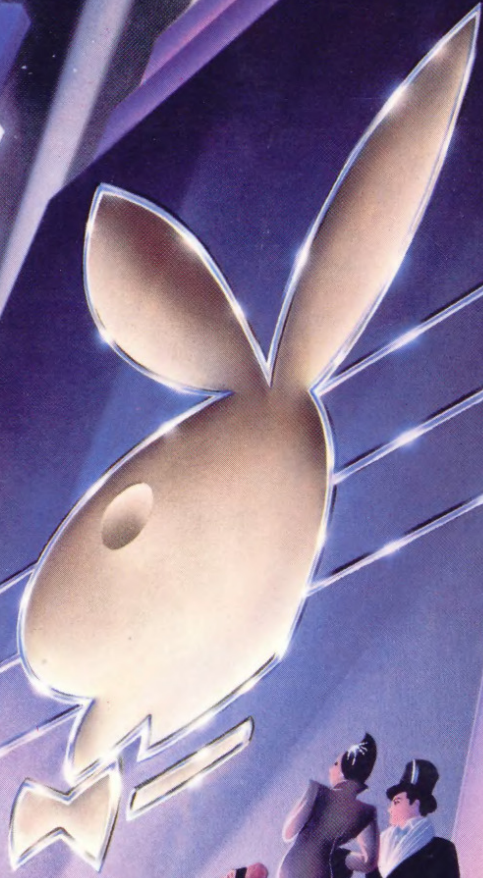


PLAYBOY

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HOLIDAY
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ISSUE





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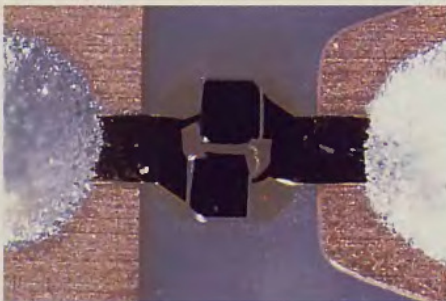


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Beam lead GaAs diode magnified 95x.

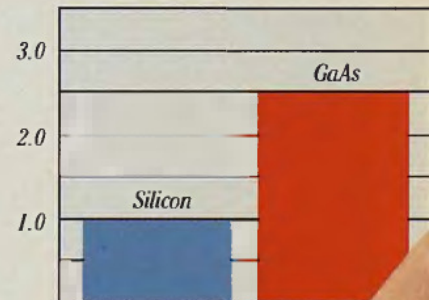
provides superior detection in all situations. Including those with less warning time than typical line-of-site occurrences. Like radar dispersed or deflected from around a corner. Or pulsed K Band signals.

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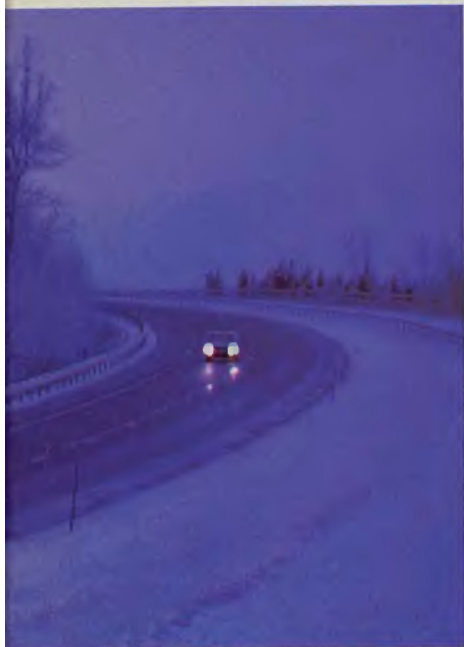
was an industry first. GaAs provides up to two and a half times more power in the intermediate frequency stage

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than that produced by silicon diodes, the industry standard (see diagram). The result? Long range reception for critical earlier warning. GaAs is the performance leader.

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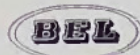
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HAPPY YOU-KNOW-WHAT. We have much to look forward to in 1988. Soon, the earth will cease to tremble with the shrill crash of falling Democrats. There are midseason network replacements, bowl games, elections, an entire new year of Playmates. Ah, but before we leap too precipitately ahead, let's take a look back. Remember the Sixties? Just about everyone has an opinion about that stormy blip on the time line that actually ended sometime in the Seventies. To keep the debate afire, we've recruited some celebrated writers for *The Sixties: A Reappraisal* (illustrated by Peter Max and Marshall Arisman). While screen- and short-story writer **Harlan Ellison**, who has been called the Lewis Carroll of the 20th Century, hails the era as one of enlightenment, former *Ramparts* editors **Peter Collier** and **David Horowitz** think that it was all a big mistake. They even blame the Sixties for the spread of AIDS. Maybe yes, maybe no; we do know that AIDS is a central fact of the present decade, and this month, in *Panic in the Sheets*, **Michael (The Andromeda Strain) Crichton** views the affliction both as a doctor and as a bachelor. He thinks the crisis is twofold—the horrors of the disease are coupled with the problems of a society that has trouble with intimacy.

In recent years, we've often enjoyed going around twice. You know—reruns. Wait long enough and the person or phenomenon reappears, just like the Sixties (or Chuck Berry or *The Honey-mooners* or diner food). Now, in *The (Hurrah!) Return of the Miniskirt*, one of our favorite authors, **Bruce Jay Friedman**—who was there the first time—happily salutes America's reclamation of that tiny treasure. Contributing Photographer **Army Freytag** and West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski** provided the, uh, leg-work on the accompanying pictorial. We get another look at a classic in *Krazy Kat* (illustrated by **Everett Peck**), an excerpt from **Jay Cantor's** upcoming book from Knopf. Here you'll really see what pops up when cartoon characters Krazy Kat and Ignatz Mouse discover sex. Gilding the fiction department this month are famed fantasist **Roald Dahl's** *The Surgeon* and distinguished master of short fiction **Andre Dubus' The Curse (illustrated by **Phyllis Bramson**). Weighty stuff, though no challenge to our brawny, brainy January *Playboy Interview* subject, **Arnold Schwarzenegger**, who reveals his hidden strengths to journalist **Joan Goodman**.**

Now's a good time of year to play catch-up, and here's how. Begin with *The Best*, our annual roundup of ultimates. For maximum *déjà vu*, peer into our annual *Playmate Review*. Read *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*, by Sports Editor **Gary Cole**, and you'll learn everything you need to get you through the 1988 season; you'll also meet **Shon Morris**, the winner of our first Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in basketball, given in honor of our late Sports Editor. If your passion is that other winter obsession, football, **Herbert B. Livesey**, in *Ten-Point Spread*, provides a game plan for hosting your own Super Bowl party. Then get a new perspective on the Russians' latest fad—*glasnost*—from **Andrew Tobias' Quarterly Report, Russki Business**. By the way, look for Tobias' new book, *The Only Other Investment Guide You'll Ever Need* (Simon & Schuster), plus a new version of his celebrated MECA software program *Managing Your Money*, both just out. Meanwhile, cartoonist **Rowland B. Wilson** makes money funny in *A Night at the Cash Machine*. For *20 Questions*, **Dick Lochte** talked with *L.A. Law's* peroxidized prosecutor, **Susan Dey**. **Max Headroom**, another hot TV property, gets into leather in the person of his alter ego, **Matt Frewer**, in *Max to the Max*, by Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne**. And we couldn't leave 1987 behind without a fond look at the PTL's **Jim Bakker** through the eyes of our very own *Little Annie Fanny*.

Our February 1983 cover girl, **Kim Basinger**, has moved on to startling success in films. Obviously, it's time to take another look at this screen dream, so we've done so in this month's steamy pictorial *Kim*. And allow us to introduce another Kim—our 1988 lead-off Playmate, **Kimberley Conrad**. From the looks of things, we're anticipating a pretty exciting new year. We're happy that you're along for the ride.



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vol. 35, no.1—january 1988

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COVER STORY The holidays are a time for puttin' on the ritz, so this month's cover is decked out with a painting by artist Robert Hoppe, a legend for his glamorous art-deco cityscapes. Hoppe's version of the high life, *Playboy* style, recalls the days of the *Ziegfeld Follies*, but his dramatic vision is timeless. If you can't find the Rabbit right away, we suggest you ask a friend to drive.

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HEF PUTS THE SQUEEZE ON "DREAM GIRLS"

That's Patti McGuire Connors on Hef's right and Sondra Theodore and Carrie Leigh on his left. What brought them all together was the most famous pajama party on the West Coast, Midsummer Night's Dream at Playboy Mansion West. Other well-known revelers included Michael J. Fox, Emilio Estevez, Christopher Penn, Shannon Tweed and Kiss's Gene Simmons.



BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS

October 1987 Playmate Brandi Brandt visited the TKE fraternity house at California State University at Chico, our number-one party school—and, as expected, she got one heck of a welcome. These guys are proud. Go, Chico!



DONNA BRINGS HER SPECIAL CHEER

Playmate of the Year Donna Edmondson visited patients at the Veterans Administration medical facility in Des Moines and caught some flak from a few prudish staffers. Said Donna, "I did what I wanted to do... What other people think, that's their right to feel that way." Then, with a smile, she went off to charm the vets and the rest of the staff.

BIG YUKS IN CHICAGO

Actress/comic Marsha Warfield headlined Playboy's Windy City Comedy Blow-Out, which was taped for The Playboy Channel. Warfield and a cast of hot young comics played it strictly for laughs. If you missed it, don't despair; they will run it again in 1988.



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KISSING COVERS

Your October cover, featuring the eminently kissable face of October Playmate Brandi Brandt, is delicious, particularly after the "sophisticated" but somewhat chilly August and September covers featuring Paulina Porizkova and Maryam d'Abo, respectively. A girl who looks like she wants to kiss is *always* a good subject for a *Playboy* cover, and I speak as a 20-year subscriber who's seen about 250 of them.

Nat Stein
New York, New York

GENERAL PRINCIPLES

In his *Playboy Interview* (October), Major General Richard Secord takes a number of shots at me concerning references to him in my book *Manhunt* about the activities, capture and conviction of the rogue CIA agent Edwin P. Wilson.

General Secord says that I had him by a pool at Wilson's Virginia estate, though, according to Secord, there was no pool. He reports a conversation with me in which he pointed this out and quotes me as telling him, "Oh, that was just cosmetic."

I want to apprise *Playboy* and, I trust, its readers that the conversation Secord conjured up never occurred. The reason is that I have never spoken with him in my life. Despite my best efforts, he refused to give me an interview.

(By the way, the pool at Wilson's not only was quite large and heated but boasted a waterfall.)

Secord laughs off his alleged connection with a freight-forwarding firm called EATSCO. He says that it is always "the recipient country's responsibility [in this case, Egypt's] to provide transportation" for military aid. But that's what made the incident so special. In this instance, the Pentagon had an absolute say in what company got the contract, since the U.S. Government had forked over *in advance* the cost of shipping arms to Egypt, upwards of \$70,000,000.

Secord also says that my description of

his retirement from active duty after the EATSCO affair was completely "inaccurate." But when this got to be a hot topic in public, Frank Carlucci, former Deputy Secretary of Defense, was quoted in an interview in *The New York Times* confirming my account.

Secord accuses me of using the Iran/*Contra* scandal as an opportunity to "market" *Manhunt*. The book, however, was published in April 1986 and was on the best-seller list of *The New York Times* months before any outsiders, including me, had ever heard of the Iran/*Contra* business.

Finally, Secord says that I "twisted around" his appearance at one of Wilson's trials and that he was actually testifying as a Government witness. The court transcript clearly shows, however, that he was summoned to the stand by the defense.

Possibly General Secord's most pressing need is for a good ophthalmologist, in more ways than one.

Peter Maas
New York, New York

As a Vietnam veteran and Army reservist, I can appreciate General Secord's many patriotic actions; but his comments concerning the freight-forwarding industry disturb me and warrant comment.

I am in the freight-forwarding business and have been for many years. In order to be an ocean-freight forwarder in the United States, a firm must be licensed by the Federal Maritime Commission. This organization, as well as the U.S. Customs Service, Department of Commerce and other branches of our Government, monitors the activities of firms such as my own to help ensure compliance with Federal laws governing the import or export of goods to and from our country. Commissions paid by steamship lines are published and are subject to audit by the FMC. Goods of high-tech capabilities or potential use in weapons systems require export licenses

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prior to shipment overseas, and these laws are obeyed every day by many honest exporters, freight forwarders and commercial carriers (both air and ocean).

As in any profession, there are people who can and will use their influence and/or personal contacts to make a profit in a dubious manner. The general may or may not have been involved with Edwin P. Wilson in his dealings with Libya, and his reported profits of \$8,000,000 on the sale of arms to Iran may or may not have been illegal. However, he should be reminded of the old saying "Tell me who you associate with and I will tell you what you are."

(By the way, our company is not another Air America; we just happen to like the name Pentagon.)

R. Michael Miller, Vice-President
and General Manager
Pentagon Freight Services, Inc.
Houston, Texas

OH, DONNA!

I know some readers will write to say that your pictorial on Donna Mills (*Oh, Donna!*, *Playboy*, October) isn't revealing enough, but as a longtime Donna Mills fan, I was delighted and relieved to see that she didn't reveal *everything*. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I prefer that some things be left to the imagination when I'm looking at a woman whose personality makes my blood hot. Donna showed just enough to drive me to distraction.

Gary Holmes
Boston, Massachusetts

CORRECTION

Our December issue pictures an extraordinary watch, the Pasha de Cartier, and lists the price as \$2400. Would that it were so. Add a zero, guys. We're awfully sorry.

HOMOPHOBIA VS. HETEROFOBIA

Hooray for Asa Baber's *Men* column "Hitler's Dream" (*Playboy*, October). I'm a gay man who subscribes to *Playboy* because I enjoy the magazine. I regret that more gay men won't be reading that column, because Baber makes some great points. There is a huge gap in communication between gay men and straight men, and the majority of the blame lies with straight men; but gay men could do an awful lot that they're not doing because of their own heterophobia. Heterophobia is just as harmful as homophobia. I have too many gay friends who are at a loss in a straight crowd. Maybe they're intimidated, but I think that's a cop-out. Have you ever tried to talk football in a gay bar? It's

not a happy experience. You just get blown off (no pun intended) by guys who think this is just your way of appearing *macho* and heterosexual. And God forbid I should have a copy of *Playboy* lying on my coffee table when I have gay friends over. They think I'm just not facing reality.

Straight men and gay men aren't really all that different (much to the dismay of both). We all have egos, hang-ups and fears. Thanks, Asa, for giving us food for thought.

(Name withheld by request)
Wichita, Kansas



Hitler's Dream

As a constituent of Congressman Barney Frank's, I take issue with Asa Baber's *Men* column in the October *Playboy*.

In an essay that purports to encourage a dialog between gay and straight males and condemns gay-bashing, Baber engages in a bit of gay-baiting himself.

I suspect that sour grapes over having his interview request rejected induced Baber to attack Congressman Frank and to conclude that Frank's refusal to speak with *Playboy* (which Baber equated with a refusal to open a dialog between gays and straights) could contribute to the return of fascist leadership (in response to the issue of AIDS).

It is my belief that Congressman Frank's personal activities are his own business. His refusal to be interviewed by *Playboy* doesn't mean that he's against open discussion between gay and straight males.

Straight people have no idea how hard or how isolated life is for gays in or out of the closet. Frank showed great courage in his announcement of something that really is none of our business, and that, by itself, is a step toward progress in gay-straight relations.

John Rosenfeld
Newton, Massachusetts

ALZHEIMER'S IS NO JOKE

I'm writing in regard to your *Party Joke* on Alzheimer's disease in the October issue. My husband and I found no humor in this joke and felt that it was in very poor taste.

My husband's father has this disease, and it has taken a toll on his entire family, especially his mother. Each day, we watch his father die slowly. I hope neither you nor anyone you care for ever suffers from Alzheimer's.

Mrs. Gerald T. Lane
King, North Carolina

We regret that some of our readers found the *Party Joke* offensive. Sometimes, in attempting to make light of deeply troubling situations, we inadvertently offend those who have a personal stake. Nothing, naturally, could be further from our intention.

MEN ON WOMEN

Cynthia Heimel's *Women* column "Courtship" (*Playboy*, October) points up the reason men are reluctant to bare their souls to their romantic partners. Men realize that what they say will quickly be shared with a half dozen other women. When women learn to be more discreet, then they can reasonably expect men to be more open and honest with them.

Paul Thiel
Crescent Springs, Kentucky

Cynthia Heimel's *Women* column in the September *Playboy*, titled "Men Who Love Too Little," is by far the best of her many good essays and raises some painful and honest questions.

Are men victims of our own supposed stoicism? Do we stay in destructive or castrating relationships because we don't realize or won't admit the amount of damage being done to us?

My only objection is to Heimel's title. I suspect that if the essay had been about women who have given up on romance, it would have borne a title such as "Women Who Have Been Hurt Too Much." Being wounded to the point of not finding the whole enterprise worth the trouble is, in fact, what we're talking about.

Scott Baltic
Chicago, Illinois

A NOTE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

Many of you wrote or called to complain that you received your November issue late. The volume of material involved in Jessica Hahn's story forced us to take extra time in the editing and research process. As a result, we were late delivering copy to our presses and to the bindery. We prize our subscribers and regret the delayed delivery of your copies. Please accept our apologies.

—The Editors



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*From our family to yours,
the happiest of holidays. And nights.*

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



YIKES: ACRONYMS

First there were Yuppies (young urban professionals), then Buppies (black urban professionals). Now there are OINKs (one income, no kids) and DINKs (double income, no kids). It appears that this cutesy acronymic stereotyping (CASTing) by Madison Avenue dolts (MADs) may never end. So we've expanded the concept to include even more demographic groups of the Eighties. Try these:

PINKs—private income, no kids; LINCk—low income, nine cats; NINKs—no income, nine kids; DUDs—demographically undesirable divorcees; PODs—punks on dope; YAMs—young assholes on mopeds; SLIFs—still living in the Fifties; SLITs—still living in the Sixties; SHITS—suburban heterosexuals in town to swing.

CANTs—corporate animals, no talent; SIMPs—sexually inactive male professionals; MIDGETS—mentally inferior divorced guys expecting terrific sex; TOADs—tennis-obsessed advanced-degree holders; RUGs—rich ugly guys; DRUGs—dumb rich ugly guys; SACs—Sixties acid casualties; SIPS—single-income pot smokers; DORKs—damned overpaid Republican know-it-alls; FDAs—former drug abusers; YANKs—young assholes, no kids; NERDs—nervous evangelicals, recently defrocked; S.O.B.—son of the boss; C.P.A.—car-phone asshole; WIGGs—women into gay guys; BICEPs—bisexual college-educated professionals; A.W.O.L.s—always working out at lunchtime; SLIMEs—single lawyers into money and exercise; RAMBOs—right-wingers afraid of Mexicans, blacks and Orientals.

FOREVER ELVIS

With the hoopla surrounding the tenth anniversary of Elvis' death, have you, like us, been wondering, But what has he done lately? Plenty, say an impressive number of Americans who claim to have been in contact with the departed king of rock 'n' roll. Judging from their reports in an eye-

opening tome titled *Elvis After Life*, by Raymond A. Moody, Jr., M.D., it would seem that in the ten years since his death, a busy Elvis has taken over a little boy's body, hitchhiked to Memphis to visit Momma and Daddy and helped an unmarried woman deliver her baby, among other achievements. Dr. Moody assesses each incident reported and often ascribes its cause to a rare medical condition. By book's end, however, he has decided that Elvis' spiritual visits are nothing but the reactions of restive fans who can't accept his death. Hmmm—we'd say that Elvis' record company would understand, given the vast number of Presley albums reissued since his death. Long live the king.

ELECTRICITY COSTS LESS TODAY

Tony Schwartz writes in *Media Industry Newsletter*, "While walking down a busy New York City sidewalk, I came upon a lamppost with its base plate removed. In front of the lamppost was a TV set plugged into the base of the lamp. Three homeless people sat around the set on old



discarded chairs, watching the program intently." What was the viewers' programming choice? *Dallas*.

"WELL . . ."

We hear that a video store in Los Angeles is selling, for \$7.95, a 60-minute video tape titled *The Wit and Wisdom of Ronald Reagan*. It's blank.

ONE BUMPER . . .

A reader spotted this bumper-sticker slogan amid a paralyzed Houston traffic jam: I'D RATHER BE DRIVING.

. . . TO ANOTHER

And in West Germany, therapists and nurses have united to form motorcycle teams of traffic-jam advisors. When motorists trapped in traffic jams begin to panic, the volunteers appear at their side to measure blood pressure, take their pulse and provide a few words of comfort. Now, if only these Mother Teresas of the highway could go to work in L.A.—where drivers are not only dangerous but armed.

LOVE STORY

Chicago Bear Steve McMichael is rightfully proud of his wife, Debra, the current Mrs. Illinois. So, when Mrs. McMichael lost the Mrs. America pageant, her most loyal fan minced no words. "They picked girls I wouldn't pick up in a bar if I were single," grouched the defensive tackle, who suggested that the judges of the pageant "take five drinks and vote." Thanks, Steve; now we know that chivalry is not dead, but it's probably not judging beauty contests, either.

LOVE STORY II

Since one of the Eighties' most popular fads is pregnancy, here's a new twist on the subject: Women over 40 are more likely to give birth to healthy babies than are women of 25, says Park Avenue gynecologist Dr. Niels Lauerson in *Sexuality*

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I hate to say it about such an agreeable man, but it was sinful that Ronald Reagan ever became President. But . . . let me give him his due: He would have made a hell of a king."—Tip O'Neill, in *Man of the House*.

PLASTIC MONEY

Average amount charged by Americans per month on credit cards: \$115.

Total consumer credit-card debt in the United States: 591.3 billion dollars.

Number of automatic-teller machines (A.T.M.s) in the United States: more than 68,000.

Percentage of banks that use A.T.M.s: 80.

Total number of bank cards issued to operate A.T.M.s: 157,000,000.

Percentage of American cardholders who actually use A.T.M.s: 33.

Total amount of money the latest-model A.T.M. can hold: \$258,000.

Percentage of the time an A.T.M. is out of order: five.

Average cost to the bank of each A.T.M. transaction: 66 cents.

Average cost to the bank of each teller transaction: 90 cents to \$1.20.

THE PITS

Percentage of pit-bull terriers in the United States' dog population: two.

Number of people killed by dog bites since 1983: 28.

Number of deaths for which pit bulls



FACT OF THE MONTH

If Barbie doll's proportions were applied to a real woman, her measurements would be 39-21-33.

were responsible: 20

Kinds of dogs that bite people more often than pit bulls: German shepherds, Labrador retrievers and mongrels.

Breeds of dogs whose bites are worse than pit bulls': chows, cocker spaniels, German shepherds and Rottweilers.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

Average hourly pay in 1956 (in 1986 dollars): \$6.80; in 1986, \$8.80.

Length of time one had to work in

order to:

Buy a man's suit in 1956, 67 hours; in 1986, 30 hours.

Pay for annual car insurance in 1956, 33.6 hours; in 1986, 50.3 hours.

Buy a six-pack of beer in 1956, 39 minutes; in 1986, 21 minutes.

Get a haircut at a barbershop in 1956, 46 minutes; in 1986, 39 minutes.

BRIEF IMBALANCE

Number of lawyers per 100,000 people in the U.S., 279; in Japan, 11.

Number of lawsuits filed annually in the U.S., 13,200,000; in Japan, 362,000.

BIG MONEY

Top-earning entertainers in U.S. in 1987: male, Bill Cosby (\$57,000,000); female, Madonna (\$26,000,000).

Highest-paid U.S. employee in 1986: Lee Iacocca, Chrysler Corporation, \$23,600,000 (includes salary, bonus, stock and stock options).

Top price for paperback rights to a first novel: \$3,000,000 for Scott Turow's *Presumed Innocent* (Warner).

Today. More *Big Chill*-generation brava-do? Nope; it turns out that older women take better care of themselves, are better read, want their babies more and generally receive more thorough prenatal testing because of their age.

PARTY, PARTY

The rage these days in L.A.—at least for some phone freaks—is the party line. Party lines are advertised in some of the town's racier tabloids as well as in the classified section of the more sedate *L.A. Times*. The way it works is that you call a 976 number and for a two-dollar fee (plus tolls) are hooked up to a conference line for about three minutes. Supposedly, the good times just roll: hot dates, lustful chatter, you name it. Well, we called one of the town's more torrid party lines one Saturday night, and guess what? It ain't no party.

It's more like group therapy for three, four or five horny guys looking for dates. There were Tom, a supposed rock musician from the Valley, and Tony, a sailor who was a bit drunk and said he was from Australia, and Howard, a guy from Richmond, Virginia, who should have been drunk.

Presiding over the lively group was a 39-year-old woman who said her name was Teri. Teri screens the calls and serves as a kind of *ad hoc* shrink. "Hi, how ya doing?" she coos. "You have a real nice voice." Teri says she's worked for the party line for five months, several times a week for eight-hour shifts (she wouldn't tell us her hourly salary).

"More women are calling, but I'd say that boys outnumber girls ten to one," Teri giggled. "There are a lot of horny dogs out there.

"On busy nights, we get 200 to 300 calls. I've had people call five to seven hours at a time. The compulsion is pretty amazing. Some people are just lonely and some just have money to spend."

Teri says that a few customers have found dates through the party line. ("It's better than meeting somebody in a bar," she boasts.) We asked her what was the biggest bill that anybody had run up.

Four thousand dollars.

What?

"He's a businessman who travels a lot. I guess he's lonely."

It was time to hang up.

THE WEIRD, THE WONDERFUL

A 340-pound convicted killer, executed in Georgia after a last meal that included a half gallon of black-cherry ice cream, cursed the chairman of the pardons-and-paroles board, which had rejected his bid for clemency: "Wayne Snow said I had no redeeming qualities. The only thing I have to say to Wayne Snow is, 'Kiss my ass.'" We thought consistency was at least somewhat redeeming. Oh, well.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE PROBLEM in any fair appraisal of *Gaby*—**A True Story** (Tri-Star) is describing this unique and unforgettable film experience without making moviegoers run the other way. While director Luis Mandoki's subject is Gabriela Brimmer, a successful author and lifelong victim of cerebral palsy, now 40ish and living in Mexico, *Gaby* is no disease-of-the-week TV tearjerker. Liv Ullmann and Robert Loggia, both excellent as the heroine's Jewish-immigrant parents, are ultimately overshadowed by Argentine actress Norma Aleandro, as the loyal and perceptive family maid, Florencia. It is her devotion that saves the speechless, uncontrollable child from institutionalized oblivion. Aleandro is great; ditto Rachel Levin, infusing the grown-up Gaby with astonishing force and feeling. She is a fierce young woman who will not give up her fight to be as well educated, self-sufficient and whole as any "normal" person. In one wrenching scene, Gaby and her best friend from a school for the handicapped, a sensitive boy named Fernando (Lawrence Monoson), struggle out of their clothes and out of their wheelchairs to make love on the floor—a moment of need so poignant that Gaby's mother (Ullmann), discovering them, simply sucks in her breath and steals away. It's almost a shock to learn after the lights come up that both Levin and Monoson are actors simulating the physical and emotional anguish of palsy. They, like all their colleagues, perform at a level of conviction that lifts *Gaby* above bathos into orbit with such inspirational movie classics as *The Miracle Worker*. ★★★½

In tandem with *Jean de Florette*, released last summer, *Manon of the Spring* (Orion Classics) brings French writer-director Claude Berri's two-part masterpiece to a powerful and dramatically satisfying conclusion. However, do not see *Manon* before experiencing *Jean*, which revives the grand classic tradition of French cinema with a hypnotic story of greed, fate and human folly in rural Provence. In both films, Yves Montand and Daniel Auteuil give biting, bone-deep performances as the dreadful Soubeyrans, uncle and nephew, who have driven the gentle hunchback Jean de Florette (Gérard Depardieu) to his death by maliciously capping a well on his parched farm. *Manon* begins with Jean's daughter (played by Emmanuelle Béart, a breath-taking blonde wraith) as a fey shepherdess, cheated of her rightful inheritance, who wreaks a perfect vengeance on the Soubeyrans and other mean-spirited neighbors. Berri's compelling adaptation of a novel by Marcel Pagnol is exquisite old-fashioned, back-to-basics drama for audiences hungry to wallow in the kind of



Gaby's Ullmann, Aleandro.

Gérard Depardieu in a new masterpiece; more British drollery from Stephen Frears.

movie they just don't make anymore. When they do, it takes two, but the cumulative effect is devastating. Join the lines. ★★★★★

An idealistic assistant D.A. (Michael Biehn) is assigned to prosecute a demented, sadistic serial killer (Alex McArthur) in *Rampage* (De Laurentiis). The attorney's double challenge is to overcome his personal opposition to capital punishment and to demand the death penalty by proving the sanity of a defendant he clearly believes to be raving mad. Writer-director William Friedkin complicates this somewhat schematic, talky drama about the pros and cons of an insanity plea by introducing a subplot about the public defender's troubled marriage and the tragic death of his own child. *Rampage* works best on the gut level that Friedkin understands well, with promising newcomer McArthur (he was the lusty hunk in Madonna's *Papa Don't Preach* video) at the center of a socko thriller using wanton murder and hideous mutilation to make an audience squirm. Squirm you will—and maybe sneak out for popcorn during the lengthy courtroom debates. ★★

Being born again is the theme of *Made in Heaven* (Lorimar), a somewhat precious romantic comedy co-starring Kelly McGillis and Timothy Hutton. Following his accidental death, they actually meet in paradise and fall in love, but she's an unassigned soul who's got a whole new life

on earth ahead of her, see? So *he* pleads to be reincarnated as another person, who will have to take his chances on finding and recognizing the girl of his dreams. Well, now, how do you suppose this made-in-heaven match turns out? Fortunately, McGillis and Hutton are a charismatic pair, and director Alan Rudolph gives some edge to a tale that could easily have become more cloying than charming. All hands wind up on safe ground with a mild, palatable entertainment that probably sounds like hell in summary. ★★★½

Sexual content is overwhelmed by social comment in *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid* (Cinecom), a diffuse late bulletin on the status quo in Britain from director Stephen Frears (*My Beautiful Laundrette* and *Prick Up Your Ears* were his previous black comedies). Frears is a find among film makers, for sure; yet *Sammy and Rosie* lacks the improvisational cheekiness of *Laundrette*, his earlier collaboration with writer Hanif Kureishi. We're back again on the seamy side of London, where Sammy, a young Pakistani accountant (Ayub Khan Din), and his wife, Rosie (Frances Barber), are enjoying a punk-bohemian existence when his father (Shashi Kapoor) returns from the old country. Turns out that Dad was an infamous political tyrant back home, now haunted by his past but horrified by the tawdry London scene. Race riots, revolution and general malaise are the backdrop for an assured but cynical sex comedy that sends Sammy and Rosie philandering with random partners while Sammy's father beds the old flame (Claire Bloom) he abandoned during his quest for power. The real subject here is the sad decline of damn near everything. Asked "Why do you live in this country?" Sammy's favorite extramarital lay tersely replies, "It's so photogenic." So is the movie, though Frears keeps his doggedly witty characters talking so much about society's ills that their fun and games in bed seem almost parenthetical. ★★★½

Something alien is getting into people in *The Hidden* (New Line), a shocker with a nice twist or two. Michael Nouri plays an L.A. detective, resisting the assistance of Kyle MacLachlan as a strange being who claims to be with the FBI but probably isn't. Director Jack Sholder shows his mastery of the chase while running down clues in an eerily concocted case—all about a malevolent presence taking over the bodies of businessmen, of cops, even that of a voluptuous stripper (Claudia Christian). This spook show is mostly ham on wry, with a minimum of stomach-churning special effects. ★★

In *Weeds* (De Laurentiis), Nick Nolte has the kind of man-sized part he's been

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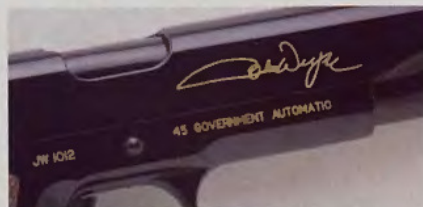
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needing to test and burnish his talent. That title, nought to do with a bumper crop of marijuana, refers to society's outcasts as weeds nurtured on drugs, crime and antisocial instincts. Nolte is both tough and vulnerable as Lee Umstetter, at first a semiliterate, suicidal convict sentenced to life in San Quentin, who eventually wins his freedom by writing and performing with fellow prisoners in a play he has cribbed from Jean Genet and Saul Bellow. Although fictional, Nolte's character was inspired by writer-actor and ex-con Rick Cluchey, whose own redemption through dramatizing penitentiary life gives a wallop of home truth to *Weeds*. The screenplay, by director John Hancock and his wife, Dorothy Tristan, occasionally strays into the realm of let's-get-together-and-put-on-a-show clichés, but pure savvy and ballsy black humor make it work. Nolte's ex-con entrepreneur is freed through the efforts of a San Francisco journalist (Rita Taggart, exuding womanly warmth) on the "food and drama" beat. He then recruits a former pimp, a flasher, sundry thieves and miscreants to take his play on tour, with jailbird groupies latching on from town to town. The troupe earns national prominence after one performance for restive prisoners incites a riot. In Nolte's ace supporting cast, John Toles-Bey is a real discovery as Navarro, a pimp turned actor, with a super mob of second bananas headed by Joe Mantegna, Mark Rolston, Ernie Hudson, Bill Forsythe and J. J. Johnson (himself a reformed felon). Rank this wayward *Weeds* one-of-a-kind, rowdy gutter poetry that rattles the bars like no prison drama in a long, long time. ★★★

Made in 1979 and long delayed by legal wrangling, *Absolution* (Trans World) stars the late Richard Burton at his brilliant best in a suspense drama about a schoolmaster priest driven to madness and murder by two malicious students. Dominic Guard and Dai Bradley play the cunning teenagers who exploit the priest's latent homosexual guilt in order to destroy him. Playwright Anthony (Sleuth) Shaffer's wickedly irreverent screenplay, directed by Anthony Page, depicts the awful results of rigid discipline and sexual repression in a British boys' school, though the story is reportedly based on an incident that occurred in Germany. Heavily atmospheric, *Absolution* plays like a cold, wet weekend in the country, warmed up by Burton's performance as a tortured churchman whose faith turns to ashes. ★★★

It would be hard to improve on Bastards as the name of a smart London restaurant with a chic and trendy clientele. That's the most inspired joke to be found anywhere in *Eat the Rich* (New Line), an act



Nolte, Johnson doing showtime in *Weeds*.

Richard Burton in his final triumph;
Nick Nolte in jail; Brian Dennehy
Bellys up in Rome.

of cinematic terrorism devised by some British wags who first transformed the low-jinks of a punk comedy troupe called The Comic Strip into a hit TV show. This group is conscientiously outrageous but, unlike Monty Python, demonstrates that it's possible to be very far out without being especially funny. The plot concerns a gang of anarchists who kill all the customers at Bastards—where baby panda is a specialty—and reopen with a menu featuring human flesh. "Good grief, these people are eating their way through the jet set," someone observes. That's the next-best gag in a heap of Comic Strip humor that seems to have gotten its dialog balloons deflated while crossing the Atlantic. ♪

If there were a booby prize for the best actor shackled to a bad movie, my vote would go to Brian Dennehy in *The Belly of an Architect* (Hemdale). He's literally belly up and bare-bellied as a celebrated architect, preparing an arty exhibition in Rome and dying of stomach cancer while his blowzy, pregnant wife (Chloë Webb) makes out with an obnoxious colleague (Lambert Wilson). *Belly* scores only as a guided tour of some spectacular Roman monuments. The dialog, highbrow to a fault, makes an earthy performer like Dennehy look like Sisyphus pushing stones uphill. Push comes to shove with Webb and Wilson, who simply let *their* lines go thud. Let's exonerate the cast, though, since writer-director Peter Greenaway assumes full credit for a fiasco to match one of the sappiest film titles of all time. ♪

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Absolution** (See review) Cheers for Richard Burton's last hurrah. ★★★
- Barfly** (Reviewed 12/87) Dunaway and Rourke good to the last drop. ★★★
- The Belly of an Architect** (See review) Not a gas, just badly bloated. ♪
- Cry Freedom** (12/87) A timely, true and enthralling escape drama set in South Africa—with Kevin Kline. ★★★★★
- Dancers** (12/87) Saved by Baryshnikov and a dynamic filmed *Giselle*. ★★★½
- Dark Eyes** (12/87) Bittersweet romance with Mastroianni at his best. ★★★
- Eat the Rich** (See review) Slim pick-in' compared with a Monty Python rerun. ♪
- Fatal Attraction** (12/87) A Close encounter to give you goose bumps. ★★★
- Full Metal Jacket** (10/87) The Vietnam fiasco according to Kubrick. ★★★
- Gaby—A True Story** (See review) OK, get out your handkerchiefs. ★★★½
- The Hidden** (See review) No body knows the trouble it's gonna see. ★★
- Hope and Glory** (11/87) Boorman looks back at Britain in the blitz. ★★★★★
- House of Games** (11/87) A classic scam, deftly written but oddly misdirected by playwright David Mamet. ★★
- Jean de Florette** (8/87) and **Manon of the Spring** (See review) Matched up, an authentic French masterwork. ★★★★★
- Made in Heaven** (See review) McGillis meets Hutton for soul mating. ★★★½
- Maurice** (11/87) Exquisite closet drama from E. M. Forster novel about being young and gay in jolly England. ★★★
- Orphans** (11/87) Albert Finney's tour-de-force performance sets the tone of a hypnotic play, fine on film. ★★★★★
- The Princess Bride** (12/87) Fairy-tale fun concocted by Rob Reiner. ★★★★★
- Rampage** (See review) Psycho killer cops an insanity plea. Chilling. ★★
- Sammy and Rosie Get Laid** (See review) After 1001 words of foreplay. ★★★½
- Shy People** (12/87) Except for Barbara Hershey, bad news from the bayou. ♪
- Siesta** (12/87) Nap time, on a glum holiday in Spain with Ellen Barkin. ♪
- Slam Dance** (11/87) Bad girl's murder brings Hulce down to headquarters. ★★
- Someone to Watch over Me** (Listed only) Quiet cop meets woman in jeopardy. ★★
- Stacking** (11/87) Christine Lahti, in the field for another haymaker. ★★
- Weeds** (See review) Nolte in the jug with jailbirds taking bows. ★★★★★
- The Whales of August** (12/87) Senior-citizen stars Gish and Davis, alive and well and still spouting. ★★★½

★★★★★ Outstanding

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

MUSIC

DAVE MARSH

CONCEIVED OF by Jimmy Iovine's wife, Playmate Vicki McCarty, as a fund raiser for Special Olympics International, **A Very Special Christmas** (A&M) is the best rock-'n'-roll Christmas album since Phil Spector's 1963 *A Christmas Gift to You*. Producer Iovine (who has worked as a Spector engineer) assembled an all-star cast and deployed it to maximum advantage. Not only are the performers perfectly matched to the material but there's a unity to the entire LP, epitomized by the nervy juxtaposition of Whitney Houston's easeful Gospel on *Do You Hear What I Hear* with Bruce Springsteen's struggling soulfulness on *Merry Christmas Baby*.

Mostly, this is a batch of superstars having fun: The Pointer Sisters romp through *Santa Claus Is Coming to Town*; Chrissie Hynde and John Mellencamp put their kids to work on *Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas* and *I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus*; Bryan Adams blasts Chuck Berry's *Run Rudolph Run*. But at the top of side two, the record takes a creative leap with the only original number on the album: *Christmas in Hollis*, a seasonal fable by Run-DMC. It's followed by U2's *Christmas (Baby Please Come Home)*, which manages to do something special with a Darlene Love masterpiece by adding one of the Edge's greatest guitar parts ever. Madonna's *Santa Baby* rests on a brilliantly parodistic Fifties arrangement that so perfectly conforms to the cartoon version of her image that you'd never know that the tune was once a hit for Eartha Kitt. Bon Jovi performs an all-but-unrecognizable version of Clarence Carter's lascivious Sixties soul novelty *Back Door Santa*, and Stevie Nicks ends the LP with an extended folkish *Silent Night* (Robbie Nevil fills in the Lindsey Buckingham bits) that sounds as if she's finally found the song she was born to sing. If I were you, I'd spring for the CD—it won't wear out and you'll be listening to this every Christmas from now on.

VIC GARBARINI

Mick Jagger has been projecting the darker *Midnight Rambler*/*Jumpin' Jack Flash* side of his persona for so many years now that the shift to a more vulnerable, sensitive Mick evidenced on his second solo album, *Primitive Cool* (Columbia), rings a bit hollow. It's not that you doubt his sincerity as he confesses his doubts, fears and hopes about relationships, aging and the arms race. But he hasn't figured out yet how to project his dynamic energy through the good Mick. Musically, those "nasty," scrappy Stones rhythms have been replaced by Jeff Beck and G. E. Smith's big, fat Bon Jovi-style power



Music by Iovine; concept by McCarty.

Superstars check in with mistletoe and rock 'n' roll.

chords—radio-ready and safe as milk. In fact, *Primitive Cool* reminds me of that *Star Trek* episode in which Captain Kirk, having been cloned into his good and evil selves by a transporter malfunction, realizes that rather than ignore or suppress his dark side, he must confront and transform those confused energies in order to become whole. Musically and lyrically, Jagger comes closest to integrating his past and present on the funky *Peace for the Wicked*. Let's hope it's also an indication of where he's headed in the future.

NELSON GEORGE

You'd think that with their platinum albums and sold-out concerts, Randy Owens and the three other members of Alabama would be happy-go-lucky guys. Since its debut in 1980, this quartet has introduced the self-contained-band concept to country and has helped soften the redneck image of its home state in the eyes of many Northerners. But so many of the songs on *Just Us* (RCA) are laced with a conservative nostalgia that suggests a basic unhappiness. *Old Man*, (*I Wish It Could Be*) '55, *Tar Top* and *I Saw a Time* all look back, with glassy eyes, at a people and time that, by implication, were better than today. *I Saw a Time* is a particularly blunt and decidedly dour catalog of lost American values (e.g., "I saw a time when every baby that was born was wanted") that, unfortunately, never existed and never will.

While Alabama's lyrical revisionism is overdone, the band displays a tasteful musical unity that should break down the barriers that have blocked it from the pop market. *You're My Explanation for Living* and '55 show the band's flexibility within a rock-'n'-roll setting, while the album's best song, *Face to Face*, is as much pop-folk as country ballad. *Face to Face* is one of those ultramelodic adult contemporary sounds that most critics hate but that I must admit I enjoy. Now, if only Alabama would lighten up a bit.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Sting has never hesitated to take on the big issues; nor has he been reluctant to take on the small issues. . . . *Nothing Like the Sun* (A&M) is well within the Sting tradition, dealing as it does with everything from international politics to very personal nightmares. The title is taken from a sonnet

GUEST SHOT



JOHN WAITE, the kinetic voice behind such hits as "Change," "Missing You" and "Active Love," recently released his fourth solo LP, "Rover's Return." Since British musicians seem to know more about American black music than Americans do, we asked Waite to evaluate Michael Jackson's soul monster "Bad."

"To answer the obvious question first—yes, *Bad* is very similar to *Thriller*. The title track, for instance, is reminiscent of *Beat It*. The strength of *Bad* is really in the groove—lots of over-the-top percussion. And, on *Dirty Diana*, instead of having Eddie Van Halen play the killer guitar solo, it's Steve Stevens, from Billy Idol's band. In a way, Michael's voice is used as a rhythm instrument. I admire him tremendously as a vocalist. He sings a lot at the top of his range on this album. On *Liberian Girl*, a really beautiful cut, he sounds as if he's in mid-orgasm. On *Speed Demon*, the background vocals are definitely Beatlesque. *Bad* is filled with cool little details like that. It's a jigsaw puzzle, and Michael's voice makes it come together."

FAST TRACKS

R

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Alabama <i>Just Us</i>	2	5	7	4	5
A Very Special Christmas	8	8	8	9	7
Michael Jackson <i>Bad</i>	7	7	8	6	7
Mick Jagger <i>Primitive Cool</i>	4	6	5	4	6
Sting ... <i>Nothing Like the Sun</i>	5	9	7	4	7

REELING AND ROCKING: Poison contributed to the sound track of *Less than Zero*. . . . Chris Isaak will appear in Jonathan Demme's film *Married to the Mob*, starring Michelle Pfeiffer. . . . Although Ron Howard has been mentioned as a possible director for the movie about the Doors, Ray Manzarek wants Stanley Kubrick. As to the burning question Who can play Jim Morrison? Manzarek says, "I think the important thing is not so much a Jim Morrison look-alike as the sense of danger in the eyes." . . . We hear that Diane Keaton is interested in producing a remake of *The Blue Angel*, with Madonna playing the Marlene Dietrich role. . . . Roy Orbison teamed up with K. D. Lang to record songs for a Dino De Laurentiis film starring Jon Cryer. Lang makes terrific music. . . . Kris Kristofferson is shooting an HBO movie called *Dead or Alive*. . . . Director Penelope Spheeris is working on *The Decline of Western Civilization: The Metal Years*.

NEWSBREAKS: Rock stars are contributing to an album of songs from Disney movies. You'll hear Ringo singing *When You Wish upon a Star* and Harry Nilsson doing *Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah*. Also performing: Los Lobos and Tom Waits. . . . Rhino Records is developing a late-night rock show for ABC, described as a "hip Mickey Mouse Club for a much older audience" . . . and in related news, we hear that CBS is talking with hot d.j. Rick Dees about doing the same thing for it. . . . Prince, who has postponed his U.S. tour, is waiting to see how his music/documentary film *Sign 'O' the Times* does in the theaters. If it goes really big, he'll tour. . . . News flash: Sting does *not* rule out a Police reunion. . . . Look for upcoming albums from Santana (a reunion), Boz Scaggs, Crowded House, Glenn Frey, Jimmy Buffett, B. B. King, New Edition, the Four Tops, Patti

Smith, Jermaine Jackson, Brian Setzer, Rick Springfield and the Bangles. . . . CD prices are expected to drop after the Christmas holidays. . . . If the theme music for *Max Headroom* seems familiar, that's because former Tangerine Dream member Michael Hoernig wrote it and performs it weekly. . . . Jim Kerr of Simple Minds and Johnny Marr, formerly of the Smiths, are helping Paul McCartney out with his new album. . . . The next Los Lobos album will be more upbeat, according to drummer Louie Perez. "The songs we're writing now have more of an early-American, hillbilly kind of flavor." . . . American performers Whitney Houston, Liza Minnelli, Art Garfunkel, Amy Grant and Huey Lewis will sing for Prince Charles and Princess Di at the London Palladium. Also on the bill, Elton John and Phil Collins. . . . Warren Zevon will rock in your city. See him. . . . Also—hang on—Pink Floyd plans to break up its American tour, go to the Far East, then return to finish up the U.S. . . . Ted Nugent is sitting in with the likes of Heart and Bon Jovi while completing his next album. . . . Just as Miami Vice has done, *Private Eye* will use a lot of rock stars in acting roles and on the sound track. . . . Virgin Records' new Swedish group Lolita Pop got its name from Lolita Pornography, an X-rated moviehouse down the street from its rehearsal hall.

RANDOM RUMOR: Finally, the Beastie Boys are denying reports that the 21-foot hydraulic phallus they use to decorate the stage at their shows is for sale. Manager Bill Adler says, "We're going to hold on to it for . . . posterity, as a kind of memento." The Beasties plan to rest up, then work on a new movie called *Scared Stupid* and cut a new album. Meanwhile, the penis is in storage in a New York suburb. Ain't showbiz grand?
—BARBARA NELLIS

("My mistress' eyes are . . .") in which Shakespeare expresses love for his significant other despite or because of her flaws, and Sting throughout this two-record set wrestles with his own feelings toward females. Typically, the pop single *We'll Be Together* is the least interesting. But be not put off by what you first hear. The best stuff is too long, too thoughtful and often too mournful for most radio formats—*They Dance Alone* concerns the widows and mothers of murdered political prisoners in Chile. Nonformatted-jazz and -rock fans, however, should find much to their liking here.

This being the Christmas season, I have a recommendation to anyone with younger listeners on his gift list. Windham Hill has issued a wonderful series of album-length fairy tales with instrumental accompaniment. My personal fave is Meryl Streep reading *The Velveteen Rabbit*, with piano by George Winston. I also dig Jack Nicholson's narration of *The Elephant's Child*, which provides a humorous introduction to African-influenced music by Bobby McFerrin. The most enjoyable aspect of these records is that unlike the morons who expurgate school texts, the Windham Hill people understand that children love an occasional big word with a mellifluous sound. It's just plain fun to hear Nicholson say "insatiable curiosity," even if you have to ask Mommy what it means.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

The special CBS aired to celebrate (surely not to sell) its record affiliate's star 1987 offering, Michael Jackson's *Bad* (Epic), made the mistake of filming Michael next to his Madame Tussaud dummy. I'm not going to judge who was more alive, but the comparison was disquieting. Michael's latest date with the plastic surgeon has left him resembling one of the zombies in the *Thriller* video, and while *Bad* isn't as bad (conventional meaning) as that, it definitely ain't bad (black-English meaning), either.

Yes, pop fans should enjoy Michael's new music. The electronic groove this rhythmic genius constructs is a muscular improvement on the black-pop standard set by producers Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis for sister Janet (try *The Way You Make Me Feel* or the CD-only *Leave Me Alone*). His vivid vocal signature has matured—the gulps and shrieks are less mannered, the basic attack more soulful. And there's none of the cutesy goop that made *Thriller* such a jagged milestone.

But it wasn't 38,000,000 pop fans who bought *Thriller*—there aren't that many. It was 38,000,000 citizens of the world, and *Bad* won't do it for them. It's got no can't-miss extras, no musical master strokes like *Beat It* or *Billie Jean*. And while words aren't supposed to matter, the lyrics—about fear of groupies, crime, cops, the man in the mirror—aren't going to dispel the widespread suspicion that this man is really Howard Hughes.

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The Who: Who's Next • Won't Get Fooled Again, Baba O'Riley, Behind Blue Eyes, etc. MCA 170350

Vivaldi, The Four Seasons • Pinnock English Concert. Archiv DIGITAL 115356

Anita Baker: Rapture • Sweet Love, Caught Up In The Rapture, Some Ole Love, You Bring Me Joy, more. Elektra 173404

Peter Gabriel: So • Sledgehammer, Big Time, In Your Eyes, Red Rain, etc. Geffen 114764

GRP Live In Session • Mountain Oance, St. Elsewhere, Oasis, The Rit Variations, etc. GRP DIGITAL 134459

Dwight Yoakam: Hillbilly Deluxe • Little Ways, Little Sister, Smoke Along The Track, Johnson's Love, etc. Reprise 164146

Paul Simon: Graceland • You Can Call Me Al, The Boy In The Bubble, Diamonds On The Soles Of Her Shoes, etc. Warner Bros 172315

Alabama: Greatest Hits • She And I, Why Lately Why, Feels So Right, etc. RCA 120247

Previn: Gershwin • Rhapsody In Blue, Concerto In F, more. Philips DIGITAL 115437

Eagles: Gt. Hits, Vol. 1 • Take It To The Limit, One Of These Nights, Take It Easy, others. Asylum 123481



The Duke Ellington Orchestra: Digital Duke 163356

Beethoven, Symphony No. 9 • M. Price, Home, Vickers, Salminen. N.Y. Choral Artists; New York Philharmonic/Mehta. RCA DIGITAL 143720

Don Henley: Building The Perfect Beast
The Boys Of Summer, All She Wants To Do Is Dance, Sunset Grill, etc. Geffen 150129

Jascha Hefetz: Beethoven & Brahms, Violin Concertos • Classic performances, recommended by The New York Times! RCA 154208

Steve Winwood: Back In The High Life
Higher Love, more. Island 153271

Randy Travis: Always And Forever
Forever And Ever Amen, Too Gone Too Long, more. Warner Bros. 163917

Wagner, Orchestral Highlights From Wagner's Ring • Vienna Philharmonic/Solti. Ride Of The Valkyries, others. London DIGITAL 115426

Mr. Mister: Go On • Something Real (Inside Me/Inside You), The Border, Stand And Deliver, etc. RCA 144127

Pat Metheny & Ornette Coleman: Song X
Fusion guitar master and legendary saxophonist on jazz. tour de force. Geffen DIGITAL 151992

Led Zeppelin IV (Runes) • Stairway To Heaven, Rock & Roll, Black Dog, Misty Mountain Hop, others. Atlantic 112014

Heart: Bad Animals • Alone, Who Will You Run To, etc. Capitol 153552

Strauss, Waltzes • Chicago Symphony/Reiner. Blue Danube, Artists' Life, Roses From The South, 7 more. RCA 104863

Charlie Parker & Dizzy Gillespie: Bird & Diz • Leap Frog, My Melancholy Baby, Mowhawk, Relaxin' With Lee, etc. GRP DIGITAL 173413

Bryan Adams: Into The Fire • Heat Of The Night, title song, more. A&M 153919



Whitney Houston: Whitney 152854

Huey Lewis & The News: Fore! • Hip To Be Square, Stuck With You, Jacob's Ladder, more. Chrysalis 154570

Bruce Hornsby & The Range: The Way It Is • Mandolin Rain, title hit, more. RCA 163918

Michael Feinstein: Remember Irving Berlin Songs • Alexander's Ragtime Band, Puttin' On The Ritz, Change Partners, more. Elektra 153947

Fleetwood Mac • Say You Love Me, Rhianon, Monday Morning, Sugar Daddy, I'm So Afraid, etc. Warner Bros. 104897

The Judds: HeartLand • Don't Be Cruel, Cow Cow Boogie, etc. RCA 160363

The Bee Gees: ESP • You Win Again, This Is Your Life, Angela, Live Or Die (Hold Me Like A Child), Backfunk, etc. Warner Bros. 174247

Toscanini: Beethoven, Symphonies Nos. 1 & 3 (Eroica) • NBC Symphony Orchestra. Digitally remastered, sonically brand new! RCA 154201

David Lee Roth: Eat 'Em And Smile
Goin' Crazy, Yankee Rose, Tobacco Road, That's Life, Shyboy, etc. Warner Bros. 153814

James Galway & The Chieftains: In Ireland
Danny Boy, When You And I Were Young, Maggie, Carrickfergus, more. RCA DIGITAL 124344

Classic Old & Gold • 20 hits! A Little Bit Of Soul, He's So Fine, A Teenager In Love, Sweet Talkin' Guy, etc. Laune 134627

Madonna: Who's That Girl (Soundtrack)
Title song, Causing A Commotion, Can't Stop, others. Sire 100761

Dave Grusin: Cinemagic • Tootsie, Heaven Can Wait, On Golden Pond, Goonies, Three Days Of The Condor, etc. GRP DIGITAL 133316

The Police: Every Breath You Take—The Singles • Don't Stand So Close To Me ('86), title song, Message In A Bottle, etc. A&M 173924

Jimmy Buffet: Songs You Know By Heart/Greatest Hit(s) • Margaritaville, Come Monday, A Pirate Looks At Forty, etc. MCA 142157

Dvořák, Symphony No. 9 (New World)
Chicago Symphony Orchestra/Solti. "Superlatively good." —Gramophone London DIGITAL 115168

Eric Clapton: Time Pieces (The Best Of)
Layla, I Shot The Sheriff, Alter Midnight, Knockin' On Heaven's Door, etc. RSO 123385

Itzhak Perlman: Mozart, Violin Concertos Nos. 3 & 5 • Vienna Philharmonic/Levine. "Ravishing." —Gramophone/DG DIGITAL 115146

Whitesnake • Here I Go Again, Still Of The Night, Give Me All Your Love, Crying In The Rain, Bad Boys, more. Geffen 163629

John Cougar Mellencamp: The Lonesome Jubilee 134420

Dire Straits: Brothers In Arms • Money For Nothing, etc. Warner Bros. DIGITAL 114734

Pops In Space • John Williams & The Boston Pops. Music from Close Encounters, Superman, Star Wars, others. Philips DIGITAL 105392

La Bamba Original Soundtrack • Los Lobos: Donna, La Bamba, more from Brian Setzer, Bo Diddley, others. Warner/Slash 120062

Brahms, Symphony No. 1 • Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra/Bernstein. DG DIGITAL 125224

Elvis Presley: The Sun CD • That's All Right, Good Rockin' Tonight, Milkcow Blues Boogie, Mystery Train, etc. RCA 272289

Kitaro: The Light Of The Spirit • Sundance, Mysterious Encounter, The Field, In The Beginning, etc. Geffen DIGITAL 164228

Andrew Lloyd Webber, Variations: more
Julian Lloyd Webber, cello. London Philharmonic/Maazel. Philips DIGITAL 115473

Lionel Richie: Can't Slow Down • All Night Long, Penny Lover, Running With The Night, Hello, etc. Motown 110767

Tomita's Greatest Hits • Also sprach Zarathustra, Bolero, Pachelbel Canon, Clair de lune, 10 more. RCA 253955

Jimi Hendrix: Kiss The Sky • Purple Haze, All Along The Watchtower, Voodoo Child, Are You Experienced, etc. Reprise 161349

Galway & Yamashita: Italian Serenade
Flute & guitar works by Paganini, Cimarosa, Giuliani and others. RCA DIGITAL 173824

Boston: Third Stage • Amanda, We're Ready, Can'tcha Say (You Believe Me), Still In Love, Holly Ann, etc. MCA 173392

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Mozart, Symphonies Nos. 40 & 41 (Jupiter) • Chicago Symphony Orchestra led by James Levine. RCA DIGITAL 104810

Genesis: Invisible Touch • Land Of Confusion, title song, etc. Atlantic 153740

Kiri te Kanawa: Blue Skies • Nelson Riddle arrangements of title song, Speak Low, How High The Moon, more. London DIGITAL 115035



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Parton/Ronstadt/Harris: Trio • To Know Him Is To Love Him, Those Memories Of You, etc. Warner Bros. 114804

Phil Collins: No Jacket Required • Susudio, One More Night, Don't Lose My Number, Take Home, Inside Out, etc. Atlantic 120771

Tchailkovsky, 1812 Overture; Romeo & Juliet; Nutcracker Suite • Chicago Symphony Orchestra/Solti. London DIGITAL 125179

Strike Up The Band—The Canadian Brass
Plays George Gershwin • Title song, Porgy & Bess Suite, more. RCA DIGITAL 160640

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young: Greatest Hits (So Far) • Suite: Judy Blue Eyes, Teach Your Children, etc. Atlantic 130230

The Jackson 5: Greatest Hits • I Want You Back, ABC, I'll Be There, The Love You Save, Maybe Tomorrow, etc. Motown 153875

U2: Under A Blood Red Sky • "Live" U2! Sunday Bloody Sunday, New Years Day, I Will Follow, Gloria, etc. Island 153598

Fleetwood Mac: Tango In The Night • Big Love, Seven Wonders, Little Lies, title song, Mystified, etc. Warner Bros. 154048

Kenny G: Duotones • Songbird, What Does It Take (To Win Your Love), etc. Arista 144343

Rimsky-Korsakov, Scheherazade • Vienna Phil. Previn. Philips DIGITAL 115415

Bon Jovi: Slippery When Wet • You Give Love A Bad Name, etc. Mercury 143465

Bach, Brandenburg Concertos Nos. 1-3
The English Concert/Pinnock. Archiv DIGITAL 115541

Grateful Dead: In The Dark • Touch Of Grey, Hell In A Bucket, West L.A. Fadeaway, Black Muddy River, etc. Arista 163214

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Decade/Best Of Steely Dan • Rikki Don't Lose That Number, Feeling In The Years, Do It Again, 11 more. MCA 154135

Stravinsky, The Rite Of Spring • Detroit Symphony/Dorati. "Spectacular sonics."—Digital Audio London DIGITAL 115469

Kenny Rogers: I Prefer The Moonlight • Make No Mistake She's Mine (w/Ronnie Milsap), etc. RCA DIGITAL 162743

Rod Stewart: Greatest Hits • Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?, Tonight's The Night, Maggie May, Hot Legs, etc. Warner Bros. 133779

The Sound Of Music • Julie Andrews in the original soundtrack! Do-Re-Mi, My Favorite Things, more. RCA 100046

Starship: No Protection • It's Not Over (Til It's Over), Nothing's Gonna Stop Us Now, etc. Grunt 163827

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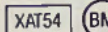
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By THOMAS M. DISCH

THERE ARE certain restaurants to which you go only if you're taking someone or being taken: The fiction of charity redeems the extravagance. There are books, similarly, that you'd never buy for yourself but which for that very reason make perfect Christmas presents. **Georgia O'Keeffe: One Hundred Flowers** (Knopf/Callaway) is a classic example, the supreme coffee-table book, 100 gorgeous color plates of O'Keeffe's formula for pretty pictures: blossoms exploded to mural size (the book's largest two-page plates measure 26" x 16") to become metaphors for all that is organic and pleasurable. No one has ever said it with flowers so eloquently. Paul Grushkin's **The Art of Rock: Posters from Presley to Punk** (Abbeville) is more of a catalog and collector's guide, since most of its 1500 posters are reproduced in playing-card dimensions. A must for diehard Deadheads and investors in this latest hot collectible but a "gift book" only in size and price.

Fit to Be Tied (Abbeville) is a cornucopia of graphic corn—hundreds of men's ties from the Forties and Fifties in vintage bad taste. Here are all those murky browns, muddy ochers and clunky designs that today's senior citizens wore when they were young and *outré*. The perfect alternative to giving an actual tie—especially to someone who prefers life in a T-shirt.

The safest gift book is usually a ticket for a mental flight to one of those over-the-rainbow Ozes that only photographers seem to reach—or else why don't our vacation snapshots look as great as theirs? Stephen Wilkes's portfolio of photos of the Pacific Coast Highway, **California One** (Friendly Press), embodies the Platonic idea of California: A haze of hedonism drenches every long h-o-r-i-z-o-n-t-a-l landscape and beautiful bod. Tupper Ansel Blake photographs another state of mind altogether in **Wild California** (University of California), a collection of tame photos of wild animals with a high-minded text by conservationist A. Starker Leopold. A few pages of Leopold's fourth-grade-level prose and I was ready to let all California be turned into a freeway and never mind the plight of the state's raptors. For wildlife photography that conveys a sense of wonder and high vicarious risk, Mitsuaki Iwago's **Serengeti** (Chronicle) is a far superior (and, with 300 color pictures, far more generous) collection. Iwago accompanies lions as they hunt, is up at dawn to catch zebras mating on a misty horizon and dines with hyenas and vultures. These pictures define awesome.

The Kremlin—the walled-in complex of cathedrals and palaces in amber that is also the seat of the Soviet government—has been having its face lifted, and Nikolai Rachmanov's post-face-lift photos in **The**



Giving the gift of words.

Holiday gift books, scandals on Wall Street and more Elvis stuff.

Kremlin and Its Treasures (Rizzoli) present a strong argument for putting Moscow on your vacation wish list. It's stranger than Kansas. **The Smithsonian Book of Flight** (Smithsonian/Orion), by Walter J. Boyne, is that rarity, a coffee-table book with a text interesting enough to justify the muscular effort necessary to read it. If you ever stopped to wonder what was actually happening in *Top Gun*, Boyne's your man. Popular high tech doesn't get more lucid than this.

Books about sports are usually about as exciting as books about automobile maintenance, but **Diamonds Are Forever** (Chronicle) is a considerable exception. Editor Peter H. Gordon has assembled a mosaic of ruminations about baseball by such famous Johns as Updike, Sayles and Cheever and by equally notable Roberts, Donalds and Davids, all in top writing form. The graphic component of the book doesn't achieve the same high ratio of wheat to chaff, but baseball just doesn't lend itself to picture-book-making as do African wildlife or California highways. This is also true of football, though Jeffrey Blackman's photos for **End Zone** (Holt) could not be more professional, nor the book's make-up livelier. The text, by Angus G. Garber III, will appeal mainly to those who need tutoring in football fundamentals: "The 11 offensive players all have the same goal: advance the ball down the field. The 11 defensive players have but one thought: take it away." Now do you understand?

Marilyn Monroe (Knopf) is about another visual object that wouldn't seem to need an explanatory text, and truly it is Eve Arnold's 71 photographs rather than her text that provide the big selling point for her "appreciation" of MM. Monroe had a happy relationship with all cameras, but with Arnold's it was especially happy. From happiness to joy is a natural *segue*, and from joy to **More Joy of Sex: A Lovemaking Companion to "The Joy of Sex"** (Pocket Books). Alex Comfort's recipes for yet more joy are supplemented with paintings and drawings by Charles Raymond and Christopher Foss that should help even beginners achieve excellent results.

Much the same can be said for Claudia Roden's **Mediterranean Cookery** (Knopf). Here are more than 125 color photos to seduce the cook in the house into braving the unknown, and the recipes themselves range in difficulty from easy to *haute* but manageable. The same cannot be said for Jacques Pepin's **The Art of Cooking** (Knopf), which should be given only to someone you want kept in the kitchen for days at a stretch. I mean, how would you feel if your significant other idly suggested, "Darling, for supper, why don't you do that Jacques Pepin *châteaubriand* with corn purée in crepe *barquettes* and mushroom timbales with truffle sauce"? Recipes like that could be grounds for divorce.

Playboy readers will need no introduction to **The Art of Patrick Nagel** (Van der Marck). Nagel's visual style did for the American woman of the Seventies and Eighties what such great woodcut artists as Utamaro did for the geishas of 18th Century Japan: reduce a popular ideal of beauty to its bare graphic minimum.

Finally, for those who believe that even at Christmas books are for reading and that the only reason for a high price on a book is that it contains lots to read, **The Essential Ellison** (Nemo Press) offers 1040 pages of stories (and one unproduced teleplay) by the premiere wise guy of science fiction, Harlan Ellison.

If the prospect of Christmas isn't jingling the bells of your heart this year—if what you are feeling is more on the order of "Bah! Humbug!"—then there are books to satisfy your needs as well. I recommend **The Corpse Had a Familiar Face** (Random House), by Edna Buchanan. Buchanan is a reporter for *The Miami Herald*, where she has been chronicling rape, murder, drug smuggling and police corruption for 16 years. She has a genuine, unquenchable passion for raking muck, and Miami has risen to the challenge, becoming the nation's principal moral cesspool during her tenure at the *Herald*. Its great riot of 1980 came as the logical conclusion to her whistle blowing in the case of the police cover-up of the killing of

Arthur McDuffie, but Buchanan had to wait till 1986 to receive a Pulitzer for her work. She's tough. She's funny. When the folks at Disney film the story of her life (which is said to be coming soon), they've got to cast Bette Midler.

If Buchanan's Miami doesn't provide enough yuletide sin and corruption, dip into Douglas Frantz's account of Wall Street's insider-trading scandal, *Levine & Co.* (Holt). Its antihero, Dennis Levine, was the Horatio Alger of the Eighties, a little schmuck from Bayside, Queens, who almost overnight became a major national criminal. The moral of Levine's story is that crime pays handsomely, but *only if you're a team player*. Eventually, Levine was able to recruit such major Wall Street players as Ivan Boesky, and when the time finally came for Levine to cut a deal with the Feds, he was in a position to sell dozens of teammates in exchange for a sentence of only two years and all the plunder he could hide before he was locked up. Frantz writes with passionate but controlled contempt, making *Levine & Co.*'s connivings so comprehensible that even financially illiterate readers like myself will put the book down with a sense that they're ready to accomplish a major felony of their own.

Known criminals and convicted felons are easy targets. For those who prefer to see the mighty falling and former heroes covered with disgrace, *The True Gen* (Grove) will do very nicely. ("True gen" is R.A.F. slang for genuine information, as opposed to rumor and speculation.) Denis Brian's compilation of testimony about Ernest Hemingway "by those who knew him best" reveals not only the idol's feet of clay but his knees, thighs and parts still higher. On the evidence of ex-wives, family members, editors, betrayed friends and disillusioned sycophants, Hemingway was an inveterate, not to say pathological, liar. He was vindictive, a bully, but (to give him his due) a consummately skilled self-promoter and careerist.

BOOK BAG

The Elvis Catalog (Dolphin-Doubleday), by Lee Cotten: A hunka hunka Presley memorabilia, collectibles and icons, from his \$7500 mustard-stained vest to Love Me Tender Conditioning Shampoo and Always Elvis Blanc D'Oro wine.

Confessions of a Lottery Ball: The Inside-Out World of Aaron Freeman (Bonus), by Aaron Freeman: No target is safe from stand-up comic Freeman's satirical arrows. A riotous assemblage of sketches, scripts and essays frothing with that nonsensical Freeman wit.

The Big Store: Inside the Crisis and Revolution of Sears (Viking), by Donald R. Katz: The story of how Sears fought its way back from the edge of ruin. An anatomy of a corporate turnaround that's a page turner.



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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

The question of which sport is the most dangerous has been argued for years. You hear votes for skiing, mountain climbing, powerboating, car racing, boxing, eating fried food, smoking. The answer comes easily for me. The most dangerous sport in the world is riding in a New York City taxi.

Nowadays, six blocks through Manhattan with Mhambled or Cadeeb at the wheel is guaranteed to make you squeal like a wounded animal and curl up in a knot. You're thankful just to get out of the cab safely; never mind the wrong address. Never mind that you're going to shit water for the next 24 hours.

It happened overnight. Nine out of every ten New York City cabdrivers are suddenly maniac terrorists of no ascertainable nationality. And no one can explain how this has occurred. Not Mayor Koch. Not Governor Cuomo. Nobody.

All I know is, I got into a cab one day, and before I could tell the driver my destination, we were going 80 miles an hour up Third Avenue, swerving to scare pedestrians.

When I said something to the driver, his reply was, "*Carrock ahmgamma posta meglock!*"

"Stop here!" I yelled.

He ignored me.

"Now!" I cried.

"You speak?"

"Yes!"

"What you want, maybe?"

"I want out!"

"Where?"

"Here!"

He slammed on the brakes.

"*Yebbis onga gish rackem!*" he snarled at a city bus.

I handed him a wad of bills and leaped to safety.

That was four years ago. Now they've added refinements. They have NO SMOKING signs all over the car and they play loud, horrifying, tuneless music at full treble.

The other day, I got into Mhambled's cab and tried to shout out the address over the music.

"Seventy-fifth and Third!" I bellowed.

He hadn't waited to hear it. We were going 60 down Park Avenue, barging through red lights.

"*Sheekonga dababa rackemba dar!*" was what I think he said, which I took to mean that he didn't care if he lived or died.

"Sir?" I said. "*Excuse me!*"

We were racing toward the most danger-



DEATH AND TAXIS

ous intersection in Manhattan, 86th and Park, a four-way jungle at which every Mhambled in town flirts with death.

"*Kadash po-yamman deck!*" howled Mhambled, as the intersection went by in a blur.

I think I heard a crash behind us, above the screeching of the music; but I didn't glance back, because I was trying to light a cigarette while sliding back and forth across the seat.

Before I knew it, we were dashing through the 60s.

"Too far!" I yelled.

"No!" the driver said.

"No?"

"You say Fifty-seven!"

He sped past a limo. "*Slobba din spice-lam!*" he sputtered out the window at the limo driver.

"Let me out!" I called. "Stop, damn it!"

"No!"

He didn't stop until 57th, like he said.

"Get out," he sneered. "You crazy man."

I gave him a ten.

"No change."

"Keep it," I said, adoring the pavement under my feet. "Buy a grenade."

It doesn't seem like all that long ago that New York cabdrivers were as much fun as they were safe.

They were all named Mike or Gus, and they understood something. No matter how fast or slowly you drove, everybody

wound up on 59th Street at the same time. And they were entertaining, because they spoke, by and large, English.

You got into one of these cabs and the driver crept away at a sane speed. Presently, he would say, "Jesus, that Carter." And you had a political discussion if you felt like it.

Or he would say, "Jesus, the Yankees. My toilet looks better." And you could talk sports if you felt like it.

But you didn't have to say anything. You could just smoke and listen to Mike or Gus.

Recently, I thought I had a guy like that. A throwback to the old days—Nick or Tony. I felt good about getting into his cab. I thanked him for stopping for me and gave him the address.

"Just fucking great," he said—and floored it.

We went 80 for two blocks and got caught by a light and some other cars. He glanced over at the cab next to us.

"Fuck you, asshole!" he shouted at the other driver.

"Go fuck yourself," came the reply.

"I'm sayin' fuck you!"

"Yeah? Well, fuck you!"

"Listen," I said, interrupting. "Do you mind if . . . ?"

But we sped away, side by side with the other cab.

And then we both skidded to a stop at another light.

"Fuckin' asshole!" my driver called out.

I looked at the passenger in the other cab. Somebody's grandmother.

The other driver yelled, "You know who you're fuckin' with here? You're fuckin' with *me*, you fuckhead. You want to fuck with me? Come on! Fuck with me!"

My driver said to him, "Hey, look at me! I'm trying' to make a fuckin' livin' here, you fuckin' asshole."

"So make your fuckin' living; I don't give a fuck!"

"Aw, fuck you."

"Fuck you."

"Go fuck yourself."

"In your ass."

"My dick!"

"Fuckin' cocksucker. Fuck off!"

"Yeah, well, fuck this!"

That's pretty much the way I left it. In Manhattan, I can take only so much intellectual conversation in one day. Somehow, I missed Mhambled.



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By ASA BABER

OK, men, before you do anything else, please take the following test. It's simple and quick, and I promise you'll learn something about yourself.

1. I rarely get an erection. T F
2. If I ever do get an erection, I usually don't notice it. T F
3. If I do notice it, I don't do anything about it and it goes away soon. T F
4. If it doesn't go away, I simply shrug and whistle a happy tune. T F
5. Sensuality repels me. T F
6. My interest in women is spiritual, not physical. T F
7. If a beautiful woman asked me to make love to her, I'd call the police. T F
8. If the police were busy and she were pushy, I'd run away. T F
9. If she ran after me, I'd scream for my mommy and hide. T F
10. Every day, in every way, I'm growing less and less lecherous. T F

Let's call this the Universal Male Lechery Test. Were you honest in your answers? How many "false" responses did you give? Ten for ten? I'd bet you came close to that number. I know I did.

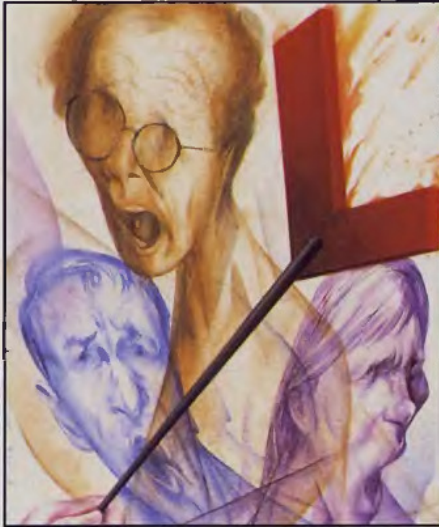
Now let's try an experiment. Please take the Lechery Test again. Only this time, answer it as if you were going to hand it in to a committee composed of (A) your spouse or significant other; (B) the governing board of the National Organization for Women; (C) a group of religious leaders from your community.

Finished? How many of you scored a large number of "false" responses this time? May I see a show of hands? Why don't I see any hands? Well, then, let me ask it this way: How many of you reversed yourselves and scored mostly "true" responses? I can't believe it. Most of you changed your answers? You were afraid of going public with your lechery?

Don't worry, *amigos*. It's happened to all of us. We're afraid of the L word. Call us lechers and we shrivel up and die a little. We feel defenseless against that charge, so when it's leveled against us, we lie and duck and cheat. "Who, me? Lecherous? Not on your life."

That describes the past quarter century of male life in this culture. It's a hell of a way to live, isn't it? Why are we so fearful of the L word? Why have we chosen to deny our basic make-up?

There are two reasons: (A) the powerful nature of our sexuality, powerful from our



THE L WORD

childhood years; (B) the feminist and fundamentalist attack upon that nature.

Let's face it, we're a horny bunch of guys. A wonderful, vigorous, amazing sexual force comes into our lives at an early age. We can't hide from our own hard-ons—not that we'd want to—but we're also confused by them. The signals we get from many directions are antisexual. The New Puritans imply that our aggressive sexuality makes us rapists and pillagers by definition. That's a heavy charge, and it hurts us. So here's this new gift, this warm glory, this beautiful force, yet the message we get from the culture cuts against it, diminishes it, suggests it's evil.

The male experience of early sexuality is inherently a happy one, however. We love the new toy we've found. We play with it and pamper it. We like our bodies. Very few shameful signals come from within us. We stare across the schoolyard at recess and ask ourselves how girls can be so naïve, so protected, so unsexed. We tell one another jokes while they skip rope. We yearn for them while they giggle and dream. Our horniness is obvious; our needs are great. We lust and fantasize and masturbate—yet through all this early development, we hear a subterranean symphony of shame that continues through our lives. We are, we're told, monstrous and unsociable in our sexuality.

Consider the fuss made during Jimmy Carter's Presidential campaign—over his

remark that he had lust in his heart. Or consider the recent persecution and assassination of Gary Hart. "GARY HART, BEDEVILED BY DEMONS," one headline read. Lives there a man with soul so dead who couldn't list and identify those demons? Do we not shiver just a little when we hear the knives being sharpened for Hart as the L word is branded on his forehead?

Try this: "Under the sway of his sensual passion, and when conquest and possession were the issue, he could be very intense, according to confidants of several of his partners. But once the passion was consumed, the fantasy fulfilled, and the specter of the start of a relationship reared its head, Hart would shrink back and—clang!—that inner steel door between his two selves would slam shut." That's Gail Sheehy writing an analysis of Hart in *Vanity Fair*. I have to wonder as I read that paragraph if it doesn't describe a major dynamic in the male psyche—a dynamic that is natural and self-protective, not demonic and dark.

One day soon, gentlemen, we'd better stand up and cheer for our nature. We'd better take the Universal Male Lechery Test and mark it honestly and hand it in to that committee with pride. "This is how we are," we'll say. "Now deal with us instead of trying to condemn us. And clean up your own house before you come over and criticize ours."

Oh, yes, that reminds me: After Gary Hart's appearance on *Nightline* this past September, a friend of mine called me from Washington, D.C. "That guy gives me the creeps," she said. "He makes me gag. I wouldn't trust him for a minute. And boy, oh, boy, do I feel sorry for his wife. Why does she take that shit? If I were her, I'd throw him out of the house."

I listened, but I didn't say much. How could I? I was too busy laughing. Only three months earlier, she had been on the phone to me describing her latest affair, one that her husband didn't know about.

You don't suppose we should construct a Universal Female Lechery Test, do you? You don't suppose women go clang! too? They don't have problems with intimacy or sexuality, do they? None of the women candidates who've run for various political offices have ever slept around, have they?

Hey, I'm just a dumb, lecherous guy, and I'm only asking.



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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Do men need women more than women need men? When women finally achieved a tenuous form of financial independence, we all began asking ourselves, "Who needs whom more?"

Come with me. I'm going to go all over town to eavesdrop on scenes between couples, between friends, and see how they grapple with the question.

Scene one: A well-appointed dining room, where an eminent physicist is having dinner with his new wife, a part-time sweater designer.

WIFE: Of course men need women more than we need them. That's what I think. Let me give you some wine, sweetheart.

HUSBAND: [Turning pale] I knew it! I knew we never should have got married! What you really want—don't try to kid me—is a career. I'm suffocating you. You'd give all this up in a second for a contract with Macy's. Oh, what a mistake we've made!

WIFE: You don't know me at all, darling. I'm devoted to you. I'd do anything for you. You're the love of my life. You're my big, strong, great, wonderful man. I cook for you, iron your shirts, try to make you happy in every way I can.

HUSBAND: Oh, I guess I'm your baby now.

WIFE: Angel, all men are babies. And the sooner they know that, the better.

Scene two: Girlfriend, a chef, is stalking through the living room as boyfriend, a carpenter, is prostrate on the sofa.

GIRLFRIEND: I'm tired of being the cop. Why can't you keep your end up? Do a dish? Pay some of the rent, the phone bill, something?

BOYFRIEND: I don't want to talk about this. I'm tired of this.

GIRLFRIEND: You're tired? What about me? What about my needs? We don't have any fun anymore. I have to do everything. Please, please, go see a shrink.

BOYFRIEND: I don't want to. I'm fine. I'm going out now.

GIRLFRIEND: Where are you going? When will you be back?

Scene three: Sam and Gloria, friends, are lunching at a pastel-hued restaurant.

SAM: My relationships are always about me trying to *save someone*. I can't imagine romance without that element.

GLORIA: So you think men need women more?

SAM: That's not a question that can be answered. Here's a cup of tea. Does the tea need the cup more? Or does the cup need



WHO NEEDS WHOM MORE?

the tea more? You need both to have a cup of tea.

GLORIA: Ridiculous. If the cup didn't surround the tea, nurture it, envelop it, hold the tea inside it, the tea would spill all over the table and onto our laps and we'd have to get our clothes dry-cleaned. Tea has no shape without a cup. But a cup is always a cup. And if it wants to, it can have coffee instead.

SAM: You're not at all well.

Scene four: Husband and wife—he works; she doesn't—married for ten years, in the bedroom at three A.M.

WIFE: I just need my space. You know I love you, but I want to move out.

HUSBAND: You can't move out, you silly bitch! Who would buy you your fur coats, your \$200 shoes?

WIFE: I used to support you, you know.

HUSBAND: For about three months, when we were 19.

WIFE: I want to find myself. I can't find myself when I'm looking for your socks.

HUSBAND: You're having an affair. Admit it; you're having an affair! Who is it? It's Max, isn't it?

WIFE: It isn't Max.

HUSBAND: Who, then?

WIFE: You don't know him.

HUSBAND: I'll kill you if you leave me. I may kill you anyway.

Scene five: Laurie and Tina are working out in a gym.

LAURIE: So then he tells me he slept with her. I can't believe it. How could he do this to me? I know how he could do this to me. I gave him the weapon myself. I once told him about Peter, who broke my heart by sleeping around. The bastard!

TINA: Listen, you want him, you've got him. You have the power in this relationship. It's your apartment, your friends, your life. You've got him by the balls, and if you thought about it for a moment, you'd know it. Of course he'll sleep around; it's the only way he can pretend his life is his own.

LAURIE: Do you have a Valium? I'm so crazed I may jump out the window.

Scene six: Clarice, a potter, and Ken, a musician, are having drinks in a pub.

CLARICE: Darling, do you think we could give it another try?

KEN: Does this mean you want to have sex with me now?

CLARICE: Not at this very second, dear, but, yes, I do think it might be nice if you moved out of the spare room. The children would like it.

KEN: To what do I owe this astounding piece of luck?

CLARICE: Don't be sarcastic. I don't really know myself. It's just that since I've sold all those pots, I suddenly seem to adore you.

KEN: Let's take a room in a hotel. Right now.

CLARICE: OK.

HAVING witnessed the above scenes and similar others, I have come up with one of my theories, and I'm very fond of it:

Need has nothing to do with gender, and things, as usual, are the opposite of what they seem. It is, in fact, the bullies—the ones who need control, the ones who take care of their mates—who are the neediest. The dependent ones—the ones who apparently need taking care of, male or female—are the ones with the power.

Seventeen psychologists would come up with 17 reasons for this phenomenon: Perhaps the person being cared for is so resentful at her lack of independence that eventually she has to get out, and feels much better when she does. Maybe controlling types can't face their own neediness and must transfer it to their mates, then identify so much with these mates that they'd be shattered without them.

Or maybe life is just one cosmic joke after another.



AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

People don't much like the press even in the best of times, and in times like these, after a monsoon of scandal, a general disgust with journalists erupts. "Unfair!" cried about two thirds of the people Gallup polled concerning the reports on where Gary Hart was probably planting his stem. And 70 percent of that group said they didn't appreciate the bushwhacker tactics the reporters had used to get the story, either. "The sharks are in a feeding frenzy," complained Pat Robertson, referring to reporters after the revelation that his eldest son was conceived before marriage.

But the media always counter with, "Whatta you gonna do, kill the messenger because he brings bad news?"

And if you listen hard enough, you can almost hear people answering, "Oh, yes. Just once, just a couple of these guys: Heat the tar, slash the pillows, hang them by their heels. Then just go ahead and kill 'em."

There would be a video that made *Nightline* worth staying up for. I can hear Ted Koppel saying, "I'd like to warn the affiliates that we'll be running a few minutes over tonight due to the highly unusual nature of this story."

The only trouble with that scenario is that it goes after the media for the wrong reason. If you want to see a nervous, defensive dance from a journalist, don't ask him about the secrets he's telling—ask him what he's holding back.

Keeping secrets is a big part of a reporter's job, after all. Sometimes it's a big national secret, like the Pentagon papers, and sometimes it's the dirty little kind. In fact, if you were going to list the ethical duties of journalism, number one would have to be "to keep certain information confidential even if a Republican judge throws you in jail and threatens to keep you there for the rest of your miserable life."

It rarely comes to that, and it's a good thing, because the protection of sources is a snaky business no matter how necessary it may be as a reportorial gambit. It's the one place where the ethics of journalism move into the kind of fog that surrounds the ethics of spying, a spooky atmosphere in which none of the players can ever be sure he has the whole story.

Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, then of *The Washington Post*, for instance, paid for the Watergate story by agreeing to



SECRET SOURCES

keep what might be, for all we knew, a crucial secret: Who was Deep Throat? Whom did he, she or they work for? And what were Deep Throat's motives in delivering the story? It might not change the facts if we had the name, but if Deep Throat turned out to be a CIA agent who was a double agent for Cuba, say, that fact would surely have changed everything else, including what finally happened to the President.

Woodward admits that he's obsessed with secrets. And *that* has gotten him into trouble. His latest book, *Veil: The Secret Wars of the CIA, 1981-1987*, largely about the late CIA Director William Casey, received a lot of press—but not the kind Woodward wanted. Somehow he seemed surprised at the outrage that went up in response to his surreptitious visit to Casey's deathbed. Some people, including Mrs. Casey, don't believe he was ever there, but I do. In fact, I get a very vivid mental picture of our intrepid reporter, dressed like a nurse, saying to Casey, "OK, Bill: Drool if you knew; blow a little snot bubble if you didn't."

Just good, aggressive reporting, I guess, and it would be hard to fault him for it, except for an incident involving Woodward and Gary Hart in which the reporter's passion for secret telling went limp. It seems that when Hart separated from his wife and moved to Washington in 1981, he decided that what he needed was

a roommate who could absolutely, positively keep a secret. So he moved in with Bob Woodward. The secret was that although his luggage was with Woodward, his body was with a girlfriend. Woodward was his beard.

The strategy was as smart as it was sleazy. The very best way of all to shut a reporter up is to implicate him, which was easy in this case, because Woodward and Hart were friends. And it worked. Woodward said nothing, and Hart got through the 1984 campaign without a single reporter's asking him about his position on the Sixth Commandment.

Last year, when Hart was finally nailed, Woodward admitted the roommate ruse and said that the whole thing had made him very uncomfortable. In fact, during the 1984 campaign, he'd gone to Hart's staff and told them that if anyone asked him about where his buddy spent most of his time, he was going to have to tell the truth. As it turned out, he said, the question just never came up. And although that may sound a bit self-serving to some, I took it to be Woodward's invocation of the *Ol' Man River* clause in the journalist's code of ethics, which says, basically, that although you may sometimes be sworn to keep a secret, you are under no obligation to write a story just because you have it ("He must know sumpin'; but he don't say nothin' / He jus' keeps rollin' along").

I used that clause myself, once. I was covering a trial, a bizarre and stupid mockery of a civil suit, that was going to drag on for almost four months before it went to the jury. About 15 weeks into the bogus production, I found out something that surely would have caused the suit to be thrown out of court immediately had I written about it or told the judge. I didn't do either. I decided to count on the fact that the jury would do the right thing without what I knew. And it did. I'm not sure what I would have done if things had gone the other way, because no matter what sort of ethical laws you lay down for yourself, you pretty much have to make your decisions one at a time as the questions come up.

So recently, when a friend of mine saw a book called *The Virtuous Journalist* on my desk and asked, "What is that? Full of blank pages?" I thought to myself, Cheap shot—but not *that* cheap.





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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

All the safe-sex books recommend mutual masturbation as an effective alternative to intercourse. Unfortunately, my girlfriend finds touching me with her hands to be rather boring. Any hints on how to make it more interesting?—W. F., San Diego, California.

Tom Carey deals with this problem in *"The Modern Guide to Sexual Etiquette for Proper Gentlemen and Ladies"*: "I think it's time we paid some attention to the manual stimulation of the male parts, as well as the female. This can be a distasteful chore for many women at first; but, like milking a cow, once you get the hang of it, it can be lots of fun. Make it a game. Hang targets on the wall. Try for new distance records." Sounds neat, hey? Maybe you could set up a conveyor belt of ducks to move across the headboard of your bed. Carey also recommends mutual masturbation: "Here's what I want you all to do. Sit naked on your beds facing each other. Now, when I say go, I want you all to watch each other masturbate. Ready. . . Go. And no fair cheating. Girls, if you usually use a vibrator the size of a table leg, plug it in. Guys, if you normally drive carpet tacks into your nipples, then do that, too. All good sex books recommend mutual masturbation. It'll help you better understand all the disgusting things your partner wants you to do."

I'm writing for your advice on giving a bachelor party. My closest friend is getting married in August, and I'm in charge of his last night out with the guys. He lives with his fiancée just outside Manhattan, and I would like to organize something in the city, since his place isn't an option. I've thought about the traditional party favors; a stripper might be an idea (where do you find one, though?), while a prostitute is definitely out. I'm sure a lot of drinking and smoking will take place; and since the guests (14 of us) will be coming to the party from many directions, I'm sure we would have a much better time if no one had to worry about driving later that night. Unfortunately, I'm still a student and won't be able to spend more than \$50 or \$60 for the evening. However, 13 guys spending the same amount should be able to throw a good party even in Manhattan, shouldn't they? What do you think?—A. K. B., Wilmington, Delaware.

Bachelor parties are very much a matter of individual taste these days. We think they should reflect the interests and preferences of the groom-to-be. Since you're the groom's closest friend, you should know what type of evening would be most appropriate and most enjoyable for him. If a quiet dinner out followed by some social drinking at a neighborhood bar fills the bill, so be it. You can always consult your local Yellow Pages for sources of singing telegrams or strip-o-grams. We agree that a prostitute would be a poor choice—not



to mention dangerous and illegal. So, for that matter, would be an evening that resulted in the tattooing of certain private parts. If your budget is as limited as you claim, there's certainly no harm in asking the other invited guests to chip in. The only real limitation should be your imagination. And if you're really stumped, it might not be a bad idea to ask the groom himself about his preferences for the evening. We think the idea of a bachelor party as one last wild night out with the boys is a bit passé—but if that's what the groom wants, do the best you can within the limitations of a budget to accommodate his wishes. Have fun. Practice safe sex. Appoint a designated driver.

Please give the formula for determining the size of the erect male sex organ by the size of his hand. Bending the middle finger down to the heel of the hand will indicate the length, but what about the diameter? My friends and I are having a debate over the ratio of length to thickness.—L. R. P., Scottsdale, Arizona.

Here's how you use your hands to determine penis size: Take both hands and hold a tape measure along the side of your penis. That's it. Old wives' tales to the contrary, the size of a man's erect penis has no connection whatsoever with the size of his feet, his hands or even his flaccid penis.

I am an avid tennis player, playing up to six times per week, and have a problem with my strings' breaking. I use a boron-graphite racket with synthetic strings. The ones I am now using cost around ten dollars, and I can't afford new ones every two weeks. The center vertical string always breaks. I hit with a lot of top spin and the strings move around quite a bit. Is there

anything I can do to correct this? I know that my local pro (who also happens to be my racket stringer) won't like your solution, but my checkbook will.—B. R., Bowling Green, Kentucky.

You don't mention where the string breaks. If yours breaks in the middle, tough luck. Play less tennis or take up golf. This is normal wear, given your playing style. If your string breaks near the edge, there may be some hope. Perhaps there's a grommet that is cutting into it. Another explanation may be that the top of your racket is worn down, causing that particular string to become more prominent and more easily damaged. This results from your scraping your racket on the court, as occurs when players attempt to pick up the balls from the court with their rackets. If you have this bad habit, it is one that you should break—for the good of your racket, strings and pocketbook.

With condoms the new rage, I have an etiquette question. How long after the peak of ecstasy does our protective friend depart from the scene? Not from the penis—from the bedroom. Is there a proper setting prior to the final exit? Discarding a condom certainly adds a problem of logistics to a usually quiet time. I'd like to know if the procedure could be handled more smoothly.—G. M., Dallas, Texas.

First, let's go over the basics. Remove the condom while the penis is still erect. If you wait until you lose your erection, it can slip off, causing leakage. What you do with a used condom is a matter of style. We've heard of one guy who kept used condoms in a scrapbook, like pressed from flowers. You could tie yours in a knot and play basketball with the bedroom wastebasket. Or just put it on a plate or towel on the bedside table. Enjoy the quiet time and leave house cleaning for later.

I have a question about audio and video equipment. Can Freon TF be used to clean the audio heads of my cassette deck and of my VCR? If not, what is the best method?—D. H., St. Louis, Missouri.

Freon TF may be used to clean the audio and video heads of your equipment. It is not popular because it evaporates very rapidly. A 90 percent isopropyl-alcohol solution is more widely used for head cleaning. One note of caution: Regardless of the solution used, cotton swabs should be avoided, as they can shed fibers that may clog the video heads. A better device is a cleaner with a chamois tip. Due to the delicate nature of video heads, cleaning should be done only when necessary and always by a qualified video technician. The moderate charge of a professional cleaning will be a lot lower than the cost of repairing damage resulting from improper cleaning.

A few years ago, while I was researching some ancient Taoist texts at a famous

library in England, I came across a few volumes of the *Tao of Sex*. In one written during the Tang dynasty (618–907 A.D.), I found the sexual technique called the Hovering Butterfly. In this technique, the man lies on his back, with both legs opened but drawn toward his chest. The woman sits astride him with the penis inserted. Once the penis is firmly entrenched, the man clamps his legs on the woman's waist. Then she moves up and down, which causes his legs to move in such a way as to resemble the flapping and hovering butterfly. (In this position, the woman can also lean forward and the man can suck her breasts at will.) The woman has to be quite agile. She should have good vaginal-muscle control. She has to use her vaginal muscles to milk the penis to get the man to ejaculate, because in this position, he cannot penetrate too deeply with ease. A woman who can master vaginal control is the ultimate coitus queen and is worth more than gold. The best way to utilize this technique is to alternate letting the woman ride up and down for a while with letting her sit still but use her vaginal-muscle control. The last piece of advice is that the couple should take care while the woman is moving, for the penis may easily slip out if its penetration is not deep enough.—T. H., Copenhagen, Denmark.

Thanks for the tip.

Some of my health-conscious friends

have taken to moderation in a big way. Now, when I have someone over for dinner or lunch, we seldom finish the last bottle of wine. Are there any approved methods for storing half-empty bottles?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

Restaurants that serve wine by the glass have a similar problem. They solve it by using commercial machines that reseal the bottles after substituting nitrogen for the oxygen in the half-empty containers. Cruvinet has come out with single-bottle nitrogen systems. Vacu-Vin sells a rubber stopper with a built-in pump that removes the air from the bottle before sealing. A good wine shop should be able to provide help.

I'd like to share an unusual practice with you and your readers. When I become erect, my penis stands up at a 45-degree angle and elongates considerably. This causes the skin around the base to stretch taut. When this happens, if I apply light pressure to the underside of the scrotum, my testicles pop up into what seems to be a hollow cavity inside my body, on either side of the base of my penis. They will remain there until the erection softens. Normally, this lasts only a few minutes; but the only time I ever timed this phenomenon, they stayed up inside me for nearly 21 minutes. The sensation is just the opposite of what you're probably thinking. It's actually amazingly comfortable. Without anything hanging down,

I'm completely smooth under my fully erect penis, and under the crotch, there's no pain whatsoever. In fact, without any outdoor plumbing dangling in the breeze, there's nothing delicate to have to watch out for or be careful of. This means that both I and my ladyfriend can be more rambunctious than usual. She doesn't have to be careful of hurting me, because there's nothing there that can be hurt. And when I come this way, it seems to be more intense than the usual way. Because I can do this only when fully erect, it's not something I do a lot; it's just interesting from time to time.

Here's why I'm writing to the *Advisor*: I've never heard of another man's being able to do anything like this. How common is this ability?—S. T., Vancouver, British Columbia.

We've heard of this practice. Supposedly, Japanese wrestlers train themselves to hide (and protect) the family jewels in just such a manner. It saves a lot of yen on jockstraps and cups. So relax and enjoy your increased aerodynamic efficiency.

Recently, I decided to get some fog lamps for my 1986 Prelude Si, but I have a few questions. Why are the majority of the fog lamps on the market equipped with amber lenses? Are they really preferable to clear lenses when it comes to illumination in fog, rain, snow, etc.? And since I am planning to use them for more than just



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foul-weather lighting, would you suggest that I consider looking at those with clear lenses rather than amber?—J. Y., Upton, Massachusetts.

The amber lenses cut through fog much better than clear lenses do: Using a clear-lens lamp in fog is equivalent to using your brights. As you know, using your bright lights in fog only decreases visibility. Amber lamps are available in various models and types and cost from \$15 to \$70.

I am a 31-year-old female, happily married to the same wonderful guy for just over ten years. We have a very enjoyable sex life; however, there is one small problem. We both enjoy various positions and especially oral sex. I really enjoy sucking my husband's penis, because he gets really excited, and I would like to be able to suck him off to a climax; but for some reason, I am afraid to do so. I don't know why—perhaps because of the taste. I know he would like me to do so—he has said so—but, being a sensitive and understanding guy, he warns me of his coming ejaculation to allow me to quit sucking in time. I either finish him off with my hand or quickly change positions and put his penis between my adequate breasts to finish the job. I, and probably thousands of women with the same hang-up, would certainly appreciate any advice you can offer in helping us overcome this problem. It would also make our men more satisfied

with the oral sex we enjoy so much. Is there a simple solution or answer?—Mrs. W. H., Columbus, Ohio.

Ask yourself whether it is the taste of semen that worries you or the smell and feel of it. Remind yourself that sex is messy; that's part of its charm. If taste is your concern, the next time your husband comes in your hand or on your breasts, put a finger in and sample it. If the problem is feel and smell, maybe a dozen raw oysters will prepare you for the consistency and scent of semen. If you are worried about volume, try oral sex for the second or third orgasm, when there is less ejaculate. Since you clearly enjoy sex and want to please your husband, we suspect that you'll find a way to work this out. Good luck.

My girlfriend is still a virgin. She would like to engage in making love but is afraid she could become pregnant even if we were to use a condom. She wants to go on the pill, but I am against that because of information about the negative effects it can have on a girl. Please tell me what to do.—C. K., Tullahoma, Tennessee.

Birth-control pills are still considered the best form of contraception for women under the age of 40 who don't smoke. The benefits far outweigh the infrequent drawbacks. You should talk with your family physician or your girlfriend should talk with her gynecologist to determine what methods of birth control might work best for the two of you. In the

meantime, experiment with oral and manual sex—i.e., sex without penetration. Making love includes more than intercourse.

Ever since my girlfriend and I saw *Fatal Attraction*, we have been arguing about extramarital affairs. While a one-night stand with a stranger may have its dramatic value, how many spouses actually take up with mysterious lovers?—B. M., Atlanta, Georgia.

Frederick Humphrey, of the University of Connecticut, studied 179 couples undergoing marital therapy. He found that husbands were involved in one or more affairs an average of 29 months; wives, 21 months. Men were more likely (20 percent) to take up with strangers than were women (eight percent). For all the scare stories associating affairs with AIDS—or, in the case of "Fatal Attraction," with homicidal maniacs—it seems that people are still having them the old-fashioned way: with people they have known for a while.

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



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Of course, we do have to add one footnote to all this. If it isn't a Sony, it isn't a Walkman.

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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

Since sexual attraction is initially visual, how would you make love to a blind man and get him to "see" you?

God, that's a great question. I do like to see a good-looking body. That turns me on. I keep myself in good shape, which turns on my partner. If he couldn't see me, he'd have to feel me. Sex talk is wonderful. Now that I'm really thinking about this, it could be very exciting. Touching and talking are really more important than seeing. I could make love to a blind man. I'd stay and continue this conversation, but I'm going to find one.



Kimberly Paige

KYMBERLY PAIGE
MAY 1987

Touching. Creating an environment for sex with incense and classical music. I love classical music when I'm making love. I don't count on my looks or his. I do look for energy and attitude, a sense of humor and a strong character. A powerful man who will treat me like a woman, meaning with sensitivity and consideration. We could bathe together. I could give him a massage, rub oil on his back and then roll him over! He wouldn't have to see me. But I would do all of these things with the right guy whether he could see me or not.



Luann Lee

LUANN LEE
JANUARY 1987

I'm not too attached to my own looks. If the man were blind, I'd first try to use my voice. It would be a little game. Since he couldn't see me, he'd have to use his imagination. My voice, soft music, a nice atmosphere and touching him around the face and hair. I'd massage him. I love the feel of skin. I'd continue to talk to him, trying to make him feel comfortable and relaxed. If he didn't have looks to go on, he'd have to rely on feelings, his and mine. Touching would be very important. And, after a while, so would silence.



Rebecca Ferratti

REBECCA FERRATTI
JUNE 1986

I've never had a relationship based on looks. If I were having a relationship with a blind man, I'd make sure my hair was in good condition and my skin was very smooth, because different textures would be very important to him. He would be sensitive to touch. Smell would be important, too. Perfume would play a role. His finger tips would be sensitive. I would be his eyes. It would be an honest relationship. Why? Because even if his friends told him I was a good-looking girl, at the end of the day, if my personality sucked, he wouldn't be interested.



Marina Baker

MARINA BAKER
MARCH 1987

What is sensuous, aside from seeing your partner? Skin. A healthy, supple body. A blind man could feel that. Seeing is nothing compared with touch. Soft hair. A fit body. In some ways, it might make an encounter easier if it weren't all based on the visual things. Sex might be less inhibiting. On the other hand, I'd be dishonest if I pretended that visual stimulation wasn't a part of sexual attraction. You just don't need it as much when your other senses are working.



Julie Peterson

JULIE PETERSON
FEBRUARY 1987

If I can't visually stimulate him, what can I do? Is that the question? I don't think sex is all about physical beauty. It's in the eye of the beholder. If two people care about each other, that in itself is stimulating. I feel confident about my attractiveness and I have a personality. I can convey that to someone who can't see me. Also, I'm attracted to comedians, men who can make me laugh and have something going for them besides a chiseled jaw. Humor is adorable and sexy.




Lynne Austin

LYNNE AUSTIN
JULY 1986

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





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Ronald Reagan,

WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I NEEDED YOU?

By John Jameson

Irangate was a result of President Reagan's ostensible concern for the U.S. citizens held captive in Lebanon. The invasion of Grenada, too, apparently stemmed from Presidential sympathy for a group of medical students who had stumbled into trouble on the Caribbean isle. But can tourists like you and me count on the same kind of national rescue effort? Let me tell you what happened on my recent vacation in South America.

As I waited to board a flight out of Lima, Peru, with my brother Stuart and my friend Hal, a customs officer motioned us into a small room behind the airline ticket counter. The next thing we knew, two customs officials were rummaging through our suitcases and strip searching me. One of the officers squeezed out some of the tooth paste from my toilet kit, put it in a vial with a clear liquid and shook it. Nothing happened. He repeated this procedure with our soap, shampoo, deodorant, eye drops, after-shave lotion and aspirin. Finally, he took out some presoaked tissues—like the towelettes they give you after dinner in a seafood restaurant—that my mother had bought for me at Fred's Dollar Store in Eupora, Mississippi. He wrung them into the vial. The liquid turned blue and the room exploded in pandemonium. "*Tengo gringo con cocaína*," the agent shouted into a walkie-talkie. A gringo with cocaine. I had apparently proved to be a drug smuggler. Four more customs men burst in, handcuffed me and pushed me against the wall.

This was beginning to feel like *Midnight Express*. The guards tore the lining out of my suitcase and toilet kit, pulled the soles from my tennis shoes and ripped the pockets off my pants.

After a while, a captain of the customs service appeared and escorted me to a room where 15 members of the Lima press corps were waiting. The captain held up the towelettes, which he said held liquid cocaine; a half-empty container of tooth paste, which he said was for hiding drugs; and the business card from my job as campaign manager for Senator Ernest Hollings of South Carolina, which he said showed I was an important politician.

Meanwhile, Peru's crack customs



team was "testing" our belongings again. One official put a few plaster threads from the cast on Hal's broken arm into a vial: *cocaína* again. Within five minutes, reporters were snapping pictures of us, the captain, the cast and the towelettes. Nothing of Stuart's tested positive, but he was arrested as "a suspicious character."

A few hours later, two consular officials from the U.S. embassy arrived. They had heard a radio broadcast about our arrests. At last, friends to help us out of this absurd predicament. They listened to our story, then responded that "the State Department is not here to act as advocate for Americans arrested abroad." They tried to explain the cumbersome legal procedures we faced. They said that all they could do was try to ensure that we were treated no differently from Peruvian prisoners (not reassuring), contact a lawyer (whom we had to pick from an embassy list—a more specific recommendation would have violated their no-advocacy rule) and notify our families. We specifically asked that our parents and friends be told that phony drug tests had found cocaine in my towelettes and Hal's cast, that we expected that a different drug test would prove our innocence and that we would call home as soon as we were allowed.

We were led off to jail.

A guard unlocked the door and turned on the dim light. We were shocked to see nine men covering every inch of the 6' x 10' floor. The grimy

walls were covered with graffiti praising Pope John Paul II and with photos of Ursula Andress (nude) and Peruvian president Alan Garcia (fully clothed). During the course of our eight-day confinement, the inmate population rose to 20.

The next day's headlines and front-page photos in the Lima tabloids made us instant folk heroes among our cellmates. According to the papers, we were "important American politicians" and "the cocaine in the cast was destined for Ronald Reagan's own consumption."

Incredibly, our Government seemed to accept the Peruvian officials' version of events. One of the consular officials who had met us at the airport the day before came to the jail with the U.S. consul. I told our story once again. There had been a terrible mistake. We needed help arranging genuine tests to clear our names. But I soon realized that as far as this official was concerned, I was as good as convicted. "You are in a lot of trouble," she said. I would be held in detention for 15 days, then transferred to a prison for two to four years, awaiting trial. The ultimate sentence would be another ten to 15 years. This was tantamount to a death sentence, for an American would never survive that long in a Peruvian jail. The consul seemed to relish her description of the brutal Peruvian prisons. Once we were convicted, she said, she would do her best to have us transferred to an American prison under the terms of a prisoner-exchange treaty with Peru. "No guarantee, of course."

She did agree to send a cable—collect—to our families and friends. In our hastily scrawled message, we explained our predicament, implored our families not to come to Peru and asked them to have hope and patience. We said we expected to retain a Peruvian attorney shortly and we were optimistic that we would be coming home soon.

We tried to adjust to life in prison. We wore the same fetid clothes day after day. If we were lucky, we got out twice a day: at eight A.M. for a shower and toilet break (for the rest of the day the only facilities were Inca Cola bottles) and at (concluded on page 52)

MENTAL-HEALTH TESTING

One evening, I accompanied my girlfriend to the medical lab where she works as a technician. While I was there, I happened to see the results of drug tests performed on employees of a local manufacturing firm. A number of people had tested positive for cocaine, Cannabis and opiates. Also listed, however, were those who had tested positive for antidepressants, lithium carbonate, Valium and Thorazine. These drugs are often prescribed by psychiatrists. It's astounding to me that employers can use drug testing not only to discover which employees are using drugs recreationally but also to discover which ones are undergoing psychiatric treatment.

(Name and address withheld by request)

EUTHANASIA GOES TO THE VOTERS

There is a bill pending in California called the Humane and Dignified Death Act. The legislation would permit doctors to use any medical procedure to end the life of a terminally ill, mentally competent patient who has signed a document requesting it.

The bill guards against forced euthanasia. It would allow a doctor—no one else—to terminate the life, and then only if at least one other doctor has found the patient to have an incurable disease and to be likely to die within six months.

The public favors doctor-assisted suicide for the terminally ill. In answer to the question Should incurably ill patients have the right to ask for and get life-ending medication? 64 percent of 515 California adults polled said yes, 27 percent said no and nine percent were undecided.

We think that the time has come for all American people—not just the citizens of California—to be able to vote on this serious issue and to decide for themselves whether or not they want the right to die.

Donald Gallagher
Americans Against Human Suffering
Glendale, California



FOR THE RECORD

MUSIC TO OUR... EARS?

Score one for Canadian freedom. Glad Day Bookshop in Toronto has successfully appealed Canadian customs' confiscation of the bookstore's shipment of *The Joy of Gay Sex*. In March 1986, Glad Day's shipment was detained at the border—despite the fact that the book had been in circulation in Canada for almost ten years. The court ruling could force customs officials to rethink their present practice of prohibiting all materials depicting anal sex from entering the country. Judge D. C. J. Hawkins, who handed down the decision, offered an analogy worth noting:

"I find that the book deals rationally and unemotionally with the sexual practices of a substantial segment of the male population. However repugnant the concept of anal sex may be to the heterosexual observer, it is, I find, the central act of homosexual practice. To write about homosexual practices without dealing with anal intercourse would be equivalent to writing a history of music and omitting Mozart."

RELIGIOUS-RIGHT ROUNDUP

If the Reverend Donald Wildmon had gone public sooner in informing us that Holiday Inns provide adult movies to their patrons, he would have saved me the money that I've been wasting on other motels. I'm switching to Holiday Inns.

George F. Allan
Lakeside, California

Roman Catholic pontiff John Paul II met with 27 Protestant and Jewish leaders at an interdenominational prayer service during his visit to South Carolina last September. Donald Jones, chairman of the religious-studies department at the University of South Carolina, called the meeting "the most important ecumenical event in American religious history."

But not everyone wants Christian unity. There are those who want people to believe only what *they* believe and want everyone to contribute only to *their* cause. Case in point: Jerry Falwell. He says he would have refused an invitation to meet the Pope (of course, he wasn't offered one) because he doesn't believe in ecumenism. Just another example of Falwell's open-mindedness.

Billie Baker Wilkerson
Corpus Christi, Texas

The Reverend Jerry Falwell demonstrated what a tolerant guy he is when he urged his followers last September to boycott the Home Box Office movie *Mandela*, which dramatized Nelson Mandela's struggle against apartheid in South Africa. Apparently, Falwell considers Mandela a Communist and was concerned about the film's sympathetic portrayal. Falwell is against anything that rubs slightly against his grain.

D. Wells
Springfield, Massachusetts

ANIMAL RIGHTS REDUX

I was very disappointed in your reply to my letter on animal rights (*The Playboy Forum*, October). It is paradoxical to say that you do not believe in inflicting pain on animals, yet you are not proponents of vegetarianism or of abandoning the use of animal skins for clothing. It is only through the murder of animals that meat, leather and fur exist.

Besides the immoral imprisonment of nonhuman animals in grossly overcrowded factory farms and their unethical slaughter, carnivorous inflicts real

harm to human animals as well. A quarter of the world's people are starving while vast amounts of land are foolishly tied up in feeding livestock to produce a few pounds of flesh for those selfish enough to eat it.

For these reasons, I have already given up the minor pleasures of wearing leather and eating the butchered remains of animals. Now I must give up reading *Playboy*.

Steve McRoberts
St. Paul, Minnesota

If you are not proponents of vegetarianism, then you must think that inflicting pain on animals is OK, or else your ignorance of life on a factory farm is acute.

Rocky Leplin
North Hollywood, California

I congratulate you on your reply to Steve McRoberts. Those who maintain that we should halt trapping, hunting and utilizing animal products deny humans the right to be part of nature.

David L. Craig
San Marcos, Texas

The alternative to wearing fur is to wear fake fur. There are excellent imitations that neither look nor feel fake.

Harley Cahen
Ithaca, New York

I'm not very comfortable with the increasingly fashionable concept of animal rights. The implication is that these rights are somehow God-given and inalienable. They are not. The only rights animals have are those bestowed upon them by humans who wish to demonstrate their moral superiority over those of us who eat meat.

H. Matthews
Chicago, Illinois

PRO-LIFE

I'm offended by the way you categorize people who are pro-life as being antipleasure (*The Playboy Forum*, September). I am against abortion, yet I don't believe that sexual pleasure contributes to weak moral behavior.

Jon Marquis
Van Nuys, California

We didn't do the categorizing. We merely reported on a study conducted by the Institute of Humanistic Science.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE COURTS

Thank heavens there are some judges who use common sense. Here's the story. A so-called Jane Doe found out that her husband was bisexual and had been involved in several homosexual affairs. She divorced him immediately. He told her that he had tested negative for the AIDS virus, but she took him to court anyway—seeking damages for the mental anguish she suffered from fear of AIDS. A New York State Supreme Court judge

dismissed her claim, stating that if Mrs. Doe were allowed to sue, any person whose spouse was sleeping around could bring a damage action for "AIDS-phobia." "In this day and age," the judge said, "any deviation from the marital nest could possibly result in exposure to AIDS."

P. Myers
Santa Fe, New Mexico
(continued on page 48)

BE ALL THAT YOU CAN BE

They advertise it so sweet.

—BENNY LEE WILKERSON,
Navy veteran

"Join the Navy, see the world." "Aim high. Be an Air Force pilot." "The Armed Forces: It's a great way to start." "We're not a company, we're your country." "The few, the proud, the Marines." "It's not just a job, it's an adventure." "We do more before nine A.M. than most people do all day."

There's no question about it, the military has some catchy slogans on its side—and American young people are listening and enlisting at the rate of more than 200,000 per year. But the ads they see on television are a sanitized, glamorized version of life in the military.

C.C.C.O./A National Agency for Military and Draft Counseling is a tax-exempt, nonprofit civilian agency that aims to show our youth what the military is really about. Knowing both sides of the story is the only way to make an informed and conscientious decision.

Most of C.C.C.O.'s material is provided by veterans, who have learned about military life the hard way—by living it. They want to ensure that the next generation is more enlightened than they were.

If you are considering joining one of the Armed Services as a means of paying for your education, of learning a trade or of seeing the world, please contact us before you enlist. We'll give you fact, not fantasy.

Lou Ann Merkle
C.C.C.O.
2208 South Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19146



READER RESPONSE (continued)

PX PLEA

I recently read that Senator Bill Armstrong of Colorado is heading a campaign to remove *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and other adult material from military retail stores.

These magazines may seem like unnecessary luxuries to someone who's never been far from home, but to a young GI stationed in remote Grafenwöhr or at the Korean DMZ, they are a life line to home. Take them away and see a drastic reduction in morale.

But there are other reasons to fight Senator Armstrong's campaign. The members of the Armed Forces have sworn to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States. One price we have to pay for this privilege is the reduction of our own constitutional rights. The elimination of some rights is necessary for good military order and discipline. But what is the reasoning behind Armstrong's initiative in removing our reading material? Does he think that the absence of *Playboy* will make us better military people? Does he think he's protecting us from seditious matter? No, I think that he and his fundamentalist friends are searching for a precedent. If they succeed in forbidding *Playboy* to the military, they'll have an easier time forbidding it to the public.

I urge you to help defeat this initiative. The American Civil Liberties Union is active in the fight against Armstrong and his campaign. It needs your support.

(Name and address withheld by request)

SPREAD THE WORD

West Hollywood, California, officials have the right idea. They are making massage parlors, adult-book stores and other adult-only businesses hand out information about safe sex and AIDS if they want their licenses renewed. One official explained: "There's a lot of good information around, but it's not getting out to the public, particularly to the heterosexual community. By having the literature [at adult establishments], it encourages people to understand that sex is good, sex is healthy, but it should be done safely." Good for West Hollywood.

J. Carpenter
Los Angeles, California

SEX-ED UPDATE

Northwestern University Medical School has a program called Discovery, in which third-year medical students teach inner-city seventh- and eighth-grade students sex education in two separate one-hour presentations. In a study of more than 1000 children, test scores rose by 32 percent on a 20-question true-false, multiple-choice test. On retesting ten weeks later, the children had virtually 100 percent

retention of their new knowledge.

What do these youngsters do with their knowledge? Does sex education reduce teenage pregnancy? Unfortunately, there are few studies to demonstrate that sex-education courses have any impact on behavior—good or bad. Children also need a reason *not* to get pregnant. To this end, Northwestern has established a program called Horizons, in which medical students try to motivate children to study harder in school and to take more control of their lives. This one-hour program affects nearly 20,000 Chicago public school children per year.

Michael D. Benson, M.D.
Chicago, Illinois

NO PROGRESS IN GEORGIA

Apparently, none of the city commissioners in Gainesville, Georgia, has heard that the U.S. Surgeon General, Everett Koop, advocates the use of condoms in preventing the spread of AIDS. A restaurant owner in Gainesville was hauled into court for installing condom machines in the restaurant's rest rooms. He hadn't known that he was violating a 52-year-old ordinance that outlaws the sale or distribution of any "article or medical device . . .

for the prevention of venereal disease or infections within city limits . . . except by regularly licensed physicians, druggists or persons operating under a city drug license."

Of course, this ordinance still stands. How's *that* for progress?

Charles E. Arnold III
Jonesboro, Georgia

HERE, THERE, EVERYWHERE

I thought you might be interested in a study conducted recently at Kansas State University. Two researchers surveyed 189 students, aged 12 to 19, in the small Kansas town of Herington and found that rural teens are as sexually active and as careless about contraceptives as their urban peers. An astonishing 27 percent of the boys and six percent of the girls had engaged in sex by the age of 14; 53 percent of the boys and 59 percent of the girls had engaged in sex by the age of 19; and 58 percent of the boys and 45 percent of the girls reported not having used a contraceptive during their first sexual encounter. Some of those urban school birth-control clinics should be transplanted to farm country.

J. Hanson
Kansas City, Kansas



TRUTH, BEAUTY & THE NEW YORK TIMES

The price of prudery is eternal vigilance. For years, we've marveled at the lengths to which television censors will go to protect viewers from what the censors consider disturbing images. For example, you will never hear the sound of a toilet flushing on TV or see sweat in a deodorant commercial or see toilet paper next to the toilet.

As for relationships between the sexes, forget real life. Ralph Daniels, a censor at NBC, recently told *The Wall Street Journal* that he had to put a tooth-paste commercial that showed lingering kisses on a restricted schedule, because the "kissing was more openmouthed than appropriate."

Prime time is not ready for French kissing, but what about the regular kind? Did you know that two people can't kiss in a TV commercial unless they're both wearing wedding rings? "We aren't trying to promote promiscuous behavior through advertising," says the redoubtable Daniels. But what if the two are married to different people; heh, bozo?

We always thought that print journalists were above this kind of flagrant horseshit, but no. . . . *The New York Times* recently banned the Charlie ad pictured here.

Times spokeswoman Marjorie Longley said, "We thought it was in poor taste, and that's all there is to it. We are very strict on taste in *The New York Times*. We consider ourselves a family newspaper."

Not to be outdone, Fred Hayward, director of Men's Rights Media Watch, called the Charlie ad one of the worst of 1987. "Just imagine the reaction if the roles in that photo were reversed."

Why should we? We're having too much fun contemplating our feelings.

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

NURSING MOTHERS, BEWARE

DUBUQUE, IOWA—A woman who breast feeds her baby in public could run into trouble under Dubuque's amended ordinance against indecent exposure. Provoked by an incident in which a woman exposed her bare breasts to passing motorists on a downtown street, the city council voted to include "female breast nipples" among the private parts that could not be displayed in public. One councilman objected, saying that banning nursing was

in effect pending review by the Supreme Court.

A St. Louis circuit-court jury rejected a woman's claim that she suffered \$4,000,000 worth of damages from watching 16 minutes of "Deep Throat." Her attorney argued that his client was a victim of post-traumatic stress syndrome, but psychiatrists for the defense said that the woman displayed signs of chronic schizophrenia that could not have been caused by a single short-term event.

ALL IN THE FAMILY

CHICAGO—More than 60 percent of teenaged mothers in an Illinois survey reported that they had been sexually abused as children, and many were in abusive relationships with men or boys. The director of a social-service group for teenaged mothers says, "[These girls] were led to believe at a very early age that they could not say no to sex." They feel powerless, unable to prevent the abuse of their own children. "The best way to protect their children is by teaching them to be protective, nurturing parents." The director of the state's Department of Children and Family Services called the numbers "staggering" and added, "When we investigate the abuse of a child, we will ask more questions of family members and tailor our counseling efforts to the whole family."

AIDS: AT HOME AND ABROAD

The U.S. Public Health Service is now requiring AIDS tests for all immigrants and refugees. The new regulation will affect about 660,000 immigrants and refugees, in addition to those who hold temporary visas.

The Soviet Union, with the world's strictest anti-AIDS law, provides a five-year jail term for any carrier of the virus who engages in sex with another person. Police have the authority to apprehend suspected AIDS carriers for compulsory testing.

The London Times reports that a World Health Organization advisor has linked the spread of AIDS in Africa to WHO's smallpox-eradication campaign. According to the Times, "The greatest spread of HIV infection coincides with the most intense immunization programs." Dr. Robert Gallo, a noted AIDS researcher, has long held that the use of live vaccines can activate a dormant infection. "No blame can be attached to WHO," he says, "but if the hypothesis is correct, it is a tragic situation."

COITUS INTERRUPTUS

LOS ANGELES—A municipal judge dismissed charges of distributing harmful material to minors against Jello Biafra, former lead singer of the Dead Kennedys, after the jury became deadlocked in the case involving the punk band's album "Frankenchrist." The item defined as harmful matter was a poster—enclosed in the album—of a painting called "Penis Landscape," by Swiss surrealist H. R. Giger, depicting ten sets of copulating male and female genitalia ("The Playboy Forum," October 1986). The attorney for the defendant explained to the court that the poster, lyrics and music symbolized "a simple hope that we will stop screwing our fellow man."

PECKER-UPPER

MOSCOW—The first Soviet clinic for impotent men is opening in Leningrad and will offer treatment with a device that, though not described by the Soviet press, is presumably a prosthesis that helps the user maintain an erection. According to an article in the magazine Nedelya, "Good results have been achieved by drivers, pilots and seamen—all types of men who, because of their work, spend a long time traveling and come home tired."

WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERS

TOKYO—More sex and laughter will stem the rising mortality rate of Japanese executives, at least according to Dr.



an invasion of privacy. The police chief, who had proposed the amendment, cautioned women to nurse discreetly. Conviction on the charge could result in 30 days in jail or a \$100 fine.

THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY

Federal circuit courts in Tennessee and Alabama overturned lower-court rulings that favored fundamentalist plaintiffs who objected to public school textbooks on the grounds that they offended their Christian beliefs. A lawyer for People for the American Way called the circuit-court decisions "a great triumph for the public school system."

U.S. Supreme Court Chief Justice William H. Rehnquist, acting on an appeal by the Reagan Administration, blocked a U.S. district-court ruling and reinstated Federal funding to religious groups that counsel teenagers to abstain from sex. The lower court had held that funding religious groups under the 1981 Adolescent Family Life Act violated the constitutional principle of separation of church and state. The statute will remain



Kiyoyasu Arikawa, who has gone on the road to advocate less work and more sex and fun. "Going without [sex]," he says, "exacerbates the stress level." He also prescribes walking for 30 minutes a day.

A FEW GOOD WORDS

How many times have you sat through an antiporn diatribe or listened to a fundamentalist rail against erotica and wondered, Who will stand up for pornography? We asked Canadian philosopher Dr. F. M. Christensen to respond to some of the clichéd antiporn arguments. **PLAYBOY:** Is pornography a recent phenomenon?

CHRISTENSEN: Humans have produced pornography for thousands of years. The artists of ancient Greece, India and Japan produced quite a bit of sexually explicit art. In ancient Tahiti, family entertainment included the portrayal of a variety of sex acts, and ancient Polynesians held nude beauty contests. In most early societies, evidently pornography was not considered disgusting or degrading.

PLAYBOY: Why do we have pornography?

CHRISTENSEN: Pornography is something like theater or spectator sports. Humans can get enjoyment by watching others because we have the ability to fantasize. In particular, we fantasize about sex; in fact, it's so natural that we even fantasize in our sleep. Pornography is a simple extension of sexual fantasy. It is an alternative way of satisfying, albeit imperfectly, some very strong needs and desires.

PLAYBOY: But some people say that that makes pornography dehumanizing.

CHRISTENSEN: On the contrary, nothing is more human than sexual fantasies and feelings. If anyone is trying to dehumanize us, it is those who would denigrate our sexuality.

PLAYBOY: Does pornography turn people into sex objects?

CHRISTENSEN: Our long tradition of devaluing the body, and sex in particular, underlies this charge. An exercise video tape has just as much focus on the physical body—or the body as object—as does a pornographic movie. Why is sex object a common charge while exercise object is not?

PLAYBOY: Does pornography reduce people to body parts?

CHRISTENSEN: Look through almost any *nonerotic* magazine and you will find advertisements and articles featuring hair, hands, hips, feet, etc. They may be selling foot powder or explaining how to keep hips in trim or how to reduce back pain. They are never condemned for reducing people to body parts. The real reason for the attack on pornography is that some people consider sex organs shameful.

PLAYBOY: Is pornography very narrow-

1

A PHILOSOPHER LOOKS AT THE PORN DEBATE

"If erotica were as respectable as media violence is, more of it would be produced by top people."

minded? Does it present people as being nothing but sexual beings; does it carry the message that sex is all we're good for? **CHRISTENSEN:** Most pornography has a limited scope; it contains little else besides sex. This is partly because sexual activity has been excluded from socially respectable portrayals of human experience; it has been driven out into a realm by itself. But almost all events, from sports to concerts, are specialized in their content. They all portray a limited view of human life. There are magazines that specialize in sports, food, music, hobbies, fashion, etc. Do these publications portray people as whole human beings?

Do movies or novels that do *not* have sex scenes deny our completeness? No. Human wholeness in no way precludes focusing on one aspect of ourselves at a time.

CHRISTENSEN: You presume that pornography makes all women angry. This is not true. In fact, many of them enjoy sexually explicit presentation. Video dealers report that women and couples rent most X-rated movies. There are many women who *are* angered by pornography. However, the main reason for their anger stems from the bodily shame we've all been conditioned to feel. Those feelings are not healthy, and the best way to solve this problem is to educate people to be comfortable with their bodies. Another reason for women's anger is that they feel their careers have been restricted. In the past, they were largely limited to being sex partners and mothers and were not valued by society for their intelligence or creativity. Consequently, emphasis on a woman's desirability to men is seen as something bad in itself. The solution to this problem is not to eliminate attraction between the sexes but to continue to expand women's opportunities.

PLAYBOY: Do men's-magazines' images of women create an unreal standard of beauty?

CHRISTENSEN: The women pictured in, say, *Playboy* have faces and figures that the average woman can't match. Hence, comparison with them can only make a woman feel inferior and insecure. This is obviously not a legitimate objection to nudity itself. Should *Playboy* publish pictures of less attractive women? That wouldn't really satisfy those who object to pornography, for they don't make this same charge about idealization elsewhere in the media and the culture. For instance, children on television and in the movies are almost always cute and charming. The models in women's fashion magazines are certainly above average in attractiveness. How does an average man feel when he compares himself with most male movie stars? He certainly can't match their looks or status. But the real point here is that neither the media nor pornography creates the ideal of beauty. Every culture has its standard of physical attractiveness, and those who fall short feel inadequate. This problem will exist with or without pornography.

PLAYBOY: Is pornography male propaganda? It portrays women as being sexually assertive and *(concluded overleaf)*

ABOUT PORNOGRAPHY

2

My favorite buzz word of the porn flap is objectification. It is used to describe everything: the 62 cents females earn to the male dollar, catcalls and whistles on the street, pictures of Degas ballerinas and Miss January. It is what the Meese commission says is wrong with representations of sex, why libraries are taking books off shelves and paintings with sexual themes have been removed from art galleries.

When feminists in the early Seventies attacked objectification, they protested against women's real lack of self-determination—low pay, paltry political representation, limited educational opportunities and disproportionate burdens in the home. Those feminists were effective because they correctly identified a problem and fought for its remedy. They won abortion rights, some affirmative-action decisions and a slight increase in the availability of good day care. A few women even got into politics or won access to better jobs and pay.

The fundamentalists who later adopted the word objectification have been using it in a very different way. Eager to roll back the feminist advances of the Seventies, they tell women that their problems begin not with poverty or powerlessness but with disrespect. Men aren't treating them right. Men are treating them like sexual objects. Wouldn't they like to be treated like ladies again?

Some feminists have also succumbed to the idea that sexual objectification is evil. After years of a daunting battle against a sexist economy and sexist politics, many women have tired. Desperate for a speedier victory, they have picked a weaker enemy. Sex and depictions of sex, convenient scapegoats in America, have proved perfect patsies.

I think it's time to ask precisely when objectification is degrading and when it's a lark. If we, especially women, fail to make that distinction, we'll end up outlawing all art—and all fleeting glances—in an effort to rid ourselves of the demeaning works. We'll end up denying ourselves the ego boost and thrill of admiration, hoping—mistakenly—to ensure our independence and well-being. That would be not only throwing out the baby with the bath water but one-stop shopping for a *chador*.

As a political condition, objectification is frightful. It's a humiliating state in which women are ridiculed as baubles, "protected" as figurines, raped in and

SOMETIMES, BEING AN OBJECT IS OK

"It's time to ask precisely when objectification is degrading and when it's a lark."

out of marriage and denied equal wages. But in the playful realm of art, games and sex, objectification is one of life's charms. All of us love attention. No one, to my knowledge, gets dressed up to be ignored. We want admiration, pure and simple. Every performer needs it on stage. Every player needs it on the field. Everyone needs it in bed.

The distinction between the workaday world of money and power and the playful world of art, games and sex is crucial. Economics and politics are serious in a way that play isn't, even when it absorbs your attention completely—as any good drama or round of golf will do. Econom-

ics and politics determine your ability to make a living. Playful activities, such as games and flirtations, are designed to display the body or its skills. They are calculated to arouse admiration, emotion and fantasy—often the very feelings we don't dare act out in the grave arenas of real life. Most important, we play for free. Our livelihood or survival doesn't depend upon the game.

A performance of *Swan Lake* and the romance that it makes both dancers and audience feel are part of play. Ticket prices and the salaries of the performers are not. The effort and excitement of the world series are play; player trades are not. Falling in love is play; paying the mortgage is not. Sex is play; birth control is not. Looking at porn is play; the models' fees are not. Bondage between lovers is play; a beating in an alley is not. Rape fantasies are play; rape is not.

Not only can we recognize these distinctions, we are highly sensitive to them. Our defenses go up and our tactics change the minute things get serious. Just try overdoing it with a friend's wife. If you break the rules of the game, you'll find yourself at war.

When we are seen, objectified, across the footlights, in a crowded room or on a bed, we are playing. And we are flattered. Anyone who has ever been looked up and down knows the feeling.

If a man looks at a woman's breasts and hips and is aroused, it's play. If she sleeps with him for a night's wages or stays married to him because she can't support their children alone, it's not.

It's outside the context of play that objectification becomes humiliating and brutal. And it's outside play, in the real world of cash and clout, that women must fight against it. There are plenty of opportunities to test our mettle. But let's not confuse the dangers of objectification with its delights. Let's fight discrimination and contempt—not "dirty" pictures. Let's go after anti-abortionists—not "sinful" sex. Let's not waste our time fighting paper tigers.

Women can demand jobs and money and still play. Women can exercise authority and still play around. To those who are struggling hard to be taken seriously at work and at home, this may sound Utopian. But why not go for broke? It would be a shame to settle for less. It's certainly in women's interest to keep objectification in the realm of play. But to keep it.

—MARCIA PALLY

PORN DEBATE

(continued)

uninhibited, and that is just not necessarily so.

CHRISTENSEN: In this respect, pornography is no different from any other fiction. It is *not* real life; its characters are idealized; they fulfill someone's fantasy. Does good always triumph over evil? Does true love always last forever? These are fantasies, too—not portrayals of real life. In fact, avoiding depicting sexuality in a work is more unrealistic, for it suggests that women and men are *nonsexual*.

PLAYBOY: Does pornography promote rape?
CHRISTENSEN: Some radical feminists make charges like that, but they are absurd when applied to nonviolent pornography. It's important to realize that these people make similar libelous claims about men and male sexuality in general. They say that all men are by nature violent. These extremists see antifemale messages everywhere. To them, sexual comments are never appreciative, only hostile. Similarly, then, they view pornography as another expression of men's desire to dominate women, not of their desire to have and share sexual pleasure.

Emotional reactions against pornography tell more about the complainant's own sexual inhibitions than about pornography. The fact is that these arguments are false and, indeed, potentially very harmful. Anyone who hears them should counter with the truth.

Dr. Christensen has written a pamphlet titled "Pornography: The Other Side," available for \$3.50 (\$4 Canadian) from the Gender Issues Education Foundation, P.O. Box 9065, Station E, Edmonton, Alberta T5P 4K1.

REAGAN

(continued)

midday for our only meal (nearly raw meat, greasy fries and rancid tea). Hal, Stuart and I got this special treat by buying it from the police. The others got bread and soup. Sleep was almost impossible. Even when I managed to find an open patch of concrete, there were stinking, sweating feet in my face and on the back of my head, and a body across my legs or chest. The only way to relieve the excruciating back pain was to stand up—and give up precious floor space.

In the meantime, an officer from the State Department told our families that Hal and I had been arrested with more than a kilogram of cocaine between us. He never mentioned the cast or the towelettes or the "test" that had shown them to contain drugs. He simply told them roughly what the consul had told us: that Hal and I were likely to languish in a Peruvian prison for more than ten years. Far from informing our families that we claimed to be innocent, this official even went so far as to tell Hal's mother that Hal "should have known better," since he was a lawyer. And the consul never sent our cable. I later found out that she had withheld it because, in her judgment, we were distraught when we wrote it.

Finally, after six days of confinement, we received good news. A follow-up drug test, carried out in a laboratory, showed that our personal items contained no drugs. The vials that had brought us under suspicion of drug smuggling contained a chemical that reacts to ether—which, as it happens, is used in making both cocaine and plaster casts. It also reacts to other chemicals, such as those present in the presoaked towelettes they sell at Fred's Dollar Store.

After a few days, we were on our way home.

In responding to our complaints about the briefings our families got from the State Department, Jack Adams, director of the State Department's Citizens Emergency Center, asked us to "understand" that such briefings "will always be less informative than those directly from our embassy, because they are working only with the information received by telegram and short telephone conversations." Why, I wonder, can't consular officials squeeze more information into their telegrams and phone calls?

Of course, our Government can't protect U.S. citizens wherever we go. Americans do commit crimes abroad, and they have no right to expect a bail-out from the State Department when they get caught. But that doesn't mean that officers of the U.S. Government can be casual about the presumption of innocence. Adams denied that the State Department assumed we were guilty but added that "it is not appropriate for officers to speculate on the probable innocence of an arrested citizen," even though all we asked his staff to do was tell our families that *we* said we were innocent.

"We cannot impose our legal, judicial or social standards on foreign countries," Adams said—a principle that, if applied, would invalidate about half of American foreign policy.

On the flight back to Miami, I recounted our ordeal to the man sitting next to me. He just shook his head. "If you get in trouble in a foreign land," he told me with a travel-weary sigh, "call the British or the Israelis. They take care of you."

John Jameson is a Mississippi native and a Duke University School of Law graduate. He is now working as a political consultant in Washington, D.C.

The DEVIL'S WORKSHOP

Are antiporn preachers turning their flocks into sex obsessives?

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Money
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

a candid conversation about mind over muscle with the well-built, well-married and wealthy champion—yo, Sly!—of action movies

The legend is well known: how an Austrian-born muscleman, having singlehandedly transformed the sport of bodybuilding into a national pastime, went on to conquer Hollywood. There, portraying a series of entertaining comic-book superheroes—from gargantuan cavemen to monster robots—he created a new kind of strong man. His characters were invincible, often brutal, yet betrayed, if one squinted, a certain vulnerability.

The formula proved highly bankable for Arnold Schwarzenegger. Blockbuster films such as "The Terminator," "Conan the Barbarian," "Conan the Destroyer" and "Commando" grossed more than \$100,000,000 each. And as the revenues rolled in, they made Schwarzenegger rich. His subsequent investments, mostly in real estate, enhanced his reputation for shrewdness. The record shows that he owns several apartment complexes in Los Angeles; that he sold a \$10,000,000 investment property in Denver a few years ago; that he owns another \$10,000,000 office block in midtown Santa Monica; and that he's thinking about developing a Chicago-style Merchandise Mart in California. Forbes magazine recently estimated his two-year income from investments and holdings to be approximately \$26,000,000.

Such wealth, especially among the movie-

star elite, is not unique. What sealed Schwarzenegger's grip on the American dream was his remarkable entry into society. In the spring of 1986, he walked off with one of the country's great romantic prizes, Maria Shriver. A niece of John F. Kennedy, Shriver had beauty, brains and breeding—and served to replace her groom's recently expired green card with the ultimate blue-blood credentials. The man who had won five Mr. Universe and seven Mr. Olympia titles had completed his conquests.

Yet this remarkable journey from Austrian weight room to international stardom has not been easy. Born 40 years ago in Graz, Austria, Arnold Schwarzenegger had a strict upbringing. His father was a military man who, after World War Two, became the district police chief; his mother also had a strong sense of discipline. Feeling penned in, he sought release in sports.

His father had wanted him to be a soccer champ, so at the age of 15, Schwarzenegger began lifting weights to strengthen his legs. He was taken with the regimen and began to study bodybuilding muscle by muscle—learning how each muscle worked, how to shape them. Soon he began to devote himself entirely to weight training. His obsession alarmed his parents, who eventually forbade him to go to the gym more than three nights a week. Un-

daunted, he built his own gym in an unheated room in the house. He watched Steve Reeves and Reg Park muscle movies. Enlisting in the army in 1965, after high school, he used his stint in the service as yet another vehicle for weight training. His dream, however, was to compete in America.

He arrived in the U.S. in 1967 with "little more than a gym bag" and high school English. Schwarzenegger knew that he had two things going for him: a charismatic personality and a strong will. "My desire," he stated in his autobiography, "was to train one whole year and beat everybody in America." The hard work paid off in the form of titles, most dramatically in 1970, when he was named Mr. Universe (for the fifth time), Mr. World and Mr. Olympia—a hat trick that no other professional bodybuilder has repeated in a single year.

In addition to his determination, Schwarzenegger also showed another trait in those early years: sly manipulateness. During competition, he would use a variety of tactics to psych out his rivals. In the documentary "Pumping Iron," he was shown playing on competitors' insecurities en route to grabbing the Mr. Olympia title. The New York Times, in a review of the movie, described Schwarzenegger's methods of "[messing] up



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE

"In the old days, bodybuilders talked about eating two pounds of meat and 30 eggs a day and about how they couldn't have sex, and so on. And I said to myself, 'Who the fuck wants to be part of that kind of sport?'"

"I experienced a lot of prejudice. The people in Hollywood had many reasons why I could not make it: my accent, my body, my long name. You have to establish yourself in such a way that no one else can compete with you."

"I have a love interest in every one of my films—a gun. It doesn't always have to be a woman. That's boring. Besides, you have to understand: In most action movies, women are in the way."

his opponents.' . . . He uses the guarded camaraderie that precedes the competition to play all kinds of one-up games."

Comfortable in his adopted land, Schwarzenegger began to think about making the United States his home. He had already evinced a shrewd head for capitalism, starting a weight-lifting mail-order-catalog business under the name Arnold Strong. Now, bored with the limited glories of competition, he became enamored of that tried-and-true American path to celebrity: movie stardom. Though prepared for a struggle in Hollywood, he got lucky fast. Running into a friend who was working on Robert Altman's "The Long Goodbye," Schwarzenegger was invited to the set to meet the director. Altman eventually hired him as the character whose primary purpose was to beat up Elliott Gould. In the credits, he was billed as Arnold Strong.

Pleased with the experience, he began to take his budding acting career seriously, working with professionals on his accent, his voice, his talent—lessons he continues today. His next major appearance—in "Stay Hungry," with Jeff Bridges and Sally Field—was his breakthrough film, earning Schwarzenegger a Golden Globe as best newcomer in films. From there, he was on to title roles, specifically in the "Conan" series.

But it was Schwarzenegger's portrayal of the title role in "The Terminator," in 1984, that secured his fame: He was named International Star of the Year, and the movie was listed among the ten best films of the year by Time magazine. The subsequent top-grosser "Commando"—as well as "Raw Deal" and last year's "Predator"—confirmed his growing popularity. That popularity was not limited to the screen. He proved a charming and witty guest on his numerous appearances in front of "The Tonight Show's" TV cameras, just as he had charmed the camera in "Pumping Iron." Yet, clearly, Schwarzenegger was a man who kept tight control of his cooperation with the media. Even after he had agreed to sit down for the "Playboy Interview," it took months for him to slot it into his schedule. And when the summons finally came, it was abrupt. He called Playboy interviewer Joan Goodman in Los Angeles on a Tuesday afternoon and told her to take a Wednesday flight to Chicago, where he was making a film. Goodman reports:

"When we began the actual interview, he was pulling on a long, black Cuban Davidoff cigar, which he said had cost \$25. Only half joking, he commented, 'Your time will be measured in stogies. When I finish one, the interview ends.'

"In that instance, Schwarzenegger was merely demonstrating the fine art of control—keeping everyone slightly off balance. He is one of the more finely tuned control freaks I have met in a career of celebrity interviews. He has said, 'The only thing that makes me nervous is when I don't get my own way'—and he means it.

"My first reaction to him was, there's a new Schwarzenegger on the scene. A normal-sized Schwarzenegger. He was 30 pounds off his

top competition weight and ten pounds down from his previous movie low of 210 pounds. The planes of his cheeks looked taut and sharp, the waist narrowed and hard-toned. In other words, he looked as near to regular-sized as can be expected from a man who has spent his life developing his pecs, abs, glutes and quads to outsized proportions.

"He explained that his new size was tailored for his character in 'Red Heat,' the movie he'd been shooting in Chicago. In the film, he plays a Moscow cop on the tail of a Soviet drug smuggler in the U.S. Although the film has the usual murder and mayhem woven into the script, Schwarzenegger was happy to defend it—as he does all his films.

"As you might expect, Schwarzenegger is a charmer with a slightly Teutonic sense of humor. He's old-fashioned and European with women. He won't let you pick up a check, he opens doors and he watches his language.

"I think he's probably at his best with men. A pal says he calls Schwarzenegger 'the elephant,' because he's a Republican. That, and because he never forgets his friends. Or his objectives."

PLAYBOY: If there's one thing your movies

*"I watched violent
movies all my life
and it had no
influence on me.
Something on the screen
doesn't turn a
person into a killer."*

are noted for, it's violence. Sometimes it's cartoonlike; sometimes it's gory. Do you ever think that too much screen violence may be bad for people?

SCHWARZENEGGER: If I thought it was, then I wouldn't do those films. As far as I'm concerned, it doesn't influence people. I watched violent movies all my life and it had no influence on me. Something on the screen doesn't turn a person into a killer unless there's something already wrong with him. And I don't think when you make a movie you can say, "There's some crazy person out there who may take this the wrong way, who may do something crazy." If you did that, you would never make a movie.

PLAYBOY: But the danger isn't just from the random crazy person, is it? Some studies show that younger people, especially, are influenced by the violence they see on the screen. And some people are acting against it.

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yeah, yeah, I know about the P.T.A., but this is just parents who don't want to take responsibility for controlling their kids. They work or are divorced or something. They think they

don't have the time. Besides that, the press and the TV news focus on violence—real violence—all the time. Every local news show starts with how many killings happened that day.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that drive movie people like yourself to think up more and more violent scenes to outdo the real stuff?

SCHWARZENEGGER: There is less violence and gore in my latest movie, *The Running Man*—you don't see it as much. The cameras focus more on the faces and show the fear and the tension. Still, people get entertained in different ways. Some like love stories, some like historical movies, some like emotional films. And then there is that category of people who just like to go and see action movies with some violence throughout.

PLAYBOY: And the effect on younger viewers—

SCHWARZENEGGER: Movies are rated, for adults or for kids. So it's up to the parents. It's a tough job. I remember when my father would say, "Don't go to see this movie," I would run twice as fast. That's how I could tell how much I would like a movie: by how much my father disapproved of it.

PLAYBOY: Then you know that young people will get in to see your movies—or rent them on video—no matter what the rating.

SCHWARZENEGGER: Of course; whatever is forbidden as a kid you want even more. We had much stricter controls in Austria, because we had a police officer standing at the entrance to the movie theater checking our identification. If you were not the right age, you couldn't get in.

PLAYBOY: How did you get in?

SCHWARZENEGGER: [Laughs] My method was to walk in backward when the people were coming out, like I was part of the audience. I always found a way to get in there.

PLAYBOY: So what you are saying is, if a kid is like you, there is no way to keep him from seeing the kind of violent action films you make.

SCHWARZENEGGER: That I don't know.

PLAYBOY: What about the kinds of characters you play—terminators, eliminators, commandos? Do you think the message they send is that violence is heroic?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, because the bad guys do worse. My characters just defend themselves. The message that is sent is to be strong and to be smart and to rely on yourself to get out of danger, to save your own life.

Look, you've had assassinations before now. Presidents were shot before Reagan and Kennedy, before there was television or radio. You can't say what puts a crazy idea in a crazy mind. It's easy to blame a movie rather than to blame yourself. Which is what parents are doing.

Another thing about these reports that come out: They can be interpreted how you want. Many movies reflect what is happening in society and are taken from



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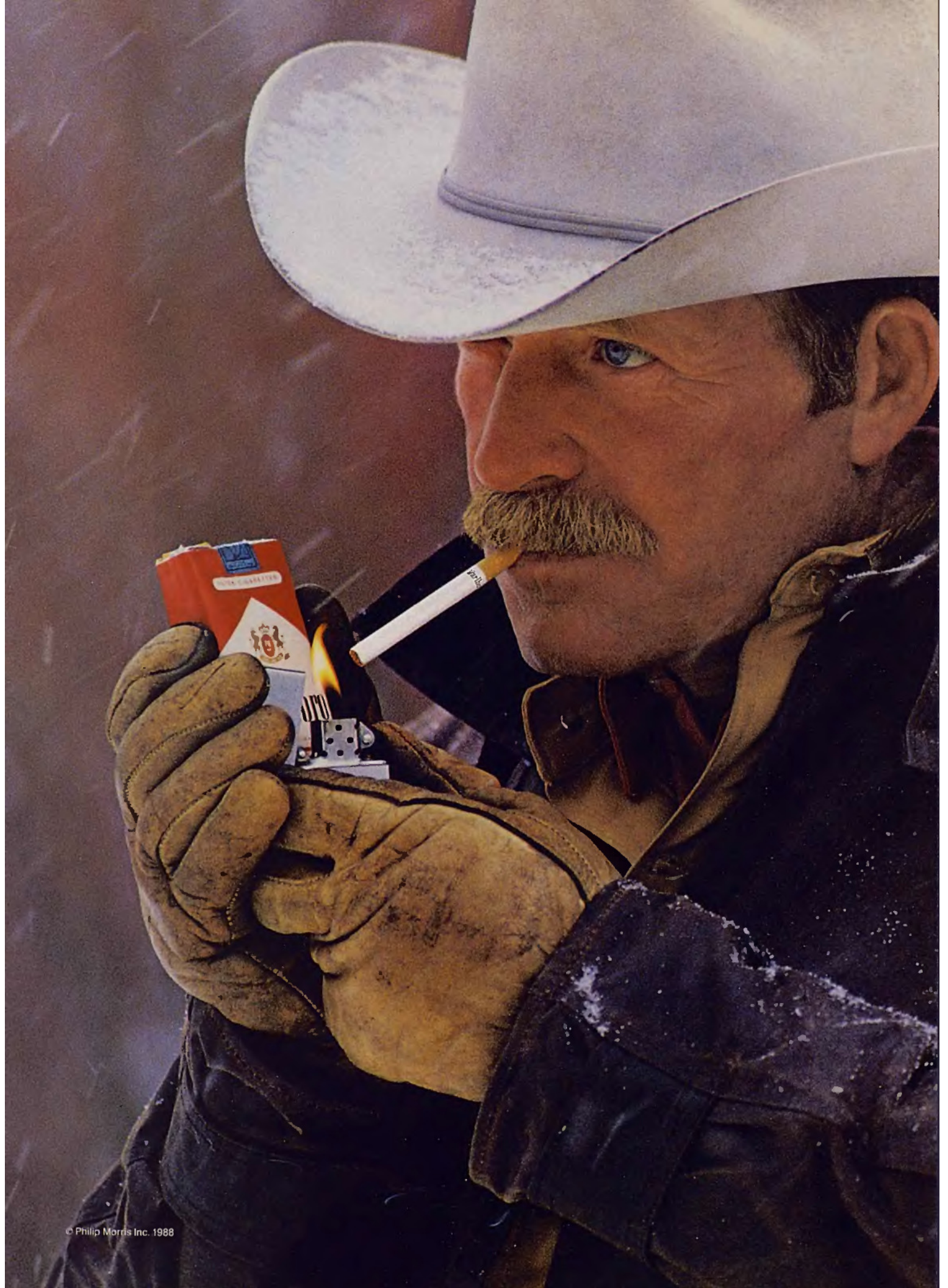
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real stories. Maybe showing that is helpful, because it makes people know what can happen to them if they kill someone.

But the newspapers and news media are much more sensational. There was violence on the California freeways before, but now everyone's doing a story on it.

PLAYBOY: So you think the press is at fault?

SCHWARZENEGGER: In the case of the California freeway killers, I think the big mistake is that people keep guns in their glove compartments. The deal with that is, when you have a permit, you're always supposed to keep your ammunition and your gun separate, so if you get emotional, by the time you get your gun from the glove compartment and your ammunition out of your trunk, you have a chance to cool down.

But the bad thing about all this is that it makes people think that we have to eliminate guns.

PLAYBOY: And you don't think so?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Outlawing guns is *not* the right method of eliminating the problem. If you outlaw guns, people will still have them illegally. In Europe, they're outlawed everywhere. They have very strict gun control in Italy. Yet the Pope was shot. They have very strict gun control in Germany. Yet you see pimps shooting one another. Politicians have been shot in Sweden and Holland, where guns are outlawed.

I don't know how you handle this. I'm no expert.

PLAYBOY: Has playing so many violent roles had any influence on you personally? For example, do you have a bad temper?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No; I used to lose my temper more easily, but then I realized it's not worth it. It doesn't interest me to have revenge, either. It takes too much time and energy.

PLAYBOY: Although your movies have plenty of gore, they don't have much sex. And your character rarely has a love interest. Is that deliberate?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I have a love interest in every one of my films—a gun. [Laughs] It doesn't always have to be a woman. That's boring. Besides, you have to understand: In most action movies, women are in the way.

PLAYBOY: Interesting rule of thumb. Any exceptions?

SCHWARZENEGGER: If the story specifically revolves around the woman or the woman's role is written to make the story work. But when women are thrown in, the way Hollywood does—as bait to get sex in the movie—I don't want to be part of that.

PLAYBOY: Is that a principled stand?

SCHWARZENEGGER: As long as the woman is a token, I won't do the movie. It has to be like *The Terminator*, where the woman is the main character—where the story revolves around her. Then it is perfect. Then she comes out the hero. *Conan* is another great example. Or any of the movies where the woman has a specific purpose. But if they're just used for bait, then fuck it; I

don't want them treated that way.

PLAYBOY: There is probably a feminist thought in there somewhere. Actually, surveys show that there is a growing audience of women who *do* watch your films. Why do you suppose that is?

SCHWARZENEGGER: The vulnerability factor, I think. I play that on purpose. First of all, I *am* vulnerable in many ways. And I think that what you are comes out in a movie. I also think that people respond to a sense of humor in a character, especially when he's playing the stud, the big, strong guy.

PLAYBOY: So you think that a gentler, more vulnerable man shows through?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes, I think so. I mean, it depends. There is no such thing as a gentle man or an aggressive man; it just depends on the circumstances. Professionally speaking, I'm much more aggressive than I am gentle. In sports, I'm more aggressive than I'm gentle; but there are moments when you ought to be gentle, and then I can be gentle, too.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you projected that same vulnerability when you broke with the stereotype of the bodybuilder?

"I think that people respond to a sense of humor in a character, especially when he's playing the stud, the big, strong guy."

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes. I think I made the sport more acceptable when I promoted bodybuilding in the mid-Seventies. For one thing, I didn't say the kind of things that put people off. In the old days, bodybuilders talked about eating two pounds of meat and 30 eggs a day, how they had to sleep 12 hours a day and couldn't have sex, and so on. And I said to myself, "Who the fuck wants to be part of that kind of sport?" First of all, it was not accurate; and second of all, if you want to make people join a particular activity, you have to make it pleasant-sounding.

PLAYBOY: What did you talk about?

SCHWARZENEGGER: It's like promoting anything: You make it fun. I talked about diet—but I said I eat cake and ice cream as well. I said I stay out nights and I have sex and do all the things that everyone says you shouldn't do. I said all you have to do is train three times a week for 45 minutes to an hour and you will get in shape.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you made muscle-bound guys more attractive and likable?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yeah. I think for many years people always said that women

weren't interested in men with bodies that were physically developed, men who had a lot of muscles. But all that stuff was only talk. The reality was quite different. I never felt that women didn't like me, nor have any of my friends felt that.

PLAYBOY: You mean your bodybuilding buddies?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No one ever complained to me that since he got muscles, he couldn't get a woman. I think a lot of talk was the jealousy of men, because they felt inadequate around people who were in shape. That was in the Seventies, and it's all changed.

PLAYBOY: You mean the fitness trend?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Now every man belongs to a gymnasium or a Y or a club of some sort. People work out with weights. From the time I got to this country until now, it went from having 2500 gymnasiums to having between 30,000 and 40,000 clubs. That's what really changed.

PLAYBOY: Where did your original goal to be a bodybuilder come from?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I think I wanted to do something unique, something that not everybody else did. I was also very impressed with the idea of weight lifting, and when I joined the sports club, that was all that was in my mind.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Fifteen. It was my own idea to join this club. It was in Austria, and it was the first time I had made a decision on my own, without my parents. I had grown up in a very strict household. My father wanted me to be a champion soccer player, because I played soccer a little bit at that time. So to join the bodybuilding club on my own gave me a really great feeling of independence.

PLAYBOY: Did the other kids make fun of you? Bodybuilding wasn't exactly a varsity sport in Austria, was it?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No one made fun of me, but there was a lot of misunderstanding about bodybuilding. But that was fine. I understood that people were ignorant of this new thing. Now, of course, it's a very big sport in Austria and everyone is doing it. I was just ahead of my time. Whenever you're ahead of your time, you find resistance.

But, you know, resistance is a very healthy thing. It makes you a fighter. If everything comes easy in life, you become a softy, and my luck was that I grew up in very difficult conditions. I grew up just after the war, and there was no food around and very little money. It made me a fighter. When you're born in comfort, it's sometimes harder to struggle through things. So I was fortunate about that.

PLAYBOY: You have a reputation as a very determined person. Do you think your upbringing explains that?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Partly, yes. My mother and father were very strict, very proper—like everyone else around us. Or it may also be hereditary; my father was a very driven person, a perfectionist. Or it could

The Velvet Touch...

have been competition with my brother; he was a year older than I was. Or it may have been all of it together.

All I know is I had tremendous drive. I was taught that pain and suffering were not obstacles you should even think about. You just go through them. You just go on and conquer, then move on. When people say to me, "It must have been so difficult," it didn't even cross my mind. It was just part of it all.

PLAYBOY: Looking back now, was it enjoyable to spend all those years lifting weights?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes, it was the most fun thing to do. As a young guy, I trained with guys who were at the level of Mr. Austria. And that was a great inspiration. You don't usually start out so high. To work out with them and go to competitions and see myself getting stronger and more muscular and becoming a weight-lifting champion—something just clicked in me.

Everyone has something in him that will give him the same kind of joy. People have to give themselves the chance to find it by trying out different things. Some people never overcome the routine of life where you go to school, then go to work from eight to five and then have no time to try anything else, because you're tired. I was fortunate to stumble onto something that I really enjoyed.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying it's all luck?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, not at all. I stuck with it and I struggled and worked very hard. It gave me a sense of accomplishment and a sense of independence.

In bodybuilding, you're not part of a team. You test yourself, learn to rely on yourself. That was always a big thing for me. I always hated to ask anyone for help, though I've gotten plenty of help in my life. Everyone needs help, but it was always more difficult for me to ask for help than to give it. I always wanted to do everything myself. It's my own craziness.

PLAYBOY: Bodybuilders traditionally rely on more than just themselves—chemicals, for instance. When you were competing, did you take steroids?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Oh, sure, sure.

PLAYBOY: Does that concern you now?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, I don't worry about it, because I never took an overdose. I took them under a doctor's supervision once a year, six or eight weeks before competition. I was always careful and checked, and I never had any side effects.

PLAYBOY: What is your attitude today toward steroids? *Can* you become a champion without them?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I always tell people to stay away from them and rely on hard work. Today, there is a whole new breed of bodybuilders who rely just on hard training and use food supplements and amino acids and things like that. A lot of the guys who relied on steroids have retired.

There was always too much emphasis on what steroids could do. They might



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PLAYBOY: Then why did you take them?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Because at 20, all you want to do is be a champion. You take anything that anyone else is taking. You try to find out what are the best proteins, the best supplements around. When I came to this country, I found out about steroids and I tried them out. But I wish that in those days we had had drug tests. It would have been much better. Bodybuilding is what the name implies: to make your body healthier and stronger. Drugs do exactly the opposite.

PLAYBOY: What about other drugs; have you done them?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Never in my entire life. When I came to America, someone gave me a drug like speed. He told me it would make me sharper and I'd lose weight. But I lost muscle tone. It was like having a hard-on that's not hard, that is half limp. I don't like that. I like to feel fully pumped. I threw the pills away. Nor has anyone so much as smoked a joint when I was there. Or sniffed coke. Or taken any drugs. In Hollywood, I have never seen any drugs on the set or anywhere. It could be because people know me well enough to know that I don't want anything like that. I'm around actors all the time—and I've worked with them in Mexico, on jungle locations where you'd think it might happen just to pass the time—and I've *never* seen it.

PLAYBOY: That probably says something about your clout on a movie set. But the power you have now didn't come overnight, did it?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I experienced a *lot* of prejudice. The people in Hollywood had many reasons why I could not make it: my accent, my body, my long name. That made it very difficult—until I realized that you cannot compete at that level out here. You have to create your own position where you establish yourself in such a way that no one else can compete with *you*.

You just turn the whole thing around. That is what black actors do—including people like Bill Cosby and Eddie Murphy. They've created a certain thing that no one can touch; no one can compete with them. Studios can't do what they did to Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield and all those girls years ago. "If we can't get one, we'll get the other. She's blonde, she has tits, she has an ass, she has a good body. . . ." If one didn't want to do a script, they would get the other. That's what *The Jayne Mansfield Story*, which I did for television, was all about. [Schwarzenegger played the role of Mansfield's husband, bodybuilder Mickey Hargitay.]

PLAYBOY: You learned a lesson in power from *The Jayne Mansfield Story*?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I learned that you have to establish yourself in an area where there is no one else. Then you have to create a need for yourself, build yourself up. While their empire goes on, slowly, without their

realizing it, build your own little fortress. And all of a sudden, it's too late for them to do anything about it. And *they* have to come to *you*, because you have what they want. Because you're stable and your films always make money for the producer or the studio.

PLAYBOY: But can't that stability lead to a vicious circle, where you always make the same kind of films?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I feel I *like* to specialize in action adventure films right now. I know that a lot of people say, "I don't want to be typecast," but that's crap. It's *all* typecasting. If they want a black guy for a movie, no matter how fantastic an actor you are, if you're white, you will not be hired. Not even if you're Dustin Hoffman. And if they want somebody ordinary-looking for *Kramer vs. Kramer*, they're not going to hire Sylvester Stallone and they're not going to hire me, because we don't look ordinary.

PLAYBOY: What about your own acting? Most critics refer to your performances as "wooden." Don't you ever feel as if you'd like to show a little more emotion?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I don't say to myself, "Gee, I wish I could show my emotions." I think *The Jayne Mansfield Story* was a very emotional film in many ways. *Stay Hungry* showed a lot of emotion. So did *Commando*.

But you're right. In action films where you do the action yourself, you can't always show emotion. I think the majority of people out there appreciate that. They like to be able to disconnect emotions and go after what they want to go after, destroy what they want to destroy. That's why they go to see those films. It's a fantasy.

I'm portraying something that everyone wants to do. Everybody wants to say, "I'm upset with my boss. I wish I could finish him off. I wish I could just be cold and not let anything get to me." When people see one of my films, they subconsciously think it's *them* handling all these situations so easily, fighting back and getting even. So in those situations, you don't *want* to show too much emotion.

And producers also hire me because I don't *look* ordinary. If you do heroic things in movies, you can't look like a skinny rat. You have to look accordingly, and that's typecasting.

PLAYBOY: Was all of this—the movie career, the fame—an ambition you had from the start?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No. When I was younger, I wanted to do exactly what my father did—to be in the military or to be a police officer or with the *Gendarmerie*, which is the country police, or something like that. As a kid, I always ran around with my father's uniform on. I had to stand on a chair, because the coat would hang down below my feet. I put on the hat and all that stuff that went with the uniform. That was my first dream.

PLAYBOY: You had a brother who died.

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes, in a car accident in

1971, when he was 24 and I was 23. I still think about it many times. I'm now bringing his son Patrick over to America. He's 19 and has just graduated from high school. He wants to study in America and will go to college to study business.

PLAYBOY: You were close to your brother, weren't you?

SCHWARZENEGGER: We were close. The whole family was close, but there was a competitiveness, too—obviously in sports and in school and every other way. There was always competition, because we were so close in age. I'm sure that's part of what spurred me on.

PLAYBOY: Which of you was the favorite child in the family?

SCHWARZENEGGER: The way I remember it, as a kid you get pissed off on a daily basis, because you feel there is no justice. Whatever you want to do, people tell you, "No, you can't." But my brother told me he went through the same thing. There was a no to him and a no to me, but sometimes . . . I felt he got more of the yeses and I got more noes. But then my brother would say to me, "You're so lucky that they like you more." My mother now says

"While my friends were dreaming about working for the government so they could get a pension and that shit, I was talking about big things."

that they always made an effort to treat us the same.

PLAYBOY: Your father had an enormous influence on you, didn't he?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Oh, yes, more than I ever realized. We spent a tremendous amount of time together. I grew up in a time when family was extremely strong. You'd have dinner together and breakfast together and lunch together, so you became much more a product of your parents than of outside forces.

Today, women work and they give the kid to some nanny or school and the kid becomes the product of that. That's why there is a breakdown in families today—kids don't feel close to their parents because of the lack of time they spend together.

My father was a musician. He tried to turn me on to classical music. I had no interest in it whatsoever. He was interested in cultural things, which is not unusual in Austria.

My father had this thing that every Sunday, something had to be done, if it was going hiking or going into town and seeing buildings or going to a play or listening to

him when he played with the police band. Then, the next day, we had to write about it, of course, and hand it in to my father. A ten-page paper or so. He insisted on that. He would then correct it with a red pencil, putting marks all over the place. "This sentence makes no sense. This sentence is not true; we did not go there. We did not see this exhibit. You made a mistake in the spelling; write this word 50 times." [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Has this carried over into adulthood?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I remember when I was 19, when I was in Munich, I was writing letters home to my father and he would say, "Why do you write so big? You don't want to write more?" And I would say, "No, my handwriting is just like that." [Laughs] So it was always something like that, correcting spelling mistakes or grammar or something like that. That's the way he was.

PLAYBOY: And did that kind of experience become a tool for you later on?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Oh, of course. The thing is that at first you bury it. You put it way back in your mind and you just ignore it. I thought everything my father said was wrong, but then you get to be 25 or 30 and you think back and say, "Goddamn it, can you believe it? All the things that I like now, my father was saying I should learn!" So somehow it surfaces again.

PLAYBOY: Someone said that that was what he noticed most about you—that you always wanted to learn, to absorb.

SCHWARZENEGGER: That's true. It's just part of being hungry. Hungry for learning. Continuously learning. This is what I always try to teach my friends that are around me all the time. You can't waste time. If you want to do something, learn about it, read about it, do it. Even in my bodybuilding days, I always hated just lying around on the beach in the sun. At least you could have a book and read. I had a professor in school who said, "Instead of wasting time, read 15 or 20 minutes a day about something that really interests you. By the end of the year, you will be an expert in it."

PLAYBOY: You seem to be saying two things—that you resented your father's exaggerated strictness but were enriched by it.

SCHWARZENEGGER: Of course. You have to understand, mine was a difficult background. I was born two years after World War Two ended. There was no food in Austria. My mother had to go around with us to various farms until she got enough food and sugar and stuff. I had only shelter and love from my parents; but after that, nothing. We had no television set in my house when I grew up. There was no phone, no bathroom in the sense that we know it.

PLAYBOY: And you began to plan almost immediately to get away?

SCHWARZENEGGER: It was a very small world and I had big visions and big goals. How they came into my mind, I don't know. They were just there. I had great fantasies always about where life could go,



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and I went after the fantasies rather than just dreaming them. I made them happen. While my friends were dreaming about working for the government so they could get a pension and that shit, I was talking about big things.

At the same time, we lived in a pretty large house. It was a good place to grow up, and my father was interested in antiques and art. As a kid, I never did appreciate it. All the things that were very common in Europe, I didn't like. When I came over here, it went back the other way. So I've learned now to appreciate what my father instilled in me. I even like to paint now myself.

PLAYBOY: When did your father die?

SCHWARZENEGGER: In December 1972. I was in America, in a hospital with a leg injury. I couldn't go to the funeral, because I was in the hospital. And I took it badly, because I knew how much he had done for me. When you have parents who mold you in a certain way, it's a great effort for them. You have a chance of paying them back, making them feel that all that effort meant something. Then that's all cut off. My father saw my progress—that I was developing in my sport and was smart in business—but he never saw the full circle. But death never comes at the right time, no matter when it is.

My mother is also a very important force in my life. I bring her over here to America once a year for two months, and we often spend Christmas and New Year's together. She usually comes on my film sets, too.

PLAYBOY: What does she think about your life in the fast lane?

SCHWARZENEGGER: She thinks I'm a workaholic, that I'm always on the go. You have to remember that she's from Graz, a little town in Austria where people sit around and sip coffee—one cup can last two hours—and talk. Then she comes to my house in California and gets up at eight in the morning—I'm just coming home from training—and she says, "Why so early? Why don't you eat first?" I say, "No, you have to train *before* you have breakfast." "This is healthy?" she asks.

Then the phone starts to ring and I'm eating breakfast and talking business. Then I go to the office and later I do workouts at home. I have people to the house. When I get an hour free, I play tennis on the tennis courts at home. Or I go to the park and ride my horse or go for a motorcycle ride. There's always a lot going on. My mother worries that I'm doing too much, but she's a very proud Austrian mother.

PLAYBOY: When people think of Austria these days, the subject of Kurt Waldheim comes up. What do you think about the charges against him?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I hate to talk about it, because it's a no-win situation. Without going into details, I can say that being half-Austrian and half-American, I don't like the idea that these two countries that

mean so much to me are in such a disagreement. Austria is a very important place for Americans, because it is a neutral country. With a little bit of good will, the problem will be straightened out. I think it's well on the way.

PLAYBOY: Spoken like a politician. Have you ever thought of running for office? In the family you've married into, the topic must come up.

SCHWARZENEGGER: I have no interest in that. I love politics; don't misunderstand me. It's extremely important to participate in the future of the country. But I love the job I do and the idea of being somewhat free. If you're in politics, you're supposed to serve the public, and then you have to clean up your act.

PLAYBOY: And you wouldn't want to clean up yours?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No. I don't have anything to clean up. I don't live the kind of life that will backfire. I don't believe in cheating on taxes or in secret deals to set up companies to escape the IRS. I do this out of moral principles—not because I'm worried about what the public will think. Although I admire the people who run for office, I cannot conceive of taking the risks and making the sacrifices they make.

Still, it's a question that comes up periodically. Every so often, people ask me if I'd run for office; but, like I said, the will isn't there. And the timing is wrong. I never want to leave anything incomplete. I wouldn't want to leave my business at this point, and I haven't reached my goals in acting yet.

There's something you learn very quickly in sports—to follow through with the motion. In weight lifting, you always talk about not choking the motion. The same is true for careers. There are many aspects to the entertainment business besides acting. There's directing and producing. You can take on many challenges, and until you feel saturated and done, there's no reason to think about anything else.

PLAYBOY: When you talk about getting to the top in acting, do you mean winning an Oscar?

SCHWARZENEGGER: The Oscar is only one way of establishing yourself.

PLAYBOY: What's another?

SCHWARZENEGGER: You can establish yourself as the actor who makes the most money for the studio. Or the one who actually receives the highest salary. Or the one who has the biggest percentage of ownership of the film. Like Clint Eastwood, for instance. He has a unique deal. He is truly the king of the film industry and the box office world-wide.

PLAYBOY: Are you forgetting your friend and fellow action-movie mogul Sylvester Stallone? Isn't he the highest-paid actor?

SCHWARZENEGGER: First of all, I don't know about that. Second, he is not my friend.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

SCHWARZENEGGER: He just hits me the

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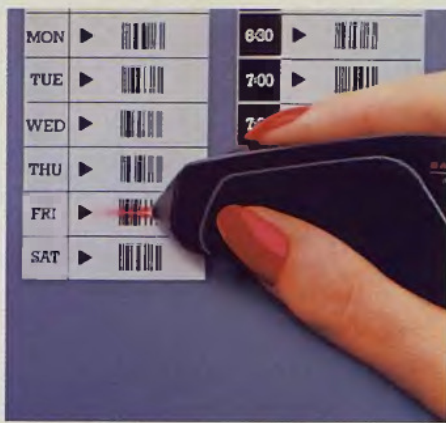
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wrong way. I make every effort that is humanly possible to be friendly to the guy, but he just gives off the wrong vibrations. Whatever he does, it always comes out wrong.

I'll give you an example. We had breakfast together not long ago, because we are making films for the same company. We discussed not getting in each other's way and when the films should be released. It was a very agreeable conversation on every subject, and then he said, "You've got to become a member of my new club." I said, "What club?" He said, "It's going to be an all-male club with no women allowed. Just like in the old days. Only men. And we sit around and smoke stogies and pipes and have a good time." I told him it was the worst thing he could do. That we're living in a very sensitive time period when women are struggling for equality. I said that I didn't agree with half the stuff they were talking about, but a club like that would offend every smart woman in the country. I said to stay away from it. "If you want just guys, invite them up to your house. That's what I do."

PLAYBOY: He's had some trouble with his image lately, hasn't he?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Just because you're a big star doesn't mean you have common sense about these things. Listen, he hired the best publicity agents in the world and they couldn't straighten out his act. There's nothing that anyone can do out there to save his ass and his image.

Just the way he dresses. Seeing him dressed in his white suit, trying to look slick and hip—that already annoys people. And the gold ring and the gold chains that say, "Look how rich I am"—all that annoys people. It's a shame no one taught him to be cool. He should have L. L. Bean shoes and corduroy pants with a plaid shirt. That's cool; that's how a director should look, rather than have that fucking fur coat when he directs.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you ever gone through a flashy phase with your clothes?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No; since 1976, I've had a tailor in New York who always says, "I'm going to make you look like old money." So I wear mostly conservative clothes and I don't go with trends. I love the prep-pie look, which, many times, is bright colors—green-corduroy pants or red pullover shirts. The thing is, you have to be very careful when you're big.

My favorite outfit is my shorts and my L. L. Bean loafers or Topsiders and a T-shirt. But you can't go to business meetings like this.

PLAYBOY: *Forbes* estimated your 1987 income at close to \$18,000,000—which you may want to comment on—

SCHWARZENEGGER: Probably not.

PLAYBOY: In what field do you make most of your money?

SCHWARZENEGGER: It's a combination of things—the films, the real estate and other

investments. I love making movies, because you make a great salary and you know ahead of time what to do with it, such as investments. That way, I pay my income taxes with pleasure. I know that whatever I give the Government, my investments will bring back. I enjoy paying taxes in this country, because you can make a fortune investing the right way.

PLAYBOY: How much money do you make per picture? We've heard that you got something like \$3,000,000 for *Predator*.

SCHWARZENEGGER: I don't like to get into the financial side of it. It doesn't sell any tickets and only makes people jealous. There are too many people out there who don't have it, so why rub it in?

In any case, I can't talk about a salary, because for years now, my salary has doubled annually. So there's no salary per se. With certain actors, you can say, "He's getting \$5,000,000" or "He's getting \$3,000,000, because that's what he's gotten on the past six movies." It's a standard fee.

With me there is no such thing, because I am a rising person. If, for instance, one year I get \$1,500,000, then the next year I get \$3,000,000 and \$6,000,000 the year after that.

PLAYBOY: Do you also participate through your production company?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes. That's why I cannot say what I get. Let's say for the last movie I got \$6,000,000. I then have Fox come after me for \$8,000,000. Then I have Keith Barish, who did *Running Man*, offer me a five-picture deal for \$50,000,000.

PLAYBOY: And you took that?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, I won't take it.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Because that's not the bottom line. The number-one thing is the project itself. If the project is good, then they will all come to me with the money. Fox wants me to do another *Commando* and another *Predator* and then a prison picture.

PLAYBOY: You're in a nice position—all the studios want you to make films for them. The money keeps rolling in.

SCHWARZENEGGER: There are such enormous amounts of money that can be made in the movies. I mean, you're talking about profits on *Predator* of more than \$60,000,000 or \$70,000,000 for Fox.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't most of your movie money been invested in real estate?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Some has. But I owned apartment buildings and office buildings before I ever did a film. That was a great asset to my career. In the beginning, when people came to me and said, "I have a great part for you where you play a truck driver and you're on screen for ten minutes, but we'll use your body," I could afford to say no, because I didn't need the \$20,000 they offered. It meant nothing to me. What I wanted to do was to build a career.

PLAYBOY: As a newcomer from Austria,



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how did you know how to invest your money?

SCHWARZENEGGER: When I first came here, I began to take classes. I didn't have a student visa, so I could take only two classes in one school. That meant I took evening courses in business at UCLA and general-education courses at Santa Monica City College. I took art classes at West Los Angeles College—I was scattered all over the place.

Then I finally did a research program for Special Olympians at the University of Wisconsin. I submitted all my credits to them and needed only ten more credits for a degree. Altogether, I went to school for six years. It's all part of being hungry.

PLAYBOY: And it helped you become a smart businessman.

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes, but you have to have a feel for business. It's something that you're born with or grow up with. Then, as long as you have an interest in it, you will want to learn and reach out and find out how it works and apply it to yourself.

PLAYBOY: Do you have an advisor for stocks and real estate?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No one specific person, though there are some people around me who give me advice. I read a lot about the subject. And I hear things. I belong to the Regency Club in Westwood, which is a very conservative businessmen's club.

PLAYBOY: Do they accept you as a businessman or as an entertainer?

SCHWARZENEGGER: It's not a place for entertainers. It's a place where I can meet people in real estate and business. I also talk with people in the stock market. It makes you aware of new companies and take-over bids. I also follow people like Donald Trump and Marvin Davis, people with a history of good business dealings. You watch their moves. That will educate you.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean that you handle your own investments?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes. I always do my own business dealings. Most people in the film business have their checks sent to their agent; then the agent sends it to the business manager. That's a sad situation.

PLAYBOY: What about your bodybuilding business? Is that highly profitable?

SCHWARZENEGGER: We have a mail-order business that deals with T-shirts and souvenir items that kids want. Lifting belts with my picture on them, tank tops, gym bags—that sort of thing. But they're priced so any young kid can afford them. It was never meant to be a big profit source—just something to support the office.

PLAYBOY: You also sponsor world championships. Do they make money?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I produce Mr. Olympia and Mr. Universe with a partner, Jim Lorimar, in Columbus, Ohio. It's become like the capital of bodybuilding. Listen, in my heart, I'm still as much a bodybuilder

as I ever was. I just don't compete, because I don't have the interest or the time. But I love the sport and the idea of supporting the young guys coming up. We always raise a lot of money so we can give good cash prizes.

PLAYBOY: Have you made financial mistakes?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I'm sure I have. In retrospect, I can say I would have done a few things differently. But you ask me if I have ever lost money. No, I have been far away from ever losing money.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't it been relatively easy to make money on real estate these past ten years?

SCHWARZENEGGER: People say you never lose money in real estate. That is the case if you invest wisely. But if you don't, things can fracture very quickly. There are developing situations that you're not always aware of: a change of leadership in the White House or the balance of Democrats and Republicans in the Congress. All these things create a swift change in the economy. So does the outbreak of war or a hostage crisis.

PLAYBOY: So you keep up with politics in order to be aware of these changes.

SCHWARZENEGGER: Oh, sure. When the Iran crisis happened, I could foresee it and I pulled out in time. When the shah was still in power, the Iranians invested in Los Angeles real estate. That drove up the real-estate market tremendously. When Khomeini came in, he stopped all that. On top of that, a proposition to bring controls on real estate was introduced. In a short period of time, a building that was once worth \$1,000,000 was down to \$750,000.

Whenever a Democratic Administration is in power, we in the real-estate industry make more money. Real estate goes with inflation. Under Carter, real estate made the most money.

PLAYBOY: So you can't be too happy with Reagan on that score.

SCHWARZENEGGER: In the long run, what Reagan did was better for the country. You have to look at it in a less selfish way and say, "Do I want to make a quick buck now or do I want to have a stable economy for us and the next generation?" For me, Reagan was heaven.

PLAYBOY: How does this point of view go down with your wife's relatives, the Kennedys?

SCHWARZENEGGER: They understand where I'm coming from and I understand where they're coming from. You have to understand that my situation is quite different, because I'm not really part of the family in the way that, say, Sargent Shriver is. He worked directly with them and had a working relationship with President Kennedy. My business—whether it is real estate or show business or whatever else I'm doing—is much more disconnected from the family.

PLAYBOY: Then you don't feel that you have



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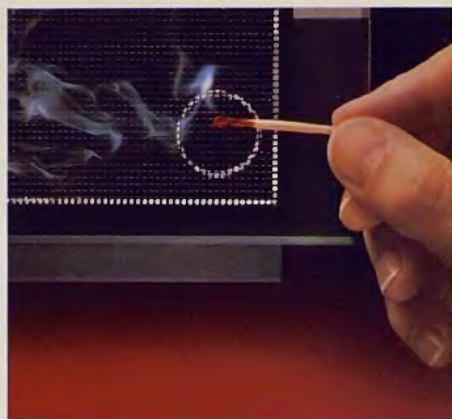
There are even two security systems. One to help prevent another cordless phone owner from getting your dial tone on his phone. So, the inconvenience of getting bills for calls you never made is virtually



eliminated. The second helps prevent other cordless phone owners from eavesdropping on your conversation.

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Panasonic Audio Update

Panasonic XBS stereos produce bass so powerful, we dare you to match it. But they have much more to spark your interest.

XBS Goes Boom

The RX-C38 will put more boom in your room. It's a sophisticated 3-piece AM/FM stereo cassette recorder with auto-reverse and a 5-band graphic equalizer. Plus there's a 6-speaker system that's hard to equal. Because two speakers are subwoofers that will generate enough bass to knock you off your equilibrium.

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Don't let the small size of the RX-FM40 fool you. It's the compact stereo that produces bass with incredible impact. That's because it combines the XBS extra bass system with an AM/FM stereo, an auto-reverse cassette recorder, an 8-combination equalizer and a 5-speaker system.

XBS On A Personal Note

For those who want to experience XBS on a more personal level, there's the RX-SA79. It's an AM/FM personal stereo with multiband graphic equalizer, Dolby, auto-reverse and specially designed headphones that intensify and magnify bass.

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to live with—or explain—the Kennedy mystique?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Now, knowing the family so well, I would say that the outside world analyzes them in certain ways that are largely inaccurate. The whole dynasty trip and all that stuff that people put on them—none of that is the case. They are just very full of life, energetic people, because that's the way they grew up.

PLAYBOY: Do your in-laws see your movies?
SCHWARZENEGGER: Sargent and Eunice see every one I make, and they immediately call me up to tell me what they think of it. They are very supportive and concerned that I make the right moves.

PLAYBOY: What about the rest of the Kennedys? How would you assess them?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I admire what Teddy Kennedy does, though I don't agree with his politics. I think he is the best in his field. Teddy Kennedy is one of the smartest about getting a bill through and dealing with other Senators.

PLAYBOY: Is he as smart as his brothers?

SCHWARZENEGGER: He is as smart, but he may not be as ambitious. He is the youngest, and it is hard to have that ambition or make that effort when you are the youngest.

PLAYBOY: Did you admire President Kennedy?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Are you kidding? I loved Jack Kennedy. He combined the best of each party. He was a Democrat who did things like a Republican. He hired Robert McNamara, who was the head of an auto company, to run the business of the Government.

PLAYBOY: How do you rate the new generation of Kennedys?

SCHWARZENEGGER: It's hard to say who will be the most successful. Certainly Maria and her brothers. The youngest brother has a great personality. Caroline Kennedy is very ambitious. She is going to law school now, and she wouldn't be putting herself through that shit if she weren't ambitious. She's a great girl. Jackie is lucky to have two kids like that. She deserves all the credit for it, because she raised them that way.

Bobby Kennedy, Jr., and his brother are very good. They have political ambitions, and so does the girl Emily [Bobby Jr.'s wife]. She's very smart. I don't know the Smith kids or the Lawford kids at all to comment on them.

PLAYBOY: Despite your political differences with Teddy Kennedy, do you see much of him?

SCHWARZENEGGER: When Teddy comes to town, he visits us or we have a small dinner for him. I also see him on family occasions, or sometimes we go out to dinner. He calls Maria when he's coming to town.

PLAYBOY: Maria is very close to her family, isn't she?

SCHWARZENEGGER: She is extremely close to the whole family. As a matter of fact,

I've never seen, especially in America, any family so close. They're always on the phone with one another. She spends a lot of time talking with her relatives. If it isn't Teddy, it's her parents or Jackie or Caroline or the Smiths or the Kennedys or the Lawfords. It's always something. One has a birthday, the other one gets married, the other one graduates—so there are always congratulatory phone calls and sending flowers and letters to one another. It's just continual communication.

It's wonderful to see the support they give one another. When Maria starts a new job, the phone doesn't stop ringing from her relatives congratulating her and being excited about it.

PLAYBOY: Was Maria very upset when CBS took her off the *CBS Morning News*?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I think that she felt it was time to get out of there. They got caught up in financial problems and there wasn't the support there. She was glad to move to another network—one that had more foresight as to where she could go with her career and also had the money behind it.

PLAYBOY: But all in all, would you say that her family has not changed your political views?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I'm too strong. I cannot be changed. My political point of view has been the same since I was 18. When I came to this country, I was in heaven, because Richard Nixon was President and Reagan was governor of California. I said, "This is great. This is right up my alley."

PLAYBOY: What about women's rights? Your wife also has a very visible job; has that been a problem for someone with your old-fashioned views?

SCHWARZENEGGER: When I first came to this country, I thought I would marry a woman who would take care of me and cook for me and take care of the house, the way my mother did. That's what I knew and it worked well at home, so I thought, That's exactly the way I would like it.

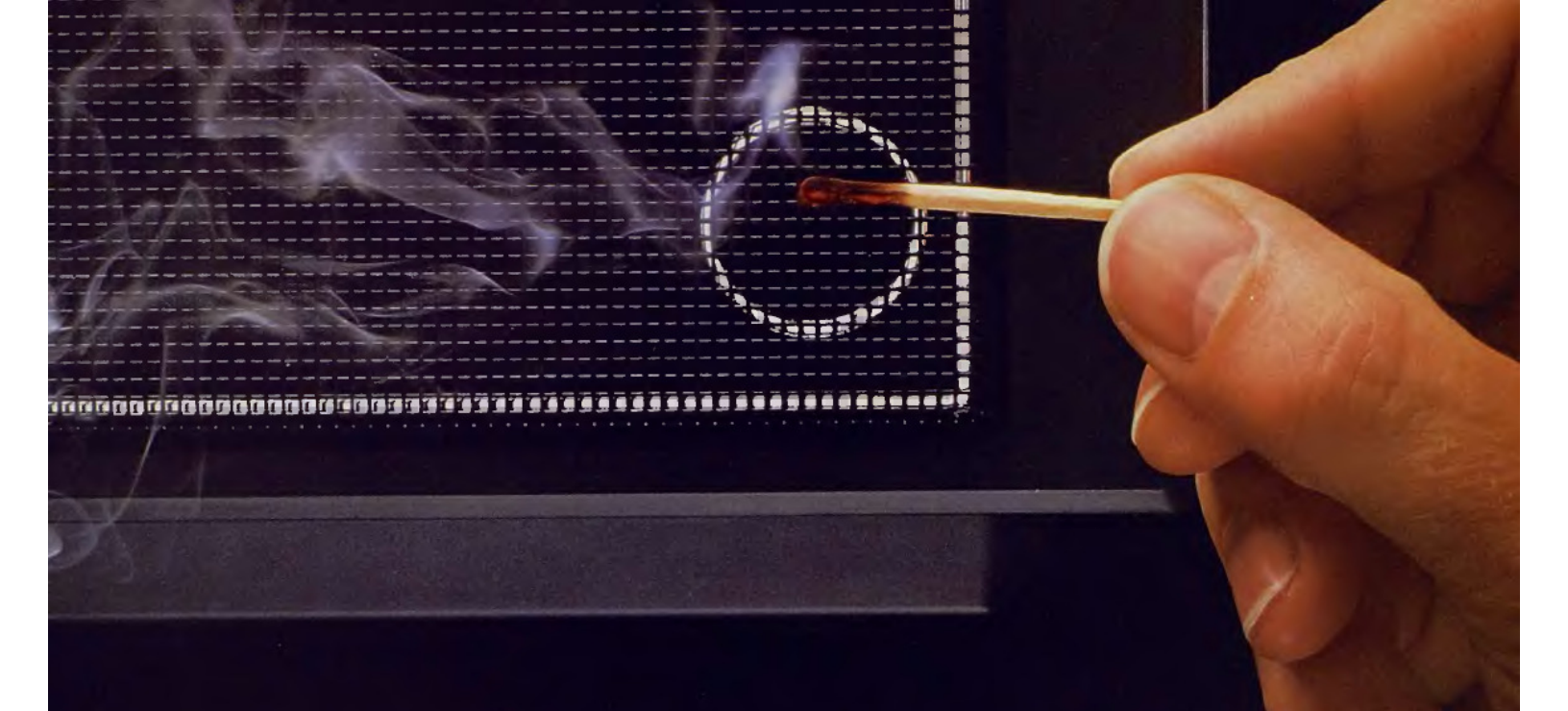
PLAYBOY: What changed your mind?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I lived here and went to school here and was exposed to new ideas. In bodybuilding, I saw women who wanted to get into the sport and were treated like second-class citizens. I felt that it was very unfair. So, in the mid-Seventies, I made a move to include women in bodybuilding, even though it isn't my trip to see women with big muscles. But I appreciate their intentions. Sport is for all people, not just one sex. I learned that you have to look at women differently. It came very slow. But after being called a male-chauvinist pig by every girl, I now understand the struggle of women.

PLAYBOY: Has marrying Maria helped?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Of course. She's out there competing in a man's profession, and I see how hard it is. And it adds to my life, too.

PLAYBOY: In what way?



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it can actually blow out a match.
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Edit to a faster beat. This new double-cassette stereo has a high-speed editing system with Synchro-Start. So editing songs together for party tapes and dancing is quick and easy. And one of the cassette decks has auto-reverse. So you can flip over the music without flipping over the tape.

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SCHWARZENEGGER: When you have a woman who has a profession, the nice thing is that there is an exchange of ideas. When you come home, you don't just talk about yourself and what you did. Maria tells me who she interviewed, what she learned. And I learn from that. So when we sit at dinner, we have the most interesting conversations. It's a two-way street. We are on equal grounds. There is no boss—though my wife sometimes tries to make me believe differently. I know for sure the way it really is.

PLAYBOY: You say you have a big ego. Do you ever get jealous of Maria because she gets a great deal of media attention, too?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Not at all. I'm doing fine the way I am. Sometimes I don't want to pose for a cover with Maria, because I know then an editor wants to do an Arnold-and-Maria story rather than something that will promote a movie. But it's not jealousy of Maria. If they want to put her on the cover instead of me, great; I'm very happy. But I don't want to sell the Kennedy shit, because that's something totally different.

PLAYBOY: You've built tennis courts at your new home. Have you always been interested in tennis?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, I became interested in it because of Maria.

PLAYBOY: Can you beat her?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, I can't.

PLAYBOY: That's good for you. It keeps you humble.

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, it's good for her. It makes her feel good.

PLAYBOY: How does it make *you* feel?

SCHWARZENEGGER: It inspires me. [*Half jokingly*] I say to myself, "I'll take 1000 hours of tennis lessons and I'll beat her."

PLAYBOY: You've said that you don't allow Maria to wear pants. Now, what's the story?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I hate pants. This is something I have inherited from my father. He despised pants, and my mother was never allowed to wear them at home. We're talking about a different time period now, when the man was much more the ruler of the house. But I still feel that way, and neither my mother nor Maria is allowed to go out with me in pants.

PLAYBOY: You prefer your women in dresses and skirts?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Definitely. Although sometimes when I see models wearing pants, it looks great. It looks sexy when you see them dance and stuff like that. But, in general, I still like the old-fashioned way. A dress represents the opposite sex. It's more feminine and it's sexier. There are times when I can understand that a woman would want to wear pants. A stewardess doesn't want anyone looking up her dress. Maria would never wear pants, believe me.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Because she knows she looks better in dresses. Maria has the kind of look—the kind of face and hair and eyes and mouth and body—that is very royal. Like a queen. And I don't like to see a queen in pants. Maria looks great in very strong colors, because she has such strong features and dark hair; her clothes have to counterbalance that. She needs royal blues and red or black and white; she needs to stay away from earthy colors.

PLAYBOY: You and Maria had known each other for ten years before you got married. Why did you wait so long?

SCHWARZENEGGER: The day I met her, I felt that she was a very special woman, but our relationship started very slowly. Looking back, I can say that every year I've been with her, I've loved her more. But a commitment to marriage is not like a business deal where, if it doesn't work, you go to arbitration or to court. That's why I didn't jump in when I was 25 or 30 or 35. It was right to wait, because I wasn't ready. I jumped in when I was 39. I knew that Maria was the right woman for me, and she has been the greatest addition to my life and my happiness.

PLAYBOY: Before you were married, you

*"I hate pants on women.
Neither my mother nor
Maria is allowed to
go out with me in pants."*

and Maria kept separate residences. Why?

SCHWARZENEGGER: It was better. Maria comes from the number-one Catholic family in America, and it just would not be right. I didn't want people to write about how she lived in sin. I wasn't thinking selfishly. I'm Catholic, too, but I don't care about all that. But I have all due respect for the family and I didn't want to hurt their image.

PLAYBOY: You've come from different backgrounds, to say the least. Does that cause problems?

SCHWARZENEGGER: That's always been a big asset to us. Maria has a great sense of humor, and she laughs at my being a perfectionist. As soon as I take a sweater off, I want to hang it up. When I have laundry, I put it in the right place. I'm very neat, and because I was a bachelor for so long, I picked up certain habits. My mother was a fanatic about cleanliness. Also, my love for clothes and my possessions is much greater than Maria's for hers, because I never had anything. And whatever I did have, I had to take care of. For instance, if we're going to throw a football around, I'll

put on a five-dollar sweat shirt. You know, you jump on the grass and roll around. Maria doesn't hesitate to put on a cashmere sweater and roll around in the grass. I'm amazed that she can put on a \$400 cashmere sweater so comfortably and sweat and throw a football or play tennis in it. I couldn't.

This, of course, is my upbringing. In Austria, silk or cashmere wasn't heard of.

PLAYBOY: So America's leading *macho* man is concerned about cashmere. Is it true that Maria gives *you* her buttons to sew on?

SCHWARZENEGGER: She doesn't do that anymore; she will have them sewn on by somebody. But she knows I *love* domestic work. I used to love washing my own laundry or cooking for myself or vacuum cleaning the apartment. I really enjoyed it. When we have dinner at home, I will go and take the dishes away and rinse them off. Having lived alone so long, I know that if you leave dishes in the sink, they get sticky and hard to wash the next day.

PLAYBOY: We've never thought of you as being domestic.

SCHWARZENEGGER: You should see me iron shirts!

PLAYBOY: So, for all intents and purposes, yours is the ultimate American success story. You have more money than you can count; you have married a beautiful woman from one of America's most prominent families; your career is going great guns—what do you fantasize about now?

SCHWARZENEGGER: The only fantasies I have are about my future. Daydreams, I would say. I have a very strong power of vision. When I used to train, I was very much into visualizing my body. I saw the body in front of me, the way it should look, and then I would do the exercises according to that vision. Many people attributed my winning all those competitions to that.

It's not something I do with a conscious effort at all. I don't say, "Let me think about where I would like to be ten years from now." It just runs by, like a movie. The visions come in from somewhere, and then I go after those things. I think, That's a great idea, what I just saw, and then I go after that. I may be guided by my visions more than by conscious decisions.

PLAYBOY: But the practical side of you is concerned with making money, more and more profits.

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, money doesn't mean anything to me. When I think about money, I want to have enough so I can have fun. Fun is the most important thing. I want joy. I want fun. I want to play tennis and go mountain hiking, river rafting and skiing. I want to have a *great* time with my life.



'Twas the night before Christmas
and all through the house
not a creature was stirring,



well, maybe just a little stirring.

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THE SURGEON

"MAKE A GOOD STIFF DRINK FOR EACH OF US, DARLING. I'VE GOT A BIT OF NEWS"

FICTION **By ROALD DAHL** "YOU HAVE DONE extraor-

dinarily well," Robert Sandy said, seating himself behind the desk.

"It's altogether a splendid recovery. I don't think there's any need for you to come and see me anymore."

The patient finished putting on his clothes and said to the surgeon,

"May I speak to you, please, for another moment?"

"Of course you may," Robert Sandy said. "Take a seat."

The man sat down opposite the surgeon and leaned forward, placing his hands, palms downward, on the top of the desk. "I suppose you still refuse to take a fee?" he said.

"I've never taken one yet and I don't propose to change my ways at



this time of life," Robert Sandy told him pleasantly. "I work entirely for the National Health Service, and they pay me a very fair salary."

Robert Sandy, M.A., M.Ch., F.R.C.S., had been at The Radcliffe Infirmary in Oxford for 18 years, and he was now 52 years old, with a wife and three grown-up children. Unlike many of his colleagues, he did not hanker after fame and riches. He was basically a simple man, devoted to his profession.

It was not seven weeks since his patient, a university undergraduate, had been rushed into casualty by ambulance after a nasty automobile accident in the Banbury Road, near the hospital. He was suffering from massive abdominal injuries and he had lost consciousness. When the call came through from casualty for an emergency surgeon, Robert Sandy was up in his office having a cup of tea after a fairly arduous morning's work, which had included a gall bladder, a prostate and a total colostomy; but for some reason, he happened to be the only general surgeon available at the moment. He took one more sip of his tea, then walked straight back into the operating theater and started scrubbing up all over again.

After three and a half hours on the operating table, the patient was still alive and Robert Sandy had done everything he could to save his life. The next day, to the surgeon's considerable surprise, the man was showing signs that he was going to survive. In addition, his mind was lucid and he was speaking coherently. It was only then, on the morning after the operation, that Robert Sandy began to realize that he had an important person on his hands. Three dignified gentlemen from the Saudi Arabian embassy, including the ambassador himself, came into the hospital, and the first thing they wanted was to call in all manner of celebrated surgeons from Harley Street to advise on the case. The patient, with bottles suspended all round his bed and tubes running into many parts of his body, shook his head and murmured something in Arabic to the ambassador.

"He says he wants only you to look after him," the ambassador said to Robert Sandy.

"You are very welcome to call in anyone else you choose for consultation," Robert Sandy said.

"Not if he doesn't want us to," the ambassador said. "He says you have saved his life and he has absolute faith in you. We must respect his wishes."

The ambassador then told Robert Sandy that his patient was none other than a prince of royal blood. In other words, he was one of the many sons of the present king of Saudi Arabia.

A few days later, when the prince was off the danger list, the embassy tried once

again to persuade him to make a change. It wanted him to be moved to a far more luxurious hospital that catered only to private patients, but the prince would have none of it. "I stay here," he said, "with the surgeon who saved my life."

Robert Sandy was touched by the confidence his patient was putting in him, and throughout the long weeks of recovery, he did his best to ensure that this confidence was not misplaced.

And now, in the consulting room, the prince was saying, "I do wish you would allow me to pay you for all you have done, Mr. Sandy." The young man had spent three years at Oxford, and he knew very well that in England, a surgeon was always addressed as mister and not doctor. "Please let me pay you, Mr. Sandy," he said.

Robert Sandy shook his head. "I'm sorry," he answered, "but I still have to say no. It's just a personal rule of mine and I won't break it."

"But dash it all, you saved my life," the prince said, tapping the palms of his hands on the desk.

"I did no more than any other competent surgeon would have done," Robert Sandy said.

The prince took his hands off the desk and clasped them on his lap. "All right, Mr. Sandy, even though you refuse a fee, there is surely no reason why my father should not give you a small present to show his gratitude."

Robert Sandy shrugged his shoulders. Grateful patients quite often gave him a case of whisky or a dozen bottles of wine, and he accepted these things gracefully. He never expected them, but he was awfully pleased when they arrived. It was a nice way of saying thank you.

The prince took from his jacket pocket a small pouch made of black velvet and pushed it across the desk. "My father," he said, "has asked me to tell you how enormously indebted he is to you for what you have done. He told me that whether you took a fee or not, I was to make sure you accepted this little gift."

Robert Sandy looked suspiciously at the black pouch, but he made no move to take it.

"My father," the prince went on, "said also to tell you that in his eyes, my life is without price and that nothing on earth can repay you adequately for having saved it. This is simply a—what shall we call it?—a present for your next birthday. A small birthday present."

"He shouldn't give me anything," Robert Sandy said.

"Look at it, please," the prince said.

Rather gingerly, the surgeon picked up the pouch and loosened the silk thread at the opening. When he tipped it upside down, there was a flash of brilliant light as something ice-white dropped onto the plain wooden desktop. The stone was

about the size of a cashew nut or a bit larger, perhaps three quarters of an inch long from end to end, and it was pear-shaped, with a very sharp point at the narrow end. Its many facets glistened and sparkled in the most wonderful way.

"Good gracious me," Robert Sandy said, looking at it but not yet touching it. "what is it?"

"It's a diamond," the prince said. "Pure white. It's not especially large, but the color is good."

"I really can't accept a present like this," Robert Sandy said. "It wouldn't be right. It must be quite valuable."

The prince smiled at him. "I must tell you something, Mr. Sandy," he said. "Nobody refuses a gift from the king. It would be a terrible insult. It has never been done."

Robert Sandy looked back at the prince. "Oh, dear," he said. "You are making it awkward for me, aren't you?"

"It is not awkward at all," the prince said. "Just take it."

"You could give it to the hospital."

"We have already made a donation to the hospital," the prince said. "Please take it, not just for my father but for me as well."

"You are very kind," Robert Sandy said. "All right, then. But I feel quite embarrassed." He picked up the diamond and placed it in the palm of one hand. "There's never been a diamond in our family before," he said. "Gosh, it is beautiful, isn't it? You must please convey my thanks to His Majesty and tell him I shall always treasure it."

"You don't actually have to hang on to it," the prince said. "My father would not be in the least offended if you were to sell it. Who knows, one day you might need a little pocket money."

"I don't think I shall sell it," Robert Sandy said. "It is too lovely. Perhaps I shall have it made into a pendant for my wife."

"What a nice idea," the prince said, getting up from his chair. "And please remember what I told you before. You and your wife are invited to my country at any time. My father would be happy to welcome you both."

"That's very good of him," Robert Sandy said. "I won't forget."

When the prince had gone, Robert Sandy picked up the diamond again and examined it with total fascination. It was dazzling in its beauty, and as he moved it gently from side to side in his palm, one facet after another caught the light from the window and flashed brilliantly with blue and pink and gold. He glanced at his watch. It was ten minutes past three. An idea had come to him. He picked up the telephone and asked his secretary if there was anything else urgent for him to do that afternoon. If there wasn't, he told her, he (continued on page 209)



"It's 12 minutes into the new year. Maybe a little sexual exercise and off to sleep."

Kim

WE TOLD YOU BASINGER WOULD MAKE IT BIG



After her kinky fix with Mickey Rourke in *9½ Weeks* (left), Kim went on to star with Richard Gere in *No Mercy* (above) and Jeff Bridges in *Nadine* (below). Her other leading men have included a *Who's Who* of contemporary hunks: Sean Connery, Burt Reynolds, Robert Redford, Sam Shepard and Bruce Willis—quite a list for an actress whose first appearance on our pages, five years ago, brought her to the attention of top Hollywood directors. The rest, as they say, is history.

Playboy predicted Kim Basinger's big-screen potential in a 1983 cover story, a photo essay Kim herself has often hailed as "a stupendous success . . . you can't imagine what happened to my career because of *Playboy*." Back then, judging the merits of this Georgia-bred honey seemed such a daunting task that we recruited a panel of experts to appraise her prospects. They judged them hot. Federico Fellini called her "the prototype of a galactic New Woman," while the late Bob Fosse cited "a mouth that would turn a leader of the Moral Majority into a heavy breather."





No argument, guys, she's the steamiest screen blonde since Turner, Monroe and Bardot.



OK, looking good came easy for Kim, a former top model but so shy as a schoolgirl that she'd faint if called on to recite before a class. Even so, Kim insists she saw the future burning bright: "I've *always* been on a roll. . . . I had my ups and downs, yes, but I just knew everything would come."





Basinger has dared . . . and bared . . . plenty in a series of controversial career moves.



Recalling the challenge of her striptease in *9½ Weeks*, she notes, "I figured I was only going to do this once in my life, so I gave it all I've got." *Nadine* director Robert Benton sums up: "She's so beautiful, it's hard for many people to accept her immense talent as an actress."

P

oised as a movie star or posed as a top model, Kim Basinger becomes a legend most.



Kim, who rarely minces words, often tells interviewers that she prefers animals to people. And when her first unveiling here was criticized by a cosmetics exec whose products she had hyped, she replied "There's more of the essential truth of me in the *Playboy* layout." Amen.



THE SIXTIES: A REAPPRAISAL

PART ONE: GOOD RIDDANCE

We asked for two viewpoints on the Sixties—one from the political right, that of David Horowitz and Peter Collier, best-selling authors of “The Rockefeller,” “The Kennedys” and “The Fords,” whose histories include a stint on the radical magazine Ramparts; and one from the political left, that of Harlan Ellison (overleaf), a celebrated short-story and screenplay writer, winner of PEN, Writers Guild, Edgar and Hugo awards. The ground rules were identical: The essays were to be of similar length, and no peeking at the other side’s article until publication.

essay By David Horowitz
and Peter Collier

IT WAS the summer of 1969, a moment when the auguries all seemed to point toward revolution. Tom Hayden, a leading movement figure facing conspiracy charges in Chicago, was calling for the creation of “liberated zones” in American cities. The Weathermen, the faction that had seized control of Students for a Democratic Society, were planning to begin guerrilla warfare before the year was out. But most radicals had fixed their attention on the Black Panther Party, which Hayden had called America’s Viet Cong.

Others were talking; the Panthers were doing. Their membership had been involved in shoot-outs with the police that were widely regarded by the radical community as dress rehearsals for the coming Armageddon. Because the party leadership had been decimated (Huey Newton was in jail for killing a policeman, Eldridge Cleaver in exile and Bobby Seale under indictment), Field Marshal David Hilliard had taken charge of the effort to keep the party together and build support among whites. The celebrated French writer Jean Genet was infatuated with the Panthers and Hilliard persuaded him to come to the Bay Area to speak in behalf of the party.

One of the stops was an appearance at Stanford University and a cocktail party before the speech hosted by (continued on page 189)

amid the boom in sixties nostalgia, a pair of former radicals argues that the age of aquarius was one long, bad trip by a destructive generation . . .



M. ARISMAN



peter max©

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THE SIXTIES: A REAPPRAISAL

PART TWO: HAIL THE LIGHT

essay By Harlan Ellison

S EVEN-LEAGUE strides have been made driving the words nigger, kike, spick, wop and broad back to the darkness from which they shambled. (Which is not to say there is any less bigotry and racism in the chopped liver; it's just that even the most slope-browed trog knows it ain't cool to use such catchy appellations in *nouvelle* society.)

Consigning those words to the dust heaps is one of the small benefits we derived from the heightened social consciousness of the Sixties. One of the uncountable number of good things the Sixties and its action handed down to us struggling through the Eighties.

How ironic, then, that we now have a *new* epithet to replace the old derogatories used to dismiss those we hold in contempt, a freshly minted replacement for beatnik, old Wobbly, longhair and burnout: Now, from the pens and mouths of Sixties bashers, we discover that those who fought and, in some terrible instances, died for those benefits are "refugees from the Sixties." And the stereotype is a hairy, unkempt, ponytailed buffoon in either tie-dyed jeans or a Nehru jacket, mumbling like Shirley MacLaine about cosmic oneness and offering flowers on a street corner in the Haight.

On a current ABC sitcom called *Head of the Class*, the character

...while a still-angry young(ish) man berates the sellouts and proudly proclaims that the song the sixties sang was sweet and enduring

Charley Moore, teacher of a group of high-I.Q. honors students in a New York high school, is summed up by one of his smug, computer-linked nerds as a "refugee from the Sixties." Charley Moore lives in Greenwich Village, wears his hair with a slave-tail lock hanging over his collar, tries to imbue his charges with the subtleties and personalities behind the cold dates of historical events, is humane and passionate and bemusedly dedicated to the nobility of teaching with excellence.

He is a refugee from the Sixties. . . .

As opposed to the prototypical Yuppie in training we see around us as the paradigm of the Eighties, the icon movies and television proffer as the billboard ideal for us all: the self-serving, essentially hollow, mass-consuming, fad-following, cowardly, afraid-to-speak-up refugee of the Mc Decade.

It has become accepted wisdom that those who were "active" in the Sixties (actually the period roughly beginning with the Inauguration of J.F.K. in 1961 and ending with the disgrace of Nixon in 1974) gave us nothing of value. That it was a 13-year carnival of clowns. A time of folderol and flapping jaws. That it was a cultural aberration from which the rich and prosperous Eighties, in all its somnambulistic grandeur, derives no noble legacy.

The phrase horse pucky leaps to mind.

Strap me in the chair, turn on the juice and fry my fruit salad: I remember a *different* Sixties. One the bashers labor mightily to discredit. A Sixties that kids weaned on the drum box and frozen waffles cannot find in their parents' scrapbooks among the shots of blissed-out flower children and vegetable-dye-tattooed Deadheads at Altamont. The Sixties I remember was a time of life being lived at the edge of the skin, one filled with an entire nation of concerned, active Americans throwing off the restrictions of 200 years of cultural hypocrisy and repression, challenging authority, refusing to believe the advertising-promoted lies about life and ethics that had been the hallmark of John Wayne's Fifties.

There was music in this land during the Sixties. Not just the sound of the Beatles or Dylan or Motown but a song that spoke of human involvement. A melody of strength and commitment, of responsibility and giving a damn about the condition of life for everyone, not just those who could make the best bottom-line showing on the year-end annual report.

•

The horn tooter pauses.

I was not a kid during the Sixties. I was born in 1934 (also not a terrific year). I was on the cusp of 30 when it all started, just about at that "Never trust

anyone over" age. But I was a kid in the Forties and I managed to live through the Fifties, if one uses the broadest definition of living. And therein lies the core of why the Sixties were, and remain, so important. The Fifties. Anyone who forgets or never knew what this country was like during those years of the military draft, the war in Korea, the resurgence of the Klan, the free and blithe testing of nuclear weapons, the miasma of fear produced by the McCarthy hearings, the blacklists, the Cold War hysteria, the selling of handy back-yard atomic-bomb shelters . . . simply does not remember, if they ever knew, just what an uptight, terrified place this place was. A young Hugh Hefner knew (said the horn tooter, knowing which side his essay was buttered on). And he got a jump on the Sixties with this very magazine, which by the Sixties had already become a powerful anti-Fifties wedge in dislodging a bogus and self-deluding image of the American way.

In the Fifties, anyone who did not subscribe to the idea that going to war was nobler than opting out, emptying bedpans in a hospital and coming on as a conscientious objector . . . was looked on as subversive, suspect, cowardly and un-American.

In the Fifties, schools had dress codes.

In the Fifties, there were "good" girls or "tramps" who did it in the back seats of Edsels. Those were the available categories. Women prepared meals, bore babies, fetched the coffee in offices and asserted their interest in serving the commonweal by rolling bandages at the hospital two afternoons a week. Norman Rockwell painted the family unit for the cover of *The Saturday Evening Post*; and in those paintings, Mom was always smiling . . . no doubt as she looked forward to the load of dirty laundry waiting just off stage.

In the Fifties, the voices of America were Pat Boone, Patti Page and Connie Francis. Perry Como was the voice that resided in the perfection of the egg at the center of the universe.

In the Fifties, the lies that had sustained America through the Thirties and Forties began to crumble from ethical dry rot. We began to understand that we could not continue to delude ourselves that we were a nation formed in the melting pot like some crazed Hollywood concept of the typical B-17 crew: one wop, one spick, one kike, one mick—but never any blacks. The supporting roles were all the same, all lovable in a harmless character-actor way; and save for those stereotyped ethnic differences, they were interchangeable. In the Fifties, if you wanted to be a star of the first magnitude, you changed your name from Julius Garfinkle to John Garfield, from Margarita Carmen Cansino to Rita Hay-

worth, from Walter Matuschanskayasky to Walter Matthau; you didn't even conceive of the possibility of getting a studio to make a picture starring anyone with a name as "unbankable" as Arnold Schwarzenegger, Meryl Streep or Emilio Estevez.

In the Fifties, if your name was Eddie Murphy, you played an Irish cop.

(Look at *It's a Wonderful Life*, emblematic of all that was good in our postwar view of ourselves—and, as subtext, what was bad—the celluloid embodiment of all the attributes of earlier decades. The immigrants were all noble, all eager to lose their funny accents and foreign ways and stinky cooking, to be Just Plain Folks, invisible and melded with white-bread WASPdom.)

But by the late Fifties, this attitude was seriously mildewed, thanks to McCarthyism, television, juvenile delinquency, alcoholism, Korea and the rapid deterioration of the small communities within great cities that were once called neighborhoods. We snarled in our chains and the Sixties waited, poised, to blow it all away.

But I was no kid as the Sixties came rattling its changes. I do not look back on those times with blinders and sigh for the good old days. Although I was a part of much of it—the civil rights wars, the rise of the feminist movement, the breakouts in arts and letters, the antinuclear protests, the restructuring of political attitudes—I was *in* it but not *of* it. Although I marched with King and Cesar Chavez, got myself on Governor Reagan's subversives list, wrote columns for the *L.A. Free Press* and lectured in hundreds of universities about the changes a new generation was happily forcing on us, I never accepted the bullshit and pettiness, the okeydoke and flummery of much of what individuals were doing, the *gaffes* and peccadilloes that the bashers now use to dismiss *everything* of consequence in that 13-year decade.

Like them, I wince at the self-consciousness of protest folk singers; revile the irresponsibility of Timothy Leary, turning so many dips on to LSD; question the efficacy of Allen Ginsberg's trying to levitate the Pentagon; and am simply reduced to porridge at the memory of a Woodstock audience, believing that if it chanted in unison, it could stop the rain pissing on its holy ceremony. I praise the song of the Sixties, but I haven't preserved my bell-bottom Levi's with the appliquéd butterfly in adoration of a halcyon era softened by memory, or in expectation of its return, no matter *how* big a resurgence paisley is having.

And who gives a shit that the campaign to eat natural-fiber breakfast cereals was led in the Sixties by Euell Gibbons, with John Denver munching along behind in the Eighties?

(continued on page 194)

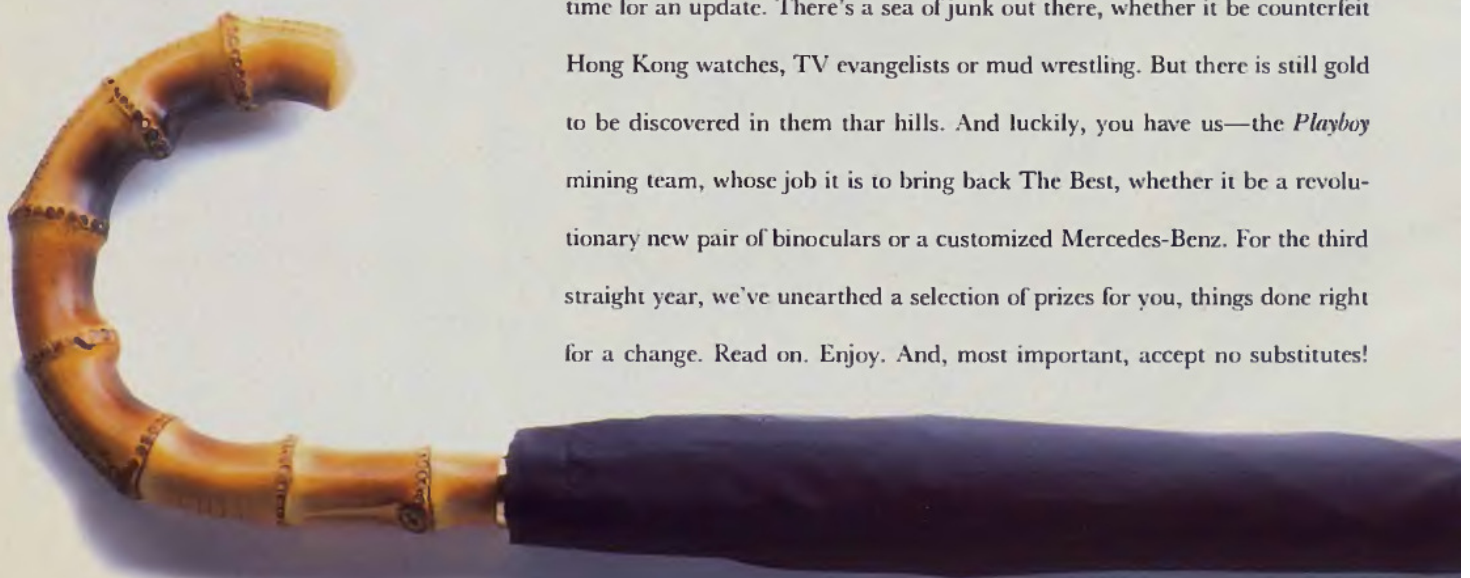


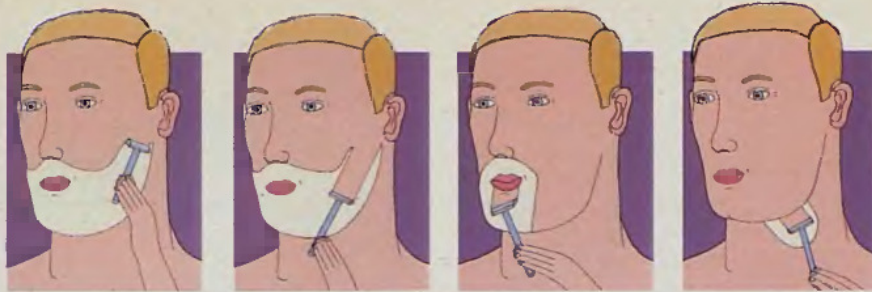
"Maybe, this time, I won't blow it!"

THE BEST

come on,
baby,
let the
good times
roll

FIFTY-FOUR YEARS AGO, Cole Porter gave us *his* list: the Colosseum . . . the Louvre Museum . . . a Bendel bonnet . . . a Shakespeare sonnet . . . a melody from a symphony by Strauss . . . Mickey Mouse . . . the Nile . . . the Tower of Pisa . . . the smile on the *Mona Lisa* . . . Mahatma Gandhi . . . Napoleon brandy . . . the purple light of a summer night in Spain . . . the National Gallery . . . Garbo's salary . . . cellophane . . . a turkey dinner . . . the time of the derby winner . . . a Waldorf salad . . . a Berlin ballad . . . the nimble tread of the feet of Fred Astaire . . . an O'Neill drama . . . Whistler's momma . . . camembert . . . a rose . . . *Inferno's* Dante . . . the nose on the great Durante . . . According to him, they were all the top. The very best. It's still a pretty good list—and a great song, the top all on its own. Nevertheless, it's time for an update. There's a sea of junk out there, whether it be counterfeit Hong Kong watches, TV evangelists or mud wrestling. But there is still gold to be discovered in them thar hills. And luckily, you have us—the *Playboy* mining team, whose job it is to bring back The Best, whether it be a revolutionary new pair of binoculars or a customized Mercedes-Benz. For the third straight year, we've unearthed a selection of prizes for you, things done right for a change. Read on. Enjoy. And, most important, accept no substitutes!





THE
BEST

PERSONALS

THE CORRECT WAY TO SHAVE

For a shave that's a cut above, begin by washing your face with warm water and soap, but don't dry it. Apply shaving cream, foam or gel. Shave the upper cheeks and work south. Short, gentle strokes in the direction in which the beard grows are more effective than longer ones. Rinse your razor frequently to prevent a build-up of shaving debris, and move to the upper lip and chin. The toughest whiskers grow in these areas, and they require more time to absorb water and soften properly. Proceed to the neck for the final strokes. After you're through shaving, rinse the blade and shake off excess water. Don't wipe the blade, as that will dull the cutting edge.

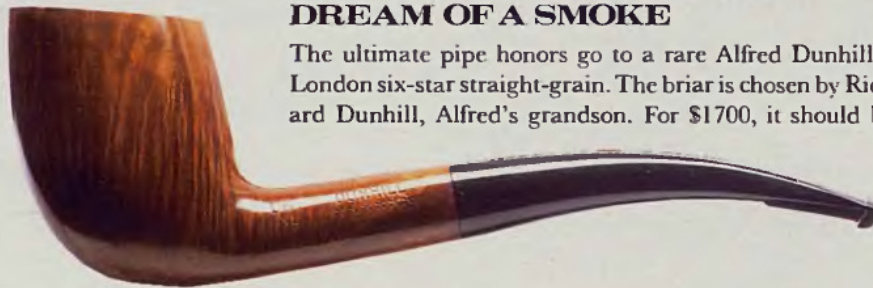


BEST OVER-NIGHT BAG

While we wouldn't exactly call her a bag, top honors would have to go to Donna Rice. Second place in carry-on luggage, giving a twist to the term *few achieve*, goes to the one Gary Hart carries. But from this picture, we couldn't identify the brand. Was it the Runaways, by Boyt? The Dynamite model, by Amelia Earhart? Or Earhart's Non-stop model? Possibly a Lark? It has a CO-X model, after all. Oh, yeah!

DREAM OF A SMOKE

The ultimate pipe honors go to a rare Alfred Dunhill of London six-star straight-grain. The briar is chosen by Richard Dunhill, Alfred's grandson. For \$1700, it should be.



BEST SHOE POLISH

John Lobb Ltd. of London arguably makes the world's best boots—having counted Queen Victoria and Edward VII as customers. It figures that its shoe *polish* is the best, too. Just five pounds a jar.



BEST NEW BINOCULARS

The 7x30 wide-angle Beecher Mirage is one sixth the weight and bulk of standard binoculars



yet offers incredible optics. When you're not bird watching, a rubber strap holds it on your forehead. Beecher Research of Chicago makes the Mirage for only \$295.

BEST ROAD SHOE

Put your foot in it with J. P. Tod's soft driving shoe, a moccasin that boasts true grip on the pedals and adds class to road trips. The price is \$139, from Diego Della Valle, New York.



HELLO, BROLLY

The royal whip-and-glove purveyor to Her Majesty the queen also makes the best bumbershoots. London's Swaine Adeney Brigg and Sons Ltd. has been shielding aristocratic noggins from the rain since 1750. A gold king's umbrella costs £950.



THE
BEST

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PASSIONS



**BEST NORMAN
ROCKWELL FOOD**

The Avenue Grill in Mill Valley, California, a splendid Fifties-deco setting for a rendering of traditional open-all-night ideas. The food, *haute diner*. Here can be found a good meat loaf, roast turkey and dressing, even fish sticks 'n' tartar sauce on White Trash Food night—or an oyster poor boy, grilled black-tip shark or tasty *holishkes*, depending on the night's food's theme. Inventive, incredibly edible Americana.



**BEST
ICE CREAM**

The official ice cream of Iowa, Sweet Iowa, is a flavor combining chocolate laced with blackberries. Bloomingdale's sells it and 40 or so other flavors of their ice cream exclusively. The company has even won a Trucks of the Month award for its arty semis. So our triple-dip choice for best ice cream goes to The Great Mid-western Ice Cream Company of Fairfield, Iowa.

**BEST PRIVATE
DINING CLUB**

Unless you know Jovan Trbojevic, the urbane owner of Les Nomades on Chicago's Near North Side, its discreet portals remain closed. But for members, a wonderful bistro atmosphere awaits. The food, often deceptively simple but daring, seldom disappoints. And the wine/spirits list offers good value and quality.



BEST ONION RINGS

If Boone's Prime Time Pub in Suttons Bay, Michigan, had a carousel, these are the rings we'd be reaching for. Sweet, fresh, saucer-sized onions thickly coated in homemade batter, then deep fried crisp and golden—\$2.25 a serving.



**BEST DOMESTIC
WINE LIST**

You'll find the most extensive domestic-wine list at the Nob Hill Restaurant in San Francisco's Mark Hopkins Inter-Continental. Here are wines from 34 states. Texas *chardonnay*, y'all?





THE
BEST

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CLASSICS

**HARMONICATS'
MEOW**

The Hohner Marine Band harmonica goes back to 1896. It's been played by everyone from John Philip Sousa to John Lennon and good ol' what's-his-name here. The Sixties folk boom would have been a bust without it. Right, Bob?



**LONG IN
THE NECK**

Beer tastes better out of one. First introduced in the 1890s, long-neck bottles have a stubborn, streamlined elegance unmatched by can or keg. So we salute the breweries still using them—you know who you are.

**MADE IN
THE SHADES**

Not much remains hip for half a century. But Ray-Ban's aviator sunglasses, introduced in



1937, have stayed cool, from Mac-

Arthur to Tom Cruise.

**FLIP YOUR
ZIPPO**

Snapped right, it pops open. Zippo has divided the wimps from the guys for generations.



ON THE BOARDWALK

We can't think of a game that better exemplifies good old-fashioned American cutthroatedness and greed than Monopoly. The infinite pleasure of watching friends and loved ones hand over their last mortgaged properties to you. The slumlord joy of piling houses on Baltic Avenue. No wonder it's available in 24 languages and is banned in Russia.



HOT THOCKS

Summer 1953. David Mullany, Sr., feared for Junior's arm as he threw snapping-wrist curves. Eureka! The Wiffle ball was born. A dipsy-doodle-sinker-ball pitcher's dream.



THE
BEST

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HEDONISM

THE LOOK OF LOVE

"A private facility dedicated to romantic marriage" is how the management describes the Sybaris club, an establishment that offers Midwestern couples what surely must be the ultimate in sexy seclusion—luxurious cottages, with no windows and no phones, that are available for an afternoon or night only to a coo-some twosome. (No group gropes, please.) There are two Sybaris locations in the Chicago area, one in Downers Grove and the other in Northbrook; they offer a variety of rooms, from your basic Sybaris Suite, with a water bed, mirrored ceiling, etc., to a Deluxe Swimming Pool Suite that includes a private 22-foot pool, waterfall, two tubs, a steam room and more. Prices range from \$45 to \$350, depending on time, day and the suite chosen. There are also a variety of memberships available. Go, you sexy devil.





THE BEST

DIVERSIONS

THE EARS HAVE IT

For an expert's opinion on which compact discs give you the best sonic bang for your CD bucks, we turned to Mr. Golden Ears himself—David A. Wilson, the president of Wilson Audio Specialities, a high-end-speaker and recording company, and possessor of two of the most finely tuned ears in the industry. Wilson's choices, by category, run the gamut of musical good taste as follows. Country: *Heartland*, by the Judds (RCA 5916-2-R). Jazz: *Chick Corea and Gary Burton in Concert, Zurich, October 28, 1979* (ECM 821 415-2). New Age: *Caverna Magica (. . . Under the Tree—In the Cave . . .)*, by Andreas Vollenweider (CBS MK 37827). Rock: *James Newton Howard & Friends* (Sheffield Lab CD-23). Classical: *The Moscow Sessions*, by The Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra (Sheffield Lab CD-25, -26 & -27). According to Wilson, the sessions are "the most significant orchestral recording in years and sonically the best orchestral sound ever recorded." High praise from high authority.



BEAM US UP, JOANIE

Joan Collins as a Thirties pacifist whose life—or death—will vastly alter human history? They don't call it s-f for nothing. Still, the best *Star Trek* episode ever is "City on the Edge of Forever," in which Kirk, traveling through a time portal, loses his heart to Collins. Love and death where no man has dared to go before. (Space, not Joan.)

TOP POPS

Black is beautiful—even when it comes to popcorn. The best is Black Jewell, from St. Francisville, Illinois. It pops white, but the kernels are black—sort of like rock 'n' roll, and so distinctive, it's a patented variety. Small and crunchy, not large and chewy—and available at hot buttered prices. Pop for it quick!



ULTIMATE COFFEE-TABLE BOOK

It's Christopher Newbert's *Within a Rainbowed Sea*, shown here, a collection of his lush, vivid underwater photographs stunningly produced in eight colors on fine heavy paper by Beyond Words Publishing of Hillsboro, Oregon. The volume is bound in goatskin; a wooden box of rare Hawaiian koa padded with Brazilian suede is included as a slipcase on the \$2250 collector's edition.





BEST WAY TO SEE SCOTLAND

Haggis and helicopters—it's the only way to fly. See Scotland Tailor-Made Tours Ltd. of Glasgow is offering The Helicopter Grand Tour: five days of Highland flinging aboard PLM choppers—and limousines—that includes stays at Cromlix House Hotel and Geddes, a private country house, a visit to the Isle of Skye, a champagne picnic in the western islands and ample samplings of heather dew (that's whisky to you, fella). The price is \$3840 per person, not including your air fare to Glasgow. But you do get complimentary cocktails and wine each day. Oh, go ahead; after all, you're not driving.

THE
BEST

PLACES



HOW TO AVOID JET LAG

Morris Simoncelli, an executive with Japan Air Lines who's been flying to the Orient for 30 years and has more than 70 round trips under his belt, offers this prosaic and time-tested advice: 1. Avoid alcohol. "It's too bad, but liquor makes jet lag much worse—and life is trade-offs. But do have lots of liquids, such as juice." 2. Relax. "Try to keep anticipation and anxiety to a minimum. Don't get hyped up." 3. Keep your feet up. "In first class, you get footrests. If you're flying business class and the flight's not packed, find a couple of empty seats and get your feet up. Otherwise, the blood pools in your legs, and the bad circulation adds to the feeling of jet lag." 4. Sleep as much as possible or read escapist novels—which is almost the same thing. "The idea is to put your bodily processes on hold. Don't stay awake for the bad movie or eat every morsel offered—a definite test of will."

HONEYMOON HEAVEN

Yes, there are still a few beautiful virgins left. One is Virgin Gorda, in the British Virgin Islands—especially as experienced at Biras Creek, a resort with cottages hidden away on more than 130 acres, plus nature trails, an impeccable beach and gourmet food. As we said, heaven. The week Just the Two of Us honeymoon special is available from mid-April to mid-December for only \$1765 double occupancy.



SLOTTERY WINNER

Networking 41 casinos in 15 cities across Nevada, the Megabucks slot machines promise the best payoffs ever. Last February, one paid out \$4,900,000 to a lucky one-armed-bandit fan. Incidental payoffs have gone to \$27,915 while you're waiting for those four sevens to hit again.



MANHATTAN ITALIAN SERENADE

The best place for northern Italian *cucina* in the Big Apple is Felidia Ristorante on East 58th Street, where *risotto* with truffles and a *very dry martini* are both served with Tuscan flair. For help, put yourself in the hands of proprietor Lidia Bastianich. A must: pasta with quail. The wine list features entries from Piedmont and Tuscany. Drink up.

BEST FREQUENT-FLIER PROGRAM

So what's the smart choice among all those bonus-mileage plans available? John Holland, the publisher of *The Business Flyer*, a newsletter devoted to frequent-flier air travel, says that American Airlines has something special in the air. "By virtue of American's size, schedules, competitive award levels and monthly specials, free travel can be earned more quickly. And the fact that American is teamed up with the Inter-Continental and Sheraton hotel chains also is a definite plus." Second place goes to United's Mileage Plus plan—a program popular at *Playboy* because many United flights originate in Chicago.

THE
BEST

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TOYS



BEST POKER CHIP

Toss a Heritage poker chip into the Saturday-night poker pot and hear the thunkita-chunk sound of real money. Heath & Sons, Inc., in Springfield, Oregon, sells the die-cast coins for \$39 a box of 100.



**BEST
AIRPLANE KIT**

So you never got over making plastic Piper Cubs and F-104s from kits? But you're a big boy now? Well, Aero Flight of Boerne, Texas, offers a do-it-yourself aircraft that actually flies—with you in it—when you're done. It's only \$19,985 in carbon fiber or \$15,900 in fiberglass; the price doesn't include engine, instruments or upholstery. Or a pilot's license. Just the thing to while away winter days.

**SNOW FAR,
SNOW GOOD**

Ever had one of those mystical moments while racing down a ski slope but no one to share it with? Hammacher Schlemmer offers the best way to communicate on snow—two-way-radio skier's helmets at \$449.50 a pair. Voice-activated, they send/receive over distances of 110 yards.



BEST EXECUTIVE TOOL

The Hammer is the kind of car Burt Reynolds would drive to the opera. This is man's country. And if you've got \$120,000, AMG of North America in Westmont, Illinois, will turn your basic 300E Mercedes-Benz into a thunder-road mobile that will nail any wimp Testarossa or Countach that dares challenge it. Under the hood is a 32-valve 6-liter V8. The speedo goes from zero to 60 in five seconds, with a top end of 186. Suspension modifications. Exterior changes. The Hammer swings with a mighty blow.





IT'S DOWNHILL ALL THE WAY

The hottest thing going on snow—Burton Safari, the top gun of snowboards—is the best of the best for a vertical run at high speed, an easy cruise in wide-open spaces or a heat in the world-class-competition circuit. When two skis just won't cut it, Safari carves it up. Board, \$399, including the bindings, boots (not shown) from \$119. Insurance? See your local agent. Pronto.

BEST NEW GOLF COURSE

The new 7080-yard Lagoon Legend golf course at Marriott's Bay Point Resort is situated around an exotic lagoon and the marshlands of Florida's Gulf Coast. Our favorite hole is the Legend's 13th. Accessible only by walkway, the green is located in the middle of a swamp. We're talking serious golf here. Sixteen holes on the par-72 course have water. Number two has 120 yards of sand dunes on the first leg of the fairway, and 18 is a lagoon shot onto an island and back over the lagoon to the green. It's a par-four hole with a penalty if an alligator eats your golf ball.

ACE OF A RACKET

The Sovereign, from Prince, is a custom tennis racket built to specific design preferences. At \$1000 (\$1500 per pair pictured below), buyers, working with their personal advisor from Prince, select head size, weight, balance point, grip, strings and string tension. The final result is a love match, with a fine leather bag and a racket cover thrown in.



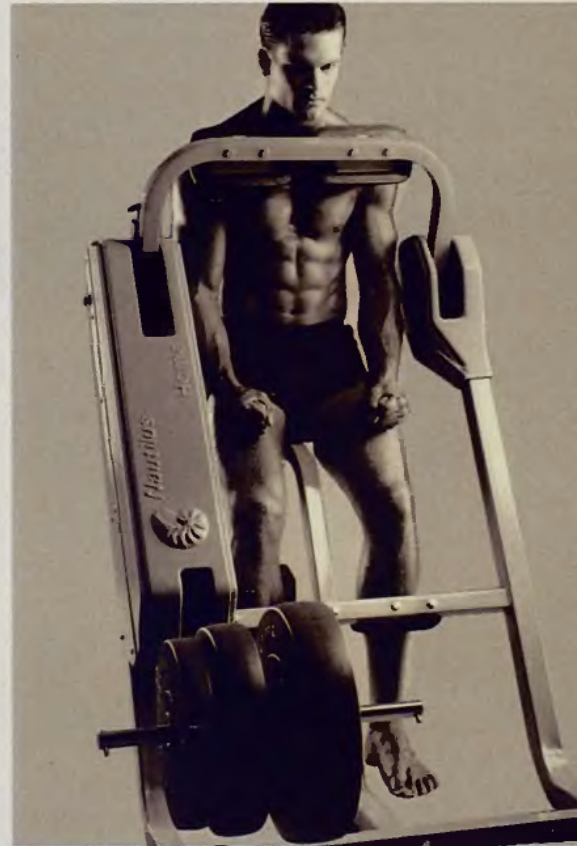
BEST BODY MOVER



Is there a choice? Jane Fonda is a great actress but a wee bit long in the haunch these days. Richard Simmons? Ye gods! Give us a break! So, of course, we nominate ourself as provider of the best workout tape. The *Playboy Playmate Workout* will give tone to sometimes-neglected muscles enjoyably and painlessly. For \$39.95, trust your body to the lovely Miss March, Miss April, Miss May and Miss June. We should all look so good.

THE
BEST

SWEATS



BEST GUT BUSTER

More power to you, couch potato. Our pick for stomach toughener of this year is the Nautilus Waist Machine designed for home use. And when you turn the seat around, the Waist Machine instantly becomes a lower-back developer—as if you needed that. It's \$585 without weights.



NOT SO DUMBBELLS

Yesterday's grubby gym has become today's space-age health club. So why pump mere crummy old iron when now you can do it with chrome? Calgym New York Fitness International has solid-chrome dumbbell sets it calls Beauty Bells, at \$270 for the five-to-20-pound set and \$695 for the 25-to-50. Your muscles won't know, but your workout mates will.



FICTION

By JAY CANTOR



in which crazy kat and
ignatz mouse discover sex!!! can they ever go
back to their comic strip??

IT WAS going to be a *very* long time, Krazy decided, before she played with that Ignatz Mouse again. His games were just too strange! In fact, the last one he'd invented—called psychoanalysis—had so throwmetized her that she had spent two whole weeks lying on her back, in the middle of her rug, arms and legs rigid in the air. *Supposedly*, Ignatz' psychobusiness was going to *fix* Krazy's terrible stage fright. Now look! She still couldn't go back to her comic strip, to her adoring and bereft fans! Heck, she could hardly move her legs!

The mouse had malpracticed her, but he *had* come to visit her every day, spoon-feeding her strawberry ice cream till she could at least Pogo-stick around her house by herself. And his new game—fantasy—did sound intriguing. Ignatz said they were to imagine the sort of human beings they would be if they were human beings.

Lips pursed, Ignatz took a judicious sip of tea and a ginger cookie from the flowered plate on her dining-room table. Fantasy, he said, was a necessity for Krazy. Her therapy hadn't succeeded before because flat comic-strip characters didn't know about sex. But when they were people, they would have the *real* sweet stuff, and Ignatz would be able

to psychoanalyze Krazy more deeply. When they returned to Coconino County, the cured, guilt-free Krazy would be able to move her legs easily. And they could work again.

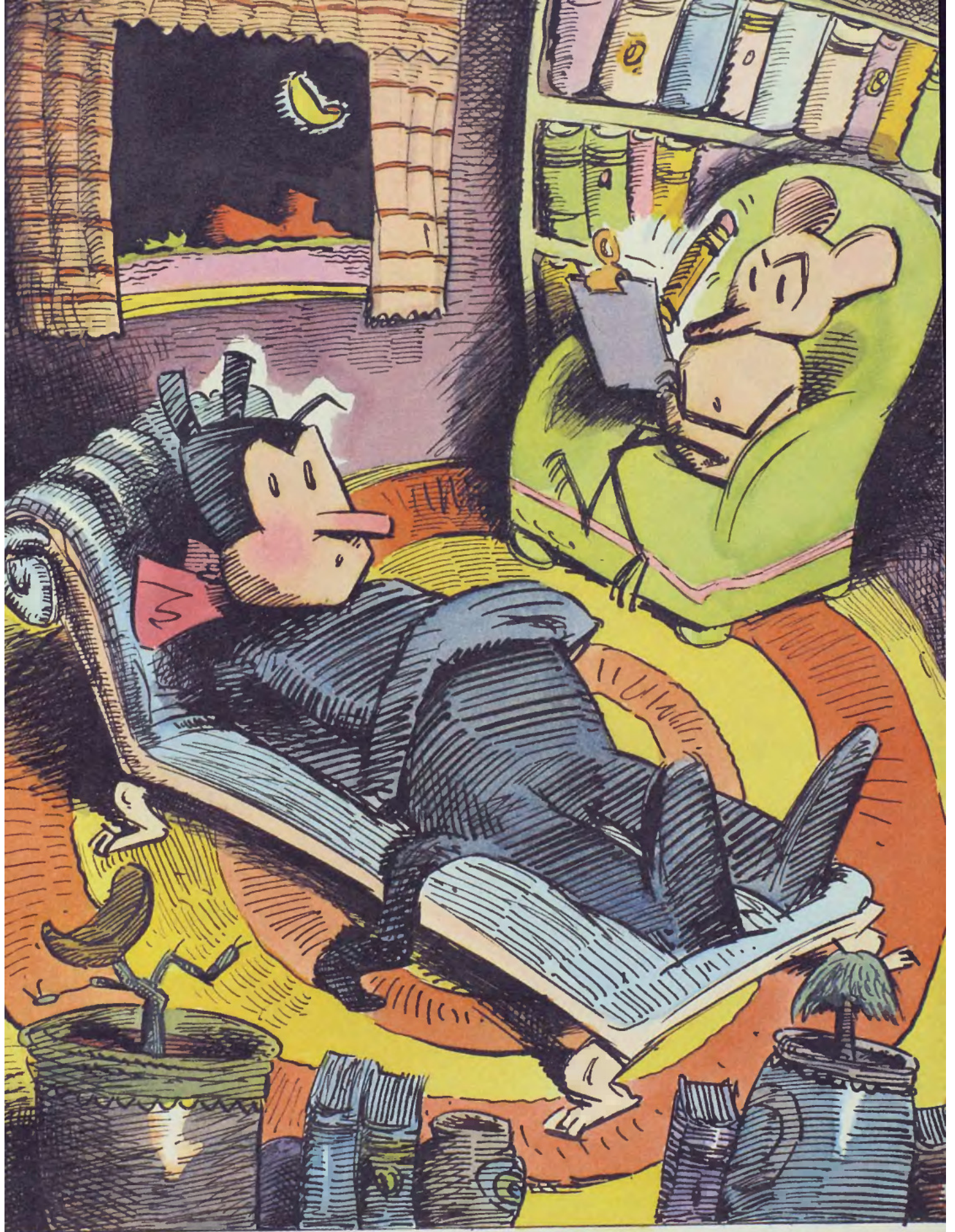
Krazy considered. They hadn't worked for more than 30 years, for her heart had gone on strike from the day she had realized that her brick-to-the-bean art was harmful to your health. For their comic strip was advising everyone, *Always mix love and pain!* Imagine how she felt when she realized she was mouse-coding *that* message to the world! Guilty, that's how! It made K.K. personally responsible for lemon used cars, summer reruns and the A-bomb!

"Of course, it means you'll have to fuck, and you know. . . ."

Krazy shuddered. Her legs stuck straight out beneath the table. Sex! Comic-strip characters couldn't even swear! What was Ignatz hiding? And how could it be worse than sex? "And what?"

"Well, you know . . . die. A little, I mean. I mean, I think we'll age."

Krazy's sensitive Kat ears picked up Ignatz' tremolo. He, too, was scared. *Die*, Krazy thought. Her fur on fire. No more fur. No more her. *A thing she couldn't imagine*. Still, Ignatz the artist eternally





impressed her. Now, so that he and Krazy might work again, Ignatz would risk humanness—even if it meant their doing really embarrassing things and . . . dying. “OK,” she said. Her brain bubbled a bit with carefree champagne. After all, it was only a game. “I’ll have nice breasts,” she said. And, surprisingly, her words left the taste of honey on her tongue.

“Yes!” Ignatz shouted. His big front teeth glistened with delight. Krazy was very pleased that he was pleased. His pleasure meant, *Print it*. She would have nice breasts.

“And I’m a blond Satan. The smooth thickness of my arms, legs and body, the sag of my big rounded shoulders, make my body like a bear’s. It is like a shaved bear’s: My chest is hairless. My skin is childishly soft and pink.”

Oh, Krazy knew *that* fellow! It was Sam Spade. Ignatz worshiped the gumshoe. *He* wouldn’t play the sap for any bimbo, even lovely, guileful Brigid O’Shaughnessy. Well, not *this* time! Krazy thought. This time, Ignatz *will* play the sap for *me*. “No,” she said. “You’re thin, and small.” But he was still too threatening. “You have big ears. And you wear glasses.” *There*, she thought, now I can love him. He needs my protection. She sipped some tea contentedly. Fantasy Ignatz wouldn’t be a spiteful tough guy. He’d be cream-centered candy, Stan Laurel-like—sensitive and very quick to weep.

“Couldn’t I be a little taller?”

“OK. But you’re still thin.”

“The Thin Man?” the mouse asked hopefully.

“No. Just *a* thin man. Nothing special. Except to me.” She hummed *My Funny Valentine*, but Ignatz didn’t smile. “You can have the hairless chest,” she added. “And the soft pink skin.”

“Ugh!” Big-eyed, he stared across the table at her, half afraid of her power.

Wow! She fixed his shape! He had to take the part, because he wanted to star in *her* fantasy! She bent down to lap tea from her cup and, giggling with pleasure, spluttered some on her black fur. This was great! She licked herself clean.

As for Krazy, Ignatz said she would be pretty, with a thin nose, widely spaced almond eyes, good cheekbones, nice breasts and long, full legs. She would be very desirable.

That was nice, Krazy thought. Well, but *sure*, he was just pleasing himself!

Men! (And strawberry ice cream, she remembered, was *his* favorite flavor, not hers.)

She would have the shape of Mary Astor, Krazy said. Ignatz nodded. Brigid, Krazy thought, had had special sap-making feminine power. It had something to do with wearing hats. When she was human, Krazy decided, she would get herself a lot of beautiful hats with mysterious veils. Krazy clapped her paws together above her head in anticipation and shouted—as when a brick used to land on Nogginsville—“Oh, play that junk-yard music, Ignatz!”

“But you’re very troubled,” Ignatz added. Krazy’s high spirits fizzled. Ignatz wouldn’t like a woman without petite ears and big bazooms, so he made her flaw inward. “You’re a graduate student in art history. But you’re blocked. You can’t finish your dissertation. That’s why you’re seeing a therapist. Me. Dr. Ignatz.”

Krazy scrunched her eyes, making him disappear. Ignatz always had to play doctor. A respected M.D. son was what Ignatz’ immigrant father had longed for. Which meant Krazy had to play patient.

“You’re a blocked graduate student at *Harvard*,” the mouse offered in a wheedling tone.

Big ivy-covered deal! Well, probably he wanted to be her therapist because he wanted to be needed, too. He wanted to have a hand in reshaping her. “OK.”

“You can be blonde,” Ignatz offered grandly.

“I don’t want to be.” She wanted to be the dark-haired fatal one with the spicy hair and the almond eyes. The one who didn’t feel guilty about *anything*! “You can be blonde. Your *wife* can be blonde.” But Krazy knew her hair would be straw-colored. That was what Ignatz wanted, so—stop the presses!—it became what she wanted, because what she *really* wanted was to be what he wanted. Just as he wanted to be what she wanted him to be. Mirrors looking at mirrors!

“My wife?” Ignatz said, exhaling slowly.

“You’re married,” Krazy said. She could see that they were both relieved by this turn in the story. “But you’re separated from the Mrs.” Why separated? Why not divorced? Why not *never happened*? Well, then he’ll have to *choose* me, Krazy thought. Besides, he won’t always be in my hair, my lovely blonde—I mean

Wino

black, oh, hell, blonde hair. "Every Tuesday, you visit your *estranged* wife. You stay over till Wednesday. And I have a husband, too." So there, mouse. But her left side shivered with anxiety.

"Your husband's a psychiatrist also."

Santa Ignatz was handing out nice Jewish doctors! Strangely, Krazy grew depressed.

"You're separated," he added.

"Thank God!" Krazy said. Why? But to wake up every morning beside a body stale from sleep—that awful sour-cream smell—she would have to lick him all day! How could she ever get her dissertation done?

"And I'll have hands," Ignatz said quietly.

"Of course you'll have hands," Krazy said. Ignatz had always been so proud of his near-human-quality paw dexterity, his skill with his claws. He was even able to thread a needle! But paws, she saw, were as nothing. If she gave him hands, he would be able to be affectionate with her, stroking, unrushed. In this, she thought, I will please myself utterly. "You have beautiful hands, with long, thin, aristocratic fingers." She felt them smoothing her black fur and purred lightly. Fantasy was fun. She hadn't felt so nearly mingled with Ignatz since the bricks had started to hurt. Today they drank from the same cup.

"Thank you," Ignatz said softly, with the downcast eyes of a grateful supplicant. "And I'd like to have . . . to have a big . . . cock."

"What?" Large? Loud? Doodle-doo?

"A big, you know, penis . . . a big cock."

"What? Why?" What earthly difference did *that* make? Who would ever know? Oh, well, if it was something *he* wanted. But then she saw that Ignatz looked rounder to her, less like a flat comic-strip character, more like a human who bent the light around his shoulders. Ignatz must truly be telling her something *she* wanted, too. Even if she hadn't known she wanted it. Even if it wasn't exactly *nice*. "Yes," she said, as if from a trance, her own eyes downcast.

"Thank you."

"Thank you," she said.

Dr. Ignatz remembered the second time they had shaken hands, at the end of the first month's sessions. She had held his hand longer than he expected. "You have lovely fingers," she had said with unself-conscious appreciation. Her hand was soft, supple, not the almost rigid thing that had half grasped his at the beginning of their work together. "Thank you," he had said. Her touch had made him feel mixed with her, fused for a moment. *I am her doctor*, he had thought, *I should not feel this*—even as he prolonged the press of her hand on his.

Already, he had been bewitched by her. Her skin was dark, yet her hair was naturally blonde, and her broad cheekbones, bright almond eyes and full lips had something unplaceable about them, perhaps a surprising conjunction of many nationalities—her face a poem. A figure at a bazaar. "Thank you," she had replied, with that same openheartedness—and just enough irony so that neither of them had to be embarrassed.

He had gone back to his desk then to bring order to the month's notes. Fifteen minutes till the next patient. He remembered that he had thought it had been a good beginning. A good hysteric!

6/31/85. Catherine Higgs Bosun. (But she insists that her nickname, Kate, should have a K to it.) Twenty-six years old. Recommended to me by my supervisor.

The outlines of Kate's problem are clear. Her work is a sham to her, for to be a woman, she thinks, is to be completely submissive to another's needs. So when Kate tries to do her own work, she feels unwomanly, unlovable. But when she is with her husband, she feels utterly subservient, his "pet." (So she and her husband have separate apartments. And she often has affairs. If she can be between two men, she feels protected from her own desire to be possessed.) Caught in this web of prohibitions, she grows brittle, stiff, unable to have either satisfying love or work.

Soon after writing those first notes, Kate had trusted him enough to tell him her most cherished fantasy. A golden oldy, she said: She was on a raised platform, wearing only a felt collar.

"A leather collar?" Dr. Ignatz said. Her voice had dazed him.

"All right. A beautiful leather collar, like the ones pets wear." Kate's voice, too, was drowsy.

Wait, *he* shouldn't be furnishing her fantasy! And sup's internalized baritone said, *Keep silent, Dr. Ignatz!*

Dr. Ignatz shivered. The air conditioning. His body now was covered with sweat. Could this have been what his eminent father figure, bow-tied head of the Boston Psychoanalytic Institute's analysts, had wanted when he had referred Kate? No, of course not.

"No," Krazy said, "that's too fast; it's going too fast. I'm not ready for that yet."

"OK," Ignatz said.

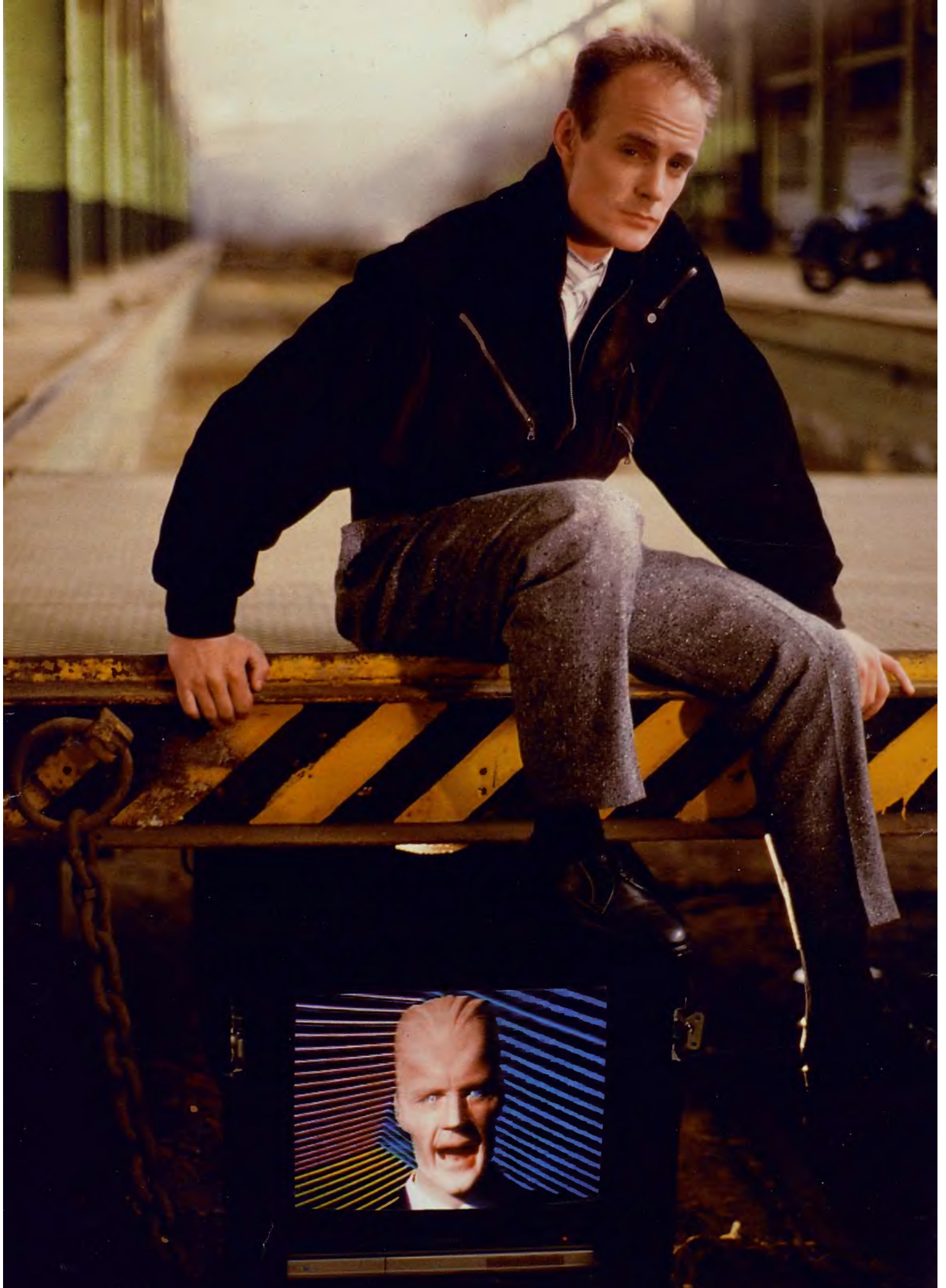
Krazy heard the mouse's anxiety melisma, and *that* quaver made her want to go on ever more quickly. Where was the cure Ignatz had promised her for her guilt-manacled limbs? Krazy wanted

Kate to be a devil in nylon hose, to wear black-seamed stockings, the soft, silky kind that even Krazy's retracted claws would have ripped. But could Krazy even give advice? She and Ignatz were having the fantasy, but it was having them, too, taking them places they hadn't expected. Sometimes she didn't even know what she truly desired until the story showed her.

A hysteric, Dr. Ignatz had thought. *She needs to be seen*, he thought. She disappears when she's alone. He looked over at her, lying on his couch. She wasn't wearing a bra and she had two buttons of her blouse open. He could see the sides of her breasts and her nipples, stiff beneath the gray silk. Her long legs were crossed at the ankles. Then, as if she felt his eyes on her, she uncrossed her legs and raised her knees. Her soft blue skirt fell toward her waist, showing the tops of her stockings and her garters. He hadn't known that women still wore garters! His doodle-doo grew stiff. "Oh," she said nonsensically, "I can bend my knees!" As if that needed to be proved! Really, she was justifying her self-exposure. She hummed, as she often did during her silences, snatches of long-ago popular songs, her motor idling contentedly. What were the words to the song? It was one his mother used to sing. His mother, too, had lovely legs, and Kate's flickery here-and-gone quality. "In olden days, a glimpse of stocking / Was looked on as something shocking / But now, God knows, / Anything goes!" I can name that tune in five notes, he thought, charmed by Kate's irony.

And then he thought, I'm fully clothed, and I'm watching her fantasy of herself naked. She's teaching me how to unlock her. Could I make love to her? He saw his supervisor's wise face, the long doglike ears of age, the stern yet sorrowful eyes. *Don't you want to be an analyst?* the sup's gravel-and-ash voice would say. *This temporary infatuation could be the end of your career!* Dr. Ignatz willed the wilting of his cock. I'm not going to play the sap for her, he told himself. She's making a rapid transference. A good hysteric. But it was already becoming a mantra. Agoodhysteric. Agoosteric. A goose A trick. He wanted to make himself feel as if he were reading about Kate, as if she were a diagram in a textbook. But the soft, sweet feeling, the desire to blend himself with her, *to feel truly connected*, wouldn't go away. She remained warm, round, compelling. How could he prefer the flat theoretical blueprint of a house to a room that he could enter?

Kate picked up her hat from beside the tissue box on the small table by the couch, a round hat made from blue velvet, with a veil (*continued on page 174*)



headroom's alter ego in the I-I-latest look-ahead I-I-looks
fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

M a x

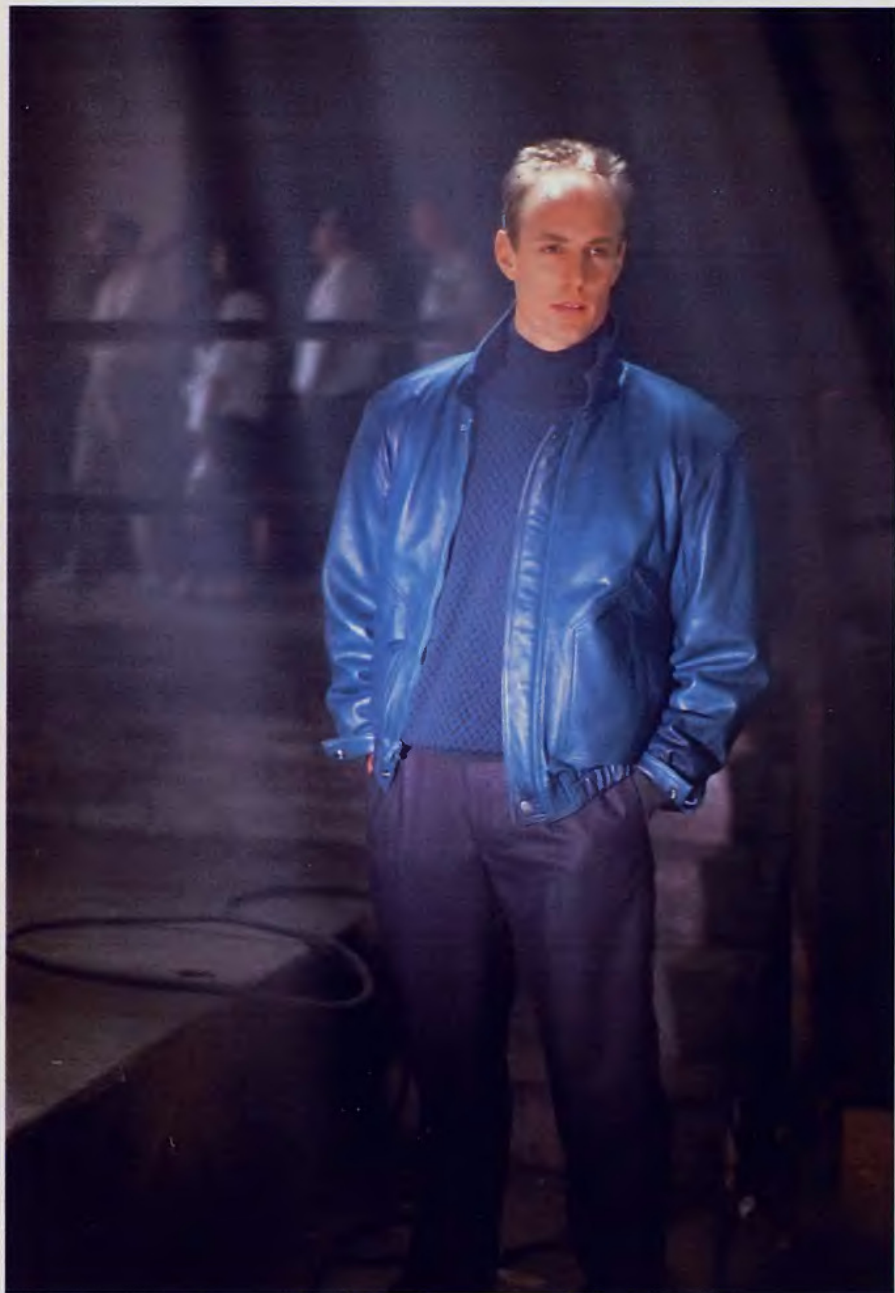
TO THE

M a x



Opposite page: Matt Frewer in the I-I-leather of his choice—a lamb-suede bomber jacket, by Bill Kaiserman, \$850; flannel shirt, \$155, tweed slacks, \$250, both by Mila Schon Uomo; socks, by Interwoven, \$5; and shoes, from Joan & David, New York, \$175. Above: Denim/leather jacket, \$550, zip turtleneck with leather sleeve accents, \$595, and leather slacks with leg zippers, \$1725, all by Claude Montana.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MOSHE BRAKHA



MATT FREWER, dual star of ABC's hit series *Max Headroom*, sums up Max as "Edison Carter after several cocktails." Although Max's character is m-m-much looser than Edison's, his approach to fashion is not. Carter affects a sleek style that happens to be the h-h-hippest right now. Seasoned at London's Old Vic for his 20-minutes-into-the-future stardom, Frewer is a here-and-now guy whose fashion statement is a hot one.

Above: Frewer in a lambskin jacket, by Andrew Marc, \$395; wool knit turtleneck, from Kenzo Boutique, New York, \$392; and worsted-wool slacks, from Pianta by Lowell Barry, about \$95. Right: The ultimate v-v-vroom—a leather motorcycle jacket, by Jerry Wong Couture, \$475; cotton shirt, about \$100, wool slacks, \$135, and silk tie, \$42, all by Olivier Strelli; plus boots, by Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, \$495.





O Canada

MEET KIMBERLEY CONRAD,
VANCOUVER'S MOST
EXQUISITE EXPORT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



WHEN SHE GOT OFF the plane from Vancouver, Canadian Kimberley Conrad had a little trouble at LAX. The problem wasn't that she was carrying contraband—it was her outfit. That day, Kim had on leopard pants, bare-midriff blouse and silver pumps, and it took inspectors the better part of an hour to clear her through U.S. Customs. "I wouldn't have minded, but I was on my way to a huge party," she says. "I couldn't wait." When Customs asked the reason for her trip to America, Kim said, "Pleasure."

"The best part of sex for me is after or before—just kissing, touching, being close. I love that. I love holding and hugging and kissing, and it sounds corny, but that's how I feel."



Shortly after her airport encounter with Customs, Kim made her American party debut—still attired in leopard pants, bustier blouse and silver heels—and wowed the crowd. “Two men asked if they could buy my outfit right off my back,” she says. No dice, Miss January told prospective buyers. “But I appreciated the thought.” A lingerie fan, she even remembers what she had on *under* that costume. “A G string. And under the blouse, of course, no bra. You can’t wear a bra with a getup like that.” Who would want to? “I feel sensuous in fine lingerie,” she says. “I really think the key to being sexy is to *think* that way. I can be a flirt, but I’m very passionate by nature. In bed, I think about pleasing my man—if it pleases him, that pleases me.” When her partner is a camera, she says, “It’s almost the same thing. As a model, I try to please the camera. I think of sexy things—garter belts and French-lace bras. I think of shopping for lingerie at Neiman-Marcus or even Frederick’s—and wearing it later.” Seduced yet?







"I feel privileged to be a Playmate, but I'm not letting it get to my head. I'm going to enjoy what's happening to me. I'm in control of my own destiny, and whatever it is, it's going to be fun."



Vancouver is my home, but I think of myself as a Canadian-American," says Miss January. Born in Alabama 24 years ago, a model Canadian since she was 17, Kim has a feline grace, high cheekbones and come-on eyes that have made hers the most recognized face in Vancouver. Now, she says, she wants to take on the States. As busy and beautiful as Vancouver is—not to mention home to her fave delicacy of all time, Earls burgers—it ain't America. "I love that city, but I had to come here. If you want to succeed, this is where it's at. Besides," she says, "I like American men. I think they treat their women better. American men believe more in a woman's equality. They don't have to be in charge all the time. They're free spirits—that's what I like about Americans. Don't get me wrong—I like Canadian men, too, but when I think American, I think of a guy in tight jeans, who's well built and has a suntan—mmm, nice." Kim's appreciation of the American male is sure to be returned.

MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Kimberly Conrad

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kimberley Conrad

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 122 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 08/06/63 BIRTHPLACE: Moulton, ALABAMA

AMBITIONS: To be financially self-sufficient, do a cover for Playboy, & travel the world.

TURN-ONS: Levi's 501 Jeans, sexy lingerie, midnight walks on the beach, G strings.

TURN-OFFS: gossip, pretentious people, early-morning phone calls.

FAVORITE FOOD: EARL'S Hamburgers, Chinese food, sushi and Snickers bars.

FAVORITE OUTFITS: silk & satin, leather & lace.

POTENT POTABLE: moonlight martinis.

MYSTERY DATE: I'm in a casino in Monte Carlo and receive a formal invitation to dine on a private yacht; when I arrive, I find I'm the only guest on board. My host pours champagne, our eyes meet, we set sail and then, who knows?



FASHION Model
Branka's Boutique



Mom (Betsy) & I
having a barbecue.



Dior & I playing
at the beach.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

As the truck driver came flying over the top of a steep hill, he spotted two figures in his path rolling around in the middle of the road. The driver blew his horn and braked frantically, but the couple continued their lovemaking, oblivious to his warnings. The truck finally slid to a halt barely three inches from the pair. "Are you crazy?" the driver shouted at them. "You could have been killed."

The man stood up and faced the driver. "Well, I was coming, she was coming and you were coming," he panted, "and you were the only one with brakes."



The Jewish people have observed their 5748th year as a people," the Hebrew teacher informed his class. "Consider that the Chinese, for example, have only observed their 4685th. What does that mean to you?"

After a reflective pause, one boy raised his hand. "Yes, David," the teacher said. "What does that mean?"

"That the Jews had to do without Chinese food for 1063 years."

Why did New York police take the 911 emergency number off the back of their squad cars? Because thieves kept stealing them, thinking they were Porsches.

After his legs had been broken in an accident, Mr. Miller sued for damages, claiming that he was crippled and would have to spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair. Although the insurance-company doctor testified that his bones had healed properly and that he was fully capable of walking, the judge decided for the plaintiff and awarded him \$500,000.

When he was wheeled into the insurance-company office to collect his check, Miller was confronted by several executives. "You're not getting away with this, Miller," one said. "We're going to watch you day and night. If you take a single step, you'll not only repay the damages but stand trial for perjury. Here's the money. What do you intend to do with it?"

"My wife and I are going to travel," Miller replied. "We'll go to Stockholm, Berlin, Rome, Athens and, finally, to a place called Lourdes—where, gentlemen, you'll see yourselves one hell of a miracle."

A proctologist prepared his patient for examination, then buzzed the nurse and asked her to bring him a light. A moment later, she came into the room and handed him a beer.

"No, Miss Collins," the doctor hissed. "A butt light."

What do Gary Hart and the Boston Celtics have in common? If they had played at home, they would have won.

Two friends were out drinking when suddenly one lurched backward off his barstool and lay motionless on the floor.

"One thing about Jim," the other said to the bartender, "he knows when to stop."

In his usual brutish way, the chief bo'sun's mate was bullying the men assigned to paint the ship. Shouting down at the sailors suspended over the side, the unrelenting seaman yelled, "Hall, you paint like I fuck."

"Is that so, sir?" Hall replied, looking up. "Did I get it on my face?"



Philosophical graffiti spotted in the bathroom of a sex-change clinic: WE MAY NEVER PISS THIS WAY AGAIN.

A Chicago salesman was about to check into a St. Louis hotel when he noticed a very charming woman staring admiringly at him. He walked over and spoke with her for a few minutes, then returned to the front desk, where they checked in as Mr. and Mrs.

After a very pleasurable three-day stay, the man approached the front desk and told the clerk he was checking out. In a few minutes, he was handed a bill for \$2500.

"There must be some mistake," the salesman said. "I've been here for only three days."

"Yes, sir," the clerk replied. "But your wife has been here a month."

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.



"Make haste, girls—something wonderful has happened to Mr. Scrooge!"





THE CURSE

FICTION

By Andre Dubus

MITCHELL HAYES was 49 years old, but when the cops left him in the bar with Bob, the manager, he felt much older. He did not know what it was like to be very old, a shrunken and wrinkled man, but he assumed it was like this: fatigue beyond relieving by rest, by sleep. He also was not a small man. His weight moved up and down in the 170s, and he was 5'10" tall. But now his body seemed short and thin. Bob stood at one end of the bar; he was a large, black-haired man, and there was nothing in front of him but an ashtray he was using. He looked at Mitchell at the cash register and said, "Forget it. You heard what Smitty said."

Mitchell looked away, at the front door. He had put the chairs upside down on the tables. He looked from the door past Bob to the empty space of floor at the rear; sometimes people danced there, to the jukebox. Opposite Bob, on the wall behind the bar, was a telephone; Mitchell looked at it. He had told Smitty there were five guys, and when he moved to the phone, one of them stepped around the corner of the bar and shoved him, one hand against Mitchell's chest, and it pushed him backward; he nearly fell. That was when they were getting rough with her at the bar. When they took her to the floor, Mitchell looked once toward her sounds, then looked down at the duckboard he stood on, or at the belly or (continued on page 179)

there were

five of them,

and she didn't

have a chance.

nor did mitchell



PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

our pre-season picks for the top teams and players
in the country's great home-grown sport

sports by **GARY COLE**

with research by **NANCY MOUNT**

IS THERE a more democratic game in America than basketball? All you need is a piece of flat ground, an iron hoop, a roundball and kids with energy to burn. Alone, one on one, full court, half court, day or night, in a gym or at a basket hanging on the side of a barn, free throws are made and missed, jump shots hang agonizingly on the rim and imaginary national championships are decided.

If a kid can slide the ball between his legs on the dribble at full speed, hit a 20-foot jump shot with regularity, go to the basket with strength and get a combined 700 score on his S.A.T.s, he can find a place to play on the college scene. And these days, the kid might be from Beirut, Lebanon, as well as from Lebanon, Indiana, as coaches spread their recruiting nets to cover the world.

College basketball survives drugs, slimy agents, fixes, rule changes, greed and all the hype that the likes of Al McGuire and Dick Vitale can muster. It thrives because its youth and skill and passion are so obvious and because the game is intensely competitive, regularly allowing the underdog to win. After all, what major sporting events live up to expectations as often as the N.C.A.A. post-season tournament and the Final Four?

We've broadened our coverage of the college basketball scene to include all Division I conferences. Even though the superpowers will be battling it out as usual for the trip to the Final Four showdown in Kansas City in April, there is always the chance that a less well-known school, such as New Orleans or Xavier, could hang in and, like the unlikely Hickory Huskers in the movie *Hoosiers*, win it all.

AMERICAN SOUTH

The new American South Athletic Conference promises to be one of the most competitive in basketball among the small-school Division I groupings. The premiere team in the conference is New Orleans, which also has one of the best guards in the nation, Ledell Eackles. Eackles and the Privateers went 26-4 last season, getting to the second round of the N.C.A.A. tournament before being beaten by Alabama. Only the lack of a proven big man in the middle stands between New Orleans and a top-20 ranking.

Louisiana Tech also had a good season (22-8) last year. Three starters return, but not four-year team leader Robert Godbolt. Lamar, led by forward James Gulley (19.8 points per game), will try to rebound from its first losing season (14-15) in the past ten years. Arkansas State returns only forward John Tate (15.7 p.p.g.) but gets help from forward Ed Loudon, redshirted last year. Southwestern Louisiana returns Randal Smith, one of three Division I players (including Dennis Hopson of Ohio State and Hunter Greene of New Mexico) to have 500 points, 200 rebounds and 100 assists last year. Pan American will try to build its offense around guard Kevin Johnson.

ATLANTIC COAST

It looks like a four-horse race in the basketball-rich Atlantic Coast Conference. Perennial power North Carolina, always competitive Duke, 1986-1987 A.C.C. champ North Carolina State and resurgent Georgia Tech will try to keep something in reserve until they go to the A.C.C. tournament the second weekend in March.

For a change, North Carolina may finish stronger than it begins. The dean of basketball coaches, Dean Smith, has sparkling sophomore J. R. Reid and deadly outside shooter Jeff Lebo back. But the absence of Kenny Smith and Dave Popson will cause problems until some younger Tar Heel players mature.

Duke has been close to the gold ring two years in a row: the Final Four in 1986, the Final 16 in 1987. Coach K (Mike Krzyzewski) will have the Blue Devils ready to play their usual aggressive man-to-man defense, and Playboy All-America Danny Ferry (14 p.p.g.) can

PLAYBOY'S TOP 25

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Michigan | 15. Nevada- |
| 2. Syracuse | Las Vegas |
| 3. North Carolina | 16. Kansas |
| 4. Pittsburgh | 17. DePaul |
| 5. Purdue | 18. Iowa |
| 6. Indiana | 19. Louisville |
| 7. Duke | 20. North Carolina State |
| 8. Georgetown | 21. Clemson |
| 9. Oklahoma | 22. Louisiana State |
| 10. Florida | 23. UCLA |
| 11. Kentucky | 24. Georgia Tech |
| 12. Wyoming | 25. Auburn |
| 13. Arizona | |
| 14. Missouri | |

LONG SHOTS

St. John's, New Orleans, Temple, West Virginia, Georgia, Arkansas, Xavier, Illinois, Notre Dame.

For a complete conference-by-conference listing of the final standings, see page 202.

Eric Leckner
center
Wyoming

Shon Morris
forward
Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete
Northwestern

Ricky Berry
forward
San Jose State

Dale Brown
coach
Louisiana State

Rod Strickland
guard
DePaul

Hersey Hawkins
guard
Bradley

Playboy's 1988 All



Charles Smith
forward
Pittsburgh

Danny Ferry
forward
Duke

Rony Seikaly
center
Syracuse

Danny Manning
forward
Kansas

Derrick Chievous
guard/forward
Missouri

Gary Grant
guard
Michigan

America Team

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

ROD STRICKLAND—Guard, 6'3", junior, DePaul. Hot Rod is a great penetrator and open-floor player. He averaged 16.3 points and 6.5 assists per game for the Blue Demons last season.

HERSEY HAWKINS—Guard, 6'3", senior, Bradley. The Hawk is the nation's leading returning scorer (27.2 points per game) and was Missouri Valley Conference Player of the Year last season.

GARY GRANT—Guard, 6'3", senior, Michigan. The General was All-Big Ten while leading the Wolverines in scoring (22.4 points per game), steals and assists.

RICKY BERRY—Guard, 6'8", senior, San Jose State. Ricky can play all five positions on the floor but will see most of his action at guard this year. He averaged 20.2 points per game and was 32 out of 78 from three-point range last season.

DERRICK CHIEVOUS—Forward, 6'7", senior, Missouri. Known as Band-Aid by his teammates for his habit of wearing Band-Aids on different parts of his body. Derrick led the Big Eight in scoring, averaging 24.1 points and 8.6 rebounds per game.

DANNY FERRY—Forward, 6'10", junior, Duke. Danny led Duke in scoring (14 points per game), rebounds, assists and led the Atlantic Coast Conference in free-throw percentage (84.4).

CHARLES SMITH—Forward, 6'10", senior, Pittsburgh. Charles can post up or face the basket. He averaged 17 points and 8.5 rebounds and was one of the top shot blockers (106) in the country last season.

DANNY MANNING—Forward, 6'11", senior, Kansas. Danny, Big Eight Player of the Year, resisted the temptation of an early departure for the N.B.A. He averaged 23.9 points and 9.5 rebounds per game for the Jayhawks last season and is probably the best all-round college player in the country.

ERIC LECKNER—Center, 6'11", senior, Wyoming. Eric is one of the strongest inside players in the college ranks. He averaged 18.6 points and 7.2 rebounds last season.

RONY SEIKALY—Center, 6'11", senior, Syracuse. Born in Beirut, Lebanon, Rony went to Greece at the age of nine and came to America just before he entered Syracuse University. An outstanding athlete, he had never played organized basketball until recruited by coach Jim Boeheim, who maintains that his best basketball years are still ahead of him. Rony averaged 15.1 points and 8.2 rebounds per game last season.

Playboy's college basketball Coach of the Year is **DALE BROWN** of Louisiana State University. Brown, the high priest of positive thinking, is 281-167 in his 15 years at LSU. Most impressive is Brown's post-season record: nine consecutive post-season appearances (two in the N.I.T., seven in the N.C.A.A., including two in the Final Four).

REST OF THE BEST

GUARDS: Ledell Eackles, 6'5" (New Orleans); Jeff Lebo, 6'2" (North Carolina); Sherman Douglas, 6' (Syracuse); Mitch Richmand, 6'5" (Kansas State); Troy Lewis, 6'4" (Purdue); Keith Smart, 6'1" (Indiana); Byron Larkin, 6'3" (Xavier); Jerome "Pooh" Richardson, 6'1" (UCLA); Anthony Taylor, 6'4" (Oregon); Vernon Maxwell, 6'4" (Florida); Rex Chapman, 6'4" (Kentucky); Willie Anderson, 6'7" (Georgia); David Rivers, 6' (Notre Dame)

FORWARDS: Tom Hammonds, 6'9" (Georgia Tech); Derrick Lewis, 6'7" (Maryland); Jerome Lane, 6'6" (Pittsburgh); Derrick Coleman, 6'9" (Syracuse); Shelton Jones, 6'9" (St. John's); Harvey Grant, 6'9" (Oklahoma); Jeff Grayer, 6'5" (Iowa State); Herbert Crook, 6'7" (Louisville); Sean Elliott, 6'8" (Arizona); Fennis Dembo, 6'5" (Wyoming); Michael Smith, 6'9" (Brigham Young)

CENTERS: J. R. Reid, 6'9" (North Carolina); Charles Shackelford, 6'10" (North Carolina State); Dean Garrett, 6'10" (Indiana); Rik Smits, 7'4" (Marist); Pervis Ellison, 6'9" (Louisville); Dwayne Schintzius, 7'2" (Florida); Will Perdue, 7' (Vanderbilt); Tito Horford, 7'1" (Miami)

shoot, rebound and lead. The key for Duke, however, is probably sophomore guard Phil Henderson, held out part of last year because he didn't meet Duke's academic standards.

A.C.C. tournament winner North Carolina State returns four players who contributed a lot last season. Coach Jim Valvano, one of college coaching's most lovable characters, doesn't care about over-all records, always peaking his team at post-season play time. The Wolfpack will be ready come March.

Georgia Tech should improve significantly on last season's 16-13 record. Coach Bobby Cremins has two excellent forwards in Duane Ferrell (17.9 p.p.g.) and Tom Hammonds (16.2 p.p.g.). Better guard play, a stronger bench and more games scheduled at home should put Tech in contention in the A.C.C.

Clemson had a good recruiting year, and guard Grayson Marshall, who will probably become the A.C.C.'s all-time assist leader, is back. The Tigers, however, will miss team leader and scorer Horace Grant, who is headed for the N.B.A.

At Maryland, the theme is "Don't look back": Don't look back to the tragedy of Len Bias, the superbly talented all-American forward who died of a cocaine reaction, and don't look back to the Lefty Driesell era, which ended with the Bias scandal. Coach Bob Wade, brought in to replace Driesell, guided the team through suspended games, suspended players and a 0-14 conference record last year. Wade, always a winner at Baltimore's Dunbar High School, will not be content to nurse the Terps through another losing season. Maryland will again find its winning ways.

Virginia may have lost a step in the A.C.C. due to the departure of team leaders Andrew Kennedy and Tom Sheehy. Terry Holland, the winningest coach in Virginia history, must find the right combination of front-line talent in order for the Cavaliers to compete.

Wake Forest, upset winner over Clemson in the first round of last year's A.C.C. tournament, must find a floor leader to replace the tiny (5'3") but talented Tyrone Bogues.

ATLANTIC TEN

Temple coach John Chaney is a workaholic. He prods, pushes and occasionally curses his players. He regularly holds practice at six A.M. And in just five years, he has returned Temple to national basketball prominence. Last season, the Owls were 32-4. Four starters from that team return, though all-American Nate Blackwell is gone. Freshman Mark Macon will try to fill the void. Temple should again be the team to beat in the Atlantic Ten.

Four of West Virginia's first seven players have (continued on page 200)



"Oh, well, I suppose it's the thought that counts."



THE (HURRAH!) RETURN OF THE MINISKIRT



essay By BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

MINISKIRTS. The ultimate treat for men. No need to devise clever strategies for peeking at panties and possibly throwing out your back. Miniskirts make that unnecessary. And women are trotting around in them, proving that they do like men after all and are interested in more than just their fair share of the market place.

A woman in a mini is not just saying, "Come over and hop right on." That's what caused all the trouble the last time around. Men would see those little skirts and say, "Goddamn it, she's asking for it." And sometimes she was. But not always. Inside some of those miniskirts were the proud and curvy little bods of feminists upset that they couldn't wear a teeny skirt without sending out the wrong signal. So the mini was taken away for a few decades, forcing men to consider their behavior.



However, it's back now, though with the clear understanding that just because a woman has one on doesn't mean she wants to take it right off. She may want to keep it on for a while. She may have just bought the damned thing.

And even though she's wearing this little wisp of a garment and is just about exposing the entire package, it does not mean she is ready for action. She may be considering the proper stance for America in the Persian Gulf—and, at the same time, airing out her legs a little. Men didn't understand that on the first go-around, but they sort of do now.

Some of the new minis seem begrudging and tightly bound, forcing their owners into a duck-like waddle that only a small group of sophisticates will enjoy.

But most of them remain short, shorter and Where Did That Sucker Go? Who looks good in them? Surprisingly, not many. If you're talking pert-and-saucy Mary Hart, fine; but a flimsy on Diane Sawyer would undercut her serious approach to world affairs. A mini on Raisa Gorbachev comes off as a cheap *glasnost* ploy. And for God's sake, keep Margaret Thatcher in something sensible.





Minis look best on distant, anonymous women with coltlike legs, slipping through the night to sip imported beers with investment bankers.

Also attractive in minis:

- Undercover decoy cops.
- Candidates' daughters.
- First novelists.

• Old broads who hung around with Papa in Paris and always knew that the legs were the last to go.

• Female characters in minimalist fiction. Joyous when they first come barreling out, these heartland honeys can be counted on to have an attack of K mart angst, vomit on their minis and wind up sitting in a pickup, waiting for the geese to fly over.

• Anyone's girlfriend except yours. You've seen Joanie's legs. You see them all the time. It's other folks' legs you want to see.

• Muammar el-Qaddafi. (According to the late CIA bigwig Bill Casey. But didn't Qaddafi's people spread the same story about old Case?)

Which leads, somewhat circuitously, to the essential question: *Why now?* Why not wait till the unpleasantness blows over? Who needs to see hot legs and a promise of much, much more when it's best to keep sex on the back burner for a while?





People of every persuasion can agree that this is a dangerous time to reintroduce a new sex toy. But since when do big bucks have a conscience? An abbreviated skirt carries the same price tag as an honest one and uses only one third the fabric. The rest is profit for the mini moguls. If working moms have to go around with exposed tushes . . . if two out of three skirt guys are forced to either sit on the side lines or take low-paying service jobs . . . if the Japanese once again come out on top . . . well, that's showbiz.

Meanwhile, the minis are back, so enjoy them while you can, or at least try to, and for God's sake, don't let the Surgeon General's face interfere with your pleasure. After all, you're only looking. Sure, there are studies that say that's worse than a hands-on approach, but so what? There are always studies, and the results are far from conclusive.

Get off on those tiny skirts. The mini, with its basic rip-off attitude toward the consumer, may be the last gasp of the what's-in-it-for-me? years.

After that, it's honest skirts and America goes back to work.





PANIC IN THE SHEETS

article by
MICHAEL CRICHTON

the author of *the andromeda strain* argues that the way we look at aids is the way we look at ourselves

THE ENGAGEMENT breaks up, the ring is returned, the relationship of three years comes to a close: tears, slamming doors, packing clothes. And then, unexpectedly, I'm on my own again; and unbidden comes the thought It's not a good time to be playing the field. I see my friend David at the gym. We ride the stationary bikes side by side.

"How's it going with Beth?" he asks.

"We broke up last week."

"Jeez, I'm sorry. Is it really over?"

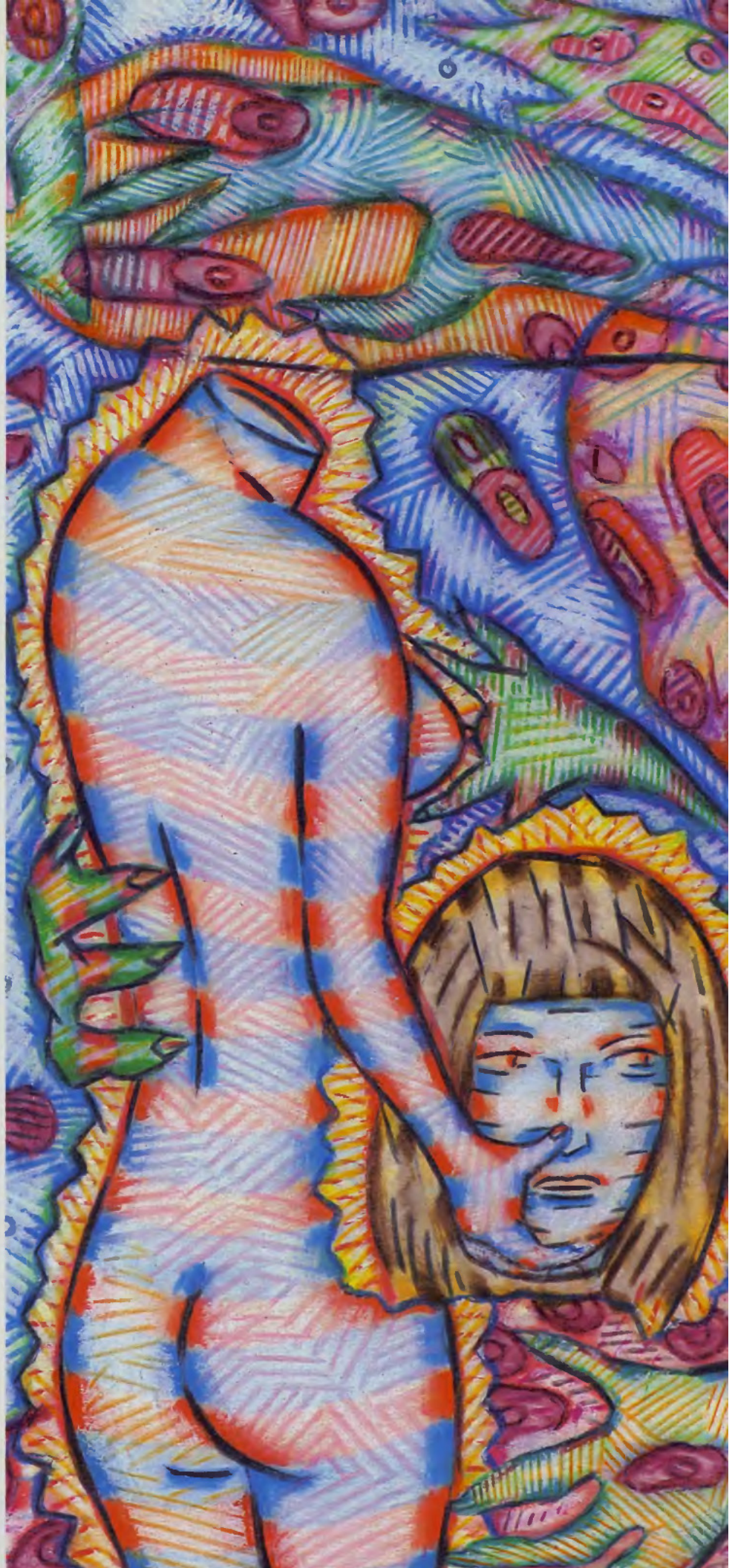
"Yeah. She moved out, David."

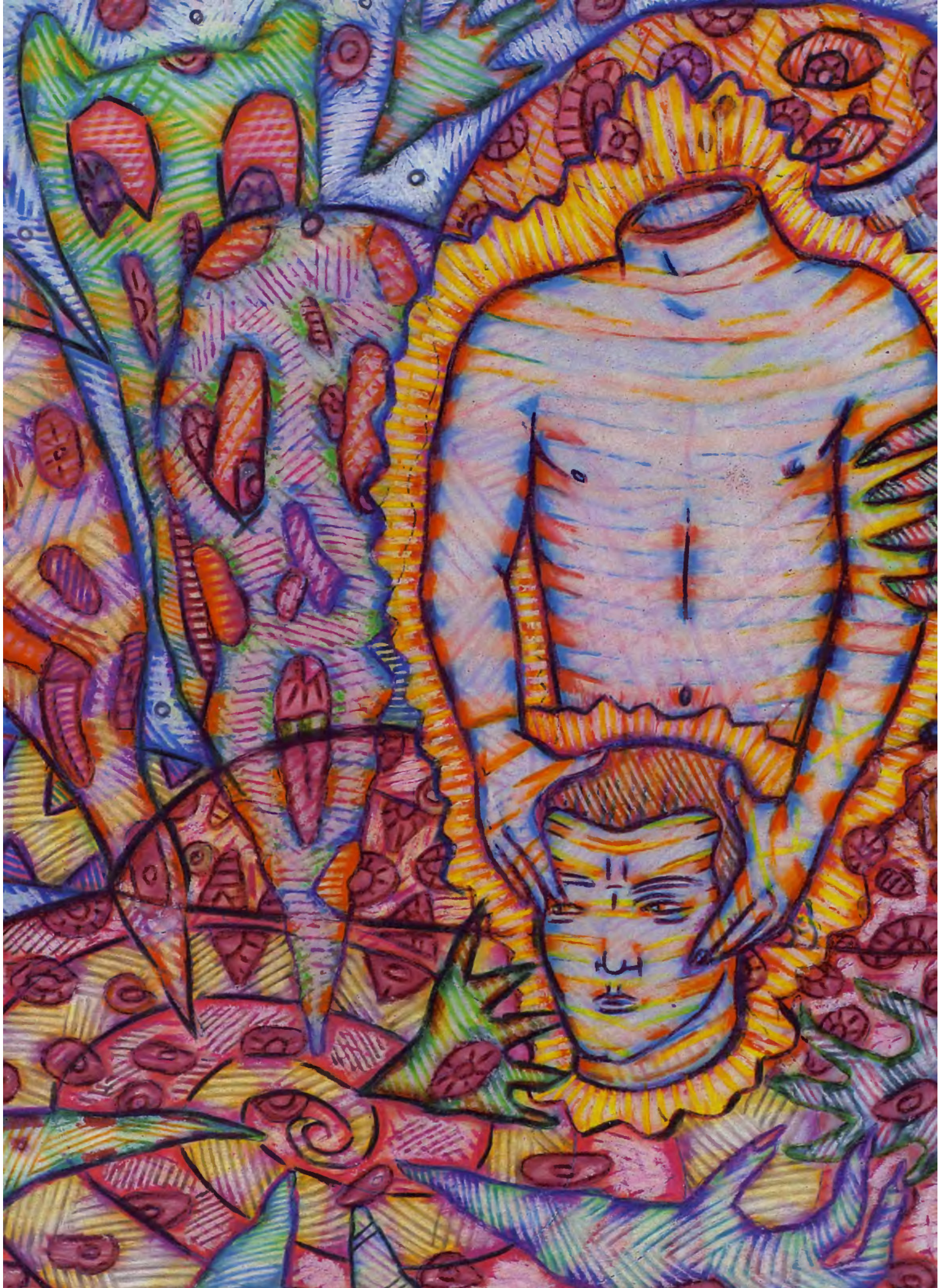
"Jeez. So, are you single again?"

"Yeah, single man, playing the field."

I am 44 and an unattached bachelor, something I never imagined would happen. David shakes his head and says, "Not a good time to be playing the field."

On a business trip to New York, I have a date. My first date in three (continued on page 181)





PROVOCATIVE PERIOD PIECES



Here's a pocket watch that makes time as well as keeps it. Created circa 1870, this French ticker conceals in its escapement a movable feast: a *ménage à trois* whose heady participants actually thrust and gyrate with the march of time. The second watch (inset) began making the rounds in London during the 1890s. A revolving disc on its underside provides a peep show of five nudes.

PLAYBOY invites you to yet another exclusive showing of the antique-erotica collection of Boston dealer Charles Martignette. This is the fifth time since 1980 that we've sifted through this eclectic collection to highlight rare, titillating artworks that span centuries of arched eyebrows. As before, we've culled a significant sampling of delightfully whimsical and provocative relics. To date, Martignette has excavated more than

3500 artifacts—arguably the world's largest assemblage of materials that celebrate human sexuality, as expressed in the most giddy forms of craftsmanship imaginable. Many of these treasures were recovered from the now-defunct International Museum of Erotic Art in San Francisco, while others turned up in flea markets and musty antique shops. They include three-dimensional art-deco and *-nouveau objets* and everyday items,

such as those displayed here, along with a full complement of French postcards, vintage nude photographs and the notorious eight-page cartoon booklets once known as Tijuana Bibles. Martignette's collection also includes original pinup and popular-magazine art (he has recently procured 101 original Alberto Vargas canvases), and conservative estimates would fix the total value of his acquisitions at more than \$25,000,000. (For



Nun could rankle the pious like this 1910 hand-painted German bisque twisted sister hoisting her knickers, revealing a nasty habit.



Get to the bottom of this 1915 bronze American poperweight. This carved Charlie McCarthy facsimile drops three legs on cue.



Historical histrionics: A sybaritic satyr frolics with two comely wood sprites in this Sixth Century Greek terra-cotta plaque, valued at \$6500. Meanwhile, the bronze Roman ornament (above right), forged 12 B.C., captures lovers entwined in a forum quorum of 69.

PROVOCATIVE PERIOD PIECES



The hidden jokes in many pieces give collectors something to flip over. This Victorian candy dish, circa 1890, was a popular carnival prize that concealed a carnal pay-off. The fair lady's arms, inverted, become a surreptitious confection of very naughty bits.

an extended viewing of the Martignette trove, watch for an upcoming feature on the Playboy Channel's *Sexcetera . . . the News According to Playboy*.)

What especially piques him, he stresses, is the fact that artisans of every social stratum have dallied, at some point, in erotic themes—even if it meant subtly injecting innuendo into ostensibly benign works. The pieces pictured on this page, for instance, each represent classic examples of how wily craftsmen playfully conceal their hide-and-go-peek comic payoffs. Martignette claims to have seen 100 clam-shaped candy dishes like the one above, but none with comparably vivid image reproduction, which is why this one has a current market value of roughly \$2500.

There is irony, perhaps, in the no-



Skaters waltz and break the ice all at once in a slippery scenario on this reversible bronze English ashtray, circa 1900. Below, the bisque *Fräulein* searches her décalletage for a flea that has cheekily alighted elsewhere. This came from Germany circa 1890.





The idea here was to fan the flames of nuptial nooky. Ornate rice-paper fans such as this sarong number, fashioned around 1850, were given to brides, according to Chinese custom, as visual wedding-night primers. These various shake-that-shunga lovemaking positions, depicted in delicate hand-painted water colors, were to aid the foo-young at heart. They were hungry a half hour later.



A Twenties pocket mirror reflected executive pluck. The lady helps him get it up.



Cryptic humor crept into this wooden American folk-art coffin, carved in 1905. The hopeful surprise message belies the prick of death: You can't keep a good man down.



tion of a native Bostonian's amassing such a large collection of erotic art. The incongruity is not lost on Martignette: "It is interesting that this particular collection was spawned in the cradle of American conservatism," he chuckles. "In fact, all of my

earliest pieces were acquired in the greater Boston area. In those days, when I visited antique stores to ask about erotica, I would encounter a lot of blushing and wrinkled foreheads. Some dealers threw tomatoes at me." While several curators are discussing

plans to mount retrospectives of the collection, the bulk of Martignette's treasures are safely squirreled away in bank vaults. "My dream," he says, "is to open a Museum of Love and Romance." May we suggest a theme park—complete with rides?



S U S A N D E Y

At 17, Susan Dey began her acting career as Laurie, the older daughter in *"The Partridge Family."* Now, half her life later, divorced, the mother of an eight-year-old daughter, the actress has traded in that wholesome-girl-next-door image for something a little more down to earth in the NBC-TV hit *"L.A. Law."* She plays deputy D.A. Grace Van Owen, prosecuting criminals in the courtroom and cavorting with co-star Harry Hamlin in the bedroom. Free-lance writer Dick Lochte caught up with Dey at a Hollywood restaurant. "There'd been a couple of recent magazine articles depicting her as a depressed, melancholy neurotic," Lochte says. "They didn't jibe with the upbeat, energetic, tanned blonde who strode purposefully across the floor and flopped onto a chair. Introductions over, she lighted an unfiltered cigarette, causing some guy at the next table to complain loudly to the waiter. The waiter explained that this was, after all, the smoking area. And as the guy huffed away in search of rarer air, Susan called after him cheerily, 'Try 'em. You'll like 'em. Really.'"

1.

PLAYBOY: It's hard to believe you're the Susan Dey we've been reading about. "WHY SUSAN DEY SAYS... I'M AFRAID OF EVERYTHING." "SUSAN DEY: HOLLYWOOD ALMOST KILLED ME." Are we catching you on a particularly good day?

DEY: I ran into the woman who wrote the "AFRAID OF EVERYTHING" article. She said, "Do you hate me?" I said, "No, I don't hate you. I hated the article, though. But I don't hate you." And she said, "I'm so glad you didn't take it personally." I told her I realized she was in business to sell magazines. I didn't hate her, but I blamed her.

l.a. law's
deputy d.a.
makes a case
for smoking and
rudeness and
confesses a
preference for
the older man

Anyway, no, I don't fear everything. We were talking about being afraid and how frightening it is to take risks, and I said that I felt it was better if you do take risks and are afraid.

The other one, "HOLLYWOOD ALMOST KILLED ME," was this conversation about my anorexic days, when I

was 17. Twenty minutes out of a three-hour interview. At one point, the interviewer said, "I guess you could say Hollywood almost killed you." And I laughed and said, "I don't think so. I never even went to a hospital. But I suppose you could say that." And they did.

2.

PLAYBOY: Grace Van Owen has been described as driven, uptight and a control freak, yet millions of men seem to be terribly attracted to her. Why?

DEY: It's the suits. That's what a man told me on an airplane. He said, "I want you to know the only reason I watch that show is the suits."

Seriously, I think it's terribly exciting to see a woman who is so independent and so powerful and yet sexual and sensuous at the same time. And vulnerable. You do see Grace's vulnerability. Until recently, television viewers never really had an opportunity to see that kind of woman.

3.

PLAYBOY: Are there parts of Grace's character you'd like to acquire yourself?

DEY: I would love to be ruder. I would love to feel OK about being rude.

4.

PLAYBOY: Before that happens, let's talk a little about your past. Specifically, how does a shy teenager from Mount Kisco, New York, become a successful model?

DEY: I was—shy is not the word. Any time I could perform, I was performing. My parents would have people over. My sister and brother would hide in their rooms. Not me. I was right up front.

If there was any shyness, it was in terms of "Who am I?" I knew there was a world out there—beyond Mount Kisco—but I didn't have any sense of what it could be. I remember, I had just turned 15, and I talked to my stepmother about it. I told her I didn't know what I wanted to do that summer, but I felt this need to see what was going on. And she told me she had sent my photograph to a modeling agency in Manhattan. I was horrified at first. But that's how it all happened. My stepmother took me to the agency. They told me to lose five pounds and come back in the summer. It was that simple.

5.

PLAYBOY: Was it everything Brooke Shields makes us think it is—dining with

Scavullo and flying down to Rio to do a fashion shoot?

DEY: More so then than now. I understand things are really tight now. But I guess it goes both ways. We would change behind rocks in Central Park; now they have to have Winnebagos. But some of it used to be absolutely wonderful. All of a sudden, they would call and say, "You're going to Puerto Rico. You're going to St. Croix."

6.

PLAYBOY: Did you become one of the more sophisticated 15-year-old models?

DEY: I wouldn't say that. I'd never stayed in hotels before. I wasn't used to maid service, and it was in St. Croix, I think, that I'd get up and make the bed every morning. That's how sophisticated I was.

7.

PLAYBOY: When you became part of *The Partridge Family*, did you find Hollywood fun, confusing, weird? What were your impressions?

DEY: Everyone worked very hard. The show was an immediate hit. The timing was absolutely perfect. I loved the work. The publicity was something entirely different. This was the time of the teen fan magazines. They published whatever they wanted to. No matter how often I would say that I didn't do my own singing on the show, they convinced readers that I did. Just the other day, I was talking to an extra on our show and I happened to mention that it was not me singing, and he was furious.

Those fan magazines kept images alive. When I first came out, I remember, there was all this talk about Bobby Sherman, Bobby Sherman, Bobby Sherman. I finally had to ask someone, "Who's Bobby Sherman?" I'd come from New York. I'd come from a high school where we'd had a sit-in because of Cambodia. I knew about the Beatles. Ed Sullivan. Mia Farrow, even. But, forgive me, I didn't know who Bobby Sherman was.

8.

PLAYBOY: Not that we're suggesting that Hollywood was the reason, but didn't you become anorexic about then?

DEY: I was a true anorexic-bulimic. But I didn't know it. At the time, the illness was unknown. To me, it was a new diet.

As to why (continued on page 177)

QUARTERLY

article

By ANDREW TOBIAS

RUSSKI BUSINESS

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, when I was arrested by the Soviet secret police, I got a firsthand look at whatever you'd call the opposite of *glasnost*. Maybe that's why, to me, the Gorbachev regime is an enormously exciting, hopeful thing. (Sure, I was guilty—but of what, really?)

This is not your standard column on personal finance. But personal finance is about nothing more (or less) than trying to ensure personal economic security, and few things have more bearing on yours than our relations with the Soviet Union. At one extreme, we all turn to radioactive cinders (try to get your broker on the phone *then*). At the other, it's possible to envision a far more prosperous world. If half our military outlays could be diverted to productive investments, there would be an incredible stimulus to world economic growth. Both sides could still easily destroy the world. But when the pie is growing, there's less fighting over how to split it up, so they might not have to.

We are so used to dismissing such thoughts as naïve that when the opportunity comes along to make progress—as it seems to have come along with Gorbachev—there's the chance we'll miss it. ("WASHINGTON, AUGUST 21—A United Nations conference on disarmament and economic development will open in New York on Monday without the participation of the United States, which is boycotting the meeting. The conference is to examine how money saved under future disarmament agreements could be used to stimulate economic development, particularly in the Third World." All our NATO allies and all the Warsaw Pact countries were among the 128 nations that had signed up as of this *New York Times* report, but you wouldn't catch us participating in the dialog. We're too smart.)

But more of this later. Right now, I am 16, soon to be a senior in high school, on a three-month American Friends Service Committee tour behind the Iron Curtain. I am learning how it's possible for good people with high ideals to become bitter enemies. There are the Americans

"I guess, at heart, even then, I was a capitalist. The dirty little secret of communism, if you ask me, is that everybody, at heart, is a capitalist."

and the Soviets, of course (this was just months after the Cuban Missile Crisis); but also, locked in equally tense psychological combat, the adult leaders of our group.

It had started peacefully enough—though even the early stages of the trip were not without drama. Three hours into it, on a KLM DC-7 from Idlewild Airport (soon to be renamed Kennedy), the engine directly outside my window caught fire. I had been watching as a drip . . . drip . . . drip of black fuel had gradually become a drip-drip-drip and then a steady stream—should a 16-year-old ring for the stewardess to instruct the pilot to abort the flight?—when it finally caught fire and was shut off. My first photograph is of the clouds below, the far propeller a blurry circle and my own propeller so still you can read its serial

number. We turned back to New York, boarded a later flight—one of those new-fangled jets this time—and arrived in Amsterdam 30 minutes *early*.

It was hard to decide whether our having arrived early in this manner should be taken as an auspicious or an inauspicious sign. But there was no rush anyway, as it turned out, because the two VW buses that had been arranged for our three-month camping trip were nowhere to be found. We spent the extra week in Amsterdam getting to know one another—easy to do when you're living in pup tents.

Our leaders were a middle-aged Quaker couple who spoke no Russian and "Chrysanthemum" (not her real genus), a woman of about 30, with curly dark hair and a slight eastern European accent. They were responsible for 20 of us 16- and 17-year-olds (who also spoke no Russian, except me, who spoke a little), the two VW buses and enough peanut butter to last us, when smeared on local black bread, all the way from Amsterdam through Bavaria to Prague to Kiev to Moscow to Leningrad to Warsaw to—I think we ran out of peanut butter somewhere in Poland.

The Quakers, being Quakers, were morally conservative. Momma Bear, as we called her, was an earth mother it was hard not to love; Poppa Bear was a pill; neither of them thought 16- and 17-year-olds should be drinking or smoking or many of the other -ings some of the more precocious ten males and ten females in our group were guilty of—though by today's standards, it was all quite tame.

Chrysanthemum was not wild about some of our -ings, either, but neither was she wild about the Quakers. The three had been thrown together in this endeavor by sponsors who apparently had not taken the trouble to define who, exactly, was in charge. After all, this was supposed to be a trip about people learning to live together in harmony. It may not be practical to run an entire society on idealistic egalitarian principles—we'd soon see—but surely three sensitive adults, two of whom had named their

R E P O R T S

or, what the k.g.b. taught me about capitalism

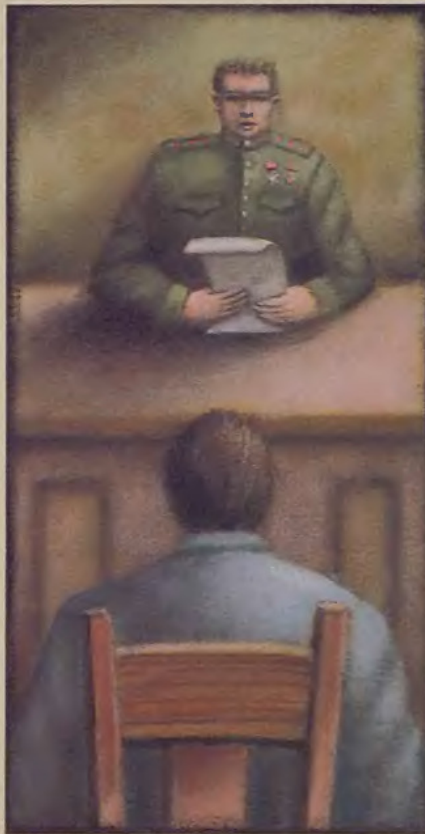
children Patience and Charity, would get along fine piloting a summer tour.

Perhaps tellingly, it's hard to recall what all the fighting was about. Says one tripmate, then 17, now a genetic epidemiologist: "Nothing much, really. Decisions. It was not too much different from a group of hippies' trying to pick a restaurant." Yet it led to a polarizing of the troops—with only two buses, you pretty much had to choose to be in one or the other—and, eventually, to Chrysanthemum's defection, from the trip. It is not the easiest thing in the world for humans to share power amicably, or even to be neighbors.

The Russians are good people, most of us believe; it's their government that's our enemy. That's certainly how Russians feel about Americans. Now comes a young, modern Soviet leader—the first ever to have been born *after* the revolution—who appears eager for a better country (his) and a safer world (ours). Yet there is the tendency to doubt his motives. ("In a closed, hidebound dictatorship," writes *Time's* Strobe Talbott, "Gorbachev's slogans of openness, restructuring and democratization are either particularly cynical or particularly significant. It is not yet clear which.")

The occasional misjudgment notwithstanding, American leaders are fundamentally decent people out to make a better world. Soviet leaders are fundamentally evil. Yet could it all really be so simple? Black hats and white hats? Cowboys and Indians? A hundred fifty years later, it appears the Indians may not have been entirely in the wrong, after all.

It was just such seditious thoughts I was thinking as we traveled through Russia. For in truth, the Soviet system sounds pretty good on paper. Especially to a 16-year-old. There were these czars and aristocrats on the one hand, these serfs and a few factory workers on the other. Nothing remotely smacking of democracy; all very "Let them eat cake." Then along came Lenin with ideas about *liberté, égalité, fraternité*, only in Russian, and soon you had scenes like the one in *Doctor Zhivago* where Rod



Steiger is dining and dancing with Julie Christie at a spectacularly lavish restaurant—violins, chandeliers and formalwear—while down below, out in the cold, the hungry workers sing *We Shall Overcome* (or words to that effect). And then you had revolution. Although not very broad-based—the masses knew next to nothing about it—the revolution certainly was not without justification. But soon things got messy, and then things went awry (power corrupts), and then you got Stalin ("and absolute power . . ."), who made some of the dictators we've supported look like angels with snowflake wings. But the goals and principles of the revolution, however impractical and however subsequently distorted, are hard to fault per se.

So there I was, little Red menace, standing by one of our VW buses outside

an Intourist hotel, protected from the light afternoon drizzle by a 99-cent five-and-dime plastic raincoat. We had been told the day before on our way in from Czechoslovakia not to sell anything on the black market. Free enterprise was illegal; Western influences—clothes, records, books—could subvert the revolution. (One needed special permission at Moscow's Lenin Library to see *The New York Times*—and one's request would be noted in the file whether permission were granted or not.) I had not paid much attention to any of this, because I hadn't the slightest intention of setting up shop in Red Square—nor had I anything to sell.

Or so I thought until a man approached saying something unintelligible in either German or English. "*Zdrast-vveeche!*" I brightened immediately, thrilled to have a real, live, uncontrived reason to use—not study or practice—my high school Russian.

"*Kak vvee pozhivayetye?*"

He allowed as how he *pozhivayetye* just fine, thank you, but what he was really interested in was my raincoat. He wanted to buy it.

Now I was really excited—a boy so unused to taking an active, adult role in life he was too shy to call attention to his soon-to-explode airplane engine, suddenly carrying on spontaneous East-West negotiations in Russian, in Russia.

My counterpart was less demonstrative. He was talking under his breath, offering ten rubles for the raincoat.

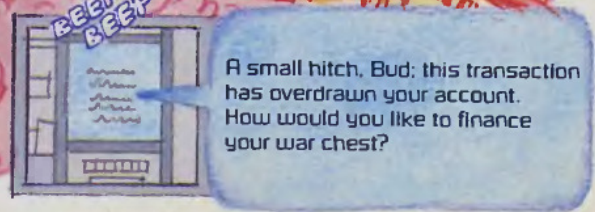
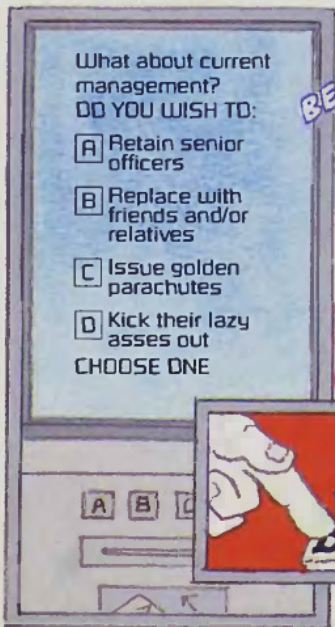
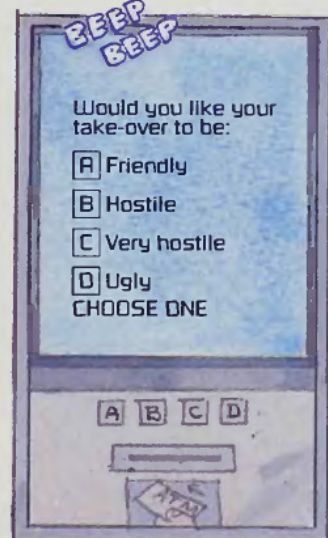
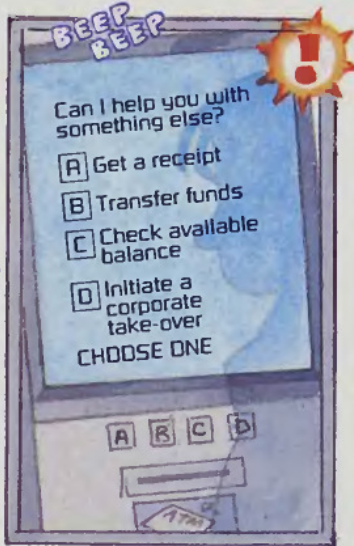
Ten rubles was a lot of money for a 99-cent raincoat—officially, \$11.11 back then, but enough to buy a dozen hard-cover books (we subsidize tobacco farmers, the Soviets subsidize books)—so I started to take it off. "*Nye zdyace!*" ("Not here!") he whispered urgently, no doubt amazed I could be so oblivious to the seriousness of the crime. We walked half a block to a less traveled thoroughfare, I chatting up a storm, amazed to see that the Russian I had been learning for two years from a textbook could actually be understood (more or less) for real.

In a minute, (continued on page 186)

NIGHT AT THE CASH MACHINE



STORY: LLOYD LYMFORD, BOB SLOAN ART: Rowland B. Wilson



Nice gesture, Bud, but you're already over your \$500 limit. And a bit of advice—corporate raiders

NEVER, EVER

USE THEIR OWN MONEY!!!

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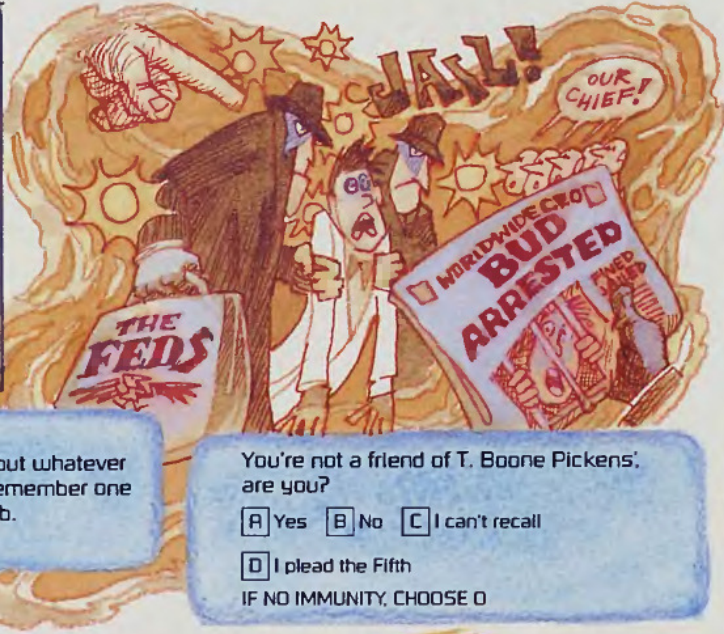


Not to worry, Bud. I believe I can access a little inside information that could tip the scales in our favor, capisce?

A Yes

B No

C Why, sure. What the hell?



Still working

PRAY PRAY PRAY

I'm still working on it, Bud; but whatever the outcome here tonight, remember one thing: You're one ballsy s.o.b.

You're not a friend of T. Boone Pickens', are you?

A Yes B No C I can't recall

D I plead the Fifth

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PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

WHO DO YOU THINK SHOULD BE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

IT'S THAT time of year again—time to go on record in support of your favorite Playmate of 1987. All you have to do to participate in this annual extravaganza is pick up the phone, dial 11 numbers and give our friendly computer your input. Each Playmate—from Miss January, Luann Lee, to Miss December, India Allen—has her own 900 number. Whether your fave is Luann, India, Brandi, Marina (we had some great names this past year) or one of our more traditionally named beauties, you can be sure that she'll love you for calling. Each call will be acknowledged and logged by our computer, which will then inform your favorite Playmate of your support. This year, you'll have more than a month to get in on the action: The



Donno Edmondson, our reigning Playmate of the Year, gets personal with one of the many thousands of callers who supported her candidacy last year. This year—who knows?

phone lines will be open 24 hours a day, from ten P.M. E.S.T. November 18 until ten P.M. E.S.T. December 20. The cost is just 50 cents per call, a major bargain. Calls from outside the 50 states, Canada, the U.S. Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico will be charged the regular long-distance rates. But don't let that stop you if you happen to be partying in Hong Kong or São Paulo—the international operator will be greatly entertained by your message, and the Playmate of your choice will be duly impressed. Remember: This year, we're expecting upwards of 100,000 calls, so cast your vote early. Now look at the pictures on the pages that follow, make your choice for Playmate of the Year and call us. The ladies are waiting.

TAKE A CHANCE ON TALKING WITH YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE

As an extra added attraction, when you call in, you may get to while away the time with the Playmate of your dreams. Each day during our phone-in period, at least one of 1987's centerfold stars will answer random-

ly selected calls. So if Lady Luck smiles, you may find yourself talking person to person with one of the 12 loveliest women on earth. Reach out and touch a Playmate—and one day you can tell your grandchildren.





Miss November

1-900-210-5577

Pamela Stein (left), who made her first *Playboy* appearance as one of August's sizzling *Women of Florida*, will soon make another—hers are the luscious legs on one of our upcoming covers. "Being a Playmate has been fabulous so far," says fabulous Pam. As for 1988, she says, "I'm keeping my fingers crossed." Lucky so far, Pam looks forward to a future as bright as the Clearwater sun.



Miss October

1-900-210-3280

Movie and TV roles are the prey Brandi Brandt (above) is after. "I've had a lot of film offers, but I'm taking my time. There's no hurry," says Brandi—an understandable sentiment for someone who recently turned 19. For now, she is content fielding offers, taking a few acting classes, "meeting a lot of people and having fun." Brandi's latest gig is Frederick's of Hollywood's Christmas catalog.



Miss June

1-900-210-0188

St. Louisan Sandy Greenberg (left)—Maxine Legroom to her many fans—plans to let 1988 “take care of itself. Nineteen eighty-seven was great—life as Miss June has been even *more* fun than I expected. Now I’m just caught up in enjoying every minute of my life.” Sandy has two new posters out, one as (vavoom!) a BMW motorcycle girl.

Miss February

1-900-720-0077

Julie Peterson (right), she of the sultry eyes, came south from Alaska and promptly took Southern California by snowstorm. “I keep up with my Alaskan friends, but we don’t hike much,” she says. “There’s no place to wear your mukluks in L.A.” Julie says that life as a Playmate is something she could never forget, and our readers say the same about her.

Miss September

1-900-210-1255

An Arab-American born in Louisiana, Gwen Hajek (left) has her career in high gear. She has a movie out (*Traxx*, with Priscilla Barnes and Shadoe Stevens), a *Star Search* spokesmodeling competition coming up and a Horatio Alger attitude. “*Playboy* has been such a *positive* experience for me,” Gwen says, “I can’t see anything but good ahead.”





Miss December
1-900-210-7333

India Allen (left), a Virginian with Polish, Indian and psychic roots, calls being Miss December “the highlight of my life. I’m going to take my Playmate money, invest it in some land in the California gold country, go everywhere promoting *Playboy*—and have a real good time.” Her mom, the psychic in the family, gave India the genes to be both seer and looker.

Miss July
1-900-210-1222

The best thing about Carmen Berg’s (right) tenure as one of our dazzling dozen has been “sharing my life with a lot of people, with my family and friends—even fans. I’ve been getting fan mail, which seemed funny at first, but you’ve got to love it. I try to answer it all. If anyone who wrote to me hasn’t heard back, don’t worry—I’ll get to you.”





Miss August

1-900-210-1233

Longview, Washington's, Sharry Konopski (right) recently returned from a two-week promotional jaunt to Montreal, then soaked up some California sun before heading home—for the moment. Never one to cool her heels while the world rushes by, this logger turned Playmate, who recently turned 20, plans to be setting the modeling world on its ear by the time she's 21.

Miss March

1-900-720-3076

Since March, England's Marina Baker (left) has made a TV movie with Richard Chamberlain, canvassed London for the Liberal Party and founded her own theater company. Being Miss March, says Marina, "has been wonderful—and it certainly livens up dinner parties. 'And what have *you* been doing, dear?' 'Well, I've been the Playmate of the Month.'"

Miss May

1-900-720-6300

Designing woman Kym Paige (right) has her own jeans-and-jackets label, the aptly named 2KOOL fashions. "Design is what I love most," says Kym. "Getting my own business together has kept me pretty busy, but it's almost as exciting as being Miss May." Look for Kym's 2KOOL creations in better stores and on better bodies everywhere in 1988.



Miss April
1-900-720-5499

Just back from a whirlwind tour of Australia, Thailand, India ("I put my arm in the Ganges"), Kenya, Egypt, Greece and Holland, Anna Clark (right) is putting the finishing touches on her Playmate video and planning to go to graduate school. "I want to go on to Berkeley and get my business degree," says Anna, who loved Sydney, Nairobi and Amsterdam but still prefers her native San Francisco.



Miss January
1-900-720-0011

When last we heard from singer/model/equestrienne/financial whiz Luann Lee (above), she was buying up sugar futures and training for a Las Vegas engagement with Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll. The sugar proved a sweet investment, and the singing went even better. "It was hard work," says Luann, now back in L.A. after rocking Vegas' Maxim Hotel and the Hilton in Reno, "but I loved it."



FOOD AND FOOTBALL go together like burgers and fries. Like strikes and negotiation. Think tail-gate picnics at the stadium, pretzels and beer at the sports bar. And come Super Bowl Sunday, the symbiosis is manifest in what is rapidly becoming an international secular festival. Brits stay up past midnight to cheer the likes of Eric Dickerson and John Elway while downing bitter and bangers (those are beer and sausages, mate). Amateur linebackers in Munich tune in to pick up pointers from Lawrence Taylor and Mike Singletary, all the while snaffling up indigenous munchies and brews with umlauts in their names.

TEN-POINT SPREAD

how to host a winning
super bowl party *and* see the game

food and drink By HERBERT B. LIVESEY

Just like home. You're inviting some people over, right? It's *the game*, after all. But with all the hype, interviews, music videos, predictions and, oh, the game itself, there's a lot of time to fill. Especially when the Super Bowl proves to be a yawner and those one-day fans who otherwise

couldn't care less about leather spheroids are looking for diversion. As host, you should be prepared with more than corn chips and clam dip.

What you need is a touch of class, a gastronomic spin here and there, but hearty fare, not *nouvelle* wimpery. What you *don't* need is to be sweating over the skillet when some player scoots 101 yards with the opening kick. So what we have here are dishes that can be prepared completely or in part in the morning or the day before the ceremonial coin flip. Some are fiery, some mild, some cold, some hot. None of them takes more than 45 minutes to put together, and even the drinks are made ahead. Most of the recipes serve four to six diners but can be doubled or tripled easily. Lay out plates, napkins, condiments, silverware and any other necessities and invite all to help themselves. You want



to watch the game, too.

SUPERHERO

Call it a hoagie, a wedge, a sub or a zep, the hero is the quintessential football sandwich. The mandatory loaf of fat, fresh Italian bread even *looks* a little like the object those 22 large men are fighting over. Get yours straight from the bakery, if possible, not the supermarket. Makes 2 sandwiches serving 4 to 8.

- 2 large loaves Italian bread, preferably with sesame seeds
- 10 tablespoons olive oil
- 4 tablespoons red-wine vinegar
- ½ teaspoon oregano
- ½ lb. imported prosciutto, thinly sliced
- ½ lb. smoked turkey, sliced
- ¼ lb. *provolone*, sliced
- 7-oz. jar roasted peppers, packed in oil
- 1 large red onion
- 24 pitted black or green olives
- Salt and pepper, to taste

Split loaves lengthwise. Pull out some of the soft center bread to cradle the fillings and catch the oil and vinegar.

Over each of the 2 bottom halves of bread, drizzle 3 tablespoons oil and 1 tablespoon vinegar and sprinkle with oregano. Lay in slices of prosciutto, turkey and cheese, dividing each evenly between 2 loaves. Drain roasted peppers, slice into thin strips and arrange equally over both sandwiches. Peel and thinly slice red onion. Separate into rings and arrange them over roasted peppers. Chop olives and scatter them over tops. Drizzle remaining oil and vinegar over fillings. (Mustard, mayo or both can replace oil and vinegar.) Add salt and pepper, if desired. Wrap tightly and refrigerate until ready to eat. Slice into negotiable sections and serve.

CRAB CLAWS AND BEER SHRIMP
WITH TWO SAUCES

Buy crab claws already cooked and raw shrimps in their shells. A pound of either feeds 2 to 4 people, depending on their appetites. Buy good-sized shrimps, about 24 to 30 to a pound.

- 1 lb. cooked crab claws
- 1 lb. raw shrimps in their shells
- 1 large clove garlic
- 2 small ribs celery, with leaves
- ¼ teaspoon dried hot-pepper flakes
- 1 bay leaf
- 12 whole peppercorns
- 6 whole allspice
- Beer to cover

Peel garlic but leave it whole. Coarsely chop celery. Place all ingredients except crab claws (which will be served as is) in large saucepan. Bring to boil, remove from heat and let shrimps stand in liquid for 2 minutes. Drain. Serve hot on platter with cold crab claws. Guests peel their own shrimps, dipping into the following sauces.

CATSUP-HORSERADISH

- 1 cup catsup
- ½ cup bottled horseradish
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
- 3 scallions, minced
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Put all ingredients in bowl. Stir thoroughly. Adjust seasonings to taste. For spicier sauce, add a few drops of Tabasco sauce or a pinch of dried hot-pepper flakes. Cover and chill for several hours or overnight.

AÏOLI (GARLIC MAYONNAISE)

- 5 cloves garlic
- 1 cup homemade or store-bought mayonnaise
- Juice of ½ lemon
- Paprika, for garnish

Peel and mince garlic. Put it in blender and process 15 seconds. Add mayo; blend. Add lemon juice; blend. Scoop and scrape into bowl and sprinkle with paprika. Goes well with broiled or roasted fowl and pork, as well as shrimps.

CHICKEN AND PEPPERS IN JALAPEÑO PESTO

This is a cross-cultural twist on traditional recipes. The Italian basil-and-pignoli *pesto* sauce takes on added punch with the addition of minced Mexican hot peppers. All ingredients can be prepared the day before, then heated together 5 minutes before serving. If you desire, the results can be poured over cooked rice or pasta, stretching it to feed extra guests. On its own, it serves 4.

- 1-1½ lbs. skinless, boneless chicken breasts
- 3 large sweet red peppers
- 3 fresh or bottled *jalapeño* peppers
- 1 cup *pesto* (available in many supermarkets and specialty food stores)
- 3 tablespoons olive oil
- 4 tablespoons freshly grated parmesan or romano cheese
- Salt and pepper, to taste

Trim chicken breasts of any vestiges of skin, cartilage and connecting tissue. Fill saucepan with enough water to cover chicken when added. Bring to boil. Add chicken. Cook at a low boil for 5 minutes. Drain chicken and cut into long strips or chunks. Set aside.

Cut red peppers in half lengthwise and remove stems, seeds and soft inner ribs. Slice peppers lengthwise into narrow strips; set aside.

Using rubber gloves, cut *jalapeños* open and remove stems, seeds and inner ribs. Chop peppers and place them in blender. Mince. Add *pesto* and blend thoroughly. Pour into bowl and set aside. (If desired, preparations to this point can be made up to 24 hours in advance. Simply cover ingredients tightly and refrigerate. Allow them to come to room temperature before final assembly.)

Heat oil in large skillet over medium-high heat. Add sweet-pepper strips. Toss and stir continuously for 3 minutes or until they start to get limp. Add chicken strips and continue stir-frying for 2 minutes more, or until meat is heated through. Turn heat down to low and pour *jalapeño-pesto* mixture over chicken and peppers. Toss until well coated. Pour it all into serving dish and sprinkle with cheese, salt and pepper to taste.

MARINATED FLANK STEAK

The choice is whether to serve the steak hot or cold. It's good either way. To serve it cold, marinate and cook the day before the game. The sliced meat can be heaped on pumpernickel or warmed onion rolls or eaten straight. An average flank steak weighs 1½ to 2 pounds and serves 3 or 4.

(continued on page 170)



"Oh, wow! How did you know I was a Dickens freak?"



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For the marinade:

1 cup olive oil
 ½ cup red-wine vinegar
 1 tablespoon Dijon mustard
 1 small onion, chopped
 1 bay leaf
 1 teaspoon thyme
 1 teaspoon basil
 1 teaspoon rosemary
 Salt and pepper, to taste
 Cherry tomatoes and parsley sprigs, for garnish

Combine all ingredients except garnish in bowl and whisk until smooth. Score steak lightly crosswise on both sides. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place steak on platter and pour marinade over it. Cover and refrigerate for at least 4 hours, turning meat in marinade 2 or 3 times.

Preheat broiler. Lift steak from platter and allow marinade to drain. Reserve marinade. Place steak on broiler pan and put it about 4 ins. under broiler. After cooking for 4 minutes, turn steak and brush on some marinade. Broil 4 more minutes. Make an incision to see if steak has reached desired doneness. If not, turn and baste again. It won't take more than another 2 or 3 minutes. Remove steak to cutting board and allow to rest for 5 minutes. Then, using sharp knife held at 45-degree angle to board, slice steak in very thin strips crosswise. Serve immediately

on platter with a few cherry tomatoes and parsley sprigs for garnish. Or, if you plan to serve it cold, cover and refrigerate until a break in the endless pregame show.

CHILLED *FUSILLI* WITH OLIVES,
 TOMATOES AND PROSCIUTTO

Make this up to 24 hours ahead. Imported olives and prosciutto are preferable to domestic, but plain cooked ham can be substituted. If you have time to make your own mayo, fine, but a good-quality store brand suffices. No need for salt, except in the pasta water—the olives, capers and prosciutto provide enough. Serves 4 to 6.

2 large ripe tomatoes
 ½ cup pitted green olives
 ½ cup pitted black olives
 ½ lb. prosciutto, in two thick slices
 ½ red onion
 3 tablespoons fresh basil leaves, or 1 teaspoon dried
 2 teaspoons salt
 ½ lb. *fusilli* (spiral pasta)
 1 tablespoon olive oil
 1 tablespoon vinegar
 ½ cup mayonnaise
 Juice of one lemon
 2 tablespoons capers

Bring water for pasta to boil. Core tomatoes and cut into chunks. Slice olives. Remove excess fat from prosciutto and cut

meat into thin strips. Peel and chop onion. Cut out stems of basil leaves and chop. Put tomatoes, olives, prosciutto, onion and basil in large mixing bowl.

Add salt to boiling water, then add *fusilli*. Cook according to package directions, usually about 12 minutes. Drain pasta in colander and rinse under cold running water. Pour pasta into large serving bowl. Add oil and vinegar and toss to coat.

Add prepared vegetables, mayonnaise and lemon juice. Toss thoroughly. Sprinkle capers over top. Cover and refrigerate for at least one hour. Toss before serving.

LENTIL AND TOMATO SALAD

This is a lot tastier and more colorful than it sounds and can be made 24 hours before kickoff. Serves 4 to 6.

½ lb. dried lentils
 4 tablespoons olive oil
 1 cup onion, chopped
 1 tablespoon garlic, minced
 2 cups canned crushed tomatoes
 1 cup beef broth
 1 teaspoon oregano
 1 teaspoon dried basil
 1 bay leaf
 Salt and pepper, to taste
 1 bunch scallions, chopped
 ¼ cup parsley, chopped
 1 large sweet red pepper, cored, seeded and diced
 2 tablespoons red-wine vinegar
 Juice of one lemon

Wash and drain lentils. In large saucepan, heat 1 tablespoon olive oil. Cook onion and garlic over medium heat, stirring until soft, not browned. Add lentils, tomatoes, beef broth, oregano, basil, bay leaf and salt and pepper to taste. Bring to boil, then lower to simmer. Cook, covered, for 40 minutes, or until tender, not mushy.

While lentils are cooking, prepare scallions, parsley and red pepper. Put them in bowl, cover and refrigerate. When lentil mixture is done, pour it into serving dish. Cover and refrigerate for at least 2 hours. To serve, combine vegetables with lentils. Stir in vinegar and remaining 3 tablespoons oil. Add lemon juice and, if desired, more salt and pepper. Remove bay leaf. Toss thoroughly and serve.

CHILI CONFETTI RICE

A hot dish in both senses of the word. All the chopping can be done ahead and each of the ingredients kept in separate plastic bags in the fridge. The actual cooking takes only 20 minutes, and the rice can stay in the covered pan for as long as 30 minutes while other dishes are being assembled. Serves 4 to 6.

1 sweet red pepper
 2 fresh ears corn, or 1 cup frozen corn kernels
 1 small onion
 3 tablespoons butter
 1 cup raw rice
 2 tablespoons chili powder
 1½ cups chicken broth
 1 cup frozen peas



"I only wish there were more believers like you."

Quarter red pepper. Remove seeds, core and soft inner ribs. Cut quarters into strips, then into cubes. Husk corn. With sharp knife, cut kernels from cobs. There will be about one cup. Peel onion and coarsely chop.

Melt butter in saucepan over medium heat. Add onion and cook until soft, stirring. Add rice and toss and stir until all grains are coated in butter. Add pepper cubes and corn kernels. (If using frozen corn, keep it aside and add later with frozen peas.) Stir until coated. Add chili powder and chicken broth. Stir. Bring to boil and immediately lower to simmer. Cover tightly and cook for 17 minutes.

While rice and vegetables cook, remove peas from carton and run hot water over them until all are separated. Set aside. (If using frozen corn, repeat process and add to peas.) When rice mixture is done, stir in peas and corn, and fluff rice. Remove from heat and serve.

BELLINI

The hottest brunch drink since blue-hued margaritas is an import from Harry's Bar in Venice, one of Hemingway's favored haunts. Our version couldn't be simpler to put together.

- 1 bottle champagne or other dry white sparkling wine
- 4 peaches
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- Mint leaves, optional

Chill champagne. Peel and pit peaches. Purée in blender or food processor. Pour into serving bowl and add champagne. Stir gently but thoroughly. Add sugar after tasting. Float some mint leaves on top, if you have them. Ladle into punch cups or wineglasses. Serves 4 to 6.

WHITE SANGRIA

This variation on the Iberian red-wine stand-by has only recently started appearing in Spanish restaurants. It must be made ahead and goes fast, so plan accordingly. No need to be rigid about the fruits used. Lemon can be substituted for the limes, peaches for the apple, or add red or white seedless grapes. Serves 6 to 8.

- 2 bottles dry white wine
- ¼ cup Grand Marnier, Cointreau or similar orange-based liqueur
- ¼ cup vodka
- 1 red apple
- 1 orange
- 2 limes
- Sugar, to taste
- Club soda, optional

Wash but do not peel fruits. Core apple and cut in half lengthwise. Slice halves into thin wedges. Cut orange and limes in half lengthwise and halves into crosswise slices. Combine all ingredients except club soda in large pitcher or bowl. Stir, cover and refrigerate for at least four hours, or overnight. Taste for sweetness and, if necessary, add sugar a tablespoon at a time

until correct. If using club soda, add it a cup at a time to achieve the desired taste. Serve in stemmed wineglass over ice cubes.

PEPPER VODKA MARTINIS

The game starts during the cocktail hour, so what better way to toast the first touchdown than with America's classic belly warmer? The flavoring of the vodka is begun at least two days before drinking.

- 1 liter vodka
- 2 tablespoons whole black peppercorns
- Dry vermouth, to taste
- Lemon twist
- Chili pepper, optional

Pour peppercorns into vodka and replace bottle cap. Let stand for 48 hours, shaking bottle occasionally. When ready to use, pour vodka through strainer into carafe or cocktail shaker. Discard pepper-

corns. Add dry vermouth to squat glass filled with ice. Fill 'er up with vodka (which will have a smoky color) and add lemon twist. To add another coal to the fire, cut fresh chili pepper in half and put it in with peppercorns. Strain it out and discard with peppercorns. Or use chili pepper alone, remembering to use gloves when cutting it.

None of this means you can't have the conventional noshes on hand. Place baskets of chips and pretzels within easy reach of chairs. Fill an ice chest with three or four kinds of beers and wine coolers. And make sure there's a soft friend to help clean up when everyone else has left.

One last tip: Take the N.F.C. champ and give the points. Trust me.



"While you're in that mood, Bruce—there's a pile of stamps to be licked up here."

FAST FORWARD

White-line Fever

Success has put James Spader squarely in the fast lane—literally. The 27-year-old actor, who scored an impressive triple play with sizable roles in three recent big films—*Wall Street*, *Baby Boom* and *Less than Zero*—has adopted the ultimate transcontinental life. He spends a third of each year in New York, a third in L.A. and a third behind the wheel of his 1969 Porsche 911 convertible,

tooling around the U.S. It's a habit he picked up from his parents, college teachers who would take the kids to Europe on sabbaticals and drive around the Continent. Now Spader is seeing America second.

"The reason I got into acting is that I like to visit different environments," he says. "Traveling tends to clear my head out and remind me that show business isn't really what life is all about."

—MATTHEW SMITH

© TIMOTHY WHITE / ONYX

"I'd love to have lunch with Tipper Gore," laughs **Carolyn Heldman**, 25, one of the new breed of video jocks on MTV.

"I can't believe her husband is running for President." Of course, you'd expect an MTV v.j. to take issue with the infamous Tipper, the wife of Senator Albert Gore, who has helped launch a crusade to protect America's youth from what she sees as the corrupting influence of rock 'n' roll and music videos. "I don't think they're harmful to kids," says Heldman. "The videos are no worse than what they're getting on regular television.

And if the women in videos care to exploit themselves in that way, then they should be able to. There's reverse exploitation, since the men are taking off their shirts and posing. What's good for the goose is good for the gander."

After working for a year and a half as a disc jockey at a small radio station in Aspen, Colorado, Heldman sent an audition tape to MTV, which was looking for younger talent to suit the music channel's target audience. "The first five v.j.s stuck with it too long," she explains. But Heldman apparently isn't burdened with the same superloyalty to MTV as her predecessors. "Gosh, if someone offered me a movie role, I certainly wouldn't turn it down."

—ROBERT CRANE

SHE WANTS HER MTV



FRANK MICELOTTA



STRIPPED FOR ACTION

The Vietnam war is everywhere: in theaters, on TV and now—thanks to *The 'Nam*, where it probably belonged in the first place—in a comic book. Marvel Comics and author **Doug Murray** have created a no-hero, grunt's-eye view of the war—told, boasts Murray, as "accurately as the comics code will allow." That means that there are first sergeants who are on the take, officers who get shot by their own men and "people who bleed and die and have trouble getting to sleep at night." Murray, 40, a Viet vet himself, doesn't want kids to get a *Rambo*ized view of the war. "There were guys who thought they were Rambo, but they usually didn't come back in one piece," he says. In one of *The 'Nam's* first issues, a group of recruits watch John Wayne in *The Green Berets* on an outdoor screen while another section of the base is under rocket attack—an experience Murray lived through. "You were sitting there watching a movie about a war while a couple of hundred yards away there was a real war going on, and it was just like another part of the show," he recalls. Although sales are brisk, with *The 'Nam* closing in on *Uncanny X-Men*, Marvel's current number-one seller, Murray is reluctant to drop his day job as vice-president of the Long Island branch at Chase Manhattan Bank. "I'm waiting to see my first royalty check."

—MICHAEL TENNESEN



RANDY O'ROURKE

LATE NIGHT WITH HOWARD

It may be the least-heralded job in comedy, but when David Letterman flips a card through the fake window behind his desk or fires his dart gun at the camera lens, the man who gets the yoks is **Howard Vinitsky**. Vinitsky, the show's 36-year-old audio engineer, supplies the now-trademark sound effects, such as the breaking glass, the *boing* of the dart hitting glass or any of 3000 other sounds he has available. "I try to find a sound that Dave can play off into a joke," he says. "I can usually sense his mood and what he'll react to."

The only rule is, Don't interrupt a guest." Letterman once immortalized Vinitsky's all-time favorite sounds in a *Late Night* top-ten list. They included Telly Savalas crooning "Who loves ya?," Penny Through the Head ("a squeaky kind of sound," Vinitsky explains), Pigs in Fear, Electronic Jive Talk and The Cries of the Peacock. Vinitsky, who had impressed the *Late Night* team with his calm handling of *The Great Space Coaster*, a now-defunct kids' show, operates out of a tiny room stuffed with 800 audio cartridges. Sometimes, he receives an on-air critique from Letterman. "Give yourself a raise, Howard," he said when one of Vinitsky's sound effects got a big laugh. Once however, the sound was followed by mock fury—after one too many audio interruptions, Letterman snapped, "Oh, it's *The Howard Vinitsky Show* now." —LAWRENCE SUTIN



BENNO FRIEDMAN

TONY COSTA

A STAR IS FORMED

Rachel McLish, 30, the most celebrated female bodybuilder in the world, likes the smell of sweat. "Sweat is a cleansing mechanism," she says. "If you have a clean body, sweat has a clean smell. If your body is full of junk and smoke and you have bad habits, such as not bathing, you'd better leave." And if McLish tells you to leave, you may want to listen—she's the holder of two Ms. Olympia titles, the author of two best-selling books (*Flex Appeal* and *Perfect Parts*) and has been known to start her day with a five-mile run and an hour of weight training. She's now channeling her discipline into her embryonic movie career, which already includes *The Man Who Loved Women*. "The roles offered to me are Conanlike, where I decapitate people," she complains, insisting that when she does make a movie, it will be on her own terms. Who's going to argue? —ROBERT CRANE



KRAZY KAT (continued from page 107)

"She swirled her black-stockinged legs over the side. 'Let's fuck,' she said."

tucked around the rim, not in any decade's style, yet *her* style. She swirled her black-stockinged legs over the side of the sofa and sat up.

She touched the hat, straightening the veil forward. "Let's fuck," she said. "Hey!" she added, as if surprised by her own voice. "I can swear!"

"What?" He thought, I am not a good boy anymore and felt his heart beat with hard whacka-whacka willfulness. He went to her and she circled him with her arms.

"My arms bend, too," she said, with what sounded like genuine surprise. Maybe she, too, was shocked that they were able to do this thing. The keeper of the psychoanalytic laws, the sup, would be horrified. He wanted Dr. Ignatz to be moral, nourished by rectitude, unhappy, like all the Jews since Abraham. Well, who was more important—this lovely woman or the sup? Kate was, would be, had to be. Good, Dr. Ignatz thought, I'm bad! And, as if in response, Kate kissed him with theatrical fury, hurting his lips. He nuzzled a quarter-sized patch of discolored skin on her collarbone, and Kate made a pleasant growly sound from her throat. He slowly stroked the soft skin of her thighs, between the tops of her stockings and her lacy underwear, drinking her with his hand.

"My fingers work," he said, playing with her. But his fingers *did* feel special, as if he had just recovered from a long, numbing illness, as if Kate and he had almost invented hands, invented touch.

She smiled, her lips together, and purred lightly. He looked down at his once-inadequate, hairless, pink body. As

Kate stroked his chest, it was as if *this* body—oh, impossible!—were truly what she desired, what she had always wanted! "Oh, play that junk-yard music! Whip it, horns, whip it!"

His couch was vinyl and had stuck to their skin, making crackling sounds as they rolled about.

"Thank you," she said when it was over.

It wasn't over. His career might be over, but not their lovemaking. He smelled her perfume on the fingers of his right hand mixed with the magical oil from her cunt—a new fragrance called Disaster.

It wasn't like what she had imagined, Krazy thought.

Ignatz stared into the distance. "It's different," he said, bemused. Yet there was something about the bitterness that could only be sweetened, satisfied, fulfilled, if they did it again.

"I want to try again," Krazy said.

"Once more," Ignatz whispered.

"Thank you," Dr. Ignatz had said.

She had put her stockings back on, snapping them to her garters. Smiling at him distantly, she had smoothed her rumpled cotton skirt.

He watched her walk out, a blonde *ignis fatuus*, a fairy light. And he knew that he would soon run after her, an Ignatz fatuous. Was that why he wanted her so, because even as she opened her arms to him, she seemed to be moving away, drawing him onward? Perhaps chasing Kate would

free him from his unhappy marriage that wasn't a marriage. And throw him out of the career that he loved!

"Stroke your cock," she ordered. It was two weeks later.

"Thank you," he said meekly, kneeling in front of her on his office floor. Kate knew that he liked to stroke himself or to hold his cock with his hand gently underneath, like a jeweler—or a butcher—showing off a choice piece of goods, and he performed with a pleasing small boy's innocence, not adolescent cock proud but as if he were delighted and surprised that he had one. Not that his cock was *that* important to Kate; she loved Dr. Ignatz one and indivisible. But *he* sometimes acted as if Mr. Cock might have its own favorite flavor of ice cream (strawberry, probably), Presidential preference, plans for secession. In truth, though, maybe she was especially fond of his cock, so much longer and larger than one would have expected.

"Thank you," he said again.

"What?" Kate turned down the corners of her mouth with mock anger.

"Thank you, *mistress*," he said, looking down at the floor.

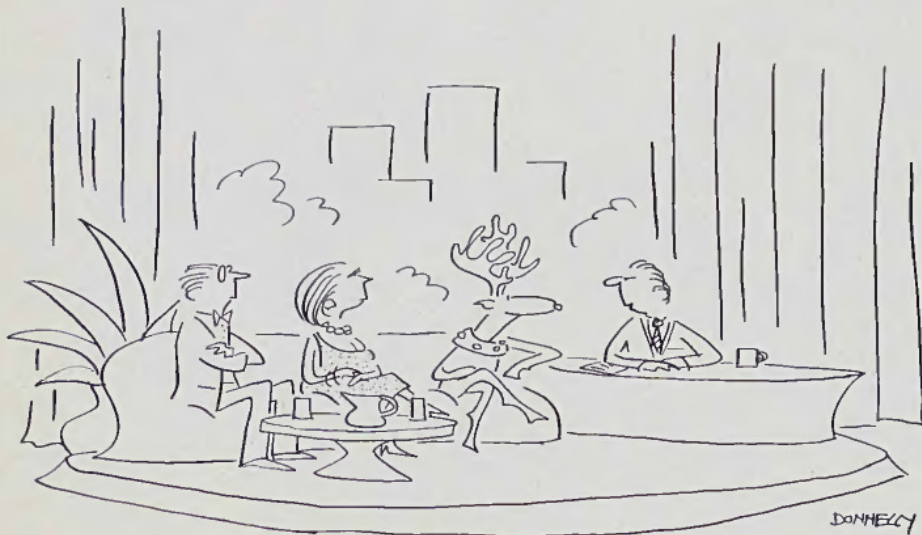
That was the signal to continue a "strip," just as saying their special nonsense word—Pupp—would mean that one of them was scared, that they should print for the day. How had this begun? Their strips—and why had they each thought to call them that?—had certainly started with some pretty straight stuff. And even now—she knew from service magazines and ladies'-room gossip—they were still conventional in their plots, a graduate student and a psychiatrist, bourgey S/M, a little spice, like faddish Cajun cooking. After all, it was only a *game*.

But when, Dr. Ignatz wondered, had *she* thought to take the leading role—hot tomato become top banana? She was an inspired . . . *entertainer*. Kate was an artist, really—witty, deeply empathetic, responsive.

"Beg," she said now, as a director might say "Action." "Beg, my dear little pet, my dreamy little boy." She wore a black-felt hat shaped like a flattened paper boat.

The comedy of that hat, tilted on her head like a wink, with its veil pinned around it, made the scene possible for him, not too serious, yet serious enough, a shared joke, so he was backstage and on stage at the same time. Making the fantasy up and living it out, while knowing it was just a fantasy. On his knees, he cast down his eyes before her cunt. "May I lick you, mistress?"

She pulled him by the hair and brought his lips to her cunt, then—oh, luxury!—she drank from a balloon of cognac while he licked her. Dribbling the last of the brandy on his black springy hair, she lay back on the couch, where as her analyst, he had once given a shape to her by telling her what her fantasies meant. Now, for as



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long as she held his head between her legs, she knew what he wanted; she drew his shape.

"Oh, that's nice," she hummed. "Now, strut it out!"

He licked harder, and she came skimmingly, as if she were the boat, yet she was the wind, and she was the ocean the boat moved across.

She took his head from between her legs, pulled him up and laid him down on the couch. Straddling him, she sucked and bit his nipples, pulled lightly, then harder on their curlieus of black hair.

"Please," he implored in a sleepy yet insistent voice, "harder."

Her teeth dug into him like claws. Kate hummed another Cole Porter tune, a favorite of his mother's: "So your baby can be your slave? / Oh, why can't you behave?" He *would* behave, he said; he *was* her slave. He let himself sink into the mild pain, like a warm bath; the dark pool was a place where she was there *with* him, for certain; sharply joined; inseparable; fused together.

She rose over him and he entered her. "Come, slave," she said. "Show you belong to me. Give yourself."

He came into her. And she came, too. Lovingly, Kate stroked Dr. Ignatz' hair.

"Thank you," Dr. Ignatz said, his voice

still a bit sleepy-slavish, caught in the spider-web ties of a dream.

Ignatz Mouse stared at the space in front of the table where the fantasy images formed. It had been *so good*. Kate had given Dr. Ignatz what Crazy Kat had never given *him*. Always he had bricked her, pursued her. Now Kate had given him a reciprocal sign; she had given him—well, sort of *him*—the brick back to the . . . *the certainty that they were connected*. . . . But then the feeling faded like yesterday's headlines.

If only they would do it again!

Later that same week—oh, how long will Crazy and Ignatz remain lost in fantasy? When will they return to their comic-strip work?—Kate sat behind the couch in Dr. Ignatz' tall red-metal chair, smiling at this office furniture's pleasing higgledy-piggledy eclecticism (though his therapy techniques had been Freud-pure until her beauty had—unintentionally!—made him play the sap for her). Probably, the decor was mix and match because he couldn't stand thinking about furniture; his mother had spent too much time antiquing, and he still saw furniture as a competitor. (*That*, she thought, was a good analysis! She must tell him.)

Dr. Ignatz worked now behind his large old desk, trying to produce the draft of a new paper. To become more than an instructor at the Harvard Medical School, one had to produce 16—or was it 60 or 600 or six quadrillion?—published papers. But Dr. Ignatz' papers were different from the others, not make work but truly brilliant. He would risk anything so that his patients might be OK, even describing really embarrassing things *he* had done. Dr. Ignatz wouldn't tell her what this paper was about, but she was sure he was analyzing the strips they did together. Which made *her* an important part of his work.

She heard Dr. Ignatz' sharp chicken-scratch pen stop, so she brought him a cup of Java from the coffee maker she had bought for the office, their secret place. Serving him his coffee, she bent down low so he could see the new half-bra she was wearing, and the tops of her breasts. *He would have to have her*; the more she seemingly served him, the more he wanted her. "Thank you," he said, and smiled at her. She smiled. How could he want the diagram of a house more than a room that he could enter?

He couldn't. He pushed his papers aside and they walked together to the couch. For so long she had resisted her desire to belong to someone, to be cared for. Soon, he would touch her all over with his beautiful long fingers, petting her, smoothing her, admiring her, warming her.

Krazy stared in fascination at the fantasy that formed in front of her dining-room table like the bluest of movies. And *bing!* went a bulb over our Kat's head! Everyone, she saw, wanted a little spice sprinkled on his or her pleasure, a soupçon of power mixed with the soft sticky stuff of love. *It made you feel truly connected*. That accounted for Kate and Dr. Ignatz' bizarre strips of masters and mistresses! And sure, Crazy Kat *had* said with every daily bonk to her bean that love *should* be mixed with hurt! But it wasn't just Crazy's idea, it was Kate's and Ignatz' and Dr. Ignatz' and yours and mine, too!

Entering her from behind, he had one of his beautiful hands on her breast, and one of his long lovely fingers stroked her, insisting that she come. She pressed her cheek up against his. "Thank you," she murmured, "that was . . . that was steam-heated!"

Krazy basked in the warmth of Kate's coming. While she watched Kate and Dr. Ignatz "doing it"—though she didn't yet understand *what* all exactly they *were* doing—she felt as *good* as anyone. Because Krazy wasn't *especially* guilty—not as long as *everyone* was doing it. But then, how could she and Ignatz *ever* return to their comic strip? She kicked her long, limber legs up in the air, banging the table. *They had to do it again!*



"He made some wisecrack about an eternity here not being half as bad as a day with his ex-wife. So, naturally, we looked her up."

“This guy said, ‘Weren’t you in ‘First Love’?’ I knew he was thinking of the moles on my breast.”

I became anorexic, I think it was a need to feel control. “I can control this eating thing. I’ll just have half.” And classically with young women, it’s a denial of your sexuality. You starve yourself to the point where you have no breasts and you do not menstruate. I had just arrived in California. I had a great job and I was busy and I just didn’t want to have to deal with that.

It went on for about a year and a half, and by then I’d begun to feel comfortable with my life, more secure. And I was around people who were eating normally, and [snaps fingers] like that I started eating again.

9.

PLAYBOY: Once the final *Partridge* episode had been put to roost, you started appearing in TV movies as a child beater, a teen jailbird—roles that were very different from Laurie Partridge. Was that a break-the-image move?

DEY: No. I didn’t see my image as a problem. I really was happy about ending the series. But then I thought, Now what? It had been my first acting experience, and I

didn’t know that after every job, actors always wonder if they’ll ever work again. I’d led a really protected life. And I was scared about finances. The money on *The Partridge Family* was absolutely nothing. At the end, I was making \$1100 a week. That was in the fourth year.

So I signed with [*Partridge* co-stars] Shirley [Jones] and David [Cassidy]’s manager, Ruth Aarons. And I did these roles. Young women in peril. “My brother’s been busted for drugs.” Or “Somebody stuck a needle in my arm and now I’m doing porno films.” It was the era of melodrama. Some of them were really good, good pieces. Melodramatic but good. I mean, *Terror on the Beach*, in which Dennis Weaver played my father and Estelle Parsons my mother and we all got attacked by thugs, was not exactly a gift. But the imprisonment one, *Cage Without a Key*, was considered hot. Wonderful to get.

10.

PLAYBOY: All of which led to the motion picture *First Love* and your much-publicized nude scene. Was it difficult for you to

take off your clothes in front of the camera? DEY: Nope. I mean, every single time I walk onto a set, I feel slightly hysterical. But that was a wonderful shoot and it was my first real film. The nudity was not a problem for me at all. Not at the time. This was before cable. This was before cassettes. My assumption was, Sure, I’m going to do this, but how long will the film stay in the theaters? But I was in a bank about three years after the film was released and this guy came up to me and said, “Weren’t you in *First Love*?” He had just seen it on cable. And I *knew* he was thinking of the moles on my breast. I just knew it. And I thought, Oh, and he probably taped it, too.

11.

PLAYBOY: In the movie *Looker*, you played a model. Did your modeling experience come flooding back?

DEY: A lot of it came back. How do I look and who’s at the party and what’s my next job and where do you get your nails done? And it was fun being that kind of person. For a while. Because there was an actors’ strike, I had the luxury of being able to prep for the role. Went to the gym every day and got that chiseled, untouchable look.

12.

PLAYBOY: Albert Finney played a plastic surgeon in that film. Have you ever considered having one of them make the look



even more chiseled?

DEY: No; in fact, [Columbia producer] Ray Stark said to me when I was 15 or 16, "I like you. We should have your nose done." Apparently he was joking, but I thought he was serious. And I just freaked.

These days, I know I carry things in my face. Emotional pain. Stress. And I have learned recently, through—as corny as it sounds—loving myself more, how much control I have over that. I can release all the bullshit, but it's not easy. If I get really, really tired of working on that, maybe I will try plastic surgery.

13.

PLAYBOY: Describe your worst date.

DEY: I've never really done a lot of dating. But two come to mind. One was with a musician. All we did was listen to his music. I guess that was his way of communicating, but it wasn't mine.

Then there was a first date—and a last one, as I recall. We were driving by street construction. And, just by way of conversation, I said, "There's something about those sawhorses with the little lights that's great. Something quite artistic." The next thing I know, the guy is out of the car, picking up a sawhorse and putting it on the back seat. When he took me home, he carried it into my living room. I told him I didn't really want it there, particularly because it had PROPERTY OF THE CITY OF L.A. written all over it. But he left it anyway. I

had to drag it outside. And, sure enough, a policeman came to my door and asked, "How did that get there?" And I looked at him unblinkingly and told him I didn't have any idea.

14.

PLAYBOY: Articles about you invariably mention your preference for older men. True?

DEY: That's basically true. My first marriage was to an older man. And I'm engaged to someone who might be considered an older man. But I think my life has been balanced. I have been attracted to young men, some younger than myself. When it comes to commitment, though, I definitely favor the older man.

15.

PLAYBOY: What's the most romantic thing that has ever happened to you?

DEY: A birthday bed. To celebrate my birthday, a room had been reserved at a hotel; and when I entered, a birthday bed had been prepared for me. Let's see, how to describe it? I don't think I can. You can probably figure it out. There were balloons. And the gifts were not wrapped.

16.

PLAYBOY: Aside from the obviously serious anorexia problem, there have been reports of other unusual diets in your past. Could you tell us something about the carrots

episode and the doggy Milk Bones?

DEY: Right around the same time as my anorexia, I began eating so many carrots that I turned orange. Since then, someone has made an awful lot of money selling carotene to people who want to get fast tans. When the doctor told me I was turning orange because of the carotene in carrots, I should have started marketing it.

As for the other, I did eat Milk Bones when I was a kid. I pretended I was a dog. I used to get on the floor with our dog and use my "paws" to eat them. I loved them. I was very young. It was like sucking on a baby bottle. I have tried them since and found them disgusting. But my daughter asked if she could eat them and I said, "Absolutely; go right ahead."

17.

PLAYBOY: Would you be happy having your daughter follow in your footsteps in other ways? Acting, for example?

DEY: She's had offers, and recently, I took her to a luncheon for the *L.A. Law* cast and she said, "I like this life." She is also interested in writing. She has informed me she hopes to get a contract to write a book about me. It's going to be something like *Mommie Dearest*. Chapter seven, she says, will be titled "Mommie Isn't a Real Blonde."

18.

PLAYBOY: *People* magazine called him the sexiest man alive, and you have to spend a lot of time in bed with him, but is Harry Hamlin really your type?

DEY: [Long pause] Nobody's ever asked that before, and let me say this: There is only one man in my life. Only one. Are he and Harry the same type? I don't think I'll answer that. Watch the show. See how Harry and I get along.

19.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible that Grace Van Owen is too tough, that audiences will stop finding her appealing?

DEY: There is a difference between being tough and being strong. There are tough ladies who are also very dependent on men. Grace is not dependent. I think that's part of her appeal—her independence.

But I don't believe this show is about creating characters that are appealing to keep the audience watching. That's not *L.A. Law* cocreators Steven Bochco and Terry Louise Fisher. In last season's episodes, just when you thought you were comfortable with the characters, they shifted.

20.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst advice about men your parents ever gave you?

DEY: When I was still living at home, my stepmother told me not to go out with a man because he was 37 years old. I was 15. So, of course, I snuck out to see him. If she hadn't said anything, I probably would have thought he was too old for me.



"It's a happy hour that got away from us."



THE CURSE (continued from page 127)

"The door opened and the girl walked in from the night, a girl he had never seen."

chest of a young man in front of him.

He knew they were not drunk. They had been drinking before they came to his place, a loud popping of motorcycles outside, then walking into the empty bar, young and sunburned and carrying helmets and wearing thick leather jackets in August. They stood in front of Mitchell and drank drafts. When he took their first order, he thought they were on drugs, and later, watching them, he was certain. They were not relaxed in the way of most drinkers near closing time. Their eyes were quick, alert as wary animals, and they spoke loudly, with passion, but their passion was strange and disturbing, because they were only chatting, bantering. Mitchell knew nothing of the effects of drugs, so could not guess what was in their blood. He feared and hated drugs because of his work and because he was the stepfather of teenagers: a boy and a girl. He gave last call and served them and leaned against the counter behind him.

Then the door opened and the girl walked in from the night, a girl he had never seen, and she crossed the floor to-

ward Mitchell. He stepped forward to tell her she had missed last call; but before he spoke, she asked for change for the cigarette machine. She was young—he guessed 19 to 21—and deeply tanned and had dark hair. She was sober and wore jeans and a dark-blue T-shirt. He gave her the quarters, but she was standing between two of the men and she did not get to the machine.

When it was over and she lay crying on the cleared circle of floor, he left the bar and picked up the jeans and T-shirt beside her and crouched and handed them to her. She did not look at him. She laid the clothes across her breasts and what Mitchell thought of now as her wound. He left her and dialed 911, then Bob's number. He woke up Bob. Then he picked up her sneakers from the floor and placed them beside her and squatted near her face, her crying. He wanted to speak to her and touch her, hold a hand or press her brow, but he could not.

The cruiser was there quickly, the siren coming east from town, then slowing and deepening as the car stopped outside. He

was glad Smitty was one of them; he had gone to high school with Smitty. The other was Dave, and Mitchell knew him because it was a small town. When they saw the girl, Dave went out to the cruiser to call for an ambulance; and when he came back, he said two other cruisers had those scumbags and were taking them in. The girl was still crying and could not talk to Smitty and Dave. She was crying when a man and a woman lifted her onto a stretcher and rolled her out the door and she vanished forever in a siren.

Bob came in while Smitty and Dave were sitting at the bar drinking coffee and Smitty was writing his report; Mitchell stood behind the bar. Bob sat next to Dave as Mitchell said, "I could have stopped them, Smitty."

"That's our job," Smitty said. "You want to be in the hospital now?"

Mitchell did not answer. When Smitty and Dave left, he got a glass of Coke from the cobra and had a cigarette with Bob. They did not talk. Then Mitchell washed his glass and Bob's cup and they left, turning off the lights. Outside, Mitchell locked the front door, feeling the sudden night air after almost ten hours of air conditioning. When he had come to work, the day had been very hot, and now he thought it would not have happened in winter. They had stopped for a beer on their way somewhere from the beach; he had heard them say that. But the beach was not the



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reason. He did not know the reason, but he knew it would not have happened in winter. The night was cool, and now he could smell trees. He turned and looked at the road in front of the bar. Bob stood beside him on the small porch.

"If the regulars had been here . . ." Bob said.

He turned and with his hand resting on the wooden rail, he walked down the ramp to the ground. At his car, he stopped and looked over its roof at Mitchell.

"You take it easy," he said.

Mitchell nodded. When Bob got into his car and left, he went down the ramp and drove home to his house on a street that he thought was neither good nor bad. The houses were small, and there were old large houses used now as apartments for families. Most of the people had work, most of the mothers cared for their children and most of the children were clean and looked like they lived in homes, not caves like some he saw in town. He worried about the older kids, one group of them, anyway. They were idle. When he was a boy in a town farther up the Merrimack River, he and his friends committed every mischievous act he could recall on afternoons and nights when they were idle. His stepchildren were not part of that group. They had friends from the high school. The front-porch light was on for him and one in the kitchen at the rear of the house. He went in the front door and switched off the porch light and walked through the living and dining rooms to the kitchen. He got a can of beer from the refrigerator, turned out the light and sat at the table. When he could see, he took a cigarette from Susan's pack in front of him.

Down the hall, he heard Susan move on the bed, then get up, and he hoped it wasn't for the bathroom but for him. He had met her eight years ago, when he had given up on ever marrying and having kids; then, one night, she came into the bar with two of her girlfriends from work. She made six dollars an hour going to homes of invalids, mostly what she called her little old ladies, and bathing them. She got the house from her marriage, and child support the guy paid for a few months till he left town and went south. She came barefoot down the hall and stood in the kitchen doorway and said, "Are you all right?"

"No."

She sat across from him, and he told her. Very soon, she held his hand. She was good. He knew if he had fought all five of them and was lying in pieces in the hospital bed, she would tell him he had done the right thing, as she was telling him now. He liked her strong hand on his. It was a professional hand, and he wanted from her something he had never wanted before: to lie in bed while she bathed him. When they went to bed, he did not think he would be able to sleep, but she knelt beside him and massaged his shoulders and

rubbed his temples and pressed her hands on his forehead. He woke to the voices of Marty and Joyce in the kitchen. They had summer jobs, and always when they woke him, he went back to sleep till noon, but now he got up and dressed and went to the kitchen door. Susan was at the stove, her back to him, and Marty and Joyce were talking and smoking. He said, "Good morning," and stepped into the room.

"What are you doing up?" Joyce said.

She was a pretty girl with her mother's wide cheekbones, and Marty was a tall, good-looking boy, and Mitchell felt as old as he had before he slept. Susan was watching him. Then she poured him a cup of coffee and put it at his place and he sat. Marty said, "You getting up for the day?"

"Something happened last night. At the bar." They tried to conceal their excitement, but he saw it in their eyes. "I should have stopped it. I think I *could* have stopped it. That's the point. There were these five guys. They were on motorcycles, but they weren't bikers. Just punks. They came in late, when everybody else had gone home. It was a slow night, anyway. Everybody was at the beach."

"They rob you?" Marty said.

"No. A girl came in. Young. Nice-looking. You know: just a girl, minding her business."

They nodded, and their eyes were apprehensive.

"She wanted cigarette change; that's all. Those guys were on dope. Coke or something. You know: They were flying in place."

"Did they rape her?" Joyce said.

"Yes, honey."

"The fuckers."

Susan opened her mouth, then closed it, and Joyce reached quickly for Susan's pack of cigarettes. Mitchell held his lighter for her and said, "When they started getting rough with her at the bar, I went for the phone. One of them stopped me. He shoved me; that's all. I should have hit him with a bottle."

Marty reached over the table with his big hand and held Mitchell's shoulder.

"No, Mitch. Five guys that mean. And coked up or whatever. No way. You wouldn't be here this morning."

"I don't know. There was always a guy with me. But just one guy, taking turns."

"Great," Joyce said. Marty's hand was on Mitchell's left shoulder; she put hers on his right hand.

"They took her to the hospital," he said. "The guys are in jail."

"They are?" Joyce said.

"I called the cops. When they left."

"You'll be a good witness," Joyce said.

He looked at her proud face.

"At the trial," she said.

The day was hot, but that night, most of the regulars came to the bar. Some of the younger ones came on motorcycles. They were a good crowd: They all worked, except the retired ones, and no one ever

bothered the women, not even the young ones with their summer tans. Everyone talked about it: Some had read the newspaper story, some had heard the story in town, and they wanted to hear it from Mitchell. He told it as often as they asked, but he did not finish it, because he was working hard and could not stay with any group of customers long enough.

He watched their faces. Not one of them, even the women, looked at him as if he had not cared enough for the girl or was a coward. Many of them even appeared sympathetic, making him feel for moments that he was a survivor of something horrible; and when that feeling left him, he was ashamed. He felt tired and old, making drinks and change, talking and moving up and down the bar. At the stool at the far end, Bob drank coffee; and whenever Mitchell looked at him, he smiled or nodded and once raised his right fist, with the thumb up.

Reggie was drinking too much. He did that two or three times a month, and Mitchell had to shut him off, and Reggie always took it humbly. He was a big, gentle man with a long brown beard. But tonight, shutting off Reggie demanded from Mitchell an act of will, and when the 11-o'clock news came on the television and Reggie ordered another shot and a draft, Mitchell pretended not to hear him. He served the customers at the other end of the bar, where Bob was. He could hear Reggie calling, "Hey, Mitch; shot and a draft, Mitch."

Mitchell was close to Bob now. Bob said softly, "He's had enough."

Mitchell nodded and went to Reggie, leaned closer to him, so he could speak quietly, and said, "Sorry, Reggie. Time for coffee. I don't want you dead out there."

Reggie blinked at him.

"OK, Mitch." He pulled some bills from his pocket and put them on the bar. Mitchell glanced at them and saw at least a ten-dollar tip. When he ran up Reggie's tab, the change was \$16.50, and he dropped the coins and shoved the bills into the beer mug beside the cash register. The mug was full of bills, as it was on most nights, and he kept his hand in there, pressing Reggie's into the others, and saw the sunburned young men holding her down on the floor and one kneeling between her legs, spread and held, and he heard their cheering voices and her screaming and groaning and finally weeping and weeping and weeping, until she was the siren crying, then fading into the night. From the floor behind him, far across the room, he felt her pain and terror and grief, then her curse upon him. The curse moved into his back and spread down and up his spine, into his stomach and legs and arms and shoulders until he quivered with it. He wished he were alone so he could kneel to receive it.



“What is this? Some kinky routine where I talk her out of her fear of AIDS so she’ll go to bed with me?”

years. I’m a bit rusty with small talk. Over lunch, we talk about the theater, her son’s school, her impending divorce, her work, my work. She’s pretty and lively. We have a clear rapport. The cappuccino is brought and a silence falls, the sort of pause where somebody clears his throat and somebody else says, “Well, this has been fun,” and perhaps another date is arranged, perhaps for that night, perhaps for the next night. A night date, with all that that implies. The pause falls over the table, and in that pause she says brightly:

“So. What do you think about AIDS?”

I’m surprised at the question. It is only too clear that she’s really saying, “I am thinking about having sex with you, and that makes me think of AIDS.”

I say, “Not much.”

“It’s all my girlfriends talk about. My sister wants every man to have a blood test before she’ll go to bed with him.”

I think, I’m glad you’re not your sister. “That seems a little extreme,” I say.

“Well,” she says, “you never know who other people have been to bed with.” She is staring at me in a certain way, an appraising way.

As if I were a purchase she might make.

All I can think of to say is “Are you asking if I’m bisexual?”

“No, no.” She looks away, embarrassed. That is what she is asking.

“Then what?”

“Heterosexuals can get it, too. They say a lot of prostitutes have it.” Still looking at me, watching me.

“Well,” I say, “I’ve been in an exclusive relationship for the past three years.”

“All the newspaper and TV reports are so frightening.”

“Yes,” I say. “But so far, the risk of heterosexual transmission is pretty small.”

“So far,” she says, finishing her cappuccino. “But what about five years from now?”

Her insistent contradictions confuse me. I don’t understand where they are leading. Are we having an argument? Is she deciding against me? Is this woman so frightened of AIDS that she’s going to turn down a second date with me?

“Who knows about five years from now?” I say to her. “You could be dead from a car crash next week.”

“True, true.” She is nodding now, sudden agreement. “I had a friend—she was always so healthy, watched her diet, and she died in a car crash.”

“You have to balance the risks,” I say, nodding.

We are both nodding. Things are going much better.

“You really think the risk of AIDS is

overstated?” she asks, resting her hand on my arm.

“I really do.” I look into her eyes.

“OK,” she says. She squeezes my arm.

So what is this? I wonder as we stumble out of the restaurant into the afternoon sunlight. Verbal foreplay? Some kinky routine where I talk her out of her fear of AIDS so that she’ll go to bed with me? She must be weird.

But it turned out she wasn’t weird at all. She was simply my first date in three years. And I hadn’t yet understood the reality of dating in the Eighties: that everybody out there, male and female, is afraid of getting AIDS.

It’s my friend Ellen on the telephone. “You’re a doctor. Aren’t you worried about AIDS?”

“Not really,” I say. “I’m not homosexual and I don’t inject drugs and I don’t have intimate friends who do. So, no, I’m not worried.”

“How can you be sure about your intimate friends?”

“You can’t be sure. You can only be careful.”

“But there is heterosexual transmission.”

“Yes,” I say. “But right now, your risk

as a heterosexual of catching AIDS is roughly the same as your risk of catching rabies.”

She’s confused. “Rabies? Who cares about rabies?”

That, of course, is my point.

Ellen presses on, unconvinced. “But what about Africa? Heterosexual transmission is common in Africa.”

“We’re in California, Ellen.”

“Yes, but—”

“Tuberculosis is common in Africa, too. You don’t spend your time worrying about tuberculosis.”

Ellen sighs, exasperated. “I don’t see how you can be so casual,” she says. “The rest of the world is terrified and you talk as if it were nothing at all.”

“I’m not casual. I’m very aware that AIDS is a tragic affliction for certain groups. But at this point, it’s not prevalent among heterosexuals.”

“Not prevalent? They’re saying it’s a plague,” Ellen says.

“Who’s saying?”

“Everybody. The papers. The news.”

A mass-media society offers its citizens many advantages, but accurate understanding of risk is not among them. The media must sell themselves, and they do so by overstatement. This is hardly news.

“A plague,” Ellen is repeating fiercely.

“And an epidemic. That place in Atlanta says so. And I heard that somebody, a doctor, called it a scourge. How do you answer that?”

I am getting tired of this conversation. It’s like a political argument: It has no



end, no possible way to persuade the other person. Ellen wants to be frightened. She is much more comfortable being frightened than she is being reassured.

Why, I wonder, is that?

A phone call comes to my office. Someone wants me to speak at a medical convention on "AIDS: the modern-day Andromeda strain." I get invitations like this every few weeks.

"No," I say to the caller. "I won't do that."

"You'd be performing a public service. . . ."

"No, I wouldn't. Because AIDS is not the Andromeda strain. And people don't need to be made more fearful right now."

For the past year, the rumors have been flying. The AIDS virus was manufactured by the CIA. (It unquestionably wasn't.) Mosquitoes can infect you with the AIDS virus. (Unproved and unlikely.) Doctors who care for AIDS patients are getting the disease. (None has, except those in a known-risk group.) One hundred percent of the population of Zaire now has AIDS. (Wrong.)

So I am not going to add to the rumors in any way. I refuse to speak.

"I don't know," the caller says.

"There's a lot of interest out there about the subject of AIDS."

That, I think, is putting it mildly.

Marilyn says, "I was going to hire Jim, but at the last minute, I changed my mind and hired someone else."

"Why?"

"Well. He's gay."

"So?"

"So I have a small office, and there's only one bathroom. Everybody in the office uses the same bathroom."

"You're kidding," I say, thinking, You wouldn't hire a gay guy because you didn't want him using the same bathroom as you?

"I just don't want to take the chance," Marilyn says.

"But you can't get AIDS from using the same bathroom."

"I just don't want to take the chance."

My friend Barry, who is gay, announces that he hasn't given up anal intercourse. "I don't see why I should change my habits," he says. "Illness is all in the mind, anyway."

"That's fine, Barry. But illness is also in the virus. I'd stop having anal intercourse if I were you."

"I won't use rubbers, either. I hate them. I just don't see why I should."

"One reason," I say, "is that I don't want to go to your funeral."

But I am thinking, Shit, what is the matter with you? You've got several friends who are already dead and more who are dying. What's it going to take to make you wake up? This isn't a matter of personal preference, Barry.

I feel angry with Barry, because he is my friend and he is threatening me with the possibility of his death. I resent his behavior the way I'd resent any friend who told me he was going to commit suicide.

"I can do what I want," Barry says. "It's a free country."

I think, The only thing worse than blind panic is blind denial.

By now it is several months since the end of my relationship, and I don't wake up feeling sad anymore, and I am dating lots of women. And I am becoming accustomed to these inevitable, and seemingly interminable, conversations about AIDS. It seems to be a feature of every new relationship, something that has to be talked about.

The panicky women blurt it out over the first dinner salad; the cooler ones wait until the second date or the third; but nobody gets into bed without a thorough conversation first.

And even then, the discussion doesn't stop. The first conversation is a kind of statement of position: I'm afraid or I'm not afraid; I insist on condoms or I don't. The later conversations are different in character: probing, exploring and intimate, with lots of looking deeply into the eyes. The topic may be clinical, but the context is romantic. And the subtext is *I like you, but how much of a risk are you? How many people are you screwing? How many people have you been screwing in the past five years? How afraid of you should I be?*

I begin to notice certain recurring features. The first is that everybody seems to be responding to the constant media focus on AIDS, rather than to any specific information. Nobody ever quotes statistics. People are chiefly disturbed by the fact that AIDS is always on the network news; it's everywhere you turn.

Ellen calls again. "You who think AIDS isn't such a big deal: I clipped an article from *The New York Times* and sent it to you."

"I got it." Standard stuff, no new information. A long filler in the "Metro" section.

"Well?"

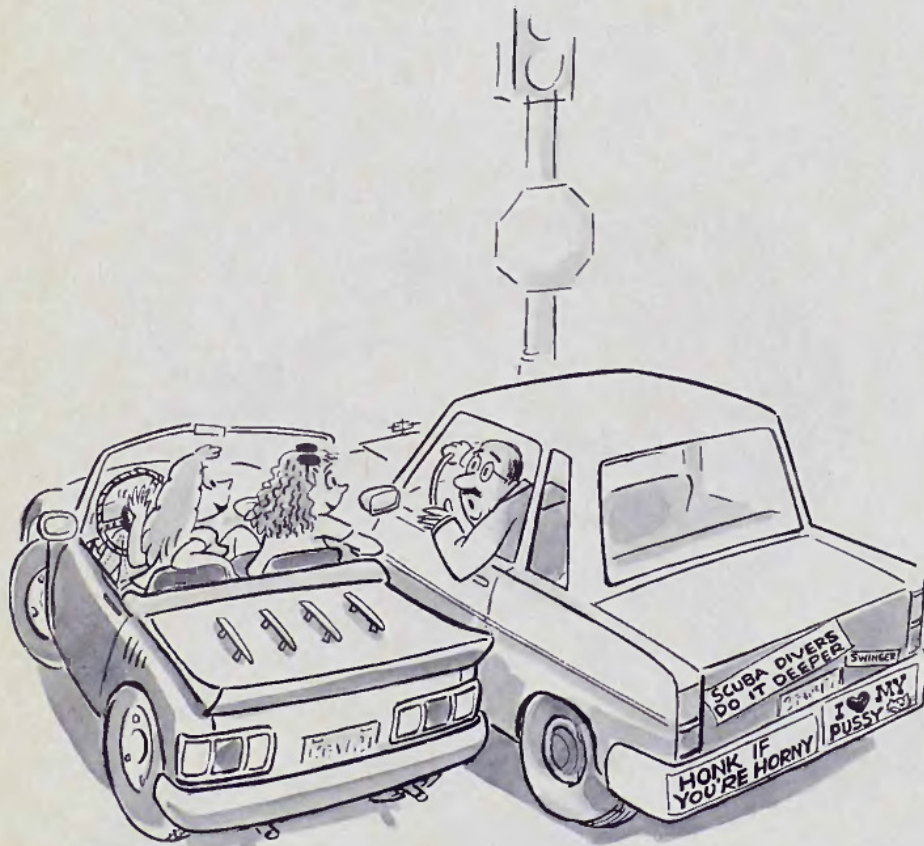
"Did you read the article, Ellen?"

"I skimmed it. It didn't frighten you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

I try to explain about risk. I have recently noticed how few people really understand the risks they face. People keep guns in their houses, drive without seat belts, eat artery-clogging French food and smoke cigarettes; yet they never worry about these things. Instead, they worry about AIDS. It's crazy.



MARTY MURPHY

"Actually, ladies, I bought this car used with those bumper stickers already on it. . . ."

"Ellen. Do you worry about dying in a car crash?"

"No, never."

"Worry about getting murdered?"

"No."

"Well, you're *much* more likely to die in a car accident, or to be murdered by a stranger, than to get AIDS."

"Thanks a lot," Ellen says. She sounds annoyed. "I'm so glad I called you. You're really reassuring, Michael."

Now we are in the realm of philosophy. Life is inherently risky. Everything you do carries a risk. You walk across the street, you take a chance. You eat in a restaurant, you might die of food poisoning. You go jogging, you could drop dead of a heart attack. You make love, you could catch a disease and die.

Through all of human history, sex has carried the risk of death. Even in this century, prominent statesmen and artists have died of syphilis. It is only in the past two decades that the combination of contraceptives and antibiotics led people to think that sexual intercourse was without risk. Now people are offended and angry because risk-free sex has been taken away from them. And they are overreacting.

I see Tom at the gym. He's sweating on the bodybuilding machines; his body looks good; but he leans over and says, "To tell you the truth, these days I'd just as soon not make it with anybody *at all*."

It takes a moment to remember that all the great lovers of history, from Casanova to Sarah Bernhardt to Errol Flynn, carried off their amours at the risk of death from incurable disease. That didn't stop them. And it won't stop us, either. We're just in a period of adjustment.

Her apartment, late at night. I've never been here before. She is on the phone in the next room with her ex-husband, who has called unexpectedly. I am in the living room, trying not to listen. I set down my wineglass next to hers, get up off the couch, walk around the room, touching things, looking.

I don't know this woman well; she is an artist and a sometime model; bright, quick and full of contradictions. I know little about her background, but she is a terrific woman now.

I come to the bookcase, scan titles of books on art, on Italian literature, photography. She has lots of photography books. Idly, I open a few. Some of them have themes of bondage: male bodies in narcissistic poses, hard lighting, studded leather. The imagery is homosexual, though some women appear here, too.

On one page, a picture of her among all the male bodies. She's nude and she's very beautiful. But she's among all these male leather-strapped bodies. I think, Uh-oh.

I have a vision of the photographer's studio, all these people walking around in states of undress, talking, mingling. I have

a vision of her bohemian artist's avant-garde background stretching back over the years. Her life starts to look different to me. This woman isn't exciting and exotic anymore. She's dangerous.

Now I'm looking through the front of the book, trying to find the publication date. How long ago were these shenanigans? Nineteen eighty-one. Doesn't tell me much.

She comes back into the room, blowing hair out of her face, exasperated. "Sorry about that."

"It's OK."

She drops onto the couch next to me. "I've told him not to call late. I think he does it because he knows I have people over."

I'm thinking, How often do you have people over? How many? Any bisexuals? Any of the guys in these pictures? I dislike myself for these thoughts, but I have them.

"Were you able to amuse yourself?" she asks me, sipping her wine. "Oh, I see you found the books."

"Yes."

"I don't look like that anymore," she says. "Those pictures were taken years before they were published. They were all done in 1975 or so."

Whoa, I think.

"Really," she says. "I have to warn you. I don't look like that anymore."

"That's OK," I say. "That's really fine."

In the face of all the fear and tension, it's possible to overlook some advantages to the new situation of the Eighties.

After the age of 30, I lost my taste for swift conquest. I began to have other goals, other reasons for spending time with a woman. And by then, I had learned certain facts, such as the fact that if you really liked a woman, you shouldn't jump into bed with her right away. Not out of some old-fashioned idea of respect for her but out of respect for the relationship you hoped to have, because there was something about the sex act that tended to halt a relationship in its tracks, at least for a while. You stopped becoming friends and you became lovers, which was something else. So if you wanted a good relationship, an interesting and complex relationship based on friendship, you were better off postponing sex for a while.

On the other hand, if you didn't care about a woman, you could go right ahead—shake hands and go. Quick sex was, in fact, a way to get rid of people to whom you were only marginally attracted, a way to burn it out fast and efficiently and get on with other things.

So, in my view, quick sex had become the very opposite of what the sexual revolution had promised. Quick sex was not a way to increase intimacy and communication but, rather, a way to avoid them. Quick sex objectified the other person, made him or her into a thing. A sex object.

But quick sex was the order of the day,

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and in the frantic Seventies, most women expected it. I knew women who would say, "Listen, if I meet a guy I like, I want to fuck him *before* dinner, so I can get that *tesion* out of the way—you know, so I can *really enjoy my food* . . ."

Back in those days, if you weren't interested in quick sex, you had a bit of a problem. It was necessary for a man to state his intentions. From another man, I learned a joke to signal what I had in mind. I'd say to women, "I don't put out on the first date."

The women would laugh, but they'd get the point. Usually, they seemed relieved. A few wouldn't see me again. But in those days, it was necessary to shift gears explicitly, to power down from the frantic erotic pace of the day.

That's no longer a problem.

These days, nobody's in a hurry to get into bed. It makes relationships more leisurely and more serious. To me, that's all to the good.

There's a time in a man's life when he only wants to get laid and he doesn't care about love at all; and if he says he does, he's lying, because in truth, he's always on the prowl. He can profess undying love to a woman as he crawls out of her bed, and by the time he gets to his car and puts his key in the ignition, he's already thinking of someone new. It's nothing personal; it's just the effect of raging hormones.

But after that time passes, other priorities take over. For me, love is the most important thing in my life. To me, that means a feeling of closeness, of being understood, of sharing ordinary things. My goals in a relationship are more modest now and, in a way, more ambitious.

But I know you can't feel love if your life is like a train station, with lots of people coming and going. You can only feel active and busy—so busy, you have no time to feel. I've done that for periods in my life. I know how it works. I'm not interested in doing it again.

I want the best that life has to offer me, and I sense that the best lies in fewer, deeper relationships. In fact, I want only one relationship. This may be a difficult and frustrating path to choose, but it's what I want.

Not because of AIDS, but simply with age, I find I have less interest in exploring the field for its own sake. By now, I've been around, I know what I want and I would prefer to get on with it. The purposefulness in relationships is mirrored by a purposefulness in other aspects of my life. My writing and my free time are all spent with closer attention to outcome. I don't want to waste my time. At 44, I don't worry about impending death, but I don't want to waste my time.

As the months passed, I began to notice something else. Despite all the compulsive AIDS talk, there were some men and women who didn't mention AIDS at all.

Lunch with Bill, a lawyer. Like me, he has recently ended a long relationship.

"How's it going?" he says. "Meeting anybody?"

"Not really, not yet. . . . There's a lot of AIDS panic out there, a lot of frantic conversation."

"I haven't run into much of that," Bill says, shrugging. And our conversation moves on.

Bill doesn't need to talk about AIDS.

And Carol, whom I have been seeing occasionally for several weeks, never brings it up until finally, one night, having a late snack in the kitchen, I say to her, "Do you ever think about AIDS?"

"Isn't it awful?" she says. "My roommate's hairdresser has it, and she's real upset. Poor guy, it must be awful for gays." And then she changes the subject.

Carol doesn't need to talk about it, either.

Carol is direct, comfortable with intimacy, at ease with her own sexuality. As I think it over, it seems to me that Bill and Carol and the others who aren't wound up about AIDS are all people who are comfortable with intimacy.

In my experience, few people are comfortable in intimate situations. In fact, most people are actively looking for ways to avoid intimacy, because even the thought of getting close to somebody puts them in a cold sweat. So they get very busy with their jobs ("Sure, let's have lunch the middle of next month; that's my first opening. . . . Gee, I couldn't have dinner until May of next year; sorry. . . .") or they get very busy with their families ("Eddie has a sore throat, so I can't go out for the next six months") or they get very picky about their partners ("I really had to stop seeing him, because he was always five minutes late"). These are old maneuvers. Now there's a new one: They can panic about AIDS. ("I really don't want to go out with anybody, because it's just too dangerous, too dangerous.")

This puts the heterosexual AIDS panic in a new light. AIDS is a serious problem, but many heterosexuals accept the bad news almost eagerly, exaggerating the threat for their own purposes. Because in the end, it's easier to blame AIDS for the way you live than it is to face the uncomfortable truth that you're terrified of the very intimacy you say you desire.

As a writer with a professional interest in the future, I'm sometimes asked, "What do you think will happen with AIDS in the next few years?"

I hesitate to answer. Because despite all the media attention, despite all the panic, I don't think people have really acknowledged how bad this disease might become.

My friend Linda works with AIDS patients now, and she is full of what she considers horror stories. People with AIDS being ostracized, fired from their jobs, abandoned by their friends and families, having warnings spray-painted on their apartment doors. She tells these stories

with a great sense of human tragedy. The unfairness of it all. The inhumanity of man to man.

And my friend Wendy, a Washington lobbyist, talks about the "terrible prejudice against people with AIDS," as if it were similar to racial prejudice, without foundation.

The media still talk about AIDS as if it were a civil rights problem, not a public-health problem. But AIDS is a public-health problem of massive and growing proportions. There is not only the problem of AIDS' spreading, there is also the enormous cost of caring for what will soon be hundreds of thousands of dying patients.

Studies have shown that it is difficult to motivate anybody to use a condom, either to prevent disease or to prevent pregnancy. Additionally, we know that some people with AIDS—people who know they are dying and who know they can infect others—do not abstain from sex and frequently do not use condoms, either.

This means we have a problem. How can we prevent people who already have AIDS from spreading their disease, since it seems to be difficult to get them to act responsibly on their own? What will we as a nation do to prevent the spread of this lethal disease? How far will we go? Forced quarantine? Incarceration? Internment camps for AIDS patients? Mercy killing? A black market in falsified AIDS-test documents?

No one is yet willing to consider the full implications of this situation. But every time I hear some newscaster or group spokesman refer to AIDS as a plague, I think, You don't know what a plague is. And you'd better hope that AIDS doesn't become a plague for our society as a whole, because civil rights will go right out the window if people become frightened enough. You think it's bad now, a few thousand people getting fired, a few kids being forced out of school? This is nothing compared with what may be to come.

Unless we are very, very careful—each one of us, acting as individuals. It's time to be compassionate but tough-minded, sensible but firm. Harsh realities must be faced. The disease must be stopped from spreading. Everybody's lifestyle must change in response to this threat. This is not the time to misunderstand issues of life and death by casting them in the Sixties mold of civil rights or in the Seventies mold of sexual freedom. We're in the Eighties, and AIDS is forcing us to change our thinking and our conduct, whether we like it or not.

But blind panic and unreasoning terror won't help us make this change. It is time to drop the panic, to inform ourselves about the facts and to transform our own lives appropriately and wisely.





*"None of that going home to Grandma's for Christmas for me!
I'm having an affair in Philadelphia!"*

"The dirty little secret of communism is that everybody, at heart, is a capitalist."

I was back at the bus, damp from the drizzle but rich, and flushed from the adventure.

OK, I guess I thought (if I thought at all), we are not supposed to be doing this. But where's the harm? He wants the raincoat; I want rubles to buy more books about the Soviet Union; the Soviets probably want me to have more such books—"Meer ee druzhba!" This was the greeting we got everywhere ("Peace and friendship!"), and I didn't see how a little East-West trade violated its spirit. I guess, at heart, even then, I was a capitalist. The dirty little secret of communism, if you ask me, is that *everybody*, at heart, is a capitalist. But I'll get to that.

Right now we had traveled a couple of cities deeper into Russia and were camped on the outskirts of Kharkov. Tanya and Tonya, our two Intourist guides—supplied by the government whether you wanted them or not—accompanied us into town each morning. It was their hope that all 20 of us, plus our fractious leaders, would stand dutifully in front of each statue and museum exhibit while they explained, in slightly peculiar English, its

significance. We were not technically required to do so, however—it was just "best" that we do—so my friend Mark (the genetic epidemiologist) and I began striking out on our own. Mark supplied an uncanny sense of direction and considerable courage; I supplied the subtitles. I would go up to people on the Moscow subway (for example) and, nervous and embarrassed but also a little giddy, say, "Guess where we're from!"

The moon, they were probably thinking, but "Germany?" they would guess politely. "New York!" I would say, grinning, certain this would please them very much.

I can't imagine now ever having done such a thing, let alone what I'd do next. But I was completely caught up in the flush of discovering that Russians were nice people, too, and that the Soviet constitution, like ours, was filled with unsailably high-minded principles. Kennedy and Khrushchev were finally beginning to come to terms—the nuclear-test-ban treaty was signed that summer in Moscow—and I was more than a little taken with the fact that we were not quite as perfect as I'd been taught (well, what

about unemployment and racial oppression and slums in the shadows of skyscrapers?) nor communism quite as malevolent (what's so awful about "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs"?).

So my next question, once I'd captured their attention, was usually something like "Excuse me, but may I ask what kind of work you do?" And then: "How much are you paid per week?"

Amazingly—perhaps because they could see I was brimming with good will, if ever so slightly short on tact—most of them told me. (They earned about \$150 a month, as I recall, which was more than enough, because there wasn't much available to buy.) One even invited us back to his flat—an 8' x 15' high-ceilinged room with a hot plate and a pile of newspapers and vodka bottles in the corner.

The point is, Mark and I were not your model tour members, and I think this had been noticed.

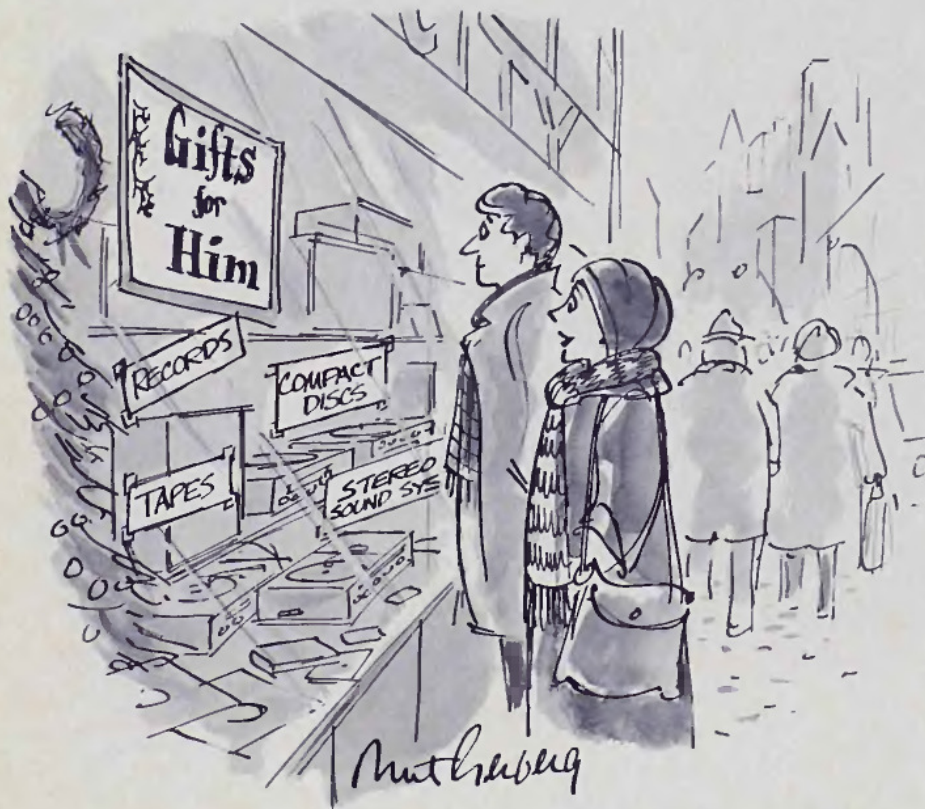
There had already been a couple of other approaches since my first score with the raincoat ("Blue djzheenz?" passers-by would ask us quietly. "Djazz recordz?"), and now, waiting for the group to assemble outside the Intourist hotel in Kharkov, I was approached by a man intent on doing business. I was more interested in finding out what he did for a living and what he earned—I had to keep *something* to wear—but he was insistent. He pulled out a huge wad of multicolor ruble notes and offered to buy whatever I had—shoes, shirts, anything. I said I didn't have much and that I didn't think it would fit him, but I could get my suitcase from out of the bus if he wanted to look. This was a particularly dumb idea, he told me (with his eyebrows)—we should meet later, someplace private. Where was I staying? Now, with hindsight, I think he knew all along where I was staying. At the time, though, it never crossed my mind that I was being set up, so I told him we were staying at the campsite. Did he know where it was? Yes, he'd meet me outside the gate at six that evening. Bring clothes.

Mark and I hid in the grass by the gate with what little we could spare. I had already purchased and mailed home a ten-volume colorfully illustrated Soviet children's encyclopedia (\$44). I was running short of funds and eager to buy more books. I was excited by my growing expertise in Soviet economics (I knew what just about everybody earned) and enthusiastic about the sides of communism American textbooks conveniently overlooked (a distortion matched by the section on the U.S. in my Soviet children's encyclopedia).

A little after six, Ivan showed up with an empty suitcase and his wad of bills. He would make the exchange across the road, in the woods, he said—and just with me, not Mark.

Lucky me.

We went a few yards into the forest and, just as Ivan was making a big show of



"How about if I just blow you while I hum 'White Christmas?'"

'TIS THE SEASON TO
CROSS THE BORDER.



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holding up a pair of pants to appraise their value and fit, who should happen to come walking through the woods but two Soviet "citizen policemen."

In a bad novel, the dialog would have gone something like this (which is how it did go, only in Russian):

"What goes on here?" they barked.

"Nothing. Mind your own business," Ivan snapped back.

"Grab him, comrade!" one of the tall, beefy Russians shouted, grabbing me at the same time.

A scuffle ensued (doesn't it always?), Ivan struggling vainly (invariably how people struggle in bad novels, though to me it suggests a fellow struggling with an eye toward how he looks while struggling) to break his captor's grip; I, my heart in my shoes, standing there limp, realizing that—out of nowhere—my life had come to an end at the age of 16 in the woods outside a campsite outside Kharkov.

I didn't think they'd literally shoot me, of course. But even six months in Siberia would seriously disrupt my plans.

Coincidentally, the citizen police—who had just happened by at that precise moment—had a key to a nearby shack. Coincidentally, too, one of them spoke enough English to interrogate me and had pen and paper ready for my confession.

I was not read my rights, because I had no rights. I was not allowed a phone call to let Mark and the Quakers know I'd never see them again, because it doesn't work that way (and the phones themselves didn't work real well, either, and there were no phone directories). Instead, for four hours, we went back and forth in English, they asking me what I had been doing, I—normally far too well behaved to lie—telling a preposterous story that my interrogators, having almost surely set this whole thing up in the first place, knew was entirely untrue. (I had gathered my clothes to do a wash, I said—shoes, too?—and had been lured to the campsite gate by this man asking me what time it was.)

What difference did it make what I said? They could do anything to me they wanted. And since we'd been warned on our way in not to sell anything, I couldn't say they were entirely out of bounds. I had not been a good guest in their country.

They told me that Ivan, supposedly in another room (but probably home for dinner by now), would be shot. But I got off easy. Because I was so young, I would be given a second chance. "Don't do it again," they told me. And then, simple as that, I was allowed to run back to the campsite. That should keep the little bastard in line for the rest of the trip, they must have been thinking. And (until we got to Poland) it did.

Now, here's the problem with communism: It's *human nature* to be selfish. It's human nature to be competitive. It's human nature to respond to incentives. Even the Iranians dying "selflessly" for the cause are doing it because they believe

they'll get a terrific heavenly reward. (Well, aren't they?)

There was a bomb scare at the Pan Am Building in New York a couple of years ago. Quick! Everybody out of the building!

At one brokerage office there, all the salaried personnel—secretaries and clerks—went downstairs to enjoy the afternoon. All the commissioned reps—the brokers—stayed glued to the phones.

Whether it's in New York or Paris or Peking or Moscow, people respond to incentives. This is the first rule of economics. As I say, those incentives need not be purely monetary. There's the incentive of getting your picture on the wall as employee of the month; there's the incentive of doing a job because you believe it should get done. But monetary incentives—which are a surrogate for comfort and leisure and security and a competitive measure of self-worth (however false)—loom large. Tell a Soviet factory manager to produce 100,000 pairs of shoes within a certain budget and he will—only they'll all be the same size (it's cheaper than retooling in the middle of each run) and they will be small (it takes less material) and they will be entirely without style (how do you specify panache?). His incentive is simply to fill the quota.

The beautiful thing about the free market is that it harnesses man's natural selfishness for the benefit of all. If you provide what people want, you'll get what you want. You don't need an elaborate central plan or an arcane set of interwoven incentives (à la the U.S. tax code). Adam Smith's "invisible hand" takes care of everything. Or a lot, anyway.

There are, naturally, places where individual free enterprise must be balanced against broader community interests (which is presumably why I was taken into an interrogation room and strip-searched by U.S. Customs agents when I returned to Idlewild Airport that summer—something about a crackdown on kids bringing switchblades into the country, they told me when they discovered I was clean)—but by and large, we make those adjustments, too, for our own selfish good. Some of the motivation of our social programs is selfless—once we're well off, we really do like to see others nearly as well off (just as long as they are not better off). But some of it is "I could need that benefit myself one day" or "If we don't do this, the poor will rise up and take what we have" or "In the long run, our economy will be stronger if these people can read"—all fundamentally practical, selfish motives.

Gorbachev seems to recognize a lot of this, just as the Chinese have. He has taken dramatic steps to open the Soviet Union to modern Western influences and to Western-style critical debate. He has taken dramatic steps toward legalizing individual free enterprise and toward letting the profit motive, rather than central-government planning, drive the workings of the economy.

If he's not derailed by the entrenched bureaucracy, the Soviet system will look a lot more like our own than it ever has. That is not to say it will be the same. Ownership of most assets (factories, large farms, mineral resources) is likely to remain mostly in collective hands. But that's a different social system, not an evil one.

Our society has itself moved toward socialism in the years since the Russian Revolution. Back then, there was no income tax or estate tax or Social Security tax to speak of, all three of which massively redistribute income from the prosperous to the less so (and all of which most of us, at least grudgingly, acknowledge are worth while). And anyone who thinks we have an economy free of Government controls has never tried to start or run a business. There are tens of thousands of pages of regulations trying to safeguard the broader social interest from the individual interests of unrestrained capitalism.

If the Gorbachev restructuring proceeds, our two systems, while still decidedly different (and ours still, for me, decidedly better), will be approaching more or less the same center from different ends. We assume capitalism and modify it for the greater good. They assume socialism but hope to make it work by harnessing the power of free-market economics. Both—in theory—aim toward healthy, happy, productive, equitable societies.

Humans being humans, lots goes wrong. Here is Castro, the quintessential revolutionary, reported in *Time* this past summer as having 14 villas and a fleet of yachts. Here are American capitalists exchanging suitcases of cash in mindless pursuit of more, American politicians doing back-room deals because it's in their selfish interest to do so. The Soviets have Afghanistan and Czechoslovakia and Hungary; we have Vietnam.

This is not to say that because we both fall short of our respective ideals, we are morally equal. The Soviets doubtless believe that the selflessness of their revolution and their social vision is superior to ours. We believe (and we're right!) that our system, particularly as it has worked out and is likely to continue to work out in reality—not in theory—is superior.

But under the kind of Soviet Union Gorbachev seems to envision, there is no fundamental reason the two systems must be at war, Cold or otherwise.

Unless, that is, it is also human nature to *require* an enemy—which one might easily conclude. Teams work best when they're competing to beat (not just play) other teams.

Failing a team of malevolent Martians, the challenge of the next century will be substituting enemies such as hunger and poverty and disease for the traditional enemies it is easier to grab by the throat, throttle and shoot in the head.

With that thought in mind, holiday revelers, peace on earth, good will toward men. And women. And Mr. Gorbachev.



GOOD RIDDANCE (continued from page 86)

"The Sixties were a time when everyone in America exhaled in unison to inflate the era to epic size."

Gordon Wright, former diplomat and eminent historian. The Panthers arrived early in the afternoon in their black-leather jackets and sunglasses, looking like some lost Nazi legion whose skin color had changed during the Diaspora. Genet, a small Frenchman with bad teeth and shabby clothes, spoke through a young woman interpreter on loan from *Ramparts* magazine. He praised the Panthers' authenticity (a characteristic he said he also admired in the Marquis de Sade, whom he praised as "the greatest revolutionary of all, greater even than Marx"). The Panthers milled around in sullen incomprehension as he talked. Discovering that Wright's son, a law student, had brought a black friend home with him on leave, Panther Elmer "Geronimo" Pratt confronted the young black man in the kitchen and spat in his face, loudly calling him an Uncle Tom and "an agent." When Pratt reappeared in the living room, the white guests pretended not to notice.

Not long after the cocktail party began, an unexpected guest dropped in. It was author and Merry Prankster Ken Kesey, who hung around the fringes of the Stanford scene. Oblivious to the Panthers, Kesey, his eyes cloudy with drugs and an out-of-plumb smile on his face, said that he had come because he had heard that a great French writer was there, and since he was a great writer, too, it seemed a good thing that they should meet.

The guests sensed that a portentous moment was approaching as Sartre's Saint Genet, *déraciné* homosexual outlaw, and Tom Wolfe's Saint Kesey, picaresque hero of the acid test, shook hands. In what seemed an act of semiotics, Kesey flashed a smile that showed that one of his front teeth had a cap in the form of an American flag. Genet, self-conscious because of his own chipped and discolored teeth, was delighted by the desecration and laughed out loud. Kesey pointed down at his feet. "I'm wearing green socks," he said with a beatific look on his face. Genet frowned uncomprehendingly as Kesey kept on talking: "Green socks. Can you dig it? Green socks. They're heavy, man, very heavy." Trying to keep up, the interpreter rendered the remarks literally: "*Les chaussettes vertes. Elles sont très, très lourdes.*" Genet looked down at Kesey's feet with the beginnings of sympathy. But before he could commiserate with him over the fact that he had somehow been condemned to wear heavy green objects around his ankles, Kesey's attention had lurched off in another direction. Pointing at the Black Panthers, he said to Genet, "You know what? I feel like playing basketball. There's noth-

ing better than playing basketball with Negroes. I could go for a little one on one with some of these Negroes right now."

So taken aback by the boyish innocence of Kesey's manner that they momentarily failed to grasp the implications of his words, the Panthers stared at him. Then one of them moved forward threateningly. David Hilliard stopped him: "Stay cool, man. This motherfucker is crazy, and we're getting the fuck out of here."

The Panthers left, pulling Genet along with them. The diminutive Frenchman turned and glanced at Kesey, shrugging slightly as if to indicate that left to his own devices, he would just as soon stay with him and exchange bizarre comments through a translator. Kesey watched him go. "Wonder what's wrong with those Negroes," he asked as the entourage moved away. "Don't they like basketball? I thought Negroes *loved* basketball."

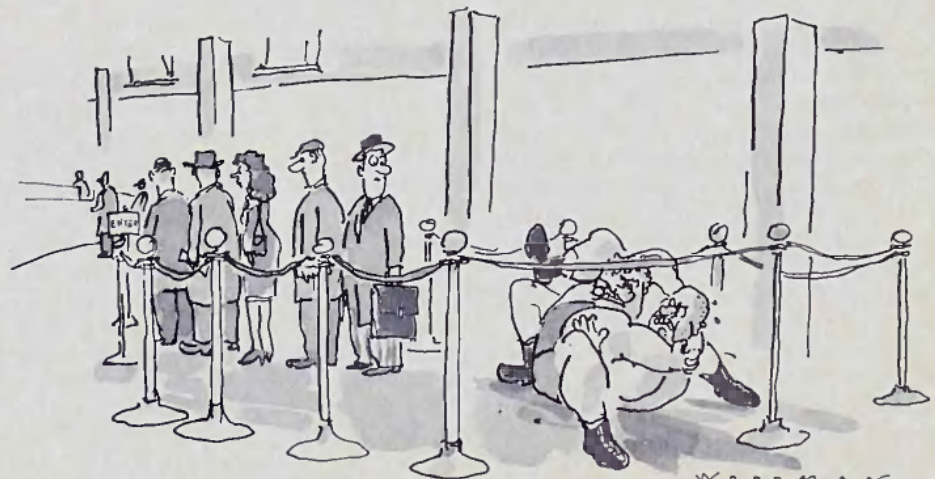
In another era, this would have been seen simply as an odd moment—two men from different worlds trying to communicate across a vast cultural divide. In the Sixties, however, such an event was routinely regarded as an epiphany. We were fond of this term in the Sixties, because it tended to elevate the commonplace and infuse a sense of portent into situations whose *heaviness*, like that of Ken Kesey's socks, was not otherwise discernible to the inquiring eye. The Sixties were a time when every man was his own apocalyptic, when everyone in America seemed to have exhaled in unison to help inflate the era to epic size. Revolution, cosmic consciousness and other grandiose goals always seemed just an arm's length away. Although separate in other ways, political radicals and counterculturalists believed

together that the millennium was at hand and just one small push was needed to pierce the last remaining membrane—of civility, bourgeois consciousness, capitalism, sexual uptightness or whatever other impediment prevented them from breaking on through to the other side.

From its earliest battle cry—"Never trust anyone over 30"—until the end of its brief strut on the stage of national attention, the Sixties generation saw itself as a scouting party for a new and better world. It was the master of ceremonies presenting a "cultural revolution" that would release the nation from the prison of linear thought. It was the social horticulturalist whose "greening of America" would allow the long-stalled postindustrialist age finally to break through the crust of the Puritan past. It was the avenging angel that would destroy the evil empire of "Amerika" and free the captive peoples of color around the world. The Sixties generation had created a new age, the Age of Aquarius, whose kingdom was surely at hand.

It was an era in which the ordinary was special. For those of us who lived through the Sixties (and we were editors of *Ramparts*, the New Left magazine), it was an era filled with moments such as that meeting between Genet and Kesey, moments stuck in the memory like a gallery of still photographs: Joan Baez singing *Blowin' in the Wind* as free-speech protesters filed into a Berkeley hall before being hauled away in the first mass arrest; Allen Ginsberg chanting mantras before a Vietnam-protest march and gentling the Hell's Angels in attendance; Hunter Thompson stopping by the office of *Ramparts* with a duffel bag filled with pills that our mascot, Henry Luce, munched on before being rushed to the vet; Jane Fonda returning from India after breaking up with Roger Vadim, saying she was afraid the Sixties were passing her by and could we help her, please, become a leftist?

It is little wonder that people who lived through the Sixties, or who felt the nostalgia for it that such films as *The Big Chill*



conveyed, regard this decade as the last good time. The images that remain are of youth—kids arriving in buses from all over America to converge on Haight-Ashbury, kids sharing their dope and bodies with newcomers who dropped into their communes, kids with pictures of outlaw heroes such as Bonnie and Clyde on their walls. It was a time of eternal youth when even adults acted like kids.

That was the problem: In the Sixties, we never grew up, becoming instead addicted to irresponsibility and freedom from constraint. Has any other generation ever been so successful in promoting its claims of Utopia? Looking at the era two decades later, we see only an image reflected in the glass of Sixties narcissism. We are assured that it was the best of times and the worst of times; a time of great idealism populated by individuals who wanted nothing more than to give peace a chance; a time when dewy-eyed young people in the throes of moral passion sought only to remake the world. Were they driven to extreme remedies? It was because that world was governed by cruel power. Did they burn out quickly? It was because a dark world needed their glorious light.

The reality, of course, was less exalted. If not quite the low, dishonest decade of the Thirties, the Sixties was nonetheless a time when what began as American mischief matured into real destructiveness. It was a time when a gang of ghetto thugs such as the Black Panthers could be anointed as political visionaries; when Merry Pranksters of all stripes went into business as social evangelists spreading a chemical Gospel.

If God had died in the Fifties, the victim in the Sixties was the "system," that collection of inherited values and assumptions that provides guidelines for the individual and the nation. As one center of authority after another was discredited under our assault, we convinced ourselves that we murdered to create. But what we proposed to put in the place of destroyed authority—a new social order, a new system of human relationships—turned out to be dangerous Utopias infected with banality and totalitarian passion.

Nor did the baleful influences unleashed by this mischief remain quarantined in the decade itself. History doesn't work that way. Our own time remains trapped in the half-life of the Sixties. An epidemic of drug abuse and violent crime, a new poverty, a national weakness and confusion of purpose—these problems, more than hope and idealism, are the real legacy of the Sixties. To a remarkable and depressing extent, the way we were then continues to determine the way we are now.

During the Sixties, we became a culture of splinter groups, people who identified themselves according to ethnicity, gender, special interests—a galaxy of minorities, united only by a sensibility that regarded society at large as an enemy. Within the

culture the Sixties created, these minorities exist in perpetual adversarial relationship to America, inspired by assumptions about its malign intent learned from the symbiosis between the black revolution and the war in Vietnam. This factionalization and division, this suspicion about our home ground is the enduring legacy of the Sixties.

Liberation was the watchword of the Sixties. Where did it lead us? The AIDS epidemic that now threatens a greater death toll than the war in Vietnam suggests one answer to this question. Basking in the reflected glow of the Sixties, gays established their own liberated zone and pursued an ideal of liberated sex for more than a decade. Their bathhouses became institutional symbols and political organizing halls, as well as the sexual gymnasiums of the gay movement. They also came to resemble Petri dishes culturing the dangerous diseases that began to afflict the gay community.

Public-health officials in San Francisco, Los Angeles and New York watched with alarm as a succession of venereal epidemics swept through those communities. In the past, public action would have been taken; this time, there was no action. The liberated gay culture was doing its thing. Public-health officials were too intimidated to speak out, lest they trespass against a "minority lifestyle."

Even after AIDS appeared at the beginning of the Eighties, the situation did not change. In San Francisco, gay activists and their liberal allies in the political machine that controls the city prevented action to close the bathhouses and obscured life-and-death matters with fusty Sixties rhetoric about "pink triangles" and "final solutions." The political establishment caved in to this rhetoric and, during the crucial year when the virus first spread, stalled on warnings that would have educated the public about the sexual transmission of the disease (a fact then denied by many gay activists). Gay leaders and the public-health officials they so easily cowed refused to pursue strategies that might have slowed or even isolated the epidemic for fear of infringing on the liberated lifestyle. With true Sixties gall, they indicted the Government as homophobic for not providing more money for AIDS research. It is now too late for the public-health measures that are a community's first line of defense against a virulent epidemic. The AIDS virus is in place and has infected three quarters of San Francisco's gay men.

The same lesson about liberation can be learned from social epidemics. The unprecedented increase in violent crime that has infected America over the past two decades is an example. The Sixties defined itself by its efforts to delegitimize the police as an "army of occupation" while also celebrating crime in the form of existential rebellion and the outlaw as a perceptive social critic. There was a numbing barrage against what was derided as law and order

seen in slogans such as "Off the pigs," in the insistence that all prisoners were political prisoners and in the romanticization of murderers such as George Jackson, who deserved to be locked deeper in the prison system rather than becoming international symbols of American injustice.

The Sixties raised incalculably what we now regard as an acceptable level of violence and menace in our workaday existence. Once again, however, the most prominent victims were the intended beneficiaries of this liberation—the black communities of the inner cities, whose members watch helplessly as crime tears their lives apart. But the social theorists and Sixties-nostalgia artists are as uncaring as they were for those they delivered into the hands of the Communists in Vietnam.

Finally, there is the Eighties drug epidemic, the end product of Sixties consciousness expansion. For people such as Ken Kesey and Timothy Leary, drugs were the weapons of a folk revolution, a democratization of the sublime, America in Wonderland. For the political radicals, drugs were a short cut to potentially revolutionary alienation and a repudiation of the social mainstream. In 1969, during the People's Park uprising in Berkeley, Tom Hayden participated in drawing up the Berkeley Liberation Program, which, among other things, recognized "the right of people to use those drugs that are known from experience to be harmful." Before, drugs had been quarantined in the social underground; now they were part of an individual's bill of rights. This moral imbecility stood out even in the Sixties theater of the absurd. Yet the political ethos behind it survives to this day. Thus, *The Nation*, a leftist publication, recently condemned Reagan's antidrug politics as "an ideological mobilization, like the war against communism. . . . With its redolence of racism . . . its anti-Third World and anti-1960s overtones."

New decades rarely start on time. The election of John Kennedy, however, was such a calculated attempt to break with the past, substituting youth for Eisenhower's age and "vigor" for the old President's evident exhaustion with the ambiguities of the postwar world, that 1960 seemed like a watershed moment. Kennedy did lend the office an existential *brío*, but his 1000 days were spent playing out the themes of the Fifties. What we think of as the Sixties—that historical interlude that would have such a distinctive style and tone—really began the day the assassin went to Dallas. The "lone crazed gunman," a specter that would haunt the era, had been loosed. J.F.K. became a melancholy ghost rattling his chains for the rest of the decade—a symbol first of its betrayed promise and eventually of its corrupted innocence.

Even during his three years in office, Kennedy had been a bystander of the most crucial event of the beginning of the

decade. This was the civil rights movement, which opened America to its black outcasts. The summary moment of the civil rights movement came three months before Kennedy's death, when Martin Luther King, Jr., stood in front of the Lincoln Memorial and delivered his "I have a dream" speech. It seemed at the time that the speech might have set the tone for the Sixties. What was surprising about King's movement, however, was not how quickly it arrived (it was pre-eminently a movement of the Fifties) but how quickly it passed.

By 1965, when the "high" Sixties was in gear, King was on the defensive, under attack by a new radical generation. With Stokely Carmichael as their representative figure, black militants rejected nonviolence and social integration, calling instead for "black power." They used threats of violence to exclude traditional civil rights leaders such as Roy Wilkins and Whitney Young from their protest and put pressure on King himself. The torching of the urban ghettos, beginning with Watts in 1965, provided the light by which the black-power movement wrote a violent and chaotic epilog to King's history of decency and courage.

King continued to speak, before diminishing audiences, about peaceful and creative change, about building a movement of love and hope. The black activists opposed to him rode his coattails at the same time they were privately deriding him as "Uncle Martin" and "de Lawd." In a gesture characteristic of the nihilism that was coming to be the most typical feature of Sixties politics, they made it clear that they wanted no part of King's American dream. They were not interested in being integrated into the system, which they had decided was irredeemably racist and wanted only to bring to its knees. King talked about brotherhood; Carmichael preached the doctrine that blacks were a "colony" and called for "national liberation" from America itself.

The guerrilla army of this liberation was to be the Black Panthers. While King had enriched the national dialog on race and civil rights, the Panthers completed the debasement of political language and process with totalitarian slogans such as "Off the pigs," "Power grows out of the barrel of a gun" and "you're either part of the solution or part of the problem." As investigations revealed later, they were killing one another to resolve their internal struggles for power at the same time they were using rhetoric to titillate whites enamored of "revolutionary violence."

Except for the Panthers' murder of a few of their own and their gun battles with local police, black militancy was primarily talk. (In retrospect, it could be said that the only necessary implements of the Sixties were a soapbox, a megaphone and a suppository.) But even talk had practical consequences. A daunting example of the

impact that the rhetoric of the Sixties had on policy can be seen in the way the black family—a time bomb ticking with growing ominousness today—got pushed off the political agenda.

While Carmichael, Huey Newton and others were launching a revolutionary front against the system, the Johnson Administration was contemplating a commitment to use the powers of the Federal Government to end the economic and social inequalities that still plagued American blacks. A Presidential task force under Daniel Patrick Moynihan was given a mandate to identify the obstacles preventing blacks from seizing the opportunities that had been grasped by other minority groups. About the same time as the passage of the Voting Rights Act of 1965, Moynihan published findings that emphasized the central importance of family in shaping an individual life and noted with alarm that 21 percent of black families were headed by females. "[The] one unmistakable lesson in American history," he warned, is that a country that allows "a large number of young men to grow up in broken families, dominated by women, never acquiring any stable relationship to male authority, never acquiring any set of rational expectations about the future—that community asks for and gets chaos. Crime, violence, unrest, disorder—particularly the furious, unrestrained lashing out at the whole social structure—that is not only to be expected; it is very near to inevitable."

Moynihan proposed that the Government confront this problem as a priority, but his conclusions were bitterly attacked by the black radicals and white liberals joined in a coalition of anger and self-flagellation. The White House retreated before this onslaught and took the black family off the agenda. As Moynihan said later, "From being buoyantly open to

ideas and enterprises, [Johnson] became near contemptuous of civil rights leaders, who he now believed cared only for symbols." In his next State of the Union Address, the President devoted only 45 words to the problems confronting blacks.

It was a typical Sixties case history and outcome—rejecting real solutions in favor of demands that had been made with the knowledge that they could not be met. The consequences of this syndrome have, with time, become painfully clear. By 1980, poverty had become increasingly youthful, black, feminized and entrenched. Unwed mothers had become the norm rather than the exception in the black community.

It is a problem that the present-day apologists for the Sixties blame on the system, too. By as early as 1970, however, black families that were intact and living outside the South and in which both adults had a high school education had attained income equality with their white counterparts. These were blacks who had remained committed to the opportunity system King had embraced. But the radical leaders who had pushed King aside continued to condemn the system and counseled blacks to buy out of it so vehemently that a commitment to self-betterment almost had to be made against the grain of black life. In 1951, when America *did* have a racist system but did not have a self-anointed priesthood preaching about its evils, 8.7 percent of black teenagers (as opposed to 9.5 percent of whites) were unemployed. In 1980, after a decade and a half of Sixties rhetoric, some 38 percent of black teenagers were unemployed. Obviously, the bad-mouthing of America was not the only cause for this disastrous turn of events, but it was an instance of contributory negligence on the part of radicals. A part of the black community has made



advances since 1960. But their accomplishments are in *spite* of such Sixties figures as Stokely Carmichael, who fled to exile in Guinea after a frightening run-in with the Panthers, or Huey Newton, who has been charged with one felony after another since returning from Cuba. Their success is a reward for following King's advice to commit themselves to the American dream, while others were remaining trapped in the self-pitying victimhood so adroitly exploited by radical demagogues.

Black radicals who reviled King during his lifetime as an Uncle Tom now kneel with cynical reverence at his shrine, though they still reject his vision. Blacks still face poverty and unemployment, but chief among their disabilities are Sixties leftovers, such as Jesse Jackson, who have revived the anti-Americanism and infatuation with Third World totalitarianism exhibited by King's radical opponents 20 years ago. How would King have regarded Jackson's remarks about "Hymies" and his praise for a black extremist such as Louis Farrakhan? Probably in much the same way he regarded white demagogues in the Sixties who talked about niggers and praised white fascists in robes.

Another reason for the degradation of the civil rights movement was the willingness of its radical leaders to buy into the notion, part of the vulgar Marxism in vogue during the Sixties, that blacks were victims not only of discrimination and prejudice but of the American empire itself, of Amerika. Like other destructive ideas that fastened themselves like an exotic jungle fungus on our national self-conception, this notion came directly by way of Vietnam.

If civil rights was the central movement of the Sixties, Vietnam was the central fact. It informed the life of an entire generation. The war was such a pervasive experience that even noncombatants felt as though they had been waist-deep in rice paddies and occasionally experienced a sudden stab of fear at the swooping sound of helicopter blades. The war continues to be fought well into the Eighties, in literature and film as well as in foreign policy. Should the U.S. have gone into Vietnam? Could we have won?

To argue these questions is to become involved in battles long after the war has been lost. It is also to lose sight of the most important fact about Vietnam: It was a cultural occasion as much as a historical event. The destructive anti-Americanism that eventually came to characterize the era had been off limits, intellectually and morally, at the beginning of the decade; the Vietnam war was the justification the movement needed to cross the line.

The first antiwar protests—by those who had been part of the civil rights movement as it developed under King—were responses to what was perceived as the inhumanity of the war. But this moral dimension in the antiwar movement was

soon replaced by an irrational hatred of America and all it stood for. (The war corrupted everything—the people who protested against it as well as those who fought.) The movement soon determined that what it perceived as the lies of the U.S. Government must be fought by lies of its own. These lies ranged from the sentimental (Ho Chi Minh was simply a misunderstood nationalist, the George Washington of his country) to the strategic (North Vietnamese regular troops were not fighting in the south alongside the N.L.F.). Truth was the first casualty—in the war at home even more than in the one in Vietnam.

After it was over and movement "activists" (as the media generously called them) were looking for a way to make their revolt seem like a patriotic act, they created the myth that they had detoured into hard-line positions because that was the only way to stop the war. In fact, Vietnam, like Voltaire's God, would have had to be created if it didn't exist, because it justified the anti-Americanism that was part of the movement from its very beginning.

As the war escalated, the treason of the heart committed by the many became a treason of fact for the few. In 1969, SDS splintered into factions, the chief of which was the Weathermen. That year, the Weathermen leaders and others went to Havana to form the Venceremos Brigade. While they were there, they held discussions with the North Vietnamese and Cubans that led them to return home committed to a wave of terrorism cut short only because their high command blew itself up in a Manhattan town house.

Like other wounds suffered by Sixties radicals, this one was self-inflicted. Despite their incessant complaints of police brutality, Sixties radicals lived for the most part in a no-fault system, demanding their constitutional rights at the same time that they were denouncing the Constitution. They knew they had the option, which many of them ultimately used, of diving back into the system when they tired of being extrinsic. (For that reason, New Leftism, though discredited in politics, continues to thrive in the academic work of former radicals who returned for postgraduate degrees to the universities they had earlier tried to destroy.) It was an example of the cynicism that marked the decade—the radicals were counting on the fact that America was exactly the sort of flexible and forgiving society they were condemning it for failing to be.

Yet the war was hard to give up. Vietnam was a powerful drug. One of the self-revealing comments of the antiwar movement came when the Communists first agreed to negotiate. "We try, try, try, and then they sell us out!" was the despairing response of one radical leader. Vietnam was in our marrow. We were addicted to the sense it gave us of being invincibly correct and utterly moral—thus the feeling of emptiness that came over the

Sixties generation when the withdrawal from the war began.

By the time the last U.S. personnel had ingloriously left, Sixties radicals were already searching for new connections (in Africa and Central America) that would restore the high they had lost. They turned their backs on Vietnam. Their moral outrage did not come into play when Hanoi took over in the south. The only "lessons" of Vietnam that interested them were those that confirmed American guilt. They weren't interested in the curriculum involving Communist genocide in Cambodia or the imperialism of Hanoi. Their moral amnesia allowed them to ignore the fact that more Indo-Chinese died in the first two years of the Communist peace than had been killed in a decade of the anti-Communist war.

At the same time that they ignored these realities, the Sixties radicals were making sure that the war, or at least their version of it, would linger in the nation's consciousness. Just as the Sixties had been dominated by the *fact* of Vietnam, so the postwar era has been dominated by the Vietnam metaphor. Until the Sixties, the dominant political image for American policy had been provided by Munich, which encapsulated the lessons of the Thirties as a warning to democracies to arm themselves against aggressors who talked about peace. But the Munich metaphor was repeatedly assaulted in the Sixties by those who claimed that it had lured us into the Southeast Asian war. In the Seventies, Munich was replaced by the metaphor of Vietnam, a concept with the opposite moral—that a vigilant democracy inevitably leads to "abuses of power" and that totalitarian Third World movements are actually manifestations of harmless nationalism.

The Vietnam metaphor dominates the politics of the Eighties as the Vietnam war did the politics of the Sixties. Whenever America even considers acting in its self-defense, opponents of such action merely invoke the specter of Vietnam. "Another Vietnam" is a curse on action whose effect no American political leader has yet been able to exorcise. Less an argument than an incantation, it has become an irresistible pressure for passivity, isolationism and appeasement.

The current battle cry "No Vietnam in Central America" is the Vietnam metaphor in action. The slogan smothers all distinctions of time and place that separate these conflicts and define their individual meanings. Playing on fears of another quagmire that would engulf this country, this slogan becomes a persuasion to do nothing about the expanding Soviet threat. For nostalgic radicals, however, it is an unfulfilled wish. These people are like Japanese soldiers wandering in a cerebral jungle, unwilling to admit that the war is over. They really *want* another Vietnam—another cultural upheaval; another defeat for the U.S.; another drama of

moral self-inflation; another orgy of guilt and recrimination: a reprise, in short, of the Sixties.

In the Vietnam metaphor, we have the tunnel at the end of the light.

While the nihilism that was part of the Sixties' advertisement for itself makes it tempting to blame the decade for everything that has gone wrong since, to leave such an impression would, of course, be uncharitable and untrue. There is a sense in which it *was* the best of times. There was an expansion of consciousness, of social space, of tolerance and of experience itself. It *was* exciting to be alive, to find oneself swimming in the rush of history's stream of consciousness. But while the beauty of the Sixties was that it was a decade of youth, its defect was an inability to grow up. It was constitutionally unable to see the other side of the ledger, condemned to ignore the fact that there are equal and opposite reactions in society as well as physics, social costs for social acts.

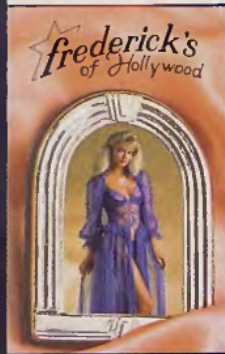
In the end, the works of Lennon decipher the truth of the era in a way that the works of Lenin, who enjoyed a brief but depressing vogue among radicals of the day, did not: "You say you want a revolution? / Well, you know / We all want to change the world. . . . / You say you got a real solution? / Well, you know / We'd all love to see the plan." But when all the posturing and self-dramatization were over, there was no plan, no idea about how to replace what had been destroyed.

Schizophrenic to its core, the era was never clear whether its primary identity was that of creator or destroyer. Its ambivalence was suggested by the two groups that dominated the popular music that was the great, perhaps the only real artistic achievement of the time. Was the inner voice of the Sixties that of the Beatles, innocent minstrels on a "magical mystery tour"? Or of the Rolling Stones, the vandals presiding at its "beggar's banquet"?

For a while, these groups reigned jointly over popular culture, expressing the audacious delusion of the Sixties that it was beyond consequences, beyond good and evil, able to have it all. It was possible to assault the cops by word and deed but also be safe on the streets, to reject authority and yet live coherently, to be an outlaw culture and yet a humane and harmoniously ordered one.

Listening to the Beatles and the Stones, Sixties rebels registered these ideas with growing grandiosity, believing they had gone from counterculture to counternation once they planted the flag of discovery at Woodstock. A place consecrated by love, holy to the Sixties in the way the Paris Commune was to the Marxist tradition, Woodstock institutionalized the right to live outside the rules. Unlike the doomed inhabitants of Amerika, the citizens of this new nation could have joyous copulation, access to illegal drugs. If the drugs caused bad trips or the sex carried disease, the

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immigrants of Woodstock were there to care for their own.

But the Woodstock Nation was an illusion as ungrounded in reality as the hallucinations induced by the LSD that was its national chemical. A few months after its founding, the decade began to draw toward its apocalyptic close. As a portent of things to come, the Beatles were breaking up. The title song of their last album might be taken as a recognition of the destructiveness of the Sixties crusade against the established order: *Let It Be*. The Rolling Stones answered this act of contrition with the title song of their album: *Let It Bleed*. Then came Altamont, the *Krystallnacht* of the Woodstock Nation. At Altamont, the gentlefolk of Woodstock met the Hell's Angels—not only criminals but suppliers of the drugs that were destroying the new nation from within. After the Stones had sung *Sympathy for the Devil*, a black man lunged near the stage with a gun in his hand and was beaten to death in front of everyone by the Angels. Devils and Angels: It all came together and came apart.

Appalled at what had happened and at the mayhem that ensued, Mick Jagger saw that the Sixties were over. It was time to go back to the dressing room, time to stop posturing as one of the "satanic majesties" of an era, time to grow up and simply become part of the rock scene again.

All of us had to do the same thing—learn to live with adulthood. And so the Sixties has faded into gauzy memory—the good old days when we were all so bad, a time of limitless possibilities and wild dreams made all the brighter by the somber and complex world that succeeded it. This is the paradoxical reason for the Sixties' growing appeal: It created the tawdry world that we now measure and find wanting by comparison with it.

There is truth in the nostalgia. It is the *memory* of the era that is false. The Pandora's box the Sixties opened is still unclosed; the malign influences released then still plague us today. The Sixties are the green socks around our ankles: heavy, man, very heavy.



"In the final movement, the mood abruptly changes from despair to joy as the composer is awarded a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts."

HAIL THE LIGHT

(continued from page 90)

The bashers can correctly ridicule a brainless philosophy like "Don't trust anyone over 30," but the song of the Sixties was also "No war toys," and I'd hate to lose that baby with the bath water of triviality. One truth remains: You judge, at your peril, an entire decade and its activists by the worst of its adherents. All but those who have a secret agenda for making us ashamed of our past understand that a time and a movement are evaluated on the basis of the *best*, not the dumbest.

Nothin' happened in the Sixties? You really think comedians like Sam Kinnison and Richard Pryor and Eddie Murphy and Robin Williams and Franklin Ajaye and "Bobcat" Goldthwaite would be working the material they're laying down in comedy clubs and on HBO if there hadn't been shrapnel catchers like Lenny Bruce, George Carlin, Mort Sahl, the Firesign Theater, the Smothers Brothers and Harry Shearer and David L. Lander with the Credibility Gap? Remember, if you will: Monty Python got going in the Sixties. If it hadn't been for jokers like Lenny, Elaine Boosler wouldn't be telling us today that she's picking up CB messages on her IUD; we'd still be picking bits of old Bob Hope routines out of our teeth, and spuds like Buddy Hackett would still be running loose instead of being institutionalized in Vegas lounges.

In the pre-social-consciousness days of Disneyland, kids with long hair were forbidden entrance to the Magic Kingdom, and, some say, those who jammed their hair up under caps and slipped through often found themselves patted down for funny stuff by the security staff. By the end of the Sixties, rock bands had replaced Grinning Young American groups in Walt's domain, and attempts to prevent same-sex dancing were later knocked back so fast it made Tinker Bell's tummy ache.

In 1961, the first real awareness that television was turning us into a nation of functional illiterates, that it wasn't universally a swell thing, was voiced by FCC Chairman Newton N. Minow, who told a National Association of Broadcasters convention, "I invite you to sit down in front of your television set when your station goes on the air *and stay there*. You will see a vast wasteland—a procession of game shows, violence, audience-participation shows, formula comedies about totally unbelievable families . . . blood and thunder . . . mayhem . . . sadism, murder . . . private eyes, more violence, and cartoons . . . and, endlessly, commercials—many screaming, cajoling and offending. . ."

Did that have an effect on us here in the Eighties?

The networks didn't hear the song

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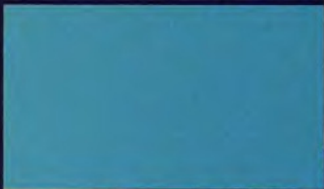
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Minow was singing; and today they've lost almost half their audience. As Santayana told us, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." The bashers of the Sixties, for their own reasons, want us to forget the Sixties—perhaps because the strengths that emerged from that time are counterproductive to their ends here in the Eighties.

Nothin' happened in the Sixties? The rise of black consciousness, black pride, opening channels for all the black versions of Albert Einstein and Marie Curie and William Faulkner who had been denied to us for 200 years. The rise of the feminist movement, for all its *Bitch Manifestos* and bra burnings, unleashed a tsunami of cultural change by that half of our population previously kept barefoot and pregnant.

We got:

Credit cards and credit banking; oral contraceptives that demolished thousands of years of male fiat as to who would get screwed and by whom; space-program technology that gave us not only desktop computers and weather and communications satellites but popularized Tang and Teflon coating for pans. (OK, so not everything was laudable.)

Producer Edward Lewis broke the Hol-

lywood blacklist by defying the conspiracy of silence and hired Dalton Trumbo to write *Spartacus*... and gave him credit on screen.

A fascination for the youth culture that has remained undimmed, prompted by the thorough domination of rock 'n' roll, the Beatles and their haircuts, Mod fashions and total cross-country mobility. And all because the baby boomers' demographic bulge swelled into late adolescence and young adulthood. This does not mean I can listen to the Beastie Boys or Prince. But then, that, too, shall pass.

On the plus side, we got Ralph Nader. How many of you out there are alive today because of his *kvetching* about auto safety, which resulted in the redesigning of cars, the installation of seat belts, frequent recalls of death traps and consumer protection laws? Truth in packaging. Truth in lending. Childproof caps on cleansers, drugs, paint thinners. On the minus side, we got terrorism and skyjacking.

All through the Forties and Fifties, we were told that rampant urban development was *progress*! Pave it over, tear it down, plow it under. In the Sixties, we learned that we are all part of the planetary chain—remember *The Whole Earth Catalog* and Frank Herbert's *Dune* and Denis Hayes's founding Earth Day?—and

a magical environmental awareness blossomed. The EPA was created in 1970, the same time America celebrated that first Earth Day.

But by 1966, the Department of the Interior—operating from a saner philosophy of life than that offered by our recently deposed sweetie James Watt, who told us it didn't matter if he sold off the forests for McDonald's packaging, because the apocalypse is coming and we won't be here to enjoy them, anyway—had already gotten the rare-and-endangered-species list to Congress, and in 1966, that act was passed. Millions of acres of land were purchased by the Government for parks and preservation. Tough smog standards were clamped on a heretofore-unchecked heavy industry still trying to convince us (as Coolidge had said) that "the chief business of the American people is business." Leading the environmental movement was the state of California, with higher emissions standards than anywhere else in the nation. From the land of the flower children, the Sixties bashers seem to forget, came the desire to breathe more healthily.

In the Sixties, women got "equal pay for equal work" from the 1963 Congress; the beginnings of success in sexual-harassment lawsuits; the National Organization for Women, founded by Betty Friedan; the removal of "women's menus," sans prices; the topless bathing suit, introduced by Rudi Gernreich, which led to a general abandonment by young women of brasieres staved with metal that produced breast cancer; and, by 1969, panty hose to replace girdles, garter belts and nylons, unless one chose to use them in the privacy of the sexual arena. Martina Navratilova would not today be a millionaire several times over had not Billie Jean King perceived that whipping the crap out of Bobby Riggs was an object lesson for the sons of *machismo*, and not just a cheap show filled with megabucks.

Nothin' happened in the Sixties, O my bashers?

Well, howzabout in addition to the Civil Rights Act of 1964, we got the *Gideon* decision in 1963, providing legal counsel for indigent defendants, and *Miranda* in 1966, ensuring a suspect's right to remain silent, right to have an attorney present during questioning, right to have his brains left unscrambled by cops straight out of a Spillane novel? Don't say it has nothing to do with the Eighties: In addition to turning arresting officers into crybabies because they can't use the truncheon as freely as they might wish, *Miranda* has made the writing of cop shows on TV much harder. They actually have to resemble the real world now. Sure.

The first community for older citizens, Del Webb's Sun City, opened outside Phoenix, 1960. L.B.J. signed the first Medicare bill, 1965. The Gray Panthers were founded, 1970. That's what the old folks got from the Sixties. And homosexuals



"I've got him! Now you hit him with the rock!"

fought back in the late Sixties, chiefly as a result of the constant police harassment of the Stonewall Inn, a gay bar in New York; that led directly to the formation of gay rights groups, lobbies, newspapers, a forceful movement. Now, that may not be a very positive result of the Sixties sensibility, in the view of the bashers; but as one who had a good friend, one of the best men and best editors I've ever known, blow his brains out because he'd been driven nuts living in the closet most of his life, I submit that the freedom of choice championed in that 13-year decade has resulted in hundreds of thousands of decent men and women's being able to live in the Eighties in a somewhat saner atmosphere, Jerry Falwell and his "wrath of God" interpretation of AIDS notwithstanding.

Now we're on a roll. Kids became a subject of concern in the Sixties. Not just leaving the tots to the tender mercies of parents who used them as cheap labor and whipping posts but beginning to consider them as *people*, with rights. In 1969, they got *Sesame Street*. Prayer was banned in schools in 1963. Traditional restrictive images of little boys and little girls, and what was acceptable for a boy or girl to aspire to, were thrown up for grabs. Anti-child-brutality laws became a prime concern of city and Federal courts.

You want to talk responsibility? Consider something as trivial as celebrity. Apart from those who, in any era, would be frivolous dips even if we were sloughing through a nuclear winter, in the Forties and Fifties, the social involvement of celebrities was largely manifested by their narking on one another in front of the House Un-American Activities Committee or Tail Gunner Joe's All-Purpose CommieSymp Inquisition. In the Sixties, we saw a dawning awareness of the power of celebrity, coupled with a sense of personal worth and responsibility on the part of showbiz personalities and sports heroes. Muhammad Ali laid it all on the line rather than serve in a war he felt was wrong, a war he had the nerve, the gall, the *chutzpah* to point out was dedicated to killing his people and people *like* his people. He was busted, jailed and stripped of his title. And some schmucks were so dopey on John Wayne-ism that they suggested he was *afraid* to go. Tell that to Joe Frazier.

The faces we knew from the covers of the *National Enquirer* and *TV Guide* were the faces we saw in daily newscasts, marching through Alabama under the gun sights of rednecks and state troopers, being *schlepped* across the pavement like sacks of millet during antiwar protests, working for Greenpeace and Native American rights and The Southern Poverty Law Center. Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda, Paul Newman, Joan Baez, Burt Lancaster and even Vanessa Redgrave (like her position or not) demonstrated that merely taking the gravy and giving nothing back was a

Fifties aberration.

In 1968, Paul Ehrlich founded Zero Population Growth, Inc., and for the first time a great many fast-breeding Americans learned the ultimate horror of the Malthusian theory of geometrical population increase. Pave it over, tear it down, plow it under: filing cabinets for humans, color-coded structures for cars, and brother, can you spare a maggot sandwich?

Does it all jumble, one fact over another, one event atop the next? Does it have a breathless crazy-quilt quality that leaps years and squinches history into a bewildering cube, like something burped out of a car compacter? Paraphrasing Whitman, "Do I jumble? Very well, then, I jumble. The Sixties were large; they contained multitudes." It all happened at once, so it now seems. Not a day passed that the fabric of American society did not get redraped on a general consciousness being raised from its Quasimodolike bestial slouch.

Nothin' much happened in the Sixties that influences us in the Eighties? Countries granted or claiming independence in the Sixties, with which we now have to deal as part of the universal economic chain, include: Somalia, Ghana, Upper Volta, Senegal, Nigeria, Rwanda, Syria, Algeria, Jamaica, Uganda, Malawi, Zambia, Biafra, Guyana and Botswana, not to mention the 25 others I don't need to make the point. The bashers seem unable to make any connection between the rise of black power in this country at the time, the riots, the demands for an equal share of that mythical American dream that blacks saw on television every day, and the assumption of responsibility for their own destinies of black people in far places. It took the French 13 years after America declared its independence to get the message. But then, maybe black folks ain't as slow as Professor William Shockley and Al Campanis think they are. Maybe there was one of those sudden biological leaps in intellect; after all, *Amos 'n' Andy* had been pulled from syndication in 1965, and there's no telling what *that* did for universal black intelligence. It certainly did a lot for blacks' self-image.

Even our obese citizens benefited from the Sixties: Weight Watchers was founded in 1963—the year that gourmets realized Hydrox were better than Oreos.

We came to learn in the Sixties that one person *could* make a difference: Mario Savio's stand in defense of free speech began campus unrest at UC Berkeley in 1964 and culminated in the Kent State massacre of 1970, thereby bringing to full, hideous circle an object lesson we needed desperately to learn, that the cost of civil disobedience in the service of the commonweal can end up being tragically more than a failing grade in civics; Martin Luther King, Jr., dedicated, and finally gave up, his life that part of a nation might see out of the eyes of the other part; Rachel Carson almost singlehandedly raised the

alarm that we were killing the earth beneath our feet, alerting a generation to its responsibility to something as arcane as a planet; John Kennedy, for good or bad the youngest President we ever elected, killed antipapist bigotry where the highest office in the land was concerned and brought to his constituency a love of literature and the arts that not even Reagan can wholly flense from our priorities, try though he may; Ralph Nader went at the corporations again and again, like some mad Quixote, till they clapped their hands over their ears and screamed, "Enough already! We'll make it safer, cheaper, better, saner!" Those were the positive icons. We had, as well, the classic Jungian archetype of the trickster—madcaps like Ken Kesey and Hunter Thompson and Paul Krassner and loony Abbie and that nameless vigilante who called himself The Fox and appeared in bright sunlight to dump garbage in the pristine lobbies of Dow Chemical Company and the Rand Corporation, to bring the public's displeasure with war games to the very doorsteps of the sightless masters on far glass mountaintops.

And we had our negative images. Men and women who gave us pause at the depth and inventiveness of their ability to make the world a drearier, deadlier place: Charles Manson, Anita Bryant, Mayor Richard Daley, Spiro Agnew, John Mitchell, Lieutenant William L. Calley, Jr., the mad bombers of the Weathermen, Lee Harvey Oswald, Jack Ruby, James Earl Ray, Judge Julius Hoffman. Forget their names. They made us feel bad, and many of them are, thankfully, now worm food. They were that part of the learning experience of the Sixties that produced in us the occasional unworthy thought that maybe we ought to simply pack it in and let the cockroaches take over the ball game. But they had their place: They showed us what we'd be like if we continued to operate off the status quo.

The jumble coalesces. The great Bayeux tapestry of the Sixties, from J.F.K.'s joyous Inauguration to Nixon's ignominious fall from power, solidifies into one unseamed memory. The good times and the bad times, the rivers of blood and the brave winds of change. All the names that mostly mean nothing to high school kids today, as distant and chill as the Norman Conquest. But definitely not the revisionist horse pucky of the bashers.

Is the current prevalence of reactionary attitudes a product of the baby boomers' hardening of the liberal arteries? Where has all the passion gone? What happened to the great starts made in the Sixties, now backslid with erosion of civil rights, feminist imperatives, environmental concerns, humanistic philosophies?

Even *Rolling Stone* has sold out. Consider its recent ad campaign. A ten-page, slick-paper explication of the magazine's stance as a journal oh, so *au courant* announced, "If your idea of a *Rolling Stone*

reader looks like a holdout from the Sixties, welcome to the Eighties." On the left we see a hippie in jeans and Mexican wedding shirt, festooned with love beads, an elephant-hair bracelet on his wrist, auburn locks fit for a Biblical prophet hanging to his elbows, the beatific look only enhanced by the beard and the poached-egg eyes. Above the photo is the single word PERCEPTION. On the facing page is the photo of a gently smiling, self-assured, clean-shaven, neatly coiffed Yuppie in linen slacks, pin-stripe buttondown shirt, loose-fitting Giorgio Armani jacket and a look of such consummate smugness that we know with the certainty of those who were never invited to pledge his frat that this demographic rep of the 18-34 wedge is wondering whether there'll be a ticket on the windshield of his Porsche when he gets finished with this photo sitting. Over his head is the word REALITY.

On succeeding spreads, we get as PERCEPTION the Day-Glo-painted hippie VW bus and as REALITY that smirking Yuppie's burgundy-toned, mag-wheeled import with the rear-deck spoiler and the back seat only Billy Barty could love; you get the idea. The final spread for PERCEPTION is that weary disappointment George McGovern, arms outspread as he makes his speech, his hands open and a trifle pathetically imploring; on the right (oh, yeah, on the right) we done got the REALITY: Ronald Reagan, a grin as wide and as deep as the Cayman Trench, arms lifted and thumbs up in his best Gipperwin gesture.

All that this little appeal to *Miami Vice* *manqués* lacks is a left-hand shot of backyard-grown marijuana PERCEPTION with a dozen fat lines on glass of the best unstepped Peruvian nose candy as REALITY.

What a sorry pass it all seems to have come to. Technology pioneered in the Sixties to better our condition of life has been co-opted by the recidivist Eighties not only to abet the Me Decade selfishness and lethargy of an increasingly conscience-dulled electorate—pocket calculators, so no one has to be able to add or subtract; digital watches, so no one has to figure out what it means when Mickey's big hand is over his head and his little hand is in his crotch; cable TV and video cassettes, so no one has to read a book that ain't interactive or a newspaper that doesn't sport a headline informing us that "300-POUND MOTHER TRADES TWINS FOR COOKIES"—but that same technology has totemized the post-Me Decade sensibility. It has given the semiliterate, smug know-nothing a cachet. To rely entirely on the purchasable gadget is the mark of Homo superior. And since the President himself is all style and no content, a man who may not be a know-nothing but who doesn't seem to know what he knows, or when he did or didn't know it, that cachet looms large as reflected in the top man of the U.S.

How did it happen? No big secret. No codex needed to fathom it. Activists got

weary after 13 years on the barricades. Took a breather. The whole country took a breather. Out went Nixon, and we thought we'd bought some surcease. But, as we keep forgetting, the price of freedom is eternal vigilance; and in that vacuum of power, with the balm hum of Gerald Ford's motor in neutral, Torquemada returned with Reagan, Meese, Schlafly, Watt, Falwell, Ollie North and all that little gang of knuckle-brushing shamblers from the 15th Century. We snoozed a few years too long.

Now we have the sorry spectacle of that Brightest Hope for the Future, the young of this nation, littering in a way that would have been unthinkable in the Sixties, spazzing out for the benefit of MTV exploiters during spring break in Fort Lauderdale and Palm Springs, coming out of school only slaving to work in airless cubicles for a corporate pension; we have Ramboism, vigilantism, racism redux, Bernhard Goetz as Zorro, inhumane TV interviews with people saying of murderers who've drawn life sentences, "He should oughtta burn in hell forever"; we have millions gulled in every aspect of their lives by televangelists who tell them that everything they do is wrong or dirty, movies geared to the mentality of a 12-year-old (a retarded 12-year-old); and we have the bashers of the Sixties. A decade, we are told, not worthy of our respect.

There is a scene in *The Big Chill*, written by Lawrence Kasdan and Barbara Benedek, a famous dinner scene that is the perfect example of Newspeak about the Sixties. In that scene, we have seven characters who have gathered to attend the funeral of one of their Sixties group. The time is more or less today. The seven are Sam, a successful TV actor known for his popular *Magnum*-like series; Sarah, a successful doctor; Michael, a successful *People*-style gossip journalist; Nick, a successful drug dealer; Harold, a successful manufacturer of running shoes; Meg, a successful lawyer; and Karen, a successful suburban wife and mother.

At the funeral, a disingenuous Pecksniffian minister who didn't even know Alex, the dear departed, lays down the first paradiddle of the song of revisionism sung by the Eighties about the Sixties: "a brilliant physics student at the University of Michigan who, paradoxically, chose to turn his back on science and taste of life through a seemingly random series of occupations."

Let us rewrite history through the innocent medium of the nostalgic movie. Let us dismiss the symbols and the reality will scintillate into nothingness, for the oxen are slow, but the earth is patient. And memory fades. And youth knows not.

They sit at the dinner table, these seven (and Alex' "now" generation girlfriend, a model of pragmatic sensibility and sweetness, not a mean bone in her body, but also not a passionate one, either), remembering what Harold had said at the serv-

ice: "Alex drew us together from the beginning; now he brings us together again." Alex as symbol of the Sixties. Time gone by, and the bashers have told us that friendships were transitory, so we know it now by these seven; they have grown apart. Alex as symbol of the fruitless Sixties—lost hope, misspent life, protracted irresponsibility, frustration, self-loathing, suicide.

The song Karen played at the funeral: the Stones' *You Can't Always Get What You Want*.

And here is the dialog:

The doctor: "I feel I was at my best when I was with you people."

The TV star: "When I lost touch with this group, I lost my idea of what I should be."

The journalist: "There was something in me then that . . . made me want to go to Harlem and teach those ghetto kids."

The lawyer: "And I was going to help the scum, as I so compassionately refer to them now."

The doctor: "I hate to think that it was all just fashion . . . our commitment."

The lawyer: "Sometimes I think I've put that time down, pretended it wasn't real, so I could live with how I am now."

And the running-shoe magnate sums it up: "We were great then and we're shit now?"

How sad if Larry Kasdan and Barbara Benedek really believe that ready-made tract for the bashers. They portray these seven "refugees from the Sixties" as cynically hollow, confused, ambivalent, duplicitous, betraying, distrusting, self-absorbed, settling for mediocrity, overly analytical but at heart simply shallow—profligates, has-beens, dopers, figures better suited to Hemingway's Lost Generation than to the activist Sixties.

But that's the bashers' view. That's the revisionism proffered by people who have settled into way-over-30 guilt at having become part of Reagan's America, the Yuppie generation, the survivors of the Me Decade. And like those who drink till they puke on your shoes at a party, they cannot stand to see those who came out of the Sixties with their souls and humanity intact not drinking. So they will ridicule sobriety. Rambo teaches us that going to war in 'Nam was somehow morally superior to staying out. Environmentalists are fuzzy-headed idiots who care more for the snail darter than they do for the sensible development of watershed land for a new shopping mall. Anybody who ain't looking out for number one is simply a wuss whom we will not see lodged in upper management.

They pose the question: Was it all just fashion?

And they reassure themselves that they've made the right choice, joined the winning side, played it smart, outgrown all that kid stuff, by answering, negatively, with the skepticism swamping Reagan right now. Like *Rolling Stone*, in for the ride when it was fashionable to follow the

dissenters (from a safe distance behind the typewriter), they try to convince us that the sexual revolution ended up in herpes and AIDS, that the creative ferment, questioning of authority and outpouring of simple concern for others lead to the Big Chill.

But we *live* with the benefits of the Sixties, the large and small treasures enumerated here. In the din of the bashing to justify personal moral flaccidity and floating ethics, they try to drown out the song the Sixties sang.

They despise themselves and what they have settled for; and so they seek to make us join their zombie death march to the nearest point of purchase.

But here are the vocals accompanying the song, remastered and digitalized, pure in their melody:

Martin Luther King, Jr.: "I have a dream. I have a dream that one day, on the red hills of Georgia, the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood. . . ."

Ronald Reagan: "If you've seen one redwood, you've seen them all."

Muhammad Ali: "I ain't got no quarrel with them Viet Congs."

Barry Goldwater: "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice . . . moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue."

Eldridge Cleaver: "You're either part of the solution or part of the problem."

Neil Armstrong: "That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind."

Richard Nixon: "I am not a crook."

Anonymous, 1965: "Save water; shower with a friend."

Bob Dylan: "Don't follow leaders; watch your parking meters."

Pogo: "We have met the enemy and he is us."

Martin again, and last, and always: "Free at last! Free at last! Thank God Almighty, I'm free at last!"

I thought I'd buy it at the age of 14, but I've done the Thirties, the Forties, the Fifties, the Seventies and most of the Eighties. And although the sky is no darker and although the friends have gone to dust and although the killers of the word are still with us, I must tell you that those who bash the Sixties out of present shame and self-loathing flummox you about a time that this country can be proud of. They are merely trying to devalue Boardwalk and Park Place so they can get you to like living in one of their hotels on Baltic or Mediterranean.

Hotels in which every room is numbered 101.

Screw 'em. The Sixties were *exactly* as good as you remember them. The Eighties suck because viewers couldn't handle *Buffalo Bill*. And God don't hear the prayer of the Swaggart.

Cup your hand behind your ear. Listen hard. The song is still being sung. Not as loud, perhaps, but just as sweet. It'll all be better in the morning, kiddo.



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"Highly competitive schedules will groom the Big East teams to survive the grueling road to the Final Four."

departed, but the Mountaineers have too much talent and tradition not to recover by season's end. West Virginia, 23-8 last season, has had seven straight 20-win years under coach Gale Catlett. Forwards Darryl Prue and Tyrone Shaw will get help from Chris Brooks, held out last season by his failure to meet the N.C.A.A.'s

S.A.T.-score requirement for incoming freshman players.

Rhode Island returns all five starters from last year's 20-10 team, a surprisingly strong showing for rookie coach Tom Penders. Guards Carlton "Silk" Owens and Tom "Chief" Garrick are one of the better backcourt tandems in the East.

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE

Playboy institutes the Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in basketball this year to recognize accomplishment both in the classroom and on the court. Nominated by their universities, the candidates are judged by the editors of *Playboy* on their collegiate scholastic and athletic achievements. The award winner attends *Playboy's* pre-season All-America Weekend, this year held at Disney World/Epcot in Orlando, Florida, receives a bronzed commemorative medallion and is included in the team photograph published in the magazine. In addition, *Playboy* awards \$5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's university.

The first Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in basketball goes to Shon Morris of Northwestern University. One of the top forwards in the nation, Morris earned Big Ten honorable mentions the past two years, while he led his team in scoring and rebounding. He never quits, no matter what the score. Morris majors in human development and social policy at Northwestern and currently carries a 3.54 average. He was a first-team Academic All-American last year.

Honorable mention: Brian Quinnett (Washington State), Mike Hess (California-Irvine), Peter White (Yale), Steve Trax (Old Dominion), Derek Rucker (Davidson), James Rhode (Idaho State), Ronnie Bellamy (North Carolina-Charlotte), Don Royster (Tulsa), Joe Calavita (Vermont), Andrew Fisher (Toledo), Gary Koterwas (Morgan State), Darin Maccoux (Dartmouth), Marc Urquhart (Iowa State), Steve Martenet (Bowling Green), Ryan Nesbit (The Citadel).

BEST FRESHMEN IN NATION

GUARDS: Lyndon Jones, 6'3" (Indiana); Michael Christian, 6'3" (Georgia Tech); LaBradford Smith, 6'3" (Louisville); Eric Manuel, 6'6" (Kentucky); Karl James, 6'3" (Nevada-Las Vegas); King Rice, 6' (North Carolina); Mark Macon, 6'5" (Temple)

FORWARDS: Sean Higgins, 6'9" (Michigan); Perry Carter, 6'8" (Ohio State); Cedric Lewis, 6'10" (Maryland); Dennis Scott, 6'7" (Georgia Tech); Byron Tucker, 6'9" (North Carolina State); Bobby Martin, 6'9" (Pittsburgh); Anthony Tucker, 6'8" (Georgetown); Dwayne Davis, 6'7" (Florida); Rick Fox, 6'7" (North Carolina)

CENTERS: Sean Muto, 6'11" (St. John's); LeRon Ellis, 6'11" (Kentucky); Elmore Spencer, 6'11" (Georgia)

OUTSTANDING JUNIOR COLLEGE TRANSFERS

GUARDS: Daron "Mookie" Blaylock, 6' (Oklahoma); Rudy Archer, 6'1" (Maryland); Greg "Boo" Harvey, 5'11", and Michael Porter, 6'1" (St. John's); Clint Rossum, 6'2" (Nevada-Las Vegas); Joey Johnson, 6'4" (Arizona State); Keenan Carpenter, 6'2" (Auburn); Richard Hollis, 6'5" (Houston)

FORWARDS: Andre Wiley, 6'5", and Tyrone Jones, 6'5" (Oklahoma); Johnny Steptoe, 6'7" (Southern University); Tony Dawson, 6'7" (Florida State)

CENTERS: Marvin Branch, 6'10" (Kansas); Brent Blair, 6'10" (Virginia)

Last season, injuries and eligibility problems plagued St. Joseph's. After posting a 26-6 record two years ago, the Hawks fell to 16-13 and were forced to fill the roster with four walk-ons by season's end. Center Rodney Blake (17.6 p.p.g.) has fully recovered from his ankle injury but is the only returning starter.

Penn State is optimistic about improving on last year's 15-12 record. All five of last season's starters return, but the more talented Atlantic Ten teams will be tough to surpass in the rankings.

Massachusetts, Rutgers, Duquesne, George Washington and St. Bonaventure all return significant percentages of last season's starting teams, but all five teams are on a par with one another and none appears likely to fight its way out of the bottom half of the conference.

BIG EAST

The Big East will continue to be one of the dominant conferences in the nation, with at least three teams having legitimate national-championship aspirations. Up-tempo offenses, aggressive full-court defenses, highly competitive schedules and excellent coaching will groom the best of the Big East teams to survive the grueling road to the Final Four.

Syracuse returns its three most talented starters from last year's team, which fell one basket short of the national championship: Sherman Douglas (17.3 p.p.g.), sophomore Derrick Coleman and *Playboy* All-America center Rony Seikaly. Coach Jim Boheim's troupe needs only to find that elusive team chemistry to win it all.

Pittsburgh has outstanding talent in *Playboy* All-America forward Charles Smith and Jerome Lane, one of the nation's leading rebounders. If Pitt can get the backcourt play it needs from Deme'treus Gore, the Panthers could be there at the end.

And then there's Georgetown. Formidable coach John Thompson will miss the scoring punch of departed Reggie Williams, but he will have the Hoyas in their usual feisty and tenacious mood. Thompson, an all-round massive presence in the basketball-coaching firmament, will have one eye on his Georgetown crew, the other on his upcoming challenge as head coach of the 1988 Olympic basketball team.

Two of the most colorful coaches in the conference—or in America, for that matter—Lou Carnesecca and Rollie Massimino, will both mold teams greater than their individual parts. Carnesecca, in his 19th year as coach at St. John's, has lost Mark Jackson and Willie Glass to the N.B.A. He'll look to forward Shelton Jones (14.6 p.p.g.) as part of the answer this year. Massimino, with the memory of Villanova's national championship dimmed by the departure of Harold Jensen and the Gary McLain *Sports Illustrated* drug exposé (in which McLain admitted that he'd played on cocaine during the 1985 N.C.A.A. championship game), has four



"Raise her ass up a minute, will ya, Chet? I have to get Sandra's coat."

PROJECTED 1988 MEN'S BASKET

AMERICAN SOUTH

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| *1. NEW ORLEANS | 5. SOUTHWESTERN |
| 2. LOUISIANA TECH | LOUISIANA |
| 3. LAMAR | 6. PAN AMERICAN |
| 4. ARKANSAS STATE | |

STANDOUTS: Ledell Eackles (New Orleans); Randy White (Louisiana Tech); James Gulley (Lamar); John Tate (Arkansas State); Randal Smith (Southwestern Louisiana).

ATLANTIC COAST

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------|
| *1. NORTH CAROLINA | *5. CLEMSON |
| *2. DUKE | *6. MARYLAND |
| *3. NORTH CAROLINA STATE | 7. VIRGINIA |
| *4. GEORGIA TECH | 8. WAKE FOREST |

STANDOUTS: J. R. Reid, Jeff Lebo (North Carolina); Danny Ferry (Duke); Charles Shackelford, Vinny Del Negro (North Carolina State); Duane Ferrell, Tom Hammonds (Georgia Tech); Grayson Marshall, Jerry Pryor (Clemson); Derrick Lewis (Maryland); John Johnson (Virginia); Sam Ivy (Wake Forest).

ATLANTIC TEN

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| *1. TEMPLE | 7. RUTGERS |
| *2. WEST VIRGINIA | 8. DUQUESNE |
| 3. RHODE ISLAND | 9. GEORGE WASHINGTON |
| 4. ST. JOSEPH'S | 10. ST. BONAVENTURE |
| 5. PENN STATE | |
| 6. MASSACHUSETTS | |

STANDOUTS: Tim Perry (Temple); Darryl Prue, Tyrone Shaw (West Virginia); Carlton Owens, Tom Garrick (Rhode Island); Rodney Blake (St. Joseph's); Tom Hovasse (Penn State); Lorenzo Sutton (Massachusetts); Brian Shanahan (Duquesne).

BIG EAST

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| *1. SYRACUSE | 6. PROVIDENCE |
| *2. PITTSBURGH | 7. SETON HALL |
| *3. GEORGETOWN | 8. CONNECTICUT |
| *4. ST. JOHN'S | 9. BOSTON COLLEGE |
| 5. VILLANOVA | |

STANDOUTS: Rony Seikaly, Derrick Coleman, Sherman Douglas (Syracuse); Charles Smith, Jerome Lane (Pittsburgh); Perry McDonald (Georgetown); Shelton Jones, Greg Harvey (St. John's); Doug West (Villanova); Delray Brooks (Providence); Mark Bryant (Seton Hall); Cliff Robinson (Connecticut); Dana Barros (Boston College).

BIG EIGHT

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| *1. OKLAHOMA | 5. IOWA STATE |
| *2. MISSOURI | 6. OKLAHOMA STATE |
| *3. KANSAS | 7. NEBRASKA |
| *4. KANSAS STATE | 8. COLORADO |

STANDOUTS: Harvey Grant, Ricky Grace (Oklahoma); Derrick Chievous (Missouri); Danny Manning (Kansas); Mitch Richmond (Kansas State); Jeff Grayer (Iowa State).

BIG SOUTH

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| *1. CAMPBELL | 5. NORTH CAROLINA- |
| 2. COASTAL CAROLINA | ASHEVILLE |
| 3. RADFORD | 6. BAPTIST |
| 4. WINTHROP | 7. AUGUSTA |

STANDOUTS: Henry Wilson (Campbell); William Calvin (Coastal Carolina); Donnell Howard (Radford); Lenwood Harris (Winthrop); Milton Moore, Ricky Chatman (North Carolina-Asheville); Oliver Johnson (Baptist); Vincent Jackson (Augusta).

BIG SKY

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| *1. BOISE STATE | 6. NORTHERN ARIZONA |
| 2. MONTANA STATE | 7. IDAHO STATE |
| 3. IDAHO | 8. WEBER STATE |
| 4. NEVADA-RENO | 9. EASTERN WASHINGTON |
| 5. MONTANA | |

STANDOUTS: Chris Childs, Arnell Jones (Boise State); Tom Domako (Montana State); Boris King (Nevada-Reno); Kevin Hood (Montana); Rico Washington (Weber State).

BIG TEN

- | | |
|--------------|--------------------|
| *1. MICHIGAN | 6. OHIO STATE |
| *2. PURDUE | 7. WISCONSIN |
| *3. INDIANA | 8. MINNESOTA |
| *4. IOWA | 9. NORTHWESTERN |
| *5. ILLINOIS | 10. MICHIGAN STATE |

STANDOUTS: Gary Grant, Glen Rice (Michigan); Troy Lewis, Todd Mitchell, Everette Stephens (Purdue); Keith Smart, Dean Garrett (Indiana); Roy Marble, B. J. Armstrong (Iowa); Ken Battle, Lowell Hamilton (Illinois); Curtis Wilson (Ohio State); Trent Jackson (Wisconsin); Shon Morris (Northwestern).

COLONIAL

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| *1. RICHMOND | 6. NORTH CAROLINA- |
| 2. JAMES MADISON | WILMINGTON |
| 3. GEORGE MASON | 7. EAST CAROLINA |
| 4. AMERICAN | 8. WILLIAM & MARY |
| 5. NAVY | |

STANDOUTS: Peter Woolfolk, Steve Kratzer (Richmond); Kennard Winchester (James Madison); Kenny Sanders (George Mason); Mike Sumner (American); Cliff Rees (Navy); Blue Edwards (East Carolina).

EAST COAST

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| *1. LEHIGH | 5. RIDER |
| 2. LAFAYETTE | 6. BUCKNELL |
| 3. DREXEL | 7. DELAWARE |
| 4. TOWSON STATE | 8. HOFSTRA |

STANDOUTS: Daren Queenan, Mike Polaha (Lehigh); Otis Ellis (Lafayette); Michael Anderson, John Rankin (Drexel); Marty Johnson (Towson State); Ron Simpson (Rider); Taurence Chisholm (Delaware).

E.C.A.C. METRO

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| *1. MARIST | 6. MONMOUTH |
| 2. FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON | 7. LOYOLA (MARYLAND) |
| 3. ROBERT MORRIS | 8. ST. FRANCIS (PENNSYLVANIA) |
| 4. LONG ISLAND | 9. ST. FRANCIS (NEW YORK) |
| 5. WAGNER | |

STANDOUTS: Rik Smits (Marist); Damari Riddick, Jaime Latney (Fairleigh Dickinson); Calvin Lamb (Long Island); Deon Borges (Wagner); Fernando Sanders (Monmouth).

E.C.A.C. NORTH ATLANTIC

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| *1. NORTHEASTERN | 6. HARTFORD |
| 2. CANISIUS | 7. MAINE |
| 3. BOSTON UNIVERSITY | 8. COLGATE |
| 4. SIENA | 9. VERMONT |
| 5. NIAGARA | 10. NEW HAMPSHIRE |

STANDOUTS: Derrick Lewis (Northeastern); Brian Smith (Canisius); Drederick Irving (Boston University); Mark Henry (Niagara); Anthony Moya (Hartford).

IVY LEAGUE

- | | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| *1. DARTMOUTH | 5. PENNSYLVANIA |
| 2. PRINCETON | 6. COLUMBIA |
| 3. YALE | 7. HARVARD |
| 4. CORNELL | 8. BROWN |

STANDOUTS: Jim Barton, Bryan Randall (Dartmouth); Bob Scrabis, Dave Orlandini (Princeton); Paul Maley (Yale); Greg Gilda (Cornell); Tyrone Pitts (Pennsylvania); Matt Shannon (Columbia).

METRO

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------|
| *1. LOUISVILLE | 4. SOUTH CAROLINA |
| *2. MEMPHIS STATE | 5. VIRGINIA TECH |
| *3. SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI | 6. CINCINNATI |
| | 7. FLORIDA STATE |

STANDOUTS: Pervis Ellison, Herbert Crook (Louisville); Marvin Alexander, Sylvester Gray (Memphis State); Randolph Keys, Derrek Hamilton (Southern Mississippi); Terry Dozier (South Carolina); Vernell Coles (Virginia Tech); Roger McClendon (Cincinnati); Jerome Fitchett (Florida State).

METRO ATLANTIC

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| *1. LA SALLE | 5. ST. PETER'S |
| 2. IONA | 6. MANHATTAN |
| 3. FAIRFIELD | 7. ARMY |
| 4. HOLY CROSS | 8. FORDHAM |

STANDOUTS: Lionel Simmons, Tim Legler (La Salle); Richie Simmons, Alvin Lott (Iona); Troy Bradford (Fairfield); Glenn Trof (Holy Cross); Willie Haynes (St. Peter's); Billy Wheeler (Manhattan); Greg Pedro, Joe Paterno (Fordham).

MID-AMERICAN

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| *1. CENTRAL MICHIGAN | 6. WESTERN MICHIGAN |
| 2. MIAMI UNIVERSITY | 7. EASTERN MICHIGAN |
| 3. BOWLING GREEN | 8. BALL STATE |
| 4. OHIO UNIVERSITY | 9. TOLEDO |
| 5. KENT STATE | |

STANDOUTS: Dan Majerle (Central Michigan); Trimill Haywood, Eric Newsome (Miami University); Anthony Robinson (Bowling Green); Paul Graham (Ohio University); Reggie Adams (Kent State); Tony Baumgardt (Western Michigan); Grant Long (Eastern Michigan); Derrick Wesley (Ball State).

MID-CONTINENT

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| *1. CLEVELAND STATE | 5. NORTHERN IOWA |
| 2. SOUTHWEST MISSOURI STATE | 6. WESTERN ILLINOIS |
| 3. ILLINOIS-CHICAGO | 7. VALPARAISO |
| 4. WISCONSIN-GREEN BAY | 8. EASTERN ILLINOIS |

STANDOUTS: Kenny McFadden, Eric Mudd (Cleveland State); Stan Worthy (Southwest Missouri State); Nathan Chambers (Illinois-Chicago); Richard Sims (Wisconsin-Green Bay); Jason Reese, Greg McDermott (Northern Iowa); Mike Ayers (Western Illinois); Harry Bell (Valparaiso); Jay Taylor (Eastern Illinois).

MIDEASTERN

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| *1. NORTH CAROLINA A & T | 5. FLORIDA A & M |
| 2. SOUTH CAROLINA STATE | 6. COPPIN STATE |
| 3. HOWARD | 7. BETHUNE-COOKMAN |
| 4. MORGAN STATE | 8. DELAWARE STATE |
| | 9. MARYLAND-EASTERN SHORE |

BALL CONFERENCE STANDINGS

STANDOUTS: Claude Williams, Thomas Griffis (North Carolina A & T); Rodney Mack, Bernard Bowman (South Carolina State); John Spencer (Howard); Troy Brown (Morgan State); Leonard King, Reggie Henry (Florida A & M); Larry McCollum (Coppin State); Tracey Wilson (Delaware State); Marvin Blye (Maryland-Eastern Shore).

MIDWESTERN

- | | |
|----------------|----------------------|
| *1. XAVIER | 4. LOYOLA OF CHICAGO |
| *2. EVANSVILLE | 5. BUTLER |
| 3. ST. LOUIS | 6. DETROIT |

STANDOUTS: Byron Larkin (Xavier); Marty Simmons (Evansville); Roland Gray, Monroe Douglass (St. Louis); Kenny Miller (Loyola of Chicago); Chad Tucker (Butler); Archie Tullos (Detroit).

MISSOURI VALLEY

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| *1. BRADLEY | 5. SOUTHERN ILLINOIS |
| 2. ILLINOIS STATE | 6. CREIGHTON |
| 3. WICHITA STATE | 7. DRAKE |
| 4. TULSA | 8. INDIANA STATE |

STANDOUTS: Hersey Hawkins, Donald Powell (Bradley); Tony Holifield (Illinois State); Tracy Moore (Tulsa); Steve Middleton (Southern Illinois); Rod Mason (Creighton); Bart Friedrich (Drake).

OHIO VALLEY

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| *1. AUSTIN PEAY STATE | 5. YOUNGSTOWN STATE |
| *2. MIDDLE TENNESSEE STATE | 6. MOREHEAD STATE |
| 3. EASTERN KENTUCKY | 7. MURRAY STATE |
| 4. TENNESSEE STATE | 8. TENNESSEE TECH |

STANDOUTS: Andre Harris, Barry Sumpter (Austin Peay State); Dwayne Rainey, Randy Henry (Middle Tennessee State); Jeff McGill (Eastern Kentucky); Anthony Mason (Tennessee State); Tilman Bevely (Youngstown State); Bo Rivers (Morehead State); Jeff Martin (Murray State); Earl Wise (Tennessee Tech).

PACIFIC COAST

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| *1. NEVADA-LAS VEGAS | 6. UTAH STATE |
| 2. SAN JOSE STATE | 7. FRESNO STATE |
| 3. CAL STATE-FULLERTON | 8. CALIFORNIA-IRVINE |
| 4. CALIFORNIA-SANTA BARBARA | 9. NEW MEXICO STATE |
| 5. CAL STATE-LONG BEACH | 10. UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC |

STANDOUTS: Gerald Paddio (Nevada-Las Vegas); Ricky Berry (San Jose State); Richard Morton (Cal State-Fullerton); Brian Shaw (California-Santa Barbara); Morlon Wiley, DeAnthony Langston (Cal State-Long Beach); Kevin Nixon (Utah State); Mike Mitchell (Fresno State); Wayne Engelstad (California-Irvine).

PACIFIC TEN

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| *1. ARIZONA | 6. ARIZONA STATE |
| *2. UCLA | 7. WASHINGTON STATE |
| 3. STANFORD | 8. OREGON |
| 4. OREGON STATE | 9. WASHINGTON |
| 5. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA | 10. CALIFORNIA |

STANDOUTS: Steve Kerr, Sean Elliott (Arizona); Jerome Richardson (UCLA); Todd Lichti (Stanford); Gary Payton (Oregon State); Arthur Thomas (Arizona State); Brian Quinnett (Washington State); Anthony Taylor (Oregon); Leonard Taylor (California).

SOUTHEASTERN

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| *1. FLORIDA | *6. VANDERBILT |
| *2. KENTUCKY | 7. TENNESSEE |
| *3. GEORGIA | 8. ALABAMA |
| *4. LOUISIANA STATE | 9. MISSISSIPPI |
| *5. AUBURN | 10. MISSISSIPPI STATE |

STANDOUTS: Vernon Maxwell, Dwayne Schintzius (Florida); Rex Chapman, Winston Bennett (Kentucky); Willie Anderson, Toney Mack (Georgia); Ricky Blanton, Jose Vargas (Louisiana State); Jeff Moore, Mike Jones (Auburn); Will Perdue (Vanderbilt); Dyron Nix (Tennessee); Michael Ansley (Alabama).

SOUTHERN

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| *1. MARSHALL | 6. APPALACHIAN STATE |
| 2. TENNESSEE-CHATTANOOGA | 7. VIRGINIA MILITARY STATE |
| 3. FURMAN | 8. EAST TENNESSEE STATE |
| 4. DAVIDSON | 9. THE CITADEL |
| 5. WESTERN CAROLINA | |

STANDOUTS: Skip Henderson, Tom Curry (Marshall); Lance Fulse (Tennessee-Chattanooga); John Castile (Furman); Derek Rucker (Davidson); Lavelle Webster (East Tennessee State).

SOUTHLAND

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| *1. STEPHEN F. AUSTIN | 5. NORTH TEXAS STATE |
| 2. NORTHEAST LOUISIANA | 6. NORTHWESTERN STATE (LOUISIANA) |
| 3. SAM HOUSTON STATE | 7. TEXAS-ARLINGTON STATE |
| 4. MC NEESE STATE | 8. SOUTHWEST TEXAS STATE |

STANDOUTS: Eric Rhodes (Stephen F. Austin); Michael Saulsberry (Northeast Louisiana); Tracy Pearson (Sam Houston State); Michael Cutright (McNeese State); Tony Worrell (North Texas State); George Jones (Northwestern State); Eliezar Gordon (Southwest Texas State).

SOUTHWEST

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| *1. ARKANSAS | 5. HOUSTON |
| *2. BAYLOR | 6. TEXAS CHRISTIAN |
| 3. SOUTHERN METHODIST | 7. TEXAS |
| 4. TEXAS TECH | 8. TEXAS A & M |
| | 9. RICE |

STANDOUTS: Ron Huery, Andrew Lang (Arkansas); Darryl Middleton, Michael Williams (Baylor); Kato Armstrong, Carlton McKinney (Southern Methodist); Sean Gay (Texas Tech); Rolando Ferreira (Houston); Andy Gilchrist (Rice).

SOUTHWESTERN

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| *1. SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY | 5. ALABAMA STATE |
| 2. GRAMBLING STATE | 6. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY STATE |
| 3. ALCORN STATE | 7. JACKSON STATE |
| 4. TEXAS SOUTHERN | 8. PRAIRIE VIEW |

STANDOUTS: Kevin Florent, Avery Johnson (Southern University); Terrell Wesley (Grambling St.); Doug Carter, Roosevelt Tate (Alcorn St.); Fred West (Texas Southern); Terry Brooks (Alabama St.); Carl Curry (Mississippi Valley St.); Reginald Jones (Prairie View).

SUN BELT

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------|
| *1. ALABAMA-BIRMINGHAM | 5. WESTERN KENTUCKY |
| *2. NORTH CAROLINA-CHARLOTTE | 6. SOUTH ALABAMA |
| 3. JACKSONVILLE | 7. SOUTH FLORIDA |
| 4. VIRGINIA COMMONWEALTH | 8. OLD DOMINION |

STANDOUTS: Eddie Collins (Alabama-Birmingham); Byron Dinkins, Ronnie Bellamy (North Carolina-Charlotte); Troy Mundine (Jacksonville); Phil Stinnie (Virginia Commonwealth); Brett McNeal (Western Kentucky); Jeff Hodge, Junie Lewis (South Alabama); Darrell Coleman (South Florida); Anthony Carver (Old Dominion).

TRANS AMERICA

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| *1. ARKANSAS-LITTLE ROCK | 5. HOUSTON BAPTIST |
| 2. STETSON | 6. CENTENARY |
| 3. TEXAS-SAN ANTONIO | 7. GEORGIA STATE |
| 4. GEORGIA SOUTHERN | 8. MERCER |
| | 9. SAMFORD |
| | 10. HARDIN-SIMMONS |

STANDOUTS: James Dawn (Arkansas-Little Rock); Randy Anderson (Stetson); Frank Hampton (Texas-San Antonio); Jeff Sanders (Georgia Southern); Fred McNealey (Centenary); Harlen Graham (Georgia State); Rembert Martin (Samford).

WEST COAST ATHLETIC

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| *1. LOYOLA MARYMOUNT | 5. SAN FRANCISCO |
| 2. PEPPERDINE | 6. GONZAGA |
| 3. ST. MARY'S | 7. PORTLAND |
| 4. SANTA CLARA | 8. SAN DIEGO |

STANDOUTS: Mike Yost (Loyola Marymount); Tom Lewis (Pepperdine); Robert Haugen (St. Mary's); Jens Gordon (Santa Clara); Mark McCathron (San Francisco); Jim McPhee (Gonzaga).

WESTERN ATHLETIC

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| *1. WYOMING | 6. AIR FORCE |
| *2. BRIGHAM YOUNG | 7. COLORADO STATE |
| 3. NEW MEXICO | 8. HAWAII |
| 4. TEXAS-EL PASO | 9. SAN DIEGO STATE |
| 5. UTAH | |

STANDOUTS: Fennis Dembo, Eric Leckner (Wyoming); Michael Smith, Jeff Chatman (Brigham Young); Hunter Greene (New Mexico); Chris Sandle (Texas-El Paso); Mitch Smith (Utah); Raymond Dudley (Air Force); Pat Durham, David Turcotte (Colorado State); Chris Gaines (Hawaii); Tony Ross (San Diego State).

INDEPENDENTS

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| *1. DEPAUL | 11. U.S. INTERNATIONAL |
| *2. NOTRE DAME | 12. NORTHERN ILLINOIS |
| *3. MIAMI | 13. NICHOLLS STATE |
| 4. MARQUETTE | 14. CHICAGO STATE |
| 5. DAYTON | 15. SOUTHEASTERN LOUISIANA |
| 6. ORAL ROBERTS | 16. CENTRAL CONNECTICUT |
| 7. AKRON | 17. WRIGHT STATE |
| 8. MARYLAND-BALTIMORE COUNTY | 18. MISSOURI-KANSAS CITY |
| 9. CENTRAL FLORIDA | |
| 10. BROOKLYN | |

STANDOUTS: Rod Strickland, Kevin Edwards (DePaul); David Rivers, Mark Stevenson (Notre Dame); Tito Horford, Eric Brown (Miami); Michael Sims (Marquette); Anthony Corbitt (Dayton); Haywoode Workman (Oral Roberts); Russ Heicke (U.S. International); Rodney Davis (Northern Illinois).

*Our predictions to make the N.C.A.A. post-season tournament.

returning starters, including the big (7'2") but not very mobile Tom Greis at center.

Providence would have had trouble anyway recovering from the loss of four of last year's starters, including the indefatigable Billy Donovan. But when coach Rick Pitino flip-flopped one more time and took the head coaching job for the New York Knicks, the Friars' fate was sealed. Seton Hall, led by forward Mark Bryant (16.8 p.p.g.) and Leland "Pookey" Wigington (5'3"), will play the conference dark horse and upset maker.

BIG EIGHT

Oklahoma will be big, physical and maybe better than last season, even after losing three of last year's starters. Harvey Grant and Ricky Grace will be joined by outstanding junior college transfers Daron "Mookie" Blaylock and Andre Wiley.

Last year, Missouri sneaked past perennial Big Eight powers Kansas and Oklahoma to win the conference tournament. The Tigers won't have the element of surprise this season, but they will have all of last season's starters, including Playboy All-America Derrick Chievous, and excellent bench strength.

At one point last season, it appeared that Kansas coach Larry Brown was headed to the New York Knicks and star player Danny Manning to the N.B.A. draft. However, Brown, to everyone's surprise, stayed put, and Manning, a two-time Playboy All-America and probably the best college player in the nation, opted to finish his college career. With Archie Marshall returning after a season off with medical problems, the Jayhawks need only the emergence of a solid point guard to have a good chance for post-season success.

Kansas State will return four starters but will miss the departed Norris Coleman. Lack of size and speed hurts the team's chances against its stronger conference opponents. Iowa State will have standout forward Jeff Grayer but not

enough else. Oklahoma State will be improved by the return of 7'4" Alan Bannister, redshirted last season, and Proposition 48 returner Derrick Davis. Nebraska will struggle to do as well as its 1987 third-place National Invitational Tournament finish.

BIG SOUTH

One of the less familiar Division I conferences, the Big South features small but evenly matched teams. Campbell University, located in the bustling metropolitan center of Buies Creek, North Carolina, appears to be the favorite. Baptist, which beat Campbell by one point in last year's conference championship, has dropped too much offense as a result of graduation to repeat. Coastal Carolina and Radford are the other conference-title challengers.

BIG SKY

Boise State returns Arnell Jones (15.8 p.p.g.), a great inside player, and Chris Childs (15.4 p.p.g.). If the Broncos improve their perimeter shooting, they should be conference champs. Montana State will also be strong. The Bobcats return forward Tom Domako (20.3 p.p.g.). The only other team that has a shot at the top spot in the conference is Idaho. Returning forward Andrew Jackson will get some help from Raymond Brown, a 6'8" transfer from Mississippi State. Nevada-Reno has Boris King (18.5 p.p.g.) at guard but not enough size up front. The rest of the league is in various stages of rebuilding, with Eastern Washington being a new member of the conference this year.

BIG TEN

The Big Ten splits down the middle in fairly neat order: The top five—Indiana, Iowa, Illinois, Michigan and Purdue—are teams with the potential to play all the way to the Final Four; the teams in the bottom half of the conference, with the possible exception of Ohio State, will have to content themselves with beating one another and

hoping to upset one of the top five on an off night. It looks as if Michigan has a razor-thin edge over Purdue and Indiana. Iowa and Illinois are one step behind.

Michigan will build on the proven talents of Playboy All-America Gary Grant (22.4 p.p.g.) and Glen Rice (16.9 p.p.g.). They'll be joined by guard Rumeal Robinson, who sat out last year because of Proposition 48, and center/forward Terry Mills. If coach Bill Frieder can mix the talent properly, the Wolverines will be as good as any team in the nation.

Purdue loses only one starter from last year's 25-5 team. If Troy Lewis (18.5 p.p.g.) has recovered from a broken foot in the off season, he will lead the offense. Everett Stephens, at point guard, may be the best athlete on the team. Melvin McCants (6'9") provides the size.

How about a sequel to the movie *Hoosiers*? In it, Gene Hackman follows his high school crew to Indiana University, wins three N.C.A.A. titles in the next 16 years, develops a fondness for red sweaters rolled up around his waist and keeps his players, the referees, opposing coaches and especially the media off balance with a combination of temper and humor on his way to the Basketball Hall of Fame. The problem with *Hoosiers II* is that Bob Knight has already lived most of it. Steve Alford and Daryl Thomas are gone from last year's national champions, but there are more Indiana Mr. Basketballs (Jay Edwards and Lyndon Jones) waiting to join returning Dean Garrett, Rick Calloway and Keith Smart.

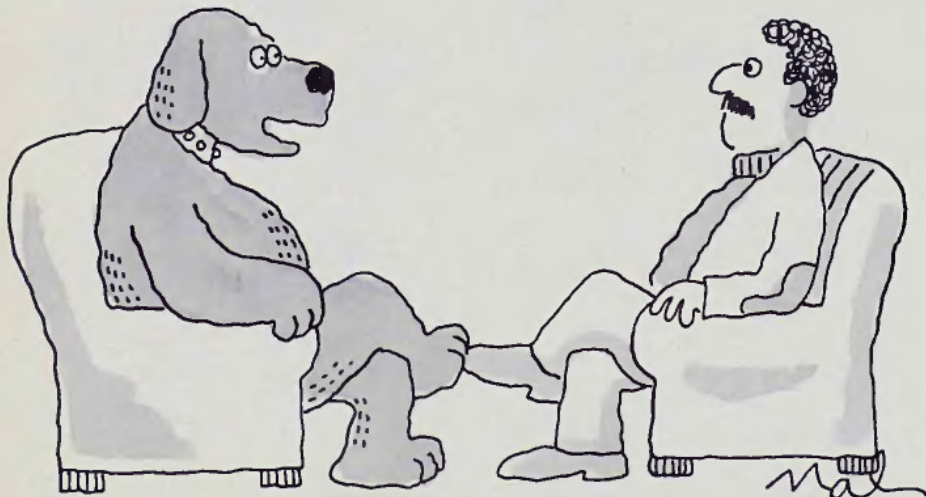
Iowa has lost three starters from last year's 30-5 squad, but because of the human-wave substitution techniques of coach Tom Davis, the Hawkeyes still have several players with significant playing experience. Forward Roy Marble (14.9 p.p.g.) is the team standout.

Illinois has also lost three starters from last year, but the talent well is deep in Urbana, especially since the addition of transfer forward Ken Battle and Proposition 48 returner Nick Anderson. Marcus Liberty, the consensus number-one high school player in the country last year, failed to make the required 15 on his A.C.T. and must sit out this season.

Ohio State will have a difficult time breaking into the top half of the conference, despite the addition of Georgetown transfer Grady Mateen (6'11"). The team will miss Dennis Hopson's 29 points per game of last season. Wisconsin guard Trent Jackson will try to lead the Badgers out of last year's 14-17 doldrums. Minnesota will improve on last season's disappointing 2-16 conference record. Northwestern and coach Bill Foster have Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Shon Morris but little else. Michigan State returns only two starters and will lack offensive punch.

COLONIAL

Now that David Robinson, last year's all-media college player of the year, is



"I enjoy speaking, but rolling over and playing dead are no fun at all!"

headed for a tour in the Navy and then the N.B.A., life can return to normal in the traditionally balanced Colonial Athletic Association. This season's favorite appears to be Richmond, a team that returns all five starters, including forward Peter Woolfolk, who should become UR's career scoring and rebound leader by season's end. Two schools named for American patriots, James Madison and George Mason, are probably next best. James Madison has good depth but must improve its rebounding game from last year. George Mason features the outstanding Kenny Sanders (17.9 p.p.g.) at forward.

American University returns four starters but will miss the 25.2 p.p.g. it got from departed point guard Frank Ross. Navy will try to replace Robinson in the middle with 6'9" Byron Hopkins. North Carolina-Wilmington has also lost its big man, 6'9" Brian Rowsom. East Carolina and William and Mary are both likely to improve on last year's records, if not their positions in the standings.

EAST COAST

East Coast Conference basketball is a virtual 6'6"-and-under league. But it makes up for what it lacks in size with speed and style. The most stylish player in the conference is Lehigh's Daren Queenan, a 6'5" forward who averaged 24.8 p.p.g. last year. Queenan should put Lehigh on top of the pack. Next in line for a title shot is Lafayette, led by junior forward Otis Ellis (21 p.p.g.). Lafayette is coached by Butch van Breda Kolff, a much mellowed version of the coach who had 40 technical fouls called against him in one season when he headed the L.A. Lakers. Drexel University also may have a shot at the top spot, because one of its four returning starters is stand-out guard Michael Anderson. Towson State and Rider will both be competitive, while last season's conference champ, Bucknell, will have to rebuild after losing most of its team to graduation.

E.C.A.C. METRO

Eindhoven, Holland; Paris, France. Is this a United Nations roll call? No, these are the home towns of some of the players

from Marist College, a school in Poughkeepsie, New York, that could turn up right in the middle of the N.C.A.A. post-season tournament. The team revolves around 7'4" Rik Smits, dubbed The Dunkin' Dutchman by his teammates and the media. Smits, one of the best big men in the country, will likely be a high first-round pick in the next N.B.A. draft. If he can stay away from injuries and out of foul trouble, Marist will dominate the E.C.A.C. Metro and give the superpower teams all they can handle.

Fairleigh Dickinson, with Damari Riddick, has a team that in a Smitsless time would probably be in a position to take the conference crown. Robert Morris and Long Island both return four starters from

Canisius has returning guard Brian Smith and a new coach, Marty Marbach. Boston University also returns a star guard in Drederick Irving. Siena and Niagara round out the most competitive of the E.C.A.C. North teams. If Northeastern falters, any one of them could emerge as the champion.

IVY LEAGUE

There's a basketball hotbed in the making in Hanover, New Hampshire, where the Dartmouth Big Green has a new arena, a legitimate seven-foot center and four talented starters returning from last season's 15-11 club. Dartmouth should go to the head of the class this year in the Ivy League. Next in line in the conference is

Princeton, coached by teacher, philosopher and pizza gourmand Pete Carril, the dean of Ivy League coaches. Yale returns four starters from last year's team, which was strong on the boards and from the three-point line. Pennsylvania, last year's conference champion, will drop into the middle of the pack in a rebuilding year.

METRO

If it seemed impossible that Louisville, N.C.A.A. champion in 1986, wouldn't make the 64-team field of tournament invitees in 1987, what are the odds that it won't be there in 1988? Whatever the odds, don't take the bet, because coach Denny Crum, with four Final Four appearances in the Eighties, will bring the Cardinals back with a vengeance. Pervis Ellison, hopefully a little wiser this year, is exceptionally talented. Freshman guard LaBradford Smith should help Louisville with floor play and the three-pointer, aspects of the game with which the Cardinals had problems last season.

Coach Larry Finch took over the troubled Memphis State program last year when former coach Dana Kirk was ousted by reports of unethical and possibly criminal conduct. The talent-rich Tigers and Finch put together a 26-8 record, remarkable under the circumstances. Two freshmen, Elliott Perry and Russell Young, should have an impact this season.

Southern Mississippi turned a good

Amaretto di Noel

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last season but aren't quite up to Marist or FDU standards. The remainder of the E.C.A.C. Metro will have to be content to fight things out among themselves and wait for Smits to go to the N.B.A.

E.C.A.C. NORTH ATLANTIC

With the departed Reggie Lewis taken in the first round by the Boston Celtics in this year's N.B.A. draft, you'd think Northeastern might be ready to relinquish its four-year hold on the E.C.A.C. North title. Lewis was the N.C.A.A. ninth-all-time career scorer (2709 points). But another Lewis—Derrick—is ready to step in, and the remainder of the team looks strong enough to make it five titles in a row.

season into a great one last year when it accepted a bid to the N.I.T. and proceeded to post five straight victories and win the N.I.T. crown. Four of the starters from that team are back, and their experience could lead to an N.C.A.A. post-season opportunity this year.

Cincinnati, Virginia Tech and South Carolina each return four starters from last season and will be improved. Florida State has to do some serious rebuilding after losing most of last year's 19-11 team.

METRO ATLANTIC

La Salle has the most talent and experience of any of the teams in the Metro Atlantic Athletic Conference. Its best player is sophomore Lionel Simmons (20.3 p.p.g.). Iona returns last year's starting five intact. Second-year coach Gary Brokaw, a former assistant under Digger Phelps at Notre Dame, will have the Gaels running and pressing. Last year's conference-tourney champ, Fairfield, has a rebuilding job, while Army will try to find out if there is life after Kevin Houston, the departed number-one scorer (32.9 p.p.g.) in the nation last year. Manhattan, St. Peter's, Holy Cross and Fordham will all be competitive in what appears to be a well-balanced conference.

MID-AMERICAN

Central Michigan won the regular-season conference battle and the Mid-American Conference tournament last year. Dan Majerle, a strong and consistent forward who averaged 21.1 p.p.g. last season, is back from that team, along with enough other talent to make the Chippewas the favorite to repeat. Miami of Ohio and Bowling Green both had good teams last season that should improve with another year's experience.

MID-CONTINENT

The Mouse is still loose in the Mid-Continent—Kenny "The Mouse" McFadden, that is. As a freshman, he helped lead Cleveland State to a 29-4 record and the Final 16 of the N.C.A.A. tournament. Last year, McFadden helped his team overcome the untimely loss of teammate Paul Stewart to a heart attack and a season-ending injury to Eric Mudd. Unless some unpredictable misfortune strikes again, McFadden and Mudd should lead Cleveland State to another conference title.

Southwest Missouri State, conference champ last season, will have to rebuild around the nucleus of two returning starters. By season's end, the Bears should be good enough to make a run at Cleveland State. New coach Bob Hallberg will try to teach the Illinois-Chicago Flames some defense, while Wisconsin-Green Bay, a tough man-to-man defensive team, will look for additional offense.

MIDEASTERN

Pity the poor fellows who have to play North Carolina A & T in the Mideastern

Athletic Conference. Even though the Aggies lost guard George Cale, the M.E.A.C. Player of the Year last season, they return three starters and are the favorites to win their seventh straight title. Southern Carolina State and Howard will be A & T's only serious competition.

MIDWESTERN

If you missed the Byron Larkin/Xavier act in 1986-1987, there's a good chance you'll see an encore this season that's even better. Xavier won the Midwestern Collegiate Conference championship last year, upset a very good Missouri team in the first round of the N.C.A.A. and nearly upset Duke in the second round. Larkin is one of the best guards in the country.

Evansville, no slouch last year at 16-12, returns all five starters, the best of whom is hard-nosed transfer Marty Simmons, once the apple of Bob Knight's eye at Indiana. St. Louis, 25-10 and an N.I.T. participant last year, has an extremely competitive team led by forward Roland Gray. Loyola of Chicago plays a frenetic up-tempo game that can wear better teams down.

MISSOURI VALLEY

Bradley University, located in Peoria, Illinois, has traditionally recruited players from Chicago's inner-city schools. When they got Playboy All-America Hersey Hawkins from the Windy City's Westinghouse High School, they got one of the best players in the nation. Bradley has all five starters back, and with the team adjusted to second-year coach Stan Albeck's wide-open game, the Braves should win the conference crown.

Wichita State has several experienced players back but will have to replace its top two rebounders from last year. Illinois State returns four starters from a 19-13 team. Tulsa tries to improve with the addition of several talented junior college transfers, one of whom, Jeff Sadowski, allegedly has a vertical jump of 44 inches.

OHIO VALLEY

When Austin Peay defeated Illinois 68-67 in the first round of the N.C.A.A. tournament last year to the raucous chant "Let's go, Peay" from its fans, it served notice that the Ohio Valley Conference is ready to compete on a big-time level in college basketball. Even though Austin Peay lost four starters from that team, including strong man Darryl Bedford, it may be able to fight its way into post-season play once again, thanks to several outstanding transfers. Barry Sumpter, who came over from Louisville, may be the dominant big man in the conference.

Improved quickness will make Middle Tennessee State an even more formidable contender than it was last year, when it finished 22-7. Eastern Kentucky has four starters from last year's squad, which accumulated 19 wins. Tennessee State, a conference newcomer, will be competitive behind the shooting of Anthony Mason

(19.5 p.p.g.). Youngstown State, with forward Tilman Bevely (23.6 p.p.g.), also has to be taken seriously.

PACIFIC COAST

When asked to name the three best teams in the Pacific Coast Athletic Association, an official from one school answered, "UNLV, UNLV, UNLV." Who can blame him for sounding shell-shocked? Jerry Tarkanian's Runnin' Rebels were 18-0 in conference play last year and 37-1 until they lost to Indiana in the N.C.A.A. semifinals. Armon Gilliam, the second pick in the N.B.A. draft, and Freddie Banks are gone, but Gerald Paddio and Jarvis Basnight are back. UNLV will still be the class of the P.C.A.A.

Bill Berry, the coach for San Jose State, gets no complaints about playing his son Ricky all the time. Ricky, a two-time Playboy All-America, is one of the best and biggest (6'8") guards in the nation. San Jose State will churn out lots of offense but probably doesn't have enough balance to catch Las Vegas. Cal State-Fullerton and California-Santa Barbara each have three starters back from teams that had winning records last year, but they and the rest of the conference will continue to be overshadowed by Tarkanian's troops.

PAC 10

Coach Lute Olson and his Arizona Wildcats may finally attract some national basketball attention this year. Olson has all five starters returning from last season's 18-12 squad, including forward Sean Elliott, the first Pac 10 sophomore to score 1000 points over two seasons. The best news of all is that Steve Kerr, the Pac 10's top point guard two years ago, returns to the team after missing last season because of a knee injury.

UCLA has some superathletes, particularly guard Jerome "Pooh" Richardson. However, coach Walt Hazzard and the Bruins will miss the outside scoring touch of Reggie Miller. One step down from Arizona and UCLA are Stanford and Oregon State. Both teams lost only one starter from last year, though Oregon State is likely to feel more acutely the loss of theirs, center Jose Ortiz. Coach George Raveling of Southern California has yet to unravel the mystery of building a winner with the Trojans, but they should finish better than last season's last place, California, which had a 20-win season last year, has lost four starters to graduation. Fortunately, standout forward Leonard Taylor is back after a scare with a spinal injury.

SOUTHEASTERN

While Florida has lost half (Andrew Moten) of its M&M guard combination, the better M, Vernon Maxwell, is back, as is huge (7'3") sophomore center Dwayne Schintzius. With the addition of some freshmen recruits on the front line, the Gators appear to be the strongest of the strong in the highly competitive

Southeastern Conference.

Kentucky, down a notch last season from its usual position of national prominence, has four starters back from last year, including the phenomenally talented Rex Chapman. If Winston Bennett can make a successful return from a knee injury and freshmen LeRon Ellis and Eric Manuel live up to expectations, the Wildcats will do much better.

When Georgia lost three of its best players last year to academic problems and injury, you might have expected the team to fold. Instead, the players rallied around 6'7" guard Willie Anderson and finished a surprising third in the S.E.C. Anderson is back, as is Toney Mack, an academic casualty last season.

Louisiana State can be expected to play its usual split season: During the regular season, the team often threatens to disappear under the weight of one of the nation's toughest schedules, but in post-season play, Playboy's Coach of the Year, Dale Brown, has the Tigers ready to take on all comers. In the past two seasons, LSU has won seven N.C.A.A. tournament games, and it came within one basket of beating last year's champ, Indiana, in the regional finals. Straight-faced, Brown says that LSU does so well in post-season play because "[the team members] dare to love each other. And if that sounds drippy, I don't apologize. . . ."

Auburn will look for better rebounding and depth in the front court to improve on last season's 18-13 record. Coach C. M. Newton has seven-foot Will Perdue back at center for the Vanderbilt Commodores but not much talent at the forward position. Alabama, one of the most powerful teams last year, is reeling due to the premature loss of premiere center Derrick McKey to agent machinations. Coach Wimp Sanderson has only one starter back.

SOUTHERN

There's no question that Marshall's Thundering Herd knows how to handle its competition in the Southern Conference

(it was 15-1 last season). And coach Rick Huckabay has been 65-30 overall since he left his job as assistant to LSU's Dale Brown three years ago. But Marshall has lacked the ability to win in post-season, falling meekly (76-60) to Texas Christian in last year's first round of the N.C.A.A. tournament. Huckabay has all five starters returning, including high-scoring (21 p.p.g.) guard Skip Henderson.

Tennessee-Chattanooga has a good coach in Mack McCarthy and an excellent scorer and rebounder in forward Lance Fulse (14.9 p.p.g.). Two other hopefuls in the Southern are Furman and Davidson, each of which returns three starters from last season.

ference are Arkansas, Baylor and Southern Methodist. Coach Nolan Richardson, who had such a great career (119-37) at Tulsa, is beginning his third season at Arkansas. Richardson got 19 wins out of a very young, inexperienced group last year, and with everyone back, the Razorbacks should be better.

Two years ago, coach Gene Iba and the Baylor basketball program were distracted by an extensive N.C.A.A. investigation. With the cloud lifted last year, Baylor managed 18 wins and a trip to the N.I.T. With four starters back, Baylor will press Arkansas for the S.W.C. title.

With this year's football schedule canceled by the N.C.A.A. for numerous and repeated recruiting violations, maybe Southern Methodist's basketball team can get a little attention from Mustangs fans. SMU, led by guard Kato Armstrong (17.3 p.p.g.), should be improved in scoring, rebounding and defense.

Texas Tech has guard Sean Gay (15 p.p.g.) but not enough other talent to challenge. Houston continues to live in the shadow of the great Phi Slamma Jamma teams of the past. Texas Christian, 24-7 last year, will be down after losing four starters.

SOUTHWESTERN

The nod in the Southwestern Conference goes to Southern University, primarily because of point producer Kevin Florent (17.1 p.p.g.) and guard Avery Johnson, who led the nation in assists

last season. Pressing Southern for the conference title will be Grambling State, Alcorn State and Alabama State.

SUN BELT

Anyone looking to start a winning Division I basketball program ought to steal a page from Alabama-Birmingham. Or maybe the best thing would be simply to try to steal Gene Bartow. Since he started UAB's basketball program in 1978, the Blazers have been 194-94, with seven N.C.A.A. appearances. Bartow and UAB have a ton of talent returning from last season's 21-11 team and are the team to beat in the Sun Belt.

In only three seasons, former N.B.A.

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SOUTHLAND

The Southland Conference is a Texas-Louisiana league made up partly of teams from the now-defunct Gulf Star Conference. Stephen F. Austin was one of the leading teams in the nation in three-point percentage last year. That translated into a 10-0 record in the Gulf Star and a trip to the N.I.T. Eric Rhodes and Scott Dimak, Austin's three-point gunners, are back, and the Lumberjacks figure to win the Southland this year. Northeast Louisiana, Sam Houston State and McNeese State look like the other title contenders.

SOUTHWEST

The best teams in the Southwest Con-

great Jeff Mullins has coached North Carolina-Charlotte from oblivion to 18 wins last year. Guard Byron Dinkins will lead UNC-Charlotte's charge at Alabama-Birmingham. Jacksonville has enough size (Emmett Smith, seven feet) and skill (Troy Mundine and transfer Curtis Taylor) to hope for post-season play. Western Kentucky and Virginia Commonwealth are both weaker than usual.

TRANS AMERICA

The Trans America is yet another of the smaller basketball conferences in which the quality of play is potentially high enough to catapult a team into national prominence. There are three teams in the conference—Arkansas-Little Rock, Stetson and Texas-San Antonio—with such potential. Arkansas-Little Rock, which made it to the N.I.T. final four last year, brings back four of its five starters, plus a couple of hot prospects, Proposition 48 returner James Scott and junior college transfer Johnnie Bell. Stetson coach Dr. Glenn Wilkes has had only five losing seasons in 30 years, and three starters are back from last season's 18-13 squad, including forward Randy Anderson (15.8 p.p.g.). Dr. Wilkes and the Hatters should surpass .500 with ease. Coach Ken Burmeister and Texas-San Antonio are promising to put basketball on the South Texas map this year. The Roadrunners have more depth and size than last season. Georgia Southern was the conference-tournament champ last year but was unlucky enough to draw Syracuse in the first round of the N.C.A.A. tournament. Despite returning three starters, it is unlikely to get as far this season. Houston Baptist, second in the conference last year, is big but inexperienced.

WEST COAST

Paul Westhead, former N.B.A. coach with the L.A. Lakers and the Chicago Bulls, adds three outstanding transfers, Bo

Kimble, Hank Gathers and Corey Gaines, to a talented Loyola Marymount team. Last year's conference scoring leader, Mike Yost (19.3 p.p.g.), returns for his senior year.

Pepperdine, 25-5 two years ago, fell on hard times last season (12-18) before reviving somewhat to finish second in the conference tournament. The Waves will start stronger this year. Santa Clara and St. Mary's both have outside shots at the conference title. St. Mary's must improve on the boards; Santa Clara lacks depth and quickness. San Diego, 13-1 in the conference last year, will suffer through a rebuilding year.

WESTERN

When you think of Wyoming, images of snowy peaks, antelope and cowboys come to mind. But the University of Wyoming has assembled its own bunch of Cowboys, who can shoot the lights out with basketballs, not bullets. The fastest gun in the Cowboy posse is a fellow with the unlikely handle of Fennis Dembo (20.3 p.p.g.). Riding shotgun for Dembo is 6'11" Playboy All-America Eric Leckner, the best center west of the Mississippi. Coach Benny Dees, formerly of New Orleans, has replaced Jim Brandenburg, who high-tailed it for San Diego State.

Brigham Young, 21-11 last season, has lost three starters but, fortunately, returns Michael Smith (20.1 p.p.g.), one of the best junior forwards in the nation. Lack of depth and experience is a big hurdle for BYU. New Mexico will have difficulty matching its 25-win total of last season, even with Hunter Greene (21.1 p.p.g.) back for his senior year. Texas-El Paso, winner of five W.A.C. titles in a row, has to rebuild in a year that finds most other conference teams improved. Utah has four starters back, and plenty of aspirations, but not enough over-all talent to make a serious bid for the conference crown.

INDEPENDENTS

Dallas Comegys, the last DePaul team member to play under Ray Meyer, has departed, and DePaul fans are finally beginning to think of Joey Meyer as the coach instead of as the coach's son. Joey, who has seemed tentative at times, has nevertheless compiled a 65-26 record over the past three years, including two trips to the Final 16. The talent recruited by DePaul continues to be superb. Playboy All-America Rod Strickland is a great penetrator and an excellent scorer (16.3 p.p.g.). If the Blue Demons can get strong inside play from returning Kevin Edwards and Stanley Brundy, they could find their way to the Final 16 again.

Last year, Notre Dame point guard David Rivers recovered from a serious automobile accident in August and still managed to average 15.7 p.p.g. As for his floor-leadership ability, coach Digger Phelps maintains that he could put Rivers and four student managers on the floor and still have a pretty good team. To get very far in post-season play, Notre Dame will have to be more than pretty good—which may be a problem, because its inside game will miss the departed Donald Royal. However, Phelps always gets the maximum out of the talent on hand.

Miami will get its program over the .500 mark this season as Tito Horford, the 7'1" giant who caused such a stir a couple of years ago in trying to find a school that would have him, begins to fulfill his potential. The Hurricanes have excellent size and quickness and could surprise more than a couple of the superpower squads.

While Marquette has talented guards in Michael "Pops" Sims and Tony Smith, it will be young and inexperienced in the front court. Much will depend on the development of 6'10" freshman center Rod Grosse.

Coach Don Donohue has had only three losing seasons in 23 years at Dayton. Even though the Flyers are young (four sophomores will start), don't bet against their ending up on the plus side of .500. Next season, Dayton joins the Midwestern Collegiate Conference.

Evangelist Oral Roberts may have done some strange things this year, but rehiring Ken Trickey as head coach of the Oral Roberts University basketball program was not one of them. Trickey coached Oral Roberts to a record of 118-23 during his previous tenure (1969-1974). This is the school's first season as an independent since leaving the Midwestern.

Akron, Maryland-Baltimore County and Central Florida are all solid programs and are improving. Wright State and Missouri-Kansas City make their debuts this season in Division I.

Here's hoping your team wins.



CP Zervotti

"Oh, gosh, that was 1966 and it was just a little tricycle. You don't need to thank me now."

THE SURGEON

(continued from page 76)

thought he might leave early.

"There's nothing that can't wait until Monday," the secretary said, sensing that for once this most hard-working of men had some special reason for wanting to go.

"I've got a few things of my own I'd very much like to do."

"Off you go, Mr. Sandy," she said. "Try to get some rest over the weekend. I'll see you on Monday."

In the hospital car park, Robert Sandy unchained his bicycle and mounted it and rode out onto the Woodstock Road. He still bicycled to work every day unless the weather was foul. It kept him in shape, and it also meant his wife could have the car. There was nothing odd about that. Half the population of Oxford rode on bicycles. He turned right on the Woodstock Road and headed for The High. The only good jeweler in town had his shop on The High, half-way up on the right, and he was called H. F. Gold. It said so above the window, and most people knew that H stood for Harry. Harry Gold had been there a long time, but Robert had been inside only once, years ago, to buy a small bracelet for his daughter as a confirmation present.

He parked his bike against the curb outside the shop and went in. A woman behind the counter asked if she could help him.

"Is Mr. Gold in?" Robert Sandy said.

"Yes, he is."

"I would like to see him privately for a few moments, if I may. My name is Sandy."

"Just a minute, please." The woman disappeared through a door at the back, but in 30 seconds she returned and said, "Will you come this way, please."

Robert Sandy walked into a large, untidy office in which a small oldish man was seated behind a partner's desk. He wore a gray goatee and steel spectacles, and he stood up as Robert approached him.

"Mr. Gold, my name is Robert Sandy. I am a surgeon at The Radcliffe. I wonder if you can help me."

"I'll do my best, Mr. Sandy. Please sit down."

"Well, it's an odd story," Robert Sandy said. "I recently operated on one of the Saudi princes. He's in his third year at Magdalen and he'd been involved in a nasty car accident. Now he has given me, or rather, his father has given me a fairly wonderful-looking diamond."

"Good gracious me," Mr. Gold said. "How very exciting."

"I didn't want to accept it, but I'm afraid it was more or less forced on me."

"And you would like me to look at it?"

"Yes, I would. You see, I haven't the faintest idea whether it's worth five hundred pounds or five thousand, and it's only sensible that I should know roughly what

say a word. His expression never changed. Still holding the diamond, he returned to his desk, and from a drawer he took out a single sheet of clean white paper. He made a loose fold in the paper and placed the diamond in the fold. Then he returned to the window and stood there for a full minute, studying the diamond that lay on the paper.

"I am looking at the color," he said at last. "That's the first thing to do. One always does that against a fold of white paper and preferably in a north light."

"Is that a north light?"

"Yes, it is. This stone is a wonderful color, Mr. Sandy. As fine a D color as I've seen. In the trade, the very best-quality white is called a D color. In some places, it's called river. A layman would call it blue-white."

"It doesn't look very blue to me," Robert Sandy said.

"The purest whites always contain a trace of blue," Harry Gold said. "That's why in the old days, they always put a blue bag in the washing water. It made the clothes whiter."

"Ah, yes, of course."

Harry Gold went back to his desk and took out from another drawer a sort of hooded magnifying glass. "This is a ten-times loupe," he said, holding it up.

"What did you call it?"

"A loupe. It is simply a jeweler's magnifier. With this, I can examine the stone for imperfections."

Back again at the window, Harry Gold began a minute examination of the diamond

through the ten-times loupe, holding the paper with the stone on it in one hand and the loupe in the other. This process took maybe four minutes. Robert Sandy watched him and kept quiet.

"So far as I can see," Harry Gold said, "it is completely flawless. It really is a most lovely stone. The quality is superb and the cutting is very fine, though definitely not modern."

"Approximately how many facets would there be on a diamond like that?" Robert Sandy asked.

"Fifty-eight."

"You mean you know exactly?"

"Yes, I know exactly."

"Good Lord. And what, roughly, would



the value is."

"Of course you should," Harry Gold said. "I'll be glad to help you. Doctors at The Radcliffe have helped me a great deal over the years."

Robert Sandy took the black pouch out of his pocket and placed it on the desk. Harry Gold opened the pouch and tipped the diamond into his hand. As the stone fell into his palm, there was a moment when the old man appeared to freeze. His whole body became motionless as he sat there staring at the brilliant shining thing that lay before him. Slowly, he stood up. He walked over to the window and held the stone so that daylight fell upon it. He turned it over with one finger. He didn't

you say it is worth?"

"A diamond like this," Harry Gold said, taking it from the paper and placing it in his palm, "a D-color stone of this size and clarity would command on inquiry a trade price of between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars a carat. In the shops, it would cost you double that. Up to sixty thousand dollars a carat in the retail market."

"Great Scott!" Robert Sandy cried, jumping up. The little jeweler's words seemed to have lifted him clean out of his seat. He stood there, stunned.

"And now," Harry Gold was saying, "we must find out precisely how many carats it weighs." He crossed over to a shelf on which there stood a small metal apparatus. "This is simply an electronic scale," he said. He slid back a glass door and placed the diamond inside. He twiddled a couple of knobs, then read off the figures on a dial. "It weighs fifteen point two seven carats," he said. "And that, in case it interests you, makes it worth about half a million dollars in the trade and more than one million dollars if you bought it in a shop."

"You are making me nervous," Robert Sandy said, laughing nervously.

"If I owned it," Harry Gold said, "it would make *me* very nervous. Sit down again, Mr. Sandy, so you don't faint."

Robert Sandy sat down.

Harry Gold took his time settling himself into his chair behind the big partner's desk. "This is quite an occasion, Mr. Sandy," he said. "I don't often have the pleasure of giving someone quite such a startlingly wonderful shock as this. I think I'm enjoying it more than you are."

"I am too shocked to be really enjoying it yet," Robert Sandy said. "Give me a

moment or two to recover."

"Mind you," Harry Gold said, "one wouldn't expect much less from the king of the Saudis. Did you save the young prince's life?"

"I suppose I did, yes."

"Then that explains it." Harry Gold had put the diamond back onto the fold of white paper on his desk, and he sat there looking at it with the eyes of a man who loved what he saw. "My guess is that this stone came from the treasure chest of old King ibn-Saud of Arabia. If that is the case, then it will be totally unknown in the trade, which makes it even more desirable. Are you going to sell it?"

"Oh, gosh, I don't know what I am going to do with it," Robert Sandy said. "It's all so sudden and confusing."

"May I give you some advice?"

"Please do."

"If you are going to sell it, you should take it to auction. An unseen stone like this would attract a lot of interest, and the wealthy private buyers would be sure to come in and bid against the trade. And if you were able to reveal its provenance as well, telling them that it came directly from the Saudi royal family, then the price would go through the roof."

"You have been more than kind to me," Robert Sandy said. "When I do decide to sell it, I shall come first of all to you for advice. But tell me, does a diamond really cost twice as much in the shops as it does in the trade?"

"I shouldn't be telling you this," Harry Gold said, "but I'm afraid it does."

"So if you buy one in Bond Street or anywhere else like that, you are actually paying twice its intrinsic worth?"

"That's more or less right. A lot of young ladies have received nasty shocks

when they've tried to resell jewelry that has been given to them by gentlemen."

"So diamonds are not a girl's best friend?"

"They are still very friendly things to have," Harry Gold said, "as you have just found out. But they are not generally a good investment for the amateur."

Outside in The High, Robert Sandy mounted his bicycle and headed for home. He was feeling lightheaded. It was as though he had just finished a whole bottle of good wine all by himself. Here he was, solid old Robert Sandy, sedate and sensible, cycling through the streets of Oxford with more than a million dollars in the pocket of his old tweed jacket! It was madness. But it was true.

He arrived back at his house in Acacia Road at about half past four and parked his bike in the garage alongside the car. Suddenly, he found himself running along the little concrete path that led to the front door. "Now, stop that!" he said aloud, pulling up short. "Calm down. You've got to make this really good for Betty. Unfold it slowly." But, oh, he simply *could not wait* to give the news to his lovely wife and watch her face as he told her the whole story of his afternoon. He found her in the kitchen, packing some homemade jam into a basket.

"Robert!" she cried, delighted as always to see him. "You're home early! How nice!"

He kissed her and said, "I *am* a bit early, aren't I?"

"You haven't forgotten we're going to the Renshaws' for the weekend? We have to leave fairly soon."

"I had forgotten," he said. "Or maybe I hadn't. Perhaps that's why I'm home early."

"I thought I'd take Margaret some jam."

"Good," he said. "Very good. You take her some jam. That's a very good idea to take Margaret some jam."

There was something in the way he was acting that made her swing round and stare at him. "Robert," she said, "what's happened? There's something the matter."

"Pour us each a drink," he said. "I've got a bit of news for you."

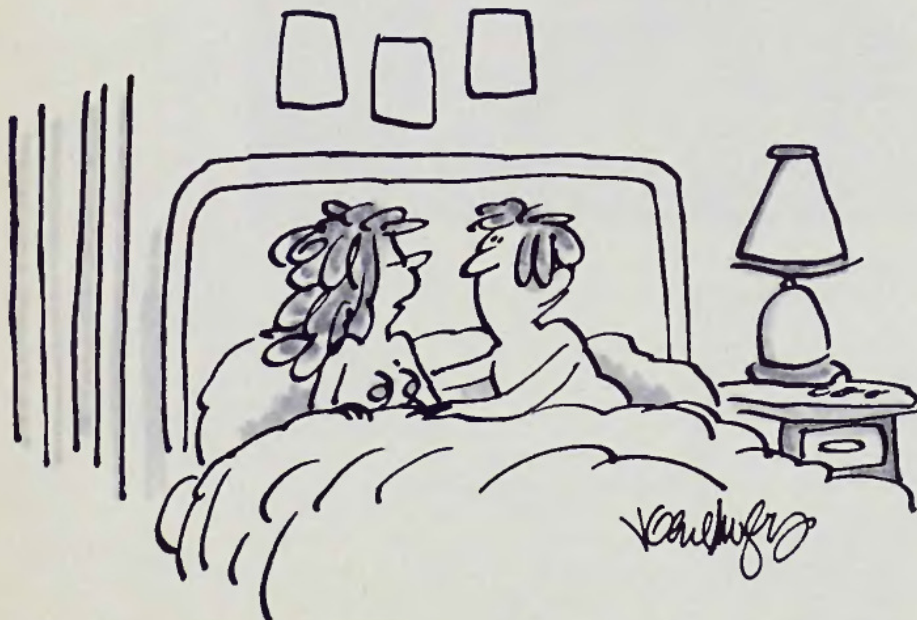
"Oh, darling, it's not something awful, is it?"

"No," he said. "It's something funny. I think you'll like it."

"You've been made head of surgery?"

"It's funnier than that," he said. "Go on, make a good stiff drink for each of us and sit down and I'll tell you."

"It's a bit early for drinks," she said, but she got the ice tray from the fridge and started making his whisky and soda. While she was doing this, she kept glancing up at him nervously. She said, "I don't think I've ever seen you quite like this before. You are wildly excited about something and you are pretending to be very calm. You're all red in the face. Are you



"And you don't have to worry about my orgasm. I took care of it before you got here."

sure it's good news?"

"I think it is," he said, "but I'll let you judge that for yourself." He sat down at the kitchen table and watched her as she put the glass of whisky in front of him.

"All right," she said. "Come on. Let's have it."

"Get a drink for yourself first," he said.

"My goodness, what is this?" she said, but she poured some gin into a glass and was reaching for the ice tray when he said, "More than that. Give yourself a good, stiff one."

"Now I am worried," she said, but she did as she was told and then filled the glass up with tonic and ice. "Now, then," she said, sitting down beside him at the table. "Get it off your chest."

Robert began telling his story. He started with the prince in the consulting room and he spun it out long and well, so that it took a good ten minutes before he came to the diamond.

"It must be quite a whopper," she said, "to make you go all red in the face and funny-looking."

He reached into his pocket and took out the little black pouch and put it on the table. "There it is," he said. "What do you think?"

She loosened the silk cord and tipped the stone into her hand. "Oh, my God!" she cried. "It's absolutely stunning!"

"It is, isn't it?"

"It's amazing."

"I haven't told you the whole story yet," he said, and while his wife rolled the diamond from the palm of one hand to the other, he went on to tell her about his visit to Harry Gold in The High. When he came to the point where the jeweler began to talk about value, he stopped and said, "So what do you think he said it was worth?"

"Something pretty big," she said. "It's bound to be. I mean, just look at it!"

"Go on, then, make a guess. How much?"

"Ten thousand pounds," she said. "I really don't have any idea."

"Try again."

"You mean it's more?"

"Yes, it's quite a lot more."

"Twenty thousand pounds!"

"Would you be thrilled if it was worth as much as that?"

"Of course I would, darling. Is it really worth twenty thousand pounds?"

"Yes," he said. "And the rest."

"Now, don't be a beast, Robert. Just tell me what Mr. Gold said."

"Take another drink of gin."

She did so, then put down the glass, looking at him and waiting.

"It is worth at least half a million dollars and very probably over a million."

"You're joking!" Her words came out in a kind of gasp.

"It's known as a pear-shape," he said. "And where it comes to a point at this end, it's as sharp as a needle."

"I'm completely stunned," she said,

still gasping.

"You wouldn't have thought half a million, would you?"

"I've never in my life had to think in those sorts of figures," she said. She stood up and went over to him and gave him a huge hug and a kiss. "You really are the most wonderful and stupendous man in the world!" she cried.

"I was totally bowled over," he said. "I still am."

"Oh, Robert!" she cried, gazing at him with eyes bright as two stars. "Do you realize what this means? It means we can get Diana and her husband out of that horrid little flat and buy them a small house!"

"By golly, you're right!"

"And we can buy a decent flat for John and give him a better allowance all the way through medical school! And Ben . . . Ben won't have to go on a motorbike to work all through the freezing winters. We can get him something better. And . . . and . . . and . . ."

"And what?" he asked her, smiling at her.

"And you and I can take a really good holiday for once and go wherever we please! We can go to Egypt and Turkey and you can visit Baalbek and all the other places you've been longing to go to for years and years!" She was quite breathless with the vista of small pleasures that were unfolding in her dreams. "And you can start collecting some really nice pieces for once in your life, as well!"

Ever since he had been a student, Robert Sandy's passion had been the history of the Mediterranean countries—Italy, Greece, Turkey, Syria and Egypt—and he had made himself into something of an expert on the ancient worlds of these various civilizations. He had done it by reading and studying and by visiting, when he had the time, the British Museum and the Ashmolean. But with three children to educate and with a job that paid only a reasonable salary, he had never been able to indulge this passion as he would have liked. He wanted above all to visit some of the grand remote regions of Asia Minor and also the now below-ground city of Babylon in Iraq, and he would love to see the Arch of Ctesiphon and the Sphinx at Memphis and a hundred other things and places, but neither the time nor the money had ever been available. Even so, the long coffee table in the living room was covered with small objects and fragments that he had managed to pick up cheaply here and there throughout his life. There was a mysterious pale-alabaster ushabti from Upper Egypt, which he knew was from about 1000 B.C. There was a bronze bowl from Lydia with an engraving on it of a horse, and an early Byzantine twisted-silver necklace, and a section of a wooden painted mask from an Egyptian sarcophagus, and a Roman redware bowl, and a small black Etruscan dish and perhaps 50 other fragile and interesting little pieces. None was particularly valuable, but Robert

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Sandy loved them all.

"Wouldn't that be marvelous?" his wife was saying. "Where shall we go first?"

"Turkey," he said.

"Listen," she said, pointing to the diamond that lay sparkling on the kitchen table, "you'd better put your fortune away somewhere safe before you lose it."

"Today is Friday," he said. "When do we get back from the Renshaws'?"

"Sunday night."

"And what are we going to do with our million-dollar rock meanwhile? Take it with us in my pocket?"

"No," she said. "That would be silly. You really cannot walk around with a million dollars in your pocket for a whole weekend. It's got to go straight into a safe-deposit box at the bank. We should do it now."

"It's Friday night, my darling. All the banks are closed till next Monday."

"So they are," she said. "Well, then, we'd better hide it somewhere in the house."

"The house will be empty till we come back," he said. "I don't think that's a very good idea."

"It's better than carrying it around in your pocket or in my handbag."

"I'm not leaving it in the house. An empty house is liable to be burgled."

"Come on, darling," she said, "surely we can think of a place where no one could possibly find it."

"In the teapot," he said.

"Or bury it in the sugar basin," she said.

"Or put it in the bowl of one of my pipes in the pipe rack," he said. "With some tobacco over it."

"Or under the soil of the azalea plant," she said.

"Hey, that's not bad, Betty. That's the best so far."

They sat at the kitchen table with the shining stone lying there between them, wondering very seriously what to do with it for the next two days while they were away.

"I still think it's best if I take it with me," he said.

"I don't, Robert. You'll be feeling in your pocket every five minutes to make sure it's still there. You won't relax for one moment."

"I suppose you're right," he said. "Very well, then. *Shall* we bury it under the soil of the azalea plant in the sitting room? No one's going to look there."

"It's not one hundred percent safe," she said. "Someone could knock the pot over and the soil would spill out on the floor and—presto!—there's a sparkling diamond lying there."

"It's a thousand to one against that," he said. "It's a thousand to one against the house being broken into, anyway."

"No, it's not," she said. "Houses are being burgled every day. It's not worth chancing it. But, look, darling, I'm not going to let this thing become a nuisance to

you, or a worry."

"I agree with that," he said.

They sipped their drinks for a while in silence.

"I've got it!" she cried, leaping up from her chair. "I've thought of a marvelous place!"

"Where?"

"In here!" she cried, picking up the ice tray and pointing to one of the empty compartments. "We'll just drop it in here and fill it with water and put it back in the fridge. In an hour or two, it'll be hidden inside a solid block of ice, and even if you looked, you wouldn't be able to see it."

Robert Sandy stared at the ice tray. "It's fantastic!" he said. "You're a genius! Let's do it right away!"

"Shall we really do it?"

"Of course. It's a terrific idea."

She picked up the diamond and placed it in one of the little empty compartments. She went to the sink and carefully filled the whole tray with water. She opened the door of the freezer section of the fridge and slid the tray in. "It's the top tray on the left," she said. "We'd better remember that. And it'll be in the block of ice farthest away on the right-hand side of the tray."

"The top tray on the left," he said. "Got it. I feel better now that it's tucked safely away."

"Finish your drink, darling," she said. "Then we must be off. I've packed your case for you. And we'll try not to think about our million dollars anymore until we come back."

"Do we talk about it to other people?" he asked her. "Like the Renshaws or anyone else who might be there?"

"I wouldn't," she said. "It's such an incredible story it would soon spread around all over the place. Next thing you know, it would be in the papers."

"I don't think the king of the Saudis would like that," he said.

"Nor do I. So let's say nothing at the moment."

"I agree," he said. "I would hate any kind of publicity."

"You'll be able to get yourself a new car," she said, laughing.

"So I will. I'll get one for you, too. What kind would you like, darling?"

"I'll think about it," she said.

Soon after that, the two of them drove off to the Renshaws' for the weekend. It wasn't far, just beyond Whitney, some 30 minutes from their own house. Charley Renshaw was a consultant physician at the hospital, and the families had known each other for many years. The weekend was pleasant and uneventful, and on Sunday evening Robert and Betty Sandy drove home, arriving at the house in Acacia Road at about seven P.M. Robert took the two small suitcases from the car and they walked up the path together. He unlocked the front door and held it open for his wife.

"I'll make some scrambled eggs," she said, "and crispy bacon. Would you like a drink first, darling?"

"Why not?" he said.

He closed the door and was about to carry the suitcases upstairs when he heard a piercing scream from the living room.

"Oh, no!" she was crying. "No! No! No!"

Robert dropped the suitcases and rushed in after her. She was standing there pressing her hands to her cheeks, and already tears were streaming down her face.

The scene in the living room was one of utter desolation. The curtains were drawn, and they seemed to be the only things that remained intact in the room. Everything else had been smashed to smithereens. All Robert Sandy's precious little objects from the coffee table had been picked up and flung against the walls and were lying in tiny pieces on the carpet. A glass cabinet had been tipped over. A chest of drawers had had its four drawers pulled out, and the contents—photograph albums, games of Scrabble and Monopoly and a chessboard and chessmen and many other family things—had been flung across the room. Every single book had been pulled out of the big floor-to-ceiling bookshelves against the far wall, and piles of them were now lying open and mutilated all over the place. The glass on each of the four water colors had been smashed and the oil painting of their three children, painted when they were young, had had its canvas slashed many times with a knife. The armchairs and the sofa had also been slashed so that the stuffing was bulging out. Virtually everything in the room except the curtains and the carpet had been destroyed.

"Oh, Robert," she cried, falling into his arms, "I don't think I can stand this."

He didn't say anything. He felt physically sick.

"Stay there," he said. "I'm going to look upstairs." He ran out and took the steps two at a time and went first to their bedroom. It was the same in there. The drawers had been pulled out and the shirts and blouses and underclothes were now scattered everywhere. The bedclothes had been stripped from the double bed, and even the mattress had been tipped off the bed and slashed many times with a knife. The cupboards were open, and every dress and every suit and every pair of trousers and every jacket and every skirt had been ripped from its hanger. He didn't look in the other bedrooms. He ran downstairs and put an arm around his wife's shoulders, and together they picked their way through the debris of the living room, toward the kitchen. There they stopped.

The mess in the kitchen was indescribable. Almost every single container of any sort in the entire room had been emptied onto the floor and then smashed to pieces. The place was a wasteland of broken jars and bottles and food of every kind. All Betty's homemade jams and pickles and bottled fruits had been swept from the long shelf and lay shattered on the ground. The same had happened to the stuff in the store cupboard—the mayonnaise, the catsup, the vinegar, the olive oil, the vegetable oil

and all the rest. There were two other long shelves on the far wall, and on these had stood about 20 lovely large glass jars with big ground-glass stoppers in which were kept rice and flour and brown sugar and bran and oatmeal and all sorts of other things. Every jar now lay on the floor in many pieces, with the contents spewed around. The refrigerator door was open, and the things that had been inside—the leftover foods, the milk, the eggs, the butter, the yogurt, the tomatoes, the lettuce—all of them had been pulled out and splashed onto the pretty tiled kitchen floor. The inner drawers of the fridge had been thrown into the mass of slush and trampled on. The plastic ice trays had been yanked out, and each had been broken in two and thrown away. Even the plastic-coated shelves had been ripped out of the fridge and bent double and thrown down with the rest. All the bottles of drink—the whisky, gin, vodka, sherry, vermouth, as well as half a dozen cans of beer—were standing on the table, empty. The bottles of drink and the beer cans seemed to be the only things in the entire house that had not been smashed. Practically the whole floor lay under a thick layer of mush and goo. It was as if a gang of mad children had been told to see how much mess they could make and had succeeded brilliantly.

Robert and Betty Sandy stood on the edge of it all, speechless with horror. At last Robert said, "I imagine our lovely diamond is somewhere underneath all that."

"I don't give a damn about our diamond," Betty said. "I'd like to kill the people who did this."

"So would I," Robert said. "I've got to call the police." He went back into the living room and picked up the telephone. By some miracle, it still worked.

The first squad car arrived in a few minutes. It was followed over the next half hour by a police inspector, a couple of plainclothesmen, a fingerprint expert and a photographer.

The inspector had a black mustache and a short, muscular body. "These are not professional thieves," he told Robert Sandy after he had taken a look round. "They weren't even amateur thieves. They were simply hooligans off the street. Riffraff. Yobbos. Probably three of them. People like this scout around looking for an empty house, and when they find it they break in and the first thing they do is to hunt out the booze. Did you have much alcohol on the premises?"

"The usual stuff," Robert said. "Whisky, gin, vodka, sherry and a few cans of beer."

"They'll have drunk the lot," the inspector said. "Lads like these have only two things in mind, drink and destruction. They collect all the booze on a table and sit down and drink themselves raving mad. Then they go on the rampage."

"You mean they didn't come in here to steal?" Robert asked.

"I doubt if they've stolen anything at

all," the inspector said. "If they'd been thieves, they would at least have taken your TV set. Instead, they smashed it up."

"But why do they do this?"

"You'd better ask their parents," the inspector said. "They're rubbish; that's all they are, just rubbish. People aren't brought up right anymore."

Then Robert told the inspector about the diamond. He gave him all the details from the beginning to end, because he realized that from the police point of view, it was likely to be the most important part of the whole business.

"Half a million!" cried the inspector. "Jesus Christ!"

"Probably double that," Robert said.

"Then that's the first thing we look for," the inspector said.

"I personally do not propose to go down on my hands and knees grubbing around in that pile of slush," Robert said. "I don't feel like it at this moment."

"Leave it to us," the inspector said. "We'll find it. That was a clever place to hide it."

"My wife thought of it. But tell me, inspector, if by some remote chance they had found it. . . ."

"Impossible," the inspector said. "How could they?"

"They might have seen it lying on the floor after the ice had melted," Robert said. "I agree it's unlikely. But if they had spotted it, would they have taken it?"

"I think they would," the inspector said. "No one can resist a diamond. It has a sort of magnetism about it. Yes, if one of them had seen it on the floor, I think he would have slipped it into his pocket. But don't worry about it, sir. It'll turn up."

"I'm not worrying about it," Robert said. "Right now, I'm worrying about my wife and about our house. My wife spent years trying to make this place into a good home."

"Now, look, sir," the inspector said, "the thing for you to do tonight is to take your wife off to a hotel and get some rest. Come back tomorrow, both of you, and we'll start sorting things out. There'll be someone here all the time looking after the house."

"I have to operate at the hospital first thing in the morning," Robert said. "But I expect my wife will try to come along."

"Good," the inspector said. "It's a nasty, upsetting business having your house ripped apart like this. It's a big shock. I've seen it many times. It hits you very hard."

Robert and Betty Sandy stayed the night at the Randolph Hotel in Oxford, and by eight o'clock the following morning, Robert was in the operating theater at the hospital, beginning to work his way through his morning list.

Shortly after noon, Robert had finished his last operation, a straightforward non-malignant prostate on an elderly male. He removed his rubber gloves and mask and went next door to the small surgeons' rest room for a cup of coffee. But before he got

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his coffee, he picked up the telephone and called his wife.

"How are you, darling?" he said.

"Oh, Robert, it's so awful," she said. "I just don't know where to begin."

"Have you called the insurance company?"

"Yes, they're coming any moment to help me make a list."

"Good," he said. "And have the police found our diamond?"

"I'm afraid not," she said. "They've been through every bit of that slush in the kitchen and they swear it's not there."

"Then where can it have gone? Do you think the vandals found it?"

"I suppose they must have," she said. "When they broke those ice trays, all the ice cubes would have fallen out. They fall out when you just bend the tray. They're meant to."

"They still wouldn't have spotted it in the ice," Robert said.

"They would when the ice melted," she said. "Those men must have been in the house for hours. Plenty of time for it to melt."

"I suppose you're right."

"It would stick out a mile, lying there on the floor," she said, "the way it shines."

"Oh, dear," Robert said.

"If we never get it back, we won't miss it much, anyway, darling," she said. "We only had it a few hours."

"I agree," he said. "Do the police have any leads on who the vandals were?"

"Not a clue," she said. "They found lots of fingerprints, but they don't seem to belong to any known criminals."

"They wouldn't," he said, "not if they

were hooligans off the street."

"That's what the inspector said."

"Look, darling," he said, "I've just about finished here for the morning. I'm going to grab a coffee, then I'll come home to give you a hand."

"Good," she said. "I need you, Robert. I need you badly."

"Just give me five minutes to rest my feet," he said. "I feel exhausted."

In number-two operating theater, not ten yards away, another senior surgeon called Brian Goff was also nearly finished for the morning. He was on his last patient, a young man who had a piece of bone lodged somewhere in his small intestine. Goff was being assisted by a rather jolly young registrar named William Haddock, and between them they had opened the patient's abdomen and Goff was lifting out a section of the small intestine and feeling along it with his fingers. It was routine stuff, and there was a good deal of conversation going on in the room.

"Did I ever tell you about the man who had lots of little live fish in his bladder?" William Haddock was saying.

"I don't think you did," Goff said.

"When we were students at Barts," William Haddock said, "we were being taught by a particularly unpleasant professor of urology. One day, this twit was going to demonstrate how to examine the bladder, using a cystoscope. The patient was an old man suspected of having stones. Well, now, in one of the hospital waiting rooms, there was an aquarium that was full of those tiny little fish—neons, they're called; brilliant colors—

and one of the students sucked up about twenty of them into a syringe and managed to inject them into the patient's bladder when he was under his premed, before he was taken up to the theater for his cystoscopy."

"That's disgusting!" the theater sister cried. "You can stop right there, Mr. Haddock!"

Brian Goff smiled behind his mask and said, "What happened next?" As he spoke, he had about three feet of the patient's small intestine lying on the green sterile sheet, and he was still feeling along it with his fingers.

"When the professor got the cystoscope into the bladder and put his eye to it," William Haddock said, "he started jumping up and down and shouting with excitement."

"What is it, sir?" the guilty student asked him. "What do you see?"

"It's fish!" cried the professor. "There's hundreds of little fish! They're swimming about!"

"You made it up," the theater sister said. "It's not true."

"It most certainly is true," the registrar said. "I looked down the cystoscope myself and saw the fish. And they were actually swimming about."

"We might have expected a fishy story from a man with a name like Haddock," Goff said. "Here we are," he added. "Here's this poor chap's trouble. You want to feel it?"

William Haddock took the pale-gray piece of intestine between his fingers and pressed. "Yes," he said. "Got it."

"And if you look just there," Goff said, instructing him, "you can see where the bit of bone has punctured the mucosa. It's already inflamed."

Brian Goff held the section of intestine in the palm of his left hand. The sister handed him a scalpel and he made a small incision. She gave him a pair of forceps and Goff probed down among all the slushy matter of the intestine until he found the offending object. He brought it out, held firmly in the forceps, and dropped it into the small stainless-steel bowl the sister was holding. The thing was covered in pale-brown gunge.

"That's it," Goff said. "You can finish this one for me now, can't you, William? I'm meant to be at a meeting downstairs fifteen minutes ago."

"You go ahead," William Haddock said. "I'll close him up."

The senior surgeon hurried out of the theater, and the registrar proceeded to sew up first the incision in the intestine, then the abdomen itself. The whole thing took no more than a few minutes.

"I'm finished," he said to the anesthetist.

The man nodded and removed the mask from the patient's face.

"Thank you, sister," William Haddock said. "See you tomorrow." As he moved away, he picked up from the sister's tray



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"I thought for your Christmas present, I'd stop fooling around!"

the stainless-steel bowl that contained the brown-gunge-covered object. "Ten to one it's a chicken bone," he said, and he carried it to the sink and began rinsing it under the tap.

"Good God, what's this?" he cried. "Come and look, sister!"

The sister came over to look. "It's a piece of costume jewelry," she said. "Probably part of a necklace. Now, how on earth did he come to swallow that?"

"He'd have passed it if it hadn't had such a sharp point," William Haddock said. "I think I'll give it to my girlfriend."

"You can't do that, Mr. Haddock," the sister said. "It belongs to the patient. Hang on a sec. Let me look at it again." She took the stone from William Haddock's gloved hand and carried it into the powerful light that hung over the operating table. The patient had now been lifted off the table and was being wheeled out into recovery next door, accompanied by the anesthetist.

"Come here, Mr. Haddock," the sister said, and there was an edge of excitement in her voice. William Haddock joined her under the light. "This is amazing," she went on. "Just look at the way it sparkles and shines. A bit of glass wouldn't do that."

"Maybe it's rock crystal," William Haddock said, "or topaz, one of those semiprecious stones."

"You know what I think?" the sister said. "I think it's a diamond."

"Don't be damn silly," William Haddock said.

A junior nurse was wheeling away the instrument trolley and a male theater assistant was helping clear up. Neither of them took any notice of the young surgeon and the sister. The sister was about 28 years old, and now that she had removed her mask, she appeared an extremely attractive young lady.

"It's easy enough to test it," William Haddock said. "See if it cuts glass."

Together they crossed over to the frosted-glass window of the operating room. The sister held the stone between finger and thumb and pressed the sharp pointed end against the glass and drew it downward. There was a fierce scraping crunch as the point bit into the glass and left a deep line two inches long.

"Jesus Christ!" William Haddock said. "It is a diamond!"

"If it is, it belongs to the patient," the sister said firmly.

"Maybe it does," William Haddock said, "but he was mighty glad to get rid of it. Hold on a moment. Where are his notes?" He hurried over to the side table and picked up a folder that said on it JOHN DIGGS. He opened the folder. In it there was an X ray of the patient's intestine, accompanied by the radiologist's report. John Diggs, the report said. Age 17. Address 123 Mayfield Road, Oxford. There is clearly a large obstruction of some sort in the upper small intestine. The patient has no

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recollection of swallowing anything unusual but says that he ate some fried chicken on Sunday evening. The object clearly has a sharp point that has pierced the mucosa of the intestine, and it could be a piece of bone. . . .

"How could he swallow a thing like that without knowing it?" William Haddock said.

"It doesn't make sense," the sister said.

"There's no question it's a diamond after the way it cut the glass," William Haddock said. "Do you agree?"

"Absolutely," the sister said.

"And a bloody big one at that," Haddock said. "The question is, how good a diamond is it? How much is it worth?"

"We'd better send it to the lab right away," the sister said.

"To hell with the lab," Haddock said. "Let's have a bit of fun and do it ourselves."

"How?"

"We'll take it to Gold's, the jewelers in The High. They'll know. The damn thing must be worth a fortune. We're not going to steal it, but we're damn well going to

find out about it. Are you game?"

"Do you know anyone at Gold's?" the sister said.

"No, but that doesn't matter. Do you have a car?"

"My Mini's in the car park."

"Right. Get changed. I'll meet you out there. It's about your lunchtime, anyway. I'll take the stone."

Twenty minutes later, at a quarter to one, the little Mini pulled up outside the jewelry shop of H. F. Gold and parked on the double yellow lines. "Who cares?" William Haddock said. "We won't be long." He and the sister went into the shop.

There were two customers inside, a young man and a girl. They were examining a tray of rings and were being served by the woman assistant. As soon as they came in, the assistant pressed a bell under the counter and Harry Gold emerged through the door at the back. "Yes?" he said to William Haddock and the sister. "Can I help you?"

"Would you mind telling us what this is

worth?" William Haddock said, placing the stone on a piece of green cloth that lay on the counter.

Harry Gold stopped dead. He stared at the stone. Then he looked up at the young man and woman who stood before him. He was thinking very fast. Steady now, he told himself. Don't do anything silly. Act natural.

"Well, well," he said as casually as he could. "That looks to me like a very fine diamond, a very fine diamond, indeed. Would you mind waiting a moment while I weigh it and examine it carefully in my office? Then perhaps I'll be able to give you an accurate valuation. Do sit down, both of you."

Harry Gold scuttled back into his office with the diamond in his hand. Immediately, he took it to the electronic scale and weighed it. Fifteen point two seven carats. That was exactly the weight of Mr. Robert Sandy's stone! He had been certain it was the same one the moment he saw it. Who could mistake a diamond like that? And now the weight had proved it. His instinct was to call the police right away, but he was a cautious man who did not like making mistakes. Perhaps the doctor had already sold his diamond. Perhaps he had given it to his children. Who knows? Quickly he picked up the Oxford telephone book. He dialed The Radcliffe Infirmary's number and asked for Mr. Robert Sandy. He got Robert's secretary. He told her it was most urgent that he speak to Mr. Sandy this instant. The secretary said, "Hold on, please." She called the operating theater. Mr. Sandy had gone home half an hour ago, they told her. She took up the outside phone and relayed this information to Mr. Gold.

"What's his home number?" Mr. Gold asked her.

"Is this to do with a patient?"

"No!" cried Harry Gold. "It's to do with a robbery! For heaven's sake, woman, give me that number quickly!"

"Who is speaking, please?"

"Harry Gold! I'm the jeweler in The High! Don't waste time, I beg you!"

She gave him the number.

Harry Gold dialed again.

"Mr. Sandy?"

"Speaking."

"This is Harry Gold, Mr. Sandy, the jeweler. Have you by any chance lost your diamond?"

"Yes, I have."

"Two people have just brought it into my shop," Harry Gold whispered excitedly. "A man and a woman. Youngish. They're trying to get it valued. They're waiting out there now."

"Are you certain it's my stone?"

"Positive. I weighed it."

"Keep them there, Mr. Gold!" Robert Sandy cried. "Talk to them! Humor them! I'm calling the police!"

Robert Sandy called the police station. Within seconds, he was giving the news to



"Remember, it's guys like you—the smalltime crooks, the punks, the misfits of society—who are responsible for guys like me having these good jobs."

the detective inspector who was in charge of the case. "Get there fast and you'll catch them both!" he said. "I'm on my way, too!"

"Come on, darling!" he shouted to his wife. "Jump in the car. I think they've found our diamond and the thieves are in Harry Gold's shop right now, trying to sell it!"

When Robert and Betty Sandy drove up to Harry Gold's shop nine minutes later, two police cars were already parked outside. "Come on, darling," Robert said. "Let's go in and see what's happening."

There was a good deal of activity inside the shop when Robert and Betty Sandy rushed in. Two policemen and two plainclothes detectives, one of them the inspector, were surrounding a furious William Haddock and an even more furious theater sister. Both the young surgeon and the theater sister were handcuffed.

"You found it *where*?" the inspector was saying.

"Take these damn handcuffs off me!" the sister was shouting. "How dare you do this!"

"Tell us again where you found it," the inspector said, caustic.

"In someone's stomach!" William Haddock yelled back at him. "I've told you twice!"

"Don't give me that crap!" the inspector said.

"Good God, William!" Robert Sandy cried as he came in and saw who it was. "And Sister Wyman! What on earth are you two doing here?"

"They had the diamond," the inspector said. "They were trying to flog it. Do you know these people, Mr. Sandy?"

It didn't take very long for William Haddock to explain to Robert Sandy and, indeed, to the inspector exactly how and where the diamond had been found.

"Remove their handcuffs, for heaven's sake, inspector," Robert Sandy said. "They're telling the truth. The man you want—at least one of the men you want—is in the hospital right now, just coming round from his anesthetic. Isn't that right, William?"

"Correct," William Haddock said. "His name is John Diggs. He'll be in one of the surgical wards."

Harry Gold stepped forward. "Here's your diamond, Mr. Sandy," he said.

"Now, listen," the theater sister said, still angry, "would someone for God's sake tell me how that patient came to swallow a diamond like this without knowing he'd done it?"

"I think I can guess," Robert Sandy said. "He allowed himself the luxury of putting ice in his drink. Then he got very drunk. Then he swallowed a piece of half-melted ice."

"I still don't get it," the sister said.

"I'll tell you the rest later," Robert Sandy said. "Why don't we all go round the corner and have a drink?"



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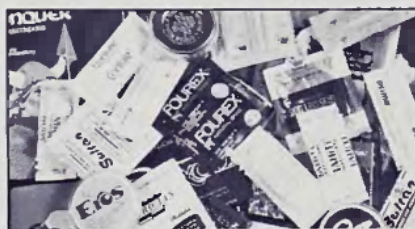
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ask for operator 130 For info: (202) 362-5921

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- Made in USA

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

ANNIE DISCOVERS JIM AND TAMMY MUNCHKIN AT HERMITAGE U.S.A... BUT BEFORE SHE DOES, WE'D LIKE TO MAKE AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT. EVERYBODY ELSE HAS MADE ONE, SO WHY NOT US?... ANNOUNCEMENT BEING THAT UNLESS YOU, THE READERS, BUY 10,000,000 COPIES OF THE NEXT ANNIE FANNY ISSUE, THE GOOD LORD IS GOING TO SUMMON HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILLY ELDER HOME.



HE'S PUT MONEY IN OUR POCKETS! FORTUNATELY, HE DOES THIS BY TAKING MONEY OUT OF THEIR POCKETS!

PASS THE FLOOT

MAKE-UP
Does the LORD APPROVE?
by Tammy Munchkin

HOW TO CRY
by Jimmy Munchkin

HONDELLA HONDELLA KEEKKEE OF
HOW TO TALK IN TONGUES

OUR PRICES INCLUDE
7% SALES TAX
15% BEAUTIFICATION TAX
10% SIN TAX

the SIMPLE BIBLE
MOST CAN UNDERSTAND

the SIMPLER BIBLE
ANYONE CAN UNDERSTAND

the SIMPLEST BIBLE
FOR IDIOTS

WE TRY TO HELP THE LORD DO HIS GOOD WORK, AND IF THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS ARE SLOW TO SHOW THEIR DEVOTION, WE HELP THEM ALONG. BUT FIRST LET ME TAKE YOU ON A TOUR OF HERMITAGE U.S.A... YOU'LL SEE WHAT THE GOOD PEOPLE OF MY MINISTRY FLOCK FROM MILES AROUND TO SEE.



BILLY GRAHAM BLVD.

ELMER GENTRY AVE.

AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON ST.

FATHER DIVINE ST.

TOUR BUS \$10.00
TOUR OUR RIVER
TOUR OUR ROCK
TOUR OUR PEPSI MACHINE

TO OZ HERMITAGE U.S.A.

A RIDE ON THE TOUR BUS! **GOODY!**

WITH THOSE SMELLY PEASANTS? NO WAY! WE'LL TAKE THE LIMO! AND I'LL EXPLAIN WHY I'M INTERVIEWING YOU!

I'M LOOKING FOR A TAMMY MUNCHKIN REPLACEMENT. THOSE EYELASHES OF HERS! THEY'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY! THEY'RE GROWING ALL OUT OF CONTROL!



A HEADACHE! HALLELUJAH!
I'VE GOT JUST THE THING!
WHAT YOU NEED IS LAYING
ON OF THE HANDS--

HEAL!
OH, HEAL
THIS LITTLE
LOST LAMB'S
HEADACHE!



HOWZABOUT HEALING THIS HEEL, YOU DOG!

YIKE! TAMMY,
DISGUISED AS A CHAUFFEUR,
PLUS THE WHOLE P.T.L., IS HIDING
IN THE FRONT SEAT!



HOMMINA
HOMMINA
HOMMA-

BROTHER
SWAGGER,
THIS IS NO
TIME TO
TALK IN
TONGUES!

BROTHER MUNCH-
KIN, WE LOVE
YOU AND WE FOR-
GIVE YOU YOUR
TRESPASSES,
BECAUSE WE
LOVE YOU, BUT
IF YOU DON'T
MAKE TRACKS,
WE'RE GONNA
BUST YOUR
ASS.

SISTER
MUNCHKIN HAS
GIVEN US
ENOUGH
EVIDENCE TO
BANISH YOU
FROM THE
MINISTRY AND
FROM HERMI-
TAGE U.S.A.
FOREVER!

HOWEVER, BEING
THAT WE'RE LOVING
AND FORGIVING,
WE'LL LET YOU
KEEP THE LIMO
TO HELP YOU MAKE
TRACKS AND YOUR
SWIMMING POOL
TO WASH
AWAY YOUR
SINS.



CLEANSE ME! CLEANSE
ME OF TAMMY! TAKE HER AND HER
EYELASHES AS PART OF THE DEAL... AND
YOU, ANNIE, WILL HELP ME START MY
NEW MINISTRY, BEGINNING WITH
THE LIMO AND THE SWIMMO!

WE'LL
MOVE INTO THE
\$50,000 DOGHOUSE.
THE DOG WON'T
MIND!

MAYBE
INSTEAD OF
HANDS, I'LL
TRY A
TYLENOL!

HOMMA
HOMMA
HOMMINA!

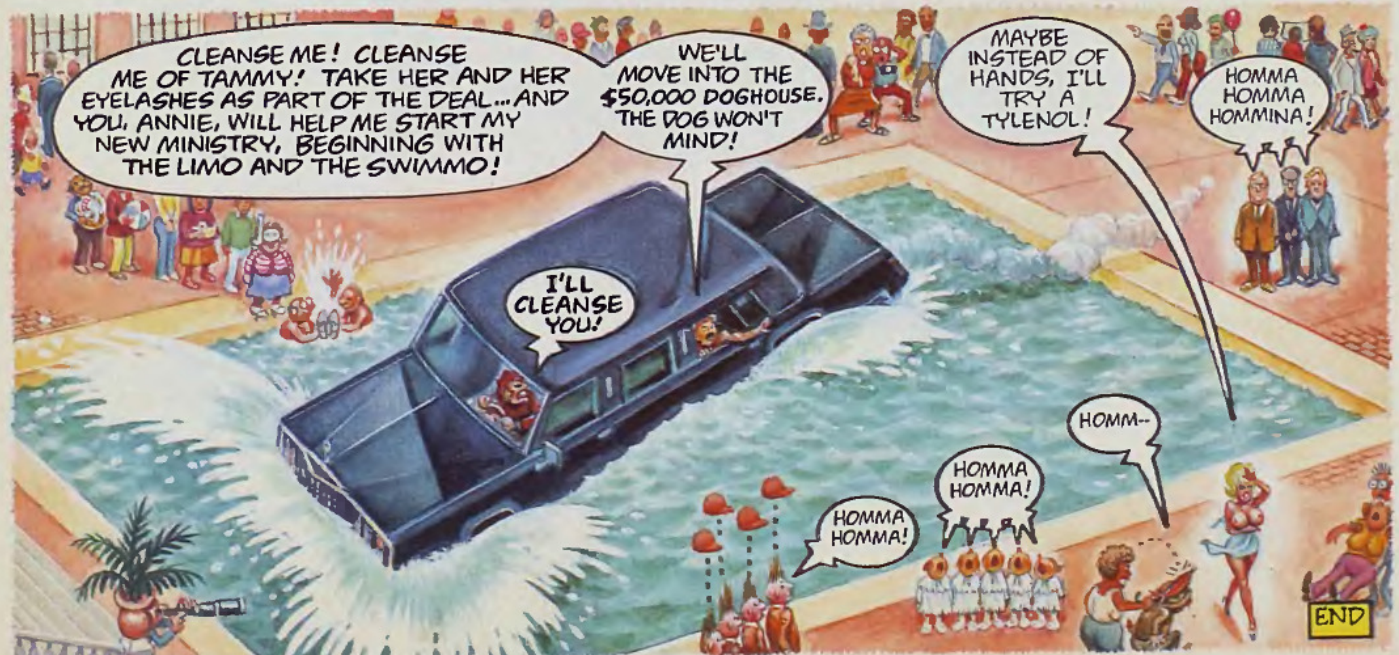
I'LL
CLEANSE
YOU!

HOMM--

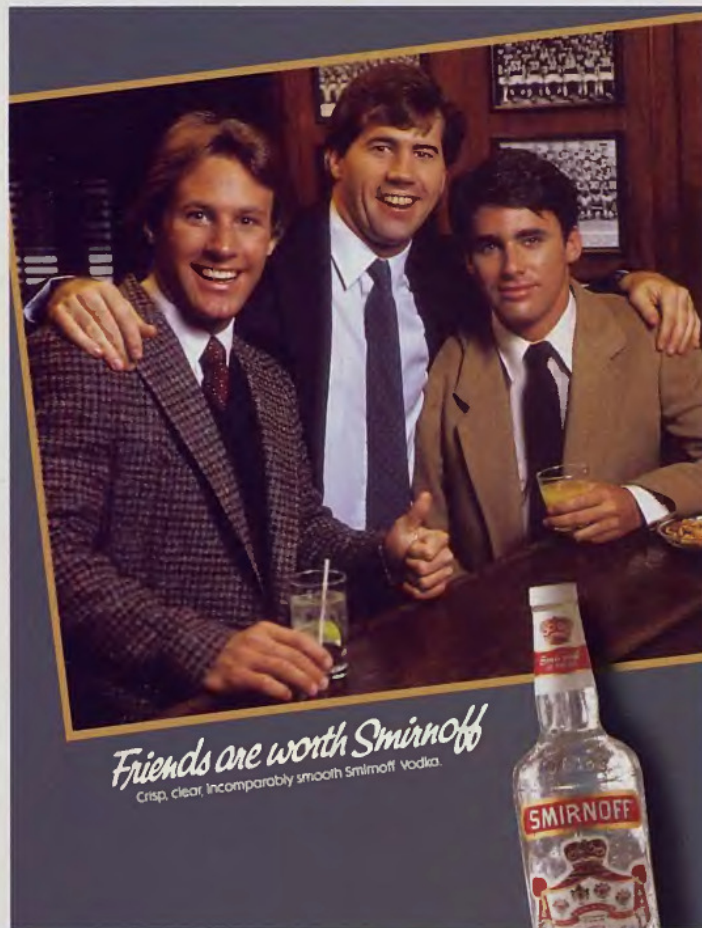
HOMMA
HOMMA!

HOMMA
HOMMA!

END



Can you find the best friend in this ad?



Not surprisingly these days, it's the man who is *not* drinking. Why? Because he volunteered to be the *Designated Driver* for his friends who are enjoying their drinks.

The makers of Smirnoff® Vodka

encourage and support this wonderfully grown-up idea. Indeed, we will promote it to the public and urge our industry to do likewise. More than anything else, we believe...

Friends are worth Saving



PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

THE PLAYBOY PORTFOLIO

For 34 years, the *Playboy* Playmate of the Month has been the world's most popular pinup. Now we're ringing in the new year with an exciting new celebration of the centerfold: *The Playboy Portfolio, Playmates 1987*, a limited-edition (only 500) set of 12 gatefold-size custom prints, individually signed by our 12 1987 Playmates and pre-

sented in a tied case. The portfolio prints are without folds, and each set contains a notarized letter of authenticity and the individual set number. A pair of white gloves is included, and each print is further protected by a vellum overlay on which is inscribed the Playmate's name and her month of publication. The portfolio is a beauty—like our Playmates.

The limited-edition *Playboy Portfolio, Playmates 1987* is available from Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009-1554, for \$850, postpaid. (Illinois residents should add seven percent sales tax.) To order by credit card, call toll-free 1-800-228-5000. Orders received by December 11 should arrive for Christmas 1987. As the first in a series, the set is sure to be a collector's item. Order early.



— S U P E R S H O P P I N G —

If you can't own a Porsche 959, there's always this handsome 6" x 12" model that's been hand-carved from alder wood and finished with a transparent lacquer that allows the beauty of the natural grain to remain visible, from Woodeye Productions, San Fernando, California, about \$300, including a wood base.

The Great American Sports Bag comes packed with some unbeatable features—nine pockets and compartments for everything from keys and sneakers to wet towels and sweaty workout gear, from Ronald Louis, Boulder, Colorado, \$150.



Ease on down the road or hit the slopes in Bercy sunglasses, from France, which have a pliable thermoplastic frame and interchangeable yellow or mirrored lenses, from Renaissance Eyewear, Fords, New Jersey, \$95.



Zapit's optical remote-control power booster turns ordinary infrared remote-control devices into supercharged command centers. The Zapit system amplifies signal strength with so much power that it bounces off walls and around corners. Beam us up, Scotty! From Monster Cable Products, \$24.95.



New Wave, an art-deco-influenced neon wall clock measuring 30" x 17" x 5", features a German quartz battery-operated movement and an A.B.S. plastic body. The neon will probably last more than 30 years, while the transformer, which can be replaced, is good for ten years or more, from The Electric Art Company, St. Louis, Missouri, \$400.



Enter any avenue address into the credit-card-size Manhattan City Key, and in less than a second you have an easy-to-read digital display of the nearest cross street in the Big Apple. The City Key also doubles as a calculator, from Macy's, New York, about \$30.



Bose's mini loud-speakers are smaller than a quart of milk and weigh about two pounds. They are part of the AM-5 Acoustimass Speaker System, featuring two sets of the two-cube speaker array and the Acoustimass module (not shown), designed to handle frequencies below the range of the cubes, \$699.

This well-designed and elegant multidrawer gentleman's jewelry chest is lovingly handmade from cherry wood and fitted with solid-brass hardware and sueded pigskin. The front panel has three positions; it locks the chest, serves as a tray or stows out of sight, from H. Gerstner & Sons, Dayton, Ohio, \$400.



Cheers to Racy Tracy

You can watch actress TRACY RICHMAN on TV in *It's a Living*, but we guarantee you won't see her looking like this. The way we see it, TV's loss is our gain. Thanks, Tracy.



© 1987 MARK LEIVDAL

© FROOZ ZAHEDI / GAMMA-LIAISON



The Lady in Black

Actress VIRGINIA MADSEN can rest on her attractive laurels. *Slam Dance*, with Tom Hulce, is in the theaters now, and *Hot to Trot*, with Dabney Coleman, is due out this spring. Not too shabby for a young actress. We picked this sophisticated pose so we could tell you her secret passion: White Castle burgers.

Andee Blooms in New Year's Balloons

Actress ANDEE GRAY pops out of her balloons as a little holiday treat. You've seen Andee on TV in the soap *Santa Barbara* and at the movies in *Vasectomy* and *RoboCop*. But you're seeing her at her best in *Grapevine*, because we know how to ring in a new year: with a bang!



© 1987 MARK LEIVDAL



© ROSS MARINO

Guitar Magic

Mötley Crüe's MICK MARS has his own way of making a long concert tour interesting. Crüe's tour of the U.S. ended in November, and the band is now making Europeans happy. *Girls, Girls, Girls* went double platinum on the charts. Mick's proud.

George Gets Back

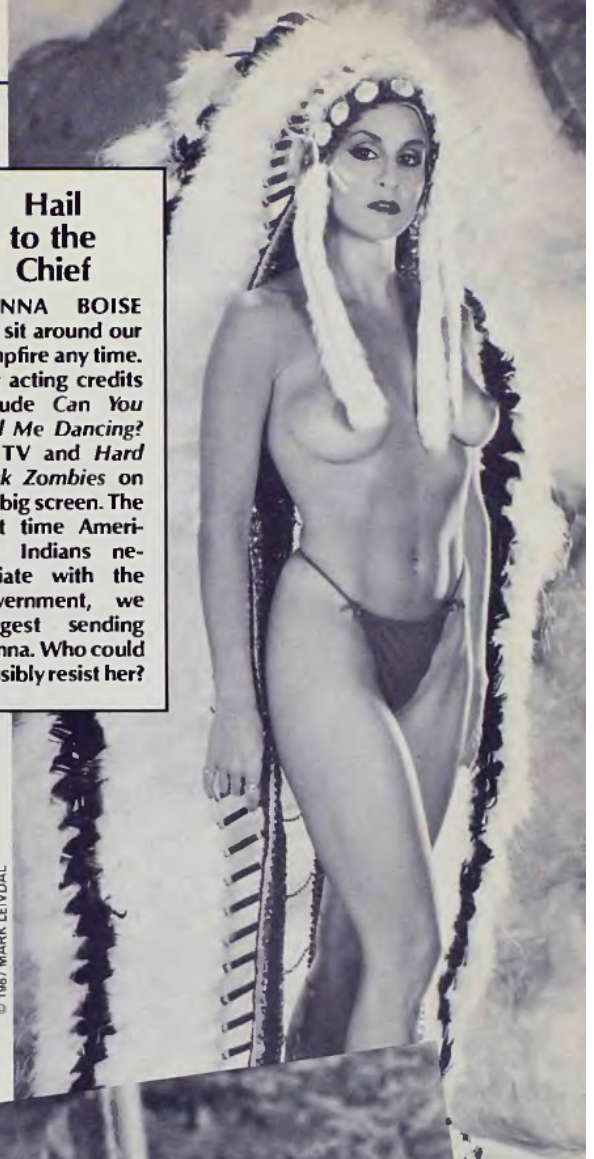
GEORGE HARRISON took a break from his nonmusical duties to cut an album with help from his friends Elton, Eric and Ringo.



© ROBERT MATHEU

Hail to the Chief

DONNA BOISE can sit around our campfire any time. Her acting credits include *Can You Feel Me Dancing?* on TV and *Hard Rock Zombies* on the big screen. The next time American Indians negotiate with the Government, we suggest sending Donna. Who could possibly resist her?



© 1987 MARK LEIVDAL

Double Fault

Ski star SUZY CHAFFEE's injured leg belongs to her doctor, but her ass belongs to us. Last summer, at the Aspen Tennis Festival, Suzy's revealing rear got more attention than the players at the charity event, which included the likes of co-hosts Bill Cosby and Martina Navratilova, as well as such celebrity guests as Don Johnson, Sugar Ray Leonard and Linda Evans. Line judge Buddy Hackett was so taken with Suzy's performance that he dropped his own pants. No contest.



© GEOFFREY SPALDING

THE ROARING 20S

Remember 20 Questions, the classic parlor game in which players attempted to guess subject matter that was people, places or things? It has resurfaced in a clever board game of the same name that makes luck just as important as knowledge. Macy's, F.A.O. Schwarz and Foley's, among other stores, sell the game for about \$25. By the way, one of the celebrities to identify "was something of a playboy even after he turned 50." Guess who.



THERE'S A STORM BREWING

Eye of the Storm has just hit the stores, and already the manufacturer, Rabbit Systems, Inc., of Santa Monica, is predicting that it will become "the next Hula-Hoop or Pet Rock." Actually, similar "plasma spheres" in which "living lightning" is created inside a clear-glass chamber have been available in limited editions priced at \$1200 and up. So Eye's \$200 price tag makes it doubly appealing. Who says lightning can't strike twice?



BIONIC POOCH

"The first animated, computer-aided walking robotic pet in the world" is how Phonetica One, Inc., P.O. Box 279, Colorado City, Colorado 80421, describes Fred the Ameri-Mutt. And if that isn't just what you always wanted to have curled up on your hearth, then we'll eat our weight in bionic dog biscuits. Fred has four modes: voice command, entertainment, security and cuddle chit-chat. He dances, barks, stands guard duty and more, all for only \$79.95, post-paid. And just around the corner is a follow-up smart toy: *the Spuds MacKenzie* in a tux. Woof!



FROM THE LAND OF THE RISING FUN

Toyota introduced its 1988 line of cars at Oregon's Portland International Raceway not too long ago, and there's not enough mustard in the world to cover the automotive hot dogs who took to the track and the nearby scenic byways for several days of dicing. Just off the assembly line is the Celica All-Trac Turbo, shown above—an all-wheel-drive liftback powered by a 2.0-liter, 16-valve, twin-cam, turbocharged hummer that's available with optional antilock brakes. Toyota also has added all-wheel drive to its reliable Camry line, and the flagship of the fleet, Supra, gets some needed interior fine-tuning. The MR2, named Best Fun to Drive in our *Cars '87: The Best* feature last May, is even more fun with the addition of a super-charged engine. Let the good times roll!

THE LITTLE WORLD OF PARIS

Who else but the French would manufacture an 8½" x 7" shadow box and populate it with a miniature lead figure of an elegant toper in dinner jacket and party hat sleeping it off on a park bench while a *clochard* and his dog check out the nearest garbage can? That scene, titled *Waking Up in Paris*, is just one of many dioramas by Pixi available from Schylling Associates, One Peabody Street, Salem, Massachusetts 01970, for \$80. *Très* amusing.



STRIPPING VEGAS STYLE

We can't say for certain whether the Palomino Club in North Las Vegas is America's premiere strip joint, but it gets our vote. So if you're one of the 100,000 or so visitors to the International Winter Consumer Electronics Show January seventh through tenth, drop by and watch some of the world's most beautiful women take it off, take it almost all off for an uncovered charge of \$10 per person, plus a couple of drinks. See you in the front row.



PAYING THE PIPER

To celebrate the 100th anniversary of the publication of the first Sherlock Holmes story, *A Study in Scarlet*, Dunhill of London has created a limited-edition (250) commemorative hand-fashioned briar calabash-style pipe with a sterling-silver mounting. It comes fitted into an elegant leather-covered bookcase, with a gold-embossed likeness of Conan Doyle's world-renowned detective on the cover and the book title on the spine. The price? Elementary, my dear Watson: a mere \$750—if you're clever enough to sleuth one up. It's a dream of a pipe.



YOUR PLACE MAT OR MINE?

For the Mr. Big who eats at his desk, there are Lunch-In Mats, file-folder-sized laminated place mats that wipe clean and have three culinary settings illustrated on them: a country picnic, a countertop at your friendly neighborhood diner and (shown) a table setting in a classy restaurant. Each is \$5.95, postpaid, sent to Banning Enterprises, 1921 Bellmore Avenue, Bellmore, New York 11710.

PEACH OF A LIQUEUR

Pêcher Mignon, a liqueur that's made from white peaches found in the south of France, has just been introduced to the American market by 21 Brands, Inc., of Manhattan; and if you'd like to add an immensely rich after-dinner (or aperitif) offering to your liquor cabinet, then it definitely is your sip. Pêcher Mignon, incidentally, plays on the French phrase meaning "little sin," and even the Evelike lady on the bottle holds out the promise of naughty pleasures. (In Chinese folklore, the white peach was considered so seductive it couldn't be planted anywhere near a lady's boudoir.) About \$13 a bottle. Nice.



NEXT MONTH



NUDISH



SPOOKISH



FEVERISH



GIRLISH

"WHY SPY?"—IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT COVERT OPERATIONS OFTEN GET US INTO MORE TROUBLE THAN THEY GET US OUT OF. BUT THE AUTHOR, AN EX-SPY HIMSELF, SAYS THAT WITHOUT OUR SPIES, WE'D REALLY HAVE PROBLEMS—BY **WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.**

PLUS: "COMPANY BOYS"—A WOMAN WHO TRAINED WITH HER CIA HUSBAND FOR MOSCOW DUTY GIVES A BEHIND-THE-SCENES LOOK AT THE COARSITIES AND COURTESIES OF SPYING—BY **KAREN WYNN**

"IRRESISTIBLE FORCE"—A HARD-HITTING PROFILE OF **MIKE TYSON**, THE 21-YEAR-OLD GLADIATOR WHO JUST MAY BE THE MOST AWESOME HEAVYWEIGHT IN THE HISTORY OF PUGILISM. (DON'T BELIEVE IT? ASK TYSON'S LATEST VICTIM, **TYRELL BIGGS**.) BY ACE SPORTSWRITER **PETE DEXTER**

OLIVER STONE—THE VIETNAM VET WHOSE FILMS INCLUDE *MIDNIGHT EXPRESS* AND THE OSCAR-WINNING *PLATOON*—TALKS ABOUT GROWING UP ANGRY AND HIS NEWEST FILM, *WALL STREET*, IN AN INTENSE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"IN SEARCH OF PRIMITIVE MAN"—OUR TALL, BLONDE EX-CHEERLEADER LEAVES THE LAND OF CONDIMENTS AND CONDOMS FOR THE LAND OF

BOILED FROGS AND PENIS GOURDS TO FIND THE MEANING OF LIFE—BY **E. JEAN CARROLL**

"TV GREED"—YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY TELEVISION WALLOWES IN MEDIOCRITY? A HOLLYWOOD WRITER SPILLS THE BEANS ON THE BUSINESS THAT HAS MADE HIM RICH—BY **BENJAMIN J. STEIN**

"PAGE-THREE GIRLS"—BRITISH TABLOIDS OFTEN HAVE A COMELY LASS ON PAGE THREE TO KEEP THEIR READERS, AH, ABREAST OF THE NEWS. IT'S NOT JOURNALISM, BUT IT IS DEFINITELY TITILLATING

"WAITING FOR THE NIGHT FLIGHT"—CAN MAGIC JOHNSON CONJURE UP AN OLD FLAME? MAYBE YES, MAYBE NO. A STORY ABOUT ROMANTIC HANG TIME BY **DAVID MICHAEL KAPLAN**

"AN ANCIENT AFFAIR"—A BLUE-COLLAR PYRAMID WORKER GETS INVOLVED WITH THE PHARAOH'S WIFE IN THIS TALE OF HIEROGLYPHIC HIGH-JINKS BY **AARON ABBEY**

PLUS: "20 QUESTIONS" WITH CHICAGO MAYOR **HAROLD WASHINGTON**; **LUCIEN CLERGUE'S** HOT SHOTS OF A DESERT BEAUTY; AND MUCH MORE

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there's only one thing that tastes
more like a fat, juicy peach.

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Straight, rocks, or with orange juice. Bite into one today.

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DeKuyper[®] Original Peachtree[®] Schnapps Liqueur, 48 Proof, John DeKuyper and Son, Elmwood Place, OH.



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As real as it gets.



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