandel and is also available in a handsome 24" x 36" poster distributed by Wine Posters Publishing, 132 Clement Street, San Francisco 94118, for \$25, postpaid. Hang it next to your case of LaBelle vino.



### THE ZEUS CONNECTION

Zeus is a new extra-distance remote-control device that's flooding the market with welcome winter light. The handheld unit zaps on lights or appliances (even the garage-door opener) from up to about 150 feet. For \$59.95 sent to Novitas, Inc., 1657 Euclid Street, Santa Monica, California 90404, you get a transmitter and a wall-switch receiver. Additional lamp and appliance receivers and garage-door-opener modules are available. It's an inexpensive way to light up.

### ROSY ENDEAVOR

Artificial rosebuds made from women's bikini panties and attached to a realistic stem? Come on! What are you going to use for a vase? Seriously, Pantiroses are a pretty nifty product. From a distance, you can't tell them from the real McCoy; and if you hurry and call 1-800-235-6646, extension 850, the De Novo Marketing Group, 731 S.E. First Way, Suite 20, Deerfield Beach, Florida 33441, will try to deliver them by Valentine's Day. A half-dozen Pantiroses (one size fits all) in red, white, pink or black go for \$39.95, postpaid; a dozen will set you back \$69.95, and, yes, De Novo accepts VISA and MasterCard.





# NEXT MONTH



AIR WARS



CASANOVA'S COMPANIONS



SEXY DENIM



INTENTIONAL PASS

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LIGHT, SMOOTH, MELLOW.