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PLAYBILL

IT'S HARD to be a fan of Columbia University's football team. As the Penn States and the Floridas of this world were chasing bowl bids, the Lions pursued the only record within their grasp—that for consecutive losses. In that quest they were unflinchingly cheered by **PLAYBOY** Contributing Editor and 1963 Columbia graduate **D. Keith Mano**, who in one stretch attended 145 consecutive Columbia games. In this issue, Mano—author of seven novels—contributes his first piece of **PLAYBOY** fiction, *The Last Route*, illustrated by **Karl Wirsum**. It's the story of an aging receiver who grabs a piece of glory in his final game; we're glad Mano has finally discovered a way to enjoy winning football.

A more dangerous legacy of failure in college athletics provides the focus of our major nonfiction package this month. As the saga of the late University of Maryland basketball star **Len Bias** makes its sad procession from basketball court to court of law, testimony on the unsavory mix of high-scoring athletes and high-test dope has exposed a major sports scandal. **Robert Sabbag**, author of *Snowblind: A Brief Career in the Cocaine Trade*, hands down a few indictments of his own in a blistering assessment of *Cocaine in College Basketball*.

Any discussion of drugs and sports inevitably turns to the ethics of drug testing. To consider this issue we've called on an all-star line-up of basketball coaches—polled in *The View from Courtside*, by *Washington Post* columnist **Thomas Boswell**—most of whom favor mandatory drug testing; then **P. J. O'Rourke**, in *Illegal Procedure?*, blows the whistle on this most personal of fouls by citing a rulebook called the U.S. Constitution.

Later this year, that document will celebrate its 200th birthday, an event that may well be followed by the collapse of the American economy if **Paul Erdman's** crystal ball is functioning properly. But in *Don't Panic*, illustrated by **Terry Widener**, Erdman offers advice on ducking the bad times he sees ahead.

If your idea of ducking the bad climes ahead is to split for the Caribbean at the first sign of snow, Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen** has contrary advice: Meet the beast head on. In *Call of the Wild*, he straps on cross-country skis to glide through the back country of the West. When you book your plane reservations for the wilderness, pay heed to **Jane Costello** and **John Holland's Flight Pay**, tips on getting maximum mileage from frequent-flier plans.

High-mileage adventure of a different kind can be found in our other fiction offering, *Intermission*, written by **Robert Coover** and illustrated by **Arnold Roth**. As the story opens, our buxom, horny but most of all *hungry* heroine steps out to a movie-theater lobby to pick up a snack, only to be whisked away on an adventure that would make Indiana Jones blanch.

Of course, Indy is a high-blood-pressure type compared with this month's iceman interviewee, **Mickey Rourke**, the guy who cracked the whip on **Kim Basinger** in last year's controversial film *9½ Weeks*. **Jerry Stahl** tracked him down. Also answering questions—20 of them—is **Ed Begley, Jr.**, *St. Elsewhere's* Dr. Victor "You're a pig!" Ehrlich, interviewed by **Bill Zehme**.

But enough analysis of this month's prose; on with the poses. If you've missed Alaska since our February 1986 salute to the women of the tundra, check out Miss February 1987, **Julie Peterson**, who, you'll remember, warned us during that first arctic campaign. For those interested in learning the Family business, **Pompeo Posar's** pictorial on author **Antoinette Giancana**—a.k.a. the *Mafia Princess*—should be captivating. A dynastic darling of another kind is **Stephanie Beacham**, Brit bitch of TV's *Dynasty II: The Colbys*, who posed before the cameras of **Doug Kirkland** and **Patrick Lichfield** long before her break on American telly. And once bitten by **Phillip Dixon's** photographs of Danish beauty **Bitten Knudsen**, you may find yourself howling at the moon. Long winter nights get us all a bit worked up. That must be why they invented Valentine's Day, and the February **PLAYBOY**, for a beautiful break from the midwinter gloom. Enjoy.



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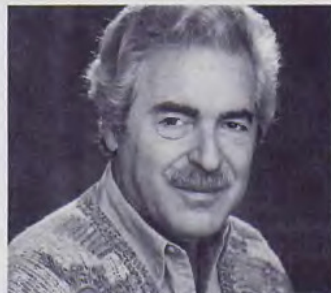
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vol. 34, no. 2—february 1987

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COVER STORY

The lady playing Rabbit peekaboo is New York fashion model Joanne Russell, photographed by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Joanne's make-up is by Yolanda, her hair by John Victor, her earrings by Ugo Carreani and her gloves by Naomi Misle. The combined effect was zipped up by stylist Lee Ann Perry and produced by Associate Photography Editor Michael Ann Sullivan. Note that, unlike the White Rabbit, our hare is on time.



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CHRISTIE ON CENSORSHIP

I have had the opportunity to watch a video of Christie Hefner's address to the National Press Club in Washington, D.C., and I would like to say that it is absolutely the best discussion of censorship and freedom of the press that I have yet heard. I think it would be advisable for you to condense this speech to a half hour and show it in areas where the National Federation for Decency has exploited the Meese commission.

It is unfortunate that not everyone in this country has an opportunity to hear and see Hefner's presentation, because I believe that it could help people better understand that the issue is not "pornography," as the Meese commission calls it, but, rather, whether we will preserve one of the great American freedoms—freedom of the press.

Charles Nirenberg
Chairman of the Board and
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For some of Hefner's remarks, see "Christie Speaks Out" in this month's "Playboy Forum."

CAN WE TALK ABOUT JOAN?

Nancy Collins' *Playboy Interview* with Joan Rivers (November) captures the essence of this nation's leading comedienne, a woman who has been a driving force in comedy for the past two decades. Move over, Carson, because . . . "Heere's Joanie."

William B. Boyce
Poultney, Vermont

Is she outrageous? The Joan Rivers interview in your November issue is a scream! The lady is genuine and probably the most outstanding female comic of our time. Many thanks for a brilliant interview!

Harold Lee Allgeier
Eric, Pennsylvania

Joan Rivers says that she "adored" Ron and Nancy Reagan but that she's suddenly frightened by the conservative and repressive direction this country is taking. What took her so long? These repressive changes have been the hallmark of the Reagan Presidency since its very beginning! What good is it to be dazzled by the style of a charismatic politician when you suddenly realize that you can now be arrested in the privacy of your own bedroom?

Dan J. Curtis
Los Angeles, California

Joan Rivers says, "I'm apolitical—until something gets me angry. My first question is always, 'How does it affect Israel?' When they were doing the benefit for the homeless, Comic Relief, Rodney Dangerfield had one of the funniest lines. They called Rodney to be on the show and he said, 'Fuck the homeless. What have they done for Israel?' [*Laughs*]."

This may be humor to Rivers and Dangerfield, but the mentality it demonstrates makes the uproar over less cruel or biased remarks by former Interior Secretary James Watt and Jesse Jackson (remember "Hymietown"?) pale by comparison.

Charles O. Wey
Arlington, Virginia

VETTER KEEPS GETTING BETTER

Climbers (PLAYBOY, November) is Craig Vetter at his best, like good, clean, textured granite. He describes so well what lots of us rock-climbers feel.

You've got half a dozen writers who do the urban—and the urbane—and do it well. Keep Vetter on the hard, wild fringe. He understands it, inside and out.

Eric Strahl
Prescott, Arizona

KANSAN KICKS

The *Ordinary People* who rent X-rated videos, about whom Susan Squire writes (PLAYBOY, November), could very easily be my husband and I, even though we are

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from a very small town in Kansas. (Yes, even Kansans know what it's all about.) We've been married 11 years and have two small boys. I'm usually the one who picks out the videos, since my husband works all day and I'm a housewife. Once a week, I go to our favorite video store, grab a Disney movie for the kids and an adult movie for us older kids. I don't think anyone looks twice. I don't care, anyway, because it's what we enjoy, and I haven't turned into a perverted 32-year-old yet!

Kathy Gregg
Nickerson, Kansas

A HEAD OF THE SKIN GAME

Nance Mitchell's article *Winning the Skin Game* (PLAYBOY, November) is excellent. She mentions products on skin care for the face, but what about skin-care products for bald heads? I am 71 years old and take good care of my bald head, just as I do the rest of my body.

Bald is beautiful and bald is sexy. I get compliments from both men and women on my chrome dome. Why not show photos of older bald men? My wife thinks it's a good idea, too.

By the way, we both enjoy your magazine as much now as we did in our younger years.

Julius Schulman
San Antonio, Texas

DO DE DUDE, DOO-WAA

Mel Green's article *Dudes* (PLAYBOY, November) is as cool as his subject matter. However, he omits the following essential dude don'ts:

- Dudes don't do aerobics, ever.
- Dudes don't wear galoshes.
- Dudes don't list John Ritter as their favorite actor.
- Dudes don't buy albums by Howard Jones or O.M.D.
- Dudes don't join Rotary clubs.
- Dudes don't give money to Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker.
- Dudes don't eat with chopsticks; they clean their ears with them.
- Dudes don't list Edwin Meese as their favorite politician.

Jamie McSkimming
Pickering, Ontario

SEEING ISN'T NECESSARILY BELIEVING

In the *Grapevine* section of your November issue, there is a picture from the Amnesty International concert that identifies the man standing next to Sting as Peter Gabriel. If I am not mistaken, it is actually Bryan Adams.

Fred Svekric
Cleveland, Ohio

You're not mistaken. We apologize to Adams, one of our favorite performers, for the misidentification.

PRIMA DONNA

Miss November, Donna Edmondson (*Sold On Donna*, PLAYBOY, November), looks fantastic! She's my choice for Playmate of the Year. You quote her as saying, "I'm available." Is she accepting applications? Where do I apply?

L. Ramsey
Vancouver, Washington

I had never thought that religious, virginal women would allow themselves to be photographed nude, as did the November Playmate, Donna Edmondson. If there is a chance that I may meet a woman like Donna, I guess I'll have to start attending Sunday services again!

Randall J. Rund
Prairie Village, Kansas

Donna Edmondson is evidence that you can be a Christian yet still have fun. She's to be commended for staying pure, as she claims, in this society. (Many's the time I wish I still were.)

Michael Rickard
Redlands, California

As a primary-care provider in the Federal Public Health Service and a long-time subscriber to your magazine, I feel that you may have been remiss in failing to place a warning label on the cover of your November issue. The

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
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presence of Playmate Donna Edmondson could place some individuals with cardiac conditions at considerable health risk.

Lt. Cmdr. Michael Seybold, R.Ph.
Weatherford, Oklahoma

The cadets of the Fourth Squadron at the U.S. Air Force Academy would like to invite Donna Edmondson to visit our institution, and we extend to her an offer to go skiing or to take in an Air Force football game any time she would like to come. She's the kind of lady most of us dream of. How about another look?

Matthew J. Dickerson, C2C, U.S.A.F.
Christopher J. Kubick, C2C, U.S.A.F.

U.S. Air Force Academy
Colorado Springs, Colorado

OK, Matt and Chris, here's another look. But let us give you guys some brotherly



advice. If you really want to get to know a girl on your first date, it's best not to take

along all the guys in the squadron. That tends to cut down on meaningful interaction.

DEVIN RATES 11 (ON A TEN-POINT SCALE)

I was overwhelmed when I laid eyes on Devin De Vasquez on the cover of the November issue—not to mention the photos of her fabulously luscious body inside the magazine (*Revin' Devin*). The photos show all of her glamor. I fell in love with her at first sight. A real knockout.

Charles Denni
Comstock, New York

I was reading the text of the Devin De Vasquez pictorial in the November *PLAYBOY* (force of habit; when you write for a game show, you read *everything* you get your hands on), and I found a mistake. *Star Search* is a good show, but it isn't number two in syndication. *Jeopardy!* is. (October Nielsen ratings are enclosed for your reference.) *Star Search* is number nine.

Carlo Panno
Writer-Researcher, *Jeopardy!*
Merv Griffin Enterprises
Hollywood, California

Thanks for the latest research. "Star Search" was, indeed, number nine in October.

A LETTER TO OUR READERS

Many of you send us letters or packages, then wonder why you never see them acknowledged in "Dear Playboy." Here are some bits of advice we hope you'll remember:

1. Sign your full name and include your address. We don't publish anonymous letters or letters signed merely with initials.

2. Don't send subscription renewals to "Dear Playboy." Send them to *PLAYBOY*, P.O. Box 55206, Boulder, Colorado 80321-5206.

3. If you want to propose yourself or a female friend for Playmate, send the photo to Playmate Editor, Photography Department.

4. While we appreciate the humor of your baby perched on a toilet or in a bathtub reading *PLAYBOY*, we regretfully are unlikely to publish such pictures. The same goes for those inventive snapshots of vegetables—or, egad, the vegetables themselves—shaped like various parts of the human anatomy. Please save such memorabilia for the family album.

As always, of course, thanks for your continuing support.



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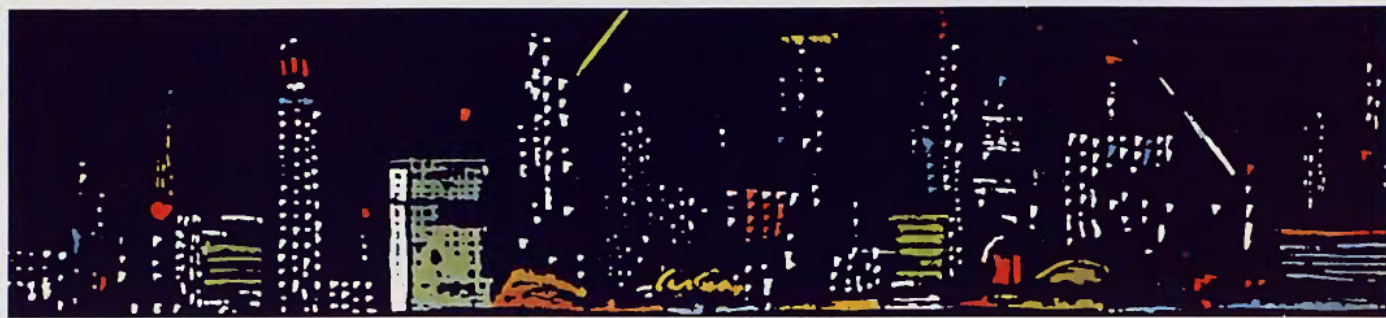
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



DR. COUCH POTATO

Is nothing sacred? MTV—the recent savior of the record industry, the fashion trendsetter, the largest single source of surrealism since Salvador Dali—is in trouble. Its ratings are dwindling. What's gone wrong? Since MTV execs don't seem to know or are unavailable for comment—MTV president Bob Pittman has left the channel—we asked Peter Lehman, a 42-year-old University of Arizona professor who watches a lot of MTV. He has to—he teaches one of the country's first and possibly last college course devoted to MTV.

Professor Lehman blames blandness: "The potential of MTV is being lost because it has been forced to be as innocuous as possible. It has become less experimental and has lost its sense of rock camaraderie that this is *our* music."

So how would Lehman fix it? More hard rock, more innovative music, more adventurousness. "Even if MTV has a temporary setback, I don't think it will go down the tubes. In any case," said the videophile, "some of my students are turning out their own music videos, and you don't need MTV for that. So I'll still be teaching videos."

Thanks a lot, Professor Lehman.

SEX TIPS FOR NOW PEOPLE

Note to comedian Sam "Louder than Hell" Kinison, who ended his last HBO show with a plea from all men to all women, "Tell us what you want and we'll do it": Shave her legs, Sam. See what happens. It's smooth. It's cool. And, according to some ad guys we know, leg shaving is what women really want. Next question.

FOREVER ELVIS

We're always confused by Declan MacManus and his unending identity crisis. He made his name as Elvis Costello, then legally changed it back to Declan MacManus but in 1986 toured as Elvis Costello, credited his songs to MacManus and m.c.ed his shows as greasy game-show host Napoleon Dynamite. We asked

Steve Nieve, longtime keyboard player for what's-his-name, what he called his boss. "Elvis," he shot back. "Whether he likes it or not—that's his name."

THE MAN WHO ATE NEW YORK

What do you do if someone is eating your garden? If you're New York City, you nab him and then you hire him. Botanist Steve "Wildman" Brill was arrested by Central Park law-enforcement officers for conducting walking tours of the park, showing urbanites which plants are edible and stopping occasionally to munch. He was charged with "criminal mischief" for want of a more specific law against grazing. Ultimately, the Parks and Recreation Department dropped all charges and hired Brill to conduct the tours under department guidelines. Once again, justice breaks down and another dangerous vegetarian runs amuck.

EASY READER

Most of the hot new novel-length comic books have been pretty serious—you



could write term papers about them. Now Comico is publishing a graphic novel that isn't serious at all. *The World of Ginger Fox* features sex, fashion and kung-fu as the titular young-woman exec saves a foundering Hollywood studio. It's silly and fun and totally unfit to be a term-paper topic.

COLA UPDATE

Regular readers will remember that last spring, we reported on the efficacy of various colas as spermicides. That time around, Classic Coke appeared to be the supreme sperm basher. Now comes Jolt—the new cola that boasts superhigh dosages of both caffeine and sugar. We wondered how it affected sperm, so we asked Vanderbilt University reproductive biologist Jane Rogers to investigate. She found that Jolt performed badly. It killed only half the sperm—in contrast to Diet Coke's 95 percent—and, in fact, seemed to energize the surviving sperm. We don't recommend any cola as a douche, since long-range efficacy has not been established. However, the efficacy of commercial spermicides *has* been documented, and we do recommend their use—but not as beverages.

WE STAND BY OUR SOURCES, JUST THE SAME

The *Chicago Sun-Times* ran this correction: "An article in yesterday's *Sun-Times* incorrectly reported that the DePaul University student newspaper headlined a story about the killing of a student on campus on the eve of weekend visits by three prominent basketball recruits. There was no killing and the student newspaper did not have such a headline."

Except for these minor details, we assume the rest of the story was accurate.

LONELY-HEARTS NEWS

A new lifestyle publication recently crossed our desk—the *Separation/Divorce Newsletter*, a six-page bimonthly covering all aspects of breaking up, including tips on selecting a lawyer, dealing with friends

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

Percentage of doctors who have ever used mood-altering drugs: 59. Of medical students: 77. Of doctors who have used such drugs in the past year: 33. Of medical students: 44.

Average salary of a National Hockey League player: \$140,000. Salary of Minnesota North Star Frantisek Musil before he defected from Czechoslovakia: \$18 a game—if his team won. Current salary: an estimated \$120,000 per year—that's \$1500 per game, win or lose.

Percentage of black executives who believe their companies patronize them: 41.

Percentage of the household chores shared by Israeli men who are employed: 36. By those who are unemployed: 36.

Number of convenience stores in New York State: one per 6389 households. In Oklahoma: one per 985 households.

Percentage of death certificates that incorrectly list cause of death: 29.

Number of existing machines that can read computer tape from the 1960 U.S. census: two. One of them is in Japan.

Number of people under the age of 15 who were arrested in 1983: 564,983. Over the age of 55: 375,271.

Amount of flavor enhancers needed to produce "acceptable taste" in chicken hot dogs: 78 parts per 1,000,000. In all-beef hot dogs: zero.

Number of students enrolled in U.S. law schools: 118,700.

Number of seminarians studying for the priesthood: 11,028.



Number of Mercedes-Benzes in the United States in 1986: more than 900,000.

Amount of beer Americans drink every hour: 6,991,000 12-ounce bottles.

Largest medical-malpractice verdict on record: \$29,220,000, for failure to diagnose meningitis.

Portion of the world's attorneys who are American: two thirds.

Percentage of unemployed workers in the U.S. who collected unemployment compensation in September 1986: 29. In May 1975: 67.

Portion of the work force that doesn't work from nine to five: men, 26 percent; women, 18 percent.

Commonly noted effects of working nonstandard shifts: increased job stress, drinking and social dysfunction.

Percentage of school administrators who think that "casual attire" causes discipline problems: 77.

Number of Communist Party members in Jamaica: 50. In New Zealand: 50. In the U.S.: 17,500. In China: 40,000,000.

Number of U.S. teenagers between 15 and 19 who will kill themselves this year: 1700.

A few areas in which Nevada is a leader among states: male and female suicides, marriages, cheapest Caesarean-section operation available—29 percent below national average.

Amount of potatoes grown in Poland each year: 36,000,000 tons. Amount of potatoes eaten by an average Pole in a year: 330 pounds.

—TOM YOUNG, PAUL ENGLEMAN and ROBERT WOLF

and family and renewing dating. We think there are other unique lifestyle situations that may deserve their own newsletters if *S.D.N.* is a success. Consider the possibilities: *Affairs Monthly*, *Hermaphrodites' Biweekly* and—well, why not?—*The Daily Double*, for those who often enjoy a *ménage à trois*.

GO WITH THE FLOW

At a New York-area Ozzy Osbourne concert, the photographers' pit was sandbagged with Kitty Litter. Promoters had provided festival seating—no assigned seats—and fans would do almost anything to keep from losing their seats near the stage, even if it meant, uh, powdering their noses in public. *Hits* magazine reports that the Kitty Litter effectively stopped the resulting downhill flow before it reached the stage. We wonder whether Ozzy has considered paper training his fans.

MIXING BUSINESS WITH BUSINESS

When hookers have a convention, do they go out and hire drunken businessmen to go back to their rooms? Not quite. When the International Committee for Prostitutes' Rights met in Brussels, a reporter asked a young delegate, "Who's paying for your room?"

"Maybe you, if you want," answered the delegate. Well, it's one way of shaving those travel expenses.

INQUIRING COMRADES WANT TO KNOW

Two Soviet newspapers reported that the AIDS epidemic was engineered by a United States biological-warfare program, so U.S. Ambassador Arthur Hartman has sent harsh letters of protest to the editors. "I can only conclude," he wrote, "that [the stories] represent nothing more than a blatant and repugnant attempt to sow hatred and fear of Americans among the Soviet population. . . ." Yes, and with that type of journalism, Soviet papers would probably sell real well at American supermarkets.

FAREWELL TO BANANA REPUBLIC?

Jack Hemingway, son of Ernest, has obtained trademark protection for the family name to market Hemingway products. Jack says that Papa's name will most likely be used to sell outdoor clothing. How about a Hemingway men's cologne—combining the essence of sweat, fear, elk musk, French wildflowers and Spanish bullshit?

NOT FOR CRYBABIES

We spotted this ad in *Soldier of Fortune*: "Just like Daddy! Lightweight and durable camouflage designer wear for newborns to age three. A loving gift for the best buddy you'll ever have."

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

HIS FANS, like it or not, will find that Harrison Ford has traveled light-years from *Star Wars* and *Witness* to his role as the obsessed, exasperating hero of *The Mosquito Coast* (Warner). He's Allie Fox, a self-styled visionary and survivalist who moves his wife and four kids to a jungle wilderness because he hates what's happening to America. He's also a dreamer, a tyrant who tolerates no opinions but his own and the mad inventor of an ice machine with which he hopes to hypnotize ignorant savages. Even Fox's family can't stand him, and the audience is invited to identify with their frustration under duress. Helen Mirren, as Mother, and teenaged actor River Phoenix, as the eldest son, are *Coast's* most sympathetic characters. Australian director Peter Weir and screenplay author Paul Schrader only half succeed in distilling the essence of Paul Theroux's best seller, a resonant tale of high adventure with dark, symbolic undercurrents. Getting any of it right does them credit, considering the thickets of vivid Theroux prose they have to wade through. On film, *Mosquito Coast* is bizarre and unsettling but smashingly photographed—on the Caribbean coast of Belize—and memorable for Ford's uncompromising portrayal of a man who intends to get away from it all but who has, in fact, taken it all with him. ★★★

To see a fine idea and a powerful theme frittered away by third-rate film making is conspicuous waste, but that's how it goes with *Sweet Country* (Cinema Group). There is intrinsic fascination in a family drama developing in the eye of the political hurricane that swept Chile after the 1973 overthrow and assassination of its leftist liberal leader, Salvador Allende. The bad news is that writer-director Michael (Zorba the Greek) Cacoyannis has managed to sabotage an awesome international cast (Jane Alexander, Irene Papas, Franco Nero, Joanna Pettet, Carole Laure and Randy Quaid, to name a few) with reams of talky exposition and a stultifying cinematic style. The action is so slow that one has time to wonder why the hell Quaid, for example, should be playing a malicious Chilean MP. Cacoyannis dims his stars uncannily and downgrades *Sweet Country* (based on Caroline Richards' novel) from a blistering indictment of U.S. policies in Latin America to a misbegotten soap opera. ★★

Brooklyn in 1937 is re-created with loving care in *Brighton Beach Memoirs* (Universal), adapted by Neil Simon from his Broadway hit about growing up young, gifted and Jewish. Abetted by director Gene Saks, Simon has been just as meticulous, unfor-



Feverish Ford on *Mosquito Coast*.

Harrison Ford as a
pain in the ass;
Dietrich as a crank.

unately, in preserving the staginess of his quasi-autobiographical human comedy. Jonathan Silverman archly plays the 15-year-old Eugene, whose *Memoirs* these are supposed to be, addressing Simon's gags about wet dreams, whacking off and woman-kinde directly to the audience. Close your eyes and you'll swear you're listening to Matthew Broderick, who created the role on stage. Puberty blues is not the freshest film subject, and instead of injecting new cinematic life into the play, Saks and Simon have killed and effectively embalmed it with wrongheaded casting. Bob Dishy and Brian Drillinger pretty well pass muster as Eugene's father and brother. As his Jewish momma and his widowed aunt, however, Blythe Danner and Judith Ivey in tandem provide classic proof of how fine actresses can fail by stretching too far. They may be Jewish, for all I know, but Danner and Ivey don't come across sufficiently kosher to redeem *Brighton Beach*. ★★

You saw him as the indolent son-in-law in *Terms of Endearment*, then as the out-of-the-frame film hero in *The Purple Rose of Cairo*. But Jeff Daniels truly comes into his own as an abducted Yuppie in Jonathan Demme's deft and daffy *Something Wild* (Orion). Fledgling screenwriter E. Max Frye has dreamed up a tall tale full of about-faces, shocks and oddball surprises, most of them dumped on Daniels, whose gangly charm smacks of early James Stewart or Gary Cooper. Matching him scene

for scene like a *nouvelle* Judy Holliday, Melanie Griffith plays the brash seductress who calls herself Lulu and lures Daniels away from his lunch hour in New York for a lost weekend of sex, violence and madcap adventure. Already released nationwide as we go to press, *Something Wild* deserves even belated praise as a bright romantic comedy edged in black. Daniels, Griffith and Demme make it well worth pursuing in second run or on cassette in the unlikely event that its first run fizzles. ★★★

Irresistible as ever, the one and only Dietrich simultaneously saves and scuttles director Maximilian Schell's *Marlene* (Alive). Forget the usual hearts and flowers trucked in on such occasions. Now in her 80s and camera shy, the venerable German-born icon scolds Schell for his bad manners ("a terrible, terrible man"), pooh-poohs her legendary sex appeal ("I wasn't erotic at all... I was snotty") and professes total boredom with *The Blue Angel* ("Everyone's sick of it... it's rubbish"). *Marlene* adds up to a gloriously crotchety and revealing portrait etched in acid. ★★★

Klaus Maria Brandauer, an actor plainly incapable of anything less than a thrilling performance, is reason enough to see *Streets of Gold* (Fox). As a Soviet-Jewish *émigré* embittered by the religious persecution that ended his championship boxing career, Brandauer almost singlehandedly lifts a fairly conventional screenplay well above the level of yet another *Rocky* revisited. Playing a drunken has-been in the Russian district of Brooklyn's Brighton Beach, reduced to scullery work in a local bistro, he finds salvation by coaching two amateur fighters for a match against a visiting Soviet team. Adrian Pasdar, as the fighting-Irish contender, and Wesley Snipes, as a lightning-fisted black bomber, are both strong and sensitive in support, with Angela Molina providing a woman's tender touch. Under Joe Roth's direction, *Streets* matches kitchen-sink realism with understated truth, as when Molina asks, "What kind of boys work so hard to become boxers?" To which the Irish lad politely answers, "Poor boys, ma'am." ★★½

John Frankenheimer's sleek *52 Pick-up* (Cannon) is the choicest thriller in aeons, from an Elmore Leonard novel adapted by Leonard himself (with John Stepping). Co-starring Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret as an affluent L.A. couple in deep jeopardy with murderous blackmailers, this is a mean, lean and ugly suspense drama. With nary a letup in nastiness, *Pick-up's* harrowing game of wits features flashy tricks by Vanity as a porn-parlor

tart, plus a really knockout stint by John Glover, the most suavely poisonous villain since waaay back when George Sanders made evil deeds look dashing. ★★★

Spooing everything from *macho* heroics to singing cowboys, *¡Three Amigos!* (Orion) is a slapdash travesty written by Steve Martin, coproducer Lorne Michaels and composer Randy Newman. Co-stars Martin, Chevy Chase and movie newcomer Martin Short—a relatively recent *Saturday Night Live* alumnus—play a trio of silent-movie swashbucklers with sombreros, fresh out of film jobs and into a comedy of errors that brings them face to face with a grungy Mexican badman incongruously named El Guapo (the Handsome One), played by Alfonso Arau. Until one of them incurs a flesh wound, the actors believe they're just putting on a show for a town called Santo Poco, which appears to be in a permanent state of siesta. Since director John Landis' style seldom uses a sly nudge where a flailing slapstick will do, some of the gags fall as flat as cow chips. It's uneven entertainment, but the best of it is not to be missed—I'm talking about the *amigos* around the campfire under a crimson Western sky, a guitar thrumming away while bobcats, coyotes, jack rabbits and other prairie creatures take five to hear our guys' rendition of *Blue Shadows on the Trail*. Gene Autry in his day may have been similarly funny without meaning to be, but Autry never notched so many high-decibel horse-laughs. ★★★

Teenage America, if we're to believe the evidence in *River's Edge* (Hemdale), is a bleak social landscape inhabited by desensitized mutants. Here, a bunch of seemingly ordinary high school students in a small town learn that one of their crowd, a backward lout (chillingly played by Daniel Roebuck), has impulsively strangled a girl they all know. Asked, "Why did you kill her?" the murderer answers, "She was talkin' shit." As quick as you can say Charles Manson, nearly everyone is seriously considering how to dispose of the body and otherwise keep a clearly homicidal psychopath from getting into trouble with the law. *River's Edge* gets curiously and curiously, because it is not a horror show but a largely realistic drama directed by Tim Hunter (who made the estimable *Tex* with Matt Dillon). Crispin Glover (he was Michael J. Fox's fumbling father in *Back to the Future*) plays the hyperkinetic leader of the pack, matched twitch for twitch by Dennis Hopper as a local loony. A long way from the world of Andy Hardy. Neal Jimenez' coolly decadent script, heavy with angst for the Eighties, rubs our noses in Americana gone utterly sour. ★★

The movie version of *Native Son* (Cincom), Richard Wright's classic protest novel, is earnest, poignant and probably



Amigos gang up for a Latin Laugh-In.

¡Three Amigos! brings some comic relief to the screen.

as relevant now as when the book first appeared in 1940. In spite of that, the film seems dated, mainly because Richard Wesley's trim adaptation and Jerrold Freedman's journeyman direction bring mere competence to a work that cries out for a spark of cinematic genius. *Native Son* needs a George Stevens, whose *Place in the Sun* made movie history from Theodore Dreiser's *American Tragedy*. There's a link between the two novels as epics of social injustice, dividing the haves from the have-nots, though Wright's hero is an angry, unstable and impoverished black youth in prewar Chicago who commits murder and pays for it with his own life. In a top-of-the-line company headed by Oprah Winfrey, Matt Dillon, Carroll Baker, Geraldine Page and John Karlen, *Native Son's* real news maker and rising star is newcomer Victor Love, playing the role of Bigger Thomas with the feverish, headlong intensity of a young Sidney Poitier. When *Son* shines brightest, Love has everything to do with it. ★★★½

Given the right kind of material, Julie Andrews is a great screen performer. Given the smile-through-your-tears sentimentality of *Duet for One* (Cannon), she's about as persuasive as Mary Poppins playing Camille, or maybe Medea. She is supposed to be a vibrant, world-famous violinist stricken by multiple sclerosis in this expanded version of a play by Tom Kempinski, misdirected by Andrei Konchalovsky. *Duet for One* is the kind of piece that either Bette Davis or Joan Crawford in her prime might have turned into queen bitchery; with Julie, it comes out Jell-O. ★

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Betty Blue** Hot stuff from the director of *Diva*, with Béatrice Dalle. ★★★½
- Brighton Beach Memoirs** (See review) Simonized Broadway hit, miscast. ★★
- Children of a Lesser God** William Hurt all heart opposite hearing-impaired actress Marlee Matlin. ★★★½
- The Color of Money** Scorsese's masterly sequel to *The Hustler*, starring Newman and Cruise. ★★★★★
- "Crocodile" Dundee** Aussie Paul Hogan takes Manhattan. Featherweight fun. ★★
- Dancing in the Dark** Revenge of the mad housewife when her hubby strays. ★★★½
- The Decline of the American Empire** A sexual Donnybrook in academia. ★★★½
- Duet for One** (See review) Just call it Julie Andrews without a song. ★
- 52 Pick-up** (See review) An Elmore Leonard thriller done to a turn. ★★★
- Marlene** (See review) Dietrich wins on a T.K.O. of director Max Schell. ★★★
- Ménage** Stylish French comedy about a *très gai* burglar on the go. ★★★
- The Mission** Genocide in the jungle, with Irons and De Niro. ★★★½
- The Mosquito Coast** (See review) Back to nature with a brand-new Ford. ★★★
- Native Son** (See review) Earnest effort to film Richard Wright classic. ★★★½
- Otello** Grand opera made easy by Zeffirelli, Domingo and Co. ★★★
- Peggy Sue Got Married** Coppola taking Kathleen Turner back to the future—and she almost justifies the trip. ★★
- Platoon** All-American boys under fire in Vietnam. Hellish but gutsy. ★★★½
- River's Edge** (See review) Kids go to bat for a killer. ★★
- Round Midnight** Tavernier's superb tribute to bebop and all that jazz in Paris in the Fifties. ★★★★★
- Something Wild** (See review) Screwball comedy comes of age. Go with it. ★★★
- Soul Man** Bold, brash, surprisingly bright satire stars C. Thomas Howell at Harvard Law in blackface. ★★★½
- Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home** Hardy crew saves whales—and the world; Spock learns to swear, sort of. Good fun. ★★★½
- Streets of Gold** (See review) Boxing drama with Brandauer punch. ★★★½
- Sweet Country** (See review) Chilean politics warmed over by Cacoyannis. ★★
- Tai-Pan** Clavell's best seller by the book, starring Bryan Brown. ★★★
- ¡Three Amigos!** (See review) Madcaps improvising down Mexico way. ★★★
- True Stories** David Byrne and Talking Heads at large in Texas. ★★

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



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

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.

MUSIC

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Too much of an idol to be entirely convincing as a punk in the first phase of his career, Billy Idol now does just fine purely as an idol. That's a job that carries with it a serious responsibility—namely, not releasing a lot of thoughtless junk that your fans will buy just because you're better-looking than they are. And for all his *macho* strut and sneer, Idol has been thoughtful, especially on *Whiplash Smile* (Chrysalis). Mostly he is thoughtful about passion. Idol here seems to be in search of emotional and sexual release, not just gloating over having found it, which helps diffuse the envy that is the underside of idolhood. I think the guy growls about sex as well as Prince whimpers, and growling is just one of his many vocal moves. Clearly, Idol has learned more from Elvis than just curling his lip. Longtime collaborator Steve Stevens seems more interested in synthesizers now than in his guitar, but he's so rock 'n' roll in his arranging that it took me three or four listenings to notice. *Whiplash* is by far Idol's most satisfyingly complete effort, with something to discover in every cut.

Iggy Pop has had just the opposite career problem. He was completely convincing as a punk, but he's never had enough idol in him to live up to his last name. David Bowie, who has been trying to solve that problem for Iggy since 1973, has returned to coproduce *Blah-Blah-Blah* (A & M), the Ig's first album in four years. It is probably his most commercial effort ever. I do not, however, like Bowie's influence on Iggy's voice. There's too much crooning on *Blah*. Even the songs that Iggy wrote with Steve Jones, the former Sex Pistols guitarist, don't kick enough ass. Some of *Blah* is reasonably catchy pop (*Hideaway* and *Cry for Love*), and Iggy's ability to free-associate on the title song can still astonish. He even approaches his old standard of ferocity on *Winners & Losers* ("Surly leeches gain the right / To send their message screaming / One that has no meaning / To people who feel"). But next time, I want lots more ferocity.

VIC GARBARINI

Chrissie Hynde claims she didn't intentionally base half the songs from The Pretenders' *Get Close* (Sire) on lunar imagery, and I believe her. So blame it on her subconscious. The moon here symbolizes a receptive, intuitive, archetypal feminine sense, and it's no surprise that this self-confessed brash, flinty, tattooed love girl should be subconsciously reaching out to the gentler, more spiritual side of her



Whiplash snarl.

Jerry Lee Lewis, Billy Idol and The Pretenders, plus cool new jazz.

nature. After the trauma of losing two band members to drug-related deaths—and a troubled relationship with The Kinks' Ray Davies—Hynde began to loosen and lighten up on 1984's *Learning to Crawl*. *Get Close*, which features the new Pretenders line-up of three top black session players and holdover Robbie McIntosh, continues that trend with some of the most poignant and heartfelt rock 'n' roll of the decade. Strict structures give way to the kind of inner pulse that recalls the best jazz ensembles, balancing spontaneity with form, whether on the Bo Diddleyisms of *Dance!* or the chiming waltz *When I Change My Life*. This rock 'n' roll awakens and celebrates the body, mind and spirit. Easily the album of the year.

NELSON GEORGE

Bebop has benefited this year from exposure in film and rock 'n' roll.

Round Midnight, director Bertrand Tavernier's reverent tribute to the lives of pianist Bud Powell and saxophonist Lester Young, features a glorious bebop score conducted by Herbie Hancock, who when not making pop records is still an acoustic pianist of considerable taste and invention. His arrangements of bebop standards, including Thelonious Monk's title tune, are capable; occasional inspiration is provided by an all-star cast of jazzmen. In the film, saxophonist Dexter Gordon's

weathered face and cool, gravelly voice offset a sometimes-clichéd story line. On record, the music speaks for itself. In fact, the sound track *Round Midnight* (Columbia) is an excellent beginner's guide to bebop's most enduring compositions.

Branford Marsalis' recent rock-'n'-roll tour of duty with Sting gave him a media presence to rival that of his brother, trumpeter Wynton. Now if only one Stingophile purchases Branford's *Royal Garden Blues* (Columbia), his venture into rock will have been worth it. The title song, a New Orleans jazz staple, the Coltranesque *Shadows* and *The Wrath of Tain*, featuring drummer Jeff "Tain" Watts, are smart, emotional music. Some complain that the Marsalis brothers are just covering old ground. Maybe. But there is a distinctive personality in Branford's playing here that marks him as much more than a clone.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Jazz classics live on in reissues and vault finds; classicists live till they die. Proof is the late Budd Johnson's swinging tenor-alto swan song with Phil Woods, *The Old Dude and the Fundance Kid* (Uptown). Or the way recently emerged over-50 altoist Frank Morgan turns Buffy Sainte-Marie and Wayne Shorter into bebop

GUEST SHOT



AFTER A three-year silence, Motorhead, the British fellowship of speed and sonic boom, has produced a new studio LP, "Orgasmatron." We asked head Motorhead Lemmy Kilmister to talk about someone else with a nose for noise, Billy Idol, and his new album, "Whiplash Smile."

"First track, first side, first impression: The voice has found itself. Billy and Steve Stevens are now completely in sync. Great guitars and a great production. Last time I met Billy, I was thinking we were both lucky in that neither of us has a good voice, but both of us have power. I now retract this. In *Don't Need a Gun*, Billy has improved beyond recognition. Suppressed violence and atmosphere make this a successful LP. Not a bad track on it."

FAST TRACKS

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Aretha Franklin <i>Aretha</i>	4	5	6	6	6
Billy Idol <i>Whiplash Smile</i>	3	5	7	5	8
Cyndi Lauper <i>True Colors</i>	4	3	7	6	7
Wynton Marsalis <i>J Mood</i>	7	4	8	0	6
Talking Heads <i>True Stories</i>	7	9	8	5	6

VERY HEAVY DEPARTMENT: We hear that **David Lee Roth** has applied to the *Guinness Book of World Records* on behalf of his equipment. He feels that his 97 tons of gear, which takes 120 people to put up and tear down every day, should set a record.

REELING AND ROCKING: Look for the movie bio of **Ritchie Valens** in the spring, with music recorded by **Los Lobos** and sung by **David Hidalgo**. . . . If you've seen director **Jonathan Demme's** new movie *Something Wild*, you already know that **David Byrne** recorded an original song for it. Also contributing music were **UB40** and **Fine Young Cannibals**. . . . **Michael Nesmith** has a role in **Whoopi Goldberg's** film *Burglar*. . . . **Malcolm McLaren** is set to make his first Hollywood movie, *All She Wants to Do Is Surf*. . . . **Alex Cox**, who directed *Repo Man* and *Sid and Nancy*, has made *Straight to Hell*, starring **Joe Strummer**, with appearances by **Grace Jones**, **Elvis Costello** and **The Pogues**.

NEWSBREAKS: **Carl Perkins** has made a deal with Reebok for a new line of blue-suede shoes. And it's one for the money. . . . Look for former **J. Geils** bandleader **Peter Wolf's** album of bare-bones rock 'n' roll any time now. . . . This year's Monterey Pop Festival will include a 20th-anniversary tribute to the film *Monterey Pop*, as well as a possible reunion of many of the musicians who've played the fest, put together by **Bill Graham**, of course. . . . **Mick Jagger** and **Dave Stewart** have been meeting about Jagger's next solo effort. . . . Entertainment lawyer **Freddie Gershon's** novel about the music biz, *Sweetie Baby Cookie Honey*, will be turned into a TV miniseries. . . . **Désirée Coleman**, **Patti LaBelle's** new singing protégée, gets the benefit of having Patti produce a song for her. It's a **Marvin Hamlisch** tune. . . . And if you don't think there are

enough late-night TV talk shows, **Stephen Bishop** has been slated by Dick Clark Productions to host a show airing opposite NBC's *Friday Night Videos*. . . . To go along with **The Boss's** live five-record LP, there is talk about releasing one of his concerts on video on pay TV. . . . **Jimmy Buffett** turned 40 in December and plans to sail around the world to commemorate the event. He's looking for some travel advice from his fans. If anyone knows of a particularly exotic or beautiful harbor, drop him a note marked Jimmy Buffett's Vacation, P.O. Box 1938, Key West, Florida 33041. . . . Any minute now, the world will have not only **Bruce Willis's** debut album but his appearance on the **Pointer Sisters's** NBC special. We expect him to be pretty good. . . . For all of you golden-oldie types: Did you know that the **New Edition's** version of *Earth Angel* is the latest of about 50 recordings by different artists and groups? Did you also know that **The Penguins's** original version has never been out of print and still sells about 1000 copies a month? . . . **Buffalo Springfield** is working on a reunion album that will feature **Neil Young**, **Richie Furay** and **Stephen Stills**. . . . An independent audit confirms that **USA for Africa** raised \$41,000,000. . . . The resurgence of his song *Stand by Me* as a hit single came as a total surprise to former **Drifter Ben E. King**. Now you can be on the lookout for *The Best of Ben E. King*, featuring his greatest hits of the past, and his new LP being produced by **John Paul Jones**, one of the founders of **Led Zep**. . . . Finally, **Ringo** sent a waitress in England a check for £100 because she had treated him to a £1 plate of beans on toast 26 years ago in a Liverpool café. That's what we call a healthy return on an investment!

—BARBARA NELLIS

on *Lament* (Contemporary).

Chief among the younger players who eschew expressionistic excess in favor of technical command and respect for history is **Wynton Marsalis**. Although his immaculately stylish grooming sums up his aesthetic, his *J Mood* (Columbia) isn't as staid as you might think, holding subtle pleasures to spare for those with time to spare. It's more enjoyable in the long run than, for instance, his brother **Branford's** engaging *Royal Garden Blues*, or even **Chico Freeman's** generously conceived *Pied Piper* (Blackhawk).

But for real history, I prefer to range from New Orleans polyphony to new-things noisemaking. Maybe the all-star **Leaders**, whose *Mudfoot* (Blackhawk) provides the kind of fun the Art Ensemble of Chicago never delivers. Or exiled South African pianist **Abdullah Ibrahim**, who puts Ellingtonian wisdom in the service of cultural autonomy on *Water from an Ancient Well* (Blackhawk). Or, best of all, the quartet headed by keyboard virtuoso **Don Pullen** and blues-rooted sax man **George Adams**. The solid tunes, break-neck swing and astonishing improvisations of *Live at the Village Vanguard, Volume 2* (Soul Note) and *Breakthrough* (Blue Note) exemplify jazz's hottest working band—abrasive enough to scare you and strong enough to make you like it.

DAVE MARSH

Jerry Lee Lewis is a *major* artist, a proposition amply justified by 1983's 12-disc boxed set *The Sun Years*, on which he tore up everything from *Whole Lotta Shakin'* to *The Marine Hymn*. That was enough to re-establish Lewis as a giant of American music, but the German Bear Family label thinks the Sun set was for pikers. It's issuing the complete recordings Lewis made during his 14-year tenure at Smash Records in three ten-disc boxes. This seems like overkill, but maybe not. The first set, *The Killer, 1963-1968* (Down Home Music, 10341 San Pablo Avenue, El Cerrito, California 94530), now out, is a masterpiece—or, rather, an assemblage of many masterpieces and damn little fluff. If there are any purists who believe that Lewis left his ability behind in Memphis, here are several hundred refutations. They include all three live albums and enough rock-'n'-roll, rhythm-and-blues and country classics to make the head spin. One after another they charge at you—the best of **Merle Haggard** followed by **Chuck Berry's** greatest hits, a nod to **Hank Williams** and one to **Motown**. Not all of it works, but not one second feels imitative. I can think of just three other postwar singers who might span this gamut, and they're all giants: **Ray Charles**, **Elvis**, **Aretha**. And on the evidence of the final disc, a free-association interview, **Jerry Lee** might waste 'em all in a barroom cutting contest, out of sheer spite.

Men could use some protection from women. (And vice versa.)

Of course, there's no doubt whatsoever that men and women are the single best thing ever to happen to each other.

There are, however, complications.

The list of sexually transmitted diseases is long.

And growing.

And on the list are some diseases that are

very difficult to cure. Even impossible.

But happily for all concerned, there's a simple way to help protect yourself. It's called the Trojan® brand condom.

Use it properly, and the Trojan condom can help reduce the risk of spreading many sexually transmitted diseases. (Your doctor can tell you more.)

But let's be frank.

Of course, you'd like to feel good and protected. But what about just plain feeling good?

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Instead of the pleasure they really are.



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BOOKS

EVERYONE LIVING north of I-80 who's already suffering from cabin fever this year, raise his hand. I thought so. Me, too. I've done a 20-year stretch so far in Chicago. In mild, sensible weather, I love it more than anywhere else. In winter, a season that covers a lot of ground here, I hate it. Forget the cold. It's the dull, tin-can sky for days on end, with not even a pale, weak sun shining through, and being trapped inside that get to me. After a while, as a semimasochistic act, I start reading books of travel and adventure set in exotic places, flagellating myself with the authors' enviable experiences—while I sit shivering under three blankets, doing nothing beyond wondering when the plumbing will explode and how we're going to pay the gas bill on this third straight day of -24 degrees, wind-chill factors drilling down into the low -80s, the cold seeping through the chinks and flaws in our old wooden house like water dripping into a cave. Sound familiar? If so, I've found several recent good books to let you drift away from it all—not all of them tropical.

Arctic Dreams (Scribner's), by Barry Lopez, shows that the main trouble with winter is cities. The season is something quite different, even splendid, in the wilderness. Lopez is an accomplished writer on the outdoors who, as the best do, transcends the form a bit. His natural history is rock solid, but there's a certain silvery vein of mysticism running through it, like a collaboration of Carlos Castaneda and John McPhee, with the latter as senior partner. Lopez spent several seasons traipsing around seemingly bleak, barren places at the top of the world. But after reading his evocation, I'll never think of the Arctic as a frozen waste again. When you pay attention, as he did, to its wildlife and history (from aboriginal cultures through early explorers to the current oil-based disruptions of the land and people) and to the lines and magnetism and quality of light—well, he makes it seem a beautiful and almost busy place, rich in its complexity. Definitely a drift-away winner, even if a chilly one.

Should you like it hot—I mean really hot—there's *Death Valley & the Amargosa: A Land of Illusion* (University of California Press), by Richard E. Lingenfelter. Here the focus is on human history, which makes this a pleasing chronicle of greed, error and folly in one of the harshest regions on earth. The lure was mineral wealth—at first gold and silver, then borax and, into this century, lead. At nearly 500 pages, this book is like *Death Valley Days* on an epic scale—one tale after another of rascals and dreamers, outlaws and Indians, innocents and con artists, fortunes made and lost and those who died trying, starting with the first pioneers who



Make the great escape to new frontiers.

The best of the outdoors;
Rosanna Hertz studies
dual-career couples.

were looking for an easy route to all that California gold. Some made it, but they don't call it Death Valley for nothing.

In the traditional genre of jungle-creep, Paul Zalis' *Who Is the River* (Atheneum) is a recent addition I enjoyed a lot. In 1980, Zalis and his road buddy Tano decided to go looking for some legendary lost pyramids up the Rio Negro from Manaus in the Amazon jungle. The queer title comes from Glück, their German guide, who habitually scrambles his English pronouns. When the travelers are lost, which happens fairly often as channels split and split again, he mutters this phrase while searching for the current. Naturally, they have hair-raising adventures, but the book also dips repeatedly into Zalis' past—as a sometime Berkeley street person, attender of protests and the final night at the Fillmore East, lover of the wrong fascinating girls, day tripper—thus deftly weaving a coming-of-age story into the main piranha-infested business at hand.

There's an anthology, too. *A Book of Travellers' Tales* (Viking), assembled by Eric Newby, is 500-plus pages of nuggets from the travel writing of more than 300 writers from Suetonius and Xenophon—Henry Miller and Hunter Thompson—the last telling the story of staying drunk on Scotch for three days with a Hell's Angels sort of Indian tribe in the rain forests of Colombia. My major complaint is that the entries are too short, but they're great john reading when the wind's howling outside.

Most fun—the book that took me farthest away—was *Full Tilt: Ireland to India with a Bicycle* (Overlook), by Dervla Murphy. She made the trip in 1963, when she was 31, and the book, long out of print, has just been reissued. It's captivating. Writing it as a daily journal, Murphy, who is Irish, shows remarkable pluck and adaptive good humor in circumstances that might make a strong man cry—ice storms in France, a slippery passage through Yugoslavia, sunburn and brutally hot temperatures in Iran, and scary days, reported with understated good cheer, sometimes spent pushing her bike (named Roz) to the top of 10,000-foot Himalayan passes amid glaciers and sheer drops, and on one occasion, facing a mountainous bridge-out situation, forded an icy torrential river (carrying Roz) by holding on to the back of a fat friendly cow that was crossing it, too. Along the way, she gradually melts into the cultures she encounters, finding friendliness and generosity increasing in nearly direct proportion to the remoteness and poverty of the place. She sleeps cheerfully on floors in mud huts or outdoors on a charpoy under an apricot tree and eats stuff you don't want to hear about. *Full Tilt* is reminiscent of (though written before) Paul Theroux's *Great Railway Bazaar*—and it's easily as good or better. One profound difference is that Murphy liked these people and places, especially Afghanistan. Theroux's piece on the same place in his excellent if curmudgeonly collection *Sunrise with Sea-monsters* (Houghton Mifflin), just out in paperback, begins, "Afghanistan is a nuisance. Formerly, it was cheap and barbarous. . . ." I know he was there ten years later than she was, and times change, but I like and believe in her Afghanistan a lot more than his. Her account of its gorgeous countryside and kind people makes the war going on there now seem even sadder.

—DAVID STANDISH

"The ideology of the traditional family simply does not work," writes Rosanna Hertz in *More Equal than Others* (University of California). This excellent study of men and women in dual-career marriages points out that most of us are now living in three relationships: "His Work, Her Work and Their Marriage." No wonder you're tired, right? It's a whole new world out there, and all of us are improvising our way through it. Hertz writes about money, children, corporations and workaholicism, and her in-depth interviews with dual-career couples have a strangely pacifying effect: We learn that we are not alone, that people everywhere are encountering the same problems and that slowly but surely, we're stumbling toward solutions.



SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

My mind rejects the fact that ice hockey started months ago, back in early October, before the leaves had turned, before baseball was over, before most football players had even been shot up with painkillers.

Ice hockey isn't supposed to begin until the lakes freeze over and my car won't start. That's when Jacques puts on his new pair of skates to go with his reconstructed nose and cheekbones.

Hockey season is also supposed to end with the last howling winds of March. At best, it lasts only about two and a half months, serving its purpose—a minor diversion from the dreary pre-play-off days of basketball, our nation's only winter sport.

This was the role that hockey played in my youth, back when I could name all six teams in the N.H.L.—the Rangers, Black Hawks, Red Wings, Bruins, Canadiens and Maple Leafs—and the season always ended with a riot up in Canada or somewhere else near the Arctic Circle, long before Easter Sunday.

Feeling that I didn't have a true appreciation for ice hockey, a friend once dragged me to Madison Square Garden to see a big-time game between the Rangers and somebody. He intended to explain many things to me: icing the puck, crossing the blue line and why all the players not named Jacques were named Guy de Philippe de Jean-Claude de Moose.

I have to confess that the crowd at Madison Square Garden put me at ease right away. For two hours or so, I felt that all of the people who might otherwise be smashing storefront windows and knocking off delis were there in the garden with me.

Manhattan was a pretty safe place, I decided, if the Rangers were home.

When the players came onto the field—er, ice—I asked my friend why they all looked like Quasimodo in short pants.

He said it was the nature of the sport.

There was a mighty roar at one point, so I had to ask my friend what had happened.

"He scored a goal," my friend said.

"Who did?"

"That guy right there," he pointed.

"The Quasimodo with his stick in the air?"

"Yeah."

"What was it he did again?"

"He scored a goal."

"How?"

"He hit the puck into the net."



THE LONGEST SEASON

"What puck?"

I think this may have been when I decided to consider ways to make ice hockey more interesting and understandable to non-Canadians.

My first thought was that the sport needed a puck everybody could see, something roughly the size of a party tent that might weigh in the neighborhood of 5000 pounds.

Next, to further simplify things, I decided that there ought to be only two teams in the N.H.L., the East Coast team and the West Coast team. This alone would do away with the need ever to know who Wales, Campbell, Adams, Norris, Patrick and Smythe were, not to mention the mysterious Devils.

The season would consist of one game. With the 5000-pound puck situated in Lincoln, Nebraska, at the start, it would be a contest to see which team could get the puck into the other team's ocean first.

As a bonus attraction for the fans, it was my idea that the players wouldn't be required to wear skates. A player could wear skates if he insisted on it, of course, though he would obviously run the risk of being, say, less nimble than his teammates or opponents.

I imagined the periodic reports that the U.S. and Canada might hear during this one thrilling contest. I could see a sports announcer for network TV standing on a

farm road in the Midwest at dusk, saying:

"The town you see in the distance is Springfield, Illinois, and the people of this community are pretty excited about a hockey puck that's expected to arrive here in a matter of hours.

"The West Coast team has the puck moving in this direction, according to the latest report from our helicopter. The West Coast started a surprise attack back in Jefferson City, Missouri, when it caught the East Coast in a vulnerable tristate defense.

"I asked Coach Jacques Jack of the East Coasters why he had gone to that defense. He said he had so many players in the penalty farm, he thought he'd better try something different.

"All along, Illinois was expected to be a key spot in the game.

"Fans of both teams remember only too well how the West Coast grabbed an early advantage in last year's game but suffered a heartbreaking loss after mistaking Lake Michigan for the Atlantic Ocean.

"Just to recap, the West Coast scored what it believed to be a victory by edging the puck into the lake near the Drake Hotel on Chicago's Near North Side.

"It was while the West Coasters were celebrating back at their homes up around Alberta and Manitoba that the East Coast retrieved the puck and drove it unchallenged all the way to Redondo Beach, where the winning goal was inched into the Pacific in the middle of a Miss Pre-Teen Surfer-Girl Contest and undercover crack bust.

"The people you see behind me are some of the sport's most passionate fans."

The announcer turns to interview two fans who are armed with machine guns and machetes.

"I understand you fellows have flown out here from the West Coast," he says.


"Yeah, we're number one!" a fan snarls at the mike. "We're goin' all the way, if the assholes can miss Lake Michigan."

The announcer politely says, "May I ask what the machine guns and machetes are for?"

The other fan answers with a wild-eyed expression and a maniacal laugh.

"It's the Midwest, ain't it?" he says. "We figured while we're out here for the game, we'd have a few beers and go kill the Clutter family."

The announcer turns to the camera.

"That's it from the world of hockey. Back to the studio." 

By ASA BABER

Sure, I have spies. Yes, sometimes they are women in trench coats. No, I'm not joking. Some of my best spies are beautiful women in trench coats. Women like Cobra.

Cobra is 28 years old. She was born in the Far East, the child of a European mother and an Asian father. Cobra is a stunning woman who sells mainframe computers, speaks five languages fluently, swims several miles a day, keeps a well-shaped ear to the ground in the worlds of fashion and entertainment—and, for some reason, likes to let me know what's going on with her and her friends.

The *Men* column is heavy-duty work, as I keep telling you guys. Cobra doesn't give anything away for free, so when she has some good information for me, I have to buy a bottle of champagne and then get some *sushi* or Szechwan food. Then I have to hump it over to her high-rise apartment, which happens to have an indoor pool and a sauna, and I have to sit there with this beautiful woman in her bikini and take notes. It's exhausting work. Soon I plan to ask for a raise. But not too soon.

When Cobra called to say she wanted to tell me about a party she'd attended for one of her girlfriends, I thought I'd humor her and go see her. I'm a nice guy that way. Besides, Cobra and I have a lot of laughs. She is very cynical about men and women and the shenanigans they go through to try to fool each other. The ice in her heart is as clear as glass, and it allows her to see the sexual wars from a detached distance.

"I got a call from Terri," she said. We were sitting in the sauna. Cobra was wearing a towel around her head, like a turban. She looked like a svelte Cleopatra. "Terri was so excited she was yelling into the phone: 'Laura finally got John to propose to her. Let's have a smut party! Let's get down and dirty, just like men do!'"

"A smut party? Like a bachelor party?" I asked.

"Exactly," Cobra said.

"Liquor and porn?"

"Liquor and porn," Cobra laughed.

"Just like us boys," I said.

"That's what was interesting," Cobra said, smiling.

"It wasn't just like us boys?"

"In some ways it was. I've been to a couple of bachelor parties, though, and somehow this wasn't quite the same. But it was interesting."

"You've been to a couple of bachelor



SMUT PARTY

parties?" I asked.

Cobra looked at me as if I were a squashed mongoose. "Of course. Would you keep me out of a bachelor party if it were up to you?"

"Nope," I said.

"Pour me some more champagne before you bore me," she said imperiously.

I opened the ice bucket and followed orders.

"Baber-mensch," Cobra said, "I own you right now, so don't interrupt, OK?"

"The Great Smut Party was at Terri's condo. She invited eight of Laura's best friends. We were all career women. Ages? Karen's 22, Morgan's 45. That's the range. Terri's a lawyer, Laura's in PR, Karen's beginning a career in banking. It was Yuppieville, no question about it. Wine and cheese and lots of penises."

"Lots of what?" I asked.

"Lots of penises. Penis vibrators, penis pastries; they even had pencil erasers that were shaped like little pink penises. Penis balloons, penis swizzle sticks. Definitely a penis theme for the evening.

"Then there were the gifts. I took Laura a pair of handcuffs. 'You're 30, you've never been married and you've probably never been kinky,' I told her, 'but now's the time to start.' Karen took her a whip. Terri gave her some panties with an open crotch.

"The funny thing is that most of the women were a little uncomfortable

through all this. I mean, they were making all the right moves, but until they got enough alcohol in them, they were pretty inhibited. There was a lot of small talk. Polite talk. They were very reluctant to really let go. I don't think women trust each other in conditions like that as much as men do. They haven't had the practice.

"Morgan broke the ice. She got bombed early and she started to talk about her first lover—details about him, about how he seduced her and what the loss of her virginity was like and how many men she'd slept with. Then Laura started to talk about how horny John is and how he always wants to do it at dinnertime, when she wants to eat. 'When we're in bed at night, I don't know if it's the cat or his penis poking me,' she kept saying. Everybody laughed at that.

"Men really don't know how amused women are at male horniness. Women are very condescending about that. They act as if they're superior to men, because men are so needy. But it was interesting. When it came to the X-rated video tapes, these women didn't know how to handle them.

"I'd rented some Johnny Wadd tapes. He's hung like a horse, and I thought it would be funny to see how my girlfriends reacted. Guess what? They were very uncertain about their feelings. Most of them pretended they were grossed out. But they watched very carefully, I can tell you that. They tried to joke about him. They were also embarrassed to be watching this strange little dude with the big penis get his rocks off. You know what I think? I think those films were too much for them. I think they were too direct. Too raunchy.

"That's what I learned. Women don't know how to be rowdy and raunchy yet. They'd rather watch soft porn than anything really tough. They're still secretive, very careful with sex. Men can handle raw sex. Most women can't. You want to know the bitter truth? It was a boring evening. We stopped the video tapes, they changed the subject as fast as they could and we went home early. I learned all over again that most women do not want to be confronted with their own sexuality.

"The smut party wasn't much more than a tea party. There was a lot of chatter, a few minutes of intensity, then more chatter. A great big bore," Cobra said.

"More champagne?" I asked.

"I'll pour," she said.

VANTAGE

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

You should know what we've been reading lately, so that when we go all weird in an entirely new way, you won't have cardiac arrest.

There is a big best seller unappetizingly titled *Women Who Love Too Much*. Everywhere I go, women are just finishing, just starting or getting the courage to buy this mighty tome. "You should read it," everyone said to me. "It will change your life."

"Absolutely never," I said, since I hate all self-help books. I feel that self-help books are a contradiction in form. All books should be read only for pleasure; books are read so that you can jump into another person's mind and live in his thoughts. Having some pimple-brain without any sense of humor or the absurd tell me how to live my life is not my idea of reading. It is an ultimately unhealthy act.

But I bought *Women Who Love Too Much* to understand the frenzy. I took to my bed with it, and by page 15 I was violently crunching sunflower seeds all over the sheets while compulsively turning the pages and nodding in recognition. I empathized with Jill; my heart bled for Trudi; I became hopelessly entangled with Lisa and identified to the point of mania with Melanie. I discovered that I am a victim of a disease: I am addicted to love.

The book's basic premise is that many women relive the pain and horror of their unhappy childhoods by re-creating the patterns forged by their mothers and fathers—they become addicted to abusive, destructive behavior because it is the only behavior they know, the only behavior that feels comfortable to them. Robin Norwood, the author, an earnest, evangelical soul, believes that love addiction can be cured only in the same way as alcoholism—by following programs based on Alcoholics Anonymous.

Therapy won't work, Norwood cautioned, and I felt horrible. If you don't follow the ten steps to recovery, you're simply practicing denial, she went on. I wanted to die. I went on in this vein for weeks, hostile yet obsessed, doing things like pedaling madly on a stationary bike in the gym next to Rita, who is now a member of A.A., and whining. "She says we have to go to support groups once a week at least," I said, "that we'll never be able to handle this problem on our own, even with the help of a therapist. Where are the Love Anonymous meetings being held? I've never even heard of one."

"Start one of your own," said Rita.



FACT OR BEST SELLER?

"When? At two in the morning, when I've finally finished with my work for the day? I have therapy, I have the gym, I have Alexander-technique classes, I have my son's orthodontia problems, not to mention running an entire household and career on my own. Who has the time?"

"Your own recovery has to be your first priority," said Rita smoothly.

I just don't want to sit around in a room full of people who know one another by only their first names and say, "He called me again this morning, he says he wants to marry me, but I know it's because he knows I'm not available." That would be so undignified!

Just when I was beginning to settle down, I was told by everybody to read the *Intimate Partners* articles in the November and December *Atlantic*, and I was again knocked for a loop. It seems that all my problems in love relations would be solved if only I could stop projecting hidden parts of my personality onto my partners.

"I don't know," I said to my pal Cleo, who was really excited about these new perceptions, "I just don't identify. I know I'm supposed to—I know I'm probably just blocking—but I don't feel that I fit the patterns."

"Oh, I do," she said confidently. "I'm definitely the female hysteric attached to the withdrawn man. No question about it. If I can get my boyfriend to read the

piece. . . ."


She did, and they had an enormous fight about exactly who was projecting what onto whom. I was impressed by the sophistication of that battle. I have never yet been able to get a man to admit he even has an unconscious.

I would like to write a book about women who work at it too much. My image of the sexes at the moment is that women are reading, thinking, agonizing, looking for patterns, delving deep into the far recesses of the unconscious, while men are whistling vague little tunes and fiddling with carburetors. What I really want is a man who is so psychologically enlightened that he can take what these books and articles say are my massive neuroses in his stride and still say, "Come here, woman."

This probably won't happen; at least, it hasn't yet. But now, after reading, I know what kind of man I must look for: a guy who doesn't excite me with passion, who doesn't make my blood run thick with lust and longing. A guy who will be my pal, who approves of me and supports me and is not afraid of his feelings.

I know this is right, because I feel the same aversion that I feel toward eating bean sprouts. I want Mallomars; I want troublesome men.

And I'm not particularly proud of myself, but here's what I think. I think the hell with it. I'm tired of trying and looking and turning myself inside out. There's too damned much of this soul-searching going on, and I find it subjugating. I may well be love addicted, since my childhood was absolutely crazy and miserable, but I know I'm a victim of the times, and the times are very harsh on women who a decade or so ago opted for freedom and equality over the security of relationships. The times now say that we have a greater chance of being shot by terrorists than of marrying, that women blew it; and I say the times are fucked, and I'll live alone if I have to.

I'm reading *Anna Karenina* now and feel much better, thank you. Tolstoy says, "Each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way," which means I don't have to fit a pattern. Anna herself says, "If it is true that there are as many minds as there are heads, then there are as many kinds of love as there are hearts." Who am I to believe—Robin Norwood or Tolstoy? 

AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

It was one of those Chicago afternoons when the city behaves like an anthill. A big old thunderstorm had spent an hour dumping water out of the warm, heavy air, shining the pavement, driving the pedestrians indoors. When it broke, the ants filed back out onto the streets to do their business.

I made a crooked way around the deeper puddles across a small park on the North Side and came out onto a shady block near State Street. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a small woman walking slowly, eating a sandwich. Without looking at me, she started across to my side; and when she did, a small blip registered on my street radar. It wasn't the red alert that goes up when some slobbering junkie picks you out for a touch, and it wasn't even the yellow you get when you sense that an overly convinced Christian wants to talk Jesus or the Devil with you; but it was enough to provoke that quick debate between the compassionate you and the cynical you when a stranger pulls into your path on the street.

But this petite, pretty, pug-nosed, brown-skinned woman didn't look at all like a beggar, and when she saw me looking at her, she hesitated in a way that made her seem to be having a small argument of her own about whether or not to approach me at all. There was genuine fear in it for her, I thought, so when she did say, "Excuse me . . . I hate to . . .," it was the soft parts of me that turned to listen.

She spoke in a light voice, and her diction said she'd been to school and had paid attention while she was there. "I've been . . . this is so dumb," she said. "I'm not from Chicago, I'm from Hammond, Indiana, and my car's been stuck over on Clark Street for about four hours. I'm out of gas. The gauge said FULL when I left home this morning, but it's broken. I feel so stupid. I left the house this morning with three dollars and a quarter."

I listened and watched.

"I spent a dollar on tolls and another dollar-eighty on a tuna sandwich of which this is the last half."

I think it was the stupid-me look on her face when she held up what was left of the sandwich that won the argument for the compassionate me. When the other voice tried to get a word in, I told it to shut up. I dug into my pocket before she asked for money.



TEN DOLLARS' WORTH

"I'm a very honest person," she said, putting her hand between her small breasts as if the heart under them were made of spun sugar.

"People who tell you they are honest never are," said the voice, but compassionate me was paying no attention by then.

"Will ten dollars get you out of your fix?" I asked, handing her a bill.

"Well, yes, it's . . . I don't even need . . . that's too nice . . . I can't believe this . . . you don't even know me."

"My pleasure," I said as I started away. She had a look on her face that was coming up out of a new faith in mankind, I thought.

"I'll send it back to you if you'll give me your address," she called after me. Not necessary, I told her. "I don't believe this!" she called after me.

I walked away imagining her back in Hammond, telling her friends that the mean streets of Chicago weren't so mean after all. Amazing how much gratitude ten bucks can buy, I thought to myself.

Not that my other voice didn't run us back a couple of times to inspect the scenario. Had I not given her the money, the compassionate me would have been all over the cynic about selfish meanness. As it was, the cynic was embarrassed and angry that we'd fallen for this woman's performance. I told myself that if it had

been an act, it was high art, and that pretty much shut the other voice down. He did have one sharp little point, though: Nobody that pretty gets stuck *anywhere* for four hours.

About a week later, a friend and I were walking near Michigan Avenue when I saw a guy in a banker's suit writing something on a steno pad for the woman with whom he was standing. As soon as I spotted the pug nose, my cynical self jumped up, laughing and shouting and pointing, and he did the talking this time. I came up on her fast and said, "You are a wonderful actress; I mean, blue ribbon." A fear that was not part of the act came onto her face, and she moved a couple of steps away.


The sucker she was working with said, "Wait a minute. What is this?"

"Relax," I told him. "I played your part in the Maple Street version of this little show. This lady is a brilliant actress."

He didn't believe me. Everything about his posture and the look on his face put him on her side. As they moved off, he told me, "I'm a big boy," which I took to be the cynic in him trying to tell me he'd chosen to be conned.

I've thought a lot about the incident since then. If a tree falling in the wilderness with no one to hear makes no sound, is a con job that you don't know is a con job a robbery? And wasn't what I got ten dollars' worth any way you look at it? If someone is clever enough to talk you into picking your own pocket for her, can there possibly be any crime to it? In any case, the girl from Hammond doesn't belong in jail, she belongs on stage.

And it can't be easy being a street actor. In fact, I know of at least one instance that must have bruised this woman's ego pretty good. About a week after my second encounter with her, a friend to whom I'd told the story was approached by her not far from the spot where she'd hit me. She got only the first few lines of her no-gas story out and my friend began to laugh. The actress, for just a moment, was visibly confused. She went into an indignant little script, and when my friend said, "You ought to at least change the street you say you're stuck on," she walked off with her thespian feathers somewhat mussed up.

I hope it didn't discourage her, and I doubt it did. After all, there are days for even the greatest actors when the audience laughs in all the wrong places. 

**Last year, an outbreak of herpes
made her miss the boat.
This year, with the help of her doctor,
she missed the outbreak instead.**



Whether you have a mild, intermediate or severe case of genital herpes, you should see your doctor to help gain new control over your outbreaks—especially if you haven't seen your doctor within the past year.

The medical profession now has more information than ever before about the treatment of herpes, as well as effective counselling and treatment

programs that can help you reduce the frequency, duration and severity of your outbreaks.

If in the past you were told that nothing could be done for herpes, it's no longer true. Herpes is controllable.

Ask your doctor about these treatment programs, and whether one of them would be suitable for you.

See your doctor...there is help for herpes



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have been married for almost 17 years. My wife and I have an excellent sex life. She has achieved orgasm nearly every time we have had sex. However, we have one area on which we don't seem to agree. I find it an extremely intense turn-on for her to masturbate, especially when she uses a dildo and stimulates her clitoris with her hand. In addition, she has a voluptuous body and large breasts with large nipples that I enjoy seeing her stimulate as well. Our problem is the frequency with which she delights me with my favorite turn-on. I think she has treated me only once in the past year, yet I would like this once a week or at least twice a month. I should add that she doesn't dislike this act, so it isn't a case of her being forced against her will. Considering the fact that all else is great—we have sex at least four times a week—do you think I am being selfish in asking for my treat more often? Should I just demand it or hint and beat around the bush (no pun intended), as I do now?—T. J., Charleston, South Carolina.

Why not tell her what you've told us? We're sure that she'll be flattered by her ability to arouse you with these "shows," but she may need some encouragement from you. It's possible that she is so satisfied with your sex life that she doesn't think of this as often as you do, so it may not hurt to ask. While you're at it, you might consider putting on a show of your own for her benefit. With talents like these, who needs a home-entertainment center?

While working up the nerve to go new-car shopping, I've been reading road-test reports, brochures and catalogs, and I keep coming across a term I'm not familiar with: transaxle. What, exactly, is a transaxle, and what's important for me to know about it?—R. F., Miami, Florida.

Defining it is easy; explaining it takes more time. Think of a simple rear-drive car. The engine up front is attached to a transmission that turns a drive shaft that goes back to a differential between the rear wheels. About the size and shape of a healthy pineapple, this differential is full of gears and bearings that take the power in from the drive shaft and send it out to the wheels on both sides. It also has a couple of nicknames: rear end and rear axle. Now, consider the typical front-drive car. The engine and the transmission are still in front, but so are the drive wheels and, therefore, the differential. To save both space and weight, the drive shaft is eliminated and the transmission and the rear axle are combined into one unit in a single housing. Voilà: a transaxle. Just as with transmissions, there are two basic types—automatic and manual—and the more gears, the better. Thus, a five-speed beats the old four-speed manual still found in some baseline (read cheap) models, and a four-speed



automatic is better than the less expensive three-speed. Depending on the vehicle and the way you drive it, manual transaxles are normally quicker and more economical, while automatics are slower, less fuel efficient and a lot less fun to drive. We personally prefer shifting our own gears (except in heavy traffic), but we recommend trying both before choosing.

My wife and I enjoy a highly varied though totally monogamous sex life. She is especially turned on by out-of-doors sex, within the confines of our tent, and every now and then she puts on a fruit-and-vegetable show that is highly erotic to both of us. Lately, we have been thinking about having sex in a nearby lake or river after dark. Neither of us has exhibitionist tendencies. We would pick a thoroughly secluded spot, inaccessible to others. Our question is whether having intercourse in a lake or a river would introduce anything unhealthy into her vagina. We presume that the use of chlorine in swimming pools removes such worries for couples who have sex in such settings. We don't have access to a pool where we would feel comfortable having intercourse. Besides, a lake or a river is more to our liking.—C. L., Denver, Colorado.

Do you know what fish do in the water? Just kidding. If the water's clean enough to swim in, it's clean enough for a pas de deux water ballet. But do yourself a favor and wait for warm weather. Certain things shrink in the cold.

I own and run a small business and use an IBM PC/XT for various chores. My wife was told by one of her friends that we should never turn the computer off but

should let it run 24 hours a day. The rationale was that cycling the computer on and off would shorten its life. My position is that we should turn it on at the beginning of the business day and turn it off at the end of the day, for the following reasons: Although the computer doesn't use a lot of electrical power, by turning it off every afternoon we would save 123 hours of electricity draw per week; the power supply depends on an internal electrical fan for cooling. Should that fan fail when it is not attended, the entire computer could overheat. There might even be a fire hazard involved.

The same problem applies to the video monitor. Normally, we use the computer for only the first two or three hours of the day. I say we should turn the video off when we have no anticipation of immediate further use. My wife says her source recommends leaving the video on throughout the day. Who is right and for what reasons?—W. B., Renton, Washington.

We agree with you about shutting the computer down at the end of each day. Some types of electronics will last longer by letting them run for 24 hours, but a computer has moving parts that could be worn by extended running times. You will save much more electricity by shutting your computer down, especially since its use is limited to a few hours a day. As you suspect, the failure of a cooling fan could damage the system. The video monitor should also be shut off when not in use. If it's left on too long, an image could be permanently burned onto the screen.

While my girlfriend and I enjoy an extremely satisfying relationship, emotionally as well as sexually, there is one aspect of our lovemaking that concerns me, more for her than for myself. She is an extremely attractive woman, yet she is somewhat displeased with her breasts because of their size and extraordinary sensitivity to any form of attention or stimulation. She has made several critical remarks about them, even though I've tried to impress her with the fact that I, for one, find them attractive, adorable and integral to who she is and wouldn't change them even if I could. Direct stimulation of any portion of her breasts or, for that matter, any contact at all with them produces intense sensations that she finds unpleasurable. I've tried several approaches—soft, direct, peripheral, oral—but whatever approach I use, she cannot tolerate it. As she is very natural, direct and relaxed in all forms of lovemaking, I am puzzled as to whether it is her mind or her body that is actually averse to breast contact. I haven't made it an issue but find that I enjoy breast contact in lovemaking and would very much like to have her experience her breasts in a

pleasurable way. Is there a form of desensitization training we could undertake? Are there additional approaches I am not aware of that could reduce the intensity of her sensations? Or should we just accept this situation and enjoy her breasts' appearance, rather than include them in our lovemaking? I should add that, on a few occasions, direct oral stimulation by me during intercourse caused no aversion—but, rather, virtually no sensation at all. Contact while embracing or in afterglow cuddling is all right, as long as I don't venture near her nipples. In short, I would be pleased for her and for myself if her breasts could realize erotic pleasure for her, and I want your input before we forsake this aspect of sex altogether. Incidentally, she is extremely orgasmic at all junctures of lovemaking, before, during or after intercourse—more so than anyone else I've ever been with. Would this have anything to do with her extreme sensitivity? Any suggestions would be great.—S. W., Richmond, Virginia.

If your partner is unhappy with the appearance of her breasts, she may not be comfortable with your making them a focal point of sex play. She may, however, learn to appreciate them for their attractiveness to you as time goes on and you become more comfortable with each other. You might ask her to touch them first; this might overcome a flinch reflex. But don't project your expectations onto her body. Kinsey found that only half of the women he surveyed felt pleasure from breast stimulation. Her sensitivity in all other respects is a gift. Enjoy it.

Recently I bought a couple of shirts and a sweater, and noticed that all of the labels listed something called ramie as part of the fabric. A friend told me that ramie is the Italian word for linen, but if that's true, why wasn't it translated on the label? What gives?—H. S., Tampa, Florida.

Well, the first thing to understand is that your friend doesn't know fabric from fettuccini. Ramie is a natural fiber that comes from the leaves of a tall plant that has been cultivated and processed for at least 2000 years, mainly in China. Before 1979, trade between the U.S. and China was virtually nonexistent, so ramie was overlooked by clothing manufacturers. In the early Eighties, import quotas placed restrictions on the amount of such fabrics as cotton and wool that could be brought into the U.S., but the quotas did not include ramie. Not surprisingly, 505,000,000 yards of ramie were brought into this country in 1985, and the fabric accounted for ten percent of all the sweaters sold in the U.S. Ramie is stronger than cotton, holds bright dyes nicely and feels like slightly coarse linen. It does not mix well with marinara sauce.

I have a couple of cassette players in various places, and I like to keep the heads clean. But I never remember to get the right kind of alcohol cleanser; or, if I do,

it's always in the wrong place. I've taken to cleaning the heads with the purest form of alcohol that's always around—vodka. It seems to work. Am I doing any permanent damage?—A. K., Skokie, Illinois.

As unorthodox as it may sound, vodka should be a perfectly acceptable substitute for the popular disc-cleaning fluids. These products are mostly alcohol, anyway, with the addition of various inert ingredients. The only potential danger would be if the alcohol got inside the pinch rollers, causing the rubber wheel that turns the tape to start slipping. Damage to the rubber may also occur, so be sure to allow the alcohol to dry before inserting a tape. But if you're careful to restrict your application to the heads themselves, there should be no problem with using vodka as a cleaning fluid. In fact, you might even try using grain alcohol (cheaper and 100 percent alcohol, to boot) and save your vodka for drinking. Cheers.

I am 19 years old and, fortunately for my sheets, I have a steady girlfriend to whom I am engaged. At times, it seems, I masturbate compulsively. I may ejaculate several times a day. I have heard that the human male puts out X number of quarts of sperm in his lifetime. Does this mean that a zestful sex life during youth will restrict one's ability to produce sperm at an older age? If I am putting out close to my quota, might this prevent me from having children? I am worried that I am putting out my X quarts before I'm ready to finish! Is this a realistic worry?—R. F., Washington, D.C.

Frequent masturbation isn't really a problem, especially at your age. Theoretically, there's no limit to the amount of sperm a man can produce in one lifetime. (You produce 72,000,000 of the little suckers a day.) If you remain healthy and sexually active, chances are you'll also remain fertile. So, yes, you're worrying needlessly.

For the time being, I live in an apartment 100 miles from San Francisco and cannot install a large antenna outside to receive San Francisco TV. Is there anything I can do, any device I can purchase?—A. G., Sacramento, California.

Good reception, or any reception at all, has always been a problem for those who live in apartments. There are a couple of things that may ease your difficulty. Many apartment buildings have a master antenna system that tenants can plug into. If a master antenna isn't available to you, perhaps you and the other tenants can get together and have one installed. There may be cable TV in your area available by subscription. This would involve a monthly charge, but the high-quality reception might be worth it. If you lack a master antenna or cable TV, you still have a couple of choices. There are antenna-installation services that could install a system in your apartment. Check your local Yellow Pages. Another possibility is an indoor antenna, available from an electronics house

such as Radio Shack. There are some new types of amplified antennas, priced around \$50, that sit on top of the TV or on a table and may give you the range necessary for good reception. Also available, though larger than the tabletop models, are amplified antennas that can be hung inside the apartment. You may have to hide this type inside a closet or behind a piece of furniture. These antennas, also around \$50, supposedly can receive signals from 90 to 100 miles away. In any case, make sure you can return the indoor antennas if they don't work out.

I consider myself an audiophile, but there are two things that have always puzzled me: (1) On most cassette decks, there is a fluorescent or lighted area in the cassette compartment between the reels. What is this used for? (2) On the shells of most cassettes, there are lines or gradations on the plastic window between the two reels. What are those used for?—H. A., Canyon Country, California.

The lighted area in the cassette compartment behind the cassette is simply a visual aid to let you check how much tape is wound onto each reel. The back lighting is there to help you see how much tape has been played or how far the tape has progressed while you are fast-forwarding or fast-rewinding the tape. The lines on the window of the cassette tape can be used to judge the progress of the tape, but they are not a precise measurement.

Someone told me that there is a substance that kills both herpes and AIDS viruses. What is it? Where can I get it?—W. E., Santa Fe, New Mexico.

A few years ago, researchers discovered that nonoxynol-9 would kill the herpes virus in the lab. A more recent experiment has demonstrated that it can kill the AIDS virus—again, in the lab. So what is this washday miracle? Nonoxynol-9 is the active ingredient in spermicidal jelly, and studies have shown that people who use spermicidal jelly are less susceptible to a variety of sexually transmitted diseases. The word is getting around, and now there are other products that contain nonoxynol-9—ranging from lubricants (to make slipping and sliding a little safer) to cleansers for sex toys (so you can scrub your vibrator before moving on to your next partner). Check with your local pharmacy, or send ten dollars to The Pleasure Chest, Ltd., 20 West 20th Street, New York, New York 10011, for a catalog. Use a condom and you'll further cut the odds of contracting one of these viruses.

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



DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

What's good foreplay for you?

Kissing. I've gotta kiss. I've got to kiss a long time and I've got to have a lot of different kisses—nibbles on the lips, luscious kisses and strong ones, too. I've been driving in a car and had to pull over because of all the kissing. I like to be rubbed, too. A rub is part massage. Do that all over me. I like it. Then play with my hair, touch my face. But don't grab me and roll me over and try to just do it to me. I'm not into that. I can't get motivated for that. Why bother? That's for a vibrator, not another person.



Lynne Austin

LYNNE AUSTIN
JULY 1986

Good foreplay should specialize in the tender parts of the body—the temples, behind the ears and neck, the wrists, knees and toes. Start out brushing those areas lightly and get more aggressive as the minutes and hours go by. The biggest mistake people make is to rush through foreplay because they're in the mood for sex and they want to get to the end result—intercourse. But it's just so much more satisfying to take it slowly and delicately, whispering the right words and doing the right things.



Sherry Arnett

SHERRY ARNETT
JANUARY 1986

God, these questions are making me feel like Dr. Ruth! Foreplay is a very individual thing. Some people like it tender and cuddly; others like it to be more aggressive and a little rough. For me, foreplay is the anticipation of sex. I meet someone, I think about him, I fantasize and get totally prepared emotionally and physically. I think foreplay is psychological at first. I don't want to tell you exactly what does it for me; that would be telling millions of people. But the psychological part of foreplay is the most important if you want to be happy in bed with a man. Next in importance is the build-up of anticipation. Once you've thought about sex for a while, you're ready.



Carol Ficatier

CAROL FICATIER
DECEMBER 1985

Good foreplay doesn't always start in bed or in the house. Sometimes it starts somewhere else, in conversation. Once, I took an incredibly long walk with a guy. We were talking up a storm about all kinds of things, but it was the sexual energy between us that kept the walk going—that and lots of eye contact. Sometimes I'll take off all my clothes and sit down in front of the TV with him. He can't stand that; it drives him crazy. Good foreplay isn't necessarily touching; but once you actually get into bed, oral sex is great foreplay. Talking is good, in and out of bed. The rest is too private to tell the entire world. I think I'll just leave it at that.



Cher Butler

CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

Good foreplay is inventing some kind of game that you can play together as a couple, like a card game. I put down five things I would like to do and my partner does the same. Every time I lose, I have to pick one of my partner's choices for foreplay. Every time he loses, he has to pick one of mine. Believe me, it's a fun game. Sexy lingerie is also great for foreplay. I like to put it on and parade around the house. I like sexy clothing and I like to be looked at.



Teri Weigel

TERI WEIGEL
APRIL 1986

Kissing is good foreplay; so are a nice dinner and some flowers. A drive in the car, or a movie, either at home or out—anything that gets you involved with each other and gets you talking. I live with a man, and my idea of good foreplay is to cook a good dinner, light candles and take the phone off the hook while we eat and talk. You don't need physical contact all the time to get excited. It helps, of course, but the way two people eat good food together can be a big turn-on, too.



Kim Morris

KIM MORRIS
MARCH 1986

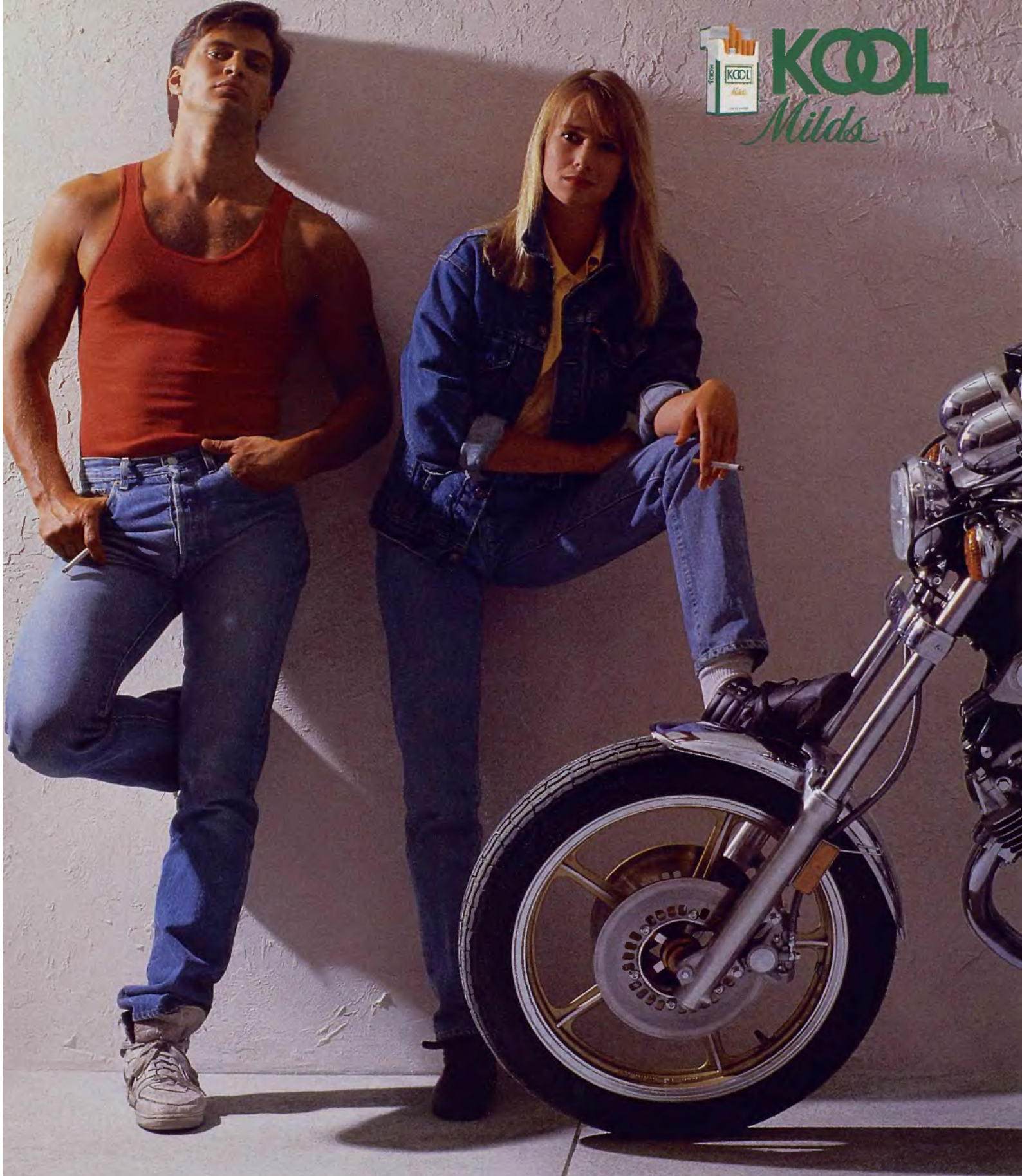
Send your questions to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll try.





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C O M M E N T A R Y

It has been said that there are two kinds of executives: those who make decisions and those who make speeches. Christie Hefner has been doing both of late. For the past few months, she has taken time away from her desk, addressing the National Press Club in Washington, the annual convention of the Video Software Dealers Association in Las Vegas and the Dallas Association of Young Lawyers, as well as debating members of the Meese commission on *Meet the Press* and *The MacNeill/Lehrer NewsHour*. Her speeches have been cablecast on C-SPAN and broadcast on National Public Radio and have been excerpted in dozens of magazines and newspapers. We thought we'd share a few of her thoughts with the people who count most.

ON SEX AS SCAPEGOAT: "Not one of the scientific studies of the causes of sexual abuse and violence against women and children concludes that pornography causes harm. Yet the Meese report attempts to manipulate people's real concerns about these social problems by convincing them that sexual images are to blame for sexual crimes. It attempts to fight complex social ills with simple prejudices."

ON REAL-LIFE REACTIONS TO PORN: "The number of X-rated cassettes rented or purchased in 1984 exceeded the number of people who voted for Ronald Reagan that same year. Millions of Americans viewed sexually explicit books, films and magazines without becoming violent. Acts of violence and abuse against women and children were committed in this country long before sexually explicit materials became available."

ON SNOWBALLING OF CENSORSHIP: "The censorious effect of the Meese commission has spread. It has legitimized the harassment of

retailers and advertisers, and now we can expect to see more stores stop selling 'controversial' material. Wal-Mart stores, under pressure from an evangelical minister, Jimmy Swaggart, recently removed all teen-music magazines, including *Rolling Stone*, from their 890 retail outlets. Pressure in Texas caused some retailers to stop selling issues of *Texas Monthly*, because it featured a sexy ad for a Calvin Klein fragrance. One convenience store even took *American Photographer* off its shelves—for showing a bare breast.

surveys show that people find TV evangelists more offensive than adult movies. There are still people who find interracial marriage highly offensive. The Meese report highlights the fact that some people find premarital sex and even masturbation objectionable. And certainly most of us find the literature and ideas of groups such as the K.K.K. and neo-Nazis offensive, maybe even dangerous.

"But there's a fundamental difference between choosing not to participate in First Amendment-protected activities and keeping other people from participating. The pluralism that allows each of us to make our own choices requires us to tolerate others' choices."

ON INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY: "Attempts to suppress sexual material run directly counter to our basic notion of individual responsibility. We base our laws on the idea that *people* are responsible for their actions. We don't allow the killer of San Francisco mayor George Moscone

and city official Harvey Milk to get off by blaming Twinkies; when a man pulls a two-foot sword on the Staten Island ferry and kills two people and says that God told him to do it, we don't accept that as an alibi. We don't let someone blame alcohol for drunk driving; the individual is responsible. There's a man on trial for sex crimes who is saying that pornography made him do it. The vocal minority would buy that argument and say that images of 'bad behavior' should be suppressed because they cause bad behavior. And what kind of art, literature and entertainment would we be left with?

"We need to have faith that our basic values will not be easily eradicated by an image or an idea. I wish some of the crusaders had a little more faith in people and would recognize that for the most part, they make the right choices."

CHRISTIE SPEAKS OUT



"NOT ONE OF THE SCIENTIFIC STUDIES OF THE CAUSES OF SEXUAL ABUSE AND VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN AND CHILDREN CONCLUDES THAT PORNOGRAPHY CAUSES HARM."

And Donald Wildmon's National Federation for Decency, which takes 'credit' for the Southland Corporation's decision to drop PLAYBOY from its 7-Eleven stores, has denounced the following TV shows and publications as anti-Christian, pornographic and immoral: *Golden Girls*, *Hill Street Blues*, *Sports Illustrated's* swimsuit issue, *Archie Bunker's Place*, *Cosmopolitan* and *Cheers*. The vocal minority's list of 'offensive' magazines, books, records and other products, from contraceptives to video cassettes, is very long. Either a retailer defines community standards by the market that exists for these products in his store or he will be left with very little inventory at all."

ON TOLERANCE: "We all find certain things objectionable, but not the same things. Cable-programming



FOR THE RECORD

DEFINITIONS OF PORN

Joseph Sobran, syndicated columnist: "Here is my working definition of pornography: It is that which, if it were to fail to appear in the next issue of *PLAYBOY*, would result in the magazine's ruin." Aha! Advertising is pornography.

Wendy Reid Crisp, the editor of *Savvy*: "There is a difference between erotica and pornography. Erotica makes you want to make love. Pornography makes you want to throw up." Well, that's certainly useful. That sounds to us more like the difference between one glass of champagne and, say, three bottles of champagne.

Mary Ann Pressamarita, housewife: "Pornography is pornography. There's some that's bad and there's some that's worse. There's sick, sicker and sickest." We prefer good, better and really bad.

Father Bruce Ritter, Attorney General's Commission on Pornography: "One man's nudity is another man's erotica is another man's soft-core pornography is another man's hard-core obscenity is another man's boredom!"

THE \$732,000 HEADLINE

What's going on? The September third *New York Times* reported on a study by Judith Reisman of the American University. The headline claimed "CHILD ABUSE AND PHOTOS LINKED BY A RESEARCHER." Apparently, the Government gave her \$732,000 to count cartoons in *PLAYBOY*, *Penthouse* and *Hustler*. Great work if you can get it. Reisman was quoted as saying

that there were 6004 images of children in the three magazines during the period of her study and that more than a third of the images associated children with nudity or sex. All three magazines had presented images of adult women scantily clad in what appeared to be children's clothing, sometimes holding Teddy bears and other toys. OK, I'm a reasonable guy. I looked at the November *PLAYBOY* and saw a picture of Paulina holding a Teddy bear (*The Playboy Gallery*). Is this kiddie porn? Will looking at Paulina make me a pedophile? I know this is the same Government that paid \$400 for a hammer, but is this really science?

Desmond Ellis

Indianapolis, Indiana
Reisman's only known professional experience with children prior to the grant was as a songwriter for "Captain Kangaroo," and she'd been a mere dabbler at research until she won big in the Government giveaway. Her grant was 50 percent larger than the funds allocated to the entire Meese-commission extravaganza and one tenth of the amount Federally budgeted for the Office of Juvenile Justice.

*Reisman's entire mandate was to count the sexual images of children in 683 issues of three men's magazines. She included not only depictions of prepubescent individuals but those of adults with kids' toys and every single panel of *PLAYBOY*'s "Little Annie Fanny," whose heroine was construed to be a child.*

University of Pennsylvania professor Robert M. Figlio, a member of the panel of experts asked by the American University to

review Reisman's study, wrote, "This manuscript cannot stand as a publishable and/or deliverable product" and described the report's contribution to scholarship and policy making as "nil." He found Reisman's definition of child "almost meaningless."

No, you will not become a pedophile by looking at the picture of Paulina holding a Teddy bear. Pedophiles are sexually immature individuals who probably had very little exposure to erotica during adolescence. They are the products of sexual repression who grew up in environments where their own sexual curiosity was denied or punished. That repression produced crippled adults who, in turn, cripple children.

If the Reagan Administration were truly interested in children, it would spend its money on shelters for abused or runaway children, not on wasteful and bizarre "research."

CANADIAN BUREAUCRATS IN BONDAGE

I happened to be in Canada for Expo '86 and had an experience reminiscent of Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. I purchased a copy of the October issue of *PLAYBOY* and found one of the pages torn out of the pictorial on Wendy O. Williams ("Oh, Wendy O.!") Initially, I thought it must be the result of vandalism by some drug-crazed rock fan, but then I discovered that all of the magazines on the rack were similarly defaced. I asked the store owner, and he said that, no, rock fans weren't to blame—rather, some pious jerks known as the Periodical Review Board of British Columbia. I had thought Canada was a free country. When I got back to the States, I purchased a copy, intact, and now I am even more baffled. Why would anyone censor that picture?

Nathaniel Bynner
Evanston, Illinois

A bureaucrat on the Periodical Review Board of British Columbia looked at the picture of Wendy O. on pages 74 and 75 and decided that it depicted bondage. Jillian Ridington, chairperson, wrote to us to explain her assessment: "Our opinion was based primarily on the fact that the parachute cord is around the neck and upper body of the nude subject . . . and on the fact that the costume worn by Wendy O. includes a bondage harness and not the type of harness that would normally be worn by a wing walker." The picture could be viewed as bondage only if one ignored not only the details of the photograph but also the text and pictures that accompanied it. The cords

of the parachute were loosely tangled about Williams' body. The harness, while perhaps not one worn by a wing walker, is one worn by a punk-rock star, which Williams is. Of course, if we had asked Wendy O. to walk naked on the wing of the plane and jump without the parachute and had published the results, the Canadian censors would have left PLAYBOY intact.

ROAD WARRIOR

As a physician who conducts drug testing on truck drivers for the Department of Transportation, let me inform you that your position against drug testing is wrong.

I hope some 18-wheeler being driven by a driver high on speed, with three days of coke in him and smoking a joint, meets up with you.

Joey M. Pirrung, M.D.
Mesquite, Texas

Before the civil rights movement, many Southerners used to say that before they would hire a black maid, she would have to go for a V.D. test. They were not concerned about her health; rather, they used the test to examine her morals and to let her know that her private life was their business.

If you look at drug testing, you see a similar pattern. Isn't it curious that the first people Reagan went after were the air-traffic controllers, the only Government employees with the balls to go out on strike? And that New York City's mayor Ed Koch went after the groups with whom he has the most problems—policemen, firemen, taxi drivers? Drug testing is an instrument of punishment and repression, just as the V.D. test was in the South. Furthermore, it is inaccurate. The threat of testing encourages people who abuse coke and speed (which stay in the body for only a few days) and discourages those who smoke dope (which can be detected for 21 days). The test doesn't even measure impairment, just recent history. There was nothing to stop maids from leading "immoral" lives once they had passed the blood test. The same problem applies to your profession. We think the testers should be tested; here you are, a doctor, hoping for violence. What are you on, doc? If you really want to ensure that truck drivers or pilots or surgeons are competent to perform their jobs, test their motor skills before they get into the truck or the plane or the operating room.

NAVY BLUES

I'm in the Navy, and I know what drug testing is like. The command randomly picks a certain number of people a month to give a urine sample. If you refuse, they take you into custody and extract your urine by catheter. Is this what they call voluntary drug testing?

(Name withheld by request)
U.S. Navy

SLOW BURN

I joined the Service for the same reason I am writing this letter, and that is to defend my country's freedom. Jerry Falwell and his cohorts are attempting to demolish the very structure of our way of life by attacking one of its most basic principles—the First Amendment. While others attempt to safeguard the house we all share, these domestic arsonists attempt to burn it down from within.

It is my belief that Falwell and those who support his cause are a bigger threat to democracy than any number of Communist aggressors I could expect to encounter on the field of battle.

Michael A. Scott
Kunsan, Korea

There is an old story, possibly apocryphal, about L.B.J.'s bid for his Texas Senatorial seat in 1948. In the final days of the campaign, Johnson's lead was slipping badly. He called in his most trusted aide and gave him the following instructions: "I want you to leak a rumor to the press that my opponent enjoys sexual relations with his barnyard sow." His aide gasped with astonishment, "But, Mr. Johnson, no one will believe that your opponent is a pig fucker!" Johnson leaned back in his chair and said, smiling, "Of course not, but let's make the son of a bitch squirm."

I equate Meese with Johnson—and PLAYBOY is squirming. You'd be smart if you took a lesson from Richard Nixon, who, in 1968, fearing that George Wallace would split the Republican vote, ignored Wallace's candidacy. This tack effectively reduced Wallace's credibility.

Your readers believe in PLAYBOY. You don't have to defend yourself to us.

Glen Golub
St. Louis, Missouri

We don't think we have to defend PLAYBOY to our readers, either, and we're not—what we are defending is the First Amendment. This entire country should be squirming under the threat of the Meese patrol.

It's not a wise idea to ignore someone in a position of considerable power who is trampling on the Bill of Rights. Many of our readers agree. See the following letter.

I don't think that people realize how essential it is for us to protect our constitutional rights, and I think that people are just simply waiting for what they consider the latest in Falwell fads to run its course. Apathy is dangerous, since it allows the madness of a few to affect the lives of millions for years to come. This is not acceptable.

Frederick T. Marques
College Station, Texas

WRONG MESSAGE FROM THE RIGHT

I recently received a postcard in the mail that read:

The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin. Whosoever is not found written in the book of life will be cast into the lake of fire. The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Ask the Lord Jesus Christ to save you right now!

This message is not anything proselytizers haven't sent me before. But what caught my eye was the return address on the card, which had my name listed, as well as the address
(continued on page 40)

PLAYBOY: 3; MEESKETEERS: 0

For the third time in four months, a Federal court has ruled in favor of PLAYBOY and against public officials' attempts to censor it. On October 3, 1986, U.S. District Court judge Myron H. Thompson approved fees of \$39,732 and costs of \$4081 for attorneys representing Playboy Enterprises, Inc., and other plaintiffs against the city of Montgomery, Alabama, its county district attorney, James H. Evans, the chief of police, John H. Wilson, and special prosecutor Thomas O. Kotouc.

The suit was filed when local magazine wholesalers and retailers refused to sign a form distributed by the district attorney and chief of police stating that they would refrain from selling adult magazines, including PLAYBOY. In retaliation, Evans initiated grand-jury proceedings against the local merchants, Playboy Enterprises, Inc., two other national publishers of adult magazines, the Council for Periodical Distributors Associations and the International Periodical Distributors Association.

On July 24, 1986, Playboy Enterprises, Inc., and other plaintiffs won the suit against Evans and the city of Montgomery. Judge Thompson entered an injunction declaring that "Evans and the task force have engaged in an illegal prior restraint against all plaintiffs and that they [have] illegally instituted criminal proceedings against the national publishers and trade associations and the local merchants."



FUNDAMENTALIST FAIRY TALES

Many journalists called it the new monkey trial or Scopes II, as though the hearings in Greeneville, Tennessee, were just another Hollywood sequel. They were wrong. What happened in Tennessee resembled Galileo's meeting with the Grand Inquisitor rather than part two of *Inherit the Wind*. And what happened in Tennessee—while not devastating in itself—is ominous. It will have far-reaching effects.

Last July, born-again Christians from Church Hill went to Federal court to demand that the public schools provide their children with textbooks other than those used throughout the school system. They argued that the educational process was contaminating their children by exposing them to the state religion of secular humanism.

The textbooks in question were a series published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston—a series, incidentally, used by fifth and sixth graders at Jerry Falwell's Lynchburg Academy without complaint. But those books, though good enough for Jerry's kids, were not good enough for the even more conservative group in Church Hill. The lead plaintiff, Vicki Frost, was alarmed by the texts; she explained, "I'm a born-again Christian. The word of God is the totality of my beliefs," and the textbooks, as well as other parts of the reading curriculum, contained much that did not jibe with her beliefs.

The plaintiffs cited hundreds of instances of objectionable material, including:

- Discussion of the Renaissance, because "a central idea of the Renaissance was a belief in the dignity and worth of human beings."

- Discussion of Leonardo da Vinci, because his paintings glorify man instead of God.

- A science-fiction story titled *A Visit to Mars*, because (according to Frost) it deals with thought transference, or telepathy, a supernatural ability that is properly God's alone.

- A passage in *Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl*, because it implies that all religions are equal. (Anne tells a friend, "Oh, I don't mean you have to be orthodox. . . . I just mean some religion. It doesn't matter what. Just to believe in something.")

- A mention of Roman Catholicism. To make such a mention acceptable, the children "would have to be exposed to the error of it."

- A text suggesting that children use "the powerful and magical eye inside [their] head[s]"—their imagination. The children of Christians, says Frost,

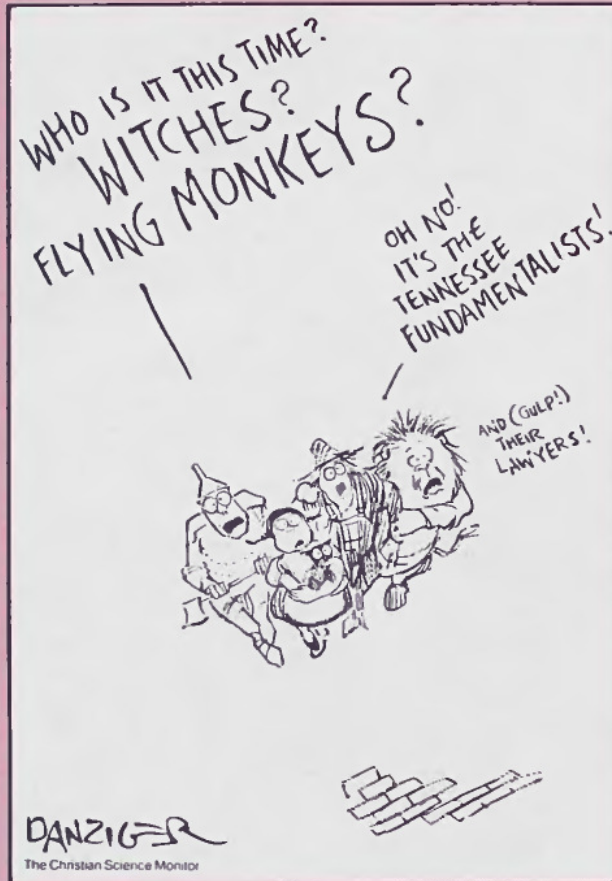
ruling: "Despite the fact that many people holding more orthodox religious beliefs might find the plaintiffs' beliefs inconsistent, illogical, incomprehensible and unacceptable," the plaintiffs' objections were "sincerely held religious convictions. . . ." Hull noted that the plaintiffs were afraid that their children, after an unedited dose of the offending readers, "might adopt the views of a feminist, a humanist, a pacifist, an anti-Christian, a vegetarian or an advocate of 'one-world government.'" And he gave the plaintiffs' children the right to cut class rather than face exposure to such godless material.

But what if one's "sincerely held convictions" are not "religious"? May feminists demand that their children be allowed to cut classes in which history is taught in terms of male accomplishments? May pacifists say that their kids ain't gonna study war no more? May a vegetarian cut a biology class in which meat is mentioned as part of the food chain?

By making secular humanism into a religion, Southern judges are rewriting history. They may as well haul Gutenberg into court. For fundamentalists, the issue is not just what is in the textbooks but the existence of text. As Professor Butler Shaffer wrote, "When men and women were able to read the Bible or the theories of Copernicus or Galileo or Servetus, it was inevitable that most would become attracted to the sentiment that they, as individuals, were as capable of discovering truth as a Pope." Or a fundamentalist housewife.

If schools have any legitimate function, it is to impart enough knowledge for its charges to function as adults in a society based on informed consent. Children should not be forced into classrooms; but the proper place to protect people from unpleasant truths is not a classroom. It's a padded cell.

A faith is made no truer by willful denial of facts or other ideas. The Church authorities forced Galileo to recant his belief that the earth revolved around the sun and banned his texts. They established their authority but did nothing to change the movement of the planets. The devout in Church Hill tried to reassert their authority over this plague of questioning minds. Their kids now have the option not only of opting out of class but of opting out of the Twentieth Century. —JOHN DENTINGER



"cannot violate their religious beliefs by participating in an occult practice. . . . I cannot cope with my child closing his eyes and going into a supernatural experience. Our children's imaginations have to be bounded."

- Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, because it mentions magic and witchcraft.

- *The Wizard of Oz*, for concluding that people have a power within themselves to change the way they are.

- The fairy tale *Cinderella*, because it mentions magic.

- Stories about dinosaurs, because their existence indicates that the earth is older than the Bible tells us.

The plaintiffs' reasoning (or lack of it) is enough to make most people chuckle. But the laughter stops when we read Federal judge Thomas Hull's

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CANADIAN PORN PANIC

OTTAWA, ONTARIO—A report prepared by two social scientists for the Canadian justice department says that concern over pornography is based on emotion rather than fact and that there is no good evidence that porn harms adults or adversely affects their behavior. Professors H. B. McKay and D. J. Dolff said they had found "considerable evidence of conceptually cloudy thinking related to virtually every aspect of the work [on porn]. The literature is rife with speculation and unwarranted assumptions, e.g., that attitudes and behavior are highly correlated or track each other directly." The report was prepared for Canadian justice authorities prior to the government's introduction of criminal-code amendments that would establish a five-year prison sentence for anyone who produced or distributed pornography. But porn is so broadly defined as to include nearly any depiction of sexual behavior.

CATCH-22

NEW YORK CITY—Changing heart on a sticky legal issue, the American Medical Association has told doctors that in some cases, they have a moral obligation to set aside doctor-patient confidentiality. The



advice came after The Pittsburgh Press stated that at least 23 airline-crew members, including a pilot near death from a cocaine overdose, had been treated at local hospitals for drug-related medical crises without their conditions' being reported. According to an A.M.A. spokesman, "Physicians recognize the moral obliga-

tion under certain circumstances to report because of the overriding consideration for public safety." However, a spokesman for the Hospital Association of Pennsylvania said that a 1972 state law forbids such disclosure and puts medical personnel in a bind. If they don't disclose names, he said, "there's a possibility for catastrophe. If they do tell somebody, they're liable to be sued or prosecuted."

SENIOR SEX

GÖTEBORG, SWEDEN—Researchers at Sahlgrenska Hospital have discovered that elderly people who remain sexually active have more vitality and better memo-



ries than their inactive counterparts. Two studies conducted over a 12-year period found that psychological rather than biological problems lead to a decline in sexual activity and that "to give up one's sexual life leads to a drop in memory capacity and intellectual ability."

YUPPIE LOVE

A nationwide survey conducted by the magazine *New Woman* finds today's women giving some interesting replies to questions on sex. Of 34,000 respondents:

Forty-four percent of married women admit to having had extramarital sex. Fifty-five percent say they've had sex on a first date. Thirty percent say they've had sex against their will. Ninety percent say they're turned on by erotica.

One of the surprise responses, from 40 percent of the women surveyed, was that they often prefer lust-filled "quickies" to romantic cuddling.

AIDS UPDATE

• Researchers in Seattle have discovered a drug that elicits, in monkeys, not only AIDS-antibody production but also an immune response that is considered essential to an effective defense against the AIDS virus. The response is a "cell-mediated" one in which the white blood cells "learn" what the live AIDS virus looks like and proliferate in defense against it.

• At the University of California at Davis, a drug based on the original Salk polio vaccine has been found to give at least a year's protection to monkeys injected with lethal doses of an AIDSlike virus.

• The Federal Government has decided that the drug azidothymidine (A.Z.T.) is effective enough as an interim treatment of AIDS to be made available to victims of the disease.

• A doctor at Cambridge University's department of hematological medicine has used the results of his leukemia research as the basis for a new AIDS test that reportedly is inexpensive, highly accurate, simple enough to be conducted with a minimum of equipment and capable of detecting a strain of AIDS virus missed by most other testing methods.

• A study of families in Zaire seems to confirm the theory that AIDS can be transmitted by either spouse to the other through sexual contact or the sharing of blood products but that the virus is not otherwise transmitted in close day-to-day contact between family members, even when sanitary conditions are poor.

• Heterosexual intercourse is now the predominant means of AIDS transmission in Haiti, but the Haitian-American research team making that discovery also speculates that the virus may be more easily spread among people with other sexually transmitted diseases.

• A doctor at France's Pasteur Institute reports that mosquitoes, ticks and other vermin in central Africa carry the AIDS virus and may be a "natural reservoir" for the disease, but he notes that epidemiological studies of children who are frequently bitten by contaminated insects find they do not contract the disease from bug bites.

• New York University Medical Center tests of 20 college-educated, high-priced callgirls who average 200 customers a year found only one to have the AIDS virus, and she described herself as an intravenous-drug user.

C E N S O R S H I P

Responding to the Meese commission's official approval of pressure-group censorship, Waldenbooks staged a promotion featuring 52 volumes that had been "challenged, burned or banned somewhere in the United States during the past 15 years." The titles and the reasons for outrage against these books are so astounding that we decided to publish the complete list.

The Bastard, by John Jakes. Removed from Montour (Pennsylvania) High School library, 1976.

Bloodline, by Sidney Sheldon. Challenged in Abingdon, Virginia, 1980; Elizabethton, Tennessee, 1981.

Brave New World, by Aldous Huxley. Removed from classroom, Miller, Missouri, 1980. Challenged frequently throughout the U.S.

Carrie, by Stephen King. Considered "trash" that is especially harmful for "younger girls." Challenged by Clark High School library, Las Vegas, Nevada, 1975. Placed on special closed shelf in Union High School library, Vergennes, Vermont, 1978.

The Catcher in the Rye, by J. D. Salinger. Considered "dangerous" because of vulgarity, occultism, violence and sexual content. Banned in Freeport High School, DeFuniak Springs, Florida, 1985. Removed from Issaquah, Washington, optional high school reading list, 1978; required reading list, Middleville, Michigan, 1979; Jackson-Milton school libraries, North Jackson, Ohio, 1980; Anniston, Alabama, high school libraries, 1982. Challenged by Libby (Montana) High School, 1983.

Catch-22, by Joseph Heller. Considered "dangerous" because of objectionable language. Banned in Strongsville, Ohio, 1972 (overturned in 1976). Challenged by Dallas, Texas, Independent School District high school libraries, 1974, and by Snoqualmie, Washington, 1979.

The Clan of the Cave Bear, by Jean M. Auel. Challenged by numerous public libraries.

A Clockwork Orange, by Anthony Burgess. "Objectionable" language. Removed from Westport, Rhode Island, high school classrooms, 1977; Aurora, Colorado, high school classrooms, 1976; Anniston, Alabama, high school libraries, 1982.

The Color Purple, by Alice Walker. Considered inappropriate because of its

"troubling ideas about race relations, man's relationship to God, African history and human sexuality." Challenged by Oakland, California, high school honors class, 1984; rejected for purchase by Hayward, California, school trustees.

The Crucible, by Arthur Miller. Considered dangerous because it contains "sick words from the mouths of demon-possessed people." Challenged by Cumberland Valley High School, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, 1982.

Cujo, by Stephen King. Profanity and strong sexual content cited as reasons for opposition. Banned by Washington County, Alabama, Board of Education, 1985; challenged by Rankin County, Mississippi, School District, 1984; removed by Bradford, New York, school library, 1985; rejected for purchase by Hayward, California, school trustees, 1985.

Death of a Salesman, by Arthur Miller. Cited for profanity. Banned by Spring Valley Community High School, French Lick, Indiana, 1981; challenged by Dallas, Texas, Independent School District high school libraries, 1974.

The Devil's Alternative, by Frederick Forsyth. Removed by Evergreen School District, Vancouver, Washington, 1983.

The Diary of a Young Girl, by Anne Frank. Objections to sexually offensive passages. Challenged by Wise County, Virginia, 1982; Alabama State Textbook Committee, 1983.

East of Eden, by John Steinbeck. Considered "ungodly and obscene." Removed from Anniston, Alabama, high school libraries, 1982; Morris, Manitoba, school libraries, 1982.

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway. Labeled as a "sex novel." Challenged by Dallas, Texas, Independent School District high school libraries, 1974; Vernon-Verona-Sherill, New York, School District, 1980.

Firestarter, by Stephen King. Cited for "graphic descriptions of sexual acts, vulgar language and violence." Challenged by Campbell County, Wyoming, school system, 1983-1984.

Flowers for Algernon, by Daniel Keyes. Explicit, distasteful love scenes cited among reasons for opposition. Banned by Plant City, Florida, 1976; Emporium, Pennsylvania, 1977; Glen Rose (Arkansas) High School library, 1981.

Challenged by Oberlin (Ohio) High School, 1983; Glenrock (Wyoming) High School, 1984.

Flowers in the Attic, by V. C. Andrews. Considered "dangerous" because it contains "offensive passages concerning incest and sexual intercourse." Challenged by Richmond (Rhode Island) High School, 1983.

Forever, by Judy Blume. Detractors cite its "four-letter words and [talk] about masturbation, birth control and disobedience to parents." Challenged by Midvalley Junior-Senior High School library, Scranton, Pennsylvania, 1982; Orlando, Florida, schools, 1982; Akron, Ohio, School District libraries, 1983; Howard-Suamico (Wisconsin) High School, 1983; Holdrege, Nebraska, Public Library, 1984; Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Public Library, 1984; Patrick County, Virginia, School Board, 1986; Park Hill (Missouri) South Junior High School library, 1982.

The Grapes of Wrath, by John Steinbeck. Considered "dangerous" because of vulgar language and the unfavorable depiction of a former minister. Banned in Kanawha, Iowa, 1980; Morris, Manitoba, 1982. Challenged by Vernon-Verona-Sherill, New York, School District, 1980; Richford, Vermont, 1981.

Harriet the Spy, by Louise Fitzhugh. Considered "dangerous" because it "teaches children to lie, spy, back-talk and curse." Challenged by Xenia, Ohio, school libraries, 1983.

Huckleberry Finn, by Mark Twain. Considered "dangerous" because of objectionable language and "racist" terms and content. Challenged by Winnetka, Illinois, 1976; Warrington, Pennsylvania, 1981; Davenport, Iowa, 1981; Fairfax County, Virginia, 1982; Houston, Texas, 1982; State College, Pennsylvania, area school district, 1983; Springfield, Illinois, 1984; Waukegan, Illinois, 1984.

I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, by Maya Angelou. Considered "dangerous" because it preaches "bitterness and hatred against whites." Challenged by Alabama State Textbook Committee, 1983.

Iggie's House, by Judy Blume. Challenged by Casper, Wyoming, school libraries, 1984.

It's Okay if You Don't Love Me, by Norma Klein. Considered "dangerous"

S C O R E C A R D

because it portrays "sex as the only thing on young people's minds." Banned in Haywood County, California, 1981. Removed by Widefield (Colorado) High School, 1983; Vancouver, Washington, School District, 1984.

The Living Bible, by William C. Bower. Considered "dangerous" because it is "a perverted commentary on the King James Version." Burned in Gastonia, North Carolina, 1981.

Lord of the Flies, by William Golding. Considered "demoralizing inasmuch as it implies that man is little more than an animal." Challenged by Dallas, Texas, Independent School District high school libraries, 1974; Sully Buttes (South Dakota) High School, 1981; Owen (North Carolina) High School, 1981; Marana (Arizona) High School, 1983; Olney, Texas, Independent School District, 1984.

Love Is One of the Choices, by Norma Klein. Removed by Evergreen School District, Vancouver, Washington, 1983.

The Martian Chronicles, by Ray Bradbury. Profanity and the use of God's name in vain sparked opposition to this novel. Challenged by Haines City (Florida) High School, 1982.

Matarese Circle, by Robert Ludlum. "Unnecessarily rough language and sexual descriptions" caused opposition to this novel. Restricted (to students with parental consent) by Pierce (Nebraska) High School, 1983.

The Merchant of Venice, by William Shakespeare. Objections to purported anti-Semitism. Banned by Midland, Michigan, classrooms, 1980.

Nineteen Eighty-Four, by George Orwell. Objections to pro-Communist material and explicit sexual matter. Challenged by Jackson County, Florida, 1981.

Of Mice and Men, by John Steinbeck. Considered "dangerous" because of its profanity and "vulgar language." Banned in Syracuse, Indiana, 1974; Oil City, Pennsylvania, 1977; Grand Blanc, Michigan, 1979; Continental, Ohio, 1980; Skyline High School, Scottsboro, Alabama, 1983. Challenged by Greenville, South Carolina, 1977; Vernon-Verona-Sherill, New York, School District, 1980; St. David, Arizona, 1981; Telly City, Indiana, 1982; Knoxville, Tennessee, School Board, 1984.

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich, by Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Objectionable

language. Removed by Milton (New Hampshire) High School library, 1976. Challenged by Mahwah, New Jersey, 1976; Omak, Washington, 1979; Mohawk Trail Regional High School, Buckland, Massachusetts, 1981.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, by Ken Kesey. Removed from required reading list by Westport, Massachusetts, 1977. Banned by Freemont High School, St. Anthony, Idaho. (Instructor was fired.) Challenged by Merrimack (New Hampshire) High School.

Ordinary People, by Judith Guest. Called "obscene" and "depressing." Banned (temporarily) by Merrimack (New Hampshire) High School, 1982.

Otherwise Known as Sheila the Great, by Judy Blume. Challenged by Casper, Wyoming, school libraries, 1984.

The Pigman, by Paul Zindel. Considered dangerous because it features "liars, cheaters and stealers." Challenged by Hillsboro, Missouri, School District, 1985.

The Red Pony, by John Steinbeck. Called a "filthy, trashy sex novel." Challenged by Vernon-Verona-Sherill, New York, School District, 1980.

The Seduction of Peter S., by Lawrence Sanders. Called "blatantly graphic, pornographic and wholly unacceptable for a high school library." Burned by Stroudsburg (Pennsylvania) High School library, 1985.

A Separate Peace, by John Knowles. Detractors cite offensive language and sex as dangerous elements in this novel. Challenged by Vernon-Verona-Sherill, New York, School District, 1980; Fannett-Metal High School, Shippenburg, Pennsylvania, 1985.

The Shining, by Stephen King. Considered dangerous because it "contains violence and demonic possession and ridicules the Christian religion." Challenged by Campbell County, Wyoming, school system, 1983. Banned by Washington County, Alabama, Board of Education, 1985.

Silas Marner, by George Eliot. Banned by Union High School, Anaheim, California, 1978.

Slaughterhouse-Five, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Considered "dangerous" because of violent, irreverent, profane and sexually explicit content. Burned in Drake, North Carolina, 1973; Rochester, Michigan, 1972; Levittown, New York, 1975; North Jackson, Ohio, 1979; Lakeland, Florida, 1982. Barred from

purchase by Washington Park High School, Racine, Wisconsin, 1984. Challenged by Owensboro (Kentucky) High School library, 1985.

Superfudge, by Judy Blume. Disapproval based on "profane, immoral and offensive" content. Challenged by Casper, Wyoming, school libraries, 1984; Bozeman, Montana, school libraries, 1985.

That Was Then, This Is Now, by S. E. Hinton. Objections to "graphic language, subject matter, immoral tone and lack of literary quality." Challenged by Pagosa Springs, Colorado, schools, 1983.

To Kill a Mockingbird, by Harper Lee. Considered "dangerous" because of profanity and undermining of race relations. Challenged (temporarily banned) in Eden Valley, Minnesota, 1977; Vernon-Verona-Sherill, New York, School District, 1980; Warren, Indiana, township schools, 1981; Waukegan, Illinois, School District, 1984; Kansas City, Missouri, junior high schools, 1985; Park Hill (Missouri) Junior High School, 1985. Protested by black parents and NAACP in Casa Grande (Arizona) Elementary School District, 1985.

Ulysses, by James Joyce. "Given its long history of censorship, *Ulysses* has rarely been selected for high school libraries."—Judith Krug, director, Office for Intellectual Freedom, American Library Association, 1986.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Use of the word nigger caused opposition. Challenged by Waukegan, Illinois, School District, 1984.

The Valley of the Horses, by Jean M. Auel. Discredited because of obscenity and pornography. Challenged by Bastrop, Texas, 1984.

Where the Sidewalk Ends, by Shel Silverstein. Considered by opponents to undermine parental, school and religious authority. Pulled from shelves for review by Minot, North Dakota, public school libraries, 1986. Challenged by Xenia, Ohio, school libraries, 1983.

Sources for all of the above information: American Library Association *Resource Book for Banned Book Week 1986* and the *Newsletter on Intellectual Freedom*, published by the Office for Intellectual Freedom, American Library Association. Complete documentation is available from the American Library Association.

FEEDBACK (continued)

of The Playboy Club in Omaha. It seems that the "messengers" consider my membership in The Playboy Club and my subscription to PLAYBOY sinful and something that will cause my damnation. I responded to them as follows:

PLAYBOY and what it stands for are not immoral except to the close-minded few. You have no right to make a moral judgment based on what clubs I join or what I read.

In a pluralistic society such as ours, we must be willing to tolerate the way other people are, think or act. While this fact may bother you, I find it an essential ingredient of American life.

(Name withheld by request)
Omaha, Nebraska

FEEL ME, TOUCH ME

I recently read that Congress tried to eliminate the Braille edition of PLAYBOY funded by the Library of Congress [January *Forum Newsfront*]. Luckily, Federal judge Thomas F. Hogan correctly saw this as a breach of the First Amendment. (Maybe you guys could introduce Judge Hogan to our buddy Ed Meese.)

The fact that there is a Braille edition of PLAYBOY is proof that there really are peo-

ple who read your magazine only for the articles. And all these years I thought my father was lying to me.

Tom A. Swanner
Long Beach, California

CHILLING DAYS IN GEORGIA

As a librarian and a subscriber to PLAYBOY, I was pleased to see your cartoon on page 176 of the October issue dealing with library censorship. Your recent coverage of the Meese-commission-report debate has also been commendable. Those who hold that the report is not a threat to our libraries overlook the possible chilling effect that it will have on the free flow of information and ideas.

People for the American Way has just reported a 35 percent increase in library-censorship attempts in the past year, and a recent A.C.L.U. report, "Censorship in the South: A Report of Four States 1980-1985," has shown that here in Georgia, 73.1 percent of public libraries and 25.7 percent of public school libraries have had materials challenged since 1980. Those figures do not reflect the informal censoring that occurs when libraries decide not to purchase materials out of fear of potential censorship.

Thomas F. Budlong, Jr.
Decatur, Georgia

Georgia is not the only state to undergo library censorship. See "Censorship Score

Card" for a list of books challenged, burned or banned in the U.S. in the past 15 years.

CRACKED COMMENT

As an editor of *Cracked*, a magazine that specializes in the outrageous, I've been following *The Playboy Forum* intently. From the banning of porn to the banning of rock magazines—can we be far behind?

In the Fifties, Dr. Frederic Wertham wrote the infamous *Seduction of the Innocent*, a book that blamed comic books for all the evils of the day. Dr. Wertham listed case after gruesome case involving violent juveniles and erroneously concluded that since kids read comics, it must be comics that make them violent. One of the main targets of Wertham's book was EC Comics, publisher of the classic horror comics of the Fifties.

Today, the works of Wertham are largely forgotten. Meanwhile, all of EC's titles have recently been reissued in deluxe hardcover volumes. I trust that PLAYBOY will still be going strong in the next century as historians ask, "Meese who?"

Michael Delle-Femine
Editor in Chief
Cracked
New York, New York

When a government goes after sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll, there's little room for laughter. Maybe you will be next.

THE THE THE Good, Bad & THE Buckley

When you have a complex, major social problem that seems incapable of solution, just take it to William F. Buckley, Jr.

For example, in an article he wrote in March for *The New York Times*, W.F.B., Jr., solved the problem of how to limit the spread of AIDS.

"Everyone detected with AIDS," he announced, "should be tattooed . . . on the buttocks, to prevent the victimization of other homosexuals."

A brilliant concept, despite its evident indifference to the plight of *blind* homosexuals—a minority that surely needs every friend it can get—and the regrettable fact that it would oblige us to stick ink-dipped needles into hemophiliacs, another major AIDS-victim group.

But a central question remains: Just how do we word this *derrière* deterrent, this ass alarm? Should we take a leaf from the antismoking movement, with something like

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: ANAL INTERCOURSE—AT LEAST WITH THIS INDIVIDUAL—MAY CAUSE SLOW, WASTING DEATH AND REPEATED INTER-



SEVERE TIRE DAMAGE.

Well, hell, we can work out the details later. What's important is that Bill Buckley has provided the key to ending the spread of this virulent disease, thus earning, again, the praise of all decent Americans.

Except, possibly, for those legions of poor bastards who will contract it via contaminated tattoo needles.

Robert S. Wieder
El Cerrito, California

VIEWS BY LOCAL NEWSPERSONS FOR HUMAN-INTEREST STORIES?

Nah, definitely too wordy. Let's get right to the point: FLOW ME AND DIE, maybe. Or would depressed/masochistic gays just consider that a package deal?

Perhaps we could adapt some common highway warning sign. DO NOT ENTER certainly minces no words but is almost provocatively blunt. PROCEED WITH CAUTION might be preferable; or, better still, PROCEED WITH CONDOM—not perfect, true, but superior to, say, STOP OR WRONG WAY OR

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

Winston America's Best.

Excellence.
The best live up to it.



11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Hennessy

The civilized way
to say good night



The world's most civilized spirit



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MICKEY ROURKE

a candid conversation with a genuine hard case—the street-tough actor from “body heat,” “diner” and “9½ weeks,” who may be heir to dean and brando

Quick, name a Mickey Rourke movie. Let's see . . . he was the arsonist in “Body Heat,” right? Small role, real intense? And he had a featured role in “Diner”—the popcorn scene, right? Now, what else? Oh, yeah, “9½ Weeks,” but that didn't stay in town long, did it? And yet . . . everyone seems to know who Mickey Rourke is. That, ladies and gentlemen, is what is known in the brand-name Eighties as an anomaly: a movie star without a hit movie, a famous person who doesn't appear on TV, a million-dollar-a-picture man whose pictures don't make millions.

There is as much curiosity about Rourke as about any actor today. He is a riveting screen presence, rumored to be tough to work with or get close to, a guy who appears to be a genuine hard case. Unlike James Dean, Marlon Brando or Robert De Niro, heavyweights to whom he is often compared, and in stark contrast to the contemporary tough guys of show business, such as Sean Penn—who may be “bad” but grew up comfortably in the middle class—Rourke came up from the meanest of streets. What we may have here, in other words, is the real thing.

Rourke was the product of a badly broken home, uprooted early and raised in Miami's dangerous Liberty City; his main ambition in life was to be a prize fighter. At 19, when it

became clear that he wasn't Rocky Graziano, he borrowed a few hundred dollars from his sister and headed for Manhattan. He lived in sleazoid hotels, scuffling up a living with dead-end gigs and, always, banging away in acting class.

The story of Rourke's ascent from Miami street fighter to Hollywood star is as intense and compelling as any he has appeared in on screen. His recollections are peppered with characters whose names, for legal reasons, cannot be mentioned; with deeds that until the statute of limitations expires are best left sketchy. And with a battery of friends who, quite simply, are no longer around. Despite the grimness of the tale, Rourke is ever quick to point out that he isn't telling it because he thinks he had it hard. He's telling it because you asked. And he'd be just as happy to keep his mouth shut.

The irony is, having abandoned his bad old ways, Mickey Rourke, the oldest 31-year-old on the planet, now commands upwards of \$1,000,000 a picture for portraying the same breed of troubled tough guy, desperate outsider or brinked-out solid citizen he's either been around or been his entire life.

“With Mickey,” says Stuart Rosenberg, who directed him as would-be hood Charlie Moran in “The Pope of Greenwich Village,”

“you never know if he's going to kiss you or spit in your face. He's got a chip on his shoulder, but he's also got that very rare quality—you'll forgive him for anything.”

Indeed. In 1981's “Body Heat,” the film that put him on the map, it was Rourke's smoldering edginess, the smile of pained benevolence defusing those gentle killer's eyes, that transformed a minor role as an arsonist into a career-making performance. It was the first of those “Mickey Rourke roles”—parts it was impossible to imagine other actors attempting. In “Diner,” a film he stole, there was Boogie, the smooth-talking hairdresser with a soft spot for women and long shots. In Francis Coppola's “Rumble Fish,” he played the Motorcycle Boy—heir of The Wild One—a moody biker whose tattoo might have read BORN TO READ KIERKEGAARD. Ignored here, the film was hailed as a minor classic in Europe, where Rourke is revered.

In “Pope,” Rourke teamed up with Eric Roberts as yet another struggler, a stand-up guy estranged from his woman and gunning for the Mob; and in “Year of the Dragon,” he portrayed New York homicide ace Stanley White. Most recently, of course, he starred in “9½ Weeks,” potentially the “Last Tango in Paris” of its era, in which Rourke introduced



PHOTOGRAPHY BY VINNIE ZUFFANTE / STARFILE

“You want to be bad, don't be bad in a Hollywood restaurant, with a bunch of wimpy reporters. Punching a photographer—what's that? Try going to jail. Plenty of guys there who'll kick your ass for a nickel.”

“Lots of times I'd end up sitting in the Western Union office all fucking night, with all the other lunatics, waiting for ten dollars from my grandmother once a month. I was living on French-fried potatoes.”

“Listen, man, I didn't like my foreman when I was in construction. I didn't like the guys around the whorehouse when I worked there. I didn't like punching the clock. I'm a free man, Jack; I can do what I want to.”

Kim Basinger to ever more dangerous sexual games.

But if some readers are scratching their ear lobes and saying, "Gee, I didn't like any of those flicks," join the crowd. No smash hits here. Rourke will tell you so rather proudly—he's an actor hired by directors who want to work with him, not by studios that want to put his name on a marquee. He doesn't sell, he delivers. And he often confounds Hollywood by not even delivering what the industry might expect. The man nixed "Beverly Hills Cop." And it's no secret that he'd rather hang out with Hell's Angels than with the BMW owners who frequent Helena's and Spago. "If there's an underbelly in Beverly Hills, Mickey will find it," is how "Pope" author Vincent Patrick sums up this most un-Hollywood of Hollywood stars.

But it was Larry King, of late-night chat-show fame, who struck fear in our hearts at the prospect of nailing Mickey down. "He's a great guy," said the master interviewer, "if you can get him to talk. . . ."

Duly warned, we sent writer Jerry Stahl off to find out if Mickey Rourke was real. What we found was that he's even realer than we might have imagined.

Here is Stahl's report:

"I first hooked up with Mickey Rourke in New Orleans, on the set of his forthcoming movie 'Angel Heart,' where we holed up for a spell in the Fish—code name for the Silverfish, a customized silver snail-back trailer the star inhabits between takes. Lest any gung-ho studio types get a hankering to pop in, the man in charge has had a brass plaque mounted prominently on the front door. Its message: EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS STAY THE FUCK OUT—which pretty much puts the kibosh on chat-happy moguls.

"Mickey is by reputation a hard guy—if not an out-and-out sociopath—but it's clear after half a minute with him that the opposite may be closer to the truth. Soft-spoken and unpretentious, Rourke shows the fans who waylay him on the street and the young actors who hit him up for a spot of cash the kind of courtesy a bastard wouldn't bother to fake. Even the paparazzi, bane of the big time, are treated with respect: 'If snappin' a picture of me puts food on their table, then what the fuck; snap away, Jack.'

"In New Orleans, we talked from midnight on through the night. Same on the West Coast, where Rourke keeps an apartment that's as close to funky as Beverly Hills zoning ordinances probably allow. The walls are plastered with photographs of boxers, most autographed, lending the place a kind of manly, clubhouse feel, like the back room of a barbershop. The shades are drawn tight enough so that, inside, three in the morning shows up looking a lot like three in the afternoon. The place feels more like a hide-out than like a home, which is the way its owner likes it. 'I got a house,' he says, 'nobody lives in.' This is where he prefers to hang out.

"From the slice I sampled, Rourke lives his life in extremis. Sleep and solitude are his enemies. He staves off both with a vigilance that might damage a lesser camper. 'I hate to

go to sleep; I always feel like I'm missing something,' Rourke explains when asked. Sleep deprivation is his brand of high: 'I can go for two or three days on a cat nap. When I get really zoned is when I get my ideas, when I like to do my writing. . . .'

"Keeping Mickey company is a devoted batch of fellows, much of whose life is spent hanging out with the Man. Entourage is too arrogant a word for this crowd. In Mickey's case, whether they're on the payroll, like assistants Billy and Bruce, or just on the scene, like biker Chuck Zito and the ever-present Lenny Termo, these guys seem connected in a way that leaves mere buddies behind and approaches the Knights of the Round Table.

"Whatever happens to be going on in the romance department—and Rourke is nothing if not discreet—the love you hear Mickey speak about again and again is for his pals, in particular for Termo, 'my best friend.' Lenny is a 50-year-old garment exec turned actor, a soulful New Yorker who, through some happy genetic glitch, seems sired by the secret coupling of Sal Mineo and Zero Mostel. He and Mickey have been together on an almost daily basis for years. And to

"What do I do? Have I ever shot a producer? What the fuck have I done to get a bad-boy image?"

understand Rourke off screen, you have to understand his relationship with Termo.

"If they told me they'd chuck a few years off my life, but I knew when I went, Lenny would go with me, I'd do it in a second,' Rourke says with conviction. Termo is equally vocal in his devotion. 'This,' he'll declare solemnly of his soul mate, 'is a great, great man.' Lenny knew Rourke when he had nothing, and Lenny, as Mickey loves pointing out, has nothing now.

"Although Rourke is not known as a comic actor, he and his pal seem like a nonstop existential comedy team, laughing or wailing or propping each other up in the mobile bunker they've created to survive in Hollywood. Life in the Rourke trailer is such that in one typical interview session, first Lenny rolls in—summoned, after 20 minutes, by a call from Mickey: 'I need you, man!'—followed by Chuck, an affable Hell's Angel flashing loud jewelry, followed by another friendly Angel and a couple of nice girls, all of whom appear and disappear into the back room, out the door or in and out of the kitchen for snacks as the night wears on.

"At one point, in what I took as the ultimate gesture of acceptance, Mickey asked Lenny to take his teeth out for me. Showing guns, Lenny bore the brunt of Rourke's torment with as much dignity as possible under

the circumstances. 'Look at him,' Mickey cackled, 'look at that face! And this man still tries to pick up 17-year-old waitresses!'

"Eventually, between Chuck's demonstrating kick-boxing technique and Lenny's extracting his uppers, things got a little, well, loud. When the lady downstairs called up to complain, Mickey handled the call. 'I'm really sorry,' he told her in his most velvety-smooth voice. 'This is the last night, absolutely. It won't happen again. . . .' Talk about convincing! Forget the toughness, forget the money, forget everything—this man can act, Jack. Just ask the lady who lives underneath him."

PLAYBOY: How did you get such a bad-boy image?

ROURKE: I don't have a bad-boy image. What do you mean I have a bad-boy image? What the fuck does that mean?

PLAYBOY: You have a reputation.

ROURKE: Wait a minute. Have I ever slugged a photographer? Have I ever spat on a journalist? Have I ever walked off a movie set?

PLAYBOY: Well—

ROURKE: No, wait. Have I ever put my hands on another actor? What do I do? Have I ever shot a producer? What the fuck have I done to get a bad-boy image?

PLAYBOY: You tell us. Why do you think this myth has sprung up around you?

ROURKE: It's just words. I don't do what certain actors do to create a bad-boy image.

PLAYBOY: Meaning what?

ROURKE: That I haven't cultivated it like some actors, ones who want to have that reputation or think it's fashionable because they can't act.

PLAYBOY: There's a lot of that going around.

ROURKE: Right. There are a lot of actors who like to pretend. They're trying to project some kind of tough-guy image, but anyone can see through it. I mean, if you want to be bad, go to jail. Don't be bad in a Hollywood restaurant, with a bunch of wimpy reporters. Punching a photographer—what's that? If you want to be bad, motherfucker, go to jail and try it. There's plenty of guys in there who'll kick your ass for a nickel and won't give a shit. It's all so fucking phony.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about Sean Penn. What do you think when an actor like him, who grew up well off, tries to come off as if he's straight from the street?

ROURKE: It's a joke. But people eat it up out here. It's, like, everybody asks me about my days on the street, but I'm trying to get away from that. I don't like to glorify it. The people who try to present that kind of image in Hollywood or New York, they don't really know what it's like to live in a flea-bag hotel and live on candy bars or a bag of potatoes for months on end, then go to work on 42nd Street in a massage parlor and have to hassle with the fucking pimps and the drunken cowboys. In the movies, that's all fine and dandy; but in real life, it's a fucking drag, man.

PLAYBOY: That's your background you're

talking about, right?

ROURKE: Yeah, I can't take away where I came from. I didn't choose to be there, but I also know there's a certain element I project as an actor that I couldn't if I hadn't lived the way I did then.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about that. You lived a tough life in Miami before going to New York. How did you feel when you arrived?

ROURKE: I was terrified, man. Petrified. I thought the fucking zombies were going to come through the windows any minute. The boys I had hung out with in Miami gave me a club to take with me to New York. They said, "Where you're going, you're gonna need this, man." It was like I was going to hell. They made me this club as a going-away present. I carried it around for, like, four years.

PLAYBOY: You walked around New York City with a club?

ROURKE: No, no, I kept it in the room, but I slept with the fucking thing under my pillow. I used to work parking cars and keep it in the shack on the lot. I think I left it there when I got fired. One day, the guy who ran the place came up to me and said, "Mickey, you crashed \$40,000 worth of cars this year. You're getting kind of expensive." I just couldn't back 'em in.

PLAYBOY: Why did you go to New York in the first place?

ROURKE: I knew time was running out. I was living in a motel down in Miami called the Wild West. Me and five guys. And, uh, a couple of things went down bad. I can't really be too specific, but you can only get by with the kind of shit I was into for so long. The whole young *macho* trip. Fighting, having big balls. A lot of people from back then are gone now—O.D.ed, dropped dead, shot. . . . You can't survive that way in this day and age. And I knew that. I was 19. I didn't want to be a professional bad-ass.

PLAYBOY: Where did acting come in? It doesn't sound as though you and the boys at the Wild West spent a lot of time kicking around *Tartuffe*.

ROURKE: All through junior high and high school, I had a job as a pool boy at the hotels. I used to get up before school and lay out hundreds of mats in these different hotels. And there was a guy I worked with, a guy who'd been in classes with me, who called me up around this time and said he was doing this play at one of the colleges, I forget which, and he needed somebody. So I went down there and did this Genet thing with him, a showcase, about a black guy and a white guy on death row. I really liked it. I don't think I was very good, you know, in that first thing. But it was like, "Hey, this is a great feeling. Whatever this is, this is neat." It seemed kind of special. And, you know, I didn't *know* who Marlon Brando was, James Dean, Montgomery Clift, any of those guys. All I knew was Steve McQueen, Charles Bronson, Clint Eastwood. I knew cowboys and that shit. John Wayne. I didn't know who serious

actors were. Nor did I give a shit. The only one I knew was Terence Stamp.

PLAYBOY: Why Terence Stamp?

ROURKE: Because I was an usher in a theater and I watched *Far from the Madding Crowd* about 79 times. I never saw the ending until two years ago. I got in a fight with another usher, who conked me over the head with a flashlight, and I got fired.

PLAYBOY: How did your Wild West pals react when you started acting?

ROURKE: Well, there was one guy I knew who looked like Tony Curtis, a very darkly handsome guy. He got high a lot, so we used to call him Stoney Curtis. Anyway, we were lying out at one of the old hotels—the Oceanside, I think it was; one of those hotels on the beach—and we were talking about thievery, right? The usual thing. [Laughs] He was just out of jail and we were talking about some things we were maybe gonna do. But then I said, "No, man, I'm gonna be an actor. I'm gonna go to New York."

"Hey, don't do that," he says, "stay here. Make a decent living stealing." Man, this was serious talk!

PLAYBOY: A little vocational guidance?

ROURKE: Yeah. "You ain't gonna make it," he says, 'cause he was honest. "You're not a bad-lookin' guy, but there's guys out there that are, like, *great*-lookin', and they can't get a job. Hey," he says, "I might not even get a job." The guys I hung around with, see, were either younger than me or a lot older. The guys my age bored the shit out of me. Like, all of a sudden they were getting nervous about "life," you know what I mean? Like, now they had to get serious. You know, we were all gonna go places, do things, but they all fucking copped out; they all chicken-shitted out. So I latched on to an older group of dudes, who knew what the fuck it was all about, or else a real younger group, who were still, like, excited about that shit. And it was the younger group that I kept having to prove myself to.

PLAYBOY: So going to New York was——

ROURKE: Like doing time, man. I was gonna do five years. I promised myself I was gonna try that acting stuff.

PLAYBOY: You didn't really know what you were getting into?

ROURKE: I didn't know *anything*. I was in good shape when I went. Physically strong. I had just stopped boxing, so I could take care of myself. But that was, like, the only thing I knew, that *macho* thing. And it didn't do you no good in New York City. I was totally uneducated about New York.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

ROURKE: Like, everybody told me before I left, "Whatever you do, don't trust any black cabdrivers." They said, "Don't get in a cab with a black driver, 'cause he's gonna rip you off!" So I get off a plane in New York and all these regular, innocent-looking black guys are coming up to me: "Hey, you need a cab?" And I'm saying, "No, man, I don't need no fuckin' cab!"

This is how fucking backward I was. Standing there and waiting, like, hours for a white driver. See what I mean? I was a fucking yo-yo.

PLAYBOY: So you finally got into a cab; then where did you go?

ROURKE: This is very embarrassing, where I told him to go. But I wanted to learn acting, so I went straight to an acting school, because I heard that McQueen had gone there. And I still had my suitcases, you know? I walked in with my suitcases and I talked to this man who ran the school. He let me watch the class. He said, "I think you should find some place to stay." I said, "Do you know anywhere?" Finally, some cabdriver took me to one of those transient places, a \$35-a-week hotel.

PLAYBOY: A roach palace?

ROURKE: Down the hall, a little guy was opening the grille, peeking in; you couldn't even jerk off in private. It was one of those welfare hotels with nut jobs walking up and down, you know, fucking crazies and killers and guys who were truck drivers who thought they were women. The first night, there was this loud fucking music coming up from somewhere, man. And I kept hearing these voices and shit from downstairs. I closed the window and sat there on the edge of the bed holding my club, thinking somebody fucking crazy from the lobby was going to come up and bust into the room. 'Cause at the time, you know, I had left a lifestyle where I was a little wary of that kind of shit. The slightest sound at the door or whatever and I was jumpy. And there were a lot of strange sounds at that joint, believe me. I put a fucking chair next to the door with a can propped right on the edge, and another can on the window ledge. Anybody tries to break in, you know, I'm gonna hear it.

PLAYBOY: Somehow, you knew you had to go through all this?

ROURKE: Sure. And I'll tell you, I would give anything now if I could just go back to that time. I dream about it now. I'd love to be so in *awe* of something again. It's like the feeling I get when I go to Paris. I love Paris, because I feel lost there. I love not knowing. I don't like to get used to things. I'm territorial once I'm settled in. But the feeling of being lost, to me, is also a feeling of freedom.

PLAYBOY: So you wandered around New York, lost.

ROURKE: Yeah. When I moved to the Marlton Hotel, I remember I was walking down the street, man, and I saw these dudes down on Christopher Street, and they were all wearing motorcycle jackets. With all the leather, all dressed in black, the whole thing. They kept looking at me, and I'm thinking, Fuck, man, where can I go? What fucking gang is that? None of my boys were with me. This wasn't Miami. I kept thinking, What the fuck is this guy looking at me like that for, man? 'Cause you didn't eyeball somebody back home in Miami unless you wanted to get down,

you know—unless you were ready to fight. What I didn't realize was that they were *sissties*, all dressed up in leather.

PLAYBOY: When did you find out?

ROURKE: Hey, this went on for, like, a couple of years, man. I just didn't realize, I'm telling you. I was walking around with platform shoes, checkered pants, real long hair. 'Cause that's what we wore back home. I had no dealings with real hip people, with smart people, for a long time. This one time, I remember, I took a room—I shared an apartment with this guy—and when I first got there, he swore to me, like, right away, he just started saying, "I'm straight, I'm straight!" And I didn't even know what straight *meant*.

PLAYBOY: How did that arrangement work?

ROURKE: Well, it was weird, because he had these plants in his house. He filled the house with plants. To me, a house smelled funny with plants in it. I thought people had plants outside. But I'll never forget, one night I wake up and the guy is standing there naked, with an erection, and he's rubbing my leg. And I thought to myself, Man, what am I gonna do now? I didn't know what he was doing. I didn't know *why*. Finally, it dawned on me this guy was, like, a homosexual. And I left.

PLAYBOY: So there you were, in this jungle full of weird people and situations.

ROURKE: It was funny, in a way. In the wintertime, I was really, really lonely. And I used to work down by the water, moving furniture in this warehouse where Lee Marvin, Steve McQueen, Gene Hackman and a bunch of other guys had all worked, too. The guy who ran it was an old actor or something and used to tell me stories about them. Anyway, I used to walk home during the night, and I was so fucking lonely, you know, I'd pretend I had a girlfriend waiting for me in my room, waiting to have a cup of coffee with me or go to the movies. As I walked home, I was still daydreaming. Same way I daydreamed in school. I'd say to myself, "Oh, now I'm going home; she'll be waiting for me." Because I couldn't talk to girls. It's easier now. They come running.

PLAYBOY: Now that you're a sex symbol?

ROURKE: Right. A real sex symbol. I'm telling you, I couldn't go up to a girl then if you paid me. I masturbated a lot, you know. But I could *not* get rejected, so I could not talk. I didn't know how. Anyway, that's how I survived—fantasizing. I had a redhead one night, I had a blonde with big tits the next night.

Lots of times, I'd end up sitting in the Western Union office all fucking night, with all the other lunatics, waiting for ten dollars from my grandmother once a month. Other times, I just had bad luck, living on a bag of French-fried potatoes. You'd buy a bag of potatoes because they were so filling. For a while, I was stealing Hershey bars out of fucking supermarkets because it was a meal. I knew nothing about nutrition or anything like that. I thought I could live on candy bars for two

fucking years and I'd be all right. When I left Miami, I was a big dude. I had a neck like a football player. After four years in New York, I weighed 140 pounds. I went home to see my mother, and she cried. My teeth were falling out.

PLAYBOY: What else were you doing then?

ROURKE: Going to acting class and working. I had a lot of jobs in New York. Massage parlors, whorehouse jobs. I was a towel boy in one, night manager in another. I was a Good Humor man, a chestnut-pretzel-cart man, an attack-dog agitator.

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute. Your job was to provoke dogs?

ROURKE: Yeah. I showed up for the job and this guy says, "You ever worked with dogs before?" So I say, "Sure, yeah, all the time. I got dogs all over." Next thing I know, the biggest fucking Doberman pinscher I've ever seen in my life comes tearing out. Now, that's acting, man; that's really fucking acting!

PLAYBOY: Did you get the job?

ROURKE: Well, slowly the guy realized I didn't know what the fuck I was doing. But he gave me a crack at it and I liked it. This guy would fire a gun at the dogs and I would walk in wearing this leather glove kind of thing. He would give a command and the dog would sink his teeth into the leather thing. That was one of my favorite jobs. We would go all over, to the Village, to the rich people on Madison Avenue. I liked it, because I'd meet lots of people and they'd always look at me like they couldn't *believe* what I was doing; they couldn't believe anyone would do that.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like something out of a Mickey Rourke movie, like the two down-and-out guys in *Pope of Greenwich Village*.

ROURKE: Like me and my friend Little Eddie. Eddie was this 4'6" Cuban. He was kind of puppy-dog-eyed, a little like a Cuban Al Pacino, but hairier. He was the only one from Miami I saw after I left. When I'd been in New York for about a year, I was lonely and I asked him to come up. He stayed with me at the Marlton. But the thing with Eddie, man, Eddie just wanted to make a big score. It was just like in *Pope*—Eddie *was* fucking Paulie. Every day he wanted to be Al Capone. He knew every gangster that ever lived. He knew what family they were with. But nobody could take him serious, you know, because he looked kind of funny, and it was hard to get into the business he wanted on the level he wanted to get in. He didn't want to be no penny-ante guy. He wanted to be well connected—which was hard for a 4'6" Cuban with a short-man complex. He'd be talking to somebody, you know, and all of a sudden he'd go [*sarling*], "Yo, man, I don't think you really meant what you said!" Real tough. And he would say that to anybody, you know? Any time, anywhere.

PLAYBOY: He sounds like a screenwriter's dream.

ROURKE: It was also very funny when we

would walk down the street. I'm not that tall, maybe 5'11½". But back then, I had shoes on me that would make me look, like, 6'5". Everybody wore platform shoes, you know, and I had mine handmade. I'd save up all my fucking money from whatever I was doing and have these shoes made in Miami by this Cuban lady we all used to go to. They were, like, six-inch heels with eight-inch platforms. Black, pink, silver, turquoise. Back home, we'd all fucking wear them and go up to the strip in Miami. We'd get dressed in tight pants, cutoff shirts and these platform shoes. We were all wearing those crazy fucking clothes when David Bowie came out with Ziggy Stardust.

PLAYBOY: The androgynous look?

ROURKE: Yeah, and it was wild because none of us were androgynous types. We were far from *that* shit. But I didn't know why I was dressed that way back in Miami. I just liked the dudes I was hanging with because they were loose, man; they weren't uptight. We'd get out at fucking midnight, then fix ourselves up like a bunch of women, we'd be at the mirror blow-drying our hair for a fucking hour. We'd all maybe lift weights together for an hour or two. We'd get like a bunch of Indians; it was a fucking ritual. During the day, we'd go down to 48th Street Beach. We used to wear little tiny bathing suits, lay out in the sun, take half a dozen Seconals. We were big on downers back then. Everybody would talk in slow motion. Everybody would be checking themselves out when they spoke. You never heard so much lying and bragging. Everybody was into being cool, being tough, getting down and getting high.

PLAYBOY: What were you lying about?

ROURKE: Lying about everything! "I got the best fucking grass in the world!" Or "I picked up the most beautiful fucking girl!" "I didn't fuck your girlfriend"—when I really did, you know. Stuff like that. Back then, there was nothing on our minds but a good fucking time, a good fucking girl. I wasn't worried about my next deal, what time I have to be at work in the morning. It was a very free, very wild time. There was a lot of shit going down. Jim Morrison was real big around that time, and you'd hear his music on the beach.

It went on night and day. You'd lay out on the beach all day long, wiped out of your mind. You'd just go and go. When you were high like that, the waves were special, the way they felt. I mean, it's wrong now. I'm totally antidrugs. I had my fling, but it wasn't for that long.

PLAYBOY: Everybody's been there, don't you think?

ROURKE: Well, like I say, I had my moments. And I remember watching my friends, a couple of friends who couldn't fight very good. They would get stoned out on Tuinals or Seconals and they'd be wearing their fucking platform shoes and they'd be fighting, beating the shit out of each other, getting fucking killed and not

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feeling it. They'd be fucking laughing about it, you know? It was wild.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever go over the edge?

ROURKE: Never. I would always make sure I was in a certain amount of control, especially where I noticed the people I was around were *out* of control. It was just . . . just an incredible time. All those legends, a lot of them aren't around now. A lot of them are dead.

PLAYBOY: Back to Little Eddie, who came up from Miami to keep you company in the Marlton. We left you two walking down the street in the Big Apple.

ROURKE: Right. The thing is, I'd have these giant platforms on, and Eddie, who's 4'6", would be walking next to me. Only even in his platforms, he still looked small. So we'd be walking down the street and he would look up and go, "Yo, man, how come you're doing this to me, man? Why you gotta wear them fucking things, man?" I'd say, like, "Eddie, we're out tonight, man. There's fucking broads around, man!" And Eddie would say, "Look, man, if you gotta wear them fucking things, then step off the curb when the girls walk by." That way, see, he didn't look as tiny.

Because we came from Miami, we were really out of it. We didn't even dress for the weather. We had blue-jean jackets and we were parking cars with these high-heeled fucking shoes on. Eddie had it especially tough, 'cause in Cuba, it's really hot. We'd be freezing our fucking balls off in the little wooden shack, and Eddie'd go, "What are we *doin'*, man? I thought you *knew* people!" I'd say, "Eddie, wait. Give me a little while." He'd go, "Man, I want to meet some fucking people *now!*" But I was afraid to talk to anybody. I didn't know anybody. Finally, a couple of nights, me and Eddie went to a couple of heavyweight restaurants.

PLAYBOY: You hung out at restaurants because he wanted to break into the Mafia and be seen in the right places?

ROURKE: Well, I don't want to say that. Let's just say he wanted to get hooked up. He wanted to make his bones. At that time, the acting wasn't going so hot for me, and we were so broke we were going to gay bars every Wednesday and Thursday when they had the food with happy hour. That's how we'd eat. So I was kind of going along with Eddie; but in another part of me, there was this commitment to my mother and my grandmother not to wind up like this. I had that always hanging over my head. And so Eddie and I—I've got to watch what I say here—we took a few, ah, gigs that we failed miserably at. Then I decided I didn't want to continue in that way of life, and Eddie did. I ended up getting a night job as a bouncer somewhere, the Cheetah or Adam's Apple, and Eddie, I don't know, I think he got into some things and went to Frisco for a while. I don't know. . . . Little Eddie, where are you, man?

PLAYBOY: Throughout all of this, what kept you going?

ROURKE: What kept me going? I used to say to myself, "Well, if I don't make it, man, I'll go back to Miami." At least I'd be amongst my own. I always had the guys. Then, one day, I fucking got out of bed and I thought, Who the fuck am I kidding? I could never go back to Miami. I left when I *needed* to leave. There is nothing there. And I realized, I can't run back. I can't quit like I quit a couple of other things in my life, like I quit boxing.

PLAYBOY: You wanted to be a boxer?

ROURKE: It's *all* I wanted to do from when I was 15 to about 18.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any fights?

ROURKE: Four. Police Athletic League.

PLAYBOY: How did you do?

ROURKE: I won all four. But I have to tell you, I've sparred hundreds of rounds in the past couple of years. I still go to the gym and spar. To me, it's a form of physical aggression that's very fulfilling, because I'm in a profession where I would never put my hands on anyone. What I really love is the sport, the science. It's just very frustrating when I have to stop training every day and go away for three, four months to do a movie. That's when I start smoking, staying up all night, worrying, hyperventilating and getting coo-coo.

PLAYBOY: Do you regret leaving the ring?

ROURKE: I've always felt bad about it, because I quit for the wrong reasons. I quit for lack of discipline and maybe lack of guidance, lack of respect for myself.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel as if you've failed?

ROURKE: Yeah, it still bothers me. One of my best friends in the world is Ray Mancini. I love Raymond. We're like brothers. I flew out to his retirement party to be with him. I remember, I was there among all these boxers and I was thinking, Ah, these fucking guys, they *made* it, they stuck with it. I quit—I never knew how far I could have gone. I could have gone a long way. But then, I'm sitting there with Raymond after everyone leaves the party, and he gets real depressed. I say, "What's the matter, Raymond?" And he says, "Mickey, I'm confused. I don't know what I'm going to do with my life. I'm trying to do business, but I don't know. . . ." He had just retired at 24 and accomplished what very few could accomplish, to be champion of the world. And he's sitting there talking to me and I ain't got no answers. So I'm thinking, Maybe I shouldn't have been so hard on myself for giving boxing up.

PLAYBOY: During this time, you had trouble with your five stepbrothers, didn't you? And your father abandoned you for 17 years.

ROURKE: Yeah, I grew up with six brothers in the same room. . . . But look, everybody has certain things that happen in his childhood, and lots of people have hard knocks, harder than me. Just because I'm an actor and I'm in the public eye, I don't want to overdramatize the fucking things that have happened in my life. I don't want any sympathy.

PLAYBOY: But these things had to affect you. How did you deal with them?

ROURKE: There's not much you can do at that age. You either click on or you click off. And I clicked off for years. When you're a kid, you wake up in the morning or try to go to sleep at night and you say, "Why me? Why is this happening to me?" Now I've got to look at it and, honestly, all I can say is I got two legs and two arms and a brother who's healthy, a sister, my mother is alive. I look at it that way now. But then, it was a nightmare.

PLAYBOY: But why do some people get out of the nightmare while others never do?

ROURKE: It's hard to say. I look at my brother Joe, who'd been sick for many years but who's still around. He got cancer when he was a kid and he's still got it, but it's in remission. It was painful to see my brother totally click off.

PLAYBOY: What form did that take?

ROURKE: No ambition in life. I always wanted to be a big man, but Joe didn't. Joe's a biker. That's his whole life. He fixes them up and he rides every day. I'm not the most responsible guy, but when it comes to the way I go about my work, I'm responsible. Because in the end, even if there's a little riffraff here and there, I'm going to try my hardest to give what I can, because there's a certain amount of pride.

PLAYBOY: Where is that pride from?

ROURKE: I think it's instilled in you at a very early age. When you have to bend, you think, I'm going to bend, but I'm not going to break. And you channel that as you grow older. I used that same—what's the word?—principle when I walked into auditions and said, "This motherfucker is not going to break me."

You have to understand: When I had my first couple of auditions in New York, I'd meet these lightweight assholes, and as soon as they started asking me dumb questions, I'd just *look* at them. They'd say, "What have you been doing?" I didn't know the game. I'd go, "Ah, *nothin'*," and that would be the end of the conversation. I didn't know that you were supposed to be charming, to sell yourself. And so, after 40 or 50 of those, I realized, "Hey, you got to go in there and get up this guy's ass and kiss it."

PLAYBOY: You don't seem like a guy who has kissed a lot of ass.

ROURKE: I've kissed just enough to get by, you could say. But I had never sold myself before, because I didn't give a fuck. So it was hard for me. It took me 78 auditions before I finally got a gig.

PLAYBOY: What pushed you over the top?

ROURKE: One day I just woke up and said, "Motherfucker, you're not going to get a part. If you don't kiss a certain amount of ass, then *they* win. You gotta go in and steal that role." It's black and white in this fucking business. There ain't no gray. All the gray is doing soap operas.

PLAYBOY: Do you think your life in the streets helped you survive life in Hollywood once you made it?

ROURKE: Well, I can't be threatened by the people in this business; I've already been there with the *real* motherfuckers. I'm not going to get upset when some guy with bad breath and cream cheese running down his chin tells me how he won't give me this or he wants me to do that. I had a certain purity of feeling when I started acting, but I'm never going to have that again, because the damage is done. You find out it's all a big, fucking hustle.

In my early 20s, I just couldn't wait to get up in the morning and learn my lines and work on all my little Stanislavski Method stuff. I had my fucking dreams about "One day, one day, all the shit's going to come together and it's going to be great!" I really thought that it mattered that you did the work. But it's a lot of bullshit, and if anybody says it isn't, then he's full of shit.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the profession of acting?

ROURKE: I'd say you have some moments when you think acting is not a very manly profession, because the people you have to deal with are on such a *low* level. You have to accept circumstances and situations that normally you couldn't stand for.

PLAYBOY: How do you stay sane in the face of that?

ROURKE: I make sure I keep in touch with real people, the friends who matter to me.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there a bit of controversy a little while ago when one of those friends made news?

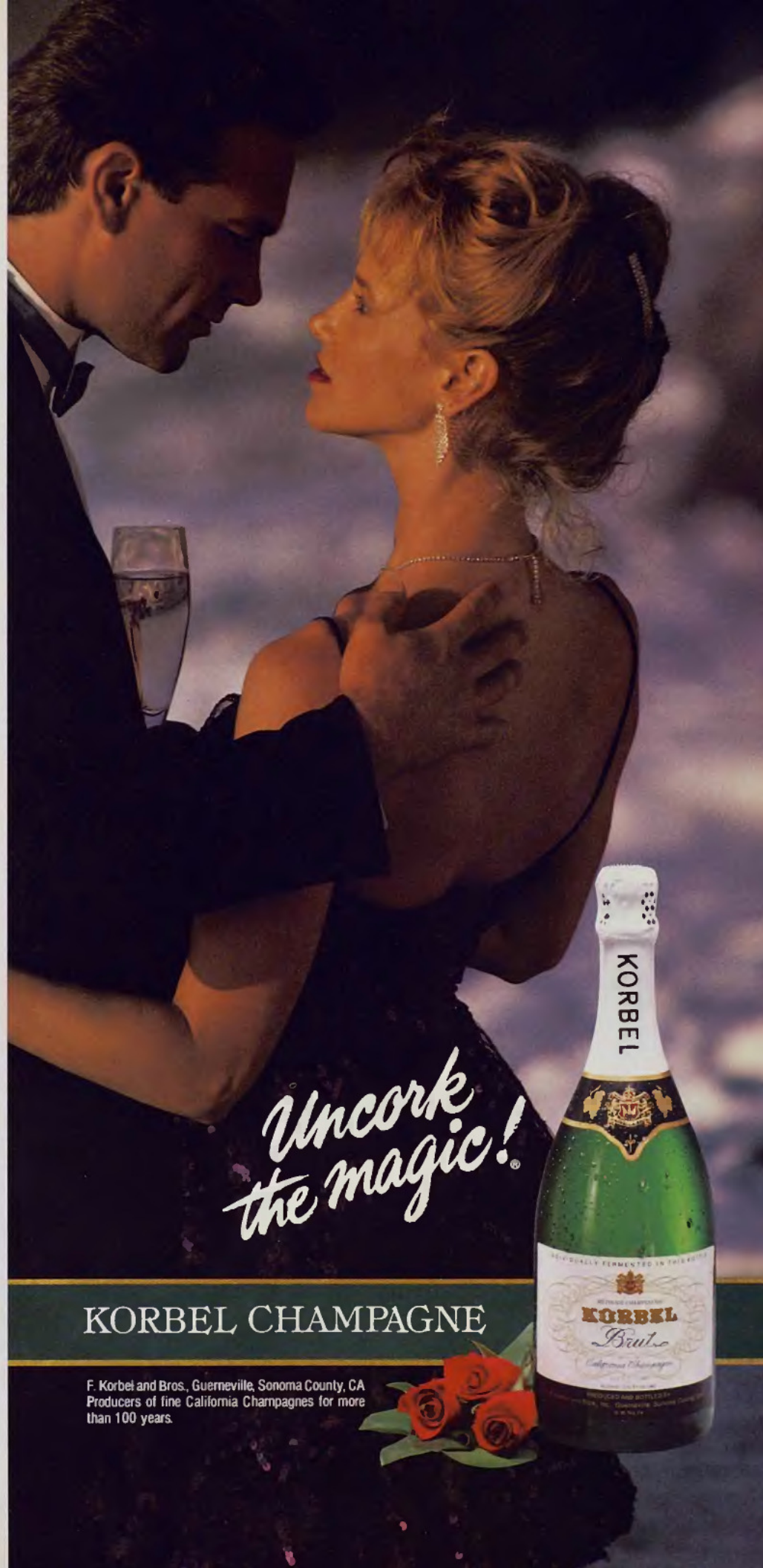
ROURKE: You're talking about my man Chuck Zito. Chuck is a Hell's Angel. He and I are very close. He worked for me on *Year of the Dragon*. He got me to work on time, helped me get to bed on time at night. But most of all, he was a friend. He was hired through the studio, because I had it in my contract at the time that he worked for me.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

ROURKE: Chuck fell on some hard times. There was a whole thing that went down in New York with the Angels and the D.A. Chuck went away for over a year. He was up in New York in jail. When he was inside, he called me every day and asked how the movie was going. I love the man and I know he loves me. Just because he's a Hell's Angel doesn't mean he's some kind of raving lunatic. The most important fucking thing to me is friendship, and Chuck is a friend of mine. I know if I was in trouble, he would stand by me. So if he's in trouble, I've got to stand by him. Just because I'm in the public eye, I can't run away from that.

PLAYBOY: But you caught some shit for standing by him.

ROURKE: Yeah, I caught some shit. You know, my agent and everybody was saying, "Stay away from those guys. You're going to ruin your career." But what would they rather I'd be doing? Would they rather I'd be living in a mansion above the Beverly Hills Hotel, having Hollywood parties, sticking cocaine up my nose and fucking 17-year-old models?



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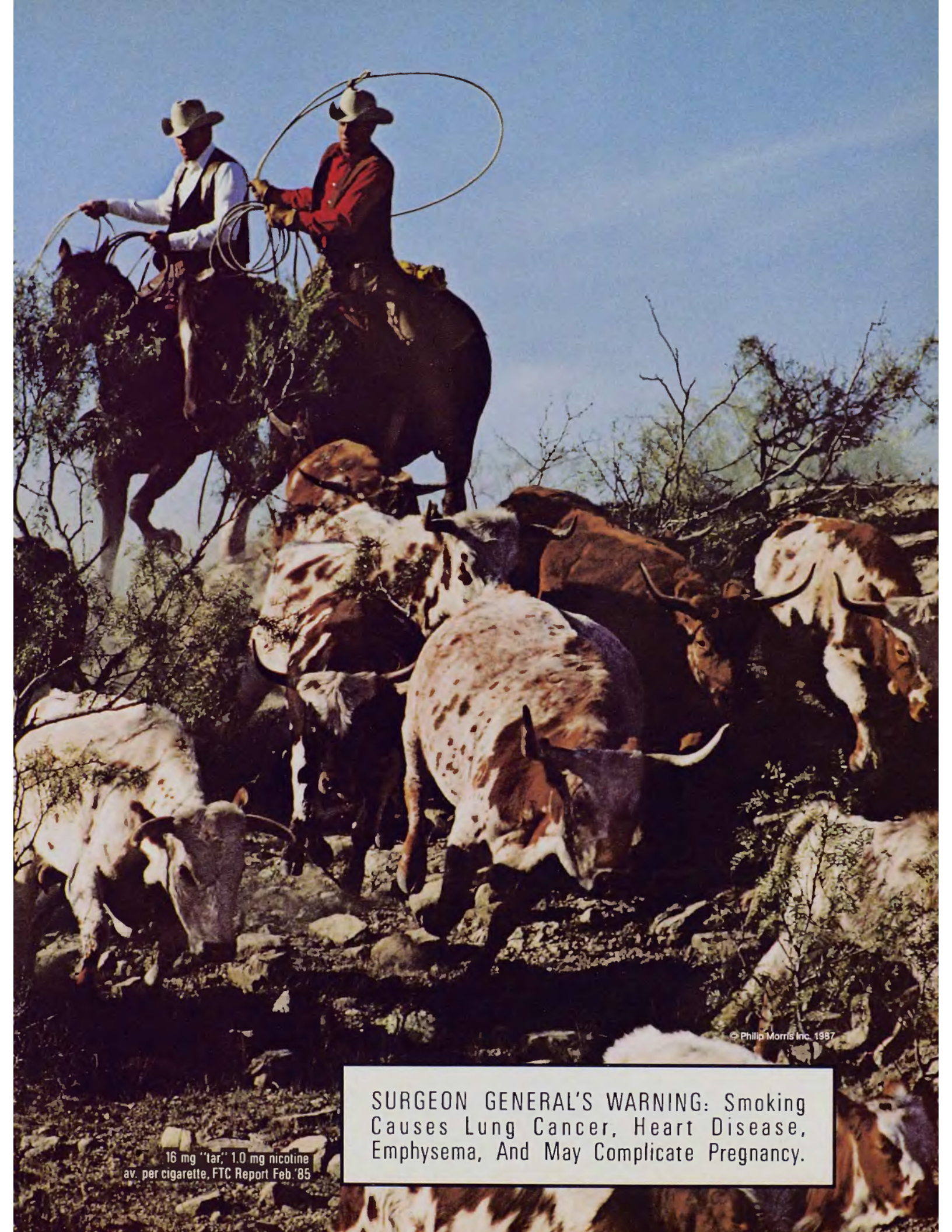
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Promising girls screen tests behind closed doors just because I wore a suit and went to the right places? Don't give me that shit, man. You want to talk about illegal acts, I know a lot of guys in this business who are a hell of a lot more corrupt. So, you want to talk about guilt by association, how about all of them lying, two-faced motherfuckers in the business?

PLAYBOY: For a guy who gets \$1,000,000 a picture, you have a lot of contempt for the movie industry.

ROURKE: Listen, man, I didn't like my foreman when I was in construction. I didn't like the guys around the whorehouse when I worked in the whorehouse. I didn't like punching the clock when I had to punch a clock. I didn't even like the customers when I laid linoleum. I'm a free man, Jack; I can do what I want to do when I want to do it. I did it when I wasn't getting paid and I do it now.

PLAYBOY: For better or worse, though, this is the business you're in.

ROURKE: Definitely. And I think that to be part of this business, you have to be full of shit. That's why, at times, I think there's a part of *me* that's full of shit because I am involved with this.

PLAYBOY: How will people in the business react to what you're saying here?

ROURKE: You know, my agent says, "Mickey, you can't talk about the industry like that." And I say, "Hey, man, *they* don't have to go to bed with *me* every night. When I fucking pull the sheets up and close my eyes, I gotta live with my decisions and the way I feel, and if I can't express that, then it's too fucking bad."

PLAYBOY: Haven't you ever compromised in making a movie you didn't want to?

ROURKE: No. *Body Heat* was the movie that got things going for me, and even then, I took a hard line. The scenes were written very well, the way we wanted them. Then came *Diner*. This was a movie, I think, that was good for me to make at the time. A lot of people really like that movie.

PLAYBOY: Don't you?

ROURKE: It's funny, you know: The movie did what [director] Barry [Levinson] wanted it to do, but at the time, I had no idea what he wanted. I didn't understand a lot of those guys in the movie. To me, it was make-believe. I would never hang out with those kinds of guys. But, then, my character really didn't, either. He was on his way out, so it was OK.

PLAYBOY: Then you were an outsider on screen and off.

ROURKE: Yeah. I used to talk to [co-star Steve] Guttenberg and just crack up. I never spent much time with a kid like him. To me, he was so square that it made me laugh. I liked him. I enjoyed just sitting in a room talking to a guy like that.

PLAYBOY: The part in *Diner* that people still talk about is the cock-in-the-popcorn scene. Your date sticks her hand into the box and finds a surprise. Watching you explain your way out of that—and make it sound convincing—we get the feeling that

smooth talk comes naturally to you.

ROURKE: It goes back to the childhood thing. If you grow up in harmony, let's call it, you don't have to lie. But if you live in disharmony, then you have to lie and lie good. When I was a young kid, I would start talking to friends and I'd make shit up that would amaze myself. I couldn't tell the truth if you hit me over the fucking head with it. I'd be lying and really believing it. I noticed a lot of other guys doing it, too. When you're so fucked up, confused and unhappy, you have to make shit up to feel good. I think a certain amount of that probably helps me say other people's lines with conviction. That was the difference between me and my brother Joe. I would rather lie than get hit. My brother Joe would never lie, no matter what.

PLAYBOY: Did you admire him for that?

ROURKE: I really did. But not enough to tell the truth. I'd do anything to get out of punishment; are you kidding?

PLAYBOY: Much of your next film, *Rumble*

"When I was a kid, I'd make shit up that would amaze myself. I couldn't tell the truth if you hit me over the fucking head with it."

Fish, directed by Francis Coppola, revolved around the relationship between brothers. Your character, the Motorcycle Boy, wanted to take care of Matt Dillon, his kid brother, but he also knew he couldn't stick around to do it. Was there some of that going on in your life, as well?

ROURKE: There was a very close parallel with my life, with the whole brother thing. At the time Joey was going through his first bout with cancer, when he didn't know if his time was gonna be up, I wasn't watching out for him the way I should have. I was too concerned with learning my craft and all that. Joey was actually given the last rites twice. So his living, to me, is like a gift. I guess I'm trying to make up for lost time now, because I feel responsible. I bought a house he can live in, fix his motorcycle up. There was other stuff going on during that time, too.

PLAYBOY: What else?

ROURKE: During shooting, they came to me on the set and told me my father was dying. So there was that whole thing going on with identity—who *was* my father? I was just starting to know him. We had just started writing. I was going to ask him to come visit. So I'd lost the opportunity to start to be buddies with him. It was too late. Too late for me and too late for Motorcycle Boy, too. It made me feel, you know, like there was no reason for me to be here anymore, and I used that in the

film. It was a painful time. Dennis Hopper's father actually died during the making of the movie, and my father died right after. Coppola's son died a short time ago. I think a part of Francis himself was Motorcycle Boy. It was a very innovative film, *Rumble Fish*, like nothing before it. It was very symbolic and mystical. In Europe, when I went over there later, kids were still talking about it. Of course, nobody in this country went to see it.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about that?

ROURKE: Well, look at Coppola. Francis, God bless him, has the biggest balls in the world. He doesn't care what anybody thinks. There may be a part of him that wants people to like what he does, I'm sure, but he has the guts to hang his balls over the fence and do something different. So I really learned a lot hanging around guys like Coppola and [Michael] Cimino, because of all of the shit they get from the people who don't like them, the people who are out to get them. Seeing how they dealt with that was very important to me.

PLAYBOY: *Year of the Dragon*, made with Cimino, was attacked viciously by critics. How did that affect you, the star?

ROURKE: I wanted to quit and open up a fucking motorcycle shop. I just didn't want to expose myself to the aggravation. I was disgusted with what the critics, those cowardly motherfuckers, did to the movie because of Cimino. They tore *Dragon* apart, and instead, they praise these safe fucking movies—like most of the movies up for the awards that year.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think they went after the film the way they did?

ROURKE: It's very obvious. The critics have a vendetta against Michael Cimino. If they try to deny that, then they're lying cocksuckers. There was a certain amount of truth that my character, Stanley White, portrayed. There's this strong sense of truth, this sense of honor, in all of Michael's movies. And this offends a lot of those people, because it's something they don't have.

PLAYBOY: You're saying their attacks are ultimately personal?

ROURKE: Of course. You've got the elitist critics in New York and Los Angeles that the rest of the United States follow. Ever since *Heaven's Gate*, they've all hated Michael. Why? Because he refused to buckle under; he refused to apologize for trying to make a great movie. There was a lot in *Heaven's Gate* that was very beautiful and very real. You saw an era depicted the way it was. He went off a little with the money, but, hey, he didn't put a gun to their heads and tell them to give it to him. He took all the heat afterward.

PLAYBOY: We gather you don't worry a lot about reviews.

ROURKE: The God's honest truth—and I'm not just saying it to say it—they can say great things about me and they can say shit. I don't recognize them. I did at one time. But now, they could call me great, brilliant, out of this world, from

another fucking planet and it would not mean a fucking thing to me. I mean, who are these people? Where did they come from? What did they do? What are their credentials? Yet they're in a position to inform the public! Even the fucking schmuck at *PLAYBOY*, the guy who reviewed *Year of the Dragon*, what rock did he crawl out from under? I'd like to put them all in a fucking room and have them tell me all this shit to my face. [PLAYBOY went to press too late to review *Year of the Dragon*; Rourke is mistaken.]

PLAYBOY: Pretty bitter.

ROURKE: Real bitterness is when you try to act for critics. That's the worst. Then you might as well just blow your brains out and get it over with.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ROURKE: Because I've watched a number of actors I've admired over the years turn so bitter that after a while, they'd do *anything*. They give in to their insecurities, sell out, do projects because they think they might be successful, big hits or whatever. They turn into what the powerhouses in Hollywood want them to turn into. And that's the worst crime of all. If you're angry, at least you're still searching. You're still fucking *passionate*.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of big hits, is it true you were offered *Beverly Hills Cop* and *Top Gun* and passed on both?

ROURKE: *Top Gun* wasn't officially offered. They sent me the script, but I just couldn't see myself saying most of those lines stuck inside a machine. And with all due respect to *Beverly Hills Cop*, there were lots of movies they offered me \$1,000,000 or more to do, but, hey, I didn't believe in what the message was.

PLAYBOY: But you believed in *9½ Weeks*?

ROURKE: At the time, *9½ Weeks* was the first script I'd seen in a while that excited me. I took the script for the right reasons, but I wasn't in total control.

PLAYBOY: There was a lot of talk about your relationship with your leading lady in *9½ Weeks*, Kim Basinger. Just to put those rumors to rest, how would you say you got along?

ROURKE: We got along.

PLAYBOY: That's it?

ROURKE: Uh-huh.

PLAYBOY: There were reports of friction between you.

ROURKE: Everybody else needed to create that. In fact, we never even spent any time together. A lot of that movie was so intimate physically, emotionally and psychologically, she and I made the decision not to be close off the set. We made a choice and we both stuck to it.

PLAYBOY: Some people thought you two actually made love on screen. Did you?

ROURKE: I kept my pants on the whole movie. Watch it closely and you'll see. People see what they want to see.

PLAYBOY: Actually, there were things people didn't get to see in that movie. A lot of sexual scenes between you and Basinger supposedly ended up on the cutting-room floor. Why?

ROURKE: What happened was that nobody had a lot of belief in the movie. Everybody was very timid about what kind of movie it was and upset because it didn't really fit into a pattern. It wasn't a teenage movie, with all those phony little brats who hang out, and it wasn't that high-tech s-f crap and it wasn't a Steven Spielberg thing. It just wasn't a formula picture, so they were nervous. I respect [director] Adrian [Lyne], but he was commercially successful with *Flashdance* and I think he got caught up in trying to reproduce that. I wanted to go a lot further than the movie went.

PLAYBOY: What did you want to do?

ROURKE: I wanted to go *all the way* with it. I wanted to show every fucking emotion that was going on with me and Kim.

PLAYBOY: What would an audience have seen in your version?

ROURKE: There's a certain moment when you make love with a woman, a certain way you look at each other afterward, certain things you say. Little intimacies happen: Maybe there's a food that you eat after you do it, or a walk you take, or maybe you'll read a book together. But these certain little things are the *reason* the two of you are together. Even in the act

"I've watched actors I've admired over the years sell out. That's the worst crime of all. If you're angry, at least you're still fucking passionate."

itself, there's a special thing going on, a secret at the heart of it. I'm talking about with someone you're obsessed with, that you love—not just a shot in the night. That's what this movie was about—an obsession. There are certain paranoid and fantasies, certain delicate, subtle things that go on between two people that I wanted to delve into and capture. I was hoping personally we could go further with these elements—but that wouldn't sell as many tickets as me humping Kim on a coffee table.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that kind of emotional detail was just too intense to film?

ROURKE: No, I think the powers that be probably don't understand it. They've probably never *had* the experience. Maybe they're too busy up everybody's ass to deal with that in their own lives; I don't know. I was just a hired hand.

PLAYBOY: Looking back, do you regret having made that movie?

ROURKE: I'm not ashamed I made it, no, especially when you look at what else was around that year. Maybe one day I'll make the movie that goes as far as I want it to go. I know I will. But I don't want to take anything away from Adrian's effort.

It's just that he had his reasons for doing *9½ Weeks* and I had mine. There was a lot of trouble making that movie.

PLAYBOY: What kind of trouble?

ROURKE: For one thing, we were working with a kind of blue smoke—used for a hazy effect—that was getting everyone sick. I couldn't get out of bed for two or three days and they still wanted me to work. Two doctors came over and I had to tell them how sick I was. Even the director had to go to the hospital one day. So there was all this pressure and tension, a lot of disharmony and a lot of people pointing fingers. On top of that, we had five or six producers sitting there on the set, telling the director when to cut.

PLAYBOY: Between the critics' slaying *Dragon* and the producers' cutting up *9½ Weeks*, was it tough for you to get up for another movie?

ROURKE: I sat for over a year before I took *Angel Heart*.

PLAYBOY: Why did you jump back in?

ROURKE: 'Cause I was broke.

PLAYBOY: That's hard to believe.

ROURKE: Look, six months ago, *you* had more money than I did.

PLAYBOY: We doubt that.

ROURKE: No? I had \$300. Listen, I've got to take *less* money to do the kind of movies I want to do and still be able to live with myself. Since working with Francis on *Rumble Fish*, I've been heading in the direction I want to go; I'm not giving in to money to please the masses. 'Cause in the end, even if I could be making a million more on material I don't like, I'd just spend that million, too. I'm never gonna be a wealthy man, because I spend my money and give it away too quickly.

PLAYBOY: You're supposed to be a soft touch. True?

ROURKE: Call it whatever you want. Sometimes I get a chunk of money and it's hard for me to let it sit.

PLAYBOY: Where does it go?

ROURKE: It depends. My family, my brother. Plus, I got a very, very expensive motorcycle habit. You know, some people meditate, some people like to chant, some people smoke cigars or stand on their head—what I do is ride my motorcycle. I can get on the bike and get clearer than anywhere else.

PLAYBOY: That still must leave a little something in the bank.

ROURKE: A lot of money goes into my own research for the movies I do. You'd be surprised at what that adds up to.

PLAYBOY: There's a story about your buying \$10,000 worth of clothes and a pinkie ring to try out for your role in *The Pope of Greenwich Village*.

ROURKE: I also bought \$12,000 worth of suits for *9½ Weeks*. But they weren't what the director wanted. So now they're hanging in a closet. I sort of fancied the stuff when I bought it.

PLAYBOY: Your movie, *A Prayer for the Dying*, is about a guy trying to stay true to himself, isn't it?

ROURKE: It's about an IRA man who loses

the commitment he had for what he's doing—not because he doesn't believe in the cause but because he takes part in an act that kills innocent bystanders.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about what's going on in Northern Ireland?

ROURKE: I think the British should get the fuck out. That's the way I feel. It's very much like what happened in the civil rights movement in this country. If you have an Irish Catholic name, it's like it used to be being black in the South. If you can't be Irish and Catholic in Northern Ireland, what the fuck are you supposed to do? One of the guys I've been talking to—I shouldn't mention his name—was describing what life over there was like. He was in Long Kesh prison when all those men, Bobby Sands and the Nine, died in the hunger strike. You know the kinds of things they were asking for? The right to wear their own clothes at all times. The right to associate freely with other political prisoners. As the song about them goes: "I'll wear no convict's uniform nor meekly serve my time, that England might brand Ireland's fight 800 years of crime."

PLAYBOY: If you were over there, how do you think you'd react?

ROURKE: If I didn't have a family, I could understand why you'd join the IRA. On the other hand, it's very easy for me to sit here in Los Angeles and discuss what the IRA is doing over in Northern Ireland, because I'm not there. It's a little hypocritical even speaking about it, because I'm not there having to lay my life on the line. All I'm doing is talking about it.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to be identified with the IRA as Sylvester Stallone is with Vietnam and vengeance?

ROURKE: No. I don't want to make a movie about a *macho* fucking guy. I don't want to be an Irish Rambo. This will be a film about a man who happened to be born in a country where he was an Irishman yet not allowed to be Irish. I should thank my lucky stars I was born here. Anyway, it's another movie that six people will go see.

PLAYBOY: That seems to be your M.O.

ROURKE: Well, it's like the other night. I was watching the two sweater guys on TV, the fat guy and the skinny one—

PLAYBOY: Ebert and Siskel?

ROURKE: Yeah. I like the guy with the glasses; which one is he?

PLAYBOY: Ebert.

ROURKE: Ebert, right. Nice guy. Anyway, I was watching the two boys on TV talking about the difference between Woody Allen's movies and Spielberg's movies. And they were saying, well, the difference is that Spielberg makes movies for the masses and Woody Allen makes movies for himself. To tell you the truth, I make movies for myself, too. Because we're only here for a cup of coffee, you know. I cannot live this one life that I have trying to please everybody. I can't make my choices on each film I do based on whether it's going to make ten zillion dollars at the box

office. I really don't give a fuck.

PLAYBOY: Is there one role you're dying to play? One movie you want to make more than any other one?

ROURKE: Yes—*Homeboy*. It's a movie I've been working on for years. It's a boxing movie, but not a gung-ho *Rocky* type and not about a champion, like *Raging Bull*. It's been turned down by the major studios, but we've finally found a producer.

PLAYBOY: What is it about?

ROURKE: It's based on a guy who used to box in the same gym as I did in Miami. He had all the tools; he just had a little trouble upstairs. He was incarcerated at a young age for doing nothing. He shouldn't have gotten the time that he got. After that, it was one thing after another. There was no guidance in his life. There was no love. And if you don't have a certain amount of love, you're going to turn out like a piece of shit. I really believe that.

PLAYBOY: What happened to him?

ROURKE: The last I heard, Johnny was in bad shape. He's either in prison now or on skid row.

PLAYBOY: Why do you want to play him so badly? What does he mean to you?

ROURKE: He was my hero. I never said more than ten words to the guy. I was afraid of him then, or what he represented.

I was so in awe of the guy, I just couldn't talk to him. But at the same time, there was some dark fucking thing when I looked at him. When I looked at him, I was looking at myself. I knew if I kept going—because I had too many distractions, I had such a lack of discipline—I would end up just like him.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like the film your entire life has been leading up to. When do you start?

ROURKE: We're going to start shooting September 1, 1987. I'll take half a year off to fight. It's going to be great. I'll be putting in roles for a lot of my buddies.

PLAYBOY: You write parts for friends?

ROURKE: All I can.

PLAYBOY: Why is that?

ROURKE: That's what it's all about.

PLAYBOY: Because you want to give them work? Or because you think they'll be best for the movie?

ROURKE: Hey, most of my friends who don't act are more interesting than half the guys getting million-dollar salaries.

PLAYBOY: That's a kind of success—being powerful enough in Hollywood to give your pals work. So it's been worth it, including the sacrifices?

ROURKE: Success has changed me in one way, exposed me to a certain level of independence—a kind of selfishness that I'm ashamed of. I got ants in my pants. But the fact is, when I'm working with people I want to, on a project that I respect, I really *do* love acting. And that's all that matters. It's almost as good as catching somebody with a good left hook.

PLAYBOY: Almost?

ROURKE: That's right, baby. Maybe better.



HOW IT WORKS

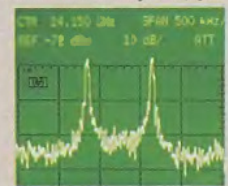
With traffic radar and Rashid VRSS both transmitting on the same frequency (24.150 GHz), normal receiver technology can't tell one from the other. Even when you scrutinize K band with a digital spectrum analyzer, the two signals look alike (Figure 1).

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

Resisting the easy answer

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

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



RASHID

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

When the going gets tough...

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

A whole new deal

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

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

If you own an ESCORT or PASSPORT: The new AFR circuitry is incorporated in ESCORTs from number 1,200,000, and PASSPORTs from 550,000. If your unit is earlier, read on.



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

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

What's a Rashid VRSS?

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

Now for the bad news

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

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

Opportunity knocking

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

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

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

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

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

They said it couldn't be done

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

No waiting for the good stuff

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

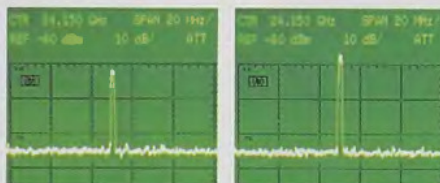


Figure 1: A digital spectrum analyzer scanning the entire width of K band can't see the difference between radar and Rashid.

AFR is fully automatic. There are no extra switches or lights. Nothing for you to bother about. The Rashid problem simply goes away.

Last year *Road & Track* called us "the industry leader in detector technology." We intend to keep earning our accolades.

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Cincinnati Microwave is committed to constant advancement in radar warning technology. Therefore, we are working out a plan to offer upgrades for most pre-AFR models (PASSPORTS

under number 550,000, and ESCORTs from 200,000 through 1,199,999). For complete details, please send a card with your name and address (no calls, please) to our special facility at

the following address: AFR Retrofit, P.O. Box 498947, Cincinnati, Ohio 45249-8947. We will promptly forward a packet with comprehensive information on the retrofit program.

The background of the page features the word "SCHOOLYARD" in a very large, bold, dark blue, rounded sans-serif font. The letters are spaced out and partially cut off by the edges of the page. A red rectangular box is superimposed over the middle of the word, containing white text.

“What went wrong, tragically, is that nothing went wrong. The recent embarrassment, the ‘Len Bias thing,’ was nothing more than business as usual.”

THE SCHOOLYARD that Wharton Lee Madkins oversees is one of many of its kind. The children he supervises six hours a day are typical of thousands across the nation. On a cul-de-sac in a quiet middle-class American suburb is the neighborhood recreation center over which he exercises authority. Today it is overrun, as it is six days a week, with citizens yet to achieve vot-

ing age, burning off enough energy to incinerate the place.

In no hurry to impose order upon the chaos all around him, Madkins, sitting in his glass-paneled office, is politely fielding questions about school children and sports. Explaining how in 13 years he has coached 500 kids, he is telling a story about one of them.

LENNY

the
author of
snowblind
on the
substance
of college
sports

article
By
Robert
Sabbag

"When Lenny came here, he was 11 or 12. He went to the elementary school. He wanted to play football, but he was so tall, there were no pants to fit him. We didn't want him playing without kneepads, you see."

So Madkins put him in the basketball program. The boy played 13 and under at the rec center.

"We watched him come up, watched him blossom."

Lenny was cut from his junior high school team but continued to play for Madkins.

"When he was 15, we took him to a tournament in Philadelphia. That's when I knew—we all knew."

Out of high school, (continued on page 68)

DRUGS

THE VIEW FROM COURTSIDE

a coaches' symposium by Thomas Boswell

The death of Len Bias and the resultant resignation of University of Maryland coach Lefty Driesell have suddenly sharpened debate on just who's accountable for drug abuse on the basketball court. To assess the risks—of both drugs and drug tests—Washington Post columnist Thomas Boswell grilled an all-star panel of pro and college coaches.

JIM VALVANO, HEAD BASKETBALL COACH,
NORTH CAROLINA STATE

When I was coaching the freshman team at Rutgers in 1967, if you'd told me that in 20 years the most important issue for a coach would not be how to break a zone press but whether or not

to institute drug testing, I'd have said you were nuts. But that's exactly where we are.

Athletics gets too much ink in the newspapers, for good or for bad. But because of that, we can be leaders on the drug problem. We can make headline news—on the front page, not just in the sports section. We should demand that our athletes be students and that they be drug-free. I am in favor of mandatory drug testing.

What surprises me is the amount of resistance to drug testing by people who say that it's a violation of individual freedoms. We're not talking about prayer in school here, we're talking about life and death. *(continued on page 148)*

TESTS

ILLEGAL PROCEDURE?

P. J. O'Rourke Cries Foul!

COMMERCIAL-AIRLINE pilots smoke marijuana in the cockpit all the time. They giggle and get silly and make P.A. announcements like, "If you look out the left side, you'll see a big wing." Then they gobble up the tourist-class desserts and collide with Piper Cubs. All the high school seniors in America are hooked on crack. They run through band practice tearing the uniforms off majorettes with their teeth. After school, they mug their moms and drive the nation's violent-crime rate through the roof. Many U.S. submarine captains take P.C.P., which is why they so often go into murderous frenzies, release Polaris missiles and start accidental atomic wars.

This is the impression I get from newspapers, magazines and the six-o'clock news. President Reagan and his missus must get the same impression. They went on television together last September, looking worried and a bit peeved. "Drugs are menacing our society," said the President. "They're threatening our values and undercutting our institutions. They're killing our children."

"Drugs take away the dream from every child's heart and replace it with a nightmare," said the First Lady, and she pointed out that "drug criminals are ingenious. They work every day to plot a new and better way to steal our

children's lives."

But, said the President, people who are terrorizing America "will see that they are up against the mightiest force for good that we know." Then he invoked God, country and U.S. war dead and promised us all drug-free schools and workplaces. Because, you see, there is a solution to the American drug catastrophe, and the President announced it the very next day—drug tests.

On Monday, September 15, 1986, President Reagan signed an Executive order requiring drug tests for all U.S. Government employees in "sensitive positions." This includes Federal law-enforcement officers, Presidential appointees and people who handle classified information. It also includes everyone whose job is related to national security or public health and safety or protection of life and property, plus anyone in a position "requiring a high degree of trust and confidence." Broadly speaking, it means the janitor at the Yosemite National Park comfort station and all the rest of the Federal Government's 2,800,000 civilian employees. Many state and municipal workers can expect to be tested, too. And more than 33 percent of the Fortune 500 corporations already have employee drug-test programs, with more to come. Soon everyone will be tested for drugs except Mother Teresa (and we can catch her at Customs and Immigration).

What a good idea. Poof! The national cancer of drug abuse will disappear faster than the family farm. All we have to do is whiz in a dish, tinkle in a cup, take a leak in a test tube and generally piddle ourselves dry, and we will never again have any accidental atomic wars started by narco-crazed sub commanders.

Of course, we haven't yet had any accidental atomic wars started by narco-crazed sub commanders. But never mind; lots of other horrible stuff is caused by drugs. Drugs are tearing our society apart and destroying everything we hold dear. Aren't they? If drugs weren't causing monstrous and terrifying calamities, there wouldn't be all this prate and gabble in the media. Would there? I called the Federal Aviation Administration's Office of Public Affairs and put it to them squarely. "How many fatal accidents on major airlines have involved drug use by flight crews, air-traffic controllers or other responsible personnel?" I asked FAA spokesman Fred Farrar.

"None."

"That's it?" I said. "Just 'none'?"

"Yes," said Farrar, "the answer is none."

I called the FBI and asked for statistics from its *United States Uniform Crime Reports*. It turns out that the nation's violent-crime rate is not through the roof. There was a slight rise, 3.1 percent, from 1984 to 1985. But, overall, violent crime

has dropped 6.4 percent in the past five years, the first sustained decrease in recent memory.

Then I called the National Institute on Drug Abuse, which had just completed a major survey on illegal drugs. "Is drug use up?" I asked.

"It's basically stable," said Press Officer Lucy Walker with, I think, a hint of regret in her voice. According to the figures Walker gave me, 22 percent of young people aged 18 to 25 use marijuana, down from 27 percent in 1982. Cocaine use is up from seven percent to eight percent in the same period and hallucinogens are holding steady at two percent. Among the general population, the trends are about the same. If drugs are tearing our society apart and destroying everything we hold dear, they are taking their time about it.

Now, nobody wants to be quoted as saying that drugs are cute or a swell thing to give to babies. Drugs are bad. Anybody who's watched *1941* on a video cassette knows that. Drugs have caused a lot of people to do a lot of stupid things, such as hock their kid's Apple II, recite Rod McKuen poetry or stab Nancy Spungen. And drugs have given several of my friends one-way backstage passes to the hereafter. But let's get this thing in perspective. An estimated 900 people died from cocaine overdoses in 1985. Three thousand one hundred seventy expired from gallstones. And more than 43,000 kicked just tooling around on the highway. Drug use is a problem. We shouldn't stop worrying about the problem. But maybe we should start worrying about the solution.

Drug tests are justifiable in certain circumstances. As part of a drug-rehabilitation program, for example, they make very good sense. And DEA agents should take drug tests. People who've been sent to guard the henhouse shouldn't develop a taste for Kentucky Fried. We, the general public, have a right, as helpless cowards, to ask that drug tests be given to those who hold our lives in their hands. Marine Corps drill instructors, IRS auditors and U.S. Presidents should all be given drug tests if we think they're acting loopy. Most IRS auditors *do* act loopy, and all recent Presidents have.

But the current fad for wide-scale drug tests doesn't have much to do with justifiable circumstances. Note that the drug-test hubbub began with testing professional athletes. We don't depend on these guys for anything except covering the Super Bowl point spread, and there's some question as to whether they do that better with or without drugs. True, children look up to professional athletes. But children are short and look up to everything.

Also note that there's one drug nobody's saying much about. This is the big drug—tonsil polish, idiot oil, vitamin XXX. When it comes to getting sideways, we are not a buzzed nation. We are not a

zoned nation. We are Drunk Country. An estimated 22,500,000 Americans are alcoholics or problem drinkers, me for one. Alcoholism costs us around 116 billion dollars a year in lost work, medical expenses, car wrecks and removal of stubborn carpet stains. Booze is responsible for something like 95,000 deaths per annum, who knows how many dumb marriages.

There are simple, cheap and accurate tests for alcohol use. However, nearly two thirds of American adults drink, and that's a lot of voters. So alcohol testing is done sparingly, with probable cause, under highly justifiable circumstances—usually when you're driving home from a toga party. Nobody is trying to make alcohol tests a regular feature of work or school, let alone Government employment. How many Congressmen would care to be tested after six P.M.? A bird can't fly on one wing. A cat can't walk on three legs. Freshen that up for you, Senator!

Anyway, no drug, not even alcohol, causes the fundamental ills of society. If we're looking for the source of our troubles, we shouldn't test people for drugs; we should test them for stupidity, ignorance, greed and love of power. And we have such tests, too. But I.Q. scores are kept strictly secret. Releasing I.Q. scores would cause Congress more embarrassment than a boxcar of Breathalyzers. And no one is ever sent to Daytop Center because he flunked civics. P.E. is substituted instead. And if you get a positive result on life's tests for greed and power lust, you don't lose your job, you get rich and elected.

So it's much better to test for drugs. What the hell; they're illegal, so all we're going to catch is criminals, anyway. And drugs make a great patsy. Why blame crime and poverty on something complicated and difficult to fix, like schools or the economy? Blame them on drugs.

Actually, using drugs as a scapegoat shows we're making social progress. It's a big improvement over "The Jews are poisoning the wells." But the logic is just as bad, and this bad logic is probably inescapable. Drugs are just too good a political issue. Drug abuse is one of those home-and-mother oratorical points that let politicians bray without fear of offending any powerful lobbying groups, unless they're running for president of Bolivia. Nobody except Timothy Leary and me about four in the morning is going to say a word in defense of illegal drugs.

And drug tests are an ideal way to use the drug issue. Widespread drug tests make it look as if our national leaders are "doing something about the problem." The urge to be doing something about the problem is a fundamental American urge and, by and large, a good one. But, in our love for problem solving, we sometimes forget to ask what the problem is or even

(continued on page 147)



"This is only a test. If this were a real emergency, you would be eaten."



Bitten. There's an evocative name. It suggests what every guy who has seen her More Lights 100s cigarette ads would like to be by her. But for Bitten Knudsen, who left the cold comfort of Førslev, Denmark, for the hot lights of supermodeldom, the name suggests ambition, though it can be more nearly translated as "little one." Bitten by the

modeling bug, she rose to the top of that field and set her sights on Hollywood. "So far, I've had teeny parts, like the gangster's girl in *Hollywood Vice Squad*. I was in a movie with Tina Turner, but both of us got cut," she says. Bad move, Hollywood. The cutting-room floor is no place for legs like Tina's or eyes like these. "I'm not worried, though."

your face is on billboards, but your heart is on the beach—that's what it's like

BEING BITTEN

GET READY FOR MORE LIGHTS 100s!

Experience the captivating color, the glamour, the excitement!

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Bitten's cigarette ads made her number one with a bullet on billboards; her off days make her number one on the beach. This supermodel also surfs, windsurfs, sails and takes pictures. "I've just finished my first job as a photographer, shooting a windsurfing competition in Hawaii."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON

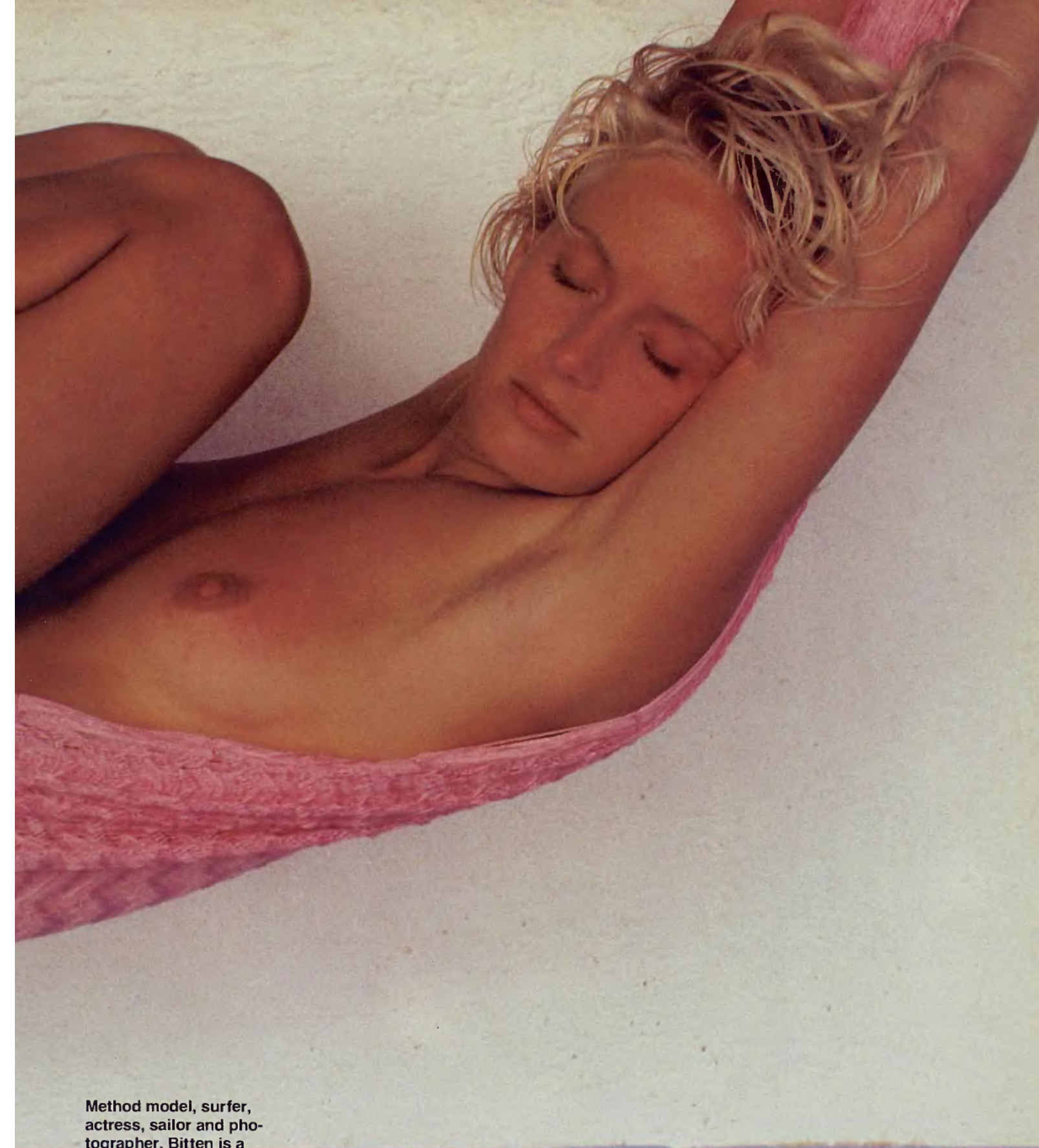


A real international girl, Bitten started modeling in her native Denmark—as the girl in a wholesome milk campaign—then moved on to Hamburg, Milan and New York. The Big Apple fell for her. Soon her bedroom eyes were luring consumers to Clairol, Revlon and Black Velvet. She spent months on the cover of *Glamour* and three years as the sumptuous More girl. “I always tried to add a little extra to my pictures, to get into the character, to play a personality other than my own. What would you call that—Method modeling? On a job, they style my hair and put make-up on me—that’s not the me who goes out surfing.” The Bitten who surfs would just as soon get comfortable and worship the sun as dress up and sell sophisticated cigarettes, but knows that a Scandinavian design like hers would be a terrible thing to waste.

Bitten’s a Norse beauty with a love for the tropics. “I spent my time in the islands traveling with a man I’ll call ‘the Napoleon of Hawaii,’ a good, good friend. We sailed a catamaran to Kauai and waited out a storm in a sheltered harbor. Still, there were 35-foot waves. Scary. But I love Hawaii.”







Method model, surfer, actress, sailor and photographer, Bitten is a girl who knows how to relax. Her face may be out selling sophisticated stuff, but her body lies over by the ocean, waiting for somebody to yell, "Surf's up!"

COCAINE

(continued from page 57)

"Whether you win or lose is determined less by how well you play than by who your pharmacist is."

the young man was recruited by the state university. As a sophomore, he started to play.

"He never got so big he wouldn't come back here."

Both as a high school player and as a starter in college, Lenny came around to help out with the younger boys.

"Sometimes he came in just to talk."

"Did you ever talk to him about his grades?"

Madkins answers with a shake of his head.

"We overlooked that," he admits, adding forthrightly, "we should have talked to him about his grades, but we never did."

Not many others did, either.

When Len Bias signed with the Boston Celtics out of the University of Maryland, he was flunking or had withdrawn from his entire course load.

"Lenny was a kid who couldn't say no. He trusted everybody; he figured everybody was his friend. He didn't know anybody was his enemy. That's what got him into trouble."

The trouble Madkins is talking about is Len Bias' disastrously brief flirtation with cocaine. The trust is that which he placed in the person who offered him the drug that killed him.

What Madkins may just as well be talking about, however, is the trust Bias placed in the University of Maryland, the state institution that failed to educate him, that faith that the young man invested so effortlessly in professional sports, the rewards of which, as pursued in this country, can be as quick to turn around on you as any reward cocaine has to offer.

"We finally got a superstar in our neighborhood," Madkins will tell you.

What happened after that is tragically simple.

"He just got away from us."

According to estimates by the United States Drug Enforcement Administration, the American public snorted, smoked, injected and otherwise consumed 100 metric tons of street-grade cocaine in 1985.

Not all of the users were athletes. There is no evidence to suggest that the incidence of cocaine use among athletes is higher than among the general population. It may very well be lower. All one can say is that cocaine consumption is so widespread today that even athletes, of all people, are using it.

Given the country's estimated 3,000,000 to 6,000,000 cocaine consumers and the amount they are apparently con-

suming, and given the fact that reported cocaine-related deaths still number only in the hundreds each year, the drug's lethality is by every measure overregarded.

The saddling of cocaine with properties it does not possess is the contribution of a small but vocal group of self-interested people, the more vociferous of whom fall into two general categories: those whose livelihoods depend on the drug's continued visibility and those who are looking, for one reason or another, to deflect responsibility for the drug problem away from themselves.

Into the first group fall the Federally funded academics and physicians whose research money ebbs and flows on shifting political tides. Among the more ambitious privately funded pitchmen are the physicians who own the various cocaine hotlines around the country that are designed to operate principally as referral services to clinics run for profit. As self-styled experts on cocaine—a staple in the pharmacopoeia of civilization for no less than 1000 years—they hustle the drug as though its mysteries were elusive to keep the money flowing in their direction.

Among those who fall into the second group, the ones for whom cocaine provides a very convenient dodge, is National Football League commissioner Pete Rozelle.

"Professional athletes are an ideal target for drug use," he asserts. "They fall within the susceptible age group, 20 to 35. They receive inordinate salaries. They have free time due to the short length of the professional sports seasons."

Rozelle is correct: The average N.F.L. salary-and-benefits package in 1986 was \$266,000. With the rise of free agency in 1976, the annual compensation of major-league-baseball players went from a 1975 average of about \$45,000 to the current \$430,000. Very suddenly achieving the economic status of plastic surgeons, arbitragers and a handful of lead-guitar players, many young athletes became candidates for cocaine use overnight.

What the accuracy of Rozelle's assertion obscures, however, is the extent of his own culpability and that of the N.F.L.

Dr. Harry Edwards, a sports sociologist at the University of California at Berkeley and an organizer of the black protest at the Mexico City summer Olympics in 1968, says today's athletic training room is all too often a "pharmaceutical haven" where "the pill, the capsule, the vial and the needle are commonplace." According to Dr. Edwards, there is truth to the axiom

"Whether you win or lose is determined less by how well you play the game than by who your pharmacist is."

Can you blame the average athlete for not being afraid of cocaine? What is a little blow to a guy who has given his entire body over to the wrenching physical chemistry of drugs that are commonly restricted to geriatrics and the acutely debilitated? This is a guy who in the most active years of his reproductive life has been force-fed the kind of anabolic steroids traditionally associated with livestock.

The real drug problem in professional sports is one the teams themselves have created and passed along to every college in the country.

Even without this bad example in the big leagues, college athletes would be prime candidates for drug abuse. Elevated in the popular imagination to the status of nobility and underwritten with a salary to match, the successful athlete is surrounded by people who tamper with his ego. At a time when his character is just taking shape, he is forced to reconcile his self-image with an image forced upon him by others. In college, his development is further skewed by his segregation from the student body. Taken out of the mainstream of college life, an athlete like Len Bias is further isolated by the requirements of travel and tournament play, the demands of everything from practice time to press relations.

According to Edwards, "The average college athlete is so removed from real college life that he's not in the mainstream to begin with. He's a player first and a student second, if at all. He's walked at every level through the academic bureaucracy. The disruption is having to take classes."

The pressures of sudden celebrity, combined with the pressures on him to perform at a professional level in a sport he once played for enjoyment, catch the college athlete at an age when he is unequipped to deal with them. Add to this the current peer pressure relative to drug use and you have a casualty waiting to happen.

There was a time when peer pressure on athletes was applied from the opposite direction—when they were considered an enviable and clean-living elite and were expected to stay that way. It was a time when their friends would have been the last to offer them anything the slightest bit toxic and the first to punch out anyone who did.

Not only has peer pressure relative to drug use changed but in big-time, big-money, high-pressure sports, an athlete's talent is so prized that those who pay him—and many who pay to see him perform—are likely to overlook a constellation of personal weaknesses. Under the pressure to win at any cost, team owners and coaches from high school to the pros

(continued on page 155)



"Gosh, I never thought much about it. Do you believe in reincarnation?"

OLD GUARD / AVANT-GARDE

four famous menswear
designers—from traditional to trendy—
put spring into style



fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

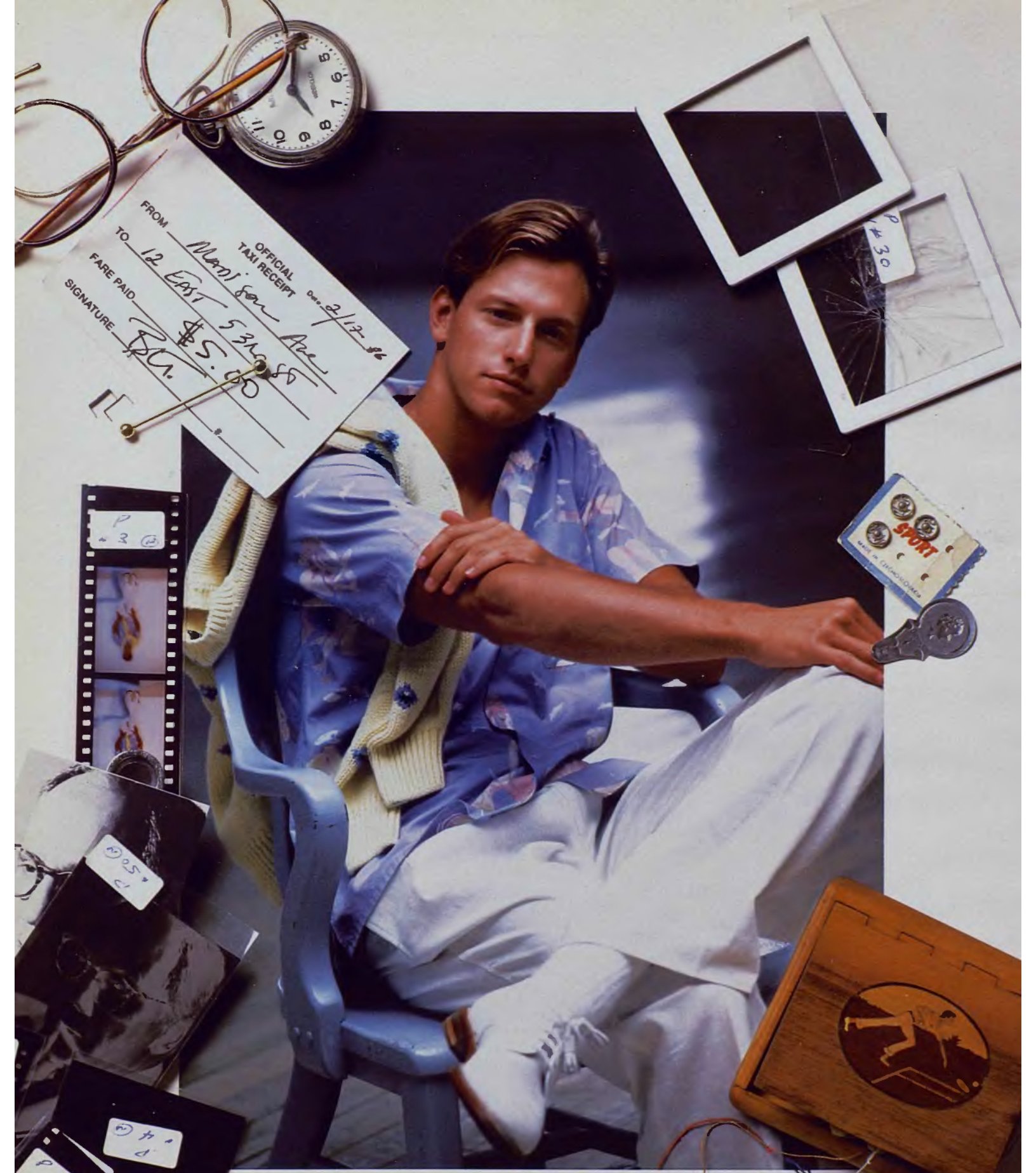
SPRING may not be in the air yet, but here's a sneak preview of what will soon hit the stores from four top designers—Nick Hilton, Bill Robinson, Sal Cesarani and Victor De La Rosa. Hilton and Cesarani represent the old guard; Robinson and De La Rosa, obviously, are the avant-garde. While each of the men has a design approach that's distinctly original, all share one common fashion thread—great taste. (For a peek at what the designers themselves look like, check the inset snapshots incorporated into each page.)

With a respect for the past and a feeling for the future, Nick Hilton of Norman Hilton brings what he terms "an international sensibility and attitude to the classic American-made suit." For spring 1987, the company has introduced the updated double-breasted wool suit pictured here, about \$650.





Bill Robinson strives for a look that's "classical without being conservative. Are my clothes avant-garde? Perhaps neoclassical is a better way to describe them." Shown here: A cotton/linen jacket, \$215, a linen dress shirt, \$95, cotton-poplin slacks, \$70, and a silk tie, \$32.50; plus lizardskin slip-ons, by David & Joan, \$400.



OFFICIAL TAXI RECEIPT Date 2/17/86
FROM Mami San Ave
TO 12 East 53rd St
FARE PAID \$5.00
SIGNATURE R.C.

Sal Cesarani: "I take classics and contemporize them with new colors, new shapes and new forms." Cesarani's selections are true to his fashion philosophy and include a cotton crew-neck sweater, \$150, a short-sleeved shirt, \$52.50, and linen/cotton slacks, \$60. The white bucks are by Johnston & Murphy, \$90.



"The challenge to create the right fabrics for each Bianculli collection is a constant source of inspiration," says Victor De La Rosa, the winner of a 1985 Cutty Sark menswear award. His spring casualwear, above, includes a hand-woven sweater, about \$325, a cotton shirt, about \$65, and cotton shorts, about \$45.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOUGLAS KEEVE

THE LIGHTS come up and a thin curtain covers the screen, but the sign behind it telling everyone to please visit the concession stands in the lobby while they're getting ready for the next feature can still be seen, and the ripply picture on it of a huge, drippy banana

split is too much for her rumbling tum, so she decides to go out and see what she can find with less than a zillion calories in it. Her friend, who's flirting with some broken-nosed character a row back in a high school letter jacket and sweaty cowboy hat, turns and asks her jokingly to bring her back a salty dog—"Straight up, mind!"—making the guy snort and hee haw and push his hands into his pockets.

In the lobby, there's a line for everything—candy, cigarettes, popcorn, even the water fountain. The soft-drinks line is the shortest, so she gets in it, though the smells of mint, chocolate and hot butter are driving her crazy. She squeezes her belly bag to calm it down and, at almost the same moment, some creep behind her, as though to say, "And that ain't all, kid," grabs a fistful of what her girlfriend calls her holey altar—"You just kneel down and kiss it, honey!" she likes to say—numb from so much sitting, but not so numb she doesn't go lurching into the smart-alecky young school kids in front of her, setting off a lot of sniggering insults, mostly about her bosom, which is among more adult audiences usually her best feature.

She turns to scowl at the masher behind her, but there's no one there. Instead, over by a movie poster advertising a sexy religious epic, *(continued on page 122)*

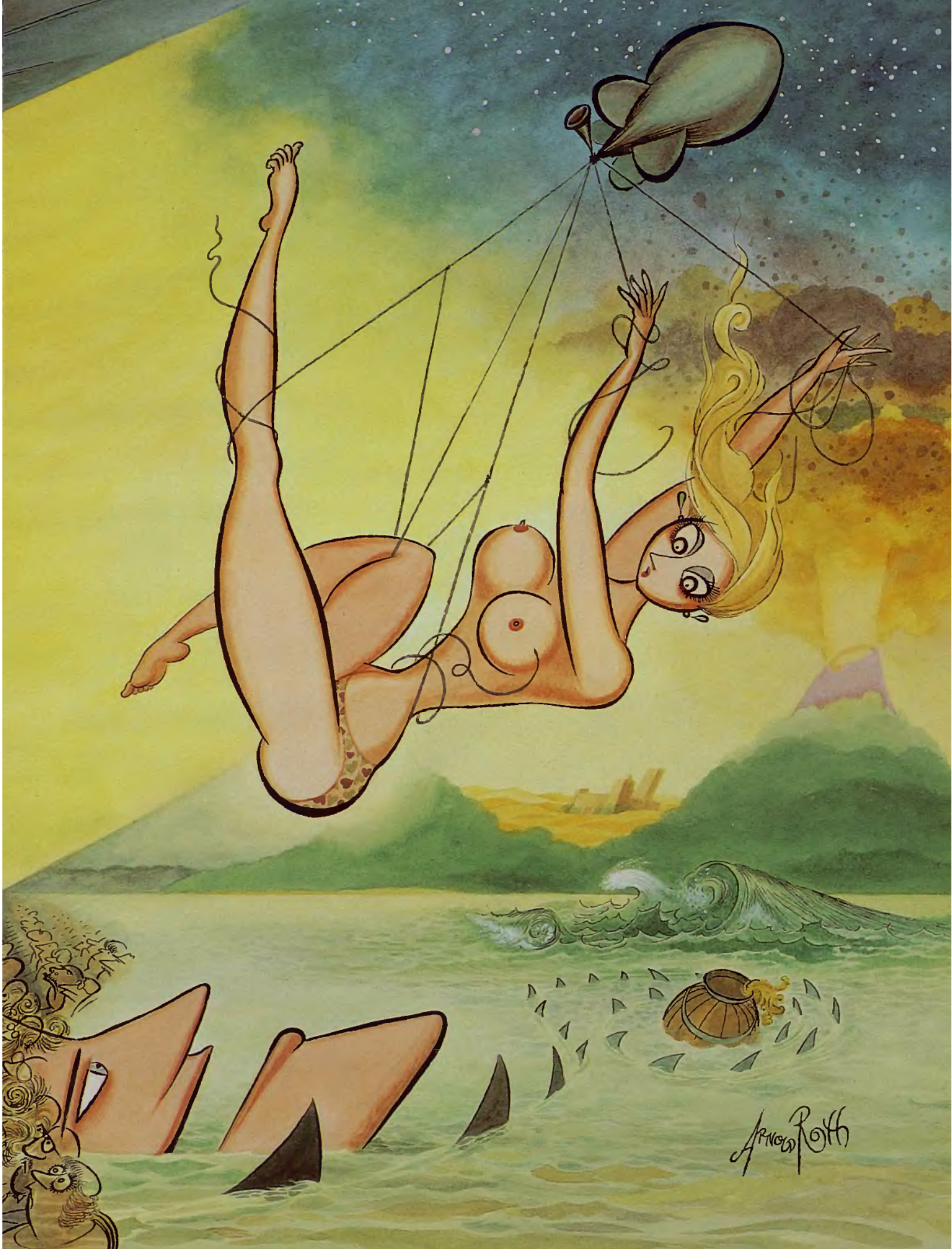
INTERMISSION

FICTION

By **ROBERT COOVER**

HEY, JUST
WHAT KIND OF
CRAZY MOVIE
IS THIS,
ANYWAY?







MAFIA

P



N

ow that her gangster dad is off her case at last, antoinette giancana is finally enjoying herself



RINCESS



THE TOUGH TIMES are finally over for Antoinette Giancana, daughter of Chicago Mob boss Sam Giancana. And it hasn't been easy from the very beginning, as she'll be the first to tell you. Family life just isn't all that much fun when your father is someone *Time* magazine summarized as "cruelly violent," with "the face of a gargoyle and the disposition of a viper." That description appeared in June 1975, the week after Giancana was found in his Oak Park home, shot in the face and neck with seven slugs from a .22 pistol. At the time, he had been implicated in a conspiracy between the CIA and the Mafia to assassinate Fidel Castro and had recently been questioned by a Federal grand jury probing Mob activities in Chicago. In the year after his death, Antoinette, the oldest of Giancana's three daughters, hit rock bottom, and she'd been headed down for a long time. She'd already

Antoinette Giancana says if she'd posed for *PLAYBOY* while her father, Mobster Sam Giancana, was living, "Hugh Hefner wouldn't be alive today." Portraits of father and daughter, clockwise from left: Sam and Antoinette on her 14th birthday; baby Antoinette; at the age of six, with Sam on vacation in Wisconsin; Sam in 1959.

Snapshots from an album: Antoinette began modeling at 16 (with a little help from family connections). Clockwise from right: Sam on a diving board in the late Twenties; Antoinette in a photo from her modeling compasite at 18; her wedding compasite at 18; her wedding photo after her first marriage in 1959; backstage with singer Tany Martin at Chicago's Chez Paree night club in 1957; at 20, already developing the famaus Giancana stare, which, coming from her father, was deadly. Center: On vacation in Hawaii shartly after her mother's death in 1954.



divorced her husband, lost custody of her children, been denounced by Sam, cut out of his will and fought a losing battle with drugs and alcohol. Even Sam's old friends in the Mob avoided her. She was finally reduced to living in a cheap room over a bar and grill in St. Charles, Illinois, surviving on hard liquor and hamburgers. Then, one rare sober morning, she had a liberating insight: "I realized that all of my life, I'd defined myself as Sam's daughter but never just as myself, Antoinette. But now Sam was gone—all his power and also all the pain he caused me. And the life I'd lived as a Mafia princess suddenly seemed like a game to me. And I said to myself, 'OK, the game's over. Now I have to find out what I can be on my own.' And right then, I started to get myself together again." Part of getting herself together was a health-and-fitness regimen that she's been working at for eight years. It began with her quitting drinking and smoking and progressed to a nearly meatless diet and a six-day-a-week exercise routine that includes an hour on Nautilus equipment and an hour of aerobic exercise every session. But perhaps the most important part of her rebirth was getting the big load of being Sam Giancana's daughter off her chest in her best-selling autobiography (written with Thomas C. Renner), *Mafia Princess: Growing Up in Sam Giancana's Family*, which hit the bookstores in 1984 and was immediately made into a prime-time television movie starring Susan Lucci. (concluded on page 158)

Antoinette grew to like Phyllis McGuire (below), whom Sam doted during the lost decade of his life. With a book and a movie behind her, today Antoinette (right) is "full of confidence, much more content."

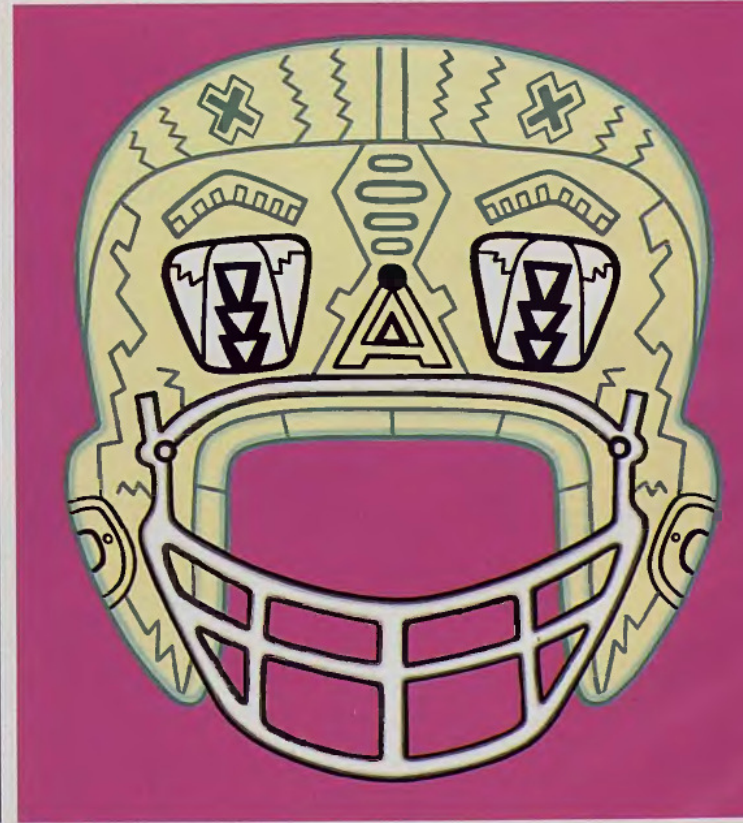




After moving into her new house in a Chicago suburb, Antoinette soothes her aching muscles ("Unpacking boxes is so exhausting") in a hot bubble bath. Her final advice to young men who might like to become professional gangsters: "Watch out. It can be very dangerous."



THE LAST ROUTE



FIVE POINTS DOWN
AND MILLISECONDS T' GO.
OH, Q.B., I SURELY
WOULDN'T THROW T' ME

FICTION By D. KEITH MANO

HUH-HUT. Hut, hut, hut—

And release.

My-ufff.

Jammed me right in the wind pod again. Little sniveling, needle-dick red-neck shit. Shove a cow prod up my pooter, he would. And he didn't buy the fake neither, right.

Here we go again.

My ribs *moan*. Got another busted one, you bet. And my left thumbnail is clean gone. Haven't come off the line once without misery and pain all day. But Fein's right hand is padded up, too, from where I walked on it good before the half. And we are both blown out—oh, the fans ain't gettin' their money's worth now. Not here. Not on this side of the field, uh-uh.

Once more without feelin', let us shuck and jive, as Hightail would say.

Didn't eat the inside fake, because Fein knows where I'm goin'. Seventeen little dits on the clock, they don't send *me* down-field on a fly. No, sir. Just a dull old outer t' the side line, if I can even get there before they sack Knep again. Draw Fein outa the coverage is all I'm here for. A weepin' baby-sit.

Damn, they got 40-'leven teeny nickel backs in here now. Zippin' by like no-see-ums. I do not understand this new kinda football. Dill is runnin' flat-out down the side line by now, with a corner and the free hangin' on him. Fresco is rotatin' and settin' a pick for little Coleman outa the back. With Reggie on an X t' flood the zone. I'd pitch it t' Coleman, but Knepper won't forget he dropped one deep-sixer already, uh-uh. Knep don't forget. He takes it personal.

And I surely wouldn't throw t' me.

You're tired, Fein. I know, I know. And you're pissed at me. Lookit our breaths goin' chug, chug, chug together. You expected Hightail Homer t' play, not old Nelse. But Hightail cut hisself with a cocaine spoon, right. And Knep's thrown t' me twice all day. And you were gonna break the Cougar intercept record on us. Well, shees, if you'd give me some *space* out here, let me see turf for half a minute, maybe we'd get the action, huh. God, I am pitiful (*concluded on page 160*)



ILLUSTRATION BY KARL WIRSUM

from your first morning cup to those brews in the night, here's all about what's perking

COFFEE

NOT
THE
SAME
OLD
GRIND

These are the best of times to be alive and sipping the black brew. There are more options, more varieties, more high-quality coffees in the market today than at any other time in history. Consider the proliferation of beans from all corners of the coffee-growing world: mild, aromatic Hawaiian Kona; winy Colombia Medellín; spicy, medium-bodied Guatemalan Antigua; rare, complex Yemen Mocha; and fragrant Jamaican Blue Mountain, named as the best coffee in our January guide *The Best*. (Note that Jamaican High Mountain, Mountain Peak and other sound-alikes are *not* the same as Blue Mountain.)

In all, more than 100 types of coffee reach our shores. Empire Coffee and Tea, an old-line emporium on Manhattan's West Side, displays about 60 burlap sacks of whole-bean

coffee on its floor. They can be had in any choice of roasts, from the lightest to ebony-hued espresso; any choice of grinds, from coarse to pulverized; and any combination of beans. Favored blends are mocha-Java, Colombian-Brazilian and Empire's house blend—7 ozs. Colombian-American, 7 ozs. Tanzanian Peaberry and 2 ozs. Colombian-Viennese.

What else is perking in coffeeland? Quite a bit, as it happens. Not so long ago, the only decaf was instant. Now you can *brew* decaf from either preground or whole-bean coffee ground to your taste—with the caffeine extracted by a water process rather than by chemical solvent. One of the newest entries in the coffee sweepstakes is flavored coffee. The range of flavors encompasses such familiars as

cinnamon, almond, orange, cherry and vanilla, and such exotic accents as amaretto, Irish cream, *sambuca*, rum-chocolate and other hyphenated variations on the theme of chocolate. Flavored coffees wouldn't be everyone's pick for a morning cuppa, but they definitely have a place. Try one in the evening when you're building a romantic atmosphere.

While these adventures in coffee got started in coffee boutiques and specialty-food emporiums, most well-stocked supermarkets now offer a respectable selection of regular and decaffeinated beans. Moreover, the big guns are moving in on the action. What may be the most popular brand in the U.S., Maxwell House, offers supermarket shoppers 16 coffees in a range of grinds, (continued on page 139)

drink

By EMANUEL GREENBERG

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI







whether by horseback or by airplane,
julie peterson gets around

EASY RIDER

At home in two states, Julie enjoys them both. In Alaska, she can cross-country ski over Mount McKinley's Ruth Amphitheater; back in Maryland, she can walk her neighbor's old English sheep dogs (right) or take a canoe trip with her father (far right).



Every now and then, our readers' suggestions are influential in the selection of a Playmate. When Julie Peterson appeared in our February 1986 feature *Women of Alaska*, she struck us as a potential centerfold candidate. Then your letters started coming in, and there seemed to be an awful lot of Julie Peterson fans out there. That did it. How could we refuse? If your next-door neighbor is one of the guys who wrote to PLAYBOY asking to see Julie again, we know you'll want to call him up and thank him profusely.





If you should meet her, the first thing you'd notice is Julie's voice: deep, with soft, husky undertones like those you want to hear on late-night radio when you're all alone. The second thing you'd notice is that she's extremely compact—not just her body but also in the way she moves and talks: no unnecessary effort but exactly what's required to get the job done. Just what you'd expect from a girl who spent time in a place named Dead Horse on America's last vast frontier. But—surprise—Julie grew up in Maryland, not Alaska.

When we posed Julie with this exercise equipment, she said, "Be sure to write that I don't look like this when I work out at The Fitness Connection in Anchorage."









That's right—Julie didn't move to Alaska until she was 17. "My parents divorced when I was 16," she explains, "and my mom moved to Juneau. After my graduation from high school [Aberdeen High School in Aberdeen, Maryland], I moved to Alaska to live with her." Her mother, a dental hygienist, had started a dental clinic in Prudhoe Bay for workers on the North Slope oil fields. "Most of them didn't want to take a day off to go to a dentist in Anchorage or Fairbanks, (text concluded on page 142)

Above left and right, Julie revisits the stables near her childhood home. A rider since the age of four, she used to buy, train and sell horses to make extra cash.

MISS FEBRUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Julie Robinson

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Julie Pederson

BUST: 38 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 130lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 9-29-64 BIRTHPLACE: Clare de Grace, Md.

AMBITIONS: To obtain abundance in all aspects of my life - to be unlimited.

TURN-ONS: fog, thunderstorms, wind, hot tubs, speed-boats, cars or boats!

TURN-OFFS: Judgments, negativity, limits, elevator music.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Shilumi, Maia, Ramtha, "Cast of Eden."

FAVORITE MOVIES: Topper, To Catch a Thief, 9 1/2 Weeks, Top Gun.

FAVORITE FOODS: Pizza, Popcorn, Twinklers, Champagne, raspberries.

FAVORITE PLACE: Crow Creek Pass, Alaska; West Chester, Pa.



Shot for Women of Ak. - 1984



Winter in Ak. w/ Crystal 1986



Recent trip to Denali w/ Mom



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The bank robbers arrived just before closing and ordered everyone to disrobe and lie face down behind the counter. One nervous employee pulled off her clothes and lay face up on the floor. "Turn over, Cindy," whispered the girl lying beside her. "This is a stick-up, not an office party."

On the eve of the couple's 15th wedding anniversary, the wife was bragging about her still-slim figure. "You know, honey," she said, "I can still get into the skirts I had before we were married."

"Yeah?" her husband replied as he scanned the sports pages. "I wish to hell I could."



When Queen Elizabeth paid an unofficial visit to Kentucky to look for studhorses for her stables, she and President Reagan went for a morning ride together.

Her Majesty was aboard one of her prized stallions when the horse suddenly broke wind.

"I'm so embarrassed!" the queen said.

"Well," Reagan replied, "no need to be embarrassed. I thought your horse did it."

Three college roommates—two females and a male—began to argue after dinner about whose turn it was to do the dishes. "All right," one of the girls said, "the first one to speak has to do them."

The trio retired to the living room to watch TV. When their neighbor, a school football star, came by, the three remained silent. The visitor shrugged and led one of the girls into her bedroom.

Forty-five minutes later, the young man emerged and approached the second girl. Through sign language, they agreed to adjourn to her bedroom.

When he came out, he began to fix himself a cup of tea but burned his fingers on the stove.

"Hey, where's some petroleum jelly?" he hollered from the kitchen.

"Oh, shit!" the male roommate said, jumping up. "I'll do the dishes."

Two French nuns went to New York for an education conference. Taking a stroll one afternoon, they passed one of many hot-dog vendors. They decided to try this curious American food. The vendor wrapped the hot dogs in paper and the nuns sat on a bench to eat them. The first nun opened hers, looked at it for a moment, threw it into a trash can and asked the second nun, "Which part of the dog did you get?"

A pregnant woman and her husband were in an automobile accident that left them unconscious for three days. When the woman awoke, she found the doctor standing by her side and her stomach decidedly flat.

"My baby, my baby!" she screamed.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Kraft," the physician said, soothing her. "You had twins, a boy and a girl. They're just fine."

"Thank heavens," she sighed. "But I should name them."

"While you were unconscious, your brother Curly named them."

"Oh, swell. Curly never finished the fourth grade. What did he name them?"

"He named your little girl Denice. . . ."

"Oh, that's a lovely name for a little girl. What did he name the boy?"

"Denephew."

While traveling through cannibal country, an archaeologist came across a cafeteria deep in the jungle. A menu posted on the door offered Fried Missionary for three dollars, Sautéed Safari Guide for five dollars and Baked Stuffed Politician for \$25. The curious scientist went around to the back and asked the cook why the politician cost so much more than the other entrees.

"Did you ever try cleaning one of those things?" he replied.

A rumor circulating in the intelligence community has it that Colonel Qaddafi walked into his headquarters to find this message waiting: MICHAEL JACKSON CALLED. HE WANTS HIS JACKET BACK.



Bob Weiman

The two little girls were walking to kindergarten when one confided, "Guess what. I found a contraceptive on the patio yesterday."

"What's a patio?" her friend asked.

A man arrived home early to find his wife in the arms of his best friend. To calm the shocked husband, the friend suggested they play gin rummy.

"If I win," he said, "you have to get a divorce so I can marry her. If you win, I promise never to see her again. OK?"

"OK," agreed the husband. "But how about a penny a point to make it interesting?"

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 ❤️ YOU!

JOHN
Dempsey



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES W. KAY

CALL OF THE WILD



WINTER SCENE: There is a slight crust of ice on the snow, which lies tight against the meadow.

My skis make the sound of a zipper closing as I approach the mineral springs at Yellowstone. The superheated water throws off plumes of steam. Buffalo move, or don't move, as they see fit. Their hides are covered with mica chips of snow and ice. They look like mint-condition nickels set into blue-velvet air. I look around. There are no tourists, no crowds, no cameras. Only this memory.

Winter scene: We ski for an hour, straight into the eye of a mountain bowl. A thousand vertical feet of blue-edged snow bends around us like a fun-house mirror or Zonker's tanning aid. I am skiing behind Nancy Burke, head of Copper Mountain's cross-country school and runner-up in the annual spring bikini contest. Breaking trail is a

**are you ready
for the
ultimate in
adventure
skiing?**

**article by
JAMES R. PETERSEN**

Above, left to right: The Karhu Extreme XCDs are excellent back-country skis, \$219; the Rossignol TRS is perfect on packed runs, \$200; the Tua Tote Neige is an all-snow Telemark ski, \$229; and when outfitted with Chouinard Climbing skins, \$64, they go up as well as down.



(1) The secret to staying warm is layering. The North Face ZOD Jacket has a zip-out down vest for heat control, \$290. To fight the really big chill, don a Guide Jacket, from Patagonia, \$190. The red Thermax zip-neck, from Wilderness Experience, \$25, and the blue-and-red-stripe Snow Wolf Perma-Therm zip-neck, \$38, wick moisture from the body. Dry is warm.



professional mountaineer named Gordon Wiltsie, who started the day by telling a story about a friend who once sawed a pair of skis in half with a Swiss army knife in the middle of the Himalayas to make two pairs of very short skis after an avalanche had claimed his companion's skis. (The same avalanche broke Gordon's back.) It must,



at times like that, be reassuring to know a man who has used a Swiss army knife for something other than slicing cheese, opening bottles of wine or clipping his toenails in a hotel room. We work our way up the slope toward an old cabin, the relic of a mining town called New Boston. The cabin is

blown apart; logs are thick and strewn about, as though a child's tantrum has destroyed a toy. Actually, the slow movement of snow over 100 winters has undone the work of man. We stop and unpack lunch—an apple, some cheese. We pass the water bottle. A black-and-silver camp robber alights on a corner of the building,



moves to the tips of our skis, stuck in the snow, then hops across the snow to take bits of bread from the hand of our guide. We are having some



fun. We are having a typical day in the back country.

It's the latest craze in skiing; it's the oldest craze in skiing. Back-country skiing (concluded on page 132)



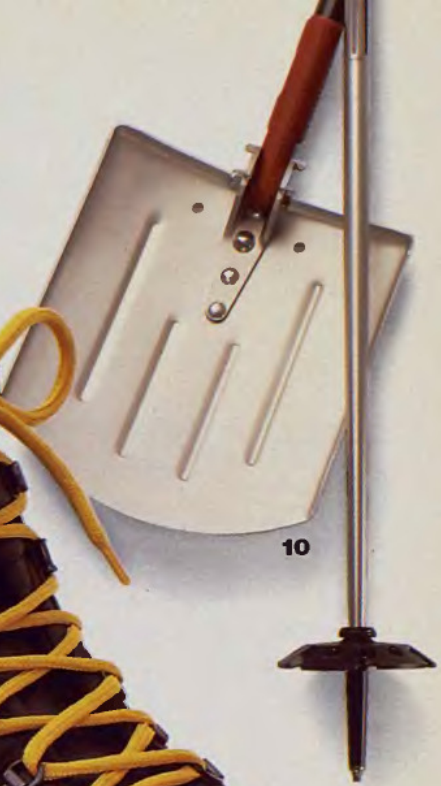
8

Back-country skiing is an equipment-intensive sport. (2) For shelter, we recommend the Westwind four-season tent, by The North Face, \$315. (3) The Snow Creek Pack, by Gregory Mountain Products, is the Rolls-Royce of internal-frame packs, \$270. The Ramer ski, \$269, is shown with a releasable Telemark binding. The Gates Cross Country Glove, \$48, features a Gore-Tex outer glove, with removable inner glove. (4) Take your own fire, a Bleu et stove, \$25. (5) The Kelty Altair, lined with Solarsilk and filled with 54 ounces of Quallofil, \$100. The Equalizer self-inflating foam mattress, from Basic Designs, \$59.95. (6) Everest mirror sunglasses, from Carrera, with sunburnproof nose guard, \$60. A safety strap will keep them on in a fall (who falls?). (7) The Ortovox Avalanche Beacon is a dual-frequency transceiver that will help friends find you under the snow, \$175.

(8) Gore-Tex is a waterproof, breathable material that revolutionized outdoor aerobic sports. The North Face Extreme Jacket, \$240, and Bib, \$177, are much-copied classics. The Marmot Alpinist Parka, \$275, and Bib, \$200, add Dri-Zone layers to the Gore-Tex shell. (9) Synthetic fibers have replaced wool sweaters and cotton turtlenecks as the middle layer of skiwear. Clockwise from upper left: The Synchilla Snap T-neck, from Patagonia, brings a touch of bold color to function, \$62. The Glissade Pullover adds a rip-stop nylon lining to the Synchilla exterior for greater windproofing and freedom of movement, \$105. The Marmot Cavalry Sweater is made of Polarplus, \$78. (10) Leki "Peter Habeler" Extremes are adjustable ski poles/avalanche probes, from Omni International, \$55. An optional snow shovel, \$40. (11) Chouinard adjustable probes allow you to change pole length. They also convert to avalanche probes, \$54.20. (12) The Asolo Snowpine is a sturdy, comfortable Telemark boot, \$195.



12



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11

first he told us that the U.S. banking system would collapse; now the author of *the panic of '89* steers us clear of the wreckage

article

By PAUL ERDMAN

DON'T PANIC

It was the first week of December and the weather in Georgetown was chilly. It was not, however, just the first blasts of winter air that were causing some of the more prominent residents of that elite community to shiver when they got out of bed that Tuesday morning. In this year of 1988 it was also the growing mood of apprehension that had begun to grip Washington since the first week of November. The fear that had been mounting during those 30 days was that everything would start to unravel—soon—and that the United States in 1989 could find itself dumped into a situation where the economy, the dollar, the banks, Chrysler and, yes, even IBM would all go into a dive, one after the other.

THUS THE first paragraph of my new novel, *The Panic of '89*.

As the story progresses, things go downhill rapidly and culminate in a financial panic on January 10, 1989. That's the day when everybody decides to get out of almost everything at the same time: out of stocks, out of bonds, out of commodities, out of the banks and, where foreign investors are concerned, out of the United States. It is a financial debacle on a scale so vast that October 28, 1929, pales by comparison.

President Reagan, now in his final days in the White House, is faced with the most difficult choice of his two terms in office: to simply ride out the financial panic and let his successor deal with the consequences or to shut down America's entire financial system—its stock exchanges, its commodity exchanges, all of its banks—before chaos develops.

Fun and games? Or potential reality?

Until very recently, it would have been





hard to find a true believer in such a future sequence of events. After all, since the latter part of 1982, the American economy has been on a roll seldom seen in this century. We are in our fifth straight year of economic recovery. During that period, total employment has risen by almost 12,000,000 in the United States. Not only that but the rate of inflation, instead of rising, as it usually does during periods of extended prosperity, has fallen dramatically to the lowest level in more than a decade. Even fixed-rate mortgages are almost down into single digits; only a few years ago, they were more than 15 percent. So why worry? All signs are still go. There is no reason to believe that the good times can't go on for another five years.

Oh, yeah? Then why did the Dow Jones industrial average fall 120 points in two days this past September? And why did Hugh Siedy, *Time* magazine's Washington contributing editor, write the following under the title "Colliding with Realities"?

There is a feeling in Washington that we are gathering at the side of the track to watch a gigantic economic train wreck one of these days. . . .

A growing number of Government experts suggest that if the American economy fails now, the consequences may be more disastrous than at any other time in our history. . . .

And there are indications from inside that some of Reagan's Cabinet have got a whiff of the same fear. Labor Secretary William Brock, Trade Ambassador Clayton Yeutter, Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige, Treasury Secretary James Baker and Secretary of State George Shultz now form an informal consortium alarmed about the ominous debt. . . . They have not begun to meet as a group, but their views are joined. Maybe they have heard the trains coming.

Ominous debt.

That's what's got them worried, and with good reason. If you look at what has happened to the debt situation in these United States during recent years, you should probably start worrying, too.

When Ronald Reagan assumed office, our national debt was less than one trillion dollars. Today, as a result of year after year of 200-billion-dollar budget deficits, it is more than two trillion. In just six years, our current President has amassed more national debt than *all* of his predecessors combined, from George Washington on.

We Americans have not exactly been shy of amassing debt, either. The debt (home mortgages, installment credit and credit cards) of the average American household equals 84 percent of its entire annual disposable income. Ten years ago,

it was less than 70 percent. Why this rising indebtedness of Americans? Because we consume like crazy. We live as though there were no tomorrow. Our savings rate is the world's lowest, our consumption rate the world's highest.

So who's financing all of this deficit spending?

Increasingly, it is foreigners. In 1985, for the first time since before World War One, the United States became a debtor nation. At the rate things are going, by my critical year, 1989, we will owe the rest of the world between a half and a full trillion dollars. Why? Because, as a nation, we import 170 billion dollars a year more than we export. The difference we borrow—principally from the Japanese and the western Europeans. We buy Toyotas and they take our dollars and buy American Treasury bonds or put their money on deposit with American banks. They export cars; we export U.S. Government debt and bank C.D.s. A real scam, when you think of it. After all, while we're having fun driving around in their cars, all they've received in return are pieces of paper with big numbers printed on them. How much fun can you *really* have fondling T-bills?

What if they catch on one of these days? What if they not only stop shipping hundreds of billions of their savings to the United States each year to finance our folly but actually start to yank their money out?

But why should they do such a foolish thing? Why should this wonderful international-money merry-go-round ever stop?

Answer: our new friend ominous debt. But I'm referring not to what *we* owe the Japanese and the Europeans but to what a lot of nations south of the border owe *us*. The Third World, led by Brazil, Mexico, Argentina and Venezuela, owes us, the developed world, a trillion dollars. That's \$1,000,000,000,000—and rising. The U.S., in cooperation with the International Monetary Fund and others, recently put together a *new* loan of 12 billion dollars to Mexico, adding to the 100 billion dollars Mexico already owed. Why throw so much good money after so much bad?

Well, here we come to the crux of the problem: *All this debt is interrelated.* Mexico has to continue to borrow new money from the United States to stay alive. American banks *must* continue to lend *new* money to Mexico so that Mexico can continue to pay the interest on its *old* loans. Why? So that those same banks can maintain the fiction that the old loans—which, in some cases, exceed their entire capital and reserves—are still good. America, in turn, must continue to *borrow* from Japan and Europe to finance our enormous trade deficit. Japan and Europe must continue to *lend* to America if American prosperity is to be maintained, a prosperity that has been possible only because of the stimulus

provided by deficit spending on both the Governmental and the consumer levels. For should American prosperity end, the demand for Japanese and European goods—the demand for *all* goods on a global scale, from foreign cars to foreign bananas to foreign oil—would begin to collapse. If that happens, then look out.

For it is American economic growth that supports the entire global interlocking pyramid of debt. If that growth ends, that global financial house of cards could very well collapse. It was Reagan himself who, in his September speech before the world's bankers at the annual conference of the World Bank and International Monetary Fund in Washington, said, "Growth is the key to repaying debt." What he chose *not* to articulate was what could happen in the absence of growth.

Let me try to do it for him.

Let's say it's December 1988. Let's also say that the American economic recovery, now in its 73rd month (meaning that it has been the longest such recovery since World War Two), has finally run its course. What will bring it to an end? The exhaustion of consumer spending as a driving force in the economy. The end will come when the average American family has finally bought all the houses and cars and boats and schooling for the kids that it can afford to finance. Since consumer spending provides 75 percent of the drive in the American economy, this will signal the onset of recession.

What will now happen to that American demand for the bananas and bauxite and shoes that we get from Brazil and Costa Rica and the Philippines? It will start to fall off a cliff. *Now* where will Brazil and Costa Rica and the Philippines get the money to pay the interest on the dollars (well over 100 billion) they owe us? Will we Americans lend it to them, as we have provided much of the funding for the latest 12-billion-dollar loan to Mexico, a loan that has enabled it to continue to service its debt, allowing our financial institutions to maintain the façade that all is well? Hardly; with our own economy in a dive and with domestic unemployment sharply rising, Americans will never stand for another bail-out of our banks when it is now the American people who need to be bailed out.

Let's further hypothesize that at the same time, the war between Iran and Iraq finally ends due to sheer exhaustion of the warring parties. Why? Because by that time, as a result of their war of attrition, which can find its historical counterpart only in the murderous trench warfare of World War One, there might be only 11 soldiers remaining on the battlefield—six Iranians and five Iraqis, all 12 years old.

What will now happen to the price of oil? Answer: It will be hit by a double whammy. The *demand* for energy will fall
(continued on page 136)



How to get maximum mileage from frequent-flier programs FLIGHT PAY

PEOPLE USED TO feel sorry for the frequent flier, the man who spent his jet-set life trying to catch sleep on a four-hour layover in St. Louis. In 1987, that same man is probably earning valuable bonus miles for his hardship—in fact, he may even have rerouted himself specifically to accumulate mileage in his frequent-flier program. There are more than 100 airlines in the United States, as well as several international carriers, that offer such programs. The concept is simple: A frequent flier earns program miles on the basis of the number of actual miles flown on a particular airline. In addition, the large carriers are tied in with hotel and rental-car chains that offer additional mileage. In 1986, more than one billion dollars in frequent-flier awards was issued by the airlines. If you don't think that

modern living

By JANE COSTELLO and JOHN HOLLAND

you fly often enough to justify enrolling yourself in a frequent-flier club, consider this: On most major airlines, including American, Continental, Delta, Eastern, Piedmont, TWA, United and Western, it takes only 10,000 miles to win the minimum award. This ranges from a first-class upgrade on American to a 25 percent discount on a round-trip ticket on Piedmont.

Most major hotel chains are tied in with airline programs and offer anywhere from 500 to 2000 miles per stay, depending on the type of room. In addition, Marriott and Sheraton have their own frequent-guest programs modeled on the frequent-flier concept. Hilton and Radisson have quickly followed suit. Hotel programs offer a chance to earn mileage in both the airline program and the frequent-guest program.

Car-rental mileage of 500 to 2000 frequent-flier miles is readily available. Hertz belongs to 11 such programs. Avis, National, Budget, Thrifty, Dollar and Alamo are also partnered with airlines. Given the extensive tie-ins with hotels and car-rental agencies, program mileage can be accumulated on the ground as easily as on a flight across the Pacific.

Tie-ins are not limited to partner airlines, hotels and rental-car agencies. Mileage can be accumulated in a variety of ways, many of which involve no travel. In 1986, Northwest offered a 500-mile bonus for ordering a \$30-or-more bouquet from Florafax, a national florist delivery service. Northwest recently offered a 5000-mile bonus for applying for the Citicorp Diners Club card and 500 bonus miles for a subscription to *Business Week*. Not to be outdone, the now-subsumed Republic Airlines offered 250 bonus miles for buying personalized golf balls from Austad's and 400 bonus miles for ordering the Executive Fisherman's Kit from Daiwa. Currently, Eastern is offering 5000 bonus miles for signing up and using the Eastern Gold MasterCard, and bonus miles don't end there: Earn one bonus mile for every dollar charged to the card.

Midway Airlines wins the prize for the most paradoxical award: one free ticket earned without ever having to fly Midway. Registering for the FlyersFirst program earns four credits, and ordering a Citicorp Diners Club card through Midway garners another credit, for a total of five—enough to win a companion ticket for travel in the U.S.

All of the partner hotels, airlines and car-rental agencies, many of which switch allegiances, make for a very incestuous system. There are, however, handsome rewards for those willing to follow a few simple rules:

Rule one: *Concentrate mileage accumulation in one program.* If possible, plan to

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE

AIRLINE	MAXIMUM AWARD	MOST-POPULAR AWARD ¹	ESTIMATED TICKET VALUE ²
AMERICAN	175,000 MILES/2 1ST-CLASS TICKETS VIRTUALLY WORLD-WIDE	50,000 MILES/2 COACH TICKETS TO HAWAII	\$1300
PAN AM	12 WORLDPASS CERTIFICATES/2 1ST-CLASS TICKETS WORLD-WIDE FOR 30 DAYS	2 CERTIFICATES/1 COACH TICKET FOR NORTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA	\$345
UNITED	350,000 MILES/CRUISE FOR 2 ON HOLLAND-AMERICA	10,000 MILES/1ST-CLASS DOMESTIC UPGRADE	VARIES
CONTINENTAL	150,000 MILES/2 1ST-CLASS TICKETS TO PACIFIC	35,000 MILES/1 COACH TICKET TO U.S., CANADA OR MEXICO	\$350
EASTERN	200,000 MILES/2 1ST-CLASS TICKETS TO BUENOS AIRES WITH 1ST-CLASS HOTEL AND CAR FOR 1 WEEK	40,000 MILES/1 COACH TICKET TO NORTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA, CARIBBEAN	\$390
NORTHWEST	120,000 MILES/6 DOMESTIC, INTRA-EUROPE OR INTRA-ORIENT COACH TICKETS, PLUS 4 1ST-CLASS UPGRADES	20,000-40,000 MILES/1 DOMESTIC COACH TICKET OR 1 COACH TICKET TO HAWAII	\$500- \$820
TWA	185,000 MILES/2 1ST-CLASS AROUND-THE-WORLD TICKETS ON TWA AND JAPAN AIR LINES	50,000 MILES/2 DOMESTIC COACH TICKETS	\$1238
DELTA	175,000 MILES/2 1ST-CLASS TICKETS TO THE FAR EAST	10,000 MILES/1ST-CLASS UPGRADE	VARIES
WESTERN	110,000 MILES/2 1ST-CLASS TICKETS TO THE ORIENT	20,000 MILES/BUY 1, GET 1 FREE OR 50% OFF 1	\$540
PIEDMONT	125,000 MILES/2 AMBASSADOR-CLASS TWA TICKETS WORLD-WIDE	30,000 MILES/1 COACH TICKET CONTINENTAL U.S.	\$540
USAIR	100,000 MILES/6 FREE ROUND-TRIP TICKETS SYSTEM-WIDE	20,000 MILES/1 ZONE-1 TICKET	\$400
MIDWAY AIRLINES	60 CREDITS/\$2000 OR \$2500 CREDIT TOWARD CITICORP DINERS CLUB ACCOUNT	5 CREDITS/ONE COMPANION TICKET—CONTINENTAL U.S.	\$418

AIRLINES ARE LISTED BEST FIRST, AS IN ARTICLE. ALL PLANS ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE. CHECK WITH AIRLINES FOR RESTRICTIONS AND MODIFICATIONS.

KEY: ¹ MOST-POPULAR AWARD IS RESULT OF SURVEY OF AIRLINES.

² ESTIMATED TICKET VALUE IS DEFINED AS THE 7-DAY-ADVANCE-PURCHASE PRICE OR A COMPARABLE COST.

³ ONE TRIP INCLUDES ROUND-TRIP AIR FARE OF 2000 MILES, ONE CAR RENTAL AND ONE HOTEL STAY. ENROLLMENT BONUS IS INCLUDED AS PART OF CALCULATION.

TO FREQUENT-FLIER PLANS

AVERAGE NUMBER OF TRIPS TO WIN MOST-POPULAR ^{1,3}	HOTEL TIE-INS ⁵	CAR-RENTAL TIE-INS ⁵	MAJOR AIRLINE PARTNERS ⁶
13	INTERCONTINENTAL, SHERATON, WYNDHAM	AVIS	PAN AM, KLM, SINGAPORE AIRLINES, QANTAS, BRITISH AIRWAYS
10	NONE	NONE	ALL PAN AM MILEAGE IS CREDITED TO AMERICAN'S AADVANTAGE. IN ADDITION, BONUS CERTIFICATES ARE AWARDED BY PAN AM FOR EVERY 20,000 MILES FLOWN ON PAN AM
3	WESTIN, HILTON, KEMPINSKI	HERTZ	BRITISH AIRWAYS, SAS, AIR FRANCE, ALITALIA, SWISSAIR, LUFTHANSA, CATHAY PACIFIC
9	MARRIOTT, REGENT INTERNATIONAL, SOUTHERN PACIFIC HOTEL CORP., OMNI INTERNATIONAL, DOUBLETREE (COMPRI)	NATIONAL, THRIFTY, EUROPCAR, TILOEN	EASTERN, N.Y. AIR, AIR FRANCE, VIRGIN ATLANTIC, SABENA
9	MARRIOTT, RADISSON, WYNDHAM, PLAZA (BUENOS AIRES)	HERTZ, GENERAL, NATIONAL, DOLLAR, EUROPCAR, TILDEN	CONTINENTAL, TWA, AER LINGUS, BRITISH CALEDONIAN, CANADIAN PACIFIC AIR, SAS, CAYMAN AIRWAYS, PEOPLE, N.Y. AIR
7-13	MANDARIN ORIENTAL, RADISSON, MARRIOTT	NATIONAL, THRIFTY	PACIFIC SOUTHWEST AIR
16	U.S. HILTON, MARRIOTT	HERTZ	EASTERN, JAPAN AIR LINES, PIEDMONT, PACIFIC SOUTHWEST AIR
2	MARRIOTT, PREFERRED, TRUSTHOUSE FORTE	HERTZ, NATIONAL, ALAMO	AIR CANADA, WESTERN, JAPAN AIR LINES, AIR NEW ZEALAND, LUFTHANSA, SWISSAIR
6	STOUFFER, VILLAGE RESORTS, DOUBLETREE, RADISSON, COLONY RESORTS	HERTZ, BUDGET	DELTA, JAPAN AIR LINES, AIR NEW ZEALAND
5	STOUFFER, RADISSON, OMNI	HERTZ, NATIONAL	TWA, BRITISH AIRWAYS
6	MARRIOTT	HERTZ	BRITISH AIRWAYS
1 ⁴	OMNI	BUDGET, NATIONAL	NONE

⁴ FOUR "CREDITS" ARE EARNED FOR ENROLLING IN MIDWAY'S FLYERSFIRST PROGRAM. ONE CREDIT IS EARNED FOR EACH ADDITIONAL ROUND TRIP.

⁵ PARTICIPATING LOCATIONS ONLY.

⁶ LISTING DOES NOT INCLUDE COMMUTER AIRLINES.

stay in partner hotels and use the car-rental-agency and airline tie-ins.

Rule two: *Take advantage of bonus-mile opportunities.* Most airlines offer double bonus miles and specials on a monthly basis. If a new route or service is being introduced, there is a good chance that bonus miles will be offered. United Airlines recently offered a 10,000-mile bonus for round-trip flights from Chicago to Santa Barbara, Burbank and Long Beach. Since Long Beach is only 20 miles from L.A., this offered the informed frequent flier an excellent opportunity to enhance mileage and demonstrated that even on the same airline, awards may vary.

Rule three: *Use tie-ins effectively.* Hotels that offer points per night, such as Intercontinental, give a rapid accumulation of mileage. The corporate or standard rates usually apply: Discount prices do not generally buy mileage. The difference between the corporate rate and the discount rate is often minimal. International partner carriers and promotions offered for subscriptions, credit cards, etc., will also enhance mileage.

Car rentals are useful for quick mileage. There is generally no limit on the number of cars that can be rented in conjunction with a flight. Program credit can vary from 500 to 2000 miles, depending on the type of car rented. As long as a boarding pass is presented, it may be possible to rent several cars within the individual program limit. Car rentals offer an excellent and cost-effective way to add mileage at a relatively low cost to the frequent flier.

Rule four: *Fly business class or first class to enhance mileage (and comfort).* Most carriers offer a 25 percent mile bonus for business-class travel and often up to 50 percent for first class. Mileage accumulates rapidly on international flights and other long hauls. In some programs—for example, Delta's and Continental's—members may upgrade to first class for as little as \$15, if there is space available, and receive the bonus mileage, as well as the plush service.

Rule five: *Ensure that credit is received for all flights, hotels and rental cars.* It is up to the individual to send in the forms and keep on top of them. The airlines process thousands of credits each day, and no one person is assigned to any account.

Rule six: *Keep all records and program materials for at least one year.* It is easy for paperwork and, consequently, credit to be lost in the proverbial shuffle.

Rule seven: *Read the fine print.* Most awards come with blackout periods during which they are not applicable, and other restrictions always seem to apply. Rules have been known to change, and they differ from program to program.

Rule eight: *Redeem those awards.* Awards and award levels can change from

year to year. Although the programs are open-ended, in most instances the year in which the award is given is the year in which the rules apply. You must have the required number of miles earned in the calendar year to claim the award under that year's rules. In 1984, two coach tickets to Hawaii on Pan Am were offered at the 40,000-mile level. In 1985, it took 50,000 to win that same award. In 1986, Pan Am stopped flying to Hawaii.

Each program offers free travel for two to a variety of destinations. To get the most distance out of the miles, so to speak, the frequent flier should shop around for the best deals offered according to the type of awards and locations desired. Although most programs are tied in with international partners, their awards usually require anywhere from 10,000 to 30,000 additional miles over the level on a comparable U.S. airline.

Domestic vacations: All of the airlines offer domestic-travel awards at relatively low (and attainable) mileage levels. Northwest offers travel for two at only 40,000 miles and allows travel to the latest vacation spot, Alaska, but does not include Hawaii. At the 50,000-mile level, American and TWA offer awards that include Hawaii. Of the remaining major carriers, Continental offers travel to the mainland U.S., Mexico and Canada for 55,000 miles. United offers coach-class tickets for travel to North America (including Hawaii), Mexico and the Bahamas at the 75,000-mile level. Delta requires 70,000 miles for two coach-class tickets; Eastern's requirement is 55,000.

European travel: Although not a popular destination last summer, Europe is certain to regain its vacation allure. The three U.S. airlines with the most extensive routes are Pan Am, TWA and Northwest. TWA and Northwest award free coach travel for two at the 60,000-mile level. Pan Am offers the most exotic European routes at 80,000 miles; TWA awards first-class European travel at the 90,000-mile level.

South Pacific/the Orient: Again, there are three programs that offer travel rewards to this area on their own airlines: United, Northwest and Continental. Northwest emerges as the clear winner in the battle for the South Pacific, as it offers two coach tickets for only 80,000 miles. Given the cost of tickets to the Orient, this is a true bargain. United's South Pacific service offers two coach tickets at 100,000 miles.

South America: Going to Rio or Buenos Aires? Pan Am and Eastern are the two U.S. carriers that provide service to this region. Eastern Airlines is the clear choice: With its awards, frequent fliers can claim award travel throughout all its extensive routes in South America. However, Eastern Frequent Traveler Bonus

members should be green with envy, since Pan Am is the only U.S. carrier that provides free trips to Rio. Pan Am and Eastern provide award travel to selected destinations for 80,000 miles.

For frequent fliers who prefer to travel first class and do not wish to accumulate miles, most airlines offer a free first-class upgrade certificate for only 10,000 miles. Have an extra 20,000 miles to spare? The British Airways Mileage Plus member can upgrade from first class to the Concorde when flying to London.

There are special rewards offered to those frequent fliers who have logged almost as many miles as the captain. These prestige programs are offered by most of the major carriers, though airlines do not widely publicize them so as not to encourage a stratification, so to speak, of frequent fliers. United's Mileage Plus Premier program has a graduated bonus-award structure for Mileage Plus members beginning at the 25,000-mile-per-year level. At 75,000 miles, Premier Executives are awarded an additional 125 percent of their flight miles for each flight. Other perks include a first-class upgrade for each 5000 miles accumulated in 1987. TWA's Gold Card is available to members who have flown at least 30,000 flight miles (or four transatlantic flights) and includes a ten percent mileage bonus for all coach flights, a 25 percent bonus for Ambassador Class or a 50 percent bonus for first-class flights.

American's AAdvantage Gold program participants are selected by the airline, and membership is offered to only the top two to three percent of frequent fliers. Awards include upgrades to first class, special deals on car rentals, and bonus miles for each flight.

Most airlines allow the transfer of awards to family members. In reality, the transfer allows the frequent flier who prefers a more sedentary vacation to sell the award to a coupon broker. Another traveler may purchase it from the broker at a 40-to-60-percent discount from the retail price of the ticket. Most coupon brokers deal primarily in first-class tickets.

The airlines employ a good deal of rhetoric against ticket brokering, claiming that it destroys the "spirit" of the programs, because those flying on the free tickets are rewarded for their patronage to the coupon broker, not the airline. Alan Gross, a coupon broker from AGCO in Silver Spring, Maryland, maintains that "brand loyalty is actually enhanced for the ultrafrequent flier, who will continue to fly his airline and sell the awards he won't use." The airline industry is watching closely a suit filed by American Airlines last June against a Southern
(continued on page 142)



"Pick a number between one and one thousand and one."

S

THE COLBYS' STEPHANIE BEACHAM

BEFORE THERE WAS A SEQUEL TO *DYNASTY*, THERE WAS THIS PHOTO PREQUEL OF THE PERFECT, BEAUTIFUL BITCH IN *DYNASTY II: THE COLBYS*



The *Colbys* is not about a family of cheese merchants. “*Dynasty II*” follows the exploits of Sable (Stephanie Beacham) and Jason (Charlton Heston), shown at left, as they build an empire in prime-time television.

AH, YES, said Fitzgerald to Hemingway. “The very rich are different from you and me.” “Yes,” said Hemingway. “They have more money.” And if you follow the prime-time soaps *Dynasty* and *Dynasty II: The Colbys*, you’ll know the rich also have a fatal attraction for bitches. That famous chronicle of Western civilization, *People*, caught on to the main attraction of *The Colbys* almost immediately: “With her icy beauty, withering stare and the British accent she wields like a poison dart, Stephanie Beacham might just be the one to show Joan Collins the real meaning of she-deviltry.” Welcome to another class of *PLAYBOY*’s Celebrity Archaeology 101. We uncovered these 1972 shots of Miss Beacham in our







files. Back then, Stephanie was living "as a happy hippie," doing theater in London. She played lead roles for two of England's most important repertory companies, the Bristol Old Vic and the Oxford Playhouse. She played Mary, Queen of Scots, in a BBC production of *The Queen's Traitor*. She played opposite Donald Pleasance in

Look closely at these pictures. Before she became Sable, the diamond-studded star of "Dynasty II," Stephanie played in such offerings as "Dracula A.D. 1972," "House of Whipcord," "Schizo" and "Horror Planet."

Harold Pinter's double bill *The Basement* and *Tea Party*. She posed for Canadian artist André Durand and was voted by one organization as "the most sedate nude of the year." In 1972, we asked Doug Kirkland and Patrick Lichfield (that's Lord Lichfield to those of you who follow the real-life dynasty) to take a few photos of Stephanie.

Stephanie told People, "Five more years for this face, friend, maybe three. . . . If I want to do film work, I'd better do it now." Someone who has been this attractive this long is likely to be stunning at any age.







Our Photo Editor gave them the following assignment: The shots should be “beautiful, sexy, ethereal, fun, erotic, provocative, sensitive, interesting. Not asking for much. I’ll settle for any three of the above.”

Lichfield shot Stephanie as a blonde, natural child of the counterculture. Kirkland saw her as a brunette and asked her to

In her early 20s, Stephanie lived in what she described as a “sophisticated commune.” She posed for artists and was not unused to the feel of fine furs and elegant living. Good training for her TV persona.



pose in one of the Mod wigs of the day.

It was an important time in Stephanie's life. She had just landed a role opposite Marlon Brando in *The Nightcomers*. She told a reporter back then, "I am not a film star. I never will be. It's not me. I'm stubborn and definite about my acting and I am only satisfied when I'm playing the part perfectly."

It's hard to imagine the child of the counterculture shown here as a diabolical, scheming wench, ready to plot with the worst of them. What will Sable do this week? Be it bedroom or board room, it's fun.





INTERMISSION

(continued from page 74)

"She sucks in her tummy and takes a breath to lift her breasts a tad, just in case he might be interested."

there's this beautiful guy, all class and muscle, a real dream boat, as they used to say in her favorite musicals, looking somehow heroic and vulnerable at the same time and dressed in clothes they don't even sell in a town like this—and he's staring straight at her! She's almost sure she recognizes him from somewhere—not from this dump, of course; it would have to be from some movie—like possibly he was a private eye with a tragic past or a great explorer or alcoholic or artist or a happy-go-lucky guy who gave his life for the woman he loved, something like that. Maybe even a half-naked martyr from that religious opus behind him—a show, if so, she wouldn't want to miss, much as she admires his present wardrobe. She sucks in her tummy and takes a breath to lift her breasts a tad, just in case he might be interested (fat chance, she cautions herself, all too often a fool for love, she's famous for it)—and, amazingly enough, he is! He fits a cigarette between his lips, curls his hands around it and lights it, never once taking his eyes off her, glancing appreciatively down at her breasts (her sudden gasp makes them quiver in her bra cups like sing-along bouncing balls, she can tell by the way his brows bob), then back up at her eyes once more. He smiles faintly, blows smoke, then holds up the pack as though offering her one.

When she walks over toward him, her heart's beating so hard she's sure it must be showing through her blouse like she's got something alive in there trying to get out, and she knows just what they've always meant when they say in the movies, "I felt like I was walking on air." Only it's kind of bumpy air, like any minute something might catch her heels and make her fall on her face and turn the whole thing into some awful slapstick routine, the story of her crummy life. And sure enough, just when she gets close enough to pick up his smell (which is something between pepper steak, hot bath water and a Christmas tree—buttered popcorn can't touch it), her knees go all mushy, and she thinks, wobbling, Oh, boy, here we go again—but he reaches out and steadies her with just the lightest touch on her elbow, and then, as though there's some secret signal between them, they turn and (she checks to make sure she's still got her ticket stub, you never know, don't burn your britches, as her girlfriend likes to say) step out onto the street.

Her hands are trembling when she reaches for the cigarette he offers her, and

there's a kind of fog swirling around (it makes her think of steamy train stations and damp farewells, though, in fact, she hasn't even said hello yet), or else she's going blind with mad passion, very likely, and she's just trying to think of something brainy yet exotic to say, when four guys step out of the shadows and grab her and start dragging her toward the curb. "Hey!" she yelps, any language fancier than that escaping her as her feet leave the ground. She twists around toward her erstwhile lover boy, hoping, if not for a heroic rescue, at least for a little sympathy; but he only smiles mysteriously, takes a drag on his butt, flips it away and, trailing wisps of fog and cigarette smoke like a kind of end-of-reel tease, disappears back into the moviehouse.

A black unmarked car with thick windows pulls up and they push her into it, two of these blue-suited meat sacks squeezing in beside her in the back seat, another jumping up front with the driver, who is hunched over the wheel in a cloth cap and a coat with the collar turned up around his ears, like something she has seen a thousand times, yet never seen before. The fourth guy flops a jump seat down in front of her and sits facing her with a submachine gun pointed straight at her belly, which even in her present panic she realizes is what has gotten her into all this trouble in the first place. Maybe he can even hear it growling, because, as they roar away from the curb, he tells her to shut up, even though she hasn't said a word and couldn't if she tried.

It's scary enough that she's jammed into this car with a bunch of maniacal gangsters, a gun poked at her stomach and the car going about 100 miles an hour through the thickest downtown traffic she's ever seen around this place, running lights and swerving around oncoming cars and generally scaring the pants off anybody who has time to see them coming (someone who looked a little bit like her mother just went leaping backward through a plate-glass window back there—this is no joke!), but she's also got the distinct impression that the driver, who should have his eyes on the road ("Yikes!" she yips as the side of a huge bus looms before them and the guy with the gun gives her a jab with it and says, "I thought I told you to shut up!"), has them on her instead, staring darkly at her through his rearview mirror, like either he's got designs on her, evil or whatever, or he's trying to tell her something. "There's somebody followin' us," he

snarls suddenly, as though to hide what he really wants to say.

The other guys whip out their weapons and roll the windows down. "Step on it!" the one with the gun on her yells, and now they really get going, jumping curbs and racing the wrong way down one-way streets, taking corners on two wheels, tires screeching, crashing right through newsstands and flower carts, beating speeding engines to train crossings, leaping roadworks and gaping bridges, the gorillas beside her meanwhile leaning out the windows and blasting away at whoever it is that's following them. No one's paying any attention to her now—if they weren't going 1000 miles an hour, she could just open the door and step out and never be missed—no one, that is, except the driver, who is still eying her through the rearview mirror like he can't get enough of her. Is he crazy?

Then, suddenly, one of the bruisers beside her slumps to the floor with a big hole where an eye should be, making her clench her teeth and pull her lips back, and the guy in the jump seat, looking like somebody just yanked his plug and let all the blood out, shoves her toward the empty window and yells in a high, nervous voice, "You think it's funny? You just stick your head out there for a while!" She shrinks back at the same moment that the gunman on the other side of her spasms and flops against her like a bag of dirty laundry (and where are they now? They seem to be racing along the edge of some cliff!), and she tries her best to erase the grimace, but the squeaky guy just screams and pokes her with his submachine gun again. His finger is jittery on the trigger, his eyes rolling around like he's about to lose his taffy, and the driver, squinting at her in the mirror, gives her a little go-ahead nod as if he might have something in mind, so what else can she do?

They're going so fast her eyes tear when she sticks her head out, and she can't see a thing, but she can hear the squealing tires and the howling sirens and the bullets ricocheting off the side of the car. As for those two hours in the beauty parlor this afternoon, forget it; it's a good thing it's her own hair, or it'd all be gone by now. Whenever she tries to pull back inside, she can feel that fruitcake behind her prodding at her fundamentals with the pointy end of his tommy gun, pushing her farther and farther out the window like he might be trying to unload ballast, as her girlfriend likes to say when she has to go to the ladies'. Then, amazingly, amid the roar of rushing wind and gunfire and speeding wheels, she seems to hear someone whisper, "Jump!" right in her ear. What? She catches just a glimpse through her wind-blown lashes (*those aren't her own, and—zip!—they're gone*) of the brim of his cloth cap, leaning out the

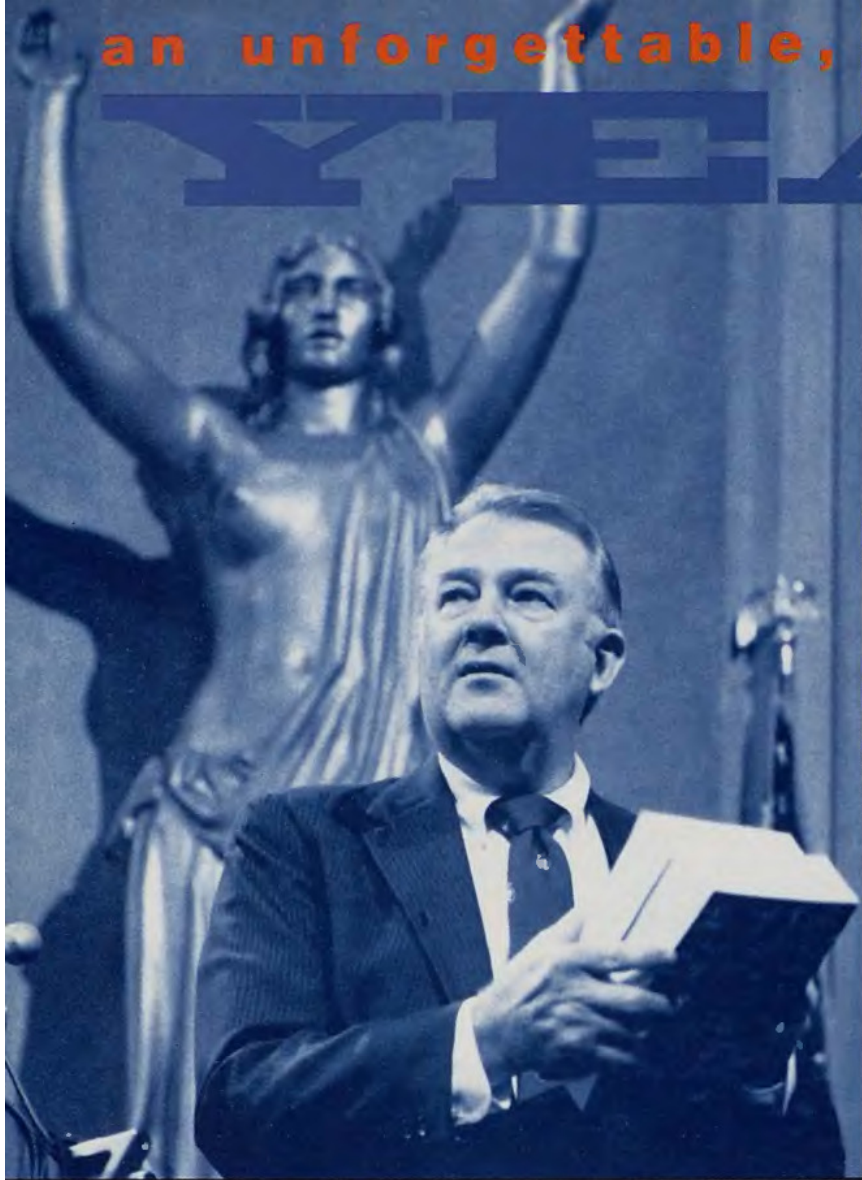
(continued on page 150)



"Jeez—it's a Jerry Falwell calendar."

an unforgettable, incredible

YEAR :



NUDE



Derek Ryman sculpted "the most perfect body."

PRUDE

Ed Meese—turn-off of the year.

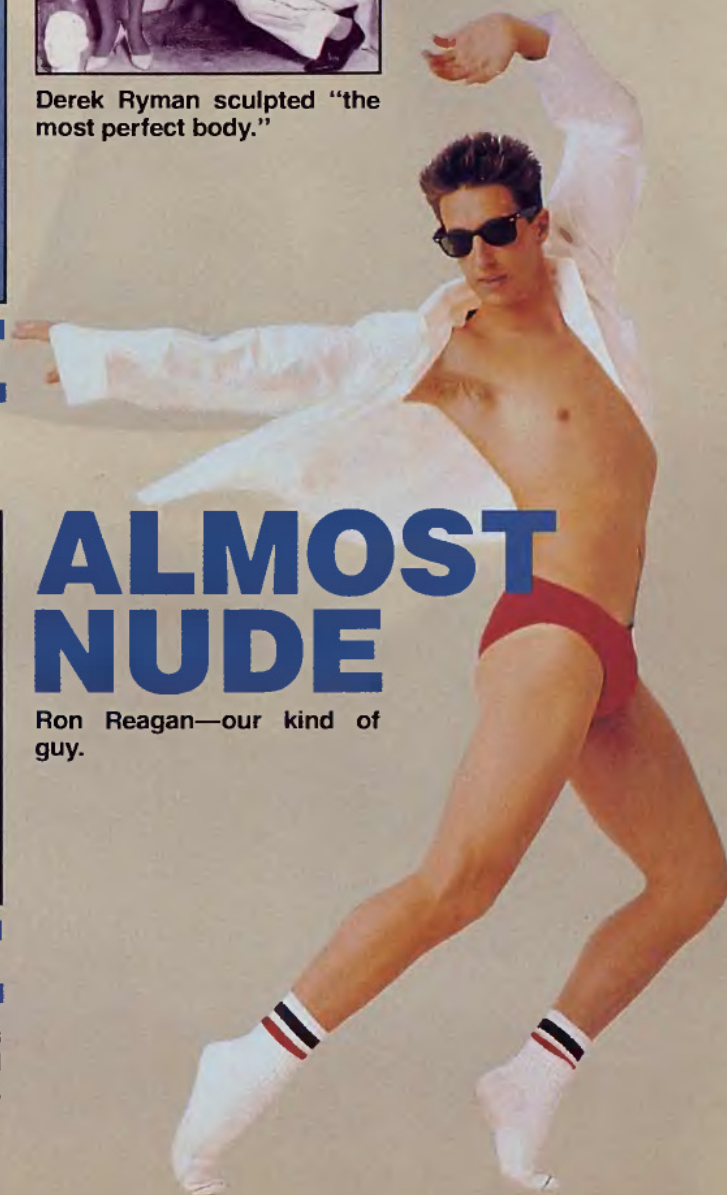


CRUDE

As revealed in *His Way*, Ole Blue Eyes taunted Judith Exner after she balked at a *ménage à trois* with: "Get with it. Swing a little."

ALMOST NUDE

Ron Reagan—our kind of guy.



IN SEX

RUDE

The Supreme Court made it an offense to have oral or anal sex.

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'YOUR PAPERS APPEAR TO BE IN ORDER. APPARENTLY YOU ARE A HETEROSEXUAL MARRIED COUPLE. SORRY, WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE A COUPLA QUEERS.'

FOOD



Topless Doughnut Shop, Fort Lauderdale. Life goes on.

DUDE



Vanessa Redgrave starred as transsexual Renée Richards in CBS-TV's *Second Serve*.



HEY, JUDE!

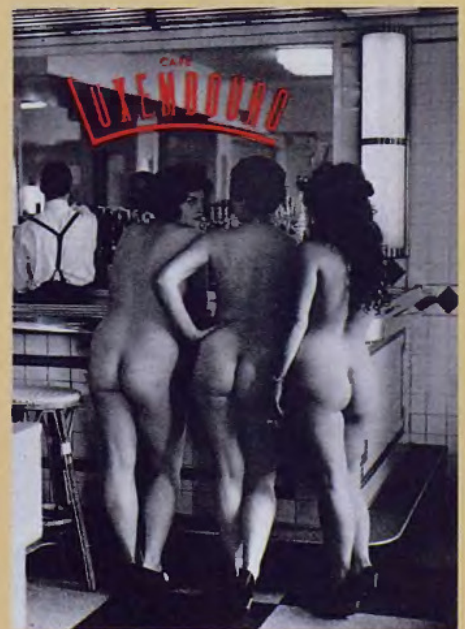
Ex-Beatle Paul McCartney says of record censors, "I kind of see their point."

FEAR IN SEX

Valid Research, but Not a Great Title for a Novel: A few years ago, when *Glamour* conducted a telephone poll on what women worry about most, war and peace was the most popular answer. This year, AIDS and herpes came in first in the poll.

This Is Getting Serious: Dominatrix Lady Lia on how the AIDS scare affects her life: "I used to go in for a little body worship—let somebody kiss my body. Now I allow them to kiss my leather, if at all."

CHEER IN SEX (I)



On the other hand, here is a picture of naked bar belles at the Café Luxembourg in New York. We feel an obligation to publish this kind of picture.

REAR IN SEX

On June 30, 1986, the United States Supreme Court, in a 5-4 decision, upheld laws making sodomy illegal in Georgia:

"To hold that the act of homosexual sodomy is somehow protected as a fundamental right would be to cast aside a millennia [sic] of moral teaching."—Chief Justice Warren E. Burger

"I applaud the decision . . . it has issued a clear statement that perverted moral behavior is not accepted practice in this country."—The Reverend Jerry Falwell

"This was a gratuitous and petty ruling, an offense to American society's maturing standards of individual dignity."—*New York Times* editorial

"Isn't it a violation of the Georgia sodomy law for the Supreme Court to have its head up its ass?"—PLAYBOY reader John Burt

First off the Bench. . . . Boulder, Colorado, women carrying cameras and binoculars and wearing T-shirts that read SODOMY PATROL wandered through a shopping mall looking for "unlawful sexual behavior." They were joking.

On the lighter side of rears. . . .



Let's See—Does That Make It a Cannes-Can? Dutch designer J. J. Van Hartesveldt introduced his rump-hugging bikini bottom at the Cannes Film Festival.



Then back to the heavier side. . . . Princess Fergie weighed in with the most ample bottom in recent royal history.

EAR IN SEX

On the musical front . . .



A-Wop-Bop-a-Loop-Bop. . . . Evangelist Jimmy Swaggart, whose first cousin is Jerry Lee Lewis, launched a crusade against "pornographic" rock music, which he called a more destructive force than "drug addiction, venereal disease, homosexuality, you name it." Attacking such M.O.R. performers as Elton John and Bruce Springsteen, Swaggart said, "I don't listen to this music—I'm not in the torture business—but people in the organization do listen to it, for research, and give me print-outs."

A-Wop-Bam. . . . A San Antonio ordinance was passed prohibiting unaccompanied children under the age of 14 from attending musical, stage or theatrical shows considered to be "obscene." Championing the new law is mayor Henry Cisneros, a Democrat, who refers to some rock concertgoers as "young people going to the altar to testify for Satan."

Boom. California State U sociology professors

Jill Rosenbaum and Lorraine Prinsky subjected more than 250 teenagers to more than 650 songs and concluded that rock lyrics aren't damaging to teens because teens don't listen to them.

EERIE SEX

Let's Go for a Spin: Now there's the Sex Basket, a \$219.95 sex toy that originated in Oriental bordellos. The woman sits in the furry seat while the man, lying underneath, enters her through the hole in the bottom.



IRANI SEX

The speaker of the Iranian parliament said in 1986 that there really is a difference between the sexes: Women's brains are smaller.

YEAR IN SPECS

What About Pulling the Tags off Matresses? In a "Sin Poll" conducted by *People*, living together without marriage was rated as sinful as capital punishment, tattling rated

worse than both of them and cutting in front of someone in line was worse than all three.

Why We Believe in Sex Ed, Part One:

Johns Hopkins University conducted a three-year study of 3400 teenaged Baltimore girls in which half were given extensive sex education (complete with contraception and "values clarification" courses) and half were not. The results: The half *with* extensive sex ed lost their virginity *after* their 16th birthday and showed a 30 percent drop in pregnancies; the other half (with only Maryland schools' basic sex education) lost their virginity *before* their 16th birthday and experienced a 57 percent increase in pregnancies.

CHEER IN SEX (II)

You Didn't Think We Were Going to Get Through One of These Features Without Publishing at Least One Nudist Picture, Did You?

Nudes-a-Poppin' II, Ponderosa Sun Club.



YEAR IN TEXT



Sydney Biddle Barrows' *Mayflower Madam*: "Whenever a girl returned from seeing a new client, her description of him was entered in our client log. . . . Contrary to some of the press reports after we were busted, there was no mention on these records of the client's sexual preferences, although if the man was *very* well endowed, we would note this fact with the code LP."

YEAR INSECT

Love Bug: Jeff Goldblum, as *The Fly*.



YEAR INFECT

In a *New York Times* piece called "Is Sex Necessary?" scientists questioned the evolutionary need for sex, suggesting that the male may have originated as "parasitic DNA" and that sex was actually just "a form of disease that animals and plants have learned to adapt to."

YEAR IN SECTS

In an action reminiscent of the 1925 Scopes trial, Tennessee fundamentalist Christians battled the Hawkins County schools in court, claiming that textbooks elevate man at the expense of God. Chief plaintiff Vicki Frost claimed that, in one book, a picture of a girl reading and a boy making toast represented a reversal of traditional sex roles.

VAY IS MIR IN SEX

Israeli Jewish fundamentalists fought secular Jews over bus-shelter posters that featured scantily dressed women. Calling the ads "the Devil's work," the Orthodox faction torched more than 100 shelters, destroying swimwear billboards and sparing only posters for such products as mayonnaise and dog food. In retaliation, the secular Jews torched an Orthodox synagogue.



JEERS IN SEX

Another Reason This Has Been an Incredible Year: Thirty students at California State University formed an antisex league. They're not a religious group, they say; they just believe that "sex is a waste of time . . . one of the stupidest things we do."

And as a Coup de Grâce. . . . The U.S. Labor Department ruled that the Government will no longer compensate workers who lose "nonproductive" body parts in the line of duty. The penis was included.

SHEER IN SEX



Spicy ad for Guerlain.

SHEARS IN SEX



Rotten movie idea.

SKIERS IN SEX

Splash: The same thinking that leads us to publish nudist pictures.



Jackie Collins' *Hollywood Husbands*: "She had the tight, compact body of a teenager. Taut breasts, firm thighs . . . and a flat stomach. She enjoyed sex with a gusto he was unused to. . . . Other women talked dirty just for effect. When Silver said, 'Fuck me hard, Wes,' she meant it. And he did it. And they both got off on it."

AIRING SEX



Ruthless People: The Dr. Pepper company canned Dr. Ruth Westheimer as its spokesperson reportedly under pressure from the National Federation for Decency.

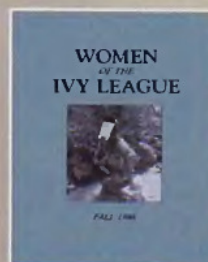


Move Over, Dr. Ruth: Phyllis Levy, a talk-show sex therapist on Chicago's WLS Radio, addressed such subjects as "being caught while doing it," "making noise while doing it," "being attracted to a German shepherd," "golden showers" and masturbating to Levy's picture. As for the show's musical format, Levy played such chart busters as *Don't Use Your Penis for a Brain* and *Please Warm My Wiener*.

YEARBOOKS IN SEX

At Brown: Shortly after a prostitution-ringing scandal shook Brown University, a group of Brown women published *Positions*, a "feminist pornography journal" intended to "allow women to consume pornography in a nonalienated state."

And at Yale: In response to PLAYBOY'S *Women of the Ivy League Revisited* pictorial (October), a group of Yale women rallied ladies from seven of the eight Ivies and put out their *own* version under the same title.



YEAR IN QUOTES

A Reagan aide, after a suggestion by Pat Buchanan that *PLAYBOY* be banned from military PXs: "That would certainly do wonders for our recruitment program."

Pasadena Superior Court judge Gilbert Alston, dismissing a prostitute's rape case: "The law was set up to protect good people. . . . A whore is a whore is a whore."



White House Chief of Staff Donald Regan on women's understanding of summit topics: They don't understand "what's happening in Afghanistan. . . . Most women would rather read the human-interest stuff." On women's understanding of sanctions against South Africa: "Are the women of America prepared to give up all their jewelry?"



Jerry Lewis, panned by a female movie critic: "You can't accept one individual's [opinion], particularly if it's female. . . . When they get a period, it's really difficult for them to function as human beings."



Radical feminist Andrea Dworkin, who denounces depictions of explicit sex, on why the graphic sex scenes in her novel *Ice & Fire* aren't obscene: "The reason this book isn't pornography simply has to do with my skill as a writer. Pure and simple."

YEAR IN VOTES

Mr. Vice-President, You Have Three Minutes for Your Response: Ex-stripper Venus DeMilo announced her candidacy for the L.A.

Board of Supervisors. Boasting that as a stripper, she was "the best," DeMilo insisted she was serious about her political endeavors: "I don't take no lightly, and I don't beat around the bush."

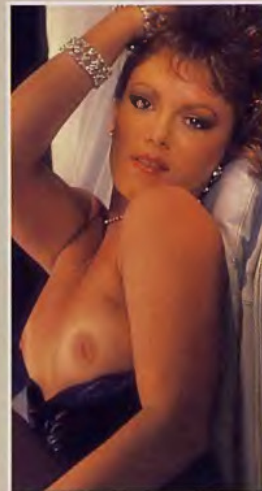
Norma Jean Almodovar—a former L.A. traffic cop who was convicted in 1984 on callgirl charges involving another female officer—ran for California lieutenant governor on the Libertarian ticket. She launched her campaign with a poster of her wearing a bathing suit and boxing gloves. "We need some tits in Sacramento," she said. "We already have the asses."



YEAR IN JOKES

Guy walks into a parrot shop. . . .

YEAR IN JOCKS



When the Chicago Cubs fired ball girl Marla Collins for appearing in *PLAYBOY*, the *Chicago Tribune's* Mike Royko put major-league baseball's cardinal sins in perspective: "A second chance? If that girl had wanted a second chance, she should have kept her pants on and sniffed coke instead."



Double-D, Meet Triple-A: Morganna, baseball's Kissing Bandit, bought into the Blue Sox, a minor-league team in Utica, New York. And singer/actress Pia Zadora became part owner of the Portland Beavers.



CHEER IN SEX (III)



Yet another picture we feel we ought to publish, this one for the sake of international good will: two topless French women sailing their raft down the Côte d'Azur, serving ice cream to passing yachtsmen.

YAWN IN SEX

Put Your Hand over Your—Oh, Never Mind: It was reported in *Omni* that four psychiatric patients taking the antidepressant Anafranil experienced orgasm whenever they yawned. The patients—two men and two women—responded in various ways: One of the women complained of experiencing sexual urges she couldn't resist, while the men spoke of having to "continuously wear a condom" and/or "lie down for ten to 15 minutes after each yawn."

Meanwhile, the advertising firm D'Arcy, Masius,

Benton & Bowles surveyed more than 1500 people across the U.S. and concluded that both men and women get more pleasure and satisfaction from TV than from sex. Also-rans included marriage, money, children, sports, liquor, friends, helping others and reading. Religion rated among the last.



NO SEX

Longest Tease: Moonlighting's Maddie (Cybill Shepherd) and David (Bruce Willis) still haven't done it.

SEX IN JEST



Joan Rivers sued this fellow for impersonating her. The judge said he

could but that he couldn't use her material.

YEAR IN CHESTS

Women on Japanese TV weighing their breasts. We're not sure why.



YEAR IN SCENTS

And as for All Those Fragrance Ads. . .

An ad for Perry Ellis, which some magazines refused to run, included the phrase "my best f----you smile." In an ad for Paco Rabanne, a woman calls a man who's just left her bed to tell him that his secret tattoo is safe with her—and that he smelled good. As for Calvin Klein, he had the usual censorship problems due to his interesting yearly Obsessions.



YEAR IN TENTS

Qaddafi, Kaddafi, Kadaffi, Gaddafi—Let's Call the Whole Thing Off: Not content with the Government's disinformation campaign, an often somewhat accurate New York

daily issued a report that Muammar el-Qaddafi was hiding in his tent after last April's Tripoli bombing and was dressed as a woman. Under the headline "KHADAFY GOES DAFFY," was an artist's rendering of what he may have looked like—complete with beauty mark.



YEAR IN . . . UH, TWICE?

Why We Believe in Sex Ed, Part Two: Hal Warden, a 15-year-old Nashville boy, impregnated and married a 14-year-old girl, having impregnated, married and divorced another girl several years ago. Says the mother of his second wife, "He's just a little spoiled brat that thinks he should get everything he wants—women or anything." Says Warden about his second wife's present condition, "I didn't think it could happen two times."

YEAR IN MICE



A Redondo Beach, California, man was arrested for getting fresh

with Minnie Mouse at Disneyland. Why? Because he liked her.

YEAR IN MOOSE

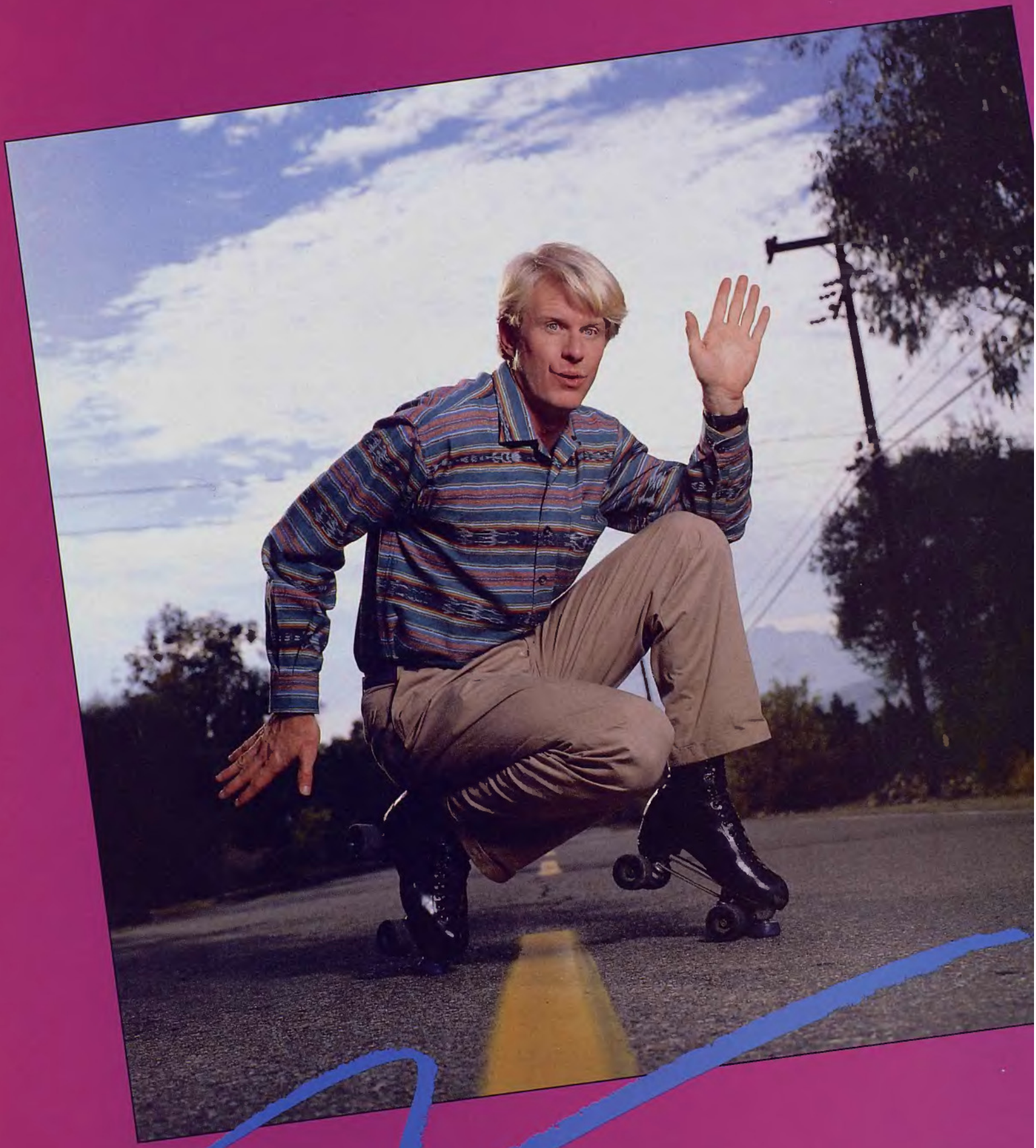
A moose kept putting the moves on a reluctant cow at a central Vermont farm, drawing ogling crowds of up to 4000. Asked why the moose was so smitten, the Hereford's owner replied, "She is very good-looking."

YEAR IN MEESE



Busy, busy. You may remember that Attorney General Edwin Meese had said that anyone in custody was probably guilty; then he backed up his porn commission's more crazed conclusions, then pronounced the Supreme Court not the final law of the of the land; and finished his year by calling on citizens to help the war on drugs by spying on people in locker rooms. So how does a busy guy take a break? By attending a local theater, where a revue was staged that ridiculed the porn commission and featured singing "Meeseketeers." During the finale, a finger-wagging Big Ed trotted out on stage and covered up a replica of the Washington Monument that the troupe had just unveiled. Now, wasn't that fun?

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20 QUESTIONS: ED BEGLEY, JR.

tv's smuggest mug waxes rhapsodic about gruesome death, game shows and the sexual sandwich

Ed Begley, Jr., is arguably the hippest guy in series television. For five seasons, he has expertly portrayed the loopy sexist-clown resident Dr. Victor "You're a pig!" Ehrlich on NBC-TV's distinguished hospital-*vérité* series, "St. Elsewhere," garnering four Emmy nominations for himself along the way. The son of the legendary angry actor for whom he is named, Begley has become king of the comic-cameo film appearance and shortly will be "seen" as the son of the invisible man in the forthcoming John Landis production "Amazon Women on the Moon." He has the slipperiest sibilant S in show business and swears that his hair has never been bleached.

Bill Zehme followed Begley home from work one night to his cozy pied-à-terre in North Hollywood (the main casa Begley is an Ojai ranch) and rolled tape. Zehme recalls, "Ed drives 20 miles over the speed limit and speaks about as fast. But he's disarmingly candid. For our conversation, he flung himself onto an authentic psychiatrist's couch and instructed me to pull up a chair. 'I felt it would be appropriate,' he explained. It was."

1.

PLAYBOY: Would you entrust your life to Dr. Ehrlich?

BEGLEY: Never. That may be an unfair reaction to problems he has that are not related to his medical knowledge. He's actually a good surgeon. But he has this fey attitude that seems to interfere. I suspect people like that, people who have this wild card in their deck. You never know when it's going to come up. Fifty-one times you're gonna be fine, but that 52nd time—bingo. Suddenly, he's stitching your pancreas to your lower lip. It doesn't appeal to me.

2.

PLAYBOY: How's your bedside manner?

BEGLEY: Clumsy. I am as square and provincial a character as you might imagine—not an adventurous soul in the sexual arena. My sex drive was stymied early on by the whole Catholic routine. I was an altar boy. I mean, I never even masturbated until I was 16. I didn't have sex until I was nearly 21, which is pretty late for getting laid. And that was virtually laid at my doorstep, if you will.

The miracle was that my first experience also happened to be my first and only time with two women. Do you want to hear this? I had an apartment right across from Valley College out here, where I was studying theater. This cute girl I knew had left home, so I invited her to move in

with me. I had visions, of course, of consummating my great affection for her, but she was resistant. Having never been any sort of Lothario, I didn't push it. She wasn't granting sexual favors and, after a few weeks, resentments built and she finally moved out. Later, I learned she was mostly interested in girls, so my ego wasn't quite as bruised.

Flash forward a couple of years: We became friends again. One day, she came over with a girlfriend who was even cuter than she was. And, unless I was misreading the situation, this girl was really making eyes at me. She seemed to like guys. Well, we began to drink and, at some point, they seduced me. It was a wonderful time. Although, to this day, I find myself having my hands full with just one woman. I'm not so arrogant as to think I could entertain large groups of people in the old sackeroo.

3.

PLAYBOY: You're a survivalist; give us your shopping list for the apocalypse.

BEGLEY: I used to be extreme about it. I'm not psychic, but I have had one vision in my life—that Los Angeles would fall into the sea in 1971. My vision came on January 21 and the big earthquake actually hit on February ninth. It was dangerously close. I went up into the Rocky Mountains to wait it out and stayed quite a while.

For years, I had a survival jeep in which I carried around 50 pounds of brown rice, water, a tent, a shovel, a saw, seeds for planting. I figured I could live on the rice until vegetable-growing season. Even now, I fill up my glove compartment with a snake-bite kit, a sewing kit, miniature tool sets. I love stuff like that. All sorts of craziness. I'm a sick dude.

4.

PLAYBOY: Since we're on the subject of compulsive behavior, burden us with the shame of being a neatnik. Is it true you actually arrange your pocket money numerically?

BEGLEY: [Sighs] Compulsive neatening and straightening is a tough cross to bear. I used to be pretty bad. In the Sixties, I had a series of apartments that were very comfortable for me but nobody else. They smelled of Lysol. You had to remove your shoes upon entering—a nice Oriental custom, but it made people self-conscious about their socks. If somebody was using an ashtray, I'd clean it out and put the matches back in it—while the person was still smoking. When I was a total vegetar-

ian, I made dinner parties very tense. I asked questions like "Is there any chicken broth in this soup?" "Were those vegetables on the same plate as the turkey?" "Are there eggs in that salad?" I've cut that out, but there's still a limit. I don't care how long anybody fusses over chorizo, I'm not gonna eat a plate of steaming entrails.

And, yes, it's true: I've held on to the habit of numerically arranging my pocket money. It has a slight practical application, I suppose. If I need a 20, for instance, I know right where to look. Also, I usually know how much I have on me, within a few dollars. Right now, I probably have about \$190. [Checks pocket] Well, I've got \$226—way off. But it's some sort of security. I've never understood people who claim to have misplaced their money or car keys. I always know exactly where my money and car keys are—in my right pocket. I'd say I've lost my keys twice in 20 years. No bullshit. I'm a maniac, but it makes for good copy.

5.

PLAYBOY: You once found a garbage bag containing a dismembered human body behind your home—which sounds like a fastidious guy's idea of a religious experience. What happened?

BEGLEY: I had a little house in Studio City that shared an alley with a motel. A woman who worked at the motel knocked on my door one day and said, "I think your cat crawled under your house and died, because there's a terrible smell." Well, my cat was very much alive, but she wasn't kidding about the smell. I thought it was a rat, maybe. We went out back, poking through the trash cans to find its carcass, and we came upon these bags stuffed with bloody sheets. So I thought, Oh, my God, somebody killed a pet!

Later on, some cops showed up, wondering if I'd seen anything suspicious. The smell was now overwhelming. I said, "What's this about?" They tried to keep me from looking over the back fence, but I saw about four unmarked cars, five squad cars, ten police photographers, a whole crowd in the alley. They had assembled on the ground this stuff, and, still, I swear to you, I didn't get it. I said, "What is that? It looks like a hassock or a saddle or . . . a torso!"

Strangely enough, I never felt for a minute I was a suspect. I guess it would be pretty lame to kill somebody and put her in your trash can. (continued on page 144)

CALL OF THE WILD

(continued from page 102)

is anything that takes you off the beaten track, away from the carnival atmosphere of lift-serviced resorts. Alpine skiing has been taken over by the cash elite, people who can afford a week at Aspen, a designer jump suit. Back country is the first resort of the fitness elite, the locals who have moved beyond the boundaries of skiing to rediscover some of the primal wonder of the sport. This is a return to the roots of skiing. You can choose from light touring skis or heavier mountaineering skis with metal edges. Both use free-heel bindings to allow for easy traversing. You take day trips, picnic lunches, overnights, expeditions. The sport has taken off and now has its own catalog. Yvon Chouinard, the Yosemite climber who started Patagonia clothing, has a special back-country catalog that goes out to 75,000 people each winter. (Contact Great Pacific Iron Works, P.O. Box 90, 245 West Santa Clara Street, Ventura, California 93002.) The sport has its own book, *Backcountry Ski-*

ing, from the Sierra Club. Lito Tejada-Flores writes:

The essence of back-country skiing is skiing on your own. You and winter. Your skis and untracked, unprepared snow. It is definitely a state of mind you put on, much as you put on your skis and boots. It's a state of mind composed of audacity and prudence, a love of winter and of effort, of graceful movement and of exploration. In this overexplored world of ours, the winter back country is always fresh and unexplored because it's always changing; each storm, each shift in temperature creates new terrain. The back country—mountains, forests, high plateaus—has been renewing itself every winter beyond all memory. And as long as I can remember, skiers, too, have been renewing themselves in this challenging white environment.

Winter scene: You have to check in with the ranger at Badger Pass before he'll let

you go into the back country at Yosemite. His first question: "What is the name of your best friend?" Good question, why does he want to know? "If we have to send out an aerial search party, we want to know what color clothes you are wearing. We figure your friends will know. OK, next question: What equipment are you carrying?" Another good question, designed, apparently, to test your knowledge of back-country needs. It also provides incentive for search parties. "Well, let's see—we're carrying a CD player, two pounds of Krugerrands, tickets for Bruce Springsteen at the Roxy, the keys to a Porsche. . . ."

I am spending New Year's Eve in the mountains with my wife and two friends, Dick Penniman and Peggy Ricketts. We are heading for a cabin at Ostrander Lake, high in the Sierras. For three hours, we ski down a fire road, staring at a range of mountains in the distance. Plumes of snow billow and curl from each peak, forming streamers 12 miles long. The mountains look like battleships steaming across the horizon. This was the sight that greeted John Muir in his first winter in Yosemite. We turn off the road and begin to climb. I've borrowed a pack and, five hours into the tour, I feel my body being pulled apart by the slow weight of bad planning. Each move produces an involuntary whimper. I am having some fun. I wonder about athletic events that require half a day. I cannot walk off the field. I cannot leave the court, sit on a curb or call a taxi. I am moving across alien terrain, trusting that I have gauged my energy budget correctly. We stop for dinner. On the trail, beside a log, is the print of a bear paw. I recall the words of an arctic explorer: Adrenaline—or joy—is coming upon the track of a bear when you are 200 yards ahead of the pack and 1,000,000 miles from home. I wonder what he said next.

A few moments before the sun sets, I watch the heat rise from my body, turn to snow and fall back against the black wool of my sweater. I am my own weather system. Night falls. I continually underestimate the power of starlight as it edges between 400-year-old redwoods. The snow looks like a soft white Navy blanket that someone has shaved smooth.

This is the point of back country—the careful assessment of energy, heat, danger, preparation. What it does is cause you to determine your exact carrying power. Tonight, the equation works. We find the hut, unroll sleeping bags and fall into a sleep as deep and as wide as the silence outside.

The next morning, we awake to play in paradise. The sky is cut by jet streams, the passage of people from city to city, encased in technology. The snow is cut by our tracks, the sibilant whisper of fresh snow, the passage of people from turn to turn. We are having some fun.



"Ratings war, eh? . . . We'll give channel five news a ratings war!"

BACK-COUNTRY BASICS / A GUIDE TO WHERE TO GO

Call it designer adventure. The only limits to back-country skiing are conditioning and common sense. How well can you fend for yourself in the great beyond, especially when the great beyond is as cold at night as it was 20,000,000 years ago? We recommend that you head into the high country with an experienced partner—or, better yet, a professional guide. Several outfits offer hut-to-hut or the even more exotic yurt-to-yurt skiing. (A yurt is an igloo-like tent.) Some of our favorite routes: (1) Aspen to Crested Butte via the Alfred A. Braun Hut System. Contact Ashcroft Ski Touring Unlimited (11399 Castle Creek Road, Aspen, Colorado 81611; 303-925-1971). (2) The Tenth Mountain Division Trail Hut System from Aspen to Vail. Contact Paragon Guides (P.O. Box 130, Vail, Colorado 81658; 303-467-0553). (3) Sawtooth Range with yurts. Contact the Sun Valley Trekking Company (P.O. Box 2200, Sun Valley, Idaho 83353; 208-726-9595) to play connect the tents. (4) Karhu Cross Country Ski Center (P.O. Box 269, Teton Village, Wyoming 83025; 307-733-2292) offers tours of the Huckleberry Hot Springs and Teton Pass in the Targhee National Forest.

There are schools that help you hone the mountaineering skills you'll need to stay alive and comfortable in alpine settings. Yosemite National Park in California has the most spectacular campus in America. The ski school at Badger Pass (209-372-1244) can give you guided overnight tours to Glacier Point. The Palisade School of Mountaineering in Bishop, California (619-873-5037), offers courses as well as guided tours in the Sierras.

When you get your act together, you can ski-trek anywhere. Canadian Mountain Holidays Ltd. (403-762-4531) offers an alpine-touring package out of a high-mountain hideaway called Battle Abbey in the Selkirk Range of British Columbia. Alpine Guides, Mount Cook National Park (P.O. Box 20, Mount Cook, New Zealand), can take you hut to hut on the Tasman Glacier. Le Grand Ski (25800 Jeronimo Road, Suite 200, Mission Viejo, California 92691; 714-859-7919) can direct you to back-country grandeur in Europe.

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F79

FAST FORWARD

UNMASKED (SORT OF)

"You can

get typecast for roles depending on the personality you project in interviews," insists

Eric Stoltz. "I don't want that at all."

Certainly, the 24-year-old actor ran little risk of falling into a rut portraying a deformed teenager in *Mask*, a performance that won him critical plaudits. "I loved the make-up for *Mask*," says Stoltz. "It let me get some respect for my work and preserve my anonymity at the same time." He is without camouflage in his newest movie, however, playing a car mechanic and budding artist in *Some Kind of Wonderful*, the latest release from teen-Zeitgeist expert John (*The Breakfast Club*, *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*) Hughes. But Stoltz claims that even a big hit won't change his mania for privacy. "I do try to be understanding about personal questions," he says. "I simply don't answer them." —LAURA FISSINGER



GREG GORMAN



BARON WOLMAN



MAKING BOOK

He's made a star out of youth—his own and others'. At 27, **Morgan Entrekin**, the *Wunderkind* editor at publishing giant Simon & Schuster, hit pay dirt with 20-year-old Bret Ellis' *Less than Zero* (and that was after Entrekin had steered *The Living Heart Diet*, by Dr. Michael DeBakey, up atop the best-seller lists). Indeed, he was editing Kurt Vonnegut novels for Delacorte while he was still getting carded in bars. Now a ripe old 32, he has just teamed up with Atlantic Monthly Press to publish ten or 12 books a year under his own imprint. Typically, he isn't the least bit fazed by his more imposing, seasoned rivals.

"We're up against dinosaurs," scoffs Entrekin. "The other houses are just big—that's all. The publishing business has gone so corporate that a lot of writers don't even know who they're working for anymore. We plan to build the hottest publishing house in the business."

Bold words, which Entrekin plans to back up by signing some of the country's fastest-rising nonfiction and fiction writers. His line-up so far includes former *National Lampoon* editor P. J. O'Rourke, John (*Smokestack Lightning*) Eskow and journalists Harry Hurt III and Rian Malan. Entrekin, of course, is nothing if not confident. "We're going to kick some ass," he promises.

—MARK CHRISTENSEN

BENNO FRIEDMAN



COAST-TO-COAST TOAST

Back on that steamy August day in Manhattan in 1977, it was just a nice, icy fantasy. "You can't drink beer all morning at the office," figured **Connie Best** (left). "Fruit juices are too heavy," chimed in her pal **Sophia Collier** (right), "and soda is full of sugar and chemicals." So the duo concocted a dream soda. "It was one of those 'Wouldn't it be great . . . ' conversations that you usually forget about the next day," recalls Collier, a 30-year-old gourmet cook. But instead, she started experimenting in her kitchen; the neighbors raved about the results; and a year later, the women had scraped together \$20,000 and started Soho Natural Soda. It pioneered three firsts: the first chemical- and preservative-free soda, the first soda made with real fruit juice and the first flavored water. They named the new brand after the artsy loft neighborhood in Lower Manhattan—and their first order arrived, appropriately, from a Soho deli. Today, Soho is produced at two plants and distributed in more than 30 states, with retail sales of \$20,000,000. Although the company has grown so large that Best, 33, had to relocate to San Francisco to keep watch over the Western half of the business, Collier remains in New York, where it all began—and almost ended. "In 1983, we were still pushing the sodas everywhere, but no one wanted to take a chance on us. I went into the warehouse, and it was stocked to the max; a few days later, I went back and it was empty. I thought we'd been robbed." In fact, Soho had sold out its inventory for the first time. How did the pair celebrate? "What do you think?" laughs Collier. "We had a few beers."

—SUSAN SQUIRE

BENNO FRIEDMAN

SHE'S A SCANDAL

It takes real sass to pull off both sex and comedy; it takes **Sandra Bernhard**, 31. "I am witty, funny, urbane, sexy, beautiful, honest and I sing," says the modest comic, who is also one of the most outrageous regular guests on *Late Night with David Letterman*. "David and I have a unique relationship. Last year, I went on the show mock pregnant. Part way through, I told David that my water had broken, so he threw me a *Late Night* sponge. I sponged my crotch. He walked off the show and I took it over." Although Bernhard first received national attention for her performance as the crazed kidnaper in Martin Scorsese's *The King of Comedy*, she has turned down most of the roles offered to her since. "I'd rather have people say, 'Why hasn't Sandra done another movie?' than have them say, 'Why in the world did she do that one?'" Instead, she spends much of her time on her performance-art show, scheduled for spring. "Performance art is just like one big cocktail party," she explains, "except that I do all the talking."



RICHARD CORMAN

—GENE STONE

SOFTWARE SHRINK

Paranoid patients need never again fear that Doc has nodded off behind their backs. The latest in state-of-the-art psychotherapy is alert to the drone of any neurosis; it's a computer. The brain child of L.A.-based psychiatrist **Roger Gould**, 51, the Therapeutic Learning Program has already been tested on 1800 people, with results, claims Gould, that can be both cheaper and more efficient than talking to another human being. In defense of his machine, Gould says, "People look at a computer and see hardware. But it is really a humanizing agent."

Gould gained fame in the Seventies with his research on the stages most adults go through as they age. His work appeared in his book *Transformations: Growth and Change in Adult Life* and in *Passages*, the best seller by Gail Sheehy. Gould then turned to the computer to deliver information. The sessions are supervised by a therapist. "Computers save time, which is what psychiatrists sell," says Gould. "The people who buy that time will get more for their money."

—ROBERT P. KEARNEY



RON MESAROS

DON'T PANIC (continued from page 106)

"What I am talking about in 1988-1989 is not a one-bank crisis but a systemic banking crisis."

as a result of recession, while the *supply* of oil will *rise* as both Iran and Iraq now start to pump oil like crazy to replenish their national treasuries, which have been completely exhausted as a result of their prolonged war with each other. How much can they pump? They have a combined capacity of as much as 9,000,000 barrels a day. Today, with *all of OPEC* restricting its output to only 17,000,000 barrels a day, or half of its maximum sustainable capacity, the oil producers' cartel is barely able to keep the price in the \$15-a-barrel range.

Where can we expect the price of oil to land at the end of 1988, when Iran and Iraq go their own way? My guess: somewhere between five and ten dollars a barrel.

This would have catastrophic consequences for Mexico, which depends on oil exports for the majority of its foreign income. It would run out of dollars within a matter of a few months. Even with the best will in the world, the Mexicans would no longer be able to service their debts to the banks in *El Norte*. So they would declare default.

But hold on, you say. Have we not been told that no country would ever *dare* do that? After all, would it not face fearful reprisals? Would not the banks in New York and San Francisco and Chicago cut it off, seize its cargo ships, its oil tankers, its commercial aircraft and put it back into the financial stone age?

The answer used to be yes. But no more. Listen to what *The Wall Street Journal* reported Angel Gurria, Mexico's chief debt negotiator, as saying just days after the U.S. Government, the I.M.F. and banks had agreed to lend his country another 12 billion dollars in order to keep it afloat. "If cornered, our government has to put the interest of our people first. . . . Now it [paying interest] is an option; before, it was a fact."

An *option!* Well, when oil sinks below ten dollars a barrel once again, it is not too hard to imagine that the Mexicans are going to choose to forgo that option.

When do the Mexicans anticipate that this will all begin to come down?

One of Mexico's leading experts on this subject, Professor Jorge G. Castañeda of the National Autonomous University of Mexico and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in Washington, says, "This bail-out only drives Mexico deeper into debt and postpones any *lasting solution* [my italics] . . . until the end of De La Madrid's term in late 1988."

The end of 1988. That is when recession is probably going to hit the United States.

That is when the price of oil is probably going to be driven below ten dollars a barrel. That is also the time when Mexico will once again run out of money. The bail-out referred to above was originally 12 billion dollars, but now another three billion dollars will probably be tacked on, for a total of 15 billion dollars. Mexico likely loses dollars at the net rate of about 650,000,000 a month with oil at \$15 a barrel. This means that it can probably last another 22 months—until December 1988, at which time it will need another fix. At precisely that time, Mexican president De La Madrid's term will end, and he will walk away from the entire impossible mess, leaving the way clear for his successor to begin his new term by wiping the slate clean and declaring his nation's debt to be null and void as a first element of that "lasting solution" to his country's problems.

What would this mean for our banks? How much does Mexico owe them? According to *The New York Times*, it owes BankAmerica 2.709 billion dollars, Citicorp 2.8 billion dollars, Manufacturers Hanover 1.8 billion dollars, Chase Manhattan Corporation 1.68 billion dollars. The list goes on and on. And these figures do *not* include the new loans that are part of the 12-to-15-billion-dollar package, nor do they include loans to the private sector of Mexico. More important, Mexico is only the beginning of the problem. The total exposure of U.S. banks to foreign borrowers is 295 billion dollars, and 180 billion dollars of this is owed to the nation's nine largest banks.

What would happen to these banks if Mexico went into default in December 1988 and the other debt dominoes, in the form of Venezuela and Brazil and Argentina and Indonesia and the Philippines, started to totter? The answer lies with the people who have their money on deposit with these banks, especially those nine largest banks, which are most exposed. How would the depositors react to the news that Mexico and, perhaps, other nations were not just on the brink of default but were actually taking the plunge?

Why should they react at all? What do they care about their banks' problem? Aren't almost all deposits covered by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation?

Unfortunately, no.

Unbeknown to most Americans, between 50 percent and 60 percent of all the deposits in those nine largest banks most exposed to foreign debtors are not retail deposits. Ninety percent of such deposits are *over* \$100,000 and are not covered by the FDIC. Worse, more than

half of such institutional deposits come from abroad.

Now put yourself in the shoes of someone managing the funds of a German insurance company or a British labor union or a Japanese bank. If a default process were set in motion by Mexico, would you continue to keep money on deposit with Bank of America or Citibank, knowing that you were uninsured? To be sure, *logic* would tell you that, somehow, the United States Government would have to step in if worst came to worst. But could you be 100 percent sure?

I think that if I were in that position, I would say to myself, "Look, why run the risk of even one in 1,000,000 that the U.S. Government will leave us foreigners out in the cold? I'm getting out and bringing my money back home, where I *know* how things stand."

That is exactly what happened a few years ago at Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company. When word got out that the Chicago-based bank was going to suffer a billion-dollar-plus loss chiefly because of its bad domestic energy-related loans, the foreign depositors panicked—first the Japanese, then the Germans and finally the British. Within 24 hours, billions of dollars in foreign deposits were yanked from the bank. Had not the Feds stepped in with what ultimately amounted to 13.7 billion dollars' worth of liquidity, Continental Illinois might have gone under in what would have been the biggest financial fiasco in 50 years.

What I am talking about in 1988-1989 is not a *one-bank* crisis but a *systemic* banking crisis, in which every one of the top nine banks has become suspect and with them the entire financial establishment of the United States.

What would the President do? Would he close the banks and stop the hemorrhage, even though the consequences might be that many banks would have to remain permanently closed or at least merged into viable entities, involving a process of financial "shrinkage" that would sink the entire American economy into a depression? Or would he request that the Federal Reserve and the FDIC step in and simply replace the fleeing foreign funds dollar for dollar? Then we would be faced with the "creation" of money not seen in this country since the Civil War. For if it took 13.7 billion dollars' worth of refunding to save Continental Illinois last time, it could well require 137 billion dollars to save all nine money-center banks of the United States next time.

Which leads us to three key questions:

1. What are the odds that such a financial crisis will actually occur within two or three years?

2. If it does occur, what will be the most probable outcome of the crisis—i.e., will we sink into a deflationary depression or will we quickly bounce back as a result of massive Governmental reflation?

3. Depending on the answers to (1) and (2), how, on a personal level, should individuals plan for such a contingency?

The odds: I've run this scenario by at least 50 heavy hitters in banking, the oil business, Government and universities. The consensus: There is a 20 percent to 25 percent probability we will face a major economic/financial crisis in 1989 or earlier.

The outcome: Ninety percent feel that the solution will come in the form of massive deflation.

How to plan for it? By playing it safe.

Playing it safe. What does that entail? Let's go down the short list of areas where the average American family is financially exposed, either in the negative sense (a large mortgage) or in the positive sense (investment in bonds).

Mortgages. If the result of a global financial crisis is deflation—in which governments respond by printing money—anybody with an adjustable-rate mortgage will get badly clobbered. When massive amounts of new money start to chase the same amount of goods, prices must rise. Everybody knows that. So inflationary expectations would quickly soar following a financial panic. T-bill yields would go from five percent to seven percent to ten percent. Your adjustable-rate mortgages, which are related to the yields on U.S. Government securities such as T-bills, would also soar after a time lag of a few months. Where mortgage rates would end up is anybody's guess. But remember: When the rate of inflation rose to 13 percent at the beginning of the Eighties, they went to 15½ percent.

So if you want to play it safe and you have an adjustable-rate mortgage, convert it to a fixed-rate one now.

Other debt. If you are in the habit of using credit cards for credit, break that habit. For if deflation is the solution to the economic and financial troubles that lie ahead of us all, the interest you pay on your VISA or MasterCard is going to go up along with all other interest rates. Anybody who willingly pays interest rates in

excess of 20 percent is simply dumb.

There is another very good reason to cut back on consumer debt, starting right now. Under the provisions of the new tax law, you are no longer able to fully deduct consumer-debt-interest payments from your income, meaning that Uncle Sam is no longer going to pick up a high part of that interest tab.

How to cut back? Well, perhaps 1987 should be the year when you postpone buying a new car and/or remodeling the kitchen and use the money that you save to bring your nonmortgage debt as close to zero as possible.

Investments. There are basically only two types of investments—in financial assets, such as stocks and bonds, and in

one percent decrease in the prime-interest rate will produce a 50-to-75-point increase in the Dow Jones industrial average. It has worked like a charm. But the joy ride in both the bond and the stock markets is almost over, in my judgment, and is bound to end with or without a panic in '89. The Federal Reserve cannot allow interest rates to fall much lower than they are today, because during the next two or three years, we, as a nation, must import hundreds of billions of dollars of foreign money to finance our enormous trade deficits. These capital inflows will continue only if investments in New York remain more attractive than those available in Tokyo, Frankfurt or Zurich—that is, only if the interest that foreigners can earn in

U.S. dollars is at least two percent higher than the interest they could get if they made comparable investments in yen, marks or Swiss francs. Interest rates in those currencies are now about as low as they are going to get (three to four percent for short-term deposits). Since we must maintain a differential of more than two percent in our favor, *their* interest rates dictate *ours*; since their rates are now bottoming out, our rates are now about as low as they are going to get in this decade. This also means, if the Erdman rule of thumb still holds, that the great bull market of the Eighties, which was propelled by constantly falling interest rates, is about over in any case.

Should, however, these good times end with a bang, a panic in '89, we will no doubt see an enormous capital flight from the United States as foreigners return their funds to the relative safety of Japan and western Europe. As already suggested, such a flight would probably force the Federal Reserve to compensate for the outflows by printing money on a large scale, producing fears of a revival of serious inflation in the United States. Such fears, in turn, would result in soaring interest rates and collapsing bond and stock prices. The Erdman rule would, unfortunately, also work in reverse.

So how to play it safe? First, don't panic now. Both stocks and bonds probably

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real assets, such as real estate or gold.

In periods in which economic growth is accompanied by falling rates of inflation and of interest, the place for your money to be is in financial assets. Since August 1982, we have had precisely such conditions. Thus, the prices of both bonds and stocks have gone up tremendously during the past four years, propelled by falling interest rates. The relationship between bond prices and interest rates is direct and automatic: When interest rates fall, bond prices rise. Where stock prices are concerned, the relationship is less direct. However, in *Paul Erdman's Money Book*, which was published three years ago, I gave the following rule of thumb: Every

have a little way to go. But a year from now, I, for one, will be very sorely tempted to get out of these markets and go for safety and liquidity—Treasury bills and FDIC-insured money-market accounts at banks. Sure, I'll be getting only five to six percent while I'm parked there, but that's a hell of a lot better than leaving my money at risk and losing 25 percent.

Real assets. The prices of real assets feed on inflation. We all saw the value of our houses increase spectacularly between 1975 and 1982 as a result. The same phenomenon caused speculators to push the price of gold to \$825 an ounce.

Will gold again rise as the current good times end? Probably. The fear of a potential financial debacle in the United States at the end of this decade and an inflationary Governmental response will probably move the gold price back into the \$500 range. As the South African situation worsens, it may even go higher.

Will we also see real-estate prices soar as they did during the last bout of serious inflation in the United States? I doubt it. Prices will move up another big notch, yes. But another doubling in five years? No. Although real assets will again have their day at the end of this decade, I think that it will be more or less just that: a day, even a year, but not a decade.

Why? Because even though we may well have a financial panic followed by deflation at the end of this decade, I think that the bad times will be short-lived—that only a moderate amount of inflation will prove necessary to get us over the financial bump in the road that lies ahead, a bump that will cause those upward-spiraling interest rates and downward-spiraling securities markets and renewed action in real estate and gold. Clear heads will prevail as it becomes evident that,

when all is said and done, there is really no alternative to the United States and its capital and money markets as the last safe haven for a large proportion of the world's money. When that realization sinks in, international capital will inevitably begin to return to this country in vast amounts, and the Federal Reserve will be able to withdraw gradually and quietly from the scene.

Then, after about 12 months, things will settle down, and we will once again return to a period of renewed growth and moderate rates of inflation and interest that will extend well into the Nineties.

Why this long-term optimism?

Because we are already making changes in the economic parameters of this nation that are bound to evoke responses in the private sector that will put us back on the onward-and-upward path in the Nineties.

Gramm-Rudman-Hollings. The spirit inherent in Gramm-Rudman-Hollings, the new law aimed at balancing the Federal budget by 1991, is bound to result in much lower budgetary deficits. Perhaps the cuts won't come soon enough to head off financial hard times in '89, but much lower budgetary deficits thereafter will certainly contribute to a major revival of growth in the United States in the Nineties, when massive Government borrowings will no longer reduce the availability and raise the cost of capital needed by the private sector.

The dollar. During the past 18 months, its value has already been cut almost in half relative to the yen, the mark and the Swiss franc. This correction is bound to produce major reductions in our international-trade deficits as our exports become cheaper in foreign markets, while imports become more expensive in our markets, setting the stage for a reinvigoration of our export industries and a cutting

back of foreign competition at home, without our having to resort to protectionism. Unfortunately, all this will probably happen too late to prevent the troubles that lie immediately ahead.

The recognition of Third World debt as the joint responsibility of the American Government and the American banks. The packaging of the 12-billion-dollar bail-out for Mexico exemplifies this. Also, Secretary of the Treasury Baker has proposed that the banks make available 29 billion dollars for future crises. The next step will probably be the creation of a still larger Latin-American debt-relief fund, designed to buy bad loans from the banks in order to keep them solvent and to write them off in order to keep Mexico and Brazil afloat.

Tax reform. The new tax bill is bound to increase the incentive to work in this country. We are going to have the lowest marginal rate of personal taxation in the world.

With such changes in the economic framework gradually falling into place, I have no doubt that the private sector in the United States will respond with an even greater dynamic in the Nineties than it has in the Eighties. In Silicon Valley and on Highway 128 around Boston, we continue to push back technological frontiers on almost a weekly basis, thus constantly renewing the foundation for future economic growth. Venture capital, that uniquely American pool of money, continues to be available in vast quantities. This is still the only country where a guy can walk out of Hewlett-Packard, set himself up in one of those famous garages in Palo Alto, then head up to San Francisco to see some investment bankers and tell them, "Look, I've got this great idea, but I need \$10,000,000 to get it off the ground." And have them tell him, "Look, take \$20,000,000 and do it right!"

Finally, entrepreneurship is stronger today in America than ever before. Today's kids no longer want to pitch for the New York Yankees. They want to be like Stephen Wozniak and found another Apple computer, then sell out for \$100,000,000 and do all this before getting too old, like 27.

So although I see a serious bump or two in the road ahead, we will be able to deal with them and then return to an upward trend that will extend well into the Nineties. But be careful in your financial dealings during the next 24 months. Be prepared to park your savings safely when the financial storm approaches. Don't leave yourself overexposed to creditors. Then, if a financial crisis occurs in '89, you will have no need to panic. You will have positioned yourself in such a way that you will emerge with your capital intact, ready to participate in the renewed good times of the Nineties. Then, at least where you're concerned, *The Panic of '89* will have a happy ending.



"Here you are; just fill out this application and fill up this cup."

COFFEE

(continued from page 84)

roasts and styles. The latest launch is the Maxwell House Private Collection, a line of premium coffees; it should be in your supermarket now. Other large companies present similar options. Nescafé, for example, fields five types of instant coffee. Procter & Gamble's Folgers brand is pioneering high-yield flaked coffee, of which, presumably, less is more. Its latest package weighs in at 11½ ozs. and is said to yield as much brewed coffee as a pound of regular.

Coffee-making at home was changed radically by the introduction of the electric drip-filter pot, which has made the percolator virtually obsolete: If you measure the coffee and the water accurately, you'll get a good, consistent cup. Reliable names are Braun, Bunn, Krups, Melitta and Black & Decker. Some machines will even grind the beans and whip up cappuccino, as well as brew coffee. A clever new accessory, the gold-plated permanent filter, is said to produce superior coffee, because it allows more flavor solids to pass into the coffee than do standard paper filters. It's made with 23.8-kt. gold and comes from Switzerland, so, naturally, the name is Swiss Gold. There's also a Swiss Gold coffee maker that brews a single cup at a time.

Coffee can be a recipe ingredient and a baste and also happens to be a superb mixer. If you have a taste for it, you'll love the coffee-based quaffs that follow.

FAIRMONT HOTEL CHERRY FLIP

"The coldest winter I ever spent," Mark Twain supposedly said, "was the summer I spent in San Francisco." He'd have loved the San Francisco Fairmont's heart-warming Cherry Flip, created for the hotel's elegant Cirque room by bartender Kathryn Thomas.

¾ oz. cherry-flavored brandy

½ oz. crème de cacao

Hot black coffee

Whipped cream

Cherry with stem

Pour brandy and liqueur into pre-warmed cup or mug. Add coffee—about 5 ozs. Top with mound of whipped cream. Garnish with cherry.

Note: This can be made with regular or decaffeinated coffee.

COUNTY CORK IRISH COFFEE

This version is favored by the staff at the Midleton Distillery, County Cork, where most Irish whiskey is made.

1¼ ozs. Jameson Irish whiskey

4 ozs. hot black coffee

1 rounded teaspoon brown sugar, or to taste

Heavy cream, lightly beaten

Preheat Irish-coffee goblet or heatproof mug. Add whiskey, coffee and sugar; stir to dissolve sugar. Top generously with col-

lar of cream. Don't stir; the idea is to sip the coffee through the cream.

Note: For special occasions, make the drink with 12-year-old Jameson 1780 Special Reserve. A sensuous experience.

CAFÉ ANTRIM

A warming Irish potion that has made new friends at Manhattan's hospitable Pen & Pencil steakhouse.

1 oz. Old Bushmills Irish whiskey

1 teaspoon cognac

½ teaspoon superfine sugar

Hot black coffee

¼ slice orange

Shake whiskey, cognac and sugar briskly in shaker to dissolve sugar. Pour into demitasse cup or old fashioned glass. Fill with coffee; stir. Garnish with orange.

CAFÉ ISTANBUL

(Four servings)

A combination of Ethiopian Harrar and Tanzanian Peaberry coffees is often used for this kind of brew—also known as Turkish coffee.

1¼ cups cold water

¼ cup superfine sugar

3 tablespoons pulverized dark-roast coffee

Measure water into copper or brass-and-tin *ibrik* or saucepan. Add sugar and bring to boil. Stir in coffee; bring to boil. Allow the beverage to boil up 3 more times, removing from heat each time. Sprinkle with a few drops of cold water. Serve in demitasse cups.

CAMPTON PLACE CAFÉ SONIA

Craig Claiborne has called San Francisco's Campton Place "one of the most stylish hotels to open recently." The drinks are stylish, too.

Heavy cream, chilled

Vanilla extract

¾ oz. Metaxa 7-Star

½ oz. amaretto

½ oz. Tía María

Hot black coffee

Sugar, if desired

Lightly beat cream with few drops vanilla. Reserve. To warm 7-oz. mug, add Metaxa, amaretto and Tía María. Pour in coffee. Taste for sweetness; add sugar, if desired. Top with beaten cream.

CAFÉ BRÛLOT

(10–12 servings)

A distinctive version from Brennan's, a distinctive New Orleans restaurant.

4-in. cinnamon stick

8–10 whole cloves

Peel of 2 oranges, in thin slivers

Peel of 2 lemons, in thin slivers

6 lumps sugar

8 ozs. brandy, warmed

2 ozs. curaçao, warmed

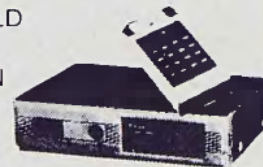
1 quart strong black coffee, hot

Combine spices, peels and sugar in *brûlot* or 2-quart chafing-dish pan; mash with ladle. Add brandy and curaçao; stir;

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ignite with long match. Ladle flaming spirits back and forth from pan to bowl, creating the effect of a column of fire. When sugar has dissolved, gradually add hot coffee, stirring until flames burn out. Strain into *brûlot* or demitasse cups.

Note: For safety's sake, stand back when igniting liquor and be sure flammable table decorations are out of the way.

THE BIG CHILL

1 oz. dark rum
1 oz. Kahlúa
4 ozs. coffee, chilled
1 oz. cream

½ teaspoon sugar
1 scoop vanilla ice cream
Shake all ingredients but ice cream with cracked ice. Strain into tall glass or 12-oz. goblet. Top with ice cream. Serve with straws and long-handled spoon.

RAGTIME

1 oz. coffee liqueur
1 oz. brandy
1 oz. half-and-half
3 roasted coffee beans
Vigorously shake first 3 ingredients with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Float coffee beans on top.

GROUND RULES FOR PERFECT COFFEE

Preparing a great cup of coffee should be a simple matter, yet the knack eludes a lot of people. There are three basic elements to the task—the water, the coffee and the brewing. The following is all the information you need. Master it and you'll never again serve inferior coffee.

WATER

- Start with fresh, cold water—let the tap run a moment or two before filling the kettle.
- Naturally soft water is best. The chemicals in artificially softened water flatten the taste of the coffee. If you're in a hard-water area or your water is overtreated, use bottled (not distilled) water to ensure a first-class cup of coffee.
- Don't overboil water. Once the kettle reaches full steam, pour the water promptly.

COFFEE

- Determine your favorite coffee type or blend by systematic tasting. Concentrate when you taste a new coffee. The descriptions in the text will help you zero in on your preference.
- Buy coffee in the grind recommended for your coffee maker. (Check the instructions.) There's no such thing as an all-purpose grind.
- Freshness is of paramount importance. Vacuum-packed coffee will keep for months as long as it's unopened. Once the package has been breached, however, the coffee can deteriorate rapidly. Keep as much as you'll use in a week in the refrigerator; store the rest in a tightly closed container in the freezer.
- If mail-order coffee arrives in nonvacuum packages, immediately transfer it to containers with tight covers, then refrigerate or freeze.
- Coffee keeps better in the bean than when ground. For the very best results, buy beans and grind just what you need for each pot you make. Small electric coffee grinders do an efficient (if noisy) job and are widely available in housewares shops and department stores.

BREWING

- Carefully read—and commit to memory—the instructions that come with your coffee maker. (See text for hints on recommended equipment.)
- The coffee pot must be scrupulously clean. Scrub it well with detergent and water after each use and rinse thoroughly. Store it with the lid partly askew, so that air can circulate inside.
- Experts recommend using ¾ cup water (6 ozs.) and 2 level measuring tablespoons coffee per cup. But feel free to modify these proportions to make the coffee stronger or weaker, depending on your taste.
- Clear cup markings on the side of the pot are a helpful guide as to how much water to add. The first time you use a pot, however, measure the water before pouring it and check its level against the markings to be sure they are correctly calibrated.
- Use the proper size pot for the number of cups you're making. For best results, the pot should be filled to at least three fourths of its capacity.
- Once the coffee has finished brewing, remove and discard the grounds to avoid excess bitterness.
- Serve coffee as soon as it's brewed. Don't make more than you expect to use. If it's not enough, you can always make another pot. Discard leftover coffee; reheated, it's not fit to drink.

COFFEE FLING

1 oz. Scotch liqueur, Drambuie or Lochan Ora
Hot black coffee
Sugar
Lemon-peel segment
Pour liqueur into cup. Add hot coffee to fill, or to taste. Stir. Add sugar, if desired. Twist lemon peel over cup to release oils, then discard.

BOONOONOONOOS

Jamaicans say *boonoonoonoos* is good news. After you taste one, you'll agree.

Lime wedge
Sugar
1 oz. Jamaica rum
1 oz. coffee liqueur
Hot black coffee
Whipped cream
Powdered allspice
Run cut side of lime around rim of large goblet or heatproof wineglass. Invert glass and swirl in sugar to frost rim. Add rum and liqueur. Pour in coffee to within about 1 in. of rim; stir. Taste for sweetness; add sugar, if desired. Pile on whipped cream. Lightly sprinkle allspice over all.

BOURBON STREET (30–35 servings)

1 bottle (750 ml.) bourbon
3 pints strong black coffee, at room temperature
1 pint half-and-half
4 ozs. amaretto
1 quart ice cream, vanilla or coffee—half-thawed
Bitter-chocolate shavings, optional
In large pitcher, combine bourbon, coffee, half-and-half and amaretto. Chill well. Place ice cream in large punch bowl. Slowly stir in mixture from pitcher. Decorate with chocolate shavings, if desired.

COFFEE BUSTAMANTE

A heady blend of brandy, liqueurs and coffee from the Ritz-Carlton, Buckhead (uptown Atlanta), the drink was conceived by bartender Julius Bustamante.

1½ ozs. Courvoisier
1 oz. Kahlúa
½ oz. Benedictine
7 ozs. hot coffee
Unsweetened whipped cream
½ oz. Mozart Chocolate Nougat liqueur
Grated white chocolate, optional
In warmed, heatproof 12-oz. mug or glass, combine Courvoisier, Kahlúa and Benedictine. Pour in hot coffee. Top with whipped cream; drizzle chocolate liqueur on top. Sprinkle with grated white chocolate, if desired.

Threepence covered the cost of an evening's entertainment in early London coffeehouses. A one-penny admission charge entitled patrons to listen to or participate in the entertaining verbal dueling. The remaining twopence went for a *bowl* of coffee. Talk about inflation!



Stop Taking Vitamins

If you think the vitamins you are now taking are doing you any good, wait until you hear the latest news on why they may not.

By Joseph Sugarman

This may come as a shock. But according to the latest research, those vitamins that you take every day may be doing you absolutely no good. For example.

FACT: Vitamins should be taken after a meal—never before. The body must first have protein, fats, or carbohydrates in the digestive tract to properly break down the vitamins for proper absorption.

FACT: Your body has a need for a natural vitamin balance. Too much of one vitamin may cause another vitamin to be less effective. For example, vitamin A should be taken with Vitamin E but excessive iron should not.

FACT: If you take too much calcium, you may deplete the magnesium in your system. And you need magnesium to convert food into energy.

FACT: Some vitamins are best taken in the morning and others at night. For example, the trace element chromium helps break down the sugar in your food which in turn creates energy—perfect to start the day. But at night you should take Calcium which has a relaxing effect—perfect for the evening.

FACT: Athletes or people who exercise a great deal need vitamins more than people who don't exercise. Vitamins are depleted at a much faster rate during exercise than during any other period of time.

But there was a series of other facts that surprised me too. For example, despite everything I've just mentioned on the care in taking vitamins, there are those people who absolutely need vitamins because of the mental or physical activity that they undergo. People on a diet, under stress, those who smoke, women who take contraceptives and even those who take medication—all rob their bodies of some of the essential vitamins and minerals that they need to help combat the various habits or conditions they are under.

And with proper vitamins in the proper balance and at the proper times, you may have more energy and vitality. Little changes may take place. Your nails may become stronger, your hair may become lustrous and your skin may remain more elastic which will keep you younger-looking longer.

DOCTORS HAD IDEA

About two years ago a group of doctors had an idea. They realized that many people were taking vitamins and not really noticing any difference in their health. They also realized that, based on the latest nutri-

Stop taking that innocent looking vitamin pill until you read this report.



tional findings, the vitamins people were taking may not have been doing them any good. So they formed a group of advisors consisting of nutritionists, dieticians, dermatologists, biochemists and physicians, and began to work on the development of a vitamin program that incorporated all of the latest information on vitamins, minerals, nutrition, food processing—even stress research. They realized that vitamins were a two-edged sword. They could either help you or hurt you.

They then took all this information and developed the most effective combination of vitamins and minerals, formulated four tablets—one for the morning and one for the evening—and one for men and one for women and then started a test program that lasted over two years. The results speak for themselves.

It was ideal for weight loss programs and it was ideal for people under stress. It helped many increase their energy levels. Smokers benefited. Some under medication benefited. And before long MDR Fitness Corp., the company that had developed the program became, one of the fastest growing vitamin companies in the United States. And no wonder.

SEVERAL BENEFITS

With the proper vitamin and mineral balance, taken in the right quantity in the right combination and at the right time, several obvious benefits occur. First, you may develop a better mental outlook because you've got the energy and the zest to accomplish more. As a result of the trace elements copper, zinc and manganese, your body is helped to make its natural anti-aging enzymes that keep you fit. Improvements in your vitality translate into everything from better job performance to a more fulfilling sex life.

JS&A has been selected by the vitamin company to introduce their medically formulated vitamin program. Every two months we send you a two month's supply of 120 fitness tablets—one to be taken after breakfast and one after dinner.

During the first two months, you will have ample opportunity to notice the difference in your energy level, your appearance and your overall stamina. You should notice small changes. Your complexion may even take on a glow. Some of you may notice all of these changes and others

may notice just a few. But you should notice some of them.

If for any reason, you do not notice a change, no problem. Just pick up your phone, and tell us not to send you any more vitamins. And if you're dissatisfied and ask for a refund, you won't even have to send the empty bottle back. It's yours free for just giving us the opportunity to introduce our vitamins. However, if you indeed do notice a difference (which we are confident you will), you'll automatically receive a two-month's supply every eight weeks.

ONE MORE INCENTIVE

I'm also going to give you one more incentive just to let me prove to you how powerful this program really is. I will send you a bonus gift of a fitness bag with your first order. This beautiful bag will hold all your fitness gear and it's great too for short vacation trips. It's a \$20 value but it's yours free for just trying the vitamins. Even if you decide not to continue, you keep the fitness bag. I am so convinced that you will feel and see a difference when you take these vitamins that I am willing to gamble on it with this unusual offer.

Vitamins indeed are important. And with today's research and new nutrition technology, you have a greater chance to achieve the fitness and health levels that may have eluded you with the typical store vitamins or the poor advice we may get in health food stores or from friends. Here is a safe, risk-free way to get one of the best vitamin programs in the country, formulated by a physician, with the right combination of vitamins, minerals and trace elements, in a convenient program that assures you of delivery every two months. I personally take and highly recommend them. Order your trial quantity, today.

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EASY RIDER

(continued from page 92)

so Mom hired dentists to come out to our clinic. I took care of the books."

The move to Alaska was more than a change of scenery for Julie; it was also a radical change in lifestyle. "Growing up in Maryland, I was kind of a loner and I spent most of my time with horses. I took track horses that weren't very good at racing and retrained them as competition horses. So, on the one hand, when I think of Maryland, I think of riding over rolling hills and meadows. But on the other hand, people there are very traditional."

By contrast, Alaska was both confining and liberating. "For the first time in my life, I was away from horses and had no place to channel that energy. But I began to love the people in Alaska. The state offers so many opportunities that the people there always have an attitude of 'Try it, go for it, whatever it is.'"

To work off some of her excess energy, Julie signed up at Gold's Gym, now called The Fitness Connection, in Anchorage and began bodybuilding with free weights. We comment that if people passing by the gym could see her through the window, she'd probably be a one-woman membership drive, and she recalls, "Actually, a guy I met at the gym told me that he'd seen me working out there one afternoon and immediately bought a membership. Then he didn't see me again for several months and he was thinking of suing the gym for false advertising."

Julie is torn between whether to call

Alaska or Maryland home. "The land in Maryland makes me feel that that's my home, but the people in Alaska are special."

One thing that takes her back to Maryland is her father, who works for the Government. "My father and my older brother were always the two people I looked up to the most," she says. "I think my father is a tremendously handsome man. To me, he looks like one of the Marlboro men. Even now, I'm always attracted to men who remind me of him."

Does that mean that a guy who doesn't have a lean, muscled body and a chiseled jaw line hasn't a chance with her? "Oh, of course not. Sure, I like men with hard bodies, but that doesn't mean I couldn't fall in love with a guy who doesn't have one."

The last time we talked with Julie, she was visiting her father and making up for lost horseback time. Her next trip would be to Los Angeles, where Playboy Mansion West will be her base camp as she starts her promotional appearances as Miss February. We asked if she was prepared for another culture shock when she arrived in Hollywood. "Well, I'm aware of the temptations of the Hollywood fast life," she answered, "but remember that there's a lot of money in Alaska, and just about any experience you can have in Hollywood you can also have in Anchorage. I don't think I'll run into any dangers or temptations I haven't already seen. Well, with one exception. They tell me that I'll be picked up at the airport and driven to Playboy Mansion West in a limousine. I'm going to enjoy that."



FLIGHT PAY

(continued from page 110)

California coupon broker for brokering AAdvantage awards. It will also be interesting to gauge industry reaction to United's new policy restricting transfer of some mileage awards. Clearly, turbulent times lie ahead for the "high flying" coupon brokers.

The mergers of Northwest Orient with Republic, Eastern with Continental and NY Air and Delta with Western will undoubtedly pressure the other large carriers to beef up their promotions and awards. Each of the programs claims to have the most aggressive marketing and the most accessible awards. Over the past two years, the major programs have competed heavily for business; yet at the same time, they have maintained or increased the mileage necessary to win free travel.

The exception to this rule is Northwest, which has lowered its requirements for one free domestic ticket to the 20,000-mile level. Fran Tarkenton was quarterbacking Northwest's media blitz on television last year and in newspapers to ensure that even people who don't remember him will remember "The Score."

Airline programs can be ranked by types of awards offered, ease of attainment and the quality and quantity of their tie-ins. Keep in mind, however, that the top programs all offer excellent awards and provide countless opportunities to increase mileage.

AMERICAN/PAN AM: AADVANTAGE/WORLDPASS

The merger of these programs combines Pan Am's ease of mileage attainment and exotic routes with American's excellent service and domestic routes and offers international-travel opportunities based on the mileage level. Take advantage of WorldPass' new value-added program and win free travel in both programs simultaneously. The AAdvantage/WorldPass combination allows for mileage accumulation and free-travel awards virtually world-wide.

UNITED AIRLINES: MILEAGE PLUS

Mileage Plus offers strong program partners, including Swissair, SAS, Cathay Pacific and Air France, along with first-class tie-ins (Westin and Hilton Hotels, Holland America Cruise Line). Mileage levels are high, but there are good bonus-mile opportunities and the awards are first-class.

CONTINENTAL/EASTERN/NY AIR:
FREQUENT TRAVELER BONUS/TRAVELBANK

The Texas Air trio offers extensive travel destinations and three airlines on which to accumulate miles. This is an



"Remember, if you are not completely satisfied, fuck you."

especially strong program for East Coast frequent fliers, who accumulate mileage on the basis of frequency of flights rather than pure distance traveled. TravelBank offers mileage opportunities and destinations at fares that are generally lower than the competition's.

NORTHWEST: WORLDPERKS

This program offers a host of international-travel awards that include the U.S., Europe and the Pacific. Overall, Northwest offers the lowest mileage levels necessary to win free travel. It has a unique minivacation award at the 40,000-mile level: a free one-night stay and two-day car rental with the free tickets.

TWA: FREQUENT FLIGHT BONUS

TWA's program offers generous bonus-mileage specials on a regular basis. Its route system is world-wide, and its mileage levels are competitive. Its program tie-ins and partners are limited compared with other frequent-flier programs.

**DELTA AIRLINES/WESTERN AIRLINES:
FREQUENT FLYER/TRAVELPASS**

Delta and Western rank number one and two, respectively, in customer satisfaction, and a combined frequent-flier program will be enhanced by a large number of international airline partners. Delta's 1986 frequent-flier-program award levels were high (70,000 miles for two free domestic tickets), with fewer promotions offered to enhance mileage. The merger with Western will expand mileage opportunities and open up the program to West Coast frequent fliers.

The remaining major programs, Piedmont and USAir, are strong carriers in their respective regions, with international-program tie-ins. Midway Airlines is unique in offering not only travel awards but cash rewards. Its top award nets the Midway frequent flier \$2000 or \$2500 "credits" on his Citicorp Diners Club card. Pacific Southwest Airlines, based in San Diego, is also a strong regional carrier tied in with TWA, Air Canada and Northwest.

For the frequent-flier techie, there are software packages from FlighTrak (Oregon) and Trigger Technologies (California) that enable the *aficionado*, as well as businesses and corporations, to keep track of mileage and develop a historical log of travel and mileage.

Although the airline industry is experiencing turbulent times, the frequent-flier programs have become an institution for virtually all carriers. Airline marketing personnel believe that the programs have become the primary vehicle for attracting and maintaining loyal customers, which can only mean clear skies ahead for the frequent flier.



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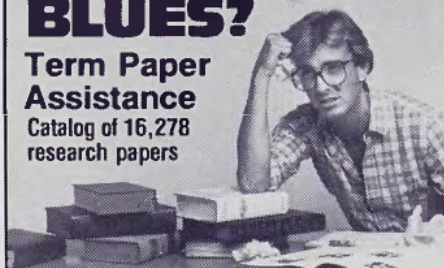
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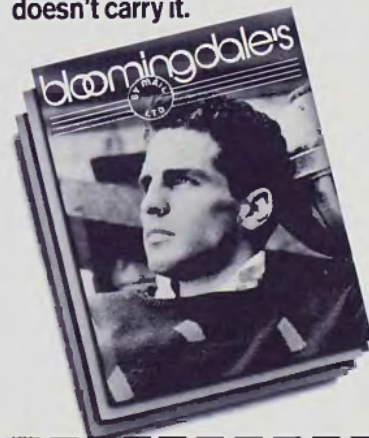
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ED BEGLEY, JR. (continued from page 131)

"Jack Nicholson told me, 'Go for the leading-man parts, Begs. You're lookin' like a mo-mo. Go leader!'"

6.

PLAYBOY: Defend game shows.

BEGLEY: I love 'em. I've been a celebrity contestant on all of them: *\$25,000 Pyramid*, *Wheel of Fortune*, *Body Language*, *Hollywood Squares Match Game Hour*, *Tattle Tales*. I've been giving it a rest lately, not that I feel aloof. Quite the opposite. My friend Dabney Coleman told me a couple years ago to stop doing them. I said, "But, Dabney, I really enjoy them. I mean, I'd pay them to let me play the games!" So he said, OK, play them. But six months ago, again, he told me, "I don't care if you like them; stop it! People don't think of you as an actor if you're doing game shows." That's very unfortunate; you should be able to do what you want, but it doesn't seem to work that way. Those shows, for me, are a great rush. My biggest regret is having to give up the *Pyramid*. It's the best game around.

7.

PLAYBOY: Your first acting job was a role on *My Three Sons*. What's something only a 17-year-old would observe about Fred MacMurray?

BEGLEY: I seem to remember he packed a sack lunch. He wouldn't go eat at the commissary. I thought it unusual. I don't know if it was a dietary or a financial consideration. Well, actually, it must have been dietary, because he could certainly afford to eat Van Nuys for lunch if he wanted. He once owned a portion of what's now Century City, I think. He's a very nice guy.

On the show, though, I played a friend of Chip's who tricked him into dating a girl with a broken leg. I was a shyster. But what I remember best was the excitement of finally getting to act. I had a great attraction to the trappings of it: you know, standing in front of the camera, under the lights, with the make-up on. In fact, I left my make-up on when I went on my paper route that afternoon, hoping that somebody would notice and ask me about it. I had always been very pale, so I liked the way it looked. Gave me a little sheen, a little color. I'm not exactly a tanned individual, even today.

8.

PLAYBOY: Assemble a random retrospective, with running commentary, of your most forgettable cameo roles in television and film.

BEGLEY: Got a week? I've done little parts in maybe 40 movies and about 100 television jobs before *St. Elsewhere*. In *This Is Spinal Tap*, I played the drummer who

died in a bizarre gardening accident. Total screen time of about a minute. My arm was yanked off in *Cat People*. I was killed by a frying pan in *Eating Raoul*. I was a C.B. priest in *Citizens Band*. My meatiest film role was in *Transylvania 6-5000*; unfortunately, the meat was chuck roast. I belonged to a club that was hazing Potsie and Ralph Malph on *Happy Days* until the Fonzy exposed us. On *Room 222*, I was usually the gangly basketball player, Stretch Webster. On *The Doris Day Show*, I played the mail-room boy who tried to impress everybody with his beard, only you couldn't see it. My voice was in *Ordinary People*, during the flashback scene where they're putting Timothy Hutton into the ambulance. When somebody yells, "Watch your backs!"—that's me.

Oh, and let's not forget my Disney years. I made a lot of those Kurt Russell movies: *The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes*, *Now You See Him, Now You Don't*, *Superdad*, and so on. Thinking back, I don't know if they wanted to hire me as much as they did my glasses. I had these unusual sort of geeky-looking glasses then. These weren't props that I kept in a drawer somewhere; they were my street glasses. Whenever the casting guy from Disney would call, he'd say, "You're bringing the glasses, right? Don't forget the glasses."

9.

PLAYBOY: Compare Ed Begley, Sr., with Ed Begley, Jr.

BEGLEY: I promised myself that I would never be anything like him, typical of father-son relationships. He died right after my teen years, but we had some good times together before he passed away, thank God. Still, a lot of the *tone* of our relationship remains, and this is the area in which I'm *exactly* like him. For instance, he had a short temper about things around the house, which he used sarcasm to deal with. I developed that myself, though I've tried to eliminate it. Rather than say, "Listen, would you please water the lawn?" the approach was, "Eddie, I don't want you watering that lawn! Sit down here. You've had a hard day watching TV, damn it!" I don't know that this is the best way to motivate your kids.

On camera, of course, he was considered one of the great angry actors. But right up to the moment they'd start rolling, he was the nicest guy on the set. He got along with all the Teamsters, the electricians, the grips. I fancy myself that way as well. Also, he had a very quick gait. He would move from point A to point B at

great speed. As a kid, I thought that was the way you walked. And I have longer legs. So when I go to the corner store, I really boogie.

10.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you broke your father's Oscar?

BEGLEY: My father had won the supporting-actor Oscar in 1962 for *Sweet Bird of Youth*, and whenever we went on vacations, he took it with him. He had a little velvet sheath to cover it and he carried it in the back of the car. People would ask to have their pictures taken with him and he'd get out the Oscar. He'd say, "Here, look. Heavy, isn't it?" People would hold it for photographs, you know.

Now, I personally don't remember spending a lot of time holding it. One summer, though, we were at Los Angeles Airport and he asked me to hold it while he went for our tickets. I was kind of nervous about touching it, and I somehow fumbled and dropped it, loosening the base. He came back: "OK, Eddie, I've got the tick—*What the hell have you done, boy? Ehh-deeeeee! Ehh-deeeeee!*" I mean, he had that voice. No need for corporal punishment—the voice alone was enough to make you think you were going to die. In the end, the Academy's trophy shop fixed it, and it sits, repaired, on my mantel to this day.

11.

PLAYBOY: What's the most impossible advice your friend Jack Nicholson ever gave you?

BEGLEY: Just recently, he told me [*doing a perfect Nicholson*], "Go for the leading-man parts, Begs." He'd seen me doing some silly stuff on television and he said, "What do you want to do that for, Beg? You need that stuff? Go for the leading man, Beg. Don't make the move on the game show. You're out there doin' some John Denver ski thing, lookin' like a mo-mo. Don't do it to me, Beg. Go leader!"

I don't fancy myself a leading man. I'd really like to play a villain with arched eyebrows, though. I don't always want to be the lovable, goofy jerk, which is how people usually see me. I want to be evil.

12.

PLAYBOY: You had a drinking problem in the Seventies that you've always been open about. Can you recall the worst night in your alcoholic life?

BEGLEY: It wasn't even a night. It was a day. I was at a bar and it was one of those days when you can't get drunk anymore. I mean, you're drinking, but you can't get drunk. And you can't get sober, either. You can't wash the pain away. You're caught in this terrible limbo that you know will end in extreme physical pain. It's like a bad movie, a nightmarish sort of feeling. Most people with grave alcoholic problems get to that point. You can

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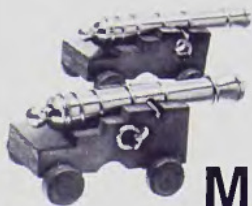
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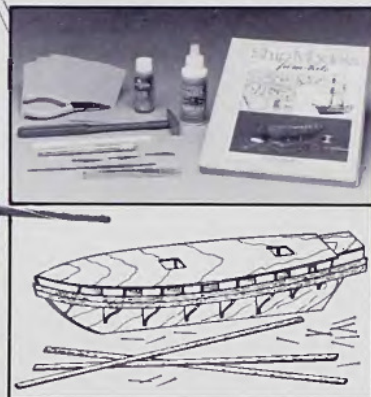
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anesthetize your central nervous system for only so long, and then, finally, there's a note that's due and payable. You just keep rolling over the interest for however long you stay drunk. But one day it has to come due. That, for me, was rock bottom.

13.

PLAYBOY: Tell us something about John Belushi that we don't know already.

BEGLEY: John really saved my neck when we were making *Goin' South* in Mexico with Jack. I had gotten into the foolish habit of entering drinking contests with Jack's now-deceased uncle, Shorty Smith, who was a great guy with great stories. We got along right away—we were both quart-a-day vodka men. These contests went on for a while and I never won. I got kind of ill in the competition. Belushi saw that I was headed for great disaster and physically dragged me out of the hotel lounge. He said, "Come on, you've spent enough time in here. We're going outside. I've rented a car." I hadn't really been outside the saloon the whole time I was there. He and his wife, Judy, took me for rides around the Mexican countryside. We had great times together.

When my daughter Amanda was born, he bought this beautiful little pink quilt as a gift, which he kept in New York until he came to L.A. to see her. It seems he took such a liking to the quilt that he started using it himself, snuggling under it for watching TV. He didn't want to give it up. Finally, Judy reminded him that they'd bought it for a small child. So when they came to L.A., he made it a point to tell me that he had grown quite attached to this little blanket and what a sacrifice it was to give it up. He was a great guy.

14.

PLAYBOY: There was a low point in your career when you chucked acting to become a cameraman. Ultimately, which is harder work?

BEGLEY: Oh, the camerawork is much harder. I was an assistant cameraman, which involved maintaining the camera, loading the magazines, threading them through, doing the follow focus, all that business. I worked on a lot of location shooting for low-budget movies. I'd be a human tripod, then carry the camera around deserts in the heat. All this equipment is very heavy, too. It's a hard gig. But I've never been one of those actors who sit around waiting for the phone to ring and enrolling in more classes. I always wanted to make a living. So I was not averse, as recently as five years ago, to taking some carpentry jobs, putting up dry wall and framing work. I have no pride in that area. No way.

15.

PLAYBOY: Let's not overlook your short-lived stand-up-comic years. Why was it

that you got no respect?

BEGLEY: Actually, I've painted a kind of gloomy picture of my night-club act. Several people who were there at the time have taken exception and seem to have thought it was really good. I thought about it and realized I had had only about three bad nights over four years of intensive stand-up. During the early Seventies, I did clubs, colleges and concerts and opened for Dave Mason, Canned Heat, Loggins and Messina, Poco, Neil Sedaka, my good friend Don McLean. And, basically, I couldn't do it anymore. I got tired of my material and, eventually, I *hated* my act. I'd do characters, you know, like this musician named Bernie Synapse, who didn't play an instrument, which he felt would have been all part of "the same capitalistic scheme, man." Instead, he played his body. So I'd rap out this tune on my actual person. In case you're wondering, I hit the high notes on my cheeks.

16.

PLAYBOY: Most comics can't get arrested, yet you did. Tell us about it.

BEGLEY: I was working the Troubadour on Santa Monica. My opening piece was always a cop routine for which I wore an authentic uniform that I'd made. I would be introduced as "Officer Ed Begley, West Hollywood Police Division." I'd take the stage and give this spiel: "Hi, kids, I'm here tonight to rap with you about a problem we're having in the community. I'm talking about drugs, and we'll be discussing the whole gamut: the reds, the yellows, downers, dragonflies, snapping turtles—everything from the first reefer to the final needle in the arm and trip to the morgue." It was supposed to be a put-on, though it prophesied what would come later in my life, since I came real close to checking out from chemical imbalances myself. Anyway, this was my most popular bit.

On the evening in question, I had gone out to my car to get some props. My luck, a sheriff's-department car was in the parking lot. The cops were waiting to nab some guy who'd done something nefarious. They were instantly confused by my L.A.P.D. uniform, because this wasn't technically L.A.P.D. territory. They very quickly realized that I wasn't from the L.A.P.D. at all, and they were naturally quite pissed. I said, "Wait, I'm just playing here! I'm just an actor! Do you go onto the set of *Adam 12* and arrest Kent McCord and Marty Milner?"

I was taken to the station, where I figured I'd be able to talk to someone with an above-Cro-Magnon mentality. When the desk sergeant did a knuckle walk over to where I stood, I knew I was in big trouble. I was put in county jail with some very serious offenders and waited three days to go to trial. Very high bail, very serious crime—impersonating an officer. But I found that I did some of my funniest

work in the jail cell. I was going a mile a minute. You know, you want to keep their minds off *other things*.

17.

PLAYBOY: Describe your business card.

BEGLEY: Where did you hear about *this*? Currently, it says, ED BEGLEY, JR., SINCE 1949. A simple bit of chronology, really. I've had several business cards, however. From about 1974 on, my card read, ED BEGLEY, JR., SERVING THE WORLD. By 1982, I'd decided that serving the world had gone on long enough—too much responsibility for one guy. So I changed it to ED BEGLEY, JR., HOLLYWOOD PHONY. People didn't know quite how to take that. I can't imagine why.

18.

PLAYBOY: Women in Hollywood are said to be attracted to you. What's your allure?

BEGLEY: No! Who told you that? Jeez, I don't know. . . . That's a good question. I *love* women. And I love my wife. It's true that I have a *lot* of women friends, with whom I get along very well. I guess part of it is that they feel safe knowing I'm not going to make any moves on them. There's no confusion for a moment. But, mainly, here's what it is: I find a good audience in women. They seem to like a sense of humor; they like to laugh. When I'm around women, I always feel the need to entertain them. I perform. I have my good nights and my bad nights, but the good seem to outnumber the bad. Perhaps they like me for that reason. *Jeez. . . .*

19.

PLAYBOY: Do Valley boys ever grow up?

BEGLEY: It's funny you should ask. I was thinking about that today. In some ways, I grew up around the time I turned 30. In other ways, I still haven't grown up. I'm very childish, even though I'm the father of two kids. Sometimes they're more adult than I am. I never get serious unless I think it's needed—and it's rarely needed. I seem to take child raising very lightly. They're like peers. We're always rolling around on the carpet. I'm constantly playing jokes on them, making empty threats and insane statements. They'll be eating their cereal and I'll say, "You get right to bed, right now!" "What have we done?" "I'll think of something!" Of course, they don't move. This is good for discipline. Basically, I've ruined two children's lives, but they have a good time.

20.

PLAYBOY: When are you at your absolute smoothest?

BEGLEY: When I'm roller-skating. That's my smoothest. I walk in a clumsy fashion and I look very silly when I'm dancing. I have no dancing skills, though I overcompensate with a great deal of energy. But when I've got my skates on, I look great. I've always skated.



"Drug tests are illegal, expensive, inaccurate, stupid—and those are their comforting aspects."

whether or not it's a problem. And once we start doing something, we often lose sight of whether or not that something is the thing to do. I give you Vietnam, just for instance.

Drug abuse is a problem. But the real solutions—education, rehabilitation and medical research—are difficult, complex and uncertain of success. In other words, the real solutions are like reality itself. And reality has never been anything politicians could stand much of. Besides, some of the solutions to the drug problem are politically suicidal. One of the most terrible proven side effects of illegal drug use is jail. Jail will screw your life worse than a Glad bag full of dafly dust. But with drug hysteria in the air, no politico is going to advocate legalization of even the lamest grade of Oaxacan ditch weed. And drug education, to be effective, would be controversial, too. It would have to speak the truth. We can't tell monsters-under-the-bed stories if we want children to believe us about dope. We can't tell them that they'll turn into hydrocephalic unwed welfare mothers if they get downwind from one whiff of crack. Children are dumb enough to try drugs, but they aren't dumb enough to listen to that.

Drug tests are no solution whatsoever. They're just a method of avoiding the problem, and not a harmless method, either. Drug tests are inaccurate. The Federal Centers for Disease Control studied 13 drug-testing laboratories from 1972 to 1981. They found that only one out of 11 of those laboratories could test accurately for cocaine—and the CDC considered 80 percent accuracy acceptable. Common urine-analysis tests for marijuana can show false-positive results from painkillers such as Advil or Nuprin. Contac can trigger false positives for amphetamines. And tonic water can make it look as if you're shooting smack. Even the most sophisticated gas-chromatography and mass-spectrometry tests are accurate in only the 95 percent range. This means that one out of 20 people tested could end up driving a school bus on LSD or going to jail because he sipped a g. and t. last week.

A person who got a false-positive result on a drug test and held one of those ill-defined sensitive jobs would face . . . I hardly have the stomach to write about it. At best, he would, like Hamilton Jordan in the Carter Administration, emerge from a bureaucratic tag-team match and an ugly court fight with his reputation indelibly smeared. No doubt some Government agency will be established to prevent such miscarriages of justice. Government agencies being what they are, that should make

things much worse.

And drug tests are expensive. The most accurate kind costs \$100 each, which gives new meaning to the phrase piddling sum. Between \$200,000,000 and \$300,000,000 a year is already being spent on drug testing. The military alone spent \$47,600,000 in fiscal 1985. And *The New York Times* estimates that if annual drug tests were to be given to the entire U.S. work force, the cost would be several billion dollars. Surely, there is something we need several billion dollars' worth of more than we need several billion dollars' worth of falsely accused citizens and scot-free hopheads.

But even if drug tests were free and 100 percent accurate, they would still be unconstitutional. There is going to be a lot of legal rhubarb over this, and I don't know what a Rehnquist-led Supreme Court is finally going to decide. But I take the same attitude toward the Constitution as Reformation Protestants took toward the Bible: Anyone can read it and witness the truth thereof. Amendment Four is perfectly straightforward:

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches

and seizures shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by an oath or affirmation and particularly describing the place to be searched and the persons or things to be seized.

It's hard to see how scatter-shot drug testing could be legal under the Fourth Amendment, no matter how particularly the Government describes the way you take a leak.

And the Fifth Amendment is also clear: "No person . . . shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself." If using the contents of your bladder as evidence isn't making you a witness against yourself, then I suggest that crapping on a Chief Justice isn't assault and battery.

Furthermore, the president of Beth Israel Hospital in New York has been quoted as saying that during drug tests, someone "must watch each person urinate into a bottle. If that is not done, it's a sham." I haven't gone through the Constitution with a fine comb, but I'm sure our founding fathers wouldn't have let this nation get off the ground without putting something in there about going to the bathroom alone.

Drug tests are illegal, expensive, inaccurate, stupid—and those are their comforting aspects. More frightening is what widespread drug tests would do to our country. They would create a national atmosphere of distrust, resentment and



"How about coming back to my place and I'll explain the new tax law to you?"

demoralization. We all remember how we felt when Dad sniffed our breath for beer after we came home on Saturday night. We all remember how we acted when Mom went through our dresser drawers looking for cigarettes, rubbers and knives. And we remember what we wanted to do when our parents peeked through the rec-room door to see if we'd gotten to second base with our dates. Does any country in its right mind want an entire population feeling this way about its Government? We will have a nationwide outbreak of adolescent tantrums, sulks and screaming matches, except that this time it will be the grownups doing it and the mom-and-pop elected officials will find themselves grounded without TV for a year.

But it will be worse yet if the nation doesn't blow up. We will have allowed the Government to make an unprecedented and probably irreversible intrusion into our private lives. This is the first step toward totalitarianism. Of course, it won't be the bread-line-and-barbed-wire totalitarianism the Russians have. It will be an all-American, clean-cut, safety-first, Goody Two-shoes totalitarianism under

which everybody takes care of his health, keeps his lawn nice and never, ever does anything naughty or dirty or fun. And there won't be any troublesome, off-beat creative people left to screw it up, either. Try giving drug tests to the great men of arts and letters. There go Coleridge, Poe, Freud, Rimbaud, Aldous Huxley and Jimi Hendrix.

I can think of only one good thing about drug tests: All important Government officials will have to take them, and we'll get to watch. That's a nonnegotiable demand. We will get to stand and stare while the powers that be go potty. This is a democracy, and we're all equal before the law. If they don't trust us, why should we trust them? I think this will be a salutary experience. The high and the mighty will be humbled in the public eye, always a good thing. And—when it comes to certain more bellicose members of Congress and the Administration—we, the people, will find out once and for all if there's anything to this overcompensation business we heard about in Psych 101.



VIEW FROM COURTSIDE

(continued from page 58)

Everyone is trying to express the problem graphically, but nothing can be more graphic than seeing a talented player like Len Bias end his life at 22. I do understand individual rights, but given the problem at hand, the testing is justified.

We've had a drug-testing program at North Carolina State, but it's been voluntary. We in the athletic department think that mandatory drug testing is appropriate, and we want to enforce it strictly. On the first offense, the player is *gone*. We aren't a rehab program, and we aren't saying that certain substances are OK. We have 24 varsity sports here, and not one coach has a dissenting opinion.

We've just completed our first round of random drug testing this year, and we haven't had one athlete, male or female, test positive. But you temper that with the knowledge that the most important drug we're trying to catch—cocaine—is the most difficult one to test for.

That's why the faculty members here are not quite sure whether or not they want drug testing. Marijuana remains in your system for a long time, so if somebody smokes a joint in December and you test him in late January, you're going to catch him. But cocaine goes through your system in 36 hours. So you can spend big money on tests that tell you your players are drug-free, and they may not be.

There's a lot of speculation about what causes the drug problem. Is it pressure? I haven't seen that with the kids I've coached. These kids grow up with pressure. If you're a good basketball player, that's established when you're a high school freshman, and you're going to live with guys like me coming from all over the country to watch you play. Athletes today are more mature because of that.

The kids are still playing a game and enjoying it. [Former North Carolina State star] Spud Webb said that the place he feels most at home is on a basketball court. Everyone wants to put the blame on this "win at all costs" ethic of coaching, but kids can cope with winning and losing better than anything else they have to cope with. Maybe the pressure comes afterward, in social situations and media situations. Maybe we have to prepare kids better for their lives off the court.

MIKE KRZYZEWSKI, HEAD BASKETBALL COACH,
DUKE UNIVERSITY

I'm a hard-liner, a disciplinarian, but I have a real problem with drug testing. We don't have it at Duke. I'm not convinced that that's the way to go. I would question whether drug testing is being used to help the kids or if it's just a move to cover your ass. Why should a college player have to subject himself to that? He's not getting paid.

Our emphasis on the drug problem is in the wrong place. I'm looking at the other



"Ah! Lean Cuisine."

side: where it starts, not where it finishes. I'm angry at the people who sell drugs. Why don't we use the money that goes into drug testing to hire undercover people on the campus?

We probably have not done our jobs as far as counseling the kids or increasing drug awareness is concerned. We have a drug-awareness program at Duke, and we keep in as close touch as we can to help a youngster through a problem that might lead him to take drugs. But because of recruiting responsibilities, we are taken off the campus at critical times, so we don't have the interaction we should with our players.

Most of the time during the nonplaying season, the coaches are out chasing recruits. During the season, if we have a free night, we're going out to see a high school kid for the 12th time, even though we already know he's good enough to play in our program. I always ask a recruit, "When you're playing at Duke, do you want me on the road or with you in practice?" They all say, "I want you in practice."

But still, if one coach keeps sending a player flowers all the time—in other words, showing up at his games—that player may be swayed by that. That's where the N.C.A.A. could step in and limit the evaluation period. The only thing that's really enforceable in recruiting is the dead period, when you're not allowed to be on the road. We need more dead periods.

RED AUERBACH, GENERAL MANAGER,
BOSTON CELTICS

I've been an advocate of unannounced drug testing from day one. I know that it's an invasion of privacy, but there comes a time when you've got to put this altruistic civil rights stuff down the toilet, find out who's using drugs and take it from there.

Athletes are targets because of their leadership. Drug sellers approach them in 50 ways, because they know that if they get an athlete hooked, other students will say, "Hey, if my hero does it, what the hell; I may as well do it, too."

That's why it's so important to have drug tests. If a player starts in with drugs, you can spot it early, call him in, have a long chat and change his whole mode of life. And more drug tests should be done on a high school or even junior high school level. A high school athlete is less mature and less aware of the ramifications of getting involved, so he's a better target. When the kid goes from there to college, the contact has already been made.

I'm not a great believer in the psychiatric approach to drug counseling. I do think college players are entitled to some help with their schoolwork because of the amount of time they spend away from class. If somebody counted the number of days that players miss because of practice, road trips, tournaments, charitable appearances and TV, it would really add up.

They've got to have somebody to help out. That's why [Georgetown's] John Thompson and [Indiana's] Bobby Knight are so great. They tell their players, "Hell, we won't let you go; that's all."

Colleges should also give athletes five years on scholarship to complete their coursework, because of the unusual demands on their time. For example, if a team makes the Final Four in basketball, the players are out pretty near a month. That's ridiculous. Unless the guys are geniuses, it's impossible for them to keep up with their studies. Len Bias failed, and people made a big issue of it. Everybody blamed Lefty, but there wasn't anything he could do about it. There was no way the kid could get to class.

The thing to do about the drug problem is to continue building awareness, so that the ballplayers will know that they'd better watch their step. You've got to make the penalty for taking drugs strong enough, because the biggest deterrent is fear: fear of not getting a scholarship to play ball, fear of being thrown off the team, fear of being deprived of a professional career.

DENNY CRUM, HEAD BASKETBALL COACH,
UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE

To our knowledge, we've never had a drug problem at Louisville, but that doesn't mean we couldn't. We've instituted a prevention program, and we drug-tested all last year on a random basis. We have our own equipment, and we'll continue to use it.

Last year, in the pre-season, we also had a professional group that does drug-prevention and rehabilitation work spend 16 hours in a seminar with our team. We're doing it again this year. I was not in the meetings—this was just between the professionals and the players. They talk about all aspects of drug abuse: what it does, what people think it does, how to say no, how to know when somebody is involved.


Education will make the difference. I'm really pleased to see the President and Nancy Reagan make a public issue of it. I think that in itself could help. And to me, that's a step in the right direction. When they get behind something, I think people will fall in line.

JERRY TARKANIAN, HEAD BASKETBALL COACH,
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, LAS VEGAS

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their friends and made a mistake.

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LARRY BROWN, HEAD BASKETBALL COACH,
UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS

We've been giving drug tests at Kansas, and that worries me. I always tell the kids I trust them, and here I am testing them for drugs. But if drug tests help prevent drug use, you've got to be in favor of them. I understand the right of privacy, but I'm not talking about that. I'm talking about stopping kids from doing something that can lead to deaths like Lenny Bias'.

We have a doctor and a laboratory that administer the test. They pick the kids at random. I'm trying to change that. We're going to take them all, but the dates will be staggered so that they won't know when they're coming up. The first time a player tests positive, the trainer notifies him and he goes for counseling. The second time, he goes for more counseling, the family and coach are notified and he's suspended, but he retains his scholarship. The third time it comes up positive, he's suspended and he loses his scholarship. But I don't think we would carry out the third step. I think that we would try to stay with the kid as long as we could.

Drugs were just becoming popular when I started coaching. I watched some of the greatest young players do drugs and I was not able to help. [Former Denver Nuggets star] David Thompson and I had an unbelievable relationship. Then he got involved with drugs and became distant. At the time, I didn't know what the problem was, and when I found out, it was almost too late. Kids who are on drugs won't allow you to help them. They've got to make up their minds themselves. With

[former New Jersey Nets player] Micheal Ray Richardson, I was a little bit more aware. I helped take him to the hospital in New Jersey, but he was already gone.

Before these guys started on drugs, our relationships were real strong. Then, after the drug use started, I'd see them becoming distant from me and their teammates. I saw a tremendous deterioration in them physically, in both their appetites and their losses of weight and coordination. The thing that hurts is that when I was coaching at UCLA, the kids who remembered David would say, "Hey, this guy's the greatest." But he changed. I call David all the time, asking him to come back to work with us at Kansas, but we can't even reach the guy.

You know what else bothers me? Reading about how Len Bias was 21 class hours short on his academic requirements. If you go over the general population of college students, it takes four and a half years for most of them to graduate. And for most of these senior ballplayers, with all-star games and touring, the second semester of their senior year is a waste. Bias' school record doesn't mean that Lefty Driesell didn't do a good job. I look at the 21 hours Lenny had left, and I think he did a pretty damn good job. He was within half a year of graduating. If this is a problem, then why don't the schools stop freshman eligibility? You know who that would hurt? It would hurt the coaches and the universities that want quick fixes for their teams. But it would help the kids.

I get really mad when I hear the charge that our basketball players are under too much pressure. I think that comes from a bunch of administrative guys who are making an excuse, saying we spend too much time with the kids. The kids love to play. I don't think they feel pressure and I don't think pressure is put on them. This is the greatest experience of their lives.



INTERMISSION

(continued from page 122)

window toward her. "Now!"

The car seems to swerve and the next thing she knows, she's all alone out in mid-air someplace (out of the corner of her eye she sees the gangster's car leave the cliff edge and go somersaulting explosively far below), and then she's falling. She doesn't know how long she keeps falling; maybe she passes out for a second, because it seems like almost the next day when she hits the water—which is cold as ice and churning like an old washing machine and wakes her up right away, if, in fact, she was asleep before. She flounders in the swirling waves, wishing now she hadn't always been so self-conscious in a swimming suit and had at least gone to the pool enough to learn something about how you stay on top of this stuff and keep from swallowing so much of it. What's worse, when for a moment she does manage to get her head above the surface, she can see she's being swept toward some kind of rapidly approaching horizon, which even she in her landlocked innocence knows can only be the edge of a waterfall: The roar is deafening, and she can see spume rising from below like the mist they use in those films about dying and going to the other world. Well, out of the frying pan and down the drain, as her friend would say: She holds her nose and gets ready for the plunge.

But, just as the current starts to pick up speed and propel her over the edge, along comes this empty barrel, tumbling and rolling in the waves, and sort of scoops her up, headfirst—and there she is, halfway inside, her head banging around on the bottom, her backside up in the air and feet kicking, when she feels the whole apparatus tip, pause and then drop. It is not a pleasant ride. The half of her left outside feels very airy and vulnerable the whole way down, not unlike the way it felt when she got sent to the principal's office for a paddling in the fourth grade, while the half on the inside gets shaken around like the ping-pong balls in a lucky-numbers barrel. *Ow!* It hurts worse than the time she went roller skating and got thrown off the tail end of a snake line. Or the night her friends shoved some cotton candy and a double-dip ice-cream cone into her hands and pushed her down the collapsing ramp of a carnival funhouse, with a thousand people standing out front, watching and laughing their fat heads off.

It seems to take centuries to get to the bottom—that's how it is when you think each second is going to be your last—but finally the whirling and pounding are over and she finds herself dizzily afloat, her head at the dark, smelly end of the barrel, her legs dangling in the water, which does not seem so cold now. A kind of chilly current passes under her and something tickles her thighs, giving her the shivers, so she slides out of the barrel and, holding on



to its rim, gazes dreamily around her. She seems to have been cast far out to sea: nothing but water in all directions. And then she sees them: fins slicing through the water! Sharks! *Hundreds* of them! She scrambles back into the barrel, kicking frantically, and by throwing her weight at the bottom tips it upright, even as those huge slimy things come streaking by, whumping and thumping against it, as though trying to tip it over again.

She squats down, peering over the edge at them, her heart in her throat (why is everything in this world so *hungry* all the time?), safe for the moment but not for long: The barrel is more than half full of water—it's nearly up to her nibbles, as her girlfriend would say—and more is lapping in over the rim every minute. She tries to scoop it out with her hands, but it's too slow. Her shoe doesn't work much better. She makes a kind of bag out of her blouse, but it's too torn up to hold anything. She feels like she's in one of those slow-motion sequences in which the more you run, the more you don't go anywhere. Finally, what works best is her bra, always the friend closest to her heart, as the ads say. She develops a kind of jack-in-the-box motion, collapsing her hands together underwater, filling both cups at once, then quickly spreading them apart as she snaps the bra upward—*splush! whoosh! splash! whoosh!*—over and over, like she might be trying to fill up the ocean.

Eventually, the bra snaps—that much action it was never made for—but she has won the battle. She bails the rest out with her one remaining shoe. She notices the sharks have gone. Probably it just got too weird for them. Not that her problems are over, of course. She's adrift in a leaky barrel on an endless ocean, no food, no water, not even a cough drop. Boy, isn't that the way it always is? The one time she's worked off enough calories to really let herself go, and they take away the concessions. She pulls what's left of her blouse back on, loosens the buttons at the waist of her skirt and slumps once again into a cramped-up squat at the pudgy bottom of the barrel, feeling empty and bloated at the same time. She'd chew on the ticket stub she's still clinging to if it weren't all soggy with sea brine.

Days pass; weeks, maybe; she loses count. She gets lonely, exhilarated, depressed, raving mad, horny. Then one day, on the distant horizon, she sees smoke. Right away, of course, she thinks of somebody roasting hot dogs or marshmallows and starts paddling frantically toward it with her bare hands. This is not very effective. She makes a sail out of her skirt and holds it up between her arms, which works better. The smoke, she sees, is coming out of the top of a mountain. It's all a lot farther away than she'd thought. The sharks come back and she has to beat them off with her shoe, temporarily losing the use of her masts, as they might be called; but still, slowly, progress is made.

As she bobs, at last, toward the shore, she sees that a welcoming party—a bunch of natives with long spears and flowery necklaces—has come out to meet her. Her skirt has shrunk so much she can't get it up past her knees, but her underpants have little purple and green hearts on them (ever a wishful thinker) and might easily be mistaken for a swimsuit, especially by foreigners who aren't wearing all that much themselves. She's not sure what you say to natives on occasions like this but finally decides the best thing is just to wave and say hi. This doesn't work as well as she might have hoped. They grab her, tie her hands and feet to long poles and start lugging her on their shoulders up the mountainside. "Volcano god much hungry," one of them explains, stroking his belly, and it's true she can hear its insides rumbling even worse than her own.

"But, hey, I haven't eaten for weeks. Shouldn't you at least fatten me up first?" she shouts back hopefully as he walks on ahead, but he doesn't hear her, or pretends not to.

At the lip of the volcano, just as they're about to heave her in—she can already feel the heat on her backside, smell the sulphur coiling round; it's a desperate situation, but what can she do, she's never been good at languages—an argument breaks out. There's some little fellow there who looks a lot like the driver of the gangsters' car but now with burnt cork smeared on his face, leaping about hysterically and screaming something about "Medicine man! Medicine man!" This sets off a lot of squawking and hallooing and spear rattling, but at last they untie her and send her off down the mountainside with kicks and spear swats, snatching up her rescuer and tossing him in instead. She can hear his fading yell for what seems like hours as she runs away down the trail they've sent her on.

The trail leads to a small hut in a clearing, where a man stands waiting for her. It's the same guy she saw in the theater lobby, except his chest is bare and bronzed now and his shorts are so thin you can almost see through them. "The plan worked!" he exclaims, taking her in his arms. "You're here with me at last!" Listen, there were probably easier ways, she might have said if she weren't so out of breath, but by now he is peeling back her blouse shreds and gazing popeyed at her best act, so what the heck. Don't step on them, as her friend would say.

He fills his hands with them, rolling them round and round, pinching the nipples between his fingers, having all kinds of fun, then leans down to give them a little lick with his tongue, which might be a lot more exciting if it didn't remind her how ravenous she is. That shoulder under her nose is about the most delicious thing she's seen since the invention of peanut butter. He gapes his mouth and is just about to take one of them in whole when everything gets shaken by a tremendous

explosion and suddenly a bunch of trees that were there aren't there anymore. He looks up anxiously, holding her close, and then another one whistles and hits, knocking them off their feet. "*Invasion!*" he cries and grabs her hand, dragging her, both of them scrambling toward the jungle cover.

His hut gets hit next and it sends plumes of flame soaring miles into the sky, debris bombing out everywhere; they've gotten away from it in the nick of time! What was he doing, running a dynamite factory in there? "My precious experiments!" he explains, gasping, as he pulls her, his pained face scratched and soot-streaked, on into the jungle. He leads her along a treacherous path through snarling panthers, shrieking birds, swamps full of crocodiles and mosquitoes, until they reach a row of bunkers down near the beach, where a handful of exhausted soldiers are holding out against wave after wave of enemy invaders. He dumps a couple of bodies aside, grabs up their rifles, hands her one and throws himself down into the bunker just as a dozen bullets ricochet off the lip of it. He pops up, guns down four or five invaders, ducks down again, the bullets pinging and whizzing around his ears—jeepers, he's something amazing. I'm in love! she thinks, unable to deny it any longer. I'm cuckoo, I'm on fire, I'm over the harvest moon! "*Get down!*" he yells at her. Oh, yeah, right. She's almost too excited to think straight!

She knuckles down beside him and he shows her how to use the rifle. He's such a cutie pie, she wishes he'd take another lap at what her friend calls her honey-dewzies, dangling ripely in front of him—or at anything else, for that matter, she's open to suggestions—but, no, he's too busy jumping up and shooting at these other bozos, it's like some kind of obsession with him. Well, she'll try anything once, in spite of all the trouble that dubious principle has got her into in the past, she must be a slow learner. She picks out a gangly guy just splashing in at the shore line, shooting dopily in all directions, gets him in her sights and jerks the trigger. Wow, it nearly takes her arm right off at the shoulder! But it's fun watching him go down: He kind of spread-eagles and goes up in the air about six inches, falling flat on his back in the wave rolling in. She braces herself and takes another shot: It doesn't hurt as much as before, and this time the enemy soldier does a kind of pirouette, spinning on one foot and bouncing a little before flopping to the beach. She pops one in the face, propelling him into a backward somersault, hits another one in the knees and then in his cowlick when his hat comes off as he crumples toward her, gets this one in the belly button (misery loves company, she thinks, suffering an evil burbling and gargling behind her own) and that one in the ear, spins them around and doubles them over with shoes in their ribs and finishes them off with bullets up their boo-boos, lines them up in

her sights and blasts them two, three at a time, aims down their own barrels so their guns blow up in their faces. This is great! She never knew guys had so much fun!

But it's too good to last, as she might have known. She feels a tugging on the seat of her drawers and looks down: It's the sport she came with, lying wounded at her feet, a bloody bandage around his head, hands still clenched around his smoking rifle, the knuckles raw, his eyes red with pain and fever. He seems to be trying to whisper something. She leans close. She can hear the enemy whooping and squealing as they scramble impetuously up the hill toward them like little kids on an Easter-egg hunt. "There aren't many of us left!" he gasps. "You've got to go for help!" She starts to protest—where's the kick in that?—but he cuts her off with a sad, smile: "We're depending on you, sweetheart!" he wheezes, giving her a weak slap on her fanny like one pal to another, so what can she do?

She hurries back through the jungle, knocking off crocs and tigers as she goes,

having pretty much got the hang of this shooting thing; but somehow, maybe because she can't get her lover off her mind (she thinks of him now as her lover, such intimacies as they've shared being no big deal for some people, maybe, naming no names, but all histories, like they say, are relative), she takes a wrong turn and ends up in the desert. She tries to circle back round to the jungle, which she can still see on the horizon; but after plowing up and down a couple of dunes in her bare feet, she can't see it anymore, just acres and acres of endless sand. She tries to trace her footprints backward, but after five or six steps, they disappear.

She thinks maybe it's about time to just sit down and have a good cry; but while she's still only thinking about it, some guys in turbans, pajamas and silky boots with curled toes come galloping along and snatch her up. "Hey, fellas, you wouldn't happen to have a cracker or something?" she asks hopefully, but they only heave her over the back end of a horse, her little hearts aloft, and go thundering off to

some sheik's palace in an oasis.

So, OK, she's had a few surprises since the night she stepped into that movie lobby back in her old home town all those years ago, but the biggest one is yet to come. This sheik is the very same guy who was standing under the poster and who she just left battling impossible odds back in that bunker, only now here he is with what is obviously a very phony mustache pasted on his lip, and she's made to understand that she's his new favorite and is to be his bride. Tonight. Of course, there are a lot of brides—the palace is full of veiled ladies sneaking about, there's a couple dozen of them here in his bedroom alone—but she considers herself a gregarious person and doesn't mind company. She winks at the sheik to let him know she's in on whatever he's got in mind, but he only scowls darkly and bellows something about "stinking pig" and "prepare her for bridal sacrament." OK, let him play it his way.

She's handed over to some eunuchs and serving girls, who lead her down to a kind of shallow swimming pool full of naked ladies and peel her rags off her. She pats her belly and points into her open mouth with her bunched fingers, but they don't get it. Oh, well, it's a wedding, isn't it? Probably there's going to be a banquet, she tells herself, ever the cheery optimist. She's just got her toe in the water, testing how hot it is, when up comes that driver of the gangsters' car again. The past couple of times she's seen him, he was crashing down a cliff in an exploding car and getting thrown into the maw of a smoking volcano, yet here he is again, disguised this time as a eunuch and insisting to everybody that before her bath she has to be taken down to what he calls the virginorium for a health check.

Before she or anyone else can protest, he is hauling her at full pelt down a mirrored hall, her bare feet slapping boisterously on the marble floor, the rest of her all aquiver and goose-bumpy and no doubt rosy pink under all the grime. Her birthday suit, unfortunately, even as starved as she is, could still use a few tucks here and there, a fact that has probably not escaped all the people who are turning to stare at her galumphing by. He pushes her ahead of him suddenly into a dark corridor, presses his back to the wall, glances back. "It's clear!" he hisses. "There's a plane waiting out behind the camel barns. We've got to move fast!"

"Wait a minute," she pants, "I know this guy, it's all right."

"No, you don't! It's not who you think it is! This is his evil twin brother! Didn't you notice the telltale scar, the missing birthmark? Through forged papers, he has stolen his brother's inheritance! He'll stop at nothing! That's why you're involved!"

"What?" It's getting pretty complicated. "Look, I'm not particular; they're both pretty cute."

He seizes her wrist. "Let me show you



"Perfect!"

something."

He drags her down more corridors, more stairs, more narrow passages. "Talk about stopping at nothing," she grumbles. They're now deep in the labyrinth of the palace. He puts his fingers to his lips, sidles cautiously toward a locked door.

"This is the room of the favorites," he whispers. "First they dance for the sheik, they become his bride and then they come here." He picks the lock with a piece of wire concealed mysteriously on his person. Inside: a roomful of severed heads!

She screams. It's a kind of reflex. "I'm sorry, I don't know what came over me," she whispers. They can hear footsteps approaching. He strokes the wall like a blind man trying to guess what it is. Suddenly, just as the footsteps come clattering down the stairs into the corridor, a piece of the wall slides open and they slip behind it, pressing the wall quickly together again like completing a puzzle.

The secret passage leads back to the harem pool. "Grab your clothes and let's get out of here!" he rasps. It's hardly worth it—all that's left are her raggedy blouse and bikini pants, and it's a hot climate, anyway—but she does as she is told, having always been an easygoing sort. While she's pulling them on, the other eunuchs and serving girls crowd around, trying to herd her back into the pool again, but her friend makes a slicing gesture at his throat and grabs her by the hair. They all understand this and back away. He drags her away by the hair, which she thinks is pushing the realism a bit too far; but before she can complain, they run into some of the apes who kidnaped her in the first place. The head-chopping act doesn't work with these guys. "You! Dance!" one of them grunts, pushing her brusquely toward the sheik's bedroom. She trips and falls. If she can't even walk, do these mugs think she can dance? Her eunuch chum helps her to her feet, whispering furtively in her ear, "All right, this is it, kid."

"But I'm a rotten dancer!" she whimpers. "All I can do is polka!"

"All you gotta do is be yourself—you can do it! Now get in there and show 'em your stuff! I'll be waiting at the plane!"

She gets shoved into the sheik's bedroom, where there's a big crowd gathered for her show, and the sheik asks her in his clumsy, unpleasant accent, which she still suspects must be some kind of put-on, why she hasn't got out of her dirty old rags ("feely old wrecks," he calls them), and, thinking fast, she tells him that what she'd planned to do as her first number is the *Dance of the Filthy Pig*. He looks skeptical and she tells him that it's very popular right now where she comes from and just to sit back and have a good time. She's never danced alone in public before, but once she's thought up the title, the rest comes easy. Anyone can do a dancing pig, especially if she's had a little cheerleading practice. She throws in a bit of dancing

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duck and dancing cow, which has the sheik boggling his eyes and twisting the ends of his mustache, and she might have gone on and done the whole barnyard (already—she can't help herself—she's thinking career) if they hadn't interrupted her with a loud gong and presented her with a covered platter: a banquet, after all! Her stomach gurgles in anticipation.

What she finds when she lifts the lid, however, is the severed head of her eunuch friend, now wearing his old cloth driving cap, something metal between his pale-blue lips. A key! She's crying on the inside, or maybe even throwing up, but on the outside, she laughs crazily and snatches up the cloth cap with one hand, subtly cops the key with the other: Bless his heart, his jaws are clamped around the key and she has to push on his face to get it out, sending the head rolling around on the marble floor, but this only adds authenticity to her second rendition, which she has just announced as *Follow the Bouncing Head*. She tugs the cap down tight over her eyebrows and starts dancing wildly around the room, kicking the head ahead of her and chasing after, and, before they can recover from their amazement, boots it out the door and down the hall.

By the time she's found a way out of this pretzely loony bin, she can hear them clattering and shouting right behind her. This is going to be close! She sends her friend back down the corridor on one last mission, hoping to bowl a few of them over, and races out into the moonlight. She has no idea where the camel barns might be, but she just follows her nose and finds them and, sure enough, out back she finds an old museum-piece airplane. As she jumps up into the cockpit and tries to figure out where to put the key in (she can just hear her girlfriend saying, "Honey, put it anywhere it feels good!"), she can hear the barns filling up behind her with rabid scimitar-swinging soreheads, and she realizes, as though it's just dawning on her, that she hasn't got the dimmest notion of how to fly one of these clunkers. Those head-hunting goons are already clambering up on the wing with blood in their eyes, though, so what choice has she got?

When she finally does locate the slot, everything happens violently at once: She's suddenly gunning madly down the field at full throttle, bouncing and careening, shedding startled assassins, probably there's a clutch or something she should have used, but too late now, all that's ancient history; right now, she's got only one problem and that's how to get this gazunkas up in the air before she hits something—like those camel barns, for example, coming straight at her. She seems to have got spun around, and all those guys in the pajamas who were chasing her have stopped in their tracks, gaped in wild-eyed shock and are now racing each other for the barns once more.

She pulls, punches, twists, kicks, flicks, slaps and screams at every doobob on the

panel in front of her, but nothing works, so she finally just closes her eyes, hugs the steering gadget between her legs and shrinks back from the impending blow. Which doesn't come. She opens her eyes to find the old clattertrap miraculously rattling straight up into the moonlit sky, the palace and then the oasis itself disappearing into the darkness beneath her. Startled, she pushes the control stick away and—whoops!—she's diving straight back to where she came from! All right, she's not completely stupid, a little pushing and pulling on that gizmo, and pretty soon the roller coaster flattens out to something like a horse race with hurdles.

Not bad for a jelly bean, as her friend would say; in fact, she'd be pretty proud of flying this contraption, first time like this and by the seat of her pants, as it were, if, one, the seat weren't so wet (listen, it was pretty scary back there for a while—who knows if all those terrorized movie heroines do any better, they don't show you *everything*) and, two, there were some way of parking it and getting out without having to go all the way back down to the ground again. She pokes around for instructions, or even a bag of peanuts to calm her nerves, and comes on a sort of clockface on the panel in front of her with the minute hand pointing to EMPTY. Oh, boy, that's all she needs. Even now, the motor's making a funny choking noise, like it's got something stuck in its windpipe, and what the little lights way down below seem to be telling her is "Good night, sweetheart, good night."

She fumbles in her seat, under it, behind it, finds a pack of cards, a cigar butt, some rubber bands, a used bar of soap coated with dust balls, a thumb-worn Western, an empty gin bottle, a plastic ring with a secret code inside and, finally, what she's looking for, a parachute. The old crate is wheezing and snorting like a sick mule by now and has already started to take a noser, so she harnesses herself in the chute, flicks the cockpit open and launches herself out into the night, amazed at her aplomb at such an altitude, since even sitting up in the balcony at the movies makes her dizzy.

She's not sure where she's going to land or who's going to be waiting for her or what kind of impression she's going to make, dropping in on them in a cloth cap, moist undies and a few streamers of bleached-out blouse, but she's hoping the element of surprise will give her the lead time she needs to vanish before they figure out what they've seen. She does wish she had her lost lashes back, though, or at least some deodorant, not to mention the common comb. As though triggered by that thought, the cap flies off and she glances up through her streaming tangle of hair to watch it vanish into the night sky, thinking as she gazes up into the starry dome, Wait a minute, something's wrong—*where's the parachute?* Don't these things open by *themselves*?

Then she remembers something from all those old war movies about a ring. It's like a window shade or a wedding—you have to put your finger in a ring, then pull. She scrabbles around for it, but she can't find it. She can't find *anything* with this dumb thing strapped on her back; she's getting a crick in her neck from trying, so she peels it off and searches it. Nothing. It's like a pillow. Should she just hold it under her and hope for the best? She's dropping so fast! Then she discovers a placket and buttons, like a man's fly. She fumbles with the buttons, regretting tearfully, not for the first time in her life, her lack of practice. What she finds inside is a kind of nozzle with a nipple on the end. What? Is she supposed to blow this thing up? This is crazy! She jerks irritably on the nipple; there's a windy hissing sound and—*pop!*—she finds herself suddenly afloat under a gigantic gas balloon.

Wow! Here she comes, hanging on desperately by one hand and whooshing down over lit-up Main Street, causing cars to screech and crash, dogs to yap hysterically, pedestrians to stumble all over one another in gap-mouthed amazement. She's still too shaken to revel in all this attention, her heart's hammering away in her chest like the drum of a restless native and her nose is either running or bleeding, all she really wants right now is to go sit down somewhere for a few years, even her appetite seems to have failed her. And it's not over yet! She doesn't know how long she can hang on to the nozzle, and the balloon, sweeping down the street toward the movie theater now, seems, if anything, to be rising again.

Just when all seems lost, her hand sweaty and slipping its grip, the balloon itself caught in a sudden updraft of hot air from the movie lobby that might take her off who knows where, she spies the awning over the hardware store next door and lets go, dropping onto the awning as though onto a haystack and sliding down it into a pile of rubbish on the curb—not the prettiest of landings, maybe, and a canvas burn or two to remember it by, but she's an all-in-one piece, as her girlfriend would say, she still has her ticket stub, and in the theater, the intermission buzzer is just this moment sounding its final warning and everyone is rushing back to his seat.

Luckily, the usher is looking the other way as she goes streaking past, the doors swinging closed behind her, the auditorium already dark, some children's cartoon starting up on the screen: loud screeching and banging noises, tinkling music, one animal stomping another one—the usual thing and distracting enough, she's pretty sure, that no one notices how she's dressed or, rather, not. Her friend has crawled into the row behind and is curled up with the cowboy, her hand in his lap; and just as well, because she's too poohed out to put up with any wisecracks just now—her friend sometimes can be a pain, especially when

she's trying to ring some guy's bell.

She scrunches down in her seat, feeling a strange chill and wishing she'd brought along a sweater or something, not to mention some spare blue jeans and an extra pair of shoes. Her teeth start to chatter and her flesh goes all shivery, but it can't be that cold in here; probably it's just nerves (she's never sat this *close* to one of these seats before, so to speak), so she tries to focus on the cartoon to calm herself down. But there's something odd. One of the animals has been twisted into a kind of coiled spring and is boing-boinging around in a way that usually has people hooting and yipping and rolling around in the aisles—but no one's laughing. No one's making *any* kind of sound whatsoever. She twists around uneasily and peeks over the back of her seat: The auditorium, lit only by the light from the projector, is full of people, all right; but they're all sitting stiffly in their seats with weird, flattened-out faces, their dilated eyes locked onto the screen like they're hypnotized or dead or something. Uh-oh. She reaches back and taps her friend to ask her what she thinks is going on, and her friend, jostled, slides lifelessly off the guy's lap onto the floor between the seats. There's a soft bump, clearly audible under the tinny whistle and crash up on the screen, the burlesque rattle up there as of things tumbling down a thousand stairs. The guy's not looking too great, either, just sprawled out there with his cowboy hat down over his nose, his slobbery mouth hanging open, his belt buckle undone, his hand cupped rigidly around a skinny behind that isn't there anymore. She's about to let out a yell when she feels this icy clawlike grip on her shoulder, and she can't even squeak. The claw twists her around in her seat until she's facing the screen again and holds her there, peering up in the creepy silence at all that hollow tomfoolery and wondering how she's going to get out of *this* one. If how is the word. It's like some kind of spell, and there's probably a way to break it, but right now she can't think of it, she almost can't think at all, it's like that hoodoo behind her has stuck one of those bony fingers deep in her ear and pushed the off button. So what can she do? She stares up at the screen and pretends to watch the mayhem, wishing only that she'd at least picked up that soft drink on the way in or, better yet, a tub of popcorn and a half dozen chili dogs; it might be a long night. Like her friend would say, if she were still alive: "Sometimes, sweetie, you just have to hunker down, spread your cheeks and let nature take its curse." Anyway, as far as she can tell, the claw only wants her to watch the movie, and, hey, she's been watching movies all her life, so why stop now, right? Besides, isn't there always a happy ending? Has to be. It comes with the price of the ticket. . . .



COCAINE

(continued from page 68)

are increasingly recruiting athletes who bring drug histories with them.

Athletes are as susceptible to mixed messages as anyone else. Americans consume more drugs, legal and illegal, than any other people on earth. From prescription drugs to patent medicines, from the coffee break to the three-martini lunch, from marijuana to cocaine, we have so institutionalized dope use that anyone who abstains from drugs could well be considered deviant.

Dr. Marlin Mackenzie, counselor to scores of amateur and professional athletes and director of the Sports Performance Laboratory at Teachers College, Columbia University, feels that athletes are just another group of victims in what he sees as a dependent culture.

Dr. Mackenzie says ours is a society in which young people are not encouraged to take responsibility for their own lives: "As

infants, we are wired to be independent, but society reinforces quite the opposite. And sports are a good example." Although the potential benefit of an athletic program is in giving a student a sense of his own power, Mackenzie says, athletes today are constantly being told what to do.

As Harry Edwards points out, "We begin to compress them into unidimensional personalities; we insist that above all they be athletes. And nobody expects anything else of them. They become deficient in other forms of development; they often feel that traditional restrictions don't apply to them. Even when one is found to be deficient, we tell him, 'We will cover for you because you are a ballplayer.' They are suspended in a state of perpetual adolescence. They rely on others to applaud them, to reward them, to determine whether they are successful."

They are playing for their coaches, for their fathers or for their teammates, Mackenzie explains, and the emphasis on winning is enormous. They apply pressure to



Handelman

"You kids don't know how lucky you are. In my school days, we didn't have learning experiences. We had to settle for learning."

themselves and blame its consequences on others, the flip side of their dependency being a lack of accountability.

"What goes on out there is totally unrealistic," he points out. "Athletes expect to be number one, and the truth is 85 percent of them *lose*." Taking his statistics from baseball (with one world-series winner) and from professional tennis (where two out of 256 win in an average singles tournament), as well as N.C.A.A. basketball, he says, "An athlete puts pressure on himself to be one of 15 percent, and this emphasis on winning undermines the very foundation of sports."

According to Mackenzie, college athletes are especially vulnerable, Bias being a good example.

"Many athletes don't have the intellectual ability for college. Their dependency is exacerbated by the presence of academic counselors and tutors. Soon the student loses all sense of his own identity. It is very hard for an athlete today to feel good about himself. And one thing drugs do is make you feel good."

In a continuing spiral, illegal drugs reinforce an athlete's low self-esteem by immediately making him a criminal. Mackenzie, who sees organized athletic endeavor as "a very positive growth experience," is optimistic about the athletes' ability to interrupt that spiral.

"Athletes are unique. They control their physical performance with extremely complex mental processes—they have great power and capacity. Successful counseling lies in simply turning a student back on his own resources."

The resources on which we as a nation fall back are not quite so easy to identify.

Before the availability of nickel-bag free-base, before the appearance of crack on the street, a cocaine habit in America was about as easy to come by as an interest-bearing account in Zurich. Chiefly a law-enforcement issue until recently, cocaine, the white-collar white man's recreational accessory, was pretty much overlooked by politicians in the Seventies. Where drug use in general galvanized almost no political attention until it moved out of the ghetto in the Sixties, cocaine use in particular did not become the national election issue it is until it moved, in the form of crack, back *into* the ghetto.

A principal agent in the ruined careers of various white professionals—the wealthy in particular, celebrities, including athletes, in general—cocaine, ironically, has finally found its way onto the legislative agenda through the politically unignorable death of a single black American youth.

Ronald Reagan, who turned his attention to the drug issue only after his pollster Richard Wirthlin insisted he do so, may be the only modern President smooth enough to put a drug program over on the American public. It was not long ago that

Americans received an enlightening lesson in the politics of heroin in Southeast Asia. Not much more than a decade has passed since the Central Intelligence Agency, in support of anti-Communist war lords in Thailand, was flying the heroin they processed out of the Golden Triangle, bringing tons of smack to market here (where the Justice Department was jailing marijuana smokers) in the name of national security.

Similar forces are at work today all over the Middle East. A thriving market in hashish has its correlative in the security of American interests in Lebanon. Does anybody truly expect *any* President of the United States to move on even the most coke-fluid Latin-American government when its continued stability is essential to his policy in the region?

"To have spontaneous access to cocaine, an athlete has to join a criminal subculture that sooner or later changes everything he has ever believed of himself."

Is it any wonder that so many today have so little respect for the law, so little regard for the rules, for any code of conduct articulated by leadership as morally bankrupt as this?

In the 1986 N.C.A.A. basketball tournament, each college whose team made the Final Four took home \$893,000. The 1986 Rose Bowl paid \$11,600,000 to the two teams that competed. An athletic scholarship today is a capital investment; it is what a university spends to make that kind of money. In lieu of payment for the athlete's services, the university agrees to educate him. Implicit in the spirit of the contract is the fact that the university will violate it. Not only do colleges recruit illiterates, they graduate them with bachelor's degrees. Compensating athletes with the illusion that four years of dedicated service will lead to a lucrative career in professional sports, they fail to stipulate how statistically prohibitive the odds are against a player's ever being invited to compete at that level. Given the value of such a degree, the likelihood of his being hired to do anything else is even more remote.

Cocaine is more dangerous than a legion of equally powerful drugs because it is not available legally. To have spontaneous access to cocaine—as opposed to

alcohol, say—an athlete has to join a criminal subculture that sooner or later alters his values, changes everything he has ever believed of himself. Making a felon out of everyone who uses it, cocaine breeds a kind of situational ethics in otherwise law-abiding citizens. Soon criminal behavior is nothing more than a figure of speech.

Where cocaine differs from other illegal drugs is in the undeniable reality that everybody—including all those who so regularly condemn it—thinks it is sexy. Vilifying drug use in general, the press plays on coke's glamor to sell magazines, daily papers and nightly news broadcasts. Just as local anchor people expropriated such words as *bust* and *rip-off* from the counterculture in the Sixties, they enthusiastically borrow street jargon today to introduce cops-and-dope-dealers footage that scans like the typical music video.

A television program such as *Miami Vice*, in which the antidrug forces are the heroes, takes its glamor from the lifestyles of its various villains and from the stylishness of cops who just happen to *live* like coke dealers.

No doubt, Len Bias thought cocaine was sexy, too. It was all part of a very slick package he bought when he left the Columbia Park Recreation Center, when he set forth from Landover, Maryland, and entered the world of big-time sports.

What he might have learned had he lived a little longer was that nobody really *cared* that he was flunking everything in sight. His degree was not a part of the package.

"Mr. Madkins," Bias said after his Celtics physical, "it's like [they're] buying a piece of meat."

In the end, what went wrong, tragically, was that nothing went wrong. The recent embarrassment, the "Len Bias thing," was nothing more than business as usual.

It is a business in which we are all participants. And athletes are not its only victims. Ensuring the physical and intellectual development of its children reflects no merit upon a nation that sends them forth with underdeveloped hearts.

Cocaine has been around for centuries. Like other things that do nothing but make you feel good, cocaine produces benefits that are only temporary. A danger to people who have nothing better to do with their time, it is a calamity in a society overflowing with people who have nothing better to do with their lives.

Wharton Lee Madkins says, "We'll pay more attention to the kids. We'll follow up this time. We're going to have a study program. If the kids put half their time into studying, they'll be smart."

Shaking his head, he says, "We got so hung up on basketball."



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MAFIA PRINCESS (continued from page 79)

“Sam wouldn’t let me go out at night, so I adjusted my schedule. I took long, long lunches.”

Not that Antoinette was totally thrilled with the TV movie. She first asked the producers to let her play herself and, when they refused, asked to play her mother, the part that eventually went to Kathleen Widdoes. Finally, all Antoinette got was a one-line role as a guest at her own first Communion. She complained publicly but has since gotten over her pique. Unlike her father, she says, “I can’t hold a grudge for a long period of time.”

So how did she feel when she saw her life portrayed on prime-time television? “It came off pretty well. It was the number-one-rated show in its time slot. Kathleen Widdoes did a decent job as my mother, Tony Curtis did a fine job as my father, and most of the other actors were good. My only problem was with Susan Lucci, as me. She overacted. Also, she came off as a Hollywood woman, not as a Chicago girl. She talked all wrong for a Chicago girl. If she’d called me, I would have helped her get a feeling for my life; but as it was, she barely spoke to me.”

Which is too bad for Lucci, if only because Antoinette is a walking storehouse of anecdotes and observations about the unsavory men she refers to as either “the boys” or “the outfit.” For instance: “Frank Sinatra says he was never controlled by the outfit. But my father opened a night club called the Villa Venice in Wheeling, Illinois, in the late Sixties. It had gambling in the back, which was how it made its real profits, but my father needed some big acts to open the place, to get it off the ground. He wanted Sinatra. Sinatra didn’t want to come, said he had another booking.

Besides, the Villa Venice was a very small club compared with the places he usually worked. But my father got word to him: Sing or else. Sinatra was there.”

On the subject of gangsters and their women, Antoinette has a wry sense of humor. “The outfit isn’t an equal-opportunity employer. The boys don’t think women should be involved in the business, but that’s a mistake. If the women had been trained to handle responsibility, a lot of the guys who’ve been indicted in Kansas City lately would have fewer worries about running the day-to-day business. Things are beginning to change, though. I understand that in Italy [where dozens of Mafia chieftains have been indicted and imprisoned since 1985], the guys are turning to the women and the women are taking over.

“But, for the most part, these men feel that their women should be saints. If they want hot sex, they go somewhere else. A wife isn’t supposed to know about hot sex. My father viewed my mother as a saint. She never talked about sex. Hell, I don’t even talk about it. It flusters me, even now. I get all nervous.”

In *Mafia Princess*, Antoinette described how protective Sam was of her virginity. So how did she manage to have “many, many affairs” without his knowing about them?

“Sam wouldn’t let me go out at night, so I adjusted my schedule. I was working most of the time, either as a secretary or in a doctor’s office [she’s a practical nurse and lab technician], and Sam couldn’t keep track of me during the day. So I took long, long lunches. If I went for a four-hour lunch during the day, Sam didn’t

mind. But if I went out for four hours at night, he couldn’t stand it.”

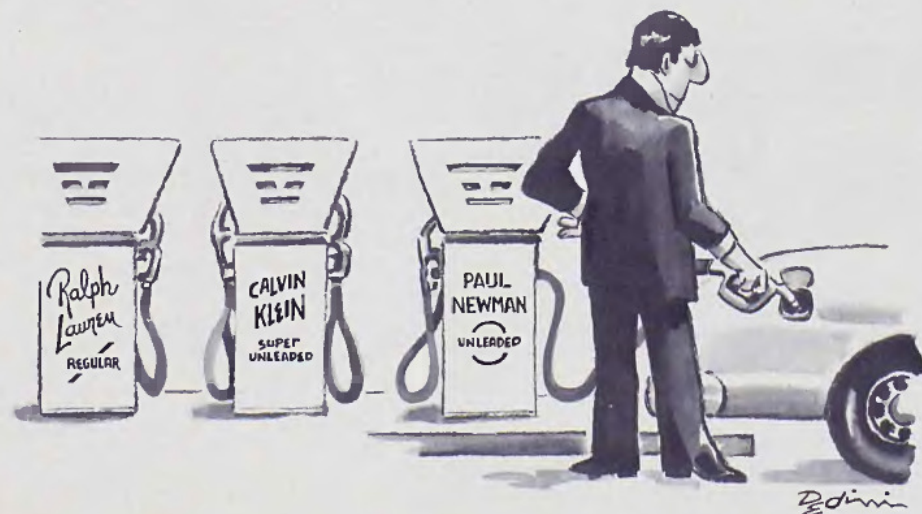
Now that she’s settled down, she looks back on her younger days fondly but not without regrets. “Women are always attracted to men with power and money, and I certainly was. The problem is, the more you get, the more you want. I wound up treating men just like my father treated women. I used men for my own glory. I wanted the candlelit dinners, the flowers, the pieces of jewelry. I liked to be seen with men who looked good and made a good presentation in public. But I rarely let my feelings get involved. I learned that from my father, too. Mobsters are all great actors. They put up a brick wall around their emotions, so that nobody—not even they—knows what they’re feeling.”

However, as Antoinette also admits, she’s never been hardhearted, so it wasn’t easy for her to numb her feelings. She needed assistance from a bottle to do that. And it is her long affair with alcohol that she now regrets most.

“If there’s one thing I’d like to say to any young people who may be reading this, it’s ‘Hey, you may think that booze is sophisticated, but it can throw your whole life off track before you ever get started.’ I know. It nearly killed me. It certainly cost me my reputation. Drinking too much makes people do things they wouldn’t ordinarily do. I think if I hadn’t drunk so much when I was young, I wouldn’t have messed up my life. If anyone who reads about my life is prevented from going to the depths of hell the way I did, then my telling my story has been worth it.”

Now that things are looking bright for her for the first time in years, Antoinette says she finds herself becoming more conservative. “It seems as if the older I get, the wiser I get—the more I find myself appreciating those old values that I rebelled against when I was young. Not the outfit’s values, of course, but the old-world Italian values: respect for the social institutions like family, home and Church. I think the reason I rebelled when I was young was basically to get my father’s attention. I always felt he didn’t love me and that I was the ugly duckling in the family. Now I realize that Sam didn’t love *anybody* except my mother, so I’ve stopped punishing myself.

“I’m finally more relaxed with who I am, and I’m happier being me than ever before. I’ve even learned to like my emotions and my intensity, which got me into so much trouble in the past. I like being around people now. Being interviewed by the media has given me a lot of confidence and self-esteem I didn’t have before. Now I feel I can get some of the things I’ve always wanted out of life. It may be a little late, but it’s better late than never.”



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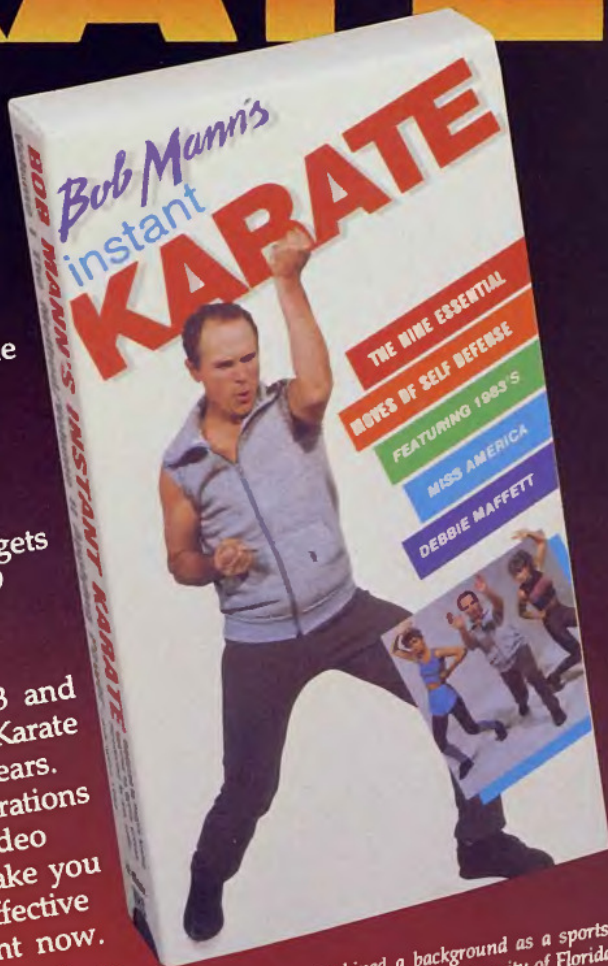
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Consult your physician before beginning this or any other program. Certain sports may not be appropriate for all people.

"This is what my life'll reduce to. All the 10,000 hours of practice and the eight busted ribs."

slow. I am pathetic. Tall and pathetic and worn on down.

Time t' wrap, Nelson. This is the big plastic taco and we screwed it up. Damn, our asses have been pinworm tight. Five points down, just like the Vegas line said, and milliseconds t' go. Well, no one gonna interview you in the locker room, buddo. No prime time for you. Pick up the wife and trailer and head back West with a quart of Wild Turkey and a bag of Cheez-Its. Forget the Cheez-Its, right; I gotta drive.

Back off, Fein.

Seven steps to control and cut. I'm the last man in all of football t' count his own strides, like old Ray Berry. Fein knows you're not runnin' a post, knows you've gotta catch and get outa bounds. Yah, but he thinks I'm goin' down at least 20 yards, not 12. Make the cut spiffy for once, else you'll never put a step on him. A half step. Little fox face, he's watchin' my belly button again. Can't fake with your navel; damn thing goes where you go, uh-huh.

Jesus, I just thought, This here is my very last route, could be. Twenty years of runnin' patterns, man and boy. My mind is fulla flares and slants and flags and drags, like wiggly bacteria. And from what Shep said this ayem, they are not gonna pick up Bob Nelson's contract next year. Draftin' for speed, right. What'd he say? "Play this like it was your last." Comin' in loud and clear—the last. And I swear before the holy savior, next fall I will not play touch in the park. Show us how you useta do it, Mr. Nelson. Thank God we only got female children. I am through, the-roo.

Cripes, what'm I gonna do for a livin'?

Shunta been rude t' those beer people.

Gotta get rid of this accent. Gotta learn t' talk plain American for the TV.

Fat chance, Nelse.

You haveta admire Fein's technique, you do. Little peckerhead can backpedal faster'n I go forward. And he's got zero respect. He is givin' me all of a one-yard cushion. It's rape; he has carnal knowledge of me is what, which is also why we're losin' here. Covered me, man, all day, by his lonesome, like he *couldn't* done with Hightail. Freed up all their D.B.s, right. And four more steps t' my cut—then nine exact t' the side line from this hash. Exit Nelson and so long.

My hamstrings are *strung*. Haven't run this much since the first pre-seeze. And here we go.

Hey, I'll just *do* it this time. No cutes at

all. Just flap my arm like Batperson and swivel out. So schoolyard poor Fein'll think it's gotta be a fake. Yo, Fein; this way, Fein; flap and—cut.

Son of a bitch. I caught a full step. This game's easy as jack-lightin' a deer, when you know how. And ha. Listen t' Fein curse. He can't believe it. Here we are 45 yards from the E.Z., and I'm cuttin' before the down marker, even. How could we be so dumb?

Don't ask.

Uh-oh, hear that now. Listen at the yahoos roar for blood up there. Knep must be flushed out and scramblin'. It's not the ugly roar yet, not the sack-and-step-on-his-gonads roar, not yet. Gotta hit the side line and maybe drift back deep for a Hail Mary. Lookit those Cougarettes bouncin' their milk muscles behind the bench. I'll have a slice of inner thigh, thanks, and a lip fillet. Oh, murder, it is gonna be *hard* stayin' home with Nancy all year long. Yes, ma'am, I play pro football; would you care t' hold my cock?

Today you are a man, Braindead. Today you swear off this nasty boy's game.

Maybe go back and get my degree.

Sure is a handsome day, like when we useta play Wyoming late November.

What? What?

Jesus, the safety's comin' up.

Why's damn Armstrong here? I didn't read zone. Move, Nelse. Knep must be lookin' this way, maybe just t' throw her outa bounds. And now I'll haveta squint back inta that miserable low sun. Jesus. Jesus, Armstrong'll break my piss pouch if he gets a blind shot. Animal was red-shirted 12 years in school, just loves t' spear slow white-boy receivers like me.

Don't look up yet. Look up, you'll lose your step.

Ball'll be there, one stride shorta the line or it's no dang use at all. Just turn and go up, gotta put some height on Fein. Like practice. Like Knep an' me've played catch since we were rooks together.

In six steps.

They're lookin' up. Cougars on the side line are lookin' up. It's headed here, sure as a mink has cousins.

In three.

Big hands, Nelse. Visualize: You got big, soft hands. Coupla hammocks there. Go out with a catch, Nelse, see it. Outside shoulder, Knep'll float it, what's left of his elbow—

And up.

Hunnnnh?

My God, you got it. You didn't see it

and you got it. Bugger's stuck between my face mask and my arm, just stuck, shit. Threw it behind me, hadda reach back and Fein's got holda my shirt but good, holdin' me in bounds. Should I drop it, should I drop it? Armstrong's almost here. Fein has me hung up like Jesus on the cross and Armstrong's almost here. Roll it down, work the ball onto your pads—

Nnnnngaaahh.

I wanna drop, please. Speared me in the kidney, I wanna drop. Oh, Lord, oh, Lord, I hurt. Fall outa bounds, Nelse—

No.

Holy shit, no.

I'm free. I'm standin' here mile-wide and free.

Damn madman Armstrong knocked Fein off me and fell. He tried t' kill me too much and he fell. Don't go down, Nelse. Step over Fein, do a 180 and chug. Alone—in front of 60,000 people, in all this sudden silence here, move. Thirty yards, with not one blue shirt near enough t' phone in. Lookit that Cougarette there, down on her sweet dimpled knees. God, I'm gonna score a T.D. I never saw comin'. They're froze along the side line, all teeth—like the muzzle of that ground hog I gut-shot, snarl at the pain and dribble piss down one leg.

So run smooth here, with those big white-man strides. It is all highlight film and slo-mo now. Twenty yards, what a big red shiny apple of a day. I'll die of lung cancer, I'll die of fat arteries and I'll remember this. This is what my life'll reduce to. All the 10,000 hours of practice and the 'scope twice in my knee and the eight busted ribs. It comes on down t' this—what you caught with your goddamn helmet, right.

I hate this loathsome game. I hate this ugly power I just caught hold of. Ten yards t' go and the bookies of America are weepin' and hootin', right. See that Cougar coach's son tear and bite at his little woolly hat. Fein is after me now, so crazy he's yellin', "Stop, stop!" I'm an instant replay of myself. A thing that happened, an accident, a single play in a single game. It's taken my goddamn manhood away, I feel it, like it always did.

I'm sorry, y'all. I'm sorry I come t' your nice ball park and did this dirty thing. I am not a winner, sec. I do not have the killer in me; Shep was right.

I'm in.

But you caught it. Nobody but you caught it, Nelse. The hands were big, the body was there and loose. Give me one moment alone before you come and pound on me, my friends. Give me one slim moment t' myself.

Yes.

I'll just set this ball down gently on the turf. In case you folks wanta play with it again next year.



ANSON MOUNT

NOVEMBER 24, 1925–OCTOBER 11, 1986

IN EARLY MARCH, when the rest of the sports world was just beginning to analyze the reports from baseball's spring training season, Anson Mount was already gathering data on the next football season. It was work for a dogged man, and Anson usually inhabited the nether world of "people who work late." If you walked the halls of our Chicago office at night, you'd usually find him crouched over a warm telephone, coaxing data out of a sports-information director or getting his own private report from an N.F.L. scout. Around midnight, he might throw on his parka and an old hunting cap and walk the cold, windy streets to the Oak Tree restaurant, grab a sandwich and come back to the office, where he would drive onward until dawn, propelled by coffee, his fastidiousness and Johannes Brahms.

To the fans across America who looked forward to his annual forecasts of college basketball and football's big winners, as well as his predictions of the division and conference champions in pro football, Anson was the Nostradamus of sports, a man with an uncanny knack of seeing the future before it happened. But to those of us who worked with him, he was much more than that—a blend of qualities that grew on you over time. He was both sentimental and gruff, a perfect gentleman who could also tell you the best dirty joke you'd heard all year. He was not, in other words, an ordinary man. But then, though raised in Tennessee, Anson wasn't an ordinary Southern boy, either. Consider, for instance, the fact that he was both a devout Methodist and also, among other titles, *PLAYBOY*'s unofficial religion editor for years.

He was hired by Hugh Hefner in 1956 after Hefner read a short story that had won Mount first prize in a national fiction contest. His first job was as Assistant Promotions Manager; but a year later, Hefner asked for a volunteer to become an in-house football expert. Anson raised his hand. For the next few years, he had two jobs: *PLAYBOY* sports forecaster and whatever else the company needed him to do at the time. He was, at various junctures in the magazine's history, public spokesman for the *PLAYBOY* philosophy, College Bureau Manager, Merchandising Manager and editor of *The Playboy Forum*. Eventually, though, his singular skill as a sports prognosticator overshadowed his many other contributions.

Going head to head with such sports-forecasting institutions as A.P., U.P.I. and *Sports Illustrated*, Anson usually beat them hands down. Since 1962, when the Wyatt Summary began rating college football forecasting, Anson finished first five times and second six times. When *PLAYBOY* added college basketball and pro football to his duties as resident crystal ball, he proved equally adept at picking the winners weeks before their respective seasons had begun.

Although he'll be mourned by coaches and scouts, Anson will probably be remembered best

by the hundreds of college All-America players who crossed his path, most of whom were destined for professional careers. They met him at *PLAYBOY*'s annual All-America Football and Basketball Weekends, when Anson's picks for future All-America were invited to a three-day, all-expenses-paid vacation, usually at some seaside resort, to meet one another, relax and have a good time.

Of all the players Anson came to know, probably his favorite was Dave Butz, Washington Redskins all-pro defensive tackle, whom Anson chose to be the godfather of his youngest son. "If Anson named you," says Butz, "you could be pretty sure that, barring serious injury, you'd be on other people's all-American teams at the end of the season. If Anson picked you, you *knew* you were good.

"He took a personal interest in the players he picked. It didn't make any difference if the player was black or white; Anson had no prejudices."

Once Anson was your friend, he was your friend for life. He picked his friends not for what they owned or what they did for a living but purely on the basis of his evaluation of their character. He picked All-America players the same way. He never watched sports on television ("It ruins my objectivity," he explained to those who expressed amazement at this) but gleaned insights into athletes' personalities from the coaches and scouts who knew them best.

Anson's capacity for sustaining enduring friendships and his ability to read a man's character were both born out of his roots in the South, where he returned to live after being away for 25 years. One of our favorite stories about Anson was told by Bill Robinson, staff writer for *The Atlanta Constitution*, in a column he devoted to him after Anson's death. It provides an insight into why, even after living nearly half his years in the big-city world of high-speed relationships and high anxiety, Anson never lost sight of the important things in life.

"What I love about the South," he told Robinson shortly after his return to his Tennessee home town, "is what happened the day I came home to stay in 1974. I hadn't been here in 25 years, except to visit. Well, I pull into Junior Bibb's filling station and tell Junior to fill 'er up. After Junior does that, he turns to me and says, 'Anson, you want me to put this on your account?'"

"Can you believe that? I had been gone a quarter of a century, and there's Junior standing there . . . treating me like he had just seen me yesterday. He had no knowledge I had come back to stay. But it was his way of welcoming me home."

Anson provoked that kind of fealty: He made you remember him. Here at *PLAYBOY*, the sports forecasts and the All-America Weekends that he made so memorable will continue. We're proud he created such a legacy. We'll miss you, Smokey.

*Ultra fresh.
Ultra smooth.
Ultra flavor.*

Discover where today's
smokers are heading.

Merit
Ultra Lights



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

Kings: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine — 100's: 6 mg "tar,"
0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

EXERCISE

The ability to point a single scull down-river and pound out a fast 2000 meters may help you get a scholarship to the Ivies, but you won't even be near the water when you break a healthy sweat on Bally's Liferower. You begin by selecting your workout level, from rank beginner to Olympic oarsman. The starting gun

DAVID MECEY

sounds—and the race is on. Two boats appear on the Liferower's 13" color monitor—a computer-driven pace boat and yours. Readouts give you your recommended stroke rate, your actual stroke rate, the distance you're ahead or behind, total distance traveled, time remaining and calories burned. You hear oars, but there's no cold spray. Stroke!



Although Bally's Liferower has been endorsed by Bruce Ibbetson, seven-time National Rowing Champion, and Tiff Wood, captain of the past two U.S. Olympic rowing teams, you don't have to be an experienced athlete to use it, as the machine—on command—gives brief instructions on proper rowing technique. It's from Bally Fitness Products Corporation in Irvine, California, for \$2700. And nobody gets dunked at the end.

SUPERSHOPPING



Above: Nikon has entered the video-camcorder market with Action-8, model VN-800, a lightweight 8mm unit that adapts to both VHS and Beta formats and offers a full complement of automatic features, \$1850.



Right: This handsome 15½" solid-wood model Bugatti Atalante is hand-crafted in France by Vilac Boutique, a tiny company staffed by artisans who paint the machine and then hand-dip it in five coats of lacquer (a process that takes about a week), from Schylling Associates, Salem, Massachusetts, \$200.



Left: Optica, the fast-track eyewear company, has come up with the ultimate power shades: wire-framed sunglasses, designed by Savetto, with 24-kt.-gold-washed mirror lenses, \$360.



Right: Even James Bond's control, the enigmatic M, would feel secure with The Scrambler, a portable electronic telephone-conversation garbler (with 52,000 code combinations) that fits most phones. An LED readout indicates whether the scrambled or the clear mode is in operation, from The Privacy Connection, Woodland Hills, California, \$600 a pair.



Above: Who says a portable color TV has to look like a white box? Sharp's 5LS36 with a five-inch screen comes in red, silver or black and an A.C. adapter, about \$400.



Left: The Voice Dialer telephone dials a number when you lift the handset and speak a name: It puts the call through and audibly confirms the name you've chosen, from Innovative Devices, Santa Clara, California, \$250.



Left: The sleek Atocha Space Pen may have a futuristic look, but it's made from gold recovered from the wreck of the 17th Century Spanish galleon Nuestra Señora de Atocha by treasure hunter Mel Fisher, \$50, including a NASA-approved ballpoint-pen mechanism.

Left: Talk about organization! Harper House's leather-covered Day Runner System includes the Entrepreneur Edition, an 8½" x 11" portable office/lap desk with sheets for time planning, project management and much more, \$150; the Suit Pocket Edition atop it converts to a wallet, \$50.



RCA's nifty model VMT400 VHS video-cassette recorder gives you the choice of a variety of digital video effects, including (near right) picture-in-picture capability that allows for VCR playback and a television channel on the screen simultaneously, the colorful oil-painting effect (center) or a wild and crazy mosaic-pattern TV picture (far right). The unit also freezes a television frame as it's being broadcast, about \$700. Crazy, eh?





THE NATIVES ARE RESTLESS

“Woven from the threads of fantasy” is how the Yungjohann Hillman Company describes its Mombasa Majesty, a flowing canopy much like the mosquito nets used in colonial East Africa during the early 20th Century—and are still used today. And since the Mombasa Majesty’s four cotton top loops are attached to the ceiling by hooks that come with it, it fits any size bed. Six colors are available: tropical white, Caribbean coral, desert sand, blue smoke, misty mauve and, for lovers of Jon Hall jungle flicks, the ever-popular tabu black. The price for a Mombasa Majesty is \$99.95, sent to Mombasa Canopies, 2345 Fort Worth Street, Grand Prairie, Texas 75053.



BACK TO THE FUTURE

Tail fins and TV dinners, Ken and Barbie dolls, pole lamps and pop art—it’s all in *Populuxe* (Knopf), Thomas Hine’s \$29.95 hardcover time capsule of the look and life of America from 1954 to 1964. Hine, who’s the architecture critic for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, calls this span of time “one of history’s great shopping sprees,” an era when you could buy “a washer with a window through which you could see the wash water turn disgustingly gray” and when “a station wagon for Mom and a T-bird for Dad was what Dad, at least, aspired to.” More than 250 color and black-and-white illustrations are included in the book. It’s a nice decade to visit, but we wouldn’t want to live in it again. Take a look and see what you think.

A BANK YOU CAN BANK ON

For all that loose change accumulating on your dresser, there’s Coinputer, the “world’s first smart bank,” which automatically tallies up pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters and half dollars on a digital readout. And when you’re not contributing to your savings, Coinputer reverts to a digital clock. The price: \$39.95, postpaid, sent to Paul Associates, P.O. Box 164, Olivia, Minnesota 56277.



HYPNOTIC ART

People who remember early television may also recall awakening on the couch after broadcast hours and finding themselves mesmerized by the test pattern. Why you’d want to relive that experience is something we won’t ask; but if you do, Raster Art, Ltd., P.O. Box 1435, Troy, Michigan 48099, is selling this 18” x 22” framed-and-matted poster for \$125, postpaid. It’ll look nice next to your autographed photo of Mary Hartline.





STUCK ON THE SEA

Even if you've never been farther offshore than Fire or Ellis Island, we think you'll be fascinated by the vintage graphics in Faber and Faber's \$6.95 oversized paperback *Luggage Labels from the Great Age of Shipping*. All the sticky-backed removable labels ready for your luggage in the book are adapted from advertisements and are part of the wonderful collection of printed ephemera housed in London's Victoria and Albert Museum. We'll never tell that you didn't really set sail on a West Indies cruise in 1909 or the Lago Maggiore Orario in 1902.



TALES TO KEEP YOU IN SUSPENSE

To shake off the midwinter blahs, try curling up by the fire and listening to a good book. Caedmon's "Great Suspense from Great Britain" series has just introduced six new spoken-word titles on cassette, all classics of the genre, including *She*, by H. Rider Haggard (with Kathleen Turner as She); John Buchan's *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, read by Sam Waterston; Daphne du Maurier's *My Cousin Rachel*, read by Mel Gibson; and *Sherlock Holmes' Adventures*, retold by John Wood. Each sells for \$14.95. Lock the door.

THE COLOR PURPLE

You're probably familiar with Purple Passion, the combination of grape wine and grain alcohol mixed in a bathtub that fraternities traditionally serve at toga parties to loosen the libidos of the coeds present. But if you haven't yet sampled the concoction, the David Sherman Corporation of St. Louis has taken Purple Passion out of the tub and put it into the can; four-packs are available nationwide for about \$5. At 15 proof for a 12-oz. can, it's got more kick than Kool-Aid.



THE ART OF INCONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION

Measuring 7'9" long and weighing about 75 pounds, the Yakima Space Case is an aerodynamic ski-and-luggage pod that fits the roof of most automobiles. Its 14-cubic-foot capacity can carry up to eight pairs of skis and poles; or fill it with golf clubs, tennis rackets, scuba gear, you name it. Bike/ski shops sell the Space Case for about \$595; a roof rack, about \$70 more.



GAMESMANSHIP PLAYBOY STYLE

It's our pleasure to announce that Playboy: The Game of Elegant Lifestyles has debuted, and we think a nice round of applause is in order for the nimble minds at Victory Games, Inc., in Manhattan who got the project off the drawing board and into game and department stores nationwide. Our game puts two to six players in the fast lane; possessions and romance all come with a price in the form of salary and upkeep squares. To the victor go the spoils—and an ideal partner. And the price is a winner, too: \$24.95.



You Can Leave Your Hat On

Let's hear it for ELTON. He's hot again, both on tour and in record stores, with *Leather Jackets*. He has even hired Hollywood dress designer Bob Mackie to produce outrageous new outfits. This hat would make Carmen Miranda weep.



ROSS MARINO

A Little Bit of Heaven

Actress NOREEN BORDONARO has appeared in numerous commercials and in big-screen events such as *Bachelor Party*, *Night Shift* and the upcoming feature film *Sign Off*. Now she's making her appearance in *Grapevine*, undressed to thrill. We pride ourselves on bringing you the shots the movies won't show.



© 1986 MARK LEIVDAL



Saying It Without the Flowers

MICHELLE WARD was a biology teacher in England when one of her students persuaded her to enter a modeling contest. Here's proof that a change in careers was a good idea. Michelle plans to marry one day, and if she seriously considers wearing this outfit to her wedding, we know that she won't go begging for bridegrooms.



Just for the Fun of It

We had to take another look at the talented and adorable WHITNEY HOUSTON. Her tour was hot, she won a Grammy and her new album will be released any minute now.

PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Smokin'

This fox is ANITA CHELLAMAH, from the rock group The Cherry Bombz. Her co-musicians come from The Clash, Hanoi Rocks and The Lords of the New Church. The Bombz's album is explosive.

PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.



Surf's Up!

Having English model ANGIE STEVENS wash up on our shores was much better than finding a sea shell. Angie's known in London for her perfume ads and her calendar shots. While she waits to become known in America, she's looking irresistible half dressed and dripping wet.

© 1986 PIP / LCI

NEXT MONTH



JANET JONES



GETTING ENOUGH



CHAPLAIN'S CHALLENGE



HOT BUNS

"THE CRISIS CRISIS"—THERE'S A NEW ONE EVERY WEEK: BY THURSDAY, YOU'RE AFRAID OF SOMETHING YOU HADN'T KNOWN EXISTED ON MONDAY. DRUGS, AIDS, SALT, SUNBURN. WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?—BY **PETER MOORE**

PLUS: **"PROFILE OF A CRISIS VICTIM,"** BY **LEWIS GROSSBERGER**, AND A HARD LOOK AT PRESS CORPS CRISISMONGERING BY **HODDING CARTER**

LIONEL RICHIE CAN'T READ NOTES, BUT HIS SONGS ARE MEGA-HITS. HE TALKS ABOUT LIFE IN MUSIC'S FAST LANE IN A ROCKIN' **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"HERPES AND THE CHAPLAIN"—WHEN A HIP NEW HOLY JOE ARRIVES AT THE JAIL, FLANAGAN HAS TO USE ALL HIS WILES TO MAINTAIN THE STATUS QUO—AN IRREVERENT SHORT STORY BY **LEW STEIGER**

"THE DECLINE AND FALL OF OKKER CHIC"—JUST WHEN THE REST OF THE WORLD IS LEARNING TO SAY G'DAY, THE REAL CULTURE OF AUSTRALIA IS GOING G'BYE. WRY OBSERVATIONS FROM DOWN UNDER—BY **MICHAEL THOMAS**

"WHY 12-METER BOATS COST SO MUCH"—SPEAKING OF AUSTRALIA, THE WORLD'S TOP YACHTSMEN ARE BATTLING THERE NOW, THROWING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, POUNDS, FRANCS AND LIRE AT THE AMERICA'S

CUP. OUR RESIDENT SAILOR, **REG POTTERTON**, SHOWS YOU WHERE THE DOUGH GOES

"KEEPING UP WITH MISS JONES"—IN *THE FLAMINGO KID*, SHE DEMONSTRATED SHE WAS THE BEST THING IN A WHITE SWIMSUIT SINCE BETTY GRABLE. NOW *PLAYBOY* BRINGS YOU A BETTER LOOK AT HOT NEW SCREEN PERSONALITY **JANET JONES**

"PLAYBOY'S 25 GREATEST RESTAURANTS"—HERE THEY ARE AGAIN, THE RESULTS OF THE NATION'S MOST COMPREHENSIVE POLL ON AMERICA'S TOP EATING PLACES. SOME ARE NEW, SOME OLD FAVORITES ON THE LIST—COMPILED BY **JOHN MARIANI**

"GETTING ENOUGH"—AT 40, FRANK FEELS HE NEEDS MORE, ER, LIFE. HIS FRIEND MARTY ASSURES HIM THAT HE KNOWS JUST THE WOMAN FOR HIM. A BRIEF TALE BY **CHET WILLIAMSON**

PLUS: A HAMMER-AND-NAILS **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH **BOB (THIS OLD HOUSE) VILA**; **"ROAD WARRIORS: THE NEW BMW 325i CONVERTIBLE,"** BY **ARTHUR KRETCHMER**; **"SHORTS STORY,"** GREAT VIEWS OF WOMEN IN MEN'S UNDERSHORTS; **"IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE,"** THE HOTTEST NEWS IN SAFARI FASHIONS; AND, OF COURSE, MUCH MORE

TOYOTA COROLLA FX16



THE ZOOM STARTS HERE.

A 3-door liftback never looked this sporty. Sport stripes, flush glass, air dam, optional alloy wheels and many more goodies.

NEW FX16. LIFTBACK ROOM. SPORTS CAR ZOOM.



OPEN WIDE AND SAY, "AHH!"

Liftback room! Five adults and 14.1 cubic feet of cargo in complete comfort. Liftback versatility! Put down the split rear seatbacks and carry almost 30 cubic feet of cargo and two people.

The all-new Toyota Corolla FX16 GT-S has a split personality. Roomy and zoomy. It looks like a roomy, 3-door liftback. Which it is. But where does the roominess end and the zoominess begin? With 16 valves, 1.6 liters. Redline, 7500 rpm. Fuel injection. 4-wheel independent suspension and 4-wheel disc brakes. Goodyear Eagle GT tires. There's a lot more, but you get the picture. This is a very serious fun car.



WHO TOYOTA
COULD ASK
FOR ANYTHING
MORE!

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16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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