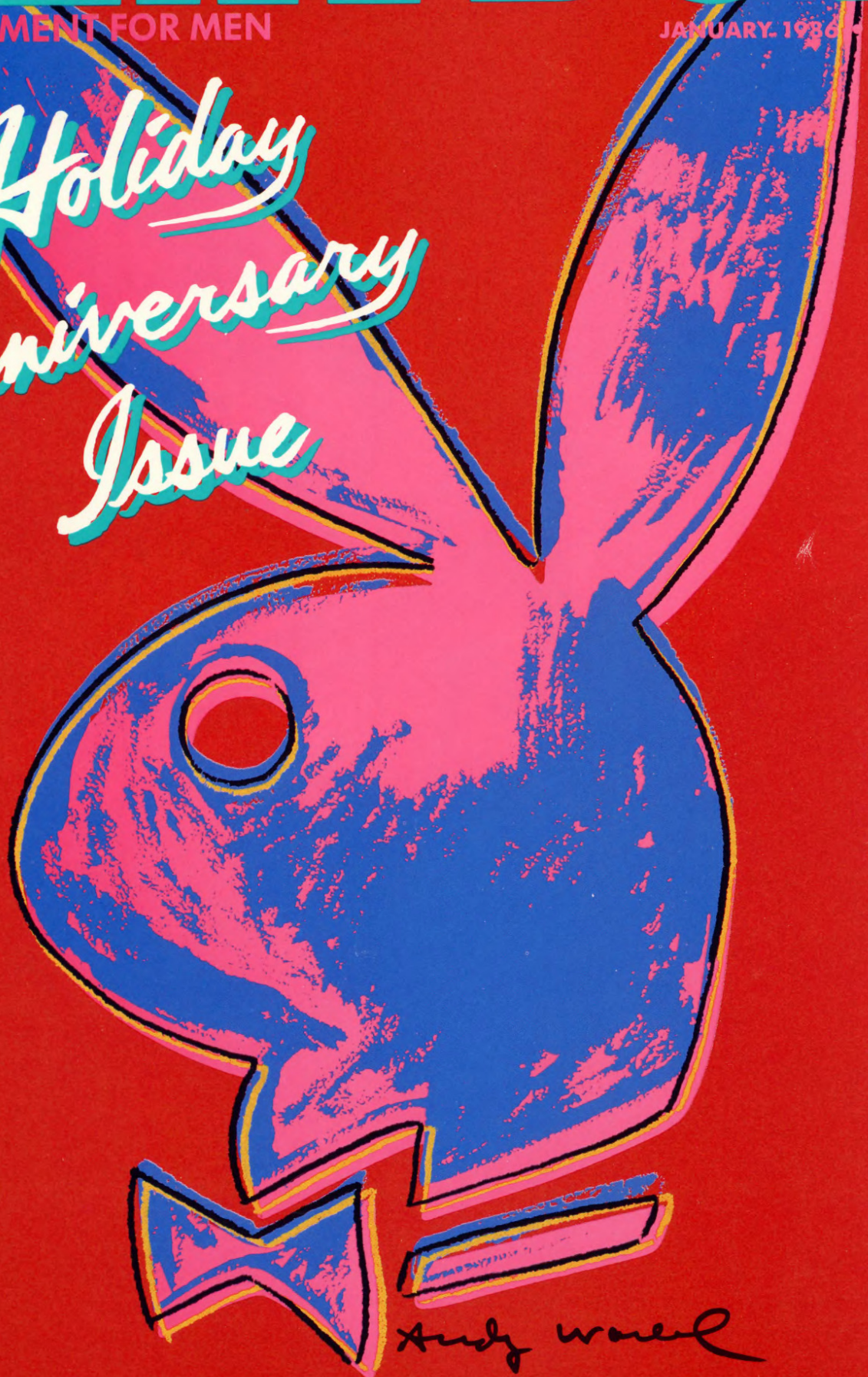


PLAYBOY

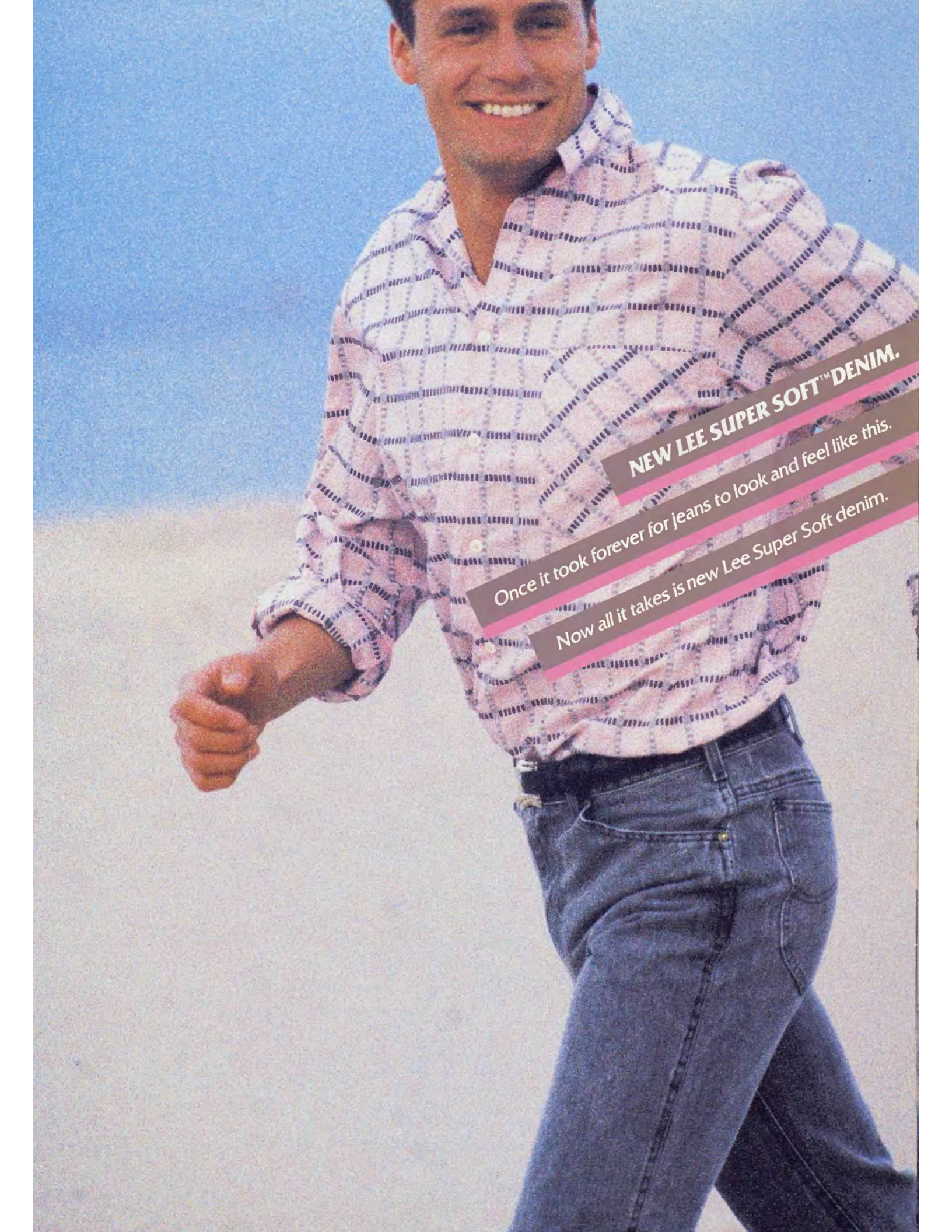
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1986 \$4.00

*Holiday
Anniversary
Issue*



Andy Warhol

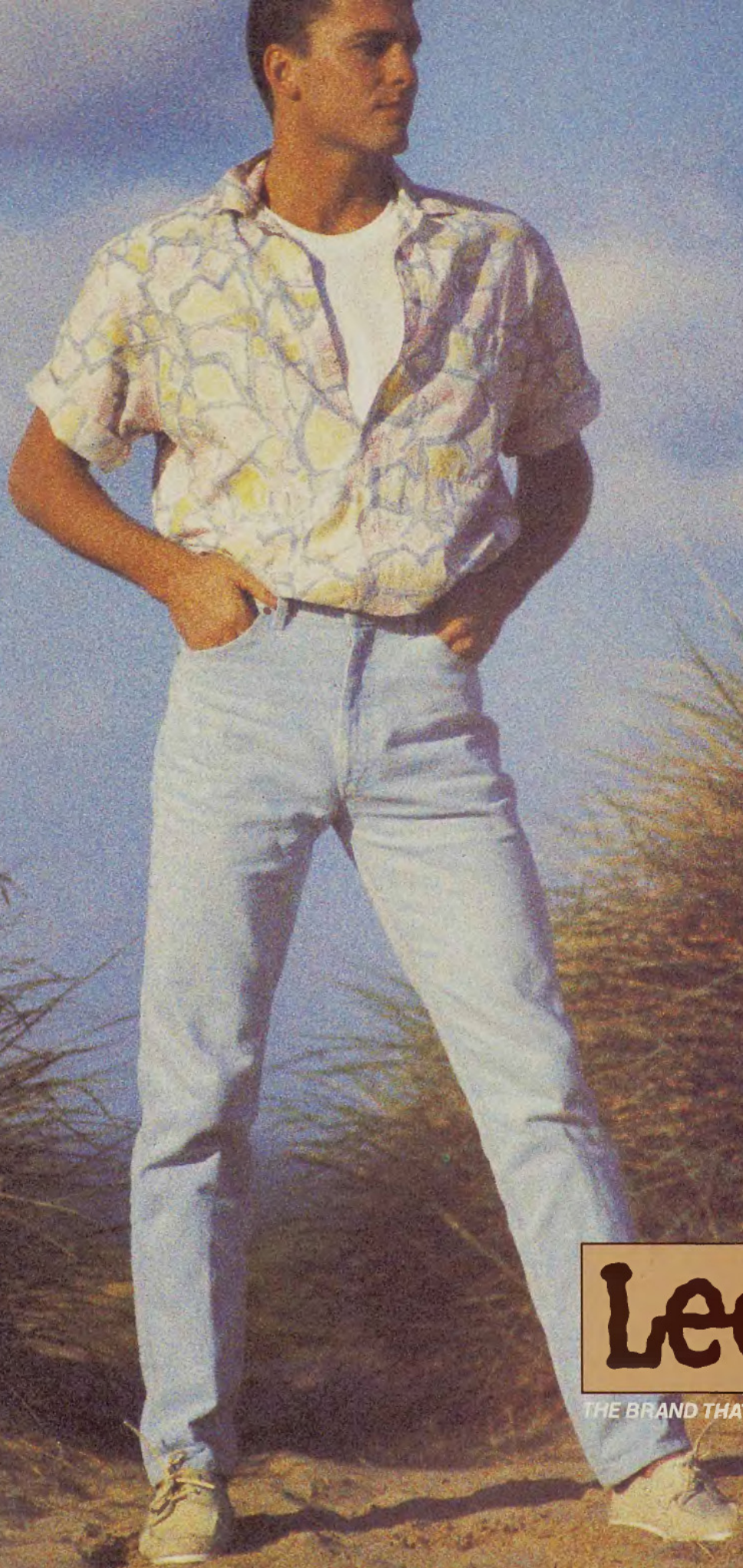
A man with a friendly smile is walking on a sandy beach. He is wearing a light-colored, long-sleeved plaid shirt with a pattern of small, dark, repeating motifs. He is also wearing dark blue denim jeans. The background is a clear blue sky and a light-colored beach. The overall mood is relaxed and casual.

NEW LEE SUPER SOFT™ DENIM.

Once it took forever for jeans to look and feel like this.

Now all it takes is new Lee Super Soft denim.

A VF COMPANY A LEADER IN QUALITY APPAREL © 1988 LEE COMPANY



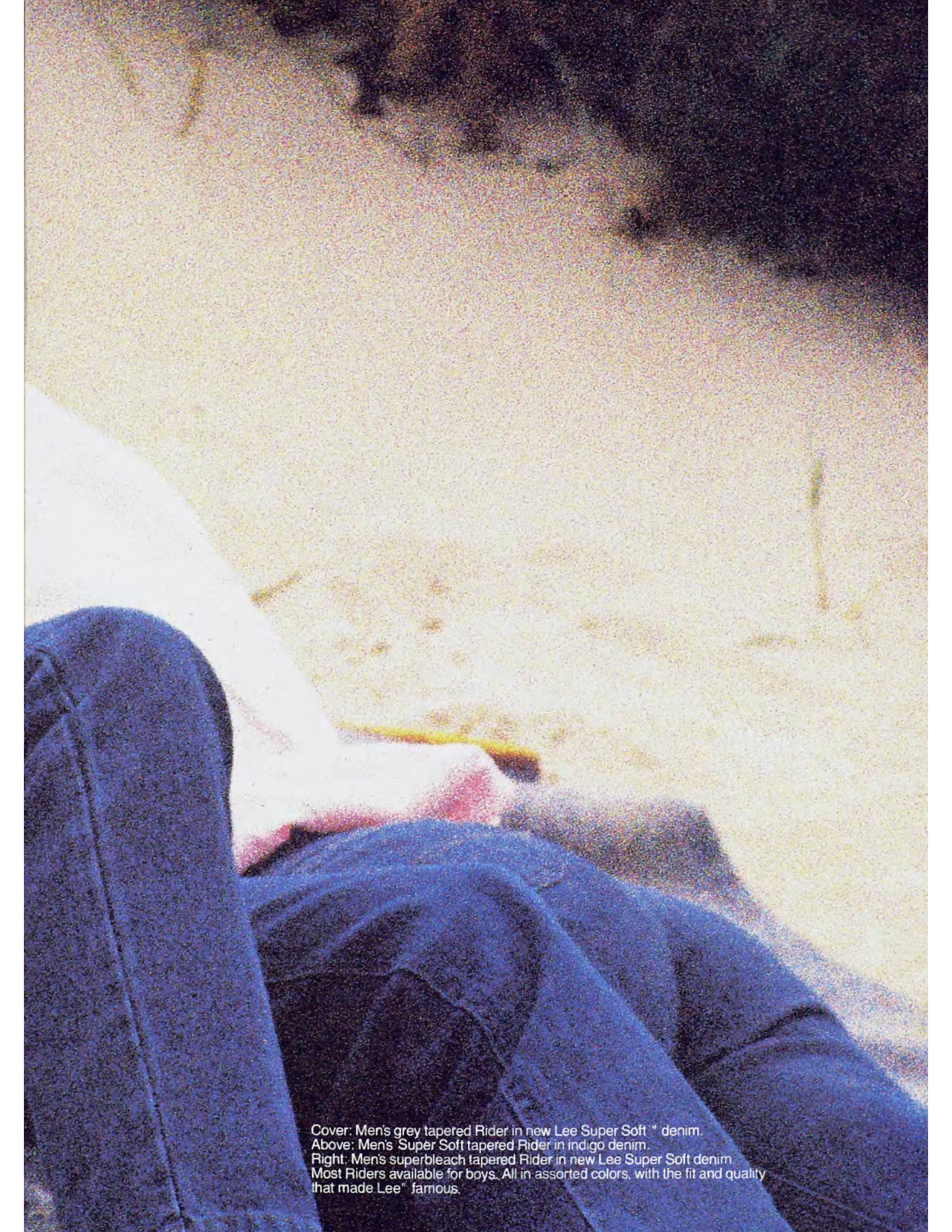
Lee^{® M.R.}

THE BRAND THAT FITS.™

A man and a woman are sitting on a sandy beach. The man is in the foreground, wearing a blue and white plaid shirt and blue jeans. The woman is behind him, wearing a white top and blue jeans. They are both looking towards the camera with neutral expressions. The background is a soft, out-of-focus beach scene.

GREAT NEW JEANS THAT FEEL LIKE GREAT OLD JEANS.

Softness was just a feeling. Until Lee made it a sensation.



Cover: Men's grey tapered Rider in new Lee Super Soft™ denim.
Above: Men's Super Soft tapered Rider in indigo denim.
Right: Men's superbleach tapered Rider in new Lee Super Soft denim.
Most Riders available for boys. All in assorted colors, with the fit and quality that made Lee® famous.



**Light up someone's tree
this Christmas.**

To send a gift of Chivas Regal, dial 1-800-243-3787. Void where prohibited.
12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • © 1985 375 SPIRITS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.



SCOTLAND'S
PRINCE OF WHISKIES

12 YEARS OLD

12

CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD
ABERDEEN SCOTLAND



CHIVAS REGAL

FOUNDED
1801

BLENDED SCOTCH

WHISKY

PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
750 ML (25.4 FL. OZ.) BLENDED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY
86 PROOF

GAL



© 1984 CHANEL, INC. CHANEL N°5

CHANEL N°5

PRESENTING DELUXE LACQUERED SPRAYS. SUPERBLY SLEEK.

PLAYBILL

WELCOME TO 1986. Our handsome new PLAYBOY, just three months old, rolls into the new year with no intention of looking back. Come along for the ride.

In this month's *Playboy Interview* with Dr. Ruth Westheimer, the grandmotherly guru of good sex exchanges bedtime stories with Senior Staff Writer James R. Petersen—the Playboy Advisor himself. The world's most prominent sex experts don't agree on a lot of things, but neither did Reagan and Gorbachev at their meeting. And the Westheimer-Petersen summit is juicier.

Next on the itinerary is a visit to the Soviet Union with the scion of the times. Guided by Misha, his interpreter and literary agent, Ron Reagan blazed a gonzo trail through the land of the K.G.B. and the home of the gray. He escaped with *While Lenin Slept*, a twitched travel guide to his dad's favorite evil empire. The elaborate pop-up is by Blair Dawson.

Once, a glimpse of stocking was looked on as something shocking; now anything goes. Premarital, communal, homosexual, even impersonal sex are lifestyles, not taboos; but what about sadomasochism? Ouch. S/M shakes the balance of power in our egalitarian society. In *The Last Closet*, D. Keith Mano submits S/M to analysis and finds that while the truth can hurt, it's not necessarily something to be aflayed of and it can also set you free.

The shortage of freedom in South Africa has many Americans justly decriing its government. But five years of (the elder) Reagan, says Hodding Carter III in *South Africa at Home: Reagan and the Revival of Racism*, has given the American civil rights record a black mark of its own. If we're going to turn up our noses at Krugerrands, Carter implies, we shouldn't ignore the virtual apartheid in our own back yard.

Only child Jean Penn's *Everybody and His Brother* looks at sibling rivalry and brotherly love through the eyes of the brothers Keach, Carradine, Gatlin, Quaid, Stallone, Hines et al., while husbanding your assets is Andrew Tobias' topic. *The Year in Money* is a pecuniary parade in review, featuring Tobias' assessments of 1985's most notorious financial bleeps and bloopers.

In our holiday fiction, Nobel Prize winner Gabriel García Márquez' *Miss Forbes's Summer of Happiness*, delectably illustrated by Mel Odom, follows two boys who follow their governess into a world of strange nighttime tastes. Ken Kesey, who jokes that his last PLAYBOY work was "soiling the March 1979 centerfold," plays it straighter in an unusual pastoral called *Killer*, illustrated by Walter Gurbo, while *The Universal Karmic Clearinghouse*—with cosmic illustration by New York graffiti artist Keith Haring—is Robert Sheckley's oddly plausible explanation of the planet Earth's run of bad luck.

Luck has nothing to do with the success rate of Anson Mount, our sports prognosticator. In *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*, Mount looks into his crystal round ball and sees Orange—Syracuse fans, rejoice.

You've juiced to the sound tracks of Don Johnson's *Miami Vice* and Melanie Griffith's *Body Double*. Now give the once-over to *Double Take*, Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley's look at two up-and-coming stars before they up and came. And if you've wondered how one of today's hottest fashion models might hold up in the heat of her African homeland, you'll see it was no sweat for Iman in Peter Beard's sizzling pictorial, *Beauty and the Beasts*.

Dan Jenkins is in an old-fashioned funk, and our Sports columnist's *What's the Deal with Food?* ought to put *nouvelle cuisine* back where Jenkins thinks it belongs—in foreign lands. There are more laughs in Bill Zehme's *20 Questions* with B.M.O.C. Jay Leno and in *That Was the Year That Was*, by Associate Editor Kevin Cook, doggerel's best friend.

We've also got a deliciously smooth Miss January, Sherry Arnett; *Playboy's Playmate Review*, an encore by last year's 12 most beautiful women; William Jeanes's ode to big wheels, *The Loveliness of the Long-Distance Runner*; our great monthly columns; and more. All between Andy Warhol's cover and *Next Month*—when we'll pick you up again for another ride.



PETERSEN



REAGAN



MANO



CARTER



PENN



TOBIAS



GARCIA



ODOM



KESEY



GURBO



FEGLEY



BEARD



SHECKLEY



HARING



WARHOL



JENKINS



COOK

© JILL KREMENTZ

TWIST AND SHOUT.



© 1985 Renfield Importers, Ltd., New York, N.Y.

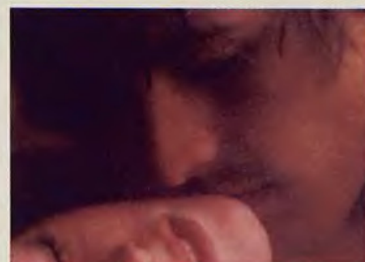
MARTINI & ROSSI ASTI SPUMANTE: WHEN GOOD TASTE IS MOST IMPORTANT.

PLAYBOY®

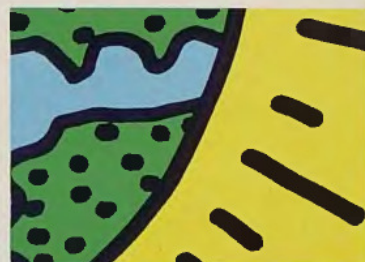
vol. 33, no. 1—january 1986

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

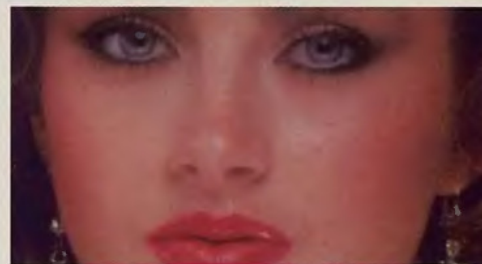
PLAYBILL	5
DEAR PLAYBOY	11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	15
SPORTS	DAN JENKINS 33
MEN	ASA BABER 35
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL 37
AGAINST THE WIND	CRAIG VETTER 39
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	43
DEAR PLAYMATES	47
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	51
VIEWPOINT: SEXUAL MCCARTHYISM	HUGH M. HEFNER 58
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DR. RUTH WESTHEIMER—candid conversation	61
MISS FORBES'S SUMMER OF HAPPINESS—fiction ...	GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ 78
HOT JACKETS—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE 82
COLD SCHNAPPS—drink	EMANUEL GREENBERG 84
WHILE LENIN SLEPT—article	RON REAGAN 89
DOUBLE TAKE—pictorial	94
REAGAN AND THE REVIVAL OF RACISM—essay	HODDING CARTER III 106
THE 11TH-HOUR SANTA—gifts	109
KILLER—fiction	KEN KESEY 112
THE LOVELINESS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER—article ...	WILLIAM JEANES 116
EVERYBODY AND HIS BROTHER	compiled by JEAN PENN 118
RARE SHERRY—playboy's playmate of the month	120
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor	134
THE LAST CLOSET—essay	D. KEITH MANO 136
PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW—sports	ANSON MOUNT 139
THE UNIVERSAL KARMIC CLEARINGHOUSE—fiction	ROBERT SHECKLEY 144
BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS—pictorial	146
WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH FOOD?—humor	DAN JENKINS 156
20 QUESTIONS: JAY LENO	158
THE YEAR IN MONEY—article	ANDREW TOBIAS 160
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW—pictorial	164
THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS—humor	KEVIN COOK 176
FAST FORWARD	184
BERNARD AND HUEY—satire	JULES FEIFFER 195
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI	246
GRAPEVINE	248



Bodies Double P. 94



Cosmic Karma P. 144



Tasty Sherry P. 120



Mondo Money P. 160

COVER STORY

Not long after Art Director Tom Staebler and Managing Art Director Kerig Pope, designers of this month's cover, asked Andy Warhol to apply his considerable talents to it, Staebler met Warhol in Chicago. "I've got bunnies on the brain," said the sultan of chic. And with that he returned to his New York studio and began tuning rabbit ears. The result is our holiday cover, a stylish collision of Warhol's hand and PLAYBOY's timeless Rabbit Head.



GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1985 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY. REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE. MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DÉPOSÉE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMI-FICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: FRANK CARROLL/NBC, P. 94; BRIAN DAVIS, P. 139; RICHARD FEGLEY, P. 167, 168, 172, 173, 175; ARNY FREYTAG, P. 186, 187, 170 (2); 171; BENND FRIEDMAN, P. 5 (S); ANDREW GOLDBERG, P. 5; MARK HANAUER/SYGMA, P. 185; RICHARD KLEIN, P. 246, 247 (2); DAVID MCEY, P. 5; KIM MIZUNO, P. 5; KERRY MORRIS, P. 5; POMPED POSAR, P. 246; OSCAR PUGLIESE, P. 5; BOB SEIDEMANN, P. 5; VERNON L. SMITH, P. 5; JULIAN WASSER, P. 5; STEPHEN WAYDA, P. 168, 169, 173, 174; JOHN WHITMAN, P. 5; LINENS BY FRETTE, CALIFORNIA INC., P. 126, 127. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: DAVE CALVER, P. 163; KINUKO Y. CRAFT, P. 162; MARY ANNE ENRIQUEZ, P. 246; FITCH-CORLEY, P. 16; WALTER GURBO, P. 53; DOUG KANEKAWA, P. 247; DAVID LDEW, P. 39; JERRY MCDONALD, P. 160-163; JANE MEREDITH, P. 246; PAUL MOCH, P. 17; DENNIS MUKAI, P. 51; ROBERT RISKO, P. 162, 163; PATER SATO, P. 15; ABBE SENNETT, P. 247; DAVE SHANNON, P. 35; RAY SMITH, P. 33; DON VANOER-BEEK, P. 20; TERRY WIDENER, P. 37; HARUMI YAMAGUCHI, P. 43. INSERTS: ZALES JEWELRY BETWEEN PAGES 16-17; CAMEL CARD BETWEEN PAGES 24-25; PLAYBOY VIDEO CENTERFOLD CARD BETWEEN PAGES 226-227.

"Last New Year's Eve, I made a resolution to give up Candy. Unfortunately, now I'm spending even more on Fifi. Thank goodness Ballantine's is still a good value.



Ballantine's Scotch.
The taste is extravagant.
The price isn't.

Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof. Bottled in Scotland. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., New York, NY © 1985.

**Its double CD player lets you play
the hits and skip the misses.**



Toshiba's mini stereo system offers an optional double CD player that lets you program up to 30 selections at a time. The system includes a dual cassette deck with double-reverse, AM/FM stereo receiver, automatic turntable, 2-way bass reflex speakers and a 5-band graphic equalizer. The Toshiba System V-11. It not only sounds great, it even takes requests.

In Touch with Tomorrow
TOSHIBA

Toshiba America, Inc., 82 Totowa Road, Wayne, NJ 07470

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor and publisher

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director
and associate publisher*

TOM STAEBLER *art director*

GARY COLE *photography director*

G. BARRY GOLSON *executive editor*

EDITORIAL

NONFICTION: JAMES MORGAN *articles editor*; ROB FLEDER *senior editor*; **FICTION:** ALICE K. TURNER *editor*; TERESA GROSCH *associate editor*; **PLAYBOY GUIDES:** MAURY Z. LEVY *editor*; **WEST COAST:** STEPHEN RANDALL *editor*; **STAFF:** GRETCHEN EDGREN, WILLIAM J. HELMER, PATRICIA PAPANGELIS (*administration*), DAVID STEVENS *senior editors*; ROBERT E. CARR, WALTER LOWE, JR., JAMES R. PETERSEN, JOHN REZEK *senior staff writers*; KEVIN COOK, BARBARA NELLIS, KATE NOLAN, SUSAN MARGOLIS-WINTER (*new york*) *associate editors*; MONA PLUMER *assistant editor*; **MODERN LIVING:** ED WALKER *associate editor*; JIM BARKER *assistant editor*; **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE *editor*; HOLLY BINDERUP *assistant editor*; **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor*; **COPY:** ARLENE BOURAS *editor*; JOYCE RUBIN *assistant editor*; CAROLYN BROWNE, PHILLIP COOPER, JACKIE JOHNSON, MARCY MARCHI, BARI NASH, MARY ZION *researchers*; **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, JOHN BLUMENTHAL, E. JEAN CARROLL, LAURENCE GONZALES, LAWRENCE GROBEL, D. KEITH MANO, ANSON MOUNT, REG POTTERTON, DAVID RENSIN, RICHARD RHODES, JOHN SACK, TONY SCHWARTZ, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STANDISH, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (*movies*), GARY WITZENBURG

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director*; CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors*; BRUCE HANSEN, THEO KOUVATSOS *associate directors*; KAREN GAEBE, KAREN GUTOWSKY *junior directors*; JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant director*; FRANK LINDNER, DANIEL REED, ANN SEIDL *art assistants*; SUSAN HOLMSTROM *traffic coordinator*; BARBARA HOFFMAN *administrative manager*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor*; JEFF COHEN *senior editor*; LINDA KENNEY, JAMES LARSON, JANICE MOSES, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *associate editors*; PATTY BEAUDET *assistant editor*; POMPEO POSAR *senior staff photographer*; DAVID MECHEY, KERRY MORRIS *staff photographers*; DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, LARRY L. LOGAN, KEN MARCUS, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers*; TRIA HERMSEN, ELYCE KAPOLAS, PATRICIA TOMLINSON *stylists*; JAMES WARD *color lab supervisor*; ROBERT CHELIUS *business manager*

PRODUCTION

JOHN MASTRO *director*; MARIA MANDIS *manager*; ELEANORE WAGNER, JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, RITA JOHNSON *assistants*

READER SERVICE

CYNTHIA LACEY-SIKICH *manager*

CIRCULATION

RICHARD SMITH *director*; ALVIN WIEMOLD *subscription manager*

ADMINISTRATIVE

J. P. TIM DOLMAN *assistant publisher*; MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions manager*; EILEEN KENT *contracts administrator*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *president*



Overwhelm Your Favorite Driver

Remember those few times when you came up with the perfect gift? You could tell, because the recipient couldn't believe it. He kept asking how you knew.

Hits The Sweet Spot

That's the effect ESCORT has on drivers. If they don't already have one, they've heard of it. And what they've heard is that ESCORT is the classic of radar warning, the one *Road & Track* says "...is highly recommended," the one *Car and Driver* says "...is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..." Over a million drivers have chosen ESCORT since it was introduced in 1978. Probably you know several of them, just in your circle of friends. Ask about us.

We'll Stand On Our Record

Of course they'll say ESCORT works. Any consumer product that has sold over a million units at the rather steep price of \$245 each—and has never been discounted—obviously is in demand. And in the world of high-tech electronics, products that don't work don't stay in demand for seven months, much less seven years.



But ESCORT makes an overwhelming gift for another reason. The way it works. You know how a few possessions in this life get to be favorites because there's just something about them—a certain heft and feel, a certain way of going about their business—that just seems exactly right.



THE RADAR DEFENSE KIT

ESCORT comes complete with a molded carrying case, detachable power cord, visor clip and hook and loop mounting, spare fuse and alert bulb, and a comprehensive owner's handbook.

ESCORT is like that. The case is made of heat-treated aluminum, which protects the sophisticated components within, and also gives a substantial feel. The audible warning is the same frequency used for Morse code (1024 Hz), which cuts through a Ferrari's interior noise, yet won't jangle your nerves. The alert lamp is controlled by a photo-electric eye, which makes it visible on the brightest day, yet dims automatically for nighttime operation. The list goes on, but we'll trust any ESCORT owner to give you the details.

Another Subject, Equally Important

Meanwhile, here's an ESCORT feature aimed at you, the giver. There is only one way to shop and it's the easy way. You buy direct from us. Call toll-free. We're as quick as UPS. There are no hidden charges. We pay all shipping and handling. If you're really in a hurry, Federal Express is only a little extra.

Christmas or anytime, we make the same promise. If you aren't satisfied within 30 days, send ESCORT back. We'll refund all your money and your return shipping cost. We've been making this offer since 1978 and so far it has been refused over a million times. We think that's a pretty overwhelming statistic.

But around here, overwhelming is simply business as usual. Now let us overwhelm your favorite driver.

Try ESCORT At No Risk

Take the first 30 days with ESCORT as a test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose.

ESCORT is also backed with a one year warranty on both parts and labor.

ESCORT \$245 (OH res. add \$13.48 tax)
Slightly higher in Canada


TOLL FREE . 800-543-1608



By mail send to address below. Credit cards, money orders, bank checks, certified checks, wire transfers processed immediately. Personal or company checks require 18 days.

ESCORT
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 100-007-A13
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100



The butterfly option. Arms brace. Pectorals and deltoids strain against cast iron weights. Chest and shoulders force the arms together one more time.

This is the em/1. Thirteen separate stations strengthen and tone your body in as little as 30 minutes. Completely. Thoroughly. At home.

The workout is hard. Changing stations is effortless. You spend your time building your body, not rebuilding a machine.

The em/1. Performance within your reach.

1 (800) 62MARCY, ext. 50.

MARCY

WHEN YOU FINALLY GET SERIOUS.



DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS DEAR PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY BUILDING
919 N. MICHIGAN AVE.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

BOUND FOR GLORY

I have been a regular reader for at least the past 25 years, and I've enjoyed every issue. In spite of the fact that I expect to enjoy each issue, I was especially pleased with October's Collector's Edition. The *Playboy Interview* with John DeLorean is one of the best ever. Also, a big round of applause and appreciation for the team of Edwin and Elizabeth Black. Their thoughtful *The Self-Crucifixion of Cathleen Crowell Webb* exposes the born-again for what they really are—home-grown American versions of the ayatollah. Ah, yes, the ladies. Stapled or not, they are as beautiful as ever. As an Arizona State alumnus and fan, I very much appreciate *Girls of the Pac 10*. You were right in *Playbill*—PLAYBOY is tremendously well put together.

Hank Glogosh
Scottsdale, Arizona

Congratulations on a design job well done! The new look is subtle but significant. I like the more open, contemporary, somewhat European feeling. Keep it up and PLAYBOY will remain the leader in graphic and editorial excellence.

Fred N. Breukelman
Dover, Delaware

Give me the old Coke. Give me the old PLAYBOY. Give me a break.

Francis W. Dixon
Washington, D.C.

TANGLED WEBB

I thoroughly appreciate Edwin and Elizabeth Black's *The Self-Crucifixion of Cathleen Crowell Webb* (PLAYBOY, October). My own view of fundamentalism is that it is a disease born of fear and a source of untold misery. It has reared its ugly head in my life many times—when I was a child, when I was a young mother and at various times in my later years. I never got caught up in it, but only because of a kindly older gentleman whom I knew as a child. He was a freethinker. At the time, I thought I

was listening to him, but I didn't appreciate the wisdom of his philosophy until many years later.

Lucille B. Zarse
Lafayette, Indiana

PLAYBOY may have a new binding, but its editorial judgment still has a staple in the middle when it comes to pet peeves, such as what PLAYBOY perceives as religious repression of sexuality. How else can one explain its publishing such an amateurish, inconsequential piece as the Blacks' article on the Webb rape case? I have no idea whether Webb has been truthful or not, nor am I for or against Christianity, but I am annoyed to see such fuzzy thinking in a magazine of PLAYBOY's quality. Worst of all is the Blacks' amateurish pop-psychology interpretations of religious mentality. Having obviously failed, after a major journalistic investigation, to prove anything new about the case, they offer a theory that purports to explain any of three possibilities. A theory that can explain any outcome is, of course, no theory at all; it's systematic prejudice, just like—you know—religion.

Alan Sennett
Amherst, Massachusetts

Elizabeth and Edwin Black are to be commended for an evenhanded and insightful examination of the Cathleen Crowell Webb story. Should Webb allow herself the secular luxury of reading PLAYBOY with the door of her mind opened just a tiny bit, the reality, quality and compassion embodied in this article could immeasurably brighten her life.

Ralph R. Speas
Greensboro, North Carolina

AUTO-DA-FÉ

Perhaps John DeLorean (*Playboy Interview*, October) believes he is God's gift to the auto industry because the guidelines that are being followed by auto executives today happened to have come out of his mouth first. I think he may believe that

THE BEST VIDEO TAPE FOR RECORDING BEETHOVEN, BACH AND THE BEATLES.



Don't waste a great performance on the wrong video tape. JVC uses a newly developed formula that's different from any other HI-FI tape. The quality of the tape is critical in HI-FI VHS because the sound and picture signals are recorded in layers only microns apart. Thanks to the super durability of the titanium oxide particles and film base JVC uses in its HI-FI tapes, you get not only a perfect picture, but high fidelity sound unequalled by any other analog recording method—time after time after time.

Also available in HI-FI Super and Super HI-FI (Studio Use Master).

THE GOAL IS PERFECTION.

JVC

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), JANUARY 1986, VOLUME 33, NUMBER 1, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, \$54 FOR 36 ISSUES, \$36 FOR 24 ISSUES, \$22 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, \$35 FOR 12 ISSUES. ELSEWHERE, \$35 (U.S. CURRENCY) FOR 12 ISSUES. ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, POST OFFICE BOX 2430, BOULDER, COLORADO 80322, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: ED CONDON, DIRECTOR/DIRECT MARKETING; JACK BERNSTEIN, CIRCULATION PROMOTION DIRECTOR. ADVERTISING: JOE MANGIONE, ADVERTISING PROMOTION DIRECTOR; JAY REMER, NATIONAL ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES MARKETING MANAGER; BRIAN VAN MOLES, NATIONAL AUTOMOTIVE MARKETING MANAGER, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017; LINDA MALANGA, CHICAGO MANAGER, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611; 3001 WEST BIG BEAVER ROAD, TROY, MICHIGAN 48064; LOS ANGELES 90010, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 4311 WILSHIRE BLVD., SAN FRANCISCO 94104, TOM JONES, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY ST.

the entire G.M. system went through its recent refinements solely because he questioned its executives' morality, trying to remind them of their responsibility to America and its people. But we all know that the recent changes G.M. has made are only coincidentally connected to DeLorean. As far as the drug charges against him are concerned, I think the law-enforcement officers involved were only too kind. There are hours of video tape, of which the public saw only about five seconds—when DeLorean *finally* said, "It's as good as gold," in the nick of time.

Arshin Tajeri
Gardena, California

I can picture DeLorean's next enterprise designed to generate tax-free capital: *The D.M.C. (DeLorean Movement for Christ) Hour*. An early-Sunday-morning TV slot, right next to the fundamentalists. "For a \$25,000 contribution, we'll send you a brand-new DeLorean, guaranteed to drive you in the Lord's way." The man is intelligent, but, hey, John, it's over, baby!

Eric Rodrue
Norfolk, Virginia

STEAM HEAT

Please give Cynthia Heimel a big hug for her October *Women* column. I have been tormented by a young law student's "I got you to love me—see you later" trip, and after reading Heimel's column, I came to a conclusion: What bullshit my wasted time and efforts have been! I don't understand the new breed of sensitive assholes, but it is time that we women cease to analyze and forgive when what those creeps need is dynamite up their asses and a heave ho to the moon. Thanks, Cynthia. Now I can concentrate on the caring, feeling, adorable men who make me feel like I should feel—*good* and like a *lady*—not like a used Kleenex.

Robin Bailey
Tinley Park, Illinois

If Cynthia Heimel and her friends can't handle men without giving them a break, they shouldn't handle them at all. I'm only 20 years old, and I know that.

Laura Lockwood
New York, New York

Cynthia Heimel has really done it this time. Long have I tolerated, without objection, her blatantly sexist commentaries, but October's "Letting Off Steam" leads me to question her ability to perceive and describe modern relations between the sexes. Therefore, I'm letting off a little myself. Does she really expect me to accept her conclusion that all men are assholes—sadly neurotic but assholes all the same? I could rattle off several atrocities similar to those perpetrated by the men described in Heimel's column. The perpetrators in my examples would be of both genders, but that doesn't lead me to

conclude that *everybody* is a sadly neurotic asshole. Heimel disparages the men in New York; maybe she'd be happier somewhere else. Have her give Asa Baber a call—he sounds like a nice enough guy, and he even does dishes!

Matt Nash
Oak Harbor, Washington

I salute Cynthia Heimel's "Letting Off Steam." Let's face it: There are some men who thrive on pursuit but are not interested in the happiness of the person being pursued. *Touché*, Cynthia!

Deb Schultz
Toledo, Ohio

THE N WORD

The use of the word nigger—four times—in the "humorous" *Sports* column by Dan Jenkins in the October *PLAYBOY* makes being a subscriber embarrassing. I won't be one if it happens again.

Paul Lovett
Pembroke, Massachusetts

I am a white reader, but I strenuously object to the use of the word nigger four times in Dan Jenkins' October *Sports* column. I think Jenkins could have been just as funny without being offensive. Rather than hard-hitting social satire, this is a lapse in taste!

George R. Bodmer
Calumet City, Illinois

Jenkins replies:

I can't help the way the coaches talk. If these people read my novels, they'd know it gets a whole lot worse than that.

MORE THAN JOY

PLAYBOY continues to surprise and delight me, as it has for 25 years. Thomas McGuane's *Sportsmen* (*PLAYBOY*, October) is superb. Sensitive observed and brilliantly written, McGuane's perception of life's sweetest moments—and their availability to those who will seek them regardless of circumstance—is both powerful and tender. Would a youthful quadriplegic consider a day spent in a snowstorm of ducks something more than joy? Damn right! McGuane shows us that excitement, in any form, is the essence of life. For 20 years, I've been paralyzed by a broken neck garnered while surfing. Excitement sifted from life keeps me going each day. Bravo, McGuane, for reminding me. And thanks, *PLAYBOY*, for publishing a great magazine.

Bill Wise
Harrington, Delaware

UNFAZED

Being a winner in the Playboy \$200,000 Sweepstakes didn't faze me very much. I've been a winner with *PLAYBOY* since 1953. The publication has changed the way America, and perhaps the world, looks at sex and interpersonal relationships. (As an aside, I started collecting

PLAYBOY when I was in college. I was ten when H.M.H. put together that first issue in 1953. When I graduated from college in 1969, I began to round out my *PLAYBOY* collection, paying \$200 for issue number one.) While winning a radar detector is nice, speeding through life with the entire *PLAYBOY* collection has been the real thrill.

Mike Harris
Sunnyvale, California

PERFECT

I have torn myself away from the October issue long enough to comment on Miss October, Cynthia Brimhall. She is the perfect Playmate of the Year for 1986.

Joe Jones
Five Forks, West Virginia

PACIFIC BELLES

I just finished reading your October issue and must say you've outdone yourselves. Talk about a bevy of beauties! *Girls of the Pac 10* proves that the best is in the West! Having graduated from Oregon a few years ago, I wanted to see who represented my alma mater. Needless to say, I wasn't disappointed; Kimberley Kristeen and Kristin Hera left me weak in the knees. So what if it rains in Oregon? I'm staying!

Rick Alexander
Portland, Oregon

Girls of the Pac 10 is great, but one coed stands head and shoulders above the rest. Kristin Hera of the University of Oregon gets our vote for Best of the West. We have only two questions. When can we see more of her? Is it too late to transfer to the University of Oregon?

The Men of Delta Upsilon
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

Responding to your questions in order,



men: (1) Now; (2) no, but what will you do when we do "Girls of the Big Ten" again?





Come to where
the flavor is.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85

© Philip Morris Inc. 1985

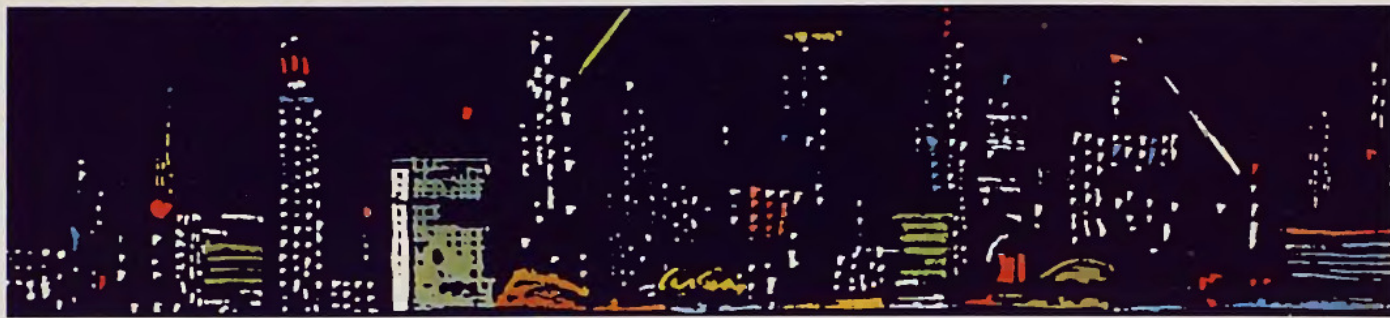


THE TASTE BEYOND BOLD.

RUMPLE MINZE PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS. IMPORTED FROM GERMANY. ENJOY IN MODERATION.

100 Proof Liqueur. Imported by The Paddington Corp., New York, NY, U.S.A.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



OH, CHUTE!

He should have just dropped us a line. A sky-diving smuggler wearing combat fatigues and packing pistols, knives and 80 pounds of cocaine plunged to his death in a Knoxville, Tennessee, back yard when his parachute failed to open. The flattened felon was discovered by 85-year-old Fred Meyers, who remarked, "I've never had a landing in my back yard before. I got up to shave, looked out my window and saw him." Authorities believe the dead man, a former Army paratrooper and Lexington, Kentucky, narcotics officer, was a member of a notorious drug-smuggling gang known as the Company and that his free-fall fiasco cost the gang more than \$13,000,000.

A villager in southern Sumatra has spent the past 19 months on top of a 65-foot coconut tree to keep out of reach of his creditors. Ignoring the orders of local officials and pleas from his wife to put his feet back on the ground, he said, "I won't come down until I get divine inspiration." In the meantime, he spends his time singing and giving personal advice and lottery predictions to his fans and supporters, who send up food and drinks in return.

A sad note from a society calling itself Depressives Associated arrived at a Midlands, England, library: "Dear Sir, I am returning your register form. (i) Depressives Associated no longer exists. (ii) Most of the members have committed (a) suicide (b) themselves to psychiatric units."

Anyone who's ridden a Paris Métro on a hot day in July has ample reason to suspect that the French do not bathe as often as they should. Now there's proof—the result of a study conducted by the French perfume industry. The French annually use only 4.2 bars of soap, 2.9 tubes of tooth paste, 2.8 bottles of shampoo and .9 container of deodorant. That's significantly fewer of these products than their Euro-

pean neighbors use. But instead of asking the impenetrable question Why don't they bathe more often? perhaps it's better to find out under what circumstances they do. The study lists three reasons, in this order: a medical examination, *l'amour* and a job interview.

OR IS IT MEMOREX?

Henry A. Ramirez of Jacksonville, Florida, was awakened by the squeal of brakes and the sounds of a car crash. He sleepily stumbled downstairs. Just as he suspected: *The Late, Late Show* was playing on his TV. He shut off the set and went back to bed. It wasn't until the next morning that he noticed a pickup truck parked in the middle of his dining room.

God Is My Automatic Copilot Department: After the pilot of a small plane responded unintelligibly to air-traffic-control communications soon after take-off from a New Mexico airstrip, A.T.C. asked the



crew of an Air Force C-130 that was in flight at the time to look at the plane for signs of life; none were observed. Eventually, the plane ran out of gas and descended. At a certain altitude, sensors in the plane lowered the landing gear. The plane landed and hit a rock, which tore the wheels off. The pilot, a victim of hypoxia, survived. The most amazing thing about the incident, when you think about it, is that the plane stayed aloft for three hours with an unconscious man at the controls before crashing safely—from a height of 25,000 feet.

It doesn't do much for Farm Aid, but it could be a blast anyway: The Charlottesville, Virginia, *Daily Progress* ran this classified ad: "Hay ride with barn fire following. Fun for everyone."

For those who can't stand to see their pooch eating less well than they, Mountainside Products, Inc., of Pittsfield, Vermont, makes dog biscuits in the shape of *croissants*, doughnuts or chocolate-chip cookies that come in slick white bags with see-through windows. These upscale snacks go for \$6.50 a bag. Think of them as Yuppie Puppy Chow.

Mickey Mantle, who isn't known for his perspicacity in business, once opened a short-lived fast-food chain called Mickey Mantle's Country Cookin', which sold, among other down-home specialties, country fried chicken. Mantle has suggested that the failure of his cookin' to catch on was perhaps caused in no small part by its slogan: "To get a better piece of chicken, you'd have to be a rooster."

Say what? "MAN MINUS EAR WAIVES HEARING," trumpeted the headline in the Jackson, Tennessee, *Sun*.

FLATFOOT: THE MOVIE

Three dozen policemen converged on a Buffalo, New York, court building when an

BETTER PRODUCTS FOR THE EIGHTIES

Americans love to buy new-and-improved products. In the old days, products were improved by adding some harmless inert substance that was lying around the lab and giving it a fancy name, as in "Now with Floro-Dust!" Nowadays, people don't fall for that kind of cheap trick—today's Yuppie consumers live streamlined lives, and they want streamlined products. The result has been the proliferation of goods that give you everything you could ask for from life, only less. Here are just a few of the leaner, lighter, smaller, blander or otherwise emasculated products you'll soon find on store shelves.

P*RRI*R LITE

This will still come from the same holy spring in France the company has used since the dawn of man, but modern distillation techniques will help improve nature's frog water. This elite beverage will be totally free of natural minerals, many of which are found in dead people, and all effervescence will be removed in response to a recent study that linked carbonation to burping. What's left will be undetectable to the palate, which will keep it from interfering with the taste of the wedge of low-calorie, acid-free, skinless lime.

L.A. RUBBING ALCOHOL

What do you say when you need a *lite* rubdown after a *lite* workout? Why not say L.A.—to the new low-alcohol rubbing alcohol that doesn't smell up the locker room and won't give you a headache if you inhale too much. Face it, responsible, health-conscious adults just don't need alcohol—not in their beer, not in their gasoline and certainly not on their skins.

So next time you say yes to a stimulating rubdown, say OK—to L.A. with only .5 percent alcohol. Because nobody wants a rubbing alcohol that stings on cuts and evaporates the moment you rub it on.

BONSAI DOGS

Everybody loves dogs, but the traditional pooch is just too big for today's luxuriously tiny apartments in fashionably expensive neighborhoods.

Leave it to the Japanese to create the ultimate miniature Fidos. Using a combination of bonsai techniques and Chinese foot-binding secrets, Nippon MicroPets can now create a full-grown Irish wolfhound that can live comfortably in a shoe box. Seven breeds of down-scaled pets will soon be offered at trendy pooch stores everywhere—from an Afghan the size of a dust mop to a

poodle no bigger than a grape. They look just like their full-size counterparts, only a little twisted.

INERT ASPIRIN

If you love the great taste of aspirin but can do without its bothersome pain-killing side effects, this is perfect. Whether you're lounging around the office or working hard at the health club, these little aspirin-flavored nuggets are a taste sensation that won't dull your senses. After all, who needs hangover medicine these days, when the strongest stuff anyone drinks is Orangina?

DESIGNER-FREE UNDERWEAR

Let's be real: Nobody cares who designed your underwear, not even your mother. So why pay big money for autographed shorts when you can pay a little bit more and get Designer-Free underwear? These one-size-fits-all squares of white absorbent cotton can be adjusted with safety pins for a custom-tailored fit, and you'll feel better knowing you did it yourself. If you want nondesigner colors, try not washing them for six months.

WHITE MEAT™

America has turned its collective back on red meat—it's chock-full of fat and calories, and it clashes when you put it on a plate next to alfalfa sprouts and brie.

Thank God for White Meat™, the new beef that comes from wealthy cattle. Raised in luxury and spoiled rotten at exclusive suburban country clubs, these albino moo bossies live just like the people who will one day eat them at outdoor cafés. After each animal is slaughtered with a drug overdose, the meat is aged in France to make it boring. The process removes all flavor, texture and color, leaving it with all the qualities that have made tofu so popular in the past few years.—TERRY RUNTE

actor delivering a Rambo-gram went in to ask for directions. Twenty-eight-year-old Mark Stancapiano stepped from his car at the city court building, bare-chested, wearing baggy fatigues and a bandanna, like the character portrayed by Sylvester Stallone in *Rambo: First Blood Part II*. He was carrying a replica of a Soviet assault rifle. Police sealed off the area. One of Buffalo's finest stalked the actor, slipped on an escalator and shot himself in the foot. The Stallone clone was charged with disorderly conduct for carrying a fake weapon. When released, he said, "I didn't mean to scare everybody. . . . I'm not a crazed psycho, although those Buffalo policemen didn't know that for a while."

What's the sound of one hand washing? *The New York Times* reports the "in" place to be at New York's major rock clubs: "Bathrooms are very important places for socializing," and young professional types are signing up to work in them as attendants. They earn, it says, "more than \$150 a night on tips."

Now, this is the sign of a truly probusiness Administration: A *Washington Post* headline reported, "D.C. STREET VENDORS GET NEW CURBS TODAY."

We won't even comment on his name: Yim Fuk-yiu, an alarm-system installer, was arrested in Hong Kong when he was found squatting on a toilet in a women's rest room and was fined \$500 for loitering. Fuk-yiu pleaded not guilty, saying he was there out of desperation because he had had stomach trouble while installing a burglary system in the building and the men's rest room was locked. The only flaw in Fuk-yiu's case was that he was found squatting with his pants still on.

We applaud the Albany *Times Union* for pointing out a catchy turn of phrase by neonatalist Dr. Albert Bartoletti. The paper reported that "many premature babies, who could be helped under the care of a full complement of neonatal health-care specialists, are (in Dr. Bartoletti's words) 'falling through the cracks.'"

The first edition of the San Francisco 49ers' media guide was quickly yanked from circulation and a second printing was scheduled. It seems a public-relations writer at the 'Niners' office had referred to coach Bill Walsh's "vastly futile mind."

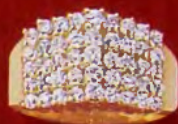
The Sarasota, Florida, *Herald Tribune* reports that a prisoner who set fire to himself in a suicide attempt is now suing the maker of his inmate's uniform for damages. The man, who was arrested for stealing a woman's underwear and then burning it, claims that the company had an obligation to provide clothing that was flame-retardant. Perhaps it should make clothing that is retardproof, too.

Zales gives you more for Christmas



\$299

YOUR CHOICE
1/4 Carat Total Weight



\$899

YOUR CHOICE
1 Carat Total Weight



\$549

YOUR CHOICE
1/2 Carat Total Weight



ZALES

JEWELERS

Leading with Style™

All in 14K gold. Merchandise enlarged to show detail. Carat weight may vary slightly plus or minus .02 carat.

* MEN'S DIAMOND RINGS

Zales gives you more gold for Christmas

50% OFF* ALL 14KT GOLD CHAINS AND CHAIN BRACELETS

A. Herringbone "V", orig./reg. \$320	\$159.00
B. Herringbone "V", orig./reg. \$560	\$279.00
C. Herringbone "V", orig./reg. \$800	\$399.00
D. 7" Six-braid lace herringbone, orig./reg. \$600	\$299.00
E. 7" Design twist herringbone, orig./reg. \$170.00	\$ 84.99
F. 7" Double rope, orig./reg. \$260.00	\$129.00
G. 7" Three-braid wrap herringbone, orig./reg. \$280.00	\$139.00
H. 8" Open link, orig./reg. \$400	\$199.00
J. Quadruple bevelled herringbone, 7" orig./reg. \$280	\$139.00
8" orig./reg. \$340	\$169.00
K. Solid diamond cut rope, 7" orig./reg. \$400	\$199.00
8" orig./reg. \$480	\$239.00
L. Fancy link charm bracelet, orig./reg. \$540	\$269.00
M. Braided serpentine with beads,** 16" orig./reg. \$120	\$ 59.99
18" orig./reg. \$160	\$ 79.99
N. Twist herringbone, 16" orig./reg. \$125	\$ 49.99
18" orig./reg. \$140	\$ 69.99
P. Tricolor braided herringbone,** 16" orig./reg. \$200	\$ 99.00
18" orig./reg. \$230	\$115.00
Q. Foxtail design herringbone, 18" orig./reg. \$210	\$105.00
20" orig./reg. \$240	\$119.00
R. Tricolor design herringbone,** 16" orig./reg. \$170	\$ 79.99
18" orig./reg. \$210	\$105.00
S. Triple bevelled herringbone, 18" orig./reg. \$200	\$ 99.00
20" orig./reg. \$220	\$110.00
T. Solid diamond cut rope, 18" orig./reg. \$400	\$199.00
20" orig./reg. \$460	\$229.00
U. Diamond-cut link, 18" orig./reg. \$500	\$249.00

*original/regular prices

**matching bracelets available.





33% - 50% OFF* 14KT GOLD EARRINGS

A. Large fancy shrimp, reg. \$140	\$ 69.99
B. Filigree hoop, reg. \$120	\$ 59.99
C. Large kissing ram, reg. \$100	\$ 49.99
D. Multi diamond & pearl drop, reg. \$230	\$149.00
E. Gold mesh square, reg. \$140	\$ 69.99
F. Large swirl button, reg. \$120	\$ 59.99
G. Large bold wing, reg. \$140	\$ 69.99
H. Triple diamond & pearl swirl, reg. \$200	\$129.00
J. Double pearl diamond leaf, reg. \$200	\$129.00
K. Bold diamond drop, reg. \$300	\$199.00
L. Diamond twisted hoop, reg. \$150	\$ 99.00
M. Diamond triple hoop, reg. \$300	\$199.00
N. Dramatic diamond drop, reg. \$300	\$199.00
P. Dramatic tricolor drop, reg. \$200	\$ 99.00
Q. Fancy tricolor drop, reg. \$140	\$ 69.99
R. Tricolor braided drop, reg. \$80	\$ 39.99

*regular prices of select styles.
All pearls are cultured.

ASK ABOUT ZALES DIAMOND CARD® INSTANT CREDIT.

Zales New 15 + 15 Plan ... where you get \$1,500 credit in 15 minutes with a valid VISA, MasterCard, American Express, Carte Blanche or Diners Club Card. Credit available upon approval of qualified applicants.

Sale ends December 31, 1985. Selection may vary by store. All items subject to prior sale. Merchandise enlarged to show detail.

ZALES
JEWELERS

Leading with Style™



\$99 Each
YOUR CHOICE
Reg. \$135

**PETITE
DIAMOND RINGS
AND PENDANTS**

Take your choice of mar-
quise, oval, pear or
round .05 carat diamond
rings and pendants in
stunning settings. Buy
one or a matching set.



**DIAMOND
ANNIVERSARY RINGS**

- A. 1/2 ct. t.w. \$699
- B. 1 ct. t.w. \$999
- Available in
- 1/4 ct. t.w. \$399
- C. 1 ct. t.w. \$999
- Available in
- 1/4 ct. t.w. \$399
- 1/2 ct. t.w. \$699



- D. 1 ct. t.w. \$999
- E. 2 cts. t.w. \$1,999

All in 14K gold. Merchandise enlarged to show detail. Carat weight may vary slightly plus or minus .02 carat.

25% OFF*
ALL DIAMOND SOLITAIRE

Every diamond solitaire in stock ... rings, pendants and earrings ... on sale now at Zales at 25% off!

FROM \$150
EXAMPLES LIKE THESE

- F. 1/4 ct. pendant, orig. \$550 \$399
- G. 1/2 ct. pendant, orig. \$1,150 \$849
- H. 1/4 ct. t.w. earrings, orig. \$310 \$229
- J. 1/2 ct. t.w. earrings, orig. \$875 \$649
- K. 3/4 ct. t.w. earrings, orig. \$1,350 \$999
- L. 1/4 ct. ring, orig. \$550 \$399
- M. 1/2 ct. ring, orig. \$1,150 \$849

*original/regular prices

ZALES

JEWELERS

Leading with Style™

VIC GARBARINI

SURE, you can always run out at the last minute and grab a copy of *Almost (But Not Quite) the Best of the Eagles Volume XVI* or whatever the industry is serving up for the pre-Christmas feeding frenzy. Herewith, some alternatives.

For the reggae fan: *Legend* (Island) is a Bob Marley and the Wailers retrospective that captures the essence of Marley's spiritual, political and musical message. Half the selections have been remixed for the U.S. release, but don't panic. Tracks such as *Exodus* and *Jamming* are vastly superior in these punchier versions to the originals, making this a greatest-hits collection with something extra.

For the jazz fan: Christmas records are usually a seasonal gimmick, but *God Rest Ye Merry Jazzmen* (Columbia) is the exception to the rule. Such luminaries as Wynton Marsalis, Dexter Gordon and Arthur Blythe take carols as the jumping-off point for some first-class improvisation.

For the Big Chill generation: Gerri Hirschey's *Nowhere to Run* (Times Books) is the definitive book on Sixties soul music. There's still *We Are the World* (Columbia) and the Jagger/Bowie single *Dancing in the Street* (EMI-America)—with all proceeds going to famine relief. If the title track of the former is a bit shopworn by now, what the hell. There are still great previously unreleased performances by Tina Turner, Prince, Springsteen and Huey Lewis.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

As a rock-'n'-roll fan, I like simple little sets with a good beat, but I also like surprises. So when I give the gift of music, I try to surprise my friends. These simple little songs with a good beat aren't rock 'n' roll, strictly speaking—they're jazz, pre-R&B, country, all by undeniable, irresistible masters. But cultural history plus a good time equals serious fun. And that is rock 'n' roll.

Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines 1928 (Smithsonian, \$18.98 from Box 10230, Des Moines, Iowa 50336, or dial 1-800-247-5072): As with so many virtuosos, part of Armstrong's genius was to make it sound easy; so while the simplicity here is an illusion, that spark of spontaneity is exactly what he wanted.

Memphis Jug Band (Yazoo, \$13.23 from 245 Waverly Place, New York, New York 10014): Here the simplicity is a reality—Will Shade's Beale Streeters were as drolly commercial a novelty group as the Coasters. Jacket by R. Crumb.

The Best of Fats Waller (Book-of-the-Month, \$28.70 from Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012): Night-clubbers of the Thirties thought this pioneering pop recontextualizer was the bee's knees, and he was so grateful that he laughed with



Do they know it's Christmas?

Our reviewers
do your shopping
for you.

them instead of at them.

The Bob Wills Anthology (Columbia): A benignly manipulative bandleader wields reels and breakdowns and blues and *rancheras* and, of course, swing and, of course, pop so shamelessly that he shows up most rock "eclecticism" for the dabbling it is.

Charlie Parker/Bird/The Savoy Recordings (Master Takes) (Savoy Jazz, \$11.98 from 160 West 71st Street, New York, New York 10023); *The Very Best of Bird* (Warner): Jazz's greatest improviser was also a brash young rebel (he was 25, and Miles Davis only 19, when Savoy's amazing *Ko-Ko* was cut) and one of America's wildest tunesmiths (especially on Warner's even more highly recommended Dial recordings).

The Complete Blue Note Recordings of The Ionious Monk (Mosaic, \$37 from 197 Strawberry Hill Avenue, Stamford, Connecticut 06902): Speaking of wily tunesmiths, this one was considered impossibly far out well into the Fifties. Now Joe Jackson and Todd Rundgren cover him.

The Best of Louis Jordan (MCA): While the beboppers turned to the left, this prime R&B influence sold millions of records. Find out what Chuck Berry didn't invent.

Hank Williams/40 Greatest Hits (Polydor): The essence of honky-tonk—when he wasn't making it up, he was buying it cheap.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

In the true spirit of Christmas, this is what I want from Santa: a CD player, because the technology is worth it.

For someone who discovered Dire Straits with *Brothers in Arms: Love Over Gold* (Warner). Side one is one of the greatest guitar symphonies ever carved into vinyl and was underappreciated when first released.

For a counterculture graduate who hasn't discovered New Age sounds yet: *Music for 18 Musicians* (ECM/Warner, 1978), by Steve Reich. Absolutely the best trance music I've ever heard, guaranteed to induce alpha waves within 60 seconds. I'd also recommend Reich's latest, *The Desert Music* (Nonesuch), which incorporates a text by William Carlos Williams and requires slightly more active listening.

For an acoustic-guitar worshiper: Preston Reed has the most nimble fingers in the modern-American-folk-post-Leo-Kottke-accessible-melody-with-mostly-major-chords-but-a-few-Windham-Hill-diminished-chords idiom. The man's an ace. Look for *Pointing Up* and *Playing by Ear* (Flying Fish).

For a metal head who worships Satan: *Hell Awaits* (Combat/Metal Blade), by Slayer. The quintessence of Eighties demon metal—every song is about death.

For a metal head who isn't so sure he worships Satan: *Ride the Lightning* (Elektra), by Metallica. The quintessence of Eighties speed metal—every song is about death.

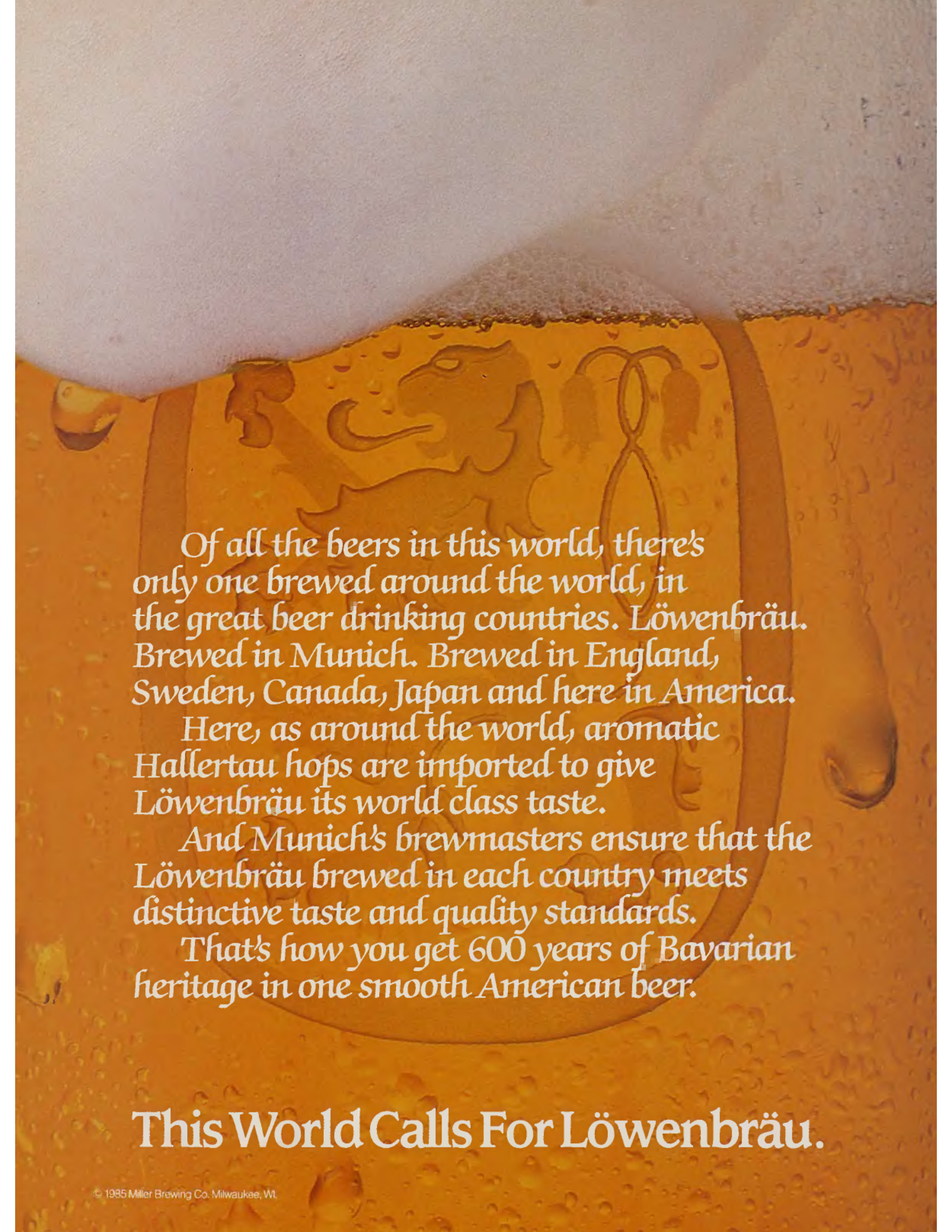
For a metal head who worships Bozo: *World Wide Live* (Mercury/PolyGram), by the Scorpions. The quintessence of Eighties false metal—every song is not about death.

For a metal head who worships God: *Soldiers Under Command* (Enigma), by Stryper. The quintessence of Eighties Christian metal—whosoever heareth this Styx-meets-Billy Graham quartet shall not perish but have eternal life.

DAVE MARSH

Michael Jackson's *Thriller* spent 78 weeks in the *Billboard* top ten, one of the longest stays there since that of Johnny Mathis' *Greatest Hits*. As in the Mathis era, such longevity has a lot to do with a lack of alternatives. Given similar lack of competition, Bruce Springsteen's *Born in the U.S.A.* seems destined to equal or eclipse *Thriller's* total by Christmas.

Since I'm Springsteen's friend, fan and biographer, this suits me just fine, but I can't help wondering just who the hell is still buying this thing. *Born in the U.S.A.* has sold more copies than any album in CBS Records' history not made by Michael Jackson, and yet it hangs up there on the charts. So who's still shelling out? People who've worn out their original copies? Folks who don't buy any album unless it contains six hit singles? Converts from Springsteen's live shows? It beats me. At



Of all the beers in this world, there's only one brewed around the world, in the great beer drinking countries. Löwenbräu. Brewed in Munich. Brewed in England, Sweden, Canada, Japan and here in America.

Here, as around the world, aromatic Hallertau hops are imported to give Löwenbräu its world class taste.

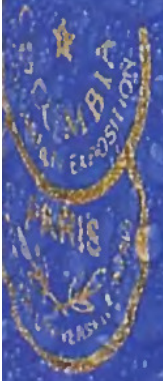
And Munich's brewmasters ensure that the Löwenbräu brewed in each country meets distinctive taste and quality standards.

That's how you get 600 years of Bavarian heritage in one smooth American beer.

This World Calls For Löwenbräu.



1895
BREMEN
Beer
Brewed under
License and
Authority of
Löwenbräu
Munich



ESTABLISHED
1893
Munich
Germany



LÖWENBRÄU

FAST TRACKS



SING THAT FUNKY MUSIC, WHITE KIDS, DEPARTMENT: Just when we think we've told you every weird rock-'n'-roll story we know, another one comes along to top it. This time we've heard it all. Really. Rick James is writing songs for Donny and Marie Osmond: He thinks he can funk them up. We admit it's an irresistible thought. Stay tuned for further developments. Meanwhile, we're going to hum a few bars of *Superfreak*, just to get in the mood.

REELING AND ROCKING: Look for **David Bowie** in *Absolute Beginners*, also featuring **Ray Davies** and **Sade**. . . . **Rodney Dangerfield** has asked **David Lee Roth** to record a song for his upcoming film, *Back to School*. In return, Roth asked Dangerfield to appear in *Crazy from the Heat*, his film project. . . . Are you ready? **The Fat Boys** are making a movie, *The Fat Boys on the Road*, and they are also doing Swatch Watches commercials. . . . **Bob Geldof** will star in *The Fantastist*; he'll play a murderer. . . . **Brad Fiedel**, who scored *The Terminator*, *Fright Night* and *Compromising Positions*, is working on the score of *Desert Bloom*, which stars **Jon Voight**, **JoBeth Williams** and **Ellen Barkin**. . . . **Tom Waits** is co-starring in **Jim Jarmusch's** follow-up to *Stranger than Paradise*, called *Down by Law*.

NEWSBREAKS: The next **Commodores** album is in the works. . . . **Billy Idol** is touring in support of his latest album. . . . A new **Culture Club** album is due out right about now. . . . **Tom Petty** filmed two concerts last summer in L.A. Footage will be used in his video and for a TV special. . . . **Huey Lewis and the News** got two good years out of *Sports*. After a rest, they'll go back into the studio and see what they can come up with for an encore. . . . **Gram Parsons**, the man credited with influencing the country sounds of everyone from **The Byrds** to **The Stones**, is the subject of an upcoming biography. . . . **Marianne Faithfull's** new album will be produced by **Mike Thorne**, who has worked with **Til Tuesday** and **Bronski Beat**. . . . **Stevie Wonder** is organizing a network TV special to coincide with **Martin Luther King's** birthday this month. Wonder says he's planning to tour as well. . . . We've been waiting for this: **Dick Clark's Best of Bandstand**, a home video with vintage music clips from 1956 to 1964. . . . **Wham!** clothes will hit

the stores this holiday season. You can see them first on the MTV video jocks—or on Wham! . . . The Sausalito recording studio where some of the best-known West Coast musicians made their hit albums has been seized by Federal drug agents under a law that allows authorities to take over property they believe was purchased with drug money. Drug agents claim that the owner of the studio invested at least \$300,000 that they say he earned from making Quaaludes. . . . **Roger Daltrey** on the **Who** set at *Live Aid*: "Well, we had a great time. It wasn't easy for Geldof to get us together; we didn't really want us to do it. We all said we'd play individually; it was a very painful three years getting over the breakup of The Who. . . . But once we got on the stage, it felt great. . . . Bob's very persuasive . . . and it was charity." . . . News and notes from the **Jimmy Buffett** camp: His *Miami Vice* episode airs any week now; **Michael Nesmith** is producing and directing his feature film, *Margaritaville*; he's working on a TV miniseries based on a book about Custer called *Son of the Morning Star*; and he has gone into the mail-order-clothing biz, which he describes as "sort of a mom-and-pop with an Apple II." It couldn't happen to a nicer guy. Really. . . . Everyone knows that last fall, Sun Studios in Memphis lit up again for a new album by alums **Johnny Cash**, **Jerry Lee Lewis**, **Roy Orbison** and **Carl Perkins**. But did you know that there were a couple of other guys around making music on the finale, *Big Train from Memphis*? Like **Rick Nelson**, **John Fogerty** and **Dave Edmunds**? . . . And as if all this excitement weren't enough for one month, we hear that A&M is going to give **Sly Stone** another chance to take us higher—musically, that is. Happy holidays. —BARBARA NELLIS

least the *Saturday Night Fever* sound track made sense as an instant dance party.

Still, I like to get in on these things, so my Christmas list is composed not of a trio of albums but of a trio of folks who I think need to hear the Springsteen vision of contemporary America. At the top is Senator **Jeremiah Denton** of Alabama, in honor of Springsteen's commitment to the Vietnam Veterans of America. It was former Vietnam POW Denton's threatened filibuster that prevented V.V.A. from receiving its Congressional charter. Next is **Tipper Gore**, wife of Tennessee Senator **Albert Gore, Jr.** and a founder of the Parents' Music Resource Center, which leads the witch-hunt against "sexually explicit" rock lyrics. **Tipper 'n' Al** are confessed rock fans, but, she recently told me, she's never heard *Born in the U.S.A.*, even though P.M.R.C. has attacked one of its hits, *I'm on Fire*. Gore says she's a Boss fan, so I'm sure she'll be appreciative. Finally, I think I'll send one along to **William Wynn**, who made \$215,819 in 1984 as president of the United Food and Commercial Workers International Union. According to local union officials, Wynn's operatives asked the workers at Hormel's Austin, Minnesota, packing plant to take up to a 35 percent wage-and-benefit cut, and I'm sure he'll add to his repertoire the lyrics of *My Hometown*: "Foreman says those jobs are goin', boys, and they ain't comin' back/To your home town."

NELSON GEORGE

Is there more to know about Joe and Katherine Jackson's favorite son? Well, yeah. Back in the early Seventies, Michael and his siblings cut **The Jackson 5 Christmas Album** (Motown), which is, pardon the sentimentality, heart-warmingly wonderful. I'm gonna play it for my five-year-old niece this Christmas, because I know she'll love Michael's squeaky interpretation of *Little Drummer Boy* and *I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus* as much as I did as an adolescent. Seek it out in stores that carry Motown's substantial catalog of reissued albums.

For more mature music lovers, I recommend the RCA/Columbia MusicVision documentary **Rock and Roll: The Early Days**, a survey history of the music's early kings of jiving and jamming, including **Little Richard**, **Elvis Presley**, **Jerry Lee Lewis**, **Fats Domino** and **Carl Perkins**. With wit, a great feel for the Fifties and tons of remarkable period footage, directors **Patrick (The Compleat Beatles) Montgomery** and **Pamela Page** show how a bunch of renegade bluesmen and soulful hillbillies sparked a rebellion in musical taste and social attitudes. The contrast between **Little Richard** doing *Little Richard* and **Pat Boone** doing *Little Richard* crystallizes the ongoing struggle between rockers and the right wing.



Future Perfect.

\$50 Rebate From Bose®

Buy a 901® system along with the CD player of your choice and get a \$50 rebate check from Bose. See your dealer for details. Offer expires December 31, 1985.

Many speakers today are supposed to be digital ready. But what happens if there's something *beyond* digital?

The original Bose® 901® Direct/Reflecting® speaker was ready for digital back in 1968, because it reproduced music with realism and impact never before heard from a speaker. Today's Bose 901 Series V adds some 350 design improvements to the original's legendary performance. Unlimited power handling and very high efficiency make the Series V speaker ideal for listening to the best that audio presently has to offer—the digital compact disc. And while no one can predict exactly what the future has in store, one thing is certain: it will sound better on the Bose 901 system. Hear the complete line of Bose speakers at your authorized Bose dealer, and ask about Bose's special compact disc player rebate. For more information, write: Bose Corporation, Dept. PB, 10 Speen Street, Framingham, MA 01701.

BOSE®
Better sound through research.

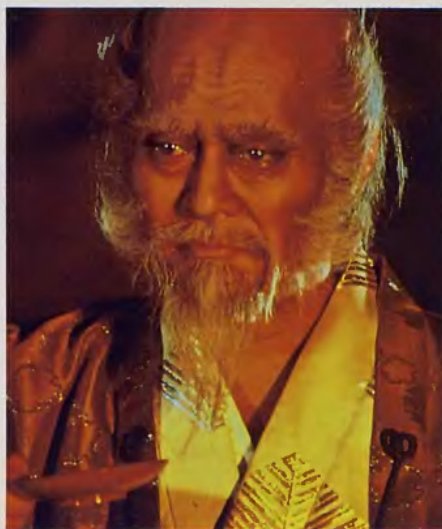
MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIEMAKERS, even at their peak, rarely match the grandeur of great theater in probing the awesome dimensions of mankind's vanity, cruelty, treachery and lust for power. You go to Shakespeare for that, and the Bard's *King Lear* is the source of *Ran* (Orion Classics), an overpowering work by Akira Kurosawa, the Japanese director who already owns a black belt for sheer brilliance dating back to the 1951 *Rashomon* and beyond. In his recycled *Lear*, Kurosawa is more samurai than Shakespearean. He has set the action among the feuding nobles of 16th Century Japan, and his *Lear* (now Lord Hidetora, played with towering passion by Tatsuya Nakadai) bequeaths his kingdom not to three daughters but to three ambitious, quarrelsome sons whose sibling rivalry reduces an empire to ashes. Like many Japanese films, *Ran* ("chaos") gets off to a slow start, which is simply Kurosawa's meticulous preparation for a long banquet of blood-and-thunder drama that fills the mind and soul with something far more substantial than the cinematic *sushi* normally produced by fast-food merchants of moviedom from Hollywood to Hong Kong.

While hundreds of horses and thousands of extras surge across the screen in period battle gear, sheer spectacle never diminishes the performances by Nakadai and Kurosawa's superlative supporting cast. Topping the list are Daisuke Ryu, as Hidetora's loyal youngest son, and Mieko Harada, as Lady Kaede, a seductive in-law whose evil deeds would make Lady Macbeth's look lackadaisical. But nearly upstaging everyone is Peter (his entire professional name), a celebrated Tokyo transvestite who plays Hidetora's court fool with real poignancy—breaking through the stylized kabuki aspects of the film to help Kurosawa win the West in a sumptuous magnum opus. Banzai! At the age of 75, the mysterious East's Westward-looking old master has done it again. ★★★

Director William Friedkin's *To Live and Die in L.A.* (MGM/UA) is a raw, mean and riveting thriller that earns admiration for its skill, thumbs down for unrelieved ugliness. The man who made *The French Connection* clearly knows how to handle the pursuit of a murderous counterfeiter (Willem Dafoe) by U.S. Secret Service agents, and Friedkin has stingingly authentic material in a screenplay he helped adapt from a novel by Gerald Petievich, himself a Secret Service agent. As hard as nails, the movie is hyped to suit the kind of roaring crowd that probably likes to break store windows and trash sports arenas. *L.A.* is virtually certain to make a lot of money, yet I predict it



Nakadai as *Ran*'s Japanese Lear.

Kurosawa does it again
with *Ran*; Aleandro a
winner in *Official Story*.

will be remembered—after the smoke clears—mainly for boosting the major-movie career of William Petersen, a dynamic young actor from the Chicago stage. As a lawman named Chance, so keen to avenge his former partner's death that he doesn't give a damn who gets maimed or otherwise damaged in the process, he comes on like a one-man SWAT unit (aided reluctantly by another talented Chicagoan, John Pankow, as his squeamish new side-kick). Petersen has the sex appeal of a young Cliff Robertson, with some of Pacino's virile charisma, and should go far if he doesn't get bogged down replaying this Chance character in a long-run TV series. Dean Stockwell, Darlaine Flugel and Debra Feuer (Mrs. Mickey Rourke off screen) bob to the top amid the human flotsam getting in Petersen's way. None are people you'd dare turn your back on, but their nasty habits are seldom dull. There's just no one left to root for by the time *L.A.*'s loathsome lot have settled all scores. ★★★½

Sharing the best-actress prize with Cher (for *Mask*) at the 1985 Cannes Film Festival was Norma Aleandro, Argentine star of *The Official Story* (Almi). Also eligible for Oscar consideration, Aleandro's performance is devastating. She is no smoldering Latin in the Sonia Braga manner but brings heart-wrenching honesty to her role as a bourgeois Buenos Aires matron who begins to discover that her entire life is a lie. Her devoted husband turns out to be a

frightened, shifty political opportunist. Her cherished adopted daughter, she learns, may be a "stolen" child—one of countless youngsters abducted during the Seventies, when a right-wing military regime set out to terrorize any suspected leftists. A teacher, the conscientious heroine begins to feel her complacency jarred by outspoken students; then an old female friend returns from banishment with disquieting tales of having been beaten and tortured. *Official Story* is a contemporary political saga made woundingly real by one woman's anguished odyssey from darkness into light—directed with deep sensitivity by Luis Puenzo and played by Aleandro as if she *has* to know the awful truth. The lady is a revelation. Whether or not you believe that a tearjerker rooted in mother love will move you, prepare to be all shook up. ★★★

Don Johnson's deal to star in *Miami Vice* was reportedly clinched when the producers saw his work in *Cease Fire* (Cineworld), which was being shot in Florida just before the hit TV series got under way. You will see why they wanted him. Generously judged, here is a well-meant but conventional B movie about the mental, marital and economic woes of a Vietnam hero. As a test of talent, though, it is an A-plus for Johnson. His sizzling presence and unforced sincerity banish any doubt that there's considerably more to Don than all the media hype touting him as a prime-time hunk (on that score, see our pictorial on page 94). Often overindulgent, *Cease Fire* milks pathos from the plight of a 'Nam hero who, nearly 15 years later, cannot get a job or even a good night's sleep, whose fearsome hallucinations terrify his wife and children. "Comin' back . . . that's the real hell," he says. A dubious claim. As his distraught wife, Lisa Blount wrings in some strong support, and Robert F. Lyons is exceptionally effective, too, as another battle-scarred buddy who comes to group therapy too late. The film's jungle-warfare flashbacks and general conclusions are fairly pat—catharsis cures all—but this modest showcase hardly aspires to be the definitive drama about the aftershocks of a lost war. The winner is Johnson. ★★★½

A man undone by political intrigue and elitism in the Austro-Hungarian military establishment just before World War One may seem a remote subject for modern audiences. *Colonel Redl* (Orion Classics), however, studies its tormented hero as if through a burning glass, trapping him like an insect specimen under the camera's implacable stare. The intensity is achieved by Hungarian director István Szabó, his mood-spinning cinematographer Lajos Koltai and actor Klaus Maria Brandauer, the triumvirate responsible for *Mephisto*,

'TIS THE
SEASON
TO BE
JOLLY
GENEROUS.



Imported
BEEFEATER®
The Most Gifted Gin.



IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND BY GOSWAM CORP., N.Y., N.Y.
54 PROOF, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

For gift delivery anywhere, call 1-800-528-6148 or 1-800-238-4373. Void where prohibited. Major credit cards accepted

Win Your Choice of a World-Class Sports Car

or one of 1,000 KENWOOD Car Stereo Systems

IN THE **CAMEL LIGHTS** **WORLD OF WHEELS** **SWEEPSTAKES**

Six fabulous cars will be given away and one of them can be yours. Just tell us the car you'd like to win and complete the entry form on the attached coupon. You're automatically entered in the drawing for that car when you redeem the coupon at your local store.

No purchase necessary.
See rules.



AMERICA'S PREMIER ROAD RACING SERIES
© 1985 R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

**DRAWING
#1**



PORSCHE 928S

**DRAWING
#2**



MERCEDES SL CONVERTIBLE

**DRAWING
#3**



CORVETTE

**DRAWING
#4**



JAGUAR XJ-S

**DRAWING
#5**



MASERATI BITURBO

**DRAWING
#6**



LOTUS TURBO ESPRIT

All promotional costs paid by manufacturer. Offer restricted to smokers 21 years of age or older. A store coupon was scheduled to be inserted here and if it is missing, we will investigate the matter. To assist our investigation, please send this page, your name, address, the magazine name, and location from which you obtained your magazine to: Consumer Relations Department, Lane Services, Inc., P.O. Box 3000, Winston-Salem, NC 27102.

LIGHTS 85. LIGHTS HARD PACK: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine. FILTERS: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine. FILTERS HARD PACK: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, REGULAR: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

winner of a 1981 Oscar as best foreign film. Based on a real-life scandal of betrayal and suicide in the officer corps, *Colonel Redl* gathers emotional momentum as Brandauer coolly puts together—then tears to shreds—the portrait of the colonel, an ambitious upstart martinet. Redl sacrifices his family, his pride and the respect of his peers in devoted service to Emperor Franz Joseph. Despite a diffident affair with his best friend's married sister (Gudrun Landgrebe), Redl is also a closet homosexual susceptible to temptations that ultimately spell his destruction. The film's climax is an excruciating, unforgettable death scene that Brandauer performs as if it were Greek tragedy, chewing up the scenery in a manner that few actors today would even dare try. ★★★

More interesting than any other aspect of the subtitled French import *Subway* (Island Alive) is the reappearance of *Greystoke's* romantic Tarzan, Christopher Lambert, as a seedy underground character named Fred—the urban jungle his natural habitat. Sporting a mop of peroxide-punk hair, he's an indolent thief, apparent manager of a group of street musicians and would-be paramour of a bored, married Parisian beauty (Isabelle Adjani). Lambert's rebellious young-Brando manner (or perhaps young Belmondo's) comes as a surprise but clarifies the reason millions of French fans see him as a blazing new star. Writer-director Luc Besson, at 26, is another bright talent who has *tout Paris* as well as people in Hollywood clocking his career moves. A major hit abroad, *Subway* is trendy, messy, at times incoherent, at times subversively funny and clearly turned out at top speed by a young man in a hurry. Keep an eye on him, too. ★★★½

To derive maximum enjoyment from *White Nights* (Columbia), shrug off the overblown East-vs.-West melodrama and pretend you've got two on the aisle for a choreographic summit conference between Mikhail Baryshnikov and Gregory Hines. Trust me; there's no other way. Baryshnikov plays a Russian refugee who has become an international ballet star—so far, his own story in a nutshell—but faces criminal charges when the jet flying him from London to Tokyo makes a forced landing at a secret Soviet air base. So whom do the Reds assign to bring their truant ballerino to his senses? Hines, as a black American deserter who walked away from the war in Vietnam. We discover him in a remote Siberian tank town, performing *Porgy and Bess* for the peasantry, just getting his cue to sing (hint, hint) *There's a Boat That's Leavin' Soon for New York*. That should give you a rough idea of the political nuances of *Nights*, every one a hammer blow likely to ring bells around the Pentagon. The good guys in this movie are either CIA agents (John Glover is the



Baryshnikov, Hines hotfooting it.

Nights' feet were made for dancing; Arkin steals *Joshua's* comic thunder.

most helpful) or fine Russian women who'd prefer to be somewhere else. As the latter, Helen Mirren (playing the ballet star's long-lost love) and Isabella Rossellini (Hines's Muscovite wife) are both splendid, with Isabella, daughter of Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini, exceptionally fascinating to watch as a vibrant facsimile of her legendary mom.

Directed by Taylor (*An Officer and a Gentleman*) Hackford in Helsinki and other northern-lights locales from a screenplay by James Goldman and Eric Hughes, *Nights* has some expert action sequences—among them a spectacular plane crash and a breath-taking getaway scene. But even these highlights are outdistanced by Mr. B. and Mr. H. Both are engagingly unaffected actors and arguably the snappiest cinematic dance duo since Rogers and Astaire called it quits. Once their feet start tapping out the scenario's Cold War dialog, merely talking seems redundant. ★★★

Dad manages a lumber company in Dallas. He can scarcely get his own car started, drives like an old lady and has little or nothing in common with his hot-rodding 20-year-old son. Clearly, a compleat square. All of that changes when Mom goes off alone on a European holiday and is inexplicably kidnaped. Next thing you know, father and son are jetting across the Atlantic, and Dad begins to speak fluent French and German while wheeling around Europe's cobblestoned byways like James Bond with Jaws on his tail. Is he a nerd? Is he a plane? No, he's Superspy. Sure, a retired CIA ace who has passed himself off as Mr. Milquetoast for a decade

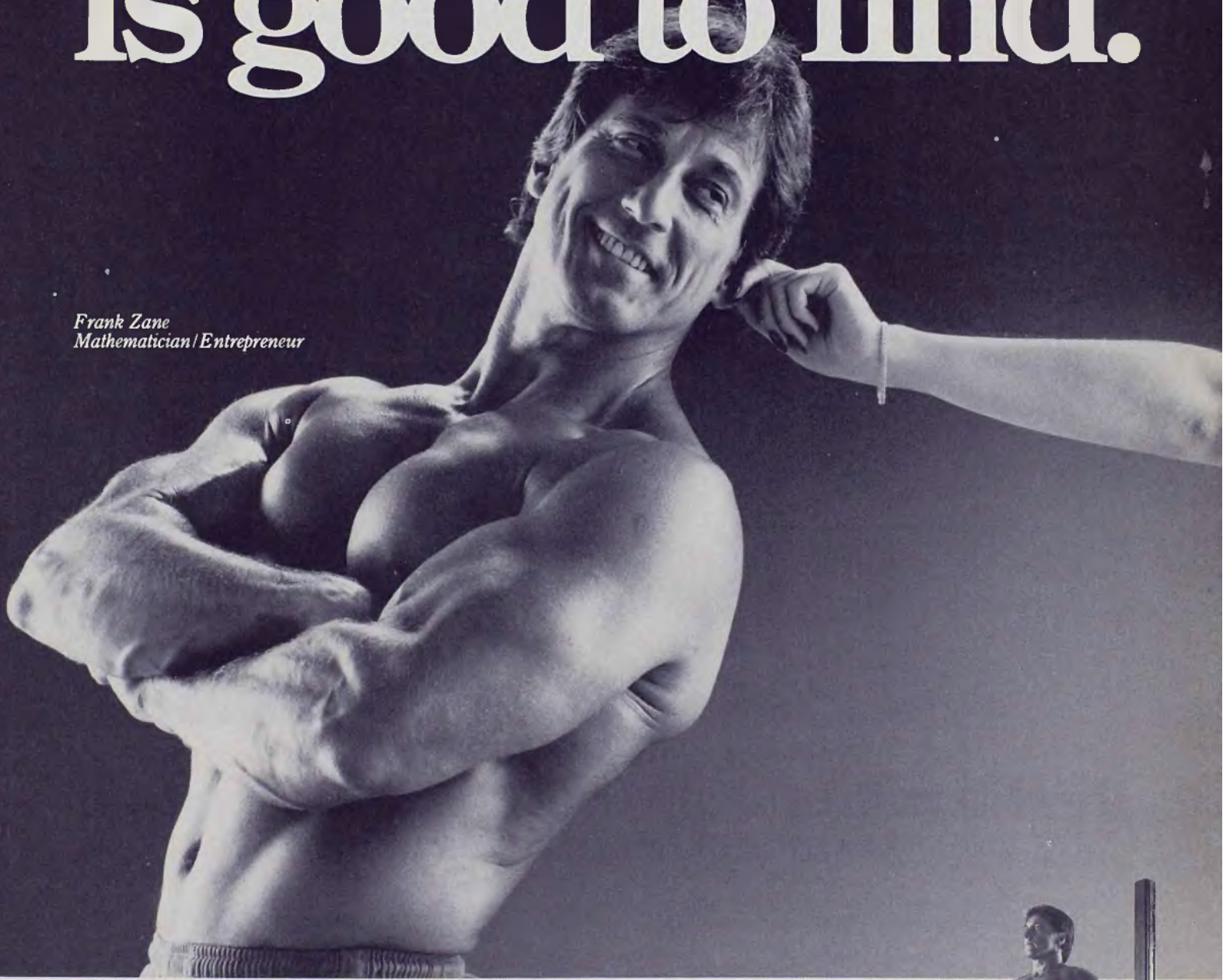
or so, even to his own kid. Luckily, Dad is Gene Hackman, doing his near-perfect damnedest to make sense of *Target* (Warner), which must have sounded good on paper. The bad news is that director Arthur Penn, whose blue-chip credentials (*Bonnie and Clyde*, for instance) also raise one's expectations, seems unable to render the nonsense even semicredible. Matt Dillon earnestly plays the perplexed son, while Gayle Hunnicutt, as Mom, has little to do between her hasty departure and last-reel rescue. *Target's* plot is stretched so thin, it becomes transparent, and any moviegoer who knows the ground rules of spy fiction will probably spot the mole in the melodrama right away. Penn's pace is swift, his cast first-class, but there are precious few surprises. ★★

An unfairly neglected comedy that probably suffers from its rambling, novelistic style, *Joshua Then and Now* (Fox) is a sharp-edged, abrasive social satire by the team of collaborators who made *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*. Again, Canadian author-adaptor Mordecai Richler and director Ted Kotcheff are tracking the rise of a not-so-nice Jewish boy in a society of WASPs. This time, he's a celebrated novelist and TV personality (James Woods) who cannot quite escape his humble origins. I'm not sure that Woods, always an able actor, wears Joshua's uptight shoes as snugly as Richard Dreyfuss wore Duddy's, but he meets the challenge admirably. As the socially prominent wife he acquires on his way up, Canadian actress Gabrielle Lazure is a breath-taking golden girl with the impact of a latter-day Grace Kelly. Throughout, Joshua's humble origins are richly embodied by his mother, a superannuated striptease artiste (Linda Sorensen), and his father, a gangster/religious philosopher (Alan Arkin). Stealing just about every scene he has a crack at, Arkin conducts a nonstop recital of nonkosher Bible stories featuring such zingers as "Then Jesus' bunch split up into rival gangs. . . ." As chief commentator, Arkin alone would make *Joshua* a deliciously slanted field study of life among the gentiles. ★★★

Twiggy, fresh from her Broadway musical hit *My One and Only*, trades Gershwin tunes for the English Gothic horror of *The Doctor and the Devils* (Fox) without missing a beat. She is obviously a blithe spirit recruited to provide Cockney relief for an otherwise ghoulish melodrama about grave robbers in 19th Century London. The bizarre screenplay is Ronald Harwood's adaptation of an original written more than three decades ago by poet Dylan Thomas. It is lurid, kinky, colorful, with Jonathan Pryce and Stephen Rea as the low-life predators who supply fresh dead bodies to a prominent doctor (Timothy Dalton) doing highly unorthodox research. Handsomely mounted by Freddie Francis, a cinematographer turned

A hard man is good to find.

*Frank Zane
Mathematician / Entrepreneur*



To unlock your body's potential, we proudly offer Soloflex. Twenty-four old-fashioned iron pumping exercises, each correct in form and balance. All on a simple machine that fits in a corner of your home.

For a free Soloflex brochure, call anytime **1-800-453-9000**.
In Canada, **1-800-543-1005**.

SOLOFLEX[®]
Weightlifting, Pure and Simple.



VHS Video Brochure™ available upon request. © 1985, Soloflex, Inc. Hillsboro, Oregon 97124 Photography by Sjeff Wildschut



To hear why Stevie Wonder records on Sony Digital equipment, play him back on a Sony Compact Disc Player.

When it comes to capturing the experience of live music, no audio equipment delivers the performance of digital audio.

That's why, for one musician, it's played a critical part in virtually every aspect of the creative process. Stevie Wonder has insisted on this revolutionary digital mastering equipment since 1979. And the name this music industry leader chooses, interestingly enough, is the leader in digital audio. Sony.

Not only has Sony led the way in professional digital recording equipment, we also invented the digital system for playback—the compact disc player. Sony introduced the first home, car and portable CD players. And Sony sells more types of compact disc players than anyone else in the world!

But whichever Sony Compact Disc Player you choose, each allows you to hear everything the artist originally intended.



Shown is the CDP-302, a full-featured, programmable home player that uses Sony's third-generation digital technology.

So why not do what Stevie Wonder does? Play the top-selling compact discs back the same way they were mastered. On Sony Digital equipment.

Once you do, you'll wonder why you listened to anything else.

SONY®
THE LEADER IN DIGITAL AUDIO™

Buy any Sony Compact Disc Player and save up to \$200 on 100 great CD titles.

Sony's just found a way to give you a compact disc library on a silver platter.

Starting September 1, when you buy any Sony® home, car or portable compact disc player, you'll be entitled to receive a Sony Compact Disc-Count Coupon

Book good for up to \$200 in discounts on your choice of 100 select compact disc titles.*

Each coupon is worth \$2.00 off the regular retail shelf price on select CD titles.**

Just look for the discount certificate inside specially marked Sony cartons. With it, you'll be able to build a complete CD library in no time.

But hurry, because this offer is for a limited time only. So see your local Sony dealer or these Sony Compact Disc-Count Centers for details on the best offer in compact discs you've heard in a long time.

DISC-COUNTS AVAILABLE AT ALL LOCATIONS OF THESE PARTICIPATING RETAILERS:

BOSTON COMPACT DISC (Boston Area)	NEW WORLD RECORDS (Buffalo Area)
BUDGET TAPE & RECORDS	ODYSSEY (Las Vegas)
CAMELOT MUSIC	RECORD BAR
DISCOUNT RECORDS	RECORD FACTORY (N. Calif.)
FLIPSIDE (Chicago Area)	RECORD TOWN/ RECORD LAND
GOOD VIBRATIONS (Boston Area)	RECORD WORLD/TSS
HARMONY HOUSE (Detroit Area)	RECORDS HAWAII
J & R MUSIC WORLD (New York City)	RENAISSANCE MUSIC MEDIA (Dayton)
KEMP MILL RECORDS (Baltimore/Washington)	SOUND SHOP
LAURY'S RECORDS (Chicago Area)	SOUND WAREHOUSE
LICORICE PIZZA	SPEC'S MUSIC (Florida)
LISTENING BOOTH/ WALL-TO-WALL SOUND	STREETSIDE RECORDS (Missouri)
LISTEN UP (Denver Area)	TAPE WORLD
MUSICLAND/ SAM GOODY	TURTLE'S RECORDS & TAPES
	VINYL MANIA (New York City)

SONY

THE LEADER IN DIGITAL AUDIO™

*Compact Disc Players must be purchased between September 1 and December 31, 1985.

**All coupons must be redeemed prior to March 31, 1986.

© 1985 Sony Corporation of America.

Sony is a registered trademark of Sony Corporation. The Leader in Digital Audio is a trademark of Sony Corporation of America.

director (credit him with shooting *Dune* and *The Elephant Man*), this macabre curio casts Twiggy as a harlot who narrowly escapes terminal trickery. Executive producer of *The Doctor and the Devils* is Mel Brooks, who may have intended the entire show as a sick joke with literary credentials. Dylan, I suspect, intended everyone to rush into the nearest pub for a bracing after-theater tonic. **YY**

Everything you thought you already knew about the Holocaust through previous films and TV epics is placed in a brilliant, blinding new light by *Shoah* (New Yorker), which is the Hebrew word for annihilation. Already hailed in Paris as a masterpiece, director Claude Lanzmann's marathon documentary is nearly ten hours long and can hardly be endured in one sitting (two long shows will be the pattern as it opens around the country). Yet there are none of the familiar shots of bulldozers shoveling up corpses in Nazi death camps. Great chunks of *Shoah* resemble a leisurely travelogue, with the camera roving by car, train or pony cart into peaceful present-day Polish towns and villages with such names as Chelmno, Treblinka and Auschwitz. In effect, Lanzmann forces us to contemplate the picturesque lanes winding toward grassy burial grounds and ruined crematoriums, guided to these sites of half-forgotten horror by the faces and voices of people he's interviewing: some who survived wartime atrocities, others who participated—willingly or not—and others who simply stood and watched. Lanzmann does not pretend to be objective. He's a partisan who pushes too hard, often deceives his subjects and sets them up for self-incrimination. Even so, he gets results as shocking as they are persuasive, whether from a death-camp barber who breaks down while reminiscing during a customer's haircut in Israel or from cheerful Polish peasants living in the houses once occupied by their long-gone Jewish neighbors.

Shoah is profoundly moving, eloquent, poetic, important and also frightening—brimful of evidence in here-and-now testimony that the lessons of history have not yet been committed to heart. Still, a *Shoah* half as long might have twice the impact. **YYY½**

The basic problem with *Sweet Dreams* (Tri-Star), director Karel Reisz's earnest, perfectly competent biography of country singer Patsy Cline, is that it seems a faint and faraway echo of *Coal Miner's Daughter*. There, Sissy Spacek triumphed, using her own voice to capture the essence of Loretta Lynn. While Jessica Lange skillfully lip syncs the late Patsy Cline's classic songs and acts the role with volatile country-gal gusto, *Dreams* ultimately leaves an audience wondering, *Why?* Now everyone will know the trouble she had, but I'm not sure the movie truly enhances Patsy's heart-and-soul music. **YY**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

After Hours Scorsese's eccentric—and overpraised—tale of Manhattan. **YY**
Agnes of God But did her faith go the way of all flesh? Stay tuned. **YYY**
Always Love after divorce, with instant replay by director Henry Jaglom. **YY**
The Boys Next Door A couple of clean-cut kids on a murderous rampage. **YY½**
Cease Fire (See review) B-movie fare but a bull's-eye for boy Don. **YY½**
Colonel Redl (See review) Very good, and at its best it's Brandauer. **YYY**
Commando Schwarzenegger rescues hostage daughter, matching Rambo's body count but having more fun. **YY**
Compromising Positions Case of the fatally sexy dentist. **YYY**
Crossover Dreams Spanish Harlem showbiz saga set to a salsa beat. **YY**
The Doctor and the Devils (See review) Grave robbers snapping at Twiggy. **YY**
Eleni A Grecian search for a long-lost mother. **YYY½**
Flesh & Blood A thousand and one knights led by lusty Rutger Hauer. **YYY**
James Joyce's Women Molly Bloom and company, bawdy and by the book. **YY**
Joshua Then and Now (See review) To be young, gifted and Jewish. **YYY**
The Journey of Natty Gann Girl seeking Dad during the great Depression. **YY½**
Kiss of the Spider Woman Behind prison bars, William Hurt and Raul Julia share dreams of Sonia Braga. **YYY½**
Marie The Spacek touch ends official corruption, sort of, in Tennessee. **YY½**
Mishima Stylish cinematic ode to Japan's late, great author. **YY½**
The Official Story (See review) Smashing drama down Argentine way. **YYYY**
Plenty Stagy—though Streep, Gielgud and Sting may make you forget. **YYYY**
Ran (See review) Nipponese *Lear*. **YYYY**
Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins . . . Light-and-lively comic strip—Fred Ward as Remo, Joel Grey stealing it as a martial-arts master. **YY½**
Shoah (See review) Again, the Holocaust, in ten riveting hours. **YYY½**
Subway (See review) Tarzan français. **YY½**
Sweet Dreams (See review) Patsy Cline's sad-but-true bio. **YY**
Target (See review) Hackman and Dillon in hit-or-miss melodrama. **YY**
To Live and Die in L.A. (See review) Californicopia, nasty but nice. **YY½**
Twice in a Lifetime Hackman, again, in rare form as a Seattle family man who gives up all for love at 50. **YYYY**
White Nights (See review) The Cold War from tap to toe. **YYY**

YYYY Don't miss

YY Worth a look

YYY Good show

Y Forget it

We'd like to suggest an intimate cabin. With lavish appointments, unparalleled comfort and a generosity of space.

You'll find such sanctuary not miles from nowhere, but conveniently located in the new Audi 5000S.

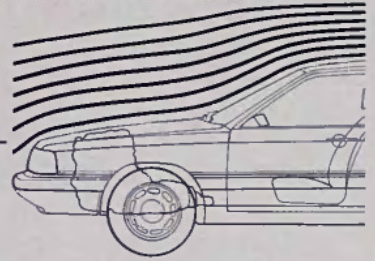
The 5000S is an inspired synthesis of technology and tranquility. A remarkably low aerodynamic drag coefficient of 0.32 subdues wind noise to a whisper.

A fact that escaped neither the attention nor acclaim of automotive critics, one of whom

said the 5000S was "incredibly quiet and smooth even with the driver's window down at highway speeds."

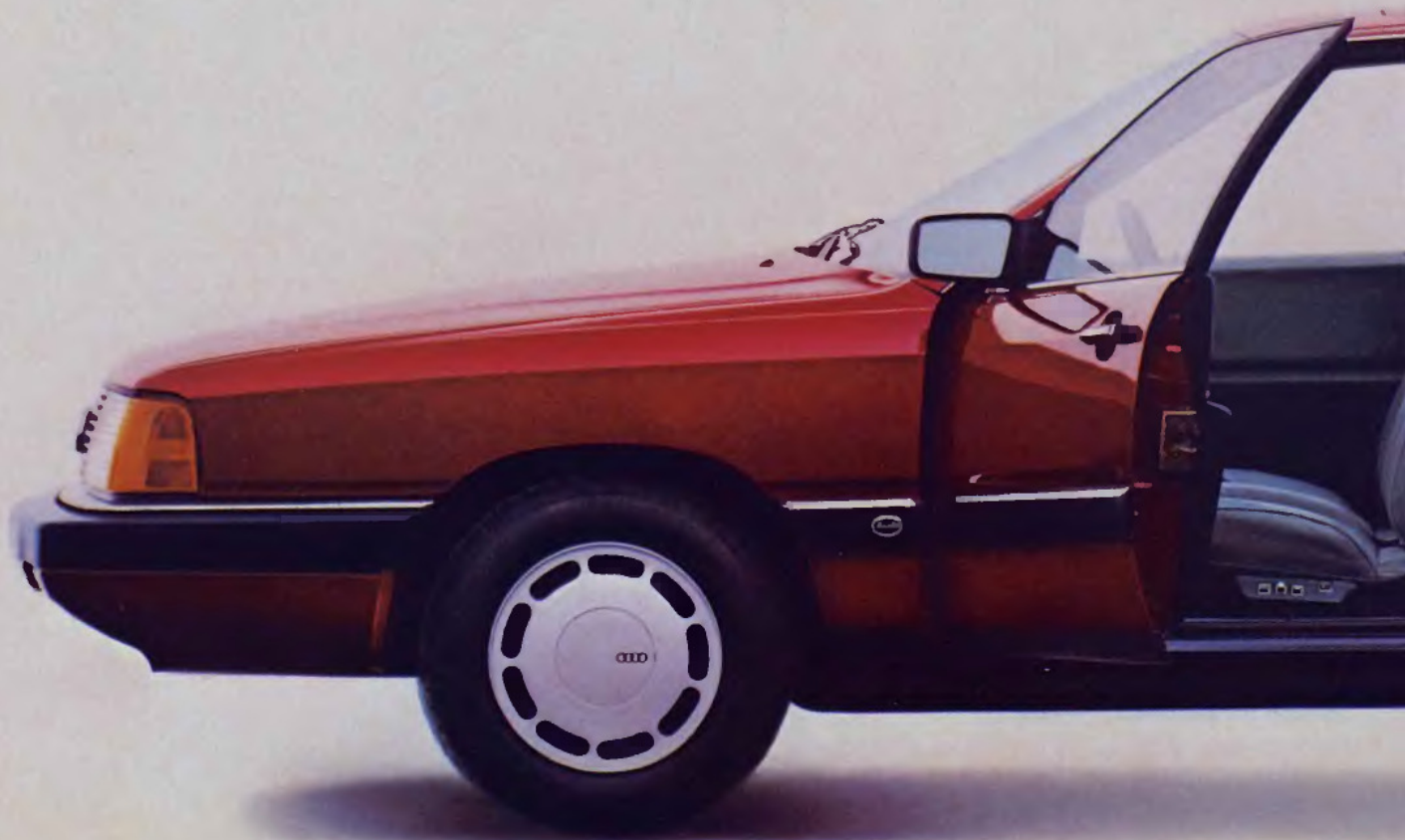
And because the 5000S is crafted with typical Audi attention to detail, things fit precisely. Unnerving squeaks and rattles have been meticulously exorcised.

The 5000S will also appeal to the person who appreciates the distinction



Mfr's sugg. retail price for the Audi 5000S begins at \$18,065. Title, taxes, transp., reg., dealer delivery charges add'l. The Audi 5000S is protected by a 3-year 50,000 mile new vehicle limited warranty and a 6-year limited warranty against corrosion perforation. See your dealer for details. Sunroof, leather interior and power seats optional. © 1985 Audi

Everybody should have a place



between being carried and being cradled. The seats are anatomically sculpted to provide optimal support. And adjust so many ways, they conform to your needs. Not vice versa.

Mind you, while the new 5000S is serene, it is hardly sedate.

The spirited 5-cylinder power plant lets you glide from 0 to 50 in 7.5 effortless seconds.

And it handles with the crisp precision and directional control made possible by the culmination of over 50 years of impeccably honed Audi front-wheel drive technology.

The 5000S gives you one quality every bit as essential as peace and quiet. Peace of mind.

With a computerized 13-function auto-check system, so comprehensive it even monitors your brake pads. The 5000S is also the only production luxury sedan in the world with a fully galvanized steel body. For the ultimate in corrosion protection and enduring beauty.

For details, call 1-800-FOR-AUDI in the continental U.S. for your nearest dealer.

And discover not only an exquisite way to go places. But an exquisite place to go.



The art of engineering.

to go for a little peace and quiet.



BOOKS

BEFORE YOU make your holiday list, check it twice with help from our annual selection of gift books. Traditionally, Harry N. Abrams publishes coffee-table books in the "don't miss" category, and this year is no exception. In *The American West*, by Richard Avedon, is a collection of his photographs, along with his essay on portrait photography; *Festival of India in the United States 1985-86*, with a foreword by Pupul Jayakar, brings together text and illustrations about exhibitions from the 40 American museums that organized the current festival tour.

For the special people in your life who do most of their traveling from a comfortable chair, there are a number of wonderful choices this year, including three from Sierra Club Books. *Isak Dinesen's Africa*, subtitled "Images of the Wild Continent from the Writer's Life and Words," takes advantage of today's renewed interest in her work. *The Arctic World*, by principal writer and photographer Fred Bruemmer, captures the spirit of our northerly frontier, and *River gods: Exploring the World's Great Wild Rivers*, by Richard Bangs and Christian Kallen, celebrates 13 rivers on six continents in words and photographs. We also highly recommend *Mountains of the Gods: The Himalaya and the Mountains of Central Asia* (Facts on File), by Ian Cameron in association with The Royal Geographical Society, which covers the history of that area from its geological birth to the conquest of Everest. Or, if climbing's too strenuous, how about ballooning with publisher Malcolm Forbes in *Around the World on Hot Air and Two Wheels* (Simon & Schuster)?

A couple of cookbooks that have caught our eye are the very practical *Easy Gourmet Cuisine (That Women Just Can't Resist) Cookbook* (Loiry), by Ricky Frazier and Jack Olesker, and the sublime *Glorious American Food* (Random House), by Christopher Idone, with color photographs that look good enough to eat.

Want to soften up a Scrooge in your life? Try a little irony. Choose Ralph Steadman's *I, Leonardo* (Summit), which does Da Vinci's life from the Steadman viewpoint, or Ronald Searle's *In Perspective* (Atlantic), the best of the humorist's work from 1938 to 1985.

Robert Capa's first published photograph was of Leon Trotsky; his last photos were taken in Indochina in 1954. Knopf's Capa book, *Photographs*, spans that remarkable career.

Finally, we'd like to highlight two art books of special note: Paul Davis' *Faces* (Friendly), a collection of his famous poster and magazine art, and *Tales from the Thousand and One Nights* (Stewart Tabori & Chang), Scheherazade's death-defying



Erotic dreams for *Thousand and One Nights*.

Best bets for your gift list; will the real 007 please stand up?

stories, with erotic illustrations by Antonio Lopez. The holidays are always a feast of the senses; enjoy!

They were known by their nicknames—Barmy, Biffy, Blunder, Bubbles and Pink Tights—and they were the real-life predecessors of M and his counterparts in the lurid world of James Bond. Christopher Andrew brings them back to life in *Her Majesty's Secret Service* (Viking), a crowded and entertaining history of the British intelligence community and its magnificent cast of crazies. Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the boy-scout movement, posed as an insect collector while spying on the Turks and incorporated the plans of forts and gun placements in his patterns of butterfly wings he drew in his notebooks. A young marine officer who was sent to spy on the French couldn't distinguish between the pronunciations of *mer* and *mère* and whenever he sought directions to the sea was asked by puzzled Frenchmen why he wanted his mother. The same man later reported that a huge gun had been built with impressive speed by the French, only to discover that it was made of papier-mâché. No wonder the German chancellor Bismarck, when asked if he had contemplated an attack by the British army, replied, "Yes, I have, and if they do, I shall certainly ring the bell and send for the police." For their part, the Germans sent equally witless agents to

England, among them a man who recorded everything in his notebook, including the positions of his bedroom furniture and the distance from one piece to another, and a hairdresser—hired to steal secret British documents—who couldn't read or write in any language. Some idea of the brilliance with which U.S. Intelligence operations began may be deduced from President Wilson's secret code words: Mars for the Secretary of War and Neptune for the Navy Secretary. Despite its subcurrent of *Monty Python Meets the Kaiser*, this is a thorough and scholarly work, though it contains very little new information about the postwar years. Too bad the present climate of official paranoia makes it unlikely that anyone now living will ever read an up-to-date account of the world's second-oldest profession.

James Baldwin is a good novelist and playwright, but in our opinion he is, above all, a great essayist, probably one of America's best in this century. In *The Evidence of Things Not Seen* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), his subject is the prosecution of Wayne Williams, accused of the serial murders of black children in Atlanta between 1979 and 1981, and Baldwin adroitly delineates the moral complexities in what remains, to many black Atlantans, a very emotional issue.

Some readers may remember that Baldwin's December 1981 article with the same title on the Atlanta murders won *PLAYBOY*'s Best Nonfiction Award, but that article, written before Williams' conviction, was merely a prelude to what has now, in an extraordinarily powerful 125 pages, become a symphony. If you're interested in Baldwin's behind-the-scenes perceptions of the Atlanta child murders, want to check out his current evaluation of American black-white relations or just want to read a brilliant essay by a master of that dying craft, this is well worth adding to your library.

BOOK BAG

Last Wish (Linden Press), by Betty Rollin: When the author's eccentric mother learns that her cancer is too far gone for treatment, she decides to end her life. In this true story, Rollin, a journalist, tells how she and her husband helped the ailing woman carry out her decision. It's painful reading, but Rollin brings her mother and the mercy suicide into such sharp focus that the reader is hooked.

Open Net (Norton), by George Plimpton: An awe-struck man on the street's first-person account of a game as an N.H.L. goalie. Fortunately for readers, Plimpton is one of the most erudite, perceptive and funny men on any street.



Buy an Alfa Romeo GTV and get Italy FREE

Buy a new Alfa Romeo GTV-6 between October 1, and December 31, 1985, and we'll give you a free round-trip flight on Alitalia from Los Angeles to Milan, good before March 31, 1986.*

You'll travel on Alitalia, which is to flying what Alfa Romeo is to driving . . . luxury, comfort and performance.

Great reasons to consider an Alfa Romeo GTV-6 now. And after one test drive, you'll be overwhelmed with reasons to own this Italian beauty.

Sensible reasons, like the way it embraces corners on serpentine country roads; the way it launches you up the on ramp and promptly assumes its position in fast highway traffic. Then, there's the way your eyes proudly rest on its sleek Giugiaro styling. And the way your mind rests at ease with Alfa Romeo's 3 year/36,000-mile Pledge of Protection Warranty.**

Take an Alfa Romeo GTV-6 to your home. And we'll take you to Alfa Romeo's home . . . Milan, Italy.

Alitalia



Alfa Romeo
Engineered with a passion.



*Air travel based on economy class via Alitalia subject to restrictions in flight availability. Tickets are non-transferable. Offer limited to participating Alfa Romeo dealers and 1985 and 1986 new and unregistered demo. vehicles only. For details of additional restrictions, please contact participating dealers.
**Limited warranty applies only to North America spec. automobiles purchased from authorized North America Alfa Romeo dealers.

As Joilette crossed the bedroom, she heard herself let out a long sigh. She was astonished. That was the first time she'd thought about a man like that. At least the first time in years.

She put the new book she'd bought that morning on the bed. Looking at the cover reminded her of the events that morning at the bookstore. As she perused the shelves she had run into Rudolf. Somewhere between the classics.

"Excuse me," he had said. "Do you know that this is Hi-Neighbor Month!?"

"Really!" Joilette said. "I thought it was just Read a New Book Month." But all along Rudolf had been reading between the lines.

"Listen," he said, "I'm having a few friends over tomorrow, you know . . . to celebrate the anniversary of the Monroe Doctrine. Uh, . . . would you like to . . ."

"I'd love to," Joilette squealed, regretting her impetuosity. But it must be the spirit of the season coming over her, she thought.

Joseph Conrad's birthday usually did that to her anyway. Yes, this was sure to be a festive December. She picked up the phone and called her best friend and

pulse racing at the mere thought of Rudolf. "I met a man," she blurted, "*the* man!"

"Oh, Joilette, I'm so happy for you!" Estelle said. "When do we get to meet him?"

"Why don't we all go out and celebrate Tanzania Independence Day?" Joilette said.

"Gosh," Estelle replied, "Fronk and I will be tied up that day, you know what with Clarence Birdseye's birthday and all."

"I completely forgot," Joilette replied. "But how about the New Moon? We could really howl." Estelle's other line suddenly clicked with an impatience that could only be Ernst.

"Can you hold on, Joilette," Estelle said, "I just know it's my hunk . . . and you know how impatient he can get!"

"I know," laughed Joilette, "I've seen the pictures!" Hanging up, Joilette reached for her calendar.

"Hmmm, Wright Brothers Day is coming up. I wonder if Rudolf and I could get away to the party at Kitty Hawk?" With that she rose to find some more batteries for her calculator. You can never be too prepared when the Annual Audubon Bird Count came around.

Meanwhile, in another part of the city, the dashing figure

smoothly through the aisles, stopping briefly at the lingerie department. Then, on to the perfume counter.

"Hello, Rudolf," said the strikingly beautiful girl behind the counter, "are you after another one?"

"Don't be so catty, dear," Rudolf said. "After all, you were one of my . . . ones!"

The girl stiffened. The comment obviously had gotten to her.

"It was the Beethoven's Birthday party you took me to," she said, "It must have struck a chord."

"Let's face it, FiFi, you always rolled over for Beethoven."

"OK, what do you want from me now?"

"I want a scent that's suitable for Underdog Day," Rudolf said.

"I've got just the thing," FiFi replied.

She reached under the counter for the toilet water labeled Rover. Rudolf stared at her taut body so suddenly revealed amid the severe lines of her tweed business suit and starched shirt.

"What are you doing for the Metric Conversion Act Anniversary?" he said.

"A friend and I were going to celebrate full measure. Why? Could you offer something better!?"

"Weight and see!" Rudolf

EVERY REASON

confidante.

"Estelle," she said, "wait 'til I tell you what happened today." Joilette could feel her

of a man raced from a limousine into the bowels of the crowded department store. The thin, rakish figure glided

replied as he pushed off from the counter and began to fall into place among the passing crowd.

SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

To my knowledge, there has never been a poll in sports to determine the best sports poll of the year. Also, there has never been a year-end roundup that didn't ignore the best professional athlete on drugs or include a silly result, like who won something contested on ice.

In an effort to correct this situation and simultaneously to try to decide what kind of year it was in sports, I am herewith instituting the first annual Jenkins Poll. Some will say it is less a poll than a roundup. Others will say it is less a roundup than a flimsy excuse for an end-of-the-year column. Both will be right. Score five points for the first conclusion, ten points for the second.

Incidentally, many people already know what kind of year it was in sports. It was a great year in sports if (A) you had a satellite dish or (B) you weren't among the 4789 major-league baseball players named as dopeheads in the *Dale Berra Songbook*.

But let's get on with the poll. The questions don't require answers. If you supply more than three, unwittingly or not, grade yourself as a casual follower of the athletic scene and report immediately to the sports desk of *The New York Times*.

1. Name an American who won a golf tournament.
2. Name a Czech who didn't win a tennis tournament.
3. Name a Toronto Blue Jay.
4. How many races did Mary Decker Slaney win without make-up and eye shadow?
5. On how many Thursdays did *Monday Night Football* appear?
6. Which stupid organization called the N.C.A.A. expects poor kids to go to college and be football heroes with no spending money or cars while they are surrounded by future Yuppies whose mommas and daddies have sent them off to school with Porsches and charge cards?
7. Which baseball player got more hits than Ty Cobb on artificial turf?
8. Which sin are sports fans least likely to forgive?
 - A. Drugs
 - B. Strikes
 - C. Losing
9. Which N.F.L. city had the most teams playing in New Jersey, which is neither a city nor in the N.F.L.?
10. Did the N.B.A. season end before it started again?

This completes part one. In part two, answer yes or no if you feel like it, but if a



NO ANSWERS QUESTIONED

husband answers, hang up.

11. Who was Dale Berra's co-star in *Pittsburgh Vice*?
12. Which baseball player got more hits than Ty Cobb by going to bat 4,000,000 more times on and off artificial turf?
13. If the U.S.F.L. came back as the National Bowling League, why weren't we told?
14. If Carl Lewis has been kidnaped, what is the FBI doing about it?
15. What grade did Auburn's Bo Jackson receive on his term paper dealing with pathos and humor in the Russian novel?
16. Which event on CBS did Brent Musburger not introduce or interrupt?
17. How many touchdown passes would Sam Baugh have thrown if holding had been as legal then as it is now?
18. How long has it been known to college football coaches and athletic directors that recruiting rules are so idiotically hypocritical, it's impossible to compete without breaking them? Since the days of:
 - A. Knute Rockne
 - B. Amos Alonzo Stagg
 - C. Walter Camp
19. Who has sold more lingerie, Jim Palmer or Helen Gurley Brown?
20. Which baseball player got more hits than Ty Cobb but stole 700 fewer bases?

In part three, not all of the questions have two parts, but some have one.
21. Name an offensive lineman in col-

lege or pro football.

22. Which Tulane educator canceled his school's basketball program and lived to tell it?

23. Did Patrick Ewing take a cut in pay to sign with the New York Knicks?

24. How many track-and-field athletes quoted Dostoevsky in *Sports Illustrated* in 1985?

25. Follow-up question: How many track-and-field athletes are actually qualified to manage a convenience store?

26. Which baseball player got more hits than Ty Cobb but has a lifetime batting average that's 60 points lower?

27. If boxing had known it was going to wind up at Caesars Palace, would it have stayed on barges in the rivers?

28. Did Willie Mays drink "new" Red Juice or "classic" Red Juice?

29. Is Doug Flutie too short to be a broadcaster?

The final section of the poll deals with current events, except when it doesn't.

30. In the past year, did European soccer kill more waiters than Latin American soccer killed cabdrivers?

31. If baseball players are opposed to urine tests because they discriminate against "recreational drugs," why aren't the players opposed to recreation because it discriminates against people who have to take a leak?

32. Who was on deck when Pete Rose decided to charge seven dollars for an autograph?

33. At how many dinner parties were Larry Holmes and Peter Marciano seated together?

34. Name a school those stand-up guys at SMU didn't rat on when they finally got caught buying players.

35. Would you rather spend a weekend with Steve Howe, go into a bar with Billy Martin or take a spin around the block with Edwin Moses?

36. Who would you most like to see make line calls on John McEnroe?

A. Hagler

B. Hearns

C. Michael Corleone

37. In the N.F.L. these days, would you rather own a quarterback or a zebra?

38. Was it an oversight or did Dale Berra intentionally withhold the names of those old drug abusers Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig and Lefty Grove?

As for the answers to the essay questions, please keep them short and written on \$100 bills.



Citadel Pass. A rugged place for the Christmas spirit to start.



ALBERTA, CANADA

When my dad first brought me up here for Christmas, I didn't know what to make of it. No crowds. No shopping.

Just the snow, and the dogs, and a sense of peace so profound I could feel it months afterward.

When I was older, my dad introduced me to Windsor Canadian. They make it nearby.

I don't think they could make it anywhere else. They'd never match the glacier water, Alberta rye, or the mountain air—the things that make Windsor Canada's smoothest whisky.

It's the smoothness that always brings back memories of this place. When he's older, I want my son to have memories like that.

Give Windsor this holiday. Call toll free to arrange delivery of gift box anywhere in the U.S.: 1-800-621-5150 (Illinois residents call 312-334-0077). Void where prohibited by law.

WINDSOR
CANADA'S SMOOTHEST WHISKY.



By ASA BABER

The guerrillas had been active all night, bombing power stations around San Salvador and cutting off electricity to the city. The sound of demolitions and automatic-weapons fire kept me awake in my hotel room.

I was a member of a delegation of 11 Vietnam veterans brought together by Dr. Charles Clements, a Vietnam veteran himself. Author of a book called *Witness to War*, an account of his service as a physician behind the lines in El Salvador, Dr. Clements had asked us to accompany him on a ten-day tour of El Salvador, Nicaragua and Honduras.

El Salvador was the first country we visited. Because we were veterans and politically undefined, we had access to many people—American-embassy personnel, Salvadoran military commanders, labor-union leaders, refugees, journalists, neutral observers. A trip into the hills to a town called Tenancingo would give us another piece of the mosaic.

I packed my knapsack with care: a laminated picture of my wife and sons, a flask of water, some Halazone tablets, two bags of cashews, my camera and writing pad and pens, a Dire Straits tape, my Walkman, a metal mirror, a compass and a map. It would be my first time in a war zone without a weapon. I didn't mind. It made things simpler and more peaceful.

The road to Tenancingo branched off the main highway some 15 miles east of San Salvador at a town called Santa Cruz Michapa. The road became rough as it wound north into the hills. Just outside Santa Cruz, we encountered a Salvadoran-army roadblock. The Salvadoran soldiers were young, angry, a little careless with their weapons. As they searched us, I knew the other veterans in the delegation were on automatic, just as I was. We were checking the gullies, looking for places to hide, watching out for one another, reading the silent signals of the soldiers, examining everything and saying nothing. When we were finally waved through, I think we all took the same deep breath. We had 12 miles to go.

We stopped the vans about 500 meters outside town. Charlie Liteky read from a newspaper report by Peter Arnett and explained why a village that had held 2000 people was now deserted: "Tenancingo was the third Salvadoran town bombed . . . by the newly acquired A-37 aircraft provided the Salvadoran government by



THE ROAD TO TENANCINGO

the United States. . . .

"Tenancingo had the misfortune to be occupied by left-wing guerrillas who overpowered the local army garrison. The government response was to send in its new bombers as the first reaction. . . .

"All the preparation I'd had in . . . other wars was no shield against the shock of coming upon Salvadoran victims sprawled in the streets where bombs had littered them. . . .

"The children seemed to have been killed by the blasts alone. Four that I saw were frozen in the act of fleeing, arms and legs clutching at the air, mouths wide open in fear. Their mothers were mutilated by the bombs. . . . We counted 17 dead in the streets. . . ."

Liteky is a former Army chaplain who was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for heroism under fire in Vietnam. He read Arnett's dispatch in a slow, deliberate voice. Then we walked carefully into Tenancingo.

The church there stood on a deserted square. It was pock-marked by shrapnel and spattered with dog shit and graffiti. As if by signal, people began to filter into the square from all directions. A fully armed guerrilla arrived, followed by several men and boys, some with weapons. People materialized out of the tree line, out of the crumbling adobe houses: an old woman carrying wood, guerrillas with propaganda

posters, older men with machetes, a young boy with a bandanna across his face.

Our embassy had told us that the rural population was afraid of the guerrillas. If that is true, it is true somewhere besides Tenancingo. The *campesinos* we saw listened easily and respectfully to the guerrillas who spoke to them.

I listened for a time to a young man who called himself Esteban. Pale, thin, 22 years of age, wearing a large straw hat and a .38 pistol on his hip, articulate, humorous, Esteban talked earnestly to the crowd: "We are Salvadorans. We are not *Sandinistas* or Cubans or Soviets. We've always believed that the solution to our problems must be political." It was guerrilla rhetoric, just as predictable as embassy rhetoric. I listened, but I was bored. Rhetoric never changes.

Aaron Two Elks, Oglala Sioux and Vietnam veteran, asked us to sit in a circle and smoke a peace pipe. Aaron taught us how to do it, explained the significance of each gesture. During the ceremony, I could hear an observation aircraft, the kind I used to fly in, circling somewhere above us. I wondered what kind of radio traffic surrounded our visit and whether the soldiers at the roadblock would blow us away when we came back down the road, then pull back from their position and claim we'd been caught in guerrilla crossfire.

We left Tenancingo in midafternoon. I lay on the back seat of the van and listened to *Telegraph Road* and watched the sun through the trees. We had hoped to smoke a peace pipe with the soldiers at the roadblock, but they were too tense for that. They searched us thoroughly, talked among themselves, finally waved us through to the highway.

"Politically, we might be at a stalemate with the guerrillas," an American-embassy official said to me after a briefing, "but militarily we're way ahead."

I thought about that statement. It reminded me of many I'd heard before. If a political stalemate existed, wasn't it the only one that counted? If the battered population of Tenancingo supported the guerrillas, wasn't that significant? If a town some 15 air miles from the heart of San Salvador was in disputed territory, wasn't there a lesson in that? How many peace pipes would it take to lead to negotiations and peace?

Maybe the ghosts of Tenancingo know the answers to those questions. I'm not sure anybody else does.





COME UP TO

NEW KOOL BOX

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

The realization hit me heavily, like a .44 Magnum smashing into my skull. My heart started beating with a quick dread and my blood froze in my veins. My stomach did back flips; I had to race to the bathroom to avoid a major incident. The ordeal I was about to face was one of the most frightening, grisly, macabre and chilling experiences known to woman:

Dating. I have to start dating again.

Please, God, no, don't make me do it! I'll be good from now on, I promise! I'll stop feeding the dog hashish! I'll never again have ten pizzas with extra cheese delivered to my ex-boyfriend! I'll be kind, thoughtful, sober, industrious, anything! But please, not the torture of dating!

That's why I stayed with him so long, probably. I couldn't stand going through it all again. Sure, he may be a trifle mean-spirited and callow, I kept telling myself, but at least I know I'll get laid tonight, and tomorrow night. And at least someone will go to the movies with me and not try to hold my hand.

Hand holding—the worst thing about dating. The fellow, or maybe even I, will decide that holding hands is a sweet, simple way to start. Hah! It's the most nerve-racking experience of life! Once I start holding hands, I'm afraid to stop. If I pull my hand away, will he think I'm being cold or moody? Should I squeeze his hand and kind of wiggle my fingers around suggestively, or is that too forward? What if we're holding hands in the movies and I have to scratch my nose? If I let his hand go and scratch the offending nose and then don't grab his hand again immediately, will he think I'm rejecting him? Will he be relieved? What if my hand is clammy? A clammy hand is more offensive than bad breath or right-wing politics! A clammy hand means you are a lousy lay! Everybody knows that!

And what, dear, spiteful God, will I wear? I'll need new dresses, new jewelry, new sweaters, trousers, underwear. And shoes! Shoes tell everything; shoes have to be perfect! Men like high heels, right? I can't walk in high heels. Well, I can try. For a really important date, I can just see myself spending \$250 for a pair of drop-dead suede heels, maybe with some fanciful stitching and a sweet pair of bows to tie around my ankles. This time, it will be different, I'll tell myself; this time, I will be able to walk. But after an hour, the ball of my foot will cramp up—I know it—and



FEAR OF DATING

I'll hobble. "Is anything wrong?" he'll say to me solicitously. "You're limping." And I won't know where to look. I won't be able to say, "These fucking shoes are crippling me, and if I don't take them off this minute, I'll be maimed for life," because then he'll know I just bought them, that I bought them to go out on a date with him. And that will make him feel weird and pressured, knowing that this date was a big deal for me, and he'll realize that maybe I'm not as popular and sophisticated as he thought I was if I had to buy a special pair of shoes that I can't even goddamn walk in, for chrissakes, just for a date with *him*. So I have to explain the limping in such a way that it won't have to do with the shoes. An old war wound?

What if my hair refuses to behave? What if it's all recalcitrant and cranky and goes all limp and flat on one side and then sort of bends at a right angle over one ear? I mean, sometimes I apply precisely the right amount of mousse and hang upside down when I blow dry it and yet something still goes drastically wrong and I end up looking like Margaret Thatcher. Sometimes the suspense of what I will look like is so terrible that I have to take a Valium.

I have been known to apply four shades of lipstick, one on top of the other, in a pathetic attempt to achieve a certain I'm-not-actually-wearing-lipstick-I-just-naturally-have-pink-moist-luscious-lips


effect. I have been known to put green eye pencil below my lower lashes, look in the mirror, realize that I look like a gangrenous raccoon, quickly remove it, look in the mirror, realize that I'd rather look like a gangrenous raccoon than an anemic buffalo and reapply the stuff. I have been known to start trying on outfits in an entirely tidy room and somehow, when I am finished, have every single item of clothing I own off the rack and on the floor, and then when the phone rings, there is no way on earth I can find it. I can't even find my *bed*. God, I hate dating.

And when he rings my doorbell and my stockings are still around my ankles because my garter belt is missing but with mad, deep, quick thought, I finally remember it's in my black-satin purse (don't ask) and I get it on and get the stockings up and answer the door, smiling casually, what precisely do I say?

What will I talk about on a date?

Not one thing that's on my mind will be a suitable topic of conversation. "Do you think we'll sleep with each other tonight?" "Are you one of those guys who can't make a commitment or can make a commitment only to a woman with really smooth, finely muscled thighs?" "Is my deodorant working?" "What kind of relationship did you have with your mother?" "How do you think we're getting along so far?" "Do you like me?" "How much do you like me?" "Are you sure you really like me?" "Have you happened to contract any exotic social diseases?" "Ever been plagued by impotence?" "You're not going out with me because you feel sorry for me, are you?"

No, we'll talk about movies. What we've seen recently. What if he tells me he finally got around to seeing *Cocoon* and it turned out to be one of the greatest experiences of his life? Will I pretend to agree? I bet I will. I bet something slimy inside will cause me to nod encouragingly and say, "Yes, wasn't it lovely? I especially liked the sex scene in the pool." Then I'll hate myself, because I've turned our date into a tissue of lies. I'll become distracted thinking about what a hypocrite I really am and my eyes will glaze over and I'll nod absently when he tries to draw me out and then he'll get all paranoid, thinking I hate him because he liked *Cocoon*. He'll be right.

But what if it turns out that his favorite movie is *His Girl Friday*, with *The Thin Man* a close second? Then I could fall in love. Then I'll really be terrified. 

Why buy a video camera that just records? Panasonic presents OmniMovie™. It plays back your magic moments. And Hollywood's too.



Now bring the joy and magic of your best scenes, or Hollywood's, to the home screen. With OmniMovie. The spectacular new video camera. VHS™ recorder. And playback unit all in one.

Shoot your own movies.

OmniMovie makes it simple. Just touch a button and it zooms in for a closeup. With auto-focus and auto-

exposure, it's automatically great. Shoot indoors or out with the light of just a few birthday candles.

OmniMovie even has direct playback through the viewfinder. So you can see what you've shot. Right on location. After all, even the best directors need a second take sometimes.

And OmniMovie, unlike some camcorders, uses standard VHS tape. Now you can shoot for up to two hours* on a single charge of its battery.



Watch Hollywood movies.

And OmniMovie uses the popular VHS format. So it's easy to find thousands of



prerecorded VHS tapes to rent or buy. Everything from Hollywood movies to rock concerts and videos.

Exchange your tapes. Share your big splash, or Hollywood's, with relatives and friends.

Now you don't have to miss another magic moment. **Panasonic OmniMovie.**

SPLASH is a Touchstone Home Video release.
© MCMLXXXIV Buena Vista Distribution Co., Inc.
TV Pictures Simulated. *Depending upon use.



THE PANASONIC LAS VEGAS PRO-AM.
APRIL 30-MAY 4, 1986. CALL 1-800-722-GOLF.
SEE IT ON NBC.

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.™

AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

One of the special punishments of working for a monthly magazine is that you have to suffer the holiday season not once but twice a year, and since the deadlines fall 90 days ahead of the cover dates, you have to start thinking about Christmas and New Year's at the end of September, when you ought to be enjoying the witless stupor that takes three months to earn in the hot, short rays of the summer sun.

I suppose it would be all right if you liked the ritual greed-and-guilt frenzy that ends one year and begins another, but I don't and never have. In fact, I hate it deeply and think of it as one of the sure signs that most of the Western world is sick from the root up the trunk, out the branch to the fruit. Other than that, I'm neutral on the subject.

Christmas is the worst of it, of course. I remember the priests and nuns used to say, "Don't ever spell it Xmas, because that takes Christ out of Christmas." And I used to think, Well, then, let's do him the favor, because I have no doubt that if the baby Jesus had seen what his birthday was going to come to, he would have stood bolt upright in the manger, rolled his little eyes toward heaven and asked to skip right to Good Friday.

The shame of it is that the whole thing used to be a good pagan celebration, connected to the earth and the weather, before the Christians got hold of it. It fell on the winter solstice, the longest night of the year, and I like to imagine our rough-and-hairy ancestors sitting around big fires, drinking whatever they'd fermented out of the harvest, laughing and drooling and assuring one another that the sun was making its big turn, that there *would* be another spring if they could just hold out for a few more months.

As it is now, the spirit of the thing jumps straight out of the ugliest part of our souls; then we pass it on to our children in a nasty little story about a laughing old fat man that is designed to whip them on to levels of desire that are purely cruel. And if you don't believe that, find a few little kids and look into their eyes this Xmas morning and watch whatever is innocent about them go up in shreds with the wrapping paper when the last of their gifts is out of its box. If you're with children who spend a lot of time in front of television, you're likely to see a sort of Academy Award despair played out for the lack of a Cabbage Patch doll or over a 49er jersey with



SPIRIT OF THE SEASON

the wrong number on it. All of which would be fine if we could just accept the whole thing for what it is and enjoy it as the one day each year when we are encouraged to take and take until we are ill with the exercise—then get on with our lives. But even that kind of honesty escapes us in December, and I blame that, at least partly, on Charles Dickens.

No matter where you hide, at least once every holiday season, someone somewhere will read from or perform the sentimental piece of crap called *A Christmas Carol*, in which the great storyteller haunts and grinds a pathetic old businessman to madness while he limps an overly sweet little boy toward sainthood, all by way of reminding us that it is better to give than to receive.


The logic of that tritism is clear and perverse, though no one ever talks much about it: If you ultimately get more by *giving* than you get by *getting*, and if the idea of Xmas is to get as much as you can, then the most truly selfish thing you can do is to give as much as you can beg, borrow or steal, which is, thanks to credit cards, a lot easier now than it was in 19th Century England.

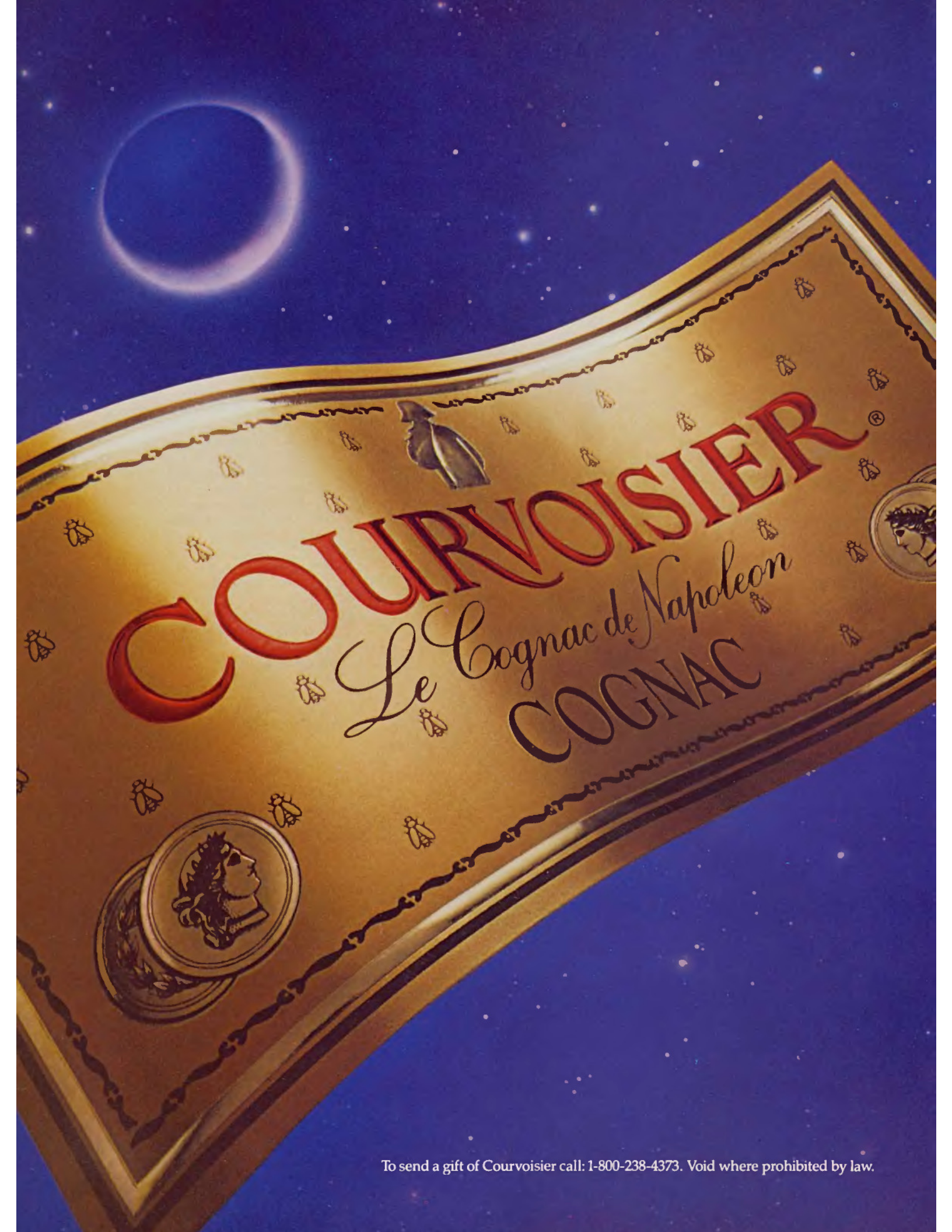
I was poor enough to be without money or credit cards for several years, and over that time it was easy to hold the courage of my instinctive holiday cynicism. Last year, though, I had a few bucks in my pocket,

and I almost fell for the relentless dinging of the street-corner bells and the stink of the roasting chestnuts. I didn't actually go so far as to ask the Lord to bless Tiny Tim, but it was a close call, and I'm grateful to the old curmudgeon who finally saved me. I was in Chicago. The city had its lights up and its Santas out, and it was cold enough that if there were such things as nose-hair warnings, we would have had one. I was shopping my way down Clark Street, all puffed up about how happy my thoughtful gifts were going to make my friends, when I passed this old gutter troll who lives in the neighborhood. I'd seen him many times over the years, and I think of him as the pooh-bah of the bag men in this part of the city. There's a deep, grubby magnificence about this guy that you sense even before you come into the wide radius of his smell, which is pretty much strong enough to generate its own weather system. He's in his middle 60s, I guess, though his kind of filth casts an agelessness over those who wear it. He has long, matted hair and a full beard in which he carries a load of debris that you might see on the radiator of a car that's gone 10,000 miles. He dresses himself in several overcoats whether he's summering in Lincoln Park or wintering in the doorways along Clark, as he was this late-December day.

He had ducked out of the awful wind, surrounded by the 20 or 30 suitcases, plastic bags and other bundles that make up his portable nest, and he was shifting from foot to foot for warmth. The first time I passed, I kept walking; then, about a block away, I gave in to a sticky rush of Xmas sentiment. On my way back, I dug a ten out of my pocket (O generous boy!), and when we were face to face, I smiled and held it out to him. He looked at me like he might spit, then barked like a big, mean dog. When that didn't do the trick, he said, "Get outta here. I don't want *that*."

"Sorry," I said. "I misunderstood." He didn't say anything to that, just stood there with a look on his face that made me feel like the beggar.

A week or so later, I saw him moving his baggage toward whatever huddle he was going to use for New Year's, and I thought of maybe stopping to tell him that with his rusted old shopping cart, two dozen bags of garbage and misanthropic old eyes, he'd given me an image of Father Xmas I could finally believe in. I didn't, though. 



COURVOISIER
Le Cognac de Napoleon
COGNAC

To send a gift of Courvoisier call: 1-800-238-4373. Void where prohibited by law.



80 PROOF IMPORTED BY © W.A. TAYLOR & CO., MIAMI, FLORIDA 1983

...and to all, the great cognac.



COURVOISIER
Le Cognac de Napoleon

TO FIND OUT WHICH RADAR DETECTOR WAS #1, WE ASKED THIS DISTINGUISHED PANEL OF EXPERTS.



No one knows more about life on the road than America's professional truckers. That's why drivers who count on their equipment for their livelihood choose Whistler® #1. The truth is, nearly 1 out of

INTRODUCING THE '85 WHISTLER LINE

Now, with our new '85 line of superheterodyne speed radar detectors, you can get that same kind of performance. Performance that not only fits your driving needs, but your budget as well. No matter which of our four models you choose, you'll get the sensitivity Whistler is famous for—early warning of speed radar transmissions around curves, over hills and even



WHERE TO LOOK FOR #1

Go with the best-selling radar detector in America, the one the experts choose #1. For the dealer nearest you, call toll-free 1-800-531-0004. In Massachusetts, call (617) 692-3000.

WHISTLER®

LOOK OUT FOR #1

Remember, radar detectors are legal in 48 out of 50 states.



2 truckers who own a radar detector use Whistler. Because Whistler works. Plain and simple.

Of course, the truckers aren't the only ones who know a good thing when they see one. *Motor Trend* magazine chose Spectrum™ #1 and called it "A world class radar detector." Add to that *Road & Track* magazine's "Highly Recommended" rating (their highest) in this year's test, and you can see why we say "Look out for #1."

from behind. You'll also get Whistler's exclusive Pollution Solution™ which eliminates false alarms caused by some imported radar detectors, while maintaining maximum sensitivity at all times.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a 50-year-old professor at a large Northeastern university. I have a problem that everyone my age should have. A situation has developed that has increased my consciousness, my zest for life—and has turned what had been a latent sex life into one that borders on miraculous. About three years ago, a very lovely young lady registered for a course I teach. She earned a B and I didn't see her again for about a year, when she again showed up in my office to talk. Now, mind you, she is not your everyday, run-of-the-mill student; she is very intelligent, extraordinarily attractive (a runner-up in a state beauty contest a few years ago, for what that's worth) and, by her own admission, turns down several offers every week for dates from men her own age. I was aware that she was infatuated with me and that talking with me was an excuse for her to be in my presence. One thing led to another, and before long, we had occasion to travel out of town together. This precipitated a torrid affair that has lasted for two years.

The biggest problem for us has been finding a consistently available place to make love. Since she lived in a sorority house and professors tend to be intimidated by 50 to 60 young women, her place was out of the question. My wife is equally intimidated by attractive young women, so naturally we couldn't go to my place. In a small college town, motels are risky as well as expensive. One day, out of sheer frustration, we decided to throw caution to the wind and engaged in what turned out to be an incredible lovemaking session on the desk in my office. The first time was out of this world. Making love on my desk has developed into a several-times-a-week, sometimes several-times-a-day activity that leaves us both in a state of absolute euphoria.

Some months ago, she was graduated from this august university. She has turned down excellent job offers (all in other states), because she refuses to leave town and me. She says it is me she doesn't want to leave, but I have a feeling it's the desk. My question is, How do I get her to realize that there are better things for a 23-year-old woman to do and that there will be sex after the desk? She needs to get on with her life and, more important, get started in her career. Because of the sensitive nature of this letter, I cannot give you my name and address. At many universities, sex with students, though not necessarily uncommon, results in professors' being fired. I hope you can see your way clear to put your response in PLAYBOY.—A. T., Boston, Massachusetts.

The problem with throwing caution to the wind is this: Unless you have a very good arm, the thing keeps getting blown back in your face. Now you are going to be cursed by



the memory of incredible sex for the rest of your life. Tough, hey? We can't figure out whether you should sell the desk or have it bronzed. As for your friend, tell her that the flame has died, the chemistry is gone, sanity has returned, more or less. Tell her it is over. The common advice is to make the break in a public place, so there will be no emotional outbursts. Unfortunately, in a nation raised on soap operas, that advice no longer holds true—not only do you get emotional outbursts, you get witnesses. Be firm. Be gentle. Leave her some dignity. Do not give in to the impulse for one great final fling. Thank her for making the middle years of your life something to remember. Good luck.

Every time I walk into a ski store, I am confused by the array of skis. What exactly is the difference between a racing ski and a sport ski?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

Racing skis are for people who measure performance in "hundredths of a second." Sport skis are for people who measure pleasure in "weeks at a time." The distinction is simple: If you want to race gates, buy a high-performance racing ski. If you want to have fun, buy an all-terrain sport ski. It's the difference between a Ferrari and a BMW. Ski manufacturers now offer soft flexing skis with high-tech materials that deliver performance but also such qualities as forgiveness, comfort, silkiness. They allow fast skiing in all types of snow and do not require you to have the technique of a Phil Mahre. Last spring, we had the opportunity to ski on three brands: the K2 5500, the Head Radial Elektra and the Kneissl Red Star Superflex. The K2 5500 is a foam-core, modified slalom-cut ski that is pure delight on soft snow. The Head Radial Elektra is an exceptional ski with an avant-garde side-wall design that offers the

quick turn of a short ski without sacrificing the stability of a long ski. The Kneissls were well-behaved cruisers. We ended up buying all three, and now we ski with a caddie. Our advice: Rent demo skis at your favorite ski shop. When you find a model you like, buy them.

I think I have a real problem, or at least my girlfriend thinks I do. I've been with her for almost a year now, and we have a very sensuous sex life. There's probably nothing we haven't tried. We are very much in love and enjoy our sexual encounters with each other. We both are very active in oral sex, which brings me to my problem. When I am giving my lady head, my cock is often limp; she says it should be very hard. She often wonders about this, suggesting that I may be gay or unsatisfied with what I'm doing. I don't think that's the case, because when I give her head, which is almost every time we make love, I find myself so wrapped up in pleasing her that I'm licking and sucking her everywhere. I love her entire body and I show her, and the only thing in my mind is pleasing her love box from front to back. The result is the most fulfilling and outrageous orgasm one can experience. In so many words, she has told me that, saying that no one else makes her feel like I do. My cock gets fully hard only when I'm about to put it in her. Except for my cock's being limp while I give her head, our sex life is very satisfying. I would appreciate any insight that you can give me.—M. B., Washington, D.C.

Evidently, your girlfriend doesn't realize that a little stimulation goes a long way and that erections are not instantaneous in every sexual context. If your girlfriend wants your cock to get hard while you're pleasuring her, she should encourage it by providing whatever manual/oral stimulation you find most pleasurable. It is perfectly normal for you to remain flaccid while you're concentrating on your partner, but, happily, this state can easily be altered.

It never fails. I invite friends over for some holiday cheer and forget to put the champagne in the refrigerator in time. What do I do when the guests are at the door and the champagne's still at room temperature?—R. J., Evanston, Illinois.

Suicide is not out of the question. First, here's what not to do: Don't put it in the freezer. Chances are, you'll forget about it, and it can freeze—and explode—in less than 15 minutes. According to supersommelier Kevin Zraly, you should refrigerate it in the warmest part of the main compartment—the vegetable bin, for example—for several hours. But if you forget, stick the bottle in a bucket of ice and water (water conducts cold more efficiently than air) and let it sit for 20

minutes. Add salt to the water and ice and your bubbly will cool even more quickly. Next time, plan ahead. It doesn't hurt to keep a bottle in the fridge for days or weeks, as long as you don't vary the temperature by removing and recooling it indiscriminately. Enjoy.

My wife and I have a fantastic love life. We are in our early 40s, have been married more than 20 years and enjoy sex on an average of once a day. What is the problem? My semen smells and tastes like bleach. (I know from secondhand knowledge that it has a bitter taste.) Although my wife loves to give head, I can understand her reluctance to take a mouthful of bleach. Can you suggest a way, through either diet or some other method, that I can improve the taste of my semen?—R. W. B., Rapid City, South Dakota.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to alter the taste of the semen. However, your wife can try a few techniques to minimize her distaste, including gargling with a pleasant-tasting mouthwash before indulging in fellatio and positioning the penis farther back in the mouth to bypass the taste buds. But we still have one question about this letter that really bothers us: How do you know what bleach tastes like? Are people out there chugging Clorox?

I recently received a most unexpected gift from a ladyfriend—a pocketknife. Not a fancy dress knife but a plain, workmanlike tool. When I seemed bewildered, she explained that the gift of a knife is an ancient tradition denoting friendship. I had never heard of this custom. She went on to explain that the recipient is supposed to give the giver a penny so that the friendship will not be cut by the knife. Is this true, or was she putting me on?—E. T., Los Angeles, California.

Not only is it true, it sounds like you've found the perfect woman. Unless you believe in surgery self-taught, give her the penny.

I have been courting a serious young lady for the past three months, always treating her with the utmost respect. It was only recently that we got into some heavy petting, during which, without the least suggestion on my part, she suddenly went for my crotch, zipped it open and proceeded to give me a highly skilled blow job, which I must admit I thoroughly enjoyed. But afterward, I began to wonder where she had learned her almost professional technique and why she was so avid to "play the meat whistle and swallow the music." It may seem rather ungracious of me, but this is a young lady in whom I had become sincerely interested—had even thought of marrying—and I must say that her recent actions have given me good reason to doubt her morality and ability to be a faithful wife. While I would like to have similar experiences again—and again—I doubt that I consider her a prime candi-

date for legal union. Am I being too harsh on her? Am I being somewhat unfair in prejudging her for what might be an honest urge she just couldn't control? We did discuss it for a while after the heat died down. She claimed she just loved me so much, she had to do "something special" for me to show her real feeling, but I'm not sure that I can really believe her. Be a friend and advise me, dear Advisor!—G. T., Roanoke, Virginia.

We always say that sex is like ethnic food: Enjoy the flavor, but don't ask what went into it. Maybe your girlfriend is a natural. Take her word for it. Passion (and a little reckless abandon) are prime ingredients for a sexual union—and a legal union. You can probably learn a lot from her.

Suddenly, I'm hearing lots of hoopla about multiple-valve engines. Why more valves? Don't they just make things more complicated and harder to tune?—K. S., Memphis, Tennessee.

Think of an engine as a giant air pump, which, essentially, it is. Air flows in through an air filter and an intake manifold, a measured amount of fuel is sprayed into it by a carburetor or by fuel injection, and the resulting mixture is burned in the cylinders. Energy released as the fuel burns in each cylinder pushes down a piston, which turns the crankshaft and, eventually, the wheels. When the piston comes back up, it pumps the waste gases left over after combustion out into the exhaust system. Controlling that flow of air and fuel in and exhaust out are valves shaped like flattened long-stemmed tulips. In the typical gasoline engine, each cylinder has an intake valve on one side and an exhaust valve on the other, both pushed open at the appropriate times by egg-shaped lobes on a rotating camshaft above. Got it? OK.

Now, it happens that four small valves can let more stuff flow in and out than two larger ones can, and more air and fuel in and exhaust out per piston stroke equals more power to the crankshaft. Also, smaller valves can operate faster than larger, heavier ones, so the engine can work at higher rpms. Another advantage is that putting two small valves on each side of the cylinder (each pair operated by a separate camshaft) leaves room for the sparkplug square in the middle of a very efficient pent-roof (tent-shaped) combustion chamber. Anyway, just remember that four valves per cylinder, as opposed to the normal two, make an engine more efficient, more powerful, more fun, even more economical.

As you surmised, the bad news is that doubling the valves and cams and associated gear adds cost and complication. Today's modern four-valve, twin-cam passenger-car engines, however, are designed for maximum reliability and serviceability with minimum hassle. Toyota, Saab, Porsche and Ferrari currently offer four-valve engines, and more will be coming for 1986. As driving enthusiasts, we like the four-valve concept a lot, and

it's cheaper than turbocharging for approximately the same benefits. Whether or not those benefits are worth the extra cost is a decision each car buyer must make for himself.

I am a bearded connoisseur of cunnilingus, and that fact puts me in a very perplexing situation. Short of cutting my beard off, how can I keep the after scent left in it by my insatiable adventures from being a giveaway to my wife? Simple scrubbing with soap and water afterward does not seem to be enough. Can you advise me of a suitable cover-up so that I can continue my wandering adventures?—L. S., Toledo, Ohio.

A friend of ours says that there are two things a man with a beard should never eat. One of them is lobster dipped in butter. Perhaps you should condition your beard with garlic butter or onion dip. Soap and water should work; but then, there's nothing like guilt (or jealousy) to hone the senses. Our advice: Perform oral sex on your wife as frequently as possible. Maybe she won't notice.

Is it fair to ask a woman to raise and lower her hips rhythmically while in the missionary position? Is it likely that such exertion on her part would enhance her own pleasure and passion? I hate to ask her to work that hard if I'm the only one who's going to like it. On the other hand, I love having my movement complemented by my partner's, and I feel as if something important (to me) is missing. Am I failing to send her spontaneously up the wall? I have had three passive lovers. They all said everything was fine. I assumed that their passivity was my fault and they were being kind.—T. T., Dallas, Texas.

You may as well take a blowup doll to bed if your lovers are going to be completely passive during sex. You're correct in assuming that something is missing—not only are your partners cheating themselves of sexual fulfillment but your pleasure must be dampened by their lack of enthusiasm and participation. Anything that promotes friction during intercourse is generally appreciated by both partners: Think about what happens when you rub two sticks together. You ask us if you're failing to "spontaneously" turn on your partners; sorry, but women require more attention and priming to become aroused than men do. Simply applying a hard penis to the nearest warm surface will not suffice. Buy a sex manual and do some homework.

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.



A slight improvement on perfection.

Technics compact disc players.

Technics compact disc players. And the digital compact disc. Together they've given you what no conventional audio system can: the perfection of musical reality.

So with Technics, what you hear is not just a reproduction of a performance, but a re-creation of it.

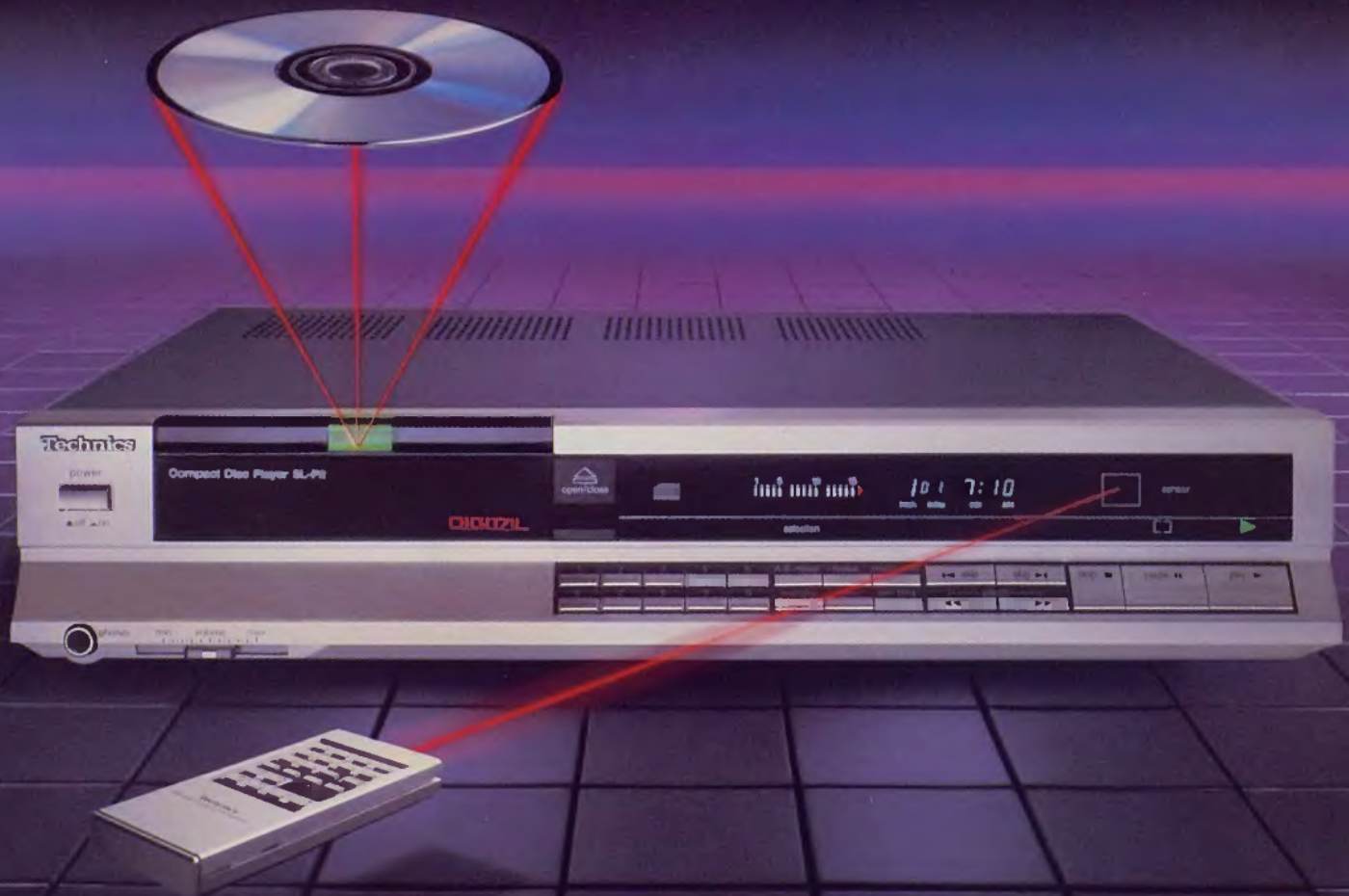
But occasionally even the musical perfection of a compact disc can be marred by fingerprints, dust or scratches. So the Technics SL-P2 compact disc player has improvements like an advanced error correction system, designed to compensate for those imperfections. To help ensure that the sound you hear is still completely flawless.

You also get sophisticated, convenient controls. Such as 15-step random access programming so you can play any selection. In any order. And all of this can be controlled from across the room with Technics wireless remote control.

The digital revolution continues at Technics. Perfectly.

COMPACT
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO

Technics
The science of sound



Presents with presence.



Johnnie Walker Red Gift Canister.

What better way to present the world's favorite Scotch than in an impressive canister. This 1.75 litre of Johnnie Walker Red will stand out in any home.



Johnnie Walker Black Label Gift-Wrap.

For friends with selective tastes, there's Johnnie Walker Black Label, aged 12 years. The gold foil holiday carton has a removable label for instant gift giving.



Johnnie Walker Swing.

Within this handsome Swing bottle is a special blend that's an inspiring conversation piece.



Cardhu Single Malt Scotch.

The principal malt whisky, the heart of the Johnnie Walker blend. Giving it is a tribute to a friend's taste.



Johnnie Walker Black Label Cigar Box.

This distinguished present is truly a gift for which there is no match.

Gifts from the House of Johnnie Walker:

Send one or all of our gifts anywhere in the U.S.A. Call 1-800-243-3787. Void where prohibited.

DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

When is an older man too old for you?

There is no such thing as too old or too young for me. I've met men in their 20s who act 50 and men in their 50s who act 20, and I can relate to both. The man in my life is 23 years older than me. We've been together for ten years. When I look at him, the first things I see are his personality, his warmth, sincerity and honesty—long before I see his age. His age has nothing to do with our relationship. It sets no limits. We make it work because of who we are, not what we are.



Debi Nicolle Johnson

DEBI NICOLLE JOHNSON
OCTOBER 1984

Too old? Over 40 is too old for me. Men start to think differently after 40. A lot of them are divorced and having mid-life crises and are looking for younger women. That is not for me: I don't like to see older men try too hard to act young. I also don't want a man to act too old, either! I went out with a guy in his middle 30s who acted like he was 50. What was that like? Well, I wanted to go out and party and he wanted to go to the country club. I wanted to go out dancing and he wanted to go home at nine o'clock. We were just off. It didn't work out.



Venice Kong

VENICE KONG
SEPTEMBER 1985

I don't think there is an age too old for me. In fact, I like older men very much. I'm in my early 20s, and men my own age often seem childish; we don't share the same values. Very young men seem too much into themselves and are not very attentive. I need a lot of attention and care. Young men are struggling to make it, and they're still unsure about what they want from life. By the time a man is 40, he has some stability, a sense of direction, and he has the time and the interest to really consider me. I haven't been out with anyone older than 46, but it would not be out of the question. Age itself doesn't matter. How old a man acts *does* matter, as far as I'm concerned.



Roberta Vasquez

ROBERTA VASQUEZ
NOVEMBER 1984

A 25-year age difference would be too much, because that man would be a peer of my parents'. There would be a big difference between what I have experienced and what he has experienced. A much older man tends to overlook the things a young woman needs to do in her life, because he's already done them and they aren't important to him anymore. I once lived with a man who was 26 years older than me. As time went on, he began to say, "Listen, I've already done it. Believe me, it's not worth it." This is not the kind of advice that works for a younger person. You need to find out these things for yourself. You really *can't* have the same interests.



Tracy Vaccaro

TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

I don't want to offend anyone, but when a guy can't keep up with me—I mean sexually and athletically—he's too old for me. If I want to have a rendezvous some afternoon and pull him away from the office for a swim, or take a nighttime skinny-dip, or do anything off the wall, and he can't hang in, he's too old. A good state of mind knows no age. Well, let me amend that a little. Over 45 would be pushing it for me. Still, the shape a man is in mentally and physically is most important. He could be 32, you know, and *act* like an old, fat guy!



Liz Stewart

LIZ STEWART
JULY 1984

It's not age for me, it's attitude. I've been out with men in their 30s who act 18. That makes them too young for me! If a 60-year-old man were able to go out and have a good time and show me a good time, that would be great. It would also be important to me that an older man was in good physical condition. I would not want to rule sex out in any relationship I might have. Whoever he was, he'd have to have *joie de vivre*. He'd have to be up for a good time. A good attitude is energy, and that's what it takes to keep a relationship going strong.



LesAnn Pedriana

LESA ANN PEDRIANA
APRIL 1984

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



Give PLAYBOY...

*Happy Holidays
Karen Veley*

the right note for holiday giving.

Give PLAYBOY and fill his New Year with a dazzling melody of delightful diversion. Wrap up your holiday shopping. Act now to beat the price increase!



GIVE MORE/SAVE MORE \$22 first 12-issue gift. **\$20** each additional gift.
 (Save \$16.00*) (Save \$18.00*)

Send a 12-issue subscription to: _____ (please print) My Name _____ (please print)

Address _____ Apt. _____ Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift Card(s) will be sent to you to announce your special gift(s).

Enter additional subscriptions on separate sheet.

Please complete the following:

- Start or renew my own subscription.
- I am enclosing \$_____ for _____ subscriptions.
- Bill me after January 1, 1986.

*Based on \$38.00 newsstand price.
 Rates apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., APO-FPO addresses only.
 Canadian gift rates: First gift \$35; additional gifts \$33.

Each gift of PLAYBOY will be announced with this special Gift Card.



**LAST-TIME OFFER:
 RATES GO UP JAN. 31**

Mail your order to:

PLAYBOY
 Dept. 7ABN8
 P.O. Box 51679
 Boulder, Colorado 80322-1679

Or Order by Phone
 24 Hours a Day.

Call TOLL-FREE 1-800-228-3700

(Except in Nebraska, Alaska, Hawaii.
 In Nebraska only, call 1-800-642-8788.)

Winston. America's Best.

Excellence.
The best live up to it.



16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

1984 AND COUNTING

It all started a few years ago, but I'm not sure exactly when. It was one of those things that start so subtly, so insidiously, that no one is aware of them until they've already happened. Black cars appeared on the streets of Norman, Oklahoma, bearing the words NORMAN NOISE PATROL. The noise police were here. Black cars were driving around the streets of this college town with the express purpose of making sure we were quiet.

After a few people were arrested for being noisy, the brown cars came out. The grass police. They drive around to make sure that you keep your lawn mowed. They're not just in charge of grass. They make sure that you don't park your car on your lawn and once told a friend of mine that it was illegal to keep a car that didn't run. They told him on Friday that it was an abandoned car and he had until Monday to get rid of it, have it fixed or face charges. I began to be frightened. These guys were hard-noses. An unemployed man had the glass smashed out of his car by some drunk, and he was given only one weekend to buy \$100 worth of glass or face the consequences.

Then it happened. A knock on my door. It seems that I had some friends whom I had not called or written to in quite some time. You guessed it. The relationship police.

Lance Dannan Bresee
Norman, Oklahoma

You're joking, right? Right?

CONVERTED

I know that this is going to shock some of the good ol' boys I shoot pool with, but I am about to join Alan Alda and Phil Donahue and become a card-carrying feminist. The incident that caused this revision of my philosophy occurred at the Travis County Courthouse in our state's capital. I was there to testify as a witness in a divorce case that involved both wife and child abuse, and the attitude of the judge hearing the case was one suitable for the old West. All of the attorneys were women, and he called each of them "little lady." When asked to consider the property involved (a modest home and a piano), he replied, "This court is not here to split up pots and pans." He made it very clear that he didn't like being there and that this little case was going to make him late. After two witnesses from each side had testified, he rendered his judgment, though there were three more witnesses, including one of the abused children, ready to testify to the abuse. The judgment itself was fair: visitation only when an officer of the court is present and

mandatory completion of an alcohol-abuse program for the man. But what sent me toward the ranks of the feminists was the judge's closing remarks: "A man's problems and handicaps should be given special consideration. . . . A man's home is his castle. . . . Strict discipline never hurt anybody."

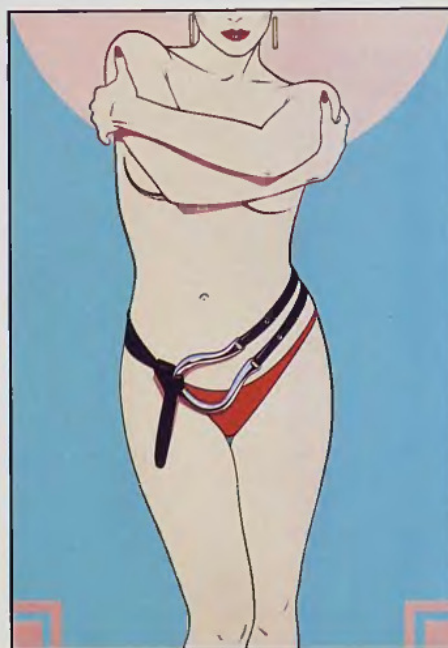
Bob Buelow
Baytown, Texas

MANDATORY READING

While scanning the May 1985 issue of PLAYBOY, my husband read me a quote that was attributed to Justice Louis Brandeis: "The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well meaning but without understanding." Then he read a letter penned by Timothy R. Higgins, a St. Louis attorney, who

"The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in the insidious encroachment by men of zeal."

suggested that "every female, whenever fertile, should have intercourse with as many men as possible, lest she deny life to the dozens of children she is physically capable of bearing." Assuming that Higgins speaks tongue in cheek—and having been made aware of Justice Brandeis' quote—his "Mandatory Motherhood" was uproariously apropos.



Higgins is a man after my own heart. If more of our God-fearing American men and women expended their energies to educate others about birth control, there would be fewer ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-educated people of all ages sapping our system of the millions (perhaps billions) of dollars spent each year to care for the product of all that precious sperm that the pro-lifers are bent on preserving.

I am so enamored of Higgins' dissertation that I am asking your permission to reproduce his letter so that I can share it with some friends.

(Name withheld by request)
Harrison, Arkansas

Just spell our names right.

WHODUNIT

If New Jersey's host-liability law is a precedent with regard to drinking, will we now hold gunshop owners liable when someone is murdered with a gun they sold?

Not that it's a bad law, you understand; it just doesn't go far enough. Not only should the host who served the alcohol be held liable but also the establishment that sold it, the manufacturer that distilled it, the company that made the bottle containing it, the firm that made the label identifying it and the brewers, vintners and corn farmers.

Keith Dantin
Hammond, Louisiana

Now that you mention it, the Maryland Court of Appeals (the state's highest) recently ruled that the manufacturer and the seller can be held liable if a so-called Saturday-night special is used to wound or kill somebody, on the interesting ground that those parties should know that a cheap handgun has no legitimate function.

VET ADVICE

In the first eight weeks after PLAYBOY ran our free ad for Vietnam Veterans of America, we received more than 700 enthusiastic responses. Because of the quality of the artwork, we've also had some initial success in placing the ad in other publications on a public-service basis.

The Vietnam Veterans of America is about the business of serving Vietnam-era veterans, particularly those with claims for compensation for delayed stress or a discharge upgrade. We also serve veterans by publishing self-help manuals. Our most recent has just been published by Ballantine Books: *The Viet Vet Survival Guide* tells the vet how to cut through the bureaucracy to get what he needs and is entitled to. It is available in bookstores

for \$3.95 or can be ordered directly from V.V.A.'s product sales: P.O. Box 3666, Santa Rosa, California 95402, for \$4.95, postage paid (\$5.25 for California residents).

Thanks for your support over the years.
David F. Addlestone, Director
Vietnam Veterans of America
Legal Services
Washington, D.C.

RAMBO FEVER

A state of social anarchy is about to destroy this God-fearing city, also known as the "bold new city" of Jacksonville, Florida.

Several years ago, Jacksonville was declared free of pornography by Mayor Jake Godbold. It seems that a group of local clergy had banded together and had all X-rated films removed from the video stores. This act was part of a much larger scheme that included limiting the areas where topless bars could exist. Well, being a good ol' Southern boy who grew up in the Bible Belt, I can certainly understand the concern of all involved, I think.

Since this action, it seems that nary a day goes by in which the local paper doesn't expound on the dreaded disease of pornography. Recently, a clergyman found it necessary to inform us less enlightened folk that all X-rated films should be banned from the earth (ideally, to heaven?), as they incite otherwise mild-mannered individuals to perform lewd and lascivious acts on each other. Sounds a lot like monkey-see, monkey-do philosophy to me.

This gets to the crux of the matter. I've not been able to sleep since I saw *Rambo*. At any minute, I fully expect the folk of this town to arm themselves with exploding arrows and wreak havoc in the monkey-see, monkey-do fashion to which we seem so susceptible. I plan to organize a task force to determine how to prevent this calamity. My question is, Should I ask the local National Guard to pull all the *Rambo* movies from the shelves? I urgently beg a reply.

Robert W. Patton, Jr., M.D.
Jacksonville, Florida

Antiporn crusaders seem to get their jollies battling sex, so we're not sure you want the National Guard battling violence. There may be a conflict of interest.

FEEDBACK

I thought you would enjoy knowing that my "Beaver State Follies" report on antiporn efforts in Oregon generated some positive responses. When the September *PLAYBOY* appeared, I figured I'd get some hate mail from the local antiporn fanatics. Much to my surprise and pleasure, five people took the time to find out my telephone number and call to say how much they had enjoyed the piece. All were concerned about the antiporn groups' successes and the fact that the local press has

had nothing to say (editorially) about them. All who called were glad to see somebody report on the antics of these weird people.

Michael D. Dale
Oregon City, Oregon

CRITICS' CORNER

Did you know there's a bunch down here calling itself the Coalition to Stop *PLAYBOY*? Those good people are running newspaper ads condemning what they consider pornography, which appears to



be nearly everything, and they've come up with the most interesting definition of freedom I've ever heard—or of true freedom, I should say, as opposed to ordinary freedom. "True freedom," one ad informs us, "is not the right to do as one wishes but the responsibility to do as one ought." Isn't that something straight out of Orwell's *Animal Farm*? Our local *Express-News* columnist Mike Greenberg has already had a little fun with this, wondering if the inscription on the Statue of Liberty should be changed to read, GIVE ME YOUR TIRED, YOUR POOR, YOUR HUDDLED MASSES YEARNING TO DO AS THEY OUGHT.

W. Bobby Stokes
San Antonio, Texas

I'm not sure I agree with Hugh Hefner about absolutely everything, but I've never thought of him as "every bit as dangerous as Adolf Hitler." That's what Dr. Judith Reisman says he is, according to Chicago columnist Irv Kupcinet, who thought that quote was truly "astounding" in that it came from the head of the Justice Department's so-called porn study. Somehow, I had thought that Federal studies were supposed to enlighten us by



Irv Kupcinet

C audio speaker in the ing the by d city. Ti Com role item ened \$1.00 cont mat. Ocas will

Friedell on June 2 before he
EDDIE VRDOLYAK, ch
of the Cook County Dem
Organization, is aiming for t
million dollar party fun

means of scholarly research and that even if the Government were going to put in the fix, somebody would at least have enough smarts to try to conceal it. It says something—I don't know exactly what—about the presumptuousness of the Reagan Administration that it feels it unnecessary even to keep up appearances. This caused my basic admiration of the President to slip a bit. I do not expect Reagan's people always to be correct, but I also do not expect them to be stupid.

Larry deGesser
Highland Park, Illinois

If that Government study to determine any connection between pornography and child

*abuse were a legitimate effort, we'd enthusiastically support it, but the Reagan Administration might as well have formed its conclusions and appointed a former scriptwriter for "Captain Kangaroo" to write them up. As, in fact, it did. Reisman is something of a laughingstock in the academic community, and the more the general public learns about her scholarly detachment and scientific objectivity, the better. As for the Coalition to Stop *PLAYBOY*, we probably should admit that it's a front for our Promotion Department.*

AIDS RESEARCH

The letter from Henry H. Smith (*The Playboy Forum*, August) is typical of those long on emotion and short on fact.

There are basic differences between Legionnaires' disease and AIDS. The former is caused by a bacterium and the latter, apparently, by a virus, which is more difficult than a bacterium to isolate, characterize and identify. Viruses don't respond to antibiotics, and preparation of antiviral vaccines takes years.

Further weaknesses abound in Smith's comparison: Legionnaires' disease can be contracted by anyone, through the most casual circumstance of being in a building whose air-conditioning system is contaminated. Being rich, white or heterosexual has nothing to do with it. AIDS, on the other hand, requires intimate, possibly repeated, contact with the body fluids of an infected individual.

As to Smith's final point, thousands of men, women and children have not been killed by AIDS, nor do they continue to contract it. AIDS is still primarily a disease of homosexual males and I.V.-drug users. No one knows how prevalent the AIDS virus is, whether or not a positive AIDS antibody test means an individual will develop the disease or whether or not every individual who harbors the virus will develop AIDS. But large sums of money are being spent to diagnose, treat and ultimately prevent it. And answers are being found at a rate that is remarkable, considering the complexity of viruses and the immune system.

George P. Highland
Atascadero, California

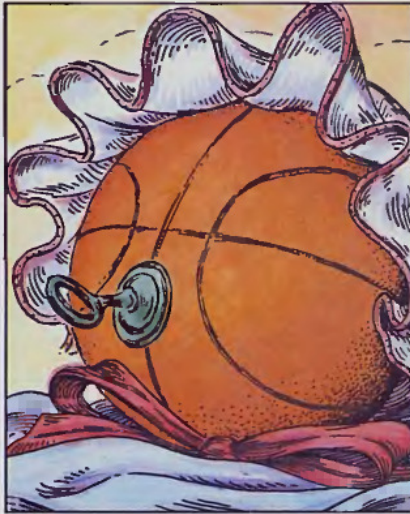
I am surprised by Henry H. Smith's assertion that AIDS has been ignored, and even more surprised by *PLAYBOY*'s lack of corrective comment following the letter.

In April 1984, Robert C. Gallo and his colleagues at the National Cancer Institute announced the isolation of a virus that they named HTLV-III and believed to be the agent of AIDS. A year earlier, workers at the laboratory of Luc Montagnier at the Pasteur Institute in France identified a virus they called LAV and suggested it might cause AIDS. Soon after the discovery of HTLV-III was reported, Jay A. Levy and others at the University of California School of Medicine in San Francisco described an AIDS virus they

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BATTLE OF THE BULGE

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA—A woman nine months pregnant has filed a \$600,000 suit against a Falls Church sporting-goods store for accusing her of trying to shoplift a basketball. The plaintiff



claims she was detained at the store for an hour and was threatened with a trip to the police station until she agreed to partially disrobe in front of six male security guards and police officers to establish the fact that the bulge under her dress came with the territory.

MINOR MISTAKE

SACRAMENTO—California governor George Deukmejian is trying to use a clerical error to cut off family-planning funds to hospitals and clinics that offer abortion services to low-income women, but his efforts have been blocked by a state appeals court. In what had become an annual ritual, anti-abortionists had included that restriction in the 1985-1986 budget, and legislative budget writers had voted to eliminate it. This year, however, a clerical mistake left the provision in the budget bill, and the governor signed it into law over protests of the budget writers. The provision states, "No funds appropriated for the office of family planning shall be granted, directly or indirectly, to any group, clinic or organization which performs, promotes or advertises abortions, or which receives any direct or indirect compensation, advantage, benefit or gain from referrals for abortion services." Deukmejian said, "The question for me has to be, Do I think the language represents the right thing to do? I do." The court thought the governor was pulling a fast one and released the funds pending settlement.

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM

SAN FRANCISCO—A 35-year-old woman has filed a \$1,000,000 lawsuit against a singing-telegram company for humiliating her in front of her co-workers. A mistake apparently was made, and instead of the traditional "Happy Birthday" that her boyfriend says he requested, the messenger delivered a bawdy ballad commenting on her proficiency at oral sex, among other things, while waving "an obnoxious soap, shaped in the form of male genitalia." According to the woman's attorney, his client "collapsed on the floor and went into hysterics."

BIG BOY

TALLAHASSEE—A state appeals court has upheld the rape conviction of a Florida man who claimed that the trial judge erred in not letting him show the jury his penis. The defendant argued that the size of his organ—nine inches long and five and a half inches in circumference—excluded him as the man who raped a 14-year-old girl in 1984 and that the judge's refusal to admit photos, a wooden model or the real thing into evidence may have prevented his acquittal. A photographer and an investigator were allowed to testify as to the length of the organ, however, and the appellate decision found that the trial court's refusal to go beyond that was a proper exercise of judicial discretion to avoid the "needless presentation of cumulative evidence."

JUST FOR LAUGHS

CHICAGO—A Cook County judge has ordered a local greeting-card company to halt production, distribution and sales of a humorous card that carries the photo of a prominent Chicago-area Roman Catholic nun, who also asks an unspecified amount of monetary damages. The company thought the picture was of a model and has apologized profusely to Sister Candida Lund, the chancellor of Rosary College in the Chicago suburb of River Forest. The photo on the cover is captioned, IT'S ALL RIGHT IF YOU KISS ME, and the inside reads, SO LONG AS YOU DON'T GET IN THE HABIT.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—In a theologically surprising move, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops and the American Jewish Congress have released an agreement that appears to support the rights of parents to make the ultimate decision regarding treatment of babies born with severe birth defects. The joint statement, titled "Principles on Treatment of Handicapped Newborns," recommended that the

Government "not intervene in medical decisions made by parents of handicapped children" without "a preponderance of evidence" that the rights of the children are in jeopardy. While affirming the "sanctity of human life," the paper said that Roman Catholic and Jewish theologians agree that extraordinary medical measures are "not required when such intervention is clearly futile and would do no more than briefly prolong the act of dying." It adds that when experts disagree on treatment of a life-threatening situation, parents must make "conscientious and medically informed opinions," based on what "seems most likely to promote their child's best interest." The agreement is probably the most important result so far of a continuing Catholic-Jewish dialog that emerged from the Second Vatican Council and is considered the first inter-faith formulation on the complex issues of life and death.

BREATHALYZER AND THEN SOME

A device called Admit, which can distinguish the brain waves of people using different intoxicants, is being tested by a number of police agencies in New Jersey, Washington, D.C., and New Orleans. According to the I.E.E.E. Spectrum, a publication of the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers, the instrument is an electronystagnograph (E.N.G.), originally developed to identify victims of vertigo and various eye and ear disorders. The New Jersey laboratory marketing Admit says that its microprocessor



can be used to determine which drug is causing characteristic brain waves. The test subject's brain function is monitored through a disposable headband, and the results appear almost immediately on a video screen.

called ARV. All three viruses are retroviruses—their genetic material is not DNA but the related nucleic acid called RNA. The RNA is “reverse transcribed” into DNA in the infected host by a viral enzyme called reverse transcriptase.

As of April of this year, the full nucleotide sequences of all three viruses have been published. A screening technique to determine the presence of antibodies to HTLV-III is now manufactured by five companies. The technique, known as ELISA, became available last February, but licensing was delayed by controversy

over the implications of a positive test result: Should a donor be told if his or her blood contains HTLV-III?

The above is evidence that AIDS is not being ignored; indeed, the search for a cure is commencing now that the cause is known. If a cure for AIDS exists, its realization can be hastened through an increase in Federal funding to a few research centers. Such a funding program could serve as a model for research funding for other diseases.

When public figures make the kind of statements that Smith attributes to Pat

Robertson of *The 700 Club*—that by 1990, all male homosexuals will have contracted AIDS and died—public support of Federal funding for AIDS research may be undermined. Such a possibility puts evangelist Robertson in a class somewhat lower than that of a bigot.

Samuel Milazzo
Denton, Texas

We addressed only the God's-punishment-for-sin issue, assuming, correctly, that our readership included some experts who would save us the trouble of sending a PLAYBOY Researcher back to college for courses in

KEEPING THE BLIND IN THE DARK

The news that Congress had stopped the National Library Service from publishing PLAYBOY in Braille came as something of a surprise, since our articles and fiction win more than their share of awards and the pictures don't translate well into small bumps. But then we started licking off the achievements of the current Congress and realized that ours was the wrong reaction. Given Congress' record, we should have been surprised only if it had not stopped the publication of PLAYBOY in Braille. Well, the right to use our material free of charge had been our gift to the Government and the blind community. Now we'll just have to ask the courts to decide how far the Government can go in extending censorship and viewpoint-based discrimination to its subsidized programs for the handicapped.

By now, the news must have reached many PLAYBOY readers that during the week of July 15, 1985, the House of Representatives voted to cut off funding for the Braille edition of their magazine. This bit of legislative wisdom was initiated by Republican Representative Chalmers P. Wylie of Ohio, who was making a literary judgment about either PLAYBOY or the appropriateness of such a publication for blind people. It has, in fact, been a point of pride within the blind community that PLAYBOY exists in Braille: It helps establish the fact that blind people are otherwise “normal.”

Russell Baker brilliantly satirized the whole situation in his July 23 *New York Times* column titled “Bland for the Blind.” While Baker points out the amusing aspect of this legislation, behind this act is the serious question of censorship. Is this the first step toward censoring other materials deemed unsuitable for blind readers?

The blind population has the right to have access to reading materials representative of the culture. Funds are allotted by Congress to the Library of Congress to provide all types of books

and periodicals, and the titles are selected by a committee composed of professional librarians and visually impaired readers. If funding has to be cut, then that committee should decide which publications are withdrawn.

What can be done about this matter? We must remain alert to such acts of censorship and try to halt them in the future. Perhaps, also, private funding and subscriptions paid for by blind readers would make it possible to continue the production of PLAYBOY in Braille.

George Bennette
The New York Association
for the Blind
New York, New York

Since PLAYBOY has always been a staunch defender of the First Amendment, I thought you might be interested in the letter I've written to Congressman Wylie.

I am a totally blind 33-year-old college graduate employed full time as a medical transcriber at Children's Medical Center in Dayton. My hobbies include swimming, cross-country skiing, piano, knitting and yoga. I live with my guide dog, Boots, and my parents. I give you this brief background to let you know that I am not sitting idly waiting for my monthly copy of PLAYBOY.

I am deeply distressed to learn of your successful efforts to deprive those of us who are blind and enjoy reading PLAYBOY of that pleasure and privilege in the future. What gives you the moral authority to govern my choice of reading material when it is obviously illegal for you to make that decision for my sighted counterparts? Certainly, with such major issues as the budget deficit, tax reform and international crises from South Africa to South America, you and your distinguished colleagues have had enough to keep yourselves

busy without worrying about what we few blind people enjoy reading.

My favorite feature in PLAYBOY is the monthly *Playboy Interview*. I was not aware that such people as Steve Garvey, Bobby Knight, Paul Newman, Wayne Gretzky and the staff of *60 Minutes* were either peddlers of pornography or threats to our national security. Will you and your colleagues decide that we should be deprived of reading *Time* and *Newsweek* because they, too, might contain articles about and interviews with controversial figures whose political or social opinions you might not agree with? Will you then decide to cut off funding for the national and local radio reading-service programs we've worked so hard to obtain?

Ironically, I learned of your successful efforts to abolish funding for the Braille edition of PLAYBOY through Russell Baker's column, which was read on a locally aired program whose purpose is to read the local newspaper editorial pages, syndicated columns, etc., to allow blind people a greater perspective on news and world events.

I hope reason will prevail and that you will see the light and abandon this proposal before a dangerous precedent is established.

I believe this letter speaks for most of us in the blind community.

Rhea Collett
Dayton, Ohio

Chalmers P. Wylie is clearly a staunch guardian of the public treasure, a resolute defender of my morality and a literary critic of formidable substance. It's men like him who have made this country what it almost is today.

Robert Russell
Charles A. Dana Professor of English
Lancaster, Pennsylvania



Friends are worth Smirnoff
Crisp, clear, incomparably smooth Smirnoff®Vodka.

Remember special occasions by sending a gift of Smirnoff anywhere in the continental U.S. where allowed by state law. Call 1-800-238-4373. SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 Proof distilled from grain. © 1985 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff FLS (Division of Heublein, Inc.) Hartford, CT— "Made in U.S.A."

microbiology. As for Robertson's perverse prediction, it just occurs to us that he's assuming that everyone born after 1990 will be heterosexual, for all time solving the AIDS problem and removing the homosexual peril to American morality.

IN GOOD HANDS

I'm glad to see the issue of jury nullification being debated so thoroughly in your pages. Of course lawyers don't like it; it takes matters out of their hands and puts them into the hands of the jury.

But by no means is this anarchy; there's very good reason for it. The framers of the U.S. Constitution knew the abuses that could occur if the courts were not held in check by the traditions of the community. The jury to which an American defendant is entitled derives from the English-style jury, which came into existence hundreds of years ago, when the law in England was so harsh and cruel that young children were hanged for stealing a loaf of bread. The injustice of the king's law was not acceptable to the community, and it intervened to temper his justice with mercy. So began one of the noblest and most enduring traditions of the English jury: examining not only the evidence but also the law itself. If, in the opinion of the community—as represented by the jury—which the law allegedly seeks to protect, the law is unnecessarily harsh and cruel, then jury members have the legal right and the legal obligation to overrule that law or to mitigate its effects.

In New York, at one time, the law read that anyone caught selling as much as a stick of marijuana was subject to automatic life imprisonment. That's a classic case in which an intelligent jury ought to have taken one look at the law and, regardless of the defendant's apparent guilt or innocence, laughed the case out of court. Lawyers, of course, try to see that no one likely to exercise the juror's right to examine the law as well as the evidence will get on the jury. Thus, they guarantee a greater number of convictions and their own future employment.

I strongly urge your readers, should they ever serve on a jury in a criminal case, to carefully consider both the law and the evidence, regardless of what the judge and the lawyers may want them to believe.

(Name withheld by request)
Palacios, Texas

BOILING POINT

When prisons are overcrowded, some inmates are, in effect, sentenced to death through increased violence. Others are sentenced to recurrent homosexual rape. The courts of law do not pass or intend those added sentences, but the fact of overcrowding carries them out.

Danny Ray Grantom
Kansas State Penitentiary
Lansing, Kansas

PARENTAL DESTINY

The area of equal rights for men that women find hardest to accept is the equation between legalizing abortion and ending paternity suits. The issue here is control over one's parental destiny.

With legal abortion, women gained the

power to say, "I know that a child was conceived, but I refuse the parental responsibilities until I want them. If I decide I am too young, too poor or just too busy, no one is going to force me to be a parent." This is a brand-new kind of power, a power that paternity suits deny to men.

The proponents of equal rights maintain that power and responsibility go hand in hand. Women demanded and received total power to decide whether or not to become parents, so they must be prepared for total responsibility. Put another way, a woman deserves the right to decide what she will do with the next 18 or so years of her life, but that should not give her the right to decide what her partner will do with his. Men need the same sovereignty that women have.

Paternity suits are based on our tradition of blaming men for all problems. However, the old sexist stereotype that a man perpetrates a pregnancy on a woman and then leaves her stuck with the responsibility is now more ridiculous than ever before. Thanks to legal abortion, mothers are not victims but, rather, women who have chosen to become parents.

To end paternity suits is to allow men to make the same decisions that women freely make: "I am 16 years old and do not yet want to be a parent," or "I am unemployed and cannot afford parenthood," etc.

Because the equation is valid, you can also see it in the words of those who *defend* paternity suits. Colleen Daily, who said in the June *Playboy Forum* that she was appalled by my equating the two, went on to explain that a man "abrogated the decision to become a parent when he failed to take the necessary precautions to prevent conception." Take those words, say them to a woman and you find yourself echoing the basic anti-abortion argument. Marjorie Fields, a very prominent feminist attorney, has hypocritically said to a man what only an anti-abortionist would dare say to a woman: "If you didn't want to become a parent, you should have been sterilized."

Asa Baber, in his August *Men* column, gives five helpful suggestions to noncustodial fathers. I'd like to add a sixth: Join the men's movement! There will be no such thing as equal rights until you do.

Fredric Hayward, Director
Men's Rights, Inc.
Sacramento, California

This invites a few comments, and we're sure our women readers will be pleased to supply them.

"The *Playboy Forum*" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to *The Playboy Forum*, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

H.M.H. AWARDS

Congratulations to the winners of the 1985 Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards, who were honored at a reception at The Driskill Hotel in Austin, Texas. Each winner received a commemorative plaque and a cash honorarium. Established in 1979, the First Amendment Awards are presented each year to those considered major contributors in the protection and enhancement

of First Amendment rights.

Past recipients include Frank Wilkinson, founder of the National Committee to Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee; Robert Berger, Herbert Brodtkin, Ernest Kinoy and Herbert Wise, producers of the controversial television movie *Skokie*; Morton Halperin, director of the Center for National Security Studies; and Nat Hentoff, *Village Voice* columnist and author of *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech*.

This year's winners:

- **Ronnie Dugger**, publisher of *The Texas Observer*, for challenging special-interest politics for two decades.

- **Jack C. Landau**, founder of the Reporters' Committee for Freedom of the Press, a champion of the First Amendment.

- **Clifford McKenzie**, a Kiowa tribe chief who exposed the misuse of Government travel funds at the Bureau of Indian Affairs' Technical Assistance Center.

Dugger, Landau and McKenzie were selected by a distinguished panel of judges that included Stanley K. Sheinbaum, immediate past chair of the American Civil Liberties Union Foundation of Southern California; Harriet F. Pilpel, general counsel for A.C.L.U. and counsel for Weil, Gotshal & Manges; Burton Joseph, Playboy Foundation Board Chair; and Christie Hefner, President and Chief Operating Officer, Playboy Enterprises, Inc.



LOOK WHAT WE JUST BROUGHT TO THE PARTY. THE SONY HANDYCAM.



It's the perfect marriage. Sony's new 8mm video phenomenon and your hand.

We call it the Handycam™ camera/recorder. It's so tiny it fits in one hand.

So anyone can use it anywhere, anytime.

Just point and shoot. And capture all the memories as they happen.

Then, with its handy companion deck, you can play

your pictures back in full color and vivid sound, on any television.

Up to two hours of good times on a video tape no bigger than an audio cassette.

So bring your hand in to your local Sony dealer.

And try the Handycam on for size.



SONY
THE ONE AND ONLY®

SEXUAL MCCARTHYISM

*sensational accusations, inquisitorial investigations,
unfounded conclusions—it's the same old story*

By HUGH M. HEFNER

*I have in my possession the names of
57 Communists who are in the State
Department at present.*

—SENATOR JOSEPH MCCARTHY,
FEBRUARY 11, 1950

IT WASN'T TRUE, but it touched off hysterics that would last half a decade. For the next five years, just being accused of Communist leanings could get you fired or black-listed. It is a measure of the witches' brew McCarthy stirred up that in 1954, just months before the Senate finally worked up the courage to condemn him, a Gallup Poll showed that 50 percent of America supported him. But when the weird spectacle of the Army-McCarthy hearings appeared on TV, the nation saw that its erstwhile hero was a fraud and a demagog. In December 1954, he was censured by the Senate. His name entered the dictionary (McCarthyism: The use of indiscriminate, often unfounded, accusations, sensationalism, inquisitorial investigative methods); the man died, disgraced, three years later.

One of the minor McCarthy-era players was one Ronald Reagan, B-movie actor, president of the Screen Actors Guild, FBI informant on members of his own union. In Hollywood in 1947, Reagan had appeared with like-minded movie folks (Gary Cooper, Adolphe Menjou) as a friendly witness before the Red-hunting House Un-American Activities Committee. Almost 40 years later, President Reagan would set up a little hunt of his own.

Early last year, Reagan's Attorney General, Edwin Meese, launched a seek-and-destroy mission called The Attorney General's Commission on Pornography. There had been a President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography under Nixon 18 years earlier. It concluded that there was no connection between pornography and antisocial behavior. That wasn't good enough for Reagan and Meese. "Re-examination of the issue of pornography is long overdue," Meese told reporters last year. "No longer must one go out of the way to find pornographic materials. With the advent of cable television and video recorders, pornography now is available at home to almost anyone."

The Meese commission's ostensible

goal is to study the effects of sexually explicit materials, but it will hear some viewpoints more sympathetically than others. At the hearings, law-enforcement officers and pornography "victims"—often hidden behind screens, like spies on *60 Minutes*—relate sexual horror stories. Civil-liberties types get to speak, too, but the ringside seats are packed for the commission's slide shows of explicit pornography. The witnesses who draw headlines are the ones willing to blame their sad lives on "the evils of pornography."

How are these witnesses selected?

The Meese commission uses five investigators to screen potential witnesses. You'd think the investigators would be interested in all sides of what even the commission admits is a complicated issue, but it seems you'd be wrong.

Dr. Lois Lee is director of Children of the Night, a prominent Los Angeles organization that helps street kids, most of them young prostitutes, get off the streets. On August fifth of last year, Dr. Lee was contacted by Ed Chapman, a Virginia law-enforcement officer working for the Meese commission. He said he wanted her to line up some of her teenagers to testify. Chapman then told Lee what he wanted the witnesses to say—that pornography had been used as a tool when their parents molested them and that this experience had led them into prostitution.

"Wait a minute," Lee said. She told Chapman that that was not the way it happened. Chapman replied that the investigators had talked with a lot of people about pornography being used by child molesters and that they knew this was generally the case.

"I said it *wasn't* the case," Lee told *PLAYBOY*, "and he said, 'I don't think we're going to want your kids.' The conversation was over."

The commission's investigators, it was clear, wanted witnesses to support a cause-and-effect relationship between porn use and antisocial behavior. They wanted witnesses like the one who was willing to testify that her father had molested her after looking at a Playmate Calendar. What was the connection? It was, as Meese-commission investigator Joe Haggerty told Lee with some enthusiasm, the fact that the witness had testified

that she believed her father had molested her because she was closer to the ages of the Playmates on the calendar and looked more like them than her mother. Lee found this cause-and-effect notion preposterous.

The professional Communist-hunters of the time were able to summon a stream of professional witnesses who seemed always ready, willing and able to testify that they had known so-and-so at Communist meetings in the past. Their testimony was as suspect as their claims that although they might have once been fooled by the Communist doctrines, they had suddenly seen the light and were now blessed with total recall.

—FROM *Days of Shame*, BY SENATOR
CHARLES E. POTTER, A MEMBER OF
THE 1954 MCCARTHY COMMITTEE

The witness whose father had had the Playmate Calendar was—probably not coincidentally—a born-again Christian. It is an article of faith with born-againists that the more impressive one's list of early sins, the more glorious one's salvation. A long list of sins recanted helps assure redemption. (See *The Self-Crucifixion of Cathleen Crowell Webb*, by Elizabeth and Edwin Black, *PLAYBOY*, October 1985.)

Much of the testimony belongs in revivalist meetings. Born-again Brenda MacKillop, another Meese-commission witness, almost speaks in tongues.

I am a former Playboy Bunny. . . . I was extremely suicidal and sought psychiatric help for the eight years I lived in a sexually promiscuous fashion. There was no help for me until I changed my lifestyle to be a follower of Jesus Christ and obeyed the Biblical truths, including no premarital sex. . . . I implore the Attorney General's commission to see the connection between sexual promiscuity, venereal disease, abortion, divorce, homosexuality, sexual abuse of children, suicide, drug abuse, rape and prostitution to pornography. . . . Come back to God, America, before it's too late.

For witness MacKillop, everything from divorce to acid indigestion can be chalked up to pornography. MacKillop

described for the commission the episodes of her formerly promiscuous personal life. In each instance, she attempted to blame Playboy—the magazine, the Clubs and the philosophy—for her sexual downfall.

The Meese commission has trundled out a parade of born-again basket cases, antisex feminists and fun-hating fundamentalists. More than anything else, the testimony of these witnesses struck us as sad, misdirected—even pathetic. It was also inflammatory, misinformed scapegoating.

In a court of law, such witnesses would be dismissed for lack of credibility. Trial by headline—unsupported by evidence, unchallenged by cross-examination or witnesses for the defense—is not due process. But it is the method of the Meese commission, as it was for McCarthy.

The Meese commission has the trappings of an inquiry but not the substance. The Government is putting on a circus show of misinformation. It is using the power of its position to prove that pornography is harmful rather than to research the facts. On another front, Dr. C. Everett Koop, the Surgeon General, who should have more respect for science, released a statement warning that “pornography may be dangerous to your health.” He told the nation, “Pornography is a destructive phenomenon. . . . It does not contribute anything to society but, rather, takes away from and diminishes what we regard as socially good.” He then listed, without supporting evidence, some of its dangers: Pornography “intervenes in normal sexual relationships and alters them.”

What, if any, scientific evidence exists to support such claims? Professor Joseph E. Scott of Ohio State University analyzed all the research available on what we have learned in the more than 15 years since the commission’s 1970 report about the relationship among violence, pornography and antisocial behavior. In a report to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Scott took on some of the common myths about pornography.

Myth one: Porn is more violent today than 15 years ago. *Wrong!* This is the addiction theory of porn, asserting that consumers become jaded and desensitized. Fundamentalists believe that one taste of sexually explicit material gets you hooked on the hard stuff. Porn has not become more violent. The porn slide shows mentioned earlier may be frightening and certainly are offensive to some, but they contain selected images. They do not reflect the market place. Scott says that when *Time* magazine runs an article claiming that S/M is the latest trend in porn, it misinterprets the available research. How violent is porn? Scott found that X-rated movies had less violence than G-, PG- or R-rated movies.

The average number of violent acts per movie were 20.3 for the R-rated, 16.2 for the G-rated, 15.3 for the PG movies and 4.4 for the X-rated movies.

Myth two: Exposure to porn leads to violence. *Wrong!* There is no scientific evidence that reading or viewing sexually explicit material causes antisocial behavior. (In fact, several studies have shown that exposure to gentle erotica actually lessens aggression.) However, there are two endlessly quoted researchers who say they’ve proved that exposure to violent sexual depiction increases the likelihood of certain males’ “condoning or expressing willingness to act aggressively against females.” We’re not sure what that means in real life. Scott reports that the only long-term study of violent porn disproved that myth: “Researchers examined married couples over a three-month period. They found that exposure to violent themes produced no significant changes in the participants’ behavior.” The most

“The Meese commission has trundled out a parade of born-again basket cases, antisex feminists and fun-hating fundamentalists.”

frequently quoted research has been that done by UCLA professor Neil Malamuth, the “professor of porn,” using college undergraduates in lab situations. No one believes that the artificial effects created by watching pornographic films in a lab carry over to real life. Has anyone ever participated in the experiments, then raped a coed? If viewing X-rated films leads automatically to violence against women, then Malamuth, who has been showing these films for years, would have been arrested for rape a long time ago.

Is there a way to gauge the effect of erotic material on the general population? One study compared sex-magazine-readership rates with rape rates by state. The researchers found a moderately strong relationship between rape rates and the consumption of adult magazines. Taken by itself, this would be cause for concern. However, a correlation is not the same as cause and effect. Subsequent studies have shown how tenuous that relation is. Consider *Field & Stream* or *Guns & Ammo*. Researchers found that the circulation of outdoor magazines has a higher correlation with rape than the number of adult bookstores in each state.

One would assume that rape rates might be higher in those states with the most adult theaters. No relationship has been found. To further confuse the issue, researchers have found rape rates to be higher in urban areas, in poor areas, in areas with high proportions of nonwhites and in areas of high alcohol consumption. Each of these variables showed a stronger relationship to rape than the number of adult theaters and bookstores.


Perhaps the best way to confront the myths about porn violence is to look at the Danish experience. Denmark legalized pornography in the late Sixties. Last year, a conference was held to review the effects of porn on social and criminal behavior. Berl Kutchinsky, a criminologist from the University of Copenhagen, summarized 15 years of research:

The conclusion is very clear that pornography is not a danger—neither to persons, neither to society, neither to children nor to adults. It doesn’t lead to sex offenses; it doesn’t lead to sexual deviations. . . . The only thing about pornography is that it makes people masturbate. . . . People’s attitude toward sexuality and, therefore, toward pornography is almost 100 percent determined by their religious convictions. And those are not altered by facts.

The Meese commission, with its fundamentalist foundation, is not likely to be swayed by facts. In effect, Kutchinsky was voicing the 1970 findings of the President’s Commission on Obscenity and Pornography:

The commission believes that much of the “problem” regarding materials which depict explicit sexual activity stems from the inability or reluctance of people in our society to be open and direct in dealing with sexual matters. . . . The commission believes that there is no warrant for continued interference with the full freedom of adults to read, obtain or view whatever such material they wish.

The Meese commission has written its own warrant for interference with our freedom. It despises fact. This sexual McCarthyism is as rooted in deception, innuendo and outright lies as the original version.

We think women *and* men have a right to sexual knowledge. We think that, as free adults, they have a right to choose what they will and will not see. But then, we thought the smell of McCarthyism had dissipated 30 years ago. Until it departs again, those who believe in free minds must make every effort to oppose the new wave of sexual McCarthyism. 

VANTAGE

PERFORMANCE COUNTS.
THE THRILL OF REAL CIGARETTE TASTE IN A LOW TAR.



9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

© 1986 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DR. RUTH WESTHEIMER

a candid conversation between the playboy advisor and the pint-sized pollyanna of passion—about good sex, safe sex and ter-r-r-r-rific sex!

"Hello, I'm Dr. Ruth Westheimer. Our program is called 'Sexually Speaking.' My producer is Susan Brown, my engineer Fred Zeller. The other engineer helping us is Walter Ryan, and the executive producer is Morris Tudick. Our telephone number, toll-free, nationwide is 1-800-635-5483. . . . And you are on the air-r-r!"

She's toll-free. She's nationwide. She's hotter than Madonna. She's a media darling, someone who sends reporters rushing to their pop-culture thesauruses for cute comparisons (see above): "The Munchkin of the Bedroom" (Time); "the Mary Poppins of the orgasm" (The Washington Post); "Grandma Freud" (Chicago Sun-Times); and according to People, she gets "the kind of respect Golda Meir would've gotten had she been a gynecologist."

Ruth Westheimer is famous because she violates one of the deepest, least recognized taboos in Western culture: talking with an old person/parent about sex. Imagine asking your mother how to perform oral sex or what those ben-wa balls in the drawer are really for. Appropriately for a mother figure, she is a sexual conservative who will always understand you—but this one happens to speak always with delightful directness.

Listen to her radio show and you see that she is a natural: Not a second goes by without

a sigh of compassion, a giggle, a cheerful "Have good sex!" She claims, "I was on the show for a year before someone explained to me what dead air was. I didn't know." There isn't any. She fills the air with exclamation points, like a karate expert splitting bricks. She holds your attention. Hers is a holographic personality: You get her entire shtick in a tenth of a second. She can relate to a telephone, to a microphone, to a television camera, to a Smith-Corona typewriter.

Dr. Ruth, as she is universally known, has packaged sex information—the work of Masters and Johnson and Helen Singer Kaplan—and made it safe for the great unwashed. She is for contraception. She is for relationships. She is for religion (she is just as likely to refer someone to a priest as to a urologist). She is the archetypal matchmaker. If a caller mentions that he is in a sexual relationship, she asks, "Are you planning to get married?" If a girl tells her she is seeing a guy who's obviously not serious about her, Dr. Ruth signals her engineer to put on one of her favorite songs: "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out of My Hair." (She has no song for guys who are being toyed with by a girl; yes, there may be a hint of a double standard in Dr. Ruth's musical therapy.)

Her accent is the first stroke of the packaging genius that is Dr. Ruth—the last person

who made such a career move on the basis of accent alone was José Jiménez, astronaut. With Dr. Ruth, sex therapist, we get a Jewish mother dispensing clitoral instructions with a German accent. She rolls her Rs as if she were dropping marbles down a rain pipe: "ter-r-r-r-rif," "br-r-r-avo," "r-r-r-right."

The other ingredient in the packaging success of Dr. Ruth is the fact that she is a phenomenon that could have gotten its start only in New York. With the first broadcast of her New York City-based radio show, she became the rave of taxi drivers and policemen. People quickly recognized her voice, and once her television appearances began, the combination of her 4'7" height and those trilled Rs made her unmistakable on the streets and on the airwaves of New York. Now, of course, people all over America recognize her from her spots on "Letterman," "The Tonight Show," "Good Morning America" and the cover of People magazine. She has been parodied on "Saturday Night Live." She has appeared in a comic strip, "Bloom County," as Dr. Ruth "Spank 'Em" Westheimer. She is amused, even if she doesn't get the joke. And now the fame has become international, as Dr. Ruth has taken her show to the European airwaves.

She is a 57-year-old mother of two, born in Frankfurt am Main as Karola Ruth Siegel. In 1939, she was shipped to Switzerland with



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BENNO FRIEOMAN

"The reason for my success is that I'm well trained. I have guts. I'm willing to speak directly. And I knew how to take an opportunity when it was presented to me—with two hands. Small hands, but a firm grip."

"Johnny Carson said he wonders where Fred Westheimer goes when his wife has a headache. In all earnest, talking and teaching about sex is conducive to a better sex life. It has loosened me up and helped my skiing."

"A young man called and said, 'Dr. Ruth, my girlfriend likes to toss fried onion rings on my erect penis.' That permitted me to say, in a wonderful way, that I believe anything two consenting adults do in privacy is fine."

100 other Jewish children and never saw her parents again. In 1945, she moved to Israel, joined the Haganah freedom fighters and married the first of her three husbands. In 1952, she moved to Paris, enrolled at the Sorbonne to study psychology, met her second husband and had a daughter. She then moved to America. In 1961, she met her third husband, Fred Westheimer, on a ski trip. This one was a keeper. For the next decade or so, she was a graduate student and a homemaker, raising her daughter and son. She obtained her master's degree in sociology and then a doctorate from Columbia University in the interdisciplinary study of the family—that's Dr. Ruth as in Ed.D., not as in M.D., as she is careful to point out when she declines to give medical advice.

In 1980, WYNY-FM, an NBC station in New York, asked her to do a radio show on sex. The rest is media history: That show is now carried in 45 cities, she has a television show on the Lifetime Cable Network and the lady is, well, everywhere.

Her marketing instincts are those of a friendly barracuda: After the Playboy Rabbit Head, she has fashioned for herself the most recognizable logo in the world of sex. There is "Dr. Ruth's Guide to Good Sex," a book. There is "First Love: A Young People's Guide to Sexual Information." There is Dr. Ruth's Game of Good Sex, in which couples move their pieces around a board, accumulating arousal points. They answer such questions as "True or false: The word orgy comes from the Japanese word origami, meaning a folding into beautiful shapes." If you land on the wet spot, you lose a point. If you listen to "Sexually Speaking," you get to roll the dice and move again. And, coming soon in a video store near you, the Dr. Ruth video: "Terrific Sex."

Dr. Ruth makes things happen, but she is also one of those people things happen to: Director Daniel Vigne was making a movie in Paris. He needed a tall American woman (Sigourney Weaver) and a short American woman ("Guess who!"). Dr. Ruth "One Take" Westheimer plays a character called Madame Heffner. (Yes, that's Heffner.) And the band wagon rolls on.

We decided there was only one appropriate interviewer for a subject this close to home: James R. Petersen, the Playboy Advisor, no stranger himself to traveling road shows from his popular campus appearances, and author of "America's most widely read men's sex-education resource" (USA Today). Petersen's report:

"We at PLAYBOY have been giving sex advice for 25 years, so Dr. Ruth struck me as the new kid in town. Who can argue with someone who wants you to have good sex? We haven't settled for good sex in years, but, hey, someone has to do it.

"She may be the new kid, but I got more mothering in the ten days in which we conducted this interview than I have in the past ten years. At our first meeting, she said, 'Hold out your hands,' then promptly filled them with chotchkes—key chains with her logo on them, coffee cups with her radio stations' ini-

tials on them—for everyone back at the Chicago office. At the end of each session, she would ask if I had someone looking after me for the night. She introduced me to everyone we met—as she does with everyone who is with her—on the chance that one person might be able to help another. She carries numbers and names around in a little book swelled to the point of bursting with scraps of paper. Her Rolodex must need its own Sherpa. She is tireless and will walk your socks off.

"As we walked along the streets of New York, from one appointment to another, a squad car addressed her over the bullhorn: 'Dr. Ruth!' She signed autographs gladly: 'I love it!' Older matrons came up to her in restaurants, whispering problems into her ear in words they probably had never spoken aloud: 'I love it!' A young couple thanked her for being such a live wire in the sex-therapy profession, usually populated by colorless duds: 'I love it!' She is adored by the city of New York. Walking around with her is like being trapped on the set of a Broadway musical where the erections are as high as an elephant's eye and everyone—as Dr. Ruth always warns—uses contraception.

"She is very agile. She says that she is against confrontation, and when questioned

*"Rock Hudson should not
have kissed anybody. He
should have let a stunt man
do the kissing."*

on some of her beliefs, she will acknowledge that she says one thing in her writing, another thing on the air and yet a third in interviews. She is overprotective: She would rather keep one person from bitter disappointment in sexual experimentation than actively encourage a thousand to go for it—caution, not courage, nor for that matter, curiosity. She could charm the nut off a fireplug, and no matter that you disagree with her, within five minutes you'll undoubtedly be promising to do her a favor.

"I put off doing this interview for five years—first I thought she was a local act, that New Yorkers would fall for anything. Then I thought she was a case of terminal cuteness on 'Letterman.' Then I noticed that she was booking 30 lectures a year on college campuses, doing five nights a week on cable, 60 cities on her radio show—and, at my editors' urging, I had to look again. Dr. Ruth is a phenomenon, someone who holds a mirror up to America. The fact that she is famous tells us something about ourselves.

"By the way, after our last exhaustive interview session, with Dr. Ruth off to some promotion or other, I went back to my hotel room for the night. I was tired and just wanted to sit back and listen to some music. I ordered room service and switched on the radio. There she was again, answering questions on 'Sexually Speaking.' The waiter

arrived, glanced at the radio and didn't bat an eye at me. Just another lonely guy listening to Dr. Ruth."

PLAYBOY: Not long ago, *The Playboy Advisor* received a letter that began, "We couldn't get through on Dr. Ruth's phone lines, so we are writing to you." Are you stealing our readers?

DR. RUTH: I love it. [Claps her hands, bounces up and down in her seat] You are going to put that in the interview, yes?

PLAYBOY: You're working our beat. We figured it was time we got to know you better. Should we view you as competition?

DR. RUTH: Listen, people ask me all the time, "Do you know there's somewhere else a show on sex?" They expect me to say, "How dare they do a show on sex!" And I say, "Ter-r-rific." There is a big country out there, and a place for all of us.

PLAYBOY: Well, welcome to the *Playboy Interview*, Dr. Ruth.

DR. RUTH: It will be appearing in the Christmas season, yes? Bless my Jewish soul. I love it!

PLAYBOY: Are you aware of your image as Grandma Freud, pint-sized guru of sex?

DR. RUTH: Wr-r-rong! [Wags her finger] I'm too young for that! I'm 57 years old. I've never hidden my age. Now, I don't like the *Chicago Sun-Times'* calling me Grandma Freud. I want them to call me Aunt Freud or Auntie Freud, not Grandma Freud. And I hate the word guru. I don't have any followers! I don't want any followers!

PLAYBOY: But you do have fans. Each week, thousands of college students listen to your show *Sexually Speaking*. It's hard not to be charmed by someone who answers her phone with "Are you using contraceptives?" and ends every show with "Have good sex!" So let's get right to the good stuff. What was your favorite phone call?

DR. RUTH: A young man called and said, "Dr. Ruth, my girlfriend and I are in love with each other very much. We want to get married. In order to be on your good side, I want you to know that we are using contraceptives." And I said, "Good." Then I said, "What's your problem?" He said, "My girlfriend likes to toss fried onion rings on my erect penis."

PLAYBOY: Fried onion rings?

DR. RUTH: As I am a good sex therapist, you know that I have to visualize what happens in people's bedrooms, right? That phone call permitted me to say, in a wonderful way, that I believe that anything two consenting adults do in the privacy of their bedrooms, in the living room or on the kitchen floor is fine with me.

PLAYBOY: You believe that anything goes?

DR. RUTH: I have some problems with masochism and sadism. I believe that a sex therapist like myself should know her limitations. If a couple walk into my office



80 PROOF BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY IMPORTED IN BOTTLE BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MI © 1985



BE A PART OF IT.

Canadian Club

To send Canadian Club anywhere in the United States, call 1-800-238-4373. Void where prohibited.

and say that they are engaged in sadomasochism, that he can have an erection only if he sees blood, that she doesn't mind it, that she gets sexually very aroused by being beaten, I personally cannot treat them. Now, I'm not going to say to them, "Go to prison," because I just stated to you that anything two consenting adults do is OK. But I will use a white lie. I will look at my calendar and say, "I'm so booked up, I'm going to give you the name of a colleague." I couldn't work with S/M. I'm not going to go to a psychiatrist to find out why.

PLAYBOY: Your view of S/M seems rather extreme. S/M can actually be milder than Saturday-morning cartoons. Most people don't go for blood. But you have dealt with milder versions of S/M on your radio show, haven't you?

DR. RUTH: A girl told me on the air, "My boyfriend and I are getting into whips and chains." Immediately, I asked, "With contraception?" That made my friends in the control room laugh. But I was serious! You can start pretending with whips and chains and end up having a real baby or an abortion. If I can help prevent just one unwanted pregnancy by persuading someone to use contraception, then all the talking will have been worth while.

PLAYBOY: And if someone just happens to have good sex along the way?

DR. RUTH: Ter-r-rific.

PLAYBOY: What's your prescription if sex is just routine—let's say, for a couple with kids who have been married some years?

DR. RUTH: I suggest that parents pick up a baby sitter and go to a motel. Hopefully a motel with a water bed and some sexually explicit movies, if that is what they like.

PLAYBOY: You don't think that *Debbie Does Dallas* is bad for the moral fabric?

DR. RUTH: If a couple want to watch that, and afterward get sexually aroused—do it. If they have a good sexual episode, that's great. I do suggest to many of my clients, "Go and r-r-rent!" I tell them, "Don't buy those movies, because after you see them five times, you don't want to see them any more. R-r-rent them!"

PLAYBOY: We assume that you've seen sexually explicit movies. What was your reaction to your first X-rated movie?

DR. RUTH: I blushed. I looked around to see if anybody else sees what I am seeing. And there is no question that even though I blushed, even though I was embarrassed, even though I thought, What is a good girl like me doing in a place like this? I clearly remember thinking that people are all idiots if they say that only men get aroused by sexually explicit movies. Women do, too. Period.

PLAYBOY: In your most recent book, you say that one of the dangers of viewing pornography is that it may lead to false expectations.

DR. RUTH: By pornography, I mean sadomasochism and sex with children.

PLAYBOY: The critics of porn define it as any sexually explicit material. Is there a

danger to viewing sexually explicit films?

DR. RUTH: People have to realize that females are less likely to cooperate in real life than the way the actresses behave in films. Real women and men have to please each other, and that takes time and understanding. Some men think that because they get this fantastic erection, the women are supposed to be automatically aroused. It doesn't work that way.

PLAYBOY: What do you say to Women Against Pornography—who say sexually explicit material degrades women?

DR. RUTH: I'm not excited by all this Women Against Pornography. I think if a woman is permitted to be sexually aroused by some of these things, fine. I say that such movies can enrich people's lives—both men and women.

PLAYBOY: If you were asked to testify in front of the Meese Commission on Pornography, what would you say about that kind of movie?

DR. RUTH: I would say, "Don't advertise with big naked pictures outside the moviehouse, because there are children passing by." There are people from different moral, ethical and religious backgrounds, and you might offend them. But if a couple want to see a sexually explicit movie, let them see it. I want them to go together, to hold each other when they watch. I don't want them going in raincoats.

PLAYBOY: Since it hits close to home, we may as well ask you what you think of the recent banning of Congressional funds for the Braille edition of *PLAYBOY*.

DR. RUTH: That's outrageous. That's outrageous. [*Hits table*] Let me tell you what I would like to do. I'm trying to get money to have closed captions for the hearing-impaired on my cable-TV show. I would like to be the first one who has that on a show about sex. Why should the handicapped be deprived, in either case? Talk to Hefner. Maybe we can do that together.

PLAYBOY: We'll talk to Hef. But back to the interview. Any more suggestions on how our readers can spice up their sex lives?

DR. RUTH: I certainly do suggest not having sex at a regular time, such and such a date, such and such a day of the week, after the Johnny Carson monolog. I say vary it. I suggest to people to have sex in the morning sometimes. It is not true that women are not sexually aroused in the morning. It is just that society has told women to have their hair combed, their faces made up . . . just so, before they have sex. That's nonsense. I say go to different places, not just in bed. I say to married people, "Go to lover's lane." It is very exciting to think that all of these cars have people in them making out.

PLAYBOY: Are there inappropriate places?

DR. RUTH: Yes. I think that any public place is inappropriate. I don't say to somebody, "Go to Bloomingdale's, and on the escalator, go behind her and stick it in." But in secluded places, absolutely. Go into the dunes at a secluded beach.

PLAYBOY: With all the practical advice you

give on sex, perhaps we should ask, Does Dr. Ruth have a test bedroom of her own?

DR. RUTH: I do not have a test bedroom. One night, Johnny Carson said in the monolog, he wonders where Fred Westheimer goes when his wife has a headache. I would say in all earnest that talking and teaching about sexuality is certainly conducive to a better sex life and not the contrary. Talking about sex has even helped my skiing. It helps me loosen up. But let's face it, if I can't keep a sexual interest alive, then I should get out of this business. So don't ask what positions I am using. I don't speak about myself.

PLAYBOY: We'll come back to that, but other than what you've already ruled out, what do you find inappropriate in bed?

DR. RUTH: Well, it is certainly inappropriate for a man to keep asking, "Are you coming?" unless that particular woman gets very sexually aroused by that. Insisting or asking that question will make sure the woman will not be able to have an orgasm.

PLAYBOY: If he can't tell whether or not she's satisfied, what do you suggest?

DR. RUTH: Later on, afterward, he can ask. If she doesn't volunteer the information, I want him to ask. Then I want him to use the afterplay to satisfy her manually, orally—or with his big toe. [*Giggles*] Here is a new position for you!

PLAYBOY: Judging by the *Advisor* mail, it's not new to *PLAYBOY* readers, Dr. Ruth.

DR. RUTH: Yes, the big toe touching the clitoris might be ver-r-y enjoyable!

PLAYBOY: *The Joy of Sex* has more than 200 pages on sex but only a few paragraphs on oral sex. Masters and Johnson wrote two books without mentioning it. Your book gives it one chapter. Why do you think the traditional authorities have so little to say on the topic, and what does Dr. Ruth say?

DR. RUTH: There is no question in my mind that more younger people than older people are engaging in oral sex. I mention it in *First Love*, my book of advice for teenagers. I tell girls to experiment, to learn how to perform fellatio by practicing on a banana or a lollipop or a Popsicle. Some men have an aversion to the taste of a woman's vagina. Last night on the show, I came up with a new suggestion. Maybe it's not bad. I told him to just kiss the outer portion, above the clitoris.

PLAYBOY: Well, we've had to give advice along those lines, and we've suggested to men that they put a cough drop in their mouth to create a taste and a sensation the woman doesn't expect. We've suggested a drop of Binaca on the tongue.

DR. RUTH: A spr-r-ritz? I love it! I love it! [*Claps her hands in delight*]

PLAYBOY: Let's talk seriously about the sexual topic that has become a national obsession—AIDS. What's your current advice to gays who call you about that disease?

DR. RUTH: I treat homosexuals with the same respect that I treat heterosexual couples with. I am very serious in saying these



CHAPS MUSK BY RALPH LAUREN



LIVING WITHOUT BOUNDARIES.



days, it has nothing to do with morality. I'd say to any homosexual who crossed my path, or on the phone, "Until we find a cure for AIDS, if you don't have one partner you can trust, don't cruise. Unless you are sure that there are no other sexual encounters, masturbate. Until they find a cure, casual, promiscuous sex is dangerous."

PLAYBOY: Has homosexual behavior changed?

DR. RUTH: I think that there are more and more homosexuals who are remaining with one partner, where they would have cruised before. I tell them to keep a black book for the future. You meet Mr. X, you say, "That guy is the first one I'm going to call as soon as we have a cure for AIDS." I think Rock Hudson did a courageous thing by saying, "Let the world know I have AIDS." He knew that there would be all kinds of speculation. I am not interested in whether or not Rock Hudson was homosexual. I admired his courage. He helped other people say, "Hey, hold it. Maybe we ought to wait."

PLAYBOY: Should Rock Hudson have continued to work once he knew he was afflicted with AIDS?

DR. RUTH: Yes. My personal opinion, and I'm going to get into trouble. I feel sad for all of the thousands of women who fantasized about being in his arms, who now have to realize that he never really cared about them. I heard one older woman say, "I used to dream about him; too bad that he really didn't like erotic relations with women." But I do believe he should *not* have kissed anybody. If he knew he had a disease that was communicable, he should not have kissed. He should have found some excuses. He should have let a stunt man do the kissing. I'm sure that there are plenty of stunt men willing to kiss those gorgeous women. And tell the stunt man [*waggles a finger*], if he does more than kissing, he should use a condom!

PLAYBOY: Should a child who contracted AIDS be allowed to attend school?

DR. RUTH: I am not a medical doctor. If a doctor told me there was a reason for that kid not to go to school, I would say fine. But now, I say he can go.

PLAYBOY: How should heterosexual men and women react to AIDS?

DR. RUTH: Again, I am not a medical doctor, so I cannot comment on specifics. But good sex is good sex. Be discriminating. Be careful. It is absolutely clear now that this is such an epidemic, nobody can call it just a homosexual problem. It is threatening to I.V. drug users, to people who come into contact with infected blood and, ultimately, to heterosexuals. We cannot isolate the gays. This affects us all.

PLAYBOY: What do you say about the people who would quarantine gays, prostitutes and AIDS victims?

DR. RUTH: Coming from Nazi Germany and having survived Hitler and the concentration camps, I am very worried when I hear the word quarantine. Because the next

thing they might decide is everyone 4'7" should be quarantined.

PLAYBOY: AIDS isn't the only source of sexual fear around. What do you tell heterosexuals who are afraid of herpes and other sexually transmitted diseases?

DR. RUTH: The dangers of sex must not become a fixation. After all, we face germs and the possibility of illness every day in the street. In return for all of our pleasures in life, it isn't too much to behave sensibly. The principle to follow in sex is to do anything pleasurable if there is no harm in it and both partners accept it. But we live in a world of reality, and both men and women should avoid activities plainly marked DANGER.

PLAYBOY: Even before the AIDS hysteria, *Time* ran a cover story on the herpes fear, claiming that it had stopped the sexual revolution in its tracks. Do you agree?

DR. RUTH: No, I don't believe in that. I don't believe that what we gained in terms of knowledge, in terms of attitude, is going to disappear. The woman who now feels the right to tell her lover how to stimulate her clitoris just so in order to have an orgasm is not going to give up that right. These gains are going to stay.

PLAYBOY: *Time* argued, with its tongue only a bit in its cheek, that the one-night stand was the only significant product of the sexual revolution. What do you say?

DR. RUTH: Nonsense. Nonsense. Only a very small number of people were engaged in one-night stands. It just hit the headlines, because it made good copy, and everybody bought the papers, including me. I see a story about one-night stands, and who is the first one to buy it? Me. Not in order to do it but to learn about it.

PLAYBOY: What are the most common problems you treat in private practice?

DR. RUTH: I see quite a number of women who cannot reach orgasm. I see older men with erectile difficulties. I also see quite a number of men in their 30s who have never had a sexual experience and are scared.

PLAYBOY: How do you advise men who are afraid to meet girls?

DR. RUTH: I tell them to open their eyes. I got a phone call from a student recently. He did not know how to meet girls. He was a computer student. I told him that when class began, he should find the most attractive girl there, to make sure he got the computer next to her. I said, "You know how to get your computer to talk to her computer, don't you?"

PLAYBOY: What about the guys who have a fear of computers?

DR. RUTH: I tell them to go to Bloomingdale's. To pretend they are shopping for their sister. To find a girl and ask her opinion on a certain sweater as a gift.

PLAYBOY: You've also become a hit on the lecture circuit. What do you talk about?

DR. RUTH: I do a combination of telling them about the radio and television show. I talk very seriously about some of the research findings of Masters and Johnson, of

Helen Singer Kaplan. I give examples from my private practice of some of the things happening out there. I talk about the need for a sexually literate society.

PLAYBOY: What is sexual literacy?

DR. RUTH: Sexual literacy is really very comparable to reading, writing and arithmetic. It is a basic knowledge and understanding of one's own sexuality and human sexuality in general.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us an example of a sexually literate person?

DR. RUTH: A sexually literate mother is a mother who knows that there are things called nocturnal emissions. She doesn't scream at her son when he has spots on his sheets and stickiness in his pajamas. Sexual literacy is talking to a girl about menstruation before she menstruates, so that she doesn't get scared about what is happening to her body when it happens. We know that if a girl at camp has a nose-bleed, she goes to the nurse. But if she bleeds *from down there*, where she doesn't expect any blood, she gets really scared. Something horrible is going to happen.

PLAYBOY: What's a sexually literate father?

DR. RUTH: Well, a sexually literate father is one who knows that when he holds his daughter at a certain age on his lap and watches television with her, if a sexy commercial appears on TV or a sexy thought occurs to him, he might have an erectile feeling. It doesn't have to be a whole erection, it can be just an erectile feeling. He doesn't have to be scared about it and push her away. This happens very often and he may not allow himself to touch her for the next ten years.

PLAYBOY: Given the child-abuse scare, isn't it natural for a man these days to be self-conscious about his response?

DR. RUTH: No, I'm saying that that is a natural reaction to something that he thinks or sees, and not simply because his daughter is sitting on his lap. And because of the child-abuse scare, I am very concerned that fathers and grandfathers will not understand that their having that kind of erection is not related to their daughter. Let's stop with this scare. Let's tell people that there are some sick people out there, and they should take care.

PLAYBOY: Our guess is that you didn't hear about this situation from the man.

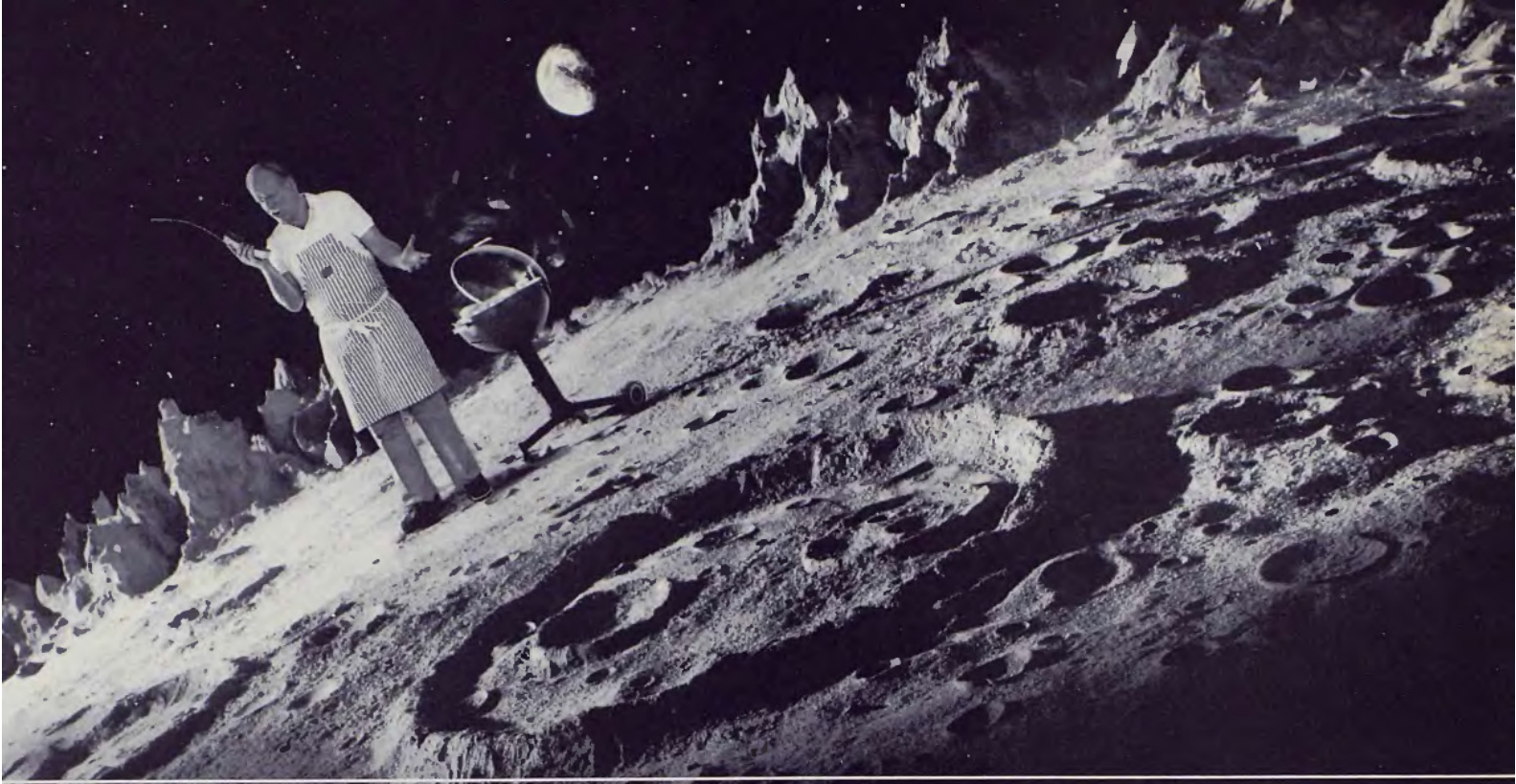
DR. RUTH: True.

PLAYBOY: And how did you explain to the daughter why her father had suddenly stopped showing her affection?

DR. RUTH: I will tell you what I told the girl. I said, "Do not be angry at your father. He reacted to the best of his knowledge, which meant he avoided touch. He was sexually illiterate. He did not have the chance to talk to me. He could have moved you to one knee. He could have said, 'Just a moment; you're hurting me.'"

PLAYBOY: When is such a reaction not normal?

DR. RUTH: I would not want the man to take a bubble bath with his three-year-old



With a new Panasonic cordless phone, you won't sound like you're calling from another planet.

The new Panasonic cordless phones. They reduce static and interference. And won't let you get billed for calls you never made.

"Hello@#\$\$%, Bill?"

"Is that %\$#@ you, Jack? Are you #\$\$%¢ using that cordless phone @#\$\$% again?"

How do you get great sound from a cordless phone? You get a cordless phone from a company famous for great sound. Panasonic.

Unlike older cordless phones, ours work with the new FCC channels. Which means that static and other interference are minimized.

And so are security problems. A few years ago, if your neighbor also had a cordless, he could get your dial tone on his phone, make calls, and then you'd get the bill. Now, with our new digital coding and auto secure systems, that problem is virtually eliminated.

And every Panasonic also comes with a tone/pulse switch for MCI and Sprint* compatibility. Auto redial. Paging. Our reputation for reliability. And more.

So if you don't want to sound like you're calling from a galaxy far, far away, get a Panasonic cordless phone.

*Sprint is a registered trademark of GTE Sprint Communications Corp.



THE PANASONIC LAS VEGAS PRO-AM.
APRIL 30-MAY 4, 1986. CALL 1-800-722-GOLF.
SEE IT ON NBC.

Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.

daughter and have her touch him to produce an erection. That is intentional.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Ann Landers' famous survey of her women readers in which she found that most women would rather be hugged than perform the sexual act?

DR. RUTH: Someone called me and asked what I thought of that survey. I said it was dangerous. The question was badly phrased. It didn't say, "Do you sometimes—once a week, once a month, once every other week—want to be held rather than do the act?" Now, the 90,000 people who answered prove only one thing: that Ann Landers is read by 90,000 people. The survey is dangerous, because it can get us back into the Victorian age. You remember what the Victorian mother told her daughter on the night of the wedding? "Lie back and think of England. There's nothing in the sexual encounter for you. You have to survive it, because you need a husband to support you."

PLAYBOY: So you felt that the survey was misleading. Did you tell the caller that?

DR. RUTH: Yes, and you know what happened? The headline in the paper the next day read, "DR. RUTH: ANN LANDERS DANGEROUS." I called Ann Landers' office and said, "I never said Ann Landers was dangerous. That would be like saying apple pie and motherhood are dangerous. The service she provides to readers is wonderful. This survey is dangerous." Later, I went to Paris. I picked up a copy of *Paris Match*, which ran a story headlined, "AMERICAN WOMEN ARE FRIGID." It cited the Ann Landers survey.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of sex surveys, PLAYBOY did one a couple of years ago that found that the sexual revolution had a greater effect, in terms of liberation, on married sex than on single sex.

DR. RUTH: Don't say married sex. Say relationship sex.

PLAYBOY: If you insist. But how do you feel about sex that's not part of a serious relationship—casual sex?

DR. RUTH: I say that sometimes it might be absolutely *delicious*. For example, Burt Reynolds was on my show. He told me a story about meeting a woman in an airport before he was famous and how he and she looked at each other and decided on the spot to miss their plane and spend the time with each other—complete strangers. I saw a *spark* in his eye when he remembered that one night. He wondered if that woman ever watched his movies or watches him on TV. I would say that a one-night stand, properly executed—forget about the ones you do under the influence of alcohol—can provide an erotic experience that will nourish the person for a long time. But in my experience, from the stories I hear, most one-night stands happen from drunkenness. The next morning, the person can't remember how he got there or what they did. [*Gestures emphatically*] And if you can't remember it, that is *not* good sex.

PLAYBOY: We agree. We say, "If you're too drunk to drive, don't park."

DR. RUTH: I like that!

PLAYBOY: But we have more respect than you do for the urgency of teenage lust. You advise virgins to wait—

DR. RUTH: You want to know something very inter-r-esting? I went to a cemetery in Switzerland last summer, and on some of the very old tombstones it said, *HERE LIES SO-AND-SO, VIRGIN*. And I wondered, How did they know? I discovered that in the Old Testament, you were considered a virgin until you were 12½. When I tell a virgin to wait, I do so only if she calls me and tells me she is worried. Then I tell her, "Don't give in to pressure." I think it is lucky for us all that there is less of a price attached to virginity these days.

PLAYBOY: How did Dr. Ruth lose her virginity?

DR. RUTH: [*Beams*] I knew that someplace in this interview was going to be buried this question. But I do remember. It was a *fantastic* experience! In a haystack. In Israel. [*She pauses, weighs her words*] Oh, boy, let's give it to them already. It happened under a very clear, beautiful Israeli sky with a lot of stars, with stars that shine like that only in that country. With a guy I was ver-r-y much in love with.

PLAYBOY: A passable evening.

DR. RUTH: And I am still friends with the guy. I *remember* that haystack. And you can tell your readers that when I told you about it, I giggled. [*Giggles*]

PLAYBOY: You've said that you later got pregnant with your daughter, Miriam, and only then legalized the affair by getting married. How could the queen of contraception fall pregnant?

DR. RUTH: How? At the time, I did not know that I was the queen of contraception. I was living with the father, and I thought this was the man I was going to stay with. I wanted the child. Maybe if I had known I would someday be talking about contraception from morning to night, I would have legalized the affair fir-r-st!

PLAYBOY: OK, straight from the hip: Are you in favor of premarital sex?

DR. RUTH: Never would I say that. I would say that anybody who wants to remain a virgin—when I say virgin I mean boys and girls, young men, young women, older women—anybody who wants to remain a virgin until the night of the wedding should stick to it. But it doesn't matter why people want to remain virgins. For whatever reason. But! Anybody who's engaged in premarital sex has an obligation to use what?

PLAYBOY: Uh. The Chinese basket trick? No? OK, contraceptives?

DR. RUTH: R-r-ight!

PLAYBOY: What are your opinions on extramarital sex? *Cosmopolitan* has run articles that tell women how an affair can improve their marriage. Do you agree?

DR. RUTH: That's a catastrophe. But who is the first one to buy that paper? Me. Be-

cause I say to myself, My gosh, they're writing something I don't know. Maybe there is something that I don't know.

PLAYBOY: So you condemn adultery?

DR. RUTH: I do. I do. Because it is one of the Ten Commandments. I do not believe in open marriage. I don't think it works. Is it inherent in human nature to be loyal and sexually attractive and sexually interested in the same partner for a lifetime? It is a question mark. I do not doubt that there is a desire to experiment and to make your sex life more varied, but that's a different story.

PLAYBOY: We're listening.

DR. RUTH: If you have an affair, you have to take the risk of bringing home sexually transmitted disease. At the same time, I also say, if something does happen, you are at a convention or someplace and you *do* have sex with somebody else, keep your mouth shut. I do not believe in the American ethic of telling all that has happened—except in the case of a sexually transmitted disease. You have to recognize that there's lust. I say to somebody, "If you can have a spar-r-ekling affair safely, nobody will ever find out, do it. Have fun. At the same time, do know all of these other things that might happen and take precautions." I think it's really common sense. If one of you is expecting a phone call, do it in that person's hotel room. I feel if you have an affair . . . look, I'm not a moralist. I wouldn't be able to do a program like I do and talk about sex all day long if I would be saying no. But let's suppose it does happen. Somebody has an affair. I do not believe you should have to tell your partner and ask her forgiveness. You only have to tell your partner if you're getting caught. Because nobody's going to forget. People forgive, but not forget.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have a European attitude toward fooling around: You disapprove of it officially but tolerate it unofficially, as long as it's done discreetly.

DR. RUTH: Do you think it is European? Perhaps that explains why so many Americans listen to what I say. Or do you think they agree with it?

PLAYBOY: Honesty has been one of the principles of America's sexual revolution. Do you think we carry it too far?

DR. RUTH: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Do you think a lover should tell the details of his or her past?

DR. RUTH: For some crazy reason now, people have the idea that they must tell each other everything, every detail of their past, every thought in their heads. This is not good sense. It isn't sensitive about the other person's feelings. Your lover doesn't want to know some things you know about yourself. And if you tell everybody everything, you will be sorry. You must realize that every person has private territory.

PLAYBOY: Our advice might be to treat sex like ethnic dishes: Enjoy the flavor, but don't insist on knowing what went into it.

DR. RUTH: I like that! Can I use it?

PLAYBOY: Sure, but the logic of your position leads to the conclusion that if people followed your advice and talked less about their sex lives, you would be out of a job.

DR. RUTH: No, because my callers are anonymous. I never ask last names. And by the time your voice goes over the radio, no one can recognize you. So we have a kind of privacy. The radio show has created a community of listeners, people with the same interests. Sometimes they call up to give one another advice.

PLAYBOY: You say lovers shouldn't share the details of their sexual pasts; what about their sexual fantasies?

DR. RUTH: Unless you are sure that that fantasy will be eagerly accepted by your partner, keep your mouth shut. It's a little bit like your affairs. At the first fight, it will be thrown at that other person's head that he fantasized about the centerfold in *PLAYBOY* while he made love to her. Some people get off on spinning fantasies, but let me say, they should spin fantasies that will not offend or upset the other person.

PLAYBOY: What if someone gets turned on by hearing the details of past love affairs?

DR. RUTH: She should make up stories. Don't give the real details.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned the gains of the sexual revolution; where do you think it has failed?

DR. RUTH: It ought to have produced a sexually literate society, but it didn't. I don't think the sexual revolution did enough to

get the message out about the need for and importance of contraception. I come back to you with a question. We have 1,500,000 teenagers pregnant who don't want to be pregnant. That's why I always ask, "Are you using contraceptives?" I know I sound like a broken record, but until you answer that, you are not having good sex, responsible sex.

PLAYBOY: There are some people—the Moral Majority, Phyllis Schlafly, Jerry Falwell—who believe that the sexual revolution only gave us license. The people who bomb Planned Parenthood centers, who are against sex education in the schools, believe that information about sex leads to sex. How do you answer them?

DR. RUTH: I don't agree. People have always been sexually active. Maybe not as many at an early age, because we have more facilities; people are going to coed colleges. But I do believe that there is more knowledge. People will make up their own minds. They will not succumb to pressure. The ones who are sexually active would be sexually active with or without this knowledge. If you are against the 1,500,000 unwanted pregnancies, you have to be in favor of contraceptives. And yet, these same people won't allow condom ads on TV. We are a nation of hypocrites!

PLAYBOY: Do you think Jerry Falwell has good sex?

DR. RUTH: If Jerry Falwell has good sex or not, I don't know. Let me put it another

way: When I hear of a woman screeching, being unhappy, being miserable, I don't want people right away to say, "Aha! She didn't get laid. All she needs is a good lay." I would be very careful about saying that those people who are against sex education do not have good sex. Maybe they have excellent sex, but it fits into their political views to be against sex education.

But if Jerry Falwell wants to meet with me, I would be willing—pr-ri-vately—to discuss his sex life.

PLAYBOY: Have there been other failures of the sexual revolution? Are there pitfalls?

DR. RUTH: There are pitfalls. If it is misused—if people start to think that to be sexually liberated must mean group sex, it must mean all kinds of touchy-feely seminars—then, yes, it does have pitfalls. If it means that the mother is supposed to come home with an encyclopedia of sexual knowledge and force that on her son or daughter when that child is not ready or not interested, then it has certain pitfalls.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying permission is OK, as long as it doesn't become pressure?

DR. RUTH: Exactly.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us an example of harmful pressure?

DR. RUTH: All this emphasis on the G spot. The people who wrote about it are very angry with me, because I haven't come out and endorsed the G spot. I see women in my private practice saying their husbands are lousy lovers because they can't find the

ORIGINAL SPICED RUM
PUERTO RICAN RUM WITH SPICE AND OTHER NATURAL FLAVORS

Captain Morgan Original Spiced Rum!

For better tasting rum drinks.

© 1985 Captain Morgan Rum Co., Camuy, Puerto Rico. 30 proof

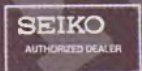
All are equal in alcohol content.

Man invented time. Seiko perfected it.

At Seiko, great technology inspires great design. A second hand on her dress watch, water-resistant, very today. One diamond and a rich two-tone setting, very tonight. For him, gold-tone on grey-tone, framework for a modern strap watch. Steel rods and gleaming hinges for a supple bracelet watch.

SEIKO

MAN INVENTED TIME.
SEIKO PERFECTED IT.



G spot. They complain they are not normal. They have been trying to find it for two and a half months. So let me be the old-fashioned one. Surely, there would be some institution, some hospital, some university that would say, "We have done a study; the G spot exists."

PLAYBOY: Can you give us another example?

DR. RUTH: The other night, a woman called in and said her husband wanted to try a threesome. She said, "I am happily married. We have three children, 11 years married, and my husband would like a threesome." My first question was, "What would he like? Another woman or another man?" I knew the answer to that. But I purposely asked that because I wanted to hear from her. She said, "I'm not sure." So I said that they should try a plastic doll. There are some inflatable dolls. Go out and buy one. It's a little bit of a joke, but it is also a way of first saving face. She can buy the doll, blow it up. The doll has a vagina. The doll has breasts. And she can say, "Look, honey, I bought you another woman." Maybe that would bring about good laughter and a good sexual experience. Maybe he is going to get the message that she really isn't interested.

PLAYBOY: Our advice would have been to go for it, that the reality might not live up to either the fantasy or her fear. We'd have said, "Try it if you feel secure about the relationship and to satisfy your curiosity. Curiosity is important to a growing sexual relationship, but satisfy it only if you forgive yourself ahead of time. At most, you may end up feeling silly or ridiculous."

DR. RUTH: I don't agree. I don't think people will feel silly or ridiculous. I think they are going to feel very angry at the partner for subjecting them to a situation like that. I don't think that people will walk away and say, "Poof, poof, that was nothing."

PLAYBOY: Then perhaps we need anger education, not sex education. Are you against experimentation?

DR. RUTH: No. There comes in my being old-fashioned and square and maybe a Jewish mother, because if a couple comes in and the husband wants to try a position and the wife doesn't, I say, "What is the big deal? Try it once, and if you don't like it, then you say no the next time." But a third person is not the same as a position.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be saying that all sex is negotiation. Isn't that what you do in your counseling?

DR. RUTH: Yes. I tell couples, "I can't do sex therapy if the two of you are still angry at each other."

PLAYBOY: What sex advice did you give your children?

DR. RUTH: I told Miriam where babies come from when she was five. Not with explicitness. I realized then that there was so much to learn. My philosophy is that parents should stay out of their adolescents' sex life. It's not their business. And adolescents should stay out of the parents' sex life. What I mean by staying out is, I

don't want a mother to ask her son, "Did you touch the girl's breasts?" when he comes home. Or "Are you sexually satisfied?" I would never ask my children a personal question, ever. But I was very fortunate. They are very open. We have had good discussions.

PLAYBOY: You have no trouble talking to teenagers on the radio. Is it more difficult with your own children, face to face?

DR. RUTH: When we talk about sex, it is very difficult. You just wait until you become a parent. It is very difficult for parents of adolescents not to be curious, because their own sexuality, their own sexual force, is waning. The young people's is just at its height, and very strong, and I think there are a lot of problems there.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the quality of sex education in schools?

DR. RUTH: Terrible. They don't put enough money into training teachers. There was a cartoon in *The New Yorker* that showed a fifth-grade teacher walking into a classroom, her hair tightly pulled back. She said, "Today I have been mandated by the Board of Education to talk about the birds and the bees and other filthy things." And that teacher, don't let her touch my child! Parents have to have a voice in what their children learn.

PLAYBOY: You began your career as a teacher, didn't you?

DR. RUTH: Yes. I was an associate professor at Brooklyn College. Every day, I would drive out in my little Toyota. I loved that car, because my hands could reach the steering wheel and my feet the pedals at the same time. But I was teaching a course in how to teach sex education in high schools, and I was fired. I went to arbitration. I had two children to support. I lost the arbitration. I was told that it was a political football, that they couldn't let me win, because then it would open the floodgates for a lot of other cases of people who were unjustly let go. But a few weeks after I was fired, WYNY offered me 15 minutes of radio air time on Sunday night.

PLAYBOY: And the rest is history.

DR. RUTH: If I had won my arbitration, I would now be a little full professor at Brooklyn College. Those people did me the biggest favor. I now have the whole world as my classroom. [Laughs] But only in New York could something like this happen, what happened to me. I drink to Mayor Koch's health.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you recently appear with him in public?

DR. RUTH: Yes. I was invited to a dinner where Mayor Koch took on journalists. There was a skit. The mayor got eaten by this huge plant. I came out and performed the "Westheimer maneuver." A deep black voice said, "More! More!" so I kept tickling the plant, and I guess it had an orgasm and spit out the mayor. I love it!

PLAYBOY: With everything you've lent your name to—cassettes, radio and TV broadcasts, a game—you've become a business

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Mailing Label or OLD Address Here:

(please print)

name

address

city state zip

NEW Address Here:

name (please print)

address

city state zip

Mail to: **PLAYBOY**

P.O. Box 55230, Boulder, CO 80323-5230

SATIN SHEETS

from **\$27.95** twin set

10 colors: Black, Brown, Burgundy, Bone, Light Blue, Royal Blue, Lavender, Red, Silver, Pink. Set includes: Flat Sheet, fitted sheet, 2 matching pillow cases.

Twin set \$27.95 Queen set \$49.95
Full set \$39.95 King set \$59.95
Waterbed set (specify size) \$69.95
3 Letter Monogram on 2 cases \$5.00

(Add \$3.00 Postage & Handling)

CALL NOW (Orders only)
Toll Free 1-800-428-7825 EXT. 15
Calif. 800-428-7824 EXT. 15
24 hours - 7 days a week

Or Send Check or Money Order to:

KARESS

18653 Ventura Blvd., Suite 325, Tarzana, CA 91356

NAME _____

STREET _____ APT. # _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SIZE _____ COLOR _____

_____ sets @ _____ + \$3.00 shipping

Amer. Express Visa MasterCard
Acct. No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Add 6 1/2% Sales Tax for California Residents
Karess Inc., 6117 Reseda Blvd., Reseda, CA 91335
30 Day Money Back Guarantee

unto yourself. What's next, a Dr. Ruth float in the Thanksgiving parade?

DR. RUTH: No. I would not allow it. And I won't allow bookstores to put up cardboard Dr. Ruths to promote a book.

PLAYBOY: Will there be a Dr. Ruth movie?

DR. RUTH: Someone has approached me. I said no. I did not want to sit down and answer questions, though I am talking here to you. I did not want to be psychoanalyzed. It hit me wrong. I mean, somebody *else* is going to play me?

PLAYBOY: Whom would you cast in your movie? Whom do you find sexy?

DR. RUTH: Burt Reynolds. He's such a good kisser. Gérard Depardieu. He's a good hugger. Zubin Mehta. When he conducts, I feel he is making love to the orchestra. Look, I'm going to tell you something per-r-rsonal, and you *have* to publish it.

PLAYBOY: Well. . . .

DR. RUTH: I want your wife to realize that I'm a married woman and I have no intentions on you, but I want you to know something. *You* are a very sexy man.

PLAYBOY: Gee, thanks. We bet you say that to all your interviewers.

DR. RUTH: It's called co-opting. [*Giggles*] Now, where were we?

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about some of the sexual myths we both encounter over and over. What *are* they?

DR. RUTH: The most dangerous myths are about contraception. If you don't have an orgasm, you are not going to get pregnant. If you douche with a soft drink, you won't get pregnant. If you do it standing up, you won't get pregnant. You can't get pregnant the first time you have sex. If you pull out, you won't get pregnant.

PLAYBOY: Germaine Greer wrote a book on the history of fertility. She suggests that *coitus interruptus*—pulling out—is a good method. Do you believe her?

DR. RUTH: It is a fantastic book, an intellectual history of fertility. Then she says, on page whatever, that *coitus interruptus* has been practiced across the world for many centuries. That is true. Then she says it is a perfect method of contraception. She says there are no spermatozoa in the pre-ejaculatory fluid. She is wrong, and I am worried. I am worried that people are going to say, "Look at Germaine Greer. She is a famous intellectual, yet she says, 'Pull out.'" All it takes is one sperm.

PLAYBOY: One very fast sperm. Any other myths?

DR. RUTH: Penis size. I don't know why in our society it is such a tremendous concern. Maybe when little boys see their fathers in the shower, they see a big penis and they think, I will never have that. One thing I do suggest is, I tell a man to have an erection and to stand in front of a full-length mirror, because maybe the perspective is different then from when he looks down. I suggested that once on television, and my floor manager, Dean, fell to the floor laughing. But there are incredible myths about penises, believed by women,

not just by men. You know the other myths: Can you tell the size of a penis by the nose, by the thumb, by the big toe?

PLAYBOY: Dr. Ruth, about your fixation on big toes. . . . Oh, never mind. In *First Love*, you suggest that women keep a fantasy journal in which they write about being sought by men who will "swim mountains and climb rivers" for them. Doesn't that create false expectations?

DR. RUTH: Climb rivers and swim mountains. What's wrong with that?

PLAYBOY: Well, to be practical about it, how can a guy climb rivers and swim mountains and still get an erection? Isn't that performance pressure epitomized?

DR. RUTH: Have the erection fir-r-rst!

PLAYBOY: Have you ever tried to run with an erection?

DR. RUTH: Seriously, I understand what you mean. I think fantasy is important and needed, but one has to learn what is fantasy and what is reality. As long as a woman knows that dreaming about Prince Charming coming on the white horse is only for arousal, she can't be unhappy that it didn't really happen.

PLAYBOY: Are men better at fantasy than women?

DR. RUTH: I don't think that men have inherently better fantasies than women. I think it's just education. Women don't permit themselves to have fantasies, to think about another man making love to them. We were constrained growing up. We think of ourselves as a mother, a wife, not a mistress. I think men have been permitted to let their eyes wander—to look at women, to let their behinds arouse them. Women have not been permitted to do that. Women have been sitting there with their eyes closed, like this.

PLAYBOY: Why do many women have trouble reaching orgasm?

DR. RUTH: Some women have an investment in not letting go, in not losing consciousness even for that split second. There are women who are so scared of having that feeling of powerlessness. In general, I think most women are capable of having an orgasm—not during intercourse, necessarily, but having an orgasm in response to proper stimulation, either by themselves or by a partner. So it's about both things. One is the woman's psychological make-up, the other is some technique of stimulation. I tell people to read *PLAYBOY*, Nancy Friday's books—*Men in Love*, *My Secret Garden*, *Forbidden Flowers*. I say use explicit material to spin off your own fantasies. I do believe that for some people, this is precious and necessary.

PLAYBOY: In your book, you suggest that a woman light a candle, put on soft music, get into a tub, maybe even with a glass of wine, and spend an hour or two pleasuring herself. Is that accurate?

DR. RUTH: That is right. First to teach *herself* how to have an orgasm in order to teach *him*.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that just link romance to masturbation? For guys, masturbation is a

lot simpler: It teaches them eye/hand coordination; it gets their hearts started in the morning.

DR. RUTH: You're being realistic. I'm talking about fantasy. I tell you why fantasy is important to a woman: If she doesn't fill her head with fantasies, then she is going to be a spectator. Then she is going to be watching herself with anticipatory anxiety, saying, "I am never going to come, never going to come." Then you can be sure that she is not going to come. The reason that I am suggesting candles and music is to put her mind on something else. So I tell women, "Think about Burt Reynolds. Think about Prince Charming."

PLAYBOY: In your books, you describe orgasm as a reflex, something akin to a sneeze. We place more value on it than that. No one ever asks a person who sneezes, "Did the earth move for you?"

DR. RUTH: I like that!

PLAYBOY: But you also say orgasms should not be a "salary." What do you mean?

DR. RUTH: Sometimes, people just work toward the orgasm. They don't enjoy the foreplay. They don't enjoy the plateau. I say, "Enjoy the build-up. Don't just work for an orgasm." But sometimes I see women who are educated, who are in business, who are in the arts, who do not have orgasms. And that's in 1985, with all of the literature available.

PLAYBOY: What do you say when two partners have unequal levels of desire?

DR. RUTH: I say, "Do you two always have the same appetite? Or do you sometimes want a steak and *you* just want an egg-salad sandwich?" It is nice if they turn each other on, and a simultaneous sexual experience is wonderful, but where is it written that it has to be like that? Why can't he satisfy her without having an erection, without feeling sexually aroused? And the same for her. The main thing is not to be frustrated. If the man wants sex and she doesn't, she should just pleasure him.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever met a man who could just passively receive pleasure?

DR. RUTH: It's very difficult for an American male to lie back passively and be stroked and pleased to orgasm, but I certainly do advise it. Men sometimes get very scared when their nipples get erect. They think that something is wrong, that they are homosexual. For an American male who has been trained to constantly be the assertive one, it is very difficult to lie back, but that is what I do teach.

PLAYBOY: What do you say to a man who reaches orgasm before his partner?

DR. RUTH: Use afterplay. Most people don't use the afterplay, because they don't know that the sexual-arousal curve for women is slower. I say, "Use afterplay." The woman complains that he falls asleep; that is just a bad habit. He can sit up and be awake or pinch himself or take a needle into bed and prick himself—not her but himself. The afterplay, properly executed, is going to provide a prelude to the next foreplay,

CANADA'S BEER.

It's the taste of the first drop of melting snow. It's the taste of shivering, bottomless blue lakes and endless skies. It's jagged mountains and roaring, icy rivers and towering forests. It's the taste of Canada's Beer. Labatt's.

THE PERFECT BEER.

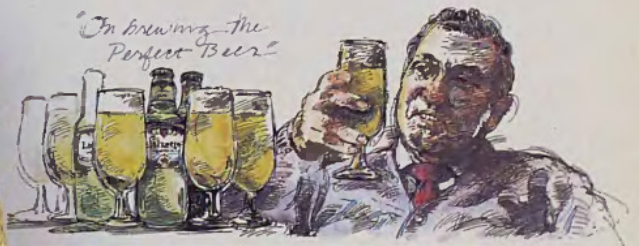


"The amount of hops dictates the taste of the beer"

Discover the perfectly balanced taste. A taste that is less heavy than the famed European beers . . . with more character than the lighter Americans. And more purely drinkable than either.

THE PERFECT BREWMASTER.

That "drinkability" is the quality that has been nurtured by brewmaster Roger Bergeron, who has spent over a quarter of a century "tinkering with the hopping." Mister Bergeron says, "We don't really use any different ingredients than any other beers. We just use them a bit differently. And that's a secret you wouldn't get out of me with a gun. That's what makes it Labatt's."



"In brewing the Perfect Beer"

THE PERFECT TASTE TEST.

It's the taste that won the gold medal in perhaps the world's most prestigious beer competition . . . the International Brewers' Exposition in London. Five days of competition . . . a completely blind taste test



"A few words about awards"

among the eighty finest beers from Germany, Holland, Canada, America, Denmark, England . . . the aristocracy of brewing. They chose Labatt's. The number one beer in all of Canada was chosen over the finest beers in all the world.



Discover the taste that has earned one Canadian beer the right to be called Canada's Beer. Discover Labatt's.



even if that is a week later.

PLAYBOY: Earlier, you said you don't speak about yourself, but that's not fair. You agreed to the interview, and that means personal background.

DR. RUTH: So ask! [*Huge grin*]

PLAYBOY: You seem to be the product of several societies. You were a German for the first ten years of your life, a Swiss until you were 16, an Israeli until you were 21, a Frenchwoman for the next five, and then an American. What nationality were you when you learned about sex?

DR. RUTH: I remember that I must have learned about sex before the age of ten. I was an only child. My parents lived in Frankfurt am Main. I remember that I was always very short, that I climbed on a chair. I knew where the key to the book cabinet was, and in that cabinet was a book on sex. That I do remember. I don't remember which book it was. It must have been one my parents liked. This was 1938, so perhaps it was Van De Velde's *Marriage Art*.

PLAYBOY: What is your next memory?

DR. RUTH: That very same year, all of the Jewish men in Frankfurt am Main were rounded up and put into concentration camps. There was a conference that Roosevelt and other people attended, to see if they could save German Jewry. Out of that conference came the cry "Let's at least save the children." So 300 children were taken by England, 300 by France; the remaining ones went to Switzerland. You had to either be an orphan or have one parent in a concentration camp. By chance, there must have been space on that list. I don't know how I got on that list. I was sent to Switzerland. I didn't want to go. I was home with my mother and my grandmother, also my mother's parents. Everybody loved me, and I didn't want to go on a trip like that. But they said I had to go in order to get my father out of the concentration camp.

PLAYBOY: What was the departure like?

DR. RUTH: It was a rainy Monday morning. We thought we could see our parents within six months, because that's what we were told. We were told our parents would have time to get their papers in order, to emigrate to Palestine, the United States, any country that would take them. Then the war broke out in 1939, and almost all of the 100 children who left on that train together became orphans. The last time I saw my mother and my grandmother was at the railroad station. I still have troubles at railroad stations. You know how much I travel. I don't like to see people separated. It makes me sad. . . . Not sad to the point that I can't talk about orgasms. [*Giggles*]

PLAYBOY: What was the orphanage like?

DR. RUTH: There was a dorm for boys and a dorm for girls. I was also very interested in boys, very early. You could go out on the roof in the snow and knock on the boys' window, which of course I did. The window broke, someone snatched on me, and one of the directresses took a paddle to my

behind. I do remember that it was I who told many of the other girls about menstruation. That I do remember. Why? I don't know. Maybe it was just because I took it upon myself to be a big leader.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a boyfriend?

DR. RUTH: Thank God I had a boyfriend there. He helped me a great deal. He made life easier. First of all, he sneaked into my bed. It was just hugging and kissing, but it was very nice. By that time, I was 13. I thought we would get married.

PLAYBOY: How did he make life easier?

DR. RUTH: Because he was a boy, he was permitted to go to school. I was not. All of the girls were taught by one teacher for 40 children of different ages. It was a catastrophe. But my boyfriend brought the books home. Every night he came to hug and kiss, he also brought a book. We were not permitted lights in the rooms. When he fell asleep—under the bed or under the covers—I took the book and went out on the staircase to read.

PLAYBOY: We see where sex, books and advice might come together for you. After the war, you moved to Israel. What was life on the kibbutz like?

DR. RUTH: It was a different life, not a bourgeois life. I stayed in a tent with three young men. I thought that was great. Me and three guys. I didn't sleep with them. There was a philosophy of not separating young men from young women.

PLAYBOY: Americans have a romanticized view of life on the kibbutz. Was it at all like Sal Mineo and Jill Haworth in *Exodus*?

DR. RUTH: Some of the left wing tried a little bit of free love. First of all, it doesn't work. It just does not, because there's jealousy, and then there's possessiveness. Interestingly, they tried to have children shower together until the age of 18. They wanted to instill that equality, the idea that there is nothing wrong with your body. It didn't work. As soon as the girls started to develop pubic hair, breasts, the secondary sexual characteristics, it changed. Six girls would go into the shower and leave a seventh at the door to watch, so no boys would come in. Maybe in the Western culture, there's something inherent. In Hebrew, it's called *tzniut*. It's modesty.

PLAYBOY: And the boys?

DR. RUTH: The boys didn't want girls in there, either. You know that kids in this country who go to nudist camps with their parents, who grow up in nudist camps—when they reach puberty, they do not want to go to nudist camps.

PLAYBOY: How deep does this modesty go? Would you ever have posed for **PLAYBOY**?

DR. RUTH: No.

PLAYBOY: Would you let your daughter pose for **PLAYBOY**?

DR. RUTH: Let me say, I would be profoundly disappointed and upset.

PLAYBOY: Why?

DR. RUTH: I am a hypocrite. When you have a daughter, you'll be a hypocrite, too.

PLAYBOY: You forget we know these girls. If

our daughter grew up to be like one of our centerfolds, terrific. If she grew up to be like Phyllis Schlafly or Squeaky Fromme, then we'd be upset. What did you do on the kibbutz?

DR. RUTH: For one year, I picked tomatoes and olives, because I was so short. After that year, I didn't want to see a tomato again. I was very idealistic. I believed Jews needed a country of their own. I still believe that. But I also believed that the Jews didn't need intellectuals, that they needed people to work the ground. So I did that for a year. I was very bored. I said, "I cannot do this for a lifetime." I needed to learn something. I studied Hebrew.

PLAYBOY: You were torn from a traditional family and spent your formative years living in one collective or another. Does some of your compassion come from that?

DR. RUTH: So you ask where the sensitivity comes from. From the age of ten, I was on my own—not only on my own but always having to help the others. The home was set up in such a way that I was responsible for the six-year-olds. I already had to play the role not of mother but certainly of older sister to a six-year-old. He's now a professional in Haifa. I still talk with him. But maybe a little bit of compassion, of interest in others, came from that experience. Because I didn't grow up just in a nucleus with the family, mother, father and me. I grew up in a children's home. Not always a happy children's home.

PLAYBOY: Did you fight in the war for Israeli independence?

DR. RUTH: I was a member of the Haganah; that is the underground. That was before the Israeli army, in 1948. I know how to throw hand grenades. I can put a Sten gun together in the dark.

PLAYBOY: Now we find out what Dr. Ruth does by herself in the dark.

DR. RUTH: Watch it. If this interview does not turn out nice, I can put five bullets into the red—you know, the red thing?

PLAYBOY: The bull's-eye? We'll watch it.

DR. RUTH: In June 1948, I was wounded. It was my 20th birthday. I had just been given a book. I came back that morning from being on the roofs. There was a barricade; we had to stop the cars. I said, "I am not going to sit down and be in that shelter again and waste time." I went upstairs to pick up that book. As I passed through the hall, some shrapnel nearly took off my legs. I was very lucky. I could have ended up without two feet. I would have been shorter than I already am. The doctor did a good job. I can still ski and water-ski.

PLAYBOY: Did you fall in love with him?

DR. RUTH: No, the male nurse. I still smile when I think of him. There was a shortage of beds, so they put me in a shelter that used to be the cloister. They put me on a shelf in the library. I made believe there was something wrong with my hands, that I couldn't eat. He would feed me. The height of my happiness was during a



How to pick a video system with your eyes closed.

by Ray Charles

"I look at video systems a little differently than you.

I look with my ears.

And, frankly, since the beginning, video has sounded pretty sad.

Then along comes Pioneer with LaserDisc. And suddenly, my ears get very happy.

The sound of LaserDisc is as good as anything I ever heard on my stereo.

Maybe better.

And while I was impressed with the sound, the video experts were floored by the picture. They tell me nothing else even comes close.

Maybe you've already got a stereo, and maybe you've already got a VCR. You've still got to get LaserDisc. Because whatever you're watching — music or movies — LaserDisc does what no other system can do. For the first time, it brings the best picture and the best sound together."

The model shown here is the Pioneer® CLD-900. The world's first combination LaserVision and CD player.

Prices start at \$299. Suggested retail price.

LaserDisc™ brand videodisc player is a trademark of Pioneer Electronics Corp.
© 1985 Pioneer Video, Inc. All rights reserved.



PIONEER®
Video for those
who really care about audio.

cease-fire. He took me down off the shelf in his arms and took me out to a tree in the garden and read to me. Of course, I fell madly in love with that male nurse.

PLAYBOY: Did the kibbutz allow romance?

DR. RUTH: The social pressure in the kibbutz was tremendous. In that free society, what was free? If you were seen two weeks in a row with a girl, there was pressure on; say, "Do the two of you want a room?" Once you had a room, forget it.

PLAYBOY: Were you happy on the kibbutz?

DR. RUTH: I was so short. In my diary, it says, "I'm so ugly and so short, nobody's going to ever love me." [Laughs] Look at me now.

PLAYBOY: Did you learn to talk about sex on the kibbutz?

DR. RUTH: I don't think so. I was rather uptight. I don't remember a conversation about it at all. I married the first guy who offered to marry me. He went to study medicine in Paris. I worked very hard. I was the director of a kindergarten. I went to the Sorbonne to study psychology. The first marriage didn't last. It was scrubbed for lack of interest. Maybe it was Paris. The city was very exciting. There was talking in the coffeehouses. There was the Comédie Française. I was in a town where Jean Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir were sitting in a coffeehouse. We were so poor, we had to share a cup of coffee. I might have gone once to the Folies-Bergère. Somebody took me. I remember the shock to see it and watch those women. They told me they were prostitutes. I was very shocked. But we didn't talk about sex. I had an affair with a fantastic Frenchman—Miriam's father—and legalized that. Shortly afterward, we moved to America, but we divorced. There were intellectual differences. I kept Miriam and gave him the car. I met Fred on a ski trip. He was the only person on the slope as short as I was. We rode the T-bar together. We've been married for 24 years.

PLAYBOY: What does Fred think today of all this celebrity and attention?

DR. RUTH: Luckily, we had been married for many years before all this happened. Also luckily, he is a professional with a job that he loves. He's an engineer in telecommunications. So what I think is happening at this latest stage in his life is that it's rather amusing and interesting and very, very unexpected.

PLAYBOY: Do his friends know that he is Mr. Dr. Ruth?

DR. RUTH: Yes, and of course they tease him a little bit. "You must have very good sex!" He has a famous response: He says the shoemaker's children don't have shoes. I don't let him go to any of my lectures, because when he used to, he would wait until I asked for questions at the end of a lecture and raise his hand, and he would say to everybody in that assembly, "Don't listen to her. It's all talk."

PLAYBOY: When did you first hear the

words clitoris and orgasm said out loud?

DR. RUTH: Here in America. I was hired as a director of a Planned Parenthood project in Harlem. In the beginning, I thought, These people are crazy, because they talk only about sex. I said, "Hey, let me outside. Talk about something—economics, philosophy, literature."

PLAYBOY: Did your experience at Planned Parenthood affect any of your ideas? How do you feel about abortion?

DR. RUTH: I tell people that there can be no law against abortion. I remember when only wealthy women could have abortions. They would fly to Sweden. If you were poor, you had to go to the closet abortionists or use coat hangers. I don't want to see that again.

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide to study sex?

DR. RUTH: I was teaching at the university. I realized that I didn't know enough. I was teaching through the department of education, how to teach sex education from kindergarten through grade 12. I realized that people were asking all kinds of questions. I decided that I was going to be a sex therapist as well as a sex educator, so I shopped around. I saw Helen Singer Kaplan at a lecture and it clicked. I studied with her for two years, twice a week.

PLAYBOY: Where did you get your clinical experience?

DR. RUTH: Charles Silverstein, the one who wrote *Joy of Gay Sex* and *Family Matters*, saw me at a seminar and said, "Look, if you want to volunteer your time at the Institute for Human Identity"—that's a counseling service for homosexuals and bisexuals—"we will give you supervision." I said, "Great." He said, "You have to be supervised by a lesbian in order to learn about the lifestyle." There I had a few nightmares, because I said, "My gosh." I was very naïve. I didn't know anything. I thought they were going all over New York City to find a lesbian with a whip and boots to train me.

PLAYBOY: When fame and fortune hit, what was the first thing you bought?

DR. RUTH: I took my entire family to Utah for a week of skiing. Then I bought Fred a day sailer. But tell me, how is it that you don't ask me how much I make? You are the first interviewer who hasn't.

PLAYBOY: It would only make us sad.

DR. RUTH: [Laughs] Well, I never talk about money. And I won't tell you the names of my lovers.

PLAYBOY: How do you explain your fame?

DR. RUTH: I have a very good friend. He says, "Hey, you are really good. But let's face it, if there weren't such a need in our society for such a program, you could be as good as you would want to be and you wouldn't be on the air." The reason for my being successful is that I'm well trained. I have guts. I'm willing to speak directly and not around the issues. And there's a need in our society. I was at the right place at the right time. I don't have any false

modesty. I knew how to take an opportunity when it was presented to me—with two hands. Small hands, but it's two hands, with a firm grip.

PLAYBOY: You are a regular on *Late Night with David Letterman*. We have to ask: What is David Letterman like? And is he really nervous about sex?

DR. RUTH: A little bit. But I don't know what David Letterman is really like, even with all my expertise as a very good therapist. He's polite. He always thanks me when I come on his show. But I have never had a conversation with him. During the commercials, I cannot talk with him, because Paul Shaffer's music is so loud. I've given up. I don't hear myself, I don't hear him. David certainly has done me a tremendous favor, because I think that by my being on his show, that's how I got to be known on the college campuses. But with David, I think a little bit he *plays* that he can't say the words I mention, and a little bit I think he really *is* embarrassed.

PLAYBOY: For all the fun you have talking about things explicitly, do you think there are people who tune in to your show because they actually find it prurient?

DR. RUTH: When I talk on TV or my radio show, it does provide stimulation—intellectual and also maybe sometimes sexual—for those who listen. I say that if people get aroused by watching *The Good Sex Program* or by playing *The Good Sex Game* or by listening to *Sexually Speaking*, and then have a good sex experience with their spouses, I think that is ter-r-rific. But I tell them not to do it during the show, because that might lower the ratings!

PLAYBOY: OK, but aren't you playing into the hands of critics who find that any sexual information is bad and should be stamped out, because it is arousing?

DR. RUTH: I would hope that the show turns people's brains on—to put some candles on the dinner table, have some champagne. Maybe they hear about some position that they would like to try. If that show turns them on, a sexually active couple, just exactly like the **PLAYBOY** reader might file away an idea that becomes a sexual turn-on, then you—the **Playboy** Advisor—and I are doing a service.

PLAYBOY: How will history view Dr. Ruth?

DR. RUTH: Let me tell you. That cemetery I visited in Switzerland, where they had tombstones from the 15th Century, some with the word VIRGIN on them, others saying, MRS. SO-AND-SO WAS A GOOD HOUSEWIFE? It will never say that on mine. [Giggles] Never! Hopefully it will say that I helped alleviate some unnecessary suffering because of sexual ignorance and helped people become more aware of—

PLAYBOY and DR. RUTH: Contraception!

DR. RUTH: Ter-r-rific! We are a great team, yes?





100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 80 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N.J. © 1984 GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD.



"I could go for something Gordon's"

The possibilities are endless

fiction
BY GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ

•MISS•FORBES'S•SUMMER• •OF•HAPPINESS•

soon we discovered that the stern governess led by night the sort of single woman's existence that she condemned by day

THAT AFTERNOON when we got home, we found an enormous sea serpent nailed by its neck to the doorframe. It was black and phosphorescent and, with its still-living eyes and saw-toothed, wide-open jaws, it looked like a gypsy curse. I was nine at the time, and so intense was my terror at the apparition that I lost my voice. My brother, who was two years younger than I, dropped the oxygen tanks, the masks and the fins and ran off screaming. Miss Forbes heard him from the twisting stone stairway that wound up the rocks from the dock to the house. When she reached us, she was pale and gasping for breath; but as soon as she saw the creature crucified on the door, she knew the cause of our horror. She always said that two children together are both to blame for what each does separately, so she reprimanded the two of us for my brother's shouts and went on scolding us for our lack of self-control. She spoke in German, not in the English her contract as governess called for, perhaps because she was frightened, too, and didn't want to admit it. However, as soon as she regained her breath, she switched to her stony English and pedagogical obsession.

"It's a Muraena *helena*," she told us.

"So named because it was a sacred animal to the ancient Greeks."

Oreste, the local fellow who was teaching us how to swim underwater, suddenly appeared from behind some caper bushes. His diving mask was pushed up on his forehead, and he wore abbreviated swimming trunks and a leather belt with six knives of various sizes and shapes, for he knew no other way of hunting underwater than fighting the animals hand to hand. He was 20 years old, spent more time in the depths of the sea than on dry land and looked like a sea creature himself, with his body always oiled with motor grease. When she first saw him, Miss Forbes had told my parents that it was impossible to conceive of a more beautiful human being, but his beauty didn't spare him from her sternness: He, too, got a scolding, in Italian, for having hung the moray on the door without any possible motive other than that of frightening the children. Then Miss Forbes ordered him to take it down, cautioning him to give it the respect due a mythological creature, and sent us off to dress for dinner.

We did so immediately and tried not to make a single mistake, for after two weeks

under the regime of Miss Forbes, we had learned that nothing is more difficult than day-to-day life. While we showered in the bathroom, in semidarkness, I noticed that my brother was still thinking about the moray. "It had people eyes," he said. I agreed, though I pretended I didn't, and managed to change the subject. But when I got out of the shower, he asked me to wait for him.

"It's still daylight out," I told him.

I opened the curtains. It was mid-August, and through the window you could see the burning lunar plain all the way to the other end of the island. The sun was suspended in the sky.

"It's not because of that," said my brother. "It's that I'm afraid to be afraid."

Nevertheless, when we got to the table, he seemed calm, and he had dressed and combed himself so carefully that Miss Forbes congratulated him and gave him two extra points for good conduct. I, on the other hand, lost two of the five I'd earned that week, because at the last minute, I'd rushed and arrived in the dining room out of breath. Each 50 points would give us the right to a double portion of desert, but neither of us had managed to get



beyond 15. It was too bad, because never would we come across more delicious puddings than those made by Miss Forbes.

Before starting dinner, we'd say grace standing over the empty plates. Miss Forbes wasn't Catholic, but her contract stipulated that she was to have us pray six times a day: She had learned our prayers in order to comply. Then the three of us would sit down, we boys holding our breath while she inspected the most infinitesimal details of our comportment, and only when everything seemed perfect would she ring the little bell. Then Fulvia Flaminea, the cook, would enter with the eternal noodle soup of that hateful summer.

At the beginning, when we were alone with our parents, meals had been like parties. Fulvia Flaminea would serve us, cackling around the table with an inspired disorder that made life happy, and then she'd sit down with us to eat a little from everyone's plate. But ever since Miss Forbes had taken charge of our destiny, Fulvia Flaminea served us in such dark silence that we could hear the bubbling of the still-boiling soup in the pot. We ate with our spines pressed stiff against the backs of the chairs, chewing ten times on one side and ten on the other, without taking our eyes off the rigid specter of that languid and stately lady while she recited from memory a lesson in manners. It was just like Sunday Mass but without the consolation of people singing.

The day we found the moray hanging on the door, Miss Forbes spoke to us of our duties to our country. After the soup, Fulvia Flaminea, practically floating on the sound of the sonorously droning voice, served us a charcoal-grilled fillet of snowy-white meat with an exquisite smell. I preferred fish to any other dish on earth or in heaven, and that reminder of our house in Guagamayal brought relief to my heart. But my brother pushed his plate away without trying it.

"I don't like it," he said.

Miss Forbes interrupted her lesson.

"How can you tell," she said, "if you haven't even tasted it?"

She gave the cook a look of warning, but it was too late.

"Moray is the most delicious fish in the world, *figlio mio*," Fulvia Flaminea told him. "Try it and you'll see."

Miss Forbes didn't change her expression. She told us in her severe way that moray had been the food of kings in antiquity and that warriors had fought over its liver because it gave them supernatural courage. Then she repeated, as she had so many times in such a short while, that good taste was not a faculty one was born with, that it couldn't be taught at any age but had to be imposed from childhood; so there was no valid reason for not eating. I, who had tasted the moray before knowing what it was, was in a quandary: It had a smooth taste, though a little melancholy,

but the image of the serpent nailed to the doorframe was more urgent than my appetite. My brother made a supreme effort with the first mouthful, but he couldn't stand it: He vomited.

"Go to the bathroom," Miss Forbes told him implacably. "Wash thoroughly and come back to eat."

I was full of anguish for him, because I knew how hard it was for him to go through the entire house, now darkening with nightfall, to stay alone in the bathroom for the time it took to wash himself. But he came back quickly in another clean shirt, pale, his inner trembling scarcely noticeable, and he stood up quite well under the stern inspection of his cleanliness. Then Miss Forbes carved off a piece of the moray and gave the order to continue. I took a second bite with great difficulty. My brother, on the other hand, didn't even pick up his knife and fork.

"I'm not going to eat it," he said.

His determination was so obvious that Miss Forbes let it pass.

"All right," she said, "but you won't get any dessert."

My brother's relief inspired me with his valor. I crossed my knife and fork over the plate, as Miss Forbes had taught us we should do when we were finished, and said:

"I won't have any dessert, either."

"Nor will you watch any television," she replied.

"And we won't watch any television," I said.

Miss Forbes laid her napkin on the table and the three of us stood up to pray. Then she sent us to bed with the warning that we had until she finished eating to fall asleep. All our points for good behavior were annulled, and only when we'd earned 20 more could we enjoy her cream puffs, her vanilla tarts and her exquisite cherry cake again.

Sooner or later, we had to reach our breaking point. For an entire year, we'd been anxiously waiting for our carefree summer on the island of Pantelleria, south of Sicily, and the anticipated joy had been a reality for the first month, when our parents were with us. I can still recall, as if dreaming, the lunar plain of volcanic rocks, the eternal sea, the house, brightly whitewashed down to its brick frills, from whose windows on windless nights you could see revolving blades of light from African beacons. Exploring the still depths around the island with my father, we'd discovered a string of yellow torpedoes that had fallen there in the last war, and we'd brought up a Greek amphora that was almost a meter in length, wrapped in petrified garlands, at the bottom of which lay the dregs of some immemorial and poisonous wine.

But the most dazzling revelation for us had been Fulvia Flaminea. She looked like a jolly bishop and went about everywhere with an entourage of sleepy cats that got in

the way of her walking, though she said she didn't tolerate them out of love but just to keep the rats from eating her. At night, while our parents watched programs for adults on television, Fulvia Flaminea would take us to her house, less than 100 meters away, and she taught us to distinguish the distant Arabic tongues, the songs and gusts of weeping that came in the winds from Tunisia. Her husband was much younger than she, and during the summers, he worked at the tourist hotels on the other side of the island, coming home only to sleep.

Oreste lived with his parents a little way off and always showed up at night with a string of fish or baskets of lobsters he had just caught, and he would hang them in Fulvia Flaminea's kitchen so that her husband would take them the next day to sell in the hotels. Then he would put his diving lamp on his forehead again and take us to hunt wood rats as big as rabbits that lay in wait for kitchen leavings. Sometimes we'd get home after our parents had gone to bed and have a hard time getting to sleep because of the clamor of rats fighting over scraps in the courtyards, but even that disturbance was one more happy ingredient of our happy summer.

The decision to hire a German governess could only have occurred to my father, a writer from the Caribbean with more conceit than talent. Dazzled by the ashes of the glories of Europe, he always seemed to be making excuses for his origins, in his books as well as in real life, and the fantasy he had imposed on himself was that not a vestige of his past should be left in his sons. My mother remained as humble as she had been as an itinerant teacher in upper Guarija and never imagined that her husband could conceive of an idea that wasn't providential. Neither of them could have thought seriously about what our life would be like with a lady sergeant from Dortmund who was determined to inculcate us by force with the antiquated manners of European society, while they went off with 40 fashionable writers on a five-week cultural cruise around the islands of the Aegean.

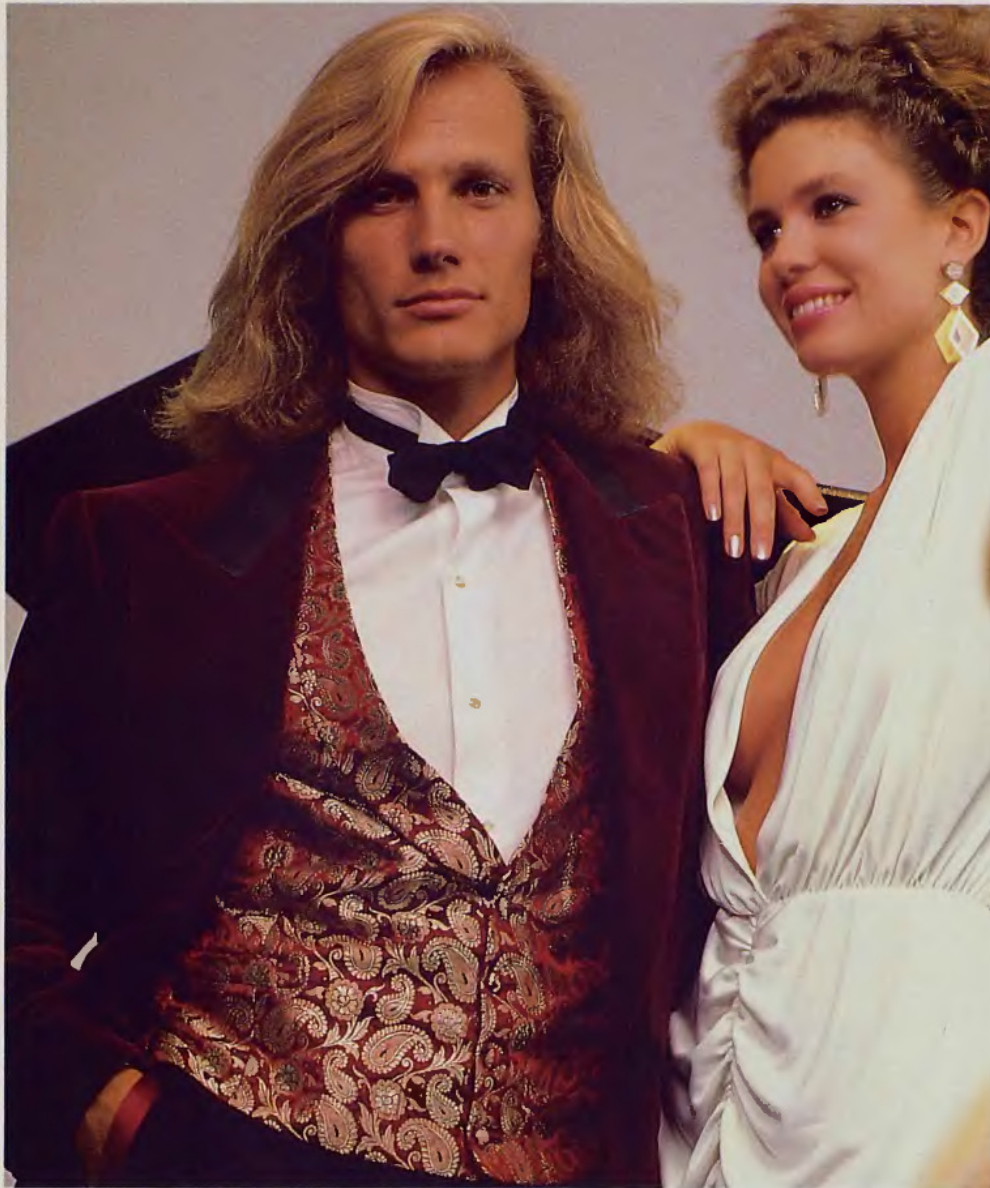
Miss Forbes arrived on the last Saturday in July on the regular ferry from Palermo, and as soon as we saw her, we understood that the party was over. In that southern heat, she came wearing military boots and a double-breasted suit, with mannishly cut hair beneath a felt hat. She smelled like monkey pee. "That's how all Europeans smell, especially in summer," my father told us. "It's the smell of civilization." But in spite of her martial getup, Miss Forbes was a pathetic creature who might have aroused our compassion had we been older or had she shown some trace of tenderness.

The world changed overnight. The six
(continued on page 88)



"He wants to know how we knew it was New Year."

H O T J A C K E T S ,



At left, he's wearing a velvet smoking jacket with a brocade vest and piped flannel trousers; all by Robert Stack, \$900. The wing-collar shirt, \$50, silk bow tie, \$15, and opalescent studs, \$45, are all by Stack for Lord West. (Her dress, by Pat McDanagh.) At near right, the black-cashmere shawl-collar jacket, \$1200, gabardine trousers, \$400, satin double-breasted vest, \$320, and wing-collar fly-front shirt, \$280, are all by Claude Montana. The black-and-white reversible tie, \$17, is by Santana. At far right, the velvet single-breasted jacket with peak lapels, \$550, gold-silk-tapestry vest, \$200, wool morning trousers, \$225, and wing-collar shirt, \$110, are all by Garrick Anderson. The silk paisley-Jacquard tie, by R. Andreotti, is \$24.

C O L D S C H N A P P S

RING IN THE
NEWEST TREND
IN COCKTAILS
AND SHOOTERS
WITH A BLACK-TIE
YEAR-END BASH

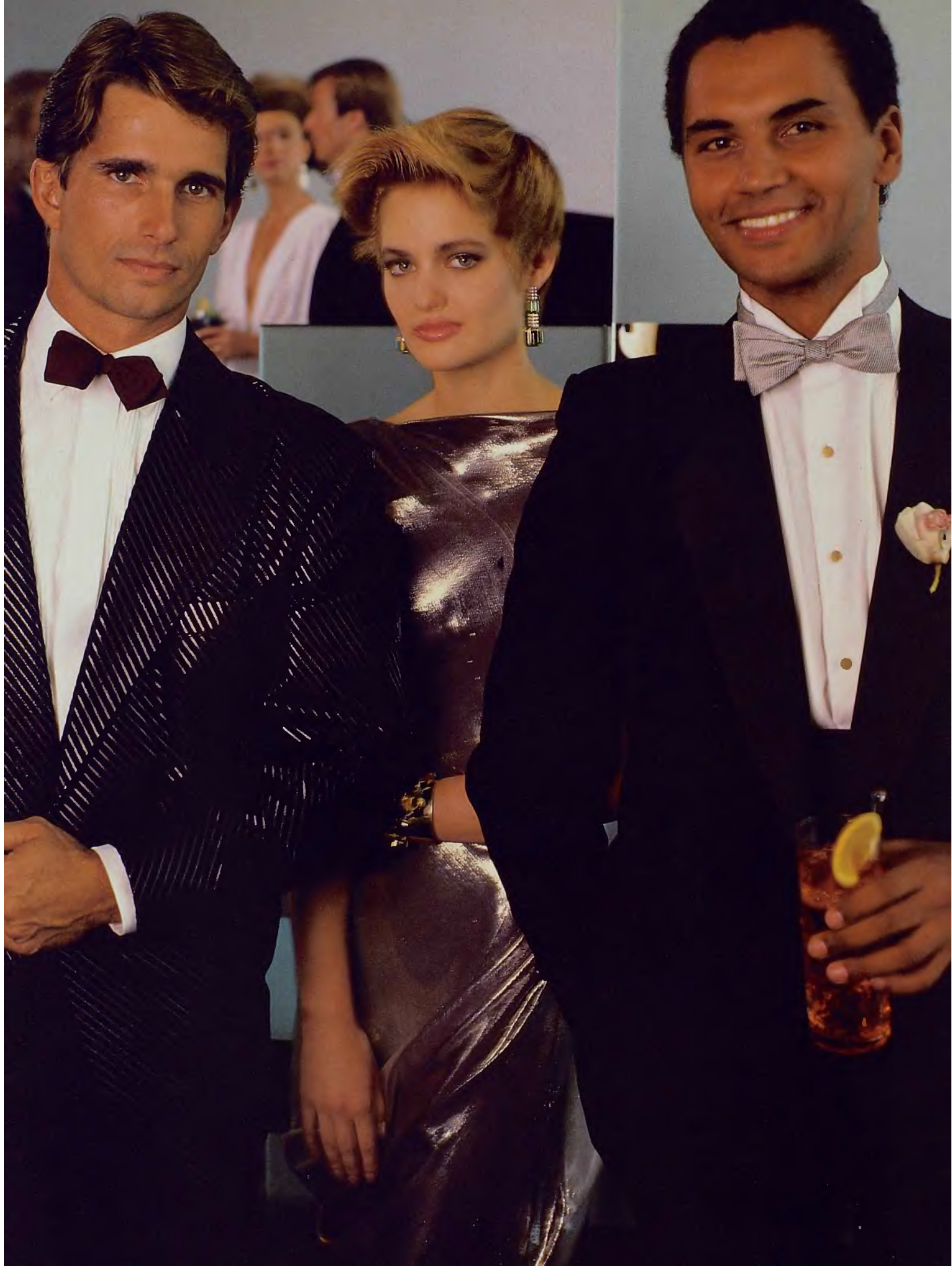
fashion **By HOLLIS WAYNE** This year marks the 100th anniversary of the tuxedo, named after Tuxedo Park, New York, where revolutionaries eschewed white tie and cutaway in favor of something slightly more casual. The look caught on. And now the tuxedo and its accessories are moving toward a new dandyism: Rhett Butler vests, velvet smoking jackets, striped trousers and dark, jeweled tones mixed in with the black-and-white shiny fabrics. This new air of elegance gives dressing up more flair and takes the onus off the black-tie penguin look.





At left, a black-wool, tone-on-tone plaid dinner jacket and trousers with grosgrain piping, about \$700; his white-cotton tuck-front tuxedo shirt is \$87.50; both by Alexander Julian. The blue-silk poisley bow tie and matching cummerbund are by A. 8. Neckwear, \$65. At near right, his black-suede, notch-collar jacket has embossed black stripes, about \$900; the black-wool trousers have satin piping, \$275; both by Bill Kaiserman. The white-cotton, fly-front shirt, \$110, is by D. Cenci. The silk bow tie, \$17, is by Addison on Madison. At far right, his black-wool, tuxedo with double-pleated trousers, \$300, tuck-front shirt, \$60, and cummerbund, \$15, are all by Yves Saint Laurent for After Six. The black-and-white-check bow tie, \$40, is by Lazo. (Her dress, by Tadaomi.)

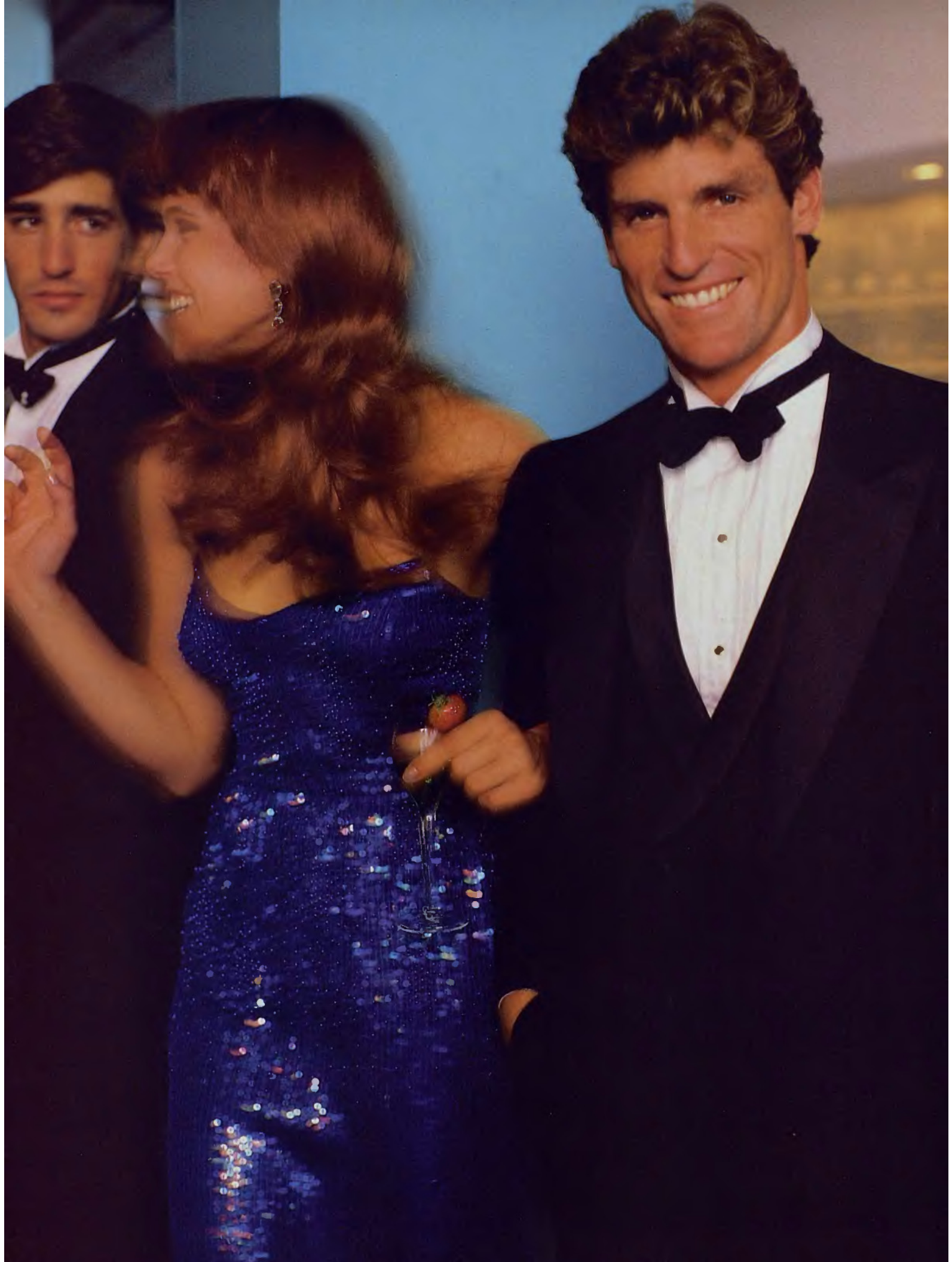
drink **By EMANUEL GREENBERG** In its original incarnation, schnapps was a rank, fiery, clear spirit. A product of bleak climates and primitive times, it was favored in northerly European latitudes where winter lasts until May. Vikings thrived on the stuff. After a lusty session of murder, rape and pillage to work up a thirst, they'd settle down to some serious schnapps drinking. By all accounts, it took viking determination to get the vile liquor down. Over the years, schnapps was refined and retooled, becoming aquavit, vodka and gin in the process;





At left, his black-linen/viscose bird's-eye Spencer jacket, \$395, has peak lapels. It's worn with a gold-and-black double-breasted vest, \$85. The black-linen double-pleated trousers, \$130, feature satin side piping. The shirt, \$85, is a cotton wing-collar with a fly front; all by Windsar European Fashion, Inc. The black-silk bow tie, \$35, is by Alan Flusser. (Her outfit, by Tadaami.) At right, he's wearing a black-wool single-breasted tuxedo with peak lapels and double-pleated trousers, \$900, with a black-wool Jacquard four-button double-breasted shawl-collar vest, \$165. The white-cotton tuck-front shirt, \$115, has a wing collar. Black-silk bow tie, \$27; all by Ermenegildo Zegna. The studs, \$45, are by Robert Stack for Lord West. (Her dress, by Riazzi.)

then some shrewdies hit on the idea of reviving schnapps by making it appealing to young, contemporary palates. Starting with a *clean* white spirit, they took the proof down to more reasonable levels, added a measure of sweetness for balance and mint for snap. Peppermint schnapps, the breakthrough product, was a smash hit—stimulating a burst of similar items in a range of flavors. Mints still get the biggest play, but apple and peach are inching up, and you can find any number of savory nips on liquor-store shelves: assorted berries, (continued on page 232)



MISS FORBES

(continued from page 80)

"My brother was not breathing easily. 'Poor us if she doesn't die tonight,' he said."

hours we spent in the sea every day, which since the summer began had exercised our imagination, were reduced to a single daily hour that was always the same. When we were with our parents, we'd had all the time we needed to swim with Oreste and to be amazed by the art and audacity with which he confronted octopuses in their own murky environment of ink and blood with no weapons other than his fighting knives. He continued to arrive at 11 o'clock in his small outboard motorboat, as always, but now Miss Forbes wouldn't let him stay with us one minute longer than was necessary for our brief lesson in underwater swimming. She forbade us to go to Fulvia Flaminea's house at night, because she thought it showed too much familiarity with the help, and we had to devote the time we'd previously spent hunting rats to the analytic reading of Shakespeare. It was impossible for us to conceive of a crueler torment than this new life of little princes.

But we soon realized that Miss Forbes wasn't as strict with herself as she was with us, and that caused the first crack in her authority. In the beginning, she used to sit on the beach under the multicolored umbrella, dressed for war, reading ballads by Schiller, while Oreste taught us to dive, and then she'd give us theoretical lessons in deportment, hour after hour, until it was time for lunch.

One day, she asked Oreste to take her to the tourist shops at the hotels in his motorboat, and she returned with a one-piece bathing suit that was as black and as iridescent as a sealskin, but she never went into the water. She would sun herself on the beach while we swam, and she'd dry the sweat from her body with a towel without taking a shower, so that at the end of three days, she looked like a cooked lobster and the smell of her civilization had become unbreathable.

Her nights were her release. From the very beginning of her command, we'd heard somebody walking through the house at night, groping in the dark, and my brother began upsetting himself with the notion that he was hearing the drowned men of Fulvia Flaminea's stories. Soon we discovered that the walker was Miss Forbes, who led by night the sort of single woman's life of which she disapproved by day.

One dawn, we surprised her in the kitchen in her schoolgirl's nightgown preparing one of her splendid desserts, her body daubed from head to toe with flour

and drinking a glass of port in a disorderly state that would have been scandalous to the other Miss Forbes. From then on, we knew that after putting us to bed, she didn't go to her room but went down to the beach to swim on the sly or stayed in the living room until very late, watching salacious television movies with the sound off, while she ate tarts and even drank bottles of the special wine that my father zealously hoarded for memorable occasions. Contrary to her own preachings of austerity and restraint, her nonstop guzzling was proof of her unruly passion. We'd hear her talking to herself in her room, declaiming in her melodious German entire passages from *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*. We heard her sing, we heard her sobbing in bed until dawn, and then she would appear at breakfast, her eyes puffy with tears, more lugubrious and authoritarian than ever.

Neither my brother nor I have ever again been so unhappy, but I was resigned to putting up with her until the end, for I knew that, no matter what, her power would prevail over ours. My brother, on the other hand, opposed her with all the impetuosity of his character and our happy summer turned into hell. The episode with the moray was the last straw. That night, while we listened to Miss Forbes's incessant pacing through the silent house, my brother let loose with the rancor that had been fermenting in his soul.

"I'm going to kill her," he said.

What he said surprised me less than the coincidence that I'd been thinking the same thing since dinner. Nevertheless, I tried to dissuade him.

"They'll chop off your head," I said.

"They don't have guillotines in Sicily," he said. "Besides, nobody will know who it was."

I thought of the amphora we'd rescued from the waters and the sediment of the fatal wine that was still inside it. My father was keeping it because he wanted to submit it to a thorough analysis to determine the nature of its poison, which its great age alone did not explain. To use it on Miss Forbes would be easy; no one would ever think her death had been anything but an accident or suicide. So at dawn, when we heard her collapse onto her bed, exhausted from her noisy vigil, we poured the wine from the amphora into a bottle of my father's special wine. From what we'd heard, the dose was enough to kill a horse.

We had breakfast in the kitchen at nine o'clock sharp, served by Miss Forbes her-

self, with the sweet rolls that Fulvia Flaminea had left in the oven earlier.

Two days after the substitution of the wine, when we were again at breakfast, my brother informed me with a disappointed glance that the poisoned bottle of wine was still intact on the sideboard. That was a Friday, and the bottle went untouched over the weekend. But on Tuesday, Miss Forbes drank half of it down while she watched racy movies on television.

Nevertheless, she showed up, as punctual as ever, for breakfast on Wednesday. As usual, she looked as if she'd had a bad night, and her anxious eyes behind her massive lenses grew even more anxious when she found a letter with German stamps in the breadbasket. She read it while she drank her coffee, something she'd often told us not to do; and as she read, her face brightened as if those written words radiated clearheadedness. Then she tore off the stamps and put them into the breadbasket with the leftover rolls for Fulvia Flaminea's husband. In spite of the morning's bad start, that day she accompanied us on our underwater exploration. We wandered through the clear sea until our oxygen tanks began to give out and we returned to the house without having had our lesson in good manners. Not only was Miss Forbes a flowering spirit all day but at dinnertime she seemed livelier than ever. My brother couldn't bear his disappointment. As soon as we sat down, he pushed aside the plate of noodle soup and grimaced.

"I've had it up to my balls with this worm water," he said.

It was as if he had tossed a hand grenade onto the table. Miss Forbes went pale; her lips hardened until the smoke of her anger began to clear and her eyeglass lenses clouded over with tears. Then she took them off and dried them with her napkin, and before she rose, she laid them on the table with the bitterness of surrender without glory.

"You two do whatever you want," she said. "I no longer exist."

She shut herself up in her room from seven o'clock on, but just before midnight, when she supposed us to be sleeping, we saw her pass by in her schoolgirl nightgown, carrying to her room half a chocolate cake and the bottle that still held more than four fingers of the poisoned wine.

"Poor Miss Forbes," I said.

My brother was not breathing easily.

"Poor us if she doesn't die tonight," he said.

That dawn, she talked to herself again for a long time, reciting Schiller in a grand voice, inspired with frenzied madness and topping it off with a wail that filled the house. Then she sighed several times from the depths of her soul and finished with a sad and drawn-out whistle, like that of a drifting ship. When we woke up, still

(concluded on page 186)





WHILE LENIN SLEPT

summit talks are fine, but we wanted action—that's why we sent this reagan all the way to moscow

article **By RON REAGAN** "As we are now flying over Soviet territory, let me remind you that taking photographs from the airplane, or at Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport, is strictly forbidden."

Our pilot's voice is nonchalant enough—he has delivered this announcement plenty of times before—but it carries an unmistakable "I'm not kidding" undertone. Most of the 20-odd passengers aboard British Airways flight 710 begin fidgeting in their seats. The captain might just as well have told us that a gang of jack-booted thugs, AK47s in one hand, rubber gloves on the other, was going to storm the plane and conduct a strip search. Across the aisle, a pallid Englishman begins eying



his airsickness bag and motions for the steward to bring him another Scotch on the rocks. I make a note to scratch any future trips to the lavatory.

It's ridiculous, of course. The Pentagon has satellites cruising in geosynchronous orbit that can read postage stamps. And the Russians are worried about some tourist with an Instamatic? No, regulations like that one are intended solely as intimidation tactics. Reflexively, I pick up my camera, one of those sure-fire gadgets that do everything but buy your film, and fire off a few frames out the window. No matter that I'll get nothing but cloud cover and glare; one symbolic gesture deserves another.

A month before, in Los Angeles, the sun was shining its promise of spring. My phone rang and an eerily familiar voice came over the Record a Call.

"Ron, you there?" The voice was raspy, obviously cracking from strain. "Why don't you stop hiding behind the machine and pick up the phone?"

The raspiness gave him away. It was my *PLAYBOY* editor. The strained voice came from years of having to juggle the output of hardened journalists along with editing *Playmates'* major turn-offs. The last time I'd seen or heard from him, he was acting vaguely disappointed that my foray to the Democratic Convention in San Francisco, chronicled in these pages [*While the Democrats Slept*, *PLAYBOY*, December 1984], hadn't resulted in any permanent physical or psychological scarring.

"You bastard," I said, snatching up the receiver. "How did you get my new number?"

"Never mind," he growled. "Listen, how would you like to spend May Day in Red Square?"

"Sure. Then maybe I can do a story about how it feels to be lashed to the prow of an icebreaker crossing the Bering Strait."

"Ron"—his voice stiffened a notch—"I didn't want to bring this up, but there's a little matter of expenses incurred during the convention by a certain San Francisco belly dancer. . . ."

"Whoa! Wait a minute. That was supposed to go on the Ranger's [my accomplice at the Dem Convention] expense account."

"Hmm . . . funny, we show it on yours." His voice cracked again. "The lady has put in claims for extended creative dancing."

Visions of lengthy and brutal litigation swam before my eyes. That son of a bitch Ranger and his foul proclivities!

"All right, you win. I'll go, but I'm not going alone. And this time, I pick my own partner."

I wasn't taking any chances in a country known for gunning down unarmed military observers and civilian airliners, to say nothing of harboring very lit-

tle love for a certain relative of mine. After several tense phone calls, I secured the services of Misha, a fellow whose family had come from Russia. He is a former Yale hockey player who set the old Eli record for time spent in the penalty box. His utter disregard for sportsmanship and his demonstrated propensity for violence—plus fluency in Russian and his two previous trips to Moscow—made Misha a natural for this assignment. This will seem strange, but he is also my literary agent.

"Sounds dangerous." Misha eyed me warily over the foamy head of his draught lager.

We were sitting in a pit stop on the way to the Twilight Zone—the bar and grill of the bunkerlike Sheraton Heathrow Hotel, outside London. All about us, a motley crew of waiters scurried, babbling an incoherent Esperantolike dialect. Behind the bar, in a huge display tank, tiny prawns were being forced to copulate with thrashing Atlantic salmon. As a gruesome finale, both creatures would be ritualistically grilled, then, still locked in coital passion, served up piping hot to terrified patrons.

"Misha, there could be big money in it for you," I lied. He'd get his ten percent, not a penny more.

"Well, I guess it'll be OK. But she's gotta come with me." He motioned with a jerk of his head to a petite woman on his left. "She's a psychologist, a sex therapist. I don't go anywhere without her, ever since . . . never mind."

"How do you do, Miss. . . ."

I extended my hand.

"Dr. Sally." She declined the handshake and resumed poking at a prawn. Fair enough. After all, I was taking my wife, Doria, and I desperately needed Misha as a translator.

Our flight left the next morning.

AN AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING

"Comin' into Sheremetyevo! Bringin' in a kilo of snow! Don't touch my bags, if you pleease, Mr. K.G.Beee!"

I can't believe it. Three minutes on Russian soil and, till now, everything has gone smoothly. We landed safely. No one confiscated our cameras. Arthur Hartman, the American Ambassador, is smiling at the top of the terminal ramp. And Misha has lost his mind.

"If you act crazy," he whispers between choruses, "they'll leave you alone."

"You fool," I hiss. "We don't need crazy; we've got an Ambassador." He abruptly stops. The silence, as they say, is deafening. Strange. This is, after all, the U.S.S.R.'s busiest airport. But as I look around the place—bare, devoid of any decoration—I notice that we are the only travelers (continued on page 104)

"Listen, Ron,' growled
my editor, 'how
would you like to
spend May Day in
Red Square?'"



"You lent her your dress, your perfume, your lipstick. How could I resist?"



DOUBLE

YES. THAT'S who you think it is. And, yes, there he is again. We've known Don Johnson a long time—since 1976, to be exact. He and his then-wife, Melanie Griffith, posed for a PLAYBOY pictorial—one of a series of couples shootings—titled *Fast Starter*. We didn't have room to run all the photos then. Besides, pictures from the past have always had a place in our hearts—and on our pages. If the reason for the reprise is that he's gone on to the white-hot big time, hell, that's one for the girls. Always told you we don't discriminate. Don and Melanie have since gone their separate ways, Melanie to the movies and a new husband, actor Steven (*Thief of Hearts*) Bauer, Don to parenthood with actress Patti D'Arbanville and the lead in that show that comes on Friday-night TV. You know: We're talking *heat*. Last summer, more than 10,000 fans turned out at a Chicago department store to meet Don and the other stars of *Miami*



TAKE

we knew don johnson and melanie griffith before "miami vice" and "body double"

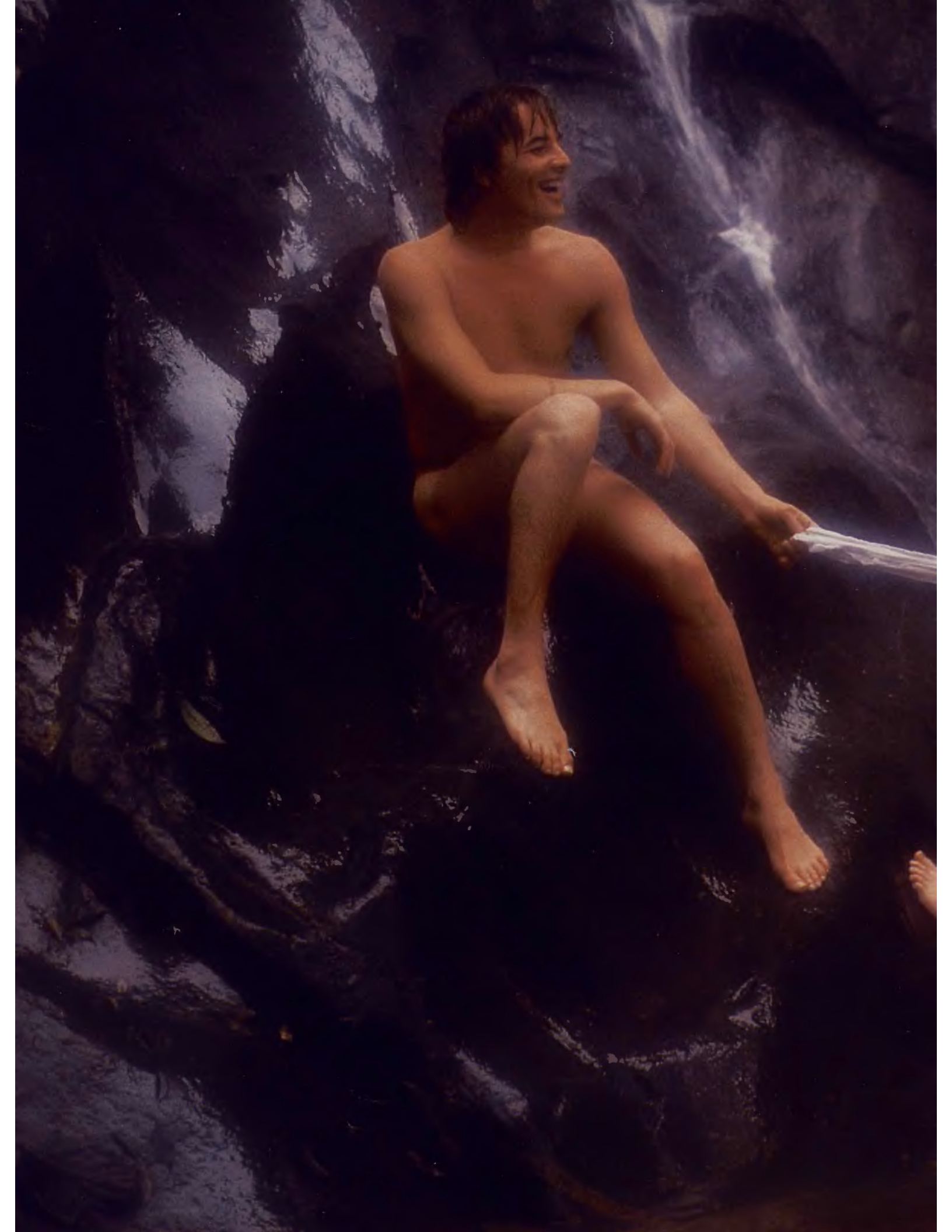






Vice. When the Cubs aren't in a pennant race, these things happen. The man has charisma, charm and fashion sense. Some people argue that clothes make the man, that those fancy Italian threads he's wearing in the opening photo are responsible for the success of *Miami Vice*. We know better. For one thing, TV reception at our house is so bad, you can hardly tell what kind of clothes Don Johnson is wearing. The other thing is that we knew from these pictures that clothes didn't make *this* man. When they were taken, Melanie, then 19, was usually identified in parentheses: (Tippi Hedren's daughter). She had recently finished *Night Moves* with Gene Hackman and was about to film *The Drowning Pool* with Paul Newman. Don Johnson was best









known as her husband. He was a nice guy who serenaded her with songs on an acoustic guitar. They had started dating when she was 14 and he was 22—while he was filming *The Harrad Experiment* with her mother. Photographer Richard Fegley flew them to a little place south of Puerto Vallarta. They traveled by boat to a tiny village. Fegley remembers, "It was isolated, overgrown. We had to watch where we walked. There were scorpions everywhere. Fortunately, Don and Melanie were willing to try anything for the camera; that water was freezing. We had to wait hours for the sun to come through a clearing in the jungle and hit the pool. They were at a good time in their lives—in love, romantic." It is interesting to play archaeologist, to see if you can glimpse the future in such innocent faces. There is a touch of the devilish rogue in Don Johnson's face. He looks hot.



WHILE LENIN SLEPT

(continued from page 92)

"You must not look for rational reasons here," warns Sergei in nearly flawless English. "There are none."

in sight. It could be Peoria at three in the morning.

Ambassador Hartman's limo, a stretch Caddy that draws stares from the locals, whisks us along the Leningradsky Prospect toward downtown Moscow. Everything is gray: weather, slablike apartment complexes, faces peering from the few cars we pass.

As we draw close, splashes of red appear—trappings of the upcoming May Day celebration. Strung from lampposts, the lighted stars look incongruously like Christmas decorations. WELCOME TO THE 27TH PARTY CONGRESS! proclaim banners hanging limp in the cold, damp air. MAY LENIN'S CONTRIBUTIONS LAST FOREVER! THE FIGHT FOR PEACE IS THE FIGHT OF ONE AND ALL!

Before leaving the U.S., I had slipped a couple of banned publications—Trotsky's *Russian Revolution* and *PLAYBOY*—into my bag to test the alertness of Soviet luggage searchers. Standing in our room at Spaso House, the Ambassador's residence, I'm a bit disappointed to find them intact. On closer inspection, however, the pages of *PLAYBOY* reveal large, greasy thumbprints.

Spaso House was not originally on our itinerary. My editor's idea was to have me cross the border as "just another journalist" or, failing that, "just another tourist." No way. I might as well try parachuting into the Urals and hitchhiking to Moscow. My family name on a passport was sure to set off bells. After several conversations with high-placed friends in Washington, it seemed I had two options: (1) Pretend I was on a more or less official diplomatic venture and resign myself to a dog-and-pony show, plus guided tours by the Intourist branch of K.G.B., or (2) play it straight as a journalist and resign myself to a dog-and-pony show, plus guided tours by Intourist. I chose option three.

I first secured an invitation as a personal guest of Ambassador Hartman's, enabling me to enter the country without the usual delay and to enjoy sanctuary at Spaso House. Then I turned down all offers from Intourist on the grounds of allergic reaction to propaganda and tedium. Last, I filled in the excessively prying visa application with scrupulous honesty, confessing that I was a writer on a research mission. As Frank Gifford might say, I "split the seam of the defense." In Soviet terms, I'm neither diplomat nor journalist but, paradoxically, a little of both. What consternation this has caused in official circles, I can only imagine. The upshot is, I'm a temporary non-person: intensely scrutinized by the

K.G.B. yet allowed to travel freely; totally ignored by the Kremlin but unencumbered by stage-managed interview opportunities with "average" citizens.

We've chosen a good night to arrive. Vladimir Feltsman, perhaps the finest young pianist in the Soviet Union, is favoring about 30 Spaso House guests with a private recital. You will not see this extraordinary artist in the U.S., nor will you catch his performance in a Moscow concert hall. Since applying with his wife, Anna, to emigrate to Israel, Volodya, as his friends call him, has been refused permission to travel abroad, and his concert appearances inside the U.S.S.R. have been severely curtailed. Record stores no longer stock his albums. Radio stations don't play his music. His name is not mentioned in officially sanctioned music circles. He is a *refusenik*.

After a breath-taking program of Schumann and Schubert, we settle down to dinner. Another *refusenik*, Sergei Petrov, is on my left. Four years ago, Sergei, a free-lance photographer, married a visiting American student and applied for emigration to the U.S. He was turned down on the basis of national security. A while back, fresh out of college, he spent three months working at a military research center. He had no access to classified information and, even if he had, could easily have passed it on by now. No matter. His emigration is "undesirable."

"You must not look for rational reasons here," warns Sergei in nearly flawless English. "There are none."

For the next half hour or so, over Russian potatoes and French asparagus the size of my forearm, Sergei dissects the Russian character and the Soviet state.

"I don't think it's possible," he says, "for the Soviet Union to have long-term cooperation with the United States. You see, Russians, even in one-to-one dealings, do not see the possibility of mutual benefit. Always, one side must win.

"I used to be a different person," he continues. "I changed when I married my wife. I was resigned, but now I see possibilities. You can say no. Once you say that first no, however, you can't go back."

For an Indian exchange student across the table, this is all a bit too gloomy. "Surely, some people here have faith in communism," he ventures, his voice betraying exasperation.

A smile flickers beneath Sergei's bristly mustache. "I don't know." He pauses. "I've never met one."

THE WAX GOD

Mussolini, it has been noted, made the trains run on time. The Soviets, for all their failures, have built an efficient, dual-purpose subway system. Six miles underground, at the end of mine-chute escalators, are clean, graffiti-free, often ornate bomb shelters. Trains pass through often, and five kopecks (about seven cents) will buy a ride.

On the train, passengers stare furtively at my high-top Converse All Star sneakers. In fact, all of us draw stares directed at our feet. No wonder. Everyone else is wearing nearly identical boot-shoes stamped from the same batch of cardboard. This country is ripe for a Reebok outlet.

Popping up at Marx Prospect, we make a beeline for Red Square. Huge red banners bearing the likenesses of Lenin, Engels and Marx, as well as the standard Socialist-realism vignettes—smiling proles with brawny arms humping stalks of wheat—are being hauled into place over the arcade of the GUM department store. Lenin's tomb is a blaze of scarlet flowers. Saint Basil's Cathedral, its spires and minarets glowing despite the overcast, looks spit shined. On the front of the Museum of History, a large sign announces, MAY FIRST!

Everywhere, little *babushkas* (grandmothers) with twig brooms trundle about beneath layers of quilted clothing, sweeping, polishing, occasionally pausing to berate bystanders. These tiny women are unavoidable. As fierce as maggots, they patrol art galleries and museums, stand guard in metro stations and cruise the streets, shrieking mercilessly at the unwary. Couples publicly embracing (an unseemly display of affection), women of childbearing age sitting on cold stone steps (danger of infertility) and mothers walking their young sons to church (revanchist religious tendencies) incur their special wrath. Among other functions, the *babushkas* serve as shock troops for K.G.B. Let a Soviet citizen boldly invite a foreigner home for a drink, and the *baba* in his apartment lobby will surely make a call to the appropriate authorities. She may get a medal for her trouble. What these decorations are called—Medal of Meanness? Order of Orneriness?—I have no idea, but a frightening number of old women sport them on their lapels.

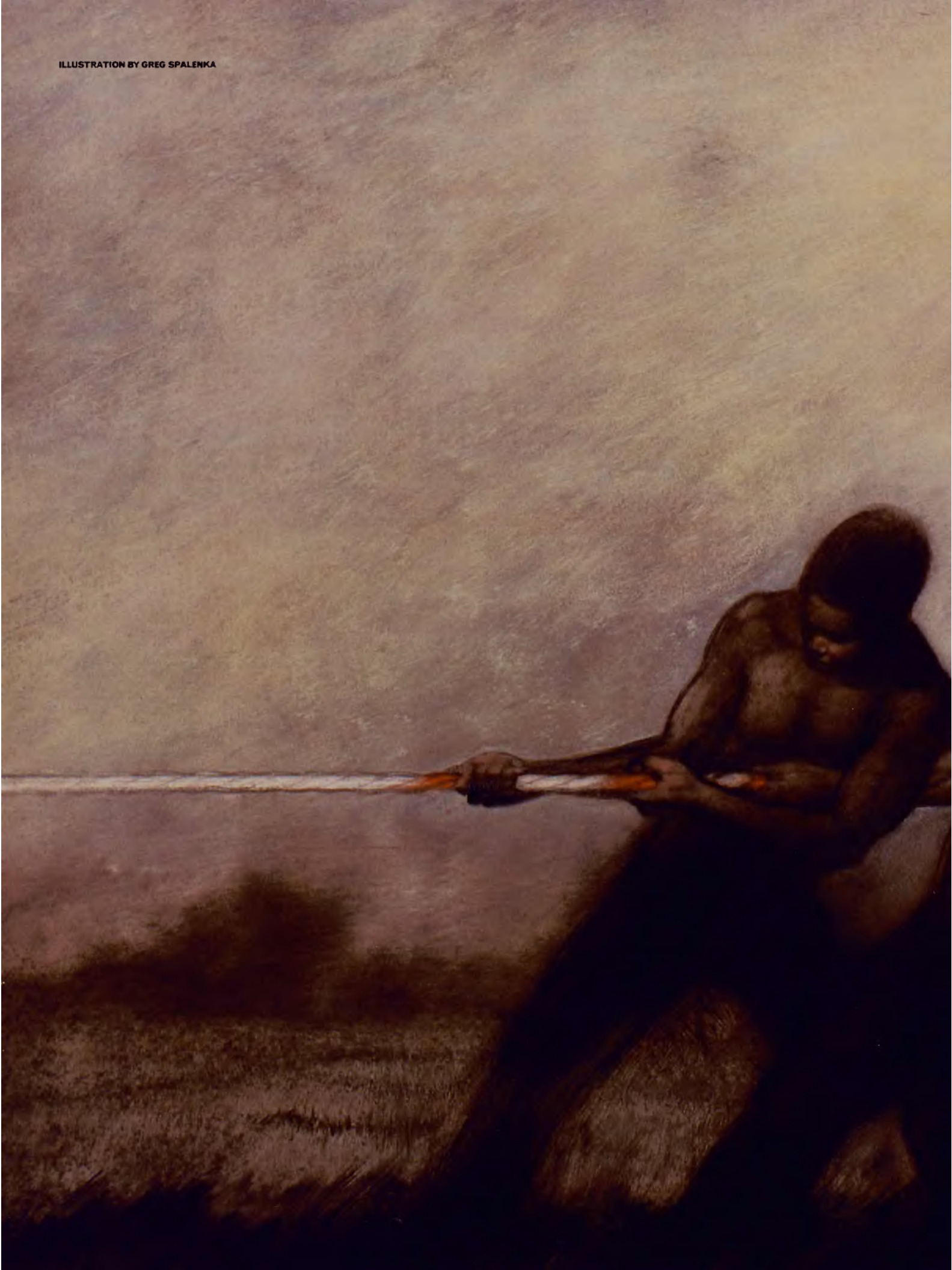
Lenin's tomb is *zakrytie na remont* (closed for repairs). Among Muscovites, the joke is that at such times, all the candles in the city disappear: A long time ago, they say, the official state embalmers dropped a stitch and ended up with something the size of a Barbie doll and the consistency of beef jerky. The Lenin on display, many believe, is actually a wax recreation by Madame Tussaud—a tough break for a guy the Soviets refer to as the

(continued on page 226)



"The kid's going to take the fall."

ILLUSTRATION BY GREG SPALENKA



South Africa at Home

REAGAN AND THE REVIVAL OF RACISM

essay By **HODDING CARTER III**

IN THE EARLY FALL of 1985, the television images from South Africa stirred politicians along the Potomac—including a reluctant President—to unprecedented, if limited, action. They stirred something quite different in me—a sense of vaguely cynical *déjà vu*, of irony only thinly masking deep pessimism about the course of recent American history.

The *déjà vu* is obvious. To a white Mississippian who lived and worked in that state during the days of massive

resistance to integration, televised pictures of sprawling black demonstrators and charging white cops are old stuff. Only the locale has changed.

But the cynicism springs from something more recent and far more disturbing. We Americans still seem capable of moral outrage about man's inhumanity to man or racism embodied in official policy. But now, unlike 20 years ago, our outrage grows stronger the farther away the repression. What bores or even angers us is the insistence of the nation's minorities that we are still a long way from the mountaintop

five years of this president has set black america back twenty years



of true equality. It is a new America, Ronald Reagan's America, and at times it smells a lot like the old Mississippi.

The interior camera throws up its own images:

One is from the Transkei, a tiny section of South Africa carved out by the government in Pretoria as "an independent homeland" for certain blacks. It was early evening in the summer of 1975, and I was out walking on the streets of Umtata, the capital. A light-skinned, middle-aged man close to being a caricature of a European colonialist, complete with clipped mustache, knee socks and (to this American ear) British accent, approached me.

"Do you know where a colored can get a drink at this hour?" he asked.

For a moment, I didn't understand the question. Then, with a flood of queasy embarrassment, I did. Here, in this independent, black-run "nation," the rules of the South African game still held. Whites and nonwhites must eat, drink, be educated, live and die in separate places. It was the reality behind all the official rhetoric of reform, sickeningly familiar to a Southerner of my generation.

Another image: midsummer, 1960, on the main business street of Greenville, Mississippi, my home town. The local leader of the NAACP, a black businessman, walked up, said hello and put out his hand. I froze. Should I break the unwritten code and shake hands with a black man, with God knew how many folk looking on in enraged disbelief? Should I live up to my private beliefs, no matter what segregation demanded?

A friend called out from across the street. I turned quickly, gratefully, in his direction, and the moment passed. I had flunked the test.

And yet another image: May 1954, one of those beautiful spring days that made a Princeton education seem like a long vacation with F. Scott Fitzgerald. My good friend and fellow Mississippian, John Stennis, son of the U.S. Senator, bounced into me on the walkway near Nassau Hall. Had I heard the news? The Supreme Court had just ruled that school segregation—"separate but equal" education—was unconstitutional.

Thunder. Lightning. Both of us freshmen angrily agreed that such constitutional craziness would not be tolerated or obeyed. The Court might rule, but it could not command the white South to abandon its way of life. And while we decent folk knew that Negroes were sometimes—no, too often—abused by the Snopeses among us, that was no justification for Federal intervention of any kind, judicial, legislative or executive. We had to be allowed to change under our own steam, according to our own timetable and in our own way. Anyway, Negroes just weren't ready for racial mingling.

Finally, turn forward to the late fall of

1984, shortly after the smashing re-election triumph of Ronald Reagan. I was a guest at a small Washington dinner party. The conversation at one end of the table focused on civil rights at home and human rights abroad in the Eighties. The managing editor of a once-liberal journal of opinion, a man who still wore the tattered remnants of the liberal label, turned during the often-heated discussion to my wife and remarked, "You have to face the fact that some people are culturally and genetically unsuited for democracy."

No thunder, no lightning, except from my wife, Patricia Derian, a fierce battler for both kinds of rights over the past quarter century. No one else at the table publicly demurred or even seemed to notice that a circle had been closed, that with barely a blush of self-conscious rationalization, a point of view once thought buried for good among all but the overtly racist had resurfaced. It might as well have been a dinner table in the Mississippi Delta in the early Sixties.

Actually, it wasn't all that surprising. In ways that would have been unthinkable ten years ago, five years of the Reagan Presidency has given new hope to America's bigots and renewed legitimacy to the sly slogans of white supremacy. If it is not precisely a return to the time of Redemption, that tragic period in the 1870s when Washington turned its back on the black South and allowed white Southerners to reconstruct slavery in a new guise called Jim Crow, it is not because the President and his men have not tried.

But first, a half bow in the direction of Ronald Reagan, the all-American good guy. He is no slaving segregationist, no prophet of the purity of white civilization, no maddened defender of a society legally divided by race. He appears to be sincerely convinced that he is color-blind and that society should be color-blind as well. By all reports, he finds acts of discrimination against individuals morally offensive.

The problem is that this very nice man has yet to find a Federal answer to institutionalized racism that he can wholeheartedly support, at least in its early stages. The unavoidable record establishes the fact that at each moment of national decision, he has gone with the segregationists while the majority has gone with racial change.

That was not too bad when he was simply a Hollywood actor and special-interest spokesman stumping for the new conservative Jerusalem. It was at least a geographically isolated challenge to racial equality, though a powerful one, when he was governor of California. It is a disaster now that he is President, in both concrete and symbolic ways.

What kind of disaster was succinctly summarized in 1984 by an editor of a major newspaper in a Middle Atlantic state. In a memo arguing (unsuccessfully)

for the paper's endorsement of Walter Mondale instead of the President, he wrote:

When Ronald Reagan is asked why his support among blacks is so abysmally low, he assumes an air of injured innocence and claims that his record on civil rights is "the best-kept secret in Washington." In light of a record of relentless and at times even bitter hostility to traditional civil rights goals, one would think the President would earnestly desire to keep it just that way—a secret.

At the outset of his political career, he was among the few public figures who opposed enactment of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. During Presidential-campaign appearances in the South in 1976 and 1980, he routinely dropped into his speeches a line about how we'd all seen a "strapping buck" buying T-bone steaks at the supermarket with food stamps. In the South, of course, that term is never used except as a vulgar racist epithet.

As President, he has cut basic support programs for the working poor; he appointed as his chief civil rights enforcer a Delaware aristocrat who had never been to Mississippi; he opposed the extension of the Voting Rights Act, the crown jewel of the civil rights legislation of the Sixties; he favored giving tax breaks to segregated private schools; he opposed designating Martin Luther King's birthday as a holiday; when it became apparent the King holiday had overwhelming Congressional support, he then signed the bill in a Rose Garden ceremony (but only after an unguarded snarl that maybe in 35 years we'd know whether or not Dr. King associated with Communists); he restructured the Civil Rights Commission in a way which abandoned that body's historic commitment to racial justice; he appointed a single black to a top-ranking Government position—one who maintains such a low profile that he is widely known in the black community as Silent Sam.

I quote this memo at such length because its author is a white Southerner who, like me, cut his journalistic teeth in the South during the long, bitter years of revolutionary change and bloody resistance. He, like me, had to make a hard journey of personal change along with most of our fellow white Southerners. And he, like me, is now appalled to see the Reagan Administration—in concert with too many other Americans—backing away from the nation's belated attempt to make good on the promises of its basic political documents.

The Administration's policy of
(continued on page 214)

rest ye merry, gentlemen procrastinators. playboy once again comes up with a sleighful of last-minute yuletide goodies



Enter Garçon, a 42"-tall, veddy British fiberglass butler that's right out of the art-deco era, from Christopher's on Columbus, New York, \$850. On Garçon's tray is *The Art of Playboy*, a lavish 184-page, full-color look at PLAYBOY's significant contribution to contemporary magazine art, with a text by Ray Bradbury, from Playboy Products, \$27.50. The plastic-phone-cord quartz watch can be worn around the waist, from Wokmann Watch, New York, \$25.



Above: For instant Yupward mobility, there's the Gucci quartz timepiece that comes with an 18-kt.-gold-plated case and a pigskin strap, by Severin Montres, Ltd., \$295. The early-Fifties pink Cadillac features an individually serialized license plate and an owner's certificate, from Leadworks, Inc., Salan, Ohio, \$40.

Top center: The 12"-tall steel Mechabeen lamp sheds light on a new school of illumination; the Mechabeen's shade flips up and down, it's equipped with a dimmer and the look is high-tech whimsy, from Limn, San Francisco, \$360 each. That well-stacked Aiwa V-1200ACD stereo system includes a power amplifier that puts out 75 watts per channel, a compact-disc player, a linear-tracking programmable turntable, an autochanger double cassette deck that will play up to five cassettes in a row, plus a wireless remote-control unit, \$1800. Next to the Aiwa: A 10" x 7" x 4" transparent AM/FM radia fitted with blue- or pink-neon tubing, from Dapy, New York, about \$450.



Top left: Instead of smokes, this cedar cigar box holds a dozen 50-milliliter bottles of Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch, \$19.95. Next to the Scotch is Answer Uno, a portable telephone answerer that can be programmed to answer the phone in its own voice, relaying whatever message you program, from European Telephone Company, Canton, Massachusetts, \$71.95. Tea-Time, an eight-cup automatic tea maker, by Krups, \$150. That black-marble sphere holds a gold-plated razor, toothbrush and shaving brush, from St. Mark V, New York, \$80. Next to it: A bottle of L'Eau de Cologne du Caporol, from Jean Laporte, L'Artisan Parfumeur, New York, \$60.

Above: Our 11TH-HOUR SANTA title is on the screen of Proton's 625 monitor/receiver, a 25" cable-compatible color model with full-function wireless remote, multi-audio and -video inputs and outputs, lost-channel recall, on/off sleep timer and video noise-reduction circuitry that reduces ringing in low-brightness pictures, \$1250.

fiction

By KEN KESEY

dev plunged deep into the quarry to find the monster—and after that, nothing was ever quite the same again

killer

*I wander through each chartered street,
Near where the chartered Thames does
flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.*

—WILLIAM BLAKE

KILLER, the one-eyed, one-horned billy goat—rearing fully erect on his hind legs, tall as a man, tucking his cloven hooves beneath his flying Uncle Sam beard, bowing his neck, slanting his one horn and bulging his ghastly square-lensed eye at M'kehla's back—came pile-driving down.

"M'kehla, watch out!"

M'kehla didn't even turn to check. Using the fence post like a pommel horse, he vaulted instantly sideways. Amazing nimble for a man his size, I marveled, not to mention been up driving all night.

The goat's horn grazed his bare thigh, then struck the post so hard that the newly stretched wire sang and hummed all the way to the post anchored at the corner of the chicken house. The hens squawked and the pigeons flushed up from the roof, hooting angrily. They didn't like the goat any better than M'kehla did.

"Choose me off, will you, you smelly bastard!" M'kehla pistoned a furious kick against the blind side of Killer's shaking head—"I'll kick your mother *skull* in!"—then two more to the jaw before the dazed animal could back away from the post.

"Hey, c'mon, man. He does this with everybody. It isn't anything"—I had to think a moment to come up with an alternate word—"personal. Honest, he does it with everybody."

This was only partly honest. True, Killer had tagged just about everybody on





the farm at one time or another—me, Betsy, the kids playing around the pond—but the goat *had* seemed to choose M'kehla off special the moment the man had arrived.

It had been early that morning, before anybody was up. I half heard the machine pull in and cut its motor, but I figured it was probably my brother Buddy in his creamery van, out to get an early start on the day's roundup. I rolled back over, determined to get as much sleep as possible for the festivities ahead. A few seconds later, I was jarred bolt upright by a bellow of outrage and pain, then another, then a machine-gun blast of curses that sounded like they were being fired all the way from the ghetto of hell.

Betsy and I were instantly on our feet.

"Who in the world—"

"Not Buddy," I said, dancing into my pants. "That's for sure."

Still unzipped, I reached the front door. Through the open window, I saw a shiny black bus parked in the gravel of our drive, still smoking. I heard another shout and another string of curses; then I saw a big brown man in a skimpy white loincloth come hopping out of the exhaust fumes at the rear end of the bus. He had a Mexican huaracho on one foot and was trying to put the mate on his other foot as he hopped. He looked behind him, then paused at the bus door and began banging the metal with the sandal.

"Open this door, damn your bastard ass! *Open this door!*"

"It's M'kehla," I called back toward our bedroom. "And here comes Killer after him."

The goat rounded the rear of the bus and skidded to a spread-legged stop in the gravel, looking this way and that. His lone eye was so inflamed with hate that he was having trouble seeing. His ribs pumped and his lips foamed. He looked more like an animated character than a live animal, a crazy old goat man in chin whiskers; you could almost hear him muttering in cartoon frustration as he swung his gaze back and forth in search of his quarry.

M'kehla kept banging and cursing. I glimpsed a face at a bus window, but the door did not open. Suddenly, the banging was cut short by a snorting bleat. Killer had found his mark. Gravel sprayed as the hooves scratched for ramming speed. M'kehla threw the sandal hard at the onrushing animal's lowered head, then sprinted away, around the front fender.

I could hear him all the way around the backstretch, heaping curses on the bearded demon at his rear, on the bastard behind the bus door, on the very stones underfoot.

When he appeared again at the rear of the bus, I swung open our door:

"In here!"

He covered the 20 yards across our drive in a tenderfooted stumble, Killer gaining

with every leap. I slammed the door behind him just as the goat clattered onto the porch and piled against the doorframe. The whole house shook.

M'kehla rolled his eyes in relief. "Lubba mussy, Cap'n," he finally gasped in a high Stepin Fetchit voice. "Whar you *git* that bad watchdog? Selma, Ali-bama?"

"Little Rock. Orval Faubus been developing this strain to guard watermelons."

"Orval allus had a knack," he wheezed, rolling his eyes again, bobbing his head foolishly. I grinned at him and waited. Betsy called a greeting from the bedroom and he instantly dropped the field-hand facade. He straightened up to his full six-foot-plus and held out his hand.

"Hello, Home," he said in his natural voice. "Good to see you."

"You, too, M'kehla. Been a while." I put my palm to his, hooking thumbs. "How've you been?"

"Keepin' ahead. Still keepin' at least one step ahead."

He held the grip and we stood for a minute in silence. It had been a long while, and we were studying each other's faces. Since we last saw each other, I had wasted ten foolish months playing the fugitive in exile, then another six behind bars. He had lost one younger brother in Laos, another in a 7-Eleven shoot-out with the Oakland police and an ailing mother as a result. Enough to mark any man. Yet his features were still as unmarred as a polished idol's, his eyes as unwavering.

Then he changed expressions again, as if he had read my thoughts. I saw his eyes go gentle and his mouth curve into a loose grin. Before I could free my hand and duck out of reach, he hauled me close and kissed me full on the mouth. His skin was slick from his scrimmage with the goat.

"Not to mention still sweatin' and smellin'." I wriggled free. "No wonder Charity wouldn't let you back on the bus."

"It isn't Charity, Dev. Charity told me to split for a while. It is a profound mystery to me how come."

He gave me a wicked sidelong glance and went on.

"All that happen was I tell her, 'Get up and give me some breakfast; I don't care if you *are* pregnant.' And for that she tells me, 'No, you get up, get up and get god-damn *gone!*' Just like that. So I been going."

He nodded toward the bus.

"That's Heliotrope's pup out there. Little Percy. Percy Without Mercy, he calls himself nowadays." He leaned down to shake his fist out the open window, hollering. "But he better quit *dickin'* with me, he ever expect to see his *momma* again . . .!"

The face at the bus window paid no attention. He was busy worrying about dangers much nearer. Killer had returned and was down on his foreknees at the front

wheel well, gnawing and butting at the tire. The bus was rocking beneath the attack. M'kehla stood up from the window and chuckled:

"Now Percy Without Mercy is *stuck* out there, with that belligerent billy goat between him and his breakfast cereal."

Heliotrope was a paraplegic pharmacologist, beautiful and brilliant and a bathtub chemist of some underground renown. M'kehla always liked to pal around with her when he was on the outs with his wife—or when he was out of chemicals. Percy was her ten-year-old. He had boarded with us at the farm occasionally, staying a week, a month, until one of his parents rounded him up. He was red-haired, intelligent and practically illiterate.

"Hello, Montgomery." Betsy came out of the bedroom, belting on her robe. "I'm glad to see you."

She'd seen the two of us go weirding off together too many times to be too glad. But she allowed him a quick hug.

"So." She crossed her arms and scowled at him. "Charity got you gone instead of getting you breakfast? Smart girl. And she's pregnant? She ought to get you neutered, if you ask me. . . ."

"Why, Miz Betsy, how you *talk!* Charity don't want nothin' that permanent." He edged around her and shuffled toward the kitchen, the one huaracho flapping on the linoleum. "But speakin' of *breakfuss* . . . is you nice folks fetched in yet the aigs?"

"The henhouse is that way," Betsy pointed. "Past the billy goat."

"Well, in dat case . . . where y'all keep de *cawn* flakes?"

While Betsy ground the coffee, M'kehla and I went out to contain the goat and gather the eggs. Percy was delighted. His bright little face followed us from bus window to window, hooting and jeering as we double-teamed the charging animal and manhandled him through the gate he'd butted open. While we were swinging the gate closed, he caught M'kehla a sharp hind hoof kick on the shin. I had to laugh as M'kehla danced and cursed and Percy shrieked from the bus. Even the peacocks and the chickens joined in.

Out in the henhouse, M'kehla told me his story:

"I don't know whether it was my Black Panther dealings or my white-powder dealings. Charity just says get the hell gone and give her some respite. I says, 'Gone it is.' Naturally, I called Heliotrope. Long distance. She's up in Canada with Percy's older brother, Lance, who's dodging the draft, and a bunch of Lance's buddies of like persuasion. Heliotrope persuaded me to sneak Percy off from his old man in Marin and bring him up. Help her start a mission."


We had the chickens fed and quieted and all the eggs that the rats and the

(continued on page 202)



"For Pete's sake! Haven't I had enough of Christmas Past?"





**THE LOVELINESS
OF THE
LONG-DISTANCE
RUNNER**

article By WILLIAM JEANES

THOSE WHO WRITE of automobiles habitually go into full drone about twisty roads, five-speed gearboxes and how all cars ought to feel like sports cars. Rarely do they give sufficient thought to cross-country cruising, an undertaking that's undeniably all-American and a pastime that—to be properly enjoyed—requires the proper equipment. On the interstate system, the siren attractions of low-slung, buzzy sportsters and small, space-efficient economy sedans dwindle. The stock of large, powerful sedans—machines in which four people may travel confidently from New York to New Orleans without risking lower-back damage—soars to new highs. We've assembled 12 of these freeway fliers, chosen with only one real criterion (continued on page 188)

*twelve sexy, sizable
machines in which
to motor from sea
to shining sea*



Gianni

Everybody and His BROTHER

LET'S TALK ABOUT the guy in the top bunk—the one who always borrowed your bike without permission and who embarrassed the hell out of you the first time you brought a girl home. You know, the kid who always insisted that it was *his* turn to get that last piece of chocolate cake.

Of all the complicated relationships that make up a typical family, there's something special about brothers. At once combative and loving, often equally competitive and supportive, for most of us it's the relationship that defines our friendships with other men for years to come. And yet few brothers fall into any logical pattern. Some end up seeing each other only at family funerals; others are constant companions for life. While most of us drift away from our parents toward independence, there's no formula that seems universal for brothers.

As a way of deciphering this most intense of male friendships, we asked a group of famous siblings—some of them as noted for their feuds as for anything else—to reflect on what it is to have, and to be, a brother. And despite the fact that their answers vary widely—not only from family to family but often *within* families as well—you'll find that much of what they say will strike a familiar chord in all of us who harbor that secret fear that if we could ever get Mom to fess up, she'd admit that we *weren't* the one she liked best.

THE STALLONES (entertainers)

SYLVESTER, 39: When things started disappearing from my room—shoes, sneakers, baseball gloves, everything—I knew I was not alone. I usually took it out on Frank physically. We were always fighting like cats and dogs.

The meanest thing he ever did to me started this way: He dumped an entire quart of vanilla ice

cream into a bowl and started eating it with a huge soup spoon. I had a hot temper, but I figured this time, I was going to be nice. So I asked him real nice, "Can I share your ice cream?" He had this fetish about anyone touching his food. I touched it. So he yelled, "You diseased it!" and flipped it into my face. I hauled off and hit him, broke my hand on his head and fell down, so he started hitting me with a wooden clog. Meanwhile, my father took the ice cream into the living room and ate it. We both ended up in the hospital that night—with a broken hand, Frank with throbbing headaches and a mild concussion. This happened when I was about 21.

We're equally hotheaded. But he's irrational.

I'm rational.

I suppose I'm more like Mom and Frankie is more like Dad. We both have our mother's bizarre sense. Whatever physical endurance we have, we got from our father—that and his straightforward attitude. Frankie has my mother's face. I have my father's face. It's like the body parts were put in a blender and mixed up for both of us.

But he got away with more; there's no question of that. I was a heavy bag with

eyeballs. I was difficult in school. Frankie just never went. He never tagged after me much when we were kids. Still, I would get him into trouble by making him my partner in crime—staying out late, getting into fights. He would go out and buy a snake. I got the idea to take it and put it into the swimming pool during a convention for school-teachers.

We never really went after the same girl—maybe the same *type*. I remember once he got mad at me for going after his friend's girl. I said, "Well, she ain't married to him." He said, "Yeah, but I'm your brother."

Now we're pretty close; we talk about five times a week. He still sees (continued on page 191)

Keach, Carradine,
Quaid, Everly, Hines,
Mahre, Smothers,
Gatlin, Stallone—some
famous siblings tell
how being brothers
is anything but
blood simple

compiled by

JEAN PENN



S HERRY ARNETT called and asked if we'd like to meet her on her lunch break at Chicago's McCormick Place exposition center. She said she was working a booth at the International Marine Trade Show and Exhibit, but she forgot to tell us which one. We wandered around McCormick Place, which is approximately the size of a small planet, for an



RARE SHERRY

*miss january walked off a college campus
and into a modeling career*



hour until we noticed an aisle congested with gentlemen in blue blazers and white deck shoes. We figured we'd found her. Sherry and two other St. Louis models, Kelli Insani and Christine Gardner, were signing posters showing them posed in bikinis around three cans of Awlgrip paint. As the other women leaned over the cardboard table where they unrolled and signed a poster a minute,

As do most beautiful women, Sherry enhances her surroundings. On these pages, she makes a baby grand look grander; and on the right-hand page of our opening spread, she lends intrigue to The St. Louis Art Museum.



"I liked the fantasy [photographer] Richard Fegley suggested: that I was a fabulously wealthy art collector who donated a few pieces to the museum, then savored the rest of my private collection at home."

we noticed that their white shorts carried the words OUR BOTTOMS ARE AS GOOD AS OUR TOPS across the derrière. "No, it doesn't bother me," Sherry said later over tuna sandwiches, "because it's really not vulgar. The shorts are long walking shorts, and the slogan makes sense. We're promoting a new protective





"It's not that I love modeling so much, but it opens up possibilities for a future I can really enjoy. It's a shame to work at a job you don't enjoy if you have a choice—but if you have a choice, you should make the most of it."

paint for boats that will prevent crustaceans from sticking to the hulls. That means the boat has less resistance in the water and gets better gas mileage. If they'd asked me to come out here in the bikini I wore in the poster shot, that would have been different. I don't get into that cheesecake stuff." We coughed. "Well, I mean except for you guys at PLAYBOY. If you could call that





cheesecake." Sherry's a serious woman. A hard-working woman. A very beautiful woman. The kind of woman who can have a mouth full of tuna, a dollop of mayonnaise on her lip and a straw in her mouth and still look gorgeous. She was born in Sterling, Illinois, but spent (text concluded on page 214)

"The two shots below were in a 1937 Rolls-Royce, which I loved. My father and brother collect old cars; we have a 1923 Model T roadster. Old cars seem to have more personality than new ones."





MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

DECEMBER
A Master at Work
THESE MEN ARE
Masters of the Office
Charles Schwab

Handwritten signature

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Jerry Ameth

BUST: 36 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 104

BIRTH DATE: 10/02/64 BIRTHPLACE: St. Louis, Missouri

AMBITIONS: To work in the fashion area as a designer

or get into the business side of my job as a model. Also

TURN-ONS: I love thunderstorms, sunken tubs, ^{to help children in need} honest &

enthusiastic people and eating ice cream at midnight

TURN-OFFS: People who are negative about life and new

challenges. Sloppy & forgetful people drive me crazy.

HOBBIES: I enjoy water-skiing, snow-skiing, designing

clothes, college football games, cooking, traveling

and teaching my dog new tricks.

FAVORITE FOODS: I like ice cream, stuffed flounder, fresh

seafood, stuffed mushrooms, homemade bread & fresh fruit.

FAVORITE MOVIES: An Officer and a Gentleman, The Fox and

the Hound, E.T. and Escape from New York.

IDEAL MAN: A man who will accept me for me, push me

to do my best, be confident and secure with himself

but above all be loving & understanding.



My 1st try at modeling.
I was 13 yrs. old.



Smile & say cheese.
1st wedding gown. (16 yrs)



My first collector's
item (20 yrs. old).



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After suffering for weeks with vague pains, the young woman finally made an appointment with the town's hunky new doctor, who was a ringer for Mel Gibson.

"Now, Miss Kerwinkle," the physician instructed, "I'm going to put my hand on your back, and I want you to say 'Eighty-eight.'"

"Eighty-eight," the woman purred.

"Fine. Now I'm going to put my hand on your stomach, and I want you to say 'Eighty-eight.'"

"Eighty-eight."

"Very good. Now I'm going to put my hand on your chest, and I want you to say 'Eighty-eight.'"

"One, two, three, four. . . ."

Great, just what I need," she moaned as he brought home a new microwave oven. "One more thing that heats up instantly and goes *ding* in twenty seconds."



When the milkman found a note on one of his customers' doors asking for 16 gallons instead of the usual quart, he rang the bell.

"Sorry to bother you, ma'am," he said, "but are you sure you want sixteen gallons of milk today?"

"Oh, yes," said the lady of the house. "I'm going to take a milk bath."

"I see. Well, do you want it pasteurized?"

"No, just up to my tits would be fine."

Two statues, a male nude and a female nude, had faced each other from their pedestals in the park for a century when the good fairy granted them one wish. They agreed that they wanted to become animated for an hour.

With a wave of the good fairy's wand, they dove into the surrounding underbrush. For the next 50 minutes, dirt, leaves and sticks flew in all directions.

Coming up for air, the male turned to the female and said, "There are ten minutes left. What should we do?"

"More of the same would be divine," the woman replied.

"Fine," the man said. "Only this time, you hold down the pigeons and I'll shit on them."

Darling," a husband whispered to his wife late one night, "if I died, would you get married again?"

"I suppose so," was her hoarse reply.

"Would you and he sleep in the same bed?"

"It's the only bed in the house. We'd have to."

"Would you make love to him?"

"Honey," the woman said patiently, "he would be my husband."

"Would you give him my car?"

"No," she yawned. "He can't drive a stick shift."

What's exotic? Getting tickled with a feather.

What's kinky? Getting tickled with the whole chicken.



What's exotic? Wearing a French tickler.

What's kinky? Wearing French toast.

A mid-level executive was so frustrated at being passed over for promotion year after year that, in desperation, he went to a brain-transplant center in the hope of raising his I.Q. 20 points.

After a battery of physical and psychological tests, he was told by the center's director that he was an acceptable candidate.

"That's great!" the executive said. "But I understand this procedure can be really expensive."

"Yes, sir, it can," the director replied. "An ounce of accountant's brain, for example, costs a thousand dollars; an ounce of an economist's, two thousand; an ounce of a corporate president's, forty-five hundred. An ounce of TV programmer brain is seventy-five thousand."

"Seventy-five thousand dollars for an ounce of TV programmer brain? Why on earth is that?"

"Do you have any idea," the director asked, "how many TV programmers we'd have to kill?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I think the old fool's about to lose his last vestige of credibility."



THE LAST CLOSET

essay by
**D. KEITH
MANO**

IT WAS, YES, S/M Pride Day. Along Fifth Avenue they came—goose-stepping, duck-walking, frog-marching, hobbling, crawling—3000 or so by police count, past Tiffany & Co., led by grand marshal Leon F. Christ, crucified on his own fiberglass cross, set tall in the back of a Ford pickup truck. You could hear them far off. Tink-clunk of shackle against chastity belt against spur. Paddles on flesh made a butcher-shop noise. And atonal, irregular yelping. Several hundred dominatrices, each in exquisite, sweatless leather despite the late-spring sun. Slave people behind, nipple and navel and even an occasional ear lobe pierced. Then floats, built with the care that fetishism alone can stimulate in this era of cheesy workmanship. Torquemada scene. Turkish prison. Nero. Witches burning perpetually to bottled propane. Apache initiation, Lubyanka, Eton. Black women for sale (proceeds to the Negro College Fund) on a flat-bed truck. Some gotten-up Marquis de Sade waving from his Lincoln convertible. Men on all fours, so aroused by submission that they were practically on all fives. It wound, weird, toward Sheep Meadow in Central Park. Like a half-time show at the Pain Bowl.

And signs:

YOU CAN'T GET CLAP FROM A WHIP.

I ONLY LAUGH WHEN IT HURTS.

WAY BEYOND THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE.

LATEX WORKERS OF AMERICA, LOCAL 1124.

ALL WE'RE SAYING IS, GIVE AGONY A CHANCE.

Near the Plaza Fountain, though, Fifth Avenue became a vicious gantlet. There was throwing: just an empty Tofutti cup at first. Then overpriced pretzels and half-eaten *falafel*. Those into lapidation took the pelting as a love gift. But Saturday-afternoon New York had gone righteous-mean: made uncomfortable by these consent-age men and women who, unlike you or me, needed to endure more than DRIVER ALLERGIC cabs, John Zaccaro and yet another Third World briefcase playing Prince at jet-plane-noise level on the subway. People who dared march for their inalienable right of inequality. Among policemen was felt much severe morale loss and doubt. Hey, what use clapping handcuffs on a masochist? How do you plead? On my knees, Your Honor. Inevitably, someone in a Gore-Tex safari suit

*in an age when few things
are taboo, one sexual prefer-
ence remains intensely
private—the obsession
known as s/m*

screamed, "Kill those fascist sufferers!" And the sidewalk mob, like some wonderful fantasy of group martyrdom, surged forward.

When did it happen? Never, of course. And it never will. In this permissive time, one deviation remains as intolerable as the *Horst Wessel Lied* at Passover. So abhorrent and frightening is S/M—so well connected in popular thought to Hitler, Genghis Khan, plantation cruelty, rape, pillage and general dismemberment—that a public figure who might espouse or just defend it would be cut dead quicker than someone with green-monkey disease. Both far right and far left, Moral Majoritarian and radical feminist call time out to gob spit all over S/M. Even I—who have reported on transvestite culture, incest and cannibalism—am anxious writing about it. Yet S/M is there and ever was there: a terrific, incurable obsession that has bossed around some of the brightest, most productive and likable minds we have had. What, at last, is left in that notorious sexual closet? A lot of rope, wood, leather, metal and suspension equipment. The closet, in fact, looks like your basement workshop now.

And that, pretty much, is how S/M people prefer it. They don't demand legislation allowing them to wear a ball gag and iron thigh boots when in Federal employment. They don't want Our S/M Heritage taught throughout the public-school system. They seldom evangelize. "All I ever wanted was freedom to do what I want behind closed doors with someone I care for," said submissive Ed. "Without a stigma being placed on it." Yet that stigma is there, and all the perfumes of Chanel won't sweeten it—even now, when dominance-fetish gear has become rather chic in ad layout and pop-music video. As we shall see, guilt (plus fear of exposure) is intertwined more strictly than corset lacing through S/M—until it has become both cause and effect. At the Eulenspiegel Society, an S/M consciousness-boosting group, members are on a first-name basis from day one—but that first name may be false. So hidden is the S/M population (from you, from one another, often even from self) that no confident estimate of number could ever be advanced. But we may assume it is significant in America and worth a thoughtful, charitable reassessment. And, so you can check some of your natural prejudice at the door, that reassessment should begin with language.

Like, no way sadistic will ever become a halo word. Might better try to market swastika wallpaper. Not only are sadism and masochism unflattering, they are also quite inaccurate. From here on I intend to use the generic brand name, D/S—domination and submission. All forms of S/M fall under that more inclusive expression, D/S. But the reverse isn't true. Lee,

for example, loves to hire himself out as chauffeur or housemaid and be insulted whenever possible. His submission is purely psychological: no pain or sexual contact, thank you. The people I'm writing about are so various, so brilliantly strange and—almost without exception—so harmless that to confine them by iron- maiden verbal usage in the domain of cruel or suicidal knuckle walkers is both misleading and, well, sadistic.

Furthermore, I mean consensual, affectionate D/S master-slave theater mounted by two people inside relationships of some duration and structure for their mutual erotic heightening. This is not, as might be thought, rarer than a cat with insomnia. Professionalism aside, loving and consensual D/S couples are the rule, not the exception. By that reading, of course, rape could never be D/S—no consent. Nor would wife-battering qualify. Husband will banjax spouse out of anger or frustration, not for an erotic *schmooze*. Actually, despite those stool-softening tales you may have heard, I can recall no heterosexual D/S relationship that resulted even in accidental, let alone intentional, hospital-size harm or death. It just doesn't happen. And, beyond love or human respect, there is a pragmatic reason for this. Dominant partner and submissive partner become fiercely dependent on each other. In this secretive scene, a compatible negative charge for your positive pole is harder to locate than diaper services in 1986. When you find one, you don't vivisect him or her. Because you want to play again tomorrow. And it's tough making love in a full-body cast.

Take that couple, the one up on stage. He has just fastened a hungry steel nipple clip to her left breast. In black garter belt and hose, she hangs like supple breadfruit from the hoist mechanism. He is nude except for leather jock and shoulder holster full of torment hardware. They kiss: Strobe light will make 1000 still shots of their pleasure on the watching retina. He has stood back. The whip tongue lashes her again, again, a hot cinch belt. Her body is receptive, even confident. Yet it jerks, galvanic: current in a frog leg. Earlier, she has whipped him (was it bad for you, too, dear?). A largely male audience of three dozen or so is under arrest. This dramatic, ritualized Wednesday-night performance and teach-in at The Castle in New York City has been running almost as long as *A Chorus Line*. Jay and Diane Hartwell could be the *Parents Magazine* D/S couple. Through a 31-year marriage, which must've included more whipping than Willie Shoemaker ever gave out, they are without scar. Jay and Diane are still quite in love. And afterward, their eldest daughter will help serve nonalcoholic punch. The family that flays together stays together.

Hartwell, though, isn't their real name. He has an upper-bracket, spanking-clean executive job. If anyone at his firm associated Jay with grope suits and flagellation, he'd get the sack, and it wouldn't be made of leather. "I feel guilty about not coming out. I would, if it were possible to earn a living."

With gentleness, Diane answers, "You have a responsibility to the family. You know you can't." Yet, more than any other two people in America, they have taken up the D/S cross and put each other on it. Their Wednesday-night Chautauqua is half show, half discussion/meeting place, half outpatient ward. The shame-ridden come and receive comfort. On other nights, Diane will structure fantasy sessions at a price. But "This is, I think, the one house in New York that doesn't do sex. We'd be millionaires by now if we did. I choose not to. It's beneath me."

From 1977 to 1981, Jay wrote, edited and distributed *S-M Express*, a newspaper that became both the *Variety* and the *Workbench* of D/S. "I felt someone should say something about us. We sold an average of 75 percent of our print run. Our last three issues sold 95 percent. *National Geographic* doesn't sell 95 percent. Gives you some idea of how desperate the need for straight information was." *S-M Express* featured Mr. Fixit advice on how to construct a pillory or a bondage yoke in your own garage. And Hartwell got away from the inhibitive language of *Psychopathia Sexualis*, replacing S/M with "sexual mastery" and "sexual submission" whenever possible. D/S is no place for careless-pilot error, so *S-M Express* carried more safety admonitions than OSHA has. There was also advertising, the kind that goes, "He dom-TV, she sub-bi, into B & D, W/S, French, Swedish, English and gourmet cooking." Jay and Diane tried to screen these personals personally. Their contact list was impressive. During the same period, they had started a (purely social) D/S couples club in that unheard-of Sodom, Newburgh, New York. Twelve came to their first meeting. Within one year, 400 had joined—some from as far away as Australia, England and Japan.

And, always, Hartwell scoured the D/S sleaze-porn trade, which is distortive and sordid as an old vaginal strep culture. *Bondage in Buchenwald. Female Captives of the Rising Sun*. Whatever. But almost no other literature has been available. "I don't think anybody should be used or abused." Even self-spoken "artistic" efforts like *Story of O* make his whip go flaccid. "I said to myself, 'This thing must've been written by a bi-TV.' Because who on earth would want this plastic piece of shit, this O? Diane is sexually submissive to me, and I am absolutely responsible for her—though she is her own woman, and don't let anybody think that you could

(continued on page 178)

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

*our pre-season
picks for the
country's
top teams
and talent*

sports By ANSON MOUNT

FOR MILLIONS of Americans—and even more millions in a hundred other countries—basketball is the most entertaining of spectator sports. Their enthusiasm for the game is understandable.

Why? First, the game is diversified. Teams may use a dozen playing styles, tempos, offensive and defensive strategies in any given game.

And the game is simple. The average fan has no trouble with the rules. He can vicariously become both coach and official—and can second-guess both of them.

Unlike football and baseball, basketball offers continuous action, and spectators are close to the players—close enough to get a size-15 shoe in the face in some cases.

College basketball also benefits from something close to parity. In any year, there are 40 or 50 teams that could, with a little luck, win the N.C.A.A. tournament. Impossible dreams like Villanova's last year come true all the time. Who would have thought ten years ago that the East would be today's hoops hotbed?

The most important reason for basketball's enormous popularity may be the least recognized: This game is continually growing and adapting. The most obvious continuing changes of all are in the skill, size and even ethnic origins of the players. Thirty years ago, a 6'5" player was a giant. Thirty years ago, the jump shot revolutionized the game. Now a 6'5" player is a guard and a set shot would be laughed at before it was blocked into the rafters.

Before World War Two, black players on major college teams were few and far between. German giants were unknown. Most players came not from the inner city but from rural backwaters. Today most of our superstars are black superstars, and such names as Blab and Schrempf are household words in some communities.

Tapping the enormous talent of the nation's—and the world's—population has sent playing skills skyward. A generation ago, games in which both teams scored in the 40s—or less—were the norm. Kentucky won the national championship in 1948 with a 31 percent shooting percentage. Its opponents averaged 23.2 percent. Today's walk-ons do better than that. The average shooting percentage of *all* the major college teams is close to 50 percent. And the game will continue to improve.



Notre Dame's Ken Barlow rose to the occasion in last season's Notre Dame-Fordham match-up. Barlow, David Rivers and the rest of Digger Phelps's Irish figure to fly into the top ten in 1985-1986.

In addition, college basketball's fans will continue to grow in number and enthusiasm. An arena holding more than a few thousand spectators was rare a few years ago. Now huge basketball coliseums exist or are being built all over the country.

While we wait for this season's excitement to rise, let's take a look at the prospects of the teams around the nation.

THE EAST

The Big East was the overwhelmingly dominant conference last season, providing three of the final four teams in the N.C.A.A. tournament. This year's action won't be a replay, because those teams—

Villanova, Georgetown and St. John's—suffered painful graduation losses. But all isn't lost for the Big East; Syracuse, last year's also-ran, could be the best team in the country in '85-'86.

The Orange is ripe. Nine of Syracuse's top ten players return and are joined by two prime newcomers, Rodney Walker and Sherman Douglas. The main man is Pearl Washington, an offensive terror who cannot be stopped one on one. With experience, height, speed, quickness and a superb bench, Syracuse has an excellent shot at a final-four berth.

Georgetown lost only two of last year's top ten players, but those two were superstars Patrick Ewing and Bill Martin. The remaining Hoyas, led by David Wingate and Michael Jackson, will have to regroup. They will be joined by a sterling recruit, center Johnathan Edwards.

St. John's losses were devastating, but there is still prime talent, especially in the persons of Walter Berry and Willie Glass. The most promising recruit is Marco Baldi, a massive center out of Milan.

Pittsburgh will be the most improved team in the Big East. The Panthers return last year's top five scorers and two of the best rebounders. Pitt remains a young team, but these Panthers will benefit greatly from a year's added experience. Best of the youngsters is forward Charles Smith, who was one of the nation's top freshmen last year.

Villanova's past success has been due to a combination of discipline and tenacious defense. Those virtues may not be enough this year—last season's three best players have departed, and it will take time for the younger players and recruits to master

MOUNT'S TOP 20

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Syracuse | 11. Maryland |
| 2. North Carolina | 12. Auburn |
| 3. Michigan | 13. UCLA |
| 4. Duke | 14. Georgetown |
| 5. Illinois | 15. Memphis State |
| 6. Georgia Tech | 16. Arkansas |
| 7. Notre Dame | 17. Louisville |
| 8. Louisiana State | 18. Washington |
| 9. Oregon State | 19. Oklahoma |
| 10. Kansas | 20. Texas A & M |

Possible Breakthroughs

St. Joseph's, Iowa, Nevada-Las Vegas, Houston, Navy, Pepperdine, Alabama-Birmingham, Brodley, New Mexico.

John Salley
forward
Georgia Tech

Dave Hoppen
center
Nebraska

Dell Curry
guard
Virginia Tech

Len Bias
forward
Maryland

Steve Mitchell
guard
Alabama-Birmingham

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

**PLAYBOY'S
1985-1986
ALL-AMERICA
TEAM**

Brad Daugherty
center
North Carolina

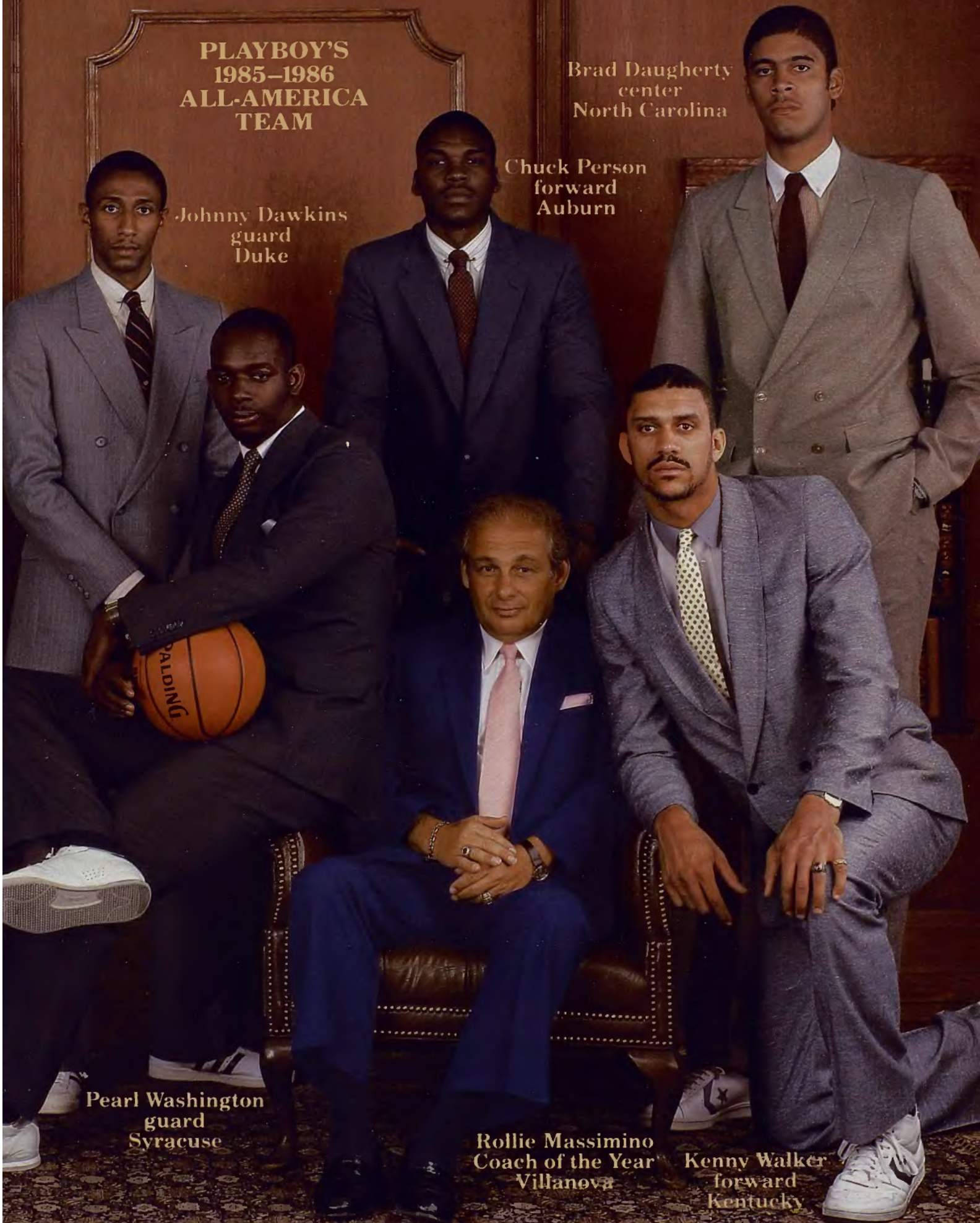
Chuck Person
forward
Auburn

Johnny Dawkins
guard
Duke

Pearl Washington
guard
Syracuse

Rollie Massimino
Coach of the Year
Villanova

Kenny Walker
forward
Kentucky



coach Roland Massimino's versatile defensive system. Fortunately for fans of Cinderella Villanova, Massimino harvested a super crop of recruits.

We select our Coach of the Year each season in recognition of the outstanding job he has done in the recent past. This time, it was no contest: Roland Massimino took a lightly regarded team all the way to last year's N.C.A.A. championship.

Boston College's success last winter was a matter of smarts and mental toughness. This time around, three of BC's top five players are gone. The major problem in pre-season drills will be finding a new point guard. Freshman Dana Barros will probably get the nod.

This should be an enjoyable season for Seton Hall supporters. The Pirate squad was green and shallow last year but is now

battle-hardened. Three premium recruits (Daryll Walker, John Norton and Gerald Greene) will provide needed depth immediately and promise big things in the future.

The top gun at Connecticut is guard Earl Kelley. Sad to say, he doesn't have an abundance of backup guns. Incoming freshmen must quickly fill the gaping holes around Kelley in Connecticut's line-up.

First-year Providence coach Rick Pitino inherits a squad that lost three of last year's starters and is sorely in need of a big man in the middle. Reconstruction will begin with three promising recruits, two of whom are from the state of Georgia, never before a recruiting haven for Providence.

St. Joseph's has an excellent shot at the Atlantic Ten title. Only one of last year's stars is missing, the Honk defense is su-

perb and the reserves are both talented and plentiful. Best of all, guard Wayne Williams—a gifted athlete who missed all of last year with an injury—will be back in top form.

Temple's two dominant players of last season have departed, and what's left looks young and green. There is plenty of raw talent on hand, however, including three blue-chip recruits. Best of the veterans is guard Nate Blackwell. If they get their act together fast, Temple could challenge for the conference championship.

West Virginia's most daunting obstacle in matching last season's impressive record is settling an unsettled center position. Veteran Darrell Pinckney will be battling redshirt Wade Smith for the starting job. An adequate Mountaineer must also come forward to replace last year's superstar forward Lester Rowe.

There is good reason for optimism at St. Bonaventure. The Bonnies are blessed with experience, depth and mature leadership. The keys to success this year lie in improved rebounding and an avoidance of last year's injury plague.

George Washington was also bitten by injuries last season. Under new coach John Kuester, this season's prospects are brighter. Ten lettermen return. The Colonials won't have great size, but they will be experienced and quick.

This ought to be a pleasant campaign at Duquesne. Last year's turmoil (criminal charges against four players, all of whom were eventually acquitted) has subsided. All of Duquesne's best players return, and they'll be bolstered by premier freshman point guard Brian Shanahan.

This is the rebuilding year Rutgers has been dreading. Graduation losses were heavy. The best returning player, powerful center Lloyd Moore, will become the main man if he learns to stop eating and start rebounding.

Rhode Island will be the most improved team in the Atlantic Ten. Nine of last season's top ten return, and they join five solid recruits. Give coach Brendan Malone's rebuilding project two more years and the Rams could threaten the conference biggies.

Massachusetts will have difficulty replacing last year's three best Minutemen. The good news is that recruits Fitzhugh Tarry and John Milum could solve the Minutemen's need for big men. The bad news is that Massachusetts will be lucky to finish out of the Atlantic Ten basement.

Penn State was pathetic last year (eight wins) and is getting even worse. The Lions will again be very young. If morale improves, maybe they can avoid midseason defections by some of their better players this season. But what the hell—it's a football school.

Iona lost several key players, but so many quality backups return that the

(continued on page 236)

THE BEST OF THE REST

(All of whom are likely to make someone's All-American team)

FORWARDS: Reggie Miller (UCLA), Danny Manning (Kansas), Ken Barlow (Notre Dame), Nikita Wilson (Louisiana State), Randy Allen (Florida State), Billy Thompson (Louisville), Walker Lambiotte (North Carolina State), Kenny Battle (Northern Illinois), Winston Crite (Texas A&M), Rafael Addison (Syracuse), David Wingate (Georgetown)

CENTERS: Olden Polynice (Virginia), Andrew Lang (Arkansas), Tito Horford (Louisiana State), Roy Tarpley (Michigan)

GUARDS: David Rivers (Notre Dame), Mark Price (Georgia Tech), Kenny Smith (North Carolina), Bruce Douglas (Illinois), Tommy Amaker (Duke), Doug Altenberger (Illinois), Anthony Jones (Nevada—Las Vegas), Anthony Watson (San Diego State), Andre Turner (Memphis State), Michael Jackson (Georgetown)

TOP NEWCOMERS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who will make big contributions to their teams)

Tita Horford, center	Louisiana State
Muhammad Akbar, guard	Oklahoma State
Ed Horton, forward	Iowa
Jerome Richardson, guard	UCLA
Archie Marshall, forward	Kansas
Pervis Ellison, forward	Louisville
Sean Elliott, forward	Arizona
Toney Mack, guard	Georgia
Ron Roberts, forward	Oklahoma
Todd Lichti, guard	Stanford
Eric Cooper, guard	Arizona
Tony Kimbro, forward	Louisville
Doug Roth, center	Tennessee
Marco Baldi, center	St. John's
Johnathan Edwards, center	Georgetown
Tom Lewis, forward	Southern California
Michael Jones, forward	Auburn
Danny Ferry, forward	Duke
Glen Rice, forward	Michigan
Tom Hammonds, forward	Georgia Tech
Roy Swogger, guard	Western Kentucky



BUCK BROWN

"Sir, could I interest you in funding my program?"





THE UNIVERSAL KARMIC CLEARINGHOUSE

fiction

By **ROBERT SHECKLEY**

*we deduct a planet's bad karma
and convert the good karma into intraversal luck units.
it's the same as banking anywhere*

HARRY ZIMMERMAN was an advertising copy writer for Batten & Finch in New York. One day when he got home from work, he found a plain white envelope in the middle of a small desk in his living room, where it had no business being.

Inside the envelope was a rectangle of shiny plastic. Written on it were the words KARMIC BANK VISITOR'S PASS. GOOD FOR ONE HOUR. There was a square printed in one corner of the rectangle.

Musing, Zimmerman picked up a pencil and checked the square. Suddenly, he wasn't in New York anymore.

With no sense of transition, Harry Zimmerman found himself in front of an old-fashioned gray-stone office building. It stood by itself in the middle of a wide green lawn. Huge bronze gates were open. Above them, chiseled into the granite, were the words KARMIC BANK & CLEARINGHOUSE.

Zimmerman waited, then walked inside.

There were rows and rows of desks. Men were examining piles of documents, making entries in ledger books and then piling the documents into wire baskets at the sides of the desks. Messengers took away the documents and brought in new ones.

As Zimmerman approached, a document slipped from its pile and sailed to the floor.

He picked it up and looked at it. It was

made of a shimmery, transparent substance and showed a richly colored three-dimensional image of a landscape with figures. As he moved the document, the view changed. He saw a city street and then a boat on a river and then a lake with hazy blue mountains behind it. Other images slid past: elephants moving across a wide, dusty plain, people talking with one another at a traffic intersection, a deserted beach with dusty palm trees.

"Careful!" the clerk said and snatched the document out of his hand.

"I wasn't going to hurt it," Zimmerman said.

"I wasn't worried about it," the clerk said. "I was worried about you. Turn one of those things the wrong way and it can pull you into its construct. Then we'd have trouble getting you back."

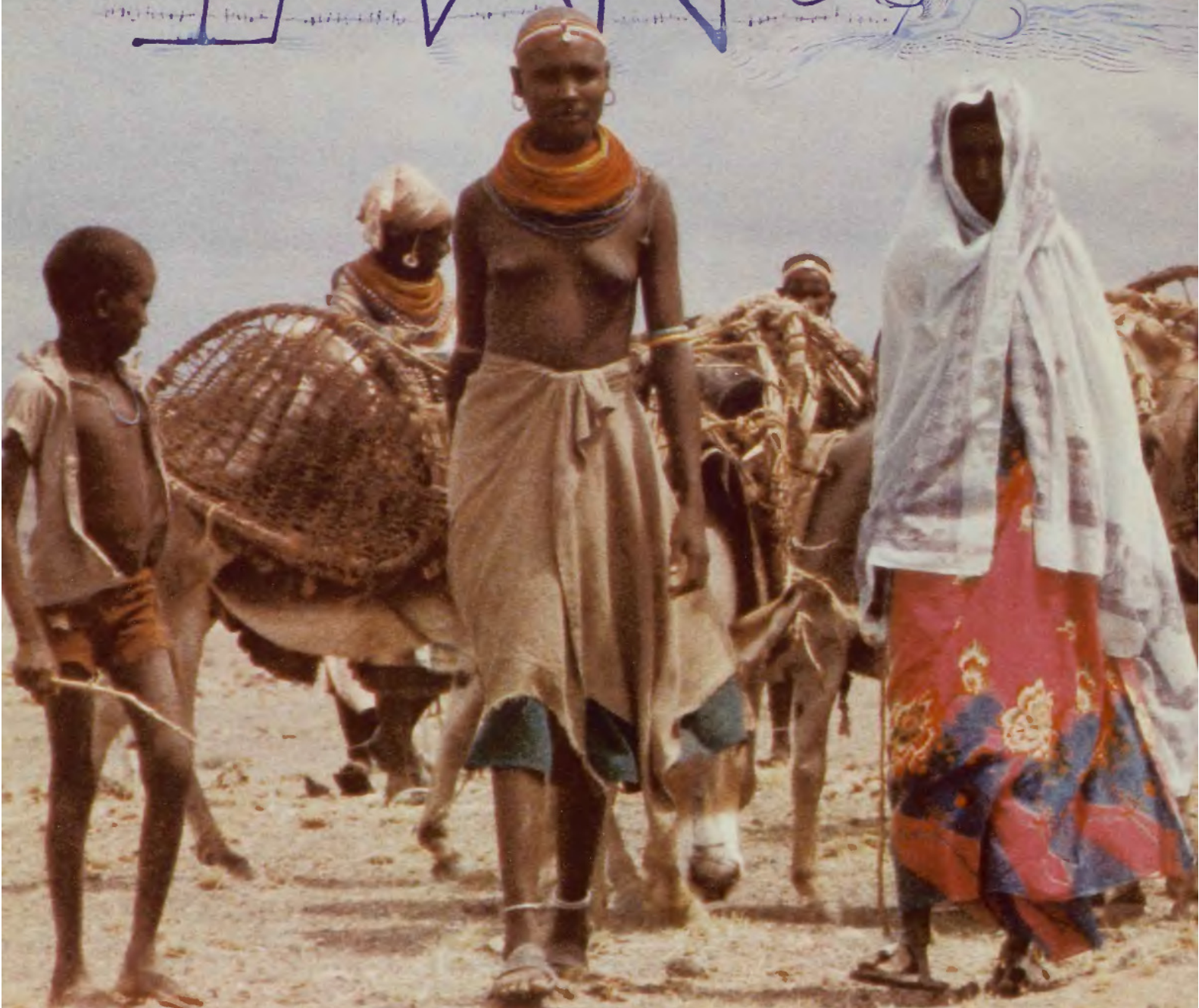
The clerk seemed friendly enough. He was a fussy-looking middle-aged man, balding in front, dressed in a pearl-gray morning coat, sharply creased pinstriped trousers and gleaming black shoes.

"What are those things?" Zimmerman asked, indicating the shiny documents.

"I see that you're new here. They're X-two-D invoices—sort of instant cosmic balance sheets. Each of them records a planet's karmic status at a given moment. After deducting the bad karma, we convert the good karma into Intraversal Luck Units at the going rate of exchange and deposit the (continued on page 187)

OUT of AFRICA for 10 Year

IMAN Return





*in a kenyan
odyssey, fashion model
iman rediscovers her roots*

BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS



SOMEWHERE IN the darkness outside, a big cat roared. The air was cool and still. Photographer Peter Beard was nervous. It wasn't the lions that bothered him, since Beard is on speaking terms with several big cats. It was the impending thunderstorm and the 60-mile-per-hour gusts that would hurtle across the Loingalani plain, threatening to topple the tents or, at the very least, fill them with icy rain. And when the storm finally broke, somewhere between Nairobi and Samburu, it was more ferocious than Beard had feared. He couldn't get to sleep. Iman, by contrast, welcomed the winds like an old friend. She was, after all, home. Ten years as a famous fashion model in New York hadn't erased her familiarity with this land's cold, windy nights and infernally hot days. Indeed, despite Kenya's inhospitable weather, Iman found it a very humane place compared with New York City, where she lives with her husband, pro basketball star Spencer Haywood. "Manhattan," she says, "is not a place to live. But if you want high-voltage energy, it is the best place. Still, if you live there long, you will get old before your time. The stresses will hit you. Everything is too fast."

In Kenya and neighboring Somalia, where Iman was born, everything is slow. The nomads (pictured with their prodigal daughter at left) travel by foot and by camelback. In fact, if the myth Peter Beard created around Iman were believed, she should not have survived culture shock. But the truth about Iman is a bit

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER BEARD

1975-1985



**Crazy too
For lust**
A RECENT survey has revealed that many women live in their torrid worlds secretly indulging in seductions and fornication as they abandon-ously on a tiger-skin waiting to be ravaged by a stranger.



more complex.
Beard said he had discovered her in the northeastern region of Kenya, working as a goatherd; she was 6'1", unable to speak English and presumably possessed of few social graces other than her God-given beauty. Beard, a wily connoisseur of all things African, said he persuaded this lovely goatherd to let him make her a fashion model; a Nubian Eliza Doolittle, so to speak.
In fact, Iman is a diplomat's daughter with a college education in political science and fluency in five languages. She's 5'9". But Beard's promotional methods were effective. The New York press raved about Iman as high fashion's first black African model. Now, after a decade of regular appearances in *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar* and other fashion magazines around

Samburu Thurs. **Rain** Champagne
 into tents **RAID** 3 shot
FLOODS @ Tea T. no trail 11:30
Buffalo Springs stop
 night of spot lights **Water**
 (Cook tent blows away) **BUCK**
 Swim in tee Springs...1960 rhino memo **Thunder**
 Northern Frontier District **Squal**
 Cow elephants and Iman near air strip **4 pm**
ROAD FLOWING **city**

Gerenuk ** pic #1
 near camp
Reticulated Giraffe #2
 (iman on a rock)
 J.B.A checks plane in flood
 Tea breaks in vast puddle
KIKOY shots: IMAN as co. pres.
Grevy zebras stalk **
 futile Gerenuk chase
Dissentry Day
Land Rover bursts into flames
 "Darn you Pete, I said NO FORN!"
 Ode to T.S. and J.D.
 S.B. with W. WHO'S-WHO IN UGANDA
 Sieshe + L. presence
 Violeta
 Khadija
 Mungai
 Anna
 sleep on tree Iman

Extortion letter #1
 @ Bacon's
 sent today
 njaguna
 + Fredrick K.
 inastimable
 road puddle **
 2 Buffalo in
 and the "drought victim"
 IMAN + Skale.

the world, she's a widely
 recognized exotic perennial,
 rather, as she says, "like a
 black-cashmere sweater—
 never out of fashion."
 After ten years in Amer-
 ica, Iman was invited to
 return to Kenya to be pho-
 tographed by Beard. Film-
 ing with the eccentric
 photographer had its chal-
 lenges. Passionate about
 wildlife, Beard insisted on
 close-up shots with real
 cheetahs, temperamental
 camels and amorous gere-
 nuks (left). The hot, deso-
 late shores of Lake Rudolf
 provided the background
 for several of the pictures, as
 did the dusty plains near the
 Amboseli Game Reserve,
 playground for Kenya's
 dwindling elephant popula-
 tion (right). Many shots
 were taken in Beard's tented
 camp on the outskirts of
 Nairobi, named the Hog
 Ranch out of respect for the
 horde of wart hogs that
 gathers each day to pig out
 on Beard's food scraps. The
 rustic camp affords a fine
 view of the Ngong Hills, of
 which you can see more in
Out of Africa, a new Univer-
 sal film in which Iman
 appears in one scene with
 Meryl Streep. There, she
 modeled her latest contribu-
 tion to camp couture, an
 African kikoï. The tradition-
 ally striped cloth is so versa-
 tile, she says, "It can be
 worn ten thousand ways."
 She hopes to begin market-
 ing kikoïs in America before
 the end of 1986.

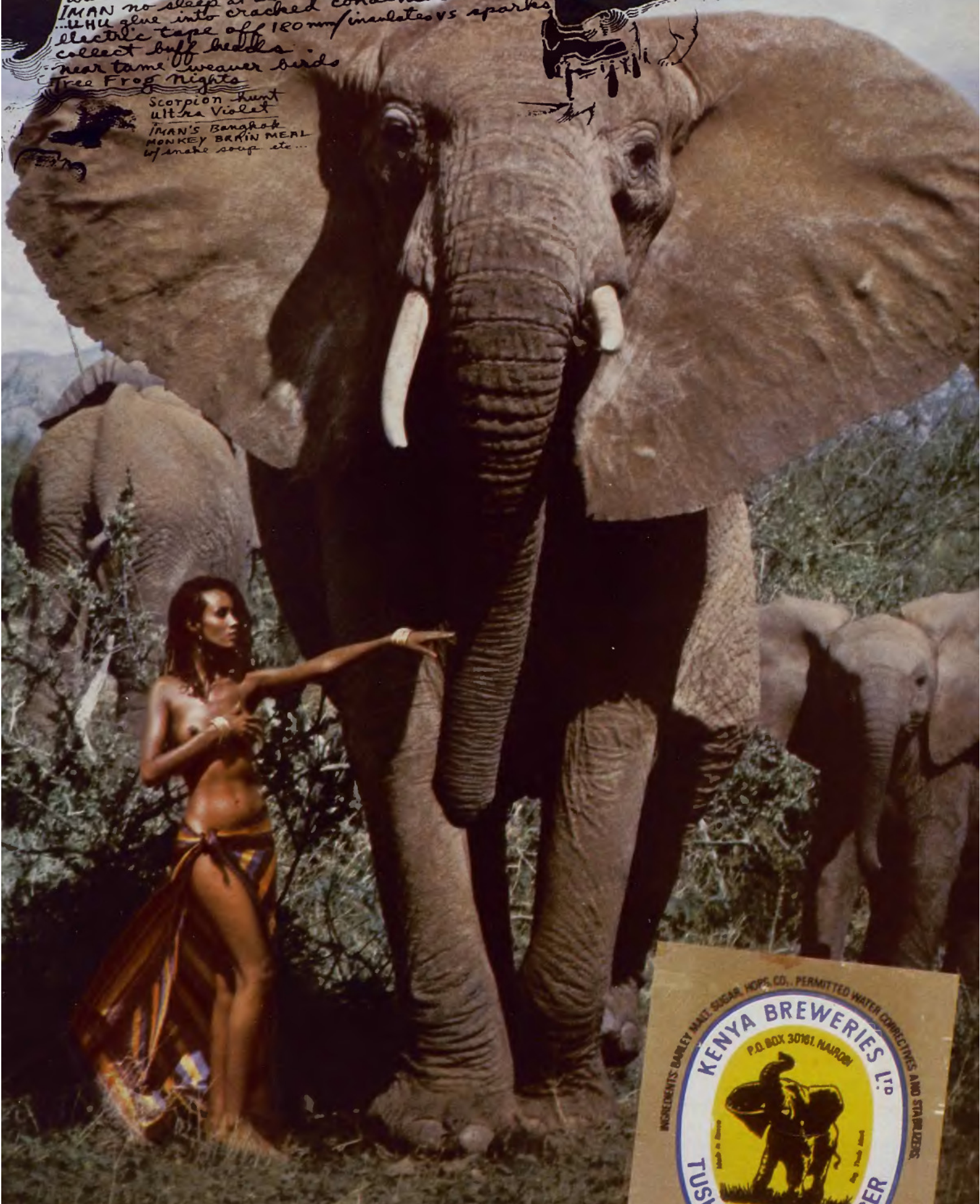


Life at the Hog Ranch
 wasn't all fun for the tawny,
 leggy model. Right after
 Iman had posed with a
 giraffe (overleaf, top left), it
 butted her with its horns;

On the Road to WAMBA

Fire 3 flare guns 2 a.m. Rain heavy
water heard in bush
IMAN no sleep at all
...UHU glue into cracked condenser
electrical tape off 180mm/insulates vs sparks
collect buff heads
near tame weaver birds
Tree Frog nights

Scorpion hunt
ultra violet
IMAN'S Bangkok
MONKEY BRAIN MEAL
w/ snake soup etc...



Nov. Dec Jan
Feb March

Man jailed

A MAN who attempted to kill himself has been jailed for eight months by Nakuru Resident Magistrate, Mr. William Tuiyot.

Before a Nakuru court was John Mutui Kamau who pleaded guilty to the charge that on August 25, this year, at Free Area within Nakuru district, he attempted to commit suicide by hanging himself.

-KNA



The Long rains
Cheetah on an ant hill
Iman in cheetah B.S.
Looking-Game
before the storm
miss 2 Peters gazelles
Rain squalls over NANYUKI
Gerenuks on the job 3/30
Saturday morning
Dysentery dark rock pastry in the sunrise Gate
Peters Gazelle in back
Line up zebs all afternoon
N.Z.D.
Parcher's
OST
gunfire
Police
Gate
fitina

Quick drop off at HOG RANCH (6:30pm)

IMAM's new hunting jacket
"OKay Guys: lets hear it for the Tender trap"
the incredible 10 year Reign of IMAM
Re zeb on left:
"IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE etc"
David Seltzer
where ARE you??



Jacob @ mt. Kenya Safari Club
alleged KAMAU
Latter arrives
6,000,000/- only
"will do very nicely"
Saturday this 30th
D.H.'s cheetah too thick
to get into house in FREEZING RAIN
8 TENTS DOWN
DORNIET away

is this sleaze or TRUE ABANDON?
able to T.S. in one of these cans

Scorpion day 3X
Fire wood expeds
Night watch
paranoia
More shots
Frogs
all night



werly
in N.K.
saf. club...
Fran on
make-up

"10 years and back"
Larkipia Ranching
Tereri, Larilei + co

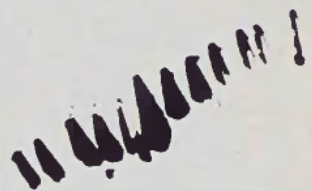


He who catches the joy
as it flies





nch
 airob
 ious
 the
 nyat
 Lho
 las
 and
 NG M
 a! ar
 + police
 heads
 mily
 u
 nde in
 niseric
 2... A B
 wangen
 early
 the
 1/2 con
 Sunda
 Mt. K
 photo D.
 Majma
 Peter Ri
 SHAGU
 Zooleya
 Khadiy
 game
 X.G. f
 of 11 dber
 Kama
 Mater
 DR. mgal
 DR. m
 HARAMBE
 HARMBE
 mate. 2
 **
 Mbuno
 to Hosp.
 camini
 Kerogger
 Mbuno
 Gume
 S.O.B
 BOSIRE
 warned just



several days earlier, when Beard insisted she stand beside a camel, the beast became cantankerous and tried to bite her.

Beard, of course, is something of a madman. He has a reputation for toying with the bizarre and the dangerous. He takes perverse delight in allowing a giant beetle to crawl up his face (top left). In a more practical mood, he choreographed a lion attack for a pictorial in *Vogue*. Says Iman, "Peter shot a scene where the lion was climbing all over the trainer and didn't seem to notice that the animal looked hungry. I did. I was standing beside Peter, and the lion looked at me as if I might be lunch. I left. Peter's a bit crazy."

Actually, Beard just had his own way of doing things. The handwriting and drawings you see around Iman's photographs are Beard's personal diary of her return home. In a style that has become a trademark, he has included newspaper clippings, beer-bottle labels and other assorted souvenirs of daily life in Africa. As for Iman, she needs no post-cards. Although she has returned to Manhattan, her memories of her homeland are indelible. In fact, she says she may someday return there permanently. "Although I'm a model and an American citizen," she says, "I am a Somali first."

ues in eternitee's sunrise"



Somali

Somali

I am here for your sake
What the hell difference
does the N.F.D. make!
Muscolini can have it
With 3 rousing cheers:
MOYALE! (Phill Sutter)
MANDERA!!
El Wok
& WAJIP

Eastleigh wedding
FAIZA
Mohammed Warsama + M.
Hassan geldy in jail 6 MOS
ari atas following P.B.
CPISIS = Danger
Opportunity
Francoise + Jacques
CASSIS = NINO'S
DRATO
Tony Archer
33320
Doria/WOLS/F.B.
all-Night
again
F.W.W
+ Ruth Woodley
Ben Litter
Bongo
Ndiangu
as CHUI
ROWBOAT call V
INFINITE
FERTILITY

HORACE AWORI SACKED fr. Kenya
Existential road cruise
Camel-mania w/ IMAN + KIK
Eyelids of Morning survivors
ROOTS of Coincidence
mbuna puma zeke
Le-enhancing thing-ambo
Nwangi + phil Leakey gar
Lance Zambure 1849 + R.L.
Bibi Dinesen and K.G. visit in
Fred Kimante + Njuguna App.
climb a mole + d live in a hole
Teresa and Nguytanu
Wingana + Mahammed Fitin
Feligoli 25 Elm Park. 9
LONDON SW3 - Bjorn
air FRANCE
Dallinair landscaper
Anne Marie Rosam Ber
C.B. + N.K... I.A. + A.T.
Marie de P. + Lancelot
Entrepreneur
the Bonaparte/Valanta
the KENYA KIKOY Co.
Sgt. Molo all-time smile
Ochre IMAN * Laila
High School Haste 2
Martine Casteuble
Jean Jacques Naud
Janice Dickinson
Fly the D. F.H.
guy - Moth
1929 mo. Mucosa

to IMAN
137-877
Janice arr. J. 1st
P.B. + P.B.
ite exit and
I.D passport
"Helmst Newton"
Magazine
Continuation
K.P. mess via S.M.
W. B. B.
Jabon, Chill tape
am-Laurie
Cassie little
Provan food
island safari
Sunilla - Jara H.
MWEIGA 33.
general CHUI + IMAN
lose pentax meter
Brenda Booger

Lam Lam + Julie +
Colorado R.
J.C. + J.D.: 3 1000 lbs cross
From the inside of a
Dead man's plastic coated
Wallet
PR
air mail
EX
Violeta S.
Khalija
Niede
YSL
amalia
Betty
Banzel
Karatina
concerned
Citizens
Savage Splendor her
Michael Demin
TIME
G.F.H.
Ranguesure
against all odds

Essay
Amajil
Ralen
le
tip
ra
A.D.
888
20
+
nd
tengu
roge Karanja
angui + co
the
nga Kim
nyena
green Em
nac
walls
M. wite
genia
Horn
Design
rt of DAFNESS
ate friend
AT. and F.B. village
y the Watt + Mick J.
wards
name as alas. 14902
E
Giamelli + M. nyaru
20 Linder 1976 r.o. w/ app
INE TO LOSE ogden north
i moll. + Louis M. * * *
X MISCHIEF re-visited
no more
the chips - garden plants

OUT of Africa
by air France
after LION pic
w/ Dory + Hubert
on the Karen +
Monkey skull
B.H. gorilla hds
Dora 65261
Tony Archer
Smared Hops
Short wave
1400
"the Soviet"
"way of life"
Radio Moscow
Lost K.G.
book to
Evelyn M.

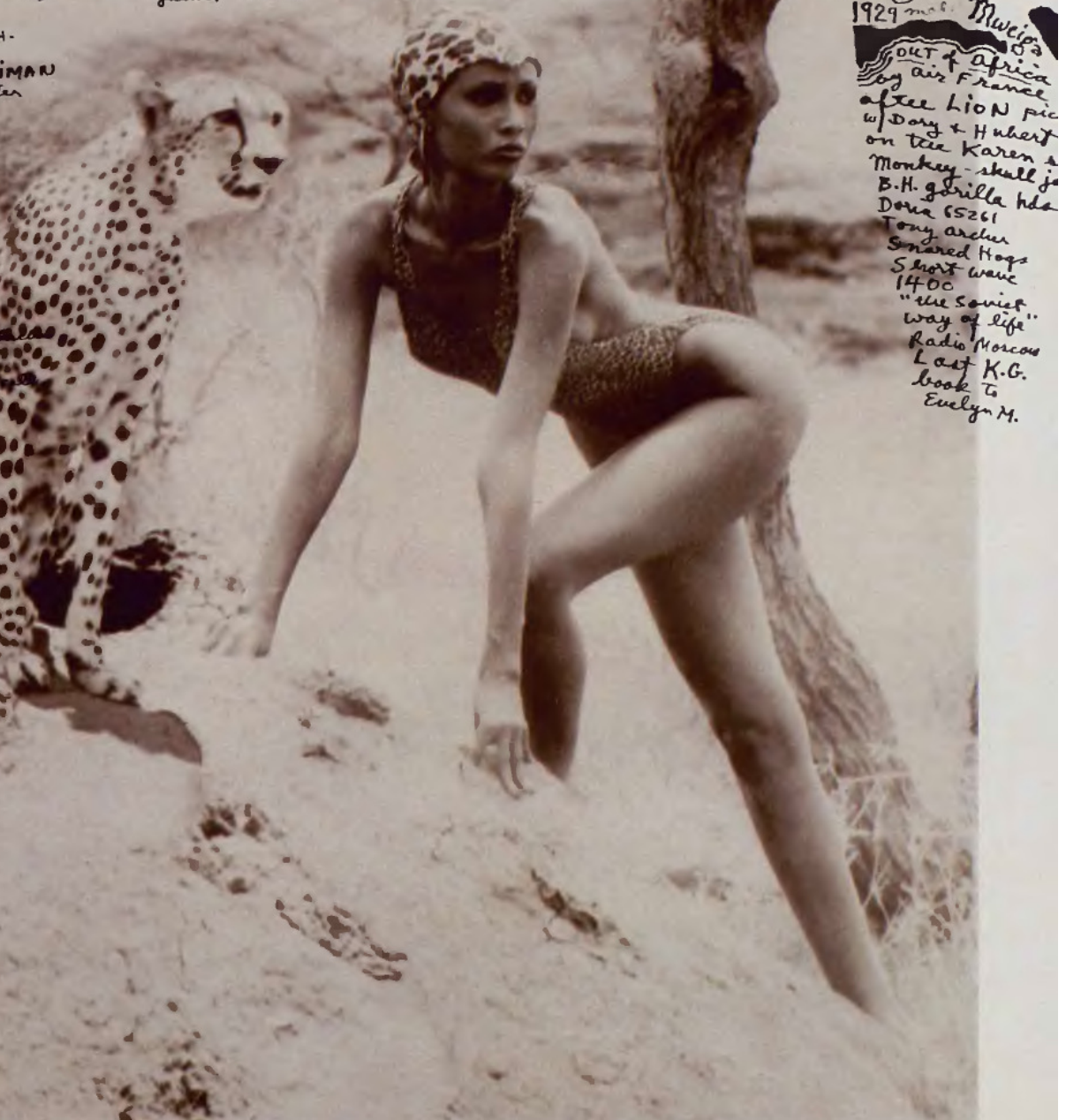
... was al-
y in Chicago on Satu-
said. "Reclining nude a
player." was cut out of
and its loss was
after closing time.

artificial-heart
ipient is safe

ville, Kentucky: M
on, the world's
artificial he
nger in
see
ical
ials
ding to Mr
esman for Humana Inc.

ree-year-old in
iracle escape

ago: A three-year-old girl who
plunged 14 stories down a
age chute was saved by a pile
rash. Quide Stone, escaped
a minor injuries after
ading the night in the
age.





you know trendy cuisine
has gone too far
when precious chefs
start messing with
your french fries
and onion rings

W HAT'S THE DEAL WITH FOOD?

FOOD HAS ALWAYS rated very high on the list of things people like to eat. You would think, therefore, that in this plentiful country of ours, food would be in evidence on almost every dinner table. Sadly, this is no longer true. The fact is, there are now only two days out of the year, Thanksgiving and Christmas, when we can be assured of seeing food on a dinner table—and that's because our grandmothers have stubbornly held the line and manage to serve food on these holidays in bitter opposition to Duane, Colin, Trevor, Randall and America's other precious chefs who plan to stamp out food by the year 1990. This being the case, I look forward more than ever to Thanksgiving and Christmas dinner, because I know I can count on something to eat: a nice roasted turkey without kiwi, dressing without *radicchio*, giblet gravy without prawns, mashed potatoes without grapes and green beans cooked in

salt pork instead of Giorgio perfume. Real food, in other words. Food, hold the fag.

Yeah, I get angry about food today. That's because I grew up on food. I never ate a peanut-butter-and-carambola sandwich, OK? I never said, "Meemaw, can I have some more of that jicama-and-*babaco* salad you do so well?" And if a wrinkled, purple leaf—a salad savoy, they call it—had ever made its way into my grandmother's kitchen, it would have had its ass kicked by a good old American head of lettuce.

It's clearly time for food eaters to take a tough stand on the issue of food. If we don't, a hearty meal in another couple of years will consist of a mesquite-smoked quail's egg sitting on a little bed of tomato ice. Which brings to mind an important question: Who the fuck ever ate a tomato snow cone?

When I say (continued on page 244)

humor
By DAN JENKINS





20 QUESTIONS: JAY LENO

America's hardest-working club comic celebrates life on the road and laughter in the bedroom

Jay Leno is the Mort Sahl of the "Gilligan's Island" generation. Through his monthly guest appearances on NBC-TV's "Late Night with David Letterman," he has forged a reputation as Letterman's most accomplished foil. Letterman has even confessed that he borrowed Leno's wry comic stance when both were embryonic stand-ups working the California club circuit in the Seventies. In addition to having the most prominent jaw line in show business, Leno maintains a dizzying travel schedule that keeps him away from his home in Hollywood ten months a year. Appropriately enough, Bill Zehme met the comedian at O'Hare Airport, where he was stopping en route to a college gig in Dubuque, Iowa, and went along for the ride. He reports, "Jay is the kind of guy who's proud to fly coach. He travels very light and has a knack for perceiving the horrible truth. As we boarded our puny twin-engine job for the short flight, he noted that this was the kind of plane that, if it crashed, would merit coverage only on cable news."

1.

PLAYBOY: You began your career doing stand-up comedy in strip joints. Just how big were you with the strippers?

LENO: Oh, big, big. Strip joints are strange. I worked in Boston at the Teddy Bear Lounge, the Kit Kat Club and one place called Nude—just Nude. I was a stupid college kid with long hair and glasses, and I'd stand on the stage doing whiny, awful material, like, "Hey, Nixon—what a jerk! Heh-heh-heh. . . ." In one club, right behind me, there were two naked girls taking sponge baths in giant champagne glasses. Their names were Lili Pagan and Ineeda Mann, and they were actually ladies in their 40s who talked about making their big money right after World War Two. They were very maternal. I remember being on stage when this guy in the audience started swearing at me. One of the girls climbed out of her glass, went over and punched him in the face, knocking him out. She turned to me and said, "Go ahead, deary, do your act." I said, "Thank you. Naaaaah, Nixon, what a jerk!"

2.

PLAYBOY: On your list of gigs from hell, name a couple you'd like to forget.

LENO: Well, they're funny in retrospect. I had a job at a college in Upstate New York where a sorority paid me \$75 for doing three nights in Study Hall C—an actual study hall. There was a little index card on

the door that said, TONIGHT: JAY LENO. It didn't say comedian or anything. I went in and found a bunch of kids with their heads down, studying for exams. I started doing my act, holding my mike with one hand and a speaker with the other. The kids were putting their hands over their ears, shouting, "Shut up! Why don't you just get out of here and go home? You're not even funny—you're stupid!" I finish the show anyway—the worst—and go back the next night. *The same kids are still there, studying. Same thing the third night. It was terrible. They may still be there.*

Another time, I was hired by a guy who had invented a new product called Fresh'n, which he thought would revolutionize personal hygiene: moist towelettes used to combat, as the box said, "embarrassing rectal odor." They were like Wet-Naps, you know? Just the most disgusting product. He had 200,000 of them sitting in a warehouse in New Jersey, so he got together 75 Liggett Rexall representatives and had me tell them I was Bob Carlyle, his director of sales. I went out, made a little pitch, then did my act. People were going to sleep. This guy was sweating bullets. Afterward, he said, "OK, that, of course, was not my director of sales but Jay Leno—a professional comedian. Now, who wants to sign up for a free Fresh'n dispenser kit?" People began filing out of the room, and the guy was in tears, pleading, "Just take a dozen! Put 'em in your stores! No charge! Puh-leeze!"

3.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever let hecklers win?

LENO: I'm not adversarial on stage. I actually like a good heckler who can keep pace and make the show funnier. But heckling isn't always that cerebral. I used to work a place in Revere Beach, Massachusetts, and the owner warned me to wear old clothes my first time there. I said, "But I want to look nice." He said, "Yeah, well, we get a lot of wise guys who like to put out their cigarettes on you as you walk up to the stage." I look at the guy and realize he's got burn marks on his jacket. So as I'm being introduced that night, I can feel these pangs up and down my sleeves, and I'm going, "Ow! Ow!" People would smoke the butts down to about a quarter of an inch and then flick them at me. So these lighted cigarettes are hitting me in the face, like little missiles. I'm watching my jacket burn right off my back and all I hear from all around is "Har-har-har." I don't know how this cus-

tom started, but it was like one of those Indian trial-by-fire things. Tough club.

4.

PLAYBOY: Seasoned viewers of *Late Night* know that no guest has better rapport with David Letterman. What's your secret?

LENO: I always try to be prepared. I learned a long time ago that no one cares about what you have to say on a talk show. Nobody wants to see Rodney Dangerfield come out and go, "Ah, yeah, I've been getting my life together; things have been going well." If you're a comedian, all they want you to do is be funny. Because Dave and I are friends, there is that much more pressure to really have bang-bang-bang stuff all the time. People don't realize what a good stand-up comedian David is. I remember when he first went to The Comedy Store, he had a big red beard and drove up in his pickup truck. He looked like Mr. Hoosier. But he was great from the start, with very clever material; never any cheap shots or Dolly Parton jokes. David and I essentially come from the same place, comedically, so we can have a good time. It's fun watching him squirm. While I can give Dave zingers once in a while, I could never be on *The Tonight Show* and go, "Hey, Johnny, nice tie!" With Carson, you're in awe.

5.

PLAYBOY: Let's get to the bottom of this, once and for all: Do you have an evil twin?

LENO: Ray Peeno is his name. He's out there functioning in day-to-day society. People, I'm sure, are completely unaware. I should explain the origins of evil twinism. Every TV show suffers from it: Commonly, the star of the show has an episode with an evil twin. This is true. I was watching *Simon & Simon* a couple of months ago, and not only one but both of them had evil twins who had met before. I mean, what are the mathematical odds of that happening—quadruple to one? My favorite was the *Knight Rider* episode where Michael Knight is forced to do battle with his evil twin. I knew it was his real twin, because this guy couldn't act, either.

6.

PLAYBOY: Defend The Three Stooges.

LENO: I like The Three Stooges. But this is preordained. The fact is, all men laugh at the Stooges and all women think they're shitheads. That's the basic difference between the sexes, (continued on page 223)

T H E Y E A R

from our quarterly reporter, an annual accounting of boons
and blunders from the world of finance

By ANDREW TOBIAS

THE YEAR OF DEBT

NINETEEN eighty-five was the year of debt. In other words, it was very much like 1984, 1983—how much time have you got?

The Federal deficit was dealt with forcefully (when it came to Amtrak), but a lot of little programs, such as Social Security and defense, kept growing with inflation. America went deeper than ever into hock.

We became, in 1985, a net debtor nation for the first time since World War One, owing foreigners more than they owed us. A record number of banks folded; hundreds more seemed poised to follow. It was not a good year to be a farmer. Or a farmer's banker.

Where once we had had visions of financial enslavement to the Saudis, it grew increasingly apparent that our benevolent masters would instead have names like Takahashi Uwukfomena. The Japanese may have lost the battle, Teddy White pointed out on the cover of *The New York Times Magazine*, but, 40 years later, they seemed to be winning the war. It began to look as though

our strategy of an economy built on a vast base of legal talent just might not outcompete theirs, shy on lawyers but dripping with engineers.

But there was lots of good news, too: low inflation, relatively low interest rates, a decline, finally, in the strength of the dollar (which could eventually help right the trade imbalance), an all-time high for the Dow Jones industrials and a bonanza for the limited partners in a crazy-ass tax shelter that couldn't possibly work but did: Treasure Salvors, Inc.

It was also a boom year for specialty plastic fabrication:

- *Visa* and *MasterCard* began sending out cards with holographic images to foil counterfeiters. All across America, cardholders were tilting their new cards this way and that, like opals, trying to get the image into focus.

- *Sears*, the well-known stock- (Dean Witter) and real-estate (Coldwell Banker) bro-

ker, launched its Discover Card, bought a bank and was expected to solicit IRA deposits.

- *American Express* began offering free baggage insurance, at a cost to itself of around a dime per cardholder, and upped its basic annual fee by ten bucks. The baggage policy included carry-on items. But not all carry-on items. Among the carry-on items it did not include were coats, hats, cash, tickets, silverware, linens, plants, art objects, "cars, boats or other conveyances" (and you wonder why those baggage racks are always full!) and artificial limbs. Hop off the plane without your artificial leg and you hop alone.

- *Citicorp Diners Club* began its push to take over the world, offering a card for \$55 that happened to be the same color as Amex' \$250 platinum card—silver—and that offered free gifts. The more you charged, the more you'd get, analogous to the frequent-flier mileage-accumulation games.

These reached such magnificent proportions in 1985 that while Pan Am was on strike, in

March, it gave away bonus miles for flying its competitors. A single low-fare New York-Miami round trip—flown on Eastern—earned one traveler 6791 Pan Am miles (and 4388 on Eastern).

Later in the year, TWA credited hijackees full mileage for the four trips flight 847 made between Algeria and Lebanon. (One hijackee, incidentally, was put in the bizarre position of having to fill up the plane's 6000-gallon fuel tank, twice, with her Shell credit card.)

The frequent-flier concept spread from the airlines and car-rental companies to the hotel chains (every seven nights in an Intercontinental Hotel won you a trip to Europe—a utility-rate lawyer holed up at the Mark Hopkins earned three of them in less than a month) and to the phone company (reach out and touch enough people and AT&T gave you a discount on a blender).



I N M O N E Y

HOW I INVESTED MY 1985 IRA \$2000

First thing, I made my \$2000 1985 IRA contribution on January second, to get it working from the start. But to get a jump on things and scoop up some tax-selling bargains, I actually called my broker December 21, 1984, and told him to buy 4000 shares of Compucorp at 50 cents each. Compucorp's chief virtue was that, down from eight dollars, at least in part on heavy year-end tax selling, it was still in business. I could buy it December 21, because stock purchases settle five business days later: January 2, 1985.

By mid-January, released from tax-selling pressure, poor little Compucorp (Lord knows what they do, but it couldn't be much) bobbed back up to 1 $\frac{1}{8}$, where I sold the 4000 shares—\$6000.

The six Gs I reinvested in a little number called OEA, on the Amex, at \$17. They're in

electronics and military systems, and the stock ran to 24 by the end of the month.

For February, I moved my \$8500 into National Semiconductor puts. With puts, you hope a stock will go down, and National Semi did, beautifully, from 14 to 10 and a fraction by March.

I took my \$42,000—you get a lot of leverage with puts—and went for a company, Informatics, that sounds like it's made out of toothpicks but that actually trades on the New York Stock Exchange. It had a nice smell to it, at 17, and an even nicer smell at 24 the second week of April. (The trick with technology stocks, I find, is to catch that 17-to-24 updraft.)

So now we were talking \$59,000, which includes commissions, because my broker had stopped charging me any. When I bought anything, he'd just buy a little for himself first.

Usually, I just bought one thing at a time, but in mid-April I was torn between buying Ames Department Stores at 35 and shorting Apple Computer at 23, so I did some of each. (You can't short a stock in an IRA account, so I bought the puts.) I kicked out the Ames in mid-June at 50 and the

Apple puts, also in mid-June, with the stock at 14 $\frac{1}{2}$.

July and August are traditionally slow months for me and my money, so I parked my whole wad, \$212,000, in Pan Am 15 percents of 1998. Those are the convertible bonds secured by a bunch of aircraft. I figured I'd make a couple of months' interest, and if the tip I'd gotten from the one-legged man at the cigar store proved out, Resorts International might make a run at the airline, just as it had at TWA. Sure enough—remind me to send that guy another whip—my bonds and interest came to \$259,000.

At this point, I decided to get serious. Any time a dollar amount can be comfortably expressed as a fraction of a million, I feel it should be treated with respect. Rather than just slap it into some other hunch, I called a couple of CIA guys I'd been stationed with in Zagreb. They told me they knew a little electronics company whose stock price they'd decided quietly to quadruple. It was a vehicle for paying off certain persons it would be awkward to pay off directly—they'd just be told what stock to buy—and, while I was obviously not one of those persons (whom had I ever assassinated?), they fig-

FUNNIEST MONEY BOOK

Sex & Money, by Boston stockbroker and author John D. Spooner. Very little sex, lots of fun and savvy. "Jimmy is one of the most honest people I know," Spooner writes of a broker who sits across the room. "After he blows his whistle every morning, he yells out, 'Do I know anything? If I knew anything, I wouldn't be in this business.' . . . Stockbrokers themselves generally own very little stock."

ured it couldn't hurt if I put my 1985 IRA money into it. (The Company knows everything, so I felt no need to mention that by "my 1985 IRA money" I was talking \$259,000, not \$2000.)

For weeks and weeks, nothing happened, which made me nervous as hell—a whole year's retirement funds in some all-but-moribund electronics outfit no one had ever heard of. Then, shortly after this issue of *PLAYBOY* went to press, an item buried in *The Wall Street Journal* announced the award to this all-but-moribund electronics company of a \$46,800,000 satellite-surveillance-development contract, and the stock bolted from 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ to 10. I sold into strength.

On December 31, I retired.

BEST BUSINESS YARN

Funny Money, by Mark Singer—the outlandish story of Penn Square Bank, led by president "Beep" Jennings and star salesman "Monkeybrains" Patterson, a team that sank the bank and with it, it could be argued, Continental Illinois.





BEST (-SELLING) BUSINESS BOOK OF THE YEAR

Iacocca, "which would seem to prove," wrote L. J. Davis in *Harper's*, "that if one wants to write a best seller, one should leave the writing to someone else. *Iacocca* isn't even a real ghosted autobiography; it is a series of occasionally entertaining, selectively sanitized anecdotes and after-dinner speeches in which, with astonishing vigor, the chairman of Chrysler does not run for President of the U.S."

ENLIGHTENED CORPORATE QUOTE OF THE YEAR

"I had one lady in mind, but she died."—Fred Hartley, 68, chairman of Unocal, explaining his company's all-male board, as quoted in *Fortune*.



CORPORATE TAKES

ABC went to Capital Cities, CBS went a billion dollars into debt to turn Ted Turner to MGM, RCA watched subsidiary NBC emerge in the ratings and sold subsidiary Hertz to UAL (parent of United Airlines and major competitor to AMR, no relation to AMF). GAF went after Carbide, everybody went after TWA, and suddenly it dawned on the corporate logoteers that there could be in total, at most, no matter what, just 17,576 different corporations with three-letter names. Then what would they do?

James L. Dutt, chairman of Beatrice, who had initiated the albatrossian acquisition of Es-

mark, fired or lost 43 of 48 Beatrice vice-presidents—"We're Beatrice"—and watched Beatrice's bond rating sink from triple-A to single-A, was canned.

G.M. decided that the best place in America to build a quality car was heartland Tennessee. And that the best way to sell cars in the meantime was with 7.7 percent financing.

IBM announced it was ceasing production of the PCjr—and then was surprised that no one would buy the remaining inventory.

Mobil's Montgomery Ward subsidiary (one of the stupidest acquisitions in history) announced it was ceasing publica-

tion, after 113 years, of the Montgomery Ward catalog.

McDonald's served its 55 billionth hamburger.

A record amount of home-exercise equipment was purchased, used twice and stored guiltily in the back of the closet.

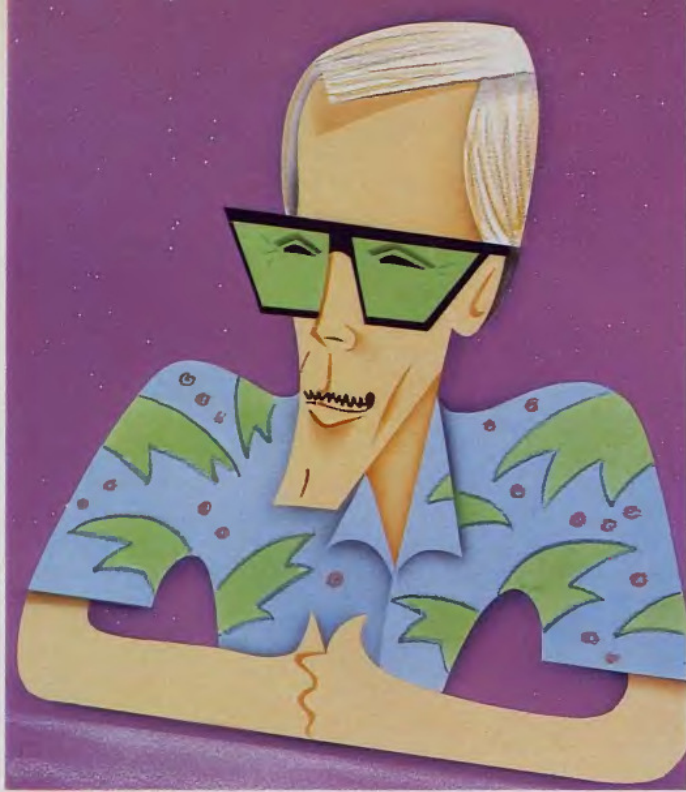
The Prudential was "bigger than life," the Metropolitan launched Snoopy as its spokesman and the Northwestern Mutual continued to advertise itself aggressively as "the quiet company."

Smith Barney continued to do things the old-fashioned way—with pneumatic tubes. Bear Stearns announced it

would go public and revealed that over the prior five years, it had made more money than all its clients combined.

Coke brought out new Coke, presaging yet four more potential supermarket facings—new Coke with caffeine, new Coke without caffeine, diet new Coke with caffeine and diet new Coke without caffeine. A marketing coup. For the long run, it suggested a possible lack of focus. "Coke's a joke" was more or less the gist. Opined an elderly Coke lover cajoled by *Newsweek* into taking her first trepidatious sips at the new-brew debut: "It sucks."





BOND ISSUE OF THE YEAR

Ron Perelman, one of the tycoons in those Consolidated Cigar ads (well, he owns Consolidated Cigar), floated a half-billion-dollar bond issue, with little visible collateral and no specified purpose, through Pantry Pride, the supermarket chain he controls. Pantry Pride then made a one-and-a-half-billion-dollar bid for roughly 30-times-as-profitable Revlon.


Sneered take-over attorney Martin Lipton sometime earlier (as quoted, again, in *Fortune*): "We have entered the era of the two-tier, front-end-loaded, bootstrap, bust-up, junk-bond take-over."

Could he have had in mind Ted Turner's plan to buy CBS for nothing down?



NEW MEANINGS

• The Bank of Boston gave new meaning to the term *transfer agent* when it developed, in 1985, that for years it had been greeting greasy little men with bundles of small bills and shipping them (the bills, not the men), no questions asked, to numbered Swiss accounts.

• E. F. Hutton gave new meaning to the term *cash management*, under which one attempts to have close to zero cash sitting idly at any moment. "Close to zero?" a lowly Hutton regional nobody asked himself one night. "Why stop with zero? Why not *sub-zero*?" He thereupon launched a system of thousands of cash transfers, which you or I might call kited checks, that over time netted Hutton a couple of hundred million dollars. And the marvelous thing is that he did it all himself. No one at the top knew anything about it. He was just a lone, overzealous Cuban exile who, with a few of his pals, had taped open the doors of the Democratic National Committee headquarters and— Oops. Wrong cover-up.

TAXES

• The week of October 17, an unmarried, self-employed plumber in New York City earned an extra \$1000. It was his 37th. If he reported it to the Government, as all plumbers do, he would pay \$118 of it in Social Security tax, \$100 of it in New York State income tax, \$43 of it in New York City income tax, \$40 of it in New York City unincorporated-business tax and, after allowing for the local tax deductions, \$310 of it in Federal income tax. This would leave him \$389, enough to garage his car for 16 nights in Manhattan (including the 14 percent New

York City parking tax but no tips, wash or wax).

• Throughout the year, there was talk of tax reform. Part of the idea was simplification. So in 1985, to simplify things, 1,000,000-odd Keogh-plan participants were, for the first time ever, required to file a special form. Failure to file the five-page form by July 31 incurred a \$25-a-day penalty, except that since no one had a clue how to fill it in, the deadline was extended to September 30. And still no one had a clue. (One bank that is custodian for 30,000 such plans offered to fill out the forms for \$225 a year—

and then sent out impenetrable three-page questionnaires to be submitted along with the \$225.) Particularly, no one had a clue what good any of this could possibly do anyone. One undoubtedly well-intentioned idiot somewhere in Washington had made 1,000,000 self-employed people miserable and dumped several million man-hours into the sewer.

• In 1985, Treasury I was supplanted by Treasury II. In 1986, it may not be shinnying too far out on a limb to predict, Treasury II will be supplanted by Treasury III.



Playboy's Playmate Review

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

WHO DO YOU THINK SHOULD BE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR? REACH OUT AND CHOOSE SOMEONE

Here's your chance to let the editors of PLAYBOY know whom you'd like to be our Playmate of the Year. Here's how it works: We've assigned a different 900 number to each Playmate; that number is listed by her photograph on the following pages. Decide who your favorite is and dial her number. Each call will be acknowledged and registered by computer. The phone lines will be open 24 hours a day, from 12:01 P.M. E.S.T., December first, to midnight E.S.T., December 14. From any of the 50 states, Canada, the U.S. Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico, the cost is 50 cents per call; you can phone from anywhere else in the world as well, but international callers will be charged regular long-distance rates.

TAKE A CHANCE ON TALKING WITH YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE

As a bonus, you may get to talk with the woman of your dreams. Each day during the phone-in period, at least one of 1985's delightful dozen will be personally answering randomly selected calls. So if you're one of the lucky ones to get through, you'll talk person to person with an appreciative Playmate. Or, as Ma Bell would put it, you'll be able to reach out and touch your favorite Playmate.





Miss August

1-900-720-0011

Cher Butler (right) kept her art talent a secret, never thinking it was worth displaying. But after producing "urban art" collages and assemblages for the past two years, she enjoyed her first one-woman show in October at a Los Angeles gallery. "I've never studied art seriously," says the reluctant artist, "but people seem to like my work."

Miss June

1-900-720-9609

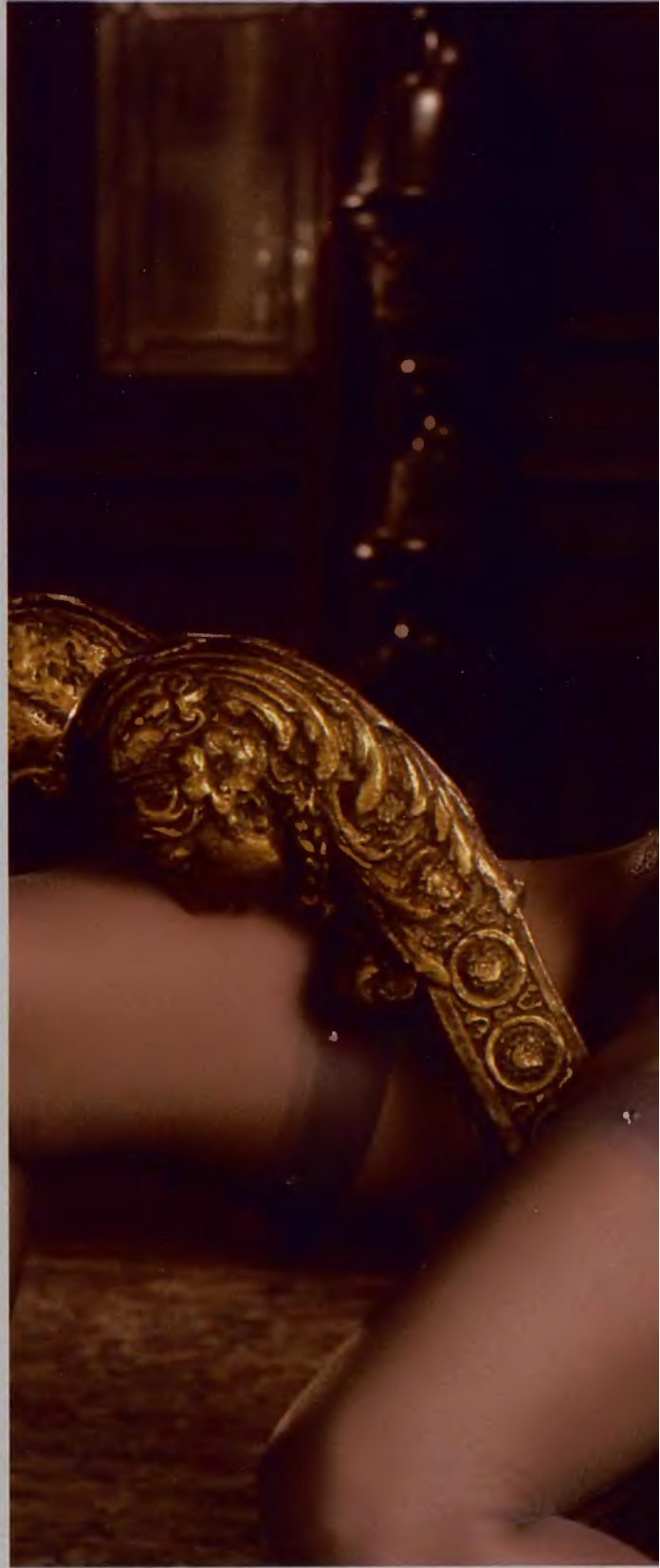
"I live more on airplanes than I do on the ground," says Devin DeVasquez (left), who has been winging around the country doing promotions for PLAYBOY and modeling for Elite. Still based in Chicago, she plans to move to L.A. to study acting and voice and will spend a couple of months modeling in Japan, France and Italy.

Miss February

1-900-210-1222

Although she's still a happy resident of Seattle, Cherie Witter (right) has traveled as far west as Hilo, Hawaii, and as far east as Washington, D.C., with stops in New York, Michigan and Canada along the way. If you missed her, catch her in the privacy of your own home on *Lovin' Every Minute of It*, her new Loverboy rock video.





Miss January
1-900-210-5111

After moving to Paris in September, Joan Bennett has been turning heads all over Europe. She has acted in commercials for television and been seen in fashion layouts in such prestigious magazines as *French Vogue*, *L'Officiel* and *Donna*. Her first-class modeling itinerary includes Spain, Morocco, England and Italy.



Miss April

1-900-210-5577

Cindy Brooks, just back from Hawaii, breathlessly told us, "I'm always busy." Earlier, she had completed work on *The Money Pit*, a Steven Spielberg project, and a stint as a harem girl in TV's revived sitcom *What's Happening Now*. And she was heading off for a stage audition. These days, she's just a blur.



Miss March

1-900-210-7333

Donna Smith (left) used her Playmate money to put together a knock-out modeling portfolio. In the meantime, she's been traveling a lot, including a recent hop to Florida to participate in a fund-raising project for Ethiopian relief. On the home front, Donna continues taking voice lessons in preparation for a demo tape to get her singing career going.

Miss November

1-900-720-4720

When we chatted with Pam Saunders (right), she was lamenting a recent "streak of bad luck." To begin with, her cat had come back from a neighborhood jaunt with a broken foot. Then her two-year-old Ford Mustang broke down. "Everything just went at once." So she's taking it easy, "lounging around and visiting friends."

Miss September

1-900-720-0070

Her instant fame and high visibility didn't mesh with her bank job, so Venice Kong (left) is concentrating on her show-business career. Although her scenes in Tri-Star's *My Man Adam* ended up on the proverbial cutting-room floor, she just got her first TV part, in ABC's *He's the Mayor*. Looks as if she'll be back in the bank—as a customer.





Miss May

1-900-720-2666

You can tune in Kathy Shower almost any day you want, now that she's a regular on the soap opera *Santa Barbara*. She plays the tough, independent chauffeur for the Lockridge family, who, in a plausible plot twist, becomes a centerfold model. With that plum pocketed, Kathy says, "Things are turning out very well."



Miss July

1-900-720-3720

Hope Marie Carlton has become Hope Marie, Inc., and the first offering from the new corporate body is a poster distributed through Starmakers Poster Corporation. That, her move to New York, her new RX-7 and a switch from single-engine aircraft to twin-engine instruction seem to indicate a general powering up.



Miss December

1-900-720-6300

The *très charmante* Carol Ficatier (left) was due to catch a plane for a trip home to France when we talked, but she did mention that she'd be in L.A. for a few months early this year to test the acting waters and because "I want to be able to take advantage of any opportunities that come my way because of my appearance in *PLAYBOY*."

Miss October

1-900-720-2160

Cynthia Brimhall (right) estimated she'd been home two days in the previous three months. Florida, Illinois, Alabama, Texas and Mexico have all caught glimpses of her, and she concluded she was "ready to sleep for a couple of days." For the future, she's looking at a home purchase in Utah and investment in a money-market fund.



THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

humor **By KEVIN COOK**

Grannies used to love to smack
The dirty mouths of youths;
Now it's time to get them back
And wash out Dr. Ruth's.

When *PLAYBOY* faced the other guys
To show Madonna's charms,
What really popped the nation's eyes?
Her unkempt underarms.



Reagan had a euphemism:
Doctors fixed his tush,
Saving us a cataclysm—
Eight more hours of Bush.

Botha promised policies
To put his blacks in clover,
Just as soon as tensions ease
And Cape Town freezes over.



Sly has proved by now that he
Can hunt and grunt and bleed.
We can't wait for *First Blood III*.
When Rambo learns to read.



Be you poor or subway villain,
Be you both combined,
Bernie Goetz is not too philan-
Thropically inclined.

Rose passed Cobb in '85.
When will Pete slow down?
The day he makes a headfirst dive
Into Cooperstown.



Falwell's fundamentalists
Don't look at naked ladies.
Those who must, the rev insists,
Should do so, please, in Hades.

Cosby's show was quite a smash;
The ratings were so fine, he's
Sure to cause a nasty rash
Of TV OB-gynies.



Sydney Biddle Barrows
Was a madam with a trick—
Sydney rented Eros
To the rich and got off quick.



Fashion experts made their lists
And checked them over twice,
And then, to find out what they missed,
They watched *Miami Vice*.

Tough Mike Hammer, jailed for coke,
Had just one rule to teach
All the lonely inmate folk—
Real men don't eat Keach.

remembrances of sundry personalities and events that made news in 1985

Fame and Pee-wee Herman had
A stirring rendezvous.
Rambo's tough and Max is mad,
But nerds need heroes, too.

Phyllis George was such a honey;
Hostile critics brought her down.
Phyllis made a lot of money,
Then went home to John Y. Brown.



Baseball's strike was transient,
For stirred into the broth
Was one prospective President
Named Peter Ueberroth.

Late Night Dave, he's got it all,
A host of things divine;
Tricks and quips and pranks and Paul—
The Yuppie Funkenstein.



Springsteen tied the wedding knot
With Julianne, which means
We soon may see a singing tot
With Bruce's Levi's genes.



The crime of Jeane Kirkpatrick,
Once the woman of the hour,
Was to quit and leave the geriatric
Good ol' boys in power.

Stephen King, the modern Poe,
Knows what he's about.
Want to make some monstrous dough?
Gross the country out.



Geraldine Ferraro
Found a double occupation—
Leader of tomorrow
And the Pepsi generation.

Spacek, Tina, Diane Keaton—
Gibson's girls were stars.
Mel had women overheatin'
Faster than his cars.



David Stockman, budget kingpin,
Now in greener pastures,
Saw the reign of Reagan bringin'
Trickle-down disasters.

Live Aid outranked every show
Prior to or since.
Just two stars refused to go—
God Himself and Prince.



Last year was, upon reflection,
Mostly gunk and dregs.
Just two things attained perfection:
Tina Turner's legs.

"Even more revealing, submissive men are downright bossy. Their Milquetoast must be buttered just so."

step on this lady."

Even *9½ Weeks*—purportedly autobiographical—doesn't pass his amniocentesis-needle test. In the book, "Elizabeth McNeil" was led by a psychological nose ring through degree after degree of erotic servitude. Beyond your usual whipping and bondage and humiliation, she got fed, bathed, tamponed and—God—read to by him. Eventually, Elizabeth had a breakdown and cut out. "Often," Hartwell said, "the woman will consent because 'I love him.' Or because she's afraid to lose him. That's the wrong kind of consent." *9½* was recently—and, oh, so nervously—translated into a film starring Kim Basinger and Mickey Rourke. Use some phrase like D/S or S/M, and spokesmen for the project come down with calcified heads. They can see Women Against Pornography poisoning a popcorn concession at RKO Simplex. No, no, "It's not like that. It's a love story. She won't have a breakdown." Which would mean that it has nothing whatsoever to do with the book. We shall see. D/S, I think, isn't ready for general release.

The Hartwell golden rule is clear. "Have him or her do unto you only what you enjoy having done." And nothing, nothing else. "All my life, I wanted to tie ladies up—and be tied up. From, oh, the age of five. And I spent my life trying to find out what was wrong with me. From my background, I will tell you that people into S/M will not change. The need is going to stay there."

Diane, whom he had known from high school, was straight. After their marriage, though, she began to have wild surmises about Jay. And one day she said, "Why don't you try tying me up?" As Hartwell put it, "The dam broke. I was like a drowning man that got a rope. I wasn't about to let go." It took a long time—more like nine and a half years than nine and a half weeks—for Diane and Jay to learn their own golden rule. In between, Diane did much that she didn't much relish. Out of love, out of duty, not—as must be—for sexual pleasure.

"I tell people they must be honest with each other. The process takes time. Trust grows. If you're truly only doing those things you both enjoy, it's called positive reinforcement. And people expand and sex gets better. Now, you don't end up with your fantasies—believe me, you don't. You end up with a synthesis. But it doesn't stop, it keeps getting better and better. And you will become a more caring, responsible, sensitive individual than you

were, unlike the stereotype of S/M. Because you can't abuse people and expect them to come back for more."

D/S has unique attributes. It is, for a starter, the one human sexual deviation not practiced by any other animal type. Fido may sit up and beg, but he won't make Mrs. Fido sit up and beg. This is because D/S has developed as man's quintessential mind-groin game. Think: all that hominid evolution, *Ramapithecus* upward, brain fold on brain fold, occurred just to make a dominatrix with seven-inch stiletto heels and high-colonic equipment possible. You might say. In her 1971 *Village Voice* article, Terry Kolb, female submissive and Eulenspiegel founder, wrote, "Reik states categorically that a person with a weakly developed imagination cannot become a masochist. In the eyes of the public, a sadomasochistic scene is a very sordid affair with a 'sex-fiend' brutalizing an equally weird victim. . . . The exact opposite is the case. The S/M relationship is the most democratic that exists. . . . the two consenting partners must work very hard to achieve compatible relationships because so much depends on relating the fantasies of each partner to the other."

Moreover, D/S is an upscale deviation. (Listen, friend, leather doesn't come cheap.) Hartwell, some time ago, prepared a questionnaire in cooperation with the Institute of Human Sexuality in Berkeley. There were about 1000 D/S respondents. Breaking the data down: (A) 87 percent considered themselves switchable to some degree; (B) your average D/S had better education and a more responsible job (lawyer, doctor, accountant, engineer, entrepreneur) than the American norm; (C) dominant or submissive, he or she was in a higher income bracket and, odd fact, held more real estate (I guess land acts as acoustic insulation. Whip crack and loud begging go right through a cheap plasterboard apartment wall); (D) D/S people are liberal sexually but otherwise quite conservative. Not swingers: monogamous; (E) they are extremely individualistic. "We're doers, not talkers. We tend to be tennis players, not basketball players. Hunters and people who fly their own planes. The salt of this country, we make America go."

And what does it erupt from, this compulsive bent to surrender or control? Is it in all men and women—a matter just of degree, the difference between love tap and spank—or is it some peculiar, limited

backcourt foul? Hartwell would say that "women will always be sexually submissive. And men will always be sexually dominant, as long as we are human beings." The subject is, I needn't remind you, touchier than Bernie Goetz on a subway. Still, what man has never felt, mounting his woman, some rush of mastery, of imposed will and seed? And what female hasn't taken snug delight in her own spread acquiescence? These are not culturally acceptable thoughts. We have politicized sex: equal access, fair labor practices, collective bargaining all pertain now. Even that innocuous, jocular phrase "missionary position" can suggest colonialism. The apologetic way we discuss gender traits in sex is a symptom of fear—our secret animal might get loose, perform antisocial acts and, worse, be undemocratic.

If, then, you assume (as I will) that Hartwell is correct, that men are dominant, how come so many of them are down on their knees tongue shining a ten-inch platform heel?

Where there's smoke, there's often a smoke machine. First, dominant women are generally professional, not innate. Mistress Von Himmelfahrt took up men-slaughter because it was a crab-free way to pull down \$150 an hour without ever unsnapping her stainless-steel bra. Diane Hartwell says, "I find very, very few real dominant women out there. These 22-year-old girls who buy a whip and a leather skirt and an ad—that isn't dominant." In fact, dominant women can be rather pathetic. Go to any D/S club, you'll see 200-pound mistresses, limp as fabric sculpture, so disreputable-looking that their bitch power would seem to derive from a scintillating ugliness. Most, though, pander to male-submissive tastes because—as Ed put it—"they couldn't get a man interested in them otherwise."

Second, and even more revealing, submissive men are downright bossy. Their Milquetoast must be buttered just so. Jay Hartwell: "Submissive men are demanding about how submissiveness is given them. You *will* do it this way." These are often responsible, paging-beeper types who find, in sexual submission, a kind of unpaid holiday. This controlled schizophrenia can furlough them from job tension. Nonetheless, even on the rack, they're still delegating. Administrators of their own punishment. Ed phrased it so: "As for professional dominant women . . . hell, I consider them hired help."

Overt submissive women are rarer than pin boys in a bowling alley. The first reason should be obvious: wise caution. A female form that is too user friendly might be taken advantage of by the wrong Sir Stephen. Moreover, women still aren't as mobile as men. They don't have the cruising time that even a husband who "works late" one night each week can manage.

And, I suspect, it is easier for women to load-shed their passive need in the normal, respectable wife-under sexual mode. Female orgasmic noise has a plaintive, defenseless ring to it. Men, by contrast—even if they just pin the lady's wrist down or thrust with overmuch triumph—may be accused of crassness or brutality. Love and dominance are still considered antithetical.

And I have yet to mention the most significant dynamic. Namely, that dominance and submission are both less a matter of desire or drive than of *perspective*. Neither phenomenon is ever found in the pure state. Freud guessed that a long time ago. "He who experiences pleasure by causing pain to others in sexual relations is also capable of experiencing pain in sexual relations as pleasure. A sadist is simultaneously a masochist. . . . [And] masochism is nothing but a continuation of sadism directed against one's own person in which the latter at first takes the place of the sexual object." That female in her strait jacket is you, objectified. That whip arm about to descend is your own arm, externalized. All D/S people are, in effect, self-flagellants. This'll hurt me more than it will hurt you, dear. I hope.

D/S, then, is a sexual Möbius strip. And in any Monday-night Eulenspiegel session at 25 East Fourth Street in New York, you can sense the endless flip-siding. "I'm submissive by preference. But I will switch." Most members who major in D or S are also minoring (maybe with reluctance and small appetite) in the opposite. But specialization is inhibitive: it hurts social mobility. There are no "scenes," no titillation at Eulenspiegel. It is middle class, dullish, informative and about as raunchy as your local hepatitis support group.

T.E.S., a not-for-profit corporation, was set up in 1971 by militant masochists. After some while it went coed, you might say, and dominant folk were allowed to matriculate. Now, though heterosexual by and large, Eulenspiegel will tolerate just about anyone. The strangeness range is, indeed, wonderful. One dominant pre-op transsexual. One chap who likes to wrestle with (and be pinned by) women. One houseboy/valet (but will he do windows?). One savior who is into re-creating the Crucifixion for a spiritual, nonsexual high—"And would anybody here care to celebrate Good Friday with me?" More than one student (Eulenspiegel is in the syllabus of several college sex-education courses). Another 25 or so, each with his or her peculiar sexual salt lick. Most are Yuppie attractive, clean-cut. Some, yes, look like they got to Eulenspiegel only after an exhumation order was signed. The motto is "Safe, consensual, loving S/M." People are courteous to one another. After all, everyone at Eulen-

spiegel lives in a glass house of some sort. Monday procedure is calendar, business, speaker, break for wine and conversation, round table. Tonight our topic will be "Flirting in the Scene."

And there is so much to learn. Did you know, say, that a spiky leather wristlet means dominant on the left arm but submissive on the right? That S/M is M/S out in L.A.? (S stands for slave, not sadist; M for master, not masochist.) Furthermore, Charley, just because you're a pervert doesn't mean you're excused from the social graces. It is still uncouth to ask a Mistress Caligula if she'd mind strapping you on first acquaintance. Good conversation, a pleasant manner and compatible interests are important. Dominant Helen had this to say: "If you put a chain on somebody's neck, you own him. Now I see chains and collars and locks on people's necks on the first date. I don't know what they do for an encore by the second or third month. . . . I guess I'm too traditional."

Most Eulenspiegellers aren't promiscu-

ous. Heck, it's tough to run around a lot when maybe one man or woman out of 200 can share your idiosyncratic D/S scene. And, like any other intense human interaction, a D/S match requires perseverance, care and adaptability. You should also be somewhat more attractive than, oh, *Zinjanthropus*. Slaves and masters are courted first as *people*. Submissive (but switchable) Ed told me, "You have to be dominant, even as a submissive, to get a woman to care for you and love you. You have to maintain respect. Once you lose that, you're a goner. These guys who come on submissive right away—"Can I kiss your feet, mistress?"—they can never, from that position, be a boyfriend. I also find, in a relationship, if you fuck them good it doesn't hurt, either. My problem is, I'm such a good dominant, girlfriends often don't want to switch over."

Submissiveness, heightened by enough passion, can approximate a meditative exercise—hot-coal walkers manage something similar. It will actually transmute



the unpleasant message registered by a sore nerve ending. Ed explains, "If I'm in love with someone, I can turn pain into pleasure totally. You know what it's like if you're making love and a woman gives you a hickey or bites your neck. If you're hot enough and the love is hot enough, you don't feel it as pain. The more I care for her, the more I can make the conversion."

But there are recreational hazards. "I keep a lookout for myself. Even though I convert pain into pleasure, I know the price I'm going to pay the next day. I think, Well, these are two-day welts, that's a three-week scratch. I try to get the maximum amount of pain with the least physical damage." Has he ever experienced fear with an irresponsible partner? "Uh, once. I used to do self-bondage, and one time I hooked myself up with my arms and just couldn't get out. If I hollered, someone would've come, but then he'd've had to break my apartment door down. I finally maneuvered free, but what a scene. I was really shitting a pill."

The instructive word here is scene. Scene, in Eulenspiegelese, covers each and every D/S combination. They are all acted out, played. More than any other sexual water ballet, D/S assumes theatrical form. As a novelist, I can appreciate D/S, because it is, yes, *literate*. Stories get told: there is confrontation, dialog, physical and intellectual climax. When done well, a D/S scene will reel itself off like some tight suspense film. It is, after all, anticipation—not penetration or paddle thwack—that stirs a sensuous flush. One D/S porn-loop director told me, "I prefer having two women on the set. Because, while the first is being bound or raped, I can cut to the second, to her face. She's anticipating what will happen to her. She becomes the audience's P.O.V. And the audience experiences her fear or desire." In fact, D/S is Aristotelian. A ceremonial, pseudo-tragic drama that has been structured to induce catharsis. Catharsis, in D/S, is often the orgasm itself. Something Aristotle didn't think of.

And, as with any drama, costume will provide lots of the illusion. Face it, most people look better in bondage. Restraint articulates the body. Indeed, so-called straight people wear bondage gear every day. What else is your wife's bra—a restraint gadget to accentuate the bustline. Or paint-tight jeans? The most common—and commonly painful—bondage implement is a high heel. Yet women know that heels improve leg silhouette by cording calf and thigh. Watch any woman walk heeled: you see there the hobbling, insecure stride of someone in ankle irons.

Moreover, D/S drama (or, more properly, melodrama) is a historical romance. D/S doesn't occur in the present tense. Judging from costume—garter belt, corset—what you have very often are little

Victorian period pieces. Or a re-enactment of some ideal childhood when physical discipline was at least thinkable. Here the controlled schizophrenia spoken of before applies chronologically and culturally as well. Modernism is at a stop. Nuclear war, airport-luggage handling, adultproof caps all appear less importunate when you're bent nude in front of some woman dressed like Kitty from *Gun-smoke*. And, for the dominant man, costume can reprise an age when his gender role had positive definition. Wives in 1880 and 1890 were submissive to their men (kept so symbolically by whalebone bondage). Male prepotence didn't connote breechcloth and tribal-scar savagery. D/S repertory theater signals sharp longing for some less ambiguous and stressful human time.

But you'd be sore-pressed, even in legitimate drama, to distinguish between art and exhibitionism. The D/S mind-set is strongly narcissistic. Mistresses, not just their slave clientele, wear flattering bondage (push-up bra, laced boot). Leather and latex simulate flesh: a paradigmatic flesh that feels smooth, perspirationless, streamlined, unhuman. Skin has become artifice. Even in partner-partner privacy or mirrored self-restraint, the hung, muscle-bound human physique is an alluring *tableau vivant*. D/S people, despite their obsession with anonymity, are inveterate Polaroid swingers. And often a "spontaneous" scene played at some D/S club will be more ostentation than impulsive outburst. All give intensity by the forbidden status of D/S. Deliberate outrage: like pissing in a Salvation Army kettle on Seventh Avenue at Christmas.

Moreover, as when actors perform for some authoritarian director, there is cession of both responsibility and free will. George Orwell made it clear in *Shooting an Elephant* that colonial governments (dominant) have to gratify whatever image and expectation their subject people (submissive) conceive. The ruler is ruled. Thus, in return for control, D men and women work harder than Michael Jackson's clipping service. The D is *auteur*, scenarist, best boy, stage and costume designer. Long-term D/S relationships require more imagination than you'd sweat off producing a 72-episode series of M*A*S*H.

But, in exchange for all that production value, the dominant is released from immediate sexual-performance pressure. He or she can budget lust. The porn-role model in our civilization—inde-fatigable *Homo erectus*, woman lubricated better than frictionless bearings—is enough to put anyone through a sexual power stall. One writer (name unknown) said it this way: "The bound woman is both helpless (unthreatening, undemanding) slave and voluptuary—breasts outthrust, legs spread, wriggling,

She is the sexual superhuman we've been conditioned to find or emulate. But she is also helpless and sensual only at the dominant male's leisure." She can't escape his control. And she can't require avalanche efforts from his masculinity. D/S theater is a dialog in fine balance, even when one speaker has been gagged.

But, understand this, for all the intellectual and artistic pageantry—plot, costume, crawl-on part—D/S remains neurotic and compulsive. It is never just a limited engagement. As one submissive male told me, "I live S/M, think S/M, 24 hours a day, every day." The question on deck, then, is, Has D/S, overt and covert, become more prevalent in America? Yes, it has. Sure, solid arithmetical evidence on proton decay is more easily collected. Eulenspiegel, Hartwell & Co., correspondence magazines each represent just a thin scattering layer. Many D/S people won't announce their existence even to themselves. And that condition will never change. However, if you extrapolate from certain assumptions about D/S certain assumptions about the cultural and psychological weather in America, there is a credible inference left. I mean, we haven't gotten cozy yet with *guilt*.

Here I draw on conjectures first proposed to me by Professor Steven Marcus in 1963. Marcus, who later would coedit the complete Freud, had then just reread "A Child Is Being Beaten." In that obscure essay, Freud wrote about six men and women, each obsessed with similar D/S fantasies. They would imagine—and had done so from earliest youth—an unknown child experiencing strict corporal punishment. Freud, as I have said, knew well enough that sadism and masochism were interchangeable. But Marcus, who was to write a superb socio-sexual history, *The Other Victorians*, took this narrow yet suggestive essay further. He recognized that none of those six men and women had had much significant physical discipline as children. Thence he elaborated a hypothesis that, ever since, I have thought the most useful single insight into D/S and its queer dynamic.

Punishment is moral and emotional restitution. Children who do wrong and get corporeal attention for it (and, afterward, are made whole by remedial love) have gone through a closed process—sin, retaliation, forgiveness. On the other hand, children who do wrong and are merely reasoned with (told of displeasure: "Mom is upset," "God will punish," "Why can't you be better?"), these children may own no sure psychological appliance for expiation. Their process remains open. They are left—talk about sadism—with the endless responsibility for exorcising their own guilt. These, Marcus thought, might begin to fixate on physical punishment. But, since they had no



A world of flavor
in a low tar.

MERIT



Low Tar
'Enriched Flavor.'
Kings & 100's.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

© Philip Morris Inc. 1985

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 10 mg
"tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—100's Men: 9 mg "tar,"
0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.

who would spank them, they often externalized self in another—hence that unknown child being beaten. The exercise would remain fantastical. In some extreme instances, though, it might develop into active D/S—which, we have seen, has theatrical or ritual structure that can resemble religious services in both repetition and solemnity. Atonement of a quite uncanonical sort.

But, as penitential rite, D/S is crucially flawed. First, because the sinner will derive morbid pleasure from it—and that pleasure tends to be sexual in large part. Second, because he is committing, through either thought or deed, a deviant act thoroughly condemned by Western civilization. Sisyphus, at least, could walk downhill now and then. For a D/Ser, guilt, after momentary cathartic release, will both continue as before and, worse, be obscured. His obsessive acts of contrition hatch fresh remorse. An inescapable, circular syndrome has been generated. Pun-

ishment won't fit the crime, because no one can remember what the crime was. And having, like Ed, converted pain into pleasure, he is anyhow incapable of atonement. Invulnerable, in a terrible way, to expiation.

A Brooklyn whore into dominance once told me her most lucrative and heaviest repeat sessions were with Hasidic Jewish men. They felt guilt because, good grief, the holocaust had somehow snubbed them. If a Jew can fabricate such unwarranted *tsimmes*, and we assume guilt to be one decisive element in D/S, then Caucasian, middle-class American men had better bend over and grab ankles right now. Hell, we're so affluent, powerful, climate-controlled—no purgation is available. In *babu* Latin, Americans are—more than ever—*homo culpus*, the guilt-making man. Some while ago, Christianity offered a quite elegant moral Clorox. Sin, repentance, sacrament, absolution. But now fewer and fewer can fit religion into their

One Minute Management.

The American male is contrite about everything: Ethiopia, Afghanistan, Nicaragua, white flight, whale death, wind erosion, *spina bifida*, abortion, anti-abortion, Mother, feline leukemia, nonunion water cress, his doorman, his elevator man, car pooling, blue algae, his new leaf blower, his new mulcherizer and—probably—galactic red shift. No wonder some men put on adult diapers and book rehearsal time with Diane Hartwell. No wonder some demonstrate outside a South African trade mission—to let policemen handcuff and subdue them in socially acceptable dominance.

But the big road apple, the great brown log of guilt is our present lust for egalitarianism. I quote William Manchester: "In egalitaria, if you acquire a light, you cast about quickly for a bushel. Athletes were first observed wearing their letter sweaters inside out and then discarding them; today letter sweaters are rarely seen anywhere, except among women athletes, who are making a very different political point. Legion of Honor ribbons are seldom seen; that is also true of Phi Beta Kappa keys and all other bijoux of distinction in which people once took pride. In their place is a strange, false humility." You should apologize now for intelligence or hard work or even good looks. I can see reverse cosmetic surgery or hair uprooting in the future. Absolute gender equality has been inserted into the guilt package. Dominant males didn't have it hard enough before. To the stigma of aggression and sexual kinkiness—never mind whatever guilt those derived from—here affix a political stigma as well. D/S is, worst perhaps, either self-assertion or self-deprecation and, in egalitaria, both are unforgivably vulgar. Men must at least pretend to be mortified by their aggressive nature.

Today, in truth, both male and female are afraid of impinging on another's "space." Forget D/S here. Disregard even the missionary position and its politics. Let me suggest that when you just embrace your wife, draw her to you, restraint is exercised. You hold her fondly prisoner. It is emblematic of possession, of dominance. It may even arouse, but it is natural to human love. Take her hand in some questionable neighborhood and you assert both protection and superior physical strength. What is caring, after all, but kind dominance and stewardship? The shame that people caught by D/S feel—shame that we reinforce by our bitter, nervous contempt of them—is in all of us. Egalitarians embarrassed to presume on each other, even with love. An Episcopal marriage service mentions binding two people together. There is rope all around us. Rope of mystery and rope of love. It is dangerous always to ask who will be the binder and who the bound.



"The ho-ho-hos get on your nerves, but the tips are good."

Immediate Shipment
To all 50 states and Canada



Pure Joy*

Imagine a superbly crafted electronic instrument, powerful enough to protect against traffic radar, miniaturized enough to slide into a shirt pocket, beautiful enough to win an international design award – an instrument so sought after by knowledgeable car enthusiasts that we know of scalpers making a special market (their usual mark-up is \$100).

Then imagine finding one with your name on it.

**Pure Joy is
a PASSPORT of your very own**

PASSPORT has exactly what the discerning driver needs, superheterodyne performance in a low-profile package. It's about the size of a cassette tape, the smallest detector ever made. This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. The result is Pure Joy. Others may put it differently. "In a word, the PASSPORT is a winner," said the experts at *Car and Driver*. But you get the idea.



PASSPORT comes complete with all accessories.

PASSPORT is packaged for presentation with the same care that went into its engineering. Everything is included: visor clip, windshield mount, straight cord, coiled cord – even a leather travel case. Each item is positioned in its own foam-padded compartment to assure safe arrival. Rather like traveling first class, we think. And this will be the impression when the box is opened.

Installing PASSPORT is as easy as the unwrapping. Just clip to visor or windshield, plug into the lighter, and PASSPORT is on duty.

* Pure Joy is our commitment to you. If PASSPORT doesn't live up to your highest hopes – for any reason – within 30 days, just send it back. We'll refund all of your money and your return shipping costs. No exceptions. No hidden charges. Just a straight commitment.

**Pure Joy is
the gift you'll save till last**

One more PASSPORT advantage. It's available from us exclusively. We make it and we can answer your questions about it. Call toll-free. No parking hassles. No crowded stores. No waiting in lines. We're as quick as UPS, and we pay for shipping and handling. If that's not fast enough, Federal Express costs just a bit extra.

With shopping this simple, it's easy to experience the joy of giving PASSPORT. But the best part is that special moment when the package is opened... Pure Joy.

\$295 (OH res. add \$16.23 tax)
Slightly higher in Canada



© 1985 Cincinnati Microwave, Inc.

PASSPORT™
RADAR • RECEIVER

Call Toll Free 800-543-1608

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 100-007-C13
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100

FAST FORWARD



◁ RICHARD THALHEIMER *christmas presence*

Six years ago, Richard Thalheimer was a lawyer, hustling digital stop watches to joggers by mail. Today, that side line has grown into The Sharper Image, the company behind 3,000,000 distinctive, glossy monthly mail-order catalogs and 14 stores stuffed with an assortment of high-tech, executive tools and toys that make Thalheimer the perfect Yuppie Santa Claus.

After all, how many catalogs boast a \$1995 remote-control helicopter, a \$1600 programmable home robot, a wide assortment of supermodern fitness equipment, exotic watches, talking bathroom scales, a telephone disguised as a duck, suits of armor and vacations to Nepal?

Thalheimer, 37, was among the first to exploit the gadget craze, and his catalogs redefined mail-order sales by aiming at bright, upscale, quality-conscious consumers. "Americans traditionally sell on the basis of sex appeal or *macho* or silly, as if a fleeting image of a pretty face sells cars," he claims. "The Japanese sell quality, efficiency and price. The Germans sell mechanical perfection and advanced engineering. The intelligence of the American public is underestimated by other Americans."

The result of his approach is a \$100,000,000 annual sales volume and the chance to play with all the toys he sells. "Success is both getting what you want and wanting what you get," he says. "For me, I like to sleep, to go out for nice meals and to exercise. I'm not a very complicated person, which I think is funny for someone who owns a high-tech catalog."

—DAVID RENSIN



BENNO FRIEDMAN

▷ CHRIS ELLIOTT

son of bob and ray

The Panicky Guy. The Conspiracy Guy. The Fugitive Guy. The Guy Under the Seats. . . .

No, this isn't the first-string infield for the White House softball team. It's part of an ever-changing cast of characters played by comic actor-writer Chris Elliott, whose deadpan cameos on *Late Night with David Letterman* have made him one of the show's oddest and most-talked-about characters.

Elliott, 25, has molded free-floating anxiety into an unlikely running gag. His Guy Under the Seats, for instance, would pop up in the audience through a trap door, to chat with Letterman. A few minutes later, after some imagined slight, The Guy would descend into a paranoid rage, vowing revenge.

It's not typical comedy, but as the son of Bob Elliott of Bob and Ray, Chris grew up on offbeat humor. His first break, however, came not from Dad but from an offhand joke he pulled as a tour guide at NBC's Rockefeller Center. "The first time I spoke to Dave," he recalls, "was up on the observation deck. I charged him the children's admission. After that, we just hit it off."

Letterman initially hired him as a writer, then eased the usually shy Elliott in front of the camera.

"A lot of people recognize me now," he says, sounding surprised. "Most of them are nice, but a few say things like, 'Hey, *you*—go back under the seats.'"
—JERRY STAHL

NORMAN ANDERSON ▷

versatile vintner

Although there will be only 1000 cases of Norman Anderson's 1985 Lundstrom Vineyards Chardonnay released later this year, that relatively small amount will mark a significant milestone—it's the first wine from California's first black wine maker.

"This is a new field for blacks," admits the 27-year-old Anderson. "But even wine making is changing. I won't be unique for long."

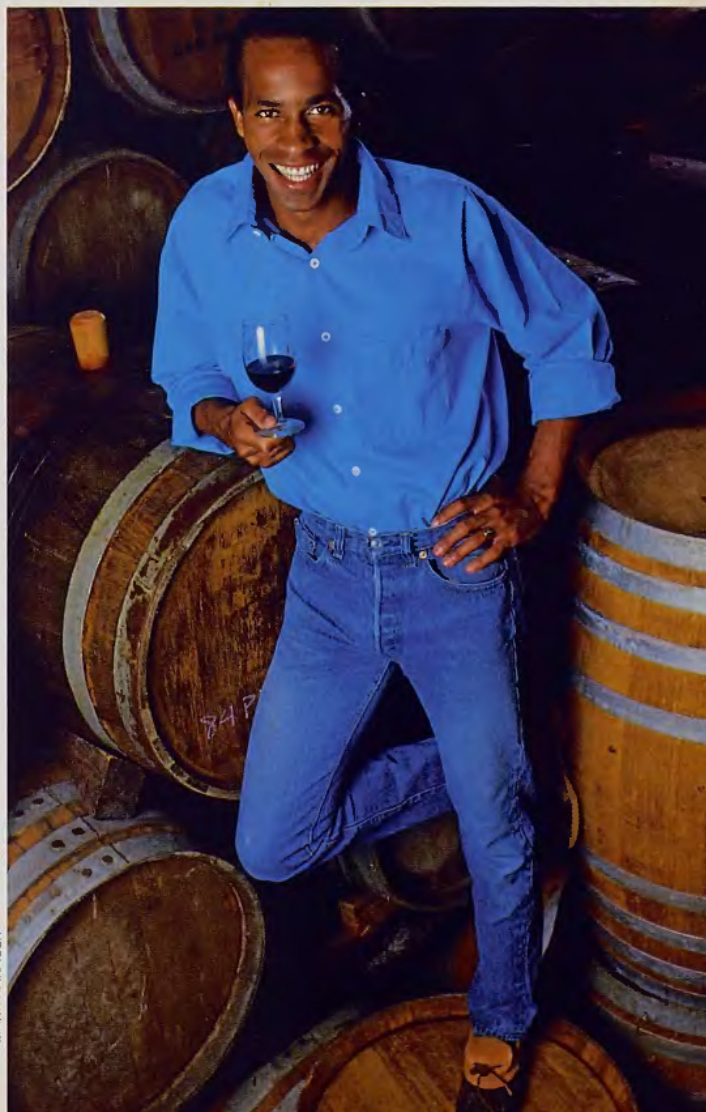
A karate enthusiast, Anderson was looking for a night job in 1981 so he could train full time during the day. A job as a waiter in San Francisco led to an interest in wine, and from there, he was hired as an apprentice wine maker at the respected Joseph Phelps Vineyards. At Phelps, Anderson discovered he had a secret talent. "There are wine makers who know the science of making good wine, then there are the artists," says a colleague. "Norman is an artist."

With the backing of a Swedish financier, Thomas Lundstrom, Anderson cofounded the winery on what had been a 140-acre prune orchard atop Mount Veeder in California's Napa Valley. He has cleared and planted the first ten acres of cabernet grapes on the rocky hillside, but it will be at least five years before the vines mature enough to produce suitable fruit. Until then, Anderson buys grapes from local growers and oversees the crushing, aging and bottling of the first Lundstrom wines.

While Lundstrom begins its slow growth, Anderson moonlights as a consultant to other wineries and owns a company that trains maitre d's and waiters in proper wine service and etiquette.

"The wine industry has done a good job of making wine fashionable in the United States," he says. "Now I think it's time to make it common, to take the mystique out of it. Black-tie events that cost \$200 a person are not the way to go. We have to treat wine more as it's treated in Europe—as part of the family."
—DAVID SHEFF

MARK HANAUER



MISS FORBES

(continued from page 88)

"Never, for the rest of our lives, would we forget what we'd seen in that fleeting moment."

exhausted from the tension of the vigil, the sun was cutting through the blinds, but the house seemed sunk in a pond. Then we realized that it was going on ten and we hadn't been awakened by Miss Forbes's morning routine. We hadn't heard the toilet flushing at eight o'clock or the bathroom faucet or the sound of the blinds or the heels of her boots and the three deadly raps of her slave driver's hand on the door. My brother pressed his ear to the wall, held his breath so as to hear the slightest stirring of life in the next room and finally exhaled a sigh of liberation.

"That's it," he said. "The only thing you can hear is the sea."

We fixed our own breakfast a little before 11, and then we went down to the beach with two oxygen tanks each and two more in reserve before Fulvia Flaminea arrived, with her retinue of cats, to clean the house. Oreste was already on the dock, cleaning a gilthead he had just caught. We told him we had waited for Miss Forbes until 11 o'clock, and since she was still sleeping, we had decided to come down to the water by ourselves. We also told him that she'd suffered a crying fit at the table and possibly hadn't slept well and preferred to stay in bed. Oreste, just as we'd expected, wasn't interested in the explana-

tion, and he accompanied us for an hour of wandering through the depths of the sea. Later, he told us to go up and have lunch, and then he went off in his motorboat to sell the giltheads at the tourist hotels. We waved goodbye from the stairs, pretending to be on our way up to the house until he disappeared around the escarpments. Then we put on full tanks of oxygen and went swimming without anyone's permission.

The day was cloudy and there was a rumble of gloomy thunder on the horizon, but the sea was smooth and clear and the light it gave off was all we needed. We swam on the surface until we were lined up with the Pantelleria lighthouse, and then we turned about 100 meters to the right and dove where we calculated we'd seen the war torpedoes at the beginning of summer. There they were: six of them, painted sunny yellow and with their serial numbers intact and resting on the volcanic bottom in such perfect alignment that it couldn't have happened by chance. Then we continued around the lighthouse, looking for the sunken city that had so often, and with so much amazement, been described to us by Fulvia Flaminea, but we couldn't find it. After two hours, convinced that there were no new mysteries to

discover, we came up through the surface on our last breath of oxygen.

While we'd been diving, a summer storm had come up; the sea was rough and a flock of fiercely screeching carnivorous birds hovered over the furrow of dying fish on the beach, but the afternoon light looked brand-new and life was good without Miss Forbes. But when we finished our laborious climb up the stone steps, we saw a lot of people at the house and two police cars by the door, and then, for the first time, we realized what we'd done. My brother started to tremble and tried to turn back.

"I'm not going in," he said.

I, on the other hand, had the misguided inspiration that all we had to do was look at the corpse and we'd be safe from all suspicion.

"Take it easy," I told him. "Take a deep breath and just think about one thing: We don't know anything."

Nobody paid attention to us. We dropped the oxygen tanks, masks and fins on the porch steps and went in through the side entrance, where two men sat on the floor, smoking, next to a field stretcher. Then we noticed an ambulance drawn up at the back door and several soldiers armed with rifles. In the living room, the neighborhood women were praying in dialect, sitting in the chairs placed against the wall, while men gathered in the courtyard, talking about anything but death. I tightened my grip on my brother's hard, cold hand, and we went into the house through the back door. Our bedroom looked just the way we'd left it in the morning. In Miss Forbes's room, next to ours, an armed *carabinière* was keeping people out, but the door was open. With heavy hearts we looked inside, and as we did, Fulvia Flaminea burst out of the kitchen and shut the door with a shout of horror: "For the love of God, *figlioli*, don't look at her!"

It was too late. Never, for the rest of our lives, would we forget what we'd seen in that fleeting moment. Two civilian men were checking the distance from the bed to the wall with a tape measure, while another took pictures with a black-hooded camera, like the ones used by park photographers. Miss Forbes wasn't on the unmade bed. She lay on her side on the floor, naked, in a pool of dried blood that had spread over the floor of the room, and her body was riddled with stabs. There were 27 fatal wounds and, from the number and their obvious ferocity, it was deduced that they had been delivered with the fury of unappeasable love and that Miss Forbes had received them with the same passion, neither shouting nor weeping, reciting Schiller with her beautiful soldier voice, accepting the fact that this was the inevitable price of her summer of happiness.—Translated by Francisco Goldman



"With all due respect, Reverend Falwell, I will continue to make out the list of who's been naughty and nice, just as I have always done."

KARMIC CLEARINGHOUSE

(continued from page 145)

I.L.U.s in their account, to draw upon as required. It's the same as banking anywhere, except that we deal in I.L.U.s instead of money."

"Are you telling me," said Zimmerman, "that people can draw out good luck when they need it?"

"That's it," the clerk said. "Except that we don't have individual accounts. We're strictly planetary."

"Do all planets have accounts here?"

"Oh, yes," the clerk told him. "As soon as they develop abstract thought or better, we open an account for them. Then they can draw on it when things get out of hand—like when disease is raging or wars are flaring up or there are unaccountable droughts and famines. All planets have these runs. But with enough units of luck, you can usually ride them out. Don't ask me the actual mechanics. I'm a banker, not an engineer. And with a little luck, I won't even be a banker much longer."

"You're getting out of banking?"

"Out of this entire construct," the clerk said. "The Karmic Clearinghouse level is really very limited. There's just this one building perched in the middle of a small nothingness. We do get hardship pay, but personally, I've had enough."

"Where will you go?"

"I've picked quite a nice reality construct from the catalog. What with my pension and my I.L.U. account, I expect to have a good time. The individual I.L.U. account is one of the best things about working for the Universal Technocrat. Also, the cafeteria isn't bad, and we do get the latest movies."

A bell sounded within Zimmerman's pocket, startling him. He took out the visitor's pass. It was flashing and ringing. The clerk pressed a corner and it stopped.

"That means your time is almost up," the clerk said. "It's been a pleasure talking with you, sir. We don't get many visitors out this way. Our reality construct hasn't even got a hotel."

"Just a minute," Zimmerman said. "What about Earth's account?"

"It's right here in the bank. No one has ever come around to collect it."

"I'm here now," Harry said. "And I'm Earth's authorized representative. Otherwise, I wouldn't be here. Right?"

The clerk nodded; he didn't look happy.

"I want to draw out some of Earth's luck. For the whole planet, I mean, not just for myself. I don't know if you've checked us out lately, but we've got a lot of problems. Every year, we seem to get more war, pollution, famine, floods, typhoons, unexplained plane crashes—that sort of thing. Some of us are getting nervous. We could really use some luck."

"I knew someone from Earth would come along one of these days," the clerk muttered. "I've been dreading this."

"What's the matter? You said our

There may be Walkerschnappers right in your neighborhood.

An outstanding watch value: on land, at sea, and underwater . . .

Navigator™ Watch just \$49⁹⁵*

**But read the ad for an even better deal!*

Wear this watch to work, to play, to swim and dive. The Navigator™ Watch is powered by a sophisticated, ultra-accurate Japanese quartz movement. It has both a luminous analog dial and an LCD display. This is especially helpful when you are far away from home and want to have time in two zones. The LCD display shows time continuously — in 12-hr. or 24-hr. mode. Push the button and you display day and date. There is a subtle yet insistent alarm and an hourly time signal (very useful!) that you can switch off. The stopwatch/chronograph reads to 1/100 secs. and has "interrupt" and "lap" modes. A light switch illuminates the display.

The Navigator™ Watch is totally executed in black metal, including the linked, stainless steel band. It is waterproof to 150 ft. The crystal is "mineral glass"—it will never scratch.

We import these outstanding watches directly in large quantities and are able to offer them for just \$49.95. National catalog houses offer the identical watch for \$120 or more. But here is an even better deal: **buy two for \$99.90, and we'll send you a third one absolutely FREE, with our compliments.** Take advantage of this outstanding offer while it is available.



•The advanced chip that steers the many functions of the Navigator™ Watch is powered by one tiny mercury cell. It should last at least one year before it needs to be replaced.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 431-9003
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #1015A786 and your major chargecard number and expiration date. If you prefer, mail check or chargecard authorization for the total amount. Also include post./ins. for Navigator™ Watch: \$5.95 for one and \$6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have a 30-day return privilege and one year warranty.

Note: For quantity orders (100+) with your company logo on the dial, call Mr. Gerard at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

haverhills
formerly Russell's

131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

account was here."

"It is. But there's nothing in it."

"But how could that be?" Zimmerman demanded.

The clerk shrugged. "You know how banks operate. We have to show a profit."

"What does that have to do with Earth's luck?"

"We lent it out so it could earn some interest."

"You lent out Earth's luck?"

The clerk nodded. "To the Associated Civilizations of the Lesser Magellanic Clouds. A first-class risk."

"Well," Zimmerman said, "you'd better call it in now."

"That's the part I hate to tell you. Despite their very good credit rating, the Associated Civilizations of the L.M.C. recently vanished into a black hole. It's the sort of space-time singularity that could happen to anyone."

"That's tough for them," Zimmerman said. "But what about Earth's luck?"

"There's no way we can recover it. It's down there below the event horizon, with the rest of L.M.C.'s assets."

"You lost our luck!"

"Don't worry; your planet is bound to accumulate more. I'm sorry, but there's nothing I can do about it."

The clerk's sad smile and balding head began to dissolve. Everything was shimmering and fading out, and Zimmerman knew that he was on his way back to New York. Here he was, the first human to get to another level of reality—the Columbus of the galaxy—and the only thing he had to tell the folks back home was that the Earth's luck had gone down a black hole; sorry about that.

It wasn't fair. There had to be something he could do to change things.

But what?

That moment, half in and half out of the fade-out, was decision time for Harry Zimmerman.

"Wait!" he cried to the clerk. "We gotta talk!"

"Look, I already said I'm sorry."

"Forget about that," Harry said. "I've got business to discuss with you."

The clerk made a gesture. The construct stopped fading. "What business?"

"A loan."

"A luck loan?"

"Of course. A big one. To tide us over until things straighten out."

"My dear sir," the clerk said, "why didn't you say so? Lending luck is our business. Come with me."

Harry followed the clerk into the bank.

Like Columbus taking the gold and pearls of Hispaniola back to Ferdinand and Isabella, so Harry Zimmerman, envoy involuntary, returned to the Karmic Clearinghouse to negotiate the luck loan that we Earth people so desperately needed. And that is the true story behind our present-day peace and prosperity here in the easygoing 21st Century.

The interest *has* turned out to be a little steep: The Karmic Bank is not in this for its health. Harry had to put up the planet for collateral, and if we don't find a way to pay back the loan soon, there's only one thing we can do. We'll have to hide out in a Chapter-13 black hole, the way the Associated Civilizations of the L.M.C. did. It's a desperate measure, but anything's better than losing the planet.



LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER

(continued from page 117)

in mind: the demand that each of them serve the needs of the person who enjoys cross-country travel at speed and with style. Here, in alphabetical order and with brief impressions of each, our long-distance runners.

The Audi 5000CS Turbo Quattro is a superb year-round vehicle that will be especially appreciated by those who want (or have) to drive through snow. This four-wheel-drive wonder takes to the high road with aggressive grace and is utterly insensitive to weather. But that's only the beginning. The Audi delights technoids. The machine's 2226-c.c. turbocharged inline five develops 158 horsepower, stout enough to satisfy the demands of cross-continent travel—and swift enough to register 0–60 mph in less than nine seconds. The full-time four-wheel-drive system, as noted, gives the car a meteorologic versatility that's altogether comforting.

Audi backs up its impressive technical accomplishments with an interior done in the best traditions of Teutonic efficiency and leather-lined luxury. Sitting in an Audi, you feel enormously well taken care of. As the car moves swiftly down the freeway, its aerodynamic skin banishes wind noise. And at about \$29,000, the Audi banishes any doubt that it's the best combination of performance, versatility, luxury and value.

The BMW 735i sedan and its smaller brother, the 635 CSI coupe, carry BMW's blue-and-white Bavarian flag into the long-distance-driving competition. The 735i, though the flagship of the Bimmer fleet, leaves more to be desired than one might expect. For one thing, it *feels* large. For another, critical areas of the excellent analog instrumentation are rendered invisible by the steering wheel, which just should not happen on a car built to conquer the autobahnen and interstates of the world.

On Germany's high-speed autobahnen, however, the 735i comes into its own. It's bigger (a 110-inch wheelbase and 197.4-inch over-all length) and heavier (almost 3600 pounds) than our idea of a BMW, but these qualities add strength to the spirited quality of its freeway performance.

Inside, the BMW attention to quality and construction are apparent, and there's no shortage of space. Four people could drive to kingdom come in a BMW 735i and love every mile of it. At highway speed, the car's \$37,000 price tag seems almost reasonable.

The Buick Electra T Type comes as something of a surprise. Buick almost let itself build an enthusiast's sedan here. The 140-horsepower 3.8-liter V6 shoves the car along with a snap unexpected from most Buicks of recent vintage.

The Electra, with its subdued, Euro-style trim, also *looks* like an enthusiast's car. Until you climb inside. The leather seats are just fine, but vestigial remnants of G.M. interior styling of the Sixties and Seventies remain, taking the form of too



"So then I told him to fuck off but, ya know, cutelike. . . ."

much chrome and fuzzy, polyester-looking fabric.

Buick's firm, well-balanced suspension makes for an excellent partnership with the road, and the car's 110.8-inch wheelbase preserves its pleasant ride. At about \$18,000 fully loaded, the Buick Electra T Type is an excellent buy.

The Chrysler Fifth Avenue was far and away the most American-seeming of the cars tested. Big, opulent, with rear-wheel drive and every "comfort and convenience" option known to Western man, at about \$16,500, the 3750-pound Fifth Avenue is right at home taking the family on a 1500-mile jaunt to Six Flags or Disney World, its long (112.7-inch) wheelbase lending itself to sedate, sustained motoring. Powered by a 144-horsepower 5.2-liter V8, the Fifth Avenue moves well. It also stops well. It does not, however, feel quite as tight, taut and responsive as other big cars we tested.

The \$33,000 Jaguar XJ6 is a classic in every sense of the word. Long and low, with a body that's cat sleek rather than aerodynamic slick, the 4100-pound sedan epitomizes the joys of stylish movement. The seats are sensuous, supportive and comfortable, qualities that appreciably shorten long hours of driving.

The mechanical problems that plagued Jaguars of earlier years have long since been remedied, resulting in a car that adds dependability to the driving rewards it also delivers. With its venerable straight-six, double-overhead-cam engine, the car has a gentlemanly acceleration curve that provides more than enough passing response.

Of all the cars built in the United States, the Lincoln Mark VII LSC gives American enthusiasts hope that we're finally on the right track. At about \$24,000, the LSC 000 feels unmistakably like a BMW or a Mercedes, and its 108.5-inch wheelbase holds the road well.

As you would expect from a Lincoln, the LSC is fitted with every luxury toy known, but the best of these is its engine. In what may be the last hurrah for the Ford 5.0-liter V8, the power plant has been given sequential-port fuel injection and improved cylinder heads. The result is a 200-hp high-torque unit that's responsive enough to power a 3700-pound car.

Some drivers are happy only when they're at the controls of a car that rivals platinum ski poles for scarcity. Such a conveyance is the Maserati Quattroporte, a four-door touring sedan from the factory of Alejandro De Tomaso, the man who gave us the Pantera, the Merak and the quick little Biturbo. For about \$67,000, he will give you a Quattroporte.

The Quattroporte is distinctive. On first sight, it seems utterly unadorned, with an exterior that defines understatement. But as you look closer, quality and workmanship become apparent—the depth of the paint, the heft of the doors, thick seats covered in Italy's finest leather and a discreet

Your office could be crawling with Walkerschnappers.

HAVE A QUESTION ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION?

PLAYBOY SUBSCRIBER SERVICE is ready to help. If you are a PLAYBOY subscriber and you have a question or problem concerning your subscription... write to PLAYBOY SUBSCRIBER SERVICE.

It's the best way to get help quickly and efficiently—whether you want to report an address change, missed issue, misspelled name or whatever.

As soon as your letter is received (clearly stating the problem), a representative will see that

you get a prompt answer. Be-

cause we need to check the problem thoroughly, it will usually take six to eight weeks. You can help by including your mailing label (on the wrapper PLAYBOY is mailed in) with your letter.

The PLAYBOY SUBSCRIBER SERVICE is one more way PLAYBOY provides you with full enjoyment of your subscription!

PLAYBOY SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

P.O. Box 55230

Boulder, Colorado 80323-5230



application of Maserati's famed trident emblem.

When you're driving the Quattroporte, there's no doubt that you're behind the wheel of a big car made for long stretches of unobstructed driving. A 110-inch wheelbase contributes to the car's outstanding ride, and the brawny 4.9-liter V8 pumps out about 280 horsepower, more than enough to move the 4800-pound automobile briskly.

The Mercedes-Benz 560SEL, costing more than \$52,000, asks the question, Can any mass-produced four-door sedan possibly be worth that? The answer is yes. Before you've driven it 50 miles, the 560SEL will have you thinking thoughts of \$20,000 down payments and 84-month financing.

Mercedes-Benz, with the 560SEL, continues its tradition of starkly elegant interiors that are well thought out and thoroughly relaxing under sustained high-speed conditions. The 560SEL sits on a 120.9-inch wheelbase, the longest to be found in the world of production passenger cars, and draws the power to move its 3900 pounds from a 238-horsepower 5.6-liter V8. The power more than suffices, working with a nimble suspension design that's arguably the best in the business. The 560SEL, in sum, delivers a degree of driving perfection unmatched by any other.

For sufferers of that most pleasant of diseases, Francophilia, the Peugeot 505 Turbo brings a double dose of civilized motoring medicine. The Peugeot ride

continues to be a seductive combination of capability and comfort, and the 142-horsepower turbocharged 2.2-liter engine lends itself eagerly to passing situations and to sustained driving.

The Peugeot's interior, especially the front seat, presents a welcome roominess. The interior spaciousness stands in counterpoint to a lean exterior. The Peugeot/Pininfarina design, with its crisp lines and sloping hood, manages to make the car appear smaller than it actually is, a spare 3200 pounds set on a 108-inch wheelbase.

The handling is quintessentially French, with a soft feel and more body roll than most cars. The suspension setup flattens out corners nicely. The 505 Turbo requires no effort to drive and, being priced at only \$18,000, requires even less effort to like.

For Saab fans fond of driving great distances, there's good news in the form of the 9000, an all-new car from the Swedish makers of America's cult-car success, the Saab 900. The 9000 shares no parts of any importance with the 900 other than the engine block—nor does it have the strange Saab exterior profile.

The 9000 retains, however, that wonderful tiptoe agility so loved by Saabists. The driving position, visibility and instrument and control accessibility are superb. The new two-liter four, turbocharged and intercooled, uses 160 horsepower to send you on your way with vigor. Suspension refinements have resulted in flatter corner-

ing and improved over-all stability.

The interior of the 9000 is spacious and comfortable. Available only as a four-door hatchback, the Saab 9000 costs about \$22,000, making it a terrific buy.

One trip in a Toyota Cressida will convince you of its worth as a freeway cruiser. Toyota's largest car (3200 pounds and a 104.5-inch wheelbase), the Cressida does offer some big-car advantages: performance adequate for the highway and roomy leather seats that are firm and comfortable. The Cressida's fit and finish, in the Japanese tradition, are superb. And if you enjoy electronic gadgetry, the Cressida will remind you of Christmas morning. The radio—incredibly—boasts 34 controls.

The car's ultrasmooth twin-cam six and its rear drive add to the gentle quality of its ride. The suspension and handling characteristics are just a bit less precise than one would wish for.

It's important to remember that the large Toyotas began as scaled-down versions of American cars. Thus, what you get with a Cressida is not a sports sedan that has been softened around its edges but a family sedan that has been tweaked in an effort to produce a car that's at home on demanding roads. In the main, it succeeds—particularly when you consider that its base price is only \$15,690.

The Volvo 740 Turbo isn't considered—by Volvo—the company's optimal highway car. That honor is now bestowed on the 760 GLE, with its naturally aspirated V6, a slightly softer ride and fancier appointments. But for an aggressive assault on America's roads, the 740 Turbo is most appropriate.

Volvos are not the prettiest cars to look at—but for looking out of, they're hard to beat. Particularly when you're watching the countryside whistle past, moved rapidly along by the compact 2.3-liter turbocharged and intercooled four-cylinder that produces 160 horsepower.

Inside, the Volvo displays a businesslike array of instruments and controls. The seats are tall and firm. The 740's suspension offers neutral, predictable handling that translates to a wonderful stability when you're under way. Its 109-inch wheelbase and generous interior spaces add measurably to a confidence-inspiring feel. The trim, inside and out, is an exercise in restraint. The rewards a 740 Turbo bestows, however, are joyously unrestrained and cost less than \$20,000.

Overall, any of our long-distance runners would serve you well on long-haul tours. The Mercedes, the Jaguar and the Volvo sedans gave award-winning road-show performances, as did the Mark VII LSC coupe and the four-wheel-drive Audi—five very different cars. Driving these 12 cars reminded us of what's said about another pleasure: There's no bad, just different degrees of good.



"In a less sexually sophisticated day and age, a simple kiss would break the spell and turn me back into a prince; but now it requires a blow job!"

BROTHERS

(continued from page 119)

me the same way: as the big brother. I prefer being older. I like finding out things firsthand and being able to tell him about them. It must be the writer's side of me. The fact that he doesn't listen is OK.

FRANK, 35: We're close, but we fight a lot. He's overbearing and I'm overbearing. So if I say, "What do you think of this project?" he puts on his director's hat and says, "Well, I think you should do this and that." I say, "All I asked you is your opinion, not to take over the whole thing."

We fought horribly when we were kids. When he got punished, he would take it out on me. One day, we were coming home from Catholic school wearing our uniforms. I was messing around under a bridge around a construction site and crawled inside one of the big steel drums. And he wouldn't let me out of it for an hour. He was on the top of the bridge, throwing rocks at me. He was hitting the can on the side, and it made a lot of noise. Every time I stuck my head out, a rock would come flying by. I was about seven, and it was scary.

We shared the same room. He always got the top bunk and loved to get up in the morning and step on my head.

My brother never thought about being an actor back then. I don't think he really knew what he wanted to do. He took one of those aptitude tests—it said he would be a good plumber. My mother flipped. She had her sights set on him being President or something like that.

Critics who come down on what they call nepotism are ridiculous. Everything is nepotism. Look at Warner Bros. Look at the Zanucks. Anybody who becomes successful is going to give his family the first crack. Why should he give it to a stranger? But if you're not good, you're out.

What's the best thing about being the younger brother? Your brother's older girlfriends think, Oh, isn't he cute. You're like a smaller version of the guy they're going out with. That meant I wouldn't get beat up when his girlfriends were around.

THE GATLINS (country-music artists)

LARRY, 37: I write the songs. I'm the lead singer, and I'm sure it's difficult for my brothers sometimes. Harmony is an integral part of what we do, but sometimes I step out and sing the lead. It must be chafing at times to see that I'm recognized when we walk into restaurants because I'm the one who sits with Mr. Carson and talks. Both Steve and Rudy handle it very well.

I'm the leader as far as the music goes. Steve is more reserved. He handles the business on the daily basis and really digs helping with the logistics and planning. Rudy? I don't know what he does.

People figure mothers like the oldest best. I remember something my mom once

Your best friend may be a Walkerschnapper.

A SINGER'S DREAM!



REMOVES VOCALS FROM RECORDS!

Now **You** can sing with the world's best bands! The **Thompson Vocal Eliminator** can remove most or virtually all of a lead vocal from a standard stereo record and leave most of the background untouched! Record with your voice or perform live with the backgrounds. Used in Professional Performance yet connects easily to a home component stereo system.

Not an equalizer! We can prove it works over the phone. Write or call for a Free Brochure and Demo Record on the Vocal Eliminator and our full line of audio products.

Write to: **LT Sound**, Dept. PB-1,
PO Box 338, Stone Mtn., GA 30086

For 24 hour Phone Demo call
(404) 493-6879

For a Free Brochure and Demo Record
call: (404)-493-1258

DR. RUTH'S GAME OF GOOD SEX

It's Terrific! Couples accumulate Arousal Points as they visit Dr. Ruth's "Sex Clinic" and answer questions relating to each other's sexual awareness. It's easy to play, informative and provides hours of amusement. Game contains full color board, 700 questions, 8 markers, 1 die and more.

\$24.95
plus
2.55 shipping
and handling



RAMCO DISTRIBUTING 6009 Wayzata Blvd.,
Suite 113, Minneapolis, Mn 55416
Order Toll-Free 1-800-328-5727 — Ext. 2495
Minn. Res. 1-(800) 742-5685 Ext. 2495
6:00 a.m. to midnight daily

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Please send me _____ GOOD SEX GAMES at \$24.95 + \$2.55 shipping & handling.

CHECK VISA MASTER CHARGE

Minnesota Residents add 6% Sales Tax.

Outside U.S. \$6.00 Postage & Handling.

CARD HOLDER _____

CARD NO. _____

EXPIRATION DATE _____

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE If returned 10 days after receiving.

said that related to that. Brother Steve had just become a member of the church, but Rudy was still not old enough. After Steve was baptized, Rudy complained, "Why can't I join? Don't you love me as much as Steve and Larry?" Mom said, "Rudy, I love you just as much, just not as long." That's one of the good things about being the oldest . . . she loved me longest.

I guess I'm like my daddy. We're both very headstrong to the point of being downright obstinate. There is a kind of doggedness, a West Texas work ethic, that I also carry over from my father. Rudy is getting more like Dad but takes after Mother's side of the family physically in that he is tall and gaunt. Rudy is a free spirit. He's not married, but he holds nightly auditions. He thinks differently from Steve and me. We're married and responsible for our families.

All three of us have our differences. Our common thread of music and the feelings we have for one another keep us from knockdown, drag-out fights. We don't visit one another a lot, but we do spend a lot of time together, competing in sports, meeting in the office four or five times a week.

STEVE, 34: I take care of the business: dealing with promoters, signing contracts and deciding where we work or what TV shows we're going to be on. I don't know how I got that role. It kind of fell on me after our first Grammy in 1976. I put the band on the road and I became the bus driver, the sound man and the road manager. I'm the most levelheaded, the most consistent. Larry calls me Gibraltar.

Larry didn't get away with much. He was the front runner and the oldest. Rudy in his early years was very stubborn, and he still is set in his ways. He got away with more later, being the youngest. My parents were broken in and maybe a little less strict with him. Still, in those very early years, as a baby, he was the one in the cookie jar a little more often than us, and he got his ass busted more. And me, well, the middle child always feels deprived.

Larry and I were usually the ones who got Rudy in trouble. Naturally, you have to pick on the littlest brother. I remember one Christmas we talked Rudy, who was four or five, into opening his Christmas present before Christmas. Dad and Mom were out of the house and we told him we'd wrap it back up so they'd never know. Just as he got it unwrapped, Mom and Dad got home. It was a brand-new cowboy belt and Dad used it on him. We said, "Hey, we tried to tell him not to open it!"

When we're on the road, we try our best to stay away from one another. I think that's one of the reasons we're successful and get along so well. When you see your brother on the stage and are forced together through occupation, you need room to be individuals. When we stay at hotels, I ask them to put us on different floors if possible. Lots of times, we don't see one another until we walk on stage. I like eating steak—I love steak—but not

three times a day.

RUDY, 33: Yeah, I'm the most stubborn. It's my basic nature. I've had to live with it for 33 years now. I guess I worry more about things.

Following them in school was pretty tough on me. Larry and Steve were both outstanding in athletics. I wasn't. They were really good in the classroom. I wasn't. Everyone said, "You're not like your brothers." I would answer, "You're right."

When you're a kid, you look up to other kids. I wanted to be just like them, and both were equally influential.

Steve's very methodical, intense, the type to say, "This is the way we're going to do it, this is why, now let's go do it." Steve takes care of the business. Larry is the writer, more sensitive. He is gentle at times. But all of us have our moments when we come across as real hard. When we're shot at, we shoot back.

They say I'm the most like Mom. I don't know why they say that, except for our physical appearance. Larry and Steve took more after Dad. My mom was always the rock—real steady through the years. I like to think I'm pretty steady.

My brothers married in their early 20s. I think they have lovely wives. In fact, they married girls like Mom. As soon as I find one like them, maybe I'll settle down.

THE MAHRES (skiers)

PHIL, 28 (he is four minutes older): There are a lot of twins who hamper each other's performances because of the way they compete. However, Steve and I used that sibling rivalry as a positive thing. If one did well, the other did better. We had no hang-ups about it. I wasn't competitive with him, I competed with him. There's a difference. He prodded me into testing myself. I always felt if he could do it, I could do it. It wasn't a matter of proving it to him but of proving it to myself.

We always felt we were each other's best coaches. Our skiing is similar but not the same. We were always the first to see what the other needed to work on, and we always studied the courses together before competitions. The person who went down the slope first would radio back information to the one on the top. There are very few people on the world circuit who do that. And even if they share some information at the bottom, they don't communicate the way we do. I remember Marc Girardelli from Austria overheard us once and said, "I thought I understood English until I listened to the Mahres." We have our own language. When we were building a house together with a team member, Johnny Buxman, the three of us would look at a blueprint and then Steve and I might say two words or maybe just exchange glances and walk off in separate directions, both knowing what we were going to do. Johnny would be left standing there, scratching his head.

We don't spend as much time together anymore; maybe we see each other once or

twice a week. But you never lose that ability to communicate. I don't think much about ESP between twins. When we're together, we'll be thinking the same way, but I don't think there's anything psychic.

My wife, Holly, is a twin and her grandmother was a twin as well, so I guess there's a good chance we might have twins someday. What would I tell them about being a twin? That you have to be aware of yourself as an individual. But there's nothing bad about being a twin. I enjoy it.

STEVEN, 28: Being twins and skiing together has always been a tremendous advantage. In White Pass, Washington, there were not many kids to play with except my brothers. Without Phil, it would have been pretty boring; I don't know if I would have taken all the time to ski. We used to do our homework on the way home and ski until dinner.

Sibling competition does have something to do with our achievements. If you don't have someone to make you try harder, you just get by. If I won, he would try harder and then I would try harder. When we got to the world-class level, there were a lot of others to try to beat. Still, we always compete with each other, too.

In the 1984 Sarajevo Olympics, he beat me, but it might have turned out a different way. He was willing to get on the radio and tell me what to do to beat him. That's the way we've worked for the past four years. If I don't win, he'd better.

Our relationship is more like best friends than brothers, almost. We enjoy being together, and envy is nonexistent. We've always palled around together. There was only one time when we fought, at 12 or 13. I don't know what it was about, but I hit him in the face and he started crying. It was the last time it came to fists.

We were kind of momma's boys when we were young. If Mom was carrying one of us, she had to carry the other one, too. I guess we were jealous of Mom's attention.

The only time we ever switched identities was in 1982. I had won the world championship in Austria. A guy named Bibbo was giving a speech after dinner. I placed an overseas call to my wife, and when the call came through, we were at dinner. I had been talking to her for about 40 minutes when Phil came in and said, "Bibbo wants to give his speech, but he won't until you come down." I wanted to keep talking to my wife, so Phil put on my shirt and medal and sunglasses and went back so Bibbo would give his speech.

Back in school, I think most kids thought of us as the Mahre brothers. We had a lot of nicknames—Wus and Pus, the Hair Bear Bunch. I have no idea why. At home, we were Steamer and Beamer.

We enjoy doing most things together, and if I'm doing something with other friends and he's not there, it's kind of empty. Ten days apart seems long. I know him as well as any living person, but I don't know what goes on inside. I know

how he thinks on skis, but what he thinks off by himself, I have no idea.

THE KEACHES (actors)

STACY, 44: When James was born, my grandmother told me I had a baby brother as fat as a little butterball. We had a family celebration in which I drank my first Coca-Cola. I was very happy. I remember feeling, Thank God. Now I don't have to go through it alone.

I was always absolutely bossy. I remember taking my brother into the back yard when I was in high school and he was coming out of grammar school and teaching him the rudiments of football. He went on to become an excellent athlete, far beyond my ability.

Later, after I finished Yale, I was called back as a lecturer in residence. The irony was that my brother became one of my students. We roomed together in New Haven for a year. We had fun, but it was a difficult time for us both. He was struggling for independence. There was always an enormous stack of dirty dishes—literally up to the ceiling.

There are always things brothers feel guilty about. When he was very young, I loved to play with him. Once, I dressed him up like a king and made a platform with a couple of chairs—one on top of another—for him to sit on as his throne. He fell and cut up his chin. I remember feeling very guilty.

The best thing about having a brother is the camaraderie and companionship. The worst thing, I suppose, is the responsibility if you are the older one.

We got each other into trouble, but once, he got us out of trouble. I was 16 and was driving with a friend. James was ten and was along with us. We were throwing snowball oranges at trash cans, and suddenly a burly sheriff pulled us over and got out of the car, snarling, "How would you boys like to spend the night in jail?" My brother began to cry. The cop felt sorry for him, so he let us go.

The Wright Brothers was our first film together, and we had the chance to experience those two characters in a special way. In it, there is a wonderful scene that Jimmy and I wrote. The two are playing checkers and the older brother says, "Do I intimidate you? Even though I'm bossy and overbearing, and sometimes I give the impression of not being compassionate, I really do value your love." It's a very personal scene and one of the best. I think in many ways it reflects our fraternal relationship. There is also one scene where we get into a fight on the beach. He gets the upper hand and threatens to hit me because, suddenly, he realizes that he is stronger. But he catches himself and comes back to earth.

My brother and I always keep in touch, either by letter or by phone, whenever we are separated for a length of time. But my incarceration [in London, for cocaine possession] was definitely the most intense

You can be a Walkerschnapper too.

Just grab a glass of Hiram Walker Peppermint Schnapps and join the fun.



CIDER MILL APPLE • ORCHARD ORANGE • WILD STRAWBERRY
HAZELNUT • SNAPPY APRICOT • SPEARMINT • CINNAMON SCHNAPPS

HIRAM WALKER
Taste the difference.

corresponding period of our relationship. I was allowed to write only one letter a week and receive one two-hour visit every 28 days. But I could get all the mail that came, and my brother wrote me terrific letters. He was extremely supportive: He looked after my parents, kept the home fires burning, wrote a lot and came to visit. He even offered to find the guys who had set me up.

Outside of one visit every 28 days, the only contact you have in the rather grim setting of prison is letters. I really appreciated getting them. My brother's son also wrote and sent me his latest work, which I used to adorn the walls of my cell.

JAMES, 38: I got away with more, but I also didn't get as much. I had to take my turf, because his turf had already been covered. Imagine following the guy. My mother said lightning struck the house when my brother was born. I make jokes, but she did say that. And I always got the impression that's what happened.

Being younger is harder. You're always following in someone's footsteps. In acting class at Grant High School, the teacher announced that she had seen this wonderful actor in Ashland, Oregon. She opened up the brochures, and there was my brother. It was hard to get up after that. When I started out in the business, people were always saying "I saw your brother in. . . ." You wonder if it's ever going to stop. After a while, you begin to realize it's actually a compliment to you. But that's one of the barriers you have to overcome.

One of the insights I gained while working on *The Long Riders*, though, was that the older brother always worries that the younger is gaining on him. Maybe this guy is coming on. But I'll always be Stacy's kid brother. At 70, he'll say, "Come on, kid."

THE EVERLYS (singers)

DON, 49: Phil and I have been singing together all our lives. When we were kids, I started singing harmony with my father. When Phil's voice matured, his was higher, so he started harmony. We've got a good voice blend. If I change melody, Phil changes right with me. Being related helps immensely as far as the sound goes. It has been a tradition in country music that family members sing together.

In the Forties and Fifties, we were growing up singing on radio. The kids at school were not even aware we were doing this. Our radio life was kind of a secret life, basically.

Both of us were late bloomers. We never got into trouble and were always the cleanest-cut kids. I didn't say "Hell" until I was 20. From then on, I guess, I made up for lost time. I am two years older than Phil. I don't think I was the typical older brother, but I tried to be dominating musically. Being older meant I had to break the ice. Our parents were very strict, and it's harder for the first. I couldn't go out late, anyway, because I had to be up at five A.M.

for the radio show. Our dates could always stay out later than we could. Phil was on the track team and the basketball team and got better grades. I was an average student, because it didn't interest me. We had morning shows and noon shows, and there really wasn't much time for a social life. Ours was not a normal childhood.

We're not very alike. It's important to spend time away from each other. When we broke up, we didn't think we would get back together again for a long time.

So we became estranged. Time can pass very quickly. You can never go back and make up for those years. So my advice to anyone who hasn't spoken to his brother for a long time is, call him up. I called Phil. I was the one who said, "Don't call me," so I figured it was my turn.

PHIL, 47: I wasn't planning on stopping performing. That's something Donald felt, and the need was greater for him than it was for me. I have a tendency, partly because I'm the younger brother, to flow along. It was an awfully big factory to close down. It took a lot of balls, and Donald's got them.

I think I'm a little less serious than Donald. He was always kind of out front, having to do the heavy lifting.

When we were on the radio in Knoxville, Tennessee, I was going with a girl whose brother was in Donald's class. Donald was fairly fast with the ladies. In those days, we had ducktails, which could scare a parent real good. Anyway, she broke off with me because her brother had told her parents that Donald was real fast with the girls and it was a bad idea for her to be going out with me. I was not old enough to have a reputation, so I got his.

We were both raised very strictly, and I think Donald got the brunt of it. Mother was always on his case. I probably got away with more. I was a great one for slipping and sliding—you know, hiding in the shadows. I could watch the arguments he got into and see which way the wind was going to blow on a given issue and know how I would be standing in two years.

He was never bossy, more of a live-and-let-live guy. When we were young, we shared a folding sofa. It was an interesting way to grow up—with his feet in my face.

We always had separate friends. That's another thing about singing together. You're pictured in everyone's mind as having that ultracloseness. But it wasn't like that. And when we were young, like when I started dating, I wouldn't want to hang out with Donald. What kind of chances does a 14-year-old guy have getting a girl with a 16-year-old guy hanging around? I had no chance if Don was there. Zero.

We've spent more time together than most brothers I know. Even if Don and I had been running the Everly Brothers Deli, there would have been pressures. But if you add to that the artistic aspect, there's even more pressure.

Don sang the lead. The harmony can't dictate what the lead is going to do or how

many twirls you're going to put in it. I always understood, though, the value of what I contributed.

We always agreed on the songs that became hits. It wasn't a matter of thinking or talking it over; you felt it or you didn't.

How did we get back together? We started talking on the phone. I was in Europe and stopped in to see him in Tennessee afterward. It was up to him to end our long separation and up to me to be receptive. Even if we didn't wind up working together, just getting together would have been the rightest thing we could have done, because, you know, something could happen—like you could die. It's that simple. We went to lunch together and it was like being on the good side of the relationship instead of where we were at the very end. And it was fun. He's very funny, you know. So we spent the lunch laughing.

The first time our voices joined in song together after those ten years was in a rehearsal hall we hired in Nashville. It was *Bye Bye Love*. Without tooting our horn, we both sing very well separately. But the first few notes that we sang together were the most fun, the most revealing of revelations. It was a little bit like jumping into a pool without sticking your toe in first.

Before we went out on the stage at Albert Hall for our reunion concert, I guess it felt like two parachutists fixing to jump off a plane. We didn't really say anything to each other. What can you say?

THE QUARDS (actors)

RANDY, 35: My first memory of Dennis is when they brought him home from the hospital. I remember seeing him in a little bassinet and experiencing my first pangs of jealousy. Until then, I had been the only child and was used to getting all the attention. I remember watching my mother nursing him and feeling jealous because I wasn't able to nurse. We had this awful old nanny, Miss Box. Mother was always sending me out of the room to Miss Box, which upset me. I got Miss Box, the ultimate hag, and he got Mom.

Dennis got away with more while we were growing up. My parents were very cautious with me, because I was the first. I didn't get to go out on dates until I was 16 or 17. Then Dennis came along, and at 14 or so he was allowed to go out. He was always considered the baby of the family and got preferential treatment.

Of course, being older gave me a tremendous advantage when we were growing up, because I could beat the hell out of him and make his life miserable for the first 16 years. It gave me a nice thrill.

The meanest thing I ever did to him was hitting him so hard once, he didn't speak to me for four days. He told on me, of course. I was about 14 then.

The meanest thing he ever did to me was becoming successful.

I got to Hollywood first. He showed up about three years later. I wanted him to

(continued overleaf)

BERNARD and HUEY

YOU'RE NEARLY FIFTY,
BERNARD. NO WIFE.
NO CHILDREN.

WHOLL LOOK
AFTER YOU
WHEN YOU'RE
OLD?

BOGART, DENIRO, FRED ASTAIRE,
JAMES GARNER, JACK NICHOLSON.



FOUR OLYMPIADS, TEN SUPER-
BOWLS. ALL OF 'EM ON TAPE.
ALI-FRAZIER. HAGLER-HEARNS...

"CLOSE ENCOUNTERS," "SHANE,"
"8½," "CHINA TOWN," "CASABLANCA,"
"GODFATHER I AND II."

CHER, MERYL STREEP, JESSICA LANGE,
DIANA ROSS, KATHLEEN TURNER,
TINA TURNER, LANA TURNER.



"THE HONEYMOONERS,"
"HILL STREET,"
"ROCKFORD,"
"MASH,"
"MARY TYLER MOORE."

AND FOR A SENSE
OF FAMILY WARMTH:
"THE COSBY SHOW."

TODAY'S TECHNOLOGY
GIVES COMFORT TO
A MAN FROM THE
CRADLE TO THE
GRAVE.

SO WHO NEEDS YOU?



JIMMY FENNER

change his name, but he wouldn't. Despite that, I did help him in any way I could, introduced him to my agent and all that.

For a time, he lived next door to me. It really pissed me off at first. He was the first one to buy a house, because he had all this money coming in. So he bought a house right in front of me. I had to grow up sharing a bedroom with him till I was 16. I was trying to get away from him, living a separate life, and he went and bought a house *right* next door.

The best thing about having a brother is having another man you are really close to, somebody you feel understands. The worst thing about having a brother has pretty much passed for me. That's sharing the love, the parents and the toys. He was always after my toys. We had a lot of fights. I used to love hearing him scream, "Ma—Randy is bothering me."

I'd say Mother liked Dennis better when we were growing up. But I think she likes me the best now.

DENNIS, 30: Mom really likes me best, to tell you the truth. Mom will say she likes both of us equally, of course. But the younger gets the better end of the stick in some ways. He gets to do all the stuff the older one didn't, because the parents are cooled down by the time he comes along.

I'm more like Dad than Randy is. I even look like my father, so they say. Maybe Randy's more like Mom. It's hard to say. He has some of her qualities.

What I remember best about our childhood was his being bigger than I was. Now he's 6'5". He's always been a big guy. And we always had a really good relationship. We went through all the sibling stuff, like him torturing me when I was a kid, us nagging at each other. But we've remained very close for some reason. I think we're closer than most brothers, especially ones who are in the same business.

We're also a rarity among acting brothers. Usually, brothers are up for the same roles because they happen to look alike.

Randy and I are never up for the same roles, so that kind of competition is out.

I think the brothers who can fight with each other are the closest, as long as you never let it get so bad that you walk away and say "I'll never talk to you again." Not that it hasn't crossed my mind. But we always come back together.

I actually started acting in junior high, though Randy will contend I wasn't really serious. Randy was the first one to say, "I want to be an actor." I really wonder if it had anything to do with my becoming an actor, too. Both Randy and I had a wonderful acting teacher named Cecil Pickett. Randy led me to it, but if it weren't for Pickett, I'd be repairing lawn mowers.

My brother is away and returns tomorrow. I'll see him then. Afterward, he's going off again for four months. I miss him when I don't see him a lot.

THE HINESES (actors, dancers)

MAURICE, 42: The last thing we did together was *Eubie!* on Broadway in 1978. Then, when Francis Coppola was working on *The Cotton Club*, Gregory, who was already in the cast, called me and said, "You've got to see the script. It's so much like our life."

In the movie, we break up our act as brothers and almost come to blows. It happened that way in real life. After 25 years of performing together, we realized we had to break up our own act to save ourselves as brothers. Musically, we were off in different directions. He wanted to go into a white rock-'n'-roll kind of sound; I wanted to go more into theater. When we were working as Hines, Hines and Dad, everything was done for us. Neither of us knew much, but we knew we had to break up. In the movie, we do the same thing, and we reunite dancing. In real life, we reunited in *Eubie!* We danced and then hugged and kissed each other, because we loved dancing together. In the movie, it happens the same way.

Breaking up was something we both needed to do to become men. We were fighting all the time. We were not individuals, we were the Hines brothers. When we broke up, he wound up selling guitar strings in Venice while I was selling shirts in New York. There were no jobs for us in the business. For me, it was very difficult. It was like Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin. I played the straight man. It never occurred to anyone that I was talented.

My first memory of Gregory is of the day my mother brought him home from the hospital, put him on the bed and said, "This is your baby." He looked so beautiful, this big, fluffy thing. People often ask me, "Didn't you ever resent your brother?" No, I didn't. I just wanted him to be happy. I always felt I was supposed to protect him. Now he tries to protect me. I'm a bit too honest for my own good. He has already called me about this interview to warn me to be careful. Mom, too.

We shared the same bedroom, but we



"To sum up about Santa, he's partly a man and partly a woman; in short, a kind of hermaphrodite."

Alive with pleasure! Newport



© Lorillard, Inc. - U.S.A., 1985

**After all,
if smoking isn't a pleasure,
why bother?**

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

never fought much. I remember he used to get his way a lot. He was very pretty. I was not pretty. Perhaps I'm being too revealing, but I'm going to tell you something I've never talked about before. You see, in black families of that type, to look white was a bonus. My mother's side of the family was Portuguese, and my brother took after her. I looked like my father's side, with black features. I realized that very early, and it was confusing to me as a child—somehow, my brother would get certain things because of the way he looked. But we were the only children, and my mother loved us both equally. She didn't react to her sons the way the rest of the family did. After all, she had married my father, and he didn't have white features. My father was a big, black, good-looking man, and she loved him, too.

I was always the kid who did what he was told. I took out the garbage, walked the dogs, made the bed. Gregory went to the park. I was always in the house, doing my homework. I got better grades until Mom cracked down on him. But when Gregory gets interested in something, he really throws himself into it.

He used to get into more trouble than I did. Sometimes, like when he wasn't home by dark, I would try to cover for him. When we were doing *The Cotton Club*, I found myself in that same position. I'd be walking around and they'd say, "Where's your brother?" It was like we were little kids again. I was always there on time, and Gregory always came late but was so charming no one cared.

We don't talk often on the phone. We don't hang out together. But we live three blocks from each other. We always seem to gravitate to each other.

GREGORY, 39: We performed for our first 25 years together as Hines, Hines and Dad, and most of those years were very enjoyable. But once I got to be an adult and started to form my own feelings and values about working, it started breaking down. We wanted to go in different directions creatively. I had been working my whole life, most of the time doing what everybody else thought best. It's not that I was ordered to do anything, but everything was a group agreement. I wanted to make my own decisions, and because Maurice and I were disagreeing so much at this point, our relationship as brothers was deteriorating. I knew no way to save it other than to split up as artists.

Dancing with Maurice is a magical experience that's hard to put into words. It's always a pleasure because of the foundation we built. We know each other so well. I can rely on him and have tremendous confidence in him. I've danced with a lot of people who are really talented, but it's not the same experience.

One reason I can enjoy working with him now is that I know it's not going to be all the time. We think very differently as artists. And if you're an artist who works live, you especially want to make your own

decisions. That's what happened with us—we both wanted to do it our way. But once we split up, we became much closer as brothers, and that makes me happy.

I always got away with more. Maurice was really a good boy, into listening. It may have been that I was more curious. Maurice got the better grades. When I was eight, I saw an incredible performance by an improvisational dancer and decided that was what I wanted to do. I spent my free time trying to make up steps. Even though we had an act, I didn't enjoy practicing the same steps over and over.

When we were growing up, my outgoing nature worked the act. I was spontaneous on stage and would make faces, and so on, which put me in the role of being the comedian. Early on, Maurice encouraged me and responded as the straight man, helping set things up. It was never planned or discussed. I think Maurice felt overlooked in those formative years. People would come backstage and talk mostly about me. In our business, the straight man goes unseen if he does his job really well. I remember we were kids when Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis split up, and often we would be compared to them. So when Dean Martin did real well in the movies, Maurice felt encouraged. But not until we split up as an act did he concentrate on himself. It seems like he was always concentrating on making me look good.

THE SMOTHERSES (comedians)

TOM, 48: One thing Dickie will never be is the older brother. There is a psychological edge when you have that little extra time on him. I've met a lot of twins, and I always ask, "Which is the older?" They always have an immediate answer—even though the difference is only a few minutes. Dickie can be the more dominant, but he can never be older.

I'm the businessman, the negotiator. In all other areas except the act itself, I take the typical older-brother role. But in the act, it's all turned around. The older brother should be the straight man.

Just like brothers do when they're kids, we still fight. It's not so much fighting as a constant, consistent disagreement on trivia. But the important thing is, we pull together when times get tough. In a crisis, we're always protective of each other.

I used to say, "If I had been an only child and God had lined up ten or 15 brothers for me to pick from, I wouldn't have chosen him." I'd probably choose someone the same as me.

When we were going through those fights with CBS in 1969, Dick was out racing automobiles in Sebring. He would check in with me on the big fight. He'd say, "Are you right? OK. Go ahead." That fight put us out of business for ten years. But never once did he say, "You blew the show." Once we commit ourselves, there is no second-guessing.

We're constantly being mixed up with each other when we're alone. People call

him Tom and me Dick. But when we're together, they know our correct names. It's like we're not real unless we're together.

I thought I could be a stand-up comic by myself. But I've come to the conclusion after a lot of years that we're inexorably attached. Each of us will die being known as one of the Smothers Brothers. And that didn't seem so bad after a while.

DICK, 47: If you're a younger brother, you don't even think about it, because that's all you've ever been. I have no idea what it's like *not* to have a brother. Yet to me, it's a very personal thing. I'm always surprised when one of my kids calls the other one brother. It's like Tommy and me are the only ones.

As older brothers will do, Tommy takes on the leadership role, and sometimes, when he's not right and gets lost and doesn't know what to do, he has to deal with the frustration. The younger child, on the other hand, is used to letting the other one have his way, even when he thinks his own way is correct. Then, when things don't go right, he has the pleasure of being able to go, "Na-na-na-na-na." It's almost like going through life as a Monday-morning quarterback. Still, if I get into trouble, I want him to get me out of it.

I think Tommy is a little disappointed that he didn't make it in movies. It's a natural thing to want to make it on your own. He got discouraged too easily and quit too soon. When you're very successful in one area, it's sometimes harder to pick up another craft. And being a comedian doesn't automatically prepare you for film acting.

I encouraged him to keep on acting. I don't think there is anything either one of us could be successful at that the other one would be jealous of. I can't work alone. There is no market for single straight men. But I still want success for him. If it turned out he was very good in movies, maybe I'd be a producer. There's nothing wrong with nepotism.

THE CARRADINES (actors)

DAVID, 49: I never got to know Keith and Bobby until they were grown up. The center of the family sort of shifted to the brothers, half brothers and stepbrothers rather than our father [actor John Carradine]. There was no doubt that he was head of the family, but when he moved out of town and concentrated on his fourth wife, Keith and Bobby and I were in L.A., trying to make it in show business, so we palled around. In recent years, I've become the closest to Bobby. I took care of him the last few years he was in high school. He lived with me, and I would send him down to school on his bicycle every day.

Keith lived with me for a while. I had already been acting for a decade when he moved in. As a matter of fact, I used to move in and out of houses. And when I'd move out, I'd move Keith in. For a while

we lived together, and then I thought he should strike out on his own. He really didn't want to, so I gave him my house. I thought he needed to be his own man, not have a big brother watching over him. I had to do the same thing with Bobby.

One time, I told Keith, "Stop asking me all these questions. Don't you understand I'm just making up the answers—just using logic? You can make up the answers yourself." And he actually took it to heart and walked out of my life. I hardly saw him for five or six years while he was building his own manhood.

Do I still play the paternal role? No longer. Keith is bigger than I am, and he has his stuff together. He's a family man and he has his finances together. He has a beautiful house out in Topanga, with lots of property. Bobby is more of a kid, but I couldn't say he asks me for advice.

Once, I came close to going after one of my brothers' girlfriends. Bobby and I didn't share the girl; it was actually after they broke up that I got sweet on her. It almost destroyed the brotherhood.

I don't see Keith enough. He's a really busy guy. He's got a new marriage, a young son, and his career is really breaking right now. And I'm as busy as hell. I don't have time for anything. Bobby lives just three blocks from me. We go up there and ride, talk about cars and motorcycles or play music.

KEITH, 35: I have half brothers, full brothers, stepbrothers. It's incredibly complicated. I share a common mother and father with Bobby and Christopher [an architect]. I share a father only with David. And I share a mother only with Michael Bowen [an actor].

I feel very close to David, though not as

close as we once were. I think that's because when I really got to know David, he was in his late 20s or early 30s and I was just passing from being a teenager into being a man.

It was in my last year in high school that I decided to look David up. I was basically a pretty straight, law-abiding kid. But I knew that David smoked grass, and this was something I wanted to know about. I figured, What better way to get a little grass and smoke some and see what it is than to find David? A friend and I went to his "pad"—that should be in quotes—where we proceeded to have what we all thought was this incredibly bohemian, beatnik, hippie-type evening.

I found his stereo, looked through his records and picked out some Rachmaninoff. I thought that would impress him,

BROTHERS: THE ADVENTURE BEGINS



Clockwise from top left, Bobby and Keith Corrodine at a birthday party, with a friend (not David) between them. That's Stacy holding James Keoch; Tom and Dick Smothers looking very military; Steven and Phil Mohre, après-ski; Gregory and Maurice Hines, with ears; Dennis and Rony Quoid boreback; Don and Phil Everly woking up Little Susie; and the Gotlins in order: Lorry, Steve and Rudy. Rambo and bro' ore missing in action.



because I knew he was into the classics. He made a funny face, said, "Let's play something else" and put on a Tim Buckley album. I suddenly realized how uncool I had been to put on classical music. I think at one point I said, "Hey, have you got any grass?" And he said, "Oh, do you want it?" I said, "Yeah, I was hoping we could get stoned or something." So he went rummaging around in the back yard and found a little bottle that was his stash, put it into a little pipe and we all lit up. This was so quintessentially late Sixties. We also were drinking a lot of wine, and within about an hour and a half I was puking in the back yard. I have very fond memories of that night.

As time went on, I became more comfortable and less concerned with impressing him. During the first three to five years that we spent a lot of time together, David had an incredible influence on the way I thought and the personality I was developing.

It carried on that way for some time. Then the inevitable occurred, and it

became time for the protégé to rebel against his mentor. There was a period when I decided that David was full of shit and didn't know anything. Anything he said, I would argue with.

I still feel very close to David, and I love him so much. I wish we saw more of each other. The best time we've all had was working together on *The Long Riders*, because we could see each other every day.

Bobby was always my kid brother, and there were times when I loved being the big brother. I would protect him from bullies, but then he would get into my stuff, and that would make me nuts. I remember once when I was about eight and he was about three, he helped give me my first lesson in karma. My friend had a barlow knife that I wanted desperately, so I shoplifted one from a hardware store. One day, it turned up missing. I browbeat Bobby until he admitted he had taken it and was scared that I would find out, so he hid it. I said, "Where did you hide it?" He said, "I put it in a gopher hole out there"

and pointed to the pastures. We were living in Calabasas, and there were about five acres of pasture with probably a million gopher holes. He had no idea which one he had put it in.

I remember when Bobby decided to be an actor, I was jealous that he was going to do the same thing that I was doing. Bobby's range of talents is so great that there were a lot of other things he could do. When he started, I was worried that he was choosing it not because that was what he really wanted but because David and I were doing it and it was the family thing to do. But I'm so proud of him now.

BOBBY, 31: As the youngest, I had nowhere to go but to get punished for shit they did. In our house, we had the cry test. If you were accused and didn't cry, you were not guilty. But because I was always getting accused and was real sensitive, I would cry even if I weren't guilty. I was actually a pretty good boy.

It's not a disadvantage being younger, because you can watch your older brothers fuck up and avoid their fuck-ups. You get more of a chance to get it right, more time to learn. But experience is the best teacher.

My first memories of David are of his coming in and out of our house, but my first solid recollection was when I was 16. I had seen him on the TV series *Shane* and was star struck. I was real impressed with David, and I still am.

Both David and Keith were all for my being an actor. David, in particular, had a lot to do with my decision. I was reluctant to be an actor, because I didn't think the profession could stomach another acting Carradine. People would figure, "They can't all be good. One of them has to have no talent." I didn't want that pressure.

Going to Hollywood High School and living with David were great times—if you can imagine David Carradine writing notes asking teachers to excuse my tardiness. He really would do all those things—except the notes would be written on the back of a canceled check or something. But by the time I was 18, I was out on my own and writing my own notes.

The woman David is with now is one I once dated. The first few weeks were tough. But, ultimately, the truth is, they get along great and I love them together.

I really like being seen with David or Keith. When people recognize them and discover I'm there, too, I get to bathe in a little bit of their light. But any time any of us go out together, it's like, "We're the Carradine boys—you better lock up your daughters." That's the feeling, even though most of us are monogamous right now. It's a feeling of swashbucklingness, and it feels really good. When I'm with my brother—any one of them—I feel twice as dangerous. And when there are three of us, we're three times as dangerous. I fucking love having all these brothers.



"'T was the night before
New Year's Eve.' . . . Nah. 'T was the night
before the Fourth of July.' . . . Nah. What I need
is a holiday with two syllables."





Have a ball.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. 80 PROOF. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KY.

"There are some pegs, my man, that'll never fit a square hole. No matter how much force is used."

skunks had left us piled nicely in the feed bucket. We stood in the henhouse door, watching an Oregon sun pulling hard for a Fourth-of-July noon, circa 1970.

"A mission? In Canada?"

"Yeah." He was looking away from me, across the chicken yard at his bus. The black door had cracked open and Percy was peeping out to see if the coast was clear. "A sort of modern Underground Railroad."

"You mean leave the States?"

"Heliotrope was very persuasive," he answered.

"You're way past getting drafted."

"But I'm not past knowing bum shit when I see it border to border. Hang around shit long enough, you're gonna get some on you, I also know *that*."

"Listen. When I was on the run, I came across a lot of American expatriates. You know what I noticed about the whole lot of them, especially the men?"

He didn't answer. He picked an egg out of the bucket and rolled it around with his long magician's fingers.

"I noticed that they were all very damned hangdog apologetic."

"About what?"

"About running away from home with all this bum shit needing cleaning up is what! Besides, what about Percy? He isn't draft age."

"In a way, he is. His square daddy keeps trying to force him to shape up. His teachers are always on his ass—pledge allegiance, cut his hair, mind his tongue."

He paused and watched the little red-head sneak elaborately across our yard to the house.

"There are some pegs, my man, that'll never fit a square hole. No matter how much force is used."

"We can change the hole," I reminded him.

"Can we?" M'kehla carefully put the egg back into the bucket and looked at me. "Can we really?"

This time, I didn't answer. The issue was too long between us for easy answering. During the decade of our friendship, we had shared a vision, a cause. We were comrades in that somewhat nebulous campaign dedicated to the overthrow of centuries of thought control. We dreamed of actually changing the human mind to make way for a new consciousness. Only from this unclouded vantage, we maintained, could humanity finally rise out of the repeating history of turds and turmoil and realize that mighty goal of One World. One World Well Fed, treated fair, at peace, turned on and in tune with the universal harmony of the spheres and the eternal,

ever-changing dharma of . . . of . . . anyway, one wonderful world.

We never claimed to know precisely when the birth of this new consciousness would take place or what assortment of potions might be required to initiate contractions, but always we had taken it for granted that this shining nativity would happen *here*, out of an American labor.

Europe was too stiff to bring it off; Africa too primitive; China too poor. And the Russians thought they had already accomplished revolution. But Canada? Canada had never even been considered, except recently, by deserters of the dream. I didn't like seeing them leave, these dreamers like brilliant and broken Heliotrope and old comrade M'kehla.

These freckle-faced Huck Finns.

After his second helping of eggs, Percy began to yawn, and Betsy packed him away to share Quiston's bunk. M'kehla, though, looked wider-awake than ever. He announced he was ready for action. I explained the day's plan. We had a new string of calves that needed branding and an old string of friends coming out to help. We would brand and barbecue, swim and drink beer and end up at the fireworks display in Eugene at dusk.

"So we have to prepare for the day. We need to spread sawdust, buy beer, reinforce the corral to be sure it'll keep the calves in—"

"And the goat out," Betsy added.

"Why, then," M'kehla said, already heading for the door, "let us so embark."

We got the tractor started and the auger hooked up and holes for new posts drilled. I set the posts while M'kehla tamped them fast with stones gathered from the ditches. We worked hard. I had to hustle to match M'kehla's pace. I was glad when the first visitor showed up to give me an excuse for a break.

It was my cousin Davy, the ex-boxer. His eyes were red and his nose even redder. I asked Davy what he was doing out this early. He said it was as a matter of fact this *late*, and he had come because in the course of a long night's ramble, he had acquired an item that he thought might interest me.

"For your Independence Day doodah, cousin."

He brought it from the back seat of his banged-up Falcon station wagon, a beautiful American flag, trimmed with gold braid. It was a good 20 feet long. Davy claimed to have won it in a contest during the night. He didn't remember what kind of contest, but he recalled that the victory

had been decisive and glorious. I told him it was a great item; too bad I didn't have a pole. Davy turned slowly around until he spotted a small redwood that the frost had killed the winter after I planted it.

"How about yon pole," he drawled, then pointed at the last unposted hole where M'kehla and I were working, "in hither hole?"

So the three of us felled the redwood and bucked the limbs off. Davy made a try at barking it with the drawknife but gave up after ten minutes. M'kehla and I deepened the augered hole by hand until it would support the height of our spar and dragged it over. We attached the hooks and pulleys and tilted the pole into the hole just as my best buddy, Fred Dobbs, and his crew were arriving in his cutaway bus. In our hurry to get the flag aloft for their arrival, we just tossed in dirt, promising to tamp it later. Dobbs got out as I pulled the brilliant banner aloft. He and Davy snapped to a rigid salute. They launched into *The Marine Corps Hymn* with such verve that I came to attention and joined them.

M'kehla had chosen not to honor the ceremonies. He had turned back to our fencing task, reaching around the flagpole and hammering in the last section of wire.

This is when Killer made that pile-driving sneak attack that started this story about verve and nerve, and the loss of it, and old friends, and strange beasts.

It took all three of us to separate the man and the goat, Dobbs and I holding the animal, Davy wrestling with M'kehla. This was a mistake. It very nearly got M'kehla and my cousin into it. Something was done or said and they sprang apart, glaring, and were into their karate and boxing stances before we could step between them.

Dobbs mollified Davy with a cold Oly and I persuaded M'kehla to go down to the pond with me to cool down and scrub off. After his first dip, he was laughing about the flare-up, said it wouldn't happen again . . . maybe, however, he should drive his bus down here, out of goat territory. He could park it in the shade of the ash trees on the swamp side of the pond.

I stood in the open stair well and directed him down. The sound of the engine brought Percy straight from his nap and running from the house.

"Look at him hop," M'kehla laughed. "He thought I was leaving without him."

He parked where he could get some of the overhanging shade and still see the water. He swiveled out of the driver's seat and strolled to the rear of his living room on wheels.

"Come on back. Let's get high and analyze the world situation." He sprawled across his zebraskin water bed like an Ethiopian nabob.

The day mellowed. A soft breeze started strumming the bus roof with the hanging Spanish moss. My kids and Percy were splashing in the pond with their tubes;



SONY INTRODUCES THE TELEVISION IN WHICH FORM EQUALS FUNCTION.

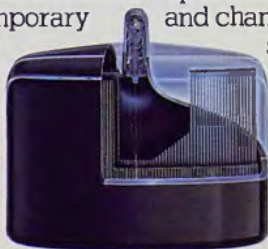
The 27" Ultra-Contemporary Trinitron with Microblack.

As most TV manufacturers see it, a television's appearance should take a back seat to its performance.

At Sony, we have always held both in equally high esteem.

And nowhere is this more evident than in our new ultra-contemporary Trinitron® TV.

Among its more amazing attributes is a 27" (measured diagonally) screen with our Microblack™ picture tube. For 400 lines of horizontal resolution with



direct video input and up to 50% greater contrast.

The result of which is the clearest, richest, best-defined color picture in Trinitron history.

To add to that, there's a built-in stereo decoder that captures all upcoming stereo TV programming and channels it through double-sided speakers. And a separate bass woofer, for deep, full sound.

There's the cable-compatible* Express Tuning® system with up to 181 channels. Even an on-screen display that shows you the

functions you're operating with your Sony Express Commander® remote control.

But no less remarkable is the form in which all these functions are housed. All-wood cabinetry with a sleek ebony finish. A permanent pedestal. Clean and contemporary lines.

All of which makes the new 27" ultra-contemporary Trinitron a thing of beauty to watch.

Even when you're not watching TV.

SONY®
THE ONE AND ONLY®

ENGLISH
LEATHER®
WALLETS
AND
GIFT SETS
BY
ARISTOCRAT.
MORE
REASONS
TO WEAR
ENGLISH
LEATHER
OR
WEAR
NOTHING
AT ALL.



ARISTOCRAT LEATHER PRODUCTS, N.Y. NY 10001 © 1985



GENUINE LEATHER

GIVE HIM THE GIFTS YOU'RE SURE WILL FIT.

Aristocrat



CENTER STAGE

Now, appearing together like they never appear onstage: Playboy's Entertaining Women. Madonna. Vanity. PLAYBOY's Girls of Rock 'n' Roll. And other sexy entertainers in a pictorial performance that'll knock your socks off. A Playboy Special Edition.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW!

To order by mail: Send check or money order for \$6.50 per copy (includes postage) made payable to: Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007. Canadian residents, add \$3.00, full amount payable in U.S. currency on a U.S. bank only. Sorry, no other foreign orders can be accepted.

their shouts and laughter drifted to us through the swaying Queen Anne's lace. M'kehla and I sipped Dos Equis and argued. We had just started on the Third World and our fourth beer when someone came banging at the bus door.

M'kehla opened it and my nine-year-old son, Quiston, leaned in, wet and wide-eyed.

"Dad!" Quiston yelled up the stair well. "Percy's found a *monster* in the pond."

"What kind of monster, Quiz?"

"A *big* one . . . crouched on the bottom by the pump house!"

"Tell him I'll come out after a while and get it," I told Quiston.

"All *right*," he said and headed back toward the pond with the news, his white hair waving in the weeds. "Dad's gonna get him, Percy! My dad's gonna get him!"

I watched him go, feeling very fatherly. M'kehla came and stood beside me.

"It doesn't worry you, Dad? All this faith?"

I told him nope, not me, and I meant it. I was feeling good. I could see my friends and my relatives arriving up by the barn. I could hear the squawk of the sound system as Dobbs got it wired up to announce the branding, rodeo style. I could see the new honey-colored cedar posts in the corral and the pigeons strutting on the bright new wire. And Old Glory was fluttering over all.

"I got faith in all this faith," I told him.

We drank beer and enjoyed our old arguments and watched the crowd gather. Rampage and his kids, Buddy and his. The Mikkelsens, the Butkovitches. The women carried dishes to the kitchen; the kids went for the pond; the men came to the bus. Bucko brought a case of Bohemian stubbies. After an hour of tepid beer and politics, Dobbs tossed his half-empty hottle out the window.

"All right, *e-nuff* of this foam and foofaraw," he declared, right at M'kehla. "Break out the heavy stuff!"

As a man of the trade, M'kehla always had a formidable stash. He uncoiled from his zebra lounge and walked to the front of the bus. With a flourish, he produced a little metal box from somewhere behind the driver's seat. It was a fishing-tackle case with trays that accorded out when he opened it, making an impressive display. The trays were divided into compartments and each section was filled and labeled. From a tiny stall labeled ROYAL COACHMAN, he picked up a gummy black lump the size of a golf ball.

"Afghani," he said, rolling it along his finger tips like the egg in the henhouse.

He pinched off a generous chunk and heated it with a butane lighter. When it was properly softened, he crumbled it into the bowl of his stone-bowled Indian peace pipe and fired it up. At the first fragrant wisp of smoke, Percy came baying up the stair well like a hound. He had smelled it all the way to the pond.

"Hah!" he said, coming down the aisle, rubbing his hands. "In the nick of time."

He was wearing Quiston's big cowboy hat to keep from further sunburning his nose and neck, and he had a bright-yellow bandanna secured around his throat with a longhorn tie slide. He looked like a munchkin cowpoke.

He plumped down on the pillows and leaned back with his fingers laced behind his neck, just one of the fellas. When the peace pipe came back around to M'kehla, he passed it to Percy. The little boy puffed up a terrific cloud.

Davy wouldn't join us, though. "Makes a man too peaceful," he explained, opening another beer. "And these are not peaceful times."

"That's why Perce and me are pulling up stakes and rollin' on."

"Up to Canada, did I hear?" Dobbs asked.

"Up it is," M'kehla answered, reloading the pipe. "To start a sanctuary."

"A sanctuary for shirkers," Davy muttered.

"Well, Dave," Dobbs said, lifting his shoulders in a diplomatic shrug, "patriots and zealots don't generally need a sanctuary, you got to admit that."

Fred C. Dobbs had served in the early days of our inglorious "police action" as a Marine pilot, flying the big Huey helicopters in and out of the hornet's nest of the Cong. After four years, he had been discharged with medals and citations and the rank of captain and a footlocker full of Burmese green. He was the only vet among us and was not the least upset by M'kehla's planned defection, especially under the pacifying spell of M'kehla's hash. On the other hand, Davy was growing less and less happy with M'kehla and his plan. You could see it in the way he brooded over his beer. And when M'kehla's Indian pipe came around to him again, he slapped it away with the back of a balled fist.

"I'll stick to good old firewater from the Great White Father," he grunted. "That flower-power stuff just makes a man sleepy."

"I've been driving since noon yesterday," M'kehla said softly, retrieving his pipe. "Do I look sleepy?"

"Probably popping pills or sniffing snow all the way," Davy grumbled. "I seen the type on the gym circuit."

"Not a pill. Not a sniff. Well, maybe one puff of some flower-power stuff. One little hit. But I'll bet there isn't *one* of you big white fathers with the balls to try *half* what I do."

"Me!" Percy chirped.

"Leave that shit alone," Davy ordered, tilting the hat down over the boy's eyes. "You half-baked buckaroo."

I stepped up to get between Davy and M'kehla. "I might try a taste. What is it, like smoking speed?"

M'kehla turned without answering. He reached a clay samovar down from his sta-

ples cupboard and opened it. He pinched out a wad of dried green leaves.

"Not much," he answered, smiling. "Just a little ordinary mint tea—"

He thumbed the wad down into the bowl of the pipe, then took a tiny bottle out of his tackle box from a compartment marked SNELLED HOOKS. Carefully, he unscrewed the lid:

"And a little STP."

"Eek," said Buddy.

Dobbs agreed, "Eek, indeed."

None of us had tried the drug, but we all had heard of it—a designated bumper, developed by the military for the stated purpose of confusing and discouraging enemy troops. The experiment had reportedly been dropped after a few of the hapless guinea pigs claimed that the chemical had prompted concentration instead of confusion. These lucky few said it seemed to not only sharpen their wits but double their energy and dissolve their illusions as well.

Nothing the Army wanted to chance, even for our own soldiers.

The sight of the little bottle had produced a twisted silence on the bus. Everybody watched as M'kehla drew from his hair a long ivory knife with a very thin curved blade. He dipped the point into the bottle and put a tiny heap of white powder into the bowlful of green mint, three times.

"Observe," he said and raised the pipe to his lips.

With the lighter boring a long blue flame into the stone bowl, M'kehla drew one deep breath and held it, eyes almost closed. Within seconds, we all saw his eyes snap wide, then narrow, glittering afresh with that dark, sharp humor. He breathed out an inviting sigh and lifted the pipe toward my cousin. Davy dropped his eyes and shook his head.

"Not this father," he muttered.

"I guess I might try one blade tip," I ventured, feeling that somebody should defend the family honor. "For the sake of science."

We all watched as M'kehla repacked the pipe. He swayed as he worked, singing in a sweet, incomprehensible whisper. His hands danced and mimed. When he picked up the vial, a dusty sunbeam streamed through the window and illuminated the green glass. The hair on my arms stood up. I cleared my throat and looked at my brother.

"You want to join me, try some of this superstuff?"

"I never even tried it in my car. I'll get the dry ice ready for the brand. Come on, Percy. Learn something. . . ."

Buddy stood up and started for the door, pushing Percy ahead of him. I looked at Dobbs. He stood up, too.

"I guess I gots to finish the sound, boss."

Rampage was supposed to be picking up the keg at Lucky's, and Bucko had to take a leak. One by one, they ambled to

U.S. Postal Service statement of ownership, management and circulation. 1. Title of publication: PLAYBOY. Publication no.: 321478. 2. Date of filing: October 1, 1988. 3. Frequency of issue: Monthly. A. No. of issues published annually: 12. B. Annual subscription price: \$22. 4. Complete mailing address of known office of publication: 918 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Cook County, Ill. 60611. 5. Complete mailing address of the headquarters of general business offices of the publisher: 918 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Cook County, Ill. 60611. 6. Names and complete addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher and Editor, Hugh M. Hefner, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90069; Managing Editor, Position open. 7. Owner: Playboy Enterprises, Inc., 618 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock: Hugh M. Hefner, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90069; Cede & Co., Box 222, Bowling Green Station, New York, N.Y. 10004; Kray & Co., 120 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. 60603; FMR Corp., 82 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass. 02109; PEI—Office of the Treasurer, 918 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. 8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None. 9. For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates: Not applicable. 10. Extent and nature of circulation: Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months: A. Total no. copies printed, 6,061,146; B. Paid and/or requested circulation, (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales, 1,690,503; (2) Mail subscriptions, 2,486,206; C. Total paid and/or requested circulation, 4,186,709; D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means, samples, complimentary, and other free copies, 164,216; E. Total distribution, 4,350,925; F. Copies not distributed, (1) Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing, 11,242; (2) Returns from news agents, 1,698,979; G. Total, 6,061,146. Actual no. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: A. Total no. copies printed, 5,818,285; B. Paid and/or requested circulation, (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales, 2,668,485; (2) Mail subscriptions, 2,373,000; C. Total paid and/or requested circulation, 5,238,485; D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means, samples, complimentary, and other free copies, 164,065; E. Total distribution, 5,400,570; F. Copies not distributed, (1) Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing, 13,797; (2) Returns from news agents, 501,898; G. Total, 5,818,285. 11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. Richard E. Smith, Senior Vice-President, Circulation Director.

Train at home for one of these 28 career opportunities

Free facts about Diplomas and Two-Year Degrees

Now at home in your spare time, without any previous experience, you can train for a money-making career. . . even get a Two-Year Degree. Send for free career facts about the exciting career program that interests you most. You will receive color brochure and information on employment opportunities in the field you choose. Mail coupon today and see how easy it is to train at home for a great new career or advancement on your present job.



SEND FOR FREE FACTS!

ICS International Correspondence Schools
SINCE 1891 Dept. RZSC5, Scranton, PA 18515

Please send me free facts, color brochure and full information on how I can study at home for the career I have chosen. I understand I am under no obligation and no salesman will visit. **CHECK ONE BOX ONLY!**

TWO-YEAR BUSINESS DEGREE PROGRAMS

- Business Management
- Marketing—Sales & Adv.
- Finance
- Accounting

TWO-YEAR TECHNICAL DEGREE PROGRAMS

- Civil Engineering Technology
- Mechanical Engineering Technology
- Electrical Engineering Technology
- Electronics Technology

CAREER DIPLOMA PROGRAMS

- High School
- Auto Mechanics
- TV/VCR Repair

CAREER DIPLOMA PROGRAMS

- Surveying & Mapping
- Drafting
- Electronics
- Wildlife/Forestry Conservation
- Computer Programming
- Diesel Mechanics
- Electrician
- Small Business Mgmt.
- Microcomputer Repair
- Gun Repair
- Motorcycle Repair
- Police Sciences
- Catering/Gourmet Cooking
- Bookkeeping
- Art
- Small Engine Repair
- Fitness & Nutrition

These courses are offered by ICS and North American Correspondence Schools.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

the front and out the door, leaving only M'kehla and me.

And the pipe. I finished my beer and set the bottle back under my stool.

"Well, as you say . . . let us so embark."

M'kehla hands me the pipe and fires it up with his little blue flame. Green smoke wriggles out of the stone hole. The mint mild in my throat. Not like the hash . . . cool, mentholated, throat raw smoke Kool throat raw smoke Koo.

Everything stops. The green wriggle, the dust motes in the sunbeam. Only M'kehla is moving. He glides into my vision, his eyes merry. He asks how it goes. I tell him it goes. He tells me to ride loose sing with it *never* let it spook you. Riding loose here. Good, and don't move until you feel compelled. Not moving, boss. Good, and what is the terrain this time? It looks, this time it looks, it looks to me like . . . you're right! It looks like the future!

M'kehla smiled and nodded. I shot to my feet.

"Let's go get them cows!" I yelled.

"Yaa-hoo!" M'kehla yelled.

We stepped out into the Fourth-of-July noon just as Dobbs cued up James Brown and the Famous Flames blaring *Out of the Blue* over the airwaves, and the breezes blew and the leaves danced and the white pigeons bloomed above us like electric lilies.

I was a new man, for a new season.

In the pastures, we moved with the smooth certainty of a well-trained army—M'kehla commanding the right flank, me the left, Betsy at the rear calling out calm instructions and the fleet-footed kids filling in the gaps. The herd would try to escape to the right and M'kehla's force would advance. They would try to plunge left and I would press my platoon forward. We corralled the entire herd without one renegade's breaking through our lines.

The branding was even more efficient. The kids would cut out a little maverick and haze him into a corner of the corral, and M'kehla and I would rush in and throw him on his side and hold him. While Buddy stirred the big metal brand in a tub of dry ice and methyl alcohol, Betsy would shave the animal's side with the sheep shears. Then everyone would hold everything while Buddy stuck the icy iron against the shaved spot for the required 60 seconds. If the spot was shaved close enough and the brand was cold enough and the animal held still long enough, the hair would grow back out in the shape of the brand—snow white.

Nothing moved, yelled or bellowed during this holy minute. Just Buddy's counting and the calf's heavy breathing. Then Buddy would say, "Sixty!" and we'd turn loose with a cheer. The branded dogie would scramble to his feet and scamper away through the escape chute, and the army would be advancing on the next wild

recruit.

If I had been impressed earlier by M'kehla's strength and agility, I was astounded at my own. We were catching and throwing animals with ease, some topping 200 pounds, one after the other. I had no doubt that we could keep it up with calves twice as big and a herd ten times as great. From just the tiniest pinch of powder! It dawned on me why it had been nicknamed after the superslick race-car additive; I was not only newly powered but freshly lubricated as well, functioning without friction, without deliberation. No debates over right or wrong, good or bad, to impede the flow and delay decisions. In fact, no decisions. It was like skiing too steep or surfing too far out on the curl of a breaker too big: full go and far past time for decisions.

And the women couldn't even tell we were high.

Davy stood near the keg, sipping beer and watching from under a defeated scowl. He made no move to help, and the only time I saw him smile was when Percy drawled a suggestion of how we could avoid this unnecessary toil:

"Say you know? What *Ah* say we ought to do . . . is cross these calves with all these damn pigeons." He hitched at his belt like a Hollywood cattle baron. "And get you a herd of *homing* cows."

Everybody laughed in spite of the count. Percy whooped and slapped his leg and elbowed Quiston. "What do you say to that, Quizzer? Homing cows . . .?"

"Good idea!" Quiston agreed. "Homing cows!" Always an admirer of the older boy's style, Quiston hitched at his britches, albeit unbelted, and drawled, "But what *Ah* say we ought to do . . . is we ought to go down to the pond and get that *thing* out, like Dad said he would."

"What thing?"

"That monster thing."

"Hey, damn straight, Quiz," Percy remembered. "Haul him out an' brand him!"

"At the pump house, you say? That's a deep dive—"

"I dove it."

"Yeah, Dad. Percy dove it."

I stood up and looked around me, tall as a tower. Everything seemed under control. Pastoral. Bucolic. The fresh cedar shavings like soft golden coins under the sun. The calves all cowed and calm. The huge flag not so much waved by the breeze as waving it, like a great gaudy hand stirring the air to keep the flies away.

Buddy plunged the frosted brand back into the fogging tub, watching me.

"How many more?" I asked.

"Just three," he told me. "Those two easy little Angus and that ornery spotted Mongol over there."

I took off one of my gloves and wiped my stinging face. I realized I was rushing like a sweaty river. Buddy was focusing hard on my face.

"We got more than enough to finish up

here. Why don't you go on down and cool off? Capture their dragon. Get them out from underfoot."

Everybody was watching. I took off my other glove and handed them to Buddy along with my lariat.

"All right, I will. We'll geld this Gorgon ere he spawns."

"Yahoo, Uncle Dev!" yelled Percy.

And Quiston echoed, "Yaahoooo, Dad!"

I followed the boys past the shade maple where Dobbs was fussing in his sound scene. He had a cold beer in one hand and a live microphone in the other, as happy as a duck in Disneyland.

"How-dee!" he greeted us in booming stereo. "Here's some of our gladiators now, rodeo fans. Maybe we can get a word. How's it going out there in the arena, podnah? From up here, it looks like you're drubbing those little dogies pretty good."

"We got 'em on ice!" Percy answered for me, pulling the microphone to his mouth. "We're letting the second string finish 'em off."

"Yeah, Dobbs," Quiston added. "Now we're going after that thing at the bottom of the pond!"

"Hear that, fans? Straight from the barnyard to the black lagoon without a break. Let's give these plucky wranglers a big hand."

The women making potato salad across the lawn managed a cheer. Dobbs settled the needle on a fresh record:

"In their honor, friends and neighbors, here's Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers doing their immortal *Cool Water*. Take it away, Bob!"

He thumbed off the mike and leaned close. "You OK, old-timer?"

I told him sure, better than OK. Super. Just going along with these, rinse the, get this grit off before dinner, it smells great. I better catch those kids.

The smell of the meat sizzling on the barbecue was, in fact, making my throat constrict. But I didn't feel like I needed sustenance. Every cell in my body seemed bursting with enough fuel to keep me cooking for a decade.

The pond trembled in the sun. The boys were already shucking clothes into the daisies. From up the slope behind us, I heard a cheer rise as the wranglers caught the spotted Mongol, and Dobbs's boozy voice joining the Sons of the Pioneers on the chorus, declaring: "He's a Devil, not a man / And he spreads the burning sand / With water—"

"Cooooo, cleecer wah-ter."

I knew it would be cool, all right, but none too clear. Even when it wasn't glinting at you, spirogyra and pondweed made it difficult to see more than a few feet beneath the surface. I sat down and started unlacing my boots.

"OK, lads, where is this mooncalf a-lurking?"

"I can show you exactly," Percy prom-

this year...



Imported by Schieffelin & Co., New York, NY, 80 Proof, © 1985

ised and scooted up the ladder to the top of the pump house. "I'll dive down and locate it. Then I'll blow a bunch of bubbles so you can bring it up."

"When you locate it, why don't you bring it up?"

"Because it's too big for a kid, Uncle Dev. It's too big for anybody but a man."

He pulled his goggles over his eyes and grinned at me like some kind of mischievous kelpie. He sucked in a deep breath and jumped out into the air, hollering, "Yaahoo!" all the way to the water. His splash shattered the glint, and for a moment, we saw him frog-legging down. Then the surface closed over him. Quiston came and stood beside me. I finished pulling off my boots and Levi's and tossed them inside the pump house. I shaded my eyes against the bounce of the sun and stared hard at the water. There wasn't so much as a freckled flicker.

After nearly a minute, Percy came spewing up through the surface. He paddled to the shore where I could give him a hand out.

"Didn't find him," he panted, his hands on his knees. Finally, he looked up. "But I will!"

He clambered back up the ladder and dived right back in. No yell. Again the water snatched him from our sight. Quiston reached up to slip his hand into mine.

"Percy said it had teeth like a shark and a hide like a rhinoceros," Quiston said. "But he's probably just fooling."

"Percy's never had a reputation for reliability."

We squinted at the water for his signal. Nothing but the chromium undulation. Quiston squeezed my hand. At length, Percy spurted to the surface again.

"It's a deep pond, Percy."

"I knew you were fooling," Quiston

claimed, relieved.

Percy flushed red and thrust a fist under Quiston's nose:

"Listen, you, you see *this*? Mess with the *Perce*, go home in a hearse!"

"Take it easy, kid. Forget it. Let's go down to the shallow end, hunt some tadpoles."

"Yeah! That's it!" Quiston had never been greatly fond of this dark water by the pump house, anyway, even without monsters. "Tadpoles in the cattails!"

"I'm not after *tadpoles*." Percy fumed back up the ladder. He snatched off his goggles and flung them away as though they had been the problem. He drew a deep breath and dived.

The water pitched, oscillated, slowed and stilled. I began to worry. I climbed up the ladder, hoping to decrease the angle, as impervious as rolled steel. Quiston called up at me, "Dad . . . ?" I watched the water. Percy didn't come up. I was just about to dive in after him when I saw his face part the surface.

He lay back, treading water for a long while before he paddled for shore.

"Never mind, Percy," Quiston called. "We believe you, don't we, Dad?"

"Sure. It could have been anything—a sunken branch, that deck chair Caleb threw in last fall. . . ."

Percy refused Quiston's offered hand and pulled himself up the muddy bank to the grass. "It wasn't any branch. Wasn't any chair. Maybe it wasn't any monster, but it wasn't any goddamn furniture, either, so *fuck you!*"

He wrapped his arms around his knees and shivered. Quiston looked up at me on the pump-house roof.

"OK, I'll take a look," I said. Both boys cheered.

I removed my watch. I tossed it to Quis-

ton and stepped to the high edge of the pump-house roof. I hooked my toes over the tar-papered plywood and started breathing. I could feel my blood gorging with oxygen. Old skindiver trick the kid didn't know. Also, he'd been jumping too far out, hitting too flat. I would go straighter down . . . breathe three more times, crouch low, spring as high as possible and jackknife.

In the middle of the leap, I changed my dive.

Now, I'm no diver. My only period near a diving board was the year we spent in Boyes Hot Springs while my father was stationed at Mare Island. Buddy and I were about Quiston's and Percy's ages. A retired bosun friend of my dad's devoted many afterschool afternoons to teaching us to go off the high board. Buddy learned to do a respectable one and a half. The best I could accomplish was a backward cutaway swan, where you spring up, throw your feet forward and lie backward in the air, coming past the board close with your belly. It looks more dangerous than it is.

All you have to do is get far out enough.

And when I took off from the pump house, I knew I was getting plenty far out. I was so pumped by the distance and height my wonder muscles had achieved that I couldn't help thinking, The future is now, and I went into my cutaway.

For the first time in more than 20 years. Yet everything was happening with such controlled slowness that I had plenty of time to remember all the moves and get them correct. I lay back with a languid grace, arms spreading into the swan, chest and belly bowed to the astonished sky. It was wonderful. I could see the pigeons circling above me, cooing their admiration. I could hear the Sons of the Pioneers lope into their next ballad—"An old cowpoke went riding out. . . ."

I could feel the breeze against my neck and armpits and the sun on my thighs, smell the sizzle of the barbecue—all with a leisurely indulgence. I could browse over these simple pleasures for ages if it suited me, just hanging there. Then, somewhere beneath all these earthly sensations, or beyond them, remote and at the same time disturbingly intimate, I heard the first of those other sounds that were to continue to increase all the rest of that awful afternoon and evening. It wasn't the familiar howling of decapitated *brujos* that you hear on peyote comedowns, nor the choring arguments of angels and Devils that LSD can provoke. Those noises are merely un-earthly. These sounds were *unanything*—the chilly hiss of decaying energy, the bleak creaking of one empty space scraping against another, the way balloons creak. Don't let it spook you, he said, ride loose and sing.

And I came loose from the sky.

I tilted on backward and down, shooting past the pump-house roof and through the seamless water. My body had become



"I've had it with seasonal employment."

Hennessy

the civilized way
to a man's heart



Imported by Schieffelin & Co., New York, NY, 80 Proof. © 1985

The world's most civilized spirit



flawless, fictional in its perfection, like Tarzan in the old Sunday funnies, with every muscle and sinew inked clean, or Doc Savage after 40 years of ferocious physical training. The water sang past me, turning cold and dark. I was not alarmed. I wasn't surprised that I seemed not to have to perpetuate my deepening plunge—the dive had been that frictionless—and I wasn't startled when my outstretched hands finally struck the jagged mystery at the pond bottom. It seemed perfectly natural that I had arrowed to the thing, like a compass needle to the pole.

"Hello, Awfulness. Sorry I can't leave you lurking here in peace, but some lesser being could get bit—"

And I grasped it by its lower jaw and turned for the surface.

I knew what it was. It was the 50-gallon oil drum M'kehla and I had lost some half-dozen summers before. We had been using it to cook ammonium-nitrate fertilizer, piping the gas out the threaded bung through a hose down under the water so we could catch the bubbles in plastic bags, trying to manufacture nitrous oxide. It had been an enormous hassle but had worked well enough that the entire operation—me, M'kehla, hose, barrel and Coleman stove—had all tumbled into the water, flashing and splashing.

We saved the stove, but the lid came off

and the barrel went down before we could catch it. It must have landed at a slant, mouth down, because a pocket of air still remained in the corner, so that it rocked there on the blind bottom, supporting itself at an angle, as if on its haunches. What I had grabbed was the rusted-out rim below that corner with the air pocket.

I kicked hard, stroking one-handed toward the dim green far above. I felt the thing give up its hold in the mire as brute inertia was overcome by my powerful strokes. I felt its dumb outrage at being dragged from its lair, its monstrosity future thwarted by a stout Tarzan heart and a savage right hand. I felt it tug suddenly heavier as it tilted and belched out its throatful of air in protest. A lot heavier. But my inspired muscles despaired not. Stroke after stroke, I pulled the accursed thing toward the light. Upward and upward. And upward.

Until that stout heart was pounding the walls in panic and that savage right hand no longer held the thing; the thing held the hand. That discharge of its buoyant bubble had jerked the rusty teeth deep into my palm. To turn it loose without first setting it down would mean letting those teeth rake their way out. All I could do was stroke and kick and hold my own and listen to that alarm pound louder and louder.

Everything was suddenly on the edge of its seat. The ears could hear the panic thumping through the water. The eyes could see the blessed surface only a few feet away—only a few more feet!—but the burning limbs consulted the heart, the heart checked with the head and the head computed the distance as already impossible and getting more impossible by the instant!

When the lungs got all this news, the sirens really went off. The nerves passed the signal on to the glands. The glands wrung their reserves into the blood stream, rushing the last of the adrenaline to the rescue, giving the right hand the desperate courage it needed to uncurl and release its grip on the damned thing. I felt it rip all the way to the finger tips and away, swirling the cold water in derision as it escaped back into its lair.

I squirted, gasping, into the air, pop-eyed and choking and smearing the silver surface with my lacerated palm. I splashed to the bank. Quiston looked as terrified as I felt. He took my arm to help me out.

"Oh, Dad! Percy ran to get help. I thought something *got* you. . . ."

His face was as white as his hair and his eyes were wild, going from me to the pond and back to me. The tears didn't begin in earnest until he saw my hand.

"Dad! You're hurt."

I watched him cry and he watched me bleed and we couldn't do a thing for each other. The water shined, the Sons of the Pioneers chased ghost riders overhead, and in the distance, beyond M'kehla and Dobbs and Buddy, sprinting toward us from the corral, I saw the flag, dipping foolishly lower and lower, though the noon sun had not budged an inch.

As Betsy cleaned and wrapped the wound, I forced myself back to a presentable calm. I had my place and my plans to see to, not to mention my reputation. I can put up a front as well as the next fool; I just didn't know how long I could keep it up.

I tried to assuage Quiston's fears by reassuring him that it had been just a rusty old barrel, at the same time trying to amuse Buddy and Dobbs and the rest of the gang by adding, "and it's a good thing it wasn't a rusty *young* barrel."

Quiston said he had known all along that it wasn't any real monster. Percy said so had he. The guys laughed at my joke. But there was no amusement in the loud laughter. They were humoring me, I discerned; even my kid.

So I didn't participate in the remaining events of that day. I put on my darkest shades and wired on a grin and stayed out of the way. I was stricken by a fear so deep and all-pervading that finally, I was not even afraid. I was resigned, and this resignation was, at last, the only solid thing left to hold on to. Harder than fear, than faith, harder than God was this rock of resignation. It gleamed before me like a great



WOODMAN

gem, and everything that happened the rest of that shattered holiday was lensed through its facets. Since it was our national birthday, this lens was focused chiefly on our nation, obliging me to view our decay and diseases like a pathologist bent to his microscope.

Flaws previously shrouded now lay naked. I saw the marks of weakness, marks of woe everywhere I turned, within and without. I saw it in the spoiled, *macho* grins of the men and in the calculating eyes of the women. I saw it in the half-grown greed at the barbecue, with kids fighting for the choicest pieces only to leave them half-eaten in the sawdust. It was in the worn-out banter at the beer keg, in the insincere singing of old favorites around the guitar.

I saw it in the irritable bumper-to-bumper push of traffic fighting its way to the fireworks display at the football stadium—each honk and lurch of modern machinery sounding as doomed as barbaric Rome—but I saw it most luridly in an event that happened as we were driving back from the fireworks late that evening. . . .

The display was a drag for everyone. Too many people, not enough parking space, and the entrance to the stadium had been manned by a get-out-of-Vietnam garrison, complete with pacifist posters and a belligerent bullhorn. A college football stadium on the Fourth of July in 1970 is not the smartest place to carry anti-American signs and shout Maoist slogans, and this noisy group had naturally attracted an adversary force of right-wing counterparts.

These hecklers were as rednecked and thickheaded as the protesters were long-haired and featherbrained. An argument over the bullhorn turned into a tussle, the tussle into a fight, and the cops swooped down. Our group from the farm turned in our tracks and headed back to Dobbs's bus to watch from there.

The women and kids sat out on the cut-open back porch of the bus so they could see the sky; the men stayed inside, sampling M'kehla's tackle box and continuing the day's discussion. M'kehla kept his eyes off me. All I could do was lie there on the zebraskin with my hand throbbing, my brain like a blown fuse.

The cop cars kept coming and going during the show, stifling drunks and hauling off demonstrators. Davy said the whole business was a black eye for America. M'kehla maintained that this little fuss was the merest straw in the wind, a precursor of worse woes on the way for the U.S. of A. Dobbs disagreed with both of them, grandly claiming that this demonstration was a demonstration of just how free and open our society really was, that woven into the fabric of our collective consciousness was a corrective process proving that the American dream was still working. M'kehla laughed. Working? Working *where*? He demanded evidence of one area,



Introducing **BILL BLASS FOR HANES**

Now, you'll never know what to expect. Bill Blass For Hanes. Underwear created by a designer who understands men's fashion. In a variety of styles and colors for the contemporary man.

GET UP TO \$2 BACK just for trying new Bill Blass For Hanes. For a limited time only. See details at participating retailers. Offer ends January 15, 1986.

just one mother area, where this wonderful dream was working.

"Why, right here before your very eyes, bro," Dobbs answered amiably. "In the area of equality."

"Are you shitting me?" M'kehla whooped. "Ec-quality?"

"Just look." Dobbs spread his long arms. "We're all in the front of the bus, aren't we?"

Everybody laughed, even M'kehla. However pointless, it had scotched the dispute just in time. The band in the distance was finishing up *Yankee-Doodle* and the sky was surging and heaving with the fireworks finale. Pleased with his diplomacy and timing, Dobbs swung back around in his driver's seat and started the bus. He headed for the exit to get a jump on the crowd. M'kehla leaned back in his seat, shaking his head, willing to shine it on for friendship's sake.

But on the way out of the lot, as if that dark diamond were set on having the last laugh, Dobbs sideswiped a guy's new white Malibu. Nothing bad. Dobbs stepped out to examine the car and apologize to the driver, and we all followed. The damage was slight and the guy amiable, but his wife was somehow panicked by the sudden sight of all these strange men piling out. She shrank from us, as though we were a pack of Hell's Angels.

Dobbs wasn't carrying a license or any kind of liability, so M'kehla offered his, along with a \$100 bill. The guy looked at the tiny nick in his fender's chrome strip, then at M'kehla's big shoulders and bare chest, and said, "Ah, forget it. No big deal. These things happen. Prudential will take care of it." Even shook hands instead of taking the money.

The last glorious volley of rockets spidered across the sky above; a multitudinous sigh lifted from the stadium. We were all bidding one another good night and heading back to our vehicles when the woman suddenly said, "Oh" and stiffened. Before anyone could reach her, she fell to the pavement, convulsing.

"Dear God, no!" the husband cried, rushing to her. "She's having a seizure."

She was bowed backward almost double in the man's arms, shuddering like a sapling bent beneath a gale. The man was shaking her hysterically.

"She hasn't done it for years! It's all these explosions and these damn police lights! Help! Help!"

The wife had thrashed her way out of his arms and her head was sideways on the asphalt, growling and gnashing her teeth as if to bite the earth itself. M'kehla knelt to help.

"We got to stop her chewin' her tongue," he said. I recalled that Heliotrope was also an epileptic; he had tended to convulsions before. He scooped up the woman's jerking head and forced the knuckle of his middle finger between her teeth. "Got to gag a little, then—"

But he couldn't get in deep enough. She

gnashed hard on the knuckle. M'kehla jerked it back with an involuntary hiss: "Bitch!"

The guy immediately went nuts, worse than his wife. With a bellow, he shoved the woman from his lap and sprang instantly to his feet to confront M'kehla:

"You watch your dirty mouth, nigger!"

It rang across the parking lot, louder than any star shell or horn. Everybody around the bus was absolutely stunned. Hurrying strangers stopped and turned for 50 yards in every direction, transfixed beneath the reverberation. The woman on the pavement ceased her convulsions and moaned with relief, as though she had passed some demon from her.

The demon had lodged in her husband. He raged on, prodding M'kehla in the breastbone with a stiffened hand:

"The fuckin' hell is *with you anyway, asshole?* Huh? Huh? Sticking your fuckin' finger in my *wife's mouth!* Who do you think you *are?*"

M'kehla didn't answer. He turned to the crowd of us with a "What else can I tell you?" shrug. His eyes hooked into mine. I had to look away. I saw Quiston and Percy watching over the rear rail of the bus porch. Quiston was looking scared again, uncertain.

Percy's eyes were shining like M'kehla's, with the same dark, igneous amusement.

It was after midnight when we chugged up the farm driveway. The men were sullen; the kids were crying; the women were disgusted with the whole silly affair. It was nearly one before all the guests had gathered up their scenes and headed home. Betsy and the kids went to bed. M'kehla and I sat in his bus and listened to his Bessie Smith tapes until almost dawn. Percy snored on the zebraskin. The crickets and the spheres creaked and hissed like dry bearings.

When the first light began to sift through the ash leaves, M'kehla stood up and stretched. We hadn't talked for some time. There had been nothing to say. He turned off his amplifier and said he guessed it was once again time to embark.

I mentioned that he hadn't had a wink in 48 hours. Shouldn't he sleep? I knew he could not. I was wondering if either of us would ever again enjoy that blessing that knits up the raveled sleeve of care.

"'Fraid not, Home. Me and Percy better get out before it closes up on us. Want to come?"

I told him I wasn't ready to pull stakes quite yet, but keep in touch. I walked up the slope and opened the gate for him, and he drove through. He got out and we embraced and he got back in. I stood in the road and watched his rig ease out our drive. Once, I thought I saw Percy's face appear in the rear window, and I waved.

I didn't see any waving back.

The farm lay still in the aftermath, damp with dew. It looked debauched. Paper plates and cups were scattered everywhere. The barbecue pit had been

tipped over and the charcoal had burned a big black spot on the lawn. Betsy's pole beans were demolished; someone or something had stampeded through the strings in the heat of the celebration.

The sorriest sight was the flag. The pole had leaned lower and lower, until the gold braid of the hem was trailing in the wood chips and the manure. Walking to it, I noticed cousin Davy passed out in the back of his station wagon. I tried to rouse him to help me take it down and fold it away, but he only rooted deeper into his sleeping bag. I gave up and climbed over the fence and shuffled through the wood chips to do it myself, and this is the last scene in my story:

I was on my knees and my elbows at the base of the pole, cursing the knot at the bottom pulley—"God bless this god-damned knot!"—because my fingers were too thick to manage the thin cord, musing about M'kehla's invitation, about Percy, when, all of a sudden, the sky about me erupted in a dazzling display of brand-new stars.

That curse had been a prayer, I realized, and these stars heralded heaven's answer! The knot was blessed even as it was damned. Trumpets celebrated this celestial intervention—bells rang, harps twanged—and I sank to the sawdust certain that my number up yonder had been called.

In this attitude of obeisance, I felt the lightning of the Lord lash me again. Ow! I recanted my recanting. Crawl off to Canada? Never! Never never and service forevermore to You and Your Great Land Lord only forgive me!

I heard an answering roll of thunder and turned just in time to see Him launch His final chastising charge, His brow terrible, His famous beard flying like amber waves of grain, His eye blazing like cannon fire across the Potomac.

Davy finally managed to drive Him from me with a broken bean stake. He took me under the arm and helped me over to the water trough. It was empty. We had forgotten to turn it back on. The cows were all gathered, thirsty. Davy found the valve and turned it on. I watched the crimson sparkle in the rush of water on the tub's rusty bottom.

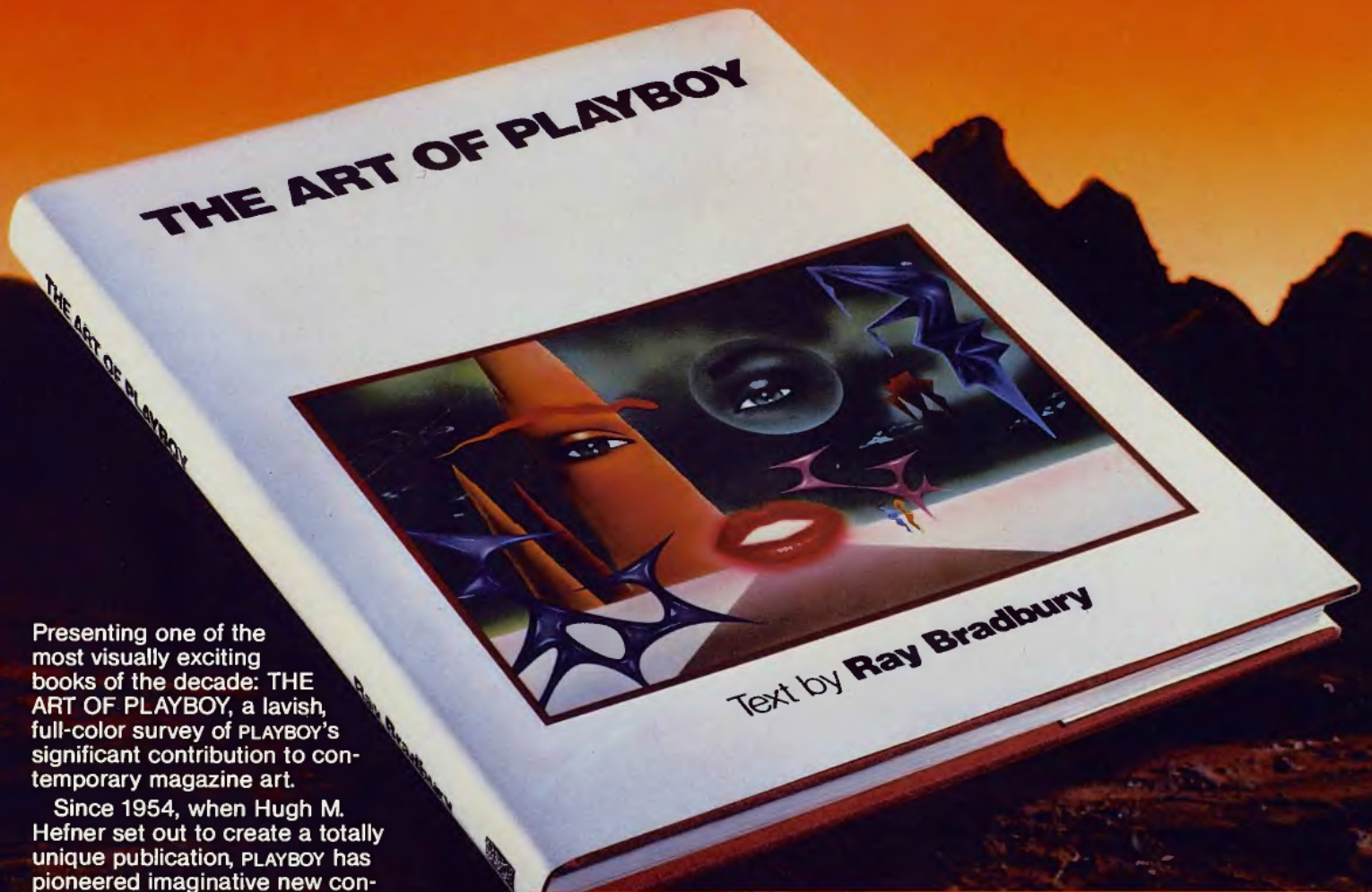
The cows were edging near, impatient. Behind them were calves, cautious, each with one side freshly clipped. The peacocks hollered. The pigeons banked over in a curious flock and lighted in the chips.

My cousin sat down on the battered brim of the trough. He handed me his wet handkerchief, and I held it to the oozing lump where I had been driven into the flagpole. Tears were beginning to run with the blood. Davy turned away and watched the milling array of beasts and birds.

"Homing cows," he reflected aloud. "Not a half-bad idea for a half-baked buckaroo."



THE ART OF PLAYBOY



Presenting one of the most visually exciting books of the decade: **THE ART OF PLAYBOY**, a lavish, full-color survey of **PLAYBOY**'s significant contribution to contemporary magazine art.

Since 1954, when Hugh M. Hefner set out to create a totally unique publication, **PLAYBOY** has pioneered imaginative new concepts in magazine illustration that have been often emulated, seldom equaled. **PLAYBOY** has commissioned works by the leading artists of the day, among them Salvador Dali, Frank Gallo, Patrick Nagel, Ed Pashke and Andy Warhol. **PLAYBOY** also has been influential in introducing the work of major new talent to appreciative audiences throughout the world.

THE ART OF PLAYBOY, with text by eminent author Ray Bradbury, presents more than 180 oils, watercolors, pieces of sculpture and mixed constructions/ assemblages commissioned to illustrate 30 years of articles and fiction. The 184-page, large-format book is certain to please the most discerning eye and will be a valuable addition to any collection of fine books.

ORDER FORM

Please send me _____ copy (copies) of **THE ART OF PLAYBOY**. (\$27.50 per copy plus \$3.50 postage & handling. Illinois residents, add 7% sales tax. Canadian residents, add \$3.00, full amount payable in U.S. currency on U.S. bank only. Sorry, no other foreign orders.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I enclose check or money order for \$_____. Or, I wish to charge this order to my credit card. Card & account number:

Visa _____ MasterCard _____

American Express _____

Expiration Date _____ Signature _____

Send this form, plus check, money order or credit card information to: Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove Village, IL 60007. For credit card orders by phone, call 1-800-544-3004 toll-free. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Thank you for your order!

MART

ALSO AVAILABLE AT FINE BOOKSTORES.

RARE SHERRY

(continued from page 128)

most of her childhood in St. Charles, Missouri, where she and her close-knit family (parents and brother) have lived for her whole life. Well, she doesn't actually live in St. Charles now—she has her own apartment in nearby St. Louis—but her parents' home is still where the heart is.

"I worry about my parents because they worry about me," she says. "Both of them have worked hard for long hours all their lives for what they have, and they can't quite understand how I can be paid good money for what doesn't appear to be hard work. I don't know if my dad will ever get used to my being a model, but my mom's coming around. I think they'll both end up being very proud of me and my career."

Her parents, you see, wanted her to be a pharmacist. When we discovered her in our search for our second *Girls of the Big Ten* pictorial (PLAYBOY, September 1984), she was plugging away at pharmacy, with a B average as a University of Iowa sophomore. Since then, things have changed.

"I wasn't really interested in pharmacy," she explains, "so at the end of my sophomore year, I went to St. Louis, walked into a modeling agency and asked

if they could use me. They sent me out on a job that day, and I've been working ever since." In fact, in a short 18 months, Sherry has become one of the busiest models in the Gateway city. You've seen her work; those are her baby blues peeking out from all that virginal white lace on our first perfect-bound issue. And now, even as she consumed her last potato chip, a boat-show visitor approached with an October PLAYBOY for her autograph. She finished her inscription just as Insani and Gardner stopped by our table to say it was time to get back to work pushing paint.

When our lunch was over, she had to get back to work. "The other girls and I are signing 2000 posters in two days," Sherry sighs, "and right after that, I'm flying to Los Angeles to shoot my video for The Playboy Channel [look for it in February], then back to St. Louis for another modeling job."

Sherry says she wants to go back to school and change her major to design "after my life slows down a little"; but for now, she's going to see how far she can go on the fast track. "My personal motto," she says, "is that there's nothing a person can't do if she wants it badly enough." That, gentlemen, is the spirit of St. Louis.



REVIVAL OF RACISM

(continued from page 108)

"constructive engagement" with the organized racism of South Africa is, or was, cut from the same cloth. And here, too, there is a personal connection and a highly personal perspective. I have relatives in South Africa and a family heritage there. Bridges that connect South Africa to Zimbabwe are named after a great-uncle who was an associate of Cecil Rhodes's. As one who has visited there often and calls a number of South Africans friends, and as a person who knows firsthand how difficult it is to change the patterns of centuries, I have deep sympathy for the difficulty of the task confronting that tortured nation.

But as with the American South two decades ago, there is no mileage to be gained by pretending that the white government in Pretoria is as interested in real change as the black majority it rules with an iron fist. And there is even less sense in Washington's maintaining warm relations with South Africa in the name of encouraging an end to apartheid. If that tack had been tried with George Wallace or Lester Maddox or Ross Barnett, to mention three of the South's most notorious segregationist governors of old, the white "way of life" would still be intact there today.

On the other hand, the white South African's accusation of hypocrisy, like the white Southerner's aimed at his Northern brethren in years gone by, has more than a grain of truth. It is far easier to tell others how to clean up their act than to deal with the moral squalor at home. Distancing ourselves from the defenders of apartheid is smart policy; engaging the enduring problems of race here at home is far more important.

But let's return to that 19-year-old Mississippian at Princeton on that spring day in 1954. He lived in a nation that had co-existed quite readily with segregation in the South and elsewhere for a long time and with Jim Crow's constitutional validation since the Supreme Court's *Plessy vs. Ferguson* decision in 1896. Congress had not passed a meaningful civil rights measure since the post-Civil War Reconstruction period. Of all the Presidents since Grant, only Harry Truman had been willing to give more than lip service to the notion that black people should not permanently remain second-class citizens. The incumbent President, Dwight Eisenhower, found it impossible to give unqualified public praise to the Court's desegregation decision.

In my section of the country, black Americans were considered less than human in the eyes of the law and in custom. Blacks—Negroes, as was the respectable word; niggers, as was the near-universal white designation—were nonbeings in the most obvious sense. All but a handful were prevented from registering to



"What's more, it tubs magnificently."

Kahlúa

Black Russian



Mmmm. Time to sit back, relax, and enjoy a classic. Just 1 oz. of Kahlúa, 1-1/2 oz. vodka on the rocks. Incomparable. Because only Kahlúa tastes like Kahlúa.

Our treat. Kahlúa Recipe Books are filled with a host of mmmarvelous ideas. Do send for as many as you'd like. They're on the house. Kahlúa, Dept. D, P.O. Box 230, Los Angeles, CA 90078-0230.

©1985 Kahlúa® 53 Proof. Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc., Los Angeles, CA

vote or actually voting, kept from that basic right of citizenship by an elaborate network of restrictive laws and, all else failing, by the simple expedient of physical intimidation and murder.

There were two sets of public schools: the merely inadequate, for white children, and the stunningly inferior, for black children. When I was a high school student, the average educational level of black Mississippians was third grade. The functional equivalent was probably closer to first grade, thanks to the shoddy facilities and inadequate textbooks provided for those separate-but-equal schools. No black—child or adult—went to school with a white within the state. That was not surprising, since no black could drink from a water fountain reserved for whites, use a toilet designated as white-only, eat at a table or counter in a restaurant frequented by whites or even look boldly into the eyes of a white man or (God forbid) a white woman. To attempt to shake hands with a white man was to court assault; to be thought of as “uppity” was dangerous for a black man’s health; to seem to pose any kind of sexual threat to a white woman was fatal. What was true for Mississippi was true throughout the South.

As for the chance to live up to his economic potential even within the confines of segregation, it was a given that no black would or should be allowed to supervise the work of a white. It was also a given that all but the most menial jobs in factory, business and government were reserved for whites. Three dollars a day was considered high pay for a maid. Five dollars a day for farm labor was considered revolutionary, and virtually all farm and domestic day labor in much of the South was done by blacks.

But enough of the black Southerner, who, ill housed, ill clothed and ill fed, was essentially invisible to the bulk of the white majority. We whites were all but monolithic in our public adherence to segregation. White supremacy was no casual tenet. It was not a thread woven into a larger fabric. It was the warp and woof of the region, its culture, its politics, its religion, its history and its mythology. There were a few moderates, people like my newspaperman father, who argued with great bravery for gradual accommodation to racial change and racial justice. For their careful balancing of the demands of religion and democracy against the region’s insistence on white conformity, they were tarred as Communists, scalawags and, worst of all, integrationists. As for the handful of white liberals, the true integrationists, they were isolated reminders that even the most closed of societies cannot totally silence dissent. They were our Sakharovs, our Solzhenitsyns—and they had about as much effect on our region as Russian dissenters have on the Soviet Union.

Such were the South and the nation in 1954, when Chief Justice Earl Warren

delivered the Supreme Court’s unanimous opinion in *Brown vs. Board of Education*. It was a finding that expressed the nation’s new consensus that state-supported racism was unconscionable. But despite that consensus, political timidity in high places—plus zealous political resistance in the South—postponed any real change until the Sixties. The Court’s 1955 formulation was for implementation “with all deliberate speed.” The rate of change over the next five years would have required a century for completion.

That might have been fast enough for some Americans and far too fast for fire-brand segs, but it was far too slow for blacks. Starting with such famous instances as the Montgomery, Alabama, bus boycott (which catapulted the young minister Martin Luther King, Jr., to national prominence), blacks increasingly took matters into their own hands. By doing so, they set in train a process that was to create a familiar pattern in the Sixties: black activism, white reaction (usually violent) and Federal response. Sit-ins were followed by freedom rides and the March on Washington. Voter registration and freedom schools preceded and followed successful school-desegregation lawsuits. And always there was the raw hatred, the naked bigotry, the bloodshed:

- In 1962, two dead as Federal troops were called in to ensure the enrollment and safety of a single black man at the University of Mississippi.

- In 1963, the assassination of black leader Medgar Evers in Jackson, Mississippi, and George Wallace’s stand in the schoolhouse door in Alabama.

- In 1964, the brutally casual slaughter of three young civil rights workers in Philadelphia, Mississippi, during the long hot summer—different only in degree from the other murders, burnings and beatings that marked that period.

- In 1965, whites and blacks alike gunned down for civil rights activism in Alabama as Selma became first a symbol of uncompromising repression, then a starting point for a long civil rights march to the state capitol in Montgomery.

And the walls came tumbling down. Where there had been less than a trickle of civil rights legislation in the late Fifties and early Sixties, there was now a flood: the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which broke the back of segregation in public places and laid the groundwork for equal opportunity in the workplace; the Voting Rights Act of 1965, the single most important piece of civil rights legislation in this century, guaranteeing the ballot—and with that guarantee, political power—to blacks and other minorities long denied it; the Public Accommodations Act of 1968, which took a medium-length step toward opening housing to all people without regard to race, creed or color. What had been a lonely, frightening and piecemeal effort to punch through the walls of segre-

gation became a national crusade. The Southern citadel had crumbled.

•

Whites had been imprisoned behind those walls along with blacks. For me as for so many others, it was suddenly a time of liberation. No more fear of violent reaction to simple decency and civility. No more careful circumlocution in the name of effectiveness and being practical. For so long, the first priority for the white moderate had been to be able to echo the old war veteran who, when asked what he did in the late conflict, replied, “I survived.” Now we could live, as well.

I’ll always remember my father complaining, half in jest and half in bemused wonder, “They wanted to kill me, and all I ever wrote was that qualified Negroes ought to be allowed to vote and hold a decent job. Here you are, running all over the state doing politics with black civil rights leaders, and no one says a thing!”

But having effectively hauled the South up to its racial plateau, the haul of white America seemed surprised that black Americans did not believe that they had reached the mountaintop. What had been enshrined by law in the South was contrived by custom, residential living patterns and back-room and board-room evasions in the North. When civil rights groups began to target the segregation caused by such devices and to protest continued economic deprivation, they began to lose allies. Northern white impatience with continued civil rights “agitation” began to surface just as Southern resistance became more sophisticated, less blatant. And as the courts and Federal agencies reached out with new and politically untested remedies, such as busing and affirmative action, to overcome the effects of deep-seated discrimination in education and jobs, the reaction grew more pronounced.

“Reverse discrimination” became a new and powerful slogan. “We’ve gone far enough” became a popular expression. “What do those blacks want now?” was asked ever more insistently. And for those whites seeking a convenient symbol of all that they disliked and feared, there was that minority of the black minority willing to give them a convenient bogeyman—that pathetic reflection of actual impotence, “black power” and black separatism.

Richard Nixon, ever alert to whiffs below ground, caught the spirit of the emerging times and fashioned a “Southern strategy” aimed at bringing disaffected Southern whites into the Republican Party. As columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak wrote at the time, “The symbolism was unmistakable. . . . He was on the side of the South, the white majority and the status quo.” But despite the public rhetoric and private assurances, the Nixon (and then Ford) era did not produce either reversal of direction or political realignment. Court-ordered busing reached its

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

SOFT PACK: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, BOX, MENTHOL BOX: 12 mg.
"tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

NOW IN
SOFT PACK*

And longer length regular
and menthol box.



REACH FOR THE EXCEPTIONAL
STERLING

*Not available in all areas.

© 1985 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

highest point during the 1969–1976 period. Social-welfare programs that proportionately benefited minority Americans the most expanded markedly during the same period.

And then came Jimmy Carter, white, Southern, speaking in an accent that could easily be mocked—and speaking eloquently in favor of full equality for all Americans. He spoke *from* a South that had undergone dramatic transformation to a nation that still had a long way to go to provide for all citizens the equality of opportunity routinely expected by and routinely offered to most of its white citizens. Nor was it just talk. By appointment, legislative initiative and Executive writ, he pushed for change.

And I knew whence he came, too, and at what cost. Being a white Southerner meant, for most of my life, having the smug certitude of liberal critics to the North visited upon us with the regularity of the tides and seasons. It meant hearing well-meaning prescriptions for racial utopia offered by those who were apparently blind to the rotten existence of minorities in their own back yards. It meant, finally and most depressingly, having to admit that, at root, they had been right and we wrong about the need for Federal intervention and rapid transformation.

But it also meant that a lesson so costly was not one to be abandoned in the face of shifting sentiments in the erstwhile centers of racial and moral righteousness. So Jimmy Carter, President, persevered on the course that Jimmy Carter, Georgian, had come to accept only after considerable intellectual and emotional turmoil. As it turned out, it was not necessarily a course, or a cost, that a majority of his countrymen was willing to embrace.

Or so Ronald Reagan, the perennial Presidential candidate, decided. It was not a tough decision. As my editor friend observed in his memo, the Reagan record on civil rights had been lousy. There was not a single Federal civil rights initiative of any sort, from judicial to Presidential to legislative, that won his backing. And, as captured in excruciating detail by Texas newsman and author Ronnie Dugger, there were those oft-repeated words of coded, and not so coded, assurance to those who longed for a return to the good old days:

- “I would have voted against the Civil Rights Act of 1964—a bad piece of legislation.”

- On the Voting Rights Act of 1965—“The Constitution very specifically relegates control of voter registration to local government.” And, he carefully added, the act was “humiliating to the South.”

- On the 1968 Housing Act—“I am opposed to telling people what they can or can’t do with their property. This has nothing to do with discrimination. It has to do with freedom.”

One of the prevailing bits of conventional wisdom in Washington is that the Presi-

dency has a mysteriously redemptive effect on those who achieve it: Small men grow; provincial men expand their horizons. Those who were weaned on racism sup on the Constitution and, like Lyndon Johnson, proclaim that “we shall overcome,” blacks and whites together. It is nice to hold out that prospect. It is, however, as often as not a myth.

In any case, there was no such Damascus-road conversion for Ronald Reagan on the way to, or in, the Presidency. Personally tolerant though he may be, he has satisfied conservative ideologs and unreconstructed haters alike. Whenever a choice had to be made, he made the wrong one. Dugger put it best when, concluding a chapter in his fine book, *On Reagan, the Man and His Presidency*, he wrote:

“Let us concede that President Reagan describes himself as he sees himself when he says, ‘I am opposed with every fiber of my being to discrimination.’ But what he does with every fiber of his public power is to strengthen it.”

For a brief moment in the Presidential campaign of 1980, as the old campaigner sought out the fabled middle ground of America’s national politics, he seemed to be reversing his field. Putting the past behind him, he said he now accepted the 1964 act because it “is institutionalized and it has, let’s say, hastened the solution to a lot of problems.” He also said, “The Federal Government’s responsibility is to protect the constitutional rights of every individual, at the point of a bayonet if necessary,” and noted that a Republican President, Dwight Eisenhower, had been “the first man to resort to those bayonets,” at Little Rock, in 1957.

Despite these remarks, usually made once and then shelved, the new President made crystal-clear in his first Inaugural Address how he actually stood:

“It is no coincidence that our present troubles parallel and are proportionate to the intervention and intrusion in our lives that result from unnecessary and excessive growth of Government.”

Intervention and intrusion. Jim Eastland, the longtime segregationist Senator from Mississippi, never said it better. Nor, though he was speaking in a different context, could a better answer have come from the black community than this remark by Vernon Jordan, the former head of the Urban League:

“Black people don’t need to be told Government is on our backs, because we know that it has been by our side, helping eradicate the vicious racism that deprived us of our lives, our liberty and our rights.”

It was help that the new President and his dedicated lieutenants were determined to eradicate. Part of their attack on “intervention and intrusion” was outlined four years later in an Urban Institute report:

“While members of the Reagan

Administration bridle at the suggestion that they are ‘soft’ on civil rights, it cannot be denied that they have moved boldly and consciously to limit the scope of the law in enforcing equal opportunity. And while previous Republican Administrations have shown some resistance to the use of these laws in the past, this Administration—more than any other—has attempted to impede any further widening of their interpretation.”

As the Reagan team sees it, Government could and might be vigorous in pursuit of remedies and recompense for individuals proved to have suffered from discrimination, but it should not undertake actions that benefit classes of victims or provide systemic relief. In mid-1985, the President’s former Solicitor General, Rex Lee, provided a capsule interpretation:

“The basic notion of group-based distinctions runs counter to the theme of the struggle for equal opportunity. The effort to eliminate racial, sexual, religious or other discrimination is an effort to break away from group stereotypes or assumptions and concentrate on the individual.”

What that meant in practice was that while the number of individual actions brought by the Justice Department, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and other Federal agencies charged with civil rights enforcement went up or did not appreciably decline during the first five Reagan years, the number of actions that would affect large numbers of people or establish precedents for more generalized relief went down drastically or fell off the enforcement table entirely.

Affirmative action, for instance, became and remains anathema to the Reagan Administration. From day one, it fought any suggestion that it should apply the principle, which holds that institutions and employers should be required to take affirmative steps to overcome the effects of past discrimination, up to and including preferential hiring, until certain racial or other imbalances are corrected. The Administration’s interpretation of a 1984 Supreme Court ruling involving the conflict of seniority rights and affirmative action in the layoffs of some Memphis firemen became a club. It was wielded in 1985 over 51 local and state governments in an effort to roll back their affirmative-action programs. It was an interpretation hotly disputed by civil rights spokesmen, of course, but also by a number of lower courts, which rejected it summarily.

In South Africa, the white regime often uses black policemen to deal with black unrest and to patrol black areas. The President uses his few visible black officials in much the same way, sending them out to man the barricades against black complaints and demands.

No one is a more energetic spear carrier for the Administration than Clarence Pendleton, head of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission and vigorous opponent of affirmative action and quotas. He was not

It sounds better than other portables, even before you turn it on...

Because only the new Magnavox Cu-booster offers this unique combination of features.

While everyone buying a portable stereo buys it for the sound that comes out, at Magnavox we believe what goes into it is equally important. That's why we put so much into our new Cu-booster portable.

To begin with, the Cu-booster is an AM/FM stereo radio as well

as a cassette recorder. Then to give you the rich full sound you thought you could only hear at home, we incorporated six front-fire speakers. Four 4" wide-range speakers and two piezo horn tweeters. We then added a state-of-the-art 3-band graphic equalizer so you can make the music more to your liking. With this special addition you now have the ability to make the drums

stronger than the bass. The vocals louder than the horns. Or whatever you prefer.

The Cu-booster also offers specially designed soft touch control keys for easy operation. And an AC/DC power supply. But best of all, the new Magnavox Cu-booster offers all these features in this unique compact design you can take anywhere.

Now if all this sounds good to you, wait until you turn it on.



THIS IS MAGNAVOX

the President's first choice for the post, but his appointment in itself would be a striking argument against affirmative action, since it is hard to believe that he was appointed on the basis of anything except his race. As he sees it, or at least as he plays it, his job is to oppose new (and many old) civil rights initiatives rather than to act as a goad to the Administration's conscience. While he is remarkably mute when it comes to detailing examples of continued white racism, he is not reluctant to label leaders of the civil rights community racists. For the first time in its history, the commission he heads is at war with its natural allies and brings solace to its natural enemies.

But Pendleton is only a minor example of an Administration-wide pattern. As *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis wrote, "The United States Government has essentially changed sides. . . . Instead of fighting for blacks and women, who have been the historic victims of discrimination, the Justice Department is now 'emphasizing the rights of white males.'"

And, added Edwin Dorn of the Joint Center for Political Studies, "When we say

that women and blacks have been discriminated against, we are saying in the same breath that other people have been discriminated for. Viewed from this perspective, some of the complaints about preferences and quotas are really shrieks of alarm that the wrong people might benefit from them. . . . Those who wax eloquent about the idea of color-blindness should be obliged to tell us how to achieve that ideal in a society where color continues to have tangible consequences."

Busing was reserved for a special place in President Reagan's hell. The Administration supported antibusing legislation, sought reversal of court-approved busing plans and entered as a friend of the court in opposition to busing sought by civil rights plaintiffs. Even in Charlotte, North Carolina, where busing was a long-settled and successful matter, the President underscored his position by speaking of the failed "social experiment nobody wants." (*The Charlotte Observer* answered editorially, "You Were Wrong, Mr. President.")

But affirmative action and busing, it is argued, are unsettled issues in America.

Busing, in particular, does not have majority support in either the black or the white community, though it has absolute validity as a legal solution for persistent *de facto* as well as *de jure* school segregation. And affirmative action's more ardent proponents have managed to blur the distinction between guidelines and mandatory quotas, an approach that bounces against the bone-deep conviction of many white Americans that those not responsible for past discriminations should not be penalized in the present.

(A reply to that conviction came from an interesting source in June 1985. Secretary of Labor William Brock told the national convention of the NAACP:

"We as a country have lived for 200 years with a major part of our population in remarkable disadvantage. And it takes some time to recover from that. Perhaps we [present-day] whites were not here then. But that does not change the obligation we have as citizens to respond to that situation.")

But the Administration's attack on Federal "intervention and intrusion" goes far beyond busing and affirmative action. What was at first treated as a possible aberration rapidly became the most worrisome aspect of the President's civil rights tactics. It is not just that the President is opposed to expanding the frontier of the permissible in Government action. What is stupefying, when it is not frightening, is Washington's systematic campaign to *undo* many of the widely accepted civil rights advances of the past 25 years while simultaneously pursuing other domestic policies that economically beggar those it is politically attacking.

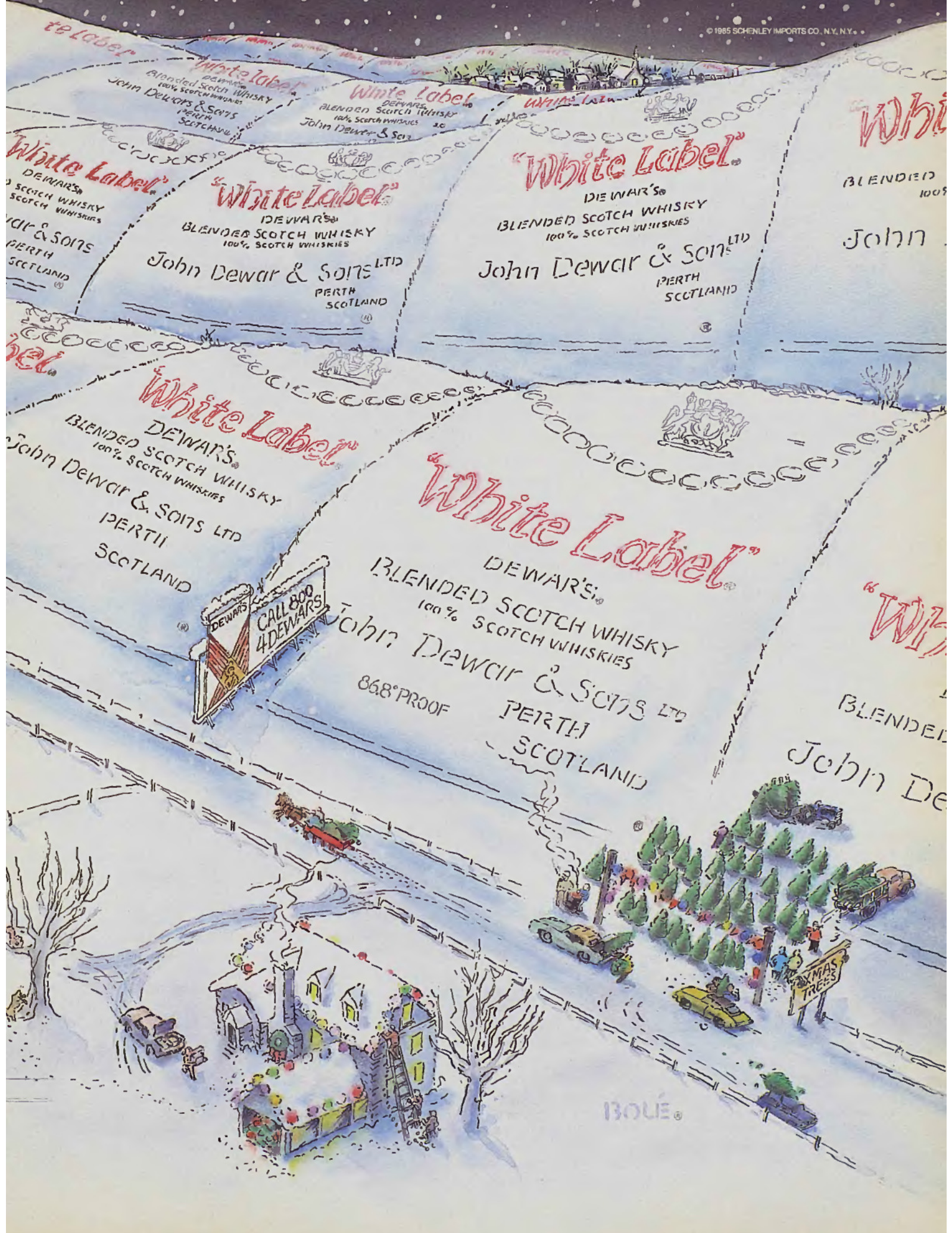
The following scenario reads like a Ku Klux Klan wish list. It is, instead, a short-hand record of significant steps backward by the Reagan Administration from January 1981 on. The Administration has:

- First kept silent, then dragged its feet, then sought the least expansive extension possible as the Voting Rights Act came up for renewal in 1982. Its approach was to quibble over long-settled details. The President let it be known that he was worried about "those provisions which impose burdens unequally upon different parts of the nation." Behind that shield, Senator Jesse Helms and company vigorously sought to kill the act forever. They failed, and a tough measure was passed, thereby guaranteeing to Southern blacks, in particular, that their hard-won right to vote would not be sold out in 1982 as cynically as it had been sold out in 1876.

- Actively sought to reverse the 11-year-old ban on tax exemptions for segregated private schools, religious or not. The President, as he later admitted, was personally involved in the effort, along with William Bradford Reynolds, his designated hit man in the Justice Department's civil rights division. Reagan acted in response to a plea from House Minority Whip Trent Lott, a Mississippian whose acceptance of



"Then I said to myself, 'What do I have in the North Pole that couldn't wait another week?'"



White Label
 DEWAR'S
 BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
 JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
 PERTH
 SCOTLAND

White Label
 DEWAR'S
 BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
 JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
 PERTH
 SCOTLAND

White Label
 DEWAR'S
 BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
 JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
 PERTH
 SCOTLAND

White Label
 DEWAR'S
 BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
 JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
 PERTH
 SCOTLAND

White Label
 DEWAR'S
 BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
 JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
 PERTH
 SCOTLAND

White Label
 DEWAR'S
 BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
 JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
 PERTH
 SCOTLAND

White Label
 DEWAR'S
 BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
 JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
 PERTH
 SCOTLAND

White Label
 DEWAR'S
 BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
 JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
 PERTH
 SCOTLAND

White Label
 DEWAR'S
 BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
 JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
 PERTH
 SCOTLAND

DEWAR'S
 CALL 800
 4 DEWAR'S

CHRISTMAS TREES

BOUÉ

the new racial order of things is often questioned. The Administration's position was rejected by Congress and then, in what should have been a humiliating *coup de grâce*, by a decisive 8-1 Supreme Court majority in 1983. The President allowed as how he had been misunderstood all along and was simply trying to prevent "government by edict."

• Welcomed a Supreme Court decision that, in its broadest application, would allow local schools and other institutions to get Federal funds without having to comply with antidiscrimination guidelines. The ruling, called *Grove City*, became the focus of the most important civil rights measure before Congress. Called the Civil Rights Restoration Act, it would affirm Congress' intent that any institution that receives Federal money in any way must comply with all anti-discrimination strictures, whether racial, religious, sexual or physical. The Administration, openly and privately, helped block Congressional passage in 1984, despite overwhelming majorities in both houses for the bill.

• Packed the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, previously noted for its independent pursuit of full equality for all, with members who slavishly follow the Reagan Administration line, word for word.

In the face of that record, the counter-attack at first seemed almost mild. Julius Chambers, director-counsel of the NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund, said the Justice Department's opposition to affirmative-action and school-desegregation plans had the effect of "encouraging overt racism." Benjamin L. Hooks, executive director of the NAACP, spoke of the Administration's "blatant hostility toward civil rights." And, referring to Reynolds, whose nomination for the number-three job at Justice was to be rejected by the Senate Judiciary Committee, five House members wrote, "The head of the civil rights division of the Justice Department . . . is supposed to wield the sword of the law to defend minority civil rights. The fact is that Mr. Reynolds has used that sword of the law to hack away at the victim—to subvert minority civil rights."

After Reynolds was defeated, Reagan said, "Let me emphasize that Mr. Reynolds' civil rights views reflect my own. The policies he pursued are the policies of this Administration and they remain our policies as long as I am President."

• And that is what began to seriously disturb many Republicans in 1985. Having remained almost mute for more than four years of steady Administration backtracking from previous bipartisan civil rights positions, they decided it was bad politics for them and bad policy for the country. In an extraordinary departure from the past, Republicans from right to center deserted the President's South African policy, with some of the most vocal criti-

cism coming from a young group of New Right Congressmen that issued its own anti-apartheid manifesto.

But if that was extraordinary, the decision in late August by Senate Majority Leader Robert Dole and the Republican National Committee to enter briefs opposing the Government's restrictive position on the Voting Rights Act of 1982 was earth-shattering. As Senator Dole and nine other members of Congress told the Supreme Court, the Reagan Justice Department's position blatantly misrepresented the purpose of the voting-rights measure and advanced a theory "expressly rejected by Congress."

Almost simultaneously, however, it was revealed that the White House was studying plans to relax requirements for affirmative action by Federal contractors. The Justice Department also drafted new rules that would make voting-rights challenges harder to initiate than many Congressmen had intended. "Unconscionable" and "extremist" were two of the milder words used by civil rights proponents to describe both steps.

Such are the policies of one Ronald Reagan. That is the Reagan of inflexible opposition to Government remedies for old wrongs, the Ronald Reagan whose economic policies cut most cruelly in 1981 into programs of special benefit to minority Americans and whose proposed 1986 fiscal-year budget would have cut them even deeper. But there is also the Ronald Reagan who said in his second Inaugural Address:

We will not rest until every American enjoys the fullness of freedom, dignity and opportunity as our birthright. . . . Now there is another area where the Federal Government can play a part. As an older American, I can remember a time when people of different race, creed or ethnic origin in our land found hatred and prejudice installed in social custom and, yes, in law.

There is no story more heartening in our history than the progress we've made toward the "brotherhood of man" that God intended for us. Let us resolve there will be no turning back or hesitation on the road to an America rich in dignity and abundant with opportunity for all our citizens.

Glowing words, good words, American words. But when it comes time for civil rights deeds, Reagan's is an Administration that cares more for the wounded sensibilities of the haves than for the needs of the have-nots, political or economic.

That is the only possible way to understand the way he and his Government approach the clamor for justice abroad as well as at home. Be sensitive to the sensibilities of the oppressor, comfort the comfortable and raise negativism to a fine art when explaining why affirmative action in

the cause of human rights is a nonstarter. It failed miserably in South Africa, as it was bound to do, because it rested on a faulty premise: that those who oppress their fellow humans by habit and heritage can be changed through friendly persuasion. It is a premise the President and his men bring to bear within the nation's borders as well, and its central fallacy threatens to reverse a half century of racial progress here at home.

Near the turn of this century, W.E.B. DuBois, the eloquent black activist, lamented that "the freedman has not yet found in his freedom the Promised Land." Just 17 years ago, the Kerner Commission spoke of a nation "moving toward two societies, one black, one white—separate and unequal." And that same year, another President, in another Inaugural Address, spoke even more fervently:

"No man can be fully free while his neighbor is not. To go forward at all is to go forward together. . . . This means black and white together, as one nation, not two. The laws have caught up with our conscience. What remains is to give life to what is in the law."

That was Richard Nixon in 1969. Now, as I write, it is the fall of 1985, and both conscience and laws seem to be fading into lifelessness. There are disturbing straws in the wind, and it is a strong wind, blowing backward. For instance, the July 16, 1985, *Southern Political Report*, a studiously careful roundup of political activity in the South, reported from South Carolina:

"When the sun goes over the yardarm, white conversation over drinks can reflect a hostility to blacks reminiscent of the segregationist sentiment of the Fifties and Sixties, with negative comments about the presence of blacks in public schools and universities."

A news item in *The Washington Post* begins:

"BALTIMORE, July 18—Racial discrimination and polarization persist at the polls in many of Maryland's southern and Eastern Shore counties, according to a state elections audit released today."

And, finally, there are my occasional visits home, where old friends speak despairingly of renewed race hatred on both sides, of polarization and separation to a degree unknown for 20 years. I think back on the long, agonizing and temporarily triumphant record of racial challenge and change in our land since that May day at Princeton in 1954, then try to think ahead 30 years. Will a President have to say then, as John Kennedy said in 1963, that black Americans "are not yet freed from the bonds of injustice; they are not yet freed from social and economic oppression"?

The nation betrayed them once before, betraying also its political heritage and its moral principles. Today, as surely as the sun rises in the morning, it is repeating that shameful history. Cry, the beloved country.



“Comics tend to get the damaged girls—the ones with some open wounds that aren’t necessarily visible.”

if you ask me. Take any guy from MIT with a doctorate in astrophysics, put him in front of a TV set. When Moe hits Larry in the face with a shovel, the guy will crack up. If you ever turn the Stooges on with a group of women in the room, they get hostile and say, “Turn those asses off!” Have you ever seen that list in *The People’s Almanac* of the ten men most admired by men? There’s Abraham Lincoln, Albert Einstein, Moe. Women tend to be a little bit more cerebral in their humor. A guy getting hit in the face with a pipe isn’t funny to them—I don’t know why.

7.

PLAYBOY: Why don’t class clowns ever get the girl?

LENO: Comics tend to get the slightly damaged girls—the ones with some emotional problems, fatherless childhoods, perhaps some open wounds somewhere that aren’t necessarily visible. But that comes later. In school, you’re just lookin’ for attention. I was a class clown, but I never thought of becoming a comedian when I was flushing tennis balls down the toilet and locking

dogs in lockers. These weren’t career moves. Teachers don’t say, “When you hit me with that wad of paper, I knew you should be in show business!” The same goes for girls. They appreciate a more sophisticated sense of humor, which I just didn’t have in junior high school. I was the kid who would sneak into the girls’ bathroom and pour water through the Kotex dispenser. I liked watching that metal machine expand and tear apart from the napkins’ absorbing the water. It was very funny. It would be a good ad for Kotex.

8.

PLAYBOY: How come women stand-ups don’t get more respect?

LENO: Women stand-ups have suffered from the same thing women anchor persons have: They have no real predecessors, so people assume they have no right to try. Comediennes like Elayne Boosler and Carol Leifer do material with a feminine point of view; but if, say, Elayne told me she was leaving the business tomorrow and gave me her act, I could do 90 percent of it. It’s not all bras and tampons. You

know, it takes five to seven years to become a good performer. So there’s a whole crop of female stand-ups who started seven or eight years ago who are suddenly coming to the forefront. They’re all very good and they’re all making it on their own. The stereotypes are dropping real fast, if they’re not gone already.

9.

PLAYBOY: What’s the most fun you can have in a Holiday Inn?

LENO: See, I’m not a hang-from-the-chandelier, naked-women-runnin’-around kind of guy. I mean, I used to have an engine that I would take apart and put back together in hotel rooms on the road. The maid would come in, and there I’d be with a crankshaft in my hand and stuff all over the place. Very embarrassing. But it is strange living in hotels: the tiny soap, the tiny towels, waking up and never knowing where you are. There’s an occasional tractor parked outside your window that needs a jump start at six in the morning—while you’re sleeping.

I used to stay in the sleaziest, most terrible places. I remember this *old, old* men’s hotel in Cincinnati—three dollars a night—where I stayed that had a toilet in the middle of the room. One night, I was in bed and I saw water coming in under the door. So I opened it and there was an old guy, urinating. I said, “What are you doin’?” He said, “Oh, I’m sorry. I always

“DO YOU USE CONDOMS?”

“Good! Because effective contraception, like condoms, is a great way to meet the responsibility that sex can bring. And, just as important, a wonderful way of showing how much you care for each other.”



— Ruth Westheimer, Ph.D.



Lifestyles® Condoms. Because it isn’t just about sex. It’s about love.

urinate on this door." I looked at the door and saw it's all rotten in the lower corner. It was his door, all right. An *awful* hotel.

10.

PLAYBOY: How do you know when to trust a restaurant on the road?

LENO: If it doesn't come in waxed paper, I usually don't eat it. I'm not a big restaurant cater. Somebody took me to one of those Japanese steakhouses—you know, where they feed you like a dog. They cut up the meat and fling it at you. The master chef came out and bounced it off two air-conditioner units. You want to cut his heart out and put his head on that grill. Just gimme my steak, you son of a bitch.

11.

PLAYBOY: How did a well-mannered Bostonian like yourself become a West Coast motorcycle zealot?

LENO: Well, the people I ride with are not stereotypical bikers. I mean, we don't go downtown and beat up homos. I was a Rolls-Royce/Mercedes-Benz mechanic in college, but you can't do anything with cars anymore. You open the hood and it's all computers. Motorcycles, on the other hand, are like watches. Every part is there for you to see. It's fun being able to take something apart, put it back together and make it work. I've got ten or 12 bikes, mostly Harleys and English antiques. What I would really like to be—but never will—is a good machinist. I like to work with my hands better than anything.

12.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

LENO: I have one of those, too. A '55 Buick Roadmaster. When I first came to California, I used to sleep on the stairs behind The Comedy Store. Eventually, I saved \$300 and had to decide if I should get an apartment. I bought the Buick instead and slept there for a while. I still have it. It's a *big* car. It seats seven—for dinner. It doesn't have a radio; I bring in live acts. In fact, I've got Woody Herman coming through in about two weeks. It should be pretty good.

13.

PLAYBOY: How funny is having money?

LENO: Hmmm. That reminds me of one of my favorite TV commercials in which an English guy says, "Here's a priceless introduction to the classics that will enrich every home." The camera pulls back and you see his apartment: There's a grand piano, a candelabrum, a bust of Beethoven, a harp, a painting of a fruit bowl in one of those garish frames, red drapes and Victorian sconces on the wall. And all of this is crammed into a tiny square space. It occurred to me that this is like a bum's idea of how rich people live. They can't conceive of having a lot of space, so they just figure the other half lives in the same little rooms they do, with all of this rich

shit stuffed inside. To me, it's the funniest commercial on TV.

The way TV treats money is so funny. I saw this stupid *Fantasy Island* where a guy, happily married, fantasizes about being a millionaire. So he gets his million and instantly turns into Joe Prickhead. He leaves his wife, starts running with bimbos and is about to get his divorce. Then Ricardo Montalban shows up and says, "Do you know that money is not often the key to happiness?" He takes the money, throws it into the river and, as soon as it hits the water, the guy and his wife are happy again. It's so simplistically stupid.

These things are disguised to keep poor people from really seeing how much fun rich people have. I mean, I've been broke and I've had money, and it's a lot of *fun* having money. Your basic nature doesn't change. I've been married for five years. Why should I be a prick now that I have a few bucks put away?

14.

PLAYBOY: For whom are you most frequently mistaken?

LENO: Believe it or not, Fred Travalena, the host of *Anything for Money*. This is the game show where they try to find people with severe economic problems and see if they can tell the difference between human dignity and small financial gain. It's the kind of thing the Communists like to show Russian people as an example of what life in America must be like.

You know who else I've been mistaken for? A limo driver who once picked me up at the Atlantic City airport told me that my picture was on a billboard in town. This kind of surprised me, but he said he'd show me. So we were driving along and I saw this billboard with Anthony Newley on it. He said, "There it is, sir." I said, "I'm not *Anthony Newley*; he's, like, *20 years older* than I am! Give me a break!" Have you ever heard Newley's song about comedians, *The Man Who Makes You Laugh*? It's horrible. [Sings] "Look at me, I'm the fun-nee man," . . . you know, crying on the inside, laughing on the outside. Shut up, you jerk! Here's a fuckin' Magnum through the head. Let's see how funny you are now!

15.

PLAYBOY: Answer the eternal question: *Does Elvis live?*

LENO: I've always been an Elvis fan. I've gone to Graceland. Since I'm from New England, there's nothing I enjoy more than seeing a Chippendale dresser that's been painted purple and orange. Do you mean, "Is he really still alive?" I've met some people who think he pumps gas somewhere in Idaho. You can't blame them, though. I saw a magazine not long ago that said "ELVIS AT FIFTY," with a big picture of him on the cover. People were picking up the magazine, saying, "Jeez, he looks great for 50!" It's crazy. Elvis

doesn't look *great!* He's *dead!* He's been dead for *eight years!*

16.

PLAYBOY: Define hackneyed.

LENO: This will piss off comics. I once tried to do a study and compiled *The Little Big Book of Overdone, Hackneyed Comedy Premises*. I took it onto the Letterman show and got an enormous number of angry calls. Basically, these were the most abused comedy gags. Things like, "Can you imagine if E.T. landed in my neighborhood? Boy, we'd kick the shit out of him!" Or McNuggets, as in "Where are the McNuggets on a chicken?"; "I'll grab you by the McNuggets"; "Don't touch my McNuggets."

Then, among the most-hackneyed type of performers, there's the wacky duo, which is very popular now. These are generally two white guys: One is serious; the other keeps interrupting with annoying sound effects. Then there's my favorite, the impressionist who announces he's about to become a crustacean or something, saying, "It'll go something like this. . . ." He'll turn around for a second, then come back, and he'll look *exactly* the same. That's amazing to me. I'll go out on a limb, though, and predict that when we remember 1985's most hackneyed premise, it'll be the talking-car bit, inspired by those electronic-warning-voice systems: "You know, cars *talk* now, ladies and gentlemen. Can you imagine the *Jewish* car? 'Vat are you, too good to wear a seat belt, schmuck?'"

17.

PLAYBOY: How misunderstood was Andy Kaufman?

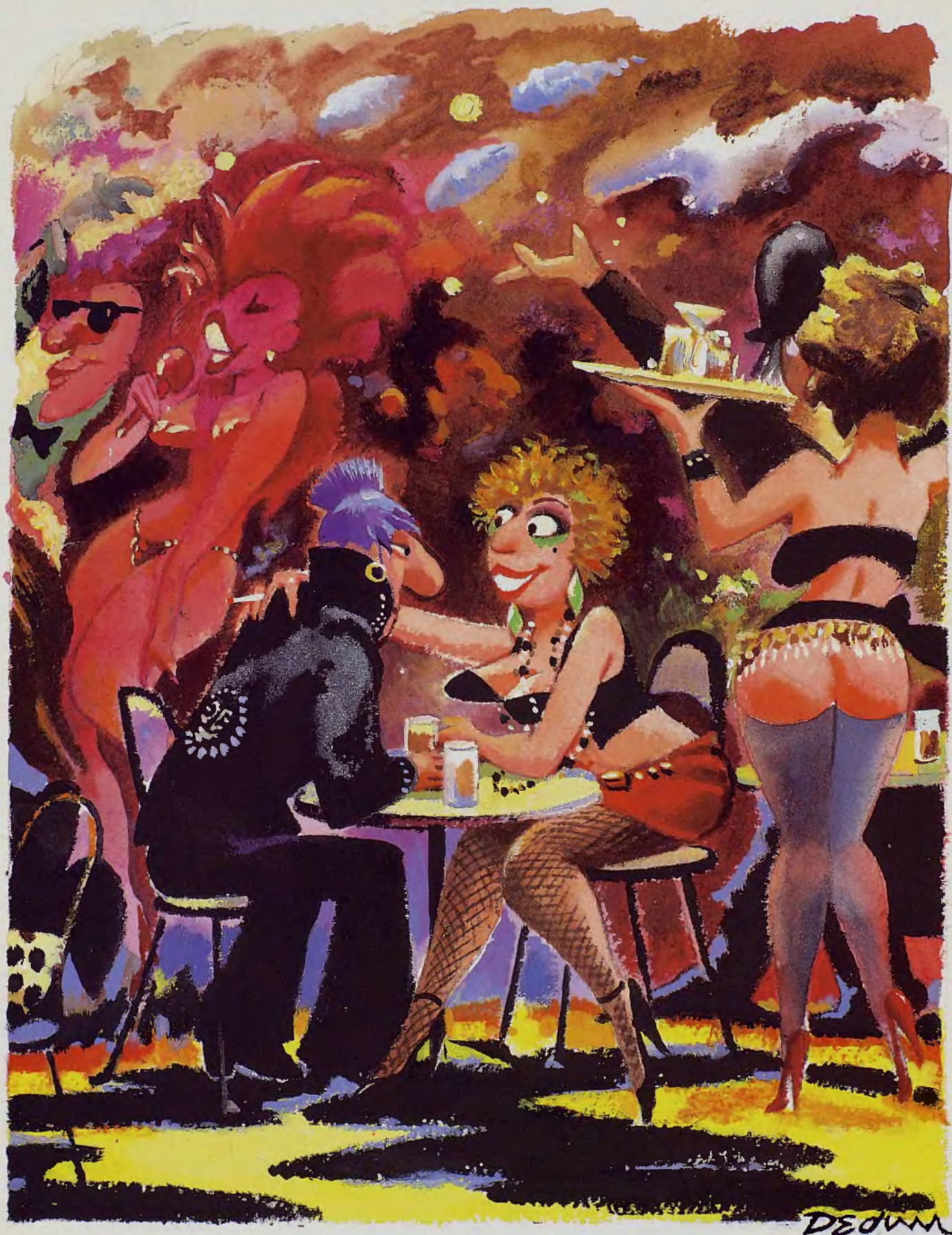
LENO: Andy was like theater of the absurd. He wasn't really a stand-up comedian. His thing was to get a reaction, and it almost didn't matter what the reaction was. I saw him at The Improv once, reading *The Great Gatsby* out loud for an hour and a half. People got up and left, then came back two minutes later to see if Andy had put the book down because they'd left. But he'd keep reading.

People would get mad that they weren't let in on the joke. At the end of his shows, they wanted Andy to do a Don Rickles thing—you know, "I'm not really like this—I'm a normal guy. . . ." But he wouldn't. He kept it up his whole life. He never dropped it. And *that* used to drive people in Hollywood nuts, people who wanted desperately to be able to say, "I know the *other side* of Andy!" But they never got to. Andy and I were friends, but he was exactly what you saw. You had to take him at face value. Everything he did on stage—that was his real life.

18.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that comedy albums are hurtling toward extinction?

LENO: I hope they are. I'll never do one. Comedy albums are great if you're getting



"I think we have a beautiful relationship—damaged, but beautiful."

out of the business and you just want to have a big garage sale of all your material. You do the album, people buy it and you're never heard from again. I would hate to buy an album, listen to it, go see the guy perform and hear the album all over again on stage. It's not like hit music.

I mean, your average comedy-album buyer is that kind of nerdy, overweight kid with Coke-bottle glasses. He'll get up at a party, tell everybody to be quiet, and he'll put on the record. Then, somehow, vicariously or through osmosis, he takes credit for the material, you know, as if *he's* the comedian. It's like one of those ads on TV where people are sitting around with nothing to do. Then one guy learns to play the organ and, suddenly, everyone gathers around him and he becomes a star, just by playing this stupid, annoying instrument. I'll tell you this: If I were at a party where someone started to play an instrument, I'd be out of there. Especially one that's color-keyed.

19.

PLAYBOY: What's better, sex or laughter?

LENO: Well, sex is better. Unfortunately,

laughs last longer. If sex could last as long as the laughs, you know, you could get up there and do two-and-a-half-hour sets with each one being a *killer*. That would be good. Sex is like having two or three *really good* jokes. Then you're out of material, and it's like, "Thank you! Good night! You've been great! Thank you very much!"

20.

PLAYBOY: What's your position on edible underwear?

LENO: The sad thing is that after a couple years of marriage, a lot of guys are just not as romantic as they could be. So the women go out and buy this stuff, like edible underwear, which they take home and put on to make themselves look very attractive. They get into bed. The guy eats the underwear, burps and says, "Thanks, honey, that was great! What're we havin' tomorrow night?" Now, of course, they have edible underwear for men, which is interesting. In fact, right now, I'm wearing the Big Man Boxer Shorts Dinner. Can you see that extra helping of potatoes in there?



WHILE LENIN SLEPT

(continued from page 104)

Most Human of Humans.

A small crowd has gathered to watch as a procession of World War Two veterans files up to pay respects. Uniformed guards part and let them lay their flowers. They beam proudly and someone snaps a picture. As they troop off around the back of the mausoleum to inspect the graves of lesser luminaries entombed in the Kremlin's red-brick walls, an old man approaches and tries to join their ranks. A young officer brings him up short.

"You can't go in."

The old man seems perplexed and tries once more to pass.

"You can't go in," the guard repeats, taking the fellow by the arm.

"And why not?" the little man asks lamely. "I've been a good Communist for over 30 years!"

The guard laughs and turns away.

After perusing the lunch fare at a couple of native eateries, we decide to pass on the watery gruel and lymph-node sausage and head for the Intourist Hotel.

You do not just waltz into the Intourist as you would, say, a Holiday Inn. First, you must prove your out-of-towner status. Like all establishments catering to foreigners, the Intourist enforces a strict policy of "No Russians allowed." God forbid some Muscovite should strike up a conversation with a visiting Parisian. He might be infected with a sudden bourgeois longing to French-kiss an escargot. A doorman is on duty to prevent just such a catastrophe.

"Say, whaddaya think of the Mets' new right-hander?" I drawl, sidling up to said doorman. With a sneering glance at my sneakers, he motions us in.

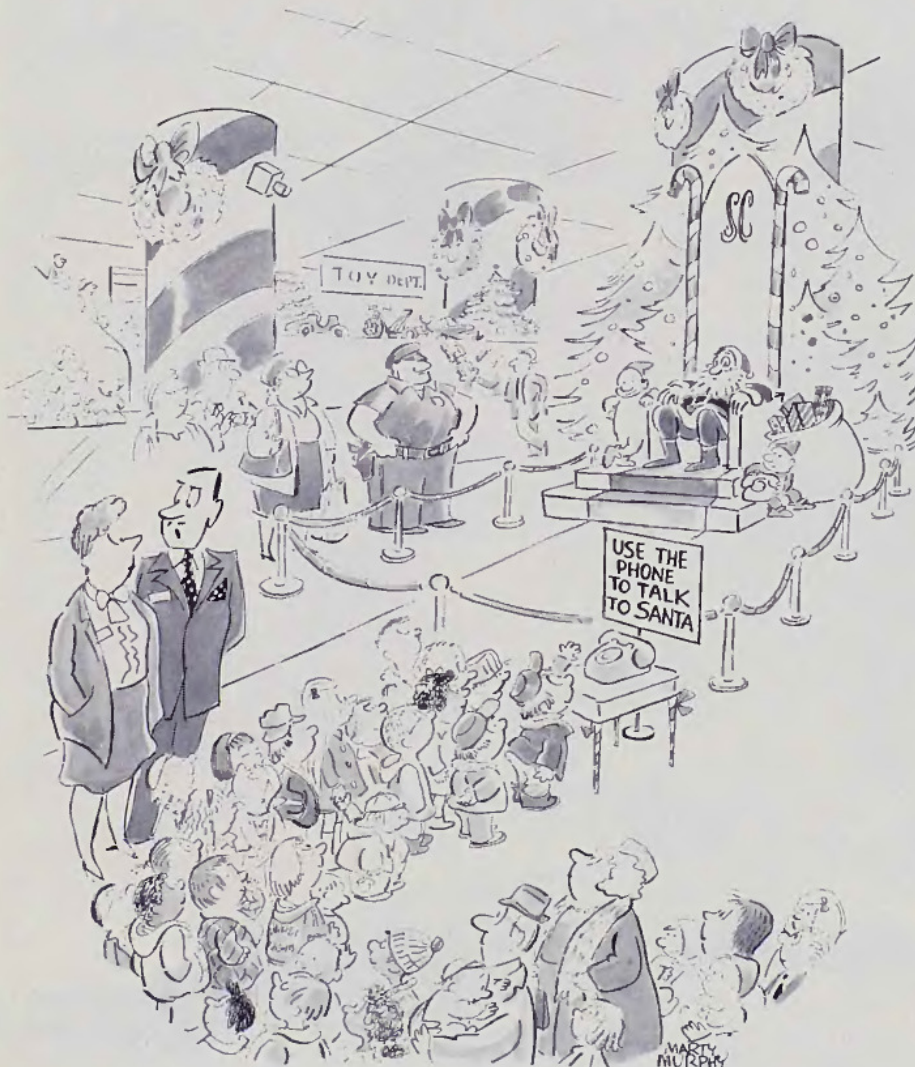
Upstairs, at the "smorgasbord," we find . . . the same insipid borscht and rubbery wieners. It looks like used food.

After lunch, Misha and I cross the street to a couple of phone booths. Because the phones at Spaso House are tapped, Misha has waited till now to contact a friend from his last trip, Lev, living in the city.

As Misha makes his call, I watch pedestrian traffic. Maybe it's the weather, but there's a striking lack of *joie de vivre*. Gravity tugs hard at the corners of eyes and mouths. People walking in pairs or groups rarely talk. There is no laughter, only the sound of heavy shoes clomping on concrete.

So far, I haven't been able to spot our K.G.B. tails. I know they're around, but I'm not sure what to look for. Are their guys the fashion plates that our Secret Service guys are? Does a Soviet tail also wear mirrored sunglasses and three-piece suits? Or white socks and black cop shoes?

A young man in a navy-blue trench coat passes by, then returns and falls into line for the phones. Misha is taking his sweet time with the call, so the other booth gets



"I'm afraid the new awareness of child abuse is going to play hob with our traditional Christmas."

most of the business. Before long, Mr. Trench Coat is at the front of the line. But when the adjacent booth is again vacated, he signals for the woman behind him to go ahead. Finally, Misha hangs up. Lev will have us to dinner tomorrow. As we wander off to find our companions, I notice The Trench Coat standing off to the side, watching us. When we're about half a block away, he abruptly turns and heads off in the opposite direction.

PRINCES AND PRINCESSES

Clemente Pandin, an Italian who heads the staff at Spaso House, is *the* man to know in Moscow. Whether it's caviar, concert tickets or just a decent meal you're after, look up Clemente. Tonight, he has invited us to a restaurant on the outskirts of the city. It is not a place most locals frequent, he tells us as we bump along past a cluster of wooden farmhouses tucked away in a stand of white birch. To begin with, the trains and buses don't go this far. You have to drive, and not that many people own cars. Then there's the clientele—mostly Party types. Get out of line here, drink a little too much, puke on somebody's shoes and you're likely to wind up with your tonsils wired to a portable generator.

From the outside, the place looks like a woody hunting lodge. Inside, a rock band drives away at everything from Stevie Wonder to Eurythmics—current stuff, not more than a year or three old.

The food is great—sweet butter and caviar on coarse dark bread, fresh cucumbers and pickled garlic, filleted sturgeon, tart cranberries, red Georgian cabbage, a whole roast piglet no one can bear to look in the eye and, of course, vodka, plenty of vodka.

Halfway through our meal, three big guys in somber suits stride in and take a table next to ours. They're the kind of lugs who crush walnuts on their foreheads because it feels good. Clemente gives me a wink. K.G.B. It's as if someone had thrown a mako shark into a tank full of tuna. Everybody's trying to act cool, but frightened fisheyes are rolling around in their sockets, straining to keep the Black Suits in view . . . just in case.

After numerous vodka toasts, I'm feeling pretty expansive.

"Why don't we send them a bottle of wine?" I suggest loudly.

Clemente blanches. "No, no!" he says, shaking his head. "They are not here officially. They would take it as an insult."

And somebody would have to die for it, I suppose. To hell with them.

The owner, a jovial, bearded fellow named Vadim, invites us to his private bar, a small A-frame separate from the main restaurant. We knock on a sturdy door; a peephole opens and words are exchanged; we are allowed entry. I feel like a bootlegger during Prohibition. Above the bar, on a large TV screen, Prince is crotch-thrusting his way through

1999. What I'm seeing, obviously, are smuggled video cassettes. The crowd is mostly young, mostly chic in Italian designer clothes, mostly Kremlin kids. This video club, from which Vadim reaps a healthy profit, is technically outside the law. But the authorities wink at it, as they do at a few other such enterprises, and their children come to drink and have their Socialist values corrupted by rock 'n' roll.

Champagne and chocolates are brought to the table. The video clicks off and another tape is inserted. It looks oddly familiar, an awful lot like a German talk show I once appeared on . . . yep, there I am. Julian Lennon and I are struggling with earphones while our effusive host prattles on about "life with a famous father." Vadim and Clemente—God knows where they got this tape—are beaming, waiting for a nod of admiration from me for their resourcefulness.

"You sons of guns. . . ." I try to pretend that this is the kind of thing that really makes my night.

The young couple behind us, a Valentino-clad blonde and her date, look confused and begin hollering for "Michael! Michael!"

Too much champagne. Too much video. I have to pee. Returning from the sole men's room back in the main restaurant, I hear a strange thumping coming from behind the peepholed door. Taking hold of the handle, I cautiously give it a pull. Out lurches the blonde, obviously tanked. She grabs at my neck and, for a moment, we're engaged in an ungainly *pas de deux*. Through fits of laughter, she whispers something Russian in my ear. Then, stumbling, giggling, this golden flower of Soviet youth careens off into the darkness, looking for a safe place to toss her *blinis*.

WHERE THE WALLS BLEED

Although hammered by 11 hours' jet lag, we reluctantly avail ourselves of an embassy car the next day. Word has it that all embassy drivers are supplied by K.G.B. and that the cars are fitted with homing devices.

Our driver, Anatoly, in brown-polyester trench coat and porkpie hat, is straight out of central casting. Spook city. Within minutes, he's referring to Misha as Mishinka, a diminutive so extreme, so cloying, so insulting as to mean "My little Twinkie lips."

"I think he's sweet on you," I whisper over the headrest to Misha.

"Got any spare neutron bombs?" he snarls.

First stop, the Tunisian ambassador's residence. Dr. Sally is paying a courtesy call on the ambassador's wife, Fazia.

We are ushered into a living room hung with modern Tunisian art. Malproportioned sheiks race across a vividly tinted desert aboard three-legged steeds. Fazia sweeps in, wearing a billowy caftan. *Baklava* and sweet, minty Tunisian tea

are offered. Everything is "charming," "delightful."

As we prepare to leave, Fazia asks gently, "Do you know whose house this was?"

We don't.

"It belonged to Beria. You know, Stalin's chief of secret police." With a conspiratorial gleam, she inquires, "Would you like to see his torture chamber?"

In the rear of the house, beneath a stair well, is a low, heavy iron door. It opens onto a short, steep flight of steps, then another low doorway. Crouching down through the opening, we find ourselves in a small room with wooden floor boards, a single bulb the only source of illumination. For an untold number of people, this was the terrible end of the line.

"I've done nothing to change the room," says Fazia, flicking on the light.

There is an audible intake of breath. The dingy white walls are splattered with blood-colored droplets. Moisture, I tell myself, might have drawn the oil from the chipped paint. I don't know. On one wall, brow level, a smoke stain curlicues toward the ceiling. Beria, I remember reading, enjoyed using fire on his victims to extract confessions from them.

Fazia points out a secret passageway, long since sealed by the Soviets. Supposedly, this tunnel led to the Kremlin, the river or both. We stand for a moment, not knowing quite what to do. At last, overcome by the grisliness, we make our escape.

Back at Red Square, Anatoly hops out of the car to confer with a militiaman about the reopening of Lenin's tomb for tourists. He returns, a gold tooth gleaming from an apologetic smile. Mr. Lenin is still not receiving callers.

Anatoly's beginning to piss us off with his canned platitudes—"It's better to laugh than to shoot." Now he's feeling smug. Pointing to one of the myriad Ladas—basically, 12-year-old Fiats in Russian drag—he boasts, "Our factories produce 22 of those cars every minute."

"Really?" I say, and Misha translates, even though we know damn well he understands every word we say. "And how much do they cost?"

"Only 3000 rubles," he says, grinning. "Eight thousand for the more expensive models."

"Uh-huh. And how much does the average Soviet worker take home in a year?" I ask, knowing the answer is "About 2500 rubles." Misha suppresses a smirk and doesn't bother to translate. Anatoly grimaces. He says nothing for the rest of the drive.

•
"Born down in a dead man's town. . ." Evening. Clemente at the wheel, Springsteen blaring from the stereo, we roar down a light-streaked Kutuzovsky Prospect. Having picked up Lev at a metro station, we're heading back to his apartment for dinner. "You spend half your life

SPRIT OF JOY.



FINLANDIA®.
THE WORLD'S FINEST VODKA®.
OVER ICE.

SEND "THE WORLD'S FINEST VODKA" AS A GIFT ANYWHERE IN THE CONTINENTAL U.S. WHERE ALLOWED BY STATE LAW. CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-238-4373.

"FINLANDIA" AND "THE WORLD'S FINEST VODKA" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF ALKO LTD. 80 AND 100 PROOF IMPORTED BY PALACE BRANDS COMPANY, FARMINGTON, CT.

"FINLANDIA PAYS TRIBUTE TO TRADITION" © ALKO LTD. 1985

just covering up. . . ." Clemente jerks the wheel and we bend into a high-speed, tire-screaming U-turn designed to throw off any K.G.B. tails, at least for the moment. "Born in the U.S.A. . . ."

Lev's wife, Zoya, her mother, Irina, and children, Boris and Natalya, greet us at the door. For a family of professionals, upper middle class by Soviet standards, their apartment is, by American standards, Spartan. At least they don't share bathroom and kitchen facilities with another family. Their hospitality is abundant, all out of proportion to the family's scant resources. We are fed a delicious meal, chased down by the inevitable vodka.

Lev tells us a joke currently making the rounds: "Some Americans were visiting a Soviet factory. They were shocked by the working conditions. How could the workers stand it? They decided to try an experiment. First, they gathered the workers together and told them, 'From now on, you'll work twice as long for half pay.' There were no complaints. Next day, they told the workers, 'You'll work three times as long for quarter pay.' No complaints. Finally, they said, 'Work 24 hours a day for no pay and, what's more, every tenth man will be taken and hanged from the factory gates.' A hand was raised at the back of the crowd and a voice called out, 'Do we need to bring our own rope?'"

"Ever think of trying to leave?" I ask later.

He shrugs. "I am Russian. I feel Russian. I don't think I could live anywhere else."

"As long as you're free in your mind," Zoya offers, "you're truly free."

Free to do what? I almost ask her. Travel abroad? Start your own independent newspaper? Stand in Red Square with a big sign saying, THE SOVIET CONSTITUTION IS A BUNCH OF HYPOCRITICAL CRAP?

Instead, I offer a parting toast, thanking Lev for making Doria and me feel a part of his family.

"Think of who I'm related to now!" he laughs.

DON'T RAIN ON MY DEMONSTRATSIA

May Day dawns rainy, windy and miserably cold. Misha and I make the trek to Red Square, leaving our wiser female companions to watch the show on TV.

The day's event is not, technically, a parade. The Soviets reserve that term for military displays. *Demonstratsia* is the operative word when hordes of people march through the streets unarmed.

Carrying every conceivable form of identification, tickets at the ready, we proceed to check point number one, a line of militiamen stretched across the entrance to the square.

"Be sure the signatures match," growls a muscular officer to the grunt checking my credentials.

The young soldier looks first at my tick-

et, then my visa, then passport. He glances from the photo to my face and back again. He repeats the process in reverse. That done, he starts all over again. This routine is repeated at two more check points before we're allowed to enter our designated area.

The rain continues to pour. Standing with one foot in the diplomatic section, the other in that reserved for press, Misha and I are shielded by a canopy of umbrellas. The guy directly in front of me, however, keeps tilting his back, sending a cascade of frigid water down the bridge of my nose. Polite entreaties elicit nothing but a vaguely Eastern European grumble. The umbrella stays where it is. Finally, screwing on a broad smile, I attempt a more universal communication.

"Excuse me, sir. If you don't move the umbrella, I'll shove it where the monkey put the onion."

The corner of his mouth begins to twitch spasmodically; his ears turn red. Slowly, very slowly, the umbrella tilts forward.

Things could be worse. We could be members of the Politburo. One by one—Gorbachev, Gromyko, Romanov, et al.—they ascend to the top of Lenin's tomb and brace themselves against sheets of rain. No umbrellas. No awning. No wonder they drop like flies. Give them credit, though; a typical American politician would buzz in by chopper, spend five minutes in a glass-enclosed booth, then high-tail it for home. These guys stand for the full three hours, braving not only weather but boredom.

Once you've seen five minutes of a May Day *demonstratsia*, you have, indeed, seen it all. There's no drama, no glamor, no Bullwinkle balloons. No rose-covered replicas of the next five-year plan; no Grim Grom in silver-lamé chaps riding a pinto

pony. Not a chance. Several million people tromp by, hauling floats in the shape of tractor parts. Lots of pictures of Lenin: wise old Lenin, fiery young Lenin, the *baby* Lenin, Lenin orating, Lenin meditating, Lenin looking like he's about to launch into a rendition of *Blue Suede Shoes*. Some of the stuff is rather aggressive: evil U.S. warheads threatening a peaceful Soviet heartland, repeated references to "the imperialistic NATO alliance" and "fascist America." All the while, martial music blares and an unctuous voice booms over a loud-speaker, chanting approved slogans: "Nuclear bombs—*nyet!* *Nyet!* *Nyet!* Peace on earth—*da!* *Da!* *Da!*"

"Pardon me." A hollow-eyed, grayish man taps Misha on the shoulder and introduces himself as an assistant deputy secretary at the Soviet Foreign Ministry. "I understand President Ronald Reagan's son is here today."

There is something unsettling, even vaguely sinister, in the man's countenance. Both of us give him a blank stare. This is not the place I'd expect to be asked for an autographed glossy of my folks.

"*Nyet,*" says Misha. "I wouldn't know."

A short exchange ensues, with Misha repeating "*Nyet*" a lot and the sallow *apparatchik* shifting uneasily from foot to foot. Finally, he scurries off.

"Occasionally, I remember why you're my agent," I laugh. "You keep the rabble off my ass."

"It's what I live for," says Misha, smiling.

Down front, Soviet television is conducting man-in-the-street interviews. Nervous bystanders are dragged over to read prepared dogma from cue cards.

As the hours pass, the spirits of even the most loyal cadres begin to flag. One tier below the Politburo chiefs, the minister of



Jerome Parker was a man who
took life by the balls.

appropriate crowd response swings into action. Waving his arms, gesticulating madly, he exhorts marchers and crowd alike to new heights of soggy enthusiasm.

Over in the diplomatic section, we're not buying his act. Chuckling, snorting, a trio of Africans nearby are having a grand time whacking one another with their complimentary red-carnation bouquets. Looks like a mescaline high to me.

After an eternity, the procession grinds to a halt. The minister of A.C.R. is hopping up and down with excitement, anticipating the big finale. He reminds me of one of those neutered high school band directors. Crescendo! Everyone waves paper flowers, and preprogrammed huzzahs ring out. Gorbachev throws one last wave at the masses and sprints for the cozy warmth of the Kremlin.

Returning to Spaso House, Misha and I catch a glimpse of some marchers riding in the back of a flat-bed truck, gloomy, drenched, heading God knows where.

RED ARROW TO DESPAIR

Misha is standing in the door to my compartment, a demented look on his face.

"Have you been to the bathroom yet?" he screeches.

I've just spent the night in a bunk the size of a duffel bag and I'm not in the mood for toilet jokes. The entire previous day, May second, was a nightmare. Ambassador Hartman returned from his regular meeting at the Foreign Ministry to report that the Soviets were very curious about "this fellow traveling with Mr. Reagan." Misha turned the color of a dirty ashtray and insisted we leave Moscow *immediately*—he wouldn't say why.

After much frantic scrambling, we secured four rail tickets to Leningrad. Our train, the Red Arrow, left at midnight. On board, I filled Misha with cognac, and out poured a confused tale of an earlier trip to Moscow—something about someone or other's teenaged daughter and how it was really a frame-up, but in return for the American embassy's (previous Administration) saving him from being buried up to his ears in permafrost, he'd agreed to always travel with a sex therapist.

I must give off some pheromone that attracts this kind of deviate. Bumping down the passageway toward the bathroom, Misha is gibbering about "the horror, the horror." He's right. A herd of bilious goats must have passed through while we slept. Crusty, ocher-colored filth coats every available surface. There's no toilet paper. Press a foot pedal and the entire bottom of the toilet drops out to reveal tracks whooshing by below.

"I was marked for death in this hell-hole," whimpers Misha.

Back in the cabins, Doria and Dr. Sally are impersonating pit vipers. Men can pee into beer cans, but women need a *real* bathroom. *Now!*

Inspired ingenuity and a revolving towel dispenser enable us to rig up a trapeze over the toilet. The women swing safely above the crud.

"A window on Europe"—that's what Peter the Great had in mind when he founded St. Petersburg, a.k.a. Leningrad, nearly 300 years ago. To that end, he commissioned some of the finest architects in Europe and Asia to work their magic. And it is magical: Serpentine canals wind under gently arching bridges. The graceful façades of buildings lining the waterways are reminiscent of Venice. While Moscow is the political capital, it's clear that Leningrad remains the heart of Russian culture. Look closer, though, and you see garbage rising to the oil-slick surface. Behind the façades, filth and decay. Even the tap water poses a threat. The color of strong tea, it harbors parasites just waiting for an unguarded orifice. Take a bath and you risk being eaten alive from the inside out.

Proximity to the free world (Finland is less than 100 miles away) has made Leningrad authorities even more wary than their paranoid Moscow brethren about Russians' rubbing elbows with foreigners. Penalties can be severe. Not long ago, two Finnish rowdies got drunk and danced naked in a fountain. The sentence: two and a half years in a labor camp making little ones out of big ones.

The plate-glass doors of the Hotel Astoria are locked tight against the natives. Once more, my high-top sneakers gain us entry. Inside, on every floor, stern "key ladies" keep a sharp eye peeled. Walking down to the lobby, we overhear a routine call from one key lady to another—"They're coming down. Four of them. Taking the stairs." Posted prominently, a notice warns, TO AVOID MISUNDERSTANDINGS, PLEASE INFORM THE KEY LADY WHENEVER YOU EXPECT OUTSIDE VISITORS. I assume the rooms are bugged.

We have not adjusted easily to the Soviet Experience. At every turn, the watching, following, eavesdropping, the needless regulations, the plodding grimness of it all are beginning to chafe our psyches. Inexorably, we drift into a mist of rage and despair. Misha sinks into a deep funk. He locks himself in the bathroom and starts dismantling lamp bases, all the time rumbling about "lousy Commie rat bastards." Later, I catch a glimpse of myself in a mirror . . . standing on a chair beneath a chandelier, making obscene noises.

Clearly, it's time we returned to Moscow to prepare for our trip home. I book four tickets to Moscow on the next morning's Aeroflot shuttle.

"Arise! Your selfless toil will build our great nation!"

I'm jolted awake by an insistently shrill female voice that seems to emanate from within my pillow. "Work hard! Strive! In-

crease productivity!" For a moment, I imagine I'm dangling by my heels in the vortex of an Orwellian nightmare. "Remember the sacrifices of the Great Patriotic War!" All over the city, loudspeakers are rousing the public. On a Saturday? Ah, but today is the *Subbotnik*. Workers are "voluntarily" donating a day of free labor to the state. I flip on the TV and catch a newscaster sitting in front of a map of the U.S. The only word I can make out is fascist.

As the only foreigners, we are the last to board the plane. Four seats have been blocked off for us. In our seat pockets, someone has thoughtfully left a bit of reading material—courtesy of the Novosti Press Agency, the chief propaganda mill. Leafing through something called *Do the Russian People Stand for War?*, I discover that "the U.S.S.R. has a highly developed and stable economy steadily moving ahead without crises or recessions." No wonder it can afford to "have no claims either on Afghanistan's territory or on its resources." As for the U.S. Government, well, "the most dangerous example of the Reagan Administration's irresponsible attitude toward the future of the world was the reckless way the American leadership conducted itself during the incident involving the South Korean airliner in 1983." Probably the result of the pervasive "Hollywood mentality" in Washington.

DAY OF THE BABUSHKAS

The balmy weather back in Moscow does nothing to lighten our spirits.

"I can feel the net closing around us," confides Misha nervously.

"You just need a little fresh air," I tell him. "Stop worrying. Anyway, we're leaving tomorrow. What could happen now?"

We decide to pick up our two *refuseniks* for an outing to a park. I figure they could use some fresh air, too. In the car, on the way to the Moscow Botanical Garden, Volodya and Sergei argue whether or not the worst excesses of the Stalin era are likely to be repeated.

"All I'm saying is that it *could* happen," warns Sergei.

"No, no." Volodya shakes his head. "Gorbachev is no Stalin, but he is a practical man. The problem of people like you and me will be solved . . . one way or another."

The spring thaw has brought out the nature buffs—still swathed, however, in winter woollens. Shirtless, yipping and sloshing across the soggy grass, we try to instruct our friends in the intricacies of Frisbee. The *babushkas* on patrol take a dim view of the proceedings. Lips curled, hackles raised, like arctic wolves fresh off the tundra, a pack gathers at the edge of the lawn. Their fuming and grumbling takes on the tone of a Cossack death chant.

An errant toss and Misha belly-flops onto the sod at the old women's feet. This is the opening they've been waiting for—a



If you can read this, you need a videotape as sensitive to color as you are. Panasonic Sensicolor.™

Of course, this isn't an official color blindness test. But you already know how sensitive you are to color. And if you really care about accurate color. Rich color. Color the way TV networks want you to see it. You'll want Panasonic Sensicolor Videotape.

Panasonic Sensicolor faithfully reproduces color. From the subtlest tones to the boldest hues. And every color remains true, replay after replay. Because the same technology and attention to detail that makes Panasonic a leader in VCRs is behind our VHS™

videotapes, too. Panasonic videotape is available in three grades. Premium Standard, Super High-Grade and Hi-Fi. All with Sensicolor quality.

Take one home and give it the most difficult test of all. See it with your own eyes.



THE PANASONIC LAS VEGAS PRO-AM.
APRIL 30-MAY 4, 1986. CALL 1-800-722-GOLF.
SEE IT ON NBC.

Panasonic[®]
just slightly ahead of our time.™

wounded elk has dropped from the herd. With a cry of what may be "Umree!" ("Die!"), the lead *baba* takes a vicious cut at Misha's head. He ducks, and her knobby cane whizzes past his left ear. Another steps forward, swings from the ankles and plants a tremendous left hook in his ribs. Misha lets out a bloodcurdling scream and begins floundering back across the wet field, the *babushkas* in pursuit.

Sergei grabs my arm. "Leave him. He's finished. We can save ourselves if we make it to the woods."

Eyes wide with panic, Misha is just managing to stay ahead of the pack. Their walking sticks are sinking into the soft turf, slowing them down.

I can't leave him. Not even a deviate literary agent deserves such a death. Sloshing back, I take hold of his wrist and pull him forward. One *baba*, using her cane as a vaulting pole, springs toward us, legs flailing, but falls short. I drag Misha into the safety of trees.

"This just proves they're after me," he gasps. "That was a trained K.G.B. hit squad."

FAST EXIT

The next morning, at the airport, I've got other things to worry about—like the two dozen jars of caviar I'm smuggling out of the country. In the Soviet Union, everything of value—aesthetic, monetary or otherwise—is classified as a "national treasure." To leave with more than the allowed minimum amount is to risk spending the rest of your life being shot out of a cannon in some Siberian circus. I'm way over the limit.

Meanwhile, Dr. Sally, with her smattering of Russian, has struck up a conversa-

tion with a Soviet psychiatrist on his way to a conference. Seems they're in the same field. As they speak, I hear the word *sukhostoy* used several times, which makes the Soviet doctor smile. I figure the friendly word *sukhostoy* may come in handy.

Actually, any friendly thing I could say would probably come in handy, considering the glares I'm getting from a burly guard by the airport gate. The clacking of jars in my carry-on bag is beginning to attract attention, and we're ready to board.

"*Spasibo*," I say, handing the guard my ticket. I smile ingratiatingly at him. "Thank you. And *sukhostoy*."

I suddenly feel a frantic clawing at my sleeve and turn to find Misha with a terrified look on his face.

"Holy shit!" he whispers. "You just wished him a prolonged male orgasm!" Without another word, the four of us break into a high-speed, modified Groucho Marx shuffle and scramble for the plane. Over my shoulder, it seems to me I see the guard grappling with his holster.

"Comin' into London, Heathrow! Bringin' in a kilo of roe!" Never has the dirty industrial fringe of London been so endearing. I feel like kissing a sooty hedge-row. Tripping through British customs, I belt out another chorus. A group of old ladies, English tourists wearing funny straw hats, give me a quizzical look. A chill attacks my viscera and I flinch involuntarily.

"You Yanks," one says, smiling warmly. "You'd think you had just returned from the underworld."



С О П Д S C H N A P P S
(continued from page 86)

cherry, pear, apricot, orange among the fruits; various mints, including spearmint, menthol mint, wintergreen and chocolate mint; spicy cinnamon and ginger; plus a few wild ones such as watermelon, root beer and nutcracker amaretto. Currently, there are upwards of 80 labels and 25 distinct schnapps flavors on the market—with more coming out every week. Are you ready for butterscotch, classic cola, blue-grass mint julep and coastal cranberry? They're coming. With its eruption of tastes and hues and its contemporary *brio*, this newest group of spirits is the most exuberant in the alcoholic-beverage field.

Flavored schnapps are the perfect vehicle to add a festive aura to any holiday frolic. They're extremely versatile, lending themselves to a variety of uses. The mints are great straight as shooters, chilled from the refrigerator or smooth and viscous from the freezer. Fruits combine amiably with virtually all mixers to make uncommon cocktails and tall drinks. You can also shoot them, and if you want a change from the classic punches, try a schnapps-laced bowl. You'll find it different.

As often happens when a surge of new products hits the market, quality is a little spotty. However, you can generally depend on the offerings of the top producers—Arrow, Bols, DeKuyper, Leroux, Marie Brizard, Mr. Boston, Regnier and Hiram Walker. And you can depend on this new category of spirits to put schnapp in your holiday fete.

COLD SHOT

¾ oz. Dr. McGillicuddy's Mentholmint Schnapps, cold

¾ oz. white rum, cold

Combine ingredients. For shooting, pour into large, chilled shot glass or tall, slender cordial glass. For sipping, pour over ice cube in small wineglass or old fashioned glass.

SOUR APPLE

2 ozs. Leroux Original Apple Country Schnapps

½ oz. lemon juice

½ teaspoon Superfine sugar, optional
Cherry

½ orange slice

Briskly shake first 3 ingredients with ice. Strain into sour glass or over fresh ice in old fashioned glass. Garnish with fruit.

Note: This drink is pleasantly tart, but if you like a touch of sweetness, add sugar.

WATERMELON

1 oz. Mr. Boston The Original Strawberry Schnapps

1 oz. vodka

1 oz. orange juice

1 oz. sweet-and-sour mix

Shake all ingredients with ice. Strain over fresh ice in tall glass.

(concluded overleaf)



Matthew

"If I did go away with you for the weekend, would I have to floss after every meal?"

Playboy's 1986 Playmate Calendar



Desk Size
5 1/2" x 7 1/4"

Wall Size
8 1/2" x 12 1/2"

AMERICA'S FAVORITE CALENDAR

The perfect holiday gift! (Remember to give yourself one.)

AT
NEWSSTANDS
NOW!

To order by mail: Specify "desk" or "wall" type. Send \$5.00 for each (includes postage & handling). Illinois residents, add 7% sales tax. Canadian residents, send \$8.00 for each, full amount payable in U.S. currency on U.S. bank. Sorry, no other foreign orders. Send order plus check or money order to: PBC, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove Village, IL 60007. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

KAREN VELEZ

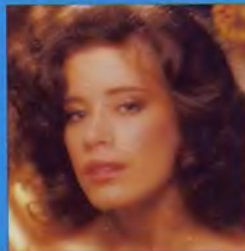
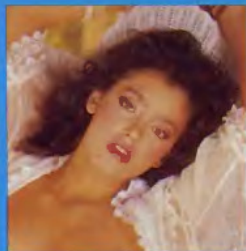
LESA ANN PEDRIANA

DEBI JOHNSON

CHARLOTTE KEMP

BARBARA EDWARDS

HOPE CARLTON



RUTH GUERRI

DEVIN DE VASQUEZ

PATTY DUFFEK

ROBERTA VASQUEZ

LIZ STEWART

KATHY SHOWER

PEACHY KIR

1¼ ozs. peach schnapps
 3 ozs. dry white wine, chilled
 Pink and green melon balls
 Stir schnapps and wine with ice; strain into chilled champagne flute. Thread melon balls on pick and lay over glass.

PURPLE RAIN

1 oz. Arrow Blackberry Schnapps
 1 oz. vodka
 1½ ozs. pineapple juice, chilled
 Pineapple chunk
 Mint sprig
 Over ice cubes in old fashioned glass, pour schnapps, vodka and juice. Stir well. Pineapple chunk and mint are optional, but they add a nice touch.

APPLE STRUDEL

2 ozs. Bols apple schnapps
 2 teaspoons cinnamon schnapps, or to taste

Small wedge red-skinned apple
 Pour over ice in small old fashioned glass. Stir well. Garnish with apple.

COLONEL PEACHTREE

1 oz. DeKuyper Original Peachtree Schnapps
 1 oz. DeKuyper Apple Barrel Schnapps
 3 to 4 ozs. orange juice, chilled
 Curl of orange peel
 Pour schnapps and juice over ice in old fashioned glass. Stir well. Twist orange peel over drink and add to glass.

BRAIN DRAIN

Fill shot glass with chilled peach or strawberry schnapps. Drizzle 1 teaspoon Irish cream liqueur into glass. Let drink stand a moment, without stirring. Drain glass in one shot.

SCHNAPPS BALL

2 ozs. schnapps (your favorite flavor)
 Lime wedge

Club soda, chilled
 Pour schnapps over ice cubes in highball glass. Squeeze in lime wedge, add peel; stir well. Add good splash of soda—2 to 3 ozs., or to taste. Stir briefly.

AFFAIR

2 ozs. strawberry schnapps
 2 ozs. cranberry juice, chilled
 2 ozs. orange juice, chilled
 Orange twist or ripe strawberry
 Pour schnapps and juices over ice in highball glass. Stir. Garnish with orange twist or strawberry.

SCHNAPPSICLE

1½ ozs. Hiram Walker Orchard Orange Schnapps
 Small scoop (3 ozs.) vanilla ice cream
 ¼ cup finely crushed ice
 Club soda, chilled
 ½ orange slice
 Combine first 3 ingredients in chilled blender container. Blend until just smooth. Pour into chilled old fashioned glass. Add light splash of soda. Stir quickly. Garnish with orange, if you like.

PEPPERMINT CANDY

An original from the bar of the Royal Caribbean cruise ship Song of Norway.

1½ ozs. peppermint schnapps
 1½ ozs. white crème de cacao
 2 ozs. cream, chilled
 1 cup crushed ice
 Dash grenadine

Pour first 4 ingredients into chilled blender container. Blend about 10 seconds. Strain into large champagne coupe or Burgundy balloon. Top with light splash grenadine. Don't stir. Serve with short straws.

FIREHOUSE PUNCH
(About 20 servings)

1 pint strawberry schnapps
 1 package (10 ozs.) frozen sliced strawberries
 2 bottles (750 ml.) California sparkling wine, chilled
 1 orange, thinly sliced
 Place frozen berries in bowl; add schnapps. When mixture is half thawed, refrigerate. At serving time, place small block of ice in 5- or 6-quart punch bowl. Pour schnapps mixture over ice, then add sparkling wine. Quickly stir to combine. Float orange slices on surface. Dip a bit of strawberry into every serving.

What goes with schnapps? Friends, fun and food—anything you'd serve with other drinks: taco chips, cheeses, cold sliced meats, smoked fish, *pâtés*, nuts, rilletts, dips—you name it. Just make them easy to get at and keep 'em coming.



"Greetings. I am the slave of whoever presses the cosine key!"



There's only one thing that
tastes more like a fat, juicy peach
than Original Peachtree™ Schnapps.

DEKUYPER® ORIGINAL PEACHTREE™ SCHNAPPS
Straight, rocks, or with soda. Bite into one today.

DeKuyper® Original Peachtree™ Schnapps Liqueur, 48 Proof, John DeKuyper and Son, Elmwood Place, OH.



"John Thompson (yes, son of that John Thompson) could be the answer to the Tigers' prayers."

Gaels should again have a lopsided won-lost record. The Metro Atlantic title may depend on how quickly the Gael youngsters mature; their early-season schedule is rugged. Center Bob Coleman will again be the pivot of Iona's prospects.

With three returning starters and three top-drawer recruits (best of whom is—get this—Joe Paterno), Fordham will challenge Iona for the Metro Atlantic Conference title.

Fairfield will be the most improved team in the Metro Atlantic. Everyone returns from last year, and new coach Mitch Buonaguro has pledged to shore up a defense that was the league's weakest last season. An added plus is the arrival of superrecruit Andy Woodtli, a 6'10" center who will start immediately.

La Salle will field a very young squad with no stars on the roster, which could improve the team's concept of team play and help solve its biggest problem—consistent inconsistency.

Prospects are bright for Holy Cross. Last year's front-court woes will be ameliorated by the arrival of three heralded freshmen. Guard Jim McCaffrey, though he labors in relative obscurity, is one of the most exciting players in the nation.

Coach Bob Dukiet's St. Peter's Peacocks are counting on 6'9" transfer center Derrick Howell. Even with Howell in the lineup, however, the Peacocks will have a tough time matching last year's record—they've lost too many starters from the team that went 15-14 in 1984-1985.

This will be another Valley Forge winter for Army. The Cadets will have to dig in and try to hold their ground until freshman reinforcements begin producing. The field commander will again be guard Kevin Houston, who will win deserved All-Conference honors for the third straight year.

Manhattan has endured two dismal seasons, losing far too many close games in the final ticks. New coach Tom Sullivan plans to solve that problem by using the squad's strengths—good guards and team quickness—in a new up-tempo defense.

Columbia and Yale are the most improved units in the Ivy League; either could win the league championship. Both clubs are loaded with veterans and should be able to outclass their Ivy opponents.

Columbia was probably the shortest Division I team in the country last season. The Lions haven't grown. They'll try to compensate with quickness and hustle.

Yale started four freshmen and a sophomore last season. The accrued experience should be an enormous asset for '85-'86. Center Chris Dudley will again be the

Elis' showcase talent.

If a recurrence of last season's injury epidemic can be avoided, Pennsylvania may retain the league title. The Quakers have sharpshooting guard Perry Bromwell, exciting young forward Phil Pitts and prize recruit Jon Stovall.

Cornell lost premier player Ken Bantum, but nearly everyone else returns. Freshman point guard Josh Wexler will be

THE EAST

BIG EAST CONFERENCE

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 1. Syracuse | 6. Boston College |
| 2. Georgetown | 7. Seton Hall |
| 3. St. John's | 8. Connecticut |
| 4. Pittsburgh | 9. Providence |
| 5. Villanova | |

ATLANTIC TEN

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| 1. St. Joseph's | 6. Duquesne |
| 2. Temple | 7. Rutgers |
| 3. West Virginia | 8. Rhode Island |
| 4. St. Bonaventure | 9. Massachusetts |
| 5. George Washington | 10. Penn State |

METRO ATLANTIC CONFERENCE

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| 1. Iona | 5. Holy Cross |
| 2. Fordham | 6. St. Peter's |
| 3. Fairfield | 7. Army |
| 4. La Salle | 8. Manhattan |

IVY LEAGUE

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 1. Columbia | 5. Harvard |
| 2. Yale | 6. Princeton |
| 3. Pennsylvania | 7. Dartmouth |
| 4. Cornell | 8. Brown |

OTHERS

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. Navy | 4. James Madison |
| 2. George Mason | 5. Niagara |
| 3. Canisius | |

STARS IN THE EAST: Washington, Addison (Syracuse); Wingate, Jackson (Georgetown); Berry (St. John's); Smith, Gore (Pittsburgh); Pressley (Villanova); McCready, Pressley (Boston College); McCloud (Seton Hall); Kelley (Connecticut); Starks (Providence); Martin (St. Joseph's); Blackwell (Temple); Blaney, Brown (West Virginia); Mungar (St. Bonaventure); O'Reilly (George Washington); Suder (Duquesne); Moore (Rutgers); Owens (Rhode Island); Smith (Massachusetts); Chrabascz (Penn State); Simmonds, Coleman (Iona); McCormick (Fordham); George (Fairfield); Greenberg (La Salle); McCaffrey (Holy Cross); Howell (St. Peter's); Houston (Army); Lawson (Manhattan); Gwydir (Columbia); Dudley (Yale); Bromwell (Pennsylvania); Bajusz (Cornell); Duncan (Harvard); Scott (Princeton); Randall (Dartmouth); Waitkus (Brown); Robinson, Butler (Navy); Wilson (George Mason); Smith (Canisius); Newman (James Madison); Arlauckas (Niagara).

a starter by midseason.

Harvard faces a down year due to diploma attrition—everybody graduated. By next spring, the Crimson may be blushing when the team looks at its record.

The key to Princeton's fortunes is the center conundrum. John Thompson (yes, son of that John Thompson) could be the

answer to the Tigers' prayers if he can better his offensive skills.

Dartmouth's dismal 5-21 record last year was due mostly to a shortage of height. Now a fabulous freshman class—including several biggies like 6'11" center Jason Lobo—comes to the rescue. The Big Green may surprise everyone.

Brown's fortunes revolve around whether or not replacements can be found for two graduated front-court starters. It looks like cellar time.

This will be a banner season in Annapolis, though. Navy won 26 games last year, and all five starters return. The Middies have one of the finest front lines in the country, including 6'11" David Robinson. The bench will be stronger, too—this recruiting class may be the best in history.

George Mason will also improve, thanks to four returning starters and a prize crop of recruits. The best of the new arrivals is guard Earl Moore.

Last season, Canisius qualified for post-season play for the first time in 22 years. This year's team needs senior leadership and scoring. The latter will come from sophomore guard Brian Smith; the former will come with time. Coach Nick Macarchuk's team will make the tournament again one of these days—and it won't be 22 years before it does.

This will be a winter of contentment for James Madison if new coach John Thurston can teach his system quickly to a solid group of veterans and the finest bunch of recruits in school history. Transfer forward Ken Schwartz (from Army) will make an immediate impact.

Niagara will be more aggressive, with much more depth and muscle. New coach Andy Walker has brought in four recruits who could become starters without passing GO.

THE MIDWEST

The Big Ten teams might pull off a first this year—they could finish in the exact order they did last season. Michigan has a better-than-even chance to retain the championship, but don't bet big bucks on it. Illinois should be a close contender.

Michigan's cast returns intact. The Wolverines will again be coquarterbacked by exciting guards Antoine Joubert and Gary Grant. Everything depends on whether or not this year's freshman class can provide the dependable depth that Michigan lacked last season.

Illinois, with all its starters back, will also be a near duplicate of last year's edition. The Illini have a chance to be stronger, however, because their only discernible liability last winter—no intimidators under the basket—could be eliminated by the debuts of two seven-foot Germans, Olaf Blab (brother of Uwe) and Jens Kujawa. Another newcomer, Lowell Hamilton, was one of the nation's most coveted high school recruits.

Iowa's treasure-trove of recruits will

dictate emphasis on running. Last year's inconsistent outside shooting has to improve. Three Hawkeye newcomers could be starters by January—the best of that lot is forward Ed Horton. If the youngsters catch on quickly, the Hawkeyes could be the upstart of the Big Ten.

With three starters departed, the nucleus of this year's Purdue team will be the

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 1. Michigan | 6. Michigan State |
| 2. Illinois | 7. Indiana |
| 3. Iowa | 8. Wisconsin |
| 4. Purdue | 9. Minnesota |
| 5. Ohio State | 10. Northwestern |

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Miami University | 6. Kent State |
| 2. Ohio University | 7. Central Michigan |
| 3. Northern Illinois | 8. Toledo |
| 4. Western Michigan | 9. Bowling Green |
| 5. Ball State | 10. Eastern Michigan |

MIDWESTERN CITY CONFERENCE

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Butler | 5. St. Louis |
| 2. Loyola of Chicago | 6. Oral Roberts |
| 3. Xavier | 7. Evansville |
| 4. Detroit | |

OTHERS

- | | |
|---------------|-----------|
| 1. Notre Dame | 3. DePaul |
| 2. Marquette | 4. Dayton |

MID-STATES GREATS: Tarpley, Grant (Michigan); Altenberger, Douglas, Winters (Illinois); Wright (Iowa); Lewis (Purdue); Hopson (Ohio State); Skiles (Michigan State); Alford (Indiana); Olson (Wisconsin); Shasky (Minnesota); Watts (Northwestern); Harper (Miami University); Tatum (Ohio University); Battle (Northern Illinois); Petties (Western Michigan); Palombizio (Ball State); Wearsch (Kent State); Majerle (Central Michigan); Campbell (Toledo); Robinson (Bowling Green); Cooper (Eastern Michigan); Tucker (Butler); Golston (Loyola of Chicago); Larkin, Lee (Xavier); Wendt (Detroit); Renken (St. Louis); Irons (Oral Roberts); Mukes (Evansville); Rivers, Barlow (Notre Dame); Trotter (Marquette); Comegys (DePaul); Colbert (Dayton).

and quickness. The shooting will again be bull's-eye sharp, but the loss of Uwe Blab will leave Indiana without a true center until sophomore Magnus Pelkowski is ready to take over. This squad looks like a pale shadow of the Hoosier teams of a few years back. Maybe Knight should spend less of his time playing Mr. Time Bomb. The man may scare away as many recruits as he signs.

Wisconsin is still in the early stages of coach Steve Yoder's rebuilding program, but prospects are bright. Last season, the Badgers finished 14-14—their best record in five years—and all of Madison went on a binge. Badger hopes for improvement this season rest with two freshmen, guard Trent Jackson and center Darin Schubring.

Minnesota coach Jim Dutcher has a return of the same old problem—trying to get some point production from his forwards. A cure for the hot-cold syndrome suffered by recent Gopher teams would also help. Three solid vets return from last year, but the rest of the crew is a mystery. A Gopher fan told us, "That's what makes each season so exciting—not knowing what the hell is going to happen." And that, of course, is what makes every college team's season exciting.

Northwestern has a familiar problem, too: no talent. Another suicidal schedule won't help. Point production may come

from three high-scoring recruits, Tim Wyss, Jeff Grose and Brian Schwabe—all will be immediate starters—but the Wildcats will be just as mild as their long-suffering fans have come to expect.

Miami University had a superseason last year; this one will be even better. Everybody returns, including Ron Harper. He'll become the top scorer in Mid-American Conference history.

Ohio University's fortunes depend on the play of big men Rich Stanfel and John Rhodes. They will be aided by promising freshman Paul Graham.

The Northern Illinois show will be a one-man feature, with forward Kenny Battle starring. The question is, if Battle is such a prize, why did the Huskers win only 11 games last year? The answer: Four freshman starters. Inexperience will be less of a problem this season.

Western Michigan will be better, thanks to four returning starters, a deep bench and four talented newcomers. The top man, again, will be forward Donald Petties.

Ball State also retains four starters, including Dan Palombizio, the nation's top returning scorer. The Cardinals will be the most experienced team in the conference, if not the most imposing.

Kent State's backcourt was devastated by graduation. The front line will have to carry a heavy load, and center Terry

fast-maturing members of last season's fabulous freshman crop. Two of this year's recruits, forward Kip Jones and center Melvin McCants, will make big splashes. The Boilermakers may be the best soph-frosh-dominated team in the country, so just wait till next year.

Ohio State will again have a deep, quick backcourt despite the departure of last year's two best guards. The problem for coach Eldon Miller will be finding some matching talent to play under the basket. Center Brad Sellers, a seven-footer, will be the building block of Miller's front court.

Michigan State also has questions in the front line. Center Mario Izzo, a redshirt freshman last season, will be a big help. Another newcomer, guard Vernon Carr, has impressive credentials and will be an immediate starter. He and Scott Skiles give the Spartans awesome backcourt firepower.

Indiana coach Bobby Knight has brought in three junior college players to help correct the Hoosiers' lack of strength



BUCK BROWN

"Kid, you sure write one hell of a letter!"

Wearsch will be the fulcrum. The early-season schedule is a knuckle-buster.

Central Michigan's new coach, Charles Coles, takes over a team with a dry talent reservoir. The one nugget in sight is forward Dan Majerle, who will be phenomenal if he can stay healthy for a change. A banner crop of recruits will help turn the Chippewas' fortunes around by '86 or '87. Six straight losing seasons is such a downer.

Toledo will have trouble continuing its current string of 26 consecutive winning seasons. Last year's top three players are missing, few of the returnees are proven performers and there are no superstars among the recruits. Past years' rebounding problems will continue.

This season's is a very young Bowling Green team. The starting unit may consist of three sophomores and two freshmen. Two prime recruits are transfer Jim Smith (from Wisconsin) and freshman Dan Raupp.

Eastern Michigan's graduation losses were few but crucial. The youngsters will have to develop quickly, and EMU's lack of size will be a big stumbling block.

Butler's surprising success last season was a precursor to even better happenings this year. The Bulldogs have unaccustomed depth. Chad Tucker will emerge as one of the premier players in the Midwest, and transfer center Mike Yeater will be a big plus under the basket.

Loyola's graduation losses were many. Point guard Carl Golston and center Andre Moore will form the foundation of coach Gene Sullivan's rebuilding program; the best of Sullivan's recruits is guard Bernard Jackson.

The entire Xavier team returns, forming a strong contender for the conference title. Last year's liabilities—inexperience and inconsistency—shouldn't be a problem this time.

Detroit will benefit from an abundance of game experience, but the Titans will have to improve their dismal rebounding if they are to make a run for the money.

St. Louis, Oral Roberts and Evansville were depleted by graduation. All three must begin rebuilding.

St. Louis fans may not recognize their team—four newcomers win starting roles.

First-year Oral Roberts coach Ted Owens inherits just one returning starter, one prime recruit and zero seniors. University president Oral Roberts, who has a direct telephone hookup to God, should get on the horn and ask for some divine intervention.

Evansville's new coach, Jim Crews, who escaped from eight years of purgatory as Bobby Knight's top assistant, has a lot of rebuilding to do. No one should expect quick results, but Crews is a good bet to shape up a Midwestern City champ before the decade is out.

Notre Dame won 21 games last year, and that was just a warm-up for 1985. All of the key Irish return, including speed-

demon guard David Rivers. Coach Digger Phelps hands Rivers the ball and lets him run the show. The secret to success this season will be getting the other players to pitch in and help Rivers. He is so spectacular that his teammates have a tendency to stand back and watch him do it all. The only possible problem position is the off-guard slot. Rookie Mark Stevenson could solve it.

For the first time in many years, Marquette will be stronger at the base line than in the backcourt. The best of the front-liners will be transfer forward David Boone. Despite a tougher schedule, this could be a big year in Milwaukee if the Warriors can dodge last winter's injuries.

DePaul is loaded with experience and power under the basket, but the backcourt will be manned by two rookies, Rodney Strickland and Terence Greene. The Blue Demons may be a lot better than their final won-lost record will indicate—the Demons' schedule is downright demonic.

Optimism at Dayton is centered on the return from injury—after a year's absence—of premium center Ed Young. If the Flyers' defense isn't too leaky, they'll straighten up and fly right.

THE SOUTH

North Carolina will be awesome. The Tar Heels have the ingredients to win everything. Losses from last year's 27-9 team were minimal, and two hot-shot forward recruits (Kevin Madden and Steve Bucknall) will fill the only discernible gaps. The Tar Heels will again have one of the nation's top backcourts, and a towering front line, led by Playboy All-America center Brad Daugherty, will suffocate opponents.

Duke's prime ambition is to ambush North Carolina. With a little luck, it may pull it off. Only one of last year's big contributors is missing, and three quality recruits have been added. Playboy All-America guard Johnny Dawkins will be as dazzling as ever. Supershooter Kevin Strickland is loaded with talent and should blossom in the national spotlight.

Georgia Tech is the third Atlantic Coast Conference team with a solid chance to reach the final four. The key will be the play of seven-foot Playboy All-America forward John Salley. He is that rare senior who gets better with every game. Mark Price is one of the nation's best point guards. Center Tom Hammonds may be the best freshman in the A.C.C.

Oh, yes, we forgot to mention Maryland! The Terps could *also* wind up on top of the heap because of the presence of Playboy All-America forward Len Bias, plus minimal graduation losses from a team that won 25 games last season. Center Derrick Lewis is one of the best shot blockers in the nation, and Keith Gatlin is one of its finest point guards. The biggest problem is an unreliable second string.

It's rebuilding time at North Carolina

State. Four of last season's top players are gone. Two rookie forwards, Tevian Binns and Walker Lambiotte, could steal the show their first year, though. And sophomore Chris Washburn is a future All-American.

Without a senior on the roster, Virginia could have leadership problems. But with center Olden Polynice inside, the Cavaliers will at least be strong up front.

Clemson's hopes are based on the return from injury of forward Anthony Jenkins and the arrival of a bonanza crop of recruits. The Tigers still need a big inside scorer.

Rookie Wake Forest coach Bob Staak begins his job of resurrecting the Deacons'

THE SOUTH

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. North Carolina | 5. North Carolina State |
| 2. Duke | 6. Virginia |
| 3. Georgia Tech | 7. Clemson |
| 4. Maryland | 8. Wake Forest |

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Louisiana State | 6. Tennessee |
| 2. Auburn | 7. Florida |
| 3. Alabama | 8. Vanderbilt |
| 4. Kentucky | 9. Mississippi State |
| 5. Georgia | 10. Mississippi |

METRO CONFERENCE

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Memphis State | 5. South Carolina |
| 2. Louisville | 6. Florida State |
| 3. Cincinnati | 7. Southern Mississippi |
| 4. Virginia Tech | |

SUN BELT CONFERENCE

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Alabama-Birmingham | 4. Jacksonville |
| 2. Old Dominion | 5. Western Kentucky |
| 3. Virginia Commonwealth | 6. South Florida |
| | 7. South Alabama |
| | 8. UNC Charlotte |

SUPERIOR SOUTHERNERS: Daugherty, Smith (North Carolina); Dawkins, Amaker (Duke); Salley, Price (Georgia Tech); Bias, Gatlin (Maryland); Washburn (North Carolina State); Polynice (Virginia); Corbit (Clemson); Bogues (Wake Forest); Wilson, Williams, Horford (Louisiana State); Person, Ford (Auburn); Johnson, Coner (Alabama); Walker, Davender (Kentucky); Ward (Georgia); White (Tennessee); Moten (Florida); Burrow (Vanderbilt); Robinson (Mississippi State); Ritchwood (Mississippi); Turner, Bedford (Memphis State); Wagner, Thompson (Louisville); McClendon (Cincinnati); Curry (Virginia Tech); Moye (South Carolina); Allen (Florida State); Fisher (Southern Mississippi); Mitchell, Mincy (Alabama-Birmingham); Gattison (Old Dominion); Brown (Virginia Commonwealth); Smith, Murphy (Jacksonville); Johnson (Western Kentucky); Tonelli (South Florida); Henry (South Alabama); Williams (UNC Charlotte).

fortunes this fall, but it will be a long, uphill struggle in the nation's strongest conference. This year's will be one of the youngest squads in school history—at least two recruits will have to start.

The Southeastern Conference race looks like a dead heat between Auburn and Louisiana State, with Alabama and Kentucky close behind.

Louisiana State will be one of the most improved teams in the South. The Tigers were very young last year and should



"The great thing about the new year is it's always the same as the last year."

benefit greatly from added experience. The addition of phenomenal freshman center Tito Horford will also help. Coach Dale Brown's experimentation and position shuffling are finally over, and the Tigers have the stability they need to win the conference.

Auburn has one great basketball player: Playboy All-America forward Chuck Person (also an intelligent and personable young person). Auburn's VIP will be backed up by four other returning starters. Heralded freshman forward Michael Jones could win a starting berth by midseason. The Tigers will have to remedy their worst defect, a crippling turnover rate—in short, buttery fingers.

Alabama has everything except a prime post man. Both of last year's centers have graduated. The backcourt, however, will be excellent, and team depth, a trouble spot last year, will be less of a problem.

By Kentucky standards, last year's 18-13 record was a disaster. New coach Eddie Sutton will move the Wildcats back to the top of the Southeastern Conference, but it may take a year or two. As usual, the talent larder is brimming over (Kentucky's basketball prestige makes recruiting relatively easy). This year's premier Wildcat is Playboy All-America forward Kenny Walker, but guard Ed Davender isn't far behind.

The Georgia Bulldogs boast depth and experience. An added asset will be freshman Toney Mack, the country's top high school scorer last year. The defection of controversial Cedric Henderson may benefit team morale more than it will damage team talent. Head man Hugh Durham, like many other Southeastern Conference coaches, may never learn that basketball players must be students as well as athletes. Next year, he's liable to recruit Bucolic Buffalo out of the *Tumbleweeds* comic strip—if LSU coach Dale Brown doesn't sign him first.

Tennessee's guard contingent vanished at graduation ceremonies. Injuries and foul trouble in the backcourt must be avoided if the Vols are to win. Welcome reinforcements will be freshman center Doug Roth and returning redshirt Tyrone Harper.

Florida's front-line losses were heavy, which means that two grade-A recruits, Chris Capers and John Currington, will be pressed into immediate action. The Gator guards are among the best in the league, so this year's hopes depend on how the front line comes together.

Vanderbilt's manpower shortage has been alleviated by one of the best recruiting crops in many years. Forward Randy Neff will be an especially helpful addition. The chief Commodore will be Brett Burrow, one of the South's better centers.

This Mississippi State team will be just as good as last year's, but there's a problem—most of the S.E.C. teams will be much improved, so the Bulldogs may have

trouble staying out of the cellar.

Mississippi fans have reason for cautious optimism, because their team is no longer dominated by freshmen and sophs. The return from injury of marksman Bruce Tranbarger is another plus. Two junior college transfers, Eric Smith and Ronnie Sims, will provide sorely needed help on the boards.

Memphis State will again be the top team in the Metro Conference, despite the graduation of Keith Lee and an off-season house of horrors that included sensational accusations of recruiting violations, point shaving and undercover handouts to athletes by bird-brained fans and shady characters. Memphis State athletics, for some inexplicable reason, seem to attract the attention of the seamiest, greediest elements of Memphis' population. If Tiger coach Dana Kirk can get his players to look past last season's scandal, '85-'86 may be another great year. Kirk has a wealth of talent to work with. Expect Baskerville Holmes to reach his full potential and earn national acclaim this season.

Louisville fans consider last season (only 19 wins) an embarrassment, but prospects are brighter this year. Last winter's slew of injuries should not recur, the roster is as talent-laden as ever and coach Denny Crum hit a mother lode during recruiting season. Pervis Ellison and Tony Kimbro could win starting jobs their freshman year.

Cincinnati was the most improved Division I team in the country last year (three wins to 17 wins in only one year). The progress will continue, because the Bearcats, though still young, have gained valuable game experience. Multitalented guard Roger McClendon, only a sophomore, will be the main man.

Virginia Tech's fortunes will be tied to the performance of Playboy All-America guard Dell Curry, one of the country's most exciting players and a brilliant outside shooter. Center Roy Brow, a sophomore, will benefit greatly from a year's experience and could fulfill his enormous potential.

The first priority at South Carolina is learning how to win games away from home. The Gamecocks didn't win a single road game last year. Recruits will play a big role in Columbia this year. The Dozier twins, Terry and Perry, and Darryl Martin will see a lot of action their rookie season.

Few teams in our memory have been as gutted by graduation as Florida State. But there is good news, too—the club is loaded with talented transfers, all of whom were redshirted last year and are now ready to step in and take over. Best of the bunch are David Shaffer, LaRae Davis and (this man should have gone to NC State) Raleigh Choice.

The main concern at Southern Mississippi is finding a replacement for last year's star, James Williams. The returnees, still very young, will profit from added

maturity. They'll also profit from the presence of rookie center John Ginley.

Alabama-Birmingham has everything a team needs to be a nationally ranked power—except a killer instinct. If the Blazers can overcome their tendency to let opponents back into a game that ought to be over, they could find themselves in the top ten by season's end. The talent stockpile is rich in depth and quality, the latter personified by Playboy All-America guard Steve Mitchell.

Old Dominion will benefit from the arrival of an exciting new talent—freshman Bernard Royster should make headlines his first year.

Virginia Commonwealth was nearly obliterated by graduation—five of six top players are gone. New coach Mike Pollio will construct his first team around the multiple skills of Michael Brown.

Jacksonville and Western Kentucky had few graduation losses and will be the most improved teams in the Sun Belt Conference. Jacksonville will substitute freely and wear down opponents with a full-court press. Western Kentucky's great raw talent of last year has been refined and has matured. Rookie guard Ray Swogger could be a star right away.

South Florida lost last year's two top scorers, and no comparable replacements are in sight. It will be a long, tough winter in Tampa.

South Alabama returns only one player who started more than six games last season, but several adequate replacements are present among the ten newcomers.

UNC Charlotte has a new coach (Jeff Mullins), whose first job will be the impossible task of replacing fabulously talented center Clinton Hinton. Last season, as a freshman, Hinton was not only the Sun Belt Rookie of the Year; he also led the league in eating, public dramatics and flaky haircuts. Last summer, he transferred to Eastern Kentucky, so Charlotte fans won't see many wins. They'll have to be content with memories of Hinton.

THE NEAR WEST

You think Kansas was great last season? Wait till *this* year! All starters and nine of the top ten Jayhawks return. Two of them, Danny Manning and Ron Kellogg, are legitimate All-American candidates. The Jayhawks' only discernible weakness is rebounding—and that should be cured by the sure hands of transfer forward Archie Marshall.

Don't be surprised if Oklahoma gives Kansas fits in the run for the conference championship. Fans who feared that Sooner basketball would drop off the edge of the earth when Wayman Tisdale opted for the pros will be pleasantly surprised. There is a wealth of talent returning. Rookie forward Ron Roberts, who was among the top big men in junior college ranks last season, brings immediate help for the front court.

Iowa State has a solid nucleus in guard

Jeff Hornacek (the floor general) and forward Jeff Grayer. Four newcomers will get a lot of playing time, and transfer Tom Schafer will likely win a starting berth.

The Nebraska Cornhuskers will once again be built around Playboy All-America center Dave Hoppen. Transfer Deak Vance will shore up the forward position, last season's weak spot. Another transfer, Bernard Day, will start at small forward. If Hoppen gets enough help up front, the Huskers just might surprise everyone and husk their way to the Big Eight championship.

Missouri has lost last year's top two players, but a solid core of talent remains. Freshman center Gary Leonard, a seven-footer, will greatly improve the Tigers' stick-to-itiveness under the boards.

When was the last time you heard of a team that lost its five best players and got better? It could—and probably will—happen this year at Oklahoma State. The departees weren't world-beaters, and a fabulous recruiting bonanza will pay immediate dividends. The most impressive of the newcomers are junior college All-American Muhammad Akbar and Alan Bannister, a 7'4" 250-pounder from England.

Colorado, with its top seven players returning, could be a factor in the Big Eight race if the Buffs just figure out how to play on the road. Last year, their road record was a perfect 0-13. Guard speed, another shortcoming last season, will improve this time around.

Only five names from last year's Kansas State roster return, but a large contingent of rookies can offer more strength and raw talent than their predecessors. Their lack of experience, obviously, will lead to many turnovers.

Arkansas has the inside track in the Southwest Conference race despite an unusual liability: The Razorbacks have no freshmen or seniors of any significance. The sophomore and junior contingents are golden, however, so this year should make a triumphant debut for new coach Nolan Richardson. Sophomore Andrew Lang is the league's best center and could become the best in Arkansas history before he graduates. Kenny Hutchinson and Allie Freeman are a super guard tandem.

Four Texas A & M starters are back, along with the entire A & M bench. That should solve last season's depth problem. Forward Winston Crite—a superb rebounder—and guard Don Marbury will be the Aggies' M.V.P.s.

Houston is still trying to recover from the graduation two years ago of Akeem "the Dream" Olajuwon. The inside game will again be weak, despite the impressive development of Greg Anderson. The Cougars have a surplus of individual talent but haven't learned to put it together in an efficient operation. If all the gears mesh properly, Houston will be a contender for the S.W.C. championship.

Baylor will be the most improved team in the conference. Five of Baylor's top eight players last year were freshmen; a year's experience will make a dramatic difference. New coach Gene Iba will have the Bears at the top of the league in a couple of years.

Texas Tech lost all five of last year's starters, but the recruiting crop is one of the best ever. Transfer Dwayne Chism and freshman Sean Gay will make valuable contributions, starting with the opening tip-off of Tech's first game.

Southern Methodist also suffered at graduation, and none of the SMU signees will provide much immediate help. Point guard Butch Moore will be the team's leader and most noteworthy player.

Rice coach Tommy Suits signed seven top-drawer recruits in an effort to fix last

are to escape the conference cellar.

Bradley is the team of the future—the immediate future—in the Missouri Valley Conference. Four starters and nine lettermen return. The backcourt, featuring Jim Les and Hersey Hawkins, could be one of the nation's finest.

Neither Illinois State nor Tulsa can expect to duplicate last season's impressive showings. The starting five at both schools was wiped out by graduation. Illinois State will get help from recruits Jay Teagle and Sonny Roberts. Tulsa's main hope lies in the considerable abilities of new coach J. D. Barnett.

Drake will be the most improved team in the Missouri Valley. A lack of both numbers and talent has been a problem at Drake for years, but coach Gary Garner has stocked his squad with eight promising newcomers. The one stellar member of the bunch is transfer forward David Miller.

It may take a while for new Indiana State coach Ron Greene to implement his system, but the talent is on hand. Transfer forward Larry Bush will be the Sycamores' most important addition; swing man John Sherman Williams is one of the country's unknown thrillers.

Creighton's first-year coach, Tony Barone, takes on a complete remodeling job. His returning players have little experience and little discernible talent, and there is only one freshman on the roster—all of which leaves faint hope for Creighton's near future.

The major factor in Wichita State's fortunes will be the recovery from injury of center John Askew. The backcourt will be taken over by two talented recruits, Steve Grayer and Lew Hill.

West Texas State was hindered by immaturity last year, so a year's passing should make a difference. Orlando Graham is going to be one of the M.V.C.'s best big men.

Southern Illinois lost almost everybody from last year and new coach Rich Herrin was hired too late to do much recruiting. Since walk-ons will make up most of the squad, this year's record won't necessarily reflect Herrin's abilities. The good Lord Himself couldn't win with walk-ons.

THE FAR WEST

Oregon State, after a 22-7 performance last year, returns essentially intact. Transfer Jose Ortiz will compensate for the loss of forward A. C. Green. Another significant addition is freshman guard Van Anderson. The Beavers will, for a change, include a large contingent of seniors this season. Maturity and leadership give them the inside track in the Pac 10 title race.

UCLA's Bruins could be fiercer this year—even with the loss of three starters—because the returnees are now familiar with second-year coach Walt Hazzard's Wooden-style philosophy. The outside shooting of Reggie Miller and Montel Hatcher will be something to see,

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 1. Kansas | 5. Missouri |
| 2. Oklahoma | 6. Oklahoma State |
| 3. Iowa State | 7. Colorado |
| 4. Nebraska | 8. Kansas State |

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Arkansas | 6. Southern Methodist |
| 2. Texas A & M | 7. Rice |
| 3. Houston | 8. Texas Christian |
| 4. Baylor | 9. Texas |
| 5. Texas Tech | |

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Bradley | 6. Creighton |
| 2. Illinois State | 7. Wichita State |
| 3. Tulsa | 8. West Texas State |
| 4. Drake | 9. Southern Illinois |
| 5. Indiana State | |

BEST OF THE NEAR WEST: Manning, Kellogg (Kansas); Kennedy, Bowie (Oklahoma); Hornacek (Iowa State); Hoppen (Nebraska); Strong (Missouri); Akbar, Bannister (Oklahoma State); Downs (Colorado); Mitchell (Kansas State); Lang, Hutchinson (Arkansas); Crite (Texas A & M); Franklin (Houston); Williams (Baylor); Chism (Texas Tech); Moore (Southern Methodist); Hines (Rice); Holcombe (Texas Christian); Willock (Texas); Les (Bradley); Brak-sick (Illinois State); Moss (Tulsa); Mathis (Drake); Williams (Indiana State); Morris (Creighton); Santos (Wichita State); Graham (West Texas State); Welch (Southern Illinois).

season's crippling lack of size, depth and perimeter shooting. Ten of the names on this year's 13-man roster belong to freshmen or sophs. By season's end, all five starters could be frosh.

Graduation crippled the Texas Christian backcourt, which has been the team's main strength. Rookie guard Carl Lott will pick up some of the slack. But unless the inside game—especially the rebounding—improves considerably, this could be a winter when the Horned Frogs hibernate.

Texas had one star last year, forward Mike Wacker, but Wacker has graduated and the remaining Longhorns are less than impressive. They will be more experienced and will have more depth than last year's team, but some quality talent must be found for the front court if the Longhorns

and freshman point guard Jerome Richardson will make a major contribution right away.

Washington lost only one starter, Detlef Schrempf, but Schrempf was the Huskies' bellwether the past two seasons. He'll be impossible to replace. Perhaps an even bigger problem is the absence of a top-grade point guard. The answer could lie in junior college transfer Greg Hill. Another transfer, Phil Zevenbergen, will bring much-needed power to the front line.

Arizona, surprisingly strong last year, is weakened by the loss of five of its top six players. But coach Lute Olson is a master recruiter—his incoming class is crowded with potential superstars. Best of them are Sean Elliott (who will be one of America's highest-scoring freshmen) and Eric Cooper (who has the raw talent to become one of the nation's best guards).

Washington State, California and Stanford will all be dramatically improved. With a little luck, any of the three could be this year's Cinderella team.

Washington State's success will hinge on the contributions of two blue chippers who return after a year out with injuries—Chris Winkler and John Hodges. Transfer Duayne Scholten could earn a starting job by Christmas.

Lou Campanelli, California's new coach, has walked into a seemingly ideal situation. Cal's graduation losses were minimal, and the best Bear, Dave Butler, returns after a year's injury leave. Transfer Jon Wheeler's deadly accurate jump shot will also help Campanelli enjoy his first year at the helm.

Stanford finished dead last in the conference last year, but the Cardinals will be dramatically improved, thanks to added experience and the arrival of prime recruits guard Todd Lichti and center Howard Wright. Although four starters return, the talent store at Stanford is so full that all five starting slots may feature new faces.

Arizona State's main objective will be to develop consistency. Last season's Sun Devils played like league champs in one game and fell on their collective face the next. They need a dominating big man under the glass, but there appears to be no such thing in Tempe this year.

Southern California was the sleeper of the Pac 10 last year, rising from nowhere to the conference co-championship in a single season. Those giddy days are already over. The four Trojans most responsible for last year's success are out of eligibility. Their replacements will be a corps of freshmen and transfers, and lack of experience will be USC's problem. New center Ivan "the Belgian Bounder" Verberck will make a sizable contribution.

Oregon's Ducks face a long season. Sophomore guard Anthony Taylor is their only bona fide star. Two newcomers, Thomas Deuster and Jimmy Winston, will provide a valuable infusion of talent, but Oregon is still a player or two short.

With four starters and most of the bench coming back, New Mexico stands ready to take W.A.C. laurels. Add sharpshooting transfer guard Kelly Graves and the Lobos have everything. Forward Johnny Brown, the team's sole senior, will be its leader and best player.

Texas-El Paso's fortunes will depend largely on the leadership of forward Juden Smith and center Dave Feitl. The Miners lost three of last year's starters, including both guards. If the backcourt reserves come through, this could be another championship year for UTEP.

San Diego State can again point with pride to Anthony Watson, one of the land's

top contributors, including eight of its top nine scorers. Rookie center Dino Rada (from Split, Yugoslavia) will bring much-needed size to the inside game.

Colorado State's loss of two key front-court players will force a change of style—now the tempo is going to pick up. Rich Strong will be the mainstay under the basket, but he'll need some help from freshman Todd Graf.

Brigham Young is always a tough team to figure in advance, due to the frequent departures and arrivals of players on church missions. Five of last season's top eight players are missing this time around, but three recruits—Averian Parrish, Brent Stephenson and Greg Humphreys—have the talent to fill some of the voids.

Air Force's main weakness will again be a lack of altitude. It's hard to fit a 6'11" slam-dunker into the cockpit of a jet fighter, you know. The Falcons make up for their liability with speed, smarts and scrappiness. Three starters return, including scoring ace Maurice McDonald.

Hawaii's new coach, Frank Arnold, inherits a depleted squad. The only significantly talented returnee he has is guard Andre Morgan. There will be ten new faces on the Rainbow squad—four of them could be immediate starters.

Nevada-Las Vegas has a guard contingent with enviable depth and ability. Guard Anthony Jones was awe-inspiring at the end of last season. Trying to keep up with Jones will be transfer Jarvis Basnight.

Fresno State will be short on experience, but its youthful roster boasts a bountiful harvest of recruits. The most promising of the new guys are forwards Mike Mitchell and Jervis Cole.

Utah State will again be built around forward Greg Grant, who will take over as the Aggies' all-time leading scorer this winter. When freshman center Danny Conway breaks into the starting line-up, this year's will be the biggest, strongest Aggie team in recent memory.

With no graduation losses, Santa Barbara should be vastly improved. Add four quality redshirts and freshman point guard Carlton Davenport and the Gauchos have the makings of a contender for the Pacific Coast Association championship.

Irvine will also be much stronger. Last year, the Anteaters had a potent offense, but on defense they were worthless. The backcourt will be transfers JoJo Buchanan and Mike Hess. Both should be starting by January.

Most of San Jose State's best talents return, but there will be a severe—possibly crippling—shortage at center. Transfer Ricky Berry, son of Spartan coach Bill Berry, could become Dad's dominant player in his first year.

Fullerton State's big woe last season was under-the-basket play that was worse than mediocre. That problem ought to be

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC TEN

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Oregon State | 6. California |
| 2. UCLA | 7. Stanford |
| 3. Washington | 8. Arizona State |
| 4. Arizona | 9. Southern California |
| 5. Washington State | 10. Oregon |

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| 1. New Mexico | 6. Colorado State |
| 2. Texas-El Paso | 7. Brigham Young |
| 3. San Diego State | 8. Air Force |
| 4. Wyoming | 9. Hawaii |
| 5. Utah | |

PACIFIC COAST ASSOCIATION

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Nevada-Las Vegas | 6. San Jose State |
| 2. Fresno State | 7. Fullerton State |
| 3. Utah State | 8. Pacific |
| 4. Santa Barbara | 9. New Mexico State |
| 5. Irvine | 10. Long Beach State |

WEST COAST CONFERENCE

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------|
| 1. Pepperdine | 5. Loyola Marymount |
| 2. San Diego | 6. Portland |
| 3. Santa Clara | 7. Gonzaga |
| 4. St. Mary's | 8. San Francisco |

BEST WESTERNERS: Woodside (Oregon State); Miller, Hatcher (UCLA); Welp (Washington); Elliott (Arizona); Morrison (Washington State); Taylor (California); Brown (Stanford); Beck (Arizona State); Dowell (Southern California); Taylor (Oregon); Brown (New Mexico); Smith, Feitl (Texas-El Paso); Watson (San Diego State); Dembo (Wyoming); Hendrix (Utah); Strong (Colorado State); Pollard (Brigham Young); McDonald (Air Force); Morgan (Hawaii); Jones (Nevada-Las Vegas); Kuipers (Fresno State); Grant (Utah State); Fisher (Santa Barbara); Murphy, Rogers (Irvine); Owens (San Jose State); Henderson (Fullerton State); Rosario (Pacific); Wilburn (New Mexico State); Langston (Long Beach State); Polee, White (Pepperdine); Thompson (San Diego); Kenilvort (Santa Clara); Robertson (St. Mary's); Smith (Loyola Marymount); Harris (Portland); Condiill (Gonzaga); McCathrion (San Francisco).

best guards. Watson won't have as much help as he had last year, though. Graduation obliterated SD State's front line. Transfer Steffond Johnson could be a big help under the basket, pulling down Watson's few misfires.

Last year, Wyoming started three—sometimes even four—freshmen. A year's seasoning will make a notable difference. The best of Wyoming's returnees is Fennis Dembo, the top freshman in the W.A.C. last season.

Utah welcomes back all of last year's

eliminated this winter by hefty transfer Ron Barnes. Another transfer, Maurice Smith, could also win a starting berth in the front line.

Pacific, New Mexico State and Long Beach State will all be improved, but all three have a long way to go before threatening the conference leaders. Pacific had no graduation losses, and last year's fabulous freshmen (including talented forward Domingo Rosario) will be even better as sophs. New Mexico State's improvement will come with the arrival of new coach Neil McCarthy, a disciplinarian who doesn't take losses lightly. Long Beach State benefits from a glittering array of recruits, four of whom will probably be starters.

Pepperdine will continue its long dominance of the West Coast Conference. All of last year's first-stringers return, including superguard Dwayne Polce. Polce and high-scoring redshirt Grant Gondrezick make up the daunting backcourt. The key newcomer is transfer center Mike Burns.

San Diego will be the best of the rest. The pivotal holdover will be seven-foot, 260-pound center Scott Thompson; among the newcomers is transfer Jim Pelton.

Santa Clara must rebuild after the departure of three of last year's starters, including two All-Conference performers. Prime freshmen Mitch Burley and Jens-Uwe Gordon will see a lot of play.

St. Mary's will be dominated by new faces. In fact, there will be more freshmen on the squad than sophomores, juniors and seniors combined. Keep an eye on freshman forwards Robert Haugen and Curtis Williams.

Loyola Marymount escaped the inroads of graduation, but the Lions will still have a tough time overcoming the coaching turmoil of recent months (*two* new coaches since the end of last season). When the dust settles and the front office gets organized, this could be a fine team.

Portland returns four starters, joined by promising front-court recruits Rich Antee and Jarvis Helaire. Cracking the .500 mark will be a tall order nevertheless.

Dan Fitzgerald returns as Gonzaga's coach after a four-year absence. His best bet for rebuilding a depleted front line will be rookie forwards Jim McPhee and Steve Fedler.

San Francisco returns to intercollegiate basketball after dropping out a few years back in the aftermath of a scandal caused by under-the-table payoffs by outsiders. Let's hope the bird-brained sports gamblers in the Bay Area move to Calaveras County and take up competitive frog jumping. For them, it might be intellectually stimulating. Freshman forward Mark McCathrion will be the Dons' star this year, but he's no Bill Russell or even Quintin Dailey. It's good to see the Dons playing ball again, anyway.



If you'd like the latest copy of this little newspaper, drop us a line.

THE MOORE COUNTY NEWS can be read in five minutes. That's all it takes to keep up with Moore County.

Occasionally, you'll see an article on Jack Daniel's Distillery. Like when Jack Bateman broke his arm unloading wood in the rickyard. Or when Frank Bobo (our head distiller) had his grandson born. But normally we don't make the paper much. You see, we've been charcoal mellowing whiskey here at Jack Daniel's since 1866. And according to the editor, there's no news in that anymore.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

about the prison offenses. Precious chefs can do time for the following crimes.

1. Putting sugar in corn bread.
2. Putting tomatoes and/or kidney beans in chili.
3. Putting anchovies on anything.
4. Putting mushrooms on anything.
5. Cooking fried chicken in corn-meal batter like it's some kind of fucking fish.
6. Using seed buns for cheeseburgers.
7. Not using enough salt and pepper on everything but Häagen-Dazs.
8. Saying bad things about grease.
9. Not frying bacon crispy-chewy.
10. Not cooking eggs runny-hard.
11. Not cooking meat well-done pink.
12. Getting the spaghetti sauce too red.
13. Leaving too much open space on the plate.
14. Leaving strangers in the chicken and dumplings.
15. Pushing mousse.
16. Serving tomatoes that have cancer in the center.
17. Not having cold-meat-loaf sandwiches on hand at all times.
18. Trying to "liven up" tuna fish.
19. Sneering at black-eyed peas.
20. Putting sweet sauce on any meat.
21. Fat omelets.
22. Putting sour cream on enchiladas.
23. Calling it barbecue if it don't come from Texas.
24. Fucking around with aspic.
25. Making any dessert that's not strawberry shortcake or peach cobbler.

I would be remiss if I didn't comment on some foods of the world. Here's all you need to know.

MEXICAN FOOD

Tex-Mex is the only kind that's unprecious or any good. And the only place where they know how to do it right, outside of Texas, is a place called Juanita's, in New York City, which my wife happens to own. Everything else sucks, either stupidly or preciously.

CHINESE FOOD

That pork stuff you roll up in a leaf of straight lettuce is OK, but the rest is shoelaces and sweet-and-sour coat buttons.

JAPANESE FOOD

Some guy throws knives into the air and a raw thing crawls through your bean sprouts.

INDIAN FOOD

Curry will make your armpits glow, but you can deal with the minced lamb on a stick and the white beans you spread on the big biscuit.

FRENCH FOOD

Omelets, soup, French fries, bread. Otherwise, you're looking at a fat duck or a puréed rabbit.

ITALIAN FOOD

If you haven't been to Italy, you haven't

eaten it. All we know how to do in this country is bury noodles under a pile of red shit.

"CALIFORNIA CUISINE"

"I'll just have a little dish of feijoas with some fern on the side, and perhaps a tiny glass of *babaco*. And get me out of here early, you fucking swine, so I can go get something to eat."

There's only one more thing you need to know about food. That's how to fix a good cheeseburger, which is what you're mostly going to eat, anyhow.

First, don't charcoal-broil the meat, not unless you want it to taste like charcoal and be reminded of your neighbor's backyard in the late Fifties.

You cook the meat in a skillet filled with grease. This is after you've chopped up onions and mashed them into the meat and showered the meat with enough salt and pepper.

While the meat's sizzling in the delicious grease, you prepare the lower half of the seedless bun. You put mustard *and* mayonnaise on it, then dill chips, some straight lettuce and a slice of tomato that doesn't have a malignancy in the center.

Finally, just before you take out the meat, you put double cheese (orange, American) on it and sit the top of the bun on the cheese. You wait a couple of minutes for the cheese to melt slightly, mashing grease into the top of the bun with the spatula. If you've done it right, all kinds of juice will run down your wrist when you bite into the cheeseburger.

All in all, I guess you get the idea that I don't go for that myth about how you can't be too rich or too thin. Precious people fall for that shit, not me. The line that suits me better is that one in the song about the perfect Englishman: The food I don't eat, I wear.

And that's your basic deal on food.



"The Duke of Barclay and a well-known porn star!"

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

WEATHERING THE WINTER

It's not even as large as Willard Scott's toupee, yet the pocket-sized, battery-powered Ultimeter will do everything NBC's weather maven does—and probably just as accurately. At the press of a button, the Ultimeter displays indoor/outdoor temperatures, wind speed and direction, rainfall totals, barometric pressure and much more. And for what you get, its price of \$489, postpaid, sent to Peet Bros. Company, P.O. Box 2007, Ocean, New Jersey 07712, isn't a big financial chill factor.



SAVE IT AGAIN, SAM

Drop a coin into the Musical Bogey Bank and listen and look on as the bank plays *As Time Goes By*, Bogey winks, lights flash and the coin is automatically stacked. All this for only \$14.90, postpaid, sent to Mag-Nif, Inc., 8820 East Avenue, Mentor, Ohio 44060. (Sears and Penney's catalogs offer the bank, too.) For \$9.90, Mag-Nif also sells a Chippendale's male-stripper bank that will have the ladies saving money hand over fist.



HAVE FIREPLACE, WILL TRAVEL

There are two kinds of people in the world: those who have a cozy fireside hearth to come home to and those who wish they did. To satisfy the latter flame seekers, Aladdin Enterprise Products, Inc., has magically created the Ember Brite Portable Fireplace, the ventless, smokeless metal unit pictured. Ember Brites operate on canned fuel, and for the \$159.95 price, you also get logs, lava rock and a fireplace tool. Hardware and home-center stores carry it, or write to Aladdin Enterprise Products, Inc., 301 South Perimeter Park Drive, Suite 201, Nashville, Tennessee 37211.

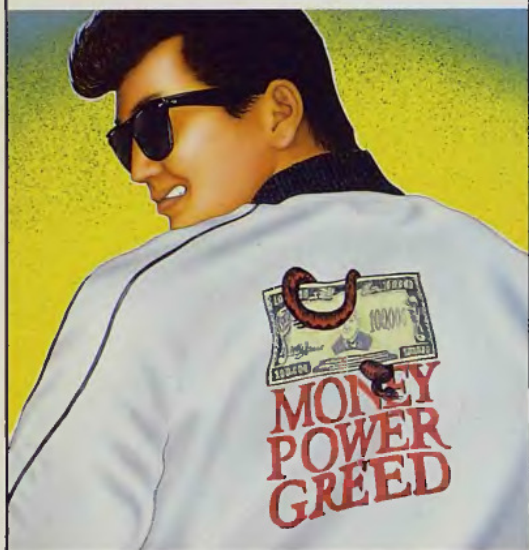


STAR QUALITY

Lana Turner may have been discovered in Schwab's Drug Store, but Starkives' Star Quest—a new computerized talent-search firm that puts information, from hair color to professional credits, on electronic file—is an easier way to break into showbiz. Star Quest allows aspiring actors, actresses, models, comedians et al. to put photos or even a 30-second video or audio onto laser discs that will be displayed on the computer terminals of biggies in the entertainment/communications world. **PLAYBOY** is plugged into Star Quest. For \$150, you should put yourself on the list. Write to Starkives, 41 East 42nd Street, New York 10017, for an application. See you in the movies.

POWER JACKET

Regardie's, that business magazine found on the coffee tables of movers and shakers across the land, is offering what surely must be the ultimate in jacket chic. It's a slick silver-and-black model embroidered across the back with a MONEY, POWER & GREED logo that tells everyone in your wake just what *your* priorities are. The price: \$150 sent to *Regardie's*, 1010 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007. (Small to extra large.) Flaunt it.



BONDED BEAUTY!

The Girls of James Bond calendar for 1986 is just what you'd expect it to be—a dozen tough, taut ladies in full color, waiting to turn you on or karate chop you into submission quicker than you can say SMERSH. Stoller Publications, 8306 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 709, Beverly Hills, California 90211, sells the Girls of James Bond calendar for \$9.95, postpaid. And someday it will probably be worth more as a collectible than you paid for it.



STROLL DOWN MAMMARY LANE

To keep abreast of the times in 1986, Prodeco, a company at P.O. Box 82778, Kenmore, Washington 98028, is selling a \$21.95 chrome-look wall calendar measuring 11½" x 17½" that's a shining testimonial to the female torso. If you prefer your ladies with milky-white boobs, Prodeco also has all-white calendars for \$14.95, postpaid. (We definitely favor the chrome version.) Did someone serve as the model for this uplifting endeavor, you ask? The company isn't talking, but there sure are a lot of guys working at Prodeco who walk around with silly smiles on their faces.

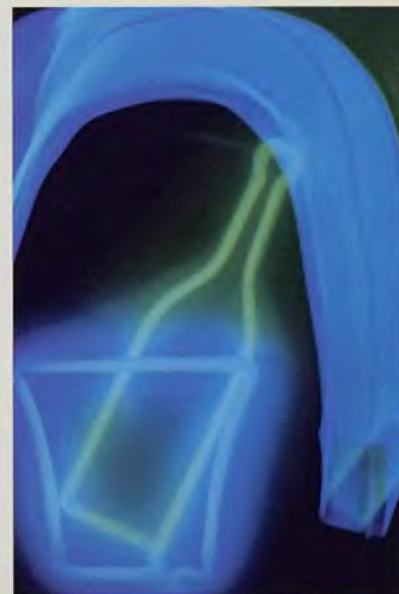


MOZART TO GO

Ready for a little more than night music? *The Portable Mozart* (Time-Life Music, \$185, postpaid, including a portable cassette player; 800-621-7026) is 16 cassettes in a carrying case that let you have the essential work of everybody's favorite classical composer. The collection consists of music from PolyGram's catalog and includes piano concertos, Mozart's best-known symphonies, serenades, sonatas and string quartets. The collection ends with his unfinished *Requiem*. Hail, hail, the Wolfgang's all here.

LIQUID PLEASURE

Liquid neon is like nothing you've ever seen: Vivid colors sweep through the tubes, stop and then repeat the sweeping action. And the shapes available—everything from the champagne bottle shown to a Christmas tree, a rainbow and even a table lamp—are available from Mail Order Products Bureau, Raleighwest Executive Building, 6443 S.W. Beaverton Highway, Suite 406, Portland, Oregon 97221. Each is \$210, postpaid. A brochure that depicts each of the various designs costs a buck. And when you're tired of the sweeping action, liquid-neon sculptures also flash or stay on permanently. What fun!





BETTINA CIRONE

Reviving a Dead Salesman

Did you think serious actors were serious people? Here's exhibit A to the contrary. When it's time to clown around, actors do. DUSTIN HOFFMAN shows you how with the help of KATHY ROSSETTER (left) and ANNE MCINTOSH (right), two of his co-stars in last fall's TV production of *Death of a Salesman*. Fashion hint: Gloves are making a big comeback!



MICHAEL LEVINE / PUBLIC RELATIONS

Prophet and Loss

Actress MELISSA PROPHET co-stars in the recent Chuck Norris epic *Invasion U.S.A.* She has won a number of beauty-contest titles, including runner-up in the Miss World Contest. In *Invasion*, she plays a photographer looking for a hot story. We think Melissa's the hot story.



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Too Many Frets? No Sweat!

There's the irrepressible RICK NIELSEN of Cheap Trick yukking it up for the camera. The band's tenth album, *Standing on the Edge*, was not named frivolously. Their U.S. tour ends over the holidays, then they'll take this act on the international road, where we hear the puppet has groupies, too.

© 1985 ROSS MARINO

Hot Crossed Buns

That hair! Those legs! That voice! TINA is everywhere. From the Grammys to Live Aid to sold-out concerts to *Mad Max*, sexy is back, and Tina's got it. Take a bow, Tina.



Wiping the Smile Off His Face

Face it: The guy will do anything for a laugh. He's got a thousand props and a winning delivery and has lived through a Joan Rivers interview. **HOWIE MANDEL** is funny. He's also a good actor, as you know if you watch *St. Elsewhere*. Would we let him into a real hospital? Only as a patient. Say ahhh.

JOHN HARRELL



If You Knew Suzee

We're not going to lie. The first thing that caught our eye was *not* SUZEE SLATER's list of acting credits. After staring at her for a while, we remembered seeing her on TV's *Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer* and on the big screen in *Savage Streets* and *Summer Fantasy*. Now that we've refreshed your memory, you'll be looking for Suzee, too.



© 1985 ROSS MARINO

MARK LEIVOAL



And This Is for the Entire Crüe

TOMMY LEE is the drummer for Mötley Crüe. *Theater of Pain* is the name of the Crüe's recent chart-buster. Tommy's the kind of guy who keeps very little under wraps. Being zany is the heart and soul of rock 'n' roll. In this instance, it's also the breast and navel.

NEXT MONTH



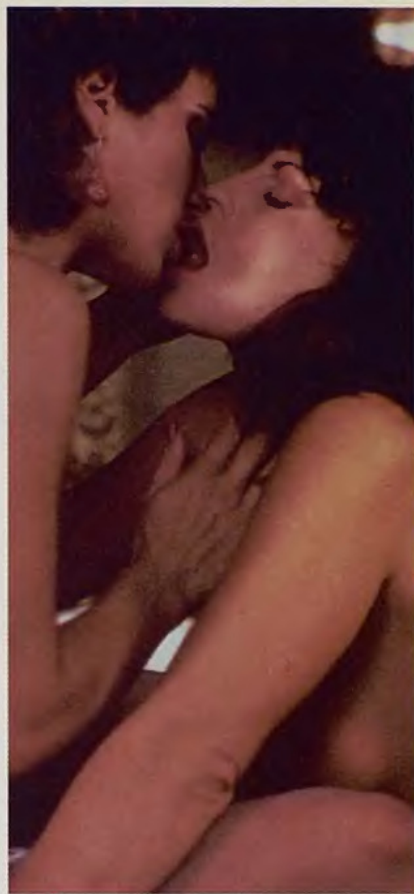
ALASKAN BEAUTIES



EMERALD ZONE



PROFOUND SKIN



SEX YEAR

"ANOTHER SIDE OF RAPE"—SOME 15 YEARS AGO, THE AUTHOR'S GIRLFRIEND WAS RAPED AS HE WATCHED, HELPLESS. HE'S STILL TRYING TO COME TO TERMS WITH HIS FEELINGS—BY **RANSOM SATCHELL**

"WOMEN OF ALASKA"—JOURNEY WITH US ON A PICTORIAL VISIT TO THE 49TH STATE, WHERE WE'VE UNWRAPPED SOME BEAUTIES TO KEEP YOU COMING IN FROM THE COLD

"FIRE ZONE EMERALD"—A TAUT STORY ABOUT A PAIR OF PROFESSIONAL SOLDIERS WHO ARE OUT FOR EACH OTHER'S BLOOD IN THE JUNGLE—BY **LUCIUS SHEPARD**

"A DISH SERVED COLD"—TALKING REVENGE WITH SOME MASTERS OF THE ART. EVEN RAMBO COULD PICK UP SOME TRICKS HERE—BY **JIM HARRISON**

"THE YEAR IN SEX"—A REPRISE OF WHAT WENT ON (AND OFF), EROTICALLY SPEAKING, IN 1985

"SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES OF THE PARTY TAPE"—BIG BASH COMING UP? HERE'S HOW TO MAKE THE MUSIC PERFECT—BY **CHARLES M. YOUNG**

"WHAT WOMEN TALK ABOUT WHEN THEY TALK ABOUT MEN"—JUST WHAT YOU WERE AFRAID OF: BODY PARTS, UNDERWEAR, MONEY AND SIZE—BY **SUSAN SQUIRE**

PLUS: AN ACTION-PACKED **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW WITH **MICHAEL DOUGLAS**; A PROFILE OF **JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP** BY **E. JEAN CARROLL**; **"YOUR MOST PROFOUND SKIN,"** A SHORT-SHORT STORY BY **JULIO CORTAZAR**; **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH PRIVATE EYE **ANTHONY PELLICANO**; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: NEWS-MAKING **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEWS WITH **ARTHUR C. CLARKE**, **JACKIE GLEASON** AND **SALLY FIELD**; PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF **VICTORIA SELLERS**, THE BREATH-TAKING DAUGHTER OF **BRITT EKLAND** AND **PETER SELLERS**; FICTION BY **GEORGE V. HIGGINS** AND **ROBERT SILVERBERG**; **"DIS-TAFF DEEJAYS"**; **"PLAYBOY GUIDE: THE BEST OF EVERYTHING"**; **"THE HEART OF ROBERT JARVIK,"** BY **LAURENCE GONZALES**; AND AN INCREDIBLY EROTIC VISUAL VISIT TO **VENICE**, A PARADISE FOR LOVERS.

The Spirit of America



Bringing Home The Tree by Richard W. Brown

Across the land, as families gather, a spirit of brotherhood and good will unites the nation. Old Grand-Dad toasts that tradition of fellowship and warmth with America's native whiskey: Kentucky Bourbon. It's the Bourbon we still make much as we did 100 years ago. It's the spirit of America.

For a 19" x 26" print of Bringing Home The Tree, send a check or money order for \$4.95 to Spirit of America offer, P.O. Box 183B, Carle Place, N.Y. 11514.

Old Grand-Dad

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, KY © 1984 National Distillers, Inc.





THE NEW NISSAN 300 ZX PACE CAR FOR THE PERFORMANCE GENERATION.

Very few automobiles in the world have generated the excitement and emotional involvement associated with the Z-car. Keeping this in mind, it's not surprising to read that Motor Trend Magazine called the 300 ZX, "the best all-around Z-car ever built."

For 1986, Nissan has taken one more step in the thoughtful evolution of a classic.

At the heart of this Z is a 3-liter V-6 that is actually eight inches shorter and 15 percent lighter than the 280 ZX. Yet the turbo model puts out 11% more power; a rousing 200 horsepower. That power gets to the road by way of an electronic control system that gives you the most efficient transmission of power at any speed. Combined with shocks you adjust electronically from the cockpit, the result is startling.

In addition, an electronic monitoring system keeps track of spark plugs that fire 42 times a second at 5000 RPM and a micro computer controls the fuel injection system making the Z a marvel of functional electronic wizardry.

Outside, fender flares, housing wider tires, were integrated into the body. The air dam was extended and rocker panel extensions were added to reduce air turbulence under the car. All this, plus a wider track results in better handling than ever.

Inside, a choice of electronic or analog instrumentation is offered, along with every conceivable luxury, including a resounding 80-watt, 6-speaker stereo system.

The 300 ZX, turbo or fuel injected. Once you get inside a Z, a Z will get inside of you.



**THE NAME IS
NISSAN**