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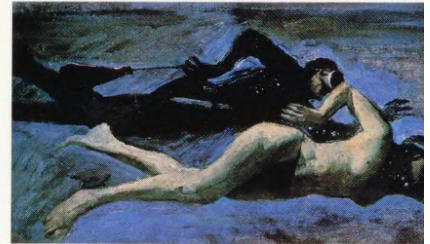
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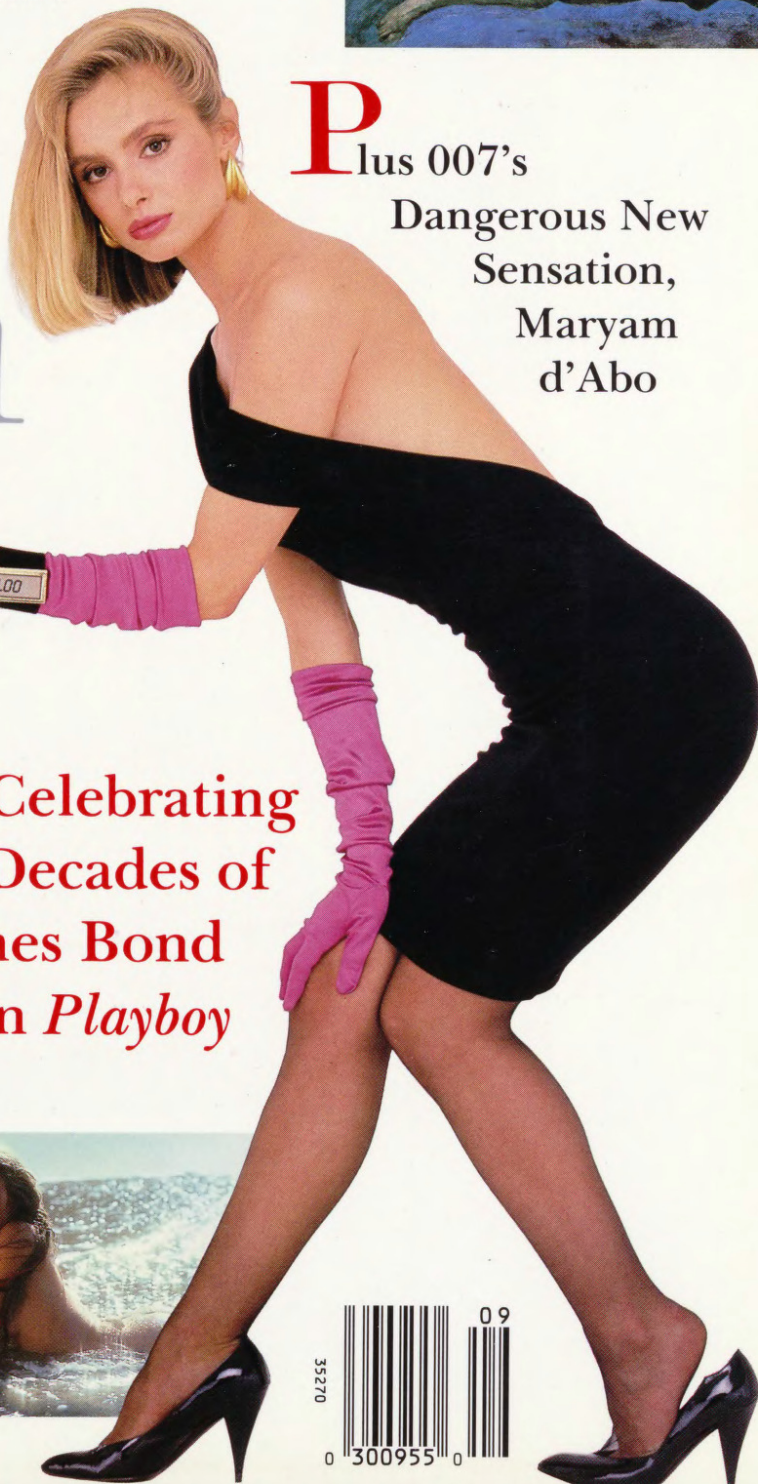
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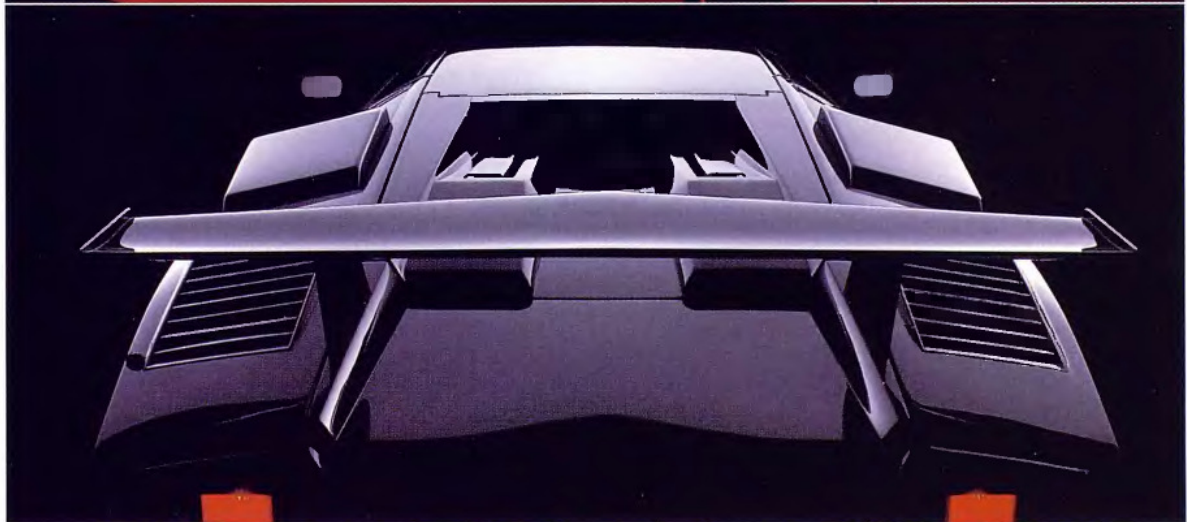
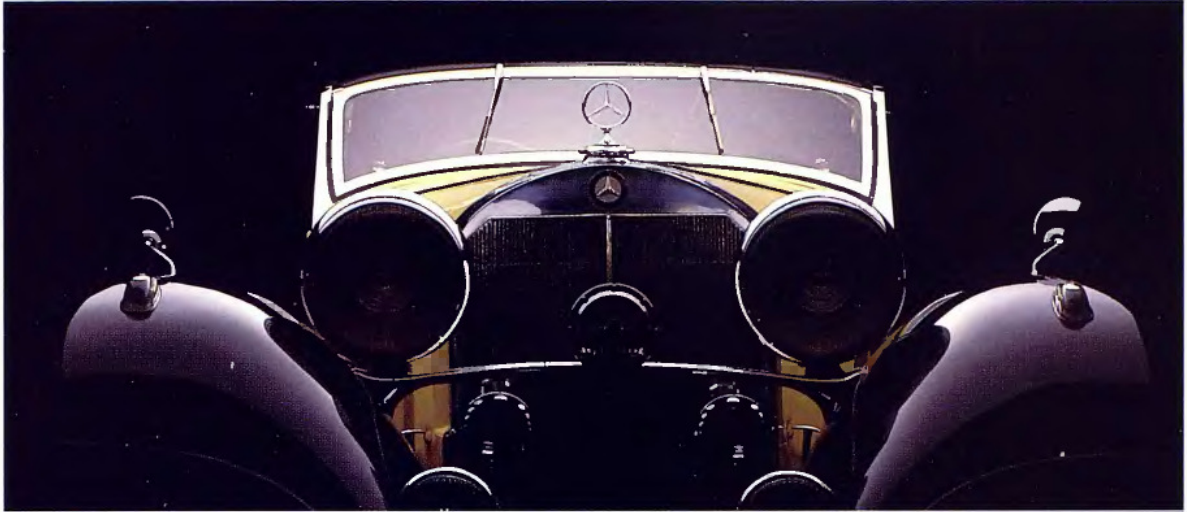
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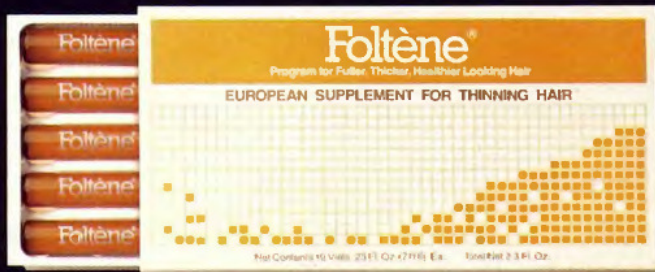
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PLAYBILL

PLUG IN the lie detector, boys. The infidelity inquisition could become the urinalysis of next year's Presidential campaign. Not only the candidates but their staffers would have to testify that they had never fooled around. People in sensitive positions—spies and the like—would be quizzed next, then airline pilots, bus drivers and, yes, even professional athletes. You think we're kidding? As noted in *The Playboy Forum*, the Government recently issued guidelines that would revoke security clearances for anyone who had practiced adultery, sodomy, group sex or wife swapping. Of course, this could be a brilliant tactic to cut military spending, eliminating the pay check of every soldier or sailor who had ever gotten lucky on a weekend pass.

We decided to celebrate the spectacle of lust at the top with an issue devoted to sex, scandal, espionage and pro football. It is the 25th anniversary of the cinematic debut of our favorite spy, **James Bond**, whose bedtime antics could have cost him his OO status under the aforementioned guidelines. A pictorial of **Maryam d'Abo**, the beauty who graces *The Living Daylights*, complements a roundup of a quarter century of Bondage. It makes a nice companion to **Rudy Maxa's** *Spy Wars* (illustrated by **Parviz Sadighian**). The longtime Washington columnist has followed the antics of cloak-and-dagger crews, including a pair of wild-and-crazy Czechs who were a hit on the swinging circuit. **Jeffrey Richelson** accompanies it with a tap dance on *Now Hear This*.

We know that strange bedfellows make for wonderful politics. *The Great American Sexy Scandal Quiz* tests your knowledge of the late, the great and the ludicrous. Who did what to whom, and was it good for you, too? We can imagine reporters' asking candidates impudent questions. But would anyone stand up to one of the Chicago Bears and ask if he'd had sex before the big game? We doubt it. Pro football is serious business. For years, **Anson Mount** assembled the most accurate, best-respected forecast in sports journalism. Last year, we mourned his death; this year, we are proud to report that the *Forecast* is back. With the help of **Nancy Mount**, Anson's widow, Sports Editor **Gary Cole** did some serious investigation (no lasers and listening devices for Cole—he did it the hard way, by telephone). Place your bets.

Part of **Gary Hart's** problem was that he secretly wanted to be a rock star. We recommend that he read **Timothy White's** *The Dirty Little Secret That's Bon Jovi*, about celebrity sex, art and heavy-metal testosterone. **Bret Easton Ellis** is literature's equivalent to a rock star. His first novel, *Less than Zero*, brought comparisons to J. D. Salinger and established Ellis as eyewitness *extraordinaire* to today's lost generation. *The Rules of Attraction*, an excerpt from his second novel (to be published by Simon & Schuster this month), gives differing views of a college love affair.

While we are on the subject of New Wave fiction, we'd like to welcome aboard a new columnist. **Thomas M. Disch** will be reviewing books for *Playboy*. His last work was a piece of book-length computer-interactive fiction called *Amnesia*. A copy might intrigue **John Sculley**, the subject of a *Playboy Interview* by **Danny Goodman**. Sculley, you may recall, is the guy who took over Apple from **Steve Jobs**. We also sent **Laura Fissinger** to ask **Penn and Teller**, the Big Apple's favorite illusionists, *20 Questions*.

Have you noticed how all these guys in the sex scandals have great hair? Want some of your own? Check out *Hair Apparent*, by **Nance Mitchell**, the author of *Skin Sense*. With your hair in place, you can use your rearview mirror for important things—such as staying alive. **Ken Gross** interviewed some of the world's hottest drivers—**Danny Sullivan**, **Dan Gurney** and **Kevin Cogan**, among others—for tips on *Driving in the Real World*, illustrated by **Montxo Algora**. Only after you've read everything else will you be allowed to scan Playmate **Gwen Hajek**, shot by Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag**. Or a collection of Playmates snapped by **Helmut Newton**. You may lose your security clearance, but some things are worth the risk.



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PLAYBOY®

vol. 34, no. 9—september 1987

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COVER STORY

Helping us announce this month's pictorial ode to Bondage is 007's latest leading lady, Maryam d'Abo. She's wearing earrings by Robert Lee Morris ('M' Gallery, Los Angeles) and gloves by Naomi Misle of New York City. Her hair and make-up are by Tracy Cianflone (HMS booking) and styling is by Jennifer Smith-Ashley. Sharp shooting is by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda and the cover design is by Assistant Art Director Karen Gaebe.



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We would like to express our gratitude for your assistance in providing information about birth control, unwanted pregnancies and sexually transmitted diseases. We also want to acknowledge the ongoing contribution by *Playboy* toward providing an objective viewpoint on issues socially relevant to today's human problems. In our society, it has become increasingly necessary to examine a multitude of opinions and viewpoints in order to make reasonable, responsible and safe decisions about relationships and lifestyles. Your readership includes many young people in need of this type of information; it is to be hoped that they will use it to expand their awareness of the choices available to them.

Steve Harrison
Pete Grosso
Marty Lupear
Group Counselors
County of San Bernardino
Probation Department
Regional Youth Educational Facility
San Bernardino, California

BELLA DONNA REDUX

I have just received my June issue of *Playboy*, featuring Donna Edmondson as Playmate of the Year. I am glad to see that the \$18 I spent on vote calls paid off. She is art in its most beautiful form.

David Dodgen
Keller, Texas

I was delighted to see that Donna Edmondson was chosen Playmate of the Year, not only for her obvious beauty but for her fantastic inner beauty as well. I recently had the opportunity to talk with Donna at a local car show. Of the many Playmates I've met over the past few years, Donna was by far the friendliest. During our conversation, she discovered that I was a fire fighter, and she seemed genuinely interested in my profession. She explained that a friend of hers was trying to get in the department back in her home town in North Carolina. She asked me

what he might have to look forward to and how rigorous the job was. We talked for several minutes, and I left feeling as if I'd just talked with a good friend. Congratulations, Donna. You're a truly beautiful woman.

Brian Halk
Springfield, Ohio

In a letter I wrote to *Playboy* some months ago, I suggested Donna Edmondson as your Playmate of the Year. I also asked if there were any chance of seeing Donna on video.

Well, thanks for granting both of my wishes. After viewing Donna on video, I'd call her Playmate of the 20th Century.

Bob Gallardo
San Antonio, Texas

Donna Edmondson is the perfect combination of beauty, personality and sex appeal. We would like to congratulate *Playboy* on selecting this gorgeous woman as Playmate of the Year. (Our Playmate of the Year betting pool was called off, since no one would bet against her!) There will be a lot more guys spending their spring break in North Carolina next year.

The Men of Fenwick Hall
Boston College
Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

THE SPICE OF LIFE

I started subscribing to *Playboy* for my husband and have found myself waiting every month for the next issue. Your magazine is very informative on all the issues that we face in our society today. But how about a black Playmate? There has to be at least *one* black woman who meets your standards.

Come on, guys, how about a little variety?

Valerie R. Mitchell
Aurora, Colorado

Well, Valerie, we turned your question over to our Photography Director, Gary Cole. His reply:

We'd love to feature more black Playmates in Playboy, but, for some reason, we haven't



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recently received many submissions from black women wanting to be in the magazine. We have had several beautiful black Playmates in the past—Ola Ray, Rosanne Katon, Azizi Johari, Anne-Marie Fox and Julie Woodson, to name a few. Not content to sit back and wait for submissions to come in, we are currently organizing a Playmate search that will include some black universities and an appeal for Playmate submissions in publications with high readership among black females.

LOCUS FOCUS

Gary Witzenburg's *Night Moves* (*Playboy*, April) is a fine article from which we can all learn. However, I would like to impart to your readers a trick I have used for years to prevent night blindness.

When approaching a car from the opposite direction at night, shut your left eye until the car has passed. Then immediately close your right eye and open the left. The pupil of the left eye will not contract from the intensity of the approaching headlights, but the right pupil will. After the bright light has passed, the left eye will remain accustomed to the regular night light, while the right pupil will shortly open up to adjust to the diminished light. Try it!

R. Paul Lillico

St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

Sounds like a good idea, as long as you realize that by closing one eye, you'll have a temporary loss of depth perception.

BACHELOR AT HIS BEST

I really enjoyed P. J. O'Rourke's *Bachelor's Home Companion* (*Playboy*, May). I particularly liked the photos. I presume they are of the bachelor himself, right?

Ron Johnson

New York, New York

They are, indeed, of O'Rourke and were taken by photographer Alan Rose—with whose series "The World at Your Feet" (assemblable paper replicas of famous buildings) you may already be familiar.

MIDDIES' MIDDLES

The U.S.S. Waddell is currently on patrol in the Persian Gulf. We are extremely busy protecting the U.S. from any threat that may occur. The six months of sailing far away from home are made more bearable by two words: "Mail call!"

Overwhelmed and in a frenzy, our mail P.O. anxiously sorts through the barrage of letters, packages and magazines, searching for—ah, at last, our *Playboy*! Your magazine is a very hot item on board, ranking next to Mom's chocolate-chip cookies.

We try to read it from cover to cover, but when you portray stunningly gorgeous women such as Devin DeVasquez, Barbi Benton, Karen Velez, Cathy St. George, Shannon Tweed and May's Vanna White, somehow our dragging tongues and bulging eyes cause our thumbs to flip directly

to the pictorials. Could you have a summer bikini feature for those of us who will miss California's warm evening breezes and sizzling-hot beach days? It might be the prescription to soothe the pain of homesickness. Meanwhile, we will sail on through these lonely waters of the gulf.

Waddell's Smokin' Gun Gang
FPO San Francisco, California

Hope you guys in the Gun Gang caught our July issue, with its special section on beach fun.

PLANE SENSE

The article *Passport Smarts* (*Playboy*, June), by Richard and Joyce Wolkomir, contains the statement "Flying with a head cold or allergies can cause earaches." I can tell you that an earache is the least of the potential problems. A more important concern is the possibility of temporary or permanent hearing damage.

Before I knew of that danger, I took a plane trip while suffering from a head cold. During the entire descent, I experienced excruciating stabbing pains in my ears, face, neck and head. My hearing did not return to normal for two days. After examining my ears, a doctor warned me not to fly again for at least two weeks. I was fortunate—I could have sustained permanent hearing loss.

The usual advice—taking commercial cold preparations before a flight and chewing gum while in the air—may or may not solve the problem. The only sure way to prevent ear trouble is to stay home until the cold or allergy passes.

Stephen Blanchette, Jr.
Mesa, Arizona

JENILEE

I really enjoyed the pictorial on Jenilee Harrison (*Playboy*, June). All we need now is a nude pictorial of Joyce DeWitt!

Michael Duva
Bloomfield, New Jersey

I want to thank you again for my *Playboy* layout in the June issue. I must admit that I was a tad nervous about our endeavor, but you sure did make me look good!

Jenilee Harrison
Long Beach, California

NOT OLDER, JUST BETTER

When my husband's June *Playboy* came in the mail, was I relieved! Your pictorials show beautiful women around my age—26. Jenilee Harrison and Sandy Greenberg are some of the best examples of women in their late 20s. The majority of *Playboy's* Playmates of the Month seem to be ladies in their late teens and early 20s. Thanks for showing that approaching maturity isn't any reason to feel less sexy.

Donna Salma
Marina del Rey, California

You're welcome, Donna. But did you miss Vikki LaMotta (age 51) in the November 1981 issue, or "Hello, Young Lovers," featuring older women with young boyfriends,

in the May 1984 issue? As a matter of fact, our 1986 Playmate of the Year, Kathy Shower, was a 33-year-old mother of two. We appreciate women of all ages and recommend that our readers do the same.

BORN TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Miss June, Sandy Greenberg, is the best thing to happen to motorcycles since Step-penwolf recorded *Born to Be Wild*. I'd ride in her sidecar any time. When she rides Freddie, do the other bikes get jealous?

Oswaldo Valdes
Miami, Florida

I'm 32 and *Playboy* is only a few months older. Why did it take you so long to present such a gorgeous centerfold? After reading Sandy Greenberg's story, I was thrilled to learn she was from St. Louis.

Barry Horwitz
St. Louis, Missouri

My mother always wanted me to marry a Jewish doctor, but my father says that June Playmate Sondra Greenberg will do just fine.

Robert Galishoff
University of California
Santa Barbara, California

Sandy Greenberg is by far the most gorgeous woman I've seen on your pages in the six years I've subscribed. On a scale of one to ten, I give her a 20! Her beauty, both in body and in spirit, along with the superb photography by Stephen Wayda, makes the June issue something I'll truly treasure. It will certainly take something out of this world to top her pictorial. How about another look at Sandy?

John P. Laftsidis
Chicago, Illinois

As Sandy's alter ego, Maxine Legroom, might say, "P-p-leased to oblige, John."



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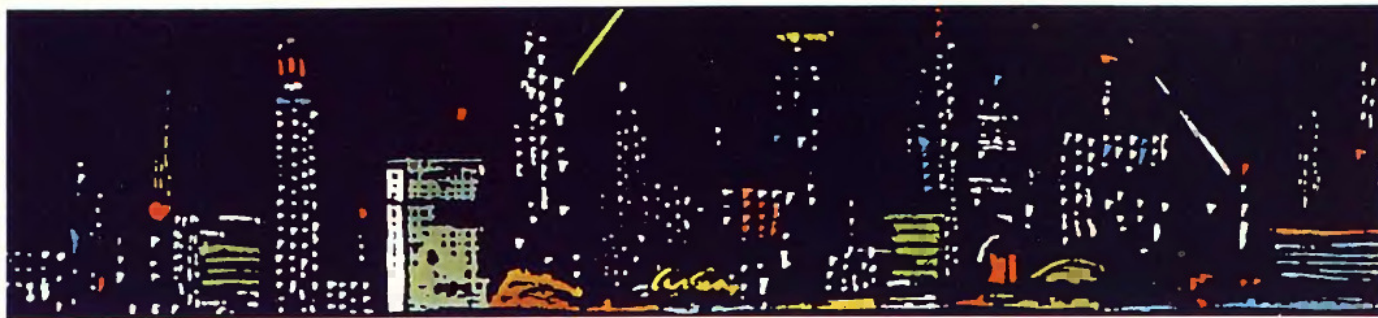


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Get More From Life... Buckle Up!

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



WHY CAN'T A BABY BE MORE LIKE A DOG?

Have you noticed lately how baby boomers have spawned a new baby boom? But let's face it—like Hula-Hoops and cliff diving, making babies isn't for everyone. Some people can't; some—given their genetic peculiarities—shouldn't; and still others insist that it's a whole lot simpler just to get a dog. Consider the following.

Dogs don't stick their appendages into light sockets or drink Drano. They sleep through the night. You never have to beg a dog to clean its plate. Your dog's grandparents will never visit or bombard you with advice on paper training.

A dog will never have a tantrum in a movie theater, borrow your clothes or dent your car. You will never endure a stage in which your dog spends an entire year saying nothing but "Why?" And you can't wager on two *kids'* fighting.

If you don't like the kind of boys your dog is dating, you can have her spayed. If your dog turns gay, it's funny.

You don't have to send a dog to college or buy it braces or pay for its bassoon lessons. You can swear, spit, drink, smoke and perform lewd sex acts in front of your dog without worrying about setting a bad example or damaging its psyche. Best of all, if you do happen to damage its psyche, no one will really care.

WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND

We've had reason recently to celebrate the miniskirt. While it may seem to be the sole artifact capable of outlasting the Sixties, that's not the case—especially not on college campuses, where masses of students are donning sandals, vests and tied-dyed T-shirts and holding up their patched jeans with macramé belts. A ponytailed and sideburned art student in New York outlined today's campus fashion sense for us: "Long hair, no underwear."

The love-in look appears to have a life

beyond campus, too. In New York, the bell-bottom barrier has been broken among the smart set who hang out at psychedelic/Mod bars such as Pyramid on Avenue A and sponsor an event on Labor Day called Wigstock, a parody of Woodstock, featuring such artists as Jelly Joplin and Wendy Wild and the Mad Violets. And bankers there have been spotted tucking ponytails into their Hathaways. Meanwhile, in Los Angeles, neohippies are shopping for retro gear at two Sixties specialty shops—Futura and Fat Chance, both on Melrose Avenue.

What's next? The Seventies look? Qiana shirts, the hustle, white shoes and Farrah Fawcett hairdos? Don't rule it out.

THE TAPE DIET

If the Diet Pepsi commercial on Paramount's home-video version of *Top Gun* had you concerned about the message's mixing a little too well with the medium, check out the next step. United Home Video has just put out a cassette full of subliminal messages.



Dick Sutphen's No Effort Weight Loss comes complete with lightning-fast visual flashes and suggestions: You eat only health food; you stick to your diet; every day, you become thinner. United claims the \$19.95 tape generates an "alpha level of consciousness." This new level is channeled for positive reinforcement. The producers assure us that there are no (drink Coke) hidden (eat Goobers) messages (buy another cassette) on the tape.

HOW TO TALK TO DRUGS

Comedian Jay Leno—who performed in Washington not long ago—says his mother is against Nancy Reagan's "Just say no" antidrug crusade. "She feels it's mislabeled," Leno explains. "She says it should be 'Just say no, thank you.'"

SOMEBODY GIVE HIM A HAND

Jimmy Piersall's tumultuous baseball career was immortalized by Anthony Perkins in the film *Fear Strikes Out*. Since his retirement from playing 20 years ago, Piersall has carved out a niche for himself as the national pastime's version of an unguided missile.

While he was doing color commentary for Chicago White Sox games in the late Seventies and early Eighties, Jimmy's outrageous comments occasionally prompted partner Harry Caray to ask him if he had remembered to take his medication that day. His announcing gig finally ended after he categorized ballplayers' wives as a bunch of "horny broads."

In 1985, Jimmy set the record straight in a book called *The Truth Hurts*. This year, he's back with—you guessed it—a cassette tape. It's called *Thinking Baseball*, and it opens with a rap: "Piersall is my name and winning is my game. / Here's what I say; now listen to me: / If you love to play, thinking is the key."

During his announcing days, Jimmy established his skill at communicating with youngsters by frequently offering tips to "all you little leaguers out there." On the tape, he walks them through such fine

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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I'm up till three A.M. doing crosswords. And every 15 days, I give Jean-Claude a manicure. He has beautiful hands, you know." — Michèle (Mrs. Baby Doc) Duvalier in *Vanity Fair*, December 1986.

MANHATTANALIA

Population of the New York City borough of Manhattan, 1,479,800; of Manhattan, Kansas, 32,381. Ingredients of a Manhattan: whiskey, sweet vermouth, biters and a maraschino cherry.

EAT\$

Cash value of the food stamps issued by the U.S. Government in one year: 11 billion dollars.

Amount of money Americans spend on groceries in one year: 305 billion dollars.

Amount of money spent on food and drinks other than home-cooked meals in the U.S. in 1986: 185 billion dollars. This includes the 50 billion dollars that was spent on fast food.

CRITTERS

Number of teeth in a human, 32; in a koala bear, 30; in a whale shark, more than 4000; in a gorilla, 32.

IDEATION

Number of patents granted by the U.S. Patent Office since it started counting in 1836 to April 14, 1987: 4,658,440.

New products that have been patented: the tailless neck scarf, the soap-holder cover, a sand-scattering device for artificial lawns, the gauze-folding



FACT OF THE MONTH

A car is stolen every 29 seconds in the U.S. Thieves evidently like to steal American—the Pontiac Firebird disappears more often than any other car. In 1985, 20 were stolen for every 1000 manufactured. About six per 1000 Porsche 911s are stolen, while Ferrari 308s disappear at the slow clip of two per 1000.

The list price of Keds canvas sneakers, \$19.95; price of denim lace-up canvas sneakers at Susan Bennis/Warren Edwards in New York City, \$450.

The price of a stylishly short haircut at Frano's Barber Shop in Chicago is six dollars, while L.A.'s chichi Joey Torrenueva charges up to \$95.

HOT STUFF

Temperature of a lightning bolt: 54,032 degrees Fahrenheit.

Surface temperature of the sun: 10,922 degrees Fahrenheit.

MONEY IN THE BANK

Number of U.S. bank failures in 1981, ten; in 1986, 138.

Number of U.S. savings-and-loan failures in 1981, 1; in 1986, 21.

machine, layered chewing gum, with a moisture-impervious outer layer, and a warning device for golf carts.

REDS

"Red-blooded male" is not just a cliché. There are 5,000,000 red blood cells per cubic millimeter in the average man, while the average woman has 4,500,000 red blood cells.

CHEAP AND CHIC

One unheralded blessing of modern society is the fact that you can buy cheap or buy expensive and still be trendy. The average list price of a Swatch watch, \$35; the list price of the President Rolex Oyster Perpetual Chronometer watch, \$9750.

points of the game as getting to the park on time, obeying the coach and running out every hit. But we suspect that some viewers may be a bit confused by Jimmy's advice on getting ready to play:

"The most important part about warming up is your arm," he points out. "God only gave you one arm, and many times it wasn't for throwing a baseball. . . . Don't hurt yourself by not taking care of it," he urges.

This is important news—even if you're not planning a career in baseball.

SMART GUY

Raymond Kurzweil has revolutionized professional music by inventing a synthesizer that accurately mimics a grand piano and any other musical instrument, sound or voice. He has created a machine that reads books aloud to the blind and another that lets you talk to your computer. And now he's preaching revolution—the technological kind.

Kurzweil has helped put together a new museum exhibit called *Robots and Beyond: the Age of Intelligent Machines*. In the next two years, it will visit Philadelphia, Charlotte, Fort Worth, Los Angeles, St. Paul, Chicago and Columbus, with, among other items, a machine that examines and identifies objects in a voice that sounds like Liberace's; a computer that composes and plays its own music; and a talking robot that once—when a punk in a Mohawk and combat boots punched it so hard that it rattled—was heard to say, "I feel something touching me."

In his most revolutionary move of all, Kurzweil is taking high-tech out of Nerdland. His *Age of Intelligent Machines* documentary features a decidedly nonegghead owner of a Kurzweil 250 keyboard and a Kurzweil Reading Machine—Stevie Wonder. Stevie says that technology has been part of the sunshine of his life. Open the pod-bay door, HAL.

DATE LINE: D.C.

A new Washington hot spot, *Cities*, completely overhauls its look every few months—without changing owners. The menu and design of the restaurant/bar are keyed to a particular city—at the moment, Rio. In addition to artwork on the floors and walls, videos and slide projections provide native ambience. In the Rio incarnation, *Cities*' sound system plays samba. We can hardly wait for the next stop: Hong Kong.

Remember Reagan aide Michael Deaver? The one who's been charged with certain abuses of his White House contacts? A button making the rounds in D.C. reads, LEAVE IT TO DEEVER. HE CAME. HE SAW. HE CASHED IN. A group called Citizens Against Sanctimonious Harassment takes full credit. No, we don't know where or when it holds its meetings.



None of these brands is as low as Carlton Box 100's.



Less than
1 mg
tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

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

100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '85.

Lowest of all brands is Carlton Box King—less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic.

Most jeans that look this good have ten times the mileage.

If you don't have time to wait for your jeans to look like they've been around the block a few times, new Lee® Frosted Riders™ are for you.

With Lee Frosted Riders, you get the same worn look and distinctive character that normally comes with two or three years of hard living. The difference is you don't have to wait two or three years to get it.

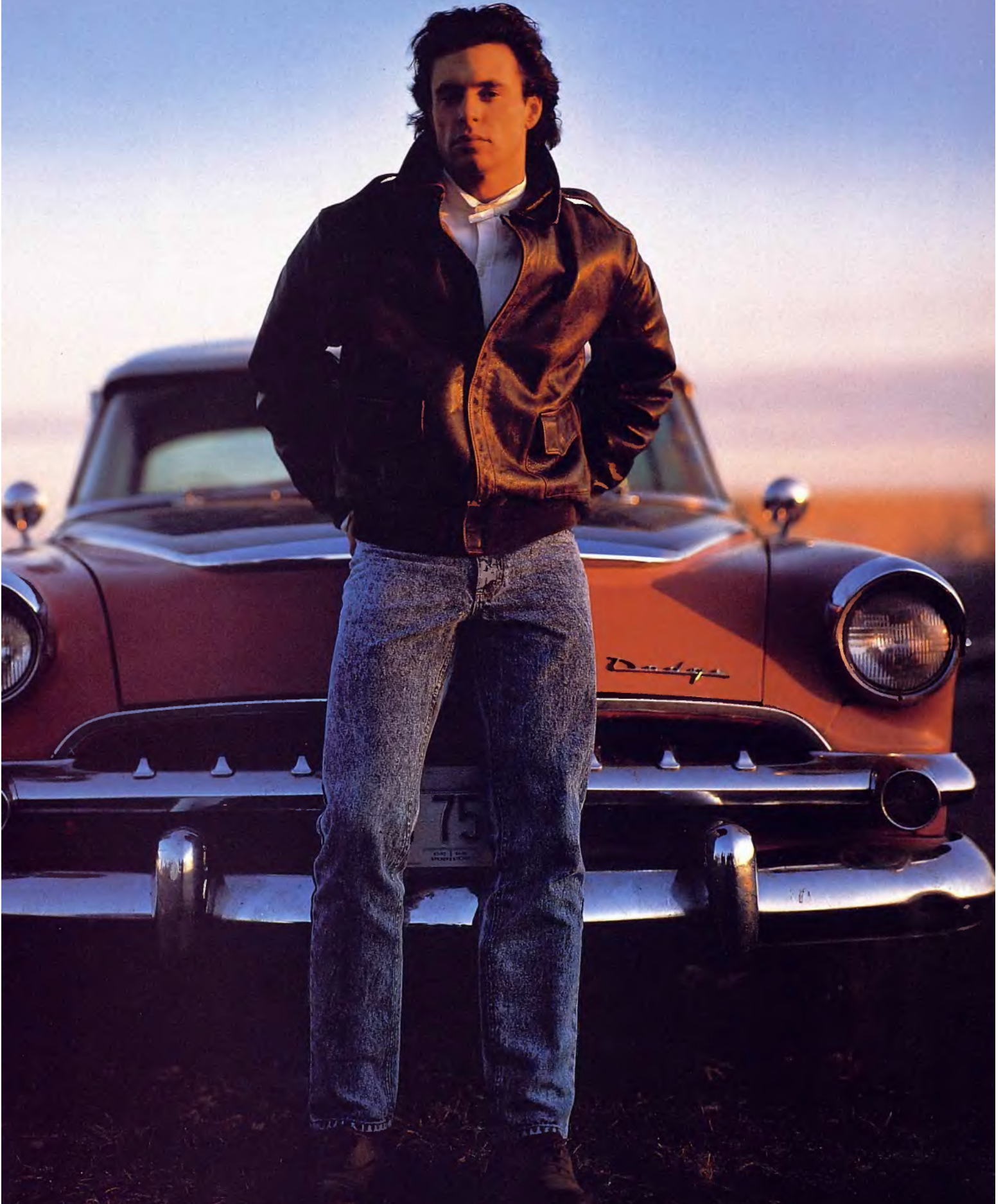
But you better jump into a pair soon. These jeans are going faster than a bored and stroked '57 Chevy on a lonely country road.

Now available in grey,
black and indigo.

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BOOKS

By THOMAS M. DISCH

Empire (Random House), the latest addition to Gore Vidal's fictional history of patrician America, is a solid, hefty roast beef of a book, with just enough imaginative fat larding the historical meat to make it thoroughly succulent. Vidal has advanced his time frame to the gilded era, beginning in 1898, when America has just won the Spanish-American War and President McKinley is deciding what to do with the spoils of victory, which include not only Cuba and Puerto Rico but the Philippines as well. This has been one of the least mythologized and least examined eras of American history, and Vidal has had the good fortune to arrive here just as it becomes unmistakably relevant to the turn of our own century. The events of 1898-1906 are as timely as the latest headlines from Manila.

As in his earlier historical novels, Vidal limits his view to the cabals and connivings of history's rich and famous. Not for him to pick through the wretched refuse of the teeming shores. What he excels at is prying the stuffed shirts of history out of the gilded frames of their portraits and showing them to be as venal or foxy or fumbling as the Meeses, Nofzigers and Norths of 1987. Reading *Empire* is like watching segments of *60 Minutes* featuring Theodore Roosevelt, William Randolph Hearst, Henry James and Mrs. Astor. You'll wish the libel laws would allow Vidal to do the definitive hatchet job on his contemporaries that he does on the undeserving rich of earlier centuries.

Glenn Savan's *White Palace* (Bantam) is my nominee for best novel of the season and possibly for all of 1987. It is not a "serious" book, as seriousness is generally reckoned, but it is so good and so well written that I was quite happy to put all higher ambitions on hold and just enjoy an alternative existence as Max Baron, Savan's comic hero. He's a St. Louis copywriter, a widower at the age of 27, who gets the hots for Nora Cromwell, a 42-year-old waitress at a White Castle-like restaurant (the white palace of the book's title), and proceeds to have a holiday in Nora's garbage depot of a bedroom.

The book's erotic passages are worth a thousand reels of uninspired porn, the best thing along these lines that I've read since James Salter's *A Sport and a Pastime*. But Salter's book was like an *Emmanuelle* movie, languorous, soft-focused and posh, while Savan fuels his romance with high-octane low comedy.

The best thing about *White Palace* is that Savan manages to be quick-witted and warmhearted at the same time. Both his Yuppie hero and his hayseed heroine are people you like better the more you get



Gore Vidal turns the century in *Empire*.

Vidal's rich and famous live on; how not to get *Mugged on Wall Street*.

to know about their warts, foibles, Oedipal kinks and characteristic aromas. When the happy ending finally arrives, it's like learning that two good friends are getting married.

Anyone who has ever lost his shirt on the stock market and still dreams of picking up a bundle would do well to read David Chase's *Mugged on Wall Street* (Simon & Schuster). Its original but now-deleted subtitle, "Everything Your Broker Never Wanted You to Know," accurately describes the book's contents. Unlike most purveyors of investment advice, Chase isn't selling a secret formula for getting rich quick or riding the roller coaster safely. He simply explains how brokers make money: by hustling sales. He points out that in the long run, the investor has a 50-50 chance of riding any given investment to glory—but the broker earns money on every sale and therefore has a vested interest in keeping your account "churned." I generally have a low tolerance for the technicalities of the stock market, but Chase avoids jargon and confines his graphs and tables to an ignorable appendix. If you've been once bitten by Wall Street and now are twice shy, Chase may be able to restore your faith in the market. Take what he says to heart and the next time you lose your shirt, at least you'll know you did so with prudence.

Like so many other science-fiction stories by non-s-f writers, Michael Crichton's

Sphere (Knopf) is a leftover stew of familiar ideas: a spaceship that zips through black holes to acquire magic powers (Carl Sagan's *Contact*), characters who can change every aspect of their environment by the power of imagination (Ursula K. Le Guin's *Lathe of Heaven* and several books by Philip K. Dick) and, for some high-tech ambience, a deep-sea habitat that gradually comes to be as unbelievable as the rest of the story: The characters enter and exit its pressurized premises as casually as actors in a bedroom farce. Such factors can make a good dinner, but they require a careful chef. Crichton's impatience with the elements of style makes a mess of his would-be Big Moments, such as the time a giant squid approaches the habitat: Crichton builds the suspense with sonar beeps that go "Pong! Pong! Pong! Pong!" After the 40th "Pong!" I went "Tilt!" The book has the air of having been plotted by the accountants preparing the budget for the movie version, and readers are advised to wait until they can be viewers.

At the height of his powers and fame in the Thirties and Forties, Cornell Woolrich was one of the great thriller writers. His stories and novels supplied the plots for a dozen classics of *film noir*, including Hitchcock's *Rear Window* and Truffaut's *The Bride Wore Black*. In the Fifties, he fell spectacularly to pieces and ended his days in 1968 as an alcoholic recluse in a fleabag hotel, with one leg amputated because he had refused to let a doctor see a gangrenous wound until too late. However, even then he wrote, and his posthumous novel, *Into the Night* (Mysterious Press), is the sorry residue of a once considerable talent. The plot of *Into the Night*, however, is a mess, and you can see the surprise ending coming from a thousand miles away.

BOOK BAG

Half-Price Europe 1987 (American Marketing, P.O. Box 9622, Coral Springs, Florida 33065): Pack your bags and take your scissors. The ultimate overseas coupon book clips the exchange rate in 15 countries, for places and activities from a chateau in France to wind surfing the North Sea.

The Healthy Male (Little, Brown), by Maureen Mylander: An ounce of prevention, two tablespoons of nutrition, a pinch of sex and a sprinkling of the author's common sense make for an easy and informative read.

A History of Underground Comics (Ronin), by Mark James Estren: Remembering *Bijou*, *Snatch*, *Motor City*, *Slow Death*, *Zap Comix* and many, many more. Estren's *déjà* view is the Sunday funnies gone berserk.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ONE SMART-ALECK in *The Lost Boys* (Warner) describes the seaside town of Santa Carla, California, as "a pretty cool place . . . if you're a vampire." Well, if you're young at heart, hip and into vampire movies, *Boys* is a pretty cool, splashy summertime spoof. Director Joel Schumacher appears to be slyly mocking Steven Spielberg's special-effects spectaculars, with expert assistance from cinematographer Michael (*Taxi Driver*, *Raging Bull*) Chapman, whose work here is even more dazzling than usual. Corey Haim and Jason Patric play two brothers who resettle in town after their mother's divorce (Oscar winner Dianne Wiest makes Mom a delightfully ditzy straight woman). The lads soon find life complicated by a motorcycle gang of bloodthirsty thugs led by Kiefer Sutherland. Jami Gertz is the batmen's bait to lure Patric into their high-flying brotherhood. "You're a creature of the night, Michael . . . wait'll Mom hears about this!" cries Haim when he notes that his brother's mirror reflection is turning hazy. He's even more disturbed when his sibling starts to levitate. Such horror send-ups have been tried many times before, but *Lost Boys*—with a screenplay devilishly contrived to suggest *The Brady Bunch vs. The Living Dead*—leads the pack. ★★★

File and forget any anxiety about the new James Bond and *The Living Daylights* (United Artists), the 25th-anniversary epic based on Ian Fleming's legendary 007 (see cover and pictorial elsewhere in this issue for further eye-popping details). The fact is, Roger Moore had begun to look and act weary of it all, despite his dauntless dry wit. Timothy Dalton is younger, more athletic and drop-dead handsome as Bond—a solid actor with his own brand of sophisticated humor, lacking only a smidgen, maybe, of the common touch that made Sean Connery's Bond an instant classic. Dalton may mellow. Meanwhile, *Living Daylights* pumps new go-with-the-Eighties energy into the series. The physical production is up to par and then some, full of breath-stopping stunts and pell-mell excitement, from a first-reel ambush atop Gibraltar to a climactic airborne battle designed to turn knuckles white. Everything in between is intricate, familiar stuff about drug deals and an Eastern-bloc defector (Jeroen Krabbé), plus a fine romance for 007 with a Czechoslovakian cellist played by Maryam d'Abo, who brings a breath of early-Ingrid Bergman substance to her role. Directed by John Glen, whose fourth Bond outing challenges his best, the screenplay improves as the plot thickens. Joe Don Baker and Andreas Wisniewski top the roster of bad guys, who get what they deserve. So will



Lost Boys' cycling vampires.

Bloodthirsty cyclists, a brave new Bond and a steamy Cajun thriller.

the audience: This milestone 007 movie keeps the Bondbuster tradition in the fast lane. ★★★

Kevin Costner's conscientiously unflashy performance in *The Untouchables* (Paramount) makes Eliot Ness look more like a sensitive, caring Eighties man than a Prohibition-era crime buster. He's fine, though, leaving the flash to Robert De Niro, as a spectacularly evil Al Capone, and to Sean Connery, who all but steals the show as an aging Irish cop recruited by Ness to bring bad Al to justice. By the time this reaches print, *Untouchables* should be mopping up profits as a certified summer hit, charged with energy by Brian De Palma, directing from a David Mamet screenplay. Rank it high, wide and handsome big-screen cinema on a scale that vintage-TV reruns cannot beat. ★★★

Peter Coyote, in *A Man in Love* (Cinecom), incisively portrays an American movie star whose vanity and self-absorption make him crueler than he means to be. Writer-director Diane Kurys' airily insubstantial love triangle is fleshed out by Greta Scacchi, as a gorgeous young actress who winds up in the star's bed and wants to stay there, and by Jamie Lee Curtis, in a dynamic performance as the good wife, bloody but unbowed in the shadow of her husband's celebrity. Such flashy supporting players as Claudia Cardinale (electric as Scac-

chi's dying mom) and Peter Riegert (lacking the schmaltz with jiggers of wry as Coyote's cynical side-kick) help sustain interest while the principals relax between love bites or more wounding close encounters. The sex is high-intensity. Shot on locations in Italy and France, *Man* entices as a sleek travel brochure promoting jet-set romance along with behind-the-scenes glimpses of moviemakers at work in Rome's Cinecittà. Limpid mood music by Georges Delerue completes the picture. ★★★½

Tough-minded, sexy and cynical, *The Big Easy* (Columbia) is an action drama with much of the steamy impact of *Body Heat*. The title refers to New Orleans, known locally as Big Easy, in part because of a casual attitude toward public morality—specifically, police corruption on such a scale that virtually every man on the force jokes openly about his cut of "our little widows-and-orphans fund." Given a hard-hitting, colorful screenplay by Daniel Petrie, Jr., and Jack Baran, director Jim McBride (the remake of *Breathless* was his last major credit) doesn't stint on depicting violence. His real aim, though, is to use the blood spilled as motivation for a love story between a crooked, flamboyant Cajun cop (Dennis Quaid) and an idealistic young D.A. (Ellen Barkin) who tries to put him in jail before she manages to make an honest man of him. All he wants, apparently, is to take her to bed. "I never did have much luck with sex," she protests. To which Quaid drawls, with an impressive Cajun accent, "Honey, yore luck's gonna change." So it does, and *Big Easy*, besides scoring as an exceptionally well-made thriller, ought to establish both Quaid and Barkin as two of the hottest young stars in moviedom. Their sexual chemistry has a lot to do with bringing *Big Easy's* smoothly spooned-up formula to a boil. ★★★½

More than a few unabashedly outspoken bundles from Britain seem to be arriving on our shores. The latest is *Wish You Were Here!* (Atlantic), which marks the directorial debut of writer David Leland, author of *Personal Services* and co-author of last year's provocative *Mona Lisa*. A surprise hit at this year's Cannes Film Festival, Leland's wry and deliciously wayward comedy introduces a singular teenaged sensation, Emily Lloyd (who began the film on her 16th birthday). Playing a motherless, rebellious and promiscuous Fifties sexpot named Lynda, whose dad calls her boy-crazy, she looks like a leggy junior-miss Betty Grable but misbehaves with the nonchalance of Lolita. Forced into a job at the local bus

barn, she amuses the drivers by showing them her panties during lunch break. She also arouses her dad's best friend, a projectionist at the local Bijou—all of which results in pregnancy and the usual hard times for a good-time girl whose lustiness is actually a poignant search for love. Lynda's battle is to grab what she can of life in a dreary English beach town blighted by postwar boredom. While most movies of this ilk make you wish the god-damned kids would grow up, *Wish You Were Here!* celebrates the unstoppable exuberance of youth, and winsome Miss Lloyd embodies it to perfection. **YYY**

The healthy, horny 17-year-old in *Jimmy Reardon* (Island), played by teen star River Phoenix, has every reason to ask himself if his pecker is "leading me around like a mule chasing a carrot." Set in Chicago back in 1962, writer-director William Richert's impudent autobiographical comedy takes up a day and a half in the life of a lad whose deepest concerns are sex, growing up, sex, father-son relationships, sex and sex-related subjects. He's a kind of Andy Hard-on with a huge appetite for impulsive self-gratification, whether plotting Saturday-afternoon trysts with his best friend, Fred's, steady girl or making out with a sultry woman (Ann Magnuson) old enough to visit his mother and disturb his dad (Paul Koslo). Phoenix, already hailed for his work in *The Mosquito Coast* and *Stand by Me*, is a young performer who never wheedles audience sympathy. His spunk and unsentimental intelligence help Richert invest *Jimmy Reardon* with a cutting comic edge that brings back every man's memories of unbuttoned boyhood. **YYY**

Even as I inched toward the conclusion that *The Witches of Eastwick* (Warner) was a pretty bad movie, I often found myself laughing out loud. I also wondered how John Updike would respond to this wild-assed adaptation (by Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright Michael Cristofer) of his big best seller, which was excerpted in *Playboy's* May 1984 issue. As directed by George (*The Road Warrior*) Miller, the film starts out as a sly supernatural sex comedy and winds up looking a lot like *Poltergeist III*. The messier bits cannot be blamed on the performers, though Jack Nicholson might be charged with wretched excess, hamming it up as if he hadn't had a mansionful of scenery to chew since *The Shining*. You'll be likely to laugh along with me and forgive him, because Nicholson, even at his maddest, is a wonder to behold. There's added allure in Susan Sarandon, Michelle Pfeiffer and Cher as the three gorgeous witches who become his sex slaves, among other things, with results that dilute Updike's purpose with pure hokum in order to concoct a *Witches'* brew for mass consumption. Some top talents are ultimately upstaged by low aims. What's left looks glossy, fit-



Reardon's Meredith Salenger, River Phoenix.

A magnificently obsessed teen, some grade-A ham and Playmates in action.

fully funny but out of control, leaving a viewer with but one burning question: "Huh?" **YY**

Dona Speir (Miss March 1984) and Hope Marie Carlton (Miss July 1985) costar as drug-enforcement agents in *Hard Ticket to Hawaii* (Malibu Bay), with Cynthia Brimhall (Miss October 1985) and Patty Duffek (Miss May 1984) in lesser roles. That's the news about the latest drive-in special by writer-director Andy Sidaris, whose works tend to look like action-oriented B movies recycled as exercise tapes. Which means plenty of heaving bosoms and strutting hunks, plenty of sun, sin, shooting and scenery. The jokes are groaners but, when all else fails, some lovely invariably starts pulling off her T-shirt. Sidaris' single-minded artistic credo is "Leave it to the girls." And *Hard Ticket* appears to have as many tanned, foxy vixens as Hawaii has pineapples. **YY**

Nearly three decades after his death, *La Bamba* (Columbia) pays tribute to rock star Ritchie Valens, who died in the same 1959 plane crash that claimed the life of Buddy Holly. Ritchie's greatest hits are performed on the sound track by Los Lobos, and newcomer Lou Diamond Phillips gives an engaging, first-rate performance as Valens. It's a conventional but poignant rags-to-riches saga about a *chicano* boy, his envious older brother (Esai Morales), his ambitious momma and his short, happy journey to the peaks of pioneer rock 'n' roll. Writer-director Luis Valdez clearly understands that the music makes the show. **YY**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Amazing Grace and Chuck** (Listed only) Big and little jocks vs. nukes. **YYY**
The Assault (Reviewed 5/87) German troops, in Dutch, goose-step through the tulips during World War Two. **YYYY**
The Believers (8/87) Dark deeds by a ghoulish Gotham religious sect. **YYY**
Beverly Hills Cop II (8/87) Murphy's law still good for a few laughs. **YY**
The Big Easy (See review) Suspenseful hot stuff with Quaid and Barkin. **YYY½**
Dirty Dancing (8/87) Some step-lively youngsters at a mountain resort. **YYY**
Dragnet (Listed only) Aykroyd and Hanks in a whopping, mostly hilarious send-up of the TV classic. **YYY**
Gardens of Stone (8/87) James Caan, alive and well and walking away with Coppola drama about 'Nam vets. **YY**
Hannah and Her Sisters (3/86) Catch Woody's Oscar winner in rerelease, because nobody does it better. **YYYYY**
Hard Ticket to Hawaii (See review) Playmates baring lethal weapons. **YY**
Harry and the Hendersons (8/87) A sasquatch settles in suburbia. **YY**
Ishtar (8/87) Hoffman and Beatty on the road, some of it pretty funny despite those bleak reviews. **YYY**
Jean de Florette (8/87) Yves Montand superb as a mean French peasant. **YYYYY**
Jimmy Reardon (See review) He's River Phoenix, who goes with the flow. **YYY**
La Bamba (See review) Rocker Ritchie Valens and his music. **YY**
The Living Daylights (See review) We still get a thrill out of 007. **YYYY**
The Lost Boys (See review) Vampire teens on wheels in California. **YYY**
A Man in Love (See review) Marital infidelity simmers on a movie set. **YYY½**
Padre Nuestro (8/87) An old Spanish cardinal pays the wages of sin. **YYY**
Radio Days (4/87) The best of times the way Woody remembers them. **YYYY**
Roxanne (Listed only) Steve Martin as Cyrano, not quite on the nose. **YY**
Summer Night (8/87) Rich bitch takes terrorist hostage in sex wars. **YYY**
Sweet Lorraine (8/87) Down memory lane to a small Catskills hotel. **YY**
The Untouchables (See review) The bad old days, richly redone by De Palma. **YYYY**
Wish You Were Here! (See review) An English rose growing wild. **YYY**
The Witches of Eastwick (See review) Quite mad, but Nicholson's magic. **YY**
Withnail and I (7/87) Weekend in the country with London eccentrics. **YYY**

YYYYY Outstanding

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

MUSIC

DAVE MARSH

IN ALL the furor over the reissue of the Beatles' and Rolling Stones' albums on compact disc, the CD catalog of another great British band has been overlooked, even though Led Zeppelin's Atlantic/Swan Song albums have been available in all their magnificence since last winter.

Zeppelin was the most popular band of the Seventies, but because it was also relentlessly vulgar, from Robert Plant's codpieces to John Bonham's drum solos, its greatness is easy to miss. Zeppelin is often described as a heavy-metal group, but it was never that simple. At its best, it was the last great British blues band.

On *Led Zeppelin and II*, Bonham's drumming simply explodes on CD, underpinning Jimmy Page's guitar and Plant's vocals with a torrent of fills that rival Keith Moon's for constant audacity. *III* suffers from Plant's excessive pastoralism, plus inexplicably poor production. But Zeppelin's fourth LP (the one that used runes as symbols for its title) is one of the most critically underrated records ever made. *Stairway to Heaven* has been worn out through radio overexposure (the lyrics are genuinely lame), but its best passages have a corny beauty, even if you aren't 17. But that's not even the best track. Two hard-rock classics, *Black Dog* and *Rock & Roll*, are the apotheosis of adolescent huggermugger: pure yelping rage, energy too big for any bottle, an absolute fury about the existence of limits (especially one's own), declamatory zeal taken to extremes.

Houses of the Holy was a solid follow-up; but, beginning with *Physical Graffiti* in 1975, the group deteriorated, partly because it fell prey to its own folk-occult pretensions, partly because it ran out of blues and folk material to pillage, but mostly because at least two of its four members were desperately chemically dependent. Nevertheless, Led Zeppelin at its height was a great rock band, and a copy of *Dazed and Confused* that will never wear out is to be treasured.

VIC GARBARINI

They play like the Bangles and sing like the Go-Go's, but the members of Wednesday Week insist that they're not just another girl group from L.A. And they're right. For one thing, they've hired a guy to play lead guitar. More important, on *What We Had* (Enigma), they show a lyrical flair that few of their contemporaries, male or female, can match for chronicling the fears and fractured emotions of modern love: "I can't give you anything, 'cause you need it all too much," confesses lead singer Kristi Callan. True, the songs have a tendency to get entangled in knotty complexities. But at its best, Wednesday Week is a band with



Led Zep flies again—on CD.

CD classics; great new Zevon; and music for safe sex.

commercial as well as artistic potential.

It may sound like a cliché, but New York singer-songwriter Suzanne Vega really is a kind of urban troubadour. Her songs recall medieval morality plays, populated with characters such as Solitude and the Queen, who manage to seem both intensely individual and broadly archetypal. On *Solitude Standing* (A&M), she has trimmed the meandering epics and SoHo sagas that dominated her debut album, resulting in a more focused, pop-oriented work. While reining herself in means that she avoids some of her former indulgences, she also misses some epiphanies. At times, these tunes feel as if they've had their wings clipped instead of being allowed to soar according to their own dictates. But overall, Vega retains that sense of intimacy and wonder—tempered with melancholic introspection—that lends her narratives their inner power.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

When Warren Zevon writes a song called *Boom Boom Mancini*, it is—by God—a song about Boom Boom Mancini. And because it has that solid-steel core of meaning about a specific boxer, the song also resonates with meaning about other stuff of wider interest, such as male hormones and the psychology of public spectacle and how it feels every time you sit down with your buddies to watch a sporting event. In other words, Zevon knows

how to write. His subject matter on *Sentimental Hygiene* (Virgin), his first album in five years, ranges from boxing to detoxification to love to imperialism, and he puts his own resonant twist on each. Zevon also knows how to inspire musicians. He is mostly backed here by R.E.M., sounding tighter and tougher than on R.E.M.

GUEST SHOT



COUNTRY-ROCK veteran Chris Hillman, formerly of the Byrds, the Flying Burrito Brothers and Manassas, now leads the Desert Rose Band, which recently completed a fine new LP, *The Desert Rose Band*. We asked him to assess "Hillbilly Deluxe," album number two from latter-day country rocker Dwight Yoakam.

"*Hillbilly Deluxe* is another good sampling of tunes from Dwight Yoakam. Although he doesn't stray too far from the established parameters, he defines the genre with taste, style and spontaneity. I love the simplicity and rawness of the band, and Dwight's singing is better than ever. This is country music in the truest sense. Being a native Californian and having grown up with Buck Owens, Wynn Stewart and Rose Maddox on the airwaves, I can tell you Dwight is carrying on the tradition with banner held high. When I hear cuts like *Little Ways* and *Please Please Baby*, it takes me back to Los Angeles in 1964, seeing bands at the Aces Club or watching *Cal's Corral* on channel 13. Other standout cuts: *Always Late with Your Kisses*, *Little Sister* and *Readin', Rightin', Rt. 23*. Dwight—thanks for making country music mean something again."

records, and the guitar solos by Neil Young, David Lindley and Zevon himself will restore your faith in L.A. session virtuosity. I want to hear every cut on this record again; that almost never happens.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

I can't confirm reports that the title cut of Zevon's *Sentimental Hygiene* is a safe-sex anthem, because as far as I can tell,



*When the
heat is on,
escape to
the ultimate...*

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REFRESHEST

FAST TRACKS

R

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
The Neville Brothers <i>Uptown</i>	8	6	6	5	6
Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers "Let Me Up (I've Had Enough)"	7	9	7	5	8
The Replacements <i>Pleased to Meet Me</i>	9	6	6	7	6
Randy Travis <i>Always & Forever</i>	5	7	8	6	6
Warren Zevon <i>Sentimental Hygiene</i>	8	9	8	6	9

REELING AND ROCKING: The story line for **Roger Waters'** new album, *Radio K.A.O.S.*, is being developed as a screenplay following completion of a screen treatment of another record, *The Pros and Cons of Hitchhiking*. . . . **Mickey Rourke** has offered **Stevie Ray Vaughan** a role in his upcoming movie about bikers. Rourke describes it as a "Chariots of Fire on wheels."

NEWSBREAKS: Look for a new **Jethro Tull** album and an American tour this fall. . . . **The Doors'** six studio albums will be released this month on CD, and the band will get a star on Hollywood's Walk of Fame. . . . **Judy Collins'** autobiography, *Trust Your Heart*, will be published next month. . . . All three **Pointer Sisters** are planning solo albums to be released over the next two years. This will not affect their collective relationship. . . . Last May's star-studded tribute to **Chet Atkins** in Nashville has been filmed for a Cinemax TV special. The stars who shined for Chet include **Toto's Steve Lukather**, **Willie Nelson**, **Waylon Jennings**, **The Everly Brothers**, **Emmylou Harris**, **Michael McDonald** and **Mark Knopfler**. . . . **Mick Jagger** has hired **John Napier**, the set designer responsible for the Broadway hits *Starlight Express* and *Les Misérables*, to design the set for his solo world tour. Mick will be making the rounds in your city this fall and winter. . . . **Billy Joel's** six-date Soviet concert tour will be filmed for TV and video by **Robert Dalrymple**, who did the Live Aid broadcast. . . . **Little Feat** is planning a reunion tour and album. The band has approached **Robert Palmer** about doing the vocals—not that **Lowell George** could ever be replaced. . . . There will be a TV movie about **Marvin Gaye's** life, produced by Motown, which purchased the rights to

the story from Gaye's estate. . . . **Olivia Newton-John** is working on a screenplay and plans to oversee its production. No title or subject has been revealed yet. . . . Last May's Montreux Rock Festival was taped and will be shown on TV as either two one-hour specials or one two-hour special. Whom will you see? **Whitney Houston**, **Duran Duran**, **The Pretenders**, **INXS**, **The Beastie Boys** and **Run-D.M.C.** . . . A sound-track album will follow the currently available *Memphis Tribute* video; in 1988, the event will show up on TV. You can look forward to **Mickey Thomas** and **Sam Moore** singing *Hold On, I'm Comin'*, **Dave Edmunds** singing *Otis Redding's I Can't Turn You Loose* and **Billy Preston** singing *Midnight Hour*, plus Memphis-sound guitarist **Steve Cropper** presiding over the house band. . . . **Prince's** production complex in Chanhassen, Minnesota, will provide his group and others with a high-tech place to record. Prince wanted to give something back to his home town, and Paisley Park Studios is it. . . . New albums in September from **The Pet Shop Boys**, **George Thorogood**, **The Bee Gees**, **Jermaine Jackson**, **Patty Smyth**, **Aretha Franklin** and **Billy Ocean**. . . . **Robert "Kool" Bell** of **Kool & the Gang** has invested in a resort on the island of Boulay and has been named its ambassador of tourism. Bell hopes to make Boulay the island of the stars by getting other entertainers to make investments there. . . . **U2** is planning to follow *The Joshua Tree* with a live album. . . . Nineteen eighty-eight marks the 25th anniversary of **The Who**, and **Roger Daltrey** says they might do something to celebrate. "We've been talking . . . about some live shows and . . . it could be in the cards for next summer." —BARBARA NELLIS

the lyric doesn't come near sex with a ten-foot metaphor. But with Neil Young's guitar screaming out the solo and Zevon's keyboard grinding out the hook, I don't much care—even the weakest songs here have lines that will come back to you in the night. But for a safe-sex anthem, try flat-out bad boy **Kool Moe Dee**. Formerly one of the Treacherous Three, the baddest rappers never to break out of New York City, Moe Dee is so bad, he doesn't even call himself bad—prefers something clearer, such as *The Best*. And rarely, if ever, has a one-man rap album moved like *Kool Moe Dee* (Jive). The electronic percussion generates a hard, jaunty, out-of-kilter swing, and Moe Dee doesn't let it just lie there—trick rhymes, variable lengths, filters, double tracks, sung refrains and the occasional extra instrument all work to shift the beat without ever undercutting its dominance. Moe Dee has the vocabulary to match these techniques; but on the street hit *Go See the Doctor*, he minces no words: "The poontang was dope," he admits, but now he's "drip-drip-drippin' and pus-pus-pussin'," so all future prospects will check with an M.D. before they check with Moe Dee. No *Dumb Dick* he.

NELSON GEORGE

Looking back, 1986 was the year when, to paraphrase Aretha Franklin and Annie Lennox, sisters did it for themselves. Whitney, Janet, Patti, Anita and others injected American radio with one of our greatest cultural resources: the voices of black women. In response, 1987 has seen the release of records by a slew of new dark divas.

Capitol's Eighties lady is **Peggi Blu**, an ex-*Star Search* winner whose limber, clear instrument on *Blu Blowin'* is sometimes a bit too heavily influenced by Chaka Khan. On the Isley Brothers' *Once Had Your Love* and the danceable *Mesmorize Me*, Blu's aggressive attack works perfectly. However, she sometimes oversells a song; *All and All* cries out for a softer approach. Blu's work would also benefit from fewer producers—seven had a hand in this LP.

One of them was Philadelphia-based **Nick Martinelli**, who also produced half of **Regina Belle's** Columbia debut, *All by Myself*, and, perhaps because he had more time with Belle, did much better work for this ex-Manhattans backup vocalist. His work on *Show Me the Way* is pleasingly reminiscent of **Anita Baker's** breakthrough single *Sweet Love*. In fact, Baker's producer **Michael J. Powell** worked on several of Belle's cuts as well. Overall, Belle is backed by the same kind of sympathetic, caressing arrangements that made Baker a star. On such songs as the soulful *How Could You Do It to Me*, the jazzy *So Many Tears* and the slick *You Got the Love*, Belle displays a feel for soul and jazz that suggests Baker.



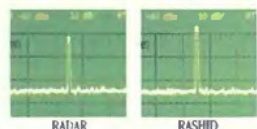


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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

In today's world, scandal follows sports like an IRS audit, often catching up with it and stamping its forehead with a Gothic headline, all caps.

Reeling from its continual shocks, I pause from time to time to wonder how today's squalid sports world would be handled by Bill Stern, the Colgate shave-cream man.

Bill Stern dealt in heroes and legends only.

I was raised on radio; hence, much of what I knew about sports at an early age was learned from Stern on NBC radio in segments of 15 riveting moments each week. It was only after I had become a semiadult that facts began to cloud my thinking.

Facts never bothered Stern, which was the thing that made *The Colgate Sports Newsreel* so listenable, but I didn't realize it in those days. I never heard that part of the show when he would get himself off the hook by saying that some of his stories were based on hearsay.

If I did, I must have assumed that Hearsay was a sportswriter who hung out with Bill Stern and Grantland Rice. Buster Hearsay, the columnist.

Who was Bill Stern? He was a man from Rochester, New York, who got his big break by becoming the stage director of Radio City Music Hall. From there, he went to announcing college football games with Graham McNamee, to broadcasting the Friday-night fights for Adam Hats, to appearing in MGM's *News of the Day* newsreel. But he was best known for the weekly sports show that ran from 1939 through 1951 and featured nonfacts blended with melodramatic organ music.

The show opened with his theme, sung in barbershop-quartet style to the tune of *Mademoiselle from Armentières*: "Bill Stern, the Colgate shave-cream man, is on the air/Bill Stern, the Colgate shave-cream man, with stories rare."

He always ended the show the same way: "That's the three-o mark for tonight." I didn't know what that meant until I got into the newspaper business, which was where I found out that Stern had never been in it.

But no matter. His stories were what was important. Only on *The Colgate Sports Newsreel* could you hear a tale like this:

"There'll never be another Army-Navy game like the one a few years ago. Army had a gutsy little quarterback who wanted to win this game pretty bad. His name was



AMAZING TALES

Douglas MacArthur.

"Mac ran and passed his heart out that afternoon, but he couldn't seem to penetrate the Navy goal. The reason was a tough-as-nails midshipman who kept getting in Mac's hair. His name: Chester W. Nimitz.

"Late in the game, things looked like they might wind up in a tie, but there was this one cadet who had different ideas. He was a skinny kid who had come in as a sub off the bench. He suggested a trick play to Mac. With nothing to lose, the Army quarterback tried the play. Mac tucked the pigskin under his arm, got a key block from an Army teammate named Omar Bradley, side-stepped a rough-and-tumble middy who went by the moniker of William F. 'Bull' Halsey—and dashed across the Navy goal for the winning touchdown.

"The name of that skinny sub who called the winning play? Dwight Eisenhower!

"But that's not the end of the story.

"Sitting in the stadium on that memorable afternoon were a couple of foreigners who were watching their first game of American football. Their names wouldn't have meant much to the kids down on the playing field that day, but they do now! Those two men were Hermann Goering and Field Marshal Karl von Rundstedt!"

Hey, I bought it, OK? And then would come reel two:

"The old brickyard was ready for what might be the greatest Indy 500 in history.

And a plucky guy named Eddie Rickenbacker was ready to win it.

"He had the kind of nerve it took. He had the car, a bright-red machine with speed to burn.

"Most of the way, that Indy 500 belonged to Eddie Rickenbacker. Lap after lap, he held the lead as he blazed around the track, ducking around the other racers, showing the kind of nerve and guts he would later show in the bloody skies over France.

"It was on the final lap that Eddie was called on by fate to make a split-second decision that might cost him the race but save a life!

"As Eddie was bearing down on the checkered flag, a little boy suddenly wandered out onto the track. He had slipped away from his mother's grasp. He was right in Eddie's path.

"To save the little boy's life, Eddie Rickenbacker jerked at his steering wheel and slammed on his brakes. The car spun out of control momentarily, but it skidded away from the little boy.

"The second-place car took advantage of the opportunity and sped past Eddie to win the race, but Eddie smiled when he saw that little boy back in his mother's arms, safe and sound. That little boy's name? That little boy was Fred MacMurray—who would grow up to play Eddie Rickenbacker in a movie called *Captain Eddie!*"

In today's world, Bill Stern might come up with a reel three along these lines:

"He was a big, tough kid who only wanted to play football for a college down South and then for one of the pro teams. Football was his life.

"He went high in the N.F.L. draft, but he never got a chance to play in the pros. While he was touring New York, the big city, the kid decided to have his picture made for the folks back home. He figured he'd do it himself. He put his face down on the glass surface of a copying machine and pushed the button.

"Tragically, the kid was blinded to such an extent that he could never play football. Whose copying machine was it? Pete Rozelle's.

"But that's not the end of the story.

"The kid's eyesight was slowly restored through the miracle of surgery, at least to the point where he is, today, one of the top referees in the N.F.L.!

"That's the three-o mark for tonight."



MEN

By ASA BABER

Marla is definitely a big momma. More than six feet tall, she has the build of a wrestling queen. Even her breasts are muscular. I should know: We met in a martial-arts class and traded hip throws and body slams for a year.

I think Marla is beautiful. She dresses well, has glowing skin, a cute face. When she's in her headband, she looks like a tall Elizabeth Taylor. I see her as the ultimate hefty, healthy woman.

Every few months, though, Marla falls into despair about her problems with men. That's when she calls me and comes over to my writing studio to bitch and moan. She knows I'll listen for only so long and that I won't roll over for the antimale propaganda she tries to hand me—sort of a mental martial-arts class.

This afternoon, Marla has brought over the "Style" section of the *Chicago Tribune*. There is a picture of a bare-chested male and a large headline: "WHY MEN ARE JERKS (AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT)."

"That's nothing new," I say. "We've seen stuff like that for years now. 'WHY MEN ARE JERKS.' You think you'll ever see the headline 'WHY WOMEN ARE JERKS?'"

"I'd cancel my subscription," Marla says.

"Sure you would. So would the rest of you gals. You've got a lock on the media now."

"Besides, it's true. Men are jerks, and that's all there is to it. It says so right here." Marla clears her throat as if she's about to read a message from God.

"You take any ten women, and seven or eight are worth getting to know. They're decent people," says Karen, a single saleswoman whose perspectives on male behavior are echoed by dozens of women in a *Tribune* survey. "You take any ten men, and seven or eight are jerks, at least with respect to how they treat other people, especially women." "

"I thank you and my father thanks you," I say.

"It is true, Ace," she says. "Ask any woman."

"And ask any man how he feels about being called a jerk."

"I'm not interested," Marla sulks.

"It's Jeff, isn't it?"

"Jeff who?"

"You went to L.A. with him, didn't you?"

"I don't remember."

"You went to L.A. and you guys got into an argument, as usual, and now



WHY WOMEN ARE JERKS

you're hurt."

"Argument? It was worse than that. He ignored me. He sat by the pool and worked on his screenplay and didn't say a word to me for a week."

"Which is what I said he would do when you asked me if you should go."

"A week. Seven days. *Nada*."

"Which is what *he* said he would do."

"As if I didn't exist!"

"And which is what he had to do if he was going to get paid. It's called meeting a deadline."

"Totally antisocial. A jerk. Just like it says here."

"Marla, you moved out two months ago."

"I was giving him space," she says, smiling too sweetly. "Jeff has always needed space. Montana might do for him—if there were no other people there. Just Jeff and the buffalo."

Before I can say anything, she is reading from the *Tribune* again: "Oh, the American jerk. Emotionally unconscious when he isn't thinking with his penis. . . . He leaves the toilet seat up, leaves dates at the door with empty promises and—judging from what women say—is apt to leave altogether, even after months of dating, with nary a word. . . . The fact that another human being may be deeply hurt by his unexplained flight apparently does not enter the male mind."

"Keep those cards and letters coming, folks," I say.

"It rings true to me," Marla frowns.

"Marla, you moved out. Clothes and all. You'd had it. Or so you said."

"I was confused."

"You ever stop to think he was confused, too?"

"He's just a walking penis."

"And what are you? You went for romance. You were a jerk. You ignored his go-away signals. You screwed up. Can you live with that?"

"Why should I, when he was such a jerk?"

"Oh, I get it: You're allowed your confusion and mixed messages. Jeff isn't. It's all his fault? He's the only jerk?"

"He never should've asked me."

"Agreed."

"Agreed?" Marla laughs. "Case closed."

"Nope. Jeff never should've asked you. He was a jerk. He was confused; he wanted the comfort of you with him; he didn't think ahead. Bad move on his part. But what about you? You got all mushy in the head and left yourself vulnerable after you guys had split up. You took the gamble and got burned. That makes you a jerk, too. Only, you want to lay the blame on him. And then, to top it off, you want to have the luxury of calling him a jerk while you avoid your own supreme jerkiness."

Marla looks at me without saying anything for a minute. "You've got a black belt in cruelty, Baber," she finally says.

"And you've got a black belt in self-deception."

"You're a jerk," Marla smiles. "And so is Jeff."

"Agreed. And so are you."

"I never said that."

"No, you didn't. But you know it's true. We're all jerks. We don't really listen to each other, we blame each other for too many things and, at the same time, we need each other like crazy."


"Remember when I threw you and you separated your shoulder?" Marla asks. "Could we do that again right now?"

"Only if I get to break your ankle again."

"I never did like you," Marla says as she gives me a hug.

"I know. That's why you're here."

We stand there hugging for a minute. I am not thinking about issues or anxieties or philosophies.

I am thinking that Marla has wonderful breasts. 

TEASE ATWIST



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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Just tell her I have no feelings. Just tell her I'm a prick and she doesn't need a guy like me in her life," Hank said.

"I suppose I'd better, you ratbag. You flirt with her, you know," I said.

"I can't help it. She's a great girl. That's why I want her to know immediately what a bastard I am."

The boy has no shame. He's my pal. It has come to my attention that I have a lot of pals who are without women in their lives. I wanted to know why; I asked them; the answers are disquieting.

Hank is abnormally handsome, blond and tall. At the artists' and writers' softball game in East Hampton last summer, every girl in the stands said to every other girl, "Who's the hunk in center field?" Went to Harvard, wrote a book, was all we found out. Later, when he and I had become inseparable, I found out that he had once been the perfect, monogamous boyfriend for seven years, until his girlfriend dumped him. Now he dates only models, to whom he's cold.

"I have no feelings," said Hank. "As Yeats said, 'Too long a sacrifice/Can make a stone of the heart.' The only amendment I would make to that is 'If you're lucky.' Too many people continue to be victimized by the world of feeling. That world is genuinely silly to me. I listen to the lyrics of those songs that in times of heartache I thought were filled with the essential meaning of life; they are now utterly ludicrous to me. They're goofier than *The Flintstones*."

"You're very sick," I said, and he giggled happily.

"At least I know I've fallen from grace," he said. "But from the deepest regions of that cavity that we used to call my soul, I honestly don't feel negative. I would expect more of the reaction that bodybuilders get from their audiences—oohs and aaahhs."

My buddy Sam, whom I'm with more than anybody else, is deeply funny, a cartoonist with a cheerfully evil glint in his eye. He's as steady as a rock; he rarely leaves his house; he hasn't had a girlfriend in maybe ten years. One of my friends went all silly when she met him, and he liked her, too, but he avoided her madly from then on. Why, Sam?

"It's just so much easier not to bother. Life is complicated enough already without having to deal with someone else who wants to be intimate. It's easier to escape into escapism. To build up a lot of obses-



MEN WHO LOVE TOO LITTLE

sions about trivial things that you can have illusions of control over. Baseball stats, crazy Rotisserie Leagues, poker, bird watching. . . ."

"So you're a control freak. I never realized."

"It's not so much control I want as avoidance of noncontrol. I don't want someone controlling me. I'm just making this up as I go along. You do what feels best and you figure it out later."

Readers, I have to admit that when I decided to write this, I thought I could be all-knowing and smug about the fear of intimacy and the callowness of men. But right now I'm beginning to wonder about women. I hope I feel more confident soon.

There's Victor, my English mate. Sweetest guy, will do anything for anyone. Most of my friends have had crushes on Victor, and so have I; I don't think he's noticed. He dates, looks for Ms. Right; she's never there.

"I was one of those people who suddenly had to get sensitive in the Seventies and was enormously relieved. I never was a beer-chugging bloke; I thrived in that period. I've watched it all change; I've watched it all get a haircut. People are acting like they're back in the Fifties. We're afraid we fucked up with all that self-exploration we did. You can't take away knowledge, and it's dangerous to pretend you never had it.

"We're not innocent; we've lost confidence in our feelings. At least, I have. If I'm attracted to somebody, I act like a complete fool."

Maybe I just know unhappy people, but, readers, I couldn't believe how eager all these guys were to talk about it, to explain themselves, to justify their positions. And their depth of despair is beyond anything I've heard from the girls.

Listen to Brian, who has lately become famous as a writer-socialite in New York, who is enormously sexy, whose wife left him for another man, whose next lover tortured him viciously and who hasn't had a relationship since the Seventies:

"During and at the breakup of a relationship, you experience the only true pain you suffer in life. It's not like hunger and poverty; those are physical, and you can deal with them. But turmoil, anxiety, jealousy and crushing pain only come from a relationship. It's emotional and physical."

"But what about loneliness?"

"In order to be alone, you have to like yourself, be content. I have hundreds of people I see constantly. I have physical companionship every night. I'm never lonely. I don't make a commitment, I don't break a commitment—which, of course, people always do."

What's happening here? These guys have given up!

My theory is that not all traumas happen in childhood. A profound hurt can change your life irreparably. And if this kind of damage just lies there, festering in your psyche, your enchilada is cooked.

You have to grieve, go through the same period of mourning as when a loved one dies, let those grisly feelings happen. Then start over again.

But why start over again? Is it simply a biological trick to keep the race alive, this romance business?

Hank said, "Not having romantic feelings is like having all the good aspects of a retirement home. You feel yourself above a demeaning and ultimately pointless fray."

"But what about closeness and family and being connected?"

"You're speaking a foreign language," he said.

I know that women confused the hell out of men in the past few decades; men got angry, hurt. Men have a history of not showing their feelings.

Maybe we were too harsh.





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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm 24 and a female. About five years ago, my present boyfriend and I had a one-time sexual encounter with a woman. She was an I.V.-drug user at the time. I believe she also did some sexual favors on the side for extra money. What I need to find out is, what do you think are the chances of our having contracted AIDS from that one encounter? Although we haven't had any symptoms, I'm terrified, but my boyfriend is not worried about it. Do you recommend that we simply get a blood test?—Miss D. P., Virginia Beach, Virginia.

We think that the chances that you or your boyfriend contracted the AIDS virus from this woman on the basis of one sexual encounter five years ago are extremely remote at best. In 1982, there were only 48 female AIDS victims in America, most of them in New York and San Francisco. (There were only 923 in the country last year.) The Centers for Disease Control use a rough estimate of 50 people with the virus for every known victim. So what were the odds that you and your boyfriend had an encounter with one of the 2400 potential carriers? Neither of you has any symptoms. If that simple fact doesn't calm you, then consider a confidential test with counseling for you and your boyfriend. Two negatives do make something positive—if you are both sure that you do not carry the virus and don't have sex with strangers, then every known sexual act is safe. If only one of you takes the test, then the advice changes: Act as if your partner may have the virus—i.e., engage in safe sex; use condoms and spermicidal foam; do not have sex with strangers. Or move to a monastery. We think you'll opt for a strategy that gives you peace of mind and incredible sex.

My boss never carries money in his wallet, preferring to carry cash in a clip. Is he just being ostentatious? Is this a throwback to the choker rolls that cheap hoods used to carry to impress gun molls? I say, use the right tool for the right job—and wallets were intended to transport cash. What does the Advisor say?—F. L., Albany, New York.

First, go a little easy on your boss. If you lose your job, this question becomes academic. There is a trend in fashion toward leaner, slimmer wallets. The days when you could dump a month's worth of receipts and petty cash into a breast-pocket wallet, consequently looking as though you were packing a .45, are gone. For one thing, men tend to dress more casually—sans jackets—and don't want to risk the lower-back pain of carrying fat wallets in their hip pockets. Give your wallet a fall cleaning—two credit cards should be sufficient to see you through most galaxies. Get rid of the pictures of your high school car, your first house or the Third World orphan Sally Struthers persuaded you



to adopt. By now, most of the good memories of your life are on video tape. Carry small bills or the cash you expect to spend in your pocket. If you get mugged, there's a chance the mugger will take just the cash. Money clips are OK as long as they are tasteful—no rubber bands or paper clips, please. Finally, we assume your boss is flashing his roll as he pays for lunch. Let him. If you spring for lunch, there is always the chance that he'll think he's paying you too much.

You'll probably think I'm crazy after you read this, but I just have to know if this is reality or my imagination. I'm in my early 30s and have dated my fair share of women. When I reminisce about them, one in particular stands out. She felt better than the rest. Her vagina was actually softer, smoother and silkier than those of the rest of the women I had made love to (sorry if I sound like a commercial). The entire lovemaking experience was similar to the one Norman Mailer described in his book *The Naked and the Dead*: "It was like dipping it into a barrel of honey." While my staying power with the other women was nothing to brag about, with this girl it was zero, because the pleasure was so exquisite. I just can't believe it was all my imagination, but, at the same time, I'm no expert (though I wish I were). Was I dreaming or what?—E. J., Inglewood, California.

We suspect that what you perceived as an unusually smooth, silky quality with this woman was due to other pleasurable factors. It could be that this particular woman was tighter or wetter than other women you've partnered, or that she was endowed with superior control of her vaginal muscles. The texture of the vaginal tissues does not vary significantly from one woman to the next

(although the consistency of lubrication does change throughout a woman's cycle). Memory isn't what you see or feel or even what is—it's what you notice. Judging from the speed of your reaction, texture was what you noticed with this one partner, as opposed to, say, the shape of a birthmark or the suction of a blow job or the subtle way she used bullwhips or . . . get the idea? On the other hand, you may have been struck by the gypsy's curse, which is "Find a woman who fits." Your roaming days may be over.

I took up boardsailing this summer on Lake Michigan. Now, with winter approaching, I face withdrawal. I'd like to plan a winter vacation where I can windsurf to my heart's delight. Will the airlines allow me to carry a board as luggage?—J. P., Evanston, Illinois.

Have you considered sailing to your destination? Some airlines will take oversize luggage (sailboards, surfboards, kayaks, bicycles), but policy and price vary from carrier to carrier. First you must determine whether or not the board will fit in the aircraft's luggage container (737s and 727s have more room than DC-9s and Convair 580s). So forget puddle jumpers to desert islands. Price will vary from \$25 to \$100 if the board fits; if not, you may have to ship it air freight. For that price, you could buy a used board at the other end. We should add that while the airlines will take the board, they won't necessarily get it there in one piece. Literally all the sailors we know (a dozen or so) who have tried to fly have arrived with damaged boards or spars. There is a solution. Mistral, the world's premiere board manufacturer, operates a chain of Club Mistrals at various resorts in Europe, First Resort schools in the Caribbean and High Wind Centers in the U.S. and Mexico. You can reserve a state-of-the-art board—in a model that suits your skill and the local conditions—and forgo the hassles of traveling with a dearly beloved but fragile board. The resorts also feature certified instruction, which you will find invaluable when you switch from lake to ocean or ocean to gorge or low wind to high wind. For more information, contact Vela Sports Travel at 1-800-222-5697 or write to Mistral, 7222 Parkway Drive, Dorsey, Maryland 21076.

Sorry if this letter is late. In the March and June Advisors, you held a contest to find an appropriate description of L.A. Law's famed Venus-butterfly technique. After much deliberation (and a rerun of L.A. Law to refresh my memory), I believe I have an answer. It involves a soft biting with a rapid flicking of the tongue over the bitten area, simultaneously and in succession. (The biting is similar to the action of the Venus-flytrap as it closes over a finger, and, of course, Xaviera's butterfly

flick can be applied to either sex with just a little imagination.) I do not limit this technique to any particular erogenous zone; however, I prefer to start with the lips and tongue, moving to the ear lobes and the nape of the neck, then down across the shoulders to a point beside the breast and the armpit, then to the underside of the breast and the nipple. (I enjoy a little extra time feeling the nipples harden to my touch.) Next, I move to the abdomen, hips, buttocks and thighs, moving down across the lower legs and back up again in reverse order before going down on what should be at this point a very hot, moist vagina. I have subsequently found that the lips of the labia and the clitoris are particularly sensitive and require intuition or a vocal partner, as the more aroused we both are, the more pressure I use. Also, I tend to alternate between biting, flicking and kissing my hapless and ecstatic victim.—D. H., Riverside, California.

Thanks. We'll take our dentures out of the glass of water, wind them up and try this.

I would greatly appreciate any help that you may be able to give me. I enjoy making high-quality cassette tapes of my LPs. I feel that my copies are better than the prerecorded kind. My problem comes when I make copies of my tapes. I patch two tape decks together, both having Dolby C. What should the Dolby switch be set on for both the playing and the recording decks, assuming the copies will ultimately be played on a cassette player with Dolby C? I would also like to know the settings for the copy that will be played on a player with no Dolby.—P. R., Burlington, North Carolina.

When making a copy of a Dolby-encoded tape (either Dolby B or Dolby C), you should turn off all Dolby circuitry on the playback deck and the recording deck. This will allow the Dolby B or C encoding on the original tape to transfer from the playback deck to the recording deck and will properly encode the copied tape for playback in Dolby B or C. You cannot change a Dolby B tape to Dolby C in the copying process without losing frequency response. The same applies to changing Dolby C to Dolby B. To make a proper copy, stick to the original Dolby format.

If you want to make a tape copy for use on a player without Dolby, the playback deck should be set to the appropriate Dolby setting of the original tape (B, C or Dolby off) and the recording deck should be set to the Dolby-off position. This will allow for best frequency response and only a minimal increase in background noise. Although copying tapes results in a slight loss of signal-to-noise ratio (increasing background noise), the secret to making high-quality cassette copies is to follow the correct procedure in setting the Dolby positions when making the copies.

Why are guys so hung up on orgasm? I read somewhere that the average male orgasm lasts only eight seconds. If you fig-

ure that most guys average about 100 orgasms a year, that's about 13 minutes of bliss a year. Viewed in that manner, doesn't sex seem ridiculous?—Miss F. D., New York, New York.

No, merely more precious. You've forgotten to add that the average sex act is about ten minutes long, which means most of us spend 16 and two thirds hours a year engaged in sex. On second thought, that is depressing. Never have so many spent so much for so little. Maybe that's why God invented sports cars, winding roads and radar detectors, to give us something to do with our spare time.

Strangely enough, one of the symptoms I suffer during a hangover is a markedly increased desire to have sex. As an aphrodisiac, however, the cost outweighs the benefits. Others whom I have asked, especially women, don't seem to share this problem. A girlfriend has suggested that my id fears imminent death and seeks to reproduce while there is still time. Is there a physical cause for hangover horniness, or have I got a psychological problem?—T. L., Encinitas, California.

We tend to agree with your girlfriend. But an article in Archives of Sexual Behavior suggests that your experience is not out of the ordinary: "There is a great deal of experimental and correlational evidence for the more intriguing contention, that under the right conditions a variety of awkward and painful experiences—anxiety and fear, embarrassment, the discomfort of seeing others involved in conflict, jealousy, loneliness, anger, anger at parental attempts to break up an affair, grisly stories of a mob mutilating and killing a missionary while his family watched, or even grief—all these can deepen passion." That's some list. Surely, a hangover might have the same effect. Interestingly, the same article says that if you are aroused (let's say by a great night of carousing), you will find attractive women more attractive, and less attractive women even less attractive—which seems to put an end to the legend that everyone looks good at closing time. Since you already find your girlfriend attractive, leave early.

Please help me! I am a 26-year-old woman with a complex problem. A little more than a year ago, I learned from a lover (and, later, a doctor) that I had genital herpes. I was devastated and went out with a trusted girlfriend to drown my sorrows. While at the bar, I met a really nice man who found me interesting on the basis of shared experiences and hobbies. We struck up a friendship and later fell in love. We dated for several months before having sex. I put him off for a while, as I eased away from my previous lover, and a while longer, as I worked up the courage to tell my new lover that I had herpes. He was extremely considerate and kind, willing to wait and then willing to take the risk of catching the disease. We are now engaged and living together. But

after a year, I'm about to go crazy, because my sex life is the pits. The patience I loved so well in him has manifested itself as a low sex drive. We make love about twice a month, always in the same place, at the same time of day and in the same two or three positions. Part of the blame rests with me, since I was content with a minimum of variation at the beginning of our affair. I assumed that as time went by, we would expand our sexual repertoire. But it hasn't happened. He is embarrassed by many things. He used to blush and squirm whenever I fondled his penis, except in foreplay—fortunately, that doesn't happen anymore—and he never touches my vagina except in foreplay. We live alone, but he is still embarrassed about making love in any room but the bedroom. He thinks that talking during sex is silly, while I find it erotic. I want a happy marriage. I don't want to have an affair or to get a divorce. But I find that my own desire is dropping off, and I am too young for that to happen. How can I help change his attitudes and prejudices? Does an unsatisfactory sex life outweigh all those wonderful traits I saw in him at the beginning (and still see)? I would never consider giving up security for sex; is it worth it to consider giving up sex for security and companionship? Please advise me. My anxiety is getting the upper hand.—Miss R. K., Denver, Colorado.

It sounds as though your boyfriend is responding poorly to your attempts to communicate your sexual likes and dislikes. His inability to communicate on sexual issues is a very basic problem. As you are still involved in the courtship phase, when most partners try their hardest to please each other, we doubt that his hang-ups regarding sexuality will diminish when you are married. We think that sex is too fundamental an issue to ignore, and there's no reason for you to settle for a drab and unfulfilling sex life. Part of the problem may be fear of the unknown. Herpes, when viewed as a risk, can dampen desire in both parties. You need some facts (the outbreaks can be reduced by treatment; the virus is predominantly passed by having sex during an outbreak). Don't be a martyr to misinformation. We strongly urge the two of you to consult a sex therapist for counseling with these problems. Furthermore, we suggest that you postpone any wedding plans until you are satisfied with his attempts to gain more mature and uninhibited attitudes toward sex.

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 sports do you find sexy to watch and why?

Running. I've watched a few marathons on TV, and you can really see the concentration on a man's face. It's like you get to know him by watching him concentrate so hard on winning and also just on the achievement of being right in there. Plus, runners are in those little shorts. I like a runner's figure, and I like to see him sweat. It's not like the aggression in



football. That's so barbaric. Running is an individual sport, and you feel like you are getting to know each runner. I like watching a man get focused on one thing.

Donna Edmondson

DONNA EDMONDSON
NOVEMBER 1986

Football. I love big men and I love to be tackled, so when I see them tackle each other, it's a turn-on. I put myself in the middle. I pretend I'm the ball! I am into power and strength. Gymnastics is another sexy sport—strength and power and great-looking bodies. In what other sport do you see better bodies than in gymnastics? Oh, yes, and hockey. I like hockey, too. It's the power thing again, you know; I pretend I'm the girl they're fighting over—or the puck!



Kimberly Paige

KYMBERLY PAIGE
MAY 1987

Well, I'm dating a baseball player now, so I'm kind of biased. Baseball seems very sexy to me right now. Some of the players look real cute in their uniforms. But I've

always liked football. I guess it's the aggression and all the padding. They take a perfectly normal body and pad it up until it looks awesome. I don't like violent sports, like boxing, but I do get off on the aggression out on the football field. The guy I'm dating now played for the Milwaukee Brewers, so baseball is starting to grow on me.



Lynne Austin

LYNNE AUSTIN
JULY 1986

Iwent down to Venice Beach in California and watched a basketball game. That made me horny! Bodybuilders are sexy if they're not too narcissistic. I hate men who shave their chests and that sort of thing. But if they're good, they are quite wonderful to watch. I've never seen surfers, because we don't have surfing in England, but I'm sure I'd enjoy that. Anything that involves a lot of sweating is sexy. And lanky bodies.



Marina Baker

MARINA BAKER
MARCH 1987

Ilove bodybuilding and I like to watch bodybuilding contests. Seeing bodies in peak form is really pretty neat. I also think gymnasts are sexy. The male gymnast has a good-looking physique. Soccer is fun to watch, too. It's action-packed and symbolic of how men play together. It's fast, cunning and definitely a buddy sport. It isn't solitary, like body-



building and gymnastics. It's a team sport. I like watching fast sports where I can see muscle.

Julie Peterson

JULIE PETERSON
FEBRUARY 1987

Would you call dancing a sport? There is so much body language going on between good dancers who move well together. It's sexy to watch and to do. I also love football. I love watching those big, masculine guys out on the field, going for it, getting dirty and sweaty in tight pants. They get in there with those big shoulders and push and shove and make strange noises, and that sort of thing is very sexy to watch.



Rebecca Ferratti

REBECCA FERRATTI
JUNE 1986

Baseball. I used to go out with a Dodgers pitcher. He was incredibly sexy when he stood on the pitcher's mound. You know the way a pitcher stands there and thinks about the pitch, then moves his hips around to get ready? That's very sexy stuff. I think baseball gets kind of boring unless you're really involved. Fans can get pretty gross. But it's a very masculine sport, and the pitchers have a lot of sex appeal.



Luann Lee

LUANN LEE
JANUARY 1987

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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Extramarital Sex

T H E B A C K L A S H

The Gary Hart affair has made America focus on extramarital sex. We have been bombarded with stories about Phi Beta Kappa bimbos, yacht trips to Bimini, rock-'n'-roll bandstand jams. The stories appeal to our guilt (half of all spouses have fooled around), to our prurient interest (half of all spouses would like to fool around) and to a deep-seated holier-than-thou delight in other people's misfortune (thank God we've never been caught).

There have been enough stories, speculation and rumor—and they reveal a nation that is not exactly honest about what it thinks about extramarital sex. Most of the news coverage has tried to pretend that Hart's alleged affair with Donna Rice is not the issue. We have been told that Hart was deposed because of *hubris* and hypocrisy, risk taking and the tragic flaw of baiting the press—not because he lusted in his heart but because he lied.

However, a close reading of the stories reveals an emerging public posture about extramarital sex. It used to be a sin. Now, we are told, it is a symptom of an illness, a sign of immaturity, a sign of disrespect for all women. Let's look at some of the stones cast by media without sin.

The *Chicago Sun-Times* announced that men who fooled around were "ADDICTED TO LUST." Phyllis Levy, radio-talk-show host and sex therapist, said, "The phenomenon we call womanizing is really sexual addiction. . . . In women, we tend to call it nymphomania, and it's far rarer."

So men who fool around are male nymphos or—worse—Neanderthals. Froma Walsh, a University of Chicago professor, declared, "Those who practice this kind of casual sexual liaison have traditionally been associated with the *macho* image. It's even been viewed with a sense of male pride as a sign of power, wealth and success. . . . In these cases, repeated

affairs are attempts to prove lovability and adequacy and power in each new conquest. It's often associated with a mid-life crisis; they need to seduce to try and recapture the vitality of their youth. . . ." Are we to pity the insecure bastard who fools around? Walsh makes infidelity seem like the poor man's public-opinion poll.

On the other hand, *The Village Voice* said that Hart's problem was that he failed the *macho* test, "which is to be lewd in the sheets, a dude in the streets. He revealed himself not as a philanderer but as a wimp—a man who would risk his neck for quim." What a novel notion—that women aren't worth it. This kind of misogyny belongs to the *Little Rascals* Women Haters club.

Suzannah Lessard, in *Newsweek*, gave us the Daughters of the Sexual Revolution line: "A feminist sensibility has seeped into the public consciousness sufficiently to

make philandering appear to many at best unattractive, maybe unacceptable and possibly even alarming. . . . During the 1980 campaign, a number of feminists were concerned about [Ted] Kennedy's behavior. It meant to them that Kennedy did not respect women and would not put them in high posts and would respond to feminist causes only as an expedient. . . . We found out that many of us now believe a man's life with women does reveal character and that we are not apologetic for thinking this way anymore." This stirring defense of trial by gossip raises some interesting questions. Is sex with a woman all right as long as you offer her a Supreme Court seat the morning after? If a man treats some women as sexual partners or sex objects, is he then somehow incapable of seeing them in any other role?

Lessard presupposes that a man who likes women in bed—who likes sex with the opposite sex and who does not fit the traditional description of a husband—will vote against the E.R.A., an amendment designed to improve the lot of women who themselves don't
(concluded on page 48)



R E A D E R

AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER

Affairs wear well with time. There seems to be an unspoken statute of limitations that gives an almost rosy glow to past indiscretions. *Time* magazine columnist Lance Morrow looked back on Franklin Roosevelt's romance with Lucy Mercer as having a "wistful sweetness." The same article speculated that John F. Kennedy's "sex drive may have been a healthy creature, a sleek dog that needed to run in the woods."

Jim Bakker's six-year-old "incident" with Jessica Hahn has worn well with time, too. Newspapers have called the encounter a tryst, a one-night stand, a dalliance and a fling. Bakker himself weeps and says he was manipulated and betrayed by former friends. He presents himself as bewildered, inexperienced, even impotent. He has apparently forgotten that he half raped a young girl, once, long ago, in a galaxy far away. Indeed, signed affidavits by participants in the incident describe a forcible seduction. Bakker said he met Jessica only to make wife Tammy jeal-

ous. If he'd been smart, he would have said that he was merely exercising his sleek dog, the one he kept in the air-conditioned doghouse. Instead, he claimed that he was an innocent man, trapped by a seductive woman who knew all the tricks of the trade. The story was as old as Adam and Eve's.

So Gary Hart can take heart: In seven years or so, the press will look back on his alleged affair with Donna Rice and see it as a sweet encounter, a little fling, a necessary exercise for a healthy dog.

R. Burns
San Diego, California

COKE CONUNDRUM

Both Ed Rist in his letter "Corruptive Coke" (*The Playboy Forum*, June) and your response to him are in error. It is the illegality of cocaine, not cocaine itself, that has corrupted Colombian society and has led to violence.

In 1919, the United States instituted Prohibition. The result was violence,

corruption and the breakdown of law and order. By 1933, the country had wised up and ended Prohibition. Rist, *Playboy* and everyone else who wants to end the corruption and violence associated with cocaine trafficking should work for the legalization of cocaine.

Paul Thiel
Crescent Springs, Kentucky

Ed Rist writes that our demand for cocaine is destroying Colombia. My first impulse is to sympathize; but after thinking about it, I'm wondering who the real villain is. It's not drugs but *governments* that endanger lives—by not legalizing some drugs.

(Name and address withheld by request)

People love to point to Prohibition as a mistake—which it was—and then extrapolate that prohibiting anything is wrong. Sorry, but that's just not the case. It would be terrific if legalizing cocaine would solve the problems in countries such as Colombia, but it's naïve to think that the answers are that simple.



FOR THE RECORD

THE SEARCH FOR A REASONABLE PERSON

The Supreme Court is looking for a few good men—only reasonable ones need apply.

On May fourth, the Court decided that "community standards" cannot determine if a work has serious value. Under the old ruling, material was deemed obscene if:

- The average person, applying contemporary community standards, found that the work, taken as a whole, appealed primarily to libidinous or lewd interests;
- The material depicted in a patently offensive way sexual conduct specifically defined by an applicable state law;
- Taken as a whole, the material was without serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value.

The new ruling holds that community standards are not the right test for value. "The proper inquiry is not whether an ordinary member of any given community would find serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value in allegedly obscene material but whether a reasonable person would find such value in the material taken as a whole," wrote Justice Byron White for the majority.

In a dissenting opinion, Justice John Paul Stevens wrote, "The problem with this formulation is that it assumes that all reasonable persons would resolve the value inquiry in the same way. In fact, there are many cases in which some reasonable people would find that specific sexually oriented materials have serious . . . value while other reasonable people would conclude that they have no such value."

Clearly, Justice Stevens is correct, for we're hearing favorable comments from both liberals and conservatives, including the Reverend Donald Wildmon. This should indicate the real problem—few people consider themselves unreasonable.

HEAL THYSELF

Health Education AIDS Liaison (HEAL) is a nonprofit support group for people with AIDS and people concerned about it. We almost said for "victims of AIDS," but that would be counter to HEAL's basic tenet that people with the disease are *not* victims and do have some control over their fate. HEAL, which began five years ago, has expanded to become a resource and support group that teaches ill people ways to strengthen the immune system and teaches well ones preventive measures. HEAL doesn't offer miracle cures, but it does provide hope, positive thinking, resources and support for those with the disease or worried about getting it.

Rachel Gallagher
Rachael Pasternack
HEAL
P.O. Box 1103
Old Chelsea Station
New York, New York 10113

UNDERWEAR WARS

Christy Marx sent us a copy of a letter she had sent to the manager of the JC Penney store in Victorville, California.

I was in the men's department of your store today to purchase underwear for my husband. I learned from a salesperson that the Playboy line of men's underwear has been dropped and that the Jordache line is on its way out. These products, which sell quite well, are being removed because of complaints from people who found them "offensive." Yet another product has been censored by the fundamentalists. These people engineered the removal of some magazines from convenience stores, they bomb abortion clinics, they oppose sex education and birth control, they force "creationism" into the schools, they force books such as *Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl* and *Cinderella* out of the classroom, and *now* they're forcing stores to stop selling some brands of underwear. This is really too much.

Please don't let yourselves be bullied by a few maladjusted, narrow-minded, puritanical cranks. Take a stand. It's more important than you realize.

Christy Marx
Wrightwood, California

CIVIL WAR OF SEX

I was shocked to see the blatant display of regional bullshit in "The Civil

War of Sex" (*The Playboy Forum*, June). Walter L. Lowe, Jr.'s, intolerance and religious fervor illustrate the mentality that results in the repression you write about so often. His simplistic view of sexuality and the South belongs back in Miss Johnson's classroom. I hope she can correct some of his mistaken beliefs.

R. Les Buxton
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Walter L. Lowe, Jr.'s, diatribe about white Southern males is a remarkable exercise in sweeping generalizations and historical inaccuracies. The idea that white Southern males are the main cause of repression in America is nonsense. How could anyone seriously write something as false as Lowe's assertion that Southerners have a "deep strain of intolerance for many of the human freedoms that Northerners accept as self-evident"?

Was the Civil War draft riot in New York City, in which several hundred innocent black people were attacked, some killed, an example of Northern liberalness? Wasn't it Union Army officers who committed genocide against the Plains Indians? Wasn't the Ku Klux Klan powerful in Indiana, Ohio and Oregon in the Twenties? Wasn't Joseph McCarthy a Northerner? Weren't quite a few Northern cities torn apart by race riots in the Sixties? Aren't the boys in South Boston and Howard Beach Northerners?

And what about the white Southern males Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, Patrick Henry and their contributions to America? Isn't Jimmy Carter a white Southern male? His commitment to human rights is as strong as any President's has been. And how about Lyndon Johnson, a Texan, who promoted the most active civil rights legislation since Lincoln? Compare these two Southern Presidents with Ronald Reagan, an Illinois and California product, who is almost completely indifferent to civil rights, women's rights and sexual freedom.

People opposed to human rights live everywhere in the United States. *That* is self-evident.

Edmund P. Foster
Burke, Virginia

Evidently, Lowe's only contact with the South has been *Gone with the Wind*. The Southern men I know aren't

**PRO-LIFE:
ANTI PLEASURE**

Is your partner pro-choice? You'd better ask, for according to the results of an Institute of Humanistic Science questionnaire, your lover's views on abortion may offer greater insights into his or her values than you may have thought.

In a survey of 688 men and 1178 women, those who opposed abortion rights and agreed with the statement "Abortion should be punished by society" also agreed with the following statements:

- Sexual relations between unmarried lovers are wrong.
- Society should interfere with private sexual behavior between adults.
- Sexual pleasures contribute to a weak moral character.
- Prostitution should be punished by society.
- Physical pain and punishment help build a strong moral character.

The institute also analyzed the legislature's voting records on the legalization of abortion, on a bill making fornication and adultery felonies and on a bill preventing homosexuals from being hired for state jobs. The results? Of those legislators who supported the right to abortion, 85 percent also supported the "rights of self-determination of sexual expression" and 73 percent supported the hiring of homosexuals for state jobs. Of those who opposed abortion rights, 86 percent did not support the "rights of self-determination of sexual expression" and 89 percent did not support the hiring of homosexuals in state jobs.

Apparently, then, the question to pop is not "Will you marry me?" but "Are you pro-choice?"

against sexual freedom. Granted, there exists the sexually repressed man, but you don't have to visit the South to find him.

Cheryl M. Jordan
Chesterfield, South Carolina

I was born in Alabama and have also lived in Virginia and North Carolina. I believe I can be classified as a Southern man. I can't believe that Walter Lowe has ever lived below the Mason-Dixon line, much less studied the Southern man and his views on life and sexuality. How does he get off reducing the many differences between Northern and Southern attitudes to one factor—the way the two societies raise their children?

David L. Williams
Daphne, Alabama

I'm sure that there are some gentlemen who fit Lowe's stereotype of the typical Southern man, but they're not found in any greater abundance in the South than elsewhere. The premise of Lowe's argument is that 23 states, most of them in the South, all have sodomy

laws. I wasn't around when those laws were put on the books—nor was anyone else now living. Don't blame the current crop of Southern gentlemen for them.

Turn your attention back to the real threat of Reagan and the right and forget about the imaginary threat of antiquated sex laws that are rarely enforced.

C. T. Bennett
Anderson, South Carolina

Did Walter Lowe's research consist of reviewing reruns of *The Dukes of Hazzard*?

Carl Pierce
Lafayette, Louisiana

The working and living conditions of blacks in the North are no better and are sometimes worse than those conditions in the South. The South is not responsible for all racism; the North is not responsible for all racial reform—and certainly *no* state or group of states is perfect.

Luke Steele
Creedmoor, North Carolina

Walter Lowe responds:

I agree that people opposed to human rights live everywhere in the United States. However, my point in "The Civil War of Sex" is that only the South has ever given legal sanction to racial and sexual intolerance. We can make a distinction between being racist and legalizing racism. Southern states have supported racist attitudes with legislation and court decisions. Northern states have not.

There have been some noted Southern human-rights activists, including Presidents Johnson and Carter. However, these men are from the New South, the South that has emerged in the past 20 years. In my essay, I refer to the Old American Man as the perpetrator of the antiquated attitudes I oppose. I am aware that the Old American Man and the new Southern man currently exist side by side. Still, the existence of antisodomy laws in every Southern state persuades me that the New South mentality has not yet triumphed, for if it had, those laws would no longer (concluded on page 48)

Off Course

Imagine a psychiatrist giving someone a word-association test: Sex? Violation. Sex? Rape. Sex? An act of invasion and ownership undertaken in a mode of predation. Sex? Torture. What do you think the diagnosis would be? Not your idea of a good date?

Now consider the following.

It is intense, often desperate. The internal landscape is violent upheaval, a wild and ultimately cruel disregard of human individuality, a brazen, high-strung wanting that is absolute and imperishable, not attached to personality, no respecter of boundaries; ending not in sexual climax but in a human tragedy of failed relationships, vengeful bitterness in an aftermath of sexual heat, personality corroded by too much endurance of undesired habitual intercourse, conflict, a wearing away of vitality in the numbness finally of habit or compulsion or the loneliness of separation. The experience of fucking changes people, so that they are often lost to each other and slowly they are lost to human hope.

Gee, was it good for you, too? Yes, I was lost to human hope for a good 14 seconds there.

Andrea Dworkin calls her latest chant *Intercourse*, but it could equally well be called *The Joy of Antisex*. It is brilliant in the way that *Mein Kampf* is brilliant. As Erich Von Däniken misappropriated Egyptian pyramids to prove that God is an astronaut, Dworkin uses works by Leo Tolstoy, Isaac Bashevis Singer and Tennessee Williams to prove that man is a rapist.

She argues that "the political meaning of intercourse for women is the fundamental question of feminism and freedom." Because women's bodies are penetrated during intercourse, they have no self-respect, autonomy or privacy. Intercourse is occupation, invasion, coercion, rape. Oral sex is throat rape. The sexual revolution is viewed as a century of sexual horror.

The book has already provoked its share of controversy. Dworkin is best known as a co-author of the unsuccessful antiporn statutes introduced in Indianapolis and Minneapolis. (See *Politically Correct Sex*, *Playboy*, October 1986.) In a review of *Intercourse* for *The*

Wall Street Journal, Dinesh D'Souza pointed out the danger of Dworkin's coupling of sex and coercion: "When intercourse is placed on a continuum with rape, two things follow. Those who are opposed to rape are induced to become naturally hostile toward sex, and those who like sex are inclined to become a bit more kindly disposed toward rape."

There is an old saying that obscenity is in the eye of the beholder, that ugly minds see ugliness in the sex act. *Intercourse* revels in the kind of horror that is unrelenting and, in the end, suspect. Dworkin's anti-porn stance is just a cover for a deeper antisex philosophy that is as old as it is dangerous.



IMAGES OF AIDS

It's easy to trace the spread of AIDS fear. First there were rumors, then headlines, then magazine cover stories. AIDS is now part of the American landscape. Concern about it has reached the editorial pages and the advertising sections of family newspapers (when was the last decade in which sex was a topic of political cartoons?). An image is worth a thousand words.

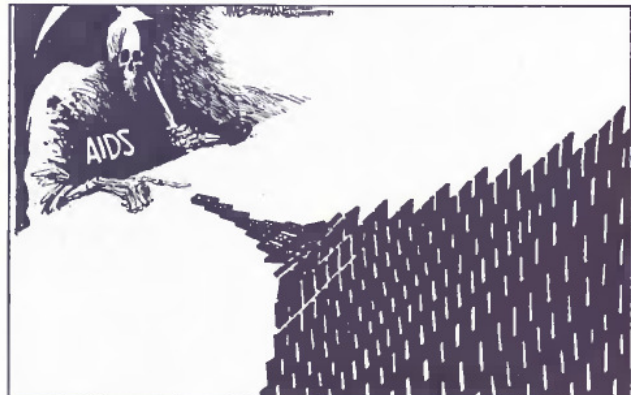


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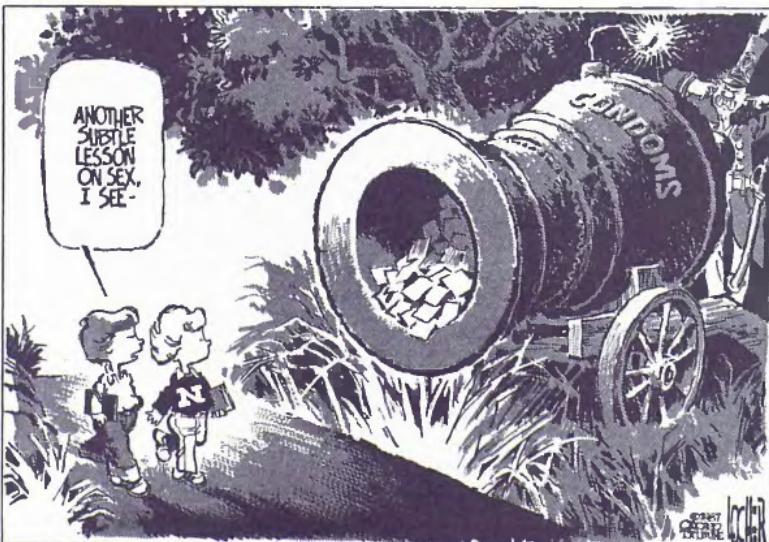
YOU CAN'T LIVE ON HOPE.



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REPRESSION

FOR HIRE

Help Wanted

JUNIOR NARCOTICS OFFICER
No age requirement, no training necessary. live-in position.

FREE-LANCE VICE OPERATIVE
Must be willing to associate with prostitutes in convincing manner and keep accurate records of petty cash.

URINE TESTER
No knowledge of Constitution preferred, must be able to handle vital bodily fluids for a pure and clean America.

Remember Ronald Reagan's promise that he was going to bring us less government? Well, we've got to hand it to the old man, because he's come through. Look at the Iran/Contra business. Reagan obviously made a good-faith effort *there* to bring us less government—as he turned foreign policy over to interested private parties.

At home, Reagan and his men have also tried their best to turn their repressive domestic policies over to the private sector. And, increasingly, repression is being carried out by nominally private action. To put it another way, the Government is letting others do its dirty work for it. The most noted example of this was the Meese commission's sending threatening letters to the Southland Corporation. It, in turn, did what the Government couldn't do: told your friendly 7-Eleven manager to take your favorite magazine off the stand. Such maneuvers are like neutron-bomb attacks on the Constitution—they destroy its meaning but leave the parchment intact.

Last year the President's Commission on Organized Crime called upon all public and private employers to institute drug-testing programs. Although Government employees may be protected from random, mandatory urine tests because of the Fourth

Amendment's ban on unreasonable searches and seizures by Government, a private-sector employee can't appeal to the Constitution when his employer says, "Your urine or your job." In fact, more than 33 percent of Fortune 500 companies now screen employees and job applicants for drugs—an increase from three percent in 1982. Screeners include such corporate heavyweights as Exxon, IBM, Lockheed, Shearson Lehman, Federal Express, United Airlines, TWA, Hoffmann-La Roche and *The New York Times*. Even *Rolling Stone* "reserves the right" to test employees for alcohol or drug use.

Sometimes, officials enlist private aid by appealing to people's civic-mindedness. The Honolulu vice squad, hamstrung by a regulation preventing

Such maneuvers are like neutron-bomb attacks on the Constitution—they destroy its meaning but leave the parchment intact.

officers from soliciting prostitutes in order to get the goods on them, found a civilian volunteer and furnished him with money to do the work for it. The Hawaii Supreme Court upheld the vice squad's action as being within the law. Does that also mean that police may use unpaid volunteers to beat confessions out of suspected criminals?

Repression's going private is turning life into a game of *Who Do You Trust?* A United Airlines ticket agent in Honolulu turned a passenger in to Drug Enforcement Administration agents because, among other suspicious acts, he paid for airline tickets in cash. The Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals threw out the drug conviction, but—shades of Ed Meese's a-person-is-not-arrested-unless-guilty statement—Judge Charles Wiggins dissented, writing, "Innocent persons do not characteristically carry thousands of dollars in \$20 bills on their persons."

Nor can you trust your real-estate agent. At least not if you plan on purchasing property in downtown Burbank, California, where police have asked agents to tip them off to clients who have a lot of cash for a down payment, speak little English, drive luxury autos or are self-employed in businesses that require foreign contacts, such as the import-export business.

The media have also been touched by the privatization of repression. When the FCC recently warned two radio stations against broadcasting sexually explicit material, station managers across the country immediately ordered their d.j.'s to clean up their acts for fear of incurring the FCC's wrath. This is otherwise known as "power by intimidation." And in a stunt making the Meese commission look like a model of propriety, last year, 338 members of the U.S. House of Representatives signed a letter to the networks "asking" them to step up antidrug propaganda. The networks fell into line.

The promised extra propaganda has worked. Thanks to police talks at grade school assemblies and antidrug television shows, there has been a wave of kiddies turning their parents in for drug use. Couldn't the police—and their friends at the networks—at least print *Miranda* warnings on the children's foreheads?

The IRS also has its eye on your children. If you consummate a transaction that results in a little bundle of tax deductions, you must get your tyke a Social Security number by the time he's five and pass on to the IRS his name and number. Early in the 21st Century, the first crop of such children will be 18 years old, and the local draft board will likely be drooling over its copy of the IRS list—and you put your child's name there.

Gee, with so much "less" government, soon we'll all be unpaid deputies of dozens of Government agencies, all turning one another in to other agencies: turning drug agents in for tax evasion, turning IRS agents over to the narcs. Perhaps even turning in network executives, airline-ticket agents and Federal judges. After all, how can we find out whether or not these people are innocent unless we turn them in?

—JOHN DENTINGER

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

DATE RAPE?

"The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey," conducted in 1983, found that men as well as women were sometimes pressured into having sex against their will. A psychologist at the University of South Dakota recently confirmed those findings. Researcher Cindy Struckman-Johnson discovered that 16 percent of the men in a survey of 623 students said that at one time or another, they had been coerced into having intercourse. Struckman-Johnson, surprised by the figure,



sought more details in a second survey and found that many of the men had succumbed to emotional pressure to avoid hurting their date's feelings or to prevent the breakup of the relationship. Some women obtained sex by threatening to cause trouble or embarrassment. One victim, while parked in the country with his date, was locked out of the car and given the choice of putting out or walking home. In two cases, the men had passed out after partying and awakened to find themselves being womanhandled.

SEXUAL SECURITY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—On January 2, 1987, the Defense Department sneaked some new security regulations onto the books and didn't release them for publication until months later. Under the new rules, Defense Department employees and defense contractors who hold security clearances must divulge details of their sexual practices, including adultery, sodomy, spouse swapping and participation

in sex orgies. These sexual practices, along with excessive debt or the improper use of alcohol or drugs, could result in dismissal or the loss of security clearance in cases where such behavior exposes an employee to blackmail. Defense Department employees are also encouraged to report the conduct of other employees, if such conduct makes them susceptible to blackmail. These guidelines affect nearly 3,000,000 workers.

K. K. K. MUST PAY

ATLANTA—An all-white jury awarded \$7,000,000 in damages to the mother of a young black man murdered by two members of the Ku Klux Klan. The jury found the Klan liable for the criminal acts of its members and, therefore, liable for the payment. The settlement includes the deed and keys to the headquarters of the United Klans of America; the building and its surrounding property in Tuscaloosa are worth about \$225,000. Apparently, there are no other substantial assets belonging to the Tuscaloosa Klan. The organization has decided not to appeal the decision.

BOWLING THEM OVER

SYDNEY—The Australian government did its bit to educate its citizens about AIDS—with a curious side effect. A nightly prime-time television campaign showed the Grim Reaper looming on the screen and hurling a bowling ball at "ten-pins" of frightened men, women and children. The campaign's purpose was to show that everyone is at risk for AIDS. Unfortunately, many Aussies got the impression that bowling alleys are breeding grounds for the disease—and attendance at them fell off considerably. Now cartoonists depict people with condom-clad fingers who advocate "safe bowling."

HIGH PRICE FOR POT

LAKE VILLAGE, ARKANSAS—An Arkansas jury convicted a man of selling \$20 worth of marijuana to an undercover policeman—and then sentenced him to ten years in prison and imposed a \$10,000 fine. The prosecutor made a point of noting that the jury was a cross section of the local population, including men, women, blacks and whites, and was sending the message "We're tired of drug traffic . . . and we're not going to put up with it anymore."

THE MAJORITY DOESN'T RULE

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK—The Federal Communications Commission says it receives 20,000 complaints every year about obscenities on the airwaves. It has used those complaints to justify its crackdown on sexually explicit language in broadcasting. In the wake of the FCC's obscenity decision, television station WUHF in Rochester polled its viewers to find out just how many would like to see unedited R-rated movies in prime time. Results: 23,000 viewers were in favor of showing the R-rated movies; 5277 viewers were opposed.

PORN IN PAREE

PARIS—French interior minister and smut fighter Charles Pasqua amazed French citizens and amused the French press by putting on a huge exhibition of pornography. Pasqua invited 3000 elected officials, journalists and others to the four-day show, titled Chamber of Horrors, in the hope of winning support for his anti-pornography campaign. The show was held in four ministry offices,



with walls and display cases filled with explicit pictures of group sex, sadomasochistic acts, child pornography and raunchy comics. Culture minister François Léotard called the show an "astonishing political error," and Socialist senator Marcel Debarge refused to go, saying, "I do not frequent sex shops, regardless of whether they are official, ministerial or otherwise." In any case, the show was "immature and almost contemptuous toward French men and women."

READER RESPONSE (continued)

exist. I have high hopes that the new Southern men and women will follow the lead of Johnson and Carter and transform the South into the place its great visionaries have always wanted it to be.

NAVY BLUES THREE

I am responding to a letter from Jon K. Evans (*The Playboy Forum*, June). Evans tells a Navy seaman to "quit bellyaching" about forced urinalysis testing because, as an enlistee, he voluntarily gave up nearly all his freedoms and most of his rights.

While I am opposed to random drug testing, I do think that testing is an effective deterrent to drug abuse and is, therefore, just another one of the personal sacrifices I make as an Air Force enlistee. Evans has chosen not to join the military; he has the luxury of making that choice because of people like me, who choose to serve.

Theodore S. Glick
Altus, Oklahoma

SICK HUMOR

I am president of the Society for the Prevention of Everything (S.P.E.), and I am shocked that the Concerned Parents Monitoring Comics (CPMC) considers the following safe to read (*The Playboy Forum*, June):

1. *Peanuts*: This comic strip features abuse of nearly hairless round-headed children and a yearly worship of

pumpkins that smacks of witchcraft.

2. *The Family Circus*: It often features invisible demons that encourage children to lie.

3. *Garfield*: It features abuse of stupid dogs, glorifies being fat and lazy.

4. *The Muppets* and *Gummi Bears*: These promote blatant commercialism.

5. *Marvin*: It features a dangerously overweight baby who thinks like an adult, subversive to authority.

The fact that the CPMC even lets children near newspapers that feature half-dressed women modeling bras proves to us that the Reverend Brian Kirk and his group are actually dangerous radicals.

Grant Schreiber
Chicago, Illinois

The "Reverend Mr. Kirk's" letter to us was a joke. The point of publishing it was to show that some fundamentalists sound so crazy that it's difficult to tell whether or not they're trying to be funny. Unfortunately, although Kirk was, fundamentalists are not.

SAY WHAT YOU MEAN

I have had occasion to page through Massachusetts' proposed guidelines on school health-education programs. Eight pages are devoted to guidelines for "addressing attitudes, skills and behaviors" in a program "designed to develop critical thinking and individual responsibility" and to "encourage self-esteem, competence and coping skills, decision making and conflict resolution." Students should focus on "the dynamic relationship between physical, mental, emotional and social well-being." I asked someone in the school system what all that meant. Her answer? "Oh, that means sex ed." A rose by any other name. . . .

J. Hall
Boston, Massachusetts

ZEALOTS AND PUBLIC OFFICE

Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North is a member of a Christian movement known as charismatic Christianity. Members believe in supernatural manifestations. They believe that God gives them direct guidance in their day-to-day affairs. Oral Roberts and Pat Robertson are also charismatics.

It's frightening that religious zealots are increasingly getting involved in public affairs. We must bear in mind the principle that no religious test should ever apply to any political candidate. We must also remember that church and state should remain separate, for we do not want to become an Iran with an Ayatollah Khomeini as President. Let's hope that religious fanatics are able to keep that in mind.

S. Gibson
Eugene, Oregon

EXTRAMARITAL (continued)

fit the traditional description of a wife.

Does it strike you as odd that all of these pronouncements make infidelity a male transgression?

Columnist Mike Royko saw new political alliances forming around the issue—hostile voting blocs of wronged women, cheated wives and envious men. On the opposite side of the voting booth, of course, would be all those women who believe the articles in *Cosmopolitan* on how an affair can save your marriage and the men who, at times of stress, find that a sexual liaison is better than Valium or alcohol or nuking Nicaragua. If you believe various sex surveys, more adults have had affairs than bothered to vote in the last election. If we could sweep aside the media's posturing, we would see that most of us know what we think about fooling around: Sex is more interesting than politics any day.

Why, then, are Americans so fascinated with the Hart/Rice news stories? Chairman of UCLA's department of psychiatry Dr. L. Jolyon West told *The New York Times*, "There is a special meaning to sexual indiscretions in someone like a Presidential candidate. With the family so threatened and fragmented today, we want our leaders to reassure us that the ideal is still viable. We want them to symbolize that for us. When they don't, we feel a betrayal, because they have destroyed our idealized image of the family."

Dr. Milton Greenblatt, a psychiatrist at UCLA, suggested that a President is an idealized good parent. "He's supposed to be pure, monogamous, fatherly. If he betrays that ideal, we're outraged, like small children whose parent lets them down." A good characterization of the media coverage. Like squalling brats, journalists passed judgment without a vote being cast. It makes us wonder, do Americans want to live in a democracy or in a day-care center?

Almost none of the news stories saw the irony in our idealized image of the President—or, for that matter, in our idealized image of the family. We have an apparently monogamous President who forgets that he sold missiles to Iran and who lies to Congress—a father figure who gets his innocent children killed in the Persian Gulf, Beirut, Grenada, Nicaragua. Fidelity is no guarantee of moral purity, infidelity no proof of corruption. —JAMES R. PETERSEN



FACT OF THE MATTER

SEX ED WORKS

A Federally funded study by the Chicago Comprehensive and Education AIDS Prevention Program has found a dramatic drop in the incidence of new infections among high-risk homosexuals. Dr. David Ostrow, scientific director of the program, attributes the drop to education about safe sex. He feels that "the message on condoms is getting across." If education continues and if this study "can be generalized around the country, it could stop the virus in its tracks." The study, conducted in 1984-1985, examined about 600 homosexual and bisexual men over a six-month period. Nearly five percent of those studied were infected with the AIDS virus. In a subsequent six-month study of 1000 men, the figure dropped to 0.3 percent.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN SCULLEY

a candid conversation with apple computer's dynamic c.e.o. about the race with ibm, the feud with steve jobs and his high-fizz days at pepsi

The challenge John Sculley and I should be judged on in five to ten years, is making Apple an incredibly great ten- or 20-billion-dollar company. Will it still have the spirit it does today?

—STEVEN JOBS, "Playboy Interview," February 1985

Those words were spoken in another galaxy far, far away and, by the standards of change in the personal-computer industry, long, long ago—three years ago, actually. Steven Jobs, cofounder of Apple Computer, Inc., was talking about the man he had hired to run his company, one John Sculley, late of Pepsi-Cola.

It was shortly after that statement that everything changed. The computer industry went into a slump, with Apple, in particular, hit hard; Sculley, on the ropes, decided that his friend and mentor, Jobs, was too impractical to be calling the corporate shots and, after a much-publicized showdown, forced Jobs out of an active role. Jobs packed up his shares (an estimated \$100,000,000 worth) and left the company he and his hacker-genius partner, Stephen Wozniak, had begun in a garage. Then, with the computer industry resurgent, Sculley went on to pilot Apple

back to health. Of such stuff are business legends made.

Some quick background data: In 1982, the personal-computer industry was flying high, but its first customers—the so-called early adapters—were quickly becoming sated. To continue its astronomical growth rate, the industry had to start selling—and selling hard. Its new targets were millions of people who hadn't used its technology and who had no intention of buying a personal computer.

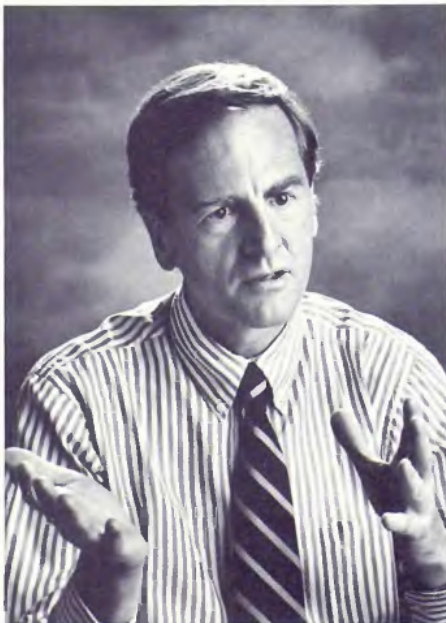
A handful of Silicon Valley firms recognized that brilliant young engineers lacked the managerial skills to lure this new market segment. So they looked East. Tapping such established consumer powerhouses as Consolidated Foods and Pepsi-Cola, Silicon Valley companies such as Atari, Osborne and Apple recruited some of the top corporate guns. Most are back East now, and many of their Silicon Valley companies are gone. But one company remains, along with its hired gun: Apple and Sculley.

Hired as chief executive officer in March 1983, Sculley borrowed from his background in marketing to draw media and dealer attention to new Apple products. With his help at the podium, Jobs unveiled the innova-

tive Macintosh computer in January 1984. Three months later, Sculley, Jobs and Wozniak showed off the sleek Apple IIc—the latest version of the company's original computer—to an S.R.O. crowd in San Francisco's Moscone Center. That day, dealers committed to 50,000 units—a record in anybody's book.

Then the worm in Apple turned. By 1985, the company was swimming in excess Apple IIs. Macintosh sales were slowing to a trickle as promises of powerful software from other companies went unfulfilled. IBM had surged ahead, and it looked as if its standard for computing would be the only one accepted by the business world. And so, after Jobs's departure, Sculley set about overhauling Apple's freewheeling policies, a strategy that featured layoffs in the hundreds. "The dark days," he calls that time.

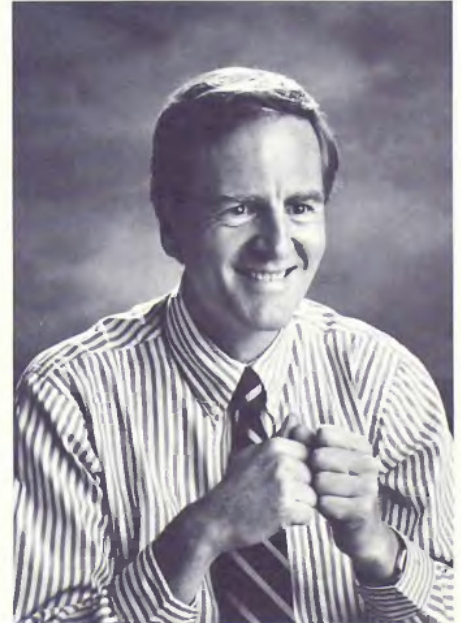
But his strategy seemed to work. Within six months, he had turned excess inventory into cash and had raised the corporate bank account to half a billion dollars without a penny of bank debt. The Macintosh Plus computer, a much more powerful and somewhat expandable version released in early 1986, suddenly became popular with a broader base of corporate users, particularly



"The relationship Steve and I had and the relationship he had with Apple were so personal that the pain is deep. I don't have any reason to believe that Steve agrees with the way Apple is being run today."



"It amazes me to open The Wall Street Journal and see some executive being praised for laying off people and consolidating factories. It amazed me that I got praise for doing that, because it wasn't something to be proud of."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM ZIMBEROFF

"The appearance of the computer will change. We'll wear it on our wrists or carry it in our pockets. We'll find computer technology sewn into our clothes, embedded in our appliances. The world will change that much."

given the phenomenon of desktop publishing, in tandem with the high-resolution Laser-Writer printer. Apple's stock more than tripled, and the company established itself firmly as the alternative to IBM. In the process, Sculley emerged as the third folk hero in Apple's short history—less colorful than Wozniak, less charismatic than Jobs, but the right person for his time. On the cover of Business Week, in the running for Chief Executive magazine's top honcho of the year—the very model of a marketing man.

Sculley was born in 1939 and was raised largely in Bermuda (home of his mother's family for 370 years) and then in the Northeast. He studied architecture at Brown University, where he picked up his B.A. in 1961. While using the Wharton School of Finance's IBM punch-card sorters for his research data, he discovered and became smitten with marketing. After earning his M.B.A. from Wharton, he worked for an advertising agency, focusing on market research and planning, since "that's where most of the marketing was being done." Detecting a shift toward more in-house corporate marketing, he landed a job at Pepsi-Cola.

After assigning him to drive trucks and lift cases, Pepsi finally resituated him behind a desk where, as marketing vice-president, he wrestled with such problems as the design of the Pepsi bottle and the introduction of multi-packs. Later, he volunteered to take over Pepsi's international snack-foods division, which had been a financial loser for the corporation.

He immersed himself in the job for the next three and a half years, learning Spanish and German to carry out business more effectively. In Brazil, for instance, where Pepsi was running a potato-chip-and-pretzel factory, local regulations prohibited the importation of some manufacturing equipment the plant needed, so he and his team brought in parts tucked inside suitcases. He was having so much fun running this "adventure," as he calls it, that he turned down several offers of the Pepsi presidency. Reluctantly, he gave in and took the helm in 1977. Under his command, the company issued the Pepsi Challenge and launched other marketing strategies to lift Pepsi into the position of the top-selling U.S. soft drink.

Then, in 1983, the American business community practically went into shock when this president of a huge, successful consumer-products company announced that he was resigning to join a somewhat exotic, high-risk company in an industry whose bubble could burst at any instant. And that was when the fun really began.

Sculley has never spoken about the turbulence of the past few years or of the human drama surrounding Jobs's ouster. To much of the business community, he did what had to be done in a business-first way. To Jobs's partisans, he was a cold-blooded corporate robot. We thought the time was right to take a look under Sculley's cover and examine the circuitry inside, and we asked veteran gadgeteer

and free-lance writer **Danny Goodman** to do the job. His report:

"Most of our interviews took place at Apple's headquarters in Cupertino, adjacent to San Jose. While there is pretty tight security in the lobbies of each building, there are no electric fences or guarded driveways surrounding the compound as there are at other large high-tech corporations in Silicon Valley. In fact, Apple's headquarters resembles a California junior college campus.

"Sculley's office is small and Spartan by Fortune 500 C.E.O. standards. When he's not checking out the latest engineering discoveries firsthand in the labs or scouting Apple's world-wide empire, you'll find him in his office, dressed in jeans or other casual clothes, feet up on the table. During one lunchtime interview session, he munched on a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich, washed down by the omnipresent mineral water. He has given up on soft drinks.

"Sculley's passions appear to run deep for Apple and the future that it can help shape. He talks constantly about Apple's 'mission' and 'vision'—terms that draw a wary eye from the corporate establishment. He's convinced that he is bringing a vision into focus

"Steve didn't have confidence that I could run Apple, because he didn't think I knew enough about the product operations."

and providing talented people with the resources to achieve that vision. When I asked him if he'd rather be a great inventor or a patron, Sculley replied, 'All of us want to be Leonardos, but some of us have to be members of the Medici family, too.'

"When it comes to the patron's demands, he admits, 'I'm not embarrassed about setting very demanding standards. At the same time, I'm a little bit of a pushover, because I do care a lot about people. If you didn't care about individuals, how could you possibly care about building computers for individuals?'

"It was the subject of his relations with individuals—in particular, the famous encounter with Steve Jobs—with which I chose to start the edited version of this interview. Incidentally, the first draft was edited on a Macintosh word processor, then was transmitted over a telephone to my Playboy editor, who gave it its final shape—on an IBM-compatible computer."

PLAYBOY: You've been at the center of one of the great business stories of our time: You left a traditional soft-drink company to run a new-age computer company; you got into a celebrated shoot-out with Apple's cofounder Steve Jobs; then you

brought Apple back from the brink. Let's start with the Jobs part of the story, since you haven't talked about it before. How did you come to force your mentor—and friend—out of the business he'd created?

SCULLEY: It was a very difficult time. Steve Jobs was the one who hired me away from Pepsi-Cola. He was the one who said to me, Do you really want to be selling sugar water for the rest of your life when you could be changing the world?

In my first couple of years at Apple, we were constantly debating, but we had this shared idea of how things were going to be in the future. We believed that the technology was going to become transparent to the user; that the focus on the individual was the key to real productivity, even in the large institutions; that graphics was going to become a very important factor for computers. You had to have a recognizable way of getting information. Just spewing out print-outs wasn't going to work. If we didn't make all of this interesting to people—if work wasn't fun—then the computer really wasn't going to live up to its potential. So there was never any conflict on those ideas.

PLAYBOY: Then what happened between you?

SCULLEY: The conflict was in how the company ought to be run.

PLAYBOY: What were the two views?

SCULLEY: Steve's view was that it had to be decentralized, because the only way to hold on to entrepreneurial-type people was to give them the chance to, in effect, run their own little business inside a large corporation. My sense was that a more overriding issue was to have one Apple. We were competing too much with ourselves. We had to have an organizational approach that would centralize the process of management by making sure that product development was working on building products for the market place and not competing with other parts of Apple.

It came down to the level of confidence we had in each other. Steve didn't have confidence that I could run Apple, because he didn't think I knew enough about the product operations. I didn't think he knew enough about operations and management. That's where the major disagreements were.

PLAYBOY: As the new guy and the outsider, weren't you the long shot to be the survivor of any conflict between you and Jobs?

SCULLEY: Well, Apple is a company that no one could lead without the support of the board, the executive staff and the managers. Because hierarchy is far less important in a third-wave company, it's the networking and informal communication that really determine what gets done.

It came down to a question of which one of us had the support of those groups in the company.

PLAYBOY: When you saw you were going to go head to head with Jobs, did you lobby

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Proceedings of a
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AGAINST CENSORSHIP**
Public Information
Briefing on the
Attorney General's Commission on
Pornography
January 16, 1986

BY
ARLENE CARMEN
COLLEEN DEWHURST
LISA DUGGAN
BETTY FRIEDAN
RICHARD GREEN
LEANNE KATZ
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HARRIET PILPEL
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KURT VONNEGUT

COLLEEN DEWHURST
"The government should not have the
power to rule art"



KURT VONNEGUT
"I beg my government to delete from
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BETTY FRIEDAN
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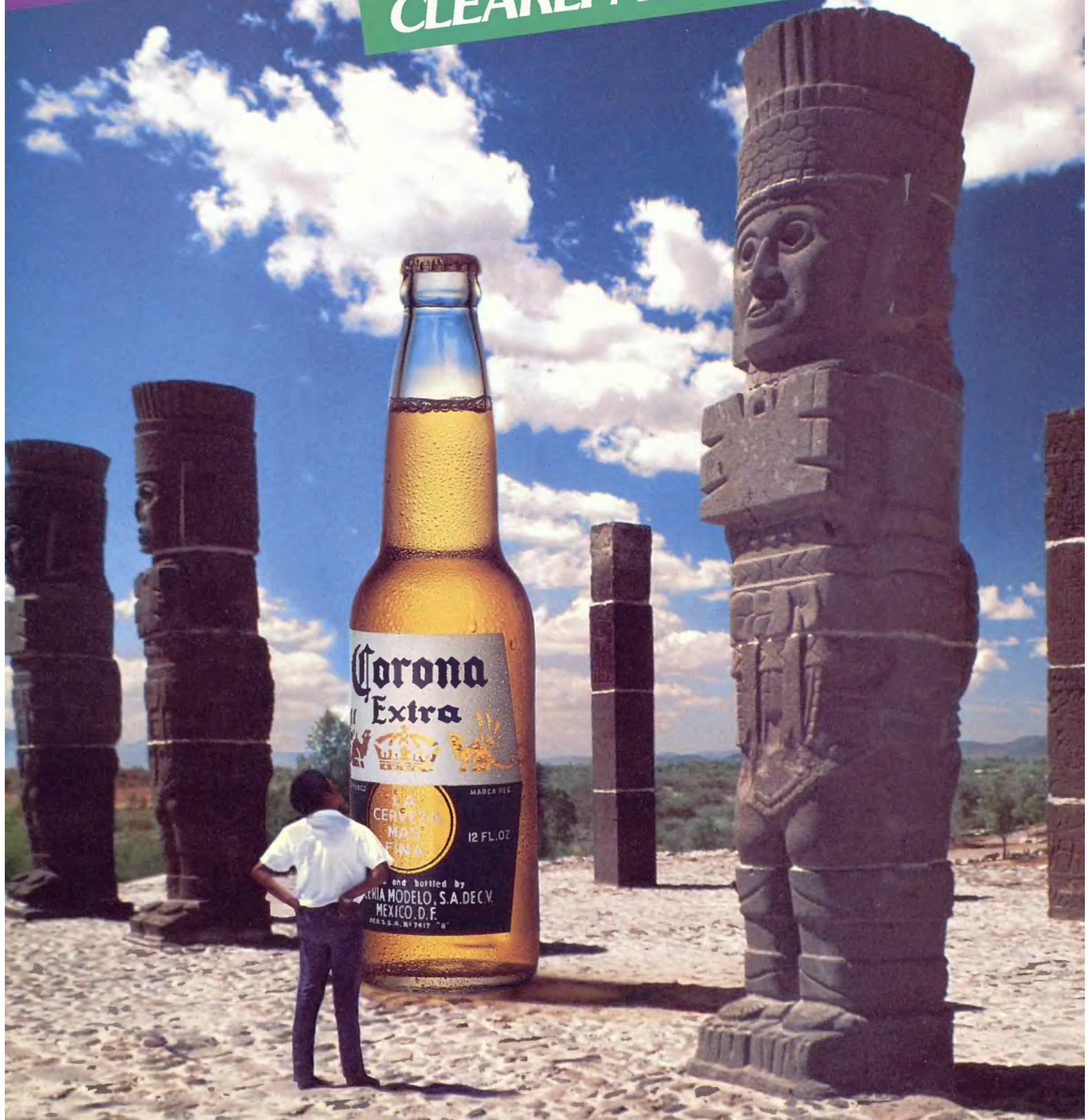
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for their support?

SCULLEY: No. It had nothing to do with lobbying. I'd been hired by the board to do a job, and the members wanted me to do that job. They didn't want Steve interfering with my doing it.

PLAYBOY: How did the board get involved with the conflict?

SCULLEY: It began when I told Steve that I was going to tell the board I didn't think he should be the general manager of the Macintosh division. I thought he ought to be the chairman and focus on setting the vision for the corporation. He should create the next base of technology and maybe lead a team that would build the next great products, as he had done with the Macintosh. This was back at the end of March 1985, when it was clear that the two of us were on a collision path.

I told Steve I was going to bring this up with the board and I wanted him to know it ahead of time. Then I told the board that this was my recommendation. Their alternative was to find a new C.E.O. later on. I felt this company was going to get into serious trouble and it was impossible for me to carry out my job. So I was, in effect, telling the board that they were going to have to make a choice.

PLAYBOY: In effect, you were trying to kick Jobs upstairs.

SCULLEY: I wanted Steve to continue to be chairman. I wanted him to lead a new-product team, focus on new technologies and let me run the company, which was what I had been hired to do. And when I recommended it to the board, they agreed.

PLAYBOY: Did Jobs agree?

SCULLEY: He agreed—reluctantly. He wasn't very happy about it, to say the least. He asked for as much time to make the transition as possible. I felt that that was only fair, because he was a cofounder of the company and the principal visionary.

Then it became clear in the following month or so that Steve wasn't comfortable going off and doing that. He wanted to run the operations, and he was still intent on getting me out of the company. The only way he could have a chance of staying in any operating role was by getting me out. It came to a showdown between us.

PLAYBOY: By then, the feud was being reported avidly in the press. But the board made the decision to back you, right?

SCULLEY: The board felt they had already made that decision.

PLAYBOY: You mean by agreeing to your original recommendation?

SCULLEY: By then, Apple was getting into serious trouble. The attention of management had to be on getting the company turned around, not on having the two top people argue over who was going to run the company. We had to not only reorganize the company but accelerate the decision that had been made in the board meeting: that Steve move out of operations.

Rather than do that over a number of

months, which would have taken until the end of 1985, I accelerated that immediately. Steve was left with the role of chairman, but he didn't have any operating responsibilities. Obviously, he wasn't very happy about that.

PLAYBOY: Jobs was your friend. Didn't he feel betrayed by you?

SCULLEY: Apple was Steve's whole life. It was almost impossible to separate the two personalities. Macintosh was like a son to Steve. And then to have the person he had brought in—I wouldn't have come here without Steve's persuasion—be the one who finally pushed him out was an incredibly difficult thing to handle.

PLAYBOY: How *did* he handle it?

SCULLEY: When we were walking through the Stanford hills talking about it, Steve said, "I feel like somebody just punched me in the stomach and knocked all my wind out." He went on, "I'm only 30 years old and I want to have a chance to continue creating things. I know I've got at least one more great computer in me. And Apple is not going to give me a chance to do that."

I said, "We'll give you a chance to create the next great computer, but you're not going to run the operation. The company is in a precarious position, and right now, all our energies have to be focused on getting the company turned around."

Those next few months were really difficult ones for Steve.

PLAYBOY: And for you?

SCULLEY: From my standpoint, all of my energies were then focused on getting the company turned around. To this day, Steve and I still haven't spoken.

PLAYBOY: Will you two ever reconcile your differences?

SCULLEY: The relationship we had and the relationship Steve had with Apple were so personal that the pain is deep. I don't have any reason to believe that Steve agrees with the way Apple is being run today. Now he's gone and started his own company [Next Inc.].

PLAYBOY: The idea that you'd end up on top at the most famous company in Silicon Valley was pretty improbable from the start, wasn't it? You didn't exactly start a business in some garage; you were in marketing at Pepsi.

SCULLEY: Yes, it's a long distance between high fizz and high tech. But I wasn't even headed for business in the first place. I began as an architecture student, but I discovered marketing one summer I worked at an industrial-design firm. I worked on the Crest tooth-paste package at the very time that Procter & Gamble had gotten the American Dental Association seal of approval—we put their words right on the tube. Marketing as we know it today was just being discovered back in the late Fifties and early Sixties.

PLAYBOY: You eventually transferred to the University of Pennsylvania's business school to study marketing. What did you do with a Wharton M.B.A. under your belt?

SCULLEY: I went to an advertising agency, working on market research and market planning.

PLAYBOY: What made you go to Pepsi?

SCULLEY: By the late Sixties, marketing was beginning to shift from agencies to companies. Lots of companies were trying to emulate the success of Procter & Gamble. I realized that I was going to have to go to a company to pursue marketing.

PLAYBOY: Pepsi must have welcomed a Wharton M.B.A. at that time.

SCULLEY: I was the first M.B.A. that Pepsi had ever hired. They didn't know what to do with me. They said I should go on a training program and learn the soft-drink industry. I went to Pittsburgh and drove a route truck there. I wasn't strong enough to lift the cases, because in those days we had to wheel six or seven cases at a time up and down stairs, going down into these taverns. So I had to work out at night to get strong enough to lift them. Then I was sent to Phoenix to put up Pepsi signs. And then I went to Milwaukee, driving trucks.

I went back to New York, and still nobody knew what to do with me.

PLAYBOY: Someone must have figured it out. By 1970, you were promoted to marketing vice-president.

SCULLEY: It was a high-wire act, you know. I was clearly thrust into a job for which I wasn't fully qualified at that time.

PLAYBOY: Are grocery-store shelves different today because of things you did for Pepsi back then?

SCULLEY: Well, there's the story of the bottle. The first assignment I was given as marketing V.P. was to come up with a better-shaped bottle than Coca-Cola's. Pepsi had been working on this for years, but every time they came up with a bottle, it ended up looking like the Coca-Cola bottle. That's the shape that fits in vending machines, runs down bottling lines most efficiently, has the lowest breakage and is most comfortable to hold.

I thought about this for a while and said, "I think we're trying to solve the wrong problem. Why are we trying to make a better bottle? It's a pretty neat bottle. What we should be doing is figuring out how to get more product into homes."

PLAYBOY: What did you do?

SCULLEY: We ran a consumer survey. We placed cases of Pepsi-Cola in people's homes, coming back each week and replenishing the stock to find out how much they could consume.

PLAYBOY: And what did you find?

SCULLEY: The amazing thing we discovered was that there was no upper limit. We were also putting other products in there, but they weren't getting used up. Tooth paste—how many times can you brush your teeth in a day? But with soft drinks, as many as we could move in there, that's how many would be consumed. That struck me as a very important fact.

So we developed large multipacks—twelve- and 24-packs of cans, one- and

two-liter bottles, twin-packs and four-packs of one-liter bottles. We just went crazy coming up with all these packaging concepts. It worked.

PLAYBOY: You were promoted quickly and served overseas before coming back to the States to become president of Pepsi.

SCULLEY: Yeah. I was having a ball running this international operation. Finally, I reluctantly agreed to come back in 1977. I did that for five years before I came to Apple. During those five years, we pushed Pepsi into the number-one-selling soft drink by one measurement. We started up a food-service division; we introduced new products; we ran a successful Pepsi Challenge campaign and numerous other things. It was a period of robust growth for Pepsi.

PLAYBOY: While you were at Pepsi, did you get your hands on a personal computer?

SCULLEY: The first time I saw a personal computer was around 1980. I went out and bought an Apple II, because I was interested in finding a low-cost information system for Pepsi-Cola bottlers.

I remember opening up the computer and looking inside. I said, "There's nothing there!" I couldn't believe it. I'd been a radio and electronics hobbyist as a kid.

PLAYBOY: And you wondered where all the tubes were?

SCULLEY: Yeah. I had loved all the tubes. I loved the excitement of finally getting something powered up and seeing the tubes all light up. The more stuff that was in there, the more sophisticated the product.

PLAYBOY: But it wasn't until 1982 that Apple approached you.

SCULLEY: Yes, through an executive recruiter. My first reaction was "Gee, those guys at Apple are doing something neat. But why in the world would they want to talk with me?"

PLAYBOY: When did you meet Steve Jobs?

SCULLEY: My first meeting with Steve Jobs was here in Silicon Valley, over lunch. Mike Markkula, who was then C.E.O. of Apple, was the one who was actually doing the search, because he wanted to retire. So I spent the morning with Markkula, then we had lunch with Steve.

PLAYBOY: What went on during that meeting?

SCULLEY: Steve was very quiet. He listened to what I had to say. At the end of it, I was telling them about my ideas, how I approached marketing and business. I think he was somewhat intrigued by the fact that I was not caught up in the hierarchy or traditional things associated with corporate America.

A few months later, I was up in Maine and I got a call from the recruiter. He said, "John, they really want to see you again." That's when the process began. For the next few months, Steve Jobs would fly to New York or I'd fly out here. We spent time getting to know each other. It wasn't until March 1983 that I finally made the decision that I had never

thought I would make: to abandon everything I'd done in my entire business career and start over again.

PLAYBOY: What persuaded you?

SCULLEY: The fact that I would have wondered for the rest of my life if I'd missed one of the greatest adventures anyone could possibly have. I'm a romantic at heart. The recruiter, Gerry Roche, said to me, "Think of Silicon Valley as Florence in the Renaissance. It's the place where anybody who is excited about doing something to change the world wants to be." Gerry had a great ability to size me up and know what turned me on.

PLAYBOY: When did you first meet Stephen Wozniak?

SCULLEY: I didn't meet Steve Wozniak until much, much later, because he had stepped outside the company at that time. I think it was probably six or eight months after I joined Apple that I met him.

PLAYBOY: Did it strike you as odd that two such different personalities could have formed a company together?

SCULLEY: I was taken aback the first time I met Wozniak, because he is just a truly nice, gentle person. I was interested in the contrast between Steve Jobs and Steve Wozniak. Jobs thinks like a pioneer and is a visionary, whereas Woz just loves technology. All he wanted was for everyone to have as neat a time with the Apple II as he'd had with it. The idea of building a company or changing the world was less important to him.

PLAYBOY: And where did Markkula fit in all of this?

SCULLEY: There were really three founders, not two. Mike had a very strong business head. One thing that impressed me about Apple was that while the popular image was of two young boys starting a company, it was actually backed by one of the most sophisticated, experienced boards of directors you could find. A lot of the credit there went to Mike for being able to attract the kind of board that Apple had.

PLAYBOY: Once you made your decision to head West, what did your colleagues at Pepsi think?

SCULLEY: They thought I had absolutely lost my mind. They kept saying, "Think of the C.B. radio, think of the Hula-Hoop, think of all those other fads." And I said, "It's not a fad." Even in the most difficult moments, I've never regretted it and never had a second thought about my coming out here. I always wanted to be a great builder more than I wanted to be a great businessman. My excitement is in building cathedrals; and I felt that when I came to Apple, I would have the chance to build cathedrals. There were so many things that would have to be invented if this industry was even going to begin to live up to its potential.

PLAYBOY: You had no doubts about the risk you were taking?

SCULLEY: I think there were people at Apple who had doubts.

PLAYBOY: About someone from the

outside?

SCULLEY: Yeah, about me. When I first came in, I was looked at as the East Coaster, the Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's court. Remember, this was Camelot.

PLAYBOY: You represented "the suits."

SCULLEY: I never wore suits, but people probably thought I went home and put one on there. [Laughs] But I didn't. I usually wore an oxford shirt, button-down collar, khaki pants and Dockside. That's East Coast casual. It was still different from the sandals, jeans and T-shirts that the rest of Apple was wearing at the time.

PLAYBOY: So some of the rank and file were suspicious of you. Were you suspicious of them?

SCULLEY: Well, it was a lot more than 3000 miles from East Coast corporate America to Silicon Valley. It was an entire generation, because the average age at Apple at that time was 27. I was 44.

At a point in life when most business people are starting to figure out how they can get more time to spend on the golf course at the local country club, I was poring over textbooks, trying to learn digital electronics. I had to learn an entire new language. I left my family back on the East Coast for the first five months while I lived at a local high-tech hotel. I hung out with all the hackers and technology people I could and kept absorbing as much as I could. Steve Jobs and I were inseparable.

PLAYBOY: Once you got to know Apple a bit from the inside, how did it compare with the mythology built up in the press?

SCULLEY: I found that Apple was every bit as exciting as anything that had ever been written about it. I also found that because it's a company that had been driven from its inception by vision more than by policies, it was often difficult to tell the reality from the dream. I'd be talking to people about something as though it existed. Then I would discover that it didn't. It existed in people's heads, in their imaginations, but it didn't exist in reality yet.

PLAYBOY: What else took you by surprise?

SCULLEY: One thing was that so much of what Apple did revolved around what Steve Jobs wanted to do. His personality permeated the whole organization. What he was interested in at any moment was what the company would be focusing on.

PLAYBOY: Jobs headed the team that developed the Macintosh, so for a while the Apple II—your bread-and-butter computer—got such short shrift that in 1985, many of your most talented people bailed out. Wasn't there a point at which Apple seemed to be unraveling?

SCULLEY: That was a terrible mistake, and I have to take responsibility for it. It was done unconsciously. We were having trouble getting the products together for Macintosh on time. Overlooking the Apple II was really more oversight than anything else. Plus, I underestimated just how incredibly consumed Steve Jobs was with

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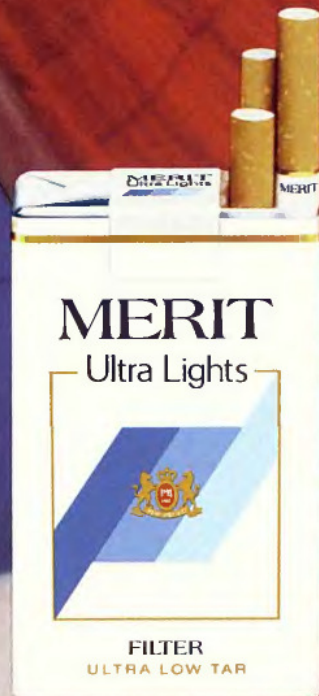


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Macintosh alone. While I mentioned the Apple II in my speeches, it was lost in the extravaganza of the launch of the Macintosh Office concept. This clearly hurt the people who were working on the Apple II. Steve Wozniak was very upset, and it did lead to a serious morale problem within the Apple II division.

We've since corrected all of that with our reorganization of the company. Steve Wozniak reinvested in the company, because he saw that the Apple II was getting as much priority as anything else that went on at Apple.

PLAYBOY: Weren't those also the days when the computer industry had begun to slump?

SCULLEY: The dark days were in early 1985, when the industry went into a tail spin. We had overextended ourselves with too much inventory, too much decentralization. I realized Apple was out of control.

PLAYBOY: Did you think Apple might go under?

SCULLEY: I never seriously thought Apple would become extinct. I had been through turnarounds before at Pepsi. I knew what it took to wind expenses down. That doesn't take particularly unusual skills.

PLAYBOY: Cutting expenses is one thing. But many would say that you went after the unique corporate culture Apple had evolved.

SCULLEY: I knew that if Apple was going to be successful in the long term, there were some things that were going to have to change. We were going to have to have more discipline. I was searching for more discipline, not more control.

PLAYBOY: By that, you mean something other than fiscal discipline?

SCULLEY: Yes. Such as accountability. A few people can let everybody else down. Apple was a company that had never had to think about accountability. The really big issue had always been "How do we get more product out there, since people are lined up in front of the computer stores waiting to take the stuff home?" This wasn't true anymore. People weren't lined up in front of the dealerships anymore, for our products or anybody else's. The dealers were going into bankruptcy.

PLAYBOY: Was it a shock that Apple was now going to have to *sell* computers?

SCULLEY: Well, the shock was, I think, that it happened so fast. I think we always knew in the back of our minds that there were going to be changes. It was one of the reasons that I had been brought into Apple. But none of us thought it was going to come as fast as it came.

PLAYBOY: Where did you start?

SCULLEY: I knew that we were going to have to sell to a different kind of customer from the one Apple had traditionally sold to. The company had been founded by people who built the kinds of products they wanted for themselves, and they sold to people like them—enthusiasts. Yet that market was getting more and more narrowly defined. At the same time, the

personal-computer industry was moving from stand-alone products to products that could connect into systems.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't that getting away from Apple's original idea: one person, one computer?

SCULLEY: Well, no. That one computer wasn't going to be a stand-alone box anymore. That computer had to have the ability to connect with the rest of the world. To accomplish that, it was going to take a radical shift in the sort of research and development that Apple had been doing, even in the kinds of products that Apple was going to be selling.

PLAYBOY: You were telling this to a bunch of engineers and designers who prided themselves on building "insanely great computers." How did they take this new philosophy?

SCULLEY: They reacted in horror at first. They felt that I was going to turn Apple into a systems company, another big, boring computer company. And that's not why they had come to Apple.

So it took a long time to convince people that our primary goal was still to create tools for the individual. Whereas the traditional computer-systems company was more interested in connecting machines to machines, we wanted to connect people to people. Whereas the traditional computer company still looked at the giant mainframe computers as the center of everything, with the personal computer a peripheral, our vision was to create a system but to have the mainframe peripheral to the personal computer.

It took the better part of a year to talk these ideas out. It meant that I had to learn and appreciate the passions of engineers; it meant that they had to learn and better understand the perspective of a marketing person.

PLAYBOY: A lot of the old guard didn't agree with you. Many of them left.

SCULLEY: That's true. We lost some very good people along the way. But we also held on to some very good people. We took advantage of the industry slump. We've been able to attract some world-class computer scientists over the past year.

PLAYBOY: This was also the year high tech became glamorous again—computer stocks shooting up, the U.S. Congress getting tough with some Japanese chip manufacturers and both Apple and IBM launching a new generation of products. But in 1981, when IBM first followed Apple into the PC business, Apple took out full-page ads welcoming IBM; the IBM-PC practically blew Apple away. Are you as cocky today?

SCULLEY: As it turned out, the original welcome was like Little Red Ridinghood's welcoming the wolf into her grandmother's home. There is a very fine line between being self-confident and getting cocky about it. We have all learned a lot.

PLAYBOY: Is Apple prepared this time for what IBM has put into its new machines?

SCULLEY: It was only a matter of time until

IBM came out with a new generation of products. It was obvious that IBM was coming up against the wall in terms of its operating-system technology. With more powerful chips available, it was going to have to make a change-over.

PLAYBOY: But you'd claim that Apple beat IBM to the punch.

SCULLEY: We pushed everybody at Apple almost to the point of burnout for the past 19 months. We had to reposition the company and develop second-generation products prior to any IBM announcement. When IBM's announcement came out, it was anticlimactic. You could already buy something from Apple. But it was only a statement of direction from IBM.

PLAYBOY: You mean because its new high-powered operating-system software won't begin to appear until next year?

SCULLEY: Well, I wasn't going to say it, but I will anyway: IBM's announcement was like General Motors' saying it's going to change every car in its line—but when you get one, you discover there's no gasoline available that will run it. What IBM has announced are hardware boxes they can ship now but [whose full potential is] dependent upon sophisticated system-software technology that won't be available for a couple of years. This gives Apple a big window of opportunity over the next two years, because we have it *all*. We don't have to talk about statements of direction or promises in the future. That's the kind of information that really travels best by word of mouth, from people who are using the products.

I think that's one of the reasons our stock jumped five points the day IBM made its announcements and its stock went down—

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute. Apple's stock dipped in the two days following *your* new-product announcements.

SCULLEY: Yes. Hmmm. I suppose that's not a good measure. But in any event, our stock seems to be holding up strongly. And our sales continue to get stronger, even after the IBM announcements, which again shows the power of word of mouth.

PLAYBOY: When you talk about Silicon Valley, you talk a lot about visionaries and madmen, almost as if those of you in the computer business were on some sort of cosmic mission. Doesn't all this sound a little . . . flaky to the East Coast establishment?

SCULLEY: Corporate America is becoming very curious as to why all the net increases in jobs in America are occurring in small businesses, not in large corporations. Its leaders are curious as to why the innovation of really neat ideas is occurring with entrepreneurs, not in the departments of these large organizations—not just in computers but in genetic engineering, biomedical technologies, retailing, almost any field you want to choose.

Perhaps the most remarkable observation

is that building a company on vision, as opposed to building it on policies, is exactly the way those giant corporations began in the first place. As they have gone through generations of management and sanitized the vision down to a systematic process, many of those companies have forgotten what their original vision was.

So a lot of leaders of corporate America, because their industries are being deregulated, because of the competition in a global dynamic market place, are having to rethink the visions of their companies. And I think we're going to see a lot more espousing of vision.

PLAYBOY: The question, though, is whether the Apple created by Steve Jobs's generation—quirky, experimental, individualistic—will end up being swallowed by traditional corporate values, or whether some of Apple will rub off on the business culture at large.

SCULLEY: Well, Florence changed the direction of art and literature in the 15th Century, but the entire world didn't end up looking like Florence. If we're successful in these experiences, some lessons will emerge that may be transferable to other industries.

I've said publicly on several occasions that we would find bridges into the world and we would even find ways for some of our products to implement that standard. But there has to be something better out there. We have to have a clear identity. We

have to stand for something.

PLAYBOY: But how can you claim that Apple is the repository of small-business values when it's one of the 200 largest companies in America?

SCULLEY: Conceptually, philosophically, we really are quite different from the rest of corporate America. There aren't many Fortune 200 companies that have as many young people running important parts of them as Apple does. There aren't many Fortune 200 companies that have as many female managers as male managers. There aren't many Fortune 200 companies that have given up the formality of the traditional hierarchy, where the work group becomes the epicenter, as opposed to the pyramid of the organization. I mean, how many large companies have titles such as Evangelist, Wizard or Champion?

PLAYBOY: Do those people have those titles on their business cards?

SCULLEY: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: What's the job description of an evangelist?

SCULLEY: He takes our platform technologies and helps other companies get excited about developing their products to fit on top of ours.

PLAYBOY: If your card didn't say Chairman and C.E.O., what would it say?

SCULLEY: [Long pause] I guess something like Chief Listener.

I think most of what a C.E.O. in a third-wave company does is listen very

well. What you are listening for are the really good ideas. You're listening for whether the organization feels good about how it's doing. Is it in touch with its values? Are the values still relevant? Is it in touch with the market place?

PLAYBOY: How is that so different from the traditional C.E.O.'s functions?

SCULLEY: In a third-wave company, you can't be a remote leader. Decisions are made in a radically different way from traditional corporate America's—or Japan's, for that matter.

In the traditional American approach, it's from the top down, where the top management has a staff that does analyses and projections. The top management makes the decision and then imposes it on the organization. Because not everybody in the organization may understand the decision very well, it takes a long time to implement, though a short time to plan.

In Japan, it's just the reverse. It's a consensus-building process that moves up through a very rigid, formalistic hierarchy. It takes a long time to plan but a relatively short time to implement, because once it reaches the top, everyone has reached consensus on it, and it's well understood.

PLAYBOY: And at Apple?

SCULLEY: At Apple, it's neither one of those things. The ideas can occur anywhere in the organization. But you have to get people to buy into them as being consistent



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PLAYBOY: What about the responsibility of business management for cutting expenses?

SCULLEY: I think one of the mistakes of our business system today is that we give business leaders too much credit for cutting expenses and we don't hold them responsible enough for the important things they're doing to build a great company five or ten years out. It amazes me to open *The Wall Street Journal* and see some executive being praised for laying off people, consolidating factories and turning the quarterly earnings around for the previous year. It always amazed me that I got praise for doing that, because I didn't think that was something to be very proud of. The things that I think we all want to be proud of are what we are doing to build a company that can really make a difference in the world.

PLAYBOY: Have you found any other corporations in, say, the Fortune 500 that share this philosophy?

SCULLEY: You find a lot of corporations much smaller than ours that do.

PLAYBOY: But not the bigger ones?

SCULLEY: I haven't found one yet. There may well be one. But it's encouraging that there are so many small companies that can identify with everything I've been talking about. It's the large corporations that look askance at this and say, "Is this guy for real?" Or "Has he been snowed by Silicon Valley and lost touch with reality as he knew it back in corporate America?" I firmly believe that by the time we cross over to the 21st Century, we and smaller companies will be the source of management concepts. Business schools are going to be more interested in those kinds of things than in just giving you case histories of success and failure from the industrial age.

PLAYBOY: We're in an era, it seems, of C.E.O.s as media personalities—Lee Iacocca, Victor Kiam. Is our interest in business leaders a fad, or will it last?

SCULLEY: A C.E.O. as personality or as corporate hero is going to last only if he has something to say. The ones to look at are not the C.E.O.s who are already in their mid-50s to early 60s. They are largely products of the industrial age. The more interesting thing is to look at the C.E.O.s who are emerging and who will emerge over the next five to ten years. My sense is that they're going to be very, very different. They'll have fundamental ideas that they care about.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the current rap on American C.E.O.s—that they are consumed with meeting the short-term

expectations of stockholders, while the Japanese and others take the long view?

SCULLEY: I believe that we'll see a new generation of C.E.O.s emerge who are driven by longer-term values and goals. Even the computer-trading institutions and pension funds will see the value of those companies' stocks increase more consistently.

The problem is that we select C.E.O.s by a process that weeds out the risk taker, the person who may have taken a chance and made a big mistake. That person often gets penalized in corporate America. Why do we reward people for playing it safe? The result is a leadership that is very cautious and a shareholder body conditioned to expect leaders to make short-term decisions.

PLAYBOY: Is it too late for the large American corporation to adapt to new ideas?

SCULLEY: Most big corporations carry with them very heavy baggage. Apple can change as quickly as it does because we grew up in an industry that exploded with growth, that was filled with crises at every turn. To survive, we and others had to adjust quickly to changes. It's that to compete in a global dynamic economy in the future, we're going to need as a country a different set of values, values that require a lot more flexibility. That requires a lot more attention to the quality of products. It requires a lot more dependence upon innovation. Those are not three characteristics you find very often if you go to the Fortune 500 companies.

We're in one of those extraordinary moments in time—a transition point between the industrial-age economy and the information age. And the wrong way to interpret the information age is just to say we're going to do the same old thing, because we'll drown in the information. The right thing to do is say, "How do we get innovation into business again?"

PLAYBOY: Why is innovation so difficult for traditional large companies?

SCULLEY: Because it's not something that has been rewarded. People aren't rewarded for quality, flexibility and innovation. People are rewarded for market share. They are rewarded for return on investment. They are rewarded for earnings per share. The reward system is out of sync with what it will have to be in the future.

PLAYBOY: What will happen to these giants that can't adapt?

SCULLEY: In a true free market place, some of them will disappear. Even the largest ones will disappear. We've already seen the impact that the Japanese have had on the automobile industry. Now we're just beginning to see the Koreans, the Brazilians and the Yugoslavs decide that that's a pretty good paradigm to follow.

There is intense competition in traditional industries where size was once considered the major assurance that you were going to be successful. I don't think that it will be limited to the car industry.

PLAYBOY: Then you obviously don't think

that protective trade legislation will work. **SCULLEY:** Most business and Government people are chasing the wrong answers. They're saying, "Do we put in protective legislation?" or "Do we change the tax laws?" or "Do we have to get labor unions to make concessions?" All those things are symptoms of a root cause, which is that our educational system is wrong. It doesn't work anymore.

The jobs that exist in the emerging information economy require conceptual skills. They require people to be able to use and work with information. When we match those requirements against the kind of education that kids are getting today, we see that we're not preparing them for the world they're going to live in.

PLAYBOY: Specifically, what do you see as the problem?

SCULLEY: We should ask why we are training kids to memorize dates like—

PLAYBOY: 1066?

SCULLEY: Yeah. Why are they worrying about the dates of Presidents, kings, wars and famines, when we can access that factual information at a moment's notice with computers? What we really want kids to do is to simulate an experiment with information.

PLAYBOY: What would such an experiment be like?

SCULLEY: For example, to project what would have happened if there hadn't been a drought in the United States during the Depression. If we could have changed that, what might have occurred if everything else had stayed constant? That's a way you could take an event and bring it down to a scale kids could recognize. So if you're in Oklahoma and you're studying the Depression, you can really talk about things that happened to some of your relatives a generation or two ago.

This is a way of making learning a lot more interesting. Until we move away from the rule-bound structure of our learning system and move toward a flexible educational approach that is more individualized and more interesting, we're not going to break through in terms of providing our kids with the skills they'll need in the information age. It's a national issue. It will probably take a crisis like Sputnik, which got us all marching in the same direction to put a man on the moon.

PLAYBOY: What would be the modern-day equivalent of the Sputnik crisis?

SCULLEY: I've thought a lot about it. In the next 20 years, about 25 to 30 percent of the teachers are going to retire, because we haven't been attracting new, young teachers into the work force. Remember, women were primarily teachers in the past. And as women now have alternatives that are higher paying, the teacher population is getting older and older. About 20 percent of teachers are now in their mid-50s.

So all of these teachers will retire about the same time that I believe the Soviets will land a manned mission on Mars. And

that is the same time that it's been estimated that the value of the Japanese stock exchange will exceed the value of all the American stock exchanges.

The combination of those events' converging will suddenly wake people up. We need to put better tools in the hands of students and educators and begin to redefine what learning is all about. Learning could be a lifetime experience.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the Japanese offer a model for a future educational system?

SCULLEY: One of the great strengths of the Japanese educational system is not that their kids have more days per year in school or that they work harder—both of which are true—but that they have elevated the teacher to a much more important role in society than we have. Until we do that, we're not going to attract our best people to becoming teachers. Japanese teachers make considerably more money in comparison with other workers than their American counterparts.

Another difference in the Japanese system is that the role of the parents is integral to the education of the kids. The mother is expected to play a very important role, so the kids aren't given the freedom of all the extra time that our kids have during their teen years.

The Achilles' heel of the Japanese system, though, is that they try to make everybody the same. They really try to restrain innovation and creativity. Their

reward system is contrary to building innovation. In contrast, our reward system tends to lean more toward rewarding the individual. We recognize individual accomplishment. I believe we've got to strengthen that, whether it's in business, education or government.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there's a lesson there for American businesses being walloped by the Japanese?

SCULLEY: It's ironic, because we think of Japan as a country that has very well-managed businesses; but if you look inside Japanese organizations, you will find that they are even more tradition-bound than their American counterparts. They have more hierarchy. They are totally homogeneous. You don't find any female managers to speak of. You find very few non-Japanese. They haven't provided the environment for the individual to be innovative and make a personal difference.

What they have done so well is maintain very high standards of quality. They take a long-term perspective. They have learned how to get along without natural resources for a long time. And now, as we shift into an information economy, where natural resources are not the strategic resources but the strategic resources are information and access to a market place, Japan looks really good.

PLAYBOY: Is Apple threatened by the possibility of Far Eastern clones' coming in and taking business away from it—in much

the same way that it has taken a good share of IBM's market?

SCULLEY: No. Apple focuses on building products that have meaningful differences, where we are able to be in control of our own technologies, and we make it difficult for someone else to copy them. IBM followed a strategy where they left someone else to find the technologies, and that's come back to bite them. I believe that IBM will start to move toward the more proprietary technologies. [IBM's new PS/2 system is thought to be much harder to clone than its PC standard.] It's really in Apple's interest to see Apple and IBM both be successful with proprietary technologies, because it squeezes out the clones.

PLAYBOY: IBM's new machines are a nod toward Macintosh's graphics and ease-of-use standard, while your new Macintoshes openly acknowledge the IBM standard for the first time. Are the archrivals moving toward each other?

SCULLEY: Yes and no. There's no question we want to play in the mainstream of the industry. IBM has been the mainstream of the industry, and for the past few years, we've been pushed aside. But our goal isn't to march in and take over a share of market that IBM had by doing the same things they do. What we want to do is open up markets that weren't there before—solve problems that can't be solved by anyone else's products.

I find it ironic that a year or so ago,



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everyone was saying we should standardize one computer architecture. We should all be the same. Most people did, and what happened was that the computer industry went into a slump: People stopped buying personal computers, because they didn't do enough of what people really wanted to be able to do.

We followed a contrarian approach, and the ideas that we were following that were too radical a few years ago are now being accepted in the mainstream. That wouldn't have happened if we had caved in and had just become part of the standard.

So I think it's important that there be companies that are willing to stick their necks out and be innovators and take a chance. And there have to be rewards for those who take chances and win. Even with something as dormant as the steel industry is in the United States—there are still some specialty steel companies that are doing extraordinarily well, and it's based upon innovation, flexibility and high quality.

PLAYBOY: If you were to find yourself running a traditional corporation tomorrow, how would you start implementing the lessons you've learned at Apple?

SCULLEY: There are two overriding characteristics that are transferable to corporate America. One is the basic concept that work ought to be fun and interesting. Many people misread the informality of Apple and smaller start-up companies as meaning we're not serious about work. To the contrary, it's because we find our work interesting and fun that we are so serious and get so much accomplished.

The second concept is that the network is a more interesting way to look at an organization's work flow than the traditional hierarchy. Hierarchies suggest that information moves up and down and that something happens between those levels. But in reality, that's not the way any company works best. Even the most hierarchical organizations work best when the informal network is carrying messages. All we have done in third-wave companies is to legitimize the informal network that has been around for many decades.

PLAYBOY: Could this have a catalytic effect on other companies?

SCULLEY: What I've discovered—and I hadn't known this until I came to Apple—is that third-wave companies are totally dependent upon the network of third-party companies they can build around them. This allows us to think of our personal computers as platforms on which others can go and innovate; and, in fact, our experience is that the best innovation has been done not by us but by outsiders.

We didn't invent VisiCalc, as you know. IBM didn't invent Lotus 1-2-3. We didn't invent Pagemaker [the leading desktop-publishing software]. Those were all done by entrepreneurs, and the same thing is true of the impact on education. The impact on almost any market that Apple

has been in has been caused by a network of resellers or a network of enthusiasts or a network of developers who are doing things with the platform technologies that Apple creates.

PLAYBOY: College students are big fans of Apple computers and, perhaps, of the kind of working environment Apple represents. How do you feel about the current rage for business training in college?

SCULLEY: When I think back to what my friends and I wanted to do in college, almost none of us ended up doing it. That suggests that it's very difficult to prepare yourself for what your career may be later on. The paradox is that what I'm doing today is exactly what I thought I wanted to do with my life when I was 12 or 13—to experiment with neat technologies and be in a very creative-intensive job. I think you eventually return to your roots. And all of that makes me ponder, What *should* you do with your time in college?

PLAYBOY: And the answer?

SCULLEY: I don't think I'd worry too much about what specific courses I'd take. I'd worry more about building a set of tools and experiences I could use later on. Try to hang out with people who have outrageous ideas. You never get a better chance than when you're in college to think outrageous thoughts. I would discourage someone from trying to be too practical in college.

PLAYBOY: But the allure of \$60,000-a-year starting salaries in investment banking is tempting.

SCULLEY: That doesn't make it right. People who are in college today are probably going to have at least two careers, maybe three or four. It's much too limiting to narrow yourself to preparing for a particular career. The people who are going to be really successful by the time they're 40 are the ones who never even thought about those things in college.

Remember, there's a certain amount of luck in life. Being in the right place at the right time with the right set of capabilities is as important as almost anything else. Can you think a problem through? Can you recognize an opportunity when it stares you in the face? A lot of people can't.

The distinctions between the liberal arts and the sciences will become less obvious over time. Nobody ever thought someone interested in poetry or the fine arts would want a computer. Yet we're seeing now in universities around the world that computers like the Macintosh are being used by nontechnologists to open up new possibilities. And that's why you see our ads emphasizing a lifestyle campaign in some respects, like the "Pepsi generation" campaign—only now for the Apple II.

PLAYBOY: And so we come full circle. What do you see just ahead in your business?

SCULLEY: In the immediate future, desktop publishing will change the way people work, because it offers the opportunity for individuals to create a document on a

computer, print out what they see on the screen exactly the same way on a piece of paper, mix graphics and text in a way that was never before affordable and transmit them electronically from one remote location to another. The old axiom "A picture is worth 1000 words" will never be more true than when we have desktop publishing. It probably is one of the most exciting things to happen in terms of office productivity that we've seen since the original xerography was marketed 25 years ago.

PLAYBOY: And a little further ahead?

SCULLEY: Optical-disk media are going to revolutionize the way personal computers are used. We won't recognize computers in two or three years, I believe, because they will allow us to access information, whether it's pictorial, graphic, sound or text, that we couldn't have even imagined a few years ago. No longer will it be crude stick figures, but we'll see rich, full-color animations.

Another technology will be artificial intelligence. It will change the personal computer from an information machine to a knowledge system where most of the hard work will be done invisibly by software agents that wander through data bases and extract information that's relevant to the individual user.

PLAYBOY: Anything else?

SCULLEY: Yes—the appearance of the computer will change. It won't even resemble the form we have become accustomed to.

PLAYBOY: What will it look like?

SCULLEY: We'll either wear it on our wrists or carry it in our pockets. It'll use radio signals to access information or to send information back to a network. It will be difficult to tell where the telephone ends and the computer begins.

In some cases, we'll find computer technology sewn into the fabric of our clothes or embedded in the appliances in our homes. The personal computers we carry around in our pockets will be in constant contact with sensors embedded throughout our homes and in our automobiles.

It will be a world as different ten to 15 years from now as our world is from the pre-World War Two world. It's going to change that much.

That's why we need some stability. Without shifting our concept of stability away from bricks and mortar toward powerful ideas, we will become a very confused group of people.

PLAYBOY: One last prognostication. In 2087, when your great-grandchildren ask their computer for a one-sentence summary of the life of John Sculley, what will the computer say?

SCULLEY: "He helped turn the dream into a reality." A large part of the dream was already defined before I came, not just by the people at Apple but by other people in the industry. My goal is to help make sure that dream happens. Because if Apple doesn't do it, a lot of us believe nobody will do it.





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SPY WARS

it's no secret,
the soviets are
masters at prying

article by
RUDY MAXA

GRIM headlines on the nation's front pages bore bad news for Western spooks. In the ongoing duel of spies, the Soviet Union seemed to be dealing the United States an embarrassing, if not lethal, series of blows.

In 1985, the FBI uncovered a treacherous nest of spies—ex-Navy man John Walker and kin, plus confederate Jerry Whitworth—that had sold top-secret codes to the K.G.B. for

17 years. That same year, a former CIA agent, Edward Lee Howard, eluded an FBI stake-out and stunned the intelligence community by becoming the first CIA defector to land in Moscow. Then Ronald Pelton, an ex-employee of America's giant listening post, the National Security Agency, was convicted of selling the Soviets NSA secrets.

There was worse news this year. A proud few Marine guards at the U.S. embassy in Moscow were charged with letting K.G.B. agents roam secret code rooms, tricked by alluring Soviet women called swallows. The embassy itself became an embarrassing debacle for the West. While the new American embassy is likely to remain unoccupied, thanks to tiny ingenious bugs implanted during construction, the new Soviet complex in Washington was built under the strict supervision of Soviet counterintelligence experts; perched atop one of the highest points in the nation's capital, it is in an excellent position to cavedrop on the White House, the Pentagon and other Government offices.

What's going on here?

Have we grown lax in security? Is the U.S.—a country whose military now has a toll-free number for spy tipsters—simply less sophisticated than the wily Russians? How have we become such easy prey to spies and traitors? Or have we all been a bit misled by a headline-hungry press that jumps on naïve Marines seduced by Mata Haris?

Everything isn't quite what it seems. For starters, it's important to remember that in the spy game, the U.S. begins at a disadvantage; it is a great deal easier to collect information in an open society than in a closed one. All-important technical data, such as crop reports and production statistics, are virtually a matter of public record in the U.S. So is the status of key policy makers. "You need to know what the political dynamics are, what the ideas are, who wants to do what to whom," says former CIA director William Colby of the basic function of intelligence. "We write about that on our front pages. They don't."

The Soviets enjoy other opportunities here that we don't enjoy in Russia. In addition to moles—deep undercover agents who gather intelligence by burrowing into sensitive positions—Soviets can recruit spies from a large population of *émigrés*. A mere handful of U.S. citizens renounce their country to live in Russia; many, many times that number emigrate from Russia and the Eastern European bloc. An uncounted number of these so-called illegals are, in fact, trained and planted spies. Just such a man was Karl Koecher.

Koecher has never received much publicity outside the intelligence



community—perhaps because he was never officially tried, perhaps because his case was so embarrassing for the CIA. A tall, lanky man of sour demeanor, Koecher arrived in the U.S. from Czechoslovakia in 1965 with his wife, Hana, who was ten years his junior, a sexy, vivacious blonde. The Koechers claimed to be political defectors and quickly faded into everyday life as he took a variety of New York teaching jobs; in 1973, he started work at the CIA, translating Russian and Czech conversations collected surreptitiously. He also worked after hours, his wife's sex appeal helping him infiltrate upper-class swing clubs in the Washington, D.C., area. The couple's fellow swingers included senior CIA officials, a prominent U.S. Senator, reporters from major newspapers and military officers.

Among the secrets Koecher may have passed to the K.G.B. was the identity of a Soviet mole working for American intelligence in Moscow—Aleksander Dmitrevich Ogorodnik, an official in the Soviet foreign ministry. He had been "turned" by the CIA in 1974; hours after the K.G.B. caught him photographing sensitive documents in Moscow in 1977, Ogorodnik committed suicide.

The Koechers were arrested in the autumn of 1984. But before they were brought to trial, they were quietly included in the 1986 swap that resulted in the much-publicized emigration from the Soviet Union of dissident Anatoly Shcharansky. "There are something like 1400 to 1500 Soviet *émigrés* who have security clearances working on classified Government contracts," says William Smits, a recently retired FBI counterintelligence expert who says he was "stunned" when he learned the number. "Some of these people are third-wave, more recent Soviet *émigrés* whose backgrounds simply could not be checked."

The sheer number of Communist agents certainly tilts the advantage toward the Soviets, not just among "sleeper" agents but also among spies who are largely known to U.S. intelligence—those in the diplomatic corps. Before Ronald Reagan ordered a reduction in Soviet personnel in the United States in March 1986, the Soviet Union had 279 nationals attached to its Washington embassy staff (compared with 190 Americans at the U.S. embassy in Moscow). Forty-one Soviets manned their country's San Francisco consulate (compared with 24 Americans in the U.S. consulate in Leningrad). And consider the United Nations, conveniently located in New York, where 275 Soviets staffed their UN delegation and 260 worked in the Secretariat. There is no UN in Moscow.

Not only are there more Soviets here but they've become a lot more adept at blending in. "We're getting a new generation of junior diplomats," says Dimitri

Simes, an expert on Soviet-American affairs. "They are better educated, more sophisticated, more pragmatic and more comfortable with Western ways." Their role model these days is the Soviet embassy's second in command in Washington, Oleg Sokolov, who could easily be mistaken for an Ivy League-educated investment banker. Out are the polyester suits; in are blue blazers and gray slacks.

How many diplomats are actually spies? It's a safe bet that if a Soviet-embassy or UN employee has the freedom to pick up tabs at expensive restaurants to cultivate American friends and visit their homes, he is an intelligence operative. Then, too, Soviet journalists are not always what they seem: Stanislav Levchenko, a former K.G.B. officer who defected to the West in 1979, estimates that at least half of all Soviet reporters are paid intelligence officers. Another source has said that *all* Soviet newsmen are required to pass on information. Not that the CIA has remained free of copy ties with American foreign correspondents. But beginning in the mid-Seventies, a closer scrutiny by both the press and the intelligence community radically changed the rules—to such an extent that when American newsman Nicholas Daniloff was charged with spying last year, the accusation was largely viewed as a Soviet ruse.

The Soviets are also, quite simply, more attentive to security. Consider the fact that the U.S. embassy in Moscow, until recently, employed an astonishing 198 Soviets (compared with fewer than 200 Americans) and clearly did not adequately police staff members' mingling with locals—hence, the Marines' fraternizing with the swallows. In the States, most Soviet-embassy and mission staffers are urged to steer clear of the natives and must record all contacts with foreigners.

Not that our stance on security has always been casual. James Jesus Angleton, head of counterintelligence at the CIA from 1954 to 1975, was obsessed with uncovering moles and figuring out who owed his loyalty to which country. No one was beyond his suspicion, and some say his Byzantine plotting actually distracted the CIA from other, more important mandates. Furthermore, it's unlikely that even Angleton's obsessive quest would have unearthed the most lethal spy ring in recent history—arguably, ever.

Between 1968 and 1985, a Navy man named John Walker provided the Soviets with an extraordinary cache of ultrasecret information—communications codes and details of the internal workings of cryptographic machines that gravely compromised U.S. security. K.G.B.-watcher John Barron, in his book about that fiasco, *Breaking the Ring*, discloses that Walker and his gang provided the K.G.B. with documents that revealed Navy strategy on

(continued on page 152)

Now HEAR THIS

The eavesdropping war is a military-industrial complex all by itself. World-wide, hundreds of thousands of U.S. and Soviet agents man embassy listening posts, run naval vessels bristling with antennas or pilot aircraft and launch satellites. Their mission: to make sense of the voluminous amount of data that ricochets around the world, particularly within the city limits of Washington, D.C., and Moscow.

The very magnitude of the effort ensures protection for each superpower

By **JEFFREY
RICHELSON**



a field guide to bugs

from what may seem to be major intelligence coups by the other. Even a series of disclosures or defections cannot begin to cripple the intelligence networks, for neither superpower has the resources to neutralize the other's vast listening machinery or the inclination to stop listening in on our politically noisy world.

Bugs: Agents of the CIA often place listening devices—bugs—in the embassies, residencies, trade missions and other offices of the Soviet Union. The K.G.B. attempts to do the same in U.S. offices. The most up-to-date bugs are no bigger than a tie tack and can be placed anywhere in a wall, a ceiling, a chair or clothing. They can be—and have been—placed in embassies under con-

struction; so complete is the bugging of the unoccupied U.S. embassy in Moscow that it has been deemed useless.

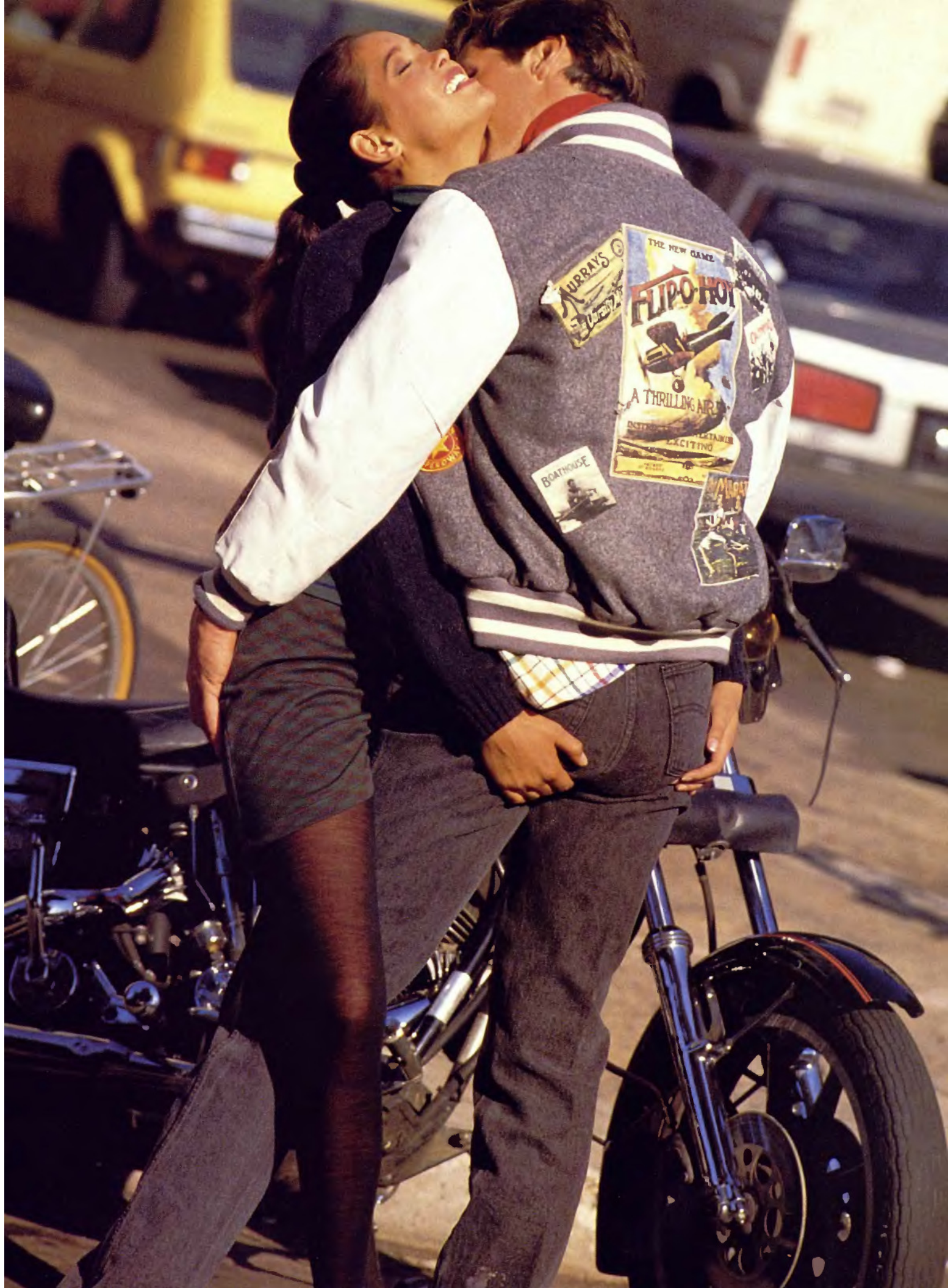
The bugs can be turned on and off by remote control or be set to be activated by heat, radiation, voice vibrations or pressure. A bug in a chair may operate only when someone sits in the chair. Some bugs can record and transmit data in a micro-second burst, making detection difficult. The most expensive bugs cost thousands of dollars each—a minute fraction of the cost of a listening satellite.

The phone lines of Soviet and U.S. facilities throughout the world are also targets of bugs by the CIA, the FBI and the K.G.B. The first contact of former National Security Agency employee Ronald Pelton with Soviet intelligence officers was recorded by the FBI and later used to help convict Pelton of espionage. Among the phone lines tapped by the CIA during agent Philip Agee's days in Uruguay were those of the Soviet embassy, consulates and commercial offices.

Overall, bugging and phone tapping represent a very small part of the listening war. The risk and effort involved in bugging a single office or tapping a single phone mean that such attempts must be conducted selectively. As a result, it's the ground stations, ships, submarines, planes and satellites with antennas that do the lion's share of spy work.

On the sea: U.S. Holystone submarines—attack submarines equipped with intercept gear—have been operating near, and sometimes in, Soviet territorial waters since 1959. By 1975, the program had come up with vital information on the Soviet submarine fleet—its configuration, capabilities, noise patterns, missiles and missile-firing capabilities. One mission involved obtaining the voice autographs of Soviet subs—tape recordings of submarine noises that could be used to identify and monitor subs throughout their active duty. Holystone subs have also detected signals from Soviet missile tests and have listened to high-level military conversations by tapping Soviet communications cables on the ocean floor.

The majority of the Soviets' mobile listening forces are A.G.I.s (auxiliary general intelligence)—floating antenna farms. First disguised by the Soviets as fishing trawlers, the A.G.I.s now keep their antennas in open view as they loiter off strategic locations in the United States, Western Europe and Asia. In 1984, A.G.I.s spent 62 days within a 100-mile radius of Norfolk, Virginia—the home of the U.S. Atlantic fleet—monitoring the communications flowing in and out of the base. A.G.I.s have also been stationed off Cape Canaveral, Florida, to monitor space-shuttle (continued on page 155)



BACK TO CAMPUS



collegiatewear goes to the head of the class

fashion By **HOLLIS WAYNE** Dressed-up sweat shirts, oversized navy blazers under which to layer sweaters, antiqued-denim dusters—these are some of the timeless, tailored looks that will be the backbone of this year's collegiate wardrobe. Slacks in prewashed corduroy, khaki or wool plaids will be pleated; penny loafers in crocodile-textured leather will be teamed with heavyweight socks; there will be plenty of patches, insignias and coat-of-arms emblems emblazoned on denim-shirt fronts, varsity-jacket backs and patterned-sweater chests. Add *Top Gun*-type aviator and James Dean retro shades and you have a campus fashion scene that's witty as well as traditional. Have fun.

Opposite page: Two for the road—but the bike's taking a back seat to this undergrad's plaid-lined melton-wool baseball jacket with white-leather sleeves, plus patches and pins, by Scotland Yard Authentic Wear, \$235; worn with black jeans that have a beaded Indian patch, by Robert Comstock, about \$50. Above: The old college try—and his choice of threads, including a classic navy-wool blazer with coat-of-arms lining, by Benetton, about \$150, doesn't hurt his chances, either. He has teamed the blazer with a striped wool/acrylic cardigan sweater, also by Benetton, \$89; a cotton-chambray shirt with embroidered patches, by Robert Stock, \$72.50; and, to complete an ensemble guaranteed a passing grade, khaki cotton-twill pleated slacks, by Sahara Club, \$34.



This undergrad's choice of duds is as mellow as his suds and includes an antique-blasted denim duster with a printed cotton lining, bellows pockets and a throat latch, by Michael Sloane, \$110; plus a faded acrylic/wool crew-neck sweater with EAST SIDE emblazoned on the front, \$64, a muted-plaid cotton shirt, \$23, and a pair of tan/black wide-wale cotton corduroy slacks, \$52, all by Pepe.



Elsewhere in this feature are pictured the fashion staples of a collegiate wardrobe. On this page, we've assembled some spiffy accessories. Top, left to right: Kiltie driving shoes with grommets, by Jon Franco Pirelli, about \$75; and tan-cotton socks, by Levi's Socks, \$4.50. Wool tattersall-plaid buttdown shirt, from Lobo by Pendleton Woolen Mills, \$50; and a cotton turtle-neck, by Perry Ellis America, \$35. Red-plastic coat-of-arms watch, by Coca-Cola Watches, \$35. Above, left to right: Red Benetton University watch with a plastic band and a red metallic bezel, from Benetton by Bulova, \$40. Leather ankle boots, by Travel Fox, about \$55; and red-cotton socks, by Levi's Socks, \$5. Gold James Dean-style sunglasses, by Shady Character, \$32. Right: Brown stamped-leather crocodile-look penny loafers, by Jon Franco Pirelli, about \$90. Below, left to right: Rust-brown cotton web belt, from Playboy Belts by Ruby International, \$8. Sharpshooter aviator sunglasses, by Ray-Ban, \$76; and Gore-Tex-lined waterproof oxfords with lug soles, by Timberland, \$100. Black-plastic attaché case with a large battery-operated clock incorporated in it, by Contemporary Designs, \$96, including a shoulder strap; and a marbled watch with a crocodile strap, from Cheval by Bobtron, \$45.





Above: The leather on this fellow's bomber jacket, by M. Julian, about \$245, may be distressed, but he definitely isn't. What else is he wearing on his coed bombing mission? A polyester/cotton knit mock-turtleneck sweater with an aviator wing patch, by Channel Club, \$30; a cotton knit pullover with polo collar and long sleeves, by John Henry Sport, \$34; and taupe-wide-wale-corduroy slacks, by New Man, \$84. On his date: A man's cotton raincoat, from Henry Grethel by Hartmarx, \$200. Opposite page: A gray-rayon-twill outercoat with padded shoulders, raglan sleeves, tab cuffs, a fly front and a printed lining, \$175, plus triple-pleated slacks, \$65, both from Zyls by George Machado; a black/white tweedy acrylic sweater, by Komodo, \$40; and a rayon houndstooth fringed scarf, by Shady Character, \$35.





The Dirty Little Secret That's

Bon Jovi

can slippery rock give love a bad name?

article By **TIMOTHY WHITE** “Has somebody got a coat hanger? Quick! Hear me? Bon Jovi needs a coat hanger! This is an emergency! Lissun to me! This girl outside, she—I need a coat hanger for Mr. Jon Bon Jovi!”

The husky bruiser in black is barreling through the otherwise sedate corridors of WSHE-FM, a south Florida rock radio station, declaiming his distress.

Two startled young men poke their heads out of somewhere. “Jon!” yelps the willowy one to his puggish pal. “We can’t have that guy running past a live microphone screaming that Bon Jovi needs a fucking coat hanger!” He tugs at the front of his frayed HEDONISM II T-shirt. “Think about it, man. Our image with parents of chicks in this state is bad enough without people getting *that* kinda announcement over the airwaves!”

“Outa my hands,” says his lion-maned companion, Jon Bon Jovi, dressed in blue Adidas stretch pants and matching tank top and rubbing his cleft chin—the trademark punctuation of his Mediterranean good looks.

Bon Jovi picks up an issue of *Billboard* and begins thumbing through it, calmly thinking out loud.

“I tell you, I couldn’t sleep last night. Too many girls outside the hotel screaming like crazy. Jeez! So I sat up listening to Hank Williams’ *Greatest Hits Volume Two*.” The Williams song that finally took Jon’s horny mind off his fortissimo female fans, he says, was *Mansion on the Hill*, largely because it struck Jon that no less an artist than Bruce Springsteen may have gotten the idea for “that song on *Nebraska*, *Mansion on the Hill*, directly from Hank—the concept, the title! People say I steal—hell, I borrow. I love Springsteen as much as anybody, but the next time somebody tries to tell me he’s a complete original. . . .”

It seems the insomniac Bon Jovi seeks a *Billboard*-like tally sheet to buttress his own humbler (continued on page 88)

PLAYMATES

Helmut Newton's

photography's
king of kink
meets
nine all-american
beauties . . .

Newton, Edwards and V8



. . . and
makes a b movie,
or so he says

Photographer Helmut Newton is frequently credited with having introduced sex to fashion photography. Among other feats, he demonstrated the more playful aspects of leather for the unconventional crowd. His book *White Women* features a photo of a semiclad blonde straddling the prostrate man whom she's energetically suffocating with a pillow. Over the years, Newton has shot a number of subjects for *Playboy*—among them Nastassja Kinski—but never a Playmate. We were curious about how Newton would view a Playmate, but the question remained, which one? Finally, we settled upon the astounding crew of volunteer Playmates whom you'll see in a new light on the next few pages. And we do mean a new light. In most cases, the Playmates wore almost no make-up and their hairdos have a decidedly unstyled look. Says Newton, "I supervise pretty closely on everything I do; whether I work for *Playboy* or for *Vogue*, it makes no difference—I don't like much make-up. I want them to look like real women. Actually, I looked at the last *Playmate Review*, which showed some of my Playmates—I didn't recognize them." What did the German-born Newton, now based in Monte Carlo, think of the shooting? "I loved doing it. I've been a contributor to *Playboy* for a very long time and I've enjoyed every minute of it," says Newton, "but I'm not really a *Playboy*-type photographer. My pictures are often too, er, raunchy for *Playboy*." He had something different in mind for the Playmates: "What interested me was that most of them came from small provincial towns. They're not like big-city girls, and that's what I like about them. One was even a schoolteacher. I tried to make the shootings look all-American, very Californian. I placed the girls in all-American settings—back yards, a house trailer, Hef's screening room, all the things that attract me. It's like a B movie. I'm a B-movie freak, and some American life is like a B movie." But wait a minute—Hef's screening room? All-American? What about the shot of Christine Richters with Erich von Stroheim in uniform? "It was taken at Playboy Mansion West against a projection of the classic film *La Grande Illusion*. It's very Hollywood—everybody shows movies at home there," explains Newton. He claims that his Playmates are as varied in personality as are all small-town Americans, but he noticed one key similarity: "They all drive big, smashing cars. I like that very much." Like all great photographers, Newton shoots what he sees—which explains our opening shots, celebrating Barbara Edwards and a big, smashing American car.

Barbara Edwards, 1984 Playmate of the Year



Kimberly McArthur, Miss January 1982



Lynne Austin, Miss July 1986



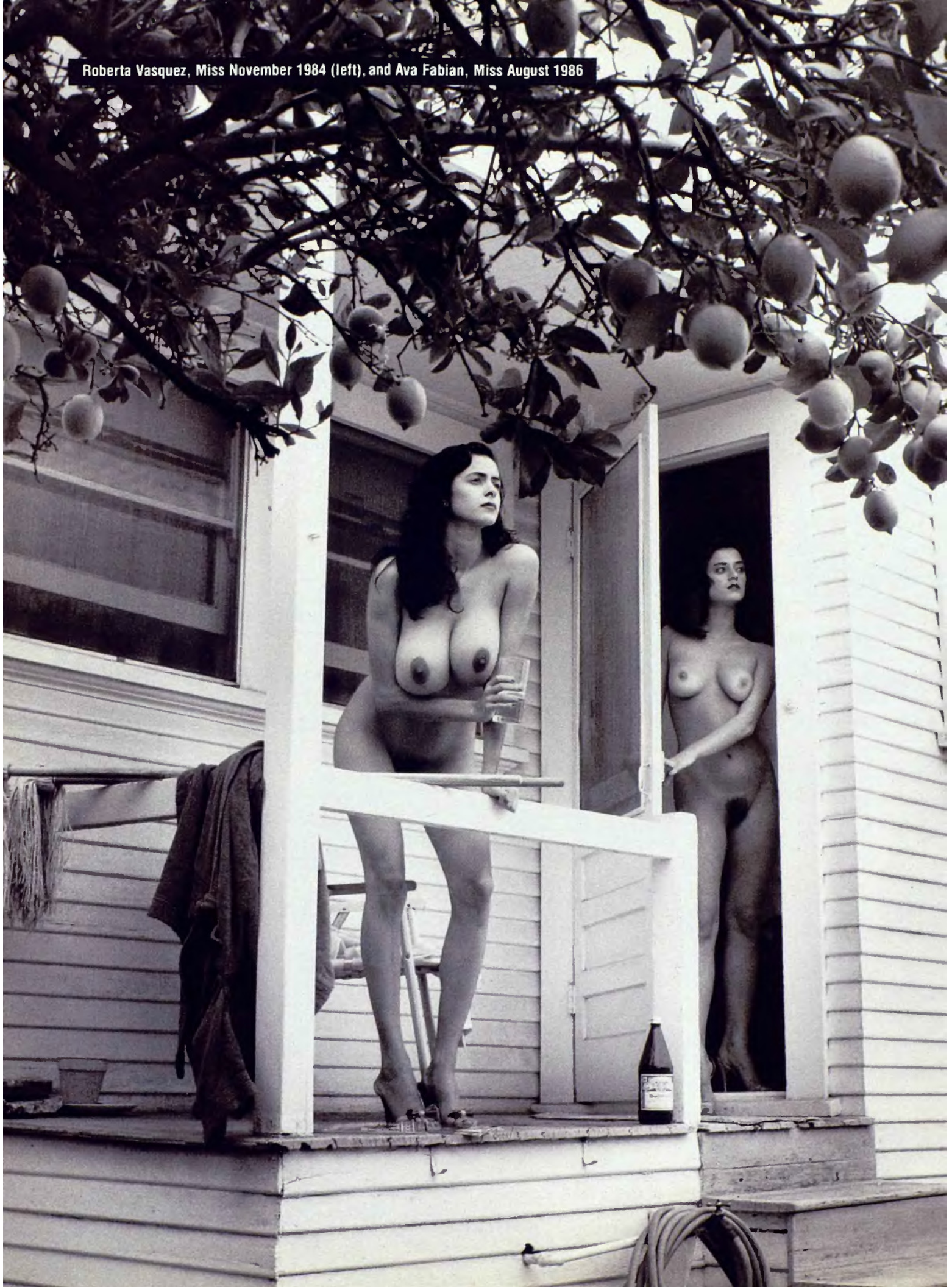
Venice Kong, Miss September 1985 (top), and Rebecca Ferratti, Miss June 1986



Christine Richters, Miss May 1986



Roberta Vasquez, Miss November 1984 (left), and Ava Fabian, Miss August 1986



Lesla Ann Pedriana, Miss April 1984



Bon Jovi

(continued from page 79)

"While the guys see themselves in Jon's good fortune, the girls envision him in a linen envelope."

borrowings. Alas, art is not the business of keeping score.

Jon pauses, looks up at his jumpy friend as the hanger entreaty resounds in the background and shrugs. "Completely outa"—a small, growing grin—"my hands."

It's a sun-swept banner Saturday at WSHE-FM, 103.5, in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, on Saint Valentine's Weekend—traditional prelude to spring break in the edgy Eighties. Heavy cruising along beaches and breakwaters from Miami Beach to Hollywood, Florida, is already bumper-to-bumper berserk, and every dashboard radio and ghetto blaster along the 25-mile seaboard stretch has been synchronized for the just-concluded live chit-chat with singer Jon Bon Jovi and guitarist/side-kick Richie Sambora. And now it's time to slip the concert-bound rockers back into their waiting limo. But, no, that's where one overwrought nymph, trying to seal herself up inside, has accidentally locked everybody, including herself, out. Hence, the frantic search for a wire hanger. Soon, a chauffeur springs the door and these cowboys are on their way.

The brief interview was one more dash of genial hucksterism for a sold-out concert stand at the local sports arena by Bon Jovi, the biggest new American band since the advent of another coliseum-filling hard-metal act that carries its leader's last name: Van Halen.

Hard metal is a pop merger of hard-rock blare and heavy-metal bluster whose greatest identifiable traits are any identifiable traits at all—e.g., Eddie Van Halen's ferocious guitar virtuosity, Sammy Hagar's adenooidal howl or Jon Bon Jovi's splendidly whooping good-time warble, served up on such likably loutish roadhouse fare as *Runaway, In and Out of Love, You Give Love a Bad Name, Livin' on a Prayer* and *Wanted Dead or Alive*.

Still, it's neither the petrous material nor Jon's pealing pipes that have enabled his band to notch several consecutive number-one singles from *Slippery When Wet*, the 10,000,000-selling album that knocked *Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band Live/1975-85* out of the peak slot in the country's record surveys. Bon Jovi's massive acceptance isn't rooted in its musical prowess, though Sambora is a reasonably dextrous guitarist, Tico "Hit Man" Torres a flinty drummer and Alec John Such and Dave Bryan more than facile on bass and keyboards, respectively. It isn't the recklessly choreographed stage show, either, in which Jon soars savagely

on a Peter Pan wire, while the band weaves an elastic net of sportive stridor below.

No, the key elements in Bon Jovi's recent popularity ride are, in ascending order, the sloppy grin on Jon's mug, made ubiquitous nationwide by nonstop touring and numberless bedroom beef-cake pinups; the fact—which he gleefully volunteers—that his group's handle "sounds like some sort of jeans or spaghetti sauce"; and, most of all, the corkscrew hair twisting across his rippling 25-year-old chest. The bashful but game Jon Bon Jovi (baptized John Bongiovi) is strong evidence, both symbolic and actual, that rock-'n'-roll primacy—despite the majority of rock headliners who are a tad long in the tooth, stiff in the ligaments and soft in the saddle—remains the province of newly exploding hormones amid the freedom with license to exploit them.

This mating dance between Bon Jovi, its baser urges and its potential mass audience comes at a critical juncture in the rock epoch. After a period of standoffishness born of market sampling, focus groups and a smattering of outside political pressure, MTV (and the record-industry trendmeisters it mirrors) is again dispensing hard metal in a big way—along with special programing that spotlights its chief practitioners, Bon Jovi and the Bon Jovi-discovered Cinderella. Not long ago, such acts were taboo to trumpet, because they upset parents and delivered only cult-sized sales for all the headaches they inspired. But now, with rock so accessible to 20-to-45-year-olds, teenaged kids absolutely demand something only they can love, and hard metal fits the high end of reflex rebellion at the record-store cash register.

The members of Cinderella, by the way, look exactly like their anti-Disney handle suggests: oily androgynists and reupholstered cross dressers, cranking out skull-splitting doses of cartoon despoliation. These pixilated dim bulbs can push an easy 3,000,000 albums a season to average kids with average socio-sexual phobias. Catering to a mere developmental impulse in a generation weaned on a relentlessly recycled toy-rock rubric, Cinderella cannot hold a candle to Bon Jovi in terms of long-range commercial potential. That's because Bon Jovi appeals to those who have outgrown comic-book heroes and now want somebody who resembles them on their best night out.

Bon Jovi fans, particularly ones from borderline-rural suburbs like Jon's own Sayreville, New Jersey, fiercely identify with his apparent hormonal ferment and, in concert, cheer his every celebratory Muff Dive (a Bon Jovi-concocted quaff, equal parts vodka, peach schnapps and cranberry juice, fast emerging as a juke-bar staple). While the guys in Bon Jovi's audience can easily if wishfully see themselves in Jon's good fortune, the girls, well, they envision him in a linen envelope.

Rock 'n' roll is one livelihood without a heritage of proprieties. That the four horny instrumentalists who support the bandleader in Bon Jovi's eager enterprise are voluntarily becoming minor characters is owed largely to the fact that most are slightly older, more worldly-wise, and they're getting a flamboyantly undisguised charge out of showing the kid the ropes.

"When we met Jon," says Sambora, "we saw, for a change, an unjaded, professional young guy who knows and lives his business. We gave up wives, girlfriends, homes, you name it, to go 150 miles per hour with him toward the end zone."

Heard this speech before? *Uh-huh*. Except that when Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, Jimi Hendrix and Brian Wilson expressed the need to excel, their soliloquies had none of the language you hear in investment banking or the front offices of the N.F.L. True rock 'n' roll demands purity of purpose in *some* visceral category or other.

"The song *Wanted Dead or Alive* is about the way we live," Richie continues. "We are modern-day cowboys—we ride into town, put on a show, take the money, hit the bar, take the ladies and we're gone. And we do the same thing the next night in another place." He winks. "The fans want to take a piece of you home, and their parents, they wanna throw us in jail, see us hung." He shrugs happily, nudging Jon. "So we're wanted: dead or alive."

"I don't mind," Jon says brightly. "No complaints here." Is this backhanded affirmation the trickle from an actual well-spring of creative passion? Where does Bon Jovi get its inspiration for such songs as *You Give Love a Bad Name* and the more pointed *Social Disease*?

"The gutter," Jon assures me straightfaced, even in this era of feckless sybarites and deflated debauchees. Bon Jovi's true quest, it seems, is for females who are professional cowgirls, who know and live *their* business.

"That," Jon smirks, "has a lot to do with why we named the album *Slippery When Wet*."

"We gave Bon Jovi the best table in the house. They made this place their headquarters while they recorded *Slippery*"

(continued on page 93)

THE

Great American

SEXY SCANDAL

1987

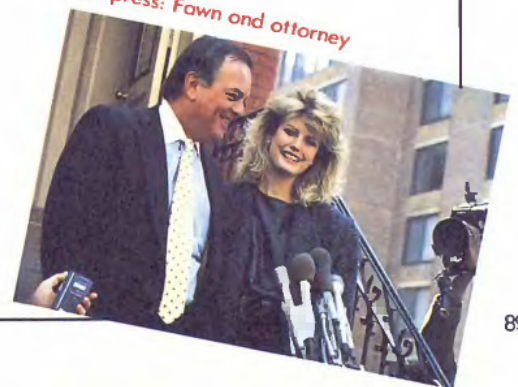
*jim and tammy and jessica
and
gary and lee and donna and lynn
and
ollie and fawn
and smu
and
u.s. marines
and
violetta
and—
whew!*

Primo
Donno
before . . .



No Grammy for Tammy

Full press: Fawn and attorney



QUIZ



1. In 1987, which activity did *not* require sexual relations?

- A. Recruiting spies
- B. Recruiting running backs
- C. Recruiting campaign workers
- D. Marriage

2. When they learned of Jim Bakker's adulterous liaison with Jessica Hahn, PTL administrators turned to:

- A. The Reverend Pat Robertson
- B. The Reverend Jerry Falwell
- C. The Reverend Jimmy Swaggart
- D. Salt

3. To encourage her to keep quiet about their encounter,

Bakker arranged to pay Hahn:

- A. \$25,000
- B. \$65,000
- C. \$265,000
- D. Frequent compliments about her figure

4. When Jerry Falwell blasted Jim Bakker ("lovingly") over his encounter with Jessica Hahn, he said Bakker claimed:

- A. Impure thoughts
- B. Improper advances
- C. Impotence
- D. Improper attire
- E. All of the above

5. Arturo Cruz, Jr., is *not*:

- A. A former *Sandinista*
- B. A former *Contra*
- C. A former boyfriend of Fawn Hall's
- D. A former boyfriend of Jim Bakker's

6. It was claimed that coeds were in bed with SMU athletic recruits but that they were only:

- A. Draining their steroids
- B. Testing for homosexuality
- C. Testing for runny noses
- D. Hiding from faculty and alumni
- E. All of the above

7. Gary Hart's role model was:

- A. John F. Kennedy
- B. Franklin D. Roosevelt
- C. Warren G. Harding
- D. Warren M. Beatty
- E. Two of the above

8. What was the motto of Arthur Hartman, former U.S. Ambassador to Moscow?

- A. "What, me worry?"
- B. "Tell it to the Marines"
- C. "Mi casa es su casa"
- D. "Let them eat kasha"
- E. All of the above

9. In the aftermath of the Bakker-Hahn scandal, Bakker was also accused of:

- A. Homosexuality
- B. Misuse of church funds
- C. Wife swapping
- D. Fixing horse races
- E. Two of the above
- F. Three of the above

10. Dissatisfied with her marriage, Tammy Bakker reportedly turned her affections to:

- A. Born-again Presidential advisor Charles Colson
- B. Born-again country singer Gary Paxton
- C. Born-to-drive basketball player Clyde "The Glide" Drexler
- D. Born-again publisher Larry Flynt

11. On the Christian Broadcasting Network's *Jim and Tammy Show*, the "God-fearing puppets" were named:

- A. Jim and Tammy
- B. Lambchop and Kareem
- C. Barbie and Doubting Thomas
- D. Allie Alligator and Susie Moppet

12. A popular country-and-western song written in response to Bakker's



Couple of the year; boat of the century





The colonel kept mum

betrayal of the faithful was titled *Would Jesus* _____

- A. *Wear a Rolex on His Television Show?*
- B. *Forgive a Man Like Jim?*
- C. *Sign a Motel Register as Jesus Smith?*
- D. *Drop-Kick Bakker Through the Goal Posts of Lust?*

13. According to the Gospel, he that is without sin should:

- A. Call this woman unto task
- B. Take this woman to the Pharisees
- C. Cast the first stone
- D. Go pick up *The Miami Herald*

14. The security of the United States was compromised at:

- A. The Soviet embassy in Washington
- B. The American embassy in Moscow
- C. The Ministry of Marine Biology in Ottawa
- D. Violetta's

15. Announcing his withdrawal from campaign '88, Hart announced:

- A. "I am not a crook"
- B. "I am not an animal"
- C. "I am not a beaten man"
- D. "I am no hornier than the average lust-crazed pit terrier"

16. On his overnight excursion to Bim-

ini, Hart claimed, he slept on a vessel called (careful—tricky):

- A. The Monkey Business
- B. The Hanky-Panky
- C. The Whoopee
- D. The Last Affair

17. According to *Newsweek*, the pharmaceuticals Donna Rice sold for Wyeth Laboratories were:

- A. Gynecological products
- B. Heart medications
- C. Amphetamines
- D. Muscle relaxants

18. Who was the only person *not* defrocked in May 1987?

- A. Jim Bakker
- B. Donna Rice
- C. Vanna White
- D. Cardinal O'Connor

19. Tammy Bakker's C.B. handle was:

- A. The Bargainhunter
- B. Maxine Factor
- C. Big Tammy
- D. Spider eyes

20. Movie rights to Hall's story were immediately requested by:

- A. Candice Bergen
- B. Suzanne Somers
- C. Kim Basinger
- D. Farrah Fawcett

(Extra credit: Of the above actresses, who is playing Sydney Biddle Barrows, the Mayflower Madam and star of 1985 sex scandals, in an upcoming movie?)

21. Oliver North's advice to Hall on her relationship with Arturo Cruz, Jr., son of a *Contra* leader, was:

- A. "Use a code name on dates"
- B. "Listen for intelligence secrets"
- C. "Break up"
- D. "Avoid Nicaraguan food"

22. Hart said, "Only half of me wants to be President." What did he say the other half wanted to do?

- A. Write novels in Ireland
- B. Tend bar in Bimini
- C. Open a bookstore in Aspen
- D. Lick sweat off Lisa Bonet's abdomen

23. Rice's companion in the Hart saga, Lynn Armandt, operated a bikini boutique at Turnberry Ocean Club called:

- A. Hot Tamales
- B. Heartstrings
- C. Too Hot
- D. Boy Toy

24. Which pair of women reportedly had their breasts surgically enhanced?

- A. Fawn Hall, Jessica Hahn
- B. Donna Rice, Tammy Bakker
- C. Donna Rice, Mandy Rice-Davies
- D. Christine Keeler, Jessica Hahn

25. Bakker was said to have patronized a Charlotte, North Carolina, massage parlor while disguised in:

- A. A blonde wig
- B. His wife's make-up
- C. Painter's overalls
- D. A wool ski mask

26. According to Hahn, Bakker told her that his wife couldn't satisfy him sexually because she:

- A. "Cried nonstop"
- B. "Was too busy"
- C. "Was too big"
- D. "Sickened him"

Jessica: o leg up on the Lord

27. The Jacuzzi bath that Bakker installed in his office at PTL headquarters was nicknamed by staff members:

- A. Jim's Wet Dream
- B. The Floozie Jacuzzi
- C. Tub of Love
- D. Bubblin' Trouble

28. The Bakkers' 17-year-old daughter, Tammy Sue, eloped at the height of the controversy with a 24-year-old employee of the religious theme park Heritage USA. His job was:

- A. Minister
- B. Organist
- C. Bell puller
- D. Lifeguard

29. After the SMU scandal hit the papers, it was revealed that football recruits were actually provided with sexual favors:

- A. By students majoring in home ec
- B. In luxury suites after away-game victories



What are nice girls made of? Hall and Hahn, Rice and Bakker; sugar and spice, salt and shaker.

- C. As a reward for passing drug tests
 D. Only in the mind of a former student, who had made it all up
30. A few hours after they both trysted with Hahn, Bakker and evangelist John Wesley Fletcher appeared on a live PTL broadcast, on which Bakker said to Fletcher:
- A. "I'm feelin' so bad, brother"
 B. "Doesn't God love us all, brother?"
 C. "The Lord really ministered to us today!"
 D. "What's the chapter and verse on what happens to hypocrites?"
31. It was reported that Hall smuggled out documents to North in her:
- A. Vuitton valise
 B. Gucci briefcase
 C. Underwear
 D. A & P shopping cart
32. Bakker attempted to seduce Hahn with the following line:
- A. "Come here often?"
 B. "I'm a Libra. How about you?"
 C. "I didn't know women from New York were so beautiful"
 D. "Do you believe in divine intervention, daughter?"
33. During their encounter, Hahn fretted about becoming pregnant; Bakker assured her that:
- A. He was sterile
 B. He had a low sperm count

- C. He had a special dispensation from the Lord
 D. He had had a vasectomy
34. Tammy's most recent album, released just before the scandal erupted, was titled:
- A. *Enough Is Enough*
 B. *Hum-Along Hymns*
 C. *Mary Magdalene Wore Mascara, Too*
 D. *Thinning Is Sinning*
35. In a promotional poster for a Dade County saloon, Rice exposed one breast but concealed the other beneath:
- A. A cowboy hat
 B. A Confederate flag
 C. Her hands
 D. A beer stein
36. Hart's first words to his wife when she flew to meet him in New Hampshire after the scandal broke were:
- A. "Sorry. Really"
 B. "You look terrible"
 C. "Let's go out for rice. Ha. Get it, hon?"
 D. "Hi, babe"
37. Rice has been romantically linked to each of the following except:
- A. Don Johnson
 B. Don Henley
 C. Danny Sullivan
 D. Adnan Khashoggi, Jr.
38. The Bimini night spot in which Hart, Rice and company posed as a music combo for the now-infamous photographs was called:
- A. Hot Mariachis
 B. Rum Runners
 C. The Compleat Angler
 D. Drop Anchor
39. One of Ollie North's men supervising flights of supplies to the contras radioed this message:
- A. "Send Fawn—can't continue on milk and cookies. Rgds. Bob"
 B. "Send milk and cookies—can't continue on Fawn. Rgds. Bob"
 C. "Send Jessica—can't continue on champagne and dog biscuits. Rgds. Jim"
 D. "Send money. Send money. Send money. Rgds. as always, Jerry, Oral, Jimmy, et al."
40. The percentage of reporters and editors covering 1987 sex scandals who have never had an extramarital affair is:
- A. .1
 B. .001
 C. .0000001
 D. 0.0
41. Which of these great code names did *not* show up in a 1987 sex scandal?
- A. Captain Marvel
 B. Reverend Dortch



- C. Senator Hart
 D. Sergeant Lonetree
42. As far as *Playboy* is concerned, the worst thing about the sex scandals of 1987 is that:
- A. Exposing hypocrisy in our leaders erodes our national self-esteem
 B. Neither Hahn nor Rice got a chance to meet Attorney General Edwin Meese
 C. Valerie Bertinelli's name never came up
 D. Good sex is a terrible thing to waste

(37)D (38)C (39)A (40)C (41)A (42)D
 (31)C (32)C (33)D (34)A (35)B (36)D
 (25)A (26)C (27)B (28)D (29)D (30)C
 credit)A (21)C (22)A (23)C (24)B
 ness) (17)A (18)D (19)A (20)D (Extra
 girls stayed on the Monkey Busi-
 said he spent the night while the
 was the fishing boat on which he
 (14)B (15)C (16)D (The Last Affair
 (8)E (9)F (10)B (11)D (12)A (13)C
 (1)D (2)B (3)C (4)E (5)D (6)D (7)E



... and puffed
 Rice after



“The girls would turn around and flash the band, because they couldn’t show it all to the audience.”

When Wet,” says Eric Polson, 23, manager of Vancouver, British Columbia’s, leading strip club, the No. 5 Orange Street Show-room Pub and Hotel on Main Street.

“In spring ’86, the guys would come in every night, order hamburgers and a drink from our [insert commercial jingle here] 30 different kinds of Scotch and 60 imported beers,” Polson elaborates, proudly gesturing around the oak-and-brass-appointed night club. “We made them feel at home. The No. 5 is not like the unpleasant strip clubs you usually see in the States. Our strippers are recruited from the finest dancers in Canada, and our clientele includes the best Vancouver business people and visiting foreign executives, as well as other dignitaries who are in town. The girls take the stage from an elevated area that leads directly to the dressing room, so there’s a great view from everywhere in the room, but normally there is no mixing with the customers.”

Normally?

“Well, see, the girls would come out before and after their acts to hang out with Jon and the band, help them unwind.” Which is a polite way of saying that Norma Jean, Jessey, Cybelle, Laurie, Jamie and Evelyn went out of their way, in every blood-rushing sense, to help these boys reach their avowed end zone with all pistons firing. Whenever they appeared on the raised strip platform to spotlight their attributes, the darlings put an extra half twist of zeal in their peel to please the randy rockers crawling over the front table. Afterward, they nuzzled with the lightheaded lads over cocktails, reacquainting them with a time-honored tenet of the rock life: What you don’t see, ask for.

If Jon and his colleagues somehow lacked imagination when it came to informal applications of these girls’ vocational verve, they were suitably galvanized, Eric Polson assures, “by Evelyn and Laurie, who do the shower act.”

The shower act?

“You don’t know about the shower routine? We have a special performance every evening with Evelyn and Laurie. An illuminated glass ladder comes down from the ceiling, and they ascend as our custom-built light system goes into action. The girls dance for about ten to 15 minutes and strip completely. Then our Plexiglas shower on stage is turned on. The girls hop in and soap up, get a nice lather going.

“Jon and the band were checking all

this out, having a wonderful time, and they got the idea for the album from Evelyn and Laurie—*slippery when wet!*”

Back in Florida, as the 1987 Bon Jovi Tour Without End bumps and grinds onward, Bon Jovi confirms, “That’s more or less how it was. We had done an old-West-style album-cover photo with this tough little five-year-old tomboy, who was dressed in dirty jeans and a cowboy hat. We put her in a corner with her punk-tomboy attitude and shot that for the cover, thinking we’d call the album *Wanted Dead or Alive*.

“We took the Polaroids of the cover back to the No. 5 Orange, and I was sitting there with my drink, looking at ’em, thinking they look too cold and stiff. And as I’m thinking, the shower routine starts and the two girls begin dancing to a Bon Jovi song, *In and Out of Love*.

“Young and wired,
Set to explode in the heat.
You won’t tire,
’Cause baby was born with the beat. . . .

“I wasn’t paying a lot of attention, just waiting for the girls to get off from work so we all could get out of there.

“So I’m looking over my shoulder at the girl, and I’m listening to Richie complaining about something, and then I’m watching the girl soaping herself up.

“We started talking nasty things, saying, ‘I’ll bet that’s wet! Soap it up! Slippery when wet—just like the road sign!’

“Everybody thought it’d be a great album title, but we wondered, How do we take this shower act and get it onto record shelves in shops across Middle America? Big problem.”

While Jon Bon Jovi wrestled with that marketing quandary—ultimately settling for a photo of a black-plastic trash bag splashed with water, the words written on it in his own finger-tip script—the girls had dropped the soap, left the stage and toweled off for a night in and/or out with the band. The after-show line-up would vary, Evelyn and Laurie sometimes going along for the ride, plus Norma Jean, the Marilyn Monroe look-alike; Jessey, a sandy blonde with a frizzy halo; Cybelle, a gorgeously ripe brunette; and Jamie, who’s dark-haired and dramatically athletic; plus a few friends from the No. 5 Orange’s sister strip spa, the Marble Arch.

The entire troupe would usually gravitate to the condominium Bon Jovi had

rented for the more than two months it took for the band to complete its recording at Little Mountain Studios, Jon ushering the women into makeshift weight-training rooms to pump ironies until the sun came over the surrounding mountains.

“We’d put the girls into Jolly Jumpers,” Jon says, referring to a spring-supported exercise harness devised to keep tots upright while providing happy bounce-ability. “They have amazing muscle tone. It certainly was an education,” he summarizes.

More than likely. Does that mean that the lady heard moaning (“Ohhh, uuuhhhh, ohhhh, right there, ohhhh—you mean that’s it?”) in abruptly terminated ecstasy at the start of *Social Disease* was one of the No. 5 talent roster?

“Nah, that’s Dirty Angie,” says Bon Jovi. “She wasn’t a stripper. She was one of Richie’s other friends up there. We made a lot of friends, gave them nicknames. Richie, he calls me Captain Kidd. The King of Swing is Richie’s nickname. His comes from two California women whose names have to be protected, but one of them is an L.A. rock star and she saw Richie one night, late. She called him the King of Swing, and I guess I should evade the rest, because he had a lot of fun with them.”

Obviously, the band members and Jon share a certain code as well as a musical bond. Rock has traditionally been the world in which you can do as you please at any cost your conscience and physical constitution can stand. The lifestyle is predicated not so much on personal excess as on the will to pursue a curiosity about oneself to its limits.

When keyboardist Bryan says, “Before we sing harmony, we’ve got to get into the right frame of mind; we’ve got to drink a pint of beer and get some bare ass in our face,” is he hinting at a behavioral pedigree by which the band is bound?

“Absolutely,” says Jon. “Tico and Alec, they used to play in strip bars before we got together in 1983. The girls would turn around and flash the band nightly, because they couldn’t show it all to the audience. That’s why Tico wants to buy his own strip bar and call it Tico’s Firehouse. He flew home during the making of the record to check out locations but hasn’t found one yet.

“It’s a dream for him, right? And every one of us has his own dream, something he’s always wanted in the real world. When we got signed to Mercury Records—on July 1, 1983—there was a lot of tough stuff going on. Tico quit Frankie and the Knockouts; Alec quit Phantom’s Opera to devote a life to being broke; people divorced and sold their houses; and me and Tico wound up living in this little apartment in Philadelphia,

(continued on page 150)

it's friday night
at the dressed-to-
get-screwed party.
sean wants lauren.
and lauren wants . . .
well, somebody

THE RULES OF ATTRACTION

fiction by
BRET EASTON ELLIS
author of *Less Than Zero*

FALL 1985

SEAN. Someone walks into The Pub, looks for someone, can't find him and leaves. It isn't Lauren Hynde, the completely beautiful girl who has been leaving sexy notes in my box for the past five weeks, the only reason I'm in The Pub tonight, waiting for a confrontation. I'm sitting at a table with four or five or six people, kind of listening to some lame conversation. They're all talking about what's going on at the sculpture studio, about sculpture teachers and sculpture parties, about Tony's latest sculpture, even though they have no idea what it says. Tony told me it was supposed to be a steel vagina, but none of these idiots can figure it out.

"It's so disturbing, so lyrical," this girl with a serious problem says.

"Very potent. Undefinable," her friend, some dyke from Duke



who's visiting, who looks like she's had way too much MDA, agrees.

"It's Nimoy. Pure Nimoy," Getch says.

My attention drifts. Somebody else walks in. Somebody who, if I remember correctly, gave me a totally unprovoked kiss on the lips at the last Friday-night party. Peter Gabriel plays on the jukebox.

"But it's Arbus with none of the conviction," one of the girls says, and she's serious.

"But the revisionist theory on her seems completely unmotivated," someone else gleefully replies.

There's a pause; then someone asks, "OK, what about Weegee? What do you think about Weegee?"

Vaguely horny, I order another pitcher of Genesee and a pack of barbecued potato chips, which give me indigestion. Peter Gabriel turns into more Peter Gabriel. The girl who kissed me on the lips last Friday leaves after buying a pack of cigarettes, and in some warped way I'm disappointed. She's not that pretty (slightly Asian, dance major?), but I would probably fuck her anyway. I think about it for a little while. Back to the conversation.

"Spielberg has gone too far on this one," the angry mulatto intellectual with the neobeatnik casual-but-hip look, plus beret, who has joined the table hisses.

Where has he gone? Does he just hang out in a Canfield apartment and drink like a maniac and split on parents' weekend and have a whole bunch of friends visiting him from boarding school? What the fuck does he do with his life? Little freshman girls confiding in him and long walks around the dorms after dinner?

"Simply too far," Denton agrees. He's serious, not joking.

"Simply too far," I say, nodding.

The table behind ours, juniors arguing about Vietnam; some guy says, scratching his head, joking but not really, "Damn, when *was* that?" and someone else saying, "Oh, man, who gives a shit?" and then there's this fat, earnest-looking girl who's on the verge of tears, and she bellows, "I do!" Social-science-major breakdown. I turn back to our table with the Art Fucks, because they seem so less boring.

The dyke from Duke asks, "But don't you think his whole secular humanism stems from the warped pop culture of the Sixties and not from a rigorous modernist vantage point?"

I turn back to the other table, but they've dispersed. She asks the question again, rephrasing it for the intense mulatto. Who in the hell is she asking? Me? Denton? Who? Denton just keeps nodding his head, like she's saying something incredibly deep.

Who is this girl? Why is she alive? Wonder if I should leave right now, get up and say, "Good night, fuck-ups, it's been a sheer sensation and I hope I never see any

of you again." But if I do that, they'll end up talking about me, and that seems worse; and I'm seriously drunk and the only pretty girl (I've forgotten her name) at the table gets up and leaves. Hard to keep my eyes open. One of the other girls says, whispers loudly, "She fucked—are you ready?" The table leans inward, even me. "Lauren."

The table gasps collectively. Who's Lauren? French guy who lives in the library? It can't be *my* Lauren, it can't be *that* one. There's no way she's a lesbian—but maybe she's been putting the notes in the wrong box. Maybe she's meant to put them in Jane Gorfinkle's box, the box above mine? Even if she is, it turns me on a little. I don't want to ask which Lauren she means, even though I want to know. I look over at the bar, try to get my mind off it, but there are at least four girls I have slept with standing there, smoking cigarettes, scanning the room, none of them looking at me, businesslike, impersonal, sipping beers—

Oh, what the fuck. I finally snap and get out of there, leave, simple as that. I'm out the door, past the guy who checks I.D.s; Fels is close by; I have some friends who live there, don't I? But thinking about sitting around and rapping about MTV or getting involved in a séance bores the fuck out of me, so I just walk around the dorm awhile, knock on a few doors and split. Sawtell is next. Nah—but that girl who kissed me . . . I think she lives in Noyes, a single, room nine. I knock on her door.

Lauren. Victor hasn't called, hasn't written, hasn't even sent a postcard from Europe, and because of this, I've changed my major. It's now poetry.

Judy's not upset that I'm with Franklin now, since she's with Steve the Freshman and Franklin doesn't care that I used to be with Steve the Freshman and Steve the Freshman doesn't care that I'm with Franklin or that Judy used to be with Franklin.

What do Franklin and I do? We go to parties: Wet Wednesday, Thirsty Thursday, parties at the graveyard, at End of the World, Friday-night parties, pre-Saturday-night-party parties, Sunday-afternoon parties, post-Sunday-dinner parties.

I try to quit smoking. Write letters to Victor in computer class that I never send. Franklin always seems to be broke. He wants to sell blood to get some cash, maybe buy some drugs, maybe sell some drugs. I sell some clothes and old records in Commons one afternoon. We spend a lot of time in my room, since I've got a double bed. I've stopped painting completely. Since Sara left (even though the abortion, by her account, wasn't traumatic enough to excuse her absence), I watch her cat, Seymour. Franklin hates the cat and I do, too, but tell him I like it.

We hang out in the sensory-deprivation tank. Sometimes Judy and Franklin and Freshman and me go to the movies in town and no one cares. I mean, what is going on? I ask myself. We drink a lot of beer. Franklin is an idiot, really unintentionally hilarious. I came to this conclusion not by reading his writing, which is science fiction, which is "heavily influenced by astrology . . . man," which is terrible, but by something I don't understand. I tell him I like his stories, I tell him my sign and we discuss the importance of the Stones, but I hate his god-damned incense and I don't know why I'm doing this to myself, why I'm being such a masochist. Though, of course, it's because of a certain handsome Horace Mann graduate who's lost in Europe. I try to quit smoking.

(No mail from Victor. . . .)

But I like Franklin's body and he's good in bed and easy to have orgasms with, but it doesn't feel good, and when I try to fantasize about Victor, I can't.

I go to computer class. I hate it but need the credit.

"Did I tell you I was strip-searched in Ireland?" Franklin will mention at lunch.

I look straight ahead and avoid eye contact when he says things like that. I pretend I don't hear him. He doesn't shave sometimes, and beard burns are painful. I am not in love with him, I'll chant under my breath at dinner, with him sitting across from me with other oily lit majors, all dressed in black and exhibiting a dry yet caustic wit, and I'll be blown away by how nondescript he is. But can you remember really what Victor looked like? No, you can't, can you? It freaked Franklin out badly that I put a note on my door that read, IF MY MOTHER CALLS, I'M NOT HERE. TRY NOT TO TAKE A MESSAGE, EITHER. THANKS. I try to stop smoking. I often forget to feed the cat.

"I want to trip with my father before he dies," Franklin said at lunch this afternoon.

I didn't say anything for a very long time. He asked, "Are you high?" and I said, "High," and lit another cigarette.

Sean. I get another note in my box today from Lauren Hynde. It says, I WILL MEET YOU TONITE—ONCE THE SUN SETS. E-V-O-L WILL NO LONGER BE SPELLED THIS WAY. I can't wait until the party, until "the sun sets," so I try to talk to Lauren at lunch. She's standing by the desserts, smoking a cigarette with Judy Holleran (who I fooled around with last term and who I occasionally score for. Total fuck-up. Been in psychological counseling forever). I come up behind them slowly; Lauren's telling Judy how she lost her I.D. I reach out to gently squeeze her neck, but Frog Room-mate, who I haven't seen in days, excuses himself and reaches for a *croissant* or

(continued on page 158)



"Having my own phone is no big deal, Daddy—all the other girls have their own beepers."

N THE MOVE

gwen hajek has pulled up stakes and become an arkansas traveler

LITTLE BOYS, as we all remember from our childhoods, do their best to be the bane of little girls' lives. One such mischievous young prankster will, however, go down in history as the prime reason Gwendolyn Hajek refused to wear dresses until she was nearly 15. In kindergarten, this ingenious lad glued mirrors onto the toes of his shoes, the better to see up Gwen's dress. "I was so embarrassed, I went home and told my mother, 'Don't ever make me wear a dress so boys can look up my skirt again!' and I didn't wear one again until high school." Even now, Gwen admits, she's a bit self-conscious about her body. But, fortunately, her last three jobs—as door-to-door insurance salesperson, wallpaper hanger and, currently, fire-risk surveyor for an insurance company—haven't required that she dress up. (As you can see in the photos above, we couldn't resist asking this lovely Louisianian to demonstrate how she might decorate our lives if she were still in the wallpapering business.)









T

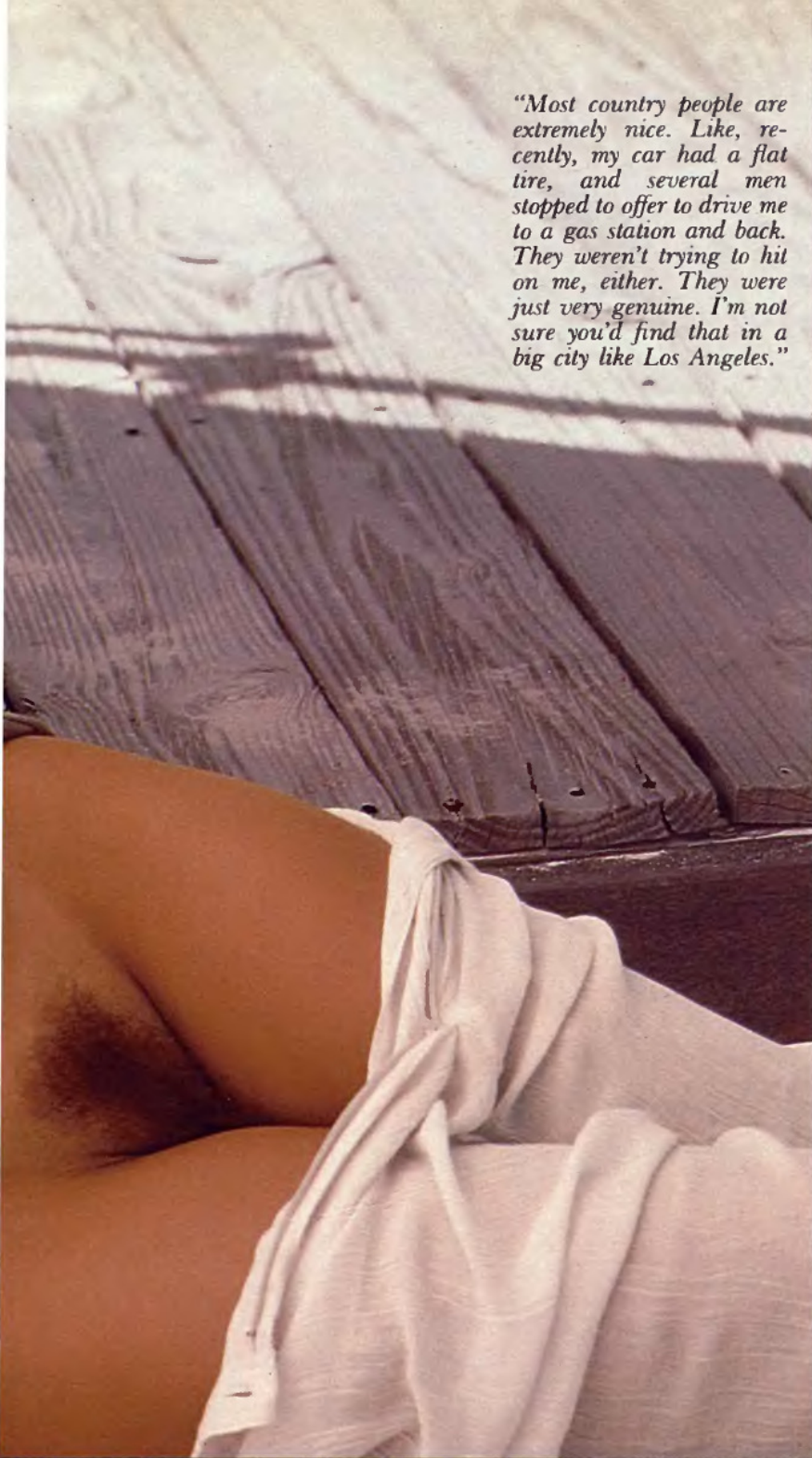
twenty-year-old Gwen, who describes herself as Arab-American, was born and reared in Shreveport, where she lived until last winter, when she moved to Forest City, Arkansas. "Economic opportunities in Shreveport are, unfortunately, zilch," she says sadly. Unemployment there is among the highest in the whole state. People are moving out in droves. "It used to be an oil city; there were several big oil companies, including Shell, downtown. But not anymore. All the oil business seemed to move to Texas over the past 20 years. But that's not the only reason I left. I was just plumb burnt out on Shreveport. I know every nook and cranny of the city, and it was getting boring." Yet, boring though it might have been, Shreveport couldn't have been *all* bad, because it's where Gwen blossomed into womanhood. "I grew up kind of tomboyish. I was thin and flat-chested when I started high school. But then, suddenly, I began to fill out very fast.



"I get along better with men than with women," says Gwen, shown here making country living look awfully good, "because women are so coy and competitive."



"Most country people are extremely nice. Like, recently, my car had a flat tire, and several men stopped to offer to drive me to a gas station and back. They weren't trying to hit on me, either. They were just very genuine. I'm not sure you'd find that in a big city like Los Angeles."



"After this [being a Playmate] is over, I want to go back to school and have a career. But for now, I'm just taking it day by day. It's all a learning experience."



A

nd at the same time, I began to get, well, *girlish*. Like, for instance, the summer I turned 14, I was suddenly afraid of bugs, though I'd never been afraid of bugs before. I thought, What's *happening* to me? Then I gradually got used to it. But I still didn't think of myself as pretty until I won the Girl of My Dreams beauty pageant at my high school." After high school, Gwen applied to be a Playmate, posing for test photos by Contributing Photographer David Mecey. At the time, however, the consensus was that she was lovely but—rather like a peach in June—not quite ripe. About a year later, she tried again, and her test photos were simply stunning. We knew we'd found another Playmate. "I'd never modeled before, so posing for *Playboy* has been like a crash course in modeling techniques for me," she says. "I hope the pictures come out OK." We think, Gwen, that our readers will agree that they came out much better than OK.





MISS SEPTEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Hwendolyn Hajek

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Awendolyn Hajek
BUST: 36" WAIST: 24" HIPS: 36"
HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 118 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 11-18-66 BIRTHPLACE: Shreveport, Louisiana

AMBITIONS: To live my life to the fullest and to be happy at whatever I'm doing.

TURN-ONS: Shopping for clothes, chocolate and fishing.

TURN-OFFS: Waiting for anything, grouchy people, blues and country music.

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: John Lennon, Jimmy Page, Janis Joplin.

FAVORITE FOODS: Count Chocula cereal, marinated crab claws, roast duck.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Professional boxing, racquetball and tennis.

IDEAL MAN: Someone who is always there and has an open mind.

WORST GUILT TRIP: Hurting someone's feelings.



With my dog, Dalton



Finally made it!



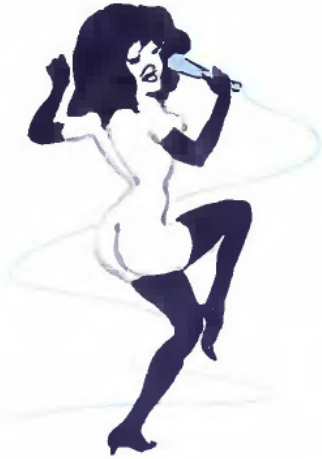
Trying to look sexy



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

As President and Mrs. Reagan walked by a crowd of photographers toward the helicopter waiting on the White House grounds, a gust of wind blew Nancy's skirt above her waist. The President reached over to try to bring the billowing skirt under control. "Don't bother, honey," Nancy said. "It's your ass they want, not mine."

We've heard that scientists would prefer performing laboratory experiments on lawyers rather than on rats, because (A) there are more of them, (B) technicians don't become so attached to them and (C) there are *some* things that rats just won't do.



The three voluptuous prime-time beauties dived into the water as the gun sounded for the 100-yard breast stroke in a televised athletic battle pitting teams of network stars against one another. Two of the swimmers got off to a fast start, leaving the third in their wake. By the time they had finished the 100 yards, the third girl was just making her turn.

Her co-stars waited dismally by the side of the pool as she slowly swam home. As her teammates pulled her, gasping and coughing, from the water, she croaked, "They cheated! They cheated!"

"What do you mean?" the shocked TV announcer asked.

"Didn't you see?" the busty beauty panted. "They used their arms!"

Rushing into a rustic cabin, the first-time hunter asked his guide, "Are all the other hunters back yet?"

"Yep."

"All six of them?"

"Yep."

"Are they all safe?"

"Yep."

"Hot damn!" the fellow exclaimed. "I shot me a deer."

Apriest and a TV evangelist were discussing the ways they allocated collection moneys.

"We draw a circle on the floor," the priest said, "throw all the money into the air and whatever lands in the circle, the Lord keeps."

"We also throw the money into the air," the evangelist said. "Whatever the Lord catches, He keeps."

The trouble with using Russian labor," one visiting Congressional aide said to another as they viewed the still-uncompleted American embassy in Moscow, "is that it takes too much time for them to work the bugs in."

While negotiating a deal overseas, a businessman received a call from his sister telling him that their father had died unexpectedly. Since it was impossible for him to return in time for the funeral, he told her to take care of the arrangements and send him the bill.

When the man got home, he received and paid a funeral bill for several thousand dollars. When bills for \$15 arrived each of the next several months, he called his sister to ask for an explanation.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," she explained. "We buried Dad in a rented suit."

Recent events have prompted some cynics to suggest that PTL, once thought to mean "Praise the Lord," actually means "Pay the Lady."

What do you call a Texas oilman? "Waiter!"



The farmer sat in the kitchen while the midwife attended his wife upstairs. Suddenly, the midwife shouted, "Bring the lamp. The baby's comin'!"

He ran upstairs and held the lamp while his wife gave birth to a girl. Then he headed back to the kitchen. As he was halfway down the stairs, the midwife shouted, "Bring the lamp back. It's gonna be twins!"

The farmer rushed back in time to hold the lamp while another baby girl was born. Then he headed downstairs again. He was pouring coffee when he heard the midwife shout, "Bring the lamp back. Here comes another!"

"I'm stayin' put!" the farmer yelled back. "I think they're attracted to the light."

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.

WICKED WILLIE





P

layboy's Pro Football Forecast



If the Bears' Jim McMahon (left) makes his way back into the starting line-up for the season opener against the Giants, Lawrence Taylor (above) will be waiting.

PRO FOOTBALL is a team sport, not like those other games in which one ambidextrous seven-footer or a 20-year-old with a 95-mph fast ball can launch a mediocre team into greatness. No, in football,

everybody—all 22 players (or is it 35 after you add in kickers and punters, special teams and situation players?)—makes the difference. Right? Wrong. This season, the skill of a surgeon and the recuperative powers of a certain “one of a kind” individual may well determine which N.F.C. team goes on to win the Big One.

If James Robert McMahon can play, expect the big, bad Chicago Bears to be back with a vengeance. The Bears have the best players at the right age with the right experience and the right coach—even if they do have to beat the New York Giants, who continue to dominate everyone else. If McMahon can't recover sufficiently to resume his multiple roles of quarterback, chief butt patter, helmet knocker and media darling, then look for the Giants to repeat as Super Bowl champions. But the hunch here is that McMahon's got enough ham to bust the odds and wind up mooning the palm

THE
PRE-SEASON
SCOOP
ON THIS
YEAR'S N.F.L.
BATTLES



sports By GARY COLE

Playboy's 1987 Pre-Season All-Pro Team

OFFENSE

Jerry Rice, San Francisco	Wide Receiver
Al Toon, New York Jets	Wide Receiver
Mark Bavaro, New York Giants	Tight End
Jim Covert, Chicago	Tackle
Anthony Muñoz, Cincinnati	Tackle
Bill Fralic, Atlanta	Guard
Max Montoya, Cincinnati	Guard
Dwight Stephenson, Miami	Center
Dan Marino, Miami	Quarterback
Eric Dickerson, Los Angeles Rams	Running Back
Curt Warner, Seattle	Running Back

DEFENSE

Rulon Jones, Denver	End
Bruce Smith, Buffalo	End
Bill Pickel, Los Angeles Raiders	Tackle
Reggie White, Philadelphia	Tackle
Mike Singletary, Chicago	Middle Linebacker
Wilber Marshall, Chicago	Outside Linebacker
Lawrence Taylor, New York Giants	Outside Linebacker
Hanford Dixon, Cleveland	Cornerback
LeRoy Irvin, Los Angeles Rams	Cornerback
Deron Cherry, Kansas City	Safety
Ronnie Lott, San Francisco	Safety

SPECIALTIES

Morten Andersen, New Orleans	Place Kicker
Rohn Stark, Indianapolis	Punter
Bobby Joe Edmonds, Seattle	Kick Returner
Mosi Tatupu, New England	Special Teams

ROOKIE OF THE YEAR

Cornelius Bennett, Indianapolis	Linebacker
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THIS SEASON'S WINNERS

N.F.C. EASTERN DIVISION	New York Giants
N.F.C. CENTRAL DIVISION	Chicago Bears
N.F.C. WESTERN DIVISION	San Francisco 49ers
WILD CARDS	Los Angeles Rams Washington Redskins

N.F.C. CHAMPION.....Chicago Bears

A.F.C. EASTERN DIVISION	New England Patriots
A.F.C. CENTRAL DIVISION	Cleveland Browns
A.F.C. WESTERN DIVISION	Seattle Seahawks
WILD CARDS	Cincinnati Bengals Denver Broncos

A.F.C. CHAMPION.....Cleveland Browns

SUPER BOWL CHAMPION.....Chicago Bears

trees in San Diego come late January.

The tremendous talent of the Bears is unequaled by any other N.F.L. team. Let us count the Pro Bowlers: Dan Hampton, Dave Duerson, Steve McMichael, Mike Singletary, Jim Covert, Richard Dent, Walter Payton, Otis Wilson, Jay Hilgenberg. There are new potential stars in the backfield—Neal Anderson and Thomas Sanders. And anyone who thinks Payton is through doesn't know Walter very well.

But if McMahon takes an early retirement, the Giants will do an encore. Last year was no fluke. Phil Simms has proved that he belongs in the top-five-Q.B. club, Joe Morris can run under and through people, and opposing quarterbacks will still Say No to Lawrence Taylor. It's true that two days after Super Bowl XXI, Bill Parcells, the Giants' coach, had the nerve to consider a \$4,000,000 offer to resurrect the Atlanta Falcons—only to be denied the opportunity on a contractual technicality. Giants owners Wellington and Tim Mara managed to find a like amount to soothe Parcells' hurt feelings. And the rest of the Giants have been reasonably successful in avoiding the postchampionship pitfalls of commercial and ego overindulgence.

If the unthinkable happens and both the Bears and the Giants take a hike in '87, don't look for the A.F.C. to beat the top N.F.C. contenders—the Washington Redskins, the San Francisco 49ers or the Los Angeles Rams. Is it possible that any of these teams could have done as good a job on the Denver Broncos last January as the Giants did? Without a doubt. The N.F.C.'s dominance over the A.F.C. is starting to look like the annual Rose Bowl scenario: The same guys keep winning. That's going to continue until the offensive-minded A.F.C. teams learn how to play the shove-the-ball-down-your-throat defense that's the trademark of the best N.F.C. clubs.

Of course, in order for any part of the above to take place, the owners and the players' association will first have to avoid a strike. The key issue—the only real issue—is the same old one: money. This time, it's disguised as free agency. The players want it; the owners get sick just thinking about it. The owners will probably bend a little, but a pro football free agency is unlikely. With the damage of the 1982 strike still fresh in everyone's mind, look for a settlement. The players, basically happy with their lot and their pay, will find a graceful way to give in.

Giants coach Bill Parcells says, "My players have good work ethics." They do have better than most, but they're still human. Free safety Terry Kinard and full-back George Adams will return after missing last season because of injuries. But the Giants are susceptible at quarterback and running back if Simms or Morris, their
(continued on page 140)

Impact Ownership, Or It's My Ball, My Team and My Money

Not all of the National Football League's games are played on the field. In fact, the games that N.F.L. owners play off the field can

make the gridiron action seem almost tame. Here is a team-by-team look at what the men—and woman—in charge have been up to lately.

N.F.C. EAST

Giants: Wellington Mara and nephew Tim Mara each own 50 percent of the team, and they can't stand to look at each other. General manager George Young has been mediating this family feud since 1979, but the situation grew a lot worse during the team's Super Bowl championship season.

Redskins: Owner Jack Kent Cooke is an N.F.L. paradox. He never goes to the league meetings, but he's the quintessential hands-on owner. Never has been a Pete Rozelle fan; maybe that's because Pete's wife, Carrie, was once his daughter-in-law. Cooke himself—now 74—became engaged to one of his company's young PR people this past spring. It will be his third marriage.

Cowboys: Cowboys owner Bum Bright stays in the background while president and general manager Tex Schramm runs the team. Schramm, who gave Rozelle his first N.F.L. job, is known as the commissioner's mentor. But Tex will rip Pete in a second—and when he really wants something, he gets it. He wanted instant replay to pass again at last March's league meetings on Maui. He got it. With the minimum vote needed, 21-7.

Cardinals: Owner Billy Bidwill has the worst stadium situation in the league. He has insinuated he will leave St. Louis after this season if the financing for a new stadium isn't in place by November. Our sources say the financing won't be there. Hello, Phoenix. If not, Jacksonville.

Eagles: Owner Norman Braman, who bought the team in 1985, is still considered a rookie in N.F.L. circles. Yet he impressed his fellow owners at the Maui meetings when he emerged as the major force behind the league's new Super Bowl site-selection committee. Thanks to Braman's input, cities now underwrite N.F.L. costs to the tune of \$3,500,000 to host a Super Bowl.

N.F.C. CENTRAL

Bears: Bears president Mike McCaskey bought himself a ton of trouble last winter when he fired popular

general manager Jerry Vainisi. Vainisi just happens to be coach Mike Ditka's best friend, and Ditka is going into the final year on his contract.

Lions: Owner William Clay Ford stays away from the N.F.L. meetings; he has bigger fish to fry at Ford Motors. General manager Russ Thomas has been running the team since 1967. Pundits thought that his reign was over last season—but those folks underestimated his relationship with Ford. Thomas' pal Jerry Vainisi joined the Lions after his Bears firing. Can Mike Ditka be far behind?

Vikings: In 1984, general manager Mike Lynn seized control of the franchise from president Max Winter. In 1985, Winter sold his stock in the team in a move to oust Lynn. For the past two years, Lynn has held on to power by keeping the battle in court. Lynn, meanwhile, remains the highest-paid N.F.L. general manager—at more than \$1,000,000 a year.

Packers: The Packers are the only N.F.L. team owned by a public corporation. Currently, the team is run by Robert Parins, a retired Wisconsin circuit-court judge. But the word around the league is that Parins, who'll turn 70 next year, may cede power in the upcoming months.

Bucs: Hugh Culverhouse may be the most influential owner in the league. He's the chairman of the N.F.L. finance committee, and the other owners rely on him to set N.F.L. financial policy. They were shocked when Culverhouse gave quarterback Vinny Testaverde an \$8,200,000 contract.

N.F.C. WEST

49ers: The smart N.F.L. owners know that the winning formula is to hire the right coach and get out of his way. 49ers owner Ed DeBartolo, Jr., was lucky enough to find Bill Walsh in 1979. Since then, he's been smart enough to leave him alone. In return, Walsh has handed DeBartolo two Super Bowl championships.

Rams: Georgia Frontiere is the only female owner in the N.F.L. This year, she's been keeping a low profile, while

her husband, Dominic Frontiere, has been doing time on a tax-evasion rap: Dominic, it seems, didn't pay taxes on the Super Bowl tickets he scalped.

Saints: In 1985, New Orleans car dealer Tom Benson put together an unimpressive group to buy the Saints. The league let it happen, fearing that the team would otherwise fly off to another city. In the wake of that purchase, the N.F.L. changed its ownership rules; today, it's a lot easier to own an N.F.L. club.

Falcons: Falcons owner Rankin Smith led with his chin when he fired coach Dan Henning at the end of last season, thinking that Dick Vermeil would be his new man. But Vermeil turned Smith down—as did UCLA coach Terry Donahue. He couldn't get Giants coach Bill Parcells. Finally, he hired Marion Campbell, who had been his defensive coordinator all along.

A.F.C. EAST

Patriots: This is the franchise that Michael Jackson brought down. In 1984, Chuck Sullivan bought Jackson's Victory tour in hopes of making the big score. Instead, Sullivan took a bath on the venture. The team is on the market today. This is the saddest N.F.L.-owner story.

Jets: Owner Leon Hess may have to give up the team for estate-planning purposes. But who would want to buy the Jets? Donald Trump, who might pay as much as \$150,000,000 for Hess's prize. But would Hess sell to Trump, the N.F.L.'s enemy during the U.S.F.L. days?

Bills: Owner Ralph Wilson used to be considered one of the league's cheapest. Then, last year, he spent \$8,500,000 to get quarterback Jim Kelly. Now Wilson has 30,000 more ticket buyers per game.

Dolphins: Joe Robbie is the lone trial lawyer among the N.F.L. owners. On Maui, the league rejected his request for a ticket surcharge that would have helped finance his new stadium. Robbie stalked out of the meeting.

Colts: Owner Bob "Tiger" Irsay has been (concluded on page 146)

Hair Apparent

modern living By NANCE MITCHELL

UNTANGLING A WASHOUT from a crowning achievement in hair care is getting tougher. Capitalizing on men's growing interest in health, fashion and finishing touches, the industry is pumping an avalanche of new gels, thickeners, mousses and conditioners onto the market, coupled with unprecedented scientific discoveries regarding hair regrowth. There's never been such a need for sorting out the facts and fallacies about follicles. Here's a quick primer.

THE STYLE'S THE THING

The hair industry has finally become sensible and straightforward about men. Although

hairdressing aids, from new nonalcohol (and less drying) mousses and fine-misting nonaerosol pump sprays to neutral or natural-color gels, are more popular than ever, the look is decidedly unfussy and masculine. Use dressings to add sheen, hold and volume to the basic, unpretentious cut. Bizarre colors and spikes are out, and harsh cuts are giving way to softer, more organic styles. That's great news for young lawyers, businessmen and other professionals who want to be up to date without feeling ridiculous.

With this ground-swell emphasis on the natural as opposed to the severe contrivances of recent years, the trick is to keep a cleaner look compelling. That calls for well-defined lines with some texture for a romantic touch. Soften a short executive haircut with length on top to give an impression of depth, variation and character to the hair. "It's Clark Gable and the Forties look all over again," says Warren-Mikal Wrian of Hollywood's Hairloft,

which caters to a substantial male clientele. "Anything contrived is a waste of time; neat, classic looks are the way to go. Aim for clean lines tempered by a hint of romance."

Michael Gordon, owner of New York's renowned Bumble + Bumble salon, agrees on the return of the Forties look and adds that youthfulness comes from what's natural rather than what's stylized. "Men want to achieve a look that doesn't require fussing, not have a head that seems etched in crayon," he says.

This freer, more romantic edge has lent itself to a two-way split about length. If your job permits some daring and your hair is luxuriant, grow it out. If it's thinning or you want it short, thank such stars as Clint Eastwood and Bruce Willis for their unabashed proof that short or thin hair is sexy. The key to success is to forget about middle-of-the-road compromise; emphasize what you have and don't bother to compensate for what you lack.

"Watch for very long and very short styles and not much in the middle ground," says Allen Edwards, stylist to Dustin Hoffman and Ed Marinaro. "The banker may not be able to go for long hair, but you'll see admen and actors with it. And shorter looks will stay fashionable."

Wrian offers these general styling keys:

- Balance is your goal. Determine your basic face shape and then play up your assets and downplay your weak points. For example, if you have a very round face, an asymmetrical cut may best break up that unrelenting line. A wide face should have height on top for a sense of upsweep, and a weak chin would benefit from a short-cropped beard. Long faces and long noses need a cut that bevels out and away from the ears to add fullness to the sides, and a mustache may add a desirable horizontal line to the excessively vertical face.

- Stick to a *faux* part, or off-center line. Avoid severe (continued on page 166)



Kevin Cogan and other hot shoes reveal tips and tricks for the racer's edge

R

ACE DRIVERS are acknowledged experts at high speeds on a track. But how do they drive on the street? Do they use their extraordinary talents to blast past unsuspecting motorists or do they mosey along like sheep, obeying the speed limit? To find out, we asked a panel of past and present hot shoes, including Danny Sullivan, Dan Gurney, Bobby Rahal and Kevin Cogan (see page 173 for a complete list of drivers and their credentials), to tell us how they drive to survive off the track.

PLAYBOY: What's your advice to people who want to improve their street driving?

KEVIN COGAN: The key to racing is concentration and awareness—and it's just as true on the street. Let's face it: Driving on the street can be monotonous, so you have to force yourself to pay attention. Half of the people out there are daydreaming. Fortunately, that *never* happens on a track. Another thing: Most people don't know their car's capability. Some hot-shots *think* they know, but they haven't a clue. If more people took performance-driving courses, they'd be able to practice in snap-judgment situations and they'd be better drivers.

LYN ST. JAMES: Concentration, pure and simple. My friends get annoyed at me, because when I'm driving, I (continued on page 122)

article **BY KEN GROSS**

street smarts **DRIVING IN THE REAL WORLD**







PENN AND TELLER

They call themselves magicians for people who hate the genre. Vogue described their act as “a very clever mélange of performance art, rock irony, confrontational comedy and genuine magic,” while The New York Times found a hint of “Pinteresque sado-masochism” in their work. We sent New York free-lancer Laura Fissinger to meet Penn Jillette, 32, the duo’s larger half, who does most of the talking on stage, and the smaller, single-named Teller, 39. “They offered me tea, which is all they drink,” she reports, “and as I was leaving, Teller said, ‘Hey, this wasn’t so bad. You actually had some good questions and apologized for the bad ones.’”

1.

PLAYBOY: Most people see magic as one of the corniest branches of show business. How do you distance yourselves from the David Copperfields and Doug Hennings?

PENN: Some of the differences are superficial, such as the fact that we don’t feature women in embarrassing costumes or bad music or bad haircuts. That’s really important, since there’s been no one in magic since Houdini who could be considered in tune with his time. With other magicians, there’s this feeling that they’re kids who are always trying to please Mom and not functioning with the other kids. Most important, we don’t insult people. The implied insult of magic is “I know something you don’t; therefore, I’m better.”

2.

PLAYBOY: How did you two meet?

PENN: Teller was pretending to be blind, selling pencils and chattering in Latin. I had hair down my back and wore make-up and fingernail polish. I was juggling and riding a unicycle in a classical show in Amherst, Massachusetts. Teller had been living on his own a lot longer. I was 19, he was 26.

TELLER: I had some income, so I was able to buy him dinner.

3.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about that dinner. Was it magic?

PENN: I had been a very, very bad student and the most obnoxious of all assholes—a smart rabble rouser. It was weird, teaming up with someone who was a fucking high school teacher! Every time I heard that certain tone of voice, I’d want to fucking throw Teller out of the car.

TELLER: When I was a teacher, there were students who tortured me in class, made it impossible for the class to function, never did the proper homework, whom I very often failed, who were really completely unpleasant people except that I liked them, because they had guts. There’s no one I’ve ever met who can fight with me as well as Penn or who can outargue me as well. That’s what I always enjoyed about those students. They were more than a match for me. Penn has always been the same kind of challenge.

PENN: He’s right. I could squash him like a bug.

TELLER: But I’d make sure it was on TV and that I had a share of the profits.

4.

PLAYBOY: Is teaching good training for a life of tricking people?

TELLER: The first three years of teaching are—for anyone—absolute, pure, unmitigated hell. No one but high school students will tell you in such unvarnished terms who you really are. So, as a life experience, I’d say that teaching is perfectly serviceable. [Laughs] Actually, I was very happy as a Latin teacher. I wrote some Latin readers at that time and put in lots of violence and humor and scares—much the same thing I do nowadays, except in a different world.

5.

PLAYBOY: Has Teller always been the teacher and Penn the student?

TELLER: Hardly. Penn has been a wonderful education for me concerning the things that happened after, let’s say, 1750 [both laugh]. I was a classics major in high school, and I studied Latin and Greek at Amherst. Through Penn, I found out that there was a whole wonderful world out there—I like Iggy Pop very much now. And I believe that before Penn knew me, he didn’t use the article an to precede a word beginning with an H whose emphasis is on the second syllable. So you can see we’ve benefited from each other.

6.

PLAYBOY: Do magicians have groupies?

PENN: If there are magicians’ groupies,

they’re fucking David Copperfield. I guess the question could be translated to “As repulsive as you two are, are there people who get turned on by you during your live show?” Yes, there are people who like us from seeing the show.

7.

PLAYBOY: Describe some of your encounters with these fans.

PENN: There was one incident that happened in San Francisco several years ago. There was a button on my lapel from the show we were in at that time. I was walking down the street and this kid and his mother chased me. The kid said he really wanted an autograph. I didn’t have a pen. The mother went through her purse and she didn’t have one, either. The kid looked heartbroken. So I reached up to my lapel, pulled off the button, opened it, went [he pantomimes gouging his index finger] like that and then [he squeezes his finger hard] wrote PENN across a piece of paper. The mother was so appalled, but the kid looked at me just the way I would have looked at a guy who did that. It was great.

TELLER: I was driving across Arizona alone, and I picked up a person who looked as murderous as a pirate. He did not kill me. This I was very grateful for, so I expressed my gratitude in the following way: He asked to be dropped off at the hostel in the next town. Before he got out of the car, I said, “Do you want to see one of my tricks?” I had a piece of newspaper on the floor of the car. I took it and rolled it up and made it disappear and then produced it again, put it in his hand and said, “Now take this piece of paper and go stand in front of the car. I’m going to turn the headlights off and drive away. Then I want you to open your hand—the newspaper will be gone, but make sure you look carefully at what’s there.” It was a \$20 bill. I’ve done this with bums a couple of times. What I like about it is the story that they’re going to tell that nobody will believe. “This guy walked up to me on the street, picked up a piece of trash and turned it into money! Just watch out for this little guy with the receding hairline.”

8.

PLAYBOY: Do fans ever offer you unsolicited advice?

TELLER: It happened today. A gentleman walked up to me and said, “Would you mind if I made a suggestion to you?” Some (continued on page 171)

the world’s
only hip
magicians
reveal the
secrets of
blood and
cockroaches
and tell how to
make groupies
disappear

“People get in trouble when they stop fast. The key to fast driving is to be an expert at slowing down.”

don't talk with them. To me, driving is very important business, so that's where my mind is concentrated.

Racers use 100 percent of their concentration on the track. Admittedly, street driving doesn't take that kind of effort. It probably demands about 50 to 60 percent of a person's concentration. But most people are using only a 20 percent level. Just think of how much better their driving would be if they could *double* that percentage.

Another thing: Many people drive with just one hand on the steering wheel. You'd *never* do that on the track—you'd lose too much control. Always keep both of your hands on the wheel, in a ten-o'clock and two-o'clock position. Check your mirrors and scan your instruments on a regular basis. If you stay alert and keep those faculties moving, you'll see most problems *before* they develop.

BOBBY RAHAL: I tell people to drive defensively. You can't predict whether or not other drivers on the street know what they're doing, so you'd better assume they don't. And take good care of your car. An improperly maintained car is as dangerous as an unqualified driver. Little things such as tire pressure can be critical. If you feel that there's something strange about your car, have it checked out right away.

BOB BONDURANT: Fast drivers on the track are usually very, very smooth. To cut a series of quick laps, you have to do the same thing over and over again, faster and faster. It's the same on the street. Smoothness and consistency influence every aspect of driving—and, with it, your life on the road. Rough driving breaks traction, cuts down on braking efficiency and quickly wears you and your car out. Smoothness and concentration require a lot of self-discipline. It's more than just an aspect of driving technique, it's a state of mind. It's the way you handle the steering wheel, the alert way you sit, the way you ease off or on the brakes and throttle. Smoothness is everything you do in the car. I tell my students if they want to win, smoothness and concentration are essential—and it's just as true on the street.

BERTIL ROOS: The goal in racing is to drive as quickly as you can. But on the highway, it's to stay as far as possible from problems. There are a lot of fast drivers, and most of them haven't a clue about how to *stop* in a hurry. Race drivers know that the brake pedal upsets the balance of a car more than anything else. Most people get into big trouble when they try to stop fast. The key to fast driving is to be an expert at

slowing down. Along with that, I train students to develop their own early-warning system. Most people drive with their eyes focused too close to the front of the car. Drivers should learn to expand their field of vision, to avoid surprises and overreaction.

DAN GURNEY: Even an average driver can be more capable if he keeps one thing in mind: *Anticipation* is 100 times better than reaction. Watch your fellow drivers and try to anticipate what they're doing. That way, you'll have the time you need to avoid problems.

Here's how: As you're driving, observe the scene in front of you. Check continuously to see if your speed is safe for existing conditions. When you see a possible problem, such as entering a street with two-way traffic or approaching a side street with a car that could pull out, slow down to give yourself more time to react. Now, instead of having to maneuver suddenly, you're *anticipating* a possible problem—and you're ready, if need be, to do something about it.

How many times have you been a passenger in a car when you've seen something start to develop *before* the driver sees it? It gives you an uneasy feeling—almost like an electric shock. You think that if you'd been driving, you'd have done something much *sooner*. Well, that's the kind of extra time you'll have when you begin to anticipate. Instead of making a mad stab at the brakes or a swerving change of direction, you'll be able to do whatever's required.

One more point to remember: A lot of people put their trust in invisible barriers—such as a stop sign or a solid white line painted on the pavement. Most of your fellow drivers are pretty distracted. Do you really want to gamble that they'll obey the rules? I usually assume if people can screw up, they will, so I second-guess a lot and drive accordingly. Look, even if an accident is the other guy's fault, it's still an accident.

SKIP BARBER: Pay attention. On the street, at relatively low speeds, if there's an accident, you might dent a fender. On the track, a mistake at 200 miles per hour means something's going to happen in a big way. To avoid accidents, racers learn the art of concentration, and the good ones never forget it.

CHIP ROBINSON: I frequently give lectures on driving safety to high school students, and I remind them of the differences between fast driving on the track—with all its controls and safety devices—and driving on

the street, where there are very few aids. Younger drivers, especially, have to understand *why* there are separate rules for both situations and why reckless driving on the street is irresponsible and dangerous. Attendance at a race-driving school is a big help, too. Everything you learn applies to street driving—car control, braking, cornering. Even when you're not at racing speeds, these skills are important. To be a good street driver, you have to learn *car control*.

PATTY MOISE: I agree. If you can afford it, take a professional driving course. Most people panic when they're in trouble, because they've never had a chance to practice reacting in an emergency. Suddenly, there they are, out of control. On a school track, you can learn how to recover from a spin, and you can often take your own car, which will help you become more familiar with it.

DOMINIC DOBSON: Two things. The first is short and simple—pay better attention. Have more respect for your driving. You can't possibly be effective if your mind is somewhere else. Next, I agree with those drivers who recommend a professional high-performance-driving course. That's the best way I know to learn the capabilities of the car and to discover your own ability. In a controlled situation on a track, you'll develop the skills you need for the street. And you'll do it in a memorable way.

PLAYBOY: Where do you feel safer—on the track or on the street?

DANNY SULLIVAN: I definitely feel safer on the track. Racers are very focused on their driving. I drove a taxicab in New York City for a while. On those mean streets, I learned very early on that you've got to drive defensively—and be very, very lucky—or you won't survive.

RAHAL: No question about it, I feel much safer on a race track. Just look at all the built-in safety factors: driving suits, fire equipment, flagmen, doctors on standby—and the cars have roll bars, shoulder harnesses and fire protection. There are few safety features in cars on the street.

DOBSON: On the track, you're driving with highly qualified people. On the street, for the most part, you're surrounded by incompetents. My advice is, Never assume *anything* about the other drivers on the road. Expect them to screw up. Drive defensively and stay alert.

BONDURANT: I feel safer on the track, because my senses are heightened, my concentration is way, way up and everyone is going in the same direction. On the street, you can easily lapse into the never-never land of radio, billboards, flashy cars and attractive pedestrians.

ST. JAMES: Driving on the street is infinitely more frustrating than driving on a race-course. I live in Florida, where there are a lot of elderly people and tourists. It's

(continued on page 172)



"I won't bring any more friends home unless you let me play with them first!"

YEARS OF

25

British agent James Bond
takes a trip to Algeria with a brook, a blonde, and death.

THE HILDEBRAND RARITY



He may be celebrating 25 years in the movies, but James Bond appeared in *Playboy's* pages even earlier, with the publication of Ian Fleming's novelette *The Hildebrand Rarity*—starring a fatally attractive fish—in March 1960 (above).

007 is celebrating his silver anniversary with a big new film and two new stars; *playboy* knew him when

Latest of 007's leading ladies is Maryam d'Abo, of whom much more follows. Below, she poses for *Playboy* on the hood of the



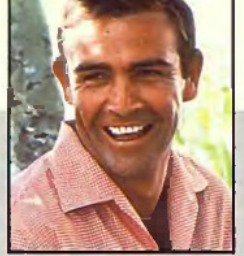
Ursula Andress, rising from the waves as Honeychile Rider, made a lasting impression on fans of 1962's *Dr. No*, the first Bond film. She also made a hit with *Playboy* readers in several subsequent pictorials. Star of the movie: a former *South Pacific* chorus boy with a Scottish burr, Sean Connery (shown with Ursula, below).

Fleming's novel *You Only Live Twice* was serialized by *Playboy* in April, May and June 1964 (the illustration below is



YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE

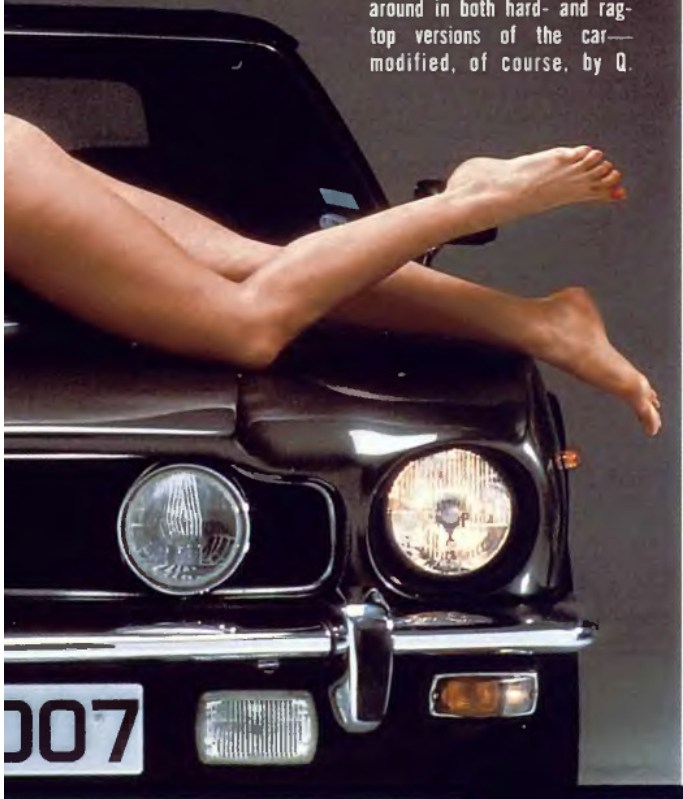
Part II of a serial By IAN FLEMING



JAMES BOND

007

Volante, newest in a long line of Aston Martin autos specially equipped for James Bond. In *The Living Daylights*, brand-new Bond Timothy Dalton wheels around in both hard- and rag-top versions of the car—modified, of course, by Q.



from the May installment). After making the 1967 film version, Connery announced—not for the last time—that he'd had his fill of cinematic Bondage and was retiring.



It wasn't a permanent retirement, as it turned out. Connery returned in 1971's *Diamonds Are Forever*, opposite Jill St. John (above), playing Tiffany Case. *Playboy* celebrated the Connery comeback with a lavish pictorial. *Vegas Comes Up 007*, in December that year.

Trivia buffs, attention: Just how many *Playboy* covers have featured James Bond themes? (Don't forget the one at hand.) We'll give you some visual aid: The two others, reproduced at right, introduced the November 1965 and July 1979 issues.



B

y now, everybody in the Western world is aware that James Bond is celebrating his silver anniversary in the movies with the release of *The Living Daylights*, starring a brand-new Bond, Timothy Dalton, and a brand-new Bond Beauty, Maryam d'Abo. If you're a newcomer to *Playboy's* readership, you may not realize that this magazine's relationship with the world's most famous secret agent dates back even further—to 27 years ago, when we published our first 007 thriller. Bond Beauties, too, have long been identified with *Playboy*; several, among them Kim Basinger and Lana Wood, came to producers' attention via our pages. All in all, there have been 17 James Bond movies, 15 of them made by Albert R. "Cubby" Broccoli, who, with Harry Saltzman, acquired film rights to the Ian Fleming novels in 1961. The rest, as they say, is history.



Notably different from the traditional Bond film, *Casino Royale* is a spoof with an all-star cast. Above, Woody Allen, who plays dual roles as Bond and Dr. Noah, dallies with Daliah Lavi; at right, Playmate Dolly Read stands out in a *Playboy* collage lining an arms chest.





007

007



Late in 1980, *Playboy* and United Artists joined forces to sponsor a James Bond Girl contest (see poster below). The winner, Robbin Young (left), earned a role in the next 007 adventure, *For Your Eyes Only*.

BEA JAMES BOND GIRL



PLAYBOY Magazine and United Artists Announce a Fabulous Contest!

THE GRAND PRIZE:

An Appearance in the Next James Bond Motion Picture!
For the 3 Finalists: ✦ A trip to Hollywood ✦ A major screen test



Connery made his second Bond comeback in *Never Say Never Again* (above), opposite Kim Basinger, a blonde beauty featured in a 1983 *Playboy* pictorial.

James Bond himself is not only a *Playboy* reader but a *Playboy* Club keyholder. That's the message of at least two Bond films. In *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, one-time 007 George Lazenby reads a copy of the magazine while his combination safecracking/duplicating device is copying Blofeld's lawyer's files. In *Diamonds Are Forever*, Sean Connery plants his wallet—which contains his *Playboy* Club Key-Card—on the corpse of a smuggler. Going through the billfold, Jill St. John reaches the mistaken conclusion that James Bond is dead. That, movie fans, just isn't in the



cards. It's estimated that half the world's population has seen at least one James Bond movie—in a theater, on TV or on video (CBS/Fox is rereleasing 14 tapes as a 25th-anniversary special). Then there are trivia books, an

No one comes close to JAMES BOND 007

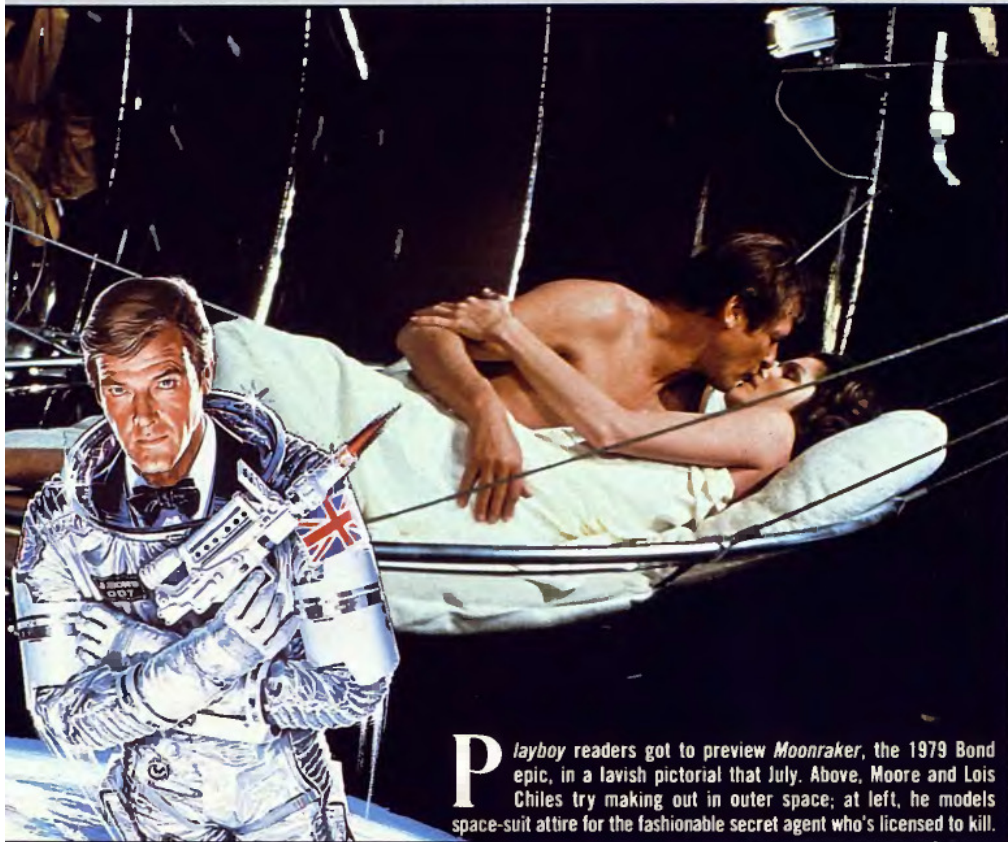


Official James Bond Movie Book—even a coincidental Iranscam connection: The yacht Nabila, seen in *Never Say Never Again*, belongs to wealthy Saudi arms-for-hostages middleman Adnan Khashoggi. Wonder what Ian Fleming would have made of *that* particular caper

The pose at left, promoting *For Your Eyes Only*, proved too cheeky for some newspapers. *The Pittsburgh Press* painted shorts on the model, while others simply cropped her from the knees up. In the inset above, Maud Adams and Britt Ekland cozy up to Roger Moore in *The Man with the Golden Gun* (the novel was serialized in *Playboy* in 1965).

One of the most unforgettable Bond-movie scenes occurs in *Goldfinger* (below), when Sean Connery discovers Shirley Eaton's gilded corpse.





Playboy readers got to preview *Moonraker*, the 1979 Bond epic, in a lavish pictorial that July. Above, Moore and Lois Chiles try making out in outer space; at left, he models space-suit attire for the fashionable secret agent who's licensed to kill.



Live and Let Die, released in 1973, was Moore's first outing as Bond. Cast opposite him as Solitaire, the fortuneteller, was British actress Jane Seymour (above).



While Connery was playing Bond, he seemed to spend many of his quieter moments getting his back rubbed by one beauty or another. Above, in a classic poster for *Thunderball*, Claudine Auger does the honors. Fleming's novel *Thunderball* was also the basis for a later film, *Never Say Never Again*.

Barbara Bach is a worthy opponent, then teammate for Moore's 007 in *The Spy Who Loved Me* (right). She has also starred in two memorable magazine pictorials: *Bonded Barbara* (June 1977) and *Barbara Bach* (January 1981).



Aview to a Kill, the Bond film that immediately preceded this summer's release of *The Living Daylights*, features two more women familiar to *Playboy* readers from their pictorial appearances: Grace Jones and Tanya Roberts (below with Moore in what he says was his swan song).



Past Bond extravaganzas have utilized beautiful women as background, like a sort of



visual Muzak. Here's chorine Judy Ritsko with Connery in *Diamonds Are Forever*.

WOMEN OF 007



It was probably inevitable that big, bad Grace Jones would end up playing a villainess in a Bond film—which she does, as May Day in *A View to a Kill* (below). Grace also starred in two of our pictorials, *Disco Queens* (April 1979) and *Amazing Grace* (July 1985).



Fleming was noted for giving his characters picturesque names, but our hands-down favorite is *Goldfinger's* Pussy Galore, played by Honor Blackman (above). Pussy and Bond treat each other to a memorable roll in the hay. In *From Russia with Love*, Bond wins over spy Tatiana Romanova, portrayed by Daniela Bianchi (below), on the Orient Express.



Lana Wood (above) was best known as Natalie's kid sister when *Playboy* showcased her, with her poetry, in an April 1971 pictorial, *The Well-Versed Lana Wood*. That brought her to the Bond producers' attention, and she became *Diamonds Are Forever's* Plenty O'Toole.



David Niven, playing a retired Sir James Bond in *Casino Royale*, is almost surrounded by beauties (right). Among them: May 1966 Playmate Dolly Read (inset below right).



Barbara Carrera (left) made her *Playboy* debut as our February 1972



cover model; later, she became Connery's co-star in *Never Say Never Again*. Tanya Roberts (below), like Barbara a popular *Playboy* pictorial subject, stars with Moore in *A View to a Kill*.



Jill St. John (below left) is Tiffany Case, a member of an international smuggling ring, in Connery's first Bond comeback, *Diamonds Are Forever*, set in Las Vegas. Retirement, as we've seen, was not quite so eternal for Sean. Gloria Hendry (below right), a New York *Playboy* Bunny, made news when, in *Live and Let Die*, she became Bond's first black bedmate, Rosie Carver. Sadly, Rosie died early in the film.





How does a guy get a job like this, anyway? Roger Moore finds himself virtually drowning in pulchritude in *Moonraker* (left), as well as in his farewell to Fleming, *A View to a Kill* (right). All too often, though, the girls are bumped off soon after the title credits.



Two Bond heroines with whom *Playboy* has had a special relationship are Barbara Bach (above), Major Anya Amasova in *The Spy Who Loved Me*, and Kim Basinger (right), Domino in *Never Say Never Again*. Both have appeared in pictorials and in the magazine's annual Sex Stars feature.



And here's Domino again—at left, as portrayed by Claudine Auger in the fourth Bond movie, *Thunderball* (1965). Since much of the film's action takes place in the waters off Nassau, she's appropriately suited up for this pose.





WOMEN OF 007

Just a few months ago—in January of this year, to be precise—we published a pictorial titled *Jane Seymour, Enchantress*. To see how Jane looked back in 1973, when she made *Live and Let Die*, see the photo below left. Below right is delectable French actress Corinne Clery, who's the head helicopter pilot for arch-villain Hugo Drax in *Moonraker*, Bond's 1979 cinematic outing.



Among *Goldfinger*'s many attractions is curvaceous Margaret Nolan (below), who gives Connery's 007 a rubdown at pool-side. The only actress to play leading roles in two Bond pictures is Maud Adams (right), Scaramanga's girlfriend in *The Man with the Golden Gun* and Octopussy in the 1983 film—which, incidentally, was based on two stories published in *Playboy*.



All-time champion Bondswoman is Lois Maxwell (right), M's secretary, Miss Moneybags, in all 14 earlier 007 films produced by Albert R. "Cubby" Broccoli. In *Living Daylights*, she's replaced by Caroline Bliss.







007

At left, the newest female Bond star does her imitation of the standard 007 film opening-credits shot; at right, an illustration from *Playboy's* three-part 1963 serialization of Fleming's novel *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*.



WHEN BRITAIN'S best and brightest were feted at this year's Cannes Film Festival, blonde and bright Maryam d'Abo was seated at a gala banquet between Prince Charles and the evening's distinguished guest of honor, Sir Alec Guinness. Why Maryam? Well, *not* simply because she was born in England, raised in France. More to the point, the prince introduced her with appreciative accuracy as the lovely new star of *The Living Daylights*, latest in a quarter-century string of James Bond extravaganzas that have grossed well over a billion. Most were filmed in England. That's how the British Empire strikes back and brings a celestial body named D'Abo to dine with royalty on the

D'ABO

meet the beauty who knocks 'em dead in *the living daylights*

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON



Riviera. The journey from relative obscurity to woman-of-the-year celebrity has not been such a long one for 26-year-old Maryam. During a fast lunch at a swank London restaurant just prior to her departure for Cannes, she touched upon the highlights of a career that started around the age of five. "I was always rather shy but went to school in France, where my mother was a representative for UNICEF greeting cards. Somehow or other, I'd wind up in the spotlight as part of various promotions, on live TV with Danny Kaye or sitting on Peter Ustinov's knee." In person, she's alert, soft-spoken, with a mere trace of Continental accent, brown-eyed, usually wearing little or no make-up and the kind of casually chic army clothes that probably go for the price of a light armored tank. On stage, she has played *Cyrano's* Roxane in French and considers herself a serious actress. Thus, it follows that the

former Bond leading lady she most admires is Diana (*On Her Majesty's Secret Service*) Rigg, who has remained a top star of movies, TV and theater since *her* performance as 007's only genuine bride. D'Abo sees herself in *Living Daylights* as a Bond belle with a difference. "Despite some notable exceptions, most of the previous Bond girls were like puppets. But it's 1987, and the girl I play is no longer just a sex object, one of those tits-and-bum characters. She's a real person, a musician. Also, she's actually the only woman in the picture Bond sleeps with. *That's* new, fidelity. These



Bond's new lady is a sex kitten so seductive, she transforms fickle 007 into a one-woman man.



007

As mentioned earlier, the motion-picture version of *Octopussy* drew on two short stories by Fleming, both of which had been published in *Playboy*. The other was January 1964's *Property of a Lady* (illustrated at right).

THE PROPERTY OF A LADY

By IAN FLEMING

At the end of the article, the author writes: "The other was January 1964's *Property of a Lady* (illustrated at right)." The text continues with a short story.



Maryam d'Abo, who plays a cellist in

Daylights, works tantalizing variations on Bondage. Opposite, says she, "I'm draped à la Grace Jones in *A View to a Kill*—but dropping a hint that *Diamonds Are Forever*."







007

Playboy published *Octopussy* in two installments, in March and April 1966. By that time, as the illustration at far right demonstrates, Sean Connery had become the public's ideal Bond; but it was Roger Moore who made the film.



are different times.”

She now thinks he's aces, but Maryam admits she'd scarcely heard of Timothy Dalton until she was cast opposite him as a Czechoslovakian cellist named Kara. “I never dreamed I'd play the lead in a Bond movie. Several years ago, I auditioned for *A View to a Kill*, for the role that Fiona Fullerton did. My hair was shorter then, and they thought I looked too young. Then, in February 1986, I was called to do a screen test with another James Bond—who didn't get the
(text concluded on page 166)

Remember the shot of Connery in a towel? Maryam goes Bond one better. “The champagne's on me.”



The magazine's 1965 Bond spectacular was the serialization of *The Man with the Golden Gun*, illustrations for the second and third segments of which are shown at right. In all, *Playboy* treated its readers over a period of years to six Bond stories by Fleming, who died at the age of 56.



No, no, no. She has no nude scene in *Living Daylights*, so Maryam compensates with a memorable tribute to *Goldfinger*. "I quite like this one; the gold was *sprayed* on."





PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

"The outlook in Detroit isn't any better for its football team than for its auto industry."

main men, go down. By picking three wide receivers in the first four rounds of this year's draft, with number-one pick Mark Ingram, from Michigan State, a likely star of the future, the Giants took a giant step toward fixing one of their few weaknesses.

The Washington Redskins had one major problem last season: They couldn't

EASTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

New York Giants	13-3
Washington Redskins	12-4
Dallas Cowboys	8-8
Philadelphia Eagles	4-12
St. Louis Cardinals	3-13

beat the Giants even once in three tries. But for a team that last year lost such players as Joe Theismann, John Riggins and Mark Moseley, 12 regular-season wins and a trip to the N.F.C. championship weren't bad. Q.B. Jay Schroeder, wide receivers Art Monk and Gary Clark and defensive end Dexter Manley are among the best at their positions. Kelvin Bryant will have a big year in the backfield. But the linebacking corps is thin, the secondary young and the heart of the defensive line, 37-year-old Dave Butz, has to be looking at his final season.

The Dallas Cowboys should beg Pete Rozelle to switch them over to the A.F.C. for a couple of seasons while they rebuild. All dynasties have their declines; just ask the Steelers and the Dolphins. Having Danny White, Tony Dorsett and Herschel Walker all available at the same time won't be enough. The defensive line is aging and is in disarray. The offense needs help, too. To add to their problems, the Cowboys need a replacement for place kicker Rafael Septien, whom the team released after he pleaded guilty in the off season to a sex-offense charge. But Cowboys coach Tom Landry, too proud to throw in the towel and retire at this down moment for the team, will try to cover the talent gap with hard work. The gap is too wide and the schedule too tough for America's Team to do any better than .500.

When Buddy Ryan headed for Philadelphia after masterminding the Bears' 46 defense, the one that broke the confidence of every offense it faced on the way to Super Bowl XX, he should have checked the Eagles' upcoming schedules. Last season, they faced the N.F.L.'s second toughest; this season, it's the toughest: Eight of the Eagles' 16 games will be against teams that won ten or more games last season. The Eagles do have the aptly named wide receiver Mike Quick. Q.B. Randall Cunningham may improve if the offensive line

can do better than the 104 sacks it allowed last season. But the Eagles will be outclassed by season's end, and Ryan may be drawing Os for another team next year.

Which N.F.L. team hasn't won a playoff game since Harry Truman was President? The St. Louis Cardinals, going all the way back to 1947 when they were the Chicago Cardinals, long before the team was moved to Buschville. And that string of bad luck will remain unbroken. Coach Gene Stallings has little to work with. The Cardinals lost wide receiver Pat Tilley and offensive guard Doug Dawson to injuries for most of last year and receiver Roy Green for part of the season. Tilley may not be back and whether Green can regain his Pro Bowl form is questionable. The Cards may have won this year's draft booby prize by using their number-one pick (sixth overall) to draft Q.B. Kelly Stouffer of Colorado State, regarded by almost everyone else as second-round material. Veteran quarterback Neil Lomax will probably be traded any day.

CENTRAL DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Chicago Bears	13-3
Minnesota Vikings	9-7
Detroit Lions	6-10
Green Bay Packers	4-12
Tampa Bay Buccaneers	4-12

The Chicago Bears, the soap-opera heroes who captured the hearts of America and the wallets of Madison Avenue in 1985-1986, are back for a repeat performance. They kept up the drama even in the off season. If you're Bears president Mike McCaskey and your general manager, Jerry Vainisi, is acknowledged in most circles as one of the best G.M.s in pro football and also happens to be a tight buddy of your coach, Mike Ditka, what do you do to make life interesting? Fire Vainisi, of course. Then complicate an already confused quarterback situation (McMahon, plus Doug Flutie, Mike Tomczak and Steve Fuller) by taking Michigan's Jim Harbaugh as your number-one pick—over the objections of your head coach. But even if this turns out to be Ditka's last season with the Bears, look for Chicago to come out steaming. It's worth repeating: The Bears have the best over-all talent in football. They even get Dennis McKinnon back from a season off for knee surgery.

The Minnesota Vikings, under new coach Jerry Burns, won the most improved award for last season. Of the 13 N.F.L. teams with losing records in 1985, only three—the Vikings, the Chiefs and the Bengals—had winning records in

1986. With five players—Steve Jordan, Anthony Carter, Leo Lewis, Darrin Nelson and Hassan Jones—each catching passes for more than 500 yards last season, Q.B. Tommy Kramer has lots of options. One he doesn't have, if the Vikes are to continue to improve, is getting hurt. A tough schedule may make last year's act difficult to match.

The outlook in Detroit isn't any better for its football team than for its auto industry, for many of the same reasons: lack of strong, intelligent management objectives, questionable discipline, insufficient mental toughness, too many contract squabbles. The Lions have one other problem: not enough good football players. Second-year Q.B. Chuck Long will need some big-play receivers. The defense needs help on the line and at the inside-linebacker position. By the team's own admission, the Lions' special-team coverage last year was terrible. If the Bears don't work things out with Ditka, Iron Mike may join his buddy Vainisi, who has been hired by the Lions as general counsel. That would at least solve the discipline and mental-toughness problems.

The Green Bay Packers have never been known for their genteel manners or social niceties. Even the Sixties' famous golden boy, Paul Hornung, wound up sitting out a year for having placed a couple of friendly wagers on a game. But he did bet on the Pack to win, a habit that these days would leave him without enough money to cover his bar tabs. Another thing that's changed: In the old days, the Pack ran around with the ladies. These days, they bust 'em in the chops or worse. James Lofton, acquitted in the off season of charges of sexual misconduct, has been traded to the Los Angeles Raiders. Other players had run-ins with the law, mostly involving sex or violence or both. These guys could use Judge Wapner as a coach.

The Packers got some hope from Q.B. Randy Wright, who replaced Lynn Dickey when coach Forrest Gregg finally went to the youth movement. Number-one pick Brent Fullwood, the latest model from the running-back factory at Auburn, will team with Kenneth Davis to give the Pack the beginnings of a potent ground game. The defense, however, did not get the help it needed from the draft. The building of a strong defense was complicated by cornerback Tim Lewis' forced retirement last season due to a neck injury. The Pack will rise again, but not this year.

If spending money and getting the first pick in the draft year after year could create winners, Tampa Bay would be headed for San Diego. But the plan doesn't always work, especially when football players such as Bo Jackson decide to play baseball instead. Owner Hugh Culverhouse, obviously not ready to roll over and play dead, spent about \$4,000,000 to hire Ray Perkins away from the University of Alabama. He then signed Vinny Testaverde to an \$8,200,000 deal, an effort not only to

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land a thoroughbred Q.B. but to silence the boo birds and fill some empty seats. But even with Vinny and four other picks out of the first 57 players drafted, Tampa Bay still has miles to go before becoming a winner. Perkins' philosophy: "You win with defense, special teams and offense, in that order." Ray has evidently missed watching the Giants and the Bears of late. Tampa Bay, with the second-easiest schedule in the N.F.L., will still have trouble winning more than four games.

WESTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

San Francisco 49ers	11-5
Los Angeles Rams	10-6
New Orleans Saints	8-8
Atlanta Falcons	6-10

At the end of last season, the San Francisco 49ers appeared to be on the brink of dropping from the elite group of teams that consistently posted season victories in double figures. Their offensive line was not up to the task and, despite a recovery from early-season back surgery that had shades of Lourdes about it, Joe Montana's physical status was a concern. In a series of brilliant moves, Coach Bill Walsh traded two draft picks for Tampa Bay's

quarterback Steve Young and drafted the offensive-line talent (Harris Barton from North Carolina and Jeff Bregel from USC) the 49ers so badly needed. The 49ers remain the class of the West.

With Jim Everett firmly in place as the quarterback after starting the last five games last season, the Rams' future looks promising. Eric Dickerson is the best running back in football (11 100-yard games last season). Ron Brown and Henry Ellard provide plenty of speed on the outside. The problem with the Rams has remained the same for the past several years—they can't win the big games. Maybe it's being in La-La land, maybe it's ownership the players don't respect, but the fact remains that coach John Robinson must find a way to toughen the attitudes of his players. A weak draft did nothing to strengthen the Rams' position.

Cajun is in this year. The Saints will be, too. Led by Rookie of the Year running back Rueben Mayes (1353 yards, with a 4.7 average per carry), the Saints could be the surprise team of the N.F.C. Second-year coach Jim Mora is a disciplinarian, handing out fines and benching players. G.M. Jim Finks sets a consistent front-office tone. The Saints have an excellent rush defense, and Morten Andersen is the

best place kicker around. Still, they need a wide receiver and a fullback to be ready to challenge the Rams and the 49ers.

After approaching everyone from Dick Vermeil to Pee-wee Herman in a highly visible search for a new head coach, the Atlanta Falcons finally accepted their willing and available defensive coordinator, Marion Campbell. While Campbell is quietly competent, he doesn't inspire—and inspiration of the extraordinary kind will be required for the Falcons to make the play-offs. Last year's offense, featuring Q.B. Dave Archer, got off to a fast start but then lost its confidence and Archer to injury. The Falcons do have running back Gerald Riggs and the tower-of-power offensive guard Bill Fralic. The defense will get better, with Tony Casillas playing the middle, but there are still too many weak spots for the defense to dominate, and the offense will leave the defense on the field too much of the time.

EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

New England Patriots	10-6
Miami Dolphins	8-8
New York Jets	8-8
Indianapolis Colts	5-11
Buffalo Bills	4-12

If the New England Patriots had a rushing game, they'd be dangerous. Stuck behind an ineffective offensive line, former 1000-yard rushers Tony Collins and Craig James were unable to get 900 yards between them last season. Offensive guard Sean Farrell, acquired in a trade from Tampa Bay, should help. Tony Eason, intercepted only ten times all last season, is the most underrated quarterback in football. The defense is good—that is, for the A.F.C.—though defensive end Kenneth Sims's return, after an off-season back operation, is questionable. Being in the now weaker A.F.C. East will be an advantage for the Pats.

The Miami Dolphins will open the season in the house Joe built, the new, privately financed 75,000-seat Joe Robbie Stadium. And Don Shula expects to improve on "the worst start [two and five in the first seven games] in all my years of coaching." But until the Dolphins find a defense (they were tied last year with the Jets for worst in the A.F.C.), the scene in Miami will not improve significantly. Their best defensive player, linebacker Hugh Green, suffered a severe knee injury in the third game last season. Dan Marino's knees may also be vulnerable. Shula, with the second-most wins of any N.F.L. coach ever (only George Halas had more), will bring all his skills to bear, but he doesn't have the football players to turn things around—yet.

Remember back in week 11 of last year's season, when the New York Jets were ten and one and all New York was giddy at the prospect of a Jets-Giants Super Bowl? Then the knees came



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crashing down: defensive linemen Mark Gastineau and Joe Klecko, linebacker Lance Mehl and tackle Reggie McElroy. The Jets did show character, limping into the play-offs to whip Kansas City and then forcing the Cleveland Browns into two overtime periods before finally succumbing, 23-20. But with Klecko, Mehl and McElroy questionable for this season's start, it's doubtful that the Jets will get to the play-offs.

Is it possible that the Indianapolis Colts, perennial door mats of the A.F.C.,

may stop playing the patsy? If you continue to get a top draft pick every year, sooner or later you're going to assemble some talent, even if you're boycotted by guys such as John Elway and Brian Bosworth. Presumably, linebacker Cornelius Bennett will decide to play for the Colts. This guy, who will be one of the best ever, would make a difference to any team. And quarterback Gary Hogeboom, out for most of last season with a separated shoulder, should give the team some passing punch. One setback the Colts will have to

overcome is the loss of running back Randy McMillan, who was injured in an automobile accident in the off season. Albert Bentley and George Wonsley will try to replace him. The Colts have the opportunity to start the climb out of the depths of ineptitude. Their having drawn the easiest schedule in the N.F.L. won't hurt, either.

On the other hand, the Buffalo Bills, another bad team trying to get better, have drawn a murderous schedule, facing eight games against teams that had ten or more wins last season. Jim Kelly will be one of the N.F.L.'s premiere quarterbacks, and sooner rather than later. While the offense shows promise, the outlook for the defense is not as encouraging. New defensive coordinator Walt Corey, formerly of the Chiefs, will try to improve the Bills' miserable giveaway/take-away ratio (-21), the worst in either conference. Cut that number in half and they could still be last. It *will* snow again in Buffalo.

The Cleveland Browns are the class of

The Three Biggest Myths of Pro Football

1. YOU NEED A STRONG RUNNING GAME TO WIN IN THE N.F.L.

We hear strong rumblings coming from the graves of Vince Lombardi and George Halas, but the evidence is overwhelming: In the N.F.L., almost everybody runs the football at the same level of effectiveness, which is to say that almost everybody gets about four yards a carry. Good teams almost always run for more total yards than bad teams do—that's because good teams usually have the lead and are trying to run the clock out. In other words, rushing is as much a *defensive* weapon as an *offensive* one—winning teams pass early to *get* the lead and run late to hold on to it.

In 1985, the Indianapolis Colts had the highest yards-per-rush average in the N.F.L. at 5.0—that's Lombardi-Packer golden-age running—but were able to do no better than 5-11. The Detroit Lions had the *worst* yards-per-carry average in the league that year, 3.4, and still won two more games than the Colts did. Last season, the Cincinnati Bengals led the N.F.L. with a 4.9 average and managed to win ten games. But they failed to make the play-offs, while the New England Patriots, with the worst running game in the league (2.9 yards per rush), won 11 games and came within minutes of playing for the A.F.C. championship.

2. YOU HAVE TO ESTABLISH YOUR RUNNING GAME TO PASS; THE PASSING GAME OPENS UP THE DEFENSE FOR THE RUNNING GAME

You'll hear both of those canards dropped at least once per game this year by commentators who ought to know better. There is no proven connection between being able to pass well and being able to run well in the

N.F.L. The most wide-open passing teams of the Eighties, the Miami Dolphins and the San Diego Chargers, have seldom run the ball well, and the decade's best running team, the Chicago Bears, ran just as well in years when it had a lousy passing game as in years when Jim McMahon was healthy.

3. ALL TURNOVERS ARE CREATED EQUAL

An amazing fact uncovered by studying the results of every N.F.L. game since 1960 is that, contrary to popular opinion, *bad teams don't fumble any more often than good teams do*. In fact, it's the best teams that often end up with the most fumbles—having the lead more often, they run the ball more, so they fumble more. But year in, year out, fumbles and fumble recoveries tend to be pretty much a question of luck, and the fumbles-lost and fumbles-recovered columns aren't accurate reflections of team power.

Interceptions definitely are. Unlike fumbles, interceptions aren't a product of the law of averages. They're an important indication of how well a team is performing its most important offensive function: moving the ball through the air. Interceptions are at least twice as damaging as fumbles—perhaps three times, according to our sports computer. Add up the interceptions a team makes on defense and subtract those thrown by its offense—it's practically a law that good teams will come out on the plus side, bad teams on the minus side. And if you throw an interception that's run back for a touchdown, history says you stand a 90 percent chance of losing.

—ALLEN BARRA and GEORGE IGNATIN, authors of "Football by the Numbers 1987," Prentice-Hall

CENTRAL DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Cleveland Browns	12-4
Cincinnati Bengals	11-5
Pittsburgh Steelers	8-8
Houston Oilers	4-12

the A.F.C. this year. If an A.F.C. team has a chance to end the domination of the N.F.C., the Browns are the ones. Bernie Kosar, intercepted only ten times in 531 passing attempts last season, may be better than Marino or Elway. If the Browns could find a first-class wide receiver, we'd find out for certain. Despite injuries last year to its tandem backs, Earnest Byner and Kevin Mack, tight end Ozzie Newsome and others, Cleveland showed enough depth to win 12 games, with only Denver stopping the Browns from making the Super Bowl. No one is likely to stop them this year.

Everybody who plays the Cincinnati Bengals says the same thing: "If these guys ever find a defense, they'll be unstoppable." The Bengals' offensive attack is balanced and potent. They gained more total yards last year than any other team in football. Boomer Esiason can throw, James Brooks can run and Anthony Muñoz and Max Montoya are two of the league's dominant offensive linemen. But good defense beats good offense, and Cincinnati's defense is less than average. Until the Bengals find a way to keep their offense on the field, they'll continue to be bridesmaids. A terrible punting game doesn't help.

Like Tom Landry, Chuck Noll is a proud man, a guy who has been to the big game and won more than once. But the Steelers, like the Cowboys, are a dynasty gone sour. When did the magic slip away? When great players retired and were replaced by average players, that's when. The Steelers are trying to recapture the

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old luster by bringing back the great Joe Greene as defensive-line coach. Noll will get everything there is to get out of the team but is unlikely to break .500. The players still have to win the games.

The Houston Oilers played a split season last year. In the first half, their "run, run, run" philosophy resulted in loss, loss, loss. At one and eight, coach Jerry Glanville probably saved his job by switching the emphasis to passing and letting wide receivers Drew Hill and Ernest Givins fly. The Oilers' record for the second half of the season was four and three. Their pass defense was surprisingly solid, with the secondary particularly good. But lots of major injuries on the offensive side cloud the immediate future. Times will remain tough in Texas.

One of the real ironies in the A.F.C. last season was the fact that the team playing the best football at the end of the year

didn't make it into the play-offs. Like a jockey who waits too long to make his move, Chuck Knox and his Seattle Seahawks were left with a lot of horse and no room to run. Knox gets the knock for

WESTERN DIVISION	
AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE	
Seattle Seahawks	11-5
Denver Broncos	10-6
Kansas City Chiefs	9-7
Los Angeles Raiders	7-9
San Diego Chargers	6-10

not playing Q.B. Dave Krieg all the way. Things should fall together this year. Curt Warner came all the way back from his '84 knee surgery to lead the conference in rushing last season. Playing in the Noise-dome, otherwise known as the Kingdome, is probably worth a touchdown to the Seahawks at every home game. Another crisis of confidence between coach and

quarterback could mar an otherwise bright outlook.

Intellectually and emotionally, the Denver Broncos are tied to the success of quarterback John Elway. But as good as he is, Elway—despite a corps of good receivers—cannot carry the Bronco offense alone. And, as the Bears found out last year, it's dangerous to depend too heavily on one player. The defense, led by Karl Mecklenburg and Ricky Hunley, will be strong against the run, a little less strong against the pass; but the Broncos need a first-class running back to find their way back to the Super Bowl.

Who says there's no democracy in pro football? Last season, John Mackovic coached the Kansas City Chiefs to their first play-off spot since 1971. His assistant and special-teams coach, Frank Gansz, resigned, upsetting the players so much that they went to management for satisfaction. They got it. Mackovic was fired and Gansz got the head-coaching job. The special teams had the clout, because they carried the team to the play-offs. After all, the Chiefs' offense was the worst in pro football. It's doubtful that K.C. will be able to repeat its modest success of last year. First of all, the special-teams coach won't pay as much attention to the special teams, because he's now the head coach. Second, the Chiefs still don't have an outstanding running back or quarterback. Let's face it: They played over their heads last year.

Somehow, somewhere, the Los Angeles Raiders are going to have to find a quarterback. Chances are they've resurrected Jim Plunkett for the last time, with off-season shoulder surgery probably putting the period on his playing career. The Raiders still have a powerful defense that will carry them through some tight games. Nose tackle Bill Pickel and safety Vann McElroy (seven interceptions in 1986) fit the Raiders' image. Help on the offensive line is needed if Marcus Allen is to see 1000 yards rushing again.

The San Diego Chargers are undergoing a make-over. Discipline and defense are in; passing on every down is out. The problem is that, aside from linebacker Billy Ray Smith, recently acquired all-pro linebacker Chip Banks and defensive end Lee Williams, the Chargers don't have the horses to get the job done. The severe knee injury to standout defensive end Leslie O'Neal last season may be a career ender. New coach Al Saunders will try ball control, lots of short passes and running, but his players won't have the ball often enough. And unless Dan Fouts can find the fountain of youth from which Jim Plunkett used to drink, this may be his last season.

Much of the research for this article was provided by Nancy Mount.



(continued from page 115)

having another complicated year. Not only is his wife, Harriet, suing him for divorce, she was trying to get the team in the settlement. Several N.F.L. owners were rooting for her. Why? They figured Harriet would sell the club if she won.

A.F.C. CENTRAL

Browns: Art Modell may be the owner who is closest to Pete Rozelle. Modell was the only N.F.L. owner who worked with Rozelle on the league's network-TV contract negotiations this past spring. The new three-year TV deal will bring each club \$17,000,000 per season.

Bengals: In league affairs, legendary coach Paul Brown is a powerful member of the influential competition committee. But he lost a battle this year when he tried to pull the plug on the instant-replay rule after just one season.

Steelers: President Dan Rooney had to make his toughest call early this year when he fired his brother Artie. Artie and coach Chuck Noll weren't getting along, and somebody had to go. Art Sr., the 86-year-old founder of the team, was deeply saddened.

Oilers: Bud Adams is another of the N.F.L.'s invisible owners; he never shows up at the meetings. General manager Ladd Herzeg has been running the club since Bum Phillips' ouster in 1980. But the secret power in the Oilers' organization is Tommy Smith, Adams' son-in-law.

A.F.C. WEST

Broncos: Since buying the team in 1984, Pat Bowlen has created one of

the best working environments in the league. At the N.F.L. Players Association convention in Los Angeles last March, the Bronco player rep announced that the team's players probably wouldn't support a strike, because management had been so fair in the past. That's loyalty.

Raiders: Things aren't going Al Davis' way these days. An appeals court did not affirm his damages in the Raiders' antitrust suit last year about the time he was testifying about the N.F.L. at the U.S.F.L. trial. This year, a San Diego jury found him guilty of malicious prosecution of former Chargers owner Gene Klein. By late spring, Davis was looking for a new home for the Raiders in the L.A. suburbs.

Chargers: Owner Alex Spanos is probably Al Davis' best friend in the N.F.L. In 1985, he tried to engineer a settlement between Davis and the league. No deal. This year, on Maui, Spanos once again stuck up for Davis. But it seems his efforts were in vain.

Seahawks: In 1986, the Nordstrom family put the team up for sale through the New York investment-banking firm Goldman, Sachs. But nothing came of the Goldman, Sachs efforts. This year, the Nordstroms announced that the team was no longer for sale. A sale still could happen.

Chiefs: There was concern in N.F.L. circles last year when the Hunt brothers of Dallas filed for bankruptcy. Lamar Hunt, founder of the A.F.L., is also one of the most respected N.F.L. owners—and the league is in no hurry to see him flee the scene. He may not have to—apparently, he has separated the Chiefs from his family holdings.

—FRED EDELSTEIN, publisher of "The Edelstein Pro Football Letter"

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FAST FORWARD

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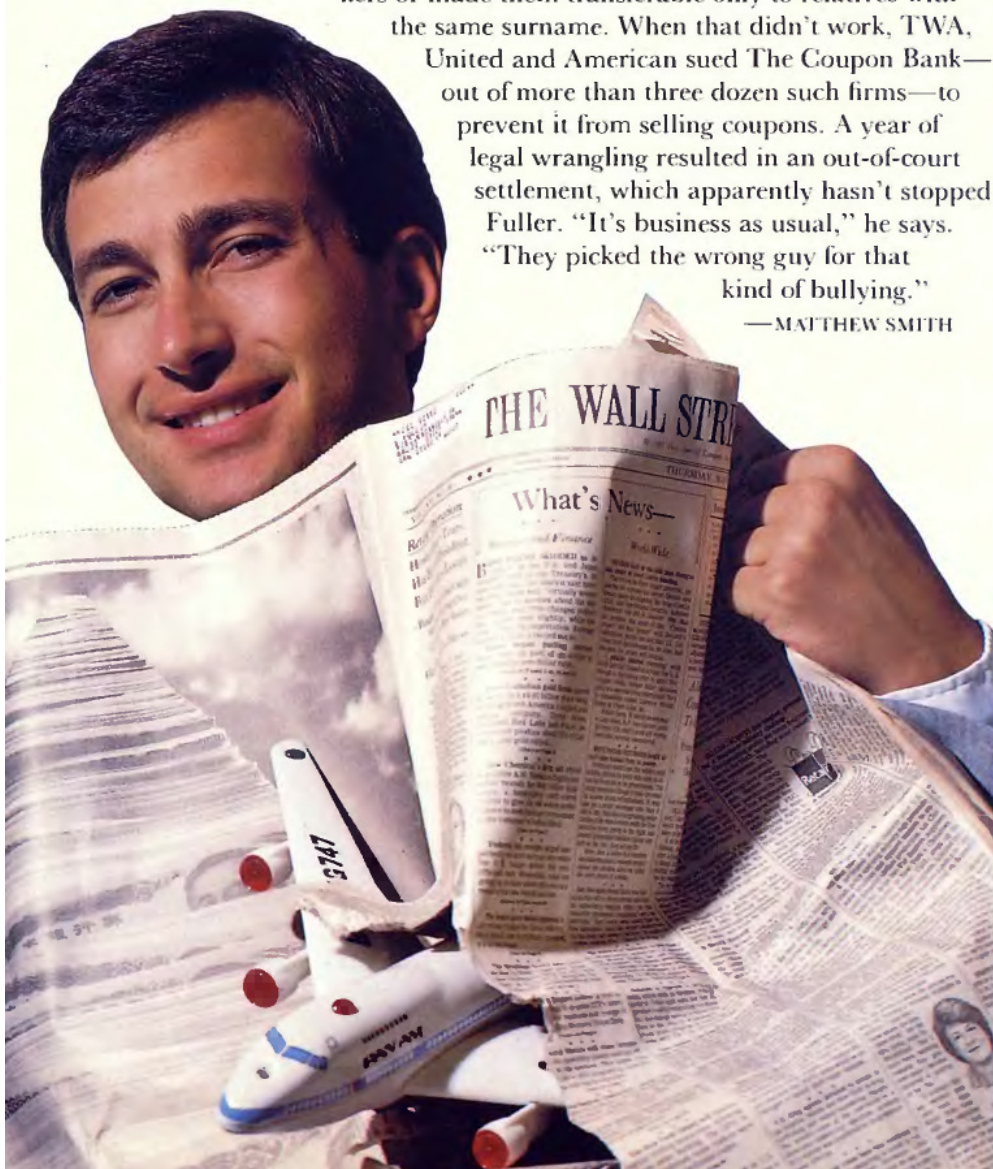
Coupon Bank, a three-year-old company that buys the free flight coupons that airlines award to their frequent fliers and then sells them to other travelers as discounted first-class tickets.

While Fuller didn't invent the idea of coupon brokering (which airlines resent, to say the least, since anyone who buys from a broker isn't

paying them full fare), he has lifted it to new heights with some good, old-fashioned, aggressive savvy. "People in the business, though they're bright, really didn't come from a business background. What we did was put in some classic marketing techniques that, for one reason or another, no one else was using: toll-free lines, heavy advertising, direct mail." Fuller succeeded so well that the airlines felt that they could no longer ignore the burgeoning gray market. They voided customers' tickets bought from brokers or made them transferable only to relatives with

the same surname. When that didn't work, TWA, United and American sued The Coupon Bank—out of more than three dozen such firms—to prevent it from selling coupons. A year of legal wrangling resulted in an out-of-court settlement, which apparently hasn't stopped Fuller. "It's business as usual," he says. "They picked the wrong guy for that kind of bullying."

—MATTHEW SMITH



DAVID CARTER



ON

THE SOUL TRAIN

TO STARDOM

"I guess you could say I was destined to be a show-off," confesses **Jody Watley**, 26, whose eponymous pop-and-soul album has moved up the charts in a brazen, show-offy style. Her destiny first surfaced when her father, a Gospel-singing evangelist with many show-business friends, took her to see his pal Jackie Wilson in concert. "I was standing in the wings, and Jackie brought me out to introduce me. Most kids would have stood there, but I started kicking and dancing and everything." But even though singing was a large part of her home life, Watley refused to join in—"I thought singing in public was silly," she says—and, instead, she chose to dance her way onto *Soul Train*, becoming a regular. Later, she became the dancing third of a band called Shalamar. When Shalamar split up in 1984, she moved to England to model and then returned to L.A. to do something silly, like sing in public. "When I joined Shalamar, it was just because of my dancing—nobody cared if I could sing, and I didn't care, either. I was just a dancer who could sing," says Watley. "Now I'm a singer who can dance."

—MERRILL SHINDLER

MARK HANAUER

Winning the Paper Chase

"It's like walking down the street and being hit on the head by a falling brick," says Chicago lawyer **Scott Turow** of his recent success. Make that a solid-gold brick, since Turow's first novel, *Presumed Innocent*, is one of the summer's big books and director Sydney Pollack has bought the movie rights for \$1,000,000. Add the hardcover, paperback and foreign-rights deals, and Turow, 38, easily stands to pocket a cool \$2,000,000. All this for a 431-page thriller about a deputy public prosecutor who is charged with the brutal murder of a beautiful female colleague with whom he once had an affair. The action does take place in a large Midwestern city, and Turow did write much of it during the eight years he was an Assistant U.S. Attorney in Chicago; but, he protests, "virtually none of it is autobiographical." Even though he has signed on as a partner at a Chicago law firm, he's still writing. "My first ambition was to be a writer," he admits. —ROBERT C. COOPER

L.A. HEART

When most of the characters in your series are big-time lawyers—with all the personality shortcomings known to the profession—how do you honor a sense of compassion? For the producers of *L.A. Law*, one answer is **Susan Rutan**, who plays Roxanne, the loyal and slightly dowdy secretary who works for Arnie Becker, the womanizing divorce attorney. "Roxanne is there for the viewers as the eye, the observer in the office," says Rutan. "She looks at these people and makes it apparent who they really are." Rutan, 35, grew up in

Oregon, and the closest she got to show business there was singing along to Lawrence Welk on TV. She married and moved to San Francisco; but when her husband was killed in a motorcycle accident, she found herself adrift, managing a bar for a while and taking a few acting classes. Her talent for acting was obvious, and after a short time in L.A., she landed her role as Roxanne, one of the most likable characters on the highly rated show. It wasn't until mild-mannered Roxanne put her job on the line for more money that Rutan realized how popular she had become. "People would come up to me on the street and say they had asked for a raise, using the same words I did," she says, surprised. "Thank God they didn't get fired; I'd have felt terrible." —ERIC ESTRINE

PETER KREIDENSER

CHRISTOPHER SPRINGMANN

VIDEO U

Back in 1982, **Steve DeVore** looked at his VCR and saw a machine that could do more than tape *Dynasty* or show rented Hitchcock. He had a vision—of weekend athletes turned into near pros. "It's revolution in learning," gushes DeVore, 36, of his SyberVision tapes, based on the assumption that viewers can duplicate the examples of role models. DeVore hired the best role models he could—Al Geiberger and Patti Sheehan for golf, Jean-Claude Killy for skiing, Rod Carew for baseball, Stan Smith for tennis and Dave Peck for racquetball. Then he created video programs with the athletes hitting perfect shots or carving perfect turns, a process repeated in slow motion and computer graphics until the ideal mechanics of the sport blend into a music-accompanied hypnotic whole. The tapes have plenty of adherents—sales are estimated at \$30,000,000 this year. Although DeVore consulted with scientists at Stanford University, the basis for SyberVision had percolated in his own mind for nearly 25 years. When he was two years old, DeVore was stricken with polio, and doctors predicted he'd be crippled for life. Within three years, he was walking normally, an achievement he credits to watching others *perform* the act of walking. "That was a catalytic event in my life," he says. "And it's been the foundation for everything that's followed."

—RICHARD J. PIETSCHMANN



Bon Jovi

(continued from page 93)

"The point of view in so many Bon Jovi songs is 'Whew, man, growing up is tough.'"

being pretty miserable a lot. The point of view in so many Bon Jovi songs, like *Living on a Prayer*, is "Whew, man, growing up is tough."

Jon was born on March 2, 1962, the son of hairdresser John Bongiovi, Sr., and his gift-shop-owner wife (and former Playboy Bunny), Carol, in Sayreville, New Jersey, a 110-year-old township tucked into the sprawling clay fields at the mid-section of the Garden State. The Raritan River

port's first important product was sun-baked brick from the gooey argil, and a good many stately edifices along the country's Eastern Seaboard were constructed at the turn of the century with Sayre & Fisher Brick Company's "reds." Today, the borough's chief baked exports are Hydrox cookies from the gigantic Sunshine Biscuits oven on Jernee Mill Road.

Jon, like his father, itched for something slacker than the factory life. His mother toted home his first guitar—acoustic—

from a trade fair before he became a teenager. Jon distinctly recalls wrapping the instrument in a blanket and throwing it down the cellar stairs "to hear the weird *twong* of the strings as it crashed."

Al Parinello, a guitarist working in an area club band, gave 14-year-old Jon his first lessons.

"He asked me, 'Why do you want to learn to play?' I said, 'To get chicks, what else?' 'Good thinkin',' said Al, and the first song he taught me was *House of the Rising Sun*, about the New Orleans whorehouse.

"That was the same year I lost my virginity—to an older girl. By 15, I was an old man. But I was never very good at picking up girls, and I'm still not." He seems embarrassed. "I had no lines, so music was my method."

To finance any additional ambitions, he toiled part time in the Sayreville 7-Eleven, commuting on his Suzuki 75 via the tracks of the Pennsylvania and Raritan River railroads to avoid being busted—he didn't have a driver's license. With some of his first pay check, he purchased a copy of Bob Dylan's *Blood on the Tracks*—no irony intended—the album that sparked his interest in music as a possible way to go.

"I began hanging out at the rock concerts at Kennedy Park or the block dances on the tennis courts behind the Borough Hall, getting an 89-cent pint of beer to oil me up. By this time, girls were easier to find, 'cause instead of going to Sayreville High basketball games, I was hitting the hippest Asbury Park night clubs."

The leading one of the mid-to-late Seventies was the Sunshine Inn, where the Bruce Springsteen-bossed Steel Mill gigged before crossing the street to the after-hours Upstage Club to watch the likes of B. B. King and Aretha Franklin bassist Chuck Rainey woodshed when they were in Asbury. Tico Torres and Alec Such were frequently among this slit-eyed crew, since they were musically active on the Jersey shore's intersecting "Barbary Coast" circuit of strip joints—the Serenado, the Tropicana, et al.

When Rocky's Warehouse, a cantina catering to the younger crowd, became the Fast Lane, it joined the Stone Pony as one of the crucial see-and-be-seen teen spots.

"The first time I played the Fast Lane," says Jon, "was with the Fat Pet Clams from Outer Space. Later, I did better and jammed with Bruce and with the E Street Band. The clubs would close around 3:30 a.m., and I'd get to school at eight a.m., be out of there at noon, go back to bed and then return to the clubs."

Jon was in a ten-piece R&B outfit called the Rest when it played the last dance permitted at Sayreville High. He and his girlfriend skipped the senior prom to spend the night sipping beer in Southside Johnny's dressing room during a concert at the Great Adventure amusement park. The next week, he and the Rest had their first 8000-seat date at Freehold Raceway,



"Fenster! Have you never heard of the adage 'Don't fish off the company pier'?"

on a bill with Hall & Oates.

Jon had other groups—the Wild Ones, Johnny and the Lechers, the Raze—the best being a Motown-minded combo, the Atlantic City Expressway. They opened for Springsteen, for Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes, for Squeeze, and then they broke up.

“I was a high school graduate, and in Sayreville that meant I was either gonna go to Middlesex County College, join the Service, get a job at the Sunshine plant or the Hercules chemical factory or be a rock-'n'-roll star.”

Jon wound up with a day job sweeping up in a New York City recording studio owned by his second cousin. “When no one was in the studio, I could go in with whoever was the working assistant engineer and he would learn the board in the control room while I was learning to make records.”

When *Runaway*, a demo by Jon that included E Street keyboardist Roy Bittan, got chosen for a regional compilation LP of newcomers by WAAP d.j. Chip Hobart, Bongiovi became Bon Jovi, enlisting Dave Bryan and the oversexed saloon stalwarts Jon had been bumping into: Tico, Alec and their chum Richie, who had a combo called the Message.

If Jon had ever peeked in on the Sayreville High-Woodbridge High basketball games, he might have encountered Richie much earlier.

“I was in a bar band, like Jon, but I was committed to the team,” recalls Sambora. “I brought my massive tape deck onto the court to play Mountain’s *Mississippi Queen* for warm-ups. The coach kicked me off the varsity squad for partying too hard after we lost a game and mooning the cheerleaders’ bus. For the time being, I get paid very well for similar behavior.”

Since 1984, they’ve made three LPs together: *Bon Jovi*, *7800° Fahrenheit* (“I thought,” says Jon, “the title was the temperature where solid rock melted, but—aw, it’s not important”) and *Slippery When Wet*. Appropriately, Bon Jovi also put one song on the sound track to *Light of Day*, the Joan Jett-Michael J. Fox movie about a broken-down “van band” raging against life’s bleak returns.

Weeks after Fort Lauderdale, Jon is stretched out in a Chicago hotel room, getting ready for another concert, ruminating about the forthcoming product.

“You know, during a layover in New York, we cut a few tracks with Cher, one of them called”—he chuckles—“*We All Sleep Alone*. I’m coproducing her new album! Man, I can remember being a little jerk watching *The Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour*, trying to convince my folks that Elton John, who was a guest, was John Lennon! Can you imagine? What a stoopid punk I was! Jeez!”

But he’s gaining more deep background

at each stop as Bon Jovi continues its Tour Without End, coming to your town sometime between now and Christmas. At each sports arena, Richie asks the management to set up the facility’s pro basketball hoops so he can practice his dunk (“The other day, the Houston Rockets let me use their courts, gave me a uniform”); Tico mulls over the ifs and buts of Tico’s Firehouse (“It would definitely be cool to do—maybe one room of dancin’ girls, one room of dancin’ guys; somethin’ for everyone”); and Jon, sometimes wearing his souvenir No. 5 Orange staff shirt, fantasizes about the cowgirls in Canada (“We still keep in touch”).

The hardest part for the members of Bon Jovi will be staying in sync with their *outré* appetites and ordinary aspirations as the record-company machinery lifts them toward a prime tax bracket and classier patronage. Bon Jovi’s idea of a good time may be its sole link, however tenuous, to a voracious but vanishing rock-'n'-roll ethos in which you follow your flawed heart wherever it leads, never apologizing, never compromising, never needing to explain anything beyond the bare-wires candor of the music itself.

Whether it’s Springsteen, The Who or Joan Jett, they all have flourished in the past or the present because they became themselves, for better or worse. And Jimi Hendrix wasn’t a victim of rock 'n' roll; he died from being Jimi Hendrix. It’s OK to be who you are in rock, as long as you’re more comfortable with the fact than with the image. Otherwise, the truth is quickly airbrushed over, deleted from bios and press releases, and in the future is addressed, if at all, far beyond the purview of popular tastes and judgments.

If rock 'n' roll means anything, it means

that nobody should ever be afraid of his hopes and hungers, that you can get a special thrill out of the fact that there’s only one you and you’re never gonna come again, and that there’s nothing more important than at least trying to get what you want in life, from the riveting woman across the room to the sold-out coliseum where you can re-create the big beat that pounds in your chest. It’s all a matter of personal agenda. Someday, when these guys grow up, there will be more to this story.

The band is due for a sound check at greater Chicago’s Rosemont Horizon entertainment complex. Bon Jovi has a lot of collective details to attend to before hitting the stage, including a stop to pick up a band friend, Seka.

Seka? The most prepossessingly seductive blonde doxy in modern cinema porn? The supersiren who has headlined such classic cinema sex romps as *Between the Sheets*, *Lacy Affair Pts. I & II* and the 1980 scorcher *Rockin’ with Seka* (featuring, according to ads, “the hard pulse-pounding action that Seka fans have come to expect”)—that Seka?

“Oh, sure,” she confirms. “I’m a *very* big fan.”

And so it goes: another town, another show, another canny, thoroughly professional cowgirl along for the ride.

As Eric Polson put it back at the strip pub’s special goodbye bash, trying to characterize the *Slippery When Wet* band’s last night in British Columbia, “Our club, our girls, are exactly like Bon Jovi—a high-energy party with a lot of friendliness and a *great* desire to please.”



“It’s the finance company. They say that if you don’t come up with the last six payments on the car, God’ll call you home.”

SPY WARS (continued from page 70)

"The spies the Soviets have picked up are tawdry people who sold their country for a few bucks."

use of nuclear weapons, battle plans, vulnerabilities of the U.S. and the Soviet Union and secrets that would allow "the Soviets to achieve surprise and tactical advantage in combat." Had World War Three broken out in the late Seventies or the early Eighties, suggests a K.G.B. defector, the U.S. might well have lost.

Only the disgruntlement of Walker's ex-wife and the persistence of his grown daughter—both of whom had to prod the FBI into action—led to the discovery of the Walker ring. Hunting for the bright side amid such disaster, former CIA director Colby says, "The important thing to remember about the past couple of years is that the spies the Soviets have picked up in America are tawdry little people who sold their country for a few bucks. But the

people who have come to us from the Soviet side are people of considerable stature who have decided they don't like the system anymore. The Philbys, the Burgesses, the Macleans and the Hisses were seeking a higher good by supporting the revolution. Now they're doing it for \$20,000 or \$30,000."

Actually, the figure is higher. Walker and his confederates, for example, received about \$1,000,000, an indication of how much the Soviets valued his information. But does it really matter if security has been compromised with the help of a true believer or with that of a money-hustling traitor?

It is true that the West has landed some big fish of its own. In 1978, the under-secretary-general of the United Nations,

Arkady Shevchenko, became the highest-ranking Soviet diplomat to defect to the U.S. He brought with him helpful information on K.G.B. operations in New York, as well as firsthand knowledge of some top Soviet officials.

Vitaly Yurchenko first came to the U.S. in 1975 as the K.G.B. officer whose responsibilities included policing Soviet-embassy personnel in Washington. Ten years later, he walked up to a Swiss guard in Rome's Vatican Museum, identified himself as a K.G.B. colonel and asked to be taken to the American embassy.

It was a major catch. In debriefings, Yurchenko alerted the FBI and the CIA to traitors, including Pelton and Howard. Pelton had delivered secrets of America's global eavesdropping techniques. Howard had compromised CIA operations in Moscow. Yurchenko also warned that the K.G.B. station chief in London, Oleg Gordiyevsky, who had secretly worked as a British agent for 19 years, was about to be unmasked. Yurchenko's information permitted Gordiyevsky to seek political asylum.

"If the CIA had had several of its senior officers defect to the Soviet Union over the past three or four years, we'd be in a state of panic," says Colby. "That's exactly what the K.G.B. has had happen."

The K.G.B., however, could take considerable solace in the outcome of the Yurchenko case. Unhappy and feeling alienated in the U.S., Yurchenko began drinking heavily. One November night in 1985, three months after his defection, he shocked his handler by walking out of a restaurant in Georgetown, traveling the short distance to the Soviet residential compound—and redefecting. Soon thereafter, the Soviets hosted a Washington press conference during which Yurchenko claimed that he had been drugged and tortured by the CIA. He was then hustled back to the Soviet Union before he could switch his allegiance again.

It's tempting to fault our own intelligence bumbling for that reversal: When he fled, Yurchenko was in the hands of a single CIA escort. Nor should we impute unusual cunning to the Soviets for some of their other coups; chance played a part. Walker, for instance, far from being actively recruited by the K.G.B., walked into the Soviet embassy off the street. On the other hand, the Marine betrayal might well be traced to lax security and general inattentiveness. This past April, Assistant Secretary of State Robert E. Lamb returned from a 36-hour inspection of the U.S. embassy in Moscow and described it as "sloppy, dirty . . . and poorly maintained, [which] makes it very difficult to protect the national-security information that is in that building."

In assessing the larger picture—exactly how much damage has been inflicted by Soviet-spy successes—it's important to take a step back from the sensationalist headlines. Although the press blasted the





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Marine Corps for permitting K.G.B. agents to roam freely in the Moscow embassy, presumably snatching codes and documents at will, this past May, the most serious charges against the arrested Marines were dropped; they were deemed hearsay. That news did not make the cover of *Time* magazine.

Clearly, however, serious lapses have taken place; the sheer number of spies arrested—27 in the past two years—is unprecedented in peacetime. And some blame must go to inadequate resources and a generally casual attitude toward security. In the wake of Angleton's departure from the CIA, the counterintelligence staff was slashed from 300 to 80. The Defense Department cut its security roster almost in half, making crucial background checks far less feasible. Howard, for instance, was a notoriously high-risk person, both in the CIA and after he was dismissed; he had both a drinking and a drug

problem and had committed petty theft. More rigorous investigation would surely have targeted him as a potential danger. Jonathan Jay Pollard, convicted of spying for Israel, was a ludicrously high risk; his background included heavy drug and alcohol use, and for years he *pretended* he was spying for Israel—when he wasn't. And it was due to Defense Department cost cutting, charges Barron, that John Walker was able to avoid a more rigorous standard five-year check—and to continue spying. Had the FBI or the CIA kept track of K.G.B. diplomat/spies, it might well have caught Walker, who left thousands of documents at prearranged drop sites where K.G.B. agents retrieved them, before 1985. But the FBI doesn't have the manpower to follow every suspected secret agent. In Moscow, on the other hand, every Westerner considered to be an intelligence operative is watched by Soviet security forces around the clock.

Why aren't the so-called diplomats expelled if we know they're spies? In part, because of international protocol. Historically, the U.S. has allowed spies to operate here because we spy in their countries. Furthermore, when old faces are replaced by new ones, counterintelligence agents must learn to identify another cast of characters. Says one veteran counterintelligence agent, "Better the Devil you know than the Devil you don't know."

But the Walker case and the Soviet arrest of Daniloff have changed the climate of opinion. An angry Reagan Administration chose to make a forceful statement and last year drastically cut the size of Soviet delegations in the U.S. Targeted were K.G.B. and G.R.U. (military intelligence) officers, a total of 105 diplomats ordered home from their UN mission post. The reductions will be complete by April 1, 1988.

A mere gesture? Not quite. In addition to disrupting Soviet business as usual, the shake-up may have affected communication between spies and their handlers.

"Will the K.G.B. be able to recoup these operations?" asks Smits, the former FBI counterintelligence expert. "The K.G.B. makes some contacts overseas, and this won't harm those arrangements. What will hit the K.G.B. worst is the people they were developing who were not yet completely recruited."

A top priority of Soviet intelligence these days is catching up with the U.S. in the high-tech race. K.G.B. agents from the technical division, known as Line X operatives, try to cultivate sources in such places as the Silicon Valley, outside San Francisco, and high-tech research corridors near Boston, Dallas and Washington. Once, the Soviets wanted to acquire sophisticated semiconductors; now they want to know how to manufacture their own. And although the K.G.B. has had some success with spies, the Soviets don't necessarily have to recruit traitors to succeed. They can pluck telephone conversations between researchers out of thin air. "The hardest thing to do," says Smits, "is to get an American who has lived a free life, who has felt safe talking on the telephone, to understand that the Soviets intercept conversations. It's the singularly most damaging area of all."

Naturally, the CIA, for its part, intercepts private Soviet conversations. It's often a chore of sheer drudgery—and rarely makes headlines or the stuff of propaganda coups. Only years after the Soviets had made the discovery, for example, did Americans learn that the CIA had listened in on Kremlin leaders while they rode around Moscow in limousines. The West, naturally, is reluctant to boast of such achievements in public. Given the spate of recent spy reversals, one can only hope that there's a bit more bragging going on in private.



EMEK BROWN

"Vincent, stop being a wise guy; you can't do two things at once!"



“Aeroflot aircraft ‘strayed’ over Groton when the first Trident submarine was being launched.”

blast-offs, early-warning communications-satellite launches and Strategic Defense Initiative tests. In January 1982, a ballistic-missile test from the first operational Trident submarine was delayed for 41 minutes as an Air Force helicopter repeatedly requested an A.G.I. to withdraw from its 1500-foot proximity of the Trident sub. Ultimately, the A.G.I. moved to a more respectable distance of 6000 feet.

In the air: Several times a month, SR-71 aircraft barrel down the runways of Mildenhall Air Force Base in England and roar off to the Soviet Union. Looking like a manta ray with its flat-black radar-resistant epoxy finish and tapering nose cone, the SR-71 carries no weapons, only cameras and electronic-interception equipment.

SR-71s fly at 100,000 feet and 2800 miles per hour in what is known as a peripheral reconnaissance mode. As it travels 40 miles or so outside Soviet territory and parallel to its borders (since the 1960 U-2 incident, SR-71s no longer fly over Soviet territory), the SR-71's

electronic-intercept gear records distinctive signals emitted by Soviet air defense and ballistic-missile-warning radar. One aim: to develop electronic countermeasures for U.S. bombers, allowing them to neutralize Soviet radar in the event of war.

The mainstay of the American spy-plane fleet is the RC-135. Unlike SR-71s, the lumbering RC-135s—which cruise at 560 miles per hour at 35,000 feet—can be mistaken for commercial airplanes. Such a mistake occurred in 1983, when Soviet air personnel, mistaking the off-course Korean Air Lines flight 007 for a patrolling RC-135, shot the aircraft down in the vicinity of the military installations on the Kamchatka peninsula.

RC-135s also fly from bases in Alaska, Great Britain, Greece, Japan and Central America, intercepting Soviet signals from submarine-construction yards, missile-submarine-deployment areas and Soviet air squadrons.

According to U.S. Air Force officials, the Soviet commercial airline, Aeroflot, is involved in monitoring communications

along its scheduled and “unscheduled” flight paths in the United States. The favorite targets of such flights are electronic facilities in the Hudson Valley and the Groton naval yard in Connecticut, where Trident submarines are constructed. In 1981 and 1982, Aeroflot's twice-a-week flights from Moscow to Washington went off course approximately 16 times. Aeroflot aircraft have also “strayed” over Otis Air Force Base, over Cape Cod—the location of new ballistic-missile-warning radar—and over Groton at the precise moment when the first Trident submarine was being launched.

In space: Every 90 minutes, U.S. electronic-interception satellites circle the earth, detecting signals from Soviet radar systems. Code-named Brigitte, Marilyn, Raquel and Farrah by the supersecret National Reconnaissance Office (NRO), these satellites represent the least important components of America's electronic ears in space. A tenth of the way to the moon—at 22,300 miles in space—resides another group of satellites that, rotating with the earth above its equator, constantly intercept communications from large sections of the world.

Since 1970, the NRO has placed at least nine of these hovering spy satellites in orbit. The first of them was Rhyolite, which could, in the words of Robert Lindsey, author of *The Falcon and*

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The advertisement features a close-up of a woman's face splashing in water, with several peach slices floating around her. She has a wide-eyed, open-mouthed expression of delight. In the bottom right corner, a bottle of Leroux Peach Basket Schnapps is visible, showing its label with the brand name and product details.

the Snowman, "monitor Communist microwave-radio and long-distance-telephone traffic over much of the European land mass—eavesdropping on a Soviet commissar in Moscow talking to his mistress in Yalta or on a general talking to his lieutenants across the great continent."

Rhyolite also monitored walkie-talkie chatter during Soviet military exercises, signals that would reveal the number of warheads on a missile as well as the missile's accuracy and range, and data that would determine whether or not the Soviets were abiding by the terms set forth in the SALT treaty.

Another U.S. satellite, the 5000-pound Magnum, was carried into space aboard the space shuttle Discovery on January 24, 1985. The launch—the first all-military space-shuttle mission—took place under an unprecedented blanket of security. Conversations between the astronauts and mission controllers were kept secret,

scrambled by a computer aboard NASA's space-shuttle communications satellite before their transmission to earth. The satellite is reported to have two huge antennas—one intended to intercept signals from the western Soviet Union, the other to relay the signals to another communications satellite that will, in turn, transmit them to a ground station in Australia.

Another NASA project involves the unfurling of an umbrellalike antenna in space (nearly twice the size of a football field) that is so sensitive to low-powered signals that it will pick up broadcasts from radios the size of a wrist watch. This capability will be useful in the collection of data from bugs and sensors the CIA has managed to place in Soviet conference rooms and offices.

Approximately six times a year, a rocket carrying electronic-intelligence satellites lifts off from the Soviet Union.

Operating 500 miles above the earth, the satellites' antennas focus on world-wide targets, the most important being American Strategic Air Command (SAC) bases and early-warning-radar locations around the periphery of the U.S.

Since 1967, Soviet satellites have also monitored Looking Glass, an alternative command post for the SAC. Every hour of every day, a jet carries over the Midwest an Air Force general who, under certain circumstances, would be able to launch intercontinental ballistic missiles toward the Soviet Union.

WHO LISTENS WHERE

The Soviets:

San Francisco—Overlooking San Francisco from one of the city's famous hills, the seven-story Soviet consulate uses its powerful rooftop antennas to absorb communications from computer and microelectronic firms in Silicon Valley (40 miles to the south) and to hone in on U.S. Navy installations in San Francisco Bay and on international oil companies within the city.

Washington State—Soviet Victor-class submarines lurk near Whidbey Island at the entrance to Puget Sound to obtain voice autographs of U.S. Trident submarines that head out into the Pacific.

Glen Cove, Long Island—Defector Arkady Shevchenko recalls that at a Glen Cove facility, "the top floors of the building are full of sophisticated equipment . . . to intercept conversations." This equipment provides the Soviets with information passed to and from military bases, defense contractors and naval yards in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.

Pioneer Point, Maryland—Situated in the "electronically quiet" Chesapeake Bay, intercept equipment at the Soviet recreational facilities in Pioneer Point can pick up telephone conversations from Washington to New York, which maintain strong, clear signals as they pass from one relay station to another.

Washington, D.C.—From the present Soviet embassy in downtown Washington, the Soviets—via rooftop antennas—target the communications of the CIA, the Pentagon and the Treasury, Agriculture and Justice departments. Former CIA agent Harry Rositzke theorizes that "in the early Seventies, the Soviets could monitor all of the telephone calls to and from the Department of Agriculture, and they ended up knowing more about the American grain market than we did. . . . That's how they got that great grain deal."

Caribbean—Sixty miles south of Havana is Lourdes, the Soviet Union's largest listening facility. Two thousand Soviet technicians man the facility, which consists of vast antenna farms, large satellite-dish receiver terminals, high-speed microwave-relay systems and 50 buildings containing equipment used for



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Among the conversations to which Lourdes listens: field-telephone relays among Army units on maneuver at Fort Benning, Georgia; communications of B-52-bomber practice flights from Florida to Louisiana; radio traffic from U.S. Atlantic-fleet headquarters at Norfolk, Virginia; computer data and private telephone calls from Atlanta to Miami and across the entire Southeastern United States.

Mexico—When the United States tests a Patriot or Pershing II missile from the White Sands, New Mexico, proving grounds, Soviet vans pull up along the other side of the U.S.-Mexican border, and, presumably, target signals that betray the function and capability of that missile.

The Americans:

Japan—Four miles northwest of Misawa Air Base in Japan is the Hill, a facility topped by a 100-foot-tall antenna system consisting of four rings of reflector screens with a diameter of 875 feet. Almost 2000 personnel from all four branches of the Armed Services man the facility, which, according to one account, "can pick up a Russian broadcast on Sakhalin or an exchange of insults between Chinese

and Soviet soldiers on the Sino-Soviet border."

Outer space—At a now-closed U.S. intercept station at Karamürsel, Turkey, Americans listened in on a final, tragic conversation between cosmonaut Vladimir Komarov and Soviet premier Alexei Kosygin after ground controllers informed Komarov that his parachutes would not open and he was doomed. A crying Kosygin told Komarov that he was a national hero, that he had made the greatest achievement in Russian history, that the Russians were proud of him and that he would be remembered. After Kosygin, Komarov's wife got on the line for a final farewell. In the last few minutes, Komarov began falling apart, saying, "I don't want to die; you've got to do something." His last plea was followed by a scream as he died.

A former National Security Agency employee recalls, "We were all pretty bummed out by the whole thing. In a lot of ways, having the sort of job we do humanizes the Russians. You study them so much and listen to them for so many hours that pretty soon, you come to feel that you know more about them than about your own people."



RULES OF ATTRACTION

(continued from page 96)

something and lingers. He notices me and says, "Ça va?" I say, "Ça va." Lauren says "Hi" to him and blushes and looks at Judy and Judy smiles, too. Frog splits.

"What's going on?" I ask Judy, picking up a plate of melon.

"Hi, Sean. Nothing," she says.

Lauren's looking over the cookies, playing hard to get. It's such an obvious act I'm embarrassed, and I probably redden noticeably.

"Going to the Dressed to Get Screwed party?" I ask, then add, "Tonight? Once the sun sets."

"Totally psyched," Judy says, sarcastic as hell.

Lauren laughs like she agrees. I bet, I'm thinking. But I'm struck by how great-looking this girl is, and standing here, even if it's only for something like a millisecond, I overload on how great-looking Lauren is. I'm amazed at how her legs and thighs, the breasts, braless beneath a WE ARE THE WORLD T-shirt, affect me. She looks over at me in what seems like slow motion and I can't meet her blue-eyed gaze back. Because she's too *gorgeous*. Her perfect full lips still locked in on this sexy, uncaring smile. Her hand, small and clean, scratches at her perfect small nose, while the other hand runs through her short hair and then back over her neck. She's constructed perfectly. She smiles when she notices me staring and I smile back. I'm thinking, I want to *know* this girl.

"I think it's supposed to be a toga party, too," I say.

"Toga? Jesus, what does this place think it is?" she says. "Williams?"

"Where's the party?" Judy asks.

"Wooley," I tell her. She can't even fucking look at me.

"I thought we already had one," she says, inspecting a cookie. Her fingers are long and delicate and the nails have clear polish on them. I try to smell her.

"We did," I say.

"A toga party?" she says. "You've got to be kidding. Who's on Rec Committee, anyway?"

"I am," I say, looking directly at her.

Judy pockets an oatmeal cookie and takes a drag off Lauren's cigarette.

"Well, Getch and Tony are gonna steal some sheets. There's a keg. I don't know," I say, laughing a little. "It's not really a toga party."

"Well, it sounds really happening," she says.

"I'm going into town with Beanhead; wanna come?" she asks Judy, taking a cookie.

"Can't. Plath paper," Judy says.

"Don't do it," Lauren says.

"It was due two terms ago," Judy says.

"I see," Lauren says, leaving abruptly. Embarrassed, maybe a little flustered by my presence. She doesn't say anything,



"A stretch limo. . . . And then, suddenly, something just went snap!"

not even "Bye" to Judy.

Tonight, I'm thinking. I go back to the table.

"The weight room opened today," Tony says.

"Rock 'n' roll," I say.

•
Lauren. I'm dreaming about Victor. It's a Camden relocation dream. People from school are milling about a salad bar on a beach, the sea sometimes white, sometimes red, sometimes black. Judy is standing next to me. When I ask her where Victor is, she says, "Dead." And I wake up. For a long, painful moment, between the point at which I have the nightmare and the moment at which, hopefully, it is forgotten, I lie there, thinking about Victor.

I look around the room. Franklin is gone. The things around me depress me, seem to define my pitiful existence, everything is so boring: my typewriter—no cartridges; my easel—no canvas; my bookshelf—no books; a check from Dad; an airline ticket to St.-Tropez someone crammed into my box; a note about parents' weekend being canceled; the new poems I'm writing (about? Guess) crumpled by the bed; the new story Franklin has left for me to proofread called *Saturn Has Eyes*; the half-empty bottle of red wine Franklin bought—Jordan, too sweet—last night; the ashtrays; the cigarettes in the ashtrays; the Who tape unwound—it all depresses me immensely. I attempt to return to the nightmare. I can't. Look over at the wine bottles standing on the floor, the empty pack of Gauloises (Franklin smokes them; how pretentious). I can't decide whether to reach for the wine or turn on the radio or smoke a cigarette. Thoroughly confused, I stumble into the hallway—*reggae*, Bob Marley music coming thump, thump from the living room downstairs. I realize it's 4:30 in the afternoon.

I'm leaving Franklin. I told him last night before we went to bed.

"You must be kidding," he said.

"I'm not," I said.

"Are you high?" he asked.

"Beside the point," I said, then we had sex.

•
Sean. The next day I spent looking around for Lauren. She wasn't at lunch or in Commons and I didn't see her at dinner, either. I looked for her after Getch and Tony and Tim and I fixed up Wooley for the Dressed to Get Screwed party. I looked for her after I put my toga on. Toga looked uncool, but since Rec Committee insisted, I put a leather jacket on over it, so everything looks hip. I even looked for her room, walking around campus in the dark, trying to remember which house she lived in. But it was too cold to keep looking, so I stopped and watched TV in Commons and drank some beer instead. I didn't know what I was going to say to her once I found her, it was just that I wanted to see her. And thinking about her like

that, searching all over the place for her, I went back to my room and jerked off, thinking about her. It was something completely spontaneous, something I couldn't help doing, like walking past a beautiful girl on the street and not being able to suppress a whistle, someone who gets you that excited and horny. All this was on my mind, my toga raised above me, touching myself feverishly in the darkness. Questions raced through my mind: What does she like? Does she go wild during sex? Does she mind a guy coming in her mouth? Does she freak out about oral sex? Veto anal sex? Then there was this abrupt thought: If she *does* mind swallowing, then forget it. Ditto if she can't come easily or if she decides not to have an orgasm, because then what's the point? If you can't make a girl come easily, then why bother? That always seemed to me to be like writing questions in a letter.

•
Lauren. Judy's room. Judy and I decide to wear togas to the Dressed to Get Screwed party. Not because we want to all that much but just because we look better in togas. At least, I look better in the toga than in the dress I was going to wear. Judy looks good in anything. Besides, I don't want to go back to my room to get the dress, since Franklin might be there, though he also might not, since I told him I thought *The Fate of the Earth* was the most boring book he's made me read yet (worse than *Floating Dragon*) and he had this violent seizure (capital S; he shook, he turned red) and stormed out. Plus, I don't want to see if my mother called back. She had called earlier today and demanded to know why I haven't called her in over three weeks. I told her I forgot my calling-card number, which is partly true. But now I'm in a good mood, anyway; Vittorio, my new poetry teacher, says I show a lot of promise, and because of that I've been working on some more poems, some of them pretty good. Plus, Judy and I might buy some ecstasy tonight and that seems like a decent idea and it's a Friday and we're in front of her mirror trying make-up on and *Revolution* is on the radio and I feel OK.

Judy says that someone put a cigarette out in her box today.

"It's probably the Freshman. Sam," I say.

"His name's Steve," she says. "He doesn't smoke. None of the freshmen do."

I stand up, inspect the toga. "How do I look? Do I look like an idiot?"

Judy checks her lips, then her chin. "No."

"Fat?"

"Nope." She moves away from the desk and over to the bed, where she finishes rolling a joint, singing along with *Revolution*. She tells me that she went off the pill on Monday and that she's already lost weight, and I guess she looks thinner. Health Services supplied the diaphragm.

"Health Services is disgusting," Judy

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says. "That doctor is so horny that when I went in for an earache, he gave me a Pap test."

"Are we buying the ecstasy or not?" I ask.

"Only if he takes American Express," she says. "I forgot to cash a check today."

"He probably does," I murmur.

I look good, standing in front of the mirror, and it makes me sad that I'm surprised by this; that I haven't really gotten excited or dressed up to go out to a party since Victor left, and when was that? Early September? Party at the Surf Club? And I don't know why, but *Revolution* on the radio reminds me of him and I still have mental pictures of him, standing around somewhere in Europe, and these images resurface at the strangest times: a book of matches from Morgans in New York that I found beneath my bed last Sunday, a jeans commercial on TV, flipping through *GQ* bored in Franklin's room, and once it was even a certain soup served at lunch.

Judy's ready to light the first joint, but she can't find any matches, so I go next door to the boy from L.A.'s room. Someone's written REST IN PEACE CALLED ON his door. I can hear The Eagles playing inside, but no one answers the door when I knock. I find some matches from Maxim's in the soap dish in the bathroom and bring them back to Judy. *Revolution* ends and a new Thompson Twins song comes on. We smoke the pot, get moderately high, make bloodys, and I'm thinking, Maybe I should sleep with that French guy, like Judy keeps saying. But there are other options, I keep telling myself. Like what? Well, the orgy in Booth tonight? I don't know. But I'm high and feeling good as we leave Judy's place, and even from upstairs in her hallway, we can hear music tempting us from across Commons, accompanied by shrieks and muffled

shouts in the night, which only really add to the nervous expectations a Friday-night party brings, and then Judy has to ruin it as we're walking out of the house, the night autumn cold, both of us shivering in our togas, heading toward the music—*Gimme Some Lovin'*—at Wooley.

"Have you heard from Victor?" she asks.

I hated saying it but did anyway, and even laughed. "Who?"

Sean. Lauren Hynde was standing with friends on the stairs. She was holding a cup of pink-yellow grain-alcohol punch that was being served from a trash can by this fat girl who was almost naked. Lauren was wearing a toga and it was cut low and her shoulders were brown and smooth and I got a rush—it knocked me out—from seeing that much of her skin. And she was talking to these undistinguished—OK, ugly—lesbian German majors and the whole dyke question re-entered my brain. Standing with Tony, who was wearing Jockey shorts and had a mattress strapped to his back, watching her back, her legs, her hair, and he was talking about his vagina sculpture and he's radically stoned and he had no idea I was looking up at her—but she knew it and wouldn't look back, even though I was standing at the bottom of the staircase, directly below her. Centerfolds from magazines were glued to the walls everywhere and there was a movie being projected onto the ceiling in the living room above the dance floor, but the girls in it were fat and too pale and it wasn't sexy or anything. Getch passed out and I was going to make my move, but one of the girls I scored for earlier, who's kind of cute, short spiked hair, lots of kohl, holding her pet snake, Eno, leaning against a lava lamp, calls me over, and I think maybe she's going to give me some of the coke I got for her earlier, but all she

wants to know is if I could get any more. I tell her no and keep staring at Lauren.

Lauren. It's stupid, but I called Victor from the Dressed to Get Screwed party. I had one number left that he said he might be at in New York and, like an idiot, I stood in the phone booth downstairs in Wooley, crying, waiting, wearing that awful-looking toga, watching the party start, waiting for Victor to answer. I had to call twice, since I really had forgotten my calling-card number, and when I finally got it right and the phone started ringing, fuzzy and faraway, my hands were so wet from nerves that I had to cradle the phone in my neck. I started shaking, my heart beating like crazy, waiting for Victor's happy, surprised voice. A sound I hadn't heard in over eight weeks.

When I gave the operator the final number of the calling card and during the silence that followed, I knew it was over. I knew it standing in that phone booth, waiting for Victor to answer at this strange, hostile number. How long had I been deluding myself so completely? I wondered as the first, then second ring came over the line. I felt ashamed of myself and I needed a cigarette and the phone kept ringing and someone answered the phone and it was Jaime and I hung up and went back to the party determined to get some fun out of this night.

Sean. I hung around by the keg, talking to the d.j., went to the bathroom, but some asshole had thrown up all over the floor and I go back to the living room, unable to find Lauren, and I was about to go upstairs when I'm accosted by these frat guys from Dartmouth who are all dressed up in Brooks Brothers suits and who come up to me, one of them asking, "What's going on?"

"Not much," I tell him. It's the truth.

"Where's the Dressed to Get Screwed party?" one of them asks.

"That's not until later," I tell him. Security must have let them in as a joke.

"Tonight?" the same one asks.

"Next term," I lie.

"Oh, shit, man. We thought *this* was the Dressed to Get Screwed party," they say, really disappointed.

"It looks like a Halloween party, if you ask me," one of them says.

"Freaks," another one says, looking around, shaking his head. "Freaks."

"Sorry, guys," I say.

They get really excited when the d.j. spins old Sam Cooke and one of them grabs a not-bad-looking freshman girl and dances with her when *Twistin' the Night Away* comes on. It makes me sick. The remaining Dartmouth jerks do a little frat handshake. They're all wearing green ties, for some reason. What are they doing here? Don't Dartmouth girls put out?

"I swear this looks like a fucking Halloween party," one of them says again, and they're pissing me off and, OK, maybe



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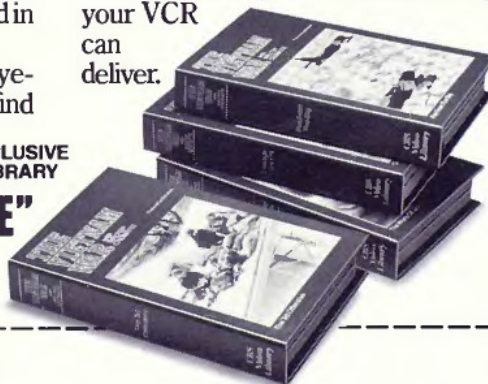
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it *does* look like one, but it definitely does not give these assholes any right, so I have to tell them, shouting over the music, "It's not a Halloween party. It's the Get Fucked party."

"Oh, yeah?" They all raise their eyebrows and nudge one another. "What's that?"

"You really want to know?" I ask.

"Man," two of them say. "We are ready."

"Well," I say.

They lean in closer, straining to hear. "Uh-huh. . . ."

"Bend over and you'll probably get fucked," I find myself saying.

They look at me like I'm crazy, a real lunatic, and walk off telling me how I can't talk to them like that. I don't care, don't know why I even bothered to say that. I resume the search for Lauren.

I find her in an upstairs bathroom washing her face, talking to Getch, who's

on ecstasy, leaning against the sink, and I think she's on it, too, and Getch introduces us but, says Lauren, we already know each other and I add, "Sort of." I get her some more punch, even though it was nerve-racking leaving her in the bathroom with Getch (but maybe Getch is gay), and I come back and Getch is gone and she's staring at herself in the mirror and I look, too, until she turns around and smiles at me. We talk and I tell her I liked her paintings I saw in Gallery 1 last term (I was guessing) and she said, "That's nice." I really hadn't seen the paintings, but I wanted badly to get laid tonight—so what?—and then I followed her to the living room and she wanted to dance, but I didn't want to, so I watch her dance to some song called *Love of the Common People*, but then I get nervous that some jerk could start to dance with her if I don't step in, so when *Love Will Tear Us Apart* came

on, I moved in, but it wasn't the Joy Division version and it was all popped up and ruined, but I dance anyway, since we were flirting like mad and she was so insanely beautiful that I couldn't understand why we hadn't been to bed before. I was getting too excited to stay at the party but can't think of a way to slip out. Then, with perfect timing, some drama fag starts going crazy and did this wild solo dance in his underwear when *Dancing with Myself* came on and that was when I grabbed her arm and ran, heading out the door, onto the cool dark lawn, leaving the party behind.

•
Lauren. A light bulb. I'm staring at a light bulb above Sean's head. We're at Lila and Gina's apartment in Fels. Two lesbians from the poetry workshop I recently joined. Actually, Gina, in strict confidence, told me that she's on the pill "just in case." Does that mean she's a lesbian technically? Lila, on the other hand, has confided in me that she's worried Gina will leave her, since it's "in" to sleep with women this term. What do you say to someone? "Well, what about next term?" Actually, *what about next term?* You watch Sean, too; you watch him roll a joint and he's pretty good at it, which makes me want to sleep with him less, but, oh, who cares, Jaime's probably with Victor right now and it's a Friday and it was either him or that French guy. His hands are nice, clean and large, and he handles the pot rather delicately and I want him suddenly to touch my breasts. I don't know why I think this, but I do. Not exactly handsome, but he's passable-looking; light hair combed back, smallish features (maybe a little like a rat?), maybe too short, too thin; no, not handsome, just vaguely Long Islandish. But a big improvement over the *kir*-sipping Iranian editor you met at Vittorio's party last night who told you you were going to be the next Madonna and after you told him you were a poetry major, he said he meant Marianne Moore.

"So, who's going to help us bomb the weight room?" Gina asks.

Gina is part of Camden's old guard, and the arrival of the weight room and an aerobics instructor has made her livid, even though she wants to sleep with the aerobics instructor, who in my opinion doesn't even have that nice a body.

"Lila is devastated," she adds.

Lila nods and rests her head on the Kathy Acker books she's been flipping through.

"Bummer," I sigh. I'm staring at the Mapplethorpe portrait of Susan Sontag pinned above the sink.

Sean laughs and looks up from the joints, surprised, as if I said something brilliant, and it's not funny, but because he laughs, I laugh. Still holding a cup of the punch, I realize that I am so drunk I cannot get up. I just tell Lila, "Don't get depressed," and then, to Gina, "Do you



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have any coke?" Too drunk to be ashamed.

"Depression becomes some," Lila says.

"No," Gina says.

"You want some?" Sean asks.

"No."

"Depression becomes some?" Can't argue with that, so we light the first joint. Wish we had sex and it was over with so I could go back to my room and the down pillows and the comforter and pass out with dignity. Lila gets up, puts on a Kate Bush tape and starts dancing.

"This place has really changed." Someone hands me the joint. I take a long, hard hit and look around the apartment, nodding, agreeing with whoever said that. Stephanie Myers and Susan Goldman and Amanda Taylor lived in here my sophomore year. It is different.

"The Seventies never ended." Sean "The Philosopher" Bateman. What a stupid thing to say, I'm thinking. What a strange and supremely stupid thing to say; I'm not going to say a word. He smiles at me and thinks it's profound. I feel sick. I want them to turn the music down.

"I wonder if everyone goes through this much at college," Lila ponders, dancing next to my chair, staring dreamily my way. Do I want to sleep with another girl? No.

"Don't worry, darling," Gina says, taking the joint from Sean. "We're not at Williams."

Not at Williams. No, that's for sure. Smoke more grass. He's not looking at Gina, for some reason. Lila doesn't smoke pot. She sits back down and sighs and resumes looking at the drawings in the Acker books. Go to Europe if you like it, I'm thinking. Victor, I'm thinking.

"Louis Farrakhan was supposed to visit, but the freshmen and sophomores on student council voted against it," Sean says. "Can you believe that?" So, he's politically conscious, too? Even worse. He smokes more pot than Gina and I combined. Someone brings out a bong. He holds it like Victor holds it. I stare at him, disgusted, dumfounded, but it's too smoky and Kate Bush is too screechy and he doesn't notice my expression. "They even want someone to redesign the school sign," he adds.

"Why?" I find myself asking.

"Not Eighties enough," Lila suggests.

"Probably want flashing neon," Gina says.

"Get Keith Haring or Kenny Scharf," Lila grimaces.

"Or Schnabel," Gina cringes.

"Too passé," Lila mutters.

"Lots of broken plates and 'suggestive' smears." Did Sean say this?

"Or getting Fischl to do the pamphlet. Some of the chic, jet-setting, nihilistic Eurotrash who live off campus, nude, standing around with dogs and fish. WELCOME TO CAMDEN COLLEGE. YOU'LL NEVER BE BORED." Gina starts laughing.

"I'm gonna redesign it," Lila says.

"Win the money. Buy a gram."

What money? I'm thinking. Have I missed something? Am I out of it? The grass is good and sweet, but I have to light a cigarette to stay awake, and during a break on the record, we can all hear someone from the party next door scream, "That's phallic, yeah! Yeah! Yeah!" and we all look at one another stoned and kind of crack up and I remember seeing Judy crying in a doorway upstairs at the party, in the bathroom, Franklin trying to comfort her, Franklin glaring at me as I left with Sean. Now the inevitable. We're in his room and he plays me a song. On his guitar. He serenades me, and it's almost embarrassing enough to sober me up. *Can't Take My Eyes Off You*, and I start crying only because I can't help but think of Victor and he stops halfway through and kisses me and we end up going to bed. And I'm thinking, What if I went back to my room now and what if there was a note on the door saying Victor called? What if there was *just a note*? Whether he called or not doesn't matter, just to see a note, just to see maybe a V, screw the rest of the letters. If there was just some sort of identifiable sign. It could make me happy—no, elated—for a day. I put my diaphragm in at Gina and Lila's apartment, so there's no drunken forgetfulness on my part, no running to the bathroom in the middle of foreplay. Sean fucks me. It's not so bad. It's over. I breathe easy.

Sean. When we walked slowly back to my bedroom, she followed me like she had fantasized this would happen; she was eager, too stunned to speak, both of us silent as we walked past the party, which was still going on, across the Commons and upstairs to Booth. I was excited, too, and I couldn't stop shaking and I dropped the key when I tried to unlock the door. She sat on the bed and leaned against the wall, her eyes closed, breathing deeply. I plugged in the Fender and played her a song I'd written myself and then *segued* into *Can't Take My Eyes Off You* and I played it quietly and sang the lyrics softly and she was so moved that she cried and I had to stop playing and knelt before the bed and touched her neck, but she couldn't look at me. Maybe it was the grass we smoked at the dykes' who want to blow up the weight room's place, or maybe it was the ecstasy I was pretty sure she was on, or maybe it was that she loved me. When I tilted her face up, her eyes were so grateful that. . . .

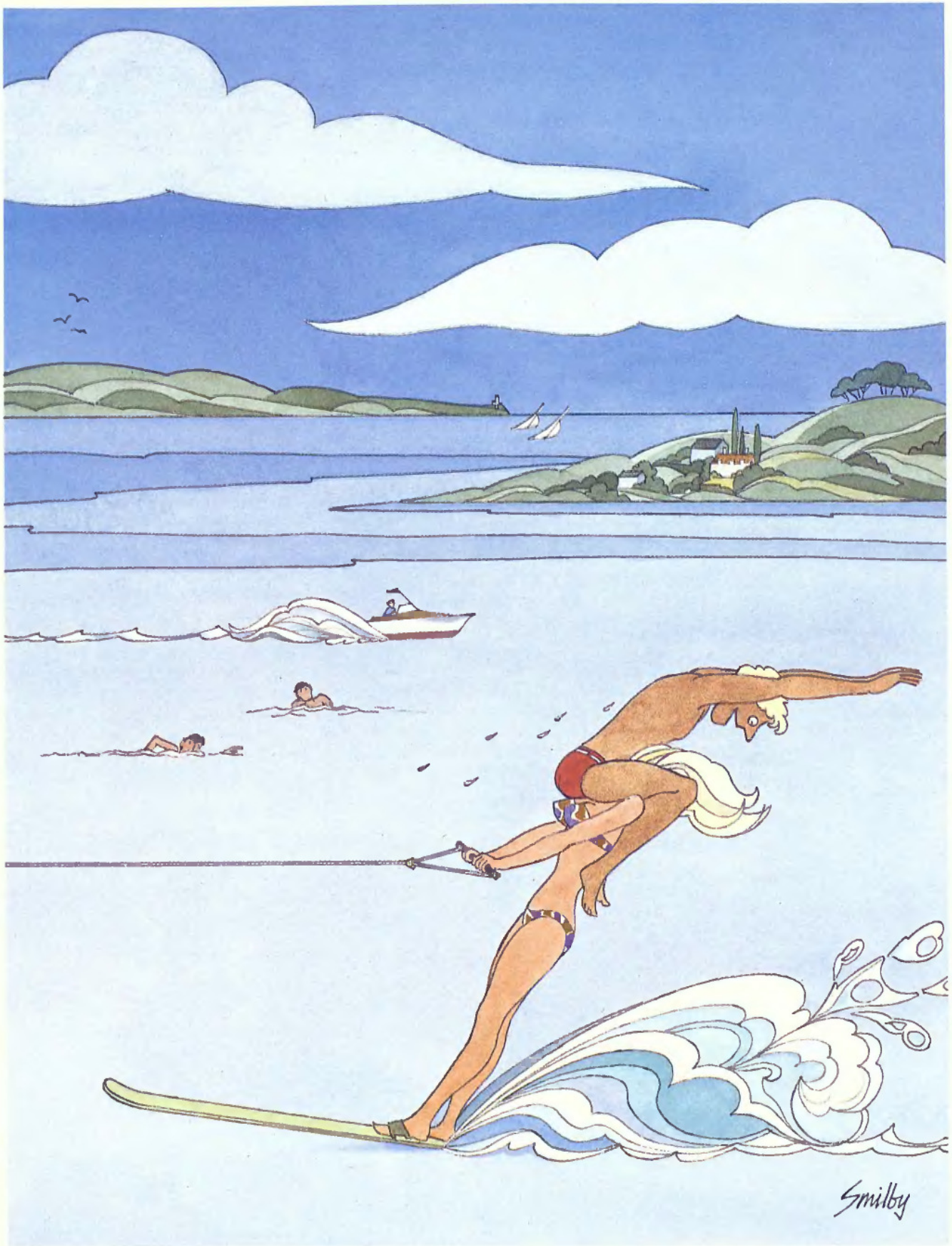
He had to kiss her quickly on the lips and he got hard almost immediately after she started kissing back, still crying, her face slick, and he started to pull her toga off, but there was an interruption that he was oddly grateful for. Tim came in without knocking and asked if he had any razor blades and he gave him one and Tim didn't apologize for interrupting, since he was so coked out, and he made sure the door was locked after he left. But he was still strangely not excited. He turned the

amp off and got on the bed.

She had already started taking her toga off, and except for her panties, she had nothing on beneath it. She had the body of a much younger girl. Her breasts were small but full, yet her nipples weren't hard, not even after he touched them, then kissed and licked them. He helped her remove her panties, saw how small her cunt was, too, the pubic hair light and sparse; yet when he squeezed it, hard, then soft, slid a finger in, he didn't feel anything. She wasn't getting wet, even though she was making soft little moans. He was semistiff but still not excited. Something was missing; there was a problem somewhere, a mistake. He did not know what. Confused, he began fucking her; and before he came, a weak orgasm, it hit him. He can't remember the last time he had sex sober.

Lauren. I'm standing by Sean's window. It's almost morning but still dark. Weird, maybe my imagination, but I'm positive I can hear the aria from *La Wally* coming from somewhere—not across the lawn, since the party is over, but somewhere in this house perhaps. I have my toga wrapped around me and occasionally I'll look over and watch him sleep in the glow of his blue digital-alarm-clock light. I'm not tired anymore. I smoke a cigarette. A silhouette moves in another window, another house across from this one. Somewhere a bottle breaks. The aria continues, building, followed by shouts and a window shattering, faintly. Then it's quiet again. But it's soon broken by laughter next door, friends of Sean's doing drugs. I'm surprisingly calm, peaceful in this strange limbo between sobriety and sheer blottiness. There's a mist covering the campus tonight, lit by a high, full moon. The silhouette is still standing by the window. Another one joins it. The first one leaves. Then I see Paul's room; that is, if he still lives in Leigh. The room is dark. I wonder who he's with tonight. I touch my breast, then, ashamed, burning, move my hand away. What went wrong with that one? What happened the last time we were together? Cannot remember. Last term, sometime. But no, that night in September, beginning of this term. Last term you knew it was over, though, because he left for three days with Mitchell to go to Mitchell's parents' place on Cape Cod, but he told you it was to see his parents in New York, but then who told you that? It was Roxanne, because hadn't she been seeing Mitchell? Maybe it was someone else's lie. But I was still dying with longing for his happy return. But, Christ, what an asshole he was. Maybe I'm wrong, maybe he was tender, maybe you were greedy. I put the cigarette out on the edge of the window sill and look back over at Sean, who has now rolled over, who's dreaming; he's pulled the covers over his head.





"You scooped me up—you put me down."

D'ABO

(continued from page 136)

part, obviously. But I did." She won't name the 007 who never was, except to say he *wasn't* Pierce Brosnan. Anyway, D'Abo deems Dalton an ideal choice.

B.B., or before Bond, you might have glimpsed her, if you looked fast, playing small roles in *White Nights* and *Out of Africa*. She had a fatter part as a French model in a major television series, *Master of the Game*, did some TV commercials and had a nude scene in a 1984 American-in-Paris romance called *Until September*. "Karen Allen was the star. I played the mistress of the married man she loves, but my whole part was cut out—the nudity, everything. . . ."

Shedding a few threads to appear on the pages of *Playboy*, in Maryam's view, was just another way of testing herself, which she is determined to do. Just back from locations for *Living Daylights*, she'd experienced plenty of testing as well as tripping. "Tim and I had a love scene on the Riesenrad, the giant amusement-park wheel in Vienna, that was nice. My very *worst* moment was when we slid down a snowy Alp—together—in a cello case. Working with *Playboy* was pure enjoyment compared with that, certainly a lot less dangerous. Marilyn Grabowski [*Playboy's* West Coast Photo Editor] and [Contributing Photographer] Steve Wayda developed the concept relating to characters in earlier Bond movies. Steve really understood what I was about, which made it fun."

Less fun, Maryam allows, was trying to get the shot (see opening page of this feature) in which she sports an eye patch like the one worn by Emilio Largo, the villain

in *Thunderball*, and cuddles a Persian cat, a ringer for one cherished by the evil Ernst Stavro Blofeld, played by Donald Pleasence in *You Only Live Twice*. "It's not easy to work with a cat when you're not wearing very much, but we managed. This animal has a really fascinating family history. She's the actual granddaughter of the cat that was Donald Pleasence's pet in the movie.

"Mostly, if I was uncomfortable with anything we tried in the photos, we'd just go on to something else. Although I had a little trouble posing naked on the bonnet—I guess you say hood—of the Aston Martin. I kept falling off the car." Her favorite bit in the gallery of Bond memorabilia was dousing herself with Bollinger champagne while clad in a terrycloth wrap, a sopping-wet *hommage* to Sean Connery's beefcake towel shot in *From Russia with Love*.

An hour after lunch, Maryam was whisked across London by limo for another change of costume. While a camera crew bustled in a Hyde Park hotel suite, setting up a TV interview for The Playboy Channel, she disappeared into an adjoining room with her favorite make-up/hair stylist and a tote bag full of surprises. When she emerged in 30 minutes or so, coifed and sleek and assured, wearing a trim black suit with exactly the proper degree of plunge, the recently scrubbed-clean, street-smart London *gamine* looked every inch a movie star. Maryam smiled. "Is this all right? Will I do?"

It seems safe to predict that any charmer who can make James Bond monogamous will do very well, indeed.



Hair Apparent

(continued from page 116)

demarcations or center parts.

- Sideburns can be aging. Keep them short—but not too short.

- Don't be afraid of shorter styles if your ears stick out. Instead of keeping hair long enough to cover them, opt for a cut that adds texture and volume *above* them.

- Check out styles in magazines and then consult your stylist on how those looks might fit your face shape, occupation and personality.

HAIR CARE

Shampoos are basically some combination of water, detergent and fatty material; they often come in formulations for normal, oily or dry hair. Keep these pointers in mind:

- Herbal, lemon and egg shampoos smell nice, but they don't have any particular degreasing benefits.

- Some men use beer in the final rinse because it gives hair a springiness or coarseness that adds body. There's no benefit from mixing it with the shampoo.

- Shampoos advertised as containing proteins that mend split ends don't really hold much water. Even though hair is a protein, topically applied protein won't build it up.

- If you suffer from dry hair, hair loss or a scalp condition, don't use baby shampoo in the mistaken belief that if it's mild enough for babies, it's the best thing for you. Babies often have cradle cap, or stubborn scaling, and most shampoos for them are filled with detergents to combat this problem.

- If you're bothered by dandruff, use a natural-bristle brush and plenty of conditioner. (If you're going to the beach, rubbing conditioner through your hair and leaving it on can lessen damage from sun and water.) Bring persistent itching or inflammation to a doctor's attention.

To understand the importance of following shampooing with conditioning, consider the hair itself: When glimpsed under a microscope, the cuticle, or outer layer, looks as though it's made up of overlapping fish scales. Conditioners close these scales up to make your hair softer and smoother. Ideally, your final rinse washes the greasy conditioner off the hair surface, but some of it stays sealed inside the cuticle to "glue" the scales together.

Even if you have oily hair, don't be tempted to skip conditioning, which can save enormous wear and tear and lessen breakage from combing or brushing.

CHEMISTRY LESSON

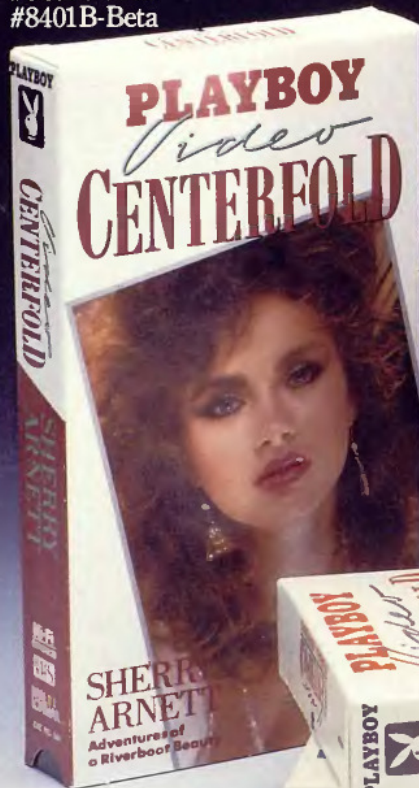
According to Michael Gordon, approximately one quarter of the men who frequent his salon go in for chemical treatments. These include permanent waving and color work, which are gaining widespread acceptance for men. If you want to



"On second thought, I'll take the deep-space option. I don't think I'd want him orbiting the house every blessed night."

SEE OUR ENTIRE BODY.

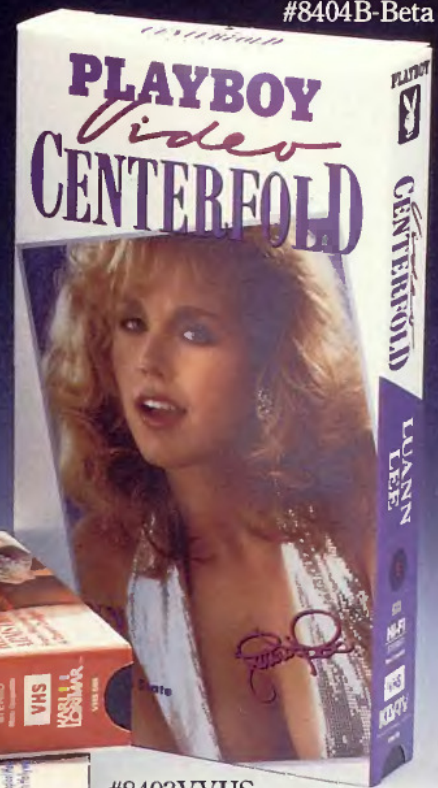
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add waviness and fullness to your hair, discuss the possibility of a body perm or wave with your stylist. Caution: Any hair treated with chemicals is considered damaged and requires extra conditioning care.

While men generally want to avoid artificial highlights—the frosted look—some are using low-lighting for anti-aging cosmetic effects. The best candidates for this treatment are light-haired men, with slightly darker colors used to add depth or to play up hair that otherwise might be invisible in a thinning area. The hair stylist weaves patches of color directly onto the hair, using foil. Color should last from a few weeks to a few months, depending

upon the formula used and your hair's absorbency.

Forget about over-all tinting as a way to cover gray. It's unflattering and unnecessary. A more sophisticated method is to have your stylist weave your natural color through the hair, allowing some gray to remain as a highlight. The result is subtle and organic while giving depth and texture.

OTHER HIRSUTE MATTERS

Beards and mustaches: Spiraling sales in mustache wax and some newly released beard-care products (see sidebar) are signs that the rule of clean and classic also

applies to facial hair. Here are some guidelines.

1. Wash and condition your beard as often as you shampoo, and rinse thoroughly to avoid irritation.

2. Take the time to shave your neck carefully to keep the beard even.

3. Trim mustache hairs evenly so that they stay off the lip line.

4. Clip nose hairs carefully. (The nose area is too sensitive for tweezing, which invites broken capillaries or bleeding.)

5. Unless you're particularly sold on a longer style—and some stylists insist that handle bars are about to make a big comeback—don't let your mustache extend beyond the corners of your mouth. Otherwise, the force of gravity will pull your mouth into a frown.

6. Keep close to the face with your scissors or clippers if you wish to emphasize a strong jaw and chin; let your beard grow a bit if you wish to camouflage a weak chin.

Eyebrows: Waxing for men, available in many hair and skin-care salons, is one of the most rapidly growing services in the cosmetics industry. You can get rid of the monobrow look in a few seconds. Warm wax is dabbed on the unwanted hair, a cloth is placed over the area and pulled off before the wax hardens to remove the hairs and their roots. It's painless, efficient and reasonably inexpensive. Remember that the inside edge of your eyebrow should not fall short of the inside corner of your eye.

Although regrowth may slow after a while, you'll probably need a waxing every few weeks for some time. Remove errant hairs with tweezers, but never shave regrowth away. That leaves the hair bulb visible and reduces the efficiency of your next waxing.

THROUGH THICK AND THIN

According to *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, 37 percent of all males begin losing their hair by the age of 35. Genetics and male hormones determine baldness (hair recedes in an M shape at the forehead, while hair is lost at the crown), but hair loss may also be triggered by high fever, hyperthyroidism or shock.

Now for the good news. While testing Loniten (tablets in which minoxidil was the active ingredient) for the treatment of hypertension, the Upjohn Company realized that many of the subjects who ingested it were growing hair all over their bodies. It didn't take long before Upjohn tried topical applications of minoxidil as a treatment for baldness, with varying results.

According to spokesperson T. R. Reid, the company undertook a 12-month minoxidil effectiveness study on 619 men, aged 18 to 49, with male-pattern baldness. Scientists counted individual hairs in a

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO HAIR-CARE PRODUCTS

Check your department store, hair-care salon or pharmacy for:

PACKAGE DEALS

Gruene: Natural formulas and bright packaging make Gruene's Natural Revitalizing Shampoo, Conditioner and Revitalizing Nutrient Complex a perfect one-two-three hair-care set for men.

Jan Stuart: Another natural one-two-three kit: Shampoo, Conditioner and Styling Gel.

Vidal Sassoon: A new Shampoo, Re-moisturizer and Finishing Rinse designed to combat build-up from today's heavy gels and sprays.

Sebastian: Team up Systema's Moisture Shampoos, in normal-to-dry and normal-to-oily formulas, with Systema Formulating Creme Nutritive Treatment.

Gillette: Combine White Rain shampoo and Silkience Self-Adjusting Conditioner for a budget-wise treatment.

Chanel: Luxuriate with Antacus Pour Homme, a masculine-scent conditioning shampoo, or Chanel for Men Conditioning Shampoo.

SPECIAL SHAMPOOING NEEDS

Therapy Shampoo, by Clinique, controls scalp itching while leaving hair manageable.

TCB products, by Alberto-Culver, from Non-Alkaline Super Detangling Shampoo to Oil Sheen & Conditioner Spray, offer black men and those with very curly hair special consideration.

Head & Shoulders, by Procter & Gamble, controls dandruff and keeps hair conditioned.

The Hair Fixer, a conditioner by L'Oréal, repairs hair damaged by sun and blow-drying.

The Australian 3-Minute Miracle, a conditioning hair reconstructor from Redmond Products, complements The Aussie Mega Shampoo and Australian Hair Salad, a remoisturizer for baby-fine hair.

MOUSSES, GELS AND SPRAYS

L'Oréal's Studio Line Sculpting Mousse offers maximum support and volume; also try L'Oréal's Firm-Control Gel or Directional Styling Spray.

Non-Fragranced Hairspray, by Clinique, provides long-lasting, invisible control for men who complain about too-dry, too-thin or too-coarse hair.

Consort, by Alberto-Culver, offers a complete line of hair spray, fine-mist spray in a nonaerosol pump and styling mousse.

Vidal Sassoon Grooming Gel for Men, a clear formula, improves upon yesteryear's too-sticky gels. Companion items include Grooming Mousse and nonaerosol Natural Control Hair Spray.

Murray's Superior Hair Dressing Pomade is designed as a styling aid for black hair.

The Dry Look Collection for men, by Gillette, includes mousse, styling gel and sprays in regular, extra and maximum hold; it comes in sleek black packaging.

Top-Control Hair Groom and Mustache Wax round out the list of English Leather's special offerings.

Silver Glitter Styling Gel, by Jheri Redding, subtly plays up gray, with Lemon Gel offering hold and styling for blonds and Chocolate Gel for brunets. Or stick to Neutral (in superhold formula). Also try Redding's Thermal Styling Lotion.

SPECIAL PRODUCTS

Pour Le Barbe, by Roy Face Care for Men in Beverly Hills, is a for-the-beard-only shampoo that combines conditioners and moisturizers.

The Shaper, by Conair, trims beard and mustache hairs neatly and accurately for today's clean-look styles.

one-inch radius on each man's head and classified them as vellus, or fine, wispy, peach-fuzz-type hair; terminal, or hair of normal length and width; and indeterminate, a category in between. They concluded that after a year, 76 percent showed "more substantial" nonvellus growth in the designated areas. In a second, more subjective study, the participants themselves rated their appearance. Forty percent felt that regrowth was "moderate," eight percent "dense" and 52 percent "low growth."

"Minoxidil isn't a miracle drug, but it's the first that isn't snake oil," says Dr. Arthur Bertolino, clinical hair researcher and assistant professor of dermatology at New York University. Although no one knows exactly why it works, and no studies exist on its long-range effects, the only problems thus far linked with minoxidil are cases of minor scalp irritation. Upjohn, the FDA and hair researchers continue to investigate the possibility of more serious complications.

Although an independent Federal advisory panel has recommended that the FDA approve minoxidil as a treatment for baldness, both Upjohn and the FDA adamantly refuse to speculate on when full approval will be given.

Here's the catch: Since doctors are permitted to dispense any approved drug—as minoxidil is for hypertension—for whatever they deem necessary, many dermatologists are already writing perfectly legal prescriptions for Loniten. Pharmacists then grind the tablets and mix the pulverized product in a solution for external use. Until Upjohn can release its product Rogaine, however, these prescriptions will vary slightly from pharmacist to pharmacist.

According to Dr. Rhonda Rand, a Beverly Hills dermatologist, the men who respond best generally fit three categories: (A) They've been bald only a few years and are in their 20s or 30s; (B) the bald area at the back of the head is less than four inches in circumference; (C) some indeterminate hairs are present there.

Dr. Rand reports that one third to one half of her minoxidil patients show decent terminal-hair regrowth, a very high success percentage that she maintains by sticking only to men who fit the optimum profile. "Less selective screening results in far fewer success stories," she cautions. (The over-all success rate for men in general is much lower.)

Here's a minoxidil fact list.

- Minoxidil is a vasodilator, increasing blood flow. According to current studies, taking this powerful drug internally, whether by pill or by injection, will not facilitate or accelerate hair growth and could lead to very severe side effects. When the drug is applied topically in a solution, only a very small amount of it is

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absorbed into the blood stream.

- Hair's waviness or color has no bearing on minoxidil's effectiveness.

- Use of minoxidil is a *lifetime commitment*. As soon as you stop once- or twice-daily applications, the results reverse.

- If Upjohn's Rogaine is approved, cost will run about \$60 per month.

- Although a very few men may notice small changes within a few months, doctors recommend a full year of twice-daily treatments before minoxidil's effectiveness can be ascertained.

- Since there are no follicles in your hands, you won't grow hair on them from applying the product to your scalp. But don't apply minoxidil before exercising, since it may mix with the sweat to induce unwanted facial-hair growth.

- Be realistic. "Only ten to 15 percent of men with early to moderate balding have significant improvement. The majority just hold on to the hair they do have," says Dr. Bertolino.

- Recent scientific studies suggest that Retin-A, a vitamin-A derivative, may increase absorption of minoxidil. The jury is still out.

- Watch for reports on other drugs currently in development: Viprostol, Cyclosporin-A and Omexin.

HAIR REPLACEMENT

It's difficult to find a hairpiece that isn't embarrassing or uncomfortable, but tremendous advances are taking place. At the forefront is Edward Katz International Hair Design in Los Angeles. Katz's

clients include some of Hollywood's top stars (he guards everyone's reputation scrupulously). He uses a porous transparent-base system, nonsurgical and nonweave, that is custom-designed, strand by strand, to suit the wearer. You can swim, enjoy sports and wash your hair. Initial cost is \$1000 to \$1500, with \$35 approximately every three weeks for cleaning.

Surgical methods of hair replacement include punch-graft transplantation, which involves transferring small plugs of hair-producing scalp to nonproducing areas; the Juri flap, in which long, tongue-shaped flaps of hair-bearing scalp are rotated over bald areas; and the short flap, a less extensive version of the Juri. Although these sound grim, take heart: Trichology (the study of hair) is a growing science, and hair-replacement techniques and results are better than ever. Talk with a reputable specialist.

HAIR THICKENERS

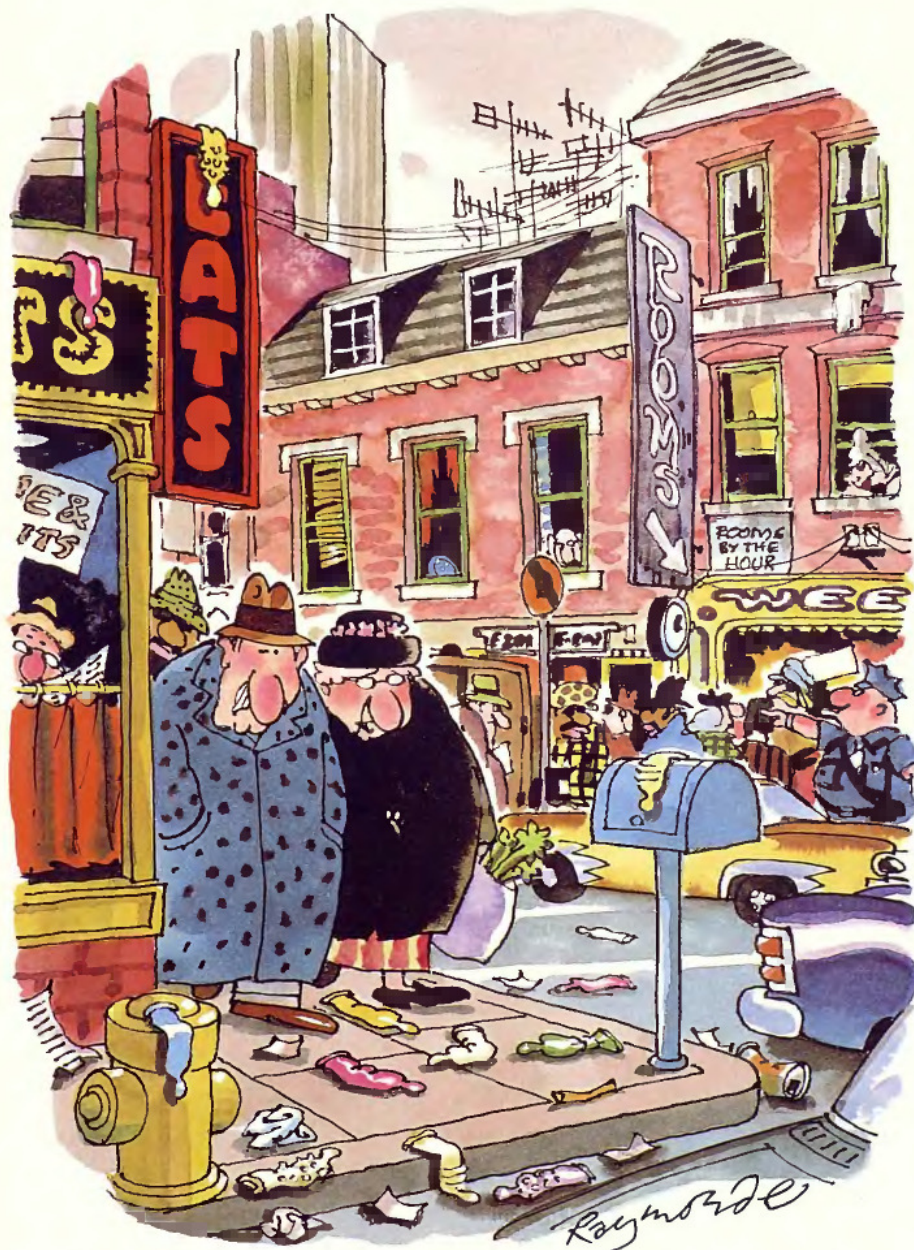
Department-store men's counters now sport products designed to thicken hair. Manufacturers word their package claims carefully to assure consumers that these are hair treatments, not restoratives, since nothing that alters the structure or function of hair or skin can be sold over the counter. These cosmetics generally add luster and a coating effect that leaves hair minimally thicker. They may also aid in unclogging scalp sebum that could cause hair breakage, but they won't inhibit or replace hair loss. No scientific studies exist on their effectiveness.

Major products include Foltène, from Minnetonka Corporation; Nutriplexx, by Aramis; Recapture Scalp Treatment, by French Transit, Ltd. (Burlingame, California); and Flowlin, by Shiseido. Ten treatments of Foltène, for example, retail for \$45.

THE FINAL TOUCH

A new generation of hairdressing products for men (see sidebar) has replaced the too-stiff, too-sticky mousses and gels whose high alcohol content used to dry out hair. Choose light-misting nonaerosol pump sprays for invisible hold and a more natural look. If you want more hold and volume, select a styling mousse (non-alcohol if you have dry hair). Mousses are also available in colors to complement your natural shade. For more of a wet look, stick with gels.

Remember that too much of any kind of dressing can cause brittleness or build-up on the hair, which requires extra care in shampooing and conditioning. Keep your regimen basic and healthful and your finishing touches simple; no one wants to run her fingers through hair that feels like cotton candy. A look that's clean, elegant and self-assured is the most inviting of all.



"This may not be a good neighborhood, but it's a responsible one."

PENN AND TELLER

(continued from page 121)

obnoxious possibilities raced through my mind, but I said OK. And he said, "When the knife goes through Penn's hand and he holds it up and you see the blood streaking down from it, there isn't any blood on the tip of the knife. That clued me in right away that it wasn't quite real." And I thought, This is the most intelligent thing anyone's ever said to me about the show.

9.

PLAYBOY: What's the dumbest thing people say to you?

TELLER: I have the cross to bear of having to listen to people refer to some of the things I do on stage as mime—in spite of the fact that I punctuate the first half of our live show with speech and talk rather profusely during the second half. I would also say that I have an extraordinary loathing for people who come up to me and say the name Harpo Marx. Harpo seems to be essentially a very happy presence. If people can't discern that I am essentially a malevolent presence, I don't know *where* they are.

10.

PLAYBOY: Do you still enjoy going by one name, despite the fact that it has been branded an affectation?

TELLER: For some reason, people stopped using any other name for me 15 or 20 years ago, and I went along with the tide. I like Latinate words, and I'm inclined to do undesired etymologies at the drop of a Latinate. But I don't know if that's exactly an affectation. It's sort of a hobby.

11.

PLAYBOY: Where do you get all the Bibles you use in your show?

PENN: We always steal Bibles from motel rooms. We think that if Gideon has a legal right to put Bibles in motel rooms, we have a legal right to take them out. Every time we do it, there's one Bible fewer in a motel room that somebody might *not* be bothered by.

12.

PLAYBOY: It's not uncommon for showbiz partnerships to work beautifully on stage and self-destruct behind the scenes. What happens when you two are alone?

PENN: This is an arranged marriage. Teller and I did not start out as friends or feeling enchanted with each other. What we started out with was a tremendous amount of mutual respect. We gambled that we could do better stuff together than we could do separately. When you're in love with somebody, the first time you don't quite like him or her, that's a horrible feeling. Whereas, if you make a promise just to spend time with somebody, every time you get along it's a revelation. Teller and I *do* fight—about all sorts of

things—but nobody will ever see it. And now that we can afford separate residences, we lead very separate lives.

13.

PLAYBOY: What advice would you have given the young Penn and Teller when they started out 13 years ago?

PENN: It would be this: You work on the relationship all the time, and you cling to that relationship. I should also say that we agree on religion, drugs and money—they're crutches that cripple people. They're *very* important things on which to agree—religion, drugs and money.

TELLER: No, no and yes. [Both laugh]

14.

PLAYBOY: We know we're not supposed to ask for the secret behind each and every trick, but we'd love to know more about the classic bit you did on *Late Night with David Letterman* in which literally hundreds of cockroaches crawled out from under a magician's top hat.

TELLER: The first time we had to handle roaches was really quite terrifying. So we sat around in a little room at the Museum of Natural History and practiced handling them with the guy who wrangled roaches for the movie *Creepshow*. American cockroaches—the kind you have in your kitchen—move very fast. If we had done this trick with them, they would have scampered away before the camera even had a chance to get a shot. We very carefully selected certain exotic breeds of cockroaches for their slowness and their disgusting looks.

15.

PLAYBOY: Was Letterman as rattled as he looked when the roaches started wandering all over everything?

PENN: What bothered Dave the most was that they were on our bodies. There's something about someone coming toward you in a suit covered with cockroaches that's repulsive. Dave had asked us to surprise him. When we did this trick, he fell to pieces.

16.

PLAYBOY: Does fire-eating ruin your sense of taste?

PENN: No. It's unpleasant in terms of taste, but I'm used to it. Occasionally, you get one or two belches afterward that are very chemical. It's impossible to describe—it's a feeling you don't ever get in your mouth normally. There really is no damage done to me. What eating fire does to my liver is less than what happens to someone who drinks an occasional beer.

17.

PLAYBOY: Success, of course, has made you famous. Does that make you at all uncomfortable?

PENN: You either buy into the system or stay out of it. If you take it seriously and then they say bad stuff, you have to take

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that seriously, too. There's going to be a project coming up one of these days for which all these people who really like us now are going to hate us. It happens to everybody. It's going to hit Springsteen eventually, though he's one who seems bulletproof. But when it happens, he'll get hit hard.

18.

PLAYBOY: Has Hollywood tried to seduce you two into films?

TELLER: Once a week, some ludicrous script—

PENN: Most of which were written for Chevy Chase and John Belushi, but they decided we could do it instead—

TELLER: Because there are two of us. [Laughs]

PENN: Everybody else does stuff about sex, drugs and politics. We have a passing interest in sex and a loathing for drugs and politics. So the idea that someone would do a whole movie on any of these things—I mean, Woody Allen does entire movies about getting laid! Who the fuck cares? Albert Brooks should be given all the credit Woody Allen is given, and more. Woody Allen says, "Oh, here I am, baring my soul. Isn't that sexy how I bare my soul?" Brooks just says, "Boy, here it is!" Brooks is *brutal*.

19.

PLAYBOY: Is there anyone besides Brooks you admire?

PENN: The Amazing Randi. He's my friend, and he's also one of the two people in my life whom I've ever truly idolized.

John Lennon and the Amazing Randi. And for the same reason. Randi is the perfect voice of common sense in the way he's dedicated his life to exposing fraudulent psychics and faith healers. We're hitting a time in our culture where superstition is almost as prevalent as it was during the Dark Ages. That's something a lot of people don't realize. Pat Robertson has stopped doing "healings" because he thought his ass was going to get busted. But, hey, they're on video tape—and they're *fake*.

TELLER: Randi always looks at things like Socrates, but he has the antidote to the hemlock in his back pocket.

20.

PLAYBOY: How do your families react to the bizarreness of your act?

TELLER: My parents were rebels and rugged individualists all the way through—they're old bohemians. To see their son making a living at something that is so completely his own way of doing things makes them very happy. When we got our Emmy certificates [for *Penn & Teller Go Public* on PBS], we made sure we got extra ones printed up for them.

PENN: We have the best parents in the world, all four of them. That's an odd thing to say for people who have nothing but bad to say about everybody else, isn't it? [Both laugh] Please let us say something nice about how wonderful our parents are in this interview.



DRIVING

(continued from page 122)

nothing for a driver there to wander across three lanes at once! You've got to be ready to stop suddenly—or to be able to quickly maneuver your way out of danger.

ROBINSON: The track is a much more tightly controlled situation than the street. And in a race, despite the obvious danger, you're surrounded by superbly conditioned, sober drivers who know how to *control* their cars. On the track, you know your competition, and you know who to watch out for. On the street, it's usually one unpleasant surprise after another.

PLAYBOY: How do you drive on the street?

RAHAL: I'm a pretty conservative driver now, but that wasn't always the case. After the wild way I drove when I was in college, it's a miracle I'm here today. I realized that was crazy and, besides, I get my share of track time these days.

MOISE: I was always kind of wild, but now I work out all my aggressions on the track.

ROBIN MC CALL-DALLENBACH: I usually *want* to go fast, but Wally [her husband, two-time Trans Am Series champion Wally Dallenbach, Jr.] drives even faster than I do. He gets frustrated going 55. I do, too.

BILL BUFF: I don't drive fast on the street anymore. About a year ago, on a highway in Upstate New York, three Porsches went by in a convoy and just blew my doors off. I thought, That looks like fun, so I chased them at 90-plus speeds. Just outside Binghamton, six state-police cars, returning from a drug bust, nailed us all. After the tickets and heavy fines, I've decided it just isn't worth it.

BONDURANT: I find street driving pretty dull. So to help my concentration, I often look for the correct racing line adapted to street use and follow it. You don't have to speed to do this—and it's a very good way to perfect your driving skills as well as to stay focused.

PLAYBOY: Has the just-rescinded 55-mile-per-hour limit helped or hurt American drivers?

GURNEY: Since the 55-mile-per-hour limit was imposed, there's been a real decay in driving discipline. People here used to drive more like Europeans—with the faster traffic staying in the left lane. Now we still have unrealistic speed limits passed by politicians that have very little to do with safety.

BARBER: I'll admit it, I break the 55-mile-per-hour speed limit frequently. It's just a revenue enhancer that's given us a new generation of terrible drivers. The slow lane is simply gone and, what's worse, we've lost all sense of highway discipline.

SULLIVAN: The 55-mile-per-hour limit was *ridiculous*. That's why I try to keep a sedate car in the States, and it's why I really like driving in Europe. Being able to drive at those higher speeds overseas is the main reason European drivers are so much better than the average American.

COGAN: I've never been in favor of the



"Rule number one: Never let them know you're afraid. This can be a real test of your antiperspirant."

55-mile-per-hour limit. On many rural highways, it's just not necessary. I'm glad to see that it's being raised to 65 miles per hour in some places. It's about time.

BONDURANT: When we started driving at 55 miles per hour, I remember thinking there were suddenly all these houses and scenery I'd never seen before. My mind slowed down so much, it began to wander. That's what happens to most people on the highways today. They just plunk their fannies in the car and tool on down the road, thinking about everything *but* driving. And, what's worse, they don't know how to avoid accidents, so they almost always overreact in emergencies by jumping on the brakes, locking up the wheels, losing traction and going off the road. I can't overemphasize the importance of learning how to squeeze on the brakes, keeping yourself out of a skid situation. Some of today's cars offer an antilock brake system. If all cars had it, you'd probably eliminate about 70 percent of accidents.

ROOS: The 55-mile-per-hour rule was completely wrong. It's too slow for the interstates, and it is too fast for many small roads. But, worst of all, it's turned people into criminals.

PLAYBOY: When you're in a high-performance car on the road, do you drive faster?

SULLIVAN: Absolutely!

MOISE: I drive a quick street car, but it's not the same as racing. After all, "fast" is a relative term when you've been driving at 190 miles per hour. On the other hand, 55 miles per hour seems real slow. I end up driving a little quicker on the street than most people.

MCCALL-DALLENBACH: I always want to be in front of other people. When the lights change, I like to be the first one away. I'm not reckless, but I sure don't drive at 55 miles per hour.

ST. JAMES: I'm not a slow driver and I don't drive slow cars. When I pull up after a quick trip, the car is usually panting. But compared with the track, even high speeds on the street are very tame. I've got a new five-speed Thunderbird Turbo Coupé, and I drive it *fast!*

COGAN: I've never really driven a high-performance car that impressed me—and I've driven them all. After a 225-mile-per-hour race car, there's just no comparison. Sometimes, I drive a little faster to see what a car feels like; but, overall, I'm really pretty conservative on the road.

RAHAL: I had a new Ferrari Testarossa, and while I won't say I was always going 55 miles per hour in it, I didn't drive at 125 miles per hour, either. I did take it out to the boonies once in a while to run it fast, but even there, you're just not as safe as you are in a race car on a track.

BARBER: Sure. Any time you put a good driver in a decent car, he's gonna do it. I've got a BMW 635CSi and I drive it quickly, but I probably drive just as fast if I'm in a Corolla. People with driving ability will always go quickly. Put Bobby

Rahal in a Tempo and you'd still see speed.

ROBINSON: Generally, the answer is yes. Right after a race, I don't have much ambition to go fast. But I've noticed that the longer I'm out of a race car, the more aggressive I am in a street car.

ROOS: I know I drive more quickly than the average person, and what's slow for me is probably fast for most people. An expert driver adjusts his speed to the existing conditions—you don't just go fast everywhere.

DOBSON: I have a Porsche 911, and in that car, or any sports car, you stand out like a sore thumb. So I don't drive at 100 miles per hour and I try not to draw attention to myself. When I want to really make time, I use my old nondescript Datsun beater. But I just don't get a thrill out of driving fast on the street anymore. If somebody comes up and obviously wants to play, I generally back away.

PLAYBOY: As a racing driver, do you get special treatment if you're stopped for speeding?

ST. JAMES: I *never* get off. Once, I was stopped for speeding and I even had my

driving suit and my helmet in the car. I told the cop I was late for practice. He just smiled and gave me a ticket anyway.

BUFF: Not ever. Here's an example: A friend and I were driving home from Watkins Glen in a Porsche a few years ago when we were pulled over. The cop saw our helmets and driving suits, and he knew where we'd been. "I followed you for a while," he said, "and you're really a fine driver. But, since I'd already decided to give you a ticket, here it is."

MCCALL-DALLENBACH: The cops couldn't care less if you're a racer or not. I get tickets, just like everyone else.

RAHAL: I've never gotten special treatment. I haven't been stopped in quite a while, but I suspect that if I were, I might get some very *unspecial* treatment.

COGAN: I haven't had a ticket in seven years, so it's hard to say. I suppose how you're treated would depend on whether or not the cop were a race fan. Chances are, if he *were* a fan of mine, I might not get a ticket. If he were a Bobby Rahal fan, I'd probably get the summons.



"DRIVING IN THE REAL WORLD'S" WILD BUNCH

Skip Barber: This ex-racer dales out racing knowledge at tracks in 14 states from his headquarters at the Skip Barber Racing School in Canaan, Connecticut.

Bob Bondurant: Former racer Bob Bondurant's School of High Performance Driving at Sears Point International Raceway in Sonoma, California, is a mecca for would-be driving experts.

Bill Buff: The maven of Mercedes, rally driver Buff coaches Mercedes-Benz salespeople on the art of fast driving at his Lang Branch, New Jersey-based Concept Learning Systems school.

Kevin Cogan: An Indy-car racer and Playboy Products spokesperson, Cogan finished the 1986 17-race Indy series in sixth place, winning the Dana 200 along the way.

Dominic Dobson: The owner of Zephyr Racing was the 1986 Championship Auto Racing Teams Indy-car Rookie of the Year.

Dan Gurney: Gurney is currently fielding an International Motor Sports Association (I.M.S.A.) GTO team, after making his mark in Formula 1, National Association of Stock Car Auto Racing and the Indy-car circuit.

Robin McCall-Dallenbach: In an

Oldsmobile Taranado, McCall-Dallenbach represents Dallenbach Racing in I.M.S.A.'s American Challenge Series.

Patty Moise: A Buick is her choice of wheels in the rough-and-tumble world of the Busch Grand National stock-car competition.

Bobby Rahal: 1986 Indianapolis 500 winner, C.A.R.T. champion and Driver of the Year, Rahal finished first six times in 1986. He was also on our panel of experts for *Cars '87: The Best* (Playboy, May).

Chip Robinson: Winner of I.M.S.A.'s GTP 24 hours of Daytona, Robinson is also a veteran of Le Mans.

Bertil Roos: A well-known racing veteran, Roos owns The Bertil Roos School of High Performance Driving in Blakeslee, Pennsylvania.

Lyn St. James: She holds the current women's closed-course speed record at 204.223 mph in a Ford Probe but prefers a speedy Mustang while competing in I.M.S.A. GTO races.

Danny Sullivan: 1985 Indy 500 winner as well as the winner of seven Indy-car races in the past three seasons, Sullivan broke in as Can-Am Rookie of the Year in 1981 and set an earnings record during his Indy-title year.

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

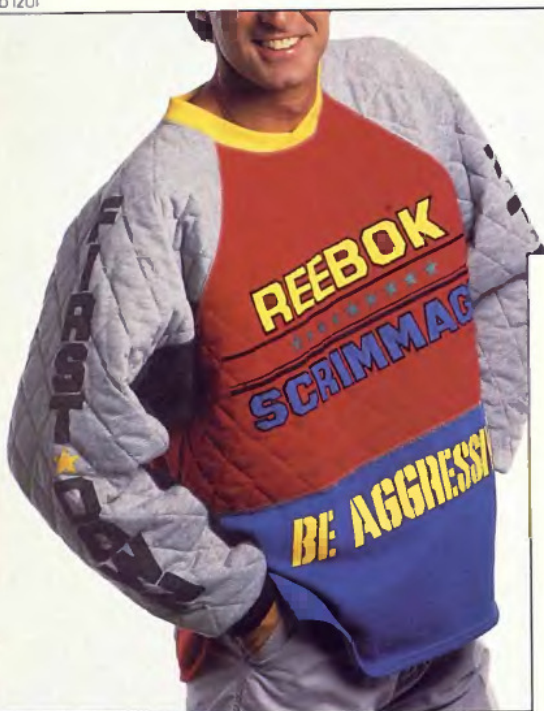
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

SWEAT SHOPPING

It wasn't too long ago that high tops were seen only on center court and running shoes were laced to only the fleet of foot. Then athletic shoes went uptown and became fashion statements, and now they're the favored footwear in singles bars across the land. So guess what? Cotton fleece is going the way of old canvas, and everybody's favorite knock-

about wear, the sweat shirt, has become the hottest thing to hit the streets since long-necked beer bottles. However, the current fashion-oriented sweat shirts bear little resemblance to their baggy forefathers—as the photos on this page attest. And who's making these great fashion strides? Sport-shoe companies, such as Reebok and Adidas, of course. Hop to it.

CHARD IZUI



Above left: Reebok's BE AGGRESSIVE/SCRIMMAGE polyester/cotton sweat shirt is a multicolor model with gray quilted raglan sleeves (FIRST DOWN is printed on one), a crew knit collar and a shirrtail bottom, \$56. Above right: A yellow polyester/cotton-fleece crew-neck sweat shirt with contrasting-color neck, wrist and waist bands and a CHUCKS logo printed on the chest and on a patch at the waist, by Converse, \$23. Below left: This black heavyweight polyester/cotton-fleece sweat shirt has multicolor wrap-around stripes on the chest and sleeves and a vintage applique from the 1952 Helsinki Olympics embroidered on the back, by Adidas, \$85. Below right: A red washed-polyester/cotton-fiberfill sweat jacket with zip front and loop-and-metal-button closure, split-zip acrylic-fleece hood, side-entry pockets and a HIGH ADVENTURE patch on the chest, by Puma, \$75.



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Colorful and comfortable Biosoft Polymer hand and aerobic-fitness weights add punch to your workout in various poundages, from one half to one and one half. Both types are covered in washable terry available in a variety of hot colors, from Spenco Medical Corporation, Waco, Texas, \$14 to \$18 a pair, depending on the weight.



The battery-powered Z-HC1 Handy Copier, by Sharp Electronics, copies information and documents onto three-inch thermal paper with a scan of its wand, then stores away neatly in a desk drawer or briefcase, about \$190.



Jaguar owners who can't get enough of their car's rich Connolly leather can now tote it with them in the form of a Connolly-leather attaché case that matches their machine's interior. Additional classy touches include a suede lining and brass locks, from Extra Special Promotions, Birmingham, Michigan, \$295.



Panasonic's Shower Quartz is a wall-hung timepiece with special packing that seals out moisture and a cushioned body that guards against shock to the clock movement. The mirrored center, of course, makes it ideal for shower shaving, \$52.95.

You might say that the Factory is the Swiss army knife gone corporate. Housed within its four-inch-long plastic case are nine quality desk tools, including ambidextrous scissors, magnifying lens, spring-loaded retractable tape measure, stainless-steel knife, screwdriver, straightedge ruler, all-purpose cutter and storage compartment, plus "the world's smallest stapler," from Plus U.S.A. Corporation, Closter, New Jersey, \$32.95.

This gentleman's gold-plated Colours pocket watch, by Alexander Julian, comes with a lizardskin tab and features a distinctive Roman-numeral face with the noon hour highlighted in red, plus a shock-resistant quartz movement, from Swank, \$60.



Tasco has just introduced Bino-Colors (7 x 21mm binoculars in six jazzy colors, including Candy-Apple Red, Slicker Yellow and Plum Perfect), which are lightweight and have a 394-foot field of view at 1000 yards and fold-down eyecups, about \$70, including a handy strap and a vinyl carrying pouch.

Pioneer's LD-S1 Laser-Vision Player is designed for the audio/video-ophile who demands excellence in both sound and picture from his library of LaserDiscs. The unit features a full-function remote; there's digital memory for still-frame, multispeed and other special effects, sophisticated on-screen displays, last-play call-up and more, \$2000.



GRAPEVINE



The Glam Life

Most of the people in Helmut Newton's new magazine, *Helmut Newton's Illustrated*, have been famous for more than Andy Warhol's proverbial 15 minutes. Newton is one of the world's great provocative photographers, as you will see every six months or so for a hefty \$12, when his magazine comes out. The first issue, available now, is titled *Sex and Power* and has some extraordinary shots of the likes of Kim Basinger, Sigourney Weaver (in drag), Mickey Rourke, David Bowie, Jack Nicholson, Elizabeth Taylor, David Lee Roth and our own first couple, HUGH HEFNER and CARRIE LEIGH. About his new venture, Newton says, "Each issue will have as its theme a subject that fascinates me at the moment . . . whenever I feel I have something to say with my camera." (For more from Newton's camera in this issue, check out *Helmut Newton's Playmates*.) The best part of *Sex and Power* is its humor, which makes his sexy subjects incredibly cool.



Hugh Hefner, with girlfriend Carrie Leigh and a few famous accessories. ▲



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Singer/song
writer PAUL
SIMON has
had one hit
of a year—
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concert tour
and the
pleasure of
introducing
us to South
Africa
songs and
rhythms.
Thanks, Paul

Zany Jaynie

Where is JAYNIE SUSTAR's top? We don't know. If Jaynie's face looks familiar, it's because you've seen her in *Sid and Nancy* and *The Crystal Heart*. You can see her again in the upcoming films *Doing Time* and *Rented Lips*.



ALAN HOUGHTON



Blythe Spirit

Actress **ROBYN BLYTHE** has appeared in films ranging from *Death Wish* to *Welcome to My Nightmare*. There's nothing scary about Robyn except for how good she looks in this little outfit. We don't know about you, but we think this is one time wearing a T-shirt full of holes is a fashion statement worth making.

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Three to Get Ready

What are **MARTHA DAVIS**, **CLARENCE CLEMONS** and **FEE WAYBILL** doing here? You'll have to wait until February to get *all* the details, but we can report that they are playing three of the important people in the world in the film *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*.



If You Knew Susie

Is actress **SUSAN DEEMER** dressed for the dog days of summer? You bet! When she's not busy cooling off, you can catch Susan on the big screen in *Dragnet*. Joe Friday was famous for just wanting the facts. We wanted the figure, and we got it.



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ED COLVER COURTESY I R S

Brian and the Wall

Beach Boy **BRIAN WILSON**'s fledgling acting career got off the ground in the **WALL OF VOODOO**'s video of the Beach Boys' 1968 hit *Do It Again*. Look for Wall on tour and for Brian's solo album. You can expect a Brian Wilson video, too. Maybe he'll return the favor.

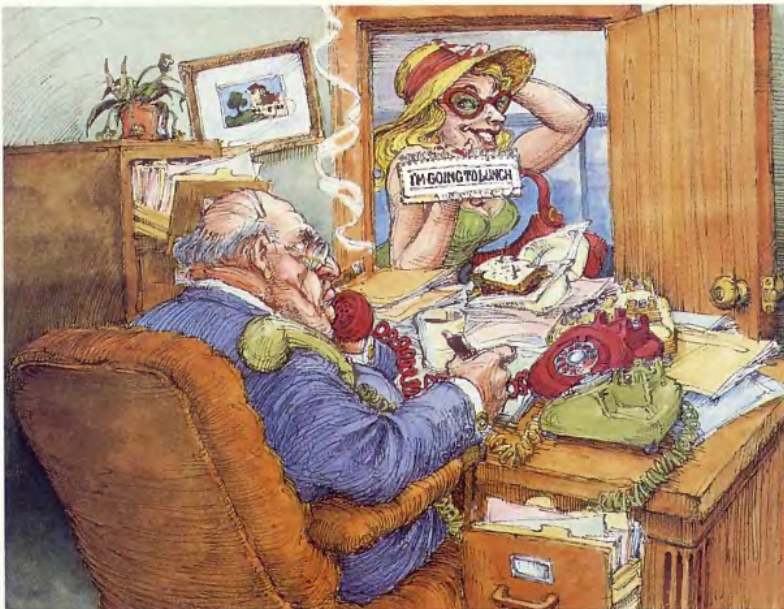
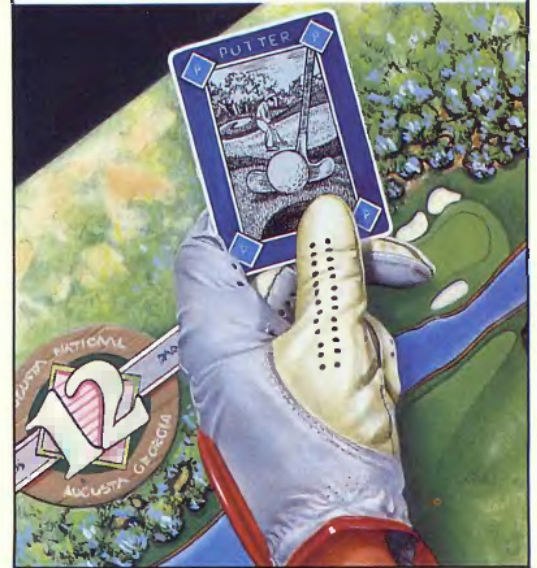


SOME LIKE IT COLD

To get you through what's left of this year's long, hot summer, there's Polar Pouch, a buoyant vinyl ice chest with a shoulder strap for the beach, picnics, sports, camping or travel that inflates in a minute and keeps beverages or food cold for up to nine hours. The pouch is available in nine jazzy colors—silver (shown), blue, black, red, pink, yellow, orange, white and light green, plus a camouflage pattern for jungle maneuvers. It's available from Intersales Corporation, 12700 Hillcrest Road, Suite 190, Dallas, Texas 75230, for \$21, postpaid. And in case you're interested, our model's midnight-black G-string bikini, which is hot off the French Riviera, we've been told, is by The Ujena Company of Mountain View, California. The price? About \$29. Take two; they're small.

LEAD ON, MAC DUFFER

Like the real sport, the board game Ultimate Golf requires skill, judgment and a bit of luck—and it also gives dullers the chance to play on dream courses, such as Cypress Point, Augusta National and St. Andrews. The game is played on nine 15" x 15" double-sided boards, with each player using 20 cards that represent various clubs and golfing situations. It sells for about \$40 in department, sporting-goods and game stores. And no lost balls.



SEC'S APPEAL

Whoever said, "Necessity is the mother of invention" must have had Sec's Talk in mind. Forty 11½" x 4" flash cards in a spiral binder communicate all those important messages that an overworked and underpaid secretary can never get through to her boss when he's on the phone, in a conference or meditating on his next idea. CALL HOLDING and NEED A LUNCH RESERVATION? are some of the signs of the times, along with I'M NOT YOUR GIRL, YOU WANT IT WHEN? and the ever-popular I QUIT! Sec's Talk is available from Price/Stern/Sloan Publishers, Direct Mail Sales, 360 North La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90048, for \$10.95, postpaid. GO FOR IT, Mr. Big.

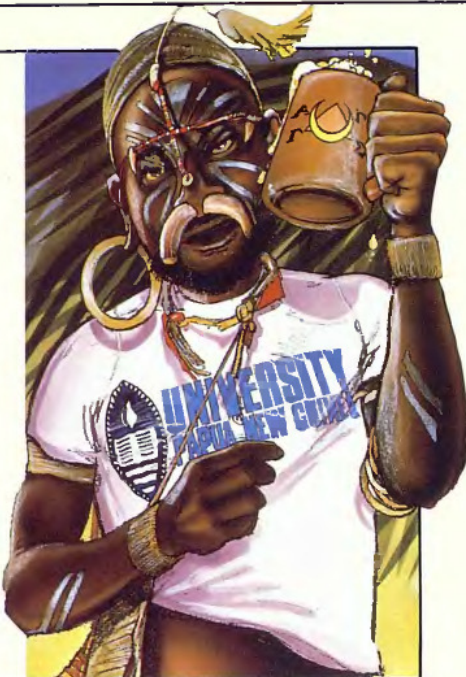
FROZEN ASSETS

It takes a pretty special product to cut the ice with us, and that's why Gourmet Ice Cubes had us drinking up and ordering another round. A five-pound box of the cubes, which are made from demineralized and deionized, nearly pure water, goes for about \$24.95 sent to the Vald Company, 1515 Howard Street, Chicago 60626. Since about \$19 of that goes toward overnight-carrier cost, stores in the Chicago area sell the cubes for the melted amount of \$3.95.



THE INTERNATIONAL STUDENT

Tired of having a snobby friend one-up you with a Yale T-shirt that he bought at the local Goodwill? Contact Boulder Pacific Services, a company at 1547 Palos Verdes Mall, Suite 194, Walnut Creek, California 94596, which manufactures officially licensed International T-Shirts from such exotic seats of learning as the University of the South Pacific and University College, Dublin. They're only \$12, postpaid, in sizes small to extra large. Think twice before flaunting KARL-MARX UNIVERSITAT in Waycross, Georgia.



UPWARDLY MOBILE, U-HAUL STYLE

Want to cross the country in a mode of transportation that sleeps six and comes equipped with stereo, microwave, fridge, full bath with shower, wall-to-wall carpeting, plus hookups for a TV and a VCR? No, you're not on Malcolm Forbes's private jet. You've just rented a luxe motor home, which U-Haul Rental System now has available for about \$550 to \$800 a week. Call your local U-Haul Center or call 1-800-821-2712 for more info. The open road has never looked so good.



BUY IT OR ELSE

"She made us a poster we couldn't refuse," says Romano Gallery at 613 North State Street, Chicago 60611, "and you'd better buy it—or else." The "she" is Antoinette Giancana, daughter of godfather Sam Giancana, and the 16" x 20" poster—autographed by Antoinette—is a photo similar to one we featured in our February issue. The price is \$7, postpaid. Whosa gonna argue with that?

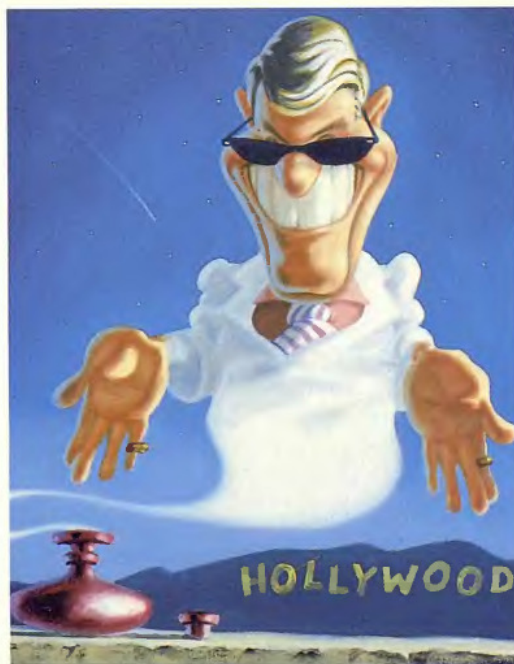
LIFESTYLES OF THE BITCH AND FAMOUS

First there was *The Englishman's Room*; now comes *The English Dog at Home* (Salem House)—a coffee-table book, by Felicity Wigan and Geoffrey Shakerley, that's a celebration of Blighty's finest dogs, from Sir Tatton Sykes's bull terrier, Lambchop, to Sir John Wiggins' dachshund, Zola Budd. Of course, the doghouses these canines enjoy are some of England's finest stately homes, and half the fun is seeing photos of some pampered pooch cavorting on an antique couch. The price: \$27.50. Woof!



CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'

Hankering for a helicopter tour of L.A. at dusk, followed by a private rooftop candlelight dinner for two? Or is a catered cocktail party at 30,000 feet in a chartered L 1011 more your speed? Then contact Dreams Come True, an imaginative company at 2753 Glendower Avenue, Los Angeles 90027, that outtinsels Tinseltown with magical accomplishments previously left to the genie in Aladdin's lamp. Unlike the genie, however, Dreams Come True definitely isn't free.



NEXT MONTH



DONNA



PARTYERS



RACHEL



CHARITY

"HEEERE'S DONNA!"—MISS MILLS, WHO AS ABBY EWING IS THE WOMAN YOU LOVE TO HATE ON *KNOTS LANDING*, POSES FOR *PLAYBOY* AS YOU'LL NEVER SEE HER ON TELEVISION

"CHARITY BEGINS IN HOLLYWOOD"—A FRONT-LINE REPORT FROM THE WORTHY-CAUSE-ENDORSEMENT MEAT MARKET—BY **DICK ADLER**

PLUS: "WHO'S GOT WHAT"—A CHART THAT MATCHES THE STARS WITH THEIR AILMENTS OF CHOICE

"KOREA, INC."—IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF POLITICAL OPPRESSION, STUDENT UNREST AND SIX-DAY WORK WEEKS, THE AVERAGE KOREAN FACTORY WORKER MAINTAINS A PRODUCTIVITY THAT'S MAKING JAPAN VERY NERVOUS. IT SHOULD BE MAKING US NERVOUS, TOO—BY **ROBERT P. KEARNEY**

MAJOR GENERAL RICHARD V. SECORD—IS THE MAN WHO RAN THE IRAN/*CONTRA* OPERATION FOR OLLIE NORTH A PROFITEERING ROGUE OR A CAN-DO HERO? FROM WEST POINT TO VIETNAM TO IRAN TO CENTRAL AMERICA IN A BLISTERING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"IN LOVE WITH RACHEL"—THE WINNING ENTRY IN *PLAYBOY'S* SECOND ANNUAL COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST. IT'S THE STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN OBSESSED WITH THE STORYTELLER'S ART, BY BROWN UNIVERSITY'S **STEVEN PLOETZ**

"GIRLS OF THE PARTY CAMPUSES"—IS THIS A LOGICAL DEVELOPMENT, OR WHAT? WE FOUND THE SCHOOLS, NOW WE SHOWCASE THEIR BEAUTIES

"HONEYMOON FOR ONE"—SO THE WEDDING DIDN'T COME OFF. WHAT THE HECK—WHY CANCEL THE RESERVATIONS TO ITALY? AN ODDBALL ODYSSEY REPORTED BY **MERRILL SHINDLER**

"QUARTERLY REPORTS: BEHIND THE COUNTER"—A LOOK AT THE WORLD OF BROKERAGE, STOCK AND PAWN—BY **ANDREW TOBIAS**

PLUS: PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION GUIDE, PART ONE, BY HOLLIS WAYNE; "PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW," BY GARY COLE; THE TRANSFORMATION OF AN ORDINARY L-SHAPED ROOM INTO A DELUXE APARTMENT; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

It takes 400,000,000 years to make a Bourbon as good as Old Grand-Dad.

Once there was this huge inland sea. Part of it covered what's now Kentucky.

Then Mother Earth shrugged her geological shoulders, and what was seabed, rich in calcium and phosphates, became dry land.

Over the next few hundred million years, it all turned to limestone. Which brings us up to today and Old Grand-Dad.

You see, water that's trickled and seeped its way through limestone is the best water there is for making Bourbon.

And nowhere in America—not even Tennessee—is there better limestone for water to trickle and seep through than under the soil of Old Grand-Dad's home: Kentucky's legendary Bluegrass district.

It's what makes our Bourbon so great (and incidentally, our bluegrass so blue).



That's not to say you can't make a tolerable Bourbon if you're extra particular about the quality of the grains you use, like we are. You also have to make sure your new white-oak barrels are charred just so, like we do. And it certainly helps if your Bourbon-making skills have passed down through generations, like ours have.

But without our homegrown limestone water, you'll never ever match the choice, mellow taste that makes Old Grand-Dad the undisputed head of the Bourbon family.



Old Grand-Dad

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY



Marlboro



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

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

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

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