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PLAYBILL

THIS MONTH, we're proud to bring you the first installment of the story of **Jessica Hahn**, the woman at the center of the past year's stormy religious upheaval that dethroned TV evangelist **Jim Bakker**. Rarely has a major news story been so directly related to the interests and philosophy of this magazine. Bakker, after all, is that all-too-familiar preacher who has raged at immorality and sexual license from the pulpit, then practiced both in private. *Playboy* has sought for almost 35 years to illuminate and eliminate such hypocrisy and repression.

Our photos of Jessica—*Jessica, on Her Own Terms*—taken by Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda**, speak for themselves. They're a testament to Hahn's new-found self-esteem. As for Jessica's story, television news clips, tabloids, gossip columns and features about the PTL scandal have depicted her variously as a temptress, a spineless pawn or just a first-class weirdo. But Executive Editor **G. Barry Golson**, who, along with *Los Angeles Times* reporter **Robert Scheer**, interviewed Hahn, developed a very different opinion. "The major surprise in the story of Jessica Hahn is Jessica Hahn. When Bob Scheer and I began our conversations with her, we expected a victim. Jessica was totally unexpected: a bright, witty, canny and, at the same time, naïve free spirit who had astonishing recall and real insight into the journey she had taken through an American nightmare.

"What continually impressed us was how determined she was to tell her story. When we broke from our marathon interview sessions—which sometimes lasted until four in the morning—it was Jessica who would always say, 'Come on, guys, back to work.' She'd waited a long time—seven years—to tell it all. She even photocopied one draft of her story for us. 'After all,' she reminded us, 'I used to be a church secretary.'

"And one thing that kept occurring to us as we listened to her defiant, acerbic and piercing account of life among the TV evangelists was, Boy, did those guys ever pick on the wrong woman."

Special kudos on *The Jessica Hahn Story* (illustrated by **David Small**) goes to her attorney, **Dominic Barbara**, who first brought Hahn to our offices, to Associate Photo Editor **Michael Ann Sullivan** and to Associate Editor **Bruce Kluger**.

And speaking of picking on the wrong person, it might seem that the *Sandinista* government, headed by **Daniel Ortega**, was the wrong government to mess with in Latin America. **Claudia Dreifus**, who conducted an interview with a panel of top *Sandinista* leaders in the September 1983 *Playboy*, returned to Nicaragua last summer specifically to conduct this month's *Playboy Interview* with the man Reagan calls "a dictator in designer glasses." Dreifus, pictured (above right) with Ortega and his *Sandinista* comrade **Tomás Borge** at the Nicaraguan baseball championships, noted, "I saw no peanuts or popcorn in the presidential box, but there were plenty of AK-47s." She also noticed that Nicaraguans play very loud rock 'n' roll at their baseball games, which reminds us that rock 'n' roll is, by our count, 33 years old this year. To celebrate the event, Associate Editor **Kate Nolan** put together *33 1/2 Reasons to Love (or Hate) Rock 'n' Roll*, which includes, among other bits of electrifying and booty-shaking information, your ballot for our annual *Playboy Music Poll*.

To round out the issue, **Geoffrey Norman** describes the flesh-and-muscle auction of top-rated college football players in *Meat and Money at Football Camp* (illustrated by **Robert Giusti**); Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson** brings you our annual report on *Sex in Cinema*, with a big boost from Assistant Photography Editor **Patty BeauDET**, West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski**, Senior Art Director **Chet Suski** and Senior Editor **Gretchen Edgren**; **David Handelman** asks **Kelly McGillis** a hot *20 Questions*; **George Alec Effinger** dishes up a taste of matrimonial madness in *Glimmer, Glimmer*; and, finally, we begin an exciting new feature, *Now*, that will bring you every month the very latest scoop on TV, video, cars, gadgets and people. Enjoy!



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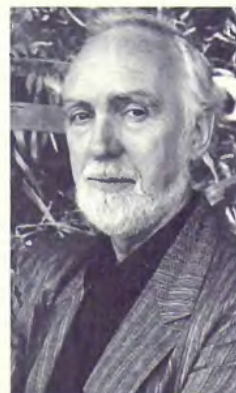
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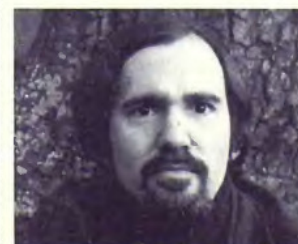
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PLAYBOY®

vol. 34, no. 11—november 1987

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COVER STORY

Until the sex scandal that brought TV evangelist Jim Bakker to his knees erupted, Jessica Hahn was a mystery woman, and Bakker intended to keep her that way. But Jessica is too much of a person to keep under wraps, as you'll see inside. Her cover photo is by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda, hair styling by Michael Knight and make-up by Pat Tomlinson. The sunglasses are from Tuckerman Optical, and the hare is in the glare.



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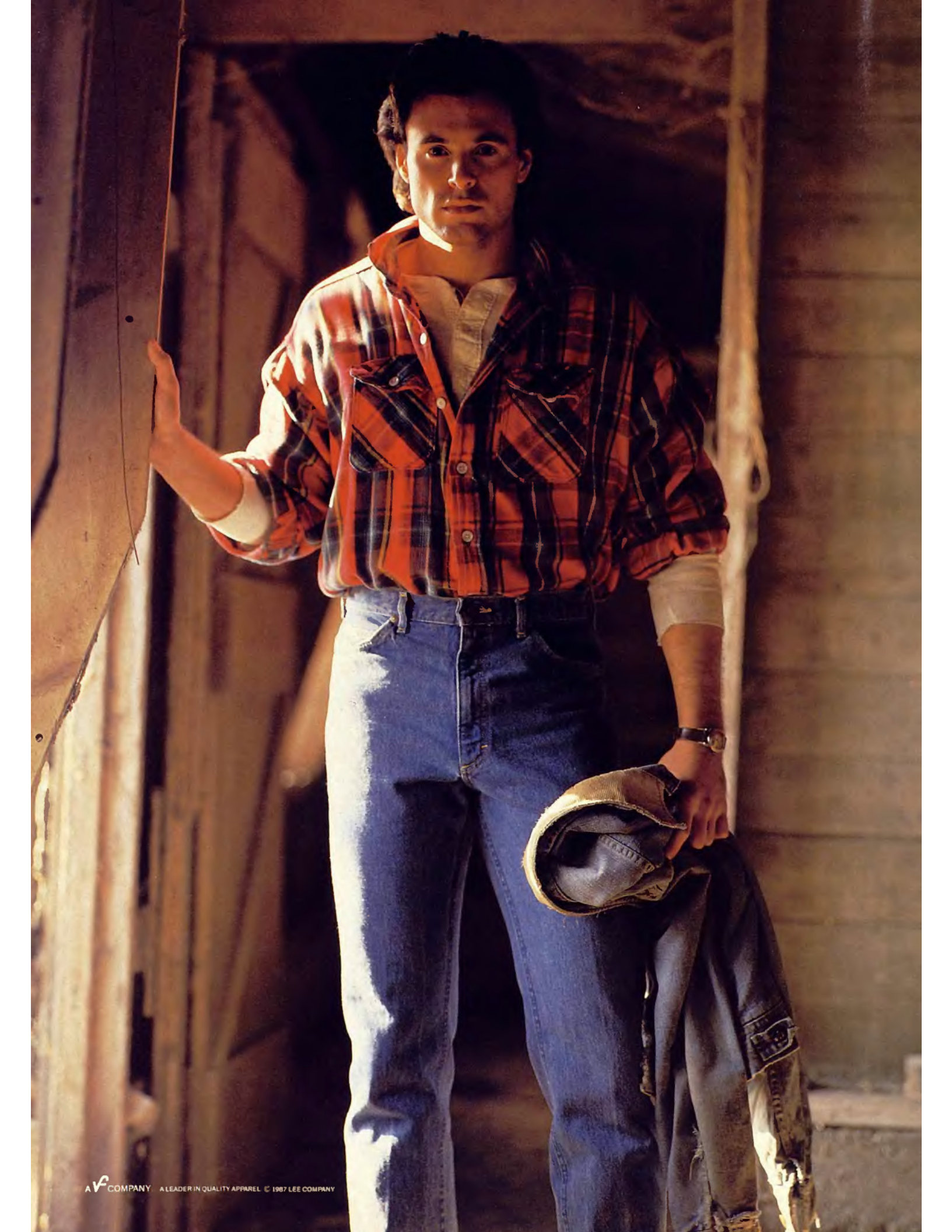
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FERDI LOVE OF GODS

It was with great interest that I read the August *Playboy Interview* with Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos. The Marcos regime was one of the primary factors that made me decide to leave my beloved Philippines in 1969. It amuses me to see Mr. and Mrs. Marcos in the pages of *Playboy*, spewing out more lies and being their old sanctimonious selves. One good thing that may result from this interview is that more people around the world will get a glimpse of this couple's dangerously demented psyches and fantasies.

In 1965, when Marcos took power, the Philippines and Japan were among the most progressive countries in Asia. After 20 years of the Marcos dictatorship, the Philippines' economy is in shambles, while Japan has become one of the world's economic giants. Doesn't that tell you something? If, indeed, Ferdi and Imelda are gods, then they are guilty of divine abuse. What a pair, these two: Cinderella personified and Adolf Hitler reincarnated.

Endell Coparco
Lausing, Michigan

What a waste of good paper and space in your August issue! By interviewing the Marcoses, you have paid them a compliment they don't deserve. They have nothing to say, new or old, that I (or any other Filipino) don't already know.

Bill F. Alexander
Middleboro, Massachusetts

WASCALLY WABBIT MAKES WEADERS WACKO

The cover of your August issue is fantastic. Boy, this Paulina Porizkova is one beautiful dame. Anyway, we men here at Gallaudet University (the only private liberal-arts university for the deaf in the world) have had trouble trying to find the *Oryctolagus cuniculus*. It's impossible! We have passed the magazine around to different members of the college community, including females, and have come up with no Rabbit Head. Can you give us a

hint and save us the torment of searching for it, even though we are enjoying looking at Paulina?

James Muir and the Guys
Washington, D.C.

How about a little help before I go crazy and lock myself in my room? Where the hell is the Rabbit Head on your August cover?

Rod Scott
Portsmouth, Ohio

Well, guys, rather than subject you to further torment and the clutches of insanity, we'll tell you. Look at Paulina's hair as it falls just below her arm, about an inch from the spine of the magazine.

FLORIDA GIRLS

Bravissimo! Your *Women of Florida* pictorial (*Playboy*, August) is superb! However, I now have a little problem. After seeing Amy Weiss, I just can't seem to eat or sleep. I think that your making Amy a Playmate of the Month would really help me get back on my feet. I can't begin to tell you what it would do for my spirits.

Stephen J. Streeter
Bristol, Indiana

Women of Florida is outstanding! I congratulate photographers David Mecey and Arny Freytag on their splendid pictorial and envy them their assignment. One lady in particular, Myra Baldwin, just knocked me out of my chair. A perfect figure, indeed—but that face, that look, so sultry, erotic and just plain *sexy*! Please give your faithful readers more of her. When can we expect to see Myra in her own pictorial?

Robert E. Jeffries
Glendale, Arizona

Let's say there is this well-respected, world-class men's magazine that features incredibly beautiful women. And let's suppose there lives in Tampa, Florida, a woman named Kristin Leslie, who fits this description and beyond. And let's also assume that millions of men (this one in

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particular) would find it quite appealing to see this woman in this magazine in the very near future as a Playmate of the month. Are you listening, *Playboy*? Are you getting my drift?

Bruce Eylmann
Millwood, New York

We're getting the drift that every guy who had a favorite in our "Women of Florida" pictorial thinks she ought to be a Playmate. Well, there's a good possibility that some of them may, in the near future, grace our



centerfold. Until then, how about another look at Kristin Leslie?

DARLING'S NOT SO DEAR

Lewis Grossberger's article on Ron Darling (*Pitcher Perfect*, *Playboy*, August)

couldn't have come at a worse time. We Mets fans are sick and tired of hearing Darling bitch about being a hard-luck pitcher. Don't forget that he plays for a team with a good defense and a lot of slugers. Do you think his teammates respect him for complaining all the time? He is just fortunate that he doesn't play for Cleveland or Seattle. Next time, choose someone who has statistics that entitle him to be called a star.

Curt Kilgass
New York, New York

THE WIZARDS OF ODDS

Steven Crist's article *Gambling in America* (*Playboy*, August) is both lively and informative. But as a serious blackjack player, I must point out that Crist's evaluation of Nevada's blackjack odds is somewhat inaccurate.

The Las Vegas Club does, indeed, offer more options to its blackjack players than does any other casino. However, its game is dealt from a six-deck shoe and is therefore no more favorable to the noncounting player than are the single-deck games dealt next door at the Horseshoe or the Mint. The novice gambler more often than not hurts himself by exercising the Las Vegas Club's special options improperly.

Crist claims that northern Nevada casinos are unsuitable for successful blackjack

play. I disagree. The single-deck game is ubiquitous in Reno and Lake Tahoe. The noncounting player suffers no more long-run disadvantage than that presented by most multiple-deck games in Las Vegas and Atlantic City. Since in northern Nevada a greater portion of the cards is dealt, the potential of profitable play for a skilled card counter is excellent.

Louis Kokernak
Austin, Texas

You're right; the number of decks makes no difference to the noncounting player. But it makes a big difference to the counting player. The point Crist is making is that the house betting rules are what make the game more or less favorable to the counting and noncounting player, regardless of the number of decks.

BAD SPORTS?

I am writing in regard to your August *Sports* column by Dan Jenkins, titled "The Doctor Is In." Jenkins is a usually fair and sometimes very perceptive writer, but his satire of Red Sox fans using an AIDS theme is at best in poor taste and at worst mean-spirited. There is room in the world for finding some measure of humor in almost any tragedy, but the callous and flippant treatment of a source of unbelievable human suffering is not up to the usually high standards of your publication.

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cause of AIDS research and information and have tried to defuse the hysteria generated by various idiotic factions in our society. Unfortunately, you compromise your position by publishing such an insensitive piece. Is AIDS a joking matter? I do not believe you think so. So I say shame on Jenkins and shame on you. Please comment.

Mark B. Anderson
Tucson, Arizona

Jenkins replies:

Mr. Jenkins, who has covered sports all of his adult life, knows of no greater suffering than that of a Red Sox fan. In addition, he

says he has long been a fan of tasteless humor and is too old to give it up.

BABBO KUDOS

Sen Yen Babbo & the Heavenly Host, the short story by Chet Williamson in your August issue, is excellent. As a born-again Christian, I can see how Williamson derived his plot from the hypocritical lifestyles of today's evangelists. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if one of them had already thought of forming a wrestling ministry.

Anthony A. Paluzzi
Bronx, New York

FIGHT HIGHLIGHTS

Your recent article *Rallies & Resurrections* (*Playboy*, August) is most interesting. Two items of some concern in the article by Anthony Brandt are that Gene Tunney did not go on to knock out Jack Dempsey and Maggio was not the character who was stabbed in the fight with Ernest Borgnine's character in *From Here to Eternity*. Indeed, Tunney went on to win the decision and Montgomery Clift was stabbed by Borgnine in the knife fight. Frank Sinatra's Maggio died in Clift's arms after a severe beating.

Louis P. Vitti
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Right you are, Louis; but while we're setting the record straight, the title of Brandt's article is "Comebacks."

KONOPSKI IS TOPSKI

Thank you for the beautiful pictorial of Miss August, Sharry Konopski. Wow, what a treat! She's the prettiest woman I have ever seen. I envy photographer Stephen Wayda. To be able to see this goddess closer than any of us can must be paradise. C'mon, guys, one more peek at Sharry, please.

Ron G. Phillips
West Bend, Wisconsin

August Playmate Sharry Konopski is sensational. She deserves to be Playmate of the Year. Could you please give us gentle readers another shot of the beautiful Sharry? *Merci beaucoup*, and keep it up.

Benjamin K. Rucker
Cincinnati, Ohio

Why don't you guys form a fan club? Then you can call in your Playmate of the Year votes for Sharry on her special 900 number, to be listed in the January issue. If you call continuously, working 12-hour shifts, the



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



CONDOM COTILLION

You'd think that after marrying a blow-up rubber doll (*Playboy After Hours*, March 1986) and conducting a funeral for casual sex (*Playboy After Hours*, December 1986), Sherri Foxman—Cleveland's foremost (and strangest) satirist—might have run out of ideas for provocative parties. Not so.

Last summer, Foxman threw a debutante ball—the Safe Sex Cotillion. A fundraiser for the Health Issues Task Force of Cleveland, an AIDS service organization, the event had a typically Foxmanesque twist: The slogan for the evening was “Come out for safer sex (or no sex at all).”

After a reading of the safe-sex oath (“I pledge allegiance to safer sex in this United States of America and in the republics in which I visit; in fact, in all nations under siege, indivisible, with condoms and interrogation for all”), the debts were presented to society, most carrying dance cards on which the gentlemen were asked to enter their names, birth signs and number of sex partners over the past seven years.

Guests adorned themselves with condom earrings, shoe tassels, epaulets and wrist corsages. A lawyer named Alice went as a pristine Vanna White; another woman dressed as a nun and carried a sign reading, ABSTINENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER.

Our favorite slogan, however, was espoused by a young woman who told us bluntly, “No glove, no love.”

HOW TO BE A STAND-UP GUY

Once a year, Silver Saunders-Friedman, owner of *The Original New York Improvisation*, the venerable comedy club, teaches a seminar on how to be a stand-up comedian. We sent former *National Lampoon* editor Lee Frank to pick up Silver's tips.

Want to be as funny as Rodney Dangerfield, Richard Pryor or Robin Williams? They all started at the Improv. And these days, talent coordinators from *The Tonight Show* and *Letterman* scout new talent there. Owner Silver Saunders-Fried-

man knows what it takes to turn *funny* into *money*. Here's her comedy check list.

Truth—Find the ideas that are resonating inside people's heads, things that you're thinking that everybody else is thinking, too.

Selfhood—Create a character. This is your fingerprint: your unique voice, your unique expression.

Belief system—People can always be glib and clever, but you have to understand your set of values to have an attitude.

Taste—Don't go after easy targets. Nothing is sacred—not mother nor country—but it's hard to be funny where there is hopelessness. Ridicule what deserves to be ridiculed.

Delivery—This is the rhythm of your language: timing, intonation, phrasing, the words that move your thoughts along as smoothly as a jazzman's riff.

The real trick is to make all of the above appear effortless. Student stand-ups should note the famous deathbed words of British actor Edmund Kean: “Dying is easy, comedy is hard.”



ALMA MUDDER

It used to be that a guy picked up hand-capping tips by hanging around the paddock, but that was before state lotteries, Atlantic City casinos and off-track-betting parlors began competing for dollars. Faced with sagging track attendance, racing executives dreamed up the Horse Course at Belmont and Aqueduct as a way to demystify some of the sport's more arcane aspects and to draw new blood to the track. Graduates go to the track more often and feel that the instruction has made them better bettors. Which only goes to show the value of a good education.

HUNGRY?

A recurring late-night problem: where to eat after most nosheries have closed. In New York City, your postmidnight feast depends only on the size of your bank roll. Here are a few quality eateries for your next Big Apple all-nighter.

Brasserie (100 East 53rd Street)—The veteran New York bistro for chic atmosphere and all-night dining.

Empire Diner (Tenth Avenue and 22nd Street)—Candles glow over black-glass tabletops in this tony art-deco beauty. Artists, musicians and actors masquerading as waiters and waitresses serve up everything from barbecued chicken to prime shell steak. Open 24 hours.

Florent (Gansevoort and Washington streets)—This affordable *brasserie* in New York's meat-packing district offers blood sausage, brains and tripe for the bold; salads, *charcuteries* and burgers for the rest of us. Open 24 hours.

Kiev (Second Avenue and Seventh Street)—A little bit of the Ukraine amid the East Village punk scene. Cheap, delicious eastern European delicacies—blintzes, borscht, *pierogi*—served all night long.

Nell's (14th Street and Eighth Avenue)—Get past the doorman to enter a boisterous Victorian saloon where Italian dishes are served until four a.m.

Odeon (West Broadway at Thomas)—

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"The production notes vaunt the fact that all the blood seen in the film is real blood, donated by members of the cast, who at the request of director [Kei] Kumai 'put everything they had into the film.'"—Elliott Stein, reviewing *The Sea and the Poison* for *The Village Voice*.

DEATH ROW

Number of NATO nations with an active death penalty: two (the United States and Turkey).

Percentage of American death-row convicts who are white, 50.39; percentage who are black, 41.40.

Number of white Americans executed since 1977 for killing a black American: zero.

Number of black Americans executed since 1977 for killing a white American: 17.

Number of women on death row: 21.

Number of suicides on death row since 1973: 20.

THE NUCLEAR FAMILY

Average daily viewing time of television by an American adult: four hours, five minutes. Average daily viewing time of television by an American child: two hours, 47 minutes. Average amount of time a working mother spends with her children every day: 16 minutes. Average amount of time a working father spends with his children every day: ten minutes.

Percentage of women who think they should take care of the home: 46.

Percentage of men who think women should take care of the home: 50.



FACT OF THE MONTH

Number of American Service personnel listed as missing in action in the Vietnam war, 2371; in World War Two, 78,751; in the Korean War, 8177.

According to a study presented at the Third National Family Violence Research Conference, children are less likely to be abused in day-care centers than in their own homes.

OUR 50TH STATE

Hawaii is the only state that:

Does not have a majority of Caucasian citizens;

Officially recognizes a language other than English—Hawaiian;

Has a royal palace in the state capital;

Grows coffee.

RELATIONSHIPS

Percentage of women who would rather talk with their best friend than with a boyfriend or spouse about being unhappy: 65.

Percentage who would tell their best friend that their friend's spouse was having an affair: 35.

Percentage who would keep quiet about it: 29.

Percentage who would hint: 18.

THE TUBE

Percentage of Americans who look forward to watching television: 25.

Percentage who cite television as their primary source of news: 50.

Percentage who cite television as the most credible source of news: 55.

Percentage who feel that television is too simple-minded: 25.

Percentage who feel that television is anti-Christian: nine.

Cafeteria heaven in Tribeca. Supper menu, served from one to three A.M., features French-American cuisine. Try the steak *frites* while watching the stars come out.

Why not tell *After Hours* where to eat late in *your* city?

EGG DROP

No wonder the Rhode Island School of Design was once home to Martin Mull, Talking Heads members Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz and a scrawny conceptual artist named David Byrne. It's an unusual school. Traditionally, its only athletic organization has been a ne'er-do-well hockey team called The Nads. ("Go, Nads!" their fans love to yell.) The apparel-design show each year features such fashions as a bagel bikini and a wedding dress made from plastic spoons. And freshmen get credit for throwing eggs off a building.

It's an assignment called the egg drop. Using nothing but glue, an 18-inch square of cardboard, eight pieces of pine lath and four yards of string, students must construct a package that will not only keep a dozen eggs from breaking when dropped from a four-story building but make an attractive sculpture as well. Among last spring's spheres, pyramids, sawhorses and boxes were a structure with two copter blades that spun in opposite directions, a pagoda with an enormous roof and something that looked like a paper Flexible Flyer. One artist, however, just tossed over the supplies and pelted the ground with his eggs. He was into Dada.

OCTOBER SUDS

This fall, liquor stores all over have stocked up on a beer called Oktoberfest Brew. It's a marketing fad among small breweries and is sold under many labels. But besides being a homage to the famous Munich tradition, just what is it? Randy Sprecher of Sprecher Brewing Company in Milwaukee says that his fest brew is "a hardy beer with strong malt flavors and a fruity, hoppy nose." He says Oktoberfest undergoes a longer fermentation than other beers—which results in a higher alcohol content. If this beer catches on, we predict a new tradition: the Novemberfest hangover.

JUST SAY BOO

One afternoon on the *Poltergeist III* set in Chicago, the crew was heard chanting, "More crack! More crack!" The crack in question was actually supercool liquid nitrogen, which is commonly used in films to create a spooky atmosphere. Hollywood humor, we guess.

THE UNTHINKABLES

We wonder, What will *The Untouchables* be called when it's released in India? If the movie keeps that title, Indians will assume that it stars a caste of millions.

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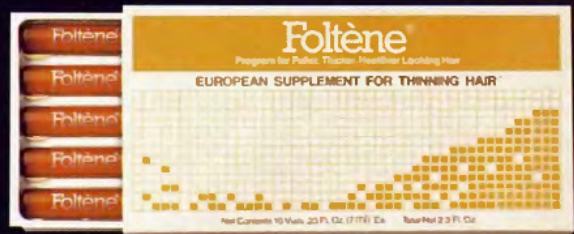
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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ALBERT FINNEY, Matthew Modine and Kevin Anderson—Anderson repeating the stage role he originated for Chicago's Steppenwolf Theater Company—score a triple tour de force in *Orphans* (Lorimar). Producer-director Alan J. Pakula doesn't try to conceal the theatrics of Lyle Kessler's hit play, nor does he ask his three flashy actors to curb their virtuosity. Finney's the kingpin as a Chicago gangster who allows himself to be abducted and held in a ramshackle house in New Jersey by two weird brothers—one a petty thief (Modine) given to bursts of violence, the other a seemingly retarded recluse who's secretly educating himself with good books. The kidnap victim not only turns the tables but becomes a virtual godfather or kindly Fagin, showering his captors with cash and material comforts. What he's really giving them is love, some emotional connection to help them establish self-esteem, and that's the hidden message of *Orphans*. Most of it is well hidden in a curiously simple format that moves from Pinteresque menace to madcap fantasy to poignant tragicomedy, missing nary a beat. Such adult doses of entertainment are rare nowadays. While these guys may puzzle you some, they won't send you home feeling brain dead. ★★★

Lookin' good and simultaneously showing engaging vulnerability in a straight acting role, September 1984 Playmate Kim Evenson takes off in *Kandyland* (New World). She's dandy as a girl who gives up both her boyfriend and a job in a dry-cleaning store to dance in a topless club, where she learns about disillusionment, drugs and dirty-minded louts from a seasoned, burned-out stripper named Harlow (Sandahl Bergman, who can even manage a dramatic nervous breakdown while stripping). Colorfully photographed and choreographed, *Kandyland* is a lively, old-fashioned B movie that provides a feast of flesh, then follows it up with a tidy moral about true love. ★★

Events leading up to a 1920 massacre that launched the subsequent labor war between coal miners and company goons are the subject of *Matewan* (Cinecom). Adapting his own novel *Union Dues*, writer-director John Sayles joins forces with cinematographer Haskell Wexler to spell out a visually stunning, passionately felt paean to those pioneers who fought to establish human rights and a living wage for workers. Such foursquare liberal sentiments smack more of Depression-era moviemaking than of the right-leaning Eighties, which means that *Matewan* may remind you of *The Grapes of Wrath* and other we-the-people screen classics. Chris



Orphans' mesmerizing Modine, Finney.

Orphans comes to the screen;
a Playmate does a star turn;
Sonny Wisecarver lives again.

Cooper (who looks like Harrison Ford's back-country cousin) plays an idealistic organizer named Kenehan, with James Earl Jones as "Few Clothes" Johnson, one of the blacks hired as strikebreakers, and Will Oldham as Danny, a teenaged miner who moonlights as a preacher. The company men, of course, are deep-dyed villains to be hissed at. Sayles is re-creating history as melodrama with a documentary feel to it, and he unequivocally takes sides. He also takes his time, well over two hours, and plainly relishes his own cameo performance as a minister friendly to the mine owners. *Matewan* is gripping, but its grip loosens as it gets long-winded. ★★★

The boldest and riskiest aspect of *Maurice* (Cinecom) is its unabashed romanticizing of homosexual love. E. M. Forster's novel, written in 1914, when gay sex acts were still punishable crimes under English law, was not published until 1971 and has never been considered first-rate Forster. The movie version (see *Sex in Cinema*) overshadows the book as social history with a surprising subliminal jolt of erotic tension. Stylishly mounted by producer Ismail Merchant and director James Ivory, the team whose fine film version of Forster's *A Room with a View* picked up three 1986 Oscars, *Maurice* is the saga of a handsome, sexually disoriented Cambridge dropout developing the courage to admit that he's gay. James Wilby, in the title role, gives an impeccable performance as a civilized man driven by desires

still considered unspeakable. His best friend, Clive (Hugh Grant), is an aristocrat who argues that love between two men should remain Platonic. After Clive has settled half reluctantly into an arid but respectable marriage, Maurice finds fulfillment in the embraces of a strapping young gamekeeper (Rupert Graves) on Clive's estate. That's the whole story, staged without apology and with fastidious taste in a bygone era, before any budding pederast had to reckon with AIDS. While Denholm Elliott, Billie Whitelaw and other British stalwarts uphold convention entertainingly, this audacious, intelligent *Maurice* may well give middle America a gentlemanly hotfoot. ★★★

As he kisses his bride, who's over 21 at the time of their elopement, the 15-year-old bridegroom comments, "This is so much better than the ninth grade." Thereby hangs the true-to-life comic tale retold by writer-director Phil Alden Robinson's *In the Mood* (Lorimar). Back in 1944, with the world at war, a sexually precocious California kid named Sonny Wisecarver became a kind of home-front hero by running off with two older women—one (played with offbeat charm by Talia Balsam, daughter of actor Martin) to whom he was briefly married, then another sexy Serviceman's wife (Beverly D'Angelo in the film), who simply found him irresistible. The way he's portrayed by Patrick Dempsey, Sonny combines boyish, goofy innocence with a chronic inability to heed his father's admonition to "keep it zipped and take lots of cold showers." Viewed as an amiable cartoon about life in the U.S. more than four decades ago, *In the Mood* is easy to take, broad and sassy. ★★★

Director Wayne Wang's slow-paced *Slam Dance* (Island) puts on Kafkaesque airs with precious little substance to support them. Thomas Hulce, his boyish *Amadeus* giggle still functioning efficiently, plays an L.A. cartoonist who is in trouble over women: His estranged wife (Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio) can't stand him anymore, and the police start hounding him after the party girl he's been balling (Virginia Madsen) is murdered. Why? And by whom? *Slam Dance* has a lot of explaining to do and never makes any of it seem to matter much. My compensation was ogling Mastrantonio and Madsen, a delectable duo, and checking out the appearance of rock star Adam Ant, entirely credible in a supporting role. ★★

Making his debut as a major movie director with *House of Games* (Orion), playwright David Mamet ultimately sabotages his own crafty screenplay. Far more intricate and cerebral than *The Untouchables*,

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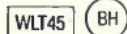
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which he also scripted, *Games* is a provocative thriller about a scam, with Lindsay Crouse (Mrs. Mamet off screen) as a psychologist-author who has written a best seller called *Driven*, about obsession and compulsion in everyday life. The lady discovers the dark side of her own nature when she's drawn into a plot—and into bed—with a brilliant con man (Joe Mantegna) who convinces her he'd be a suitable subject for research. While *Games* is farfetched, its convolutions are hypnotic—and might be riveting if Mamet had resisted letting his actors (Crouse in particular) perform in a deadpan theatrical style more appropriate for an artsy stage drama in blank verse. Her eyes fixed on the middle distance, Crouse often appears to be addressing Destiny rather than her fellow actors. Mamet tries hard for a kind of *film noir* artifice but winds up with his message buried in mannerisms. ♣

Director John Boorman's resonant *Hope and Glory* (Columbia) goes back to World War Two to reminisce about the tribulations experienced by one fairly average, flummoxed family in the suburbs of London. War brings both tragedy and comedy to the Rohans: A German airman parachutes into a neighbor's garden—and is warned not to trample the Brussels sprouts. While Father (David Hayman) is off typing to defend his country, Mother (Sarah Miles) discovers she likes being on her own and would probably have been happier with her husband's best friend (Derrick O'Connor). Her teenaged daughter (Sammi Davis) runs wild and gets pregnant by a Canadian soldier. When their home is destroyed, Mother and children take shelter with her parents in a riverside village, where her irascible old dad (Ian Bannen in a curmudgeonly tour de force) curses the war, rationing, his sons-in-law and his four daughters, who married those ne'er-do-well louts. There's probably too much going on here for one movie, which meanders a bit, yet Boorman might argue, with reason, that life is like that. At least, *his* was; and the point-of-view character in this unabashedly autobiographical human comedy is young Sebastian Rice-Edwards as Bill, a winsome lad who responds to the befuddled world around him with wondrous spontaneity. While it's a remarkable switch for Boorman, a director usually hip deep in swashbuckling and adventure (*Zardoz*, *Excalibur* and *The Emerald Forest*, to name a few), *Hope and Glory* is a warm, wise, familiar but richly detailed and superbly played piece of old-fashioned cinemagic about coming of age in wartime. ♣

The classic romantic fantasy of a man and a woman on a tropical island is pretty much deflated by *Castaway* (Cannon). Based on a book by Scottish author Lucy Irvine, recounting how she answered an ad in 1981 and became the yearlong wife-companion of an adventurer named Ger-



Miles, O'Connor in superb *Hope and Glory*.

A pair of British imports from Boorman and Roeg, plus the year's Trashiest flick.

ald Kingsland, Nicolas Roeg's film version (see *Sex in Cinema*) has a decidedly muddled point of view. Although lush and splendidly eye-filling, shot on location in the Seychelles, it's a woman's true first-person story recycled with a definite *macho* slant. Both gorgeous newcomer Amanda Donohoe (as Irvine) and Oliver Reed (as Kingsland) are naked, or nearly so, a good share of the time. Still, *Castaway* seems more teasing than erotic, since the isolated couple totes along enough psychological baggage to sink any male-female relationship. Once they're alone in their paradise, locked in a marriage of convenience to satisfy uptight officialdom, she refuses to sleep with him. He, in turn, becomes so indolent and boorish that she'd seem desperate if she did. Despite drawbacks, rate this movie inherently fascinating as a story of—in the heroine's words—"the ultimate blind date." ♣

People just melt away or explode in lurid color in *Street Trash* (Lightning), your best bet so far as the most vulgar and vomitous junk movie of 1987. Awarded several prizes in European festivals of far-out flicks for cultists, *Trash* has most of its victims imbibing a lethal vino labeled *Viper* before they dissolve. There's also a totally grossed-out episode about playing catch with a severed penis, but I won't dwell on gory details. Fledgling director Jim Muro, at 22, obviously intends to follow in the bloody footsteps of Tobe Hooper and George Romero. Like those pioneers, he doesn't take horror too seriously. Some hilarious, rude encounters between a wise-cracking doorman (James Lorinz) and a

Mobster (Tony Darrow) are the funniest bits—virtually the *only* bits that won't bring out the barf bags. ♣

At the very end of Norman Mailer's *Tough Guys Don't Dance* (Cannon), the bodies of most of the principal characters are dumped into a watery grave off Cape Cod by Ryan O'Neal and Lawrence Tierney (who plays his helpful dad), while *Pomp and Circumstance* booms on the sound track. An appropriately pretentious choice of music. Misdirected by Mailer and adapted from his own novel, *Tough Guys* is a leaden, hard-to-follow and archly acted whodunit that is either a wildly off-the-wall spoof or one of the worst movies in many a moon. I'm afraid, though, that Mailer—a major American writer but not one of our leading humorists—did not set out to be funny. Every witticism weighs a ton. Unraveling the plot would consume pages and sound like *Blue Velvet* revisited. Just take my word that O'Neal is mixed up with sex, bloody murder, cocaine deals and an exceptionally loathsome group of summer people. Of the three leading ladies, only Isabella Rossellini survives undecapitated, thus avoiding burial at sea. Actors aweigh. ♣

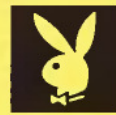
Studying the stunted lives of so-called little people against the wide-open spaces of God's country must be catnip to film makers. Latest of the breed is *Stacking* (Spectrafilm), produced and directed by Martin Rosen from Victoria Jenkins' sympathetic but static screenplay and filmed amid some spectacular Montana landscapes. Christine Lahti, excellent as always, dominates the story as a farmer's restive wife who has to work part time at the coffee shop in town and knows that "there are whole worlds out there" in distant places like California. Her teenaged daughter (Megan Fellows) is the plucky pivotal character who loves her dad (Ray Baker), a whining loser, tries to placate her mom and turns to a farm-hand chum named Buster (Frederic Forrest) in times of need. *Stacking* (the title refers to stacking hay) achieves a few poignant moments of truth, particularly when Peter Coyote whips through in a cameo role as an itinerant photographer. ♣

Back to Vietnam. May 1969. Observing hoary Hollywood tradition, the usual GI ethnic mix is assembled to conquer a meaningless mound of jungle real estate in *Hamburger Hill* (Paramount). While the guys fight and die, they know they're mocked by shithead peaceniks back home—one soldier's girl solemnly writes that her college friends say it's immoral for her to keep corresponding with him. Here we have the inevitable revisionist view of the Vietnam fiasco, a high-decibel, hideously graphic salute to those valiant dead. Professing to show "war at its worst by young men at their best," director John Irvin and writer-producer Jim Carabatsos

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have a way with words, as spoken by grunts in dire straits, and the young actors do their bits bravely. But *Hamburger Hill*—except for a Philip Glass score audible from time to time—adds absolutely nothing beyond blood, guts and heavy ammo to the growing number of Purple Heart epics lined up behind *Platoon*. ♣

It has an unlikely title for a comedy from Yugoslavia, but writer-director Jovan Acin's *Hey Babu Riba* (Orion Classics) looks to the West in more ways than one. Its heroes are four middle-aged men who meet at a funeral in Belgrade to reminisce about their wayward youth back in 1953, when all of them were in love with the deceased, a beautiful girl named Esther (Gala Videnović). In flashbacks, we also see how the lads learn to smoke and screw from a local trollop who'd give each boy black-market blue jeans and a cigarette after his sexual initiation. The foursome of teenagers is a jazz combo, too, with a repertoire strongly slanted toward American music. The movie meanders a bit in its transitions from then to now, but *Hey Babu Riba* overall is a rueful, charming, enlightened charade that rises above Communist Party politics—as a boy-meets-girl mating game played by the same wrongheaded rules from Belgrade to Walla Walla. ♣½

The brothers Taviani, Paolo and Vittorio, have turned out some minor masterworks (*The Night of the Shooting Stars*, *Padre Padrone*) in their native Italy. More's the pity that they wind up all thumbs in their first English-language feature, *Good Morning, Babylon* (Vestron), a delicious idea gone dead wrong. *Babylon's* heroes are two brothers (Vincent Spano and Joaquim De Almeida), artisans who give up restoring cathedrals in Tuscany and move to Hollywood to work for D. W. Griffith (Charles Dance) just before he starts filming his 1916 epic *Intolerance*. The *ragazzi* also romance a pair of fetching extras (Greta Scacchi, Desiree Baker) who vaguely resemble the Gish sisters. Although picture pretty, the Tavianis' dusty valentine to Movieland's pioneer era ultimately seems precious, pointless and dull. ♣

Frankly, we wouldn't have bothered to check out *Can't Buy Me Love* (Touchstone), a film that has Summer Teen Fluff written all over it, had we not noticed Playmate Devin de Vasquez' name in the credits. Devin is delicious as Iris, a siren in training, but the show really belongs to 16-year-old Amanda Peterson as the cheerleader whom Patrick Dempsey (see *In the Mood*, above) rents in a bid for membership in the high school's cool crowd. In a boy-meets-girl, boy-loses-girl, boy-regains-girl story that leans heavily on that romantic-comedy cliché "If only I'd said . . .," the supposedly airheaded rally girl proves to be the only character with common sense. ♣½

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MOVIE SCORE CARD

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- Best Seller** (10/87) Woods and Dennehy making book on some bad guys. **YYY**
- The Big Easy** (9/87) Catch Quaid as a hot Cajun cop on the take. **YYY½**
- Can't Buy Me Love** (See review) Boy rents girl. **Y½**
- Castaway** (See review) An island idyl: Have nought to wear, will travel. **YYY**
- The Fourth Protocol** (10/87) Brosnan takes a shot with the K.G.B. **YYY½**
- Full Metal Jacket** (10/87) And now for Vietnam according to Kubrick. **YYY**
- Good Morning, Babylon** (See review) Two Italians in Hollywood, back when. **Y**
- Hamburger Hill** (See review) 'Nam again, viewed from a right angle. **Y**
- Hellraiser** (10/87) Some minor horrors from Britain's Clive Barker. **YY**
- Hey Babu Riba** (See review) East meets West in a Yugo youth comedy. **YYY½**
- Hope and Glory** (See review) Brits surviving the Blitz, family style. **YYYY**
- House of Games** (See review) Give unto Mamet that which is Mamet's. **YY**
- In the Mood** (See review) Teen Romeo dotes on older women. **YYY**
- Jean de Florette** (8/87) French classic with Montand. **YYYY**
- Kandyland** (See review) Playmate Kim Evenson as a winsome stripper. **YY**
- Lady Beware** (Listed only) A window dresser in jeopardy. But except for Diane Lane, no bargain at all. **Y**
- The Living Daylights** (9/87) Dalton as Bond, still in the fast lane. **YYYY**
- The Lost Boys** (9/87) Some beach-party bloodsucking in California. **YYY**
- Matewan** (See review) Mine wars. **YYY**
- Maurice** (See review) Boy-crazy boys, a.k.a. *Laddie Chatterley*. **YYY**
- Nadine** (10/87) Basinger and Bridges as a couple of screwball Texans. **YYY½**
- No Way Out** (10/87) In a showcase role, Kevin Costner's a winner. **YYY**
- Orphans** (See review) All flash, with a superfine stunt by Finney. **YYYY**
- Rita, Sue and Bob Too!** (10/87) Baby sitters take time out for Daddy. **YYY½**
- RoboCop** (10/87) Peter Weller's all heart and heavy metal. Upgraded. **YYYY**
- Slam Dance** (See review) Hulce has a problem down at homicide. **YY**
- Stacking** (See review) Hay fever. **YY**
- Stakeout** (Listed only) As girl-watching cops, Estevez and Dreyfuss are dandy. So's the girl. **YYY**
- Street Trash** (See review) Yuk. **YY**
- Tough Guys Don't Dance** (See review) Is that you, Norman? **Y**
- The Untouchables** (9/87) Chicago's bad old days heated up by De Palma. **YYYY**
- Wish You Were Here!** (9/87) The rise of a teenaged tart in Blighty. **YYY**

YYYYY Outstanding

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

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NELSON GEORGE

IN THE SIXTIES, Saturdays at the George household were cleaning days. It was my job to polish the living-room furniture. The only fun part came when my mother turned on our hi-fi and stacked up her 45s.

By far the majority of singles on our record changer showed the orange-and-black label of Volt or the pale blue of Stax—the labels bearing sounds from the Memphis operation of Al Bell and Jim Stewart, who provided my work with background music by the greatest male vocalist of the soul era, Otis Redding.

So it is with deep and profound joy that I play over and over *The Otis Redding Story* (Atlantic), a four-record set containing 60 songs. Collected are all the Redding-written standards (*These Arms of Mine*, *Mr. Pitiful*, *I've Been Loving You Too Long*, [*Sittin' on*] *the Dock of the Bay*), his best-known covers (Sam Cooke's *Shake and a Change Is Gonna Come*, The Rolling Stones' *Satisfaction*), his more obscure covers (Charles Brown's *Merry Christmas Baby*, Irving Berlin's *White Christmas*, Jerry Butler's *For Your Precious Love*) and two previously unreleased songs (*Stay in School* and *You Left the Water Running*).

As I listen today, it's clear that Redding didn't possess a wide vocal range and that he often garbled lyrics; but the intensity, conviction, charm and humor of the man flow through all his work, and those elements make his music enduring.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

To me, the idea that reverence for the past is now country music's official wave of the future doesn't seem like a paradox. It seems like a load of shit. Neotraditionalism, shmeotraditionalism—country artists have always invited their audiences to escape the present; self-righteous purism is merely their latest gimmick. As always, they sometimes escape the present in entertaining or even revelatory ways. But up against the latest from Randy Travis, Dwight Yoakam and Steve Earle, I'll take the work of two nonpurists whose devotion to their druthers predates this fad.

Like Linda Ronstadt, Barbara Mandrell and Travis, Rosanne Cash is a country-rooted interpreter who can cross over. Unlike them, she's Johnny's daughter, she writes some and she has a lot of guts. Her tough resolve gives her basically conventional good voice its personality—and lets her kick off *King's Record Shop* (Columbia) with *Rosie Strike Back*, good advice for battered wives that all too many country fans need in 1987. Cash has much more going for her than simple integrity, and if nothing else on the album equals its lead cut, that's high praise for the song.

Like Earle, Yoakam and Charlie Dan-



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iels, Joe Ely is a honky-tonk man. Unlike them, he has never pretended that country was his first love. Ely is a butt-kicking rock-'n'-roller who, with contributions from Austin buddy Butch Hancock, has recorded more ace lyrics over the past decade or so than any country-tinged performer this side of Elvis Costello. On *Lord of the Highway* (HighTone, P.O. Box 326, Alameda, California 94501), the giveaway is *My Baby Thinks She's French*: "She plays Spanish guitar/At the coffee bar/She's takin' self-defense." Guarantee you Yoakam and Earle (maybe not Daniels) know women like that. They're just too fucking pure to admit it.

VIC GARBARINI

With its chiming guitars and high, bright harmonies, *Fire Town* is the latest exponent of neo-Byrdsian, mid-American rock as practiced by Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers and R.E.M. At its best moments on its debut, *In the Heart of the Heart Country* (Atlantic), *Fire Town* comes across as a clean-cut, more upbeat version of R.E.M.; at its worst, it's a squirrely, post-punk Poco. There are hooks, harmonies and melodies galore and some reasonably reflective lyrics about life and love in small-town America. Overall, the results are consistently charming but bloodless.

The Grateful Dead readily admit that their freewheeling improvisational style is more suited to the concert hall than to the studio. So it's no surprise that *In the Dark*

(Arista), their first studio effort in seven years, fails to capture the magic of those folksy birth-of-the-universe jams that have made them one of rock's premiere live bands. The problem is that these tunes are the loosely structured, open-ended kind that are meant to unfold themselves gradually in concert. Clipped to a rambling three or four minutes here, they barely get out of second gear, but the upbeat *Touch of Grey* is an exception.

DAVE MARSH

Dave Alvin has been the secret strength of two very good Los Angeles cult bands: The Blasters, for whom he played guitar

GUEST SHOT



ACTOR-WRITER-producer-director Robert Townsend made his first movie, "Hollywood Shuffle," with raw talent, undiluted moxie and a fistful of credit cards. Now he's working on a second under a generous Warner Bros. contract. It seemed appropriate to pair Townsend with a self-made street-savvy rap group called Public Enemy.

"I enjoyed *You're Gonna Get Yours*. It's raw and makes no compromises. It's a bit like being in New York City—the dialog has the whole urban rhythm. This isn't dance-club-synthesizer studio music. Public Enemy isn't as commercial as other rap groups. The lyrics are on the money about urban street life—they really capture what's going on out there. I don't think the album's honesty will scare people off—it's reminiscent of *The Message*, by Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five. They had no fear of the truth, either."

and wrote virtually all the material, and X, which he served as guitarist and writer of its best song, *Fourth of July*. Connect The Blasters' rock-a-billy and R&B roots to X's postpunk power and you've got a hint of where Alvin is coming from.

But as his first solo album, *Romeo's Escape* (Epic), makes clear, Alvin has more than roots and raw nerve going for him. He's an accomplished songwriter in the



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LL Cool J <i>Bigger and Deffer</i>	6	8	9	5	8
Elvis Presley <i>The Complete Sun Sessions</i>	9	10	8	10	10
Otis Redding <i>The Otis Redding Story</i>	10	10	10	10	10

NO LONGER WAITING ON A FRIEND DEPARTMENT: Although Mick, Charlie and Bill have reportedly confirmed that the Stones will record again after Jagger's solo tour, Keith Richards' multialbum contract with Virgin Records and his own solo album make any Stones plans look pretty iffy.

REELING AND ROCKING: Elton John has been talking with Sylvester Stallone about scoring *Rambo III*, and he also plans to tour China in 1988 with Australia's Melbourne Symphony Orchestra. . . . Timothy Dalton (the new James Bond) will star in *Hawks*, a black comedy written by The Bee Gees' Barry Gibb. Gibb and Eric Clapton are reportedly doing the sound track. In other Clapton news, Polygram will observe Eric's silver anniversary in rock with a six-album retrospective that will go all the way back to The Yardbirds. . . . David Byrne is working on the score of director Bernardo Bertolucci's new movie, *The Last Emperor*. . . . Roger Daltrey is considering an American TV role. . . . Joe Strummer is scoring Alex Cox's new film, *Walker*.

NEWSBREAKS: Priscilla Presley's book *Elvis and Me* will be turned into a four-hour miniseries for ABC by Presley's own production company. . . . Artists with upcoming albums to watch for: Thomas Dolby, Robert Palmer, Heart (greatest hits), the reunited Doobie Brothers, Madonna, Dave Mason (with Stevie Nicks sitting in), Dire Straits, Talking Heads, a-ha and Chaka Khan. . . . Miles Copeland, head honcho at I.R.S. Records, is launching an instrumental-rock-album series called *No Speak*, to highlight musicians who aren't famous for their singing or their music videos. Artists should send their tapes to the label. . . . The Crickets have regrouped and are in London recording with the help of the

ultimate Buddy Holly fan, Paul McCartney. . . . Great idea: The Oregon State Pen inmates put on a three-day blues fest this past September. Prisoners attended a roadie school and learned how to set up equipment, run the sound system and lights and produce the video tape of the event. The school helps the inmates develop a marketable skill they can use on the outside. . . . Prince's sister, Tyka Nelson, has a debut album coming out in January. . . . Federal drug agents may be auctioning off some Beatles memorabilia that was allegedly among the purchases made by three men indicted by a Boston grand jury for selling 55 tons of marijuana . . . and speaking of Beatles stuff, John Lennon items brought in the highest bids at Sotheby's fifth annual rock auction. The music curator for the Hard Rock Cafés bought most of them, including John's original lyric sheets for *Dear Prudence* and *Imagine* and a pair of his glasses. Even Ringo's 1961 car-insurance policy went for \$550. Ah, the price of fame. . . . Nonoise, a new computer process developed by a San Francisco company called Sonic Solutions, has enabled MCA Home Video to rescue the 1968 *Doors* concert film from the garbage. Jim Morrison had ruined the film's sound track when he ripped out a mike wire. The process has also been used to rescue old jazz and blues records and even some Grateful Dead tapes. . . . It's Chuck Berry season. His autobiography is being published by Crown and Taylor Hackford's film *Hail Hail Rock and Roll*, starring Chuck and his friends Keith Richards, Linda Ronstadt, Eric Clapton, Robert Cray, Etta James, Julian Lennon, Little Richard and The Boss, will be showing at your local theater. Proof that you can duck walk forever.

—BARBARA NELLIS

heartland vein of John Fogerty, John Mellencamp and Steve Earle, and he has smartly included the best songs he wrote for his earlier groups: *Fourth of July*, *Jubilee Train* and *Border Radio*. Alvin's songs are well crafted and they have a sense of life, whether he's depicting a rogue trying to motivate a honey to show him her tattoo (*New Tattoo*) or a workingman explaining to a friend how scabbing cuts the heart out of their lives (*Brother on the Line*).

Alvin has never been a lead vocalist, so the real revelation here is his singing—rough but rich. The result is rock 'n' roll that's sometimes moving (*I Wish It Was Saturday Night*), sometimes funny (*You Got Me*) and, at best, both (*Romeo's Escape*).

Alvin keeps his roots nearby, so he won't mind sharing space with Elvis Presley's *The Complete Sun Sessions* (RCA), which gathers on three sides all the previously released sides Elvis made for Sam Phillips in Memphis in 1954 and 1955. It's side four that expands the story, though, with outtakes of *I Love You Because* and *I'm Left, You're Right, She's Gone*, which offer a rare glimpse of how consciously crafted rock 'n' roll was even in those early days. This is not the Rosetta stone, but only because guys like Dave Alvin have been doing a great job translating and updating those Memphis experiments for years.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Joe Walsh opens *Got Any Gum?* (Warner) with *The Radio Song*, which, to his credit, is more a paean to the creative process than to current play lists. Still, "How do I get on the radio?" is the main question musicians ask themselves these days, and Walsh has tried to answer it by pushing his sound in a softer, more airy direction. Unfortunately, something gets lost, and *Gum* reveals only occasional hints of Walsh's musical inventiveness and sense of humor.

The Call used to be the equivalent of a Yugo at the Indianapolis 500—singer Michael Been had all the moves, but his band had none of the power. That has changed with *into the woods* (Elektra), on which the musicians are finally hitting on all eight cylinders. On the lead cut, *I Don't Wanna*, Been twice shifts into emotional overdrive with simply breath-taking results, and the rest of the album is almost as hard on my oxygen supply.

Michael Hedges has so many moves on the acoustic guitar that he makes electricity seem obsolete. On *Live from the Double Planet* (Windham Hill), he explores a number of pop standards (*All Along the Watchtower*) and some less than standards (*The Funky Avocado*). Most inspired selection is Sheila E.'s *A Love Bizarre*, from which Hedges extracts a haunting melody that gives a whole new meaning to the song. That's what cover versions ought to do. Is this New Age New Wave?

Real Friends



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

By THOMAS M. DISCH

LIKE OTHER social species, the American redneck evolves, and the Audubon of the Eighties, the man who has depicted the redneck in its most evolved state, is John Bloom, a Texas journalist who from 1982 to 1985, under the pseudonym Joe Bob Briggs, wrote a weekly column for the *Dallas Times Herald* in which he reviewed all those movies that other critics ignore or deplore—such horror/porn slice-'em-ups as the *Friday the 13th* series and such art films as *Bloodsucking Freaks*, which Joe Bob declared the best re-release of 1983 and described in lip-smacking detail: "Doc goes to work. First he straps a bimbo in a chair and pulls out all her teeth so 'you won't bite.' Then he decides to do 'a little elective neurosurgery'—power drill through the head while he's hummin' *Marriage of Figaro*. . . . Sardu gets grossed out . . . so he tells Ralpus to *feed the doctor to the nekkid lady in the dungeon*. Pretty amazing scene, specially when they rip out his heart and rub it over their flesh." Part of the fascination of *Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In* (Delacorte) is just such slash-by-slash synopses of so much arcane sleaze; but what makes Bloom's book a redneck classic to be ranked with Erskine Caldwell's *Tobacco Road* is the character, or lack thereof, of Joe Bob himself as he expresses, Archie Bunker style, redneck values and prejudices. Eventually, Bloom's weekly outrage provoked a protest of the *Times Herald* by Dallas' black community, and Joe Bob bit the dust. In the 1946 horror movie *Dead of Night*, a genteel ventriloquist and his evil dummy undergo a role reversal. It's not a movie Joe Bob Briggs would have seen at a Texas drive-in, but it's one of the scariest movies ever made—and the story of John Bloom's life. Properly read (between the lines), the moral of the Joe Bob Briggs story is, Beware of *pretending* to be a redneck—because you may become one.

Speaking of rednecks, Barry Hannah's new novelette of Southern life, *Hey Jack!* (Dutton), isn't even on the dart board in terms of either the letter or the spirit of redneck life. This is Literature in the most pejorative sense, with a brace of Old Soldier heroes in the mawkish mold of late Hemingway and a fashionably minimalist plot and prose style that have been blenderized to produce an extraneous sense that something deep and difficult is being expressed. Larry McMurtry anoints Hannah as "the best fiction writer in the South since Flannery O'Connor." If honor still lives in Dixie, there are at least 20 writers down there who could challenge McMurtry to a duel.

One of those writers is William O'Rourke, whose *Criminal Tendencies* (Dut-



At the movies with Joe Bob Briggs.

Texas redneck Joe Bob reviews horror/porn slice-'em-ups; true tales of CIA-sponsored crimes.

ton), though it gets dust-jacket hype from menu-B writers, is to *Hey Jack!* as only the best barbecued ribs are to a failed quiche. At 406 pages, it is as long as *Hey Jack!* seems, but the story moves like a speedboat. *Tendencies* has more villains than Hannah would have the energy to shake a stick at, and every single one of them is a human being. The hero and heroine are perhaps a bit too good to be true, but by comparison with Hannah's Papa Xeroxes, they are examples of pure photorealism. I must allow that *Criminal Tendencies*, considered only as popcorn, starts to run short of butter and salt toward the bottom of the plot, but *Hey Jack!* lacks such enhancements altogether. So why is one of them Literature and the other marketed as a mere "memorable romp through the Florida Keys"? That is a question only E. P. Dutton can answer. Well, Joe Bob Briggs could answer it, too, but his answer wouldn't be printable.

Both Elmore Leonard's *Touch* (Arbor House) and Brian Moore's *The Color of Blood* (Dutton) occupy that vast middle range of the spectrum from so-so to pretty good. Actually, fans of Leonard may not enjoy *Touch* a whole lot, since it is far from his usual hard-boiled vein, being an ultra-warmhearted romantic comedy about a stigmatic saint who is redeemed from celibacy by the love of a good lay. So far, so good, but Leonard never puts enough spin on his narrative ball to keep you guessing. The ending is about as surprising as the results of the '84 election—and

the same can be said for *The Color of Blood*, which is also about a saint. Moore's Cardinal Bem is an unblemished prince of the Catholic Church in an unnamed but very Polish Soviet Bloc country, where the right-wing elements of his Church are trying to kidnap and/or kill him. He is unremittently pious, chaste, brave and diplomatic. *The Color of Blood* represents less than one usually expects of Moore.

If you watched the Iran/*Contra* hearings, you may have come to the conclusion that they represented only the tip of the iceberg of the routine criminality in the Executive Office. If you want a guided tour of that iceberg, check out Jonathan Kwitny's *The Crimes of Patriots* (Norton). Subtitled "A True Tale of Dope, Dirty Money and the CIA," the book heaps up such a massive shit pile of particulars that it's hard to believe that, officially, it has all been swept under the carpet. Cover-up-wise, it helps that all the CIA-sponsored crimes reported—drug deals, money laundering, contract murders and traditional financial hustles aimed at widows and orphans—took place half a world away, at an Australian bank whose ties to the CIA were systematic and pervasive but, of course, never a matter of public record. Australian investigators were foiled by American officials' refusal to cooperate. The crimes of bankers lack the glamor of murder or rape, since bankers have the cleverness to appear to be busy old paper shufflers. But the bankers and their friends at the Agency (including a handful of such Iran/*Contra* celebs as Richard Secord and Tom Clines) have the sleazy fascination and scariness of genuine gangsters, and Kwitny's muckraking strikes a reader-friendly balance between "responsible" reportage and page-turning excitement. One caution: Although the Agency can't admit it, since its official policy is never to comment on its own felonies, bear in mind, *the CIA does not want you to read this book.*

BOOK BAG

The Second City (Perigee), by Donna McCrohan: A 25-year-plus chronicle of comedy's hottest troupe, from Nichols and May to Belushi and Aykroyd. Many of this continent's belly laughs have come from Bernie Sahlins' Windy City family tree.

Soupsongs / Webster's Ark (Houghton Mifflin), by Roy Blount Jr.: Blount as poet is as much fun to read as, well, Blount as Blount. This topsy-turvy collection makes you smile with your whole face.

Murder In-Law (Mysterious), by Paul Engleman: Just thick enough to get your teeth into. Murder and mayhem in New Jersey. Engleman's gumshoe Renzler goes up against the big frame-up.



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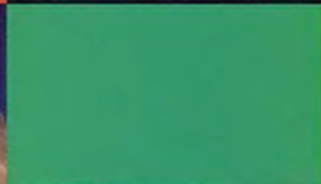
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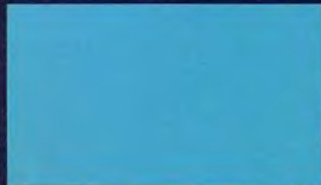
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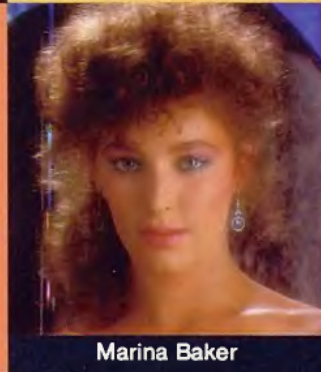
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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

Update on the wonderful world of sports:

Excitement is continuing to build for the start of pro football, which will be getting under way in late December—as soon as the N.F.L. gets all of these cumbersome regular-season games out of the way.

It's good to see that the N.B.A. play-offs are down to the last 12 teams. There ought to be some fireworks between now and 1991, when the 1985 season concludes.

An idea for *60 Minutes*: Do a piece on the only living human in the United States who still watches *Monday Night Football*.

All along, sportswriters have known that scheduling the 1988 summer Olympics in Seoul is a plot to have them murdered.

Caesars Palace has some interesting plans for the future: a championship fight in which the participants will actually hit each other.

A recent survey of Heisman Trophy voters shows that at least seven of the more than 1000 ballots will be marked by people who have seen a college football game.

No real point can be made of the fact that fewer people die from overeating than die from jogging.

Sooner or later, college basketball will have to confront a crisis: how to arrange a 64-team play-off for the national championship around Brent Musburger's monologs.

There's a simple reason that there are now more injuries in baseball than there are in the N.F.L.: more contact.

Question: When will *People* magazine and *USA Today* claim responsibility for the kidnaping of *Sports Illustrated*?

A poll of N.C.A.A. committee members substantiates the fact that well over one third of them can state their correct names and addresses as well as feed themselves.

The Ivy League may still have the smartest football players, despite the fact that Brooke Shields was graduated with honors from Princeton.

Here's how the college football play-offs will work: ABC, CBS, NBC and ESPN will all stage national championship games. The winners of those national championships will then meet on the network of the N.C.A.A.'s choice for the *real* national championship. "This is how a championship should be decided," a network spokesman will say, "on television and in prime time—the way sports were



PASSING FANCIES

meant to be played." The eventual winner will be the team that led the A.P. poll.

No word yet from any of the private investigators who have been searching for Carl Lewis since the L.A. Olympics.

It doesn't seem possible that a professional golfer could once win a tournament without a logo on his shirt or cap.

Prediction: Two N.F.L. defensive linemen will be sentenced to 25 years in prison for tackling a quarterback behind the line of scrimmage.

Major-league baseball needs a trophy for the player whose uniform most fits like a leotard.

Definition of a sports nut: someone who can name a hockey player other than Wayne Gretzky.

The track-and-field record that may last the longest is Mary Decker Slaney's in the 3000-meter whine.

A reunion will soon be scheduled for the six television viewers who haven't tired of John Madden's color commentary.

Alumni groups from the University of North Carolina are getting together to ask Dean Smith to show cause for why he hasn't won 16 N.C.A.A. basketball championships.

Prediction: At least five football teams in the Southeastern Conference will ditch the mesh jersey altogether in favor of players'

wearing no jerseys at all, with the numerals tattooed on their skin.

Idle thought: With the exceptions of Barry Switzer at OU and Joe Paterno at Penn State, all of the great football coaches are either dead or retired.

The editors of *USA Today* will eventually be forced to confirm two rumors: one, that their sports section is a daily memo from CBS Sports, and two, that TV-sports columnist Rudy Martzke is Brent Musburger's agent.

Question: Would you rather watch wrestling on TV or pass blocking in the N.F.L.?

A suggested title for Walter Byers' memoirs: *No Thinking Allowed*.

It won't be a pretty sight when the Los Angeles Lakers begin to lose consistently and all of those Hollywood insects start crawling into the woodwork.

When they build a Hall of Fame for sports agents, will it be located in Costa Rica or in San Quentin?

With the Olympics only months away, hospitals are crowded with mothers giving birth to the swimmers and gymnasts who will be competing.

It's too early to tell, but N.F.L. players this season seem to have a chance to affect the outcome of as many games as do the zebras.

As soon as a good investigative reporter can find out who they are, the heads of all three networks will go on trial at Nuremberg for sports announcers against humanity.

The most dangerous sport in America is still riding in a New York City taxi.

One man's idea of fun: not watching Senior Golf.

Another man's idea of fun: getting left behind on a junket to the Indy 500.

A third man's idea of fun: never knowing who wins the N.B.A. championship.

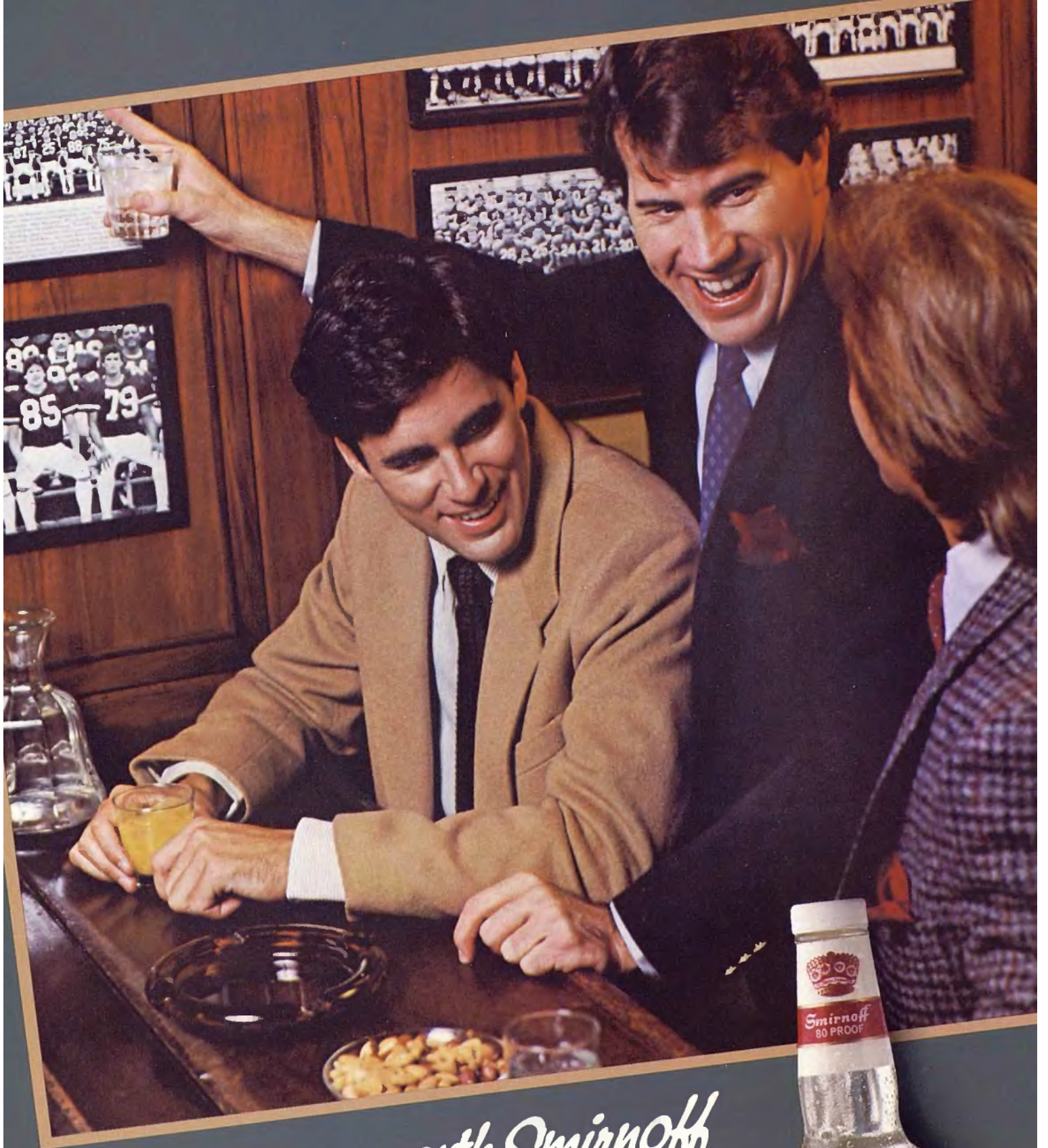
A fourth man's idea of fun: never knowing who wins the Stanley Cup.

A fifth man's idea of fun: rain-out at Wimbledon.

A sixth man's idea of fun: missing Walter Byers' retirement party.

Best job in sports: food poisoner at an N.C.A.A. convention.





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By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Just thinking about it makes me want a joint, badly. I know, Nancy says we should just say no, but something tells me she spent the Sixties in an Adolfo suit and an air-conditioned room, her head under the pillow. But I was out—in the streets with the panhandlers, sleeping in the field at Woodstock, marching against war, driving a VW on acid, cadging food from folk singers, dancing in Day-Glo, being at be-ins—and now every magazine has politely informed me that it's 20 years later, and I have a hankering for some grass.

Somebody once told me that if you say you remember the Sixties, you weren't really there. I never think about the Sixties. Really. Just like I never think about my childhood. It's simply that everything I am right now started then.

One day I was wearing a Peter Pan collar and a circle pin and Bob Dylan came onto the radio, and immediately everything I had thought was my world fell into a yawning chasm and I figured something was happening here; I didn't know what it was, but then neither did my mother, and she never would, so I left home.

Next thing I knew, I was living with an entire rock-'n'-roll band. But I had my own room—with purple-silk curtains, purple Indian spread and the mattress on the floor, rush matting and incense. I anointed my body with lemon-verbena oil, wore miniskirts that barely covered my crotch, walked dreamily in the rain, never slept and fell in love every day.

Girls had simple roles in the Sixties: We cooked lentil casseroles and baked hash brownies. We changed the record once the guys decided whether they wanted to hear the new Cream or Procol Harum. We put mascara on draft-board-bound boys. And we kept explaining that it wasn't that we were uptight and, no, we weren't afraid of sex; we just didn't feel like it.

Listen, it wasn't anything like feminist Utopia. But I remember going to a gynecologist and being fitted with an I.U.D. As I lay in bed, bleeding and in intense pain, I was happy as a lark. I wouldn't get pregnant! I could sleep with boys I wasn't engaged to! I didn't have to marry anybody!

Was it only the giddiness of youth, this euphoric feeling of freedom, of things' breaking wide-open, of nothing making the same boring sense it used to? Or was it the Sixties? Were they magic, the way we thought they were at the time?

Yup, they were. My apartment is now



HIGHWAY 1967 REVISITED

incessantly overrun with 16-year-olds, my son and his gang. They are adorable, smart, openhearted kids. But there is no sense of joyous possibility in their eyes; these kids are cynical bastards—Reagan sucks, society sucks, the future sucks, but they'll play the game; they have no choice.

Yet they get a gleam in their eyes when I tell them what the Sixties were like. Yes, I was in the audience when Dylan started acoustic, finished electric. Yes, Keith Moon actually spoke to me once. Yes, I saw Janis Joplin, the Beatles, the Mothers of Invention. Yes, I once sat at Jimi Hendrix' bedside. Yes, I sat in, marched, went to SDS rallies, heard Abbie Hoffman crack great jokes.

I know what these kids pine for. They want the feeling that we had back then, the feeling that there was us, and then there was them—the straight people. The feeling that you were either on the bus or off the bus. The feeling that good and evil were clear-cut, that those who believed that we should be in Vietnam and that guys should have short hair were evil. And, most important, the feeling that there was a good chance that we would win. These days, we all assume that Ollie North was lying and know there's not a damned thing we can do about it.

Arlo Guthrie once told me, "I remember when you could look down the street

and you could tell who was your friend and who wasn't. There was a six-month period there—you knew who had a roach on him. He was holdin' on to it for dear life—but then you had guys who looked exactly like you sellin' you oregano." And I remember the day the band and I were hanging around the commune and someone came in with the first press kit for a rock band (Moby Grape) that any of us had ever seen. It looked psychedelic, yet it had been done by ad people. I believe the word hype was coined on that very day. We felt a sinking awe; we grokked that hippies (a media term we adored) were about to be swallowed by the maw of corporate America. The loophole we had found would soon be closed, and nobody would be playing guitar for the hell of it anymore.

A couple of years ago, I was with a boyfriend at one of those trendy New York night clubs where people wear black leather and look bored while they grovel shamelessly to get into the VIP room. "Why do you come here? These people are all wankers," he said.

"At least they're not straight," I snapped.

"Doll," he said, "you're a moron. You still think there's such a thing as a counterculture. These people would all sell their mothers for their big break on MTV. The term selling out is obsolete."

Of course, he's right. I don't have to tell you about the morally bankrupt Eighties; we're all living here. But I am here to testify incessantly that the Sixties, contrary to popular belief, are not dead. Many of the things that we were ostracized for fighting for—civil rights, natural foods, consumer advocacy, ecological purity—are now commonplace.

And deep in the heart of every 40-year-old accountant is the secret knowledge that he was there then. He may not admit it, he may not want to do anything about it, but he still gets a twinge of fury when he hears *Day Tripper* in Muzak, and a hidden part of his brain sings, "What a drag it is getting old" at three in the morning while he's trying to get some sleep. He knows what's been lost.

And pretty soon, all those kids hanging around my apartment and their brothers and sisters all over the country may rise up with a mighty hue and cry, and the Eighties will be over. And we can start having fun again.



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By ASA BABER

Want to know about a day in the life of your *Playboy Men* columnist? Hey, it's a breeze. I go into the office and take a sauna, get a massage from one of the Playmates, drink some champagne from the water cooler. It makes for a tough morning, but I survive.

Christie often asks me out for lunch. Hef calls to say hello. We laugh a lot. Then, along about three in the afternoon, I go back to the office and write my column. True, it's hard to type while the centerfold feeds me grapes, but I suffer through it.

If you believe any of the above, I've got some ocean-front property in Arizona that I'll sell you for a song.

No, writing the *Men* column isn't one big party. I'd say it's more like walking point in the jungle. There are a lot of ambushers out there—mostly women—and they take their shots and throw their darts.

Here are some recent hits I've stumbled into during my walk in the sun:

- "I'm going to take karate and then I'm going to break your neck, Baber."

- "You're trashing the sisterhood. You're trashing my revolution and everything I've worked for."

- "Your entire life is a lie."

- "Why do you think nobody talks to you? Because nobody wants to be quoted in your shitty column."

- "Antifeminist propaganda has reached an alarming high. Even my erstwhile pal Asa Baber has joined the band wagon in his recent *Men* columns. This depresses me."

That last quote is from Cynthia Heimel's August *Women* column ("Holiday Healing"). I checked the dictionary to make sure I got it right. Erstwhile means former. The dictionary says it's an archaic word, but I think it's very contemporary.

I've got a lot of erstwhile pals who have rejected me on the basis of what I've written and published, among them cocaine dealers in Hollywood, certain real-estate developers, a few commodities traders, the leadership of the *Contras*, executives of Korean Air Lines, bankers and boozers, spooks and spies.

I've pissed a lot of people off with my writing, and I'll tell you a secret: I've never felt ashamed of or apologetic about my work. I know it makes some people angry, but I also know I have to write it as I see it.

But there's another secret that lies deeper: I really dislike being disliked. Underneath it all, I'm just another jerk on the highway of life who craves love and affection. Especially from women.



ET TU, CYNTHIA?

Especially from Cynthia.

Until now, Cynthia and I have done a good job of giving each other room, of living and letting live. I don't think columnists should bicker. It's amusing for a short time, but then it sours. So I'm not here to start a "Point Counterpoint." We all have better things to do. But a woman I like a lot has just iced me out of her life and called me a propagandist. I'd like to tell you a couple of things about her.

For several years now, I've toyed with the idea of a column called "My Dinner with Cynthia." It would be a humorous column about our one evening together in Chicago—the only time we've really talked. We went to an Armenian restaurant that's a favorite of mine. Arsen, the proprietor, serves a mean kabob and lets you sit at your table for hours.

Cynthia and I hit it off immediately. We laughed and chortled and shared. She kidded me, I kidded her. She fluffed her long, tousled hair and I sucked in my gut to prove that the beer hadn't bloated it. We talked about writing, about our divorces, about our children, about *Playboy*. I thought that there was great affection and respect between us, a strong camaraderie.

"My Dinner with Cynthia" was going to be a report on that evening. It was going to start in a way that I hoped would amuse and infuriate the stunning Heimel. I was going to claim that Cynthia had been all over me, a lust-crazed columnist, a woman

who threw herself at me, crawled under the tablecloth to get to it, moaned and groaned and carried on like a nymphomaniac. "Please, Cynthia, not now!" I would claim I'd kept saying. Then, at the end, I'd admit that it was my fantasy, not hers.

I can't do that now, of course. Cynthia, like not a few women I know, has written me out of her life because of some of the things I've written. I write antifeminist propaganda. I'm her erstwhile pal.

I can't retract what I've written, and I don't think it's antifeminist propaganda. I've said something very simple, really: The empress of feminism has no clothes. She's as naked as Cynthia in the Caribbean, but all of her subjects are intentionally blind to that fact and claim that she's robed and sceptered and on her throne. I've seen through her pose. I understand that feminism has a strong tinge of sexism, a sexism that locks out men and creates even greater divisions in our culture. We can all do better than that. Sexism of all persuasions is the enemy.

Cynthia, my erstwhile sister, what's so wrong with that thought? And why have you taken such a shot at me as a writer? We're not even pals anymore because of what I've written? Sounds familiar, Cyn. You'll hate me for this, but I've got to say it: Sounds just like a woman.

Want to know why so many men are uncomfortable challenging feminism today? They see through it. They understand that it's a form of sexism, that it argues not for equality but for superiority, not for rights but for privileges. But Cynthia, my dear kabob nibbler, men are very frightened of being frozen out by women. You've proved once again that such fears are justified. You've erased our friendship with a stroke of the key. Sort of a bitchy thing to do, isn't it?

I learned long ago that it's both risky and fun to walk point. You see more from that vantage and, unless you get badly dinged, you get to your destination first. And at some moment during each journey, you have the sense that you're walking through unexplored territory, that you're living by your wits. Honestly, it's a ball.

OK, Cynthia, my dearest darling, I'm going to give you a chance to take me back. What do you say, huh? Want some *paklava*? I can't promise I'll write what you want, but I'll let you be on top for a while, the way you like it. Promise.





"Someone whose opinion I respect has been advising me to use condoms. He's the Surgeon General of the United States."

"To quote the man directly: 'The best protection against infection right now, barring abstinence, is use of a condom.'

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These days, unless you never read the papers, watch TV, or talk to your friends, you're definitely going to hear something about sexually transmitted diseases.

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And act on it. Especially in this case. After all, I've got absolutely nothing to lose if I follow his advice. And maybe a terrible lot to lose, if I don't."

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a 25-year-old male with a problem many men my age and, especially, older ones would like to have: The slightest thought, suggestion, brush or appearance of anything sexually explicit or oriented, or even innuendo, brings my penis to a firm erection. Needless to say, when I'm in movie theaters with a casual or first date, at a night club or simply in a social gathering among friends, such a reaction is not a desired one. For the record, I am, to be modest, getting my fair share of sexual satisfaction from any number of women (though AIDS has sharply curtailed my behavior). What to do? From all accounts, there is nothing wrong with me physically. I am not perpetually horny but do enjoy a substantial amount of sex. Should I just shut up and learn how to relax more often?—K. A., Chicago, Illinois.

Masturbating to relieve sexual tension before placing yourself in these social situations may help somewhat. However, for the most part, we suggest that you simply ignore the situation. Being overly conscious of your problem will only aggravate the embarrassment caused by it. On the other hand, the best defense is a good offense. Walk tall, or don't walk at all. If you've got it, flaunt it. Arousal is nothing to be ashamed of. When you don't get erections—that's the time to write to us.

After watching horse racing on television, I'd like to spend a day at the races. Pari-mutuel wagering has me stumped, though. If I bet a horse to win and it finishes second or third, do I win money? Conversely, if I bet a horse to place and it wins, do I get the win price? Any answers you could provide would be appreciated.—W. H., Omaha, Nebraska.

In pari-mutuel wagering at the track, if you bet a horse to win, you collect if it comes in first. If you bet a horse to place, you collect if it comes in first or second. If you bet a horse to show, you collect if it comes in first, second or third. If you pay six dollars for an across-the-board combination, you are actually betting two dollars to win, two dollars to place and two dollars to show. Consequently, if the horse wins, you'll be entitled to collect win, place and show money. If the horse places, you get place and show money, and if it shows, you collect only that money. To help you understand the ins and outs of betting, we suggest that you take a knowledgeable friend to the track with you for your first few visits. You'll not only increase your enjoyment of the sport but also increase your odds of winning; that, or of losing a friend.

I have two questions about the women's-lib position (man lying on his back and woman sitting on his penis). First of all, my husband has quite a large penis: When erect, it measures an average of ten inches



(no exaggeration. I got out the tape measure). Second, we usually get pretty wild during intercourse. Sometimes, while in the position previously mentioned, I can sit straight up, while at other times it causes discomfort and I have to lean forward to enjoy it. Could this be caused by my menstrual cycle? My second question has me somewhat concerned. With my husband's penis being so long and our tendency to get wild, I was wondering if the deep penetration of the women's-lib position—or any other, for that matter—would cause physical damage to my female organs. I know there aren't that many women with this problem, but for the sake of us lucky few, I suggest that my questions and your answers be published.—Mrs. B. L., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Occasionally, the angle of penetration can allow the penis to graze the cervix, which feels like a hard bump of tissue at the base of the uterus. The cervix is sensitive to pressure, which can cause pain or discomfort in some women. The cervix changes position during arousal and with the menstrual cycle, which also helps explain why it can't always be felt during intercourse. If a particular position causes you discomfort, you should adjust it accordingly. If pain persists, you may have some type of pelvic disease. See a doctor for a complete exam.

My girlfriend has persuaded me to take her to Maui on vacation. I say persuaded because I'm envisioning a week in a high-rise condo and some phony luaus. Can you suggest something offbeat that might get us away from the crowds?—M. G., Denver, Colorado.

Well, we could tell you about riding horses through an upcountry meadow and along

the sun-struck beach north of Kaanapali. Or about the whale-watching excursion that took us within hailing distance of a humpback. But for us, the real high point of a Maui visit is all downhill—specifically, a 38-mile downhill bicycle tour that starts at the top of a 10,000-foot volcano and ends up several hours later in a seaside village overrun with windsurfers. Several companies on Maui offer these excursions, which are relatively new and are the hottest thing to hit the island since Kitchen Cooked potato chips (so be sure to make reservations well in advance). Two outfits we can recommend are Cruiser Bob's (808-667-7717), which started it all, and Maui Downhill (808-871-2155). Both charge about \$80 for the trip and cover the same ground. Riders can sign up for a pre-dawn excursion, which gets you to the top of Haleakala in time to see the sun rise over the Pacific, or a morning tour that includes lunch. In either case, you'll get a narrated van ride up the mountain, a heavy-duty one-speed coaster bike with drum brakes, a helmet and a windbreaker (it can get cold up there). Groups ride single file down a series of switchbacks and long straightaways, past terrain that ranges from treeless moonscape up top to grassy meadows, pine and eucalyptus forests, pineapple fields and, finally, tropical vegetation—and, in our case, a wild peacock in a tree. In 38 miles, we had to pedal only once. It wasn't easy, but it beat eating the poi at the luau.

In response to the letter from S. C. in Boston, Massachusetts [*The Playboy Advisor*, July], my gal is also very flexible, and we've devised some interesting positions. (1) Have your girlfriend lie flat on her back on the floor; bringing her legs and hips upward and over, she should be able to touch her knees to the floor by her head. In this position, you should be able to enter her, with the added pleasure of her having a ringside view of the action. (2) You'll need two chairs and two lengths of rope (length determined by your girlfriend's ability to do a split). Tie the legs of the chairs together so they cannot move beyond the split she will be doing on them. Have her face you as you lie flat on the floor. She should do some splits on the floor to limber up and then do them on the chairs; you reach up and help her bounce down to your waiting hard-on. It takes a little practice, and be careful not to pull any muscles.—E. J., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Gee. It's time to renew that membership in our health club. Your suggestions stretch more than the imagination.

The payment book on my old car is getting thin, so I'm about ready for a new one. I may just trade the old sled in for minimum hassle, or I may sell it myself or

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even keep it. What are your recommendations?—D. F., Dallas, Texas.

Keeping your old car as a backup or a "beater" may be a good idea if you have the room—and the time, patience and money to keep it running. But you'll end up with nearly twice the insurance and registration cost, plus a fatter "downstroke" and more painful payments on your new car. Unless it's a sentimental keeper or a future collector's piece, we don't recommend it. On the other hand, selling it yourself can be time consuming and troublesome. Good classified ads can be costly; you may get calls at all hours, and you may get some flakes coming by to look and drive who have no intention—or means—to buy. Still, you can usually get much more (\$1000–\$2000 more, on the average) from the right private party than you can from a dealer. Try this: Make whatever minor repairs are needed without spending a lot of money, make them yourself, if possible, and clean the car until it's spotless inside and out and under the hood. Determine a fair asking price, with a little room for negotiation, by consulting price guides ("Kelley Blue Book," the "Black Book," "NADA Used Car Price Guide," available at banks, savings and loans and libraries) and checking out ads for similar cars. But don't expect to get full retail "book" value unless your car is in high demand and exceptional condition. Place your ad in the best local classified market (even though it may be the most expensive), make it descriptive and appealing and consider using your work phone number to avoid fielding calls at home. If the response is disappointing, drop the price and try again. When showing the car to prospects, be honest, friendly and courteous. By all means, ride along when they test drive (or you may never see your car again) and point out important features; but don't scare them off by overselling. Is all this worth it? That's up to you.

Use a condom and avoid contracting AIDS. But has anyone said that the female partner should be the one to remove the condom from the penis? Since the condom after withdrawal will be covered with vaginal fluid, the male partner should touch the condom only if he is wearing surgical gloves. Am I on the right track in my thinking?—L. K., New York, New York.

Technically, you are correct. One brand of condoms, called Mentor, actually comes with an applicator hood, to help in putting on and taking off the condom. You could wear rubber gloves. Applicators and gloves are precautions worth taking if your partner is already infected with the virus. If she's not a member of one of the high-risk groups, there's less need for such elaborate precautions. Simply washing after removing the condom will also help.

Several years ago, my roommate and I had just graduated from a Bay Area university. We were going out for a Friday night of fun in the city. We went to a hot singles bar

and met a pair of ladies about five years our senior. As the evening progressed, we went back to their place for an enjoyable evening of hot tubbing and sex. Last weekend, my ex-roommate and I were back in the city for another Friday night of fun. We ran into one of the ladies from the hot-tub evening. As fate would have it, my ex-roommate and she now work for the same firm, in the same building. Even though she is not his supervisor, she is in middle management. Since there were other managers present, I did not reintroduce myself or remind her of our previous meeting. I could tell that she recognized me, but she said nothing directly to me. I realize that the situation is difficult: A repeat of the hot-tub evening would be fantastic for me but career suicide for my ex-roommate. Under this situation, who should make the suggestion and what should it be?—R. M., San Jose, California.

Get the name of the woman from your ex-roommate and call her at work. Explain that tact prevented you from saying, "I didn't recognize you with your clothes on." Ask her out for lunch. Review old times. If your ex-roommate is reluctant to re-enact the ménage à quatre, why not propose a duet or a trio?

I have several questions pertaining to a gentleman's wearing of rings. First, should a ring such as a college ring be worn on the left or the right hand? Second, should such a ring's words and design be oriented so that they can be read by the wearer or by someone sitting opposite him?—T. C., Berkeley, California.

There are no rules governing the hand on which a gentleman should wear a college ring. Wear it on the finger on which it feels most comfortable. Normally, the design is meant to be seen by the wearer, rather than by someone sitting opposite him.

Let me offer this as a piece of advice, for what it is worth. I had been trying to get on to a lovely red-haired girl for many a moon, taking her to dinner and such, but she had continued to demur. Finally—I don't know how the idea suddenly came into my head—when we were at the beach, I suggested that she look under the chaise longue on which I was lying face-down, to see what she could find. The supportive fabric of the thing consisted of tough transverse plastic straps that were separated enough for me to put something through. As it happened, it was partially draped with a big beach towel, cutting off the view of the underside from people a few paces farther down the beach. The girl blushed to her ear rims delightedly, as only a redhead can do, and plunged under there with the enthusiasm of a keen auto mechanic going under a fine race car. I went back to pretending to read my *War and Peace*, miming an intent and focused concentration and trying, very soon, not to moan. I had never before realized how deeply a girl could take a penis in her

mouth. She told me that what broke the dam, so to speak, was the exciting prospect of bringing it off surreptitiously in public and, at the same time, more or less having a man, in a sweet way, at her mercy. I have seen cartoons, of course, involving girls' administering blow jobs under well-curtained restaurant tables, but this seaside approach had never before occurred to me. It is an excellent way of reaching an accord between masculine desires and the fantasies of many women. And accord, rather than exploitation, is a pleasure in sex I like.—J. W., Manchester, Connecticut.

"War and Peace" has always worked for us.

There is a problem with the audio tapes that I use in my beach-front condominium in Puerto Rico. I suspect that the moisture in the air is somehow affecting them. After I have had them in a closed cabinet for about six months, I get a very raspy, almost whistling quality when the tape is played. I have tried silica gel, but it has not been effective. Do you know any way that this can be prevented; once it has happened, is there any way to restore the tape?—J. A., Trenton, New Jersey.

The noise problem you describe appears to be heat-related rather than moisture-related. A common problem with cassette tapes is the loss of high frequencies due to heat, humidity and age. A six-month-old tape is not old, but exposure to humidity and high heat can erase frequencies above 10,000 cycles. Those frequencies would be replaced by noise similar to that of FM interstation noise; mixed with the remaining high frequencies, it would produce a raspy sound upon playback.

The tapes that have been damaged cannot be restored; but the damage can be prevented by keeping the tapes in a cool, dry environment—air conditioning is ideal. You might also try a different type of tape. Metal-oxide tapes will not lose high frequencies as easily and will hold the signal much better. You'll find that the metal tapes offer improved performance and last much longer in your environment.

Recently, on two occasions, I maintained an erection for about three hours without any release, due to my girlfriend's unwillingness for us to shed our clothes. My frustrated penis eventually subsided when I went home. My question is, Is there any health risk in being excited so long and not finishing with orgasm?—S. T., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Prolonged sexual stimulation without orgasm can cause a condition in the male known as blue balls. This is a congested, achy feeling in the testicles that can be alleviated through ejaculation. It is a temporary condition and nothing to be concerned about. Repeated or prolonged sexual stimulation without orgasm can also cause a congested feeling in the prostate gland, but this, too, can be alleviated through orgasm. So, unless your girlfriend plans to arouse you and then

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frustrate you for the rest of your life, chances are you really have nothing to worry about in the way of health risks. A good ejaculation, whether induced by masturbation or by other means, will "flush out" most of your problems. Your primary concern, we think, should be your mental health in this situation.

I have long been a collector of *Playboy* (I have all but 12 issues) and have always taken good care of my copies. Recently, I read that individual copies should be stored in Mylar bags that conform to the magazine's size. Can you give me an address to which I might write for this product? I am presently keeping my older issues in acid-free boxes, but I like this idea of individual protection.—D. S., Lynchburg, Virginia.

Mylar bags are available in most stationery and art-supply stores. As Mylar is inert, it will help preserve your collection without any chemical leakage into the paper itself.

In response to the letter from R.W.B. of Rapid City, South Dakota, on how to change the taste of his semen (*The Playboy Advisor*, January): I love giving head to my boyfriend, but for an added treat, I sometimes pour amaretto into a small brandy snifter. I sip it while we talk. As we get down to business, I dip my finger tips into the amaretto and drip it onto his nipples and lick it off. I do the same thing to his cock. Often, he puts his fingers into the glass and I alternate between sucking his fingers and sucking his cock. I call him my Amaretto Popsicle. It certainly is fun!—Miss B. C., Troy, New York.

Thanks for the tip.

When reaching an orgasm with my partner, I always voice loudly—you might say yell or scream—my delight at the pleasure of ejaculation. My present girlfriend cannot understand why I do this, and she thinks I am putting on an act and being a silly idiot. I have tried to stifle myself but to no avail. I've tried biting my tongue or my fingers, putting my hand over my mouth or burying my head in a pillow. Do I have a problem and, if so, what can I do about it?—N. G., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

We think you should scream away. Many people are vocal to varying degrees when they reach orgasm. If your girlfriend has difficulty accepting this trait in you, perhaps you should start looking for another partner.

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





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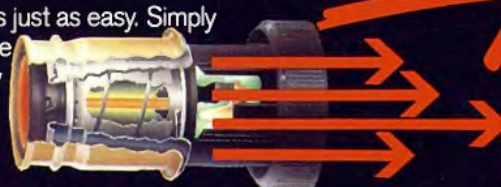
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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

What's the best kind of first date?

I like a guy who is mysterious. I don't want to know too much at first. I want to figure him out. I can be pretty demanding and I can come on too strong, so I like a first date to go nice and slow to see how he reacts to me. Then, if things are going well, I can loosen up, get crazy and just be Rebecca. I like a first date that is a whole day. Let's take a ride, go to the beach, have lunch, see a movie, have dinner, go dancing. I love to dance and I like a lot of people around me. If the first date goes well, maybe some cuddling on the second date. I love to cuddle.



Rebecca Ferratti

REBECCA FERRATTI
JUNE 1986

The best kind of first date is the kind that's low-key enough for conversation. Initially, I'm trying to get to know the man and I don't like to go somewhere with loud music. I have to scream over. A nice, quiet dinner is good. If the guy really wants to impress me, roses are great. But the talking is the most important part. If you can find out enough about him and he about you, both of you will know if there is any reason to consider a second date. You have to have information and impressions to build on.



Laurie Carr

LAURIE CARR
DECEMBER 1986

I'd invite him over to my new apartment for a glass of wine, and if we hit it off, we'd go out to dinner. I love dark, romantic restaurants. We'd enjoy dinner and talk. Then we'd go somewhere crazy. That's the fantasy date. Let me tell you about a real first date. I met a guy who races with Suzuki. I'm Miss Suzuki, so we'd toured together doing promotions. We never went out, though we were attracted to each other, because I had a boyfriend. When I got unattached, I called him from Palm Springs. He lives in Texas. I said, "God, it's gorgeous out here." He flew out to see me and we went to San Francisco for a couple of days. He came back down to L.A. with me and stayed for two weeks. It was a great first date, and we're still seeing each other. We went to Italy together. Not too many first dates last two weeks.



Luann Lee

LUANN LEE
JANUARY 1987

I don't like the phrase first date. I get very nervous and self-conscious. But if I meet someone some other way and it develops into a first date after we've known each other for a while, that's wonderful. The man I'm seeing now started out as a business-lunch date. We were trying to talk business when we realized that something quite different was going on. We arranged to meet again and then again. A stranger is different. I don't know what sort of person he is; I don't know why he is asking me. He may take me to a restaurant where my vegetarianism is a problem. He may take me dancing when I don't like anyone to watch me dance. Does he expect a kiss? It's all too confusing.



Marina Baker

MARINA BAKER
MARCH 1987

I like to be wined and dined and go to nice places with a gentleman. I love roses. A single rose is special. I like a down-to-earth man. I don't want him to put on an act. I hate it when a man won't talk. And I also hate it when he talks too much about himself. I went out with a model once and he talked about himself. I like to go look out on something. Maybe after dinner, we'd go sit somewhere with a view or go out on a boat. I like to watch people and the passing scene. I like to see what's going on and I like that curiosity in a guy, too.



Kym Paige

KYM PAIGE
MAY 1987

I think a first date should be a lot of fun and not be taken too seriously by either person. I'm not someone who dates much and I'm very selective about whom I let into my life. I usually pick men I already know and have reason to think I'm going to like. On a first date, I like to do something we both know how to do. This is not the moment to try a brand-new activity, like miniature golf or something that may make either of us look vulnerable or silly. A first date should be light and generate no bad feelings.



Julie Peterson

JULIE PETERSON
FEBRUARY 1987

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TAKING A BYTE OUT OF PRIVACY

By Janlori Goldman

A police officer pulls you over for failing to signal a turn. He does a routine computer check and finds that you're wanted in Los Angeles for murder and robbery. You protest. The police don't listen. Their records tell them that you have committed the crimes. You spend five days in jail until a fingerprint check proves that you are innocent.

Think that couldn't happen to you? Think again. It happened to Terry Dean Rogan in 1982. Rogan, a Michigan resident, lost his wallet while visiting Detroit—and his life hasn't been the same since. His I.D.s were obtained by Bernard McKandes, who then traveled the country under Rogan's name, committing two murders and several robberies.

Rogan repeatedly requested that the Los Angeles police correct his records. They didn't. Rogan was wrongly arrested—and jailed—five times.

The FBI's National Crime Information Center (NCIC) is a computerized central repository that provides 64,000 criminal-justice agencies with information. The NCIC operates an indexing system known as Triple I that makes it possible for local law-enforcement agencies to receive criminal-history records from other states. Triple I acts as an FBI-run national data bank on individuals. The NCIC handles on average 540,000 transactions a day. In fact, many police cars are equipped with computer terminals that give officers immediate access to those files. Processing of an inquiry by the NCIC takes about a second. The FBI advises that "routine inquiries should be made on every person . . . encountered by the criminal-justice community."

The NCIC is not regulated by statute. In fact, the FBI has strenuously resisted every Congressional effort to pass legislation that would regulate the collection and dissemination of NCIC information.

In June 1987, an FBI Advisory Policy Board met in Seattle to discuss the function of the NCIC—and it proposed a sweeping *expansion* of the system.

The board approved proposals to give the NCIC instant access to various Government data bases, including those of the Internal Revenue Service,

the Immigration and Naturalization Service, the Social Security Administration, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, the Federal Corrections System, the State Department Passport Office and the Securities Exchange Commission. It also approved proposals to create a comprehensive system to track and survey anyone even *suspected* of a crime.

Although investigations are often based solely on tips and allegations, the board did not include any provision that there be "reasonable suspicion" or "probable cause" before a name is entered into the system.

The proposals reflect a drastic departure from the current NCIC system, which mainly contains information (though a significant percentage of it is inaccurate or incomplete) of public record.

The American Civil Liberties Union claims that this expanded system would permit local law-enforcement agencies to use the NCIC to surreptitiously track the movements of almost any citizen of interest to law-enforcement officers. Indeed, during the Vietnam war, the FBI used the NCIC to track antiwar and civil rights demonstrators. When this came to light, it was condemned by Congress and the public and the system was dismantled. But the political climate has changed.

In fact, more than half of the record requests to the FBI's criminal-history files are for *noncriminal-justice* purposes, and employers are now

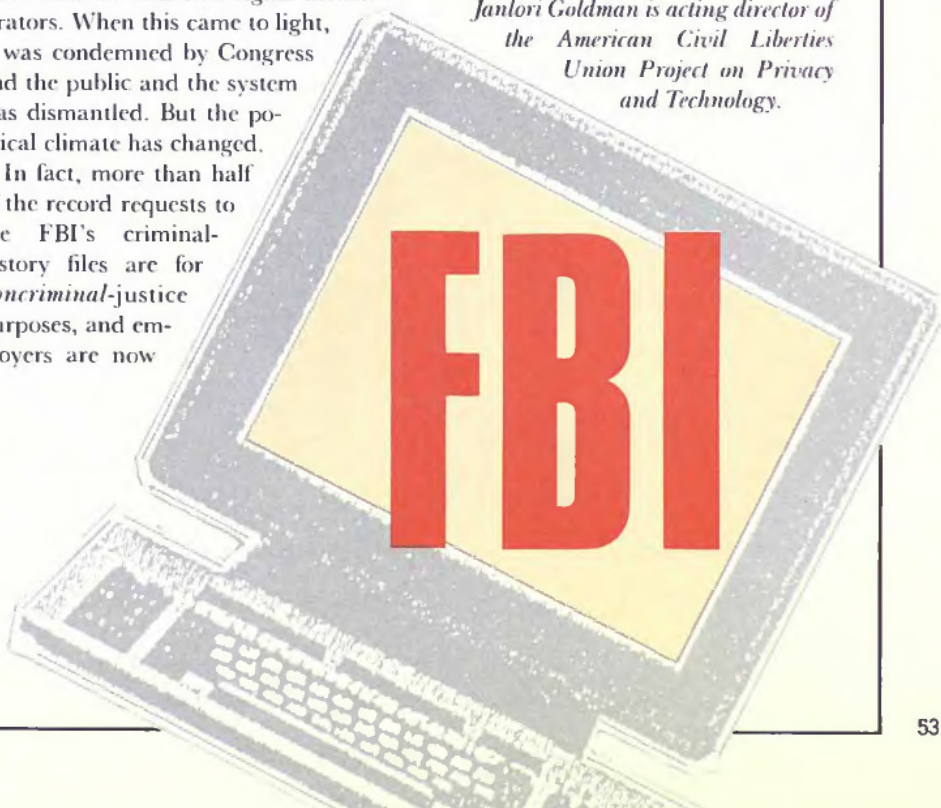
pushing to gain access to them. Any run-in with the law is felt to stigmatize an individual. An arrest record, even when there is no conviction—as is true as much as three quarters of the time—can adversely affect one's opportunities for employment.

Even former FBI Director William Webster questioned the wisdom of expanding the NCIC. He testified before the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Security and Terrorism in 1984, "I think we have to look very closely at information where somebody says, 'Well, he pals around with the wrong kind of people.' That kind of file will cause us a lot of mischief. . . ." Earlier that year, he rejected the notion of automatically adding a file "because it would be nice to have a file."

The vice-chair of the Advisory Policy Board of the NCIC disagrees, saying, "If the technology is available, why not use it?"

Why not? Because if these proposals are adopted, if this technology is used, it will put individual privacy and liberty in grave danger and the records of *your* personal affairs into the hands of thousands of law-enforcement officials.

Janlori Goldman is acting director of the American Civil Liberties Union Project on Privacy and Technology.



R E A D E R

TELEVISION VIOLENCE

Your editorial "Praise the Lord and Pass the Popcorn" (*The Playboy Forum*, August) portrays the National Coalition on Television Violence as a right-wing religious group in favor of censoring violence. You should know better. The right-wing zealots love violence in all forms. In fact, in the *March Forum*, you point out that CBN has more violent shows than any other television network.

We are disappointed that *Playboy* would come out on the side of violence. We believe that repression of sexuality does enormous harm to society and is a major cause of crime and violence. But we also believe that continual exposure to violent language and images takes a severe toll on hopes for a peaceful future.

Susan and John Mauldin
Pueblo West, Colorado

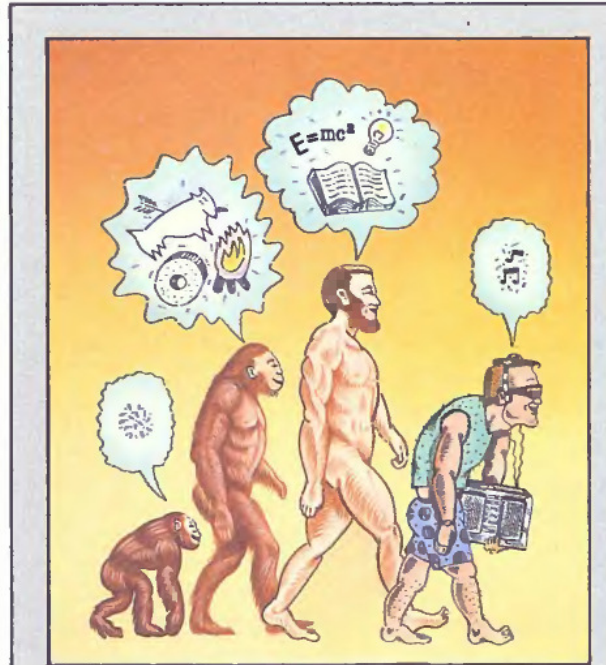
We do not portray the N.C.T.V. as right-wing zealots; on the contrary, the point of the editorial is to show that censorship can appeal to liberal zealots as well. The anti-porn movement came out of the radical/liberal faction of the feminist movement. Just because you're liberal doesn't make it right.

Your editorial about the National Coalition on Television Violence really hits home. If you think that antiviolence groups have it in for Disney, check out what they've done to Warner Bros. and their classic *Bugs Bunny* cartoons.

I grew up watching and enjoying these cartoons, and I occasionally watch them now. I've noticed that they have been cut to the point of meaninglessness. I naïvely thought that they had been cut to allow time for more commercials. Wrong! They were deemed too violent by a group that pressured the major networks into censoring them. Great, huh? With everything else that's wrong with the world, people have to go after Bugs and the gang.

Michael J. Satterfield
Round Rock, Texas

Adult films are clearly marked in video stores and generally are not rented to



FOR THE RECORD

WE LIKE THE BEAT, BUT CAN YOU DANCE TO IT?

Picture a 13-year-old boy sitting in the living room of his family home doing his math assignment while wearing his Walkman headphones or watching MTV. He enjoys the liberties hard won over centuries by the alliance of philosophic genius and political heroism, consecrated by the blood of martyrs; he is provided with comfort and leisure by the most productive economy ever known to mankind; science has penetrated the secrets of nature in order to provide him with the marvelous, lifelike electronic sound and image reproduction he is enjoying. And in what does progress culminate? A pubescent child whose body throbs with orgasmic rhythms; whose feelings are made articulate in hymns to the joys of onanism or the killing of parents; whose ambition is to win fame and wealth in imitating the drag queen who makes the music. In short, life is made into a nonstop, commercially prepackaged masturbational fantasy.

—From the best seller *The Closing of the American Mind*, by Allan Bloom

minors. However, this isn't true of "slice and dice" films. Don't you think it reasonable to mark extremely violent films, such as *Bloodsucking Freaks*, which features dismemberment and sexual mutilation, and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, with an X and require that video stores display the rating? In Illinois, a bill has recently been introduced that seeks to prohibit the sale or rental to people under 18 of video tapes that depict human

autopsies or animal killings. It's not proven that watching extremely violent films causes harm, but what harm is there in regulating—to minors—the sale or rental of such films?

J. Welch
Dallas, Texas

VIOLENCE, VICTIMS AND VENGEANCE

Several years ago, Clint Eastwood was asked if people went to see his Westerns for their violence. He answered, "No, it's not the violence they come for, it's the vengeance." I believe that is true. The predominant theme in almost every violent movie is a settling of the score—Old Testament justice rather than New Testament forgiveness. The popularity of these movies stems from the fact that there is no ambiguity as to right and wrong. In the real world, we seldom see fairness meted out. Seeing evil defeated is an exhilarating respite from reality. A necessary component to these movies is a powerful and evil villain. The most efficient dramatic device for establishing that villain is for him to victimize someone. The victimizing of a woman, of course, more clearly denotes the malevolence and power of the antagonist.

Douglas E. Mould, Ph.D.
Wichita, Kansas

IT'S YOUR LIVING ROOM

Bravo! Your "Commentary" "Whose Living Room Is This, Anyway?" (*The Playboy Forum*, August) says everything I've wanted to say. Thanks.

The self-appointed morality watchers should do what I do—I listen to a record in the morning, not to morning radio shows.

Charles D. Gunter II
San Diego, California

Ham-radio operators and C.B. users are familiar with a take-off on the 23rd *Psalms* that goes, "The FCC is my shepherd, I shall watch out. . . ." This version is appropriate in light of the FCC's recent meddling in broadcasting. We need the FCC for its technical expertise and to provide channel allotments and power generation. We do *not* need it to tell us

R E S P O N S E

what can be broadcast.

Ira D. Shprintzen
New Rochelle, New York

It is difficult enough to raise children today without shock radio's destroying the values that we are trying to impart. Disclaimers at the beginning of broadcasts do more to attract children than to dissuade them from listening. Although adults will change the channel or turn the dial, youngsters delight in listening to something forbidden. It is not possible to watch children 24 hours a day. This is the real world, not *Sesame Street*.

Bruce L. Gordon
Waldorf, Maryland

ANOTHER FANATICAL GROUP

My wife and I received a newsletter from the Las Cruces Citizens Against Pornography. The following is an excerpt:

"The June-July issue of the *National Federation for Decency Journal* states that the Federal Government is the largest retailer of pornographic magazines. The General Services Administration licenses more than 500 shops, and the Department of Defense operates 413 major retail stores throughout the world, most of these stocking sexually explicit magazines: *Gallery, Forum, Genesis, Hustler, Penthouse, Playboy, Players* and *Playgirl*. Most of these have been labeled legally obscene. Senator William L. Armstrong writes, 'Our Government has no business peddling porn and must get out of this. Our President must hear from us about this.'"

Please don't publish my name. This is a small town and I fear reprisals.

(Name and address withheld by request)

Isn't it odd that the NFD feels that the men who fight for our freedoms shouldn't be allowed to enjoy those same freedoms? None of the magazines listed have been found legally obscene. For more on this subject, see "Newsfront," "It's Up to You, Chief."

DEATH ROW RESPONDS

I'd like to comment on William C. Randal's letter (*The Playboy Forum*, July), in which he states that some guilty persons are released on "nitpicking technicalities." Well, let me tell you, it works both ways. I have spent five years on death row for a crime I didn't commit. The Virginia attorney general's office was *seven months* late in filing its response to my habeas-corpus appeal. As

far as the court was concerned, this was no big deal. Yet when my lawyers were *one day* late in filing my last state appeal, the Virginia Supreme Court dismissed it out of hand. Due to this "nitpicking technicality," I may be executed without the court's having heard all my appeals.

Roger K. Coleman
Boynton, Virginia

A FIB ABOUT FLIGHTS

I'd like to quote a couple of paragraphs from the American Airlines *AAdvantage Newsletter*:

"For years, airlines have published overly optimistic flight times. For example, a flight that normally took three hours was listed at two hours and 50 minutes. They did this to attract more customers, since many travelers select airlines based on the scheduled arrival time.

"As more and more airlines compressed flight times, and the number of flights grew, the number of late arrivals skyrocketed. American Airlines thinks enough is enough. That's why we've adopted a new policy. We will publish only realistic flight schedules. Schedules based on the time it actually takes to fly a given route. Schedules that you can count on. We strongly urge other airlines to follow our lead."

Don't you think that this is a rather remarkable admission? American Airlines lied to increase business. It is a sad day

when honesty is a "new" policy. Perhaps they'll discover that it's the best policy as well.

B. Perry
Durham, North Carolina

PUT UP OR SHUT UP

The Parent-Teacher Association is on the warpath against the Recording Industry Association of America: The P.T.A. wants the R.I.A.A. to force its members to completely and consistently label records with explicit lyrics. A spokeswoman for the P.T.A. said that recent unstickered titles from major labels showed an "appalling lack of taste" and that some labels seemed to be "thumbing their nose at the public." Interestingly enough, however, she wouldn't cite any specific examples!

A. Dean
Nashville, Tennessee

BE SAFE AND SENSIBLE

I find it interesting that we're in the midst of the AIDS crisis at the same time as the televangelists are experiencing a crisis. There is a lesson here: Whatever your sexual habits or religious beliefs, you should constantly scrutinize them to make sure that what you are doing or believing is safe and sensible.

Paul Price
Laguna Beach, California

FIRST AMENDMENT AWARDS

The Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards of \$3000 each were presented in Chicago on September 17—the 200th anniversary of the signing of the U.S. Constitution. The awards were created by the Playboy Foundation in 1979 to recognize and reward those who work to maintain our First Amendment liberties.

Print journalism:

Charles Levendosky, opinion-page editor of Wyoming's *Casper Star-Tribune*, for columns and lectures on censorship;

Government: Barry Lynn, minister and A.C.L.U. lawyer, for his fight against Attorney General Edwin Meese's Commission on Pornography;

Publishing: Wolter Karp, historian and

contributing editor to *Harper's*, for his outspoken essays on Government suppression of information;

Education: Glenno Nowell, post president of the Maine Library Association, for her efforts to defeat the Maine obscenity referendum, thereby preventing the removal of "obscene" books and magazines from li-

braries and bookstores;

Law: Ricki Seidman, legal director of People for the American Way; William A. Bradford, partner of Hogan & Hortson; and Mary Weidler, executive director of the Civil Liberties Union of Alabama, for legal assistance to the Alabama Board of Education in its fight against religiously motivated censorship.

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CONDOM-FREE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Reagan Administration has refused to provide condoms to Federal inmates, even though their use helps prevent the spread of AIDS. Homosexual acts are against prison regulations, "and we don't feel we can have a two-faced position" by distributing



condoms, says the Medical Director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons. There has been some talk within the Administration of establishing a prison for inmates who test positive for the virus, though staffing difficulties make that unlikely in the near future. Since 1981, about 300 Federal inmates have been found to be infected.

OFFICIAL PROSTITUTION

ROTTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS—Plans are before the Rotterdam city council to open a brothel. The purpose: to get prostitutes off the streets and to regulate health checks. The council will set hours and prices, but day-to-day operations will be left to the prostitutes' managers. The brothel will house as many as 100.

MILITARY GUINEA PIGS, YOU LOSE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The United States Supreme Court has reaffirmed a long-standing doctrine that prohibits lawsuits against the Government for injuries sustained as a result of military service. The case involved a former soldier who, in 1958, had been given LSD without his knowledge so that Army researchers could judge the effects of a hallucinogenic drug. The veteran claims to have suffered serious long-term problems as a result of the

tests. Justice Antonin Scalia, in writing for the majority, said that vulnerability to lawsuits "would disrupt the military regime." Justice William Brennan dissented and compared such tests on unwitting U.S. soldiers to Nazi experiments on human beings during World War Two. In a separate dissenting opinion, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor declared, "Conduct of the type alleged in this case is so far beyond the bounds of human decency that as a matter of law it simply cannot be considered a part of the military mission."

COMPLY OR ELSE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Supreme Court has ruled that Congress has the authority to withhold Federal highway funds from states that refuse to legislate a minimum drinking age of 21. Chief Justice William Rehnquist, in writing for the majority, said that Congress may use its spending power to achieve indirectly what it "is not empowered to achieve directly," as long as the action is not unconstitutional. Only Wyoming still permits alcohol sales to persons under 21.

WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOM?

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN—Researchers at the University of Michigan nursing school are conducting a three-year study of women with severe premenstrual syndrome to determine whether or not the incapacitating behavior of severe P.M.S.—extreme mood swings and depression, violence, suicidal thoughts—is linked to endorphins, the painkillers produced in the brain. The researchers speculate that because the menstrual cycle causes changes in endorphin levels and because endorphins are biochemically related to morphine, P.M.S. may, in fact, be a symptom of endorphin withdrawal. Researchers previously thought that it was caused by hormonal abnormalities. About ten percent of all premenopausal women suffer from severe P.M.S.

ROAD HAZARD

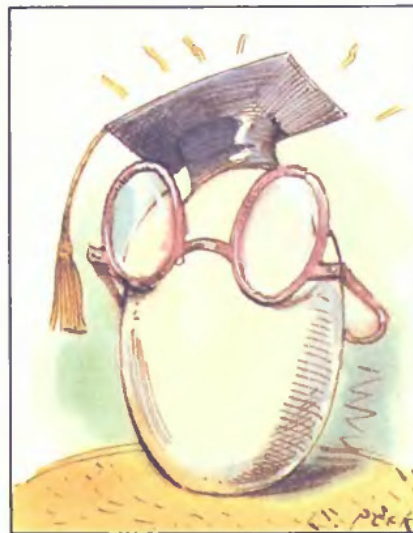
AUBURN, ILLINOIS—A 27-year-old man was acquitted of drunk-driving charges after his attorney explained to a two-man, four-woman jury that his client's slightly erratic driving, as observed by a sheriff's deputy, was due to oral sex, not alcohol. One male juror commented afterward, "If, in fact, that was happening, it could account for a slight wandering across the road and failure to dim headlights."

IT'S UP TO YOU, CHIEF

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Defense Department is considering letting commanders of military bases set their own community standards in determining which adult magazines can be sold at their installations. According to a Deputy Assistant Defense Secretary, "All we want is for the Services to apply a uniform standard" to decide which publications are obscene. "If that results in any magazine's not being sold, that will be the decision of the base commander and not of the [Defense Department] directive." Some officials say this is an attempt to excise all adult magazines from military bases and fear that if this policy is put into effect, anti-pornography groups will put tremendous pressure on base commanders to remove material that the groups find offensive.

NOBEL EGGS

CLEVELAND—The Cleveland Clinic is establishing an egg-donor program to benefit women who are unable to produce eggs or whose eggs carry a genetically transmittable disease. The eggs, surgically removed from an anonymous donor, are fertilized in a laboratory with sperm from the recipient's husband. As many as three embryos are then implanted in the recipient's uterus. Donor and recipient can be matched for physical characteristics. Some



people fear that the selection of the egg donor will be based on the donor's beauty or high intelligence; however, the program's directors discount this as a possibility. The procedure's approximate cost is \$5000 and it has a success rate of approximately 15 to 20 percent.



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What Car and Driver says

In April, *Car and Driver* rated Passport highest of nine miniature models, saying, "At \$295 direct from the factory, it's the most expensive piece of electronic protection in the group, but it's worth every nickel in roadgoing peace of mind."

What Roundel says

In June, *Roundel* ranked Passport and Escort first and second respectively in a comparison of 14 detectors. About Passport the author said, "It remains the State of the Art, a true quality product, American ingenuity at its best." Regarding Escort, "It is an excellent detector in its own right and continues as a pacesetter in the detector market."

What Popular Mechanics says

In July, *Popular Mechanics* rated Escort first and Passport second in a group of 11 brands. The magazine concluded, "Clearly, the Escort is the best radar detector around. The best of the minis was the Passport..."



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99 THINGS THAT AMERICANS MAKE BEST

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EARLYTIMES



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

DANIEL ORTEGA

a candid conversation with the president of Nicaragua about the contras, the revolution, baseball, poetry and why reagan wants to destroy him

He's an enigma, a mystery, one of the most famous men in the world and one of the least known: Daniel Ortega Saavedra, 41, comandante of the Nicaraguan revolution, president of the Nicaraguan republic, coordinator of the directorate of the Frente Sandinista (Sandinista front) of Nicaragua, the man Ronald Reagan risked his Presidency to destroy. Among radical youth in Latin America, Ortega is a hero—a David who helped overthrow the 42-year Somoza dictatorship and who for the past seven years has successfully stood up to the Yanqui Goliath. In the United States, he's perceived as a devil, a man who's inviting Marxism onto the North American mainland, a small-time potentate thumbing his nose at U.S. power.

The real Daniel Ortega is hard to know, a shy man who has always eschewed personal publicity. There are no biographies available about him, few snapshots. Until 1981, he rarely gave interviews—and left public statements to other, more charismatic Sandinistas. So who is this Daniel Ortega, the revolutionary our own President has called “a dictator in designer glasses” and a “dyed-in-the-wool believer in the totalitarian Marxist government”?

Real information about Ortega and the revolutionary regime that he heads is vital for Americans who want to make intelligent deci-

sions about their own country's policies. Much of the thrust of U.S. foreign policy for the past seven years has been aimed at destroying the Sandinista regime. Consider this: It was to rid itself of Ortega and the Sandinistas that the Reagan Administration endorsed a certain “neat idea” for channeling the profits from an Iran arms deal to the Contras—during a period when Congress had prohibited military aid to those anti-Sandinista guerrillas. The Nicaraguans have long claimed that Reagan's Administration is “obsessed” by them, and, as the Iran/Contra hearings showed, there may well be some truth to that claim.

After the Sandinistas took power on July 19, 1979, Ortega was the least noticed of the top leaders. Most observers assumed that the more charismatic Comandante Tomás Borge Martínez would eventually become Nicaragua's singular leader. However, the Sandinistas said that power would be shared among a series of committees, juntas and directorates so complicated that it took a road map to understand them. Two years of political chaos later, after various splits, resignations and political shake-ups, a new governing junta of national reconstruction was organized, with Ortega, 36, as coordinator.

The New York Times describes Ortega's political ascendancy this way: “Although all

Sandinista leaders share a common nationalist and Marxist ideology, Mr. Ortega has been identified by political scientists and others who study modern Nicaragua as among the least dogmatic members of the National Directorate. Mr. Ortega's rise within the Sandinista front has been steady. He was a guerrilla leader, became a member of the first revolutionary junta in 1979 and later became ‘junta coordinator.’”

Revolutions are complex, and what the Sandinistas originally proposed was some kind of mélange of Marx, Bolívar, Che and Sandino mysticism. Some non-Marxist members of the government quit; several later joined the Contras; the war with the Contras mushroomed from a skirmish to a constant organized guerrilla campaign; Reagan waged an economic, diplomatic and military war on the Sandinista government; the Nicaraguan economy was thrown into near collapse. And through it all, this ex-guerrilla with only a high school education, whose primary life experiences were in prison and the political underground, attempted to lead his country.

Ortega's critics said that he used his office to consolidate Sandinista hegemony over Nicaraguan political life; his admirers claimed that he held the country together



“I participated in the bringing to justice—or the killing, if you will—of Gonzalo Lacayo. He was the worst torturer and murderer. Did the members of the French Resistance feel guilty about killing Gestapo officers?”



“The Contras have shown themselves to be criminal—but I'm not going to say they don't fight. They do—and they fight hard. I would say they fight as a result of their own mentality. People like that fight with great fury.”



PHOTOGRAPHY BY OSCAR CANTERA

“I don't think President Reagan has been illuminated by God. I think he's closer to the darkness of the Devil. But we hope the light arrives before he commits the insanity of invading Nicaragua.”

through the simultaneous strains of revolution and counterrevolution.

To learn more about the object of all this activity, Playboy's editors asked journalist **Claudio Dreifus** to see if she could get Ortega to sit for our "Interview." Ortega has never before given an in-depth personal interview, though Dreifus had interviewed him as part of a panel of four leading Sandinistas for Playboy's September 1983 issue—an interview considered definitive among Latin-American scholars. Dreifus reports:

"Like many reporters who have covered Central America, I've been fascinated by the image of this very shy, secretive young president. Almost everything I've ever seen written about Nicaraguan political leaders (on both sides) casts them as either flawless heroes or vicious tyrants. The left worships the Sandinistas; the right demonizes them. In any case, as I approached the government officials with a request for a full-length interview with Ortega, I found that the Nicaraguans seemed willing to do it. They felt that Playboy had been fair to them the last time around. Thus, after a few weeks of negotiations, phone calls and research, I flew to Managua. In my tote bag were an invitation and a tape recorder; Charles Roberts, a talented interpreter, was at my side. We were all set to do some world-class journalism.

"Or so we thought. . . .

"As any reporter who has ever been in Nicaragua can tell you, it is one of the most infuriating places in the world to work in. Appointments vanish. The phones don't work. Even when they do, no one calls you back. Of course, everyone does this with great charm and politeness, and nothing unkind is ever meant. But I shouldn't have been all that surprised when I discovered that our definite appointment with the president had sort of—oops!—vanished. Well, not exactly 'vanished'; it just wasn't particularly scheduled. Ortega, we were told, would see us—though no one could say exactly when.

"If you want to get your interview back on track, just tell the press office you're leaving tomorrow," a sympathetic colleague explained over Nica-Libres at the Inter-Continental Hotel bar. It had been four years since I had last been to Nicaragua and I wasn't current on tactics. "You see, the thing is, Ortega hates doing interviews and tries to put them off for as long as possible. What he will do, finally, is see the reporter on his or her last night here. On the other hand, sometimes he doesn't see the reporter at all."

"I should have listened and made my threat then and there. Instead, for a week, Charles and I got the run-around. Sometimes, I'd hire a taxi for an hour just to look around, to see how Managua had changed since I'd last been there. My main impression was of how much the war with the Contras and the U.S. economic blockade had affected everything. There were more soldiers in the streets, more beggars, more refugees from the countryside, more black-marketeers, more amputees. Everything was sadder, bleaker, dirtier. People looked really worn. Here and there, one saw a sight particular to revolutionary Nicaragua:

militia women in combat fatigues wearing stiletto heels.

"By my ninth day, I still had no confirmed appointment with the president. It was a sweltering, humid Saturday. Desperate, I stormed into the presidential press office and gave my ultimatum: 'If I don't get to see the president this weekend, I'm afraid my editor has ordered me to quit Managua. I'm leaving town on Monday—the first plane to Costa Rica.'

"Well, why didn't you say so earlier?" said Ortega's press secretary, smiling. "Would you like to join President Ortega at the game tomorrow? It's the final day of the Nicaraguan baseball championship. You can begin your talks there."

"Charles and I, indeed, caught up with Ortega there—and we saw him thereafter three more times. We talked at the ball park, at his rambling ranch house, on the road driving to Matagalpa, at his offices. What Ortega had decided was that he was going to make an interview for history—and he gave himself fully to it.

"As bad an actor as Ronald Reagan was in Hollywood, he now compensates by being a great actor as President of the U.S., by lying to the North American people."

"Naturally, I found myself disagreeing often with his views—Ortega is certainly no civil libertarian—but I was surprised by the openness with which he accepted my frequently hostile questions. I felt that there was nothing I couldn't ask him and that his responses, though sometimes rhetorical, were genuine.

"Aside from marathon talk sessions, Ortega let us hang out with him and catch glimpses of his life. One day, he showed us his Managua: Here was the neighborhood where he had played baseball as a young boy. Here was the place where a statue of Somoza once stood. Farther down the road was the house in which he had hid while underground in 1976 and 1977. At one point, we drove past a wall with graffiti scrawled on it by the local Communist Party. Ortega sneered. 'I should think you're on great terms with them,' I said.

"Not at all. They're the opposition."

"How come?"

"They're too dogmatic," he answered, refusing to elaborate further.

"The most memorable interview day was our last. It began at six in the morning—Ortega was driving up to Matagalpa to thank the coffee harvesters for bringing in the crop. Charles and I were to join him in the presidential minivan and we would complete our interview en route. For three hours, without ever losing a beat, Ortega responded to our queries. Then we arrived in Matagalpa. It

looked like a scene from Elia Kazan's 'Viva Zapata!': Ten thousand peasants stood in the sun—with red banners flying, hearing the president of their country thank them for their labor.

"¡No pasarán!' shouted the peasants in Sandino T-shirts. 'They shall not pass!'

"The very next morning, with 20 hours of tape, Playboy's team headed for Augusto Sandino Airport—where we booked a flight to Mexico. It was four A.M. In the haze of the morning, as we waited to board the plane, I closed my eyes, opened them again and saw a woman with a beard on a unicycle wheeling her way through the airport waiting area. What was this? I found out it was part of an all-women's circus from California that had come to Managua to entertain the coffee harvesters. So there it was: hermaphrodite unicyclists wheeling their way around an airport that Reagan had declared a threat to American security; it was surreal, magical, absurd, Nicaraguan."

[The first portion of the "Interview" takes place at Sandino Stadium—formerly Somoza Stadium—in the presidential box during the final game of the championships. It's a crowded, raucous place, filled with Sandinista officials, bodyguards and various Ortega children. To Daniel Ortega's right sits poet Rosario Murillo—his common-law wife, a beauty with movie-star looks. To President Ortega's left are several top Sandinista leaders, including interior minister Tomás Borge Martínez, the only surviving founder of the Frente Sandinista—a man said to rival Ortega for political power. An automatic rifle lies at Ortega's feet. The competing teams are the Dantos, who have won three games, and the Boers, who have won two.]

PLAYBOY: Isn't it probable, Mr. President, that you are one of the few chiefs of state who actually know how to use a machine gun?

ORTEGA: Yes. I know how to use it.

PLAYBOY: What kind is it?

ORTEGA: AK-47. Russian.

PLAYBOY: Which team are you rooting for?

ORTEGA: The Boers. But I have to applaud both teams. I can no longer express my sympathies publicly. The fact that baseball is being played in the middle of a war against us by the United States is another triumph for the Nicaraguan people. It means that Washington has not been able to fragment our society. Despite the war, sports, leisure activities—they go on.

PLAYBOY: We seem to remember President Reagan's saying that he thought Nicaraguans had picked up their interest in baseball from the Cubans and that this was yet another example of Castro's influence on you.

ORTEGA: No, no! We got it from you! I grew up a New York Yankees fan. After three U.S. interventions by the Marines in Nicaragua, it was a legacy we got from the Americans—the only good one.

When I was growing up, right in the neighborhood of this stadium, to be a Boers fan—a strange name but one given

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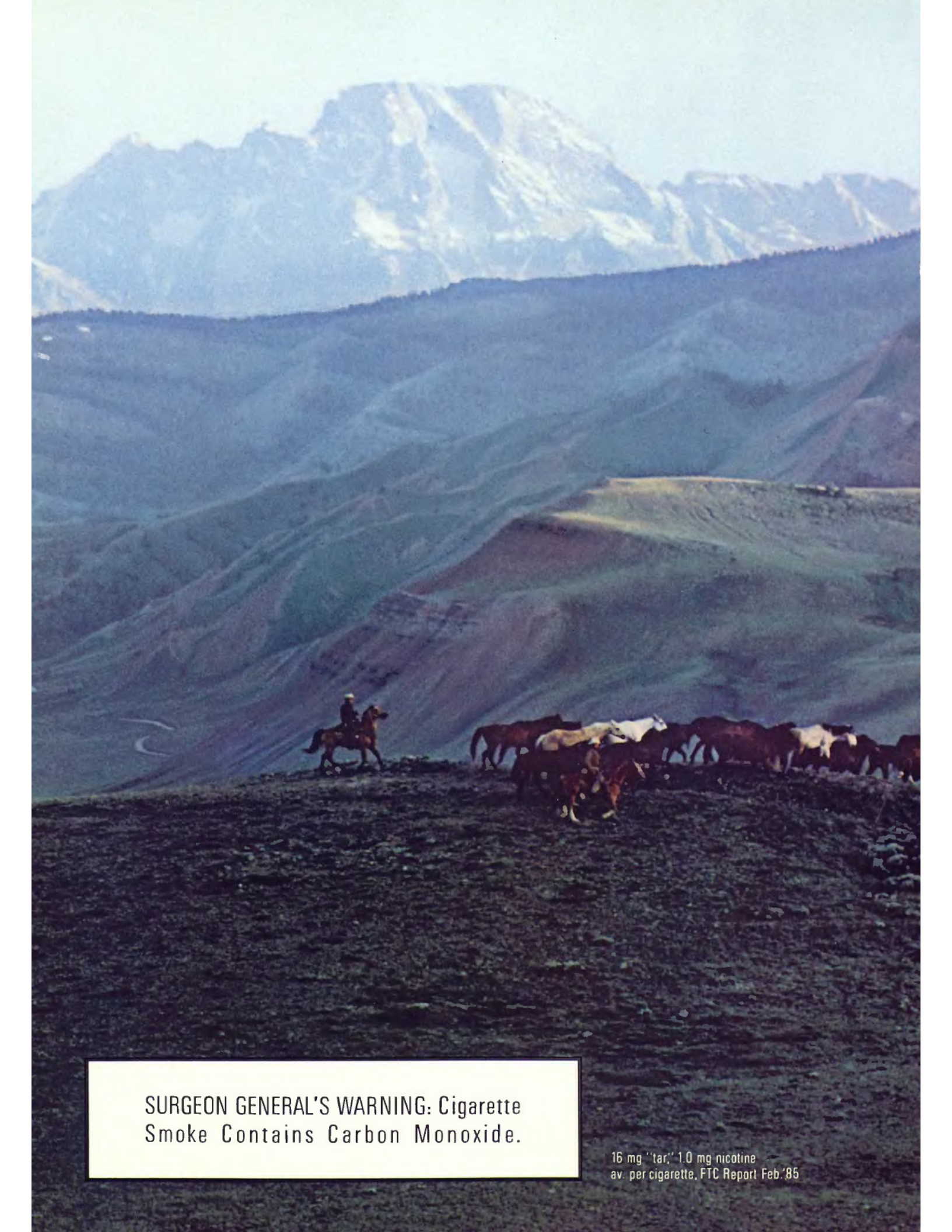
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to the team by European immigrants to Nicaragua—was to be against Somoza. The other Managua team was called The Five Stars, and it was run by Somoza.

[Ortega applauds a play on the field. Borge addresses the interviewer.]

BORGE: Have the U.S. papers been talking about a rift between Borge and Ortega?

PLAYBOY: Yes. What do you have to say about it?

BORGE: They say we've been plotting to assassinate each other, right?

PLAYBOY: We haven't read that. But we've seen reports of a power struggle between you, and it surprises us to see you together.

ORTEGA: These stories—they're intended to prove an attempt against one or the other of us. They want the CIA to kill one of us and blame the other. If either me or my brother [General Humberto Ortega Saavedra, minister of defense] dies, they'll blame it on Borge. Or vice versa. They'd like a violent pretext, as they had in Grenada, to justify an invasion. That is one of the alternatives the CIA is considering. That's no assumption; we have specific information about plans of that kind.

PLAYBOY: What specifics?

BORGE: As they say in the U.S., I cannot reveal my sources.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about some of the more elaborate plots revealed in the Iran/Contra investigations?

BORGE: The revelations have been very logical, unsurprising. Reagan has claimed he was unaware of illegal aid to the *Contras*. Ridiculous to think that they would have kept the news from him! As though a son were to have found a treasure in his father's house and then not told him! To deny the father the immense pleasure of his most profound wish! I'm also not surprised it took so long for it to come out. Given the visceral hatred the Reagan Administration has for this revolution, they would have done everything possible—including obtaining resources illegally—to overthrow us. But it's also logical it was uncovered, given the legal traditions of the United States.

PLAYBOY: Mr. President, we're wondering if you have a favorite Iran/Contra character. The scandal has presented such a fascinating cast.

ORTEGA: I have no favorite. The one I find most interesting is Reagan, because he's the one responsible for all of them. If he's not responsible, then he may as well resign, because it means he does nothing as himself in his high office.

[The Boers make a play on the field, causing great cheers in the presidential box.]

You know, I used to come with my father to the baseball games here. I grew up around here. One of the players down there is the grandson of the man who headed the Augusto César Sandino Masonic Lodge in our neighborhood. He would give us lectures about economic inequalities and politics. That place played an important role in my political development.

PLAYBOY: It's hard to believe that a Masonic

lodge was a hotbed of revolution.

ORTEGA: Ah, but you see, Sandino was a Mason. [Sandino, assassinated in 1934, was the Nicaraguan revolutionary who fought the U.S. Marine invasions in the Twenties and early Thirties.] In any case, the cheapest seats here in the stadium were in the sun, so we used to make hats out of newspapers to shield ourselves. That's when I discovered I had myopia. My father would ask me what the score was, and I couldn't see the scoreboard.

PLAYBOY: That must have been a problem for you during your years as a guerrilla—where to get glasses.

ORTEGA: For a time, I used contact lenses as part of my disguise.

PLAYBOY: That reminds us of what President Reagan said of you—that you were “a dictator in designer glasses.” What did you think when you heard that?

ORTEGA: I laughed. I didn't think I was so important to President Reagan that he would worry so much about me. It seems such a waste of time for a President of such a powerful country to be so obsessed with this small country. It's just more evidence

*“Reagan has taken us
as his thing, like
a little kid with his toys,
making a little war.
His hobby.”*

of his obsession with Nicaragua.

PLAYBOY: Well, what about those glasses? You reportedly spent \$3000 on designer glasses while you were in New York, and the newspapers reported it in great detail.

ORTEGA: Look, every time I go to New York on a visit to the United Nations, I go to the same optical shop. I went there the first time because of my myopia; the U.S. is supposed to have the most advanced optical science. The place was recommended to me by a friend who is well off, and I always charged the glasses to him. So the last time I was there, I bought some frames. I play sports, I jog; they could break. And if at any time I have to survive an American attack and take up arms, I want some spare frames. I had no idea what the bill was, and when it came out later that “Ortega had spent \$3000 on designer glasses,” I was flabbergasted. I'm only glad that I wasn't under the same kind of scrutiny in some of my earlier trips to New York. During those years, I would take the Nicaraguan UN delegation to a nice restaurant in New York. Sometimes, I would pay a lot of money, since restaurants there cost so much, and I can imagine what the press would have said then. And the hotel bill! Hotels cost a fortune in New York.

PLAYBOY: Comandante Borge mentioned Reagan's visceral feelings toward you.

Why do you think they're so personal?

ORTEGA: It's not personal—it's against the Nicaraguan revolution. There has been talk ever since this Iran/Contra scandal broke about Reagan's not being in charge. But I know for certain that there's one thing he's really on top of—the only thing he's really interested in—Nicaragua. He's taken us as his thing, like a little kid with his toys, making a little war. He's made this war of the *Contras* against Nicaragua his hobby. That's why we always say that he's really the head *Contra*. He meets with people, they tell him how the war is going, ideas come out and he gets very excited. Other issues—domestic, economic matters, budget problems, the deficit, international problems—he lets his advisors deal with those matters. The only thing he can talk about is Nicaragua, because it is his hobby. And it's a dark hobby.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think you've become the center of this obsession?

ORTEGA: We don't understand it. What we know, however, is that it is real—and we have to guide ourselves accordingly.

PLAYBOY: You have said you weren't surprised by what has come out about the *Contra* funding—but, surely, the part about the Iran arms deal must have astonished you.

ORTEGA: The Iran part, yes—that surprised us. Of course, we weren't surprised by *Contra* funding—we'd been saying that was happening all along. But this Iran thing, with Reagan accusing Iran of being a terrorist state—which is what he called Nicaragua, too, by the way—and after all that, Robert McFarlane showed up in Tehran with a cake shaped like a key and a Bible! Now, that was amazing!

PLAYBOY: If McFarlane arrived in Managua with a cake and a Bible, what would you do?

ORTEGA: Receive him. In fact, we've been waiting for seven years for Reagan to send us someone with a cake and a Bible. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: There are people who say that this entire Iran/Contra affair has given you breathing space; that without it, an invasion of Nicaragua by the U.S. might have been more likely.

ORTEGA: Well, I think that the scandal has helped demonstrate that what we've been saying all along is true. For years, we were saying that there were all these illegal operations going on, and very few in the United States believed us. With the scandal now, people see that these illegal operations do exist. As we talk, more aspects of the scandal are emerging. Perhaps some of the elements that have not yet come out have to do with the plans the United States has for carrying out direct action against Nicaragua. I certainly think that Reagan has not given up on the option of an invasion here.

PLAYBOY: You know, of course, that many American politicians say that you use the invasion threat as a way of consolidating domestic support and drawing attention

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away from your own government's deficiencies.

ORTEGA: People say that we're like the boy who cried wolf. The problem is that Nicaragua is a country that has already been invaded on several occasions by the United States. Unlike the boy in the fable, Nicaragua has already had the wolf come. And now we have the same wolf showing us his teeth and sticking out his claws at us and talking about invading us. No matter what is going on with the Iran/*Contra* affair, every day we see more evidence that the U.S. has not discarded the possibility of an invasion. Recently, I spoke with a group of U.S. Congressmen and asked them if Reagan would try to invade Nicaragua and they answered, "Considering the characteristics of some of the men who surround Reagan and of Reagan himself, anything could happen." Even they think this danger exists.

But what Reagan and his people don't understand is, there will be no short-term victory here. They won't even achieve a victory in the long term. They could miscalculate. We've seen that happen, despite the United States' intelligence capacity.

PLAYBOY: For example?

ORTEGA: Iran at the time of the shah. What was the information that the Carter Administration got from its embassy in Tehran? "The shah is fine—there's no problem. So let's continue supporting the shah." They make the same miscalculations here. CIA agents here tell Reagan there is great discontent with the *Sandinista* revolution; that when [opposition leader] Cardinal Obando holds activities, 500,000 people show up. They are crazy with their reports. If half a million people came to see the cardinal, it would be one sixth of the country!

So this is the kind of information that Washington has to make its judgments on.

PLAYBOY: But we hear reports from more objective sources of great discontent here. As we travel around Nicaragua, we sense it. We've seen antigovernment posters and graffiti everywhere. We've heard grumblings from people on the street. You'd have to be blind to miss it.

ORTEGA: But where is there not discontent? Even in the Vatican there's discontent! There are criticisms and sanctions there. And there's plenty of that here.

[The Dantos capture the championship with a home run—and Ortega rushes onto the open field and offers his congratulations to the managers of both teams. An hour later, he is driving Playboy's interviewer in an American-made jeep through his home town, Managua, a wild, tropic version of Berlin after World War Two, a mass of empty lots, rubble, bougainvillaea and tin shacks.]

ORTEGA: This is where the neighborhood was that used to be known as the *Colonia Somoza*. It's where I was brought up after my parents moved to Managua. Everything in the district was named after Somoza: the baseball stadium, the park—we grew up in the shadow of this most



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hideous statue of Somoza on horseback; it was styled in the fashion of Mussolini's monuments to himself. About the only thing around that wasn't named after Somoza was the Sandino lodge I told you about, which was about ten blocks away. The neighborhood kids and I went there every afternoon after school. By 1958 or 1959, I was spending all my time after school there. At the lodge, there were some older men—poets, economists, soldiers—who'd fought with Sandino, and they would recount their stories of him, which moved and thrilled us.

PLAYBOY: And these old Sandino veterans influenced you?

ORTEGA: Our whole group of young boys was influenced. Many of us went on to become fighters in the *Frente Sandinista*.

PLAYBOY: You were a revolutionary that young?

ORTEGA: I was carrying out revolutionary activities. I hated Somoza. It was a part of my family's legacy. I wanted to devote my life to getting rid of him, and nothing interested me more than freeing the country.

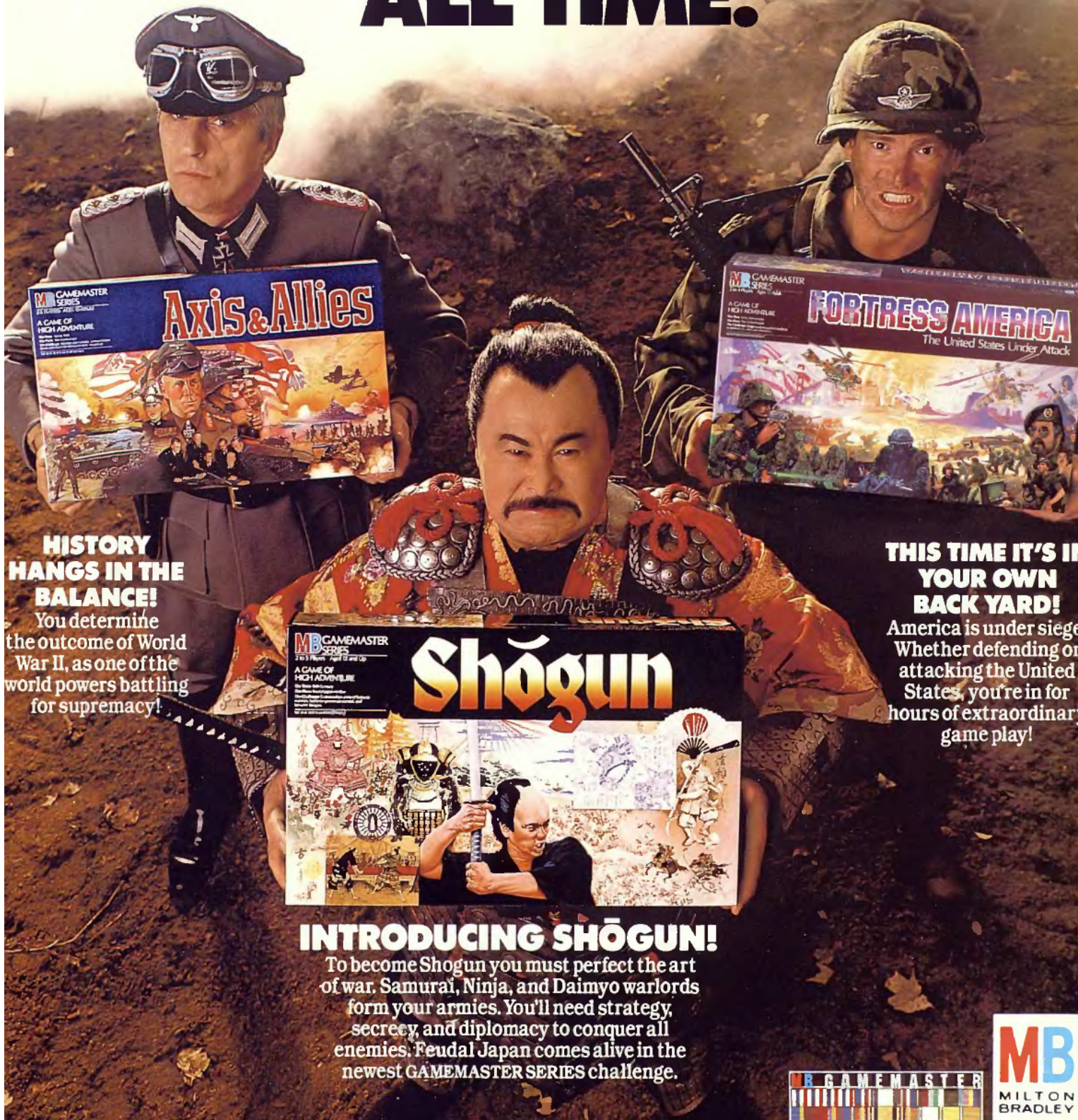
At that time, there was a generalized anti-U.S. sentiment here, and it affected me very strongly. I didn't participate in a Marxist, Leninist or Communist Party—nothing of that sort. Nor did my father. What provoked us was U.S. policy, all by itself, with all of its errors, all of its interventions: the assassination of Sandino, the support it offered to the Somoza dictatorship. I saw myself as a young Nicaraguan nationalist: anti-imperialist, anti-*Yanqui*. My neighborhood friends were the same. We were anti-Coca-Cola, anti-comic book, against everything, good and bad, represented by the United States. Except baseball. [Laughs] I remember, once, when I was about 16, we were at a demonstration near the Managua [Catholic] Cathedral. Things got very violent. The *Guardia* were shooting at us and throwing tear gas. So, as we fled, we ran up the steps of the cathedral. Inside, by chance, we encountered a North American, dressed in military uniform, about to marry a Nicaraguan woman. In a rage, we surrounded the wedding party. Then we tried to attack the groom. We broke up the wedding.

PLAYBOY: Because you didn't want a U.S. military man marrying a Nicaraguan?

ORTEGA: No. All we saw was, as we would say, "a bad *Yanqui*." We just didn't want any kind of *Yanqui* here. Now, of course, our feelings toward North Americans are much more sophisticated. There are many who've come here to help build our revolution—to offer technical assistance. We like American popular culture; we like many North American things.

PLAYBOY: But not enough to pay heed to the kind of image you project in North America, apparently. In fact, it might be said that your government has a talent for making moves that guarantee truly terrible press in the U.S. If you do want your government to be seen as democratic and

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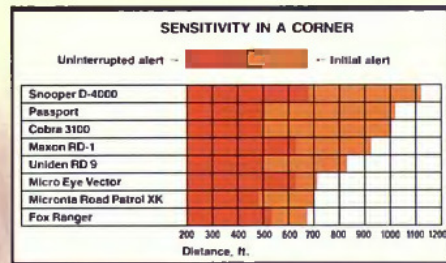


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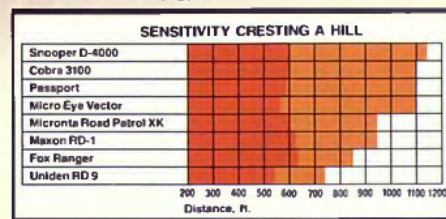
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nonoppressive, how is it that you manage to create the opposite impression?

ORTEGA: The most important thing here is that we are opposed to a power—the United States—that has dominion over world communications. It even has a President who, I think, has the greatest dominion over communications media of all the Presidents ever. I mean, you have an actor for President! I truly admire the facility with which Mr. Reagan reads his speeches with those sophisticated video systems—he doesn't look at the cue cards. I think it would be very difficult for me to read as Reagan does, without looking down. He's always smiling with his actor's smile, with his actor's gestures and with a whole team working to maintain the President's image while creating a bad image of those who wish to disagree with him.

So we are in a totally disadvantageous position. For instance, this revolution has done a lot for our people here—built sugar mills, geothermal plants, dairy projects—but none of that is covered. As you journalists say, we can't get our story across.

PLAYBOY: But it's not just a question of public relations; you often seem to do things that are intentionally designed to create a bad image. For instance, that trip to Moscow. In April 1985, the week after the U.S. Congress voted against funding the *Contras*, you journeyed to the Soviet Union. By early June, Congress, under pressure from the Reagan Administration, reversed its vote.

ORTEGA: First of all, the incident is really an example of manipulation on the part of the U.S. press. In this case, it ceased being professional—it got caught in the trap of yellow journalism.

PLAYBOY: Mr. President, the press didn't make up the timing. Wasn't that something you did to yourself?

ORTEGA: But I'm referring to the way in which the U.S. press focused on the trip to Moscow; it gave the impression that it was the first time that I had ever gone to Moscow and that it was the culminating point at which Nicaragua was establishing relations of a strategic nature with the Soviet Union. That just wasn't true. In

fact, this was my seventh visit to the Soviet Union. I arrived one day and left the day after to discuss economic matters. I went on to Italy, Spain, France—which the press hardly mentioned. The reason I went to Moscow was that I knew that Reagan was about to impose his economic blockade on us and we had to move quickly to get help. Reagan did not improvise the embargo after the Congressional vote—he already had it prepared, and we had that information. So since the embargo was coming, we had to move rapidly: Our oil supply was about to be cut off.

PLAYBOY: Since the *Contras* ended up getting their money, don't you think the Moscow trip was a mistake?

ORTEGA: No, because the trip to Moscow

There are priests in the government; there are clergy who fought hard to make our revolution. But in Nicaragua, as in other parts of Latin America, there are also elements in the clergy who are extremely conservative. This is important to us—because many of us are students of history, and we have looked hard at what happened to the Popular Unity government of Salvador Allende in Chile in the Seventies. When the U.S. Government wanted to overthrow that government, it used newspapers like *El Mercurio* and right-wing sectors of the Church to destabilize it. We don't want that story repeated in Nicaragua. *La Prensa* is a newspaper that's been financed by the CIA. *Radio Catolica* is a radio station that has been the voice of the counterrevolution.

That's why it was closed. This had nothing to do with religion.

PLAYBOY: But it is the Church's station—

ORTEGA: *Radio Catolica* is not! One would think that it should be—that all Nicaraguan bishops should have access to the radio station. But this station is only in the hands of the bishop of Managua. There were people working there—including the director, now in the U.S.—who were identified with the counterrevolutionary forces. They took advantage of the Catholic radio to disseminate their counterrevolutionary message, violating the state of emergency and the country's laws. We called their attention to this on several occasions. They paid no attention. So

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was only the pretext that many Congressmen used to justify changing their votes. They were looking for an excuse.

PLAYBOY: Still, one step after another seems designed to disprove your sincerity on such issues as civil liberties. For instance, even your supporters in the United States have a hard time explaining how you could close the opposition newspaper, *La Prensa*, shut down *Radio Catolica* and exile the bishop of Chontales, Bishop Pablo Antonio Vega.

ORTEGA: The problems you mention are political. Sometimes people look at these things and say that we are being antireligious, and this is very far from the truth. This is a revolution that has Christianity very much at the core of what we are doing.

we had to take action.

PLAYBOY: You also expelled Bishop Vega. It was reported that you deposited him shoeless at the Honduran border.

ORTEGA: First of all, he wasn't turned over shoeless. He had his normal clothes, his shoes on.

Of course, these are measures that are difficult to understand. But we are subjected to a double standard. The media in North America seem to be unaware of the fact that in Honduras, they have expelled and assassinated priests. In El Salvador, they have expelled and assassinated priests and bishops and nuns.

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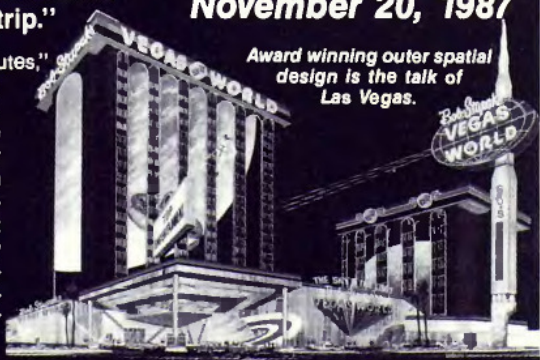
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Latin America—and none of them have been murdered in Nicaragua. There's one country in which two priests and two religious workers have been assassinated in the past few months. But the United States is not interested in that government, because it is an ally. When Honduras expels a priest, it's news for one day and then forgotten. But when Nicaragua expels a priest, it's news for a year.

PLAYBOY: All right, Bishop Vega wasn't assassinated. But he was expelled. Why?

ORTEGA: Because he broke Nicaraguan laws. Every country has its laws. When some North American priests made protests against Reagan's policy in Central America at U.S. military bases, they were arrested, too. Even in the United States! In Bishop Vega's case, he betrayed his country.

PLAYBOY: How?

ORTEGA: He defended Reagan's policy against Nicaragua. This is called treason. He could have been jailed for 30 years.

PLAYBOY: In a democracy, we call it freedom of speech.

ORTEGA: He didn't just justify Reagan's policy against Nicaragua, he justified the assassination of the Nicaraguan people! When asked by the international press here, "What do you think of the \$100,000,000 [which Reagan had requested for aid to the *Contras*]?" he supported it. And when they asked him, "What about the ruling of the international court of justice [declaring the United States in violation of international law for mining Nicaraguan harbors]?" he said that the ruling of the international court of justice was not valid. His is an attitude of justification for a criminal policy, an anti-Christian policy under which they're assassinating Christians here in Nicaragua.

So this man is a traitor. We are not judging him as a cleric.

PLAYBOY: Let's look at another point. You'd always said you supported the free press and offered *La Prensa* as proof. Then, on June 26, 1986—less than one day after Congress voted on the *Contra* funding—you closed *La Prensa*. Doesn't that make it look as if you only tolerated *La Prensa* as a kind of free-speech present to the U.S. Congress? Don't you think you've given

fuel to your critics by what you did?

ORTEGA: No—this has nothing to do with Congress. We are interested in freedom of the press. But in a situation of war, the press is restricted in all parts of the world. Even in the United States, the press has been restricted in difficult situations. So, when the owners of *La Prensa* went to lobby the Congress in favor of the \$100,000,000, well, they were violating Nicaraguan law by doing that. Then, when Congress approved the \$100,000,000, Nicaragua was suddenly suffering a greater aggression. So what the owners of *La Prensa* did, what Bishop Vega did, was on the order of a crime.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that if Congress had not approved the \$100,000,000, you

PLAYBOY: What about reinstating the provisions for civil liberties that are in your brand-new constitution and that you suspended the day the constitution was put into effect?

ORTEGA: Well, yes. In a situation without war, the existing restrictions would have to disappear.

[A stop is made for a short speech at the Jesuit university in Managua—*Universidad Centroamericana*, which is hosting a revival by 50,000 Protestant evangelicals. Then the ride resumes.]

ORTEGA: This has been a really ecumenical afternoon—Jesuits, evangelicals and *Playboy*. [Smiles]

PLAYBOY: We've heard that when you were a teenager, you considered joining a religious order.

ORTEGA: Yes. That's true. Throughout my adolescent years, I had a very strong mystical attitude. I was always trying to seek communication with the saints. I never missed Mass. And I was an altar boy. For a while, I even considered becoming a Christian Brother. The Catholic academy where I went was promoting religious vocations, and I was among the candidates being considered. I was interested in the aspect of being of service to others—perhaps being an educator. But in the end, I decided against it. You see, I also felt drawn toward political activity—toward changing the country and getting rid of the Somoza dictatorship. And while I didn't see that the

political would negate the religious, getting into religious activities would involve abandoning political activity. The latter was more powerful for me.

[They drive to Ortega's home in Managua. It is an upper-middle-class ranch house surrounded by high walls and guards. The house is decorated with Nicaraguan folk art and rocking chairs. Children and dogs abound.]

ORTEGA: Have you read any of the crazy things that have been written in the world press about this house? For instance, once, some Scandinavian journalist said that I had a square block for my house, that my house occupied an entire square block—100 square meters—that I had a

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wouldn't have closed *La Prensa*?

ORTEGA: We wouldn't have closed it.

PLAYBOY: Given that, as journalists, we must ask you, under what conditions could you see reopening that newspaper?

ORTEGA: When the war is over, when the aggression ceases, the country will become normalized. That's why, since we're interested in freedom of the press, *La Prensa* has not been confiscated.

PLAYBOY: And could *Radio Catolica* then open up again?

ORTEGA: That is under consideration in discussions we're having with the Church right now. The agenda includes the reopening of *Radio Catolica* and the return of some priests who have been sanctioned.

huge swimming pool and things like that. **PLAYBOY:** You and other *Sandinista* leaders have been accused of having lavish lifestyles. And although this house isn't very luxurious by U.S. or European standards, it's far beyond the standard of most Nicaraguans.

ORTEGA: Yes, but I think this is like the business with the eyeglasses, exaggerated. With those Scandinavian journalists, I brought them here. We went around the neighborhood. I explained to them who lived in all of the houses around this one. We have neighbors whose relatives live in Miami. They live right next door, behind us. Now, this house, as you see, doesn't have huge gardens. It has a relatively small yard. I don't think it's an ostentatious house—yet these things are always being said about us.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps some of the charges are made against you, Mr. President, because people think it is a long distance from the *Colonia Somoza* to the house of a former banker—even if that house is not very fancy. What was your social class when you were growing up?

ORTEGA: My father was educated, but we often had to struggle for the barest of resources. I was born in the town of La Libertad in the Chontales cattle-raising region of Nicaragua—my father worked for the mines there.

My parents were strong opponents of the Somoza regime and they had constant problems with Somoza's [secret-police]

apparatus. We didn't have much money, either. My younger brother and a sister died young of infectious diseases. The health conditions in the town were terrible, and the family didn't have the money required to save them. For years afterward, their deaths haunted my parents. My mother's religious beliefs were what helped her—her deep Christian resignation.

Actually, I think the most important things about my parents were their moral, religious and political values. The family was very Christian, but there was also a repudiation of everything that the Somoza regime stood for. Both my mother and my father were the strongest of anti-*Somocistas*—and they were persecuted for it. They always remembered that Somoza had murdered Sandino. My father had collaborated with General Sandino and was taken prisoner by the first Somoza. This must have been in 1933. And my mother, even before she married my father, had been arrested by the Somoza National Guard and taken to Managua on horseback. She was accused of sending secret messages. There was a story in my family that I think I may have told *Playboy* when you interviewed me four years ago: When my father was young, he was arrested by the first Somoza and then released from prison and given a packet of money. He sent Somoza this money back, and Somoza returned a telegram that said, EAT SHIT! For much of my childhood, my father would take down this

telegram and show it to all of us. He was very proud of it.

In 1956, when I was almost 11, something happened that marked me very strongly. It was in September, when the first Somoza was brought to justice: Rigoberto López Pérez, the Nicaraguan poet and patriot, assassinated him. Suddenly, Nicaragua was a place of great joy and fear. I remember Somoza's burial, and I remember when Somoza was lying in state. Many people went to see him. Some went to the funeral because they were sad. A lot of others went because they wanted to double check that Somoza was truly dead.

PLAYBOY: And what did the Ortegas do?

ORTEGA: We didn't even approach the place. However, I do remember when the burial procession went past our house and we were all standing on the chairs and tables to see out the window. There was great curiosity; there was joy because Somoza had died. There was pain because Rigoberto López had been killed. And there was fear of what might come in the wake of it all. This fear turned out to be quite justified, because what we later got were two more Somozas.

A few years later, in 1959, the *Somocistas* murdered three Nicaraguans who had been linked to the killing of the first Somoza. One of the dead was a relative of mine: Cornelio Silva. Cornelio used to play with me when I was little. Well, Anastasio Somoza, the third Somoza to rule,

TASTES VARY.



personally assassinated him.

I remember going to Cornelio's funeral, and people there were very frightened. A few days later, there were larger demonstrations. I went with my father and Humberto and my brother Camilo—Camilo was about seven. We took him by the hand, and we'd all joined the tumult. These were extremely violent demonstrations, riots really. I was perhaps 14. So these kinds of experiences were common in my youth. Indeed, I think they were very common to many young people growing up in this country during that time. There were so many injustices in our society, and one felt an urgency to do something. The elections were rigged. Somoza controlled the political process; he controlled the economy; he repressed with his National Guard. He controlled everything. You felt it was a crime to be young.

PLAYBOY: We were also told that by the time you were 15, you had made a clear decision to become a revolutionary. True?

ORTEGA: You make it sound like Simón Bolívar, who rose up to the mountain and undertook the struggle against colonialism. It wasn't that way at all; it was much more evolutionary.

Actually, my first concrete political commitment probably came in 1959, when I participated in the street struggles against Somoza. In 1960, some of us neighborhood boys formed an organization called the Nicaraguan Patriotic Youth. This organi-

zation was later broken up by the National Guard. They destroyed it when some of us tried to seize a National Guard barracks. So in the aftermath of our attempt, we suffered very strong repression. They arrested a large number of people in our group. This was the first time I was arrested, and I was beaten. I was taken to the Somoza security offices, interrogated, photographed and tortured. The Somoza men wanted me to say that some older men in the Social Christian Party had put us up to this, and I wouldn't do that. It wasn't true, anyway. That was my . . . sort of baptismal fire. The next year, in 1961, I was arrested again. This time, I was accused of setting fire to some vehicles belonging to the U.S. embassy, and, indeed, we had done that. The second arrest was more serious. They took us before the judge, there was a formal indictment and, of course, there was torture. As always.

PLAYBOY: How did they torture you?

ORTEGA: Beating. Kicking. They would hit us in karate fashion with fists. We complained when they beat us—and they'd laugh. After the abuse, they sent us before a judge. The judge ruled that we should be on probation—and we got it, because at that point, Somoza's security forces did not see us yet as a true danger, but rather as boys who were involved in—

PLAYBOY: Pranks?

ORTEGA: Yes. As if we were just a bunch of crazy kids. And that's what our lawyers

argued. So that time, they released us—but other jailings were to come.

PLAYBOY: And the *Frente Sandinista* came into existence in what year?

ORTEGA: The *Frente* began to do public activities in 1963.

PLAYBOY: And when did you join?

ORTEGA: Immediately.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

ORTEGA: Seventeen or 18.

PLAYBOY: It was an extraordinarily risky thing to do—to join the *Frente*. It was like asking for death. Why does a 17-year-old from a Managua barrio do such a thing?

ORTEGA: My friends and I were already exposing ourselves to death. We had seen peers of ours die in demonstrations—we'd witnessed women beaten savagely for no other reason than the fact that they were protesting some Somoza injustice. So for us, the *Frente* was a new element. We hoped it might make us more effective. The *Frente*, when it was formed, was really just a fusion of several groups such as ours, each one doing its own activities.

PLAYBOY: While we're getting the whole story, is there anything you remember in particular about your early arrests?

ORTEGA: Well, I don't know. . . . There was the arrest in Guatemala. My friends and I had hitchhiked there. This was 1964. At the time, the Guatemalan guerrilla movement was going strong. Wherever you looked, there were military and police. We had no money—so we slept in the parks. But that

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proved impossible, and so we rented a small room for one person at a very poor hotel, and the rest of us snuck in at night, one by one. Well, the owner of the hotel quickly became suspicious and he denounced us to the police. We had been in Guatemala for only a couple of days. What followed was really terrible. The judicial police took us to the prison and brought in some anti-Castro Cubans from Alpha 66 to interrogate us. There were beatings, and then they sent us to another prison, where there were some basement cells that were just a half meter wide and ten meters long. They called that the tiger cage. This was a waiting room for death. We found some 40 peasants from a region supportive of the guerrillas being held there. Everyone was crammed in on top of everyone else, and you had to walk over some people to find a spot or just end up sitting on someone else.

One day, they took all the peasants away. Not long after, a news item appeared in the paper saying that the vehicle in which these peasants were traveling had "turned over" on the highway and they were all killed. Who knows what really happened to them?

PLAYBOY: What happened to you?

ORTEGA: Well, the Guatemalans decided to turn us over to Somoza. They transported us to Nicaragua—where they turned us over to Somoza's security [forces]. Once in the hands of the Nicaraguan security, we were thrown into the back of a Land Rover. They tied our hands behind our backs. They tied our feet together. They took off our shoes. They tore our zippers so that we wouldn't be able to run and try to escape. They took our belts away. And then they put us in a squatting position, with big stones across our thighs. In that completely helpless position, we were beaten the whole way with clubs, clubs to our head. They picked up garbage along the way. It was filth, pestilence—feathers of dead chickens, leaves, cigarette butts. They made us eat that. We didn't want to eat it. When we didn't, they pushed our head down to the stone to knock against the stone. So as to not lose our teeth, we began to eat it. The man who was inflicting all this barbarity on us was a sergeant in Somoza's security named Gonzalo Lacayo. Lacayo was a special kind of monster. He'd been a butcher before going into the security, and he was the same afterward. During the trip, the moment came when one of the *compañeros*—his name was Edmundo Pérez; he later died—vomited. Lacayo made him eat his vomit. He had us like this from the border to Managua. In Managua, we were put into a different vehicle and transported to the city of Rivas, where we had a trial pending for something else. Again, on the road, we were subjected to similar brutalities.

PLAYBOY: What about the last time you were arrested?

ORTEGA: That was in 1967. I was in a much more dangerous situation. The police were looking for me. Once they grabbed me, they subjected me to a very strong period of

interrogation. That's when I was left with this scar. I have a scar here—on the right side, right here. I almost lost my eye. I had contact lenses at that time and I wasn't able to get them out before they began beating me. When they first grabbed me, I thought, for sure, that this time they were going to kill me. You see, I had participated in the bringing to justice—or the killing, if you will—of the main executioner of Somoza's security forces, this Gonzalo Lacayo. In August of 1967, I participated in an action, killing him.

PLAYBOY: You alone?

ORTEGA: No, there were four of us—including Pérez, the guy he'd forced to eat his own vomit. We did this on an August night in 1967. First, we staked him out—we wanted to make sure that we wouldn't hurt anyone innocent during our bringing this butcher to justice. We drove up to his neighborhood in our car. I was in the front seat. Each of us had a submachine gun, and the other *compañero* sat beside me with a pistol. When we found Lacayo, he was standing on the sidewalk, chatting with his brother-in-law—so

"You develop certain habits in prison. You lose your shyness a bit, especially about bodily functions."

we did nothing. Finally, when he returned home, we drove up to him—and, as he walked under a streetlight, he saw us. And from the moment that he saw us, he realized what was happening, and still he tried to pull out his weapon. But we were already firing. The other *compañero* got out to give the final shots. I shouted, "Long live the *Sandinista* front!" and we took off.

Now, there's something I want to tell you—an executioner like Lacayo, when we killed him, I felt satisfied. I felt that we were doing something just: eliminating a harmful guy, an executioner.

PLAYBOY: Was Lacayo the first person you ever killed?

ORTEGA: Yes.

PLAYBOY: When you killed him, did you feel any conflict between your religious feelings and what you were doing?

ORTEGA: No. Because I felt no personal hatred, no rancor in this action. I think that if there had been personal hatred, I would have felt guilty. But there was nothing of that. I saw it as something natural—something that had to happen. It was true that we were taking the life of a person, but this was a person who was taking away the life of the people. I mean, he was the worst torturer and murderer. Did the members of the French Resistance feel guilty about killing Gestapo officers?

PLAYBOY: Were you arrested after that assassination?

ORTEGA: Yes. November 1967. It was a ter-

rible moment for the *Frente Sandinista*. Early in the month, the *Somocistas* captured four *Sandinistas*, wounded and killed them and then announced that they had killed the assassins of Lacayo. It was a terrible crime, killing wounded people. What was worse, of the four people they murdered, only one, Edmundo Pérez, had been involved in the action against Lacayo. When the Somoza security finally captured me, however, they had a terrible problem: Given their crime and their announcement, they couldn't say, "Ah, now we have one of the men who got Lacayo." So the only charge they could make against me was bank robbery—even though they had a great number of indications of other things.

PLAYBOY: Did you actually participate in bank robberies? Heads of state have been known to loot banks—but usually with paper and pencil.

ORTEGA: [Laughs] Well, yes, I did. During the time when the *Frente* was clandestine, we robbed banks to finance our activities. We called the actions acts of recuperation, which is what we felt they were. Technically, legalistically, they were bank robberies, of course—but that wasn't how we felt.

PLAYBOY: So after November 1967, you were sent off to prison.

ORTEGA: Yes. I was sentenced to 14 years and sent to jail. Colonel Orlando Gutiérrez was the prison warden—a fascist, a real fascist. He bragged that he admired Hitler. An executioner. Horrible. Interestingly, he was on that list of *Somocistas* we intended to bring to justice—so once I was in his prison, he kept screaming, "So you wanted to kill me!" And he put me in a cell full of common criminals. That cell was perhaps twice the size of this room, and there were always more than 100 prisoners there. The political prisoners were all thrown together with the common criminals. Because there were so few bunks, we slept on the floor. There was a single toilet, without doors or anything, in the middle of the room.

Of course, you develop certain habits in prison. You lose your shyness a bit, especially about things relating to bodily functions. There was, for example, a permanent line for the toilet. There were always at least 50 people waiting to use the single toilet, pressuring whoever was sitting there to get off. Because it was filthy, everyone would stand on the toilet bowl. No one would sit. And you'd go and right in front of you, other people were applauding, saying, "Come on, get going, what's happening?" And people would also insult you, saying, "Oh, you're taking so long!" The shower was the same. There would be sometimes 150 people wanting to use one shower. The total environment gave the impression of one of those slave galleys—that's how it felt.

PLAYBOY: Did you meet Rosario Murillo around that time?

ORTEGA: No; actually, I knew her from the



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neighborhood in Managua. But she was of a higher social and economic situation, and my family didn't have much contact with hers. When I was in prison, I began reading her poetry. And I was very drawn to it, to women's poetry in general. It was very high-quality poetry, and I began writing to her. We would exchange poems.

PLAYBOY: Why were you drawn to women's poetry?

ORTEGA: Because it was interesting. Rosario was just one of several women calling attention to the problems of *machismo* in our society. As for me, I would say that in that time, I was developing a conscientious attitude in terms of struggling against my own *machismo*, and for that very reason, perhaps, the women's poetry had such a strong impact on me.

PLAYBOY: So you had a struggle with your own tendency toward being *macho*?

ORTEGA: Ah, sí. Definitely, yes.

PLAYBOY: Can you tell us more?

ORTEGA: Well, I have a *macho* formation. Consciously, I oppose *machismo*. I struggle against it in myself and try to eradicate it. But to what point have we eradicated it? Now, that's a good question! A lot of this is unconscious. I think that the *macho* attitude that may have the greatest weight on men in our society has to do with being possessive of women. That's where we're most resistant to accepting equality. We resist accepting the fact that we shouldn't possess women in a total and absolute way. We also want to possess one or two or three or four women.

PLAYBOY: Are you like that?

ORTEGA: Well, I think one always has something of that within one. But one struggles against it. Anyway, my mother had a lot of contact with Rosario during those years. Rosario visited her—she would sit down and chat with her. Rosario was collaborating with the *Frente*, so she couldn't go to the jail. It would have exposed her activities. So between us there was more of a political sort of communication there and literary communication.

PLAYBOY: You were released at the end of 1974, when the *Frente Sandinista* devised its own parole program for political prisoners and a *Sandinista* commando unit seized the mansion of José María "Chema" Castillo Quant, former Nicaraguan minister of agriculture and a confidant of Somoza's. At his house, a party was being held—and the guests included most of the Managua diplomatic corps and various Somoza relatives. A *Sandinista* commando unit seized the building, held the revelers hostage—and didn't give up until they, you and many other *Sandinista* prisoners had been put on a plane to Cuba. This was the famous "Christmas party." Did you know it was coming?

ORTEGA: We knew that there were people outside the prison working on something to free us. But the first time I heard of this was at dawn the morning after the action. One of the guardsmen who were friendly with us said, "The *Frente*'s taken a whole series of

ministers there, and they're asking for you." We had a hidden radio—which we dashed to. That was the most striking moment in the jail, when we realized that very important ministers of Somoza's—including Somoza's brother-in-law—were in the hands of the *compañeros*. Later, they played a message from the *Frente* over the radio. And that was something: to hear, for the first time, in Nicaragua, on a radio station, a message from the *Sandinista* front.

PLAYBOY: Was the broadcast part of the deal?

ORTEGA: Yes. Two or three days later, it was all finalized and we got out. It was on the 30th, in the morning, about noon. We got on the buses with the guardsmen. Some of the guardsmen who had become friends said they wanted to go with us, because they had been working with us. We said, "You can't do that; you have to stay here. You'll be more useful here." I had been in prison for seven years . . . and one month.

PLAYBOY: You told us four years ago that when you got to Cuba, it was so strange—after seven years in prison to be free. Why? Did you feel as if you were still under surveillance?

ORTEGA: No. It was . . . I just had a hard time after so many years' imprisonment. In prison, I had developed certain defensive mechanisms in order to survive. All of a sudden, I was freed from that milieu and I had to adapt to a whole new thing—freedom. You find yourself in an environment in which there's no persecution, no danger—and that's strange!

PLAYBOY: For example?

ORTEGA: I felt tense in freedom. Claustrophobic. If I entered a room, I would want to get out quickly. If I got into a car, I would start feeling desperate. It was as if the cell were always with me. For months, I suffered in this condition. I then overcame this.

While in Cuba, I worked for the *Frente*. I did political work, wrote pamphlets, did studies. The work helped me. And I would say that I did not finish completely adapting myself. When I returned secretly to Nicaragua in 1976, all of the defense mechanisms that I'd developed in the underground life became activated again. And I felt fine—I felt great! The claustrophobia went away; everything went away. I would be in the barrios of Managua, spending days and days in a tiny room, in underwear or shorts, because there was so much heat—working away, drawing up the messages, communications, going out at night to establish contacts, having meetings. There was pressure from the police, the National Guard passing by, the security forces who were watching over the area. I was moving from one neighborhood to another. Some safe houses would fall; we'd have to find someplace else to hide. There would be battles and *compañeros* would fall. But I felt at ease. I felt better than when I'd been free.

PLAYBOY: Still, why did you go from the relative safety of Cuba back to the danger

of Central America?

ORTEGA: I needed to. I would have felt compromised if I hadn't. I had a political commitment, and if you have that, you don't feel right within yourself if you're not directly on the battle lines.

PLAYBOY: From what we've read, some terrible things happened to you when you returned to Central America—the deaths of many close friends and relatives.

ORTEGA: My younger brother Camilo, for one, was killed. I was traveling in Honduras on a mission for the *Frente*—and I intuited immediately that something had happened. This was February 1978. Camilo had taken part in an insurgency in Masaya. The *Guardia* put out a search, they trapped the combatants and they found Camilo and his companions. You know, I always have believed somewhat in parapsychology—I have very good intuition. Well, when I was in Honduras, suddenly, I felt Camilo's death. I began to feel bad. I felt something was wrong, but I didn't know exactly what. Later, I found out that Camilo had died while fighting in the insurrection. Of course, there was no way to go to his burial. My mother took care of that alone.

PLAYBOY: At what point did you realize that everything was falling apart for Somoza?

ORTEGA: There is a date that for us is key: October 1977. After that, everything became different for Somoza. At that moment, the *Frente* was divided into several factions and we did not have a military-offensive capacity. Politically, we were worn down. The factionalization had been incapacitating. Rather than go into the points that separated us, let me just say that the group I worked with decided that conditions were very good for carrying out an offensive. We wanted the *Frente* to unite again, but we figured we weren't going to achieve unity through discussions. The more we talked, the more screwed up everything would get. So we thought unity could be achieved through offensive actions: politically and militarily. And it was then that we decided to launch an offensive. We said, "We can begin to finally overthrow Somoza now." And, of course, by July 1979, he was gone.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about the final moments of a 42-year dictatorship.

ORTEGA: Well, the first great moment came when we were in León. At first, it seemed that the National Guard was going to launch an offensive from the Honduran side toward León—and we were all preparing for a battle. What was actually happening was that the National Guard was concentrating its forces so as to escape into Honduras. When we heard the news that Somoza was fleeing, we pushed farther with the offensive and the other troops began to move toward Managua.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel going into Managua that day?

ORTEGA: First, we had a mass gathering in León, celebrating the victory. I always said that what was most striking for me was

the 18th, at night, when the television station was already taken by the *Frente* in Managua. We saw for the first time in Nicaragua Sandino's image on TV. It was an old, fast-moving film of Sandino. But there he was: Sandino alive there on the screen. It was not a static photo. It was Sandino moving. This was more impressive than all else. In that moment, I knew we had restored our history.

Then we arrived in Managua on the 20th. Of course, the people were euphoric. Bullets shooting in all directions. There was a great deal of joy. All of us were there. [Then-] Monsignor Obando was also there. This North American, William Bowdler, the envoy of the Carter Administration, was there, too. There was a new beginning for Nicaragua—a future, some hope. We were meeting with the United States in an environment of friendship and with the hope of establishing a new type of relationship.

PLAYBOY: Of course, that didn't happen.

ORTEGA: No. Our triumph was the surrender on July 19, 1979. Jimmy Carter was President of the United States still. There were problems with Carter. Before the triumph, the Carter Administration supported Somoza, and it did propose an Organization of American States intervention in Nicaragua, which the O.A.S. refused to do. But after July 19, there developed a certain openness. There was a possibility of finding an understanding.

Then, of course, Reagan was elected in November of 1980, and that was the beginning of his obsession with us, the results of which we are still living with.

PLAYBOY: To quote Reagan, "Nine times we have sought to bring about direct negotiations between the resistance and the *Sandinistas*. Nine times the *Sandinistas* have refused." He said that about the *Sandinistas* in March 1986 while urging *Contra* funding. How do you respond to that?

ORTEGA: That is a lie. At no moment has the Reagan Administration been interested in negotiating. They've used the word negotiation to cover themselves vis-à-vis the U.S. Congress, which has always demanded an effort toward negotiation. So it's nothing more than an act geared to creating an impression that they're making an effort to negotiate and that the party that does not wish to negotiate is Nicaragua. The clearest proof of this is that the one who withdrew from the negotiations at Manzanillo was the United States. It was not Nicaragua.

[The interview breaks and resumes on another afternoon at the César Augusto Silva Convention Center, just outside Managua. In the old days, under Somoza, the convention center was a Japanese-style country club for well-to-do businessmen. Now the building is used for protocol functions—a center where Sandinista officials greet visitors for public events. It is elegant, air-conditioned, filled with plants and Nicaraguan modern art. This is Ortega's unofficial executive office.]

PLAYBOY: We've spoken over the past few

days a great deal about who Daniel Ortega was before becoming Nicaragua's head of state—but we've gotten very little sense of you or your country now. Do you like power? Do you like being president?

ORTEGA: I don't think so.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

ORTEGA: It's a quite complicated task. One is subjected to many pressures. The state of our economy is something that puts enormous pressure on me—inflation, the war, the standard of living. I feel a tremendous weight on my shoulders when we discuss economic problems. We've struggled to improve the standard of living for the people, and the people have sacrificed themselves for this. So it is a moral obligation on our part.

PLAYBOY: Mr. President, you say you don't like the high office, yet power in Nicaragua has become centralized around you. On July 20, 1979, you entered Managua as one of nine members of the *Sandinista* directorate. At that time, the *Sandinistas* spoke of having a "collective leadership" as a way of breaking the strong-man pattern that has characterized Latin-

"Reagan was elected in 1980, and that was the beginning of his obsession with us, the results of which we are still living with."

American revolutions. But now, more and more, one sees news reports of your edging out the other leading *Sandinistas*. What's happening here?

ORTEGA: That is a journalist's image—and you know how journalists always tend to look for power in an individual and emphasize it. I suppose that there's a logic to this, because through history in general, there's been a tendency for power to be concentrated in an individual.

Here in Nicaragua, that kind of logic has been broken with. We have a situation where the people were the protagonists and authors of the revolution. This is not a revolution that was done for the people by the national directorate of the *Sandinista* front. This is not a revolution that was made for the people by Daniel Ortega or Humberto Ortega or Tomás Borge or any of these *compañeros* as individuals. This is not a revolution made for the people by a group of guerrillas who fought and defeated the National Guard and then came down into the cities so as to be received by the people. This is a revolution that has been made by the people in the true sense of the word. That is, here people fought in the cities.

PLAYBOY: But Mr. President, haven't you, in fact, consolidated power?

ORTEGA: We still have a collective leader-

ship here; but, of course, that does not deny our need to develop a hierarchy for operational purposes. So what we have been doing is to strengthen institutionalization of the revolutionary state. When the [*Sandinista*] directorate decided that I would be the *Sandinista* front's candidate for president, and when it decided that I would be coordinator of the executive commission of the *Sandinista* front, it did this conscious of the need to improve our mechanisms of implementation, to better unify our policies. What we have is a gesture of confidence from the *Sandinista* directorate to one of its members—Daniel Ortega—in giving me this responsibility.

PLAYBOY: Friends of yours say that in the three years since the November 1984 election, you've grown much more comfortable with the idea of public office. They say that you've finally made the transition from guerrilla leader to politician.

ORTEGA: Guerrilla work is similar to that of a missionary. You go from house to house in the underground, talking with people, talking with the peasants, with people in the barrios. I've always had that kind of communication—especially before the triumph. And I've tried to maintain it.

But I have more of a problem with the press. I have always fled from that. It is no secret that I am introverted. Even in the underground, when the *compañeros* wanted to take pictures, I refused. It seemed to me a question of beginning to be like an actor, which I don't want to be. In fact, this kind of public role has always involved an enormous effort on my part. The first time I was in the United States, for example, they put make-up on me when I appeared on TV. I had never put make-up on in my whole life. You feel bad—awkward there. You feel like a fool.

PLAYBOY: But we sense that you're beginning to get into it. We watched you at that evangelical rally, and you seemed to be enjoying the public attention—the cameras, the crowds.

ORTEGA: I don't know. I don't think so. I believe that communication with the press is necessary, but I don't enjoy it.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the war. What is your assessment of the *Contras* as a fighting force? It has been suggested in the U.S. that they just don't fight very well.

ORTEGA: I wouldn't say that. I do think that in a military confrontation, the moral element determines victory. It is always more important than the technical and material elements. But that is not to negate the technical and combative capacity that the opponent might have. The *Contras* have shown themselves to be criminal—but I'm not going to say that they don't fight. They do—and they fight hard. I would say they fight as a result of their own mentality. There were some, for example, who killed themselves when they saw that they were trapped by our forces. There was a famous *Contra* chieftain who blew himself up with a grenade when he saw that he was going to

(concluded on page 130)



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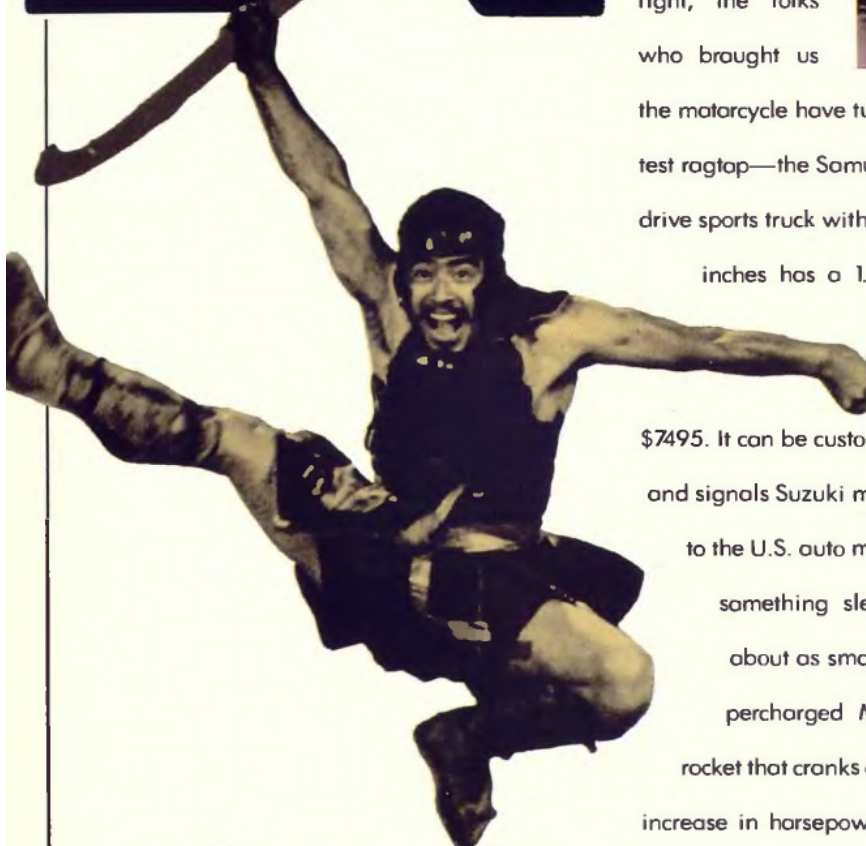
five-speed transmission and an unbelievable price:

\$7495. It can be customized for up to about \$9500 and signals Suzuki motor company's big move into the U.S. auto market. Of course, if you want something sleeker, a lot faster and just about as small, there's the brand-new supercharged MR2 from Toyota, a pocket rocket that cranks out an astonishing 30 percent increase in horsepower. Estimated price: \$16,000.

where reps do reps

They're called Isotonic Resistance Units, and they're up on Capitol Hill. No, not a covert scam of Ollie North's. These are the Eagle Fitness Systems at the United States Congressional Workout Facility, a highly sophisticated regimen that's tops at class fitness spas. The World Gym in Venice, California, offers a 12-station biomechanical blowout of a workout, as does Manhattan's tony Vertical Club. Placards show which muscles flex; weight stacks are changed from the initial exercise position. And that's not pumping irony.

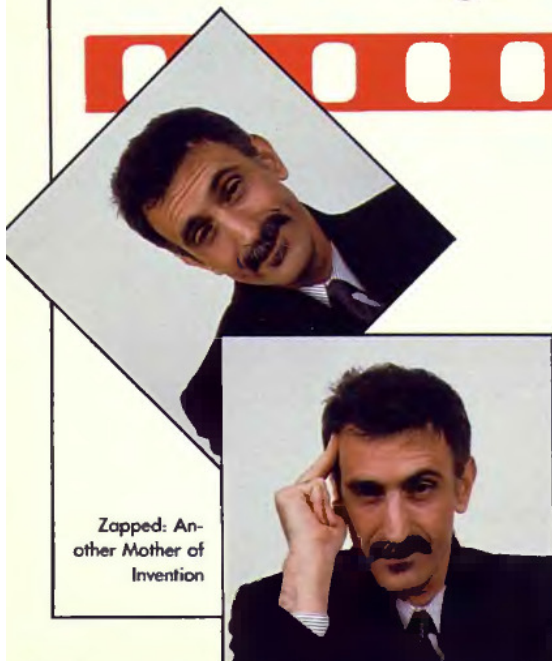
Twist and Clout: Eagle's Rotary Torso



V

ideo

When it comes to innovative video, Mother knows best. None other than **Frank Zappa** has just stuck his nose into home entertainment with a new company called—what else?—Honker Home Video. Titles set for release include *Video from Hell* (an MTV take-off), *The True Story of 200 Motels* (a documentary on the making of that cult film) and *Uncle Meat* (from the album of the same name). . . . Who's the hottest music-video visionary in the land? It's **Kent Burton**, the 28-year-old stop-motion 3-D animator who concocted the dinosaur segments of *Pee-wee's Playhouse*. Burton is shifting his Saturday-morning wizardry to **Peter Gabriel** and a long line of waiting rock artists. . . . The latest video gimmick comes from Hitachi, which is set to debut its astonishing new VT-2700A Super-VHS VCR, which lets the viewer scan 12 TV channels at the same time. . . . **Panasonic**, meanwhile, makes VCR programming ultraeasy with its high-tech bar-code wand, a light pen that scans and commands.



Zapped: Another Mother of Invention



POMPEO POSAR

Anchor date of the month

JOAN ESPOSITO

Age: 33

Marital status: Single

Stats: WLS-TV (ABC), Chicago, five P.M.; number one in the ratings

Education: B.A. in allied medicine, M.A. in community health education, Ohio State University

Long-range goal: To be selected for NASA's Journalists in Space Program. (She's one of 40 finalists.)

Pet peeve: "People think I'm a pampered glamor puss. Standing in toxic waste is not glamorous."

Favorite dates: "Men who like my sense of humor."

MANO-A-MONOLOG

Soloing is definitely in. Storyteller Spalding Gray's *Swimming to Cambodia* hits video stores this month, and his *The Terrors of Pleasure* is slated for early November on HBO. Another entertainer who likes to go it alone, Eric Bogosian, has the critics talking with his off-Broadway play *Talk Radio*, as does avant-garde Brit Dovid Cale with his play/monolog *The Redthroats*. Monologist Mort Sahl is back on Broadway this month to skewer the politicians, joining Jackie Mason, who made history with his one-man—naturally—*The World According to Me!*



War Games: A trio of simulations from MicroProse



HIT PICK

Every TV season has its cult hit: *Miami Vice*, *Moonlighting*, *L.A. Law*. Odds-on favorite for this fall's sweepstakes is ABC's *Hooperman*, with John (*Three's Company*) Ritter as a private-eye/landlord who gets into more zany trouble with the tenants inside than with the riffraff outside. It's the latest showcase for Steven (*L.A. Law*) Bochco, on Wednesdays at nine P.M. E.S.T. Stay home and get Hoopered.

Battle bytes

Forget Donkey Kong; crank up the old PC and get ready for thrills. Electronic games are back with a vengeance—on computers. Aimed at smart adults, this new generation of games features graphic-vivid simulations, such as *Conflict in Vietnam* (MicroProse), which is based on the actual Southeast Asia campaigns. *F-15 Strike Eagle* (MicroProse) straps the player into a jet fighter; Electronic Arts' *Star Flight* features aliens in 270 star systems—and that's light-years from Pong.



PAMPERED STARS

Just as the baby-boom generation undergoes its own reproductive explosion, Hollywood is having sympathetic labor pains. The first warning burble came last spring with the quintuplet comedy *Raising Arizona*. This month, an infant is dropped into the lap of hard-charging exec Diane Keaton in *Baby Boom*; at Christmas, Ted Danson, Steve Guttenberg and Tom Selleck suffer a similar fate in *Three Men and a Cradle*. Then, it's *Maybe Baby*, with Molly Ringwald, and *She's Having a Baby*, with Kevin Bacon and Elizabeth McGovern. Even

TV gets into the act with the debut of ABC's tot laugher *Thirty Something*. Yikes, the critters are everywhere.



M. MELFORD / IMAGE BANK

Contributors: Phil Cooper, Richard Lalich, Maury Levy, Peter Moore, Peter Sikowitz.



THE JESSICA HAHN STORY

PART ONE

THE WOMAN AT THE CENTER OF THE PTL SCANDAL FINALLY TELLS WHAT HAPPENED TO HER AT THE HANDS OF JIM BAKKER

The following is a record of conversations held with Jessica Hahn, Robert Scheer of The Los Angeles Times and Playboy Executive Editor Barry Golson between July 11 and July 31, 1987.

GOLSON: You've been at the center of a fire storm—your sexual encounters with preachers Jim Bakker and John Fletcher,* reports of extortion and hush money, Bakker's ouster from the PTL, Jerry Falwell's take-over and your journey to this magazine. Where should we start?

HAHN: This is supposed to be the year of the bimbos, right? So let's start with the fact that I am not a bimbo. I know that's how people see me, but I am not what I've been made out to be—someone without thoughts or feelings or explanations. I am a human being.

I was done in. I was hurt. The public does not know that I was used and manipulated and hurt—physically and emotionally. That was never brought out. And I'm doing it now, in a way I know would never get reported in a family newspaper.

This has been a game to Jim Bakker and John Fletcher. It has been politics to Jerry Falwell. The news stories for half a

*Fletcher has denied Hahn's version of his role in these events.

year have said "affair." It was *not* an affair. I did not enjoy it. I hated it. I hate Jim Bakker for it. I hate John Fletcher for it. If it were just sleeping with somebody—no big deal. But there was a crime committed. There was politics involved. People forget, with the money scandals, *why* Jim Bakker became newsworthy in the first place. What happened to me was *not* something I wanted or asked for. It was not an affair, and it sure wasn't love.

SCHEER: We've heard a lot about a "tryst."

HAHN: People use words like adultery and tryst and hush money. You know, two men had me in one day. I hated every second of it and it has ruined my life. And I took hush money, all right—money to hush *them* up. Whatever image of me has been floating out there—and I know what it is; I'm not stupid—it's the opposite of what I know I am. And I haven't been able to say so. Or I've said it badly. I've been treated as less than human, as a thing, as a pawn. And just because I don't have a Bible or a microphone—just because I don't draw millions of people on TV—doesn't mean I'm not human.

Those preachers, not just the ones in

the hotel room, have made me feel as if I don't count. "Shut up, Jessica, and God will bless you." Well, that's wrong. I've waited a long time to tell my story. My way. All I have is my story—the raw truth. I even called Jerry Falwell one last time, and that's what he advised, too—he may not have meant it exactly this way, but he said, "Tell the raw truth, Jessica." And I will. Let people check the details. All the details. They're all I've got against their continuing lies.

SCHEER: Why did it take so long?

HAHN: Because I was told that I should keep quiet for everyone's sake, that that was what God wanted me to do. That I was performing a service for God. "What you do silently, God will bless openly." I started out fighting and ended up a lamb. I tried to say what really happened to me. But then you get caught up with these so-called Christians and you walk away feeling guilty. As if *you* did something wrong.

GOLSON: You say your story hasn't come out, but a lot of people know who you are and what happened.

HAHN: They know who the media say I am. And they've labeled me. I heard about one of the papers that had some stock pictures of me. An editor there said to give them the sluttiest picture

they could find of me. You know, that scares me, the control they have. What they make available depends on whether they like you or not. It's all bait, anyway—me, Fawn Hall, Donna Rice. Do you think if they put Jim Bakker, Oliver North or Gary Hart on the front pages in a bathing suit, it would sell as well as the three of us? Bait, that's all.

My story is about the media, too. They want a piece of the story and they say, "Tell us about it. If you don't talk to us, we'll go to . . ." And they'll quote someone who's against you. And they all do it, not just the tabloids.

At first, I gave parts of the story away, because I thought people would listen and hear what had been done to me. I've been incredibly naïve. Every story had its own angle, and then it got more and more . . . out of control. People began climbing onto vans, climbing up on trees, taking pictures of every little move I made. It's been insane.

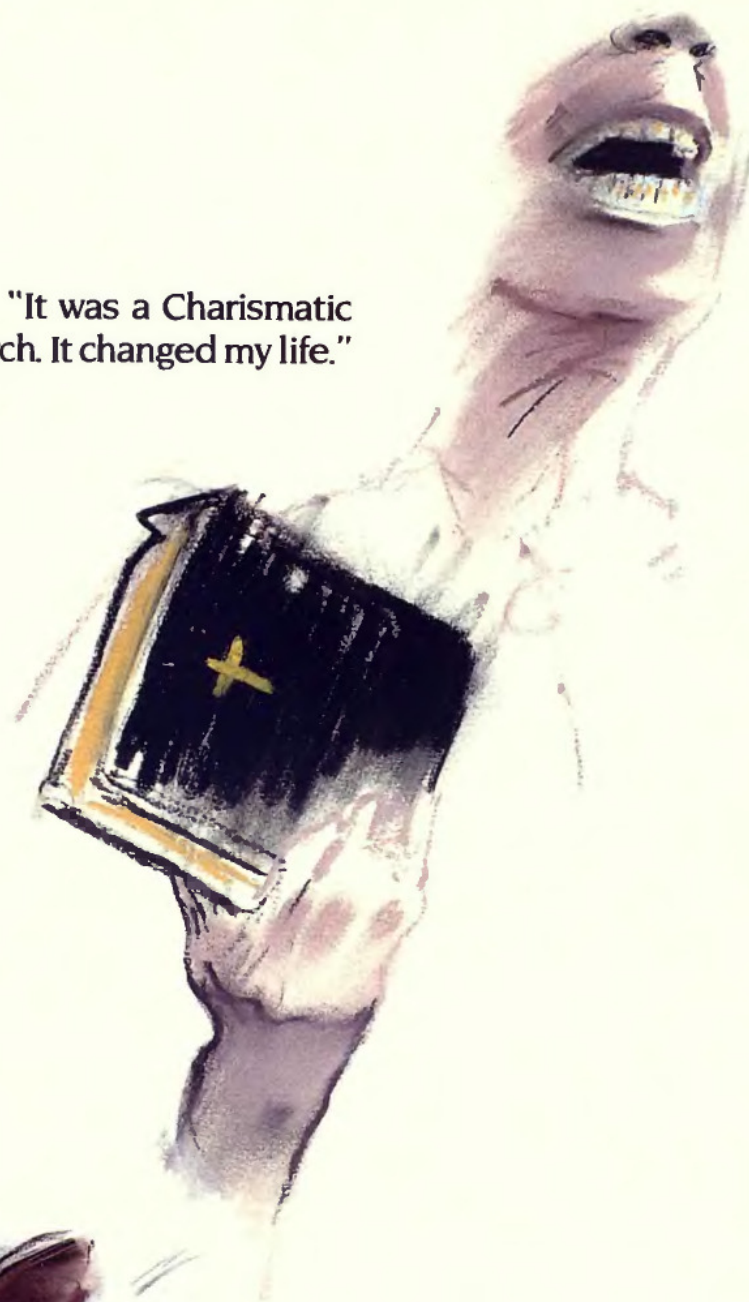
SCHEER: Well, you *are* the woman who brought down the PTL.

HAHN: Yeah, I know. It still hits me all the time, because I hate to see the people who believed in Bakker hurt.

GOLSON: You're also the woman who took payments from the PTL—\$265,000 in reported blackmail.

HAHN: Yes, I've been accused of blackmail, extortion—taking hush money. But who blackmailed who? Because I met a man with power and money, people automatically think they have my story. "We've got *her* down." But it's not true. I'll tell you all about it when we come to

"It was a Charismatic church. It changed my life."



"You know, when you're 14, these preachers are like rock stars."

it, but the only reason this thing is public is that *they made it public*. My most intense desire, as God is in heaven, was to handle this quietly. I took money. It was unbelievable, what they were doing, what they were threatening. So I found a lawyer—a church lawyer—and he said, "We're going to sign this, we're going to sign that, and we're all going to shut up for 20 years." I said, "Great! Where do I sign? Give me a dollar, give me \$260,000, fine, let's end it! I'll take it, just so we end it!"

GOLSON: And you took the money.

HAHN: I took hush money to hush them up. But you should know that all I got was \$20,000 and some monthly payments from a trust fund. That's what I found out I was getting when I finally asked.

GOLSON: What happened to the rest?

How much did the lawyer get?

HAHN: He received \$95,000. I assumed he was a lawyer, but he told me that he was my "legal advisor." Paul Roper. He was actually going to law school.

GOLSON: Why did you turn to someone whose background you didn't know on such an important legal matter?

HAHN: Because it was an attempt to keep it within the church. And because I didn't know any better.

But what I do know is that if I were as money hungry as I'm made out to be, I would have sued the people who have made money off me. But all I wanted was for it to go away. I don't think much about money, no matter what it seems like. I had \$40 in my bank account last week, before *Playboy*. All I wanted to do was tell my story, have people listen to the other side. But it came out in bits and pieces and, as I said, it nearly drove me insane.

SCHEER: You don't seem crazed. You seem defiant, confident.

HAHN: If I am, it hasn't been for very long. . . . You know, I strictly depended on these church people for everything. Until now.

SCHEER: Which is probably a good place to start. Tell us about your church.

HAHN: When I was 14, I walked into a church in Massapequa, Long Island. It was June 21, 1974. It was a Charismatic Pentecostal church, and I was completely on my own. I was raised Catholic and I walked in there with my two-year-old brother. Nobody told me to do it. In fact, my parents probably would've preferred that I hadn't. But I was always alone, except for my little brother. When he was born, that was the answer to my prayer. He was everything. He filled a void.

So when I walked into this church, it changed my entire life. I felt that it had everything I wanted. I instantly felt complete. I felt I belonged. I felt as if that was going to be my second family, and I thought, This must be what falling in love is like. You know, when you're 14, these preachers are like what rock stars are to 16-year-olds.

GOLSON: You became totally wrapped up in the church?

HAHN: Yes. I started to read the Bible and I began to become so involved and so taken, because these people were the closest thing to God. Nothing else mattered. If it were up to me, I'd never have



"I didn't know women from New York were so beautiful."

gone back to school. I wanted to be in that church.

So I took on little jobs—baby-sitting, cleaning the toilet bowls. I did that for two years. I did anything to make me a part of it.

GOLSON: What was the church like?

HAHN: Well, the thing that caught my attention happened in the summer of '74. John Wesley Fletcher was visiting there. He was a traveling evangelist. There was a tent set outside the church—a big yellow-and-white tent. It had a big light that circled the sky, and people were singing. When you are raised Catholic, it is very quiet, and that is beautiful. They choose to worship that way, and that's nice. But in this church, everything was alive. There were lots and lots of people my age. There were tons and tons of people and activities. And the minute you walked in, they took your hand, told you to just come and be seated. And you felt wanted.

SCHEER: More than you did at home?

HAHN: There was love at home, but . . . we weren't the Bradys or the Waltons. We didn't sit by a fire at night and sit on each other's laps and hug and kiss. I've

always needed that, I guess.

I never knew my real father. He left after treating us in a very bad way. I have a sister who's three years older than me and a brother who's six years older. They remember him; I don't. My mother told me one thing: that on the day I was born, he refused to hold me.

I don't know whether he's dead or alive. But my stepfather came into the picture a few years after my mother divorced. When he came along, he just took control, took care of us, made us feel . . . safe. He moved us away from there and loved us.

Anyway, after we'd lived in Massapequa for a long time, Danny was born, and this is how all of this happened.

Danny was everything to me. I had lost a girlfriend, Carol, at the age of 14. She died and Danny . . . I was afraid. I never wanted to get close to people again, not even in high school. All of the reporters have tried, but they haven't been able to find anything out about me, because I never socialized. I hardly ever had dates. I was always with Danny.

SCHEER: How did that girl die?

HAHN: She had a stroke or a brain hemorrhage. My mother told me that Carol died, and she was holding me and she said, "Just like I am holding

you, God is holding her." And that just put something in my mind. That's what opened my eyes to God. That's why I felt I wanted something more. And having the church there at that time was—it just fit, you know. That was it.

SCHEER: Most 14-year-olds don't just walk into a church.

HAHN: Well, you have to understand, I could hear the music from my home. A tent was set up the year I went there, and it was like a summer thing. I remember the song I first heard—*Let's Just Praise the Lord*. It drew me in. My parents at first didn't understand; they saw this change in me. I always just wandered with Danny. But when they saw me get involved in this church, they saw me start *living*.

GOLSON: Did you have a strong reaction to the preachers you met there?

HAHN: Well, naturally, I wanted somebody to look up to. I had a loving family at home, but I liked the involvement at the church. It is obvious now that's what I was looking for—somebody in authority to kind of lead me around a little bit.

GOLSON: What, exactly, was it that you

found in the church?

HAWN: I remember I went back that night and saw these men, these preachers. And they're *fierce*. Especially these guys, they're real tough in their preaching. And I thought, God—that authority when they get into preaching.

And I admired that. They didn't hold back, and I hung on to every word. It was, like, *head on*. It wasn't "OK, let's open to chapter. . . ." It was, like, "You don't like it, you can leave; we need your seat, anyway!"

Then John Fletcher would get up. He would single people out. He would *know* things about people. Fletcher called on me and said, "Young lady, you are very alone," and he *knew* me. I thought, Wow, God really loves me. John Fletcher announced that God had a special plan for me, and he took me by the shoulders in front of the congregation. He put his hand on my head. I felt overwhelmed, joyous. I experienced the Lord for the first time.

GOLSON: Did you feel that God was speaking through those preachers?

HAWN: That is what I thought and that is what I felt. I said, "Well, God chose John Fletcher to tell me." After that, you couldn't pull me away from there. You'd have to handcuff me. I lived so close to the church that I'd go there every day and help them set up chairs and do this and that. And then John Fletcher or Gene Profeta—the regular pastor—would come up to me and say, "I always see you watching your little brother. Could you watch my son?" I thought, My God, he asked me to watch his son.

You've got to understand—to me, this was like God talking.

GOLSON: What was Fletcher's relationship to Profeta?

HAWN: John was the traveling evangelist who would stop there and preach for a month or two, then go somewhere else.

After watching Gene's children, I got to know his family really well. I was so insecure. I always wanted to be special; I always wanted to be *in* on something. I hated being on the outside looking in; I still do. I always felt maybe there was something missing. I always felt very different. And that is God's honest truth.

GOLSON: Did you begin to date boys?

HAWN: No, I was afraid of them. People

would try to make dates with me and I would say yes because I have such a hard time saying no. I hate to hurt people's feelings, I swear. So I would say yes and then tell my mother to just tell them I was sick or something. I would hide; I would do anything to get out of it.

I knew what I really wanted—somebody bigger than me and stronger than me. Someone who had lived a little. Someone able to direct me and love me. And that's what the church did for me.

It also put me in contact with John Fletcher and his family when I baby-sat for him.

GOLSON: How did you feel around him?

HAWN: I wanted to belong. I remember in 1976, I was in John's house with his family. It was June, so I was only 16. Everything happens in June. I was at his house, getting ready for a banquet. In those days, we used to wear gowns to the church at night. John was in the kitchen and I was there and he was combing his hair and asked me to blow-dry it for him. Then his daughter came into the kitchen and kissed him and said, "Hi, Daddy." And I suddenly felt like I was part of his family. I felt I wasn't just the baby sitter.

I was part of both families—Fletcher's and Gene Profeta's. I remember Christmas Eve trying to put the kids' toys together. That was my life. Any time they called, I ran. I was happy to take a full-time job there as the pastor's secretary when he offered it to me.

The first Bible that I ever received was from John Fletcher's tutor. After that, I just bought different versions. I don't know how many Bibles I have—I must have 50 now—and I would just read and study, because when Gene or John preached, I wanted to know what they

were talking about. The whole reason for my wanting to be close to them was that I thought if they could just put in a good word to God for me, they'd teach me about everything that I loved. They were so close to God, you know. And church *was* my whole life. Friday night was church; Saturday night was choir practice; Sunday night was church; Tuesday morning was church; Wednesday morning was church—

GOLSON: It sounds like an addiction.

HAWN: That's what I'm saying to try to explain my obsession with these people. But don't confuse my love for God, which I'll always have, with my obsession with these ministers. I read the Bible from cover to cover. I sent away to *The PTL Club*—which I was already watching every day—for a home Bible-study course that was really effective.

GOLSON: You were a PTL member?

HAWN: Yes. A partner. I sent in donations—I tried to make it \$15 a month.

GOLSON: On your church salary of how much?

HAWN: About \$80 a week.

SCHEER: Didn't you have any friends outside the church—a circle of girls to gossip with?

HAWN: I didn't. The way I learned about sex—and this is the truth and it sounds corny—I would go to the library and get one of those big books and I'd sit and learn what everything was, how it worked, why it did that. And I would read and read and read. And that's how I got my education in that area—while everybody else was out, you know, fooling around.

I wasn't abnormal. There were people I thought were good-looking and I'd flirt. But I never got involved. I had maybe two dates before 1980. I thought about what it would be like to get past a certain point with somebody, but I would never, ever, ever be able to do that in life, because I was so petrified of it.

GOLSON: Didn't you have crushes on boys, the way teenagers do?

HAWN: I would be a liar if I said that didn't happen, but I didn't think about it constantly. It actually confused the hell out of me.

GOLSON: Did you have any crushes on your ministers?

HAWN: No! What happened was that I would measure potential boyfriends against them. My



"Bakker says, 'I don't know if I'll make it if I don't get this help.'"



"I'm crying, and he's talking off the wall. 'When you help the shepherd, you're helping the sheep.' Crazy stuff."

problem is, I've always been involved with people at the top of something. Whoever was in charge, I wanted to be closest to him.

GOLSON: Older men, men in authority, men in control?

HAHN: If we're going to be honest, yeah. I felt safe around them, I felt good.

GOLSON: You describe Profeta as your spiritual guide. But he has been described in the papers as rich and flamboyant. That's a little hard for people outside the church to understand.

HAHN: Since I never had anyone else to compare him with, it was perfectly understandable in my eyes. But I will say this about his spiritual side: At least he didn't hide what he was—or what he wore. When I later came to know who John Fletcher was, I recalled how he used to put on an old, cheap suit and then ask us before he went on the platform to preach, "Do I look humble enough?"

SCHEER: Going back to the pre-1980 period, did either of the preachers ever make a pass at you?

HAHN: Never. They began trusting in me 100 percent with their children, their families, their homes. But as I began to work there, I started to grow up a little.

I got to know people coming in and out, ministers and everybody. Then I started to lose weight, to grow up into a whole other person. Very different. I was more in control than before; I wasn't so dependent on getting them to like me.

I also was good at what I did—helping run the church. I was good at making people feel good. When I say that, I mean helping church people who came in with problems. I'd be on the phone with men and women who would call in distress, some bedridden, sometimes at two in the morning. I began to just take calls. My main thing, actually, was to pray for people on the phone.

SCHEER: But even with the good work, why did it have to be so all-consuming?

HAHN: The way I felt, nothing else mattered. TV wasn't interesting to me; going shopping or going out wasn't *the thing*. It didn't turn me on, in plain English.

I walked into that church at a young age and I was very insecure and very sensitive and I wanted to feel wanted. I wanted to be needed. I wouldn't just be "that girl"—I would be *Jessica*. And it happened, too. Everybody knew me as Jessica. Just call the church; Jessica will be there. I had an identity.

I see things differently today. I'm angry. But I still love God. And people forget that about me—that I was 20 and wore church gowns and didn't know much about life. They confuse that person with Jessica Hahn seven years later, and I know a lot more about life. Mostly about how easily—how stupidly—led I was. I mean, I had a sign on my back reading, *GIVE ME SOME DIRECTION*.

GOLSON: By 1980, you'd begun to change physically.

HAHN: Yes. One day, John Fletcher walked in the office—and I was 20, not 15. He said, "God, you really grew up. You really look great." And he just . . . started to look at me as more of a woman than a little girl. But it wasn't bad. It was like a compliment from somebody in your family.

About ten months later—December fourth—he called me up and said, "Look, I'm in Florida. I'm doing a telethon. There's somebody I really want you to meet and I know you'd really enjoy him." He told me it was Jim Bakker.

GOLSON: Where was he calling from?

HAHN: An airport. He was with Bakker, he said. He knew I watched Bakker on television every morning and that I liked him. Everybody knew Jim Bakker.

So he said, "You've really helped me and my family; I'd like to treat you and have you fly down to Florida, 'cause my family's going to be here and you'll have a good time. You'll meet a lot of people. Just come on down."

Well, that was the greatest thing in the world to me. Like I said, I watched the Bakkers constantly. In fact, I bought my own first TV—a black-and-white—especially to watch him.

GOLSON: And his TV show was built around the folksy family theme, right?

HAHN: Yeah, and that meant a lot, because it was a down-South, wholesome program. Any age could watch. And I liked what he was doing. I admired it. The ironic thing was, before I went down there, I read this one book by Bakker probably two dozen times. It was called *8 Keys to Success*. I kept reading it. I guess I was obsessed because I was so interested in the way he and Tammy rose out of nothing to be king and queen of this whole empire. I read this book because I wanted to learn; I wanted to see what kind of faith he must have carried it on.

SCHEER: Why his book in particular?

HAHN: I was able to identify with it. It was about trusting God and not trusting anyone else or anything else. And it was so powerful.

I was obsessed with this man. How was he able to do all of this? I wanted something like that in life—where I could reach that many people or do something that good.

So when this call came in, it was, like, "I'm going to ask him how he did it, what his secret was," 'cause John Fletcher made it seem like it would just be me, John and Jim and the family.

SCHEER: Had Fletcher ever talked about Bakker before?

HAHN: No. But I'd seen Fletcher on TV with him. So by this time, I was really excited about seeing him. It was almost like an answer to a prayer.

SCHEER: You say you'd changed. Were you dressing a little more sexy?

HAHN: Probably. My figure probably changed a lot, you know.

SCHEER: So do you think that Fletcher's comment to you about looking like a grown woman had been more than a compliment?

HAHN: No. And I'm not stupid. I would have seen it. Maybe I didn't look for it. It was just like when you see relatives and they say, "My goodness, haven't you grown up." I know what you're asking, because of the way I dress now and my

pictures and my sunglasses and my boots and jeans and stuff. Though, you know, I've been wearing sunglasses since I was a kid—this isn't something new. And how I look, my bark is louder than whatever else. But the thing is, I've grown to like myself and my body and looking pretty. Back then, when I was 21, I mostly wore church gowns or the dresses I could afford on my church pay.

GOLSON: However you looked, had you noticed any difference in Fletcher's attitude before you went to Florida?

HAHN: No. I noticed a change in his personality, but I thought it was me. I thought it was because I hadn't seen him, or maybe I had changed. I didn't think about it much. But he did not flirt with me then. He didn't come on.

SCHEER: When Fletcher invited you to Florida, did he know you idolized Bakker?

HAHN: Oh, everybody knew it. Everybody who walked through that office knew it. Bakker was somebody I looked up to tremendously. I hung on every word he said.

GOLSON: What happened then?

HAHN: John Fletcher said he would make all the arrangements. A prepaid ticket would be waiting for me. I left Saturday morning; I flew alone. John met me at the airport in Tampa and the first thing out of his mouth was, "Don't I look good?" Meaning *him*.

SCHEER: Didn't that strike you as being abrupt? You hadn't seen him in about a year and the first words out of his mouth were "Don't I look good?"

HAHN: He was always very vain. So I

kind of understood it then as him just being conceited and vain. John was always worried about every strand of hair, and he was always in competition with somebody. You know, "Don't I look better than so-and-so?" He would joke about it, but you could sense he was always competing with somebody. So when he said that, it seemed very typical to me.

He started telling me that he had this liver problem from drinking. He said, "You look really good. I really am glad you came here."

We went to the baggage carousel and he took my bags. He had a rented car.

GOLSON: But so far, he hadn't behaved any differently toward you?

HAHN: No. Everything he did . . . same old John. I didn't even think about it.

So I said to him, "Where is everybody?" And he said the beach. And I said, "Why didn't they meet me at the airport?" And he goes, "I want to talk to you."

SCHEER: Who is everybody?

HAHN: Everybody is Jim Bakker's family. John's family, children. I thought one of the kids might have showed up with John. So I got in this car, and that's when things started to sound weird. Because then he started telling me about Jim Bakker. First of all, he said Jim Bakker was having problems with the FCC and that the newspapers were ripping him apart. I remember saying, "John, why does he give the newspaper people so much air time?" So he says, "Well, the FCC's on him and now they're looking at his taxes or the diversion of funds" or this and that.

Then he said, "And he's also having a problem with his wife." So I said, "Really? What's the problem?" He goes, "Well, she's seeing someone else." And I said, "John, what are you talking about?" I mean, to me they were like Mr. and Mrs. Brady of *The Brady Bunch*. He said, "Well, she has a key to [country-Gospel singer] Gary Paxton's post-office box, and that's how they communicate."* I said, "How do you know that?" He said, "I was in the car with Jim and Tammy and Tammy started crying and showed him the key and all these dramatics."

So I figured it was just something John was saying to show me how close he was to Jim Bakker, trying to impress me. So he says, "You know, Jessica, Jim and I are going to have our

*Paxton has denied having had any sexual involvement with Tammy Bakker.



"So he got up, used my hairbrush and left."

own show." I said, "Really? When's this going to happen?" because he was on, like, every other day. He goes, "It's going to be soon. It'll be *Jim and John's Show* or something like that." And I said, "Well, that's really great." I mean, he could have told me he was buying the Brooklyn Bridge and I would have believed him. The old aura was still there.

So he told me that Tammy and Jim were having these problems and he began to say that Jim Bakker was just out of his mind. And I said, "What do you mean?" And he says, "He just doesn't know what he wants to do. The man wants to kill himself."

So I said, "John, what are we talking about?" And he went on to say that Tammy . . . you know . . . he got into really detailed things. [Pauses]

GOLSON: What detailed things?

HAHN: All right. Detailed things meaning, you know, Jim was having a problem with her sexually. "Jim is really in a bad way and I've got to help him," he says. "I've really got to help him, because he doesn't have anybody else he can trust."

I said, "John, why are you even telling me this?" He goes, "Well, 'cause you're part of the family. I can tell *you*."

So he was starting to build up this *personal* relationship that never was between me and him. I mean, our relationship was more like he was the boss and I was the secretary or the baby sitter. We didn't have this close relationship where we sat around and talked about people's sex lives.

GOLSON: So, in that car ride, he was shifting ground.



"Fletcher threw me to the floor.
'You're going to remember me!'"

HAHN: Yeah, very much so. I mean, it was about a 25-minute drive and he shifted a *lot*. But I was still thinking, Well, when we get to the hotel, maybe Jim's family. . . .

SCHEER: By then, how were you feeling about the wholesome-family TV image?

HAHN: Well, you have to understand that

I was well aware that Jim Bakker always cried on TV. He had problems with his wife; they would be open about that on TV. But in my mind, they were together and, well, they were just going to work things out. I was starting to feel uneasy. I didn't know whether to believe John or not. I didn't know quite how to read him. And it did spoil my image of them to a point. But not totally, because I didn't know. I expected to go there and see them trying to work things out. And I expected to see them at the hotel—together.

We got to the hotel, John carrying my bags and telling me to walk behind him. I walked behind him and we went to an elevator. He didn't go to the desk; he already had a key.

SCHEER: To your room?

HAHN: Yeah. To my room. He had it in his pocket. We walked in the room. There were two beds—queen, I think, or full. He brought my bags in and I remember wanting to hang my stuff up, because he told me we were going to go to the telethon and I was really concerned about meeting these people and looking decent. I wanted to hang things up. Something was wrong with the closet. I remember this. I remember John telling me to forget the closet—he actually said, "Fuck the closet." He never used language like that. Not around me, ever. Then he said, "Come here."



"I'm watching TV. Fletcher says, 'Jim, God really ministered to us today.'"

That's when things started; he was getting too relaxed. Something was funny. When he said that, I said, "John, what's the matter with you?" He says, "Nothing, I'm fine." And he was acting cocky. He goes, "Come here, Jessie."

SCHEER: Was he drunk?

HAHN: Well, I know he has a drinking problem, but there was something else happening. I think the guy has other problems.

SCHEER: How old is he?

HAHN: At that time, he was probably about 42, 43. So Jim Bakker was—how old was Jim Bakker? I remember he was going to turn 40 in January. So he was 39. God. That seems young.

GOLSON: It is.

HAHN: So, anyway, he comes up to me and says, "I want you to have this." It was a glass of white wine. He takes the glass, takes my hand and says, "Jessica, take this. Let's go over there." He pointed to the balcony. He says, "Relax." I was nervous and hadn't eaten all day. And I hadn't slept much, 'cause I was anxious. So just keep that in mind. So he gives me the glass—

SCHEER: You'd had wine before?

HAHN: Oh, I had wine before, though I don't usually finish a glass of wine. But it never had this effect on me before.

So we go to the balcony and I have this glass in my hand. I'm on the left and John is on the right. There's a balcony above a huge pool with bamboo stuff; there's a bar; there's a band playing this island-type music—drums beating. I heard Caribbean drums all that afternoon, like voodoo; they never stopped. And then, away from that, is the beach—the sand, the ocean and these hooded lounge things that you lie on that protect you from the sun.

So I'm here and John's on the right. I know the guy did not have wine in his hand. And Jim Bakker gets up—he's down there, you know. I don't know if he whistled or Jim looked up. I don't know how they made contact. Jim Bakker's down there. He stands up—he's in a terrycloth bathing suit. He waves to John and says hello. Tammy Sue is there—his daughter. So I thought, Well, there's a member of his family. Tammy Sue calls up, "John Wesley, who's that?" In the South, they always use middle names. So John says, "It's one of the partners," meaning me, I guess, one of the people who support the PTL.

So John tells me to just relax. To finish up and freshen up if I want—he's going to go downstairs to get Jim. So he goes down to get Bakker. I wanted to freshen up after the plane ride, so I jump in the shower, real quick, jump out, get dressed

again, and John and Jim come to the room. Jim Bakker walks in with sand all over him. Barefoot. In his bathing suit.

SCHEER: This is the first time you've ever met him?

HAHN: First time.

GOLSON: And despite what Fletcher has told you, the hero worship is still there?

HAHN: Oh, stronger than ever. Any negative feelings I had had left. 'Cause I saw the daughter. And because he walked in in his bathing suit, I thought, He feels comfortable. That's how I felt. The guy feels comfortable with me; I was glad about that.

So he walks in and says to me, "I didn't know women from New York were so beautiful." Those are his first words. And I laughed and I . . . and I looked at him. We're the same height. I'm 5'4"; he's no taller. He took my hand. His hand was like jelly.

We sat down. I'm sitting in a chair. There's a table here. The bed's here. Jim Bakker is on the edge of the bed and John's in a chair. So John and I are facing each other and Jim's here. And I remember that both of them just did this. . . . [*Rubs her thighs*]

SCHEER: They seemed nervous?

HAHN: I don't know why; they were hyper as hell. Fletcher was sitting there saying, "I've known this girl for seven years. She's a tremendous girl. She's helped me in the church. She takes care of my family."

He's giving Jim Bakker this back-



"Jerry Falwell knew how down I was. But he used me."

ground. But by this time, I'm feeling sick. I mean, sick sick. I'm cold and feeling funny—like I'm going to get sick. But I'm embarrassed, because here I'm waiting to meet this guy and I'm feeling sick. I don't want to make a scene. I don't want to fall on the floor or anything. So I said to John, "Look, I'm not feeling well." But I was embarrassed and afraid to make a big deal out of it. He goes, "Ah, it's the flight; you're just tired."

So John is sitting and we're talking and I said, "Where is the rest of the family?" And Jim Bakker says to me, "They're not here. My wife is in California and we're going through a separation."

So this is weird. I'm feeling dizzy, like you're on the verge of sleeping but you're not, and you're absorbing everything they're saying and you want to say something but you can't. I'm not sleeping. I'm awake. I'm listening. But it's like I want to talk and I can't and I'm afraid if I open my mouth, I'll embarrass myself, because I was not able to think. It was like I didn't feel right. I don't know why.

GOLSON: You later said in a taped statement to Paul Roper that you believed that the wine was drugged. Do you still?

HAHN: I don't know *what* was in that wine. When I first told Paul about it, he asked, "Was the wine drugged?" I just said its effect could have been a combination of things—no food, not much sleep, being overwhelmed. All I knew was that I felt sick and didn't know why. It crossed my mind, but I don't really know what was in that glass, only how I felt.

SCHEER: OK, Bakker's talking to you.

HAHN: Yes, Jim Bakker is talking to me—about Tammy. He's saying that emotionally, she belittles him. And he's saying that sexually, he is unhappy with her. And I would stand in a court of law to prove that this is the truth—he did say, "Tammy Faye is too big and cannot satisfy me." He said he could not feel her. Those were his words. He denies that, calls me a liar. And Tammy's a human being and I don't like saying this, but I'm telling you, he said that. Hook me up to a machine.

So he's saying this, and I gave John one of these looks. John Fletcher says, "Jim, tell Jessica. Maybe she can help." Then Bakker gets all serious and quiet, like he does on TV when he cries. He says, "I don't know if I'm going to make it." That's how Jim Bakker began. I'm thinking, I'm gonna fall off my chair; and, by now, I didn't care about being embarrassed, because I felt awful, and I was thinking, This can't be, (*continued on page 178*)





JESSICA, ON HER OWN TERMS

no longer a victim, Jessica Hahn emerges
in a glamorous portfolio of photographs

“*T*hese pictures are
a celebration of a new life for me. A
new beginning. For the first time in
my life, someone took the time to
ask, ‘Jessica, what do *you* want?’ No
one had ever done that before,
certainly not the church. *Playboy*
did. That’s why the pictures are as
important as the story.”



Jessica's comments while leafing through her family photo album: In the photo above left, "that's me at the age of three, outside my grandfather's house in East Rockaway, New York. My mother had recently married my stepfather—my father left us before my third birthday—and shortly after this picture was taken, we moved to Long Island, where I grew up." In the photo above right, "that's me at 11, after Communion in a Catholic church in Massapequa. Ironically, right across the street, in the direction I'm facing, was Massapequa Tabernacle Church, where I worked as a church secretary and where I met John Fletcher, the man who introduced me to Jim Bakker. One could say of this picture that I had Jesus behind me and hell in front of me." In the photo at right, "that's me and my little brother, Danny, in 1985. He was born when I was 12, and I just loved him from the day I first saw him. I didn't have much of a social life in school, so I used to rush home every day to take care of him. We were inseparable. He's 16 now, and he's supported me through all this." In the photo below right, "that's my mom and stepdad, in front of their house on Long Island. I think of him as my dad, because he raised me. Dad's extremely patriotic. The two things he loves most are my mother and his country." In the photo below left, "that's my mom, my grandfather, Danny and me. I was 21 when this was taken. That's what I looked like when I met Jim Bakker."







“*To* do this in *Playboy*—which is probably the most ironic, the most farfetched idea for a church secretary—is probably unbelievable to people. . . . But I fought a long time to start feeling good about myself and my body again. I fought a long time to feel like a woman.”









“If people want to make fun of me, they can—I don’t care. I am not living my life for them anymore. To me, this is a creation. I am not being immoral or anything. I am doing something that says, ‘Jessica is not a robot. She is not to be used and thrown out. She is an individual.’”









MEAT AND MONEY AT FOOTBALL CAMP

WELCOME
TO THE N.F.L.'S PREMIERE
SCOUTING EVENT,
WHERE THE G.M.S, AGENTS
AND COACHES ARE
LOOKING FOR
A FEW GOOD MEN

THE early-morning flight from Pittsburgh to Indianapolis is mostly business people, studying *The Wall Street Journal*. They settle in, order coffee from the flight attendants and attack the endless gray columns of type and the seas of tiny numbers. A few of them even take notes.

But there are perhaps half a dozen passengers who do not fit the mold. For one thing, they do not wear business suits. They're dressed in sweaters, jeans and cowboy boots.

But it isn't just their clothing that sets these guys off and tells you they are different. These men are big, and not merely *large*. They are big and powerful, radiating strength and a kind of appealing brutality. They are much too big for the airplane seats, and when two of them sit next to each other, the effect is almost comic. They could be grownups sitting in furniture designed for children.

None of the big men reads the *Journal*. None of them reads anything. Some sleep and some look out the windows and some just sit, not bored but utterly (continued on page 104)

article

BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

101

GIUSTI

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT GIUSTI



G L I M M E R G L I M M E R

fiction By GEORGE ALEC EFFINGER

rosa's relationship
with joel had
lost its glow.
so they decided to
add a spark

ROSA TOMCZIK watched her husband build up the campfire. He dropped on a double handful of sticks and branches, and the flame blazed brighter, sending sparks into the evergreen boughs overhead. As the fire died, Rosa waited for contentment. She waited five minutes. She waited five minutes more, and she realized that she did, after all, feel something, but it wasn't contentment. What she felt was anxious suspense. Rosa had felt that way ever since her husband, Joel, had surprised her with the suggestion that they take this vacation.

Joel hadn't taken a single day off in the 12 years they'd been married; he was a workaholic, a dynamo, the *Führer* of Seventh Avenue. He had started out as a salesclerk in his father's small dress shop, and now he owned more than 300 fashion outlets in shopping malls across the country. Whenever Rosa had brought up the subject of a vacation, Joel always said that he had his empire to protect. Which made it all the stranger that he had proposed this biking trip around the countryside.

Rosa took a can of insect repellent out of her pack and sprayed her arms, hands

and face. She walked around the fire and offered the can to Joel. He sprayed himself and gave it back to her, and she went back to her pack and stowed it. Then she looked across the campfire at her husband. "So tell me," she asked, "is this trip saving our marriage or what?"

In the twilight, she saw him shrug. "It's just too early to tell," he said.

She started to reply, closed her mouth, then lay down in her sleeping bag and turned her face away from him. She didn't fall asleep for a long time; she was too busy thinking.

In the morning, over coffee, bacon and eggs, Joel took out a creased and torn map. "There's a state forest less than a day's ride from here. We'll make the campground by suppertime. We can spend a little while looking at flowers and butterflies and stuff," he said. Rosa was irritated by his condescending assessment of her life's work in biochemical research: "flowers and butterflies and stuff."

Rosa pedaled mightily to keep up with her husband's furious pace while the land altered gradually from farms and empty fields into thick stands of pine and spruce. And then a wooden sign told them the state forest was 15 miles farther. An hour later, they were there:

A profound and unbreakable hush wrapped them almost immediately. Rosa stared at Joel's sweat-streaked back and wondered what he, the blousemonger, her off-the-rack-tycoon husband, was thinking about.

She also wondered where Joel was planning to stop for the night. They had already passed several areas set aside for campers and recreational vehicles. Her husband had made it clear that he didn't want to use these campsites; he'd rather go out into the *real* forest. And Rosa didn't get a vote in the matter.

After another hour, Joel announced, "Let's get off the trail." They dismounted their bikes and, Joel still insisting on leading the way, plowed deeper and deeper into the silent forest. They finally came to a stream, and Joel suddenly decided they had gone far enough. Rosa glanced at him; he seemed strangely elated.

That evening, after supper had been prepared and eaten and the dishes washed, they stared into the flickering flames of their fire. As usual, they had nothing to say. Rosa studied Joel's face; his new intensity troubled her. They had had a bitter confrontation previous to this trip, and Joel—livid at the prospect of losing (concluded on page 170)

MEAT AND MONEY (continued from page 101)

"A good draft can mean a good year. A great draft can mean a dynasty. A bad draft can cost a coach his job."

calm. People all over the plane turn to sneak a look at these big, tranquil men, the way they would have at Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep if they had been passengers out of Pittsburgh this morning.

"You must be, ah, a football player," the seatmate of one of the big men says.

"That's right." By now, a few passengers have recognized two of the big men—Shane Conlan and D. J. Dozier, stars of the Penn State team that beat Miami to win the college national championship less than a month ago.

"Where are you fellows going?"

"Indianapolis," the big man answers. It is the only stop on this flight, so he isn't giving away much with this answer.

"Ah, anything special going on in Indianapolis?"

"Scouting combine. That's what they call it," the big man says, "but what it actually is . . . is a big fucking meat market."

Well, there are markets in everything (as any reader of *The Wall Street Journal* knows), so it shouldn't come as any surprise that there is a market in football players. This year, 123,000,000 people watched the Super Bowl. Advertisers paid more than \$500,000 for each 30-second commercial during the game. The television networks' last contracts with the National Football League were for 2.1 billion dollars over five years. (The league took a slight—very slight—cut this time out.) When quarterback Jim Kelly signed with the Bills, his contract was estimated to be worth \$8,000,000.

So, yes, there is a market in football players. Bet your sweet ass, as the players on the plane from Pittsburgh would probably have put it.

The Indianapolis meat market is the final chance for sellers to show their stuff and for buyers to look over the merchandise. The affair lasts for the best part of a week, with 330 players coming in from all over the country. The players have been invited by National Football Scouting Combine, Inc., an organization that supplies scouting reports to client teams. Every team in the league participates in this event. It is a chance for coaches and scouts—as well as doctors, owners and general managers—to take a good look at this year's rookies. There is no contact, only running, jumping, weight lifting and such. But coaches claim that it is a great opportunity for them to evaluate talent, especially when it is all virtually

side by side, in the same room.

Three months after Indianapolis, the teams will be drafting players for the 1987 season. A good draft can mean a good year. A great draft can lead to a dynasty. A bad draft can cost a coach or a general manager his job and leave a team flailing around, trying to make up ground with trades and luck and finishing, inevitably, out of the money.

For a player, being drafted early can mean a lot of money. A man drafted in the first round can expect to sign a four-year contract for an average salary of about \$400,000 a year. A man drafted in the second round will also sign for four years, but at \$250,000 a year. After you have factored in bonuses and incentives, the first-rounder will sign for around \$600,000 more than the second-rounder.

A fifth-rounder will sign for three years, at an average of \$106,000 a year. A man taken on the 12th and final round will average \$75,000 with a two-year contract.

So the five-day affair in Indianapolis is a serious market for some serious meat.

On the day the men from Pittsburgh arrive, the big news is a player from the University of Florida. His name is Jeff Zimmerman and he weighs 341 pounds. There is no way of knowing how he manages to sit in any airplane seat.

While the men on the flight from Pittsburgh are getting checked in at the Union Station Holiday Inn, Jeff Zimmerman is showing perhaps 200 scouts, coaches, G.M.s and even a couple of owners what 341 pounds on a good man can do.

The workouts at Indianapolis are closed—no spectators, no reporters. The results of Zimmerman's workout are confidential, available to the staffs of National Football Scouting and the 28 N.F.L. teams that each ponied up enough to cover the \$1,000,000 it cost to put on this show.

But even though it is a private affair, when someone has a devastating workout, word gets around.

"Did you see that sumbitch *move*?"

"Like a cat. A real *big* cat."

"That's a lot of man to be moving around like that."

"How'd he do in the forty?"

"Five-three."

"That's *hauling* for a man that size."

The word is that Zimmerman will go high, maybe to New Orleans, which has the 11th pick and always needs help pro-

tecting the quarterback. Ask Archie Manning.

Zimmerman, still wet from his shower, is checking out when Dozier and the other arrivals are checking in. The most remarkable thing about Zimmerman, in the lobby of the Holiday Inn, is that he doesn't look all that big. The fellow standing next to him, wearing a T-shirt that could cover a queen-size mattress, is only a little smaller than he. He is from Texas and he's going home, too.

Serious meat.

The Pittsburgh arrivals sign in at a desk that is set up for that purpose. A young lady from the scouting combine cheerfully takes their names, finds them on her chart and checks them off. Then she gives each man an envelope full of printed material and shows him to a small room where he can pick up a duffel bag containing the shorts and sweats he will be wearing during his workouts.

"Next man," she says gaily, as though she has been ordering 300-pounders all her life.

Before any player can get through the lobby of the Holiday Inn, before he can make it from the check-in desk to the little room where he picks up his duffel bag, he will run a raggedy-assed gantlet of middle-aged men who have his best interests at heart. Men who want to guide him through the thickets of the market. Men who want to make sure he is not taken advantage of.

They are on him like chickens on scratch corn.

The younger, grimmer, less prosperous-looking men are from the union—The National Football League Players Association. They have literature and a soothing line for the new arrivals. The word is that there will likely be another players' strike in 1987, this one over the issue of free agency, and the union is out building solidarity early. You wonder if they could carry a chorus of *Joe Hill*.

The union reps, however, are a minor distraction in a room full of chaos. An arriving player can throw them a hand-shake and a nod and be in the clear. The agents are another matter.

The lobby is thick with them. They study the crowd with scavenger eyes, and when they spot a potential client, they flash wide, insincere smiles and start reaching for a back to slap, shoulder to grip or hand to shake.

"Hey, babe, good to see you again. I thought you'd make it. How they treating you?"

"Uh, good, real good."

"Fine. That's fine. You got a minute?"

"Well, uh, I was going up to the room."

"That's OK. I'll go up with you. We can visit while you unpack. You mind?"

(continued on page 172)



EMER BROWN

"It's called Thanksgiving; they celebrate it once a year or whenever someone gets lucky."



WINNING STREAK

when pam stein enters a contest, watch out



PAM STEIN has a thing about contests; she entered her first beauty pageant at 12. She has won more than 60 trophies and 15 crowns in the intervening years. She has accrued her share of prizes: "I haven't had to shop for clothes for three years." Pam likes the competition. She's not one to get by on looks alone. On her Data Sheet, under GOALS AND ASPIRATIONS, she wrote, "To find the largest cockroach in Florida."

"Clearwater is quaint, laid-back. It's a shorts-and-no-shoes kind of place. We don't have winter, so we don't have fur coats. Our idea of a good time is to step into a chicken-wings-and-beer kind of place, listen to some good ol' rock 'n' roll."



You see, there's this contest for, yes, the largest cockroach, and Pam has her eye out for likely candidates. "But don't put that in the magazine or people will be sending me *their* cockroaches. I want to win fair and square." Is she serious? We don't know. But just in case, send your cockroaches to Jerry Falwell's PTL Club. Pam told us with a completely straight face that if she couldn't land a role on a TV soap opera, she'd settle for the job of being Ollie North's next secretary. As we walked past a construction site to a chorus of whistles, she expressed gratitude that "someone [was] upholding the traditional values." These lines were delivered with a megawatt twinkle that could stand up to hours of interrogation. At one point, she discussed the major setback in her life: her height. She is (barely) 5'5".

"Am I a sports-car fanatic? Well, I was voted Miss St. Petersburg Grand Prix. I got to squirt champagne on the winners. They got to squirt champagne on me. That was my first experience on the track. Neat. My brothers loved it."



The New York fashion world has a height requirement only this side of the N.B.A.'s. Pam wanted to be the Spud Webb of beauty, but no such luck. It doesn't help a model to have a vertical jump of 45 inches—if she isn't at least 5'8", there is no work. "It strikes me as ridiculous. A magazine cover is a foot high, right? By the time they shrink your image to put you on the cover, who knows how tall you are?" Right.





"I'm dating a guy who tours with a rock band, which is the same kind of business as modeling—intense energy, followed by long breaks. People who don't understand the business think you are fooling around. It's hard work."



Currently, she is modeling in Florida. "I get the apple-pie jobs. I never get to look glamorous." She did two McDonald's ads; her friends assumed she was working for the local franchise. "Sounds like an exciting life, doesn't it? Now you know why I answered the call for *Playboy*." Pam already knew a couple of Playmates: "At least once a week, there's a bathing-suit contest in Florida. I competed against Lynne Austin [Miss July 1986] and Hope Marie Carlton [Miss July 1985]. I won the Tampa Bay Bandits Centerfold Pageant the month Hope's gatefold came out." She approached *Playboy* when we came looking for *Women of Florida* (August). One look at the photos and we flew her to Chicago to pose for the gatefold. Clearwater, Florida, can celebrate the results: It was no contest.

"My ideal evening? Atmosphere is not essential. With the right person, I could spend the evening in a closet and still have a great time. I do like to be dressed to kill, but I also love fresh air and blue skies. The beach is me."

MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Pamela Jean Stein

BUST: 34" WAIST: 23" HIPS: 33 1/2"

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 105 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 8-13-63 BIRTHPLACE: Syracuse, N.Y. (FLA. transplant)

AMBITIONS: Star in a Soap Opera, learn to play the bass; and/or to be Ollie's Secretary!!

TURN-ONS: Real People, Clearwater Beach, Fast Cars, Bass Guitar, Fishing, family & friends & Sugar Bear

TURN-OFFS: Rude people, Violence, Arguing and conceited people.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Original Van Halen, The Beatles, Foreigner, Janet Jackson & Florida's "Savatage."

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Johnny Carson, David Letterman, Dynasty & One Life to Live!

FAVORITE FOODS: McDonald's fries, lasagna, Turkey & Dressing, FLA. Sea food & Naughty's Wings.

DESCRIBE YOURSELF: I've been everything from Miss Pre-Teen to Miss November... From now on, I'm content being Miss Pamela Stein, from the part of Florida you don't see on Miami Vice.



11 yrs. old, I won my first talent contest!



81- Rah-Rah "Home of the Patriots"



First place in the Q105 Miss Tampa Bay contest.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The New York subway car was packed at rush hour. A woman hanging on to an overhead strap turned to the man in back of her and snapped, "If you don't stop poking me with that thing, I'm going to call a cop."

"It's only my pay-check envelope, miss," he said, smiling.

"Yeah? You must have one hell of a job," she said, "'cause that's the fourth raise you've had in the past ten minutes."

A social scientist, studying the culture and traditions of North Africa, found a woman still practicing the ancient art of matchmaking. Locally, she was known as the Moor, the marrier.



What's the worst thing about being an atheist? There's no one to talk to when you're having an orgasm.

On his way home from work, a driver came upon a horrible wreck in which one car looked exactly like his neighbor's. Stopping on the side of the road, he hurried toward the smoldering debris.

"Sorry, mister," a policeman said, holding him back, "you can't come any closer."

"But that may be my neighbor, Henry, in there," the anguished man explained.

"OK, but it's pretty grisly," the cop cautioned. "There was a decapitation."

The policeman reached into the back seat of one of the demolished cars and pulled out a head, holding it at arm's length.

"That's not him—thank heavens," the man said. "Henry's much taller."

What do you have when you've got six lawyers buried up to their necks in sand? Not enough sand.

Liberace was at heaven's gate when Saint Peter told him he'd been disqualified from entering.

Stunned, Liberace asked, "Why?"

"Our records show that you once ate a parakeet," Saint Peter answered.

"I never did that," Liberace replied. "Can't you check your records again?"

"It says right here that on August 15, 1981, you ate a charreuse parakeet with black trim."

"Hey, you must be thinking of Ozzy Osbourne," Liberace responded. "Now, I might have had a cockatoo..."

A man took his wife deer hunting for the first time. After he'd given her some basic instruction, they agreed to separate and rendezvous later. Before he left, he warned her if she should fell a deer to be wary of hunters who might beat her to the carcass and claim the kill. If that happened, he told her, she should fire her gun three times and he would come to her aid.

Shortly after they separated, he heard the signal. Arriving at the scene, he found his wife standing over a carcass and a very nervous-looking man staring down her gun barrel.

"He claims this is his," she said.

"She can keep it, she can keep it!" the wide-eyed man replied. "I just want my saddle back."

Why don't Junior League women attend orgies? Too many thank-you notes to write.

On the night before her family moved from Kansas to California, the little girl knelt by her bed to say her prayers. "God bless Mommy and Daddy and my little brother," she said. As she began to get up, she quickly added, "Oh, and God, this is goodbye. We're moving to Hollywood."



An American businessman in London was given special visitor's privileges at an exclusive men's club. Striding in one afternoon, the American approached the only other man in the lounge and tried to strike up a conversation. "Care for a cigar?" he asked.

"No, thank you," the Englishman replied. "I tried one once and didn't like it."

"Would you care to join me in the bar for a drink, then?" the businessman asked.

"No, thank you. I tried drinking once and it didn't agree with me."

"Well, how about a game of billiards?"

"Sorry, I tried it once and couldn't get the hang of it."

As the American started to turn away, the Englishman said, "But my son will be here shortly, and I'm sure he would enjoy a game with you."

"Your son? An only child, I presume."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I was miserable in high school, but high school reunions are fun."



**raise your glass to
scotch, bourbon, irish and the blends**

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

TODAY'S DISCERNING drinkers are returning to sturdy, aromatic world-class whiskeys. These rich liquors, known in the trade as "brown goods," range in hue from tawny to a deep, lustrous mahogany. They're spirits of taste and character, with unmistakable organoleptic impact; one sip tells you you're into something special. Taken neat, over ice, with a splash or in mixed drinks, these whiskeys retain definition

and individuality.

Popular wisdom notwithstanding, whiskey has never been out of style in the United States, nor has it been superseded by vodka. Surprised? Just run your eyes along the back bar of any decent tavern and note the array of whiskey labels. If you need further convincing, the latest edition of *Jobson's Liquor Handbook*, an authoritative liquor-marketing annual, says that Americans still consume more whiskey



than any other spirit category, and total whiskeys outsell total vodkas—the next largest category—by a two-to-one margin.

Whiskey originated in the British Isles, though its beginnings are rather murky. Most accounts credit Moorish alchemists with contriving the first distilling equipment. Termed an alembic, it was used for the production of rare perfumes. Christian missionaries took the apparatus back to Ireland and Scotland, where it was applied to the use God had obviously intended—the distillation of potable spirits.

As 1987 is the 200th anniversary of the Constitution, it's a singularly appropriate time to celebrate bourbon, a distinctive product of the U.S., so designated by an act of Congress in 1964. It amuses liquor historians to ascribe the origin of bourbon to a man of the cloth—the Reverend Elijah Craig. However, many men besides Craig were distilling whiskey in Kentucky toward the end of the 18th Century, all drawn to the bluegrass region by the same natural resources—clear limestone water, an abundance of maize and large stands of white oak—ingredients they found conducive to making exemplary whiskey. But it wasn't bourbon, not yet.

Well, what makes bourbon *bourbon*? "More than any other factor," says Bill Samuels, president of Maker's Mark, a small, highly regarded Kentucky distillery, "it's aging in new charred-oak casks." Just as drying the grain over peat fires gives Scotch its distinctive tang, aging in new charred-white-oak barrels gives bourbon its distinctive vanilla bouquet.

Most of today's prominent bourbon brands—Jim Beam, Ten High, Ancient Age, Old Crow and Old Grand-Dad, among them—have been around since repeal or longer. (Jack Daniel's, one of our most successful brands, is usually included in the group, though it's not technically a bourbon, because it's strained through charcoal before bottling.) Does that mean we're drinking the same type of whiskey today that we did more than 50 years ago? Not on your Pianola! Bourbons of yore were burly, potent and sometimes hot and biting. They saturated the nose and mouth with outrageous flavor. Today's bourbons are more laid-back, smooth, fragrant and lighter in body and hue. With notable exceptions, they're not as rich as the prototype but tend to better balance.

The mint julep is the drink generally associated with bourbon. Bourbon men also have other pleasures: bourbon and ginger, bourbon on the rocks and the fabled bourbon and branch, which is simply cool spring water mixed with bourbon.

If whiskey's beginnings in the New

World were turbulent, its growing pains in the British Isles were tantamount to war. For centuries, distillation in Scotland and Ireland had been a cottage industry, producing spirits for local consumption. But the major activity, it would seem, was battling the ruling English, whose efforts to tax, regulate and, in fact, eliminate whiskey making were strenuously resisted. Illicit distillation, known as smuggling, was the norm rather than the exception, and tales of outwitting the excisemen became part of the folklore on both sides of the Irish Sea. One yarn concerned a smuggler who was warned of an impending raid on his cache of moonshine. When the taxmen burst into his house, they found the family kneeling and sobbing around a cloth-draped, coffin-shaped box. When a mourner turned to them and murmured "Smallpox," the uninvited guests left in a rush. The tears vanished as the box was opened and a round poured for all present.

In the early 19th Century, Parliament overhauled the whiskey laws, making it feasible at last for *licensed* distillers to operate profitably. It was at that point that the modern Irish-whiskey and Scotch-whisky (note the difference in spelling) industries were born and began to follow divergent paths. The Irish took prompt advantage of the changed situation. Dublin became a center for large distilleries, with John Jameson and John Power leading the way. In the north, Bushmills, which had been operating as a licensed distillery on and off since 1608, was now firmly legitimate. The new Irish-whiskey industry developed uniform standards for its product, achieving a reputation for quality and reliability.

By contrast, the small distilleries tucked away in the corners of Scotland responded to legitimacy more slowly, not lightly relinquishing their long-standing antagonism to English regulation. George Smith of The Glenlivet was the first to apply for a license, in 1824, and other distilleries followed gradually. In any case, there was no great market outside Scotland for their whiskey. Distilled from malted (germinated) barley dried over peat fires, it had a smoky, pungent rasp that took getting used to. Aeneas Coffey's invention of the column still in 1831 was to have a profound effect on both the Irish and the Scotch whisky industries. This device distilled mild, high-proof whiskey from a mix of grains and did it economically and quickly. It wasn't too long before shrewd Scottish distillers hit on the tactic of combining this new muted spirit with their full-throated pot-still malt whisky to cut both cost and flavor—creating blended Scotch as we know it today.

Current Scotch blends encompass both light, bulk-shipped whiskies and

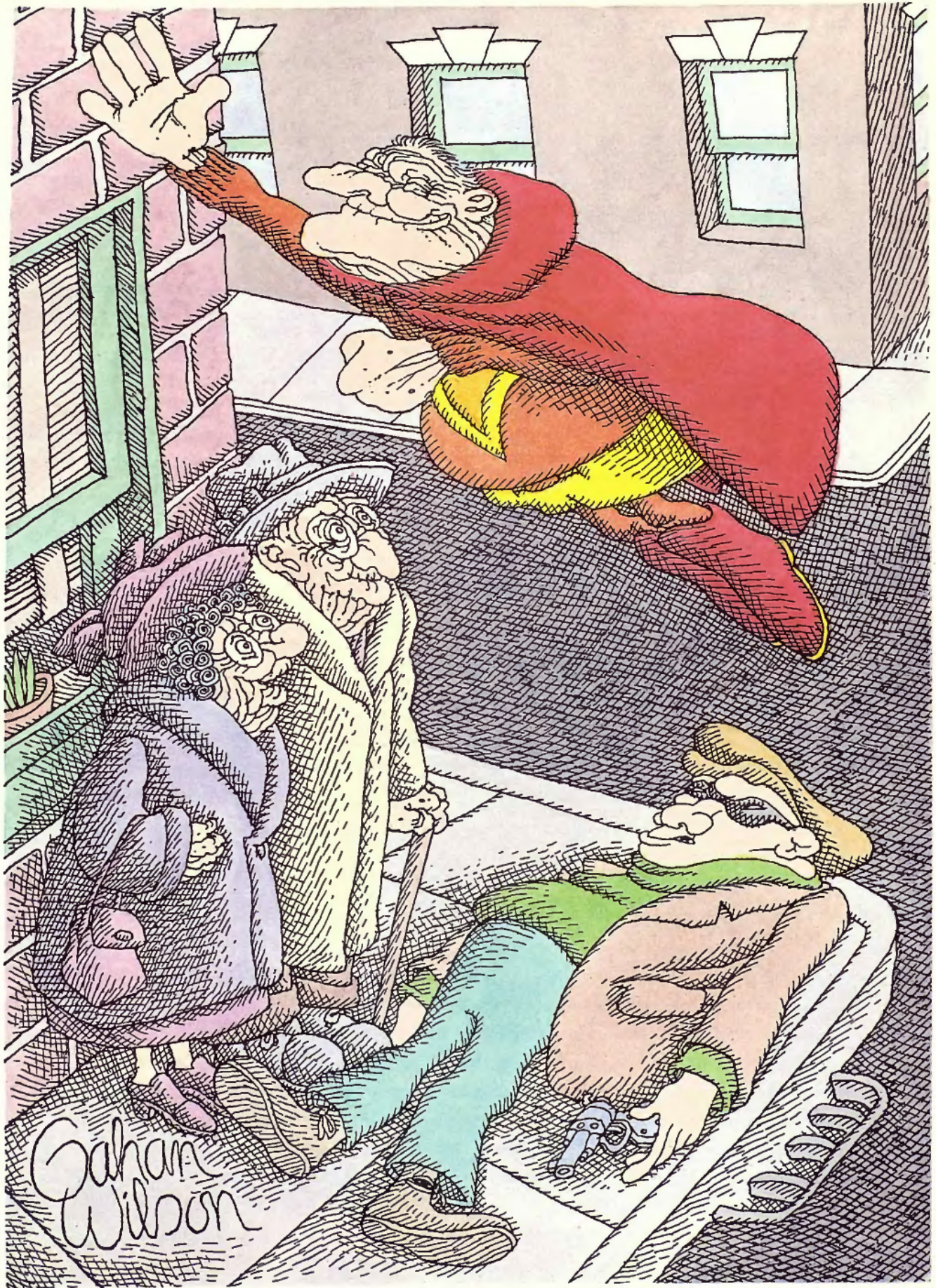
premiums—such brands as J&B, Cutty Sark, Johnnie Walker Red, Dewar's, Johnnie Walker Black and Chivas Regal. Premiums are sophisticated, complex mixtures that may include as many as 42 or more malts in addition to grain whiskies. The blenders who assemble these whiskies make their choices by nose rather than taste, and each has his own technique for isolating the nuances of flavor and style every whisky will contribute. Some use the winetaster's trick of swirling the glass and sniffing. David Howie, Dewar's master blender, shakes his glass and then spills some of the whisky onto the floor to "raise the bouquet."

Jim Milne, master blender for J&B Rare at its Blythswood facility, has been known to challenge visiting experts to come up with an approximation of his blend of 42 whiskies: Lowland, Highland, Campbeltown and Islay malts and grain spirits. Milne is hospitably generous with hints, but the actual formula remains a closely guarded secret.

While blends absorb most of the production of the 100 or so malt distilleries in Scotland, many also bottle a limited amount of unblended single-malt whisky. At a time when demand for blended Scotch is less than robust, the market for malts is growing rapidly. Malt *aficionados* are turned on by the diversity and subtleties of taste available. Highland malts run the gamut from the moderately peated fruity/flowery brands such as The Glenlivet, Glenfiddich, Mortlach and Glenmorangie to the deeper, rounder Knockando, Cardhu and Macallan. Talisker, from the Isle of Skye, is more forthright, while Laphroaig and Bowmore, from Islay, are heavily smoked, almost camphory. "You have to be *verra* determined to get that stuff down," one Highland distiller observed dryly. Single-malt fever reached a peak when a bottle of 60-year-old Macallan was recently sold in London for the hefty sum of more than \$7500. Purists prefer their malts neat, though these whiskies certainly have the body to stand up to ice. Glenfiddich's David Grant advises adding a tot of water to the glass to "liberate the aroma."

While whisky has been enjoyed before and after dinner since the first bagpiper skirled *Annie Laurie* over the Highland glens, such elegant single malts as 12-year-old The Glenlivet are now being taken with a meal—especially of hearty game or salmon. Single malts, in fact, are superbly versatile. On a recent trip to Scotland, a group of editors from various magazines, including *Playboy*, had the pleasure of spending a few days in the Highlands, trying their hands at some serious salmon fishing and tasting their catches at Revack, a country lodge, where The Glenlivet was served with the

(concluded on page 164)



"Well, it certainly is nice to know someone's looking out for us old folks!"

C O L D W E A T H E R C L A S S I C S

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO CASUALWEAR FOR FALL AND WINTER '87

Part Two

Fashion By **HOLLIS WAYNE**: The outer jacket is the cornerstone of this fall and winter's casualwear. Functional details such as hoods, deep collars and oversized pockets abound, with tailored shearlings, suedes and polished-leather styles that project a look of rugged individualism being the most popular choices. Patterned sweaters will be layered with shirts and mufflers for warmth and dash, and rich autumn hues will be punctuated with flashes of bright colors. Our model at right is wearing a wise mixture of fashion tones and textures. His outfit consists of a wool stadium coat with a hood, flap patch pockets, toggle buttons and an embroidered emblem, \$510, worn over a wool knit placket-front pullover with a polo collar, \$165, and reverse-pleated wool plaid slacks, \$160, all by Byblos; plus a wool/acrylic rib-knit mock turtleneck, by Olivier Strel-li, \$150; and a cashmere plaid scarf with braided-fringe ends, from Polo/Ralph Lauren Scarfs, \$135.



**L**

eft: Suede gunnel jacket, \$815, cashwool knit pullover, \$185, and tweed slacks, \$80, all by Nancy Heller; plus rayon/cotton shirt, from Basco by Gene Pressman and Lance Karesh, \$75. The sweaters and mufflers at right (following the numbers): 1. Wool hand-knit cardigan, by Robert Stock, \$125. 2. Cashmere/wool knit polo-collar sweater, from Mlla Schön Uomo, \$425. 3. Fairisle Shetland crew-neck sweater, by Cesarani, about \$100. 4. Shetland sweater with center cable design, by Jeffrey Banks, \$150. 5. Wool Jacquard crew-neck sweater, by Bill Ditfort Designs, \$140. 6. Wool flat-knit turtleneck sweater, from Hugo Boss Knitwear, \$175. 7. Alpaca/silk/mohair/cotton hand-woven muffler, by Susan Horton, \$110. 8. Cashmere/wool tartan-plaid muffler, from Polo/Ralph Lauren Scarfs, \$135. 9. Cashmere/wool herringbone muffler, by Peter Barton, \$52. 10. Cotton/rayon hand-woven *bouclé* muffler, by Judith Rose for Michael Farrell, \$40. 11. Wool geometric-pattern muffler, from String Beans by Superba, \$22.50.



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This year's fall and winter fashion forecast: very cool and very casual. Left: Lambskin field jacket with interknit collar and cuffs, Expedition by Robert Comstock, \$550; sueded-sheepskin shirt, \$320, and wool-tweed checked slacks with overplaid, \$120, both from British Khaki by Robert Lighton; rayon shirt, from Basco, \$60; and plaited kangaroo belt, by Australian Outback Collection, \$60. Right: Leather parka with removable wool hood lining, from Ideas from Massimo Osti, by C.P. Company of Italy, \$950; wool hand-knit crew-neck sweater, \$320, and cotton-plaid sport shirt, \$115, both by Joseph Abboud; plus corduroy slacks, from Heartland Company Ltd., \$85.



DANIEL ORTEGA (continued from page 78)

"Guerrilla work is similar to that of a missionary. You go from house to house talking with the peasants."

be captured. So people like that fight with great fury.

PLAYBOY: Experts have said the U.S. may have trained the *Contras* poorly to set up a situation that would force an invasion.

ORTEGA: I think they have made an effort to train the *Contras* well. They have huge camps in Honduras. They've trained some special forces on military bases in the U.S. And Israeli experts have been brought to Honduras to train them in sabotage and terrorism tactics.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the fact that the *Contras* have developed a social base in your home region, Chontales?

ORTEGA: They have no social base in Chontales. The mercenary forces are there, but they don't have a social base. Geographically, the mountainous areas are useful to a guerrilla force. It's easy to get lost in that part of the country. The *Contras* are operating there because of a military objective. But we can't speak of their finding a large social base there, because what they're doing is destroying cooperatives, terrorizing the peasants, killing them. They did have a certain influence at a certain moment—but they've been losing it, because we've begun to distribute land to peasants in Chontales, to form cooperatives and individual plots there. So these peasants now have a different attitude. They don't want the *Contras*. That is why the *Contras* have been carrying out all these attacks on the cooperatives.

PLAYBOY: It is obvious that you've spent a lot of your life thinking about military matters. Whose books have you read from which you've devised tactics?

ORTEGA: A basic book was always Clausewitz' book on war.

PLAYBOY: Not Che Guevara?

ORTEGA: Of course, Che. But also many novelists—the great Russian novels, *War and Peace*, Tolstoy. I've also read a lot about World War Two. For example, *Mila 18*, about the Warsaw ghetto. The European Resistance was very heroic.

PLAYBOY: We're surprised that you don't mention Che first.

ORTEGA: The thing is, Che did something very special. Che, for me, is a man who, in the Sixties, fed idealism and mystique to the youth of Latin America.

PLAYBOY: But was he no good as a military leader?

ORTEGA: No, I think he was very important as a military leader, and he played a key role in Cuba. And once in Bolivia, I think he had to make a correct military

conception—but the political conditions were not right. And this did not make it possible to develop the struggle that he sought to carry out. But I think that Che was convinced that his role was to bring together the struggles of Latin America and the Caribbean peoples. We cannot view Che's struggle in Bolivia as a failure. From the tactical, military standpoint, it was a failure, and he died. But from the political and moral standpoints, which are the factors that are determinant in revolutionary struggles, Che never died. In fact, Che triumphed in Nicaragua on July 19, 1979.

Let me tell you something: What I really would like to be doing is what Che did—not to have stayed in Nicaragua after the triumph but, rather, to have gone on to other lands to struggle. Che left a very strong impression on me. But we have a reality here—the ongoing confrontation—and we've been confronting it for six years. Since 1981, when Reagan was inaugurated. And we continue combating it. So I assume my responsibility in this context. But the *Casa de Gobierno* is not where I most like being. I remember saying to [vice-president] Sergio Ramírez when we first got here, "This is our new prison." If I were to think from a somewhat selfish standpoint, I would feel more at ease having fewer responsibilities, working and living in the countryside with the peasants. I'm not particularly drawn to the city. I feel more at ease in the country. Don't think that in this work, things are easy—a lot runs completely against my nature.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about poetry—you are, after all, an amateur poet. Your minister of culture, Father Ernesto Cardenal, recently gave us one of your poems—it's called *The Fruits*. It begins, "When the sowers decided / to cultivate the fields / they knew that they would have to clear / the stones / the thorns / the weeds." And it ends, "That the cleanup would be hard / but that finally / against all odds / they would reap a harvest. . . ."

ORTEGA: In a way, that poem is a metaphor for the current situation—though it was written at a time when the revolution had not yet triumphed. But we believed, and we hoped, that there would be a change, despite the difficulties, and that a harvest of freedom and peace would be reaped. And of justice, too, for Nicaragua. The revolution triumphed, and the truth is we achieved freedom, we are struggling for justice, but we do not

have peace. So the metaphor continues to be valid. Because it's the same struggle—now in the face of a very well-defined policy on the part of the United States. That is, President Reagan, with his policy throughout all these years, has been sowing Nicaraguan fields with weeds. And stones. And thorns. And the people have to clean all of this up, pull all of this out with their own hands, to be able to achieve peace. That is, the people have to defeat all of this so as to have a good terrain for sowing and harvesting the future.

[*The final exchange took place over the telephone between Managua and New York as the Iran/Contra hearings wound down.*]

PLAYBOY: You watched the Iran/*Contra* hearings. What did you think of Colonel North's testimony?

ORTEGA: What North provokes in me is compassion. There is obviously a distortion in the U.S. Armed Forces in which certain officers—such as Colonel North—commit terrible crimes in the name of God.

PLAYBOY: Both Colonel North and Admiral Poindexter said they had to keep their activities secret from the American people in order to keep the *Sandinistas* from knowing what was going on. Did you know?

ORTEGA: Yes. We knew. And we denounced it. And I think it was disrespectful of Reagan to keep the North American people in ignorance, to hide all those activities and to violate the laws of the United States. But we knew about it. We denounced it every day. And very few people believed us.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the fact that North's testimony apparently increased support for *Contra* aid in the United States?

ORTEGA: I can only conclude that this was planned and prepared by specialists in propaganda work directed by Reagan. As bad an actor as Ronald Reagan was in Hollywood, he now compensates by being a great actor as President of the U.S., by lying to the North American people.

PLAYBOY: You have often said that Reagan is obsessed with you. Do you think he will willingly leave office in 1988 with your government still in power?

ORTEGA: It would be the most sensible thing to leave the *Sandinista* government in place. But we have to pray to God that He illuminate the mind of President Reagan so he won't continue to commit human-rights violations in Nicaragua. I don't think Reagan has been illuminated by God. I think he's closer to the darkness of the Devil. But we hope the light arrives before he commits the insanity of invading Nicaragua.

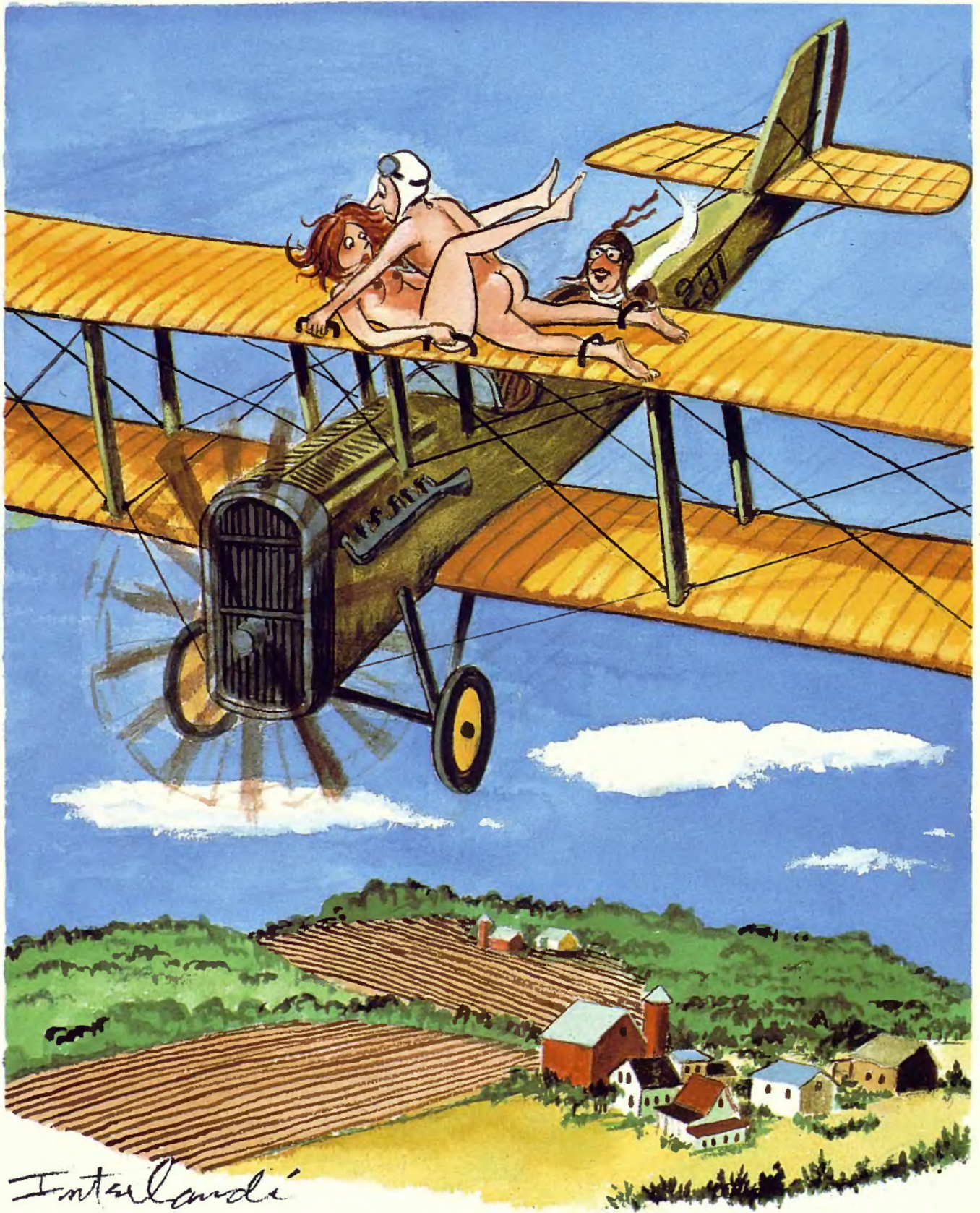
PLAYBOY: Then you still believe in God?

ORTEGA: Yes.

PLAYBOY: And do you consider yourself a communist?

ORTEGA: I am a *Sandinista*.





"Stop carping, you two. If the locals go for it, this could bring back barnstorming, flying circuses—the whole caboodle!"



KELLY MCGILLIS

Kelly McGillis, the strapping beauty who looked as if she might be able to eat Tom Cruise for breakfast in "Top Gun," is just back from the Middle East, where she tackled Zionism in a movie called "Dreamers." The role required lots of research: As the self-confessed "biggest shiksa in the world," she found the job of portraying an Israeli settler her biggest challenge since holding Harrison Ford's gun in "Witness." McGillis—at the end of a three-film binge that included the fall release "Made in Heaven"—wore all black when she met with interviewer David Handelman, who said, "She was still showing psychological vestiges of the insecure 200-pound high schooler she once was."

1.

PLAYBOY: Before your acting career took off, what was the worst job you ever had?
MC GILLIS: When I was 17, I worked in a Styrofoam factory, earning about \$3.50 an hour. You know those things that go on either end of your stereo when it's packed in a box? That's what I made. My hands would get all bloody because the Styrofoam didn't ever get soft, but my skin did. It was the worst job in the world, but at 17, I could either do that or work at a Jack in the Box, and something about French-fry grease really bothers me.

2.

PLAYBOY: You've also had some nasty experiences on film sets. You were fired from your second film, *Bachelor Party*. Why?

she's been mugged in new york and flashed in los angeles, but the real cost of fame is that she can't shop for sexy underwear

MC GILLIS: We'd been shooting a week, and the producers came and told me I wasn't pretty, I wasn't sexy. That's exactly how they put it. The first thing I did was get drunk. I was depressed for about a year after that.

At that point in my life, I'd been waiting on tables, so I had taken the part in *Bachelor Party*—a really trashy movie, not art in

any form—thinking, Well, I can learn by doing. And then to be fired! In the long run, it probably saved my career.

3.

PLAYBOY: Were you a good waitress?

MC GILLIS: I was probably best at getting people in and out quickly so I could make as much money as possible. It's a great job—instant cash. Of course, I had to deal with people who treated me like shit because I was a waitress, and I'd get huffy: "You can't treat me like this! I'm more than a waitress. I want to be an actress!"

4.

PLAYBOY: You were a California kid in the Sixties. Were you a wild one?

MC GILLIS: When I was a kid, I was crazy and very rebellious. I grew up at the tail end of the Sixties, the leftovers, and I did a lot of experimenting with drugs, that whole thing. I was never home, and I ditched school about 80 percent of the time. I'd hang out, surf, go to the beach with my friends. They were all much older, in their 20s, and they'd go out drinking, so I started doing that, too.

A lot of what happened had to do with my size. By sixth grade, I was really tall and looked older than I was. And the epitome of cool when you're 13 is to be taken for 18. Then I started eating neurotically and got really ugly and fat. I was a terrible social outcast. I guess I still am.

5.

PLAYBOY: When did you make the transformation from husky to sultry?

MC GILLIS: I lost the weight when I was about 18. I went on a fast, which was crazy. For three weeks, I didn't eat anything. I drank water. It's terrible for your body. But I still think of myself as the ugly duckling, and maybe that makes me work harder.

6.

PLAYBOY: Is your weight still a barometer of your moods?

MC GILLIS: It does reflect how happy or unhappy I am. I'm not huge now, but I still struggle with my weight. I was pretty unhappy breaking up with [*Top Gun* flight jock] Barry Tubb and sort of let myself go. The breakup took about seven months; these things don't happen overnight. You can't say to somebody, "That's it; goodbye," if you ever invest-

ed any true love in him. You can't take away something you've given—nor would I want to. But I was very angry. I don't think it sank in until both of us began seeing other people.

7.

PLAYBOY: When you were working on *Top Gun*, you were basically the only woman among a crew of hot young actors. How did you pick Tubb out of that gang?

MC GILLIS: I don't know why these things happen. Love isn't intellectual—it's visceral. If there was any one moment, it was on the Fourth of July 1985: We were all walking to dinner and I fell to the ground for no reason. [*Laughs*] I don't know why. I wasn't drunk, and I didn't trip. I think that was when I fell in love with Barry.

8.

PLAYBOY: The grapevine had it that you two were planning to marry. True?

MC GILLIS: No. I always read that I'm dating somebody or doing something, and it's never true. The best thing I ever read was that I was marrying Sean Penn. And I had never even met him!

Barry and I did try living together in L.A., but we were never there at the same time. One of us was always working. Let's face it; I'm 30, he's 24. There are certain things I want in my life that he's not ready to have and certain things about me he's not willing to accept. So I moved my stuff out—and told him about it afterward.

9.

PLAYBOY: Have your on-screen love affairs been as difficult?

MC GILLIS: Most of the time, it's just part of the job. I don't really know the people I make love with. It's all pretend.

I'm not willing to rip off my clothes every five seconds in a movie. I don't want it to be extraneous sex. When Tom Cruise and I went back and shot more love scenes for *Top Gun* after filming was over, I felt that it was necessary. People in the audience wouldn't know that those two people had gotten together unless it was shown. But in general, I think we're inundated as a society by seeing everything. You walk down 42nd Street and there are no secrets. What I think is sexy in love scenes is *not* seeing everything, when it's left up to the audience's imagination, instead of the director's deciding what happened (*concluded on page 162*)

SEX IN CINEMA

1987

movie screens
are steaming up, and
mother england,
surprisingly, is
lighting the fire

Just the facts of life, ma'am: Dan Aykroyd, as *Dragnet's* straight-arrow Sergeant Joe Friday—nephew of the immortal TV cop played by Jack Webb—bemusedly checks out the action in a strip joint (left).





text by **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

HIGHBROW DISTRIBS GET WISE: SEX SELLS" declared a *Variety* headline earlier this year. This is news? Sex is being used to flog everything from soap to running shoes (sales of one brand of footwear shot up 70 percent following a particularly steamy ad campaign), but Hollywood has been slow in getting the word: The erotic temperature of major-studio releases had been

plunging steadily downward since 1972's *Last Tango in Paris*. Finally, in 1987, the mercury is inching back up, with a nudge from an unexpected source. Mother England, of all places, has been inundating her former colony with films that overflow with brazen bedroom antics, kinky sexual practices and what the Monty Python gang loves to refer to as "naughty bits." This (text continued on page 146)

Witching may make it so: From occult rites to devilry, strange things are happening.

Jack Nicholson has a hell of a time playing Satan to the comely coven of Cher, Susan Sarandon and Michelle Pfeiffer in *The Witches of Eastwick* (background shot), but Dennis Hopper is a far scarier personification of evil as torch singer Isabella Rossellini's nemesis in *Blue Velvet* (below), already a hit on the video-cassette charts.

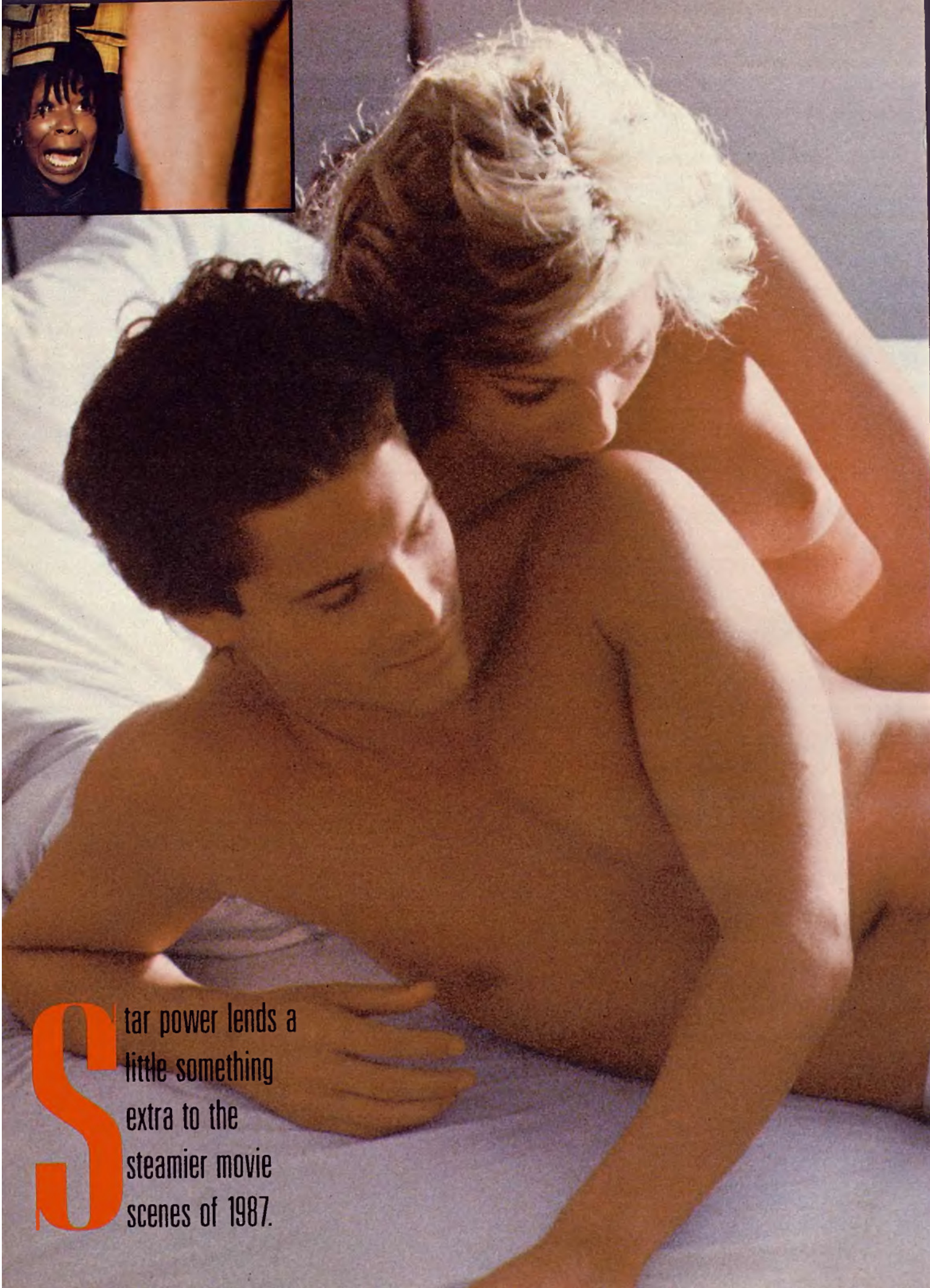


Freddy never looked like *this* before! In his latest outing (*A Nightmare on Elm Street 3: Dream Warriors*), the monster metamorphoses into female form (near right). In *Necropolis* (far right), Leanne Baker goes four up on Freddy as a sort of ghoulish wet nurse (amazingly well preserved for her purported 300 years). Sylvia (*Emmanuelle*) Kristel is the count's bloodthirsty ex in *Dracula's Widow* (below right).



She's a sweet young thing on TV's *Cosby Show* and *A Different World*, but Lisa Bonet projects raw passion as a mambo priestess in *Angel Heart* (below left); her love scene with Mickey Rourke almost earned the movie—which is based on a William Hjortsberg novel serialized in *Playboy* back in 1978—an X. More kinks are due in *Aria*; below right, weird antics from *Rigoletto*, one of its ten segments set to opera music.





Star power lends a little something extra to the steamier movie scenes of 1987.

Surely, she's seen one of those before. Whoopi Goldberg goes into the closet for *Burglar* (far left). In *Half Moon Street*, Sigourney Weaver—turning to prostitution to make ends meet—sheds her clothes in reel after reel; with diplomat Michael Caine (near right), she does it for love. This being the Eighties, both budding-romance and monkey-business contacts become entangled in terrorist plots. At far right, *Summer School* teacher Mark Harmon discovers one of his students (Ken Olandt) moonlighting as a male stripper in a Chippendales-style nightery.



Superhunk Rob Lowe and sexy Kim Cattrall do a Calvin Klein-ad imitation in *Masquerade* (background); Kathleen Turner's a time traveler again in *Julia and Julia*, dreaming her way back to her past—and into an affair with Sting (below).



Movies for the young
at heart: more
class, more sass
and nary another
Porky's in view.



In the more innocent age depicted by Neil Simon's autobiographical *Brighton Beach Memoirs*, Jonathan Silverman gets his jollies by dropping stuff so he can sneak a peek up cousin Lisa Waltz's skirt (top). Lou Jacobi essays the May-December routine with Monique Gabrielle (above left) in an episode of *Amazon Women on the Moon*. Andrew McCarthy gets to cop a feel in *Mannequin* (above right), but the lady (played by Kim Cattrall, again) is a mere dummy. It's the reel thing, however, for horny teen moviegoers Emily Lloyd and Lee Whitlock in *Wish You Were Here* (right).





Béatrice Dalle, the manic-depressive titular character in the highly charged French film *Betty Blue*, appears in one of her deepest indigo moments in the background shot. Its mood contrasts sharply with the animal energies displayed in *Dirty Dancing* (above), an American coming-of-age picture set in the summer of '63 at a Borscht Belt resort. Cutting a mean rug in the foreground are Cynthia Rhodes and Patrick Swayze, who portrays the hotel's resident stud and dance instructor.

Do foreigners do it better? Well, they definitely do it with greater frequency—on film, anyway.

The flames in the fireplace aren't the only ones ignited in Italy's *L'Attrazione* (background), featuring Stefano Sarelli and Florence Guerrin. But the most controversial Italian import of 1987 is *Devil in the Flesh*, released with an X in the U.S.; the scene below, with Maruschka Detmers going into action on 19-year-old neighbor Federico Pitzalis, earned it.





In Spain's *Padre Nuestro* (above left), Fernando Rey plays a dying cardinal who's trying to make things up to his illegitimate daughter (Victoria Abril). His Eminence's rebellious bastard doesn't make things easy for her dad; she's a flamboyant prostitute who flaunts her unorthodox parentage by styling herself *La Cardenala*. The French drama *Rendez-vous* (above right) introduces Juliette Binoche as an aspiring actress in heat and hoping to be discovered in Paris, where her sexual partners include Wadeck Stanczak (he's the one in the saddle on the stairs) and Lambert Wilson (foreground), a talented fellow who even manages to rise from the grave for love.



Topless fun in the sun is the principal attraction of the frothy French release *L'Année des Méduses*, starring Valerie Kaprisky. At left above, she dallies with a pair of German tourists (Barbara Nielsen and Antoine Nikola). Meanwhile, the seemingly indestructible Emmanuelle marches on, with this pair of amorous ladies among the visual aids of *Emmanuelle 5* (left).



The colorful poets Byron and Shelley are irresistible fodder for director Ken Russell, Britain's wild man of the cinema. In *Gothic* (above), Shelley (Julian Sands), his wife-to-be, Mary (Natasha Richardson), Byron (Gabriel Byrne) and his mistress (Myriam Cyr) get down and dirty. *Rita, Sue and Bob Too!* (near right, top) features a randy threesome—Michelle Holmes, Siobhan Finneran and George Costigan—the last about to “joomp” the Union Jack and the birds. *Prick Up Your Ears*, the grim life-and-death story of homosexual playwright Joe Orton, stars Gary Oldman (in center, near right, chatting up a pair of pretty boys). Truly far out is *Personal Services* (far right), based on the misadventures of a madam who catered to a well-connected—and kinky—clientele.



For the ultimate blind date, take a trip to a desert island: That's what Brits Gerald Kingsland and Lucy Irvine did, and the movie *Castaway* is based on their conflicting accounts. The strangers in paradise are portrayed by Oliver Reed and Amanda Donohoe; reels unspool before they finally get horizontal (right), but audiences are treated to many delightful views of Amanda unclad (background).





More sex, please,
we're British: At
last, cinematic
eroticism is joyously
OK in the U.K.

from a country where a coy stage comedy called *No Sex Please, We're British* had been running since 1971; its closing this year may have been sending a message.

The Anglo trend started well over a year ago, when Alex Cox's lurid punk-rock tragedy *Sid and Nancy* came storming in as a sort of counterpunch to the graceful, sweetly romantic humors of *A Room with a View*, an example of the traditional garden-variety English cinema. Other rooms with other views were on the way. Terry Jones's *Personal Services*, an outrageously outspoken comedy, makes hey-nonny-nonny fiction from some known facts about the life and times of a notorious London madam named Cynthia Payne (played by Julie Walters in a startling switch from her 1983 role in *Educating Rita*). *Services*, often as sad as it is funny, offers many bizarre fringe benefits—among them Alec McCowen, as a retired military commander whose hobby is transvestism, and Danny Schiller, soberly portraying an elderly housemaid whose gender remains undetected until Walters bursts in upon her/him in the loo and exclaims, "Dolly, you've got a willie!" Another eye opener from England is *Prick Up Your Ears*, an adaptation of John Lahr's biography of Joe Orton, the flamboyantly bent English playwright who was bludgeoned to death by his live-in lover in 1967. Gary Oldman—the burnt-out Sid Vicious of *Sid and Nancy*—bears a remarkable resemblance to Orton, who was an outspoken, promiscuous advocate of pleasure at any price, by way of casual pickups in pubs and public toilets, back in the days when no one was worrying about safe sex.

Homosexuality, a staple subject for English authors acquainted with hanky-panky in boys' schools from Eton and Harrow to Oxford, recurs as a theme of two films far more mannerly than *Prick Up Your Ears*. *Withnail and I* is an eccentric comedy about two London actors, barely surviving the Sixties, off on a country weekend with an old queen played hilariously by Richard Griffiths. He's Withnail's uncle hell-bent on seducing his nephew's chum. In *Maurice*, the people who made *Room with a View* bring another E. M. Forster tale to the screen. This novel, not published until after Forster's death, concerns a rejected pederast who finds comfort in the arms of a hot-blooded young gamekeeper on his former boyfriend's estate. It sounds like a boy-meets-boy reprise of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Far be it from director Ken Russell to promulgate any foolish notions about British reserve. His *Gothic* is a portrait of the poets Byron and Shelley on a dope-induced wild weekend in Switzerland circa 1816. Julian Sands, the ardent swain of *Room with a View*, plays Shelley as a sexed-up, spaced-out aesthete who

climbs onto the roof in a thunderstorm, stark-naked. Everyone has demons to exorcise during a house party so weird that Shelley's mistress (later wife), Mary Godwin (played by Natasha Richardson, daughter of Vanessa Redgrave), allegedly drew on it when she wrote *Frankenstein*. Unabashed nudity is the rule in *Captive*, in which Irina Brook (daughter of British director Peter Brook) stars as the titular victim, a Patty Hearstwhile heiress who is abducted, blindfolded, stripped and suspended upside down from the ceiling before she chooses to join the young rebels holding her. The real rebellion, of course, is against her father the tycoon, played by Oliver Reed. Reappearing as a rowdy survivalist in Nicolas Roeg's *Castaway*, Reed advertises for a female companion to spend a year with him on a desolate tropical island. Enter lovely Amanda Donohoe, a girl bored with the workaday business world. Donohoe sheds her clothes the moment they're alone in their island paradise, though getting her to shed her sexual inhibitions takes months of sun-tanning and solitude. Concentrated sensuality, of course, is S.O.P. for Roeg, whose steamy love scene between Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland in 1973's *Don't Look Now* has become a classic.

Another film with a strong erotic slant is *Half Moon Street*, co-starring Michael Caine and Sigourney Weaver. He's a lusty English lord; she's an American moonlighting as a London callgirl while doing research in Middle Eastern affairs. If you believe that, you probably believe that the Ayatollah Khomeini is going to win the next Nobel Peace Prize. *Half Moon* is saved from total eclipse mainly by Weaver's habit of pulling her clothes off in reel after reel.

Other current and choice examples of eroticism with an English accent range from *The Fourth Protocol* (Frederick Forsyth espionage, featuring Pierce Brosnan and Joanna Cassidy as a couple of K.G.B. agents who connect for a zipless kiss-kill encounter) to *Car Trouble* (Julie Walters again, as an unlucky lady who is trapped with her paramour while conducting some extramarital dalliance in a runaway automobile). Youth gets its knickers off in such breezy excursions as *Wish You Were Here?*, starring teenaged newcomer Emily Lloyd, who earned raves from critics at the Cannes Film Festival for her vibrant performance as a sexually precocious girl growing up in postwar Britain. Lloyd's bittersweet odyssey as Lynda, who hardly ever says no, is rumored to have been inspired by director David Leland's extensive interviews with madam Cynthia Payne while researching his screenplay for *Personal Services*. We learn, among other things, that in and around Brighton, a condom used to be called a plunker. A dismal fac-

tory town in Yorkshire is the setting for *Rita, Sue and Bob Too!* The title identifies a naughty threesome made up of two rather dowdy, easy English dumplings (Siobhan Finneran and Michelle Holmes) and the loutish young husband who drives them home from baby-sitting jobs. They usually detour through the moors to take turns having the indefatigable Bob "joomp" on their well-padded bones. Whether Rita, Sue or Bob's wife will wind up with exclusive rights to his stud services is the weightiest question raised by this impudent comedy.

The earliest indication that American moviemakers were edging back into screen sexuality actually came late in 1986, when director David Lynch's *Blue Velvet* emerged as a major sleeper. It didn't hurt when Oscar nominee Woody Allen went public, calling Lynch's kinky cult epic the best picture he'd seen all year. But by that time, *Velvet* had already begun to build a following for its dark, obsessional vision of small-town U.S.A. Beyond the white-picket fences, Lynch discovers a moral cesspool where teenagers Laura Dern and Kyle MacLachlan learn about the seamier side of existence from a torch singer (Isabella Rossellini, frequently unclad) and a demented, sadistic drug dealer (Dennis Hopper). Such awful truths would have landed *Blue Velvet* in the underground-movie ghetto a decade ago, but the film became a modest mainstream hit and has zoomed to best-sellerdom as a video cassette.

Screen sex subsequently burst into headlines with *Angel Heart*, directed by Alan Parker (an expatriate Brit, incidentally). This eerie occult thriller set in Cajun country stars Mickey Rourke, reasonably fresh from his controversial stint in last year's *9½ Weeks*, this time with sultry Lisa Bonet. The media spotlight fell on Lisa, because her steady job is playing a wholesome teeny-bopper on TV's top-rated *Cosby Show*. *Angel Heart* casts her as a New Orleans voodoo priestess, her black magic culminating in a heavy-breathing, blood-spattered carnal encounter with Rourke. The sequence was due to earn the film an accursed X until Parker agreed to trim ten seconds of the love-scene footage. Midway through the *Angel Heart* brouhaha, Motion Picture Association of America spokesmen began to wonder aloud whether they ought to thicken the alphabet soup of the M.P.A.A.'s ratings system with a new A for adult, supposedly to indicate a mysterious moral posture somewhere between R and X. Happily, A is still in limbo.

Spicing violence with sex seems to be all the rage down in Cajun territory. *No Mercy* goes easy on the erotic angle but has Kim Basinger soaking wet in the bayous while handcuffed to Richard Gere, who's trying to spring her from bondage

(continued on page 166)



"Ever notice how anything good is either fattening or you can get burned at the stake for it?"

1954

10

Reasons

**it was born just
over 33 years
ago. in 1954,
the chords called
it "sh-boom."
nobody else
knew what to call
it. then alan
freed named it
rock 'n' roll**

ROCK
'n'
ROLL



Beastie Boys

1

NAUGHTY ROCK

Spearheaded by the Beastie Boys, who sing about drugs and perform with a giant hydraulic penis, and by Bon Jovi and Mötley Crüe, who have been giving strippers a good name, naughty rock—the revered, historic genre explored by Jerry Lee Lewis and Jim Morrison—has returned. This even while others have been working overtime to shut rock up—others being the Parents' Music Resource Center, the Federal Communications Commission and Tipper Gore, who has written an amazingly stupid book called *Raising PG Kids in an X-Rated Society*. The forces of antinaughtiness have chosen predictable targets: Throbbing Doves, Poison, Ozzy Osbourne, the Beastie Boys, Simply Red, Mötley Crüe, Anthrax, Cinderella, stupid-but-harmless radio and other grand monuments to the taste of teenaged boys everywhere. When will they learn? Stomping out Mötley Crüe or Anthrax won't stomp out teenagers.

to love (or hate)

2 RUMORS

Tall stories of the year: Bruce Springsteen plans to run for New Jersey governor; various sexy black female stars are gay; and Billy Idol dropped trou on a Florida stage and couldn't pull them up again.

3 MINNEAPOLIS—ST. PAUL

Since Prince's 1980 hit LP, *Dirty Mind*, hot Twin Cities talent has exploded notionally, with Hüsker Dü, The Replacements, Jesse Johnson, Limited Warrant, Peter Himmelton, The Jets and Michael Johnson, to name a few. Inexpensive rehearsal and recording spots such as Prince's Paisley Park Studios draw steady trade from top popsters, as do producers and ex-Time musicians Terry Lewis and Jimmy "Jam" Harris (the team behind Janet Jackson's *Control*).

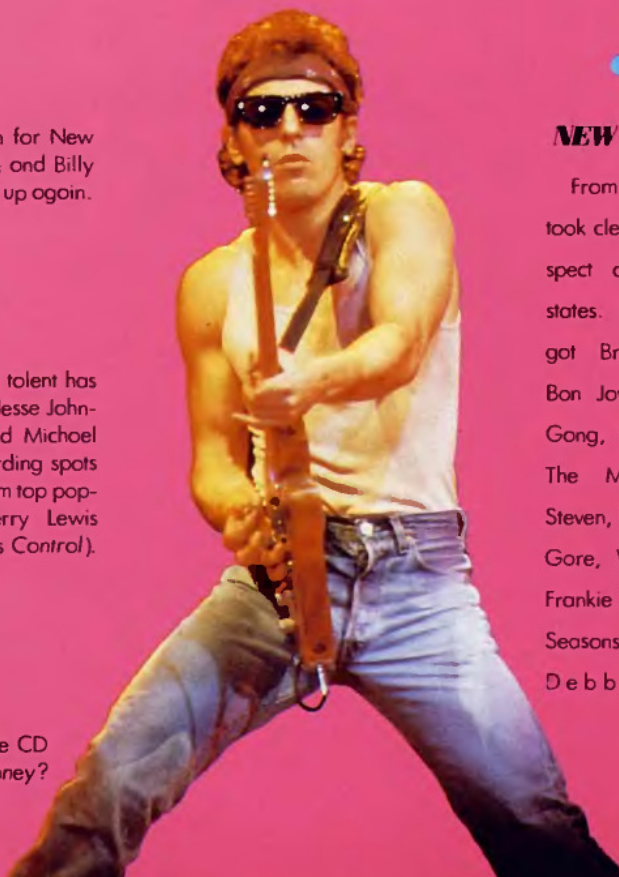
4 TRAX OF OUR TEARS

Why, we wonder, has the last verse been cut from the CD version of Warren Zevon's single *Lowyers, Guns and Money*?

5

NEW JERSEY, YO

From New Jersey, God took clean air and the respect of the 49 other states. In return, Jersey got Bruce Springsteen, Bon Jovi, Kool and the Gong, Southside Johnny, The Manhattans, Little Steven, Patti Smith, Lesley Gore, Whitney Houston, Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, The Smithereens, Debbie Harry...



Bruce Springsteen



6

OLD PEOPLE'S MUSIC

Now that rock is over 33, how old are its fans? In a parable of our times, the Moody Blues' video *Your Wildest Dreams* shows a groupie hanging out with a musician in the psychedelic Sixties. Then it cuts to her in the Eighties, all grown up into a frustrated Yuppie. She goes to a Moody Blues concert to recapture her youth, natch. What ever happened to teen angst?

7

RPMS: THE CD

At top speed, it turns at 500 RPMs. It's nearly shatterproof, it scoffs at scratches and fingerprints and it doesn't wear out. No wonder CD shipments shot up 134 percent last year, while manufacturers shipped 25 percent fewer LPs than in 1985. Add those figures to increases in cassette orders and it's clear—the LP is on the way out. The owner of a major record-store chain predicts that within five years, the LP will disappear from the nation's record bins.

8

COOL COUNTRY

When today's country performers heard country music's call, they had something even Hank Williams didn't—rock-'n'-roll hearts. And that has produced a new hybrid that Nashville insiders call "mutt music." Here are some hot dogs:

1. **Steve Earle**—Like Springsteen, he covers blue-collar America in poignant detail, backed by arrangements that show equal fealty to country and rock.

2. **K. D. Lang**—In Canada, she was a performance artist until she rediscovered Patsy Cline. Long calls her sound "country crunch," "twitch and twang" and "torch and twang."

3. **K. T. Oslin**—A veteran of commercials, folk music and Broadway musicals, Oslin's influences are so disparate that finding an accurate label for her is futile.

4. **Randy Travis**—Togged as the most traditional of the "new traditionalists," he sells well to rockers. He's been tapped as George Jones's heir apparent.

5. **Dwight Yoakam**—Rebuffed by Nashville, he debuted as a Los Angeles "cowpunk." Yoakam's latent punk menace makes him the angry young man of new country.

Dwight Yoakam



9 SOCIALLY CONSCIOUS ROCK

Sure, U2 and Bruce Springsteen are good guys. But veteran Detroit rocker Scott Morgan's *Sixteen with a Bullet* (Jukebox Records, P.O. Box 441915, Detroit, Michigan 48244) puts a headlock on your heart and is a real kicker, too. It's about racism and teens in Detroit—now that the rats have abandoned the ship.



U2

11 MUSIC VIDEO: DEAD OR ALIVE

Last year, the Nielsens pegged MTV's share of the national cable TV audience at a bare 0.7 percent—a decline of roughly half from the heady days of Michael Jackson's *Thriller*. Execs started doubting the value of video to promote established acts. All this resulted in video-production cutbacks. And without the video clips that record companies have supplied at no charge, what would MTV do? This year, MTV's ratings still are down. Videos themselves have become formulaic, while the excitement has shifted to Phil Collins' 60-second Michelob spots. But that may not spell the end. MTV makes money: \$47,000,000 in earnings last year. Not bad for a firm that securities analysts describe as "moving sideways."

10 THE SOUND: CHUNG KING

Welcome to Chung King House of Metal, the hippest recording studio in the U.S. Note the noncorporate graffiti on the walls, the grimy corridor, the mouser, Mr. Stinky. The control room is smaller than most home basements and a lot dirtier. Its walls flash graffiti (e.g., IF I'M A MOTHERFUCKER, THEN KEEP YOUR MOTHER OFF THE STREETS) from the rap stars—Run-DMC, the Beastie Boys, LL Cool J—who've cut here. The control board is small, morked with coffee spills. The equipment is old, dating from the Seventies—Neanderthal in the age of digital. Tucked away in Manhattan's Chinatown, this is where the megahits of the Def Jam label are recorded. John King opened Chung King four years ago to record "speed metal" and punk bands and promptly hired Steve Ett as chief engineer. Then he walked Def Jam co-owners Russell Simmons and Rick Rubin, who fell in love with House of Metal's bias toward "low end and high end." A historic string of loud, explosive rap hits followed. Now Ett and King are wholesaling vintage recording equipment to those who seek to emulate Chung King's bright, punchy, retro sound.

Steve Ett, John King and Rick Rubin at Chung King



"GRACELAND" SPIN-OFFS

Paul Simon says that what finally put him on the road to *Graceland* was a cassette called *Gumboots: Accordion Jive Hits, Volume II*, a collection of South African mbaqanga, or township-jive, singles.

He repaid his inspirational debt by recording, then touring, with black South African musicians. *Graceland* has made a difference for Ladysmith Black Mambazo, which joined Simon on tour and on the record. Earlier, Ladysmith had released two albums, *Induku Zethu* and *Ulwandle Olungwele*, through Shanachie Records. Since then, sales have tripled. Shanachie has now released a third LP, *Inala*, while Warner Brothers issued the Simon-produced *Shaka Zulu*. Rauner Records has released a record by the Bayayo Boys, who were cited by Simon as his favorite act on the *Gumboots* record. The album title is *Back in Town*.

As for *Gumboots: Accordion Jive Hits, Volume II*, maybe you could borrow Paul's tape.



Ladysmith's Joseph Shabalala and Paul Simon

13 ATHENS, GEORGIA

Athens boasts a lengthy roster of hot bands, amply documented by the 1987 film *Athens, Ga—Inside/Out*. We hear that the defunct Walter's Barbecue really deserves the credit.

14**DUDS**

Top performers can spend upwards of \$100,000 on costumes for a tour. Elton John and Cher both use theatrical designers at a cost of about \$5000 per costume. Prince changed clothes seven times during each show on the *Purple Rain* tour, took four wardrobe people with him and had another six or so sewing away back in Minnesota. Cyndi Lauper once spent \$3000 just to ship her costumes overseas. "She had eight trunks full," says Biff Chandler, who with partner Laura Wills does Lauper's stagewear. Lauper is "like a human Barbie doll," says Chandler, who used to employ her at Screaming Mimi's, his and Wills's Manhattan vintage-clothing store. Stagewear must be highly visible to the back rows yet cool, lightweight, durable and easy to get on and off.

Says Ray Brown, who makes costumes for about 30 bands, "Store-bought clothes wouldn't last a month on the road." He uses such special materials as a synthetic leather that's washable and can be stretched tighter than real leather without splitting—an important consideration when your clients are Styx, Judas Priest, Ozzy Osbourne, Mötley Crüe, Bon Jovi, Iron Maiden, Black Sabbath and Quiet Riot. Brown says he goes through 50 or 60 yards of pseudo leather each week.



Mötley Crüe

15 GROUPIES

Pamela Des Barres, who gave many her best and then gave the rest to her husband, English rocker Michael Des Barres, had the last shtup this year in *I'm with the Band*, an affectionate tell-all about her experiences as bedmate to the likes of Mick Jagger and Don Johnson.

Amy Grant for Amex

**16****GET-RICH-QUICK SCHEMES**

Ads of the stars: Adidas, Run-DMC; American Express, Amy Grant; Apple Computers, Graham Nash; Budweiser, Blasters; Coca-Cola, Duran Duran; Diet Coke, Whitney Houston; Dos Equis, Stray Cats; Falger's coffee, Dwight Yoakam; Ford, Rick Springfield; Honda, Lou Reed; Maxell tapes, Aretha Franklin; Michelob, Genesis; Miller, The Del Fuegos; Pepsi-Cola, Michael Jackson, Glenn Frey, Don Johnson, David Bowie, Tina Turner, Lionel Richie; Popeyes Chicken, Fats Domino; Sara Lee, Debbie Harry, Manhattan Transfer and Al Jarreau; Seagram's wine coolers, Bruce Willis; Sun Country wine coolers, Ringo Starr, Four Tops; Swatch watches, Fat Boys.

KEEPERS: TOP ROCK CDS

1. Everything in the Beatles' reissues (Capitol). Original producer digitally remastered original tapes, resulting in glorious clarity that the Beatles didn't get at their own playbacks. Recommended: **Help!**, **Revolver** and **Sgt. Pepper**.

2. Everything in the Atlantic and Columbia reissues of The Rolling Stones. Again, original producer did digital remastering. Most-improved list: **Their Satanic Majesties Request**, **Sticky Fingers**, **Exile on Main Street**, **Dirty Work**.

3. Anything by Dire Straits (Warner), especially **Brothers in Arms** and **Love over Gold**. Digital was made for Mark Knopfler's truly dynamic guitar.

4. Nothing by The Doors except the latest, **The Best of The Doors** (Elektra), which has been digitally remastered.

5. **Highway 61 Revisited** (Columbia), by Bob Dylan. A classic with new clarity. Those acoustic guitars really chime.

6. **Live at Winterland** (Rykodisc), by the Jimi Hendrix Experience. The master of the psychedelic guitar at his peak, complete with cool stage patter and asides.

7. **Graceland** (Warner), by Paul Simon. One of the most important albums of the decade. Sound isn't that improved, but any vinyl surface noise destroys *Homeless*.

B. **Let's Get It On/What's Going On** (Motown), by Marvin Gaye. A most interesting twofor: Worries about the world's fate segue into worries about getting laid.

9. **No Guru, No Method, No Teacher** (PalyGram), by Van Morrison. Mood music humanized with off-key weirdness from one of the world's great singers.

10. **Atlantic Rhythm & Blues** (Atlantic). All seven volumes are nifty, but volume six (1966-1969) is the absolute necessity for any baby-boomer party. If you're intimidated by the investment, just remember: Surface noise is as bad for dancing as it is for listening.



Robert Cray

EVEN YUPPIES GET THE BLUES

It started when nouveau bluesman Robert Cray's *Smoking Gun* hit the white-boy MTV channel. Since then, Cray's fourth album, *Strang Persuader*, has gone gold. But this revival isn't a one-man show. Bruce Iglauer, whose Alligator Records is home for Albert Collins and ten other acts, says that his firm's sales have doubled for three years in a row. Club owner Jim McDaris, ex-Chicago commodities broker who opened the Blues Harbar in Atlanta in 1984, says that accountants, lawyers and bankers jam his club every night. McDaris' explanation: The

Yups are sick of coldhearted arena rock and want to get back to the roots. So it is that Albert Collins is firing off licks in Bruce Willis' wine-cooler pitch on TV and teaching some young suburbanites how to sing the blues in the funniest scene in the film *Adventures in Babysitting*.

19 **FEUDS**

Mick and Keith are trading barbs in the press as each of their solo careers heats up. Our favorite quip: A reporter asked Keith if the Stones' fighting would end. "You'd better ask the bitch," he reportedly said.

20 **A&R WARS**

Discovery of hot new acts sets off skirmishes among the people who sign them for record companies—the artist-and-repertoire (A&R) departments. Here are the spoils of recent wars.

Shanice Wilson (A&M): MCA ransomed this soulful 14-year-old; then A&M's head of A&R, Jahn McClain, introduced her to Michael Jackson. She signed.

Tommy Conwell and the Young Rumlbers (Columbia): Often compared to Elvis Castella, Conwell and his band released an indie that has sold a remarkable 50,000 in and around his home town, Philadelphia.

Curiosity Killed the Cat (PalyGram): When their album *Keep Your Distance* hit number one in England, every major U.S. label checked them out. Their first video—*Misfit*—was directed by Andy Warhol.

She's Billy (MCA): She's Lisa Michelis, he's Billy Schlasser. Glenn Frey and Dan Henley heard them and got them signed. Intelligent New York rockers.

Fire Town (Atlantic): This band was inked so fast, it didn't yet have a manager. Its first LP is now out.

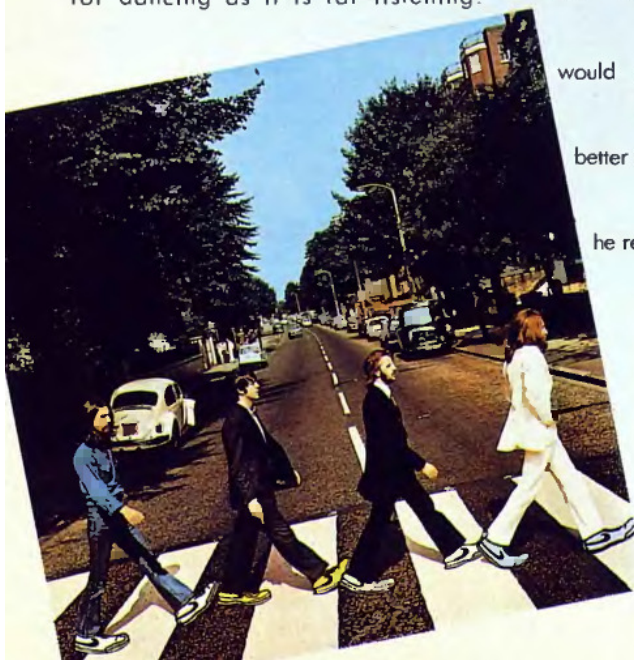
Jane's Addiction (Warner): L.A. glitter band. Singer Perry Farrell wears a carset, dreadlocks, a nose ring—whatever fits the mood.



Shanice Wilson

21 **THE BEATLES**

Sgt. Pepper turned 20 just in time to see Michael Jackson buy the rights to the Beatles' catalog. By now, Nike has used the original *Revolution* in a shoe commercial and the Beatles' Apple companies have sued Nike and Capital/EMI, which says Apple board member Yako Ona once favored the deal.



STATE OF THE ART

Rock 'n' roll was born of technology. With time, the machinery has gotten more amazing—and cheaper. For \$400, a garage band can now buy better recording equipment than the Beatles used for *Abbey Road*. Today's Les Paul guitar is a Kurzweil synthesizer. And the hottest trend is "sampling," a process whereby musicians can collect and store everything from harps to motorcycles in their synthesizers. Mickey Hart of the Grateful Dead has a huge collection of percussion instruments from all over the world. They used to stay home, but now he's got them all on stage with him, sampled into a drum sampling machine. Stevie Wonder has performed solo, just himself and more than \$500,000 worth of musical machinery. Broadway producers have discovered that they can buy a synthesizer for the amount a pit orchestra casts them in one week.

So does sampling spell doom for musicians? Says Bob Brolave, a computer-music whiz who works with Stevie Wonder and the Grateful Dead, "No computer will ever replicate the beauty and drama of a sax or violin solo. The thing is not to lose the show. With live performance, it ain't what you do, it's how you do it."



Samantha Fox

24 DANGEROUS LIVE ROCK

The Beastie Boys/Run-DMC tour.

25 DANGEROUS ROCK SONG

In 1987, *I Want Your Sex*, by George Michael.

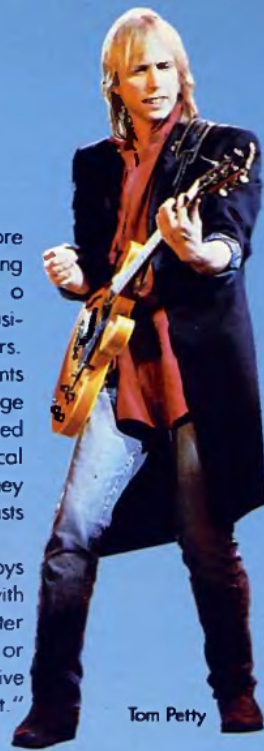
26 DANGEROUS ROCK STAR

Samantha Fox makes us tremble.

ROOTS ROCK

Last year, it was synth-dependent "haircut" bands. This year, the roots are showing. Best back-to-basics story: the Georgio Satellites, who played Chuck Berry riffs with more spirit and sass than anyone else in a decade.

Most fun tour of the summer: established roots rocker Tom Petty with Georgio Satellites and The Del Fuegos. After a five-year hiatus, Warren Zevon has resumed his career with *Sentimental Hygiene*, backed by artsy/rootsy R.E.M. John Hiatt turned in his best and rootsiest album, *Bring the Family*, backed by master rootsologist Ry Cooder. Robert Cray and Steve Miller both followed their roots to create a new hybrid: blues pop. Ditto Los Lobos with chicano pop. Roots rockers we vote most likely to break out in the coming year: The Del Lords.



Tom Petty

27 GUILTY PLEASURES

Dirty little secrets from our five critics:

Charles M. Young. I derive enormous guilt from my pleasure in Borry Manilow's *Mandy*, a song that stands out as perfect schmoltz. My eyes mist at the opening chords; I weep openly when the bass comes in; and when Manilow gets to the chorus about how *Mandy* come and gove without toking but he sent her away, I want to call every girlfriend I ever had and beg her to marry me.

Nelson George. My guiltiest pleasure is *Bad Company*—a strong claim from a black music fanatic from Brooklyn, but, hey, there's no accounting for taste. I'm talking about *Straight Shooter* (1975). Not as expansive, ambitious or pretentious as Led Zeppelin, *Bad Company* specialized in streamlined Anglo-Saxon blues rock punctuated by crunching chord changes and my man Paul Rodgers' sometimes raunchy,

sometimes soothing, always soulful voice. No British rocker did the blue-eyed-soul gig better than Rodgers.

Robert Christgau. In rock 'n' roll, guilt is the stupidest of critical sins. It's supposed to be a music of double takes, forbidden pleasures and smart things happening to dumb people, so what's to feel guilty? Getting off on a song of suspect sexual politics—Kool Moe Dee's *Do You Know What Time It Is?*, say—doesn't in itself make me a sexist. Maybe it just means I can empathize with somebody else's worst impulses, or admit my own. From Paul Anko's *Diana* to Bon Jovi's *Livin' on a Prayer*, nothing makes me prouder than a song that sneaks up on me.

Vic Garbarini. I call it *The Genre That Dares Not Speak Its Name*—white-trash music. Remember *Torn Between Two Lovers*? How about *Spiders & Snakes*, by

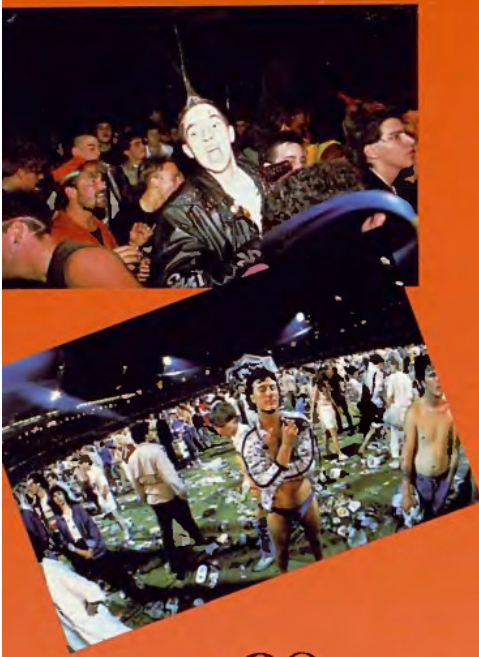
Jim Stafford? *Me and You* and *a Dog Named Boo*, by Labo? While tempting, Bobby Goldsboro's *Honey* doesn't make the list—the genre consists only of totally blond white-bread music. *Honey* is so bad it's good. And that's a whole other category. There's a race issue here; some claim black artists are incapable of making music this stupid and pointless. Oh, yeah? Try a few bars of *Little Green Apples*, by O. C. Smith.

Dave Marsh. If I ever feel guilty, it's about the music that I love that rarely gets reviewed, by me or anyone else. The great film composer Ennio Morricone (I must own about 40 of his albums and recently bought his *Best of CD* on import) is one example, in addition to such Gospel singers as Marion Williams and Claude Jeter, R&B and jump-blues survivors such as Charles Brown and the great bluegrass giant Ralph Stanley.

THE NAME GAME

First there were the Crickets and then the Beatles—but weird names keep getting harder to find. How do they come up with this stuff, anyway? Here's how some did. **Metallica**—from a combination of the band's two favorite things, metal and vodka (er, vadca)? **a-ha**—Pal Waaktaar was writing lyrics when he realized a-ha means the same thing in every language. **Cutting Crew**—a nickname for veteran studio musicians. **The Smiths**—Stephen Morrissey sought the most generic name he could find. **Beastie Boys**—It was "the stupidest name" that the band could think of. **Crowded House**—While making its debut LP, the Aussie trio lived in a tiny Hollywood bungalow, says singer Neil Finn. **Living in a Box**—Richard Darbyshire named his band after his stay in government-sponsored housing in England. **The Replacements**—The band changed its name when a club owner wouldn't hire them as The Impediments. **Bangles**—clipped from the Supersonic Bangs to the Bangs, which the band liked for its double-entendre, until another Bangs forced them to the present mix of Bangs and Beatles. **Danny Wilson**—from Frank Sinatra's 1952 movie *Meet Danny Wilson*. **Fine Young Cannibals**—from the 1960 Robert Wagner/Natalie Wood bomb *All the Fine Young Cannibals*. **10,000 Maniacs**—from the cult gore film *2000 Maniacs*.

Cinderella—from a porn-film title in a cable-TV guide, "not the Disney version," insists leader Tom Keifer. **Level 42**—from Douglas Adams' *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, in which a computer defines the meaning of life as 42. **Wang Chung**—Jack Hues got it from the composer Karl-Heinz Stockhausen, who refers to huang chung, meaning "perfect pitch" in Chinese. **Oingo Boingo**—The band claims to have found its name in a fortune cookie. O.B. claims that in Szechwan, it is the word used to describe a tool that removes hubcaps from Chevys. **The Del Fuegos**—named for Tierra del Fuego, the southernmost point in South America, because their music is "as low-down as you can get." **Fire Town**—"We like to think there's a place you can go to, like you could see it on I-94 while driving to Chicago," say Doug Erikson and Phil Davis. **Concrete Blonde**—suggested by the band's friend Michael Stipe of R.E.M. to mean "something both hard and soft." **Timbuk 3**—Pat MacDonald says, "After Spencer died, someone said, 'He's not really dead—he'll turn up in Timbukthree or someplace.'" **Fuzz Box**—The all-female band's full name, *We've Got a Fuzz Box and We're Gonna Use It*, refers to a distortion box for guitars, or so band members say. **Hooters**—not what you think. It's their nickname for the Hohner Melodica, an unusual instrument.



Fans

28 FANATICS

The good, the bad and the ugly. Without fans, who'd buy those T-shirts?

Jan Bon Jovi

29

TECHNOLOGY

Jan Bon Jovi wanted to fly. To give the people in the back rows a better show. So last December, Bon Jovi's production rigger, Steve Leman, unveiled a system whereby Jan mounts a trapezoidal apparatus, buzzes into the house 128 feet at ten feet per second, lands on a platform, does a tune and buzzes back. Almost 200 shows have yielded only one mishap—a fuse blew just prior to take-off in Bon Jovi's home-town Meadowlands arena. "My mom was here tonight," Jan Bon Jovi complained to Leman later. "And she prayed it wouldn't work."



31

ROCK PIX

Bands frequently demand approval of pictures before they'll issue concert passes to photogs. That way, anything they don't want you to see, you won't get to see. The result? Pretty dull shots.

32 ROCK MOVIES

Best grade-Z trash pic this year: *The Gate*, in which three kids accidentally find the gate to hell. Then they read the liner notes on heavy-metal LPs to find out how to close the gate.

33 THE DRUM SOLO

Long-overdue twist: Crowded House's wacky drummer, Paul Hester, takes his solos on guitar.

33

Jahnetta Napalitano, lead singer/bassist for the trio Concrete Blonde, is more than one third of a reason to love rock 'n' roll.



1988

Playboy

Music

Poll



**We
want
your
votes**

IT'S TIME again to join the annual revel that we call the Playboy Music Poll. You remember—we provide the ballot; you do the work. On the first part of the ballot, write in your choices for the best. On the second part, write in your Hall of Fame selection. For the rest, use the letters and numbers provided—or, if you prefer, write in your nominees. Simple. Then just pop your ballot into the mail to us. Only official ballots count, and they must be postmarked before midnight, November 15, 1987. For the poll results, see our April 1988 issue.

The Year's Best:

1. **Rock LP** (Title and Artist)
2. **R&B LP** (Title and Artist)
3. **Jazz LP** (Title and Artist)
4. **Country LP** (Title and Artist)
5. **Movie Sound Track**
6. **New Age LP** (Title and Artist)
7. **Album Cover** (Title and Artist)
8. **Live Recording** (Title and Artist)
9. **Compact Disc** (Title and Artist)
10. **Rock Song** (Title and Artist)
11. **R&B Song** (Title and Artist)
12. **Jazz Composition** (Title and Artist)
13. **Country Song** (Title and Artist)
14. **Driving Song** (Title and Artist)
15. **Make-out Song** (Title and Artist)
16. **New Artist**
17. **Comeback Artist**
18. **Music Video**
19. **Hair and Make-up**
20. **Bressed**
21. **Undressed**
22. **Live Act**
23. **Musician in a TV Commercial**
24. **Personality**
25. **Bancer**

The Year's Best:

BALLOT

Write in the full name of your choice in each category.

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

4. _____

5. _____

6. _____

7. _____

8. _____

9. _____

10. _____

11. _____

12. _____

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19. _____

20. _____

21. _____

22. _____

23. _____

24. _____

25. _____

Top Performers

Below, write in the LETTERS and NUMBERS of listed candidates you choose. If your choice isn't listed, then write in the name.

Pop/Rock

MALE VOCALIST _____

FEMALE VOCALIST _____

INSTRUMENTALIST _____

GROUP _____

R & B

MALE VOCALIST _____

FEMALE VOCALIST _____

INSTRUMENTALIST _____

GROUP _____

Jazz

MALE VOCALIST _____

FEMALE VOCALIST _____

INSTRUMENTALIST _____

GROUP _____

Country

MALE VOCALIST _____

FEMALE VOCALIST _____

INSTRUMENTALIST _____

GROUP _____

Playboy Hall of Fame

Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible. Artists previously elected (Duane Allman, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, John Banham, David Bowie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, Eric Clapton, Phil Collins, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, George Harrison, Jimi Hendrix, Michael Jackson, Mick Jagger, Elton John, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Keith Moon, Jim Morrison, Willie Nelson, Elvis Presley, Linda Ronstadt, Frank Sinatra, Bruce Springsteen, Ringo Starr, Peter Dinklage, Peter Tawnsend, Tina Turner, Stevie Wonder) are not eligible.

(Mail ballot to: Playboy Music Poll, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.)



Madonna

CHOOSE THE TOP PERFORMERS BY LETTER AND NUMBER ON THE ACCOMPANYING BALLOT.
TO VOTE FOR SOMEONE WHO'S NOT LISTED, WRITE IN THE FULL NAME.

POPI/ROCK

MALE VOCALIST

- A1. Jon Bon Jovi
- A2. Bono
- A3. Phil Collins
- A4. Peter Gabriel
- A5. Sammy Hagar
- A6. Mick Jagger
- A7. Huey Lewis
- AB. John Mellencamp
- A9. Prince
- A10. David Lee Roth
- A11. Bob Seger
- A12. Paul Simon
- A13. Bruce Springsteen
- A14. Sting
- A15. Steve Winwood

FEMALE VOCALIST

- B1. Belinda Carlisle
- B2. Gloria Estefan
- B3. Whitney Houston
- B4. Janet Jackson
- B5. Cyndi Lauper
- B6. Annie Lennox
- B7. Madonna
- B8. Maria McKee
- B9. Stevie Nicks
- B10. Sade
- B11. Corly Simon
- B12. Grace Slick
- B13. Tina Turner
- B14. Suzanne Vega
- B15. Jody Watley

INSTRUMENTALIST

- C1. Roy Bittan
- C2. Eric Clapton
- C3. Phil Collins
- C4. Ry Cooder
- C5. Robert Cray
- C6. Thomas Dolby
- C7. Edge
- C8. Mark Knopfler
- C9. Keith Richards
- C10. Steve Stevens
- C11. Peter Dinklage
- C12. Edward Van Hellen
- C13. Stevie Nicks
- C14. Tina Turner
- C15. Stevie Wonder

GROUP

- D1. Beastie Boys
- D2. Bon Jovi
- D3. Crowded House
- D4. Eurythmics
- D5. Genesis
- D6. Doryl Hall & John Oates
- D7. Huey Lewis & the News
- D8. Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers
- D9. R.E.M.
- D10. Run-DMC
- D11. Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band
- D12. Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band
- D13. Talking Heads
- D14. U2
- D15. Van Hellen

R & B

MALE VOCALIST

- E1. Philip Bailey
- E2. James Brown
- E3. El DeBorge
- E4. James Ingram
- E5. Freddie Jackson
- E6. Jermaine Jackson
- E7. Michael Jackson
- E8. LL Cool J
- E9. George Michael
- E10. Billy Ocean
- E11. Jeffrey Osborne
- E12. Prince
- E13. Smokey Robinson
- E14. Luther Vandross
- E15. Stevie Wonder

FEMALE VOCALIST

- F1. Anita Baker
- F2. Peggy Blu
- F3. Aretha Franklin
- F4. Nona Hendryx
- F5. Whitney Houston
- F6. Janet Jackson
- F7. Choko Khan
- F8. Gladys Knight
- F9. Patti LaBelle
- F10. Alison Moyet
- F11. Painter Sisters
- F12. Diona Ross
- F13. Sade
- F14. Jody Watley
- F15. Deniece Williams

INSTRUMENTALIST

- G1. Clarence Clemons
- G2. George Clinton
- G3. Phil Collins
- G4. Robert Cray
- G5. Charlie DeChant
- G6. Herbie Hancock
- G7. Stanley Jordan
- G8. Stuart Matthewman
- G9. Mtume
- G10. Prince
- G11. Lionel Richie
- G12. Potrice Rushen
- G13. Jomooladeen Tacuma
- G14. Dave "Hawk" Wolinsky
- G15. Stevie Wonder

GROUP

- H1. Ashford & Simpson
- H2. Beastie Boys
- H3. DeBorge
- H4. Earth, Wind & Fire
- H5. The Fat Boys
- H6. Gop Bond
- H7. Isley Brothers
- H8. The Jets
- H9. Gladys Knight & the Pips
- H10. Kool & the Gong
- H11. Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam
- H12. LL Cool J
- H13. Mtume
- H14. Run-DMC
- H15. Whodini

JAZZ

MALE VOCALIST

- I1. Mose Allison
- I2. Tony Bennett
- I3. George Benson
- I4. Ray Charles
- I5. Bob Dorough
- I6. Billy Eckstine
- I7. Michael Franks
- I8. Al Jarreau
- I9. Bobby McFerrin
- I10. Milton Nascimento
- I11. Lou Rawls
- I12. Gil Scott-Heron
- I13. Frank Sinatra
- I14. Mel Tormé
- I15. Joe Williams

FEMALE VOCALIST

- J1. Patti Austin
- J2. Angela Bofill
- J3. Dee Dee Bridgewater
- J4. Jean Carne
- J5. Betty Carter
- J6. Ella Fitzgerald
- J7. Lena Horne
- J8. Whitney Houston
- J9. Cleo Laine
- J10. Tania Maria
- J11. Carmen McRae
- J12. Sade
- J13. Sarah Vaughan
- J14. Dionne Warwick
- J15. Nancy Wilson

INSTRUMENTALIST

- K1. Jane Ira Bloom
- K2. Stanley Clarke
- K3. Billy Cobham
- K4. Miles Davis
- K5. Jack DeJohnette
- K6. Dizzy Gillespie
- K7. Herbie Hancock
- K8. Chuck Mangione
- K9. Branford Marsalis
- K10. Wynton Marsalis
- K11. Pat Metheny
- K12. Sonny Rollins
- K13. David Sanborn
- K14. Wayne Shorter
- K15. Grover Washington, Jr.

GROUP

- L1. Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band
- L2. Ornette Coleman and Prime Time
- L3. Crusaders
- L4. Michael Franks
- L5. Herbie Hancock
- L6. Bob James/David Sanborn
- L7. Stanley Jordan
- L8. Jeff Lorber Fusion
- L9. Chuck Mangione
- L10. Spyro Gyra
- L11. Sting
- L12. Charlie Watts Orchestra
- L13. Weather Report
- L14. World Sax Quartet
- L15. Yellowjackets

COUNTRY

MALE VOCALIST

- M1. John Anderson
- M2. Johnny Cash
- M3. Lee Greenwood
- M4. Merle Haggard
- M5. George Jones
- M6. Ronnie Milsop
- M7. Gary Morris
- M8. Willie Nelson
- M9. Kenny Rogers
- M10. Ricky Skaggs
- M11. George Strait
- M12. Randy Travis
- M13. Steve Wariner
- M14. Hank Williams, Jr.
- M15. Dwight Yoakam

FEMALE VOCALIST

- N1. Rosanne Cash
- N2. The Farester Sisters
- N3. Janie Fricke
- N4. Crystal Gayle
- N5. Emmylou Harris
- N6. The Judds
- N7. Loretta Lynn
- N8. Barbara Mandrell
- N9. Kathy Mattea
- N10. Reba McEntire
- N11. Juice Newton
- N12. K. T. Oslin
- N13. Dolly Parton
- N14. Judy Rodman
- N15. Tammy Wynette

INSTRUMENTALIST

- O1. Chet Atkins
- O2. Glen Campbell
- O3. Roy Clark
- O4. Ry Cooder
- O5. Steve Earle
- O6. Amos Garrett
- O7. Johnny Gimble
- O8. Sonny James
- O9. Charlie McCay
- O10. John McEuen
- O11. Bill Monroe
- O12. Jerry Reed
- O13. Earl Scruggs
- O14. Ricky Skaggs
- O15. Steve Wariner

GROUP

- P1. Alabama
- P2. The Bellamy Brothers
- P3. Exile
- P4. Harris, Partan and Ronstadt
- P5. Highway 101
- P6. Waylon Jennings & the Waylars
- P7. The Willie Nelson Band
- P8. The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
- P9. Oak Ridge Boys
- P10. Restless Heart
- P11. Sawyer Brown
- P12. Southern Pacific
- P13. Statler Brothers
- P14. The Whites
- P15. Hank Williams, Jr., & the Bama Band



SEAGRAM'S 7 AND EIGHT BALL



© 1987 The House of Seagram. New York, N.Y. American whiskey—a blend, 80 proof.

Seagram's Seven Crown  America's Good Time Spirit.

FAST FORWARD

KNOCKOUT PUNCH

"I don't have the voice and delivery of a Howard Cosell or the charm of a John Modden. I've never been good at smiling at a camera, and when I go to work, the make-up woman shrieks because I'm so pale," says ABC Sports boxing analyst **Alex Wallau** (rhymes with swallow). "But I have a knowledge and a love of the sport. I try to communicate." Relying more on a sharp verbal job than on a flurry of rhetoric, Wallau, 42, may not be the sexiest broadcaster in sports, but he is fast becoming one of the best. After nine years behind the scenes as the network's boxing consultant, he took Cosell's old seat at ringside last year. His straightforward commentary won rave reviews but lost him a few friends. "I had established friendships with a lot of fighters over the years. Last year, I had to go on the air and explain why they were going to get knocked out," he says. Even losers, it seems, appreciate the silver-haired analyst's honesty—and his love for the beauty in ugliness that boxing entails. "Boxing can be a bloody spectacle," he says, "but I don't think people go to fights to see blood. I may be naïve, but I think they go to see qualities that are rare in modern society—courage, self-discipline, heart, character—all the qualities boxing tests so severely and so openly." Wallau sees Muhammad Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard as the pre-eminent boxers of our day, Mike Tyson as Mr. Potential and Mark Breland as a welterweight sleeper. "There is always a sense of excitement to a knockout puncher," he says. "You saw it around Tyson before he ever beat a good fighter. That's the thrill, the intrigue of the sport. The knockout punch—that has always been the sex of the sport."



BENNO FRIEDMAN

—KEVIN COOK

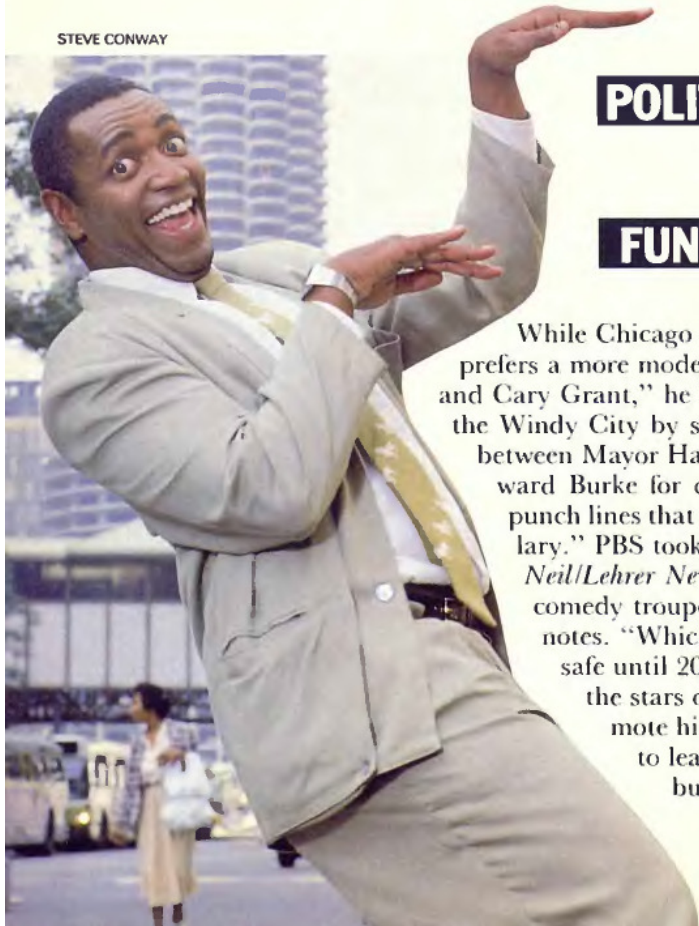
THE LITTLE CHILL



DAVID HUME KENNERLY

People often ask **Mel Harris**, the willowy star of ABC's *Thirty Something* and wife of Pulitzer Prize-winning photojournalist David Hume Kennerly, if she has zillions of family pictures at hand because she has a photographer in the house. Her answer—"a medium amount"—is less interesting than the fact that she often accompanies her husband on assignments. "We've gone out with the P.L.O. on raids," says Harris, 31. "We've gone down the Jordan River with King Hussein and gone scuba diving in the Gulf of 'Aqaba—not your usual travel things." If Harris looks familiar, it's because she spent nine years as a model and appeared in commercials ("I was the last Tab girl") before breaking into acting. *Thirty Something*, TV's answer to *The Big Chill*, is the highly touted show about the highs and lows of being a baby boomer. Harris portrays a frazzled mother of a small child, a role she plays in real life as well. "I asked David to read the script," she says, "and after he read it, he asked, 'How long have they been living with us without telling me?'" —AMY ENGELER

STEVE CONWAY



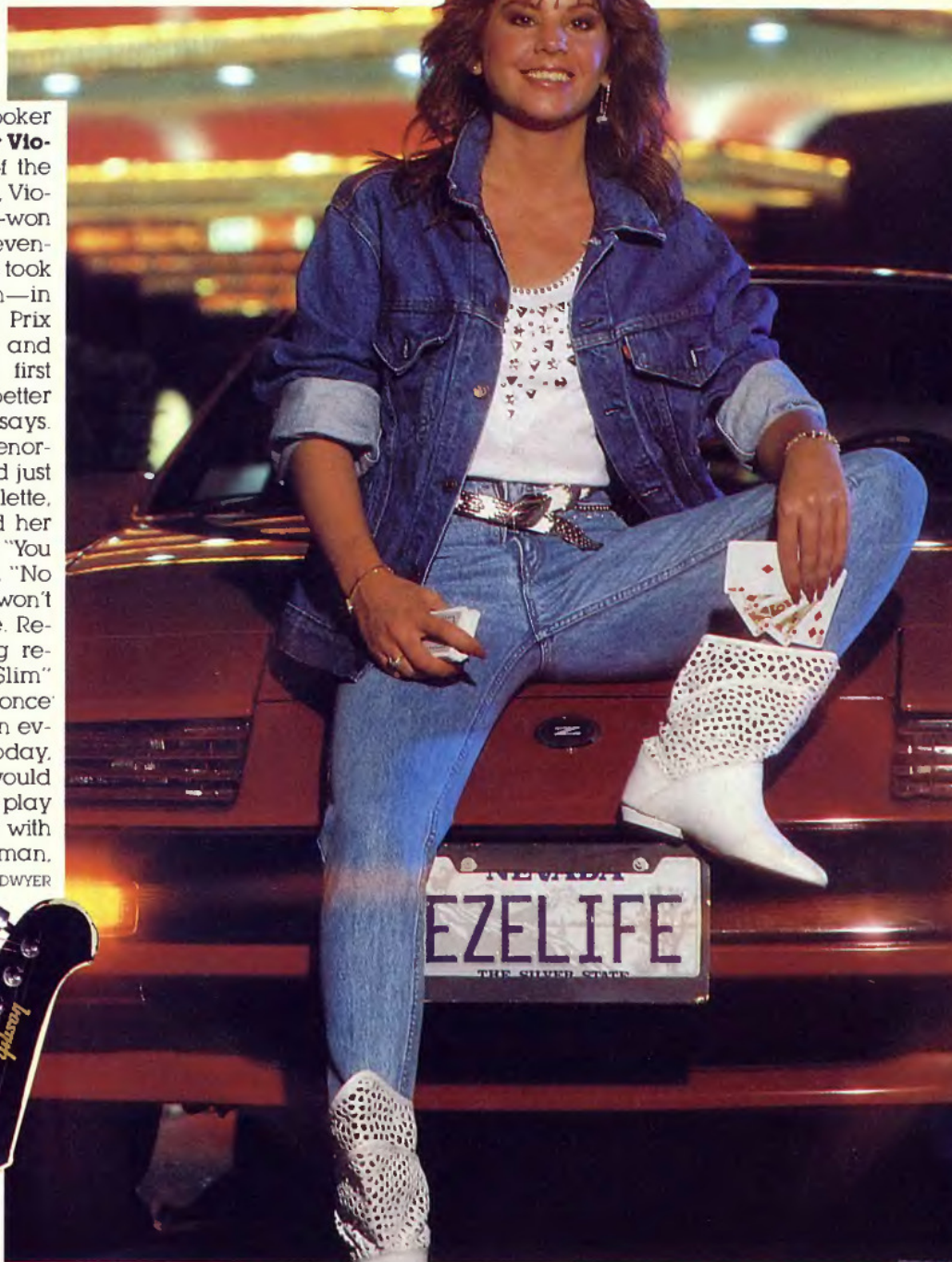
POLITICAL SATIRE FOR FUN AND PROFIT

While Chicago critics call him "the funniest man in Chicago," **Aaron Freeman** prefers a more modest description. "Just think of me as a cross between Will Rogers and Cary Grant," he suggests. The gravel-voiced, bug-eyed political satirist first took the Windy City by storm with *Council Wars*, a show parodying the agonizing battle between Mayor Harold Washington and white aldermen Edward Vrdolyak and Edward Burke for control of Chicago. That show generated so many oft-repeated punch lines that the *Chicago Reader* declared it "part of the city's political vocabulary." PBS took note and signed Freeman, 31, as resident humorist on the *MacNeill/Lehrer Newshour*. Now he's the newest member of the famed Second City comedy troupe. "The last time they had a resident black actor was 1968," he notes. "Which means either that they've changed their policy or that they're safe until 2008." That still leaves Freeman time to be chief writer and one of the stars of *Out of Control*, a new syndicated comedy TV show, and to promote his first book, *Confessions of a Lottery Ball*. Success has allowed him to lease his first car. "It beats the hell out of taking the bus," he says, but quickly denies that he has sold out. "I describe myself as a social capitalist. I believe in dictatorship of the proletariat—but I'll keep the condo."

—WALTER LOWE, JR.

QUEEN HIGH

“I don't really think I have a poker face,” bluffs 28-year-old **Cyndy Violette**. Already a five-year veteran of the professional poker-tournament circuit, Violette does, however, have a hard-won reputation as a wily high-stakes seven-card-stud player. Last December, she took on 185 opponents—most of them men—in one of the Golden Nugget Grand Prix of Poker's seven-card-stud events and walked away from the table with first place and \$74,000. “Winning felt better than I ever imagined it would,” she says. “It wasn't so much the money as the enormous relief. Coming in second or third just wasn't enough.” Unfortunately for Violette, some of the men in the game found her lacking even when she came in first. “You never get any credit,” she complains. “No matter how good you are, the guys won't believe it.” Not all the guys, of course. Recently, Violette gained the grudging respect of poker champ “Amarillo Slim” Preston, a diehard traditionalist who once claimed, “I'll slit my throat if a woman ever wins a major poker tournament.” Today, he plays a different hand. “Cyndy would beat me like a stepchild if I was to play seven-card stud with her,” he admits with old-school charm. “She plays like a man, and that means darn good.” —ED DWYER



R. SCOTT HOOPER

ROBERT MATHEU



BACK FROM THE BRINK

When 36-year-old singer-composer **John Hiatt** says he couldn't have handled large-scale success before now, you have to believe him. “I was a scared and scary practicing drug addict and alcoholic until August of 1984,” he confesses. Not long after he became sober, his wife committed suicide. “Suffice it to say, we were both very sick,” he explains. “One of us survived and one of us didn't.” Hiatt has since remarried and now lives in Nashville with his three-year-old daughter and nine-year-old stepson. *Bring the Family*, his latest album, which chronicles his final battles with the bottle, his recovery from his wife's death and his new-found domestic bliss, is also something of a comeback. Hiatt's professional relationships were as rocky as his home life, with a series of on-again, off-again record contracts. “I was quite willing to let my recording career sit for a while,” he says of that tumultuous period. It seems as if the only constant in his life has been praise from critics. “Am I a critics' darling?” he chuckles. “If they just had an opportunity to meet me, we could fix that.” —LAURA FISSINGER

"It's hard to be 5'10" and blonde, ride the subway and not have things happen to you."

for them. To me, it's sexy that I'm allowed to decide what happened.

10.

PLAYBOY: How can an actor help you most in a love scene?

MCGILLIS: By not laughing.

11.

PLAYBOY: You're known as an avid reader. What's on your nightstand?

MCGILLIS: If you really want to know, I've just finished *Real Rape*, and now I'm reading *How to Convict a Rapist*. It's just light reading! [Laughs] No, it's research—I play a deputy district attorney in my next movie. For pleasure, I'm reading *The Little Prince*, a Dr. Seuss book, *Eloise*, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* and Hemingway's *Garden of Eden*.

12.

PLAYBOY: Why so many children's books?

MCGILLIS: I love children's stories—they're simple and concise, not bogged down by any technicalities. They're like children in that way. I think children are great: They're so available; they don't have any of the woes of the world, haven't gotten muddled up by any false ideology. They're very direct, and they're not judgmental. I never thought about being a mother until I made *Witness*. I had such a great time with Lukas Haas [who played her son], it almost scared me.

13.

PLAYBOY: You've lived in New York for ten years. Have you ever been mugged?

MCGILLIS: A few times. It's hard to be 5'10"

and blonde, ride the subway and *not* have things happen to you. One night, during the first snow of the year, a friend was walking me home and two guys came up with a gun and said, "Give us your money." I started laughing; I didn't know what to do. I said, "What? I don't have any money." I was a student at Juilliard; I lived on \$30 a week. I had this huge mailbag full of books, heavy as hell, and I said, "Here, take my bag," figuring there was no way they could pick it up and run with it. One guy was convinced I was wearing jewelry. He said, "Give me your rings or I'll fucking kill you!" I said, "I'm not fucking wearing any rings" as I was ripping off my gloves and thinking, Don't shoot me just because I'm not wearing jewelry! Then they told us to turn around and walk down the street; that was that.

14.

PLAYBOY: You've also lived in L.A. What's your worst story about it?

MCGILLIS: I'd just moved there, and I was driving around on Melrose Avenue when this guy in a Mercedes pulled up beside me. He was masturbating furiously! Then he started to follow me. I was so panicked I didn't know what to do. I stopped at a gas station and then realized what an idiot I'd been. I had a telephone in my car. I could've let him follow me and just called for help.

15.

PLAYBOY: Does being famous make meeting guys easier?

MCGILLIS: No—far more difficult, because you tend to doubt people's sincerity. A lot

of people want to know you for what you are and not who you are. And me, I'm a trusting idiot. I'm always one to start talking to people—maybe it's sort of field research for acting. It's terrible, because a lot of guys misinterpret it as asking them out for a date. No, no, no, no, that's not it. I just love talking to people.

Since *Top Gun*, it's gotten worse. I think that this is the longest period of being alone I've had in years. It's been a good experience for me; I've learned a lot about how to be alone. I don't think you can be with somebody until you've learned that.

16.

PLAYBOY: Do you prefer being alone to being with someone?

MCGILLIS: Oh, I love being in love, and I fall in and out of love easily. I think it's the best thing in the world. There have been moments when I really wanted to get married, but it's best that I didn't. I can become so fanatical about someone that I don't see all sides of his personality. I'm a terrible romantic: I fall in love with the idea of being in love, not necessarily with the person. It hasn't happened in a while. Maybe I'm growing up a bit.

17.

PLAYBOY: Are you dating anyone now?

MCGILLIS: Yes, if you can call it that—it's more like long-distance dating, over the phone. It's hard to keep a steady relationship going in this business; it's one of the sacrifices you make. I would like to settle down with one person, but it's hard. Most people I see are nine-to-five-ers, and they aren't available to fly around and meet me in Vancouver, San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York. So . . . I meet people. I'm very passionate; I love that.

18.

PLAYBOY: Are the names in your little black book written in pen or in pencil?

MCGILLIS: Oh, pen. I always remember them. It doesn't mean I have to see them!

19.

PLAYBOY: You've played them all—blondes, brunettes and redheads. Who *really* has more fun?

MCGILLIS: I'd definitely say redheads. Having red hair makes me feel a bit wild.

20.

PLAYBOY: Now that you've been in a few hit movies, your disposable income must be way up. Do you like to shop?

MCGILLIS: I used to. I have a great passion for buying sexy underclothes. But now I have this phobia and I don't go out shopping anymore. Maybe it has to do with being recognized. You know, I'm out looking at underwear and someone says, "Aren't you Kelly McGillis?" and I say, "Yeah, but can I just pick out some underwear by myself, please?"



"And in case you're wondering, I'm not one of those women who prefer cuddling to sex."

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"The word whiskey derives from uisge beatha, Gaelic for 'water of life.' We'll drink to that—any time."

main course. They found the fish and the single malt to be a superb marriage, with the Scotch adding a lingering smoky tang.

Meanwhile, back in Ireland, only four distilleries in the republic survived the lean years when Irish whiskey was edged out by Scotch. They joined forces in 1966 and, in 1976, operations were consolidated in a huge new distilling complex in Middleton, County Cork. Old Bushmills joined the group later but retained its own facilities in County Antrim, Northern Ireland.

The Irish use a mixture of malted and unmalted barley in what they call their flavoring whiskeys. Unlike the Scots, they dry the malt without smoke, and the resultant whiskey has a mellow, grainlike taste. But taking note of the popularity of blended Scotch, the Irish-whiskey industry also lightened up. A vice-president of Irish Distillers, John Ryan, claims that "whereas the key to Scotch whisky is in the blending, the key to Irish is in the distilling." At Middleton, pot stills and column stills stand side by side, all operated from a computerized control panel. In Ryan's metaphor, the stillman "plays it like an organ" to achieve the combination of flavoring and grain whiskeys that gives each of the dozen or so labels its distinct style.

Brands coming into the U.S. include the very light Dunphy's and Murphy's, Jameson (with a bit more body and finesse), Paddy and Power (somewhat fuller) and Old Bushmills, whose hint of smokiness is imparted by water from St. Columb's Rill, which flows over peat.

Jameson 1780, a rich, full 12-year-old designed to woo Scotch-malt fanciers, is in the superpremium category; so is Black Bush, a round, redolent product that's aged in sherry casks. Double B has been called the cognac of Ireland and is customarily offered in a snifter. But for those who insist on ice, Bushmills suggests the Perfected Black Bush: 1½ ozs. Black Bush in a tall glass filled with ice, stirred 6 times to the left, 6 times to the right, 5 times up and down and then strained into a snifter. A touch of drollery there, but it does chill the whiskey without overdilution.

At the lighter end of the brown-whiskey spectrum, we have Canadian whiskey—light in color, flavor and body. They're often referred to as ryes, but this is a misnomer, since little of that pungent grain is used. As a matter of fact, the mash is primarily corn—American-grown at that.

Canadians neatly fill the gap between vodka and the bigger brown whiskeys. They give you the taste of whiskey but not the aftertaste. At one time, Canadian whiskey meant two prestige labels to the American consumer: Canadian Club and Seagram's V.O., both bottled in Canada. But in recent times, so-called bulk goods, shipped in barrels and bottled here, have caught on. They're cheaper than bottled-in-Canada whiskeys, largely because of less aging and lower shipping costs. Canadian Mist, Windsor Supreme, Black Velvet and Lord Calvert lead the bulk parade, offering good value and the cachet of an import.

Canada's most respected whiskey is

Crown Royal, which comes in a regal velvet sack. For years, this subtle, sophisticated product owned the ultrapremium Canadian market. It is now being challenged by a new superwhisky, Canadian Club Classic, from you-know-who.

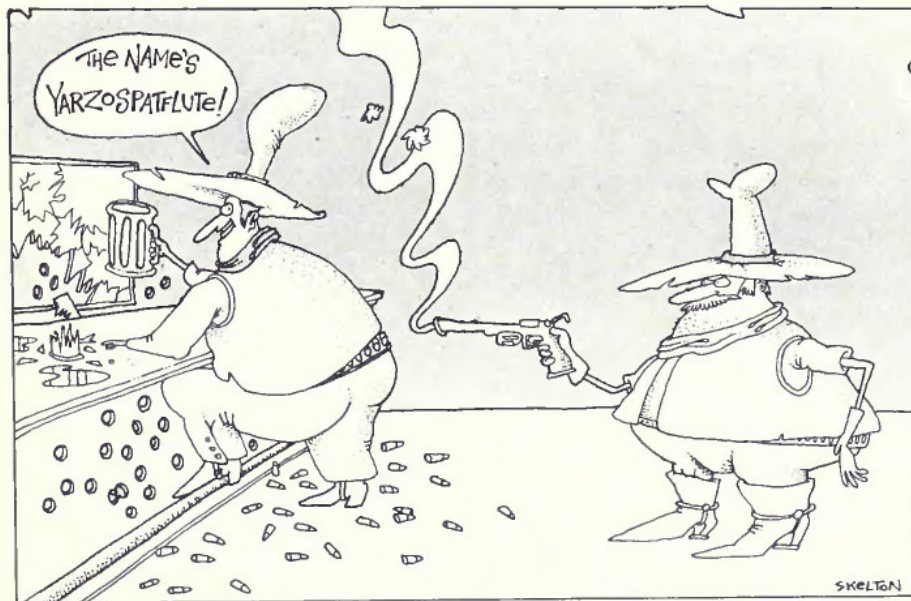
"Canadians and American blended whiskeys are in the same family. The technical difference between the groups is slight," says Seagram vice-president for quality management Russell W. Mc-Lauchlan, a Houdini of spirits responsible for all Seagram brands. Rating relative flavor intensities on a scale of one to ten, he gives bourbon a ten, American blends a five and Canadian whiskeys a three.

In many ways, American blends are more strictly regulated than Canadians. They *must* have at least 20 percent straight whiskey; in practice that's bourbon. The rest of the mixture may be light whiskey, which has far less character than bourbon, or grain neutral spirits. If the latter are included in the blend, the percentage must be shown on the label. If no listing of components appears, it indicates that the contents are *all* whiskey. Seagram 7 is the only major blend that is all whiskey, which may explain its popularity. Kessler, Calvert Extra, Fleischmann's Preferred and Imperial are the other top sellers in the group.

Canadian bulks and American blends are amiable mixers in cocktails and highballs; the premiums, V.O. and Canadian Club, do nicely on the rocks; and the superpremiums, Canadian Club Classic and Crown Royal, warrant snifter treatment.

Although tastes in whiskey, as in most things, are subjective, there are absolute standards by which you can make judgments. A well-made whiskey should reflect the signature of its category in taste and bouquet. Bourbons are quite aromatic, with a full bloom and body. The bouquet hints at vanilla, caramel and wood. Scotch immediately says peat and smoke, with a counterpoint of grain and wood; malt Scotch is nectarous. Irish whiskey has been refined over the past two decades but still reflects the taste of its glorious ancestry. Canadian whiskeys are gentle and understated. However, delicacy must not be confused with blandness. American blends are formulated to the perceived taste of the consumer. It's a middle-of-the-road taste, combining the best of bourbons, ryes and light whiskeys. Like oenophiles, whiskey tasters sniff the bouquet, which should be clean and immediately identifiable. Tactile sensations contribute to the over-all pleasure. A mature whiskey will be smooth and rounded, and will leave a warm, pleasant aftertaste.

The word whiskey derives from *uisge beatha*, or usquebaugh, Gaelic for "water of life." The name was given to the newly discovered ardent distillate by our progenitors, who saw in it magical properties. When taken in moderation, it appeared to increase vigor, sharpen wit and lighten the heart. We'll drink to that—any time.



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SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 146)

to a very bad egg. Things get considerably wilder in *The Big Easy*, another trip to New Orleans, where Dennis Quaid and Ellen Barkin—playing a corrupt cop and a suspicious prosecutor—settle most of their differences on a mattress in a couple of torrid scenes that look as though they might make the earth move.

While *Lethal Weapon* gives the women who dream about him a gratifying glimpse of Mel Gibson's buns, sex is hardly as central to the plot as it is in two other hot suspense dramas, *Black Widow* and *The Bedroom Window*. *Widow* stars Theresa Russell as a sexpot serial killer who loves men, leaves 'em stone-dead and enjoys a nude swim between jobs. She also enjoys a kiss, hinting of lesbian excitement, with Debra Winger, playing an FBI agent who seems to be on her case in every sense. In *The Bedroom Window*, Steve Guttenberg beds his boss's wife (Isabelle Huppert) just before she glances out and witnesses a sex maniac's assault. Several reels later, he's got the frightened victim (Elizabeth McGovern) upstairs sharing his shower. Some steam also rises in *No Way Out*, all about sexual politics in Washington, D.C., with Kevin Costner and Sean Young as two beautiful people whose first zipless fuck in a limo indirectly triggers a crisis at the Pentagon. Still more celebrity skin is served up by British-born director Adrian Lyne (the man behind *Flashdance* and *9½ Weeks*) in *Fatal Attraction*. This cautionary tale casts Michael Douglas as a New York lawyer who learns about the wages of sin after a weekend wallow with a psychotically possessive editor (Glenn Close). Early reports suggest that these major stars are at it everywhere, including the kitchen sink, where they—and the water taps—are turned on for an impromptu orgy.

Witchery, occult rituals and outright horror spice not only *Angel Heart* but many other films of 1987. Murders in a medieval monastery keep Sean Connery preoccupied in *The Name of the Rose*, while his lusty young aide whips off his cassock and yields to temptation with a mute peas-

ant girl in the chapel. Going to the Devil is treated less seriously in *The Witches of Eastwick*, George (The Road Warrior) Miller's slaphappy screen version of a John Updike best seller. Jack Nicholson sets the tone as a sort of gonadal Mad Max who introduces himself by saying, "I'm just your average horny little Devil." Cher, Susan Sarandon and Michelle Pfeiffer play the New England suburbanites on his hit list. Weird doings elsewhere assume sundry shapes and forms, from *Burnin' Love* (a spoof with Barbara Carrera as a sultry Salem witch) and *A Nightmare on Elm Street 3: Dream Warriors* (Freddy's back, at one point reappearing as a bare-bosomed creature of the

the ever-popular tits-and-ass gimmick. And in *Summer School*, Mark Harmon plays a teacher who discovers one of his male students doing bumps and grinds in a Chippendales-style club.

Dragnet may also be remembered as the first major movie to make casual note of the condom revival: Vice cop Tom Hanks, shackled up with a policewoman, checks his bedside packet of rubbers, finds it empty and decides he may as well crawl out and report for duty. Another comedy, the upcoming *It Had to Be You*, begins with Joe Bologna and Donna Dixon abed, the condoms pointedly visible nearby.

Lewdness made laughable, of course, adds up to moderate titillation with minimal risk of censure. Hollywood likes that.

Mel Brooks's *Spaceballs* does the job with dirty words rather than dirty deeds, figuratively goosing *Star Wars*. *Something Wild* does it with Jeff Daniels and Melanie Griffith, as an ill-met couple going from bed to worse during a mad, mad weekend on the road. *Making Mr. Right* achieves it with John Malkovich, as a well-hung robot whose misadventures include getting his ass on backward. *Roxanne* gives Steve Martin, a fire chief and latter-day Cyrano de Bergerac, the chance to meet Daryl Hannah while she's locked out of her house wearing nary a stitch (though well concealed by shrubbery). *Mannequin* lets Andrew McCarthy fondle his dream girl, a department-store dummy; in *Ishtar*, Warren

Beatty gropes for Isabelle Adjani's breasts to make sure she's not a male terrorist. *The Secret of My Success* introduces sex by letting Michael J. Fox, an inside trader, trade favors with his boss's lickerish wife. And we mustn't forget Kim Basinger, again—first, roaring drunk and ready as Bruce Willis' partner in *Blind Date*, then up to her pretty neck in trouble when she tries to get back some compromising nude photos in *Nadine*.

In American films, real romance is still rarely more explicit than the fun stuff. Today's directors mostly prefer telling to showing, and many still dote on such clichés symbolizing physical passion as exploding rockets or express trains

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penetrating tunnels. That sort of schmaltz used to be treated as a joke in the James Bond movies, though *The Living Daylights*, 007's latest, has a genuinely romantic twist—with Timothy Dalton a monogamous Bond limiting his sexual dalliance (as discreetly as ever) to one partner, Maryam d'Abo. *There's* a sign of the times.

Recent kid stuff seems a cut above the rash of tiresome youth movies of the past few years. Now, in place of *Porky's IV*, we have *The Lost Boys*, a reasonably hip, sophisticated spoof about vampires making out in a California beach town. *Adventures in Babysitting* is featherweight but engaging foolery about a Chicagoland baby sitter (Elisabeth Shue) whose troubles begin, sort of, because someone thinks she resembles a *Playboy* Playmate. *Dirty Dancing* deals with sex, abortion and putting on a show at a Catskill resort, where Patrick Swayze and Jennifer Grey (Joel's daughter) maintain the rhythm. At least three new movies treat the subject of very young men getting it on with older women: River Phoenix, in *Jimmy Reardon*, is no sooner out of the sack with his mom's chum (Ann Magnuson) than he discovers that his dad's been phoning her, too; C. Thomas Howell's swinging partner in *A Tiger's Tale* is luscious Ann-Margret, no less; and *In the Mood* stars Patrick Dempsey as Ellsworth "Sonny" Wisecarver, who became a headline-hogging hero during World War Two by eloping with two mature women before he reached sweet 16. The Brat Pack? It's over. Sean Penn was sentenced to jail (not for *Shanghai Surprise*, his misbegotten duet with Madonna), and Rob Lowe plays, quite convincingly, a retarded boy who's seduced by a Texan tart in *Square Dance*.

Variety's aforementioned hit list of horny highbrow features also paid proper homage to the French. *Betty Blue*, a sizzling 1986 holdover, was followed by *L'Année des Méduses* (*Year of the Medusas*). Here, Valerie Kaprisky, best remembered for starring in the remake of *Breathless* opposite Richard Gere, plays another nymphet enjoying an endless topless summer on the Riviera, making *l'amour* the merrier with just about any male who gives her a second look. Other French entries well worth a glance are *Scene of the Crime*, which reveals enough of durable superstar Catherine Deneuve to discourage any serious challenge to her title as the most beautiful woman alive, and *Rendezvous*, introducing Juliette Binoche as a promiscuous budding actress whose sex partners include a Romeo (Lambert Wilson) who comes back from the dead to bed her.

The most controversial Italian entry is indisputably Marco Bellocchio's new version of the French classic *Devil in the Flesh*. The widely publicized scene that got the movie an X rating has heroine Maruschka Detmers performing unmistakable fellatio on her teenaged lover. More distracted than shocked, *New York Times* critic Vincent Canby called Bellocchio's defiant hard-core sequence "a fatal gaffe," noting

that "the camera butts into the action, like the director of a porn film, to show the audience things that only a pushy third party would ever see." Canby also asked (somewhat naïvely, perhaps), "What about AIDS?" More Italian cinematic pizzazz is evident in Lina Wertmüller's *Summer Night*, starring Mariangela Melato as a very rich bitch who arranges to kidnap the handsome terrorist leader (Michele Placido) who's been snatching, and collecting ransom on, all her high-and-mighty friends. Do I have to tell you that the billionaire and the chained brute wind up in bed together? Still, the critical consensus was that Wertmüller and Melato had made essentially the same movie, and made it better, in their 1975 hit *Swept Away*. . . .

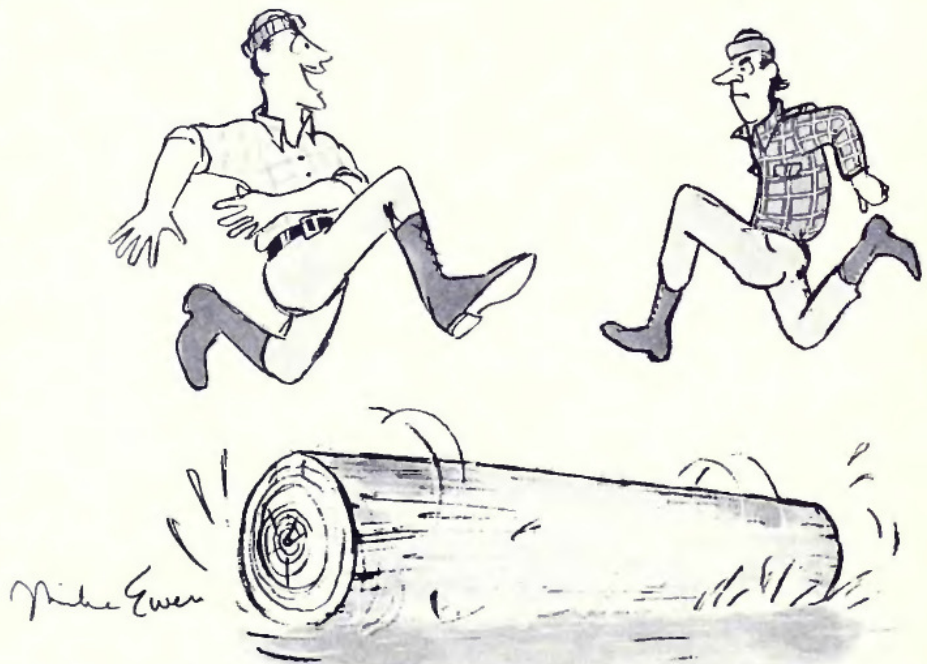
Spain added to the fire with *The Law of Desire*, a mad homoerotic comedy about unrequited love and murder, and *Padre Nuestro*, starring Fernando Rey as an aged, dying cardinal who goes back to his roots to settle some old scores. Chiefly, he wants to make peace with an illegitimate daughter (Victoria Abril), a practicing whore who boldly flaunts her family ties—and all her other assets—as the bastard child of a churchman. From Sweden comes *My Life as a Dog*, a refreshingly warm-blooded comedy about a city-bred boy who has to move to the country to discover budding breasts, see-through lingerie and a nude model. An engaging handbook on how to muddle through when your mom and your pooch die.

French-Canadian moviemaker Denis Arcand's *The Decline of the American*

Empire, despite its sharp subtitled wit, was edged out of an Oscar for best foreign-language film. Even so, this sexual Donnybrook in academe—four women vs. four men at a country-weekend dinner party where vitriol seems to be the main dish—is already slated to be remade in English, with big names and every verbal barb still tipped in curare.

Elsewhere in the Commonwealth countries, nothing quite measures up, sexwise, to the bristling bundles from Britain. Australia's holdover blockbuster "*Crocodile Dundee*" does allow Paul Hogan to be confronted by Manhattan's transvestite hookers and other Naked City fauna. *Kangaroo*, out of D. H. Lawrence, reveals Judy Davis and her husband, Colin Friels, in a wild, wet love scene on the beach. Another husband-wife team, Rachel Ward and Bryan Brown, plays a mismatched couple in *The Good Wife*, with Ward as a repressed wilderness woman who first sleeps with her brother-in-law, then throws caution to the wind in her passion for a ne'er-do-well barkeep (Sam Neill).

Down in the cinematic nether world of X-rated adult films, porno chic has almost lost its theatrical setting. Nationwide, the number of moviehouses booking hard-core has shrunk drastically, for the most part because of competition from home video. The multipronged attack that killed the golden goose is variously attributed to AIDS, Meese-commission militants and an influx of amateur entrepreneurs. In an early-summer headline, *Screw* magazine posed the question "IS HARD-CORE PORN



"What a fabulous plaid, André! Did you pick it up in town?"

DOOMED?" The answer was a qualified no, though managing editor Manny Neuhaus pointed out that its fans have turned to tape or cable TV. "In terms of film, we sort of wrote off the whole industry as nothing we'd pay serious attention to. Even with cassettes, it's all packaging. They're selling boxes, not contents. There are more transients and less talent in the business than ever."

Jim Mitchell of San Francisco's Mitchell Brothers, pioneers in hard-core, is just as vehemently negative: "Anyone can make a porn movie today; 50,000 are being made every weekend by guys with Betamaxes." In their own O'Farrell theater, once a skin-flick palace par excellence, the Mitchells are primarily running live-sex shows. "Although we played it here," says Jim, "we never even made a regular release print of *Behind the Green Door: The Sequel*. There was no point. The market's a half inch deep. People look at sex films now the way they look at a ball game: There may be 160 games a season, and the customers don't choose between a good ball game and a bad one. They just want to watch 'em play."

Inquiries everywhere produce essentially the same downbeat theme with minor variations. Arrow Films' *Deep Throat II* is a spirited, screw-loose sequel in which the character originally played by Linda Lovelace returns from the dead to possess the mind and tongue of her daughter, Laura Liplock (Krista Lane), wife of an antiporn crusader. *Throat II* has been touted as one of 1987's major successes—for home viewing only. "We never released it theatrically, despite lots of requests," says an Arrow publicist, "but we

may release it later, probably in an R-rated version. For hard-core in theaters, the dollars just aren't there anymore."

Even the infamous "Dark Brothers," who made hard-core about as hard as it gets, have given up and gone into making non-X movies under their real names, Walter Gernert and Gregg Brown. Producer-director Chuck Vincent has made the transition from pure sex to sexploitation to suspense. His latest is *Deranged*, a straight hallucinatory shocker featuring three former porn regulars: Jane Hamilton (a.k.a. Veronica Hart), Jamie Gillis and Jerry Butler, billed here as Paul Siederman. Butler has joined a growing roster of performers who are giving hard-core the cold shoulder because of AIDS. A ten-year veteran with more than 300 films and videos under his belt, so to speak, Butler tells interviewers he'd rather be safe than sorry but adds, "I have yet to hear of an on-camera person who died of AIDS, at least on the heterosexual side of the business." Producers report, however, that more and more performers are demanding that condoms be used. "That's a start," says one, "but I don't think the public is accepting it very well."

L.A. producer Richard Mailer, with an adult-video feature titled *The Huntress*, is making positive moves to counter such resistance. Like last year's breakthrough *Green Door* from the Mitchells, Miller's cassette not only endorses safe sex but flaunts it. The slick packaging includes complimentary condoms in primary colors, presumably for the use of aroused viewers caught unprepared.

What people may prefer to hear about are upbeat movies such as *Miami Spice*,

which will be shown theatrically before its release on cassette. This confident spin-off of guess what is recycled for girl watchers who'd rather see what Amber Lynn and Sheri St. Clair take off than what Don Johnson puts on. The same distributors expect to reap big profits with a video titled *Traci, I Love You*, starring Traci Lords. The subject of the sex industry's most damaging scandal a year or so ago, Traci is now officially 19 and is renouncing the flicks that made her a top porn queen when she wasn't yet old enough to see an R-rated picture on her own. She's back in business on a different tack, launching a workout tape called *Warmup to Traci*.

Mainstream moviegoers can hope, at least, for more joy of sex in the months ahead. The British are still pushing the envelope, with a comedy due very soon from Stephen (*Prick Up Your Ears*) Frears called *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*. Promising title, and advance word indicates that the promise is kept. *Aria*, a hugely ambitious English production, gives carte blanche to directors Robert Altman, Jean-Luc Godard, Ken Russell, Bruce Beresford and at least half a dozen more to let their imaginations soar while shooting a favorite operatic selection—which turns out to mean, for example, *Tristan and Isolde* recycled as a young couple's erotic idyll in Las Vegas.

Looking to our own shores, we'll see Bruce Willis in *Sunset*, as a Tom Mix character messing around in Hollywood way back when; Cher on deck in *Moonstruck*, as a New York Italian gal who goes passionately overboard for her dull husband's youngish brother; Kathleen Turner in *Julia and Julia*, having wet dreams about Sting; Rebecca De Mornay in Roger Vadim's reworked *And God Created Woman*, a *succès de scandale* that 30 years ago launched Brigitte Bardot. This new *Woman* is said to retain little or no body English translated from the French. A hotter prospect is probably the imminent sequel to Angie Dickinson's pistol-packin' 1974 sizzler *Big Bad Mama*, with Angie playing Mama to February 1986 Playmate Julie McCullough. Whatever will be, we'll see. But chances are we'll be seeing the uncut, full-throttle versions of current films only when we buy or rent them on tape. *Angel Heart* uncensored is already on sale. Ditto *Working Girls*, a fictionalized docudrama about a day in the life of three prostitutes in a businesslike Manhattan brothel that won both critical and audience acclaim. The list goes on. Certainly sex sells. But in future, the sexiest movies may be like flirtatious, frizzed-up floozies—no matter how they advertise their wares, you won't really know what you're getting until you take them home.



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"Joel had shouted that he would never, but never, stand for a divorce. Period."

half his hard-earned empire in a courtroom—had shouted that he would never, but *never*, stand for a divorce. Period. Then he had invited her on this trip. Maybe he had something else in mind, she thought.

"Look." Joel finally broke the silence. "Lightning bugs."

"Fireflies."

"Yeah. I love lightning bugs. You're the science expert—what makes them light up?"

"It's a chemical reaction," said Rosa. "Bioluminescence. And they're not bugs. The only insects that are true bugs belong to the order Hemiptera. Fireflies belong to the order Coleoptera."

"So big deal." Joel stared into the darkness. "Look," he said, pointing. "Look how it's shining underneath that bush. I don't believe how bright it is."

"The wingless females. Glowworms, people call them."

"Look how many there are," said Joel. "My God, I've never seen so many."

"You couldn't even describe this to anybody," she said.

"They wouldn't understand how gorgeous it is," he continued. "Everybody's seen fireflies, but not many people have seen them like this."

She stood up, went to her pack and took

out a spray can labeled INSECT REPELLENT. "It's getting late, the humidity's gone up and the mosquitoes will be murder," she said gently.

"Hey, Rosa, look over there." Joel walked farther out into the woods.

Rosa looked where he was pointing. "What about it?" she asked.

"I've never seen so many lightning bugs in my life. It looks like there's a shopping center glowing behind those trees." He walked into the blackness far away from the campfire.

"If you're going out there, better spray yourself some more. The mosquitoes are fierce," Rosa yelled after him.

He walked back to her and took the can she offered. He sprayed all his exposed skin, then tossed the repellent back to her. She raised a hand to catch it but missed.

"Aw, come on. Leave the fire for now. Let's enjoy the night together. The weather is perfect and I'm feeling good," Joel said.

Rosa followed her husband a few yards farther into the forest, then stopped. Joel moved ahead of her. The fireflies flashed and flickered all around him, surrounding him. He was literally swarmed by thousands of yellow-green points of light, Rosa observed, riveted.

"There are even more of them here

now," Joel called out. "Away from the glare of our fire, it looks like a real swarm or something."

"It's their mating season," said Rosa.

Ten or 20 yards deeper into the woods, the fireflies were flashing brighter and faster. The insects were so luminous they looked like a bonfire. "My God," Joel murmured. He moved slowly toward the tiny lights. "At home, we've got lightning bugs, but I've never, never seen anything like this. It's scary."

As Joel drew closer, the insects flared brighter, melding their billion pin points into a fierce, greenish glow. "Rosa?"

"I'm having a nice cup of tea here by the fire," she called to him, though she wasn't. "I may even save you some." She slapped a mosquito and killed it.

Joel's figure was black against the pulsing greenish light of the fireflies. She heard him laugh, then choke. He spat and gagged. Rosa imagined what it must feel like to have a large insect wriggling in your mouth. She shuddered in revulsion.

Fireflies brushed Joel's face, formed a halo around him. His hands waved as he tried frantically to fling them away. Rosa saw him fall onto his knees. "Rosa!" he cried weakly. She stood up to watch him.

Joel was kneeling on the ground, his arms wrapped tightly around his head. He seemed to Rosa to be clothed in a thick, persistent cloud of throbbing yellow-green. The fireflies covered his face and neck entirely, and his arms and hands. A mass of insects sprawled over his chest. She heard Joel whimper, then retch as he tried to clear his throat. He was choked, smothered. He rolled to the ground and thrashed from side to side, slapping his face with his hands and making queer, pathetic sounds. Rosa saw him crack his head painfully on the trunk of a tree.

"Joel," she called, and moved toward him cautiously. "Joel!" It was the strangest sight she had ever seen. Thousands of insects crawled in a glowing, undulating blanket over Joel's contorted body. Rosa stared, horrified but fascinated. In a few moments, he was unrecognizable in the midst of a vast greenish aura.

Rosa realized that her muscles were cramped and stiff from tension. Her exposed skin was ravaged by mosquito bites. She turned to go back to the fire and took out of her pack the safe can of repellent—the one with the gray lid—and sprayed herself thoroughly. Using a plastic glove, she picked up the other can of repellent—the one with the black lid—from the ground where she had let it fall when Joel had tossed it to her. She dropped this can, filled with firefly sex pheromones, into a plastic bag. She peeled the glove, put that in the bag, too, and sealed the bag with a twist tie. She'd dispose of it later. She left all the camping gear behind, just as any terrified and grief-stricken wife would.



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MEAT AND MONEY (continued from page 104)

“‘[Agents] will buy clothes for somebody to get him to sign. Lease him a car. Throw hookers at him.’”

“Uh, no.”

“Good. Here’s the elevator, right here.”

The agents are here either to find clients or to protect investments; that is, to make sure that some other agent isn’t finding his clients in their stables. Every agent in Indianapolis says that he is here merely to protect his investment.

A sports agent may be a lawyer or an accountant or someone who has experience in show business. Or he may be a former player. He may be *anything*. One of the most successful ever was a dentist before he found his new calling. In theory, an agent helps a player negotiate his contract, invest and manage his money and find outside sources of income, such as endorsements. In return, he takes a percentage. Good agents get rich and do not have to come to Indianapolis for the meat market. The rest of them are here, and if they are good at anything, it is waiting around hotel lobbies as if there is nothing in the world they’d rather do than flatter the

stuffing out of some 21-year-old kid who runs a quick 40.

One of the general managers in town, staying at another hotel, calls the agents who cluster around the elevators at the Holiday Inn vultures.

“Would you want to be represented by a guy who’d *do that*?” he asks.

But, in a way, he goes on, that scene actually works to his advantage. “Every year, you’ll get guys who sign contracts with three or four agents. When one of those agents comes to you to talk contract, he is usually in a *hurry*. He’ll take the first thing you throw at him.”

Some agents, of course, aren’t above offering, well, call them *inducements* to the players, hoping to influence them to sign. At least, if other agents are to be believed.

“Guys come around here with everything, man,” says one agent, who makes it clear that he is here simply to protect his investment. “Money, obviously. Some of these kids have never seen any real money

before. They still think a \$100 bill is money. Dude says, ‘How about \$10,000, just to take care of things until we get you signed?’ and that guy’s eyes just pop.”

“Guys will buy clothes for somebody to get him to sign. Lease him a car. Throw a couple of hookers at him. Lay a sackful of coke on him.”

“Goes on all the time. Sure does.”

Drugs. It is the topic of many conversations in the lobby of the Holiday Inn. No doubt the coaches and scouts and G.M.s scattered around town in other hotels are talking about the problem, too. Last year, when the camp was held in New Orleans, more than 50 of the players invited tested positive for either cocaine or marijuana.

The names were not released to the public; but it was widely reported that some of those who tested positive were such good ballplayers that teams were willing to draft them in the early rounds anyway. That’s the rumor, at any rate; and among the agents at Indianapolis, rumor is king.

“We had a guy last year,” one of them says in a confidential tone, “and he was a sure high second round. Maybe a first, depending on need, you know. He goes in to pee and, man, he burns a hole in the cup. Guy had probably been packing his nose on the airplane out.”

“So on draft day, he goes in the 12th round. Only costs himself \$1,000,000 or so.”

“He make the team?” one of the agents listening to the story asks.

“Yeah. But he got a knee in camp. Spent the season on injured reserve and got fat. Guy is history.”

“And the thing is, they all *knew*. People *told* them they were going to be tested. They knew a long time before they ever got to camp. They sure did.”

Some people, especially those who work for National Football Scouting, think that things will be different this year, after all the press about the results of last year’s tests, the deaths of basketball player Len Bias and Cleveland Browns player Don Rogers and the general antidrug climate that prevails in the country.

“There may not be as many,” says one of the agents, “but I promise you, there will be some. With some of these dudes, you can’t tell ‘em any damned thing.”

It turns out that of the 330 players attending the camp, with perhaps their entire careers in jeopardy, only one player tests positive for cocaine, six for marijuana. Several also test positive for steroids, but this comes as no surprise to anyone. The one player who tests positive for cocaine, well, either he is so good that he can get away with it and knows it, or maybe he is just tired of football.

The drug test is part of a complete physical that is given to every player who comes to Indianapolis. As soon as the men from Pittsburgh have run the gantlet of agents and organizers, they are hustled onto a bus that takes them across town to a hospital, where—in addition to the urine



“Because watching your panties whirl around is much more interesting than watching my sweat socks whirl around.”

test for drugs—each man is given a full-body X ray, an E.K.G. and a battery of other tests and examinations. Each team in the N.F.L. has brought its consulting physicians to Indianapolis to inspect the meat. A rough census indicates that the average medical detachment consists of three doctors. Indianapolis is the place to be this week if you have an orthopedic complaint.

After the physical, the players return to the Holiday Inn and the agents stand sentry at the elevators while the players sit down to take a written test.

"You believe this?" says one West Coast quarterback who thought the E.K.G. was a little much. You get the feeling, listening to the bitching, that these men don't like to take tests. They go to college, after all.

The test is no great brain bender. To answer the first question correctly, you must know the difference between a parasol and a parasite. If you don't know but have a good time in the 40, then you will probably be all right. Whoever drafts you can hire a tutor to teach you the difference between an umbrella and an agent.

Once the players have completed all the written and physical examinations, it is time for supper. The hotel staff has prepared 120 chicken dinners, which is the number the scouting combine ordered. These dinners are served to 100 players who crowd into the dining room—exactly the number the combine expected.

"Only way I could make sure everyone got enough to eat," says the man in charge of logistics.

While the players are making chicken bones out of chicken dinners in the bright, sterile dining room of the Holiday Inn, another gathering is getting under way at the Hoosier Dome, a couple of blocks away. No players are invited to this party. Coaches, G.M.s, scouts, owners and team physicians are.

Indianapolis is a town sufficiently enthusiastic about football to take even a team owned by Robert Irsay in order to have its very own franchise. The Colts—Irsay's woebegone team—lose their home

games in the stadium that Indianapolis built to entice them out of Baltimore. The Hoosier Dome looks like an old, infected blister from the outside. Inside, it is more like a military bunker—all lifeless gray concrete. A party in the Hoosier Dome is like a party in a crypt.

But the VIPs of Indianapolis are here, even on a cold, rainy night in late January. They eat the usual liver-and-bacon balls that are held together with toothpicks and the mushroom caps that are stuffed with cream cheese. They drink from plastic glasses that make whiskey taste like turpentine, and they look nervously around the room to see if anyone famous—maybe Mike Ditka—has arrived.

The party room is dominated by a six-

carved into Shula's jaw is colder than the six-foot helmet.

After ten or 15 minutes of it, Shula breaks away and heads for an open bar. Two men watch him closely, as though he may be about to give something away.

"White wine, please," Shula says to the bartender, a large black woman wearing a Rams jersey.

"You see that?" one man whispers to the other. "Don Shula drinks white wine."

"Well, I'll be damned," his partner says.

Meanwhile, back at the Holiday Inn, Shula's son Mike is having his own trouble. While he is arguably the most photogenic and intelligent prospect attending this camp, he is also

the least likely to be drafted.

Even Ray Perkins, who recruited him to Alabama and coached him there for four years, thinks that Shula is a long shot. Perkins is here in his new capacity as head coach and V.P. in charge of football operations for the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, a franchise that may be more inept than even Irsay's Colts. Perkins' contract is the subject of considerable discussion at this camp. Rumor (our old friend) has him making \$750,000 a year, with some of it going toward part ownership of the team. This contract has raised the stakes for prospective head coaches everywhere. A man who buys right in the meat market can make

himself a millionaire.

Perkins has the first pick in the first round of this year's draft. The assumption is that he will take Vinny Testaverde. [He did.] Of Mike Shula's chances, he says, "He probably won't be drafted. If he makes any team, it will be as a free agent."

One of the men who organized the Indianapolis camp says that Shula wouldn't have been invited to work out if his last name were different. "It's like politics. You do favors even before you're asked. If the guy has to ask, then you're not doing him any favors."

In any case, Mike Shula is here to work out for the scouts; and while his father is sipping white wine with the kind of people



foot ice sculpture of a football helmet. The help wear football jerseys.

For some reason, the coaches and G.M.s seem to be ducking this party. In the first hour, the only recognizable N.F.L. figure in attendance is Don Shula. He looks beefy and slightly bored, like a candidate who is behind in the polls and is going through the motions merely to pay off his campaign debt.

But the boosters who put on this party are not about to let Shula's mood deter them. His hand is shaken and his back is slapped at least once a minute, and he is addressed as Don by people who have never met him before or been under the same roof with him until this evening. The smile

who lease sky boxes in the Hoosier Dome, Mike is talking with the coat-check girl at the Holiday Inn.

"I don't get off for another hour," she says.

"OK," Shula says, "what about then?"

Well, she says, it's like, she has this friend.

"Oh," Shula says.

"But I could probably go out tomorrow night."

"Oh," Shula says.

"What about it?" the girl says.

Well, maybe.

Mike Shula isn't having such a good camp. He is recovering from chicken pox. Not a gifted, natural athlete to begin with, he is even weaker and slower than usual. But he thinks he is "throwing the ball pretty well."

He says, "I'm just hoping to be drafted by someone so I can get to camp and show them what I can do." He is not approached by agents. He won't be a high draft choice, and when it comes to advice about how to negotiate an N.F.L. contract, he can get all that he needs at home.

"Those guys—the agents—have a lot better things to do than waste time talking to me," he says.

Shula and another player hang around until the girl's shift ends. She leaves when her ride pulls up in front. The two players go back to their rooms through the forlorn lobby, where a solitary agent stands watch at the elevators and another sleeps in one of the hotel chairs.

"Struck out," the other player says to Shula. It sounds wrong at a football camp.

While Shula is losing yardage with the coat-check girl, some of the other players are heading off into the night with the agents, most of whom drive big cars. Big rented cars. A head full of blinding blonde hair appears in the rear seat of one of those cars. The head rises from shoulders that are draped in some kind of equally dazzling fur. Lynx, maybe.

A visitor wonders aloud how the agent was able to come up with something like that in Indianapolis.

"Probably imported her," an agent

says, "just for this trip. Flew her out from Jersey—People Express."

Some agents—according to the rumors—throw hookers at prospects the way PACs throw honoraria at Senators. That doesn't exactly qualify as a bribe, you see. It is more a demonstration of good will. Senators need campaign funds; ballplayers need to get their ashes hauled.

A couple of years ago, when the scouting camp was held in Seattle, an agent employed a hooker to demonstrate his good faith to several ballplayers. Then he tried to economize by stuffing the hooker. She exited the hotel, found herself a policeman and started crying rape.

In the confusion, one team's front-office Samaritan who was trying, as they say, to

Which brings us to Norby Walters, who talks both.

Walters is the most persistent of the agents in Indianapolis this year. He is a small, thin man with vulpine features, white hair and dead eyes. Looking at him, you think of saloons, casinos, after-hours bars and the like. He is a nighttime guy who gets his exercise by walking up a flight of steps when the elevator is broken or by taking some steam and getting a rubdown.

Walters is the agent who—to hear them tell it—brought all the other agents to town to protect their investments.

"The guy has no ethics at all," one of them says. "None."

Walters comes to football from show business. He books music acts. He is a promoter and doesn't care who knows it. "He talks a lot of showbiz crap to these kids," another agent says. "Tells 'em he's going to introduce them to Janet Jackson and like that. Really gets to them."

Walters, who is too busy working the pancake shop and the lobby to discuss ethics or tactics with some outsider, says merely, "These guys are just jealous. They're lazy. They've never seen a real agent before."

A few weeks after the Indianapolis camp, it becomes clear just how a real agent works when Walters starts suing some players for, essentially, not staying bought. He'd paid them money when they weren't supposed to take it, in return for which they had agreed to

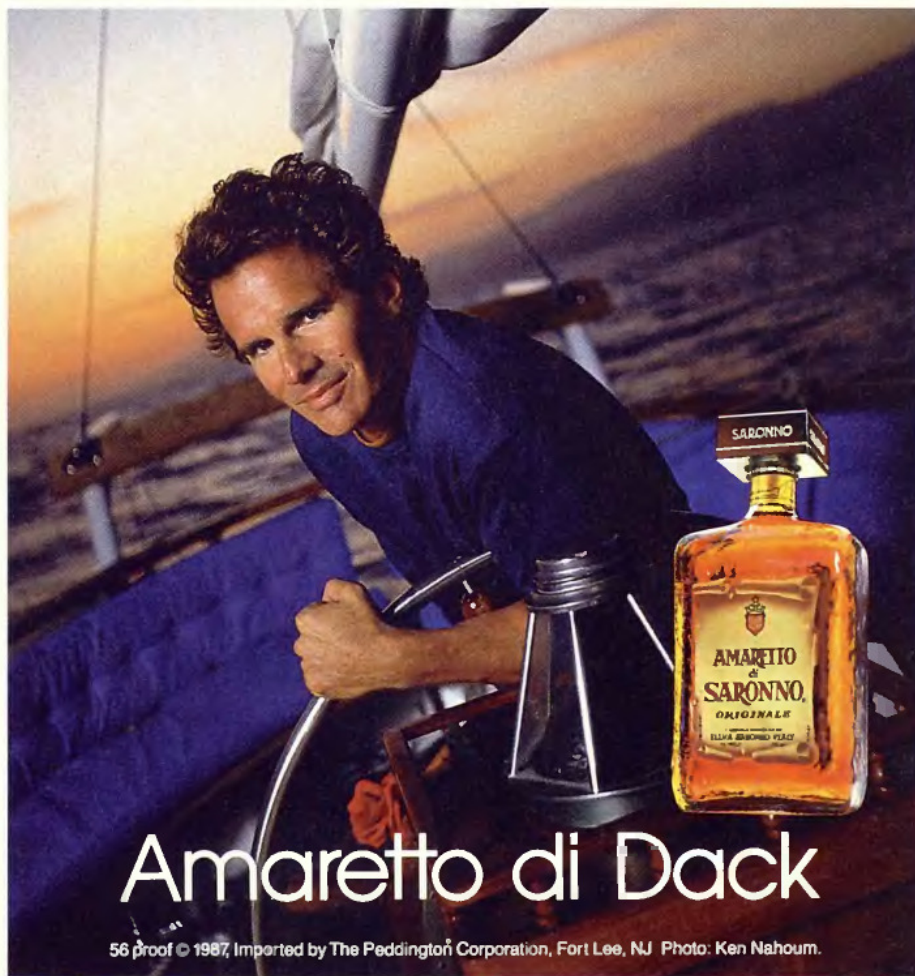
assist the police with their inquiries got his name in the papers. Something about obstructing justice. In the end, nobody was charged with anything. The players, as usual, got off without a scratch.

"You don't buy much with a hooker," one of the agents sitting bored in the lobby says. "By the time a guy comes this far, he's past that. Maybe when he was in high school and some honey gave him something to get him to go to college someplace."

"That still happens. But you'd have to talk more than just some hooker when a kid is looking at the draft. Money, that's the thing. Or if you're talking women, then you'd better be talking stars."

become his clients, usually on the first day they were no longer eligible to play in college. Some of them had been receiving money from Walters for more than a year before their eligibility expired. Walters said he considered those payments just a normal cost of doing business.

One of the players he sued was Rod Woodson, who had the kind of workout that Jeff Zimmerman had had the day before him—the kind, that is, that has everyone talking. He ran a 4.2 40 and, although he is a defensive back, he was running patterns and catching balls like a wide receiver. Walters, in court affidavits, claimed he had paid Woodson more than \$21,000 while he was still in school. Woodson



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signed as Walters' client on January 2, 1987, the first day he could do so legally and some four weeks before the Indianapolis workouts. He later broke the agreement, and that was when Walters sued.

The Walters story went off in other directions as well. One of the athletes who stayed with him, Paul Palmer, a dark-horse Heisman candidate behind Testaverde, was accused of accepting some money from Walters while he was still eligible. He, however, was goodhearted enough to remain a client and was subsequently cleared of N.C.A.A. violations.

Walters held such strong convictions in these matters that, according to some complaints, he threatened other agents with the kind of harm that had once come to Frank Sinatra's enemies at the hands of Ole Blue Eyes' bodyguards. And in Skokie, Illinois, Kathie Clements, a sports agent whose firm signed two of the athletes Walters was cultivating, was assaulted by a man who walked into her office wearing a ski mask and stabbed and beat her. He did not rob her and he did not rape her. Law-enforcement agencies have been unable to link the assault with Walters.

After that episode, as well as many others, the FBI began an investigation. Other threats and violent incidents were uncovered. An SMU wide receiver produced a tape from a phone-answering machine. On it, Walters' business partner threatened to have the player's hands broken (and would have threatened his legs, no doubt, if he'd been a running back) if he signed with another agent. Jeff Atkins, another SMU player, was also threatened and, later, a friend driving Atkins' car was shot and killed. That murder is still an open case and is officially unrelated to Atkins' affiliation with Walters.

Walters, then, doesn't play around. If he signs you, he expects you to stay signed, and if you are a rival agent, he expects you to honor the sanctity of his athletes' sacred vows. The man has standards.

Of course, Walters has learned in almost three years as a sports agent that you can never be too careful. Another SMU player signed first with him, then with an agent

in Seattle and then with a third firm. A kid in Dallas—where they have plenty of people with experience in paying dirty money to football players—had agents on both coasts and in Chicago, too.

So you could understand why Walters would be nervous about guarding the meat that he had cut from the herd. Once, in Indianapolis, a kid in the lobby of the Holiday Inn recognized Rod Woodson, who had played at Purdue, and asked him for his autograph. When Walters saw Woodson signing something, he rushed across the room and jerked the paper from his hand.

You can't be too careful. It could have been another contract.

And, as it turned out, Woodson did go

and talking. Some are trying to sleep. In the morning, the last workouts of the week will be conducted. It is a final chance to make your case.

Down in the lobby, a young, tired and slightly disillusioned agent talks with a civilian guest at the hotel. Even though he is an agent, the man says he finds this whole thing a little hard to take. He got into it because he'd always been a sports fan back in Atlanta. He's big on the Hawks, he says. He expected the money thing, hardball negotiations and all that. But this other thing, the under-the-table stuff, is hard to take.

This conversation takes place before the SMU scandal breaks fully and before Walters is written about extensively by Chris

Mortensen of *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution*. Still, anyone who follows football, even casually, knows how deep the rot is.

"You know what is missing for me?" the discouraged agent says. "A little blame on the players' heads. The coaches and the agents and the college alums are all getting blasted, but nobody ever mentions the players. It's like they are these innocent children and the rest of us are out to corrupt them. And I can tell you that's a lot of bullshit."

"That so?" the visitor says, not especially interested.

"Think about it. Even when they are being recruited to go to college, these guys are mostly old enough to go to jail if they break the law. In most states,

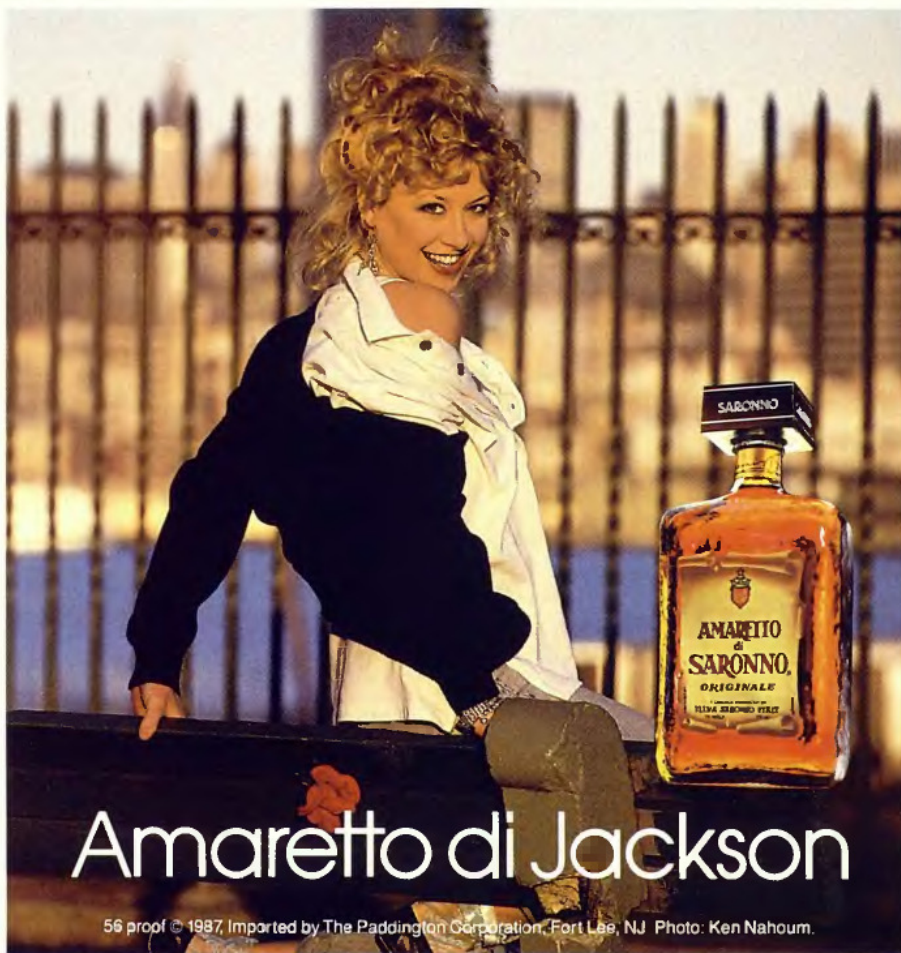
they are old enough for the electric chair. The Marines will take 'em and expect 'em to do what they're told to do.

"But when they get involved with taking money—or something else—under the table, it's everyone else's fault, because they're football players and not responsible.

"But just think about something for a minute. Do you think the people paying the bribes, giving away the cars, *want* to do it? How many college coaches start out a recruiting trip thinking, Man, I hope I can give away a few automobiles this time out. I just *love* giving cars away?"

"I get your point," the visitor says.

"Players are part of it. That's all I'm saying. And they get away clean—for a



Amaretto di Jackson

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with another agent, after taking Walters' seed money. According to Walters, Woodson himself actually never saw much of the cash. Most of it went to family trips and car leases.

Just the same, Walters sued him for \$500,000. Breach of contract. Woodson was one of approximately 55 players who signed contracts with him dated January 2, 1987.

Now Walters is out there in the night. So are many of the players. God knows what they have found to keep them out there in Indianapolis. The players who have chosen to pass on the pleasures of the city are sitting around in their rooms on furniture that doesn't fit them, watching television

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while, anyway."

"What happens later?"

"Well, you can look around you, in this lobby, tomorrow morning. Bob Hayes is here, calling himself an agent. World's Fastest Human, remember? Caught passes from Don Meredith when they were on the Cowboys together. He did time for drugs. Just last week, the 1978 first pick for Dallas, a guy named Larry Bethea, got convicted of stealing his mother's life savings. [He committed suicide last April.]

"Vinny Testaverde came in today, right? And he was all anybody could talk about. Everybody in the lobby was looking at him like he was a movie star, winner of the Heisman Trophy. Well, an old Heisman winner got sent to jail yesterday. Johnny Rogers pointed a gun at the guy who came to disconnect his cable TV.

"Warren McVea is going *back* to prison for sure 'cause he can't handle cocaine. Mercury Morris is out now, going around telling kids how it was he got put away for dealing coke.

"A lot of the problem is that these guys got away with what they knew was wrong for so long that they just figured they'd never get nailed. You know, they're football players and the rules are different."

"I see what you mean," the visitor says bleakly.

"Right now, everyone wants a piece of these guys. They can't do wrong. But it won't be that way forever. Somebody has to tell them that."

Hard to know whom they would listen to, the civilian says, or what he could say to get their attention.

"That's what I mean," the agent says. "I believe it will get worse before it gets better. If it ever does get better."

One has to keep in mind the fact that most American forms of corruption are gleefully voluntary. If players are being corrupted, they have a willing and eager hand in the process. There is no coercion (aside from the excesses of Norby Walters). Football is probably as corrupt as Wall Street and is still more fun to watch.

Armed with this cheerful perspective and a good night's sleep, the visitor decides to break the rules and sneak into the Hoosier Dome to watch the workouts.

So he disguises himself. This involves wearing a name tag that belongs to Bo Shembachler, which came into the visitor's hands through a third party. The visitor's mouth is dry and his palms are wet as he steps up to the entrance, which is guarded by a sweet gray-haired woman in a Wackenhut uniform.

Maybe I should have been Earl Bruce, he thinks.

But this is Indiana, and almost certainly the only coach this woman recognizes on sight is Bobby Knight. Once inside, the visitor slips his name tag into his pocket and tries to look like a young front-office guy for a team in transition—the Chiefs, maybe. At the coffee table, nobody gives

him a second look.

All around him, legends of the game are taking their coffee from Styrofoam cups and nibbling on gooey pastries. Chuck Noll, wearing a black sweater and looking grim, is here. So are Marion Campbell and Forrest Gregg. You can see the faces of some former head coaches who have now been reduced to obscurity as assistants. Abe Gibron, who must weigh more than Jeff Zimmerman and was a head coach of the Bears before the days of Walter Payton and Jim McMahon. Dick Nolan is here, too. As thin and impeccable as Gibrion is fat and disheveled, Nolan was coach of the 49ers when they almost went to a Super Bowl before Joe Montana and Bill Walsh.

Walsh is here, looking professorial. And Al Davis, looking like a guy who owns a trucking business: black windbreaker, conspicuous jewelry. Ron Meyer is here. He was head coach at SMU back when the trouble started. Then he went to the pros and coached the Patriots before they went to the Super Bowl. Now it is his wretched duty to suffer as head coach of the Indianapolis Colts.

Meyer is talking about how hard it is to sell a house in Dallas after what oil prices have done to the economy down there.

Gradually, things get under way. In one room under the stadium, the players coming through this morning are stripped to their shorts and first measured, then weighed. A couple of dozen scouts and assistant coaches (no head coaches) sit in the room and write down the figures as they are called off.

"Six-zero, three-zero."

"Two-three-four."

The players look blankly out at the crowd. Once a man has been weighed and measured, he is directed to another room, where his picture is taken, then across the hall to where his hand span is measured.

Next there is the bar. Everyone does as many bench presses as he can, with 185 pounds for backs and ends. Two-twenty-five for linemen. Before the players lift, a trainer uses calipers to measure their fat.

When a player is on the bench, struggling to squeeze out that last rep, the men waiting in line will shout encouragement.

"Come on, babe. Go. Get it, *get it*."

Otherwise, it is entirely quiet in the Hoosier Dome.

After the weights, it is out to the field, where players' vertical leap is measured and they are timed in the 40. There are throwing drills for quarterbacks. Receivers run patterns and catch balls. Linebackers run agility drills.

Everyone is watched and timed. Cross pens are constantly scratching figures into little black loose-leaf notebooks. Stopwatch buttons click like crickets on a summer night. Everyone below the rank of head coach has a stopwatch slung around his neck.

To an impostor passing himself off as Bo Shembachler, it is all a major bore. But the coaches and scouts—the people who are

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supposed to be here—seem to be having a fine time. They alternately watch the proceedings and make small talk along the side lines. Even on this, the last day of the camp, they are simultaneously relaxed and attentive, the way a man can be when he is doing work he enjoys.

When Bill Parcells comes into the Hoosier Dome, he is late and he walks past half a dozen other head coaches, each of whom congratulates him on his Super Bowl season.

That's the reward for having a good eye, for being able to spot talent on the hoof. Parcells takes his time. When he does watch a player work out, it is with unemotional poker-player eyes.

Parcells, Bill Walsh, Al Davis and Ray Perkins spend their time on the Astroturf carpet, walking the side lines, talking with one another, occasionally watching the players do their drills.

The impostor leaves. No one has embraced him and asked why the hell he can't win a bowl game. He flies back to Pittsburgh with some of the same players who flew out to the camp and, also, with Parcells, who is stopped on both sides of the metal detector and asked for an autograph. That comes with having done well at earlier auctions. You get asked for your autograph, you get a new contract (the Atlanta Falcons tried to get Parcells away from New York, according to our good-buddy rumor) and you don't have to walk around with a stop watch hanging from

your neck. Other guys, who think they know as much as you but have never proved it, wear the stop watch.

The results of this meat market will be a while coming in. There will be some big winners and some big losers. Some coaches will get fired. Football will end for some of the players. (When one receiver ran a five-flat 40, three scouts sitting in front of the visitor drew a line through his name with their Cross pens.) Mike Shula will be drafted in the 12th round by Ray Perkins, who said in Indianapolis that he didn't think Shula would be drafted at all. Jeff Zimmerman didn't go until the third round. The word was that he could be so much better if he got *down* to 320 or so. Rod Woodson went to Pittsburgh and Chuck Noll was so pleased he could hardly stand it—until Woodson started making noises about running track instead of playing football unless he got the money he wanted. Woodson has a way of using money to drive grown men to despair.

The Norby Walters scandal grew and cost one Ohio State player his last year of eligibility. Evidence went to a grand jury. Newspaper stories followed one after another. The buying and the selling would go on for a long time.

It is an ugly scene in many ways. But there is this to say for it: In this meat market, even the meat makes money.



JESSICA HAHN

(continued from page 89)

I'm not hearing this.

But I knew I was. I knew—I knew as I'm sitting here—I heard that. I also know that if John told me, "Jessica. Go over there. Get on the balcony and jump," I would have done that. This is the kind of place I was at with these men. As God is in heaven, I would have done it. I got to a place where he began to talk and I just gave up trying to respond. I wasn't feeling good and I didn't care that I wasn't feeling good. It was like it didn't matter.

So the conversation goes on about Tammy and about Jim's marriage and how he needs a woman to help him. "Jessica," he said to me, "if I don't get this help, I feel like I'll lose everything."

And John Fletcher said, "Jessica, you're going to be doing something tremendous for God."

John got up and said, "I'll be right back." He left. Jim Bakker started talking more and more—telling me the same thing. Within minutes, John comes running back in the room with a bottle of Vaseline Intensive Care lotion and says, "Jim Bakker loves back rubs."

I said, "John, I don't think so." I felt sick. I could barely talk. He then leaves the room.

So now I'm sitting here. Jim Bakker is on the bed. He gets up. He's still complaining that he's not going to be able to go on. He doesn't want to live. He doesn't want to continue. It's so hard to continue in his ministry.

He then says to me, "I'm glad you came."

I said, "I really don't feel right." And I kept trying to say that, but I couldn't even respond to what he was saying anymore. I couldn't even move.

So Jim Bakker takes me . . . he gets up off the edge of the bed. He takes off his bathing suit—just undresses; he slips off that thing.

SCHEER: What were you doing then?

HAHN: I'm sitting. I said to him, "What are you doing?" I told him I had never been with a man. He said, "I know."

GOLSON: He knew you were a virgin?

HAHN: Yes. And I said, "Why don't you just hire somebody?" He said, "You can't trust everybody." I kept pushing him away. I asked him, "What makes you think you can trust me?" And he said, "Because I know about you. I know what your life is about. You won't hurt me, like the others. You're here to help me, and by helping me, you're going to help a lot of people."

SCHEER: This is after he has taken off his swimsuit?

HAHN: Yeah. So he pulls off the bedspread, first thing. After he does that, he says, "I hate bedspreads." Then he turns to me. I



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had on a plum dress and it was a wrap-around with a sash that untied.

GOLSON: Was it a sexy dress?

HAHN: I didn't own many dresses. That was my prettiest. My pastor's wife bought it for me and I had worn it at church. Sitting up front.

GOLSON: Oh.

HAHN: So he just pulls me. Just takes my waist and turns me to face him. And he backs up on the bed and pulls me and, as he's going back, I'm pulling away. And the guy pulls my sash, takes my dress off. He starts . . . he unhooks my bra. You know, he just undresses me.

SCHEER: And you're just standing there?

HAHN: Now I'm not standing there. I'm lying there. And by the time he gets . . . he had my bra, he had my dress, he had my slip, he starts going on and I'm just . . . I'm trying to take his hand and I'm just saying . . . [as she speaks, pushes

away an imaginary hand] . . . just . . . I said to him, "You have to leave!" He goes, "Jessica, by helping the shepherd, you're helping the sheep."

So I took his hand and I said, "Jim, I just can't."

I kept pushing him. And the more I pushed, the more it enticed him. Or whatever it did. So I just said to him, "Look, I'm sick." He said, "You'll be fine. Just lie here."

SCHEER: Did you say anything to him about the effects of the wine?

HAHN: I said to him, "There's something bad. There's something wrong with me." And he said, "It's probably because you didn't eat." And that's all I said.

GOLSON: What happened next?

HAHN: By now, the guy is on top. He has managed to completely undress me. And he's sitting on my chest. And he's starting to put pillows underneath my back. He's really pushing himself—I mean, the guy

was forcing himself. He put his penis in my mouth and I was just starting to cry at that point. Because I couldn't believe . . . I just started to realize everything that was happening.

First of all, I couldn't breathe right. You know, it wasn't . . . it wasn't . . . it was just . . . Emotionally, I couldn't. . . . Everything was like. . . .

It was the very first thing this man did. He has pillows under me. He's sitting, like, on my neck. I'm not breathing. I'm feeling sick. The guy is, like, letting loose and I'm choking. OK. So I'm crying. Tears are coming. . . .

SCHEER: What do you mean, he was letting loose?

HAHN: [Closing her eyes] The guy came in my mouth. There's tears rolling down my face, OK? I am limp as can be and he's still going on. In other words, he's not seeing me respond.

At this point, you just don't feel any . . . there's nothing left.

So the guy moves down and he sees that I'm crying. I'm not in my right mind now.

My neck hurts, my throat hurts, my head feels like it's going to explode. But he's frustrated and determined, determined enough that within minutes he's inside me and he's on top and he's holding my arms. He has these pillows underneath me. So he's just into this, he's inside me now—this is going on.

I'm pushing him away, you know. Every time I did that, it seemed to bring him on more. And he was talking off the wall.

SCHEER: Saying what?

HAHN: Saying, "When you help the shepherd, you're helping the sheep." Crazy stuff.

SCHEER: What stuff?

HAHN: "You'll appreciate this later." That kind of stuff. He keeps holding my arms. So this is going on and I start crying again. And then he comes inside me. There was no reason to hold my arms, because I wasn't going anywhere. I felt like I was drifting.

GOLSON: Did you feel pain?

HAHN: Yes, it hurt. But he wouldn't have stopped if I screamed. There was pain; there was a lot of pain. But I was worried. I kept saying, "My God. I'm going to get pregnant."

You have to understand, it wasn't like I ever did this. I had never slept with anybody. So this, to me, was a typical fear of someone who hasn't done it before. It's like, when you try to sleep or something and you have a thought that keeps staying in your mind. And when you're tired, you can't get rid of a thought. And this was in my mind. That I was going to get pregnant.

But he kept going and going. It's not that he could do much. I mean, there was no way . . . he went limp as can be, but he just kept trying and it was frustrating him even more. You know, he . . . he turned me



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over. He tried anything. He was still having intercourse with me, but he couldn't really. . . .

GOLSON: By this time, you had been there about half an hour? More?

HAHN: More. Well, it felt like about an hour by then.

SCHEER: When he later told Falwell that he'd spent 15 minutes with a whore and that he'd been impotent, do you suppose he was thinking of this period, when he was trying to get an erection?

HAHN: He came twice. [*Concentrates again*] But now he's getting frustrated, because nothing's happening. I guess the challenge of taking somebody who didn't want to be taken is lost. He's done it.

GOLSON: What were you doing?

HAHN: I cried a lot. I told him that things hurt me. I told him that I just didn't. . . . I remember tears rolling out of my eyes and I remember telling him, "I can't breathe." I know that he was getting frustrated because he couldn't. . . . he was trying to find a way. . . .

SCHEER: Was there any kindness?

HAHN: No.

SCHEER: Did he caress you in any way?

Kiss you?

HAHN: No. No. No. He was like, "What next?" It was like a book—like getting a book and saying, "OK, we did that, that and that. . . ." All he told me was that he really liked long hair. At that time, my hair was a little longer. . . . I felt like. . . . if I could have lifted my arm, I would have pulled *his* hair out. I really would have. I feel that the man just felt he was getting one big free ride. He was going to get all he could out of it.

For me, for a. . . for somebody who was having a first experience, this ruined my feelings. After that, I felt that making love or having sex was just a thing that caused a lot of pain, even if it was pleasing for someone else. Because it wasn't pleasing to me. It put a bad light on it for a long, long time. Now I realize, as time goes on, that's just not the way it is. Not that I'm running around sleeping with different people to find out. I'm not, though that's no one's business, anyway.

So as Bakker was going on and on, he began to say that he wanted to do it again. He rolls me on my back and, by now, I am like. . . . I am like. . . . Well, I was on my

stomach, OK? Nothing was happening, so he rolls me on my back again.

SCHEER: He was trying to enter you from behind?

HAHN: Yeah. But then he puts me back on my back and he's telling me that he wants to see me again. He says that this is just great and he hasn't had anything like this.

I was crying and trying to tell this man that he destroyed my life. And he said to me, "Well, you'll appreciate it later."

After a while, he says, "I really need to see you again." I was really upset. I said, "What am I going to do now if I'm having a baby? What if I'm pregnant?"

He goes, "Look, all I'm telling you is I need to see you again. I have jets. I have this. I have that. I can make any kind of arrangements. . . ."

GOLSON: He said, "I have jets"?

HAHN: "I have jets. Two jets."

SCHEER: And where were you?

HAHN: I was still on the bed, crying and thinking about having a baby and. . . and he said, "Look, I need a woman like you to be by my side. I can make the arrangements." I remember him saying he had two Learjets and that he needed to have somebody who would accommodate him—fly in and be by his side. A woman who had not been around other people. Somebody he could *trust*.

GOLSON: He meant a woman who hadn't slept with other men?

HAHN: Obviously. He's telling me how much he could use a girl like me, and I'm not responding. I'm just lying there freezing. I'm freezing and he's on top of me.

SCHEER: He was on top of you while he was saying that?

HAHN: Yeah. He's on top of me. So then he says, "I really would like to try this just one more time."

By now, he's telling me about jets and seeing me, but I'm thinking about babies and thinking about my pain and thinking, This is Jim Bakker on top of me, telling me this. This is what I'm thinking: This is crazy. It's insanity.

SCHEER: And he wanted to do it one more time.

HAHN: He's just unable. And I don't know even what he got out of it. I don't know how that man came, because I did not participate. The man did what he wanted. But he's getting a little bit frustrated now. And he's telling me that it doesn't matter—maybe he has something on his mind.

So he said to me, "Listen, I could go on, but I'm going to have to go. My daughter is with my bodyguards." Now, I'm worried the girl is probably right outside. For all I know, she's really close by.

So he's making all these great plans and I'm crying. He rolls off me and I'm so cold. . . . I was freezing. I was ice-cold. I remember pulling the blankets over me and him getting up and saying, "Well, I've got to get to the bodyguards. But you really ministered to me."

SCHEER: "Really ministered to me"? He



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said that then?

HAHN: He also said it later.

So he got up, brushed his hair with my hairbrush and left.

GOLSON: How much time had passed?

HAHN: About an hour, an hour and a half. At the end, he said, "Thanks a lot."

So. I'm in bed. I . . .

SCHEER: Did he wave? Did he come back and kiss you goodbye?

HAHN: No. He just ripped the blankets off. He knew, too. I was freezing. You know when you're freezing and you don't want to move. But he just said, "Thanks a lot."

GOLSON: How did you feel about that?

HAHN: I want to tell you something: If I ever did a book, I would probably title it something about a flower. If the man had come back to my room ten minutes later with one lousy flower and said, "Jessica, I don't know what happened. I'm sorry," I probably could have looked the other way. He probably still would have PTL.

GOLSON: That's a lot to forgive for a flower.

HAHN: A flower says you're there. You exist. You're human. A flower is something you can see, you can feel, you can smell. That's how I think of it. You don't give flowers to robots and machines. There's a lot behind a flower to me.

GOLSON: And you would have forgiven the whole thing? You'd have forgiven him for forcing himself on you?

HAHN: I can forgive a lot. I really can. All I can tell you is that I did not initiate it. I did not want him.

GOLSON: The blankets had been ripped off and the guy was out the door. Did you hear voices?

HAHN: No, I just heard the door shut.

GOLSON: Were you still feeling affected by whatever had been in the wineglass?

HAHN: I don't know what I was. All I know is that I was cold. I jumped up and tried to get to the shower. I mean, I nearly crawled to get in the shower.

I . . . it hurt. The water hurt my skin. It hurt me. I was so cold. I was in the bathroom. I got sick.

SCHEER: You threw up?

HAHN: Yes. I brushed my teeth. I felt dirty. I took a shower and I put the water on really hot. It hurt my skin, not because of the heat, but the water hurt my body. You know, if somebody touched me, it hurt.

So I was in the shower. I couldn't even stand up. I was sick. I looked in the mirror and I got scared. My eyes were red, I had blotches, and all over my arms and my neck and my chest were marks. My throat was real sore. Everything hurt. Everything.

So I get out of the shower and I put on my robe. I get back in bed—in the other bed that was untouched—to get warm. I had my robe on.

I don't know what happened with the door. But John had a key. So John walks in—I don't know, 15 minutes later. He begins to tell me about Jim. I was so sick. . . .

GOLSON: Slow down a little. He comes into the room. . . .

HAHN: John Fletcher walks in the room. This is still the afternoon. It is afternoon lighting.

GOLSON: What was Fletcher wearing?

HAHN: His pants and sweater. What he was wearing when he picked me up at the airport.

So he walks in. I'm under the covers and he acts as if nothing is wrong at all. He says to me, "Jim is so happy. He's lying in a fetal position in his room, saying he's happy. He wants to see you, but I won't let him." He said, in a quiet, deep voice, "Jim Bakker is not going to have you. You are mine."

This made me even colder. Because I'm thinking, Oh, God. He never used that expression. I said, "John, I'm sick. Please get me home." He said, "Look, you'll be fine. You're hungry. You need to order something."

GOLSON: When you first saw him, did you

think he might be coming in to rescue you—to take you home?

HAHN: My first thought is, I was freezing and John was telling me Jim was so happy. So, obviously, it wasn't as if John didn't know what happened with Jim. He saw the bed, he saw me, he knew I had a dress on when he left and I had nothing but a robe on when he came back.

I said, "John, I'm so cold. Go somewhere. Get me out of here." He says, "I have to do the telethon. I can't do anything for you until then." I said, "John, maybe I need a doctor or something. I'm not well." He says, "You'll be fine. You're just hungry or something."

So I said, "John, why did this happen?" He says, "Jessica, you can't believe . . . you just saved PTL. You saved PTL." This is how they talked to me. I swear. This is how they talked.

I looked at him like, There's got to be a



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way to justify this. . . . Because I felt very dirty. I felt bad. I felt wrong.

So I said, "John, could you just leave me alone—let me be." He says, "No!" And I never, never in my life saw a man's face change like I saw his. It scared the hell out of me. His face was so demonic. It was horrible.

He . . . he . . . he . . . first of all, he took the blanket off me. He tore my robe off and he threw me on the floor. And he said to me, "You're not gonna just give this to Jim Bakker! You're not going to remember Jim Bakker! You're going to remember me!"

And the man starts up. At this point, I don't care. I just . . . give up. My state of mind was like, I can't fight these people. The guy took me by my shoulders. He's pressing down on my shoulders so that I thought my arms were going to come out of their sockets. My back is on the rug and the guy is just going nuts. I mean, nuts.

By now, I wasn't crying—I'm screaming, praying, thinking, God, just let somebody hear. If somebody hears. . . .

SCHEER: Were you screaming?

HAHN: I was screaming. It was agony. My back hurt—my shoulders. I was in pain everywhere. The guy is holding me down.

GOLSON: Is he a large person?

HAHN: Yeah. He is to me. And he's heavy—on top of me. My back is pressed against the carpet. I'm freezing and I feel my back burning. My shoulders feel like they're going to break and I'm in agony.

And this guy is, like, swinging me. He's taken my back—flipping my legs up in the air. I mean, agony. I can't explain it. All I can tell you is that I was in pain. The guy is just tossing me like I was one of those Raggedy Ann dolls. You know, like, legs are up, legs are down. He flipped my arms back.

GOLSON: Was he saying anything?

HAHN: He's yelling, "You're not going to forget me! You're going to forget Jim, but you're going to remember me!" That's all he kept saying. So by now, I'm crying and screaming because of the pain. I'm praying that somebody will walk by. I'm looking at this man's face and, for a split second, I thought, He's going to kill me. That's what I thought. He's gonna break my neck. He's gonna do something. I can't take this pain. His hands were so close to my neck. I thought, My God, what's to stop him? Because he was so crazy. And he's going on and on and on and I just couldn't stand it. But I shut up because I was afraid he was gonna kill me. Then I thought, He's got to figure I'm in pain. I mean, I'm surprised I wasn't sweating beads of blood. That's how much agony.

So I managed to grasp him; I just dug into him. But, you know, it seems he enjoyed—they *both* seemed to enjoy—resistance. And I just got to a place where I said to myself, "Jessica, you're going to die if you don't shut up." That's how I felt.

I've told this story a few times now, seven years later, and this is probably the first

time that I could actually explain it without breaking down. Because I'm more angry now than anything else. I'm sick and tired of crying about it. I'm fed up. I don't have any tears left for these people.

This man just didn't want to stop. You want to know something? Jim Bakker forced himself. So did John Fletcher. I was in pain! I hated it! It was horrible! They definitely forced themselves. But I thought, This can't be. They're preachers. They wouldn't rape somebody. They're ministers. There's a reason. You know, maybe it was to *help*.

This is how crazy my mind was at the time. I thought, Maybe I did help. I said, "God, help me. I can't think clearly. I'm going to lose my mind."

[*Concentrates again*] John came in me once, but he also came on top of me. You know what I'm saying? He had a weird way with sex. I didn't know much about sex, but he was strange.

GOLSON: In what way?

HAHN: He . . . he just . . . he would take my hand and put his penis in my hand and squeeze my hand, which is—if that's what you like—fine. But squeezing my hand—you know, everything hurt. It wasn't normal.

GOLSON: He wanted to inflict pain on himself?

HAHN: Yeah. Exactly. He wanted pain. That's exactly it.

I had nails. I've always had long nails. And this man had to feel pain. He was taking my hand, squeezing my hand, and he's holding another hand back. So he came like he did and I said, "Jesus." I just couldn't believe it. It was, like, all over me. It was all over me. But at that point, I . . . anybody could have walked in the room and I wouldn't have cared.

So then he got up and . . . after he came . . . he was really a weird man.

SCHEER: What did he do?

HAHN: All kinds of stuff. Like, taking everything and just putting it all over. . . . I can't explain it. He was a very strange man. Like, he said, "I want to keep coming and coming and coming all over." Like, putting it on his face and just . . . you had to *see* this man's face. At that point, I thought, Is this the way . . . ?

GOLSON: "Is this the way it is for everyone?"

HAHN: He was really nuts. Just putting it all over. I mean, *all* over. Legs . . . he just wasn't normal. He was sitting on top of me. He was sitting on my stomach; I'm lying down and he's sitting on my stomach and he's doing this thing almost by himself. . . . He kept trying to come and he couldn't anymore. And it was aggravating him. He kept trying and he was hurting me, because he was so heavy. I was tired. I couldn't stand it. I honestly thought, This is how I'm going to die. I thought, Next he's going to prevent me from saying anything . . . he's just gonna finish me off.

I probably could have handled a lot, but I couldn't handle him. It wasn't normal. It

was just weird, and I was waiting for this man to finish me.

So, anyway, he was getting angry and he was trying everything. Everything he could. He was all over me. Pressing himself from my feet to my head—all over me. Bit by bit. And I was in continuous pain.

GOLSON: What was he doing?

HAHN: Just rubbing himself all over, trying to get some kind of friction wherever he could. And he was aggravated because nothing was happening. He was telling me I was not going to forget him and he was saying, "Oh, I came so much. Look what you did." He says, "I want to show you that I'm better than anybody you'll ever have in your life."

GOLSON: Were you bleeding?

HAHN: Yes. I was in so much pain that I tried to desensitize my body.

So then John finishes and I'm lying on the floor, thinking, God, please. Let him leave.

GOLSON: This had all taken place on the floor?

HAHN: This all was on the floor—not in the bed. You had to see my back.

So he gets up and goes in the bathroom and I climb up onto the bed, because my back was burning.

And I was so yucked out. I was all . . . I felt disgusting, you know.

I was praying that John would leave the room without noticing—like Bakker did—and just say, "Well, goodbye." At that point, I would have welcomed that. So I was in bed and under the covers and my back is still burning and I'm cold. John comes out. He's walking around completely naked and he goes to the phone, picks it up and calls for a wake-up call at four. I thought, Oh, God. He's going to sleep here. I was pretending I was dead or sleeping. You know, hoping he'd just go away or think I passed out.

So he climbs into my bed and gets under the covers and just gets himself situated



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next to me so that he's lying facing my back, which is burning. God, my back burns when I talk about it now.

And he puts his arm around me and he starts hurting me again. Holding me as if he's going to sleep. I was in so much agony, because my back was against his chest, which was hairy. I had open cuts all down my spine.

So I'm lying in bed, his chest is against my back and it's killing me. And he's holding his hand on my chest and my chest is killing me. And I'm saying, "God, please just let him not touch me anymore. Just let him fall asleep, let something happen." I was shivering and he didn't say anything. He was lying there and he knew my back was torn up. He opened the bloody sheets. He could see it. It's like you have a red tie on with a white shirt. That's how noticeable it was.

I was saying, "God, let me die or let him leave. I just don't want to be touched again." In my heart, yes, I really wished he would die that day. I wished both of them would get in a plane and. . .

It's a horrible thing to say, but that's how I felt.

GOLSON: You wished they would crash?

HAHN: Yeah, they were talking about their Learjets. I thought, Lord, let them get in one. . .

So, after about an hour, he got a wake-up call and he's walking around with nothing on—like, prancing around the room. I pretended I was sleeping, and after he put his clothes on, he said, "Well, I gotta go preach at this telethon." He also says, "How good was I?"

He says, "I'm going to set the TV on the station we're going to be on." He looks at me and says, "Don't go away." And he leaves. I didn't even bother to get out of bed. And I was really feeling . . . just cold.

GOLSON: How much time had passed?

HAHN: He got the wake-up call at four in the afternoon. So he must have left, I don't know, fivish. And I'm just starting to realize . . . I'm starting to wake up more. The grogginess. And I hurt physically. And I was so disgusted and felt so dirty.

After a while, the telethon comes on. You know why I'm watching? Because I know it's live TV—at least, I think it is; they've lied to me about everything else—and this is the only way I know of being sure they're not down the hallway, waiting to get at me again. So I lie there waiting to see if they'll be safely on TV, away from me. And this is what I see: the big opening—they were trying to raise money—and John says, "Jim, we really had a great rest today." And Jim says, "Yeah, we need more rest like that." And John says to Jim, "Jim, God really ministered to us today, didn't He?" And Jim Bakker says, "Yeah. He really did." And one of them, I forget who, says, "We need more rest like that."

GOLSON: Smiling?

HAHN: Yeah, smiling. They held the mike, they're on TV. Preaching.

That's insane to me.

You know, the only thing that could have been worse is if they both came at me at the same time. To me it was a miracle that they didn't. I guess I can count myself lucky, in a way. But after that, I got up and I tried to—

GOLSON: Excuse me; what did they go on to preach about?

HAHN: They went on to collect money for a big Christian TV station. It was in Clearwater Beach. When Bakker does telethons, he does telethons. He raises millions, not a few hundred dollars.

So that's what that show was about. And then, after it was over, I lay in bed. I ordered something to eat, because I felt awful. Not that I could eat—I was just so dizzy. But I was afraid if I didn't eat, I was going to fall on the floor. So I ordered something and never touched it. The waiter sensed that something was wrong and asked if I needed a doctor, but I said no. I was too scared and dazed. I became a little more alert but not a whole lot. And after the show, I hear a knock on the door and in walks John and another guy who was part of his group. And John said to me, "So what's happening?" And I'm lying in bed with this guy in the room. Two beds are messed. This guy sees me with next to nothing on—under the covers. And John starts eating my cheeseburger and says he has to go.

I said, "John, I want to talk to you alone." I whispered, "John, get me out of here. You have to." I was crying. I said, "Just get me out or I'm going to leave on my own. I don't know where I am. I don't have any money. I don't know what to do." And I didn't have any money on me at all. So he says, "Just hang on. Hold on. Take it easy." So he got me a flight out of there the next day. He says, "Look, I've got to go get money from Jim." You know, for the plane ticket.

He left, went to Jim's room, and while he was gone, he left this guy in the room with me. When he returned, I told him, "John, I need to talk to you. Can we go somewhere?" He goes, "No, but maybe you can go somewhere with him."

GOLSON: Were you crying then?

HAHN: I'm crying. I'm barely dressed. I have a sheet on me. And he says, "Go somewhere with him." And he left me alone with this guy. And I said, "If you think you're going to touch me, you're sadly mistaken." That's all I said.

And he says, "Well, John seems to think that. . ." You know, sort of like John insinuated—

GOLSON: That it would be all right?

HAHN: Exactly. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I didn't have the strength. I said, "God, this is too much."

So I tried to get out of bed. I stumbled to the floor. I was so scared. I couldn't walk. I was on my knees. I was trying to put things on my feet. Trying to put a robe around me. This guy's in the room, and I said, "There's no way this is going to happen. You have to go and get John and

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bring him back here, if it's the last thing you do." He says, "Yeah."

I mean, this guy just thought he was going to be the third man. And my marks—I had to move in a way that this guy wouldn't see the marks on my back. I'm fumbling, I'm falling on the floor and I'm moving around so he won't see my back. I'm trying to get my robe—my robe was on the floor from when John tore it off me. And I'm holding the sheet and it was like a disaster.

And this guy is wanting to jump in bed.

So finally, he understood—he didn't understand, but he ended up seeing that I wasn't about to let him get at me.

GOLSON: Had he started to take his clothes off?

HAHN: No. But he was really getting comfortable sitting on the edge of the bed. And that's what would have happened.

Finally, John came back in the room and gave me \$129. Exactly. That was for plane fare. He told me that he and Jim would be in touch—and that he was disappointed that I didn't go for a walk with this other guy.

GOLSON: This is nearly seven years later. When you had a chance to think about all that had happened to you, why didn't you yell rape? Why keep quiet while the headlines talked about "trysts"?

HAHN: Because even years afterward, I kept thinking this had to be God's will—maybe I really *did* help Bakker. I began to go crazy, I guess. Don't forget, these were two men I looked up to. They were the top—the ultimate to me. They could do no wrong.

So, if they could do no wrong, I thought maybe either I did wrong or I did not understand and I really was in a position to help them. They wouldn't betray me; these are people I worshipped all my life.

So I was confused.

SCHEER: The idea of charging them with a crime never entered your mind?

HAHN: No. Not then. There is a Scripture that says, "Touch not Mine anointed." To me, that meant if I dared accuse a man of God of any wrongdoing, God would just curse *me*. And I was petrified, because I thought, These men are God's anointed. God chose them. And who am I to go against God? Who am I to say that these men are wrong? I was afraid of being struck down. So I was battling with that.

There is also a Scripture that says, God's way is not our way. And I thought, Maybe this is God's way of doing it. Even though I feel this is wrong, who am I to judge?

GOLSON: Aren't there Scriptures condemning the kind of violence these men committed?

HAHN: I couldn't find a Scripture for that. I just believed that they were God's chosen—that I should be privileged to be in their company and in a position to help them, as they put it.

GOLSON: The shepherd thing really got you, didn't it?

HAHN: That thing stayed with me: "When

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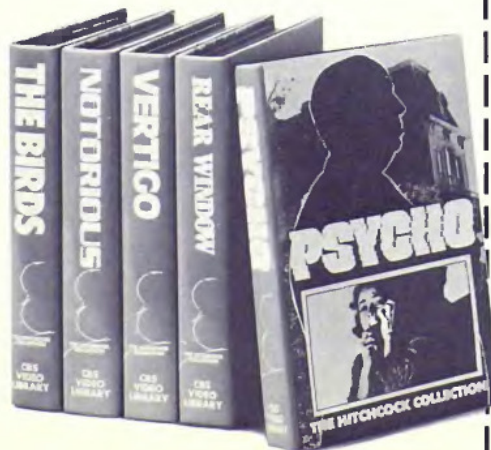
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you help the shepherd, you are helping the sheep." And they had a lot of sheep. That's what I'd been trained to fear the most, that's what went deepest—hurting other people.

GOLSON: So it wasn't just a line that Fletcher and Bakker used. This was something calculated.

HAHN: Right. They knew that I love God with a passion. I didn't walk around, like some people do, always preaching to everybody. It was within, and this was what brought me most of my happiness. And they knew that. I was sincere in my love for God. I had nothing to gain. I wasn't on television. I didn't have to attract people with my love of God. It was personal, and I wasn't in the limelight. All I could think of at a certain point was that they chose to trust me.

SCHEER: Yet I've always heard it said that being born again, or a fundamentalist, meant that you developed a personal relationship with God. And, as a result, if a

minister was corrupt or betrayed you, you could criticize him.

HAHN: I was 21 years old. I wasn't thinking technical.

SCHEER: Isn't that a flip answer?

HAHN: All right. You *are* supposed to be on your own and make decisions. But, as I told you, I always wanted to look up to somebody who would direct me and guide me. I like guidance. And I chose these people. Whatever they said went. I mean, God couldn't come down and say, "Jessica, I want you to do this, this and this." So I depended on *them* to tell me.

GOLSON: The media, ourselves included, have had a field day with this, calling it a "tryst," even "adultery."

HAHN: Adultery, yeah. You know, if I really wanted to cause problems, I could have. But I never said it was a crime and I never called it rape, because I didn't want to go through it again. I don't want to have to see these people. I don't want to have to live with this.

[*Suddenly, angrily*] I know what happens, how it gets used. Jerry Falwell is up there talking about PTL's financial problems. Let Jerry Falwell's wife lie on the floor and see if *he* is worried about the financial problems. Let's see if he holds a press conference every five minutes! Those men knew what they did to me. They knew they tore me open and violated me. They knew I was sick and did nothing about it. They knew I was bleeding and did nothing about it. Did nothing!

They just laughed about it. They bragged about it on television. They did things that people are in jail 15 and 20 years for—at least! And they walk away—without any scars, without facing the public. Because the public always looks down on a woman.

As far as I'm concerned, there was a crime. But to legally prove it? I don't know if I have the strength. I am not the same person. I have learned a lot; I have come through a lot. I'm angry.

You know, I can forgive a lot. I have gone through everything alone. I have helped myself—to a point. And if I was not angry, it would not be normal. I have tried all over again to appreciate people and beauty and everything else, because everything disgusted me. And it took years of trying to rebuild what I think of my body and myself.

There are people who want to protect Jim Bakker and his empire. But they don't want to know what it was like for me. I'm telling you, I would have walked to the balcony and jumped off if one more man had touched me that day.

For seven years, the church—think about it, the church—has told me, "Jessica, you just shut up and do your thing and God will bless you." I've been told that a trillion times. "Just be quiet, Jessica. God will bless you for it." I don't need to be patronized. I've been hurt. If I told them, "Just shut up—*my* problems are more important. God will bless *you*," they'd raise hell.

I'm supposed to be quiet and I'm tired of being quiet. And it's the last time I'm ever going to be quiet, because I'm fed up! Those preachers used me, and they have not stopped. I was raped—I'll say it—and for seven years, I have been abused.

SCHEER: You're not just talking about the men in the hotel room.

HAHN: That's right. It's Jim Bakker and John Fletcher, but it's also Jerry Falwell and [TV evangelist] John Ankerberg. I think they are—pigs!

SCHEER: Why?

HAHN: Because *all* of them have violated somebody and are proud of it and act as if they belong to a billionaire boys' club. Laws unto themselves!

You know, Jim Bakker and Tammy walked around and wavered. They were bigger celebrities than ever. It was like they did something great.

But Bakker is not a *man*. He hasn't grown up. He is in another world. If



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that man walked around Manhattan, he wouldn't make it half a block.

Bakker had the potential to be something good and great and he screwed it up. Jim Bakker and John Fletcher, both of them thought they were so good that no one would dare come against them. No one would dare talk out, because it was Jim Bakker, the head of *The PTL Club*, who has billions of dollars, and everyone who wants something goes to Jim Bakker. Their own television show, they go to Jim Bakker. Get on the satellite, they go to Jim Bakker.

And Jim Bakker thought he was above it. That he could get a woman and just take her and do as he pleased and walk away and just say, "Well, you know, take it easy. You'll appreciate this later." The man is so full of it! He is the worst human being; he is no gentleman. His wife stands by him and he doesn't have the guts to come out and talk on his own without his wife—who was not even there in the room, who knows nothing about what happened. And she says, "Oh, Jim didn't do that. It was just 15 minutes." She *does not* know what happened. *I* know. *I* was there. *I* lived it. And *I* am *still* living it.

I think Jim Bakker did what he did because he thought he was above it, he thought I would shut up. He thought that nobody would find out; that everybody would protect him.

Now Bakker's bodyguards are talking about him; his best friends are talking about him. Everybody who was ever close to him is talking about him. Everyone is calling him a homosexual and who knows what else. These are the people he thought would never cross him because he is Jim Bakker. He pays the salaries. He thought that he was an emperor who could do no wrong.

GOLSON: Why do other people put up with that?

HAHN: How it happens is that you listen to these people and, slowly but surely, they get you. They grab. Look what the Bakkers did when they went on [Ted] Koppel's show [ABC-TV's *Nightline*]. Here is a man I like, who should have been able to handle them. He even started out fighting. But by the end of the show, they were downright cute. Didn't anyone else notice? They were allowed to say in their chipmunk voices, "Jesus loves you, he really does." Ted, who's probably the toughest there is, just gave them the show.

GOLSON: Why do you think that happened?

HAHN: Because they're professionals. I should know. I used to watch Jim Bakker every morning of my life, with breakfast. They sit down and they talk to you and they end up drawing you in. You almost want to be a part of them, join their family. You get so you think *they* can't do anything wrong.

GOLSON: There's been almost a backlash of

sympathy for the Bakkers, with all their trials.

HAHN: Right, people wanting to bring Bakker back, worrying about him. People concerned about what Jim and Tammy are doing today. Tammy had to go to the K mart to buy hair spray. That's on the news! I didn't have enough food in my refrigerator and everyone talked about Tammy in her Mercedes. Or what Jerry Falwell says at his latest press conference.

Jerry Falwell's no better than anyone else. He lies like the rest of them. The man told me he would do all kinds of things to help me get through this. He said he'd heard that Jessica Hahn was *raped* and she'd been injured for life. He got me to tell him something about what had happened, then said, "I want you to fly down to Lynchburg; I'll get my assistant, Mark, to fly out and meet you and take care of you." But he never did call. He never did it, because he got what he wanted—to go on Koppel that night and say, "Jessica Hahn called me this morning. We had our first conversation ever. She did say that what I said about the relationship between Jim Bakker and herself was identical as it, in fact, did happen."

GOLSON: Why was that important?

HAHN: Because he was taking over Bakker's empire.

Jerry Falwell wanted me on his side and he needed me. He had to use me. But once he said that on Koppel, I never heard from the man. I was used by him and the other TV ministers to throw punches at Bakker—to bring out the dirt.

Let me tell you a little story about Jerry Falwell. When all of this broke last March 19, Jim Bakker confirmed that an incident had occurred. He blamed former colleagues. He said they had wickedly manipulated him. One week later, he made the statement everyone heard, that the woman "knew all the tricks of the trade." I couldn't stand all the attention the story was getting, so I called Jerry Falwell through Paul Roper. I said to Paul Roper, "Paul, let's end this. You know it's bad and it's going to get worse." I knew what was coming with Jim Bakker—I had heard some of the other stories about him and I knew what was going to come out. And I wanted to end it, because I love the people and I felt bad for the people involved and did not want them to go through this whole hell with us. All of this could have been handled behind closed doors.

Now, this was when our pictures were on the front page every day and I couldn't get out of the house. So I was going to sneak out of my house at three in the morning and go to an airport. We had a private plane all ready, OK? A jet. And we were going to meet Jim Bakker in Charlotte.

My plan was to fly in there, go on TV—Jim Bakker and I—and even though this would have probably killed me, I was

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willing to do it. Just to stop the circus, all this fighting on television. We could have ended it; we had a chance. I said, "Let's get Jim Bakker and myself on TV and say, 'Look, there was a mistake made. We're going to get through this. We want you to go on with your lives. We want this ministry to keep going.'"

GOLSON: And how did you imagine it? Were you going to go on television holding hands, as Jim and Tammy did on *The PTL Club*?

HAHN: No, we weren't going to hold hands, but we were going to sit down like a Johnny Carson type of interview; we would both be in chairs, probably next to each other, and there would be the mediator—probably Falwell. I wanted it to be Falwell.

SCHEER: But this was before you concluded that Falwell was trying to take over Bakker's church.

HAHN: Right, exactly my point. But Falwell is saying publicly, and to Bakker, how much compassion he has for them. So at this point, we have the jet and the pilot all ready. We made these arrangements. I got a blonde wig, and my bags were packed and I was just waiting for the word.

GOLSON: Who had gotten in touch with Bakker?

HAHN: That's the story. I called this minister I knew and he got in touch with Jim Bakker. First thing Bakker says to this man is he'll call back. He has to think

about it. I said, "Fine, but we just need to get this over before it goes on." It was getting bigger and hotter and bad and ugly.

SCHEER: Were you going to claim that what had happened in the hotel never happened?

HAHN: No, it definitely happened and we were going to say it happened. Jim Bakker already admitted that.

SCHEER: But the idea of going on a TV stage—

HAHN: It would have been the hardest thing in the world for me, but I was willing to do it. I wanted to show the media people that if *we* didn't care, why should everyone else? If we got on and said, "We don't care one way or the other," the ministry could go on. And then the press would calm down, be less interested.

First thing, Falwell responded to Paul Roper. I was told his message was, "No! I don't want you to go down there; Jim Bakker is not worth forgiving. His people have put up signs and banners saying, FORGIVEN [at Heritage USA]. I am having them torn down tomorrow. If you go, you are going to be making a big mistake."

That's what Jerry Falwell's message to me was through Paul Roper: "Don't go," he said, "because Jim Bakker should not be forgiven!"

Then Jim Bakker gets back to us and says, "I will not go on unless Jessica says it did not happen." Here I was, the victim,

and I was willing to settle it, make it go away. I always wanted to settle this behind closed doors. "What you do in secret, God will bless openly." I didn't give a damn about money or publicity. But no one else wanted it to go away. This thing with me was the best thing that ever happened to Falwell and Jimmy Swaggart and their take-over wars.

Jerry Falwell saw that he could keep Bakker down permanently at the same time that he was saying, "We love Jim and Tammy; we want Jim and Tammy back." These people, these men, all get together—the Ankerbergs and the Falwells and the Swaggarts—they all get together and they sit and they talk. But they don't talk Gospel—they talk about how they are going to straighten the whole world out.

Now, you know I'm no fan of Jim Bakker, but Jim Bakker has also been screwed. I believe Jerry Falwell just outright screwed him. It's as simple as that. I feel sure Jerry Falwell made a deal with him and then claimed he never made a deal with him. I know that. And if you ask Jerry Falwell that, he'll get on TV and he'll talk all the way around that thing. He'll talk 15 miles around a question and never answer it.

GOLSON: You sound as if you're more hostile to him than you are to Bakker.

HAHN: I'm hostile to Bakker, believe me. I'm on Jerry right now.

GOLSON: Do you think he was always after the PTL?

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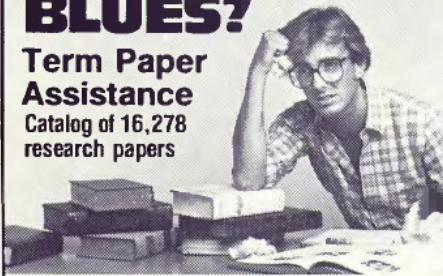
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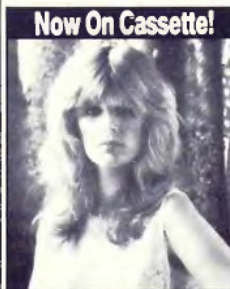
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HAHN: Right. The PTL was no small thing. It has the satellites and the stations and all the things Falwell has taken advantage of for his own ministry. He's using the PTL. Like I said, God is God, and people have their own way of worshiping. But Falwell has taken complete advantage of this. He knew how down I was. I wanted so badly to talk to somebody, I believed he would be there. It was the day he was going to go on Koppel, and I knew he wanted me to take his side.

SCHEER: To attack Bakker?
HAHN: Yes, and the reason that call was so important to me was because I was... I was breaking. I'd had it. There was no one. I couldn't go to my family, 'cause they just didn't understand.

So I was alone, handling all this craziness from inside my tiny little apartment, without any advice. The reporters were at me 24 hours a day, and I am not the kind of girl that says every day, "I'm going to jump out of a window." But that day, I was so depressed, thinking I would never be able to go outside again, you know?

SCHEER: Falwell finally returned your call?
HAHN: Yes. And that's when he began to talk to me about flying down to Lynchburg—but pressing me first to go on *Nightline*.

SCHEER: To say what?
HAHN: To say, "Yes, Jerry, everything you said is true." But I did not want to do it. He goes, "Well, I think you should. I'll arrange this and that. I'll call Ted Koppel myself for you."

Meanwhile, I had talked to Ted Koppel that day for an hour. I didn't need Jerry Falwell to make the connection. I mean, Koppel and I were like buddies—we were talking all the time.

SCHEER: Koppel was also trying to get you on *Nightline*?

HAHN: No. I actually confided in Koppel more than I confided in anybody at that time. In fact, he advised me to just make my own decision. He didn't press me once. Not once. He said, "Jessica, I don't even know if it's good for you to come on tonight." And he wasn't using reverse psychology or anything. He said, "You know you're welcome; the ratings would go through the ceiling. But think about it." He helped me see things without falling apart. I was at a breaking point that day. It was a miracle I had him on the phone, it really was.

SCHEER: He suggested some disadvantages to your going on?

HAHN: Yeah, he did. And I said to him that these people had a lot more television time than I ever had. Falwell, Bakker—they're professionals on TV. How many hours of television time have they had, and how many hours have I had? It's not the same, and that matters a lot. I just wasn't ready. And Falwell was pushing and pushing.

Yet when I said no, Falwell used me anyway.

GOLSON: OK, let's wind down.



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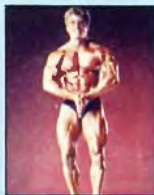
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HAHN: No, wait. Let me go on a bit longer. For seven years, I had a battle with "Should I let this thing get to me? Should I fight it?" And my whole life has been caught up by it, and all these preachers have had a ball with it. Well, I've just realized, just now, that that day seven years ago was a day when two men stole my life and made me a slave to them emotionally.

GOLSON: "Stole my life." What do you mean?

HAHN: OK. Let's get down. Let's *really* get down to what it's all about.

They took from me what should have been for somebody I loved. They took from me that first experience—that first time when you love somebody and it's everything good. They took from me the chance to ever experience that. They took from me the gift that God gave us—of sharing the ultimate act of love. They stole that from me. I will never in my life get that back. I will never in my life know

what it's like to make love for the first time with a man I love. And no money in the world can pay for that. No money in the world. [Long pause]

SCHEER: You know, at this moment, I just want to say, I don't see how this can run with the pictures you want to do.

GOLSON: Bob's not on salary from *Playboy*; I am. But I agree. We can do this without the pictures.

HAHN: Relax, guys. I know what I'm doing. I want this on the record. I fought a long time to feel like a woman and feel good about myself. And I'm almost there. And I don't see these pictures as being filthy. I see what *they* did as being filthy. I think a woman or man should be looked at as something beautiful. I think that if somebody looks at somebody to admire her, or whatever, there is no crime in that and that's not wrong.

GOLSON: You've been under intense public pressure. How can you be certain this is the right thing to do?

HAHN: This is nothing compared with what I've been through the past seven years of my life. Believe me, this is mild. This is therapy.

GOLSON: Sort of a public therapy, though, isn't it, Jessica? Right out there on the edge?

HAHN: I tried to keep this private. I even took money to keep it private. But everyone, every story, tried to sell off a new piece of me. So I'm dealing with it publicly. Head on. Only I'm at the controls.

GOLSON: And if you make money at it—

HAHN: The critics aren't paying my bills. Really. If you're going to check me out in the newspapers in a bathing suit, you may as well stop with the pretending and take a good look and find out what I'm about. My terms, you know. You want to look? I'll *show* you. [Laughs] And if you don't like it [folds hands sharply]—just close the magazine!

GOLSON: How can people see it as anything but a publicity game?

HAHN: I am not playing a game. I'm saying to myself—and that's who I decided is most important, for the first time—I'm saying, "I am not a slave to these men for the rest of my life." And, to me, that is my step in life. To do this in *Playboy*—which is probably the most ironic, the most far-fetched idea for somebody who is a church secretary—is probably unbelievable to people. But it is a step for me, because why on God's earth should I let Jim and John run the rest of my life—run my mind and run my body—when they tossed it about and couldn't have cared less what they were doing to me?

Isn't it ironic? In the Christian world, when a person is struggling, he can turn to the church and things are OK. I was *in* the church and things got screwed up, and then I did *this* and got OK. It is ironic—the order of things.

GOLSON: And you're not afraid Jim Bakker and his kind will point to your pictures and say, "There—see?"

HAHN: Good, let the man look, let him look and let him point. I'm doing this for Jessica and not Jim Bakker. I refuse to live the rest of my life with that on my mind. I want to say that I did this for me.

To those who understand, no explanation is necessary. To those who don't understand, no explanation is possible.

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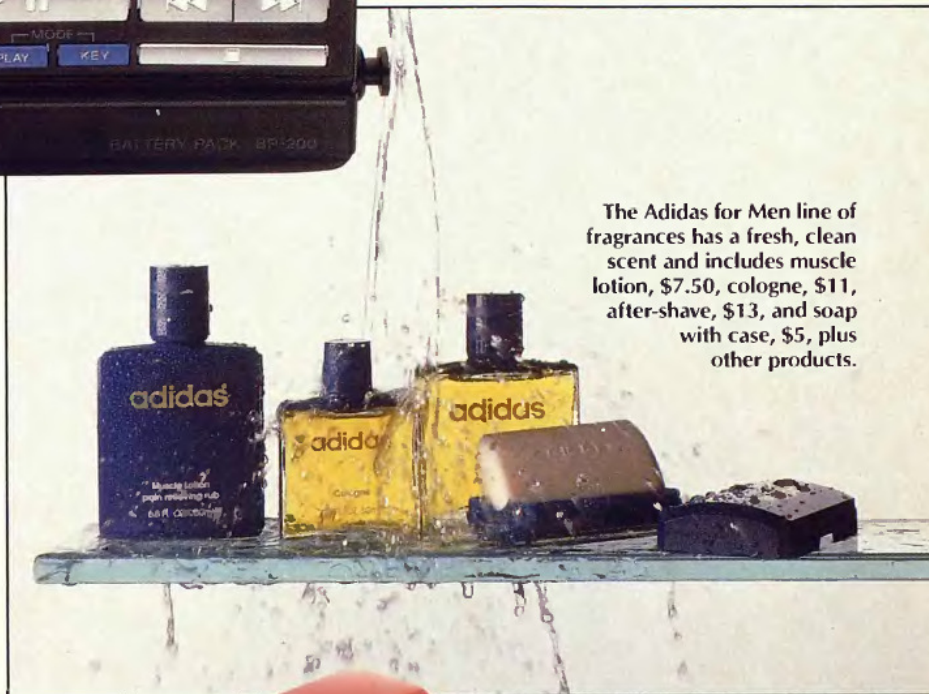


The Krups Espresso Mini espresso/cappuccino maker serves two to four cups of steaming liquid in a carafe or individual cups and offers a "steam only" feature that delivers frothing milk for cappuccino, \$110, including a four-cup carafe, a filter holder and an adapter for serving in cups. The Espresso Mini is also available in white or jazzy red.



Left: The Discman D-77 portable AM/FM compact-disc player measures only 5" x 4 7/8" x 1 1/16", yet it packs an audio punch that's more than equal to that of far larger models. Discman's many features include an Automatic Music Sensor for quickly scanning tracks forward or back and an LCD readout that displays disc-track number and remaining time, by Sony, \$459.95.

It may make you look like an android from another planet, but The Band personal FM radio (below) is meant for use on earth. The design lends itself to most activities and The Band is waterproof and floats, from MarkDesign, Stamford, Connecticut, \$40.



The Adidas for Men line of fragrances has a fresh, clean scent and includes muscle lotion, \$7.50, cologne, \$11, after-shave, \$13, and soap with case, \$5, plus other products.



The Code-A-Phone 1050, in red, is one hot line. This telephone/answering-machine combination features all-microcassette operation, one-touch message playback, beeperless remote access, variable announcement length, voice-activated recording, last-message autostop, ten-number speed dialing, last-number redial and a personal-reminder feature, just in case you forget to pay the phone bill, about \$130.

Back Stroke

We'll take the back of actress JANE FRANCES any time. Moviegoers know Jane from *Night Screams*, and music-video fans remember her from David Lee Roth's *Yankee Rose*. No plain Jane for us.



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Lip Sync

Loose-lipped rocker JOE WALSH's most recent album is *Got Any Gum?* He's been on the road doing some concerts, but his current passion is doing guest-deejay spots around the country. Walsh is having so much fun that he's pursuing the idea of doing a national radio show with call-ins, celebrity guests and snappy patter.



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

All Sass and Flash

This gaggle of rock-'n'-roll Brits is FUZZBOX. The first time they performed, as a favor to a friend, they had never played a lick, together or separately. "We were amazingly awful, but we got an encore," says Magz, one of the Fuzzes. At their second show, a guy came up and asked them if they'd like to make a record, and the rest is history on *We've Got a . . . Fuzzbox . . . and We're Gonna Use It!!* Go to it, girls!

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The Replacements Hang Out

Live from Minneapolis, **THE REPLACEMENTS** are currently on tour. Or you can pick up their latest album, *Pleased to Meet Me*, and boogie at home. These guys are rowdy and rebellious and, well, irreplaceable.

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Help Me, Rhonda

Actress **RHONDA SUE RAYFORD** gets physical with **DOUG STARR**, a.k.a. Dr. Starr (his group? The M.D.s, of course). Rhonda's credits include *Grandview, U.S.A.* and a beauty-care video. Look for the Doc on MTV in *Passion Fix*.



A Chair Is Just a Chair. . . .

Until actress/model **CAROLE ANNE** sits down. Then it takes on a whole new dimension. Carole Anne made her screen debut in the Monty Python film *The Meaning of Life*. We think she knows a lot about the meaning of life.

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COMING NEXT: THE GALA CHRISTMAS AND 34TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUES



GITTE



CURSE



YOSSARIAN



STARS

"JESSICA'S STORY: THE COVER-UP"—MORE SHOCKING REVELATIONS FROM THE FORMER CHURCH SECRETARY VICTIMIZED BY **JIM BAKKER**

"YOSSARIAN SURVIVES"—IN A RECENTLY DISCOVERED FRAGMENT OF *CATCH-22*, OUR HERO LEARNS HOW TO GET OUT OF CALISTHENICS AT LOWRY FIELD—BY **JOSEPH HELLER**

"WHY SPY?"—A SPIRITED DEFENSE OF THE CRAFT OF ESPIONAGE, BY A MAN WHO SHOULD KNOW, **WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.**

"DUELING SIXTIES"—TWO FORMER *RAMPARTS* EDITORS, **PETER COLLIER** AND **DAVID HOROWITZ**, FIND THAT DAZZLING DECADE AT THE ROOT OF MANY OF THE EIGHTIES' EVILS. AGING *ENFANT TERRIBLE* **HARLAN ELLISON**, HOWEVER, BEGS TO DIFFER

GORE VIDAL, AUTHOR OF *EMPIRE*, SKEWERS EVERYBODY FROM **JIM B.** TO **JACKIE O.**, SUGGESTS SHUCKING THE CONSTITUTION AND EXPLAINS HOW **GARY HART** SCREWED UP IN AN ACERBIC **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

"GITTE THE GREAT"—THE LATEST LOOK AT **BRIGITTE NIELSEN**, WHO ALSO TELLS THE *REAL* STORY OF HER BREAKUP WITH **SLY STALLONE**

"QUARTERLY REPORTS: WHAT THE K.G.B. TAUGHT ME ABOUT MONEY"—IS THIS WHAT BEING IN THE RED MEANS? THE REAL SCOOP FROM **ANDREW TOBIAS**

"THE LAUREL AND HARDY LOVE AFFAIR"—SHE WAS STAN, HE WAS OLLIE AND *THE MUSIC BOX*'S 150 STEPS MEANT THE WORLD TO THEM. A BITTERSWEET ROMANCE—BY **RAY BRADBURY**

PLUS: A PROFILE OF ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST ACTORS, **DENNIS QUAID**; **"THE CURSE,"** A HAUNTING STORY ABOUT A BARTENDER'S MEMORIES, BY **ANDRE DUBUS**; **"CHANNEL-HOPPING,"** THE LATEST CALIFORNIA TRIP, BY **JERRY STAHL**; NEW FICTION FROM **ED MCBAIN**; **"SEX STARS OF 1987,"** BY **JIM HARWOOD**; AN EXAMINATION OF HOW AIDS AFFECTS ROMANCE, BY BACHELOR/AUTHOR/PHYSICIAN **MICHAEL CRICHTON**; **"THE RETURN OF THE MINISKIRT"**—FASHION HAS SMILED ON US ONCE AGAIN, GENTLEMEN. A TRIBUTE TO A LONGER (MUCH LONGER) LOOK AT LEGS; TERRIFIC NEW PHOTOS OF EVERYONE'S FAVORITE GIRL GRAD, **BROOKE SHIELDS**; **LITTLE ANNIE FANNY**; **GAHAN WILSON**; AND MORE FOR YOUR HOLIDAY ENJOYMENT



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0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.