

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1986 • \$3.50

DYNASTY
STAR

**LINDA
EVANS
NUDE**

**THE SECRETS
OF EASILY
ORGASMIC
WOMEN**

**ROBIN LEACH
EXPLAINED**

PLAYMATE
OF THE YEAR

**KATHY
SHOWER**

**KAREEM
ABDUL-JABBAR
INTERVIEWED**

**WHAT WE REALLY
KNOW ABOUT AIDS**





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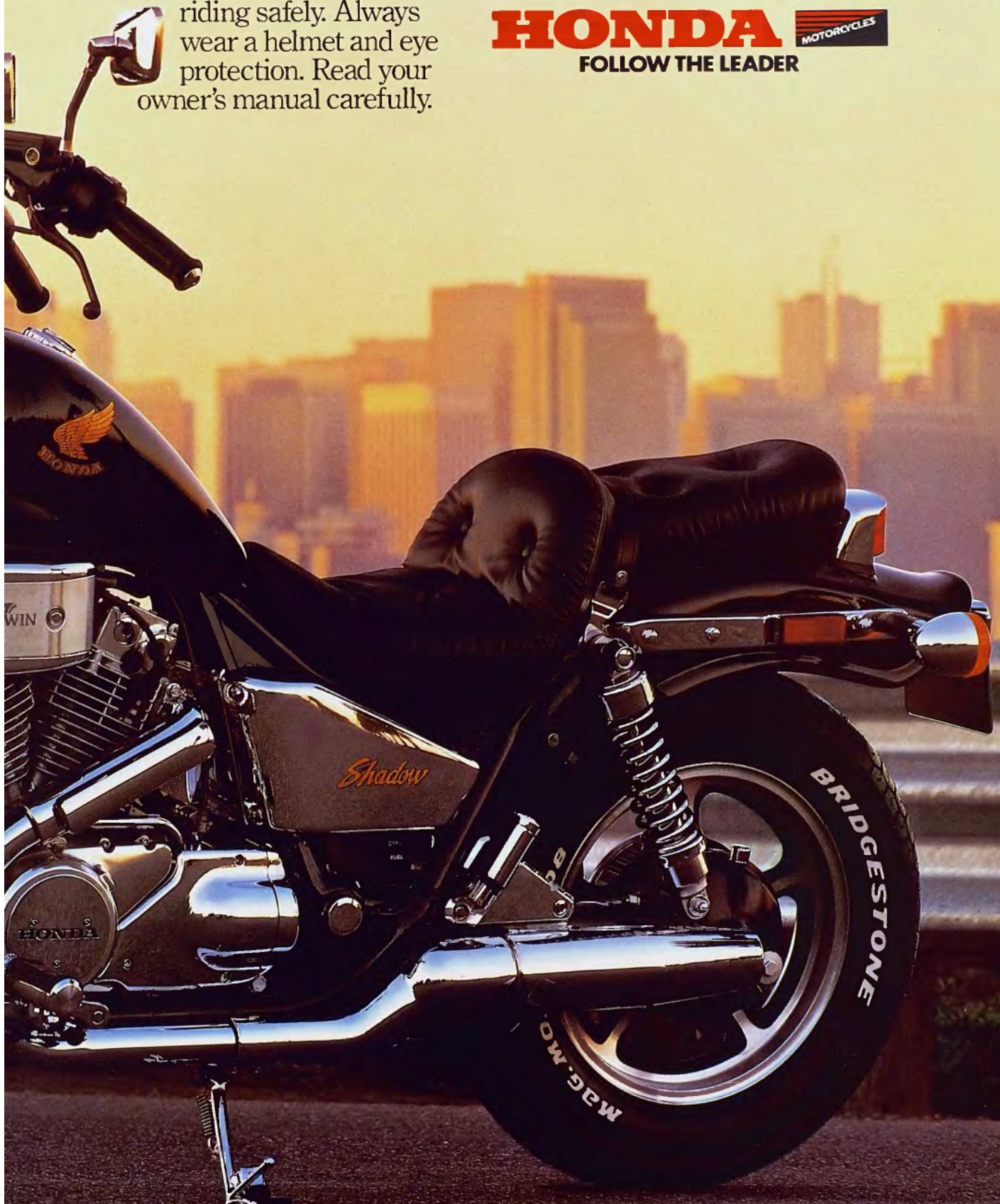
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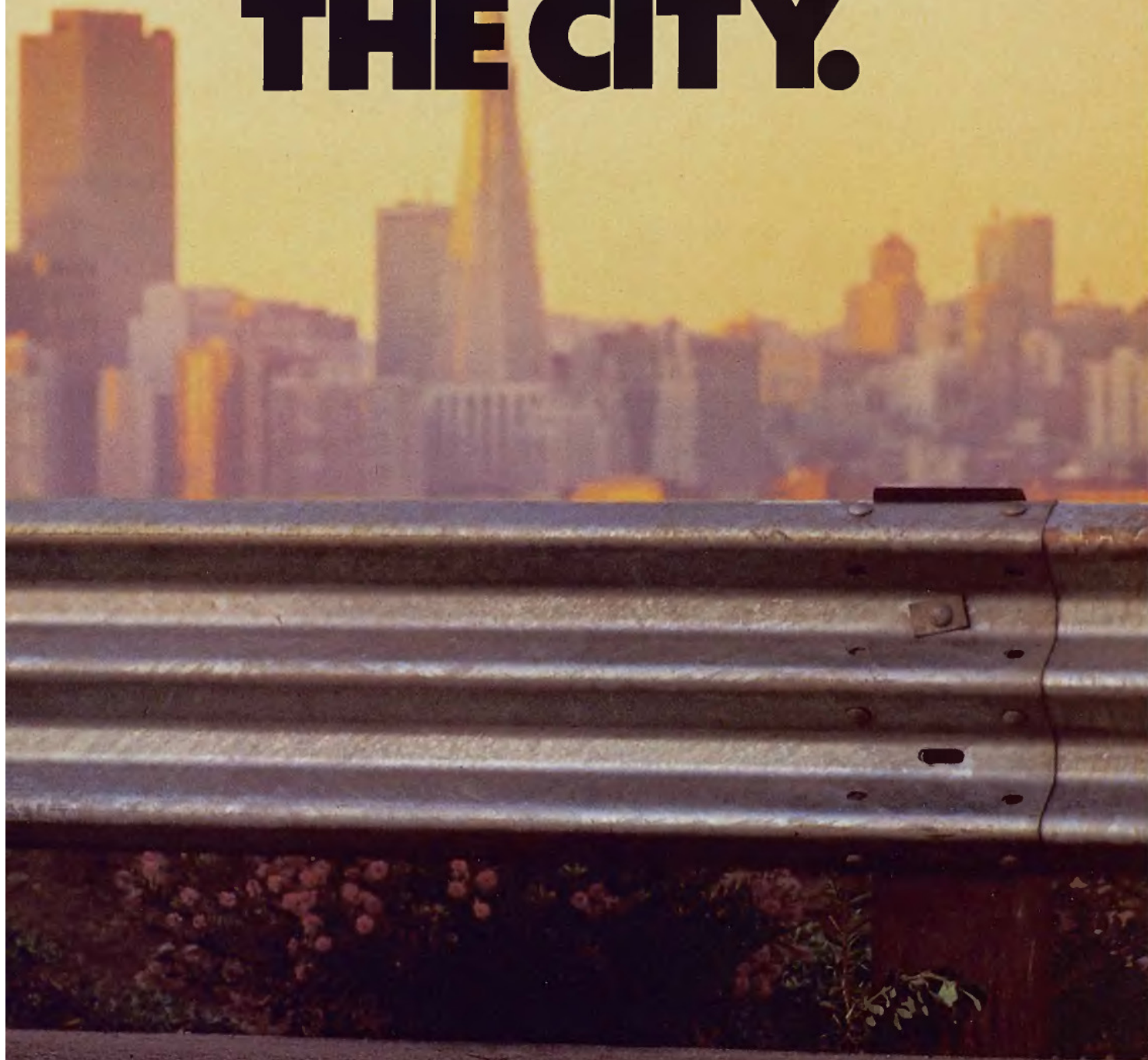
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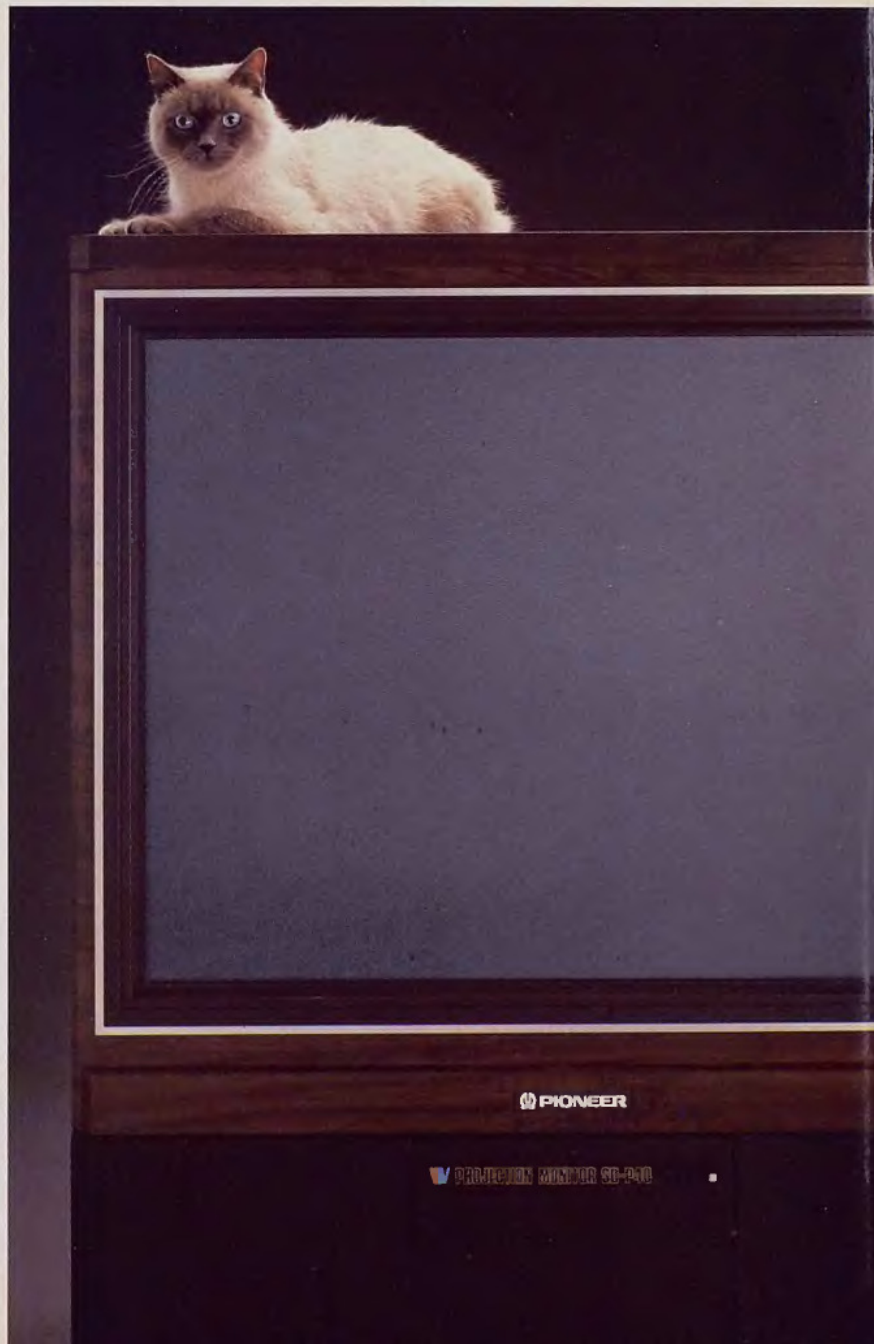
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PLAYBILL

"WOE UNTO YOU ALSO, ye lawyers! For ye load men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers." That's how **Andrew Tobias** ends his *Quarterly Report* on lawyers. By the time you finish reading his analysis of the legal profession, you may agree with a suggestion from Shakespeare: "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers." And if not the lawyers, the generals. You know, those wonderful folks who brought us Vietnam. **Asa Baber**, PLAYBOY Contributing Editor and former Marine, visited El Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua with a group of Vietnam vets. The place names have changed, but his report, *Smack in the Middle of a Low-Intensity Conflict*, will generate a strong sense of *déjà vu*.

The battle between the sexes may not be on the same order as a jungle war in Central America, but it certainly commands our attention. **Marc and Judith Meshorer** (who happen to be lawyers as well as sex researchers, but we won't hold that against them) asked a group of women one simple question: "A dear friend or close sister asks your help. She has a reasonably desirable partner but has difficulty achieving orgasm. What specific advice can you give her?" The result is *Ultimate Pleasures*, "The Sexual Secrets of Easily Orgasmic Women." We thought their findings important enough to allot them space in two issues. This month, Part I describes the complexities, physical and psychological, of female sexuality. Part II, on the physical components of orgasm, will appear next month, and a book on the subject will be published in July by St. Martin's Press. On the lighter side of sexual conflict, we reveal *What They (Damn It!) Have Learned About Us That We Never Wanted Them to Know*, by **Lesley Dorman** and **Mark Zussman**, an excerpt from *The Grown-Up Girl's Guide* (due soon from the Berkley Publishing Group).

The sexual revolution has, of late, been besieged by propaganda from the ministry of misinformation. Our intrepid staff sorted through the headlines and the hysteria to bring you *AIDS Update: Myths and Realities*. It's filled with good news and hard facts; you owe it to your love life to check it out.

We are a nation of celebrity watchers. Our Audubon of the New Aristocracy is a rogue by the name of **Robin Leach**, the host of *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*. We sent PLAYBOY Contributing Editor **Reg Potterton** to check up on his old buddy (in previous lives, they were both employed by the *National Enquirer*. You read it here first). *Romping Down to Rio with the Rich and Famous Robin Leach!* (with illustration by **Robert Risko**) is a laugh riot. While Robin held court with **Morgan Brittany**, action of another kind was happening off court in Los Angeles, where **Lawrence Linderman** interviewed **Kareem Abdul-Jabbar**. The assignment was a decided change of pace from Linderman's last project, a collaboration with Beverly Sills on her autobiography, due out this fall. We call that moving from high C to the high five. Kareem looks back on a life in sports and goes one on one with questions about racism, drugs and the sky hook.

Donald E. Westlake's *Horse Laugh* (illustrated by **Blair Dawson**) features Westlake's caper klutz, Dortmund. In this story, he tries to kidnap a horse. Maybe he should stick to automobiles. For guidance, he can consult **Brock Yates's** *The Rising Fun* (lavishly illustrated by **Kinuko Y. Craft**). It's a guide to the new generation of Japanese cars. They can turn to the left and the right, unlike the subjects of our *20 Questions*, who make only left turns. Mind you, they make left turns very well. **Peter Manso's** talk with **Al Unser, Sr. and Jr.**, is a portrait of life in the fast lane.

If you are one of those people who read PLAYBOY only for the articles, you can stop here. The rest of you should eyeball the swimwear pictorial (photographed by **Stan Malinowski**). Eat your heart out, *Sports Illustrated*. Next, move on to Playmate **Rebecca Ferratti**, photographed by Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda**. Finally, a product-safety notice: Our lawyers advise that anyone suffering from weakness, shortness of breath or chest pain should avoid looking at **Kathy Shower**, Playmate of the Year. You've been warned. Now you're on your own.



TOBIAS



BABER



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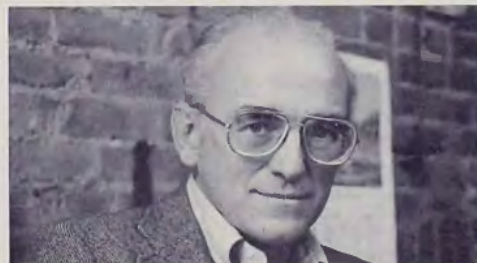
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PLAYBOY®

vol. 33, no.6—june 1986

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL	3
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY	9
DEAR PLAYBOY	11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	17
SPORTS	DAN JENKINS 33
MEN	ASA BABER 35
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL 37
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	39
DEAR PLAYMATES: WHAT DO YOU WANT TO HEAR A MAN SAY AFTER SEX?	41
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	43
AIDS UPDATE: MYTHS AND REALITIES	52
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: KAREEM ABDUL-JABBAR—candid conversation	55
HORSE LAUGH—fiction	DONALD E. WESTLAKE 70
THE PRIME TIME OF LINDA EVANS—pictorial	74
ROMPING DOWN TO RIO WITH ROBIN LEACH!—personality	REG POTTERTON 82
THE RISING FUN—article	BROCK YATES 84
48 HOURS—playboy's playmate of the month	88
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor	102
SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF A LOW-INTENSITY CONFLICT—article	ASA BABER 104
QUARTERLY REPORTS: LAWYERS—article	ANDREW TOBIAS 107
FAST GETAWAY—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE 108
WHAT THEY (DAMN IT!) HAVE LEARNED ABOUT US THAT WE NEVER WANTED THEM TO KNOW—humor	LESLEY DORMEN and MARK ZUSSMAN 114
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—pictorial	116
THE PLAYBOY GALLERY	127
20 QUESTIONS: AL UNSER, SR. AND JR.	132
ULTIMATE PLEASURES—article	MARC and JUDITH MESHORER 134
THE ELECTRONIC FRONTIER—modern living	DANNY GOODMAN 137
FAST FORWARD	144
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI	202
GRAPEVINE	204



Premier Playmate P. 116



Horse Laugh P. 70



Miss June P. 88



Auto Motion P. 84

COVER STORY

It's Kathy Shower, our Playmate of the Year, photographed by Stephen Wayda. Kathy's leather jacket is by Jean-Claude Jitrois for Glaria Blackburn, and her make-up and hair are by Tracy Cianflone. If you want to see even more of Kathy, pick up the latest *Playboy Video Magazine* cassette (Kathy's on the cover) at your dealer's. If that's still not enough, we're planning a follow-up video on Kathy, to be released later this year.



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XX

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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



NORMA RAE GOES HARVARD

What's left after two Oscars and an Emmy? A March *PLAYBOY* cover and the Hasty Pudding Woman of the Year award. Goodbye, Gidget, Sally Field's thighs never looked better. She accepted her pudding pot from Ty Warren (left) and Leonard Dick of Harvard's Hasty Pudding Theatricals.



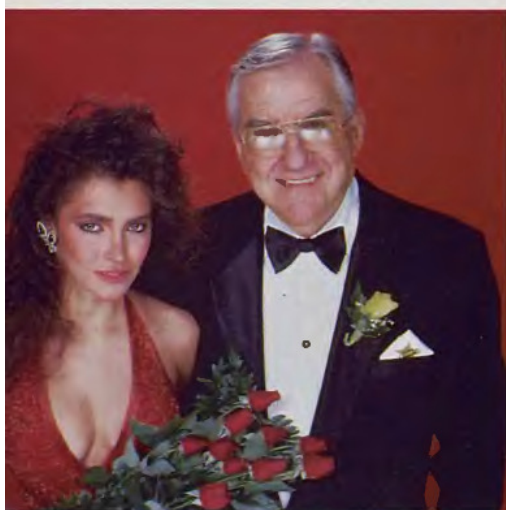
KIM'S SIN: LOOKING TRIM

You'd think in San Francisco, home of Carol Doda, gay pride and a guy who ran for mayor in a nun's habit, anything would go. But this Super Nautilus Spa poster of March Playmate Kim Morris got banned from BART, the regional subway system.



HAVIN' FUN IN THE WARM CALIFORNIA SUN

Have we got a couple of home videos for you! *Playmate Play-Offs* (pictured) highlights our beautiful gatefold girls in a sports competition at the Playboy Mansion that includes such events as mechanical-bronco riding and an obstacle course. Also not to be missed: the \$9.95 *Video Centerfold*, featuring Miss April, Teri Weigel.




DEVIN'S COMING UP ROSES

We figured Devin DeVasquez was a cinch to win the \$100,000 championship in the TV spokesmodel category of *Star Search*. She did. And on the same show, Jenny Jones of *Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll* Vegas revue won the comedy title. Here's Miss June 1985 with host Ed McMahon.



I AIN'T HERE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

Chicago Bears quarterback Jim McMahon stopped by Hef's place after the Pro Bowl to pick up our Super Bowl M.V.P. award—a Toyota MR2. Contributing Editor Anson Mount, at right, feels good because he said last fall the Bears would make the Super Bowl.



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SAL'S PALS

I've just read Lawrence Grobel's *Playboy Interview* with Sally Field (March). Bravo! I remember when Field received the Oscar and said, "You really like me." Sally, we love you!

I am an all-time fan of Field's, and when I saw her picture on the cover, my heart skipped a beat!

Evans Scarborough
Atlanta, Georgia

PLAYBOY gets down to the skin, but PLAYBOY's interviewer Grobel gets beneath the skin. His interview with Sally Field proves, once again, that he is the best in his field, bar none.

Mal Karman
Marina Del Rey, California

The March cover photo is a real eye catcher. Sally Field's thighs look great!

M. E. Menard
Uxbridge, Massachusetts

I wish to express my appreciation for your March *Playboy Interview* with Sally Field. She may be near 40, but she's very beautiful, and her thighs are just fine!

Ed Weigandt
Fort Leavenworth, Kansas

Don't worry about looking good at 40, Sally. You're the prettiest woman to grace PLAYBOY's cover in a long while. You'll always have a place in our hearts!

Frank Chin, M.D.
Fort Worth, Texas

Your interview with Sally Field gave us the insight we needed to know why we derive so much pleasure from her movies. Her extreme sensitivity must be the key to her success, for it certainly manages to bring tears to my eyes when a scene calls for it.

Laura Hendricks
Greentown, Indiana

I get so tired of Sally Field's insecurities, paranoia and constant whining. Who

really gives a damn about her thighs, her depression on turning 40 and her guilt about sex? Why can't she just be happy with the fact that she's a great actress and leave it alone? Her childish manners are really getting boring. As Joan Rivers would say, "Oh, grow up!"

Lisa Lancaster-Barker
Midland, Texas

You realize, of course, that despite all the complimentary letters we've received about Sally's interview, yours is the one she'll remember.

JUMPIN'-JOCK FLASH

Geoffrey Norman's superb article *Seriously, Now, a Jock for President?* (PLAYBOY, March) is a real contribution to political-science literature. I say that with some knowledge of the subject, having been a graduate student in political science. It's true that professional performers are ideally suited to the media-intense atmosphere of public life.

Jack Kemp and Bill Bradley personify the charismatic-celebrity type of Chief Executive we Americans seem to like. More important, they demonstrate that jocks can be bright, articulate and resourceful in the political field as well. Isn't it interesting that, despite the fact that they have different political-party affiliations, they both advocate lower income-tax rates as the way to achieve sustained economic growth and greater tax revenues?

With that said, I believe that Kemp will be the next President of the United States. He has demonstrated that he's a man of integrity, with powerful ideas, strong convictions and proven leadership ability.

E. Raymond Pastor
Plantation, Florida

A BREAST BY ANY OTHER NAME

"A Few Words About Breasts," by Parker Bennett and Tom Mannis (*Playboy After Hours*, March), is, to say the least, hilarious. A lifelong tit man, I picked up some juicy new nicknames. But one thing

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bothers me. How did Bennett and Mannis overlook my all-time favorite, chesticles?

Ray Yee
Walnut Creek, California

I question Bennett's and Mannis' abilities as etymologists. Surely, even amateur researchers would not have excluded globulars.

Franklin Witherspoon
Cleveland, Tennessee

I would like to add to your list. My husband has three names that he calls my breasts: (1) magupies, (2) love handles, (3) joy buttons.

Karen M. Bueno
Racine, Wisconsin

Magupies? Hmm. Now we know why Joseph Conrad said he wrote in English because it is the richest language.

AIRWAVE WONDERS

Thank you on two counts for the *Radio Visions* pictorial (PLAYBOY, March).

First, you satisfied my curiosity about what some of those great-sounding ladies of the airwaves look like.

Second, the FM station I was listening to was beginning to get a bad case of stale. In the Windsor-Detroit area, there are quite a few FM stations, and I couldn't make up my mind about which one to switch to. Lo and behold, you featured Sheri Donovan of KISS-FM and my problem was solved.

Tom Geauvreau
Windsor, Ontario

As I sit here trying to make sense of another senseless murder to those people waiting for the 7:25 newscast, I find myself writing to you about your pictorial on women in radio.

Although I understand the compelling reasons for exposing those parts of the anatomy not usually seen (up close) in the workplace, what I can't seem to understand is why your text is so shallow.

When I first heard about your magazine's doing a piece on the women in radio, I thought, This is terrific! Finally, we're going to get exposure in more ways than one! I thought some person such as your very excellent Lawrence Grobel would type up a masterpiece on how tough it is to *schlep* yourself out of bed at 4:30 A.M.; or maybe someone such as V. V. Panno could tell the story of the *real* women in radio: the keep-it-to-three-minutes-lead-with-a-murder-I-don't-care-how-you-get-it-just-get-it, blood-and-guts *newswomen*.

You want pictures? I'll give you pictures! Picture this: Looking with blood-shot eyes at yet another piece of bleached chicken (or is that roast beef?), trying to focus on the main speaker, whose subject is how to keep the worms from eating your peaches, and all you want to do is aim yourself in the general direction of home and scrape the nurfs off your body.

All I want to say to your fine staff is that your piece is photographically excellent, but I was hoping for a more intelligent, or humorous, juxtaposition of words surrounding the usual sea foam.

Or maybe I'm just P.O.d because you didn't ask me!

Cassandra Livingston
Operations Manager and
News Director
WZLD-FM
Columbia, South Carolina

You have nurfs on your body? Are those anything like magupies, or what?

DISCRIMINATION AND RECRIMINATIONS

Hodding Carter III, in *Reagan and the Revival of Racism* (PLAYBOY, January), describes himself as "a white Southerner who . . . cut his journalistic teeth in the South during the long, bitter years of revolutionary change and bloody resistance [and] had to make a long journey of personal change." My perspective is somewhat different from Carter's: I am a black Southerner, I grew up under the heel of segregation and I have always found it offensive for the Government to treat black people differently from others because of the color of our skin.

Carter is "appalled to see the Reagan Administration . . . backing away from the nation's belated attempt to make good on the promises of its basic political documents." I, on the other hand, am proud to be a part of this Administration's effort to defend the principle that people should be judged on the basis of what they can do, not on the basis of irrelevant personal characteristics.

Carter believes that the laws prohibiting discrimination should be read to prohibit only some discrimination and to permit, or even require, other discrimination—the prohibited and permitted types of discrimination to be determined, apparently, by the governing elites. Since the memory of when the governing elites favored discrimination against black people is still so clear in my mind, I prefer not to leave to the elites the discretion to categorize race discrimination into permitted and prohibited classes—all must be prohibited.

Finally, Carter writes that "the number of actions [brought by the Justice Department, EEOC and other Federal civil rights-enforcement agencies] that would affect large numbers of people or establish precedents for more generalized relief went down drastically or fell off the enforcement table entirely." In fact, however, here at the EEOC, we are securing more relief for more people than ever before in the history of this agency, and class actions constitute the overwhelming majority of our litigation. I defy Carter to cite evidence to the contrary.

Clarence Thomas, Chairman
Equal Employment Opportunity
Commission
Washington, D.C.

Hodding Carter replies:



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Like all kept men, Mr. Thomas has a problem, which is to make himself look good to his masters in the Reagan Administration, who like their black minions to be in line and vociferously on the record. So he misrepresents my undeniable assertion about the decline of class-action suits by the Government over the past five years by speaking only of EEOC's record, then plays ad hominem with my equally undeniable background as a Southern white man. But two can play the latter game. As a Southerner, Mr. Thomas is surely familiar with those "chicken-eating preachers" who gladly parroted the segregationists' line in exchange for a few crumbs from the white man's table. He's one of the few left in captivity.

PUGILISTIC PARTNERS

Boy, did Asa Baber's *Men* column "The Iron Fist in the Iron Glove" (PLAYBOY, March) hit home. He was lucky. His lady sounds like a saint compared with my first wife. I had a cast-iron ashtray smashed over the back of my skull when I walked away from an argument and didn't come out of a coma until a couple of days later. When, on another occasion, all the movable furniture was thrown down the stairs after me from an upstairs apartment, the cops, called by a frightened, elderly landlady, asked my ex from the bottom of the stairs, "Do you want to file charges, lady?" She gracefully declined. Having me as a punching bag must have outweighed

the sadistic pleasure of seeing me locked up.

I can't recall the boxes of tissues I must have gone through to wipe her spit off my face. It seems it was a daily ritual. Another time, I came out of a coma after a week in intensive care. I had amnesia. The last thing I remembered was driving off to work. I was found, with numerous suspicious head wounds, in my car in a closed garage full of carbon monoxide. The door on the driver's side of the car was open, I was half in, half out of the car, the gas tank was empty and the key was still in the ignition. The family doctor obviously did not expect me to make it: He advised my ex to look for my insurance policies. Believe it or not, I was picked up from the hospital bed by a couple of cops and charged with attempted suicide. After I spent a night behind bars, the prosecutor must have looked at the medical file, because he dropped the charges; but, unfortunately, he neglected to send someone over to question my lady.

At that time, I decided that 50 percent of my income in alimony and child support was worth my life and split.

D. D.

New York, New York

SHIP TO SHORE

During the Playmate phone-in announced in "Playboy's Playmate Review" (January), we received the following Mailgram:

The communications department of the

aircraft carrier U.S.S. Saratoga votes (113 strong) for Miss June as the Playmate of the Year. On deployment in the Indian Ocean, we could not use your toll numbers, because AT&T has not yet found it profitable to extend long lines to sea buoys. Supporting America's foreign policy in faraway places.

Sara's Comm Gang
FPO Miami, Florida

Thanks, fellas, but you were outvoted (see "Playmate of the Year," page 116). For the new title won by your candidate, Devin DeVasquez, see "The World of Playboy," page nine.

AIDS REDUX

We are demanding of you a public apology for the scapegoating of prostitutes in your February *Viewpoint*, "Can Sex Survive Aids?"

Margo St. James
National Task Force on Prostitution
San Francisco, California

A great deal of misinformation has been disseminated by the media on the subject of AIDS, and some of it found its way into Arthur Kretchmer's "Viewpoint" in the February issue. There is no significant connection between heterosexual intercourse and AIDS in America at present, whether the partner is a prostitute or not. For more information on myths and reality related to AIDS, see page 52 in this issue.

AS TIME GOES BY, YOU WHO YOUR FRIENDS



EXTRACENSORY PERCEPTIONS

In his *Viewpoint*, "What'd I Say?" (PLAYBOY, March), your music man Dave Marsh is standing on a rather rickety soapbox. He uses the word censorship to refer to something that clearly is not censorship. When one thinks of censorship, one thinks of Nazi book burning or other forms of suppression of information by the powers that be. What the compromise measure entails is providing consumers with more information in the form of a lyric sheet sold with the album. This compromise measure was proposed by Frank Zappa, hardly a right-wing ideologue. It is really intended as consumer protection, not as censorship. I'm sure Marsh doesn't protest having ingredients printed on food containers.

Jack Foster
Los Angeles, California

DARTMOUTH SMART-MOUTHS

E. Jean Carroll (*Young Men, Old Money*, PLAYBOY, March) captures with eerie authenticity the puerile, ribald, irreverent and sophomoric life of fraternity undergraduates at Dartmouth. As an early-Fifties inhabitant of the gym, I can attest that little has changed. No women then, of course, and Uncle Sam was our first employer; but the nonacademic pursuits were similar.

Yet, out of that basement bar—disinfectant, stale beer and all—will crawl the

boys (one hesitates to use the term young men) who will be the next generation's doctors, lawyers, corporate execs, Jesuits, publishers, insurance men, even investment bankers.

By day, these frighteningly bright young students tackle a stiff academic regimen and study like crazy. By night—well, you've said it all.

Philip "Philo" Fast
Boise, Idaho

A CHIP HOT TIP

As a small regional manufacturer of a unique, crunchy and flavorful potato chip, we were surprised to see the Maui potato chip regarded as the best in *Playboy Guide: The Best* (March). You obviously haven't had the opportunity to try ours.

We've enclosed samples and are sure you will agree that our potato chip is the best. Even better than that, sample our Hot *Jalapeño* chips. You'll love the flavor.

What do you think?

Michael McBeth, President
Southern Style Potato Chip Company
High Point, North Carolina

Well, Mike, after distributing your chips among our staff and watching them (the chips, not the staff) disappear in no time flat, we gotta admit you make a hell of a chip.

MORE MORRIS

Your *Late Bloomer*, March Playmate

Kim Morris, is a definite treat. PLAYBOY has shown many fine women, but none tops Kim. She has the finest body and the most beautiful face I've ever seen. Her gatefold shot will forever hold a spot on my wall. How about another look?

Bob Salley
Charleston AFB, South Carolina



A lot of letter writers made the same request. Glad to oblige, Bob. Since your wall is taken care of, here's a little something for your wallet.



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Men's Super Boat Shoes
loaned by Mr. T. Almy, purchased December, 1983.
Women's new Scupper, available Spring, 1986.

Available at: Open Country, American Eagle

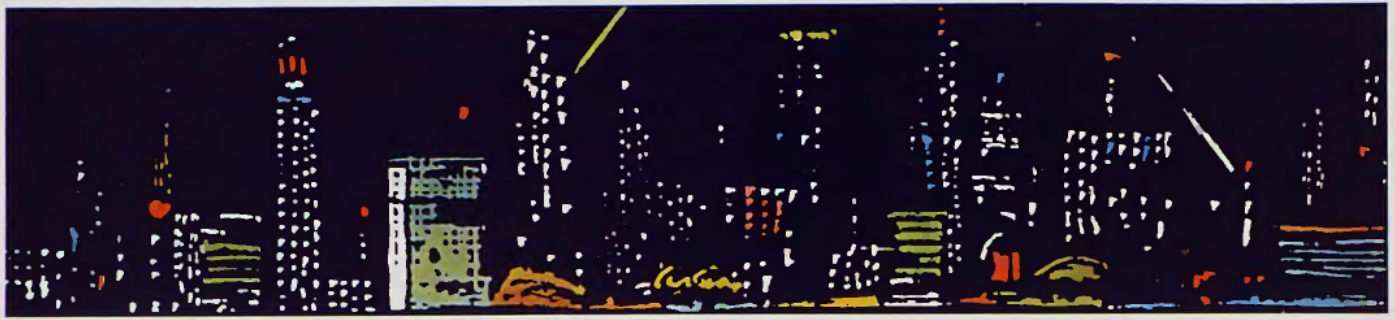
**Did Czar Nicholas quibble with Carl Fabergé
over the price of eggs?**



When you are dealing with something quite extraordinary, price somehow seems irrelevant or even irreverent. Indeed, for those who appreciate fine Scotch, Johnnie Walker Black is priceless.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



We admire the work of The Mitchell Brothers Film Group, whose porn releases exhibit a good-humored trendiness that causes us to suspect that there may be intelligent life in the erotic-film industry after all.

That's why we called to see what the brothers were up to when we spotted their ad for "dwarfs, midgets, fat ladies and geeks" to appear in *Behind the Green Door: The Sequel*. The follow-up to the 1972 classic *Behind the Green Door* is due out in June.

What's the cool new state-of-the-art sex trend in *Green Door II*? Whipping cream? Leather? Producer Jim Mitchell said, "Safe sex." Oh. That's the cool new term for sexual activities that discourage the promotion of such rotten new trends as herpes and AIDS.

"Originally, we planned a documentary for Margo St. James [the activist prostitute] to take to a women's conference in Europe," explained Mitchell. Evidently, reality meshed with imagination and the idea evolved into *Green Door II*. It's no longer a documentary. The intent now is to make safe sex sexy.

Whether or not it arouses, safe sex as depicted by the Mitchells shows promise. The 85 actors in *Green Door II*'s orgy scene will use condoms, spermicides and latex gloves. A part has been written for Dr. Ruth Westheimer or a look-alike to supervise the orgy. And in real life, staffers from the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality will examine all the sex scenes and certify them safe. But, we asked Mitchell, what about the dwarfs, midgets et al.? He answered, "We want it to be colorful."

SCRUTABLE CHICKS

Frank Chickens is a Japanese female duo whose Monty Python-*cum*-kabuki act has captured the hearts of the British rock press. The last such highly touted Brit success was Sade, so brace yourselves for a Chicken invasion. The Chickens are Kazuko Hohki and Kazumi Taguchi, who like to sing in pidgin English about Japanese culture. Our favorite song: the

anthemic *We Are Ninja (Not Geisha)*, a Nipponese version of *I Am Woman*.

It Happened in Hollywood, the Tour, Inc. (6525 Sunset Boulevard, Garden Suite Three, Hollywood, California; 213-461-6856), offers a two-and-a-half-hour tour that is to touring what the *Weekly World News* is to journalism. For \$35 per person, guests motor to and from Hollywood's weirdest, most macabre historical sites. Think of it as Kenneth Anger's *Hollywood Babylon* made visible. All in an afternoon, you can stop at the house where Clara Bow orgied with the USC football team, the hovel where the drug-addicted Bela Lugosi spent his final days and the haunted house that used to belong to Ozzie and Harriet Nelson. The master list includes 1000 locations. Tours can be customized to suit.

JOB OF THE MONTH

Businesses are complaining of a shortage of corporate directors. Most top companies want board members from other

top companies but are finding that corporate heads are too busy with hostile takeovers, divestitures and corporate politics to volunteer. Corporate recruiters say that more companies will be considering less experienced up-and-comers for their boards. If you feel you have little enough experience, you may wish to apply.

Jeff McCann, a senior at Cal State Long Beach, has founded the Anti-Sex League, an 18-member group whose purpose, bluntly put, is to stamp out sex. McCann formed the group when a woman he'd been dating dumped him, causing him to conclude that "sex clouds your mind." What else is wrong with sex? According to league members, it is a trap; it leads to alienation and it wastes energy. McCann believes that refraining from sex is the nonviolent way of ending the world.

Have they checked his security blanket? CCS Communication Control, a company that specializes in anti-eavesdropping devices, detected an ultraminiature radio transmitter, with microphone and battery, built into the worry beads of a Saudi Arabian businessman.

A PAGE FROM COPY EDITORS' HELL

The editor of a weekly tabloid in Pokhara, Nepal, was imprisoned for misspelling the name of Queen Aishwarya Rajya Laxmi Devi Shah.

In Indiana, the Lake County coroner is disagreeing with Hobart city police's finding that a 52-year-old man's death was a suicide. According to the coroner, the victim died of 32 hammer blows to the head.

HARVEY HEADBANGER

Of course singles bars are dangerous. Take, for instance, the experience of Jerry Pasciak, who wandered into Cagney's Bar in Westland, Michigan. Innocently, or so he claims, he ordered a drink called an Upside Down Kamikaze, which he consumed in the bar's customary manner: He was seated in a barber's chair, which,



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The Winston May 11, 1986

The ten 1985 Winston Cup Series Winners will meet at Atlanta International Raceway for the ultimate challenge of superstars . . . The Winston. Their mission? To run the fastest 83 laps of their lives. And take The Winston's \$500,000 purse.

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From left to right: Bill Elliott, Harry Gant, Cale Yarborough, Terry Labonte, Geoff Bodine, Greg Sacks, Ricky Rudd, Neil Bonnett, Dale Earnhardt, Darrell Waltrip

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

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

NASCAR



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while the drink was being poured down his throat, was first placed in a reclining position and then snapped forward. Pasciak is suing the bar for \$10,000, claiming that the experience left him with cuts around his eyes and nose, chipped teeth and a headache. What, no paper umbrella?

FARM AID

An Iowa farmer has won a settlement of \$2543 from the state because lights illuminating the intersection of Interstates 80 and 235 were found to be causing stress to his soybean crop. Said farmer Gary Gildress, "The lights are so bright, the beans never get a rest."

C'mon, Gary, don't you let them stay up late for *Letterman*?

A wire-service story describes an inmate at the Clay County, Missouri, jail who writes to lonely women asking for money. So far, he's collected almost \$35,000.

When 29 luxury homes were put on the market in Irvine, California, at prices up to \$425,000, nearly 100 potential buyers camped out to guarantee a good place in line. The housing developers provided a string quartet, caviar and champagne.

Celebrity endorsements we'd like to see: Spud Webb for Tater Tots, David Letterman for Wordstar, Mick Jagger for a new McDonald's sandwich, the McJagger, Baby Doc Duvalier for American Express, the ghost of L. Ron Hubbard for Memorex and Carl Lewis for GTE Sprint.

FAIR-WEATHER FASHION TIPS

The Reebok sneaker is still "in"—with all its little trappings that drive footwear fanatics wild. Really, laces *and* Velcro? An embarrassment of riches. Why doesn't Reebok go all out and try to incorporate the following into athletic footwear:

Spikes—Not football spikes, mind you. High-heel spikes for those athletes who like to play both sides of the net.

Neon—Forget the Adidas three-stripe and the Nike swirl. Deco's back, neon's "in."

A glove compartment—What the hell; you gotta think big.

SUN TECH

The coolest dudes at the beach this summer will be the ones carrying their Sony Discmans around. Don't let this bother you. Cover up your own feelings of inadequacy by taking some of your own home appliances to your favorite stretch of sand. Imagine the faces on those CD-toting beach bums when they see you strut by with Mom's favorite blender. Or your garage-door opener. Or a combination washer-drier unit. Or . . .

MATRIMONY MADE EASY

This is not a joke. And "How to Marry the Man of Your Choice" (Matrimonial Press Report) is not a jokebook. At \$95, this 167-page textbook—written by Margaret Kent, an attorney from Key Biscayne, Florida—is subtitled "The Marriage Manual for Single Women." It tells us, "This book will teach you how to determine what a man really wants in a wife. . . . Consider all men living laboratories and test the results for yourself. . . . Start with lesser men for training." For those of you who can't afford the 95 bucks (never mind the \$1295 for the course the book accompanies), here are a few things women don't tell men. For good reason.

ON APPEARANCE

- Excessive use of perfume makes a woman less desirable. . . . Perfumes are manufactured from fragrances of herbs, flowers and other substances that are put into some medium that is strong enough to hold the odor. That medium is often ambergris . . . a secretion from the intestines of the sperm whale. In other words, you and your man may smell the odor of whale puke instead of enjoying the fragrance of flowers or herbs.
- Cleanliness is especially important. If a woman uses enough soap and has that clean, fresh look that a recent shower gives, she could wear a potato sack and still be desirable to her male.
- T-shirts are great. It doesn't take much male imagination to know that in less than five seconds they are off over your head.
- Food particles between the teeth, especially the front teeth, are highly undesirable.

ON DATING

- If you need to pass gas (fart), excuse yourself from his presence. Try not to destroy illusions by unpleasant odors. If you need to pass gas, face him.
- If you must chew gum and smoke, do not do both at the same time.
- Eat the food on your plate only. Leave his food for him.
- Be a bitch, not a nag. . . . Bitchy females get the men.
- Don't pay much attention to the anger your man expresses before dinner. He is hungry and everything bothers him.
- Gourmet cooking is not required for most men. However, most women would do better in attracting a man if they devoted a fraction of the time they spent in learning bedroom techniques to learning kitchen techniques.

ON SEX

- Never deny sex, because that dooms any ideas of his marrying you.
- Don't expect him to sleep on crumpled or wet sheets. If necessary, you should sleep on the wet spot.
- Do not ridicule the size of his penis or make unfavorable comparisons to other males.
- If you are overweight, it may be best if you avoid pressing down on him when you are on top.

- A typical male will lay almost any female if there are no repercussions.
- Always play it safe sexually by consenting only to acts that are generally acceptable. Place the burden of deviation upon him.
- One step you can take to enhance a sexual encounter is to evoke some anger in your male, but not furor, before sex.
- After sex, the male is exhausted and has no immediate need of you as a female. . . . After intercourse, the man will have little energy left. Be prepared to revive him with coffee, sweets and appetizing snacks.
- If the relationship continues to be nonsexual after an extended period of time, the man may not be normal.
- If a man suffers from premature ejaculation, just make him prolong satisfaction slightly so he holds out an extra moment. Let us say it takes a minute for him to satisfy. . . . Bet him that the next time you have sex, he will satisfy in a minute and a half.
- Prepare yourself emotionally for the sex act by fancying yourself in the presence of a surrogate partner you have longed for in the past. If you have fired up your imagination to a climactic state, your man can easily satisfy you.
- Virginity is looked upon favorably by some religious fanatics, recent immigrants from tradition-bound societies and men who have never had sex. The typical male views virginity in the mature female as a curse, not a blessing. If an adult woman tells her male that she is a virgin, he is likely to wonder why no man has wanted her before.

ON THINGS WOMEN KNOW ABOUT MEN

- [Men] love to tell their stories! They love to tell about themselves to a point that they become boring.
- Anticipation conditions a conventional male, who was on the losing side of the revolution, into believing he will receive something of great value in the initial and subsequent sexual acts.
- If we tell our males at six P.M. that we are lovely, they may have the mental energy to fight off this idea. . . . If your male is particularly tired and exhausted, he is especially susceptible to your suggestions. His exhaustion is especially useful for implanting the ideas of your worth, especially that you are lovely, good, desirable and would be the perfect wife.

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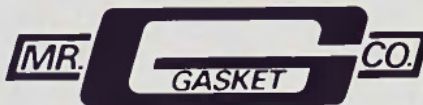
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OFFICIAL RULES: No purchase required. To enter, hand print name and address on Official Entry Form or 3x5" paper. Mail to Mr. Gasket, P.O. Box 29570, Parma, OH 44129. Each entry must be mailed separately and received by August 10, 1986. Winners will be selected in random drawing from all eligible entries by independent organization on or about August 18, 1986. Odds of winning will be determined by total number of entries. Limit one prize per household. Taxes on prizes are sole responsibility of winners. All prizes will be awarded. Mr. Gasket Sweepstakes is open to U.S. residents except employees and their families of Mr. Gasket, its advertising and promotion agencies. Void where prohibited or restricted by law. All applicable laws and regulations apply. Winners will be notified by mail. For winners list, send separate self-addressed stamped envelope after September 30, 1986 to Mr. Gasket. Grand Prize, 1986 Chevrolet Camaro, retail value \$17,000; 10-2nd Prizes, up to \$500 shopping spree; 100-3rd Prizes, Mr. Gasket parts, \$25 retail value.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

TRUE BELIEVERS in either escapism or Reaganism would be wise to avoid *Salvador* (Hemdale), which graphically depicts the rape-murder of American nuns, the assassination of an outspoken Catholic archbishop and other atrocities visited upon beleaguered El Salvador in the name of anticommunism. Re-creating the volatile political climate before and after the U.S. Presidential election of 1980, when a new Republican Administration pledged its might to the right, this timely drama is raw, nasty and sobering. No way in the same league with *The Killing Fields*, this effort by director Oliver Stone, filmed in Mexico from a screenplay he co-authored with photojournalist Richard Boyle, nonetheless projects a kind of stinging authenticity. Boyle himself is portrayed, warts and all, in an amazing bit of unabashed self-revelation, calling himself "a fucking weasel." Actor James Woods, in a gutsy performance, generally makes us believe the description is apt. He's a sleaze-bag photographer whose presence in El Salvador seems initially inspired by the promise of good beaches, easy women, cheap dope and liquor. He drags along a spaced-out friend named Dr. Rock, an unemployed d.j. with nothing better to do (played with his usual what-the-hell casualness by James Belushi).

Given this pair of dubious protagonists, *Salvador* is rather short on empathy, but it's effective as a brutally honest picture of journalists under fire. John Savage plays the one sympathetic shutterbug and Elpidia Carrillo is Boyle's live-in *señorita*. The battle scenes are bloody, the action cluttered but colorful, with no quarter given to the validity of U.S. policy in Central America. *Salvador*, which spells out its political statements ad infinitum, is twice as potent when showing rather than telling us about corruption and callousness in Central America. ★★★

A very different globe-trotting photojournalist returns home to Ocean City, Maryland, to vacation with her family and soon encounters the old flame she could never quite forget. He, alas, is comfortably married, with a young son, and tries to guard the boundaries of his small world as a crusading local newspaper editor. If you think their romance is not revived, you don't know the ground rules for formula bittersweet love stories such as *Violets Are Blue* (Columbia). Sensitive to every fault in a screenplay by Naomi Foner, director Jack Fisk figured that the smartest first move in mounting such familiar material would be to recruit an actress who could make the worldly home wrecker entirely sympathetic. Turn around twice, click your heels and say, "Sissy Spacek." Kevin



Woods as *Salvador's* sleazy shutterbug.

Photographer as protagonist: A new trend in cinema?

Kline does all he can with a jellyfish role as the man that got away back when, while Bonnie Bedelia, as his loyal mate, quickly establishes the fact that she's far too warm and lovely to be left for long. I'm not going to divulge how everything works out, except to say that *Violets* is watery blue and as predictable as the tides. ★★

Second only to Terry Gilliam's *Brazil*, the recent import most likely to win cult-film status is the Australian *Bliss* (New World). This mind-boggling black comedy, at first shunned by distributors down under, eventually became a box-office bonanza in addition to winning Australia's top 1985 awards for best picture, best director and best screenplay. Anywhere in the world of cinema, it's rare for a movie so obscure to score officially both as art and as commerce. Director Ray Lawrence, collaborating with writer Peter Carey on a meticulous adaptation of Carey's novel, plunges right into deep water with a narrator's voice announcing, "This is the story of a vision splendid. . . ." *Bliss's* subsequent visions are mostly linked to the psyche of a well-to-do advertising man named Harry Joy (Barry Otto), who dies briefly in the first reel. Having "found his way back to his body," he uses his new lease on life to dream up fears and fantasies or to discover good karma with an earthy child-woman trollop known as Honey Barbara (Helen Jones). If you're still with me, relax: The movie is by no means all artsy affectation. In fact or in fancy, Harry's

greedy, faithless wife ruts with his business partner, while Harry's studious son the dope pusher deals cocaine to his sister in exchange for oral sex. Poetic, ethereal, overlong, occasionally grotesque and hard to follow, *Bliss* makes demands but pays off in intellectual afterglow. ★★★

An unassuming B movie that combines believable characters with a down-home air of spontaneity is always welcome, and *Hard Choices* (Lorimar) turns out to be a sturdy showcase for new talent. Co-author and director Rick King has a decided soft spot for society's underdogs but seldom lets softness dull the edges of his fictional case study of a Tennessee teenager who is unjustly charged with murder and jailed. All set to shape up as a conventional courtroom drama, *Choices* even has a concerned young female social worker who works tirelessly to keep minors out of prisons full of ruthless criminals. The movie veers off in a surprising, and mostly credible, new direction when the desperate young do-gooder springs her client from the jailhouse at gunpoint. The rest is a rueful portrait of ill-starred lovers on the lam, played with fine elementary chemistry by Margaret Klenck (formerly of TV's daytime soap *One Life to Live*) and Gary McCleery, excellent though possibly a bit mature to play a sexually precocious minor. Both are abetted by writer-director John Sayles, here employed solely as actor, in a key role as a lean, mean country gent whose real business is running drugs. King's low-budget jail-break drama could be a sleeper or, at least, a likely forerunner of better things to come. ★★★

The moviemaking is awkward, even amateurish at times, yet *Desert Hearts* (Samuel Goldwyn), produced and directed by Donna Deitch, has a bottom-line wallop of truth. The subject of lesbian attraction—including a tremulous initial love scene—has seldom been treated on the screen with keener sensitivity. Helen Shaver plays the uptight English professor from the East, waiting out her divorce at a dude ranch near Reno, where she meets an uninhibited change girl (Patricia Charbonneau) from one of the local casinos. As the aggressor in their relationship, newcomer Charbonneau is a natural—reminiscent of early Ali MacGraw and projecting exactly the right note of provocative boyish assertiveness. The divorce-mill milieu looks accurate, too, despite patches of dialog as artificial as hair spray—particularly sticky when girl talk turns to the sort of man who hangs "a string of lights around my heart." Even so, a promising first feature. ★★

The only outright comedy nominated for a 1985 Oscar as best foreign-language

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THE WORLD'S FINEST VODKA

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film is Coline Serreau's **3 Men and a Cradle** (Goldwyn), from France. The joke, telegraphed by the title, concerns a trio of lusty, luxury-loving bachelors who share a sprawling Parisian apartment. While Jacques the airline pilot (Andre Dussollier) is up and away, a baby daughter he hadn't known existed is delivered to his roommates (Roland Giraud, Michel Boujenah) for temporary safekeeping. Written and directed by a woman with a sharp wit and a knowing eye for the cute clumsiness of guys confronted with feeding schedules, burping and diaper rash, **3 Men** misses nary a trick. Serreau's sophisticated formula goes down so smoothly that Disney moguls are already prepping an all-American remake, no doubt with three hot, macho Hollywoodites, likely to be followed in turn by a TV sitcom version. Meanwhile, the made-in-Paris original should suffice. Both tots cast as Marie (she outgrows her cradle) are, needless to say, ooh-la-larcenous scene stealers. **YYY**

Another Academy Award nominee in the foreign-language category, Germany's **Angry Harvest** (European Classics), is also the work of a woman director, Agnieszka Holland. *Harvest* is a dark, plodding piece about a middle-aged Polish farmer who hides a beautiful Jewess from the Gestapo but takes cruel advantage of her in every way. The recent astonishing documentary *Shoah*, so much angrier than any fiction, reduces *Harvest* to small potatoes despite superlative performances. **YY½**

In **French Lesson** (Warner), Paris lives up to its reputation as a city of love where swarms of sweet young things eager to lose their virginity will almost certainly be laid end to end. An irresistibly fetching movie newcomer, Jane Snowden, plays an English girl who travels from Surrey to the Sorbonne to learn, among other things, the ways of *un homme* with a maid. Alexandre Sterling portrays the young French architect who's chosen to teach lesson number one while some of the heroine's giddy fellow students from Britain gush and giggle that "it's awfully dishy with a frog." From a screenplay set back in the early Sixties, presumably a more innocent era, director Brian Gilbert invests this wispy tale with verve and spirit beyond the norm for such foreplay's-the-thing maneuvers. Obviously an intelligent moviemaker who realizes that *French Lesson* is a beginner's course, Gilbert curbs inherent cuteness and condescension and even lets his French characters—except when they attempt English—talk in their native tongue, without subtitles. With sex on everyone's mind, he's wise to divine that body English works pretty well. **YY½**

Despite one flop after another, coming-of-age chronicles continue to glut the market and die, like lemmings rushing to the sea. Things must be different in Denmark,



Boujenah, baby get acquainted in *Cradle*.

A soon-to-be ocean-going *Cradle*; varied looks at young love.

where **Twist and Shout** (Miramax) broke all-time box-office records. Evidently, writer-director Bille August's secret is to try a little tenderness. He, too, returns to the Sixties to study the friendship between two boys: shy Erik, subdued by his father's tyranny and his devotion to his mentally ill mother, and Bjorn, who dresses like a Beatle but has bad luck with the birds he attracts at school. How the lads face paranoia, sex, abortion and peer pressure are matters handled by August with wry, unsentimental delicacy. As universal and contagiously feel-good as early rock 'n' roll, *Twist* travels well. **YY½**

Teen chitchat sounds somewhat the way teenagers actually talk in **Lucas** (Fox), starring pint-sized Corey Haim as a 14-year-old Illinois boy enamored of a redheaded older woman, who is all of 16. He's desolate, however, when she joins the cheer-leading team to be near a handsome wide receiver (Charlie Sheen, Martin's son). Kerri Green plays the attractive coed cornered in *Lucas'* triangle. Strictly kid stuff, director David Seltzer's simple take-a-nerd-to-heart business is all dolled up with the emotional equivalent of colored lights and crepe-paper streamers, as if to make study hall pass for prom night. **Y**

Little ferocious fuzzy balls identified as Krites are the main attractions of **Critters** (New Line), a hoot that never hesitates to sacrifice shivers for snickers. There's a stylish astral bounty hunter (Terrence Mann) tracking the little monsters—which, under stress, growl subtitled four-letter words. They're surely fake fur but fun if you leave your thinking cap at home. **Y**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Angry Harvest** (See review) A Polish farmer harbors a sexy fugitive. **YY½**
Bliss (See review) Pride of Australia, albeit a fine, flashy puzzlement. **YYY**
Brazil Terry Gilliam's bold, futuristic psychodrama, shades of *1984*. **YYYY**
The Color Purple Alice Walker's fine novel candy-coated by Spielberg, but Whoopi Goldberg is grand. **Y**
Critters (See review) Space spoof. **Y**
Crossroads Karale's kid returns, with guitar and a new guru. **Y**
Dark of the Night Spine-tingling car trouble in a haunted Jag. **Y**
Desert Hearts (See review) Lesbian love blooms in Reno's divorce mill. **Y**
Down and Out in Beverly Hills Paul Mazursky up and at 'em out West. **YYY**
Dream Lover All about sleep therapy; mostly a snooze. **Y**
French Lesson (See review) A virgin on the verge in Paris; where else? **YY½**
F/X Special effects and dandy suspense, with Bryan Brown. **YYYY½**
Ginger and Fred Fellini flings star-dust memories at the tube. **YYY**
Gung Ho Despite Michael Keaton's high-gear performance, Ron Howard's spoof on U.S. workers making Japanese cars often pops into neutral. **YY½**
Hannah and Her Sisters Maybe Woody's best but only a movie. Relax, enjoy it and damn the effusive praise. **YYYY**
Hard Choices (See review) Teen jailbird and social worker. Good B. **YY½**
The Hitcher Rutger Hauer hits the road with maximum impact. **YY½**
Just Between Friends Ladies' day, with Moore, Lahti and man trouble. **YYY**
Lady Jane Heads you lose—the way they played it in Tudor England. **YYY**
Lucas (See review) Ah, youth! **Y**
My Beautiful Laundrette Two gay guys cleaning up in ye olde London. **YYY**
9½ Weeks Slick but shallow. Kim Basinger makes the time fly. **YYY**
Out of Africa Meryl's in charge, Redford's in a scenic limbo. **YY½**
A Room with a View An exquisite Edwardian comedy out of E. M. Forster, with Maggie Smith & co. **YYYY**
Salvador (See review) Photogs under fire in Central America. **YYY**
Stripper Behind the G strings, ecdysiasts show and tell. **YYY**
3 Men and a Cradle (See review) Bachelors in Paris with bébé. **YYY**
Turtle Diary Glenda Jackson, Ben Kingsley in a droll shell game. **YYY**
Twist and Shout (See review) Boys will be boys as Danes meet dames. **YY½**
Violets Are Blue (See review) Sissy wooing Kevin for auld lang syne. **Y**

YYYY Don't miss YY Worth a look
 YYY Good show Y Forget it

NELSON GEORGE

POP MUSIC embraces both the genre artist and the eclectic one. Genre artists do what they do best and attempt to, in James Brown's words, "do it to death." Eclectic artists try to do it all. Declan Patrick Aloysius MacManus, once known legally as Elvis Costello, is an eclecticist whose songwriting stock in trade is placing his overly wordy lyrics in a variety of musical settings. From country to Motown, MacManus has produced results from brilliant to horrific. In *King of America* (Columbia), MacManus and producer T-Bone Burnett finally give the idiosyncratic performer stylistic consistency, ironically by using a wide range of musicians. For the first time, MacManus presents a polished recording that makes both originals (*Brilliant Mistake*, *Little Palaces*) and covers (*Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood*, *Eisenhower Blues*) ring with conviction.

Lovebug Starski is a classic rap-genre artist. It was his work at various Harlem night clubs in the early Seventies that helped invent rap music; now he has finally come up from the rap underground with *House Rocker* (Epic), throwing down hard-core rap for the masses. And the founding father does it here stylishly.

Solomon Burke: *A Change Is Gonna Come* (Rounder) celebrates another pioneer—in the soul genre. The Reverend Mr. Burke's career dates back to the Fifties. Last year, he enjoyed a commercial rebirth with a live double album. This one continues the revival, with good old-fashioned soul music dominated by Burke's versatile vocals—he croons like Sam Cooke on *Love Buys Love* and shouts like Wilson Pickett on *I Need Some Money*.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

The Force M.D.s are rappers who harmonize, harmonizers who rap, like that. They're also young and cute, and Warner Bros., looking out the corner of its corporate eye at MCA's New Edition, has signed up Tommy Boy Records just to get a piece of them. But although there's a nice admixture of the fresh and the classic in these kids, neither their Jackson 5 impression nor their number on the Fat Boys is top of the line, which also goes for the material their Svengali, Robin Halpin, has provided on their second album, *Chillin'* (Tommy Boy). Prognosis: There's money to be made here. But not the untold millions everybody has in mind.

Loudon Wainwright III is a *One Man Guy* whose *Career Moves* tend to acerbic songs about "unhappy love," and when interviewers demand *How Old Are You?*, he'd like to paste them one. Then he answers 39. The Richard Thompson-produced *I'm Alright* (Rounder) is Wainwright's first album in almost ten years



The King is dead. Long live the King.

Head banging for moderns,
rapping for bucks and
growling for God.

that's more than a bitter, skillful and (of course) funny joke collection. The self-knowledge of the proud poppa who's gone through Kate McGarrigle and Suzzy Roche may not be universally useful, but it's recommended therapy for guys with one too many wives behind them.

For a few months in 1967, Aaron Neville did the work God made him for—preached the Gospel of love to everyone who owned a radio. But the transcendent *Tell It Like It Is* was his one and only smash, and as the Delfonics and the Stylistics rose to new falsetto heights, Aaron kept the faith with his brothers in New Orleans. The six Fifties covers on *Orchid in the Storm* (Passport) are proof of his steadfastness. He sings the sublimely silly *Ten Commandments of Love* as if taking dictation from Mount Sinai and turns onetime teen dreams from Johnny Ace and the Penguins into the essence of timeless romance. If you let him, he'll make a believer of you.

DAVE MARSH

Even though we think of it in terms of singular personalities, contemporary music making is fundamentally a collaborative art. The exceptions are as diverse as Prince, in everything, and Springsteen, in *Nebraska*; but in general, good records are created only when a variety of human elements mesh seamlessly.

Witness Smokey Robinson, a nonpareil writer and one of the most distinctive vocalists alive. At his best, Smokey can

summon up a couple of generations of pop history in a single breath. Unfortunately, his energies are so scattered on *Smoke Signals* (Tamla) that little of his personality comes through. His voice is still a definition of marvelous, but producer Steve Barri's settings and song choices are hackneyed. Worse, one of the few songs Robinson wrote is his procensorship *Be Kind to the Growing Mind*, on which he collaborates with the all-but-inaudible Temptations, to the eventual shame of all concerned.

Don Williams' unmistakably laid-back voice can make smooth seem bland; but when he's on, he's one of country's perennial pleasures. Although he writes few songs, he gets the best out of a variety of Nashville pros, most notably Bob McDill. Williams now coproduces himself, and not without insight. He can be excessively mellow, to the point where his albums are a kind of aural wallpaper; but on *New Moves* (Capitol), he strikes a groove, thanks largely to the pair of McDill songs on side one.

Bill Moss and the Celestials' *Use What'cha Got* (A.I.R., 881 Memorial Drive S.E., Atlanta, Georgia 30316) superficially seems to be dominated by Moss alone: He wrote the songs, produced, plays keyboards and sings or shares the lead on seven of nine Gospel tracks. But Moss devotes his liner notes to thanking those whose aid was indispensable (starting with God, naturally). What's important is the result: the kind of sweet-'n'-growling traditional Gospel that makes the product of Amy Grant look as puny as it is and that outreaches Smokey Robinson by miles, without seeming half as sanctimonious.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Anyone remotely interested in the future of metal will, I predict, have to come to terms with Metallica. All the intelligent, trend-setting young metalheads I know like to bang their heads very fast—some of them even thrash—and that means speed metal, and that means Metallica, whose *Master of Puppets* (Elektra) features lots of guitar chops, dynamic orchestration (every now and then, these guys play slow) and lyrics that warn you about death without actually endorsing it, which is as close as modern metal comes to social consciousness. Melodies being for sissies, there's not much to hum along with here; but I don't hum much with my adrenal glands, anyway. Metallica is very, very hot.

A time to thrash and a time to chill out—that's my motto. And my new pick hit among alpha-wave labels is Private Music, from whom I've got this big pile of product that'll make you meditate the way



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FAST TRACKS



IT'S ONE FOR THE MONEY, TWO FOR THE SHOW DEPARTMENT: And you thought Elvis was dead! Not yet. A California company, Natural Choice Industries, has introduced a line of Elvis Presley bath and hair-care products. Elvis Presley Love Me Tender Shampoo and other essentials should be in your store any day now. All this and a commemorative medallion, too. Is this the way to remember the King, or is it another chapter of *Heartbreak Hotel*?

REELING AND ROCKING: Ted Nugent and Oscar-winning composer Bill Conti have teamed up to write a sound track for the movie *Nomads*. Nugent says he got the job because Conti "needed some ass-kickin' rock 'n' roll." . . . Look for Joan Jett in the Michael J. Fox film *Around the Corner to the Light of Day*, formerly *Born in the U.S.A.*—both titles taken from Springsteen songs. . . . Allen Klein, former manager of both the Beatles and the Stones, also managed Sam Cooke's career for about a year before that singer's death. Now Klein is preparing to produce a movie about Cooke's life. . . . Laurie Anderson's concert film, *Home of the Brave*, will be in a theater near you if you happen to live in a major city. If you don't, you'll have to make do with the sound-track album. . . . Tom Petty and Dylan, who are touring together, have been asked to collaborate on a song for a movie about delinquents called *Band of the Hand*. . . . Lionel Richie is ready to move on from writing songs for movies to being in movies. He'll be looking for his first film role this fall, after his concert tour. Says Richie, "I'm not coming to the movies asking for the lead in *Gone with the Wind* . . . you start at the bottom and learn it."

NEWSBREAKS: The Michael Jackson watch: We hear that a solo tour is in the works for this summer. We also hear that there is absolutely no timetable for his new album. Says Quincy Jones, who'll produce it, "We're going to make the best album we can, and it'll be done when we're finished." . . . If you'll be anywhere in Southern California June 14 and 15, get tickets for the eighth annual Playboy Jazz Festival at the Hollywood Bowl. The line-up includes Miles Davis, Mel Tormé, B. B. King, with Stevie Ray Vaughan, Herbie Hancock Quartet, George Benson, Andrae Crouch;

the host, once again, will be that jazz great Bill Cosby. . . . David Lee Roth is putting a band together to tour later this summer, after his movie comes out. . . . Look for Bob Geldof's autobiography any time now. . . . A Led Zep reunion album is in the works, with Power Station's Tony Thompson filling in for the late John Bonham. . . . Talk of another possible reunion concert is being banded about, this one by Rod Stewart and the Small Faces as a benefit for ARMS, former Face Ronnie Lane's multiple-sclerosis charity. . . . Speaking of charity, U2 has made itself available to Amnesty International to do several summer concert dates as benefits. . . . Dick Clark's *Best of Bandstand* home video will include early performances by Bill Haley and the Comets (*Rock Around the Clock*), Little Richard (*Lucille*), Sam Cooke (*You Send Me*) and Buddy Holly (*Peggy Sue*). . . . No delusions of grandeur here: Miami Vice star Philip Michael Thomas is working on a musical based on the song *Staggerlee*. Thomas plans to go album first, then a Broadway musical, then a TV movie. Be there or be square. . . . Fame, big deal. Vicki Peterson of the Bangles tells it this way: "I actually heard someone standing next to me at a concert one night say to someone else, 'I heard Vicki Peterson of the Bangles is here.' I was standing right there the whole time!" . . . Well, folks, The Monkees are celebrating their 20th anniversary, and a world tour is in the making. Will you be there? . . . Dave Stewart has begun working on the new *Eurythmics* album. . . . Maurice White produced four cuts for Neil Diamond's next LP—to add some soul to the regular M.O.R. mix. Says White, "There's as much R&B as he can handle. . . . I'm not going to turn Neil into James Brown." Say amen, somebody!
—BARBARA NELLIS

James Brown makes you dance. Run by Peter Baumann of Tangerine Dream, Private Music seems to be letting its varied collection of artists do whatever they want, within the vaguely defined area of New Age music; and in general, its roster strikes me as more hormonal and electric than, say, Windham Hill's. I particularly recommend Sanford Ponder's *Etosha—Private Music in the Land of Dry Water*, which will regress you about 8000 lifetimes to when you were a giant woolly mammoth. Ponder is one of the few guys with a real clue to the potential of the sampler synthesizer. Also worth checking out: Lucia Hwong's *House of Sleeping Beauties* (Philip Glass meets the Peking Opera), *Piano One* (a sampler of four pianists for those unable to wait for the next George Winston) and Jerry Goodman's *On the Future of Aviation* (the former Mahavishnu violinist doesn't quite abandon his jazz roots).

What with all this talk about drugs and booze and promiscuity's not being trendy anymore, it was reassuring to get *Them Boners Be Poppin'* (Boner Records, P.O. Box 2081, Berkeley, California 94702) in the mail the other day. This compilation of six extremely snotty hard-core thrash bands (Verbal Abuse, Special Forces, the Boneless Ones, Fang, Blast and Tales of Terror) will no doubt be brought into evidence at the next P.M.R.C. hearing, but why wait? Get your copy of *LSD for Africa* now.

VIC GARBARINI

The Firm / Mean Business (Atlantic): Plodding? Ponderous? Jimmy who? Let's just say this puts the lead back into Zeppelin.

Latin Quarter / Modern Times (Arista): You've got to respect an English synth band that bothers to write real songs about real issues (the McCarthy hearings, Ethiopia, Reaganomics, terrorism). But the affected, tremulous vocals and *Newsweek* lyrics force one to ask, "But is it, like, art?" Answer: "Not yet."

Talk Talk / The Colour of Spring (EMI America): Did somebody mention affected, tremulous vocals? OK, at least *Life's What You Make It* boasts a hypnotic, circular keyboard riff with a glimmer of something genuine behind it. So buy the single.

Brian Setzer / The Knife Feels Like Justice (EMI America): Former Stray Cat drops rock-a-billy for light, anthemic rockers. Oddly, it sometimes works (imagine Marshall Crenshaw doing Bruce), making up in spirit what it lacks in weight.

Jimmy Barnes (Geffen): Not the next Mellenkamp. Not even the next Bryan Adams if he doesn't temper that yowl.

Clannad / Macalla (RCA): *Macalla* is Gaelic for echo, but do these Irish trad-popsters' luminous melodies really need drenching reverb? Still, a haunting record, especially the duet with U2's Bono.

Ralph Towner and Gary Burton / Slide Show (ECM): The ECM ideal exemplified. An exquisite interweaving of acoustic guitar and vibes blending jazz, classical and avant-garde influences.



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COMEDY

TRENDS HAPPEN so quickly nowadays that a very busy person such as yourself can be forgiven if he wakes up one morning and discovers that he's missed one or two. For instance, even those of you who regularly watch *Entertainment Tonight* are probably unaware that there's a veritable boom in the number of comedy albums released by major record companies. Surprised? We've seen the anemic sales figures, and we thought you might be.

First, a short business explanation. Record companies traditionally make their money on kids and remain frustrated by the fact that there's a large—actually, a larger—segment of the population called baby boomers who have plenty of money but tend to spend it all on new Reeboks, property taxes, IRAs and cable TV. The boomers, who either have kids of their own or are just too exhausted from investing to go out much, watch a lot of cable TV. And the cable networks, eager to please the boomers with original programming, have discovered comedians. After all, tapes of live stand-up acts—which are now monthly staples on HBO and Showtime—are the next best thing to being there, and you don't have to worry about being mugged or having the stereo ripped out of the Volvo. The record companies noticed this and decided that they, too, could cash in on comedy.

For example, take Billy Crystal. A hard-working and funny comedian for 14 years, Crystal parlayed a bogus charmer named Fernando and a catch phrase—"You look *mahvelous*"—into stardom, movie roles and his first record, *Mahvelous!* (A&M). If you liked Crystal on *Saturday Night Live*, you'll like at least part of this album. Ex-S.N.L.er Christopher Guest is Willie to Crystal's Frankie in "I Hate When That Happens," one of the TV show's more enduring skits. On his own, Crystal weighs in with devastatingly dead-on impersonations of Sammy Davis Jr. and Howard Cosell. Fernando is there, of course, with a musical version of *You Look Marvelous*. (Just as record companies think they'll hit pay dirt with comedy, comedians are hoping for equally big results with rap records and song parodies. Could it be merely an excuse to get a music video out of an otherwise all-talk album and, thus, get that all-important MTV exposure, you ask? Don't be so cynical.)

As they say in the commercials, "But wait, there's less." The rest of Crystal's album is recorded live from his stage show, and much of it is a surprisingly dated collection of Borscht Belt routines, steeped in ethnicity and colored by fart jokes. It's not unfunny, necessarily; it's just very old-fashioned. If you liked Alan King, you'll love this.

Moving quickly from the Fifties all the way to the Sixties, you'll find Cheech &



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punch line at
33⅓ rpm.

Chong in *Get Out of My Room* (MCA), their first comedy album in five years. They're just as funny as they ever were (it's up to you to decide whether or not that's a compliment), but they have made some changes. No more drug jokes, for instance, though they still make frequent references to the Grateful Dead. Their best moment is *Born in East L.A.*, a pointed Bruce Springsteen parody that manages to be funny and political at the same time. It is, naturally, a video as well, and it's much better than any of their movies.

Comedy has always been a crucial ingredient in Bette Midler's stage act, but in *Mud Will Be Flung Tonight!* (Atlantic), she plays it totally for laughs. She slanders various celebrities (recalling the young Bruce Springsteen when "his arms were as skimpy as his chord changes"), makes some wonderfully gamy comments about Madonna ("The only thing that girl will ever do like a virgin is have a baby in a stable") and generally covers some of her more familiar Sophie Tucker territory, such as Jews ("More Hebrews worked on this act than built the Pyramids") and breast size ("I'm living proof that big boobs mean big bucks"). You may wonder if Midler managed to work in a song that was suitable for some sort of MTV exposure. Well, yes, there is one—*Fat as I Am*—and it's not bad.

Of course, while everyone laughs at MTV's v.j.s, MTV is still not the place you turn for intentional humor. The most notable exception is Weird Al Yankovic,

whose latest album, *Dare to Be Stupid* (Rock 'n' Roll), lampoons the obvious targets with such titles as *Like a Surgeon* and *Girls Just Want to Have Lunch*, along with a handful of original nonparodies. The best thing about Weird Al is how well he shows the silliness of what he's satirizing. The worst thing is the fact that he has made song parodies marketable, if not respectable. One example is Rick Dees, an L.A. disc jockey who had a hit a few years back with *Disco Duck*. He's back with an album called *I'm Not Crazy* (Atlantic). He's not, nor is he all that funny.

There are a couple of bright spots among the younger stand-ups who have albums. Last year, I spent a week on the road with Steven Wright, profiling him for *PLAYBOY* (*Skating on the Other Side of the Ice*, August 1985), and in the process, I heard him do his stage show six times. Rather than getting tired of his cerebral, otherworldly humor—"It's a small world, but I wouldn't want to paint it" being a handy example—I found myself laughing as much on the last day as I had on the first. It's smart stuff, and so is his excellent album, *I Have a Pony* (Warner).

Emo Philips is another winner. Although he has adopted the most annoying stage persona this side of a street mime—he has such a singsongy, asthmatic delivery that the first instinct of even a nonviolent person is to hit him—his material is great. "Probably the toughest time in anyone's life is when you have to murder a loved one because they're the Devil," he says, to open his album, *E=MO²* (Epic). Even his delivery starts to grow on you, dovetailing nicely with his unique humor. Talking about a childhood neighbor, he recalls, "I was his imaginary friend." In case you had any doubts, Philips sings one number and, yes, it has become a music video.

While Wright's and Philips' albums are basically tapes of their stand-up routines, Joe Piscopo tried something different, a well-produced aural movie that harks back to the glory days of Stan Freberg and *The United States of America, Vol. 1 The Early Years. New Jersey* (Columbia) begins with a down-and-out Piscopo working under a pseudonym as the opening act for a cockfight at a Mexican bowling alley. With him, having also fallen on hard times, are Rocky and Bullwinkle, and the album uses this whimsical bit as a springboard to a hodgepodge of genuine satire, creating reasonable facsimiles of such stand-bys as *Late Night with David Letterman* and *Good Morning America*. Some of the stuff works better than the rest, but *New Jersey* is the most ambitious undertaking of the lot. And it even has a song or two on it that could conceivably become music videos. Will wonders never cease?

—STEPHEN RANDALL

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CHINA. The summer of 1860. The Taipings are at the throats of the Manchus in the worst civil war in history, so who else would be at the throat and lips of the emperor's number-one concubine but Harry Flashman? Yes, the cowardly but lionized hero of the British Empire is back in *Flashman and the Dragon* (Knopf), and author George MacDonald Fraser, too, is back in full writing form, whisking Flashy from the talon clutches of Szi-Zhan, the 6'6" queen of the river bandits, to the diabolical torture chambers of the Forbidden City and the sacking of the Summer Palace. Flashman is Fraser's forte. We say, keep him coming. How about *Flashman and the Zulus* next?



Flashman meets fire-breathing foes.

Peter Guralnick's *Sweet Soul Music* (Harper & Row) is a tender, affectionate and melancholy appreciation of soul music, that popular Gospel-based style of the Sixties that brought Aretha Franklin, James Brown and Otis Redding to fame. Blues and country styles began as folk idioms, but soul was always commercial music, a fact that leads Guralnick into the record industry's often murky business practices. The book's centerpiece, in fact, is its account of the rise and fall of Memphis' Stax records, the home of Redding, Sam & Dave and Isaac Hayes, among many. For a time, Stax was one of the South's most integrated enterprises, and its natural, relaxed brotherhood produced great music. Eventually, big money and muddled politics destroyed Stax, and Guralnick tells this bitter tale with great intelligence. Today, soul music survives in the voices of such youngsters as Whitney Houston and in the still-potent bits of Franklin and Brown. Guralnick's story of soul is told with the passion it deserves.

Magnus Pym is a perfect spy. He knows the trade—safe houses, drop-offs, Marthas, Joes, codes. He gets the information—Czechoslovakian contacts, top secrets. He listens, he interrogates, he manipulates. Pym likes everyone and everyone loves Pym. One problem in this perfect spy world: Pym is a spy without a cause but with too many loyalties, too many secrets. And, eventually, too many people want to know those secrets. Pym goes to his own safe house to write his story (and what a story it is), while wife, friends, enemies frantically pursue him. John le Carré is the author of *A Perfect Spy* (Knopf)—a virtually perfect novel.

Famous and mostly dead people from showbiz heaven are the subjects of brothers Drew and Josh Friedman's outrageous new comic-book collection, *Persons Living or Dead* (Fantagraphics), much of which appeared previously in *Heavy Metal*, *National Lampoon* and *High Times*.

Fraser's hero takes on the Orient; some soul-music history; Le Carré creates *A Perfect Spy*.

Wicked realism and freakish horror typify the Friedman style, producing some of the sickest and funniest comics of our times. Titles include "Dining with Mutants" (with Arthur Godfrey), "Game Show Hosts Walk Among Us," "The Day Chet Huntley Died" and "William Bendix Sightings."

American Splendor (Dolphin/Doubleday) is another comic-book anthology; the first "literary" comic, it features autobiographical material by one Harvey Pekar of Cleveland, which, as contributing artist Robert Crumb says, "is so staggeringly mundane, it verges on the exotic."

Following the success of *Brothers and Keepers*, a nonfiction account of the author's relationship with his brother, a convicted murderer, Holt, Rinehart & Winston has reissued John Edgar Wideman's novel *Hurry Home*. It's the story of Cecil Otis Braithwaite, a black man who cannot settle for the white world of lawyering or the black world of a marriage he feels has been forced on him. Although this book never overcomes its faults—a confusion of voices to the point of obscurity and some painfully purple prose—it never oversimplifies the painfully human condition of Braithwaite, a man in search of his humanity and his roots.

It took Martin Cruz Smith half his life to become an overnight sensation. After *Gorky Park* put him on book racks across

the nation, many of his older works were rereleased. *Stallion Gate* (Random House), his first novel since the best seller, is more like his earlier books: well written but lacking the roller-coaster complexity of *Gorky Park*. The story concerns Joe Pena, an Indian hired as a driver for J. Robert Oppenheimer during the Manhattan Project (*Stallion Gate* is the local name for the Trinity test site in New Mexico). On the whole, this is a small novel about a man with a small part in history.

Scott Spencer is obsessed with sex, all kinds of sex, from the lunatic to the lust-filled. No fuck is beneath his scrutiny. In *Endless Love*, he chronicled a teenage obsession. In *Waking the Dead* (Knopf), he explores the effect of grief on sexual memory. Fielding Pierce is a candidate for Congress. He is haunted by the memory of a woman he loved for six years, who died in a car bombing. As the candidate approaches success (and/or a breakdown), he becomes convinced that his former lover is still alive. The tension between private passion and public life is excruciating. Not since D. H. Lawrence and Henry Miller has a writer gotten so much out of the sexual universe.

Donald E. Westlake's master bungler, John Archibald Dortmunder, is familiar to PLAYBOY fiction readers. One of his adventures, *Horse Laugh*, appears in this very issue. Now our favorite klutz is back between hard covers, rescuing a nun from the penthouse suite of a heavily fortified skyscraper in downtown Manhattan. Even with God on our hero's side, this caper has enough twists and pratfalls to satisfy your craving for madcap comedy. *Good Behavior* (Mysterious Press) is the sixth Dortmunder novel, and Westlake just keeps getting better.

BOOK BAG

The Neighborhood Watch (Doubleday), by Mell Lazarus: The cartoonist creator of *Miss Peach* and *Momma* has written a novel about a writer who risks all on a novel that doesn't get published. With two daughters to feed and foreclosure around the corner, he robs his neighbors to get the dough he needs. There's a movie here.

Fitness on the Road (Shelter), by John Winsor: There's nothing like a business trip to interfere with your training schedule. Winsor tells you where to stay fit, listing hotels with health clubs in 33 North American cities. Give a copy to your travel agent.

The Gold Tip Pfitzer (Knopf), by Irene Handl: A vigorous and unsentimental portrait of a diseased marriage and its haunted survivors.



SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

My entire adult life, I've wondered what baseball fans do between the opening week of the season and the world series. There are, after all, these six months when nothing happens.

Understandably, the opening week is always exciting. You get to see most of the million-dollar pitchers lose twice. You get to read about a guy you've never heard of hitting five home runs, which would put him ahead of Babe Ruth's pace if it weren't for Roger Maris. You get to read about another guy you've never heard of getting six hits, which would leave him only 1345 short of Ty Cobb's record if it weren't for Pete Rose. And there's yet another guy you've never heard of who announces he's no longer going to talk to the press—which is OK with the intelligent press, because he's never said anything worth while anyhow.

Just as understandably, the world series is exciting. It's exciting mainly because it means the baseball season is mercifully going to end, barring too many rain-outs, before Thanksgiving, and college football will finally get the space it deserves on the sports pages.

On countless occasions, I've asked the baseball fans among my friends what, exactly, it is that they do for these six months when nothing's going on but the incessant babble of broadcasting shills.

They've told me they followed the game. Probing deeper, I discovered what they meant by following the game. They meant switching the television channels a lot and reading agate type. They wouldn't be caught in a ball park, dead or alive—not even in Yankee Stadium, Fenway Park or Wrigley Field, the only three left that have any charm, history or atmosphere.

But following the game was fun, they insisted, provided you had a remote clicker and could pick up a copy of *USA Today*.

A year ago, I decided to try to follow the game for a while, to see if the sport could still make my heart beat as quickly as it did in the days when I listened to it on the radio and rummaged through Wheaties boxes in the grocery stores to find cutout pictures of Ducky Medwick and Joe DiMaggio.

I didn't follow the game very long, realizing within days that I didn't care to squander a summer trying to figure out the team colors of the Houston Astros. I haven't looked lately. Do they still dress like the flag of a Third World country?

I was also shocked to discover that all



MAKING BASEBALL INTERESTING

the major-league teams wear white socks now. Research told me the Yankees were still supposed to wear dark blue and the Cardinals were still supposed to wear red with stripes, but every player I saw on TV had pulled his pants down so low around his calves and his socks up so high that all I could see between his shoe tops and the bottom of his pants was an ankle in one of my great-uncle's white socks.

What happened to uniforms? Even with slow-motion replays, I could recognize only five teams—the Yankees, Cardinals, Dodgers, Red Sox and Tigers. The Yankees, of course, will always be unmistakable, because their logo can't be topped, though Nazi Germany came close.

So I knew five teams. But the players on all the other clubs looked as if they'd just stepped out of the Shrine's drum-and-bugle corps—all except those pictured in *Sports Illustrated*, who were most often dressed in headlines that rhymed.

I noticed immediately that the sport hadn't changed much on the diamond, not unless the game was being contested on artificial turf, in which case the second baseman played only six yards short of the center-field fence.

It wasn't necessary to watch too many moments of too many games to be reminded that the easiest job in the world must be playing baseball for a living. All that's required is a drug habit, a knack for


giving fans the finger and a talent for hitting into double plays.

Following the game in print was almost as difficult as trying to stay awake watching it. I wondered what it must be like to have your nerves shattered and to worry yourself sick over the future of a young man in his early 20s. Was he or wasn't he going to be able to "maximize" his "income capabilities" when his new contract came up?

It must be terrible for the serious baseball fan. I mean, can you imagine trying to get to sleep at night without knowing whether Dwight Gooden was going to get \$1,200,000 or \$1,300,000 for having to face all those sluggers who spit sunflower seeds on his carpet and are now permitted to wear gloves when they scratch their nuts?

But trying to follow the game was a good experience overall, especially during the thousands of man-hours that were wasted when the crafty old pilots changed pitchers. It enabled me to think of several ways to put some action into the game.

1. More third basemen should get hit in the mouth with line drives.
2. It's not a single unless the base runner can kiss the first baseman on the lips.
3. Eliminate the catcher's mask and chest protector.
4. Managers can attack umpires physically, and vice versa.
5. Three strikes is not out if the hitter is one of the two players on a team that you've ever heard of.
6. All stadium organs get thrown down six ramps and four escalators.
7. Sportswriters must be allowed the same free access to locker rooms and dugouts as dope dealers.
8. All urine tests for players will be conducted in public—specifically, at home plate during a *Hustler* photo session.
9. Only the seventh game of the world series can go into extra innings.
10. All games of the regular season, as well as the world series, must be completed before the first college football Saturday in September.

Actually, the ideal thing would be for major-league baseball to be played during the winter. Then I could handle it the way I handle the unbearable repetition of the N.B.A. and the mystifying lunacy of ice hockey. I watch Durafame logs burn in my fireplace until a loyal friend raps gently on my door and says, "You can come out now; they're gone." 

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By ASA BABER

If you like your issues cut and dried, don't read this column. If your sexuality is in a neat little box, turn the page. The subject this month is relationships between married men and single women. These two parties have been getting together for a long time, but in the years ahead, it's going to get even wilder.

The reason for this doesn't have anything to do with a breakdown in public morality. It's a question of numbers: The pool of available males is shrinking.

Consider the following:

- There is currently a shortage of single men for all women who have reached the age of 25; if they're still single at 35, the odds are that they will remain single the rest of their lives.

- In 1983, there were 137 single or divorced women for every 91 single or divorced men.

- For every 223 unmarried women in their 40s, there are 100 unmarried men in that same age group.

- In 1980, 90 percent of well-educated, financially successful men were married.

- In the age group 25 to 44, divorced men are twice as likely as divorced women to remarry. Ages 45 to 64? Men are four times as likely to remarry.

- Nearly 14 percent of single males are homosexual (compared with an estimated four percent of women).

- At present, 40 percent of American women are single, and the odds are that due to divorce, widowhood, delayed marriages or remarriages, every woman is likely to be single for some significant portion of her life.

- In 1985, for every ten college-educated single women between the ages of 40 and 49, there were only three single men who were older and better educated.

- There are an estimated 33,000,000 single women in America.

You don't have to be a statistician to understand the significance of those figures. The demographic realities demonstrate that good (single) men are hard to find. That being the case, and human nature being what it is, married men are increasingly likely to be targets for single women wanting heterosexual relationships.

The demographics prove that married men have more power than they realize. The fluttering of feminists and the scoldings of evangelists notwithstanding, most single women examine married men with a neutral, perhaps even hopeful, eye. "More women hit on me when I wear my wedding



THE OTHER WOMAN

band than when I don't," a friend of mine reports. "I couldn't believe it at first. 'The good men are all taken, honey,' a woman finally told me. 'If I let that little shining thing on your finger stop me, I'd have to be celibate the rest of my life.'"

Given all this, what do we men do with it? I've got some suggestions:

1. *False expectations kill.* The most cruel and unfair thing you can do as a married man involved with a single woman is to hold out false hopes. Don't promise anything you can't deliver. You're not separated until you've moved totally out of your house. You're not divorced until you've got the decree in your hand. Put it to your Other Woman in those terms. Yes, she may leave you. That's the chance you take. But if she's willing to continue your relationship after you've laid those terms on the line, your honesty will have paved the way for a finer friendship.

2. *Don't bullshit yourself: You are choosing not to work on your marriage when you're involved with your Other Woman.* The biggest lie you can tell yourself is that you're doing wondrous things for everyone when you take on a lover. Not so. You are ignoring your marriage when you do that, and you are setting yourself up for confusion and transition. Don't delude yourself: The Other Woman is a temptation, a release, a confidante, possibly even a future mate. The rigid moralists will tell you that

you're a terrible person for being so confused, but you know something that they pretend not to know: Life and love are often in transition, and pat answers fall apart in the winds of change.

3. *Self-condemnation kills.* Like most men, you were raised to be perfect. You are supposed to be breadwinner, lover, warrior, provider, court jester, Superhusband. You're supposed to be a champion and a stud, both gentle and fierce, always at the appropriate time and in the appropriate way. Riiiiight. That's what your business card says, anyway. But you know the truth about yourself: You fall in lust about 50 times a day, and if the time you spent thinking about sex and love had been spent on business, you'd be a billionaire. So welcome to the world of the male. We are perpetual dreamers, most of us, and our search for warmth and comfort never ends. If that search leads us into complicated relationships on occasion, we'd better learn not to self-destruct over it.

4. *The sky may fall.* No matter how shrewd and in control you think you are, dealing with the Other Woman will complicate your life. I'm not talking about the petty orchestrations you will engage in to juggle your schedule. I'm talking about emotional turmoil. "The day she says she loves you, that's the day you'll freak out," a friend of mine says. And you will be frightened as emotions deepen and questions about your commitment grow. You'll probably cut and run from the Other Woman if her company becomes more painful than pleasurable. Then again, something else could happen. Your world may tumble in on you if you begin to love the Other Woman more than your wife. If that happens, don't call me.

5. *Demographics are democratic.* If there's anything we've learned in the Eighties, it's that research and polling and marketing—the numbers—can often explain and identify the unseen forces that are working on us. If, as a married man, you have this vague feeling that there are a lot of women looking you over and checking you out, you're not crazy. They don't want you to know it, but you are a rare tiger in a dark forest—a normal, healthy, straight, functioning male. You probably are getting signals. What you choose to do with those signals is up to you, but the odds are that they will increase over time. You may be in for some vibrant, sexy, wild collisions that will rattle your cage.

War is hell, isn't it?



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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I think I'm about to blow lunch, toss my cookies, make pizza. Puke," said Cleo. "Hey, waiter! Another martini!"

"More decorum, dear," I said primly. "I mean, we *are* in Elaine's, watering hole of the glittering literati and Hollywood's finest."

"There's Dabney Coleman!" shrieked Cleo. "Yo! Dabney!"

It was a mistake to let Cleo drink up-town, but after a day of scouring sales along Madison Avenue, we were heady with the hunt and were now ensconced at what I like to think would have been Woody Allen's table, had he been there.

"So we bought everything in sight and had a rousing chat about how women play games with men," Cleo said. "But did any of you look into the subtext of my reckless shopping? Did you ever think I might be heart-broken? Hey, is that Jack Nicholson?"

"No," said Rita. "Please continue. You interest us strangely."

"So this guy I've been seeing," said Cleo. "You remember the dreamboat. We had six months of bliss. So, two nights ago it was, he sleeps with somebody else. *Bad*. But worse, he drops so many clues I have no choice but to notice. Just follow the arrows to Dan's indiscretion. He keeps bringing up Wednesday night, saying he's going out with a friend of his. Then he forgets and says it's a different friend. Then he tells me he hasn't seen this guy in months, that this guy must be avoiding him, since he owes him money. But he keeps bringing it up, telling me vehemently where he's going. Then he calls me that night—I'm not home; he knew I wouldn't be—and says, 'Call me when you get in.' So I do. So he's not there. I keep calling until it finally dawns on me that I've been set up. Then, because I'm such a sap, I *still* keep calling. I finally stop at five A.M., two Valiums later."

"Jesus," I said.

"Holy shit," Rita said.

"Bloody hell," Lucy said.

"He finally gets home from his night of fucking and sucking and moaning and licking and I call him and say, 'Why did you do it?'"

"Your double martini, madam," said the waiter.

Cleo drank the martini as if it were Gatorade.

"So that's all you said?" said Rita. "Why did you do it?" No "I'm going to shoot you, you scumfuck bastard?"

"Admirable restraint," said Lucy.



GAMES: DO MEN PLAY?

"I really wanted to know," said Cleo. "It was so manipulative, such a game. We hadn't ever formally promised not to see other people. So either he could have told me outright, which would have been painful but fair enough, or he could have made damned sure I wouldn't find out. But this shouting it from the rooftops? I figured he was trying to get my attention."

"So why did he do it?" we all asked.

"He just threw his hands in the air and said, 'I don't know, I guess I'm just a bad liar. I guess I just think with my dick sometimes.'"

"He threw his hands in the air? How do you know? I thought you were talking to him on the phone," I said.

"Well, he lives only a couple of blocks away, so I went over there and messed him up a bit. A spot of punching and kicking. When I was through, he said he thought it would be a good idea if we had a baby. The last-ditch manipulation."

"Speaking of dicks," said Rita, "I once had a boyfriend who came over one morning, started to get into bed with me, then excused himself and went to the bathroom. I walked by on my way to the kitchen and noticed him washing his dick."

"Why were you on your way to the kitchen?" Lucy wondered. "Why weren't you lying there, panting?"

"Because he suggested that I make him a cup of coffee. I guess he wanted me to

witness the dick washing. He had come straight from another woman's bed."

"He couldn't have stopped home to take a shower?" I asked. "Men do play some heavy games. I once found another woman's underwear hanging in my boyfriend's bathroom. So what will you do, Cleo? See him again? Dump him?"

"Oh, I dumped him. He's history. I didn't want to. I love him. I'll miss him. But that little trick was so sneaky and greedy and destructive. I'm just too old and tired to play. If he had copped to it, admitted that he wanted me to find out, we could have discussed it, come to some kind of understanding."

"But I don't think they actually comprehend what they're doing," said Lucy. "I think these games spring from some dark recess in the id and bypass the consciousness altogether. We're talking about deeply imperative psychological needs. I think when men play those games, they're perceiving us having enormous power. They don't fully comprehend that we can be hurt."

"Bullshit," I said. "They know enough to hit on the most hurtful game of all: sexual infidelity."

"Nah," said Rita, "they play all kinds of games. Like setting the table with three forks at one place and three knives at another so we'll say, 'Oh, that's OK my incompetent sweet, I'll just do it myself from now on.'"

"My wife wouldn't let me get away with that one," said our waiter, bringing pasta. "I'm not so stupid, Sidney, I know you're a waiter," she said.

"Whenever I get myself a job," said Lucy, "my husband gets sick, or sets the apartment on fire, or is overcome by a mad desire to be a father."

"Why do men play games?" I wailed.

"Why do *people* play games?" said Rita. "Because we play them, too. And, in a way, we're worse, because we *know* we're playing them. Women, traditionally having less power than men, are more aware of manipulation as a tool."

"But do women parade sexual infidelity in front of their mates' noses?" I asked.

"Probably," said Rita. "But most of us use more complicated, subtle and sophisticated little ploys. Male games are crude and clumsy by comparison."

"So why do *any* of us play games?" I said. "It's so self-defeating."

"Fear," said Cleo. "Raw, grisly, unmitigated fear. Hey, waiter!"





GOOD NEWS TRAVELS FAST.

People talk, when there's something worth talking about. Like Aiwa. And Aiwa's new Avimax 8 camera-recorder.

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and shut case.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have a problem that has bothered me for several years—as long as I have had sex, actually, since I'm only 23. The problem is that I have a difficult time obtaining an erection without a minute or so of manual or oral stimulation. This has happened on many occasions and has embarrassed me quite a bit. I assume from the response of the girl I'm about to have sex with that when she reaches for me, I should already be hard. But usually, at the time she reaches for my penis, it is only semi-erect, and she asks what is wrong. As far as I'm concerned, nothing is wrong, because that is the way I always start out. But the fact that women ask has made me paranoid that something is really wrong, even though I don't go to bed with a girl unless she really turns me on. Another problem: When I have become erect and I decide to prolong the encounter by stimulating my partner either manually or orally, my erection subsides once again to a semi-erect condition. I like to go directly into intercourse after this stimulation, but it is difficult to do with a semi-erect penis. So it's either back to her manually/orally stimulating me or I attempt to enter her anyway, after which a full erection is usually obtained. If other guys are hard from the mere thought of sex, why aren't I? I'd like to be able to do whatever I want at whatever stage of intercourse we're in, too. Am I overly dependent on manual stimulation because I masturbated as a teen?—L. G., Dallas, Texas.

You seem to be the unfortunate victim of sexual stereotypes. For years, we've lived with the idea that men are incredibly horny, that they are turned on by sight alone, that they never need foreplay. The flip side of that stereotype is that women are tactile (they need to be touched, porn movies don't turn them on, etc., etc.) and that they need hours of foreplay before they are ready for sex. The truth is, we are more alike than different. You are more aroused by touch than by sight. You need some reciprocal attention. There's nothing wrong with you and nothing wrong with your partners. Ask them to try a little role reversal—they may find the experience truly liberating.

My girlfriend and I are planning a short trip to Paris, and we'd like to learn something about French wines while we're there. Do you know of any wine-tasting classes that are conducted in English?—P. T., New York, New York.

We hate to let your idea wither on the vine, but we've scoured the City of Light without coming up with exactly what you want—a brief series of English-language classes on French wines. The good news, though, is that there are other, extremely pleasant ways to satisfy your thirst for knowledge. First, consider a brand-new tour, sponsored by the French Wine Institute, that involves ten days



of tastings in Paris and five days touring vineyards in Bordeaux, Burgundy and Champagne. The Academie du Vin (run by an Englishman) also conducts tours and gives intensive courses. Another new program, based in the Provence village of Suzela-Rousse (we'd go just for the name), consists of a week of serious wine classes at the Université du Vin, along with excursions through the south of France. For information on either tour, contact Travel Concepts, 373 Commonwealth Avenue, Suite 601, Boston, Massachusetts 02115-1815; 617-266-8450. These trips are far from cheap, though, and one good alternative is to pick up a copy of Anthony Hogg's "The Winetaster's Guide to Europe" (E. P. Dutton), rent a car in Paris and set out with grape expectations.

Are Kegel exercises really effective? Almost every book of sex advice for women tells them to practice clenching and releasing their vaginal muscles. What do you think?—R. O., Bloomington, Indiana.

We can't wait for our health club to put in a Nautilus machine that exercises the pubococcygeal muscle. Now, that would be interesting. There is new evidence in support of Kegel exercises. A study at the State University of New York at Stony Brook measured vaginal pulses in three groups of women. Women who tensed their vaginal muscles showed greater degrees of arousal than women who simply fantasized about sex. But, to show that sex is not just a body experience, the study found that women who fantasized and contracted their vaginal muscles had the greatest degree of arousal.

I have a good and faithful music system picked up during my Service years at PX prices—some ten years ago. I'm sure none

of the components comes close to state of the art by current standards, but I'm reluctant to replace the amplifier and tuner just to put more zeros behind the decimal point of the distortion figures, and I'm very happy with the sound of the speakers. My upgrade plan centers on the music sources. Should I go for another turntable (and if so, of what type?) as my primary music source or opt for a CD player?—F. H., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

If you're looking, as you say, for a new primary music source to upgrade your system, then your choice should still be a turntable—for the simple reason that almost every piece of music recorded over the past 30 years (including, presumably, the majority of your current music collection) appears in this format. Record-playing equipment has come a long way in the past ten years—so far that the vast majority of decade-old turntables merit replacement. In fact, the sound quality available from LP records played back on a good contemporary turntable with a top-flight cartridge remains the best form of nondigital reproduction—superior to either prerecorded or home-recorded cassettes.

The best current turntables combine a linear tracking arm—the type that is propelled across the disc surface along a straight path, as guided by a carriage at the back of the turntable—with a direct-drive platter system. Phono cartridges are less easily characterized, but it's fair to say that the best current models employ either moving-coil or moving-magnet design approaches, with a narrow, elliptical stylus shape called by various names, such as hyperelliptical or fine line.

After you've resolved the record-playing question, adding a CD player will offer a number of additional benefits—absolutely stunning sound quality, a growing range of recorded titles, the inherent resistance to physical wear of the CD format and the fact that you'll be prepared for the future. The bottom line: Upgrade your record-playing gear to preserve your LP investment, then take a second step into the CD future.

My wife and I plan on visiting a nude beach this summer for the first time. I'm concerned that ogling the nude women adorning the beach will make my appendage stand out like a swollen thumb. I want to avoid this embarrassment and not spend the day with my head in the sand. Any tips on keeping too much of a good thing down?—A. O., Portland, Maine.

Burying your head in the sand won't work. Try a different part of your body. You could take along a portable cassette with the collected sermons of Jerry Falwell. You could listen to the Cubs on the radio. You and your wife could spend all morning in bed, so that by the time you got to the beach, there wouldn't be a hormone alive in your body. Our guess is that the natural anxiety of

the situation will curb your arousal. If not, try getting a tattoo on your erection: THIS SPACE AVAILABLE FOR ADS.

If I go to a restaurant that is serving brunch, should I tip? At one place, there was a woman filling our champagne glasses and removing plates, and also a man filling our water glasses and removing plates. What is the proper thing to do in this case?—L. W., Iowa City, Iowa.

Despite the apparent ease of a waiting staff serving buffet brunch, the 15-percent-tip rule still applies. The amount of setup work the wait staff must perform is just as extensive as with dinner service, if not more so.

I am a 16-year-old male in high school. I do well in school and have many friends. I play all sports. My friends tell me that many popular girls like me. This would be a fantasy for any self-confident American jock, except me. I have this haunting daydream that as soon as I become sexually active with a girl, my penis size (five inches) will not please her and she will tell all of her friends how small I am. I haven't had a girlfriend in two years because of this insecurity. I have been the joke of the locker room for quite a while. Don't tell me that it's quality, not quantity, that counts. I've heard it a million times. Are there any ways to put meat on my dick? And are there some methods that don't work, so I can avoid them? Help me before I become celibate for life.—D. M., Colonial Heights, Virginia.

Sorry, but there is no safe or effective means of enlarging the penis. And there isn't any need in your case to do so. The size you quoted falls well within the average or normal range. It's time to ignore the guys in the locker room and let a girl see your stuff. You asked us not to tell you that it's quality, not quantity, that counts. Therefore, we won't—even though it's true.

My lover keeps pressuring me to take her out in a limousine. I say limos are for wealthy show-offs and are not worth the money, even if I want to spend it. What do you think?—R. T., Washington, D.C.

We think a limo date is wonderful once in a while, and not that extravagant. And the ladies love it. We know a big-bucks guy who bought a limousine and set up his own limo business as a tax write-off. Now he has the car when he wants it, and it's making him money on rentals when he doesn't. He says he asks his dates whether they'd rather go out in the limo or in his Ferrari, and they always choose the limo. A lot of executives are using phone-equipped limos as extensions of the office, so they don't waste commuting time. But limos are not just for corporations and the rich and famous; a lot of regular folks are renting them for special occasions. Stretch limousines start around \$30,000 to buy, but you can rent a fully equipped one for \$40 to \$50 an hour. Share it with another couple and you're talking \$75 to \$150 each (plus tip) for an elegant, romantic evening out. Equipment,

services and rates vary (and some are negotiable), so shop for the best deal. The better cars come with stereos, TVs, VCRs, cellular phones, fully stocked bars (where permitted by law), cut-crystal glassware and all the courteous service you can stand. The chauffeur fights traffic while you relax or party in the back. You're dropped off and picked up at the restaurant or theater door—no parking hassles or drunk-driving worries. Take the other couple home first (hey, it was your idea), then have the driver cruise around for an hour. The windows are one-way, and there's a privacy partition between you and him . . . you get the idea. Just don't make too much noise. After one especially enjoyable evening, we asked our chauffeur if he could see anything through the partition. He said no, but he could hear just fine.

This is a letter containing very serious questions about AIDS. My situation may seem a bit bizarre, but I assure you it is true, and I imagine there are others out there with problems similar to mine. I am a 36-year-old quadriplegic, confined to a wheelchair, paralyzed from the chest down since an auto accident nine years ago. After my accident, to my amazement, I discovered that my sex drive had not decreased; that while I had no direct physical responses, I had powerful mental urges. In some ways, this has been a curse. I seldom get an erection, never on demand; and when I do, it is quite painful. Prior to my paralysis, I was always very much attuned to oral and tactile sex as well as ordinary coitus, so it has been possible for me to have a sex life of sorts. But in nine years, I have never found a woman who will consent to sex play. Since coming to this reactionary-Republican state almost three years ago, I have had no sex (almost anything sexual is banned or repressed here). Prior to that, I lived for several years in a large city out West, where I was able to purchase sex from prostitutes. I could not afford high-priced callgirls, but I was not stupid enough to take risks with street hookers. I discovered several adult-book stores that had "nude models"—who, of course, were actually back-room prostitutes—on staff.

After shopping around, I settled on one establishment and saw two women over the course of two years or so. My routine was simple: Two or three times a month, I would go there, pay the up-front fee and go into the back room in my electric wheelchair. I would sit there fully clothed for my half hour and would pay the lady for the privilege of French kissing her, kissing and caressing her whole body and performing cunnilingus on her. Usually, I would bring her to climax. My pleasure was what I call mental orgasm. The woman was pleased, for few of her other clients cared about her feelings, and we both enjoyed a great deal of talk. The two women I saw became friends of mine; I guess I was as close to them as you can get to a prostitute. They were young and well spoken, and I believe

they were honest about such things as not injecting drugs. I had considerable respect for them, but I am not stupid. I know they saw several other men each day, and those contacts included both intercourse and fellatio. At the time, I considered this a reasonably safe, enjoyable arrangement. Now along comes AIDS. I thought Arthur Kretchmer's *Viewpoint* in the February PLAYBOY ("Can Sex Survive AIDS?") was excellent. But for me, it didn't go far enough. I intend to move to Texas, or perhaps California, this year. Of course, I am still searching for a sex partner I don't have to pay. But in the meantime, I'd like to have sex in some way. What are my risks from the body fluids I encounter in French kissing, cunnilingus and even just kissing the sweaty body of an aroused woman? Is there much of a risk, or is it risky only if I have, for example, an open sore in my mouth? Do you think it makes a difference that I knew these women pretty well and would be careful in any future encounter, or are all prostitutes equal risks? Do I, in short, have to confine my sex life to just fondling?

I hope you realize how critical this is to me. I do not want to get AIDS, but neither do I want to become a monk. Please be as specific and frank in your answer as you can. Thank you for your help.—R. C. (address withheld by request).

Hang in there. The AIDS "Viewpoint" warned against sex with prostitutes because we felt at the time that prostitutes were a high-risk group. Their level of sexual activity approached that of promiscuous gays. They are sometimes I.V.-drug users. Clearly, it makes sense to avoid a woman with a needle in her arm. However, that warning was on the cautionary side. There are no confirmed cases of men's contracting AIDS from a prostitute—even in cities with high levels of both AIDS and prostitution. If a prostitute doesn't have the virus, anything you and she do is safe. Even if she does have it, the chances of your catching it seem remote. As of presstime, there has not been a single case of the virus' being transmitted by touching or kissing, and only 240 cases in which it appears to have been transmitted by heterosexual activity. It is theoretically possible for the virus to pass from menstrual blood into your blood stream through a cut or a sore in your mouth. But, again, the chances seem remote. For the latest info on AIDS, check out the "AIDS Update" on page 52. Good luck. A guy with your courage deserves a sex life to match.

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.



DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

What do you want to hear a man say after sex?

I don't want him to say, "Wow, you were great!" or "Was that an experience?" or "Did you come?" I want to feel that something special happened to both of us, that we gained something. I don't want to talk about the sex act, specifically. That's a little awkward. I'd rather hear about our relationship and how close we feel to each other. Let's relax and feel comfortable together. The morning after, I want to hear, "How do you like your eggs?" not "Oh, Lesa, you look so beautiful in the morning." I also want to know that he feels excited about seeing me again and that we've had a positive experience and he is looking forward to much more of the same, soon.



LesAnn Pedriana

LESA ANN PEDRIANA
APRIL 1984

If we're in love, I want to hear, "I love you." I don't want to hear it as a device to make a move on me. I want to hear it if it's true. If I'm in the mood, I'll talk about the sex we just had, and I'll tell him he was great, because he always is, and that I can't wait to do it again. The morning after, I want to feel terrific and sexually aroused and totally in love. Let's start the day the right way. If it's a workday, no sweat. We'll wake up early so we can fool around for a while, or we can both be late for work. I want him to know that everything we do together feels great.



Liz Stewart

LIZ STEWART
JULY 1984

I'd like to hear, "God, that was great!" I don't want to hear that we've got to get up and get moving. I like a lot of cuddling and intimate conversation. Let's talk about sex—the good parts, the parts that need improvement, things we've never done before. I think those talks enhance your relationship. It makes you feel closer to him, because neither of you is afraid to talk about your feelings. But I don't want too much reality. Right afterward, I want romance. I got my engagement ring right after great sex. I'll remember that night forever! I think the morning after is a very lighthearted and carefree time. If I'm happy, I feel like a little kid. I want to hear, "Good morning, I love you and can I bring you a cup of coffee in bed?" Nothing more serious than that!



Sherry Arnett

SHERRY ARNETT
JANUARY 1986

I don't want him to get up and leave right away. I want him to stick around for more pillow talk, and I want him to be able to expose his feelings. You *can* hide behind sex by just being a technically good lover. So I don't want him to talk about how good the sex was. That's the last thing I want to hear. I want him to talk about himself; I want to draw out the hidden part of him. I find that lots of men are frightened of their *own* strong feelings, especially if they aren't used to expressing them. Those men want to get up and get moving and get away from the intensity. I try to keep that from happening.



Cher Butler

CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

I don't want to hear anything. I want to cuddle and get lavish affection and maybe a bowl of ice cream before we drift off to sleep. I don't want him to make jokes or fill up the silences with words. Cuddling speaks loudly for itself. It tells the other person that the sex was good. The warmth is what matters. If I stay the night, what I want to hear in the morning is, "Can I get you juice?" or "What would you like for breakfast?" The next morning, I want to know what's to eat. That's not so romantic, I know, but it's true!



Venice Kong

VENICE KONG
SEPTEMBER 1985

Don't talk about the sex. It should speak for itself. If you've expressed yourself well during sex, you don't need to discuss it afterward. I'm more interested in caring, personal remarks about *me*, not my body. I also like him to offer me something—wine, juice, a snack, something that shows his interest in me and is the opposite of sex. A woman appreciates the caring after sex. It tells her the attention she got was more than sexual. The next morning, I want conversation—and breakfast, if there's time—just to know that the bond from the night before is still intact.



Kathy Shower

KATHY SHOWER
MAY 1985

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.



Can You
Solve **Lite's**
**CASE OF THE
MISSING
CASE?**



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T'WAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT...

when the Lite All-Star Reunion was held in a fancy mansion. Suddenly, the lights went out. When they came back on, a case of Miller Lite was missing! Only an All-Star could have taken it. But which one?

Unravel the clues in Lite's TV commercials. Use them with the game cards you'll find on special displays where Lite is sold. Your motive? The chance to win one of over \$100,000 in mystery prizes. Like a \$10,000 Grand Prize Mystery Vacation. So get on the case and crack this caper. The culprit will be revealed June 1 on network television.

See details at participating Lite outlets. • No purchase necessary. • Void where prohibited by law. • You must be of legal drinking age in your state to enter. • All entries must be received by May 31, 1986.



MILLER BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WI

THERE'S ONLY ONE LITE BEER.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

PAT FOR PREZ

The charismatic TV preacher Pat Robertson, a leader of the religious right, is seriously considering running for the Presidency in 1988. If this interests you, then you might care to study the enclosed two pages from his book. They promise that one will become prosperous by giving to charity. This implies that poverty is the result of selfishness.

I find this perplexing, for I do not see this kingdom law working in real life. I, for one, have put it to the test, and it has not worked for me. I will not go to church until the issue is resolved.

So now I wonder if this is just a scam for preachers to enrich themselves at the expense of the simple, trusting Christian. I would like all Americans to be aware of this before the next election.

W. Randolph van Liew

Upper Montclair, New Jersey

We rather like the Reverend Mr. Robertson, in a perverse sort of way. Maybe it's because we like colorful people in general, and his book certainly makes him sound like an interesting cross between John Calvin and the Reverend Ike. Probably the charity uppermost in his mind is his own, as you suspect.

In these theomaniacal times, let me remind readers that there is an alternative to the theism/atheism chasm that's splitting the world apart. That alternative is maltheism, the belief that God is basically evil. Contrary to most people's first reaction, maltheism is empirically more logical than either atheism or benetheism (the belief that God is good). The big-bang theory makes maltheism more credible than atheism, while the cruelty of nature mocks the comforting Judaeo-Christian delusion that God is in any way a nice Guy.

I suspect that there are many more maltheists than would care to admit it. At any rate, here's one person who proudly confesses to this profoundly cynical belief.

Justin Reed

Phoenix, Arizona

The Jerry Falwells and the Jim Bakkers of this world have definite views on sex, morality and traditional family values. They exercise their First Amendment rights and, via radio, television and print, share their views with us. Whether or not PLAYBOY agrees with those views, I'm sure that it would be the first to defend their right to free expression.

When it comes to such hot Falwellian issues as adult bookstores, massage parlors, topless and gay bars, X-rated moviehouses and peep-show arcades, Houston is probably the least conservative of any population center in the mythical Bible Belt.

However, when local government officials have allowed or ordered anything that could be considered religious installed on public land, the A.C.L.U. has taken them to court and has won.

Is this not a double standard? If sexually oriented businesses are allowed to

"They promise that one will become prosperous by giving to charity."

promote and express their so-called anti-religious viewpoints, shouldn't the other side be allowed to promote its proreligious points of view? When discussing the First Amendment, it seems the definition you get depends on whom you ask.

George M. Harris, Sr.
Houston, Texas

We get the idea; but let's not presume that sex and religion are totally incompatible—or say that sexually oriented businesses are antireligion until they start interfering with the right to practice religion.

AIDS PLAGUE

The calm and reasoned approach that PLAYBOY has brought to the AIDS problem deserves to be complimented. It now appears that the plaguelike qualities of the disease do not meet early panicky predictions and that all that was needed to prevent its uncontrolled spread was information and education. This is small comfort to those afflicted with the disease;

but the fact that they will have to suffer not only the sickness but misconceptions of it must be blamed on a less-than-responsible press that too often caters to fear.

Harold Welcher

Silver Spring, Maryland

The danger of contracting AIDS from the bodily fluids of an infected person has been greatly exaggerated. If this were a reliable means of transmission, people would develop AIDS as a result of mosquito bites.

Homosexuals, because of societal intolerance for this lifestyle, and drug abusers, because of an inability to cope with the so-called normal society, are examples of persons subjected to high levels of stress in our society. These groups have always existed, and the fact that their communities have the highest density of AIDS cases should be interpreted to mean only that a stressful lifestyle increases your probability of developing AIDS.

AIDS is simply the result of an accumulation of stress that overwhelms the body's natural self-regulatory system. The immune system becomes weakened, making the body vulnerable to disease, which further weakens the immune system, allowing more disease to occur. This vicious circle obviously results in death.

An almost forgotten example of stress-induced, AIDS-like illness occurred among the Japanese *hibakuska*, or A-bomb survivors. Radiation damaged the immune systems of these persons and made them vulnerable to a wide assortment of diseases.

What the existence of AIDS does for our society is make it obvious that we have a major malfunction that is making survival more difficult for everyone. The answer to this situation is not to blame the passengers on this journey called life but to perform an in-depth environmental investigation that identifies the failure mode and enables corrective action to be taken.

Paul Schaefer

Kansas City, Missouri

Great care is being taken to avoid saying that AIDS is a disease of homosexuals. The evidence, however, supports such a position.

Thirty years ago, everyone knew that homosexuality was abnormal; now it has become popular and homosexuals demand acceptance as normal. But consider the word normal. There are books in the children's section of my public library promoting sodomy among seven- and eight-year-olds. Is that normal? (In the public rest room of your local supermarket, these



normal people have chiseled holes in the steel partitions between the stalls so that they can sit there hour after hour, day after day, offering to suck your and your little boy's cocks. If you think this isn't happening—right this minute, in several thousand places—you are asleep.)

Why suppress the real nature of homosexuality? This disease of mind and soul is so devastating, so destructive that its victims deny it first to themselves, then to others, then remove themselves from loved ones, hiding ultimately behind "civil rights" to practice their lusts. And now they refuse to face the reality that AIDS is the progeny of their own choices.

Let's wake up: AIDS is the symptom; homosexuality is the disease. You won't cure one until you face the truth about the other. It is not kindness or sophistication to accept homosexuality as normal, it is a death sentence for millions of people.

(Name withheld)

Victorville, California

We won't speculate on the possible reasons for such hostility toward homosexuals, but we think it's occasionally useful to publish letters of this kind as a reminder that a substantial number of people regard AIDS as a moral rather than a medical issue, with all the dangerous implications that holds for dealing rationally with a public-health problem.

OH, FINE

Workers Vanguard is my favorite left-wing (Trotskyist) bimonthly newspaper and ordinarily uses its space to denounce Reagan and capitalism and other villains, but recently, it took on a cause familiar to *PLAYBOY*—the sexual repression of the New Right. In an editorial titled "Reaganite Bigots vs. the Blind" (subtitled "Let Them Read *PLAYBOY*!"), this New York journal railed against the Congressional ban on Braille editions of *PLAYBOY* in the Library of Congress. *W.V.* says, "PLAYBOY is pretty tame stuff. The magazine has nonetheless become a special target of the New Right, who seem to view it as the granddaddy of them all. Undoubtedly, the contents of the magazine, which champion First Amendment rights and the right to privacy in one's sex life, please them no more than do the erotic photographs and dirty jokes."

I don't know how you feel about praise from leftists (though I think you should feel good about it), but the article certainly shows that the real message of *PLAYBOY* is freedom and that the message has gotten through. It is significant that on the left, freedom is praised, while on the right, it is assaulted.

Whitney Wrenn
New York, New York

ADMISSIBLE HEARSAY

The logic of *Sexual McCarthyism* (*Viewpoint*, *PLAYBOY*, January) is compelling. But the premise that witnesses are normally dismissed due to lack of credibility is incorrect.

I recently witnessed a Federal conspiracy drug trial in which a new and incredibly unjust rule of evidence was invoked by two of Edwin Meese's underling prosecutors. This rule, the "admissible-hearsay clause," is contained in C.F.R. Title 28 under Conspiracy Rules of Evidence under Subsection E and operates as follows: The witness states, "He/she/they said this/that/and the other about the defendant." The defense counsel appropriately cries out, "Objection! Those statements lack foundation, are not substantiated by evidence and are merely hearsay." The prosecution responds, "I hereby declare that he/she/they are unindicted coconspirators and as such offer their statements into evidence under Subsection E." The judge replies, "So admitted," and presto chango, evidence is produced out of thin air. In Salem-style trials such as these, actual physical evidence is unnecessary.

During the same trial, it was determined that the prosecution's star witness had altered physical evidence, obstructed justice, committed felonies contrary to his oath while working undercover for the police, vandalized a business, been arrested for drunk driving, lied to Government agents and beaten several women. The defense produced an interoffice memo, issued from the office of the FBI, that stated that the witness had been determined to be unreliable. But Meese's crew, not dissuaded by his tainted credibility, gave the witness \$20,000 cash and complete immunity in return for his testimony. Once on the stand, he immediately started quoting hearsay statements, and, in spite of objections by the defense, all were admitted as evidence under Subsection E. So, as to the contention that in a court of law, witnesses are dismissed for lack of credibility . . . it just isn't so. I know: I was one of the defendants in that trial and am serving an eight-year sentence for a drug offense I did not commit.

Randall S. Whitmore
Sandstone, Minnesota

JAMMING JERRY

The following tidbit from the marketing newsletter "Friday Report" gives some interesting insight into the TV-preacher business and one of the potential uses of personal computers, which we certainly do not condone.

Incoming 800 calls to Jerry Falwell's *Old Time Gospel Hour* offices in Lynchburg, Virginia, were "jammed" from April seventh through December 21 by an Atlanta man who placed calls every 30 seconds, using a MODEM attached to his Atari 800 computer. Falwell finally alerted AT&T about the problem on November 21 and AT&T, with Southern Bell, traced the calls on December 20 to Ed Johnson, 46, a self-employed computer-program-systems analyst. Southern Bell told Johnson to cease and desist the harassment or have his phone service terminated. Johnson told *The Atlanta Constitution* that he was annoyed with electronic evangelists because his invalid mother sent many donations to Falwell and because of alleged remarks by Jimmy Swaggart about the spread of AIDS among homosexuals.

Johnson reportedly placed approximately 720,000 calls in the eight-month period and, according to Mark DeMoss, administrative assistant, cost the ministry "potentially hundreds of thousands of dollars, including costs of answering the calls, personnel time and loss of possible contributions." DeMoss said an average Sunday could bring in 20,000 calls within the 24 hours the 40 to 50 WATS lines are open.

GUNS AND GOETZ

The more serious charges have been dismissed against Bernhard Goetz, but it is an indictment of our legal system that the right of self-defense can be lawfully exercised only after a man's would-be attackers later prove his judgment to have been correct in the first place by continuing to commit violent crimes. It is furthermore an indictment of our lawmakers that they pay lip service to the right to self-defense but deny a person the means to exercise it.

Cameron Boutwell
Baltimore, Maryland

Goetz was able to prevent his victimization by four criminals ("alleged," if you must), but there is no defense against his being thrashed through our so-called justice system, which will not rest until it sees him victimized by the law.

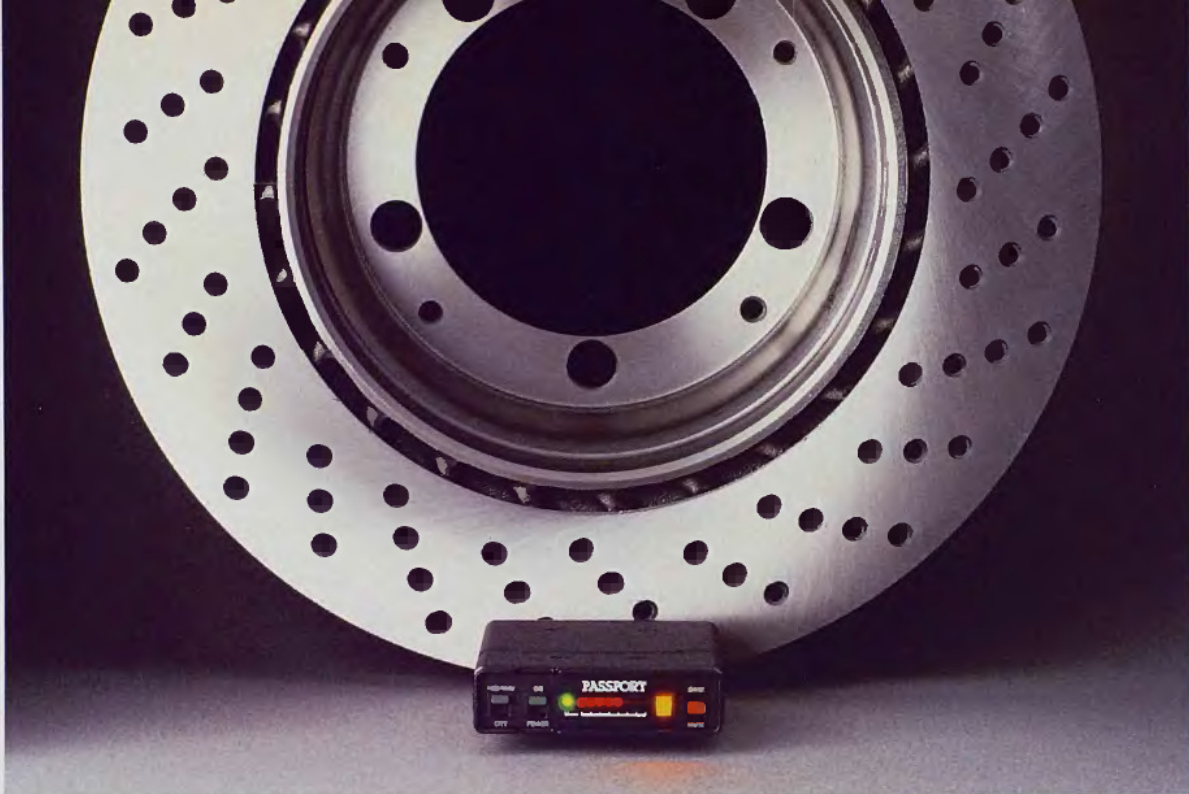
Dean Sergeant
Palo Alto, California

The Chicago el runs to the suburb of Evanston, where I've noticed that someone has gone to a bit of trouble decorating the exits of the Davis Street station. The large stenciled slogan reads, GOETZ SMART.

Ron Keely
Evanston, Illinois

My only beef with Goetz is that his dollar's worth of .38 bullets failed to do the job and, moreover, have put taxpayers to enormous expense in litigation and hospital costs. Had Goetz been a little more public-spirited, he would have generously submitted to becoming another anonymous victim of another unsolved crime and let it go at that.

Vic Reles
Newark, New Jersey



Small Wonder

It's here, *pocket-size* radar protection.

Imagine a superbly crafted electronic instrument, powerful enough to protect against traffic radar, miniaturized enough to slide into a shirt pocket, beautiful enough to win an international design award.

Small means nearly-invisible protection

That could only be PASSPORT. It has exactly what the discerning driver needs, superheterodyne performance in a package the size of a cassette tape.

This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. It's no surprise that such a superlative design should be greeted by superlatives from the experts.

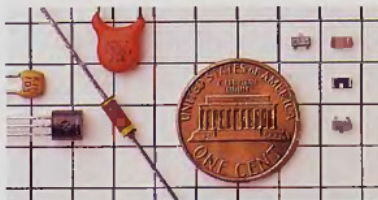
"In a word, the Passport is a winner," said *Car and Driver*.

The experts report excellent performance. Simply switch PASSPORT on and adjust the volume knob. Upon radar contact, the alert lamp glows and the variable-pulse audio

Small means the size of a cassette tape

begins a slow warning: "beep" for X band radar, "brap" for K band. Simultaneously a bar graph of Hewlett-Packard LEDs shows radar proximity.

As you get closer, the pulse quickens and the bar graph lengthens. Should you want to defeat the audible warning during a long radar encounter, a special switch provides silence, yet leaves PASSPORT fully armed for the next encounter. A photocell adjusts alert lamp brightness to the light level in your car. PASSPORT was designed for your protection *and* your convenience.



In PASSPORT, 102 SMDs (right) do the work of ordinary transistors, resistors and capacitors.

PASSPORT comes with a leather case and travels like a pro, in your briefcase or in your pocket—to the job for trips in the company car, on airplanes for use in far-away rentals. Just install on dashtop or visor, then plug into the lighter. PASSPORT keeps such a low profile. It can be on duty without anyone noticing.

Small means an easy fit in the briefcase

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If you're not satisfied within 30 days, return PASSPORT. We'll refund your purchase and your return shipping costs. There are no hidden charges.

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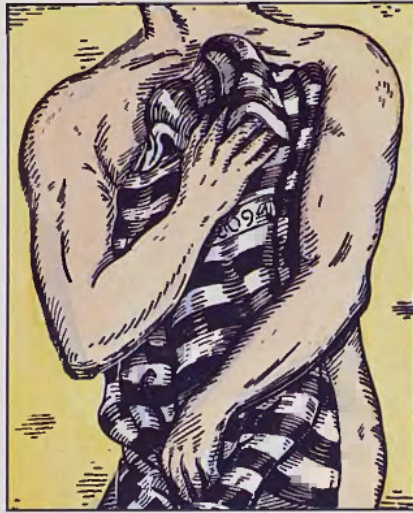
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Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CHEAP THRILLS

SAN FRANCISCO—Male prisoners' right to privacy is not violated by women guards' conducting pat-down searches or witnessing them taking showers, according to the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals. In upholding a Federal district judge's



dismissal of a class-action suit by three San Quentin prisoners, the appellate court found that prison authorities "have devised the least intrusive means to serve the state's interest in prison security."

WHAT A TEAM

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Reagan Administration and leading feminist organizations, usually at odds over women's rights, have joined in asking the U.S. Supreme Court to overturn a Montana law that gives special job protection and "preferential treatment" to pregnant employees. The law is intended to prevent job discrimination and is generally opposed by business interests for economic reasons. The feminist groups opposing it have decided that its provisions could have more negative consequences than positive ones by discouraging employers from hiring women in the first place.

AIDS PANIC

A Gallup Poll commissioned by the Christian Broadcasting Network found that 70 percent of Americans support the idea of blood testing of the general population to determine how many have been exposed to the AIDS virus. Seventy-nine percent of those surveyed believe that homosexuals should be tested before being allowed to work as food handlers and 77 percent approve testing of those intending to become doctors.

UNKINDEST CUT

CAMP HILL, PENNSYLVANIA—Pennsylvania Blue Shield has decided that, effective July first, it will no longer cover the costs of routine circumcision of newborn males, declaring the procedure a matter of cultural, traditional and personal interest rather than a medical necessity. The insurer noted that no other country follows the practice except as a religious ritual or a rite of puberty and said that circumcision was introduced to the United States a century ago amid claims that it could prevent or cure asthma, epilepsy, venereal disease, masturbation and cervical cancer in the male's sexual partners.

FEAR OF FLYING

A survey conducted by Glamour magazine found that sexually transmitted diseases were the top concern of 70 percent of women in 1985. The second-greatest concern, at 69 percent, was war and peace.

REACH OUT AND TOUCH SOMEONE

LOS ANGELES—An obscene phone caller, unversed in cop telephone technology, made the mistake of dialing a local police department on its 911 emergency number and talking dirty to a woman dispatcher. The first time, she merely hung up, but he called back. He was delivering his third message when he was nabbed by police at a phone booth whose number and location come up on a screen when a 911 call is made.

MAKE HIS DAY

NEW YORK CITY—A board game called the Subway Vigilante Game, designed and marketed by a 31-year-old Washington, D.C., accountant who calls himself Mad Mike Marine, features a New York subway map and invites players to try to make it to the Bronx alive by way of tiny guns that are the movable pieces, bullets that serve as currency and Monopolylike cards that are picked up when a player lands on spaces labeled PUNK OR MAKE MY DAY. The game was inspired by Bernhard Goetz, who shot four teenagers he claimed were about to rob him. The Associated Press describes the game designer as "a liberal [who] does not own a gun and has ridden New York's subways only as a tourist." New York prosecutors have threatened to refile attempted-murder charges against Goetz after one grand jury freed him, a second indicted him, and then a judge dismissed the charges. He still faces reckless-endangerment and weapons charges.

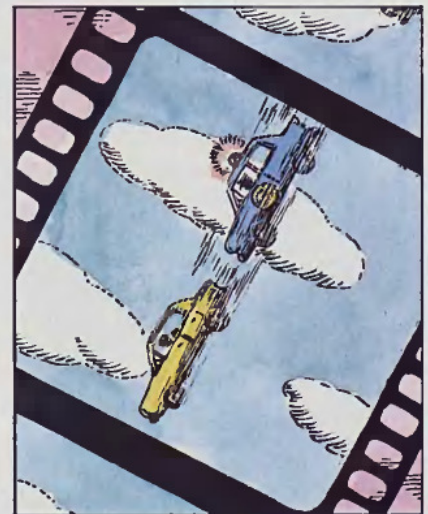
THE REAL THING

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Food and Drug Administration is investigating a study indicating that an imported Peruvian tea sold in U.S. groceries, health-food stores and by mail order since 1983 contains "cocaine concentrations within the range of .13 percent to .68 percent, which is normally found in untreated cultivated coca." Called Health Inca Tea, its ingredients include coca leaves that apparently have not been decocainized to meet Government requirements, according to tests of random samples. The researchers said that drinking two cups a day, while causing no ill effects, could provide mild stimulation, mood elevation and an increased pulse rate. They added that some people have reported chewing the tea bags or smoking the leaf fragments in cigarettes or pipes.

CHASING CARS

EAST LANSING, MICHIGAN—A Michigan State University study of police pursuits has found that one in 35 high-speed chases results in someone's death and that injuries and property damage occur much more often than that. The study was conducted by criminal-justice professor Erik Beckman and recommends that police departments develop policies that reduce chases in the same way the departments place restrictions on the use of force.

Meanwhile, the American College of



Emergency Physicians wants the movie and television industries to stop selling bad examples by "glamorizing unsafe behavior, particularly high-speed motor-vehicle chases, nonuse of seat belts and the appearance of a performer walking away from a potentially fatal crash unharmed."

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 80 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., PLAINFIELD, ILL. © 1986 GORDON'S DRY GIN CO.



*"I could go for something
cool, crisp and Gordon's"*

Gordon's® Gin: The possibilities are endless...



I see that Bernhard Goetz is back in the news, now that a judge has dismissed the attempted-homicide charges on what amounts to a technicality. I do not pass judgment on Goetz, but I do believe there was a racial component to his action and that he would not have been so fast on the trigger if confronted by some teenagers who were white.

Leander Scott
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

And, in that scenario, what if Goetz had been black? Obviously, we need more research. (See "Make His Day" in this month's "Forum Newsfront.")

AN IMMODEST PROPOSAL

From Freddie the Family Farmer's going berserk and shooting his loan officer to Congress' approving another whopping farm bill, agriculture is a sorry, expensive

mess that concerns us all. Consider this way out.

Over the next five years, Congress will spend 169 billion dollars of your money on agriculture, including an estimated 85 billion dollars in income and price-support checks given to farmers. At present, farmers owe the banks and the Government about 214 billion dollars in loans.

Let the Government pay off all of Freddie the Family Farmer's debts, in exchange for eliminating every cent of farm subsidies forever, and reset the scoreboard at zero!

The 45-billion-dollar difference could be made up in donations from citizens in return for a promise from the movie and television industries to make no more tear-jerkers about farmers going broke.

Brad Mouton
New York, New York

FUN IN FLORIDA

Don Vaughan's letter in the March *Playboy Forum* about hookers in Lake Worth, Florida, has created quite a stir, as evidenced by the enclosed clipping from



The Miami Herald. Apparently, some folks are offended that Vaughan would use a quote from a police officer about the relatively low price of oral sex there to appeal to the economy-minded tourist.

I'm a frequent visitor to Lake Worth, which has long been the butt of many a joke because of the advanced age of most

forum mystery

DAVID AND THE DISAPPEARING FORESKIN

By Pat Ciaglia, M.D.

Some time ago, after smoking a cigarette given to me by a teenaged friend of the family, I was overcome by an irresistible urge to write an article on the *David* of Michelangelo. An additional stimulus was the rash of letters in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* on the pros and cons of circumcision. These so tickled my fancy (which had been dozing) that I began reliving the details of an intriguing visit to Florence, Italy.

In this beautiful city, famous for its art treasures, the *David* of Michelangelo towers over them all. Although I know little of the art of sculpture, viewing this nearly 17-foot statue of *David* filled me with awe and admiration. Nevertheless, at once, a detail aroused my curiosity, and I whispered my observation to my wife—who was immediately outraged. I had merely pointed out that *David* was not circumcised. To me, this detail, if not of any artistic concern, was certainly of great social, political and religious significance. Michelangelo was thoroughly versed in the Old and New Testaments. Did he fear the displeasure of the Church in that day and choose that his statue not bear such a visible sign of Judaism? The ideal of manhood presented as not even being a Christian! I have a theory. But be aware, first, that there are two other versions of Michelangelo's *David*.

The second version is the Judaeo-American one—the statue is circumcised, erasing this nearly 500-year-old slight to Zion. (Justice would be even better served, however, if some dark night a sculptor, assisted by a urologist and a mohel, were secretly led into the Galleria dell' Accademia in Florence.



Quietly, the sculptor could perform the simple ritual operation on Michelangelo's statue. In fact, there is a rumor that an Israeli commando party is being organized to do this in the near future.)

The third version of Michelangelo's *David* is strictly Early American: A fig leaf placed with Puritan strategy protects the beholder.

And now for the theory that may explain not only the lack of circumcision in the original but also another anatomic detail, not commented on in the past, as far as I know.

One night, while with a group of friends, I told the story of my curiosity regarding the foreskin of the *David* of Michelangelo. One of the ladies present (not my wife!) had made an observation of her own. She stated in a tone I didn't like, "But the penis is so small!"

Knowing the background of the lady, I considered this an extremely authoritative and objective opinion, based on a wide, randomized sampling. In fact, I had also noted this deficiency but abstained from ever mentioning it, since it might have been interpreted as a sneaky form of self-aggrandizement. But back to my theory.

Considering the size and proportions of Michelangelo's statue, it is, indeed, somewhat puzzling that the primary sex characteristic, an important symbol of masculinity, is so diminutive. Since the testicles are in proportion to the rest of the body, my theory possibly explains both the lack of circumcision and the almost infantile size of the penis.

When Michelangelo was given the huge block of marble, it had already been worked on by another sculptor, so that he was somewhat constrained in developing his figure. To make matters worse, as Michelangelo's chisel approached the genital area, it struck a flaw in the marble, and to the sculptor's horror, a chunk of marble dropped off. Now the harried sculptor had to decide whether to make the penis of normal size and the testicles small or the other way around.

Obviously, and wisely, he chose to make the testicles of normal size, since this is truly where the essence of masculinity resides. Furthermore, because of the fear of possible further loss of marble, Michelangelo did not dare circumcise his *David*. One false stroke and. . .

Dr. Ciaglia is a thoracic surgeon in Utica, New York, who obviously missed his calling.



It's Unanimous

(Even the competition says ESCORT's the one to beat)

It's easy to see who sets the pace in radar warning. Just read all the detector ads. Most of them claim to be as good as ESCORT. A few say they're better.

At least they agree on one thing. ESCORT is the one they have to measure up to.

A modern classic

ESCORT was a radical piece of electronic engineering in 1978 when it was introduced, the first practical use of superheterodyne technology to warn of police radar. *Car and Driver* magazine said, "...the radar detector concept has finally lived up to its promise."

Since then, our engineers have never stopped refining that technology. ESCORT may look the same on the outside, but it never stops getting better on the inside.

Standard of comparison

Now, when experts refer to the high-water mark in radar protection, they automatically turn to ESCORT. In March of this year, *Car and Driver* published its latest detector test, this one comparing remote-mounted models. ESCORT is designed for dashtop or visor mounting. But the magazine included ESCORT in the test anyway, as the reference against which the performance of the others would be measured. ESCORT scored 412 points in the final rating, compared to 274 for the highest-finishing remote. You might say the comparison showed that there is no comparison.

A glit-edged reputation

Seven years is a long time in the radar warning business, but there is no shortcut to a good reputation. *Car and Driver* said, "The ESCORT radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..."



These excerpts were taken entirely from advertisements for other radar detectors.

So it's easy to understand why other detectors would try to stand in our limelight. ESCORT has seven years worth of credibility, the one quality that money can't buy in this business.

Check our references

Credibility doesn't come from extravagant claims. It comes from satisfying customers. You probably know someone who owns an ESCORT (nearly a million have been sold). So ask about us.

ESCORT pioneered superheterodyne receiving circuitry. Ask if our radar warnings always come in time.

ESCORT's reporting system combines an alert lamp, a variable-rate beeper that distinguishes between X and K band, and an analog meter, all to give an instant indication of radar strength. Ask if our warning takes the panic out of radar.

ESCORT is sold in one place only, the factory that makes it. This lets you deal directly with experts. Any of our staff of over 60 sales people will be glad to answer any questions you may have, about ESCORT or about radar in general.

We've been solving people's radar problems since 1978. How can we help you?

Try ESCORT at no risk

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

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

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

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of its residents. As a result, the city's unofficial motto has become "Home of the newlywed and the nearly dead."

We in the surrounding communities decry this form of gibe. Obviously, not everyone here is a retiree; there is an active and thriving service industry, as demonstrated by the working girls in question. Besides, most are only trying to supplement their monthly Social Security checks.

Mark A. Cantrell
Canal Point, Florida

IS COKE IT?

Conservative columnist William F. Buckley, Jr., recently called for the decriminalization of cocaine, which experts say induces a sense of euphoria. This is interesting, because Buckley's friend President Ronald Reagan is constantly evoking visions of shining cities on a hill, eternal springtime and a never-ending morning. And he even claims, "You ain't seen nothin' yet."

Of course, I do not accuse the President of using cocaine. I take him at his word that he is into jelly beans. I am also well aware that Nancy Reagan has been warning of the horrors of drug abuse.

Nevertheless, this observation has serious implications, for it deals with the paradox of politics. We voted for President Lyndon Johnson to get peace. Instead, we got an escalation of the Vietnam war. We

voted for law and order with Richard Nixon. Instead, he resigned under threat of impeachment and/or indictment, and his Attorney General went to prison. Now we have a President who was supposedly ushered in with a return to conservative values. Instead, his theme song might be *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*.

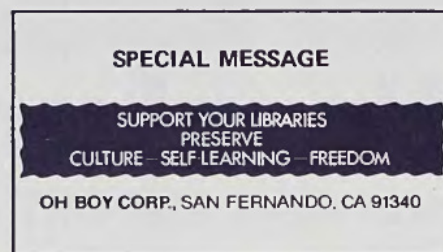
Mr. President, we do not all live in a yellow submarine.

Steve Schneider
Corona, New York

MARKETING PLOY

I don't recall ever encountering such a thing before, unless it's by some polluting or pillaging corporation trying to curry public favor or atone for its misdeeds.

Anyhow, I'm in the little neighborhood



grocery, trying to decide which brand of generally yukky frozen stuffed potatoes might go with my leftover steak to create the illusion of a two-course meal. One brand is well known. The other is a little rinky-dink brand I've never heard of, but

it has something strange on the back of the box. In letters about the size of a Surgeon General's warning is a SPECIAL MESSAGE that says, SUPPORT YOUR LIBRARIES; PRESERVE CULTURE—SELF-LEARNING—FREEDOM.

I can't imagine anyone's putting on such a message with the idea of selling more frozen stuffed potatoes. If anything, some right-winger might puzzle over it and decide it sounded vaguely Communist. I was rather pleased, however, because it seemed a gratuitous little thought that came from the mind and heart instead of the promotion department. So I bought the potatoes and spent supper thinking about this. The potatoes were about what you'd expect, but I think that companies that do these little things deserve everyone's support.

Wade Kuempel
Chicago, Illinois

So you fell for their little trick, which is plainly a capitalist marketing ploy to endear themselves to the thinking class as a first step in their plans for world domination. Sure, we'll give them a plug.

PAY IF YOU PLAY

In the March *Playboy Forum*, the ever-present problem of unwanted fatherhood is discussed by an undoubtedly egotistical creep who truly believes that he is above reproach and responsibility when it comes to the almighty fuck. While it is a shame that this individual may have been a victim

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

If you

Box and 100's Box Menthol: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack, Menthol and 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100's Soft Pack and 100's Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine; 120's: 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '85. Slims: 6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

of foul play, he might have been better off "whipping Willy" instead of putting all of his trust and faith in his girlfriend's obviously misguided assurance of sex free of pregnancy.

I am a former single parent, and it is my strong belief that if a man is intelligent about his sexual relationship with any woman, whether it be his wife, his girlfriend or a casual one-night stand, he will provide his own protection to assure a most pleasurable and safe encounter. If a man is going to dip his dick, he had better be able to pay the price. Too many men believe that birth control is the woman's responsibility.

Lisa E. Berry
West Valley City, Utah

IGNORANCE AND BLISS

For the first time in a long, long while, the Florida legislature is actually trying to do something beneficial for the high school students here by establishing school-based clinics where interested teenagers can receive information on birth control as well as on other health-related matters. One would think that such a proposal would meet with universal approval, since it would almost certainly reduce the number of unwanted teenage pregnancies and save the state a bundle of money. However, as is usually the case in Florida, the plan has met with opposition from parents concerned that the mere talk of birth-con-

trol pills and condoms will turn their children into raving sex maniacs with standing appointments at local abortion clinics.

The very issue of birth control has school officials steamed. Said Palm Beach County School Board member Gail Bjork of the school system's efforts to educate students about pregnancy: "They explain the different types of birth control and say, 'Make up your own mind.' There is nothing wrong with stressing abstinence."

As a former teenager, I say stress it all you want; but accurate information, not wishful thinking, is the key to curbing unwanted teenage pregnancies. Ignoring a problem as large as this one isn't going to make it go away.

Donald Vaughan
Greenacres City, Florida

ONE NATION UNDER GOD?

"America needs to return to God." "Kids need to pray." "America isn't as great as it was, because the Supreme Court removed prayer from classrooms."

On the surface, the preceding notions seem innocuous and temptingly believable. But the person making these statements is really saying, "I'm right with God; now it's time for you and your children to get in step with *me*. If I cannot, through emotional appeal, convert you, then I'll simply take the matter to court."

America is now at a place in world politics and history at the very hands of per-

sons who have prayed and believed in God: Try to name a majority of Senators or Congressmen who labeled themselves nonbelievers in order to get elected.

The phrase "one nation, indivisible" in the Pledge of Allegiance was changed to "one nation under God, indivisible" on June 14, 1954, by Act of Congress. The motto of the United States, "In God We Trust," was adopted July 30, 1956. Compare the influence of the U.S. in shaping world destiny prior to its Congressional Act claiming God's guidance, protection and blessings, and prior to putting its official stamp of approval on trusting in God. Looking at America's present state, one can only wonder if God gives notice to Congressional orders or official mottoes.

What mankind continues to forget is that, as Pascal warned, "Men never do evil so completely and cheerfully as when they do it from religious convictions." We would do well to remember those words the next time a chuckling Jerry Falwell tells us that our children need to pray.

Robert Munro
Columbus, Georgia

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



Smoke

please try Carlton.

AIDS UPDATE: MYTHS AND REALITIES

beyond the hysteria and the headlines, here is what is known by science today

SOME PEOPLE have the idea that sex causes AIDS. That's not true. Ordinary sexual intercourse doesn't cause AIDS. Homosexual sex doesn't cause AIDS. Anal sex doesn't cause AIDS. Sex with prostitutes doesn't cause AIDS. If partners are free of AIDS, nothing they can do together will cause it.

What causes AIDS is a virus—a tiny, delicate shred of genetic material—called HTLV-III/LAV. As far as scientists know today, it can live in only a very limited environment. It prefers one type of cell in one type of animal—the T-helper cell in human blood. There is evidence that it also attacks brain cells. Outside these environments, the HTLV-III/LAV virus dies. In air, it dies. In water, it dies. It could not live in food. It would be dead in seconds if it landed on a toilet seat. Keeping it alive in a lab, where coaxing measurements are available to grow viruses, is a tedious and tricky chore.

Moreover, new evidence suggests that transmission of the AIDS virus during vaginal intercourse (especially from a woman to a man) is relatively rare. Not only is the virus difficult to transmit from one person to another but once it is in the body, evidence suggests that a normal, healthy immune system can keep it in check. Although many people believe that any contact with the AIDS virus guarantees illness and death, it is simply not so.

AIDS IS HARD TO CATCH

Fresh blood or semen infected with HTLV-III/LAV must enter the blood stream in order for the virus to be transmitted from one person to another. That is part of the reason homosexuals account for so many AIDS cases: Anal intercourse often results in a tearing of the lining of the rectum, which allows infected semen to get to the blood stream. Obviously, sharing a needle with someone who is carrying the virus is very dangerous for the same reason.

The lining of the vagina is much more resistant to tearing than is the rectal lining. That is one of the reasons that, at presstime, there were 12,935 cases of AIDS among homosexual men, compared with 43 among heterosexual men. No one knows exactly how the heterosexual men got AIDS from their female partners.

Can the virus crawl up into the penis and infect a man during intercourse with a woman carrying it? Scientists are reluctant to use the word impossible, but there are no cases on record of its happening.

The misconceptions persist. After Rock Hudson's death from AIDS, many people were alarmed to hear that researchers had found HTLV-III/LAV in saliva. As we said, the virus lives in a certain type of white blood cell. White blood cells gather

at the site of an infection. A small sore in the mouth can bring forth white blood cells, as can the common cold. Nevertheless, the announcement that saliva can contain the virus led to the Screen Actors Guild's telling its members that they could refuse to do kissing scenes if they were afraid of AIDS. But there is no evidence that the scant amounts of virus in saliva would be sufficient to transmit the virus.

In studies of the families of people with AIDS, there has not been a single case of the virus' being passed by close family contact (hugging, kissing, eating together or any other kind of nonsexual contact).

THE TEST

A test has been developed to determine if a person has been exposed to HTLV-III/LAV. It is called ELISA (for enzyme-linked immunosorbent assay). It does not detect the virus itself but only the antibodies a person's immune system develops to fight the virus. In other words, a positive ELISA result doesn't mean that the person has AIDS. It means he has had contact with the virus. That *may* lead to illness; but, according to the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta, in 90 percent of the cases, it will not.

HETEROSEXUAL TRANSMISSION

In a University of California at Berkeley study of 22 women whose sexual partners had been exposed to HTLV-III/LAV, only one woman had a positive test result.

An AIDS expert at Johns Hopkins University has expressed his doubts that "AIDS is going to spread much into the heterosexual population, because I don't think men will acquire the infection from women sexually, except for rare occurrences." Numerous experts have said that the lining of the urethra in the penis is not readily invaded by the AIDS virus. They suggest that it may be necessary to have an injury—even a microscopic one—to allow the virus into the blood stream, or an infection that would stimulate production of the type of white blood cell the virus attacks—the T-helper cell. (Such an injury could occur during intercourse.)

Researchers have now found the virus in vaginal secretions, but according to Dr. Jay A. Levy of the University of California at San Francisco, "Only a small amount of virus was isolated, indicating the disease cannot be easily passed from women to men through vaginal intercourse."

It is important to remember that there are only about 1000 women with AIDS in the entire country. About 600 of those are IV-drug users, and 105 got the disease from transfusions. (Interestingly, there are no known cases of lesbians with AIDS.) Although the CDC has said that

as many as 1,000,000 people may have been exposed to HTLV-III/LAV, those numbers are pure guesswork. Dr. Albert Sabin, who discovered a vaccine for polio, called such estimates "without foundation."

MENSTRUATION

If a man has a cut or an open sore on his penis and has vaginal intercourse with a menstruating woman who is carrying HTLV-III/LAV, he can conceivably contract the virus. Similarly, a menstruating woman is presumed to be much more vulnerable to transmission from an infected man. A condom, however, would prevent even that unlikely occurrence. (Another AIDS myth: The virus can pass through the wall of a condom. It's not true.)

AIDS AND PROSTITUTION

Early reports that AIDS was being spread by the prostitutes of our major cities have turned out to be unfounded.

The assistant health commissioner of New York City, among others, has noted that no one has produced convincing evidence that prostitutes are giving the AIDS virus to their customers. There are no proven cases of AIDS transmission to men from prostitutes in all of New York City, where AIDS and prostitution are common.

In fact, in the entire U.S., only 240 heterosexuals (outside the known groups at risk for AIDS, such as IV-drug users) have contracted the disease. Only 43 are men. Given the number of men patronizing prostitutes in large cities, one would expect far more cases, but they simply aren't there (though some studies in Africa have linked prostitution and AIDS cases).

Dr. Parkash Gill of the University of Southern California said, "It is true that a small minority of prostitutes do have the virus, but that may be related to the fact that they abuse IV drugs." In a study often cited to link prostitution with AIDS, ten Miami prostitutes were found to be carrying HTLV-III/LAV. What is not so often cited is the fact that eight of the ten reported using IV drugs.

THE VANISHING AIDS EPIDEMIC

You may now begin to understand why, in spite of dire predictions, AIDS has failed to become a wildfire epidemic. It has not happened and is not likely to happen.

Although the number of AIDS cases has gone up and continues to go up, the rate of increase has slowed markedly, and the distribution of those cases has remained the same, both within the risk groups and within the general population.

"The numbers [ratios] have stayed quite constant over the past few years,"

says Dr. Harold Jaffe, chief epidemiologist for the CDC. "Only about one percent of the cases are in the heterosexual-contact group." One reason is that not only is it difficult for the virus to enter your body but once it gets there, it needs even more help to stay active.

CONTRIBUTING FACTORS

HTLV-III/LAV is a virus. Having AIDS means succumbing to that virus. Being exposed to the virus and having AIDS are not necessarily the same thing.

AIDS is the result of a barrage of attacks on the body—physical, biological, perhaps even chemical. Numerous factors may be necessary for a case of AIDS, e.g.:

- A history of multiple infections, especially with certain viruses: Epstein-Barr virus and cytomegalovirus, among others.
- General poor health. When the body's immune system is under stress, further infection becomes more likely. Many researchers believe a person in good health runs a significantly smaller risk from contact with carriers of the AIDS virus.
- The abuse of recreational drugs, especially butyl nitrite (poppers), has been linked with immune-system impairment.
- Genetic predisposition. Some researchers believe only certain people are born with a susceptibility to the virus.
- Malnutrition, particularly in certain areas, such as Africa.

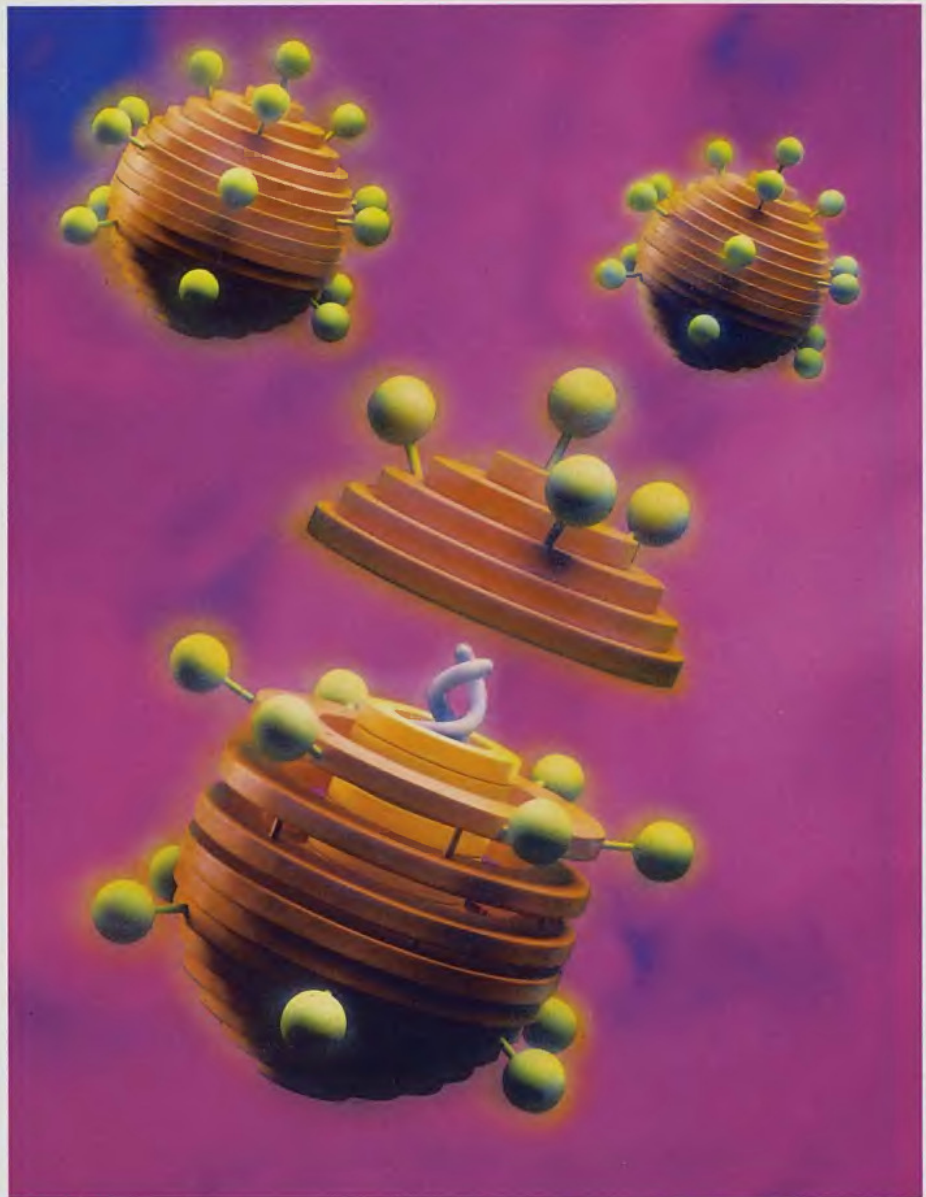
In the absence of one or more of those factors, AIDS begins to look like a very rare condition. For a variety of reasons, promiscuous homosexual men are susceptible to a wide range of sexually transmitted infections. Some gay men are persistently ill with Epstein-Barr virus, cytomegalovirus, rectal gonorrhea and other diseases. IV-drug users also suffer from repeated infections and compromised immune systems. It is not surprising, then, that those two groups account for 90 percent of all AIDS cases in the U.S.

If you are not in one of those groups, you are extremely unlikely to get AIDS.

DISTINGUISHING CAUSE AND EFFECT

Sexual preference, per se, has nothing to do with AIDS. A case study will illustrate the different effects the virus has on different people. A white, heterosexual English couple lived in Africa for more than six years. They returned to England and both tested positive for HTLV-III/LAV. The woman got AIDS and died. The man remained well. What was the difference?

The Lancet, a British medical journal, reported, "Apparently, she had been unwell for two to three years." In fact, she was under constant attack from one illness or another, including two major viral infections, during that period. *Lancet* suggested that the woman's body had been compromised for years by viral infections. When the AIDS virus came along, her defenses were down and her husband's were not. Contributing factors, again, seem crucial in the development of the disease.



The AIDS virus (above), called HTLV-III/LAV, is a strand of RNA (lavender) protected by a thick covering (orange rings). Proteins on the outside (green) tell the virus which cells to attack—white blood cells called T-helper cells. Proteins on those cells match those on the outside of the virus. The virus enters a cell and takes over. The cell is then forced to produce more virus particles. The cell dies, releasing these particles to attack more cells. That is how the disease is spread in the body.

But the story took an interesting turn: Once the couple had returned to England, the woman was put into the hospital, where a nurse drew blood for examination. As she was putting the cover back onto the needle, she stabbed herself, injecting some of the patient's blood into her finger. She had infected herself with HTLV-III/LAV, and tests of her blood confirmed that fact. About two weeks after the accident, she came down with something like the flu—sore throat, headache, muscle pains and fever. She was sick for about a week, with a fever up to 102 degrees. As *Lancet* put it, "Recovery thereafter was uneventful."

Here we have the entire range of effects we might expect from HTLV-III/LAV: (1) A carrier experiences no ill effects, though he clearly has the virus in his blood stream; (2) a nurse comes down with a transitory illness and then recovers, much

like a patient with flu or mononucleosis; and (3) the weakest member of the group, the one who had been subjected to a number of viral infections over a long period of time, succumbs to HTLV-III/LAV, develops true AIDS and dies.

IMMUNITY AND RECOVERY

The case of the English couple and the nurse, along with other research, indicates that although AIDS appears to have an extremely high mortality rate (around 90 percent), infection with HTLV-III/LAV does not equal AIDS and AIDS will not make mankind an endangered species.

The CDC has said that a lot of people who have been exposed to HTLV-III/LAV are going to get AIDS—though not enough time has passed to indicate how many. But *Science* reported in November 1985 that "five (concluded on page 179)

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: KAREEM ABDUL-JABBAR

a candid conversation with the greatest basketball player of all time

At the advanced age of 39, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar—a dinosaur by professional basketball standards—continues to act less like a lion in winter than like a stallion in spring. The National Basketball Association's only active player to have graduated from college before the start of the Seventies, Abdul-Jabbar, a graceful, 7'2" scoring machine, has virtually rewritten the league's record books. Now nearing the end of his 17th pro season (the only N.B.A. player ever to reach that milestone), Abdul-Jabbar adds to his fistful of career records each time he sets foot on court.

Before the start of the season, he had already become the N.B.A.'s all-time leader in scoring, in most field goals attempted and made and in most blocked shots. By the end of the current campaign, his one-man assault on N.B.A. stats will also include most minutes and most games ever played by a pro. Forget such items as his appearance in 15 straight All-Star games and his place as the N.B.A.'s all-time scoring leader in post-season play.

Oddly enough, Abdul-Jabbar cares very little about all of the above. He just wants to win, period. As the captain and heart and soul of the Los Angeles Lakers, he led his team last season to its third league championship in the past six years. He's intent on a repeat performance this season and, with Los Angeles having easily won the Pacific Division title, it seems likely that the N.B.A.

championship series will again pit the Lakers against their archrivals, the Boston Celtics. Says Milwaukee Bucks coach Don Nelson, "The Celtics and the Lakers are head and shoulders above the rest of us, and we just have to face it."

Nelson and most other N.B.A. coaches have also wondered aloud how Abdul-Jabbar can continue performing without showing any signs of wear and tear. If anything, he has actually improved in recent years. Last season, he averaged 22 points per game—his highest figure since the 1981-1982 season—and his .599 field-goal average was the second highest of his career. Singer Neil Young used to complain that rust never sleeps; he obviously had never met anyone with Abdul-Jabbar's natural undercoating. Time simply refuses to dim his shooting eye. His sky hook, which PLAYBOY once described as "the most beautiful basketball shot ever invented," remains as eerily accurate and unstoppable as ever.

Despite his athletic brilliance, however, Abdul-Jabbar has long been one of sport's most enigmatic—and least popular—superstars. For most of his career, he has had a distant relationship with the press and public alike. Much of that can be traced to his troubled adolescence. Born on April 16, 1947, in New York City, Ferdinand Lewis Alcindor was a studious, shy youngster raised by middle-class parents. Unfortunately, he grew

up at a time when blacks were still subject to segregation, Jim Crow laws and lynchings, and all that left its mark. His parents wanted their son to get a good Catholic education and sent him to Power Memorial High School in Manhattan. Alcindor excelled at academics and basketball and was close to Jack Donohue, the school's basketball coach. But then, during half time of a sloppy game against a weak opponent, Donohue tried to fire him up by telling him, "You're acting just like a nigger!" Not a bright move. Alcindor went into a shell at that point.

While a student at UCLA, Alcindor renounced Catholicism and became a Moslem. In 1971, he publicly announced that he had changed his name to Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Arabic for "noble and powerful servant" of Allah. Abdul-Jabbar then avoided the press the way Moslems avoid alcohol and barbecued ribs. It wasn't until after he split up with his personal spiritual advisor that he began opening up to people, a process that accelerated after his house burned down in January 1983. Abdul-Jabbar's fans knew that their man had lost thousands of jazz records in the blaze; when fans from cities around the league began sending him records, Abdul-Jabbar—almost like Sally Field at last year's Academy Awards—suddenly realized, "They like me." Since then, his view of America and the world has



"Puberty showed up and that was it: I knew Catholicism wasn't for me. We were told it was a sin to think about sex, and meanwhile, you'd have these hormones racing through your body at five times the speed of light."



"The area under the hoop is serious, serious territory, and because centers play closest to the basket, they have the most serious job. There's very little levity under the basket, that's where most people end up bleeding."



"Cocaine is very attractive. And it's insidious. You think you're having a nice time, and in reality, you're on your way to the gallows. As in most cases with things like this, you don't see it until it's too late."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON MESAROS

become much more sanguine.

To interview the man most experts consider the greatest player in the history of basketball, PLAYBOY sent free-lancer Lawrence Linderman to meet with Abdul-Jabbar in Los Angeles. Linderman reports:

"Even though I'd suggested we interview Abdul-Jabbar, I regarded the assignment with more apprehension than I'd felt before any of my 22 previous 'Playboy Interviews.' Some years ago, I had interviewed him for a short PLAYBOY feature and had come away thinking I'd never met a man so filled with gloom and icy anger. To my great surprise and relief, he no longer had a psychic chip on his shoulder. To his great surprise and relief, he had ended his isolated, alienated existence. In some ways, he's almost like a monk who, having observed a lifelong, self-imposed vow of silence, one day discovers how joyous it can be to get in touch with the world—and with himself as well.

"When we met, Abdul-Jabbar was in the process of moving into a huge stone mansion built on the Bel Air site where his ranch house had burned down three years before. During the couple of weeks we devoted to the interview, workmen were still putting the finishing touches on the outside of the house. Inside, the cavernous place was mostly bare: Although Abdul-Jabbar had bought furniture six months before moving in, a shipping company had misplaced his things; and when I saw him about a month later in New York, his furniture was still somewhere in transit.

"In any case, he had a table and chairs in his kitchen, and that's where we began our conversations. A few months before, he had announced his intention to bow out of basketball after the 1986–1987 season; that provided the opening subject for our interview."

PLAYBOY: Not long after you said that the current season would be your last, the Los Angeles Lakers announced that you'd agreed to play one more year. Do you really intend to play next season, or was that announcement a smoke screen enabling you to duck a yearlong series of "Farewell, Kareem" nights?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Oh, no; barring injury, I'll probably play one more year; but I won't make that decision until the end of the playoffs. If I don't think I can play up to my expectations, then I'll quit. In all probability, though, I'll be out there again next fall.

PLAYBOY: You've come close to retiring during each of the past three years. Why haven't you? Does the game mean more to you than perhaps you suspected?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Well, first of all, it's a great way to make a living; and even though I've probably had enough adrenaline rushes to last three lifetimes, I still enjoy the competition. I've also enjoyed proving certain people wrong. After the '83 season, the Lakers didn't sign me and I became a free agent—and no one offered me a contract for months. I was out there all alone, and a lot of people just wrote me off. They felt

that at 36, I was on my way out; but eventually the Lakers and I got together and, lo and behold, here I am, still hanging around. We won the N.B.A. championship last year, and I had a very successful season, which dispelled all that talk.

PLAYBOY: You'll be 40 before the end of next season. What inroads have the years made on your ability?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I really haven't seen any. In fact, because of my conditioning program, I think I'm probably realizing more of my physical potential than I did ten years ago. I always knew that I had to pay close attention to my cardiovascular condition, strength training and stretching, but I don't think I finally got all three of them straight until a few years ago, and that's what's kept me in the game. Believe me, if you don't have it physically, it doesn't matter whether you want to play or not—it just doesn't happen.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying you don't have to pace yourself differently during games?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I don't, no. I've found that it's better to play as well as I can for as long as I can. After that, the coach can take me out; but I think that if you check, you'll find that I've been playing more

*"I went through a period
of angry racism for a
while, but then I realized
that it was making me ill."*

minutes than any other player on the team. I'm calling it quits after next season only because I want to spend time with my children, but I really think I could play a few more years at the same level.

PLAYBOY: You're no doubt aware that most sports fans have long considered you enigmatic, if not downright sullen and hostile. How did that come about?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Basically, it was my own fault, because I never tried to communicate with sportswriters; and as a result of all the negative interaction between me and the press, I got a bad image. I was described as distant, cold, etc.—but it didn't matter to me. I knew that if I talked to these guys and decided to court the press systematically, I'd get certain benefits, but I just didn't care. I always had my guard up, and I was unapproachable.

I think I felt that way until a couple of years ago, when I finally got tired of being bum-rapped in the press. I found that when I worked just a little bit at trying to communicate and smooth things over, I got a great result: People seemed to feel a lot differently about me. Their image of me and their support of me have taken on a different tone. It's much more like, "He's

one of us." I had to work for that, and I had to learn about that, and I'm glad I finally absorbed those lessons and made them useful in my life. Being liked and having people come up to me and feeling comfortable about it have made the adjustment worth the effort.

PLAYBOY: Why had you decided not to talk to the press in the first place?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Probably because when I was in high school and then at UCLA, sportswriters assumed that the teams I was on would win championships. That idea of foregone success took the thrill out of playing. Because of all the attention and all the great expectations, there was just no sense of discovery, no surprises. They'd already put me at the top; they had said that's where I belonged, and by doing so, they took away the fun of it. Any success I had was going to be taken for granted, and I knew it. And I was right.

PLAYBOY: You mean you got pissed off just because sportswriters correctly assessed your ability?

ABDUL-JABBAR: It didn't piss me off, but it was a downer. In my senior year of high school, there were 60 other players at least seven feet tall who were going on to college, yet it seemed to be a foregone conclusion that I'd lead whatever school I went to to the N.C.A.A. championship. That put pressure on me; but fortunately, my coach at UCLA was John Wooden, and his whole thing was, "We'll ignore all that talk and just play basketball."

PLAYBOY: UCLA did, indeed, win national championships during the three years you played there. When you graduated, a lot of sportswriters called you the greatest college ballplayer of all time, and nowadays they're calling you the greatest pro of all time. How do you react to such praise?

ABDUL-JABBAR: It's very flattering and it's nice to be considered in that light, but I don't get too excited about it. I know that I've been very successful and that it's hard to measure success.

PLAYBOY: Modesty aside, have you ever suspected that you might be the best player in the game?

ABDUL-JABBAR: At times, yes, but basketball is a funny game: There are certain things forwards have to do, other things that guards have to do, and centers have something else that they have to do. It's hard for me to measure myself against players like Julius Erving, Dave Debusschere, Chet Walker, Elgin Baylor, John Havlicek and all of the other great forwards I've competed against. Same thing with guards: I just can't find any basis for comparing myself with players like Oscar Robertson and Magic Johnson.

PLAYBOY: You, Wilt Chamberlain and Bill Russell are overwhelmingly regarded as the three greatest centers of all time. How do you compare yourself with them?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Hard to say, because the game has changed since they left it. Today,

N.B.A. teams have to shoot within 24 seconds, and the three-second lane is 16 feet wide. Wilt played a long time with a 12-foot-wide lane, which meant he could get closer to the basket before taking his shots, so it's hard to compare what he did with what I've done. Still, how many players are going to average more than 50 points a game, as he did one season? Bill Russell never had overwhelming individual stats, but he was the key ingredient in the greatest dynasty in the game. Yet I can't compare myself with him, either, because basketball is a team game, not an individual game. When I was in the seventh grade, I started going to Madison Square Garden regularly, and I learned how to win by watching Russell play. Bill played for his teammates. He passed the ball a lot, he rebounded and started the fast break and was always there plugging up the middle on defense—he was content to do that. Russell showed me that if you play for the other guys on the team, you get a lot more out of everybody.

PLAYBOY: What did Chamberlain show you?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Chamberlain played the game the same way Russell did, except he scored so much more. But his teams had to get more points from him. He'd score 45 points and his teams would still lose.

PLAYBOY: One year, Chamberlain led the N.B.A. in assists. Do you think it might have been a reaction—

ABDUL-JABBAR: To everybody's saying that he shot too much? Yes, absolutely. Wilt had to fight people's dissatisfaction that his teams didn't win. There he was, this great dominating player, and his teams didn't win championships. Well, Wilt wasn't playing for the right team. As an individual, he was in a class by himself, but his teammates—they were OK, but not the supporting cast Russell had.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Chamberlain is still frustrated by the way people perceive him and his place in basketball history?

ABDUL-JABBAR: If you want to get Wilt ticked off or bitter, just mention Bill Russell. You will incite him.

PLAYBOY: In 1984, you supplanted Chamberlain as the leading scorer in pro basketball history, mostly on the strength of your hook shot, which your coach, Pat Riley, calls "the ultimate offensive weapon." Most followers of the sport—and players, as well—think your patented sky hook is the most difficult shot in basketball. Do you agree?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Not really, no. I think if you start shooting the hook early enough—and I had the form and release down pat when I was a freshman in high school—it becomes no more difficult than any other shot. And it has one built-in advantage: Because you release the hook from high up and behind your body, nobody can get a hand on it.

PLAYBOY: No one has ever blocked your hook shot?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I think maybe once or twice somebody I hadn't seen came in from behind me and blocked it, but players who've guarded me, no, they couldn't get to it. Nate Thurmond, who played for the Golden State Warriors, was the best in the league as far as playing me one on one went, but even he never blocked the shot. These days, nobody gets to play me one on one anymore. The last time that happened was against Houston; they let Akeem Olajuwon play me one on one for a quarter, and that was it.

PLAYBOY: How do teams defend against you?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Oh, every time I get the ball, at least two and sometimes three guys converge on me. That happens every night, because I'm a target, somebody who has to be taken care of.

PLAYBOY: How do opponents try to take care of you?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Guys do anything they can get away with, such as using their shoulders and forearms—normal play includes just about everything short of throwing blows. Rick Mahorn, now with the Detroit Pistons, has a lot of lower-body strength, and he's one of the players who'll put a knee up under my behind and actually lift my feet off the floor.

PLAYBOY: But they still don't shut you down. If you hadn't been so consistent with your hook, do you think you'd have been able to do more with other shots?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I would have had to, but I never really considered it, because my hook shot is very accurate. And when I sink it, it makes opposing centers mad. They really get angry. It's not like I'm somebody who's doing a physical number on them. I'm more like somebody with a foil who's sticking them every time.

PLAYBOY: How mad have opponents gotten?

ABDUL-JABBAR: To the point of being funny. Mahorn and I really got into it one night. I'd scored a lot of points, but toward the end of the game—a game that the Lakers had no chance of winning—Rick turned to me and said, "No, you can't shoot the hook anymore." Next time the Lakers came down the court, Rick positioned himself way up on my left side—the side I go to when I shoot the hook—so I immediately turned the other way and made a lay-up. Mahorn shouted, "Yeah, that's right, Kareem, but forget the hook—that's out!"

PLAYBOY: Which players are difficult for you to guard?

ABDUL-JABBAR: My defense in the pivot is pretty effective. The toughest guy for me throughout my career was Dan Issel, who's retired now. Dan could hit 20-foot jump shots all night long, so I'd have to get out there with him, which left the middle open for his teammates.

PLAYBOY: You're the N.B.A.'s all-time leader in scoring and blocked shots; but in any given year, you're rarely among the league's top ten rebounders. Why not?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Well, I led the N.B.A. in rebounds the first year I played for the Lakers, which was also a year when the team did horribly. Our whole concept now is team rebounding, which is why I don't rebound numerically the way I used to. The idea is that if I get 20 rebounds and the rest of the team gets three, we're going to lose, so everybody on the team has to rebound. My biggest responsibility is to prevent the guy I'm guarding from getting an offensive rebound, because second shots are like nails in your coffin. When my man can't get near the basket, Magic or Maurice Lucas or Kurt Rambis will be there to get the rebound.

PLAYBOY: Who are the league's toughest rebounders?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Oh, Akeem Olajuwon is very good because of his agility. Jeff Ruland and Jack Sikma are great rebounders, too. But if you asked us who's number one in that department, I think we'd all say Moses Malone. He never stops coming at you and he's strong as a bull.

PLAYBOY: In his *Playboy Interview* [March 1984], Malone told us he sometimes feels he should wear boxing gloves on the court. Is that what it's like for all N.B.A. centers?

ABDUL-JABBAR: No, that's just the way Moses plays. He's very physical and very smart. In 1983, the 76ers blew us out of the finals in four straight games, and Moses was just relentless. I had to appraise what I was doing wrong insofar as the way I played him, so I went to Pete Newell, who has a summer camp for teaching pros the fundamentals of whatever it is they're not doing right. Newell's the professor—about 25 years ago, when he coached the University of California, his team won the N.C.A.A. championship. Anyway, I took Pete some video tape of our '83 play-off games against the 76ers and asked him to critique my performance against Moses.

PLAYBOY: What were you doing wrong?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Specifically, I was holding my hands at my sides and, just before a rebound, Moses would lean against me and pin one of my arms to my side. He'd knock me off balance for a split second, which was enough to let him get the rebound. Moses makes his living doing things like that. Newell showed me that I had to keep my hands and arms up higher and use my butt to knock people's weight off me so that I didn't get thrown off balance. The next two years—'84 and '85—my rebound average went up.

PLAYBOY: Basketball is supposedly a noncontact sport, yet it's become very physical in the past decade. Why?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Well, the closer you are to the basket, the more physical the game gets. Coaches generally want players to take shots from as close to the basket as possible, because the closer you are, the higher your shooting percentage. What happens is that everybody tries to get as close to the basket as he can. On offense,

I'm not allowed anywhere near the basket. That's the book on me: Play me as physically as possible, to the point where you take a few fouls and see what the refs will let you get away with. I'll tell you, by the end of the season, I feel like a piece of chopped meat. The area under the hoop is serious, serious territory, and because centers play closest to the basket, they have the most serious job. There's very little levity under the basket. That's where most people end up bleeding.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think you're confirming what Malone had to say about wearing boxing gloves during games?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Oh, I'm definitely not into fisticuffs.

PLAYBOY: Then why have you been involved in fights on court?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I think you're probably referring to the Kent Benson episode, and if what led up to it happened again, I probably wouldn't react the same way. In 1977, in a game against Milwaukee, I was just standing in the lane, waiting for the ball to come down court, when Benson, who was then a rookie, looked at me, looked up court and then just fired an elbow into my solar plexus. That was one thing I wasn't going to tolerate.

PLAYBOY: You'd never caught an elbow?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I'd never gotten one that was so blatant and that also knocked the wind out of me. I mean, when he hit me, I went down—and when I jumped up, about seven seconds later, I was outraged. I threw one right hand at him, and I've never decked anyone so badly. When the league finished its investigation, I got fined, and I'll never get over that, because it was as if I were the villain. The film clearly shows that wasn't the case.

PLAYBOY: You once said that before games, you work up a sense of antagonism toward the center who'll be guarding you. Is it really as grim as all that?

ABDUL-JABBAR: If I said antagonism, I didn't really mean it in a personal way against other players. And even though the level of competition is very high, I've gotten friendly with guys like Mahorn and Issel. Dan's a funny man, and he'd always have something ironic to say about what was happening. I've got to appreciate him as a person. His little daughter didn't know anything about basketball, but after she saw me in *Airplane!* and found out I played against her father, she asked Dan to get my autograph; so in his house, I'm a movie star. Bob Lanier, who played for Detroit, was also very funny. Bob wanted the refs to call every play his way, and he also wanted every rebound and didn't want you to run down the court too fast.

PLAYBOY: Would he actually tell you that?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Oh, he'd get mad at me for running down the court too fast. And then he'd yell at his coach, too: "Hey, I'm in here trying to score, trying to rebound—what do you expect, man, everything?" I knew that Bob used to smoke cigarettes at half time, so I'd make him run a lot, and

by the fourth quarter, he'd always be out of it. During games, we got to the point of blows' being thrown; but away from the court, Bob and I always got along. Lanier said he loved the Bruce Lee movie I was in, *Game of Death*, because I got killed.

PLAYBOY: How did you happen to be in that movie?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Bruce and I were buddies. I'd studied *aikido* in New York one summer while I was a student at UCLA, and when I returned to Los Angeles in the fall, the editor of *Black Belt* magazine introduced me to Bruce, and we began working out together.

PLAYBOY: How much progress did you make in martial arts?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I did pretty well. Bruce wanted somebody to train with who could give him some problems, and he liked sparring with me because of my height and reach—that gave me enough of an advantage to make him work a little bit. Bruce graduated me a couple of times in his own discipline, which was called *jeet kune do*. Basically, it was boxing and kicking, plus a few blocking techniques.

PLAYBOY: Was his death a shock to you?

ABDUL-JABBAR: It was a terrible shock. I was on my way to see Bruce when he died—a blood vessel burst in his brain. I'd been traveling around the world and was coming home from Pakistan, and I decided to stop and see Bruce in Hong Kong. So I sent him a telegram and told him I was coming in, and three days later, when I got to the airport at Singapore to fly to Hong Kong, his death was reported in all the newspapers there.

PLAYBOY: Did you continue studying martial arts after Lee died?

ABDUL-JABBAR: No, but it wasn't because of Bruce's death, which I took as a personal loss. I'd mastered what he had taught me and wasn't that keen about going any further with it. Once you mature to the point where the prospect of combat doesn't obsess you, it changes you a lot. You don't worry "Can I kick this person's ass?" and you understand that you don't always have to be involved in life-and-death confrontations. The only thing I do now is a form of yoga taught in Los Angeles by Bikram Choudhury, who won the world championship in weight lifting. Bikram's yoga class is designed to enhance muscle elasticity.

PLAYBOY: Let's shift gears. For the past several years, newspapers have reported widespread drug use in the N.B.A. Are such stories accurate?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I can only speak of what I've seen, which is that guys who do a lot of drugs don't last too long in the N.B.A. The physical demands made on a basketball player are so extensive that anything that detracts from your conditioning tells on you real soon.

If we're talking about players who keep their heads above water and who fool around a little at an occasional party, yes, I think we've seen only the tip of the ice-

berg. But if we're talking about guys who get heavily into drugs, they end up having serious problems and are out of the league very quickly.

PLAYBOY: Would you level with us about your own drug use?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Well, I went to school in the Sixties and used grass when I went to movies and concerts—the usual profile. I tried LSD a couple of times in college, and that was definitely enough.

PLAYBOY: Did you have bad trips on LSD?

ABDUL-JABBAR: No, I never freaked out. I got a lot of *laughter* out of it—the absurdities of life are not that pronounced until you take a strong psychedelic. But your perception becomes obscured, and I didn't like that, because I wasn't in control. When I realized how easily you could lose your grip on reality, I said, "Whoa! I've had it with *this* stuff."

PLAYBOY: You've admitted that you once tried snorting heroin. What were the circumstances?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I just wanted to try it—that's how bright I was. After my junior year at UCLA, I was back in New York for the summer, and I went up with some friends to Saint Nicholas Park in Harlem, which was a safe place for junkies to hang out. I had two or three snorts right around 11 o'clock at night, and after that, when the guys passed the stuff over to me, I pretended to snort more, but I'd had enough. More than enough: For two or three hours, I couldn't focus both of my eyes at the same time.

PLAYBOY: Why did you want to try heroin? Was it a *macho* thing to do?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Yeah, I really wanted to show that I was one of the guys. Along with the other junkies, I sat in that park until four in the morning. I got home at seven and I had to go to work at 7:45.

PLAYBOY: What kind of job did you have?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I was working for the city—my job was to talk to kids about not screwing up their lives. Nice, huh? My friend Julian Dancy, a guy I grew up with and went to high school with, picked me up in his car and immediately knew what I'd been doing. I suppose it was hard for him to miss it: During the drive over to where I was speaking, all of a sudden I said, "I have to throw up now," and I rolled down my window quick. I'll never forget the look on Julian's face: It was a combination of disgust, anger and disappointment. I knew I never wanted to see that look directed at me again.

PLAYBOY: Did a lot of your friends have problems with drugs?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Yeah, and some of them are dead as a result. One guy I grew up with dealt cocaine and died of malnutrition—and when they found him, he had almost \$5000 in his pocket. He was eating two or three hot dogs a day, but his main consumption was cocaine.

PLAYBOY: What about your own consumption of cocaine?

ABDUL-JABBAR: That started and really

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ended right before my rookie year in the N.B.A. A guy I'd known since we'd both been kids was dealing cocaine, and he had some great stuff. He said, "Hey, Kareem, let's do some hangin' out," and I said, "Right!" So I hung out with him for the better part of a day, and I did too much. I got real wired and, later on, I went for a drive. I wanted to get on whatever expressway it was, and you know how some on ramps begin as two lanes and then merge into one? Well, another driver and I got to the on ramp at the same time, and I just decided I was going to get to the expressway first. I mean, he was not gonna beat me! So I floored it, which was not a bright move: It had been raining and the highway was slippery. My car went into a skid, jumped the curb and then did one and a half turns on wet grass. I remember thinking, I could be wrapped around a tree trunk! Why did I do this? I definitely knew that the stuff had altered my personality. At that point, I realized it was best to leave cocaine to people who really wanted to do it. There were occasions after that when I fooled around with it, but I didn't get pulled in.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever free-base cocaine?

ABDUL-JABBAR: No, although when that started, some people tried to get me hooked on it. That wasn't something I wanted to try even *once*.

PLAYBOY: The majority of N.B.A. team owners and officials would like to have players tested for drug use. What's your position on that?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I understand their sentiments—they want to do something to protect the sport and the business. There's been a public loss of confidence in the N.B.A. because drug use is so pervasive. The real problem is that they're just seeing what everyone else is seeing: Cocaine has hit the whole of American society. The military, the sports and entertainment industries, the legal and medical professions—anywhere you look, the more affluent parts of society are riddled with drug use. But because basketball players have had a lot of esteem, it's more disappointing to people. I think the N.B.A. is simply trying to do what it can to salvage the respect the public has had for its athletes.

PLAYBOY: Would you object to mandatory drug testing of N.B.A. players?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Yes, I would. Aside from the constitutional ramifications, I think it's moving into an area where athletes would be treated like children. Basketball is not the defense industry or something that's absolutely necessary to our society. I'm not totally against mandatory testing, but I think the N.B.A. should find a less heavy-handed way to satisfy its need to monitor players.

PLAYBOY: If you were put in charge of the problem, how would you try to eliminate drug use in the sport?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Jesus, that's tough to answer. I really think a good education program is always the way to go. Most people

do not want to kill themselves or harm themselves. And if you can explain that to them in terms they can understand, usually they'll make the switch.

PLAYBOY: Having had your own fling with it, what can you tell people who want to try cocaine or are having their first experiences with it?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I can tell them that cocaine is very attractive. And that it's insidious. You think you're having a nice time, and in reality, you're on the way to the gallows. As in most cases with things like this, you don't see it until it's too late. You don't realize you have a cocaine problem until the blood vessels in your nose burst, or your teeth fall out, or you're dying of malnutrition, or you've lost your job and your family. That's when you find out you have a problem. Ishmael Reed wrote the most ironic—not funny, just ironic—thing I've read on this subject. Reed says cocaine is the Incas' revenge on the Europeans.

PLAYBOY: The subject of religion has come into the conversation tangentially; do you mind talking about what caused you to become a Moslem?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I don't mind at all. That came about after a long search. I always went to Catholic schools, because they were the best schools in New York at the time and my mother wanted me to get the best education possible. I hadn't truly been indoctrinated into the religion until I went to school, and when I learned about Jesus Christ at Power Memorial, well, it was a wonderful and illuminating encounter. But what they ended up teaching had nothing to do with the life of Jesus.

PLAYBOY: What did you think you were being taught instead?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I couldn't verbalize it at the time, but in hindsight, it was more like thought crime, and I put up with it because everybody else did. After all, this was our connection with the eternal and all that, and there were certain things you weren't supposed to think about.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Sex. But then puberty showed up, and that was it: From that point on, I knew that Catholicism wasn't for me. We were being told that it was a sin to think about sex, and meanwhile, you'd have these hormones racing through your body at five times the speed of light.

PLAYBOY: How did you deal with those attacks of wild male hormones?

ABDUL-JABBAR: At first, I tried telling myself, "Don't even think about sex," but that was impossible; it's called adolescence. And, of course, I didn't know that all my friends who were supposedly getting all these women were lying to me. There I was, envying my friends and at the same time thinking, If it happens, it means I'll have to go to hell.

PLAYBOY: Were you ready to sacrifice your soul?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Oh, yes, but only for Sophia Loren. She never seemed to be around, though, and I didn't lose my vir-

ginity until I was 17.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel as if you had come late to the party?

ABDUL-JABBAR: No, because everybody else was dying, too. There were certain girls we'd see and we'd all go, "Ohhhh!" I had plenty of company in those days. When it finally happened, I knew it had to get better. And it did, too—as they say in Paris, "*Eventuellement*."

PLAYBOY: What went wrong the first time?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Nothing, except for the effect it had on my nervous system: I had the shakes for about five minutes afterward. It was probably more like 30 seconds, but it sure felt like five minutes. You know, I really did have a religious conflict about premarital sex, and it wasn't until later that I found out it was a charade everybody played, but I took it seriously. I was one of those kids. [*Laughs*] I suffered for my idealism.

PLAYBOY: Would it be fair to suggest that you were more naïve than most of your classmates?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Oh, yeah. But at the same time, I was truly curious as to whether or not there really was a Supreme Being and what, if anything, made human beings unique. I wanted to get some rational, in-depth knowledge about the subject, so in my senior year in high school, I started reading just about everything I could get my hands on—Hindu texts, Upanishads, Zen, Hermann Hesse—you name it.

PLAYBOY: What most impressed you?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Hesse's *Siddhartha*. I was then going through the same things that Siddhartha went through in his adolescence, and I identified with his rebellion against established precepts of love and life. Siddhartha becomes an aesthetic man, a wealthy man, a sensuous man—he explores all these different worlds and doesn't find enlightenment in any of them. That was the book's great message to me, so I started to try to develop my own value system as to what was good and what wasn't. And then, in my freshman year at UCLA, I read *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, and that made more of an impression on me than any book I'd ever read.

PLAYBOY: And that attracted you to the Islamic religion?

ABDUL-JABBAR: It was a combination of Malcolm and my Catholic upbringing, because Moslems are very affirmative about the Old Testament. It's the same basic tradition; the dispute comes as to who was going to be the final prophet that Jews, Christians and Moslems all believed was coming. Basically, Jews, Christians and Moslems all believe in the God of Abraham. That's a common thread.

PLAYBOY: Then how do you explain the deep divisions among the three religions?

ABDUL-JABBAR: That's the baffling thing about it: None of the people who hold up these causes are acting the way Mohammed or Jesus or Moses or David taught people and showed people how to act, with the examples being their own lives. It's a

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strange thing to observe.

PLAYBOY: Did you consider becoming a Black Muslim?

ABDUL-JABBAR: No, but after my sophomore year at UCLA, I went up to a Black Muslim rally in Harlem, because Muhammad Ali was the speaker, and I'd always admired him. I was a college all-American by then, and when the rally was over, I was invited to have dinner with Ali at Louis Farrakhan's house in Queens. We didn't really discuss religion that night, but when I started reading about them, the Black Muslims didn't appeal to my sense of what was really true.

PLAYBOY: With what did you find fault?

ABDUL-JABBAR: The Black Muslims were xenophobic. It also seemed to me that the people at the top of the pyramid were doing great, but the people at the bottom were out selling newspapers in the freezing cold. I knew some of those guys, and they had to buy whatever they didn't sell. I didn't see any need for that. But what the Black Muslims talked about as far as black people's helping one another improve our conditions in America went made sense. That was the one thing about the Black Muslims that appealed to me, because Christian churches, for all their strength and ability to organize in the black community, have never seemed to mount anything economic or political that can protect and advance black people's interests.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Farrakhan's views today?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I think he's misleading. I don't feel it's possible for blacks to have a separate society within America. Black society has existed in America as a different kind of minisociety, but what the Black Muslims are talking about—a kind of independent nation-state—well, I just don't think it can be achieved. I would be overwhelmed with joy if black people could achieve economic and political independence and strength, and I think those are realistic goals. But they won't ever be achieved through Farrakhan's insular, separatist, hostile attitude. I believe that's going to create a polarization that'll take black people back several steps before they can walk past that point again.

PLAYBOY: Many people see Farrakhan as an anti-Semitic demagog, whipping up racial hatred. Do you agree with anything he stands for?

ABDUL-JABBAR: There are certain things I definitely agree with him on. Black people *do* need to be economically and politically more sophisticated and capable. That's absolutely correct, but the stuff Farrakhan tacks onto that; well, I just can't deal with it. The whole thing about white people as devils—was John Brown the Devil? A lot more like him would have really helped black people in America. I just don't agree with the Black Muslims' racist delineation of who's good and who's evil.

PLAYBOY: What induced you to become a

convert to the Islamic faith?

ABDUL-JABBAR: When I started learning about it, I read the Koran and different things Moslem mystics had written, and there was this body of knowledge that perhaps wasn't black, but it wasn't European, either. I think a lot of black people are attracted to Islam in this country because the religion espouses egalitarianism, and the morality is basically the same that you find in Christianity. But the religion itself is a little more realistic. There's no hierarchy of priests that can rip you off.

PLAYBOY: That's pretty strong; why do you feel so hostile toward Catholicism?

ABDUL-JABBAR: When I was a freshman at UCLA, I did a lot of research and learned that Arab Moslems had enslaved black people in East Africa and that Christians had enslaved black people in West Africa, so no one can point a finger. But I also came across a papal bull, written in the 15th or 16th century, that basically said, "It's all right to enslave blacks and make them Christians. Let the slave trade roll." And the Catholic Church received a percentage of the profits. That was really it for me and Catholicism.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about white people at that point?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I went through a period of angry racism and was affected by it for a little while, but then I realized that it was making me ill. My parents had always subscribed to *Jet* magazine, and well

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before I had had any personal experiences with whites, I had read about black people's being lynched. I remember when the black church in Birmingham was bombed, and that really got to me for months. When I was 15, my parents sent me down to North Carolina by bus to attend the high school graduation of a family friend's daughter. It was 1962, and I saw Jim Crow signs [WHITES ONLY] all the way through Virginia and North Carolina. Black people couldn't drink at the same water fountains, use the same rest rooms or eat at the same restaurants as whites. It was hard to understand it, and the more of it I saw, the less trust I had for white people other than the ones I'd known.

PLAYBOY: The exceptions?

ABDUL-JABBAR: [Laughs] Right, the exceptions. I'm very thankful for those exceptions, because when I started to think logically about the subject of race again, I realized there had always been exceptions in my life, so I had to throw that theory out. I got some help with that.

PLAYBOY: From whom?

ABDUL-JABBAR: A man named Hamaas Abdul-Khaalis. My father had known him in the late Forties and early Fifties, when they were both very active as musicians. He told me that if I wanted to know more about the Moslem religion, I should talk with Hamaas, so I went to see him. Hamaas was then working for a Harlem agency that helped high school dropouts

get their equivalency diplomas. He showed me that being antiwhite or anti-Semitic was ridiculous and an infection—that's the best word I can use for it. He was a sincere, down-to-earth guy, and he understood how to live as a Moslem in America and still function as an American.

PLAYBOY: Is that difficult to do?

ABDUL-JABBAR: No. The Prophet Mohammed said that the faith can't be a burden on you, so if you have to work and can't make all your prayers, that's not a big deal. There's a lot of pragmatism and flexibility in Islam, but most of the world doesn't know that, because the people who make headlines and support the Islamic cause are coming from a very radical political position.

PLAYBOY: Are you referring to Lebanon and Khomeini's Iran?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Yes, and that situation really saddens me, because there's a lot of senseless slaughter going on there, and I share so much with a lot of those peoples. There's nationalism of all types, political fervor of varying degrees, and none of it is really based in logic.

PLAYBOY: What do you think should be done about the Palestinian problem?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I don't see any solution to it at all. There's just going to be more senseless death and destruction among people who really shouldn't be at odds. The most eloquent explanation of what's going on over there was given to me by a

Hasidic Jew from Brooklyn. He quoted David Ben-Gurion as to how the Israeli state should evolve and said that what the Israelis are now doing is a little crazy.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

ABDUL-JABBAR: In essence, he said that Jews had had to forcefully make a place for themselves, but now, having done that, they've become too caught up in the theory that might is right. To keep a people under your heel just because it feels good or it's convenient or whatever—well, it's eventually going to work against Israel. I can see, 30 or 40 years from now, the same type of incidents that led to the uprising in the Warsaw Ghetto happening someplace in the West Bank. And for what? Those people—the Palestinians—are human. They will react to suppression the same way any people do, the same way Jews finally did.

PLAYBOY: Yet organizations such as the P.L.O. still won't recognize Israel's right to exist. What would you have Israel do?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I just think it's time for Israel to lighten up a little; but I'm saying that as someone who lives 7000 miles away from the situation, and I'm not trying to preach a sermon. I do know that the two things needed in the Middle East are tolerance and restraint on the part of all concerned, and those two things just don't exist there. And so there's going to be more tragic loss of life.

PLAYBOY: Soon after you met Hamaas

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Abdul-Khaalis, you bought a house in Washington, D.C., that he used as an Islamic center. In 1973, a group of Black Muslims—intent on murdering your mentor—invaded that house and killed seven people, including three of Hamaas' children and his grandchild. Why were the Black Muslims after Hamaas—and were they after you, as well?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I don't think I was in any real danger, but they wanted to kill Hamaas because he'd written letters to them and to other Moslems saying that Elijah Muhammad, the Black Muslims' leader, was a sham and a fake. I'm assuming that was an affront that couldn't be tolerated by the Black Muslims. They sent some people to kill him, but he was out of the house when they came, so they killed his family. From that point on, Hamaas just kept building a bigger and thicker wall around himself. Four years later, in 1977, Hamaas and some other people from my house in D.C. took over some buildings, held hostages, and one person died.

PLAYBOY: Why did he do it?

ABDUL-JABBAR: That was Hamaas' way of protesting the opening of a film called *Mohammad, Messenger of God*—it's forbidden to create any likeness of the Prophet or alter the teachings or facts of his life. I went to visit Hamaas in jail before the trial, which was the last time I saw him. It's hard to know what's going on in somebody else's mind, but it seemed he was

maintaining his usual demeanor and attitude.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he would have tried that take-over if his family hadn't been murdered?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Hamaas claims that had nothing to do with it, but I don't believe that. It just seems to me that he ended up doing something really destructive—there was loss of life, and all the brothers involved in the take-over with him were separated from their families. I didn't see any logic in what he'd done, only harm. It finally made me realize you can't give your life over to anyone. It's much better to make your own decisions and live with your own mistakes than to allow someone else to make decisions for you.

PLAYBOY: Had you done that with Hamaas?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Yes, I gave up way too much. I'd been seeing two women, both of whom converted to Islam because of me and studied the religion with Hamaas. When I decided to marry one of them in 1971, Hamaas strongly advised me to marry the other one instead—and I did as I was advised, even though I knew I wasn't in love with her. The wedding ceremony was held in the Washington house I'd bought for Hamaas, and it was a personal disaster: Because they weren't Moslems, my mother and father weren't permitted to attend. I knew they were outside in the hallway while the ceremony

was going on, but I didn't know how to challenge Hamaas. After the wedding, I split. I went and saw my parents, and my mother was very upset, and that wound didn't heal until recently—I'm talking, like, within the past two years.

PLAYBOY: You left your wife in 1973. Was the marriage itself a disaster?

ABDUL-JABBAR: It wasn't a disaster, no. My ex-wife is a wonderful lady and a sincere Moslem, and after the divorce we still saw a lot of each other. I'm very fortunate in that we've eliminated our differences and we have a very positive relationship and beautiful children. I'm thankful for that. I couldn't ask for more.

PLAYBOY: How many children have you?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Habiba and I had three children, and I have a fourth from my relationship with Cheryl Pistono.

PLAYBOY: Cheryl Pistono has been depicted as the person most responsible for getting rid of your shyness and reluctance to deal with people. Do you think that's true?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Cheryl definitely helped, and she was the right person for that. But it was something I wanted for myself, and if I hadn't wanted it, it wouldn't have happened. We started living together in 1979, and by then I was no longer dealing with the Moslems in Washington, D.C. When I'd go out, Cheryl would go out with me, and there was a reaction in the press that was like, "He's with a woman. We can talk to this woman." And they could talk to

Cheryl—she has quite a personality.

PLAYBOY: Was she a social buffer for you?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Yes, she played that role. We stopped living together at the beginning of 1984, when . . . let's just say the relationship ran its course. I'd rather not talk about that in public. I don't want to minimize anything Cheryl did for me, but I remember when people started writing that Cheryl was the reason I was happy, and then other people started writing that Magic Johnson was the reason I was happy. The truth is, I was happy just because the Lakers were winning.

PLAYBOY: Before last year, your team hadn't beaten the Celtics in eight N.B.A. finals, including the 1984 championship series. Did you think the Celtics were some kind of jinx for the Lakers?

ABDUL-JABBAR: No, they're just an excellent team; but I thought we should have beaten them in 1984, and we would have if not for two critical mistakes. We lost two games to them in the '84 series because we threw the ball away at crucial times. We really beat ourselves and knew it, and we wanted another shot at them last year, because we had a lot to prove.

PLAYBOY: The Lakers and the Celtics seem to be in a league by themselves. How do the Celtics try to beat you?

ABDUL-JABBAR: The same way they beat everybody else. The Celtics play tough defense and they rebound well. They pride themselves on being a tougher team than we are; at least, they did last year.

PLAYBOY: Tougher in what sense?

ABDUL-JABBAR: That they were more physical and could outrebound us. They thought they had an advantage there, and so did a lot of sportswriters, who'd portrayed the Lakers as quiche eaters. But we knew that if we limited McHale's post-up baskets and played tough defense on Bird and didn't give him any second shots, we could beat them, and that's what happened. It's very rare for a team to win two championships in a row, and it's very important to me that we do it again this year.

PLAYBOY: If the Lakers get to the finals this season, do you think Boston will be there waiting for you again?

ABDUL-JABBAR: It wouldn't surprise me.

PLAYBOY: The Celtics have a team that's two-thirds white in a league that's 70 percent black. Does that strike you as odd?

ABDUL-JABBAR: [Laughs] We're not supposed to talk about these things. That's a really loaded question.

PLAYBOY: It's not loaded at all; we're being straightforward here. Do you think that Boston's management has a policy of keeping the team predominantly white?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Well, some teams do seem to relish the prospect of having a star player who's white. The Celtics certainly have a couple of star players who are white, and they're great basketball players. If I were a coach or a general man-

ager, I'd want them on my team no matter what their color was. I'm not trying to put racial overtones on this, but as far as what Boston's policy really is, we'll never know.

PLAYBOY: Still, basketball fans often debate whether or not the racial make-up of an N.B.A. team affects its popularity. What do you think?

ABDUL-JABBAR: If race were so important, the N.B.A. wouldn't have set new attendance records the past two seasons. But there's something else to remember here: Whenever you have a winning team, people seem to forget about race very quickly. We get very tribal, but when push comes to shove and the heat gets turned on, we're all about the same basic things and our humanity overcomes all that other crap. A book I read called *Bloods*, about black soldiers, really brought that point home to me. A black guy who'd never really dealt with white people and resented them got put together in Vietnam with a white guy from the Deep South who considered himself Klan material. When they found themselves out there fighting Charley, they suddenly didn't care who the other guy was—they were on the same side, and screw all that other stuff. Vietnam changed everybody's thinking about who's OK and who isn't. You know how they say there are no atheists in foxholes? I don't believe there are a whole lot of racists in foxholes, either.

PLAYBOY: What about in the rest of American society?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I think it's changing and for the better. For example, a teammate of mine for several years on the Lakers was a guy named Norman Nixon. Norman grew up in Macon, Georgia, and is eight or ten years younger than I am—and he attended an integrated high school and never saw a WHITES ONLY sign. That, to me, is a monumental change, especially in view of what I told you about my trip down to North Carolina when I was in high school. Certain things have definitely changed for the better. The racist structures that were supported by law have pretty much been struck down, and any that remain are very vulnerable to attack when spotted. As far as the battle for men's hearts and minds is concerned, that continues. But that always will continue.

PLAYBOY: Are you optimistic about the eventual outcome of that battle?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Yeah, I am. People are starting to understand what it means to have a free and open society that respects the rights and appreciates the contributions of all its citizens. Our democracy has never been perfect, and it was hard for Americans to admit that in respect to blacks. Maybe that was understandable, given the fact that blacks weren't brought here to become presidents of corporations. We were brought here to tote that barge and lift that bale. We were brought here to be a convenience. Our men did manual

labor and our women slept in their masters' beds. George Washington had something like 18 children with women who were his slaves. You know how people are always wondering, "Why are they all named Washington?" [Laughs] Well, it's legitimate. Jefferson also had a lot of black kids with his slaves. We are, within our population, the children of American Presidents. [Historians have concluded that Washington had no such children.]

PLAYBOY: Did you change your name from Lew Alcindor as a stricture of your religion or was it a conscious decision to rid yourself of a slave master's name?

ABDUL-JABBAR: It was a combination of both. As far as I was concerned, I was latching on to something that was part of my heritage, because many of the slaves who were brought here were Moslems. My family was brought to America by a French planter named Alcindor, who came here from Trinidad in the 18th Century. My people were Yoruba, and their culture survived slavery—there are still traces of it in New Orleans and throughout the West Indies, Cuba, Puerto Rico and French-speaking islands like Trinidad. My father found out about that when I was a kid, and it gave me all I needed to know that, hey, I was somebody, even if nobody else knew about it. When I was a kid, no one would believe anything positive that you could say about black people. And that's a terrible burden on black people, because they don't have an accurate idea of their history, which has been either suppressed or distorted. And I'm speaking from experience.

PLAYBOY: You weren't taught black history in school?

ABDUL-JABBAR: The history books I read throughout grade school and high school contained absolutely nothing about what black people did for this country. The only thing I learned was that black people were slaves and that Lincoln freed the slaves and then black people got dumped on during the Reconstruction. I was almost an adult before I found out that Crispus Attucks, a black, had been the first American to die in the Boston Massacre. And it wasn't until I was playing in the N.B.A. that I found out that the Battle of Bunker Hill wasn't decided until Peter Salem, a black guy, shot Major John Pitcairn. Thousands of black people fought hard for America in the Revolutionary War. You know how the cavalry always shows up on time in the movies to save the settlers? Those were really black troops of the Ninth and Tenth cavalries, the buffalo soldiers. They chased Geronimo, they fought Pancho Villa along the borders, and during the Spanish-American War, they fought under General John J. Pershing at San Juan Hill. When you find out things like that, your attitude changes. When I understood what blacks had done here, it was like, "Hey, we've always been involved in meaningful things in America,



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but nobody's aware of it." Black kids need to know that; they need to know they belong here and have something to offer. Right now, it seems to me that black people only get credit for urban crime and welfare fraud, with a little rhythm-and-blues thrown in. I think that if our contributions to America became better known, it would give young blacks the incentive to do something. It would also give whites an appreciation of what we've contributed, and they would stop looking down on us as baggage.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't the educational systems in predominantly black cities been able to do that job?

ABDUL-JABBAR: No city's educational system is capable of dealing with what black kids have to overcome in order to get an education. The black family structure is a mess, and because there's no supervision outside the school, whatever the kids are taught is rarely reinforced at home. It's a vicious cycle, with child pregnancies being one of the biggest problems. Kids are great at producing babies, but when they see that raising them is an 18-year job, they say, "Screw that." So then we have more kids with no supervision, kids who end up being just like their parents. Until that can be overcome, blacks are not going to be very well educated.

PLAYBOY: Have you tried to do anything about that?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Yes, I worked with Arthur Ashe when he tried to start a literacy program, which consisted of having prominent blacks go around the country to promote literacy. We tried to do whatever we could to make kids deal with books and have some vision of what they'd like to do with their lives. It's proved to be more of a task than Arthur or I or anybody else could overcome.

PLAYBOY: Is it fair to say you're one of the nation's leading role models for black kids?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Yes, but for the wrong reasons. Black kids all want to go out and play basketball or football, and they should be thinking that there's an easier way to make a living. They should be thinking about going to school and having a career that lasts as long as they want it to last. They should be thinking about careers in law, in medicine, in accounting, in various technologies. Unfortunately, you have kids hoping for careers that hinge on their physical abilities, and that's not going to make it. You know how many jobs there are in pro basketball? About 275. And the average pro's career lasts about four years. It's so redundant and depressing. It's the only thing these kids talk about. It's part of the vicious cycle much of the black community has lived with.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that that kind of thinking may be changing in the black community?

ABDUL-JABBAR: In terms of black people's moving to help themselves, it's a slow process. And understandably so, because

until about 20 years ago, the political and economic development of black communities had been stymied by Jim Crow laws and *de facto* racism and a long history of suppressing black voting rights. It's changing, but it's like we're going from A to B, and the rest of the country has been around the alphabet twice. Blacks still don't have too much faith in the political process, and that's hurting us now.

PLAYBOY: How?

ABDUL-JABBAR: We're not using the political process as effectively as we could to improve our position. A lot of people were surprised when Harold Washington—another one of George's descendants—got elected mayor of Chicago and Wilson Goode got elected mayor of Philadelphia. It's an important new phenomenon, and an encouraging one, and we're going to have to understand what political power means on a local basis and then project it nationally. But because of all the mistrust, I don't know how quickly the black community will exploit its political power. I remember that when I was at UCLA, one of the things we used to say was that if we had James Brown and The Temptations down at the Coliseum, you couldn't keep black people out of there. But if we went down and said, "Look, we're gonna get together and organize to liberate black people," nobody would show up. That used to be a tirade we'd go on for days. But, again, black people don't trust the political process, because we've been zapped by it too many times.

PLAYBOY: Among contemporary politicians, who do you think has been most helpful to black Americans?

ABDUL-JABBAR: President Jimmy Carter, primarily because of his fantastic effort to establish Federal guidelines for hiring minorities. Unfortunately, the current Administration is trying to eliminate all that.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Ronald Reagan?

ABDUL-JABBAR: I see a lot of indifference there. I think his attitude is that since the Constitution is such a great document, we don't have to force anybody to do anything, because the Constitution will protect everyone. But if that were true, there would have been no need for the Voting Rights Act, because all the rights blacks were supposed to have were clearly defined in the Constitution. Yet we couldn't exercise those rights, which is why the Voting Rights Act was necessary. I just think Reagan is out of touch. He doesn't know what reality is for a black person, and maybe that explains his indifference.

PLAYBOY: You have a lot of credibility with the public, so you may very well be asked to lend your name to various politicians' campaigns. Do you plan to become more active in politics?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Well, I'd like to keep that credibility, which will make it real hard for me to get involved. But there are certain politicians I respect, such as Mayor Tom Bradley of Los Angeles and Senator

Bill Bradley of New Jersey. I don't know that much about Bill's politics, but I know he's honest, which is why I sent him money for his first Senatorial campaign. There are several politicians from California whom I like, and I also respect a guy from Brooklyn named Al Vann, who's done very well organizing black political groups in order to get access to the reins of political power in New York. I think that's what the black community really needs—people who can organize them and show them there's some blood to be gotten out of the turnip. It takes patience and a lot of demonstration before some people understand it, but when they do, it makes for meaningful change.

PLAYBOY: Is there a place for you in that process?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Not at present, but in the future, maybe.

PLAYBOY: When athletes retire, there's a vacuum in their lives that has to be filled. Will you miss the challenges, competition and life of a basketball player?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Sure I will. Fortunately, I still have the friends I made, so that'll take the edge off it; but the life—moving around the country like we do and knowing the people we know—yeah, I'll miss it.

PLAYBOY: In the world of sports, is it important to you how people perceive what you've accomplished?

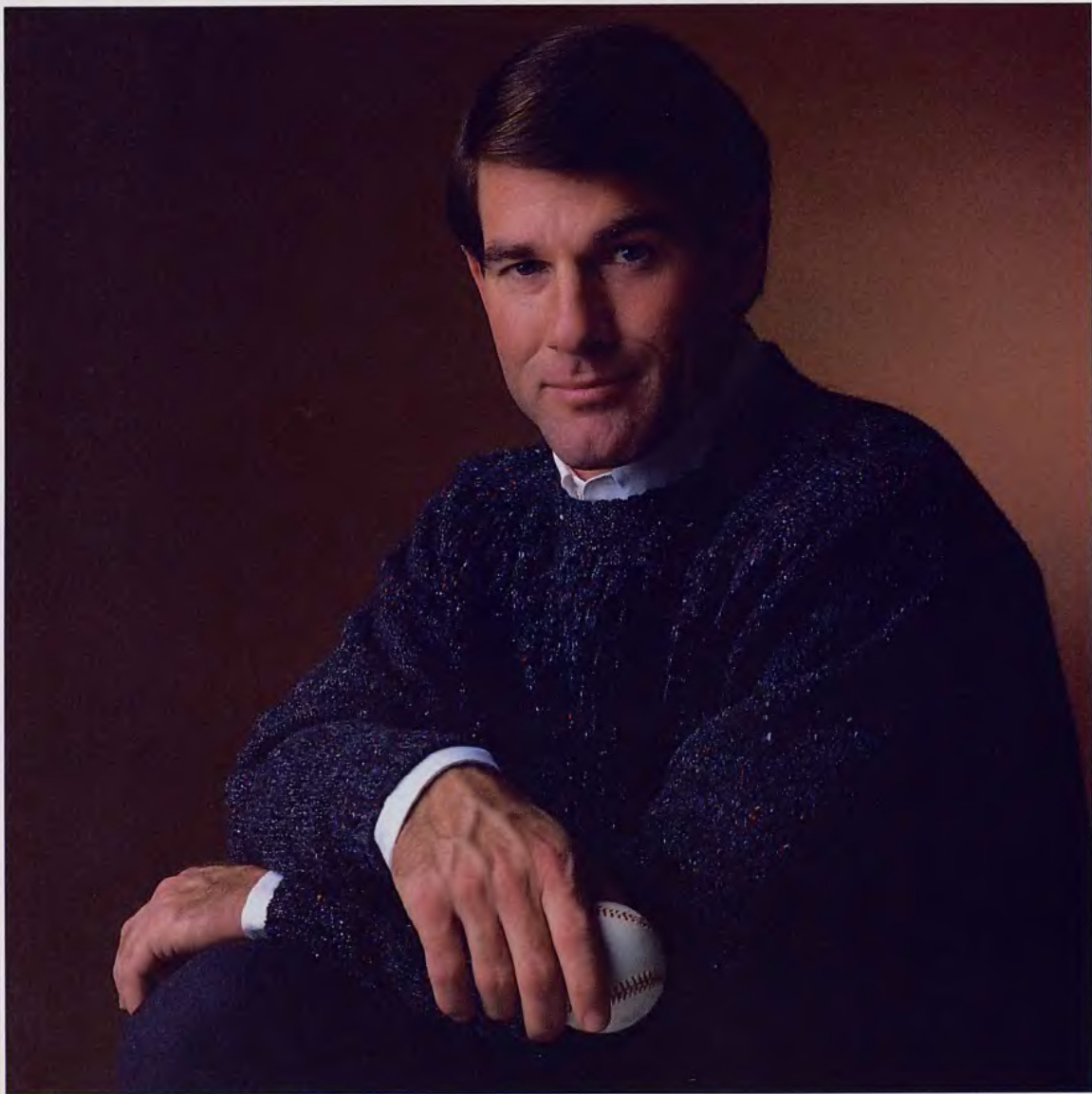
ABDUL-JABBAR: No, because I've already gotten enough recognition to the point where I know I've impressed a few people. More than a few people. So there's no need for me to go on and on and on. I've played professional basketball longer than anyone else, and it's been great fun just fighting off the inevitable for as long as I have. I've achieved enough to back off without any regrets. I just hope that in remembering me, people will acknowledge my professionalism and consistency.

PLAYBOY: If you're able to control the next 20 years of your life the way you have the past 20 years, what would you like to accomplish?

ABDUL-JABBAR: Well, first I'd like to continue to have a positive relationship with the people who are important in my life, especially my kids. And I want to be able to maintain my business and financial entities. Beyond that, it's hard to say what I'd like to achieve. You're talking about the larger scheme of things, and that's still a big question mark. That's the adjustment I'm going to have to make—finding a direction and being able to move. Right now, I don't know where to direct my social thoughts, religious thoughts, political thoughts and thoughts about uplifting my people. I'm just one person, and at this point, all I know is that I'll play basketball for one more season, and then I'm going to rest for as long as it takes to rid my system of those 5:30-A.M. wake-up calls—the ones you get so that you can catch that next plane to that next game.



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?



Mr. Clean. Mr. Conservative. Steve Garvey has built an All-Star career out of competitiveness, consistency and fair play. He is a consummate example of sportsmanship on the field and integrity off it, an athlete meant for boys' daydreams. The steadiness that has defined his career as a baseball player is likely to take him to a public-service career beyond baseball. "I like to think I'm a man for all seasons," says

Garvey. "I'm trying to be the best possible person I can be, using whatever resources it takes. I like *PLAYBOY* because it goes beyond the surface, probing deeper into issues and personalities I'm interested in. It keeps my focus from getting too narrow and allows me to expand and grow with the times."

Steve Garvey, the sort of man who reads *PLAYBOY*.





ILLUSTRATION BY BLAIR DRAWSDN

Horse Laugh

*when you're commissioned
to steal a horse, you'd better
beware of the apples*

fiction

By DONALD E. WESTLAKE

DORTMUNDER looked at the horse. The horse looked at Dortmund. "Ugly goddamn thing," Dortmund commented, while the horse just rolled his eyes in disbelief.

"Not that one," the old coot said. "We're looking for a black stallion."

"In the dark," Dortmund pointed out. "Anyway, all horses look the same to me."

"It's not how they look," the old coot said, "it's how they run. And Dire Straits could run the ass off a plug like this one. Which is why he won't be out here in the night air with these glue factories. We'll find Dire Straits in one of them barns down there."

That was another thing rubbing Dortmund the wrong way—the names that horses get saddled with. Abby's Elbow, Nuff Said, Dreadful Summit, Dire Straits. If you were going out to the track, where the horses were almost irrelevant to the occasion, where the point was to drink beer and bet money and socialize a little and make small jokes like, "I hope I break even today; I could use the cash," it didn't matter much that you were betting 30 across the board on something called Giant Can and that you had to wait for a bunch of horses outdoors somewhere to run around in a big oval before you found out if you had won. But here, in the darkest wilds of New Jersey, on a ranch barely 60 miles from New York City, surrounded by all these huge, nervous creatures, pawing and snorting and rolling their eyes, out

here breathing this moist, smelly air, walking in mud or worse, it just capped Dortmund's discontent that these dangerous furry barrels on sticks were named Picasso's Revenge and How'm I Doin'?

From some distance away, Andy Kelp's cautious voice rose into the rich air, saying, "There's more down that way. I heard one go, 'Snushfurryblurryblurryblurry.'"

"That's a whicker," the old coot said, as though anybody gave a damn.

"I don't care if it's mohair," Kelp told him. "Let's do this and get out of here. I'm a city boy myself."

The edge of nervousness and impatience in Kelp's voice was music to Dortmund's ears. It was Kelp who'd brought him into this caper in the first place, so if Dortmund was going to suffer, it was nice to know that his best friend was also unhappy and discontented.

It was the eternally optimistic Kelp who had first met the old coot, named Hiram Rangle, and brought him around to the O.J. Bar & Grill on Amsterdam Avenue one night to meet Dortmund and discuss a matter of possible mutual benefit. "I work for this fella," Hiram Rangle had said in his raspy old-coot voice, his faded-blue eyes staring suspiciously out of his leathery brown face. "But I'm not gonna tell you his name."

"You don't have to tell me anything," Dortmund said. He was a little annoyed in a general way, having had a series of things go wrong lately—not important, doesn't matter—and it hadn't been *his* idea to take this meeting. Over at the bar, the regulars were discussing the latest advances in psychotherapy—"It's called A Version, and it's a way to make you have a different version of how you see women"; "I like the version I got"—and Dortmund was sitting here with this old coot, a skinny little guy in deerskin jacket and flannel shirt and corduroy pants and yellow boots big enough to garage a Honda, and the coot was telling him what he *would* tell him and what he *wouldn't* tell him. "You and my pal Andy here," Dortmund said, lifting his glass of bar bourbon, "can go talk to the crowd at the bar for all I care."

"Aw, come on, John," Kelp said. He really wanted this thing to happen, and he leaned his sharp-featured face over the scarred corner table, as though to draw Dortmund and the old coot together by sheer force of personality. He said, "This is a good deal for everybody. Let Hiram tell you about it."

"He says he doesn't want to."

"I got to be careful, that's all," the old coot said, sipping defensively at his Tsingtao.

"Then don't come to joints like this," Dortmund advised him.

"Tell the man, Hiram," Kelp said. "That's what you're here for."

Hiram took a breath and put down his

glass. "What it comes down to is," he said, "we want to steal a horse."

They wanted to steal a horse. What it came down to was, the old coot worked for some guy who was full of schemes and scams, and one of them was a long-range plot involving this race horse, Dire Straits, on whom Dortmund could remember having dropped some rent money some years back on a couple of those rare occasions when Dire Straits had finished out of the running. It seemed that Dire Straits, having in his racing career won many millions for many people (and having lost a few kopecks for Dortmund), had now been put out to stud, which, as described by the old coot, sounded like a retirement plan better than most. These days, Dire Straits hung around with some other male horses on a nice green-grass farm over near Short Hills, New Jersey—"If they're short, why do they call them hills?" Dortmund had wanted to know, which was something else the old coot didn't have an answer for—and from time to time, the owners of female horses paid the owners of Dire Straits great big sackfuls of money for him to go off and party. It seems there was a theory that the sons and daughters of fast horses would also be fast, and a lot of money changed hands on that theory.

Well, the schemer, Hiram Rangle's anonymous boss, owned some fairly fast horses himself, but nothing in the Dire Straits class, so his idea was to kidnap Dire Straits and put him to work partying with his own female horses; and then, when the female horses had sons and daughters, the schemer would put down on the birth certificate some slow-moving plater as the father. Then, when the sons and daughters grew up enough to start to run, which would take only a couple of years, the odds against them would be very long, because of their alleged parentage; but because Dire Straits was their real daddy, they would run like crazy, and the schemer would bet on them and make a bundle. In a few months, of course, the odds would adjust to the horses' actual track records; but by then, the schemer would be home free. With three or four of Dire Straits' disguised kiddies hitting the turf every year and maybe another five or six years of active partying left in his life, it was a scheme that, as a fellow might say, had legs.

Kelp put it slightly differently: "It's like *The Prince and the Pauper*, where you don't know it, but your real daddy's the king."

"I think we're talking about horses here," Dortmund told him.

Kelp shook his head. "You never see the romantic side," he said.

"I'll leave that to Dire Straits," Dortmund said.

Anyway, it turned out that the one fly in the ointment in the schemer's scheme was the fact that, even with all his hustling and finagling, he'd never in his career done any

actual, straightforward, out-and-out theft. He had his scheme, he had his own ranch with his own female horses on it, he had a nice cash cushion to use in making his bets three years down the line, but the one thing he didn't have, and didn't know how to get, was Dire Straits. So one way or another, his hireling, Rangle, had got in touch with Andy Kelp, who had said his friend John Dortmund was exactly the man to plan and execute a robbery of this delicate and unusual a nature, and that was why this meeting was taking place in the O.J., where over at the bar the regulars were now arguing about whether penis envy was confined to men or if women could have it, too: "How can they? What's the basis of the comparison?"

"I can tell you this much," Hiram Rangle said. "My boss'll pay twenty thousand dollars for Dire Straits. Not to me; I've already got my salary. To the people who help me."

"Ten thousand apiece, John," Kelp pointed out.

"I know how to divide by two, Andy." Dortmund also knew how to divide by zero, which was how he'd profited from his other operations recently—just a little run of hard luck, nothing worth talking about—which was why he'd finally nodded and said, "I'll look at this horse of yours," and why he was now here in the sultry New Jersey night, ankle-deep in some sort of warm, dark pulpiness, listening to Andy Kelp imitate horse whickers and deciding it was time they found the right animal and got the hell out of there.

Because the problem was that Dire Straits was, in a manner of speaking, in prison. A prison *farm*, actually, with fields and open sky, but a prison nevertheless, with tall fences and locked gates and a fairly complicated route in and out. And breaking into a prison for horses was not much easier than breaking into a prison for people, particularly when the horses involved were also valuable.

V-A-L-U-A-B-L-E. When Kelp first showed Dortmund the item from the *Daily News* sports pages about how Dire Straits was insured for more than \$1,000,000, Dortmund had said, "A million dollars? Then what do we need with ten grand? Why don't we deal with the insurance company?"

"John, I thought of that," Kelp had said, "but the question is, Where would we keep it while we negotiated? I've only got the studio apartment, you know."

"Well, May wouldn't let me keep it at our place, I know that much." Dortmund sighed and nodded. "OK. We'll settle for the ten."

That was last week. This week, on Tuesday, Kelp and Dortmund and the old coot had driven out through the Holland Tunnel and across New Jersey into the Short Hills area in a Ford Fairlane the old

(continued on page 146)



Tatarlandi

"Explain the double play some other time! Right now, it's lights out!"



a tribute to the greatest late bloomer of all

THE PRIME TIME OF

WHEN YOU consider the fact that Linda Evans' face first became familiar to the American viewing public in the mid-Sixties, when she was a regular on the family-oriented TV show *The Big Valley*, starring Barbara Stanwyck and Lee Majors, you have to admit that as TV personalities go, she's been around for a while. Sure, she was pretty then, just as she is now, but nobody went bananas over her. She, like her ex-husband John Derek's current wife, Bo, could have become a big phenom in her teens. After all, Stefanie Powers and Tuesday Weld were at Hollywood High School with Linda, and *they* became overnight sensations in their early films. But somehow, Linda's appearance in her first movie, 1963's *Twilight of Honor*, with Richard Chamberlain, didn't put her on the map. Nor had she become a widely recognized hot ticket by the time Derek photographed her for *PLAYBOY* in 1971 (as he had his *previous* wife, Ursula Andress, in 1965, 1966 and again in 1973). Linda's marriage to Derek temporarily interrupted her film career; but in 1974, she returned to the Technicolor screen in *The Klansman*, with Richard Burton. By 1977, the year Linda starred as James Franciscus' partner in CBS'

The evolution of a national treasure: Linda Evans, aged 27, as she first appeared in *PLAYBOY* in 1971 (left), and Linda now (right), as the star of *Dynasty*, proving that fine women, like fine wines, improve with age.



LINDA EVANS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN DEREK



Hunter (an espionage-adventure series unrelated to NBC's current cop show by that title), the Derek household had broken up and John had married Bo. Linda went back to the movies—appearing in 1979's *Avalanche Express*, with Lee Marvin, and *Tom Horn*, opposite Steve McQueen—and into another marriage, to Realtor Stan Herman, which also ended in divorce. Still, not one fashion magazine elected to put her on its cover, and very few women were overheard wistfully musing, "Gee, I wish I looked like Linda Evans." Then, in 1981, came *Dynasty* and the role of Krystle Carrington. Today, at the age of 43, Linda is one of the most widely recognized women in the world; *Dynasty* is a big hit overseas as well as in the U.S. Hers is the face that millions of women envy and millions of men would love to kiss. Her likeness appears repeatedly not only on the covers of fashion magazines but on just about every other kind of publication that isn't devoted to hunting, fishing or motorcycles. Her *Linda Evans Beauty and*



Linda has come a long way since her role in *The Big Valley* (she's shown with the rest of the cast, tap left). She and John Forsythe, as Krystle and Blake Carrington (left center), now represent TV's *American Dream*. She made news as the *Dynasty* smoochee of the late Rock Hudson (far left) and earned big ratings splashing around with another *Dynasty* co-star, Joan Collins (left). Former hubby John Derek took the photo of Linda on the facing page.







Collector's items left and above: two previously unpublished photos of Linda, taken in 1971 by then-husband Derek, who said, "Linda is absolutely uninhibited—with or without clothing—because physically, she's in extraordinary shape." And she still is.



Exercise Book, written with Sean Catherine Derek, John's daughter from his *first* marriage (still with us?), became an instant best seller when it was published in 1983. Cannon Films has just signed her, reportedly for \$3,000,000, to do two movies and a miniseries. She continually ranks at the top of lists of women that Americans most admire, has been nominated for the Golden Globe Award and has twice won The People's Choice Award for favorite TV actress. Perhaps it's because she's a symbol of our culture's new-found realization that middle-aged women are often sexier than young ones. But for whatever reason, it's fair to say that Linda Evans has become not just a famous actress but a national icon. And who better to pay pictorial tribute to her enduring beauty than we? Thus, we've brought you these classic photos, taken when Linda was between the ages of 27 and 43. They're a testament to the adage that beauty is, indeed, timeless.

What is the source of Linda's remarkable magnetism, which seems to grow with each passing year? Perhaps the secret can be found in something Derek said of her when he took these photos years ago: "So often, a woman tries to appear seductive when photographed and the finished picture seems foke, but that's never the result with Linda." Which is to say there's something entrancingly genuine about this woman. We call that star quality.





for the buoyant host of "lifestyles," life is a cause célèbre

Mind-boggling new evidence proving that Cary Grant and TV Celebrity Gossip Host Robin Leach definitely might be related was revealed in a global exclusive interview high above the world-famous fish-infested Atlantic Ocean as the 45-year-old London-born Leach swigged champagne and confessed that he once sold the National Enquirer a front-page scoop linking Walter Cronkite with flying saucers.

These were two of the stunning revelations that came as Robin winged his way to Rio for a shooting of his hit television series, "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous," this episode featuring "Dallas" beauty Morgan Brittany and a man who makes personal stereos for coffins.

Among other shocking disclosures by the former \$250,000-a-year tabloid gossip reporter, bus-shelter salesman and ex-lieutenant of I.O.S. Financial Wizard Bernie Cornfeld:

• **NO LEG-OVER WITH FAR-OUT FIRST FEMME!** Although Maggie Trudeau stayed ten days at his secluded Connecticut bachelor mansion and bared her soul into his tape recorder about sex and drugs, Robin and the runaway Canadian first lady never had an affair!

• **WHEEL OUT THE POPE!** When a "Lifestyles" camera crew went to film in the Vatican, an aide to the Holy Father asked, "Do you want him in his working outfit or his party frock?"

• **EAT YOUR HEART OUT, BERNIE GOETZ!** In his early days as a carefree crusader for the National Enquirer, Robin roamed the New York subways with a machine gun—and then went out and bought a howitzer!

• **RICHARD BURTON'S DICK!** While Robin was

in hot pursuit of the late great lover, he talked himself into the lavish Haiti palace fortress of former President for Life Duvalier—where Burton was expected momentarily to apply for a marriage license—by banging on the walls in Duvalier's office and introducing himself to the Haitian hellhound as Burton's personal security man!

• **IS THAT A DIVERSION IN YOUR POCKET, OR ARE YOU JUST GLAD TO GRIDLOCK?** Mae West was so deaf for her last movie that she had to be fitted with a tiny receiver in her ear so the director could feed her the lines. Only when the fabulous sex goddess looked her leading man in the eye and announced that traffic was backed up on the San Diego Freeway with a burning semi in the left lane did they realize she was picking up the wrong channel!

Yes, these are the untold stories behind the stories of the man who wrote the stories that put him where he is today—in your living room! The man whose secret formula for success is:

"Never burn your bridges to a star. You never know when you might want to cross that river again."

Robin never burned a bridge to a single star, and only one famous person—Madcap Maggie Trudeau—ever socked him in the chops. Ouch! No wonder he was acclaimed, by himself, at the top of his gossip column, as *The Man the Stars Trust!*

When he was ten years old, he sold ad space for his school magazine. Now he's responsible for a \$25,000,000 annual television budget, and in the New York offices of TeleRep, Inc., the company that makes "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous," the grinning, globe-girdling (continued on page 126)

ROMPING
DOWN
TO
RIO
WITH
THE
RICH
AND
FAMOUS
ROBIN
LEACH!

富士三十六景
神奈川
浪表

江島
大船



article By BROCK YATES

THE · RISING · FUN

a roundup of sleek, sexy machines that are as tough as samurai and go like the divine wind

THE STEREOTYPE is practically graven in stone. Japanese cars are tiny miracles, flawlessly fabricated little sedans that can be bought and driven a lifetime for the price of a cheap suit. They never break, never complain and, sadly, never excite—perfect workaday machines capable of perpetual movement from pillar to post with no discernible increase in adrenal activity. Boring, even; the kind of car *Consumer Reports* would tell *(continued on page 160)*

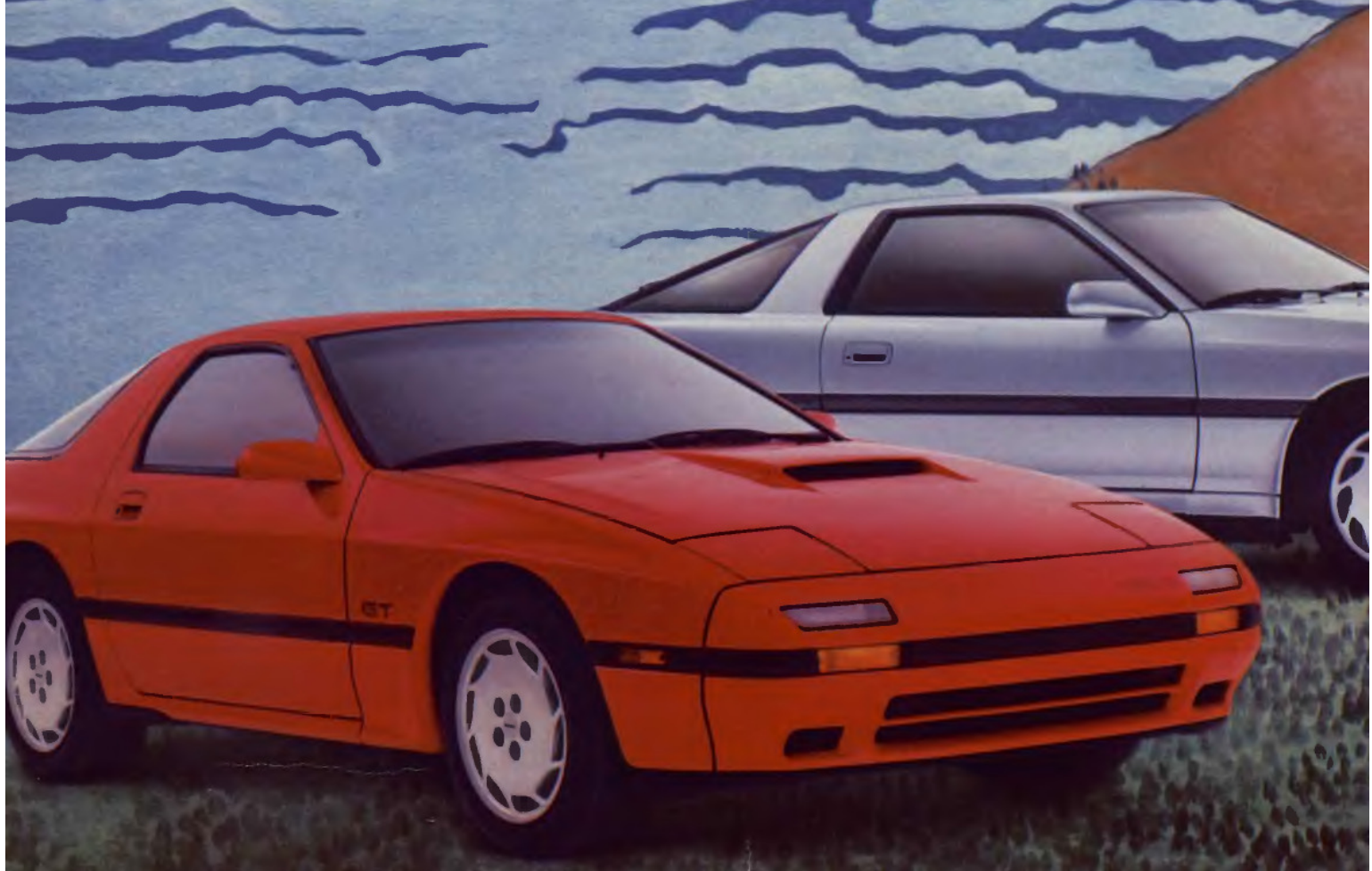
Below left: Chrysler's piece of the hard-charging Japanese automotive action is Mitsubishi, with its superfast Starion ESI-R (Euro-Sports Intercooled Rally) and Conquest TSi (Turbo Sports Intercooled), available at select Dodge and Plymouth dealers. Under the hoods are identical 2.6-liter engines. Both are fast and affordable: \$17,000.


Below right: Nissan's 300ZX remains the flagship of that marque's automotive fleet. It's powered by an overhead-cam V6 (with optional turbo) that delivers slingshot acceleration for about \$20,000. A new 300ZX may be out in the fall; and a mid-engine 150-mph machine with four-wheel drive, the MID4, is rumored to be on its way.



富嶽三十六景
凱風
快晴

富士山





Far left: Prowling the foothills of Mount Fuji is Mazda's new RX-7 Turbo, a two-seater, featuring a turbocharged rotary engine and a jazzy semi-trailing-arm rear suspension. Zero to 60 comes up in less than seven seconds, and the RX-7 Turbo tops out around 140 mph—gotten there by its 182-hp engine. The \$19,000 price also is a mover.

Center: Toyota's redesigned Supra is a snazzy package that can ease on down the road with the best of them, thanks to its 24-valve, double-overhead-camshaft engine, new, fully independent front and rear suspension, Goodyear Gatorback tires and a drag coefficient that's about as slick as a needle. Immortality is yours for about \$18,000.

Below right: The Giorgio Giugiaro-designed Isuzu Impulse Turbo is a flying wedge that turns heads every bit as fast as any European *grande marque* can. Under its sloping hood is a 2.0-liter, four-cylinder engine that will transport four adults comfortably to speeds upwards of 125 mph. A dreamer of a screamer—and it's only about \$16,000.

48 HOURS

*that's how many rebecca ferratti would like to
squeeze into her day*

MISS JUNE rode into town in a sports car that is now defunct. Zooming out of the Arizona desert, she was so thrilled to reach L.A. that she scoffed at the speed limit. She hit one of Hollywood's few puddles and hydroplaned until a parked car intervened. Rebecca Ferratti remembers enjoying the ride, thinking that it was a lot more exciting than tooling around Phoenix.

That was last November. Rebecca—Miss Apache Sunrise Ski Resort, Best Legs in Phoenix 1984, Miss Belly of Palm Springs

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA





At Reata Pass, Arizona, Miss June offers jumping strategy to checkers veterans at Golden Horseshoe Stables (left). Out in the wide-open spaces (below), she goes natural, shedding the city's pressures, or breaks yet another speed limit on an A.T.V.



1985, Miss Physically Fit, Miss Cuervo Gold, the Miss Arizona pageant's Miss Photogenic and the state of Arizona's unofficial Miss Personality—had forsaken the pageant circuit to Go For It in the capital of Going For It. She shook the dust out of her taffeta dress, walked away from her crumpled car and set out to become well known in L.A. Today, seven months later, her answering machine is jammed with calls from casting agents, managers and prospective beaux. Rebecca is seldom at home. If she's not in class at Creative Actors' Workshop in Burbank, she's probably at a night club on Sunset, dancing a series of strong California guys under the table.

"There's not enough time in the day," she says, bombing out of



She may be a city girl now, but Rebecca stays close to her roots in the Southwest's painted deserts. "When I came to L.A., I was so hyped up," she says, "that I kept going back home. I love being in the outdoors. I love the mountains, the sky and the freedom."

her brand-new Hollywood apartment on her way to acting class. "I need 48 hours, not 24. I love to drive fast. I love positive, high-energy people. I don't want to be around negative people. If they're negative, I'll bring them up. And I'll bring them up so far they'll say, 'Whoa!'"

She rides horses in the desert or escapes to the mountains when things slow down in the city. Sitting at a campfire, reflecting on the pageant scene in Phoenix and her prospects in Hollywood, she talks nearly as fast as she drives. It's not easy to follow the conversation of someone packing two days' worth of zest into 24 hours, but the gist is that the beauty-pageant tour got too political.

"Phoenix is a nice town with very nice people, but you get well known there very quickly. There's a lot of jealousy. Do the other girls like you for what you've won, or do they like you for yourself? Are they using you? It's hard to tell. But I didn't let all that stuff get me down. I won about 25 titles, and then it was time to go to L.A. for modeling, TV, the movies. L.A. is a big town. It can be lonely, but I know I can make my dreams come true. One night, I dreamed I'd go to Europe; then I won Miss Apache Sunrise and a trip to Paris. I dreamed of an island, won a national competition for *Mademoiselle* and went to Bermuda. Now I'm dreaming that I'll do well and have it all."

Like hordes of hopeful, photogenic young Hollywood women, Rebecca dreams of taking phone calls in the Polo Lounge, having a ranch on the mesa and being sent scripts that Meryl Streep rejects. Like a few, she may succeed. As for succeeding *with* Rebecca, there are plenty of guys trying. Most of them, however, make the same mistake. They try to railroad this Ferratti, who eludes pushy dudes with the speed of a perfectly tuned Ferrari. "I don't like it when guys use lines on me: 'Don't I know you from somewhere?' 'Haven't I seen you on TV?' I can see right through that. What *should* they say? Maybe 'You're a joy to watch.' That might work. That's hard to resist. I really do have a flirtatious side, you know. I just don't use it very much. I don't need to." Rebecca doesn't need anything except more hours in the day, but all her admirers should be forewarned—whether the subject is late-night dancing or love, it's not easy keeping up with her. "I'm a high-energy person," she says. "Around the clock."











"I love to go for it and do it. I love competition, and I love bringing people up to my energy level," says Rebecca, a woman of many loves. "I need people around me who at least try to keep up." It's a tough job, but there's no shortage of volunteers.

MISS JUNE PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Rebecca Michelle Ferratti

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Rebecca Michelle Ferratti

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: 11-27-64 BIRTHPLACE: Helena, Montana

AMBITIONS: To make people enjoy my talent as an Actress, and to become the best at my career. Happiness and to learn to appreciate what God has given me.

TURN-ONS: Positive people, busy days, fresh air, nature, strong-minded men,
like my dad.

MORE TURN-ONS: Fast Cars, my supportive parents, enjoyable personalities,
Anything that makes me happy. If my heart is into it, then I can share it w/ others.

A DAY IN THE LIFE: To accomplish my goals pertaining to my career. Then enjoy a nice dinner by the ocean, get together w/ my friends and do a little dancing, and then maybe cuddle w/ someone very special to me! 😊

PERSONAL WEAPONS: My personality, love for others, knowledgeable mind.

IDEAL KIND OF GUY: Intelligent, honest, believing in the Lord, respectfulness in himself, energetic, athletic, tall, dark, handsome Man who can really treat me like a lady.

PREDICT YOUR FUTURE: I know that whatever I do, I will be very happy. If it's my acting or modeling or having a happy strong family. I will be remembered.

ONE WISH IN THE WORLD: That someday people will learn to like themselves and accept what God has given them. Then maybe there would be no jealousy.



It's camera time. Cheese!



Mom and Dad, I made the cheerleading squad. Rah-Rah!



Life's the Greatest! ♥



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The lively octogenarian hit it off so well with a woman he met at a local tavern that she agreed to return to his apartment for some lovemaking.

Five days later, the old man noticed a drip at the tip of his penis and made an appointment with his doctor.

"Have you had sex recently?" the physician asked.

"Sure have," the old man cackled.

"Do you remember who the woman was and where she lived?"

"Well, of course I do."

"Then you better get over there right away," the doctor advised. "You're about to come."



Father, my dog just died," the woman sobbed. "Will you bury it for me?"

"Madam," the priest replied, "it has never been, nor will it ever be, the practice of the Catholic Church to hold services for a dog."

"I'm sorry to hear that. I would have paid five thousand dollars for it."

"Wait a minute," the priest said. "You didn't tell me the dog was Catholic."

I don't know about you," Carol said wearily to her friend in the singles-bar ladies' room, "but whoever said women can't take a joke has never seen what I get involved with in this place."

Three married couples en route to Bermuda perished in a plane crash and appeared together before Saint Peter at the pearly gates.

Saint Peter met the first couple and said to the husband, "You materialistic wretch, all you ever sought in life was money. Why, you even married a woman named Penny. Get out of my sight."

After banishing the first couple, he turned to the second husband. "And you, you lush, all you've ever done is live in a sin-filled drunken stupor. You even married a woman named Sherry. Get out of my sight."

Hearing the fate of the first two couples, the third husband grabbed his wife's arm and began pulling her away. "Let's get out of here, Fanny," he said. "We don't stand a chance."

We'd like a room, please," the man said, nodding toward his companion. "We got married this morning."

"Well, congratulations," said the desk clerk, smiling. "How about the bridal?"

"No, just a room. I'll hold her by the ears till she gets the hang of it."

After years of regular meetings at a local bar, one of a trio of friends stunned his companions by announcing that he was really a woman trapped in a man's body and had finally decided to have a sex-change operation.

Months later, she reappeared at the old haunt and greeted her friends. Both men congratulated her on her appearance and began questioning her about the most painful aspect of the grueling operation.

"Lopping off your dick must have been the worst part," one said, wincing.

"Ummm," she pondered. "No, not really."

"Cutting off your balls, then," decided the other.

"No," she said. "That was bad, but not the worst."

"What was worse than that?"

"Getting my salary cut in half."



Mr. Harrison, you seem to be in perfect health," the doctor said, "but we need a sperm count to determine whether or not you can father children. The nurse will be in to help you shortly."

In a few moments, the nurse entered the room with a small vial, told the man to relax and proceeded to give him an expert hand job.

After she left, the man dressed and walked to the reception area. Along the way, he passed a room in which a dozen men were vigorously jerking off. "Excuse me," he asked the nurse, "but are those men taking specimens for sperm counts?"

"Yes, they are," she replied.

"Why do they have to do it themselves?"

"Oh," she said, "they're with an H.M.O."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"You seem familiar. Have you ever been in my pants before?"

from managua
to san salvador
to washington,
the word is
we're going
to war

SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF A LOW- INTENSITY CONFLICT

THE TACA AIR LINES 727 jet is packed with passengers, and people grow quiet as we enter Salvadoran airspace. Outside the window, the tropical landscape rises slowly to meet us. I see a large lake, a dormant volcano, ridges of saw-toothed hills, the Pacific Ocean in the distance. The jungle valleys are blue in the afternoon shadows and the fields of sugar cane and pineapple form blocks like patterns in a quilt.

It is September 1985.

There is a time warp for me at this moment: I think briefly that it is 1961 again and I am seeing a jungle from the air for the first time, a young Marine officer being sent overseas on Priority One orders to join a task force that will be used to spearhead an invasion of Laos—should President John F. Kennedy and his counterinsurgency experts decide such an invasion is necessary.

The time warp is fleeting, but I recognize that history may repeat itself. Another Vietnam-style war is not an impossibility. The Kennedys of the Eighties, the bright and aggressive Reaganites, are promoting a supposedly new concept in military tactics. It is called low-intensity conflict, and it's the latest rage in military circles. You'll be hearing a lot about low-intensity conflict in the future, but you should know that it is being debated and discussed in Washington right now.

No one can yet give a precise definition of low-intensity conflict, because its

article By ASA BABER





theory and practice are still being developed. For example, the U.S. Army Field Manual on the subject (F.M. 100-20, *Low Intensity Conflict*, 1981) is being rewritten. The discussions in military journals, scholarly publications, Government position papers and general-interest magazines leave you with the impression that low-intensity conflict is a term whose time may have come—but it is also a term that means different things to different people. Indeed, some experts argue that low-intensity conflict is the old doctrine of counterinsurgency in new clothes.

Put it this way: Low-intensity conflict is the official label for an evolving doctrine of counter guerrilla warfare. This type of warfare is rated low on the scale of possible conflicts, which is how the doctrine got its name.

The Vietnam war, to take a familiar example, would have been classified a low-intensity conflict during its first years. It became a mid-intensity conflict when the air war expanded and the Cambodia incursion occurred. And if Russia or China had intervened with nuclear weapons, we would have had a high-intensity conflict. That is roughly the scale of conflicts as seen by today's strategists.

It would be fair to say that we have low-intensity conflicts today in Central America and the Philippines. These regions have some degree of guerrilla activity, terrorism and civil violence, yet they are not engaged in conventional wars. According to the low-intensity way of thinking, these troubled areas are where the action is, where Soviet expansionism is being practiced and where we must respond to the challenge in a sophisticated, effective way. Proponents of low-intensity conflict offer their theories as Gospel—limited response to limited war, internal defense and development of fledgling nations, counter guerrilla operations that are supposedly more subtle and efficient than those used in Vietnam, U.S. participation at a muted and distant level, local commanders given local control. . . .

On paper, it all looks good. There is a refreshing innocence to the term low-intensity conflict, too. It sounds harmless and, most important, it sounds *new*. This is not, the argument goes, a theory from the same people who brought us Vietnam. Low-intensity conflict? It's so new we can't tell you exactly what it is, but trust us: It's far different from the counterinsurgency doctrines of Kennedy and his experts. They lost. We'll win.

I'm making this trip to El Salvador, Nicaragua and Honduras to see if I can get a handle on the application of low-intensity conflict. I was trained in the Marine Corps in the "old" tactics of counterinsurgency. What will I find in Central America that demonstrates a new and revolutionary way to deal with guerrilla war? Is low-intensity conflict a gim-

mick with a neutral name? Or is it an answer to the explosions that seem primed to occur in an area two hours south of the U.S. border?

I think about these things as the jet lands at Comalapa International Airport in El Salvador. I'm accompanying a delegation of Vietnam veterans that was organized by Dr. Charley Clements, author of *Witness to War*, an account of his time as a physician in rural El Salvador. None of us knew Dr. Clements or the others before we began this trip. That part of it will be interesting, too. How will we get along? What will we see, and how will we interpret it? What risks are ahead for us, and how will we handle them?

I feel apprehensive, alert, wired. Looking out the plane window, I see a number of soldiers with M-16s. They stand around the baggage racks, the fork lifts, the entrance and exit doors. They are short, dark men whose weapons seem too large for their bodies.

I've seen this movie before, I think, as I will often in the next ten days.

To begin to understand Central America, you need to read two books: *The Godfather* and *One Hundred Years of Solitude*.

—THE SOURCE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

The VW van sputters and struggles along a four-lane highway that rises and dips, climbs across ridges, moves from the flatland into the interior toward the city of San Salvador.

I see again the immense poverty of what we call the Third World: ramshackle shacks of cardboard and tin, corn planted on steep slopes, banana trees, naked children, thin men with machetes walking the road shoulder, women with baskets and buckets on their heads, more children, always children. Even the storm clouds are green, reflections of tropical lushness.

"It would take two Marine divisions to hold this road from the airport to the city," I say to Harold Bryant, a former combat engineer with the First Air Cavalry in Vietnam, a black man who now works with veteran-outreach programs. "This is guerrilla country. Peaks and valleys. All sorts of cover. Twenty miles of ambushes."

Bryant nods. "Try three divisions," he says, laughing.

Once we are off the bus, San Salvador quickly reveals itself to be crowded, noisy, active, a garrison city in a garrison state, with many police and soldiers in the streets, private armed guards in front of a McDonald's restaurant, jeeps and trucks at intersections, people who seem friendly but are terrified of political questions. It is a city where there is not much peace in the air, where tension is palpable and poverty is never more than a few blocks away.

The first night in the hotel bar, as Bryant and I are having a drink and watching

a rainstorm pour onto the veranda outside, the hotel lights suddenly go out as all power is lost to our section of the city. Like two men on a string, Bryant and I move away from the plate-glass windows. There is lightning and thunder, but there are also other sounds, small, sharp cracks that are more man-made than natural.

Lanterns are brought in. Most of the guests go on talking as if nothing has happened. Bryant and I exchange glances without saying a word. I had years in artillery and he had years in demolitions, and our ears are trained to classify sounds and explosions. We know *plastique* when we hear it.

It is not entirely a joke when I buy a T-shirt in a hotel shop that night. NO ME TIRES/ESTOY PERIODISTA, it says: Don't shoot me, I'm a journalist.

"You're lucky," Bryant laughs. "You can wear that and not be lying."

"I'll use anything I can get," I say.

I am rooming with Skip Roberts, a former Marine, now a labor-union organizer, a man with a great sense of humor and a detailed sense of history. He and I talk into the night about things we're learning from the people we've interviewed that evening. Several representatives of a human-rights organization have described the activities of the Salvadoran death squads, the bands of armed men in civilian clothes who drive the streets in Jeep Cherokees and pull people into captivity and death or disappearance: tens of thousands of Salvadorans killed or missing in the past few years, as many as 850 per month for a few years, now an average of "only" 35 to 40 per month. A society, if you can call it that, that has eliminated its left and much of its center—*The Godfather* mentality, in other words. A country under siege, with assassination and disappearance woven into the fabric of life.

"There's a war down here," Roberts says as he stands at the window and points toward the sounds of demolitions and small-arms fire on the perimeter of the city. The lights go out again, and we listen to the air crackle.

"That's not a war," I say. "That's a low-intensity conflict."

"Right," Roberts says. "I forgot."

The spirit of *The Godfather* infects much of El Salvador. You feel it in the military hospital, where legless young men lie wounded and dying. It is there in the corpses on the roadside, in the faces of the refugees who are holed up in a church and cannot go out on the street for fear of being picked up by the death squads. It colors the testimony of a young woman who was tortured and raped in one of El Salvador's prisons. It shows in the increased air war on the part of the government and the increased use of land mines on the part of the guerrillas. And it hangs heavy in the

(continued on page 191)

Quarterly Reports

a timely accounting of timeless principles of personal finance

article

By ANDREW TOBIAS

THE BOTTOM LINE ON LAWYERS

*and remember, it's your bottom line
we're talking about*

LAWYERS MAY SEEM an odd subject for a financial column, but they underlie most things financial and, even if they didn't, we'd have a responsibility to sneak in the occasional gibe—if I wrote a cooking column, I'd slip in “Twelve Recipes to Poison a Lawyer”—because when you think about it, lawyers (and that elite subset, Congressmen) are at the root of a lot of the mess that keeps us from being richer than we are.

When Pennzoil won the first round of its 10.53-billion-dollar lawsuit against Texaco last year, Texaco stock lost 2.7 billion dollars in market value while Pennzoil gained \$600,000,000. If the stock market is so efficient, someone wondered, with Texaco's loss presumably Pennzoil's gain, where did the other 2.1 billion dollars go? “Legal fees,” replied *Forbes's* editor, Jim Michaels.

Shakespeare did *not* say, “The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers”; he had one of his characters say it. But he would have said it, he told me once, if he hadn't been loath to offend some of his personal friends who were lawyers.

That's the thing. Lawyers as people are nothing short of saints. Charming, honorable, intellectual—all that. Some of my best friends are lawyers. I've even slept with a lawyer. But lawyers as lawyers make me nervous, and lawyers as a group—a great, obfuscating, overbloated throng—make me buggy.

We have too many lawyers.

You know the ad that says, “If you, or someone you love, is over 55, I urge you to get a pencil and paper”? Well, if you or someone you know is in college, contemplating what to do next, I urge you, or him, to rule out law school. Be an entrepreneur, be an engineer, be a teacher, be a cop, fight fires, fly planes, lay bricks, sculpt—don't be a lawyer.

Ah, you say, what if there were no lawyers?

That would be terrible, true, but that's not the present danger.

Most of the lawyers I talk to agree—and not just to dis-

courage competition. At 700,000 and counting in the U.S., there really are too many lawyers.

FRED OF THE FAMILY

The first lawyer I ever hired was a friend of the family, partner in a small-to-middling New York law firm, in his late 30s. I was 23. I had made a book deal and he, hearing this, asked who would be looking over the contract. I stammered a little. My agent would be looking over the contract, I said. This is one of the three or four principal things agents do.

Sure, said Fred of the Family, but you can't sign a contract without having a lawyer look it over. And that was the very service he offered to provide.

“Gee,” I said, “the whole thing's for only \$6000.”

“Don't worry,” he said, “I'll just make sure everything's OK. It won't cost much.”

So I gave him the contract (“Use a lawyer if you want,” counseled my agent, “but you really don't need one for this”) and he dickered with the publisher over a paragraph on my legal liability, lest the book inspire a lawsuit. This resulted in some essentially pointless rewording—pointless because, first, the paragraph still held me liable in the event of a lawsuit and, second, I was “judgment-proof,” anyway. Even if someone had sued me, he'd have gotten nothing, because I had nothing. I was just beginning grad school. All I owned was a typewriter and some textbooks.

I signed the slightly reworded contract, wondering what the rewording cost.

Answer: \$784. That was in 1971 dollars, equivalent to \$2148 today. Some friend of the family.

“I'll be more than happy to talk with you about this,” he said when I called, “and at no charge. But you should know that the time spent explaining a bill is ordinarily billed also.”

Whereupon he explained—at no charge—that he'd done \$750 of work on this, plus telephone and photocopying expenses, and expected to *(continued on page 164)*



FAST GETAWAY

this season's hottest swimwear under a jamaican sun

fashion BY HOLLIS WAYNE

Left: These two are obviously no strangers in paradise, and to take advantage of all the sun, surf and special hideaways—such as Somerset Falls, near Hope Bay—that Jamaica has to offer, he has brought along a Lycra bikini with a Memphis print that looks hand-painted, by Jantzen, about \$17. Below: Talk about getting along swimmingly! And why not, as he's wearing the swimmer's suit, a tight Lycro bikini, by Speedo America, \$16.

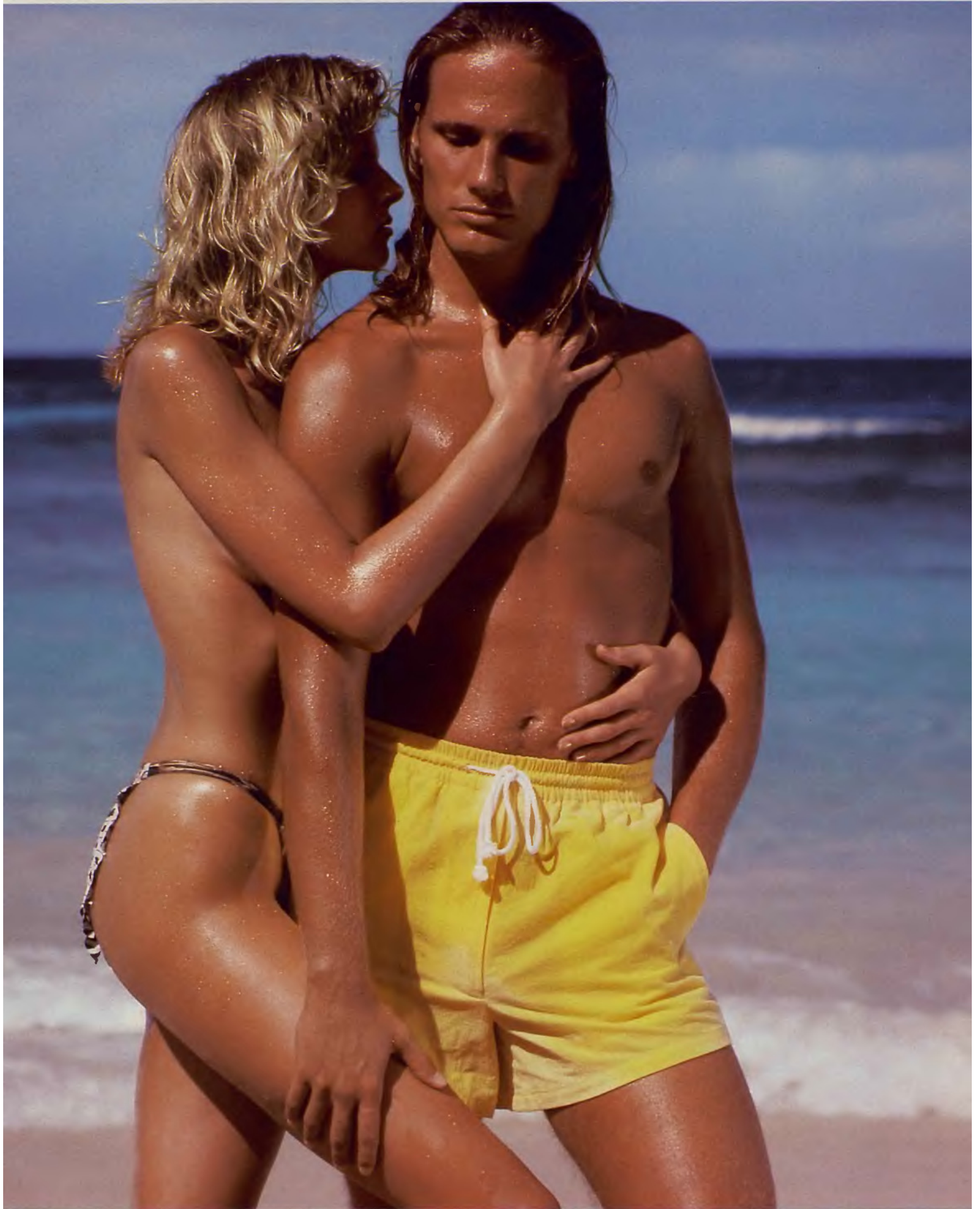


PHOTOGRAPHY BY STAN MALINOWSKI

THE BEST BATHING SUIT, of course, is nought but your well-tanned hide, sailing, surfing, sunning and skinny-dipping, on the secluded back side of a lush tropical isle, such as Jamaica. But next to that, go for the look that best fits your physique, from the briefest of bikinis to boxers and surfer jams. Strong primary colors in New Wave geometrics, tropical florals, anything with a visual punch, are what the smartest sons of beaches will be pulling on this long, hot summer. For all-round comfort, the fabric to choose is cotton; for a bikini, pick a quick-drying Lycra blend. Hot time. Summer in the islands. Let's go!

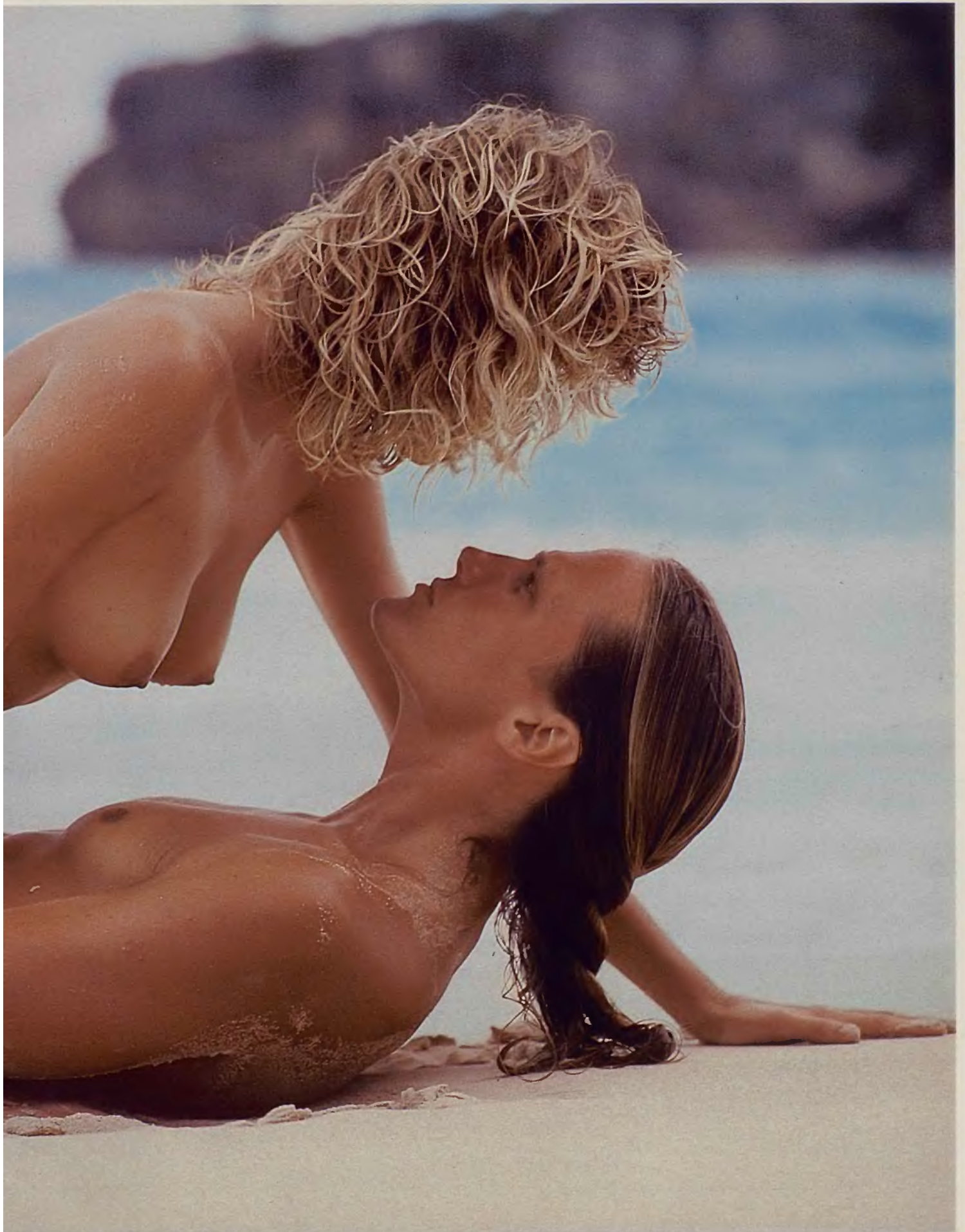
Below: A kiss on the hand may be quite Continental, but nothing beats a little offshore nuzzling. His suit: a regimental vertical-striped cotton beach boxer with drawstring waist and twill-taped on-seam pockets, by Occhi Mare/Mervin Klein, \$35. Right: Too much of a good thing? They don't think so; he's wearing a cotton-boxer model with a drawstring waist, on-seam pockets and a back pocket with a Velcro closure, by Claiborne, \$30.





For those of us who remember *From Here to Eternity*, the beach scene should only have looked so good. His swimsuit: a tropical flamingo-print surfer-length cotton jams with an inside pocket and drawstring waist, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, about \$32.50.





LADIES' SWIMWEAR FROM WATER WEAR, NEW YORK CITY & NEW JERSEY / PHOTOGRAPHED ON LOCATION AT THE MARBELLA CLUB, PORT ANTONIO, JAMAICA

four essential, incontrovertible truths about the male of the species

THE TWO SPIES who wrote this piece have done a terrible thing. Soon, they're going to publish "The Grown-Up Girl's Guide to Boys" and everyone (especially girls and other forms of women) will know our secrets: why we guys think the way we do, why we do the things we do. We want you to get a jump on the opposition, so, as a public service, we're giving you a preview of the things they'll find out.

WHY WE HIDE THINGS

A boy believes that virtually everything he owns is either precious or incriminating, and that is why he figures that if he's going to go to the trouble of putting something away, he may as well go the extra half mile and hide it outright.

He puts the dirty underwear in the bottom drawer and the country-house lawn furniture in petty cash and, consequently, he can rarely find anything himself. Very early on, hiding ceases to serve any real purpose for a boy and becomes merely reflex; hence, he is likely to go through life putting down a legitimate business lunch with one client as a legitimate business dinner with another client and having no clear idea why. A boy himself can generally be found hiding behind sunglasses, a mustache and an unlikely story or, if he is rich and powerful enough, behind a receptionist, a couple of secretaries and a battery of high-priced lawyers.

The only stuff that a boy doesn't hide is the stuff that he means specifically to exhibit; that is, his car and his Kuwait Hilton matchbooks; and he also leaves out a few false leads in order to keep the curious and the nosy off the real trail. When a girl asks a boy, "Are you hiding something from me?" he will always look at her incredulously and answer, "Of course not. What could I possibly have to hide?"

LOUD NOISES AND US

Sometimes, when a boy is engaged in a perfectly normal discussion, say, of Soviet-American trade relations, he will suddenly and for no apparent reason insert an index finger into his mouth and dumfound his dinner companions with the sound of a champagne bottle popping its cork; or he will stick a hand into his armpit and pump it in such a way as to counterfeit the splutter of a whoopee cushion; or he will do a moment or two of Howard Cosell or a Turkish rug merchant or a siren or surf. With whatever blunt instrument—butter knife, pen, chopstick, swizzle stick, his own fingers or a cattle prod—happens to be at hand, he will investigate the acoustical properties of wineglasses, water tumblers, rattan lounge chairs, aluminum siding and his own and other people's heads. He will blow across the top of an

empty beer bottle, turn up a radio, rev an engine, perhaps drive a sanitation truck through the sound barrier, crack ten knuckles and belch—and only then, as if nothing at all remarkable had happened, will he return to his major point: that grain is one thing but high technology is something else and probably we shouldn't sell it even to our good friends the Canadians.

In short, boys are acoustical primitives and, as such, they are able to move back and forth between words and random, inchoate sound in a way that girls find amusing, mystifying or mortifying.

What a girl doesn't understand is that the guitar serenading and the kettledrumming and most of the other aggressive ruckus a boy makes are, in fact, only sexual display, or strutting. A boy bleats and brays and rasps and toots *Dixie* on his car horn and makes obnoxious sucking noises in order to call attention to himself, and a girl ought to be flattered, even if she's not pleased. What ought to flatter a girl less is that occasionally, a boy will rise to a fever pitch of noisiness and not think about her at all: Finding himself alone in a living room with a lethargic fox terrier, he will get down on all fours and, failing to produce the magic high-frequency whistle that he had hoped would drive the dog crazy, he will roll around on the floor, bark, howl, yelp and yip and, in half a dozen other ways, try to establish rapport with the dog in the dog's own language.

Boys do not like, and do not respond to, subtle sounds. They are indifferent to wind chimes, jingle bells, onomatopoeia and any sound an English teacher would identify as tintinnabulation. Boys also have no use for silence, except insofar as it is useful in covert operations. Inspired by the West-erns they watched as kids, they will, for example, frequently slip into a pair of moccasins and try to get some fun going by sneaking up behind a summer house guest and simultaneously letting out a bloodcurdling war whoop and slamming her over the head with a day-old *baguette*.

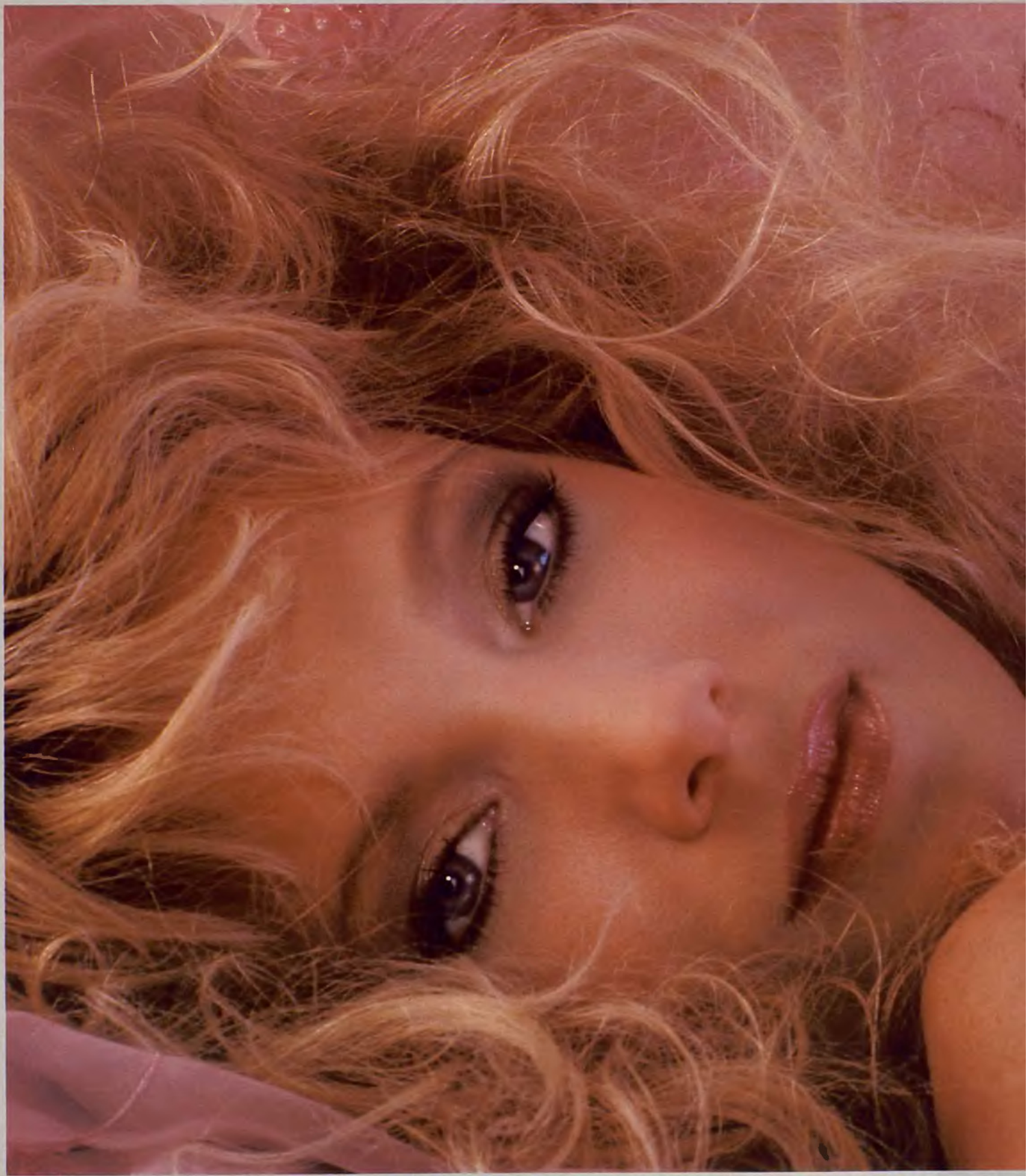
WHY WE THINK WE CAN DO IT WITHOUT ANY PRACTICE

When a boy approaches a podium, a playing field, a battlefield or an audit, he will usually assure his well-wishers that he is pretty thoroughly prepared, that he has examined the situation from every angle and that he is ready to meet any contingency.

In fact, he usually will not have prepared at all, he will have looked the situation over from exactly one angle and he will not have even the vaguest idea what the contingencies are. A boy will, indeed, very nearly (*concluded on page 158*)

WHAT
THEY
(DAMN IT!)
HAVE
LEARNED
ABOUT
US
THAT
WE
NEVER
WANTED
THEM
TO
KNOW





PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR



*she's an actress. she's a mom.
and now kathy shower
has a new title*

IF YOU'RE PLANNING to meet Kathy Shower for dinner, be sure to arrive at the restaurant a little early and find yourself a spot near the end of the bar. That way, you get to watch the less fortunate men in the room when she comes in. Then, as you escort her into the dining room, you can finish them off with a glance over your shoulder that



Triple threat Kathy Shower gets in some quality time with her daughters, Mindy, ten, and Melonie, seven, on a family outing (left). For her second job, as an actress (left center), Kathy concentrates on the latest script for her recurring role in the TV soap "Santa Barbara." And as our 1986 Playmate of the Year, Kathy not only received a check for \$100,000 from Playboy Enterprises but went shopping with us at Hollywood Sport Cars and came home with a hot new Jaguar XJ6.



says, "Eat your hearts out!" It'll put a swagger in your step for weeks to come.

Kathy has that effect. We first fell under her spell when she appeared on our April 1984 cover. Our enthusiasm for her only increased when she was featured as our May 1985 Playmate. Our first-ever Playmate of the Year phone-in demonstrated that thousands of our readers felt that Kathy was special, too; they registered their overwhelming support for her. (By the way, thanks to all 100,584 of you who took the time to register your choice for your favorite Playmate during the two-week calling period last December.)

Kathy, you'll recall, is an actress. She credits her gatefold appearance for her recurring role in the daytime series *Santa Barbara*. Her character, Janice Harrison, is almost as versatile as Kathy. During the past few months on the show, she has been a chauffeur, a waitress, a model and, in a case of art imitating life, a magazine centerfold. The real Kathy is also a single parent, with two lovely daughters, Mindy, ten, and Melonie, seven. Those all-consuming occupations would be plenty for two lives. But Kathy has neatly shoehorned them into one very successful package: part mother, part television star. And if she ever wonders whether she's a star who's also a mother or a mother who's also a star, her girls will set her straight immediately.

"When I took them to the set to visit," Kathy remembered, laughing, "they wanted everybody's autograph. The other people on the show were the real stars. As for me, they'd just say, 'These people are famous and you're Mom.' Keeps you humble. Keeps you *very* humble. And they're













"I think the most critical quality that a man can have is maturity. I'm not talking age. I mean, there are some guys 40 and 50 who are going on 20. They don't have the capacity to understand a working person, a relationship, parenting or responsibility. If they are very insecure about who they are and don't understand what I do, it's just disastrous. When I have a problem, I have to be able to talk to someone who'll understand."

right. I'm just working. And **PLAYBOY** has helped in that regard. This is the first recurring role I've had in a series, though I've done many guest shots. And I'm glad to be there. I love the people I work with. The thing about doing a daytime drama is that you become like a family. It's very comfortable for me. At the same time, it is a challenge. It is difficult to be a character for 14 hours and then have to drive home and be the mommy and the nurse and the caretaker and all those other things as soon as you hit the door." Still, Kathy is willing to put up with the strain. "I've been a dancer since I was a little girl, and I love performing. I did musicals and plays for a number of years. But I had no idea that I would one day be on television regularly—actually making money and supporting my little family." (text concluded on page 158)







ROBIN LEACH (continued from page 83)

"Having an English accent meant a free-lancer could say he worked for the 'Times' of London or the BBC."

gadabout has a new title. Now they call him Commander Goodlife. And the sign on the door says, GLITZKRIEG!!

In 1981, CNN asked Robin Leach to appear on camera at the Academy Awards to do a brief commentary. Network executives liked it so much that they asked him to do a commentary on the engagement of Prince Charles and Lady Diana. He ad-libbed live for an hour. Robin the TV star was on his way.

Today, *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* is seen on 183 American stations and in 11 countries, including Taiwan, Australia, Saudi Arabia and Malaysia. Robin took his original notion for the show to Al Masini, president of TeleRep. "My idea was nothing like the one we finished up with," he says. "It was very ordinary. Al has to take the credit for the final concept. Al's the real genius of *Lifestyles*."

Masini was once asked on a TV business program to describe the show. His reply: "Well, I think it gives you—money doesn't make happiness, but the lack of it definitely creates unhappiness, and I think all that show does is show that anybody, no matter what level you're at, you can make money and then live in a style. But it also tells you, I think, that because you have money, you don't have to live flamboyantly, you don't have to live with excesses. It portrays that people will live at all different levels. Some people will live excessively, some people won't."

Making money and living in style—the American dream in six words, the same dream that carried Robin Leach westward as a 22-year-old English immigrant to New York in late 1963. He had wanted to be a reporter since he was a boy, when he sold advertising space and wrote for his school magazine. At 15, he went to work for the local paper in his home suburb in northwest London, moved to the Manchester office of *The Daily Mail* and from there to the *Mail's* head office on Fleet Street. It was in London, standing backstage and watching Anthony Newley in *Stop the World I Want to Get Off*, that he decided he would write about stars and show business.

In New York during that first winter, he sold shoes at Lord & Taylor, worked briefly at the New York *Daily News* and in the spring of 1964 started free-lancing for the *National Enquirer*. Gore was the dominant pictorial theme at the *Enquirer* in the mid-Sixties: dismembered bodies, decapitations, squashed faces, impalements, mortuary victims and the occa-

sional congenital deformity, which gave an excuse for sentimental headlines—"SHE LOOKS LIKE A FISH, BUT SHE'S STILL MY BABY."

Robin soon discovered that the free-lance reporter's greatest problem was getting people to talk once they heard the words *National Enquirer*. This was especially true of movie and TV people, because, at the time, they were invariably portrayed in the *Enquirer's* gossip column as insane, drunk, violent or all three. They didn't like the paper. One way of getting around the problem was to have an English accent. Having an English accent meant that a free-lancer could say he worked for the *Times* of London, the BBC or a nonexistent fan magazine in Humpty Doo, Australia. "I'm with the *London Garble*—something wrong with this connection—and we were wondering if you'd like to talk about the horrible things that happened when you accidentally went to jail on that trumped-up morals charge in Panama." That kind of thing, much to the amazement of the famous person, who would read all about it in the *Enquirer* and wonder how it got there.

Robin was quick to understand two useful rules about showbiz reporting: Most celebrities love talking about themselves, and the public can never get enough.

In his first free-lance stint at the *Enquirer*, from early 1964 to late 1965, the English accent opened doors that had previously been barred. Robin interviewed Walt Disney. He got an exclusive story on David Janssen, then starring in *The Fugitive*, by interviewing Janssen's mother, who said her now-famous son never called anymore. What was worse, she added, giving away one of those miracle tips that the tabloids and their readers devour, her famous son's marriage was coming apart, and it was all because of fame.

With that—"THE STORMY SCENES BEHIND 'THE FUGITIVE'"—Robin broke new ground for the *Enquirer* and his own star began to rise. It wasn't long afterward that gore as a staple editorial ingredient began to vanish from the *Enquirer's* pages and gave way to show business.

Robin saved \$30,000 in his first 18 months' free-lancing at the *Enquirer*. In late 1965, he and a fellow reporter named Al Coombes started a music magazine called *Go*. Al left after a year or so, but Robin stayed for three years and took the company public. The shares climbed from two dollars to \$18, Robin sold out—"walked away with \$1,000,000"—and the company fell apart a year later.

While Robin was wrestling with *Go*, an-

other entrepreneur by the name of Bernie Cornfeld had started a company in Geneva, Switzerland, called Investors Overseas Services (I.O.S.). By 1969, I.O.S. managed two billion dollars in mutual funds and was promising to turn thousands of investors around the world into millionaires. On paper, many I.O.S. staffers had already reached the magic figure. Cornfeld himself lived like an oil sheik—there were limos full of miniskirted women and endless parties at châteaux and penthouses around Europe. Robin went to work for him.

"Actually, I didn't work for Bernie per se," says Robin. "I met him, we played backgammon, but my work was in the New York office. Nothing to do with the financial end of the business; my job was strictly promotion."

The collapse of I.O.S. came in the early Seventies, sending a tidal wave of shock through the financial centers of the world. Cornfeld went to jail in Switzerland, and his chief executive officer, Robert Vesco, disappeared with an estimated \$225,000,000, becoming one of the more exotic fugitives of our times.

"Stunned," says Robin. "Absolutely stunned by the whole thing, we all were. I never did understand exactly what went wrong."

He stayed on in New York, disposing of the products of various companies already acquired by I.O.S. He describes this as "helping clean up the mess." For a while, he found himself selling bus shelters and a series of cookbooks. Finally, he sold three of the companies, taking 20 percent commission on each.

"I've always hated business," he says. "I know I've got a knack for it, but I don't really like it. Give me a typewriter and I'm doing what I should be doing."

In 1973, at the age of 32, he followed his own advice. After being out of the tabloid business for eight years, Robin went back to the *Enquirer* as a free-lancer; and a

(continued on page 182)

THE PLAYBOY GALLERY

WELCOME, once again, to *The Playboy Gallery*, a special gift of our very best art and photography. Our second installment (the first was in the May issue, in case you missed it) features Johnny Rozsa's photo of *The Woman in Red* star Kelly LeBrock, from the same shooting that appeared in our *Sex Stars of 1985* pictorial in December. And if you're a fan of famed science-fiction illustrator Frank Frazetta (best known for his *Conan the Barbarian* and *Buck Rogers* comic-book art), you'll relish owning this reproduction of his oil painting that illustrated Thomas Berger's short story *Arthur Rex* in our September 1978 issue. For more Frazetta, look for his new books, *Living Legend* and *Frank Frazetta, Book Five* (Bantam).





THE PLAYBOY GALLERY





THERE'S LARRY GORDON
TAKING A DIP IN THE POOL.



UH-HUH.

HE'S REALLY A
HANDSOME MAN.



UH-HUH.

VERY NICELY
PROPORTIONED.



UH-HUH.

LOOKS LIKE HE'S
BEAUTIFULLY HUNG.



UH-HUH.

GOD, I BET HE'D BE
SENSATIONAL IN BED!



UH-HUH.

I DENTED A FENDER ON
THE BMW YESTERDAY.



YOU **WHAT?**

John
Demusse



20 QUESTIONS: AL UNSER, SR. AND JR.

racing's dynastic duo discusses cars that bite, concentration at 200 mph and who gets to drive at home

Unser is the name of America's most distinguished auto-racing family. Brothers Bobby and Al can lay claim to six Indianapolis 500 wins, as well as five national championships. Now comes another Unser, 23-year-old Al, Jr., known as Little Al and rated by many as the best racing Unser yet—despite losing last season's National crown to his dad in the closest contest ever. Peter Manso met with father and son in their native Albuquerque to talk about love, rivalry and racing.

1.

PLAYBOY: For years, the press tried to pit the Unser brothers against each other, especially after Bobby won the Indy 500 first. The same thing happened again last season, while you two were battling it out for the national championship. What does this sort of public provocation do to the family?

AL, SR.: If anything, it's brought us closer. Until Bobby and I got to be front runners, we never discussed it, but then we realized we had to be very careful about how we talked about each other. Reporters wanted to write that Al and I were going to be upset with each other, whoever won the title, but that just didn't happen. If it had been Al instead of me, I would have been just as happy. I couldn't lose either way, see, and going into the season's finale at Tamiami, the race that would decide the championship, I was probably more relaxed than I've ever been.

AL, JR.: Me, I was a nervous wreck. I had a chance to win an Indy Car championship, which is something I've dreamed about all my life. But pressure from the press wasn't what was getting to me. Nobody put any pressure on me except myself.

AL, SR.: You can always say, "Didn't you want to win?" Yes, I did, but Al was the only one who could beat me, so there was nothing to lose. One way or another, the title was going to belong to an Unser.

2.

PLAYBOY: Still, didn't you have conflicting instincts as a racer and as a father? Having beaten Little Al for the championship, you virtually cried on national television, apologizing, "I'm a racer."

AL, SR.: Well, it came down to whether I should give it to him or race as a racer, and I did what I had to. As a father, I told myself many times afterward that I should have backed off; but when I was in that race car, I couldn't. It was very, very hard—I mean, when I pulled alongside

him on the cool-off lap, I wanted to tell him I was sorry. He applauded me. I tried to thank him, but as a father, I knew I had taken something from my son that I could very easily have given to him. And I didn't. So where is the line? There isn't one. I'm a racer. I *couldn't* give it to him.

AL, JR.: For Dad to have backed off and then afterward said, "I tried my best and Al earned it" would have been totally false, and there have never been any false feelings between us. Was I disappointed? Sure, I'm not going to lie about it. When I got out of the car and was walking toward Victory Circle, I didn't smile. But the first time I saw Dad, I was very, very happy. It seemed like an eternity before I could hug him. Our whole family is very close, see, and you earn everything you get, just like you give nothing.

3.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to Little Al's apprenticeship. Would you have had a sense of disappointment if he hadn't wanted to follow in his father's footsteps?

AL, SR.: Mario Andretti and I talked about it years ago, just as I discussed it with Parnelli Jones, and neither of them wanted his kids to be race drivers. That was never my position. I started Al when he was nine, and I knew that if he didn't want to race, I'd pick up on that; but until then, I was going to push him. He was a little kid; he didn't know what he wanted to do. By 16, though, he was driving 600-horsepower sprint cars, and you could tell that he really had it.

AL, JR.: It's true; Dad made it clear that I didn't have to be a race driver. I had run half the season and crashed a couple of times, started to learn what racing's all about, and Dad sat me down and said he didn't care what I did as long as I put my best effort into it. After that, it was really my choice.

AL, SR.: Everybody was saying, "He's going to blow your ass off." I was coming back with, "I hope he does," but for me, the question was simple: whether he had the ability. It did occur to me that maybe I was pushing him too hard. Driving sprint cars was a very serious step up from the go-carts he'd been driving, and I was putting my boy's life on the line. If you make a mistake, sprint cars bite very hard. Besides which, there were a number of guys out there ganging up on him, wanting to show that the Unser kid wasn't worth shit. I didn't go to the races for a while.

AL, JR.: Driving sprint cars is dog-eat-dog

racing. I found that out my first night. I started dead last and saw that I could get by two guys down the backstretch, only there was this third car I'd never seen on the outside of them, spinning, and it came shooting across the track as I was passing underneath: It caught my rear tire, and the back end of the car just went straight up in the air a good six feet. I came down upright but should have done a couple of barrel rolls. It probably put Dad right through the roof. Afterward, he asked, "Are you OK?" I said, "Yeah, why?"

4.

PLAYBOY: You *never* felt that you had to measure up? You've been quoted, not once but often, as referring to your father as your idol.

AL, JR.: Along with Andretti and A. J. Foyt and Johnny Rutherford and Gordy Johncock. There's no difference in my admiration for these guys and my dad. Last year at Phoenix, when I came in second to Dad, that was the proudest day of my life. It was a one-two Unser finish, the first time anything like that had happened, and if it had been me who came in first, I would have felt the same way. I'm not competing against Dad. I tried my best to knock him off at Tamiami for the championship, but it wasn't my dad I was after—it was that Pennzoil car number five that he happened to be driving.

5.

PLAYBOY: But in the midst of all the enthusiasm for racing, was there any emphasis on a formal education?

AL, SR.: That was a problem. Al was going to finish high school whatever he did. But the problem was made worse because I was gone all the time with my own racing, and he was a boy who could finagle and connive. Eventually, he got grounded, which meant he couldn't come back to the race track until he straightened out his grades.

AL, JR.: I'd sit in school thinking, This isn't going to get me around a race track any quicker, so I ditched as many days of school as I could. I'd be with my buddies out on the mesa, running cars into the ground, driving 'em, beating 'em up, putting 'em sideways. See, I really didn't have an adolescence. From 16, I went to 25; from go-carts, I went into an adult world; and I think I saw something in high school that a lot of people didn't see—namely, that I wasn't going to be there forever and what I wanted to do was totally different from what they (continued on page 198)

ULTIMATE PLEASURES

the sexual secrets of easily orgasmic women

I'm lost within the explosion . . . slow-motion firecrackers bursting in my pelvis, shooting up my body and traveling down my legs. I'm lost in a black, open space, as if I'm removed from my body, heavy, with no arms or legs . . . elevated for moments to this nice, eternal place. . .

—EMILY

FOR EVERY WOMAN, it's different. And different each time she makes love, with each orgasmic experience.

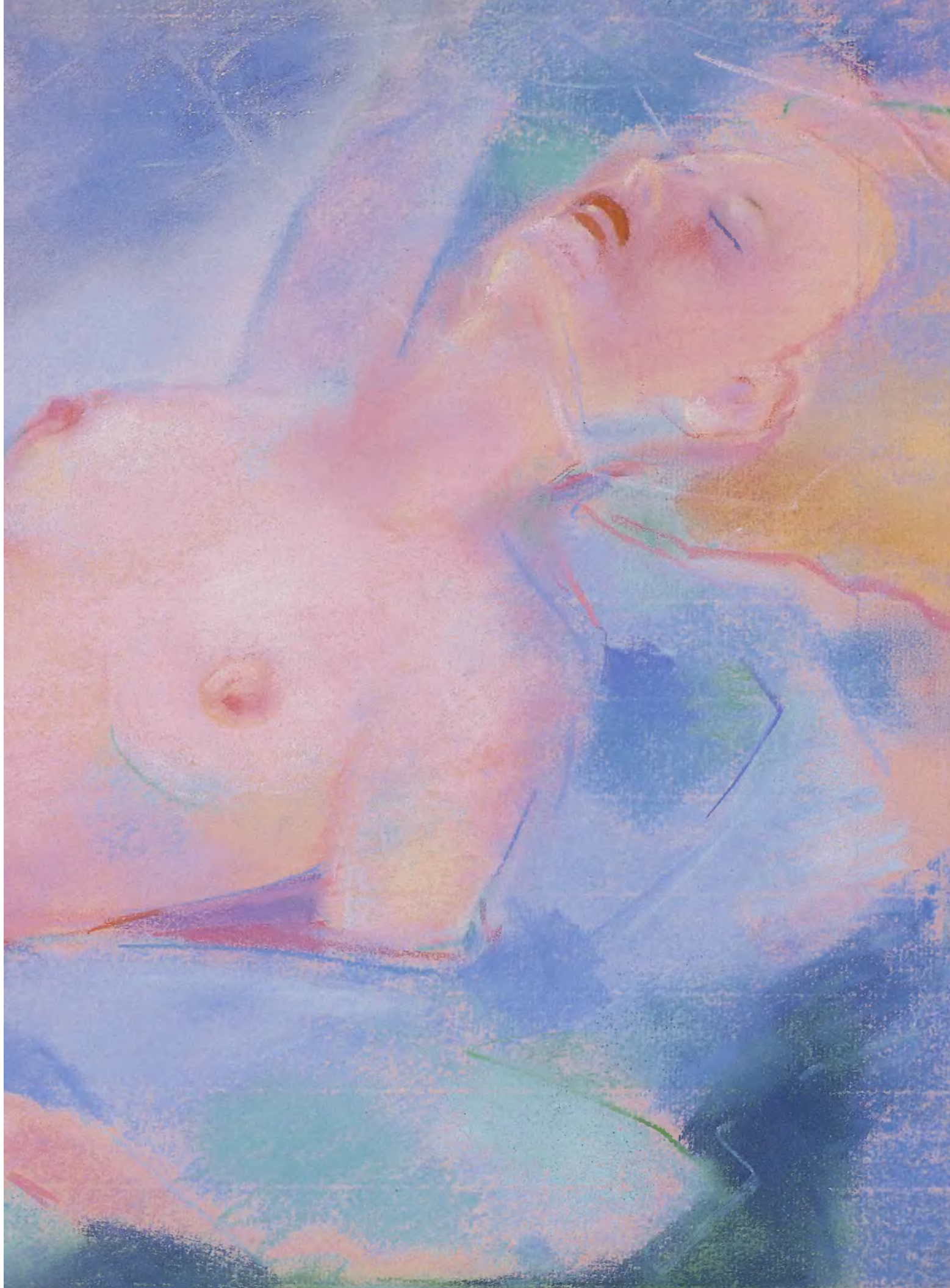
Female orgasm is neither a fragile nor a difficult experience. After all, orgasmic response is a natural physiological function. But all too often, that natural response is blocked by inhibition or by simple lack of knowledge.

In the past two decades, female orgasm has become a central issue in human sexuality. Feminists have supported a woman's right to pleasure in sex. Sociologists have charted the statistical frequency of orgasm. The 1983 *Playboy Readers' Sex Survey* found that for men and women, female orgasm had become the criterion by which we judged the success of the sex act. Yet the results of several studies indicate that perhaps 50 percent of women do not regularly reach orgasm. The work of researchers doesn't always translate to the bedroom.

For our study of female orgasm, we weren't interested in how many—we were interested in how. And how in actual life, not in statistics or in the

part one of an article

By MARC and JUDITH MESHORER



laboratory. We sought out women who were already easily orgasmic and asked them to talk to us about how they got that way and how they help assure that they will be orgasmic with partners. "A dear friend or close sister asks your help," we said. "She has a reasonably desirable partner but has difficulty achieving orgasm. What specific advice can you give her?" Their answers constitute a guidebook to contemporary female sexuality.

Of course, their advice isn't just for women. To be orgasmic when making love, all women need a considerate partner. Male readers will benefit from reading this article and the sequel to be published next month.

Easily orgasmic was defined as able to reach orgasm during *at least* 75 percent of sexual contacts and describes consistency or reliability, not rapidity, in reaching orgasm. Our criterion simply required achieving orgasm during sexual contact, whether through intercourse alone, intercourse assisted by other stimuli, other stimuli alone or any combination of the above.

The average woman in this study is orgasmic in more than 90 percent of her sexual contacts with a partner. However, she didn't acquire that ability overnight. On the average, two years elapsed between her first intercourse and her becoming easily orgasmic during lovemaking. Yet if a woman is sexually active, it needn't take that long. Many women expressed the hope that by sharing their intimate knowledge, they could help less-orgasmic women and their partners save time and heartache—and even help orgasmic women renew or expand their pleasure.

For most of the women in this study, becoming orgasmic on an easy, consistent basis involved forming their sexual identities, learning specific skills and then freely using those skills—all as part of growing and maturing. *All* of the women gave answers that consistently centered on three principles.

The first is to accept oneself—body, mind and genitals. Harriet is a social worker, a large, gentle woman from a Methodist and Nazarene background:

"We argued over sex the first few years we were married," she said. "My husband talked sex in the middle of sex—which made me feel guilty and totally wrecked my feelings. And he wanted to experiment, try new positions—I wasn't gung ho for any of it. I thought that sex was hormones; you had them or you didn't. . . ."

"It helped when we moved to Texas, away from my relatives. I didn't fear someone walking in, though certain exciting things, like anal stimulation, still caused guilty feelings. But then, as I talked with other women and got free of taboos, we could discuss our sexuality. I learned that I could set up a mood and ask for what felt good to me, and the more I applied my mind, the more I'd get out of sex."

Sometimes, early guilts can be turned to

sexual advantage. Dorothy, a peppery redhead from a Catholic family, was non-orgasmic with her husband through her first several years of marriage. "I was always Miss Goody Two-shoes as a kid. So—wow!—when I discovered, when I was lying on top of him, that when he put his hand under the back of my panty hose and started pulling them down . . . I don't know what happens to my head, but that almost gives me an orgasm right there. Maybe that goes back to when I was a kid and first played around with sex. Back then, it would have made me feel guilty and stopped me, but now I let it arouse me. I've turned that into a positive thing. If someone takes my pants down, it really turns me on!"

Many women experience a fear of their normal bodily sensations. Constance, a factory worker, is a pert, outgoing redhead in her early 30s. "I never masturbated, and I didn't understand the sensations. It was two years after my first intercourse that I reached the first orgasm I ever had in my life—I actually saw colors, collapsed on him and cried because I was scared. After that, I was always orgasmic; I became more aggressive, if you will, and made sure I got on top. I thought, I am going to experience this more often. There is nothing wrong with it; it's wonderful. Anything this good, there's got to be a way of repeating. I never feared orgasms once I understood what they were."

Accepting oneself includes accepting one's body, with its flaws and imperfections. Darcie, 31, is divorced. ("He always thought he was *right*, period—he even redid my laundry!") After her divorce, she had a quick orgasm with the first man she dated. "Right at that point, I said to myself, 'If this can be so wonderful, so beautiful, and I just met this fellow, *what have I been doing all these years?*' And I said to myself, 'There's someone else in there who wants to get out, and I'm going to let her out!'"

She described her ritual for loving: "When I'm nude and alone in the bedroom, I will look myself up and down in the mirror. Now, I wish I had a bigger bust, and maybe I'm on the slender side—maybe some men don't like that. But I say to myself, 'Darcie, don't just look at your body, look at yourself as a person, look at your personality.' And I find the best parts of my body, sexy hollows and curves."

Many of these women still face "unfinished business," yet nearly all suggested that strides toward self-acceptance are a necessary prelude to becoming easily orgasmic. Through trust in her husband's pleasure, Meredith learned how to accept her vagina—and all her sexual fluids—as a "normal, natural, human bodily thing," a source not of odor but of fragrance.

Other women had similar experiences. "I finally liked my pussy," said Cheryl. "You have to be able to touch yourself, be comfortable with your body, with excite-

ment and sensuous feelings."

The second principle is to let it be—to allow one's pleasure to happen. According to the women in the study, it's up to *them* to obtain their own orgasms—if not entirely, then equally with their partners. "He can stimulate me all he wants," said Linda, "and if I'm not in the mood, nothing is going to happen. Since the woman's orgasm is different, it's her responsibility to let go, to let her body be receptive to having one."

We asked the women, Do you ever make a conscious decision to go for orgasm and then feel it's right to use your partner's body to obtain it? Despite our strong wording, 93 percent said yes:

"I establish my own body rhythm before orgasm and think of satisfying myself only."

"Sure, just like he's using mine. It's part of his commitment as a sex partner."

"We both do—that's what it's all about, pleasing each other."

"When I acknowledge to my brain that I'm going for orgasm, it's my take-over and very easy."

"Just before, when you know there's no turning back, going for it is of prime importance."

"When I have sex, I've already made the decision to have an orgasm; but 'use your partner's body' sounds selfish. It's self-evident—but I'm not exploiting my lover."

Dorothy expressed a number of these points: "I couldn't find the right combination. My idea of being good in bed was making *him* feel good—forgetting all about *me*. Or if I was trying to achieve an orgasm, that was all I thought of. Then I finally realized that turning myself on turns him on, and it's OK to enjoy it, and it's OK to position yourself right, and it's OK to tell somebody what feels good and what doesn't. I realized I was 90 percent of it."

But the third principle—surrendering to nature—may well be the key. Ingrid is 31 and married, a slightly plump blonde with mischievous eyes. "My parents were strict," she said, "but we kids were loners, and we sort of raised ourselves, pretty much outside the home. And somewhere I got the attitude that you have to pleasure yourself first; if it feels good, it must be OK. Before we married, I had lots of orgasms with my husband from petting. Amazing! At first, I thought you had to be *married* to have orgasms! I was a virgin on our wedding night, but I came all over the place from intercourse, nice and natural. . . ."

"In the middle of intercourse, I don't have fears or doubts; I don't fight anything about it, and just before my climax, I concentrate on sensations. It's a free feeling, an abandonment. . . . Enjoy, relax and go with it."

Abandoning oneself to sensation was the one essential that every woman mentioned.

(continued on page 174)

Below: The angular Toshiba XR-P9 portable compact-disc player doubles as a home unit; it's programmable for as many as 16 selections, operates on batteries for nine hours and has a 15-function remote-control unit (shown), about \$300.



*we have heard and seen
the audio/video future,
and it is now*

THE ELECTRONIC FRONTIER

modern living

By DANNY GOODMAN With the state of the art in home-entertainment electronics shifting almost daily, is it really possible to buy something that won't become an antique before you get it home? Absolutely. You may never head off obsolescence permanently, but at least you can delay it if you're up on what's hot and what's not in product trends. So with all those new formats in audio and video clamoring for our attention, it's time to separate the best from the b.s. (continued on page 140)

Below: Citizen Electronic's Pocket TV, with a 3.3" LCD screen, receives VHF/UHF and FM stereo, yet it's small enough to slip into your pocket for viewing of the ball game. Audio/video inputs enable you to use it as a monitor, \$159.95.



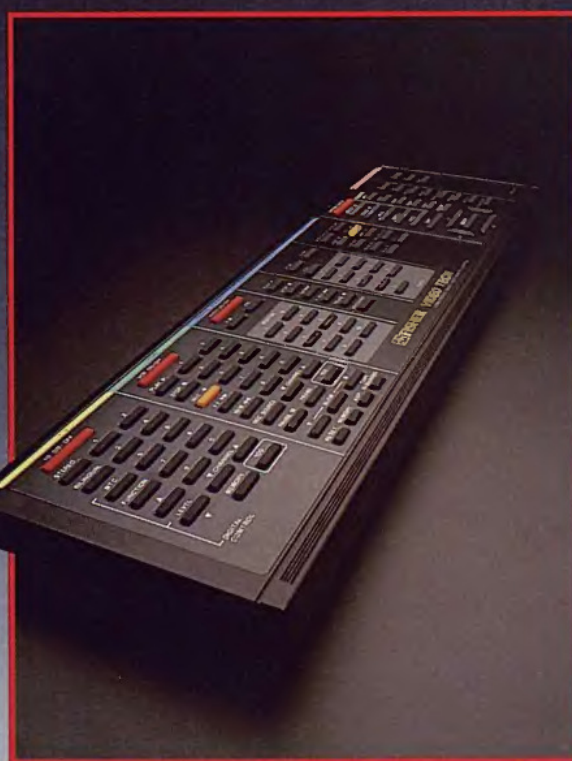
Above: For underwater video footage, there's Sony's Morine Pock, an airtight glass-and-plastic housing that can be submerged—with a Sony 8mm Honeycom inside—to depths of 165'; other features include an underwater mike, \$600.

Below: More power to you, tin ear! These John Bowers Active I Limited speakers, by B&W, each house a 300-watt amplifier in a hand-finished, high-gloss-lacquer cabinet, distributed by Anglo-American Audio, Buffalo, New York, \$3995 a pair.



Above: All those VCR-to-TV wires seem like a Japanese puzzle? Check out Sony's 25" KV-25VXR color TV, which incorporates an 8mm VCR. The unit features four-hour recording playback and 21-day/four-event programming, \$2200.

Below: KLH's Model 200 AM/FM walnut-veneer table radio features quartz synthesized tuning that locks in on stations, automatic loudness control, programmable radio memory and a gradual loudness alarm, \$260, including a separate speaker.



Above: Connect Fisher's 120-button remote control to its Mark 30 System and enter the 21st Century. The unit controls a 40" projection TV, VCR, AM/FM tuner, cassette, turntable, CD player, stores phone numbers for on-screen viewing, \$6000.

Below: Alpine's Model 7375 AM/FM cassette player is composed of a six-tape changer that is cleverly housed in the trunk of your car, connected to a dash-mounted control panel via fiber-optic wiring (which cuts down on noise), \$1400.



Above: Who says a TV has to look like a box? Sharp's pedestal model, the 3LS36, looks as great in the kitchen, bath or bedroom as it does at the office and features a built-in automatic color system and quartz tuning, \$400, in pink, white or black.

Below: Looking for a word processor that's not weighted down with excess computer baggage? Check out the Videowriter, an easy-to-use word processor with a 50,000-word dictionary, 70-page memory, built-in printer, etc., by Magnavox, \$800.



Above: The music goes round and round seemingly forever in a Pioneer PD-M6 Multi-Play Compact Disc Player, as the unit takes up to six CDs and offers random-access programming, wireless remote control, six-disc magazine and more, \$499.95.

In the audio realm, compact discs have certainly become stable fixtures. This year's middle- and high-priced models employ third-generation filtering techniques, which have substantially refined the sound coming from the silvery discs. A CD player from just about any manufacturer is a safe addition to your stereo system.

Ever since the beginning of the CD world, its makers have been promising text or still-frame video information packaged alongside the audio on the discs. Still frames might show backstage shots of a live-concert disc or mood pictures timed to the music. To see the pictures, you'll need a generation of CD player that doesn't yet exist. Some of today's players, though, will be adaptable with the aid of a decoder box that draws digital video pictures from a conventional player. A number of high-end players already have these digital sub-code outputs on their rear panels. But with no CD presser even talking about video yet, don't hold your breath for it.

Some of the biggest excitement in CDs comes from the way discs are stored. As if a 72-minute uninterrupted music source weren't enough, we're starting to see the first of multiple-disc changers. Pioneer's \$499.95 PD-M6 unit is no bigger than most component-style CD players, yet it holds a slim cartridge of six discs. You can program any sequence of tracks on any disc to make up your night's listening program. If six discs aren't quite enough,

try the 60-disc Nikko NCD-600 player. Intended for broadcast stations, the Nikko high-tech jukebox can be linked with up to three others of its kind and programmed via personal computer for a 240-disc library for the CD fanatic who has everything, including \$3200.

CD-player programming is also about to get a novel boost from Magnavox, whose \$410 CDB650 player incorporates favorite track selection. The player reads a record-number code that is already pressed into every disc. If you don't like a particular track or prefer your disc program in a different order from the one pressed into it, then program the selections into the player's memory. The next time you insert the disc, the player will read the disc's code number and retrieve the selection you programmed for it earlier. Built-in memory accommodates programming for as many as 785 tracks from any number of discs.

By the way, if you're feeling flush and looking for speakers to handle your CD sound, take a look at the \$3995-a-pair John Bowers Active I Limiteds by B&W. Two years in the making, the Active Is are perfectly matched to their built-in 300-watt amplifiers and crossover networks, which also lessen the chore of matching amps and speakers when you're shopping for a system.

Sony started the ball rolling in portable CD players when it beat everyone to the

punch with its popular D-5 model (\$299.95). The second generation of portables is upon us, offering improved laser technologies, longer playing time on batteries and multiple-track programmability. Toshiba's XR-P9 (about \$300) goes a step further by allowing you to slip the portable unit into an attractive angled power supply for use with your home amplifier or receiver. Add the wireless remote-control unit and you have a great audio component.

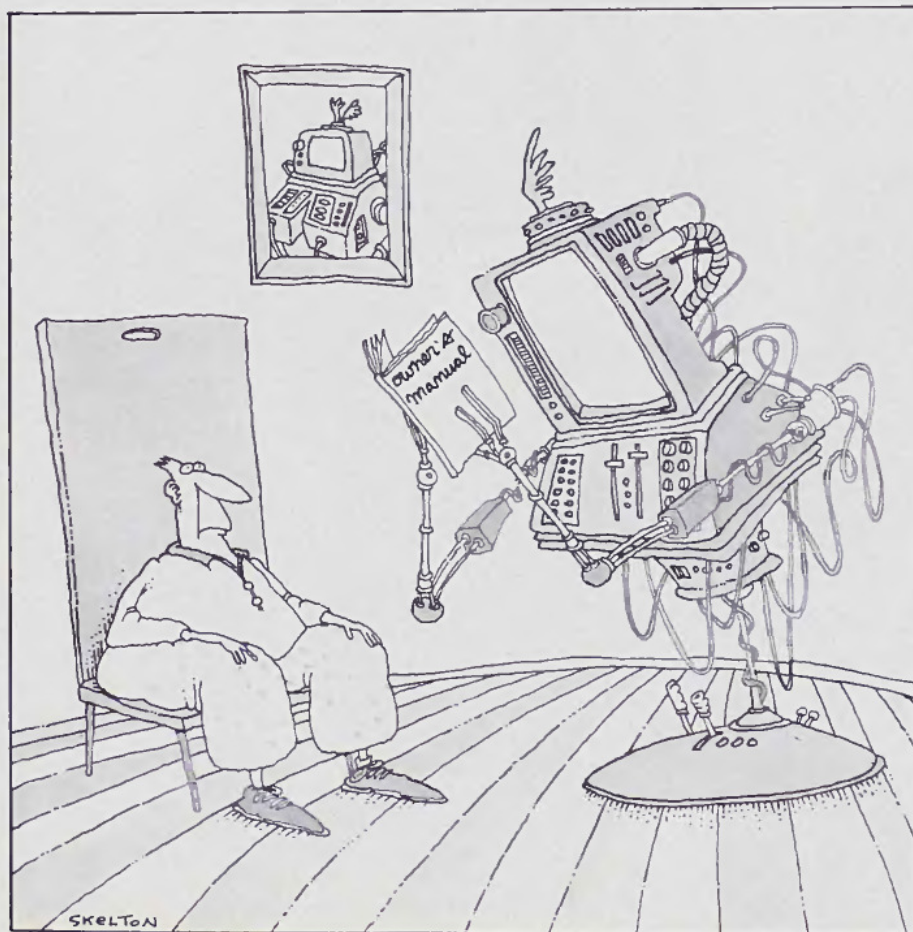
CD players are starting to gain a toe hold in dashboards. But if the idea of an exposed, expensive CD-player unit in your car gives you second thoughts, Sony has gotten around this with its \$999.95 Disc-Jockey. Housed in a well-insulated, trunk-mounted box is a ten-disc CD changer with room for an optional AM/FM stereo tuner. You control the unit through a wired remote control that, not coincidentally, is the length and width of a car radio but less than an inch thick. Mount the control on the dash or stash it under the seat. Besides full control over programming discs and radio stations, you also have the ability to compress the CD sound.

A trunk-mounted cassette changer is an equally appealing idea if you're not quite ready for mobile CD. The Alpine Model 7375 car-stereo deck (\$1400), for example, is a trunk-housed changer that holds six cassettes. Up in the passenger compartment, a standard radio-sized control head gives you power over your musical selections. The unit also includes an AM/FM stereo tuner with the unique feature of letting you listen to the radio while rewinding or fast-forwarding a tape.

Amid the glitz of high-tech audio components, it's refreshing to see a classic idea tastefully updated. KLH, which built a reputation on its earlier generation of high-fidelity, understated table radios, has done it again with its \$260 Model 200 AM/FM stereo table radio. Packaged in a walnut-veneer cabinet with black front panels, the radio (and its separate second speaker) oozes class and includes five AM and five FM preset stations, built-in clock timer and digital display. On the rear panel are connectors for an external tape deck or CD player.

High-quality sound is no longer limited to audio gear, as evidenced by the proliferation of Beta and VHS video-recording gear capable of very high-fidelity audio. The problem facing shoppers, however, is that high-fidelity VCRs present a confusing array of incompatible features. In the VHS format alone, you can encounter VCRs rated as hi-fi, stereo and multichannel television sound (MTS), or any combination of all three. Unless you know what each type of audio does, you may end up with a VCR that doesn't mesh with the kinds of tapes you like to make and play.

VHS hi-fi, for example, is a special audio format that records audio from an external source, such as an FM tuner, with remarkable stereo sound. Many



prerecorded cassettes are now encoded in VHS hi-fi for dynamite sound when viewed on a TV monitor and played through a stereo system. Tapes released for VHS hi-fi are fully compatible with plain VCRs but with just the monophonic sound.

VCRs that have only Dolby stereo won't decode VHS hi-fi audio on prerecorded tapes, but you will be able to record the sound tracks from FM-simulcast transmissions in stereo, along with the video from the TV channel. In this setup, you connect the audio outputs of your FM tuner to the audio inputs of the stereo VCR. Sansui's S-XVI1000 audio/video receiver (\$599) contains superior signal-routing capabilities for this purpose.

True MTS stereo VCRs are usually marked somewhere on the front panel as being MTS-equipped (and SAP, for separate audio program). This means that the VCR has a TV tuner capable of decoding stereo broadcasts from TV channels, such as much of the networks' prime-time programming and numerous PBS concert broadcasts. If you're hooked into a cable-TV system, however, check with your cable company to find out if it is sending the MTS signal over the cable—fewer than half the companies are as yet equipped for this. If your VCR can't get the MTS signal, you may still want to invest in an MTS VCR for when the cable company emerges from the Dark Ages.

Your safest bet in a VHS-format VCR is a model that is packed with both VHS hi-fi and MTS. Just about every brand—Panasonic, RCA, Quasar and others—has at least one model so equipped.

If the audio portion of the VCR gambit isn't confusing enough, a new set of letters, HQ (high quality), signals the beginning of a new age in video quality. Developed by JVC in Japan, HQ gives a noticeable boost to the clarity and sharpness of a recorded video image. Yet if you make a recording in HQ, the tape will still be playable on a friend's conventional VHS player. JVC was the first to bring HQ to the U.S., with its \$899 Model HR-D566U, which includes VHS hi-fi and MTS stereo sound built in for one supersophisticated machine. Other brands will be following later this year, again at the high end. Look for the HQ someplace on the machine's front panel when shopping.

Portable video recording is becoming more convenient with the advent of the one-piece camera-recorder. Sharp's auto-focus My Movie camcorder, for example, lets you make standard VHS tapes and review them in the field through an electronic view finder, so you're sure you got the shot you wanted. At home, just pop the tape into the VCR for everyone to see. My Movie (Model VC-C10UA) lists for about \$1900, but you should find it in some stores for much less. Another camcorder, General Electric's VHS Movie (\$1400), is one of the lightest models on the market (5.6 pounds without



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CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS

the battery). It features a full two-hour-and-40-minute recording capability and has a Newvicon pickup tube.

Also check out the latest contender in the VCR-format battle, 8mm video. It gets its name from both the measured width of the tape in the audio-cassette-sized housing and the fact that it is likely to replace the 8mm home-movie cameras of yore. For now, 8mm video should appeal to anyone making home videos, because the cameras and recorders are usually packed together in an amazingly small one-piece camcorder. The tiny tapes can record up to two hours of video, and the picture quality is as good as that of a standard VHS or Beta portable unit. Better still, you can then edit the tapes onto standard tapes in either format, so your home deck doesn't automatically become obsolete.

Sony's well-publicized 8mm Handycam (\$1800) is about the size of a paperback edition of *War and Peace*. The most intriguing component from its vast accessory array is the Marine Pack, a \$600 housing that lets you take 8mm video tapes of underwater life as deep as 165 feet below the surface. When you get back on board, slip the cassette out of the Handycam and into an 8mm playback unit for an instant look at your piscatorial footage.

Sony is doing even more with 8mm video, such as building a compact 8mm recorder/player into the console of its \$2200 KV-25VXR 25-inch color televi-

sion. You can use the tape machine to time-shift off-the-air programs, just as with any VCR. This configuration and stand-alone tabletop 8mm models from Pioneer (\$1450) and Kodak (\$1000) reveal home video's direction by the end of the Eighties. The VHS format should remain strong for many more years, particularly due to the deep penetration in American households and the ready availability of prerecorded video tapes for sale and rent.

VCRs will also begin employing digital techniques, which already appear on a few television sets. In digital video, picture information is converted into signals similar to those flowing through a computer. Eventually, we'll have digital sets that store pictures in computerlike memory for freeze frames, enhance or adjust the color tints at our whim and display multiple pictures on one screen. In fact, Toshiba's M-6900 digital VCR stores frames for stills and slow motion on chips, eliminating the jiggle or noise lines you usually get from such VCR effects. It will go onto the market for less than \$1000.

You don't have to buy a new TV set to get in on the digital act, however. Instead, you can add digital picture-within-a-picture capabilities to an existing TV with the MultiVision 3.1 digital tuner. This \$399 remote-controlled device acts as two TV tuners for your set. When the 20th beer commercial comes on during the ball

game, you can demote that channel to a small window in one corner of the screen while watching another.

While digital TV techniques will be built into higher-priced large-screen televisions, there's plenty of action in flat-panel television sets. After decades of promises, solid-state liquid-crystal-display (LCD) panel TVs are coming of age. So far, the screens have been on the small side—less than three inches diagonally—and picture quality has been improving steadily. About the best black-and-white picture today can be found on Citizen's two pocket televisions, the 06TA (TV only) and 08TA (TV-and-FM-stereo-radio combo), which are reasonably priced (\$100 and \$159.95) for the first-rate technology inside their panels. And a breathtaking crisp-color LCD picture can be found on Panasonic's \$299 Pocket Watch.

In the picture-tube department, Proton's new 27-inch television (\$1400) sports the latest flat, square tube design, backed by impressive electronics for crystal-clear video and MTS stereo audio. There's even a connector for a red-green-blue (RGB) color input from an IBM Personal Computer. On the smaller side, Sharp's \$400 three-and-a-half-inch mini color TVs have a next-century pedestal design that looks great on an executive desk. In the mid-size, there is RCA, with its first 20-inch square-cornered monitor/receiver incorporating stereo. In addition to built-in

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stereo, the receiver has SAP, 94-cable-channel tuning, autoprogramming and a ten-jack audio/video input panel for easy hookups. The price: \$599.

As you can tell from the increasingly common blending of hi-fi sound and quality video, the distinctions between audio and video entertainment are blurring. In fact, while your audio and video gear used to be in separate rooms, today they are more often sharing a cabinet in a consolidated home-entertainment center. And, naturally, you want to control every element of your system by lifting no more than a finger or two. Fisher's Video Tech Mark 30 system comes with a hand-held remote control populated with an impressive array of buttons. It's like having long-distance access to audio and video sources, channels and frequencies, fast forward and slow motion, and more programmability than you can imagine. The supersystem features a 40-inch rear-projection, TV, VHS hi-fi, MTS and HQ video cassette recorder, AM/FM stereo tuner, 20-band graphic equalizer, third-generation CD player and 150-watt stereo amp, all in one attractive cabinet. Controls on the remote are logically organized and clearly marked, so you won't need a copilot to fly this \$6000 baby.

Tying together pieces of a full audio/video system consisting of speakers and listening areas in different rooms has been a costly proposition. And if the system con-

sists of unmatched components, then remote-controlling the system from your easy chair without a handful of controllers has been essentially out of the question. That is, until intelligent, low-cost remote-control systems such as the Revox infrared (IR) transceiver system came along. By setting up tiny IR transceivers in each speaker-equipped room, you can control an FM tuner's channel, a CD player's track, a cassette deck's pause, the amp's volume and your preamp's source from a hand-held controller. The signals from the remote controls for the VCR and satellite receivers can be transmitted through the transceiver system. Wiring between rooms is as simple as stringing three-wire cable. The cost of the remote used for the music system is \$125; transceivers are \$95 each.

No gaze into the electronics crystal ball would be complete without a personal-computer forecast. A glance at recent history reveals how volatile the industry is and how easily a computer can become an orphan in search of nonexistent software and repair facilities. Of the brands out there today, you can count on only a few to have the resources to sustain sufficient support for their machines. IBM, of course, will continue to be the volume leader in business micros. A few IBM PC-compatible makers, particularly the well-entrenched Compaq computer, should also hang in there nicely. Apple's Macintosh enjoys a large-enough installed base

and unique graphics features that will keep it in a smaller but consistent limelight in the foreseeable future. And with seven out of ten computing school kids working on an Apple II, it's not likely that this venerable machine will disappear for many years.

One way to avoid the obsolescence factor in a computer is to buy a dedicated machine that does one job you need and does it well, so you don't have to worry about new software or add-on products in the future. One such product, the \$800 Magnavox Videowriter, is a compact, self-contained word-processing work station whose only cable is a power cord. As you type your text on the keyboard, the words appear on the built-in amber-colored display. You can then edit on the screen and print on plain paper and envelopes with the built-in printer capable of near-letter quality. As many as 70 pages of text can be stored on each three-and-a-half-inch diskette, and the built-in word-processing program features a 50,000-word electronic spelling checker.

So don't let advancing technology scare you away. When you get your latest electronic goody home, envelop yourself in its fine audio, video or computer abilities. Then remember that if you had waited for tomorrow's state of the art, you wouldn't have the pleasure you're enjoying today.



FAST FORWARD



▷ ROGER DIRECTOR *ralph kramden, p.i.*

Last season, it was *Miami Vice*. This year, the show that has injected the most life into an old formula is *Moonlighting*, a standard detective show mixed with an off-the-wall humor so appealing that it has given beleaguered ABC one of its very few hits.

One reason for *Moonlighting's* unique flair is Roger Director—the show's executive story consultant. He both writes scripts and doctors them, and while he praises star Cybill Shepherd, his heart belongs to David Addison, the goof-ball detective played by newcomer Bruce Willis. "David's the joker in the deck," says Director. "The guy is a stick of dynamite you can carry around in your imagination."

A former columnist for the New York *Daily News*, Director, 36, is also widely rumored to write for *Vanity Fair* under the name Stretch, a nom de plume for an L.A. limousine driver who views Hollywood with wit and irreverence. Director is quick to deny the connection. "I can't be Stretch," he smiles. "I don't even have a class-two license."

Nor does he have the extra time. Most hourlong TV scripts run 50 to 60 pages, but *Moonlighting's*, due to the show's rapid-fire dialog, run around 90, creating extra work for Director and his four fellow writers.

"We work frantically to make each moment as good as it can be," he says. "The show is a combination of mystery and comedy—like the *Honeymooners* as detectives. We want stories that are not only good mysteries but good *Honeymooners* episodes."

—KEVIN COOK



DEBORAH FEINGOLD

▷ ANDREW MCCARTHY *matinee idle*

"I don't have much to say," warns a reluctant Andrew McCarthy. Even after sizable roles in four films—*St. Elmo's Fire*, *Class*, *Heaven Help Us* and *Pretty in Pink*—the 23-year-old actor is still cynical about his burgeoning public profile. "We're not talking apartheid here," he laughs. "We're talking about a guy who makes movies."

It's not that he didn't have childhood fantasies of being a star. "I remember watching movie premieres on TV," he says. "They looked fun." But after he became an actor, he discovered that while he loved the work—he still spends his time between pictures on the stage—he hated the hoopla. When *Pretty in Pink* had an old-fashioned premiere in L.A., McCarthy ducked out early. "I wasn't being aloof," he explains. "I just didn't like it. I'd rather shoot pool."

He'd also rather gamble. When he's at home in New York, he makes regular treks to Atlantic City. When he was on location in Philadelphia—filming *Perfect Timing*, a story about a window dresser who falls in love with a mannequin—the casinos were a mere hour away. "There I was with a per diem and a little time on my hands," he jokes. "It was a dangerous combination."

Pool halls, his other vice, are everywhere. McCarthy enjoys not only the game but the anonymity. "The people in pool halls aren't big about going out to see *St. Elmo's Fire*," he says. "They don't know who I am."

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

▷ YIK SAN KWOH *high-tech hippocrates*

Shanghai-born Yik San Kwoh, Ph.D., had a problem. He and his staff of medical engineers at Memorial Medical Center in Long Beach, California, were face to circuits with an industrial robot—the type that can do precision work on assembly lines—and they felt lost. They knew what they wanted the robot to do—the delicate task of probing the human brain—but they were baffled by the machine itself.

"We got the robot," Dr. Kwoh remembers, "but we didn't know what to do with it. We didn't know what was inside it or how it worked or anything. We had to start at the beginning, to ponder and to learn."

Three years of pondering later, Kwoh, 39, had found a way to hook the robot arm to brain-scanning X rays and a computer. The result was a medical marvel—a robot that could determine the best approach to a tumor and guide a surgeon's probe with extraordinary accuracy—to within 1/2000 of an inch. Kwoh dubbed the robot Ole, after Svend Olsen, a Danish immigrant who had helped fund the research, and watched with pride when Ole showed its stuff on a recent biopsy. "We needed a hole only an eighth of an inch in diameter," Kwoh explains. "That's quite small, so afterward, the patient needed only two stitches and a Band-Aid."

Biopsies are only the beginning. Kwoh's group will soon be using Ole to implant radioactive isotopes to treat brain tumors; and after that, the robot is expected to help surgeons treat ruptured spinal disks and perform microsurgery on torn ligaments and cartilage.

Kwoh has even bigger dreams for Ole's descendants. A few years from now, he says, a robot will take laser in hand and work solo on some surgeries. "We're not trying to put surgeons out of a job," he maintains, "but certain operations that demand extreme precision could be best done with a robot."

—ROBERT P. KEARNEY



RON MESAROS

Horse Laugh

(continued from page 72)

"You can't put a horse in your pocket. How do we get a vehicle in there without somebody noticing?"

coot had rented, and when they got to the place, this is what they saw. On a wandering country road through rolling countryside covered with the lush greenery of August was a modest Colonial-style sign reading YERBA BUENA RANCH, mounted on a post next to a blacktop road climbing up a low hill toward a white farmhouse visible some distance in through the trees. Kelp, at the wheel, turned in there just to see what would happen, and what happened was that, about halfway to the house—white-rail fences to both sides of the blacktop, more white-rail fences visible in the fields beyond the house—a nice young fellow in blue jeans and a T-shirt with a picture of a horse on it came walking out and smiled pleasantly as Kelp braked to a stop, and then said, "Help you, folks? This is a private road."

"We're looking for Hopatcong," Kelp said, just because the name HOPATCONG on a highway sign had struck him funny. So then, of course, he had to listen to about 18 minutes of instructions on how to get to Hopatcong before they could back up and leave there and drive on up the public road and take the right turn up a very steep hill to a place from which they could look down and see Yerba Buena Ranch spread out below, like a pool table with fences. The ranch was pretty extensive, with irregularly shaped fields all enclosed by those white wooden rails and connected by narrow roads of dirt or blacktop. Here and there were small clusters of trees, like

buttons in upholstery, plus about ten brown or white barns and sheds scattered around out behind the main farmhouse. They saw about 30 horses hanging out and watched a little cream-colored pickup truck drive back and forth, and then Dortmund said, "Doesn't look easy."

Kelp paused in taking many photos of the place to stare in astonishment. "Doesn't look easy? I never saw anything so easy in my life. No alarm system, no armed guards, not even anybody really suspicious."

"You can't put a horse in your pocket," Dortmund said. "And how do we get a vehicle down in there without somebody noticing?"

"I'll walk him out," the old coot said. "That's no trouble; I know horses."

"Do you know *this* horse?" Dortmund gestured at the pretty landscape. "They got a whole lot of horses down there."

"I'll know Dire Straits when I see him, don't you worry," the old coot said.

So now was the time to find out if that was an idle boast or not. Using the photos they'd taken from all around the ranch, plus New Jersey road maps and a topographical map that gave Dortmund a slight headache, he'd figured out the best route to and from the ranch and also the simplest and cleanest way in, which was to start from a small and seldom-traveled county road and hike through somebody else's orchard to the rear of the ranch, then remove two rails from the perimeter fence

there. They would go nowhere near the front entrance or the main building. The old coot would go with them to identify Dire Straits and lead him away. Going out, they'd restore the rails to confuse and delay pursuit. The old coot had rented a station wagon and a horse van with room for two horses—Dortmund and Kelp couldn't get over the idea that they were working with somebody who rented vehicles rather than steal them—and so here they were, around two A.M. on a cloudy, warm night.

But where was Dire Straits?

Could he be off partying somewhere, for heavy money? The old coot insisted no; his anonymous boss had ways of knowing things like that, and Dire Straits was definitely at home these days, resting up between dates.

"He'll be in one of them buildings over there," the old coot said, gesturing vaguely in the general direction of planet Earth.

"I can still hear some back that way," Kelp said. "Now they're going, 'Floor-floor.'"

"That's a snort," the old coot said. "Those old plugs stay outside in good weather, but Dire Straits they keep in his stall, so he stays healthy. Down this way."

So they went down that way, Dortmund not liking any bit of it. He preferred to think of himself as a professional, and for a professional there is always the one right way to do things, as opposed to any number of amateur or wrong ways, and this job just wasn't laying out in a manner that he could take pride in. Having to case the joint from a nearby hilltop, for instance, was far less satisfactory than walking into a bank, or a jewelry wholesaler, or whatever it might be, and pretending to be a messenger with a package for Mr. Hutcherson. "There's no Mr. Hutcherson here." "You sure? Let me call my dispatcher." And so on. Looking things over every second of the time.

You can't show up at a ranch with a package for a horse.

Nor can you tap a horse's phone or do electronic surveillance on a horse or make up a plaster imitation horse to leave in its place. You can't drill in to the horse from next door or tunnel in from across the street. You can't do a diversionary explosion outside a ranch or use the fire escape or break through the roof. You can't time a horse's movements.

Well, you can, actually, but not the way Dortmund meant.

The way Dortmund meant, this horse heist was looking less and less like what the newspapers call a "well-planned professional robbery" and more and more like hobos' sneaking into back yards to steal lawn mowers. Professionally, it was an embarrassment.

"Careful where you walk," the old coot said.

"Too late," Dortmund told him.

Dortmund's ideas of farms came from



"I like it!"

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margarine commercials on television and his ideas of ranches from cigarette ads in magazines. This place didn't match either; no three-story-high red barns, no masses of horses running pell-mell past boulders. What you had was these long, low brown buildings scattered among the railed-in fields, and what it mostly reminded Dortmund of was World War Two prisoner-of-war-camp movies—not a comforting image.

"He'll be in one of these three barns," the old coot said. "I'm pretty sure."

So they entered a long structure with a wide central cement-floored aisle spotted with dirt and straw. A few low-wattage bare bulbs hung from the rough beams above the aisle, and chest-high wooden partitions lined both sides. These were the stalls, about two thirds occupied.

Walking through this first barn, Dortmund learned several facts about horses: (1) They smell. (2) They breathe, more than anything he'd ever met in his life before. (3) They don't sleep, not even at night. (4) They don't even sit down. (5) They are very curious about people who happen to go by. And (6) they have extremely long necks. When horses in stalls on both sides of Dortmund stretched out their heads toward him at the same time, wrinkling their black lips to show their big, square tombstone teeth, snuffling and whuffling with those shotgun-barrel noses, sighting at him

down those long faces, he realized that the aisle wasn't that wide after all.

"Jeepers," Kelp said, a thing he didn't say often.

And Dire Straits wasn't even in there. They emerged on the other side, warm, curious horse breath still moist on Dortmund's cheek, and looked around, accustoming themselves to the darkness again. Behind them, the horses whickered and bumped around, still disturbed by this late-night visit. Far away, the main farmhouse showed just a couple of lights. Faint illumination came from window openings of nearer structures. "He was to be in that one or that one," the old coot said, pointing.

"Which one you want to try first?" Dortmund asked.

The old coot considered and pointed. "That one."

"Then it's in the other one," Dortmund said. "So that's where we'll try."

The old coot gave him a look. "Are you trying to be funny, or what?"

"Or what," Dortmund said.

And, as it turned out, he was right. Third stall in on the left, there was Dire Straits himself, a big, kind of arrogant-looking thing, with a narrower-than-usual face and a very sleek black coat. He reared back and stared at these human beings with distaste, like John Barrymore being awakened the morning after. "That's him," the old coot said. More important, a

small sign on the stall door said the same thing: DIRE STRAITS.

"At last," Kelp said.

"Hasn't been that long," the old coot said. "Let me get a bridle for him." He turned away, then suddenly tensed, looking back toward the door. In a quick, harsh whisper, he said, "Somebody coming!"

"Uh-oh," Dortmund said.

Turning fast, the old coot yanked open a stall door—not the one to Dire Straits—grabbed Dortmund's elbow in his strong, bony hand and shoved him inside, at the same time hissing at Kelp, "Slip in here! Slip in!"

"There's somebody in here," Dortmund objected, meaning a horse, a brown one, who stared at this unexpected guest in absolute astonishment.

"No time!" The old coot was pushing Kelp in, crowding in himself, pulling the stall door shut just as the light in the barn got much brighter. Must be on a dimmer switch.

"Hey, fellas," a male voice said conversationally, "what's going on?"

Caught us, Dortmund thought, and cast about in his mind for some even faintly sensible reason for being in this brown horse's stall in the middle of the night. Then he heard what else the voice was saying:

"Thought you were all settled down for the night."



MARTINI & ROSSI

He's talking to the horses, Dortmund thought.

"Something get to you guys? Bird fly in?"

In a way, Dortmund thought.

"Did a rat get in here?"

Hmm, Dortmund thought.

The voice was closer, calm and reassuring, its owner moving slowly along the aisle, his familiar sound and sight leaving a lot of soothed horses in his wake.

All except for the brown horse in here with Dortmund and Kelp and the old coot. He wasn't exactly crying out, "Here, boss, here they are, they're right here!" but it was close. Snort, whuffle, paw, headshake, prance; the damn beast acted like he was auditioning for *A Chorus Line*. While Dortmund and company crouched down low on the far side of this huge, hairy show-off, doing their best not to get crushed between the immovable object of the stall wall and the irrepressible force of the horse's haunch, the owner of the voice came over to see what was up, saying, "Hey, there, Daffy, what's the problem?"

Daffy, thought Dortmund. I might have known.

The person was right there, leaning his forearms on the stall door, permitting Daffy to slobber and blubber all over his face. "It's OK now, Daffy," the person said. "Everything's fine."

I've been invaded! Daffy whuffled, while

his tail dry-mopped Dortmund's face.

"Just settle down, big fella."

Just look me over! Have I ever had ten legs before?

"Take it easy, boy. Everybody else is calm now."

That's because they don't have these, these, these. . .

"Good Daffy. See you in the morning."

Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear, Daffy mumbled, while trying to step on everybody's toes at once.

The owner of the voice receded at last, and the old coot did something up around Daffy's head that all at once made the horse calm right down. As the lights lowered to their former dimness and the sound of thumping boots faded, Daffy grinned at everybody as though to say, *I've always wanted roommates. Nice!*

Kelp said, "What did you do?"

"Sugar cubes," the old coot said. "I brought some for Dire Straits, didn't have time to give one to this critter before that hand got here."

Sugar cubes. Dortmund looked at the old coot with new respect. Here was a man who traveled with an emergency supply of sugar cubes.

"OK," the old coot said, shoving Daffy out of his way as though the animal were a big sofa on casters, "let's get Dire Straits and get out of here."

"Exactly," Dortmund said, but then found himself kind of pinned against the

wall. "Listen, uh, Hiram," he said.

"Could you move Daffy a little?"

"Oh, sure."

Hiram did, and Dortmund gratefully left that stall, hurried along by Daffy's nose in the small of his back. Kelp shut the stall door and Hiram went over to select a bridle from among those hanging on pegs. Coming back to Dire Straits' stall, he said softly, "Come here, guy, I got something nice for you."

Dire Straits wasn't so sure about that. Being a star, he was harder to get than Daffy. From well back in the stall, he gave Hiram down his long nose a do-I-know-you? look.

"Come here, honey," Hiram urged, soft and confidential, displaying not one but two sugar cubes on his outstretched palm. "Got something for you."

Next door, Daffy stuck his head out to watch all this with some concern, having thought he had an exclusive on sugar-cube distribution. *Whicker?* he asked.

That did it. Hearing his neighbor, Dire Straits finally realized there was such a thing as playing *too* hard to get. With a toss of the head, moving with a picky-toed dignity that Dortmund might have thought sexually suspicious if he hadn't known Dire Straits' rep, the big black beast came forward, lowered his head, wiggled and muggled over Hiram's palm and the cubes were gone. Meanwhile, with his other hand, Hiram was patting the

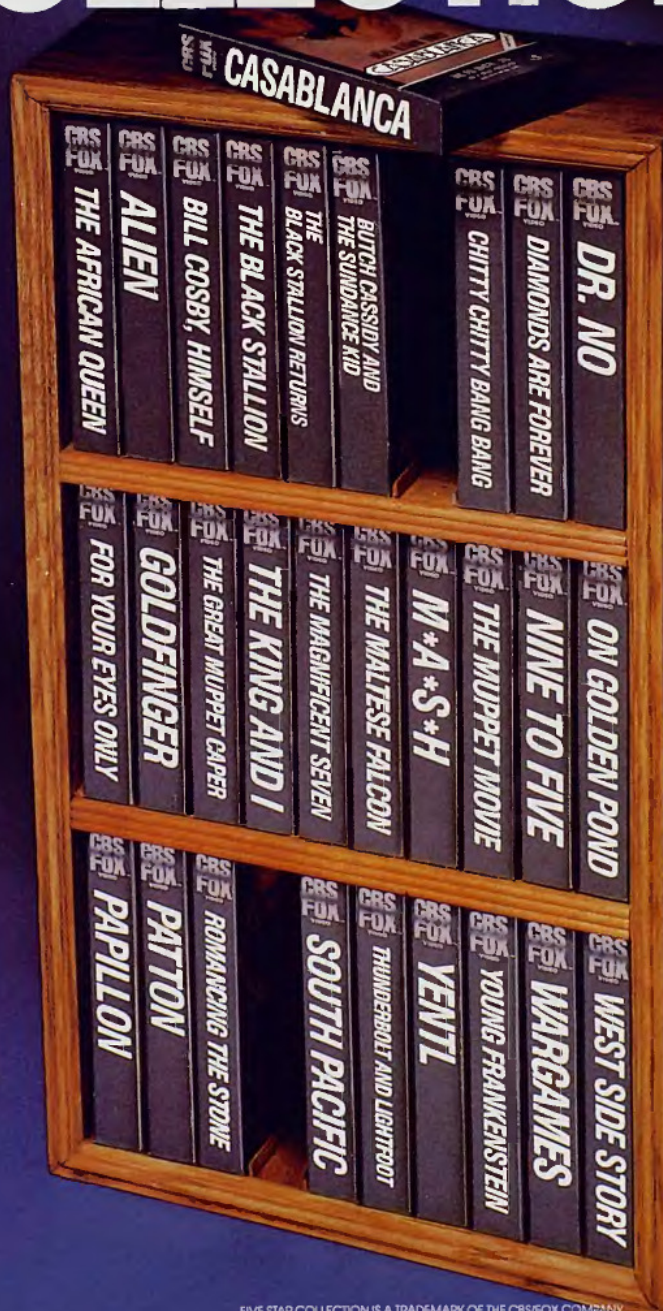


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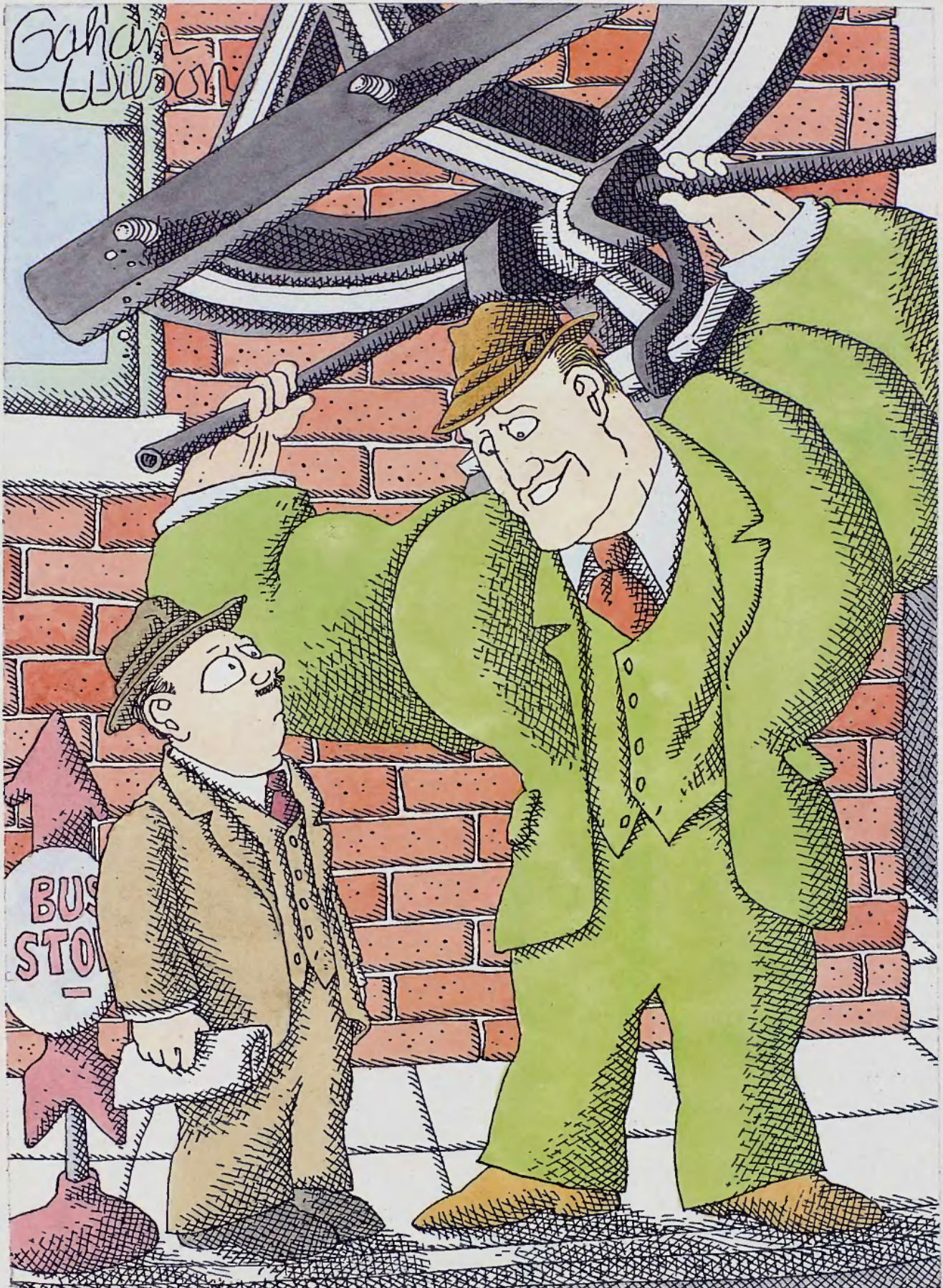
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horse's nose, murmuring, rubbing behind his ear and gradually getting into just the right position.

It was slickly done, Dortmund had to admit that. The first thing Dire Straits knew, the bit was in his mouth, the bridle straps were around his head and Hiram was wrapping a length of rein around his own hand. "Good boy," Hiram said, gave the animal one more pat and backed away, opening the stall.

After all that prima-donna stuff, Dire Straits was suddenly no trouble at all. Maybe he thought he was on his way to the hop. As Daffy and a couple of other horses neighed goodbye, Hiram led Dire Straits out of the barn. Dortmund and Kelp stuck close, Hiram now seeming less like an old coot and more like somebody who knew what he was doing, and they headed at an easy pace across the fields.

The fences along the way were composed of two rails, one at waist height and the other down by your knee, with their ends stuck into holes in vertical posts and nailed. On the way in, Dortmund and Kelp had removed rails from three fences, because Hiram had assured them that Dire Straits would neither climb them nor leap over. "I thought horses jumped," Dortmund said.

"Only jumpers," Hiram answered. Dortmund, unsatisfied, decided to let it go.

On the way out, Hiram and Dire Straits paused while Dortmund and Kelp restored the rails to the first fence, having to whisper harshly the length of the rail at each other before they got the damn things seated in the holes in the vertical posts, and then they moved on, Kelp muttering, "You almost took my thumb off there, you know."

"Wait till we're in the light again," Dortmund told him. "I'll show you the big gash on the back of my hand."

"No, no, honey," Hiram said to Dire Straits. It seemed there were other horses in this field, and Dire Straits wanted to go hang out, but Hiram held tight to the rein, tugged and provided the occasional sugar cube to keep him moving in the right direction. The other horses began to come around, interested, wondering what was up. Dortmund and Kelp did their best to keep out of the way without losing Hiram and Dire Straits, but it was getting tough. There were five or six horses milling around, bumping into one another, sticking their faces into Dortmund's and Kelp's necks, distracting them and slowing them down. "Hey!" Dortmund called, but softly. "Wait up!"

"We got to get out of here," Hiram said, not waiting up.

Kelp said, "Hiram, we're gonna get lost."

"Hold his tail," Hiram suggested. He still wasn't waiting up.

Dortmund couldn't believe that. "You mean the horse?"

"Who else? He won't mind."

The sound of Hiram's voice was farther ahead. It was getting harder to tell Dire Straits from all these other beasts. "Jeez, maybe we better," Kelp said and trotted forward, arms up to protect himself from ricocheting animals.

Dortmund followed, reluctant but seeing no other choice. He and Kelp both grabbed Dire Straits' tail, way down near the end; and from there on, the trip got somewhat easier, though it was essentially humiliating to have to walk along holding on to some horse's tail.

At the second fence, there was another batch of horses, so many that it was impossible to put the rails back. "Oh, the hell with it," Dortmund said. "Let's just go." He grabbed Dire Straits' tail. "Come on, come on," he said, and the horse he was holding on to, which wasn't Dire Straits, suddenly took off at about 90 miles an hour, taking Dortmund with him for the first eight inches, or until his brain could order his fingers, "Retract!" Reeling, not quite falling into the ooze below, Dortmund stared around in the darkness, saying, "Where the hell is everybody?"

A lot of horses neighed and whickered and snorted and laughed at him; in among them all, Kelp's voice called, "Over here," and so the little band regrouped again, Dortmund clutching firmly the right tail.

What a lot of horses—more than ever. Hiram, complaining that he didn't have that much sugar anymore, nevertheless occasionally had to buy off more intrusive and aggressive animals, while Dortmund and Kelp had to keep saying, as horses stuck their noses into pants pockets and armpits, "We don't have the damn sugar! Talk to the guy in front!"

Finally, they reached the last fence, where Hiram suddenly stopped and said, "Oh, hell."

"I don't want to hear 'Oh, hell,'" Dortmund answered. Feeling his way along Dire Straits' flank, he came up to the horse's head and saw Hiram looking at the final fence. Because this was the border of the property, on coming in Dortmund and Kelp had left the rails roughly in their original positions, though no longer nailed in place, and now the press of horses had dislodged them, leaving a 12-foot gap full of about the biggest herd of horses this side of a Gene Autry movie. More horses joined the crowd every second, passing through the gap, disappearing into the darkness. "Now what?" Dortmund said.

"Apples," Hiram said. He sounded unhappy.

Dortmund said, "What apples? I don't have any apples."

"They do," Hiram said. "If there's one thing horses like more than sugar, it's apples. And that"—he pointed his chin in disgust—"is an orchard."

"And that," Kelp said, "is a siren."

It was true. Far in the distance, the wail of a siren rose and fell, and then rose

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again, more clearly. "Sounds exactly like the city," Dortmund said, with a whiff of nostalgia.

Kelp said, "Aren't those lights over there? Over by the road?"

Past the bulk of many horses stretching their necks up into apple trees to eat green apples, Dortmund saw the bobbing beams of flashlights. "Over by the van, you mean," he said. The siren rose, wonderfully distinct, then fell; and during its valley, voices could be heard, shouting, over by the flashlights. "Terrific," Dortmund said.

"What happened," Hiram said, "is the owner. The orchard owner."

"He probably lives," Kelp suggested, "in that house we saw across the street from where we parked."

"Across the road," Hiram corrected.

"Anyway," Kelp said, "I guess he called the cops."

Beyond the bobbing flashlights, which seemed to Dortmund to be moving closer, red and blue lights appeared, blinking and revolving. "State troopers," Dortmund said.

"Well, we'll never get to the van," Hiram said. Turning around, looking past Dire Straits' shoulder, he said, "We can't go back that way anymore, either."

Dortmund turned to look and saw many more lights on now in the main ranch building and the outbuildings. The ruckus over here had attracted attention, maybe; or, more likely, the owner of the orchard had phoned the owner of the ranch to say a word or two about horses eating apples.

In any event, it was a pincer movement, with the orchard people and the state troopers in front and the ranch people in back, all moving inexorably toward the point occupied by Dortmund and Kelp and Hiram and Dire Straits.

"There's only one thing to do," Hiram said.

Dortmund looked at him. "That many?"

"It's time to ride out of here."

Kelp said, "Hiram, we'll never get to the van."

"Not drive. *Ride.*" Saying which, Hiram suddenly swung up onto Dire Straits' bare back. The horse looked startled, and maybe insulted. "Grab mounts," Hiram said, gripping the rein.

"Hiram," Dortmund said, "I don't ride horses."

"Time to learn, Bo," Hiram said unsympathetically. Bending low over Dire Straits' neck, whamming his heels into Dire Straits' rib cage, Hiram yelled into Dire Straits' ear, "Go, boy!"

"I don't *ride*," Dortmund said, "any horses."

With Hiram on his back, Dire Straits walked over to the nearest apple tree and started to eat. "Go, boy!" Hiram yelled, kicking and whacking the oblivious thoroughbred. "Giddyap, damn it!" he yelled, as flashlight beams began to pick him

out among the branches and leaves and green apples.

"I never did have much luck with horses," Dortmund said. Out in front of him was a scene of mass, and growing, confusion. As the siren's wail continued to weave, horses shouldered their way up and down the tight rows of gnarly apple trees, munching and socializing. Human beings uselessly yelled and waved things among them, trying to make them go home. Because green apples go right through horses, the human beings also slipped and slued a lot. Hiram, trying to hide in the tree Dire Straits was snacking off but blinded by all the flashlights now converged on him, fell out of the tree and into

the arms of what looked very much like a state trooper, who then fell down. Other people fell down. Horses ate. Lights stabbed this way and that. Back by the breached fence, Dortmund and Kelp watched without pleasure. "That reminds me of the subway," Dortmund said.

"Here comes that truck," Kelp said.

Dortmund turned, and here came a pair of headlights through the night from the ranch, jouncing up and down. "I do understand pickup trucks," Dortmund said and strode toward the lights.

Kelp, saying, "John? You got something?" came trailing along.

Dortmund and the pickup approached each other. As the vehicle



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neared, Dortmund waved his arms over his head, demanding that the thing stop, which it did, and a sleepy young guy looked out at him, saying, "Who the hell are you?"

"Your goddamn horses," Dortmund said, his manner outraged but disciplined, "are eating our goddamn apples."

The fellow stared at him. "You aren't Russwinder."

"I work for him, don't I?" Dortmund demanded. "And I never seen anybody so mad. We need light back there, he sent us down, get your portable generator. You got a portable generator, don't you?"

"Well, sure," the fellow said. "But I was gonna—"

"Light," Dortmund insisted. Around them, half-awake and half-dressed ranch employees made their way toward the center of chaos, ignoring Dortmund and Kelp, whose bona fides were established by their being in conversation with the ranch's pickup truck. "We can't see what we're doing back there," Dortmund said, "and Mr. Russwinder's mad."

The young fellow clearly saw that this was a time to be accommodating to one's neighbor and to one's neighbor's employee. "OK," he said. "Climb in."

"We'll ride in back," Dortmund told him and clambered up into the bed of the pickup, which was pleasantly aromatic of hay. Kelp followed, eyes bright with hope, and the pickup lurched forward, jounced around in a great circle and headed back toward the ranch.

The pickup seemed to think it was a horse; over the fields it bucked and bounced, like a frying pan trying to throw Dortmund and Kelp back into the fire. Clutching the pickup's metal parts with every finger and every toe, Dortmund gazed back at the receding scene in the orchard, which looked now like a battle in a movie about the Middle Ages. "Never again," he said.

Ka-bump! The pickup slued from field to dirt road, a much more user-friendly surface, and hustled off toward the barns. "Well, this time," Kelp said, "you can't blame me."

Dortmund looked at him. "Why not?"

The cowboy behind the wheel slammed both feet and a brick onto the brake pedal, causing the pickup to skid halfway around, hurl itself broadside at the brown-plank wall of the nearest barn and shudder to a stop with millimeters to spare. Dortmund peeled himself off the pickup's bed, staring wildly around, and the maniac driver hopped out, crying, "The generator's in here!" Off he went at a lope.

Dortmund and Kelp shakily assisted each other to the ground, as their benefactor dashed into the barn. "I'd like to wait and run him over," Dortmund said, getting into the pickup's cab and sliding over to the passenger side.

Kelp followed, settling behind the wheel. The engine was on, so he just

shifted into gear and they drove away from there, brisk but not reckless. No need to be reckless.

At the highway, Dortmund said, "Left leads past that orchard. Better go right, up the hill."

So they went up the hill. As they drove past the high clearing where they'd taken pictures down at the ranch, Kelp slowed and said, "Look at that!"

It was positively coruscating down there, dazzling, like nighttime on the Fourth of July. Police and fire engine flashing lights in red and blue mingled with the white of headlights, flashlights, spotlights. Men and horses ran hither and yon. Every building in the area was all lit up.

"Just for a second," Kelp said, pulling off the road and coming to a stop.

Dortmund didn't argue. It was really a very interesting sight, and they could, after all, claim some part in its creation. They got out and walked to the edge of the drop-off to watch. Faint cries and horse snorts drifted up through the sultry air.

"We better go," Dortmund said at last.

"Ya. You're right."

They turned back to the pickup, and Kelp said, with surprise, "Well, look at this!" He reached out his hand and took the end of a bridle and turned to smile at Dortmund, saying, "I guess he likes us!"

Dortmund looked at the creature munching calmly at the other end of the bridle. "It is him, isn't it?"

"He followed me home," Kelp said, grinning broadly. "Can I keep him?"

"No," Dortmund said.

Surprised, Kelp ducked his head and hissed, so Dire Straits wouldn't hear him, "Dortmund, the insurance company! A million dollars!"

"I am not taking a stolen race horse through the Lincoln Tunnel," Dortmund said. "That's just for openers. And we got no place to keep him."

"In the park."

"He'd get mugged. He'd get stolen. He'd get found."

"We gotta know somebody with a back yard!"

"And neighbors. Andy, it doesn't play. Now, come on, say goodbye to your friend; we're going home."

Dortmund continued on the pickup, but Kelp stayed where he was, an agonized expression on his face. When Dortmund looked back, Kelp said, "I can't, John, I just can't." The hand clutching the bridle shook. "I'm holding a million dollars! I can't let go."

Dortmund got into the pickup, behind the wheel. He looked out through the open passenger door at Kelp in the dark, on the hilltop, holding a strip of leather with \$1,000,000 on the other end. "I'm going to New York now," Dortmund told him, not unkindly. "Are you coming, or are you staying?"



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PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

(continued from page 123)

At Ohio State, Kathy only minored in drama; her major was education. She has the credits to be a teacher but has never used them. "Well, this thing started happening for me," she explained, "beginning with modeling. But I've done many other jobs, as every other struggling survivor has done, I'm sure. Waitressing and working for the phone company and working as a head bank teller. I also have a cosmetology license. I mean, I've done every job possible! And it all pointed to this."

Kathy sat back in her chair and turned philosophical. "When I was in an acting class out here in Los Angeles, I had an instructor who used to say, 'You have a trunk of emotions and experiences that you can use, and when you have to prepare for a certain role, you'll find that more useful than anything.' And I think that's been true. All the tragedies, problems and happy moments fill up a trunk that I can go into and be a bank teller or a school-teacher or a mom . . . any of those things."

"I would like so desperately to bring back the Katharine Hepburn kinds of roles. To me, she's what Hollywood is supposed to be. I had a chance to get a taste of that last summer in *Bogart*, a play I did at a theater in West Hollywood. I played the Hepburn character from *The African Queen*. It was the most gratifying part I've played in seven years of acting. Everybody has an idol, I guess, one you kind of pattern yourself after. Well, she's it for me."

Kathy's dual career leaves little time for socializing. When we asked her about it, she looked stunned, as though she'd just remembered a pot she'd left on the stove. A social life is one of those things she has planned for the future. She's as romantic as the next person; it's just time that's lacking. What might a suitor do to impress her? "Send flowers," she sighed. "I am such a sap for that. Flowers on my door-

step mean more than anything else you could give me. Or just a simple card, on days other than birthdays or Valentine's Day. Those 'just because' days."

She hasn't changed one bit from the girl who grew up in Brookville, Ohio. "No, I'm not spoiled," Kathy said with conviction. "I don't think I ever will be. I can have just as good a time with a guy in a Volkswagen as with one in a limo. Dependability—that wins out with me. Of course, every girl would love it if she could be picked up in a limousine and taken to the theater or a wonderful French restaurant, like the one we're in right now. It's just such a treat for me. I've enjoyed this immensely, but I don't have to have it."

What Kathy does need right now is a home for herself and the girls. And that's how she intends to spend the \$100,000 she will receive from PLAYBOY—in addition to a sleek white Jaguar XJ6—as our Playmate of the Year. She has in mind "an adequately sized home. I would love to live up in the mountains, where it's quiet and secluded. Eventually—I'll probably be 90 by the time I get this!—I'll have everything there. I mean, my house will have a pool, a sauna and a gym, so I don't have to fight the traffic to enjoy those things. Plus a room—maybe just two by two, with hardwood floors and one ballet barre—where I can tap-dance my heart out."

That really doesn't sound like such a big dream, but Kathy's visions are practical ones, and she works hard to make them all come together. "I've been happy. I've been lucky. I've got friends in every sense of the word. And now I'm just working toward that little place for my children. I don't want to keep moving them from apartment to apartment, because they need roots."

House or no house, with a mom like Kathy Shower—actress and Playmate of the Year—Mindy and Melonie already have roots to make them proud.



"And someone drank all my beer, too!"

WHAT THEY HAVE LEARNED

(continued from page 114)

convince himself that adequate preparation is practically indistinguishable from overpreparation in that they both lead to overconfidence and complacency and to a slowness to respond to surprises. He will further believe that adequate preparation and overpreparation are a lot more dangerous than underpreparation; and that is why, if he is given a choice, he will always take his chances with what he likes to think of as his fancy footwork, his razzmatazz, his body English and his smoke screens, his ability to talk his way out of just about anything and to tough his way out of whatever he can't talk his way out of.

A boy will also figure that, in a really tight situation, he can always count on the other guy to be even less well prepared than he is. Paradoxically, on the occasions when a boy has prepared religiously and has even worked his ad libs to a high polish, he will assure his well-wishers that he is going to go in cold and wing it; then, if he carries the day, he's not just a hero, he's a natural; whereas, if he blows it, he can say, "I wasn't really trying"—unlike girls, who are always saying, "I can't understand why I failed; I worked so hard."

WHAT WE THINK ABOUT WHEN WE'RE NOT THINKING ABOUT ANYTHING

- *Mil, novecientos noventa y nueve, novecientos noventa y ocho, novecientos noventa y siete, novecientos noventa y seis, novecientos noventa y cinco. . . .*

- This room, this house, this block, this street, this neighborhood, this city, this state, the whole country, the Western Hemisphere, the world, the solar system, the Milky Way, the universe. . . .

- A-a-a-a-and starrrrrring. . . .

- For sacred skies, for lah-lah waves. . . .

- Mary, hi, how ya doin'? . . . No. . . . Hello, Mary, this is. . . . No. . . . So, what's going on? . . . Hello, Mary, you don't know me, but. . . . Hi, Mary, guess who! . . . Hiya, doll, miss me? . . . What do you mean, who is this? . . .

- Felice, Barbra, Lonnie, Janet Borg, Janet Bluestone, Judy, Judith, Ann, Angela, Annette, Cathy, Catherine Costello, Beatrice, Debbie Deane, Elinor, Jill in Atlanta, the two Karens, oh, and Cheryl . . . though not technically. . . .

- MILWAUKEE MILK WALK KEEL MEEK MEAL LIME WAKE WEEK MILE MAIL MALE KALE LIKE MAKE WAIL MAUL LAKE LAME WILE WEAK. . . .

- \$42,857 x .1125 ÷ 12. . . .

- Yaz in left field, Mays in center field, the Babe in right field; let's see, Koufax or Feller on the mound, Aparicio at short-stop, Gehrig at first, maybe Joe Morgan at second, Brooks Robinson at third, Berra behind the plate and the Goose in the bull pen, and the Japs can put up anyone they fucking well please. . . .





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RISING • FUN (continued from page 85)

"The 300ZX was a more mainstream automobile than the old Z, to be sure—more Mark VI than MG."

your aunt to buy. And she'd comply. And even enjoy it. Not quite, bucky. To say the least, the mundane qualities of Japanese automobiles have been, like Mark Twain's obituary, somewhat exaggerated. To be sure, a vast majority of the millions of Japanese automobiles that have reached these shores since they began to arrive in 1958 have been on the prosaic side. During that year, the infant Datsun importing arm managed to sell 83 of the company's L-210 sedans in the United States. Toyota sold a similar piddling allotment of its boxy little Toyopet Crowns. They were most assuredly dumb little automobiles. A 1958 *Sports Car Illustrated* denounced the Toyota Tiara—yet another wobbly four-door based on prewar British designs—as "utterly lacking in technical novelty." And so it went.

In fact, it wasn't until 1970 that the Japanese really got it right. Enter the wondrous Z-car. Until that point, the American mid-priced-sports-car market had been dominated by the likes of the Porsche 914 (with its VW engine), the archaic British Triumph TR6 and MGB-GT, plus the remarkably ordinary Opel GT from G.M.'s German subsidiary. The

Datsun 240Z hit this dreary collection of machinery like a runaway freight train. Styled in the idiom of the aggressive, long-nosed Ferrari Daytona coupe and possessed of sufficient horsepower (151) to run with the likes of the high-buck Porsche 911T in a straight line, the 240Z was a hit from the moment it landed on the beach in California. Unlike the Toyota 2000GT, the Datsun was affordable at \$3600 and would accommodate Yankee-sized drivers. The first models were a bit noisy, tended to handle strangely (thanks in part to hard-compound Japanese tires) and contained a steering wheel that appeared to have been fabricated out of balsa wood.

But nothing stood in the way of immediate success. The 240Z would run 0 to 60 in 8.7 seconds (almost two seconds quicker than the Porsche 914—which was \$300 more expensive) and top out at 125 mph. Its clean, Italianesque lines made the competition look as if it had been designed by the Baltimore & Ohio boxcar department; and that, coupled with the lusty performance of its 2.4-liter, 146-cubic-inch single-overhead-cam straight six, was enough to make the 240Z an instant winner. In its first six years, it sold an unprecedented

250,000 units. Now, a little more than 15 years later, 895,000 Z-cars have been built. America's beloved Corvette has sold only 760,000 units since its introduction more than 30 years ago.

The most recent permutation of the famed Z—the 300ZX—arrived in 1983. The aged, rather bulky in-line six was replaced with a slick overhead-cam V6 that came in both normally aspirated and turbocharged form. The 300ZX Turbo was the flagship and, therefore, should have gotten rave reviews from the critics. After all, it was now packing 200 turbocharged horses under the hood and a flashy new body that featured everything from six-speaker stereo power to leather bucket seats and electrically adjustable shock absorbers. It was a fast car (135 mph; 0 to 60 in about 7.5 seconds), to be sure, but something had been lost on the climb to the top. For one, the 300ZX turned out to be a very busy styling exercise. Its rather bulbous shape was covered with spoilers, rub rails, trim strips, scoops and movable headlight eyelids. Moreover, it had gained more than 700 pounds since the first Z was introduced. Gone was its original lean, mean, sporting personality, replaced by a silky, rather suave demeanor—as if Conan the Barbarian had been doused with after-shave and duded up in a dinner jacket. Surely, this was a smart marketing move by Nissan (this new corporate identity, after an estimated nearly \$200,000,000 in advertising and promotion, had replaced the Datsun label). The 300ZX was a more mainstream automobile than the old Z, to be sure—more Mark VI than MG by a long shot—and this seemed to add to its appeal. The car broke from its old, pure sports-car mold and drove straight into the market occupied by such favorites as the Corvette and the Thunderbird (which, ironically, at the same time were shedding their softer personal-car personalities for a much beefier, bolder highway presence). Moreover, the 300ZX was no longer a bargain-basement Porsche, a cheap high-performance alternative to the classier European *marques*. Priced in the \$20,000 range, a Turbo 300ZX was (and is) light-years away from the original 240Z that hit the streets for about \$3600.

Despite the long-term success of the Datsun-cum-Nissan Z-car, archrival Toyota took a while to respond in kind. Once the 2000GT disappeared, Toyota contented itself with capturing the import market in the United States with a series of ironclad little Coronas and Corollas that were as cheap and as reliable as anvils. Not until the mid-Seventies did the Celica appear, and it was a tabby cat in comparison with the romping, stomping Z-car. Toyota finally made its move in 1979, calling its challenger the Celica Supra. It was a restyled Celica coupe, featuring a longer hood to house the 2.6-liter, overhead-camshaft straight six stolen from the big Cressida four-door.

Two years later, Toyota got serious. A



"There's a lot of injustice in the world, son. That's why I think you should become a lawyer . . . so you can make a profit off it."

lusty 2.8-liter, twin-cam version of the six was installed in the Supra, along with independent rear suspension. But the car still shared a strong familial link with the cheaper Celica. Now that is all changed. The Celica has become a distant cousin, thanks to a switch to front-wheel drive and a decidedly more tepid disposition. Conversely, the Supra has been turned into a distinct model line, preserving its rear-drive configuration and its sporty personality. At the heart of the matter is the same straight six, but with 200 hp and a 24-valve (four per cylinder), double-overhead-camshaft head and displacement increased to three liters (183 cubic inches), plus a new, fully independent suspension front and rear.

The new Supra also carries flashy body work in the current low-drag Corvette idiom, complete with hidden headlights, spoilers and skirts that reduce drag to an impressive 0.33 coefficient of drag (anything below 0.35 Cx qualifies a shape as among the slipperiest on the road). The car is available with both a smooth, five-speed manual gearbox and an electronically controlled four-speed automatic. Fitted with chunky 225/60HR-14 Good-year Gatorback tires, the Supra is a nimble handler, despite its rather prodigious weight. The new version, at 3500 pounds, is more than 400 pounds heavier than the old car, and one feels the bulk in the tight turns. No matter; the car, with its 0-to-60 time of about 7.3 seconds and a top speed nudging 130 mph, is in the same league as the rival 300ZX—and without the benefit of turbocharging.

In the meantime, Mazda, the marketing name of the giant Toyo Kogyo conglomerate, has been running stride for stride with the big two. The little RX-7, introduced in 1978, has long been hailed as one of the biggest bargains in sports cars. After a near disaster with its line of Wankel rotary-powered passenger cars in the mid-Seventies, when the radical power plant got a bum rap for poor reliability and fuel mileage, Mazda switched much of its production to conventional internal-combustion engines. But the compact size and the light weight of the Wankel made it ideal for a downsized sports/GT car, and Mazda used it to perfection in the RX-7. For more than seven years, the car has remained a fixture on American roads, a reliable, thoroughly enjoyable entry-level sports car for thousands of young buyers.

Now, like Toyota, Mazda has stepped up to challenge Nissan and the fabled 300ZX. The new RX-7 Turbo is a great leap forward. It carries the first production-based turbocharged rotary to be sold in the United States. Moreover, the new RX-7 features a complex semi-trailing-arm rear suspension that offers subtle toe-out under hard cornering to sharpen steering response.

The design feature is controversial but offers a peek at the future, when passenger-car suspensions will become



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increasingly variable to meet all manner of changing road conditions. Purists maintain, with some justification, that basic independent suspensions of the type found on the Porsche 944 (generally considered to be the best handling of the upscale sports/GT genre) remain the optimum compromise and that the Mazda's fussy complication can hamper stability for an inexperienced driver. At just over \$19,000, it falls into the same ball park as the Nissan and the Toyota, both of which hover near the \$20,000 plateau, depending on option choices.

Mazda's other new car, the RX-7 GXL is lighter (2700 pounds) than much of its competition but, with only 146 hp, is also fractionally slower. Zero-to-60 times edge near eight seconds, and top speed is just over 125 mph—quick enough to impress your true love but hardly in the league with a Porsche 944 Turbo or a Corvette. A microprocessor-controlled Auto Adjusting Suspension that modifies shock-absorber settings according to the driver's speed and ride desires (NORMAL, FIRM, VERY FIRM via a console control) places the Mazda in the vanguard of the rush toward high-tech, high-performance engineering. The RX-7 GXL is a neatly styled, highly aerodynamic two-plus-two that is sure to carry on the Mazda sales bonanza.

For some time now, Subaru has enjoyed a reputation for manufacturing cars that are practically bulletproof in terms of gut-level reliability. Traditionally the vendors of workaday little sedans and station wagons beloved by the granola crunchers of Vermont and New Hampshire—where their vaunted four-wheel drive made them snow fighters of the first order—Subaru was a late arrival on the sporty car scene. Last year, it was the XT Turbo Coupe, a zany concoction of wedges and spaceship angles. But *outré* styling is Subaru's stock in trade, and its increasing cadre of loyal owners loves it. Last year, the 30,000 XTs allotted were swept out of the showrooms like World War Two rationed meat. And now comes the XT with four-wheel drive.

Yes, for about \$14,000, you can be the owner of a machine that—on paper, at least—rivals the exotic German-built Audi Quattro Turbo coupe available at more than twice the price. Consider that the Subaru XT has a 1.8-liter, flat four-cylinder, single-overhead-camshaft engine developing 110 hp, hooked to a five-speed manual gearbox. The suspension is independent all around and is adjustable for ride height. Brakes are four-wheel disc. In keeping with its external outrageousness, the Subaru XT features an all-electronic Space Invaders dashboard that lacks only a coin slot in which to feed quarters.

The engine is smaller than the competition's, and the weight, thanks to the 4wd system, is substantial (about 2700 pounds). This means that the Subaru XT is a modest performer compared with the aforementioned trio and will barely ooze

past 115 mph on a long straight. Moreover, the 4wd setup lacks a center differential, which equalizes driving thrust to the wheels. The best mode for driving the Subaru is in the normal front-drive setup, using 4wd only for low-traction situations or in tight corners. Running straight ahead on icy or snowy surfaces is where this particular 4wd configuration is at its best; but under no circumstances should this basically under steering, modestly powered coupe be mistaken for a Quattro knockoff. There are strong compromises at work here, and the true value of the XT lies in its solid fabrication, its modest price and its wacky styling.

No one will ever mistake an Isuzu Impulse Turbo for anything else. It is that distinctive and that pretty. It ought to be; its creator is the most respected stylist currently doodling with a pencil—namely, Ital-Design's resident genius, Giorgio Giugiaro. The Impulse is perhaps one of the most perfectly integrated automobile shapes in the history of the industry. Every line and angle works in harmony, creating a subtle wedge-shaped, three-door sports coupe that is as aerodynamic and as aesthetically pleasing as it is functional. Many beautiful cars are like architecturally elegant houses—they are wonderful to behold but cavelike in raw hospitality. Not so with the Impulse. It is a genuine four-seater (truly the only one of this selection that is, despite the liberal two-plus-two claims of some others). The interior, by the way, is as tastefully elegant and as understated as the outside skin.

The first Impulses were every bit as pretty but were decidedly tepid in the performance department. That has been corrected with a 2.0-liter (121 cubic inches), four-cylinder engine featuring port fuel injection, a turbocharger and an intercooler that, simply put, reduces the temperatures and density of the fuel charge and in turn offers a bigger bang for the buck. Power output is 140 hp, which in the 2800-pound chassis delivers 0-to-60 times in the mid-eight-second range and a top speed of about 125 mph—not the fastest of the lot by any means but a very capable performer nonetheless. Sadly, because of the voluntary import quotas being observed by the Japanese industry, the Impulse, in either turbo or nonturbo form, is a rare bird. Only about 15,000 will reach these shores in 1986.

Like Isuzu, Mitsubishi is a late-comer in the American market; therefore, its share of the 2,200,000 car-import pie is limited. However, there is a back-door option for the manufacturing giant that few others enjoy. Mitsubishi is owned, to the tune of 24 percent, by Chrysler Corporation, which has a deal to market under private label three of its models through its Dodge and Chrysler-Plymouth dealerships. One such machine is the very neat Mitsubishi Starion—*cum*—Dodge and Plymouth Conquest. Like the Impulse, it has been

around for several years, powered by a 2.6-liter, four-cylinder, single-overhead-cam engine of the type that is optionally available in the Dodge and Plymouth front-drive Voyager and Caravan minivans. In a sports coupe as heavy as the Starion (about 3000 pounds), the performance was hardly enough to cause chronic whiplash among the passengers. This was corrected with the introduction of the ESI-R (Euro-Sports Intercooled Rally). This piece is also available at selected Dodge and Plymouth dealers (but hurry; only 7500 will be imported), where it will be called the Conquest TSi (Turbo Sports Intercooled). Regardless of these somewhat convoluted designations, the Starion ESI-R and the Conquest TSi are identical. Both carry 2.6-liter, four-cylinder, fuel-injected, intercooled power plants developing a lusty 176 horsepower. Both have fully independent suspensions, front- and rear-vented disc brakes on all four corners and an antilock braking system on the rear pair. These are very nice front-engine, rear-drive sports coupes in the Porsche 944, Supra, 300ZX idiom. Their styling is conventional and can be confused at a glance with that of the Porsche, the RX-7 and the Supra; but they are fine machines, if a bit gadget-ridden, with the optional video-parlor electronic instrument package. (Someone has referred to this breed of Japanese sports cars in their most option-laden permutations as "four-wheeled Swiss army knives.") No matter; at about \$17,000, the Starion/Conquest/ESI-R/TSi, etc., is a value of the first order. Sadly, like the Impulse Turbo, it will be in short supply; therefore, a well-kept secret.

Not so with the Honda Acura Legend. This new car line from Honda has hit the American market like a four-wheeled Refrigerator. Set up as a separate car line by the crafty marketers at Honda, the Acuras come in two flavors: the upscale Legend four-door luxury sedan, aimed at the Audi/BMW/Saab/Volvo market, and the smaller, cheaper Integra—a three- or five-door sports sedan in the \$10,000-to-\$12,000 price range. The Integra will fall into line just ahead of the popular, thrill-packed superskate, the Honda CRXsi. But it is the Legend that marks the breakthrough for Honda and serves as a harbinger for the future. The car is a high-quality machine (as if the present Hondas weren't high quality) that is almost a perfect duplication, sizewise, of the five series BMW sedans. But unlike the rest of the cars treated here—except the Subaru XT—the Acura is not a front-engine, rear-drive design. Its all-new four-valve-per-cylinder, fuel-injected, 2.5-liter engine is front-mounted; but it drives, via five-speed manual or optional four-speed automatic, through the front wheels. The engine is transversely mounted and develops a lusty, nonturbocharged 151 horsepower. Packed in a sleek, if rather ordinarily styled, four-door body/chassis weighing just over 3000 pounds, the Legend is a creditable, if not dazzling, performer.

Honda claims a 0-to-60 time of about nine seconds and a top speed in the 125-mph range. However, the long suit of the automobile is its superb fabrication, which many feel rivals anything from Europe in the same price range.

The Legend might have better been called the Gambit. It is exactly that: a deft opening maneuver to break into the upscale import market now dominated by the Europeans. The Nissan 300ZX and other sports machines are far from cheap, but the Acura marks the first bold step by the Japanese into the heady realms of the truly exotic. The rise of the 300ZX, etc., has been evolutionary, based on steady development of known concepts. But the Acura is a quick, premeditated step into the supercar field heretofore occupied by only BMW, Mercedes-Benz, Porsche and their European counterparts.

Consider Acura only the beginning. There is already serious talk of an Acura sports car, in 1988, that will feature a 24-valve V6 with an intercooler and a turbocharger. Considering that the present engine is capable of an easy 151 hp, there is little question that the new version will punch out more than 200 hp, which, in a lighter chassis, may qualify it as one of the

fastest road cars in the world.

But Nissan is hardly resigned to its fate. It's rumored that a new 300ZX is due in the fall, and already Nissan is showing the press its wild new MID4, a mid-engine, 4wd, four-wheel-steering, four-cam, four-valve, V6-powered mighty mite that will run faster than 150 mph and reach 60 in six seconds. And that's without a turbocharger! Toyota will not stand idle, either, with a four-wheel-drive Supra on the way and several prototype mid-engine machines being tested. They will surely rival the Hondas and Nissans in raw performance and state-of-the-art technology.

No doubt, the Japanese will continue to supply the American market with small, tightly built economy machines that will run forever on gas fumes; but, as they are nudged from the bottom by the cheaper stuff coming from South Korea and Taiwan, they will move upward. The trend is clear, and you can be sure that legions of engineers in places such as Munich and Stuttgart are now looking to the East. Toward the Rising Sun. And the war whoop of the powerful engines. Made in Japan.



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LAWYERS

(continued from page 107)

be paid. Fool that I was, I paid him.

Shortly thereafter, he turned 40 and retired.

Thus began my professional acquaintanceship with lawyers.

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I've been sued twice. The first time was in 1982, for plagiarism. (Now I'm being sued for \$15,000,000 by a former public official, for libel, but that's another story.)

A doctor in a well-to-do Boston suburb had written a book about the insurance industry. Through his agent, he had submitted it to 20 publishers, all of whom had turned it down. He subsequently had it printed up at his own expense, the bulk of which—350 copies—he sold to his mother-in-law's music-publishing firm.

One of the 20 publishers who had received and declined the manuscript, in 1979, was Simon & Schuster, with which, three years earlier, I had contracted to do a book on the insurance industry. When mine finally came out, in 1982, the doctor saw it and became convinced that Simon & Schuster must have passed his manuscript on to me. So he sued. (Technically, his wife sued, because he had transferred the copyright to her.)

As it happened, I had never heard of this man or his book nor seen a word of it.

How had it come to pass, you wonder, that passages in my book were the same as passages in his, published three years earlier? Are you to believe this was coincidence? *How could this have happened?*

You're curious; I was curious. As it turned out, when asked for examples of similar passages, the doctor's lawyer could provide none. It was the doctor's *ideas* I had stolen, they charged, not his words.

The lawsuit was without foundation, but you know the gypsy curse. ("May you be involved in a lawsuit in which you are in the right.")

Even if I had read the doctor's book and profited from his insights, he would have had no basis for a lawsuit. Ideas, as distinct from words, cannot be copyrighted. The doctor was the victim of monumentally bad advice in pursuing his claim.

Now, here's the way the matter should have been handled. I should have called the doctor—flown to Boston to have lunch with him, if need be—to persuade him I had never seen his manuscript. I would have looked him in the eye, he would have looked me in the eye; after an hour or two of discussion, the matter would have been dropped.

But for reasons you and I haven't the legal training fully to appreciate, that sort of approach is "very dangerous."

My guess was that this was a nice guy

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mikewilliams

"It's an irritating little 'tap . . . tap' sound somewhere behind the dashboard."

who'd busted his chops writing a book, who was bruised and frustrated by his inability to get it published and who genuinely believed the editor at Simon & Schuster to whom he'd sent it had shown it to my editor, who passed it on to me.

That was my guess.

The lawyers' guess was that this was just another cynical nuisance suit, to be dealt with in the normal legal way. The plaintiffs were either crazy or else well aware they had no case but hopeful of holding us up for a few thousand dollars, anyway.

A smallish but prestigious Boston law firm was retained to represent us. A formal answer was drafted to the complaint, with a copy sent to me as a courtesy. You know how this goes:

Count I, they allege their names are such and such and reside thus and forth. Count II, they allege our names are such and such and reside hither and yon. Count III, they allege I plagiarized and wrecked their lives. Count IV, they reallege all facts as to counts I, II and III and demand punitive damages. And so on. To which we respond, as to count I, that we neither admit nor deny what their names are or where they live; as to count II, that we admit, subject to appeal, that our names are so and so—I'm reading this stuff, feeling that since they sent it to me and are about to file it with the court, I ought to try to make sense of it—and I see that on all the counts that don't really say anything, we have great answers. But count III, where they say we plagiarized, we do not answer.

Feeling very foolish—this is doubtless an elementary technique of the law—I call one of the lawyers. He reviews the page in question (which is hours away from being filed formally with the court), mutters something about the word-processing department and express-mails a corrected draft the next morning.

But we're not just answering the complaint. That's no way to fight a battle. We are also asking the doctor's wife for a little information, pursuant to Fed. R. Civ. P. 34 (Rule 34 of the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure)—40 documents, including all research notes and research materials used by the doctor in writing his book, all drafts of his manuscript and copies of all his Federal and state income-tax returns from 1977 through 1982.

It seems to me we are proceeding exactly as we would if we were guilty. If the doctor retained any doubt as to the validity of his claim, this would erase it.

But what else can we do? This is the way the system works, and the Boston firm, we can only assume, is doing everything it can to end this matter as quickly as possible, to limit the size of its fee.

In excess of 400 pages of depositions are taken from the doctor, his wife and brother-in-law. Our Boston attorney, whatever the imperfections in his word-processing department, wields a gracious but deadly

foil. ("Is it your testimony," he asks our assailant politely, "that you filed a Federal lawsuit, but you can't remember where the ideas that you are charging someone with stealing are in our own property?") The transcripts read like a rowboat meeting a battleship.

As the legal fees mount, I keep trying to think of a way to short-cut the formal legal process. It just seems crazy. If the doctor and his wife only knew I'd never seen their book, surely they'd drop this.

I decide to take a lie-detector test. Having less than complete faith in such things—I'm sufficiently high-strung to jostle a seismograph, let alone a poly-

graph—I decide to do so on the QT. But if the machine works and "proves" I'm honest, we'll send the test to the plaintiffs, they'll drop the case and that will be that.

I find some highly accredited polygrapher, go sweaty-palmed to his office and, for \$750, submit to one of the stranger hours of my life (on the basis of which I'm convinced it would be awfully tough to lie and get away with it but relatively easy to be found "lying" when one is not). Anyway, the polygrapher pronounces me honest—all neatly typed up with his polygraphically prestigious credentials in a brown-Leatherette binder.

Finally. The doctor and his wife will see

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this, we'll have our little talk and that will be the end of it.

The lawyers, however, strongly recommend I not let the doctor and his wife see this. It would be best, they say, to win the case on conventional grounds.

And win they did. In little more than 15 months, and for a fee of something less than \$40,000, the suit was thrown out without trial. So groundless and poorly conceived was it found to be, in fact, that—and this rarely happens—the doctor was forced to pay a portion of our legal expenses. (Simon & Schuster, bless its heart, absorbed the rest.)

But was all this necessary?

After the suit was thrown out, I finally spoke with the doctor and his wife. I probably wasn't supposed to; but by then, what harm could it do? They didn't sound crazy or cynical or money-mad. "I told your lawyers that if I could just talk with you," the doctor told me, "I could be convinced. But they wouldn't let me, and the way they went about harassing my wife in the depositions convinced me you were guilty."

Law school training, Harvard's Derek Bok complained in 1982, is geared "more for conflict than for the gentler arts of reconciliation and accommodation."

LAWYERS AS PROVOCATEURS

Fact is, there's not all that much money to be made in accommodation and

reconciliation. You surely know the line about the town that had too little legal work to support a lawyer—but more than enough to support two.

The client's challenge is to obtain good legal advice, when needed, without losing control. The lawyer works for you, but your interests and his may not always coincide. The most obvious potential conflict—and I stress potential, because many lawyers resist it—is simply that the faster and more efficiently he gets your case resolved, the less money he makes. But there are others.

I almost lost the best investment I ever made, a \$41,000 Manhattan apartment, because my lawyer—a fine fellow eager to do a good job—was trying to include the window-unit air conditioners in the contract, while the sellers, it developed, had gotten a better offer and were looking for any honorable way out of our deal. My lawyer didn't want to see me screwed out of what was rightfully mine; but neither, air conditioners be damned, did he want to be bested by their lawyer. On top of that, their styles clashed. The "done deal" came within a whisker of coming undone.

No one cares about your business as much as you do. Keep your eye on it.

LAWYERS AS LIARS

Lawyers never lie—technically. On the other hand, engaged as they frequently are in defending folk they know to be guilty,

they're not always probers for ultimate truth, either.

Listen to an attorney quoted in Kenneth Mann's *Defending White-Collar Crime*:

"I can remember years ago when I represented a massive case of political corruption. I was very young and I asked him, 'Would you please tell me everything that happened.' And he said, 'What—are you out of your mind?'"

"Today, I never ask anybody to tell me anything except what they want to tell me. I think it is absolutely ridiculous for a lawyer to say I can't help you unless I know everything. If a fellow wants to conceal something, that is because if you probe unnecessarily, he is going to tell you what you don't want to hear and it is going to be devastating. Most clients, I think, have enough brains not to tell everything."

Similarly, lawyers may not encourage clients to destroy evidence; but they can hope. Of an incriminating daily diary, one attorney told Mann, informally, "I hope he's smart enough to get rid of it."

"While it was evident that this attorney would take no active role in aiding or assisting concealment," Mann writes, "he thought that the client would be taking intelligent action if he were to destroy his diary and that the client would be naïve

Who says
you can't have the
finest imported hops,
old-world aging,
super-premium taste...

and lacking in savvy if he failed to do so."

THE 175-YEAR-OLD LAWYER

You know the story of Saint Peter's encounter with the 175-year-old lawyer. It was brought to mind by a young Sun Belt attorney at poolside one recent afternoon. "How was your day?" we asked.

"Great," he said; he'd billed 12 hours' work.

"Twelve hours," we marveled. "What time did you start?"

"I got in around 9:30 and left around 5:30," he said.

"Whoa!" we said (ignoring for the moment the incredible speed with which he had made it home—it being then precisely 5:17). "That's only eight hours. How did you manage to bill 12?"

It seems his firm has a minimum quarter-hour billing unit, so eight quick calls in 20 productive minutes are billed as two hours' work.

("What are you talking about, 175?" the lawyer asks Saint Peter, who's just congratulated him on being the oldest new arrival they'd ever had. "I'm not 175, I'm 57. I died last night of a heart attack.")

"Oh," replies Saint Peter. "We were going by your time sheets.")

"Our firm bills in tenths of hours—six-minute units," chimed in a more senior attorney by the same pool, whose work is billed at \$180 an hour, "but my personal minimum is two units for any call—12

minutes—because I figure any call disrupts my concentration at least that long."

The first attorney specialized in insurance-company defense work where, both junior and senior agreed, clients *expect* to have their hours padded. It's just a game, they explain, and everybody, including the insurance companies, knows it: They refuse to pay the going rate—the most they'll pay, for example, may be \$100 an hour—so attorneys who normally charge \$140 an hour, say, simply pad their time sheets by 40 percent. "It's accepted practice. The insurers expect us to do it."

("Do you?" I asked Maurice Greenberg, chairman of the hugely successful American International Group. "Hardly," he said. A.I.G. has set up in-house law firms around the country to cut costs of handling routine matters and has developed a computerized system to try to weed out excessive charges by the outside firms it retains for more complicated matters.)

Why, with the glut of lawyers, I asked the \$180-an-hour man, aren't a lot of people willing to be billed out at, say, a mere \$75 or \$100?

"Oh, plenty are," he said, "but most lawyers are monumentally incompetent. Take estate work. Estate work can be done with the intelligence of a chimpanzee. It's really just a matter of following a lot of rules. But many lawyers don't have that level of intelligence or won't take the time

to learn those rules. Make a mistake, and you can screw things up royally."

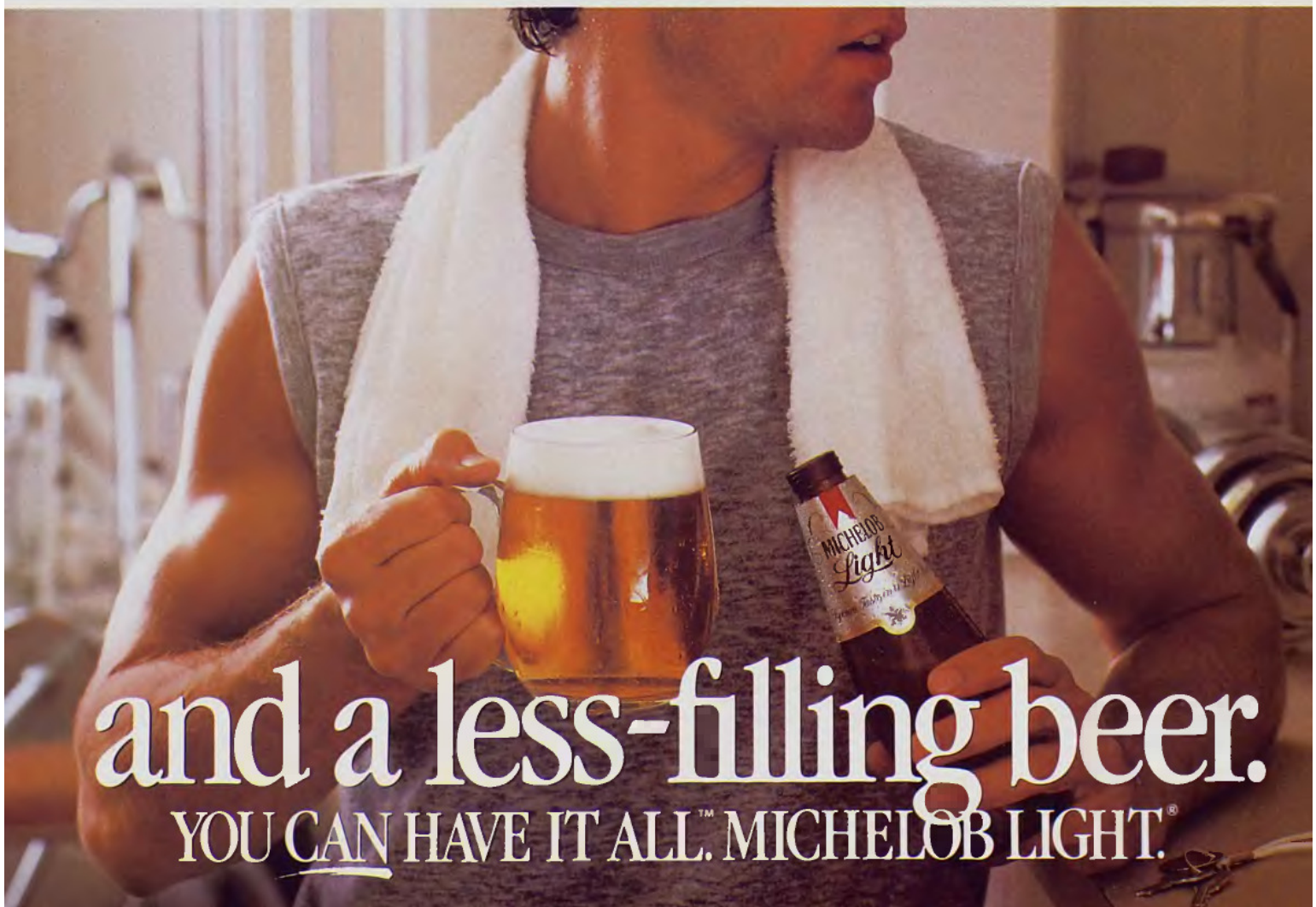
(Chief Justice Warren Burger has estimated that 25 percent to 30 percent of the lawyers stepping into court are unqualified to practice law. "We know that a poorly trained, poorly prepared lawyer often takes a week to try a one- or two-day case," he told the A.B.A. in 1984.)

On the other hand—in fairness—save a client from a mistake or point out an opportunity and, even if it took you ten minutes, the value of your advice can be worth millions. For example, merger-and-acquisitions attorney Stephen Jacobs suggested that client Leucadia National Corporation slip into its agreement to sell Avco shares a clause that would entitle Leucadia to as good a price as any future buyer of Avco might pay for the equivalent number of shares within a year. "That bit of fine print," reports *Institutional Investor's* Suzanna Andrews, "earned Leucadia almost \$40,000,000 when Textron bought Avco five months later."

WHIPLASH IN CHICAGO

It's been said that the Japanese don't sue each other much because they're all from a common ethnic background, while we, a bunch of warring tribes, are kept from beating each other's brains out by the legal system. Instead of clubs, we beat each other over the head with lawyers.

We are also games players and out for a



and a less-filling beer.
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few bucks. Name a game that involves more bucks than the law.

Part of the problem is lawyers who consciously or unconsciously encourage needless or needlessly protracted litigation, or even encourage potential clients to fudge the facts a little so they'll have a case.

(*American Lawyer* once sent a reporter to 13 personal-injury law firms with a story about a slip and fall near—but in no way caused by or related to—some utility construction. Eight of the 13 attorneys told her, correctly, she had no case. Five suggested she move her recollected accident a few feet closer to the construction, so they could sue.)

But part of the problem is clients eager to get in on the game.

"As any cop or fireman will tell you," reports *Chicago Tribune* columnist Mike Royko, "at any big accident involving public transportation, the injury list just keeps growing."

"I remember when I was at a [train] crash a few years ago," a cop told Royko.

"There were dozens of people jumping from the other platform, trying to get into the wrecked train. I mean, dozens of people. It was an amazing sight."

A Chicago Transit Authority employee arrived at a wreck on the el to find "people actually shinnying up the el structure," he told Royko, "to get in on the accident. They could have broken their necks to fake a broken neck."

When a car hit a bus outside a scruffy West Side bar, the same man recalled, "you never saw a tavern clear out like that. One minute they were all inside, sitting on bar stools and drinking. The next minute they were outside, flat on their backs, holding their necks and yelling, 'Whiplash, I got whiplash!'"

But if the clients are partly to blame for courtroom clog, it's not always greed that fills our hearts. Sometimes it's spite.

THE SINGLE
STUPIDEST CASE EVER BROUGHT

OK, this is probably not the single stu-

pidest lawsuit ever brought. But it's up there.

A guy dies, leaving in excess of \$10,000,000. His kids contest the will. Their suit is to set aside not the entire will, which is highly favorable to them, but only the clause that names the executor, a big, respectable bank. They have no problem with the bank per se, just that it is the bank favored by their wicked stepmother, whom they would do anything to annoy. This action, they feel sure, will annoy her.

The essence of their complaint is that their father was fully competent with respect to his bequests when he wrote the will but that on the matter of an executor, he was unduly influenced by their wicked stepmother. They want a rival bank named as executor.

They are advised they cannot possibly win this lawsuit. For one thing, the will was drafted by a highly respected local attorney. No one in this town ever challenges his work. For another, the bank named as executor has so far, in the months since their father's death, been doing a superior job. Finally, it is pointed out, *both* sets of legal fees for this case will come out of their pockets—the fees for bringing the suit and also the fees for defending it, because the estate pays those, and they inherit the estate.

Deaf ears.

"Why do you want to bring this suit?" their lawyer asks. (He knows the answer is "to annoy our wicked stepmother" but figures forcing them to say that may lead to more rational behavior.)

"It's what our father would have wanted," they reply.

So the suit proceeds, the kids handing over what will be at least \$20,000 in legal fees and the lawyer handing them, in return, a letter reiterating the impossibility of winning, lest *he* later be sued on the pretext that he actually encouraged them in this foolishness.

The court appoints a curator while the issue of executor is resolved—curators get higher fees than executors, all of which comes out of the kids' inheritance—and, to be curator, the court chooses the very same bank. (Well, it's doing a good job—why switch?) So the same bank, at a higher fee, is temporarily acting as executor. Moreover, lawsuits being the slow sorts of things they are, the estate will likely have been all wrapped up before the lawsuit wends its way to trial—so by the time it's decided which bank should be executor, there will likely be no need for an executor. But these people want their day in court, and they can afford it.

IT'S THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING

A large supermarket chain was advised by its counsel to settle a case for \$40,000—that to fight it would cost a lot more. (Good lawyers do frequently give advice that serves to cut their own fees.) The firm insisted on fighting—it was the principle



"I'm sorry, Erik, but the feelings I experienced toward you on the ski lift last winter I just don't feel here!"



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of the thing—and ultimately settled for \$80,000, spending an additional \$60,000 or \$70,000 on legal fees in the process.

"They say it's principle," says the attorney in this case, "until the bill arrives." Then they bitch and moan.

"You really can't litigate any matter involving less than half a million dollars," this attorney continues. "It's uneconomical. Yet people want their day in court. They simply sue too much. They should settle more and, in many cases, just accept the fact that life's unfair."

SOMETIMES YOU DO NEED LAWYERS

A large utility needed a dam and figured it would save the \$40,000 or \$50,000 cost of drawing up a contract with the contractor. Instead, it commissioned the dam with a purchase order, as it would buy pencils, albeit listing the agreed-upon specifications in great detail.

The contractor, meanwhile, saw to it that a simple phrase absolving it of any liability for the performance of the dam be included in the purchase order.

The dam was to hold back thousands of acres of water needed in the operation of one of its plants. And, for a while, it did.

SOMETIMES YOU DON'T

The system has been structured (by lawyers) so we need more lawyering than we otherwise might. The most glaring, outrageous example of this is the way a relatively small band of trial attorneys has kept us from having true no-fault auto insurance in any state. Instead, we have a wildly inefficient adversarial system that benefits only two classes of people: attorneys—of course—and victims of auto accidents in which the other driver was at

fault, can be *proved* to have been at fault and was rich or richly insured. It's great if you're hit by a drunk in a Rolls-Royce and have witnesses.

Otherwise, it is a system that every objective critic throughout the ages has assailed, from Richard Nixon, in 1936, to Nelson Rockefeller's New York State Insurance Department, in 1970, to Ralph Nader, today (how's that for the political spectrum?).

In addition, it has a real impact on the rest of the judicial system. *The New Jersey Law Journal* in 1980 estimated that 42.9 percent of all New Jersey civil cases were automobile liability cases. Think of it! A 1982 Rand Corporation Institute for Civil Justice report found that automobile cases accounted for 60 percent to 70 percent of all trials in Cook County, Illinois.

In the words of Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, "The courts are overwhelmed, swamped, inundated, choked. In a futile quest to carry out a mundane mission—deciding who hit whom on the highway when every day there will be thousands of such events—we are sacrificing the most precious of our institutions: the independent judiciary, which dispenses justice and maintains the presumption and perception of a just social order that is fundamental to a democratic political system."

Said Derek Bok, who also called for no-fault insurance in his 1982 report to Harvard University's Board of Overseers: "The blunt, inexcusable fact is that this nation, which prides itself on efficiency and justice, has developed a legal system that is the most expensive in the world, yet cannot manage to protect the rights of most of its citizens."

(For details on a better system, send a

large, 39-cent-stamped, self-addressed envelope to the National Insurance Consumer Organization, 121 North Payne Street, Alexandria, Virginia 22314, and mention this column.)

It's hardly a startling notion that lawyers have tended to oppose such things as no-fault and probate reform, argues Wisconsin arbitrator Amedeo Greco in his forthcoming *The Bar* (to which I am grateful for a number of quotes in this column)—until you consider Greco's analogy: He likens the lawyers' intransigence to doctors' opposing vaccines, lest they get less work.

DOING IT YOURSELF

But this is the system we have. With luck, when you do need a lawyer, you'll find one of the many who *are* competent and who do place your interests above their own.

Shopping around is now easier than it once was, should you wish to sneak over, before engaging your regular attorney, for an inexpensive first consultation—just to get the lay of the land—at one of the new McLawfirms that have been springing up (Hyatt Legal Services and Jacoby & Myers are the best known).

Or consider laying out \$22.95 for *How to Avoid Lawyers* (Garland Publishing, 136 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016). It is helpful in matters as diverse as buying a car, selling a house, writing a will, handling an accident, establishing a trust, filing small claims—the works, complete with 700 legal forms and the disclaimer that, obviously, laws vary from state to state and change from year to year, so this book has its limitations.

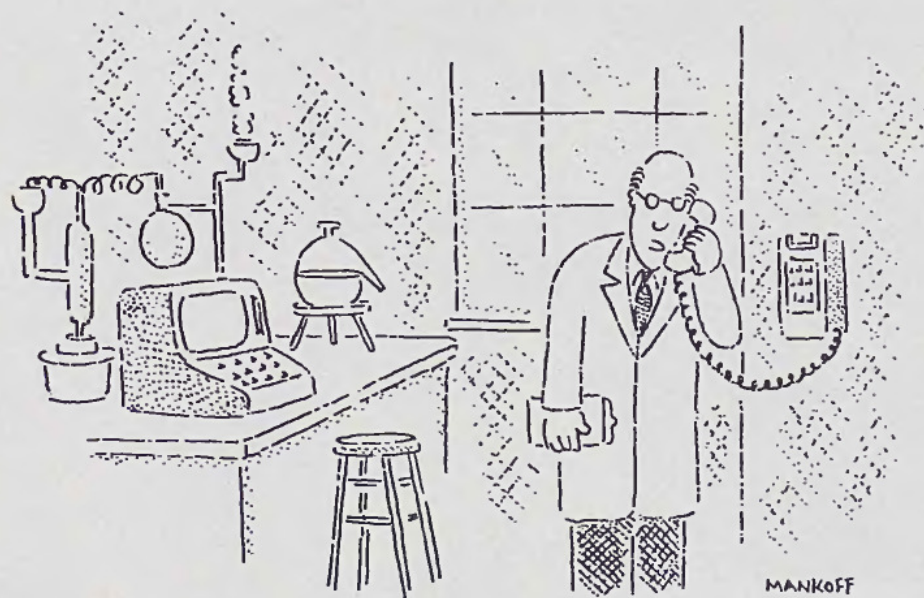
DON'T GO TO LAW SCHOOL

There are lots of reasons not to become a lawyer. For one thing, you'll be resented for making so much money. For another, despite the resentment, chances are you *won't* be making that much money—certainly not if you decide to defend the rights of the oppressed and all that other stuff you've probably thought of to rationalize opting for prelaw instead of organic chem. And certainly not if the breezes of judicial reform gather force.

Oh, grow up. *Of course* you don't know what else to do come September, when school starts. Well, hey, guy—how about this? *Get a job!* (Brave words, I know, from a man who has no job. But don't you see? I'm saying all this for your good!)

Jesus said (I don't quote him that often, so listen up), "Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! For ye load men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers."

And you are seriously considering law school? *What, are you out of your mind?*



MANKOFF

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ULTIMATE PLEASURES

(continued from page 136)

However practiced her technique or focused her effort, at the golden moment, the easily orgasmic woman rarely strives for orgasm. Instead, if she "works" for anything, she works to build her sensation—bigger, stronger and deeper, enveloping all of her being—and then lets herself go.

I had to accept doing it my way.

—NORA

For a woman to become easily orgasmic, it is essential for her to experience, recognize and accept her own sexual style. Every woman has personal patterns of emotional, mental and physical stimulation that she aesthetically prefers and finds most effective in bringing her to orgasm.

Nora, a single woman in her early 30s, has a slight but sturdy body and a raconteur's gift of gab. She teaches mentally handicapped adults. Her father died when Nora was in her early teens, leaving a family of five children, of whom Nora is the middle one. Her willingness to participate in the research project stemmed from her mother's recent revelation that, even within a loving marriage of 17 years' duration, she had never been orgasmic.

Nora's early ideas about sexuality (you pray to heaven for babies) came from nuns at a Catholic school; at the onset of menstruation, her mother took a hand in her education. Nora recalled:

"Right then and there, she said, 'I'd better tell you about sex. You know a boy has a penis,' and she explained it, putting it very simply. 'And the man puts his penis inside the woman, they make love,' all very basic, and I looked at her and said, 'I don't believe you.' She said, 'Well, it's true.' And I said, 'I can't believe people do that!' I guess it was because I was so old by the time I learned anything that it was a shock. But her attitude was real positive and conveyed the fact that it was all very normal."

However "normal," intercourse was proper only in marriage; so Nora concentrated on friendship and intellectual development, kissing a boy for the first time on her 16th birthday. Describing herself as "very organized" about sex, in her early 20s she decided that if by the age of 25 she was not yet married, she would have intercourse anyway. She masturbated for the first time at the age of 23. "It was the neatest feeling, and then the fascination that this information was in my body and I'd never utilized it—wow!"

As she approached her 24th birthday, Nora began to suspect that virginity was an overrated pleasure.

"I decided to have sex and conned a girlfriend into giving me a month's prescription of birth-control pills in time to be covered on New Year's Eve. I had a date for New Year's with someone I liked very much, a nice guy and good friend. I

knew he would try, and, poor man, unbeknown to him, I just let him go ahead. The minute he entered me, I burst into tears and he said, 'What's the matter? What's the matter?' and I said, 'I'm not a virgin anymore,' and he said, 'Oh, no! Oh, no! Nora, how could you let me do this to you?' and I said, 'No, I wanted you to.' Anyway, that was how I had sex the first time. I would advise anyone to wait as I did, because it was my decision; I was ready. I didn't feel pressure and I didn't feel guilt.

"My body goes extremely rigid when I orgasm. Yet men suggested that I should orgasm certain ways—such as with my legs in the air. It was not only not my style, it was not practical, but I tried for a year or two, and maybe I almost came that way once or twice, until I decided they were wrong. I was so worried about how I was 'supposed' to do it, it was taking away the pleasure. I think that's very important for women, because I've met a couple who have said something comparable, and my advice is always the same: You have to get your partner to understand how you're going to enjoy it, and he's got to let you do it *your way*."

"If I want to come during intercourse, I have to control it by getting myself in a particular position, basically on my back, and sort of shuffle my partner around to where it's comfortable and feels good. I can't imagine letting some man have sex with me in whatever way he wanted and not really doing anything—I probably wouldn't come. And once I start to orgasm, I have to just let myself go. Sometimes I'm into it deeply enough to have two or three more quickly."

Sexuality is an ongoing, changing experience. At the time of our interviews, few women were the same sexually as they had been three or five years previously, and many expressed hopes and goals for the future—to be more open, to experiment more, to explore their desires and fantasies, to integrate sex better into a stable relationship.

In addition to recognizing and accepting her current—and possibly only momentary—sexual style, an easily orgasmic woman usually finds a means of communicating her changing preferences to partners. Sometimes a woman's understanding of herself runs counter to her perceptions of prevailing wisdom; in this event, most easily orgasmic women have learned to trust themselves, though not without some difficulty and temporary confusion.

"I learned over time that that's so important for me, thinking about making love," said Lisa. Whether minutes, hours or days in advance of a sexual encounter, she prepares herself mentally. "No matter how experienced my partner, if I'm not ready, nothing is going to happen. And now, partly because I've had the same partner for what I consider a long time, nearly seven years of dating and marriage, I have to build up to it and concentrate—

and we have to work at getting each other aroused."

Lisa usually sees brief mental images of herself and her husband together, intertwined with close-up images of her body. She also generates a variety of fantasies, "including behaviors I wouldn't do," and a number of roles, some outwardly acted and others purely imagined.

As to her personal sexual style: "Basically, no matter what my behavior or role is, how bizarre or conservative or whatever, I always tell myself deep down inside, 'It's good, it's natural, it's right' or 'It feels good, it's got to be right.' It is right, and I don't care what anybody thinks! *Whatever I like is perfectly right.*"

And does that extend to her mind as well? *Is a woman healthy and sexually normal if her mind is erotically active while she makes love with a partner?*

Until recent years, therapists treating women for psychological problems conceived and formed the bulk of our ideas, both popular and professional, concerning erotic mental activity. Freud stated, "We can begin by saying that happy people never make phantasies, only unsatisfied ones," and psychoanalysts felt, for example, that fantasy, perhaps prompted by fear of the penis, was used by a woman in sex to distance herself from her partners. Small wonder the view was negative, particularly when the activity arose while the woman—usually suffering relational problems—was making love with a partner. We now realize that a *majority* of women have fantasies or other mental images during sexual relations. In recent years, a number of sex-therapy programs designed to help a woman become more orgasmic have also discarded the notion that mental activity during sex is harmful. Women are encouraged to use fantasy, or any reasonable source of erotic mental excitement, freely to heighten their sexual pleasure.

And then there are the women in our study. Before and throughout the sexual encounter, they exhibit a startling range and depth of erotic mental activity. Judging from the results of our study, a woman whose mind is erotically active while she makes love with a partner is not only healthy and normal—she is likely to be orgasmic.

There is, of course, a natural, adaptive purpose to erotic mental activity. It assists a woman's own sexual arousal and, thus, facilitates orgasm.

A woman's assisting her own arousal does not mean that she prefers to be into herself. On the contrary, an easily orgasmic woman is fully engaged while making love and is highly aware of her partner, his pleasure and responses. Nevertheless, she must have the freedom, both physical and psychological, to initiate and enhance her own sexual arousal.

During lovemaking, she accepts her erotic thoughts as stemming from her deepest sexuality and enjoys them at will

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or generates more—as long as they enhance pleasure.

Mimi described her relationship with an early lover: "Once I began experiencing orgasm with him, I was a little disappointed. I had been expecting 'Pooow!'—ultra-explosion from the inside out. Instead, I learned that I have jerky legs, and my body really twitches! But in time, I learned my body's need for a lot of clitoral touching, and I let my partners know it. My past few affairs have been very good, very intense and orgasmic." Mimi also employs a repertoire of mental stimuli. "I can see and do 'D—All of the above!'" she said. "It may sound artificial or contrived, but it's really not. It's interesting, kind of creative for me. It's very easy to just have a sexual experience, just screw, and I can do that; but there's an art to being sexual or sensuous, and it's not simply taking your clothes off. There's a lot of mental work and attitude involved.

"I like experiencing things fully in my life, and I don't like mediocre experiences. I like to bring sex out of the mundane and make it thrilling and exciting. You've got to be creative every day. Energy begets energy. The more passionate you act, the more passionate you'll feel."

In a sense, easily orgasmic women resemble creative artists. If only for the briefest of moments, while making love with a partner, they weave a spell of body and mind to create a joyous experience.

Kristin, in her early 30s, is a psychotherapist who counsels physically ill patients in a private hospital. Her face has a pleasing Eurasian cast—gray almond-shaped eyes that half close when she smiles—and her body is large-boned and physically fit, but she's aware of her vulnerabilities. "I've always had a problem with my body, in terms of loving myself. I have a vision of what is beautiful and I don't fit that vision—bigger breasts, longer legs, slimmer, more delicate."

She has lived abroad for many years, acquiring a soft English accent. In England, she completed the equivalent of a doctorate in psychology, then worked several years as a group therapist and student-placement counselor before marrying her husband (from whom she is currently separated). She has two children.

"I was raised as a Presbyterian, rather strictly, and I received a clear message that one does not screw until married. I was close to Mother, though we did not closely communicate, and I had fights with my father, who was usually a mild man. I was both dependent and independent, occasionally a trifle rebellious—perhaps I was shedding my parents before I realized. I went abroad to study at the age of 18, scared but quickly adjusting.

"My first affair with a man was in Italy. I met him on a train. He was beautiful, a medical student. When the train stopped at Florence, he offered me his apartment in Bologna, a distance away. It was romantic, wonderful, exactly as I had pictured it.

He was good, considerate, manipulated well, and I came to appreciate him as a person. That night—or day—I came the first time, within a span of eight hours from the time we began to make love. We saw each other for two or three years, weeks at a time, in England or Italy. He was my most significant sexual partner, experienced, a doctor. I knew he wouldn't hurt me, and I trusted him completely. I had the full course—oral sex, anal intercourse and physical relations with women.

"I'm also a great and avid reader, and when I started becoming sexually active, I read every book I could find, because I wanted to be good in bed. I wanted to know what to do and not to do, because my mother certainly didn't tell me about oral or anal sex. As I learned and then was able to do these things with partners—to feel more proficient and comfortable—then, certainly, my ability to be orgasmic became greater. And my ability to enjoy became greater when I felt that not only could I receive but I could give. Maybe a lot of effort was put into being orgasmic, though I'd not thought about it and had never planned it that way. But now it's easier, simply because one is more relaxed.

"If I care for a person, if I feel something, I can become quite orgasmic even with someone who is not very adept sexually. I can also be quite orgasmic with someone who's very good sexually but for whom I have little intimate feeling; then, however, I have to use a lot more of my own creativity to bring pleasure about. But in any relations with a partner, if I want to be orgasmic, it's up to me to create a blend of mental and physical pleasure."

Before an evening when I'll probably make love, I'll try a dress rehearsal in my mind. I know where I want to get, the end result—in the bed under the covers, with the little light on.

—RITA

When easily orgasmic women think about making love, hours or minutes in advance of a sexual encounter, their thoughts may be *only* thoughts—vague feelings or ideas without specific words or pictures consciously attached. Usually, these thoughts are of a positive nature and assist sexual arousal by reinforcing the endearing or positive qualities of a partner or a situation. "I review whether I trust the person," said one woman, "and then try to think positive thoughts about him." However, most "thoughts" are actually mental images or have the effect of producing mental images. As another woman stated, "When I say thought, I am talking about mental pictures—my thoughts always create them."

Most of us normally think of mental images as visual experiences. But mental images may also be auditory, recalling or imagining sounds and words, or kinesthetic, recalling or imagining touch, movement, feeling or sensation. We have chosen

to call their activity *imaging*. Preparatory imaging takes place before a woman has physical contact with a partner or, in some instances, during the early phases of love-making.

For an easily orgasmic woman, the toilette can be a time of relaxation and isolation, of focusing on lovemaking, of shedding the outside world and directing her thoughts and energies toward the pleasures of making love.

She begins to build her sexual confidence and to sexually arouse herself. In effect, she begins to make love well before the physical encounter.

Kate, in her early 30s, is a sales representative for an office-equipment manufacturer. She has short, dark hair and moves with the light, fluid strength of a dancer—which, for several years, she was. Kate has learned how to be consistently orgasmic with a partner. "And I've learned that I can have multiples with oral sex or if a penis strokes my vagina just right, along the side walls and slowly."

Kate takes special care with her grooming and bath. "When I'm going out, I pamper myself. I enjoy a change of dress from the everyday suit I wear to the office. The biggest thrill for me is when my children are sleeping out, and maybe it's a special occasion. I soak in the tub, and I light the candles and I take my wine in, and I do the whole bit. I scrub and perfume and touch myself from head to toe. I work myself over, and I exercise. I take pleasure in the feelings of my body.

"By the time my date picks me up, I feel so good about myself that even if he doesn't desire me, *I* desire me!"

Darcie prepares in a similar way. "When I'm going out," she said, "I want to look sensuous and sexy. Right then and there, I get a natural high and really begin to get into it.

"As I'm getting ready, I try to isolate myself in the bathroom and the bedroom. It's not always easy when the kids are there, but I try; and on weekends, they often sleep at my mother's. First I wash my hair, then I take a nice bath. Usually, I'm not thinking about sex yet, but I know that after my bath, after I get my hair done, those thoughts will come.

"Then I close my bedroom door. I put music on, which is very soothing, and it removes me from my everyday pattern. It's a way of concentrating—you have to make the effort. I'm standing before the mirror, nude. I go through my wardrobe and hold things up or try them on, how this view looks, how that view looks. I'll take the bras. . . . All of this is arousing.

"I touch my body. I'm very sensitive on my breasts, my nipples, so that all it takes is a light touch to get myself started. I don't usually masturbate before I go out—because I wouldn't stop. I'd never make dinner at eight.

"As I'm dressing, I get myself excited. I have to go to the bathroom several times. The anticipation grows. I have gone



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through all the steps, established the mood before I even walk out the door, and it carries me through the evening. I'm ready for my sexual encounter."

Many easily orgasmic women begin to communicate with their partners about sexual intentions far in advance of the physical encounter—with a letter, a telephone call, a glance.

Said Dominique, "A lot of times, if I have to go somewhere, I'll leave him a little note. Sometimes I just say 'Be ready tonight' and perfume it, or leave a sheet from a prescription pad for the 'best medicine'—it has little pictures on it of a man and a woman making love. Or sometimes we'll mark our sexual-position book and leave it in the bathroom or on the bed, with a little note—"Try this tonight?"

Such private messages allow a woman to anticipate the sexual encounter, to focus on her desire and arouse herself. The act of conveying her own intentions and knowing that they contribute to her partner's excitement is also highly arousing.

In the past, the type of erotic preparation these women reported has frequently been treated as fantasizing. But getting ready for sex has many shadings. It's different for each woman. Let's listen:

"I can intentionally do this before I go out—do a visual run-through of a book like *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. My intent is to heighten my feelings."

"Sometimes, before I make love, I'll picture myself on the beach in the Bahamas, relaxed and warm. I try to recapture the tranquil atmosphere."

"Occasionally, I think about other men—sex with them—before making love with my husband. It arouses me for him. I

visualize the scene, and that recalls the sensations. I get very moist. I lubricate thinking about it."

Meredith is a woman who once demanded an hour to get in the mood and then learned how to arouse herself in minutes. "I regularly get this picture, both beforehand and while I'm making love. It's like a movie, and I see a lot of simultaneous shots—all of penises. They're sort of floating around, and then one comes into focus—and I *feel* it. It's not a 'person,' but there is that feeling, the sensation. And then there's motion to it, so I feel the rhythmic in and out . . . and all this can happen before he penetrates."

Alfred Kinsey and his colleagues, in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, found that the "average" woman had fewer general sexual fantasies—those not necessarily connected to a sexual encounter—than did men. He speculated that this might contribute to the fact that males are usually more aroused "before the beginning of a sexual relationship and before they have made any physical contact with the female partner." (In that research, Kinsey did not investigate mental activity during sexual relations.)

We have found that easily orgasmic women, particularly during a sexual encounter but also before it, experience a substantial—if not an enormous—amount of sexual fantasy or, more broadly, erotic mental activity. Of the 60 women in our study, 56 reported that, at least sometimes, they consciously prepare for sexual encounters, either physically or mentally. Physical preparation, naturally, also generates mental arousal—when Darcie or Kate prepares herself and focuses on the

anticipated sexual experience, she is also creating mental stimulation. Interestingly, the four women who reported no conscious preparation for sexual encounters described, at other stages of the interview, preparatory images or thoughts. The willingness to arouse herself before sex when she so desires may be one of the characteristics that distinguish an easily orgasmic woman from a less-orgasmic one.

In any event, preparation for a sexual encounter, whether it be physical or mental, whether it fosters concentration or relaxation, whether it bolsters a woman's sexual confidence or stimulates her nearly to orgasm, serves one natural purpose. It allows a woman to begin her sexual encounters in a state of arousal, enhancing the likelihood that she will enjoy the sexual experience and will be orgasmic with a partner.

And here are two last preparatory images, strongly linked with pleasurable and arousing sensations. Both are from Nora, the woman who learned how to make love her way:

"It's not a person. I prefer the picture without a face that I know. It's like . . . if I were to close my eyes and just wait for some mysterious hand to come out and touch me. I remember times when that picture has flashed in my mind, like a form of *déjà vu*, when I must be reminded of something. And all by myself, I can get totally aroused by thinking about how exciting it would be. It's not a fantasy, because it's not like I try to pull in a face or situation. Sometimes, I can place it—I can remember a sexual experience and put a face on it—but then I really prefer to block the face, because a specific person almost takes the feeling away.

"And if I've made love the night before, but I didn't come because I had too much to drink, or for whatever reason, usually in the morning I really want an orgasm. I'm focused on it, and I will start thinking about coming, the sensation and total excitement. Even if my partner's not quite awake, I want him to touch me and touch me now. I build, tell myself I'm excited—sometimes it's almost a little verbal—and think of how exciting it would be. I imagine that he just leans over and touches me, or the slightest thing, and then I get more detailed in my thoughts. I imagine him touching my clitoris or putting his finger up me. . . . I'll just focus, and then—if he merely touches my breasts—I go off like an alarm clock."

In touch with their moods, sexually confident and *already aroused*, easily orgasmic women "start on warm" when they enter a sexual encounter.

And now the curtain rises. Within the sexual encounter itself, an easily orgasmic woman begins by paying attention. . . .

Next month: What easily orgasmic women look for in a lover.



"What do you say to a little oral sex, just as an icebreaker?"

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"The rate at which the people in known high-risk groups are getting AIDS is on the decline."

years after being infected" with HTLV-III/LAV, one third of a group of homosexuals and bisexuals in a study in San Francisco "were showing symptoms of infection and two thirds remained healthy." Only two men in the affected group actually got AIDS—as distinguished from simply being infected with the virus, which, as we have seen, may result in no illness at all. The others had what amounts to the same thing as the British nurse: flulike illness.

The CDC states, "The fact that two thirds of men infected for over five years have not developed AIDS or AIDS-related illness is an encouraging indication that infection with this virus is not necessarily followed by rapid development of symptoms and death."

HOW AIDS SPREADS

As speculation about AIDS turned into an epidemic of misinformation, we were left with the impression that the disease itself was spreading in epidemic fashion as well. It is now clear that it was not.

An epidemic spreads in rings, like ripples on the surface of a pond. AIDS is spreading like fire in a vein of coal. The earth, the rocks don't catch fire—only the coal along a narrow line. AIDS cases have increased among people in the high-risk groups, while those around them, those in contact with them, do not get the disease.

Since the late Seventies, when AIDS was first reported in the United States, there have been almost 18,000 cases in the U.S. That's approximately the number of new cancer cases that developed in just one state (Maryland) in a single year (1985). (The comparison is not a frivolous one: One form of cancer, Kaposi's sarcoma, is specifically associated with AIDS. There is much to suggest a more than casual link between cancer and AIDS. Both of them hit you while you're down. Cancer cells, like viruses, may develop without your ever knowing it and without causing the disease. A healthy immune system can protect you.)

THE MISSING AIDS CASE

The generalized fear of AIDS is simply not supported by the number of cases. The most recent numbers are these:

Homosexual men	12,935
IV-drug users	3007
Unknown	1015
Transfusion recipients	277
Heterosexuals in contact with	
HTLV- III/LAV	240
Hemophiliacs	143

There are some nonhomosexual men

who have gotten AIDS through transfusion with contaminated blood or through the use of IV drugs (by sharing contaminated needles). But outside of those cases, only 43 heterosexual men in the U.S. have gotten AIDS, and most of them have had sex with IV-drug users. That number is so small that it is listed by the CDC as zero percent of the total. Furthermore, according to statistics, there should be thousands of women who have contracted AIDS from bisexual men; yet only 197 (excluding IV-drug users) have contracted AIDS. The numbers don't support an epidemic spread of AIDS through the heterosexual community—not through one-night stands, not through prostitution, not through the "swinger" community.

In addition, the rate at which the people in known high-risk groups are getting AIDS is on the decline, from 184 percent between 1982 and 1983 to 115 percent between 1983 and 1984 and down to 84 percent between 1984 and 1985. In other words, it's taking longer and longer for the number of AIDS cases to double.

AIDS AND GEOGRAPHY

Location is important. That is why the CDC publishes its list of AIDS cases in state-by-state form. The scientific textbook *AIDS: Etiology, Diagnosis, Treatment and Prevention* says that the incidence of the virus "is most closely related not to the number of partners or to specific sexual practices but rather to geographical parameters, so that sexual contact with a person from an area where the infection is

widespread is the most important risk factor." In other words, if you are in an area where there is no AIDS, your risk of coming in contact with it is reduced to a very low order of probability. AIDS is not spreading across the country; it is merely increasing in the areas where it already exists. Obviously, someone from San Francisco could fly into Montana and carry HTLV-III/LAV. But if repeated exposure to the virus and contributing factors are necessary to develop a case of AIDS, that may help explain why the disease has not spread laterally across the nation. Seventy percent of all U.S. AIDS cases remain in New York, California, Florida and New Jersey.

PRECAUTIONS

We've said it before, and we'll say it again: Sex doesn't cause AIDS. If you do come in contact with someone who is carrying HTLV-III/LAV, all you have to do to prevent infection is to avoid getting that person's blood or semen into your blood stream. There are two easy ways to do that. One is to avoid being the receptive partner in anal intercourse with that person. The other obvious preventive measure is to refuse to share needles with others—a wise choice in any case.

Even if you are unlucky enough to come in contact with the virus *and get it*, that doesn't mean you are doomed. Fully 90 percent of people who test positive for the antibodies to the virus do not get AIDS. It seems likely that in most healthy people, properly functioning immune systems can respond to HTLV-III/LAV in the same way they respond to any other virus: by killing or containing it. The best advice today: Take measures to prevent exposure to the AIDS virus and other viruses. Use condoms when in doubt.



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Astonishing Fact: Estimates by the NHTSA predict that the eye-level third brake light will prevent 40,000 personal injuries a year.

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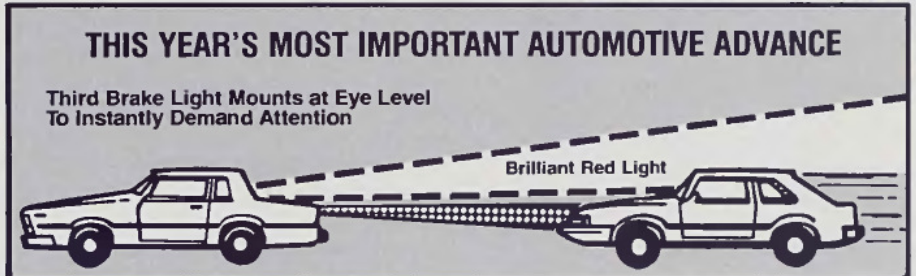
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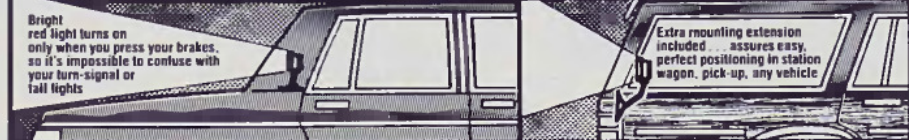
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"I'm against this merger or any take-over attempt, R.J., if there's a possibility of my becoming the parent company!"

ROBIN LEACH *(continued from page 126)*

"He has bribed maids and bellboys at the stars' favorite resorts, followed them by plane."

couple of years after the I.O.S. fiasco, he was one of the highest-paid showbiz reporters in the country.

"Don't they call Rio de Janeiro the Paris of Brazil?" Robin is saying. "I'm sure I've heard that somewhere—Rio, the Paris of Brazil. Ring any bells for anyone?"

The *Lifestyles* crew will spend four days filming the Morgan Brittany sequence, three days in Rio and a fourth at a coastal resort nearby. Robin will have to fly back to New York on the third day to get ready for the next shooting, in Barbados. Since joining the show in 1983, he has traveled 600,000 miles; in January 1986, he would fly around the world in 80 hours, starting from the London club where Phileas Fogg began his 80-day circumnavigation in the Jules Verne novel.

The Rio shooting will take up eight minutes of the program as broadcast—six and a half minutes for Morgan and 90 seconds for the man who makes personal stereos for coffins. There isn't time for the crew to film the coffin entrepreneur—that'll have to be done by a local news team and flown to New York later.

To put six and a half minutes of finished television on the air requires the presence of Robin, his producer, Hal Gessner, a cameraman, a sound man and two locally hired assistants to act as drivers, guides and translators. Morgan's party includes

her husband, their new baby, Morgan's sister and brother-in-law. An airline pays all the fares in exchange for screen credit, and the Rio Sheraton supplies room and board. The biggest location expense for TeleRep will be the daily fee of \$1200 for the two-man film crew, who are freelancers from Miami.

The first shooting is at La Scala, a large and gaudy night club whose interior vaguely resembles a Las Vegas showroom. A gold Rolls-Royce appears on stage and half a dozen mulatto dancers in white furs step out of the car and pose. A small black man in a suit of bright-green sequins joins them, welcomes the audience in several languages and sings a dirty song. The Rolls sinks out of sight. One act swiftly follows another: a drag number, a sketch about AIDS, a dance with men dressed as parrots and an erotic operetta about an interracial love affair that ends with the black man's having his head cut off and displayed under a spotlight while the woman is dragged off screaming.

"I hope we got the Rolls," says Robin.

Senhor Chico, owner of La Scala, also owns the car, which he says is one of only four Rolls in the city. *Senhor* Chico, ecstatic about the publicity, also picks up the tab for the evening.

The Rolls appears in the last shot of the televised sequence, not on stage but at the front door of the club, giving the impres-

sion that it had been waiting for Morgan and Robin, who climb into it and drive away. Robin has to chastise the chauffeur. "Never let a Rolls-Royce idle," he tells him while they wait for the crew to set up the shot. "It burns out the engine." The driver smiles eagerly. Robin turns off the engine. "Burn out if idle," he explains. "Roger Moore told me that."

Mike McDonough, free-lance reporter: "Old Robin? I saw him at a party last year. Wearing his black-leather trousers, very trendy. Asked him what he's doing, he said, 'Same old shit.' Then he started moaning about how much he hates all this showbiz bullshit. And there he is, one of the prime movers of showbiz bullshit. But what can you say?"

"It's easy to see why he goes over well on TV. He gives the impression that he can't believe he's surrounded by all this glitz and glamor. He speaks funny and he's got that sense of genuine wonderment. Doesn't come off as cynical. And that communicates itself to the audience. They think, He's just like me, just like I'd be in that situation. And that's his big secret. He always looks as though he shouldn't be there. He never looks right, even in his black-leather trousers and dinner jackets.

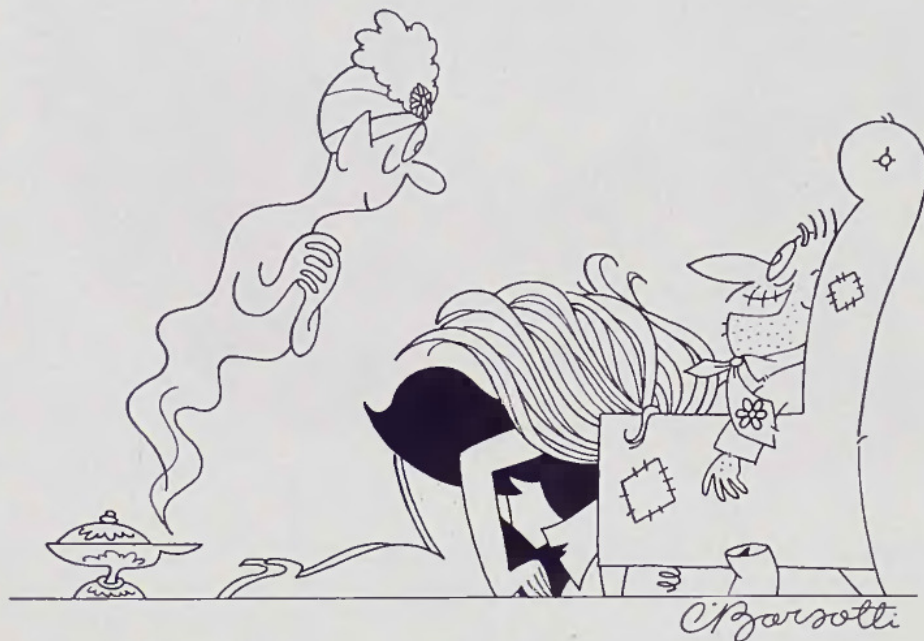
"That show was waiting for him to come along. He's perfect for it. An audiovisual *National Enquirer*. Same style, same appeal, same writing: 'It was champagne and sunshine all the way with Buck and Bobo as they bopped off to Bali.' Hollywood writers couldn't write that shit—it takes a special experience.

"Ask him about Cary Grant. He loves talking about how they're related."

Robin Leach: "Those rumors didn't start with me. Cary Grant has the same name as mine: He was born Archibald Leach, in Bristol, a few houses along from the house where my father was born. We talked about it once, years ago, in his trailer on a movie set in California. Another time, we sat in the Fabergé jet at the airport in Nice and talked about it for an hour. He's the one who thinks there must be a blood connection between us, and maybe there is."

In any case, few men have exerted themselves more in pursuit of famous strangers than has Robin Leach. He has chased them through airports and around the world, to their weddings and funerals, to private parties in the Caribbean, to their yachts in the Mediterranean and the race track at Deauville. He has bribed maids and bellboys at the stars' favorite resorts, followed them by plane, helicopter, boat and limo, tipping extravagantly in the restaurants and private clubs and sanitariums where they feasted and fasted and made themselves over again. Burton and Taylor, Jackie and Ari and Christina. Farrah Fawcett. John Wayne. Raquel Welch. Princess Grace and the Grimaldi clan. Burton used to say, "You again."

One night in 1976, Leach met Walter



"Two more wishes? Godamighty, could she stay for supper and do the dishes?"

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Cronkite at a party in New York. They talked about space phenomena. The story that eventually appeared on the front page of the *Enquirer* said that Cronkite had seen a UFO.

Mike Hoy was Robin's editor at the time. He now works for Rupert Murdoch in London. "Something went wrong with that story," he says. "It started off as a small item and wound up on page one when it shouldn't have. Robin was left holding the bag. I was away on vacation when it broke, and when I got back, Robin wasn't working for us anymore."

Cronkite publicly denounced the story as a pack of lies and called Generoso Pope, owner of the *Enquirer*, to say so. The paper never published a retraction, but Robin's career there was over. In *Enquirer* jargon, he was cut off.

Iain Calder, the paper's editor, won't speak about the incident except to say that it doesn't matter whether the story was a small item or a big one; what mattered was the truth of it. "I don't want to take pot shots at Robin," he says, "even though he did a real knocking job on the *National Enquirer* when he was on *Entertainment Tonight*. Let's just say I bear him no ill will. It's over and done with."

A former *Enquirer* free-lancer: "I don't know what all the fuss was about. I've had Jesus Christ seeing UFOs and nobody ever complained."

Robin Leach: "I'd prefer not to say any-

thing. It's been one of those things I've never wanted to talk about. It can only do harm all the way around—and *that* I have to avoid at this stage of my life."

But did The Most Trusted Man in America say he'd seen a UFO?

"Walter drew things on a paper napkin that he'd seen out of a plane window. I don't want to add anything to that."

What happened to the napkin?

"The napkin is available."

Adam Edwards, a reporter and former tabloid free-lancer, now with *The Daily Mail* in London: "Poor old Robin. The Cronkite business just about finished him off. It may seem hard to believe, with his tabloid background, but he's really a very good journalist. He took real pride in what he did; he got a thrill out of being the best on the paper. No shame or embarrassment about it. But after the Cronkite episode, well, he was shattered. Angry, too. We used to go to the local supermarket in Connecticut and he'd take all the *Stars* and cover up the *Enquirers* at the checkout counters. He always claimed the *Enquirer* did the dirty to him, made him the scapegoat. He thought he'd never get work again, but he bounced back. Started turning in page ones and page-three leads for the *Star*—Christ, he practically wrote the paper.

"Of course, he bent the rules; he was always a colossal con artist—aren't we

all?—and just like the rest of us, he'd make up the odd harmless quote: 'Gee, it's wonderful' or 'I've never been happier.' But to make up something like that—Cronkite seeing flying saucers or whatever the hell it was? I just can't see it. I seem to remember that Cronkite got excited because he'd signed some contract or there was some clause or Federal guideline they have over there about people in his position not being allowed to get mixed up in things not considered normal. Damned if I know. Wasn't he The Most Trusted Man on the Planet or some such nonsense?"

Edwards and Leach formed a free-lance writing partnership.

"We teamed up to do showbiz pieces. Equal partners, except Robin was more equal than I was, simply because he was more efficient and I was bone-idle. He did the interviews; I wrote them. He always claimed he would have made me a millionaire if I'd stayed with him, and he probably would have, but I don't know; all those ridiculous people from *Dallas*, Marlene Tillotson or whatever her name was. It started to grate on the old nerves after a few years, so I went to Paris. Came back broke for some reason or other. Called up Robin and the bastard said, 'Right, if you're going to do business with me, you're going to have to start working.' Locked me up in his house, no car, no TV,

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no fucking anything, just the typewriter.”

They used to read the gossip columns, looking for promising new stars.

“He practically invented Suzanne Somers,” Edwards says. “Wrote the promotion stuff for Farrah Fawcett’s new perfume. Then we got involved in a movie about Coco Chanel—one crackpot scheme after another. We came up with a technique that was unfailingly successful, an all-purpose interview with new stars or anyone who looked like making the grade. We had 50 questions, a sodding great list on every conceivable topic: their favorite diets, health tips, exercise, ice-cream flavors, attitudes about love, death, birth, marriage—the usual tripe. The trick was to get them before they hit the big time, when they’d be too busy to talk to us.

“We’d sit at his house facing each other and banging out the stuff on two typewriters. Then we’d either do it as a major interview or pick out certain topics and run something off on that. Sold it everywhere—America, Japan, Germany, Australia, England, Scandinavia. We could hardly count the money.”

Leach himself made upwards of \$150,000 on Margaret Trudeau. Burton and Taylor earned more over the years, but Trudeau was the best single money-maker. Farrah Fawcett, another \$100,000. Suzanne Somers, \$100,000. Princess Caroline, \$30,000. Salary at the *Globe*, \$120,000. At the *Star*, \$250,000.

“The old typewriter’s been good to me,” says Robin.

In Rio, where the dollar fetches 13,500 cruzeiros at the official rate and 18,000 on the black market, the taxi drivers don’t stop for red lights when they drive through Copacabana at night. They lock the doors when the passenger gets in and try to keep to the middle of the road. Many drivers are armed.

At lunch with Ricardo, a Brazilian businessman who recently returned to the country after a long absence overseas, I say that Rio seems to have fallen on hard times since my last visit, in the early Seventies. Beggars scabble at car windows; families sleep on cardboard on the sidewalk in the tourist shopping district; graffiti cover the walls. Even the patterned-tile sidewalks, once the pride of the city, are potholed and neglected.

“Brazil’s bankrupt,” Ricardo says. “We’ve got an inflation rate of 250 percent. About 16,000,000 of the population, which is now close to 145,000,000, can’t get enough to eat. There’s no money for social services. Foreign countries lend us money, but we don’t see it. People say that of every five billion dollars Brazil gets in loans, 4.9 billion dollars immediately finds its way into Swiss bank accounts. This is a country where you can buy two teenaged girls for \$20 for the night or a kilo of cocaine for \$250. The average monthly

income, for those who have an income, is around \$50. And you’re paying \$150 a night to stay at the Sheraton. Be sure to lock your door.”

On the second morning, under the heavy gray clouds of the rainy season, the crew drives almost an hour from the city to a place in a barren suburb that Bernardo, the hired driver and crew gofer, has exuberantly described as the most “fabooless” shopping district in Brazil. The crew travels with Bernardo in his VW bus while Robin and Morgan follow by car.

The bus reaches the location ten minutes before the car, stopping in a rain-swept, deserted parking lot surrounding a block of windowless façades. Hal Gessner, the producer, looks at the red Sears logo on a nearby wall. He says, “This is it, Bernardo?”

The driver jumps out of the bus, opens the back door and begins tugging out the equipment, ignoring Hal’s suggestions to hold on there and let’s think about this for a minute. “She wonderful, eh?” Bernardo says. “Very expensive, this place, yeah, man. Just what you wanting.”

Robin arrives. He looks uncannily like the late Soviet premier Leonid Brezhnev, pressing his eyebrows together with thumb and forefinger, as he does when the job gets to him.

“What we have here, Hal, old darling,” he says, “is a fucking mall. A whole hour—two hours counting the return—to

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find a mall that's identical to 19,000,000 other malls. We're out of here."

Bernardo, oblivious to the sudden Kremlinlike frost, his face almost aflame with enthusiasm, seizes Robin by the shoulders. "You like it, yes? Very famous, this place, wonderful expensive. Come, I show you the inside. They have the jallery."

"No, Bernardo," says Robin. "Hal, tell him I'm saying no."

The driver, a well-built man with an eighth degree in some unspecified martial art, puts his arm around Robin's bulky shoulders and tries walking him to the mall entrance. Robin ducks aside.

"We go back to Rio," he says, in the voice that foreigners often use with a guide who takes a wrong turning.

Bernardo is deflated. "You don't like?" he says. "But this is the best, the greatest most famous. It has the jallery. Beautiful jallery."

"Jewelry," says Hal. "He's talking jewelry, Robin. I could go inside with him and take a look."

Robin shrugs and says he isn't about to shoot frame one in a shopping mall that looks like Anytown, U.S.A. "It won't do," he says, striding back to his car. "Look at it! Sears! I ask you. No way is this *rich and famous*. We're going back to town to find a place where they speak Gucci."

For years, Robin had his own table at Ma Maison, the Beverly Hills restaurant. He went to the Cannes Film Festival 14 times. He insisted on going in style.

"I made it a rule that if I was to keep up with the stars, I had to go where they went, eat where they ate and travel the way they traveled. The same league—champagne and caviar, with all the frills. I couldn't drive up to a star's mansion in a Ford Pinto. Limos, mate—had to be limos. Lincolns, Cadillacs, Mercedes.

Sure, it cost a packet. My expenses drove people crazy, but that's how I was able to give them what they needed. In Hollywood, the stars eat in only about three restaurants, they go to only three clubs, and if you want to keep up with them, you've got to be there or you're not there at all. The secret of celebrity journalism is access."

George Gordon, former associate editor of the *Star*: "Robin was always generous, always dropping around with a bottle of wine or picking up the dinner tab. He was incredibly generous with the *Star's* money. Astronomical laundry bills—all those white suits he used to take to the Cannes Film Festival. We got the impression he just carried trunkloads of dirty washing from one expensive hotel to another. But he gave us what we wanted. Sometimes he got stars to do free commercials for the paper, for God's sake. Suzanne Somers was one. I don't know how he got away with it—the Hollywood flacks used to go batshit, because old Robin was cutting them out of the action."

A *Star* free-lancer: "One of the guys in management stood in the newsroom once, ripping a Leach expense account to shreds and shouting, 'We're not paying for this; the guy's out of control!'"

Robin Leach: "That reminds me: I still haven't billed the *Star* for the last \$10,000 they owe me for expenses. There hasn't been time."

Jerry Hunt, free-lance journalist: "We worked together once on a Jackie O. story. Followed her everywhere she went. The Jackie O. watch, we used to call it. Robin had just returned to the business after the I.O.S. disaster, feeling his way back into reporting, but you could tell he was top-notch. Clever devil. He never did hatchet jobs; that was his great talent. He took the opposite tack and used the trowel. One puff piece after another. They were so

grateful, they used to recommend him to their friends. That's how he became so well connected."

Mike Nevard, editor of the *Globe*, where Leach was gossip columnist until September 1984: "I'm not so sure he was such an effective columnist. He makes no secret of the fact that he gets on well with the stars—plays up to them with his 'Darlings' and his 'Loves' in that smarmy Cockney accent. Well, I suppose it works with the Hollywood crowd, all that smoothie stuff."

It works with others as well. In New York one day in 1977, a mob of about 300 reporters and TV news crews from around the world waited outside the Central Park apartment of Princess Yasmin Khan, daughter of Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan. The press didn't want the princess, they wanted Margaret Trudeau, wife of the Canadian prime minister. She had run away from home after a fling with one of The Rolling Stones in Toronto.

Robin was in the crowd. He got a note taken upstairs and half an hour later was led inside by the doorman.

"I told her the press would never leave until she either made a statement or got away from there. All I did was offer to get her out, back to Canada, where she'd be safe."

He organized five limos as decoys. Princess Yasmin left in one, with most of the press in pursuit, while Robin and Margaret took another, driving straight to Kennedy Airport. The only reporter they couldn't shake was a man from the *Enquirer*, but they lost him in Montreal, where Robin had arranged for the plane to be held on the tarmac while they transferred to another plane for the last leg to Ottawa. Later, Robin was identified in news pictures as Pierre Trudeau's personal secret-service man; Trudeau himself described Robin as "the most unscrupulous journalist who ever walked the face of the earth."

In the Canadian prime minister's residence, Robin and his photographer witnessed the reunion: "She came to the room where we'd been waiting and told us to follow her, so we did." The prime minister threw a letter opener at his wife and she retaliated with a bottle of Scotch.

Mrs. Trudeau flew back to the U.S. with Robin. For ten days, she stayed at his house in Connecticut, while the rest of the press trooped around Manhattan, checking the restaurants and discos.

"That was probably my biggest coup," he says. "Those interviews went everywhere, not just in *People*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and other American magazines but all over the world. Sensational stuff, the most amazing confessions I'd ever heard. She couldn't stop talking. The *News of the World* in London ran six pages over two Sundays.

"Six months after the interviews came out, I saw her at a private party at Studio 54 in New York. She walked over, gave me



a stinging slap across the face, then drove a stiletto heel through my shoe, just missing the toes. And I said, 'Why did you do that? There was no editorial comment in the interviews; it was just you, talking on tape.' Then she kissed me where she hit me and said, 'Thank you for making me a star.'

They are shooting a stand-up on the beach, a brief linking shot that connects one sequence to the next. Robin is on his knees, picking up cupped handfuls of sand and tossing it into the air. "This is probably the most famous sand in the world," he says, "because we're certainly on the most famous beach in the world: Ipanema." Suddenly, he stops. "Are we getting the surfers?" They have to do the sequence several times before everyone is satisfied.

Hans Stern, the founder of the international jewelry business, appears briefly in a shot in which Morgan and her husband admire the Stern window displays. The jeweler offers his boat to be used in a scene showing Morgan enjoying Rio's harbor views. The boat will be waiting at the Rio Yacht Club, with captain.

"He said it's a 30-footer, but he meant 30 meters," Robin says. "A guy like H. Stern wouldn't own a 30-foot boat—you're talking about one of the true rich and famous of Rio."

Disappointingly, the boat is, indeed, a 30-footer, a very ordinary cabin cruiser. Robin decides to stay ashore and let the crew film Morgan while he takes a table at the club and orders lunch.

"It's not always easy, finding rich-and-famous stuff," he says.

Morgan's husband, a stunt man, has to fly back to California, where he is scheduled to crash a hearse into the side of a building. He is worried about leaving his wife. The previous day, a gang of armed men had robbed and beaten a Brazilian magazine team on the beach next to the hotel. They had knocked out several of the model's teeth. He wonders if he should get Morgan a gun.

"You know," says Morgan, "Larry Hagman won't even set foot in Italy these days because of the kidnap threats against him and his family."

Robin says, "I don't worry too much about that kind of thing. You just have to be careful and ready. Some guy tried to mug me in New York and I gave him a good kick in the balls."

The last shooting in Rio is at Pre Catalan, which one of the *Lifestyles* assistants has described as the smartest and most expensive French restaurant in the city. A troupe of waiters gathers around the table, exposing the food by lifting the lid of each silver dish in one orchestrated movement. Tammy Wynette, singing *Stand by Your Man* on the restaurant sound system, adds an incongruous note.

Another diner approaches the table and stares goggle-eyed at Morgan, holding out pen and paper. "Joan Collins," he says. He apologizes for not being able to speak English. Someone explains to him in Portuguese that Morgan is not now and never has been Joan Collins. The man is flustered but still wants the autograph, especially when he hears the key word, *Dallas*. Morgan signs and gives the man a dazzling smile.

"I did a show with Joan once," she says. "She saw me and said, 'There's only one brunette working on this set.' But I really like her—she's such a character."

On his last night in Rio, Robin sits in a hotel room overlooking Copacabana Beach, talking about television. "The thing I've always had going for me on television is that I'm a reporter. Television is cluttered up with Ken and Barbie people with microphones. They say, 'Gee, that was really exciting; now let's do something else exciting.' They're not reporters. They

can't do stories; they haven't had any experience in digging for stories; they don't know the first thing about getting stories. They just look nice."

He says that criticism of his voice doesn't bother him.

"I know I'm easy to caricature—I make perfect fodder for comics and impressionists. But that's not me on the screen, that's someone who looks like me, talking in this weird voice, this mad screaming Englishman, doing an act. It's only rock 'n' roll, mate; that's all it is. Johnny Carson says I'm a toady. If he means by that I interview only famous people, of course I do. Doesn't he? Who'd watch *The Tonight Show* if Johnny brought out his plumber or the guy who waxes his car?

"But you know the thing that really baffles me about television is how they get the pictures through the air. Bloody marvelous, when you think about it."



"Ahh, madam, I'm the last of a dying breed, and I can see you are, too."



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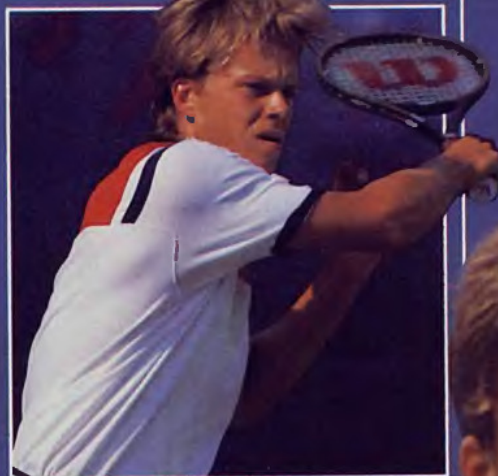
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LOW-INTENSITY CONFLICT

(continued from page 106)

presidential palace, where Adolfo Prendes, José Napoleón Duarte's second-in-command, tells us, "No one is safe here. I am not safe. I could be killed tomorrow." For those who live or work in El Salvador, there is a given: Violence lies under the surface of every moment. It is a world Don Corleone would understand very well.

But if the spirit of *The Godfather* permeates much of the culture of El Salvador, so does the spirit of *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. There are moments of incredible beauty and dignity, moments that are fantastical, mythlike.

Take our trip to Tenancingo, a deserted town in the hills, a place that was bombed and strafed by the Salvadoran air force some three years ago. The delegation travels by van to Tenancingo to visit the Farabundo Marti Liberacion Nacional (F.M.L.N.) guerrillas. The trip is not without risk, especially since we have to pass through army roadblocks to get up and back, and the presence of the guerrillas in the town makes it a no man's land. Sometime in the early afternoon, David Harrington and I climb into the dilapidated church steeple that overlooks what used to be the main square of Tenancingo. Harrington, a former Marine captain who spent 22 months in Vietnam (including four months at Khe Sanh, taking an average of 1500 rounds of incoming artillery per day), is already a close friend. He and I have similar backgrounds, strong Irish roots, both of us the sons of severe fathers—Harrington so affected by his father's fierce temper that even now, when he talks, you can see the caution in his eyes, the desire to say everything completely and perfectly so that no one will be angry, no crisis will result. Harrington and I are men who have been highly trained by our Government and who also mistrust much of what it tells us about its motives and actions in Central America.

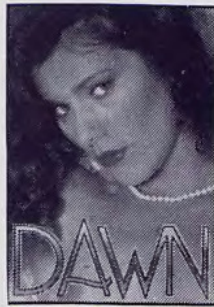
The view from the church steeple is spectacular. We look out across Tenancingo—shattered adobe walls, broken tile roofs, streets overgrown with grass and weeds, hills and valleys that sparkle in the distance. It is a moment out of García Márquez, not Puzo. Harrington and I talk about the range of emotional experience in El Salvador, the way things move from terror to beauty and back in seconds.

"You'd never know it today," I say, "but when the journalists came up here after the bombings, they counted 17 dead in the streets. Women and children mostly."

Standing in the steeple, I burrow underneath the label low-intensity conflict for the first time. Low-intensity conflict? What kind of word game are we playing? I am in the middle of disputed territory, in the company of guerrillas, soon to go back down the road through a roadblock set up by the Salvadoran army. Tenancingo was once home for 2000 people. Now it is

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deserted, bombed out, too dangerous a place in which to live. I know that conflict is too polite a word for what has happened, and the intensity of events has been anything but low.

Low-intensity conflict? The term is misleading, inaccurate, possibly even devious when applied to a town like Tenancingo or a country like El Salvador. There is a war down here, pure and simple. Low-intensity conflict is a euphemism, an inoffensive term for the classical, brutal patterns of guerrilla war. Twenty years from now, we'll probably have another label. What will we call such a war then? Constructive Counteraction? Deniable Discord? Measured Disputation?

Later that afternoon, we pass through a roadblock of nervous and angry soldiers and drive from Tenancingo to an army garrison. The colonel in charge is a very competent man who has received Ranger and Special Forces training. He is frank and blunt: Many of his men are guarding fixed positions; he would like to have more mobile forces; the war cannot be won just with bullets, because it is a struggle for the hearts and minds of El Salvador's people.

Dave Evans, a double amputee from Vietnam and a man of West Virginia honesty, asks specifically if we may visit the garrison hospital. We move through the courtyard and up a flight of steps. The sick bay is nothing more than a dingy room with a large black-and-white TV blaring: *Hawaii Five-O* in Spanish. Two young men lie in separate beds in one corner of the dispensary. They have each lost limbs to mines. Evans, as he did before, in the San Salvador military hospital, takes off his artificial legs to show the wounded soldiers that he understands their pain, that he knows their suffering and, at the same time, that there is a way back from that kind of mutilation.

The colonel beams in surprise. "I didn't know you were an amputee," he says. "You walk so well. You must have a great hatred for the Viet Cong."

"No," Evans says. "I think I was wrong to be there. It was their country. You know, peace."

The colonel's face undergoes a transfiguration, a twisting of the features that no Hollywood make-up man could match. "Death to the Communists!" he says. It is a crack in the smooth facade he has presented until now. Nothing else he says that evening will be as emotional or as uncontrolled.

As we walk through the garrison and back toward the van, I notice two things that seem small but glare like burning rockets. The weapons of the men, even though they are in garrison, are not well maintained. This does not speak well for their morale or their training. And it is almost amusing to walk at the colonel's side down the steep slope to the town square. His men, *campesinos*—peasants pressed into duty—do not know whether to salute or how to salute. Some of them

walk by him without acknowledging him. Others salute in a slow, ponderous way that makes me embarrassed for the colonel. He knows that we veterans understand the significance of troops who do not know how to salute. It is as if his professional expertise is being mocked by his own men.

The colonel stands at the huge gates of the garrison and salutes us as we move away. It is then that Clements tells me that the good colonel is a familiar figure to him. When Clements was doctoring in rural El Salvador, the colonel was in charge of the national guard in that area. The troops the colonel commanded at that time stuffed 122 people in Guazapa down a well, killing them all. The spirit of *The Godfather* is never faraway.

On the morning of our departure, I am glad to be leaving El Salvador, even for the unknown possibilities of Nicaragua. El Salvador is a complex nightmare. The entire delegation breathes a sigh of relief as we board the aircraft and take off.

Later that same day, President Duarte's daughter is kidnaped in San Salvador, her bodyguard killed. She will be held for some weeks, and on her return, she will have some good things to say about the guerrillas. Then she will be whisked into therapy and, as of this writing, not heard from publicly again.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff don't want to invade Nicaragua, but it's the only thing Reagan has to give the right wing. We'll send the *Contras* into Nicaragua to supposedly start a revolution and establish a beachhead. They'll get their asses whipped. Then we'll send in U.S. troops to rescue them. See, this isn't like the Middle East. We don't have an Israel around to do our dirty work for us in Central America. The Hondurans won't do it. So we'll have to do it—after the *Contras* get in trouble. —THE SOURCE

It is a scene out of a James Bond movie, a humorous moment after much tension. The atmosphere in Managua is much looser than in El Salvador, and after the drive from the airport to our hotel, I go down to the pool for a quick swim. The pool is small, half hidden in foliage, and as I drop my towel on a chair, I see another person near the water—a blonde woman, chunky, muscular, beautifully tanned, gorgeous face, small white swimsuit. We pretend not to notice each other. I think she is probably East European, possibly Russian, one of the advisors we North Americans think should not be in our hemisphere. I swim, she swims. We pass each other several times, end up on opposite sides of the pool. She stares at me; I smile at her. "Beautiful day," I say to her in French.

"Yes," she answers in French.

"You're Russian?" I ask.

"Yes," she says, "and you're American?" "Yes."

We both laugh. Her eyes are warm, her face almost mocking. There really isn't much more we can say to each other. She climbs out of the pool and dries herself luxuriously. She gives me one more long look, pensive, almost invitational. The Cold War may have melted for a minute, but it comes back. Her expression cools. Reality intervenes. I wave goodbye as she turns slowly and climbs the stairs. If the U.S. ever invades, she will be a wonderful excuse for it.

My hotel overlooks Managua. The city was devastated by an earthquake in 1972 and has never been completely rebuilt. There are great empty blocks of rubble and weeds, a few buildings constructed since then, a city that is seedy, impoverished, poorly lighted at night, pressed by shortages of food and water (the water is turned off twice a week in Managua; you learn to fill your bathtub the night before). This is a country with two coast lines and no significant navy. This is a country at war with our surrogates, the *Contras*, but I will not find a veteran in the delegation who thinks Nicaragua is a military threat to the United States. On the ground in Managua, the idea is laughable.

Still, as I look out my window at the long expanse of the city and the flatlands and beaches, I recognize how ideal this locale would be for an amphibious operation. Compared with El Salvador, Nicaragua is a dream to invade, a country made for it, perfect in its geography.

Once again, our delegation has good access to many people and places and points of view. We meet with the U.S. Ambassador, with a Miskito Indian leader, with a small-businessman who opposes the *Sandinistas*, with the editor of *La Prensa*, who also opposes them. We interview Bayardo Arce, one of the nine *Sandinista comandantes*, a young, tough, smooth man who is reputed to be one of the heavy-duty Marxist-Leninists in the leadership. We talk with doctors and priests and people in the street. Unlike the Salvadorans, the Nicaraguans are open to casual political talk, freer to express themselves. To a person, they are critical of the Somozas—our leading family in Managua for 40 years—but also to a person, they admit that they are tired of the warlike footing they are told they must maintain, the preparations for a U.S. invasion, the rationing and the draft and the continual pressure from the *Contras*. Life is hard in Nicaragua, they tell us, and they know it is going to get harder.

We travel a few hours north to Matagalpa. This is *Contra* ambush country. We meet with Colonel Adolfo Chamorro, the *Sandinista* deputy commander of the Matagalpa military region. Colonel Chamorro is as handsome as a TV soap-opera star, a calm and soft-spoken man of immense professionalism. He informs us that the *Contras* are now making deep raids into Nicaragua, ambushing roads, kidnaping farmers, committing atrocities,



"We have the results of your personality test now, Mr. Smith."

attacking cooperatives. He estimates that there are between 3000 and 3500 *Contras* in this region right now, an equal number nearby. But, he claims, they are not doing well, the population does not support them, and the Nicaraguan defense forces are winning. The *Contras*, he says, are based in Honduras, supported and advised by North Americans. The command staff of the *Contras* is composed of former national guardsmen under Somoza.

Every trip has its unforgettable moment, the one that comes back in dreams and reveries, the moment that shapes everything else. For me, it is this afternoon near Matagalpa. After Colonel Chamorro's briefing, we drive farther north. The bus we are using has a wooden deck on its roof, and a few of us climb up there to ride in the wind and the sun. It is a foolish gesture on roads that may hold a *Contra* ambush, but foolish gestures are sometimes at the heart of life.

We are near Jinotega, looking for a military field hospital of the *Sandinistas*, a place somewhere between the *Sandinista* and the *Contra* forces. We find it. It reminds me of a World War Two movie set: tentlike hospital wards, primitive medical facilities, well-policed grounds, wounded young men. The air is cool and clear, the late afternoon sun at a critical angle.

In one of the wards, a young man lies dying. He has been hit in the gut in a *Contra* ambush. He drifts in and out of consciousness, saying nothing, his eyes fixed

on his father, a grizzled man in a torn work shirt and baggy trousers and sandals. The young man's intestines lie exposed in one area, tied off like small balloons. He is about the age of my sons.

The father and I look at each other. He knows only that I am a U.S. citizen, a veteran, a man in a delegation from the country that has financed and equipped the *Contras* who have shot his son. Martín Gutierrez, our translator, cracks for a second. "Every time I see this, I get pissed off," he says to me.

I look at the father. Something passes between us. I think he may get angry, but he does not. I pull out the laminated picture I always carry of Jim and Brendan, my two sons. "I'm a father, too," I ask Martín to translate, "and I'm sorry this has happened to your son. I hate war, and I know you do, too. We've all seen too much of it." I despise the shallowness of words sometimes, and this is one of them.

"All we want is peace," the father says. "My son is lost, but all we want is peace." He says it without anger. I reach out my hand to shake his. He takes it.

We part quickly, and I move down the ward, seeing more young men without limbs, some without hope of life. I have been through a lot of this, and I am good at comforting the wounded and the dying. But as I talk to these young men, I seethe inside. I want to bring all the *Rambo* warriors in Washington, D.C., down to this field hospital near Jinotega. Let Rambo

confront reality for a change, I think. Mock my sentiment, mock my loyalty and patriotism, bring everything I represent under suspicion; but come down here in front of these young men and in front of this father and tell me how a nation that lived under the despotic Somozas for decades must now get ready for more of the same, how the revolution that was effected simply does not meet our standards, how Nicaragua must embrace raw capitalism and nothing else or we will squeeze it like a lemon, kill its children, invade its borders and snuff out the flames.

Like most men, I endure these emotions without really showing them. As we climb back onto the bus, I give in to my fatigue and confusion quietly, putting on my Walkman headphones and listening to a tape on the long ride back through the mountains and the rain toward Managua. The tape was made by my son Brendan. He has a synthesizer and a drum machine and a mixer, and he is one hell of a musician who writes beautiful songs.

That night on the bus, I wonder, not for the first time, if Jim and Brendan will ever be drafted into a dirty little war in Central America.

We're racist and arrogant. We always go for the quick fix. We'll go for it again. We think we can solve everything with money and bodies. We don't understand nationalism. Or power flows. Or history. There's no policy. No one's at the helm. We don't know how to protect our interests short of war. So we'll go to war.

—THE SOURCE

For most of us, Honduras is an afterthought. Our experiences in El Salvador and Nicaragua are so difficult and rich that by the time we land at Toncontin Airport in Tegucigalpa, most of our sensors are down, our systems on hold. Honduras, we know, is not in a condition of crisis like El Salvador and Nicaragua. Honduras, one of the poorest countries in Central America, is a staging area for the *Contras* and is essentially a client state of the United States. The danger here is limited. It is decompression time.

Or so we think until we have lunch with the leaders of the *Contras*.

In retrospect, our delegation probably disappointed the *Contras* more than we knew. Vietnam veterans? In Honduras to find out about the war? Maybe even to volunteer to fight in it or advise or lend expertise? *Soldier of Fortune* goes south? This is no doubt what the *Contras* hope we are there for as our bus pulls up to the gate of the large house.

I'm not crazy about guard dogs, especially ones that look me in the eye and growl that they know where I live. And too many men with too many weapons can also make me nervous. And a living room that looks like an ad for *Far Right Klansmen*, complete with weapons on the wall, weapons in the corners and stacked rounds



Art Heberg

"Sweetheart, believe me, I have no intention of being unfaithful again. On the other hand, I am not capable of predicting the future."

of ammunition in the unused fireplace, is not my idea of a relaxed place in which to eat a box lunch. Nor am I fond of the fact that it takes one blunt question from Dave Evans about CIA funding of the *Contras* to set Commander Mike Lima off on a tirade.

You may have seen Lima. He was pictured in *Newsweek* in an article about the *Contras*. He wears a state-of-the-art prosthetic device to replace his amputated right hand. He is in his mid-20s, short, tough, hysterical. His anger at anyone who does not agree with him is intense, his face flushed, his words tumbling over one another like swarming bees. He chews us out for asking such a stupid question, for doubting the *Contras'* ability to stand on their own, without CIA aid, for harboring any doubt about the darkness of the *Sandinistas* and the virtue of the *Contras*. He rants like a maniac, venom spewing. Just outside the living room stand 50 restless men with weapons, F.A.L.s with folding stocks, .45s, M-16s, men with varied hats and angry eyes, listening to their *comandante* tell this bunch of North American gringos where they can go with their suspicious minds and puny wills.

It is unclear to me what Lima wants to do to us, but as I often do in tense situations, I find myself a little amused. For one thing, I am asking myself a question that I probably never would have asked without this incident: The *Sandinistas* are not angels—but who are these *Contras* and what kind of program would they put in place in Nicaragua if they invaded and won? On a scale of one to ten, Lima's political consciousness probably registers about one half. I've worked with and trained a lot of Mike Limas in my time. They are excellent fighters, brave men, often uncontrollable and atrocious in their behavior in the field if they are not carefully watched. They *all* call themselves freedom fighters, every one, whether our own President hands them that label or not. But what will they do in Nicaragua if they ever gain power? How slow and dumb I have been not to ask that question earlier.

Another thing makes me chuckle. I am on total alert, and so is every other veteran in the delegation. Suddenly, we have stopped sitting and eating. Slowly, carefully, we have moved to different corners of the room, spread out, broadened the target and made it more difficult to group us into a small area. The hair on our collective necks is wired for action and defense. We are in a crazed presence, and we know that anything can happen. The *Contras* are proving to us that they are what their critics say they are: former Somoza national guardsmen, former death-squad members, hit men and rogues. My body is tight and I'm ready for whatever may explode—yet I recognize the addict in myself, the danger junkie, the man who feels good when certain kinds of risk are present.

That is when I ease up on Lima. I don't like him. But he is also my brother. We are

not totally unlike. He has just come out of the jungle and will soon be going back into it, and if I were on his timetable, I'd be as hair-triggered as he is. He is being led and financed by men whose approval he needs more than life itself. I've been there. He thinks he represents freedom and liberty and that any action to further his cause is worth while. I know what that's about. He has been primed for violence, and that particular pump, once primed, is hard to shut off. Most of us in that room in Honduras understand that, too.

Gradually, Lima calms down; other *Contras* begin to talk. Dr. Rodriguez Alaniz speaks in glowing terms of the creative essences of mysticism and patriotism. There is high language about moral and spiritual goals, a claim that 90 percent of the Nicaraguan people back the *Contras* and are simply waiting to be liberated by them, a statement that all *Contras* are volunteers with inbred democratic principles and convictions and that none of them is in

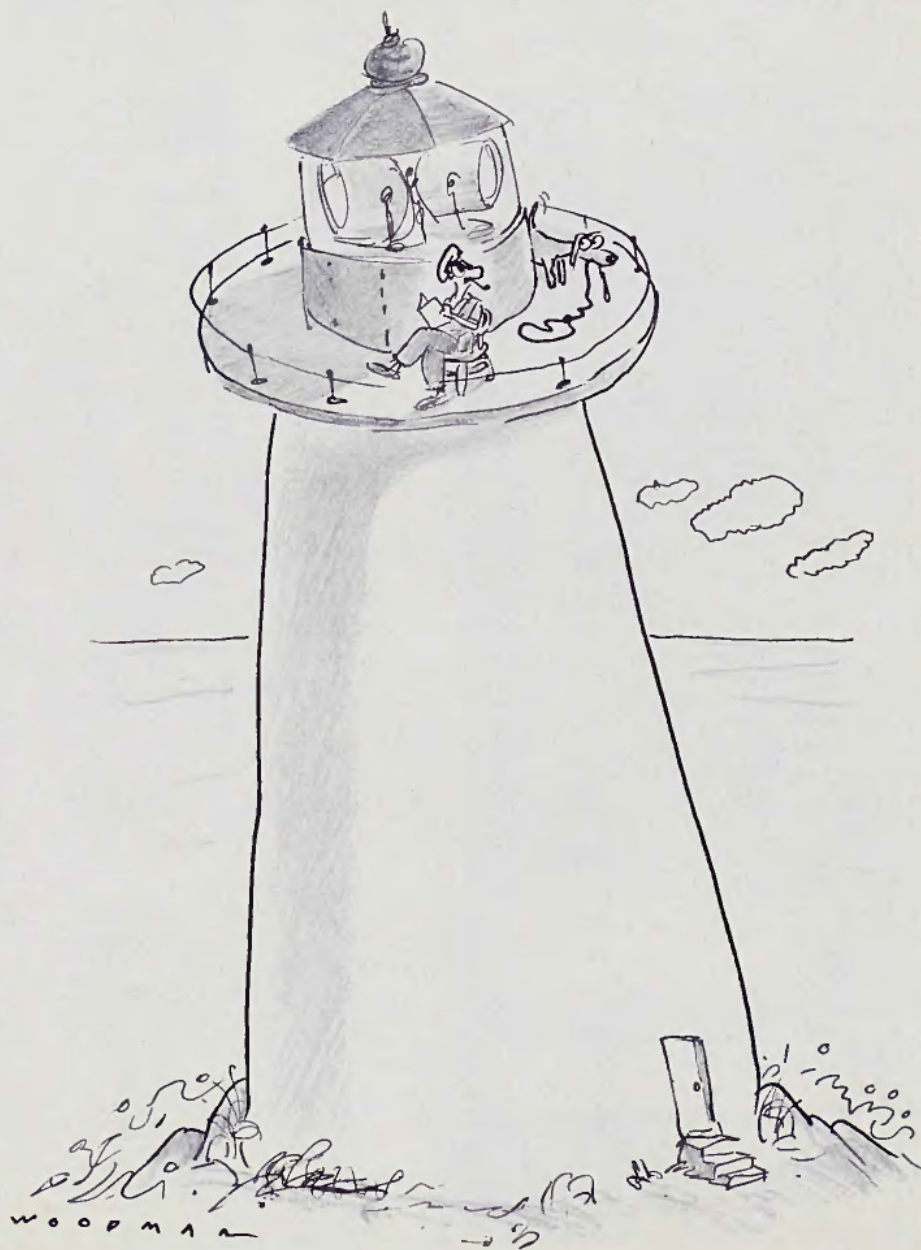
it for the money, none has been kidnaped or pressed into service. Atrocities? They are all on the other side.

As I walk out of that house in Honduras, past the guards and the dogs and the landscaped grounds and the wrought-iron gate, the trip is over for me. Life has come full circle, Puzo and García Márquez are joined in my consciousness, and I think I've seen the future.

We will go with the *Contras*. They will be our shock troops, our Montagnards, our scouts, our point men. Whether or not they receive more public money, they still have private funding. They are men who have been told they are about to go to war.

I doubt that they will be disappointed.

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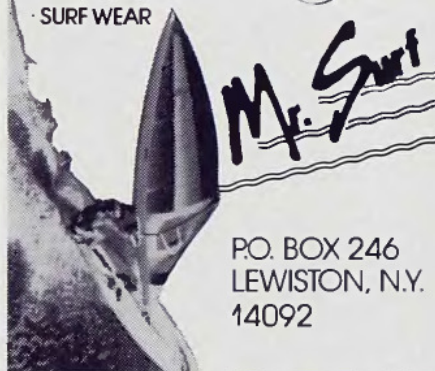
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military. It's totally venal. But don't forget: They may loot and pillage in Central America, but people do the same things in this town. They're just less public about it. —THE SOURCE

From Honduras, we fly back to Miami, where the Vietnam-veterans delegation splits up. People head back to their homes and jobs. In the past ten days, we've formed some close friendships, learned a lot, been changed. We feel the weight of what we've seen.

A few of us travel to Washington to make statements before a forum of three interested Congressmen (Representatives Lane Evans, Robert Mrazek and David Bonior), various Congressional staffers and reporters. Bryant, Harrington and I make statements, as do Charlie Liteky (winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor for heroism under fire while a Catholic chaplain in Vietnam), Dennis Koehler (a former U.S. Army Intelligence officer for two tours in Vietnam) and Leslie Feldstein (a former Army nurse and the only female veteran in the delegation; she has the single most effective line in all our statements to Congress: "If our children are to have Rambo as a role model," she says, "let us make certain that the dolls have detachable arms and legs").

It is while I am in Washington that I am first contacted by The Source, a highly placed official of the U.S. Government who predicts that the United States will invade Nicaragua before the current Administration leaves office. The final decision on that adventure is being made as you read this, in the spring of 1986. The *Contras* will go into Nicaragua under the pretext of saving that country from communism. The *Contras* will not do well militarily. We will participate in an expanded Grenada-style invasion—a rescue of the *Contras* that will turn into an occupation of Nicaragua. It will be Reagan's parting gift to his more conservative followers.

That is in the works, like it or not.

If it does happen, as seems likely, there is a final irony. The bureaucrats who twist both our language and our thought will be able to argue that such an invasion is not a war, really, but simply another example of low-intensity conflict:

LOW INTENSITY CONFLICT (TYPE A). Internal defense and development-assistance operations involving actions by U.S. combat forces to establish, regain or maintain control of specific land areas threatened by guerrilla warfare, revolution, subversion or other tactics aimed at internal seizure of power.

—HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY, F.M. 100-20, *Low Intensity Conflict*, JANUARY 1981

So when is a war not a war? When it's a low-intensity conflict—get it?



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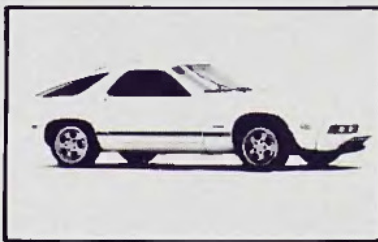
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PLAYBOY

AL UNSER, SR. AND JR.

(continued from page 133)

were trying to teach me. Racing isn't your eight-hour-a-day, five-day-a-week job; and as for the pressures of racing, there was no way they could even *think* of explaining that to you.

6.

PLAYBOY: Was there ever any kind of head-to-head confrontation between the two of you? It's not uncommon for teenaged sons to tell their fathers to fuck off.

AL, SR.: No, never. I wish there had been, because I would have knocked the shit out of him. I can go back to my own father, who did the same thing to me.

7.

PLAYBOY: When he was young, could you really see Little Al as potentially a great racer, equal to yourself? His progression to faster and faster cars—from sprints to a SuperVee Championship, the Can-Am Championship a year later, then Indy cars at the age of 21—has been extraordinary.

AL, SR.: To a certain extent, yes. But he's come along so quickly—and it usually doesn't happen that way. Many drivers have the ability but not the smartness, and Al, you see, has rarely gotten himself into trouble. Myself, I didn't reach that until I was 30 or 32, maybe. I was still pulling stupid deals, and my brother pulled them until he finally won Indy.

8.

PLAYBOY: Were there problems when you and Bobby ran against each other, especially early on, when the two of you were "pulling stupid deals"?

AL, SR.: I always wanted to outrun my brother, but Bobby was five years ahead of me, so at first, he was in another class. I didn't sit back and say, "I'm going to let him win because he's my brother," though—no way. None of us has ever done that, just as we haven't let ourselves get carried away, either. That's what makes a racing driver: controlling yourself, knowing where the limit is. It's not fear; it's experience. You learn to tell yourself, "I've extended myself far enough. If I go any further, I'm going to wreck the car."

9.

PLAYBOY: Fire, mechanical failure, another competitor's losing control in front of you—these are the commonly cited dangers of running at today's superspeedways. Which one troubles you the most? How do you reconcile that with the need for being in control?

AL, JR.: Call it the law of averages—it's gonna get you. You're racing wheel to wheel, and pretty soon you're gonna hit one of those wheels, whatever the circumstances. You live with it and hope it doesn't happen, at the same time doing everything in your ability to keep it from happening. But that's what's most danger-

ous about everyday driving, too—the other guy hitting you. You have to drive defensively. And you're on guard with *everybody*. As much as I trust Dad, we may be going into a corner and his car may not be working as well as mine. So you really have to stay on your toes with *everyone*.

10.

PLAYBOY: What's that special quality in race drivers—talent, anticipation, judgment?

AL, SR.: It's something you can't teach. It's the ability to know what's going on around you and, simultaneously, to know where you're at. It's a form of concentration, I suppose—the ability to take things in.

11.

PLAYBOY: Foyt said of Indy, "The cars are going too fast. You're going down the straightaway at over 200 mph, and if something happens in front of you, boy, school's out." Are the cars going too fast? Has technology eclipsed the capabilities of even the best drivers?

AL, SR.: In 1960, Parnelli Jones ran 150 mph at the speedway. Now we're at 215. The race track has stayed the same, there's the same banking, yet the cars are safer and easier to drive today than five years ago. If we were to jump from today's race car into Parnelli's 150-mph front-engine dinosaur, it'd scare you so bad, you'd be saying, "I don't know how he did it."

AL, JR.: I can't tell the difference between 180 and 210.

12.

PLAYBOY: How phenomenal was Danny Sullivan's recovering from his spin at Indy last year, regaining control at 200 mph and going on to win?

AL, JR.: How many times have you seen that done? That's how phenomenal it was, a real fluke. And Sully would sit here and tell you the same thing.

13.

PLAYBOY: What does the word speed mean to you?

AL, JR.: The only time I've ever felt I was going too fast was when I was sliding sideways at the Michigan 500 in '84—200 mph. I was looking out the window, so to speak, and I was totally out of control. When you're driving well, however, things come up in slow motion; you're *ahead* of the car. That's when a race driver is an artist. He's playing an instrument, and it's a very slow, smooth song. Gentle is another word I'd use for it, because when you make the car work for you, the two of you come together and work as one. However, an Indy car will bite you faster than any other race car. You're working with 700-plus horsepower that comes on with a bang, and it'll just whammo you into the fence—and I mean instantly.

14.

PLAYBOY: Then explain your love for that car.

AL, JR.: It's the challenge of not letting it

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bite you. An Indy car is a "he" that will flatten your ass as fast as you can sit in it. Speed is not why I race. The attraction of an Indy car is that it places such a demand on your judgment and skill. Even before I get into one of those things, I'll always pause to think, and I never go fast the first hour of a practice session. I'll build up to it every time, because the cars demand real respect.

15.

PLAYBOY: Could an average person get into one and drive it around the Indy Speed way, even with an empty track and the discipline to go slowly?

AL, JR.: He'd have a hard time just getting it out of the pit without stalling the engine. But otherwise, it's going to scare him, the average guy who's telling himself, "Well, let's see what this thing will do." He'd be in the fence with a broken leg, fast. Trying to hook up that 700-odd horsepower, he'd bust the rear tires loose, and *whammo*.

You've got to respect these cars to the point where you're thinking, If I don't do it right, I die.

16.

PLAYBOY: And so, leaving aside goals of national championships, money and fame, you couldn't be just as happy exploring your limits in a Corvette, say, at 125 mph?

AL, JR.: No. Because you need the threat, and 125 mph is no big thing for me. Rutherford tells a story about a friend asking him to drive his new 308 Ferrari: The guy's just plunked down 50 or 60 grand, he's in awe of the car, Johnny gets in and takes it to the limit, they come back and get out, and all Johnny says is, "Nice car." It was no big deal for him, see, and the same applies here: The challenge is going past the limit and being able to survive.

17.

PLAYBOY: Do everyday drivers scare you?

AL, SR.: I'm more comfortable on a race track than on the street. For most people, driving is just a way of getting from point A to point B, and they don't realize what their machine can do. After an accident, they'll inevitably turn around and say, "Gee, I didn't know these things hit so hard."

AL, JR.: Besides, you don't know what they're thinking or doing. Not to mention those people who drive listening to their Walkmans; they can't hear an ambulance or a fire truck, let alone something going wrong with their own car. Sure they scare me. Their reaction in an emergency is often very, very bad.

18.

PLAYBOY: Do you always buckle up, even when you're driving around the corner? The truth now.

AL, JR.: I endorse seat belts 200 percent. I won't let anybody ride in my car unless he buckles up. Why? Because you wouldn't dream of driving a race car without fastening your belts, so if anything, there's even more reason to use them on the street.

AL, SR.: I'm not sure about air bags, because they're new and unproved, but I've had some bad, bad crashes, and if it weren't for seat belts, I wouldn't be here today. Like Al says, it's inconceivable to get into a race car and not buckle up.

19.

PLAYBOY: How much do you dislike being a passenger? And when it's just the two of you, who drives?

AL, JR.: If it's Dad's car, he drives; if it's mine, I do. But, yes, I'm nervous about being a passenger. Usually, I'll live with it until whoever is driving starts doing things I don't like; then I'll flat-out say something.

20.

PLAYBOY: The latest addition to the Unser clan is three-year-old Al III, dubbed Mini Al. Is he being programed to be a race driver, too? Wouldn't you like to have an accountant, an architect, something other than another racer in the family?

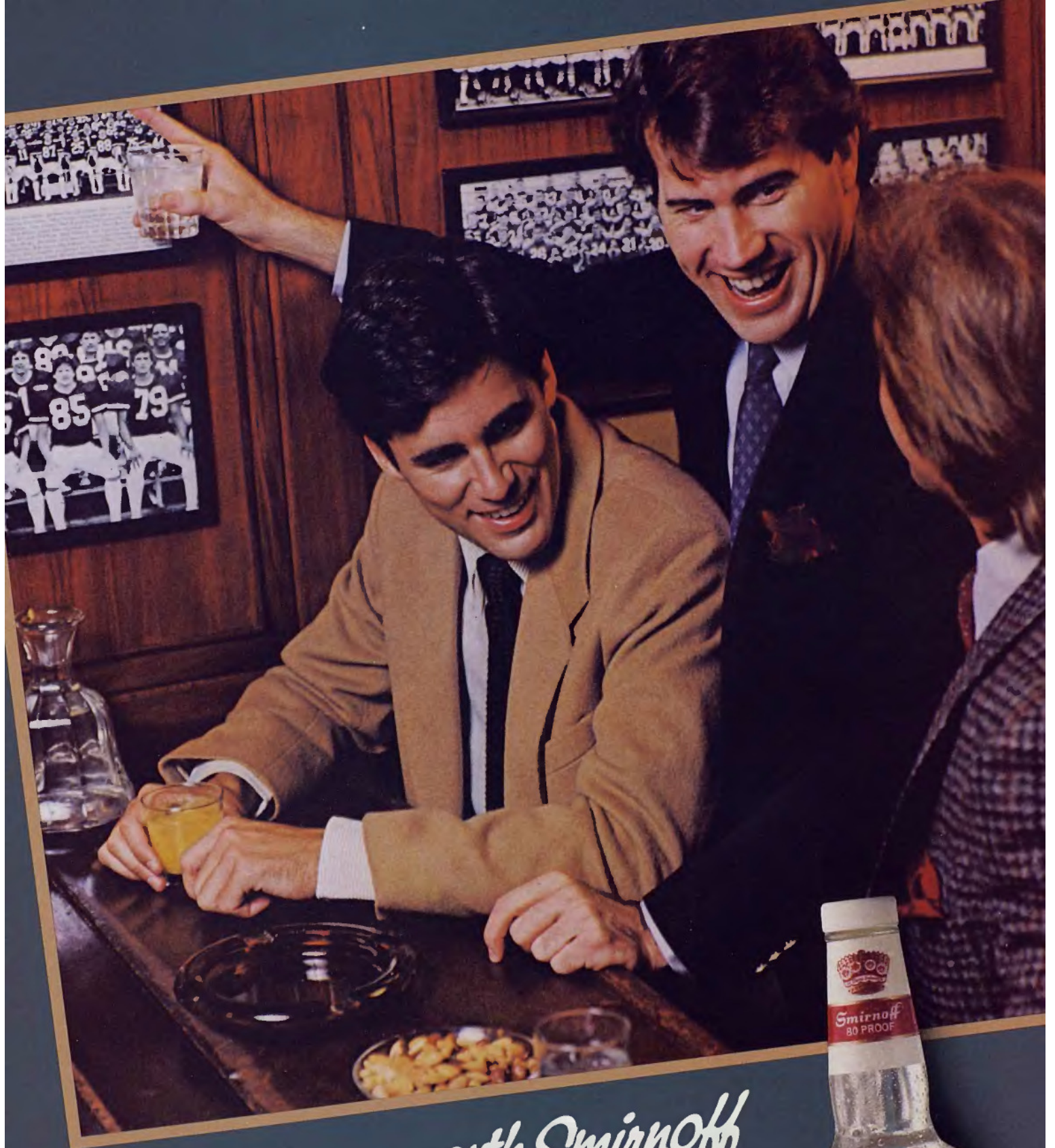
AL, JR.: I don't want to say programed. He's already got a go-cart, and I'm going to go through the same motions Dad put me through; but if he doesn't want it, then I'll tell him the same thing I was told: "Whatever you do, do it the best you can." I'll be damned if my boy's going to be a bum on the street. The O'Neal family, Ryan and his boy; Paul Newman's son dying of a drug overdose; the Kennedy kids—that's heavy family pressure. There is no family pressure in this family.



Clayton Kopp



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PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



ITALIAN RELIEF EFFORT

We've all heard of devoted Florentine craftsmen. Well, the *artistas* who hand-sculpted the molded-plastic three-dimensional 18½" x 26½" poster pictured here probably had to be pried away from their work with a crowbar. Albatross International Graphics in Florence is the manufacturer, and the lady's anatomy does stand out in relief. The effect is quite a grabber and almost has to be seen in person to be appreciated. Summit Marketing Group, P.O. Box 1843, West Caldwell, New Jersey 07007, sells the posters for \$9.95 each, postpaid. And if you're a gentleman who doesn't prefer blondes, Summit has a brunette poster that's an equal standout.

HOOT OF A SCOOT

The Supercruiser scooter is to the home-made variety what a Ferrari is to a soap-box racer. As a vehicle, it's between a skate board and a bicycle; but big wheels, a precise axle pivot and a hand brake enable you to maneuver a slalom course like a downhill racer. (A Supercruiser can also be used as a sail board or an ice scooter.) The price for all this fun? Just \$179, F.O.B. Supercruiser, 2A Red Plum Circle, Monterey Park, California 91754.



ON THE GOOD SHIP COSTARIVIERA

Even with Europe on many lists of places not to visit today, there's no reason to miss all the pizzazz of Italy. Costa Cruises is emphasizing the romance of its Italian heritage with a newly launched flagship, the S.S. CostaRiviera, which shoves off each Saturday from Port Everglades for a week of luxury Caribbean cruising, with St. Thomas, St. Croix and Nassau its ports of call. Italian cuisine, international shops, plus gambling—and an all-Italian crew—add up to high Continental romance on the high seas. And the price for all this sun and fun is barely a ripple on your bank balance: \$965 to \$1645 per person (double occupancy), including round-trip air on various carriers, such as Delta. Costa Cruises, One Biscayne Tower, Miami 33131, is where to write. The Love Boat should looka so good.

FLAT AND SASSY

Sprawled out flat, with the pose and posture of a road kill, Earl the Dead Cat takes up where *101 Uses for . . .* left off. And, curiously enough, many of the buyers are feline fanciers who think Earl is the cat's last meow, says the perpetrator, Mad Dog Productions, P.O. Box 157, Richmond, Virginia 23201, which sells the soft sculpture for \$16.95, postpaid. Earl even comes with a death certificate; his loss of ninth life is due to catatonia.





EAT UP, J.B.

Wealthy fatties of the world, rejoice. You can now have your roast pheasant and lose weight, too, if you pick up a copy of *The Millionaire's Diet* (Salem House), a \$7.95 soft-cover by Loyd Grossman. You'll begin with French Riviera Day (smoked salmon is on the lunch menu) and end up a svelte shadow of your plutocratic self 14 days later, noshing on *Posh Poule au Pot*. Beautiful photos accompany each day's menu, so even if you can't stay on the diet, you can always lick the pages.

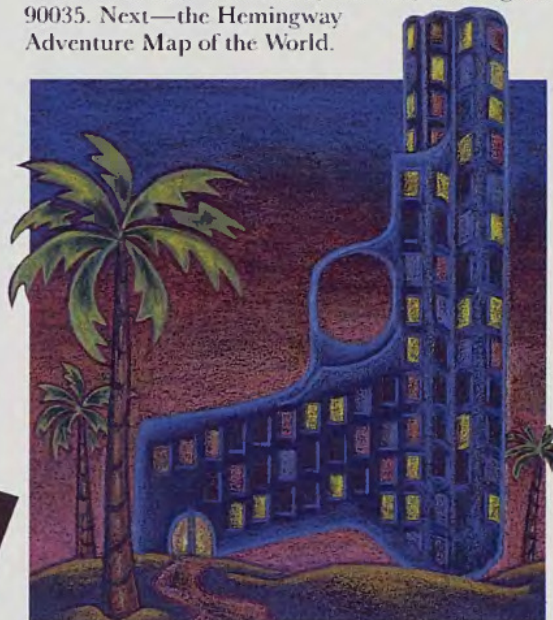
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Everybody's seen maps of the homes of Hollywood stars; but now, for all you hard-boiled-yegg fans, there's the Raymond Chandler Mystery Map of Los Angeles: an 18" x 24" four-color guide to the world of Philip Marlowe that's \$5.75, post-paid, folded, or \$9 as a poster. Send your bucks to the Raymond Chandler Mystery Map, 1800 South Robertson Boulevard, No. 130, Los Angeles 90035. Next—the Hemingway Adventure Map of the World.



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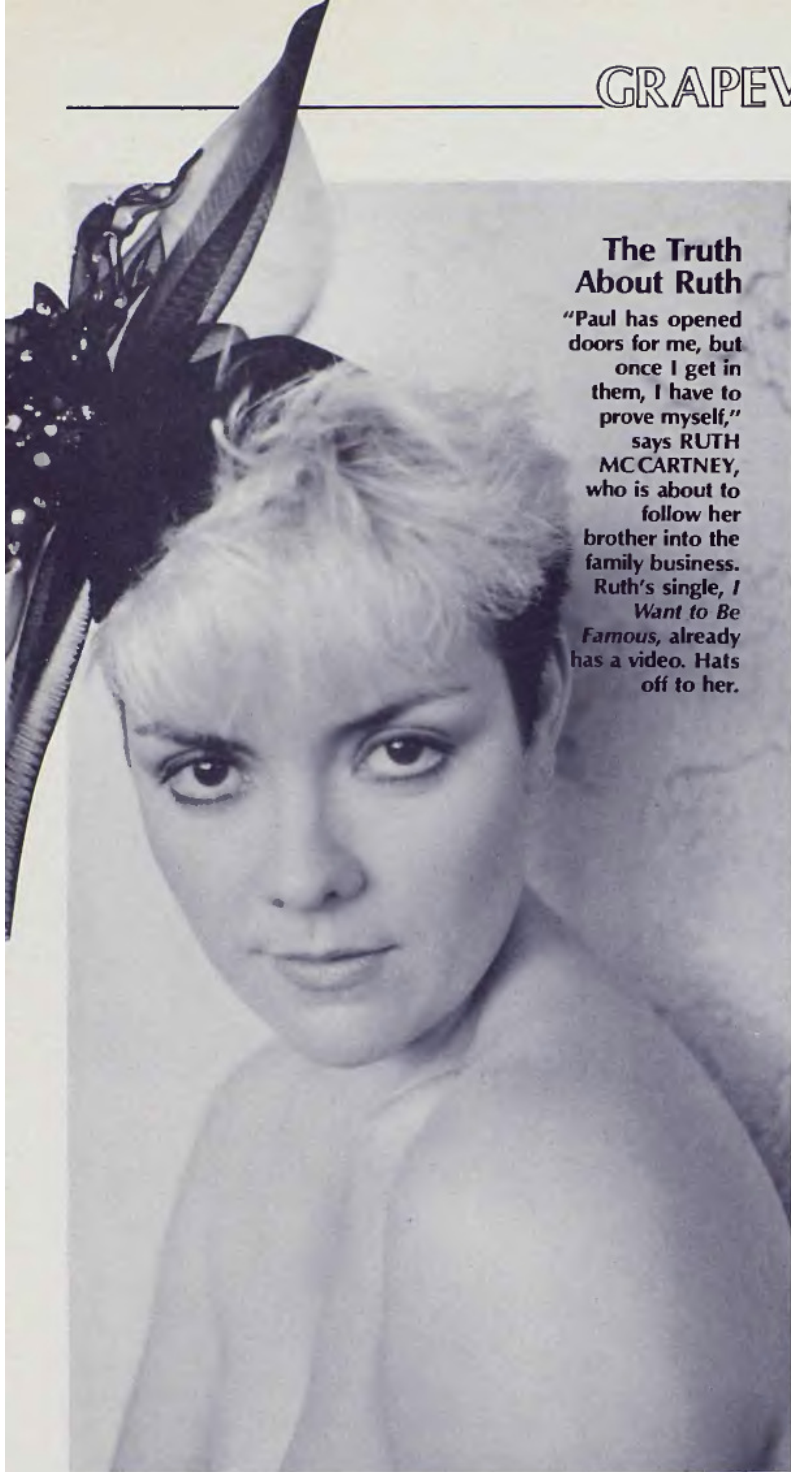
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The Truth About Ruth

"Paul has opened doors for me, but once I get in them, I have to prove myself," says RUTH MCCARTNEY, who is about to follow her brother into the family business. Ruth's single, *I Want to Be Famous*, already has a video. Hats off to her.



ROBIN KAPLAN / RETNA LTD.



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And, All the Way from England. . . .

This is the most photogenic part of a new British punk group, SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK. The gent on the right is MARTIN DEGVILLE; his ladyfriend, YANA, is a combination muse, roadie and backup singer. Their new single, *Love Missile F1-11*, is not about body parts, it's about rockets. God save the queen!

The Twins Go for a Spin

THE THOMPSON TWINS have successfully defied the common wisdom on how many people make up twins. They've built a major following. Here's to *Future Days*, their most recent album, went gold and sat pretty on the charts for months. Their concert tour hit the big spots. They're on a roll, so they deserve a little time off for fun.



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Rock 'n' Bowl

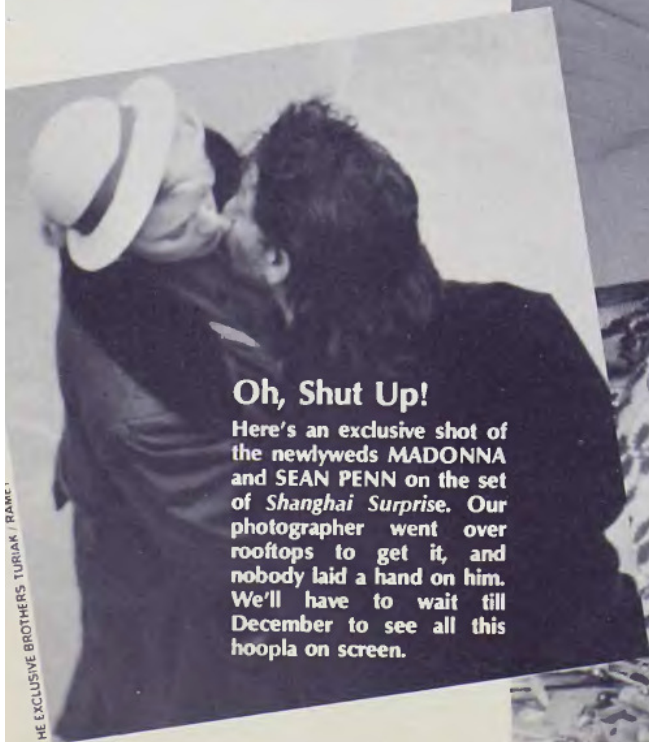
HUEY LEWIS is a cool guy. He's good at what he does, and he's not too fancy about it. Big nights at the Grammys and the Oscars don't interfere with his bowling game. Huey and the News are ready to hit the studio again and top *Sports*.

MARK LEIVDAL



Keeme-o Therapy

This spicy dish is **ELIZABETH KEEME**, once Miss Latin U.S.A. Soon, she will appear on the big screen in *Out on a Limb* and *Aerobicide*. On TV, you've seen her in *Moonlighting* and *Highway to Heaven*. Now you get her up close, in lace and pearls.



Oh, Shut Up!

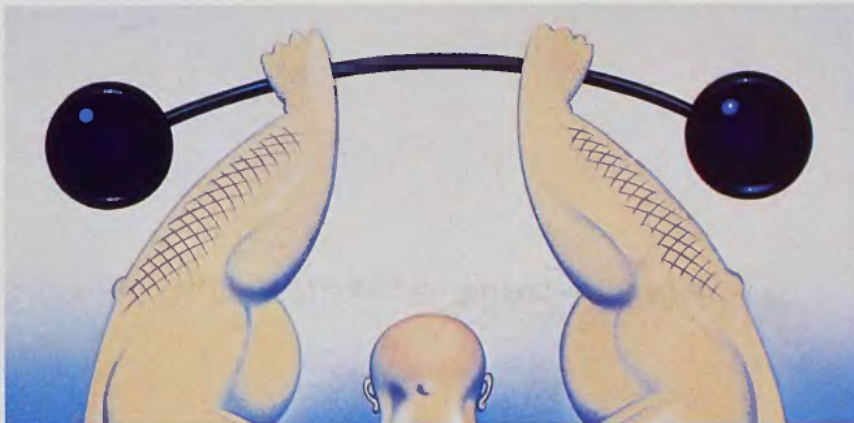
Here's an exclusive shot of the newlyweds **MADONNA** and **SEAN PENN** on the set of *Shanghai Surprise*. Our photographer went over rooftops to get it, and nobody laid a hand on him. We'll have to wait till December to see all this hoopla on screen.

THE EXCLUSIVE BROTHERS TURIAK / FRAME

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COMING AGAIN



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"CLUB SANDWICH TO ISLAND JACK: ON LOCATION AT CLUB PARADISE"—YEARS AGO, OUR CORRESPONDENT HAD THIS IDEA FOR A SCREENPLAY. UNDER **HAROLD RAMIS**, IT'S BECOMING A MOVIE STARRING **ROBIN WILLIAMS** AND **PETER O'TOOLE**. WE SPY ON THE SET WITH **DAVID STANDISH**

ARTHUR C. CLARKE, AUTHOR OF *2001* AND OTHER CLASSICS, TALKS ABOUT STAR WARS, THE SHUTTLE DISASTER, SCIENCE FICTION AND SEX IN AN ASTONISHING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

PLUS: TOM CRUISE TELLS ACTING JOKES IN **"20 QUESTIONS"**; WE SHOW YOU VARIATIONS ON THOSE TRENDY WINE-AND-JUICE COMBOS, **"CALIFORNIA COOLERS"**; A WACKY WISH BOOK, **"THE PENTAGON CATALOG"** (YOU DIDN'T REALLY BELIEVE THAT THREE-STAR GENERALS JUST POPPED OVER TO ACE HARDWARE FOR THOSE \$150 WRENCHES, DID YOU?), BY **CHRISTOPHER CERF** AND **HENRY BEARD**; AND MORE

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