

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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*G*ALA
CHRISTMAS
ISSUE

THE
WOMEN
OF



ELEVEN

P

Plus Bryant Gumbel
Interview, Elmore
Leonard, Billy Crystal,
Sex Stars of 1986
and More

Merry Christmas

Brooke XX





Panasonic
VHS OmniMovie



THE PANASONIC LAS VEGAS PRO-AM
APRIL 29-MAY 3, 1987. SEE IT ON NBC.

Panasonic presents the candid truth about video systems. They're not all the same.

Ask some candid questions before you buy a video system. Take the time to find out the differences between formats and features. So you won't be surprised later, when it's too late.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR FORMAT

Last year 9 out of 10 people who bought video recorders chose VHS. Almost every video rental store carries movies in VHS. That's not true with other formats. And since your friends and relatives probably also own VHS, sharing tapes is easy.

PUTTING CAMCORDERS IN FOCUS

All camcorders can shoot home movies. But not all camcorders make it as easy as the new Panasonic OmniMovie™ PV-300. With auto focus, auto exposure and a power zoom lens, nothing beats OmniMovie for capturing your kids in the act of being themselves. It can even shoot by the light of just one birthday candle. And HQ circuitry electronically enhances the image, while CCD microchips replace the pick-up tube, ensuring reliability.

But OmniMovie is more than just a camcorder. Because it uses full-size VHS tapes, it can also play back thousands of pre-recorded movies right on your TV.

REVEALING FACTS ABOUT HI-FI VIDEO SYSTEMS



Most of today's blockbuster movies are being released on videotape with hi-fi sound. They can actually make your house sound better than most movie houses. But if the hi-fi video system you buy isn't VHS, you may find it hard to find the movies you want to see.



TV pictures simulated

The new Panasonic PV-1742 gives you VHS hi-fi sound through your stereo system, and much more.

It can receive stereo TV broadcasts, actually turning your ordinary TV into a stereo TV. There's also HQ circuitry, a Tech-4™ four-head system, and a full-function wireless remote that will even let you program up to 8 shows over 3 weeks from across the room.

So, when it comes to video—whether it's video tape, high-resolution stereo TV, or an incredibly sophisticated all-in-one audio/video system—look at Panasonic.

Chances are, once you know the whole truth about video, your choice will be easy.



Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.®



THE PANASONIC LAS VEGAS PRO-AM.
APRIL 29-MAY 3, 1987. SEE IT ON NBC.

It's not just where you take the music, it's where the music takes you. Panasonic portable CD players.

Imagine a place where there is no noise. Absolute silence, broken only by the purest, cleanest music you've ever heard. That place is inside your head. And you can hear that incredibly pure music on any of the portable Compact Disc players by Panasonic.

CD IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND.

While the sound from this Panasonic portable CD player, SL-NP20, is something to behold, it's also very easy to hold. Connected to its ultra-thin rechargeable battery pack, the CD player and quartz-synthesized stereo tuner all fit in the palm of your hand. Whether you use headphones* or connect it to your home stereo, you'll hear the music more intensely than ever before.

THE CD WITH A HANDLE.

Fire up the Compact Disc player in the Panasonic RX-CD70 and

musical sparks fly. But as impressive as its sound may be, there's even more: Dual cassettes with auto reverse and Dolby[†]. An FM/AM/FM-stereo tuner. And detachable two-way speakers.

CD HITS THE ROAD.

The new Panasonic car CD, CQ-E800, puts CD sound in gear. Its four-way suspension system helps keep the music smooth, even if the road isn't. The stereo receiver has preset tuning and digital readout.

Panasonic portable CD players have many of the same features as our advanced home unit, SL-P3620. Like the FF-1 Fine Focus Single Beam laser which helps keep the music on track. And sophisticated programming which lets you pick or skip songs automatically.

The Panasonic portable Compact Disc players. Where you take them is only half the trip. Where their sound takes you is the other half.

*Headphones not included.
†Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Labs.



Home CD
SL-P3620

Portable CD
RX-CD70

Car CD
CQ-E800

Panasonic[®]
just slightly ahead of our time[®]



THE PANASONIC LAS VEGAS PRO-AM
APRIL 29-MAY 3, 1987. SEE IT ON NBC

Panasonic introduces the telephones you can't get from the telephone company.

At Panasonic, we know what you want in a telephone. Sophisticated features and great styling. That's what these new Panasonic phones give you. In combinations you can't find in phones from the telephone company. And one thing impossible to find in any other phone. The Panasonic reputation.

A TELEPHONE SO SOPHISTICATED IT HAS A BUILT-IN ANSWERING MACHINE WITH ONE-TOUCH CONTROL.

The KX-T2385 is a compact, easy-to-use telephone system. For starters, it's a sophisticated telephone. You can program up to 12 phone numbers for speed dialing. Dial three emergency or frequently called numbers by touching one button.

And full-size, lighted push buttons make it easy to make evening calls.

The built-in answering machine uses only one micro-cassette and comes with Auto-Logic™. Just touch Auto-Logic once and the machine

will play your messages, rewind your tape and automatically reset itself for new messages. When you're not home, you can even get messages by remote from any push-button tone phone without a remote device. What could be easier?

OUR INTEGRATED PHONE WITH AUTOMATIC DIALER AND SPEAKERPHONE HAS A LOT MORE TO SAY FOR ITSELF.

The VA-8205 does it all. It can automatically dial up to 32 phone numbers at the touch of one button. The built-in speakerphone allows hands-free conversation. There's even a "Save" feature that lets you store a busy number into memory and call it back at the touch of a button, even if you've called other numbers in the meantime.

And it even offers hearing aid compatibility. So someone with a hearing aid won't get the "feedback" it can cause.

What more could you want?

WITH OUR CORDLESS PHONE YOU WON'T SOUND LIKE YOU'RE CALLING FROM ANOTHER PLANET.

The KX-T3815 cordless phone is designed to function on the newest FCC approved channels.

Which means static and interference are minimized. The KX-T3815, which is available in three colors, is also tone/pulse switchable. So it can work with tone or rotary dial service and any long-distance service. You can select your own personal security code to help ensure no one can eavesdrop on you or dial out on your phone. You can even page between the base and handset. And unlike some cordless phones, the KX-T3815 has a battery you can change yourself and avoid an expensive service charge. What could be more simple?



A BASIC PHONE WITH MORE THAN JUST THE BASICS.

The KX-T2204 is a terrific basic phone that gets better. It has full-size, rubberized, illuminated push buttons powered by the phone line. Which makes nighttime dialing easy. You can program up to 12 phone numbers into the phone's memory for speed dialing. Even dial three emergency or frequently called numbers at the touch of a single button. Electronic

"Hold" lets you put a call on hold and then pick up the conversation when you pick up any extension in your home. And with a Program-

mable Timed Flash button, special telephone services like call-waiting and call-forwarding are easy to use. And the KX-T2204 comes in six decorator colors. What could be more beautiful?

So if you want these sophisticated features and great styling, in combinations you can't get from the phone company, there's only one name to call on.



Panasonic
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the civilized way
to unwrap

The world's most civilized spirit



PLAYBILL

AS THIS ISSUE was going to press, a Federal judge ruled that the constitutional rights of blind persons had been violated when Congress cut funds for a Braille edition of *PLAYBOY*. Even though the Braille edition contains no pictures, it is the sixth-most-often-requested magazine by the blind who patronize this Library of Congress service. To those readers we say, welcome back. It's nice to be in touch again.

Leading off our Christmas offerings is *Bandits*, by **Elmore Leonard**, an excerpt from an upcoming Arbor House book. The story is set in New Orleans, Leonard's home town. Leonard, who in 1985 topped the national best-seller lists with *Glitz* (also previewed in *PLAYBOY*), is presently at work on a novel about the Detroit police bomb squad. **Thomas McGuane** makes a return appearance in our pages with *Partners*, an inside look at a law firm where ambitious attorneys have to decide whether to cover themselves in glory or in flannel. **Robert Silverberg**, one of the grand masters of science fiction, contributes *Blindsight*, in which a man goes to a planet of fugitives in search of the doctor whose genetic experiments robbed him of his vision. And wrapping up the fiction is a surprise guest appearance by that most *mahvelous* of minds, **Billy Crystal**. The star of *Saturday Night Live* and *Running Scared* turns author with *Earth Station Charley* (illustrated by **Philippe Beha**). Crystal's hero hooks up a satellite dish that brings the whole world into his living room. Sort of like this issue of *PLAYBOY*, only with more wires.

Our nonfiction starts with the state of civilization as we know it. *Civilization Revisited*, a ten-page extravaganza, covers tuxedos, champagne, gracious dining and precision dancing, with help from **Jeremy Irons**, **Jay Leno**, some of America's great chefs and the late **Jorge Luis Borges**. **Herbert Gold**, novelist and longtime *PLAYBOY* contributor, visits the other end of civilization: *Haiti After Baby Doc*. Gold has made about 25 trips to Haiti and lived there for a year and a half. *Baby Doc* is a moody look at corruption, cruelty and cheap life. Speaking of famous heirs, check out *Rock Brats*, compiled by **Jean Penn**. Penn hopes to turn these interviews into a screenplay about a rock family.

We move on from civilization to law with *Courting Disaster*, an article by former Attorney General **Ramsey Clark** (from the days when the Attorney General was one of the good guys). Clark analyzes the Supreme Court's recent decision on sodomy. A companion chart spells out, state by state, forbidden pleasures in America.

John D. Spooner, author of *Sex and Money* (our two favorite topics), looks at insider trading in *Beating Wall Street: Confessions of an Insider* (illustrated by **Isadore Seltzer**). Do brokers have inside information? Yes. Does it make them rich? Almost never.

Personally, we get our financial advice from **Koko**, the signing ape. We sent **Bob Crane** to interview the world's second-most-famous gorilla; the result is a stunning *20 Questions*. For a more traditional but no less entertaining conversation, we sent Contributing Editor **David Rensin** to interview **Bryant Gumbel**. We forgot to ask him about the rumor that **Koko**—in a surprise switch back to the original format of the *Today* show—is being considered as a replacement for Jane Pauley. We're surprised **Koko** didn't make *Sex Stars of 1986* (text by **Jim Harwood**).

For those of you who buy *PLAYBOY* in the original form (with pictures), we have our usual collection of stocking stuffers. There's a portfolio of *Gorgeous Girls* by **Patrick Demarchelier**, with text by **Bruce Jay Friedman**, and *Women of 7-Eleven*, produced by Managing Photography Editor **Jeff Cohen** and photographed by Contributing Photographer **David Chan**. You remember 7-Eleven, don't you? It was the place where some of you used to stop to pick up a six-pack and the latest *PLAYBOY*. When its management rolled over for the Meese commission, we decided to check in with some of our favorite check-out girls. They show what they think of that decision in a great pictorial. Beats a Big Gulp any day.

Barbara (Re-Animator) Crampton is menaced by new monsters, and there's an exclusive Christmas ornament by **Keith Haring** and Christmas comic relief from **Bob Boze Bell**. Happy holidays.



LEONARD



SILVERBERG



MC GUANE



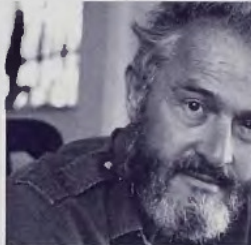
CRYSTAL



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plunge ahead. A
silent glide down the
side of a mountain.
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life. Today, no
mountain is too big,
no challenge too
great. You've
reached a new high
in your NS 850.

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air fitting system.
Provides total
custom fit. Perfectly
balanced. With
anatomically
designed innerboot
to give all-day
comfort and
warmth.



REACH A NEW HIGH ↑

↑
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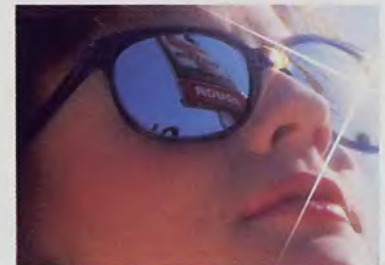


PLAYBOY®

vol. 33, no. 12—december 1986

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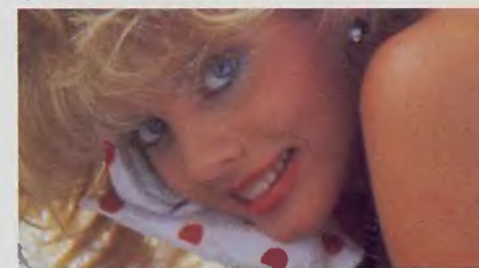
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Big Gulp Beauties P. 112



Space Chase P. 100



Dallas Delight P. 126



Shop till You Drop P. 142

COVER STORY Brooke Shields isn't just ornamental; she's warm, funny and unaffected, as Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda discovered while shooting this month's cover. Produced by Art Director Tom Staebler, the cover design is by Managing Art Director Kerig Pope. Lee Ann Perry was the stylist and Ruthie Savin did Brooke's hair and make-up.



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Get ready.

Recently, Video Review magazine asked engineers at a world renowned independent testing facility to evaluate the 36-inch XBR projection monitor/receiver.

They were impressed even before they turned it on.

"This set should spell the end of bulky, unattractive rear-projection monitor/receivers. Its sleek lines and elegant, high-tech feel embodied in its design

will make a stunning addition to any living room."

Then they turned it on.

"The resolution of the 36XBR is the best we've ever tested for a rear-projection set. All the other aspects of picture performance were unbeatable as well. The image even looks good when it's viewed from a sharp angle."



The 36-inch XBR is here.

And finally, after every foot - Lambert, megahertz and decibel was measured, scrutinized and analyzed, it all went back to the technical editor at Video Review who summed it up.

"Not long ago, the virtues of a rear-projection monitor/receiver would have been offset by its lack of picture brightness and its restricted viewing angle.

With the 36XBR, Sony has not only solved these problems but has also come up with a full-featured, top-of-the-line monitor/receiver that can compete with the best of the direct-view sets available today."

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

DREAM MATCHES

At the annual Midsummer Night's Dream gala at Playboy Mansion West, actor Lee Majors and his favorite date, 1985 Playmate of the Year Karen Velez (left), are obviously going strong after two years together, while Judge (*Ruthless People*) Reinhold and his wife, Carrie (inset below), enjoy the party. At right, Hef and Los Angeles mayor Tom Bradley chat at Bradley's annual Pro/Celebrity Tennis Classic while watching one of the celebs, Hands Across America promoter Ken Kragen (inset), play on the Mansion courts.



Christie at National Press Club

The first time Playboy Enterprises, Inc., President Christie Hefner was at the National Press Club was in 1979, when her dad was the guest speaker. Last August, she was the widely applauded speaker. Christie covered a wide range of topics, from censorship to feminist pornography. In one provocative statement, she quoted the dissenting opinion of the Meese commission's Judith Becker: "[The commission] began with the ultraconservative premise that a majority considered masturbation, oral/genital sex, premarital sex to be antisocial behavior.' I'm not going to embarrass those of you of the press by asking for a poll of your personal sexual behavior, but I would venture to say if the above-mentioned activities are all crimes, I may not be the only criminal in this room."



CAGNEY, LACEY AND TWEED

No, it's not a law firm. It's our way of heralding 1982 Playmate of the Year Shannon Tweed's recent appearance (below) in an episode of CBS-Television's popular *Cagney & Lacey* series.



HONG KONG WELCOMES FIRST CHINESE PLAYBOY

Featuring Hong Kong movie star Olivia Cheng on its cover, the first Chinese edition of PLAYBOY sold out its entire press run of 50,000 in a scant 36 hours.

ANCHORS AWEIGH

On board the good ship PLAYBOY, navigating New York Harbor during the Statue of Liberty centennial celebration, are (inset below) Executive Editor G. Barry Golson and Contributing Editor Ron Reagan.





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DEAR PLAYBOY

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HEARTBERN

Carl Bernstein, the subject of September's *Playboy Interview*, is finally getting his just deserts. He couldn't let his first book, *All the President's Men*, be the final nail in the coffin of President Nixon. No, he had to delve into Nixon's sex life and personal torture to reap more profits at the expense of a man already down. Now, with ex-wife Nora Ephron's book and movie *Heartburn* out, Bernstein has been hit with a left and a right. It is his turn to be kicked when he's down.

As a writer myself, I think the first rule of journalism is to get the job done without stepping on too many toes, because you never know when it may come back to haunt you. Bernstein burned too many bridges, starting in his own bedroom. He has lost his credibility as a journalist, lost his job at ABC, lost his wife and has been accused of being a boozing womanizer. I'll bet Nixon is snickering just a little, but even Nixon is too much the gentleman to stoop to kicking a man when he's down. Get up, Bernstein, as Richard Nixon did, and take it like a man!

Austin Teutsch
Austin, Texas

In the introduction to the September *Playboy Interview*, Carl Bernstein's ex-wife Nora Ephron is quoted as characterizing Bernstein as a man "capable of having sex with a Venetian blind." Speaking from experience, I have to ask, What's wrong with that? Let's face it: A Venetian blind makes no great demand. It opens and closes at the touch of a hand.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

I've just finished reading the *Playboy Interview* with Carl Bernstein, and one question keeps nagging me. In real life, Ephron and Bernstein have two children, both sons. The same is true for Rachel and Mark in the book *Heartburn*. So why the switch to two daughters in the film? I can't help but feel that whoever was behind it

believed that audiences would be less condemning of Mark's/Bernstein's marital behavior as a father of two girls rather than of two boys.

Amy Anderson
Green Bay, Wisconsin

COMING CLEAN ON THE PHILIPPINES

I found P. F. Kluge's article *Why They Love Us in the Philippines* (PLAYBOY, September) to be another fine example of your high journalistic standards.

It would have been easy (not to mention commercially viable) for you to have published some sort of lurid male-fantasy piece, something like *The Philippines: Land of the Cheap Fuck—Where Any Nerd Can Be a Superstud and Screw His Brains Out for Less than It Costs to Take Susie May Bowling Back Home*. You could have done that, and every word of it would have been true. But you knew that was only half the story, that not all in the Philippines is the stuff wet dreams are made of. By publishing Kluge's article, you showed us that the Filipino hookers are more than just the "little brown fucking machines" the Navy wife spoke of. You let us see their bleak lives and shattered dreams, let us hear the voices of those who try to deal with the degradation that comes with unrestricted flesh peddling. An exploitative publication, one that wished to show women only as sex objects, would never have shown us the dark side of paradise or published the views of such people as Father Cullen or Chief Taylor. The idea of playing a game of smiles is enough to get any man's imagination going, but the thought of one-year-old Valerie flicking her tongue when her mother whispers "Blow job" makes the true nature of the situation all too real.

Lee DuBose
Pensacola, Florida

After reading *Why They Love Us in the Philippines*, all I could do was sit back and let the memories flow. It was 1966 when this horny 19-year-old first crossed Shit River along with my buddies from the

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gunnery division on the U.S.S. Markab. What a great time we had. Of all the places I had been, Olongapo was the best. Where else in the world could a bunch of teenagers go bar hopping, get buzzed on ice-cold San Miguel, get laid three or four times and never spend more than 20 bucks? I was a sucker for those six little words "Hey, Joe, you want short time?" I sure did. Thanks, PLAYBOY, for bringing it all back.

Andy Cappellano
Chicago, Illinois

As a yeoman first-class petty officer serving on board the nuclear-powered aircraft carrier U.S.S. Enterprise, I read with great interest P. F. Kluge's article *Why They Love Us in the Philippines*. As a fleet sailor currently serving a third consecutive sea tour and having spent in excess of half my current enlistment deployed to the Far East, I have spent numerous memorable occasions on liberty at Subic Bay, Republic of the Philippines. Kluge's article was obviously well researched and candid and accurately depicted Subic Bay as a seaway sailor's paradise. However, with all due deference to the many loyal, dedicated, seaworthy Filipino sailors with whom I have served, Olongapo and Subic City represent only a minute fraction of the total population of the Philippines. For every person who has fallen victim to the quest for the American dollar, there are hundreds of people who, condemned to poverty, proudly continue to struggle, leading lives of quiet desperation.

Manuel DeCounto Barboza III
U.S.S. Enterprise

IT'S A DOG'S LIFE

I have read PLAYBOY for many years and have defended its quality literature on numerous occasions. However, I was disappointed to find a story as thoroughly tasteless as *Hush Puppies*, by Stephen Randall, in your September issue.

We have just lost our family dog, which my husband had given to me as a sort of engagement present. The dog had a flawless personality, was wonderful with children, never raided garbage cans and wouldn't have dreamed of annoying the neighbors. He was shot on a Saturday at 6:15 A.M. We have reason to suspect someone in our neighborhood but have been unable to prove it thus far. Camberley did not die immediately. We took him to the vet; he was operated on that evening. He had extensive liver damage but seemed to improve for several days following the surgery. He later took a turn for the worse and died, after lingering and suffering for ten days, as a result of a perforated gall bladder and other complications. It was pure hell watching our best friend die, especially knowing that his death was the result of a stupid, senseless human act.

You condone such idiocy when you feature a story such as Randall's. I am even

more appalled if this was your editors' idea of a humorous tale. Please be more sensitive in the future.

Debra Hicks
Cordova, Tennessee

Thanks for Stephen Randall's advice on how to silence the neighborhood. Tell any antihumor, animal-rights activists who complain about the story to go chase a car!

Now, if only I could do something about the cats. . . .

Erik Mathisen
Arnprior, Ontario

MENSA CADENZA

Just a note to let you know about the enthusiastic response from PLAYBOY readers to your generous pictorial *The Women of Mensa* (November 1985). Mensa, of course, is the international society for people who have scored in the upper two percent on an accepted standardized I.Q. test. Since *The Women of Mensa* appeared, Mensa has answered more than 16,000 inquiries from PLAYBOY readers, many of them women. More than 700 readers have already joined our membership, and thousands more are in the testing phase. For nine dollars, we'll send PLAYBOY readers an at-home test that may indicate whether or not they are Mensa material. Write to American Mensa, Ltd., Department 7A, 2626 East 14th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11235.

We're glad to welcome PLAYBOY's readers. We hope they'll discover that Mensa is both intellectually stimulating and as much fun as PLAYBOY itself.

Amy E. Shaughnessy, Chairman
American Mensa, Ltd.
Washington, D.C.

FAIR BALL GIRL

Your photographs of Cubs ball girl Marla Collins (*Belle of the Ball Club*) made the September issue another collector's item. Congratulations to PLAYBOY for showing all her fans that Marla is beautiful in and out of uniform.

Alan Digby
Mississauga, Ontario

How can Tom Cooper, the Chicago Cubs' director of stadium operations, think that Marla Collins' pictorial is embarrassing for the organization? Doesn't he see the publicity that she has generated for the team? The Chicago Cubs, as we all know, can be seen from coast to coast daily, thanks to cable television. I believe more people would turn on Cubs games or, for that matter, go to the ball park, just to get a glimpse of the Cubs' breath-taking ball girl.

Marc J. Mozak
Sioux City, Iowa

Did I miss something in the sports section of the paper? Did the Cubs name

Jerry Falwell as the general manager, or did the Moral Majority, which is neither, take over ownership of the club? What I am referring to is the pressure on Marla to quit just because she appeared in PLAYBOY.

I guess it makes sense, though. With no lights at Wrigley Field, the Cubs have been in the Dark Ages for so long that they can't see past the ends of their noses.

J. J. Thomas
Lawrence, Kansas

STRONG-ARM FLATTERY

I have read PLAYBOY for many a year, but I can't remember a sexier photo than that of September Playmate Rebekka Armstrong on page 94. God bless America!

Chester Farrell, II
Cranston, Rhode Island

HOW'RE YOU GONNA KEEP 'EM UP IN THE CITY AFTER THEY'VE SEEN THE FARM?

Your *Farmers' Daughters* pictorial in the September issue proves that California farm girls, such as the unbelievable Lacy Mercer, are the finest in the land. I'd like to see a spread just on her.

Donald Trimborn
Hawthorne, California

I really enjoyed the pictorial *Farmers' Daughters* in the September issue. The blue ribbon has to go to Annie Smith. She may be the best-looking girl I have ever seen in PLAYBOY, and I've been subscribing for 15 years. The amazing thing is that she looks this good with all her clothes on! I sure would like to see her without those bib overalls. She looks like a future Playmate of the Month to me. How about one more picture?

Larry Barnes
Louisville, Kentucky

We had requests to publish "just one more picture" of every one of the women in "*Farmers' Daughters*," Larry; but you luck out, because we received more requests for Annie's



than for any of the others. Maybe Frederick's of Hollywood should start marketing bib overalls.



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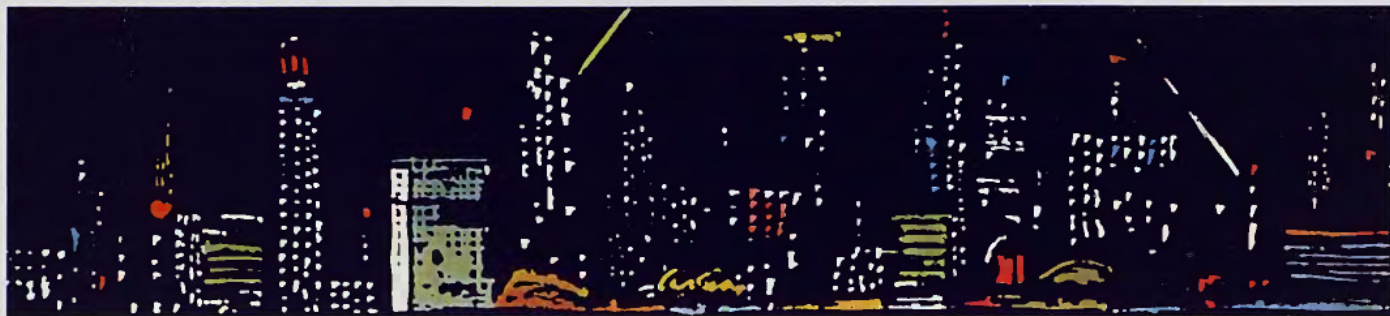
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



WE HARDLY KNEW YE

The last time we checked in with Sherri Foxman (*Playboy After Hours*, March), she had married a blow-up rubber doll at The Winking Lizard Tavern in Cleveland. As a combination publicity stunt/antimatrimony statement, it was good for a few laughs. The gig made the papers and Foxman made her point.

But that was March. What has Ohio's favorite 36-year-old author/humorist/comedienne and all-round cult heroine been up to since?

She's into the funeral business.

Yup. On Friday, July 11, Sherri, who'd by then dubbed herself the Widow Foxman, donned a black nightie and veil and headed over to the Beachwood Marriott in Cleveland, where she threw a 420-guest funeral—for casual sex.

Complete with 14-person Gospel choir (which, instead of singing "Amen," chanted "Sha-boom!" at appropriate intervals), 22-page prayer book (sample passage: "Casual sex was my shepherd/I shall not want it/It maketh me lie anywhere and everywhere"), ushers, eulogists, pallbearers and a most reverent minister, the funeral made more noise than expected.

The first clang of the funeral bell, however, was close to being a death knell for Foxman's well-laid plans: The American Legion post in Warrensville Heights, Ohio, whose hall was the original locale for the funeral, backed out at the last minute under pressure from locals, forcing Foxman and her fellow mourners to look elsewhere. Luckily for them, the staff at the Marriott had a more highly developed sense of humor.

At the ceremony's climax, mourners joined a procession past the coffin, enthusiastically tossing in relics of their last flings with sexual promiscuity. Among the contributions: edible underwear, condoms of every color, a Johnny Mathis album, crab-and-flea shampoo, nude photos of ex- and present wives and girlfriends, pictures of offspring resulting from casual sex,

smoked oysters, vibrators, a rubber glove, a speculum, a genuine automobile back seat, orgy butter, motion lotion, an answering machine, a wallet with a rubber-ring impression and a copy of *PLAYBOY*. The Widow Foxman's dad even tossed in his nitroglycerin pills for good measure.

Not all the guests, however, were supportive. A small group of ladies showed up to denounce as bogus the death of casual sex. They wore T-shirts with their phone numbers written across the chests.

After the funeral, mourners were asked to autograph the coffin. While I'M GOING HOME TO SIT *SHIVA* ON MY BOYFRIEND'S FACE WAS OUR favorite inscription, others included *RICOR MORTIS IS A WONDERFUL THING IN A MAN; YOU MAY BE DEAD, BUT I STILL HAVE MEMORIES—AND VIDEO TAPES; EASY CUM, EASY GO; AND FOR FORMAL SEX, CALL ME.*

Foxman—who proudly boasts "three broken engagements, 17 ex-boyfriends, an overweight adult life, severe anxiety, 13 years of analysis and periodic premenstrual syndrome"—is ecstatic about the funeral fallout.



"This whole thing really caught on," she said, beaming. "I did lots of interviews and talk shows. During one radio show, I was asked why I thought I should be the designated widow for casual sex. I said it was because I'd been in every parking lot in town. I don't think the station manager appreciated that."

Eventually, Foxman hopes to throw a party celebrating the inevitable resurrection of casual sex. "I figure it'll happen when people stop being so scared about the occasional fling," she says. "All the men will have to come to the party with hard-ons. . . . Only that leaves out most of my male friends."

LIFESTYLES OF LE CHIC AND TRENDY

Even as the great Cajun conflagration rages on in our favorite restaurants, blackening American fish and poultry from coast to coast, another part of the Cajun experience is aimed at the national attention span—which we loosely define as the amount of time it takes for a trend to get from David Letterman's lips to David Hartman's ears. Get ready for Cajun dancing, the latest night-life fad in New Orleans. Some nights, famed spots Tipitina's and the Maple Leaf become Cajun dance halls, booking such attractions as Bruce Daigrepoint's Band, Michael Doucet and Beausoleil, Rockin' Dopsie and the Twisters and Fernest Arceneaux and the Thunders. If past is prologue, we can expect Cajun waltzes and two-steps to come up the river any day now.

Cajun dancing is a touching, graceful endeavor that would cause any of our mothers to swell with pride if we learned how to do it right. Since its intricate steps require some tutoring, New Orleans lately boasts a new cottage industry—Cajun dance lessons. Of course, most people there don't bother with lessons, so the two-step becomes a contact sport—human bumper cars set to music. Sore feet and bruises are the frequent results. So when this latest Cajun rage arrives at a dance

AID

SINGLES

You know how it is. You've attended 4793 weddings. And, not counting the odd anniversary or two, you've spent approximately \$15,000 on bridal presents and bachelor parties in exchange for a vast number of warm champagne toasts and all the beef Stroganoff you could eat. You've rented tuxes; you've bought the Russ Meyer video and packed it off to the bachelor party. And by now, you're an expert on crystal stemware, Baccarat salad bowls and Marimekko sheets. Then, one day, it hits you like a bridal bouquet served by Martina Navratilova: Why don't you own any crystal stemware? When was the last time you heated up the leftovers in Le Creuset cookware? Do you possess even one set of matching sheets and pillowcases? Just take a look around.

Start with the kitchen cabinets. Face it. Their contents resemble the sidewalk sale at which you bought them. How disconcerting to raise high a glass of Chardonnay and see Fred Flintstone and Barney Rubble grinning back. And the bedroom—that ashtray on the night table. Which is it—Holiday Inn, Howard Johnson's or Budget 8? The fitted sheet you bought ten years ago not only doesn't match your pillowcases but is so shrunken that it pops off at the slightest stress, should you be so lucky.

The well-adjusted single person could endure this brand of destitution with far more grace if he weren't dogged by filigreed memories of exquisite purchases selected as wedding presents over the years. Enough finery to furnish an apartment that even Leona Helmsley would enjoy. The Cuisinart. The Tiffany champagne flutes. The Baccarat fruit dish. The Williams-Sonoma balloon wineglasses, the flatware, the hand-painted Italian pasta dishes, the Bonaire 1000, the deluxe Scrabble set and more goodies too painful to itemize.

But what do single people get? They get even. How? Simple—Singles Aid. It works like this. Doubtless, you've noticed recently how happy people are to contribute to good causes—particularly ones that hit close to home. Hey, what could be closer to home than you, their friend, neighbor, possibly relative? Now's the time to put Lionel Richie on the tape deck and throw *yourself* a benefit. It's just like a wed-

ding reception but with a difference. You'll be there, all right, greeting your friends and relations and collecting nifty presents—only thing is, you won't be getting married. Consider it your official coming out as a single person.

For maximum public sympathy, pick a logical excuse for a party: your 21st, 30th, 40th birthday, a new apartment or—perfect—a broken heart. Be sure to invite all your *married* friends. Let them know, as they're forking over the patterned silverware, that not only are you having a great party and raking in the loot but you're still single. They will, essentially, be helping you furnish your bachelorhood. Before the big event, you might even consider having a friend throw you a shower at which guests would be expected to spring for, say, bottles of Moët to go into that highly anticipated new silver champagne bucket, the Beatles on compact disc for your soon-to-be-received CD player and so on.

When your married friends check out the cool rock club you've commandeered for the occasion (contributed to the benefit by a local club owner who, in the present profusion of causes, will donate to anything ending in *Aid*), they'll drool. And wait till they realize they can actually dance to the music—which isn't being played by a group in plaid pants called Freddie and the Ferns. Your friends' envy will turn to admiration as they wonder how they sweated through those cheese-ball affairs of their own at The Four Pumpkins out in Suckahaug, Upstate, U.S.A.

But don't let it stop there: Rub it in! Hire a few stand-in brides whose garters you can toss to the crowd for tradition's sake. You'll find potential brides in the personals, often listed under FANTASY ENCOUNTERS. They can accompany you as you table-hop, collecting those valuable envelopes from the relatives. But before you leave to go on that two-week vacation in the Caribbean for which your folks are paying, let your best buddies know that you're still the same lovable guy you were before you got, uh, benefited. Reassure them that someday, after you get back from Martinique, and as soon as their divorces come through, you'll be happy to have them over to your refurbished digs for a game of poker, black tie optional.

—PETER OCCHIOGROSSO

hall near you, you probably ought to learn how to dance defensively. We're just waiting for some guy to start bragging about his blackened-blue marks.

MODEL MUSIC

Rosie Vela, the Ford Agency photographers' model who now has a recording career, is also one of the women in the ads for Pantene perm conditioners—the ones with the quote "Don't hate me because I'm beautiful" running the width of the page. Over tea one day, we asked Vela if she felt hated for her beauty. It seemed we'd hit a sore spot. "I hate that ad! That's not my quote—I'd never say that!" she told us. And by the way, she added, her hair's naturally curly.

WHITE-COLLAR CRY

In a study on sex roles, sociologists at the University of Illinois discovered that men in white-collar jobs tend not to cry very often, because, well, they're just happy. Their good jobs and higher education protect them from the blues that usually trigger crying. Blue-collar guys, however, tend not to cry because they believe in being tough. For the record, only three percent of the men surveyed had cried in the previous week, compared with 19 percent of the women. The researchers also found that younger guys were less hesitant to cry than older ones.

With terrorists treating Americans like clay pigeons, maybe you've canceled your plans to tour Europe. If you're staying Stateside, here's another way to see the great cities of the world, sort of. Your itinerary follows:

Got a mule whose name is Sal? Take her to Erie Canal Village in **Rome, New York**—just a short haul by barge from the Oneida County Airport, which, like the airports near other locations on this list, is thought to be free of political terrorists.

In **Athens, Georgia**, you'll forget the Acropolis when you see the Tree That Owns Itself. Long ago, a University of Georgia man studied under the tree. He later bought it and willed the land around the tree to the tree itself. Drive to Dearing and Finley streets—but don't hit the tree, fenced off in the middle of the road.

Don't take coals to **New Castle, Indiana**. Take a basketball and see the Chrysler High School gymnasium, which, with a capacity of 9314, is the largest high school field house in the world.

In **Moscow, Idaho**, you can stroll through the McConnell Mansion (home of the Moscow Historical Society) without encountering a single K.G.B. agent.

Paris, Texas: Don't miss the Maxey House (home of the almost famous Sam Maxey) and its many divans and rugs. Cox Airfield is located just eight miles from downtown Paris, but no planes fly in there anymore. Instead, you can take the northeast Texas Flier bus from Dallas all the way to Paris.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

OFFICIALLY described as a follow-up rather than a sequel, Martin Scorsese's *The Color of Money* (Touchstone) can stand shoulder to shoulder with *The Hustler*, which hustled nine Oscar nominations back in 1961. (Walter Tevis' story was first published in *PLAYBOY* in 1957.) "Money won is twice as sweet as money earned," snaps Paul Newman in a vibrant, enriched reprise of his role as pool shark Fast Eddie Felson. For Newman, a superstar who welcomes risk and improves with maturity, his portrayals of Eddie, then and now, merge into one shining entity among the screen's classics. *Color of Money* leaps ahead 25 years, reintroducing Eddie as a liquor salesman who now bank-rolls other pool hot-shots for a hobby. He sees his own upstart origins in an arrogant, unbeatable Chicago kid named Vince (Tom Cruise), whom he lures away from his supermarket job to train for the big time in Atlantic City. Eddie leaves his own lady (Helen Shaver) sulking back home but takes along Vince's live-in bimbo, played by Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio (see *Fast Forward*), for amoral support. Even her sex appeal is part of his plan: "We've got a race horse here . . . a thoroughbred. You make him feel good, I teach him how to run."

Scorsese, also on a hot streak, draws us into the mystique of gambling coupled with an intensive character study that is actually about excellence and the will to win. Richard Price's hang-tough screenplay is complemented by scenes set in smoky pool halls and dingy hotels, looking like the wrong side of everywhere. While the movie is handed to Newman on a platter, his own quarter century of savvy makes it a silver one, reflecting generously on all present. Cruise in particular shows he's a real actor as well as *Top Gun*'s top hunk. Teaming him with Newman should span the generation gap to make *Color of Money* irresistible to women. Guys will line up, too, because nonviolent man-sized movies of this high caliber are becoming virtually extinct. ♣♣♣

On Broadway, the Tony Award-winning *Children of a Lesser God* (Paramount) was an admirable, downbeat problem drama about a deaf young woman and an idealistic teacher who falls in love with her while trying to break through the barriers of anger and silence she uses in self-defense. On film, in a seamlessly opened-up adaptation directed by Randa Haines (whose controversial TV movie *Something About Amelia* won an Emmy), *Children* has become a wrenchingly beautiful love story. Much of the magic stems from an eloquent performance by William Hurt, an actor who seems to keep floodgates of feeling just below the



Hurt, Matlin electrifying in *Children*.

Let's hear it for
The Color of Money and
Children of a Lesser God.

overflow point. Hurt's sexual chemistry on screen (and reportedly off screen as well) with hearing-impaired actress Marlee Matlin produces the heat to make this spirited newcomer's movie debut both a personal and a professional victory, though she speaks nary a word throughout. Dramatic license, of course, demands that Hurt consistently repeat aloud what is being communicated in sign language, in effect, voicing subtitles. The device takes getting used to but fades into the scheme of things as the film's fine supporting company—some deaf youngsters backed by such seasoned players as Philip Bosco and Piper Laurie—banishes bathos with intelligence and gutsy good humor. The trite hearts-and-flowers ending doesn't live up to what has gone before, but even that seems forgivable, measured against Hurt's gallant anguish as a man who can no longer bear listening to Bach without his loved one's sharing it. ♣♣♣½

Another scintillating star turn by Kathleen Turner almost saves *Peggy Sue Got Married* (Tri-Star). Almost. Turner, directed with a very light touch by Francis Coppola, squeezes every particle of pathos and wry humor from her title role as a woman who passes out from excitement after being crowned queen of her 25th high school reunion. Still conscious of her present existence as a 40ish wife and mother, separated from her philandering husband, Charlie (Nicolas Cage, Coppola's nephew and much too callow a co-star for Turner),

Peggy Sue returns to 1960, her senior year, and gets to look at life with the curse, or blessing, of foresight. Bits of this turn out to be charming. Unfortunately, though, *Back to the Future* got there first, through no fault of authors Jerry Leichtling and Arlene Sarner, whose screenplay was supposedly kicking around before *Future* came to pass. Even so, that rollicking hit's verve and inventiveness make the Leichtling-Sarner plot look pallid. Granting a deep bow to Kathleen, everything *Peggy Sue* can do has already been done better. ♣♣

Writer-director David Lynch's surreal, hypnotic, sex-charged and bizarre *Blue Velvet* (De Laurentiis) should pad his reputation as a creator of cult films. Lynch, who began to shake things up cinematically with *Eraserhead*, *The Elephant Man* and the disappointing *Dune*, is still a skilled manipulator. He spins a tale of sexual obsession and claustrophobic terror in a Middle American town where every picket fence and privet hedge seems to be hiding something evil. Kyle MacLachlan (who played *Dune*'s young hero) is a passionately curious lad who comes upon a severed human ear in a meadow. That odd discovery leads him to a local detective's daughter (Laura Dern), then to closer encounters with a tortured torch singer (Isabella Rossellini) whose child may or may not have been kidnaped by a paranoid drug dealer (Dennis Hopper, on one of his kinkier head trips). Required to embody the mystery of a screenplay that is wickedly imaginative but often incoherent, Rossellini struggles through the title song (a Bobby Vinton classic) and even slips out of her clothes occasionally, all to no avail—she's a fascinating, lovely actress in a mostly meaningless role. "It's a strange world," MacLachlan observes from time to time, as if to explain *Blue Velvet*'s lapses into gratuitous violence and vulgarity. The real explanation is that this time, Lynch went overboard while testing how far a maverick moviemaker can go. ♣♣

Writer-director Bob Swaim, an American in Paris who usually makes French movies, makes a muddled English mess of *Half Moon Street* (Fox). Even Sigourney Weaver and Michael Caine are defeated by Swaim's flaccid direction and wobbly script (based on a novel by Paul Theroux), something about an American callgirl with a Ph.D. In fact, she's on a fellowship, specializing in Middle Eastern affairs, and claims to have written her doctoral thesis on the Chinese economy, but that stuff doesn't pay enough for a liberated girl about town. Caine plays a ranking English lord whose efforts to promote peace in the Middle East mark him as an assassin's target. Reel by reel, Weaver takes her clothes

Escort Refuses!

Dear Customer, *From: Drew Kaplan*

Escort turned down our \$10,000 head to head challenge described below. Escort says that Maxon's Radar Detector is "primitive", "bottom-end" and "an off-shore produced electronics 'gadget' ". I don't know about you, but to me these words conjure up visions of a cheap toy being produced off in the middle of a rice paddy somewhere in the middle of nowhere.

Escort, on the other hand, which is made in the U.S., exudes a high cost, quality image. Don't you just bet that it costs a fortune to build Escort and Passport (the smaller version)?

Well, we are going to challenge Escort **AGAIN** to a head to head 'duel to the death' on Maxon's electronic merits alone. And, we plan to win. But first there are a few things you should know.

Cincinnati Microwave, the company that makes Escort & Passport, is a public company. And being public, they have to file financial information with the SEC.

The public information they have published appears to show that in the year that ended Dec. 1985, Cincinnati Microwave with "substantially all of its revenues and profits derived from the sale of radar warning receivers" made an operating profit of about \$45,810,000 on sales of about \$112,605,000. Wow!

The \$45 million profit is after all engineering, selling and General & Administrative expenses, but before taxes.

Their cost of sales (goods) was only about \$40,027,000. So, if you divide \$40,027,000 by \$112,605,000 it doesn't take a genius to figure out that cost of goods represents an average of only about 35.5% of selling price. Wow!

I only bring up their profit to illustrate that a high retail price doesn't always

mean a high manufacturing cost. There's no question in my mind that Maxon can manufacture cheaper in an off-shore 'rice paddy', but if you pay \$245 for Escort or \$295 for Passport, it should be based on a head to head test with Maxon, not on perceived retail price points.

FORGET PRICE COMPLETELY

So, forget that Escort costs \$245, Passport \$295, and Maxon \$99⁹⁰. Let's judge them on their own merits. And, let's look at just what Escort itself has to say about our challenge. (Please read DAK's and Escort's letters to the right.)

Escort says that, "Regardless of the results, such an event lends credibility to the challenger." Well, they are absolutely correct. That's why I put up the \$10,000 in the first place. Fair is fair.

Plus, there are several radar detectors that claim to have won this or that ranking in "Independent Magazine Reviews." So, I'm ignoring any reviews and asking for a one on one, head to head test.

But look at what Escort says in their letter: "Range is the easiest detector quality to measure, but by no means the only important quality." Wow, I thought range was really important?? Escort refers to "goodness" being determined by things not so easily measured.

Well frankly, I don't know how to measure "goodness". Escort, in my opinion,

is a top notch company. They make a superb product I'd be proud to sell. And, they have great customer service.

DAK has great toll free technical and regular customer service. But, I'd be the first to admit that with over \$45 million in profits, Escort can probably run circles around us in advertising, and maybe even in service. But, I don't think they can beat Maxon's Radar Detector.

HOW GOOD IS GOOD?

When Escort was introduced, it was revolutionary. But, you can only go so far. And in my opinion (someone else might object), radar detecting has gone about as far as it can go. So, while Escort has made improvements, it's Maxon who has moved mountains to catch up.

DAK UPS THE ANTE TO \$20,000

Now I realize that next to \$45 million dollars, \$20,000 isn't much, but it's a lot to DAK. And, I'll even go one step farther. I'll print the exact results of the test, win, lose, draw, or no-show in the first catalog I publish after January 1, 1987.

Escort, the ball is now in your court. Below is the "NEW" version of my challenge with the time and amount changed.

I don't know what else DAK or Maxon can do to prove that the RD-1 Superheterodyne Detector should be judged on its head to head performance against Escort, not on its selling price!

WAS \$10,000

A \$20,000 Challenge To Escort

Let's cut through the Radar Detector Glut. We challenge Escort to a one on one Distance and Falsing 'duel to the death' on the highway of their choice. If they win, the \$20,000 (was \$10,000) check pictured below is theirs.

By Drew Kaplan

We've put up our \$20,000 (was 10). We challenge Escort to take on Maxon's new Dual Superheterodyne RD-1 \$99⁹⁰ radar detector on the road of their choice in a one on one conflict.

Even Escort says that everyone compares themselves to Escort, and they're right. They were the first in 1978 to use superheterodyne circuits and they've got a virtual stranglehold on the magazine test reports.

But, the real question today is: 1) How many feet of sensing difference, if any, is there between this top of the line Maxon Detector and Escort's? And 2) Which unit is more accurate at interpreting real radar versus false signals?

So Escort, you pick the road (continental U.S. please). You pick the equipment to create the false signals. And finally, you pick the radar gun.

Maxon and DAK will come to your highway with engineers and equipment to verify the results. And oh yes, we'll have the \$20,000 check (pictured) to hand over if you beat us by more than 10 feet in either X or K band detection.

BOB SAYS MAXON IS BETTER

Here's how it started. Maxon is a mammoth electronics prime manufacturer. They actually make all types of sophisticated electronic products for some of the biggest U.S. Electronics Companies. (No, they don't make Escort's).



Bob Thetford, the president of Maxon Systems Inc., and a friend of mine, was explaining their new RD-1 anti-falsing Dual Superheterodyne Radar detector to me. I said "You know Bob, I think Escort really has the market locked up." He said, "Our new design can beat theirs".

So, since I've never been one to be in second place, I said, "Would you bet

\$20,000 (10) that you can beat Escort?" And, as they say, the rest is history.

By the way, Bob is about 6'9" tall, so if we can't beat Escort, we can sure scare the you know what out of them. But, Bob and his engineers are deadly serious about this 'duel'. And you can bet that our \$20,000 (was \$10,000) is serious.

...Next Page Please

... Challenge Continued
We ask only the following. 1) The public be invited to watch. 2) Maxon's Engineers as well as Escort's check the radar gun and monitor the test and the results. 3) The same car be used in both tests. 4) We'd like an answer from Escort no later than December 31, 1986 and 60 days notice of the time and place of the conflict. And, 5) We'd like them to come with a \$20,000 (was \$10,000) check made out to DAK if we win.

into action in just 1/4 of one second. Just imagine the sophistication of a device that can test a signal 4 times in less than 1/4 of one second. Maxon's technology is mind boggling. **But, using it isn't.** This long range detector has all the bells and whistles. It has separate audible sounds for X and K radar signals because you've only got about 1/3 the time to react with K band. There's a 10 step LED Bar Graph Meter to accurately show the radar signal's

And you'll have a very high level of protection. Maxon's Dual Conversion Scanning Superheterodyne circuitry combined with its ridge guide wideband horn internal antenna, really ferrets out radar signals.



By the way Escort, we'll be happy to have our test around a bend in the road or over a hill. Maxon's detector really picks up 'ambush type' radar signals.

And the key word is 'radar', not trash signals. The 4 test check system that operates in 1/4 second gives you extremely high protection from signals from other detectors, intrusion systems and garage door openers.

So, when the lights and X or K band sounds explode into action, take care, there's very likely police radar nearby. You'll have full volume control, and a City/Highway button reduces the less important X band reception in the city.

Maxon's long range detector comes complete with a visor clip, hook and loop dash board mounting, and the power cord cigarette adaptor.

It's much smaller than Escort at just 3 1/2" Wide, 4 3/4" deep and 1 1/2" high. It's backed by Maxon's standard limited warranty. Note from Drew: 1) Use of radar detectors is illegal in some states.

2) Speeding is dangerous. Use this detector to help keep you safe when you forget, not to get away with speeding.



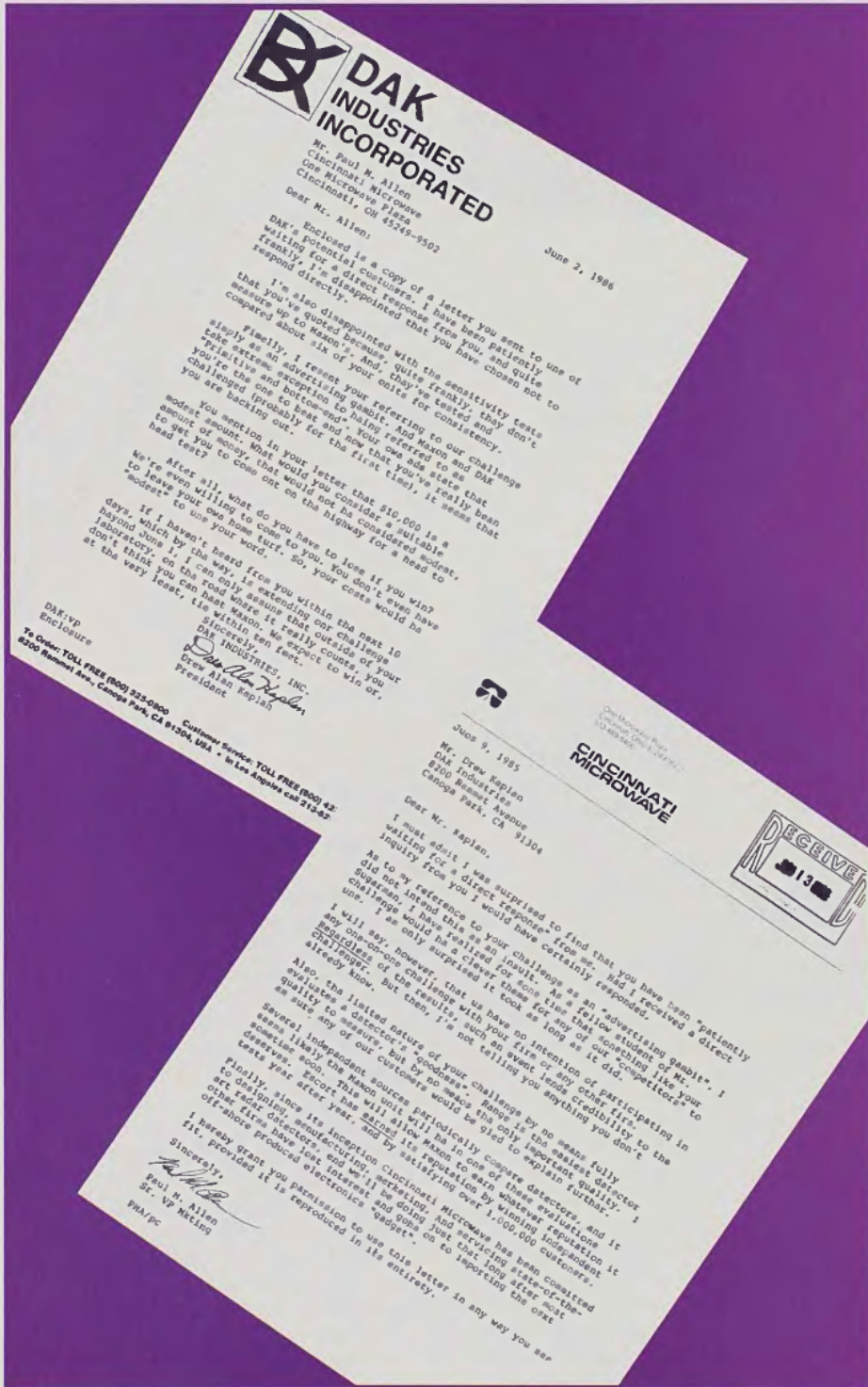
CHECK OUT RADAR YOURSELF RISK FREE

Put this detector on your visor. When it sounds, look around for the police. There's a good chance you'll be saving money in fines and higher insurance rates. And, if you slow down, you may even save lives.

If you aren't 100% satisfied, simply return it in its original box within 30 days for a courteous refund.

To get your Maxon, Dual Superheterodyne, Anti-Falsing Radar Detector risk free with your credit card, call toll free or send your check for just \$99⁹⁰ (\$4 P&H). Order No. 4407. CA res add tax.

OK Escort, it's up to you. We've got \$20,000 (10) that says you can't beat Maxon on the road. Your answer, please? Escort and Passport are registered trademarks of Cincinnati Microwave.



SO,WHAT'S DUAL SUPERHETERODYNE?
 Ok, so far we've set up the conflict. Now let me tell you about the new dual superheterodyne technology that lets Maxon leap ahead of the pack.
 It's a technology that tests each suspected radar signal 4 separate times before it notifies you, and yet it explodes

strength. And, you won't have to look at a needle in a meter. You can see the Bar Graph Meter with your peripheral vision and keep your eyes on the road and put your foot on the brake.
 So, just turn on the Power/Volume knob, clip it to your visor or put it on your dash. Then plug in its cigarette lighter cord and you're protected.

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off at regular intervals, perhaps to draw attention away from the lines she's asked to deliver, such zingers as "Don't put walls around me, Sam . . . China was full of walls." In the public interest, Swaim's *Street* ought to be signposted as a dead end. ♣

Director Franco Zeffirelli's extravagant *Otello* (Cannon) is grand opera made easy—also cut down to size for mass consumption. With supertenor Placido Domingo singing his heart out as the macho Moor of Venice, Katia Ricciarelli as his doomed Desdemona and Justino Diaz as a fairly stolid but solid Iago, Giuseppe Verdi's musical tragedy on film ought to match the huge success Zeffirelli had with *La Traviata*. The magnifying realism of cinema emphasizes staginess, at times threatening a conflict between mere ham and the majestic theatricality of the score, and purists are sure to quibble about excised scenes and missing passages of music. Here, nonetheless, is an accessible, overwhelmingly handsome movie version of a classic—a potent shot of cultural adrenaline for millions who would ordinarily nod off at the opera. ♣♣♣

Paul Hogan may as well be identified as Mr. Australia. His "Come down under" TV commercials were a media marvel, and his first major film role, in "*Crocodile Dundee*" (Paramount), has already made box-office history in his homeland, where he-man Hogan is virtually a national institution. *Dundee's* straightforward pop romance is a star vehicle that goes a step beyond Hogan's TV pitches for the tourist trade. He plays a legendary great white hunter in Australia's scenic Northern Territory, tracked down by a fetching blonde journalist (Linda Kozlowski) from *Newsday*. The movie is a his-and-hers affair, the more conventional first half on his turf in the jungle wilderness, the second half back in Manhattan, where he manages to woo the girl reporter away from her pompous editor-fiancé (Mark Blum). "Why do you always make me feel like Jane in a *Tarzan* comic?" she asks her favorite Aussie. Well, we know the answer. But *Dundee* is such engaging bicontinental poppycock that we don't mind being had by Hogan's heroics. ♣♣

To keep sparks flying aboard *The Lightship* (Castle Hill), Robert Duvall and Klaus Maria Brandauer pool their king-sized talents for a showdown at sea. Polish-born director Jerzy Skolimowski's taut drama of confrontation (based on a novel by Siegfried Lenz) echoes the mysticism and claustrophobia in such previous Skolimowski movies as *The Shout* and *Moonlighting*. Set in 1955 on a vessel anchored off the Virginia coast, *Lightship* is moralistic, sometimes muddled but still a bracing exercise in suspense. Brandauer seethes as the captain whose crew of six, including his sullen teenaged son (played by



Domingo as a macho Otello.

Otello comes to the screen;
Aussie hunk escapes TV;
Duvall sends up Buckley.

Skolimowski's son, Michael Lyndon), is held hostage by three desperate men rescued from a disabled motor launch. Duvall is the brains of the trio, a malevolent but affectedly elegant evildoer named Caspary. Even with Brandauer as his adversary, Duvall steals the show handily through the simple trick of making the villain a nigh-perfect impersonation of conservative pundit William F. Buckley, Jr. Every florid gesture, every staccato intonation is exactly right. The proof is in the put-on. ♣♣½

Four men preparing the food for a country weekend talk about women and sex. Meanwhile, four women getting into shape at a high-tech health club talk about men and sex. All are horny, highly articulate intellectuals connected, one way or another, with the history department of a French-Canadian university. So be warned that *The Decline of the American Empire* (Cineplex Odeon) is not simply wordy but is wordy in French with English subtitles. Once the two foursomes join for a verbal battle of the sexes that evolves into serious psychological warfare, though, writer-director Denys Arcand conquers the language barrier and takes off. These people beat every subject, from politics and fucking around to feminism and the Pope's prostate, into the ground. Played to the hilt by an unfamiliar Canadian cast and already hailed at festivals from Cannes to New York as if it were *The Big Chill* according to Ingmar Bergman, Arcand's movie is too warm-blooded for that. It's more like contemporary Chekhov, complex but compassionate, with everyone running a fever. ♣♣♣½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Aliens** Spaced out with Sigourney. ♣♣♣
Blake Edwards' That's Life With Julie, Jack Lemmon and the family tree. ♣♣
Blue Velvet (See review) A Lynch mob, plus Hopper in pretty high gear. ♣♣
Children of a Lesser God (See review) Hearing problems with Hurt. ♣♣♣½
Clockwise Back to school with Monty Python's John Cleese & company. ♣♣½
The Color of Money (See review) Newman is back, with Cruise on cue. ♣♣♣
"Crocodile" Dundee (See review) Make mine Manhattan, says Aussie. ♣♣
The Decline of the American Empire (See review) Chekhovian chat. ♣♣♣½
Down by Law Escapees are waaay down. ♣
Extremities Farrah's dilemma: Will she or won't she waste a rapist? ♣♣♣
The Fly For fans of s-f shock fests, a chance to party till you puke. ♣♣♣
Foreign Body London as seen by a bogus doctor in spite of himself. ♣♣½
Half Moon Street (See review) Well, not even Sigourney can win 'em all. ♣
Heartburn Streep meets Nicholson on a storm-tossed sea of matrimony. ♣♣♣
Hoosiers Basketball's their game, and Hackman's aces as their coach. ♣♣
The Lightship (See review) Duvall tops the Bill, literally. ♣♣♣½
Manhunter In this designer thriller, Petersen's the man to watch. ♣♣
Men Infidelity German style: A cheated husband strikes back. ♣♣♣
The Men's Club One evening out with the boys you may want to skip. ♣
The Name of the Rose Connery and 14th Century brethren in jeopardy. ♣♣
'night, Mother Spacek and Bancroft debate the merits of suicide. ♣♣
90 Days Shy Montrealer rapping with his Korean mail-order bride. ♣♣♣
Nothing in Common Gleason, Hanks take charge as a feuding father and son. ♣♣½
Otello (See review) Mass-appeal opera, with Domingo as Verdi's Moor. ♣♣♣
Peggy Sue Got Married (See review) A futuristic turn with Miss Turner. ♣♣
Round Midnight Great jazz by a great cast of musicians bebopping around Paris back in the Fifties. ♣♣♣♣
Sid and Nancy The decline and fall of punk star Vicious and his groupie. ♣♣♣
Spring Symphony Music by Schumann, with Nastassja Kinski as his muse. ♣♣
Stand by Me Stephen King's kid stuff, offbeat but surprisingly mild. ♣♣½
Tough Guys *Machismo* hilariously mocked by Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster as ex-cons for all seasons. ♣♣♣

♣♣♣ Don't miss ♣♣ Worth a look
 ♣♣♣ Good show ♣ Forget it

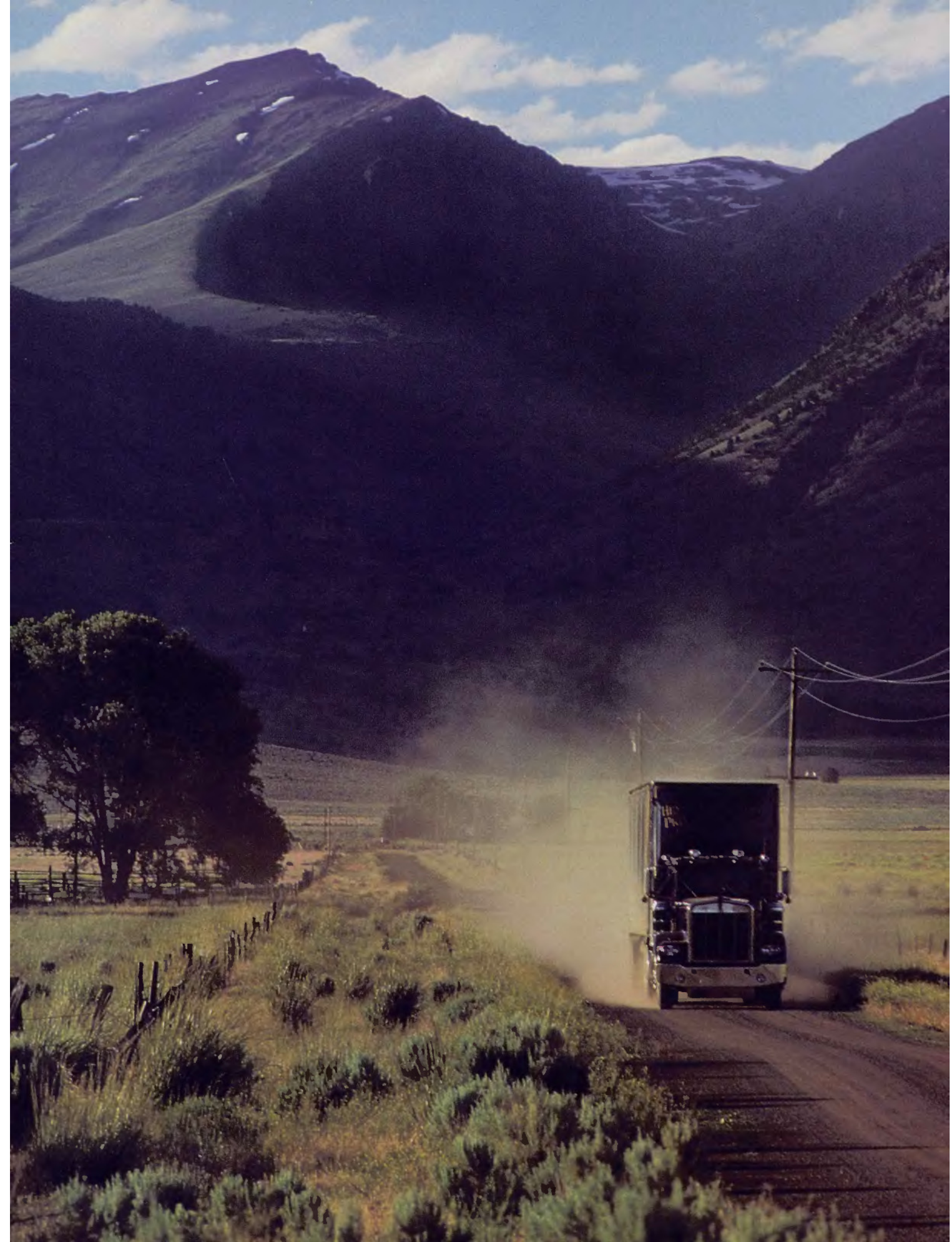
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"CAN A BEER IMPORTED FROM OREGON BE THE EQUAL OF A BEER IMPORTED FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE?"

BY MICHAEL JACKSON,
AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD GUIDE TO BEER"



The beer must be unloaded, and stored at the importer's warehouse. And then shipped by lorry or rail, sometimes thousands of miles, to a distributor in your region, who will in turn store it for a while longer before transporting it to the place where you buy it.

As a result, some imported beer can be many months old before you drink it. That's one reason why Americans who travel abroad often report that the same brand of beer tastes remarkably better when consumed in its native country.

A REFRESHING ALTERNATIVE TO THE IMPORTS

While there are many imported specialty beers that I thoroughly enjoy and recommend, there are also outstanding beers produced in your own country. This is particularly true of the Pacific Northwest, which has become one of the world's most lively brewing centers.

If you haven't yet sampled the excellent beers from this region, I suggest you start with Henry Weinhard's Private Reserve.

Like the great beers of Europe, Henry's is made with the finest ingredients

obtainable. These include rich, two-row malting barley and choice Cascade hops. Both are grown only in the western states, and both command a premium price. As a result, most brewers consider them too expensive to use.

Like the great beers of Europe, Henry's is made with extra care and attention.

And the beer is aged more than twice as long as most American brands.

Unlike the great beers of Europe however, Henry Weinhard's Private Reserve reaches its most distant markets within

a few days of leaving the brewery.

And each bottling is numbered to provide a constant check for freshness in taverns and stores.

If you compare Henry Weinhard's Private Reserve with the popular imported brands, I believe there's a very good chance you'll prefer Henry's. If so, you will get more than the enjoyment of a quality product. You will also get the satisfaction of knowing that the price you've paid is the result of superior ingredients and brewing methods, rather than the cost of transporting the bottle across oceans and continents.



Although I live in London, I make frequent trips to America. And on each visit, I'm eager to learn about the latest fad sweeping your country. Over the past dozen years or so, I have observed great enthusiasm for backgammon, hot tubs, jogging, French mineral water, and at least fifty different crash diets.

At last it seems you've turned to something sensible: quality beer. Everywhere I look in America, people are ordering beers of individuality and character. And I've noticed that many of these beers are imported.

The great beers of Europe are justifiably famous for their quality, so this turn of events is perfectly understandable. I happen to think, however, that it's often possible to enjoy good beer without going halfway around the world for it. More about that in a moment. But first, an observation about beer in general, and imported beers in particular:

HOW OLD WORLD BEER CAN GET OLD

In order for its flavor to mellow and mature, beer must spend time ageing at the brewery. But once beer is bottled, time can become the enemy. As weeks pass, sunlight filters into the bottle, oxidation occurs, and flavour is inevitably damaged. That's why most types of beer should be drunk as soon as possible after bottling, when they are at the peak of their freshness.

With that in mind, consider the path that imported beer has to follow before it reaches your favourite store or tavern. It must be trucked from the brewery to a seaport, and loaded aboard a freighter. The ship must make its way across the ocean.

YOUR GUIDE TO FRESH BEER



As a public service, the brewers of Henry Weinhard's Private Reserve offer this convenient mileage chart to use as a guide in choosing your beer. Distances shown are from world brewing centers to selected cities in the United States.

	Amsterdam	Copenhagen	Hamburg	Bremen	Manila	Mexico City	Munich	Portland	Sydney
Albuquerque	5433	5846	5620	5740	7548	1506	5849	1123	8172
Denver	5076	5487	5444	5569	7963	1724	5661	985	8343
Los Angeles	6114	5612	6054	6179	7463	1555	6296	834	7495
Phoenix	5782	5992	5919	6044	7660	1229	6176	1009	7864
San Diego	6085	6295	6152	6277	7502	1450	6297	933	7604
San Francisco	6225	6295	6252	6377	7053	1870	6310	550	7475
Seattle	5728	6270	6227	6352	6655	2470	6227	172	8452





“Ruarc has never heard his own father’s voice”

He’s deaf.

Ruarc McHugh is one of 16 million hearing-impaired Americans who need our help. And yours.

The Deafness Research Foundation is the only national non-profit health organization solely committed to finding cures for hearing disorders. And our overhead is funded by earcare professionals. So 100% of your contribution goes directly to research.

Research that’s fostered advances like the body aid. It can help Ruarc feel the vibrations of a roaring crowd after Wayne scores.

Now let’s help him actually hear the game, and his father’s voice, too.

Please send your tax-deductible contribution to the Deafness Research Foundation today. Because there’s so much to hear.

**Help him. There’s so much to hear.
Deafness Research Foundation**

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MUSIC

NELSON GEORGE

DISCO IS back, minus John Travolta, white suits and Studio 54. The site of this grass-roots revival is Chicago, where a movement called house has become the most-talked-about scene. It's mainly an update of the drumbeats, mixing techniques and Gospel vocal styles that once defined late-Seventies dance music. House isn't simply a disco-revival movement, though that is part of its appeal. What records such as J. M. Silk's *Music Is the Key* or Steve "Silk" Hurley's *Jack Your Body* (jack is house slang for dancing), on Chicago's growing D.J. International label, or *Chicago*, by R. T. & the Rockmen Unlimited, on Arthur Baker's Criminal records, or the Bang Orchestra's *Sample That!*, on Geffen, share is an audacious use of Eighties studio technology, influenced by Seventies sensibility, to create dance music of great rhythmic intensity with a sonic richness old disco didn't have. Who knows? House may be the next big thing.

Billy Joel was once the next big thing, too. Now he's trying to maintain his place in the star firmament. One way to do so, Joel's *The Bridge* (Columbia) suggests, is to stay with the style that brought success: *Running on Ice* recalls *Pressure*; *This Is the Time* has chords from several previous Joel hits. Decent enough stuff but not very exciting. More interesting are the songs with a fresh twist, such as the synthesizer-laden *Modern Woman*, Joel's duet with Ray Charles on *Baby Grand* and a good song about superstardom called *Code of Silence*, written with and featuring a vocal by Cyndi Lauper.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

For more than two decades, Paul Simon has navigated that fine line between intelligent introspection and navel gazing—most of the time succeeding at turning quiet desperation into something you'd want to hum. In the past few years, though, he seemed to lose his compass and fall into the great belly button of self-pity. The guy needed to get out of the house and mix it up with the world. Which he did. Simon went all the way to South Africa to work with some of the best musicians you never heard of and made *Graceland* (Warner), his best album in many years, maybe ever. I went back and played all his old stuff for comparison, and I am ready to declare *The Boy in the Bubble*—a toe-tapping meditation over a wonderfully droning accordion on our fragmenting culture's pursuit of loneliness—my all-time favorite Paul Simon song. And then there's *Graceland*, in which a Nigerian (Demola Adepoju) plays Hawaiian steel guitar over a South African rhythm section accompa-



This music's on the house.

Solid stuff from
Daryl Hall, Paul
Simon and Billy Joel.

nying a New York Jew singing a country-and-western/jazz tune about Elvis Presley's home as a symbol for Christian grace. Now, that's a concept. And then there's the stunning *a cappella* *Homeless*, with Ladysmith Black Mambazo, a cross between the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and the Penguins by way of Zululand. Simon puts his voice high in the mix, almost a Fifties proportion of sound—which is OK because his lyrics are smart. But if you miss the extra crunch of the rhythm section, try the 12-inch dance singles.

DAVE MARSH

Although not the Teddy Pendergrass he thinks he is, Daryl Hall is a damn good singer; and if that were all that *Three Hearts in the Happy Ending Machine* (RCA), his second solo album, wanted to achieve, you couldn't really fault it. *Happy Ending Machine* is packaged much more ambitiously. To begin with, some of the cuts are produced by the Eurythmics' Dave Stewart, who by now is as overextended as he is overrated but whose presence nevertheless adds a hip, Anglophilic veneer necessary to divert attention from the fact that Hall is really a debtor of Otis Redding, not the Beatles. The titles promise songs delving into meaningful, perhaps even cosmic questions. But in the end, even *What's Gonna Happen to Us*, his antiwar number, boils down to the singer's trying to persuade his dream date to hang around

despite her shrink's advice.

Well, how much can you dislike a record that bumbles its greatest pretensions so grossly? Whatever Daryl Hall lacks in chic, he makes up in soul; he may be unable to express the desire for nirvana believably, but who cares when he expresses lust itself so effortlessly? *Dreamtime*, the best track, is as good as Hall & Oates.

Unfortunately, the record doesn't often sound that good. Stewart and Hall are too busy developing illuminated psychedelia for the Nineties to give Hall the pristine pop settings and dance punch he needs. This suggests two things: first, that Hall is better off working with street-smart dudes such as Arthur Baker. Second, the solution to the mystery of what John Oates does: He keeps his partner's excesses in check—

GUEST SHOT



IN OCTOBER, *ex-Monkee* Mickey Dolenz reviewed *The Butthole Surfers'* LP "Rembrandt Pussyhorse." Turnabout is fair play, so here's Gibby Haynes of the Buttholes on "Then & Now . . . *The Best of the Monkees.*"

"It has long been a popular notion that none of the Monkees could play an instrument, and I've always liked that Sex Pistol-ish aspect to their careers; but when the Monkees came out, I could have sworn they were a cheap Beatles reaction and that no amount of LSD could ensure their musical success. Alas, I was only a third grader listening to a teacher with three last names who periodically twitched her head and howled like the banshee of death herself. So I had no idea that two years later, I would be in my first band. No name—we lasted just one practice, singing *409* and *Last Train to Clarksville*. Then, in the mysterious drug-clouded days of sixth grade, I was turned on to truly great Monkees songs like *Tapioca Tundra* and *Your Auntie Grizelda*.

"Yes, I loved the Monkees. And, yes, you should buy *Then & Now . . . The Best of the Monkees*, but only if Mickey, Mike, Peter and Davy make enough cash out of the deal to pay off their mortgages."

Nobody



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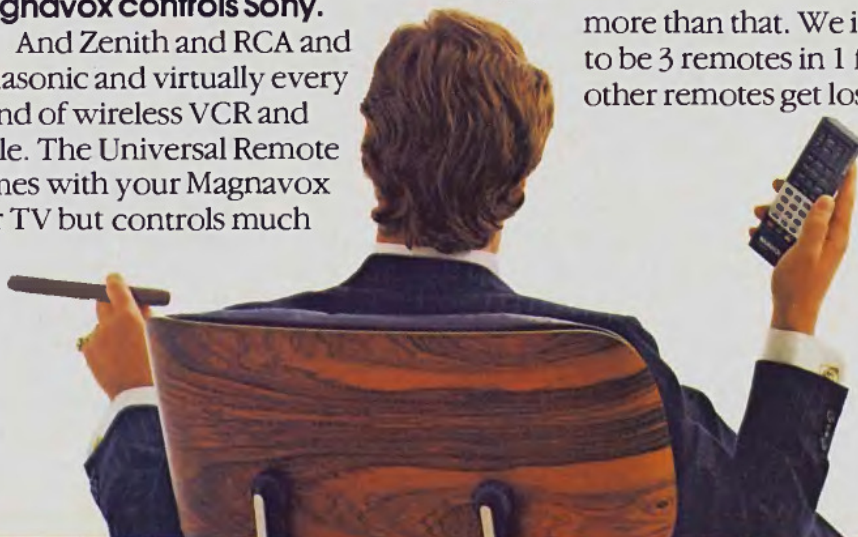


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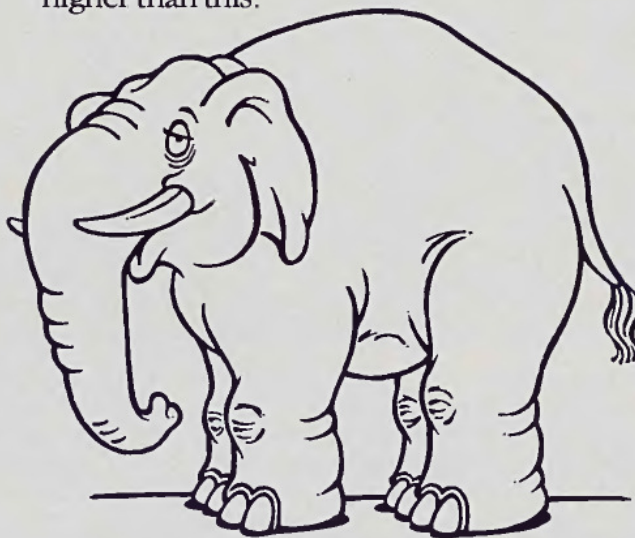


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FAST TRACKS

R

OCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Ashford & Simpson <i>Real Love</i>	6	6	6	6	4
Daryl Hall/Three <i>Hearts in the Happy Ending Machine</i>	3	6	7	6	3
Billy Joel <i>The Bridge</i>	4	7	4	3	7
R.E.M. <i>Lifes Rich Pageant</i>	7	8	7	3	6
Paul Simon <i>Graceland</i>	9	7	10	8	9

GATHERING NO MOSS DEPARTMENT: Mick is getting farther away from rock 'n' roll. His recent passion is hot-air ballooning over Normandy. But the **Jagger** sense of humor is intact: The balloon is shaped like a Harley-Davidson.

REELING AND ROCKING: We hear that **Phil Collins** will make his film debut opposite **Michael Caine** in another movie about the Great Train Robbery. The haul—£2,500,000—is still considered the biggest heist in English territory. . . . **Mark Isham**, a former sideman to **Van Morrison**, now records for Windham Hill and scores movies, most recently, the new **Alan Rudolph** film *Made in Heaven*, starring **Timothy Hutton** and **Kelly McGillis**. . . . **Rickie Lee Jones** has recorded *Love Is the Light Inside Your Heart* for the animated film *The New Adventures of Pinocchio*. . . . **Sting** is filming two new movies, one in Italy and one in Africa, the former with **Kathleen Turner**.

NEWSBREAKS: If you've been watching *Miami Vice* producer **Michael Mann's** new show, *Crime Story*, you'll recognize **Todd Rundgren's** musical score. Rundgren also scored four episodes of **Pee-wee Herman's** Saturday-morning kids' show and is working with **Joe Papp** on a Broadway musical, *Up Against It*. . . . **The Cure** will have a new album by Easter. . . . Seventy pieces of original album-cover art were on display in a San Francisco gallery this past fall, including *Surrealistic Pillow*, by the **Jefferson Airplane**, *Tapestry*, by **Carole King**, *Sports*, by **Huey Lewis and the News**, and *Workingman's Dead*, by the **Grateful Dead**. The critics saw the exhibit as a step toward respectability for album-cover art. We hope the display travels to other cities. . . . **Bob Geldof** is ready to return to acting and is looking at movie scripts. . . . **Paul McCartney** is releasing a **Buddy Holly** video, a combination of an old BBC program about the singer and

25 minutes of Holly songs, to commemorate what would have been the singer's 50th birthday this fall. . . . **Stewart Copeland**, who has been busy this year with a **Police** greatest-hits package and an original ballet, is now writing an opera set during the Crusades. . . . Albums to look for any day now: new ones from **Glenn Frey**, **Night Ranger**, **Wall of Voodoo** and more remixed **Sam Cooke**. . . . Motown's veteran songwriter **Lamont Dozier** collaborated with **Simply Red's Mick Hucknall** on two songs for Red's second album. It was Dozier's first collaboration with anyone since the famous Motown team of **Holland-Dozier-Holland** broke up in 1972. . . . **Bananarama** won't tour again until after **Keren Woodward's** baby is born. . . . And, finally, there's **Elvis** news again. The late singer's cousin **Billy Smith** has entered the Elvis market with a catalog of items called *Elvisly Yours*—everything from posters and buttons to calculator pens, flags and candy bars. To get a catalog, write to *Elvisly Yours*, c/o P.O. Box 161414, Memphis, Tennessee 38186. If this exciting offer isn't enough, the curator of Memphis' Elvis museum has pulled the King's under-shorts out of a traveling exhibit because they were upstaging other items, such as his karate outfit, a lock of hair and car keys. Said **Kathy Velvet**, the curator, "It was irritating. We've got Elvis' wedding ring, his jewelry, his guitar and his Rolls . . . and all people were asking about was the underwear. I couldn't handle it." . . . Then there is the *other* Elvis—**Costello**, a.k.a. **Declan McManus**. He's planning to let the audience help him pick the songs he'll play on his fall tour. Each show will include a request spot during which fans will be able to choose from his repertory of 140 songs. *That's* the Elvis watch.

—BARBARA NELLIS

and on the evidence here, Oates earns every penny he makes.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Making it new is the perennial challenge of rock 'n' roll.

Ashford & Simpson honed their skill as Motown producer-songwriters in the Sixties and originated their own high-gloss connubial soul in the Seventies. But in the Eighties, they've topped themselves only once—with the classic marriage ballad that keynoted 1984's *Solid*. Their follow-up album, *Real Love* (Capitol), may be a little more solid on the whole, but not even *Nobody Walks in L.A.*—which makes good on its title but is too quirky and local for a single—takes it on home.

Folk-blues loyalist **Bonnie Raitt** made it new by fronting her own band on guitar for 1982's *Green Light*, which proved neither New Wave nor A.O.R. enough to sell diddly. *Nine Lives* is her contrite return to Warner Bros., a stalwart effort to adapt her unfashionable tastes to the hooky mechanics of L.A. pop. Like her previously attempted sellout, *Streetchlights*, it falls flat. And will probably sell diddly.

The older the newer for **Phil Alvin**, who as lead singer of L.A.'s **Blasters** helped kick off the roots-rock movement. So on his first solo album, the egregiously titled *Un "Sung Stories"* (Slash), he just digs further back, to the Thirties at least, for country blues and country lament, Ellingtonian brass and *Brother Can You Spare a Dime*. And only once does he just go through the motions—on the blues-rock *Daddy Rollin' Stone*.

VIC GARBARINI

Every few years, **Paul McCartney** cranks out an album that comes from someplace beyond the facile charm of his persona. In 1981, John Lennon's death led to the relatively pithy *Tug of War*, and it was hoped that the commercial disaster that beset his cloyingly cute film project *Give My Regards to Broad Street* would shock him into dropping the façade once again. No such luck. In spite of a little help from **Police/Phil Collins** producer **Hugh Padgham** and a slew of guest stars, beneath the high-tech glitter and sheen, *Press to Play* (Capitol) is just another hollow bauble. Even *Angry*, the ostensibly let-it-all-out rocker that features **Pete Townshend** on guitar, really never cuts loose and speaks from the gut. The album's most realized work, *However Absurd*, with its free-form (read, uncontrived) lyrics and *I Am the Walrus* ambience, may provide a clue: "Living dreams with mouth ajar/Wide-awake we go to sleep. . . /I couldn't say the words/Words wouldn't get my feelings through/ So I keep talking to you . . . custom-made dinosaurs/ Too late now for a change. . . ." Well, maybe not.

BOOKS

IT WOULD BE NICE if we could call *I, Tina: My Life Story* (Morrow), by Tina Turner and *Rolling Stone* senior editor Kurt Loder, an inspired rendering of one woman's struggle to overcome an abusive spouse on the road to a multiplatinum album, a movie role opposite Mel Gibson and *McCall's* ads. Alas, this book isn't inspiring—or very revealing, either. Anyone interested in how her dominating bandleader husband turned naïve Anna Mae Bullock into a rocking, dancing R&B dervish through shrewd instruction and regular beatings already knows the story. This real-life *Color Purple* has been the subject of innumerable magazine and television pieces.

Challenged to pump new life into this oft-told tale, Turner and Loder have spiced *I, Tina* with the voices of other witnesses. That helps but can't overcome the book's central problems, one of which is Ike's role. This is as much his story as Tina's, yet he comes across as so unremittingly evil that he doesn't seem real. Reading *I, Tina*, we found it hard to imagine what qualities could have enabled him to attract and control a steady stream of women for more than 20 years. What made Ike such a successful stud? Tina can't seem to tell us. She also seems less than candid about her own feelings. Unlike Little Richard in his recent and startlingly honest autobiography, Turner in this journal wears a thick crown of thorns. When she finally walks out on Ike, one just thinks, It's about time.

Father-son relationships have been heavily mined in contemporary fiction, but seldom with the grace and style of Peter Taylor. In *A Summons to Memphis* (Knopf), he tells how profoundly affected one boy and his family are by a sudden relocation to Memphis, caused by a rift between their father and his best friend. How the move plays itself out in the son's life is the thrust of this complex story, written with Taylor's usual prodigious skill.

Without question, the most interesting aspect of the 1984 Presidential election was the candidacy of the Reverend Jesse Jackson. Not surprisingly, someone has written a book about it. Bob Faw and Nancy Skelton, two reporters assigned to Jackson's campaign, collaborate to bring us *Thunder in America* (Texas Monthly Press), subtitled "The Improbable Presidential Campaign of Jesse Jackson," a behind-the-scenes look at what must surely have been one of the most disorganized, frenetic and electrifying political phenomena of the century. Faw and Skelton's week-by-week account of Jackson's vote stumping includes not only the details most of us remember (the "Hymietown" flap and his relationship with Black Muslim Louis Farrakhan) but also



Tina doesn't quite tell all.

Turner's autobiography;
a double dose of Chesbro;
terrorists as gangsters.

insights into the many contradictory elements of Jackson's personality. Jackson probably won't like this book, but we did.

For those of you who can't take John Waters' films (*Pink Flamingos*, *Female Trouble* and so forth), there is a second volume of his writing, *Crackpot: The Obsession of John Waters* (Macmillan), a wonderfully weird collection of essays in which he has a lot of fun pointing out to us the high points of low culture. He chats with Pia Zadora, finds out what happened to Francis the Talking Mule, lets us eavesdrop on his film class for prisoners and explains why he loves the *National Enquirer*. His quirky take on the tacky is irresistible, and he has become a better writer since his first book, *Shock Value*. Spend some time over troubled Waters; he's a very funny commentator who is at the beginning of a very long run.

The only thing better than a new George C. Chesbro novel is a pair of them. Mystery fans are in for a special treat with the back-to-back publication of *Veil* (Mysterious) and *Two Songs This Archangel Sings* (Atheneum). The first novel follows a Viet vet, CIA operative and martial-arts specialist turned East Village artist into the bowels of a top-secret research project. It's "Rambo Meets Elisabeth Kübler-Ross" as the hero becomes involved in a near-death experience. Not-quite-science-fiction and suspense make a thrilling combination, and nobody works it better than Chesbro. The hero of the second

book is his familiar dwarf Mongo the Magnificent, a former circus gymnast now practicing as a criminologist. Mongo has a habit of winding up on the edge of the supernatural, and this time out, he investigates the strange disappearance of his friend Veil (yes, the man from the first novel) and uncovers a dirty little secret from a dirty little war that threatens to topple a Secretary of State. There is plenty of fast-paced violence in these books, and you'll rip right through them.

The Financing of Terror (Simon & Schuster) deserves an immediate reading by anyone who wants to understand international terrorism. Author James Adams, formerly a journalist based in the Middle East, has produced a significant work of reasoned, informed intelligence that not only throws a blinding light on the sources of terrorist income but also destroys our most cherished delusions about this vital topic. Briefly put, his research showed conclusively that most terrorists in the Middle East, Western Europe, Ireland and Latin America are not idealists but gangsters who get their money from illegal slot machines, kidnaping, bank robbery and extortion. Responding to terror tactics by dressing up in *ninja* suits and playing Rambo doesn't cut it, Adams says. What's needed is cutting the terrorists off from the loot. If the facts are as Adams describes them—and virtually every point he makes rings with logic and clarity—putting an end to terrorism is both imperative and possible.

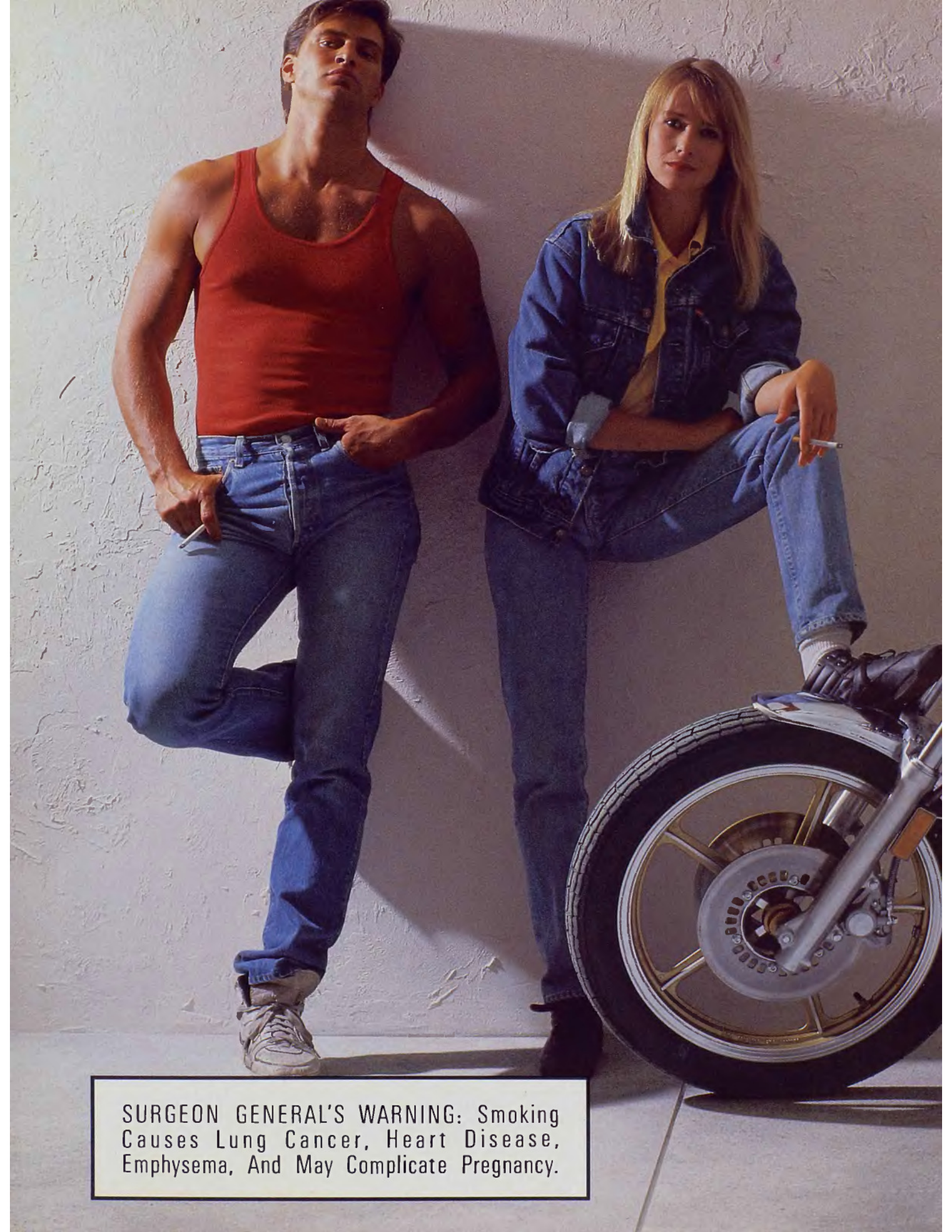
BOOK BAG

But Enough About You (Simon & Schuster), by Cynthia Heimel: Our *Women* columnist strikes again with a collection of snappy essays dedicated to city life. Heimel examines the growing blight of "fabulousness," exhaustion therapy for "urban superpeople on the move," "lifestyles of the poor and obscure" and other Eighties phenomena. Read 'em and smile.

A Paler Shade of White: The History of White People in America, Volume II (Perigee), by Martin Mull and Allen Rucker: These guys dig for the essence of whiteness and come up with chapters on such topics as "What White People Are Thinking When They Stare into Space" and "The Color Beige." This book makes us wish we had a tan.

Soldiers & Civilians: Americans at War and at Home (Bantam), edited by Tom Jenks: These 20 short stories by some of America's finest contemporary writers (Robert Stone, Bob Shacochis and Bobbie Ann Mason, to name a few) illustrate how war—even in peacetime—pervades and influences our lives.



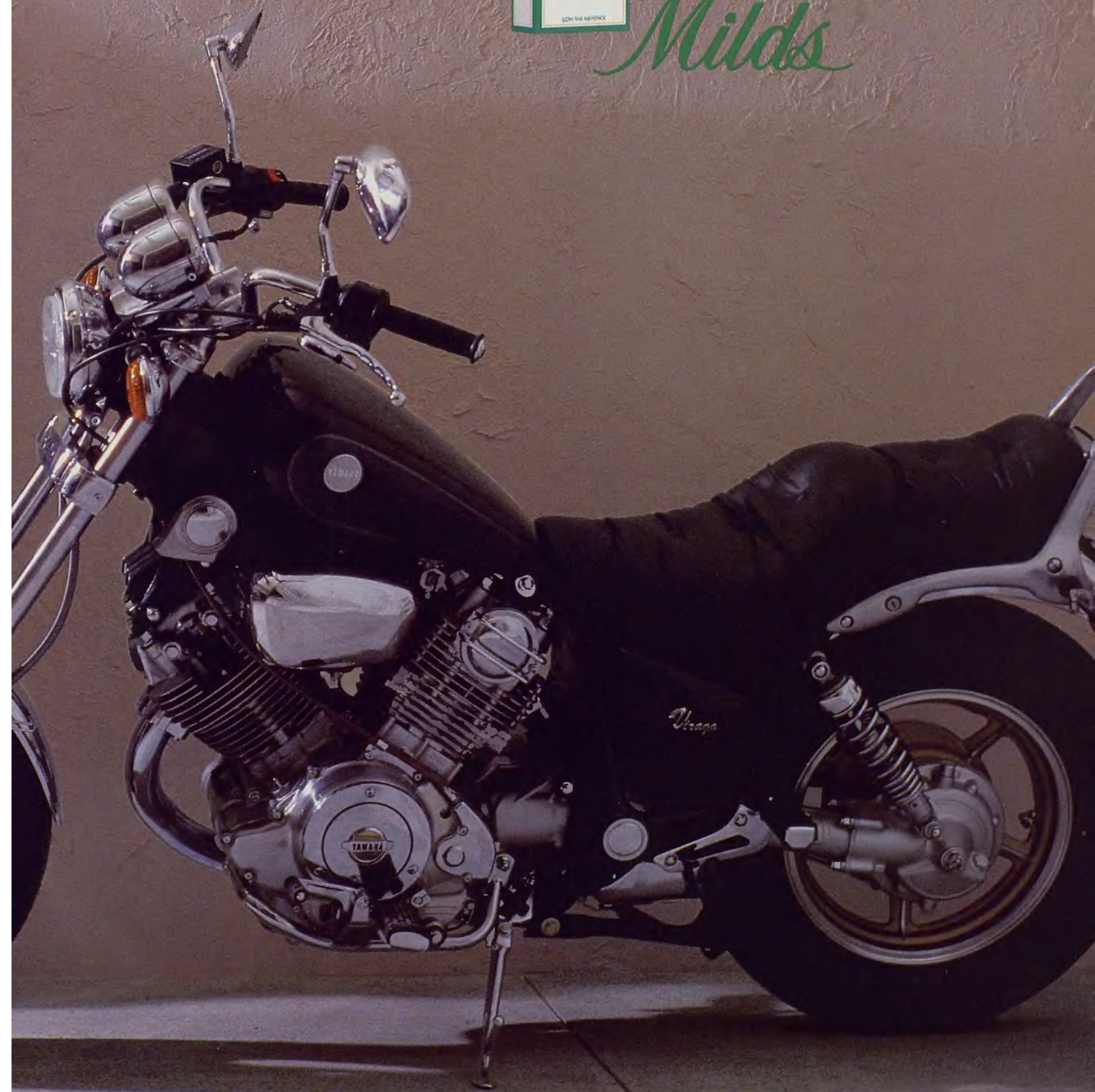


SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.



KOOL

Milds



SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

This is the time of year for thick envelopes in college football. It's a time for all of the top-notch athletes who've been winning games for State, Tech and Old U to start collecting the bonuses that will accompany their under-the-table payments from boosters, agents, assistant coaches and pizza deliverers. It's also a period that reminds me of something I want to clear up. I have never said I hoped that a vast, mysterious crater would suddenly materialize in the center of the North American continent so that Mission, Kansas, headquarters of the N.C.A.A., would get sucked all the way to Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea. A hundred feet down would be deep enough, provided it could be paved over with enough concrete to prevent the organization's rampant hypocrisy from boring through to the surface.

The two silliest statements I've ever seen attributed to grownups in the world of sports have both come from officers of the N.C.A.A. in recent months.

First, Walter Byers, the father of cleanliness, otherwise known as the only executive director the N.C.A.A. ever had, was quoted as saying that as many as 30 percent of the major college football programs may be cheating.

Then along came a man named David Berst, whose title at the N.C.A.A. is that of director of enforcement, and he was quoted as saying that ten to 15 percent of the major colleges are cheating.

Great, huh? Walter Byers has been in his job since 1951, for 35 years, and David Berst has been with the N.C.A.A. for almost 15 years, and together they can't come within 55 percent of reality!

Try again, guys. Try estimating that 100 percent of our major colleges are cheating, and maybe you'll be able to get the full attention of someone other than one of the carefully selected drones on one of your witless committees.

Anyone who knows anything about college football is aware of a fact of life: that in order to be the least bit respectable in college football, every single major college in America is forced, occasionally, to take a powder on the rules.

The fact that some schools do it more often than others, and to a greater degree, does not cleanse the others. This is a truth that ought to be understood, despite the fact that the N.C.A.A. seems unable or unwilling to exorcise its shortsightedness on the subject.



HOW TO FIX COLLEGE FOOTBALL

There is another theory running around in the neighborhood—which is that Walter and his drones know exactly what's going on but hope they don't have to do anything about any of their pals or any of the glamor schools that are worth so much money in the TV packages; that, therefore, the N.C.A.A. is compelled to put itself nearer to God only when a school is either clumsy enough to get caught violating the rules or stupid enough to confess.

There are two reasons cheating exists on a 100 percent scale in college football. The first reason is the N.C.A.A.'s manual on behavior. It's 411 pages long, which means it can only be lifted by a 280-pound interior lineman.

According to every coach I know, the manual also consists of 411 pages of incomprehensible nonsense in which everything but breathing is considered a rules violation. No coach or athletic director is even sure that breathing is allowed between two and four p.m. on Fridays in certain sections of the country.

The second reason cheating in college football is so popular is that by any moral code other than the N.C.A.A.'s, it isn't really cheating. It's giving a very small number of kids, by comparison with the rest of the student body, a chance at least to be exposed to college—and a majority of them do, in fact, graduate. It's giving them spending money when they don't

have any and aren't allowed to work. It's giving them the same kinds of breaks on grades and course loads that other kids can buy with dope or Daddy's money. And it's giving them the use of a car that will run as reliably as those the fraternity swine drive.

Not too long ago, a big-time college coach said to me, "Listen, I don't buy football players like they say about a lot of us, but I'll tell you this: When I get 'em, I take care of 'em! Say I've got a poor kid from a family of eight or ten; his folks live in a shack and he wants to go home for a weekend, or he needs a pair of jeans or some pocket money—he's got it! The N.C.A.A. says I'm a cheater, but you tell me who's got morals and who doesn't. The problem with college athletics is, we've got some people trying to make us live by an old amateur ideal, and there hasn't been a goddamn amateur in this country for a hundred years!"

On that note, I'll tell you how to start to make it a better world for college football.

1. Make freshmen ineligible again. Until 1973, when the have-nots thought it would be a way to help them compete, freshmen weren't eligible, and the sport did just fine, producing its Sam Baughs and Tom Harmons, filling stadiums and exciting alumni, while freshmen had to find out where the classrooms were.

2. Spending money is allowed, from \$200 to \$300 a month during the school year. This eliminates a thousand nit-picking rules and gives the boosters a chance to subsidize the football program *above* the table.

3. Make cars available for the athletes who need them. Let the boosters who like to talk big come up with a fleet of cars—legally.

4. In exchange for making freshmen ineligible, throw out Proposal 48, which will be functionally racist and deny a college opportunity to a kid because his high school gave him a lousy education. Give him a chance to prove himself in college.

5. Let the coaches police one another. Coaches know where the bodies are buried. One, two, three Porsches and you're out.

If you think I'm saying we should just call our college football players professionals, think again. I'm talking about a world in which they would be *less* professional, *less* mercenary and better educated than they are today.

With no help from the N.C.A.A.





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By ASA BABER

This is my lucky day. I've just received a letter from Citibank in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. I hadn't realized I was so well known in South Dakota, but evidently James L. Bailey has heard of me. He wants me to apply for the Citibank Preferred VISA Card. As a senior vice-president of Citibank, Bailey is offering me an initial \$5000 line of credit that is expandable to \$50,000. He writes that this offer is "for a very select group of people. People like you, who handle credit very responsibly and will find its unique advantages most useful."

Isn't that something? And I didn't even have to ask for an introduction!

Could I use \$50,000? Absolutely. I've always wanted to take my family to France, for example: cruise the canals in a fancy barge, visit the wine country, stay near the Champs Élysées in Paris, travel to Arles and Van Gogh country, lie on the nude beaches of the Riviera . . . sure, I could use \$50,000. It would last me several months on a family vacation. Or a week if I went alone.

Am I going to snort the Citibank line of credit? No, I'm not. Why not? Well, for one thing, if I piled all the credit I've been offered into one sum, it would come to more than I'll make in a lifetime. I'm distinctly uncomfortable with that.

For another, we're a society of credit junkies, myself included, and I want to withdraw from the drug before it's too late. As a nation and as individuals, we're in debt up to our noses. Credit is the cocaine of this culture, the artificial stimulant that flutters the heart and brightens the brain—but at what expense? We double our national deficit in a few years, expand consumer debt, put the nation into hock, and toward what end? Nobody seems to be asking that question today. But that doesn't mean it shouldn't be asked.

If I were allowed only one piece of advice for my own kids, it would take me no time at all to decide what it would be. "Cover your debts as soon as you can," I would tell them. "Don't get so deeply in debt that somebody else owns you."

Yes, that's stodgy advice from a cantankerous man, but chances are it will sound pretty good in a few years. And I know this: (1) There is something very unmanly about being deeply in debt; (2) the hype and hoopla from the financial gurus may lead you to think that the cocaine of credit is the only way to fly, but every economy crashes from time to time, and when this



REAL MEN DON'T EAT CREDIT

one bottoms out, indebtedness will be a disastrous place to inhabit. Better to practice controlled withdrawal now than to have to go cold turkey without warning.

The link between economic structures and masculinity is central to our lives. It is emasculating in the extreme to be owned by someone else, whether it's a person or an institution. Live by the loan, die by the loan call? How many men are truly comfortable with that?

I can't prove it, but I maintain that we men have certain ideas ingrained in our collective consciousness. It is not generally acknowledged these days, but we really are very fine people in our deepest selves. Concepts of loyalty, community, stability, humor, self-discipline and health are central to our make-up. I do not claim that we always live up to this sense of manhood, but it is embedded in us. The fact that we are led away from it does not mean it has disappeared.

Genetic truth, you might call it. You can measure our tension by the degree to which we depart from it. We may pretend that it's easy, that it doesn't matter, but that is not the case. We are scarred when we violate our sense of manhood. Snorting too much credit cuts close to the male heart, because in losing our financial independence, we lose an important part of ourselves.

I come by my cantankerousness natu-

rally. I'm the descendant of a long line of farmers, generations of people from Kentucky and Indiana and Illinois. I'm the first male in my family to get a college degree. My forebears were tough people who mistrusted high finance and fancy arguments for indebtedness. When the Great Depression arrived, my grandfather had already been battling bankruptcy for several years. The farmers of America got caught early in the Depression's squeeze. They were hurting in the Twenties. The bankers with the big cigars didn't get trounced until the Thirties.

If that pattern sounds familiar, it should. The same thing is happening to America's farmers today, but the illusion being offered us is that our current agricultural depression won't drag the rest of the economy down. I'm no expert, but the bet in this corner is that history is going to repeat itself and that the times ahead are going to be rocky, indeed.

I'm writing this in the summer of 1986. Anything can happen, of course. We are faced with the prospect of an economic sea change. What's next? Inflation or depression? How will it reveal itself, this new trend? Will gold take off or crash? Will interest rates continue to decline? Place your bets, ladies and gentlemen; place your bets.

By the time you read this, the Dow may be at 3000 and the boom may be on again. If so, more power to it; but you'll find me working hard to get out of as much debt as possible. Because as I see it, this economy—and the banking system that fuels it and underlies it—is a house of cards. I don't trust the system or the people running it.

Take a look around. We live in a culture that punishes savings and rewards indebtedness. Tax structures have prodded people into taking on maximum debt to receive maximum tax write-offs. Credit is held out to consumers and advertised on TV and sent through the mails and called in over the phone. I once had a banker tell me I was a disloyal American because I wouldn't take the loan he offered me. "You're not playing the game," he said in a bewildered voice.

That's right. I'm not playing the game. Not the one where they have the ball and the bat and the gloves and the diamond—and if I sign my life away, I get to play, too. For a while.

It's time to hunker down and hang tough and be a man. "Man" as in "solvent," that is.





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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I want to see a movie where there's this girl playing poker with a couple of people and a dark woman accuses her of cheating. The dark woman, incensed, stands up and pulls a gun. Then the girl's friend comes in and tries to smooth things over, the girl just keeps repeating she wasn't cheating, and finally her friend says, "I can't help you, Sundancette." When the dark woman hears the name Sundancette, she goes all white and weird.

"If I had known who you were, I would never have accused you," she says. "If I draw on you, you will kill me."

"That is true," says Sundancette; and as she leaves, the dark woman calls out:

"Hey, Sundancette, just how good are you?"

Sundancette needs no encouragement to whirl around and shoot the dark woman's gun belt cleanly off her body.

After that, I'd like to see a movie about a bunch of girls who hang out at a diner. One of them decides she's going to get married, but only if her prospective groom can answer 50 incredibly arcane questions about shoe designers. Not only will the groom have to catalog the entire works of Manolo Blahnik and Robert Clergerie, he will also have to identify the shoes of Maud Frizon and Roger Vivier by fondling them in the dark. All the girls at the diner think this is right and proper.

To cap off a perfect evening, I'd like to see the story of a reprobate genius girl who is crude and lustful and alcoholic but unbelievably gifted, and who is led to her death by a woman who is so envious of and tortured by the girl's talent that she spends her declining years in a psychotic state, eating sweets and calling out the gifted girl's name.

Yes, I know. I know; don't say it. There are plenty of movies now about strong women, women who shoulder monstrous burdens, who take on impossible odds and win. Women who are stalwart, invincible.

The hell with these women, I say. Don't pat me on the head and take me to see Sigourney Weaver in *Aliens*. Sure, she looks great holding a gigantic gun and zapping giant lobsters. And I'd love to have her around if ever I were in deepest space and some *thing* wanted to set up light housekeeping in my stomach. But I wouldn't want to have her over for a martini and a chat. She has no personality.

I guess it was in the Sixties, when movies got good for a while, that Hollywood



I'D LIKE TO LOSE IT AT THE MOVIES

stopped doing heroes. Instead of larger-than-life, impossibly virtuous hunks, anti-heroes were created. Donald Sutherland and Elliott Gould cavorting irreverently through *M*A*S*H*, Jack Nicholson, Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper getting stoned and outrageous in *Easy Rider*, Dustin Hoffman in the throes of lust for a mother and her daughter in *The Graduate*.

So don't gesture proudly at Sigourney. I want to see women who are rowdy and difficult, who are not victims, who control their own destinies, who are prey to lust and confusion and unbelievable fuck-ups, who are complex, who are real, who are adventuresome, whose entire existence does not rely on the way in which their men treat them.

Don't show me Sally Field in *Places in the Heart*; she was a prim jerk. There was John Malkovich, all blind and gorgeous, stumbling through her house in a most vulnerable fashion, and Sally never wanted to fuck him. It would have been so easy that time he came into the room by mistake, when he got embarrassed and flustered, for Sally to get out of the bath and press her naked wet body up against him. I would have. Everybody I know would have. But instead, Sally had to play the widow virgin. Most tedious.

Jessica Lange in *Country*! All righteous indignation and poignant motherhood. Sam Shepard leaves because he is weak

and confused and humiliated by his failure at breadwinnerdom. And she just hangs in there, without once fucking up or acting weird. Women are not really like this.

It's OK if the women are loose and complicated as long as something bad happens to them at the end. Frances Farmer goes mad; Karen Silkwood is killed; Cher in *Mask* loses her only love, her only child. Shirley MacLaine in *Terms of Endearment* loses her only love, her only child, and all she is is sharp-tongued. Why can't we ever get away with anything?

There are, of course, exceptions, though I can't think of any at the moment but that sublime movie *Desperately Seeking Susan*, where the women are difficult, have adventures, make things happen. The men in this movie all react to the whims and caprices of these quirky broads. They're tough, they're real, they like to get laid.

But mostly what I see when I go to the movies is Meryl Streep being victimized. Or Robert Redford deciding between a good woman and a bad woman.

We are not all either passive schoolteachers or Jezebels! It's always the man who has the impossible dream, who rebels against the strictures of society, who fights desperately to be true to himself. The women are the ones who won't take the risk, who hold their men back, who are slaves to convention. Or else they ruin men with their depravity and lust.

Men still control the money in Hollywood.

If I had my own movie studio, here's what I'd do: I would remake all Jack Nicholson movies with a woman in the lead. Jack is the quintessential antihero. Picture *Five Easy Pieces* starring Goldie Hawn as a lapsed concert pianist who is so tortured by the ironies of life that she has to pick up Matt Dillon at a bowling alley and fuck his brains out. *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* with Diane Keaton inciting all the mental patients to run amuck. *Prizzi's Honor* with Kathleen Turner giving it to Jack in the neck. *Heartburn* with Meryl Streep sinister and confused and having affairs and Jack abandoned and betrayed.

And I would make \$100,000,000 (net), because it is largely women who decide which movie to go to. This is one of the small powers we have over men, since men know that left to their own devices, they would just see *The Wild Bunch* and *The Great Escape* over and over again, so they let us decide. Wait! I know: a remake of *The Magnificent Seven* with Barbra, Goldie, Meryl, Kathleen, Jessica. . . .



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AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

The best moment I ever had in Evanston, Wyoming, was leaving it. I'd spent a couple of months there in the summer and fall of 1981, roughnecking on the oil rigs, living with other guys who had somehow become desperate enough to go looking for work in a boom town; and very soon, it was clear that I was in over my head. Again.

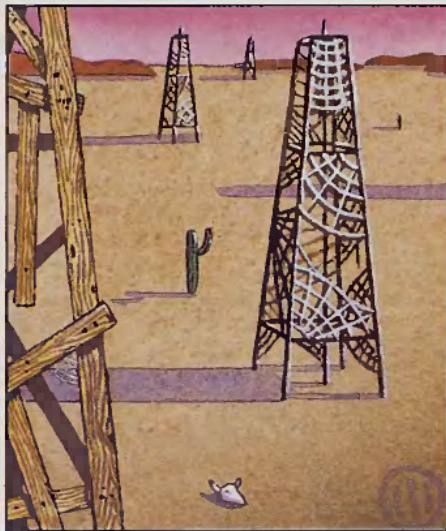
Desperate for me meant I was broke and in a crumbling marriage; and though going 1000 miles from home to write about life on the rigs was a reckless move, at least it was a move.

The first hard thing about the whole business was that I couldn't admit to anyone that I was a writer, because the men and boys who go booming don't generally want their tales to be told. Most of them are young and big, and a lot of them have things to hide, so I was afraid that one night they were going to catch me in my sleeping bag making notes by flashlight and beat me half to death just for sport.

And that was the least of my worries, in a way. Most of the time, I was very busy trying to keep from being maimed by the rig I was on, because I didn't have the smallest idea of what I was doing. I'd been hired late one night by a drunken Texan who had the barstool next to mine. I was a little drunk myself. He was a rig boss and he was looking for a worm, he said. He told me a worm was the lowest man on a rig. "He's the farthest away from an exit if anything goes wrong" was another way to put it.

And things *do* go wrong on oil rigs. Violently wrong. Everything that hangs over your head weighs as much as a Honda, and everything on the floor with you is under the explosive kind of pressure that lets go without warning or forgiveness. The first piece of advice I got was "Never put your feet between two pieces of metal," which made sense, except that there isn't any place like that over the hole where the worm works. My turn came early: The first day on the job, I slipped out of the derrick, fell 20 feet and broke three ribs. And that was a lucky accident. I saw six other guys get it worse than that out there, and I heard awful stories about 30 or 40 others, some of whom died before they got to the hospital.

Everybody who knew said that Evanston was a death ship of an oil patch, full of drunks and stoners and green hands like me; and a lot of us went home wounded as a kind of testimony to the greedy scramble



SOME THINGS GET BETTER

that scudded in the Wyoming dirt in those years. I've always thought I got off light with my welding burns and my broken ribs, and every minute I spent amid the foul smell and the relentless roar of the massive diesel engines, I was deep-down scared that some heavy steel thing whose name I didn't even know was going to slaughter me.

I hung on as long as I could, telling myself that nightmares make the best stories and that stories were what I was drilling for. But I didn't last as long as I wanted to; and when I drove out, the whole thing felt as if it had beaten me badly, and I promised myself that at least I'd never have to go back.


Five years, though, is plenty of time to forget the sting that inspires those kinds of promises, and last summer, on a trip from Chicago to California on old U.S. 80, I decided to stop and try to remember. I figured the changes in town would be big. Reading the gas pumps on the way to Evanston, I didn't expect that the town would have done well: By some gravity that no one controls, \$1.58 a gallon had plunged to 83 cents, so it didn't come as a surprise that the derricks that had stood like the masts of a great fleet across this part of Wyoming were gone, every last one of them. I expected Evanston to be used up and left for dead. It hadn't been. In fact, it looked better than before the boom,

as if it had gone out and showered, bought new clothes and settled in for the kind of nap it had been enjoying before the great oil parch. Traffic is light, almost aimless, almost truckless, and it rides on wide new roads, past modern brick schools, a new police station, a handsome courthouse addition. The evening I was there, the new four-field softball park had four games going under the lights, and every player was in full uniform.

Impact taxes, they called them: a way to make the oil companies leave something behind from the millions and millions of dollars they had pumped out of this part of the high prairie. At the height of the boom, Evanston had been taking in \$18,000,000 a year in taxes; and from what I could see, the town had used the money well.

Just riding around, I thought that the population was half of what it had been when I was there. There's very little drilling anymore, and all that's left of the dirty jobs that used to be there are in a couple of gas-processing plants outside town.

I decided that a visit to the trailer park I'd lived in would probably make the contrast vivid, and it did. Yellow Creek Estates, it's called, and if anybody should ever have been punished for misusing the word estate, the people who owned those 20 acres were it. It's a couple of miles from town, out on the prairie, and there used to be 600 or so trailers there, parked skirt to skirt, without a single tree or shrub between. The road to it was dirt then, and it took about 30 minutes to drive, because it was strewn with boulders the size of human heads. It's paved now, so the ride takes about five minutes; and as I drove through the gate, I got a warm feeling all over, because Yellow Creek Estates has been mostly trucked away, along with the drunken, child-beating misery I used to hear every night through the aluminum walls of the little room for which I paid \$300 a month. Only about one in five of the spaces is being used now, and the big dirt rectangles of the empty pads look a lot like graves.

Later, as I walked the sleepy main street in town, it occurred to me that some things actually get better. I passed an otherwise healthy-looking young man who was walking with a limp he had obviously grown used to. He nodded; I smiled. You take and you give, I thought, and I guess most of us who were in Evanston those years got what we were looking for. 



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My husband and I have been married for more than 15 years.

About five years ago, my husband confessed to me that all these years, whenever he made love to me, he had had this fantastic "moving picture" in his mind—of me and a former lover both naked, locked in sexual embrace and enjoying it. He described, in detail, this fantastic sexual act. Needless to say, this commentary excited me very much, which in turn excited my husband even more. Since that day, we have been having sexual fantasies involving me and my lover, and we have built around them the most fabulous sex life. Now the mere mention of my lover's name by my husband acts like a mantra to me. I get sexually aroused immediately, and this excites my husband. The more I talk about it and the more details I mention, the better he likes it. Similarly, the more detail with which my husband describes my sexual encounter with my lover, the more excited I become. We are very much in love; we have never had any extramarital affairs. I eagerly wait to hear your comments and those of your readers. Is this behavior in any way strange? Has any other reader experienced anything like this?—Mrs. C.H., Long Beach, California.

We get several letters a month from people who engage in this kind of aural sex. It's the adult version of an imaginary playmate, a way to introduce a touch of the strange into a healthy relationship.

I noticed that you included a Luxman laser-disc CD player in your November roundup of electronic goodies. I am intrigued, but I have some reservations about laser discs. What are the advantages of lasers over VCRs? Is it worth all that money for something that doesn't allow you to record? What's the scoop?—J. O., Evanston, Illinois.

The advantage is pure and simple: Laser gives the best image on your television screen. Next time you visit an audio shop to look at high-end monitors, note the source of the picture. Almost every shop we visited used laser discs to show off the quality of its monitors. A few years ago, some critics argued that laser discs were great, but there were so few titles available that they weren't worth the initial investment. Pioneer now lists more than 14,000 titles (everything from "The Godfather" to the cult rave "Koyaanisqatsi." You may have to wait a few months for "Humanoids from the Deep"). Prices range from \$25 to \$35. Is it worth it? Make a list of the ten or 20 movies you are likely to want to see five or more times and you have your answer. If making the list is fun, go for the laser disc. Use a VCR for recording the stuff politely known as prime-time programming. The fact that the laser is limited to playback is not a



serious deficiency in our minds. Where would you have been without a turntable?

Have you heard of an aphrodisiac that causes people to have an orgasm every time they yawn?—K. T., San Diego, California.

Yes. It's called clomipramine. It's not an aphrodisiac but, rather, an antidepressant with an unusual side effect. Both male and female patients taking clomipramine found that whenever they yawned, they experienced orgasm or irresistible sexual urges. We have yet to see a street version of clomipramine; but if one ever becomes available, it will change society forever. People will deliberately seek out boring parties, singer-songwriters at old folk bars, articles in Esquire, Phil Donahue shows—anything for that climactic experience: "Oh, God, this is boring. . . ." If you've got the social skills (or, rather, the lack of them), this could be the drug of the Eighties. We'll keep you posted.

I'm a ski nut and my girlfriend loves acrobatics and health spas. Can you suggest some kind of compromise vacation for us this winter?—N. G., Portland, Oregon.

Compromise? Us? Not when it comes to a ski trip. There happen to be a few terrific places where your lady can get a pedicure and manicure while you take the skiing cure. In Colorado, check out the Aspen Athletic Club and The Snowmass Club, the latter of which features everything from indoor tennis and racquetball to a Nautilus training center and plenty of workout classes. Over at Copper Mountain, there's the Racquet and Athletic Club, where you can get in shape for the annual bikini contest/beach party held every April. It's open to men and women. But the big news in ski-resort spas is the debut in late

November of a truly deluxe layout at the Cliff Lodge in Snowbird, Utah. The 'Bird is one of the world's best deep-powder ski areas, and the new addition to the popular Cliff Lodge seems to be in keeping with the quality of the mountain. Advance word indicates that the spa will be on the top two floors of the building (the views of the Wasatch peaks are breath-taking). There will be a rooftop swimming pool, pneumatic resistance equipment, open-air hot tubs, massages, saunas and herbal wraps. (They put tea bags on your face? Just kidding.) See you there.

My girlfriend recently told me that she thinks she is bisexual. For the past couple of years, she says, she has been having dreams about doing everything with another woman—and it's never the same woman. She says she has no attraction for any of her girlfriends. Besides one of them, I am the only person she has told this to. She says she loves men for their maleness, masculinity, roughness, possessiveness, penises, charm, skill at performing cunnilingus and power to control a woman's soul. But the dreams are still there. My girlfriend said she dreams that a woman has just gotten in bed with her, kissing, licking and sucking her off to a glorious orgasm. She said she wakes up and finds that her nightgown or pajamas are off and her fingers are in her pussy and she has come all over her hand onto the sheets and she is breathing hard, but there's nobody there. On another occasion, she said, she was dreaming and beside her bed were all these tall lit candles; and a beautiful amazon came up and took a knife and cut her gown off, made love to her passionately and then stepped into a strap with a dick on it and fucked her. She said she got out of bed and prayed to God not to let her turn into some kind of freak. These dreams are really haunting her, and she is almost afraid to go to sleep. Please help.—A. F., Hagerstown, Maryland.

Dreaming about an event doesn't necessarily mean that you desire that the dream become reality. The dream itself is probably not as important as how your girlfriend feels about it. We can't guarantee that it will cure her, but it's possible that making love before falling asleep will curtail her erotic dreams. This may provide the sexual release that she seems to be getting through her dreams, and it should help her relax and fall asleep more easily.

Some years back, in the interval between my first and second marriages, I had a lover with whom, for reasons that I will not explain, I could have sex only once every two or three weeks. But we both enjoyed sex, and when we did get together, we made the most of our opportunities—four times during the night and once

the following morning (by then, I was very pleasantly used up). We had a regular routine. The first time was light and easy—just to take the edge off our appetites, so that the second time, we could aim for an extended session. The third time was relaxed and playful, and the fourth time was our special invention. After the third time, we would go to sleep while my cock was inserted in her from behind as we lay on our sides. (After three good sessions of sex, we were totally relaxed and slept like babies. We did not toss and turn—and never once did we become uncoupled.) After two or three hours, something amazing and wonderful would happen. Our bodies would wake us up with intense sexual throbbing—they were so thoroughly united that we could not distinguish which of us was responsible for it. After enjoying the feeling for a while, we then would finish the job—and go to sleep for the rest of the night. Then breakfast and one for the road before, reluctantly, I had to leave. I think your readers might like to try this.—D. M. N., Lawrence, Kansas.

Thanks for the tip.

I would like your comments on the wearing of suspenders with business suits. I have seen this occur more and more often, and I rather like the style. Is there a code of dress where belt loops are concerned? Is it all right to wear suspenders with slacks

that have belt loops, or must one remove all belt loops from one's slacks or buy new suits with loopless slacks?—S. R. J., Overland Park, Kansas.

Is it now, or has it ever been, fashionable for a man to wear both a belt and suspenders at the same time? I seem to recall seeing some old movies or publicity stills in which actors wore both, but I'm not sure. Actually, I kind of like the idea, but a friend has pointed out that it's a little like wearing two watches. What's the story?—J. S., New York, New York.

It's perfectly acceptable to wear suspenders with business suits. If you like the style, go with it. And, yes, you can wear suspenders with pants that have belt loops. However, if you're going into this particular style, it's a good idea to invest in pants designed to accommodate suspenders. And if you're going to wear pants (looped or not) with suspenders, your best bet is to go with pleated trousers.

Yes, it's permissible to wear a belt and suspenders at the same time—but only if you're trying out for nerd of the year. Our advice is to pick one look and go with it. For some nifty ideas, turn to our "On the Scene" suspenders feature.

This may sound strange, but here goes, anyway. When I take a bath, I have a habit of using my pelvic muscles to suck water into my vagina. It saves money on douches, but is it dangerous? Have you

ever come across anyone's doing this before?—Miss M. T., Calgary, Alberta.

This is one exercise that Jane Fonda hasn't picked up on yet. The water sport you describe should be harmless (though bath oil or bubble bath in the water may cause irritation). We doubt that it is an effective douche. It should, however, be useful for toning the pubococcygeus and pelvic muscles, which helps in sports that involve two participants.

Have you ever heard of a wine enema? What is its purpose?—W. L., Houston, Texas.

According to an article in Archives of Sexual Behavior, "Various intoxicants, such as beer or wine, or hallucinogens, such as peyote, may be injected into the body in the form of an enema. Due to the absorptive function of the colonic mucosa, alcohol is absorbed very rapidly into the blood stream by this route. This can lead to a fast onset of intoxication and possible overdose if administered too rapidly or in a concentrated form, such as distilled spirits." Sounds like great fun, hey? We haven't spent years mastering wine etiquette to throw it all away by asking the wine steward in a fancy restaurant to break out the enema bag. You've got to be kidding.

I'm about ready for a new car and am considering extra warranty protection. What's your advice on warranties,

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extended and otherwise?—R. F., Raleigh, North Carolina.

Warranties are like asses and opinions: Everybody's got one, but some are better than others. First, factory warranties keep getting better as auto makers increasingly use them as competitive selling points. Most are limited, meaning that not everything is covered by the car maker (tires, for example, have separate warranties provided by their manufacturers). Factory-warranty coverage varies from one year or 12,000 miles (whichever comes first) to five years or 50,000 miles, though some have no mileage limits. A few even have different terms for different things—say, 24 months or 24,000 miles on most of the car; five years or 50,000 miles on the power train; six years or 60,000 miles on body rust-through. Smart shoppers compare warranties carefully, along with other important features.

Extended warranties, normally sold through dealers and backed by outside companies (though some car makers offer them), essentially amount to mechanical insurance. The buyer bets that he'll have expensive trouble down the road and prepays a portion of the cost to avoid paying a lot more if he's right. The seller (the warranty company) bets that he won't. How good a bet it is depends on the cost and terms (exactly what is covered, for how long and for how much), the length and depth of the factory coverage and the reputations of the car, its manufacturer, the dealer and the warranty provider—and on how well you plan to maintain the car and

how much of a gambler you are. Naturally, the longer and more extensive the coverage, the higher the dealer's cut; and the more likely the car is to need repairs, the higher the tariff. Provided the price and terms make sense and the warranty company is reliable, we wouldn't necessarily advise against it. Still, we seldom buy extended warranties ourselves. We figure that if the sellers keep offering them, they must be profitable; and if they continue to be profitable for the sellers, they must be winning most of the bets.

Of precisely what seven parts does a seven-course meal consist?—F. W., Danville, Pennsylvania.

A seven-course meal consists of a combination of dishes in this sequence: a soup, a seafood dish or other appetizer, a fowl course, a meat course, a salad, various cheeses and crackers and dessert. The seven-course-meal description indicates that this is a rather formal affair, as only three to five courses are necessary in informal dining.

I have been happily married nearly ten years. My husband and I have a healthy sex life. For years, my husband has fantasized about being with two women. At first, it didn't appeal to me; but for the past year or so, it's become a real fantasy for me, too. I've planned this several times as a surprise for him. My problem is, I don't know who the other lady will be or where to find her. We do have a friend

whom I believe would go along with this, because it's her fantasy, too. I don't know how to ask her; but then, I'd rather have an experienced woman the first time. Should I look elsewhere for this lady? How should I ask our friend?—Mrs. W. P., Lincoln Park, Michigan.

Ah, the things they don't teach you at Harvard Business School. Negotiating these things with friends is a tricky maneuver, and you really have to feel your way through it. If you can envision enjoying a relaxing evening with this woman, possibly with dinner and drinks at your place, you might have some movies on hand for later viewing. Have a selection of movies ranging from tame to more adult fare, and you should get some reaction or indication of her preference. If nothing else, you can use this as a starting point for further discussion. Be brave, be bold—and be ready to risk putting a friendship on ice.

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



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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

What are the best and the worst parts of having sex?

One of the best parts of sex is afterward, the glowing feeling inside that you hope will last for a while. Talking about sex before, during and after is good, too. It is important to have good communication, so that sex isn't just a physical indulgence. The worst part is when sex is over and you don't want it to end, or if your partner just goes to sleep and you're still wide-awake and ready to talk. The second-worst part of sex is the wet spot, especially if you're the one who has to sleep on it!



Kim Morris

KIM MORRIS
MARCH 1986

The best part of sex is all of it. I like every part, especially foreplay and my climax. The first time I had sex, the best part about it was that it felt good. The worst part? We got caught! I guess I do believe in the old saying "There are only two kinds of sex: good and better."



Want an example of great foreplay? I like to dress up in my best lingerie and clean the house. He'll be sitting there and I'll be bending over trying to get the hard spots, like under the bed. I know I'm going to get it—sex, that is—and so does he.

Teri Weigel

TERI WEIGEL
APRIL 1986

On the plus side, you share something with someone that not everyone you know gets to do with you. You find out someone's intimate secrets. He makes love to you and it's not for show. It makes you feel so good, so alive. Someone you care about cares about you, and it's not just sex; it's love, too. Sharing is the best part. The worst part is when one party uses sex as a weapon, as a way to manipulate the other person. Or everything feels mechanical, as if the other person has done it so many times before that he forgets who you are. Great sex makes you feel young and fresh, no matter what your age really is—and besides all this heavy stuff, it's fun!



Cher Butler

CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

The best part for me is the physical contact and the emotion that comes out of it. Sex has to be a bit of a fantasy; it has to be separate from regular life and stir up my feelings. I'm the kind of person who looks for physical contact at every level. When I talk to a friend, I put my hand on his or her arm to make a point. It's a way of being connected, even non-sexually. So, obviously, the worst part of sex or any relationship is when that emotional feeling isn't there, not in my heart or in my head—when there is no exchange of emotion at all.



Carol Ficatier

CAROL FICATIER
DECEMBER 1985

The worst part of sex is when your orgasm doesn't last long enough. The best part of sex is the foreplay leading to your climax. It's a special feeling when you love the man you're with. It's the difference between having sex and making love. All your tension is released and you aren't afraid to tell each other your fantasies or even to act them out. If you are in love and you trust your partner, sex is just more satisfying; and that really is the best part, that emotional build-up.



Sherry Arnett

SHERRY ARNETT
JANUARY 1986

Waking up in the morning and finding him still beside me is the best part of sex. I like to have someone I care about right next to me, and an empty bed means no cuddling in the morning. The worst part would be to wake up and find him gone, unless, of course, he'd gone off to work. Otherwise, the romance would be missing. I'm not sure if I've ever been in love in the sense that I've tried to build a relationship, sexual and otherwise, for all time. I've been crazy about guys, but that's not the same. Maybe when I do fall in love for real, I won't worry so much about being lonely.



Julie McCullough

JULIE MC CULLOUGH
FEBRUARY 1986

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.

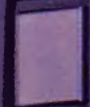


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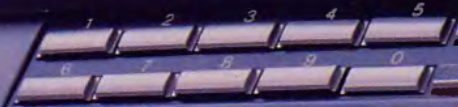
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Compact disc players for your home. Car. And everywhere in between.

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We put every Old Grand-Dad barrel through 45 seconds of hell.

If you've ever watched pure white sugar melt until it becomes delicious brown caramel, you'll appreciate why we're so all-fired particular about the way the white oak barrels we age Old Grand-Dad in are charred.

You see, wood has sugar, too, though it's not the kind you sprinkle on your corn-flakes. The intense heat from charring turns some of it into wood-sugar caramel.

As the bourbon slowly ages, it's this reddish caramel that gives Old Grand-Dad its rich, ruddy color and helps create its full-bodied flavor.

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But it's not.

Each barrel has to be charred to exactly



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A fraction of an inch either way can actually make the difference between a magnificent bourbon and a mediocre one.

That's why our barrels are charred for 45 seconds—not a tick more or a tock less. And at 1300° F.

We put over 100 years of this kind of skill into the making of every choice, mellow ounce of Old Grand-Dad. No wonder it's the undisputed head of the bourbon family.



Old Grand-Dad

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

COMMENTARY

PORNOGRAPHY FOR



Dr. Park Dietz, one of the stellar minds on the Meese commission, was asked to describe PLAYBOY.

"PLAYBOY centerfolds are in a category that the commission says is harmless and that I personally think is actually healthy in many respects. . . . Adolescent boys make use of sexy pictures in various ways to stimulate themselves. When they do that, I hope the sexy pictures that are available to them include images like PLAYBOY centerfolds, so that they don't just turn to the covers of detective magazines showing a woman chained to a radiator while a man holds a knife to her throat. Given a choice between the two, there's no question which I think is a healthier one."

Dr. Dietz is a co-author of a *Journal of Forensic Sciences* article titled "Detective Magazines: Pornography for the Sexual Sadists?" The entire article is reprinted in the final report of the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography. "We postulate that detective magazines may contribute to the development of sexual sadism, facilitate sadistic fantasies and serve as training manuals and equipment catalogs for criminals," says Dietz. Gee whizz—makes you wonder where such dangerous material is being sold. You guessed it. You can find these magazines at your local 7-Eleven, as Carl Hiaasen discovered. We offer his column for your amusement (reprinted with permission of *The Miami Herald*). Of course, if the Reverend Mr. Wildmon gets wind of this, maybe he'll renew his boycott. Pretty soon, the only arousing material available will be *Reader's Digest* and *Popular Mechanics*. All over the country, young boys will be jerking off to "Humor in Uniform" or "Ten Ways to Retile Your Bathroom."

What a pleasure to report that it's safe again for all God-fearing citizens to venture into 7-Eleven for their boysenberry Slurpees.

The parent company of 7-Eleven, Southland Corporation of Dallas, has responded to the Meese commission by hastily removing from its stores the twin evil influences of PLAYBOY and *Penthouse* magazines.

This is a relief for all us parents who harbored a dread that our sons might someday, in a frenzy, vault the counter to sneak a peek at Miss July. Now Mr. Jere W. Thompson, president of Southland, has banished such publications.

I was so relieved by Mr. Thompson's display of civic concern that I dropped by two of his convenience stores last week to sample some of the approved newspapers and magazines. Guess what?—scarcely a breast, bosom or buttock to be found! Well done, Thompson, you old smut buster.

Thanks to your vigilance, the shelves of 7-Eleven are once more a rich trove of wholesome family reading. Take a look:

"GLAMOUR BOYS OF CARNAGE!" A psychological ode to sex killers Ted Bundy and Christopher L. Wilder, featured in the August issue of *Front Page Detective*. On page 26, you'll also see a police photograph of a nude murdered man in a bathtub full of blood—but don't worry, Mom and Dad, there's not a naked female breast in the whole magazine.

"WHITE SLAVERS KIDNAP U.S. GIRLS IN EUROPE." Valuable travel tips from the July 15 issue of the *Sun* tabloid, including an account of "perverted intrigue" and an actual photograph of a "raped and drugged" female tourist.

"HAVE FUN WITH GUNS." From *The Basic Guide to Guns and Shooting*, an impassioned firearms instructor reveals, "The modern repeating handgun . . . is the answer to social predation."

Brings a lump to your throat, doesn't it?

"MANIAC MADE THE BRUNETTE DIE THREE TIMES!" From the July issue of *Inside Detective*, a quaint torture tale to share around the family hearth. Don't miss the tasteful photo on page 32: a young stabbing victim strung up to a tree.

"Q. & A. WITH SERGEANT SLAUGHTER." From the September issue of *The Wrestler* magazine, an interview with one of wrestling's leading intellectuals ("I love a knockdown, drag-out brawl as much as the next man!"), plus a photograph of our hero gouging an opponent's bloody face with a two-pronged ice pick.

And who says there are no role models for kids today?

"CRIMSON FOOTPRINTS BESIDE THE BATTERED NUDE!" Whoa,

parents, don't be scared off by the caption. This issue of *Inside Detective* contains no offensive photos of nudes, just one measly decomposed corpse on page 32.

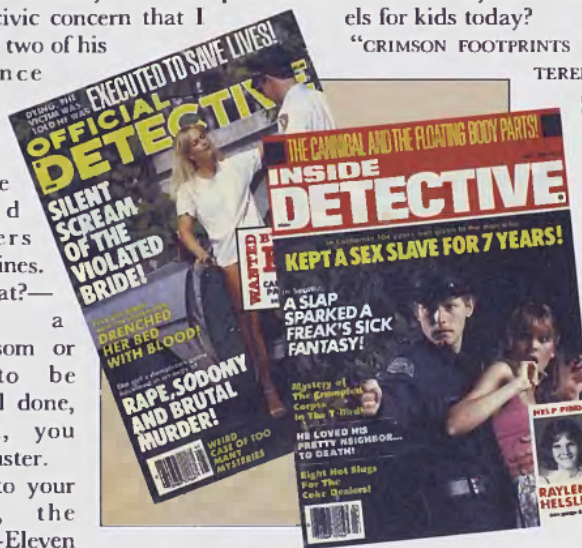
"THE GAY HUSTLERS THOUGHT

MURDER WAS A LAUGHING MATTER!" A little something to amuse the kids on that long bus ride to summer camp. This tale is bannered in the August issue of *True Detective*. As a bonus for science buffs, the same issue shows a dead body crawling with—how shall we put this?—fly larvae.

"FITNESS RECIPES FOR BETTER BREASTS"—wait a second; how did *this* rubbish slip by? From the July issue of *New Woman* magazine, an illustrated article about special exercises for you-know-what. Oh, geez, what's that?—a picture of a topless woman! Aaaggh! And bare buttocks on *both* pages 38 and 39!

Get Dallas on the phone, pronto. Thompson! Quick, send the Magazine Purification Squad. Yeah, there's still trouble in the 7-Elevens. I know, I know. Today a nipple, tomorrow a sex massacre.

Read all about it. —CARL HIAASEN



F E E D B A C K

ASS OR ELBOW?

Living my life on the fringes of society, I have never before written to any publication, but I feel that someone should applaud the sensitive, informed and constitutionally sophisticated manner in which our Supreme Court has allayed the fears of all of us who weren't sure, to our constant dismay, whether or not it approved of our sexual habits.

Let us examine its little cornerstone of coitus:

There are really people among us—don't kid yourself; some of them are respectable married people—who will sneak off to their sordid love nests and put their mouths on each other's nether organs! But we can put them in jail for ten to 20 years!

By omission, our Supreme Court has, however, condoned tongue in ear, elbow in anus (for the really adept, elbow in nose) and my personal favorite, knee in anus. Good work, guys! It's nice to know this country hasn't completely gone over to the weirdos!

Yes, folks, there are some really sick people out there. But now, armed with a historic determination in the very tradition of Solomon, our boys in blue will be called upon to poke a telephoto lens into their millions of bedrooms and put them in jail Richard A. Saggese, Founder Tongues Against Tyrants Dana, North Carolina

RECTO-CRANIAL INVERSION

Isn't it a violation of the Georgia sodomy law for the Supreme Court to have its head up its ass?

John M. Burt
Corvallis, Oregon

JERKS

We don't need studies by social scientists or Government commissions to tell us which sinful activity is inspired by publications such as *PLAYBOY*.

Masturbation is even more shameful than homosexual sodomy—I have yet

**FOR THE RECORD**

The following exchange took place between CBS *Nightwatch* interviewer Fred Graham and Judith Reisman, U.S. Justice Department researcher and supposed expert on child affairs. Graham asked Reisman for her view of sex education:

REISMAN: Well, I think—you know, when I was a kid, we played I show you, you show me, remember?

GRAHAM: So you're for do it yourself?

REISMAN: I mean, leave it to the children. Children have a way of working themselves out. They don't need adults to show them everything, for heaven's sake. They have the capacity to explore and go about their business in their own way. Leave them alone. I feel that we, as adults, have made tremendous mistakes. I don't think that we can show kids anything. Look at our record. Look at our record of child sex abuse. Look at our record of rape. Look at our record across the board.

GRAHAM: So, you're really sort of suggesting playing doctor and nurse in the old tradition—

REISMAN: Well, it didn't seem to do folks that much harm back then. . . . When I was a kid, we still learned about sex. I guarantee it. We produced children. . . .

knows that masturbation causes insanity, rape, drug addiction, suicide, communism, child abuse, divorce, terrorism, incest, acne and secular humanism.

We need tough laws to stop masturbation. Banning *PLAYBOY* will help, but that won't do the whole job. Let's make masturbation a felony punishable by 20 years in prison. There should be no constitutional problem: Masturbation is certainly not a fundamental liberty the founding fathers ever mentioned.

Richard Sharvy
Eugene, Oregon

**BIG TIT
DILDO BONDAGE**

There is one area in which the Meese report really shines, and that is as a reference book for anyone interested in collecting contemporary American erotica. Featured are 108 pages of magazine, paperback-book and film titles for the discerning consumer. If you've ever been baffled by the mountain of adult viewing material at your local porno store, Meese and his gang offer a terrific glance at the very best. By the way, does anyone know where I can get a copy of *Big Tit Dildo Bondage*?

Donald Vaughan
Greenacres, Florida

ROASTED WRITING

In 35 A.D., the emperor Caligula suppressed *The Odyssey* for its expression of ideals of freedom that he regarded as dangerous to Rome. In 1497 A.D., the works of Ovid and Dante were burned. In 1525 and 1526, the New Testament was publicly burned in England. Roger Bacon's writings were condemned in Italy in 1278. French theologians burned the works of Martin Luther in 1521—and, in 1953, the Quebec Censorship Board banned a motion picture on Luther. Ireland burned Jonathan Swift's work in

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas***HOLY HIT LIST**

Escalating their war against evil, more and more religious fundamentalists are praying that God strike their enemies dead. The idea of a holy hit list apparently began in 1982, when Bob Jones, Jr., of Bob Jones University in Greenville, South



Carolina, called then-Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig, Jr., a "monster in human flesh" for refusing to grant a visa to an extremist Irish politician and publicly called on God to "smite him hip and thigh, bone and marrow, heart and lungs . . . and destroy him quickly and utterly"—which some have construed as asking God to kill him. In 1983, the Reverend Everett Sileven, a fundamentalist, prayed that God would stop Nebraska public officials from hassling his unaccredited school "by converting them, restraining them, removing them or killing them." Since then, other fundamentalist preachers have taken up the tactic. An Indianapolis minister has been traveling from city to city conducting "courts of divine justice" that don't quite pass the death sentence on an offending individual but do ask, as in "Psalms" 109:9, that "his children be fatherless and his wife a widow."

THE BARS ARE PAINTED WHITE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Deciding a case from Illinois, the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled five to four that persons accused of being "sexually dangerous" are not entitled to Fifth Amendment protection in civil procedures that could lead to their indefinite confinement in prison psychiatric wards. Although such civil actions are

usually based on criminal acts, the Court's majority held that state psychiatrists could not determine need for treatment without violating an individual's right against self-incrimination and, moreover, that "the state serve[d] its purpose of treating rather than punishing sexually dangerous persons by committing them to an institution expressly designed to provide psychiatric care and treatment." Critics of the decision question the difference between punishment and prison psychiatric treatment and note that indefinite commitment can exceed the prison term allowed for the offense itself.

FACT OF THE MATTER

The idea that sex education and family-planning services lead to promiscuity is contradicted by a three-year study of pregnancy-prevention programs at four inner-city schools in Baltimore. The programs involved 1700 students in grades seven through 12, and the Johns Hopkins University researchers who evaluated the results found not only a dramatic decrease in pregnancies among the girls participating but also a tendency on their part to postpone first sexual encounters. Among those who were or who became sexually active during the study, a substantially greater number than those not in the programs attended family-planning clinics. Commenting on the study, the chief evaluator noted that "there has been a fear [expressed] that exposing young people to programs that openly discuss sexual behavior, and that provide them with contraception, will increase or hasten sexual activity. . . . In fact, it appears that an understanding of the consequences of irresponsible or unprotected sex, combined with ready access to services, helps those who are already sexually active guard against pregnancy and, at the same time, helps those who wish to say no to sex."

SICK REVENGE

LAKE BUTLER, FLORIDA—The state's attorney's office is investigating charges that two prisoners slipped blood serum from an AIDS patient into the coffee of a prison guard as revenge for his foiling an escape attempt. Prison officials learned of

the incident through an informer and now deny inmates access to the room where patients' blood is stored.

CRUEL AND UNUSUAL

TEXARKANA, ARKANSAS—After being arrested for public intoxication, a 23-year-old man made himself even more of a nuisance by getting his penis stuck in the jail's metal bunk bed. A jailer making his rounds found that the prisoner evidently had tried to have intercourse with a hole in the bunk and could not extricate himself. When ice failed to reduce the swelling, the bed had to be disconnected from the wall with a cutting torch and, with its lover, taken to a hospital.

LOOPHOLE IN THE LAW

ABILENE, TEXAS—An infamous legal technicality has let a Texas topless dancer slip through a loophole in the law.

According to a news account, an agent of the Texas Alcoholic Beverage Commission "observed the dancer go to the side of the stage, thrust her hips forward and rub her privates in the face of a 43-year-old man, who then grabbed her buttocks." She was acquitted of lewd conduct under state law, which specifies that the defendant must have touched another person's genitals, not his or her face. A female



assistant district attorney said that future complaints would be worded differently. The judge suggested that a dancer could be convicted of "aiding and abetting" the customer to engage in sexual contact by "allowing herself" to be touched.

R E P O R T E R' S

THE QUICK FIX

By MARCIA PALLY

Last July, Attorney General Edwin Meese's Commission on Pornography issued its two-volume report based on a yearlong investigation of sexually explicit material. In many, many words, it claims that pornography is behind rape and child abuse, and it suggests ways to rid ourselves of this dangerous substance.

While I am grateful for this unexpected Federal concern, it seems pertinent to ask whether or not the porn-causes-harm theory is correct: Is porn a significant factor in rape, battery and incest? Will getting rid of it diminish violence against women and children? Or is that theory merely a progressive patina on old-fashioned sin-and-morality finger-wagging? After all, the porn-causes-harm argument makes the banning of books, magazines, rock 'n' roll and video seem reasonable to millions of Americans who would laugh at threats of hell-fire and brimstone. Is it a mirage, a quick fix that kids us into thinking the solution to abuse is just a matter of banning dirty pictures? Worse, is it a distraction that turns our attention away from the real causes of harm and prevents us from finding solutions?

The porn-causes-rape argument is easy to sell. It claims that porn degrades women: Men look at it and emulate what they see. So the course of action seems clear: Get rid of porn. The road to victory looks short. It has the lure of "Peace in our time."

It also has the cachet of feminist tradition. Throughout the Seventies, women examined images in all sectors of culture, from television commercials to the films shown in medical schools. Such examination was a tool for identifying sexism and exposing its pervasiveness. It makes sense to apply this technique to pornography. But as we do, I think, some of us are confusing the process of examining images for their insights about society with the process of calling those images *causes* of social injustice. Feminists who exposed the symbols of sexism 15 years ago never claimed that taking Mop & Glo commercials off the air would bring us legalized abortion or better pay—or stop rape.

The mass-market-porn industry took off only after World War Two. Prior to the 20th Century, few people, save the wealthy elite, saw any porn whatsoever. Yet violence and sexism have been flourishing for thousands of years, and porn wasn't needed to show people how. Most of history's rapists, misogynists and child abusers read nothing at all. And if we look at societies where no porn is permitted, such as Saudi Arabia or Iran, we don't see strong women's-rights records. We find, instead, a great deal of violence against women. So it seems unlikely to me that sexism and rape are directly linked to sexually explicit material. It seems unlikely that porn initiates violence or lousy pay.

It seems more reasonable that violence against women begins with economic discrimination—so that men learn to consider women burdens—and with the infantilization of women (either as fragile figurines or as hormonal hurricanes), men hold women in contempt. It also seems reasonable that violence against

"Is it a mirage, a quick fix that kids us into thinking the solution to abuse is just a matter of banning dirty pictures?"

women begins with boy training that makes aggression a daily project of masculinity and with child-rearing arrangements that leave Mom as the prime—often the only—caretaker.

It's on Mom that all one's infantile expectations are foisted and all one's earliest disappointments blamed. Dad comes into the picture only later, as a firm but reasonable force. So we act out our desire for Mom's attention and our rage that she's not always there on all the women in the rest of our lives. Although we were all raised more by Mom than by Dad, there's an edge of ire men feel about women that women don't feel, because, after all, women are us.

All this shows up in pornography, just as it does in art, advertising and fashion. And because pornography is a genre of extremes—schematic, repetitive, ritualistic, fantastic—it exaggerates and distills our psychosexual blueprints. It illuminates our discomfort with the nakedness of sex, our panic at our

arousal and loss of control, and men's lust for and anger at the female figure.

But pornography didn't start any of this. And getting rid of porn won't end it. Porn may be sexist, as much of it is; it may be racist or violent, as some of it is; but it's silly to call it a cause of sexism, racism or violence. More important, it's silly to think that banning it will halt the mayhem. I'm afraid the anti-porn brouhaha of the past few years is a red herring, luring us away from the sources of sexism and its solutions.

If we want to halt rape and battery, feminists and Federal commissions would do well to look at the political and economic systems that keep women poor and powerless. We'd do well to fight for equal pay, nontraditional jobs, a feminist presence in politics, self-defense classes, sex education, more effective and better-disseminated birth control.

If we want to address the *psychological* fuel behind misogyny, we'd do well to look at the family and imbalances in parenting. Feminists and Federal commissions would better spend their time getting Mom out of the house at least half the time and Dad back in than in closing porn parlors. We'd still have pornography in which we played out our desires and fears—some of which are not nice—but the pictures and tales we'd invent for ourselves might be less *sexist*.

Unlike the 1970 Presidential commission on pornography that found no causal link between pornography and violence, the Meese commission sponsored no research of its own. It held public hearings in six cities and heard testimony mostly from vice cops, obscenity prosecutors, representatives of prodecency organizations and people who identified themselves as "victims" of pornography. Not a single artist or writer was invited to speak; those who asked to be heard encountered significant resistance. Few psychologists or sex educators who don't a priori support suppression of porn were given a forum.

The commissioners based their conclusions on first-person accounts of abuse, their own intuitive feelings and a number of laboratory studies that suggest pornographic images affect attitudes about rape. But *attitudes*, as even the scientists doing this research will tell you, are notoriously poor predictors of behavior. People just don't accomplish with any statistical reliability what they say they will. And no matter what people do in an experimental setup, they know it's

N O T E B O O K

an experiment and that no one will get hurt.

Several researchers told *The New York Times* that "violence in the social environment" was more to blame for rape or sexism than were depictions of sex, and the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex called the commission's conclusions "incomplete and inadequate" and a danger to future sex research. Last May, the Institute of Criminal Justice in Copenhagen reported that in European countries where restrictions on porn have been lifted, incidence of rape over the past ten to 20 years has declined or remained constant. Neither the Canadian nor the British studies of pornography found porn to be a cause of sexual violence.

I'd like to consider other arguments of the porn-causes-harm doctrine. Some statistics suggest that convicted rapists are guilty of acts pictured in pornography. So are consenting adults who perform the missionary position. And, certainly, gruesome things have been done to women for centuries without the help of such magazines as *Hustler*. Still other data demonstrate that communities with more porn report more rapes. Yet higher incidences of rape are also found in areas with strong sales of non-sexual men's magazines, such as *Field & Stream*.

But what about the anecdotal evidence? Women say their boyfriends or husbands get ideas from porn and force them to do what the photos depict. Should a woman object if a man forces her to cook lasagna? I would. The problem is not Italian cuisine or *Kama Sutra* positions. The problem is force—economic, psychological or physical.

What about the rapists and wife batterers who say they learned their stuff from porn? It's a clever ploy. Just look at who gets off the hook: First it was the Devil that made them do it; now it's Miss Jones. And something is not quite right about the proposition that men rape because they learned—from porn—that it's OK or that women like it.

One thing feminism has accomplished is the redefinition of rape as a violent act, not a sexual one. But I suspect it was always clear to the rapist facing his terrified victim that she didn't "want it." Men who rape do so because it hurts. If we want to deal with rape, we ought to deal with the reasons some men want to inflict so much pain.

There is still a question nagging: Why does the antiporn argument feel so right? Why is it persuasive to so many men and

women? To begin with, it offers the appeal of activism. Since porn is visible and already illicit, you can organize against it relatively easily. Witness the renown Women Against Pornography has achieved in just five or six years. The participants feel they're doing something to better women's lot, and we all need to feel effective.

Psychologist Paula Webster suggests that something else is going on. She believes that the antiporn argument is persuasive because it carries "the voice of Mom." And she may have something here. Most of us have grown up with the idea that sex is icky; most women have grown up with the assurance that men are dangerous. We've heard it indirectly or we've heard it point-blank, but we've heard it all our lives.

As adults, we have our own ideas about sex. But the old lessons remain at the core of our emotions. So when we're told that pornography makes men dangerous, it clicks. Already suspicious of sex, we are ready to call it culprit.

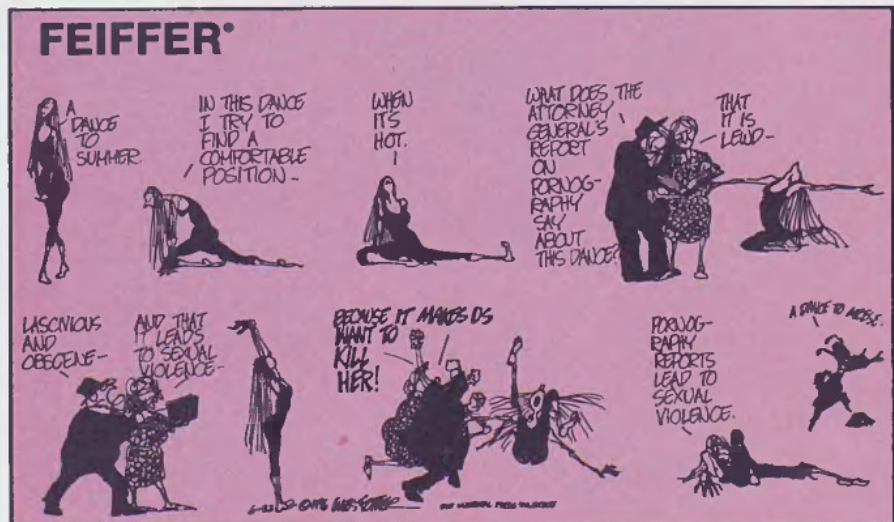
Now, there is a great deal of violence done to women—the FBI reports that a woman is raped every six minutes—but rage and violence, not sexually explicit images, are the core of the problem. And we must get at the core, using our time and resources shrewdly. In the past few years, feminists and the media have spent a great deal of money on the porn debate. Yet last year, New York Women Against Rape nearly closed for lack of funds. And the Government that funded the Meese commission stopped allocations earmarked for battered-women's shelters because they were ostensibly "antifamily." No one is going to convince me that a Government that has rolled back Affirmative Action, fought

against comparable worth and stripped hundreds of programs that benefit women and children opposes pornography because it's dangerous to those very same women and children.

We can't afford to be duped—either by a duplicitous Government or by what "feels right." If we go after pornography when rape, battery and discrimination have thrived for so long without it, then we'll still be left with rape, battery and discrimination even if we get rid of porn. Would that the solution to women's problems—or to that of rape alone—were just a matter of eliminating porn.

There's a second reason to be skeptical of the sex-is-icky/men-are-dangerous echo. It's protective and meant to shield women from harm. But while women must protect themselves with political, economic and physical clout, we can't be only defensive. We can't live our lives in fear. Fear paralyzes. The antiporn movement, focusing on danger rather than on its remedies, paralyzes. It teaches fear. Women cannot afford to build a movement—or mind a Government—that tells us that sex, or pictures and fantasies about sex, are so frightening that we must give them up. We cannot scurry away from passion or pictures of passion, hoping that if we stay away from them altogether, we'll be safe. We cannot be gulled into thinking that sex is sexist. If we do, we'll end up denying ourselves the replenishment that sex brings in a bogus exchange for safety—as though such a denial would even provide it. We owe ourselves more than that.

Marcia Pally is a journalist who has written extensively on censorship in the arts. The above text is excerpted from a June 1986 speech delivered to the American Library Association.



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HOW TO USE STATISTICS

You've seen this before—a retired vice cop or a wild-eyed evangelist starts reciting statistics that supposedly show a correlation between pornography and sex crimes or other forms of violence.

A recent letter from Haven Gow, a police reporter, to the editor of *The Washington Post* charged:

"Thirty-six serial murderers interviewed by FBI agents confessed that pornography influenced their thinking and behavior.

"The Los Angeles Police Department points out that in more than 40 child-sex-abuse cases it investigated, pornographic photos were found. . . .

"A study by Michigan state police detective Darrell Pope revealed that, of 38,000 sexual-assault cases on file in Michigan, 41 percent involved use of pornography before or during the assault."

Although not necessarily true, such arguments are alarming—because they show faulty reasoning and because they confuse correlation with cause. This is a common mistake and one the Meese commission made repeatedly in its 1960-page report.

It's time for a lesson in statistics. Shown here (from top to bottom) are four famous smut busters: Ed Meese, Jerry Falwell, Donald Wildmon and Andrea Dworkin. (A small sample, but we are working on a limited budget.)

All four have double chins. This is a 100 percent correlation!

Now, if we were the Meese commission, we would confuse correlation with cause. We would call a press conference to announce that (1) busting smut causes obesity or (2) having jowls leads one to dislike pornography. However, this is faulty reasoning. For one thing, it ignores the negative cases—the pencil-necked geeks who dislike erotica and the fatties who relish every conceivable explicit description of sex.

Besides, merely linking smut busting

and gross human appearance does not tell us anything about the reason for the connection. Perhaps denial of sexuality creates an incredible appetite for junk food. Perhaps people with double chins will be forgiven in the afterlife for having consumed all those calories. Perhaps because they are out of shape, such people cannot bear to see pictures of more physically fit humans having sex. Perhaps gluttony in one appetite diminishes interest in other appetites.

Do you see the problem?

Carol Tavris, writing in the *Los Angeles Times*, pointed to the central flaw in the Meese commission's reasoning: "Even if rapists are unusually fond of pornography, we cannot conclude that pornography causes rape. Perhaps rapists are men who are drawn to pornographic literature—or perhaps a third factor, such as abuse in childhood, causes men to rape and to enjoy violent pornography."

And Judith Becker and Ellen Levine, the two dissenting members of the commission, wrote, "To say that exposure to pornography in and of itself causes an individual to commit a sexual crime is simplistic, not supported by the social-science data and overlooks many of the other variables that may be contributing causes."

But the Meese commission didn't need science. Henry Hudson, another heavily jowled judicial gerbil, made a remarkable admission: "If we relied exclusively on scientific data for every one of our findings, I'm afraid all of our work would be inconclusive." Right. We

feel that our research into the correlation between oversized jowls and censorship is "inconclusive." We have applied to the Justice Department for one of those \$734,000 grants it tosses about like napkins at a rib fest to investigate further this significant connection.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN



FEEDBACK (continued)

1708. Voltaire's writings were seized, burned or banned in France, Prussia, Rome, Switzerland and the United States.

The greatest censor of all, Adolf Hitler, cast into the flames the works of Sholem Asch, Maksim Gorki, Karl Marx, Sigmund Freud, Helen Keller, Jack London, Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, Thomas Mann, Albert Einstein, Heinrich Heine, Felix Mendelssohn, Upton Sinclair and many others.

In 1986, Andrea Dworkin (to our knowledge, no relation to us, but still an embarrassment) took basically the same historical approach to PLAYBOY.

You must be proud that she has elevated you to this august literary-scientific circle.

Jonathan and Judith Dworkin
Shaker Heights, Ohio

FREEDOM FROM RELIGION

As a feminist and a civil libertarian, I have always found PLAYBOY's defense of First Amendment rights to be consistent with its portrayal of women: Neither is offensive to persons capable of independent thought. This seems to be a rare commodity in government today.

I entered law school at the age of 34 and now, just past my first year's studies, I see a long fight ahead. It's a battle I don't look forward to, because the upper levels of the Federal courts are becoming saturated with judges not committed to the words of the First Amendment.

Ours is a Bill of Rights, not of privileges. Those rights were designed to be secure from the tentacles of government power, majority rule and fringe-group influence. Freedom of speech involves freedom of thought, as well—"the free market place of ideas." Freedom of religion exists in tandem with freedom from religion. Those who dictate what I may read would be appalled if I dared to dictate what they may believe. My speech is no less protected than their faith. That protection includes PLAYBOY's right to publish what I wish to read and see. That such protection extends to so-called pornography is not an affront to freedom, it is a tribute to it. And isn't freedom the basis of American society?

I would like to thank PLAYBOY and the Playboy Foundation for defending the rights of both sides. Perhaps this latest assault on liberty will serve a purpose: to alert those who believe that freedom in a free society is permanent and safe from harm.

Kathleen Hague
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BRYANT GUMBEL

a candid conversation with the high-flying, early-rising host of the "today" show about news, sports, racism and fast-food celebrity fare

Bryant Gumbel began the day as he had done for the past four years, leaving home before dawn, riding in a company car through the barren city streets to a midtown skyscraper. As always, he was dressed impeccably: Robert Stock suit, monogrammed cuffs, matching tie and socks. And under his arm, as he rode the elevator to his third-floor office, a sheaf of precisely penned notes—homework, he called it—encapsulating the lives of the people he would interview in America's bedrooms and living rooms that day, as he'd done the day before and would do again the next day. But he wasn't complaining. It wasn't as tough as when he'd started, saddled with poor ratings and suggestions that he wasn't the man for the job. No way. Now the "Today" show was on top, everyone was his friend, he was well paid and, most important, happy. As he walked down the long hall to the make-up room, one could hear him humming contentedly, "Purple rain, purple rain. . . ."

After the show, Gumbel posed with Jane Pauley and Willard Scott for promotional photos hyping an upcoming show to be broadcast from abroad. Then there were business calls, a quickie interview, plans for playing golf in new and exotic locations and a call from his wife. At noon, he left the office and

was driven to the Carlyle hotel to tape a three-part interview with the band Genesis.

Then he was in the car again, being whisked back to the office. Another three-hour session for his "Playboy Interview" would complete the day. The pace surely made the anticipation of leaning back in his big office chair, talking about himself, seem positively relaxing. But Gumbel showed few signs of fatigue. In fact, he was downright lively, wondering if success had spoiled Eddie Murphy and Joe Piscopo, declaring his dislike for high-top tennis shoes on women and wanting to talk about all-time favorite albums. His, of course, is "Purple Rain." But he also declared a fondness for Jerry Butler's "Spice of Life," Marvin Gaye's "What's Goin' On" and the Moody Blues' "Days of Future Passed." And he intoned lyrics from the last with a familiar gravity to prove it.

"Breathe deep the gathering gloom. Watch lights fade from every room. Bed-sitter people look back and. . . ."

Suddenly, Gumbel stopped and chuckled self-consciously. After all, there he was, the intelligent, comforting, probing, nimble host of the "Today" show, being chauffeured down Fifth Avenue on a blazing summer afternoon, reciting pop poetry from the Sixties.

But the whimsical moment simply revealed

an off-camera personality that would surprise more than a few early risers—because, one soon discovers, with Bryant Gumbel, what you see on TV is not all you get.

What you do see is someone who, on a typical day, can handle interviews that range from Lena Horne and her author daughter, Gail Buckley, to Meese-commission spokesman Alan Sears, from starlet Janet Jones to Senator Bob Packwood and Representative Dan Rostenkowski. And then banter with Scott, discuss a movie with Gene Shalit and talk offhandedly with several contributing reporters about their stories.

Gumbel handles his on-camera chores with such finesse and conscientiousness that it's no mystery why his co-workers have fondly nicknamed him Mr. Television. Or why he and Pauley were, in 1986, named Broadcasters of the Year by the International Radio and Television Society.

Not bad for a self-described smart-aleck Creole kid from Chicago via New Orleans who claims he had little self-confidence while growing up, simply because he was darker than his light-skinned relatives. The son of a probate judge whom he idolized and the second of four children, Bryant Charles Gumbel was born on September 29, 1948. He was raised in the Hyde Park section of Chicago,



"I'm a raucous guy who, for better or worse, has this reputation of being a brawler in terms of his personal dealings, who doesn't mind screaming or telling it like it is. I'm about as subtle as a punch in the face."



"I do get letters that say, 'You're untypically black. You dress nicely, talk nicely, look nice.' But most of the black people I know look like me, talk like me, dress like me. The problem is more in people's perception than in me."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BENNO FRIEDMAN

"NBC pays me a salary they believe proportionate to my worth in the market place. Am I overpaid? Yes. Do I make the going rate for someone in my position? Yes. Am I going to apologize for that? No."

an integrated community quite unlike the rest of the city that contained it.

But attending Bates College in Maine during the heyday of black pride changed Gumbel's self-perception. He emerged as self-confident, aggressive and eager to compete. At first, he sold cardboard cartons in Manhattan. Then he tried unemployment, followed by writing for Black Sports magazine. But his career didn't get started until 1972, when he so impressed KNBC in Burbank that it gave him a weekend sports anchor job—on the spot. His audition was simply better than some of the station's current personalities' on-the-air performances.

By 1976, Gumbel was KNBC's sports director. At the same time, he broke into the network ranks and, with his watch-my-dust attitude, got himself noticed. Soon he was hosting the N.F.L. pregame show, weekend baseball, the world series and N.C.A.A. basketball. Before long, he became NBC's national sports anchor. A prime-time sports show, "Games People Play," followed, as well as thrice-weekly contributions to "Today."

In spite of such success, the tapping of Gumbel in 1981 to replace Tom Brokaw on the "Today" show caused problems. It wasn't because Gumbel was black—though some concern about that was voiced. Most doubts were based on his sports background. According to some executives at NBC News, only "real" journalists merited the morning anchor job.

But Gumbel, who'd traded an audience of 80,000,000 for one of 8,000,000 when he joined the sometimes second-, sometimes third-place "Today" show, proved unflappable. Almost immediately, the press confronted him with a new problem—his relationship with senior "Today" show member Pauley. The fact that she had been passed over for the top anchor spot spurred rumors of dissension and hurt feelings. She and Gumbel largely deny them. As if that weren't enough, the "Today" show's poor ratings for the first 18 months after Gumbel's ascension put him squarely in the hot seat. But he hung in, helped greatly by the support of his "Today" show producer and friend, Steve Friedman. Then a news writer, Friedman had been present at Gumbel's 1972 KNBC audition. And he'd remembered him nine years later, when Brokaw announced his departure.

Since then, Gumbel's (and the show's) popularity has grown. Today, no one denigrates his sports origins, he and Pauley are obviously pals and the show is on top most days—with no signs of falling off.

We sent Contributing Editor David Rensin to New York to spend a week with Gumbel and capture the man some have called a "television animal" at the current peak of his career. Says Rensin:

"Bryant Gumbel thinks a lot of himself. And considering his track record, it's no wonder. So it was refreshing to discover, when we met and I outlined the time demands of our upcoming sessions, that he was surprised that we actually wanted him for a 'Playboy Interview.' He'd done something—and gotten somewhere—with his life that most young

men only fantasize about. In a business full of false modesty, Gumbel's surprise sounded genuine and was nice to hear. I left him the weekend to adjust to the idea.

"We talked every day in his 'Today' show corner office. Gumbel drank ice water and smoked a big cigar and occasionally propped his feet up on the desk—though he never loosened his tie. The surroundings were like scrapbook pages from Gumbel's life. Photos of his wife, June, children Bradley, seven, and Jillian, three, his Westchester home and Gumbel pondering a putt adorn one wall. Another wall is all bookcase, stuffed with hardcovers, golf manuals and scattered Teddy bears. There's also a computer terminal, a rack of hats, golf knickknacks, a couch on which he never sat and a gun-ball machine.

"Although he sometimes joked about the hours involved and reported that co-workers had mentioned his more-tired-than-usual look, Gumbel was as fine an interview subject as I've encountered in some time. I soon discovered what Friedman meant when he said, 'Bryant will tell you what he feels and thinks about the people he knows, and his candor will probably surprise you. He's a man sustained by his beliefs.' Gumbel answered queries thoughtfully, often passionately.

"Thinking about the interview in retro-

"If television has one enormous challenge in the years ahead, it's going to be separating worth from celebrity."

spect, I can't help feeling that Gumbel wears a mask that few are allowed to pierce. It's not intended to dissemble. It does not hide dirty laundry. In fact, it seems more a shield for the inner man, who, if given a choice, would rather be on the golf course or at home watching sports than speaking for the public record. But he musters his intelligence and honesty and plunges right in. When Gumbel has agreed to do something, he simply does it.

"This trouper mentality could not have been better demonstrated than during a follow-up phone conversation when Gumbel was interrupted with another call. He came back on the line and said there was a family crisis and he'd call back. A half hour later, the phone rang. I asked if everything was OK. 'Frankly, no,' said Gumbel. 'My father-in-law just had a heart attack.' I immediately offered to postpone our talk indefinitely. 'No,' he said, 'I've calmed down my wife and her dad's in good hands. There's nothing else I can do. Let's finish this.'"

PLAYBOY: Let's start with what time—

GUMBEL: Four A.M. [Smiles] It's the most-often-asked question—which says a lot about morning television.

PLAYBOY: How do you cope with the hours?

GUMBEL: Assuming that I do? Most people believe it's a tougher grind than it is. They dread getting up. The fact that I'm already at work when they're barely dressed fascinates them. But when I took the job, I promised I would never gripe about the hours. Many people get up very early to do their jobs—and often for a lot less money than I make. So the last thing they need is to read about me bitching and moaning.

PLAYBOY: Especially with your show and your network's being number one. Did you have a game plan for success?

GUMBEL: I've never had this goddamn thing laid out. I have never been the kind of guy who's said what he wanted ultimately. In fact, it kind of upsets me when I read this crap about someone in our business answering the question "When did you realize you wanted to be a journalist?" with something like, "Even in the crib, I could see this was what I intended to do." What happens is part accident, part being good, part finding what is right for you. It's taking advantage of opportunities. It's luck. But the minute you say luck, people think you don't deserve the success you've gotten. That's bullshit. Luck comes in realizing you have the talent and in getting the chance to show that talent.

PLAYBOY: Well, then, is success what you thought it would be like?

GUMBEL: Boy! That's a question I've never been asked. It's . . . a lot more complicated than I expected. When I was younger, I always equated success with money, material things and a certain sense of ease about life. But I didn't envision the tough decisions. I do confess to a glint of a self-satisfied smile sometimes when I am sitting in the back of a limo heading for a first-class flight to a place where people are anxiously awaiting my arrival in order to show me a first-class time. It's a very heady life. Yes, that's what I thought it would be—but without complications.

PLAYBOY: What are some of them?

GUMBEL: Oh, hell, everything from never finding enough time in the schedule to trying to walk down the street and be normal to worrying about an interview like this to opening a newspaper and reading that somebody thinks you suck.

PLAYBOY: We'll get to what people say about you; but first, as someone who's used to asking the questions, why do you worry about answering them?

GUMBEL: I feel self-conscious. Somehow, what I do always seems less important to me than it does to others. It's like being with your relatives at Thanksgiving and you're the only one who is in the glamor world; all anyone wants to talk about is what you do. After a while, you feel like, God, let me out of here.

Also, I don't want to be part of the celebrity sweepstakes. I don't want to be like people who play it for all it's worth: Cher, who's always pumping whatever her latest thought is; Sylvester Stallone, trying to convince people that the stuff he's putting out is art. It's getting way out of hand.

It's reached such extremes in this country that it's embarrassing to be included. I like to think of myself as above the fray.

PLAYBOY: If you're above the fray, how do you stomach the incessant hype that's peddled on your program?

GUMBEL: I understand; we are guilty. That doesn't mean I have to like it. [Pauses] If television has one enormous challenge in the years ahead, it's going to be separating worth from celebrity. I'm not one of those guys who say all we ought to watch is public TV. I just wonder what viewers think when four minutes of Bob Packwood and Dan Rostenkowski talking about tax reform is followed by four minutes of Jane Fonda talking about her workout book. Because we have allotted them equal time, does the audience view them as being of equal importance?

PLAYBOY: Do you usually give this much thought this early in the day to the philosophy of television?

GUMBEL: No. Generally, I'm too busy to worry about it.

PLAYBOY: When do you worry about it?

GUMBEL: When I'm on vacation and watching what everyone else watches.

PLAYBOY: Do you watch the *Today* show when you're not on?

GUMBEL: Sometimes. I usually feel that there's too much talk, too much script. But I don't get up at seven A.M. and watch like a hawk, like most people. I've never been a morning-show person.

PLAYBOY: Do you keep your eye on the competition?

GUMBEL: Never watch them.

PLAYBOY: Really? Not even tape them for later viewing?

GUMBEL: Never. Taping someone and then trying to learn from his show or criticize it or counter his moves just isn't my bag. Let me add that I don't tape myself, either.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you watch the other morning shows?

GUMBEL: A couple of reasons. In 1970, when I was selling paper cartons, one of the things I learned was not to worry about the other guy's product—just make yours as good as possible and sell it. That's always stuck. I don't mean to sound arrogant, but frankly, I don't give a damn about what David Hartman does.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever met Hartman?

GUMBEL: Yes.

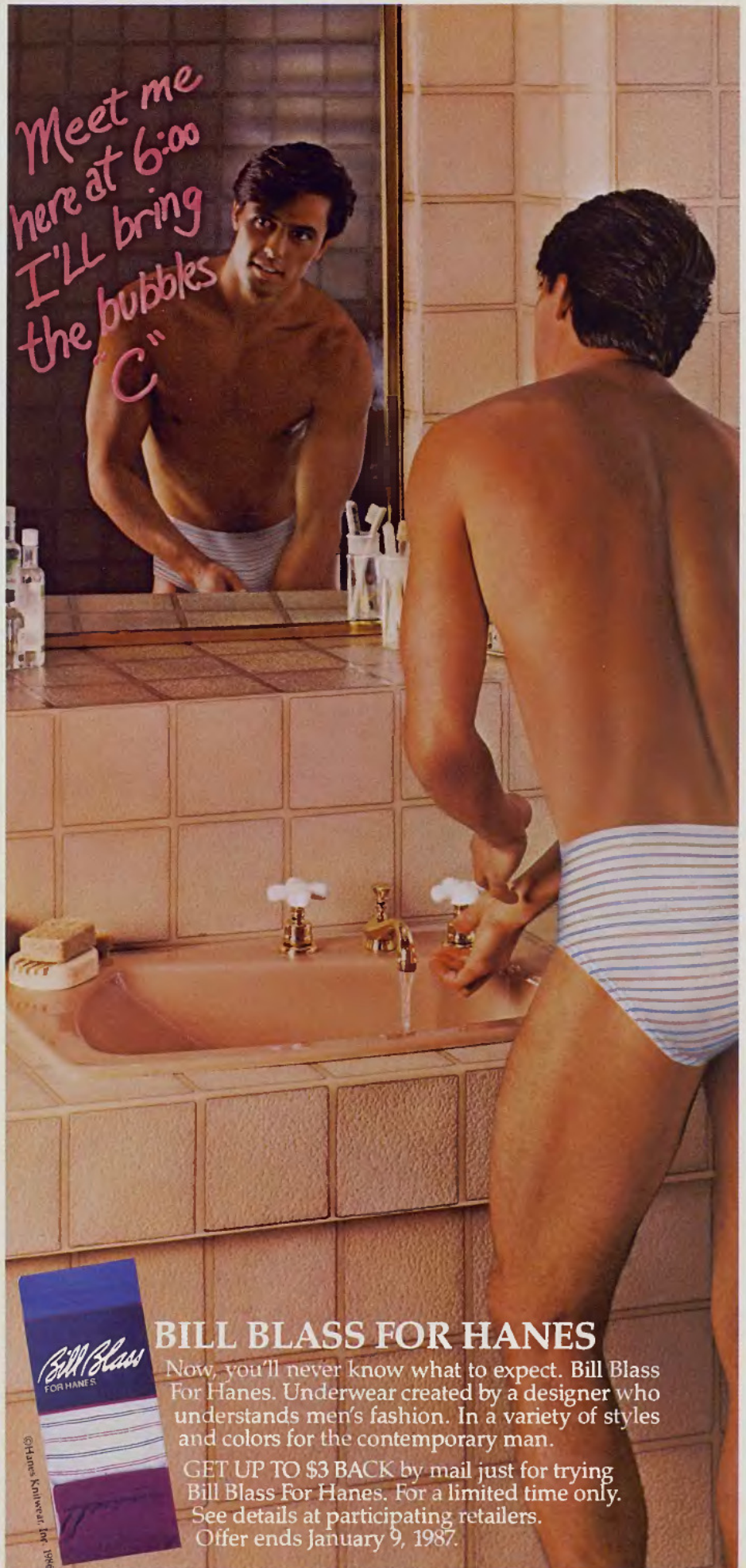
PLAYBOY: And?

GUMBEL: He's tall. [Smiles] We first met in L.A. when I was doing sports. He liked being around sporting events. We run into each other now and then in airports and at various functions. He's always very cordial. I wouldn't expect otherwise. But our exchanges are brief, and we have never sat down and talked about this business.

PLAYBOY: Does that seem unusual?

GUMBEL: I don't know what purpose it would serve—though I probably would have had the answer when *he* was winning. Now that he's losing, I haven't changed my opinion.

PLAYBOY: *Today* show producer Steve

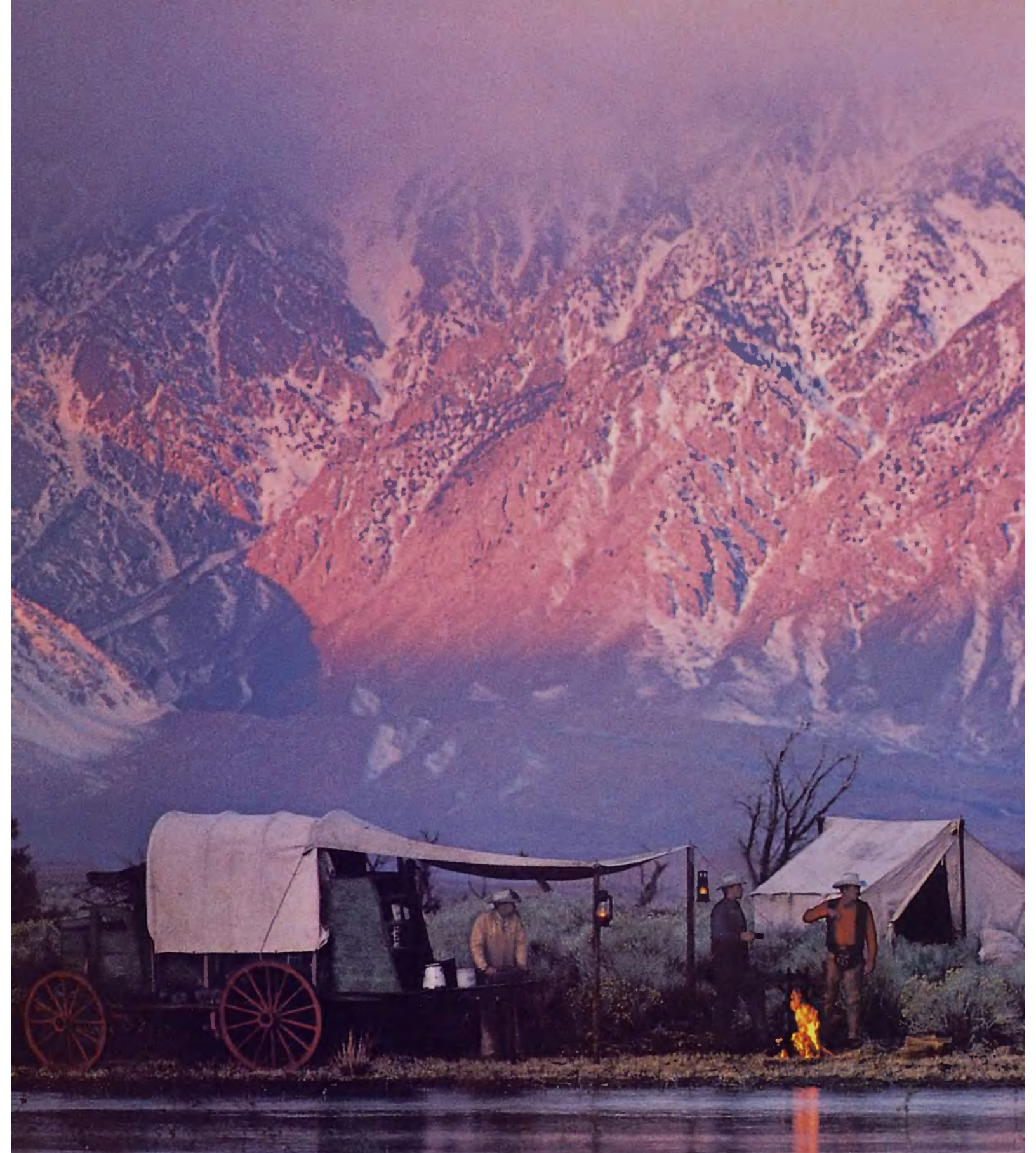


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Friedman says Hartman goes nuts when the ratings slip. How about you?

GUMBEL: I let Steve go nuts. I'm not nearly as volatile as has been rumored. My quick fuse has more to do with my own performance. Blowing up about the ratings? Naw. Slips have caused me sadness and, when they were really bad, slight depression. The ratings are more important to the network, the people who sell the time.

PLAYBOY: Come on. Are you really that detached?

GUMBEL: I'd be a fool to say I don't care at all. It's hard not to take it personally. If we're going to keep score, I'd rather finish first. But I don't live every day for destroying *Good Morning America*. I'm not a big believer in the Nielsen's being able to gauge what's good—or, more exactly, to draw a correlation between what's good and what works.

PLAYBOY: But Friedman takes it more seriously, doesn't he? It sounds as though he truly hates Hartman.

GUMBEL: I don't think he hates David. He hates this amorphous thing called *Good Morning America*. Because when they were winning, they said some really stupid things. It's no secret that when the folks at ABC used to beat our brains out, we'd say it was tough to finish first in the morning when we'd been finishing last the night before for eight years, and they'd say, "Ah, you guys are garbage. That's an alibi."

Now that the shoe is on the other foot, all we hear from them is "It's tough for us to win, because the network is having some bad prime-time problems." But we allow them that, because it's true. You don't exist as an island in this business. You'd love to be like Bill Cosby. Put him on PBS and he'd still win. But few programs are like that, and certainly not news programs.

Good Morning America was arrogant in the extreme, much as a lot of ABC was. I believe there's a feeling within this industry of respect between CBS and NBC, even a certain amount of affection. But both kind of dislike ABC. You see a lot of people moving between NBC and CBS. But ABC? Don't like 'em.

PLAYBOY: Some might say that aggressiveness is what made ABC overtake you a few years ago and sparked your show.

GUMBEL: May well be. Not only were they the bad kid on the block, the bigmouth kid, but they were also winning. [*He pauses and gazes out his office window, overlooking the Rockefeller Center skating rink*] See her in the white T-shirt, standing by the stairs?

PLAYBOY: Near the guy with the camera?

GUMBEL: Next to the group at the top of the stairs. See her pointing, moving away? [*Smiles*] I wish I could watch all day.

PLAYBOY: We get the impression that you're bored with the ratings race.

GUMBEL: Yeah. I say that as a winner. I've said it as a loser. More importance is attached than it merits. And what's worse is that it's not viewed just as the *Today* show versus *Good Morning America* but as Bry-

ant Gumbel versus David Hartman. That's just not fair. I didn't want all the blame when they were winning and I don't want all the credit now that *we* are. Life doesn't work that way.

PLAYBOY: Do you get an honest day's pay for an honest day's work?

GUMBEL: NBC pays me a salary they believe proportionate to my worth in the market place—and the dollar value I'm capable of bringing to the network. Am I overpaid? Yes. Do I make the going rate for someone in my position? Yes. Am I going to apologize for that? No.

PLAYBOY: How would you characterize what your show does? What's its job description?

GUMBEL: As a writer once said, it's supposed to "gently inform a waiting America." That's partly true. Our job is, foremost, to tell people what happened in the world after they went to sleep. A guy wants to know if he should go to work today. If the bomb dropped, he can stay at home. Secondly, since we're engaged in trying to get an audience, we have to entertain to some degree. Around here, we always think in terms of giving food for conversation. Much of our lives is spent engaged in small talk. So we try to give people things they can use. None of it is a life-and-death matter, just the stuff of general conversation.

PLAYBOY: Sort of like fast food?

GUMBEL: I wouldn't necessarily characterize it that way. Some of it is terribly disposable. Some is gourmet variety.

PLAYBOY: What do you think is the greatest fault of the morning shows?

GUMBEL: A tendency toward sameness, routinization. If it worked yesterday, that's good enough reason to do it tomorrow. But I could probably say the same thing of most of television. By its very nature, it is more imitative than creative.

There are limits to how creative you can be in the morning. We may want to spice things up, but what can we do—fake the news? We've always been a news/information/entertainment show, and that isn't going to change. We're not performing brain surgery. We're just privy to information we're trying to get across to individuals on the other side of the camera.

PLAYBOY: You were once NBC's main sports host. You'd anchored the N.F.L. pregame show since 1977; you'd had your own sports/variety show, done the world series. You had an audience of 80,000,000. Why did you trade that for an audience of 8,000,000?

GUMBEL: I know I had a good thing going. I was good at what I did and enjoyed it. I don't want to sound as though I'm patting myself on the back, but doing sports wasn't hard for me. I'd become comfortable. I'd reached the point where I could roll out of bed, go into the studio and do my show from front to back, without a hitch, as smooth as could be. But I always found myself thinking that I could do a little better, challenge myself. I decided to

try something new. But I had reservations up to the time I took the job.

PLAYBOY: For instance?

GUMBEL: The show had been on the air for 30 years, and the host had read the news for a grand total of two. Tom Brokaw, who was leaving, had done it in an attempt to take advantage of what he did best. But the show I envisioned was going to be drastically different. I wasn't going to read the news; we were going to be an awful lot looser. But because I happened to be the guy who followed Brokaw, my reluctance was perceived negatively. Everyone wanted me to back-step and admit I just *couldn't* do it. Friedman and I had many conversations about it. I don't think he was hung up about my approach, but he was fighting his own wars with the news-division hierarchy—a different regime from the one that exists today—who were saying, "Hey, he's a sports guy. Why are you even talking?" Then, "All right, put him on the air and we'll take a look."

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you want to read the news?

GUMBEL: I just didn't think it was important. If anything, it compromised the host's role. He's the one running the show, trying to communicate with the audience on a person-to-person basis. He's not this authoritarian figure telling you that 58 people died in a plane crash. But trying to tell people that was like beating my head against the wall.

PLAYBOY: Were you worried about being compared with Brokaw, as Dan Rather was when he followed Walter Cronkite?

GUMBEL: To think that is to suggest that when Tom left the *Today* show, it was so dominant in the ratings that it had to be a concern. The numbers don't bear that out. But I think Friedman knew, in any case, that in me he was getting a different kind of person and that he'd be a fool to try to make me play Tom's game.

PLAYBOY: You had a hard time being accepted by both the NBC News people and the critics, didn't you?

GUMBEL: If you believe the stories that have come out since our success, everyone's original attitude, even in the news division, was "Hey, wonderful, terrific, outstanding! We knew this would happen." That's bullshit, OK? On the other hand, it was bothersome to have every article begin with and center on "former sportscaster Bryant Gumbel." Senator Bill Bradley's staff makes a joke about that kind of thing. They say that 30 years from now, when Bill is President and he meets a Soviet leader at a summit conference, they will begin the introductions with "Former Knicks star Bill Bradley. . . ." That's how I feel. And, to a certain extent, I'm sure that I'm still viewed as an outsider, someone who, when this is all over, will go back to sports.

PLAYBOY: Will you?

GUMBEL: I've never considered the possibility of returning if it became too tough. My pride wouldn't let me go scampering home

with my tail between my legs, saying, "It didn't work out and please take me back."

PLAYBOY: Yet Jane Pauley told us that "Bryant spits" on the idea of a conflict between sportscasting and so-called legitimate journalism. True?

GUMBEL: Yes. Who anointed some of these people? Take a guy from Chicago who sits in front of a TelePrompTer and reads news stories for four years and someone from the sports department who's in the field doing interviews and reporting, and tell me which one is the journalist. All I'm saying to people is stop telling me about what I used to do, judging what I can't do, and take a look at the damn program. Tell me if you like it. Period!

PLAYBOY: When you took the job, you were part of a triumvirate with Pauley in New York and Chris Wallace in Washington—

GUMBEL: But I think very few of us knew that arrangement wasn't going to work. We realized there'd eventually be a shake-down and how it would end up.

PLAYBOY: If the outcome was expected to favor you, then why was Wallace around at all? Do you think he was a sop to the news hierarchy to make your transition into the show easier?

GUMBEL: Let me say instead that he was more acceptable to the news organization.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think the triumvirate couldn't have worked?

GUMBEL: How many answers would you like? You can't have three equals. To use a sports analogy, a football team may have four stars in the backfield, but comes time to call the play, only one can call it—and the same one should do it all the time. It doesn't mean the quarterback is the best athlete—just that for the good of everybody, only one person can be in charge. You can't run it like a democracy.

Television programs have to have someone perceived to be in charge—someone the audience can relate to, who is their focal point for understanding when things begin and end and in which direction they're going. Also, since our show is one for many tastes and interests, there must be some rhyme or reason to who is doing what. The triumvirate sent out lots of mixed messages, and by reducing it, we simplified things for the audience.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you underestimating your audience?

GUMBEL: No. We simplified because it's tough to talk about the *Today* show without talking about the morning itself. We are so linked to the vulnerabilities of that time period. You're not into your day, ready for life's complications. You don't want to play guessing games. But, yeah, it was frustrating waiting for that period to be over and reading about what a terrible choice I was when the choice was finally made. Patience is not one of my virtues. And it bothered me that while we were playing this game, there was only one person on the hot seat: yours truly.

PLAYBOY: Were you nervous at first?

GUMBEL: The first day was January 4, 1982. New Year's Day, I did the Tournament of Roses Parade, then flew all day to get to Miami. Next day, I did the overtime game between the Dolphins and the Chargers. I stayed into the night, trying to get the story of that game, then hopped a Learjet to Cincinnati, spent the night there and in the morning went to the stadium for the Bengals game. Afterward, I flew to New York, studied for my first *Today* show on the plane and went in and did it. I think I also had a special that weekend. On Tuesday, I got a telegram from Grant Tinker [then chairman of NBC] thanking me for taking care of his network. [Exhales]

I wasn't nervous, but I was concerned about what I would say the first time up. By then, everyone had spent more words than it was worth having an opinion about me. So I just said, "Good morning. I'm Bryant Gumbel, and I'll resist the urge to say, 'sitting in for Tom Brokaw,' because enough wisdom has been spent on that already. Let's move along."

PLAYBOY: Had you perceived the *Today* show as the plum assignment it was?

GUMBEL: No. In fact, I was always surprised that everyone made such a big deal about the job. [Pauses] And now you want to know when it finally dawned on me.

PLAYBOY: Ah, an interviewer's dream. OK, when?

GUMBEL: January 14, 1982. We had the show's 30th-anniversary party. I'd gone to the Tavern on the Green the night before and all of the *Today* show's prior hosts were there. The next morning, when we did the program, I looked around the studio a couple of moments before we went on the air. Seated with me were Barbara Walters, Dave Garroway, Jack Lescoulie, Joe Garagiola, Tom Brokaw, John Chancellor, et al. And when the bell rang, I was the guy who would be talking. I'd been doing the show for only ten days. I'd gone from doing the A.F.C. championship game and asking guys how cold it felt down on the field to being in charge of a very prestigious group. I realized then that maybe this was a little different.

PLAYBOY: How?

GUMBEL: I felt an enormous amount of pride. I don't want to overstate it, but I felt I was the holder of some sort of trust. It was not just another broadcast and I was not just another guy. Instead, I was the new host in the short line of very distinguished people on a program millions of Americans had been raised on. It kind of made me stiffen. I got very emotional toward the end of the show when I invited Garroway to say goodbye as he always had, by saying "Peace." And, of course, he died shortly thereafter.

PLAYBOY: What kind of advice, if any, did you get from your predecessors?

GUMBEL: Garroway talked about being consistent. Garagiola, a dear man whose advice I sought, told me not to ever take

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myself too seriously, to have fun with it. Chancellor told me that whatever time I was getting up, I could get up later. It was refreshing.

PLAYBOY: There has always been a lot of speculation about Pauley's resenting the fact that you took over; after all, she'd been there longer. She now says she didn't want the top job, only "perfect equality." Is that how you remember it?

GUMBEL: Oh, I think she probably *did* want to be number one.

PLAYBOY: And should she have been?

GUMBEL: I believe the show works best with one person perceived as being in charge. And, having said that, I had enormous confidence in my ability to assume that position and always have had. Why? In the past, I'd always worked alone. It's always been my show.

PLAYBOY: Is that how you made your case for primacy?

GUMBEL: I never made one. The judgment was made by the people in charge. I didn't fight it. I certainly wasn't going to back off and say, "Hey, guys, I don't want this." That's not my make-up—or what television's about. But at the same time, I didn't go to them and ask for it. I didn't want anyone thinking that here was this big brute who was rushing past the little lady, trying to jam his elbow into her face, screaming, "No, no, take me, Monty!" But I do contend that Jane had to be hurt by how things ended up—though she never once displayed any animosity. A similar thing happened to me on the old *Grandstand* show. I was devastated. So Jane may deny it, but there had to be some hard feelings. To a certain extent, that made it difficult for us to grow close. And I was extremely aware of it.

PLAYBOY: How did you handle it?

GUMBEL: I certainly tried to be as generous as possible on the air in terms of making sure the work load was shared. I made sure her name was mentioned first, even if I was the one speaking—you know, bad grammar notwithstanding: "Along with Jane Pauley, I'm Bryant Gumbel," meaning she's Bryant Gumbel, too. [Laughs] I don't know if my gestures advanced or retarded the process. I do know it seems a very distant memory. I'm proud of the relationship we have, not only because I like her a lot but because it's taken a lot for me to reach that point.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GUMBEL: Jane once called my ideas Neanderthal in a magazine article. I am not what many women would call a real liberated man. Alan Alda and I wouldn't be on the same wave length most times. I am a very take-charge person, not Mr. Sensitivity. I'm not portraying myself as a model citizen, now, but to the extent that Jane helped make me aware of that and to the extent that I have altered my behavior to accommodate that, I am very proud of it. At the same time, she's become more natural, more fun-loving.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you've changed her?

GUMBEL: In part. Jane used to be very restrained and overly concerned with whether or not the journalistic community would view what she said and did with approval. Now she likes herself more; she's much more natural. I also think that sitting next to this kind of unusual television person who is not Mr. Straight, who will tell you what he's thinking, who is not always real pleasant, has changed her. Why? Because I have always been impressed with people on television who make the people they work with look good. It's a way of judging people. In sports, Dick Enberg worked with Al McGuire and Billy Packer. They never looked better. Enberg worked with Merlin Olsen and Olsen became a star. I'd like it said that when Bryant Gumbel works with you, you look good. Real good. In fact, I feel confident that Willard Scott, Gene Shalit and Jane have never looked better.

PLAYBOY: Does it work both ways? Have you ever looked better?

GUMBEL: [Puffs on cigar, smiles] Different.

PLAYBOY: When?

GUMBEL: The world-series broadcasts.

PLAYBOY: Did you, as Jane has suggested, test her by talking "guy talk" around the crew to make her uncomfortable?

GUMBEL: Look, you have Jane working with Brokaw, a nice man who is formal and sensitive. Then I stumble in. I'm a raucous guy who, for better or worse, has this reputation of being a brawler in terms of his personal dealings, who doesn't mind screaming or telling it like it is. I'm about as subtle as a punch in the face. None of us had any ideas about testing Jane. In fact, when we were behaving in said manner, none of us thought much about her—which was the problem.

PLAYBOY: There was one moment on camera during the show's broadcast from Rome when the change in your relationship was apparent, right?

GUMBEL: The pat-on-the-back story. Everyone since has talked about how wonderfully brilliant and perfectly timed it was, but it was accidental. We've met Presidents, prime ministers, princes and kings; and, quite frankly, after a while in this job, it ain't no big deal. I think we both felt that way heading for the Vatican. But then you're in the Sistine Chapel and a priest comes over and you're shuttled to the Pope's private chapel and suddenly there's the Pope! Afterward, we realized it was a special moment, not only for television but personally. Jane and I became oblivious to the camera. When it was all over and the Pope was walking away, we turned to watch him leave. There was a camera behind us. And, hell, call it big-brotherly or whatever, or call it something to ease my own nerves—I just kind of put out my hand and rubbed her back, like "It's OK." I wasn't even aware of it. It just happened. Afterward, someone came up and told us it looked terrific.

PLAYBOY: Would your being aware of the

camera have made any difference?

GUMBEL: Good question. If you're asking, am I sensitive to being physical with Jane on the air, the answer is yes.

PLAYBOY: You'd never touched her on camera before, had you?

GUMBEL: No. No. Never. Even when she came back from having the babies. We have given each other hugs off camera. And kissed—kind of "Hi, how are you?" or "Merry Christmas" or "Have a good vacation."

PLAYBOY: On the cheek? Lips?

GUMBEL: Now, don't turn this into any big exposé. [Laughs] For all of our bigoted viewers, yes, we have on occasion kissed on the lips. But never for more than half a second. How's that?

PLAYBOY: Seriously, why the sensitivity about touching her on camera?

GUMBEL: The black-white thing. And also because she is a professional woman. I wouldn't hug a male partner.

PLAYBOY: Characterize the other *Today* show staffers. Start with Willard Scott.

GUMBEL: Doing the weather is only incidental to him. There are people who watch this show just for him. I try never to lose sight of that. I consider Willard a friend. There's never been an occasion when I didn't like him—though I may have been confused by him. And, if I may be so immodest, Willard has never been showcased better than he has been through his association with me.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GUMBEL: Because I don't have a problem being his straight man when he requires it. Also, we've made a concerted effort to make sure that he's more aware of the entire program and that he's part of it—not just as if he were the dancing bear we haul out for two minutes every half hour and then throw off to the side.

PLAYBOY: What about Gene Shalit?

GUMBEL: He's a stabilizing force, our link with the past. He has made me feel like a member of the group. I don't treat him like the eccentric uncle who can only talk about movies. In fact, of all the people here, he is the one I depend on most. If I have one complaint, it's that he gets too many days off. He's got the best contract I've ever heard of: off weekends and Monday and Friday. Not bad.

PLAYBOY: Do you usually agree with his movie reviews?

GUMBEL: Generally not. Gene likes Woody Allen and I don't. He likes quiet movies and I don't. I like lots of action, albeit with some degree of intelligence; he doesn't. We rarely agree. [Looks out window] Coming down the stairs, in pink.

PLAYBOY: Earlier, we said we'd get around to talking about what people have said about you. The first adjective on our list is perfectionist.

GUMBEL: Guilty. But more so where Bryant Gumbel is concerned than about anyone else. However, it's not so all-pervasive that I rush out to a bar when perfection hasn't been achieved that day.

PLAYBOY: Arrogant.

GUMBEL: Television is a very subjective business. If someone likes you, he views you as enormously self-confident. If he doesn't, you're arrogant. In a business where there aren't a lot of black faces, especially successful ones, someone not too thrilled with that color can easily charge one with arrogance. You'd be surprised at the letters I get that say, "I'm really aggravated. I had grown to like you and thought you were a very nice boy until you had the nerve to..." Notice the operative statement.

PLAYBOY: What about explosive temper? You once said, "I have a low boiling point. I used to smash walls. Now I throw cups." Still true?

GUMBEL: I did smash walls. But that's very overblown as a subject of discussion, and it tends to be directed more at myself than anyone else. I haven't thrown a cup in a long time—and never at anybody. Really. This sounds as though when someone brings me bad news, I blow up, and as he races from the office, a glass sails just past his head.

PLAYBOY: Where did that anger come from?

GUMBEL: I just wanted so badly to do well. So if I or someone else made a mistake that didn't contribute to that goal, I didn't like it. But you'd still be hard pressed to find someone who'll say I've been a bully. I'm not a browbeater. I certainly never belittle anyone in public.

PLAYBOY: What gets you angry on the air?

GUMBEL: Any number of apologists for, say, the South African regime. I may find the individual likable, but the arguments advanced anger me. I also get angry talking with people who are less interested in solving problems than in job justification, who are blatantly lying to you and both you and they know it.

PLAYBOY: Do you bust them publicly?

GUMBEL: The problem is that the audience doesn't perceive it as a fair fight. They see me as the guy with all the weapons, and fighting back is dirty pool. Guests are allowed to scream. I'm not. They're allowed to be personal with me, accusatory. If John Smith is on the show, he can refer to me as Bryant. To me, he's always Mr. Smith.

PLAYBOY: How important is it for you to be liked?

GUMBEL: A lot. Anyone who tells you it's not is a liar. I'm tougher than most. I've been told I have a pretty hard shell. Guys I used to go to school with called me Gum Ball. But I don't need it.

PLAYBOY: The hard shell?

GUMBEL: Everybody liking me. I'd love it if the whole goddamn world liked me, but it ain't gonna happen. Ain't gonna happen. I know I don't make it easy on people, in the sense that I'm not going to change or dance to their tune or back off from things in order for them to like me. I am the way that I am. I didn't come on this show to

make friends. For that, I go to the Y. My job is to do my job—and if anyone's got a problem with that, he can adapt to me.

PLAYBOY: How tight is your emotional leash?

GUMBEL: A lot looser than I'd like it to be. I'm very emotional.

PLAYBOY: Does it show on the air?

GUMBEL: Yeah. And it upsets me that I don't hide it that well. Sometimes it makes it hard to do my job. I don't take a lot of pride in having my voice waver or fighting not to hyperventilate when I have to say something like "He was a wonderful man and he shall be missed." I've always wanted to be the broadcaster with a firm voice and a steady hand. I never could.

PLAYBOY: How about the accusation that you're lacking in warmth?

GUMBEL: It can happen. It's not that I dislike many people. It's just that I don't like many people. There's a difference. I'm not eager to be as open as some would have me be with them.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel around someone who is really open?

GUMBEL: Uncomfortable. I think, Why are

*"I wonder why I should
bust my hump to make
jerks look terrific."*

you telling me this? It's like the old line "Here's a dime. Go call someone who gives a damn." Surrounding myself with a lot of people who can generate an awful lot of conversation is not for me. I'd rather sit alone in a room with a pad and a pen and scribble—make notes, make lists, write thoughts, listen to music, read.

PLAYBOY: We assume you're not much for big parties, then.

GUMBEL: Right. I do love to entertain but on a small basis, with people I really like.

PLAYBOY: How does this attitude coexist with your liking to get in front of the camera five days a week to reach millions of people? That's a big party.

GUMBEL: Yeah, but I'm limited in what I have to say in terms of time and subject—and I don't have to talk back to you. It's not a call-in show. Also important, when I'm working this side of the camera, I don't think about how many people are out there. I work for an audience of 1,000,000 the same way as for 100,000,000. It's always one to one.

PLAYBOY: How about charges that you're obsessive?

GUMBEL: Give me a definition.

PLAYBOY: When you make notes for an interview, you key your pen color to a guest's occupation. Your socks and tie match.

GUMBEL: Ah. On the first, I plead guilty. I'm a very organized person and I try to

foresee ways of maintaining that. The pens thing was odd—though I'm talking ink color, not exterior. If we had an economist, I would use green. Rock star, purple. Domestic issue, brown. Communism, red. That lasted only a couple of months. I realized there was too much information crossover to make sense of. And if matching clothing is obsessive, OK. There's nothing horribly bad about wanting your cuff links to match your attire, your socks to go with your suit, your belt with your shoes. Am I supposed to look like a slob?

PLAYBOY: What are your strengths as an interviewer?

GUMBEL: I'd have to preface this by saying that I think people are the worst judges of themselves. [Pauses] I listen. I'm curious. And I'm not overly concerned with trying to show how bright I am. Instead, I'm more concerned with making sure that the audience understands what the hell we're talking about.

PLAYBOY: What about weaknesses?

GUMBEL: Some people claim, with justification, that they can see my feelings easily in my eyes, hand movements, facial expressions and mannerisms. If I had my druthers, I'd choose not to let them show.

PLAYBOY: Friedman has said that your weakest moments are when, in the middle of a bad interview, you don't go out of your way to make it better.

GUMBEL: There are two ways of looking at that. Anyone can interview a great guest. In Muhammad Ali's heyday, all you had to do was say hello. Talented people are those who can take so-so guests and make them great. I don't consciously avoid going the extra mile. I just know when I sit down what the vibes are. I'm willing to help if the vibe is fright or uncertainty or insecurity. But when I feel "I hate this; TV is stupid and so are you," it's not worth my time. I wonder why I should bust my hump to make jerks look terrific. If they want to come on and look at their fingernails, why try to make them seem more human?

PLAYBOY: Any spectacular misfires?

GUMBEL: Jennifer Beals, Kristy McNichol, Rod Stewart. A lot of bad ones. There's an axiom in this business that if the interview goes poorly, it's your fault. If it goes well, it's because the guest is good. I believe that, so I'm reluctant to say those guests stank, though there are occasions when someone has nothing to say and says it poorly.

PLAYBOY: Your best moment is generally considered to be your confronting the Soviet generals you interviewed when the *Today* show visited the U.S.S.R.

GUMBEL: It was extremely significant. If one were to be really immodest, one could say it got arms talks going again—but less through Bryant Gumbel's inventiveness than through an accident of timing.

PLAYBOY: How did you prepare for that interview?

GUMBEL: It's the interview I prepared most for in my life. I stayed in my room at the

Hotel Rossiya the entire weekend. My producers, writers and researchers sat around playing whatever part they wanted, be it American or Soviet, in discussing each issue. I'd voice a question, and whatever they'd say, I'd try to take the alternative. It worked.

PLAYBOY: Did you know you had a scoop when one of the officials said that foreign minister Gromyko would be willing to resume the SALT talks?

GUMBEL: It did not set off a lightning bolt—in part because, at the time, I was engaged in simultaneous translation, watching two people, trying to maintain eye contact and hearing Russian in one ear and, five seconds later, English in the other. It didn't allow much time for personal celebrations. But, sure, we realized what we had immediately, even though it was part of a longer statement.

PLAYBOY: Pauley was watching in the New York studio with Henry Kissinger. She says he reacted to your coup with some disgust, saying, "Bryant Gumbel doesn't know SALT from pepper."

GUMBEL: Henry would have reason not to look fondly upon that kind of venture. It gives diplomats in foreign countries an opportunity to bypass the normal channels. The Soviets had a well-thought-out plan. They decided they couldn't talk to our authorities, so they tried to take their case directly to the American people. I'm not so arrogant as to think the Soviets said what they did under sharpened, persistent questioning from me. On the other hand, we did go there and seek the interview on our own initiative. Should we take credit? Yeah. But let's keep it in perspective.

PLAYBOY: How about some short takes on political leaders you've interviewed? One we've interviewed, too, is Jimmy Carter. What did you think of him?

GUMBEL: Strange. Strange. When his first book came out, we spent hours going over his life. Sometimes we argued; sometimes it was sad. And when it was all over, as I often do with people—knowns or unknowns—I asked him to autograph the book. I don't think you can tell an awful lot from an inscription, but this case was an exception. He signed, "To Bryant, with best wishes. Jimmy Carter." It embodied the man. Not a lot of imagination, certainly no anger. Just there. Kind of sad.

PLAYBOY: Mario Cuomo?

GUMBEL: I like him because he's part jock-strap and part street kid. That's me on both counts. We've done several interviews and recently spent some time on Governors Island. His wonderful speaking ability is obvious. He's also fair. I can identify with his approach to things.

PLAYBOY: Could he be President?

GUMBEL: Don't know if I'm qualified to answer. He could certainly win my vote—if that's the question.

PLAYBOY: Ed Koch?

GUMBEL: Why do I feel uncomfortable with Ed Koch? A little too much effort for me. A little too much *chutzpah*. A little too much

justification for anybody. A little too frank for his own good. A little too undiplomatic to be called frank. A little too much, too loud, too bold.

PLAYBOY: Gerald Ford?

GUMBEL: I enjoy him. We've played golf on several occasions. As an interview subject, he's very direct. But I think there's a part of me that wants never to forgive him for pardoning Richard Nixon.

PLAYBOY: You've interviewed Nixon. How did you land that one?

GUMBEL: He had apparently said that if he ever had the opportunity, he'd really like to do something with me. I guess that came from my sports association.

PLAYBOY: What kind of subject was he?

GUMBEL: He was quite good. I don't applaud either the man or what he did while in office, but I'd find it difficult to argue with his political astuteness. George McGovern said something on our show that amazed me, though in retrospect, it doesn't sound bad. He said, "The real shame of Watergate was that it ruined what could have been a great Presidency." Coming from McGovern, that's a considerable statement.

PLAYBOY: You seemed to stay away from Watergate in your interview with Nixon.

GUMBEL: No. It's not that I didn't want to discuss it, but it had been gone over ad infinitum.

PLAYBOY: How did Nixon treat you?

GUMBEL: I'm not sure why, but with a degree of, if not fondness, then respect. Maybe curiosity about me, because afterward, I wound up being invited to his house for dinner.

PLAYBOY: Was it a night to remember?

GUMBEL: Different. Strange. A gathering of men like Harrison Salisbury, Alexander Haig. I was curious, because I was aware that I'd be among what Nixon views as a close circle. I was at once flattered, because whatever I thought of the man—and you're talking with a guy who probably isn't exactly welcome at Republican or conservative gatherings, and less because of color than because of a poles-apart divergence of interests—he is a former President. On the other hand, I didn't want to go and discover it was a gathering of the convicted Watergate people.

PLAYBOY: What did you talk about?

GUMBEL: We wound up discussing how each of us had come to meet Nixon and what we thought of him.

PLAYBOY: Did you tell him?

GUMBEL: I didn't pull a lot of punches. I said that if someone had told me 12 years earlier that I'd be at this dinner, I would have considered him certifiable. To me and much of my generation, Nixon was the embodiment of evil. He was all that we disliked about the world. I told him that it was refreshing to realize at a later point in life that not everything was black and white—sometimes a person can be different from his policy. I don't think I was being naïve, though. I wasn't willing to have him as my best buddy—or excuse

Watergate. But he was also not a guy with horns on his head and fire coming out of his mouth, eager to pick my pockets.

PLAYBOY: What was Nixon's reaction?

GUMBEL: I honestly don't recall. [*Looks out the window again*] By the street sign. It's the same woman we saw earlier.

PLAYBOY: Good memory. Looks a little like Joan Collins from the back.

GUMBEL: Much younger.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you had Joan Collins on the show several times?

GUMBEL: I prefer Jackie. When we did Joan, she demanded that there be champagne and Beluga caviar. Sorry, that gets me right there. Even so, we've had some very good exchanges. But the last time she was on, when we didn't seem to see eye to eye or get along, I was disappointed that she didn't tell me, "Hey, that wasn't fair" or, "I'm never coming back here again" or whatever. Instead, she smiled, gave me a kiss and left. Then she threw a fit in the hall. But it doesn't change my affection for her sister, who I think is charming and the talented member of the family.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your family. Your childhood was not typical for blacks.

GUMBEL: Right. I grew up in Hyde Park, which was at the time like an island in the city of Chicago. It was an experimental community near the university, at least in terms of integration. Everyone was professional and there was a high priority on education. It was once characterized as a community where, after dinner, people didn't watch *I Love Lucy*. They read Sartre. At my grade school, Saint Thomas the Apostle, we had students from every country you could imagine. And all had great pride in what they were.

PLAYBOY: Your father was a respected judge. How do you best remember him?

GUMBEL: He was a smart and good man. We were very close. He introduced me to sports. He set an example in education and accomplishment. He also had a wonderful sense of perspective about everything. He recognized how important his job was, yet he kept it in its place.

PLAYBOY: Was your brother, Greg, who also went on to become a broadcaster, as close to him?

GUMBEL: If I had to guess, I'd say I don't think so. But perhaps I'm being selfish. In any case, we never vied for Dad's attention. My views of Greg had more to do with my own feelings of who I was and how I was being perceived than anything that had to do with my dad.

PLAYBOY: Who were you?

GUMBEL: This little smartass kid who was semibright and knew it—but who, I was led to believe, was not very attractive. I grew up with a strong family awareness of being Creole—a combination of French and black, New Orleans-born. Most Creoles had light skin, straight hair, near-Caucasian features. So when I was young, it was not "in" to look black.

PLAYBOY: Did you look black?

GUMBEL: By my family's standards, I



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looked more black than Creole. I was blacker than Greg, my mom and my dad. In fact, my dad used to say that when he started calling on my mom, my grandfather turned him away because he was too dark. My point is that, at the time, the whiter you looked, the better. Only in the Sixties did things change. But until then, I bought the program. Especially since I had 18,000,000 cousins around at family gatherings and they all had lighter skin, lighter eyes, straighter hair and different noses. I can even remember relatives' laughing because they were amazed I had any hair left with my mother brushing it so, hoping to straighten it out. I began to think I wasn't so good-looking. In retrospect, it seems funny and horribly petty. But of such things are lifetime memories made. I didn't have a lot of social self-confidence, a lot of dates or a lot of friends. Looks was not an area in which I was going to be able to compete.

PLAYBOY: Did you keep that sense of inferiority at Bates College?

GUMBEL: I arrived at college when black pride was on the rise. I could look at myself in the mirror, see a black person and think I was OK—not How come my skin's black? Feeling that way, I found a number of young ladies willing to confirm my idea that I wasn't unattractive.

PLAYBOY: You eventually married a black woman, June Baranco. But at Bates, did you date black girls or white ones?

GUMBEL: White. There were four black students out of about 900.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about dating white women?

GUMBEL: I never thought it unusual. Interracial marriages were common in Hyde Park.

PLAYBOY: How did the parents react when you dated a local girl?

GUMBEL: If you went out with a townie, you didn't go to her house. My white friends acted the same way. My two white roommates never met a townie girl's parents. I'm not horribly proud of it, if only because of what it says about the relationship between town folks and college kids.

PLAYBOY: We get it: *Breaking Away*.

GUMBEL: More like *An Officer and a Gentleman*.

PLAYBOY: As opposed to *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*?

GUMBEL: [Laughs] That's exactly right.

PLAYBOY: Did you come of age sexually in college?

GUMBEL: I think the discreet thing to say—as a gentleman—is “None of your damn business.” [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Come on, wasn't it the Sixties? Put it this way: Did you leave college feeling as though you'd missed something?

GUMBEL: I don't know many guys who left college as virgins. Is my mother going to read this?

PLAYBOY: It'll be toward the back.

GUMBEL: [Laughs] I didn't go to college a virgin. Enough on that.

PLAYBOY: What about drugs in school?

GUMBEL: I smoked some grass, took most of what was available—not LSD—but I wasn't a druggie who needed something in order to face the day or enjoy himself. I gave it up a long time ago, when I was unemployed for the first time. Couldn't afford it and never went back. I used to drink a lot in college, though—more so than I'm proud of. I mean an awful lot. Most guys in college get wasted on the weekends. I got wasted six, seven days a week. It was just social, but I never drank until I got to college. My dad had taken the glamor off it early by telling Greg and me that if we wanted to drink at home, it was OK.

PLAYBOY: Do you still emulate your father?

GUMBEL: I try to. He is and has always been the only idol I've ever had. If it's possible for somebody to carry on what amounts to a 22-year love affair with his dad, that's what I did.

PLAYBOY: It's been suggested that your drive for success, your perfectionism, is based on your trying to live up to your father's example, and that because he died before your career began, you've essentially been chasing a ghost. Is that fair?

GUMBEL: I don't buy it. I try to do as well as I can because of values instilled in me. But chasing a ghost? [Pauses] My daddy was never the kind of guy who was never satisfied with what I did. He was only satisfied or dissatisfied with the effort expended. We had to perform to our capacity. So if my daddy drives me—as everyone says—then it's only in terms of my memory that he never let me do anything less than as well as I could. I like competing. I like winning. But that's a whole lot different from chasing some unseen force.

[A long pause, looks out window] I'll be honest with you. I'm getting a better handle on it now. Like most guys, I used to be real concerned with proving things—to the public, co-workers, competitors, myself. Maybe it's a sign of maturity, but I think those people now know who I am. And I've reached the point where I like myself a lot. I'm not totally satisfied, but I don't, on a daily basis, have to show myself a challenge I can answer in order to like myself. I still ask a lot of myself, but I don't grade as harshly.

PLAYBOY: How did you first get involved in sports journalism?

GUMBEL: I was unemployed and alone in New York, having quit my job selling paper cartons. So I took stock of what I thought I could do. I'd always been fairly decent at words and I thought I knew sports. So I tried to interest magazines in my writing for them. I went through *Writer's Market* with a fine-tooth comb, wrote articles, sent them in, got rejections.

One place was *Black Sports*. I met a guy who introduced me to the publisher. I became a staff writer, then began writing almost the entire magazine under a zillion names. So the publisher made me editor,

since I was doing it all, anyway.

PLAYBOY: And that led you to audition for KNBC in Burbank. Was sports consciously chosen as your vehicle to get on television?

GUMBEL: No. I wish I had been that smart. Television was never part of the plan. I had left *Black Sports* and was searching for something else. I interviewed at the *Baltimore Sun* and *The Boston Globe*. I'd also been approached to do a tape audition at NBC. I didn't think much of the experience. The tape was sent west, but by the time I was talking to the newspapers, it had long since passed from my memory. *The Boston Globe* had promised to get back to me. Then, on April 10, 1972, a friend of the family called, crying, and said, “Your father's dead.” I put the phone down, and a few minutes later, *The Boston Globe* called with favorable news. I told them about my dad and asked for a couple of weeks. I went to Chicago, buried my dad, came home and got a call from KNBC in Burbank, saying they liked my tape and wanted me to fly out for another audition. It was my first time west of the Mississippi. To make a long story short, I got the job. It paid \$21,500. I just thought, Boy oh boy oh boy.

PLAYBOY: And your climb at KNBC was rapid.

GUMBEL: I began as a weekend sportscaster in 1972, and soon I started doing some network things. When Ross Porter left to cover Dodgers games, I was made sports director.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you do play by play?

GUMBEL: I knew I had a voice that would get too excited and sound too high. But it was a time when everyone thought you had to do it in order to become a star. I realized my strength was in being able to host an event, to interview people, to communicate information clearly in short sequences, to make an entire program watchable.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the network's attention?

GUMBEL: Two very lucky opportunities that I did real well with. In 1973 or 1974, I had gone to Oakland to report for our local broadcast on the world series between the A's and the Dodgers. To do it, I had to use network cameras and facilities following the game. The crews weren't exactly grateful for my keeping them there late at night. But I did the broadcasts flawlessly—while network people were watching. They could put it in their memory bank.

Then, in 1975, the N.C.A.A. championships happened to be in San Diego, and John Wooden happened to announce his retirement after the final game. So I was called upon to go down there, use network cameras and do a minute-and-a-half commentary on what it all meant. Which means you've got to think of it right off the top of your head. Again, the network people in the truck were watching as I jumped out in front of the cameras and did it. This time they went. “Hey, wait a minute, Who

is this kid?" So I was fortunate. I could have stumbled, had bad days. I was fortunate and good enough to take advantage of those opportunities. And that's it.

PLAYBOY: You then got to host *Grandstand*, which became known as *N.F.L. '78*. But haven't you also done a show called *Games People Play*?

GUMBEL: Yeah. The show is not high on my résumé. It was a bunch of stupid games that guys who sit around at a jock party might do: Who is the strongest wrist wrestler? Who can knock over the most bottles? Who can drink the most? In retrospect, the only terrible harm *Games People Play* did was to introduce Mr. T to the world. He was involved in the world's-toughest-bouncer competition. That it introduced that buffoon to the world, I'm ashamed of.

PLAYBOY: Then why did you do it?

GUMBEL: We all agreed that a prime-time program with Bryant Gumbel singing and dancing would be foolish. We had to use sports as a base. What evolved was a contract that called for me to continue doing all my sports news, as host, to contribute thrice-weekly reports to the *Today* show and to host *Games People Play*. Then I had shows in all three areas. At the time, I'd already quit my Los Angeles stuff and had moved to New York.

PLAYBOY: While we're on the subject of sports, let's try this. You love baseball. If we give you some names of prominent interviewers, talk-show hosts and newsmen, how about staffing an imaginary baseball team? Position them, explain your choices and throw in a quick personal analysis. You game?

GUMBEL: [Laughs] That's interesting. OK.

PLAYBOY: Larry King.

GUMBEL: Center field. He free-lances and covers a lot of ground. But I don't believe him when he says he does no preparation for his guests. If so, he can do some sleight of hand unknown to me or anyone else in this business.

PLAYBOY: Ted Koppel.

GUMBEL: Shortstop, because you have to be able to go to your left and right. You have to be quick and durable. It's probably the toughest position to play. He's reached the point where his press and reputation are so good that he's passed beyond objective judgment. That is, his work is so solid that the audience's objectivity—not his—is gone. Of course, Johnny Carson still outpoints him.

PLAYBOY: OK, Carson.

GUMBEL: First base, because you field everybody else's bad hops, make up for everybody else's mistakes—and they don't ask you to be spectacular, just steady. I would lead the standing ovation for anybody who could, for 25 years, go out there and dominate as he does.

PLAYBOY: David Letterman.

GUMBEL: You want me to be serious?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

GUMBEL: I don't think David does interviews. I'm not sure he deserves to be on this team. We always used to take the kid

we didn't care for much, or the one who was a bit of an oddball, and stick him in right field. But I also need someone in right who has a strong arm—and I'm not sure of that with Letterman.

PLAYBOY: Could your attitude have to do with the feud you have been having since he interrupted one of your broadcasts? And if so, why can't you take it as a joke?

GUMBEL: Because it wasn't even close to being funny. I thought it sophomoric. I like a joke as much as the next guy, but Letterman had no idea what we were involved in. It could have been something much more serious. I'd never do anything injurious to his program, because I have a lot more respect for him. The fact that he'd do that to me tells me something.

PLAYBOY: Can this situation be cleared up?

GUMBEL: The adult thing would be for him to say, "I'm sorry." Not publicly. He doesn't have to do a *mea culpa* in front of millions. A private "Hey, I didn't mean to screw it up. Jeez, I'm sorry you're out of joint about it." But that's never happened. I don't dislike him or wish him ill. I mean, the guy's funny, brilliant, successful. I applaud him. All I want is an apology. Until then, I choose not to be a guest on his show.

PLAYBOY: You mean he's asked you to do his show since the incident?

GUMBEL: Yes. I've declined.

PLAYBOY: Why not lighten up? He has fun talking about all the money NBC makes paying for your suits; and on his Thanksgiving Film Festival, a marquee behind him read—

GUMBEL: BRYANT: THE MUSICAL. I hear this stuff from time to time. I don't mind being the butt of his jokes. Look, we ran into each other recently. He said, "Hey, congratulations on your success." I said, "Thanks. I'm glad things are going well for you." He said, "Thanks. Hey, you realize all this other stuff is just wrestling." I said, "Well, you may see it that way, but we really ought to talk."

PLAYBOY: Have you heard from him since then?

GUMBEL: No. That's fine. He's got other things to do.

PLAYBOY: OK. Letterman is possible in right field. How about Hartman?

GUMBEL: Haven't seen him play much, but . . . gregarious, likes to talk. Probably the catcher, because you get beat up a lot back there, too—and he took his licks early on but stayed durable. Semi-anonymous, always with the mask on and always holding a conversation with the batter.

PLAYBOY: Bryant Gumbel.

GUMBEL: [Whistles] Probably at third. All you need is a big chest and a strong arm. The analogy is a lot of guts and a fast mouth—or a fast mind. I could probably handle that. The hot corner. Ron Santo.

PLAYBOY: Dan Rather.

GUMBEL: Pitcher. Robin Roberts type. Tom Seaver type. Solid citizen. Strong right-hander. Send him out and don't even worry about it. He'll always be there.

Good counterbalance on the staff. But as an interviewer, he makes me uncomfortable, because he's very intense—and that's not me. I always wonder why his eyes don't blink.

PLAYBOY: Mike Wallace.

GUMBEL: Ah. My ace reliever. I'd send him in at every tough situation. Bases loaded, nobody out? I'd go to Wallace. He gets out right-handers and left-handers. Real good fast ball. Deceptive breaking stuff. Can throw a trick pitch. Been around. Gets warm in a hurry. You can call on him day after day.

PLAYBOY: Barbara Walters.

GUMBEL: Second base. Reminds me a lot of Tito Fuentes of the Giants. Always wore a lot of gold chains. Did everything with flair. Kind of a hot dog. I liked Tito. That's Barbara. Smaller than the other guys, but, damn it, size isn't going to be a factor, so she gets in there and mixes it up—and gets a surprising number of hits. She's competing in a league where a lot of people didn't think she could even play and she's doing all right—and she's in the starting line-up.

PLAYBOY: Jane Pauley.

GUMBEL: Jane's my third starting pitcher. She's always on my staff and in the rotation and may even be as intense as my big right-hander—though certainly not as wacky as my left-hander. I can send her out confident of getting a good, strong game. I'll always be in the ball game with her, and she's good to have around the clubhouse.

PLAYBOY: We need a left fielder.

GUMBEL: Give me names.

PLAYBOY: Roger Mudd? Connie Chung?

GUMBEL: Not Chung. She's on the bench. It would be Mudd. Roger knows his way around the ball parks; he's been in every one in the league. He's a steady influence on the club. Maybe he doesn't have the power he used to, but he'll occasionally hit a dinger. He won't embarrass me in left field.

PLAYBOY: Dick Cavett.

GUMBEL: Bat boy. There are too many sentences that include I. "Woody and I." He wouldn't be on the team.

PLAYBOY: Linda Ellerbee.

GUMBEL: She'd probably prefer to go off and start her own women's team.

PLAYBOY: What's your problem with her?

GUMBEL: I don't mean to malign her. I've just read some things she's said that seem to indicate that she believes that women are the only worthwhile people in this business. I don't even think my attitude here is negative. And, no, she's never said a bad word about me.

PLAYBOY: Howard Cosell.

GUMBEL: This may seem strange, but I'd make him the PR guy. He's what I like in a PR guy. He's combative. He doesn't have his players take all the crap. Maybe he should be the manager—the benevolent kind who doesn't necessarily meddle with the guys. He'll attract the attention and take the heat and answer the boss, the

press, the critics. And he used to be a great ballplayer in his time.

I always said when I was in sports that with every check I cashed, I should say thank you to Howard. He raised the visibility of the business enormously. He was willing to talk about things that weren't necessarily popular. He was willing to see beyond the spot of the game.

PLAYBOY: We still have Brokaw.

GUMBEL: All my spots are full. Hmm. Tom is my utility man. Not that he's on the bench, but he's always the first guy off the bench. I can play him anywhere. He's my Bob Baylor, my Lee Lacey. He's a Jack-of-all-trades—the only thing I don't ask him to do is pitch, but he doesn't mind taking a beating if I give him the catcher's spot. Tom's been hurt in some instances because he's good-looking and young. Too many people translate that to mean pretty boy. That's not true. Tom's track record is as good as, and in some cases better than, Dan Rather's. He's flat-out solid.

PLAYBOY: Since we've mentioned two network anchor men, how about the third, Peter Jennings?

GUMBEL: Not on my club. Doesn't really fit in. He thinks maybe he should be on the all-star team and skip the ball games. It's not for lack of talent, but some think they're better than they are and so a team is better off without them.

PLAYBOY: Sam Donaldson.

GUMBEL: Only one position for Sam: cheerleader. He's got the only mouth for it. [Laughs] I like Sam. I shouldn't say that. I've never met him, first off, but I like him because, in a press corps that is all too passive in this Administration, he is ever-willing to jump forward.

PLAYBOY: With apologies to those not mentioned, we'll throw out one last name: Ed Bradley.

GUMBEL: I've got only so many positions. If I could platoon, I'd pair him with Larry King in center. Ed covers a lot of ground and can do lots for me. I enjoy watching him interview, because he does his homework. He's straightforward—and I know that away from the camera, he's got a lot of personality.

PLAYBOY: Do you two ever talk about being highly visible black newsmen?

GUMBEL: No. But, then, I've never talked with Tom Brokaw about being *guys* on the air as opposed to women.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you feel colorless. Exactly what did you mean?

GUMBEL: I meant that black had stopped being the primary adjective used to describe me.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've been criticized for being too white. People have said you're the least black black person they know, and that's not entirely complimentary.

GUMBEL: That's not my problem. I do get letters that say, "You're untypically black. You dress nicely, talk nicely, look nice." But most of the black people I know look like me, talk like me, dress like me.

The problem is more in people's perception than in me.

PLAYBOY: Do the implications of those letters insult you?

GUMBEL: Yeah, but in the grand scale of things, it's minor. The more typical letter says, "I used to like you, etc., until you said such and such." In other words, I was the fair-haired boy until I pissed them off. Now I'm like every other black who's come down the pike. Well, that's too damn bad.

PLAYBOY: Has your popularity positively affected the hiring of blacks on TV?

GUMBEL: I'm reluctant to try to transfer anything that happens to Bryant Gumbel to a wider sphere. I'd love to believe it's true, though. In great part, TV has failed to increase racial sensitivities in a positive fashion. It's done little to bridge the gap between black and white. And it's less what TV has done than what it hasn't. It hasn't put enough blacks in high-visibility positions, at decision-making levels. Those failures, however intangible, can't be ignored. Too often, the only stories you see on blacks are about poverty. That reinforces stereotypes and does not advance racial harmony.

PLAYBOY: What do you see yourself doing after you're through with the *Today* show?

GUMBEL: You'll laugh, but I'd love to be a writer. Where can I go? There aren't a lot of rungs above on the ladder, and I don't say that arrogantly. I always tell myself to work up a great answer to that question, because I think I sound like a comedian when it's asked. But the answer has never occurred to me, and I don't think it's important. One day, I will get up in the morning, put my feet on the floor, look at the clock and say, "This is insane. I no longer want to do this." Hmm. If someone asked me if, at the end of my contract, I'd like to be the new commissioner of baseball, that would be attractive. But no one's offering. [Stops, looks out window] Check it out at one o'clock.

PLAYBOY: Cute. By the way, what does your wife say about all this girl watching? Do you do this in her presence?

GUMBEL: Oh, sure. But I would never say anything. Al McGuire once said that one of the rules of marriage he always followed was never commenting on another woman in his wife's presence. Not a bad rule.

PLAYBOY: But she sees your eyes wander?

GUMBEL: I think she'd have to. Don't everybody's?

PLAYBOY: What are your rules for marriage?

GUMBEL: The same as for most other things: Don't make a rule until a problem arises. Then make sure it never happens again. June and I think alike on important things.

PLAYBOY: All right, winding things up, can you describe yourself in a five-item list, in order of importance?

GUMBEL: Hmm. Individual. Family man. TV personality. Friend. Golfer.

PLAYBOY: We know golf is almost your reli-

gion. You practice it pretty seriously. What's the attraction?

GUMBEL: The bottom line is the independence, and I mean that in every sense. You're out there and can't be bothered. You can't be reached. Everything you do, you control. It's not a question of losing because your opponent hit the net or you were blinded by the sun. It's not that the pitcher was too tough or if the fence hadn't been so far away, the ball would have gone over instead of being caught. None of that comes into account. You hit the ball down the middle of the fairway because *you* did it. No one else shares in it. If it goes out of bounds, no one else is to blame. The course you're playing doesn't fight back. It can't be intimidated. All it says to you is "Nice shot. Hit another one." And any mistake you make you can't quickly undo. There's no such thing as taking a stroke back. It's there forever. Some swings are absolutely perfect. Some hit the ball only two feet. Why did one work and the other not? You weren't concentrating. Plain and simple. So the battle becomes, every time, can you concentrate to your fullest and get out every ounce of your ability at that moment? And can you do it again and again over 18 holes?

PLAYBOY: Sounds like a metaphor for your life. Are you as passionate about the *Today* show?

GUMBEL: At one minute to seven every morning, I get passionate about it. Yeah. I really do. I am aware that in 60 seconds, it goes on and I am the guy in charge. That's something to get passionate about.

PLAYBOY: What would you ask yourself if you were a guest on the *Today* show?

GUMBEL: Hmm. "Why are you here, Mr. Gumbel?"

PLAYBOY: Not good enough.

GUMBEL: I must be honest. This whole thing—interviewing *me*—is flattering. It's significant to me. Really. But for the life of me, I just can't believe I'm really that special. I know I'm a guy who has been in every magazine he can imagine, and on most TV programs, but they didn't have the same kind of significance to me as the *Playboy Interview*. I guess some would say that my sitting here should convince me.

PLAYBOY: Put aside this interview. Pretend you're a guest on your own show and time's running out. Commercial's coming up. What's the question you'd ask?

GUMBEL: Probably the dumbest you can imagine.

PLAYBOY: Give it a try.

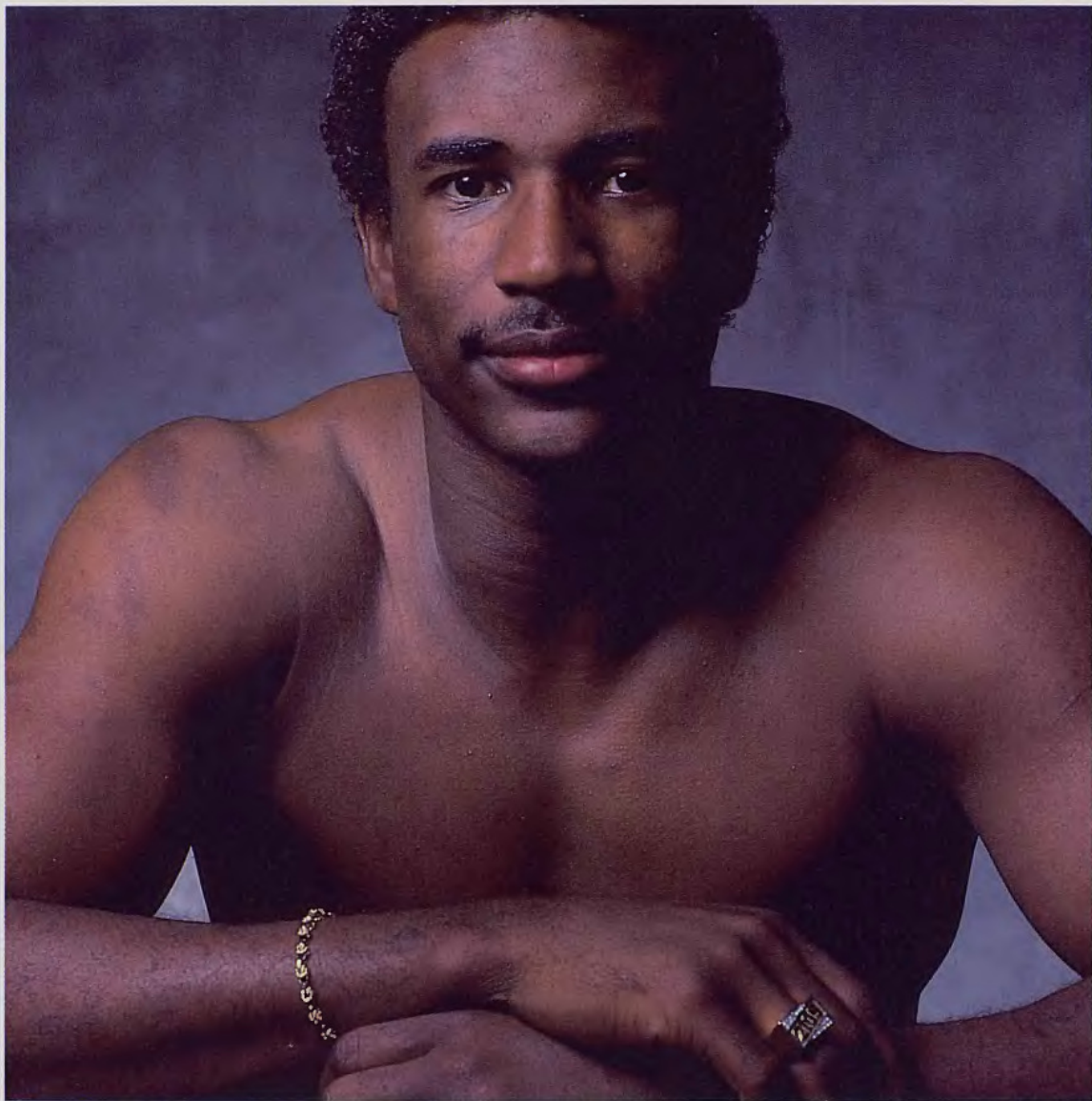
GUMBEL: "What are you *really* like?"

PLAYBOY: And the answer?

GUMBEL: Probably like nothing you'd think. [Pauses, relights cigar] I'd probably look at the guy and see that in comparison with other people who do this job, he's really . . . a different kind of personality. Maybe more flamboyant. And I'd wonder how the hell he fits into this group. The quick answer would be "He doesn't."




WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?



Eric Dickerson

Two years ago, he broke O. J. Simpson's single-season N.F.L. rushing record. "The play I broke the record on was a 47 gap. I needed five yards and got seven . . . didn't hit anybody, just made a couple of quick moves." Last year, he romped for 248 yards against Dallas, destroying the league's 22-year-old play-off rushing record. What sort of man is he? "I'm

a very strong man, very dominant. I don't feel intimidated by anyone, any time or anywhere." Why does he read **PLAYBOY**? "Sometimes I read the articles, but most of the time I'll open to the centerfold. What I like most are those beautiful women. A lot of the women in **PLAYBOY** are . . . luscious." Eric Dickerson, the sort of man who reads **PLAYBOY**. 

CIVILIZATION

REVISITED

your formal invitation to the good life in the eighties

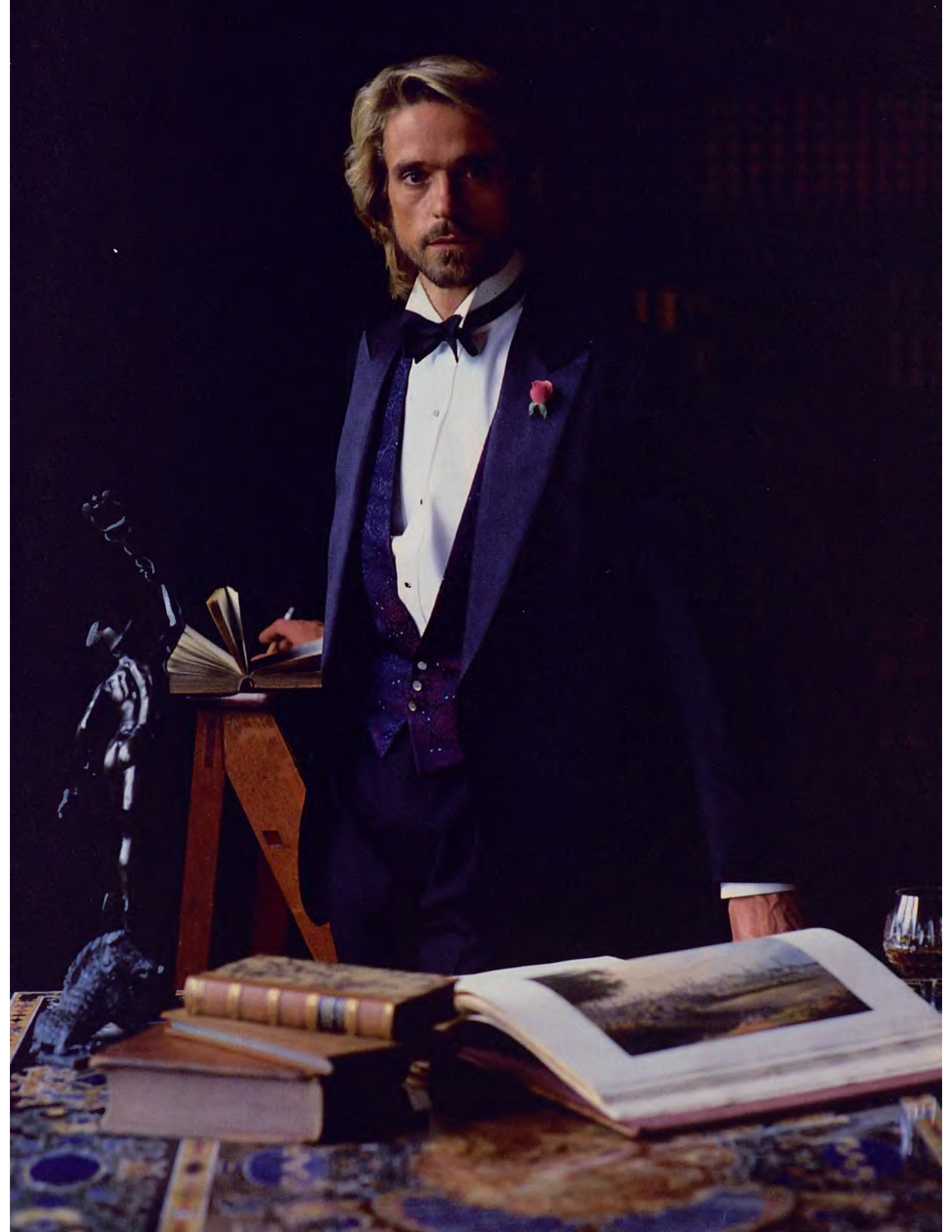
NOBODY LOOKED better in a top hat than Fred Astaire. Pop on a top-per today, though, and people will assume that you sing telegrams for a living. That isn't civilized. Ditto for ascots. A civilized man brandishes no such affectations; he simply exudes smartness and elegance. The style is effortless and unflinching, like Jeremy Irons starring

with the Royal Shakespeare Company or in his new film, *The Mission*. A civilized man is not afraid of tuxedos. He understands that you must always wear your tuxedo; never let it wear you. Act loose. Be a guy. The most elegant thing you can do in black tie is eat breakfast; take your date, postbinge, to a swanky old hotel dining room where business drudges can spy

you over their eggs and wonder what they're doing wrong. Civilized men, of course, are better lovers. In conversation, unbridled eye contact succeeds over chatter. It is poor form to swagger and bluster. Dorothy Parker's idea of perfection: "His voice was intimate as the rustle of sheets and he kissed easily." These seem like good qualities to muster. Other *de rigueur*



Jeremy Irons, right, oozes civilization, British style. His custom-made tux is from Garrick Anderson, \$1200; the waistcoat, \$175, and tie, \$30, from Dunhill Tailors; the tux shirt, by Hilditch & Key, \$110. The well-bred dressing table includes an 18-kt.-gold Tank watch, \$6500, 18-kt.-gold cuticle scissors, \$1350, and matching nail file, \$1375, all from Cartier. The blindingly white cotton-voile tuxedo shirt, by Sulka, \$125; the silk Jacquard bow tie, by Addison on Madison, \$17; the cummerbund, by Ermenegildo Zegna, \$75; and the silk-faille braces, by Gorsart of N.Y.C., \$22.50. The ensemble is stylishly secured by malachite-and-onyx studs, \$1425, and cuff links, \$1575, both by Cartier.





James Cagney,
Jimmy the Gent



Cary Grant,
Champagne Champ



Cab Calloway,
Mooch Ado



Ronald Reagan,
Tuxedo-in-Chief



Marlene Dietrich,
Best Cross-Dressed



Humphrey Bogart,
Best Half-Dressed



Bela Lugosi,
Vampire Squire



Sean Connery,
Licensed to Thrill

moves: Take her arm when strolling. Unfasten her pearls at night's end. Dip her fingers in cognac and suck them dry—what the heck. But what about a role model? Without question, Cary Grant is the avatar of the entire dashing breed. He essays the bracing mix of easy charm and sly panache like no other guy's guy. His credo: "We should all just smell well and enjoy ourselves more." Accordingly, the civilized man uses deodorant and cologne sparingly. He does, however, shower with a vengeance. Or, to echo royal snob Cecil Beaton, "What is elegance? Soap and water!" Blow driers, by the way, are the bane of civilization. Espresso is the height. Shoes should lace up, not slip on (loafers are for Yups, thank you). Civilized men read novels and not just mysteries. They know it's never too late to take piano lessons. If not passionate, they are at least patient about opera. And, perhaps most significant, they fully appreciate the wonders of bubbly. We like that sparkling scene in *The Philadelphia Story* in which Jimmy Stewart informs Cary Grant, "Champagne is a great leveler... it makes you my equal."

Fred Astaire's sense of style (opposite page) rises within him the way bubbles rise in champagne: It makes him lighter than air, a dancer unfettered by gravity and other weighty matters. Tiny baubles that will lighten your style (and wallet) include the classics pictured at right. From the top: Smolder over a sterling cigar holder, from the Sentimento Collection, about \$350, and a gold-plated cutter, by Dunhill, \$100. Take a stylish snort from a sterling flask, also from Sentimento, about \$450. Then stave off tardiness at the hands of an 18-kt.-gold pocket watch with nautical design, from Leighton, \$9500. Keep abreast with a lizard coat wallet, by Alfred Dunhill of London, \$135. This 18-kt.-gold key chain is dangled by Cartier, \$700. To add extra pluck, Asprey offers an 18-kt.-gold toothpick, \$410. Just in the nicotine, Leighton brings forth its black-enamel-and-18-kt.-gold cigarette case, \$4000. To ignite the night, Cartier flashes its lacquer lighter, \$240. You will get your Wordsworth when you unsheath Asprey's *art nouveau* pen with 14-kt.-gold overlay, \$2400. Finally, achieve pocket panache with Tiffany's 18-kt.-gold money clip, \$725, and make notable observations of endangered species with Asprey's crocodile jotter, \$250.





CHAMPAGNE

the essential truth about the world's most elegant wine and a guide to some great little-known marques

No other wine has the charm and disarming generosity of champagne. It has quelled wars, tired hearts, given strength to the weak, brought giants to their knees. Napoleon's Josephine bathed in it; Beau Brummell had his boot polish made with it. Today, champagne is administered as medicine in many of France's maternity hospitals.

But what is this wine we call champagne? It is a sparkling wine made by inducing a second fermentation in the bottle, from a blend of any ratio of just three grape varieties—Pinot Noir, Pinot Meunier, Chardonnay—from a delimited area within the province of Champagne, France. Sadly, champagne is not always clearly understood, either as being distinct from other sparkling wines or for its many styles. Statistics show that in the U.S.A., the five most promoted brands enjoy about two thirds of the market. But here is an assortment of ten undiscovered champagnes. Their quality, however, bears no relationship to their lack of prominence.

But first, a few words about their subtle differences. Most champagne is *brut*,

or dry and nonvintage. Lesser dry styles—extra-dry, *demi-sec* and *doux*—also have their place as accompaniments to various foods. Nonvintage is blended from different harvests that alone were not atypical but when blended with others produce a consistent champagne character. Vintage champagne is made in years when mother nature has harmonized the many viticultural factors required to produce the best from a single year. Crémant is a champagne made by inducing about two thirds the amount of pressure in the bottle—making an effervescent, creamy wine that has less length on the palate. Blanc de Blancs is a wholly Chardonnay wine. These champagnes range in style from those of great finesse to others of extreme power. Many houses market prestige *cuvée* and herald it as the

best of the line. Rarely do these wines justify the price asked, and often they are of inconsistent quality. They're for those with more money than style. Rosé champagne can be fabulous and often offers more variety of choice. It is made either predominantly or totally from black grapes and may be vintage or nonvintage. Among champagnes, it is an underestimated pleasure but one that seems to be enjoying renewed popularity now. Here, then, are some champagnes to set you apart from the crowd.

—GEORGE TRUBY AND
PETER M.F. SICHEL



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE JORDANO



THE BUBBLING BESTS

Mumm Crémant de Cramant: A 100 percent Chardonnay wine from a single *grand cru* vineyard, Cramant. It's an especially pleasing daytime aperitif.

Dom Ruinart Blanc de Blancs: From the oldest house (1729) in Champagne and named after the founder's uncle, a Benedictine monk and a contemporary of Dom Pérignon.

Laurent-Perrier Ultra Brut: Laurent-Perrier is the rising star of Champagne. The *Ultra Brut* is made without dosage—a dash of champagne and sugar added before the final corking. Excellent with oysters.

Charles Heidsieck: Once very prominent in American markets—*Champagne Charlie* was sung from the Copacabana to Palm Beach in the Twenties—it remains a top-quality wine.

Krug: In each outstanding vintage—not every one—Krug produces just over 1000 cases from a single four-acre vineyard, the Clos du Mesnil. The 1979 is a real powerhouse.

Bollinger Vieilles Vignes Françaises: The grapes are grown on two small plots never affected by Phylloxera. In 1969 (a small but high-quality vintage), it made a special *cuvée* to commemorate the 70th birthday of Mme. Lily Bollinger—and continues to do so in deserving years. This is a bolder, more powerful champagne.

Jacquart: Few houses do extra-dry champagne well. Jacquart does it superbly. It goes particularly well with pastries.

Charbaut Certificate Rosé: Rosé champagne has not found a permanent niche in champagne popularity. Fortunately, it's now in season, and Charbaut's is outstanding.

Deutz: Even without its label, designed by French artist Georges Mathieu, this champagne is magnificent. Deutz is one of the most underrated of the small producers.

Philippinotat Clos des Goisses: The epicure will appreciate this single-vineyard champagne from one of the few remaining family-owned houses. It's as subtle and complex as champagne can be. It's not for everyone; but not everyone deserves it.

WHAT THE GREAT CHEFS ARE FIXING AT HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

away from the office, these restaurateurs have no reservations when entertaining their families and friends

MICHAEL FOLEY (chef/owner, Printer's Row, First Street and Foley's Grand Ohio, Chicago): I like to think of my house as a noisy neighborhood bistro. When guests come in, they smell baking bread and cider.

I don't like everything planned and laid out. It's important not to control your guests. You'll only get tired from pushing people around, or you'll be depressed. Instead, I set up activity centers: I put champagne and mulled wine in one corner and a big slab of cheese and bread in another corner, in front of the fire. I also leave a huge sheet pan of mussels on a table. And there's always smoked food—oysters and caviar, salmon or trout. I make sure there's a game of cards or pool going, too.

The meal is family style, so that people can relax. They can eat whatever they want. I always make eight or nine pots of food. People love to look inside the pots and handle them. In one they might find a purée of carrots or rutabagas and in another, cabbage. I love to make braised rabbit with mustard. I serve corn sticks and bacon-cheese muffins with it, and together they're marvelous. After dessert, which is usually a chocolate *torte* and a raspberry fool, I end the meal with aniseed cookies, port and hot Mexican coffee. The aromas are incredible.

Each year, we manage to overcook a roast. My father starts it early in the day to make it tender and juicy. But as people arrive, they check the oven and say, "Oh, the oven's not even on!" and then jack up the temperature. By the time my father walks in to check it, the oven's at 500 degrees. So the roast gets to the table overcooked. And it happens every year.

GILBERT LE COZE (chef/co-owner, Le Bernardin, New York City and Paris): My sister, Maguy, and I go to our parents' house in Brittany for Christmas. It's just the



four of us. The big stone house, which has a huge flower garden, is right on the sea in a little village called Port Navalo, on the Gulf of Morbihan. I grew up there, so it's my favorite part of the world.

Generally, when I'm not in the restaurant, I never, never, never want to cook. So my father works in the kitchen. He gets completely involved in the preparation. Days before we arrive, he drives around the countryside and goes to farms, looking for the best chickens, and he brings up the best bottles from his wine cellar. We begin the dinner with oysters and shrimp that we've caught ourselves. Then my father makes a wonderful roast chicken, stuffed with chestnuts. It's one of my favorite dishes. With it, we have lots of fried potatoes and a salad with just a little bit of garlic and some olive oil and ground nuts.

When someone else does the cooking, it's not difficult for me to separate myself from the food. I respect people too much to crit-

icize their efforts. I can't say, "No, I don't want that—it's not good." It wouldn't be fair, because they've spent a lot of time with it. So, if the food is burned, you just eat the burned food, drink a little more wine and do a little more talking. Everybody's too serious all the time—remember, this *is* a holiday.

People who want to make a nice dinner will inevitably stay in the kitchen all day. But the work is part of the celebration. We hang around the kitchen until my father wants to be left alone with his sauces; then we drink and talk and keep the big fireplace lighted. When I return to Brittany, I also like to play the bagpipes. It's a tradition, and every year I get worse and worse. But it's fun.

UDO NECHUTNYS (chef, Miramonte Restaurant, St. Helena, California): When I invite people, I always want the best conversation and music. I really enjoy spending as much time as possible with my friends, and I want them to feel right at home.

I usually plan my holiday menu about four weeks ahead of time. That lets me work around my guests' likes and dislikes. The menu's geared to group involvement, because I don't want people sitting stiffly at the table, waiting for the next course. Everyone hangs around the kitchen, drinking champagne and tasting appetizers. Then we all get to work opening oysters. And there's always someone who learns how to put together my crab bouillabaisse.

I like to serve wild game—pheasant's my specialty. Friends who hunt always bring me some. I serve it with wild mushrooms and a celery-root purée, which are wonderful winter vegetables. I usually choose Roquefort for the cheese course, since I can (concluded on page 190)

For chef Michael Foley (in green sweater), home can be a neighborhood bistro: "Set up family-style food, keep it simple—and relax."



T A N G O

DANCING, we have reason to believe, is the most civilized form of social intercourse; and the most scandalous of all dances is, unquestionably, the tango. Designed for sultry sophisticates who are unafraid to touch, it is pure libido dipped in *salsa*, scorched in Latin lust. Tango writhes and whirls and grinds and gropes with syncopated abandon. It's high drama accompanied by cervical whiplash and wanton disregard for shoe leather. In short, it is your best bet for cheap thrills under a flimsy veneer of *haute* style and impeccable manners. To demonstrate some of the more mesmerizing maneuvers of the fateful embrace, *PLAYBOY* called on that fleet-footed paradigm of civility Jay Leno, whose series of late-night NBC comedy specials debuted this fall. His lissome partner in sublimity is our 1986 Playmate of the Year, Kathy Shower. We asked Leno, properly slicked down for the occasion, whether he felt like Valentino. "More like Vaseline," he said. "But it's the look you want to achieve. It's also important to try to make your sideburns resemble Spock's." He offers special insight into the techniques pictured here, beginning with the pose below left. "One: Always approach the most beautiful woman in the room with a small gift, like, say, a Ferrari, a Rolls-Royce, maybe even a rose. [Tip: It's considered good form to bite a rose stem while tangoing. Practice at home first on barbed wire.] Two: Be forceful. Before you even say hello, place your arm around her waist and pull her ankle up your thigh. Women like this. Three: As you dance, hold her with only one hand, leaving your other hand free to wave to your friends. And four: When lifting her leg up to expose her underwear, a gentleman will always turn her away from the bus boys who are watching from the corner. Instead, find a mirror."

Jay Leno
and Kathy
Shower
practice the
Latin rhythm
method

It's been said that a woman learns most about a man by dancing with him. So what has Playmate of the Year Kathy Shower found out about the sure-footed Jay Leno? "I think she's just happy I didn't drop her."



AMERICANO

argentina's
literary giant
tells the
story of the
world's most
sensuous
dance

THE HISTORY OF TANGO

article By JORGE LUIS BORGES

RESEARCHERS HAVE painstakingly delved into the origin of that most sensuous of dances—the tango. I subscribe to every one of their conclusions, and, for that matter, to any other.

One popular theory holds that the tango originated in the Buenos Aires slums (this was promoted by moviemakers who thought that tenements had good photographic qualities). My own and, I like to think, more reliable sources hold that the tango originated in Argentine brothels around 1885. This theory is confirmed by the cost of the instruments on which tangos were first played—piano, flute and violin—instruments far beyond the means of the inhabitants of the shabby outskirts of Buenos Aires, whose music was confined to the guitar.

There is no lack of further confirmation: the lasciviousness of the dance steps and the sexual connotations of certain titles (for example, *El Fierrazo*, "the big rod") and the fact that, as a boy, I myself observed the tango danced on street corners by male couples—because decent women would have no part of such a wanton display.

(The upper classes were, naturally, appalled by the tango and referred to it as "that reptile from the brothel." But then, about 1910, it was made respectable by—of course!—Paris.)

The first tangos had no lyrics; or if they did, the lyrics were improvised and usually obscene. Some dealt with country life, because their composers sought popular subjects, and low life and the slums were not poetic material—not then. Other tangos were lighthearted bits of boasting. Later on, the lyrics chronicled the seamy side of life. Loneliness was a favorite theme, and there were also tangos of recrimination, tangos of hatred and tangos full of mockery or bitterness. Eventually, all the hustle and bustle of the city began making their way into the tango; and I can remember pieces that were called *The Rose Garden* and *My Nights at the Opera*.

Someone once remarked, "If I can write all the nation's ballads, I don't care who writes its laws." This observation suggests that popular poetry can influence sentiments and shape behavior. If we apply this thesis to the tango, we will find in it a mirror of our daily lives.

Musically, the tango may not be important; its only importance is what we attribute to it. This is not unjust, but it applies equally to everything under the sun—to our own death, for example, or to the woman who rejects us.

Dictionaries of music give a short, adequate definition both elementary and straightforward ("a dance of long, gliding steps and intricate poses, written in $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{4}{4}$ time"), but a composer who correctly follows such a definition and pieces together a "tango" finds to his astonishment that he has constructed something that our ears do not recognize, that our memories do not cherish and that our bodies reject—for the tango, like all that is genuine, is mysterious. It might be said that without Buenos Aires evenings and nights, no tango can be made; and that, indeed, may be the only truth about the origin of the tango.

—Translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni



PARTNERS

he was a rising star—and almost got knocked out of the sky

WHEN Dean Robinson finally made partner at his law firm, his life changed. Edward Hooper, one of the older partners, did everything he could to make the transition easy. Between conferences and dinners with clients, the days of free-associating in his office seemed over for Dean.

"You're certainly making this painless," Dean told Edward Hooper one hot afternoon when a suffocating breeze moved from the high plains through the city. Dean felt

fiction

By **THOMAS MCGUANE**





he ought to say something.

"An older lawyer did the same for me," said Edward.

"I hope I can thank you in some way," said Dean, concealing his boredom.

"I thanked mine," said Edward, "by being the first to identify his senility and showing him the door. It was a mercy killing."

Dean perked up at this.

Edward Hooper's caution and scholarly style were not Dean's. Yet Dean found himself studying him, noting the three-piece suits, the circular tortoise-shell glasses and the bulge of chest muscle under the vest. It fascinated Dean that Edward's one escape from his work was not golf, not sailing or tennis, but the most vigorous kind of duckhunting, reclining in a layout boat with 100 decoys, a shotgun in his arms and the spray turning to sleet around him. At Christmas, Edward gave the secretaries duck he had smoked himself.

Friday evening, Edward caught Dean in the elevator. Edward wore a blue suit with a dark-blue, silver-striped tie and carried, instead of a briefcase, his old-fashioned brown accordion file with a string tie. One side of the elevator was glass, affording a view of the edge of the city and the prairie beyond. Dean could imagine the aboriginal hunters out there and, in fact, could almost picture Edward among them, avuncular, restrained and armed. Grooved concrete shot past as they descended in the glass elevator. The door opened on a foyer almost a story and a half high, with immense trees growing out of holes in the lobby floor.

"Here's the deal," said Edward, turning in the foyer to genially stop Dean's progress. He had a way of fingering the edge of Dean's coat as he thought. "One of my clients wants me for dinner tomorrow night. Terry Bidwell. He is the least fun of all my clients, and I'd like you to walk through this with me. He's the biggest client we've got." Edward looked up from Dean's lapels to meet his eyes with his usual expression, which hovered between seriousness and mischief.

"What do you see me doing?" Dean asked.

"I see you massaging this fellow's ego, forming a bond. It's shitwork."

"I'll be there," said Dean. It occurred to him that being the only unmarried partner was part of his selection, part of his utility as a partner. But being singled out by the canny and dignified Edward Hooper was a pleasure in itself.

Dean left his car in town on Saturday night and rode out to the Bidwells' with Edward. The house was of recent construction, standing in a cottonwood grove where the original ranch house must have been, and the lawn was carefully mown and clipped around the old horse

corral. There was a deep groove in the even grass where, in simpler times, thousands of cattle had gone to slaughter.

Dean and Edward stepped up to the door, Edward giving Dean a little thrust of the elbow as though to say, "Here goes," and knocked.

There came the barking of deep-throated dogs and the door parted, then opened fully, revealing Georgeanne Bidwell. She flung her arms around Dean, then held him away from her. She was an old girlfriend, actually his favorite one.

"I can't believe it!"

"Neither can I," said Dean, feeling the absurdity of his subdued reply.

Georgeanne, whom Dean had not seen in a decade, took him by the arm as though she needed it for support. "I haven't seen this man since spring break in Nineteen-what?"

Terry Bidwell appeared at the end of the front hall and blocked off most of its light. He took in his wife, clinging to Dean's arm. "A little wine," he said, "perhaps a couple of candles?"

Dean thrust out his free hand. "Dean Robinson," he said. "How do you do?"

"I'm getting there, pardner," said Terry Bidwell, looking at the hand and then taking it. Terry still looked like the football star he had been. Georgeanne had always had a football player, and this was certainly the big one. His face was undisguised by its contemporary cherubic haircut, his thighs by his vast slacks. He smiled at Edward without shaking his hand and turned to lead them into the living room. Dean, behind him, marveled at the expanse of his back. But the face was most astonishing; handsome, it was, nevertheless, the face of a Visigoth.

A television glowed silently in the living room, running national news, and when the sports came on, Terry took a remote channel changer from his pocket, turned up the volume, got the scores and muted it again. He didn't pour them drinks, but he went to the bottles and named the brands. Then he went to the half-size refrigerator, pulled open the door and said, "Ice."

"You've really made this place your own," Edward said, gazing around.

Is that a compliment? Dean wondered.

"It is our own," said Terry. "I paid for it."

Edward turned to Dean, but without full eye contact. "Terry has an air-charter service that fills a gap."

"The northern Rockies?" said Terry. "A gap?" Terry's excitement over this point gave Dean a chance to look at

Georgeanne, still as pretty as when they had dated. She had a long chestnut braid down the middle of her back and bright black eyes that missed nothing. At one time, she had seemed to be astonished at everything she heard: It was part of her charm. That astonishment had been modulated to the point that it was now a mys-

tery whether or not she was hearing any of this at all.

Seeing her took Dean back to when everything had seemed possible, though he remembered being exhausted by the alternatives. What was that old dilemma? Whether to cover yourself with glory or with flannel. I am well on my way, thought Dean, to covering myself with flannel.

They moved like a drill team to the dining room. Next to the table was a vast window with a white grid overlay to suggest multiple panes. A pond had been dug out and landscaped, and the perfection of its grassy banks and evenly spaced, languorous willows depressed Dean. A silent woman in an apron began to serve the meal. Dean was in a swoon to find his old crush on Georgeanne intact.

"Well," said Georgeanne, raising her glass. "How good to see everyone so healthy, and so prosperous!" They all raised their glasses. The Burgundy made red shadows on the tablecloth. Dean had his throbbing hand on Georgeanne's leg. Edward stared at him and he removed it.

"You seem quiet," said Terry to Dean. I wonder if *he* noticed, Dean thought, looking back at the slab face with its small ears and the corded neck set about with alpaca. He couldn't tell by looking over at Georgeanne, who seemed serene, practically sleepy.

"Dean has learned restraint since rising to partnership. It's very becoming."

"Partner!" said Georgeanne. Only a pretty woman could chance a screech like this one. Dean jumped.

"They've got me on a trial basis. I could be sent down any time."

"Oh, no, no, no," said Edward. "It's quite final. That's the charm."

"We haven't got titles in my racket," said Terry. "Just the balance sheet and a five-year plan."

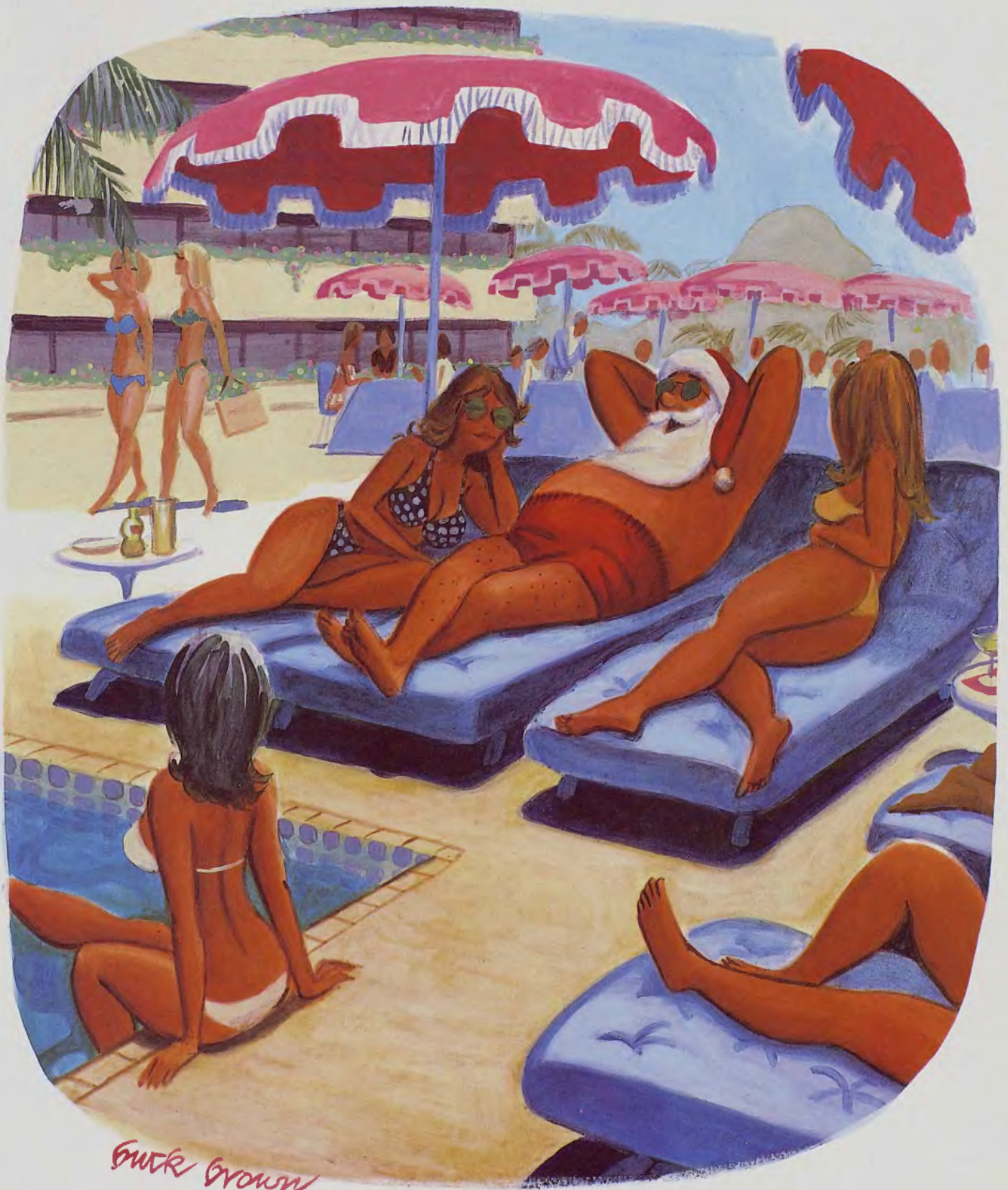
Dean listened, nodding mechanically and asking himself how Terry even got anyone to ride in his airplanes. He thought there would be a polite way to ask the question but feared hearing all too clearly how America was beating a path to his hangar.

Dean sensed only vaguely that Terry might be bridling at the idea that a smooth transition was under way, from Edward, the firm's certified gray eminence, to a rising star whose performance might be limited by an on-the-job-training atmosphere. Even Dean couldn't guess how much of this might be true.

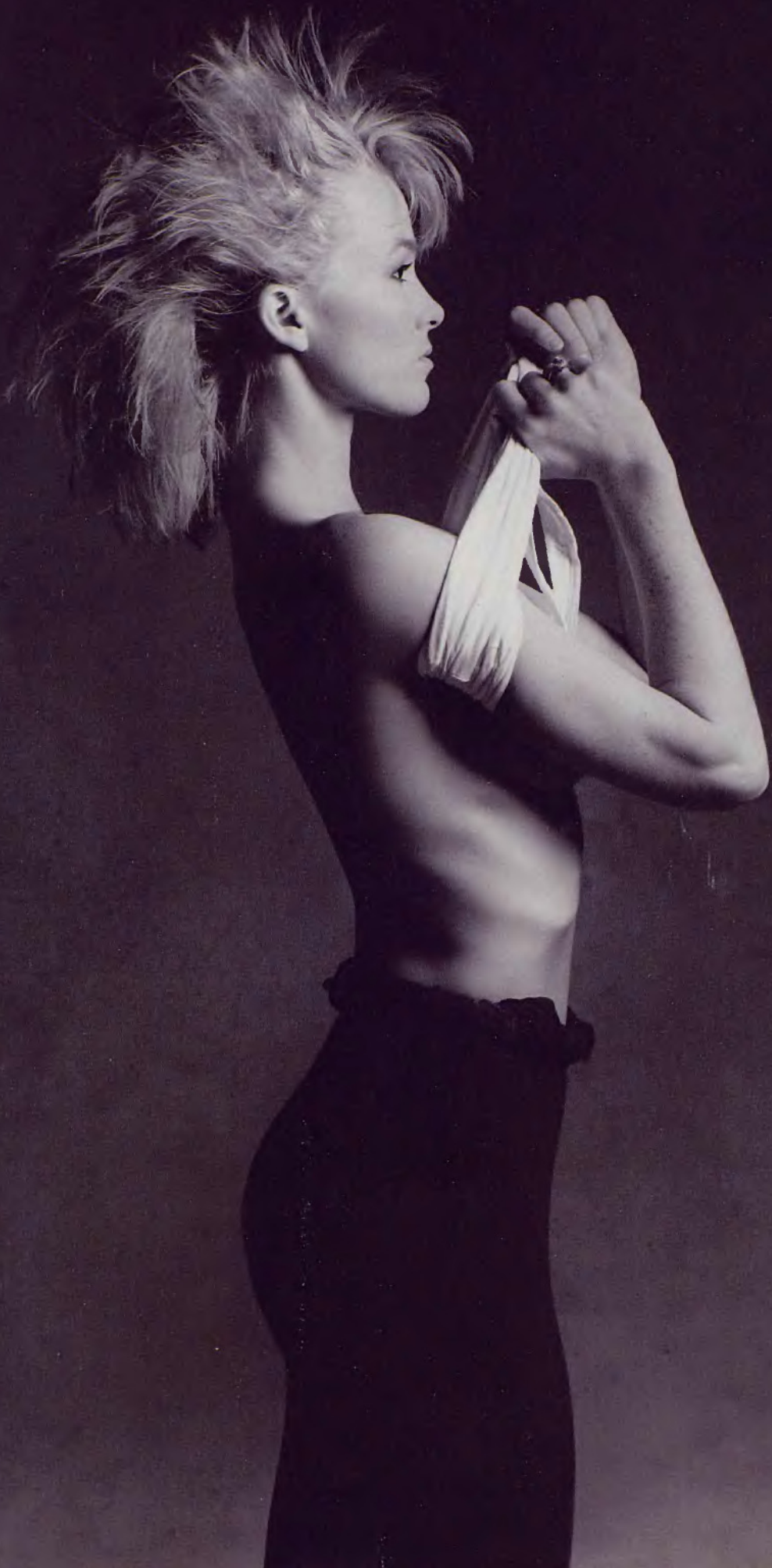
He dropped the thought because it led nowhere and it was difficult to think of anything more than Georgeanne's leg, the yellow dress with its wet handprint.

Dinner seemed to go on and on, a less attractive form of nourishment, thought Dean, than an I.V. bottle. Edward said something about using franchise principles

(continued on page 234)



*"And then I realized I couldn't take another Christmas
Eve staring up little reindeer asses!"*

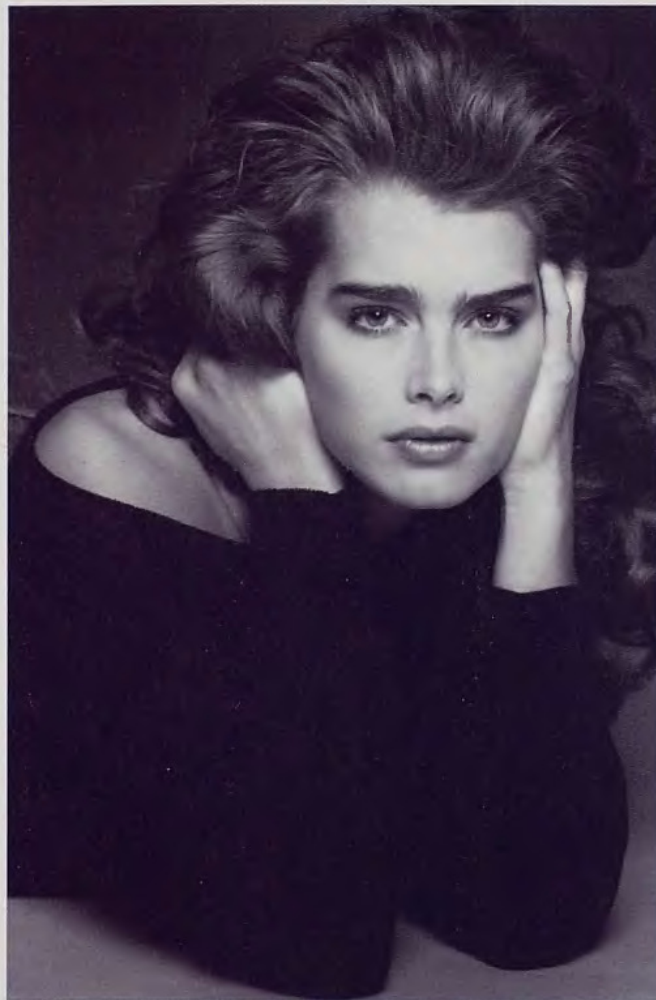


G O R G E O U S

GIRLS

a portfolio
by
Patrick Demarchelier

an appreciation
by
Bruce Jay Friedman



Brooke Shields

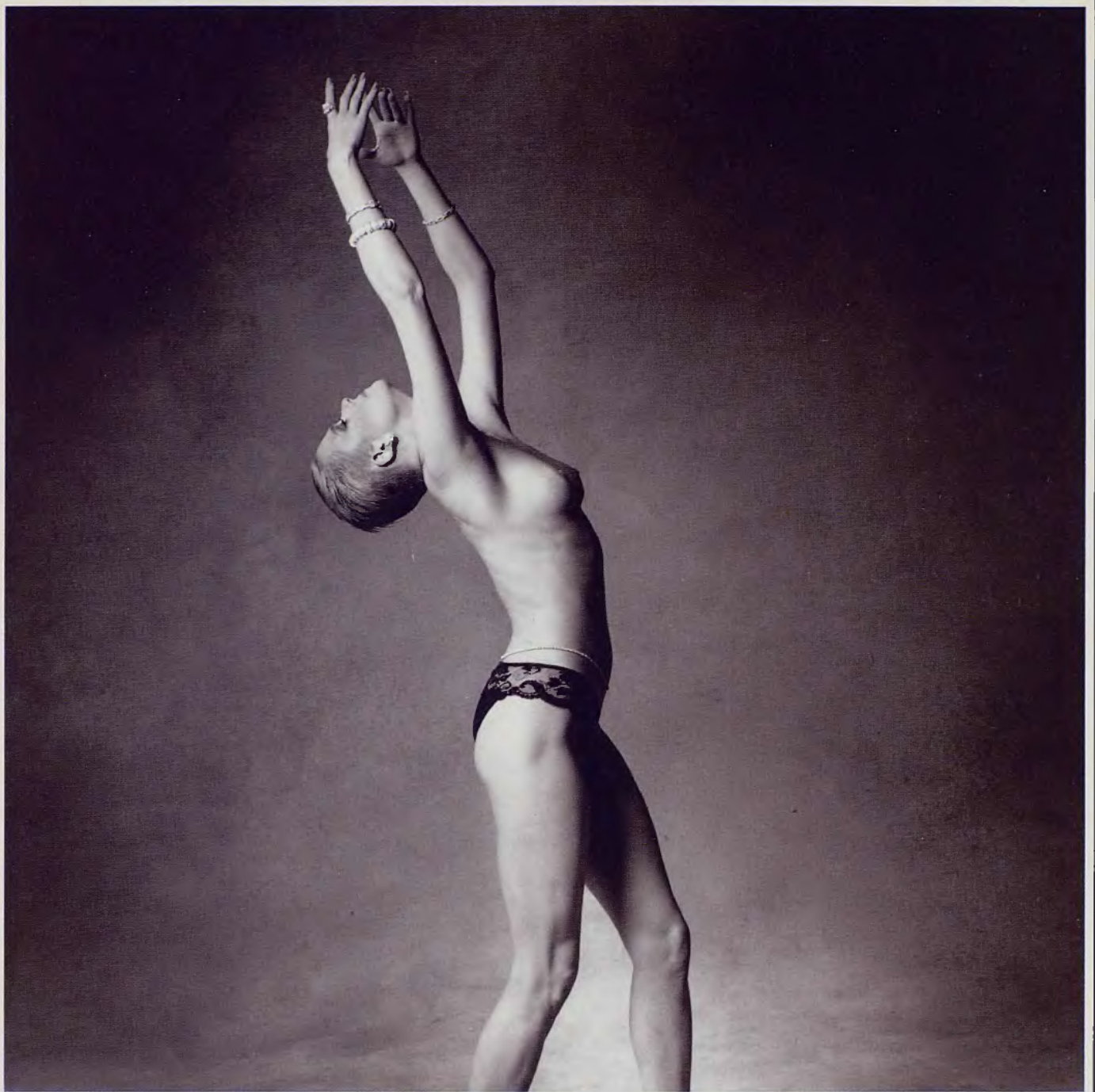
*eight women
caught
in the act
of being
beautiful*

NONE of the women shown here will have trouble finding a husband when she's past 30, despite the results of recent studies. And if she has one already, she will be

able to get a second one. All are Gorgeous Girls who will never have to worry about day-care centers or the best way to clean a refrigerator. Nor will you find them at The Salty Dog, being asked if they come there often. They are not that kind of woman.

The reason they all look so serious is that they are being photographed by Patrick Demarchelier, which is no small thing. You don't rush up to him and say, "Take my picture." You have to be a card-carrying G.G. before he will go near you. Demarchelier has photographed each of these women with a subtle interplay of light and shadow. It's not that other photographers use a klutzy interplay of light and shadow. No one is saying that. It's just that Demarchelier's is just a tad more subtle than the other fellows'. Which is why he's Demarchelier. Some guesses as to what these women have in common:

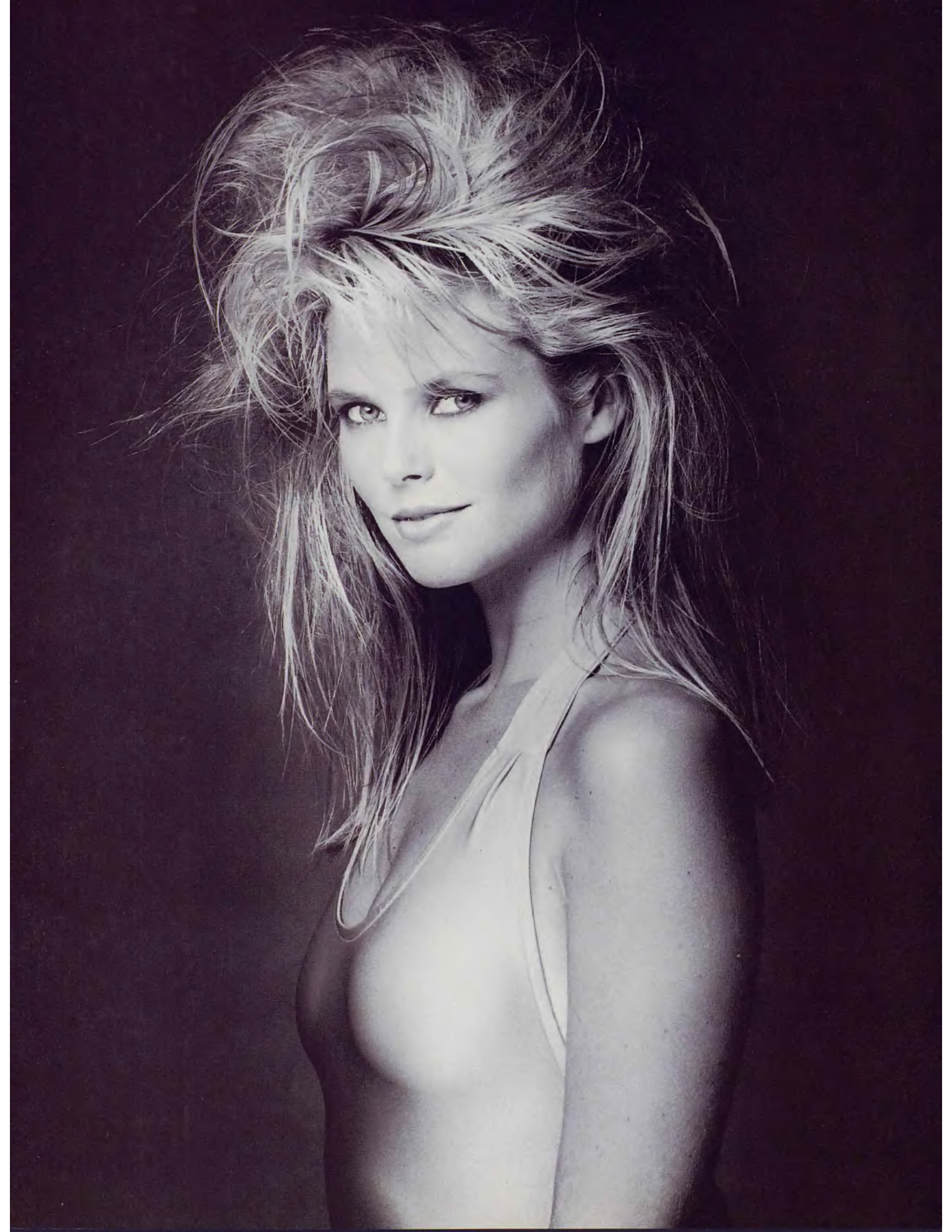
Janet Jones



Melanie Griffith

- Each one likes a man with a sense of humor. If he has a sense of humor and is also connected to a banking family, that's good, too.
- Each has invested wisely. She has a portfolio with a nice mix of triple-tax-free municipals and real estate. An investment-broker friend she met in a disco—possibly through Vitas Gerulaitis—keeps a close eye on her portfolio and makes sure she doesn't lose a quarter. How would it look if he had to say, "I blew Paulina's modeling savings"?
- Each feels she is just a little girl at heart.
- Each likes Jack Nicholson and believes that hunger should be eradicated.

Christie Brinkley





Would these women like one another if they were thrown together in a room? Yes, but only if there were someone to loosen them up a bit. Not Demarchelier. If he walked into the room, they'd all get grim again and start striking G.G. poses. That's the effect he has. It would have to be some short guy in a caftan. He'd tell them some Halston gossip and they'd all start cracking up and become the best of friends. If no little guy came in, possibly Christie Brinkley would get things going. She looks like the cutup of the crowd. She's even managed a little bit of a smile in her photograph. In any case, Brinkley would tell them about a model who'd done something tacky on an assignment in Tangier. Once the ice was broken, the others would cut loose, each with her own story about a model *she* knew who was *really* tacky. Before you know it, the room would be Tack City, all taking turns grossing the others out and having the time of their lives.

Jacqueline
Bisset



Paulina
Porizkova

Some nagging questions posed by these pictures:

- Is Janet Jones wondering which is a better career move—to appear tough or to appear vulnerable?
- What would Brooke Shields's career be like if it hadn't been shaped by her mom? Would it be flying all over the place or would it be on track?
- Why is Melanie Griffith constantly bending and stretching?
- Do Christie Brinkley's views on arms reduction differ from Patti Hansen's?
- Is it possible to catch Paulina in something other than a pensive mood? Does she hit the ground pensive and stay that way all day?



Debra Winger


- How can Jacqueline Bisset be a normal individual one moment and then, all of a sudden, be thunderously beautiful?
- Will Patti Hansen's exposed half nipple set off a new half-a-nip craze? Will men go berserk wanting to see the other half, never stopping to consider that half is better than none?
- When Hollywood is called to account for its crimes of the Eighties, will it respond, quite properly, "But we gave you Debra Winger"?

For those who are intimidated by these women, it's important to remember that each had a father who told her to go to her room when she was naughty.

Patti Hansen







B L I N D S I G H T

two kinds of people came to this planet—those who wanted to hide and those who wanted to seek

fiction **By ROBERT SILVERBERG** THAT'S MY MARK, Juanito told himself. That one, there. That one for sure. He stared at the new dinkos coming off the midday shuttle from Earth. The one he meant to go for was the one with no eyes at all, blank from brow to bridge of nose, just the merest suggestions of shadowy pits below the smooth skin of the forehead. As if the eyes had been erased, Juanito thought. But, in fact, they had probably never been there in the first

place. It didn't look like a retrofit gene job, more like a prenatal splice.

He knew he had to move fast. There was plenty of competition. Fifteen, 20 couriers here in the waiting room, gathering like vultures, and they were some of the best: Ricky, Lola, Kluge, Nattathaniel, Delilah. Everybody looked hungry today. Juanito couldn't afford to get shut out. He hadn't worked in six weeks, and it was time. His last job had been a fast-talking, fancy-dancing Hungarian, wanted on Commonplace and maybe two or three other satellite worlds for dealing in plutonium. Juanito had milked that one for all it was worth, but you can milk only so long. The newcomers learn the system, they melt in and become invisible, and there's no reason for them to go on paying. Then you have to find a new client.

"OK," Juanito said, looking around challengingly. "There's mine—the weird one. The one with half a face. Anybody else want him?"

Kluge laughed and said, "He's all yours, man."

"Yeah," Delilah said, with a little shudder. "All yours." That saddened him, her chiming in like that. It had always disappointed Juanito that Delilah didn't have his kind of imagination. "Christ," she said. "I bet he'll be plenty of trouble."

"Trouble's what pays best," Juanito said. "You want to go for the easy ones, that's fine with me." He grinned at her and waved at the others. "If we're all agreed, I think I'll head downstairs now. See you later, people."

He started to move inward and downward along the shuttle-hub wall. Dazzling sunlight glinted off the docking module's silvery rim and off the Earth shuttle's thick columnar docking shaft, wedged into the center of the module like a spear through a doughnut. On the far side of the wall, the new dinkos were making their wobbly way past the glowing ten-meter-high portrait of *El Supremo* and on into the red-fiberglass tent that was the fumigation chamber. As usual, they were having a hard time with the low gravity. Here at the hub, it was one sixteenth *g*, max.

Juanito always wondered about the newcomers, why they were here, what they were fleeing. Only two kinds of people ever came to Valparaiso, those who wanted to hide and those who wanted to seek. The place was nothing but an enormous space-going safe house. You wanted to be left alone, you came to Valparaiso and bought yourself some privacy. But that implied that you had done something that made other people not want to let you alone. There was always some of both going on here, some hiding, some seeking, *El Supremo* looking down benignly on it all, raking in his cut. And not just *El Supremo*.

Down below, the new dinkos were trying to walk jaunty, to walk mean. But that

was hard to do when you were keeping your body all clenched up as if you were afraid of drifting into mid-air if you put your foot down too hard. Juanito loved it, the way they were crunching along, that constipated shuffle of theirs.

Gravity stuff didn't ever bother Juanito. He had spent all his life out here in the satellite worlds, and he took it for granted that the pull was going to fluctuate according to your distance from the hub. You automatically made compensating adjustments, that was all. Juanito found it hard to understand a place where the gravity would be the same everywhere all the time. He had never set foot on Earth or any of the other natural planets, didn't care to, didn't expect to.

The guard on duty at the quarantine gate was an android. His name, his label, whatever it was, was something like Velcro Exxon. Juanito had seen him at this gate before. As he came up close, the android glanced at him and said, "Working again so soon, Juanito?"

"Man has to eat, no?"

The android shrugged. Eating wasn't all that important to him, most likely. "Weren't you working that plutonium peddler out of Commonplace?"

Juanito said, smiling, "What plutonium peddler?"

"Sure," said the android. "I hear you."

He held out his waxy-skinned hand, and Juanito put a 50-callaghano currency plaque in it. The usual fee for illicit entry to the customs tank was only 35 callies, but Juanito believed in spreading the wealth, especially where the authorities were concerned. They didn't *have* to let you in here, after all. Some days more couriers than dinkos showed up, and then the gate guards had to allocate. Overpaying the guards was simply a smart investment.

"Thank you kindly," the android said. "Thank you very much." He hit the scanner override. Juanito stepped through the security shield into the customs tank and looked around for his mark.

•

The new dinkos were being herded into the fumigation chamber now. They were annoyed about that—they always were—but the guards kept them moving right along through the puffy bursts of pink and green and yellow sprays that came from the ceiling nozzles. Nobody got out of customs quarantine without passing through that chamber. *El Supremo* was paranoid about the entry of exotic microorganisms into Valparaiso's closed-cycle ecology. *El Supremo* was paranoid about a lot of things. You didn't get to be sole and absolute ruler of your own little satellite world and stay that way for 37 years without a heavy component of paranoia in your make-up.

Juanito leaned up against the great curving glass wall of the customs tank and

peered through the mists of sterilizer fog. The rest of the couriers were starting to come in now. Juanito watched them singling out potential clients. Most of the dinkos were signing up as soon as the deal was explained, but, as always, a few were shaking off help and setting out by themselves. Cheap skates, Juanito thought. Assholes and wimps. But they'd find out. It wasn't possible to get started on Valparaiso without a courier, no matter how sharp you thought you were. Valparaiso was a free-enterprise zone, after all. If you knew the rules, you were pretty much safe from all harm here forever. If not, not.

Time to make the approach, Juanito figured.

It was easy enough finding the blind man. He was much taller than the other dinkos, a big, burly man some 30-odd years old, heavy bones, powerful muscles. In the bright, glaring light, his blank forehead gleamed like a reflecting beacon. The low gravity didn't seem to trouble him much, nor his blindness. His movements along the customs track were easy, confident, almost graceful.

Juanito sauntered over and said, "I'll be your courier, sir. Juanito Holt." He barely came up to the blind man's elbow.

"Courier?"

"New-arrival assistance service. Facilitate your entry arrangements. Customs clearance, currency exchange, hotel accommodations, permanent settlement papers, if that's what you intend. Also special services by arrangement."

Juanito stared up expectantly at the blank face. The eyeless man looked back at him in a blunt, straight-on way, with what would have been strong eye contact if the dinko had had eyes. That was eerie. What was even eerier was the sense Juanito had that the eyeless man was seeing him clearly. For just a moment, he wondered who was going to be controlling whom in this deal.

"What kind of special services?"

"Anything else you need," Juanito said.

"Anything?"

"Anything. This is Valparaiso, sir."

"Mmm. What's your fee?"

"Two thousand callaghanos a week for the basic. Specials are extra, according."

"How much is that in Capbloc dollars, your basic?"

Juanito told him.

"That's not so bad," the blind man said.

"Two weeks' minimum, payable in advance."

"Mmm," said the blind man again. Again that intense, eyeless gaze, seeing right through him. "How old are you?" he asked suddenly.

"Seventeen," Juanito blurted, caught off guard.

"And you're good, are you?"

(continued on page 109)

'TIS THE SEASON
TO BE IN RETAIL

Christmas 1986

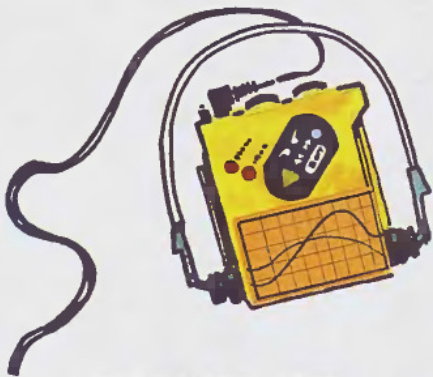
By Bob Boze Bell

OWE!
OWE!
OWE!

Gifts I'd like to get:



• **THE HORNY SCOPE**—Fits easily over your shoulders. Spots females in heat.



• **THE RAISEMASTER**—Now you can tell when to hit your boss up for a raise. Tunes into your boss's biorhythms—when they're low, *in you go*.



• **HOMING SOCKS**—Perfect for the lazy male. Socks actually fly up off the floor and into the laundry hamper. Wives love 'em!

• **ANTI-ATTORNEY COLOGNE**—Just a dab in the morning and lawyers will avoid you like the plague.



• **POT-GUT SUCKER**—Just attach it to your waistline and watch it suck out unwanted fat cells in minutes! (Supersucker for the over-40 bod wad.)

JUST ONCE

Just once I'd like to hear a little kid say . . .



Just once I'd like to hear a Christmas shopper say . . .



Just once I'd like to hear someone in a ski lodge say . . .

BOWLING. NOW, THERE'S A REAL SPORT.

I LIKE A MAN WITH TASTE. LET'S SLEEP TOGETHER.

Little-Known Christmas Facts:

★ Santa Claus hates cookies and milk.



- ★ Good little boys and girls get the same gifts as bad little boys and girls.
- ★ On the world average, Christmas gifts are opened twice as fast in Beirut.
- ★ Contrary to popular belief, life is not really like the movie *It's a Wonderful Life*.
- ★ A white Christmas in Colombia has an entirely different meaning.
- ★ Snow looks "so wonderful" on a Christmas card when viewed on the desert.
- ★ The fact that people of good will are capable of bad decisions is illustrated by the Christmas necktie.
- ★ Christmas is a time when we pause to reflect that we are too busy to pause and reflect.
- ★ The two most exciting days of Christmas are when your relatives arrive to spend a few days and when they go home.

Five Wishes for 1987

1. A cure for AIDS
2. A cure for herpes
3. A cure for cancer
4. A cure for terrorism
5. A cure for Ed Meese

Just once I'd like to hear someone in the gift-wrapping department say . . .



GIFT-OPENING ETIQUETTE

The Wrong Way to Reject a Gift

Five Positive Things to Say About a Gift You Hate

1. "How did you know I've been wanting something to give to disabled transients?"
2. "If you're going out, would you mind stuffing this beautiful gift in the garbage?"
3. "Wow! This sure taxes the meaning of Christmas!"
4. "Oh, this will look great under some heavy boxes in the garage."
5. "Thank you very much. I've always wanted an excuse to kill you."



The Right Way



The Five Gift-Giving Nevers

1. *Never* dare your aunt to find the most obnoxious tie on earth.
2. *Never* call Neiman-Marcus and say, "Money is no object."
3. *Never* spend more on your ex-wife than you would on Muammar el-Qaddafi.
4. *Never* laughingly tell a salesclerk your charge card has been over the limit for months.
5. *Never* go out at the last possible minute and expect to buy on layaway.

Just once I'd like to hear Grandpa say . . .

Just once I'd like to hear Grandma say . . .

JUST ONCE

IT'S TIME TO GATHER ROUND THE TREE AND SING SOME OZZY OSBOURNE SONGS.



PA, I'D RATHER GATHER ROUND THE TREE AND SLAM-DANCE.

JUST ONCE



Christmas Around the World!

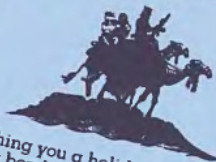


What Kind of Christmas Do Terrorists Have?

Well, first of all, their Christmas cards are slightly different. . . .



War on earth, good kill toward
thine enemies



Wishing you a holiday that's filled
with car bombs, ultimatums, kidnappings
and all the special pleasures that are
dearest to your heart.

May your Christmas
be blessed
with happiness
and maximum
civilian casualties!



Have a very terrorist Christmas!

May the beauty and peace
of Christmas
stay clear of you
throughout the new year!



OPEN
ME FIRST
Muammar
el-Zaddafi

Five Terrorist Christmas Nevers

1. *Never* give a terrorist a ski mask with an American flag embroidered across the face.
2. *Never* visit a terrorist home during the holiday without taking your own hostages.
3. *Never* casually mention that your car is "packed with goodies."
4. *Never* hum *Born in the U.S.A.* at the dinner table.
5. *Never* lob mortar rounds into the fireplace unless there are at least two innocent bystanders in the vicinity.

Terrorist children are no different from any other children. Come Christmas morning, they really like to "open up" the presents.



What would Christmas in a terrorist bunker be without an old-fashioned game of pin the dynamite on the munitions tree?



Santa Down Through the Ages. . . .



Neanderthal Santa

Sloping forehead. Rode in a rock sled pulled by flying mammoths. Most frequent gift requests: fire and the wheel.



Egyptian Santa

Traversed the Nile in his red barge, throwing gifts at anyone who got in his way. Is responsible for the timeless lyric "You better not pout, you better not cry/ You better not shout, I'm telling you why—King Tut will bury you with him."



Greek Santa

Tall, muscular and bronzed. Slid down columns to deliver olive branches and Greek sandwiches.



Hopi Santa

Early American Indian Santa rode a white pony pulling a gift-laden travois. Note Rudolph the red-nosed rattlesnake.



Spanish Santa

Liked to dress up in women's clothing and dance on rooftops. Contributed the stocking cap and black go-go boots to latter-day Santa wardrobe.

The evolution of Santa Claus (L. *homo fatis manis*, "gay fat man") is fragmentary and difficult to reconstruct. In addition, many aspects of Santa evolution are subject to controversy. All objections aside, anthro-Santists are "pretty darn sure" about these Santa stages.

Yes, Virginia, He's One Mean Dude. . . .



Modern Santa

He's back! And this year, he aims to get even. Armed with an intercontinental sled, complete with radar-evading missiles and heat-seeking reindeer, Santa plans a major offensive this December 24. His attack plans include thousands of drop zones. Santa will be flying under the code name Operation Chimney Sweep.

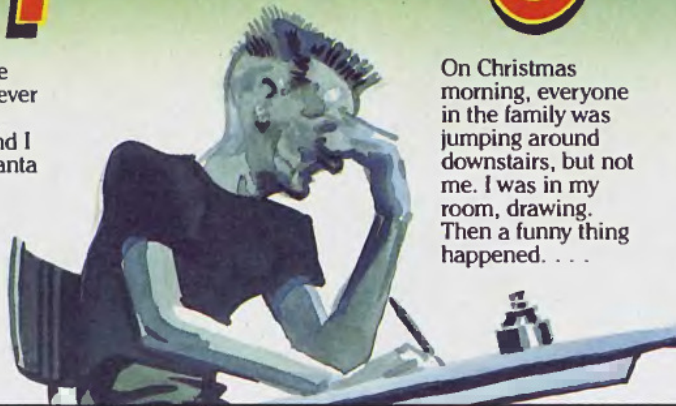
Sayings We Can Thank Santa For

- According to our records, your account is several months overdue.
- If your check is in the mail, please disregard this notice.
- Please mail your payment today to avoid legal action.
- Thanks for the house!

MY FAVORITE CHRISTMAS

I'LL NEVER FORGET IT!

It started out as the worst Christmas I ever had. I was skinny, ugly, unpopular and I didn't believe in Santa Claus. . . .



On Christmas morning, everyone in the family was jumping around downstairs, but not me. I was in my room, drawing. Then a funny thing happened. . . .

COME OUT HERE, SON. SANTA HAS SOMETHING FOR YOU



Yeah, right! I thought. But as I stepped outside. . . .



Wow! A '57T-BIRD!

But the best was yet to come. When I turned around, I couldn't believe my eyes. . . .



HI, I'M ANNETTE WANNA NECK?

HI, I'M BRIGITTE WANNA FRENCH?

Later, Santa called me inside. . . .



He gave me a matchbook. . . .



NOW, OF COURSE, YOU KNOW NONE OF THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING.



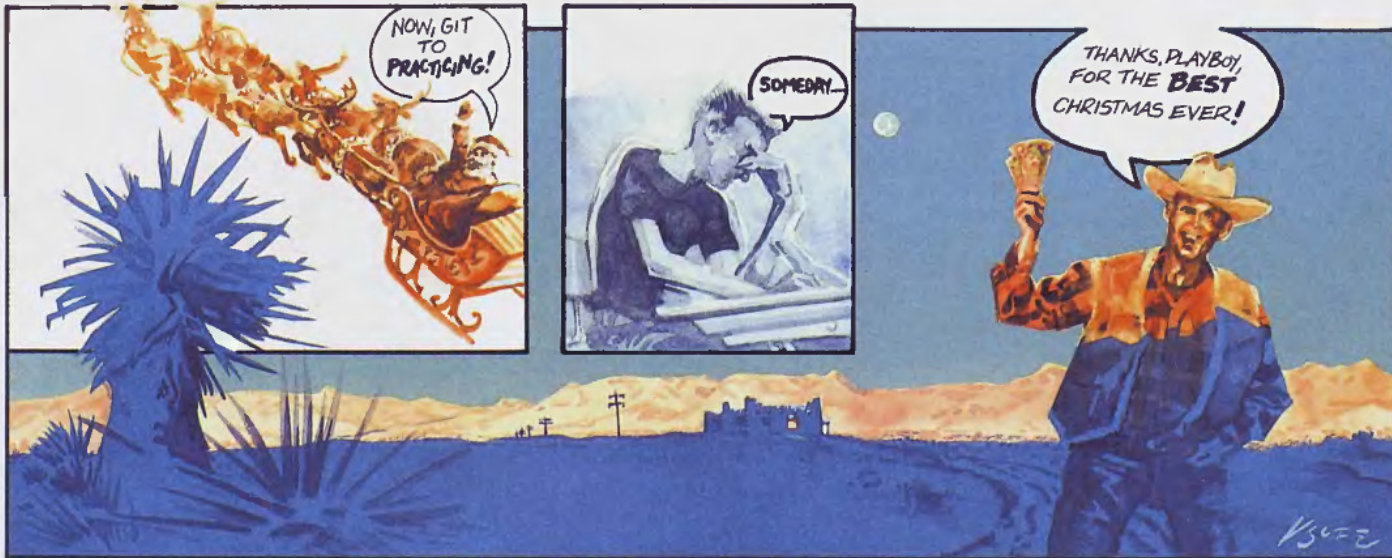
BUT MANY YEARS FROM NOW, YOU'LL CREATE THE FANTASY IF YOU LEARN HOW TO DRAW!



NOW, GET TO PRACTICING!



SOMEDAY...



THANKS, PLAYBOY, FOR THE BEST CHRISTMAS EVER!

V3002

"Farkas didn't have any trouble following him. No eyes, Juanito thought, but somehow he can see."

"I'm the best. I was born here. I know everybody."

"I'm going to be needing the best. You take electronic handshake?"

"Sure," Juanito said. This was too easy. He wondered if he should have asked three kilocallies a week, but it was too late now. He pulled his flex terminal from his tunic pocket and slipped his fingers into it. "Unity Callaghan Bank of Valparaiso. That's code twenty-two-forty-four-sixty-six, and you may as well give it a default key, because it's the only bank here. Account eleven thirty-three, that's mine."

The blind man donned his own terminal and deftly tapped the number pad on his wrist. Then he grasped Juanito's hand firmly in his until the sensors overlapped and made the transfer of funds. Juanito touched for confirm and a bright-green +CL 4000 lit up on the screen in his palm. The payee's name was Victor Farkas, out of an account in the Royal Amalgamated Bank of Liechtenstein.

"Liechtenstein," Juanito said. "That's an Earth country?"

"Very small one. Between Austria and Switzerland."

"I've heard of Switzerland. You live on Liechtenstein?"

"No," Farkas said. "I bank there. *In* Liechtenstein, is what Earth people say. Except for islands. Liechtenstein isn't an island. Can we get out of this place now?"

"One more transfer," Juanito said. "Pump your entry software across to me. Baggage claim, passport, visa. Make things much easier for us both, getting out of here."

"Make it easier for you to disappear with my suitcase, yes. And I'd never find you again, would I?"

"Do you think I'd do that?"

"I'm more profitable to you if you don't."

"You've got to trust your courier, Mr. Farkas. If you can't trust your courier, you can't trust anybody at all on Valparaiso."

"I know that," Farkas said.

Collecting Farkas' baggage and getting him clear of the customs tank took another half an hour and cost about 200 callies in miscellaneous bribes, which was about standard. Everyone from the baggage-handling androids to the cute, snotty teller at the currency-exchange booth had to be bought. Juanito understood that things didn't work that way on most worlds; but Valparaiso, he knew, was different from most worlds. In a place where the chief industry was the protection of fugitives, it

made sense that the basis of the economy would be the recycling of bribes.

Farkas didn't seem to be any sort of fugitive, though. While he was waiting for the baggage, Juanito pulled a readout on the software that the blind man had pumped over to him and saw that Farkas was here on a visitor's visa, six-week limit. So he was a seeker, not a hider. Well, that was OK. It was possible to turn a profit working either side of the deal. Running traces wasn't Juanito's usual number, but he figured he could adapt.

The other thing that Farkas didn't seem to be was blind. As they emerged from the customs tank, he turned and pointed back at the huge portrait of *El Supremo* and said, "Who's that? Your president?"

"The Defender; that's his title. The *generalissimo*. *El Supremo*, Don Eduardo Callaghan." Then it sank in and Juanito said, blinking, "Pardon me. You can see that picture, Mr. Farkas?"

"In a manner of speaking."

"I don't follow. Can you see or can't you?"

"Yes and no."

"Thanks a lot, Mr. Farkas."

"We can talk more about it later," Farkas said.

Juanito always put new dinkos in the same hotel, the San Bernardito, four kilometers out from the hub in the rim community of Cajamarca. "This way," he told Farkas. "We have to take the elevator at C Spoke."

Farkas didn't seem to have any trouble following him. Every now and then, Juanito glanced back, and there was the big man three or four paces behind him, marching along steadily down the corridor. No eyes, Juanito thought, but somehow he can see. He definitely can see.

The four-kilometer elevator ride down C Spoke to the rim was spectacular all the way. The elevator was a glass-walled chamber inside a glass-walled tube that ran along the outside of the spoke, and it let you see everything: the whole great complex of wheels within wheels that was the Earth-orbit artificial world of Valparaiso, the seven great structural spokes radiating from the hub to the distant wheel of the rim, each spoke bearing its seven glass-and-aluminum globes that contained the residential zones and business sectors and farmlands and recreational zones and forest preserves. As the elevator descended—the gravity rising as you went down, climbing toward an Earth-one pull in the rim towns—you had a view of the

sun's dazzling glint on the adjacent spokes and an occasional glimpse of the great blue belly of Earth filling up the sky 150,000 kilometers away, and the twinkling hordes of other satellite worlds in their nearby orbits, like a swarm of jellyfish dancing in a vast black ocean. That was what everybody who came up from Earth said: "Like jellyfish in the ocean." Juanito didn't understand how a fish could be made out of jelly or how a satellite world with seven spokes could look anything like a fish of any kind, but that was what they all said.

Farkas didn't say anything about jellyfish. But in some fashion or other, he did, indeed, seem to be taking in the view. He stood close to the elevator's glass wall in deep concentration, gripping the rail, not saying a thing. Now and then, he made a little hissing sound as something particularly awesome went by outside. Juanito studied him with sidelong glances. What could he possibly see? Nothing seemed to be moving beneath those shadowy places where his eyes should have been. Yet somehow he was seeing out of that broad blank stretch of gleaming skin above his nose. It was damned disconcerting. It was downright weird.

The San Bernardito gave Farkas a rim-side room, facing the stars. Juanito paid the hotel clerks to treat his clients right. That was something his father had taught him when he was just a kid who wasn't old enough to know a Schwarzchild singularity from an ace in the hole. "Pay for what you're going to need," his father kept saying. "Buy it and at least there's a chance it'll be there when you have to have it." His father had been a revolutionary in Central America during the time of the Empire. He would have been prime minister if the revolution had come out the right way. But it hadn't.

"You want me to help you unpack?" Juanito said.

"I can manage."

"Sure," Juanito said.

He stood by the window, looking at the sky. Like all the other satellite worlds, Valparaiso was shielded from cosmic-ray damage and stray meteoroids by a double shell filled with a three-meter-thick layer of lunar slag. Rows of V-shaped apertures ran down the outer skin of the shield, mirror-faced to admit sunlight but not hard radiation; and the hotel had lined its rooms up so each one on this side had a view of space through the Vs. The whole town of Cajamarca was facing fiercely now, and the stars were glittering darcely.

When Juanito turned from the window, he saw that Farkas had hung his clothes neatly in the closet and was shaving—methodically, precisely—with a little hand-held laser.

"Can I ask you something personal?" Juanito said.

(continued on page 210)





with its future
still in limbo,
the hemisphere's
poorest country
keeps on dancing

UNTIL THREE DAYS before I left, I had planned to have my 15-year-old son Ari accompany me to a place I had previously visited with his sisters and his twin brother. It was his turn to explore Haiti with his dad and, as a drummer in a jazz band—in fact, in two jazz hands—he was especially interested in taping voodoo ceremonies and Haitian percussion. Other members of the family stringently opposed the trip, but his desires and mine—I'm a fanatic for Haiti—seemed to prevail. Then this news dispatch appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle*:

"MACHETE-WIELDING PROTESTERS RUN
WILD IN HAITI'S CAPITAL"
A.P., June 5, 1986—Crowds
demanded the ouster of three min-

isters and denounced alleged U.S. pressures . . . barricades, burned tires, smashed cars . . . machete-wielding gangs smashing cars in residential areas of Port-au-Prince and demanding money from people in the streets. . . .

At that point, I cashed in my son's ticket. I would be checking up on Haiti after Baby Doc without Ari.

On the day of my arrival, a general strike was called by a loose alliance of street democrats. All work was supposed to stop. Everything would shut down. The People—that famous People with the capital P—would make known its anger. But what happens when you give a general strike and nobody *doesn't* come? Well, of course, the strikers, (continued on page 223)

HAITI AFTER BABY DOC

By HERBERT GOLD

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT GIUSTI

WOMEN OF 7-ELEVEN

LAST APRIL, the Southland Corporation announced that its 7-Eleven stores would no longer sell PLAYBOY. Did we get mad? Did we get even? No. We got down! "Hey," said Assistant Editor Bruce Kluger to Managing Photography Editor Jeff Cohen, "let's do a *Women of 7-Eleven* pictorial."

Cohen laughed and went to the PR Department. "Issue a press release," he said. "We're doing a *Women of 7-Eleven* pictorial." The PR Department laughed, and the press release was picked up by wire services in every town in the U.S. Some 100 7-Eleven employees from across the country sent in their pictures; we chose 13. You know why we are running this pictorial; they know why we are. PLAYBOY has always admired the girl next door. And sometimes the girl next door works at the store down the street. Behold, the *Women of 7-Eleven*.



BALTIMORE'S BEST
7
ELEVEN

look who's minding the store....



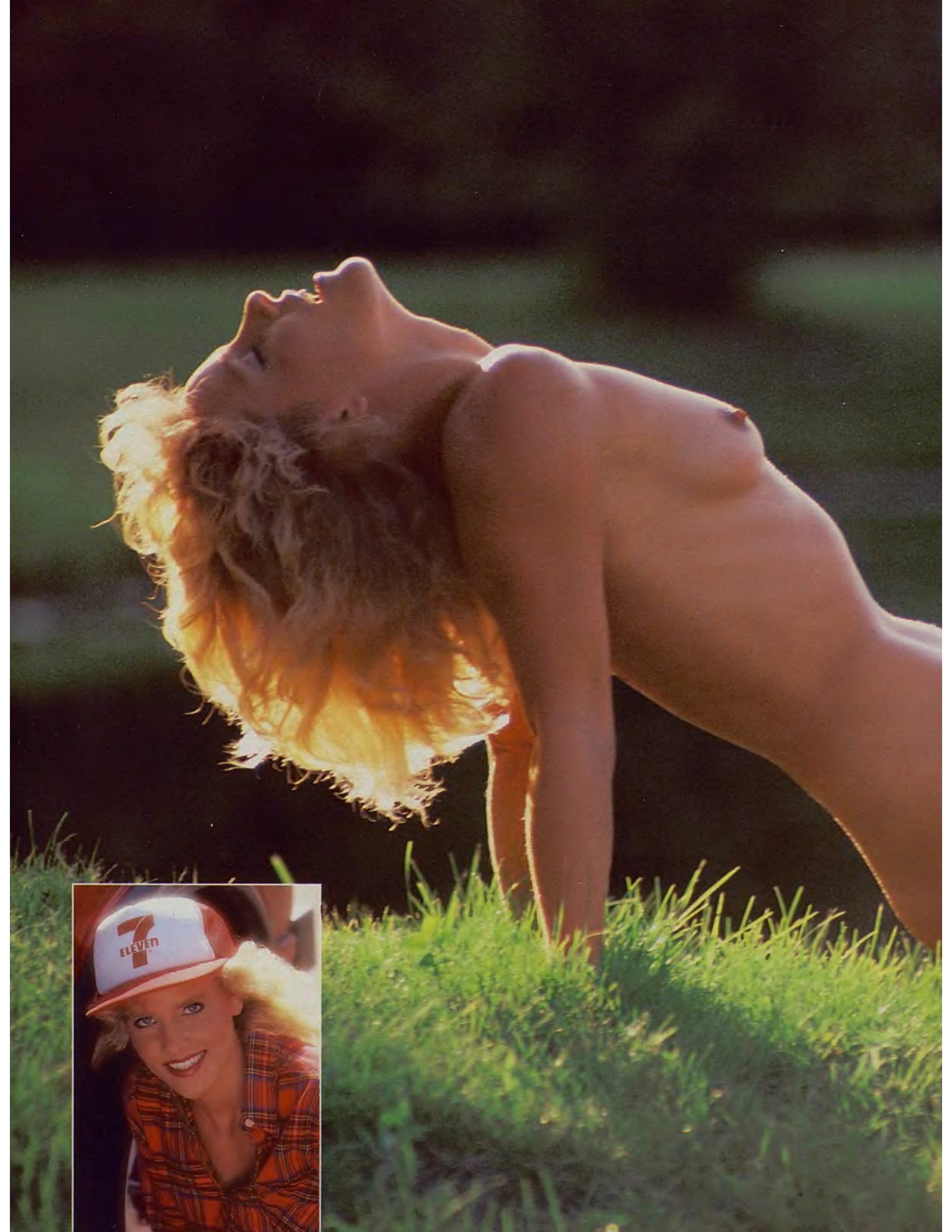
Women of 7-Eleven come to us from far and wide. Opposite is Michelle Fronk—one of Baltimore's best. Also meet (clockwise from near left) Aloro Axworthy (California), Roweno Burger (New Jersey), Joy McKendree (Illinois), Angel Colbert (New York), Tanyo Phillips (Texas). "It's not right that 7-Eleven stopped selling PLAYBOY," says Rowena. "It's the classiest."





Although she pushes Slurpees for a living, California's Terri Minner (above) has a secret position for chocolate shokes. Yvette Mohrien (top, near right), from Long Island, doesn't want her dad to see her picture here. "He's never seen me nude," she laughs. "He says, 'But I changed your diapers when you were o baby.' I soy, 'Dad, I've changed since then.'" Yvette (whose deck-hockey teammates call her Killer) disagrees with Southland's PLAYBOY decision. "I don't think it's right," she says. "The religious groups seem to be taking over." Sharon Gordon (top, far right) is a mother of two from Utoh. Now o monoger with 7-Eleven, she's aiming to be a supervisor, where the "good money" is. Valora Sparks (right) is o 7-Eleven clerk from Beaumont, Texas. A red belt in korote, Valoro is oggressive about the PLAYBOY flop. "It's ridiculous," she complains. "When customers come in, I tell them, 'Sorry, we don't have mogozines with beautiful women. But we do hove mogozines on guns ond wor ond violence.' Then I tell them where they can buy PLAYBOY."







Dallas 7-Eleven clerk Suzanne Sellers (above) appraises the censorship hassle in colorful Southern fashion: "It sucks! *PLAYBOY's* been on the stand far years. I think 7-Eleven's just gotten uptight, cranky—you know, they got their panties in a wad." Below (on grass and inset) is Tanya Phillips, a part-time 7-Eleven clerk from Austin. "Those who want to read *PLAYBOY* are gonna read *PLAYBOY*," says Tanya. "So they may as well be able to get it at a convenience store."







Aloro Axworthy (top, for left) works in Southland's loss-prevention department. "I go into different 7-Elevens and see if they'll sell me beer without checking my I.D. It helps the company keep tabs on its alcohol-sales policy." Joy McKendree (lying atop the dog) was a 7-Eleven cashier when she posed for us. Not any more. "The job was the pits, so I quit," she says, adding that she hadn't been popular with her employers because before she left, she tried to organize a cashiers' union. On censorship, she's also outspoken: "In June, I was pulling *PLAYBOY* off the shelves, and in July, I was stocking them with violent videos such as *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Kids rent that stuff without any I.D." Say hello again to Terri Minner (above), our Northern California 7-Eleven clerk, looking more relaxed here. Terri admits that when she's not filling her time with aerobics, she's on the prowl for "men with small butts." At left, meet Angel Colbert, a clerk whose first name gives true meaning to the slogan "Oh, thank heaven for 7-Eleven."



From Lombard, Illinois, comes Heather McKee (far left, above), a part-time 7-Eleven clerk and full-time stripper. What do the two jabs have in common? "Absolutely nothing," she says. "Stripping pays better." Laurie Marie Dannahue (far left, below) is an assistant manager at a Duluth, Minnesota, 7-Eleven. Her only beef: "the rude people who scream at me just because they're crabby." Finally, meet 7-Elevener Michelle Frank (below and right), the raincoated gal we saw on the opening page. For true beauty, look at Michelle. And for a laugh, look at the 7-Eleven slogan on the cup she's holding.



EARTH STATION CHARLEY

prime time on charley's
new television set was
simply beyond belief

fiction

By Billy Crystal

F

OUR A.M. Friday, and Charley is in his usual spot, sprawled out on the couch, watching Canadian football on cable television. For a long time now, Charley has looked upon television as his companion and sometime night light, which is why his wife, Sheila, has taken off with his partner, Sy, that loud and obnoxious man who needs to trim the hair in his ears. Charley had grown to feel more comfortable watching a midget rodeo on cable than sleeping with Sheila. (Sex is like a bull ride, he'd say: Mount the beast until you're turned loose, then try to stay on for one minute. Time, 58 seconds.)

Now Charley sits here all day, rarely moving, staring at the set. Neighbors think he has passed away, which more or less confirms Sheila's suspicions. He watches everything over and over again. *Happy Days*, twice a day; *The Love Boat*, from Atlanta; *The Big Valley*, from Chicago; The Movie Channel, Showtime, Z. Cable has changed his life—it has ended it.

Friday afternoon, and a favorite episode of *Bonanza* is on WGN, from Chicago. Charley heats a can of beef stew. He likes to eat the appropriate food for the show he is watching. For Westerns, it is beef stew or chili. *The Fugitive* is always "just coffee." Ball games are hot dogs. Pernel Roberts gets off his horse.

Suddenly, the 1969 Philco dies; it sputters and coughs and goes black. Stew dribbles out of Charley's mouth as he runs to the aid of his fallen friend. He cradles it in his arms as though it were a wounded Army buddy from *War Theater*.

Charley panics. His fingers move unconsciously, changing (continued on page 208)



BEHA

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIPPE BEHA







ROCK BRATS

The kids of tina turner, frank zappa, grace slick, berry gordy, rick nelson, carole king, ringo starr and others talk about growing up to the sound of a different drummer

YOU TURN ON MTV to watch Tina Turner strut across the screen. Do images of Mom at home in the kitchen whipping up peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches pop into your head? Or you catch Frank Zappa on the news, turning surly and belligerent at questions that displease him. Can you imagine walking up to him and asking, "Hey, Pop, OK if I borrow the keys to the station wagon?"

Rock 'n' roll has always been a quick escape from—and sometimes *for*—the Ward and June Cleavers of the world, a temporary respite from adult responsibilities and a favorite way to fantasize about life close to, if not on, the edge. And yet some of those performers we watch on stage—the ones who define the term fast lane—are parents themselves. Just like our moms and dads. Just like some of us.

We're not talking about the occasional unlucky loser of a paternity suit, either. We're talking about grown-up men and women who have tried to have the best of

two often mutually exclusive worlds—rock music and parenthood. And, as the children of such people will tell you, it's not an easy balancing act. We asked 14 kids of famous music-world figures what it was like to grow up with a back stage instead of a back yard, to have parents who were paid to act like teenagers.

CRAIG TURNER, 28, son of Tina Turner: I was never very musically inclined; I was into sports. I loved listening to music, but I never got into playing. My idols were Jimi Hendrix, Bill Withers and, of course, Ike and Tina Turner. I was always into the soulful sound, but I never went to concerts when I was young except my parents'.

My mother and stepfather were on the road ten months out of the year. We had a different housekeeper every year to take care of us. So when our parents weren't around, we had our own way. My parents weren't very strict. Normally, we would get a good whipping once a year. When my stepfather *(continued on page 180)*

Compiled by **JEAN PENN**



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG



FOR THE ladyfriend of a heavy-metal-music man, Laurie Carr is pretty low key. Texas-born and Wisconsin-raised, she lives by the code of the heartland (honesty, loyalty, family) and seems out of place at a Ratt concert—until she shifts into dancing gear. A new model, she has this to say about her present Carr-eer: “I’ll think I know where my life is going, then it’ll turn 180 degrees. I was studying commercial art in Texas but found I didn’t like its business end. I guess I’d had one too many accounting classes. I realized it was time to do something radically different. A friend sent my pictures to PLAYBOY, I came to California, and now I’m a model.” Laurie wants to return to her drawing table one day. For now, commercial art’s loss is our gain.

KEYS

UNLOCKING THE MULTIPLE MYSTERIES OF LAURIE CARR

The classic Carr shows off her exiting form at left and her boyfriend, Ratt guitarist Robbin Crosby, at right. He toured the globe looking for someone like her; now they harmonize in Los Angeles.





Laurie's beau is a Ratt. She and Robbin Crosby, guitarist for the metal band its fans consider more rockin' than Dokken and motleyer than the Crüe, met in a Fort Worth record store. Theirs is a less head-bangin' affair than Ratt's pack of fans might expect. "I was a fan before I was a girlfriend. I even knew the lyrics to their songs," says Laurie. "But our relationship started after their last world tour, so I know Robbin as a person, not as a hard rocker. At times it's hard to do, with our schedules, but what I like is spending time together at home." Robbin, the Ratt romantic, says, "I've been around the world, and she's the sweetest person I've met. It took me a while, but finally I found her." Portrait of a thoroughly modern young couple.

"It's great to be appreciated physically," says Laurie, who should know, "but your looks are just something God gave you. I think that what really counts is what you do with what you've got."





W

hat kind of man appeals to this kind of woman? He doesn't have to be a hunk of heavy metal, though it might help. "I'm not turned on by outsides," Laurie says. "You get tired of that unless there is a person inside who turns you on." Laurie doesn't insist on any specific physical type as long as the guy's no slouch. "I want someone who works hard and plays hard, whatever he does. Too many people try to find fun by going out, when they could find it right at home. I'll tell you what really turns me on. When a man looks at me, you know—*that way*—and still sees me as an equal. You can communicate a lot with a look. Take my PLAYBOY layout—it shows a side of me I can't express in words. Some things just *can't* be expressed." Amen.

Listen up, shy guys: "A guy with confidence feels good about himself, and that makes him sexy. A girl can't limit herself—every guy has interesting qualities. All I want is to be treated as a lady."



I like to be stimulated intellectually. I can't be happy being judged solely on appearance," says Miss December. One of the keys to knowing her is knowing that her impulses pull her in different directions. "In fact, I'm modest. I never really considered myself the kind of person who'd pose in the nude. I had a very conservative upbringing. Meeting—and liking—some Playmates changed my ideas of right and wrong, and it was exciting to do the layout. How can you know what makes you happy until you've explored?" Artist, model, Ratt fan and homebody, Middle American girl in L.A., Laurie looks to her family for support, if not approval. "It's important to me that they've supported my decisions—even the ones they don't agree with."

Laurie defines herself thus: "Adventurous, even daring. I'm a person who is not afraid to accept responsibility for herself and her future." She thinks these pictures ought to say it all.



MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Janice Carr

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Jamie Carr

BUST: 34 WAIST: 21 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 103

BIRTH DATE: 12-11-65 BIRTHPLACE: Dallas, Texas

AMBITIONS: To continue to grow and be respected, both personally and professionally.

TURN-ONS: music, sleeping late, creativity, champagne, being challenged.

TURN-OFFS: Dirty ashtrays, jealousy, pills, petty arguments, procrastination.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: RATT - wait a minute, I know these guys! :)

IDEAL MAN: Both confident and sensitive, he treats me like a lady but respects me as an equal.

IDEAL EVENING: would be a wild night out with good friends or a wild night in with the right man.

THE BEST THING ABOUT SEX IS: that it can convey emotions that words alone cannot always express.

I AM WHO I AM BECAUSE: I've taken risks in my life and have tried to learn from both good and bad.

Age 15



centerfold ? me?!

Age 17



senior picture

Age 19



college Day!?!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

In a new exposé titled *Santa Dearest*, written by a disgruntled elf, the truth behind the legend of the angel atop the Christmas tree has come to light.

According to the elf, things were not going well at the North Pole. Mrs. Claus was mad at Santa, the reindeer all had colds, the toys were packed in the wrong order, there weren't enough Cabbage Patch dolls and there was a powerful head wind from the south. Just as Santa discovered a hole in his red suit, the littlest angel came into his office with a Christmas tree.

"Hey, Santa," the angel asked, "what do you want me to do with this?"



Show this lady the best fur coat you have," the well-dressed young man told the manager of an exclusive Rodeo Drive fur salon.

The furrier brought out a magnificent sable. The woman loved it.

"Excuse me, sir," the manager discreetly whispered. "It's priced at \$65,000."

"No problem. Let me give you a check."

"Very good, sir," the furrier replied. "Today is Saturday. You may pick up the coat on Monday afternoon, after your check clears."

On Monday, the young man went back to the shop. "You have some nerve," the furious furrier said. "You don't have two cents in your checking account. What, may I ask, are you doing here?"

"I just wanted to thank you," the man said, smiling, "for the best weekend of my life."

At a recent Georgetown reception for a retiring diplomat, two State Department underlings struggled with small talk. Finally, one asked the other, "Tell me, Harry, what do you consider the two most interesting topics of conversation nowadays?"

"Sex and politics, I guess," Harry replied.

"I agree with you there," said the first, nodding. "What about the second topic?"

A well-tailored man walked into a brothel and handed the madam a roll of bills. "Give me the worst you've got," he said.

"Sir, for this much, you can have the very best we've got."

"Lady, I'm not horny, I'm homesick."

When the man collapsed in the subway, an ambulance was summoned and he was rushed to nearby Mercy Hospital. It was determined that he required coronary surgery, and he was immediately wheeled into the operating room.

The procedure went well, and as the groggy patient regained consciousness, he was reassured by a Sister of Mercy waiting by his bed.

"Mr. Wells, you're going to be just fine," the nun said, patting his hand. "We do have to know, however, how you intend to pay for your stay here. Are you covered by insurance?"

"No, I'm not, Sister," the man whispered hoarsely.

"Can you pay in cash?"

"I'm afraid I can't."

"Do you have any close relatives, then?"

"Just my sister in Minneapolis," he replied, "but she's a spinster nun."

"Nuns are not spinsters, Mr. Wells," the nun admonished. "They are married to God."

"OK," he said, managing a wan smile, "then bill my brother-in-law."

What are you getting so excited about, Joan?" the husband said. "It's just a little disagreement."

"No, Ken, we're simply not compatible," she insisted. "I'm a Virgo and you're an asshole."



Salvy Naiman

Times change. These days, when E. F. Hutton talks, he has his rights read to him first.

When a referee penalized Bruiser State five yards in a critical interconference game, the incensed coach ran onto the field to protest, but the official stuck to his position.

"You stink, ref," the coach hollered.

"Is that so?" the referee replied as he picked up the ball and moved it 15 yards farther downfield. "How do I smell from here?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a post-card, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Let's re-examine the traditional meaning of Christmas in light of the right-wing values prevalent in society today and whether a new rationale is needed in the context of contemporary life in New Jersey."





BANDITS

“DOES THIS JOB HAVE TO DO WITH
THE FUNERAL BUSINESS, JACK?”

“NOT UNLESS SOMEBODY GETS SHOT”

EVERY TIME they got a call from the leper hospital to pick up a body, Jack Delaney would feel himself coming down with the flu or something. Leo Mullen, his boss, was finally calling it to Jack's attention. “All three times they phoned before,” Leo said, “I seem to recall you came down with some kind of twenty-four-hour bug. That's all I'm saying. Am I right or wrong?”

Jack said, “Have I mentioned I'm sick or not feeling too good?”

Leo said, “Not yet you haven't. They just called.” He picked up a plastic hose attached to the sink and turned the water on the body on the embalming table. “Hold this for me, will you?”

“I can't,” Jack said, “I'm not licensed.”

“I won't
tell on

you.

Come on,
just keep the table
rinsed. Run it off from by the
incision.”

Jack edged in to take the hose without looking directly at the body. “There're things I'd rather do than handle a person that died of leprosy.”

“Hansen's disease,” Leo said. “You don't die from it, you die of something else.”

Jack said, “If I remember correctly, the last time Carville had a body for us, you had a removal service get it.”

“On account of I had three bodies in the house already, two of 'em up here, and you telling me how punk you feel.”

Jack said, “Hey, Leo? Bullshit. You don't want to (continued on page 169)”

fiction By ELMORE LEONARD

THE 12 STORES OF

from new york to honolulu, playboy shopped for a dozen of the niftiest presents money can buy



HONOLULU HARLEY-DAVIDSON

Harley-Davidson's classic FLST Heritage Softail glides again in Eighties splendor. This reproduction of the Fifties legend comes with 16" wheels, full-length floor boards, low-slung, gas-charged rear shacks and a chrome horseshoe oil tank wrapped around a V2 Evolution engine, about \$9300. (Honolulu Harley-Davidson Sales is located on the island of Oahu.)

CHRISTMAS

modern living

A black-enamel fountain pen from France, circa 1910, with a retractable nib, \$550, sits atop a boxed set of three red-leather addressbooks obviously created for someone with places to go and people to see. They're embossed with HERE—U.S.A., THERE—EUROPE and ELSEWHERE—? and are hand-made in England, \$85 the set. (Asprey is located in New York.)

ASPREY



CARSON PIRIE SCOTT

Panasonic's Pocket Watch LCD color TV, with a three-inch diagonal screen, measures less than an inch from front to back, while weighing in at about a pound. Packet Watch can also double as a color monitor for your VCR or video camera and operates on batteries, A.C. current or a car adapter, about \$480. (Carson Pirie Scott is located in Chicago.)



BULGARI

Come Christmas morning, if the distaff recipient of this Italian-made 18-kt.-gold gas pocket lighter doesn't have visions of something other than sugarplums dancing in her head, then we'd say you've been spending too much time hanging around with elves, \$1950, including a gold tool for replacing the flint. (Bulgari is located in New York.)

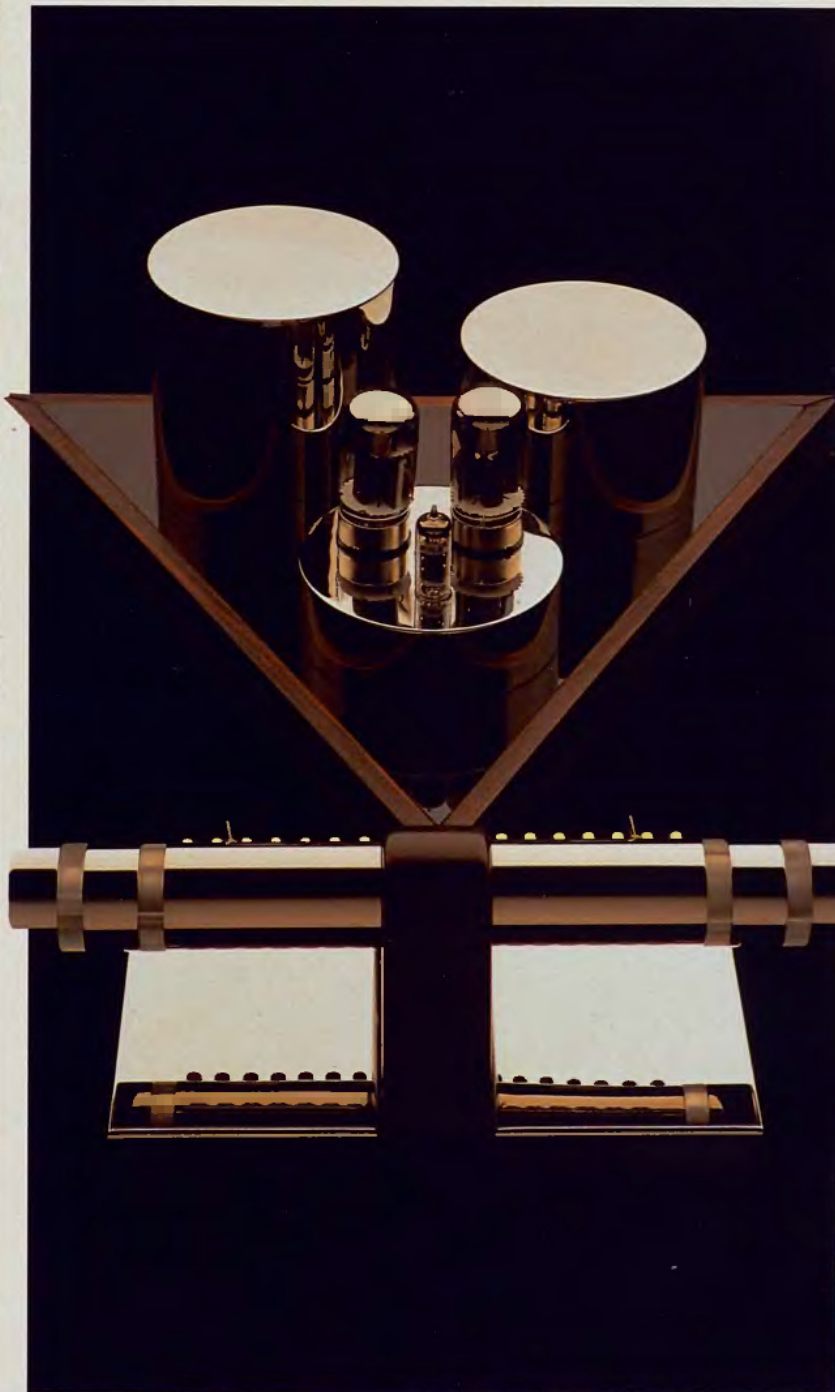
Colonial Data Technologies' alphanumeric two-line name-dialing phone stores as many as 200 numbers, along with corresponding names; to operate, you just type initials or a name that appears on the screen and the phone automatically places the call, \$179.95. (In case you missed *Miracle on 34th Street*, Macy's is located in New York.)

MACY'S



BARNEYS NEW YORK

It'll be a very merry Christmas to all when you pour your yuletide cup or two of cheer from one of a pair of antique 26-ounce blown-blue-glass English decanters affixed with sterling-silver accents stating SCOTCH and RYE. Yes, the stoppers are sterling silver, too. The price for the pair—\$600. (Barneys New York, obviously, is located in Manhattan.)



ABSOLUTE AUDIO

MAN Audia's MMA-1 70-watt mona-tube amplifier (top) is a brilliant design of angles and levels that also happens to give great sound, \$4290 per pair for stereo. The MPA-1 preamp below it blends exceptional audio capabilities with polished stainless steel and Brazilian rosewood, about \$2500. (Absolute Audio is located in Orange, California.)



HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER

Aqua Skimmer, the motorized 10' x 4' fibreglass water sprite parked above, stands ready to whisk you into a shallow lagoon for some serious snorkeling, \$1950. Not shown is an additional hand-held Aquo Scooter device that will propel you along the surface for swimming or skimming, \$495. (Hammacher Schlemmer is located in Chicago.)



CYCLE SMITHY

Bridgestone's Blouson Bike is a three-speed easy rider, styled by Italian designer Giugiaro, that features a novel cross-frame design for added stability on bike paths, a semitransparent chain guard and unique nonslip pedals. The frame is constructed of classic Bridgestone chrome/moly tubing, \$290. (Cycle Smithy is located in Chicago.)

The "Diving Cadillac" Entertainment Center, by 50's AutoArt, is a custom-made component-system cabinet trimmed with red nean and built around an original 1959 Cadillac fin. Our \$10,000 unit holds a great-sounding component stereo system, from Pioneer, about \$1440. (The Design Exchange is located in Kansas City, Missouri.)

THE DESIGN EXCHANGE



SANGER HARRIS

The MultiVision 3.1 converts any TV to one with picture-in-picture capability and adds the sonic sock of MTS stereo television sound. Images can be viewed on your large screen with a picture inset, or you can view moving action on the large picture and freeze it on the small one, \$499, including remote control. (Sanger Harris is located in Dallas.)



KEN HANSEN PHOTOGRAPHICS

Leica celebrates the 50th anniversary of Jesse Owens' victory at the 1936 Berlin Olympic Games with a limited-edition (600) commemorative 35mm camera, which comes fitted with a 70-120mm zoom lens, \$4950, and Leica contributes \$500 of that amount to the Jesse Owens Foundation. (Ken Hansen Photographics is located in New York.)

BEATING WALL STREET CONFESSIONS OF AN INSIDER

it's not surprising that stockbrokers use privileged information,
it's surprising that more of them don't get rich



article By JOHN D. SPOONER

THE *Oxford Dictionary of Current English* defines insider as "one who is in on the secret." In the spring of 1986, Dennis Levine, an investment banker with Drexel Burnham Lambert, was arrested in New York, charged with taking more than \$12,500,000 in illegal stock-trading profits. Weeks later, another group of young men was charged in the so-called Yuppie case, accused of profiting from inside information on impending corporate mergers.

Insider trading is as old as history. We all long to have the edge, to know what no one else knows, to get the word dropped from the horse's mouth. Carrier pigeons took the word from Waterloo to London that the Duke of Wellington had beaten Napoleon. Did the Rothschilds short the franc and go

long the British pound? The carrier pigeons were *owned* by the Rothschilds, and the family was in the business of getting the edge. Would the SEC have sentenced Baron de Rothschild to Elba before Napoleon because of the Rothschilds' illegal profits? Or is the problem a matter of style?

One of the truths I've discovered is that no one really likes Levine and his friends. Everyone seems to wish them ill because of their style and because of their blatant greed.

"If nothing else, you know his handshake is going to be clammy," a woman entrepreneur who loves money said about Levine. A major villain in this scene seems to be New York itself. Here are two opinions, one from



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SELTZER

a New York investment banker, another from a Boston manager of institutional sales for one of the largest brokerage firms in America.

Banker: "Levine and his crew are secondary players, low lives in the big leagues. What they were looking for was for people to pay attention to them, to have the best tables at Le Cirque, the best seats at the Garden. The irony of it all was, if they bragged, they were bagged, and there's the futility of it. Any time you figure you've got it made in New York, the guy at the next table has got twice as much as you. You can never play catch-up in this town. I've got five mil and I'm a shit heel. But," he added, "at least I'm an honest shit heel."

Institutional broker: "We've seen it all before. In the Sixties on Wall Street, the young gunslingers were making six figures in their late 20s and thinking it wasn't an accident—thinking it was because they were so goddamn smart, riding electronic stocks with negative earnings up 20 points a week, getting 100,000-share orders from hedge funds at full commissions in crap that you couldn't find a bid for after 1969. These kids today, the insider scammers, have zero backbone, zero integrity. It's as if no one ever taught them anything. Part of it, I think, is that it's not only insider trading, it's an inside joke. These are smirkers at life, these kids, laughing up their sleeves at the old-timers who did it the old-fashioned way. They feel it's the new-boy network. They found a golden short cut, and I think part of it is what I call the bully theory."

"What's the bully theory?" I asked him.

"Remember when we were kids? There would be one bully who would not only do bad things, he would get most of the kids in the crowd to do bad things. Most of the crowd was either too scared not to participate or too eager to be part of the group. I had to shoplift a jackknife when I was ten so the bully would let me join his club. I don't know whether Dennis Levine was the bully in this group or just the front, but I'll bet there's a bully mentality here somewhere. Remember, these people are still children, still wet behind the ears. Now they deserve a trip to the woodshed or, in their case, to jail. It's not jackknives in the five-and-ten anymore. They're little smelly-pants mentalities in double-breasted suits."

Can you imagine being held down by three young bloods in minimum-security prison while the king of your cell block is about to penetrate your backside for the first time, and one of the young bloods says, "What you in for, bro?" and you scream out, "Insider trading!"?

"Right on," says the king of the cell block, with exquisite timing.

This doesn't go on in minimum-security

prisons, you say. "The only thing prison cures is heterosexuality," my friend Serving Irving tells me, and he should know, having done a year for mail fraud at Danbury, Connecticut, at a time when supposedly only the best people were at Danbury: con men, ex-Cabinet members, bigamists, bank examiners, commissioners of public works. "A stiff prick has no conscience," Serving Irving also says with a shrug. It was a line I first heard in high school, but I thought it had to do with drive-ins, clam rolls, chocolate shakes and whom you took to drive-ins. Serving Irving laughs at Levine and the insider-trading scandals of 1986. "These are stupid bastards," he says, "even though they have killer black slick hair and suits from Paul Stuart; they are gonna sing like The Four Freshmen [Irving's favorite group], because this kind of person fears rear-end invasion a whole lot more than he fears nuclear Armageddon. I'm no gay," he told me, "but it got so it wasn't so bad, particularly when it could get you special treatment, like beef Wellington and a *Barron's* on Saturday so fresh the ink would get on your fatigues."

Serving Irving was the first person I ever knew who had been involved with insider trading. He worked with me at an investment firm long since defunct, a casualty of the paperwork glut of the early Seventies, when most of the well-known brokerage companies disappeared into shotgun merger and bankruptcy. He got his nickname from a gimmick he had used as a stock hustler: tennis. "If you can play a sport like tennis or golf or squash or ride a polo pony, you can always make a living. Play a sport, you can *be* a sport." Irving happened to be a fine club player, a natural who flattered his opponents, because he always made them look good and he always remembered their shots: "Remember that overhead you hit to close out the third game, second set? Classic shot." His opponents loved him, and that set them up for the clincher, which came during after-game drinks. "I wouldn't tell this to everyone," he would say, "but a client of mine has a cousin who's chairman of this company over the counter. I can't tell you all about it except that it's selling at 11 and it's going to be taken over at 18 to 20 in the next few months."

I have been in the securities business for more than 20 years. I have handled money for several thousand people all over the world, and I have never talked with anyone, male or female, honest or dishonest, who can resist this pitch: "I have a cousin who's chairman of this over-the-counter company. . . ." They can't wait to buy. Greed oozes out of three-piece suits, cocktail dresses, overalls and uniforms at exactly the same rate. It should be a law of physics.

Serving Irving knew how to make people greedy, and it was simple: Do business

with him and you were in with the "in" crowd. This secret was almost as important as actually making money. Indeed, to some people, it was *more* important. Irving's approach to prospective clients was simple. He would pick well-known companies, usually on The New York Stock Exchange, and make up a story that could be true under certain circumstances. In the mid-Seventies, with stock markets on their tails, he pushed Gillette. "Look," he would say. "Gillette selling in the mid-20s is a steal. I have the word that Unilever, the British giant, is going to acquire them for 50. Christ, it's still cheap at 50. You couldn't build a Gillette today for \$100 a share. The patents on Blue Blades alone are worth more than the stock's selling for in the open market." Of course, this was pure fabrication, but the only resistance Irving ever encountered was due to the fact that, for most people in the market, happiness is 1000 shares of a three-dollar stock.

"Don't you have anything cheaper than 25?" people would ask.

"Hey," Irving would respond. "I'm giving you a sure thing. What the hell do you care what price it is?"

"What am I gonna do, buy 50 shares? Get me a two-, three-dollar stock and I'm yours."

It didn't take Serving Irving long to modify his insider stories to accommodate the swingers who longed to tell friends that they owned 5000 shares of Zayre at six or Morse Shoe at five and a half or Mammoth Mart at four.

Even if you're a con man, when you stray from a successful formula, you get your ass handed to you. "If I was wrong with Gillette," Irving mused to me, "I couldn't be wrong by much, a point, two points. No one could hang you. But with thousands of shares of cheap stocks, every point down would mean thousands of dollars lost. Zayre went under three, ditto Morse Shoe, and Mammoth Mart went rinso, bankrupt, 75 cents. I got margin calls and people would say, 'Irving, when's the deal?'"

"The deal," I'd tell them, "is probably within three weeks. But in the meantime, you have to come up with \$6500 to support the account."

"I don't have \$6500," they would say."

Serving Irving was living high. His commissions were the envy of the office, but his stories from the inside didn't come true soon enough to satisfy the requirements of the Federal Reserve Board. His clients were sold out waiting for dreams to come true. He moved from brokerage firm to brokerage firm, a journeyman board-room hustler destroyed by the bear market of the Seventies. He went from power serves on the tennis court to twist serves to junk. But he still made a living singing of takeovers and inside info, until he made the

(continued on page 184)

HARING HANG-UP

HERE WE HAVE something we guarantee has never decorated your Christmas tree before: an exclusive work by contemporary art's superstar graffitist Keith Haring. In your choice of designs: Folded one way, it's a man happily dancing on a box; folded another, it's a mass of humanity more intimately intertwined than a crowd in a New York subway station—such as Haring used to decorate. Buy two magazines and your tree can wear both versions of the ornament; it's Haring's way, with a little help from his friends at PLAYBOY, of bringing joy to your world.



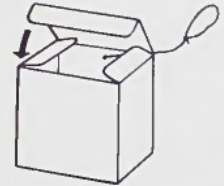
To assemble the ornament: Carefully punch out on the dotted lines and open the slots.



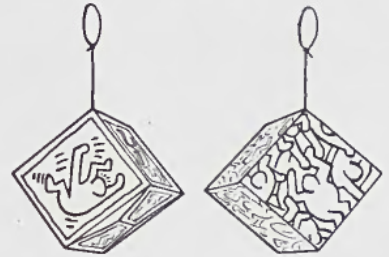
A. Fold on the lines indicated, making sure that you're bending all the flaps in one direction.



B. Carefully insert the flaps into the slots, creating a bottom to the decorated box.



C. Knot one end of a string, insert through pin-hole at corner, make a loop in the other end.



D. Fold the top flap, allowing the string to dangle from corner, and it's ready to hang.

©K.Having

Decide which side of the reversible ornament you wish to have facing out.



"Santa Claus loves me because I always cleaned my plates and became a big girl."

THIS YEAR, THE PUBLIC LOVES
A GAME-SHOW HOSTESS,
A FOOTBALL HERO, A SEX
THERAPIST, A ROYAL COUPLE
AND, YES, SOME GUYS
AND GALS FROM HOLLYWOOD

SEX STARS

OF
1986

HOLLYWOOD'S TOP GUN: TOM CRUISE



text by JIM HARWOOD IT MAY SAY something about the sexual temperature of America in Reagan's Eighties that a fresh-faced, wholesome blonde whose career has heretofore largely been limited to flipping through the alphabet and identifying the loot on a television program should be the number-one throb in the hearts of millions of her countrymen (and -women). But **Vanna White**, hostess of *Wheel of Fortune*—a (text continued on page 164)

Two in Orbit

The popularity of Tom Cruise, hero of the ultrapatriotic movie *Top Gun* (with Kelly McGillis, inset), and of Vanna White, apple-pie-fresh hostess of TV's game show *Wheel of Fortune* (that's her poster, inset), may symbolize sex in the Reagan era: a return to innocence.

ALL-AMERICAN GIRL: VANNA WHITE



SEXIEST SIDE-KICK: CYBILL SHEPHERD



EVERYDAY SWEETHEART: KATHY SHOWER

VICE'S VIRTUE: DON JOHNSON



Networking

Television—prime-time and daytime—is home to these stellar personalities. Romantic sparks fly when Cybill Shepherd, as Maddie Hayes, matches wits with Bruce Willis, as David Addison, on ABC's *Moonlighting* every Tuesday night. Friday evenings over at NBC, Don Johnson continues to rule the ratings on *Miami Vice*; but fans of Kathy Shower, supermom and Playmate of the Year, may miss her on *Santa Barbara* this season: She has taken off to make films, beginning in January with *Bloodhounds*, opposite David Keith.



BADDEST MOMMA: GRACE JONES

SMOOTHEST SKIN: VANITY



SEXY SENIOR: DR. RUTH WESTHEIMER

FASTEST STARTER: WHITNEY HOUSTON

Video Visions

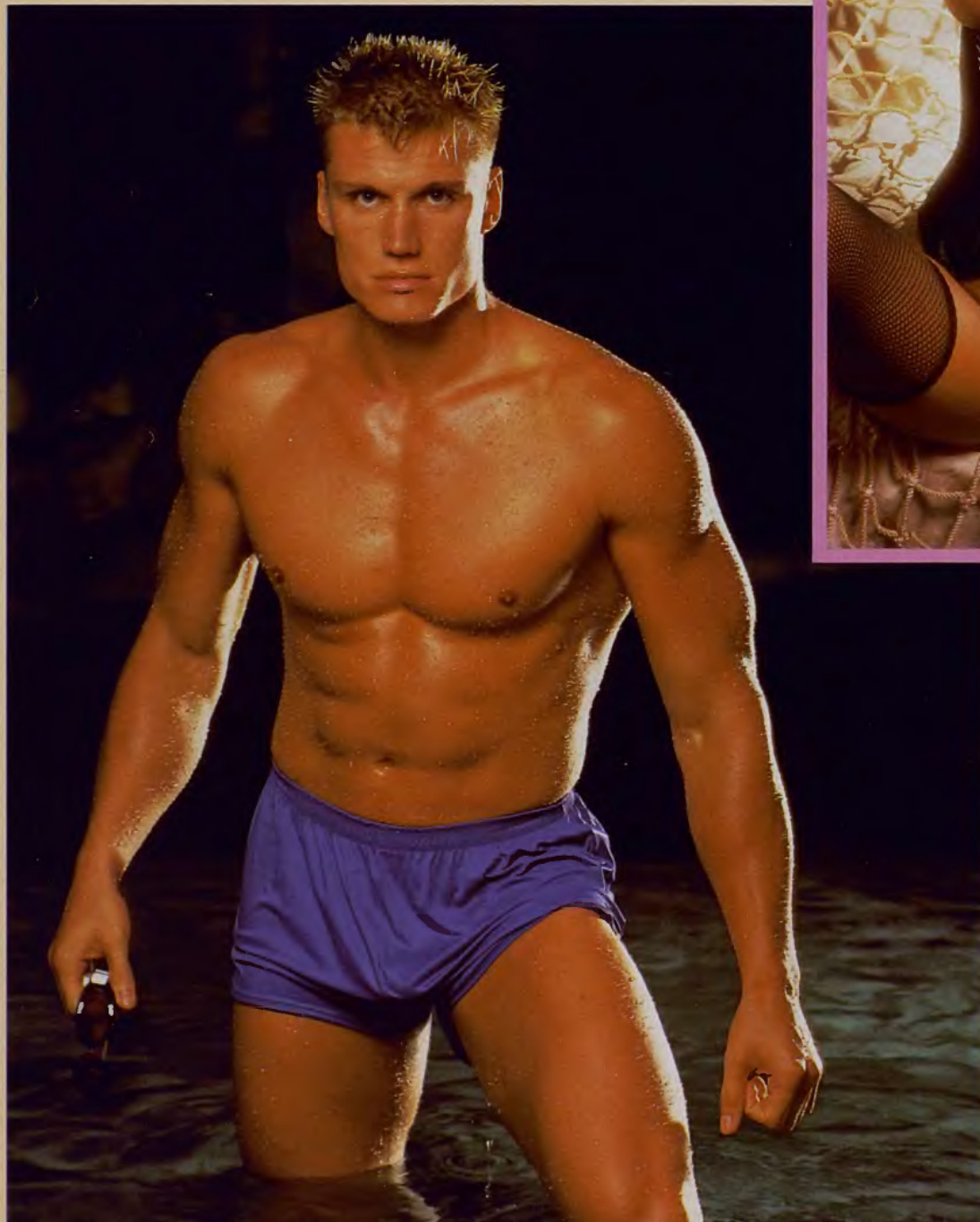
Now that one in every three TV owners has a VCR and more than 41,000,000 get cable, stars multiply via tape and satellite. Among them: MTV favorites Grace Jones (here in *Vamp* gear), Vanity, whose video boosted her *Skin on Skin* LP up the charts, and Whitney Houston, whose debut album was history's hottest. Lifetime cable's *Good Sex! With Doctor Ruth* inspired *Film Comment's* editors to pose Dr. Westheimer as a gatefold girl.





BIGGEST HUNK, TAKEN: ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

BIGGEST HUNK, AVAILABLE: DOLPH LUNDGREN

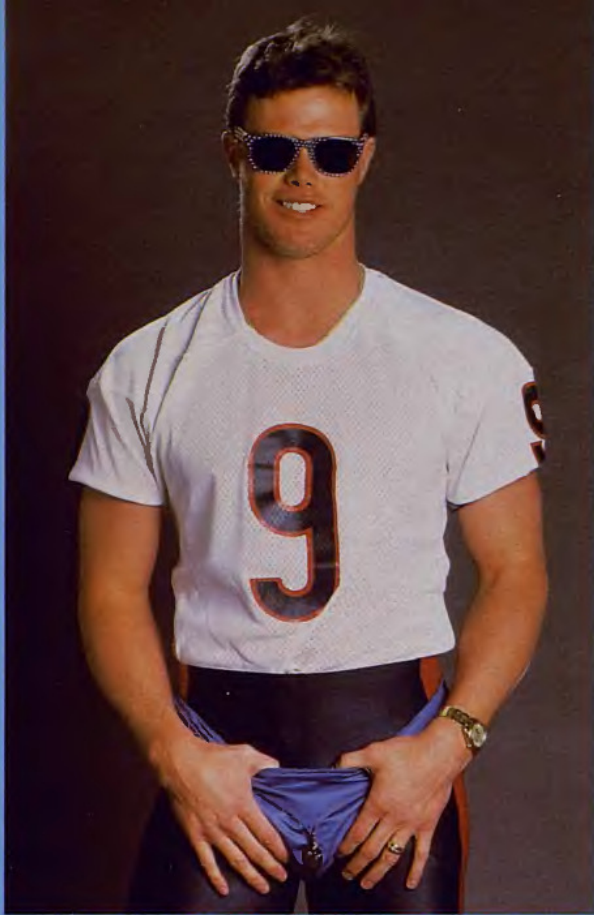


TOUGHEST MOMMA: SYBIL DANNING



Getting Physical

Actor/muscle man Arnold Schwarzenegger took himself off the eligible list by marrying Maria Shriver but was replaced by Dolph Lundgren, whose engagement to Grace Jones fizzled. Arnold's latest were *Commando* and *Raw Deal*; Dolph's next film is *Masters of the Universe*. Sybil Danning, the *macha* warden of *Reform School Girls*, also hosts her own *Adventure Video* movie series. "I show that women can be intelligent, beautiful and physically powerful," she says.



FOOTBALL HERO: JIM MC MAHON

Good Sports

The Bears' bad boy, Super Bowl champion quarterback Jim McMahon, may play around on the field, but he says the only key to this strategically placed padlock belongs to his wife, Nancy. Cubs ball girl Marla Collins was booted by management harrumphers after she bared all for a September PLAYBOY layout. But Marla's faithful fans, who had caught her on cablecasts from Chicago's Wrigley Field, pitched in with job offers. Shapely Heather Thomas has gone from being *The Fall Guy's* stunt-woman side-kick and a commercial spokesperson for a chain of health clubs to making movies (*Deathstone*, *Cyclone*).



FIT & FEMININE: HEATHER THOMAS

BELLE OF THE BALL: MARLA COLLINS



Cover Girls

A \$100,000 prize was June 1985 Playmate Devin DeVasquez' reward as *Star Search's* champion spokesmodel. Also winners: this month's cover girl and Hollywood's Brenda Starr, Brooke Shields; last month's *Playboy Gallery* girl, Paulina Porizkova, a regular in *Sports Illustrated's* annual swimsuit issue.

STARR-STRUCK STUDENT: BROOKE SHIELDS



BEST BATHING BEAUTY: PAULINA PORIZKOVA



THE MODEL MOST LIKELY: DEVIN DE VASQUEZ

**MOST CONTROVERSIAL COUPLE:
MADONNA AND SEAN PENN**



Rare Pairs

Rock-'em Madonna and sock-'em Sean Penn can't help making news, from art class to courtroom to concert stage to mixed reviews for their new film, *Shanghai Surprise*. *PLAYBOY* pictorial subject Brigitte Nielsen won Sylvester Stallone and roles in his movies *Rocky IV* and *Cobra*. But the courtship that really hooked celebrity watchers around the world was that of H. R. H. Prince Andrew, the duke of York, and his new duchess, the former Sarah Margaret Ferguson.

**MOST MACHO COUPLE:
SYLVESTER AND BRIGITTE STALLONE**



**MOST ROMANTIC COUPLE:
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK**



The Sophisticates

More overtly sexual in their appeal than either Cruise or White are Bruce Willis and Kim Basinger, who'll be teamed after Christmas in Blake Edwards' *Blind Date* (inset, opposite page). Willis is best known as Cybill Shepherd's partner in *Moonlighting* (inset, this page); Basinger has made four films in little more than a year, with *Fool for Love* and *9½ Weeks* already out, *No Mercy*, with Richard Gere, due soon.

PRIME PROSPECT, FEMALE: KELLY MCGILLIS



PRIME PROSPECT, MALE: ROB LOWE

Coming on Strong

Keep an eye on Kelly McGillis, who made her mark opposite Harrison Ford in 1985's *Witness* and scored again this year as Cruise's lady in *Top Gun*, and on Rob Lowe, who recovered handily from two flabby sports films (*Oxford Blues* and *Youngblood*) with a hit in *About Last Night*. . . .



SEXIEST SLEUTH: BRUCE WILLIS



WOMAN IN DEMAND: KIM BASINGER

syndicated game show seen daily by some 43,000,000 people, including Mick Jagger and Armand Hammer—has become just that. In other years, a woman who qualified as a sex star was likely to have a steamier image—sleeping with rock musicians or flashing in discos, say—but midway through this decade, times have changed, which is a nice way of saying that nobody's getting any without a great deal of difficulty. Anything beyond the missionary position, and that only with a partner certified celibate for the past five years, is suspect. What better era could there be for Vanna's white-bread appeal?

Even she remains puzzled by her sudden celebrity, which includes an estimated 1000-plus fan letters per week, a best-selling poster, magazine covers and countless demands to appear on talk shows (where she's just as unprovocative as on *Wheel of Fortune*). She's even writing a book with pop-celebrity co-author Bart Andrews.

Equally squeaky clean is this year's hottest young man, Tom Cruise, who doesn't even do posters. After barring photographers from the set during his bare-chested scenes, Cruise insisted that the sweating male bodies exercising in *Top Gun* had little to do with the success of the picture, preferring to think that the heavy-breathing ladies in the audience had taken a sudden interest in aviation.

Seeking the truth on behalf of her female friends, *L.A. Times* writer Pat Broeske returned from a Cruise interview with a disappointing assessment. "Let's set the record straight: Movies do magical things. You can't always believe what you see. He may be playing a masterful, *macho* part on the screen; but in person, he's not much different from a kid sister's boyfriend. . . . In Real Life, Cruise comes across as a nice, well-spoken and (dare I say it?) cute 24-year-old—who could play much younger." To Broeske, Cruise disclosed the shattering news that he had been much offended by the nudity and bad language in one of his earlier teen films, *Losin' It*.

Unquestionably, these people don't agree with Woody Allen, who, when asked "Is sex dirty?" replied, "If you do it right, it is."

As noted in earlier installments of *Sex Stars*, marriage and babies are on the upswing among newly conservative celebrities. Sean and Madonna Penn, a madcap couple, indeed, have been wed more than a year now, suffering month to month through rumors of impending divorce and/or pregnancy, none of which has proved true. As Sean fought photogs and Madonna made herself over into a Marilyn Monroe look-alike, the world press spent millions of words trying to capture the essence of their appeal. But the liveliest description may have come from an unlikely source: Sylvester Stallone's 64-year-old mother, Jackie, who encountered the Penns in a restaurant. "The worst ratty-

looking couple came in," Mom recalled. "She looked like she needed a bath and a flea dip—both of them did. Her clothes were shabby and she had no make-up. Madonna doesn't have much to start with—her features are average."

Mother Stallone's point was that her equally famous son always takes the trouble to dress up in public, owning hundreds of suits to choose from. His bride, Brigitte Nielsen, looks equally good undressed, as two PLAYBOY pictorials have demonstrated. Actually, the Stallones met when she was in New York shooting her first PLAYBOY layout, published in September 1985.

The couple who drew the most fanfare this year attracted world-wide coverage for a royal wedding. Prince Andrew and his bride, Sarah Margaret "Fergie" Ferguson, arrived at the altar with a little less star dust than did Prince Charles and his lovely Di five years ago. Andy, of course, had already earned some notoriety via his well-publicized exploits with soft-porn actress Koo Stark and sexy distraction Vicki Hodge, among others his mother, Queen Elizabeth II, was not disposed to accept. Fergie's romantic past was also a bit more eventful than her close chum Di's, having included live-in businessman Kim Smith-Bingham and car racer Paddy McNally. But royalty buffs everywhere seemed more interested in the issue of the robust Ferguson's waistline than in that of her chastity. For many, that just made the Cinderella story more wonderful. It's one thing for a commoner to catch a prince; it's even better to do it without dieting.

Close to home, America's unofficial royal family had two weddings, as Caroline Kennedy (daughter of the late John F. and Jackie O.) married Edwin Schlossberg and J.F.K.'s niece, CBS *Morning Newscaster* Maria Shriver, married Hollywood muscle man Arnold Schwarzenegger. At first, it was a bicoastal marriage for the Schwarzeneggers, with her working in the East and him in the West. According to Arnold, this required a lot of "over-the-phone sex." After the *Morning News* pink-slipped Maria, however, she joined NBC as a news correspondent in L.A.

Another favored bachelor, Tony Danza of television's *Who's the Boss?*, abandoned the field with a marriage to interior designer Tracy Robinson—but not without taking to another field for a Saturday-morning softball game on his wedding day, pitching his team to a 10-4 victory. Among the romantic losers for his attention was former Playboy Bunny Sandi Lee, who moaned, "I would have married him in a second, and I'm not that easily persuaded. Tracy must be perfect. . . ."

Elsewhere on the orange-blossom special, Tatum O'Neal finally wed tennis star John McEnroe, regularizing the home life of their infant son, while dad Ryan O'Neal remained matrimonially undecided about Farrah Fawcett and their young lad. Don

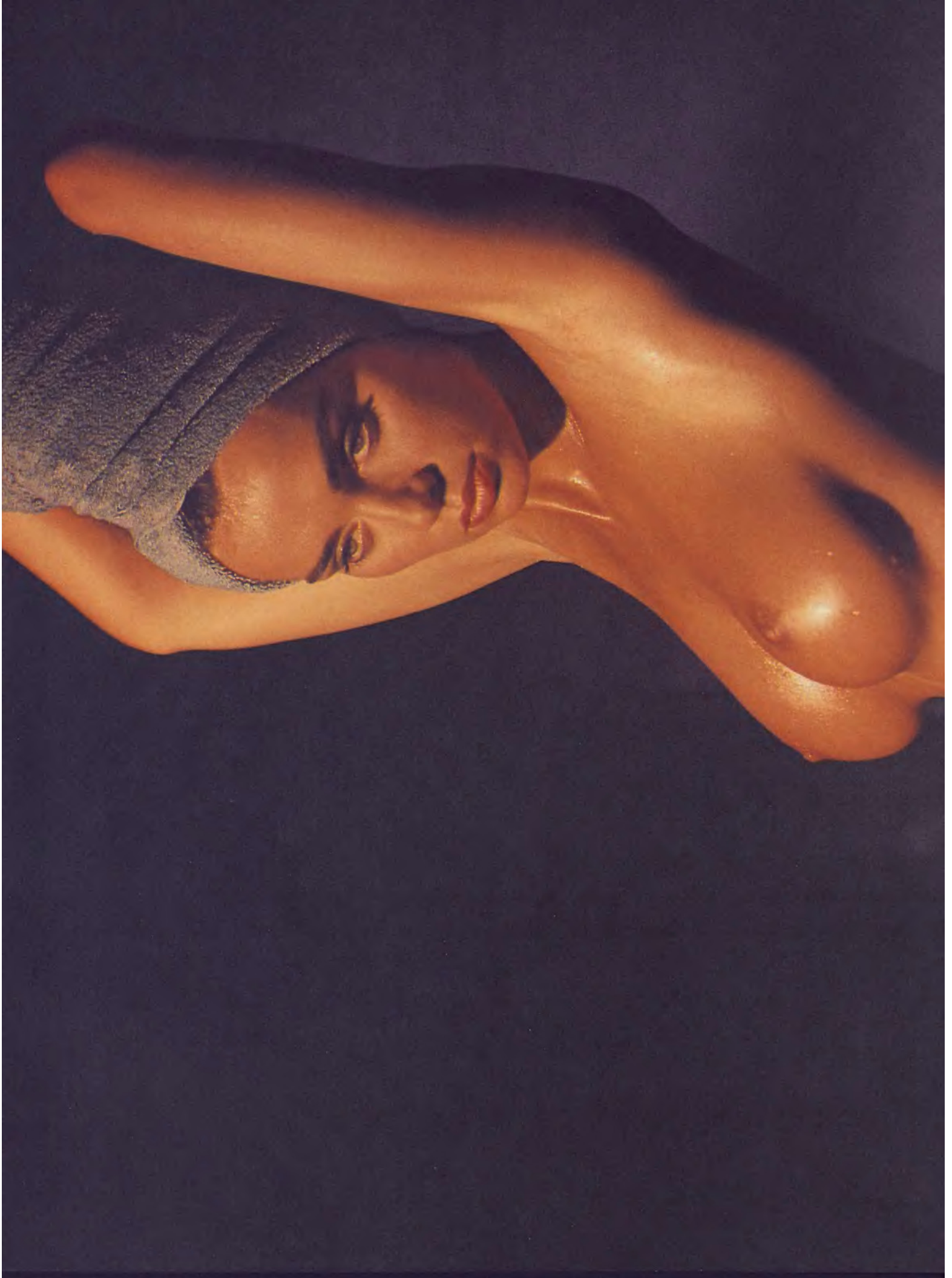
Johnson and Patti D'Arbanville seem to have decided to remain single parents of their son, Jesse. Don's keeping company with 18-year-old model Donya Fiorentino when he isn't appearing on magazine covers promoting *Miami Vice* or his new album, *Heartbeat*. Debra Winger wed actor Timothy Hutton while they were filming *Made in Heaven*, ending her long romance with Nebraska governor Bob Kerrey. But the good-natured gov, who jokes about a partially artificial leg left over from Vietnam, had to agree with Statehouse wags who noted that, for a while, at least, Winger "had swept him off his foot."

Others were equally sanguine about their breakups. After a bitter divorce and custody fight, Lorenzo Lamas and ex-wife Michele are often now seen hand in hand with their two children, and chums insist that "they are friendlier now than when they were married." Janet Jackson and James DeBarge are still seen cuddling even though their eight-month marriage was annulled at the urging of her record company, which saw their elopement as a threat to Jackson's "teen idol" status. All of this, DeBarge has said, leaves him "very confused"—understandably.

As for Janet's brother Michael, people stopped talking about his resemblance to Diana Ross after she married Norwegian millionaire Arne Naess, Jr., but Michael's feminine features continued to cause confusion elsewhere. Even though *Aliens*
(concluded on page 246)

THE PLAYBOY GALLERY

Our foldout photo this month features luscious Carrie Leigh, by now well known across America as the first lady of Playboy Mansion West. Ever since we published our July 1986 pictorial of her, readers have been writing to us to request another look at the lady who makes Hef feel even more like a king. To satisfy her fans, we present, once more, all of Carrie—and that's a lot of woman. The shot is by Phillip Dixon. Another very sexy woman, in her own way, is one of our favorite illustrators, Olivia De Berardinis, who painted the naughty but cute picture on the other side of our foldout. Olivia has her own line of greeting cards, and this is one of 12 illustrations she uses for her Christmas selections. When we asked her to interpret the goings on with the wee people, she explained, "It's Mrs. Claus making the elves happy while Santa attends to business elsewhere." After all, a guy can't be expected to build Erector sets all day without some relief. Olivia's catalog is available for two dollars from the O Card Corporation, P.O. Box 541, Midtown Station, New York, New York 10018. And remember: If you find any manufacturing flaws in your Christmas presents this year, it isn't Mrs. Claus's fault.





THE PLAYBOY GALLERY





"This Sister Lucy didn't look anything like a nun; she was wearing about \$300 worth of clothes."

touch a dead leper any more 'n I do."

Jack Delaney could talk this way to his boss because they were pretty good friends and because Leo was his brother-in-law.

Jack sighed. "OK. I'll go to Carville tomorrow."

"There's somebody wants to go with you to pick up the body," Leo said. "You don't mind, do you? Have some company?"

"Aw, shit, Leo. You know I can't talk to relatives, they're in that state. You're asking me to drive a hundred and fifty miles up and back, my head aching trying to think of words of consolation, Jesus, never smiling. . . . Shit, Leo."

"You through?" Leo asked. "The one that's going with you isn't a relative, it's a sister, a nun, who knew the deceased when she was in Nicaragua and, I think, brought her up here for treatment."

"The one I'm picking up is a nun? The dead one?"

"Look," Leo said. "The deceased is a young Nicaraguan woman, twenty-three years old. I wrote her name down; it's on the desk in the office. Also the name of the person that's going with you, a Sister Lucy. OK? You pick up Sister Lucy at the Holy Family Mission on Camp Street, tomorrow, one o'clock. It's near Julia."

"The soup kitchen."

"That's the place. She'll be waiting for you."

Jack nodded, picturing the trip. "We run out of conversation, we'll say a Rosary."

The bums in front of New Orleans' Holy Family, squinting in the sunlight, shading their eyes, said, Hey, it's the undertaker man. Who died? That ain't for me, is it? I ain't dead yet. Get outa here with that thing, Jesus. Come back afterwhile. Hey, buddy, come back after we've et. They said, Here's one good as dead. Here, take this guy. Jack told them not to touch the hearse. Keep away from it, OK? He walked through them in his navy-blue suit, white shirt and striped tie, sunglasses, nodding with a faint smile, careful to breathe through his mouth. He got inside the storefront mission with only a couple of them brushing against him.

There were bums hunched over shoulder to shoulder along two rows of tables that reached to the serving counter, where a pair of round, gray-haired ladies wearing glasses and white aprons were dishing out the meal. Jack said to a little colored guy in bib overalls and an ageless tweed coat too big for him, "Which one's Sister Lucy?"

The man turned all the way around and pointed to the line approaching the serving counter. "She right there. See?"

Jack saw a slim young woman with dark hair brushed behind her ear in profile. He took off his sunglasses. Saw she was wearing a beige double-breasted jacket, high styled, made of linen or fine cotton, moving down a line of skid-row derelicts, touching them. This was a nun wearing pressed Calvins, a straw bag hanging from her shoulder, long, slim legs that seemed longer in plain tan heels. Across the room in a bare, whitewashed soup kitchen—look at that. Touching them, touching their arms beneath layers of clothes they lived in, taking their hands in hers, talking to them. . . .

She came over with calm eyes to take his clean hand and he said, "Sister? Jack Delaney, I'm with Mullen's." And was surprised again to feel calluses that didn't go with the stylish look.

Though her face did. Her face startled him. The slender, delicate nose, dark hair brushed back though it lay on her forehead, deep-blue eyes looking up at him. She was small up close and now that surprised him; only about 5'3", he decided, without the heels. She said, "Lucy Nichols, Jack. I'm ready if you are."

The derelicts outside told her not to go with him. Stay outa that thing, Sister. That's a one-way ride, Sister. Hey, Sister, you looking good. She smiled at them, put a hand on her hip and let her shoulders go slack, like a fashion model. "Not bad, huh? You like it?" She stopped to look over the hearse, then at Jack and said, "You know what? I've always wanted to drive one of these."

She blew the horn pulling away and the bums sunning themselves on Camp Street waved.

"You can handle it all right?"

"This is a pleasure. I used to drive a ton-and-a-half truck with broken springs. Last month, when we had to leave in a hurry, I managed to buy a Volkswagen in León and drove it all the way to Cozumel. That was a trip."

Jack had to think a minute. But it didn't do any good. "You drove from where?"

"From León, in Nicaragua, through Honduras to Guatemala. We wore what passed for habits and had papers saying we were going to the Maryknoll language school in Huchuetenango. Then we had to scrounge more papers to get us into Mexico. After that it was fairly easy, from Cozumel to New Orleans and then to Car-

ville. We could have flown out of Managua to Mexico City, but it seemed risky at the time, waiting around the airport. That feeling you shouldn't be standing still. My one concern was to get Amelita out of there, fast, and continue her therapy. You know she's the one we're picking up."

Jack said, "Oh." The one they were picking up. Kind of an offhand way to refer to the deceased. But that was the name Leo had written down, Amelita Sosa.

She said, "You don't know how much I appreciate what you're doing."

He kept quiet. What was he doing? His job. Then looked out the window, trying to think of nun-related things to talk about.

"I had sisters all the way through grade school."

She said, "You did?"

"At Incarnate Word. Then I went to Jesuit High." Hearing himself, he thought it sounded like he was still going there. "I went to Tulane one year, but I didn't know what to take, I mean that would help me. So I left."

She said, "I did the same thing. Spent a year at Newcomb."

"Is that right?" He felt a little better.

This Sister Lucy didn't look anything like a nun; she looked rich. She had on a loose beige-and-white-striped blouse, like a T-shirt, underneath the linen jacket. She was wearing, he decided, about \$300 worth of clothes. He wanted to ask her why she had become a nun.

Amazing, thinking that when she glanced at him and said, "How do you happen to be in the funeral business?"

"I'm not, really. I'm helping out my brother-in-law for a while. My sister's husband."

"What would you rather do?"

Jack edged up a little straighter. "That's a hard one. There isn't much I've done I cared for, or wouldn't bore you to tears." He paused, at first wondering if he should tell her, then wanting to for some reason, and said, "Except for a profession I got into after Tulane. There was sure nothing boring about it."

She kept her eyes on the road. "What was that?"

"I was a jewel thief."

Now she looked at him. Jack was ready. He nodded, resigned, weary, but with a nice grin.

"You broke into people's homes?"

"Hotel rooms. But I never broke in. I used a key."

There was a silence in the hearse as she passed a semitrailer at 70 miles an hour.


"A jewel thief. You mean you only stole jewelry?"

Other girls, wide-eyed, had never asked that. They'd get squirmy and want to know if he was scared and if the people ever woke up and saw him. He said, "I'd take cash if I was tempted. If it was sitting

(continued on page 196)



SCULPTURE BY DDN BALM



can we have sex
with whomever we want
the way we want it?
the supreme court says no

COURTING DISASTER

article
By Former Attorney General
RAMSEY CLARK

HOW SECURE is freedom in America? On the eve of the 200th anniversary of our Constitution, the U.S. Supreme Court has decided, in *Bowers vs. Hardwick*, that any American can be prosecuted under a statute providing a maximum penalty of 20 years in prison for engaging in "any sexual act involving the sex organs of one person and the mouth or anus of another." Neither married couples nor any other consenting adults have a "fundamental right" to have oral (continued on page 238)

STATES THAT CRIMINALIZE SEX

By Ralph Bruno

STATE	ACTIVITIES GOVERNED BY STATUTE	MAXIMUM PENALTY
Alabama	Sexual misconduct—oral or anal sex with person other than spouse	1 yr.
Arizona	Living in a state of open and notorious cohabitation Infamous crime against nature [Performing] in an unnatural manner any lewd and lascivious act	30 days and/or \$500 30 days and/or \$500
Arkansas	Oral or anal sex or penetration of the anus or vagina by any body part with person of the same sex	1 yr. and/or \$1000
District of Columbia	Oral or anal sex or carnal copulation in an opening of the body other than the sexual parts Fornication by any unmarried man or woman	10 yrs. or \$1000 6 mos. and/or \$300
Florida	Lewd and lascivious association and cohabitation by any man or woman not married to each other Unnatural and lascivious act	60 days and/or \$500 60 days and/or \$500
Georgia	Sodomy—oral or anal sex Unmarried person's engaging in sexual intercourse (including consensual sodomy) with another	20 yrs. 12 mos. and/or \$1000
Idaho	Sexual intercourse by unmarried person with unmarried person of the opposite sex. Man and woman, not married to each other, cohabiting as man and wife or lewdly and notoriously associating Infamous crime against nature	6 mos. and/or \$300 N.L.T. 5 yrs.
Illinois	Cohabitation or sexual intercourse if open and notorious	6 mos. or \$500
Kansas	Oral or anal copulation (including use of an object or other body part) with person of same sex	6 mos. and/or \$1000
Kentucky	Deviate sexual intercourse—oral or anal sex with person of the same sex	12 mos. and/or \$500
Louisiana	Unnatural carnal copulation	5 yrs. and/or \$2000
Maryland	Sodomy Oral or anal intercourse or any other unnatural or perverted sex practice	10 yrs. 10 yrs. and/or \$1000
Massachusetts	Lewd and lascivious cohabitation by any man or woman not married to each other	3 mos. or \$300
Michigan	Lewd and lascivious cohabitation by any man or woman not married to each other Abominable and detestable crime against nature An act of gross indecency	1 yr. and/or \$500 15 yrs. or \$2500 5 yrs.
Minnesota	Sodomy—oral or anal carnal knowledge Sexual intercourse by any man and a single woman	1 yr. and/or \$3000 90 days and/or \$700
Mississippi	Any unlawful cohabitation or habitual sexual intercourse by a man or a woman	6 mos. or \$500

STATE	ACTIVITIES GOVERNED BY STATUTE	MAXIMUM PENALTY
Mississippi (contd.)	Any sexual intercourse by a teacher with a pupil (under 18) or a guardian with a ward Unnatural intercourse—detestable and abominable crime against nature	6 mos. or \$500 10 yrs.
Missouri	Sexual misconduct—deviate sexual intercourse (oral, anal or manual) with person of the same sex	1 yr. and \$1000
Montana	Deviate sexual conduct—sexual contact or intercourse with person of the same sex	10 yrs. and/or \$50,000
Nevada	Infamous crime against nature—anal intercourse, cunnilingus or fellatio between same sex	6 yrs./N.L.T. 1 yr.
North Carolina	Lewd and lascivious association, bedding and cohabitation (must be habitual) by any man or woman not married to each other Any man and woman falsely registering as husband and wife in a place of public accommodation Crime against nature	6 mos. and/or \$500 6 mos. and/or \$500 10 yrs.
North Dakota	Engaging in a sexual act in a public place Living openly and notoriously with a member of the opposite sex as a married couple without being married to each other	1 yr. and/or \$1000 30 days and/or \$500
Oklahoma	Detestable and abominable crime against nature	10 yrs.
Rhode Island	Abominable and detestable crime against nature Fornication by any person	20 yrs./N.L.T. 7 yrs. \$10
South Carolina	Unmarried man or woman's living together or having habitual carnal intercourse without living together Abominable crime of buggery	1 yr. and/or \$500 5 yrs. and/or \$500
Tennessee	Crime against nature	15 yrs.
Texas	Homosexual conduct—deviate sexual intercourse (oral or anal) with person of same sex	\$200
Utah	Sodomy—oral or anal intercourse with person other than spouse Sexual intercourse by any unmarried person	6 mos. or \$299 6 mos. or \$299
Virginia	Sexual intercourse by any unmarried person Crimes against nature—carnal knowledge of any person by the anus or by or with the mouth	\$100 5 yrs. or \$1000
West Virginia	Fornication Lewd and lascivious cohabitation by any persons not married to each other	N.L.T. \$20 6 mos. or N.L.T. \$50

KEY: N.L.T.—Not less than

JUST A FLING? LOOK FOR THE RING

You can be arrested for committing adultery in Alaska, Arizona, Colorado, Connecticut, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Kansas, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Utah, Virginia, West Virginia and Wisconsin.



behind every successful monster, there's a woman

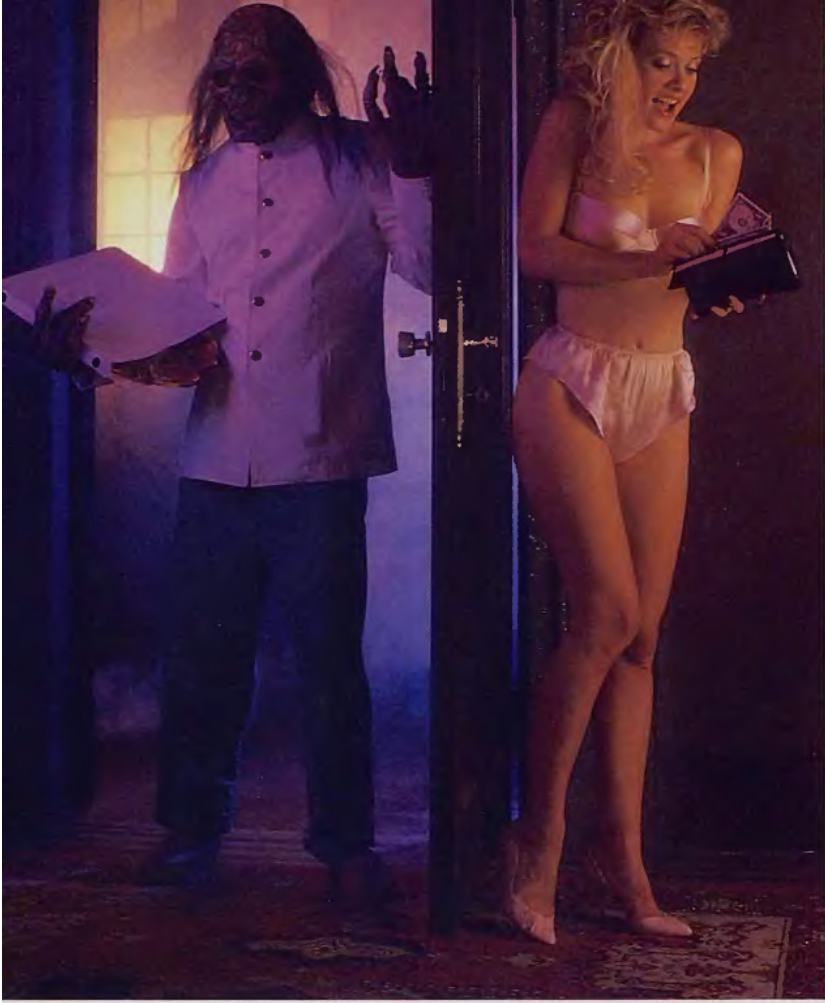
SIMPLY BEASTLY



Like all horror-movie heroines, Barbara Crampton, 27, never knows what she's getting into. Is she merely a demure scientist (left), or could her unusual leisure-time reading habits (above) foretell something?

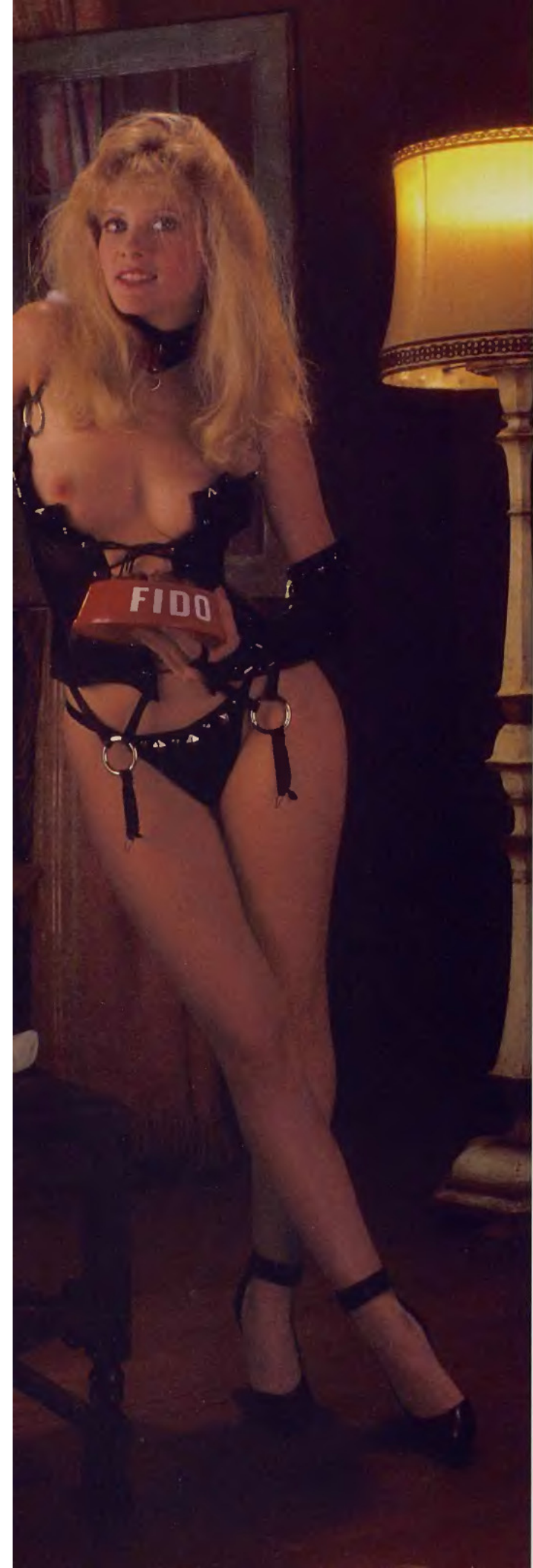
WHEN Barbara Crampton landed the role of Megan Halsey in *Re-Animator*, last year's surprise horror hit, she had little idea it would become a cult classic. "We thought it would be either a hit or a piece of junk," she recalls. "We only knew that it was funny." Later, when it hit the theaters, *Re-Animator*—based on an H. P. Lovecraft story—garnered the type of rave reviews even experienced moviemakers dream of.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



For instance, the *Los Angeles Times* called *Re-Animator* "simply the best, funniest Grand Guignol horror picture to come along in ages." Even *The New Yorker's* finicky Pauline Kael was impressed, both by the movie and by its female lead. "Barbara Crampton, who's creamy pink all over, is at her loveliest when she's being defiled," she gushed. Naturally, immediate plans were made to reteam Crampton with much of the cast and crew for a new cinematic effort called *From Beyond*.

In horror films, some of the characters are even slimmer than agents. When *Borboro's* on set, it's a case of beauty and the beasts.





Director Stuart Gordon, who headed Chicago's Organic Theater before taking off to make films, shot *From Beyond* in Italy. So Barbara got to spend nearly three months in Rome. Her character, a repressed psychiatrist who gets in touch with her sensual needs at inopportune—and gruesome—moments, is also a departure: “She really lets go—violently.” But can *From Beyond* live up to *Re-Animator*'s promise? “It's different,” Barbara says. “But you'll laugh when you see it.”

Must all horror shows be rocky? Is the company Borboro keeps having an odd effect on her? Not unless she gets cold feet.



“My first word was werp—the sound the music makes when it’s going backward through the tape systems.”

came home, it was either to spank us or to rest up for two days.

My mother was concerned about the usual things: having us eat the right food, making sure we ate together every day at the same time and making us watch our language. She talked regularly with our teachers.

When my mother and stepfather were going through their divorce in 1976, we all went our own ways. I went into the Navy for four years. My mother didn’t want me to go in at all, but it was good for me. I had taken a lot of things for granted, because everything had been given to me. Now I’m a junior agent in the music department of Triad Artists and I’m training to be an agent. If worst comes to worst, I’ll say, “Hi, my name is Craig Turner. My mother is Tina.” That may open the door. But I’m reserved about that. I usually don’t tell people who my mother is.

•

CHINA KANTNER, 15, daughter of Grace Slick and Paul Kantner (The Jefferson Airplane and Jefferson Starship): My parents never named me god. There’s absolutely no truth to that story at all. Here’s what really happened:

My mom was in the hospital where she had just had me, and a real sugary-sweet nurse walked in and asked, “What did you decide to name your sweet little baby?”

My mom said, “We’re naming it god—only we’re spelling it with a small g to be humble.” The nurse ran off and told Herb Caen, and he put it in his column. My mom was just joking. Lots of times, she’s very sarcastic—more so when she was drinking than now—and blurts things out. Some people get the joke and some don’t.

Until I was about four, I lived with my mom and dad. Then my mom left and married Skip Johnson. She and my dad had never been married, so there was no divorce. Since then, I’ve lived one week with my mom and one week with my dad.

Sometimes I got bored with all the rock concerts I went to while I was growing up. But it also felt exciting to see 12,000 people in the audience, happy and having a good time watching my parents. I always wanted real badly to do what they were doing. Even when I was seven, I would run on stage for encores and stuff. I’ve always wanted to sing or be in some phase of the business, like acting or modeling. In sixth and seventh grades, I was a Cyndi Lauper clone. Then, when I started noticing guys, I started thinking more about the way I looked and less about schoolwork, and my grades started dropping. When I got to high school, I was cutting

classes and my grades dropped more. But this year, I’m a sophomore, and I think I’ve improved my attitude. I’m trying to get good grades.

I take after my mom more than my dad. I get my personality, my sarcastic humor, my swearing from my mom. I’ve got my mom’s body.

Me and my mom are best friends. We even share clothes all the time and have the exact same taste. We get into big fights about once every six months—hardly ever. And I love her more than anything. We always go around together. But she also likes to be alone, reading and stuff. I can’t sit still. I have the attention span of a gnat. So I sit and watch MTV 20 hours a day. I love MTV.

I don’t have any idols, but I used to like Madonna. I still like her, but for about a year, in seventh grade, I worshiped her. Now I’m getting to the point where I want to be myself. But back then, I dressed like her and even won a Madonna look-alike contest at a shopping center. I did all the stupid Madonna moves, even rolling on the ground.

What about drugs? My mom told me she had fun in the Sixties and told me all about the dope thing. But she was never a hippie, even though people classified her as a hippie. She didn’t make her own bread and she was always a real clean person. She did use a lot of drugs. But seeing her use drugs didn’t affect me as much as knowing about all those people who died of overdoses—Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin. I want to sing and do something with my life. I don’t care if other people do it. But I think drugs are stupid; they make me do stupid things.

For a time, I had hair down to my waist. Then I chopped it off on one side and shaved it so I could spike it. It’s taking a long time to grow out. My mother didn’t mind. There’s no way in the world I could actually shock her. Let me ask her. [*Pause while she confers with Grace Slick*] She said I could shock her by getting straight A’s.

•

MOON UNIT, 19, and **DWEEZIL ZAPPA, 17**, daughter and son of Frank Zappa.

Moon Unit: What were my parents doing when I was born? My father was either on or getting ready to go on a tour, and my mother was moving furniture. They were married 14 days before I was born. I thought that was pretty funny. Then there’s my name—I’m told it was a tossup between that and Motor Head. I am only too grateful they went with Moon Unit. Luckily, I’ve got a sense of humor about the whole thing.

I don’t remember the first time I saw my father perform. I just remember once that my dad’s bodyguard came up and told us we couldn’t sit on stage. Then he found out who we were and said it was OK. We always sat on boxes off to the side of the stage. Apparently, my first word was *werp*—that’s the sound the music makes when it’s going backward through the tape systems.

My musical education began at six, maybe younger, when I was forced to take piano lessons. I couldn’t get into it, ‘cause I have no patience. At nine, I wanted to play the harp, so my parents got me an Irish harp and I took lessons. That lasted about a year. I listened to anything I wanted to. I could go to any kind of musical concert I wanted to see. My father encouraged me to appreciate music of all kinds. He has an unbelievable record collection—R&B, classical, jazz, you name it.

We pretty much do our own thing in this house. Our family never sits together and eats dinner. Maybe for a couple of Thanksgivings we sat together for ten minutes. That family togetherness was something I sometimes wanted when I was going to high school. All my friends had very family-oriented families who were always doing things like taking whirlpool baths together. But if my family ever did that, it would be a disaster. My little brother would probably pee in the water—not because he had to but as a joke—and there would be a million arguments between Ahmet and Diva, the two younger kids. So it’s probably a good thing we don’t.

It would be pretty hard to shock my parents, believe me. Nothing would scare my parents except, probably, religion. If I became a born-again Christian, I would be disowned. Don’t panic. I have no intention of becoming one.

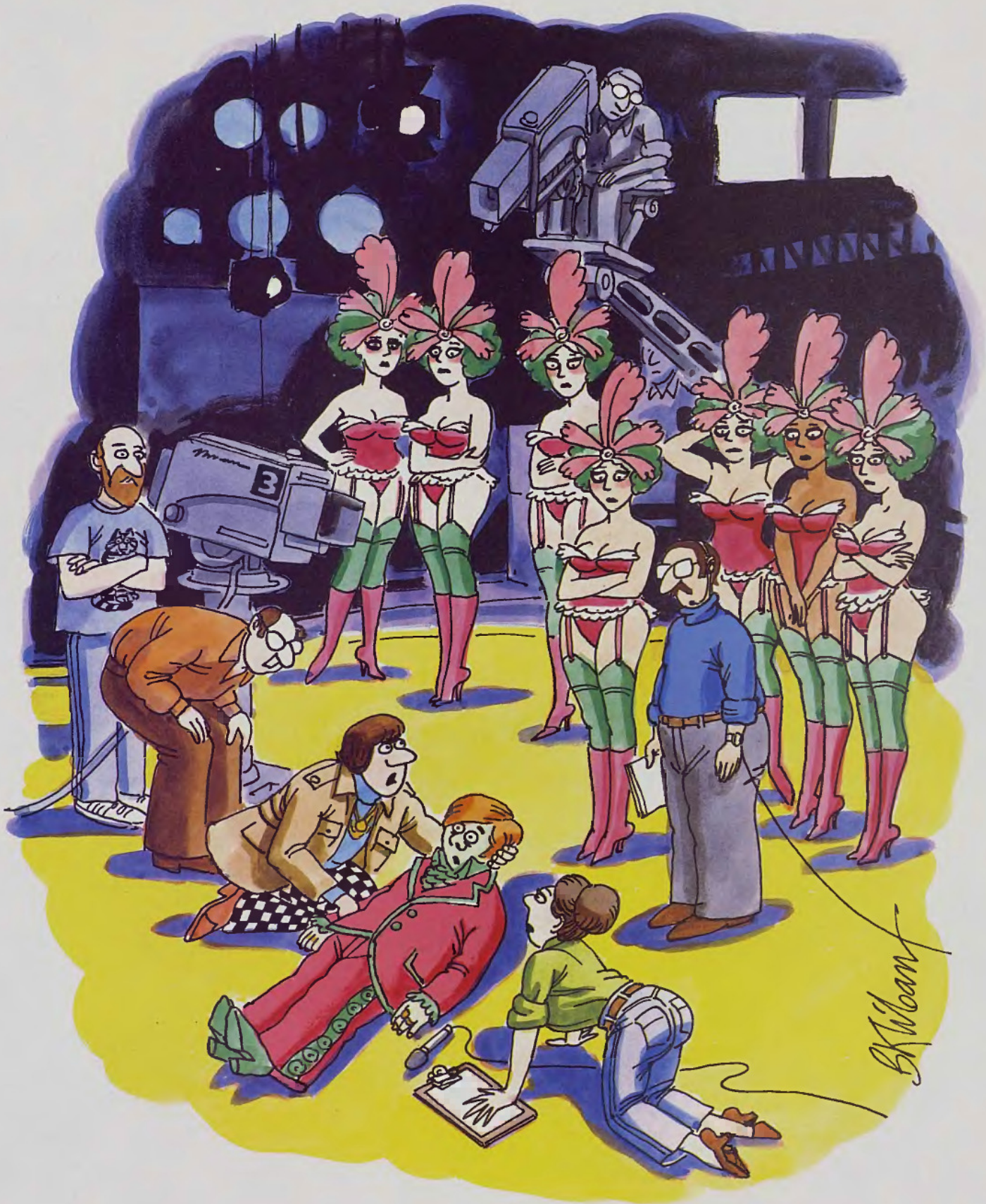
What would scare them the second most would be if I had a date. I scare so many guys away that if they saw one stay more than ten or 15 minutes, it would probably put them into a frenzy.

I’ve always been pretty protective of Dweezil; but now our roles are reversed. He dates more than I do—not by my choice—and he’s like an older brother would be. We’ve always been pretty close. He’s probably my best friend.

My parents aren’t real restrictive, but my father likes to meet all my friends and know what I’m up to. He wants to know that my values are not totally screwed up. He was excited to know, for instance, that I voted in the last election. He didn’t really give me any resistance about quitting high school. I pretty much outgrew high school. I wasn’t there for the social life. By then, I had started thinking about a career and my long-term goals.

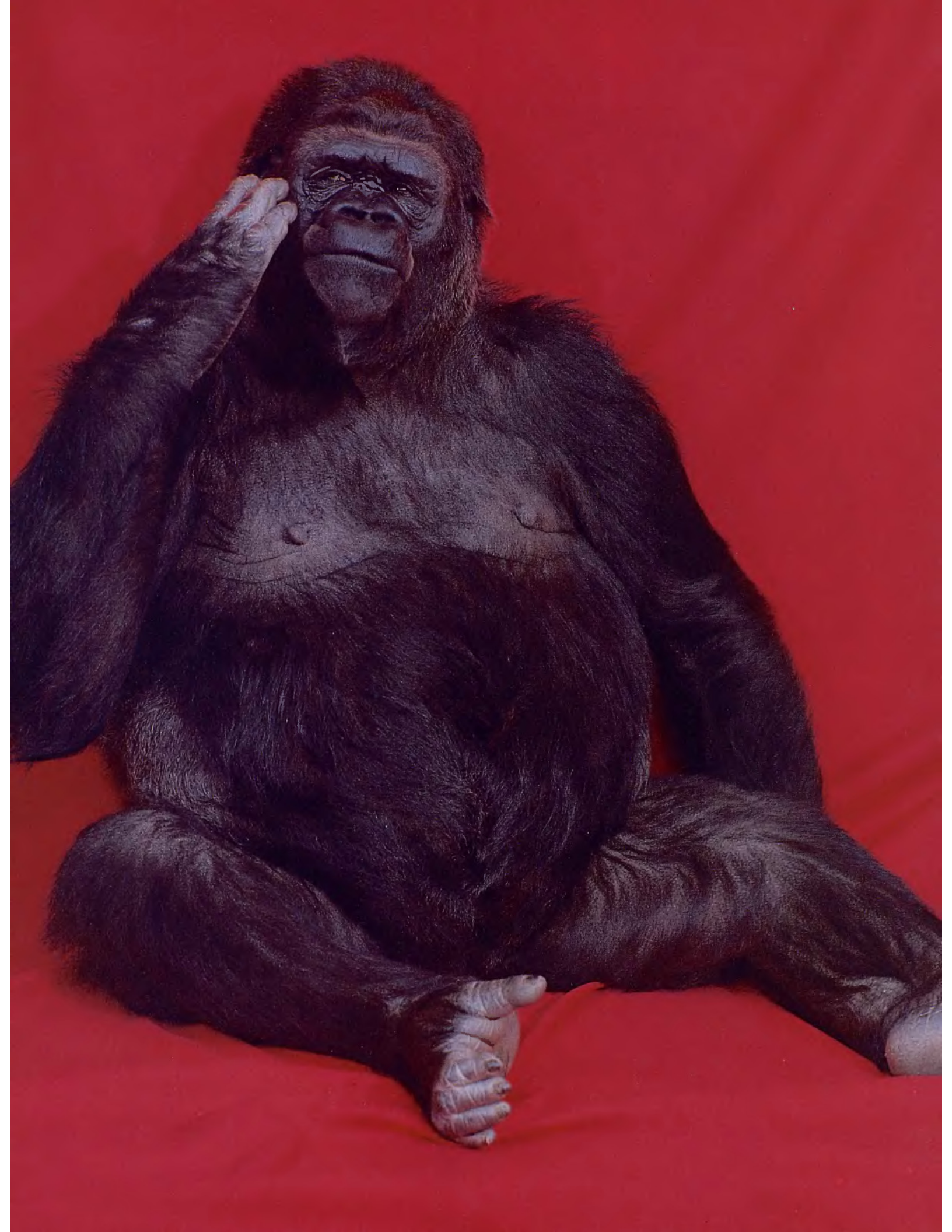
If anything, my parents have encouraged all of us to be our own person, to do

(continued on page 192)



B. Wilcox

"Get a doctor in here quick! . . . This man has lost a lot of talent!"



20 QUESTIONS: KOKO

*our favorite animal to go ape over sign language
tells us what it's like to have hands on her feet and why her
friend michael is the gorilla of her dreams*

Koko is the most celebrated gorilla in the world, and for good reason. She is the first gorilla that can use a human language. Dr. Penny Patterson has been her teacher since Koko's birth and is the director of The Gorilla Foundation in Woodside, California, where Koko now lives.

Robert Crane interviewed Koko, with Dr. Patterson acting as interpreter. He reports, "Koko, 15 years old and 230 pounds, sat poised and ready in her open-air living area. She looked me in the eye and, using American Sign Language, commanded, 'Show me your teeth,' which I respectfully did. She was delighted by the enormous amount of gold and silver in my mouth. Her mate, Michael, 13 and 350 pounds, who shares quarters with her, never looked me in the eye—something to do with the fact that I was a stranger and a male.

"Koko and Michael, who have an occasional spat, are, for the most part, nonaggressive. They are the subjects of an ongoing study by the foundation's research team. [Donations are welcome. Write to The Gorilla Foundation, P.O. Box 620-530, Woodside, California 94062.] Both gorillas seem happy and, in Koko's case, willing to deal with media attention."

1.

PLAYBOY: Who are smarter, gorillas or humans?

KOKO: Koko Devil. Gorilla Koko love good.

2.

PLAYBOY: What is the most fun to do?

KOKO: Please eat. Please eat.

3.

PLAYBOY: What makes you happy?

KOKO: [Slaps her chest] Gorilla Koko love good. Koko love good fake tooth. [Fake tooth is Koko's sign for a gold dental cap or crown.] Feel Devil know. Gorilla polite happy Koko.

4.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Michael is cute?

KOKO: Cute [signed with two hands for emphasis equaling very cute] sweet good.

5.

PLAYBOY: What's better than bananas?

KOKO: Corn.

6.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between boys and girls?

KOKO: Corn there [points toward floor] good. [Koko gets corn, because her floor is clean. Michael doesn't, because his is dirty. The morning before the interview took place, Michael hadn't received a corn treat, because he had urinated on the floor. The gorillas are toilet trained.] Girl people. [Koko thinks of herself as a person and of Michael as an animal.]

7.

PLAYBOY: Which sex smells better?

KOKO: Girl girl.

8.

PLAYBOY: What do you want to be when you grow up?

KOKO: Polite want good. Gorilla good.

9.

PLAYBOY: What don't people understand?

KOKO: Sorry good. [When I say I'm sorry and I'll be good] Frown look lip [her sign for female] pimple [people] fake tooth. [They frown when I want to look at women's fake teeth.] Gorilla don't know Koko love good. [Gorillas and people don't know that Koko loves to be good.]

10.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of our language?

KOKO: Fake lie good.

11.

PLAYBOY: What's your most troublesome thought?

KOKO: That. [Points toward gold-foil pattern on one of her scraps of fabric. Koko wants a gold tooth so badly that the night before, she had put a piece of gold braid into her mouth and swallowed it. Koko puts the gold foil against her first right upper molar, as if trying to make her tooth a gold one.]

12.

PLAYBOY: When is the kitten more trouble than it's worth?

KOKO: Cat bad good. Frown eat there. [Points to her cereal—referring to the fact that her cat has, on occasion, eaten it]

13.

PLAYBOY: What's it like having hands on your feet?

KOKO: Good there [floor] there [mesh fence]. [They're good for use on the floor and on the fence.]

14.

PLAYBOY: What does it mean when you slap your chest?

KOKO: Gorilla good. Drink hurry good drink me. [Koko beats her chest to intimidate Penny, to get her to give her drinks, which have been restricted for a medical test.]

15.

PLAYBOY: What do you want for your birthday?

KOKO: Earrings. Cookie.

16.

PLAYBOY: What do you say when you really want to insult people?

KOKO: Dirty. Devil head.

17.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel when you've eaten too much cake?

KOKO: Sad bad stomach.

18.

PLAYBOY: What would you eat for the sheer pleasure of it?

KOKO: Champagne.

19.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything else you want people to know about you?

KOKO: Me gorilla gorilla me Koko good . . . finished.

20.

PLAYBOY: What do you say when you're tired of being asked questions?

KOKO: Gorilla teeth. Finished.



"So-called inside information is always shared. It is part of the camaraderie of the locker room."

classic mistake in the selling game: He took something personally. "One guy who wouldn't buy Gillette because it was too expensive," Irving told me, "insisted on a cheap stock, instead. If you're a salesman, you don't let someone off the hook; you give him something. So I gave him Zayre at five and seven eighths and he bought 5000 shares and he sold it at two and three quarters and he called me every name in the book."

"Where's the take-over?" the client screamed. "Where's the inside info? Clean me out and send me a check. You people who play sports don't know *dick* about money."

"That really hurt me," said Serving Irving. "But years later, I saw him in a locker room, heading for the steam. He didn't see me, so I shoved a note into his locker that said, 'I eventually sold Zayre at 60. I sold Gillette at 70. Do you want to make money or do you want to screw around? Call Irving.' And I left him my card. Well, the guy had no sense of humor. Next thing I know, the manager of our office calls me in and the SEC has me on the carpet for 'inflammatory salesmanship' and 'trading on inside information.' It did no good to tell them I had made it all up and that a bitter client did me in. Never rub your customers' noses in it . . . especially after they lose money with you."

I didn't want to be around Irving too long when he got maudlin. He might try to sell me something. I asked him one last question. "What would you do if you *really* had inside information, right from the lawyers or the printer?"

Serving Irving paused and then smiled. "Christ," he said. "If I *really* knew what was happening, it wouldn't be any fun. Don't you know that the *game* is everything?"

It isn't enough in life to have personal success. Your friends and enemies must be told about it. They must be aware of your triumphs to make your triumphs complete. Why did the Brink's robbers get caught? They couldn't keep the biggest heist in history to themselves. Investment banker Levine wanted to build a network of insider traders, a ring of highly placed people at every major Wall Street firm to swap information for the ring's private enrichment. This concept is not new, either; pooling ideas for greedy purposes is timeless. Years ago, I had a client who put together such a ring for trading on special knowledge. Luckily, its activities were closed down before I met him. Because aren't we all tempted by the apple? Aren't we all a little greedy from time to time?

Al Leeson was in the shoe business. He was a stylist, the outside man for his company, which manufactured expensive women's shoes that sold in stores such as Neiman-Marcus and Henri Bendel. Leeson had a special talent for being remembered wherever he went. He was a great duker, a man who tipped big and knew how to do it so that he always got the best tables in restaurants, was always bumped up to first class for the price of a room. In the shoe trade, they called him Mr. Dewars, after his favorite beverage.

"One of my buddies at a shoe company," Mr. Dewars told me, "says to buy Garfinckel, Brooks Brothers, Miller & Rhoads [the parent of Brooks Brothers Stores] stock, says he heard it was a take-over at 50, and it sounded good to me, so I bought 1000 shares and told the guys in my foursome about it that weekend and they all nibbled. It was then around 30. Let me tell you, we got a saying in the shoe business, 'The smell of leather keeps us together,' and it's true. Even our enemies we'll give tips to, hope they make dough. You know why? Because it's an impossible business, and we're on the line every day—leather prices, imports, cheap labor abroad, style changes, slow-paying customers, fluctuations in the lira. Every day we die a little. So we tell each other what we have in the stock market. I score; we all score. I go for the collar; we all get stuffed. Anyway, what do you know? Two weeks after we all bought Brooks Brothers, bang, there's a deal over 50. We sell it and have a party."

Mr. Dewars told me that he had a golf foursome every Saturday, all shoe guys. There was Herbie, the best factory man in the business, who used to put number-five cans under the stitchers' machines so they didn't have to go to the ladies' room to pee. "Saved me a nickel a pair in production," he claimed. Herbie started almost every conversation with "Can I ask you a question?" He had bought 2000 shares of Brooks Brothers and made almost \$40,000 on the stock.

Artie the Doctor was the third member of the group. He was 6'3" but weighed only 145 pounds and was the biggest manufacturer of nurses' shoes in America. The Doctor had also bought 2000 Brooks Brothers shares. Jerry the Ladies' Man was the last member of the foursome, the highest roller of the group, a balding fatso who loved to shoot craps in casinos and would rent hookers two at a time at shoe shows in Chicago, Paris and Milan. He had a famous art collection, which had begun when he was drunk in a gallery in

Paris in 1956 and bought the entire show, which consisted of several dozen Picassos, Légers and Mirós. Jerry was just coming off his hottest fall in history, and he didn't care where he spent his money.

"Shoe dogs are like that," Mr. Dewars explained. "And in Jerry's case, dumb-ass luck didn't hurt, either. At the time, he couldn't even *spell* Picasso." Jerry the Ladies' Man bought 5000 shares of Brooks Brothers and cleared almost \$100,000 before tax. It was the thought of taxes that hurt, and the Ladies' Man, being the biggest shooter, was also the biggest schemer.

"He made me look like a piker," Mr. Dewars said, "a *schnorrer*."

It has been my experience that so-called inside information is always shared. It is part of the camaraderie of the locker room: "We're buddies, we have a round of golf, a few pops, maybe a few hands of gin, and we swap stories. When we feel expansive, we love our fellow man and we're all seeking refuge from the women, so we'll take it a step further; we'll share some secrets that'll make us some bucks." This is exactly how most insider schemes begin.

The shoe foursome, sharing their network of stores, made more money over the next year. Their tips came from stockbrokers, relatives on various boards, customers whose bankers had loose tongues during business lunches. Everybody owes someone something, and what better way to pay off than a friendly bit of advice?

After a particularly good score for all of them, when General Cinema made a run at Heublein, the Ladies' Man made his friends a proposal. "We're men with connections," he said. "We get pretty good information and we're not afraid to put the dough on the line. But we declare all this and we give Uncle Sam 50 percent. I've got a customer in Panama knows how to treat the Ladies' Man. Gets me *three* women when I'm down there, one of 'em usually an albino Indian. We open an account at a Panamanian bank, cost us \$1500 to open the account and one and a half percent of the total assets for a fee—plus, maybe, a couple grand to get a local attorney as one of our directors. We place all orders over the phone. None of our names appears on the account. Once a year, we take a deductible trip to Panama, grease a few locals, which is always good business, pick up some cash that we carry on our bodies and back home we slide. No customs people are going to check American shoe businessmen, I guarantee you, especially when we ask them what size their wives' feet are. Send 'em a few pair."

"Hey," said Mr. Dewars, "that's *my* line. That's how I get bumped up to first class."

"Who you kidding?" said the Ladies' Man. "That's as old as shoes."

"Then it's got to be my delivery," countered Mr. Dewars, refusing to be upstaged by a bald-headed whoremaster.

But they opened the account in Panama, more politically secure than the Bahamas, more convenient than Switzerland, more anonymous than the Isle of Guernsey. And they traded stocks. Each of the partners put up \$50,000 as a stake, and they bought stocks through the stories they heard at shoe shows and hotel cocktail lounges and sporting events. All the stocks were rumored to be take-over candidates: Tampax, Lowenstein, Gerber Products, Collins & Aikman, Macmillan, Phillips Petroleum, Gulf Oil. Eventually, every one of the stocks became big winners. Some of them *were* taken over at premium prices. But the Panama partnership, dubbed Birdie Associates after the partners' golf-course connection, lost money on every single trade except for Tampax, where the account netted a \$211.61 profit. The shoe dogs wanted action; they couldn't wait for the deals to come through. And they fought with one another, the way partners always fight over money. The insider deals turned to dust, the way insider deals almost always turn to dust. "You couldn't wait with Tampax, you schmuck," fumed the Doctor. "It doubled."

"How did I know I'd live long enough to see it?" countered the Ladies' Man.

"Let me ask you a question," said Herbie the production guy. "We're down to \$145,000 and no hits. Do I need this?"

"Look, we've got good flow of information," said Mr. Dewars. "The directors' meetings in Panama are my kind of meetings. Give it a while more."

The situation got worse when they tried to make a big hit on a cheapie. They got the word to buy Baldwin-United after it had collapsed from a highflier to eight. "Victor Palmieri is on this case," they were told. "He's the genius who turned around Penn Central. All his options are at ten bucks. Buy it at eight and wait for the home run." Birdie Associates put their wad on Baldwin-United and saw it go from eight to two and a half. They bought 20,000 shares originally, partially on margin (borrowing from the broker with the stock as collateral). When the stock was five, they had a directors' meeting in Panama. Mr. Dewars described it to me.

"We had played golf at the club where the Ladies' Man's customer belonged. None of us broke 100—except the temperature, which was 105 and muggy, never a good climate for shoe dogs, who need the comfort of air conditioning. After the round, we're sitting in the clubhouse getting smashed on rum-dums when our local lawyer comes over and announces that we have to get our account back up to over \$200,000 or it's not worth his time and, anyway, his fee is going up. The Ladies' Man's customer comes over and shuts off our rum-dums, and it gets quite heated, because he had also bought Baldwin-United even higher than eight and he's being squeezed. I must admit the Ladies' Man was cool, though. He says, 'I guess

this means no more albino Indians?'"

Birdie Associates was shut down and each partner came away from Panama with about \$8000 cash. "The final irony," Mr. Dewars told me, "was that a month later, the Ladies' Man's wife unloads on him for various crimes against her person and files for divorce. It wasn't enough that his net worth was considerably diminished by this; she also tipped off the SEC and the IRS, and the Ladies' Man was charged with securities fraud and tax evasion. We lose our asses trading like wise guys and we get bagged anyway. He sings against us, just like Dennis Levine is doing, which means that Birdie Associates was the right name after all, and there's no statute of limitations on fraud. If the IRS wants to open up Pandora's boxes on anybody, forget it; you can't buy enough lawyers and accountants to get you clear."

Mr. Dewars hesitated a second. "There's probably only one thing that could get me out of the hole." He looked hopeful.

"What's that?" I asked him.

"Some really righteous inside information. One good take-over story could bail me out."

An old friend of mine, a former big-hitting stockbroker, used to pride himself on

getting advance word on mergers and acquisitions. He has since moved to California to produce movies after his doctors advised him that the movements of the ticker tape were ruining his inside parts. When he was in the investment business, he was known as the Boomer. I called him up to check on whether or not insider trading had had any influence on his leaving Wall Street.

"Christ, yes," he said. "It had *everything* to do with it. Inside information made me realize I was snake-bit. Don't you know that 99 out of 100 stories never come true? And when they do come true, it never happens when it's supposed to. Go through any brokerage-house board room in America and every stockbroker will tell you the same thing—which is that most people *lose* money on the word that's supposed to make them rich. If the average broker *were* given the word, he wouldn't share it with his dumb clients, he'd keep it himself. And since the average broker never buys stock for himself, much less goes and leverages himself even for a sure thing, when a deal *does* come true, he hits himself in the head and says, 'I had it. I shoulda borrowed the money.' Shoulda, coulda, woulda, didn't," said the Boomer. "You're getting all excited," I said.

"That's why I left the street," he



agreed.

"How can you not get excited in the movie business?" I asked.

"It's a different kind of aggravation," the Boomer said. "If you got friends out here, you'll always work, be a peon for 200 grand. I have ex-clients who let me coproduce here, executive produce there, no heavy lifting. And you know my sickness," he laid.

"You like to get laid," I answered.

"That's really why I'm out here. You think the casting couch is dead, you're crazy. Jane Fonda and Shirley MacLaine may be goddesses to these kids coming to L.A., but these kids are gonna put out for a part till they get to be stars, and none of 'em is gonna get to that stage. Getting laid was my problem with inside info; pardon the pun. It's why I realized managing money was not the Boomer's forte."

"What happened?"

"Two incidents drove me from investments," he said. "The first time, I thought it was an accident; the second time, I knew the Lord was telling me something. The first time was in the days I chased tail at lunch. I was working a stock that I was given the word if I bought it at 11, it was a cinch to sell out at 18. I go to a motel in New Jersey with a female trust officer from Citibank, not caring about anything but my blood is up. While I'm spending lunchtime in bliss, with a Springsteen tape playing in tribute to noonies in the Garden State, the stock I'm working is going from 12 to 17½ and they stop trading, pending news. [The stock exchange often suspends trading in a security temporarily until heavy volume can be explained.] I owned 150,000 shares for clients, and I swear I would have sold a ton on the way up. While I'm nuzzling a shoulder of the trust officer, the news comes out on the Dow Jones ticker. The president and the chairman of the company are selling all their stock to a private buyer for 18½. Every other stockholder is shut out. Whack. The stock reopens at 12, just where it traded when I told my secretary that I was gone for a long lunch, trying to close a deal. I didn't sell a share; the stockholders were also screwed, and there wasn't even a class-action suit. If I could talk about it, that had to be one of the most expensive noonies in history."

"What was your next lesson?" I asked.

"OK," he said, sighing. "Remember that in every tip, there is some element of truth. I had it on very good authority that a discounter, Delta United, was being taken over at 14. It was then six. The wife of the chairman was cluing me in. The chairman was straight, a client of mine, but he never breathed a word. They lived out in Long Island," the Boomer told me. "I went down to sell them a tax shelter one summer, and I'm not wearing socks with my Cole-Haan loafers. We're eating *vitello tonnato* and I'm sitting opposite the hostess and she's suddenly got my right loafer off and is rubbing my big toe between her

legs while my client is saying 'I adore *vitello tonnato*, darling.' Well, after that, we have it off a number of times in the city, with my big toe an integral part of the equation. Pillow talk is a heavy element in insider trading," the Boomer tells me, "kid yourself not. You know the *Wall Street Journal* reporter and his lovers? Not that I'm a cynic, but I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Levine and that Yuppie ring of traders weren't swapping spit somewhere along the line. Anyway, one day, the wife told me that her husband had been offered \$14 a share for his company. 'He told me,' she said, on the way to brush her teeth and put petroleum jelly on her lips for chapping, which was a very annoying habit, 'that it was a problem, because if he sold his company, he'd lose all his perks, but if he *did* sell it, he'd be one rich discounter.'

"Well," continued the Boomer, "I decided to lay my *kishkes* on the line. You know *kishkes*? It's guts. I bought 300,000 shares of the stock between six and a quarter and seven and a half for clients, as well as a shitload for myself. That was my big payday."

He paused for a moment as if he were taking a long, thoughtful drag on a cigarette. "I remember the instant," he went on. "It was May, and the leaves were coming out on the trees along Park Avenue. The stock was eight and a half, and the chairman's wife told me that 14 was a lock, a sure thing. The head of our region was in the office that day, and he came over to my desk, looking worried."

"Why are you buying so much Delta United? Compliance department is inquiring about your heavy purchases. You don't want your ass in a sling, much less *my* ass. There's no hint of inside info here, is there?"

"Christ, boss," I told him. "Delta just looks good on the charts. Good and solid, ready to break out. That's all I tell my clients, the chart is in breakout position."

The volume in Delta was unusually heavy that day, and the Boomer remembers taking his wife to '21' for dinner. "We had '21' burgers and a bottle of champagne and watched Richard Nixon at a nearby table and I thought, I've got something a former President doesn't have—a hot stock."

The next morning, the chairman's wife called the Boomer at the office. Her voice sounded as if she were being paid for her sins. "He's dead," she said. "Massive coronary opening a stuck salad-dressing bottle. He didn't even like creamy dressings. It was for the kids."

"Are you OK?" said the Boomer, madly punching up Delta United on his Quotron machine.

"He was going to be a rich discounter," she said. "I'm OK."

The Boomer sweated that entire day. But the stock was strong, moving over nine and a half on big volume. The next day was the funeral. There was a service at the dead chairman's temple, where the presi-

dent of the local bank praised him in a eulogy extolling the virtues of small towns and civic-minded people. The Boomer checked his watch every 30 seconds. The market opened at ten o'clock, and he had no idea of prices. After the service, he spotted a pay phone in the lobby of the temple. He headed for it. "Are you crazy?" his wife said. "You can't make a business call in the temple."

They hugged the widow and her children. She asked if they could take two of her cousins to the cemetery, which was half an hour out of town. They couldn't say no.

"The rest of the day was hell," the Boomer said. "I couldn't leave the funeral procession, which was moving slowly, with all our headlights on. The parade of cars must've stretched for blocks. I kept saying, 'Move, move' and the cousins in the back seat are nudging each other and my wife is nudging me, but I don't give a shit anymore. All I care about is that Delta United may be going crazy and I can't get to a phone."

It was drizzling at the cemetery, and everyone was lost in thought about his own mortality—except the Boomer, who was thinking about his 300,000 shares. By the time he got back to the widow's house for corned-beef sandwiches, drinks and condolences, he was feeling cursed by God. He ran to a phone in an upstairs bedroom to call his office. The stock had gotten as high as ten and seven eighths, his secretary told him, and was then trading at nine and three fourths. "I wanted to sell stock above ten and a half to be early!" he yelled at her. "Did you sell any?"

"You told me not to do anything until you called," said his secretary.

"You didn't sell a share?" he screamed, just as the widow walked into the room.

"May I turn to stone if you ever touch me again," she said to the Boomer.

He hung up. "Will you please listen to me?"

She looked at him as if he were dead meat. "Take your wife and her corned-beef sandwich and go."

The Boomer waited in vain for the stock to get back over ten. He waited in vain for the deal that had been promised. "I was frozen at the switch," he told me. "Afraid to admit a mistake, I rode the son of a bitch to under a buck. And, before all my clients quit me, I quit the business. Now I don't have to promise inside information, just a table at Matteo's, which I can usually deliver without getting all emotionally involved."

We shall never be able to legislate human nature, and the lure of the inside word is eternal. But it is an old Wall Street maxim, as true today as in the times of swapping Government issues under the Buttonwood Tree in 1792. "He who looks back at the market dies of remorse." Ask Dennis Levine and his buddies if this is true.



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START WITH MARTINI & ROSSI,
ADD ICE AND STIR EMOTIONS.

MARTINI & ROSSI

FAST FORWARD



"I felt that there was a need to publish literary works that were too long for magazine articles and too short for books," says **Noel Young**, 62, explaining how he created Back-to-Back Series, the latest innovation from his Santa Barbara-based Capra Press. Borrowing a technique from Fifties pulp novels, Capra puts two works back to back in one book, with

each getting its own cover. For one side, he approaches such literary big-leaguers as Raymond Carver and Herbert Gold, publishing their essays, novellas and short stories. The other side often contains the work of an unknown. "The newer writers in this series—such as Daniel Pearlman and John O'Brien—are young and just emerging," says Young. "We've got to keep nurturing fresh talent. Raising new crops of writers can only be a healthy sign for us as a culture."



In **Stuart Karl's** office stands a cardboard cutout of Jane Fonda. "Stuart, it's been quite a relationship," reads the star's inscription. That relationship is purely business—big business, since it was Karl, 33, who persuaded Fonda to star in a video called *Jane Fonda's Workout*. That success helped Karl/Lorimar Home Video grow into an \$80,000,000-a-year corporation with a bottom line as firm as Jane's. "Everybody else sells the movie of the month," says Karl, who instead staked out a niche as a video producer, often teaming up with magazines such as *Consumer Reports*, *American Health* and *PLAYBOY* for ideas. Although the company has grown, he has refused to change his approach. "This is big-time finance with smalltime personalities," he says of himself and his executive team. "We're not corporate America."

For an actor whose reputation has burgeoned through playing serious roles in even more serious films—such as the foppish spy-to-be in *Another Country*, the philandering boyfriend in *Dance with a Stranger* and now Julie Andrews' star pupil in *Duet for One*—Scotland's **Rupert Everett**, 26, admits a fascination with a less elegant art form: the American TV miniseries. "They're dangerous to be snobbish about," claims the classically trained actor. "They shoot so many of them in Europe that it's steady work for many English actors." His role as a louse in *Princess Daisy* remains one of his favorite film experiences. "It's one of the nicest things I've ever done—I even got to meet Claudia Cardinale." He was slightly less impressed with the final product. "It was OK," he says, "but I didn't like it as much as *Hollywood Wives*."



is so accessible, it must be of little lasting value," he complains. "But there are many masterpieces that were accessible to the public at the time they were created—Dickens' and Beethoven's work was very popular. There is some kind of puritanical notion that equates complexity and obscurity with greatness. The result is a tragic schism between serious creators and their audiences. I hope what I'm doing as a composer is beginning to bridge that gap."

John Adams, the 39-year-old classical composer responsible for such works as *Harmonium* and the more recent *Harmonielehre*, which stayed on the classical-record charts for months, has a problem that worries few of his fellow serious composers: too much popularity, a situation that often makes critics uncomfortable. "They have said that because this music



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CRIS LEHMAN AND BOB MOOG^Δ making a killing

Funny, they don't look like the diabolical masterminds behind murders most foul, featuring such unseemly elements as cocaine, incest and even a sex-change operation. Instead, Cris Lehman and Bob Moog, both 30, seem more like the mainstream BMW crowd. That's not surprising, either, because Lehman is a C.P.A. who worked for Price Waterhouse and Moog has a Stanford M.B.A. "We came from pretty dry academic backgrounds," acknowledges Moog, a distant relative of the fellow who devised the music synthesizer. "We could be on Wall Street or working for a Fortune 500 company, but this is much more fun."

It was on April Fools' Day in 1985 that Lehman and Moog founded University Games in Menlo Park, California. The firm makes and markets Murder Mystery Party, a series of non-board games designed to be played during a dinner party by as many as 14 friends—one of

MARY ELIZABETH MASTRANTONIO

on cruise control

For someone best remembered for spraying gunfire at Al Pacino's cocaine-crazed Tony Montana in *Scarface*, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, 27, is noticeably lacking in killer instinct. "I used to watch people go to casting calls and sucker themselves out to producers and directors, and it just never occurred to me to do that. I thought, Surely, there must be a way to get work and maintain your dignity."

Apparently, there is, since Mastrantonio has worked her way from singing country tunes at Nashville's Opryland U.S.A. to *Scarface*, TV's *Mussolini* and now *The Color of Money*, directed by Martin Scorsese and starring Paul Newman and Tom Cruise.

Her Mediterranean good looks—Scorsese calls them pre-Raphaelite—made her a natural for *Scarface*, but she recalls the experience with mixed emotions. "It was not a comfortable set to be on," she says. "With all the obscenity and special effects, it was pretty intense for your first time out."

The Color of Money, which was filmed in Chicago near her childhood home, was a different story. "Paul made popcorn on the set every day and would cook us dinner a couple of times a week. Tom served as a ringleader, getting the cast and crew together after work. And I was close to my parents, so I could go home and do my laundry every week."

—ERIC ESTRIN



MICHELE CLEMENT

whom is the murderer. Each of the seven games so far available contains identity packets for six to eight fictitious characters, clues and a record to play to set the background and drop hints about the murder's *modus operandi*. Titles, retailing for \$16 to \$20, include Murder on Misty Island (a college reunion replete with adultery and bigamy) and The Icicle Twist (a ski setting with cocaine, treason and espionage). The games, says Moog, are patterned after popular but costly murder-mystery weekends, but the idea "goes back to Clue, the granddaddy of them all."

"Some people have told us we're the next Trivial Pursuit," says Moog. "We're right now at the same point where Trivial Pursuit was in 1982 and 1983." Lehman maintains that Murder Mystery Party is even better, because the games are not knowledge-based. You don't have to feel stupid because you don't know an answer, and it's OK to get up for a beer. Anyone can play and have a good time." Meanwhile, the partners figure they're getting away with murder. "Bob and I go to work and play games every day," says Lehman. "I know Cris didn't go home during tax time before and say, 'Gee, today sure was fun,'" laughs Moog. —RICHARD J. PIETSCHMANN

PHILLIP DIXON



GREAT CHEFS (continued from page 84)

"The key is how much you can get done ahead of time. You'll be free to drink champagne and talk with guests."

never go wrong with it. Then we have an apple tart, which I've made in advance: The worst thing you can do is start dessert from scratch after you've had a few glasses of wine.

WOLFGANG PUCK (chef/owner, Spago, Los Angeles): We celebrate Christmas Eve dinner and go out of our way to make it festive. People should feel you've put some extra effort into your party. They'll appreciate it, and it'll set the tone for the entire evening. I'd never ask my guests to bring something for me to throw in the oven. I always bring out the best food, wine, china and linens.

When planning the menu, you should chose regional favorites that are easily available. I make *pâtés*, *foie gras*, oysters, goose, venison and fresh noodles. For dessert, we usually have pears poached in red wine or a *bûche de Noël*.

I like to invite different types of people, but we're all close friends. I choose the seating very carefully, because I want stimulating conversation. It's a very warm, friendly atmosphere. I want people to stay as long as possible. I hate it when people leave right after dinner for

another party—it's insulting. I even let them go to sleep here.

LYDIA SHIRE (executive chef, Four Seasons Hotel, Beverly Hills): If there's a season to splurge, this is it. I buy the best. I always start Christmas dinner with a one-pound tin of caviar. I serve it with sautéed toast points, salt cod and lots of champagne. Then we have goose with chestnut stuffing and a sauce made with Drambuie and Scotch. I serve carrots and other root vegetables. For dessert, I bring out a plum pudding that I started in September and kept dousing with booze. For a festive touch, I make chocolate truffles or meringue wreaths stuffed with fruit.

The first thing I do to plan the meal is get out the cookbooks. James Beard is a real inspiration. The key is how much you can get done ahead of time. So much can be accomplished the day before—you can even cut vegetables and cook a few things in advance. Then you'll be free to drink champagne and talk with your guests. I love people who like to drink and eat. It's not much fun to have a lot of skinny people around. And if people don't want to leave at the end of the evening, I just let them

stay. I've actually told them, "See you later. I'm going to bed!"

ALICE WATERS (chef/owner, Chez Panisse, Berkeley, California): I never know what I'll do for New Year's Eve until the week before—it's all at the midnight hour. I just make sure I have plenty of things that I've stashed away or that hold well in the oven, and then it's just a matter of assembly.

I'm a traditionalist: I serve oysters on the half shell, goose cooked on a spit, wild mushrooms and persimmons and quinces. Then I end dinner with something exotic, such as baked Alaska. I always make candy for New Year's Eve. I serve it on a platter—pastel or violet and gold-leaf chocolate mints—it makes everything special. We even rent silver candelabra for the table.

Flexibility is essential. You can't be at all rigid. You even have to be prepared to abandon something if it isn't working out. It's also important to taste everything. I know that's a terrible thing to do—sticking your spoon everywhere—but don't be shy. I just dig in and then repair what I've done.

I love good eaters, people who make great toasts and those who have a good sense of everyone else in the room. People like that are catalysts for a good party, because they bring everyone together.

BARRY WINE (chef/owner, The Quilted Giraffe and The Casual Quilted Giraffe, New York City): We celebrate the season during an extended three-day period in the country; our little vacation lasts into New Year's Day. We invite about three couples to stay with us. They're all comfortable about leaving for a short while and doing something by themselves, without worrying about being impolite.

We basically stay in one big room that contains a living room with a huge fireplace, a kitchen and a dining room. There, we just putter around. We make lots of finger food and everyone pitches in. It's a process that lasts all day. And we eat while we prepare the food, so cooking becomes the entertainment itself. We drink champagne as we go along.

Our approach is to be driven by the ingredients on hand, so we improvise. We always make *sushi* or one-person pizzas. Another favorite thing is mashed sweet potatoes with lots of cream and butter, or giant batches of hash browns.

At night, we try to eat around 9:30. We basically have one course, which we cook outside on a covered grill. We usually make turkey or a whole leg of lamb, and we always have a good bottle of red wine with it. This isn't a formal meal at the dinner table—it lasts about 45 minutes. Afterward, we sip cognac in our outdoor hot tub.

—PATRICIA WEND



"Monica? You're picking Monica to play the virgin? Wow! Talk about creative casting!"





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"No matter how protective your parents are, there is no way you're not going to see people doing drugs."

whatever we want to do, saying that it was important to be loved for who we are and that they hoped we would make the right decision and not take drugs.

I'm against drugs. To me, it's important to be in control. And there's no way I'm going to venture out into some uncharted part of my brain.

What kind of guy do I like? I don't go for any specific type. But a sense of humor is very important. And he should have nice hands and big feet. Yeah, my dad has all those things.

Dweezil: My first name is spelled with an I and not an E. How could you not know that? It's such a common name. I'm thinking of using middle initials just so people won't get me confused with all the other Dweezils in the universe. Yeah, Frank likes to create fun names. There are all sorts of stories about how I got mine. I heard I was named after my mom's baby toe, and she says that's true.

When I was a real little kid, I got teased not only because of my name but also because I had long hair. It was blond and curly, so my parents didn't want to cut it.

We never went places as a family. It's a good thing, because family vacations could be the worst torture you could go through. The younger kids fight nonstop. In a car, they'd drive you crazy.

In our family, we all do our own thing. We all eat dinner at different times. Everyone knows how to cook—even the six-year-old. We wouldn't have it any other way. I can't imagine what it would be like sitting down with everyone at six. When we watch TV, everyone watches a different channel. I like David Letterman and MTV.

My father and I sometimes have opposite musical tastes. He gets way out with weird harmonics that most people find hard to swallow. He's real percussive. I like a lot of guitar. I would love to play on a Madonna record with a heavy-metal guitar. I just played on Don Johnson's record—a number called *The Last Sound Love Makes*. It turned out real neat.

I've never had a reason to rebel. I don't find anything that offensive in my parents to rebel against. I try to stay out of trouble. I don't get myself involved in dangerous situations. I stay far away from drugs and alcohol. There's a very strong sense of that in the house. I don't even want to talk to anyone on drugs. I think taking drugs is an excuse to be an asshole.

When I was young, I don't remember meeting many people at the house. Jimi Hendrix came over once. But Dad is not a real social person. We get an allowance.

It's like the house is an office and we have a payroll situation going on here. If we need money, we borrow it and write how much we took. Moon has her own bank account, but every once in a while, she has to borrow. She's going to have a rude awakening when she moves out.

DARRIN MEDLEY, 21, son of Bill Medley (The Righteous Brothers): I was born right around the time my father and Bobby Hatfield recorded *You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'* with Phil Spector. My mom and dad were divorced and my mom was remarried. But she passed away when I was ten and I went to live with my father.

I grew up in Newport Beach. We had a house right on the beach. Then, when I was in junior high school, we moved inland, toward Anaheim, because my dad really didn't feel that the beach was a great place to raise a kid. When I was about three, I used to go to Vegas a lot with my father when he was playing at the Sands. It was a lot of fun, 'cause he'd always call me out on stage. I loved it. I remember once I was sitting on the side of the stage on a chair, waiting for a late show, and fell asleep. They couldn't wake me up, so they just brought the chair out on stage with me fast asleep in it.

I got my first drum set when I was five. And ever since I was 14, I've had my own band. Right now, I'm not in a band, 'cause I'm going to the University of Redlands, and that's really hard. I'm studying speech therapy. I want to be a speech pathologist and work with children who have speech disorders. I went up there to major in business; I ended up taking a speech class and really loving it.

I would also love to be a drummer, but I know it's real, real hard to make it. A lot of people can be decent. To be good takes hard work.

My father tries to encourage me. He's always been behind me, saying, "If you want to know how to do it, here's how." But I've always wanted to do it more my way and just play and have a good time.

I used to practice in our house. If I were my father, I would have gone crazy. He's up playing music all night and then comes home to his son playing in the house with his band. He used to joke on stage about how loud our music was, though. But, of course, when he started playing, his stuff was considered hard rock and too loud.

I never rebelled. Compared with other guys, I was pretty conservative. I had long hair for a while in high school; but then, everyone—even my father—had long hair then. When I was real young and living

with my mother, I toured with my father. But when I moved in with him, he didn't tour as much, because he was raising me. He'd save his tours for summer. Moving in together was good for both of us. By that time, I needed a father figure. And it was really neat for him, too.

BEKKA BRAMLETT, 18, daughter of Delaney and Bonnie Bramlett (Delaney and Bonnie, plus solo careers): My parents were divorced when I was about four, so I grew up with my dad and spent every weekend with my mom. My mom always treated me and my sisters like little adults and kept nothing from us. But when she got mad at us, we knew it. She didn't spank us, but she let us know in words how she felt—and that was sometimes worse. My dad, on the other hand, was really very strict. Now I can understand why. I've been around older people and musicians all my life—Eric Clapton and all these people. They treated me as part of the group, instead of as a little kid, though in some ways I still needed to be a kid. When I got to be around 16, my father became less strict, because he could tell I was growing up and he sort of trusted me.

No matter how protective your parents are, there is no way you're not going to see a lot of people doing drugs around you. That's just the way it is in music. What you do is up to you.

When I performed for the first time, my dad was in the audience, but my mom had to be at a Farm Aid concert. She was real upset she couldn't be there. But she had to explain to me that it won't always be possible for us to be at each other's concerts.

I always cry at my parents' performances. The first time I ever saw my mom before a big audience was at an Allman Brothers concert, and Cher and a bunch of people sang encores. I cried then. But I remember especially the Dorsey Burnette benefit where my parents got together and sang for the first time in about ten years. I cried so hard that when they put the spotlight on my sisters and me in the audience, my face was all red and swollen.

All the time I was growing up, I listened mostly to my mom and dad's music. I still do. I listen to the radio to find out what's going on. But if I'm alone, I turn on Delaney and Bonnie. That's my teaching music. It's like school. My parents have always been my musical idols.

All of the musicians I grew up around were nice to kids, but Eric Clapton was the nicest. First of all, I had a crush on him. I didn't have to scream to get his attention the way some kids have to with some adults. My mom and dad would say, "Don't ask Eric so many questions. You may be bothering him."

My mom always seemed young to me. She wore the hippest clothes. When all my friends' mothers were wearing mother clothes, she was wearing tight jeans and boots. Rock can keep you young. I can't

picture my parents as grandmas and grandpas. My mom in polyester pants? That'll be the day!

MATTHEW and GUNNAR NELSON, 19, twin sons of the late Rick Nelson.

Matthew: I was about four years old the first time I saw my father perform—in Hawaii. It was a real nice show, too. We had all spent the day at the beach, and he played at the hotel that night. He loved what he was doing, because it's the only profession you would work at even if you weren't getting paid. And even when he was having his downs—when he was not musically active—my dad was learning. That's one thing I really admired.

When I was growing up, we all spent a lot of time together. Generally, we listened to all sorts of good music. My parents understood that a boy likes to experiment with a lot of different sounds and that music can get loud. They never complained, as long as we were reasonable. We didn't always agree on music, though. Not until I got older did I appreciate Bob Dylan. Dylan was just in town, and he said some nice things about my dad and sang *Lonesome Town*.

Many people don't realize that my father was one of the pioneers in country-rock. Megabands like the Eagles followed. Like a lot of kids, I grew up listening to all styles of music. But basically, my favorite has always been my dad's stuff. He taught me that there is no bigger high than taking an idea, putting it down on paper and then hearing the applause.

Gunnar: My father always seemed real young. I remember I couldn't understand why all my classmates' dads had gray hair and my father looked like he was in his 20s. I think it has something to do with being a performer—it keeps you young. He had a blast up there on the stage. I hope I look as good when I'm older.

I got my first drum set when I was four, and I've been playing it for 15 years now. There was never a question in my mind about whether or not I would be a musician. It's the same way with my brother. We've been playing L.A. clubs since we were 13. Two weeks before his last road trip, my father saw us play. He sneaked in back with sunglasses, so no one would recognize him. When we got home, he said he was so impressed. He had never gotten out to see us play that much before.

My brother and I are a great writing team. My father always told us it was important that an artist be able to write his own songs, because it's hard for a band that doesn't write its own material to get signed, since there are always other musicians who can play better.

Since my father died, there has been a dramatic turn in our song and lyric content. Matthew and I have had to grow up fast in the past few months.

DAVID GRAHAM, 18, son of Bill Graham (owner of the Fillmore rock clubs, pro-

ducer of Live Aid and various other major concerts): I grew up living half a year with my father in San Francisco and half a year in Pennsylvania with my mother, who is an artist. There was a dramatic difference between the two: Living with my mother gave me a wonderful balance I wouldn't have had living in that rock world full time. Still, I loved my times in San Francisco in my father's world.

My most vivid memory of a rock performance my father staged was the closing of Winterland, a hall in San Francisco, on New Year's Eve 1978. There were two acts on first, followed at midnight by the Grateful Dead. My father's company always does a big production at midnight, but this year he topped them all by flying over the audience on this huge replica of a marijuana joint that was suspended on wires. At midnight, the house lights were killed and the audience was in total darkness. Then there he was with the lights on him, tossing flowers over the audience. Exactly at midnight, thousands of balloons came down from the ceiling and the Dead started to play. I was ten years old. I've also been on lots of rock tours. For instance, in the summer of 1982, The Rolling Stones did their last tour, and I went on that. We were all over Europe—London, Paris, Bristol, Madrid, Munich. Keith Richards' son, Marlon, also went, so I had someone near my age to hang out with. We played a lot of cards.

The two bands I got to know best were the Dead and the Stones. In 1984, I went on tour with Dylan and Santana, playing basically the same venues we played with the Stones. I'm a very big fan of Dylan, especially his acoustic numbers, like *Blowin' in the Wind*. But of all the bands my father worked with, I especially liked the Dead, because they're very nice people and always treated me well.

My father and I don't always agree on music. Sometimes I get into hard-rocking music, like Van Halen. He's a big fan of Latin music.

Most of my friends know who my father is. When big acts—such as Bruce Springsteen—come to town, everyone asks me if I can get them tickets. I don't like it, but you can't blame them for asking.

At one time, I thought of becoming a musician. When I was 11 or 12, I asked my father for an electric guitar, which he got for me. But being around Santana, and guitarists like Eric Clapton and Jeff Beck, I got discouraged quickly. I might want to do something different from my father just because music is what he does.

JASON BONHAM, 20, son of the late John Bonham (drummer for Led Zeppelin): When my parents married at 17 and had me the next year, we lived in a car trailer. When I was two, [Led Zeppelin vocalist] Robert Plant asked my father to join this

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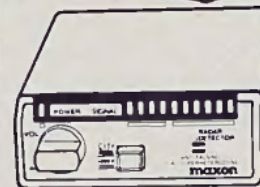
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great new band he had gotten together, because they needed a drummer. At first he said, "No, maybe not," because my mother didn't want him to join. She said, "Every time you join with Robert in something, it always ends up bad." They sent telegrams back and forth and finally he took them up on the offer.

When I got a little older, we moved out of the caravan and got an apartment. Then, a few years later, after Led Zeppelin had made a name, we moved to a house in another small village. I was about five and started school in the same village. At nine, I was asked to leave school. I sort of took over the classes. Some of the kids resented it. I was so outgoing and forward, the teachers couldn't cope. I *was* a bit of a lunatic. My mom used to take me into a clothes shop. I looked a bit different, because I had this long blond hair. Some shop assistant would say, "Isn't she cute." I'd scream, "I'm a boy, not a girl!" and knock all the clothes down. But when you're that age, you don't really realize you're different. At nine, I took up motocross. My father really got into it. He'd be up at 6:30 A.M., making sandwiches. He'd attach a towing trailer with my bike in back of his Rolls and off we'd go. I became quite good at it, and by the time I was 11, I'd won six championships.

By the time we moved into our first house, in Hagley, my father had started to make a lot of money. At one time, he had 14 cars—including two Bentleys, a Rolls,

an XK 120, a Maserati, a few Jensens, Ferraris, a Rolls Corniche. It was a largish house on a farm with a back yard, barns, a cottage. We had about 60 acres. It was a very small village, and the house nearest to us was two miles away.

In England, Led Zeppelin was not a household name. The kids at school would say, "What's the name of your dad's group again?" Then Led Zeppelin played a concert here and the kids started to try to be friends.

I found out about my father's death while watching TV. My mom was downstairs. We both started screaming. I was about 14.

His death was just one of those things. He had had too much to drink; he hadn't eaten. Everyone does it. He just woke up, started feeling bad and choked.

OTIS REDDING III, 23, son of the late Otis Redding: I wish I could say I knew my father, but he was buried on my fourth birthday. I couldn't even get real sorrowful, 'cause I was so young. I remember seeing him perform once in Rome, Georgia. He had his own airplane and I went with him to a gig when I was real small. My mom would get upset because I'd come home with one shoe or something missing. She'd say, "Otis, you know you can't take care of that kid while you're performing." But I always wanted to go.

It took my mom a long time to get over my father's death. After he died, she

played his music around the house a lot. I couldn't really get into his music then. Not until I was around 13 did I realize he was something special. In fact, except for Marvin Gaye, I really didn't like music all that much when I was a kid.

Then, about eight years ago, my older brother Dexter, my cousin and I started our own group, the Reddings. We did several albums for CBS and now we're on PolyGram. We're not trying to be like my father, but that kind of music comes natural to us. Dexter sounds like my father when he sings certain songs.

My brother and cousin would say to me, "Why don't you sing lead off some of the songs?" I would say, "No, my name is Otis Redding, and when I sing, I have to be really good."

LOUISE GOFFIN, 26, daughter of Carole King and songwriter Gerry Goffin: My father studied chemistry in college and wanted to write Broadway plays. My mother was going to be a schoolteacher. By the time I was born, they were co-writing songs. Yes, Little Eva was my baby sitter. We lived in West Orange, New Jersey, which was real suburbia. I have only sleepy little memories of my parents working together. [King and Goffin were divorced in the mid-Sixties.] I remember, for instance, being taken to an Aretha Franklin recording session. Then my sister and I moved to Los Angeles with my mom in 1968. I was about 11 when she made *Tapestry*. I vaguely remember hearing the songs played in the house. Suddenly, she was very famous, but it didn't really affect my life. People would just say, "Hello, I hear your mother is Carole King." If they said they'd heard my father was Gerry Goffin, I was more impressed, because it took a real music lover to know about his contributions.

My mom set a good example for me, because she was able to have both a career and a family, and she always put the family first. Now that I'm in the music business, it gives me hope that I can lead a normal life, have a family and still do what I like the most.

My most vivid memory of seeing my mom perform is when she opened for James Taylor. It was a very warm audience. In the Seventies, people really liked singer-songwriters. They actually listened to lyrics then. It's awesome seeing someone who can have thousands of people in a stadium tapping into the same feeling at the same time. It's something I have always longed to do.

My relationship with my parents was like any other teen-parent relationship. Most girls at 14 tend to rebel against their mothers and are daddy's girls. Still, I talked to my mother more than most teen girls do—not because she was in the pop world but because she was younger than most mothers. She's only 18 years older than I am.

My mother was a little lax with me. She



"I met the damn quota, but they dumped me for somebody hipper."

did much better with the kids who came after my sister and me. She was stronger with them. The Sixties generation was a bit loose with kids. It was trendy to be free and open and let your kids in on everything back in those days. But it's a shame if children are exposed to too much too soon. They lose that innocence of discovery.

I never really chose a musical career, but I've never envisioned myself doing anything else. I wrote my first decent song when I was 16 and made my first album [*Kid Blue*] in 1979. Before that, I performed in high school talent shows. I was very young, but it was quite easy to get a record deal—well, not exactly easy, but the music business was enjoying an incredible wave of success. Of course, my mother and I have certain inherent vocal similarities—but the idea was not to sound like her at all but to establish an identity of my own.

There's a big difference in the way my parents respond to my work. My father really listens to the words, which I love. I've worked very hard to get him to say the lyrics are good, because he also has been very hard on me about them. [Long pause] In fact, I think it's a good idea not to play your songs for your parents. Music is not about getting your parents' approval.

ZAK STARKEY, 21, son of Ringo Starr: I've been playing in pubs and clubs since I was 12 with different bands. When I was about ten, my dad showed me the basics of drumming and said, "If you want to carry on, do it on your own." The basics are quite easy—it took a couple of hours one afternoon—but it takes quite a few years to get it together properly. But I liked it right away. It was quite easy to relate to my father. He never complained about my musical choices. He's a musician. How can he disapprove of something he started in the first place?

ROCKWELL (KENNEDY GORDY), 22, son of Motown Records founder Berry Gordy, Jr.: Having a big legend as a father meant all these security precautions, cameras and stuff all around the house. It also meant that my parents didn't let me out of sight, because maybe I'd be kidnaped. I was pretty sheltered, and I didn't like it. I was full of mischief, a rebel. Every chance I got, I tried to get away with something just to prove I could get beyond the security reach. I wanted to be like everyone else. I'd go to my friends' houses, and they would be normal houses. There was privacy. In my house, the guards had keys to every room. If I locked my door, it wouldn't do me any good, because someone had a key.

I was ten when I first sang in public. It was at a Diana Ross concert, and she was doing *Reach Out and Touch (Somebody's Hand)*. I was in the audience with my father. When she came to me with the mike, the crowd went crazy. Suzanne de Passe

(now president of Motown Productions) said to my father, who is the chairman, "I think we should do an album with your son, give him a record deal. The crowd really loved him." But my dad said, "No, he has to finish school."

To finally get a record contract, I had to go through different channels without letting my father know about it. Well, first I went to him, put my cards on the table and said, "What do you think?"

He said, "I'm working with Michael; I've got Diana over here; I've got Stevie, I've got Smokey. Why would I bother with you? In fact, this situation is absurd—it's really hard for me not to laugh. Maybe

you should be a comedian or something, like Richard Pryor." I had a band and stuff and wanted him to give me his approval. I think it's a father-son thing. He wanted me to stay little.

I learned a lot being around my father. All the time I was growing up, I'd hear him telling others what it takes. He'd say, "This song is OK, but you've got to have more of a hook—the hook has to be so melodic that you don't forget it." I wish he would take more control over my career. But he has done a lot. And I think he's building up for something really great.



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“There’s no percentage robbing the poor. What was I gonna take, their food stamps?”

there.” Which it always was.

“You only robbed the rich?”

“There’s no percentage robbing the poor. What was I gonna take, their food stamps?”

She said, without looking at him, “You’ve never been to Central America. There, the poor are the ones who are robbed. And murdered.”

That stopped him, until he thought to say, “How long were you there?”

“Almost nine years, not counting a few trips back to the States, to Carville for training seminars. There’s no place like it. If your purpose in life is the care of lepers—and that’s what the Sisters of Saint Francis do—then you have to go to Carville every few years, keep up with what’s going on in the field.”

“The Sisters of Saint Francis?”

“There’re a bunch of orders named for Francis, the guy had so much charisma. He might’ve been a little weird, too, but that’s OK. This one’s the Sisters of Saint Francis of the Stigmata.”

Jack had never heard of it. He thought of saying, I like your habit, but changed his mind. “And you were stationed in Nicaragua.”

“The hospital, Sagrado Familia, was near Jinotega, if you know where that is.

On a lake, very picturesque. But it isn’t anymore; it’s gone.”

“You’re a nurse?”

“Not exactly. What I did was practice medicine without a license. Toward the end, we didn’t have a staff physician. Our two Nicaraguan doctors were disappeared, one right after the other. It was only a matter of time. We weren’t for either side, but we knew who we were against.”

Were disappeared.

He’d save that one for later. “And now you’re back home for a while?”

She took several moments to say, “I’m not sure.” Then glanced at him. “How about you, Jack; are you still a thief?”

He liked the easy way she said his name. “No, I gave it up for another line of work. I got into agriculture.”

“Really? You were a farmer?”

“More of a field hand. At the Louisiana State Penitentiary. Angola.”

She was looking at him again, now with a grin, showing dimples. It inspired him.

“Really? You were in prison?”

“A month shy of three years. Met some interesting people in there.”

“What was it like?”

“Sister, you don’t want to know.”

She said, in a thoughtful tone, “Saint Francis was in prison. . . .” Then glanced

at Jack and asked, “But how do you feel about it? I mean committing crimes and then being locked up.”

“You do it and forget it.” He hadn’t heard about Saint Francis’ doing time. . . . But he was talking about himself now. “I have a healthy attitude about guilt. It’s not good for you.”

He saw her smile, not giving it much, but he smiled back at her, feeling a lot better, thinking maybe they should stop on the way, have a cup of coffee. She was nice, easy to talk to. But when he mentioned coffee, Sister Lucy frowned in a thoughtful kind of way and said they really didn’t have time.

Jack said, “I’ve found one thing in this business, there’s very little pressure. You go pick up the deceased, and I don’t mean to sound disrespectful, but they’re gonna be there waiting.”

She said, “Oh,” in her quiet way, her gaze lingering, “no one told you.”

Jack said, “I had a feeling there was something you thought I knew. What didn’t anyone tell me?”

She said, “I think you’re going to like it.”

He had to admit he liked the idea she was playing with him now, seeing a gleam in those calm eyes as she looked over again, about to let him in on a secret.

“The girl we’re going to get—”

“Amelita Sosa.”

“Yes. She isn’t dead.”

Seven years ago, when Amelita was 15 or 16 and living in Jinotega with her family, a national-guard colonel had come along and put stars in her eyes. This guy, who was a personal friend of Somoza’s, told Amelita that with her looks and his connections, she’d be sure to win the Miss Nicaragua pageant and after that the Miss Universe, appear on international satellite television and in no time at all become a famous film star. “You know, of course,” Sister Lucy said, “what he had in mind.” This was during the war. Before the *Sandinistas* took over the government.

Jack understood what the colonel was up to but wasn’t exactly sure about the war. He pictured shifty-eyed guys with machetes, straw sombreros, bullet belts crossed over their shoulders, waiting to ambush a United Fruit train loaded with bananas. But then he would see Marlon Brando and a bunch of armed Mexican extras riding into the scene and government soldiers firing machine guns from the train. It was hard to keep the borders and the history down there straight. He didn’t want to interrupt Sister Lucy’s story and sound dumb asking questions. He listened and stored essential facts, picturing stock characters. The colonel, one of those oily fuckers with a gold cigarette case he opens to offer the poor son of a bitch he’s having shot just what he wants in these last moments of his life, a smoke. Amelita—Jack saw a demure little thing with frightened Bambi eyes, then had to enlarge her



“December eleventh. Running low on Pop-Tarts. Dry scalp continues to bother me. Still no word from Publishers Clearing House.”

breasts and put her in spiked heels and a bathing suit cut high to her hips for the Miss Universe contest.

But once he got her to Managua, the colonel never mentioned beauty pageants again. The only feeling he had for Amelita was lust. Good word, lust. Jack couldn't recall if he'd ever used it but had no trouble picturing the colonel, the son of a bitch, lusting. Jack put an extra 50 pounds on him for the bedroom scene: the colonel taking off his uniform full of medals, gut hanging out, leering at Amelita cowering behind the bed. Jack watched him rip open the front of her nightgown, show-class breasts springing free, as Sister Lucy said, "Are you listening?"

"To every word. And then what?"

And then, by the time the rebels had reached Managua, the colonel was in Miami and Amelita was back home, safe for the time being.

The next part brought the story close to the present but was harder to follow, Sister Lucy referring to the political situation down there like he knew what she was talking about. It was confusing, because the ones that had been the government before, it sounded like, were now the rebels, the *Contras*. Then the ones that had started the revolution back in the Seventies were now running the country.

He got that much. But which were the good guys and which were the bad guys?

While he was still trying to figure it out, Sister Lucy was telling how the colonel had now returned to Nicaragua as a guerrilla *comandante* in the north, had gone looking for Amelita in the dead of night and had taken her off with him into the mountains.

Say one thing for the colonel, he didn't quit. "Maybe the guy really liked her," Jack said, reserving judgment, still not sure which side the colonel was on, even taking off, briefly, the extra weight he'd put on the guy. And got a look from Sister Lucy—man, a hard stare. "Or he was driven by his consuming lust," Jack said. "That would be more like it, huh? A lust that knew no bounds."

She said, "Are you finished?" Sounding like Leo with that dry tone. He told her he

was and she said, good. It was a new experience, the feeling he could say just about anything he wanted to a *nun*, of all people, and she'd get it because she was aware—he could see it in her eyes—and would not be shocked or offended. He had been to prison, but this lady had been to a war.

They came to the part where Amelita found out she had Hansen's disease. It was while she was still in the mountains with the colonel. Brown spots began to appear on her arms and face. She was scared to death. A doctor in camp—"Listen to this, Jack"—made the diagnosis and told the colonel Amelita would have to go to Sagrado Familia immediately, that day, to begin sulphone treatments. There was no sensory loss, the disease would be arrested

guns at his head. They kidnaped him."

"Then why do you call it disappeared?"

She said, "My God, where have you been? It isn't only in Nicaragua and Salvador, it's a Latin-American custom. It happens in Guatemala; it's popular all the way south to Argentina. Don't you read? People are taken from their homes, abducted, and they're called *desaparecidos*, the disappeared. And when they're found murdered, you know who did it? *Los descomocidos*, unknown assailants."

Jack was shaking his head. "I'm not sure I ever heard about that."

"Listen to me." She snapped it at him. Then continued in her quiet tone. "The doctor, Rudolfo Meza, from our hospital,

he told the colonel Amelita was in the early stages of leprosy. And you know what the colonel did? He drew a pistol and shot the doctor four times in the chest. Murdered him, standing close enough to touch him with the gun barrel. A witness told me, a *Contra* woman who deserted a few days later and came to us. Amelita was there, of course. She saw it—"

"I was gonna ask you."

"And she ran. The *Contra* woman helped her get to Jinotega, then came to the hospital to warn us, the colonel had sworn to kill Amelita. . . . And you think maybe the guy really liked her. Is that right, Jack?"

He sat there in his navy-blue suit and striped tie and couldn't think of one goddamn thing to

say back to her. This lady was not as nice as she appeared; she could show you a hard edge. They had left the interstate and were approaching the river, past chemical works in the near distance, the sight and smell of them along the flats.

"He murdered the doctor for telling him. Then came to the hospital looking for Amelita. He said she had defiled him." The sister's tone hushed in the quiet of the air-conditioned hearse. "He said she had allowed him to enter her in order to give him the disease and he would kill her for that reason, trying to make him a leper."

They passed through the main gate and she came to life, telling him that at one

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in an early stage and the doctor was confident there would be no disfigurement.

Jack said, "It's hard to imagine a good-looking young girl like that—"

Sister Lucy said, "Listen to me, will you?" It surprised him and shut him up. "Where do you think the doctor was from, he could take one look at her and make the diagnosis? Yes, even before he did a biopsy and saw *M. leprae* bacilli and confirmed it, she had near-tuberculoid H.D. Jack, he was *our* doctor, from Sagrado Familia. One of the disappeared ones."

There it was again.

"Well, he didn't just disappear, then."

"Of course not. He was taken by force,

time it had been called the Louisiana Leper Home. Her tone relaxed again, natural. And now it was Hansen's Disease Center. He knew that but kept quiet, still trying to imagine a man's wanting to kill a girl he believed had tried to give him leprosy. Was that possible? She told him the administration building predated the Civil War, had once been the mansion on a sugar plantation, and all those mossy oak trees must be just as old.

He knew that, too.

Now that same girl, Amelita, was supposed to leave here in the hearse. They could have got a limo for the same price. So it must be somebody was watching. Or it was possible and they weren't taking any chances. Make them think Amelita was dead. But would the staff be in on it? How would they work it?

Meanwhile, his tour guide was telling him it amazed her that the world's most advanced training and research center for Hansen's disease was in the U.S. And how many people knew about it?

Well, just about everybody in New Orleans did. He'd heard stories that in the old days, lepers were brought here in a train with the windows covered, nailed shut; the whole place guarded so they couldn't get out and spread the disease. Somebody on his mother's side of the family, her aunt's father-in-law, had been brought here. . . .

She was saying how it reminded her of a small college campus. There, that view of the main buildings.

It looked to Jack Delaney like a Federal correctional facility, minimum security, once you got past the older buildings that had that New Orleans look.

She told him the last time she was here, there had been about 300 live-in patients.

Did he know there was a golf course? Yes, he did, and studied her calm expression, her smile as they passed a couple of sisters in white nurse uniforms. She waved. . . .

While he sat here wired, trying to second-guess what was going on. Even a little annoyed. The sister giving him leper facts and the tour while a girl waited to be taken out in a hearse so a freaked-out Nicaraguan would think she was dead. That had to be it. Now she was waving to a guy in a lab coat.

And he thought, Yeah, but she got the girl out of Central America by herself under the gun and brought her all the way here, didn't she? So leave her alone. Don't rush her. She knows what she's doing. Look at her, Jesus, with that movie-star nose and lower lip he wouldn't mind biting. . . .

They were on the tree-shaded drive that led to the infirmary building, Sister Lucy's gaze on the entrance, directly ahead of them.

He said, "You touch them, too, don't you? Not just the drunks at the soup kitchen; I mean lepers, at the hospital

where you worked."

She came to a stop and turned off the ignition before looking at him with those quietly aware eyes.

"That's what you do, Jack, you touch people."

They sat in the hearse, parked in the shade of old oak trees, while she smoked a cigarette, Jack deciding it was no more weird for a nun than the way she dressed.

He said, "You want the colonel to think she's dead, I can understand that. But why go to all this trouble if he's busy down in Nicaragua?"

"He isn't down in Nicaragua," Sister Lucy said, her voice quiet, in control. "He's in New Orleans."

"Guy's fighting a war, he drops everything to come after the girl, what'd you say, defiled him?"

"Jack, he was military attaché at the Nicaraguan embassy in Washington. He came here in Seventy-nine, to Miami, when Somoza's government fell, and we know he was in New Orleans before he went back to Nicaragua. He has friends here. You must know they're getting all kinds of support from the U.S." She paused and said, "Don't you?" Frowning a little. She blew out a stream of smoke and said, "What we know is that the colonel traced us to Mexico and then here. Now he's here and has inquired about Amelita. He hasn't sent flowers, Jack, he wants to kill her."

Listen to the nun. He watched her mash the cigarette in the ashtray and close it.

"There's a doctor here, on the staff, who spent years in Nicaragua and was a friend of Rudolfo Meza—"

"The one the colonel shot."

"Murdered. At the time I arrived with Amelita, I told him the whole story. So he knew the situation and got in touch with me as soon as he found out the colonel had called, asking about her. Right after that, she had a visitor, not the colonel but a Nicaraguan. Sister Teresa Victor told him Amelita was seriously ill and couldn't see anyone."

"The whole hospital's in on it? What we're doing?"

"No, not administration; some of the staff. I think a few of the doctors and, of course, the sisters. There won't be a death certificate. But if anyone inquires, the sisters will say they're not permitted to give out information about the deceased, well, other than she was taken to a funeral home."

"Wait a minute."

"Then all you have to do is put a notice in the paper that Amelita Sosa was cremated. She doesn't know a soul here, so anyone who inquires would have to be the colonel or a friend of his."

"I put a notice in the paper. . . ." He thought about it and said, "Well, I guess it's not something you could go to jail over."

"Who would know?"

He nodded at that. "You're right."

She said, "What else can I tell you?"

He thought a moment and said deadpan, giving it back to her, "If you saw the colonel right now, would you touch him?"

With just the barest trace of a smile, she said, "You're having a good time, aren't you?"

"It's different," Jack said, with the same hint of a smile. "What's the guy's name, the colonel?"

"Dagoberto Godoy."

"Is he kinda fat and has a little thin mustache?"

"He has a mustache, but he's trim, you might say good-looking."

Jack said, "Oh."

He brought Amelita Sosa out in a plastic body bag on a wheeled mortuary cot, past empty cars parked along the back of the infirmary building, to the hearse standing in the sun, its rear door open. With the cot touching the step plate, he squeezed the handles to collapse the front legs first, then the rear legs as he slipped the cot into the hearse, pushed down the lock button on the door and closed it firmly.

That was quite an attractive girl he'd helped into the body bag, not like any leper he had ever seen in pictures. He had touched her zipping up the bag, making sure the zipper didn't get snagged in her flowery shirt. He hadn't noticed any brown spots on her face or arms. He strolled over to the driver's side of the hearse and got in. By the time he'd started the engine, the passenger-side door opened and Sister Lucy got in.

"Can she breathe?"

"Enough, I imagine."

A car came from the drive in front of the infirmary and fell in behind them. There were three cars in line by the time they passed through the gate. Jack watched them in his outside mirror.

"OK. Now."

Sister Lucy turned to slide open the glass partition, then got all the way around, up on her knees.

"Can you reach it?"

"Barely."

"Pull the cot toward you."

She said, "There." Then began speaking in Spanish to Amelita, hunched over the seat back, her linen jacket pulled up and the curve of her hip in the tight jeans right there next to him. This was different, all right. He glanced at her hip, the neat round shape, without really looking. She was the toucher—what would she do if he touched her? There was touching and there was touching. He could touch the girls he knew bent over the seat and not one of them would think anything of it. They might say, "Hey," but they wouldn't be surprised. It wouldn't mean anything. An affectionate pat. Maybe a little squeeze.

The leggy Calvins came around on the

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seat. "Amelita has to go to the bathroom."

"We just left the place."

"Does that mean you won't stop?"

St. Gabriel was there ahead of them, a block of storefronts and a few cars, the town half dead on a Sunday afternoon. He crept through the main intersection and kept going until he saw the Exxon station on the right, no cars at the pumps, and rolled toward the shade of the canopy. Rest rooms would be on the other side of the station. He'd pull around and back in, like he was getting air for the rear tires, and sneak Amelita into the women's.

There was a café across the road, four young guys between a car and a pickup truck, hanging out, looking this way now. He could give St. Gabriel something to talk about all week. This girl gets out of the back end of a hearse. . . .

"I don't think it's open."

He braked to a sudden stop near the row of gas pumps and Sister Lucy reached out to the dashboard.

"You see anyone around?"

No, he didn't, and the service doors were down. He should've noticed that—no business, nobody home. They'd left a light on inside the station. He could see it through the BIG SPRING TIRE SPECIAL painted on the window. There were credit-card emblems on the glass door and another decal he knew something about: VAS, black letters on a gold field, VEDETTE ALARM SYSTEMS guarding the place against breaking and entering. The place looked old, run-down, not the kind you'd bother with.

Now what? There was the café across the road, the farmboys still looking this way. He glanced at the outside mirror and his gaze held on a car parked directly behind them, even with the gas pumps.

A black Chrysler sedan. One of the cars that had followed them out of the center. A guy in a tan suit came out from behind the wheel. Now another guy joined him at the front of the car. Dark-haired guys, *Latinos*. Now they were out of sight, behind the hearse.

"Tell Amelita to play dead and lock your door. Right now. Quick."

Sister Lucy did, just like that, without looking at him or asking questions. She straightened around again as one of the *Latinos* appeared at her window, looking in. A little guy. He touched the window and said something in Spanish. She said in English, "I can hear you. What is it?" The guy began speaking in Spanish again, Sister Lucy looking up at him about a foot away from her, listening.

Jack turned as the other one came up on his side, past him and around to the front of the hearse. Both were little guys, 130-pounders. Jack liked that. What he didn't like were their suit coats and open sport shirts. Not migrant bean pickers, were they? The one on Sister Lucy's side wore sunglasses; his print shirt was silk and his hair was carefully combed. The other one was Creole-looking, a light-skinned black guy with pointy cheekbones and nappy

hair. He stared at the windshield while the face close behind Sister Lucy continued to speak to her in Spanish.

"He wants you to open the back. He says they're friends of the deceased and would like to see her a last time before she's buried. It has to be now, because they have business; they're unable to come to the funeral."

Jack said, "How does he know who's in there? Ask him." He waited while Sister Lucy spoke to the face with sunglasses. The guy said something, one word, and hunched over trying to see into the back of the hearse, squinting, shading his eyes against his reflection in the glass.

Sister Lucy looked at Jack quickly, about to say something. But the face with the sunglasses straightened and began speaking again, his expression solemn.

"He says they want to say a prayer for the departed. He says they're determined to do this, or they wouldn't be able to live with themselves."

Jack waited because she kept looking at him, her eyes alive, as though she wanted to say more but couldn't, the face so close behind her. Jack nodded, taking his time, making a decision. "Tell him I wish I could help him, but it's against the law to show a body on the street." She started to turn and he said, "Wait. But tell him he's gonna see one if his partner doesn't move out of the way, now, 'cause we're leaving." He saw her eyes, for a moment, open wider and saw the guy's face staring at him. Jack said, "He understands, but tell him anyway. Put it in your own words."

She said, "Jack," her voice low, "look at me. He has a gun." The fingers of her right hand slipped inside her jacket at the waist. "Right here."

The man was talking again and she listened, still looking at Jack. "He wants to know why we're being difficult." Translating as the face with the sunglasses spoke through the window. "He says it will only take a minute. He wants you to turn off the motor and get out. With the key." She listened again and then said, "If you try to drive off, someone will be dead in this coach. If there isn't someone already."

He saw her eyes and then she was turning away, saying something back to him now in rapid Spanish, fluent, an edge to her tone. The window framed the face with the sunglasses and the BIG SPRING TIRE SALE behind him, lettered on the window of the empty station with the light on inside and the decals on the door.

Jack said, "Don't get him mad, OK?" He took the key from the ignition and she turned back to him as he opened the door. "But keep talking." He got out, pushed the lock button down and closed the door.

He'd known guys like the face with the sunglasses and the Creole-looking guy standing in front of the hearse, the guy turning to face him as he came around. They'd stand like that in the big yard, looking for some new guy to turn out, give



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him that sleepy, mean look and not move out of the way. The dead-eyed stare saying, Walk around me, man.

He nodded and smiled at the Creole-looking guy with the nappy hair as he walked past him. "How you doing, partner?" And said to the face with the sunglasses, the guy stepping away from the hearse, "This never happened to me before. Long as I've been in the funeral business." Jack kept moving toward the station.

The guy said, "Hey, where you going?" Coming after him now, the Creole-looking guy closing in, too.

Jack stopped at the door and half turned. "I have to get something."

The face with the sunglasses, close to him, said, "No, you can't go in there. Look." He reached past Jack and tried to turn the knob on the glass, wood-framed door. "See? Is locked. You can't go in there."

Jack said, "Yeah, I guess you're right." He looked around, frowning, and said, "Shit. Now what am I gonna do? I have to go to the toilet and the key's inside there. Sec, it's on the desk. Has a hunk a board wired to it so nobody'll steal it. Toilet keys being as valuable as they are."

The face with the sunglasses said, "Go someplace else. Tha's no problem for you."

They stood close to each other. Jack said in a quiet voice, "I think we both have a problem. You want my car key and I want the key to the toilet. We're a couple of desperate characters, aren't we? Desperadoes. You know what I'm saying to you?" The face with the sunglasses staring at him, not answering. "Only I'm more desperate than you are, partner. You don't believe it, I'll show you."

Jack turned to face the door, took a short place-kick sort of step, his eyes on the VELETTE ALARM SYSTEMS decal, and punched the sole of a black loafer through the plate glass.

The blast of sound from the burglar alarm was so immediate and loud, he barely heard the glass shatter. Even louder than he'd expected. He looked around at the guy in the sunglasses edging away. The Creole-looking guy didn't move, and the other one had to gesture to him. Jack watched them move off in a hurry, turned and there was Sister Lucy's face in the side window, staring. And beyond the hearse, the farmboys across the road, their heads raised to the clanging racket, heads turning now to follow the black Chrysler peeling its tires out of there, from shade into sunlight and gone, down the blacktop toward the interstate. Jack watched, too, thinking, Well, there are other roads home, with bathrooms along the way. He had not felt this good in . . . he couldn't remember.

The sister had a different look for him as he slipped in behind the wheel. Not exactly wide-eyed but sort of stunned, lips parted, eyes staring in what he would like

to think was respectful amazement. She didn't say a word. He didn't, either, until they were pulling away from that urgent sound and he gave her his nice-guy smile.

"That's why I only went into hotel rooms."

Jack took Lucy and Amelita in through the rear door of the funeral home and up the stairs without running into Leo. They could hear a Rosary being recited in one of the front parlors, the mechanical drone of 50 Hail Marys delivered by family and those friends who hadn't got out in time.

Upstairs, Jack showed Lucy into Leo's office so she could use the phone, Lucy anxious now, nibbling at one of her fingernails. For something to do, he took Amelita into the casket-selection room and watched her browse. She ran her fingers over the parquet finish of a Batesville casket done in solid oak, and Jack said, "That's your Homestead model, with your Tawny Beige interior. We can give you fiberboard, plastic, metal or hardwood, from sixty to sixteen thousand dollars, depending on your budget and how sorry you are to see the loved one go. I'm glad we're not putting you in one; you look too healthy." She did, the overhead light shining in her dark hair, down to the middle of her back in the flowery shirt, reflecting in her dark eyes as she looked at him.

"They so nice inside"—touching the tawny crepe now—"so soft."

"Like you could sleep forever in there, huh? Do you know where you're gonna be staying?"

"I'm going to L.A. sometime, but I don't know when. I hope soon; I always want to go there."

"To Los Angeles?"

"Yes, I have two of my aunts and a grandmother live in L.A. I hear is pretty nice there. When you put people in this, do they have all their clothes on?"

"Yeah, they're completely dressed. Did Sister Lucy say where you'll be staying in New Orleans?"

"She said she find a place. I like this pink color inside, very nice."

"Well, Sister Lucy seems to know what she's doing. You've known her a few years—"

"Yes, a long time."

"She told me what happened to you. That was awful, the guy taking you away from your home. Twice, in fact, huh? The first time, you must've been just a kid."

"You mean Bertie?"

"What's-his-name, the colonel."

"Yes, Bertie. Colonel Dagoberto Godoy Diaz. He was very important in the government. I mean before, the real government. He could buy one of these, even the one you said, sixty thousand."

"Sixteen, not sixty. He *killed* a guy. The doctor."

"I know. He had so much anger, it was terrible."

"And you saw him do it."

"Tha's what I mean, to see him like

HOW IT WORKS

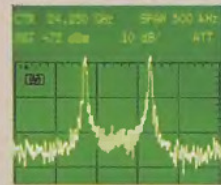
With traffic radar and Rashid VRSS both transmitting on the same frequency (24.150 GHz), normal receiver technology can't tell one from the other. Even when you scrutinize K band with a digital spectrum analyzer, the two signals look alike (Figure 1).

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

Resisting the easy answer

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

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



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

When the going gets tough...

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

A whole new deal

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

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

If you own an ESCORT or PASSPORT: The new AFR circuitry is incorporated in ESCORTs from number 1,200,000, and PASSPORTs from 550,000. If your unit is earlier, read on.



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

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

What's a Rashid VRSS?

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

Now for the bad news

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

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

Opportunity knocking

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

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

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

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

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

They said it couldn't be done

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

No waiting for the good stuff

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

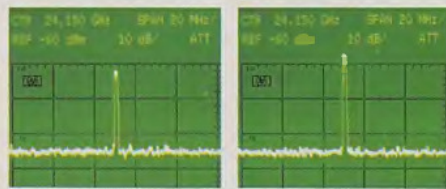


Figure 1: A digital spectrum analyzer scanning the entire width of K band can't see the difference between radar and Rashid.

AFR is fully automatic. There are no extra switches or lights. Nothing for you to bother about. The Rashid problem simply goes away.

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Cincinnati Microwave is committed to constant advancement in radar warning technology. But we don't believe in planned obsolescence. Therefore, we are working out a plan to offer up-

grades for most pre-AFR models (PASSPORTs under number 550,000, and ESCORTs from 200,000 through 1,199,999). Since non-AFR units will require extensive modifications, new

procedures and facilities are being developed to ensure a quality conversion. For details and costs of this retrofitting program, see our ad in the January issue of this magazine.

that." She hugged her arms and seemed to shudder. "Not the same man I knew in Managua." She reached into the casket to feel the pillow, once again relaxed. "He was going to enter me in the *Señorita Universo*, but the war became worse and he had to leave, so I went home." She seemed fascinated by the pleated material covering the pillow.

Jack took his time. "But now, the way I understand it, he wants to kill you."

"She tol' you that, uh? Yes, he was so angry he thought he would get leprosy, but he won't. You don't give it to a person that way, you know, like that disease now is popular, or the old one they call the clop. Someone has to tell Bertie he won't get it."

Jack said, "Wait. OK? This guy kidnaped you. I mean before. He disappeared you, came at night and grabbed you and took you up in the mountains. Is that right?"

"Yes, of course," turning to him with a look of surprise. "He want me to be with

him." Her gaze softened then as she said, "When you like a girl very much, don't you want her to be with you? You have girlfriends, I bet all kinds of them." She smiled, moving closer. "Good-looking guy with expensive clothes," taking his seven-dollar striped tie between her fingers, feeling it. "I saw your nice rooms you have, with a big refrigerator has beer and a bottle of vodka in it. Sure, I bet you bring girls here for the evening. Maybe stay all night. Tell me the truth."

"Once or twice I have."

"You ever get in one of these with the girl?"

Jack said, "Are you serious?"

"I jus' wonder. It so nice and soft," touching the Tawny Beige crepe again.

He said, "Amelita, that's a casket."

"Like a little bed, uh?"

He said, "Why don't you go sit down, take it easy."

She gave him a sly look over her shoulder. "In your room? Yes, I think that would be nice."

He thought a moment and said, "If I was the one pulled you out of the situation you were in. . . ."

"Yes?"

"I'd seriously consider throwing you back."

She frowned. "You mad at me? Why?"

No, he wasn't, really. Why bother? He told Amelita not to wander off and left her there to dream among the caskets.

Jack walked down the hall and entered the office to see Lucy seated on Leo's old leather sofa, her legs stretched out, ankles crossed. One sandal hung loose, and he could see the curve of her instep. He wondered what she had been like when she was a girl, before she became a nun. She seemed relaxed, smoking a cigarette. Looking up at him now, her eyes were calm. Maybe because she trusted, she had faith in something.

"They'll know Amelita's here, won't they?"

"I imagine they'll come and look."

"I have to get her on a flight tonight to Los Angeles."

Jack watched her draw on the cigarette, then turn her head to exhale a slow stream. He waited a moment before he said, "And"—feeling himself alive but not wanting to move and ruin the mood—"you're wondering if a person with my experience, not to mention the kind of people I might know, would be able to help you."

Her eyes moved, the quiet gaze coming back to him. She said, "It crossed my mind."

Roy Hicks was putting together an array of pastel-colored drinks in stem glasses along the inside edge of the bar, topping them off with cherries, orange slices and tiny parasols.

Jack watched him from the front end of the bar, near the entrance to The International Lounge, "Featuring Exotic Dancers from Around the World."

One of the International girls took the stool next to Jack, saying, "Hi, how you doing?" With an accent that would make her an exotic dancer from around the East Texas part of the world. "My name's Darla. You want to pet my monkey?"

Roy was at the cash register, punching keys. He looked over his shoulder and said, "Hey, Darla? Get your hand off his dick. That's a friend of mine."

Darla thought a moment. Maybe that's what she was doing; Jack wasn't sure. She swiveled around on the stool, looking over the room, raised both arms to adjust the halter holding her tired breasts and left him.

Roy came down the bar, holding a bottle of vodka by the neck. He poured a shot into Jack's glass, then twisted off another one, Jack saying, "Darla's got bruises on her arm. You notice?"

"Bumping into the wrong guys. That girl's a sack of roaches."

"I read in the paper that in the U.S., I



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ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

think it was just this country, a woman is beaten or physically abused something like every eighteen seconds."

Roy said, "You wouldn't think that many women get out of line, would you?"

Jack wondered why he remembered a short piece in the paper about women being abused but hardly anything at all about Nicaragua.

"Still hate women, huh, Roy?"

"I love women. I just don't trust 'em."

"I met one you can."

"Yeah? Good for you."

"And heard an amazing story you aren't gonna believe."

"But you're gonna tell me it anyway."

"You'd be hurt if I didn't. You'd pout and probably never speak to me again. It's an opportunity story, shows you how you can perform a service to humanity. The kinda thing that makes you feel good."

Roy said, "You understand I serve humanity every day for eight hours and it doesn't make me feel worth a shit."

"You're too sensitive, Roy, for this kind of life you're in."

"Tell me what we're talking about, will you?"

"You've never heard of anything like this, Roy. I'll bet you a dollar."

"It has to do with the funeral business?"

"Not unless somebody gets shot."

"This doesn't sound like you at all, Delaney."

"I told you, I'm a different person. You want to know what it is, or you rather guess?"

"I know every kind of scam or heist there is grown men have tried to pull and fell on their ass doing."

"This's different."

"You met a woman you say you can trust and she told you an amazing story I'm not gonna believe about . . . ?"

"About lepers," Jack said.

Roy paused. "Lepers, huh? You know why lepers never finish a card game?"

"They have to quit," Jack said, "when they throw in their hands." He looked at Roy with the same deadpan expression, because he knew he had him and knew they were going to play this one and might even have a pretty good time.

He said, "What I need at the moment is a police officer. Or someone who knows how to speak in that same ugly, obscene way they have of addressing offenders."

Jack drove the Scirocco, rumbling in second gear, up to the funeral parlor, the street full of trees and the dark shapes of big homes, warm lights in windows here and there, a few porch lights showing through hedges and shrubs.

Roy said, "Get Lucy to buy you a muffler. I think she can afford it."

"There's the car. What should I do?"

"Keep going."

"It's the same one, the Chrysler."

"Go down the end and turn around."

"The guy next to the driver, he's the one had the gun."

"I love that kind," Roy said. "Come on, turn around."

"I have to get down there first, don't I?"

Near the river end of the street, the dark mass of trees opened to show bare telephone poles and vacant lots that extended to the levee, a grassy barrier against the night sky. Jack circled one of the poles and his headlights again probed the aisle of trees.

Roy said, "Ease up behind them."

"I get out, too?"

"You come up on the curb side. Stand close to the car but a few steps back, so they can feel you but can't see you. It might confuse 'em otherwise. What is this guy, an undertaker or a cop? Before you get out, write down the license number."

"I don't have a pen."

Roy said, "Jesus Christ," took one out of the inside pocket of his corduroy sports coat and handed it to Jack. "You pull this kind of official shit, you carry a pen and a notebook. And you wear a suit or sports coat."

Jack said, "What do you think I have on, pajamas?" He was wearing a tan-cotton blazer with jeans.

"You look like an undercover Fed trying to pass as a fucking Yuppie. I get their I.D.s, I give 'em to you. You come back to the car like you're gonna call it in, see if they're felons or they're wanted for anything."

"You gonna show these guys a badge or what?"

"Why don't you wait and see what I do? Then you'll know. Go on, pull up right behind 'em."

"Should I give 'em a bump?"

"Yeah, whiplash 'em. They'll be more cooperative."

Jack could see the two guys inside looking back this way, into his headlights. He said, "Louisiana plate," stopped close behind the Chrysler's shiny black rear deck and wrote down the number as Roy said, "It's a rental," and got out. By the time Jack approached the curb side of the car, Roy was asking the driver, the Creole-looking guy, to see his operator's license. The other one was leaning forward, saying to Roy, "He don't have to show you no license. We have the permission. Who the fuck are you, you don't know that?" He was the dude in the sunglasses at the Exxon station.

Jack heard Roy say, "Sir, he may not want to remove it from his person and show it to me *himself*. But I'm gonna see it, one way or the other. Are we clear on that?"

The Creole-looking guy took out his wallet, saying something to the other guy Jack couldn't hear. And then Roy said to the other guy, "You, too, sir, if you don't

mind. I'm curious to know who you assholes are you think you can sit here any time you want." The guy on the passenger side began talking about "the permission" again, mad. Jack didn't catch all the words. Now the two guys were talking to each other in Spanish, Roy waiting. Finally, the guy in the passenger seat took a billfold out of his coat and Jack looked up the street toward the funeral parlor.

The idea was, Lucy would drive off with Amelita in the hearse, run her out to the airport, while they kept the two guys busy. He had phoned Lucy with the plan after talking to Roy. Lucy said, as long as they left by 9:30. It was now about 20 after.

Roy handed him both guys' driver's licenses and the rental-car envelope across the roof of the Chrysler, the one who'd been talking saying something now about calling the district commander of police.

Jack walked back to his car and got in, leaving the door open so he'd have light to see the I.D.s. Crispin Antonio Reyna. This was the dude, not the driver.

The Creole-looking guy was Franklin de Dios—the hell kind a name was that?—42. His address was in south Miami.

Jack got out to approach the Chrysler. He saw Roy look back, then step away from the side of the car and come to meet him at the rear deck.

Roy said, "They're trying to tell me it's an immigration matter and they have police permission to sit there all they want."

"You believe it?"

"That's neither here nor there. We'll go on the assumption they're full of shit. Don't say a word if they ask you anything, if you talked to the captain. OK?"

Roy walked back to the driver's side as Jack moved between the cars to the curb. He looked up again at the funeral parlor. Not a light showing. He heard Roy telling the driver, "You're giving me a bunch of shit, aren't you? I think you better step out of the car."

Jack heard Roy's voice, with that easy cop drawl he put on, and looked at the hearse all of a sudden popping its lights and coming out of the driveway. Jack watched it turn into the street going away from them, toward St. Charles, its red tail-lights becoming tiny dots up there in the dark, almost to the point of disappearing, gone, when one of the two guys began yelling in Spanish. Jack turned to see Franklin de Dios of south Miami hunched over the steering wheel, reaching for the ignition.

There was no doubt they were leaving, with nothing in front of the car to keep it there. Until Jack saw Roy reach in, grab a handful of nappy hair and pull Franklin de Dios' head out to lay it on the window sill, Roy saying, "You trying to run on me?" Roy was reaching in again, now with his left hand, and came out holding a pistol, saying, "Uh-oh, what have we here?"

Jack was moving toward the other one

now, Crispin Reyna, having seen how it was done. He heard Roy telling Franklin de Dios he could step out of the car or get pulled clear through the window, heard that and saw Crispin Reyna's hand on the glove box, punching the button to open it. Jack reached in and grabbed a handful of Crispin Reyna's hair and yanked him back against the seat, hard. He changed hands then, learning how to do this as he went along, pressed the palm of his left hand against the guy's face, to hold him there, while he felt inside the glove box with his other hand. Jack stepped back from the car with a blue-steel automatic, holding it lightly, looking at its dull sheen in the streetlight. He liked the feel of it. He stepped back in when he saw Crispin Reyna turn to look at him. Jack motioned for him to face straight ahead and touched the barrel to the guy's right ear.

Roy had Franklin de Dios out of the car now, telling him to lean against it and spread his legs apart, "Come on, spread 'em," the guy doing what he was told without expression, his Creole-looking face with its pointy cheekbones carved from some kind of smooth, hard wood.

"Should we take these fuckers to Central Lockup and then have to do all that paperwork, or what?"

Jack said, "I hate paperwork."

Roy said, "It perturbs me off, too. What do you think? The river's right there."

Jack saw Franklin de Dios' calm eyes

staring at him, and he put his hand to his face, elbow on the roof of the car. "The mighty Mississippi, that's a thought. The current'd take 'em clear down to Pilot Town. If they can swim."

"You wouldn't want to weight 'em down none?"

"I thought we might give 'em a chance."

Now Crispin Reyna was speaking, saying they were fucking dumb cops and they had better call their superior right now. "I tell you we have the permission to be here."

"On second thought," Jack said, "how about drop 'em in the Outlet Canal? They'll be in the Gulf before morning." He saw Roy, taller than Franklin de Dios, nodding.

"Less you want to take 'em to the graveyard of strangers."

"Where's that?"

"John the Baptist Parish, in the swamp. They say if all the bodies dumped there ever stood up, man, you'd have a crowd could fill the Superdome."

"It's hard," Jack said, "isn't it?"

What they couldn't do was let them go just yet. Lucy would need an hour or so free of worry and looking over her shoulder. So they put Franklin de Dios and Crispin Reyna in the trunk of the Chrysler, Crispin bilingual in his protests, but finally got them spooned against each other like a couple of Angola sweethearts in the Big Stripe dorm, Roy telling them to mind

and he'd let them out after a while.

They discussed the guns for a minute, both nine-millimeter Berettas. Beauties, Roy said, better than those six-shooter Smiths cops had to pack when he was on the force. They stuck the guns under the front seat of Jack's car, then had a discussion on the best place to leave the Chrysler, with the key in the ignition. Jack mentioned City Park, West End. Roy mentioned out toward Chalmette in St. Bernard Parish there were a lot of good places. Jack said, yeah, and nobody would ever find them. Why go to all that trouble? Drop 'em off on the way downtown.

That's what they did. Roy drove the Chrysler, with Jack following behind, and left it on Tchoupitoulas near Calliope, where they used to park cars for the world's fair. As Roy got into the Scirocco, Jack was grinning, waiting to tell him, "It's too bad we can't stay and watch. Some guy's gonna come along and take off with that Chrysler. Be driving down the street and wonder what in the hell that noise is, coming from the trunk. Like somebody pounding to get out. Or he hears a voice calling to him like it's from far away, 'Help, *senior*, help.'"

Roy said, "Delaney, you're a weird fucker, you know it?"

Jack didn't say anything. He felt pretty good. Whether or not Amelita deserved all this didn't seem to matter.



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EARTH STATION (continued from page 122)

"All the good things in life are gone too soon—youth, drive and the original 'Steve Allen Show.'"

channels. He belts the set, the age-old remedy, but it is too late. He needs a new set right away. Withdrawal pain sets in.

Tom's Video City is staggering: two square blocks of televisions, video recorders, wide screens, computers and all kinds of hard- and software. Charley stands there, dumfounded, as 500 sets zoom in on Gary Collins making a Waldorf salad on *Hour Magazine*.

"Can I help you?" Charley stares at a rather intense-looking young salesman, the kind of guy who got perfect scores on his SAT and wears a bathing suit with black socks and sandals to the beach. "We have more than seven thousand models of electronic video and audio equipment here, eighty computer models, all the brands of wide screens and our special item, the earth station."

"What's the earth station?"

"A fifteen-foot satellite dish that receives signals from the communications satellites orbiting the earth. It's the most powerful home unit ever made. With this machine, you have the capability of watching television programs from all over the globe with perfect reception. And it has stereo sound."

"All I really need is a nice color television," Charley says.

"Why have just a television when you can have the globe? With the earth station, the world comes to you." The salesman is getting excited.

"It sounds very expensive."

"We can work out a deal to suit you. I installed my own. It's amazing: Last night, I was having dinner and watching Jerry Lewis in *The Nutty Professor*, all the way from Paris. Following that was *A.M. Peru* and a Swedish soap opera where they really do it. Truly amazing; the world comes to you."

Charley flips through the diagrams and pages of blueprints. It is complicated but a challenge. He wants—he *has*—to do it.

Three days later, his hands hurting from squeezing pliers, his jaws sore from clenching his teeth, Charley sits back on his heels and gazes at the finished product. He has screwed 527 screws, bolted 890 bolts, fastened miles and miles of cable and wire and inserted dozens of tubes, gadgets, springs and nuts into what looks like a radar station in his back yard. Somehow, it will work; it *must* work. Charley needs to see *The Donna Reed Show* from Rio; he needs *Barney Miller* from Argentina. He needs the world to come to him—he's much too tired to go to it.

The TV dinner is heating, the cham-

pagne chilling as Charley makes the last adjustments. In a way, he wishes Sheila were here to watch with him. She'd lost faith in him. He hadn't accomplished anything. "Lazy," she'd say. "You're too lazy to be boring. Boring would mean you were doing something."

Charley sighs. All the good things in life are taken away too soon—youth, drive and the original *Steve Allen Show*. His eyes moisten as he pulls back the silver foil on the peas of his Hungry Guy dinner. He stares at the pathetic attempt at peach cobbler. Sheila hates the cobbler, too. "I'll mail her one." He giggles and starts to feel perky. The last time he felt optimistic was when Cavett went network.

At 7:58, he puts the Hungry Guy dinner on the snack tray, which supports not only this gourmet delight but a single red rose cut from the neglected garden. He turns on the earth station. Waves of anxiety fill his lungs. His thighs pulsate as though he has just been in a near-miss car accident. The picture is slightly dim. A living room with a plastic-covered couch in the background is all he can make out. "Honey, where's my glasses?" He *knows* that voice. Then a naked man enters the picture. Holy Christ, it is Jerry Berger, his neighbor. "I think I left them on the bar." Berger's wife enters. There she is in stereo on the screen, naked.

Charley is in a panic. What has he done? Yes, he is awake; no, he isn't hallucinating. He is frozen stiff. Mrs. Berger is now doing jumping jacks along with Richard Simmons. Her tits bouncing up and down sound like polite tennis applause.

He carefully adjusts the channel two notches to the left. What the hell is this? Is it the Gorman home? Mr. and Mrs. Gorman are in their 70s now, a sweet, God-fearing couple. She worked in the town pharmacy for years, and he owned a small hobby shop where he displayed his wonderful collection of miniature trains. Now, in retirement, they sit on the porch sipping lemonade and counting the Cadillacs. A Sunday doesn't seem right unless you see the Gormans slowly walking home from church, holding hands.

"Tell me, Demetrius, do you want me?" Mrs. Gorman lies sprawled on her round bed, wearing a chiffon nightie, with what appear to be two Danish pastries over her breasts. "Demetrius? Answer your queen."

Old man Gorman, in a G string, complete with sword in hand, his breasts sagging more than hers, enters. Charley feels faint. "Fair Cressida, I am but a slave. I cannot look on thee."

"You need no longer be a slave," she rasps.

"What do I have to do, my lady?"

"Make love to me like the monkeys do."

With that, old man G. drops the G string. His impressive genitals swing dangerously close to the floor as he mounts his beloved, crying, "Freedom, freedom!" Charley looks like Buckwheat seeing a ghost. *American Gothic* meets *Screw* magazine. The Gormans are *maniacs*.

Charley laughs and turns the channel. There is Mrs. Mulgrew asleep on the couch, a Reagan press conference on her television screen. Two more turns to the left bring the Sealy twins arguing over clothes. The Benders are playing cards. The Hubermans aren't home, but Charley likes their new furniture.

The impossible has happened! He has invented something so amazing, he has to lie down to think of the implications.

Two days go by and Charley is still getting the neighborhood. The Benders are not talking to each other, the Hubermans love tuna and Jerry Berger spends more time on the toilet than someone just back from Mexico. Charley charts the times and places of his favorite moments. Working quickly, he compiles a ten-page guide.

The first *Earth Station Charley* is a fine-looking piece of work: two pieces of red construction paper and ten pages of programming. He plans his day around his neighbors' activities as if they were Olympic events. Why see a *Donna Reed* rerun at eight A.M. when he can have *Breakfast with the Hubermans*? Lunch is always at 1:30 with *Meet Linda Berger*. *Honey, I'm Home* is 40 minutes of Jerry Bender and his wife not talking face to face. A slight break for snacks, and then it's *Love Those Gormans*. Tonight is Thursday, which means Mystery Night. Who will he be and who will she be? Charley feels alive again.

Weeks go by and Charley is still getting the neighborhood. He decides to walk down the block and say hello to the neighbors. Stu Davis, the dentist, who has terrible teeth, is watering his lawn as Charley approaches. "Hey, Charley, what the hell is that thing, anyway? You an alien or something?" He gestures toward Charley's satellite dish.

"No, it's my earth station receiver for my TV. I can get television from all over the neighb—the world."

"Wow. I'd love to see that sometime; sounds great."

"Oh, it is, it's really something; you should see some of the shows I can get." Oops. As soon as Charley says it, he knows he shouldn't. After all, he has watched the Davises make love in the kitchen.

"Great, I'd love to; I'll be over later."

"Maybe tomorrow, Stu; today's kind of bad; one of the satellites is out of commission." Charley beats a hasty retreat. What am I, he thinks, but an electronic Peeping Tom?

Back home, Charley thumbs through the real *Earth Station Guide*, looking for a

foreign program to watch. *Hong Kong Hillbillies*: A Szechwan family inherits a great war lord's palace. No, not interested. *The Pope and the Chimp*: A fun time ensues when the Pope and the chimp masquerade as house painters (R). Suddenly, he stops thumbing. *Live from Spain: The Running of the Bulls of Pamplona*. This is it. Charley has wanted to go to Spain for years. It is his dream to stroll the mighty plains, battle windmills and follow Don Quixote's steps. Sheilah would never go. "Too humid," she'd say, or "Let's go to a fat farm and lose some weight instead." To hell with Sheilah. He whistles *Bolero* as he pops a Hungry Guy *paella* into the oven.

He carefully adjusts the dial to receive the signal and flips the set on. The suddenness of the picture surprises him. There it is—instantly—Pamplona. The color is perfect; the music bursts through the speakers. He is in Spain; the crowds yell, taunting the bulls, as the camera moves down the streets. His heart pounds; tears fill his eyes as he feels the excitement. The announcer moves through the crowds. The leathery tanned skin of the people is magnificent; the children squeal with fear and laughter. Oh, the wonder of it all.

Charley digs into his *paella* but freezes at the sound of a familiar voice.

"It's very exciting to be here, a real dream come true."

Sheilah!

"I always wanted to come here, but I never had someone to come with me."

Sy!

There they are, filling up the wide screen. Sheilah, her straw hat with a miniature donkey fastened to it, her shopping bag with oversized salad utensils in it. She looks strange, with white gook all over her nose, her lipstick applied too thickly. Her eye make-up makes her look like a Fellini extra or Ann Miller in the morning. Next to her, with his arm around her, stands Sy, his partner, wearing a polyester shirt, small tufts of hair sticking out of his ears.

"I've never been so excited in my life," Sheilah says in stereo.

Charley gags on the rice. This can't be. Fires are burning in his head; his lungs are exploding, his eyes bulging. No!

"I always thought Spain would be more humid."

That does it. The announcer laughs, Sheilah and Sy laugh and embrace. Charley lurches around the room, gasping for air. He grabs the control knobs, but Sheilah is on every channel. Where are the Hubermans? Give me the Gormans!

The bulls are running down the streets now, kicking and bucking at anything in their way. People, taking their chances, run out of every doorway. Charley clutches his heart and hits the floor. He lies there staring straight ahead, like Janet Leigh in *Psycho*—from Atlanta.

Charley has been canceled. The world has come to him.



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The woods around our part of the country are full of them. So getting a good one is never a problem. We hope you won't have to go to too much trouble getting ready for the holidays either. So you can sit back and enjoy this happiest of all seasons with your family and good friends.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS

BLINDSIGHT (continued from page 109)

"If they could retrofit me with normal eyes, I'd be lost trying to find my way around in your world."

"You want to know how I see."

"It's pretty amazing, I have to say."

"I don't see. Not really. I'm just as blind as you think I am."

"Then how—"

"It's called blindsight," Farkas said.

"Proprioceptive vision."

"What?"

Farkas chuckled. "There's all sorts of data bouncing around that doesn't have

the form of reflected light, which is what your eyes see. A million vibrations besides those that happen to be in the visual part of the electromagnetic spectrum are shimmering in this room. Air currents pass around things and are deformed by what they encounter. And it isn't only the air currents. Objects have mass, they have heat, they have—the term won't make any sense to you—*shapeweight*. A quality hav-



"And when you're older, Tiny Tim, I'll see to it that you get plenty of girls!"

ing to do with the interaction of mass and form. Does that mean anything to you? No, I guess not. Look, there's a lot of information available beyond what you can see with eyes, if you want it. I want it."

"You use some kind of machine to pick it up?" Juanito asked.

Farkas tapped his forehead. "It's in here. I was born with it."

"Some kind of sensing organ instead of eyes?"

"That's pretty close."

"What do you see, then? What do things look like to you?"

"What do they look like to you?" Farkas said. "What does a chair look like to you?"

"Well, it's got four legs and a back—"

"What does a leg look like?"

"It's longer than it is wide."

"Right." Farkas knelt and ran his hands along the tubular legs of the ugly little chair beside the bed. "I touch the chair, I feel the shape of the legs. But I don't see leg-shaped shapes."

"What then?"

"Silver globes that roll away into fat curves. The back part of the chair bends double and folds into itself. The bed's a bright pool of mercury with long green spikes coming up. You're six blue spheres stacked one on top of another, with a thick orange cable running through them. And so on."

"Blue?" Juanito said. "Orange? How do you know anything about colors?"

"The same way you do. I call one color blue, another one orange. I don't know if they're anything like your blue or orange, but so what? My blue is always blue for me. It's different from the color I see as red and the one I see as green. Orange is always orange. It's a matter of relationships. You follow?"

"No," Juanito said. "How can you possibly make sense out of anything? What you see doesn't have anything to do with the real shape or position of anything."

Farkas shook his head. "Wrong, Juanito. For me, what I see is the real shape and color and position. It's all I've ever known. If they were able to retrofit me with normal eyes now, which I'm told would be less than fifty-fifty likely to succeed and tremendously risky besides, I'd be lost trying to find my way around in your world. It would take me years to learn how. Or maybe forever. But I do all right, in mine. I understand, by touching things, that what I see by blindsight isn't the 'actual' shape. But I see in consistent equivalents. Do you follow? A chair always looks like what I think of as a chair, even though I know that chairs aren't really shaped anything like that. If you could see things the way I do, it would all look like something out of another dimension. It is something out of another dimension, really. The information I operate by is different from what you use, that's all. And the world I move through looks

completely different from the world that normal people see. But I do see, in my own way. I perceive objects and establish relationships between them; I make spatial perceptions, just as you do. Do you follow, Juanito? Do you follow?"

Juanito considered that. How very weird it sounded. To see the world in fun-house distortions, blobs and spheres and orange cables and glimmering pools of mercury. Weird, very weird. After a moment, he said, "And you were born like this?"

"That's right."

"Some kind of genetic accident?"

"Not an accident," Farkas said quietly. "I was an experiment. A master gene splicer worked me over in my mother's womb."

"Right," Juanito said. "You know, that's actually the first thing I guessed when I saw you come off the shuttle. 'This has to be some kind of splice effect,' I said. But why—why——" He faltered. "Does it bother you to talk about this stuff?"

"Not really."

"Why would your parents have allowed——"

"They didn't have any choice, Juanito."

"Isn't that illegal? Involuntary splicing?"

"Of course," Farkas said. "So what?"

"But who would do that to——"

"This was in the Free State of Kazakhstan, which you've never heard of. It was one of the new countries formed out of the Soviet Union, which you've also probably never heard of, after the Breakup. My father was Hungarian consul at Tashkent. He was killed in the Breakup and my mother, who was pregnant, was volunteered for the experiments in prenatal genetic surgery then being carried out in that city under Chinese auspices. A lot of remarkable work was done there in those years. They were trying to breed new and useful kinds of human beings to serve the new republic. I was one of the experiments in extending the human perceptual range. I was supposed to have normal sight, plus blindsight, but I didn't quite work out that way."

"You sound very calm about it," Juanito said.

"What good is getting angry?"

"My father used to say that, too," Juanito said. "Don't get angry, get even." He was in politics, the Central American Empire. When the revolution failed, he took sanctuary here."

"So did the surgeon who did my prenatal splice," Farkas said. "Fifteen years ago. He's still living here."

"Of course," Juanito said, as everything fell into place.

"The man's name is Wu Fang-shui," Juanito said. "He'd be about seventy-five years old, Chinese, and that's all I know, except there'll be a lot of money in finding him. There can't be that many Chinese on

Valparaiso, right?"

"He won't still be Chinese," Kluge said.

Delilah said, "He may not even still be a he."

"I've thought of that," said Juanito. "All the same, it ought to be possible to trace him."

"Who you going to use for the trace?" Kluge asked.

Juanito gave him a steady stare. "Going to do it myself."

"You?"

"Me, myself. Why the hell not?"

"You've never done a trace, have you?"

"There's always a first," Juanito said, still staring.

He thought he knew why Kluge was poking at him. A certain quantity of the business done on Valparaiso involved finding people who had hidden themselves here and selling them to their pursuers, but up till now, Juanito had stayed away from that side of the profession. He earned his money by helping dinkos go underground on Valparaiso, not by selling people out. One reason for that was that nobody yet had happened to offer him a really profitable trace deal; but another was that he was the son of a former fugitive himself. Someone had been hired to do a trace on his own father seven years back, which was how his father had come to be assassinated. Juanito preferred to work the sanctuary side of things.

He was also a professional, though. He was in the business of providing service, period. If he didn't find the runaway gene surgeon for Farkas, somebody else would. And Farkas was his client. Juanito felt it was important to do things in a professional way.

"If I run into problems," he said, "I may subcontract. Meanwhile, I just thought I'd let you know, in case you happen to stumble on a lead. I'll pay finders' fees. And you know it'll be good money."

"Wu Fang-shui," Kluge said. "I'll see what I can do."

"Me, too," said Delilah.

"Hell," Juanito said. "How many people are there on Valparaiso altogether? Maybe nine hundred thousand? I can think of fifty right away who can't possibly be the guy I'm looking for. That narrows the odds some. What I have to do is just go on narrowing, right? Right?"

In fact, he didn't feel very optimistic. He was going to do his best; but the system on Valparaiso was heavily weighted in favor of helping those who wanted to hide stay hidden.

Even Farkas realized that. "The privacy laws here are very strict, aren't they?"

With a smile, Juanito said, "They're just about the only laws we have, you know? The sacredness of sanctuary. It is the compassion of *El Supremo* that has turned Valparaiso into a place of refuge for fugitives of all sorts, and we are not supposed to interfere with the compassion of

El Supremo."

"Which is very expensive compassion, I understand."

"Very. Sanctuary fees are renewable annually. Anyone who harms a permanent resident who is living here under the compassion of *El Supremo* is bringing about a reduction in *El Supremo's* annual income, you see? Which doesn't sit well with the *generalissimo.*"

They were in Villanueva Café, E Spoke. They had been touring Valparaiso all day long, back and forth from rim to hub, going up one spoke and down the other. Farkas said he wanted to experience as much of Valparaiso as he could. Not to see; to *experience*. He was insatiable, prowling around everywhere, gobbling it all up, soaking it in. Farkas had never been to one of the satellite worlds before. It amazed him, he said, that there were forests and lakes here, broad fields of wheat and rice, fruit orchards, herds of goats and cattle. Apparently, he had expected the place to be nothing more than a bunch of aluminum struts and grim concrete boxes with everybody living on food pills, or something. People from Earth never seemed to comprehend that the larger satellite worlds were comfortable places with blue skies, fleecy clouds, lovely gardens, handsome buildings of steel and brick and glass.

Farkas said, "How do you go about tracing a fugitive, then?"

"There are always ways. Everybody knows somebody who knows something about someone. Information is bought here the same way compassion is."

"From the *generalissimo*?" Farkas said, startled.

"From his officials, sometimes. If done with great care. Care is important, because lives are at risk. There are also couriers who have information to sell. We all know a great deal that we are not supposed to know."

"I suppose you know a great many fugitives by sight, yourself?"

"Some," Juanito said. "You see that man sitting by the window?" He frowned. "I don't know; can you see him? To me, he looks around sixty, bald head, thick lips, no chin."

"I see him, yes. He looks a little different to me."

"I bet he does. He ran a swindle at one of the Luna domes, sold phony stock in an offshore monopoly fund that didn't exist, fifty million Capbloc dollars. He pays plenty to live here. This one here—you see? With the blonde woman—an embezzler; that one, very good with computers, reamed a bank in Singapore for almost its entire capital. Him over there, he pretended to be Pope. Can you believe that? Everybody in Rio de Janeiro did."

"Wait a minute," Farkas said. "How do I know you're not making all this up?"

"You don't," Juanito said amiably. "But I'm not."

"So we just sit here like this and you

expose the identities of three fugitives to me free of charge?"

"It wouldn't be free," Juanito said, "if they were people you were looking for."

"What if they were? And my claiming to be looking for a Wu Fang-shui was just a cover?"

"You aren't looking for any of them," Juanito said.

"No," said Farkas. "I'm not." He sipped his drink, something green and cloudy. "How come these men haven't done a better job of concealing their identities?" he asked.

"They think they have," said Juanito.

Getting leads was a slow business, and expensive. Juanito left Farkas to wander the spokes of Valparaiso on his own and headed off to the usual sources of information: his father's friends, other couriers and even the headquarters of the Unity Party, *El Supremo's* grass-roots organization, where it wasn't hard to find someone who knew something and had a price for it. Juanito was cautious. Middle-aged Chinese gentleman I'm trying to locate, he said. Why? Nobody asked. Could be any reason, anything from wanting to blow him away on contract to handing him a 1,000,000-Capbloc-dollar lottery prize that he had won last year on New Yucatán. Nobody asked for reasons on Valparaiso.

There was a man named Federigo who had been with Juanito's father in the Costa Rica days who knew a woman who knew a man who had a freemartin neuter companion who had formerly belonged to someone high up in the census department. There were fees to pay at every step of the way, but it was Farkas' money, what the hell, and by the end of the week, Juanito had access to the immigration data stored on golden megachips somewhere in the depths of the hub. The data down there wasn't going to provide anybody with Wu Fang-shui's phone number.

But what it could tell Juanito—and did, 800 callaghanos later—was how many ethnic Chinese were living on Valparaiso and how long ago they had arrived.

"There are nineteen of them altogether," he reported to Farkas. "Eleven of them are women."

"So? Changing sex is no big deal," Farkas said.

"Agreed. The women are all under fifty, though. The oldest of the men is sixty-two. The longest that any of them has been on Valparaiso is nine years."

"Would you say that rules them all out? Age can be altered just as easily as sex."

"But date of arrival can't be, so far as I know. And you say that your Wu Fang-shui came here fifteen years back. Unless you're wrong about that, he can't be any of those Chinese. Your Wu Fang-shui, if he isn't dead by now, has signed up for some other racial mix, I'd say."

"He isn't dead," Farkas said.

"You sure of that?"

"He was still alive three months ago and in touch with his family on Earth. He's got a brother in Tashkent."

"Shit," Juanito said. "Ask the brother what name he's going under up here, then."

"We did. He couldn't get it."

"Ask him harder."

"We asked him too hard," said Farkas. "Now the information isn't available any more. Not from him, anyway."

Juanito checked out the 19 Chinese, just to be certain. It didn't cost much and it didn't take much time, and there was always the chance that Dr. Wu had cooked his immigration data somehow. But the quest led nowhere. Juanito found six of them all in one shot, playing some Chinese game in a social club in the town of Havana de Cuba on Spoke B, and they went right on laughing and pushing the little porcelain counters around while he stood there kibitzing. They didn't *act* like

sanctuarios. They were all shorter than Juanito, too, which meant either that they weren't Wu, who was tall for a Chinese, or that Wu had been willing to have his legs chopped down by 15 centimeters for the sake of a more efficient disguise. It was possible, but it wasn't too likely.

The other 13 were all much too young or too convincingly female or too this or too that. Juanito crossed them all off his list. From the outset, he hadn't thought Wu would still be Chinese, anyway.

He kept on looking. One trail went cold, and then another and then another. By now, he was starting to think that Wu must have heard that a man with no eyes was looking for him and had gone even deeper underground, or off Valparaiso entirely. Juanito paid a friend at the hub spaceport to keep watch on departure manifests for him. Nothing came of that. Then someone reminded him that there was a colony of old-time hard-core sanctuary types living in and around the town of El Mirador on Spoke D, people who had a genuine aversion to being bothered. He went there. Because he was known to be the son of a murdered fugitive himself, nobody hassled him. He of all people wouldn't be likely to be running a trace, would he?

The visit yielded no directly useful result. He couldn't risk asking questions and nothing was showing on the surface. But he came away with the strong feeling that El Mirador was the answer.

"Take me there," Farkas said.

"I can't do that. It's a low-profile town. Strangers aren't welcome. You'll stick out like a dinosaur."

"Take me," Farkas repeated.

"If Wu's there and he gets even a glimpse of you, he'll know right away that there's a contract out for him and he'll vanish so fast you won't believe it."

"Take me to El Mirador," said Farkas. "It's my money, isn't it?"

"Right," Juanito said. "Let's go to El Mirador."

El Mirador was midway between hub and rim on its spoke. There were great glass windows punched in its shield that provided a colossal view of all the rest of Valparaiso and the stars and the sun and the moon and the Earth and everything. A solar eclipse was going on when Juanito and Farkas arrived: The Earth was plastered right over the sun, with nothing but one squidge of hot light showing down below, like a diamond blazing on a golden ring. Purple shadows engulfed the town, deep and thick, a heavy velvet curtain falling over everything.

Juanito tried to describe what he saw. Farkas made an impatient brushing gesture.

"I know, I know. I feel it in my teeth." They stood on a big people-mover escalator leading down into the town plaza. "The sun is long and thin right now, like the blade of an ax. The Earth has six sides, each one glowing a different color."



"You were right. It does break the ice."

Radio Controlled and Raring to Go!

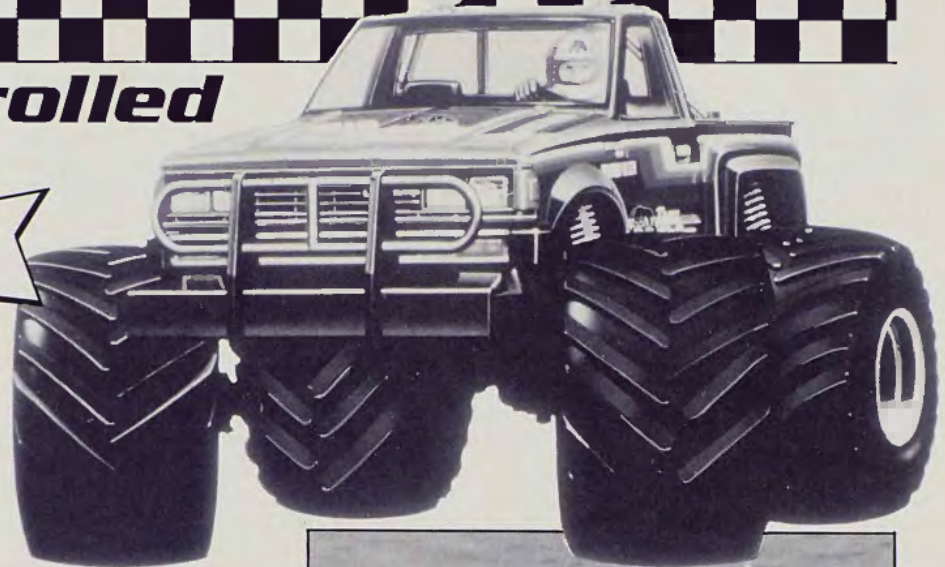
15+
M.P.H.

You've left that red dune buggy eating your dust, and you've got your pedal to the metal down a rocky straightaway. Heading towards the deepest ditch you've ever seen. You only have ten seconds to wonder why you're doing this and then you're airborne, bracing yourself for a bone jarring crunch.

You land - those new shocks were worth every cent you paid - and dodge a tree, splash through an ocean of mud, slide across a gravel strewn grade, and start up the face of Suicide Hill. Halfway up the treacherously steep slope your wheels start to spin - you're losing your traction - and then those huge knobby tires catch, digging in and sending you up and over the top!

No, this isn't the finals of the Baja 1000. But it can be your own backyard, if you're ready for the excitement of Radio Controlled off-road racing.

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Juanito gaped at the eyeless man.

"Wu is here," Farkas said. "Down there, in the plaza. I feel his presence."

"From five hundred meters away?"

"Come with me."

"What do we do if he really is?"

"Are you armed?"

"I have a spike, yes."

"Good. Tune it to shock, and don't use it all if you can help it. I don't want you to hurt him in any way."

"I understand. You want to kill him yourself, in your own sweet time."

"Just be careful not to hurt him," Farkas said. "Come on."

It was an old-fashioned-looking town, cobblestone plaza, little cafés around its perimeter and a fountain in the middle. About 10,000 people lived there, and it seemed as if they were all out in the plaza, sipping drinks and watching the eclipse. Juanito was grateful for the eclipse. No one paid any attention to them as they came floating down the people mover and strode into the plaza. Hell of a thing, he thought. You walk into town with a man with no eyes walking right behind you and nobody even notices. But when the sunshine comes back on, it may be different.

"There he is," Farkas whispered. "To the left, maybe fifty meters, sixty."

Juanito peered through the purple gloom of the plaza-front café beyond the next one. A dozen or so people were sitting in small groups at curbside tables under iridescent fiberglass awnings, drinking,

chatting, taking it easy. Just another casual afternoon in good old cozy El Mirador on sleepy old Valparaíso.

Farkas stood sideways to keep his strange face partly concealed. Out of the corner of his mouth, he said, "Wu is the one sitting by himself at the front table."

"The only one sitting alone is a woman, maybe fifty, fifty-five years old, long reddish hair, big nose, dowdy clothes ten years out of fashion."

"That's Wu."

"How can you be sure?"

"It's possible to retrofit your body to make it look entirely different on the outside. You can't change the nonvisual information, the stuff I pick up by blindsight. What Dr. Wu looked like to me, the last time I saw him, was a cubical block of black metal polished as bright as a mirror, sitting on top of a pyramid-shaped copper-colored pedestal. I was nine years old then, but I promised myself I wouldn't ever forget what he looked like, and I haven't. That's what the person sitting over there by herself looks like."

Juanito stared. He still saw a plain-looking woman in a ruffled, old-fashioned suit. They did wonders with retrofitting these days, he knew: They could make almost any sort of body grow on you, like clothing on a clothes rack, by fiddling with your DNA. But still Juanito had trouble thinking of that woman over there as a sinister Chinese gene splicer in disguise, and he had even more trouble seeing her as a polished cube sitting on top

of a copper pyramid.

"What do you want to do now?" he asked.

"Let's go over and sit down alongside her. Keep that spike of yours ready. But I hope you don't use it."

"If we put the arm on her and she's not Wu," Juanito said, "it's going to get me in a hell of a lot of trouble, particularly if she's paying *El Supremo* for sanctuary. Sanctuary people get very stuffy when their privacy is violated. You'll be expelled and I'll be fined a fortune and a half and I may wind up getting expelled, too, and then what?"

"That's Dr. Wu," Farkas said. "Watch him react when he sees me, and then you'll believe it."

"We'll still be violating sanctuary. All he has to do is yell for the police."

"We need to make it clear to him right away," said Farkas, "that that would be a foolish move. You follow?"

"But I don't hurt him," Juanito said.

"No. Not in any fashion. You simply demonstrate a willingness to hurt him if it should become necessary. Let's go, now. You sit down first, ask politely if it's OK for you to share the table, make some comment about the eclipse. I'll come over maybe thirty seconds after you. All clear? Good. Go ahead, now."

"You have to be insane," the red-haired woman said. But she was sweating in an astonishing way, and her fingers were knotting together like anguished snakes. "I'm not any kind of doctor and my name isn't Wu or Fu or whatever you said, and you have exactly two seconds to get away from me." She seemed unable to take her eyes from Farkas' smooth, blank forehead. Farkas didn't move. After a moment, she said in a different tone of voice, "What kind of thing are you, anyway?"

She isn't Wu, Juanito decided.

The real Wu wouldn't have asked a question like that. Besides, this was definitely a woman. She was absolutely convincing around the jaws, along the hairline, the soft flesh behind her chin. Women were different from men in all those places. Something about her wrists. The way she sat. A lot of other things. There weren't any genetic surgeons good enough to do a retrofit this convincing. Juanito peered at her eyes, trying to see the place where the Chinese fold had been, but there wasn't a trace of it. Her eyes were blue-gray. All Chinese had brown eyes, didn't they?

Farkas said, leaning in close and hard, "My name is Victor Farkas, doctor. I was born in Tashkent during the Breakup. My mother was the wife of the Hungarian consul, and you did a gene-splice job on the fetus she was carrying. That was your specialty, tectogenetic reconstruction. You don't remember that? You deleted my eyes and gave me blindsight instead, doctor."

The woman looked down and away. Color came to her cheeks. Something



"I still think of you. I named my new boyfriend's penis after you."

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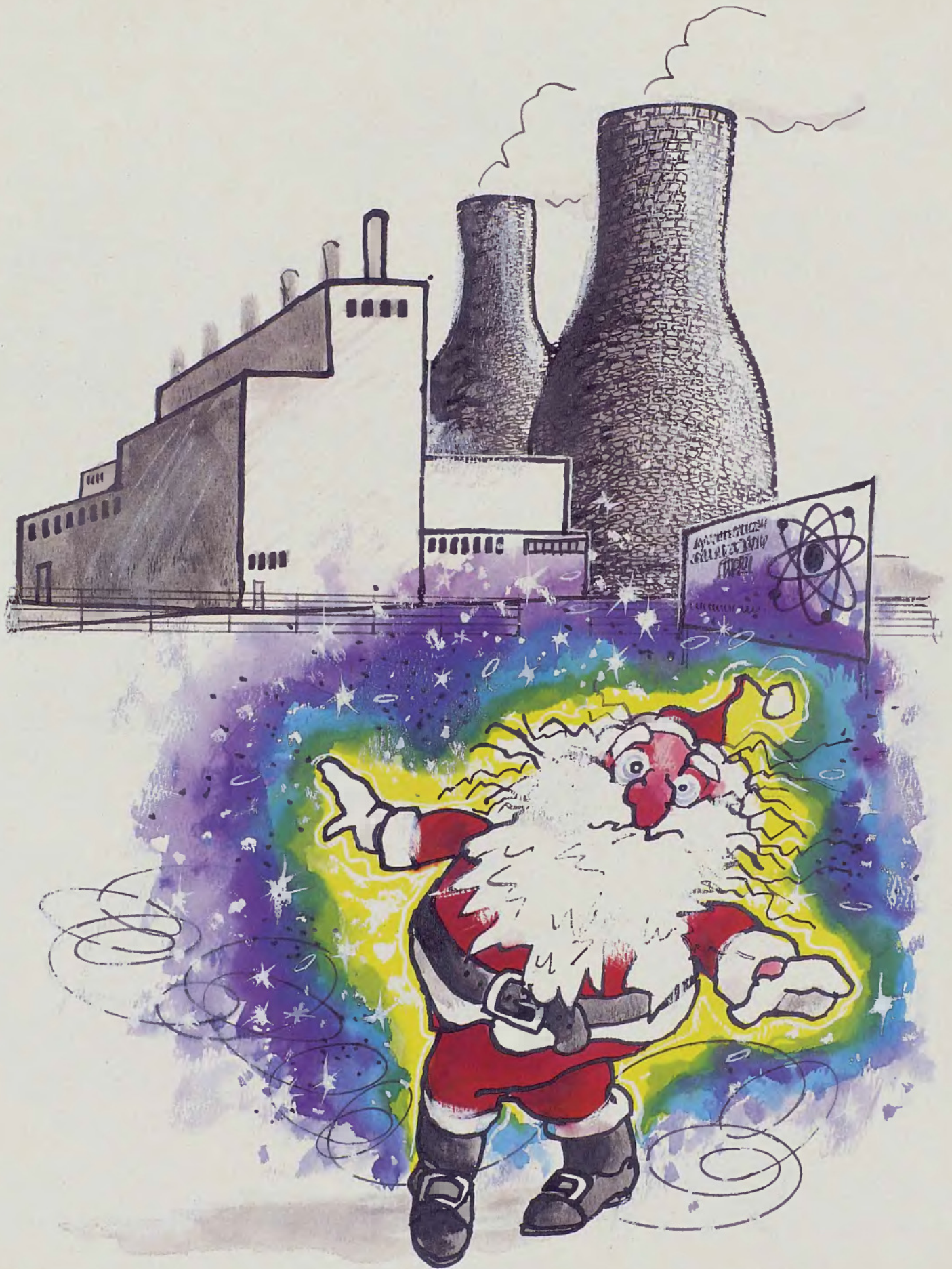
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STOKWICKS



heavy seemed to be stirring within her. Juanito began to change his mind. Maybe there really were some gene surgeons who could do a retrofit this good, he thought.

"None of this is true," she said. "You're simply a lunatic. I can show you who I am. I have papers. You have no right to harass me like this."

"I don't want to hurt you in any way, doctor."

"I am not a doctor."

"Could you be a doctor again? For a price?"

Juanito swung around, astounded, to look at Farkas.

"I will not listen to this," the woman said. "You will go away from me this instant or I summon the patrol."

Farkas said, "We have a project, Dr. Wu. My engineering group, a division of a corporation whose name I'm sure you know. An experimental spacedrive, the first interstellar voyage, faster-than-light travel. We're three years away from a launch."

The woman rose. "This madness does not interest me."

"The faster-than-light field distorts vision," Farkas went on. He didn't appear to notice that she was standing and looked about ready to bolt. "It disrupts vision entirely, in fact. Perception becomes totally abnormal. A crew with normal vision wouldn't be able to function in any way. But it turns out that someone with blindsight can adapt fairly easily to the peculiar changes that the field induces."

"I have no interest in hearing about—"

"It's been tested, actually. With me as the subject. But I can't make the voyage

alone. We have a crew of five, and they've volunteered for tectogenetic retrofits to give them what I have. We don't know anyone else who has your experience in that area. We'd like you to come out of retirement, Dr. Wu. We'll set up a complete lab for you on a nearby satellite world, whatever equipment you need. And pay you very well. And ensure your safety all the time you're gone from Valparaiso. What do you say?"

The red-haired woman was trembling and slowly backing away.

"No," she said. "It was such a long time ago. Whatever skills I had, I have forgotten, I have buried."

"You can give yourself a refresher course. I don't think it's possible really to forget a gift like yours, do you?" Farkas said.

"No. Please. Let me be."

Juanito was amazed at how cockeyed his whole handle on the situation had been from the start.

Farkas didn't seem at all angry with the gene surgeon. He hadn't come here for vengeance, Juanito realized. Just to cut a deal.

"Where's he going?" Farkas said suddenly. "Don't let him get away, Juanito."

The woman—Wu—was moving faster now, not quite running but sidling away at a steady pace, back into the enclosed part of the café. Farkas gestured sharply and Juanito began to follow. The spike he was carrying could deliver a stun-level jolt at 15 paces. But he couldn't just spike her down in this crowd, not if she had sanctuary protection, not in El Mirador, of all places. There'd be 50 *sanctuarios* on top of him in a minute. They'd grab him and club him and sell his foreskin to the

generalissimo's men for two and a half callies.

The café was crowded and dark. Juanito caught sight of her somewhere near the back, near the rest rooms. Go on, he thought. Go into the ladies' room. I'll follow you right in there. I don't give a damn about that.

But she went past the rest rooms and ducked into an alcove near the kitchen instead. Two waiters laden with trays came by, scowling at Juanito to get out of the way. It took him a moment to pass around them, and by then he could no longer see the red-haired woman. He knew he was going to have big trouble with Farkas if he lost her in here. Farkas was going to have a fit. Farkas would try to stiff him on this week's pay, most likely. Two thousand callies down the drain, not even counting the extra charges.

Then a hand reached out of the shadows and seized his wrist with surprising ferocity. He was dragged a little way into a claustrophobic games room dense with crackling green haze coming from some bizarre machine on the far wall. The red-haired woman glared at him, wild-eyed. "He wants to kill me, doesn't he? That's all bullshit about having me do retrofit operations, right?"

"I think he means it," Juanito said.

"Nobody would volunteer to have his eyes replaced with blindsight."

"How would I know? People do all sorts of crazy things. But if he wanted to kill you, I think he'd have operated differently when we tracked you down."

"He'll get me off Valparaiso and kill me somewhere else."

"I don't know," Juanito said. "I was just doing a job."

"How much did he pay you to do the trace?" Savagely. "How much? I know you've got a spike in your pocket. Just leave it there and answer me. How much?"

"Three thousand callies a week," Juanito muttered, padding things a little.

"I'll give you five to help me get rid of him."

Juanito hesitated. Sell Farkas out? He didn't know if he could turn himself around that fast. Was it the professional thing to do, to take a higher bid?

"Eight," he said, after a moment.

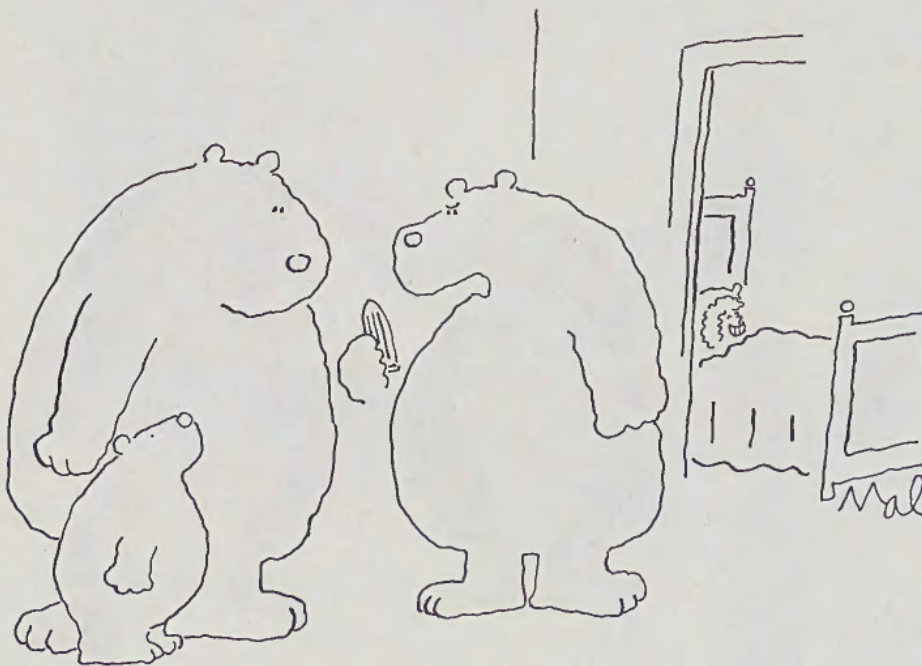
Why the hell not? He didn't owe Farkas loyalty. This was a sanctuary world; the compassion of *El Supremo* entitled Wu to protection here. It was every citizen's duty. And 8000 callies was a big bundle.

"Six five," Wu said.

"Eight. Handshake right now. You have your glove?"

The woman who was Wu made a muttering sound and pulled out her flex terminal. "Account eleven thirty-three," Juanito said, and they made the transfer of funds. "How do you want to do this?" Juanito asked.

"There is a passageway into the outer shell just behind this café. You will catch



"Never mind the porridge—who's been using my vibrator?"

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sight of me slipping in there and the two of you will follow me. When we are all inside and he is coming toward me, you get behind him and take him down with your spike. And we leave him buried in there." There was a frightening gleam in Wu's eyes. It was almost as if the cunning retrofit body was melting away and the real Wu beneath was emerging, moment by moment. "You understand?" Wu said. A fierce, blazing look. "I have bought you, boy. I expect you to stay bought when we are in the shell. Do you understand me? Do you? Good."

It was like a huge crawl space surrounding the globe that was El Mirador. Around the periphery of the double shell was a deep layer of lunar slag held in place by centrifugal forces, the tailings left over after the extraction of gases and minerals that the satellite world had needed in its construction. On top of that was a low, open area for the use of maintenance workers, lit by a trickle of light from a faint line of incandescent bulbs; and overhead was the inner skin of El Mirador itself, shielded by the slag pile from any surprises that might come ricocheting in from the void. Juanito was able to move almost upright within the shell, but Farkas, following along behind, had to bend double, scuttling like a crab.

"Can you see him yet?" Farkas asked.

"Somewhere up ahead, I think. It's pretty dark in here."

"Is it?"

Juanito saw Wu edging sideways, moving slowly around behind Farkas now. In the dimness, Wu was barely visible, the

shadow of a shadow. He had scooped up two handfuls of tailings. Evidently, he was going to fling them at Farkas to attract his attention, and when Farkas turned toward Wu, it would be Juanito's moment to nail him with the spike.

Juanito stepped back to a position near Farkas' left elbow. He slipped his hand into his pocket and touched the cool, sleek little weapon. The intensity stud was down at the lower end, shock level; and without taking the spike from his pocket, he moved the setting up to lethal. Wu nodded. Juanito began to draw the spike.

Suddenly, Farkas roared like a wild creature. Juanito grunted in shock, stupefied by that terrible sound. This is all going to go wrong, he realized. A moment later, Farkas whirled and seized him around the waist and swung him as if he were a throwing hammer, hurling him through the air and sending him crashing with tremendous impact into Wu's midsection. Wu crumpled, gagging and puking, with Juanito sprawled, stunned, on top of him. Then the lights went out—Farkas must have reached up and yanked the conduit loose—and then Juanito found himself lying with his face jammed down into the rough floor of tailings. Farkas was holding him down with a hand clamped around the back of his neck and a knee pressing hard against his spine. Wu lay alongside him, pinned the same way.

"Did you think I couldn't see him sneaking up on me?" Farkas asked. "Or you, going for your spike? It's three hundred and sixty degrees, the blind-sight—something Dr. Wu must have forgotten. All these years on the run, I guess

you start to forget things."

Jesus, Juanito thought. Couldn't even get the drop on a blind man from behind him. And now he's going to kill me. What a stupid way to die this is.

He imagined what Kluge might say about this if he knew. Or Delilah. Nattathaniel. Deeked by a blind man.

But he isn't blind. He isn't blind. He isn't blind at all.

Farkas said, "How much did you sell me to him for, Juanito?"

The only sound Juanito could make was a muffled moan. His mouth was choked with sharp bits of slag.

"How much? Five thousand? Six?"

"It was eight," said Wu quietly.

"At least I didn't go cheaply," Farkas murmured. He reached into Juanito's pocket and withdrew the spike. "Get up," he said. "Both of you. Stay close together. If either of you makes a funny move, I'll kill you both. Remember that I can see you very clearly. I can also see the door through which we entered the shell. That starfish-looking thing over there, with streamers of purple light pulsing from it. We're going back into El Mirador now, and there won't be any surprises, will there? Will there?"

Juanito spit out a mouthful of slag. He didn't say anything.

"Dr. Wu? The offer still stands," Farkas continued. "You come with me, you do the job we need you for. That isn't so bad, considering what I could do to you for what you did to me. But all I want from you are your skills, and that's the truth. You *are* going to need that refresher course, aren't you, though?"

Wu muttered something indistinct.

Farkas said, "You can practice on this boy, if you like. Try retrofitting him for blindsight first, and if it works, you can do our crew people, all right? He won't mind. He's terribly curious about the way I see things, anyway. Aren't you, Juanito? Eh? Eh?" Farkas laughed. To Juanito he said, "If everything works out the right way, maybe we'll let you go on the voyage with us, boy." Juanito felt the cold nudge of the spike in his back. "You'd like that, wouldn't you? The first trip to the stars? What do you say to that, Juanito?"

Juanito didn't answer. His tongue was still rough with slag. With Farkas prodding him from behind, he shambled slowly along next to Wu toward the door that Farkas said looked like a starfish. It didn't look at all like a fish to him, or a star, or like a fish that looked like a star. It looked like a door to him, as far as he could tell by the feeble light of the distant bulbs. That was all it looked like, a door that looked like a door. Not a star. Not a fish. But there was no use thinking about it, or anything else, not now, not with Farkas nudging him between the shoulder blades with his own spike. He let his mind go blank and kept on walking.



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HAITI

(continued from page 111)

such as the Reverend Sylvio Claude, describe it as a great, great, *great* success: "We have made known the Will of the People."

But, of course, it also means that the genuine grievances are not answered, the police come out in the streets with their Uzis and the ruling council is emboldened.

Elections had better happen soon—they are presently planned for November 1987. And how can there be an election in a country that has never had a real one, where 85 percent of the people are illiterate and Baby Doc claimed the last referendum with a cozy vote of 99.9 percent? The candidates have their work cut out.

A cabdriver informed me, with rage in his voice, that two people had been killed the night before by a thief up the hill a little from the Hotel Castel d'Haiti. "Liberty, yes," he said, "but that is mere democracy." Like almost all chauffeurs, he was, no doubt, a former Tonton Macoute, or Duvalier bogeyman.

In their joy at the departure of the Duvalier oppressors, civic volunteers had cleaned the streets—and slaughtered scores, maybe more, of Macoutes.

We drove to see the emplacement near the port, where the statue of the first colonialist had been uprooted and thrown into the sea. Columbus landed on this island many years ago. "*Deshokage*, monsieur," said the cabdriver—that's the Creole word for uprooting.

"WHERE IS HAITI? WHERE IS HAITI?"

I once asked my uncle and aunt, just returned from a cruise of the Caribbean, which island they had liked best. My uncle turned to his wife and said, "It was number three, wasn't it?"

At a higher level of sophistication, an American Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan, turned to a resident of Haiti and said, "We are very interested in Haiti. Tell me, where is Haiti?"

The resident answered something and the distinguished creationist and politician replied, "Niggers speaking French! Fancy that!"

The first black nation of modern times, a slave people that wrested its freedom from Napoleon in 1804, at the height of his powers, has always been a miracle, a wonderment, an enigma. The peasant geographers say, "Beyond the mountain lies another mountain." This makes for agricultural difficulties—farmers are killed falling out of cornfields. And beyond the mystery of Haiti—France and Africa, voodoo and Christianity, energy and languor, art and changelessness—lie a host of other problems.

How the devil can this dying nation survive its history, which most recently included the 28-year reign of the gang of

thieves called the Duvalier family? There was Papa Doc, who wanted to be Emperor François the First (I once saw a poster depicting Jesus embracing the black-clad torturer, saying, "I have chosen him"), and his appointed successor, the son, Baby Doc, who didn't like the name I gave him: Furniture Face. How can Haiti make it?

Violence is disappearing because a peaceful folk is slaughtering the violent one.

Inside every Haitian, there is a sleeping president.
—CREOLE PROVERB

And outside of the candidate, there is someone who wants either to be his henchman or to kill him.

My friend F. Morisseau-Leroy, poet and playwright, director and superlative joker, arrived home from exile. He was met by radio and television crews. He stood in the airport and said proudly and loudly, "I have an important announcement to make!" His aureole of white hair blew about his head as he raised his arms in a statesmanlike greeting to his well-wishers: "I am officially . . . *not* a candidate for the presidency! At least there must be one who is not!"

But he has returned to Miami to write his books and spend his days among his family. And so now, perhaps, there is nobody in Haiti who is not a candidate.

Besides the usual 6,000,000 candidates, some authorities estimate that there are 200 earnest ones. I cut this figure to 199 when one was arrested for reckless driving in Connecticut. This relieved my burden—now only 199 saviors of the nation want to be addressed as Your Terrificness, Your Wondrousness. For a few, Your Excellence might do. For example, Colonel Williams Regala, a member of the ruling junta—as it would be called in a Spanish-speaking country—announced, "I seek to do nothing but serve the people. History will judge me."

Uh-oh. When a colonel speaks of history, let's run to the churches of our choice and pray.

I visited three of the most interesting figures—the Reverend Sylvio Claude, a popular Protestant pastor; René Théodore, a Communist with strong links in Moscow and Paris; and Marc Bazin, a distinguished economist who left his brief appointment as finance minister under Baby Doc because he couldn't clean up the mess. Claude has gotten people out into the streets. Théodore enjoys a small success as the first openly Communist activist in years. Bazin, probably the best qualified for his position, is supported by a group of earnest reformers and technocrats.

With well-trained Haitian French logic, a friend sorted out the three types of presidential candidates. There are those who are capable and won't steal. "Monsieur Clean, plus brains." There are those who steal but don't want to get caught. "Brains but not clean." And there are those who steal and don't care if they're caught. "No



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brains, no clean."

I got a six A.M. appointment to see Bazin. I drove to Belvedere, high in the mountains behind Port-au-Prince, where he met me in a jeep and escorted me to the terrace of a large stone house. Bazin is a tall, sturdy, vital man who looks much too tough and happy to be a staid senior official with the World Bank, which was his job while in exile from Haiti. He was recently married for the first time. As a friend explained, he had thought it better to make many women happy than to make one woman unhappy.

We spoke of the need to get back some of the treasure stolen by the Duvalier family. Papa Doc spent the money on his security system. He wanted power in Haiti and planned to remain until his evil spirit was laid to rest. Baby Doc used the security machinery—the Tonton Macoutes, the torture—to capitalize the family for his eventual retirement. The Duvaliers should be able to survive on the \$700,000,000 or \$800,000,000 he has stashed away. "Perhaps, with diplomatic pressure, we can get some of it back," Bazin said.

This laborious people, groaning under 65 percent unemployment, needs food, work, roads, a water supply, health care. Any investment that involves labor will have a ripple effect on the economy. That so intelligent and forceful a man as Bazin wants to take hold is in itself a hopeful sign for Haiti. He has made a comfortable career at the World Bank. If he is willing to work for Haiti in Haiti, perhaps other talented Haitians will be willing to work for their country—even to learn, against all the tradition of Haitian genius, to consent to paying their taxes.

Driving among the magnificent hillside homes of Pétionville, Le Boule and Kenscoff—iron gates, swimming pools, floodlit tennis courts—I saw unashamed symbols of the lifestyle of the 450 millionaires in this poorest of nations. The man in the Rolls-Royce finds tax evasion a more engaging sport than tennis.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE BLACK HAITIAN PIG

What follows is a nonkosher riff. When I first arrived in Haiti 33 years ago, I thought those were exceptionally agile, intelligent and curious little black dogs darting around the ditches, gardens, garbage holes and feet. They didn't bark; they didn't look at the sky. They kept to business.

The black Haitian pig was the peasant's pride and joy, his pet, his love, his bank account, his insurance policy. It was the vacuum cleaner that got rid of waste. It ate lizards, rubbish, even insects. Perhaps it lived on ideas and fantasy, too, like everyone else. It showed a touch of fanaticism about its continuous rooting. Eventually, it provided the essential ingredient of *griots*, the Haitian staple, tight, deep-fried little curls of piglet served with rice and beans—charming charcoal-smoked protein. And, just as important, certain voodoo ceremonies demanded the sacrifice of

the *cochon planche*, the little buggler.

One theory of Baby Doc's downfall is that it was brought about by the pig tragedy. The CIA did it. The Iowa farmers, working through the CIA, did it. The Americans came in and said that the pigs were infected with the dreaded African swine fever. Every single one had to go. Weeping and stubborn anger among the peasants and the priests. The Americans, with the cooperation of Baby Doc—how could he? How could he have?—swept through the country pignaping, mad with pig lust. They gave money for each pig. They would eventually replace the Haitian pigs with huge pink-and-white American porkers. But that wasn't the point. The American pigs, clumsy and stumpy, couldn't be led to market on a string. They weren't cute; they weren't voodoo-effective; they weren't the pig of myth and dream. More practically, they seemed to require corn to thrive—corn that had to be imported from Iowa, corn that nobody could afford, corn that made the peasants dependent in still another way on the American dole.

Let's nag at this point a little.

The pink-and-white, sometimes ridiculously spotted American pig, as giant and stupid as a cruise-ship tourist, munches with its little tail extended like a tea drinker's pinkie. Its meat is bland. Its soul is empty—bred for troughs and pens. The gods reject it on Saturday night. Only a president for life, capable of betraying his people by marrying a divorced hussy with relatives in the cocaine trade, would allow such a disaster. Furniture Face even looks like a porker himself. And now, of course, he is an exile for life, though he seems to possess his hundreds of millions in stolen treasure.

The gods and the Swiss lawyers may get some of it back. Haiti has already reclaimed Furniture Face's Rolls-Royce, his Mercedeses (plural), his Jaguars, his BMWs, his speedboats and yachts and quite a few of his motorcycles. Just about \$700,000,000 or \$800,000,000 to go.

Surely, this also is part of the pig story.

Naturally, during the pig pogrom, a few clever farmers, influential politicians and idealistic voodoo priests managed to hide their heroic fugitives. They are beginning to emerge now. You still see the ugly American pigs. In the market place of Kenscoff, a Haitian friend pointed to the roasted pink American meat. "No taste," he said, "no good for *griots*. I spit on it."

Then Madam Sara—market lady—laughed and said, "Wait a little."

The new government is declaring an amnesty for the condemned. The survivors will come out of hiding. They will root in public like free black pigs in a happy pig world. Let the Americans deal with the virus if they don't like it. The gods require *cochon planche*.

THE MILITARY STRICTNESS OF HAITI

A small brown smiling man was a high-ranking officer of the *Armée d'Haiti* when I



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lived there with my first wife and two small children. When I complimented him on his Eisenhower jacket, that short military uniform made popular by an American general and President celebrated in his time, the Haitian colonel misunderstood what I was saying. "You find?" he responded proudly. "Yes, when I step into Café Society Downtown in your Greenwich Village, everbody and master of ceremony say, 'Ooh, eet ees General Eisenhower. Ooh, no, eet ees the Colonel Willy from the armed forces of the *république* of Haiti, performing tour of military inspection on behalf of his so beautiful countree!"

I failed to get a clear picture of the jazz lovers of Sheridan Square rising in awed unison to pay tribute to the Haitian officer.

My pretty young wife and I were invited to a party at the National Palace, where, nearby, the munitions for the army were kept under guard by the president's henchmen. After the party, we were offered a ride home by Colonel Willy, who had a plan. I was pushed into one chauffeured military Buick, while my wife was urged into the colonel's limousine. Uh-oh, I thought, this will be a contest of wills—the hero of Haiti vs. a nice girl from Detroit.

My wife arrived home an hour later, grumpy but probably not as grumpy as the colonel. Yes, he had attempted seduction in the limo. It got a little heavy. So she stuck her finger down her throat and threw up on his Eisenhower jacket.

The colonel was irked with us for weeks. In those days, an officer with strict standards had to send his "jacket Eisenhower" by special plane to Miami for the first-class dry cleaning fine garments deserve.

BUT THOSE WERE THE GOLDEN DAYS

This cute decadence was relatively affable, with only an occasional unexplained murder or disappearance and the normal level of graft and corruption. The widow of an officer in charge of the electrification of a section of Port-au-Prince sued in Haitian courts for the bribe owed her husband and won. Drivers were advised to back up and run over again anyone they happened to hit on the roads, because all you paid was \$60 or so in funeral expenses, but you'd have to pay hospital costs for the injured. My friend Fortuné Bogat showed me his license to carry a pistol, which pledged that it was "to be used only against bandits, wild beasts, burglars, etc.," and remarked that most of the people he shot were etc.s. Later, when I sat on the arm of his wife's chair, he pointed it at me, because I resembled an etc.

Haitian art thrived. American women loved handsome Haitian officers and businessmen. Americans discovered the merengue, the beauty of the countryside, the sweetness of the people. Voodoo was exotic and the music was happy. It was French and African and a tasty bit of strangeness. American homosexuals learned a few secrets about Haiti—that in a poor country, boys are available. Also,

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the Grand Hotel Oloffson became a mecca for Marlon Brando, Truman Capote, James Jones, Lillian Hellman, John Gielgud and thousands of others who found the gingerbread palace the most charming inn in creation. I showed Graham Greene about; he bought me dinner and, in return, I nearly bankrupted myself buying him drinks. Later, he wrote *The Comedians*, a savory melodrama about the Duvalier madness, made into a film with Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor and all my friends and enemies represented by actors. Greene was the father of *The Comedians*, but I felt like its obstetrician, since I had introduced him to Aubelin Jolicœur, that flirtatious, white-clad, cane-twirling model for Petit Pierre, Al Seitz and others.

In 1956 and 1957, the cute decadence rapidly degenerated into the horror of Papa Doc in his black garb of Baron Samedi, an evil and powerful voodoo god. The Tonton Macoutes extorted, tortured, castrated, killed and wore tacky sunglasses. Even a Duvalier family doctor got caught in their mesh and was beaten, hustled into a palace dungeon and forced to drink his own urine. Friendship and loyalty became confusing. In one house, everyone by the name of Benoît, including the dogs, was killed, because a man of that name was reputed to be a dissident. Bodies were exhibited at the airport. On the day President John F. Kennedy was assassinated, I was on assignment in Haiti and heard the wild celebration at the National Palace, saw the building lit up while the rest of the city was blacked out. Papa Doc believed that his pins in his Kennedy doll had done the job.

In Pétienville, Macoutes with automatic weapons stood me up against a fence. One pinched my balls to express disdain. When I complained to the chief of police in Port-au-Prince, he smiled and remarked, "I guess they don't like journalists whose names are colors—Greene, Gold. . ."

When my article appeared, I was banned from Haiti. As Papa Doc was president for life, I was banned for life. But Baron Samedi turned out to be mortal; in my case, the matter is not yet settled. I received my new visa in the form of a postcard of a lovely Creole maiden standing in a waterfall, with a message from Aubelin Jolicœur: "Herb! Please come back to see your friends! We miss you!"

Réfractaires—what might be called agingers—have been bred by Haitian history. To be educated, even overeducated, is a tradition of the elite. I was treated for malaria many years ago by the only doctor I could find during a five-day holiday: a man who was both a doctor and a lawyer and had never practiced either trade. He preferred to investigate, contemplate and cultivate his own virility. His brothers, uncles, father, cousins were judges of the supreme court, ambassadors and coffee traders. His grandfather had been president for a few days before being deposed

and torn to bits by a mob.

Such a man, a member of the elite, would have his own child servants, called *ti-mounes*, or "little people," who would carry his tennis racket to the court and then chase the balls. The Haitian elite has grace and good posture—no burdens on its head or shoulders. Its members can make love without embarrassment, and even without lubriciousness, with little black servants in the room. It's as if the servant were a dog or a pet bird. It does not concern them.

The snobbery of that class was impressive. I used to be invited as a guest to the Cercle Bellevue in Bourdon, a country club that admitted neither blacks nor whites as members. A pretty lady explained to me, sailing on a Sunday, that there were no blacks in her family—she was descended from an infinite series of mulattoes.

The charm of Haiti's sophisticated elite is real. The suffering of the overwhelming majority, exemplified by the Boulevard de Millionnaires, comes from another universe. What people call the Boulevard of

Millionnaires is a stretch of road in downtown Port-au-Prince, near the picturesque Iron Market, jammed with market women, carts, donkeys, orphans, peddlers selling a piece of chewing gum or an empty milk can, the sick and dying, the pregnant, the newborn—an urban ravine dumped with desolate humanity. These people are not doctor/lawyers. They have malaria, yaws, syphilis, AIDS and, among the children, kwashiorkor, that belly-swollen protein starvation, that frizzy reddish hair, that I remember from the war in Biafra.

An American friend, invited by Michèle Bennett Duvalier to visit the National Palace, reported that it had been redecorated all in pinks and creams: "It's as pretty as the White House would be if we could only afford it." Things don't seem to change around here.

The effete English writer Ronald Firbank once wrote a postcard to his friend Sir Osbert Sitwell: "Tomorrow I go to Haiti. They say the president is a *perfect dear!*"

Baby Doc's father was not a perfect dear. Enacting Baron Samedi in his funeral garb, he was the god of Saturday,



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because Christ was crucified on Friday and didn't rise till Sunday—Baron Samedi rules the time when there is no savior.

It wasn't just a metaphor. The castrations, tortures, murders, extortions and general rudeness were real. People say that nothing is permanent in this world; but in Haiti, nothing is merely temporary, either. Certain ambiguities persist: poverty, risk, the sun, the glory of pride, that unique Haitian sense of fun about things. When I ran with the best Haitian runners—including the man who finished last at the Montreal Olympics—peasants along the Kenscoff trail shouted, "Look, a white man running! Sweating! And he's not even a thief!" And their laughter followed me beneath the scent of eucalyptus and pine, the trees that remained when the coffee and mahogany were cut down for fuel.

The Haitian champion was a good runner. At Montreal, he was confused. He wasn't used to running with shoes. He had never been on an airplane before. He needed training and confidence. I had plenty of confidence but am a mere California health addict, not a runner.

As I ran, I remembered following the sound of the drums in the mountains above Kenscoff—drums, whistles, bamboo sticks—to watch a *coumbite*, a cooperative work rite, clearing a field of its rocks and gathering them to make a house. They chanted, "*Bat tambou*"—beat the drum—until I stumbled; and then, as I clambered aloft again, with torn jeans, the rhythm of their chant was the same, but the words had evolved: "*Blanc tombé, blanc tombé*"—the white man fell, the white man fell.

How could I not love this place?

When I went back to my little house in Kenscoff, the mosquito-eating lizard that liked to ride the carriage of my typewriter jumped off, seeming to know it was time for me to work; children poked their heads through the windows and the open doorway—the *blanc* is making rhythm on his machine! Later in the afternoon, it was my habit to join *le Cénacle des Philosophes*—the Philosophers' Circle—alongside the scales at the coffee dealer's terrace, where the retired judge, the former general, the Belgian priest, the coffee dealer and the green-shoed heir to a defunct president of the republic gathered to discuss the fate of the world. Monsieur Noe's wife served us very black Haitian-roast coffee, a nectar that convinced us all that, in the troubles between the Soviet Union and the U.S., Haiti could surely provide the *trait d'union*—the hyphen—that would mysteriously bring together these blundering great powers in peace and amity. The coffee spoke loudly; sometimes, in the evening, the rum spoke even louder.

Haiti has remained, these many years, a magic place of my nightmares.

BYE-BYE, BABY DOC

The riots of early 1986 were persistent. The Americans said to Baby Doc, "Time

to go check personally on your Swiss banking." The boy president, now aged 34, sped through Port-au-Prince in his Porsche, everyone cheering, and went on television to say in his thin, soft, high-pitched voice that no, he wasn't going; he was "strong as a monkey's tail." Nevertheless, he left on a U.S. plane a few days later, accompanied by Michèle, the harassed, chain-smoking first shopper, his children and a few relatives and henchmen. In the days after the hectic departure of the Duvaliers, Haitian police seized a few kilos of cocaine in a Duvalier house and more than 200 pounds in the storeroom of a maternity hospital founded by Michèle.

I used to see the official bagman on his monthly trips in and out of Haiti to tote the country's money into the family's Swiss bank accounts. This time, they swept the treasury clean, as if with a careful broom. Morally, the Duvalier clan is as strong-smelling as a monkey's tail. Well, it's hard work stealing from the poor in a hot climate.

Now the corrupt regime is gone; good. The Tonton Macoutes have been beaten back, many of them killed in revenge; also good. People are no longer so afraid of torture and extortion. Good.

But, like prisoners suddenly released, people don't know the rules anymore. The police have little discipline; the army was subservient to the Macoutes; everybody was expecting pie in the sky right away. By and by is not soon enough.

In the slide toward anarchy, factories go bankrupt. For a while, nothing could be shipped in or out, because the customs employees were on strike. The acting head of state, Lieutenant General Henri Namphy, took to his bed with fatigue. Offers of aid could not be accepted, because there was no one around to sign the letters.

Hunger, want, manic hope and the reality of suffering: While the drums resound and songs of freedom rise in the air, the sweat of celebration dries on the bodies.

THE KILLING OF THE LOUPS-GAROUS,
THE SHOOTING OF THE CHILD
AND THE GREAT HOUNGAN OF GONAÏVES

Jean-Bernard Diederich, a young photographer, showed me his photographs of a roasting man—actually pieces of a man—outside Gonaïves. Diederich arrived just after the killing. He felt he had to find out what had happened. The people who did it explained that the victim had been not a man but a *loup-garou*, a werewolf. Besides the werewolf, several others had died. In the photographs, alongside the burned limbs, there were feathers, goat parts and a *jacoute*—a sack spilling out its charms, potions, leaves and personal items of menace. A mob of about 100 people danced and officiated over the execution, energized by *clairin*, the local white rum. In the distance, a trumpet sounded. The people, some in full voodoo

drag, were wearing red headbands. Diederich smelled the pleasant scent of weed, which is new to Haiti. I might not have believed this, but the day before, I, too, had been offered a toke in the Protestant missionary restaurant in Kenscoff.

The reason the body had to be cut into small pieces before being burned was that otherwise, the *loup-garou* might put itself back together and return to avenge the insult of being beaten and chopped with machetes.

The next day, we drove to Gonaïves with Caleb Joseph, a 23-year-old ethnology scholar from the national university. He wished to make sure we understood that this was not voodoo but an act of pillage and, perhaps, revenge on an unpopular figure. I studied the graffiti on walls as we headed out of Port-au-Prince: DUVALIER NOT HERE! MISERY FINISHED! "The euphoria," said our friend, the young Haitian and voodoo expert. We spoke of the continued unemployment and the shortages of everything, including law and order. The prisons had been emptied, because who was guilty? Former Macoutes were being killed. Catholics and Protestants were attacking voodoo priests. "We others, we students, knew things would be difficult," said Caleb.

At the roadside, we studied the ashes of the *loup-garou*. We poked about the cinders. Jean-Bernard took pictures. We talked with a bright young fellow in a blue

U.S. Navy-surplus shirt with the name ROISENTENKOVSKY stenciled on it. He explained that the *loup-garou* deserved to die. We went to see the burned-out house. The victim's animals had been distributed, his corn harvested. He had had 33 children by his several wives. We met one of the widows; we met his father; we expressed sympathy.

Then we headed up a rutted road and met a police jeep spitting up clots of mud. Four men and an officer greeted us, admired our tape recorders and cameras and began questioning people about the killings. Out of the *caille-pailles*—the clay-and-straw huts—various explainers gathered. Six men were rounded up and each was questioned by the officer while another soldier took notes. One, with the inflamed conjunctivas of a drunk, was shoved away. Jean-Bernard said in a low voice to me that these people looked familiar. Most of the others in the village had also been here yesterday, except for the wife and the old father. Suddenly a woman shouted, "He's the one! He started the killing!" and pointed toward a sullen-eyed barefoot man.

"I don't know nothing," the man said.

"You're under arrest."

Two of the soldiers were horsing around, pretending to duel with their clubs. They were also carrying old U.S. Army M1 rifles. Instead of getting into the jeep, the suspect broke and began to run toward the

cornfield. "You may kill him!" the officer shouted. The soldiers began firing. The woman who had denounced him shouted, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" Five or six shots rang out, but the man didn't stop. He wasn't hit. The soldiers chased after him, followed by Jean-Bernard, who turned to yell at me, "Watch the car!"

In the high corn, where everyone was invisible, volleys of shots resounded.

A child about ten years old began to leap about, screaming. People told her to shut up. The woman who had denounced the fleeing man was still sobbing, "Don't, oh, don't!" The child ripped away her sleeve. There was a deep wound, with exposed veins and striations of flesh rapidly oozing blood. I began shouting for Jean-Bernard: "Jay-bee! Jay-bee!" If a wild bullet had hit this child, I wondered what else could happen in the cornfield.

It turned out that the man had escaped—"He knows every hole," said one of the soldiers—and they were shooting into the air to let one another know where they were.

After a time for reflection, the officer decided to put the child in the jeep. Her mother was brought up screaming, being dragged to join her daughter. She was afraid of the police. She thought she was being arrested. During the Duvalier days, many of those arrested never returned.

Hysterical, the woman fell and knocked her head against a rock. She was loaded

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into the jeep along with her daughter.

The officer began sounding his horn in imperative steady honks to summon the troops. They crowded into the jeep along with the child and her mother.

"This wasn't an affair of voodoo," said Caleb. "This was an affair of pillage." I knew what came next: Haiti is 60 percent Catholic, 40 percent Protestant and 100 percent voodoo. "That is our basis of philosophy and hope," said the ethnologist.

I thought of the cock's feathers left by the charred remains of the murdered man.

We drove down the back roads from Carrefour Poteau, where those events took place, to Carrefour Lexis, where lives Simon Hérard, one of the great *houngans* of Haiti, a leader of the Gonaïves district with a reputation as a wise man. During the early days of the Duvalier empire, he supported Papa Doc because of his voodoo connection. The Haitian version of the black-pride movement, the rivalry between black and mulatto, was also a factor. Hérard was, yes, linked with the Tonton Macoutes. Later, he made alliances with those who understood that the boy president for life, with his greedy mulatto bride, had to go.

Hérard is a thick, stocky man with an African chief's belly and a deep, resonant, raspy cigarette-and-*rum* voice. One of his wives, a *mambo*, or priestess, herself, and a few of his sons hovered about us as we chatted in his *houmfor*, or temple, seated at a large table under a suspended bottle of Piper-Heidsieck champagne. Actually, this outbuilding on his plantation was not strictly a temple but, rather, a place for *bamboche*, for dance, drink and celebration, for what one might call the weekly senior prom celebrating the coming of the Sabbath.

I asked Hérard about the incident at

Carrefour Poteau. "Nothing to do with voodoo," he said. "This is *deshokage*, an excuse for revenge and disorder."

Caleb looked happy. Voodoo is peaceful; voodoo is philosophy; people should understand.

Jean-Bernard suggested I show Hérard the photo of the roasting pieces of man. "Uh-oh," he said with a deep chuckle. His wife and son gathered to gaze over his shoulder. There was silence.

Jean-Bernard, whose mother is Haitian, asked, "Why the cock, the feathers? Why were they wearing red headbands? Why did the trumpet sound? Why the chanting? Why are there goat parts and his *jacoute* filled with—what?"

"You must understand," said Hérard. "All Haitians are werewolves"—he chuckled happily—"if you want to burn them or steal or only kill." He fixed my eyes with a stare. I resolved to agree with everything he said, at least until I had crossed into U.S. airspace. "It was organized thieving, that's all. Organized with rum and disorder. Thank you very much for the visit."

Somehow, the officer figured out where we were—this is Haiti—and, as we were leaving, drove up in his jeep to give us the news. The injured child was being taken care of. Her mother had a headache. They would surely find the criminal tomorrow. Or maybe the next day.

He saluted smartly.

A few minutes from the Grand Hotel Oloffson in Port-au-Prince, on the day I was in Gonaïves, a man was burned in the street for being a werewolf. This time, the crowd found a lost child in a pit in his house. There was a pot nearby boiling with meat in it that looked suspiciously like *cochon planche*. A neighborhood

woman had cut off the head of the *loup-garou*. A free-lance television cameraman showed me his video of the event. The crowd cavorted and danced before the camera, holding lemons to their noses because of the smell of the roasting werewolf.

How did they know he was a *loup-garou*? A sick child had cried when passing his hut; obviously, he had been drinking its blood. The people had long suspected it, but he had been protected by the Duvalier government. This time, he had no protection. They found the lost child; they found the pot; they saw the bones.

No police came to this party. It had been a man who lived alone. He must have been a *loup-garou*. In any case, he was dead and an affront to the noses blocked with lemons.

Later that evening, unable to sleep, I drove into the slum near the harbor where an artist, in the exhilaration of freedom at last, had painted the walls of two entire blocks of the Rue du Magasin de l'État with heroic murals. He was happy to share his thoughts with me. He was only a poor man of talent who wanted to express his feelings. His neighbors had contributed to buy the paints. They wanted their district of shacks and blank walls to tell about the happiness of this moment in history.

Because the only public toilet in Port-au-Prince, built by the neighborhood people to celebrate the uprooting of Baby Doc, is on this street, he included the tiled urinal as one of the panels of his mural. It was clean; it was bright; it gleamed; it was a blessing. The artist left instructions against overcrowding the facilities, painting PIPI ONE, PIPI DEUX.

"I stay on the street, I never go," he said. "Please come back to share our joy."

A NOTE ON BIRTH CONTROL IN HAITI

This is the country in which Simon Hérard, my friend the *houngan*, is said to have 56 children (I haven't counted them personally). He believes in family planning, however. He *planned* to have 56. "And I am responsible," he was proud to point out. "I take care of them all."

On this last trip to Haiti, I stood one night looking over the balcony at the fuming city of Port-au-Prince. I remembered the American embassy official who had said to me on this same wooden ramp, leading to the Grand Hotel Oloffson, "This country destroyed my marriage, destroyed my health, destroyed my life, and I love it more than any place on earth."

I thought of the time an old friend had come to visit me in the dark of the hotel. "Herb, I hate to tell you this," he said. "I think you should go home tomorrow."

"Why?"

"Because there is no way you can go home tonight," he said. "I pray for you."

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"You didn't do well, Dean. And you had your hand on the leg of the client's wife."

in expanding the air-charter fleet to include two more centers. Terry told him he could call it what he wanted, but he wanted to tie up the prairie. "The big open," he added, "is where it's at."

"I'd like to know why you think so," said Dean, knowing he touched a wide subject. The big open took them right through dessert. Georgeanne watched Terry with apparent rapture. Dean decided it was a smoke screen for the leg operation and drew them closer in complicity.

Nevertheless, this dinner where something was meant to happen reminded Dean of his poor preparation for a life of enterprise. He had managed to reach maturity still thinking you sat down to dinner only in order to get something to eat. Any kind of ceremony ruined his appetite. Like a child panicked by uneaten broccoli, he stole a glance at his nearly full plate.

Edward drove Dean back to his car in silence. It was late enough that the streets were quiet. As if to emphasize his silence, Edward turned on the radio. When they got to Dean's car, he said, "You didn't do well, Dean." His face looked very serious. "And you had your hand on the leg of the client's wife. Good night."

Dean was in shock. After he had let himself into his apartment, he asked him-

self if he was crazy—he could think about nothing but Georgeanne and what he had viewed with pride as his courage that evening—and decided that, well, maybe he was crazy. He danced alone to Bob Marley's *Rebel Music*. The weight of the partnership began to lift.

On Monday, it was certain there was awkwardness between Dean and Edward. It was equally certain to Dean that it was Edward's intention that this be so. They stopped outside the firm's library for the usual lighthearted word and Edward gave him, he thought, rather a look.

"How was your weekend?"

"It was all right," said Dean.

"Just all right?"

"Just all right, though it seemed improved once the part with your client was behind me."

"Terry is a good client," said Edward.

"Is he," Dean stated.

The chill expanded from Edward to other key lawyers in three days. During that time, Dean went from acute discomfort to a feeling of rebellion. He took Edward aside downstairs in the foyer. Dean was breathless with crazy courage.

"Edward," he said, "I'd like to see you retire. You're becoming petty."

"I get it now: You've gone crazy."

"Duck hunter."

Dean called Georgeanne from his office.

"I still love you," he said.

"Is that so?" she inquired.

When he hung up the phone, it occurred to him that he was ruined. He called Edward's office.

"Edward, don't go around to your cronies and teach them to gaze at me like an undisciplined schoolboy. I don't enjoy it. Even though I'm a partner in the firm, it's taken all the strength I possess to stay interested in this inane profession in the first place." Edward breathed in astonishment on the other end. Dean hung up.

Then he called Georgeanne again. This time, he called her from the Bellevue Lunch—a lawyers' hangout—on a wall-mounted phone at the end of a long row of red-leatherette-and-chromium stools.

"Let's see each other right this minute," he said.

"All right." He could hear her backing up at his urgency. He suggested they drive down to the Indian reservation. "At fairly high speed," he added, "then turn around and get back with room to spare."

They drove south to the reservation, a vast, mainly unpeopled area with scattered, small, impoverished ranches where four automotive hulks supplied spares for every running car. The awkwardness of a secret departure lasted for about ten miles. When they had dated, Georgeanne had been a precocious beauty and Dean a confused and talented youth, planning to be a politician. He had just been kicked out of A.T.O.; she had just pledged Theta. She had stood him up for a linebacker and broken his heart.

When the linebacker was phased out, they saw each other again but had changed to being friends. They had kept trying to flood themselves anew with romance in a spell of sex and courtship, but it failed absolutely.

Dean and Georgeanne recounted this period as they traveled the reservation, growing comfortable again.

"I just figured it out," said Dean in alarm.

"What?"

"We're friends, just good friends."

She looked out her window and stared at the elevation of an irrigation canal and the iron wings of a floodgate beyond. Plovers hunted along the plowed ground and the sky was extremely blue.

"I'm afraid you're right." The air whistled in the window vents. "We probably ought to start back."

After a mile or two, Georgeanne said, "A penny for your thoughts."

Actually, Dean was thinking, for almost the first time, of what was implied by being any old lawyer in any old firm anywhere in the country.

"It's not going to work," he said. "Nice weather, though."

Georgeanne quietly watched the prairie fly past.



"It has been proposed that we celebrate the winter solstice this year by exchanging gifts and cards. Any discussion?"

They drove north to return. The country behind the city was flat, dry-land farm country; and the city when first seen looked like a sequence of grain elevators. As you closed in, the elevators turned out to be hotels and offices, really quite normal but for their isolation in space.

Dean drove Georganne straight to her house and up the driveway, which ran next to a delivery door. Two flowering crab-apple trees stood by the door and the air was full of their smell and the sound of bees in their crooked branches.

When Dean got out to help Georganne with her door, Terry stepped up from somewhere and knocked him flat. The impact took a few moments to recede, at which point Dean realized he was on his back in the driveway. Terry opened the door with one hand and shoved his wife through with the other. I can call it attempted homicide, Dean thought. He got to his feet and leaned on the car for a moment. His right cheekbone had swollen so that it stood out in his vision. Can this actually happen to a partner in a law firm? he wondered.

When his head cleared slightly, he staggered through the door with more vitality and purpose than he had felt in a long time. Terry stared at him in astonishment from beside the refrigerator. Georganne stood nearby, with her hands over her face. Dean tottered forward and struck Terry across the mouth with an open hand. Terry let him have it again, and Dean went down in a heap. He wasn't quite knocked out, but he couldn't tell if he was alone in the kitchen or not. He gingerly felt the bridge of his nose and found it detached. He was face down in a fair amount of blood and the desire to get away from that, as much as anything else, impelled him to get moving again.

He crossed a strangely quiet living room on all fours. He had lost all sense of time. He wanted to keep going rather than wait until he felt well enough to get to his feet. He could make out a small amount of sound and he tracked it down a carpeted corridor to an open door. He crawled through that door and discovered Terry having sex with Georganne. He had her pinioned on a couch and his huge body jerked over her. Dean sprang on him and sank his teeth into his back. A shower of glass cascaded over Dean as his head struck the mirrored wall. He heard Georganne's scream; then he went head-first into the wooden frame of the couch, and this time he was out. He was out for such a short time, his first thought was to admire his own vigor. He had reached Georganne's house at 2:19, had been knocked out and was now almost fully recovered by—checking his watch—2:35. It had been years since he felt this good. He could hear an argument from elsewhere in the house and it pleased him that Georganne was taking up for him.

He blotted the blood from his eye sockets with the draperies and looked around:

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He was in a kind of den with leather furniture, a globe and a big glass ashtray in a wooden frame with a cork for knocking pipe ashes loose. The blood spots on the draperies seemed to watch him.

The pain was going over him in waves. The light from the window was clear and yellow and made him feel with sudden emotion the rare virtue of daily life, the wonder of the trivial, the small but necessary and the tissue of small delusions that keep good people going.

He got up and went to the living room. Terry and Georgeanne were sitting on the sofa in an attitude that suggested peace was in the making. Georgeanne said peevisly, "Haven't you had enough?"

"Yes, I've had enough."

"I'm trying to persuade Terry about the truth of our relationship," she said, and as a caution: "I believe I am getting somewhere."

"I don't think I can drive . . . myself home."

"We'll be right with you," said Terry. They leaned toward each other in a way that prevented Dean from hearing what they were saying, though he could tell he had brought them closer together.

"Why don't I drive Dean to his office, and you take our car?"

Dean slumped in the front seat while Terry drove. Georgeanne led the way in their gleaming four-door along the crowded boulevard toward downtown. It was a shining fall day when the air of the countryside invaded the city. Dean did up his seat belt and gazed at the foliage.

"I hope this has been worth it to you, pardner," said Terry.

"It has," said Dean thickly. "It's opened up the future." His head nodded up and down as he confirmed this with himself. Georgeanne stopped at the first intersection, and Terry would have done the same, except that Dean reached his leg over and flattened the accelerator with his foot. They rear-ended Georgeanne in a grand splintering of safety glass and thunder of metal. Terry waved in the air toward Dean what were meant to be further blows but whose force was negligible because of the effects of the accident. "I hope Georgeanne is OK," said Dean wanly. His injuries had not been added to, but he was in great pain—and overcome by the strangeness of his situation.

All three were taken to the hospital for observation. Before they left, one young doctor took Dean aside and asked, "What is all this, anyway?"

"Well, it started out as a misunderstanding."

"Is it a *ménage of trois*?" asked the doctor. He cocked his head as though the question arose from his love of science.

"No, doctor," said Dean, "but your vastly filthy mind has made me feel worse when I didn't think that was possible."

"You're on a tear, aren't you? I wouldn't

be smarting off if I were in your shape."

Dean went home.

His first day back at work, Edward asked to see him in his office. Dean was still widely bandaged, and he hoped Edward might pull up short of an actual inquisition. Dean's lips fluttered in a sudden exhalation.

"I was only going to suggest," said Edward, indicating with a broad open palm that Dean should take a seat, "that if you were thinking of leaving the firm, this would be an admirable time."

Dean let out a brand-new guffaw. "Not thinking of it," he said, surprised at his own vigor.

"I see."

"Is there some sort of decertification procedure for new partners?"

"Dean, what happened? You snapped. Terry will probably take his business elsewhere."

"Good riddance. Less shitwork for you."

"And Georgeanne has aged ten years."

"It's about time." Dean was aware that Edward's face was moving toward him. It was hypnotic. Was Edward on his feet? Was his chair gliding? The face came forward and as it did, it grew more like a mask that made a final and mythic ceremony of disappointment, an emotion too small to have ever held the attention of an important tribe.

"You evil puke," said the mask. "We'll find a way to cut off your balls."

But something quite different happened. Word got out that Dean had "stood up" to his client. Evan Crow, an estate planner, seized Dean's hand silently one afternoon. And when Dean suggested that the whole thing didn't sit very well with Edward Hooper, Evan got out his actuarial tables and, massaging the bridge of his nose, pointed out that Edward wouldn't live long enough to make his opinion matter. Other lawyers stopped by and, slinging themselves into his office doorway by one arm, winked or left brief, encouraging words that could be reinterpreted in a pinch. "Giving my all for love," Dean reflected, "seems merely to have advanced my career."

Finally, he bumped into Hooper once again. "Edward," said Dean, speaking deliberately through his bandages, "I don't know if you realize how low the water supplies are in the prairie provinces. But in case you don't know or don't want to, let me tell you that the old potholes that made such a lovely nursery for waterfowl are very much dried up. Wheat farmers are draining the wetlands in the old duck factory."

"I don't get it."

"Do as you wish," Dean drawled. "But I think that it is very much in your best interests if you never shoot another duck."

Early one morning, before the coffee was

made, before the messages from the previous day had been distributed through the offices and the informal chats had died out in the corridors, Dean's phone rang. It was Edward Hooper. Dean hadn't talked with him in a month.

"Can you come down?"

"Of course."

Dean had just put the jacket of his suit over the back of his chair. He started to put it back on but, on second thought, ambled out the door toward Edward's office in his vest. He gave the closed door a single rap.

"Come in."

One hand in his pocket, he eased the door open. Edward was at his desk. Under a wall of antique duck decoys sat Terry Bidwell, elbows on the arms of a Windsor chair, fingers laced so that he could brace his front teeth on the balls of his thumbs. He seemed thoughtful. He tipped his face up and said, "How are you?"

"Never better," said Dean, "and you?"

"I'm fine, Dean."

Edward smiled with a vast owlish raising of his brows, as if to say, "Where's the end to all this surprise?"

"Terry," said Edward measuredly, "asked to see you."

"My business has gotten to where I need to see everybody," Terry said.

"I hear you fly clear up to Alberta," said Dean.

"And the desert the other way."

"How's Georgianne?"

"She's off to the Coast for a cooking seminar. Hunanese. And we bought us a little getaway in Arizona."

"All that cactus," Dean sighed.

"Let's come to order," Edward broke in. "I think Terry is looking for a little perspective on his air-charter service."

"No, Edward," said Terry patiently. "On everything."

"I mean that," said Edward.

"As in no stone unturned," said Terry. "Ed, try to stay one jump ahead of me, OK?"

"OK," said Edward, looking into the papers in his lap.

"Instead of the other way around, Ed."

Sometimes, Dean thought, silence can have such purity. It was so quiet in the room, like the silence of a house in winter when the furnace quits. Edward got to his feet slowly. He's going to leave this building, thought Dean.

Edward shaped and adjusted the papers in his hand. He looked at them and squared up their corners. He set them on the desk. He gave Terry a small, almost Oriental smile. "Goodbye," he said. "You deserve each other." He sauntered out, his gait peculiarly loosened.

"I guess we'll have to take it from here," said Dean, feeling the solitude and bitter glory of the partnership.



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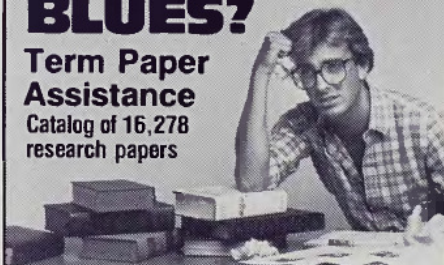
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(continued from page 171)

"It is very easy to underestimate the threat to freedom that this dangerous ruling represents."

or anal sex in the darkness of their bedrooms.

We must ask why the Court believes government has any power to intrude on private sexual activity, how it thinks government can hope to control sexual relations and what purpose government can have in telling its people how to have sex. The *Bowers* decision is so remote from the real world we know that there is a tendency not to take it seriously. What is more basic to human nature than the sex drive? What social activity has been more universally engaged in? What form of conduct are we least likely to be able to suppress? What do five members of the U.S. Supreme Court think they are doing? The Georgia statute upheld in *Bowers* had not been enforced for decades. It is very easy

to underestimate the threat to freedom that this dangerous ruling represents.

Our understanding of freedom changes with the times. Optimists call this progress. Were it otherwise, we would have few rights. Jim Crow laws could still be enforced by the police. People could be executed for minor crimes. Discrimination against women and other groups could be the law of the land. The poor could be convicted of crimes without having a lawyer to represent them, then denied the right to appeal because they could not pay its costs.

This evolution of our understanding of freedom makes it all the more difficult to believe that in 1986, the Supreme Court could tell American adults that they could be imprisoned for private, consensual sex

acts. Social-science studies inform us that tens of millions of Americans regularly choose to engage in conduct outlawed by *Bowers*. Art, literature, film, popular magazines and prevalent behavior patterns all demonstrate how deeply ingrained in our culture such conduct is. Millions of homosexuals have made public their sexual preference and have been widely accepted throughout society. Some have been elected to political office.

American law began the slow evolution of a right to privacy at the turn of this century. The Supreme Court itself, in a series of cases going back over the past two decades, established rights to privacy that would protect the right of adults to engage in sex as they chose. In 1965, the Court held in *Griswold vs. Connecticut* that a constitutional right of privacy permitted married people to use contraceptives. There were only two dissents to this Warren Court decision. Four years later, a unanimous Warren Court, in *Stanley vs. Georgia*, held that people's right to view obscene films in their own homes was protected by the First and 14th amendments.

In 1972, Warren Burger, as Chief Justice, dissented in *Eisenstadt vs. Baird*. The majority in that case declared unconstitutional a Massachusetts statute making it a crime for anyone except physicians or pharmacists to provide contraceptive drugs or articles, which could be used by only married people. Two Nixon appointees, Justices Lewis Powell and William Rehnquist, did not participate in the decision, and a third, Harry Blackmun, joined by Kennedy appointee Byron White, avoided the constitutional issue by observing that the trial record did not disclose whether or not the recipient of the contraceptive supplied by the defendant was married.

The following year, in *Roe vs. Wade*, the Court held that a woman has a right to secure an abortion during the first three months of a pregnancy; that from the third month until the fetus is viable, the state may regulate abortions to ensure maternal health, but after a fetus is viable, it may prohibit abortions except when necessary to protect the life or health of the mother. Chief Justice Burger concurred on narrow legal grounds, adding that he would uphold a statute requiring certification by two physicians that an abortion was necessary to protect the woman's life or health. Justice Rehnquist vigorously dissented, as did Justice White.

These decisions—particularly *Roe*—were caught up in a wave of public controversy. Political figures such as Ronald Reagan and a new generation of fundamentalist religious leaders, such as Jerry Falwell, crusaded for the reversal of Warren Court cases and some subsequent Supreme Court decisions on pornography, abortion, separation of church and state, poverty law, civil liberties and civil rights.

The national mood has changed, and these social issues, as they are called, are



"We've become hopelessly lost in these woods. Could we spend the night at your place?"

Photo/Herbert Migdoll

Monitor picture The Joffrey Ballet in John Cranko's "The Taming of the Shrew."

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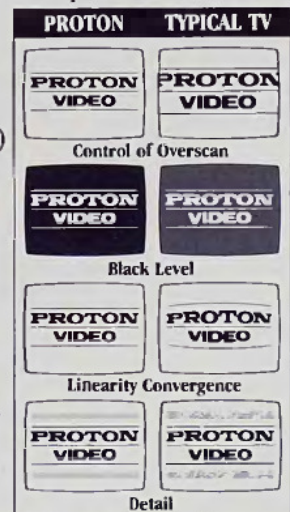
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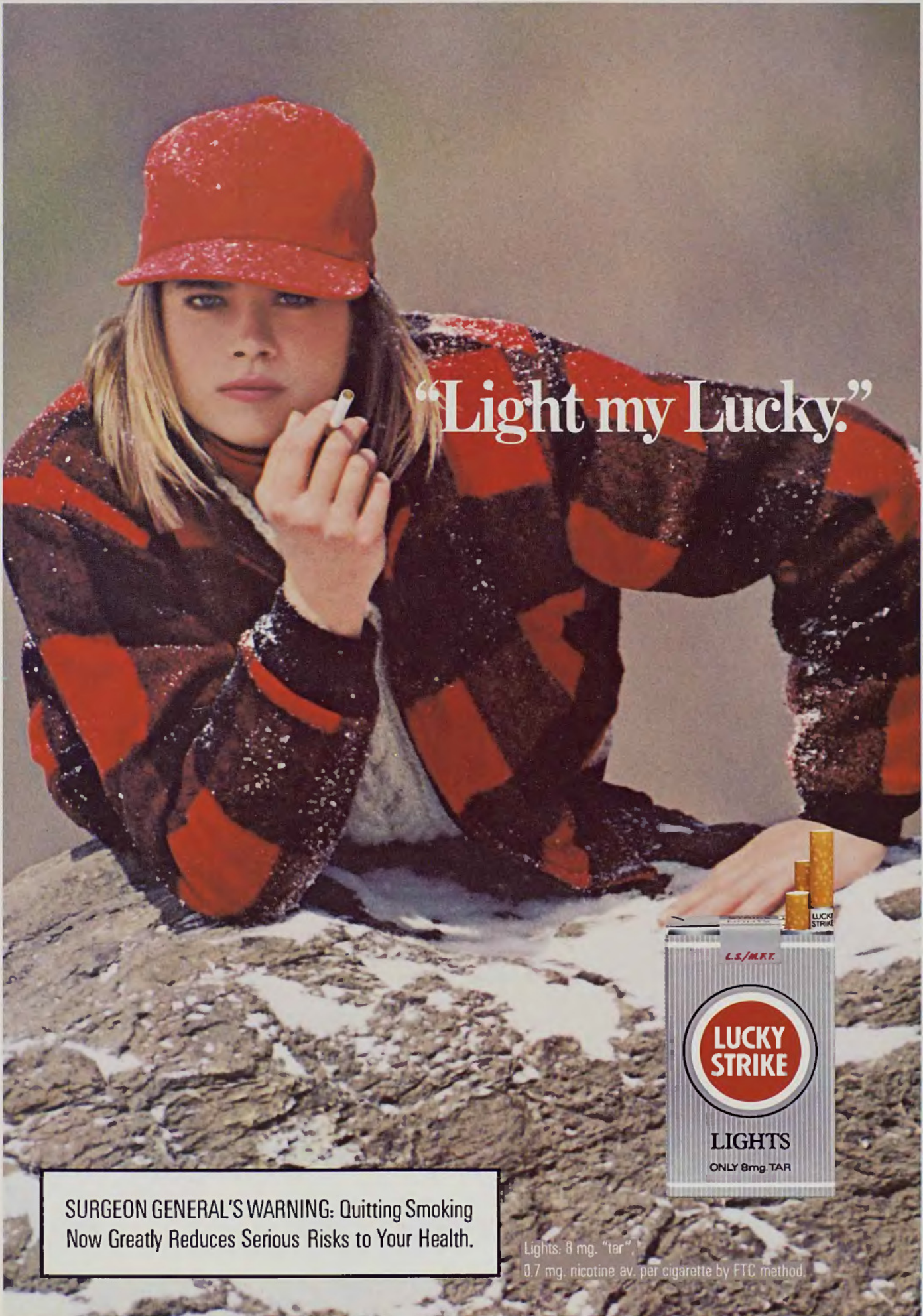
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now prominent features of public discussion and national election campaigns. President Reagan, who talks so fervently of getting government off our backs, ardently supports the use of criminal sanctions to stop abortions and prohibit pornography, while promoting judicial appointees who are committed to his views. In this context, we can measure whether or to what degree the Supreme Court "follows the illicit returns."

Chief Justice Burger, while joining the majority that upheld the Georgia sodomy statute in *Bowers vs. Hardwick*, wrote by far the most revealing opinion. In his opening sentence, he was compelled to say that "in constitutional terms there is no such thing as a fundamental right to commit homosexual sodomy." He observed, "Condemnation of those practices is firmly rooted in Judaeo-Christian moral and ethical standards. Homosexual sodomy was a capital crime under Roman law." He relished quotes calling homosexuality "the infamous crime against nature," "an offense of 'deeper malignity' than rape," "an heinous act 'the very mention of which is a disgrace to human nature'" and "a crime not fit to be named." He wrote that to hold that "homosexual sodomy is somehow protected as a fundamental right would be to cast aside millennia of moral teaching." Burger did not cite a single provision of the Constitution or decision of the Supreme Court or any other American court but merely manifested his deep personal revulsion to homosexual conduct.

The majority opinion was written by Byron White. Chief Justice-designate Rehnquist and Sandra Day O'Connor (the first woman to sit on the Court that told her grandmother's generation that women had no right to be lawyers) avoided the heat of controversy by silently joining in White's opinion. White immediately restricted the scope of his opinion to homosexual sodomy, declining to express an opinion on other acts of sodomy. The dissenters accurately observed that the rationale of his opinion applied equally to married parties and to acts between the sexes in general. White observed that he was not considering the wisdom or the desirability of the sodomy laws and added that the state legislatures might repeal those criminal statutes whenever they chose. He declared himself, however, "quite unwilling" to "announce, as the Court of Appeals did, a fundamental right to engage in homosexual sodomy." Then, in seven short paragraphs, he upheld a statute that would send a man or a woman to the penitentiary for 20 years for a private, consensual oral or anal sex act. Resorting to what is called strict construction of the Constitution, he wrote, "The Court . . . comes nearest to illegitimacy when it deals with judge-made constitutional law having little or no cognizable roots in the language or design of the Constitution." He added that to claim that "such conduct is 'deeply rooted in this Na-

tion's history and tradition' or 'implicit in the concept of ordered liberty' is, at best, facetious."

Justice White observed that much "victimless" conduct committed in the home is illegal, such as possession of drugs, unlicensed firearms or stolen goods. He found no way to distinguish criminal statutes that prohibit adultery, incest and other sexual crimes, relying on the ancient origins of the remaining sodomy statutes and the democratic processes by which 24 states and the District of Columbia enacted them.

None of his arguments addressed the real issues. Chief Justice John Marshall effectively answered the strict-construction argument in 1819, when he wrote, "We must never forget that it is a Constitution we are expounding . . . a Constitution intended to endure for ages to come and, consequently, to be adapted to the various crises of human affairs." Justice Benjamin Cardozo told us that "the great generalities of the Constitution have a content and a significance that vary from age to age. . . . A constitution states . . . principles for an expanding future." Justice Felix Frankfurter wrote, "The Constitution of the United States is not a printed finality but a dynamic process."

Let's put this in historical context. Most of the founding fathers owned slaves. In 1857, the Supreme Court—in *Dred Scott vs. Sandford*, the most tragic case in our history, requiring nine individual opinions—held that black persons could not sue in the courts because they were "beings of an inferior order and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations; and so far inferior, that they had no rights which the white man [is] bound to respect."

Having thus decided the race question for America, the Court, after the Civil War

that was required to overrule *Dred Scott*, put women in their place. In *Bradwell vs. Illinois*, the Court ruled that women had no right to practice law. Why? Because

the civil law, as well as nature herself, has always recognized a wide difference in the respective spheres and destinies of man and woman. Man is, or should be, woman's protector and defender. The natural and proper timidity and delicacy which belongs to the female sex evidently unfits it for many of the occupations of civil life. The divine ordinance, as well as in the nature of things, indicates the domestic sphere as that which properly belongs to . . . womanhood. The harmony . . . of . . . the family institution is repugnant to the idea of a woman adopting a distinct and independent career from that of her husband. . . . In the common law . . . it became a maxim . . . that a woman had no legal existence separate from her husband. . . . The paramount destiny and mission of woman are to fulfill the noble and benign offices of wife and mother. This is the law of the Creator.

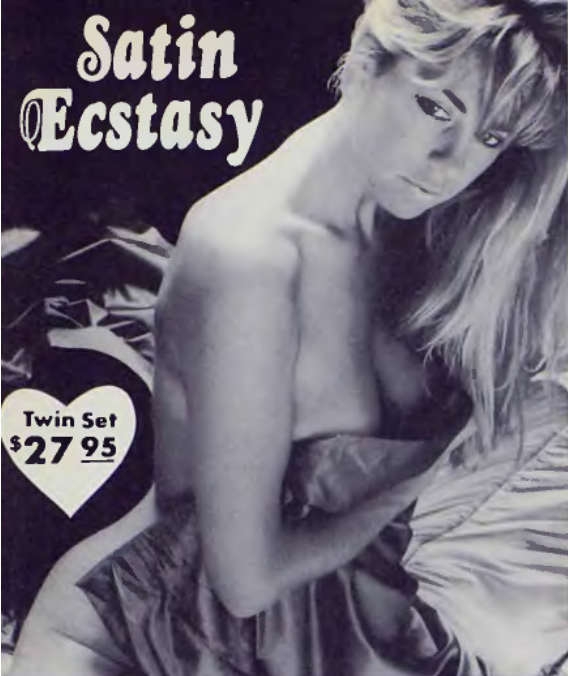
We are inclined to dismiss such awful decisions as remote, even quaint aberrations. We are confident that contemporary knowledge, reason, understanding and values make similar Court holdings impossible today. Those who persevere in the struggle for freedom, equality and social justice for minorities—and some majorities, including women—remain painfully aware of how little has been accomplished and how fragile past achievements are.

Justice Blackmun wrote a powerful dissent in *Bowers vs. Hardwick*, in which he was joined by Justices William Brennan, Thurgood Marshall and John Paul Stevens. He questioned the "haste to reverse" and the



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"almost obsessive focus on homosexual activity" of the majority. The dissenters showed that by its plain words, the Georgia statute did not distinguish between homosexual and heterosexual or married and unmarried conduct and cited Holmes's proposition that it is "revolting to have no better reason" for a law than that "it was laid down in the time of Henry IV" and "still more revolting" if the basis for the law has long since vanished but the rule "persists from blind imitation of the past."

The first purpose of the dissent was to identify the real issue in the case as the right to privacy. This is "the right to be let alone, the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men," as Justice Louis Brandeis characterized it. The dissent then went on to demonstrate that conduct protected under the privacy right is not limited by ideological, demographic, political or religious preference. It is protected because it is "so central a part of an individual life." Such conduct, even if some may view it as odd or erratic, cannot be prohibited where it does not interfere with the rights or interests of others. The dissent then showed sexual conduct to have been recognized by the Court as a "central part of an individual life. . . . Only the most willful blindness could obscure the fact that sexual intimacy is 'a sensitive, key relationship of human existence, central to family life, community welfare, and the development of human personality.'"

Anticipating that the majority rule would be reversed, Justice Blackmun concluded "that depriving individuals of the right to choose for themselves how to conduct their intimate relationships poses a far greater threat to the values most deeply rooted in our nation's history than tolerance of nonconformity could ever do."

Justice Stevens added a dissenting opinion to make clear his view that the Georgia statute, as written, applied to heterosexual conduct (including that of married couples) as much as to homosexual conduct and was clearly unconstitutional. He then showed that Georgia had legislated that "all sodomy is immoral and unacceptable" and there could be no basis for selective application of the statute to homosexuals.

The majority profoundly misunderstood the Constitution. It ignored and misread its own precedents. It assumed a role for the Supreme Court that through our history has repeatedly resulted in damage to its image and the rule of law. It exposed a tin ear to all but the political preferences of a President of its own age. For several of the Justices, this decision may have been one for the Gipper. The Court ruled as if it had no awareness of the social realities of the society it serves, thus defying the nature of law. It proclaimed a rule impossible to enforce, necessarily a corruption of law. It gave police and political leadership a dangerous tool for persecution of selected enemies. It raised fundamental

questions about the capacity of law to proceed by just and rational principles. In human terms, it exposed the ugly face of prejudice, pathetically failing to acknowledge our common humanity, afraid of human qualities not alien to any of us. It believed that by its invocation of mystery, miracle and authority, it could coerce conformity.

It is critically important to the integrity of constitutional government that this aberrant decision be overruled. Surely it will be, and soon.

But we should not ignore the larger significance of a government's desire to control the sexual activity of its citizens. George Orwell offers a primer on the subject with *1984*.

In that novel, the Party, led by Big Brother, formed the Junior Anti-Sex League, which advocated complete celibacy. It looked to the day when all births would result from artificial insemination, called artsem in Newspeak, the state language. It wanted to remove all pleasure from the sexual act and to destroy eroticism. Its goal was for "sexual intercourse to be looked on as a slightly disgusting minor operation, like having an enema."

The state police worked constantly to create conditions that would further the Party's aims. Winston Smith was terrified to look at or speak with Julia where they could be seen or heard. He knew it was "shocking folly" to read a note from her in the public toilet, because there was "no place . . . more certain that the telescreens were watching continuously."

Smith came to realize that "the animal instinct, the simple undifferentiated desire . . . would tear the Party to pieces." He came to hate purity and goodness as decreed by the Party and wanted everyone to be "corrupt to the bones." He realized that "pure love or pure lust" was no longer possible, because both were "mixed up with fear and hatred."

The Party wanted to crush sex as a foremost enemy of its power not only because it led to loyalties other than to Big Brother and "created a world of its own . . . outside the Party's control" but because it realized that "sexual privation induced hysteria, which . . . could be transformed into war fever and leader worship."

The role of these factors in President Reagan's determination to have government control the bodies of women who want abortions, to identify the state with fundamentalist religion, to have his Attorney General form a commission on pornography is clear. In our time of pervasive insecurity, government efforts to control sex are a present danger. Our freedom, even our survival, may depend on the courage and effectiveness of our resistance.

I hope, in these most turbulent times, that Americans will join with Emily Dickinson in believing that "the Soul selects her own Society, then shuts the Door. To her Divine Majority, Present no more," and will act on that belief.



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SEX STARS (continued from page 164)

"Most college students would prefer that their spouses be virgins on the wedding night."

opened to smash business, with **Sigourney Weaver** getting most of the credit, 20th Century Fox pulled her photo from the advertising. Insiders said she looked too much like Michael, down to the square jaw and spit curl. They were perhaps overreacting to the public's recent hooting rejection of *Under the Cherry Moon*, starring that other sexually ambiguous star, **Prince**.

After the outbreak of celebrity marriages in the past couple of years, there was the thunder of little feet running everywhere. All the celebrity parents talked endlessly about how delighted they were, but our favorite fatherly observation came from **Ozzy Osbourne**. Pater to six, the rocker revealed, "I don't allow certain things in my house. Like, I don't let the children leave their clothes lying around, because where am I going to leave mine?"

Scientifically, it can't be proved that giving birth to daughter **Kady** two years ago affected **Pia Zadora's** vocal cords. But after a career of critical drubbings, Pia suddenly found herself enjoying piles of praise for her concerts and records. Zadora

regularly takes Kady up to Oregon to watch the games of the Portland Beavers, a baseball team of which she owns a piece. "I go and sing the national anthem," Pia noted, "and then I go in the clubhouse and kick butts."

The big news this year, though, was not marriage and motherhood but the probable lack thereof for women at middle age. A Yale sociology study created a national storm with its conclusion that women not married by 25 have only a 50 percent chance of finding a husband thereafter. More surprisingly, a University of North Dakota survey reported that most college students would prefer that their spouses be virgins on the wedding night. That thought remains foreign to many veterans of the sexual revolution. Said **Cybill Shepherd**, for one, "I think I'd be in deep, deep trouble if I were married to someone who had no previous sexual experience. My philosophy is, if the shoe fits, wear it. But first try it on to make sure that it fits."

As long as there are lovely ladies shopping for shoes, of course, there will be

handsome bachelors quite willing to mind the store, at least temporarily. Still foot-loose at 30, **David Lee Roth** says he gets a letter a day that goes something like, "Remember me from three years ago in Peoria? Well, his name is Spike and he needs a bicycle."

Reworking an old joke, bachelor **Robert Hays**, 35, says he's still looking for a girl "with the patience of a saint, spunk and a head flat enough to set a can of beer on." Of his on-and-off steady, recording engineer **Terry Becker**, Hays reports, "We split more times than **Elvis' pants**."

As always, some highly eligible bachelors claim they are too busy to find romance. New to those ranks is **Bruce Willis**, whose devotion to duty has taken him from tending bar in New York two years ago into the multimillion-dollar income range. Now he's a hit in the *Moonlighting* TV series, a star in **Blake Edwards'** movie *Blind Date*, opposite the incredibly gorgeous **Kim Basinger**, and a well-paid commercial spokesman for Seagram's Golden wine cooler. At 31, Willis, a onetime wild and crazy guy, bemoans a work schedule that gets him up before dawn and returns him home after dark. There's speculation that he'll at least get some action on the tube. His co-star, the sexy **Shepherd**, confessed to *Rolling Stone* that she "can't wait to get horizontal."

Cybill's remark is intriguing, but our favorite *Sex Star* quote of the year came from the aforementioned **Basinger**. Responding to *Time* magazine's **Richard Corliss**, who had panned her performance opposite **Sam Shepard** in *Fool for Love* by claiming that there were 46 other American actresses who could have done it better, Kim allowed as how, if she should meet Corliss, "I'm gonna grab him by the balls and say, 'OK, name 'em!'"

And what would *Sex Stars* be without **Bracke Shields**? Our favorite Princeton coed has been busy filming *Brenda Starr*. At a press conference for the movie, she failed to endear herself to the media by observing that she has "spiced up" the role so it wouldn't be as dull as real reporters' lives.

Marriage, babies, too-busy bachelors and a sex goddess born on a game show. That's what showbiz has become—and what do you suppose **Dr. Ruth Westheimer**, something of a new sex star herself, would make of all that? She might conclude that it fit somewhere on the sexual cycle, that sweetness and light inevitably had to follow 20 years of libidinous excess.

Still, they can't keep the good stuff hidden forever. Remembering the Fifties, we know what's really going on behind those happy façades. Sooner or later, scandal will rear its ugly head again, shocking the moral sensibilities of a nation.

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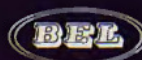
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are corn ball, but put them on suspenders—as we've shown here—and it's a look that even a banker from Boston can sport. There's even a club, The International Society of Brace Collectors, whose members quest for suspenders the way oenophiles do for rare wines. One caveat: Suspenders should button to your pants. The clip-on kind is strictly for kids.

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The latest in braces, from left to right: Lizard-trimmed silk with woven paisley jacquard print, by Cole-Haan Accessories, Ltd., \$47.50. Limited-edition numbered series in black silk, with cherub print and woven silk tabs, by Trafalgar, \$85. Custom-made hula-girl multicolored silk print, with hand-rolled goatskin tips, by Peter Elliot, \$110. Navy-and-red-Devil print, from Bernardo, \$90. Pigskin suede-lined braces, with solid-brass buckle and keeper, by Campaign, about \$50. For the stylish gambler, a black-dice print on white rayon, by Alan Flusser, \$50.

ACCESSORIES

The Bauhaus dictum that form follows function wasn't lost on Dr. Ferdinand Alexander Porsche. When he began to design a series of elegant, urbane accessories several years ago, he brought to the line the same clean, uncluttered look and superb craftsmanship that his four-wheel creations have enjoyed ever since his first

Porsche automotive design, the 904GTS, rolled off the assembly line. Some of the Porsche Design products pictured here are made of titanium, a metal with its own tactile turn-on. The leather is fine calfskin, hand-crafted in Germany and protected by aniline coloring. Like Porsche cars, Porsche Design accessories are the fast lane of fine design. Get in it.



Top row, left to right: The currency binder in black leather features three inserts for currencies (they double as wallets), plus a passport pocket, \$320. On the binder: A titanium mechanical pencil with a sensor system that moves the lead through the pencil automatically, \$195; and a pair of folding sunglasses, by Carrera, \$180. The handsome pipe ashtray is matte-black aluminum with a protective

rubber rim, \$140. Leaning against it: A superb slim piezoelectric butane lighter in a black finish, \$110. The briarwood pipe features aluminum cooling ribs that dispense heat, \$140. Bottom row, left to right: A titanium pressure-equalized fountain pen, \$240; and five nested aluminum ashtrays and a cylindrical cigarette box, \$200 the set. All products are designed by Ferdinand Alexander Porsche.

DAVE JORDANO





HOW TO STUFF A WILD CHRISTMAS STOCKING

If you're a grownup who still hangs his stocking by the chimney with care in hopes that Saint Nicholas soon will be there, then one of Nancy Deville's 10" x 20" satirical Christmas numbers with felt-appliqué flamingos should have visions of God knows what dancing in your head. Deville also sells other stocking styles, from a Beverly Hills Santa to one riding a rocket. You can order the one pictured here for \$50, postpaid, from Nancy Deville, A California Designer, at P.O. Box 381, Pacific Palisades, California 90272. Merry Christmas. Stock up.



THE FX IS IN

Toyota launched its line of 1987 machines at Mid-Ohio race track not long ago, and we were there to go *mano a mano* with other journalists in some mighty sexy wheels. The new Supra adds intercooled turbocharging and antilock braking to Toyota's road warrior, which now boasts a top speed of 156 mph. (We know. One of Ohio's finest nailed us doing 97 mph, and we almost became permanent residents of the quaint Holmes County jail.) But the Toyota that really caught our fancy was the new Corolla FX16 pictured above, a pocket rocket with sport suspension and a gutsy 1.6-liter, four-cylinder, 16-valve engine that gets you from zero to 60 in 9.4 seconds and tops out at 115 mph. The base price for an FX16 is about \$9500; a sporty GT-S version goes for about \$12,500.

WORDS TO LIVE BY

Most self-help books devoted to dealing with stress take a positive can-cope approach that reads great on paper but doesn't travel well when you're one on one with your C.E.O. So a company named A Sign of Quality, at 9025 East Kenyon, #216, Denver 80237, has produced an 8" x 10" etched-brass-on-solid-walnut plaque that's the best definition of stress we've seen yet. For \$55, postpaid, it's just what you need—a good laugh.

STRESS

The confusion created when one's mind overrides the body's basic desire to choke the living shit out of some asshole who desperately needs it!!!

GONNA BE NAUGHTY OR NICE?

It's just what you've always wanted to send: an X-rated letter from Santa that tells your latest lovely that maybe there'll be a little more ho, ho, ho in her life if she's a little more of a bad girl in bed next year—or something equally trashy. Each letter costs \$5, and Santa's maverick helpers who perform this service first send you a questionnaire to sharpen their nasty minds. For more info, write to The Naughty Elves, 177-F Riverside Avenue, Newport Beach, California 92663.





SERIOUS CALCULATIONS

Hewlett-Packard has just introduced the Business Consultant pocket calculator, featuring built-in programs for finance, general business, time/appointments and more—and if this doesn't get you onto the fast track to the top in your corporation, you'd better retire your pinstriped power suit and wing-tip shoes. The Business Consultant costs \$175, and we show it here teamed with Hewlett-Packard's new cordless printer (about \$150), which communicates with the calculator via an infrared beam. Pick a pair. Be somebody.

LOSING INTEREST IN VISA

If you're paying 16 to 22 percent annual interest on your VISA or MasterCard, has Will Hertzberg got a deal for you. For \$15, he'll send you his booklet *How to Get 12% Interest Visa & MasterCard*—and, yes, it does reveal information on states that set their credit-card limits just a few percentage points above the Federal discount rate. Hertzberg's address: 3960 Laurel Canyon Boulevard, Suite 150 P, Studio City, California 91604. Let's hope his mailman has a strong back.



YUPPIE GUPPY

Just when you thought the streams and oceans of the world were safe from the upwardly mobile-minded, along comes the Diamond Eagle, a four-inch-long 24-kt.-gold-plated fishing lure that's crafted like a fine piece of jewelry. In addition, the Diamond Eagle's eye is a one-half-point diamond, has Eagle Claw hooks and it even comes with a guarantee that replaces the lure if it's stolen, lost or damaged. All this for only \$29.95, postpaid, sent to Diamond Eagle, 29 East Madison Street, Suite 1000, Chicago 60602. What a fish story!



HOT TO GO

James Bond would love this—a small black battery-operated case housing a tiny flashlight and a heating element connected to a slim steel rod. When the rod is inserted into a frozen lock, it quickly heats up; and in about 30 seconds, the mechanism is thawed out and working again. No burned fingers or scorched paint from fumbling with matches or a butane lighter. All for \$5, postpaid, sent to The Davenport Company, P.O. Box 24, Willow Springs, Illinois 60480.



HOLIDAY PIPE DREAM

Rick Hacker, the author who had the pipe world puffing a few years ago with his lavish *The Ultimate Pipe Book*, has smoked up a new story just in time for yuletide. It's *The Christmas Pipe*, a signed limited edition (2500) with a gold-stamped cover and photos and illustrations galore, plus a chapter that chronicles such esoteric tobacco lore as "The Legend of the Christmas Pipe." Hacker's latest offering is available at pipe shops or from him for \$26.95, postpaid, P.O. Box 634, Beverly Hills, California 90213. It's a great fireside read. Light up.



Debbie Does Modeling

British model **DEBBIE TARRANTE** is a familiar face on calendars and in advertisements. She has posed for Lord Lichfield, the queen's photographer and cousin. It's up to us to make her famous in America; we're doing our part.



© 1986 PIP / LGI

Miracle Worker

Actress **IRENE MIRACLE** made her first appearance on the big screen in *Midnight Express*. Currently, you can see her with Tony Curtis in *The Last of Philip Banter* and with Timothy Bottoms in *In the Shadow of Kilimanjaro*. In case you have to wait for either of these movies, we've devised our own visual miracle right here.



ALAN HOUGHTON



© 1985 GUIDO HARARI / LGI

A Toothy Grin

This is not just another pretty face. Singer **PHILIP BAILEY** has a legion of fans, from his years in *Earth, Wind and Fire*, and since 1984, as a solo artist. Singing *Easy Lover* with Phil Collins didn't hurt, either. His recent album, *Inside Out*, was produced by the legendary Nile Rodgers, and it sped up the charts. Now, if only he can get to the right dentist, Bailey's life will be nearly perfect.

Walking on the Wild Side

Here are two great musicians—left, JOE JACKSON, and right, LOU REED—who deserve more attention than they usually get. We're going to give it to them. Both of them had successful American tours; both had hot albums, Jackson's *Big World* and Reed's *Mistrial*. Reed also appeared at the Amnesty concerts. Jackson's next project is an all-instrumental album with orchestra. Catch them if you can, in person, on video or vinyl. It's worth it.



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

B Is for Belinda

Former Go-Go BELINDA CARLISLE is back, bigger than ever, with a revitalized career, a top-20 album, a video, a new marriage and a tour that will extend into January. Says Belinda, "I've been eating right, keeping good hours, getting plenty of sleep. It's paid off."

PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

© 1986 MARK LEIVDAL

It's a Wrap!

DENISE MARTEL is a singer and actress. She has appeared in various rock and fitness videos and on TV and currently is working on a movie titled *La Bamba*. It's not every actress who can look so inviting actually wearing her work. Denise can.



COMING NEXT: PLAYBOY'S GALA 33RD ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



PLAYMATES



MARILYN!



QUESTIONS



EVANGELICALISM

"EVANGELICALISM IN AMERICA" —THE MAN WHO TOLD IT ON THE MOUNTAIN EXAMINES THE RACISM AND SEXUAL REPRESSION THAT UNDERLIE RADICAL FUNDAMENTALISM—BY **JAMES BALDWIN**

DON JOHNSON OF *MIAMI VICE* TALKS ABOUT SEX, DRUGS AND ROCK 'N' ROLL IN A SENSATIONALLY FRANK **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"MARILYN!"—ALMOST 25 YEARS AFTER HER DEATH, WE DISCOVER NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED PHOTOS

"BEAUTIFUL HUSBANDS"—LOVE, MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE IN THE COUNTRY-CLUB SET, AS ONLY **JOHN UPDIKE** CAN BRING THEM TO LIFE

"FLACKS"—PR TYPES USED TO BE HARMLESS BUFFOONS. NOW THEY CHANGE THE WAY THE COUNTRY THINKS—AND WORKS. AMONG THEIR CREATIONS: THE

TORT EXPLOSION AND THE U.S. DEFENSE-SPENDING BOOM—BY **ALEXANDER** AND **ANDREW COCKBURN**

"PLAYBOY'S TOP 40 PARTY CAMPUSES"—WHO SEZ THE FUN HAS GONE OUT OF COLLEGE? THE INSIDE DOPE ON THE BIGGEST ANNUAL BASHES, THE COOLEST TEACHERS AND STUPID FRAT TRICKS, COMPILED BY **WAYNE DUVAL**

PLUS: **JOYCE CAROL OATES'S "QUESTIONS,"** ABOUT A HOT-BLOODED COLLEGE TEACHER CONFRONTED WITH A SUICIDAL STUDENT AND HIS DESPERATE DAD; **"THE BEST,"** PLAYBOY'S NOD OF APPROVAL TO THINGS THAT ARE SIMPLY WONDERFUL; **"THE BOOKSELLER,"** **ROALD DAHL'S** TALE OF POST-MORTEM BLACKMAIL; **"PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW,"** BY **ANSON MOUNT**; **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW";** AND THE PROVERBIAL MUCH, MUCH MORE

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: NOT-TO-BE-MISSED **PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS** WITH **PRINCE SIHANOUK** AND **LIONEL RICHIE**; UNFORGETTABLE FICTION BY **GEORGE V. HIGGINS** AND **ROBERT COOVER**; **"COCAINE AND COLLEGE BASKETBALL,"** BY **ROBERT (SNOWBLIND) SABBAG**; PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF MAFIA PRINCESS **ANTOINETTE GIANCANA** AND ACTRESSES **DONNA MILLS** AND **JANE SEYMOUR**, PLUS A RETURN ENGAGEMENT BY **CARRIE LEIGH**; **"SEN YEN BABBO AND THE HAMMER OF CHRIST,"** A HILARIOUS YARN ABOUT EVANGELICAL WRESTLING, BY **CHET WILLIAMSON**; ADVICE ON HOW TO AVOID GOING BROKE IN *THE PANIC OF '89*, BY ITS AUTHOR, **PAUL ERDMAN**; AND MORE FEATURES TO MAKE LIFE MEANINGFUL, PROFITABLE AND JUST PLAIN FUN

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you to set your alarm's initial response level to avoid annoying false alarms, and controls many other functions—all with the mere touch of a single button. Or you can simply plug your unit in and drive.

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