

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1988 • \$4.50

G A L A

CHRISTMAS BONANZA!

**NORMAN MAILER:
MISTRESSES**

**PETE HAMILL:
HEROES**

**JIMMY BRESLIN:
CRACK**

**HARLAN ELLISON:
COMICS**

**LEROY NEIMAN:
STARS**

**OUR DEVASTATING
DOZEN—THE 1988
PLAYMATE REVIEW**

**CHER'S RACIEST
INTERVIEW YET**

**COLLEGE BASKETBALL
PREVIEW**

**MEET THE SCREEN'S
HOT NEW BRIT
LYSETTE ANTHONY**

**A HOLIDAY KISS
FROM GENE SIMMONS**

Austria S.88, Finland F.Mk 32.00, France F.F. 40, Germany DM 13.50, Italy Lit 9100, Norway NOK 48.00 inkl MVA, Spain PTS. 825, Sweden S.Kr. 49.00 inkl moms., Switzerland S.Fr. 10.50, U.K. £2.95



NO OTHER AUDIO TAPE DE



© 1988 Maxell Corporation of America, 22-08 Route 208, Fair Lawn, N.J. 07410

LIVERS HIGHER FIDELITY.



maxell.
The Tape That Delivers
Higher Performance.

**A Manhattan
is more
delicious
with a touch
of Comfort.**

Southern Comfort has a distinctive, appealing flavor.
It's a drink that makes any other drink taste that much better.

*Comfort Dry Manhattan: 1½ oz. of Southern Comfort. ½ oz. of Dry Vermouth.
Pour ingredients into glass; stir. Add a twist of lemon.*



PLAYBILL

THE GLIMPSE of a nicely stuffed stocking, adorning a chimney or a lady, ignites the holiday fires in any man. In a similar way, we promise that this holiday issue of *Playboy*, gracefully filled with literary lights and fabulous *femmes* and hung by the newsstand with care, will put you in a highly celebratory mood.

Topping the list of giftgivers is literary lion **Norman Mailer**. In *The Changing of the Guard*, an excerpt from his forthcoming novel, he muses on the comparative importance of wives and mistresses in a man's amorous diet. Romance is also on the mind of **Herbert Gold**, author of *Room at the Inn*, who looks for, and finds, love at a holiday party. **Pat Andrea**, the internationally renowned painter, illustrated the tale.

Adding his own perspective on revelry is **Pete Hamill**. In *Man with a Past*, he ties his raucous encounter in a Mexico City whorehouse to the rollicking political season behind us, which saw the high and mighty brought low by past peccadilloes.

Harlan Ellison, who chronicled the triumphs of the Sixties generation in the January 1988 issue of *Playboy*, celebrates a different subculture in *It Ain't Toontown*. Ellison, a devotee of the superhero set, describes the renaissance in comics since their liberation into the adult world. For yet another genre of comic—the *Stand-up* variety—don't miss our special section on comedy: You'll learn who laughs best and last.

Jimmy Breslin, New York's *vox populi*, has seen a lot of dirt and skulduggery. It's significant, then, that in his article *Crack*, he sees the powerfully addictive cocaine derivative as a corruptive influence unmatched in the history of the city streets.

For a hair-raising adventure in sports, *Road Warrior*, climb into the driver's seat with off-road racer **Malcolm Smith** for 8000 miles of bad road: the Paris-to-Dakar rally. (**Lee Green** kept the prose on track.) Then match wits with Photography Director **Gary Cole**, who took a break from screening Playmates to peer into his crystal b'ball for *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*.

Taking a different peep into the future are **Richard and Joyce Wolkomir**, who inform us in *The Bod for '90* that the next decade will be the age of curves. Not a moment too soon. The article's main illustration, a reinterpretation by **Richard Duardo** and **Jim Evans** of our famous **Marilyn Monroe** nude, will be available as a poster. (To order one, call Mirage Editions at 213-450-1129.) And while you're in an acquisitive mood, stop by *The 12 Stores of Christmas*, where photographer **Don Azuma** has captured the season's bounty in its native habitat.

Leading the way into this brave and curvy new world will be *Sex Stars of 1988*, *Playboy's* annual favorite heartthrobs. This year, we even have an arthrothrob: **Jessica Rabbit**. **Jim Harwood** sheds light on this amatory elite.

After her heart-winning performance in *Moonstruck*, **Cher** earned a prominent place among those *Sex Stars*. For *amore* on her loving roles, dip into this month's *Playboy Interview*, conducted by **Eugenie Ross-Leming**. Then take a look at *20 Questions* with Kiss front man, and former Cher amour, **Gene Simmons**.

Another romantic treat is **Matthew Rolston's** pictorial on **Lysette Anthony**. The Brit beauty has a major film out: *Without a Clue*, co-starring **Michael Caine** and **Ben Kingsley**.

Helping you plan your holiday entertaining is drink expert **Michael Jackson**. Belly up to his *Connoisseur's Guide to Single-Malt Scotch* (with illustration by **John O'Leary**) before you buy your Christmas libations. And while we're introducing our experts, meet **Digby Diehl**, late of the *L.A. Times* and Harry N. Abrams Publishing, who takes over as *Playboy's* book columnist.

Rounding out the issue are Playmate **Kata Kärkkäinen**, our favorite example of Finlandization, and *Playboy's Playmate Review*, a year-end tradition second only to mistletoe—presented a month early to make room for a very special January issue. Meanwhile, many happy returns to the pages of *Playboy*.



MAILER



GOLD



ANDREA



HAMILL



ELLISON



BRESLIN



SMITH



COLE



AZUMA



WOLKOMIR, WOLKOMIR



DUARDO, EVANS



HARWOOD



ROSS-LEMING



ROLSTON



JACKSON



O'LEARY



DIEHL

Smooth character.



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

© 1988 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

9 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

PLAYBOY

vol. 35, no. 12—december 1988

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL	3
DEAR PLAYBOY	9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	15
SPORTS	DAN JENKINS 40
MEN	ASA BABER 42
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL 44
DEAR PLAYMATES	46
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	49
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	57
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CHER—candid conversation	67
THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD—fiction	NORMAN MAILER 86
MAN WITH A PAST—article	PETE HAMILL 90
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW—pictorial	96
CRACK—article	JIMMY BRESLIN 108
THE 12 STORES OF CHRISTMAS—modern living	112
ROOM AT THE INN—fiction	HERBERT GOLD 118
THE BOD FOR '90—article	RICHARD and JOYCE WOLKOMIR 122
PHOTO FINNISH—playboy's playmate of the month	126
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor	138
ROAD WARRIOR—article	MALCOLM SMITH with LEE GREEN 140
PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW—sports	GARY COLE 143
A CONNOISSEUR'S GUIDE TO SINGLE-MALT SCOTCH—drink	MICHAEL JACKSON 148
THE POLO LOUNGE—pictorial	LEROY NEIMAN 150
IT AIN'T TOONTOWN—article	HARLAN ELLISON 162
LYSETTE—pictorial	text by JOAN GOODMAN 166
STAND-UP—humor	176
SEX STARS OF 1988—pictorial	text by JIM HARWOOD 180
20 QUESTIONS: GENE SIMMONS	192
FAST FORWARD	202
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE	247



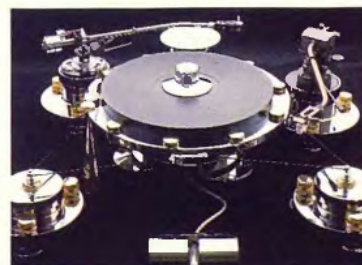
True Brit P. 166



Comic Relief P. 162



Finn Fore P. 126



Ultra Sound P. 112



COVER STORY This Finn is no mickey: She's Kata Kárkkäinen, and you'll see much more of her on the centerfold this month. Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda shot the cover, which was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski; Tracy Cianflone styled Miss December's hair and make-up. As for the Rabbit, he's off to do a little elbow bending. Cheers!

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1988 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE, MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DÉPOSÉE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. **CREDITS:** PHOTOGRAPHY BY: ACKALIN/© SIPA PRESS, P. 186; JEAN BAPTISTE-MONDINO, P. 185; MARIO CASILLI, P. 124; © TONY COSTA/OUTLINE, P. 178; NANCY CRAMPTON, P. 3; PHILLIP OGDON, P. 185; TONY DUFFY/ALL SPORTS PHOTOGRAPHY, USA, INC., P. 124; © DEBORAH FEINGOLD/OUTLINE PRESS, P. 182, 185; FLETCHER/REX FEATURES LTD./RDR PRODUCTIONS, P. 185; ARNY FREYTAG, P. 46 (2), 97, 98; © GREG GORMAN/GAMMA-LIAISON, P. 179, 181; © GREG GORMAN/SYGMA, P. 182; © ARTHUR GRACE/SYGMA, P. 179; DAVID GURIAN, P. 183; DEIRDRE HAMILL, P. 3; MARK HANAUER, P. 179 (2); JOHN D. HANLON/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, P. 186; RICHARD HOWARD, P. 3; JAMES IMBRODINO, P. 148; © PAUL JASMIN/VISAGES, P. 182; HARRY LANGDON/POLYGRAM RECORDS, P. 185; PETER READ MILLER/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, P. 143; KERRY MORRIS, P. 107; HELMUT NEWTON/SYGMA, P. 187; POMPEO POSAR, P. 97 (2), 100, 101, 250; DUNCAN RABAN/LONDON FEATURES INT'L., P. 184; MATTHEW HOLSTON, P. 3; © M. ROSENSTEHL/SYGMA, P. 187; © 1988 BOB SACHA, P. 186; © ADAM SCULL/RANGEFINDER/GLOBE PHOTOS, P. 186; © BOB SEBREE/OUTLINE PRESS, P. 187; JORGEN SPERLING/PHOTOREPORTERS, INC., P. 124; RANDEE ST. NICHOLAS, P. 184; UP/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS, P. 3; CINDY VALK, P. 36; STEVEN VAUGHN/© COLUMBIA, P. 25; © 1988 VISAGES, P. 183; STEVE WEINREBE, P. 3; DAN WHITE, P. 57; © FIROOZ ZAHEDI/GAMMA-LIAISON, P. 178, 179. BACKGROUND PHOTOS BY KIM MZUNG, P. 180-181. CHRIS KRISTOFF, STYLIST'S ASSISTANT, P. 186-173. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: NICK BACKES, P. 20; STEVE BOSWICK, P. 40; GREG COUCH, P. 251; KERRY GAVIN, P. 42; MARK HEMPSTEAD, P. 16; JOHN HERSEY, P. 37; RUSSELL JONES, P. 250; DENNIS MUKAI, P. 49; WILL NORTHERNER, P. 28; MITCH O'CONNELL, P. 44; ONE STOP POSTERS, P. 180; EVERETT PECK, P. 84 (2); KEVIN POPE, P. 6; PATER SATO, P. 15; JOHN ZIELINSKI, P. 251. FRANKLIN MINT OUTSERT IN ALL DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. TOYOTA SIX-PAGE INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 24-25 IN ALL DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES; R. J. REYNOLDS INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 36-37 IN MISSOURI AND ARIZONA COPIES. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor and publisher

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director
and associate publisher*

JONATHAN BLACK *managing editor*

TOM STAEBLER *art director*

GARY COLE *photography director*

G. BARRY GOLSON *executive editor*

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: JOHN REZEK *editor*; PETER MOORE *associate editor*; **FICTION:** ALICE K. TURNER *editor*; **MODERN LIVING:** DAVID STEVENS *senior editor*; ED WALKER *associate editor*; PHILLIP COOPER *assistant editor*; **FORUM:** TERESA GROSCH *associate editor*; **WEST COAST:** STEPHEN RANDALL *editor*; **STAFF:** GRETCHEN EDGREN *senior editor*; JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer*; BRUCE KLUGER, BARBARA NELLIS, KATE NOLAN *associate editors*; JOHN LUSK *traffic coordinator*; **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE *editor*; **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor*; **COPY:** ARLENE BOURAS *editor*; LAURIE ROGERS *assistant editor*; LEE BRAUER, CAROLYN BROWNE, RANDY LYNCH, BARI NASH, LYNN TRAVERS, MARY ZION *researchers*; **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, KEVIN COOK, LAURENCE GONZALES, LAWRENCE GROBEL, CYNTHIA HEIMEL, WILLIAM J. HELMER, DAN JENKINS, WALTER LOWE, JR., D. KEITH MANO, REG POTTERTON, RON REAGAN, DAVID RENSIN, RICHARD RHODES, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STANDISH, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (*movies*), SUSAN MARGOLIS-WINTER, BILL ZEHME

ART

KERIC POPE *managing director*; CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors*; BRUCE HANSEN *associate director*; JOSEPH PACZEK, ERIC SHROPSHIRE *assistant directors*; DEBBIE KONG, KEN OVRYN *junior directors*; ANN SEIDL *senior keyline and paste-up artist*; BILL BENWAY, DANIEL REED *art assistants*; BARBARA HOFFMAN *administrative manager*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor*; JEFF COHEN *managing editor*; LINDA KENNEY, JAMES LARSON, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *associate editors*; PATTY BEAUDET *assistant editor*; POMPEO POSAR *senior staff photographer*; KERRY MORRIS *staff photographer*; DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, DAVID MEECEY, BYRON NEWMAN, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers*; SHELEE WELLS *stylist*; STEVE LEVITT *color lab supervisor*; JOHN GOSS *business manager*

PRODUCTION

JOHN MASTRO *director*; MARIA MANDIS *manager*; RITA JOHNSON *assistant manager*; ELEANORE WAGNER, JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI *assistants*

READER SERVICE

CYNTHIA LACEY-SIKICH *manager*; LINDA STROM, MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondents*

CIRCULATION

RICHARD SMITH *director*; BARBARA GUTMAN *associate director*

ADVERTISING

MICHAEL T. CARR *advertising director*; ZOE AQUILLA *midwest manager*; JAMES J. ARCHAMBAULT, JR. *new york manager*; ROBERT TRAMONDO *category manager*; JOHN PEASLEY *direct response*

ADMINISTRATIVE

JOHN A. SCOTT *president, publishing group*; EILEEN KENT *contracts administrator*; MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions manager*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *president*

The Unfair Advantage

In field test after field test...

women agree
Musk by English Leather
outscores the competition
every time.



English Leather®
MUSK
COLOGNE

A masterpiece becomes a master timepiece.

IT'S A WORK OF ART. AN AUTHENTIC COLLECTOR'S ITEM.

Rugged. Sporty. Distinctive as the man who wears it. The ultimate collector's watch. Official issue of The Frederic Remington Art Museum, home of the world's largest collection of original art by America's greatest Western sculptor.

Created by the superb craftsmen of The Franklin Mint under the strict supervision of the Museum, its solid bronze face is a powerful minted sculpture of Remington's magnificent bronze Broncho Buster. Together with his signature mark. Just as it appears on the artist's work at the Museum.

Like a work of fine art, each imported watch is individually serially numbered. The case and fittings are sterling silver. The strap rich brown leather. And the movement a Swiss quartz analog—quiet and precise.

There's no other watch like it. Offered exclusively by The Franklin Mint at an issue price of \$395.

Actual size of watch case is 1 3/16".

© 1988 FM

The Frederic Remington Watch. Exclusively from The Franklin Mint.

The Franklin Mint · Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my order for The Frederic Remington Watch, to be individually serially numbered and sent to me in its own rich brown presentation case.

I need send no payment now. I will be invoiced for a deposit of \$39.50* when my watch is ready to be sent to me. The balance will be billed to me after shipment in nine equal monthly installments of \$39.50 * each.

*Plus my state sales tax.

SIGNATURE _____

ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

Order Form

Please mail by December 31, 1988.

For free warranty information, write Customer Service,
The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, PA 19091

MR/MRS/MISS _____

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE _____

ZIP
12128 - 48

BUGLE BOY MEN



© 1998 BUGLE BOY, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.



DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS DEAR PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY BUILDING
919 N. MICHIGAN AVE.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

THE "NEW" JESSICA, PROS AND CONS

Since receiving the September *Playboy* in my mailbox, I haven't been able to get Jessica Hahn (*Jessica, a New Life*) out of my mind. The "new" Jessica is beyond beautiful, beyond average, beyond the ordinary... beyond comprehension.

I want to commend Richard Fegley for his excellent camerawork. Jessica's perfect breasts, of course, caught my attention, but the photo that first reached out to me is the one on page 120. Her face appears almost three-dimensional, literally leaping off the page and into the number-one spot on my beautiful-woman-appreciation list.

Tom Eyton-Jones
Benton, Louisiana

As a neighbor in the early Fifties of a young man in Woodlawn named Hugh Hefner, I want to send an honest criticism to him: The girls in his magazine used to be vibrant, sexy and real. But over the past few years, they have become as much alike as store mannequins, and just as sexy.

Take the original photos of Jessica Hahn (*Jessica, on Her Own Terms, Playboy*, November 1987). In them, she looks like a real woman—alive and exuding sex appeal. But the photos of her in the September issue of *Playboy* show her as a sexless, painted store-window dummy. And no doubt Miss September would be a very sexy lady shown the way she really is. But the way she is shown, she could be interchanged with Hahn.

Why?

You know the answer to that. The painted, touched-up photos of Hahn in the September issue are *not* the real Jessica Hahn. No one would recognize her. The original Jessica Hahn photos that you published are of an individual, down to earth and very sexy. Very sexy!

Emil K. Slaughter
Chicago, Illinois

Why doesn't Jessica Hahn make up her mind? In her first pictorial, she wanted to show off the body *God* gave her. In her sec-

ond pictorial, she's displaying her body enhanced by *doctors*, not by the God she knows so well. Her theology sounds a bit mixed up to me.

Anne Harbourn
West Caldwell, New Jersey

Thanks for giving Jessica Hahn somewhere to air her side of the story. I was a little disappointed to find out that she



didn't tell the entire story (i.e., Gene Profeta), but I admire her courage. It's hard to believe that she still has her faith in God after all she has been through. Her pictorial is the best I've ever seen in *Playboy* and, speaking as a woman, I think Jessica is beautiful both physically and spiritually. Here's to Jessica!

Brandy Wolf
Columbus, Georgia

You have destroyed the aura, the warmth, the spirit and the charm that were Jessica. The gentle flowing curls have been whipped into blow-dried layers. The cute pudgy nose has been surgically streamlined, mimicking Teutonic haughtiness. A slight separation between her front teeth, flirtatious and childlike, has been clamped, brightened and capped. Those soft pouting breasts, naturally shaped and

Sexy Silk Satin!



Luscious Silk Charmeuse, the ultimate luxury in lingerie, glamourizes our slinky standard. The slip-on camisole has provocative spaghetti straps, and a graceful sloped neck. The bikini pants are string-styled for optimum sex appeal; and, like all silk lingerie, completely "breathable" for comfort. Hand wash. Imported for sizes P(4), S(6), M(8-10), L(12-14), XL(16-18). Style #196101. The set, \$25. Full money-back guarantee. Available at our Fifth Avenue store in New York. Call us for other Royal Silk store locations.

ROYAL SILK

Royal Silk Plaza
Clifton, NJ 07011

Credit Card Holders:
Call Toll-Free: 1-800-321-SILK(7455)

Keycode
127128

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Visa Check Am. Exp. Master Card

Card # _____

Signature _____ Exp. _____

Qty.	Colour	Size	Price
Add \$2 per item; shipping, handling.			
Style #196101 TOTAL AMOUNT			

CBL CobaltBlue
 ICP IcePink
 BLK Black
 FUA Fuchsia

Enclose \$2 for colourful catalogue collection only.

PLAYBOY, ISSN 0032-1478, DECEMBER 1988, VOLUME 35, NUMBER 12, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$26 FOR 12 ISSUES, U.S. CANADA, \$39 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, \$39 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51593-0222. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51593-0222, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: NEW YORK, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, 10017, CHICAGO, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 60611, WEST COAST: PERKINS, FOX & PERKINS, 3205 OCEAN PARK BOULEVARD, SUITE 100, SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA 90405.



Overwhelm your Five reasons this season for

#1 Giving the Very Best

Remember those few times when you came up with the perfect gift? The recipient was so overwhelmed he kept asking how you knew...

That's the effect Passport and Escort have on drivers, because drivers know what the experts say about radar detectors.

Car and Driver has tested radar detectors six times in the last ten years, and we've come out on top each time. In 1987 they even called us "the leader of the radar detector industry." And *Road & Track* has rated us "the leader in detector technology."

For the driver on your list, no other gift is as sure to please.



#2 The Exclusive Source

We designed Passport and Escort, we make them in our factory in Cincinnati, and we sell directly to you. Not through stores.

Our direct connection to you assures fast response on orders, on questions, and on repairs. We take care of everything.

As a gift giver, you benefit even more. It will be obvious you cared enough to seek out the exclusive source. And there's no chance the recipient will see Passport and Escort in the after-Christmas clearances.



#3 Incredibly Easy Shopping

Just call us toll-free (1-800-543-1608). You'll avoid traffic jams, parking hassles, pushy crowds, and long lines.

Instead you'll find a friendly radar expert who can answer any questions you may have. Just pick up the phone.

Order before 5:00 PM eastern time Monday through Friday and we'll ship your package the same day. A gift box is available at no

extra charge, and we pay for delivery by UPS. (If you're really in a hurry, see Joy #4.)



Call toll free...

1-800-543-1608

fair-skinned, have been pumped, browned and molded into geometrically correct spheres of silicon. You have taken the jewel and sandblasted her into expressionless tone, taken the sensitive, caring girl and transfigured her into the typical centerfold clone. I suppose in your next issue, we'll hear that she dislikes Los Angeles traffic jams and enjoys yogurt, roller disco and scoping out the hunks at Muscle Beach.

David Kirisits
Derry, New Hampshire

I've just finished watching the lovely Jessica Hahn on a talk show and I am extremely impressed with both her beauty and her intelligence. She is also absolutely gorgeous in the September issue of your magazine.

A year ago, I felt, like many people, that she was a bimbo. However, her combination of poise, brains and irresistible charm has seduced me. I now think of her as a wonderfully courageous and impressive woman. If I ever have a daughter of my own, I will encourage her to use Jessica as a role model for strength and character.

Allen Todd
U.S.S. Inchon LPH-12
FPO New York, New York

GOLDWATER'S MEMOIRS

Thank you for publishing *Goldwater*, by Barry M. Goldwater with Jack Casserly, in

your September issue. It should be read by every American to get the truth concerning the 1964 Presidential campaign, the Cuban Missile Crisis, the Vietnam debacle, Watergate and the people involved in those events.

I was the Republican candidate for governor of Texas in 1964, running against then-Democrat John Connally, and, as such, introduced Presidential candidate Barry Goldwater at rallies in Amarillo, Houston and Fort Worth. He would have made a tremendous President. He had guts and complete honesty, as illustrated by his speech in Fort Worth to some 9000 people (of whom many were LTV employees) in which he told them that Boeing, instead of LTV, had won a lucrative contract with the Defense Department because it had made a better bid—and proceeded to list the provisions that were better.

A great guy and the most honest U.S. politician of this century.

Jack Crichton
Dallas, Texas

Conservative readers of *Playboy* must have busted a gut when they read Barry Goldwater's opinions of Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan.

Goldwater calls Nixon "the most dishonest individual I have ever met in my life." He thinks that Reagan's biggest mistake was selling arms to Iran and that he knew

of the diversion of Iranian funds to the *Contras*. Yet who would dare call Goldwater a liberal?

Louis A. Carrubba
Brooklyn, New York

According to Senator Barry Goldwater, our recent Presidents have lacked guts, or have been deceiving, cheating, lying or, at best, incompetent. It seems they all have one thing in common: They have been foolish enough to ask for his political advice.

Andrew J. Serra
Natick, Massachusetts

ARAFAT INTERVIEW

What struck me most about your September interview with P.L.O. chairman Yasir Arafat was the spinelessness and obvious bias of interviewer Morgan Strong. I always thought that interviewers were supposed to ferret out the truth from their subjects with persistent and critical questioning. Not Strong! Rarely does he interrupt Arafat's monolog of lies, half-truths and distortions.

Where in the dialog was Arafat questioned regarding the P.L.O.'s terrorization of Lebanon, where the P.L.O. created a state within a state, or its repeated and unyielding refusal to recognize the right of the Israelis to a piece of their ancestral homeland, which Arafat demands for his



favorite driver Escort and Passport

#4 You Can Have It Tomorrow

We know that sometimes the holidays can sneak up, and waiting even a few days for the UPS truck is waiting too long. But here's the solution:

Through a special arrangement with Federal Express we can offer their overnight delivery for only \$10 extra. Just call us anytime before 8:00 PM and your package will arrive the next day (except Sundays).

If you're a last minute shopper, you've come to the right place.



Overnight delivery by Federal Express is only \$10.

#5 Satisfaction Guaranteed

Here's the best joy of all: Passport and Escort are guaranteed to please. Quite simply, if for any reason you're not satisfied within the first 30 days, just return your purchase.

We'll immediately refund all your money and all your shipping costs. There are no hidden charges. Passport and Escort are also covered by a full one year limited warranty.

We've been delivering on these promises for over ten years. Call now and see how easy gift-giving can be.



Gift box available at no extra charge.

Order Today

TOLL FREE...1-800-543-1608
(Mon-Fri 8am-11pm, Sat-Sun 9:30-6 EST)



By mail send to address below. All orders processed immediately. Prices slightly higher for Canadian shipments.

PASSPORT
RADAR RECEIVER

Pocket-Size Radar Protection
\$295 (Ohio residents add \$16.23 tax)

ESCORT
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

The Classic of Radar Warning
\$245 (Ohio residents add \$13.48 tax)

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 6007D8
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249

© 1988 CMI

own Palestinians? Where, among allegations and insinuations of a dreaded Jewish lobby, does Strong ask about the Arabs' own very powerful lobby? Where is mention of the P.L.O.'s originally explicit (and now covert) goal of expelling all "Zionists" (Jews) from their homeland?

Thoughtful *Playboy* readers will ask themselves the questions I have posed.

David Tobenkin
Berkeley, California

How timely can you get? Yesterday, (A) your September issue arrived with the Yasir Arafat interview and (B) King Hussein turned the Arab problem over to Arafat and the P.L.O.!

Thank you, *Playboy* and Morgan Strong, for lifting the "paper curtain of censorship" set up by our controlled press.

Thank goodness you can't stop the truth with sticks, stones, bullets, bombs or trash cans!

Thank you, *Playboy*, for keeping freedom of the press alive and giving us Arab thinking and feelings.

Donald A. Deane
Orange, Massachusetts

Morgan Strong's excellent interview with Yasir Arafat gives us an insightful view into the man and his mission. I must, nonetheless, take issue with some of Arafat's statements.

To say that the *intifadah* is a creation of the P.L.O. is stretching the truth. While it is clear that the ongoing nature of the uprising is due to external P.L.O. encouragement and pressure, it is its home-grown and spontaneous nature that makes it so significant. As Strong seeks to suggest, that uprising from the frustrations of oppression from within has done more for the Palestinians in eight months than 20-plus years of so-called freedom fighting (or terrorism, depending on your viewpoint).

For better or worse, the present party in charge in Israel is Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir. As Bassam Abu Sharif recently stated publicly, a peace with Peace Now has little value. It is peace with the Likud and Labor camps that, like the Camp David accords signed by Menachem Begin, will prove the most successful.

As for Arafat's discussions of LEHI and the Irgun, those groups are hardly representative of early Zionist ideology, any more than the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine or other such hard-line Palestinian groups represent the Palestinian cause today. The same can be said for both those Orthodox extremists who do not recognize the state of Israel and those who follow the racist ideologies of Meir Kahane's Kach party.

Concerning Arafat's description of the Israeli flag, its design is based on the design of a tallith, the Jewish prayer shawl

that has two blue bands on a white field. It has nothing to do with the Nile, the Euphrates or the Mississippi, for that matter.

Despite my numerous disagreements with Arafat (and there are many more than space allows), we both agree on a basic principle: the legitimate rights of the Palestinians to their own nation-state. Not all of historical Palestine is available for such a state, but the West Bank and Gaza are, I believe, a reasonable compromise.

Steven C. Dinero
Boston, Massachusetts

Thank you for Morgan Strong's interview of Yasir Arafat. It's a treat to see Arafat handled with some intelligence instead of the usual trite portrayal of him as a mindless, fire-breathing terrorist.

Carl Todd
Costa Mesa, California

HEF'S ENGAGEMENT

It seems somehow sad—maybe even a little disillusioning—to lose America's perennial bachelor to marriage. Well, at least it's for a good cause; she must be pretty special.

Congratulations, Hef and Kim, and may you have a happy and lasting marriage.

Stanley Kong
Ann Arbor, Michigan



With the Sony, your kids
come back to haunt you.



will always



When you were a little kid, nothing was more thrilling than Halloween. You'd run around like a banshee trying on your Dracula fangs, ghoulish mask, or Frankenstein elevator shoes. Then, off you'd go frightfully happy clutching your trick-or-treat bag.

Later, you'd charge back in the door waving your haul of goodies. One look at it, and Mom had visions of monster dental bills.

Now, as your kids try on their costumes, you want to be ready with the best goody of all. The Sony Handycam® Video 8® camcorder. You're considering the new CCD-F40. It's got an incredibly fast 1/4000 of a second shutter speed. Plus so many other features, it's almost scary.

Lightweight portability makes it easy to follow your ghosts no matter how fast they flit about. Autofocus keeps them sharp. A power zoom zooms in as they nervously ring a neighbor's bell. And high-fidelity sound captures their unearthly "Boos!" as real as could be.

As the evening gloom gathers, you'll find the Handycam still perfect for preserving your little apparitions. It has a precise Charge Coupled Device (CCD) image sensor. This bit of technological wizardry offers remarkable sensitivity in light as low as four lux.

Later, when the spirit moves you to see the results, you'll enjoy crystal-clear images in both freeze frame and slow motion. You're also in for a treat using the two-title-button digital superimposer. With one button, you could superimpose each ghost's name right over their sheets. The second button might title their candy bar count at the end of the night.

In years to come, you'll want to recall all the magic of Halloween. So choose a name that stands for uncompromising quality. And one that will never leave you with the haunting feeling that you've missed something.

The Sony Handycam.
It's everything
you want to remember.™

SONY[®]
THE ONE AND ONLY[®]

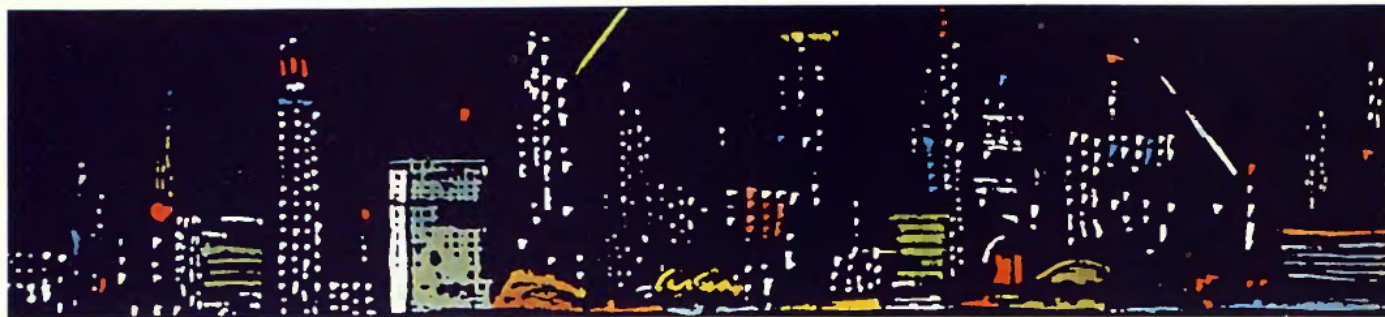


SEAGRAM'S 7 AND 14C



Seagram's Seven Crown  America's Good Time Spirit.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



A TOUGH ACT TO SWALLOW

When we caught up with Stevie Starr, he was tossing numbered coins down his throat like cocktail nuts. Surrounded by 30 comedians in a hotel bar, Starr puffed out his stomach and spit the coins onto the table in the numerical order the comics suggested.

Starr, a pale 25-year-old with the most impressive gullet ever hatched in Scotland, was in Montreal last summer for the Just for Laughs festival, an 11-night extravaganza now in its sixth year. On the bill were 115 acts from ten countries; in the wings were reps from networks, night clubs, studios and top-notch talent agencies. But the buzz everywhere was about The Regurgitator, who manages to put the thrills back into lowbrow comedy. After Starr's sold-out shows each night, the comics cornered him for an informal jam session.

In the hotel bar, the gagster rolled a Rubik's Cube between his fingers, demonstrating that each side of the cube was a different color. He clenched it between his teeth, rolled back his eyes and then—*shoop*—gulped it down. Thirty seconds later, he pummeled his chest, spewed—*poosh*—and up it came, its colors scrambled. The comedians gawked, then they whistled and applauded. In three days, Starr would fly down to New York to appear on *Late Night with David Letterman*, a gig many of these stand-ups had already mastered. They tried to outdo one another in offering helpful strategies.

"You could swallow Paul Shaffer and spit him out with a full head of hair," suggested one. "Letterman would go for that."

"At least we'll find out if he chokes under pressure," bellowed another.

The next night, Starr was cajoled into giving an impromptu barroom performance for fest headliner Steve Allen. Starr dropped a pair of goldfish into a water glass and glugged them down. "We'll let them swim about in me stomach a bit," he showboated.

Then he asked Allen how he wanted his fish—live or dead. "Filletted," Allen deadpanned. Starr launched one into the glass and, a minute later, hit the tablecloth with

the second. Allen has seen some vaudeville, but he told us as he exited, head shaking, "He's legit."

Starr told us that, as a waif in a Glasgow orphanage, he learned to bypass the bullies by guzzling his pocket change and regurgitating it when he reached his room. But to fellow performers, he claims that a tendency toward nausea in his boyhood taught him to master his stomach contractions. Probably neither is completely true. At 17, he entered a talent show—one regurgitator and 29 singers—and won. Since then, he has upchucked on cue for British TV and at West Coast clubs.

One trick that impressed us—"Don't say tricks," pleads Starr's manager. "That implies magic"—involves swallowing a locked padlock and, seconds later, a key. A minute later, he spews the padlock, key inserted and lock undone. He claims to unlock the cylinder in his stomach, but his manager may have revealed the secret while discussing the egg stunt.

"Stevie breaks an egg, swallows the yolk, swallows the shell, swallows some butane gas. Then he brings up a hard-boiled egg. Now, *everybody knows* he swallowed the hard-boiled egg before he went on stage;

but people come up and say, 'Was it the heat in your stomach that put the shell back on?'"

Undoubtedly, some hocus-pocus is involved in Starr's act, but he does seem to have the stomach for it. He performed the light-bulb stunt for us from two feet away: He popped the bulb in, threads facing out, then inhaled and, as near as we could tell, gulped it down. *Shooooop*. Slo-mo frame-by-frame replay of the same stunt on *Late Night* shows no sleight of tongue, just the bulb vanishing down his throat. Letterman, eyebrows askew, blurted, "Whatever you're doing, you are one goofy mother."

Robert Morton, *Late Night's* producer, marvels, "He does have a genuine talent for swallowing things that you or I could not swallow."

Witnesses describe such miracles of modern indigestion as Starr swallowing a mouthful of sugar and a glass of water, then spitting out dry sugar—or sucking down a live bumblebee, drinking water and burping up the bee, its flight skills intact.

Whether or not he's bamboozling spectators, Starr has found that promoters are willing to cough up cash for his novel talent—he has been signed to play Vegas and Reno and is wooed nonstop by comedy-club bigwigs.

With more exposure coming up, Starr insists he has staying power. "If you can swallow a light bulb and cough up money," he says, "you can use your act anywhere. The world's a great big place." Even bigger, we imagine, than anything Stevie Starr has tried to swallow so far.

WOODSTOCK OPTIONS?

This ad appeared in a summer issue of that renowned counterculture rag *The Wall Street Journal*: "RARE FIND! Original Woodstock tickets intact with stub and in mint condition. Fifty-five dollars each, includes postage and handling." Wow.

EVERY BODY INTO THE POOL!

In Santa Ana, California, a motorist was fined \$58 for driving in the car-pool lane of a freeway. He failed to convince the



RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"The coffee is only for drinking, not for tasting. It's not coffee, it's only black water."—Thierry Ponchon, a French tourist, commenting on American coffee.

DEBT FOR CREDIT

Average debt owed by students graduating from American colleges: \$5470.

Average debt owed by graduates of private schools, \$6350; of public schools, \$4970.

Average debt owed by black American college graduates, \$4600; by white, \$5570.

THE GOOD LIFE

Percentage of Americans who view having a reasonable amount of leisure time as a basic right, 45; as a privilege, 50.

Percentage of Americans who would read if they had more free time, 33; who would watch television, 12; who would get organized, 12; who would eat, three; who would get a second job, three.

PERSONAL FINANCE

Percentage of Americans who keep a credit card because it implies status, five; because credit cards are good in emergencies, 81; because credit cards are safer than cash, 44; because credit cards allow them to spread out their payments, 38; because they don't have the money for the purchase, 28; because they get interest-free credit for a month, 20.

Percentage of Americans who balance their checkbooks once a month, 50; once every other month, six; once a year, three; when time permits, nine.



FACT OF THE MONTH

The average Japanese tourist in the United States spends \$366 a day, which is the highest amount spent among foreign tourists in America.

Percentage of Americans who never balance their checkbooks, 23.

TSK, MR. POSTMAN

Number of letters per year that end up in one of the seven dead-letter offices of the Postal Service: 89,000,000.

Number of man-hours the Postal Service spends per year trying to deliver dead mail: 300,000. Amount of money it spends: \$6,000,000.

Annual amount the Postal Service raises by auctioning off valuables and from cash found in undeliverable letters: \$1,700,000.

FIXERS

Number of mechanics employed per aircraft by Pan American Airlines, 28.2; by United Airlines, 21.2; by Eastern, 16.9; by American, 15.6; by Continental, 13; by Piedmont, 9.7.

Percentage of operating costs spent on maintenance by Pan American Airlines, 4.6 (\$3,292,013,000); by United Airlines, six (\$7711,577,440); by Eastern, 7.8 (\$4,470,310,098); by American, six (\$6,651,297,000); by Continental, 6.9 (\$3,993,299,000); by Piedmont, 6.4 (\$1,790,461,608).

WHITE-LINE FEVER

Number of miles Americans drove in 1970, 1,120,328,000,000; in 1987, 1,908,885,000,000 (an increase of 70.4 percent). Over the same period, the percentage that the United States' population increased: 18.9.

Average number of miles driven by each American in 1970, 5481; in 1987, 7853.

judge that the four frozen corpses he had been transporting for a mortuary service qualified him as a car-pool member.

INSIDER'S TIP

Did you ever wonder where Michael Douglas got those great horizontally striped cotton shirts he wore in *Wall Street*? According to *The New York Times*, you can purchase them from the same shirtmaker, Custom Shirts by Denhof, for \$230 to \$450 at Manhattan's Pec & Company. The minimum order is eight shirts. The good news: You can pick up a ready-made horizontally striped cotton shirt for \$85 at Alan Flusser, also in Manhattan.

SPOTLIGHT



Big Time Waits.

Tom Waits has been selling records and selling out concert halls for a dozen or so years, but most recently, he has begun earning raves for his acting roles in movies such as *Down by Law* and *Ironweed*, in which he held his own with Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson. Now, in *Big Time*, Waits combines music, film, mime, vaudeville, dreams and general manic raving to redefine concert movies. "It's an action film," he told us, "somewhere between *Ben-Hur* and *Nosferatu*. It has an infrared Mondo Kane Skeleton mood to it and I believe it's what the women of today want."

He should know. In fact, after seeing himself on the big screen in *Big Time*, Waits said, "I realize now why they were thinking of me as the only man capable of replacing James Bond."

He'll next be seen in *Cold Feet*, shot last summer in Montana and Arizona, based on a story by Tom McGuane and Jim Harrison. "It's about jealousy, greed and murder," Waits explained. "It's about motor homes, spandex, .38 specials and Turkish figs. Robert Dornhelm directing, coming soon to a slaughterhouse near you."

Jokes aside for about four seconds, Waits reported that he is now writing music for a project by avant-garde theater director Robert Wilson tentatively titled *The Black Rider*—"It's some type of cowboy opera." And, he added, "I'm busy sky diving, skin-diving, ice sculpting, auto racing, working on my hi-fi and organizing an all-midget orchestra."

The Officially Authorized Model Of America's Greatest Luxury Car



Authorized by the Heritage Plantation
of Sandwich Antique Automobile Museum.
Handcrafted of 136 separate parts.

Shown approximately
actual size of 9 1/4" in length. Scale 1:24.

In the '30s, a custom-built Duesenberg was the American luxury car preferred by the rich and famous—Hollywood film stars, celebrities and wealthy tycoons.

And now Franklin Mint Precision Models has re-created the greatest "Duesy" of them all—the 1930 Duesenberg J Derham Tourster. And the most intricately detailed Duesenberg model is officially authorized by the Heritage Plantation of Sandwich Antique Automobile



Museum on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, where an original is maintained in perfect order.

The exceptional detailing requires 136 separate components. Beautifully painted... trimmed in real chrome...and *hand-polished*.

The wheels and steering are fully operable. The seats have the right degree of "give." The white top easily snaps on and off. And the hood and doors open and close.

Only from Franklin Mint Precision Models.

© 1988 FMPM

Franklin Mint Precision Models
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

I wish to order my 1:24 die-cast replica of the 1930 Duesenberg J Derham Tourster, fully assembled and ready for display. I need send no money now. Prior to shipment of my imported die-cast model, I will be billed for a deposit of \$30.* and, after shipment, for the balance in three equal monthly installments of \$30.* each.

*Plus my state sales tax.

The name SILVERTOWN, which appears on the tires, is a registered trademark of the B.F. Goodrich Co.

Order Form

Please mail by December 31, 1988.

Signature _____

ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

Name _____

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

85869-174

1930 DUESENBERG J DERHAM TOURSTER



VINCENTE
NESI

M · E · N

A BUGLE BOY COMPANY

AVAILABLE AT THE BROADWAY



CHARLES M. YOUNG

SINCE THE LATE Sixties, every Beach Boys album has been preceded by about four months of hype alleging that they are finally sounding like the Beach Boys again. Except for a few brief moments, the hype was wrong. So it was with considerable apprehension that I approached **Brian Wilson** (Sire/Reprise), the first solo album by the Beach Boys' leader and resident genius before severe emotional problems crippled his creativity. I am pleased to report that my apprehension turned out to be groundless. Anyone who loved the Beach Boys for the right reasons during Wilson's first flowering from 1962 to 1966 is going to love this record. It's fun, it's funny, the melodies are worthy of the gorgeous arrangements and you'll feel good just knowing the mind can bounce back like this.

Speaking of the Beach Boys, they are a band that was made for CD. If the vinyl is shot in your collection, be assured that one of the smartest uses for your CD budget is **Made in U.S.A.** (Capitol), which contains all the essential Beach Boys singles and only two lame cuts (both written by Mike Love and Terry Melcher) out of 25. It's a collection just a few bands can match for melodic quality and fun, and it's still great for getting baby boomers to dance.

NELSON GEORGE

Huey Lewis & the News are inheritors of an oft-maligned tradition in rock music: the singles band. Like Chicago, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Bread and several other aggregations, Lewis and company pump out hit singles, making records that sound best on a car radio at 75 miles per hour. Unfortunately for **Small World** (Chrysalis), this reviewer doesn't own a car and was forced to slip the cassette into his home stereo.

First observation: None of *Small World's* ten songs has the bracing drive of *Power of Love* or that Reagan-era anthem *Hip to Be Square*. *Give Me the Keys (and I'll Drive You Crazy)* tries hard to be vibrant but comes off corny. *Walking with the Kid*, a flashy little song about a father's weekly stroll with his son, is saddled with overblown production (including backup shouts by four members of the San Francisco 49ers) that isn't merited by its slight lyric. More successful is the melodic and rhythmic *Perfect World*, the only song on the album composed by an outside writer. *Small World* is mediocre, but its ultimate test will come when these songs are released as singles and are forced to fight through the clutter of pop radio.

Kiara means "to change and/or make a difference" in Swahili. It is also the title of a promising Detroit duo whose first album



A Beach Boy returns.

New ones from Brian Wilson, Huey Lewis and Marti Jones, plus more tango!

is **To Change and/or Make a Difference** (Arista). Kiara is Gregory Charley and John Winston, who, along with Nick Martinelli, producer of most of the album, have created a slick R&B style that recalls vintage Spinners hits. *The Best of Me* and *Same Old Story* are smooth, soulful and, like the rest of the album, suggest that these young performer-writers will be making good music for a long time.

VIC GARBARINI

Marti Jones's **Used Guitars** (A&M) is to 1988 what John Hiatt's *Bring the Family* was to 1987—a minor musical miracle from out of left field that seamlessly blends rock, pop, country and folk. Irresistibly buoyant, original melodies boast hooks that have to be surgically removed from your subconscious. (One listen to *Tourist Town* and you've had it.) The effect is reinforced by new husband/producer Don Dixon's tastefully understated arrangements and impeccable taste in cover tunes, including two gems by Hiatt. This is the record that you've been hoping for from Rosanne Cash or Bonnie Raitt. Flaws? At times Jones isn't investing enough of herself into these gems, but I'm willing to accept her as world-weary but unbowed.

In contrast, Montreal's Corey Hart invests everything he's got in **Young Man Running** (EMI/Manhattan). Like fellow Canadian Bryan Adams, Hart is often pigeonholed as a pleasant kiddie rocker. But here, he really begins to speak from his

deeper self. True, the arrangements and lyrics are sometimes awkward, the vocals overwrought. But Hart is letting it all pour from a place of such searing honesty that, when it works, the heartfelt intensity and haunting melodies are remarkably moving—as if a young Sting had written Bruce's *Tunnel of Love*. But, please, Corey, ask Bryan how to put some crunch into those rockers.

DAVE MARSH

The current generation of down-under rockers possesses ample quantities of career-sustaining substance. INXS and Crowded House, in fact, provide such an unmistakable Stones/Beatles polarity that it's tempting to look for a Dylan to complete the picture. I don't mean to be so

GUEST SHOT



BASSIST WILL LEE, best known as a member of the *World's Most Dangerous Band* on "Late Night with David Letterman," has played with everyone from Cher, Cissy Houston, Mick Jagger and Chaka Khan to Miami Sound Machine, Bette Midler and Diana Ross. Another high-profile bassist, Rob Wasserman, recently cut an album with assorted singers and instrumentalists called "Duets." Lee was hot to take a listen.

"This is an extraordinarily intimate record. You get such a close glimpse of the participants, as though they were making music right next to you. Everyone's performance has an incredible amount of integrity. The context of acoustic bass and vocal on Rickie Lee Jones's *The Moon Is Made of Gold* enables you to enter into the emotion of her sad, sweet voice. It possesses you. I love Wasserman's bowing technique on *Angel Eyes*, and Cheryl Bentyne from Manhattan Transfer improvises so fluidly. As for Lou Reed's singing *One for My Baby (and One More for the Road)*—it doesn't get rawer than that, and Rob couldn't play much better. Albums like *Duets* do something important—they open the door a crack for other players to take artistic risks."

ENGLAND

KNOWN FOR ITS CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.



Season's Greetings from

THE GIN OF ENGLAND. AND THE WORLD.

GORDON'S®

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA OF ALEXANDER GORDON AND COMPANY, LONDON, ENGLAND
100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). THE DISTILLERS COMPANY, PLAINFIELD, ILL. AND UNION CITY, CA. © 1988





Now you can experience surround sound and live to tell about it. Thanks to the technology found in the Technics SA-R530 A/V receiver. A receiver so advanced, it can help you get more out of almost every piece of audio and video equipment in your home.

For example, just hook up four speakers, and your VCR will have the added dimension of Dolby surround sound*.

Digitally-processed Dolby surround sound, to be exact. Which means the SA-R530 can give movies something even more impressive than the sound of most movie theaters. The sound of real life.

You'll hear footsteps creeping up behind you, cars screeching to a halt right in front of you, gunshots coming at you from every direction. In short, it's the next best thing to being there.

And to enhance the music on your CD player, cassette deck and turntable, there's also a special feature that lets you change your listening environment.

Press a button and the SA-R530 can simulate the acoustics of a small club; a theater; or even a concert hall. So finally, you can hear music in the environment where it was meant to be heard.



But even with sound this realistic — and a full 100 watts of power per channel (at 8 ohms, 20Hz — 20kHz with 0.007% THD) — our A/V receiver won't have you jumping out of your seat. For it comes with a remote control that also operates most other Technics audio components, as well as many brands of remote controllable TVs and VCRs. So no matter how complex the technology behind this receiver may be, operating it is surprisingly simple.

For your own free demonstration, just go to any Technics dealer. We think you'll find surround sound a lot more entertaining today than it was in 1876.

*Compatible video software required. "Dolby" and the double-D symbol are registered trademarks of Dolby Laboratories Licensing Corporation.

**IN 1876, GEORGE CUSTER HAD
A FREE DEMONSTRATION
OF WHAT SURROUND SOUND
WOULD BE LIKE IN 1989.**



Technics Surround Sound A/V Receiver with Remote Control.

FAST TRACKS

R O C K M E T E R

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
D.J. Jazzy Jeff & the Fresh Prince <i>He's the DJ, I'm the Rapper</i>	B-	B	B	A-	B+
Siedah Garrett <i>Kiss of Life</i>	C+	B+	C+	C-	B
Georgia Satellites <i>Open All Night</i>	B+	A	C	B-	A
Huey Lewis & the News <i>Small World</i>	C-	B	C	C	C+
Brian Wilson	B-	B	B	C+	A-

KICK OUT THE JAMS, IRVING, DEPARTMENT: We're pretty sure you missed *this Irving Berlin* birthday tribute last summer. The Ramones were playing at an amphitheater across the street from the Hollywood Bowl tribute to Berlin. The Ramones' promoter received a complaint that *I Want to Be Sedated* was drowning out *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. Said **Joey Ramone**, "It was our way of saying, 'Happy birthday, Irving.'"

REELING AND ROCKING: **Ally Sheedy** has optioned the film rights to **Pamela Des Barres'** memoirs, *I'm with the Band*, with a starring role for herself. . . . The **Pet Shop Boys** and **Dusty Springfield** will record the theme for the movie *Scandals*, starring **Bridget Fonda** (Peter's daughter), **Jo Anne Worley** and **John Heard**. . . . **Roger Daltrey** co-stars in a new film production of *The Threepenny Opera* with **Raul Julia**, **Anthony Hopkins** and **Julie Walters**. . . . The unreleased **Dylan** movie, *Hearts of Fire*, may still get shown in theaters. If not, it will be in your video store soon.

NEWSBREAKS: It seems weird but right that **John Lennon** will get his own star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame. So will **Little Richard** and the **Monkees**. . . . The TV pilot for **Morris Day's** sitcom, *Heart and Soul*, did well enough in the ratings for six more episodes this winter. . . . A Columbia University professor, **Alan Lomax**, is doing a study about how music affects the way people live. He received a \$10,000 grant from the **Grateful Dead** to buy software to complete the research, which runs the gamut from grand opera to Pygmy yodeling. Other Dead news: The band is working on an album scheduled for release early next year, and **Jerry Garcia** will produce **Country Joe McDonald's** first album in four years. . . . It seems hard to believe, but

the **Who's John Entwistle** is having trouble getting a recording contract, though he has begun preparing for an album, anyway. . . . The **Nylons** are working on a new record with more original material, and they hope to break into the singles charts again as they did with *Kiss Him Goodbye*. . . . **Bono** contributed a song to the upcoming **Roy Orbison** album, due after the first of the year. . . . The new prez of Motown plans to re-release early Motown records with the original artwork, and it's official, **Diana Ross** has returned to the label after seven years on RCA. . . . **Brian Wilson** says he *still* has plans to release the famous **Beach Boys** album *Smile*, which has been in the works since 1966. Wilson won't call it a Beach Boys record, though. . . . The reformed **Stray Cats** are in the studio making a "pure rock-a-billy" album, with **Dave Edmunds** producing. . . . Just in case you were wondering what other fallout could come from *Dirty Dancing*—the movie, the music, the concert tour, the dance classes—well, here it is, you guys: The resort where the exterior shots were filmed for the movie is currently enjoying a 25-30 percent increase in business. Well, it beats Heartbreak Hotel! Mountain Lake Resort in Virginia is cashing in by hosting *Dirty Dancing* weekends that feature a **Patrick Swayze** look-alike contest and mambo lessons. The resort has even been offered as a prize on *Wheel of Fortune*. Isn't showbiz great? . . . Finally, those who have followed music since, say, the **Beatles** or the **Jackson 5** will love this quote. **Clark Datchler** of **Johnny Hates Jazz** says, "I've written a song called *Autumn Years*. It's about the fear of getting older. I'm 21 now." On that note, we'll quit. Happy holidays! —BARBARA NELLIS

cruel as to nominate Paul Kelly for the role, but his second album with the Messengers, *Under the Sun* (A&M), is audacious enough to soak up a bunch of ideas from Dylan, including the notion of an erotic blues waltz (*Don't Stand So Close to the Window*), and it's nifty enough to open one of its best songs (*Desdemona*) by quoting the introduction to *Like a Rolling Stone*.

Kelly's finest writing is on side two. *To Her Door* enters Raymond Carver territory in its account of a marriage troubled by poverty and alcoholism, but with a clarity and charity Carver has never achieved. *Little Decisions* is an account of the kind of bitter wisdom an alcoholic might find in recovery. And the final song, *Bicentennial*, is a hard-nosed and politically substantive account of the European settlement of Australia and its consequences. Like the others, it's rendered with personal poignancy, regional detail and universal emotion. Whether this is up to the standard set by old heroes is beside the point. What it's about is the arrival of a new and important voice among rock writer-performers.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Early in this century, the tango was renowned as the most salacious of dances; then again, early in the 19th Century, so was the waltz. Listen to the re-creations on Atlantic's original-cast album of *Tango Argentino* and you understand how melodrama could go to your gonads, but only in theory—this is the sexuality of another time as well as another place. I'm not going to tell you that Astor Piazzolla's *nuevo* tango puts the pizzazz back in, but, for damn sure, he takes it into the present, drawing on Bartók and Ellington and a childhood on New York's Lower East Side to invent a tango that understands itself from an aesthetic distance. Without him, *Tango Argentino* would have been Spanish to me.

At 67, Piazzolla finds himself a belated cult hero in the U.S. His current releases include collaborations with vibraharpist Gary Burton on Atlantic Jazz (tango has always had its genteel ambitions) and with classical conductor Lalo Schifrin on None-such (and its grand ones). His quintet—comprising piano, violin, guitar, bass and his own accordionlike bandonion—has a new album on American Clave, *The Rough Dancer and the Cyclical Night*. Music for a theater piece called *Tango Apasionado*, it illustrates the genre's history much the way *Tango Argentino* does, with the added commentary of Piazzolla's characteristic dissonances and mood swings. But believe him when he claims that the prize is **Tango: Zero Hour**, now rereleased on Sting's Pangaea label. I'm no laser junkie, but the sonic detail, sustained invention and satisfying over-all shape of this music were made for the CD format—it's not enough to listen to half of it. This is historic pop transformed into contemporary chamber music—with plenty of gonads.

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

WORKING FROM his own shrewd screenplay co-scripted with protean humorist (and *Playboy* cartoonist) Shel Silverstein, David Mamet takes the Mafia for a joy ride in *Things Change* (Columbia), his second shot as a movie director. It is also film's second pot shot at the Cosa Nostra this year, with *Married to the Mob* an established hit. While he persists in the mannered style of his first film, *House of Games*, Mamet has it together here in a richly funny, satisfying spoof of Mob morality. Joe Mantegna co-stars with Don Ameche in an odd-couple partnership several cuts above your standard buddy film. Ameche is a shoe repairman who happens to resemble a wanted hit man and agrees to face the look-alike fugitive's murder rap for a large cash payoff. Mantegna's the gang's bottom-rung gofer who's assigned to keep Ameche amused until it's time to give himself up. On impulse, he takes the hired patsy to Lake Tahoe and passes him off as a mysterious Mafia *capo* on the very eve of an important conclave of godfathers presided over by superdon Robert Prosky. Mere mischief about mistaken identity soon snowballs into a pitch-black comedy of errors. While *Things Change* has some weird time warps—a drive from Tahoe to Chicago seems to be an easy overnight trip—Mamet is forgiven, because his gifts as an entertainer strikingly outweigh his drawbacks as a travel guide. **YYY½**

Dramatically changing her image for the title role of *Madame Sousatzka* (Universal/Cineplex Odeon), Shirley MacLaine says goodbye to leggy glamor and eternal gaminehood to portray an eccentric, autocratic old piano teacher in London. With her hair dyed red right down to its Russian roots, Madame is a dragon lady on an endless quest for excellence. Her prize pupil at the moment is an East Indian lad (Navin Chowdhry) whose mind occasionally wanders from arpeggios to other things: life itself or the would-be pop singer (Twiggy) in the flat upstairs. Director John Schlesinger waxes lyrical without losing the pungency of a crisply literate screenplay by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala (an Oscar winner for *A Room with a View*). The sound track, of course, pulsates with piano classics from Chopin to Schubert, but it's a scintillating star turn by MacLaine that keeps *Madame Sousatzka* upbeat and in tune. **YYY**

Gene Hackman brings his earthy intensity to *Bat 21* (Tri-Star), a real-life saga about the rescue of Lieutenant Colonel Icaal Hambleton, a 53-year-old U.S. pilot shot down in the Vietnam jungle behind enemy lines. Hackman as Hambleton (the title refers to his code name) plays a man privy to such top-secret intelligence that



Ameche, Mantegna vs. the Mob.

Mamet mocks the Mafia,
MacLaine pounds the keyboard
and Russell strikes again.

the Air Force can't risk his being captured and has to get him out before a massive American scorched-earth offensive wastes every living thing for miles around. Danny Glover, as a chopper pilot nicknamed Bird Dog, tracks the marooned officer's whereabouts by air-to-ground radio, and the two actors establish an amazingly urgent and credible relationship without having a single scene together until the film's fiery finale. Based on William C. Anderson's book about Hambleton, who served as consultant on the film, and directed by Peter Markle, the movie has real impact—heightened by Hackman's performance as a career soldier experiencing the horrors of war firsthand for the first time. As part of his ordeal, he witnesses the grisly death of an American pilot (a standout performance by David Marshall Grant) in a watery killing field—one moment of truth graphic enough to transform any leathery fighting man into something like a peacenik. **YYY**

Three fresh and appealing young actresses make *Mystic Pizza* (Samuel Goldwyn) a treat, despite a screenplay that smacks of TV-sitcom predictability. Lili Taylor, Annabeth Gish and Julia Roberts (Eric's lovely look-alike sister) are the trio of chums whose camaraderie and earnest yearning lend this romantic comedy some moments of giddy, girlish magic. All play waitresses in a Mystic, Connecticut, pizza parlor, where they regroup after forays into the real adult world beyond. The real

world, in this case, means men. Gish and Roberts are sisters, the former involved with the handsome architect (William R. Moses) for whom she has been baby-sitting, the latter in the fast lane with a Yale dropout (Adam Storke) from the better side of town. Taylor, a plucky gamine, is a girl who'd rather sleep with her fisherman beau (Vincent Phillip D'Onofrio) than marry him. With four writers contributing—sometimes a clue to creative confusion—fledgling director Donald Petrie still manages to give *Mystic Pizza* substance as a rueful, spirited study of young people with hot pants and high hopes. **YYY**

So outrageously bad it's good, *The Lair of the White Worm* (Vestron) is yet another Ken Russell candidate for the cult circuit, made in his customary high-camp manner. This one, frivolously adapted from a novel by Bram Stoker (of *Dracula* fame), has to do with a snaky mythological demon mucking up an English country weekend. Hugh Grant plays the proper young lord of the manor, with Catherine Oxenberg as a sacrificial virgin who, at worst, looks as if she were being sacrificed in the lingerie section of a Sears catalog. All the real fun of the piece is left to Amanda Donohoe, playing a titled witch-bitch who sprouts fangs from time to time. "Do you have children?" milord inquires. Lickerishly lip licking, Donohoe purrs in reply, "Only when there are no men around." Get the picture? Pure culture schlock. **YY**

Several funnymen go dead-serious, allowing only a smidgen of comic relief, in *Memories of Me* (MGM/UA), directed by Henry "The Fonz" Winkler from a schmaltzy screenplay co-authored (and co-produced) by Billy Crystal. Crystal is also cast as a New York cardiac surgeon just recovering from a heart attack and yearning to make peace with his old dad (Alan King), who's a perennial Hollywood extra and premium ham. Pop's about to call it curtains because of an inoperable brain tumor, so he makes up a list of "all the things I never had a chance to do." JoBeth Williams plays the patient pediatrician who gives the young doctor sex and sympathy, while we wallow through the list. King and Crystal handle themselves well enough to shore up any formula TV tearjerker, but wouldn't they rather leave an audience laughing than leave 'em wondering *why*? These guys must have forgotten a wise old actor's admonition that dying is easy, *comedy* is hard. **Y**

Exhaustive as well as exhausting—at more than four and a half hours from beginning to end—*Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie* (Samuel Goldwyn) unearths some awful truths. A convicted Nazi war criminal once known as the Butcher of

Lyon, Barbie himself scarcely appears until the postintermission half of this blisteringly brilliant documentary by French director Marcel Ophuls. As in *The Sorrow*



Freeman: blowing his own horn.

OFF CAMERA

Is Morgan Freeman the greatest American actor? That question was posed by a rapturous critic after Freeman almost grabbed an Oscar for last year's *Street Smart*. We put the question to the man himself. "Hmmm," he began warily. "If I say yes, it's arrogant. If I say no, it's false modesty."

Freeman hasn't much to be modest about nowadays. He wowed Broadway in the musical *The Gospel at Colonus* and won his third Obie award (off-Broadway's Oscar) in 1987 for *Driving Miss Daisy* as the black chauffeur of a Jewish dowager. In the forthcoming *Lean on Me*, he stars as Joe Clark, the controversial New Jersey high school principal who keeps order with a baseball bat and a bullhorn. "The bat is mostly publicity, a symbol," notes Freeman. "Clark is wonderful and not a violent person. If my own children were in a school like that one, I'd pray for someone like him to come along." The youngest of Freeman's four children is 17. "The rest are out of school, doing their own thing, or not doin' it."

Freeman, who's 50ish, yearned to be a pilot as a boy in Mississippi and joined the Air Force before he switched to sea thrills. "Sails are my wings now." An avid Manhattan-based mariner, he spends his free time aboard a 38-foot ketch, *Sojourner*, named for the great anti-slavery spokeswoman Sojourner Truth. With his second wife, Freeman plans to make a transatlantic voyage from West Africa to Bahia after the upcoming movie version of *Driving Miss Daisy*, in which he hopes to re-create his off-Broadway role. "I've said I'd commit a crime to do that part on film, but so far, I'm just waiting to be asked." Will somebody please ask?

and *the Pity*, his definitive essay on wartime anti-Semitism in France, Ophuls' method is to interview surviving victims, average citizens, collaborators, veterans and retired secret agents—thus drawing up an indictment of postwar political expediency that reaches from Berlin to Bolivia and the U.S.A. Although Barbie had sent thousands of Jews and non-Jews to their deaths, U.S. Army Intelligence employed him in Europe for nearly 30 years, then connived with a Vatican pipeline to expedite his escape to Bolivia. Once there, he took up dealing in drugs, illegal arms and terrorism until he was returned to France for trial. *Hotel Terminus* mitigates a grim subject with some moments of gallows humor. It's less funny when a former U.S. secret agent weighs Barbie's usefulness against his heinous misdeeds and concludes, "The world is shot through with moral ambiguities." The people who really need to learn what *Hotel Terminus* tells us are the people least likely to see it. **YYY½**

Women and squeamish folk of either sex are likely to have a hard time tolerating David Cronenberg's *Dead Ringers* (Fox), based on the novel *Twins*, by Bari Wood and Jack Geasland. The book, in turn, was inspired by the tragic true case of two successful New York doctors, identical twin brothers, who died together in squalor. Both brothers are played flamboyantly by Jeremy Irons, the British matinee idol, who manages, with a little help from Cronenberg, to look unnervingly like a young Boris Karloff. Genevieve Bujold plays it somber as a famous actress who has three cervixes (something to do with a "trifurcate uterus," a Cronenberg invention) and even deeper concerns about which brother has been in bed with her. (Both, but not simultaneously, except in a dream sequence.) The main virtue of the film is Cronenberg's dazzling cinematic style—all veinous blue-gray and pallid flesh tones, plus surgical scenes with doctors and nurses decked out in blood red. An eye-ful if you have the stomach for it. **YY½**

Car theft, assaulting police officers and arson are among the charges lodged against two fugitive young Iowa farmers in *Miles from Home* (Cinecom). Dispossessed, they set fire to their family homestead and take off to become overnight celebrities in the corn belt. Gary Sinise of Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre Company directed *Miles*, his first film venture, and some staginess creeps into a screenplay already cursed with problems of credibility. As the elder brother, Richard Gere erupts at regular intervals with a kind of emotional intensity that seems to be more illustrated than deeply felt. As his kid brother, Kevin Anderson fares better, but his straightforward performance can't quite alter the impression that what we have here is a gifted company straining to breathe life into a stiff. **Y**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Bad 21** (See review) Hackman in 'Nam. **YYY**
- The Beast** (Listed only) It's a Soviet tank in Afghanistan. Well-made hot-war drama, with Steven Bauer and Jason Patric as enemies under truce. **YY½**
- Bird** (Reviewed 11/88) Clint Eastwood's homage to a classic jazzman. **YYY**
- Crossing Delancey** (11/88) Mating games on the Lower East Side. **YYYY**
- Dead Ringers** (See review) Malpractice with double-whammy side effects. **YY½**
- The Deceivers** (11/88) A cult of Indian killers done in by Brosnan. **YYY**
- Far North** (Listed 11/88) Rustic, dull family drama, with Jessica Lange. **Y**
- Gorillas in the Mist** (11/88) Sigourney goes ape with a vengeance. **YYYY**
- Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie** (See review) Documenting a top Nazi's political bedfellows. **YYY½**
- Imagine: John Lennon** (11/88) The way he was, fondly remembered. **YYYY**
- The Lair of the White Worm** (See review) Ken Russell's latest rampage. **Y**
- The Last Temptation of Christ** (Listed 11/88) Street people for Jesus in Scorsese's controversial epic. **Y**
- Madame Sousatzka** (See review) MacLaine tickling the ivories. **YYY**
- Married to the Mob** (10/88) As a Mafia widow, Michelle Pfeiffer's fine. **YYY½**
- Memories of Me** (See review) Short of laughs and fairly forgettable. **Y**
- Midnight Run** (10/88) De Niro and Grodin make the trip delightful. **YYYY**
- Miles from Home** (See review) Heavy slogging for Anderson and Gere. **Y**
- Moon over Parador** (10/88) Political ham on wry, with Richard Dreyfuss. **YYY**
- Mystic Pizza** (See review) Sweet slice of life for three nice girls. **YYY**
- Out Cold** (11/88) Meaty black comedy about a dead butcher's wife. **YYY**
- Patty Hearst** (10/88) Kidnaped and then... Here's her side of it. **YYY½**
- The Prince of Pennsylvania** (Listed only) As coal miner's son, Keanu Reeves revs up a flip, feisty family drama. **YY½**
- Punchline** (11/88) Hanks on a high. **YYY**
- Running on Empty** (10/88) Family life of Sixties fugitives—with a stunning performance by Christine Lahti. **YYYY**
- Things Change** (See review) More fun with the Mafia, by David Mamet. **YYY½**
- Tucker** (9/88) Jeff Bridges in Coppola's super ode to an auto pioneer. **YYYY**
- Who Framed Roger Rabbit** (Listed 10/88) Toons, tough guys grandly mixed. **YYYY**
- Without a Clue** (11/88) Caine, Kingsley take a sly poke at Holmes. **YYY½**

YYYYY Outstanding

YYYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look

YYY Good show **Y** Forget it

HAMILTON CLASSIC EDITIONS ANNOUNCES A LIMITED EDITION RE-CREATION OF THE CABOT

Originally created by Hamilton in 1935, the Cabot captures all the dash and glamour of that romantic pre-war era. Its clean, bold lines are undeniably classic.

The original Cabot is in great demand by collectors, but finding one is a nearly impossible task. That's why Hamilton is offering you the opportunity to acquire an exquisitely crafted reproduction in a strictly limited edition. Only 4,100 will be made.

Each timepiece is accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity and shipped in a deluxe presentation box. A very special value, this distinctive watch is offered at just \$295* each, payable in convenient monthly installments.

THE HAMILTON GUARANTEE

An American tradition since 1892, Hamilton has set the standard for design and technical excellence.



HAMILTON EXCLUSIVE

Each Cabot is painstakingly hand-assembled in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in the same way as the originals. The Hamilton Cabot is an accurate design replica of the original 1935 model. (We have fitted the Cabot with a jeweled Swiss quartz movement—more accurate and dependable than the original).

PERSONALLY ENGRAVED

When a person purchased a new watch in America's unhurried past, it was the custom for the jeweler to engrave the buyer's initials on the case-back. Hamilton is pleased to continue this tradition today by engraving three initials of your choice, prior to final assembly. The Hamilton crest and your personal registration number will also be engraved on the case-back.

The case is elegantly curved for style and comfort, and the bezel is richly finished with 5 microns of 18-Kt gold. The back is satiny, stainless steel. The face is white with raised "Paris Antique" numerals and polished gilt-leaf hands. A separate second dial is at 6 o'clock.



Engraved with up to 3 initials plus registration number

CERTIFIED AUTHENTIC
Shown actual size.

And while foreign competition grows, styles change and traditions die, our standards have never varied.

It is with great pride that we offer you the Cabot. If for any reason you're not delighted with your watch, you may return it within 30 days in the condition in which it was received for a full refund. Every Hamilton Collectors Classic offered in the past has been a sell-out. Therefore, we urge you to reserve your Cabot without delay. In the event that the Cabot sells out prior to the time we receive your order, we will notify you immediately and promptly issue you a refund. Because orders are filled on a first come first served basis, for fastest service call 1-800-367-4534 extension 8275. (In CT, AK or HI call 1-203-855-8717). Call Mon-Fri 8:30 am-10 pm, Sat 9 am-5 pm eastern time. Or, return the coupon below. Orders processed immediately. Shipment in 3-5 weeks.

*Plus \$3.50 shipping/handling

Hamilton Classics

47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

8275

For Fastest Service Call Toll Free: 1-800-367-4534.

In CT, AK, HI call (203) 855-8717

Please send me _____ Hamilton Cabot watch(es).

Initials to be engraved on back:

Name _____ (Please Print Clearly)

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Signature _____ (All orders subject to acceptance)

Charge each of 6 equal monthly \$49.75 installments to my credit card:

MasterCard VISA Diners Club American Express

Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

I prefer not to use a credit card and will pay by check. Enclosed is my deposit of \$99.50* for each watch. I will pay the balance in four equal monthly installments of \$49.75 each.

*Connecticut residents add 7 1/2% sales tax.

TELEVISION

By ANNE BEATTS

WANT TO KNOW what the new fall TV shows are like? I can tell you. 'Cause I saw them. Practically all of them.

In order to do that, I had to abandon my favorite program, the dial-switching show. You know, it's the one where you just lie back on the bed and flick the remote, stopping for a few minutes on whatever strikes your fancy—the shopping channel interspersed with *Bewitched* and *Live from the Crystal Cathedral*. You can pause on PBS to soak up a few seconds of culture and check out the Japanese channel for kung-fu action before settling down for the last ten minutes of an old *Route 66*.

The dial-switching show is the best show on TV because it's always different. It's eclectic, involving and viewer interactive. And with the right sound track, you can have the experience of making a video and watching it at the same time.

Instead, at enormous personal sacrifice, I watched everything new that CBS, NBC and ABC have to offer. I watched all of these shows all the way through, never deserting my post except when I absolutely had to go to the kitchen for some microwave popcorn. I watched them so that you don't have to.

Even though my journalistic ethics kept me glued to the set, I found that there came a point in each show where the fingers reflexively reached for the remote. I've rated them on that basis, with 24 being the highest score for a half-hour show and 48 for an hour, allowing for commercial breaks. That way, you'll know which ones to stay with, and for how long.

So which shows will stick around and which ones will be gone before all the leaves are off the trees? What do I know? I wouldn't have canceled *Star Trek*. But, sure as God made summer sequels, they'll be back. Somewhere, sometime, on some station. Because nothing on TV ever goes away for good. That's the beauty of it. All you have to do is keep watching.

MONDAY

Coming of Age. 8:30–nine P.M. (Eastern and Pacific time throughout), CBS. (3)

This one has demographics written all over it. Paul Dooley and Phyllis Newman, a lovable yet feisty retired couple who live in a golden-age community, have Alan Young and an almost-unrecognizable Glynis Johns as their wacky yet lovable next-door neighbors. The Mertzes they aren't, though Johns, who doesn't yet have her own chain of fish restaurants, deserves an annuity as much as Arthur Treacher. The episode I saw started with a quote from Diderot, no less, but who are they kidding?

Murphy Brown. Nine–9:30 P.M., CBS. (24 with a bullet)

Candice Bergen is an investigative re-



All's Fare: The scoop on prime time.

Is the new season better late than never? Our critic takes the tedium out of the medium.

porter who has just checked out of Betty Ford and back into a *60 Minutes*-style TV show. To keep from smoking, she chews number-two pencils (and a lot of the scenery). Please, God, let her go on doing it all season. The way Bergen plays Brown, she could eat Holly Hunter for breakfast. The script is smart, too, punctuated with snappy throwaways, such as "She thinks Camus is a soap!"

Almost Grown. Ten–11 P.M., CBS. (42)

A few minutes into the show, and suddenly, we're in a deep Fifties flashback in—where else?—New Jersey, the Fifties state. A sleazy greaser whose last name ends in a vowel woos the perky blonde for whom our hero's butt-down heart beats faster. *Peggy Sue Got Married*, I thought. *Back to the Future*, I thought. When they turned on the car radio to the Cuban Missile Crisis, I was ready to tune out. I was wrong. The first episode shifts gears rapidly through the decades, following one couple to the present, when, of course, they've split up. The images of the Sixties and the Seventies are fresh enough to hold my attention, and the more I found out about these people, the more I wanted to know.

TUESDAY

TV 101. Eight–nine P.M., CBS. (48)

I once did a show about high school students for this network. It was called *Square Pegs*. When I asked the network executive if we could show one of the kids smoking dope, he said, "Only if they're hanged, drawn and quartered by the end of the

episode." Well, at the end of the *TV 101* pilot, one of the two young dopers does get killed in a car crash. But the other one lives and learns to just say no. This may be one small step for the average viewer, but it's a giant step for network executives. Besides, it's a pretty good show. The kids do a video newspaper, we get to see it and it looks a lot the way you'd think a high school video newspaper would look. Somehow, a little reality has sneaked into televisionland—and that's a lot rarer than drug references.

Roseanne. 8:30–nine P.M., ABC. (4.5)

Buck Henry, who wrote the screenplay for *The Graduate*, once said it was the story of a Jewish boy with WASP parents. This is a sitcom about fat people with thin children. How did they get them? Maybe they stole them from a rich neighborhood, like those couples in the *National Enquirer* who kidnap Yuppie children and make them live in mobile homes. Watching the pilot from this perspective makes it a whole lot more interesting and suspenseful, since the police could burst through the door at any time and put a stop to the proceedings. And you often wish they would.

Midnight Caller. Ten–11 P.M., NBC. (8)

So many people on TV seem to be detectives. I don't know about you, but I don't use detectives much in regular life. I mean, if I have to call somebody, it's more likely to be the Maytag repairman. But, on TV, the repairman would be a detective—or I would be. One of us would have to be, or there'd be no show. This pilot is an answer to the question "How do you get a radio-talk-show host who solves crimes?"

WEDNESDAY

The Van Dyke Show. Eight–8:30 P.M., CBS. (?)

This show stars Dick and his son, Barry. The press release describes it as "dealing with a show-business father/son relationship" and "their ups, their downs in working together." That's all anybody would say about it. The show itself was unavailable at presstime. Evidently, it went through a few ups and downs of its own. As far as I know, Dick and Barry don't solve any crimes.

The Mary Tyler Moore Show. 8:30–nine P.M., CBS. (0)

If only this were *Mary Tyler Moore: The Lost Episodes*. Maybe the only way to make Mary viable on TV again is to have her come back as a vampire.

Baby Boom. 9:30–ten P.M., NBC. (4)

Diane Keaton is a ditz. Kate Jackson isn't. This is a woman who solved crimes in a bikini, for heaven's sake. Kate as the little drummer girl just might have resolved the Middle East crisis. So how come she can't handle one little baby?

Tattlers. Ten–11 P.M., NBC. (15)

Stephen Collins is Nick Tattler, a

© 1990 SEAGRAM. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF) CANADIAN WHISKY. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF) CANADIAN WHISKY. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF) CANADIAN WHISKY.



Seagram's
V.O.

FIND GOLD TONIGHT.



Quality Time. Your moments together are too precious to waste. That's why Pioneer created the PD-M700 6-disc CD player. Now you can enjoy up to six hours of digital music without interruption, at the touch of a single button.

Pioneer invented the 6-disc CD magazine system. This innovative format offers you multiple programming options, cataloging capability and is designed to work in both Pioneer home and car multi-CD players. Simply put, no other CD format offers you so many features and is so easy to use.

Pioneer offers a complete line of 6-disc CD players, all with Non-Repeating Random Play. Now you can spend less time changing your music and more time enjoying it.



PIONEER®

We Bring The Revolution Home.™

RUSSIA WINS?



In a controlled scientific study* the technology used in our equipment was proven to be more effective than weight lifting for training or re-educating muscles.

This technique pioneered by Russian scientists is now used throughout their winning Olympic athletic program with fantastic results.

*Published in Physiotherapy Canada, Vol. 31, No. 5



- 30 day money back guarantee
- 2 year warranty
- Free instructional video
- All units expandable
- Multiple power supplies
- New Improved design

- #2000 4 Pad Unit. \$249
- #4000 8 Pad Unit. \$475
- #6000 12 Pad Unit. \$775
- #8000 16 Pad Unit. \$975

Please add \$10 for shipping and handling

#4000



Send check or money order to:
HEALTHTECH, INC. #11207

3430 Conn. Ave. N.W. Washington, D.C. 20008

VISA or MCARD orders call:

1-800-333-8663 (M-F 9am.-9pm. EST) 1-800-872-8787 (24hrs.)
For more information call: (202) 362-5921

WORLD FAMOUS
Sammy's Fish Box
RESTAURANT

Announces overnight shipment of

JUMBO LIVE MAINE LOBSTERS
3 lbs., 4 lbs., 5 lbs. or 6 lbs.

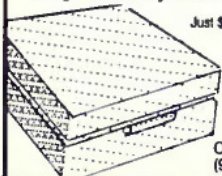
\$12.⁹⁵ per pound
plus shipping & handling

CALL
1 800 843-8393

N.Y. residents add 8 1/4% sales tax.
All major credit cards accepted.

A sexy safe for safe sex.

This elegant 14-kt. gold plated engravable case is the ideal travel companion for the discrete man or woman. Holds up to 3 condoms. Give one as a Christmas gift, keep one for yourself.



Just \$29.99 each plus \$2 shpg. & hndng.
FL residents add 6% sales tax.
Send check or money order
with name and address to:
Golden Originals, Inc.
P.O. Box 1030
Beverly Hills, FL 32665
Or with Master Card or VISA, call
(904) 795-9390 (9 a.m.-9 p.m. EST)

restaurateur who solves crimes. What else would he do with his time? After all, it's an hour show. Blythe Danner plays his ex-wife, a genteel Southern belle surrounded by unruly children. At the end of the pilot, Nick's ex-wife makes him promise that there will be "no more fights with guns." Clearly, she doesn't know a thing about TV.

THURSDAY

Knightwatch. Eight-nine P.M., ABC. (4)

An ethnically balanced gang of street kids with capped teeth, plus one fat guy, get together to... what? All together now, class: Solve crimes! But this show is not about the Guardian Angels, OK? Their uniforms are different, for one thing. At one point, the tough but sensitive young black guy gets onto his motorcycle and rides to Malibu, to a Sting song. Then, obviously feeling better, he runs into a burning building to save a golden-haired child. I'm not making this up, but someone is. Whoever it is, I'm impressed—and envious. What I wouldn't give to be that innocent again.

Paradise. Nine-ten P.M., CBS. (40)

This hero, Lee Horsley in designer stubble, solves crimes, but he isn't a detective. He's a gunslinger. Yep, the TV Western is back, and I, for one, am mighty glad to see it. It's sorta reassuring to see people shooting one another with six-guns instead of Uzis. Kinda takes you back to a safer, friendlier time, the time that Pepperidge Farm remembers.

Dear John. 9:30-ten P.M., NBC. (-1)

I don't know, maybe it's chemical or something, but I just can't watch Judd Hirsch anymore, even if they made him a vampire. By the way, Judd, it's nothing personal. I got that way with Jack Klugman, too. Force me to watch *Quincy, M.E.* and I'll tell you anything you want to know—troop movements, anything. Just make it stop.

SATURDAY

Murphy's Law. Eight-nine P.M., ABC. (4)

George Segal stars as Daedalus Murphy, an unconventional insurance investigator who solves crimes with the help of his roommate, Kimiko, a beautiful and feisty Eurasian model who—OK, you caught me quoting from the press release. George Segal looks tired. Maggie (*The Last Emperor*) Han sounds dubbed. It isn't even Chinatown, Jake. It's Vancouver.

Dirty Dancing. Eight-8:30 P.M., CBS. (?)

Unavailable at presstime. According to the press release, "the series explores the relationships among four principal characters—Johnny Castle, the hotel's street-wise and sexy young dance instructor; Frances 'Baby' Kellerman, the innocent and idealistic girl who is irresistibly drawn to him; Penny Moreno, Johnny's tough and sensual Latin dance partner; and Max Kellerman, the divorced owner of the resort and

Baby's protective father." A series in which everybody needs two adjectives to describe him ought to be riveting and compelling.

Raising Miranda. 8:30-nine P.M., CBS. (3)

At first, I thought this was kind of a white *Cosby*, or a beige *Family Ties*, or maybe a greige *Growing Pains*. Then, right in the middle of the show, the cute, ditzy mom leaves, possibly to join Valerie Harper. Everyone's in shock, even the wacky neighbors. Clearly, she's not coming back. Mom leaves her daughter a note saying, "Your dad loves you, and I think that you two should be together." So, it seems, did the network executives, who evidently will go to any length to break up the nuclear family for the sake of better demographics. The censors aren't so sure. In the final scene, Dad consoles his pubescent daughter by kissing her—on the hand.

Empty Nest. 9:30-ten P.M., NBC. (2)

Richard Mulligan stars as a lonely widower with two daughters, Dinah Manoff as the *kvetchy* Jewish one who can't get laid and Kristy McNichol as the perky cop who does. In the pilot, people say revealing things, like "Speaking as a pediatrician whose wife died last year, may I have some more coffee?" Then there's the bathroom humor. First, the doctor tries to get the funny dog with the cute name to go in the yard. Then one of his patients swallows his mother's ring and doc has to retrieve it. In scene three, the doctor's date is described as "the only living, breathing human being in my life right now who doesn't drink from a toilet." After that, I lost count. Is this a bid for the Geritol generation?

SUNDAY

A Fine Romance. Eight-nine P.M., ABC. (96)

I liked this show so much, I watched it twice. The premise is a switch on *His Gal Friday*. Margaret Whitton, as Louisa, hosts a traveling TV show, sort of *Two on the Town* in Europe. Anthony Andrews, as Michael, her former husband and co-host, has quit to get married and take up a life of teaching "earnest, stoop-shouldered graduate students with pinkeye and bad breath." Louisa will do anything, including faking her own death, to get him back. Of course, she does, but not before she has pursued him all over Italy, getting mixed up with bad guys in the process, which culminates in a hilarious chase sequence on the leaning tower of Pisa. Not a model, the real thing. That's what this show is, the real thing. It's a Forties screwball comedy come to life in living color on European locations. And it's fast—you really have to pay attention. Whitton and Andrews lob insults back and forth as if they were at Wimbledon. Howard Hawks would be proud. Did I mention that the episode guest-stars Rossano Brazzi? *A Fine Romance* is written by Peachy Markowitz, obviously a pseudonym. I'm going to tell people it's me.



Every Man's Christmas Wish!

GIVE PLAYBOY FOR CHRISTMAS

Give him what he really wants this Christmas. Give a PLAYBOY holiday gift subscription. PLAYBOY's the one gift that's sure to warm up many a chilly evening this winter...and it's the sophisticated way to say "Happy Holidays" every month of the year. So give PLAYBOY this Christmas and save. It's on every man's Christmas wish list.

YOUR FIRST GIFT SUBSCRIPTION COSTS JUST \$39
EACH ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTION COSTS JUST \$35



WE INVITE OUR IMITATORS TO STEP OUTSIDE

Some people think if they can make a boot, they can match a Sorel. Not an outside chance!

A Sorel is a lot more than a look. It's a legend. We've been to the North Pole, and most places in the world that feel like it, and we've perfected winter's ultimate weapon—Sorel.

From the Arctic to the Ozarks, Maine to Montana, Sorel is the cold standard.

We know how to buy, tan and cut leathers; construct and waterproof bottoms; design soles, eyelets and laces; and build-in

super-insulating wool liners that'll beat any other boot cold!

Winter can be one of the most exhilarating seasons or one of the most exasperating. The difference is where you take

your stand on quality. Get Sorels and walk all over winter.

There are Sorels for men, women and children, rated from 'somewhat cool' (+25F) to 'downright hostile' (-85F). Each comes with an informative tag to help you pick yours.



Demand the brand.
Or stay inside.



Kaufman Footwear, 700 Ellicott St.
Batavia, New York 14020.

THE COLD STANDARD

ALASKA
 Pay N Save
Anchorage — Sears Roebuck
 Brewster's Dept. Store
 Gary King's Sporting
 Goods
 Long's Drug
 B & J Family Store
 Wasilla — B & J True Valu

ARIZONA
 Phoenix — Alpine Ski Keller
 Tempe — Alpine Ski Keller
CALIFORNIA
 Ski & Sports Inc. (5 locations)
 Chick's Sporting Goods (4 locations)
 All-American Sportsclub (6 Locations)
 Leroy's (Big Bear, Arrowhead)
 Sport Chalet (8 locations)
 Track 'N' Trail (30 locations)
 Tahoe Sports (L. Tahoe,
 Chico, Redding)
 Porter's Ski & Sport (Truckee, Tahoe)

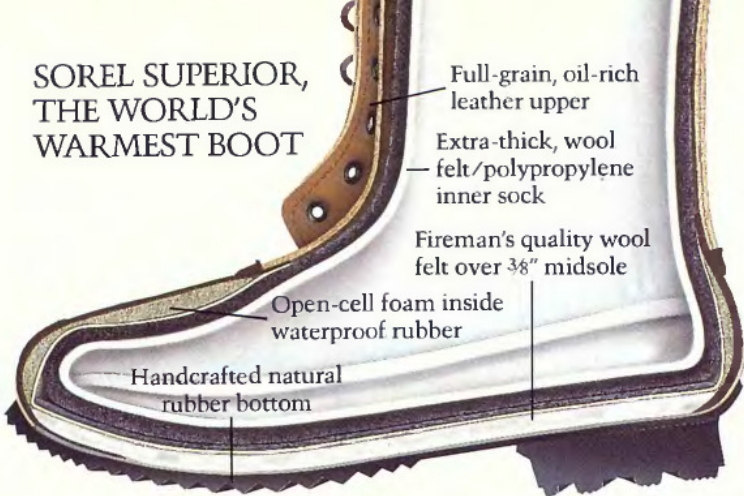
COLORADO
 Gene Taylor's Sporting Goods
 (4 locations)
 Dave Cook Sporting Goods
 (4 locations)
 Gart Brothers Sporting Goods
 Arvada — Western Trading
 Aspen — Ozzie's Shoes
 Boulder — Boulder Army Store
 Denver — Factory Surplus
 Englewood — Western Trading
 Fort Collins — Fort Collins Army Store
 Glenwood Springs — Army &
 Factory Surplus
 Vail — Vail Boot & Shoe
CONNECTICUT
 Bob's Inc. (5 Locations)
 Berlin — Mickey Finn's

D.C.
 Hudson Trail Outfitters
IDAHO
 Boise — Black Sheep
 Coeur d'Alene — Black Sheep
 Sun Valley — Ozzie's Shoes
ILLINOIS
 Brown's Sporting Goods
 Canton — Farm King Supply
 Champaign — Champaign Surplus
 Chicago (Metro) — Sportmart
 Galesburg — Farm King Supply
 Kewanee — Farm King Supply
 Macomb — Farm King Supply
 Monmouth — Farm King Supply
 Quincy — Merkle's Inc.

INDIANA
 Brown's Sporting Goods
 Fort Wayne — R. I. Spiece Sales
 Indianapolis — Dunham's
 Galyan's
 Plainfield — Galyan's
 Wabash — R. I. Spiece Sales
IOWA
 Scheel's
KANSAS
 Overland Pk.,
 Prairie Vlg. — Steve's Shoes
 Shawnee-Mission — Alpine Hut
MAINE
 Brewer — Epstein's Inc.
 Winterport Boot Shop
 Ellsworth — Willey's
 Kittery — Kittery Trading Post
 North Windham — Sebago Trading Post
 Portland — Levinsky's

MARYLAND
 Hudson Trail Outfitters
MASSACHUSETTS
 MVP Sports
 Fitchburg — Harry's Dept. Store
 Indian Orchard — Stuart Sports Center
 Lee — Jack's Dept. Store
 Pittsfield — Pittsfield Sporting Goods
 Dick Moon's Sporting Goods
 Williamsburg — Williamsburg Feed
 & Farm
MICHIGAN
 Dunham's
 Ann Arbor — Harry's Army-Navy
 Bay City — Mill End Stores
 Bessemer — Abelman's
 Big Rapids — Grunst Bros.
 Clare — Mill End Stores
 Grand Rapids — Al & Bob's

**SOREL SUPERIOR,
 THE WORLD'S
 WARMEST BOOT**



American Eagle Outfitters
Bass Pro Shops
 Toll-free 1-800-227-7776
Cabela's
 Toll-free 1-800-237-4444
Herman's World of Sports

Ironwood — J C Penney
 Mancelona — R.C. & G.O.
 Mt. Clemens — Ark Surplus
 Munising — Denman's Dept. Store
 Rochester — Jerry's Gun Shop
 Wyoming — Kent Arms

MINNESOTA
 Mills Fleet Farm
 Scheel's
 Trade Home Shoes
 L & M Supply
 United Stores
 Minneapolis/ St. Paul —
 Joe's Sporting Goods
 Anderson Shoes
 Midwest Mountaineering
 Robert Shoes
 Burger Brothers
 Foursome Shoes
 Hoigaards

MISSOURI
 St. Louis — Outdoors Inc.
MONTANA
 Bozeman — Schnee's Boot Works
 Kalispell — Snappy Sport Center
 Sportsman Ski Haus
 Missoula — Black Sheep
 Army & Navy Economy Store
 Bob Ward & Son
 Brady's Sports

NEBRASKA
 North Platte — Young's Sporting Goods
 Omaha — Canfield's
NEW HAMPSHIRE
 Littleton — The Outlet Store
 Meredith — Paraphernalia
NEW JERSEY
 Frugal Frank's
 Ramsey Outdoor (1-201-261-5000)
 Lafayette — The Shoe Store

Eddie Bauer Inc.
 Toll-free 1-800-426-8020
Gander Mountain Inc.
 Toll-free 1-800-558-9410
Recreational Equipment Inc.
 Toll-free 1-800-426-4928

NEW MEXICO
 Albuquerque — Sandia Mountain
 Outfitters
 Sante Fe — Base Camp
NEW YORK
 Brand Names (Upstate & Western N.Y.)
 Herb Philipson's A & N
 (Upstate & W. N.Y.)
 Dick's Spgt. Goods (Upstate & W. N.Y.)
 Albany — Schaffer's Dept. Store
 Chestertown — Crossroads
 Cohoes — Cramer's Armory
 Hicksville — Goldman Brothers
 Katonah — Charles Dept. Store
 Pearl River — James Amann Co.
 Saranac Lake — Blue Line Sport Shop
 Saugerties — Montano & Sons
 Walden — Thruway Markets

NORTH CAROLINA
 Boone — Mast General Store
 Valle Crucis — Mast General Store
NORTH DAKOTA
 Scheel's
 Fargo — J C Penney
 Grand Forks — J C Penney

OHIO
 Canton — Buckeye Sports Supply
 Cincinnati — All About Sports
 Cleveland — Dunham's
 Columbus — Vance's Shooter's Supply
 Dayton — General Surplus
 North Canton — Kame's Sport Center
 Norwalk — The Outdoorsman
 Hammer-Huber
 Oregon — Woodville Road Surplus
 Sandusky — Hammer-Huber
 Sheffield Lake — Ohio Canoe
 Adventures
 Warren — Mickey's Army-Navy
 Outdoor Army Store of Warren

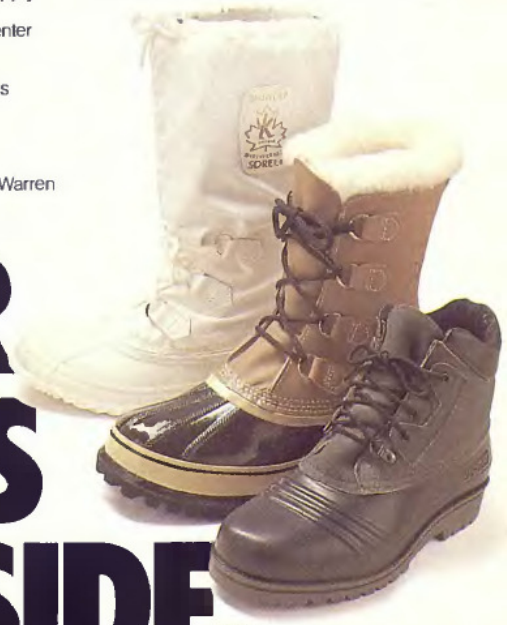
OREGON
 Bend — Sears Roebuck
 Eugene — Emponium Inc.
 Oregon City — Larry's Sport Center
 Portland — G. I. Joe's
 Springfield — Coast to Coast
PENNSYLVANIA
 Frugal Frank's
 Clearfield — Grice Gun Shop
 Duryea — Zambor's Wholesale
 Sporting Goods
 Eynon — Harry Sugarman Co.
 Meadville — The Boot Box
 New Castle — I. Samuel & Sons
 Reading — Boscov's
 Scranton — J.G. Plotkin & Son
 Whitehall — Kayton Manufacturing Co.
SOUTH DAKOTA
 Sioux Falls — Scheel's
UTAH
 Allied Stores
 Salt Lake City — Gart Brothers
 Sporting Goods

VERMONT
 Bellows Falls — Sam's Dept. Stores
 Brattleboro — Sam's Dept. Stores
 J. Galanes & Sons
 Essex Junction — Phil's Inc.
 Pittsford — Keith's Trading Post
 Proctorsville — Singleton's Store Inc.
 Rutland — Sensible Shoes Inc.
 South Burlington — Frugal Frank's
 St. Johnsbury — Caplan's Army Store

VIRGINIA
 Hudson Trail Outfitters
WASHINGTON
 Olympic Sports
 Puyallup — Sportees
 Redmond — Sportees
 Spokane — Sears Roebuck
 Union Gap — Sears Roebuck
 Wenatchee — Sears Roebuck

WISCONSIN
 Farm & Home
 Farm & Fleet
 Mills Fleet Farm
 Black Earth — The Shoe Box
 Green Bay — Nickolai Sporting Goods
 Hales Corner — Sherper's
 Lacrosse — Arenz Shoes
 Madison — Fontana Army/Navy
 Merrill — Caylor's Corners
 Milwaukee — Sherper's
 Rhinelander — Mel's Trading Post
 Sparta — Arenz Shoes
 Superior — N.W. Outlet
 Wausau — Baseman's
WYOMING
 Afton — Lone Pines Sports
 Casper — Dave Cook Sporting Goods
 Cheyenne — Peoples Sporting Goods
 Jackson — Jack Dennis Outdoor Shops
 Lander — Coast To Coast

**...AND OUR
 CUSTOMERS
 TO STEP INSIDE.**



VIDEO

GUEST SHOT



While most Americans will once again be re-running *It's a Wonderful Life* this month, don't look to Penn and Teller, the nation's leading con men bizarre, for the preservation of sacred

holiday sentiment. They'll be sticking with their usual panseasonal fare. "When I write," says Penn, "all I do is run porn videos back to back with the sound down." Adds Teller (adds Teller?!), "I'll look up from typing if Penn tells me I should see some particular move. Otherwise, I just regard the videos as very witty wallpaper." On Christmas Day, though, Teller promises he'll be watching Hitchcock—either *Psycho* (a past yuletide gift from Penn) or *North by Northwest*—"Just like I would do on almost any other day of the year." —LAURA FISSINGER

VIDEO NUDES, Part II

Where there's an A through L, there's gotta be an M through Z. Here's a continuation of last month's Video Nudes list (* denotes more than just a flash):

Demi Moore: *About Last Night . . .**, *Blame It on Rio*, *No Small Affair*
Tatum O'Neal: *A Circle of Two*
Tanya Roberts: *Beastmaster*, *Sheena**
Isabella Rossellini: *Blue Velvet**
Susan Sarandon: *The Hunger**, *Pretty*

Baby, The Other Side of Midnight

Jane Seymour: *Lassiter*

Cybill Shepherd: *The Last Picture Show*

Sissy Spacek: *Carrie**, *Prime Cut**

Koo Stark: *Emily**

Meryl Streep: *Plenty*, *Still of the Night*

Kathleen Turner: *Body Heat**, *Crimes of Passion**, *Julia and Julia**

Vanity: *52 Pickup**, *Never Too Young to Die**

Rachel Ward: *Night School**, *Against All Odds*

Sigourney Weaver: *Half Moon Street**, *One Woman or Two*

Debra Winger: *An Officer and a Gentleman**, *Slumber Party '57**

Pia Zadora: *Butterfly**, *Lonely Lady**

The complete list—now more than 125 entries—is available for ten dollars from Fox Films, P.O. Box 768, New York, New York 10014.

VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

Some films deserve to fail, but others have flop status thrust upon them—despite good reviews, enticing talent or a nice twist on run-of-the-mill fare. Neglected masterworks they're not, but here are a handful of theatrical also-rans making comebacks as tapes:

The Stepfather: Terry O'Quinn as a serial killer and family man, scarier than Glenn Close in *Fatal Attraction*. Lock the door.

Something Wild: Sex, violence and screwball comedy smoothly blended. Melanie Griffith as the daft seductress who kidnaps

Jeff Daniels, her all-too-willing prey.

The White Dawn: Arctic high adventure about stranded whalers and cruelly exploited Eskimos. Worth a rewind if only for the awesome cinematography.

Castaway: Nicolas Roeg's exotic true-life tale of a Londoner and his hired wife who spend a year practicing tropical togetherness, mostly in the nude. With Oliver Reed and Amanda Donohoe.—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

SHORT TAKES

Yuppiest Porn Title: *Real Men Eat Keisha*; **Best Meet-Your-Next-Door-Neighbors Video:** *Massaging Your Friends*; **Best Annoy-Your-Downstairs-Neighbors Video:** *Beginning Appalachian Clogging*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Building Model Railroad Scenery with the Experts*; **Worst Family-Get-Together Video:** *How to Prepare Your Last Will & Testament*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *How to Pass the Postal Exam*; **Best Play-with-Your-Food Video:** *Egg Art*.

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

The Pet Rock Video: For \$7.95, here's a three-minute tape featuring leather-clad rocks in sunglasses rapping better than the Stones ever did (Avalanche).

The Elements of Style: Remember the book from English class that told you where to put your commas and semicolons? Now it's a video—at last (Paperback Visual Publishing).

Dolphins: Flipper's friends cavorting around the Florida Keys. All that lush cinematography and soothing music can be, according to a noted shrink, downright therapeutic (R.A.V.E.).

THE HARDWARE CORNER

A Matter of Size: Big ones, tall ones, short ones, small ones: Sony is trying to cover all bases—from a rear-screen-projection 67-inch TV to a 43-inch direct-view Trinitron set all the way down to a two-and-sevenths-inch color LCD model that can double as a camcorder monitor.

A New Dimension: With Toshiba's SK-3D7 camcorder, you can make 3-D tapes. Package includes a twin-lens camera that combines two separate fields into one image, an electronic adapter and special viewing glasses that shutter back and forth between the right and left eyes. Just under \$3000.

Caveat Videor: Rank Video Services America has designed a cassette tape capable of having its number of rewinds limited, which means that one day, you may actually be stuck with a single-play rental—or else pay for more. Grrrr.

VIDEO MOOD METER	
a guide to how we really choose what to watch	
MOOD	MOVIE
WANT TO LAUGH	Ethnic: <i>Jackie Mason on Broadway</i> (foster your Borscht Belt—the man's a riot); romantic: <i>Moonstruck</i> (Nick Cage gets his fair Cher—perpetto); antic: <i>Trading Places</i> (Aykroyd as Santo—perfect Christmas fore).
FEELING MUSICAL	<i>All-Star Reggae Session</i> (Ziggy Marley, Toots Hibbert and friends jam in Jamaica); solid "supersession" from HBO); <i>Aria</i> (ten famous directors interpret ten famous operatic arios; as hypnotic as it is erotic); <i>Paint Your Wagon</i> (Clint Eastwood in a Western musical? Yep. Fun and rowdy).
WANT TO THINK	<i>That Memorable Year 1963</i> (from MAC's video-scrapbook series; this volume features J.F.K., Beatlemania and Puff the Magic Dragon); <i>Gorilla, Secrets of the Titanic</i> and <i>The Sharks</i> (three gems from National Geographic).
FEELING TRASHY	<i>The Bitch</i> (aptly named howler starring Joan Collins); <i>Lonely Lady</i> (Pia Zadora gets naked, cries and makes <i>The Bitch</i> look like <i>Gone with the Wind</i>); <i>Don't Mess with My Sister</i> ("lust, passion and fear" from the writer-director of—what else?— <i>I Spit on Your Grave</i>).

By DIGBY DIEHL

THESE DAYS, fiction readers demand deflation. They want to go behind the magician, expose the illusions, stomp on clay feet and get right to the heart of the matter. Three new novels—Anne Rice's *The Queen of the Damned* (Knopf), William Gibson's *Mona Lisa Overdrive* (Bantam) and Larry McMurtry's *Anything for Billy* (Simon & Schuster)—plunge into hoary literary territory to emerge fresh and (dare I say it?) relevant.

McMurtry is undoubtedly the most aggressively intellectual writer to mine the cowboy myth, and in this comical, often charming retelling of the Billy the Kid story, he pokes fun at the Max Brand school of "dime novel" Western writers while giving us a Billy who could have come out of the south Bronx. The narrator of *Anything for Billy* is Ben Sippy, a Philadelphia writer who has churned out a long, successful series of paperbacks and can't resist the urge to leave his wife and nine daughters to try living his fantasies (shades of *Romancing the Stone*). He has a chance meeting with Billy Bone in the Hidden Mountains of New Mexico and quickly becomes his sidekick and scribe.

We're definitely not in for an Emilio Estevez *Young Guns* romance here. McMurtry's Billy is part psycho killer, part Holden Caulfield and part all-American bad boy. In fact, the voice of Ben Sippy sounds remarkably like Mark Twain trying to make sense of a Tom Sawyer gone awry.

McMurtry's turn-of-the-century cowboy tale, for all its casual violence, appears gentle by comparison with the hard-edged vision of Gibson's *Mona Lisa Overdrive*. Set sometime in the mid-21st Century, this novel sweeps us into a tortured plot about a globe-hopping power struggle within the Yakuza (the Japanese Mafia gone international). Mona is a wiz-snorting young prostitute who is surgically altered to look like Angie Mitchell, a world-famous star of Sense/Net stimsims (an entertainment experience that has replaced movies), as part of a murder scheme. Meanwhile, in the wasteland near the Sprawl (the continuous urban landscape running from Boston to Atlanta), a computer cowboy fiddling on his cyberspace deck discovers a man on life-support systems who is somehow hooked into the metaphysical mysteries of the parallel universe. *Mona* is as fast-paced and tightly plotted as a Robert Ludlum thriller and a breakthrough book with a fresh, tough vision of tomorrow that will change a lot of minds about s-f.

Anne Rice has gone so far beyond the conventions of Gothic horror in her *Vampire Chronicles* that she has practically invented a new mythology based on a few elements from Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. This is a sophisticated, sensuous world of



McMurtry writes the range.

Our new critic examines
the latest from Rice,
Gibson and McMurtry.

nonhuman beings whose lives and emotions mirror human ones; but because the mirror is deliberately distorted, it forces us to define and examine human behavior—our own—in the face of evil.

Rice's newest novel, *The Queen of the Damned*, meshes the timeless world of vampires with contemporary life. Lestat, a vampire rock star who lusts after fame as well as blood, awakens Akasha—the mother of all vampires—from a 6000-year sleep, and she has some primitive ideas about how to bring peace to mankind. Mainly, she wants to wipe out most of the vampires and all of the male humans.

Rice's technique is disarming because she confronts the inherent absurdity of the idea of vampires head on, convinces you that this candid dismissal is one of their tricks to avoid detection and then plunges you into the fantasy. And what a bizarre, erotic fantasy it is!

Bringing us down from the supernatural plane to the sand of California beaches is T. Jefferson Parker, whose *Laguna Heat* put Orange County on the literary map. His new novel, *Little Saigon* (St. Martin's), is named for a special community in that county where 100,000 Asian refugees live. This is another thickly plotted, suspenseful murder mystery with a blond surfer standing in for Sam Spade.

It begins when masked gunmen abduct a popular Vietnamese *chanteuse* from the stage of a Little Saigon night club. Her husband is a Vietnam vet who lost his legs in the war but came back to become a mul-

timillion-dollar real-estate developer. His brother is Chuck Frye, "former second-best surfer of Laguna Beach," who dives into the murky subculture of frightened, suspicious refugees, tough Asian gangs and paramilitary organizations to find his sister-in-law. Parker reveals the still-festering hurt and rage of the Vietnamese community and presents it in the context of a tense thriller that builds to an astonishing payoff.

In contrast, Aram Saroyan's *The Romantic* (McGraw-Hill) is a sardonic romp through the politics of making it in the movie biz. As seen through the eyes of Connecticut screenwriter James Redding, the politics turn out to be mainly sexual. By turns raunchy and hilarious, this energetic novel perfectly captures the craziness of bi-coastal Hollywood.

J. P. Donleavy has been saving up all of his laughs from the past five years to put into his new novel, *Are You Listening Rabbi Löw* (Atlantic Monthly). If you enjoy flat-out scatological farce, this gem will reduce you to tears. Featuring another appearance by one of Donleavy's favorite characters, the foulmouthed Franz Sigmund "Isadorable" Schultz, this crazy story concerns his gross-out antics in London, where he is being double-crossed by his partners, sued by his wife and pursued by a gangster's girlfriend—all the while praying to one of his Czech ancestors, Rabbi Löw, for guidance and understanding.

BOOK BAG

Going to Work (Villard), by Lisa Birnbach: The co-author of the ever so *Preppy Handbook* strikes again. Proving that even preps grow up and may even have to—gulp—work for a living, Birnbach guides the reader, on little cat's feet, through the ranks of the white-collar heroes at America's top companies. Their best perks, the best dressed, best paternity leave—the whole enchilada, Boopsy. It's a *Whole Earth Catalog* for Yuppies in training.

Temptations (Putnam), by Otis Williams with Patricia Romanowski: This is a tale of survival and success. Williams, the founder of Motown's sweet and sassy harmonizers, relates a no-holds-barred history of soul music, almost from its embryonic beginnings.

Representative Men (University of Arkansas), by John Clellon Holmes: A widely celebrated author who often contributed to *Playboy*, the late Holmes recalls, in glowing personal sketches, the nonconformists—Nelson Algren, Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, Neal Cassady, Gershon Legman—who were the literati of the Beat Generation. He knew them all, and nobody wrote about them better.





THE WEST HAS ALWAYS REFLECTED THE SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN MAN.

IT REPRESENTS SELF-RELIANCE, STRENGTH, PRIDE AND A ROMANTIC VISION OF LIFE.

IT IS AN IMAGE OF MAN AT HIS MOST INDIVIDUAL, MOST INDEPENDENT.

CHAPS IS A COLOGNE THAT CAPTURES THE SPIRIT OF THIS MAN. IT IS AS NATURAL TO HIM AS A WORN LEATHER JACKET OR A PAIR OF JEANS.

CHAPS BY RALPH LAUREN. FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST THAT'S INSIDE EVERY MAN.



CHAPS BY RALPH LAUREN



CHAPS.
THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST
THAT'S INSIDE EVERY MAN.



SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

This is the 50th anniversary of the college football season that made me want to become a sportswriter, which was a good thing, as it happened, because I had already learned, at the age of eight, that I would never make it as a triple-threat quarterback, an aviator, a G man, an ambulance driver, a doughboy knocking out German machine-gun nests or a cowboy.

How did I know this? I was skinny and had morbid fears of height, speed and danger, that's how.

Anyway, it was the year that the university in my home town of Fort Worth, Texas, produced a dazzling, world-beating football team that ultimately won the mythical national championship, an accomplishment that encouraged me to decide that, despite the breath-taking boredom of the place into which I had been born, I was suddenly and arrogantly living in the sports capital of the universe.

My grandad Pap and uncle Mack and older cousin Sid had hinted at this a couple of years earlier, when Slingin' Sam Baugh was slinging touchdown passes for the Texas Christian University Horned Frogs, a nickname, incidentally, that I didn't think was eccentric or amusing until later in life.

But now it was that wonderful year of 1938 and a little guy named Davey O'Brien, only 5'7" and 152 pounds, was slinging even more touchdown passes for TCU, as well as darting around on broken-field scampers and tossing tricky laterals all over the field, and primarily because of O'Brien, the Horned Frogs were tromping over every opponent with utter disdain.

Sometimes they did it without Utter Disdain, who was sidelined and replaced by Remarkable Ease, who was slower but just as effective.

At the start of the season, my relatives took me out to TCU stadium, a concrete edifice holding 30,000 and looking to me at the time like the largest structure on earth, where I watched the Horned Frogs tromp over Centenary and Arkansas, and then with various relatives and neighborhood friends, I listened intently on the radio as they tromped over Texas A&M at College Station and over Temple and Marquette in the fiercely exotic locales of Philadelphia and Milwaukee.

The Associated Press and the Williamson Rankings, the two most respected rating systems of the era, ran every Tuesday in the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*, and the relatives would shout obscenities at them over breakfast, lunch and dinner.



BIRTH OF A SPORTSWRITER

After five impressive victories, the Frogs had been able to climb no higher than fourth in the polls, while, in the meantime, Pitt, the defending national champion, rolling along nicely with Marshall Goldberg and its "dream backfield," seemed to have a death grip on number one.

The sixth week brought the Saturday of the gigantic struggle between undefeated TCU (5-0) and undefeated Baylor (4-0-1) in Fort Worth, a battle of passing brilliance between O'Brien and Baylor's "Bullet" Bill Patterson, who was destined to become a hero of the East-West game.

On the warm, dry Saturday of October 29, I attended the pregame parade, where I applauded the TCU Swing Band and sneered at a grizzly in a cage being towed by a Baylor truck.

Later, on the grass of the north end zone, surrounded by relatives and a sellout crowd, I watched with awe and frequently with my own eyes as O'Brien hurled three touchdown passes and perpetrated magicianlike laterals to a trailing halfback named Earl Clark and a trailing fullback named Connie Sparks after squirting through the line for 10, 20, 30 yards behind the blocking of his all-American center, Ki Aldrich, and his all-American tackle, I. B. Hale, and TCU demolished the Bears by the stunning score of 39-7.

To this day, I have still not seen football

played with such skill, verve and daring.

The Frogs soared to number two in the polls after the Baylor slaughter and there was much joy around the breakfast, lunch and dinner table, but then God smiled even more favorably on TCU. A week later, on the Saturday the Frogs were whipping Tulsa handily, the invincible Pitt Panthers were shocked, upset and otherwise stupefied by Carnegie Tech, 20-10.

TCU vaulted to number one and plans were set in motion to paint every house in Fort Worth purple.

It was at that point that a terrible thing happened. God frowned on Fort Worth. Even though the Frogs soundly defeated Texas the following Saturday, Notre Dame remained undefeated and the polls catered to the popularity of the Irish. "IRISH WREST NUMBER-ONE RANKING FROM FROGS."

"Northern sons of bitches," an uncle or cousin commented.

O'Brien and the Frogs finished their perfect season (10-0) with delicious victories over Rice and SMU, and the relatives were resigned to settling for number two when fate stepped in again.

Notre Dame had one last game to play, on December third, and, happily, it was against USC out on the Coast, a very good USC team that had a Grenny Lansdell and an Ambrose Schindler to make mischief for the Irish. That was the best day of radio listening in the history of Fort Worth, for the Trojans crushed Notre Dame, 13-0. We had only to wait for Tuesday's newspaper to receive the blissful news—and we were rewarded with a screaming headline that read: "FROGS FAR AHEAD IN FINAL GRID POLLS!"

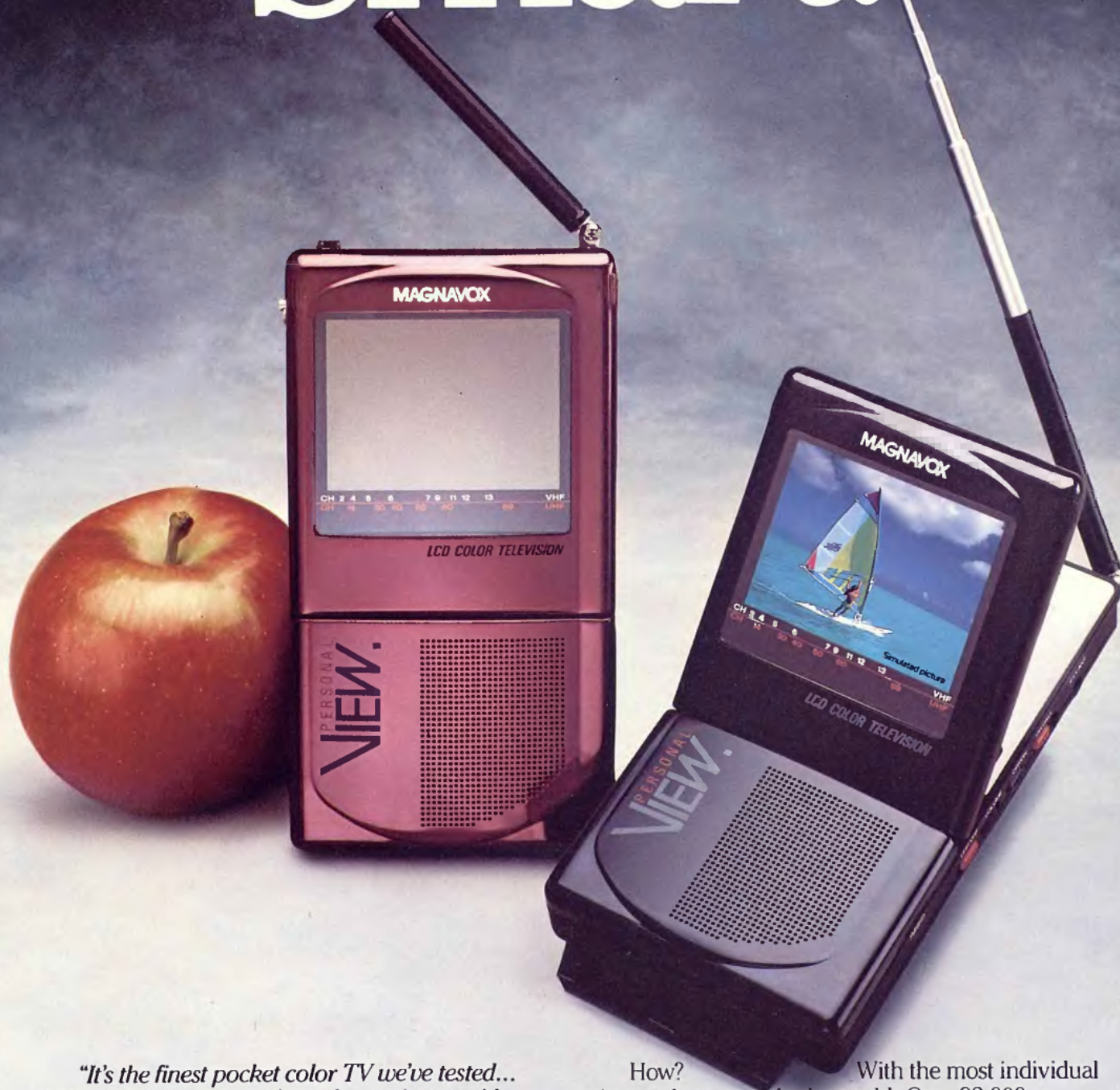
A few days later, O'Brien became a unanimous all-American quarterback, as well as the winner of the Heisman, Maxwell and Walter Camp trophies as the best player in the land; and a few weeks later, the Horned Frogs whipped up on Carnegie Tech in the Sugar Bowl, 15-7, to justify the integrity of the A.P. and Williamson polls.

Finally, an eight-year-old kid decided to become a sportswriter, if for no reason other than to help combat Notre Dame's clout in the polls in future years.

Actually, in all the years since then, he has not had much luck in that endeavor, but he still has 1938 to fondle.



Smart.



"It's the finest pocket color TV we've tested... this set will give you a clear, sharp picture with remarkably good color."

—Video Review, March 1988

Why does the Magnavox 3" LCD Color TV deserve such rave reviews? See for yourself. Watch it anywhere, anytime. Even outdoors. The picture stays sharp. And bright. With rich, true color.

How? With the most individual picture elements in the world. Over 92,000. (But who's counting?) What's more, Magnavox added a new slant on pocket TVs, with an adjustable screen angle for better viewing.

Magnavox has always made big advances in TV technology. But putting them all into one little package, now that's pretty smart.

MAGNAVOX

By ASA BABER

I got a call from the Greek the other night. I hadn't heard from him for a couple of years—since he'd gotten married, as a matter of fact.

"Ace," he said, "we gotta talk. I mean *really* talk. I'm in trouble. Can you meet me at the restaurant tonight?"

"No problem," I said. The Greek's family, immigrants from Corfu, own a restaurant on Chicago's Halsted Street.

The Greek is slightly over 30 and slightly overweight. Today, he works as an executive for one of the biggest and best advertising firms in town. Growing up, he worked in the restaurant business with his mother and father and brothers. No matter how hard the Greek tries to be a Yuppie, there is always something a little out of sync with him. It is as if he hears at all times, somewhere in his inner ear, the surf on the beaches of Corfu, as if he will always be somewhat distracted from the workaholicism of America.

Put it this way: The Greek is a rotund peg in a very square hole. He owns a BMW, but its fenders are dented and there is rust on the hood; he wears elegant suits, but they rumple as soon as he picks them up at the cleaner's; he tries to be smooth and controlled, but humor bubbles out of him like honey from a honeycomb.

"I keep having these dreams," he said as I walked into the restaurant. He was pouring two glasses of *ouzo*. "They freak me out. I dream I'm Wayne Gretzky." He paused, as if I would understand.

"So what?" I shrugged.

"I think I'm being traded to Los Angeles. I've agreed with my wife that I'll go there. I cry at my press conference. It's the saddest day of my life."

"Greek, you brought me down here to tell me you dream about being Wayne Gretzky? I don't get it."

"Did you see Gretzky when he got married? Did you see that picture of him walking out of the church? He was winking, smiling, all relaxed, big thumbs-up for the crowd. It was terrible, really terrible."

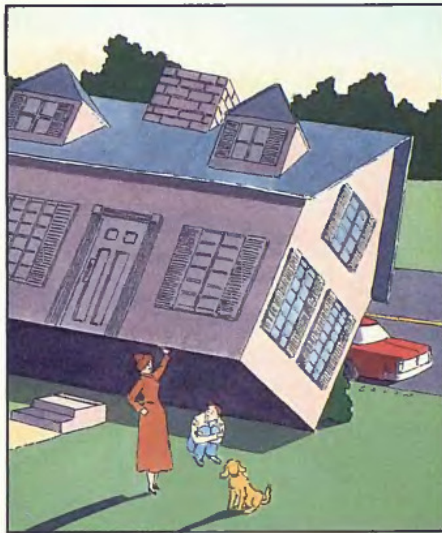
"What was so terrible?" I asked. "It was a beautiful wedding. He was happy."

"You were at my wedding two years ago. Didn't I look like that?"

"Yeah. You looked really pleased."

"Exactly. I was fat, dumb and happy, right? I call it the Gretzky Syndrome now. I just figured it out. Look"—he pulled out a newspaper clipping—"see? Gretzky's smiling like a banshee."

"Agreed."



THE GREEK AND GRETZKY

"But his wife—look at that picture of his wife. She looks grim to me, Ace, grim and determined."

"Maybe she's afraid she'll trip on her wedding gown," I said.

"That's a picture of a woman with a hidden agenda, Ace." The Greek pounded the table. "You can tell in that picture that she's got plans for Wayne."

"There's a debate about that," I said. "Pocklington says Gretzky asked to be traded. Gretzky agreed with that at first, then denied it."

"Three weeks, Ace. Three weeks and Gretzky caves in and agrees to leave Edmonton so his wife can be in Hollywood."

"That's harsh, Greek. You can't prove that."

"Maybe not, but it sure explains something to me. Us guys, we get married thinking only that we're going to get laid forever. We marry for comfort. We can't see beyond the end of our dicks. But women? It's entirely different for them. They marry us to change us. A woman looks at a man the way a real-estate developer looks at a building. We're renovation projects to them; it's as simple as that. You say 'I do,' and right away, they are on your case—'Change this, change that, change your attitude, change your habits, yadda-yadda-yadda.' It's terrible."

"Yeah, you got something there, Greek," I said.

"Two years' renovation," he said, pointing to himself. "Two years and now I can't go to night games at Wrigley Field, I'm supposed to stop doing the crossword puzzle in church, I have to presoak all the white loads before I do the wash, and if I want a night out with the guys, I have to file a flight plan. And the plants? You should see the plants. We have a sun porch that looks like Brazil. I will die in there one day. A new kind of insect that no one has ever seen before will bite me on the ass and I will die while I am watering the frigging plants on our sun porch. And I'm doing all of this to get laid? I don't get laid that often, anyway. Have I missed something, Ace? Do other guys have it better? Or is the Gretzky Syndrome universal? Tell me. Be honest. I can take it. Please. Before the insect gets me."

"OK, Greek. You've got it right. The Gretzky Syndrome exists. Guys get married. Then it hits. The honeymoon is over and the renovation begins. The bride becomes a wife/developer: 'I don't like your temper, I think you should learn some manners, I can't relate to you when you argue,' etc. So you have to learn how to subvert it. The Gretzky Syndrome can be overcome, but it takes practice."

"Tell me how!"

"You've got to be stubborn. You've got to claim your own territory. You start with socks. Dirty socks. You keep them where you've always kept them, even if it's in the freezer. You do not let her clean up your act completely. You fight to stay sloppy. And you say a pledge of allegiance every morning: 'On my honor as a man, I will not change everything for my wife, no matter what the pressure, even if she cuts my water off.' Every morning, you say that while you're holding Mr. Happy. Another thing: Talk with your buddies. Set up a Gretzky Syndrome Network. Compare notes with other married men. You'll see. Wives are out to change us the same way. Know what that is? They want us to be very nice girls. 'First we will have neatness and order and sweetness,' they are telling us, 'then we might have fun if you're very, very good.' That's their basic program. You have to fight it."

"But it sounds so lonely," the Greek whined.

"War is hell," I said, and the Greek laughed. Through his tears, that is.



Very Smart.

"Absolutely superb sounding . . . Among the best-sounding players, if not the best-sounding one, yet to be made."

—Best of Audio, 1988



"The most advanced digital error-correction system of any CD Player."
—High Fidelity, April 1987

"No other CD Player has come even close to equalling its overall performance."
—Stereo Review, Dec. 1986

When it comes to the Magnavox CD Players, everything you hear is true. For



three years, the reviews have been as consistently superb as the flawless sound. That's because they have exclusive Magnavox decoding chips and advanced digital filtering so there's no trace of harshness. For Magnavox, inventing CD technology was smart. Creating these players was very smart.

MAGNAVOX

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

We are in a tiny village in the middle of nowhere, Scotland, and the guys are scoping for babes at the local pub. I am helping.

"There's kind of a Frenchy-looking one," I say to Mike.

"Her hair's too done; she's wearing too much make-up," he says.

"Too old," says my son.

At which I sniff. Too old, indeed! They should know from old.

Old is Pat, my new 83-year-old friend who escorted me to the wine-tasting hill-billy hoedown.

This is a hell of a town. Very picturesque, very old, very local hero. A four-pub, two-butcher, one-greengrocer kind of village with a good graveyard. There is a barley warehouse down the hill (to start off the Scotch). Local girls wear enormously high white heels with blue jeans and feel very glam. Every year, this village has a big festival. There are pram races, granny-sack races, games and Scottish music wafting from every pub and village hall.

I first saw Pat when I peered through her window: a slight pixy-faced woman in a patched jacket and frayed trousers, hair straight and gray and chin length, eating her dinner, reading a detective novel. I knocked on the window. She turned and rushed to the door and said, "Come in, you're the American in the Weaver's House. Sit down; I'll make you coffee. Will you pick me up at eight o'clock tonight? Wait until you see what I'm wearing."

We walked up the hill to the hoedown wine-tasting. Pat was a pioneer woman swathed in pink, I was an urban cowgirl. The rest of the village, crammed into the hall, was wearing neckerchiefs, straw hats and gingham. The women wore pigtailed. The men had used their wives' eyebrow pencils to draw hillbilly stubble on their cheeks. I drank elderberry and black-currant wine, grew dizzy and found myself on stage wearing someone's straw hat and singing *Oklahoma*.

Beatrice, gray-haired, over 60, got on stage and did an outrageous version of "I'm jist a girl who can't say no." She pouted, she shimmied, she batted her eyelashes.

Angie, close to 70, had allowed herself to be made up as Dolly Parton. Blonde wig, big lips, stuffed bazooms, a garter belt and a furry thing with a tail—God knows what it was—tucked in at the crotch. She became enamored of her new look and threw up her skirt at every opportunity.

"This," I said to Pat, "is brilliant satire!



BONNY LASSES

They're parodying sex objects! They're pointing out a basic irony of women's lives: The very same behavior that is perceived as luscious and erotic when you're 20 becomes grotesque and unseemly when you're no longer deemed desirable! How courageous! American women would never be so open!"

"I expect they're just tipsy," Pat answered serenely.

But now I'm at the pub, scrutinizing a young girl's buttocks. "Now, I think she's really pretty," I say.

"Well, she's OK, but she's not a babe," says Mike. "You gotta have a babe."

"Don't you know *anything*, Mom?" says my kid.

"I don't like really big breasts, and I like a tight little butt," says Mike.

"Babe alert, babe alert," intones my son as a delicately pretty redhead oozes into the room. There is a startled-fawn look to her eyes.

"She looks like a startled fawn," I say.

"We like innocence," says Mike.

"God, give me strength," I say. "Is Linda a babe?"

"Not at the moment," says Mike.

Linda lives next door. She is 31. Has a strong freckled face, close-cropped hair and a solid, compact body. She is either hanging out laundry or cooking, organizing village activities or taking care of her 14-year-old daughter, who has curvature of the spine. Her garden is suffering and

she's worried about it. Her daughter is about to go into the hospital for another operation.

"If you hear a lot of screeching and carrying on in a few minutes," Linda told us earlier that day, "don't worry about it. The hospital just gave us a date. She doesn't know it yet. I have to tell her. Oooh, I'm nervous."

Linda's daughter is very tiny, looks maybe ten years old, has a hopeful face. She carries herself with dignity. Last time I saw her, she was wearing expertly applied blue eye shadow. She wants to be a babe.

"Is Emma a babe?" I ask.

Mike considers. "I suspect she's an ex-babe."

"She's a mom, Mom," says my offspring.

Emma is tall, slim, commanding, drinks her Scotch like a man and lives in a huge, beautiful barn of a house in the Scottish woods. She wears big jewelry, dotes on her dogs, is impatient with fools, likes to tell stories about Salvador Dali and once spent a day in Greenwich Village searching for Mötley Crüe records for her 15-year-old daughter.

"How about Rose?" I ask.

Rose is my landlady for the month. She is tall and cherubic and smiling but can make you shiver to your soul if she uses her schoolmarm voice. She has extensive gardens, runs two guesthouses, helps run her husband's business, supervises two sons and organizes everyone in the village, even me. I am mad about her.

"I keep telling you," says Mike, "to be a babe, you have to be in your early 20s."

"Or younger," says my issue.

"And have unstudied hair and not too much make-up," I say. "And a tight butt, not-too-big breasts and a startled-fawn face," I say. "That cancels out most of womanhood. I have just become enormously depressed."

"Hey, listen," says Mike consolingly. "A babe is in the eye of the beholder."

A gorgeous 15-year-old babe walks into the pub and spots my two guys. Tousled hair, startled-fawn eyes. This is a bold babe. She makes a little chitchat, starts rubbing against Mike, running her fingers through his hair, puts her hands in my boy's pockets.

"Let's go out into the moonlight," she whispers to them.

"Help!" says Mike.

"Help!" says my child.



Very, Very Smart.



Introducing the end of home video wiggles, wobbles and jerks. It's the Magnavox VHS Camcorder with our Auto Image Stabilizer. Now you can shoot a steady picture from a boat, a moving car, even from horseback. This new Magnavox Camcorder is so stable, it takes the shakes out of fast-action and telephoto shots, too.



Without Stabilizer



With Stabilizer

With the auto-focus system, you just aim and shoot. You'll get sharp, clear, accurate color reproduction, even under low light conditions.

When it comes to advanced video technology, Magnavox has always been smart. But creating a Camcorder that makes all the right moves, that's very, very smart.

MAGNAVOX

DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

If a man is interested in you but you're not interested in him, do you tell him or let him down with little white lies?

When the guy is being harmless about it, I'll say, "Listen, I'm involved with someone. Let's be friends." If he's annoying me, I'll tell him to get lost. Do I really want to be friends?

Sure, if I like him but just don't feel sexually attracted to him. Then I'll say, "I'm not interested in getting involved." It really depends on the kind of guy and his approach. If he's very straightforward and being nice, then I'll let him down easy. If he's being a jerk and trying to pick me up, I don't mind being a jerk right back!



Laurie Carr

LAURIE CARR
DECEMBER 1986

Probably, I'd tell little white lies, because I've found in the past that if I tell a man that I'm probably never going to be attracted to him sexually, then he tends to disappear from my life. Some of my best friends started out being interested in more than friendship with me. Over time, the relationships melted. If it were the other way around, I'd like to keep my pride and not feel total rejection. Maybe we can be friends. If he kept persisting, I'd be more direct. Who wants to be friends with someone who can't accept what you tell him, even in a nice way?



Anna Clark

ANNA CLARK
APRIL 1987

I always tell him the truth. It's a miserable feeling to be lied to, and I know because I've been on the other side. I was madly infatuated with a man and he strung me along. Believe me, that's not big fun. So I tell him right away if I already have a man in my life. Sometimes it opens the way to a nice friendship, even if you're already taken in the romantic sense. If I'm not romantically tied up, I still say no thanks. Why? Because I don't want *any* relationships that are based on lies. I don't let that many people into my life. The few I do are there forever.



Julie Peterson

JULIE PETERSON
FEBRUARY 1987

Depends on the character of the guy. Sometimes I get this little demon streak in me. If a guy has a huge ego, it's almost nice to tell him the truth. "I'm really not attracted to you, *get it?*" But if I meet someone who is really nice and I don't want to hurt his feelings, I don't have to show what's in my hand, you understand? You don't always have to tell people what cards you're playing. It is better to save their feelings. I might say I already have a boyfriend, or I haven't gotten over my last relationship. There was a guy who really liked me; he was younger and so nervous that he stuttered when he talked to me. I spent a lot of time letting him down gently, and he took it to mean that I must have liked him, since I'd spent so much time with him.



Luann Lee

LUANN LEE
JANUARY 1987

I have a hard time just telling him point-blank. That's a character defect I want to work on. If I'm in a relationship and a guy gets interested in me and I don't find him attractive but I enjoy his company, I try to keep the friendship rolling, but I keep my guard up. Then if it gets to the point where he asks me out, I avoid it. I say I'm busy. Then I'm stuck avoiding *him*, which gets to be a hassle, and he eventually figures it out. So I do it to be nice and it ends up looking bad. You've got to be honest and I haven't learned that lesson. You can hurt someone more trying to be kind than you can being honest.



Cher Butler

CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

If he's a real jerk, I'll blow him off completely. If he's OK, but he's just kind of bugging me, I'll be nice enough to say, "Thank you, I'm not interested." If a jerk keeps at it, I can be brutal. That makes me mad. A nice guy might get a white lie if he just wasn't my type. I'd say, "Let's be friends." You have to be careful, though, not to go out with him. Because if the dating doesn't work out, there goes the friendship. You don't want to spoil that.



Brandi Brandt

BRANDI BRANDT
OCTOBER 1987

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



Brilliant.



Pure theater, large as life. It's the new generation of Magnavox Big Screen Televisions. A major Magnavox breakthrough is the brightness — three times brighter than ordinary TVs.

Picture this, 400% more viewing area than most standard TVs. A picture so incredible, you're totally involved in it.

What's more, Magnavox Big Screens have Surround Sound. Four advanced built-in front speakers, plus two optional rear speakers for sound you can feel.

Experience a Magnavox Big Screen in all its glory. 'Cause when a smart company has an idea this bright, it's positively brilliant.

MAGNAVOX
Smart. Very smart.

*...and to all
a good night*

MICHELOB FAMILY OF BEERS



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

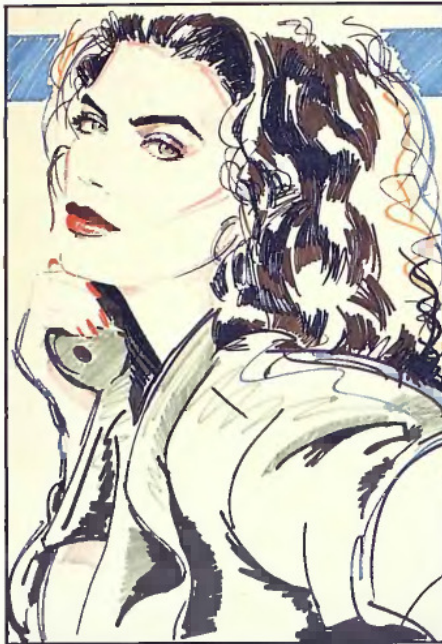
When I'm at a bar, I find it quite hard to meet and talk to girls. I am tall, dark and reasonably good-looking. It's not that girls never look at or talk to me, it's just that it seems that this is as far as it ever goes. I'll buy a girl a drink or dance with her, but that is it. My friend tells me I must be much more aggressive. This is probably the problem, but how do I know what is too aggressive—without getting slapped? Thanks.—K. S., Edmonton, Alberta.

Biologist Timothy Perper spent more than 900 hours watching single men and women interact at bars. He claims that there are five stages to courtship encounters: the approach, talking, the turn, the touch and the synchronization. Usually, the woman approaches the man. If there is interest, the two turn to face each other (thus shutting out the competition). Then the couple accidentally touch each other—i.e., one might pick a piece of fluff from the other's shoulder. Says Perper, "It's amazing how much fluff accumulates in singles bars." When the flirtation goes nuclear, the two start to mirror each other's moves. She sips when you sip, you cup her breast, she fondles your genitals. (Just kidding on that last bit. At least we think we're kidding.) Perper says that most men miss these cues. "About 90 percent can't tell the difference between politeness and flirting. It's a myth that men are the sexual aggressors in our society." So our advice: Keep a meat-tenderizer jar filled with fluff that you can sprinkle on your shoulder before going out. And keep your eyes open.

Recently, I spent a good deal of money on a pair of black wing tips that I wear practically every day. My girlfriend says that I shouldn't wear the same shoes two days in a row—something about their needing to breathe. If they are really good shoes, shouldn't they be able to take daily wear?—B. G., Tampa, Florida.

Sorry—leather shoes should not be worn day after day. You'll save yourself money in the long run by investing in a few pairs of good shoes and rotating them. Your girlfriend is right; leather does have to breathe. As a skin, it traps moisture and needs at least a day after being worn to dry out naturally. Otherwise, the leather will become moldy and will eventually crack. Other tips to make your shoes last: Keep them polished, as it will help them resist dirt and water. Store them on shoe trees to keep their shape. And always repair shoes as needed; worn heels will throw your body out of alignment, causing the shoes to stretch out of shape.

I have a unique trick to make guys go crazy. You can do this while driving, but they may find it distracting. I, on the other hand, find it awesome. Girls, while his pants are on, put your mouth on his pants where his cock is and slowly blow hot air from your mouth. It will reach him a few



seconds later, and he won't actually know what you're doing till it does. I guarantee that he'll love it. Miss R. E.—Huntington, New York.

One question: Who, exactly, is driving? As a rule, we don't do anything behind the wheel of a car that isn't allowed at the Indy speedway. Yes, it would prove distracting, but probably not for the reason you think. Your boyfriend wouldn't wonder what you were doing, he would just wonder why.

What the heck is this white zinfandel that everyone seems to be drinking? Is it a new development or an old-timer that suddenly became fashionable? The wine is obviously pink, so why is it called white? How does it differ from blush or rosé wines? What accounts for its sudden popularity?—R. P., Boston, Massachusetts.

You're right about white zinfandel's popularity. It has become far and away the favorite California varietal—that is, a wine made predominantly from a single grape. The zinfandel grape is not white, however, but a deep red. White zinfandel is what wine makers call a blanc de noir—white wine made from red grapes. Other examples are cabernet blanc and blanc de pinot noir. When such wines are made from a blend of red grapes, they're often called blush wines.

Wine's color is derived from the grapeskins. During the wine-making process for white zinfandel and other blush wines, the juice is separated from the skins as quickly as possible before fermentation. Inevitably, however, a bit of the skin color does leach into the juice, which accounts for the pale-pink hue.

White zinfandel and other blush wines were developed by California vintners in response to the rising preference for white wines that began in the Seventies. It was a case of

both giving the public what it wanted and making use of the abundance of red grapes that had been planted back in the Sixties, when red wine was king. White zinfandel has the spicy, berryish fruit taste characteristic of the zinfandel grape, but it's light and often a touch sweet and fizzy. It is usually lower in alcohol than standard table wines and it's meant to be drunk chilled—all qualities that endear it to the American palate.

As to how white zinfandel and other blush wines differ from rosés, it's a matter of degree. Rosés have a modicum of grapeskin contact during fermentation, which makes them a slightly deeper pink than most blushes and nudges the taste a bit closer to that of red wine. Having said that, many rosés are virtually indistinguishable from blush wines—but the latter designation seems to have more appeal at present.

My wife and I married seven years ago as virgins. We were two healthy young bodies with a positive attitude toward sex. We have been faithful and will remain so until we die. We are completely turned off by sex outside marriage, homosexuality, lesbianism, S/M, anal sex and such kinks. We would like to see our first X-rated video together but do not want to be exposed to the above things. Are there any videos that can be rented that show explicit, uncensored sex—but only in the setting of a sensitive love story between a husband and a wife, or several vignettes of different couples at different stages of life? Here is the kind of sex life we enjoy and the kind of acts we would like to see portrayed: frequent vaginal sex, clothed and unclothed, on the way to church, in the car, in elevators, on mountains, in the back yard, etc. We'd like to see not just people under covers but actual close-ups of loving newlyweds, the wife playfully giving her husband fantastic head and swallowing the semen, the husband playfully licking his young bride's clitoris and vulva in the back of a church. How about a man entering his six-month-pregnant wife from behind as they watch in the bedroom mirror, with us, the viewers, enjoying a clear view of the entire scene—passionate, panting man, large-bellied wife, the hard penis sliding in and out? How about a couple 69ing in the kitchen while their children play at a neighbor's house? How about a wife giving her husband a hand job while he talks on the phone with his co-worker and tries to keep from laughing? These things are terribly sexy and happen in everyday marriages like ours. I'd enjoy seeing them in explicit, up-close X-rated videos—clean, no perversity, no filthy language, just well-adjusted love, marriage and sex. Can you suggest some films for us?—H. P., Sacramento, California.

Why not buy a video camera and turn it on





C...A...N...O...E... CANOE?

The cologne for men.

The message is clear.



Dana
PARIS · NEW YORK · LONDON

yourselves? We're not sure you'll find what you're looking for in a video store. It's our experience that you have to supply the setting of a sensitive love story between husband and wife—that an erotic video is something you share with your partner because you are comfortable with each other. Don't look for "The Cosby Show" without clothes. Still, there are some films that are billed as couples films. Ask the clerk for his recommendation. Can any of our readers suggest their favorite films? We'll publish a list of pick hits.

Many auto makers brag about their factory corrosionproofing and even offer long-term warranties against rust. Does that mean there's no more need for after-market rust protection?—L. M., Atlanta, Georgia.

Yes—unless you feel that additional protection is worth the price, you live in a high-rust area and/or you plan to keep your car beyond the corrosion-warranty period. Today's factory rust protection is generally excellent, and the confidence each auto maker has in the corrosion resistance of his product is reflected in those multiyear warranties (a short one, or none at all, is a red flag that protection is probably minimal). If you live and drive far from the seashore, where salt spray can eat a car alive, and the so-called Northern snow belt, where heavy salt is used to melt winter ice, you should have little concern. Even in those areas, your car should resist rust at least through the corrosion warranty period with no extra treatment, especially if it is undamaged and regularly washed. Still worried? Go ahead and buy some brand-name protection. It doesn't cost much, it will give you peace of mind and it may enhance the car's resale (or collector) value if you hang on to it long enough.

I recently met a wonderful lady. I'm 23, she's 29. We were watching TV one night on her couch with her legs on my lap. She asked me to give her a foot massage to help her relax. That seemed to really turn her on quickly. She then asked me if I would start licking her feet and sucking her toes. Much to my surprise, I actually liked doing this. She started to get really hot and excited. We found ourselves on the floor, lying on our backs opposite each other, head to foot. She unzipped my pants and started to masturbate me with one foot while I was sucking and kissing her other foot. I loved it. It felt fantastic. She said no one else would do this to her. Now I'm confused. Is this normal? Do I have a foot fetish? Does she?—G. S., Akron, Ohio.

No. You just have—are you ready for this?—responsive feet. It sounds like a name for a dance band, doesn't it? You and your girlfriend show a healthy exploratory interest in new forms of pleasuring. A foot fetishist, on the other hand, gets pleasure from only one thing. As long as you don't limit yourself to this form of safe sex, you're OK.

I am a 28-year-old male. I work for a small-to-medium-sized family-owned

building-supply business. My father, who is also my boss, does not approve of my dress. He says that I do not conform to society and therefore cannot hope to be a success in our business. I am writing to *Playboy* to get the national view on the subject of the everyday-businessman's wardrobe. I wear my pants pegged to a 16- or 17-inch cuff, and my ties are two inches at the widest part. My father maintains that all businessmen wear cuffs on their pants at least 20 inches around and ties three inches or wider. Is society still so rigid that a man cannot wear the clothes in which he feels comfortable? Is my father correct? Am I out here on the trailing edge of fashion by myself?—E. B., Durham, North Carolina.

Sorry to disappoint you, but the answers to your questions appear to be a case of father knows best. According to our fashion experts, dress pants should have a natural taper from the waist to the ankle. A man with a waist size between 30 and 34 inches might wear a cuff between 18 and 19½ inches around. With a bigger waistline, the cuff size would vary proportionately. The width of the bottom of the trousers should cover almost three fourths of the shoe. As for ties, they should be proportionate to the width of the lapel. With wider lapels coming back in vogue, three- to three-and-one-half-inch-wide ties are in style again. Your father appears to know his business fashion. However, we respect your viewpoint—and feel that you should wear clothes in which you are comfortable, provided they look good on you. Your father's judgment of you seems to us a bit too harsh, and if it's important to you to dress the way you prefer, maybe you should consider making a break from the family business.

I had to reply to your erotic-tool-kit inquiry (*The Playboy Advisor*, August). My case of accessories is about as comprehensive as possible. I met my lover six years ago. Both of us are middle-aged and married to beautiful people who nevertheless are sexually indifferent. We clicked over coffee and, in the space of one wonderful eclectic morning, decided to sample every facet of our wide and varied fantasies. Unfortunately, our intimate time together is usually not more than one afternoon a week, but, oh, what an action-packed event. The tool kit started out as an overnight shoulder bag. It has now grown into a large attaché case that seems to weigh a ton. I won't regale your readers with the complete inventory of 154 items, but let me list some of the highlights. The tool kit contains every form of transparent panty and body stocking, corset, whispies and waspies, French cut-out bras, garter belts and crotchless undies. There are wigs, gloves and patent-leather boots, a feather duster and a cowhide whip. There are body paints, bath oils, plastic pegs with carefully stretched springs (nipples can stand only so much pain), a black mask, dildos in three sizes, a hard-rubber vibrat-

ing butterfly, which has since been discarded in favor of the single and double vibrating eggs (the latter often slip into specially prepared pockets in a black bra or can be inserted anally and vaginally simultaneously). Then there is menthol shaving cream and lip balm for the nipples. We even have a tiny brush and comb for pubic grooming. Oh, yes, and there is my cock ring, which she makes me wear along with my wet-look bikini with the cock hole when I'm face down on the rubber sheet. There is also petroleum jelly and massage cream, rubber panties, a dog collar and handcuffs, *ben-wa* balls and anal beads. I know that when we open the kit next Wednesday, there'll be something I forgot to report. I'm always a three-timer in that many hours, and for a guy pushing 60, you have to agree that that ain't half bad.—W. H., Los Angeles, California.

What, no condoms? We hope you tip the bellboy well.

My wife and I are pondering different birth-control strategies. I'm against doing anything irrevocable. Can a vasectomy be reversed?—T. O., San Diego, California.

According to an article in "Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality," "Approximately ten percent of vasectomy patients request a reversal of the procedure at some later time. Typically, the patient has undergone vasectomy after having had several children with his first wife but then remarries a young woman with whom he wants to start a second family. The surgical success rate (sperm present in the ejaculate) is about 90 percent; the fertility rate for these couples, however, ranges from only 40 percent to 70 percent, which is significantly lower than the 85 percent reported for normal couples. This decrease in fertility may be due to the development of sperm antibodies, damage to the deferential nerve, epididymal extravasation or testicular changes. . . . Positive prognostic factors for vasectomy reversal include a relatively short interval between vasectomy and reversal (best results occur if done less than ten years following vasectomy), a finding of sperm granulomata at the vasectomy site and the presence of intravasal sperm at the time of the operation." Almost 300,000 vasectomies are performed each year, making this the most popular form of male contraception. Discuss the alternatives with your doctor.

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.



T

he mystique
of France.

T

he energy
of America.



pierre cardin

pierre cardin

Pierre Cardin belts, jewelry and personal leather goods for men are distributed exclusively in the U.S.A. by SWANK, INC.

BURDINES



Had van Gogh owned a Fisher, he might have thought twice.

Before the turn of the century, the human ear wasn't accorded the respect it is today. Then two rather important developments came to pass:

First, conversation grew more intelligent. Next, a fellow by the name of Avery Fisher assembled the world's first high-fidelity audio system.

That system, for your information, now resides in the Smithsonian. But the ingenuity that landed it there can easily be found today—in a complete line of Fisher audio component systems that are designed to fit any kind of room. And every kind of budget.

The Fisher trademark is a system that performs flawlessly as a unit—not by some quirk of fate, but by precise and deliberate planning.

As you might imagine, delivering that level of performance demands our taking some extraordinary measures.

Like refusing to compromise. In fact, the Fisher standard of quality is enforced relentlessly for every component, at every stage of its development.

Of course, we're only human. But at Fisher, we've always considered that our greatest resource. Our keen sense of ergonomics was developed long before the word came into vogue. That's something you'll appreciate in the placement of every control. In the feel of every button or slider. And in the features we've thought to provide.

Just look at our System 8855D. Its five-disc CD changer technology wasn't developed merely to please lab test equipment (though it does, handily). It was designed to please the human ear—and human nature—with such features as introscan and random programming.

The system includes a double cassette

deck with high-speed dubbing and a semi-automatic turntable. Which, along with the CD, are integrated with a 14-band graphic equalizer, to customize the sound to your exact environment.

As for amplification, the system offers enormous power—150 watts per channel. But every bit as important, we've given it speakers (with 15-inch woofers) that are up to the challenge.

Our System 8855D also offers Dolby® Surround Sound, allowing you to experience music as if you were sitting in a stadium or concert hall.

It even comes with a programmable remote control that can learn hundreds of commands for just about any remote-controlled component. So you can change your music or video as easily as you change your mind.

But at this point it's best to concentrate on making up your mind.

So we suggest an ear-opening visit to your nearest authorized Fisher dealer.

The sound alone should convince you to choose a Fisher system.

Without a second thought.



 **FISHER®**

When you really get it all together.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., NY

ANATOMY OF AN ANTIPOORN CRUSADE

the debate continues

Last month, we published "Kansas City Con," a reprint of an article by the Reverend John M. Swomley, Jr., first published in *Christian Century*. Reverend Swomley questioned the ethics of the anti-porn

movement STOP (Stand Together Opposing Pornography) and challenged its use of facts. When the article originally appeared, it precipitated a debate that spilled over onto the pages of *The St. Louis*

Journalism Review. Below are reprints of a response by Chris Cooper, executive director of STOP, and Swomley's rebuttal. Together, they show how truth can be used and abused.

By Chris Cooper

We at the Coalition Against Pornography, Kansas City (CAP-K.C.), sponsors of the STOP campaign, don't claim to be perfect, and we try to be as accurate as possible in the presentation of the facts. I'm glad John M. Swomley, Jr., wrote his article, because it gives us an opportunity to clear up some of the distortions that have been spread about the hard-core-porn industry and the STOP campaign. Swomley's article contains 15 statements that are false or misleading.

First, the reader needs to understand that Swomley is on both the local and the national American Civil Liberties Union (A.C.L.U.) board—an organization that is on public record as saying that no form of pornography, including child pornography, should be restricted in its sale or distribution. Not only does the U.S. Supreme Court disagree with this radical view but a 1986 Gallup Poll shows that only three percent of the American public agrees with the A.C.L.U. on this issue.

The purpose of CAP-K.C. is to call for the enforcement of our laws against child pornography and hard-core, violent and degrading obscenity.

In 1973, Chief Justice Warren Burger, in the *Miller vs. California* case, said, "This much has been categorically determined that obscenity is not protected by the First Amendment. . . . To equate the free and robust exchange of ideas with the commercial exploitation of obscenity is demeaning to the grand conception of the First Amendment and damaging to the historic battle for freedom."

Obscenity is a legal definition for material that is not speech at all, but rather a surrogate of sex.

While the court guarantees the right of the local community to maintain a

decent society, it also puts the burden on the local community to draw the line as to what is and is not obscene.

Since Swomley doesn't agree with our position, he would feel that we were excessive if we spent one dollar on the campaign. In many of his points, he is straining at gnats in an effort to divert the issue from the real problem, which is the large numbers of people's

RESPONSE STOP FIGHTS OBSCENITY, NOT SPEECH

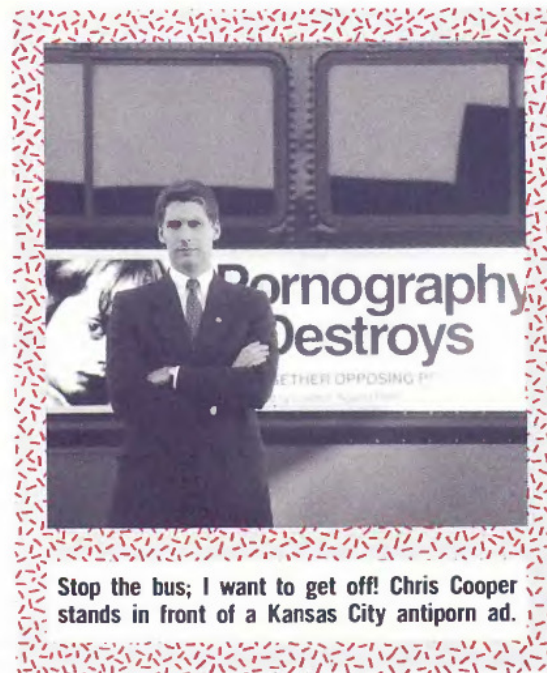
campaign is designed to raise the public awareness about a problem that we believe is taking a heavy toll on our society.

Advertising is a key factor in that educational process. The use of an agency, which Swomley criticizes, is not only a common practice in nonprofit organizations but its assistance helped us avoid additional staff expenses. Furthermore, our salaries, which Swomley condemns, are in line with other local nonprofit organizations.

Swomley implies that there is very little problem with hard-core pornography in Kansas City. As of January 1988, at least 131 Kansas City-area stores still distributed X-rated movies. At least 88 of those stores carry specific titles that have been found obscene in other parts of the country. In most cases today, an X rating is an advertisement that the movie contains penetration, clearly visible, and ultimate sexual acts as defined by our state laws and is subject to obscenity prosecution. Themes of these movies commonly include rape, incest, sodomy, implied child molestation, sadomasochism and other perversions.

And who are the consumers of this material? A 1985 study reaffirmed a 1970 study that suggests 12-to-17-year-old children are a major consumer group of sexually explicit films. Still another study by Dr. Jennings Bryant showed that the average teenage girl is 13 and a half years old when first exposed to hard-core pornography. In one third of the cases, the person who exposes her is her boyfriend on a date.

Alberta Seigal, a professor at Stanford University, said it only takes 20 years for a society to become totally barbaric, because that is how long it takes for us to teach our children about our methods of customs and interpersonal



Stop the bus; I want to get off! Chris Cooper stands in front of a Kansas City anti-porn ad.

lives being destroyed by this industry. If he is so concerned about the money that more than 14,000 Kansas Citians donated to call for enforcement of the laws, shouldn't he be more concerned that hard-core pornographers take more out of Kansas City every week than the entire cost of the STOP campaign?

Much like "Say no to drugs" or Mothers Against Drunk Driving, the STOP

relationships. And what are we teaching them? That rape, sodomy, incest, implied child molestation and other perversions are not only accepted forms of public entertainment but that they are necessary to our fulfillment and happiness.

Swomley wants us to believe you can't get child porn here and that it's not a problem. Our local U.S. postal inspector, Laura Stewart, disagrees. She has a list of 600 suspected child-porn users in western Missouri and Kansas, and she is currently working on about 60 active cases. The number of open child-porn cases is up 38 percent since 1984, and arrests are up 266 percent across the country. In most of these cases, profit is not the motive—only lust.

Swomley scoffs at the idea that crime rates would go down if porno bookstores were closed. But would he be surprised if the crime rate increased in his neighborhood if a 24-hour sex shop were to open up next door to his house? All of a sudden, prostitutes would appear to service the customers. The prostitutes bring drug abuse and other related vice crimes.

Before the seven porno bookstores in Chattanooga, Tennessee, were closed down as public nuisances, the police made 601 arrests inside these places in a six-month period. We have more than ten of these pornographic shops in the Kansas City area. If for no other reason, they should be closed down for the danger of the spread of AIDS in the peep-show booths—a disease that will cost taxpayers \$150,000 per case to treat.

The STOP campaign is criticized for using what is called anecdotal evidence. Take the case of Richard Smith, here in Kansas City, who was addicted to hard-core sadomasochistic pornography. When his wife refused to submit to his torture, she allowed him to bring in another girl, who he ended up murdering.

Or a Kansas City girl whose eight- and ten-year-old brothers brought in hard-core pornography when she was five years old and imitated what they saw in the magazine by tying her up and raping her with a pop bottle. Throughout her childhood, pornography was openly displayed in their house.

The list goes on and on. How many anecdotes does Swomley need before he agrees that we have a problem?

Today, the FBI tells us one in four girls and one in five boys will be sexually molested by the age of 16. The average child does not tell us of that incident for an

average of seven years from the first occurrence.

Swomley's criticism of the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography as being purposefully stacked is the same tired old argument that has been spread by the pornographers and the A.C.L.U. since before the final report was released. However, even *Penthouse* magazine, in its August 1986 issue, provided strong evidence that the commission was not stacked at all.

Also, Swomley claims there is no evidence that pornography affects the way we act. He apparently overlooked the commission's conclusions on the harm of violent and degrading pornography: "None of us has the least doubt that sexual violence is harmful, and that general acceptance of the view that 'no' means

standard-fare heterosexual pornography. . . ."

In a survey taken in *Women's Day* magazine by Commissioner Ellen Levine, women voted eight to one that pornography "encourages violence against women" and "one in four reports a personal experience linking sexual abuse to pornography."

I refer any open-minded person to the book *Pornography, a Human Tragedy*, edited by Tom Minnery, which discusses many of the clinical studies that have been done in this field. For example, Dr. Zillman and Dr. Bryant concluded after their studies on the effect of pornography on our values that exposure to pornography clearly makes people more likely to believe that:

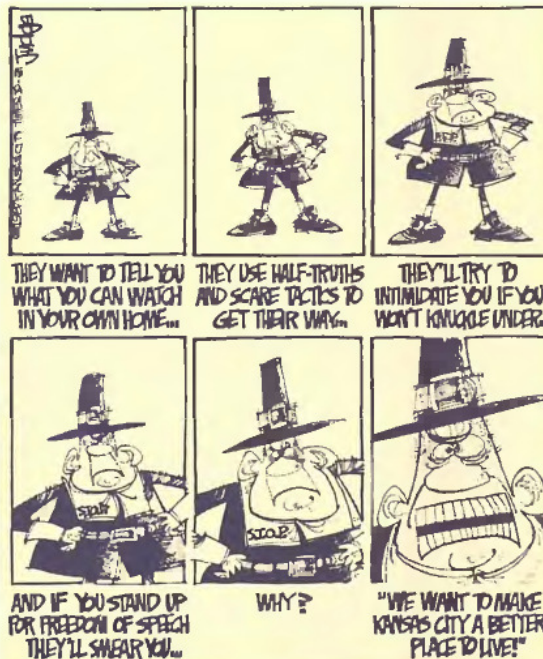
- the greatest sexual joy comes from sex without enduring commitment;
- partners expect each other to be unfaithful;
- one suffers health risks in repressing sexual urges;
- promiscuity is natural;
- children (especially girls) are liabilities and handicaps.

In their claim that there is no evidence that pornography causes sexual violence, the pornographers and their defenders totally ignore the findings of Dr. Abel at Emory University and Dr. Marshall at Queens University in Ontario in their detailed six-year study of 89 sex offenders. The study suggests that a substantial number of rapists may be using the pornography to start the process that triggers the crime.

Father Bruce Ritter, founder of Covenant House in New York City, which has taken in thousands of runaway children, says, "I cannot tolerate the intellectual dishonesty of those who claim that there is no harm from the pornography industry."

The entire advertising industry is based on the fact that what we see can affect the way we act. And yet the pornographers and a handful of people like Swomley would tell you that the exposure of hard-core pornography in the past 20 years has nothing to do with the rise in promiscuity, the 1,100,000 teenage pregnancies last year or the more than 12,000,000 new cases of sexually transmitted diseases in 1987.

Are there really only 2000 pedophiles in the U.S., as Swomley contends? That would be bad enough, considering that a study at Emory University of 403 pedophiles showed that they had molested a total of 67,000 children. But the combined total membership of the North



'yes' is a consequence of the most serious proportions. We have found a causal relationship between sexually explicit materials featuring violence and these consequences, and thus conclude that the class of such materials, although not necessarily every individual member of that class, is, on the whole, harmful to society."

On the topic of nonviolent but degrading material, the commission concluded, "We feel confident as well in concluding that degrading material bears a causal relationship to the view that women ought to subordinate their own desires and beings to the sexual satisfaction of men." With regard to the pervasiveness of this degrading material, they said, "If anything, it constitutes somewhere between the predominant and the overwhelming portion of what is currently

American Man Boy Love Association (NAMBLA) and the Rene Guyon Society is estimated at 25,000. These two organizations are calling for removal of all laws restricting consensual sexual behavior, regardless of the age or sex of the participants.

Swomley claims that STOP is trying to "seduce and deceive" the church. But we believe the church has little concern for some nonexistent rights of the pornographers and much concern for the 5800 children who reportedly were sexually abused last year in Kansas and Missouri; or the 15 to 20 percent of college coeds who are raped (of whom only five percent report it); or the parents whose kids unknowingly charged \$80 worth of dial-a-porn calls to their phone bill; or the families of the 157 boys who died of auto-erotica techniques described in the por-

nographic magazines; or the men addicted to hard-core pornography whose lives have been ruined; or the families whose children find their mailboxes filled with unsolicited and highly offensive ads for obscene material. All of these people are anecdotes to Swomley.

Seventy-four percent of the people in the Kansas City area think violent depictions of sex can lead some people to commit sex crimes. Seventy-nine percent of the people don't want hard-core porn sold in their neighborhoods and 72 percent don't want it sold in their city or state.

At CAP-K.C., we don't want to be the ones to say what is or is not acceptable. That is the right of the local community, as guaranteed by the U.S. Supreme Court and our legislatures. All we are asking is that the people in our commu-

nities be given the right to draw the line on obscenity through jury decisions. Let's simply have the laws enforced.

That is not a radical position. The radical position would be to say, "Do not enforce the laws; but instead, protect the rights of the pornographers while ignoring the plight of the innocent victims."

At CAP-K.C., we believe a reduction in hard-core-pornography distribution will have an important, positive impact on the quality of life and public safety in the greater Kansas City area.

If, by chance, CAP-K.C. helps keep just one Kansas City child from being molested, or stops one girl from being raped, or helps just one man break free from the addiction to pornography and save his marriage and family, then I believe it was worth every penny and all the effort.

By the Reverend John M. Swomley, Jr.

I have no interest in defending pornography as such, but I have a great interest in defending free speech and expression. As readers will note, the article by Chris Cooper, STOP's director, advocates censorship by closing adult bookstores, preventing the rental or sale of X-rated video cassettes and passing laws against obscenity, which he equates with sexually explicit material.

The STOP campaign was unethical for these reasons: It attributed false statements to its opponents; it made claims that it did not and could not document when challenged; it made assertions that were not accurate; it used omissions, distortions and innuendo to make a point; and it relied on anecdotes instead of demonstrating a causal relationship between sexually explicit literature and sexual violence.

Cooper's article, which purports to be a rebuttal of mine, attributes statements to me that never appeared in my article. For example, Cooper writes, "The use of an [advertising] agency, which Swomley criticized, is . . . a common practice in nonprofit organizations. . . ." No reference to an advertising agency appeared in my article. He also writes, "Furthermore, our salaries, which Swomley condemned, are in line with other local nonprofit organizations." My only reference to salaries was this: "Thirteen thousand (out of 1,500,000) people in the metropolitan area donated \$425,000 during 1987, which paid staff salaries, advertising and promotional materials."

Cooper also writes, "Swomley's criti-

REBUTTAL STOP CAMPAIGN IS UNETHICAL

cism of the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography as being purposefully stacked is the same tired old argument that has been spread by the pornographers. . . ." However, my article made no mention whatever of the composition of the Meese commission or of its being "purposefully stacked." Cooper adds, "Swomley claims that STOP is trying to 'seduce and deceive' the church." The words seduce and deceive are not in my article.

The above false statements may not have been intended to mislead readers who do not have my article in front of them, as I do. They are, however, illustrations of the carelessness with which the campaign deals with the printed word.

The second unethical aspect of STOP is the making of claims that are not and cannot be documented. For example, Cooper, in his "response," says that "hard-core pornographers take more out of Kansas City every week than the entire cost of the STOP campaign." That would be convincing if he could identify the hard-core pornographers or provide amounts of their incomes or demonstrate that the money goes to someplace outside Kansas City. Cooper also says, "Swomley implies that there is very little problem with hard-core pornography in Kansas City." I did not imply. I quoted a police investigator who had come to that conclusion and a news-

paper editor who had personally investigated the ten "hard-core stores" to which Cooper had referred him. The editor, who was an original sponsor of STOP, withdrew from it and publicly charged Cooper with misleading him.

Cooper also refers to 88 Kansas City stores that "carry specific titles that have been found obscene in other parts of the country." Where and by whom were they found obscene? Was it by some court or by some "legion of decency," and what standards were applied? To my knowledge, there have been no arrests or convictions for obscenity in Kansas City since STOP got under way. Cooper doesn't even claim that *he* viewed these video cassettes and found them obscene.

Cooper's general statement that an X rating is an advertisement that the movie contains "penetration clearly visible" needs more documentation. However, if he is correct in some instances, is that justification for stores' not renting video cassettes to adults for their private viewing? He wants these video tapes censored, not because of any clear and present danger they pose in Kansas City but because he claims that "themes of these movies commonly include rape, incest, sodomy, implied child molestation, sadomasochism and other perversions." Are these movies descriptive of what takes place in our society or are they instructive in what ought to take place? He doesn't say, because he is generalizing without analysis.

Cooper refers to a 1985 study that "suggests 12-to-17-year-old children are major consumers of sexually explicit

films," but he doesn't identify the study so that it can be examined by the reader. Actually, the study to which he refers is set forth in the Meese commission report with the following introduction: "These results should be viewed with caution because of the small numbers in this age group." The study itself shows that 32 percent of those 12-to-17-year-olds never viewed sexually explicit videos; 22 percent did so once or twice a year and 37 percent did so once a month or more. Do these figures and the Meese commission's caution fit Cooper's claim that "children are a major consumer of sexually explicit films"?

Cooper refers to a study by Dr. Jennings Bryant and to various other studies but does not tell where they are available or who published them. In Kansas City, he has made various claims about studies, but when challenged to produce them or to indicate where they can be found so that they can be analyzed, he has failed to document them. One such public challenge, issued by Dr. Richard Gist, a psychologist, more than six months ago and subsequently renewed, has elicited no response from Cooper.

Another illustration of undocumented studies in Cooper's article is this: "Today, the FBI tells us that one in four girls and one in five boys will be sexually molested by the age of 16." Was this one FBI agent talking to him or a scientific study made by the organization? If it was a study, how can we locate it to analyze it? Is it a projection based on a previous year or years of national statistics or on a local situation? In any event, Cooper implies but does not state that the FBI connected sexually explicit literature with such anticipated molestation.

The Cooper article also provides inaccurate or misleading information. For example, he writes, "Are there really only 2000 pedophiles in the U.S., as Swomley contends?" I did not make that statement but quoted from a 1986 report of the U.S. Senate Permanent Investigating Subcommittee as follows: "The membership in known pedophile support groups in the United States is probably less than 2000." In commenting on this, Cooper refers to an unidentified Emory University study. Who made the study? Where has it been published so that we can verify its findings?

In his rebuttal, Cooper refers to 5800 children who reportedly were sexually abused last year in Kansas and Missouri. Where did the report appear? Were they

abused by their own parents or by outsiders? What is the connection between such child abuse and pornography? He does not and cannot make such a connection.

Cooper, in trying to refute my statements that "law-enforcement officers state that child pornography is essentially unavailable in Kansas City" and that STOP has used that issue as the core of its fund-raising, writes the following: "Our local U.S. postal inspector . . . has a list of 600 suspected child-porn users in western Missouri and Kansas. . . ." That list was presumably used by the inspector and the U.S. Customs Service in a sting operation wherein advertisements offering child pornography were sent to suspects. What Cooper concealed were the results, published in the February 12

ed theaters were closed, there was an 83 percent decrease in major crimes" and that the Cincinnati Housing Development chief and the police had denied the claim. STOP, in its propaganda, did not mention the full-scale urban renewal in the area that had replaced dilapidated low-income dwellings with high-rent apartments and condominiums. A police sergeant, Rick Biehl, said that "a combination of things," including the change in the area, led to the crime decrease.

In his response, Cooper uses the same approach with respect to another city, perhaps assuming that no one would phone that city for details: "Before the seven porno bookstores in Chattanooga, Tennessee, were closed down as public nuisances, the police made 601 arrests inside these places in a six-month period."

He does not tell us why so many arrests were made, whether there were any convictions or whether this was police harassment for political reasons, as some local attorneys allege. The adult bookstores were padlocked under a public-nuisance ordinance, not on obscenity charges. That ordinance is now being challenged in Federal court as unconstitutional. Some of those arrested are challenging their arrests in city criminal courts, but since the penalty is only a \$25 fine and court costs, some have chosen to pay the small fine rather than spend time in court away from work or face public embarrassment. Cooper does not reveal any of these details in his statement.

In my article, I stated that "STOP relied almost exclusively on anecdotal illustrations of rapists or child molesters who had kept pornography in their homes." In criticizing that comment, Cooper

repeats some anecdotes and asks, "How many anecdotes does Swomley need before he agrees that we have a problem?" The difficulty with anecdotes is that they don't prove anything. It is an anecdote to say, "My mother had cancer, but after taking aspirin three times a day, the cancer went away." No causal connection between taking aspirin and the elimination of cancer is demonstrated. Similarly, the possession of pornography is not the cause of rape.

Even the Meese commission acknowledges that an anecdote, or what it calls correlational evidence, doesn't prove anything: "Correlational evidence suffers from its inability to establish a causal connection between the correlated phenomena. It is frequently the case that two phenomena are positively correlated pre-



Kansas City Times, that two western Missouri residents were all who "allegedly bought and received photographs showing children engaged in sexual acts" out of "160 persons across the country."

Another illustration of unethical advertising in the STOP campaign is the use of omissions, distortions and innuendo to make a point. These have been evident in some of my earlier comments but are also evident in the following. Cooper writes, "Swomley scoffs at the idea that crime rates would go down if porno bookstores were closed." Cooper, many times in his "response," puts words in my mouth. In this case, he attributes to me the statements of others. I did not scoff but merely reported that STOP had claimed that "in a Cincinnati neighborhood where adult bookstores and X-rat-

cisely because they are both caused by some third phenomenon. . . . It may be that some other factor, some sexual or emotional imbalance, for example, might produce both excessive use of pornographic materials as well as a tendency to commit sex offenses." There is a centuries-old fallacy to which Cooper falls prey: "*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*" (after this, therefore because of it). The mere fact that one act occurs after another does not mean the first act caused the second.

Cooper uses an interesting but clever propaganda device to conceal his inability to demonstrate any causal connection between pornography and crime, promiscuity, pregnancy and disease. He writes, "And yet the pornographers and a handful of people like Swomley will tell you that the exposure of hard-core pornography in the past 20 years has nothing to do with the rise in promiscuity, the 1,100,000 teenage pregnancies last year or the more than 12,000,000 new cases of sexually transmitted diseases in 1987." If Cooper has statistics to demonstrate that a substantial number of couples involved in teenage pregnancies were motivated by pictures rather than by physical or sexual attraction, he ought to give such facts. Likewise, if he can demonstrate that sexually transmitted disease is caused by pornography, he should cite his facts.

However, if Cooper were successful in convincing the general public and the courts that pornography is the cause of sexual deviancy, it would be possible for rapists to blame pornography for rape. They could blame bookstores and movie producers, and plea bargain to lessen their sentences by assisting prosecutors to prosecute booksellers, theaters and video-cassette rental or sales stores. Cooper is apparently less interested in fixing parental responsibility for the sexual offenses of their children against younger children in the home than in blaming pictures they have seen; and in the case of adults, he seems less interested in fixing their personal responsibility for crime than in blaming pornography.

To be more concerned with sexual images than with sexual acts is comparable to the old saying "I didn't do it. The Devil made me do it." The Devil in the form of pornography thus contributes to avoidance of personal responsibility for one's actions. In any event, the advocacy of censorship does not necessarily reduce the viewing of sexually explicit material but may drive it underground and whet

the curiosity or appetite of segments of the population.

Cooper is correct in stating that I am on the national board and western Missouri board of the American Civil Liberties Union. The A.C.L.U. is opposed to all forms of censorship, including that of sexually explicit literature and graphics. Since Cooper and the STOP campaign's argument with the A.C.L.U. is over censorship by Government officials of what persons may read or view, they do not acknowledge the A.C.L.U. policy with respect to child pornography. The policy is as follows: "The A.C.L.U. views the use of children in the production of visual depictions of sexually explicit conduct as a violation of children's rights when such use is highly likely to cause (A) substantial physical harm or (B) substantial and

of National Advertisers and the Advertising Federation of America. That code bans "(1) false statements or misleading exaggerations; (2) indirect misrepresentation of a product or service through distortion of details or their true perspective, either editorially or pictorially . . . (3) pseudoscientific advertising, including claims insufficiently supported by accepted authority or that distort the true meaning or practicable application of a statement by professional or scientific authority."

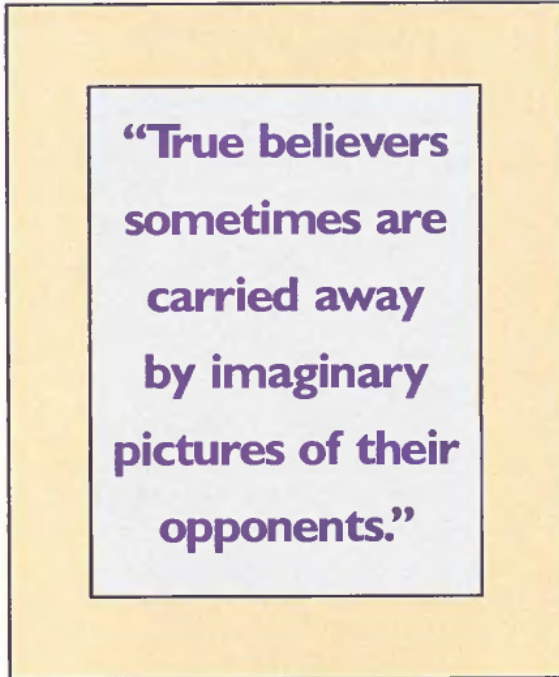
The A.C.L.U. would defend the rights of STOP in its use of speech and publication, as well as the rights of those who distribute or peruse sexually explicit material. The reason is that the A.C.L.U. believes that accurate speech and, hence, more speech are the antidotes to misleading

speech, just as the antidote to pornography is the guidance of parents and teachers and also the criticism of the antipornographers.

I regret that Cooper, whom I did not mention in my article, has made it necessary for me to analyze his "rebuttal" and reveal his distortions and false statements. He is a nice young man who, I am told, is a member of a Bible-believing church, so his propaganda techniques may be out of harmony with his true beliefs. True believers sometimes are carried away by imaginary pictures of their opponents. I hope Cooper will, in the rest of his campaign, reaffirm his fundamental belief in respect for the personality of opponents and his belief in the power of persuasion. It is, after all, more effective than relying on governments to censor.

My article "Wrongheaded Pornography Campaign," originally published in the March ninth *Christian Century* and reprinted in the November *Playboy* as "Kansas City Con." was written for two reasons: to oppose government censorship as the answer to sexually explicit materials that some people find offensive; and, since I have been a professor of ethics for 28 years in a theological school, to expose the unethical nature of the Kansas City campaign known as STOP.

If STOP had confined itself to persuasion, including picketing and boycotting, accurate rather than misleading advertising and the urging of enforcement of already-existing laws against sexual harassment, assault, rape, including spousal rape, coercion and economic exploitation of women, my article would have been unnecessary.



continuing emotional or psychological harm. Government quite properly has the means to protect the interests of children in these situations by the use of criminal prosecution of those persons who are likely to cause such harm to children."

A footnote to the policy says that those who cause such harm "will usually be those who finance the sexually explicit depictions, those who procure the children, those who engage in sexual activity with children and those who otherwise actively contribute on the set of the production. Each situation, however, must be examined to determine a specific individual's participation in the activity."

The STOP campaign has violated the ethical code of the American Association of Advertising Agencies, the Association

CHILD PORNOGRAPHY

Kudos to Lawrence A. Stanley for his exposé of the Federal kiddie porn sting ("The Child-Pornography Myth," *The Playboy Forum*, September). The fact that Government agents mail advertisements for an illegal product, solicit orders, deliver the goods and then arrest the recipient is unbelievable.

Pedophiles used to have to weigh the criminal consequences of committing sex crimes against the risk-free option of privately masturbating to pictures. Now the situation is reversed. The legal and financial resources that state and local governments expend to pursue actual molesters pale beside the enormous budgets, unprecedented legal power and ayatollahlike fanaticism of the Federal picture police.

Chuck Hammill
Los Angeles, California

I used to work for the U.S. Customs Service as an inspector. One of my many duties was to screen incoming mail for pornography—and I never found any material involving children. Stanley's article states that "law-enforcement officers and social workers have exploited the issue for publicity and promotion." He is 100 percent correct. Most of the officers I knew who went along with the Government scam *did* get a promotion. I left Customs ten months ago, because I could no longer tolerate its cheap enforcement policies. The child-pornography hype is just one of the many Customs scams. I could tell you some real horror stories about its "war on drugs." Thanks for bringing out the truth.

Gary Wakefield
Los Angeles, California

Many thanks for your exposure of the appalling child-pornography scam. I know an Iowa minister who opposed infant circumcision and mailed relevant material to a woman who expressed interest in the subject. The woman was actually a male undercover agent. Because the information contained pictures that showed the effect of circumcision on children, the minister was indicted for being a pedophile. The indictment was



FOR THE RECORD

SOMETIMES A DANCE IS JUST A DANCE

The town of Purdy, Missouri (population 967), lost its one claim to fame when a Federal district court ruled that its school's 100-year-old ban on dances is unconstitutional.

Town leaders had reasoned, "From past history, it is common knowledge that dancing involves other activities that are counterproductive and considered unacceptable behavior in the community." The list of "other activities"? Drinking alcohol, using drugs and getting pregnant.

The court may also have agreed with 67-year-old Purdy citizen George Baker: "I've danced a million miles and I've never once done anything vulgar."

dropped, but he'd already spent more than \$40,000 for legal fees—and his reputation will never be the same.

Your readers should demand that their legislators do something about this appalling abuse of Government power.

John G. Swadey, M.D.
St. Petersburg, Florida

It wasn't until I read Stanley's article that I realized that I was on the Government's hit list. Even though I don't have nor have ever ordered any child pornography, I received a mailing from *Ponce de Leon, S.A.*, which Stanley says is published by the U.S. Customs Service. I also received an offer from a "private" source offering to sell me some expensive videos. I'm willing to bet that that was a postal trap, too. It's too bad that those people who have been trapped didn't have the benefit of reading "The Child-Pornography Myth."

(Name and address
withheld by request)

AIDS AND THE LAW

As Martha A. Field's article "AIDS and the Law: Have Sex, Go to Jail" (*The Playboy Forum*, August) indicates, the military is on the cutting edge of prosecuting its members for the intentional transmission of AIDS. The Army, the Air Force and the Navy now require that military personnel who test AIDS-positive inform their sex partners of that fact or face discharge or prosecution. Field notes, "As the military goes, so goes the nation." I wonder if that will be true in this case, also.

G. Butler
Atlanta, Georgia

WRITE NOW

It is time the majority of Americans stop letting the Moral Minority dictate the laws of this country. Write to your Congressmen and express your disapproval of the "antipornography" bills: Senate Bill S. 2033 and House Bill H.R. 3889.

Joy A. Denton
Woodland Hills, California

S.O.S.

I would like to respond to your "Newsfront" item "Alternative A.A." (*The Playboy Forum*, September), in which you discuss S.O.S., Secular Organizations for

Sobriety, as an alternative A.A. for people "who are uncomfortable with the religious character of Alcoholics Anonymous." From my own experience, I know that A.A. does not require that its members believe in God. It uses the phrase higher power but lets each individual define the term according to his personal belief. I've always thought *my* higher power was both my group of recovering-alcoholic buddies and the natural law of the universe. A.A. is every bit as secular as S.O.S.

Bill Hewitt
Whittier, California

REVELATORY MARKETING

There was a Christian Booksellers Convention in Dallas recently and the vendors were peddling some interesting products: Christian low-impact-aerobics video tapes; Scripture Cookies (containing Biblical verses instead of fortunes); Christian rap music; books such as *God—A Biography and Marketing the*

R E S P O N S E

Church: What They Never Taught You About Church Growth; T-shirts with the inscriptions **FOR ALL YOU DO, HIS BLOOD'S FOR YOU, OVER 80,000,000 SAVED, JESUS, THE CHOICE OF THE LAST GENERATION;** and toy airplanes with **GOD'S LOVE IS EVERYWHERE** imprinted on the wings.

I guess you could call these people God's prophets.

D. Flores
Dallas, Texas

PARENTS AGAINST MUSIC

Parents Music Resource Center (P.M.R.C.) should change the title behind its abbreviation to **Puritanical Morons Requiring Conformity.**

Ray McGinley
Bastrop, Texas

8,000,000 B.C.—A DATE TO REMEMBER

An interesting discovery about early human development has come out of herpes research, of all things. Researchers at the University of Mississippi Medical Center have been working on the mystery of why a herpes virus common in humans includes one strain that affects the mouth and another the genitals. They discovered that the two strains descended from a single virus that infected both the mouth and the genitals and is similar to a herpes virus found in the great apes. Virologists found that the two viruses diverged from the simian herpes virus about 8,000,000 years ago—about the same time that humans diverged from apes. Researchers wondered what had happened in human development to make the virus change and concluded that the reason was mainly a difference in stance.

Primate behavior has always included oral-genital contact in sex and in grooming, because primates walk on all fours and their faces are in proximity to the genitals of their fellow primates. When humans began to walk upright, they must have limited their kissing to mouth to mouth and their lovemaking to the missionary position. Voilà!—two types of sexual contact that led to two types of herpes.

All right, maybe this isn't earth-shaking, but I thought you'd be interested, nonetheless.

H. Stone
Jackson, Mississippi

AND JUSTICE FOR ALL?

I have a client who pleaded guilty to passing two bad checks. It was not the

first time that she had been caught "paper hanging," but she had, in most cases, made full restitution. The judge, citing her prior record, sentenced her to 40 years in prison.

My client is 36 years old and the mother of four children. This is an outrageous sentence for her and for them. Compare her punishment with that given to Robert Chambers, who admitted to killing Jennifer Levin. He received only five years.

Who can stand up for my client against this monstrous abuse of judicial power? I can't, nor can she.

Peter Davies
Staten Island, New York

ZERO TOLERANCE

I recently learned firsthand about the U.S. Customs Service's policy of "zero tolerance." I lost my \$12,600 truck to Customs because an agent found one tenth of one gram of marijuana in the ashtray. And I won't get my truck back; Customs is going to put it on the auction block. Who's to say that the person who buys my truck won't be found with vestiges of marijuana that Customs overlooked? And that the truck won't be confiscated again? I'd say that Customs has a pretty good money-making venture going.

Bruce Trigg
Unalakleet, Alaska

THERE THEY GO AGAIN
fundamentalists are in another frenzy—
this time over dial-a-porn

Congressman William Dannemeyer called the bill the rejoining of "morality and ethics with human sexuality." Senator Jesse Helms noted that it would "keep at bay certain vile and base instincts of our fallen nature for the good of individuals and society alike."

What was this momentous legislation? Simply a bill to ban interstate dial-a-porn—and one that will no doubt be found to be unconstitutional.

Dial-a-porn has been a booming business since the early Eighties—it has also been a controversial one. The controversy centers on the fact that some children use dial-a-porn as the electronic substitute for looking up dirty words in the dictionary—and their parents receive phone bills for hundreds of dollars' worth of 976 calls.

Although some see this as a financial problem, our fanatics see it as a moral one. In typical zealot fashion, they take the simplest possible view and blame what they don't like—virtually everything—on dial-a-porn. Having family problems? Dial-a-porn is the culprit.

Two facts the fanatics don't acknowledge are that parents are generally able to quell their children's interest in phone sex—by insisting that they pay the phone bills—and that there are other effective techniques to prevent children from using 976 numbers: devices that block the dialing of the 976 prefix and subscription services available only to those over the age of 18.

Unfortunately, these sensible approaches to controlling dial-a-porn were presented to antismut zealots and rejected. As far as they are concerned, there is only one way to control dial-a-porn, and that is to eliminate it. They will be satisfied only when adults are limited to hearing "dial the Easter Bunny" or "He-man update." And they lobbied hard for Congress to tack on the dial-a-porn ban to a must-pass education bill.

The courts have found similar bans to be unconstitutional and several legal challenges to the bill have already been initiated. Two courts have already declared parts of the bill unconstitutional. While the dial-a-porn ban may ultimately be ruled unconstitutional, in the meantime, the court battles eat up time and money. They also make me wonder how silly the ban band wagon is going to get before it stops. Should we get rid of dial-a-horoscope because of its supposed demonic influence? Dial-a-prayer because atheists object?

The truth is that the telephone should be viewed simply as a "common carrier," allowing for the exercise of no editorial judgment by telephone companies or governments—or fundamentalists—and carrying any message anyone is willing to pay to hear.

—BARRY W. LYNN

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

MAN-KILLERS

A recent study appearing in *Behavior Today* challenges the belief that women who kill their husbands or lovers do so in self-defense. Sociologist Coramae Mann studied 296 domestic-homicide cases and found that 58 percent of the alleged murderers claimed justifiable homicide—but only 18 percent were really defending



themselves. "In many cases, the women went and got a weapon, then returned to the fight/murder scene. In several of the cases, the man was asleep, and they still claimed it was self-defense," says Mann.

POOR SPORT

DAYTON, OHIO—In an effort to make her husband of six years more attentive to her, a 23-year-old woman played the same trick on him that he had once played on her—she fabricated a love letter implying that she was having an affair with one of his friends. The note read, "Your kisses are better than his. . . I've liked you from the first time I laid eyes on you." "I knew that it would make him jealous," the wife said, "but he just went nuts." Indeed. The husband has been charged with killing his friend with a pipe.

ARMED RESISTANCE

Several researchers have found that—contrary to the opinion of gun-control advocates—firearms owned by private citizens are a significant factor in crime

control. A Florida State University criminology professor discovered that in 1980, more than 1500 felons were legally killed by gun-wielding civilians and 8700 were nonfatally wounded. Guns were used defensively about 1,000,000 times. Meanwhile, two University of Massachusetts professors found no meaningful correlation between per capita gun ownership and the level of criminal violence. They discovered that criminals are more apprehensive about confronting armed citizens than armed police. A former Manhattan assistant attorney observed that police are five and a half times more likely to hit innocent bystanders than are civilians.

FEDS IN A PINCH

WASHINGTON, D.C.—According to a recent survey, 42 percent of women working for the U.S. Government report that between May 1985 and May 1987, they were sexually harassed. That is the exact percentage of Federal employees who reported sexual harassment in a survey conducted seven years ago. Most cases of sexual harassment involved suggestive teasing, jokes, remarks, questions, looks, gestures, touching, leaning over, cornering or pinching. Only 8 percent concerned actual or attempted rape or assault. One source estimates that the amount of sexual harassment in 1985–1987 cost the U.S. taxpayer \$267,000,000 in lost productivity and turnover. On the other hand, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission reported that it received only 436 official complaints of sexual harassment from the 2,100,000 Government employees in 1985. "Apparently, most people didn't take it seriously enough to report it," said a spokesman for the Office of Personnel Management.

ABORTION'S DAY IN COURT

ST. LOUIS—A Federal appeals court stacked with President Reagan appointees upheld a Minnesota law requiring that women under the age of 18 notify both parents—even if the parents are divorced or separated or the father has deserted the family—before obtaining an abortion. The court allowed that because the minor can also appeal to a state judge and receive judicial permission to abort, she is not unconstitutionally burdened.

CINCINNATI—A Federal appeals court found an Ohio abortion law to be uncon-

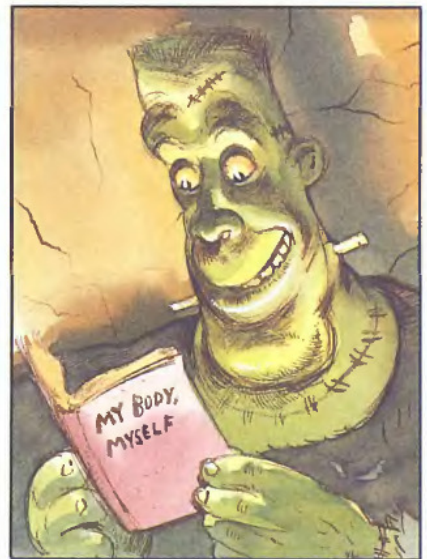
stitutional. That law required that doctors notify the parents before performing abortions on unmarried minors. The court found that the law infringed on women's constitutional rights.

WHY THEY CALL IT DOPE

NEW YORK—Injecting cocaine into the penis may be the worst way yet to enhance sexual pleasure. A 34-year-old man experienced priapism and an inability to urinate as a result of pumping cocaine into his urethra prior to intercourse. Despite extensive medical treatment, complications such as severe subcutaneous bleeding forced doctors to amputate both of the man's lower legs and nine of his fingers.

THE SIX-BILLION-DOLLAR MAN

LOS ANGELES—A California appellate court made history recently by ruling that a person has a "property interest" in his blood and tissue and, thus, is entitled to sue for the profits from their sale. The ruling reinstated a lawsuit by a 43-year-old former leukemia patient against the UCLA Medical Center. The man claims



that researchers profited from developing and patenting a cell line from his blood, which he says has unique properties. This cell line can be used to produce a drug that may eventually help treat cancer and AIDS and, his attorney contends, will be worth billions of dollars.

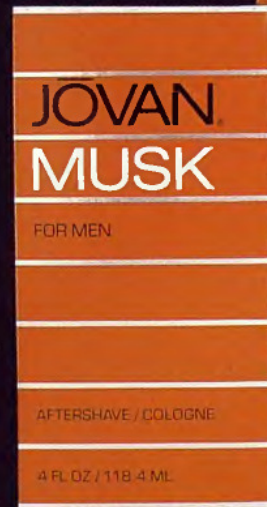


The upwardly mobile.

What is sexy?



Jovan Musk



What sexy is.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CHER

a candid conversation with the woman of the year: the campy, vampy, straight-shooting, weight-lifting, oscar-winning, never-boring megastar

If you stayed home to watch TV one hypothetical evening in April 1988, and somebody told you to catch a certain entertainer with a single name and a photogenic navel, you might have caught these glimpses of her—click!—as a serious actress in three movies (“Silkwood,” “Mask” and “Suspect”) playing on various cable channels—click!—as the campy, vampy video star of her own rock single on MTV—click!—as the Vampirellalike pitchwoman for a line of health spas—click!—and hold—as she takes Best Actress on the Academy Awards show, brandishing her Oscar and smiling a can-you-believe-this-shit grin, and—click!—a bit later, wearing a dress made of several sequins, appearing on “Late Night with David Letterman” for a reunion sing-along with her former husband and partner.

That’s not counting radio broadcasts, newspapers, tabloids and, it seems, the cover of every magazine in the civilized world, save Field & Stream. Within, she was variously described as being pregnant, minus two ribs to improve her shape or bailing out her boyfriend, whose Ferrari, reportedly, had made straight for a pesky paparazzo. And that was all in a period of a few months. Who was that tattooed lady? We don’t know who Time’s Man or Woman of the Year will be, but our choice—if you count gutsiness, verve

and talent—is the often bejeaned, sometimes befeathered, always becoming superstar known as Cher.

It has not always been thus. Thirteen years ago, when Playboy interviewed Cher for the first time, she was seen as a one-dimensional “entertainer” on TV. Today, she’s an actress paired with and compared to Meryl Streep.

But whatever her current showbiz fling—be it records, television, Las Vegas, Broadway, motion pictures—the remarkable thing is that she does it well. All along, she has seemed to survive the flying shrapnel of the celebrity war zone, emerging pretty much unscathed. For, in the delicately balanced Hollywood ecosystem, she is one of the hardest organisms, evolving with near-Darwinian tenacity, each new Cher fitter for survival than the last.

Before she recycled herself into this present shining incarnation—prior to any of the incarnations, for that matter—Cher had taken her share of lumps. Born Cherilyn Sarkesian on May 20, 1946, her childhood years were uncommonly rocky. Her mother was married eight times—three of them to Cher’s father, a heroin addict and frequent resident of the jailhouse. Constantly readjusting herself to the family’s ever-changing emotional and financial states (to this day, she maintains that her childhood poverty ignited her pas-

sion for shopping), she eventually escaped the turbulence at the age of 16, when she dropped out of school, simplified her name and hooked up with a man named Sonny Bono, 12 years her senior, who married her and swept her into a career in show business.

For 11 years, Sonny and Cher’s act held the attention of its audience—first the countless bell-bottomed youngsters with a predilection for bubble-gum music, then the millions of middle Americans who enjoyed watching the couple’s marital patter and antics on TV. But in 1975, tired of the act and of the marriage, Cher went her own way. Maintaining her television, recording and club careers, she simultaneously struck up a new bond with the press, which gleefully tracked her every bizarre move—especially her stormy two-year marriage to rock star Gregg Allman.

In 1977—now a two-time divorcee and a showbiz veteran at the ripe age of 31—she headed for New York, leaving behind the pastels of L.A. and a \$350,000-per-week Vegas gig. It was as if that kind of success just weren’t enough. So, like a marathon runner, she raced against herself, against time and against her image. Almost immediately, she hit the wall fast and hard, slamming up against the popular perception of her as the tall, silly girl with the low voice.

But Cher persisted, finally catching a second



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANA FINEMAN

“I was falling into a pattern of being with younger guys, but I didn’t want to be seen as a cradle robber. Also, I have never really appreciated men who change women like cans of soup. I thought, Was that potentially me?”

“I got to be tough because I had to be. I don’t go around kicking anybody in the balls; I just go around doing my thing. Me, I’m a mirror image of whoever I’m with. Mostly, I’m easy-going. But I don’t take shit.”

“I think this about plastic surgery: It’s my body. Women should be given a choice, like with abortion. My nose bothered me for a long time; now it’s smaller and I’m happy. If I wanna put my tits on my back, they’re mine.”



© Philip Morris Inc. 1989

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

6 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, by FTC method.



For people who
like to smoke...



DELUXE
ULTRA LIGHTS
Regular
and
Menthol



BENSON & HEDGES
because quality matters.

wind with her 1982 stage debut in "Come Back to the 5 & Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean"—a nonmusical funky Broadway offering directed by movie director Robert Altman. She went on to relive the performance on film, and from there, the succession of movie roles was both steady and memorable, each one bearing the inimitable Cher stamp: the lonely lesbian and best friend to Streep in Mike Nichols' "Silkwood" (earning her her first Academy Award nomination for Best Supporting Actress), the biker mother of an anatomical freak in "Mask" (earning her a 1985 Cannes Citation for Best Actress), one of three lovers to Jack Nicholson's Devil in "The Witches of Eastwick," a prosecutor who has an affair with a juror in "Suspect" and, most recently, the funny Italian love-struck bookkeeper in "Moonstruck," the role that landed her the Oscar.

Although, to some, her Academy Award came as no surprise (odds makers had her winning), the industry's satisfaction with the choice was plainly apparent, as the audience of stars and showbiz Pooh-Bahs that evening serenaded Cher's walk to the podium to receive the trophy with loud and unabashed hurrahs.

But while she has attained respectability, Cher can still prime the gossip pumps. Having shared bed and spotlight with the likes of Val ("Willow") Kilmer and Gene (Kiss) Simmons, she has been living with aspiring actor Robert Camilletti for more than two years. Their May-October (well, maybe May-August) romance has provided excellent grist for the movie-magazine mill. The press and the photographers, who have buzzed about outside wherever Cher's residence has been for the past 20 years, finally got to Camilletti. He got into a dispute with a photographer, who accused him of trying to run him down in a Ferrari. The police were summoned and reluctantly arrested Camilletti at the insistence of the photographer. The next morning, the newspapers showed a beleaguered Cher bailing her man out of the slammer.

What fascinates the public about Cher is how she can maintain two images without apparent contradiction, as both the award-winning actress and the gaudy peekaboo showgirl. Then again, no serious actress has ever baited the press so blatantly: wearing her next-to-nothing outfits on stage, challenging the public to find the scars from her cosmetic surgery, calling David Letterman an asshole to his face on his own show. Her life has been an exercise in on-the-job training, and she has proved herself, time and time again, to be a quick study.

Her brash M.O.—even her own fragrance is called *Uninhibited*—has got her this far down the road in better shape than most. Her baby hipster Chastity is now a serious young woman. Elijah (her son by Gregg Allman) is a normal kid. Whatever the game plan, it has worked.

And so, sandwiched between her Academy Award triumph and her annual visit to the south of France, Cher agreed to talk with *Eu-*
genie Ross-Leming, with an editorial assist

from writer *David Standish*—the same team that conducted the first Cher "Playboy Interview" in 1975. Ross-Leming has made her own impression in Hollywood in the interval, first as coproducer and head writer of "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" and most recently as the cocreator of "Scarecrow & Mrs. King."

Ross-Leming reports on the reunion:

"As one would expect, Cher lives in an impressive house with Egyptian themes. Not impressive in Ptolemaic terms, but if you're anything less than an anointed descendant of Ra, the feeling of being in the Valley of the Kings can be heady: Doors slide open silently at one's arrival, almost as if by themselves. I remembered the part-Moroccan/part-Cherokee ambience of Cher's bedroom back in 1975; you had to remove shoes then, too.

"I tried to feel laid back, but mystique will out, and even at her most casual, Cher just isn't. Yes, she's funny, often self-effacing, wears ripped-and-ragged jeans (albeit the designer version) and munches on goldfish crackers. But she's still Cher. And, like other unnamed phenomena—such as hurricanes—she brings a lot of energy to whatever she hits.

"I was pleased to get a chance to do a question-and-answer format. I'm tired of having my thoughts mulled over by someone else."

"I like her best because, in a world of Anglo princesses—Glenn Close, Meryl Streep, Jessica Lange, Candice Bergen, Trigger—she has returned dignity to the underrated dark temptress. It gives hope to those of us of a similar persuasion."

PLAYBOY: We're glad you decided to do this interview. It has been 13 years for both of us. And, lately, a lot of press for you.

CHER: Well, there's been so much distortion of what I've said, I was pleased to get a chance to do a strictly question-and-answer format. I'm tired of having my thoughts mulled over by someone else. The articles are all basically bad: They make you seem either better or worse than you are, because they're someone else's version of you. I'm sure a lot of people don't like my lifestyle, or some of the things that I've done. Nevertheless, I've still gotten a pretty fair shake—if you can get a fair shake from the press.

PLAYBOY: Let's jump right in. Your personal life seems to get almost as much attention as your acting or singing. In your first *Playboy Interview*, you said your reputation as some kind of she-devil was exaggerated, that you were the kind of girl who needed to feel something for a guy before making

love. Do you still feel that way?

CHER: I think I've gotten even worse that way. Basically, I know if I go out to dinner with someone, I could fall in love with him. Because I won't just go out, date someone. I won't do it. I have to get to know him first. Mostly people I've been introduced to or I've known for a while. Like when I met Robert—it was three months after I met him that we first went out together.

PLAYBOY: Then meeting your new boyfriend, Robert Camilletti, wasn't a bolt from the blue? You didn't meet him one night and say, "I must have this"?

CHER: No. Someone quoted me as saying, "Have him washed and brought to my tent." [Laughs] Bullshit. I mean, I laughed at it, but it wasn't reported tongue in cheek. They weren't smart enough to do that.

PLAYBOY: Well, you two have been in the papers a lot. How did you meet him?

CHER: I saw him at a night club in Manhattan and I thought he was sooo handsome, just beautiful, and he just kind of rocked my socks, you know? I've never felt a physical impact like that, except maybe when my children were born. But I didn't speak to him that night. I didn't really go out with him until three months afterward. Then we went out, and I thought, He's really a sweet boy—and probably *not* a good thing to waste my time on.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CHER: I felt I was starting to fall into a pattern of being only with younger guys. I thought that was maybe a fault or a weakness, something detrimental in my character. Now I don't know if it is or not—and I don't know that I *care*. But I remember thinking that night, I wonder if I'm starting to believe what people say about me.

PLAYBOY: Meaning what?

CHER: That I didn't want people to think of me as a cradle robber. Also, I have never really appreciated *men* who change women like cans of soup. They pick up tomato and they put it back, they pick up chicken noodle—but it's all soup, it just has a different name on it. And I was starting to think, Was that potentially me?

PLAYBOY: Could it be that you simply think of yourself as the same age as your boyfriend—24 years old?

CHER: Oh, I see myself as about 12. And it's really interesting. My grandmother—what is she, 88? One time, a few years ago, I was looking at her and remembering when she was younger, when I was real little. I remember her wearing cocktail dresses and earrings and gloves, looking real glamorous, even though she wasn't all that young even then. I asked her, "How old do you feel?" She said, "I haven't felt different since I was 17. Even when I see this old, wrinkled woman in the mirror, I still think of myself as being about 17. It doesn't ever really change."

It frightens me that one day it's gonna be, like, menopause! That I'm going to wake up and start being crabby and not want to go to Disneyland or do other childlike



Share the wreath.
Give friends a sprig of imported English greenery.

Tanqueray®
A singular experience.

Send a gift of Tanqueray anywhere in the U.S.A. Call 1-800-243-3787. Void where prohibited.

things that I still like to do now. And yet . . . I think I have a kind of maturity that comes only with age.

PLAYBOY: Aren't there gaps in culture or in experience between you and Camilletti?

CHER: Well, Joshua [Donen] was what—ten years younger? He always seemed *older*, so grown up. . . . I never looked at him and thought, Oh, if only he could have been around when the Beatles came out! Those things don't seem very important when I get the kind of nurturing that I never got from Sonny [Bono], or from any other man my age, actually. These younger men have been very loving, very supportive, and that's what's really important to me. I don't *need* a man to do anything else for me.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that one appeal of younger men is that you feel safer being open with them? That, being younger and less cynical, they are more of a haven?

CHER: You know, I haven't been with an older man in *so* long, I wouldn't even know what it's like. [Producer] David Geffen was the last older man I was with, and that was 15 years ago. Also, older men don't like me. They *never* ask me out—well, there were a couple—one guy who did was married. The other, too. Both married. I don't know what it is, but they never *ever* hit on me. I'd think it would be the opposite. If I were a younger man, I'd be more nervous about asking *me* out. But younger guys don't seem to be.

PLAYBOY: Although you've been criticized, a lot of women cheer your relationship with a 24-year-old. A woman friend of ours, in her mid-30s, said to tell you that you'd "given us all hope." Do you feel like a sort of pioneer?

CHER: Women ask me about it constantly. I think it's because men did it for such a long time and women didn't. Now these things are changing. My mother lived with a man who was a year younger than I was for ten years. Eventually, she left him, and he was devastated. I know a lot of girls now who have boyfriends younger than themselves. As for being a pioneer, I'm really happy to give women the courage to do the thing *they* might want to do. If they need someone to go before them, I'm happy to help.

But I'm certainly not the first one who's been with younger men, you know. Tallulah Bankhead, Sarah Bernhard—there've been lots of women before me.

PLAYBOY: How much do you notice the age difference?

CHER: The other day, Robert was auditioning for a movie that takes place in 1955, and I said, "Jeez, Rob, you were hardly even born yet, were you?" And he said, "I wasn't born until 1964." And I said, "Oh, shit, I was *nine* in 1955." I looked at him and said, "God, you're young! And, Jesus, I'm old!" But it doesn't come up that often.

PLAYBOY: As much as anyone out there, you're a symbol of a certain kind of sexuality. Your clothes and look and even the manner in which you speak about sex have

actually had sex. I've had that rush with two people. Robert was one, and one other man, when the moment was just there—to be seized or never to be seen again. I took both of them, but not all the way, because, for me, actually *having* sex is something that I don't want to do with someone I've just met. I need to be in love. So kissing and lying on top of each other or whatever, that seems OK. But having sex with someone you aren't crazy about . . . I don't think I'm grown up enough.

PLAYBOY: We were thinking more of being suddenly possessed.

CHER: I get more possessed as time goes by.

PLAYBOY: You've never had just a one-night fling, then?

CHER: I did once. When I was 16 years old, I fucked Warren Beatty. Just like that. Of course, I'm one of a long list. And I did it because my girlfriends were so crazy about him, and so was my mother. I saw Warren, he picked me up and I did it. And *what* a disappointment! Not that he wasn't technically good, or couldn't be good, but I didn't feel anything. So, for me, I felt, There's no reason for you to do that again.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever convinced yourself that you loved someone—to legitimize sexual feelings?

CHER: I've done that twice. Twice I've fucked men without knowing who they were, and they were both disasters. I couldn't imagine doing that now. I believe that if I can't wake up with some-

one in the morning and really want to spend time with him, then I'd rather be alone.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it very difficult for someone as famous as you to be trusting and open with a new man? Since you're a star, a—

CHER: Love goddess.

PLAYBOY: Thank you. Since he's up against a love goddess, isn't he going to have unreal expectations?

CHER: Absolutely. You don't want to go around with your heart on your sleeve, because a lot of the time, you can get your arm cut off. So it takes me a while. I seem to pick a certain kind of man—very compassionate, very loving, very open, trustworthy kind of men—at least lately. Robert

THE STRIKING NEW COBRAS

UltraStylish. UltraSmall. UltraSensitive.

The sleek Cobra Trapshooter Ultra packs the forefront of technology into the palm of your hand.

Its three warning systems alert you by voice ("be careful, slow down"), melody or tone.

3 anti-falsing systems filter out unwanted signals. Separate indicators for "X" and "K" bands, and extra sensitive "PULSE" detection. Both sound and LED meter indicate signal strength... even over hills and around bends.

Cobra
DYNASCAN CORPORATION
For dealer location call 1-800-COBRA 22.

a very deliberate sex appeal. Can you define what it is you project?

CHER: I don't know how to *make* sex appeal. I know I can do it, but I don't know what it is. I can go up on stage and *create* sex appeal, but if you ask me what I'm doing. . . . It's like acting. If anybody asks me how I do it, I tell him I don't know how I do it, I just do it. In real life, I'm not that way at all with men. For me to really put out everything in sex, I really have to trust the person—and that just doesn't come right away.

PLAYBOY: But have there been times when the sheer delirium of sex overwhelms you? Sex for sex's sake?

CHER: I've never had that, not where I've

knows me better than anybody ever has.

PLAYBOY: How about the other side of that? Are you still the tough lady of renown?

CHER: I can still be pretty tough. On some occasions, you just have to be. But for a long time, toughness was all I presented. I also like being able to have the softer side. But I had to be tough in the past, because I felt I was being attacked—the whole time with Gregory [Allman], for instance, and when I was trying to get into the movies. I was getting so little help . . . and no support. So I got to be really tough, because I had to be. I protect myself if I'm attacked. I don't go around kicking anybody in the balls; I just go around doing my thing, being prepared for people to be real fabulous to me—or real pricks. Me, I'm a mirror image of whoever I'm dealing with. Mostly, I'm easygoing and easy to get along with. But I don't take shit.

PLAYBOY: Which you apparently demonstrated on the set of *Mask*, where you had some pitched battles with director Peter Bogdanovich. Why didn't you simply give in to what he wanted, since he was the veteran director and you were the newcomer?

CHER: It was hard. At first, I wondered if he was right. But some part of me knew he was wrong. I was scared shitless. I kept saying to myself, Cher, how could you know more than he does? I respect his work, but I didn't like him, I didn't respect him as a human being. He didn't like women, fundamentally. He likes women who are real subservient, who look at him and think he's the greatest thing that ever happened. We had some good days, too, which really kinda scared me. It's so much easier if someone can be a pig *constantly*. Like, the last day we shot was his birthday, and I told him, "God, I'm really glad this is over, because I'm almost ready to like you." And

the more relaxed he got, the more he got off my case. The more we shot, the more he trusted what I was doing.

PLAYBOY: There were also problems with some of the people making *The Witches of Eastwick*.

CHER: Jerks! Small stuff, like nobody was supposed to take anybody on the set—like

CHER: Well, every once in a while, I get kind of amazed at myself for the amount of balls I have when I have to stand up for myself. On the set of *Witches*, I thought the women were treated really, really badly. I didn't stand up for myself as much as I felt I should have.

PLAYBOY: For example?

CHER: One day, I had a fight with Jon Peters, and he said, "You're angry with me. I'm upset. What do you want me to do? Can I buy you a dress? Or a bracelet?" I just looked at him and said, "What do I look like, a showgirl and you're Flo Ziegfeld?" The concept was *out of my realm of possibility*. To be bought off by a bracelet! Unless, of course, it was some *unbelievable* fucking bracelet. [Laughs] It was all kind of hysterical.

In that case, I never really felt wanted in the movie, so I never felt very powerful. We women were really supporting roles. I also saw the way Jack Nicholson dealt with everyone. Jack was unbelievable.

PLAYBOY: How?

CHER: If I had been Jack, I would have really kicked a lot of ass, because those people were just totally . . . inappropriate in their behavior.

PLAYBOY: Can someone who is difficult bring out *good* work in you?

CHER: Sure, but not someone who's gonna be threatened by what I have to say. [Moonstruck director] Norman Jewison is unbelievable; he's *so* cranky, but he

was so *great*. When I took *Moonstruck*, I told him, "I just want to let you know something: I'm really difficult." He said, "Oh, yeah, what's that supposed to mean?" I said, "I don't know—because I'm really *not*."

PLAYBOY: And together, you pulled off a smash success and you got an Oscar. Things got pretty steamy between you and



Jensen sizzles.

Don't settle for a car stereo that's merely cool. Get one that's hot. Jensen® car stereo. It's red hot sound. With enough power and high tech features to turn your car into a rock and roll inferno that will set the streets on fire.

SJS 9000 RECEIVER. 60 watts of power. Instaloc™ tuning. 24 presets. Dolby™ Music search. Ultra bias tape heads. Pull-out anti-theft chassis. AMERICAN CLASSIC JTX 340 6"x9" TRIAXIAL SPEAKERS. 150 watts peak/60 watts continuous power each. Made in the U.S.A. Dynamic cone tweeters. Long throw woofers. Bass optimized design.



JENSEN®

The most thrilling sound on wheels.

© 1998 International Jensen Inc.
Jensen® is the registered trademark of International Jensen Inc.



any of us really wanted to *take* anybody to the fucking set! But Susan Sarandon took her daughter, Eva, on and [producer] Jon Peters kicked her off. Then, when we were doing a pretty important scene, he allowed Barbra Streisand to walk through with *ten* fucking people.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't sound like something you'd put up with. You're known for saying exactly what you think.

Just watch me work out. 'Cause this is what Sanyo Surround Sound is all about.



IMPROVE YOUR SURROUNDINGS WITH SURROUND SOUND.

Hips are shakin'. Fingers are poppin'. The joint's a jumpin'. Movin' to a serious groove with Sanyo Surround Sound portables.

There's no gettin' around the sound.

Surrender your body to the beat. Twist and shout. Knock yourself out. This mini's maxed out with a programmable CD player, full logic auto reverse cassette recorder and an infrared remote control. Plus, a sound you've got to feel to believe.

Sanyo Surround Sound portables. The feeling is unheard of.

For a complete brochure write: Sanyo, Consumer Electronics Division, Dept. P, 21350 Lassen Street, Chatsworth, CA 91311.

Heart just can't stand still. My body moves at will. Wanna take a chance, chance, chance, I start to slip and slide. Watch me dance.

ound is all about. M

nd still. My body moves at will. Wanna

SANYO

Nicolas Cage in that one.

CHER: I had to kiss Nicky a lot, but what looked meaningful on the screen wasn't very meaningful in real life. With all that physical comedy and shit, it wasn't like we had to really be passionate. The truth is, I don't like kissing people I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any love affairs on the set of any of your movies?

CHER: It happened one time. It was a drag, because he was married. I don't want to mention who. It was a mess. But a short mess. We got romantic, but we didn't do anything. We denied ourselves so that we could continue to have this really passionate feeling for each other.

Most people you come into contact with on a movie set are pretty nice. If you're in bed with them all day long, kissing them and telling them how much you love them, and you're both working on a common goal, well, these attachments can happen.

Everybody on a movie set is this really intense family, and it's hard at the end of the day to say to yourself, It was only pretend, because the better you do it, the more real it has to be. And you *do* it for months and months and months! I remember one time doing a scene with someone and we were in bed all day long, kissing. And he was getting erections.

So you're there, doing everything but penetration, and then, at the end of the day, it's like a cartoon: You put on your hard-hat, punch in your timecard and go, "See you tomorrow, Jake." It's hard, because often you're working with someone who's really attractive and charismatic.

PLAYBOY: Now, let's see: You've done only three movies in which there's been physical romance. You mentioned Cage, then there was—

CHER: You'll have to guess it from that, 'cause I'm not telling. But the *funniest* person I worked with was—what's his name? He was in *Suspect* and I can't remember his name.

PLAYBOY: Dennis Quaid.

CHER: Dennis. He was so adorable. He knew that it really made me nervous to have to kiss him. So he'd bust my chops and go, "Oh, I fucked that take up. Have to do it again!"

PLAYBOY: Any actors you want to work with in the future?

CHER: Well, I'm developing a couple of things, you know? There are lots of people I want to work with. I love Tom Hanks. I think he's really talented. I love Tommy Cruise, too. I'd love to work with Jack again. I like Sean Connery.

PLAYBOY: Are there any actors you have a crush on?

CHER: Robert Redford. Meryl told me he was a great kisser. Anyone who's a great kisser I'm *always* interested in. Oh, Sylvester Stallone. My big crush in life.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CHER: Because of the first *Rocky*. The only *Rocky*, in my mind. I saw something so brilliant and so dear and so sensitive, such a fine actor. Well, I spent a couple of hours

with Sly one night and he was really adorable, really funny. I don't think that person exists anymore, unfortunately. I liked a character who was a little bit too heavy and a little too dumb. I have a crush on *that* Sylvester Stallone. I don't have a crush on the one who's out there now.

PLAYBOY: What has changed?

CHER: It happens to all of us. We become perpetrators and victims of the dream.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

CHER: I stress looking good. I emphasize the physical a lot, but I think it's pretty much bullshit. Not that I don't believe people should work out—that's really important—but I mean looking beautiful and being sexy all the time. . . . It's kind of empty. In true life, I'm really down to earth. I don't really want to be, you know, the love goddess. No, that's not true. I *do* like it. But I *don't* want to spend my whole life with the Beautiful People.

PLAYBOY: Then why perpetuate the image? For example, why do you still appear in the Jack LaLanne ads?

CHER: This is what happened: I started with Health and Tennis—the owners of Jack LaLanne—because I needed the money. Health and Tennis was kind of a gift from God—they didn't even want me. They wanted Joan Rivers.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CHER: Because she was hot and I wasn't. But Joan didn't want to get into a leotard and my acting career wasn't paying enough to live on, so I got the ads and did them. When my contract expired, I wanted to keep doing them, because the money was great—and because people would say, "I joined Jack LaLanne because of you." Also, I got to say whatever I wanted. I wrote the last commercials—all of them—myself. So now it pisses me off that Heather Locklear is doing them! [*Voice rising*] I *produced* the commercials, I *wrote* the commercials, it was *my* concept and I feel *invaded*, because I didn't write that commercial from my life experience to have some blonde bimbo of 25 stick her tongue out at the end of it! It *meant* something to me to talk about how I've arrived at this place after everything I've been through at the age of 42!

PLAYBOY: So doing those commercials was a personal campaign.

CHER: Yes. And I don't feel bad about doing them, even though my agent says, "Meryl Streep would never do that." But I do *lots* of things that Meryl Streep would never do. If I can keep doing good work, who gives a shit if I set myself on fire in Benedict Canyon? I'm not inviting people to critique my life, just my work.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the work. You didn't pursue acting for the stardom; you already had that. What do you *get* from acting?

CHER: It's the thing I think I do best, so it makes me feel better about myself. Being famous in itself didn't make me feel anything but inadequate . . . *constantly*. In fact, it makes you feel kinda like shit. At least

when you get paid for acting, you can turn it into something you can be proud of, instead of just going out and being a mannequin for an hour.

PLAYBOY: Are you talking about your fame as part of Sonny and Cher?

CHER: Yeah. It's not that I'm ashamed of it, but I really had to go further, because I just couldn't get the feeling that I wanted to get from it.

PLAYBOY: So you went solo—which included gigs at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. What was life like there?

CHER: Hell. People go to see performers as an afterthought. Las Vegas is a town that has nice people, but to be set up in Caesars Palace—where there are no clocks and I don't gamble, drink or stay up late—hey, if it hadn't been for the gym, I'd have lost my mind.

PLAYBOY: Then why did you do it?

CHER: I needed the money. I had both of my kids, I got no money from Gregory and I had to pay Sonny this huge settlement. Plus, I broke Frank Sinatra's [attendance] record, which no one else has done.

PLAYBOY: But it was back in New York that things really started to turn around for you. You were cast in the Broadway production of Robert Altman's *Come Back to the 5 & Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean*. What was that like?

CHER: Being on stage was a real interesting experience. It's a lot tougher than acting in movies. Every night, you get a new chance to be great. And if you're bad, you get the chance immediately to be great the next night. I thought I had died and gone to heaven. I was so naïve. I didn't get nervous until opening night [on Broadway], and we'd already played a million performances in other towns.

Then I realized it was stupid to be nervous. You've got all these actors, they come out, and you know they're gonna be really good, you're gonna have a great time, it's gonna be over, you're gonna go see your friends—and get paid for it. And people today think they've discovered something new in my movies—that I can *act*!

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you that people still praise your acting as if it were a big surprise?

CHER: I kind of think it's funny. It works in my favor. Because when they don't expect it, they keep being surprised that you're good. I wanted to audition for a play with [New York Shakespeare Festival/Public Theater producer] Joe Papp once, and he said, "How do I know you're talented from all that shit you did on TV?" So my talent wasn't something that was obvious to everyone. It's bizarre. It doesn't really affect me, but for a while, I thought, How many things do I have to do before they say, "All right, OK, *now* we get it"? But then I realized, as long as they keep being surprised, I'll keep being better than expected.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it also that people get confused by your two images—the serious actress and the wild, exotic character?

CHER: I think I created such an intense

image that people have a hard time getting it out of their minds. If I do a *Moonstruck* and then go on *David Letterman* in some black outfit, they can't put those two women together in the same body. . . . It's a little like the way people felt about Jesse Jackson when he started talking.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

CHER: People who didn't like him may not have changed their ideas about him totally, but in this year's campaign, if they listened to what he had to say, they went, "Aha! He's not stupid." Or "He's not prejudiced." Or whatever they were positive he was.

I think I just keep coming back for re-evaluation by the public. People think that if I dress weird, I must be stupid. If I do some strange things—like spend too much money on clothes—I couldn't have a thought in my head. Well, I can make occasional stupid choices without being a stupid person.

PLAYBOY: What about the Cher image? You wear bad girls' clothes or almost no clothes at all. And there's the matter of your two tattoos—

CHER: More than two—

PLAYBOY: All right, the woman is riddled with tattoos.

CHER: [Laughing] After two, who cares?

PLAYBOY: Anyway, you do cultivate a certain naughty image through your fashion. On the other hand, you've said you don't have any of the standard vices—no smoking, drinking or doing drugs—which must be hard for some to believe.

CHER: Let me tell you something: If I'd wanted to do drugs, I would have done them. I just don't like them. I think they're stupid. I have a real distaste for them.

PLAYBOY: What we're driving at is that there's a dichotomy between the skimpily dressed bad girl and the award-winning actress. You won't be able to do both forever, will you?

CHER: I do keep wondering about how much longer I'll be able to dress the way I want to dress and get away with it. Will I be able to have long hair when I'm 60 and wear it really weird and can I wear miniskirts if my legs are still good? I'd like to be like Jessica Tandy when I get older. Or Luise Rainer, who was so fabulous in *The Good Earth*. She looks unbelievable. And I also wonder—Michelle [Pfeiffer] and Paulette and I were talking—Will we be able to go to the south of France and bum around when we're 65, having as much fun as we do now?

Then I just think, Well, fuck it, you know? If I still look good in certain clothes, I don't want to stop wearing them because I'm not supposed to. Also, I look like my mother and she still dresses kind of like I do. I mean, not as crazy, because she never dressed that crazy, but she still wears her jeans and her cowboy boots, and she's 61. And my grandmother is fabulous; she still wears jeans and cowboy boots, too. There are so many older women today who are so cool.

Men are not the only ones who get to grow old and be cool anymore. The Madison Avenue ad guys really deserve to have their *nuts* cut off for promoting that idea. A lot of women still buy into it. You shouldn't feel useless because you get old, though I guess I can be neurotic about the way I look.

PLAYBOY: Do you really worry about being attractive?

CHER: It's interesting: If I look in the mirror, I see so many different people—and none of them are people I find attractive. Then, every once in a while, I'll look in a mirror and think, You look really great! But it doesn't have much to do with the mirror; I think it has to do with how someone else feels about me.

PLAYBOY: We thought you were going to say how you feel about yourself.

CHER: I think I'm getting really better about that. Since I've started acting, I worry less about the way I look, because I know I can rely on my talent. But I also want to look as good as I can, because I don't want to be too old for roles I want. The most liberating experience I've ever

*"Let me tell you something:
If I'd wanted to do
drugs, I would have done
them. I just don't like them.
I think they're stupid."*

had was *not* to have to look good in *Silkwood*. At first, it killed me. The worse I looked, the better everybody thought it was.

PLAYBOY: So you had difficulty relinquishing the beauty-queen side of you for that part?

CHER: I would have been OK if Kurt Russell hadn't said, "Ooh! What the fuck are you supposed to look like?" I went to the bathroom, looked at myself in the mirror and began to cry. After a while, it was like being 12 years old. I had the best time not having to be cute. Or not having to be sexy. Or not having to be anything attractive at all. I liked myself most in *Moonstruck* when I had gray hair in a bun, because there was no responsibility to look good.

PLAYBOY: But you did look good—your character transforms herself in *Moonstruck*.

CHER: I think all women like transition movies. I like seeing myself made up to look glamorous, but I had more fun with the other characters, not having the responsibility to look pretty. And I *can* create myself. It's some kind of magic, I think. It's like Barbra Streisand or Bette Midler. You know, they're not great-looking girls, but there's some kind of magic that they can

perform that transforms their face, their body, whatever, into the thing that is really desirable at the moment.

PLAYBOY: It's ironic that you've found a sense of freedom playing *unglamorous* after all the glamor. How do you feel about all the attention to your cosmetic surgery? There have been some pretty wild stories.

CHER: Right, and I'm leveling a lawsuit against *Paris Match* and *Bunte* magazines. They reported that I have new cheekbones and a new chin and that I had two ribs removed for cosmetic reasons. On TV the other night, I saw a woman who said she was going to have her ribs removed—because I had done it. It made me crazy. It made me frightened.

PLAYBOY: Well? Can we count your ribs?

CHER: These are my cheekbones. This is my chin—I've had it my whole life. I've always had my rib cage. I've always had my ribs. Yeah, I have had my tits done, my nose done and I've done my teeth. When I read *Paris Match*, I thought, Why in the fuck would they say I had a new chin or new cheeks? People could look at pictures from ten years ago and see that that's not the truth. Don't these people know that surgery leaves scars, no matter where you do it? Maybe not your nose, but every other kind of surgery.

I think this way about it: It's my body, and if I want to do it like Michael Jackson, I will. I think that women should be—not encouraged, but given a choice, like with abortion. My nose bothered me for a long time. Now it's still my same style of nose, only it's smaller. And it makes me happy. You know, if I want to put my tits on my back, they're *mine*.

PLAYBOY: What made you decide to get plastic surgery in the first place?

CHER: It has more to do with my work than my personal life. That's why I had my nose done. When I saw my nose in *Mask*, I thought, Jesus fucking Christ. On TV, it had never looked that big. Then, when I saw my teeth—at certain angles, they *disappeared*. In fact, the cameraman had to use a special camera light just for my teeth. It was just a pain in my ass and I didn't like it. I thought, I can look better than this.

PLAYBOY: And now you're happy with the way you look?

CHER: Well, if I were to do anything else, I don't think I'd look like me. If I were Michael Jackson, I'd be frightened of what I'd made myself look like. I thought he was a lot cuter before, but he's obviously not afraid of that.

But I guess I always wanted to look in the mirror and see this blonde, blue-eyed girl. So no matter what I may do to my face or my body or my appearance, I'm never gonna be that. And I guess I've come to terms with that. But that would be my idea of what I would like to look like—a blue-eyed blonde, not dark. The night of Jesse Jackson's speech at the Democratic Convention, I had a dream that I was black. When I woke up, I thought, So *that's* why



**BLAST OFF WITH SANYO
SUPER VHS HI-FI.**

There is unrest on the planet Moltar. Queen Zarla is angered. A legion of cosmic warriors is summoned. And the Sanyo Super VHS HI-FI puts you in complete control of this interplanetary revolt.

Queen Zarla has never looked more beautiful. The Sanyo Super VHS HI-FI brings you a galaxy of stars with a picture 20% sharper than normal VHS.

The rumbling engines of the Moltarian star fleet reverberate throughout your command module. The Sanyo Super VHS HI-FI



with built-in MTS records and replays the battle in larger-than-life sight and sound. You hold in your hand the future of Moltar. The 33-function remote allows you to freeze Queen Zarla or end her reign forever. You have saved the planet but your living room will never be the same.

For a complete brochure write: Sanyo, Consumer Electronics Division, Dept. S, 21350 Lassen Street, Chatsworth, CA 91311.



SANYO

it's been so rough all these years.

Between my life being so difficult at the start and the fact that I was the only dark person in my family—everyone called me the black sheep—I identified with Jesse. I thought as a child that things would be OK if only I were light, like my mother and my sister. Back then, there were no black-haired role models—I missed out on Hedy Lamarr and Ava Gardner; I was plopped into the Sandra Dee and Doris Day era.

So after Jesse Jackson said at the convention, "I know where you've been, I know your pain," I dreamed there was this black guy and he had his arm around me and he was saying, "Look, it's rough being black."

I *knew* that. It's the truth, because when I was blonde, people *did* treat me differently.

PLAYBOY: When were you blonde?

CHER: For about eight months. I went from red to blonde in steps, so that I had every color in between. And it was weird to see people treat me softer and nicer and sweeter as I got blonder. It's a bitch being dark. We grow up with all the evil people in stories being dark. And all the heroines are these Cinderella-blonde bimbos.

PLAYBOY: You think a lot about whether or not you're attractive, don't you?

CHER: Yeah, I was talking to my therapist about this. I said, "It's really a joke that my whole life, people thought I was unattractive until now—when I'm getting too old to really be attractive."

PLAYBOY: But you've received attention for your good looks for a long time, haven't you?

CHER: No. Even when I was on *The Sonny and Cher Show*, I was *interesting*, but people never said, "Ooh, she's really beautiful or really pretty." Until *The Sonny and Cher Show*, people really weren't aware that I was a *girl*.

PLAYBOY: But you've always had a lot of male attention, haven't you? How old were you when you lost your virginity?

CHER: Fourteen. The first boy I ever slept with—oh, the poor boy. I was really in love with him. He was too old for me. He kept bothering me and bothering me with this shit. I'd never done anything. Just kissed. He wouldn't be seen out with me because I was too young. But he would come to my house every day and we'd talk and have great times, though God forbid if I was in his house and a group of guys would show up. He'd go, "Yeah, Cher, go on home now, we'll talk later." So one day, I just got tired of all that and I said, "OK, let's do this thing that you're always wanting to do."

So we went to bed together and we did it. I said, "OK, is that it?" He said, "Yeah." I said, "Now, you go home and don't ever talk to me again. I don't ever want you coming over here, and that's *it*. OK?" So he left.

PLAYBOY: Did you find passion the next time around?

CHER: My next boyfriend was 35. I was crazy in love with him.

PLAYBOY: And that time, it was something you wanted to do?

CHER: Well, I did and I didn't. I just wanted

to be close with him; that was how adults did it. The idea of being *passionate* to sleep with him the way I'm passionate to sleep with Robert, no, it absolutely didn't exist for me. With this guy, I would have really enjoyed just kissing him as much as having sex. I think at 14 and a half years old, you don't really know what good sex is. This guy was good sex—*now* I know he was good sex. He was a great guy. He was handsome. He was a best friend of my mother's. Of the men I've known, this guy was a ten. He looked like Tom Selleck, but blond. Six foot four. He made the women crazy. He loved them, he left them.

One day, during the end of the summer, he was painting upstairs. He was coming down the staircase, I was going up, and he grabbed me and kissed me. Then he walked out of the house and didn't come back for two weeks. When he came back, I was thrilled. I was asleep, and all of a sudden, I was aware of somebody sitting on my bed. He said, "I really shouldn't be here," and he went downstairs, where he was staying because someone had thrown a brick through our front window and we were waiting for a new window to come in; he was sleeping downstairs because my mother was terrified. So I followed him. I got into bed with him and I just—he was pretty weird, but I was crazy about him. I was with him for about a year.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever tell your mother you'd had an affair with her friend?

CHER: Later. Not then. She would have killed him.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you were raised mostly by women. How did that affect you?

CHER: Well, my mother was married eight times, but, honest to God, there were never any men in the house. Yes, my stepfather Gilbert was a fabulous influence on all of us, but he was there for only two years. Him, and one of my mother's boyfriends. And my sister's father. And basically, that was it for men. A lot of my mother's marriages were when I was too little to remember them. Then it was more boyfriends who didn't last long.

So men were something that you knew were around but you couldn't quite figure out what their function was. And you could do without them easily—and most of the women did. All of the women who were my mother's friends were working women; they all supported their children alone. There was one woman they were all jealous of, because her husband had a great job and he loved his daughter and he supported them. The rest of them were majorly pissed off, because none of them could find a man or they couldn't keep him paying support when he split or whatever.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever see your mother relate to a man in a way that gave you some kind of clue as to what was out there?

CHER: Not really. I mean, I loved my stepfather. He's my sister's father, and he was the person I loved most in my childhood. I thought he was fabulous. But I didn't understand him. I was crazy about him, but I

didn't *get* him. He was around off and on from when I was about four till I was nine. They were always breaking up and then going together again. So I grew up thinking of men as these things that you loved against your will. My mother kind of lived a rodeo lifestyle with him. He drank, but he was young, handsome and irresponsible. Great charm. I used to hear about how charming my real father was, but he couldn't hold a candle to my stepfather.

PLAYBOY: Did you know your real father?

CHER: I met my father when I was 11 and I liked him for about a minute and a half. I think I was hard on him, but he didn't have any features that I think are important; he had no character. So even though he could be cute and adorable, he had no backbone. I didn't find him respectable.

PLAYBOY: Do you think some of that early experience had an effect on your own record with men?

CHER: I don't know. Maybe I'm not a good person to get married to. I just get tired. Or uninterested. About two years of each. If you talked with my doctor, she would say I just get too close—and then I go.

PLAYBOY: Would she say *why* you go?

CHER: I guess I'd rather leave first. And I have, except for Val [Kilmer]. I remember one of the worst things that ever happened to me. It was a Friday morning, and I was doing the *Cher* show, and I was pregnant and the only one who knew it. Richard Grant, my press agent, called me up about six o'clock, and he said, "Cher, do you know that Gregory's divorcing you?" And I said, without pausing, "No, hum a few bars." That's the attitude that gets me through stuff.

PLAYBOY: What prompted you to start seeing a psychiatrist?

CHER: Well, I just—it was necessary.

PLAYBOY: Was it something specific?

CHER: Nothing that I can talk about, but something was definitely bothering me. There were other things, but for my whole life, I would wake up and have this fear of not knowing where I was.

PLAYBOY: Have you figured out where it comes from?

CHER: Some years ago, I found out that I'd spent time in an orphanage and I'd lived with foster parents when I was young.

PLAYBOY: Which you don't remember?

CHER: Well, I was six months old. But there are things in my past that sometimes come up under stressful conditions. It happens more the more stress I get under. Also, when I'm working, I'm always in a hotel room. Waking up in the middle of the night and not knowing where I was—even if I hadn't gone through what I had—I think would be difficult. It seems ridiculous that I would pick a life where I'm always going to be in a place where I don't know where I am. But to know that from six months to three years I was not in a family situation, that I was in an orphanage and lived with foster parents, well, it kind of makes more sense to me now. I'm working out why I have that fear. I'm

working out problems with my mother, problems with Sonny, just problems that don't go away.

PLAYBOY: Your split with Sonny was a tough one. You eventually had to pay him a settlement. Why?

CHER: Because he and I had a contract, and the judge said, "This is America; if you sign a contract, you're liable." But he didn't understand. He really didn't understand that the night I left Sonny, I was about to jump off the balcony. At the last minute, it occurred to me that I could leave Sonny instead of kill myself.

PLAYBOY: You were really going to kill yourself?

CHER: I was literally going to jump off a balcony. Sonny and I had been everyone's darling couple. I was afraid of what everyone would think. And when I left Sonny, he said, "America will hate you." I said, "I don't care." It had gotten to a terrible point. I weighed 90 pounds and I was literally going to jump. I thought, Cher, why don't you just leave him instead? I don't know why you don't think of things like that sooner. I guess it's why battered wives don't think, Just pick up and go. It took a long time to pick up after that.

PLAYBOY: What's your relationship with Sonny like now?

CHER: There are things about Sonny that I really love, and there are things about him that I really hate. He was like a parent to me. Come to think of it, it's like having to deal with your mother—so, for me, it's like going through life having *two* mothers. He could be really, really fabulous and he could be really, really... bad.

PLAYBOY: You looked friendly enough when you were on *David Letterman* together some time ago.

CHER: Sonny and I get along really well when we just work together. I trust him completely when it comes to work. I was having a really good time on *Letterman*. Work is not where our large problems ever came from. I think that I have to get over a lot of deep-down, personal stuff. It's interesting that I can be not cool about it after such a long time. It's like your mother. You grow up, and then, all of a sudden, you don't know how you feel about her. It's a relationship that influences all your others, but you're not totally clear about it.

PLAYBOY: Some of your other relationships have been pretty complicated, too. Around the time of your first interview with us, you were apparently trying to get your husband, Gregg Allman, off drugs. That pretty much wrecked the marriage, didn't it?

CHER: Yeah. Our son, Elijah, was a year old. I realized that it was never going to be any different with his father. And I finally became bored. That sounds capricious or whatever, but I knew I was the one who was trying to put the strength into him. I would leave him and go back, leave him and go back, leave him and go back. Finally, I just said fuck it.

PLAYBOY: Another famous fling was with Gene Simmons from Kiss. What was he

like underneath all that make-up?

CHER: He was really sweet. So square and so very Jewish. Very loving and a great friend, and he was fabulous to my kids, but he was kind of too soft for me.

PLAYBOY: Too soft?

CHER: Just very easygoing. I really enjoyed life with him. We're still friends. He lives down the street. He's a good man. He's really good to his mother. I remember we had Passover at his house. We laughed so hard. Elijah was sitting there in his yellow *yarmulke*. I had never seen Gene in his make-up, and he said—what did he call me?—Puppy. He said, "Puppy, you know, when I'm in my make-up, I have a tendency to be kind of *mean* and everyone's afraid of me; so if I'm rude or something like that, it's just because I'm in this persona." So I walked in and he had his make-up on and he said something kind of nasty and I just slapped him. We both started laughing. He was a blast to be with.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like the slap in *Moonstruck*, when you tell Nicolas Cage, "Snap out of it!"

CHER: It was that kind of thing. It was like it was too ridiculous for me. And Gene

"The minute someone wants to marry me, I want to go. My marriages were so disastrous, I think I'd rather jump off the Empire State Building."

started laughing.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet him?

CHER: I went to a fund raiser for Jerry Brown and someone told me Gene Simmons was there. I said, "Great, I'd love to meet her. I love her movies."

I met him and he was talking in this very strange voice and I looked at him and said, "Do you always talk like that or is something the matter with your throat?" He was kind of affronted that I didn't know anything about Kiss, except that Chas was crazy about them.

That night, he drove me home, and he stopped by his hotel, picked up every bit of Kiss paraphernalia he had so he could show me who they were, and we stayed up talking. Next, he took Katie [Jackson] and me to see the Tubes. That night, Katie and I both thought he was hitting on us and we both kind of thought, What a total asshole. About a week later, he called and told me he was upset that I thought he was hitting on both of us. He said he wasn't and he couldn't stop thinking about me. And we talked all night long. In about three days, he said, "God, I think I love you." I said, "Oh, really?" He said he was taking time off the road and coming to see me. I didn't

know about his sordid past with all these women. He was a different person with me.

PLAYBOY: He has said that he slept with 2500 women and had an album of Polaroids of them.

CHER: Yes, well, he was the worst. But when Gene and I were together, he was perfect. He's a great guy.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any regrets about any of your romances?

CHER: Yeah, I wish I hadn't stayed with Sonny quite as long as I did. I wish I hadn't stayed with Elijah's father as long as I did. I wish I could have cut my losses sooner. Dead weight is dead weight, and a bad choice is a bad choice.

PLAYBOY: After all that, do you think you'll marry again?

CHER: There's a rumor going around that Robert and I are supposed to be getting married. I mean, *everyone* called me. And my mother called me about the rumor that I'm pregnant. *Look* at me, for Christ's sake; do I look pregnant?

PLAYBOY: Do you believe you can make this one last?

CHER: Uh-oh! It's been two years on the first of September. . . . No, I'm still very much in love with him, so we'll see what happens. One of the best things is that he doesn't really *want* to get married. That's great, because the minute someone wants to marry me, I want to go. I get really frightened and leave only when people want to go to the next step. My marriages were so disastrous, I think I'd rather jump off the Empire State Building.

PLAYBOY: Then you've talked with Robert about marriage.

CHER: Yeah, because of all this tabloid bullshit about us getting married. He has an idealistic view of marriage and said that for him, marriage is forever. For me, forever is probably five or ten years. So he doesn't *want* to marry me, which is just perfect for me, because then I don't have to be worried if he really does want to.

PLAYBOY: What's the longest period that you haven't been with someone?

CHER: Seven months is the longest I know of. But the seven months were filled with so much stuff. I was having the best time in my life. It was in New York. I went out with three different men at the same time and didn't sleep with any of them. On my birthday, after spending the night with one of them, I was walking home—

PLAYBOY: Didn't you just say—?

CHER: We slept together, but we didn't have sex. And you know how awful it is to be walking home in your night clothes? I was walking down Columbus Avenue, thinking, All right, this has got to prove to you one thing, Cher. You're 35 years old today and you don't know anything more about men than you did years ago, so let's give them up for a while. And that night, a little later, I met Val! He came walking through the door. I met him and I left immediately. I said, "Well, very nice meeting you, I gotta

go." And I went home. I just felt that I wasn't ready. Anyway, I guess I haven't been without men for more than a year. I can get along without a man, but I find so much comfort in them that it makes life so much easier for me.

I wouldn't be with a man just to be with him—I mean, I've left situations in which I was not happy. I'm not the kind of woman who goes straight from one man to another, usually. I want free time, time for myself, time to spend with my girlfriends.

PLAYBOY: Who are your women friends?

CHER: My best friend is Paulette; she's been my best friend my whole life. My other really good friend is Michelle. And Ariadne, and my sister Georgeann, of course. And Susan Sarandon.

PLAYBOY: When we published your first interview, you hadn't yet made any movies. You said that actors and actresses don't have anything upstairs. Have you changed your mind?

CHER: I *still* think a lot of actors are dumb. But I think a lot of them are really cool, too. Let's face it; at the time, I was also talking about a place where I couldn't get in, so I may have been jealous. But I *still* say you don't have to be smart to act—I mean, look at the outgoing President of the United States.

PLAYBOY: What about him—in the little time Reagan has left?

CHER: I think Reagan was never right for the job. I think that when we substitute

charisma for character, we deserve exactly what we've had for the past eight years.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, people are comforted by charisma.

CHER: Sure, they want to be taken care of. When Kennedy got shot, first thing I thought was, Who's going to take care of me now? I was shocked, I cried, but what I thought was, Who's gonna take care of me?

PLAYBOY: It was surprising to some that Sonny went into politics, becoming mayor of Palm Springs. Would you have voted for him for mayor if you had lived there?

CHER: I think he could probably be a good mayor, because I don't think much of most politicians.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about Michael Dukakis?

CHER: *Unbelievable.* I think he's really honest. He has all the things I really admire in someone. I don't give a flying fuck if he's charismatic or not. I was in Massachusetts two years ago and not even aware that he would be running and everybody was crazy about him as governor.

PLAYBOY: How about Bush?

CHER: *Bush?* You know what I feel? I couldn't sleep a comfortable night in America if he were President. I would be terrified, I just couldn't sleep.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CHER: I *hate* the Reagan Administration and everything they stood for. Bush stands for the same thing. I don't want to have to pay more taxes, but if I have to, I'll just

have to make more money. Somebody's got to take care of the education of our country. We've got to get back to being America.

PLAYBOY: You were a big Carter supporter, right?

CHER: I kind of felt burned about that. I had dinner with him the first night he ever ate in the White House, and this is a man who should have been allowed to do a lot more. But he didn't, because he was too honest and because he didn't care about serving the rich. And that's why I feel Michael Dukakis is probably going to make a better President than anyone else who's available. He's a manager, an organizer, and he's also truthful, like Carter was. He's stronger than Carter, I think. He knows how politics works, but he's as honest and truthful as Jimmy Carter was. And Carter had something. The night we sat there at dinner, he told me all the things he wanted to do, but they were all too good. He wanted to actually feed the hungry and house the homeless. All the things we say we want to do but nobody wants to give any money to do them. Are we going to wait until no one in America can read or write? Or before every-fucking-body is walking around in the street? I walked into a women's shelter down by my house. I wanted to volunteer.

PLAYBOY: To do what?

CHER: Whatever. I said, "Can you tell me what's in the volunteer program?" The woman just looked at me. She said,

FEEL THE

GILBEY'S, THE GIN IN THE FROSTED BOTTLE.

GILBEY'S LONDON DRY GIN, 40% ALC/VOL, DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, W & A GILBEY LTD., FRANKFORT, KY.

"We don't have any volunteer programs." "Like nothing? There's nothing I can do?" "No." I thought, Well, I guess it's about time I got into this. It's like I've been busting my ass to make a career, to make a life for myself, but as I go around and I see people who really need a lot of help, I think maybe it's time I started to split myself between my career and America.

PLAYBOY: When you aren't campaigning or acting, what do you do with your leisure time? Do you like to cook, entertain at home?

CHER: No, I don't like entertaining very much. Uh-uh. The stress is hard for me. I still get really nervous about stuff. It's like when 25 people come over for a barbecue, I'm still, like, in my teenage years, saying, "Oh, my God, what if I didn't do the egg salad right?" For me, entertaining at home is unbelievable pressure. What if everyone isn't happy or what if I don't have the right beach towels? So I don't really have people to the house.

We used to have these great barbecues. I remember Bruce Willis and I were the only ones who were cleaning up. I was really pissed off at all my friends. I don't like to go to parties and I don't like to give them. You know what? My idea of having a great time is sitting home with some people you know really well and playing—what's that fucking game with the little pie. . . ?

PLAYBOY: Trivial Pursuit?

CHER: That, or playing cards with Robert or watching TV. Going to the movies is still

my favorite thing.

PLAYBOY: You're also famous for your shopping sprees. Is the money still fun?

CHER: Oh, yeah! [Laughs] I didn't have to think about that for a second! Money is still great.

PLAYBOY: Did you really buy 75 pairs of shoes on one spree?

CHER: I must say, I haven't done *that* since I went to New York. I *still* overspend on clothes, and I like great vacations. My money goes. I have some investments, but I don't think I'll ever be one of the richest women in Hollywood. And also, for five years, I didn't make *any* money. The first movie I really made money on was *Witches*.

PLAYBOY: What do you think having all that money does to you?

CHER: Well, I don't think I'm ever gonna lose my love for shopping and for wanting good clothes. That has to do with me going to school with rubber bands around my shoes. You just don't get over that kind of stuff. My kids, because they're rich, *want* to have secondhand clothes. They have no compulsion about shopping for new stuff like I do. That's not their nemesis, but it's one of mine.

At least now I'm comfortable going around in my jeans and without make-up on. I really don't give a fuck about it, but I used to. When I was on TV, I thought that's what I was. I had to look great at all times. Now I don't. It doesn't make my life any better or worse when I get photographed

not looking great and some asshole in *People* or *Us* writes some catty, snide remark.

PLAYBOY: That, apparently, comes with the fame. Were you prepared for it?

CHER: You can't be. You never think you're going to be famous. Then you never think you're gonna be as famous as you are. Then you think you're not gonna be famous for long. Many others have had a much more difficult time giving up their privacy than I have, but it's something you don't know about at first; then, once you're in it, it's too late.

I was a poor girl from the Valley. How in the fuck would I know what I was going to do? Sonny had a little more preparation, but it was the preparation of ten years' worth of failure. So I met him and we became famous. I'm thrilled and delighted. It was what I wanted. But you *never* know the price. And the price is big time, you know? People will never really know the truth about me unless they hear me say it. And I just can't go around righting all the wrongs people say about me.

PLAYBOY: How do you keep all of that from getting to you?

CHER: Somehow, it never stops. You have to say, "This is part of it." If something hurts, it's always going to hurt you. It's what it is. It's . . . like getting your bikini line waxed—you know it's always going to hurt, but you know that's what it is.



FROST







THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD

making love to my wife is amusingly intense; with my mistress, it's intensely amusing

ON A MOONLESS NIGHT in March, returning to The Keep, I took the coast road from Bath to Belfast in Maine, the road that goes by Camden. In every cove was fog and it covered one's vision like a winding sheet, a fog more than worthy of the long rock shelf offshore where sailing ships used to founder. When I could not see at all, I would pull the car over; then the grinding of the buoys would sound as mournful as the lowing of cattle in a rain-drenched field. The silence of the mist came down on me. You could hear the groan of a drowning sailor in the lapping of that silence. I think you had to be demented to take the coast road on a night like this.

Past Camden, the wind sprang up, the fog departed, and soon the driving was worse. With the shift in the weather, a cold rain came. On some of those curves, the highway had turned to ice. Going into skids, my tires sang like a choir in a country church surrounded by forest demons. Now and again would appear a shuttered town where each streetlight was equal to a beacon at sea. Empty summer houses, immanent as a row of tombs, stood in witness.

I was full of bad conscience. The road had become a lie. It would offer traction, then turn to glass. Driving that car by the touch of my finger tips, I began to think once more that lying was an art and fine

fiction

By **NORMAN MAILER**

lying had to be a fine art. The finest liar in the land must be the ice monarch who sat in dominion on the curve of the road.

My mistress was behind me in Bath, and my wife awaited me near the island of Mount Desert. I was a fine liar. The ice monarch had installed his agents in my heart. I will spare you the story I told Kittredge about transactions that would occupy me in Portland until evening and so cause my late return to Mount Desert. No, all business had been transacted in Bath, and in the merry arms of one of the wives of Bath. By acceptable measure, she did not have much to offer against my mate. The woman in Bath was pretty, whereas my dear wife was a beauty. Chloe was cheerful and Kittredge was—I apologize for so self-serving a word—distinguished. Of Kittredge's family and mine, you have heard a little—we were only third cousins, but even our noses looked alike. Whereas Chloe was common. (I hate the word but know its hold on me.) She was common as gravy and heartening to taste. Buxom, bountiful, goodhearted, she worked in summer as a waitress in a Yankee inn. (Let us say: a Yankee-inn-type restaurant run by a Greek.) One night a week, on the hostess' night off, Chloe was proud to serve as pro-tem hostess. I helped her funds a bit. Perhaps other men did, too. I hardly knew. I hardly cared. She was like a dish I had to consume once or twice a month. I do not know if it would have been three times and more a week if she lived just over the hill, but Bath was considerably more than 100 miles from the back side (our word for the back shore) of Mount Desert, and so I saw her when I could.

A liaison with a mistress that is kept so infrequently tends, I think, to serve civilization. If it had been any marriage but my own, I would have remarked that a double life lived with such moderation ought to be excellent—it might make both halves more interesting. One could remain deeply, if not wholly, in love with one's wife. My occupation offered wisdom on such matters, after all. Did we begin by speaking of ghosts? My father commenced a family line that I continue: spooks. In Intelligence, it is not uncommon to discover the natural fragmentation of the heart. We made an in-depth psychological study once in the CIA and learned to our dismay (it was really horror!) that one third of the men and women who could pass our security clearance might be nonetheless viable—if approached properly—to be turned into agents of a foreign power. "Potential defectors are at least as plentiful as potential alcoholics," was the cheerful rule of thumb we ended with on that one.

After so many years of work with imperfect people, I had learned, therefore, to live a little with the lapses of others so

long as they did not endanger too much. Yet my own defection from the marital absolute left me ill with fear. On this night of blind driving to which I have introduced you, I was half certain that the car and I would have a wreck. I felt caught in invisible and monstrous transactions. It seemed—suspend all logic—that dreadful things might happen to others if I stayed alive. Can you understand? I do not pretend: I think something of the logic of the suicide is in such thoughts. Kittredge, who has a fine mind, full of *aperçus*, once remarked that all extreme acts—suicide, murder and the rest of the taboo—might be better understood on the assumption that one of two opposed motives is likely to be at the root. There is, for example, not one answer to the cause of suicide but two: People may kill themselves for the obvious reason that they are washed up, spiritually humiliated down to zero; equally, they can see their suicide as an honorable termination of deep-seated terror. Some people, said Kittredge, become so ghost-ridden, so mired in evil spirits, that they believe they can destroy whole armies of malignity by their own demise. It is like burning an infested barn to wipe out the termites who might otherwise get to the house.

Say much the same for murder. An abominable act that, nonetheless, can be patriotic. Kittredge and I did not talk long about murder. It was a family embarrassment. My father had once spent two years trying to get Fidel Castro assassinated.

Let me return, however, to that icy road. There, if my sense of preservation kept a light touch on the wheel, my conscience was ready to crush it. I had shattered more than a marriage vow. I had broken a lover's vow. Kittredge and I had been fabulous lovers, by which I do not intend anything so grandiose as banging away till the dogs howl. No, back to the root of the word. We were *fabulous* lovers. Our marriage was the conclusion to one of those stern myths that instruct us in tragedy. If I sound like the wind of an ass in whistling about myself on such a high note, it is because I do not have the habit of describing our love. Normally, I cannot refer to it. Happiness and absolute sorrow flow together from the common wound of our life.

Let me give the facts. They are brutal, but better than sentimental obfuscation. Kittredge had had but two men in her life—her first husband and myself. We began our affair while she was still married to him. Only a few months after she betrayed him—and he was the kind of man who would certainly think in terms of betrayal—he took a terrible fall in a rock climb and broke his back. He had been the lead, and when he went, the youth who was belying him from the

ledge below was pulled along. The anchor jerked out of the rock. Christopher, the adolescent killed in the fall, was their only child.

Kittredge could never forgive her husband. Christopher was sixteen and not especially well coordinated. He should never have been taken along on that particular rock face. But then, how could she forgive herself? Our affair sat over her head. She took care of the funeral, buried Christopher and watched over her husband during the twenty weeks he was in the hospital. Soon after he came home, Kittredge chose to get into a warm bath one night and cut each of her wrists with a sharp kitchen blade, after which she lay back and prepared to bleed to death in her tub. But she was saved.

By me. She had allowed no communication since the day of the fall. News so terrible had divided the ground between us like a fissure in earth that leaves two neighboring homes a gaping mile apart. God might as well have spoken. She told me not to see her. I did not try. On the night, however, that she took the knife to her wrists, I had (on a mounting sense of unease) flown up from Washington, D.C., to Boston, then to Bangor, and rented a car to go on to Mount Desert. I heard her calling to me from caverns so deep in herself she was never aware of her own voice. I arrived at a silent house and let myself in through a window. Back on the first floor was an invalid and his nurse; on the second, a wife presumably asleep in a far-off bed. When her bathroom door was locked and she did not reply, I broke in. Ten minutes more would have been too late.

We went back to our affair. Now there was no question. Shocked by tragedy, certified by loss and offered dignity by thoughts we could send to each other, we were profoundly in love.

The Mormons believe that you enter into marriage not only for this life but, if you are married in the Temple, will spend eternity with your mate. I am no Mormon, but even by their elevated measure, we were in love. I could not conceive that I would ever be bored in her presence either side of the grave. Time spent with her would live forever in the sensuous sea of time; other people impinged upon us as if they entered our room holding a clock in their hand.

We had not begun in so inspired a place. Before the disaster on the rock face, we had liked each other enormously, we were third cousins kissing. The tincture of incest enriched the bliss. But it was qualified stuff. We were not ready to die for one another, just off on a wicked streak. Her husband, Hugh Montague, took on more importance, after

(continued on page 196)



"Twenty-two East Ferndale. Stop in his driveway and lean on your horn!"

MAN WITH A PAST

article By PETE HAMILL

FOR A LONG TIME NOW, I've known that I could never be President of the United States. This is very sad, because all Americans, and particularly the children of immigrants, are brought up believing that the Oval Office is within their reach. The advent of Ronald Reagan only underlined such gaudy ambitions. After all, if Reagan could become President, anybody could.

But even if that hope had burned within my rib cage (and it never has), the job would be forever barred to me. I hold membership in that huge fraternity of the damned, whose future is permanently limited. Membership in that group prevented Douglas Ginsburg from ascending to the Supreme Court. It has ruined others. It haunts millions of Americans who did not honor the boy scouts' oath in the Sixties, people who smoked dope, joined campus riots, beat the draft: those whose lives were so painfully re-examined after Dan Quayle was chosen by George Bush as a candidate for Vice-President. Like all of them, I'm a man with a past.

To be sure, in my case, the past is not all that terrible. I never murdered anyone. I didn't embezzle millions from a bank. I traded no secrets with an enemy. But in the peculiar country in which we now live, my past is enough. It is certainly more serious than smoking a few joints.

The story is a simple one. Late one night in 1956, when this magazine was barely out of labor, I went to a street in Mexico City named Calle de Esperanza.

This was December eighth, on the eve of the Feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, an enormous holiday in Mexico. I was in the country as an art student on the GI Bill, and my companion of the night was a *chicano* from Los Angeles named Manny. In the spirit of religious exaltation, we were heading for a whorehouse.

We found about two dozen of them on Calle de Esperanza, which was beyond the Avenida San Juan de Letran, on the wild side of town. In those days, the cheap working-class bordellos were at street level, with large doors opening into a parlor and windows without panes cut into the doors. The customers—and there were dozens of them that night—walked the length of the street, perusing the women before bartering their ten pesos for a little ecstasy. Manny and I looked through the windows into the parlors, where girls of various ages and weights sat on worn sofas or funeral-parlor folding chairs, like so many drawings by Pascin. The Mexicans called them *las mujeres de la vida galante*—the women of the gallant life. Some smiled. Most read comics. In the corner of each parlor, you could see a small altar with a glorious lithograph of the Virgin of Guadalupe, Mexico's patron saint. There were paper flowers before the sacred image, each altar decorated with silver foil from cigarette packs, shaped by the Mexican genius for the baroque.

I remember walking the length of the street, while tinny mariachi music warred with love songs by the Trio Los Panchos. And in one of the parlors, I saw a frail young woman who aroused my sentiments. I passed her place, made another reconnaissance of the street and returned. I leaned through the window and asked in my dreadful Spanish for her name. She never answered. One of the older women of the gallant life heaved a pan of water at me. I don't know why. Maybe she'd had a bad time with gringos the week before or had lost a great-great-grandfather in the Mexican War or was honorably defending the Spanish language from the barbarians. For whatever reason, she threw the water. And I reacted. At the time, I was 21, a barely civilized mug from Brooklyn, and I had grown up believing that if you shove me, I shove you back. So in a reflex

action, I shoved back, ramming my shoulder against the window frame.

The door came off its hinges and fell into the parlor, with the water-throwing whore under it, and I charged forward. Poor Manny was alarmed. Gringos were not advised to brawl in whorehouses in those days in Mexico. I stood on the door and the gallant woman under it began to scream. The other whores attacked, battering me with pocketbooks, ashtrays and at least one tray of tacos. I instantly retreated. Manny took my arm. "Let's get the fuck out of here," he said. And we started to leave the Calle de Esperanza.

We went two blocks on foot and then ran into a few other gringo pilgrims. They had a car and when we blurted out our tale, they offered us a ride. We climbed into their car and the driver started going fast down darkened streets. Suddenly, in a small plaza, we were cut off by a taxicab. From out of the cab came two of the whores and two policemen.

"*Eso es!*" one of the whores said, pointing at me. "*Este cabron, eso es!*" And then the cops were pointing guns at us and ordering us out of the car. Manny, who spoke good Spanish, did most of the talking, but he wasn't very convincing. The cops ordered us back into the car and climbed in after us. One of them sat on my lap in the back. The cops started giving directions—left here, right there, *a la derecha, a la izquierda*—while the whores went off in the taxicab. Manny was in front with a cop between him and the driver. The two other gringos were beside me. Obviously, we were under arrest. All of us, though I was the guilty party. Still, it seemed like a small thing. A broken door, that was all. We'd settle it at the police station, hand over our cash and go home.

But then, as the cop ordered an *izquierda*, the driver took a *derecha*. The cop on my lap started cursing him. And then the guy beside me changed everything. He threw a punch at the cop in the front seat, the driver panicked, the car skidded, everyone was shouting and we spun to a halt. Since the cop on my lap could hardly miss, I pushed down on the door handle and he and I rolled out. I got up and started to run. I heard a pistol go off. I heard three bullets whiz past me. I ran.

And then, up ahead of me, there was a

in the land of the brave and the free, your future may depend on . . .





blue wall of police. The luck of the Irish had held: I'd chosen the street where the police station was located. The cops proceeded to beat the crap out of me.

Many days later, I was finally released on bail from the infamous Black Palace of the Lecumberri. I was charged with *lesiones* (causing cuts with punches), destruction of property (that whorehouse door), resisting arrest and stealing a policeman's pistol. Under the terms of bail, I was restricted to Mexico City and had to report to an office in the prison once a month. There were a few hilarious hearings before a magistrate, with the whores describing in exquisite detail their heroic resistance to the foreign invasion. The charge of stealing a pistol was dropped, because I had been arrested immediately and obviously hadn't been carrying anyone's pistol. The hearings were postponed month after month. And in May, when the school term was over and the legal process was still grinding slowly along, I left the country.

I've been back to Mexico many times since then; it remains the country I love most after my own. And years ago, I had some friends in the Mexican foreign service check the legal records to see if I was still wanted for *lesiones* and bail jumping. They told me there were no records of my youthful felonies; if they existed at all, they were rotting away in some forgotten warehouse. But I know that this episode, a kid's wild night, was never truly resolved. I committed crimes, including the open-ended one of jumping bail. And the night of December 8, 1956, lingers in my consciousness. If I ever had to submit myself to the scrutiny of a Congressional hearing, or the mass attention of the nation's press, I would be doomed.

That vulnerability to intense scrutiny is true of many human beings. In my own case, the night long ago in Mexico wasn't the only event in my life that would curl the hair of Sam Nunn. Any decent man with a past has committed more than one sin. When I was young, and still drinking, I had literally hundreds of bar fights, rolling around on the floor with people in Brooklyn and Pensacola, New Orleans and Jacksonville and a lot of places in between. None of those rowdy evenings were admirable and I am certainly not bragging about them. I

hurt people. Some of them were hurt badly enough to go to hospitals, and none of that can be excused by saying that I was often hurt, too. Sometimes I was right, sometimes I was wrong. In every case, I was doing things that are not done by judges, Presidents or Secretaries of State.

And if youthful bar fighting would be a liability in my personal Congressional hearing, my days and nights with women would be even more treacherous. There, too, I am a man with a past.

I wish I could say that in every long relationship or brief encounter I ever had with a woman, I behaved impeccably: kind, reasonable, generous. Alas, that would be a terrible lie. The truth is that in my time on this planet, I have behaved the way many human beings do. That is to say, I was often capable of fierce anger, personal treasons, stupid jealousies, occasional cruelties. I was also sweet, loyal, trusting, polite and kind. I did few things that other human beings, male and female, had not done before me and will not do long after I've been tucked into the earth. But I would not like to submit my past to a grand jury, to sit and wait while the witnesses paraded in to testify under oath for the prosecution. Nobody would.

I relate all this personal history because, as a card-carrying man with a past, I've come to believe that something dreadfully sad and terribly self-defeating is going on in American life. Somehow, we have come to demand perfection in our public men. And that trend is certain to make us a less vital nation.

In the past year, we have seen Gary Hart forever eliminated from American politics and Joseph Biden rudely shoved out of the Presidential race. Each was punished for present-day offenses, of course; Hart with a woman, Biden for plagiarism. But those mistakes will now be incorporated into their résumés; they will cart them around for the rest of their lives. The stories of their mistakes will be included in their obituaries. Each has become a man with a past.

They are not alone. Baseball fans will never look at Dwight Gooden the same innocent way they did in the first three glorious seasons he had with the Mets.

Cocaine has made him a man with a past. The same has happened to Mercury Morris, Michael Ray Richardson, Steve Howe and dozens of others. Some have recovered and come back, but their sins still haunt them. Only his admission of cocaine use could keep Keith Hernandez out of the Hall of Fame. For some people, Norman Mailer will always be the writer who stabbed his wife. Edward Kennedy will carry Chappaquiddick with him to the grave.

To be sure, some people should never be forgiven; Richard Nixon did such broad damage to the nation that he deserves ostracism by his fellow citizens and the harshest judgment of history. And certainly, we must be rigorous in selecting leaders who will have in their hands the power to obliterate life on the earth. Character does matter. In the case of Nixon, for example, there was a long and tawdry prelude to the Watergate scandals; from his entrance into politics, there was something smarmy and unreliable about the man. There were so many "new" Nixons that journalists gave up trying to define them, until he defined himself once and for all with Watergate. American politics and journalism were drastically changed by the realization that Lyndon Johnson's Vietnam disaster and the overlapping crimes that made up Watergate could be traced to the characters of the men who made the decisions.

But to equate Vietnam or Watergate to the smoking of some marijuana, as was done in the case of Judge Ginsburg, is absurd. And to bar human beings from public life because of their youthful follies is a waste of potentially fine talent.

Our present obsession with the purity of our leaders can be traced to a variety of factors. The lessons of Vietnam and Watergate are only part of the general pattern. On one level, we have never been able to completely shake the heritage of the Puritan tradition, with its Manichean vision of human beings. That tradition insists that men are good or bad; there is no room for a warm shade of gray. In our worst periods, the puritanical obsession sends us in pursuit of various heretics: sexual, political or artistic. We insist on conformity to a common good as defined by the puritanical tradition. From the Salem witch trials to

what's behind you

the era of Joe McCarthy, we have been too easily prepared to cast out Devils and condemn them to eternal damnation.

We have also been taught by the narratives of television and the movies (and their predecessors in pulp fiction and comic books) to believe in heroes. A mature man doesn't need heroes in his life; they should be for children, cartoons of real people serving as models for behavior. But the infantile hunger for heroes is hard to shake. And since there are so few heroes in human experience, we insist on their counterfeits. Alas, the heroes of most popular fiction are two-dimensional beings without flaws or depth. But Americans now insist that their politicians emulate these fictional beings, to live in the world without sexual desire, confusion, anger or fear.

Television has made the process even more simple-minded, because the form demands that all revelations of character fit into 20-second bites. Complex ideas must be reduced to one-liners. The mood must always be "up" or charged with just anger. Heat is preferred to illumination, conflict to analysis. Statements must include their own happy endings. It is impossible to imagine Lincoln or Jefferson or either of the Roosevelts confining himself or his ideas to such a rigid format. But today's political leaders have learned to play the modern game. They know that to be successful, they must somehow look like the image of Reagan in his TV commercials, riding a horse while bathed in the golden sun of the fabled American West. It doesn't matter that the image is a lie. It is a waste of time to point out that Reagan was never a cowboy and that the West of the pulps and the movies never existed. The important thing is that the lie is heroic. In the present tense of the television commercial, we are told that the man himself has no past other than that of the country he wants to rule. These boyish men of the eternal present are most often granted the prize of power; it is denied to any man with a past.

I'm sorry: In the perilous world in which we live, I'd much rather be led by such a man. The boy-scout types who offer us their immaculate records for inspection are people with too many merit badges and not enough knowledge of the world. That's why they talk so much about being "tough." While they were grinding away at their perfect lifetime résumés, they had very little opportunity to display their toughness against real tough guys. One result: They go into the Presidency or the Senate or city hall trying to display *cajones* they never displayed in schoolyards or alleys when they were young.

It becomes very easy, then, for a slick paladin such as Elliott Abrams, who

missed Vietnam, to sit in an office in Washington, his hands clean and his nails manicured, and show how tough he is by signing papers that get people killed in Nicaragua. It becomes easy for a President who spent World War Two making training films out of the Brown Derby to send Marines to Beirut, where they end up getting blown to pieces. When I went to Vietnam as a correspondent, I always looked for a man with a past—some tough noncom who had fought in Korea and whose ideas of warfare had not been formed by the movies. I wanted to stay alive and I sought out men who knew how to do that. None of them looked like Rambo. They didn't show off the steroid toughness of the Nautilus machine. But they were tough in the way that prize fighters are tough: They didn't brag and they didn't boast, because they knew themselves and respected their enemies. A man who has had the crap beaten out of him, who has been afraid on a battlefield, who knows what physical pain is like won't very easily send kids off to die.

Physical courage is not, of course, the only measure of a man. Moral toughness is even more important. But, once again, I prefer the scarred brows of the man with a past to the man who has never had to struggle toward the right decision because he has made no decisions at all. A man who decides to live his life instead of merely performing it is a man who makes choices every day. If Gary Hart had been free of the constrictions of religion when he was young, and sown his wild oats in those years, he might have handled the affairs of his maturity with more grace. His self-destruction wasn't about sex; it was about his cowardice in the face of the conventional pieties. Hart clearly felt that if he admitted to having had sexual relations with a woman other than his wife, the country's wrath would fall upon him. So he lied. And the country's wrath fell upon him anyway. He was instantly transformed from a man with a future into a man with a past.

That is a dreadful and stupid waste of a talented man, even if his wounds were self-inflicted. Just once, I'd like to hear an American politician admit that he was sleeping with a woman who was not his wife and then ask what that had to do with his ability to end homelessness, control inflation, repair the infrastructure of roads and bridges or deal with foreign enemies. Just telling the bald truth might make him the most popular politician in the country. In one stroke, he would deal a mighty blow to the prevailing hypocrisy. Many would admire his candor. Others would feel a kinship to the man and sympathy for the woman. A loud minority of preachers would thump the drums of the sacred against this instance

of the profane and, in the best religious spirit, take up some extra collections. But there would be many who would feel, as I do, that a man who was savoring the delights of the earth would be unlikely to blow it apart.

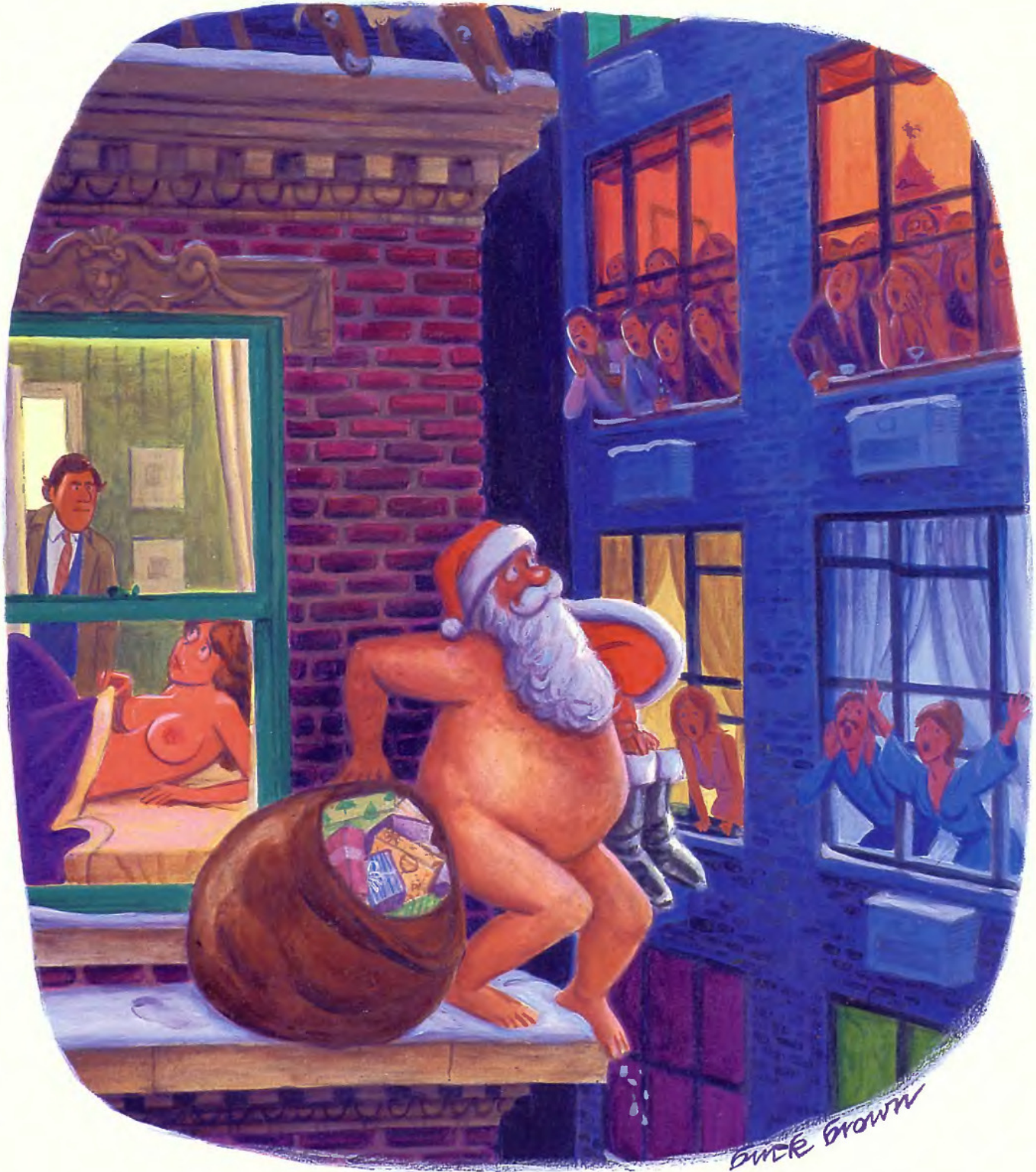
Hart, alas, graduated into manhood without the education that comes from having a rowdy past. There are far too many others like him—tight, controlled, driven men who form their goals when young and move along a smooth, polished corridor without the deviations that make us all human. That is worse than sad; it is dangerous. As this country moves toward the 21st Century, we will be weaker, less worldly, more dangerously innocent if the ludicrous insistence on the immaculate becomes dogma. I don't want leaders who love humanity and know nothing about people. I don't want judges who are icy neuters retailing the abstractions of law; I want judges who understand how human beings can fall because they have fallen themselves. The insistence on perfection is based on a desire for utopia. And the utopian impulse has killed millions in this century.

In war or politics, I would much prefer to cast my fortunes with the man with a past. He has tested academic theory against his own experience, measured the grand abstractions against the squalid realities of the world and has usually arrived at what used to be called wisdom. By living a life, he understands other lives. He is never rigid. He suspects all dogma. He is skeptical without being cynical. He is almost always more compassionate than other men, more thoughtful, more forgiving of himself and others. He has embraced life instead of holding it at arm's length and, thus, always has time for loving women, raising children and smelling the flowers. He looks at death without fear, knowing that its certainty only makes more urgent the duty to love life.

In these last years of this dreadful century, Americans seem more bored and unhappy than at any other time in my years on the earth. Millions of them prefer the stupefaction of drugs to the lucid delights of seeing the world plain. Millions choose not to vote. Millions knock themselves stupid before television sets instead of exploring the darkness on the edge of town. But in their insistence on human perfection, they have only themselves to blame for the malaise. Just once before I die, I'd like to vote for a man who admits to a roaring youth spent getting drunk, getting laid and getting in trouble. Just once, I'd like to meet a politician who had caroused on a bad midnight through the Calle de Esperanza. Just once.

Alas, I fear I never will.





"Santa! Don't jump!"

P LAYBOY'S P LAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

WHO DO YOU THINK SHOULD BE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

IT'S TIME again to choose the year's number-one Playmate. In the four years since our readers started literally voicing their opinions, this annual phone frenzy has grown to be one of *Playboy's* most popular traditions. It's simple—just pick up your phone and dial the 11-digit number next to the photo of your favorite miss. Each call will be tallied by A.T.&T.'s hard-working computer, which will be taking calls 24 hours a day from 12:01 A.M. E.S.T. October 24 through midnight E.S.T. November 20. The cost is just 50 cents per call—a thrifty opportunity to peddle your influence. If you call from outside the 50 states, or from Canada, the U.S. Virgin Islands or Puerto Rico, you'll be charged regular long-dis-



India Allen, our reigning Playmate of the Year, adds a little light to the life of one of the thousands of readers who telephoned to rally round her successful candidacy last year.

tance rates. Calls from astronauts in flight are refundable if approved by NASA. We're kidding, but last year, readers called from as far away as Hong Kong, proving that man will go to great lengths to express his admiration for a woman he loves. And this year's Playmates, we think you'll agree, are deserving of all the admiration we can give them. If the number of calls we received last year is a fair projection, we expect to receive more than 100,000 votes, so get yours in early. Take time to conduct a leisurely evaluation of the photos on the following pages, choose your favorite Playmate and then give us a call. Your favorite centerfold lady will be glad you did.

TAKE A CHANCE ON TALKING WITH YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE

As a special bonus, you may have a chance to talk with the Playmate of your dreams. Each day during the phone-in period, at least one of 1988's 12 centerfold beauties will personally answer randomly selected calls.

So if Lady Luck is with you when you call, you may have a person-to-person conversation with one of the 12 loveliest women on earth. Reach out and touch someone gorgeous. We look forward to hearing from you.



Miss January
1-900-720-6061

"My life has changed dramatically since I moved from Vancouver to Los Angeles," says Kimberley Conrad (right). Indeed it has. She posed for a *Playboy* cover ("one of my fondest dreams"), had a part in a movie (*Beverly Hills Brats*, out this winter) and—best of all—got engaged to Hef. Small wonder she says, "It's a fairy-tale romance come true and I'm extremely happy."



Miss November
1-900-720-6321

When we checked in with Pia Reyes (above), she'd just returned from her first Playmate-promotional-tour appearance. "I've been trying to get myself ready to take advantage of being a Playmate," she said, "by getting in top shape." To be fit, she runs three rigorous miles a day five days a week and adds, "I've been taking acting classes and am on the lookout for a theatrical agent."





Miss March

1-900-720-6081

Susie Owens (right) says, "Since my pictorial, I've developed my business as a personal fitness trainer for women. My approach is still a down-to-earth, gutsy one. I'm also doing my series of lectures, 'Females & Fitness,' in the Dallas area." By the time you read this, Susie will have finished her first book on—you guessed it—"women and fitness."

Miss June

1-900-720-6161

"One of the nicest things that have happened to me since becoming a Playmate," says Emily Arth (left), "was that I was on the *Donahue* show. It was wonderful. The topic was female sexuality, and the folks ragged me a lot for being a Playmate, but in a nice way. When I saw the tape later, though, I was surprised at how young I sounded."

Miss May

1-900-720-6141

Diana Lee (right) went to Mexico in September to take a part in *License Revoked*, the forthcoming James Bond movie starring Timothy Dalton, and she's still dancing with Tandy Beal and Company in Santa Cruz. But the best thing that has happened to her lately is that she has become the wife of *Playboy* Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda.





Miss December
1-900-720-6331

Kata Kärkkäinen (left) enjoyed her latest visit to America so much that she's planning to move here. The former Finnish women's bowling champion (for girls 18 and under) observed this about American men: "They have hairier chests than European guys." She also appreciates all you hairy-chested guys calling in to voice your support.

Miss July
1-900-720-6211

Terri Lynn Doss (right), recently returned from taping several segments of *Star Search*. "I'm competing in the spokesmodel category, but I don't know if I'll win," she said, "because all the other girls are real tall model types and I'm barely five-six and a half." She has just finished her first movie, *Roadhouse*, starring Patrick Swayze.





Miss April

1-900-720-6101

Eloise Broady (left) has a face you'll be seeing a lot of during the next few months. "I've done five television commercials since my pictorial, as well as three films, including *Troop Beverly Hills*, starring Shelley Long," scheduled for release next summer. Her son Justin, ten, has been learning to fly a helicopter ("He's a natural").

Miss September

1-900-720-6241

Laura Richmond (right) plans to return to college next fall to get her degree in English. Meanwhile, she'll be performing with Torture Chorus at the Franklin Furnace in New York. "We'll be doing the Moors Murderers—Myra Hindley and Ian Bradey—the most famous murder team in recent British history," she says. (She'll be playing Myra.)

Miss February

1-900-720-6071

Since Kari Kennell (left) appeared on our centerfold, she has done several commercials, including ones for a soft drink, a beer and a fast-food franchise. For a noncareer event, she has become engaged to an actor-model, "but we haven't set a date yet." Meanwhile, she says, she's going to "stay in Los Angeles and keep working on my acting."



Miss October

1-900-720-6261

Aussie beauty Shannon Long (below) says she used her Playmate money to "get a better apartment, closer to the beach in Surfers Paradise," but otherwise, this carefree outdoors lover remains "the same laid-back person I've always been. I'm too shy to act and I'm not ambitious about a modeling career. Basically, I just like to relax and take things as they come."

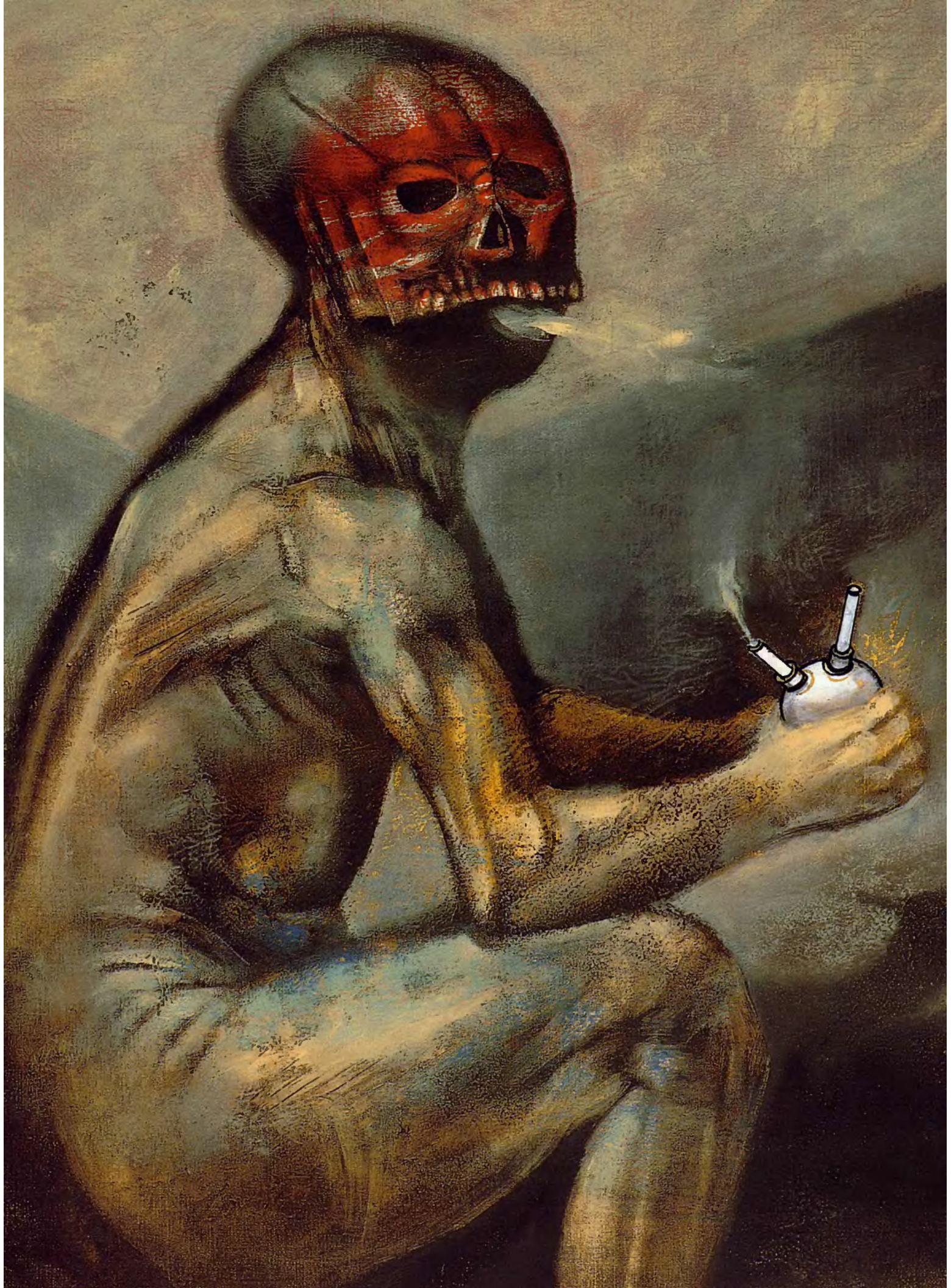


Miss August

1-900-720-6221

Helle Michaelsen (right) was a *cause célèbre* at home in Denmark, she says. "Playboy is the top men's magazine here, and usually, we see only American girls in it, so it's really a big deal to have a Danish Playmate." Helle has had parts in two films since her centerfold appeared, "thanks to Playboy," and plans to return to Los Angeles next year to study acting.





CRACK

**NEW YORK'S
MOST
ELOQUENT
STREET
REPORTER
ON THE
WORLD'S MOST
DANGEROUS
DRUG**

article

By JIMMY BRESLIN

HERE THEY WERE in the night, dressed like they were Lord Mayors, gold chains as thick as forearms hanging around their necks, sitting in a white Excalibur that was stuck among all the limousines, Jaguars and Rolls-Royce convertibles in the circular driveway in front of the hotel.

The doorman walked down the line of cars to the Excalibur and pointed to an empty alley on his right. "You're not picking up anybody; you can go out that way."

The guy driving the Excalibur pointed to the crowd in front of the hotel. This was Atlantic City, just after the heavyweight-championship fight. "If I do that, how they goin' notice me?"

It took them an hour to creep into the lights in front of the hotel. The two got out and stood in the driveway with their heads high, arrogant high, my man, and they smoothed their pants, and three blacks in a Rolls convertible waved and they nodded regally and now four young black men, their fingers heavy with gold, stood in front of the hotel and hailed the Excalibur.

"Fine-looking ride you got," one of them said.

The driver tipped his head. He got back into the Excalibur and sat with his hand on the side of the car, and the lights hit the line of diamonds on his fingers and the diamonds blazed;

and I saw that all over the driveway, lounging in these Jaguars and Rolls-Royces with their license plates from Dade County and Broward County, in Florida, from Illinois and Pennsylvania and New Jersey and New York, were people who knew one another by sight; blacks who had spent \$1500 to sit at ringside or were such high rollers that the hotel had bought tickets for them. There were virtually no blacks in any of the cheaper seats. As they greeted one another, it became a ceremony. The guy driving the Excalibur moved his hand just slightly, and the light caught his diamonds from all angles and his hand was one bright blink, and now I realized that I wasn't at a heavyweight-championship fight but at the coronation of a new class of American mobster.

Of course, they were drug dealers. For as the Excalibur moved slowly, it rolled over something—a piece of glass, a shell from the beach, a gambling chip—and there was a cracking sound: the bones of people in the housing projects being crushed again by mobsters, this time by their own.

In memory, in my time, in my business, there was Anthony "Tony Pro" Provenzano, lounging in the Federal courtroom in Newark on the day he was to be sentenced for being a gangster, his arm draped on the back of a bench, and the light coming through the high windows causing his diamond pinkie ring to blaze. That was 25 years ago, and Tony Pro was the beacon for crime in this country. He was Mafia, Teamsters.

And now, all these years later, Tony Pro has been in and out of jail a few times, but his form of gangster endures: In Atlantic City, the light blazing on the fingers of the guy in the Excalibur told you that we have our first black wise guys.

It should have been a sign of health. Every immigrant race started in this country by controlling its own crime, except the blacks. While blacks played numbers, they could only work as runners in the numbers rackets for Italian mobsters. While blacks used drugs and peddled them on the streets, they had to buy their supply from both Jews and the Mafia.

Major criminals were white; long-term prisoners were black.

And now, suddenly, on this night in Atlantic City, blacks sat in diamonds in their \$100,000 cars and announced that, finally, they controlled their own crime. What they have found to control is the dirt from the bottom of a grave.

They run a drug called crack, which is cocaine smoked in a glass pipe and which goes to the head immediately. There have been three great movements of our time that have occurred without the politicians' and the reporters' realizing they were happening until they were

over: The first was the civil rights movement, the second was the women's movement, the third is crack.

One of the first things I remember about crack is that it arrived with swarms of bees. You usually think of bees as something from the country, on shrubs in the sun in the summer, but this was on a city street called Pitkin Avenue, a place of low buildings, many of them burned out, all of them seeming to snarl at you—get away, get out of here!—in an East New York neighborhood.

A couple of hours before, a cop named Venable was riding in a police van when he saw a man waving frantically. He was at the curb when the scarred green door to the empty building opened and somebody fired an automatic weapon and he went down at the curb. Dead at 35. Now, a couple of hours later, I walked toward the spot where he was killed and the bees were everywhere and I had to wave my arms as I walked and here at the curb was a pool of Officer Venable's blood and the swarms of bees raided the surface.

"They fight you for that. The blood is sweet for them," a woman called from across the street in front of the bodega.

"Who did the shooting?" I asked her.

"Crack drug. You can't go near them. They're just like the bees over there with the blood."

Crack is so addictive that nearly all whites—even the gas-station and tattoo-parlor ruffians—have passed on it. A few whites once liked to pretend they were black and tried heroin, which is a Mounds bar compared with crack. This time, some whites rode in over the bridge or on the freeway to the bad black neighborhoods and took it back to Teaneck, New Jersey, and Fullerton, California, and at first use got the life scared out of them. They backed away and left it all for the blacks.

I keep in my house a letter from Bill O'Dwyer, who once was the mayor of New York, and who wrote to me, "There is no power on earth to match the power of the poor, who, just by sitting in their hopelessness, can bring the rest of us down." It always sounded right, but I never saw it happen until crack came along.

And with it, there are no more rules in American crime. The implied agreements on which we were raised are gone. You now shoot women and children. A news reporter is safe only as long as he is not here. A cop in his uniform means nothing.

Kennedy Airport is the lighthouse of crack. Even if cocaine is brought up from Miami in rental cars and by 14-year-old boys sitting on buses and wearing bulletproof vests and carrying guns and kilos of coke, Kennedy, and the neighbor-

hoods around it—such as Far Rockaway, Queens—is the home of crack. From Kennedy, it goes everywhere.

One fall, on 31st Street in Far Rockaway, somebody set fire to the boardwalk and a section of it dropped into the sand. By summer, what was left standing was charred and rippled. A beach in the summer is supposed to be a place for summer dreams, but on this day, it was deserted. Two lifeguards sat on a platform with a kid who ate cookies.

A woman named Ruth was supposed to take her little girl, Ebony, onto the beach, but she was pregnant with another child and she knew there was nothing left of the beach, so she talked the girl into an afternoon nap in the four-story yellow rooming house nearby.

A couple of blocks away, a reputed crack-peddler man named Robert Roulston had a fight with his girlfriend in her house, and he had been smoking a lot of crack, which makes people want to wave guns around. He fired a gun and left. The girlfriend's brother ran out to the street and waved Officer Scott Gaddell over. He saw Roulston running and chased him and caught up with him in the broken glass of the alley alongside the rooming house where Ruth and little Ebony were taking their afternoon nap.

Gadell had six shots in his .38 revolver. Roulston had a nine-millimeter semi-automatic pistol, which carries as many as 14 rounds. Gadell and Roulston were no more than seven feet apart as they faced each other. Between them was a cement staircase leading to a cellar. Above their heads were the windows of the rooming house. And somewhere, only a block or so away, were more police.

Never in modern times have I heard of such a thing, a face-off with a cop in the sun. It happens only on some television show.

But now there is crack, and Gadell knew there were no more rules, so he flopped behind the cement staircase and Roulston fired. Gadell fired back. The shots shattered the window where Ruth and Ebony slept and the mother and daughter rolled onto the floor, screaming. Outside, Roulston fired again. Gadell, wearing a bulletproof vest, looked up from behind the cement staircase to get a better shot and Roulston fired a bullet through his neck. Gadell's blood spilled over the vest and he was dead—at 22.

A piece of grammar school art paper was next to him. In crayon were three red roses growing out of a clump of grass. The name printed across the bottom was KAWON. It was still there an hour after they had taken Gadell's body away. I saw it as I walked around the rooming house. I put it into my pocket; death and hope beside each other on the same

(continued on page 210)



"Come on—what better way to end an election year than by getting screwed?"

T H E 1 2 S T O R E S

from manhattan to costa mesa, *playboy*

PORSCHE DESIGN



It's snow far, snow good for Porsche Design ski goggles that offer glare-free, wrap-around polarized protection from UV-B rays and an "ever-clear" design that prevents lens fogging, from Porsche Design, Costa Mesa, California, \$95, in mint green, pink, yellow, black and white.

GOOD GUYS



Sony Corporation of America has just introduced the go-anywhere GV-8 Video Walkman, a book-sized battery- and A.C.-powered TV/VCR with a three-inch LCD screen and the capacity to play back and record four hours on a single 8mm video cassette, from Good Guys, San Francisco, \$1300.

O F C H R I S T M A S

shopped for the niftiest presents money can buy

DAVIDOFF

For executives who want to tote their cherished cheroots in pristine condition, this mahogany-and-brass case features a removable humidor, \$7100, including a cigar cutter. In the case: Sterling-silver cigar tubes, \$510 and \$560, and matchbox holder, \$510, all from Davidoff, New York.



AUDIO CONCEPTS

Incorporated into Grundig's magnificent 147-pound gold-plated Transrotor Quintessence turntable are two motors that drive a 44-pound platter serviced by as many as three optional tone-arms. It's distributed by Lextronix and available from Audio Concepts, Los Angeles, \$30,000.



SPORTMART



Designed by Olympic gold medalist Ragnar Skanaker, the Crosman Skanaker Model 88 match pistol is the first American-made CO₂ air pistol to win major international shooting competitions. Nifty innovations include an adjustable grip and trigger, from Sportmart, West Los Angeles, \$600.

BULGARI

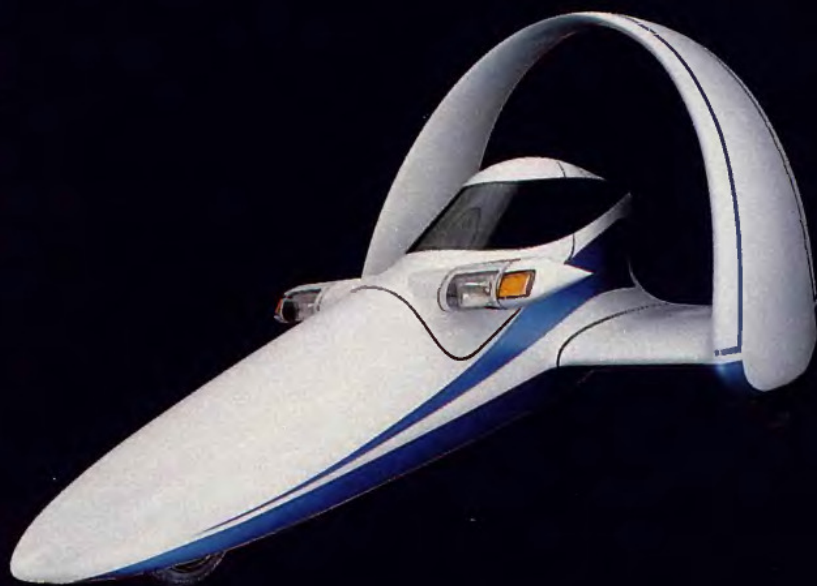


This handsome battery-operated sterling-silver Colonna clock may measure only 3¾" x 1½", but its presence on a desk or a table makes a commanding statement. The clock has a Swiss quartz mechanism and, yes, *colonna* is Italian for column, from Bulgari, New York, \$3400.

O F C H R I S T M A S

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER

This single-seat Land Cruiser designed by Amick Enterprises can hit speeds upwards of 45 mph. Measuring almost 12 feet long, it is set in motion by twin electric motors; the body and the airfoil are fiberglass epoxy resin. Price: \$30,000, from Hammacher Schlemmer, Chicago.



ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

Clarkpoint Croquet's Signature Set consists of four brass-bound lignum vitae mallets, Eclipse balls, marking clips, corner flags, winning post, smasher, rule book and six six-pound steel wickets, all housed in a mahogany chest with brass hardware, from Abercrombie & Fitch, Las Vegas, \$1600.



CAVENDER'S BOOT CITY



These bright-red Justin python-skin cowboy boots with supple leather interior that breathes to resist the effects of perspiration are about as snaky as you can get, \$264. The boots and the matching 1½" wide python belt, \$20, are from Cavender's Boot City, Hurst, Texas. Yahoo!

RITZ CAMERA



Designed to fit snugly into the palm of your hand, the Yashica Samurai is a fully automatic 35mm through-the-lens camera with 3X power zoom, auto flash and vertical film-transport system that doubles the number of pictures on each role of film, from Ritz Camera, Detroit, \$299.

O F C H R I S T M A S

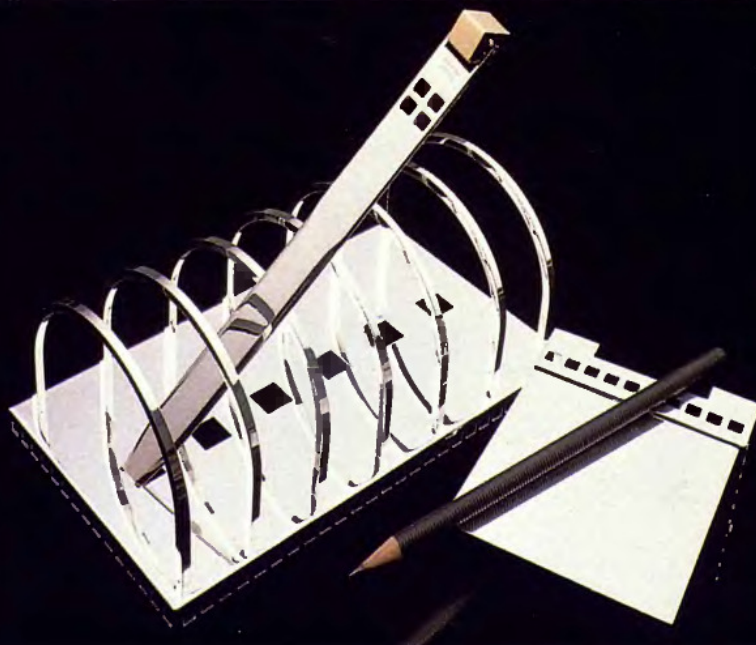
R. R. B. CYCLES

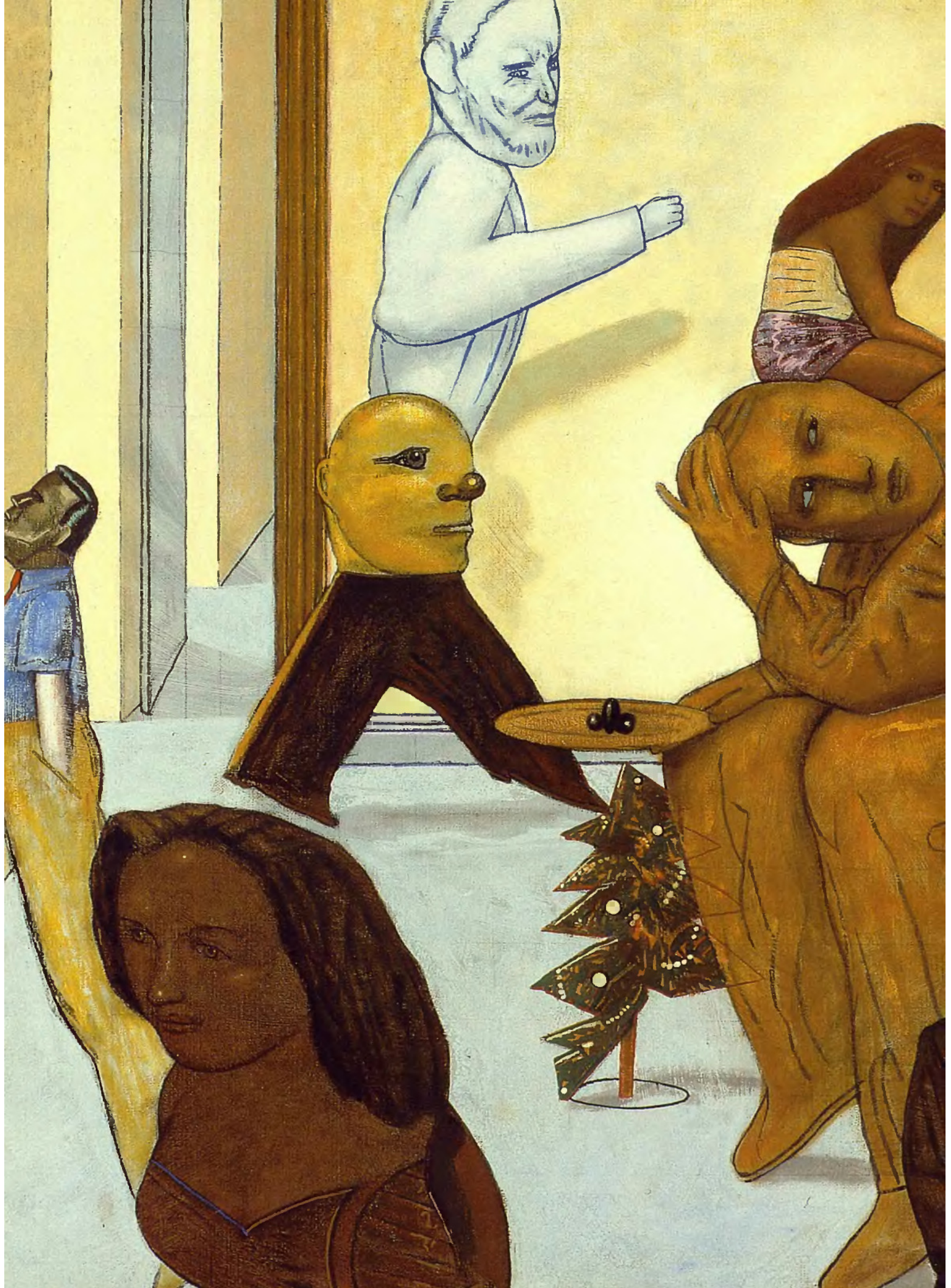
Each hand-crafted and signed Stephan and Sharp *monocoque* bicycle is made of DuPont Kevlar fiber that makes the frame light (about four pounds) and strong yet comfortable. HED wheels and SunTour 14-speed gearing are standard, from R.R.B. Cycles, Kenilworth, Illinois, \$3750.



CHIASSO

Designed by architect Richard Meier and manufactured by Swid Powell, the silver-plated letter holder, \$225, pencil cup, \$150, and ten-inch letter opener with a gold tip, \$75, make a terrific trio of desk accessories that reflect Meier's love of pure geometric forms, from Chiasso, Chicago.







ROOM AT THE INN

fiction By **HERBERT GOLD**

WATKINS WANDERED with the other ghosts in North Beach on Christmas Eve—the divorced, the bereft, the deserted, the left out. It was more in accord with his nature to be a lonely ghost than a happy drunk, he decided. The important question remaining was to find how to end the night decently with sleep.

He tried the door of City Lights Bookstore, but it was locked for the holiday, the staff having a family glass of wine and waving him away through the glass. Watkins wasn't of this family.

At the Trieste Caffè, also about to close, red-and-green wrappings lay strewn about, along with spackles, the snow that was a necessary part of the Christmas decor here in San Francisco, where it never snowed. Everyone, like Watkins, was trying hard. He moved on up Grant, heading against the chill currents of damp, invisible fog gusting down the slanting street. The last Christmas sellers were giving up; iron grilles clanked; soon STORE FOR RENT signs would open the street for next year's hopeful merchants.

this is america,
where things can
happen abruptly.
and things did.
on christmas eve

"Yo! Watkins!"

"Pardon?"

"Turn *right*, man; how many time I have to tell you?"

It was Rodney, the laughing black sociologist from the Hoover Institute. He liked to balance his ideology—formerly Ronald Reagan, now George Bush—with some of the street style of his brothers. As far as he was concerned, the estrangement came from the brothers' side, and he personally was ready to make peace by telling the brothers how to do right, as he did.

"You be alone like me, hey, man? Nothing

happening on this pre-holy day?"

"Nothing much." Watkins wanted to live up to his reputation for telling the truth. "So how I beat my Christmas depression is I give in. I like to have a good long, sweaty walk, a hot bath before midnight, and so to bed, like Tiny Tim."

"I bet you do," Rodney said. "I bet what you really do prefer is a long walk, a hot soak, and then down to your pallet on the floor, alone by your majestic solitude, where nobody can bother you to rub her back or things. I bet."

Watkins shrugged.

"Listen, I got a party for both of us. You're invited, plenty for everybody. This rich lady live up on Stockton. She just *love* horny intellectuals."

"Do I qualify?"

"She know a *superfluity* of lawyers, man. One in seventy-two adults in the Bay Area passes the state bar—that's the statistic. Merry Christmas, brother." The sociologist went close and peered earnestly into Watkins' face, a street-lamp gleam coming off the steel rims of his glasses. Rodney, a compassionate, neoconservative soul, took Watkins' arm, took no noes for an answer (Watkins hadn't bothered) and steered tightly. "There'll be cold turkey and hot possibility, brother, plus all the nice people just as wrecked as you are this holiday season. Being an honest man, I include myself. . . . Hey, remind me again about Tiny Tim, would you?"

The door was unlocked. It had a little card Scotch-taped above the knob: UPSTAIRS. COATS, CARES & WEAPONS IN BEDROOM. MERRIE XMAS ALL.

Watkins and Rodney strolled into a room lined with three long couches and knees bumping off them. A turkey was being escorted toward a low driftwood coffee table already equipped with platters of cole slaw, cranberry sauce, Italian bread sticks and sliced canned beets. The hostess and cook remarked by way of greeting, "Hi, I'm Sheila. Move the ashtrays."

"I'm Watkins. Thanks for having me."

"I said, *move the ashtrays*."

The other guests, who seemed paralyzed on the couches, didn't jump to help. Watkins, blinking at the sudden appearance of a crowd, didn't understand this direct command. But sharp, high-I.Q. Rodney moved the ashtrays, beamed and said, "*Voilà!*" He also helped lower the platter. "Um, good-oh, we're just in time."

"You're welcome," Sheila said. "You Watkins, the public-interest attorney?" She wiped her fingers on her apron and then extended them. "I'm happy and proud to meet you at last. Called your office to offer a class-action suit against the purveyors of sugared coffee—I suspect it's more sugar than gourmet Vi-

ennese roast—and all I got was the brush-off."

"Must have been one of the associates," Watkins said. "I'd remember if I talked with you. They pass the bar, that's how they are."

"If it's more sugar than coffee," she asked, "shouldn't it be sold as a sugar product rather than a coffee product?"

This kind, generous, intelligent, good-looking in the slightly over-the-hill way that Watkins, at his stage in life, preferred. . . . this good-natured, perceptive lady was one of those legal nags. The medical nags corner the doctors: "Hey, I got this persistent ache in my left ear when I drink herbal tea"; "What do you do for a scaly ankle, doc?"; "All my family dies of the sugar diabetes. Think I should give up Mars Bars?"

"But we never did the lab tests," Sheila was saying, "because your office wouldn't give us the time of day. If it's forty-nine percent coffee, do we still have a case?"

"I'd love to hear from you during office hours," Watkins said. "Really. Trouble is, on Christmas Eve, I can't think of litigation, not even General Foods."

"Good will toward mankind, huh, counselor? And a multinational corporation is legally an entity, a human being? You're a kick, Watkins."

"Thank you. And it's good of you to sort of invite me."

She waved to the platter. "Have some turkey, white or dark. I give you these options so you can come to your own ruling."

Those sunk into the couches began to stir, vibrating a little as their motors idled, and then, as they realized they didn't run the danger of being first in line, to push and jostle at the platters of food. Soon other platters arrived. A slow sighing filled the room. On this Christmas Eve far from childhood, there might not be love, family, trust, connection, there might be an absence of solid holiday cheer, but there would be enough food. Two jugs of wine, one white, one red, stood flanked by little bottles of high-fashion water. The gas of the fireplace hissed. Some of the men were wearing sweaters with that woolly bulge over the gut. Some of the women were wearing sensible pants suits. It was cold outside; steam on the windows. The rumor that San Francisco took part in sunny California was not confirmed by the evidence.

One woman caught Watkins' interest. Her name was Beatrice. She was long and bony, with interesting sharp planes in her face and a shiny gambler's vest over a white blouse. Lean and rangy, he thought, and wondered why someone wasn't crowding those skinny knees, that coltish body. Her hair was carelessly major-hand-tousled. He could imagine her taking off her glasses and a man in the

movie saying, "*Why, you're beautiful!*" But she wasn't wearing glasses, only the slightly gleamy look of contact lenses. She didn't invite him to her with a glance. He went anyway and she smiled when he said, "Merry pre-Christmas. Why aren't you eating?"

"I was waiting for someone to ask."

So he took her elbow and steered himself and her to the table. She picked a very small amount of everything in a way that suggested she didn't want to waste and wouldn't necessarily be finishing even these small mounds of white meat, mushroom-and-walnut dressing, cranberry sauce. With her fingers, she added a sprig of parsley from a water-filled bowl.

"Hey," Ferd was saying—he was a North Beach coffee merchant with both retail and wholesale outlets, but the wholesale outlet had been closed as a by-product of his divorce—"Hey, we could all be buddies in times of adversity, like Frank Sinatra, Dino Martin and"—raising his voice as he glanced at Rodney—"Sammy Junior Davis, like a modern-day version of the Mouse Pack—"

"Davis Junior," Watkins murmured, unable to avoid correcting the errant liberal.

"Only the first of several problems with what he stated," Beatrice said. "Rats. Rat Pack. He's been studying ancient history." Her smile was wide and ungoverned, the look of the sort of woman who selected the party-pack of winsome smiles in a mirror. It was an old-fashioned grin. It blew away the whiff of schoolmarm and made her seem younger than her actual, oh, maybe 38 years.

"Hey, that's nice," he said. "You're a corrector, too."

"Only the first of *my* problems," she said. "I like you, also." He hadn't said he liked her—but if he had, would that be a problem? But she was reading him correctly.

"Are you always a little ahead of people?"

"I'm always a little out of sync. For example, back when—" A rosininess appeared in her cheeks. She was blushing! And she plowed right ahead with what was making her blush. "Back when nobody was wearing a, wearing a bra . . . I wore one."

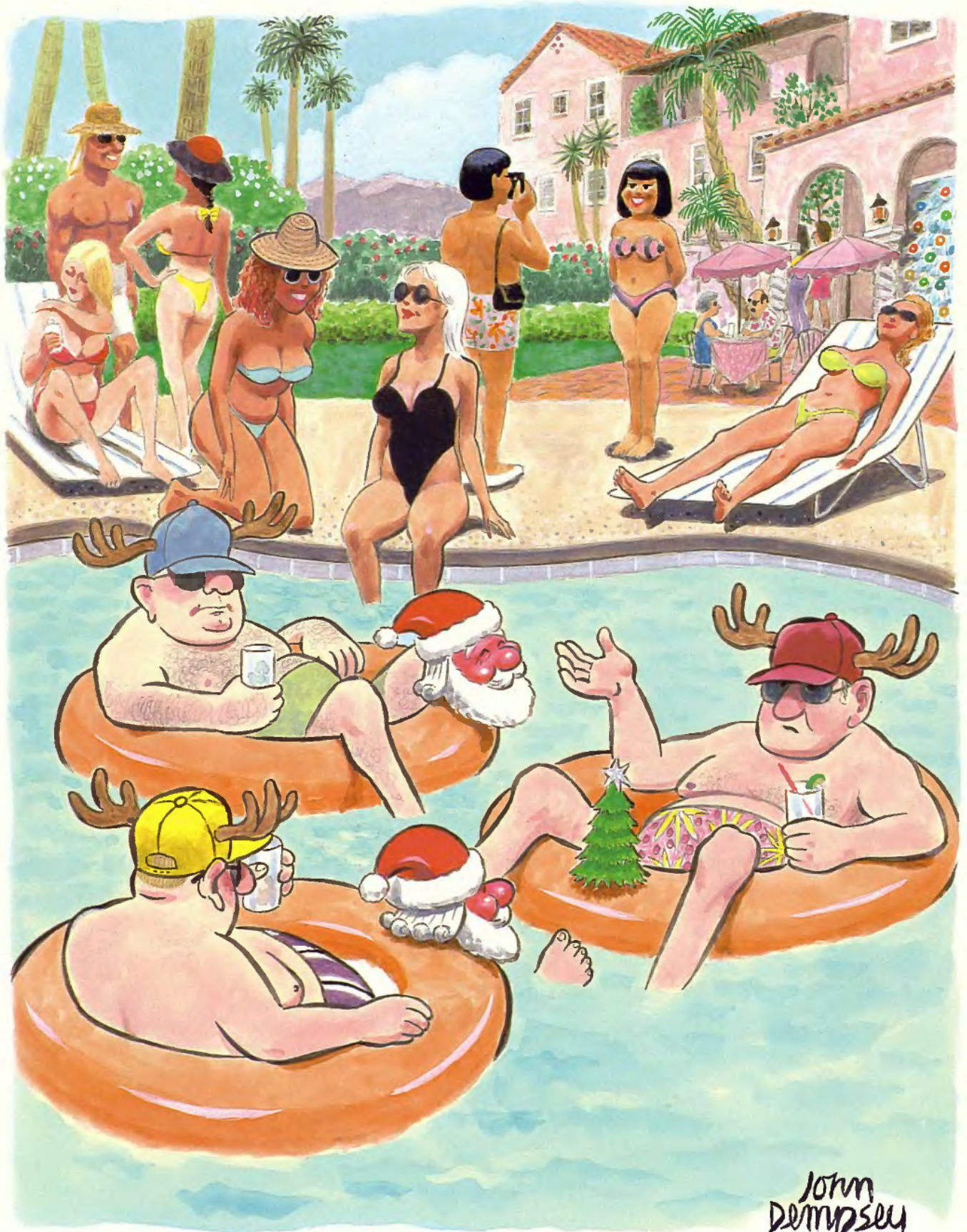
"I noticed."

"How could you? Didn't know me then. But now I don't—do things in my own time."

"That's what I meant I noticed."

"Oh." She laughed. She said nothing. She let the blush fade and then appear again. And then she buttoned up one of

(continued on page 217)



John
Dempsey

"Yeah. But somehow it's not the same as it is in Milwaukee."

ff



DHEA..

(SPF 30)

ZZZZZ...



THE BOOD

FOR



WELL BE in good shape in the Nineties, but it won't be the shape we're in now. Fashions in bodies change, like car

chassis. We take our cues from movies, ads, album covers and rock videos, choosing our clothes, workouts and diets accordingly. In the Baroque period of the early 1600s, as all students of Art Appreciation 101 know, the right look was Rubenesque: ladies voluptuously plump, gentlemen blatantly of substance. In fact, current research shows that fatness enhances fertility. Ancient Hawaiians wanted to be *blala* (gargantuan), because taking up a lot of space was a sign of importance. Late-19th Century gentlemen saw a big belly as signifying power and cut their coats to emphasize their rotundity. Then came the 20th Century and a new ethos: You couldn't be too rich or too thin. The portly tycoon evolved into the Fifties greaser. Skinny Sergeant Pepper quick-dissolved into the Yuppie Nautilus jock.

The look attenuated to its ultimate in the Sixties, when Twiggy, a tall stick figure, was *the* model. But thinness can be hazardous to your sex life. Not only are thin women less fertile but University of Minnesota studies have found that men who drop below their normal weight lose their sexual urge and produce less sperm.

By the Seventies, we had a new look. Shapelessness was in, bras and girdles were out. It was the feminist era, and the slogan in body styles was "Up with dumpy." Hairiness was groovy—the unisex English-sheep-dog look. If you were a radical feminist, that included furry legs and armpits. We let it all hang out. We wore peace symbols and Cheyenne war paint. Annie Halls proliferated, swathed in layers, like textile dumplings. Were there bodies under all those natural fibers? Did it matter?

In the Eighties, propelled by the workout craze, body images changed. People muscled up. While men were evolving into Superman, women were becoming Wonder Woman. Nev-

**sexy curves are back,
and exercise that's
fun is walking all over
no-pain, no-gain**

er before had so many women pumped iron. With the new emphasis on nutrition and muscle toning, we were on the way to becoming a nation of Conan the Barbarians. Now, here come the Nineties. According to Joey Hunter, executive vice-president and director of the men's division of the Eileen Ford Modeling Agency, the new ideal is compact. "The kind of models we're using now are not as big as they were," he says. "People real-

ize the need for a more flexible type of body, one that's better suited for different kinds of sports." We're still conscious of weight and health. Nobody's going soft. But men are lifting lighter weights now. "We were overdoing it before," says Hunter. Trainers are working with their clients on definition and slimness, not bulk. "Men are sacrificing a little power for more maneuverability. As more sports catch on and more guys play them, they want to be looser."

The underlying message could be economic: The go-go years are over. In the new, tricky economy, the limber man who is flexible in the market place—and light on his feet—is the winner.

"Traditional clothes are where it's at for the Nineties," says Hunter. "A more normal-size body, with less bulk, is going to look better in these traditional clothes." Too bad, Arnold Schwarzenegger. Here's another straw in the wind: Reviewing *Switching Channels*, film maven Pauline Kael recently noted that, compared with Christopher Reeve, co-star Burt Reynolds looked "rather small." And then she added, "It's becoming." Are you listening, Danny DeVito? This era could be for you.

FITNESS IN THE NINETIES—THE TYPE B APPROACH

"No pain, no gain" was the motto of the Eighties fitness fanatic, sweating for a washboard stomach and the pulse rate of a sloth. The Nineties will have a new credo: "Take it easy!" Exercise in the Eighties was Type A. The idea was to run as far and as fast as you could, and then up the ante. Like the Type A

ARTICLE BY **RICHARD AND JOYCE WOLKOMIR**



Sixties: The Twig as a temptress. String-bean sex.



Seventies: Mammary lane. The hippy-dippy broless look.



Eighties: Reign of the iron maidens. Flex it, wimp!



Nineties: The welcome return of the well-rounded woman.

personality, which researchers say can predispose you to heart disease, Eighties exercise was hard-driving, competitive, aggressive and tough on the body. Everyone seemed to be training for the Washington Redskins. The result: ripped ligaments, shin splints, tendinitis, stinging knees and rampant burnout.

Between 1983 and 1987, the number of marathoners dropped by nearly nine percent. Participation in aerobics programs dropped by 4,000,000 between 1985 (the peak year) and 1987. Perhaps part of the reason for the drop-off is research showing that we don't need all that body thumping. The Harvard Cardiovascular Health Center recommends only 20–30 minutes of aerobic exercise three times a week, at 75 percent of the maximum pulse rate for your age. That means you're pumping, but you still can maintain a conversation. "If you're running, anything more than ten to 15 miles a week is unnecessary, unless you're training for a specific competitive event," says orthopedic surgeon Robert Porter, head of sports medicine at Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center. Heavy exercise increases your risk of musculoskeletal problems, he says. Excess exercise also can lead to sports anemia, which leaves you weak, tired and cranky. Couch potato-hood, however, is no answer. With studies verifying that exercise helps ward off heart disease, diabetes and possibly cancer, the fitness boom is here to stay. But exercise mavens say that the Nineties approach to shaping up will be Type B. Like the Type B personality, which is easygoing, fun-loving and noncompetitive, exercise in the Nineties will be easier to live with.

You know you've got a problem when 90 percent of Americans recognize exercise's importance, but fewer than 20 percent actually do enough. One big reason is our obsession with peak performance. Few of us can throttle up that high, and so we call it quits. But that is changing.

"The old strategy was to glorify high scores—the new strategy is to find an exercise you enjoy," says Arizona State University fitness expert Charles B. Corbin. Few will go at it as if training for the 1992 Olympics, either. New studies show aerobic benefits at exercise levels as low as 40–50 percent of maximum heart rate. One reason exercise will be more user friendly is that it will be integrated into our daily lives. Fitness equipment is popping up in hotel chains, resorts, cruise ships, apartment and condo complexes and individual households. Corporations increasingly provide on-site health clubs. Get ready for fitness night clubs, a Nautilus in the executive washroom and a rowing machine beside the video games at your favorite saloon.

Meanwhile, walking—which is kinder to the skeleton and

easier to slip into your day—is eclipsing running as the number-one aerobic exercise: Two thirds of all adults who exercise regularly now do fitness walking. Race walking (hips swiveling, arms swinging) will look decreasingly weird as it becomes increasingly popular. A ten-minute-per-mile race walk burns as much energy as an equally fast jog. Add hand weights and you outwork even faster runners.

Boredom is exercise's big bugaboo. That is why a program of multiple sports is another new trend. Instead of devoutly running your 24 laps a day, you'll mix it up: running when you feel like it, lap swimming, squash, cross-country skiing, whatever gives you a rush. Workouts will combine muscle toning and aerobics. The muscleman who puffs after climbing a flight of steps is out. So is the high-speed marathoner with a toothpick physique. The new aim is *over-all* fitness. Dieting will be out. "You self-digest muscles," says cardiovascular nurse Peg Jordan, editor in chief of *American Fitness* magazine. And studies have shown that exercise and dieting can shrink heart muscles.

One Type B—exercise trend: "exotic" aerobics, done to African or Caribbean rhythms. "The earthy beat makes you feel vital and sexy," says Jordan. Some avant-garde exercisers now work out to the soothing intonations of Gregorian chants.

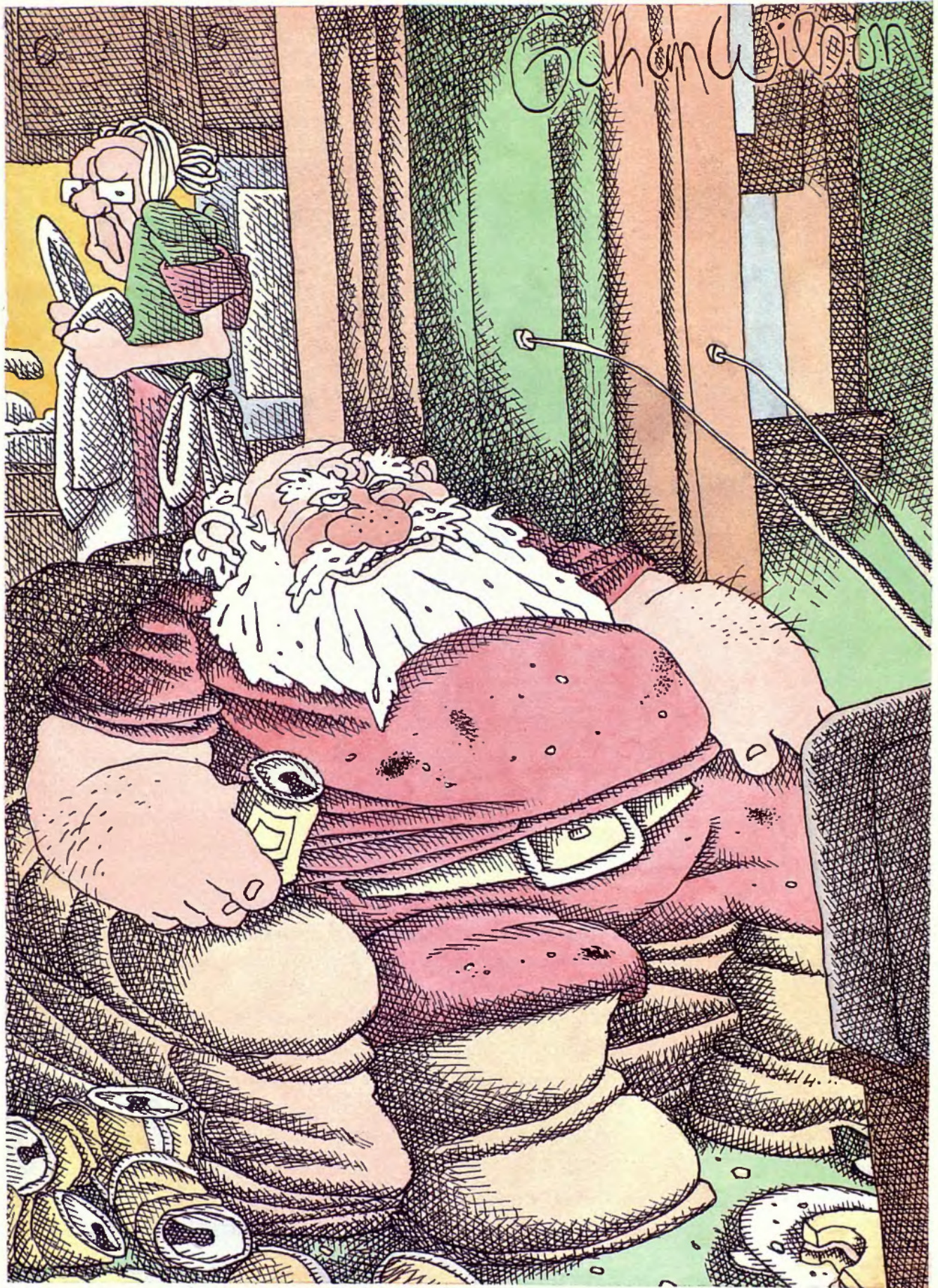
Also new: couples exercise, a kind of muscle-toning tango. "Couples who sweat together stay together," says Chris Silkwood, an exercise-video producer.

The Nineties body will be limber as well as strong: "I can't emphasize stretching enough," says Susan Brewer, director of Destin, Florida's Blue Heron Spa. Look for a yoga comeback.

Not all Eighties-style exercise appurtenances will disappear: High-tech workout gear seems here to stay. However, in line with today's cocooning impulse, the equipment is moving into at-home fitness spas, where you can treat the downstairs neighbors to the thump of happy feet.

Meanwhile, *après*-workout, the Nineties should see new zeal for sports massage. A recent Swedish study demonstrated that leg massages boosted cyclists' performance 11 percent. At the Calgary winter Olympics, 150 massage therapists were on hand (so to speak); a massage SWAT team is set for the Seoul summer Olympics, as well. Pro teams, such as hockey's Philadelphia Flyers, are now hiring massage therapists. Ultimately, every neighborhood health spa will offer massages. As Shakespeare might have said, "Aah, there's the rub!"





"I just pray to God that none of those poor, dear, innocent children ever see you when you get like this!"

P H O T O F I N N I S H

playboy proudly slips you a finn, kata kârkkäinen, for december



YEP, SHE'S really Finnish—a model of Scandinavian design who comes to you by way of Helsinki, Rome and Rapid City, South Dakota. Confusing? Her hair color changes as often as the weather in her homeland, her address changes almost as often and her accent is a concatenation of Finnish and South Dakota drawl. “Yep,” says Kata Kârkkäinen (say cotta *car*-kynen; that’s as close as you’ll get without yodeling), “it is a little confusing. I guess I’m a combination of things, Finnish and American. Is

that good or bad?” In this case, all to the good—the collision of hemispheres has brought forth a confusing, intriguing combination of the best of East and West. Kata, the lissome emerald-eyed only child of two attorneys, grew up “spoiled and happy” in Helsinki, where she became, at the age of 15, the finest-looking bowling champion in history. “My dad loved to bowl, and he used to take me along when I was little,” she explains. “I got pretty good and even won the national championship for girls under 18. Daddy was very proud of that.” Shortly thereafter, a bit weary of snow and solitude—“Finland was too quiet for me”—Kata joined an exchange program, jetted to remotest Rapid City and gave her high school classmates a crash course in

In any language, Kata Kârkkäinen—the most intoxicating product of her homeland since *Finlandia*—means beauty and excitement.



"Scandinavians are supposed to be so free about sex—but we don't have anything like Dr. Ruth on television. Maybe one of these days, when I'm older, I'll go on TV and be Finland's Dr. Ruth."



Eurostyle. Stevens High School is still reeling. "They found me pretty wild," Kata says of the teachers and schoolmates she bowled over at Stevens High. "I dressed punk. I dyed my hair blonde—or red and black—or wore it in a Mohawk. I wore wigs, and sometimes a tuxedo, to school." To top it off, this Finnish ambassador of punk went out for the bowling team and trounced all the guys. She was promptly bounced from the squad. "They said it was a boys' team." Kata has warm memories of her Dakota days. She treasures her Stevens diploma and now confuses Finn friends with her favorite American expression: "Yep!" "People in the U.S.





are extroverts. I like that. Finnish people are shy, not as wild. That is not always bad—American men, I think, can be a little too aggressive. All they want is to get into your pants! Finnish men have better manners. They can wait, you know, a couple of weeks,” Kata says, laughing. Not that she minds a little American lust directed her way—it’s just that Eurostyle is different. “I don’t go crazy over how many muscles a guy has or how hairy his chest is. I kind of like skinny, feminine guys. One of my boyfriends in Finland used to wear make-up. We’d go out and some people thought we were sisters. It was kind of embarrassing, but kind of interesting, too.” Don’t abandon hope, American guys: The more she sees of American chests, Kata says, the better she likes them. Vacationing in Italy last year, Kata caught the eye of a fashion photographer. Next

“I hate champagne and caviar. Soft music doesn’t get me sexy. I like wild dates. My dream date would be going out on a Harley-Davidson.”





thing she knew, she was in the Italian edition of *Playboy*. Now she's back in the States as Miss December. Next up: a fashion shoot in Paris. Will she sit still long enough for American males to prove that they want more from her—or at least other things as well—than entree into her pants? The answer, Kata says with a smile, is yep.

"I miss Helsinki—it's very pretty there—but I'll probably end up living in America. Finland is beautiful, but the action is here in the States."



MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Kate & Karl Lagerfeld

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kata Kärkkäinen

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 10/27/68 BIRTHPLACE: Helsinki, Finland

AMBITIONS: To travel around the world and experience exciting new things

TURN-ONS: Amusement parks, animals, first snow, rock music, spicy food

TURN-OFFS: Stuck-up people, dishonesty, racism, long, cold winters

MUSICAL FAVES: Prince, The Cure, The Jesus and Mary Chain, Hanoi Rocks

FAVORITE MOVIE STARS: Jack Nicholson, Meryl Streep, Marilyn Monroe

THE THING I LIKE MOST ABOUT AMERICAN MEN: They have nice cars and they take you out to fancy restaurants.

FAVORITE WAY TO RELAX: Go to my parents' summer cottage with my cats.



After graduation in Rapid City, South Dakota



Enjoying Finnish summer at the age of 15



Going to a prom in American high school



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Ted and Mike were set to tee off when a beautiful naked blonde ran across the fairway. In pursuit were two men in white coats, one carrying a bucket of sand.

"What's going on?" Mike asked Ted.

"Oh, every day about this time, she escapes from the mental hospital and runs across here," Ted explained.

"Why is one guy carrying a bucket of sand?"

"That's his handicap—he caught her yesterday."

One longtime client, burned badly on Black Monday, explained his investment indecision to his broker. "It's a Jimmy Swaggart market. I like what I see, but I'm afraid to take a position."



A widow went to a pet store to buy an animal to keep her company. The store owner suggested a parrot, which she bought and took home.

She asked the parrot, "Does Polly like his new home?"

To which the parrot replied, "Fuck off, you bitch."

The widow was appalled by his language but tried again with, "Would Polly like a cracker?"

"Eat shit, slut," the parrot answered.

The widow decided to punish the parrot and explained to him, "I'm putting you in the freezer for 15 minutes and you can decide whether you want to continue to use foul language." After 15 minutes, she took the parrot out, dusted the frost off his beak and asked, "Now does Polly want to swear any more?"

The parrot replied, "Listen, before I say anything, I want to know what the turkey in there did to piss you off."

We've heard that Smith & Wesson is introducing a new handgun. The Billy Martin model works only in New York and can be fired five times.

Two Russians had been standing in line for hours to buy vodka. Finally, in exasperation, one threw up his hands and exclaimed, "I've had it! I'm going to kill the minister of commerce."

But the next day he was back, and he found his friend still waiting in line. "What happened?" his friend asked expectantly. "Did you kill him?"

"No," he replied with a shrug, "the line was too long."

After witnessing a hit-and-run accident, a bystander ran into the street to comfort the elderly victim. He took off his coat, folded it and gently placed it under the prostrate man's head. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Murray Lefkowitz," came the reply.

"Are you comfortable, Murray?" the good Samaritan asked.

"Oh," Murray sighed, "I make a living."

What's the high point of a bulimic's party? It's when the cake jumps out of the girl.

After hearing that one patient in a mental hospital had saved another from a suicide attempt by pulling him out of a bathtub, the director reviewed the rescuer's file and called him into his office.

"Mr. Douglas, both your records and your heroic behavior indicate that you are ready to go home," he said. "I'm only sorry that the man you saved later killed himself with a rope around the neck."

"Oh, he didn't kill himself," Douglas replied. "I hung him up to dry."



Ally Wilson

Farmer Jones bought 20 pigs at auction, only to discover that they were all female. He asked his neighbor, farmer Brown, if he could take them to Brown's farm so that they could mate with his male pigs. Brown was happy to oblige.

So Jones loaded his female pigs in his truck, drove to Brown's farm and let them frolic with the male pigs for the rest of the day. That evening, he picked them up and asked Brown, "How will I know if they're pregnant?"

Farmer Brown replied, "Tomorrow morning, if they're grazing—something pigs never do—they're pregnant."

The next morning, farmer Jones looked out his window. The pigs were not grazing, so he loaded them in the truck and took them to farmer Brown's for a second day.

The following morning, the pigs still weren't grazing, so he repeated the procedure a third time.

The morning after, feeling very discouraged, he asked his wife, "Honey, I don't have the heart to look. Please tell me what the pigs are doing."

"Well, they're not grazing, but most of them are in the truck and one of them is honking the horn."

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.



Fintlandi

*"There's a lot of loose talk, Comrade, about the blow
job's being capitalistic decadence. . . ."*

JANUARY 4, 1988—HASSI-MESSAOUD, ALGERIA

NOT FOR NOTHING has this Paris-to-Dakar rally acquired an unrivaled reputation as the most miserable piece of work an off-road racer will ever see. People die in this thing. And don't let anyone tell you the course is 8000 miles. It may be 8000 miles on the rally map or in the official route book, but when you're out here for real on this endless expanse of boulders and sand dunes and dry lakes, zigzagging through Algeria and Niger and Mali and Mauritania and Senegal, screaming helter-skelter through the Sahara Desert at 120 miles an hour, the mileage mounts with every wrong turn and miscalculation. And God knows, there are plenty of those. This is only day four of 22, but already I feel as though I've seen more of Africa's sand than Rommel did.

The media in Europe, and especially in France, where the Paris-Dakar rally is regarded with no less reverence and awe than the Super Bowl is in the U.S., think Americans are too soft for this sort of endeavor. Fortunately, Camel Racing Service and Range Rover's people don't feel that way, so they hired me to drive one of the four cars that make up the Camel Range Rover team. Still, the European pundits don't expect me to do well, even though I've had the good fortune to win more than my share of grueling desert races, including the Baja 1000, off-road racing's version of the Indy 500. In fact, I've managed to win the Baja 1000 six times—three times on a motorcycle, three in a car. I've won the Baja 500 four times, the Mint 400 twice, the Roof of Africa Rally twice, and just nine months ago, I captured the Rallye L'Atlas in Morocco. But as the lone American in the 1988

**fasten your seat belts for
three brutal weeks of
sandstorms, smashups
and sabotage—the ultimate
race through hell**

article

**By MALCOLM SMITH
with LEE GREEN**



ROAD WARRIOR



ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIO MONTIEL

Paris-Dakar, I'm regarded as nothing more than a rookie with fancy credentials. I don't mind. I'd rather be underestimated than overrated. I just want to do well. A top-five finish would be nice.

Along with my navigator, Alain Fieuv of Belgium, I was sitting ninth among the race's 420 cars and trucks at this morning's start. As usual, the rally's motorcycle division, 183 strong this year, started ahead of us. The 155-mile racing section of today's stage traversed intricate sand-dune valleys and canyons. Lots of tight twists and turns, very technical stuff. Creep along in low gear at ten miles per hour, hard turn, then 30 miles per hour, another hard turn—that sort of thing. Without having to work too hard, I managed to work my way past five cars and was running third when two motorcycles in front of me, vying for the same narrow passage between two dunes, bumped each other and went down in a heap. I swerved to avoid them and, for my trouble, ended up planted atop a dune, my rear wheels spinning in place and spewing geysers of sand, my front wheels cantilevered over the edge of the dune's sharp drop-off. Welcome to Paris-Dakar.

The motorcyclists got up right away. Since I'd spared them the indignity of riding out the race enmeshed in my front grille, I thought they might come over and give me a little shove to get me going again. No chance. They hopped onto their bikes and took off. Can't say I blame them. After all, they're in a race, too.

Alain and I weren't exactly happy about being stuck, but we were prepared for the eventuality, thanks to the mechanics at Halt'Up!, the French company that assembled and prepped Camel Range Rover's cars. A conventional jack is useless in much of the soft African sand, so Halt'Up! had given us a device I had never seen before, a large canvas air bladder that lifts the car as it inflates when you attach it to the exhaust pipe and rev the car's engine. Inasmuch as I have managed to race in the desert for more than 20 years without benefit of one of these heavy, cumbersome things, I was tempted to pitch it in Paris when I was packing our already-overloaded car. I'm glad I didn't.

Sprawled on either side of the Range Rover, Alain and I dug with treasure-seeking ferocity, while below us, competitors zoomed past, wondering, perhaps, why some idiot would attempt to drive *over* this dune when there was a perfectly good route around it. While the rear wheels were held aloft by the jack, we jammed six-foot-long fiberglass boards—common accessories in this race—under them for traction. My job was to rev the motor, pop the clutch and hope six feet was enough for take-off. As usual, Alain's responsibilities were more demanding

and less glamorous. He was to gather everything up and chase the car until I found a hard spot in the sand or a downhill where I could stop without getting stuck.

Within 30 minutes, we were on our way. Within 20 miles, we were lost.

The route book indicated a right turn at a specified kilometer. What we had failed to consider, distracted as we were by our earlier misfortune and all the ground we had lost, was that while stuck on the dune, we had spun our wheels enough to throw off our odometer reading. No longer in sync with the route book, we took a right turn at the wrong place and drove 16 miles out of our way, squandering 20 minutes.

Our mishaps notwithstanding, by day's end, we dropped only five places. Fourteenth overall, 42 minutes off the pace. It could have been worse: One hundred and thirty-nine drivers, more than a fifth of the field, had their rally hopes prematurely dashed today. Some made it to the finish too late and were disqualified; others had mechanical problems or got stuck in the sand or had accidents and were injured. Among the scratches was one of my Camel Range Rover teammates, Salvador Canellas of Spain, whose car had suddenly and inexplicably quit on him.

So we are three now. My other teammates, Frenchmen Patrick Zaniroli and Patrick Tambay, are running third and fourth, respectively. Tambay is a Formula I racing hero in France, so well known there that he can't walk down a street or sit in a restaurant without being gawked at and pestered. I suppose his good looks don't hurt in that regard. He's quite friendly, willing to share whatever he knows about this race with me, though this is only his second go at it.

Zaniroli, by contrast, is taciturn and unhelpful. Not unpleasant, just unhelpful. This is his ninth Paris-Dakar—he missed only the first one—so he knows more about this race than the rest of us put together, but what he knows, he keeps to himself. I thought perhaps he wasn't confiding in me because of the language barrier. I asked Tambay if Zaniroli shared his expertise with him. "No," he said, "he doesn't tell me anything."

I get the feeling that Zaniroli is as intent on beating us as he is on beating anyone else. He won this race in 1985 and he has finished second three times. I sure would love to know what he knows.

JANUARY FIFTH—BORDJ OMAR DRISS, ALGERIA

It strikes me as the height of irony that in a race that regrettably has earned a reputation for death and injury, a race stage would be canceled due to unsafe conditions. Unsafe conditions? This entire race is an unsafe condition. Nevertheless, because of road-maintenance

excavations on the dusty oil-pipeline route we were to have followed today to the village of Bordj Omar Driss, the stage was downgraded to what the French call a liaison, a nonracing transit to get the cars safely from one place to another, usually to avoid endangering bystanders in populated areas. The first three days of the rally were liaisons, taking us from Paris to the southern coast of France, across the Mediterranean to Africa by ferry and into the open desert.

But even the liaisons can be dangerous. Two nights ago, while sailing along at 90 miles per hour on an open highway on the approach to El Oued, I narrowly avoided plowing into a herd of camels crossing the road. The reporters would have had a ball with that one: "CAMEL CAR DEMOLISHED BY CAMELS." On today's liaison, Jacky Ickx of Belgium and Formula I racing fame took a sharp turn too fast and rolled his car. He complained tonight that the route book should have warned us about the turn, but I noticed nobody else had rolled there.

If liaisons are meant to be easy, the race segments are meant to be tough. Especially yesterday's. The organizers figure they may as well weed out the weak cars and the weak drivers before they get too far into the heart of darkness.

JANUARY SIXTH—TAMANRASSET, ALGERIA

Another 114 drivers bowed out during today's cruel but incredibly beautiful 496-mile race, the sixth and longest stage of the rally. Alain and I placed a respectable tenth for the day, and we've moved up to eighth in accumulated time. But by the time we rolled into this desert oasis, I was ready to go home. And I probably would have if there had been a flight out of here.

The problem came near the end, after we'd spent nearly 14 hours winding through rocky passes in the Ahaggar Mountains and through spectacular sand dunes. We're talking 2000-foot-high dunes, maybe higher, with descents of about a 40 percent grade. You could never, ever think about going back up them. And if you were going fast and got cockeyed, you could easily roll over.

This was my kind of terrain. I felt confident, drove well and managed to pass everyone except former World Rally champion Ari Vatanen of Finland, the race leader and last year's winner. It probably didn't hurt that I got lost once and undoubtedly cut off a little part of the course, which is legal as long as you don't miss a check point. The race is rerouted somewhat every year—this year, it's about 85 percent new—but Alain has ridden a motorcycle in six Paris-Dakars and he knows this section. His French accent rose above the whine

(continued on page 161)

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW



our
pre-season
picks
for the
nation's top
teams
and
players

sports By GARY COLE
with research by NANCY MOUNT

OVER THE NEXT five months, 293 Division I college basketball teams will play more than 4500 games and score more than 1,000,000 points on jump shots, dunk shots, three-pointers, free throws, lay-ups, hooks, double-pumps, tips, swats and half-court lobs. Much sweat will be sweat, more than a few punches thrown and countless rolls of paper, diverted from the purpose God intended, will unfurl onto basketball courts across the country, all part of the search for the Holy Grail of college basketball, the national championship.

Part of the beauty of the sport is that even the most insignificant of those 4500 games has the potential to be a little jewel. No game is ever so one-sided that an upset isn't a possibility. Remember Northwestern's 66-64 win last year over defending national champ Indiana. And no team is so obscure that it can't fight its way onto the national scene once tourney time rolls around. Most people probably thought Loyola-Marymount was an all-girls' school until it battled all the way to last year's Final 16.

The warning buzzer is sounding and

Playboy All-America forward Sean Elliott, the silky-smooth multidimensional player from the University of Arizona, will lead the Wildcats' bid for a national championship.

it's time for our annual survey of the college basketball season.

AMERICAN SOUTH

The competition promises to be as spicy as the cooking down Louisiana way. Louisiana Tech, coached by Tommy Joe Eagles, the best coaching name in basketball, rates as a slight favorite over Arkansas State because of one player, 6'9" Randy White. A worthy successor to Karl Malone, now with the Utah Jazz, White is a ferocious rebounder (11.6 rebounds per game) and a high scorer (18.6 points per game). Look for some heavy-duty board banging when White goes against Arkansas State's 6'7" John Tate. Arkansas State has all five starters back, plus 7'5" Alan Bannister, a transfer from Oklahoma State who will be eligible the second semester.

ATLANTIC COAST

Two Final Four appearances and two A.C.C. championships in the past three seasons; Playboy All-America Danny Ferry, the conference's leading scorer and potential College Player of the Year, returning; Mike Krzyzewski, one of the best coaches in the nation. How can Duke go wrong?

PLAYBOY'S TOP 25

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Arizona | 14. Tennessee |
| 2. Duke | 15. Florida State |
| 3. Oklahoma | 16. St. John's |
| 4. Louisville | 17. Loyola-Marymount |
| 5. Michigan | 18. Florida |
| 6. Georgetown | 19. Wichita State |
| 7. Illinois | 20. Stanford |
| 8. Nevada-Las Vegas | 21. Clemson |
| 9. Syracuse | 22. Texas |
| 10. North Carolina | 23. North Carolina State |
| 11. Georgia Tech | 24. Notre Dame |
| 12. Missouri | 25. DePaul |
| 13. Villanova | |

LONG SHOTS

Arkansas-Little Rock, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Murray State, New Mexico, Ohio State, Oregon St., Temple, Tennessee-Chattanooga, UCLA, Utah.

For a complete conference-by-conference listing of the final standings, see page 240.

DEREK WILSON

forward

Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete
Coastal Carolina

GLEN RICE

forward

Michigan

TOM HAMMONS

forward

Georgia Tech

MARK MACON

guard

Temple

SEAN ELLIOTT

forward

Arizona

PLAYBOY'S 1989

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

JOHN CHANEY
Coach of the Year
Temple

MICHAEL SMITH
forward
Brigham Young

TODD LICHTI
guard
Stanford

STACEY KING
center
Oklahoma

SHERMAN DOUGLAS
guard
Syracuse

CHARLES SMITH
guard
Georgetown

ALL-AMERICA TEAM

SPECIAL THANKS TO SHERATON WORLD HOTEL AND BOARDWALK & BASEBALL, ORLANDO, FLORIDA

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

MARK MACON—Guard, 6'5", sophomore, Temple. Averaged 20.6 points, 5.7 rebounds and 2.9 assists per game as freshman. Only the third freshman (the two others were Ralph Sampson and Patrick Ewing) to be nominated for the Wooden Award as the nation's top college player.

TODD LICHTI—Guard, 6'4", senior, Stanford. Already Stanford's all-time scoring leader (1673 points) and needs 653 points to surpass Pac 10 record held by Lew Alcindor. Shot .547 from the floor, .879 from the free-throw line.

SHERMAN DOUGLAS—Guard, 6', senior, Syracuse. Holds Syracuse single-season record for assists (289) and is sixth in steals (166). Averaged 16.1 points per game last season.

CHARLES SMITH—Guard, 6'1", senior, Georgetown. Averaged 15.7 points, 3.3 rebounds per game as Hoyas point guard.

SEAN ELLIOTT—Forward, 6'8", senior, Arizona. Pac 10 Player of the Year last season. Averaged 19.6 points, 5.8 rebounds. Has 1820 career points. Third in Wooden voting last year after Danny Manning and Hersey Hawkins.

GLEN RICE—Forward, 6'7", senior, Michigan. Big Ten scoring leader last season. Averaged 22.1 points, 7.2 rebounds per game.

MICHAEL SMITH—Forward, 6'10", senior, Brigham Young. Western Athletic Conference Player of the Year. Averaged 21.2 points, 7.8 rebounds, 3.1 assists per game. Two-time G.T.E. Academic All-America.

TOM HAMMONDS—Forward, 6'9", senior, Georgia Tech. First team All-Atlantic Coast Conference. Averaged 18.9 points, 7.2 rebounds per game.

STACEY KING—Center, 6'10", senior, Oklahoma. First player in Big Eight history to block more than 100 shots in one season. Averaged 22.3 points, 8.5 rebounds per game.

DANNY FERRY—Center, 6'10", senior, Duke. Atlantic Coast Conference scoring leader last year. Averaged 19.1 points, 7.6 rebounds per game.

JOHN CHANEY—Playboy's Coach of the Year, Temple. Coached Temple Owls to Atlantic Ten regular-season and tournament championships, to a 32-2 record and to the Final Eight in last year's N.C.A.A. tournament. Ranks second in winning percentage among active coaches (79.6). Has six-year record at Temple of 154-38. Chaney is a passionate and eloquent advocate for rights of minorities in college athletics.



Two-time Playboy All-American Donny Ferry missed this year's team photo because his Duke team was playing on tour in Europe.

As coach K. found out when Duke went 3-7 against several national teams on a European tour last spring, games are won on the court, not in the press guide. Still, Duke is the class of the tough A.C.C. and one of the best in the nation.

North Carolina is accustomed to number-one pre-season basketball rankings. However, with all five starters back from last year, including J. R. Reid, it still can't do better than a number-two rating, and that's in its conference. But as coach Dean Smith knows, that's the stuff motivation is made of. Smith and the Tarheels need good outside shooting and a confidence win over Duke to set up a successful season.

Georgia Tech has received four N.C.A.A. tournament bids since coach Bobby Cremins took over the program seven years ago, an amazing statistic considering that it has had only one previous bid in its entire history. Cremins turns out finished players: John Salley, Mark Price, Duane Ferrell. His current star, Playboy All-America Tom Hammonds, is one of his best. Dennis Scott, a 6'8" forward who averaged 15.5 p.p.g. and led the conference in three-point percentage, is only a sophomore.

Last year's Clemson team, long on talent and short on experience, didn't come together until a couple of late-season wins against Duke and Georgia Tech. With 6'10" junior center Elden Campbell, the A.C.C.'s leading shot blocker, the Tigers have to be taken seriously from the season's start.

Maryland and North Carolina State both suffer from the same disease: deficiency of a number-one player. At North Carolina State, center Charles Shackleford made the decision to go to the N.B.A. draft early, thus forfeiting his final year. Coach Jim Valvano still has two big-time players in 6'8" Chuck Brown and guard Chris Corchiani, but having no experienced big man in the middle spells problems for the Wolfpack.

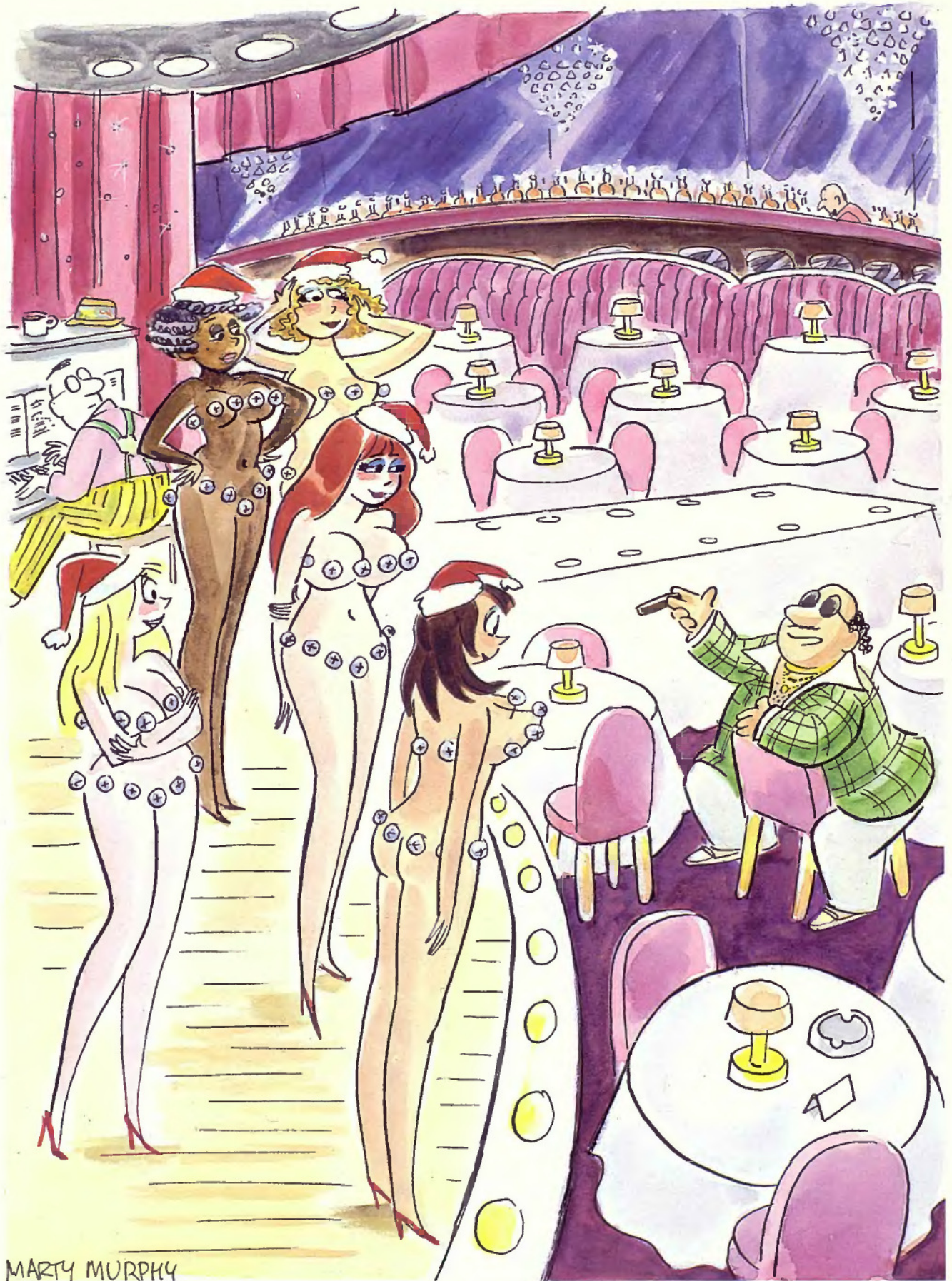
Coach Bob (continued on page 232)

REST OF THE BEST

GUARDS: B. J. Armstrong, 6'2" (Iowa); Kato Armstrong, 5'11" (Southern Methodist); Dana Barros, 5'11" (Boston College); Daron "Mookie" Blaylock, 6' (Oklahoma); Jay Burson, 6' (Ohio State); Vernell "Bimbo" Coles, 6'1" (Virginia Tech); Sean Gay, 6'3" (Texas Tech); George McCloud, 6'6" (Florida State); Ken "Mouse" McFadden, 6'1" (Cleveland State); Gary Payton, 6'3" (Oregon State); Jerome "Pooh" Richardson, 6'1" (UCLA); Rumeal Robinson, 6'2" (Michigan); LaBradford Smith, 6'3" (Louisville); Doug West, 6'6" (Villanova).

FORWARDS: Kenny Battle, 6'6" (Illinois); Ricky Blanton, 6'7" (Louisiana State); Chucky Brown, 6'8" (North Carolina State); Derrick Coleman, 6'9" (Syracuse); Anthony Cook, 6'8" (Arizona); Hank Gathers, 6'7" (Loyola-Marymount); Gerald Hayward, 6'6" (Loyola-Chicago); Tom Lewis, 6'7" (Pepperdine); Jeff Martin, 6'6" (Murray State); Terry Mills, 6'10" (Michigan); Dyron Nix, 6'7" (Tennessee); J. R. Reid, 6'9" (North Carolina); Kenny Sanders, 6'5" (George Mason); Dennis Scott, 6'8" (Georgia Tech); Lionel Simmons, 6'6" (LaSalle); Mitch Smith, 6'8" (Utah); John Tate, 6'7" (Arkansas State); Chorlie Thomas, 6'7" (New Mexico); Randy White, 6'9" (Louisiana Tech).

CENTERS: Joe Colavita, 6'11" (Vermont); Elden Campbell, 6'10" (Clemson); Pervis Ellison, 6'9" (Louisville); Melvin McCants, 6'9" (Purdue); Alonzo Mourning, 6'10" (Georgetown); Sasha Radunovich, 6'10" (Wichita State); Dwayne Schintzius, 7'2" (Florida); Doug Smith, 6'10" (Missouri).



MARTY MURPHY

"Once more, ladies, and this time I wanna really hear those bells jingle!"

A C O N N O I S S E U R ' S G U I D E T O S I N G L E - M A L T S C O T C H

raise your glasses, laddies; whisky weather's here again

drink By MICHAEL JACKSON THE COLDER THE WINTER, the greater the pleasure of kicking the weather off your boots, closing the door of your castle and treating yourself to a single-malt whisky. Let your hands cradle the glass to warm the amber liquid. Inhale the peaty aroma of the malt. Amid such a glow, ice hasn't a snowball's chance. Just a dash of water to release the whisky's vapors. Then take a sip of the smoky, smooth malt. Don't hurry. Make the pleasure last.

Single malts are the purest of all Scotch whiskies. Each tells its own story. Where the hills of Scotland are gentle, so are the single malts. Where there are mountains, the water is given up by springs in the granite and flows over miles of peaty earth before reaching the distillery. The peat stays in the water. This is the taste of the Scottish Highlands and islands, and every distillery's water has its own character. In no other spirit is the character of the water so important.

In Scotland, the water is first used to steep the grains of barley so that they begin to sprout. Then they are dried over a peat fire. This steeping and kilning is the procedure of malting. Once dry, the malt is fermented—again, in the local water—and distilled in copper pots.

Scotland is a rugged country. A distillery that stands by the sea will be washed by the wind and the rain. As the single malt matures in the cask, the wood contracts and expands with the temperature. The cask breathes in the salt air. The mists and sea breezes of Scotland are there in your glass.

Some single malts mature faster than others. It is an impenetrable equation of the barley malt, the pot still, the weather and the wood. All single malts are matured *(concluded on page 216)*



The Polo Lounge

By

Lloyd Neiman

THE POLO LOUNGE in The Beverly Hills Hotel—enduring, unchanged, a Hollywood landmark. Refurbish it if you must, but please don't update it. Let it remain as it is, timeless and one of my very favorite places to visit.

I bring personal and sentimental baggage to this work. As a guest, I have felt at home



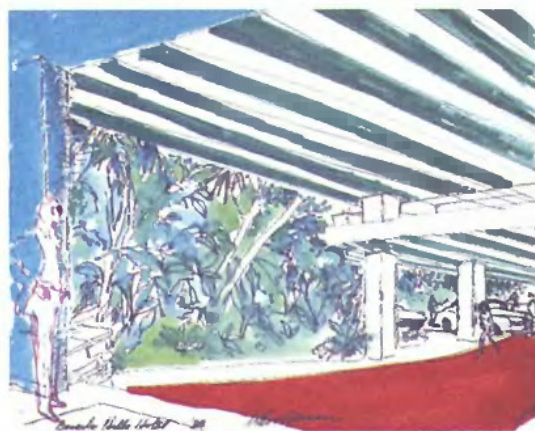
Real deals, right: Comforts of the rich and famous. The hotel swimming pool is not the only place where the megapowers that be conduct their business.

First impressions: The hotel entrance, below, a majestic curve off Sunset Boulevard, where, for a moment, as you arrive, you are what you drive.





in the bungalows of The Beverly Hills Hotel for many years. As a stargazer, I have always enjoyed the unique showcase that is the Polo Lounge. Stars here have left a very special imprint on my memory. So there was something magical for me in creating this sampling of Hollywood's elite. As a rule, I rarely work from photographs, but since movie greats are ageless only on film, and since I have neither met nor sketched many of my choices live, I felt that photos were the best medium to use for research. From those photos, I painted my Polo Lounge "wish list." Movie stars and film makers, Hollywood movers and moguls, all with one thing in common—they have frequented this leg-



Royal treatment: The red carpet is rolled out under the canopy from the main portal to the driveway. Through these doors have passed countless Hollywood celebrities, honored guests and Tinseltown wheeler-dealers.

endary pink-and-green Mecca on Sunset Boulevard. Here, then, is my imaginary assemblage: Bogart and Bacall, fresh, perhaps, from sharing the tropical breezes of Key Largo; a debonair Cary Grant and Errol Flynn, the swash-buckling ladies' man; Marvin Davis, a former owner of 20th Century Fox and of The Beverly Hills Hotel, with his charming wife, Barbara; Garbo, alone, by choice; W. C. Fields, a bit topsy-turvy but always at home in a drinking establishment; Gable, always Rhett Butler; Elizabeth Taylor, the queen, soloing between husbands and lovers; Johnny Carson, Mr. Late Night himself—these are a few of my lasting impressions. These are some of the stars who shone, and shine on, at the Polo Lounge.



Gable, above, studied in charcoal. Below: The cinematic legends that dreams are made of: Dietrich, Harlow, Garbo, Taylor and Bardot.



Clockwise:

Hedda Hopper

Lauren Bacall

The Sultan of Brunei

Gregory Peck

Jean Harlow

Marlene Dietrich

Joan Collins

Johnny Carson

Dean Martin

Sammy Davis Jr.

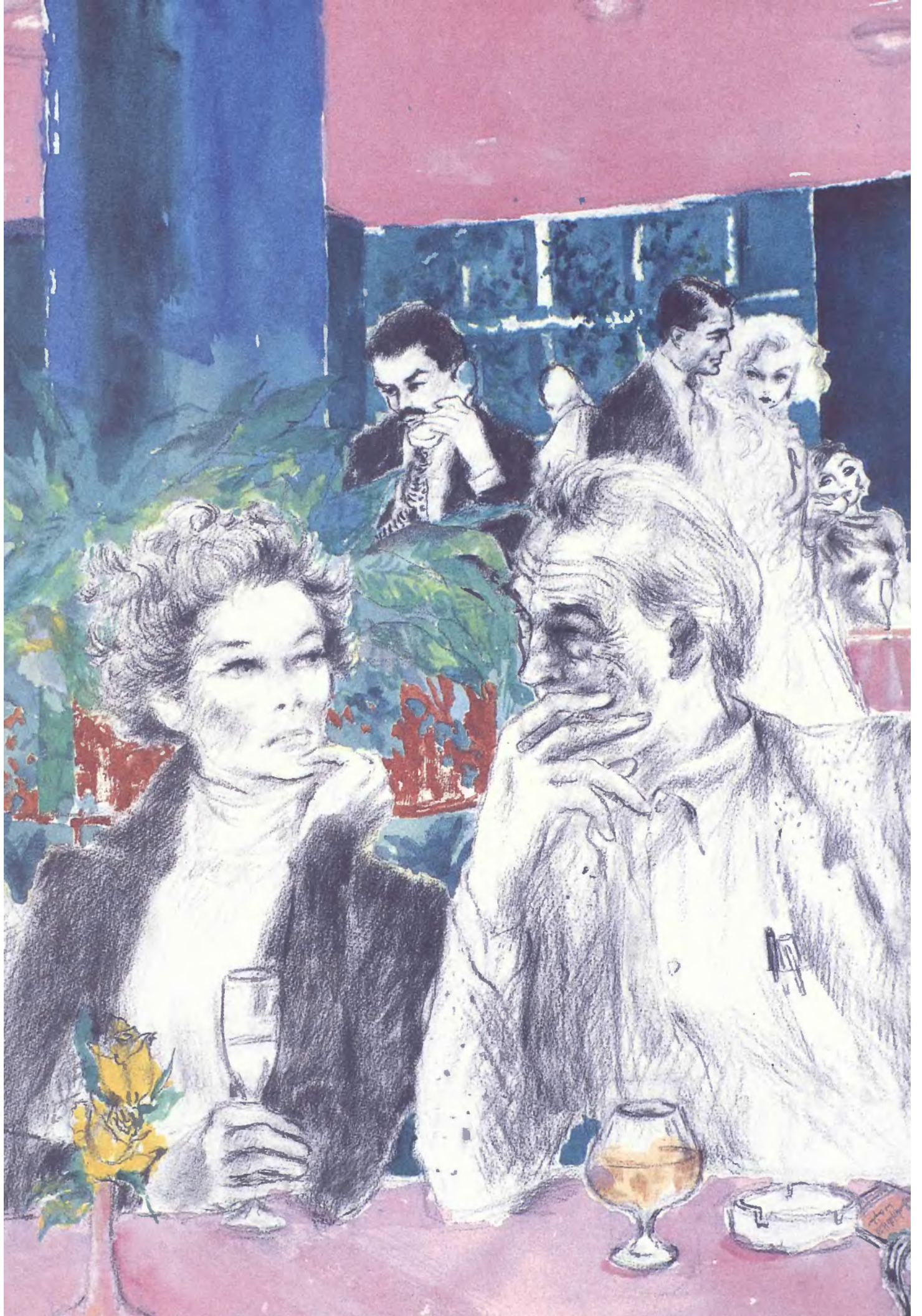
Cesar Romero

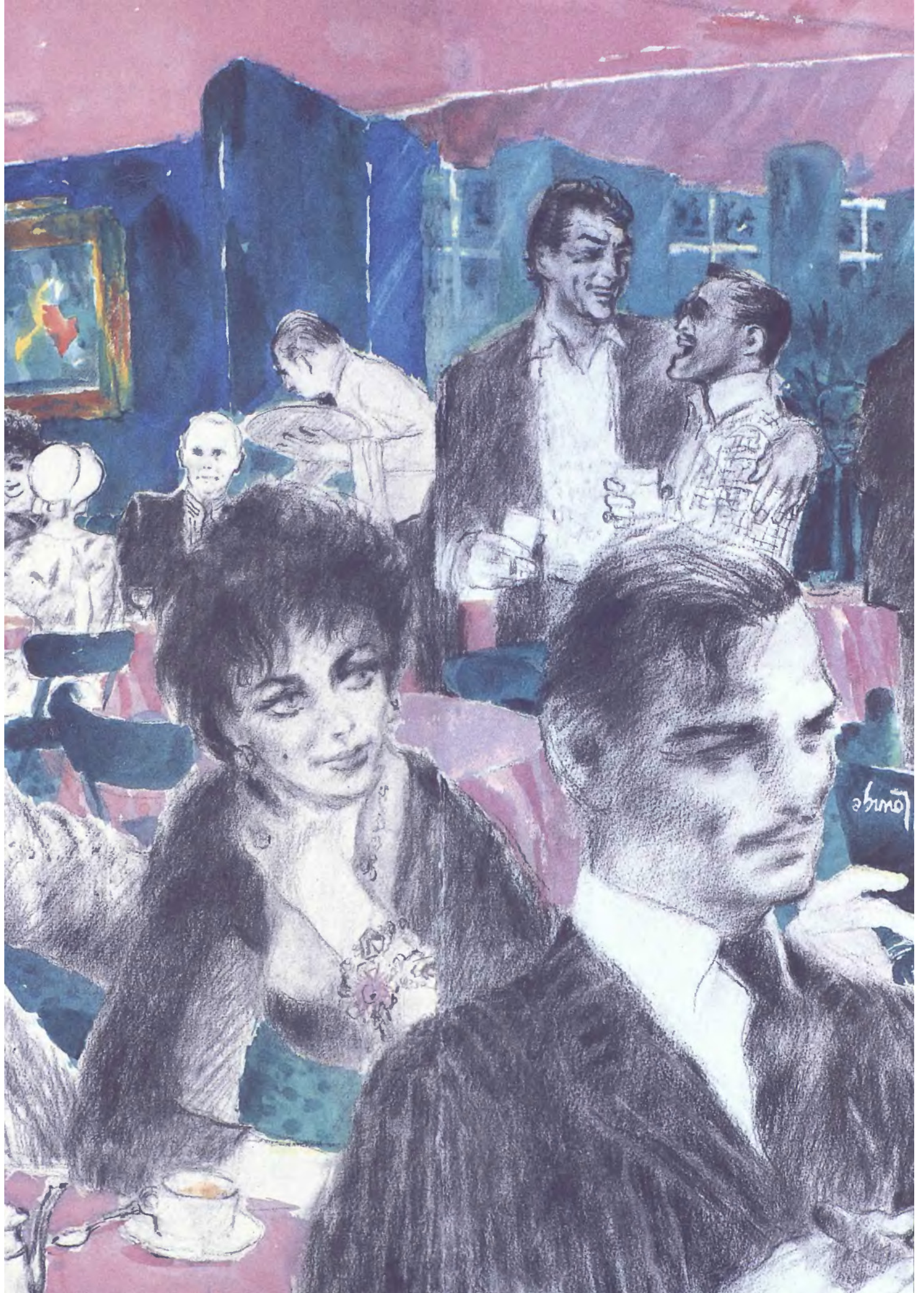
Maitre d' Nino

Frank and Barbara Sinatra

Barbara and Marvin Davis

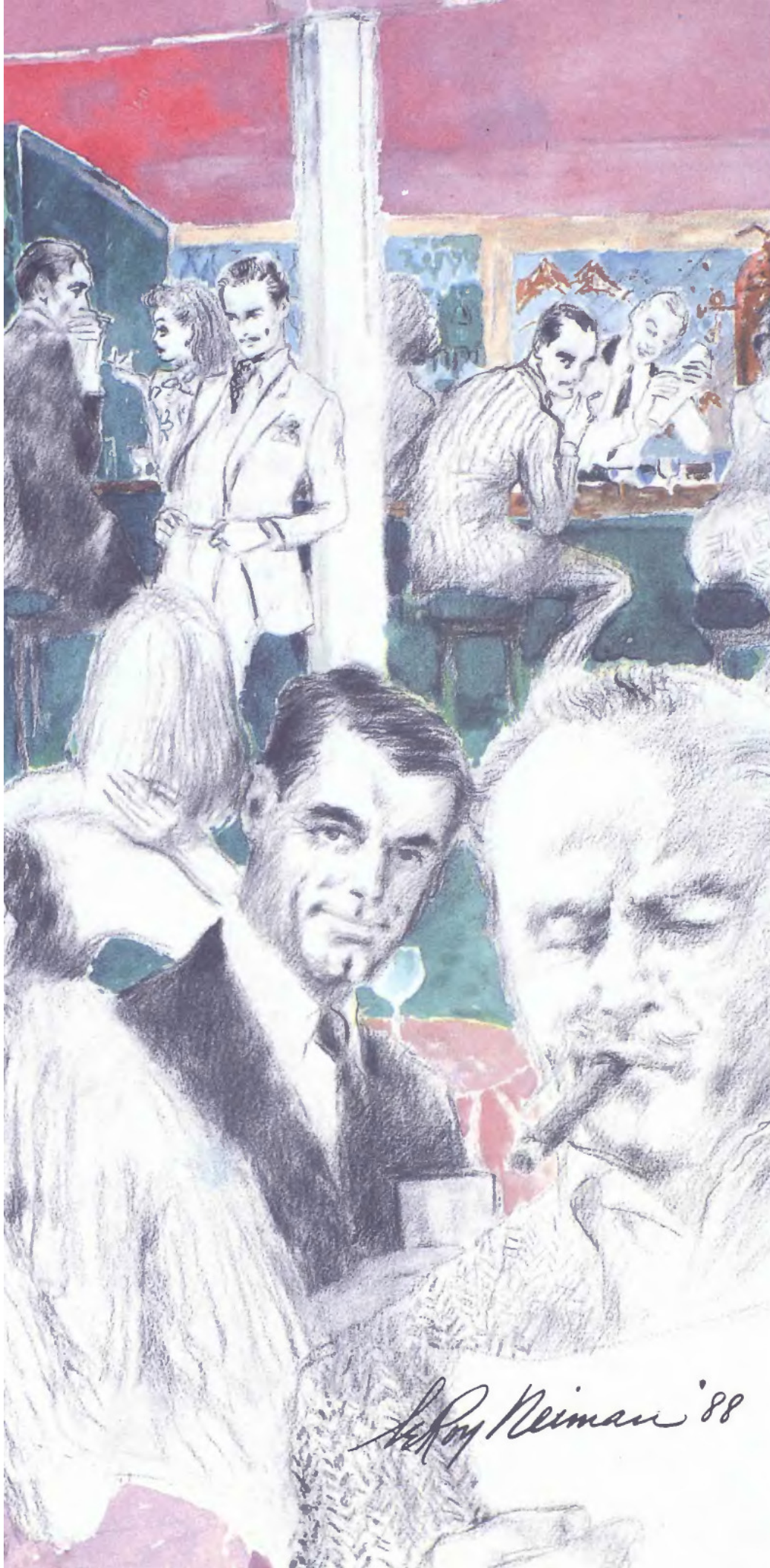






Longe





Gary Cooper

Bette Davis

Errol Flynn

Howard Hughes

Bartender Gus Tassopulos

Darryl F. Zanuck

Cary Grant

Greta Garbo

Marilyn Monroe

W. C. Fields

Clark Gable

Elizabeth Taylor

John Huston

Katharine Hepburn

Humphrey Bogart

by Roy Neiman '88



The ultimate place to see and be seen. Gable and Lombard join the daytime throng for the fabled Sunday brunch, Polo Lounge style.

Sunday
Brunch
Polo Lounge

Beverly Hills Hotel



Clark Gable
enters with
Carole Lombard
see arrangement on each table in restaurant

Producers
and Starlet



The patio.

3.PM. Podg Patio
Beverly Hills Hotel

July 25, '79

3.PM.

57
Paul Neuma

"What a sight! It was straddling boulders I had to dodge. It was mowing down bushes and small trees."

of the Range Rover's noisy transmission and reached me through my intercom headset. "I can't find the course right now," he said without apology, "but if you just head along that mountain range over there, we'll run into it." Bull's-eye. I wish it were always that easy.

Eventually, we found ourselves on a dry lake bed, flat as Formica and utterly featureless. We cruised at 120 miles per hour on the compass reading specified in the route book, but it soon became apparent that we were off course. The finish-line check point wasn't where it was supposed to be. "I don't know where it is!" Alain shouted after double-checking the route book. He seemed certain that he wasn't in error, but I wasn't so sure. He was insistent: "They show it as being here and it *should* be here! The book is wrong!"

By then it was dark and we were darting around the dry lake like aimless idiots, three kilometers this way, five that way. I was steamed. Here I had moved up to second place in the rough section, and we were blowing it on terrain that should have been a cakewalk. "This is a god-damn French Easter-egg hunt!" I wailed. "This is stupid! They call this a race, but all we do is wander around the desert looking for check points."

Out of desperation, we finally resumed the specified compass heading and hurtled through the Algerian night like fugitives. Twenty kilometers down course, we saw the blinking blue light. The organizers had moved the check point without bothering to change the route book, an oversight that didn't seem to faze some drivers but cost us a half hour. I was inconsolable.

"Well," Alain reasoned, "this is Paris-Dakar. These things happen. Later on, somebody else will have trouble, and you won't, and you'll make that back."

To make matters worse, our team lost one of its three support trucks today because it couldn't get through one of the narrow mountain passes. Support trucks hauling spare parts are utilized by all the big-money teams, but the rules require them to follow the race route. So it's a race for them, too: If they don't arrive at each night's camp early enough to supply their team mechanics with parts, they're not doing anybody any good.

Something like 30 percent of all the support trucks were knocked out today for the same reason ours was. We undoubtedly would have lost all three of

ours if Zaniroli, who remembered the Ahaggar passes from a previous year, hadn't warned Pascal Vigneron, Halt'Up! owner and team manager. Vigneron rerouted two of the trucks; they missed a check point and were assessed a three-hour penalty, which means that tomorrow they'll have to start farther back in the field, behind slower trucks. But at least they are still in the hunt. Lose those trucks and our entire team may as well fold up its tents and go home.

To be sure, no one has it easy in this race, but the support-truck drivers probably have the worst grind of all. The mechanics are flown from camp to camp by the Halt'Up! team, but the support-truck drivers have to slog it out on the ground, well behind the race cars.

Here's how our team works it: When Zaniroli, Tambay and I arrive at each night's destination, we wake up our mechanics and they take the Range Rovers apart with tools we carry in our cars. Then we all have dinner and go to bed. Later in the night, the support trucks finally roll in and the team manager wakes up the mechanics again. They work on the cars through the night, while the truck drivers grab some sleep, and then we do it all again the next day. Since the truck drivers never stay anywhere long enough to get decent sleep, three drivers are assigned to each truck. While they're on the move, which is most of the time, they take turns sleeping. The idea is to make sure no one takes his turn sleeping while he's driving.

JANUARY SEVENTH—DJANET, ALGERIA

I was doing 70 in a dry wash when suddenly, I heard a blast from a horn right behind me. I couldn't see anything behind me, because the little aerodynamic side mirrors are worthless and the rear window is always covered with dust. The side windows are always covered with dust, too, so my field of vision is limited to the 90-degree view the front windshield affords. If I want to see behind me—to look for a navigational landmark we may have missed, for instance—I have to do 360s.

I assumed the horn behind me belonged to one of the Peugeots. Peugeot has reportedly invested \$10,000,000 in this race, far more money than any other sponsor, and its cars are, without question, the best and fastest on the course. During the first racing stage, I passed every car ahead of me but one and thought I was going fairly fast. All of a sudden,

Ari Vatanen's Peugeot 405 whooshed past me so fast, I felt as if I were driving a golf cart. Vatanen hit a dune and was airborne for a moment; as soon as I saw his car land smoothly and easily, I knew our cars weren't competitive with his.

Which is ironic, because these Range Rovers aren't exactly cardboard-and-glue jobs. The custom Kevlar/carbon-fiber bodies house a 300-horsepower, V8 engine that can take the car from 0 to 60 in less than five seconds or cruise her at 130. The navigational instrumentation includes digital-readout compasses and odometers that we calibrate with on-board microcomputers. Range Rover and Camel spent \$250,000 on each vehicle.

I pulled over to let the Peugeot pass and was startled when I was passed instead by a huge DAF truck—a race entry, not a support truck—belching black smoke from its skyward exhaust pipes, all four tires spinning viciously and spitting gravel in every direction. This ten-ton monstrosity resembles a garbage truck; it must be ten feet high and twice as long. Absolutely shocked that this thing had overtaken me, I decided to just hang back and watch for a while. What a sight! It was straddling boulders I had to dodge. It was mowing down bushes and small trees. On straightaways, it pulled away from me, packing 1200 horsepower in twin engines.

In a sandy wash, after tailing the DAF truck for about 100 miles, I tried to pass it and hit a boulder obscured by the dust. Flat tire, broken shocks and springs. Alain and I hastily did some creative repairs and limped the rest of the way in. We were 23rd for the 328-mile stage but still managed to climb from eighth to seventh in the over-all standings. Thirteen motorcycles, 19 cars and ten trucks gave up the chase today.

To our team's profound disappointment and dismay, Zaniroli, who was running third overall, was among them. I encountered him near the end of today's race stranded atop a dune. Blown engine. It was a bizarre scene up there. Zaniroli was very upset, of course, but his navigator, Igo Fenouil, had stripped to his black bikini underwear and was merrily doing cartwheels in the sand. I don't know how those two ever got teamed. Zaniroli is so serious, Fenouil so wacky. I don't think they were hitting it off all that well, and they still had two weeks to go. No wonder Fenouil was doing cartwheels.

JANUARY EIGHTH—DJADO, NIGER

For some reason, the medical cars weren't in position today, so the organizers decided to change the 460-mile race to a liaison stage.

That was only slightly more surprising than the shock that awaited Alain when

(continued on page 204)

IT AIN'T TOONTOWN

*DID YOUR MOTHER THROW YOURS OUT? TOO BAD,
BECAUSE FUNNY BOOKS ARE NO LONGER KID STUFF*



JOE TOBUL'S MOTHER ruined my life. Under another name, Joe Tobul's mother blighted your life as well. For the past 50 years, all the Joe Tobul's mothers of America—kind and decent women who kept kitchens so clean you could eat off the floor, and who wouldn't harm a fly—blighted the lives of boys and girls with absolute innocence. They did it, as Joe Tobul's mother did it to me, by tossing out all those kids' funny books.

Stand in one of the hundreds of direct-sales comic-book stores that have sprung up across the country in the past decade, challenging the hegemony of traditional newsstand distribution, and listen to that 50-year-old man accompanying his 12-year-old grandson rummaging through this month's various *X-Men*

comics. Mr. 50 stares into the triple-locked display case at the unnumbered first issue of *Captain Marvel Adventures*, dated 1941, and he says oh so conversationally, "I had that comic. How much is it?"

And the clerk smiles benignly, because he has had this conversation a hundred times, because he knows that the guy remembers paying ten cents for it when it was new, because he knows what's coming, and he replies, "It's only in fine condition, not near mint. It goes for \$2700. Shame it's got a little spine roll to it, or we could've called it very fine; that'd be about six grand." Pale, very pale, goes Mr. 50.

And he says (make book on it), "My mother threw out all my comics."

And that's why this guy's kids never got to go to college. Because Joe Tobul's mother threw out all those comics that would have become an annuity. Guy could have been living on the Riviera today. Could own a controlling interest in A.T.&T.

But that's the way it was. Because comics were kid stuff. They were "bad" for kids, the way a Red Ryder BB gun was bad for kids. The rifle would put your

article

By HARLAN ELLISON





ROCKETEER: Dave Stevens sets the exploits of aviator/accidental crime fighter Cliff Secord in the pulp-adventure Thirties. Girlie model Bettie Page of the Fifties is the love interest.

eye out (as Jean Shepherd has told us), and comics would rot your brain. And if you didn't believe it, along came the Fifties' own Cotton Mather, the late Dr. Frederic Wertham, who, in a book called *Seduction of the Innocent*, could give you chapter and verse, gore and protuberant nipples on how mind-rotting those evil comics were. So all the Joe Tobul's mothers in this great nation, meaning well or just cleaning out the closet when you went to college, saved their kids from a fate worse than enlightenment, and thereby blighted millions of lives.

Yeah, that's the way it *was*. Today, following the lead of the rest of the world, coming to awareness behind the eye-opening and ground-breaking achievements of a handful of comics writers and artists who have snared critical and flash-media attention, this great nation is coming to understand that it has been a long time since comics were only kid stuff, that comics need no longer be a secret "guilty pleasure" for adults, that a vast treasure-trove of wonders has been lost, forgotten, mishandled and ignored, while its creators have been kept in artistic chains and actual poverty like poor bean-field hands, and that comic books not only have a claim to posterity but are one of only five native-American art forms that we've given the world: jazz, of course; musical comedy as we know it today; the detective story as created by Poe; the banjo; and comic books.

Yet every time some parvenu publication "discovers" comics, only 20 or 30 years late, untutored and ham-handed editorial twits invariably present the ma-

terial under idiot headlines of the "BANG! SOCKOI WHACK!" ilk, reinforcing subliterate stereotypes of a genre that for three generations has delighted the rest of the world with its cleverness.

Every other October in Lucca, Italy, the town turns into a comic-book festival. The entire town. Guests stream in from around the world. Lucca even issues postage stamps with Prince Valiant and Steve Canyon and Little Nemo on them. In Japan, as common as *sashimi* are the millions of copies of comic books—called *manga*—sold every week, some as thick as the annotated Kobo Abe, read by more adults than children in that most literate of nations, and read as seriously as novels and financial reports. In parts of Africa, Marvel's ebony superhero, The Black Panther, is looked on as a significant mythical figure, in the way Spaniards revere El Cid. In France, comics are held in such high esteem that *Metal Hurlant*, a graphics magazine, is a best-selling periodical, and the artist Moebius is considered a national treasure.

Ah, but in America, venal televangelists as crazy as fruit bats hold up copies of *Elektra: Assassin* and scare a video congregation slaving for fresh satanic menaces (having long since grown bored with the red herring of alleged demonic messages badly recorded backward on heavy-metal albums nobody would listen to without a gun at their head, anyway) with assurances that this comical book is filled—nay, riddled, nay, *festooned*—with demonology, bestiality, rampant sexuality and even—whisper the dreaded word—humanism! Yeah, sure; and Mighty



MISTER X: With the art-deco eyes of an art director/designer, 35-year-old Dean Motter starkly updates Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* in the surreal, decadent city of Somnopolis.

Mouse sniffs cocaine . . . if your head is loose on its bolts.

For more than half a century, comics in America have been kept adolescent, considered throwaway trash, beneath the notice of "serious" critics of art, paid heed only when the Warhols and the Lichtensteins plunder the treasure house, self-consciously recasting the innocent and



HELLBLAZER: This truly unsettling contemporary horror would give Dean Koontz, King and Clive Barker the screaming meemies—all of it dark, down and dirty in eerie England.

innovative work of creative intellects whose names are unknown to all but an underground of readers, specialty hucksters, pop-culture academics and wave after wave of bright-eyed naifs come to work in that slaughterhouse of talent, the comics industry. Their names are unknown to those who stock the Frick, the Museum of Modern Art and the Guggenheim, but not to Fellini, Truffaut and Resnais, who constantly pay homage to the images of Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Jerry Siegel, Joe Shuster, Jack Cole, C. C. Beck, Will Eisner, Bob Kane and Bill Finger.

If those names do not resonate as clearly as those of Norman Rockwell, Maxfield Parrish and Andrew Wyeth—great American illustrators who worked in media popularly accepted and not considered disreputable—then how about *these* names: Captain America, the Silver Surfer, the Hulk, Superman, Plastic Man, Captain Marvel, The Spirit and Batman?

While your back was turned, while you were busy fighting wars and codifying the rise 'n' fall of the Yuppie empire, comic books went whistling past puberty and reached adulthood.

In a recent issue of *The Incredible Hulk*,

an up-and-coming young writer named Peter David wrote one of the most powerful battered-wife stories you'll encounter outside *60 Minutes*. Yes, the story features the tormented Dr. Bruce Banner, whose exposure to gamma rays turns him into the ravaging Hulk when he gets angry, but the spur to triggering his transformation is a mainstream examination of *machismo*, the tyranny of small-town bullies and the brutalization of women.

In the first issue of a marvelous new comic titled *The Big Prize*, the talented Gerard Jones recasts the Walter Mitty idiom by taking nearsighted, plain-as-soda-water Willis Austerlitz into the wish-fulfillment world each of us has yearned to know: He wins the big prize:



THE SPIRIT: The masterful cinematic style of Will Eisner, rescued from oblivion in Sunday newspaper supplements, features a guy who lives under Wildwood Cemetery.

A time traveler from a TV show of the future makes a mistake, lands in our today and awards him the right to visit the past. Austerlitz goes back to a gentler, more interesting time, the Thirties. But it isn't the idyllic dream our memories deliver. It is a time of poverty, racism, the Iowa farm strikes, Red baiting. It is the *real* Thirties, not an adolescent recollection of "good times."

Antic comedy as rich as *Pogo* or the best of *Dudley Do-Right* roils and gushes and overflows the pages of William Van Horn's *Nervous Rex*, the primordial saga of a henpecked tiny Tyrannosaurus whose behemoth of a wife devils his every moment, whose world is filled with mud flies that deliver one-liners in a Mexican accent, with the saurians determined to debase him, with a world very



CONCRETE: Initially turned down by many publishers, in just two years, Chadwick's tragic, profoundly human creation has since won passionate acclaim, five major awards.

much like our own, in which we find ourselves often unwittingly acting like Caspar Milquetoast when we know that we are capable of courage and heroism.

Doesn't sound much like what was going on in comic books even ten years ago, does it?

Those are a mere handful of the creations of a cadre of some of the most innovative, wildly imaginative artists and writers this country has ever produced, work-for-hire talents who have created a vast body of popular art that constantly struggled against Philistine ignorance and market-place brutality toward High Art. But Siegel and Shuster's Superman does not hang in the Museum of Modern Art, and the imitations of Warhol and Lichtenstein do. Yet the former is persiflage, you may say, and the culture mavens at *Art Forum* will agree, while the latter has solid claim to posterity.

But consider this: If one of the unarguable criteria for literary greatness is universal recognition, in all of the history of literature, there are only five fictional creations known to every man, woman and child on the planet.

The urchin in Irkutsk may never have heard of Hamlet; the peon in Pernambuco may not know who Raskolnikov is; the widow in Djakarta may stare blankly at the mention of Don Quixote or Micawber or Jay Gatsby. But every man, woman and child on the planet knows Mickey Mouse, Sherlock Holmes, Tarzan, Robin Hood . . . and Superman.

This fanciful creation—in 1933—of a pair of 17-year-old Cleveland schoolboys has remained center stage in the Ameri-

can mythos for more than 50 years. The orphan from Krypton has appeared in animated cartoons for theatrical exhibition, in live-action movie serials, in a radio series, television series, cartoons for television, novels, hundreds of thousands of comic books, Broadway musicals, on lunch boxes, bed sheets, drinking glasses, as Halloween costumes, dolls and plastic models and made a star of Christopher Reeve.

But Superman is more than just the fanciful daydream of a couple of kids who wanted to break into comics. He is the 20th Century archetype of mankind at its finest. He is courage and humanity, steadfastness and decency, responsibility and ethic. He is our universal longing for perfection, for wisdom and power used in the service of the human race.

The comic books have been the *McGuffey's Readers* of the masses, the picture books of our strange society. And, at last, in just the past seven years, it has become clear that intelligent adults, lovers of art, discriminating readers, observers of the forces that shape our culture are rediscovering the comic book. At its best, the new work of Alan Moore, Paul Chadwick, Peter David, Frank Miller, the Hernandez Brothers, Dave Gibbons and Steve Moncuse—and a rage of others—is creating a superior library of serious, entertaining, important reflections of our times, our dreams, our nobility and our depravity.



THE DARK KNIGHT RETURNS: Fraught with a miasmic Freudian angst, Frank Miller's saga of the 50ish Batman coming out of retirement makes *Death Wish* seem dull by comparison.

As the science-fiction movies of the Fifties reflected Cold War paranoia, so do the comic (continued on page 174)



miss anthony,
hot actress and
brash brit, loves
to shock the home-town
folks with her
body english

LYSETTE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTHEW ROLSTON

text by Joan Goodman When she was 17 and starting in her first important film, *Krull*, Lysette Anthony looked the perfect English hothouse rose. With her long burnished-gold hair, wide Orphan Annie eyes and schoolgirl dresses, she was the picture of a fairy princess—which is what she played in that doomed movie. “I hate that film as only one who passionately loved something can hate it,” says Lysette today. “It has haunted me for years. People still think of me that way. Casting directors still say, ‘Where is your long blonde hair, Lysette?’” These days, Lysette wears her dark hair cropped close to her head. Her blue eyes, still round, are now teasing and savvy and her figure is as trim and lithe as a



In *Without a Clue*, a comic spoof of the Sherlock Holmes stories, Lysette plays a damsel in distress aided by an astute Dr. Watson (Ben Kingsley, left) and a bumbling Holmes—Michael Caine.

dancer's. She talks in short bursts of speed, her words barely keeping up with her thoughts. “I didn't realize it, thank God, or I would have curled up and died,” says

Lysette, “but after *Krull*, people wouldn't cast me, because they said I was too pretty, too chocolate-boxy.” Her brow knits in disdain. “You know the English; they like to keep you in a niche. You have to shock them if you want to make a change.” Lysette, who thrives on shocking people, has made a lot of changes, and her seven-year battle to be taken seriously as an actress is beginning to pay off, with three films this year. The first to be released is the current *Without a Clue*, a Sherlock Holmes spoof starring Michael Caine and Ben Kingsley. (“I

HAIR BY SALLY HERSHBERGER, VISAGES

MAKE-UP BY LINDA MASON AND FRANCESCA TOLOT, CLOUTIER

STYLING BY RANDY PALMER, CLOUTIER

SET DESIGN BY RON OATES, CLOUTIER



play a baddie for the first time.”) CBS has just aired *Jack the Ripper*, again starring Michael Caine. It’s a feisty Lysette this time. “I play an Irish girl—raw, drunken, a little slut. Fighting, but with a kind of innocence that I can understand.” Then in December comes *Dangerous Love* for CBS, based on the book *Cupid Rides Pillion*, by Barbara Cartland, with a cast that includes Michael York, Oliver Reed and Claire Bloom. “It’s a formula thing, like all Cartland books. I play a virginal young girl, orphaned and very rich. I have such problems describing her, because this whole virginal thing is last on my list of priorities.” None of these projects would have happened had the outspoken Lysette not forced the issue. She had to fight to be auditioned for *Without a Clue*. “I heard at first that the producers wouldn’t see me for the film. I nearly killed the casting director. I thought, Fuck the lot of you, you’re going to see me. And

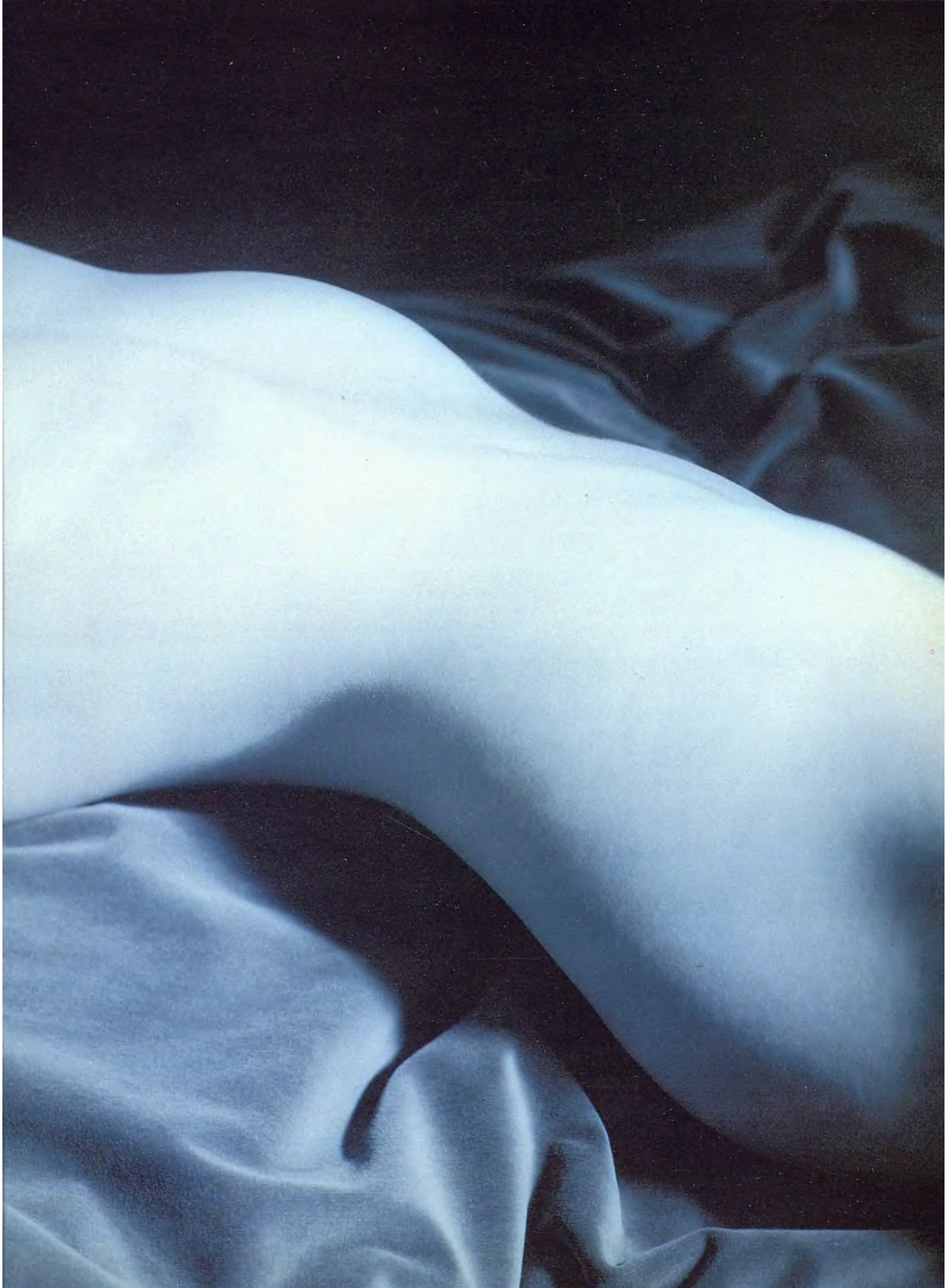
they did. I read for the part with a lot of other girls who all came on as sweet, sweet, sweet. I thought to myself, There’s only one girl in this film and she’s got to be sexy. English actresses are afraid of that. That’s why they don’t do well. I used to be that way myself. I’d go to auditions in proper dresses like a nice clean English girl. Now I say ‘Fuck it’ and go looking like me.” It was not only her looks but a combination of assets that won her the challenging lead in a small Dutch film, *Looking for Eileen*, which required her to play a dual role—as a scruffy Belfast girl and a (text concluded on page 221)











IT AIN'T TOONTOWN (continued from page 165)

"I love Superman, and yet, in my mind, he's been twisted around into some kind of alien thing."

books of the Eighties mirror and interpret our contemporary fears and obsessions. In *Concrete*, we deal with individual identity, the cult of celebrity, the venality of the common man and woman; in *Batman: The Dark Knight Returns*, we suffer the terrors of urban blight, random street violence and the alleged impotence of the average citizen; in *The Watchmen* and *V for Vendetta*, we are permitted to extrapolate the menace of multinationals running amuck, government by secrecy, the instability of society in the nuclear age. . . .

But that's getting ahead of the story. It has been only since November of 1981, and the appearance of the premiere issue of *Captain Victory*, the first creator-owned superhero comic in the history of the industry—written and drawn by the legendary Jack Kirby—that the exploitative "plantation mentality" of the traditional comics publishers was challenged. A mere seven years since the emergence of the independents, the kick-in of a royalty concept, the advent of the direct-sales market (brain child of an unsung hero, the late Phil Seuling) and the greening of a creative arena that permitted the newest crop of talents to flourish.

But if you would understand the nature of the chains that are being broken, come back in time to the days in which those chains were first fastened on. Come back to the origins of the Gulag.

Nineteen thirty-three. Since the turn of the century, the closest thing to modern comics has been compilations of previously published newspaper strips. Now a New York printing company, Eastern Color, one of perhaps a dozen firms engaged in producing newspaper comic sections as Sunday color supplements, begins issuing books in the modern format—slick covers, newsprint-paper guts in crude color, roughly 7" x 10"—as premiums: giveaways for retailers and manufacturers.

A salesman at Eastern named M. C. Gaines notices how popular the loss leaders seem to be. Gaines is a colorful character: ex-haberdasher, ex-bootlegger, ex-munitions-factory worker; a man who marketed WE WANT BEER! neckties during Prohibition; and the father of *Mad* magazine's Bill Gaines. But beyond his flamboyance, he's canny: He sees how kids seem to clamor for those eight-page tabloids folded down to 32 pages. He

tests the market by putting ten-cent price stickers on a few copies and leaves them at two newsstands just to see what happens. They're snapped up instantly. So Eastern publishes the first modern comic book, *Funnies on Parade*, follows it with *Famous Funnies* later that year and, sensing that it is on to something hot, still later that year goes to 100 pages in *Century of Comics*.

But those are still reprint books. It isn't until February of 1935 that the first comic book comprised entirely of original material and continuing characters is published. It is titled *New Fun Comics* and its parent company is an offshoot of a healthy printing company owned by Major Malcolm Wheeler-Nicholson; he names it DC, short for Detective Comics. You can soon forget the major, because late in 1937, he folds and sells some of the DC properties to Harry Donenfeld, who goes into the business with the attitudes of the garment industry—piecework, sweatshop, assembly line—and he takes on as an operating partner a savvy accountant, Jacob Liebowitz, who functions as publisher.

I say *soon* forget, but not *immediately* forget, the major, because he plays one additional role in the creation of this eventually multimillion-dollar industry. By 1936, he is using comic strips with titles such as *Dr. Occult* and *Slam Bradley* in *New Fun*, *New Adventure* and *Detective Comics*, features written and drawn by Siegel and Shuster. Now he passes into the mists of minutiae and we follow Jerry and Joe, those two ex-Cleveland high school boys who, three years earlier, came up with the concept of Superman.

Now it's December 4, 1937, and Jerry Siegel meets in New York with the new DC publisher, Liebowitz. Heed this meeting. It sets the tone for all labor-management relations in the comic-book medium for 50 years.

According to historian Steve Gerber (who, incidentally, is the creator of Howard the Duck): "That meeting resulted in a contract agreement that stipulated that Siegel and Shuster would continue to produce *Slam Bradley* and *The Spy* exclusively for DC for two years, that DC would be sole owner of the material, that the creators would be paid ten dollars a page of story and finished art for their efforts, and that DC would have first option on acceptance of any new comics features that Siegel and Shuster

might originate."

Now it's 1938, Gaines has gone over to help Donenfeld get the DC line moving; *Superman* has grown tattered, being shunted around for possible daily-strip syndication, but has been universally rejected; Siegel takes it in to DC, where Gaines, Donenfeld and Liebowitz look it over and decide to buy the feature and use it as the lead in their new book, *Action Comics*.

Liebowitz then sends a release form to the boys that reads, in part, as follows:

I, the undersigned, am an artist or author and have performed work for strip titled *Superman*.

In consideration of \$130 agreed to be paid to me by you, I hereby sell and transfer such work and strip, all good will attached thereto and exclusive right to use the characters and story, continuity and title of strip contained therein to you and your assigns to have and hold forever and to be your exclusive property. . . .

The garment-center-sweatshop work-for-hire mentality comes early and ferociously to the new land, a.k.a. the Gulag.

On March 3, 1938, Jerry and Joe sign the release and lose, for all time, any and all claim to whole or partial ownership of *Superman*, the creation on which they've pinned most of their hopes and dreams for five years.

(It is impossible to arrive at even a ball-park figure, even for DC, but a knowledgeable source who continues to work in the field suggests that in the 20 years from 1960 to 1980, more than \$250,000,000 was logged by DC for royalties accruing from Superman gewgaws, collectables and *tsatskes*).

The Depression was in full swing. Gasoline cost 15 cents a gallon. A loaf of bread was seven cents. In today's currency, Siegel and Shuster's \$130 would be equivalent to \$2000. And don't forget: These were two naïve, hungry Ohio kids, trying to make a living in a fledgling industry.

In a 1975 press release on the occasion of the purchase of rights to *Superman* by Ilya Salkind and Pierre Spengler for the first Man of Steel motion picture, a film originally budgeted at \$15,000,000 (eventually \$55,000,000), a deal from which Siegel and Shuster never realized a cent, Siegel wrote, "I can't stand to look at a *Superman* comic book. It makes me physically ill. I love Superman, and yet, in my mind, he's been twisted around into some kind of alien thing."

At the time, he and Shuster were 61 years old. Siegel was working in a mail room in Los Angeles, making \$7000 a year. Shuster was legally blind, unemployed and being supported by his

(continued on page 222)



"Don't forget a Christmas box for young Peterson there."

BA-DUM-CHUUNK! A funny thing happened on the way to the Nineties. Stand-up comedy has emerged as a national obsession, and laughing stock has gone through the roof. It's all in the timing. The Rim-Shot Generation has produced its own ironic voice and a breed of cheerful cynics to calibrate it. In droves, these strange, brave men and women prowl stages, wielding microphone and attitude, making sense of morass. Laffeterias have replaced night clubs and proliferate in chains and franchises that compete for talent like old warring Hollywood studios. Stand-ups, meanwhile, are entrusted to sell us beer and corn chips and deodorant—and motor oil, too. They have made cable their corral and they infiltrate virtually every network sitcom. And all of them yearn for approval from the gap-toothed Hoosier whose post-Carson vortex exists solely for their career advancement. At last, they got respect! But, boy, are their arms tired. . . .

STAND-UP

in the world of mikes and men, the joker is wild

JOHNNY VS. DAVE—A VIEW FROM THE HOT SEAT

Carson is deity. His power is ethereal, his minions vast. When his thumb meets forefinger after your Burbank berth, consider yourself anointed. Should he mouth the words *good stuff*, go buy a car. His approval translates to America's approval. You can get a sitcom deal on the strength of a Carson shot. And gigs galore. Mainstream comics are his preference; oddballs are generally unwelcome. Next time, you will probably be allowed to sit next to the desk and bask in his mythic aura. You *will* be in awe. But rest assured: He is the friendliest straight man you will ever meet.

Letterman is mogul. He is comedy's C.E.O. with cigar and furrowed brow. You will always be invited to sit down after your set, but he sits higher than you and intimidates. Expect thrust and parry. He leans forward, challenges and will force you to be funnier or die. Unusual acts are OK, but should you make him uncomfortable, you will not return soon. Which will hurt. His audience is more comedically astute; unlike Carson's crowd, it will flock to clubs to see your act. Try as you may, without the Letterman endorsement, you will never be hip.



The Desk Set: One chortles at night court jesters, the other caally smirks.

WHY YOU SHOULD NEVER SHAKE HANDS WITH A COMIC

"Did you ever notice a lot of comics hold their dick on stage? The reason is, for me, I get the feeling everyone's taking from me, and I'm so naked up there. . . . The more honest I get, the more I'm grabbing for it. . . ." —BOBCAT GOLDTHWAIT

BUT DON'T TAKE MY MATERIAL—PUH-LEEZE!

Who are the Joe Bidens of comedy? Which screamer screamed first—Sam Kinison or Bobcat Goldthwait? Hasn't

Paul (*My Two Dads*) Reiser seemingly aped Richard Lewis' distinctive super-neurotic *kvetch* appeal? Perhaps the most notorious—and surprising—acquisitor of all is Robin Williams, whose absorbent synapses soak up all things funny and occasionally spit them back, unattributed. "I've been called the Milton Berle of our generation," Williams confesses. "I hung out in clubs for eight years and I heard things that would later come out at the wrong time. I'm aware of it. If it's happened, I've paid for it—money, in some cases, to at least a couple of people. But, fuck it, no, I don't go out and make raids. Now I'll wait outside the club until it's my turn to go on. I can't be accused of taking jokes I never heard."

WHAT COMICS REALLY TALK ABOUT

Why Richard Lewis and Dennis Miller are the only comics who can get laid.

Why loathsome propman Gallagher makes so much money.

How Garry Shandling got so hip.

What possesses Jay Leno to keep working so hard on the road.

How Emo Philips and Judy Tenuta, stand-up comedy's professional odd couple, would look *in flagrante*.



JUST A FEW THINGS RICHARD LEWIS SAYS HE COULD HAVE DONE

If he hadn't spent—to date—\$246,000 on therapy:

1. Privately funded further Elvis, Big-foot and Jim Morrison where-are-they? investigations.

2. Marketed a signature line of bad-posture clothing.

3. Hired a hypnotist to convince my judgmental relatives that I'm actually a happily married orthodontist in Miami



Jeez, is he neurotic? Richard Lewis actually inked over the address on his check, even though we had already promised him we'd handle it.

Beach with three kids and a dog named Duke.

4. Become owner of a Jewish-community-center intramural team.

5. Bought my own fez factory.

6. Paid psychiatric bills for the founder of arena football.

7. Bribe original members of Procol Harum back into the studio.

8. Formed a lobby to make automatic transmissions mandatory, thereby quelling my constant fear of not being able to drive a stricken loved one to the emergency room because I can't drive stick.

SOUL OF A GENERIC ROUTINE

How about that L.A. traffic, huh? Snails were passing me on the freeway. Snails with guns. New York is different. Rude people! I got into a cab the other day and said, "Take me downtown," and the cabby said, "Ugabooga." Do you have to speak a foreign language to drive a cab? And, say, how can Iran win wars when all the Iranians are working at 7-Eleven? But dating in the Eighties is hard. I know I am. And what about the AIDS thing? They say you sleep with all the partners your partners ever had; does that mean the second time I slept with my girlfriend, I was fucking myself? But I don't mind airline food; I majored in geology. *Cars* talk back to you now! How many whales do you have to save to get a toaster? Are commercials dumb, or what? And why did everyone on *Gilligan's Island* take luggage for a three-hour tour? I better ask my shrink. So where ya from? What do you do? Are the girls stuck in traffic? I kid, but we're all the

same under the skin—goopy. But, hey, that's what life's all about, isn't it? You've been great. I love ya. Give yourselves a hand. I mean it.

HOW MANY COMEDIANS DOES IT TAKE TO...?

The burning issue in comedy today is the glut of cut-rate comics. The would-be Lenos are lowering the laugh levels at clubs across the country. "We're inundat-

ed with new comedians," gripes Letterman pal Jeff Altman. "It should be like aliens—there should be a fence."

Blame the increase in comedy wet-backs on weekly open-mike nights at cabarets. Blame it on the gaggle of comedy contests on cable—which turn profits because proprietors don't have to pay for professionals. "I'm always meeting sump-pump operators who say, 'I won the contest for Best Comic Without Brain Damage in Biloxi,'" laments Judy Tenuta.

Or maybe it's a matter of perspective. As Gilbert Gottfried said after sizing up a slew of comics at a festival, "Did any of them impress me? None, none. Anything next to me is a disappointment."

COMICS AND ROMANCE

A comedian's love interest, according to Richard Belzer in his new book, *How to Be a Stand-up Comic*, should be more than just the target of jokes for the act.

"You want a woman who thinks you're funny but doesn't laugh at everything you say, like, 'Honey, I'm having chest pains...'"

Comics, he warns, should not date other comics. "When you split up, it's very messy. Who gets custody of the material?"

HECKLER QUIZ

Match the comic with the put-down.

- "I remember my first beer."
- "You look like my brother Bosco, except he has a human head."
- "Kiss my ass and fuck off."
- "What were you expecting? An Avance night?"
- "If I want any more shit from you, I'll squeeze your head."
- "It makes my job so much easier when the audience comes prepared with its own material."
- "Let's not turn this into a pirate's den."
- "Suck my dick."

- Steve Martin
- Judy Tenuta
- Sandra Bernhard
- Bobcat Goldthwait
- Richard Belzer
- Howie Mandel
- Roseanne Barr
- Richard Lewis

Answers: 1(A) 2(B) 3(C) 4(D) 5(E) 6(F) 7(H) 8(G)

LIFE WITH LENO

Jay Leno has the hardest-working travel agent in show business. When not subbing for Carson, he fulfills a herculean itinerary of 300-some dates a year, spanning approximately 42 states. An actual week-at-a-glance print-out:

DATE	CITY-AIRPORT	TIME	AIRLINE	FLIGHT/CL	SEAT	MEAL
04MAY	LV LOS ANGELES CA MIA AR SAN ANTONIO	1030A	CONTINENTAL	1723P	04F	SHACK
05MAY	LV SAN ANTONIO THU AR SALT LAKE CITY	830A	DELTA AIRLINES	1633P	03B	SHACK
06MAY	LV SALT LAKE CITY THU AR BOSTON MA	1106A	DELTA AIRLINES	1623P	02B	BREAKFAST
07MAY	LV BOSTON MA SAT AR ATLANTA GA	431A	UNITED	252P	02B	LUNCH
08MAY	LV DENVER/STAMPT FRI AR BOSTON MA	1036A	UNITED	422P	03C	LUNCH
09MAY	LV BOSTON MA (LUNEL)	1156A	DELTA AIRLINES	762P	01B	LUNCH
10MAY	LV ATLANTA GA SUN AR DULUTH GA	1210P	NORTHWEST	1 STOP	05A	
11MAY	LV DULUTH GA MON AR MINNEAPOLIS	1255P	NORTHWEST	**EXPRESS AIR**	02P	01B
12MAY	LV MINNEAPOLIS MON AR GRAND FORKS ND	213P	NORTHWEST	218P	21P	01B
13MAY	LV GRAND FORKS ND TUE AR MINNEAPOLIS	1110A	NORTHWEST	1204P	21P	01B
14MAY	LV MINNEAPOLIS TUE AR ST. LOUIS MO	110P	NORTHWEST	237P	209A	04F



Elayne Boosler, satirical girl, keeps her wit—and her epidermis—extremely dry.



Robin Williams, stand-up cha-melean, remains the unrivaled genius *profundo* of improv.



Jerry Seinfeld, flippant quipster, deftly delivers the skewed view of a new generation.



Jay Leno, raad warrior, has accelerated to become the undisputed leader of the pack.



Gilbert Gottfried, phlegmatic phenom—aaaaoooooo, is this guy intense? Definitely!



Sandra Bernhard, maiden of irany, wrenches laughs—nervous laughs—from her crowd.

JERRY SEINFELD'S THREE NEVERS IN COMEDY

Nodding to Elayne ("Never let 'em see you sweat") Boosler's deodorant ad, Jerry Seinfeld offers his stand-up nevers.

1. Never ask the audience if they wonder about Chicken McNuggets or the managers of 7-Eleven stores.

2. Never invite to your dressing room someone who offers to sell you some great material you "might need to clean up a little bit."

3. Never, if offered a movie, take it for granted that you're as funny in profile as you are when facing an audience.

HOLLYWOOD ...

Eddie Murphy (*Coming to America*, *Beverly Hills Cop*)

Steve Martin (*Roxanne*, *All of Me*)

Robin Williams (*Good Morning, Vietnam*)

Billy Crystal (*Running Scared*)

... AND WHINE

Whoopi Goldberg (*Burglar*, *Jumpin' Jack Flash*)

Jay Leno (*Silver Bears*, *Collision Course*)

Joe Piscopo (*Wise Guys*)

Jackie Mason (*Caddyshack II*)



RUBBER-CHICKEN AWARDS

(*enough, already*)

Gallagher

Roseanne Barr

Emo Philips

Joe Piscopo

Yakov Smirnoff

Jackie Mason

Jimmie "J. J." Walker

Rip Taylor



STAND-UP STARS FOR THE NINETIES

Jerry Seinfeld

Gilbert Gottfried (first runner-up)

Rita Rudner (second runner-up)



TOP RETIRED STAND-UPS

Woody Allen

Steve Martin

Albert Brooks

TOP-TEN LIST: LETTERMAN

(*by number of appearances*)

Jay Leno, 34

Richard Lewis, 32

George Miller, 30

Sandra Bernhard, 19

Billy Crystal, 19

Robert Klein, 19

Elayne Boosler, 18

Rita Rudner, 17

Carol Leifer, 14

Jerry Seinfeld, 14

TOP-TEN LIST: CARSON

(*most frequent regulars in alphabetical order*)

David Brenner

George Carlin

Tim Conway

Buddy Hackett

Jay Leno

Bob Newhart

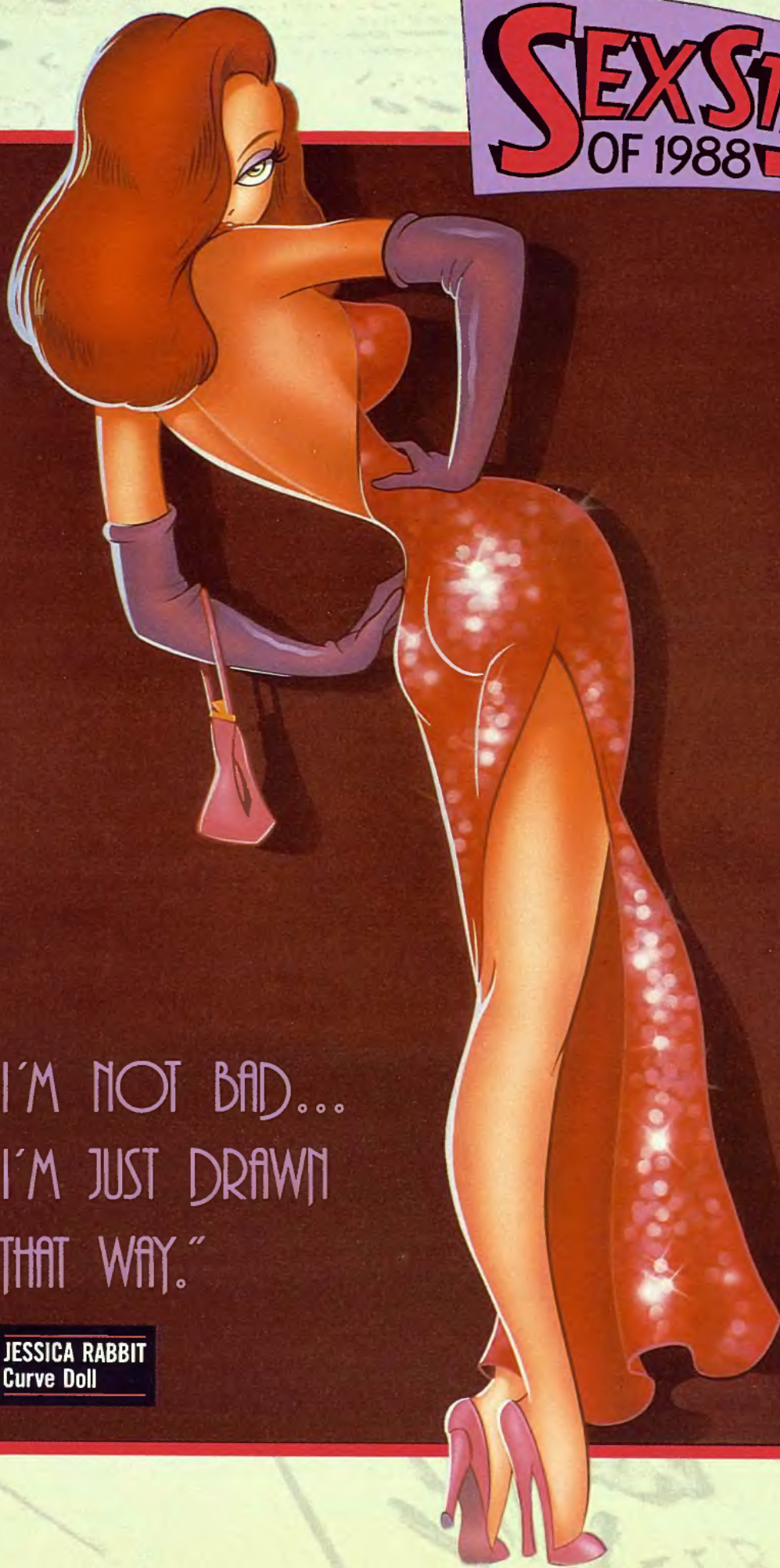
Don Rickles

Jerry Seinfeld

Garry Shandling

David Steinberg

SEX STARS OF 1988



"I'M NOT BAD...
I'M JUST DRAWN
THAT WAY."

JESSICA RABBIT
Curve Doll

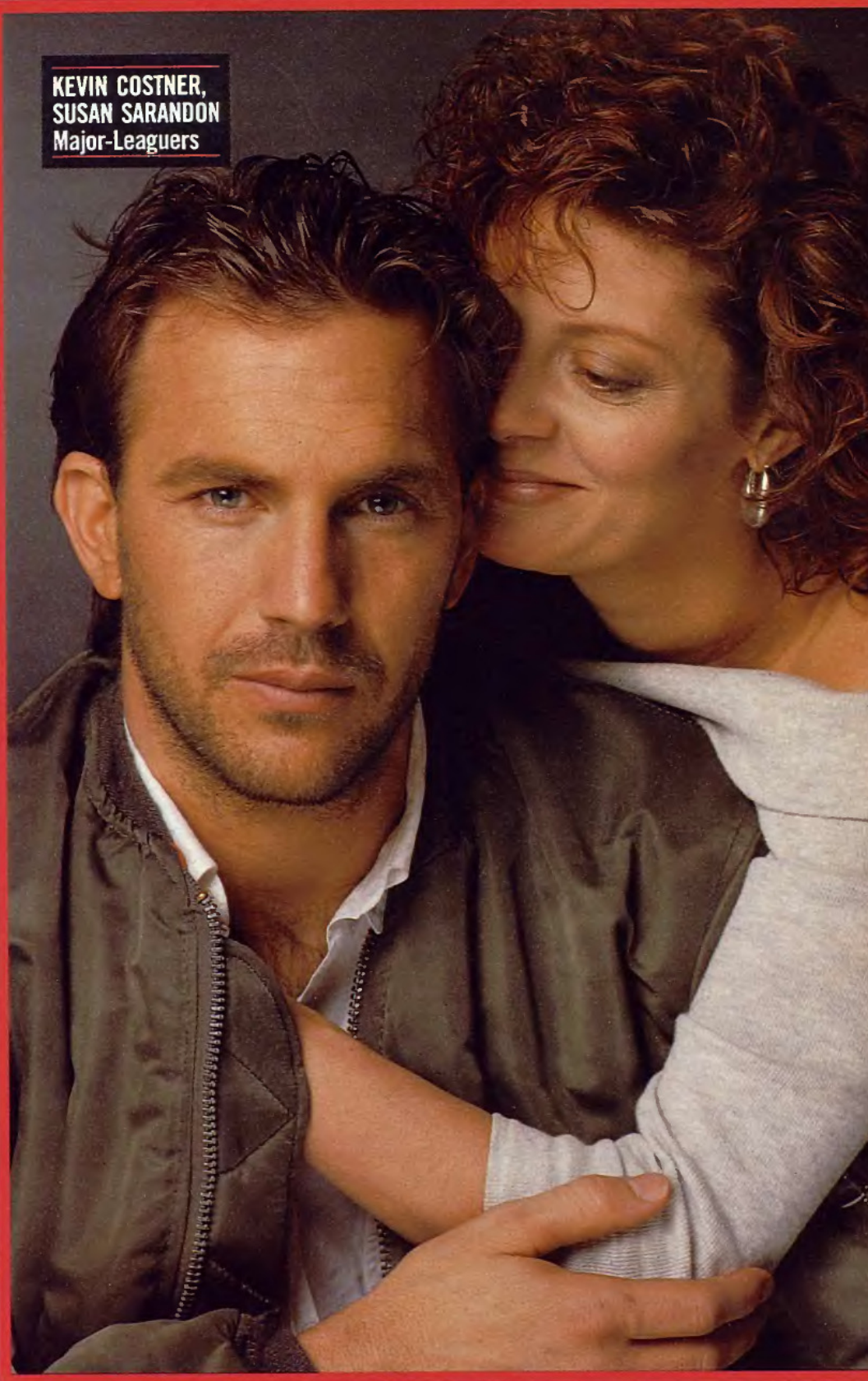
read all about it:
the hits, splits and
mergers that
didn't take place
on wall street

NEW AGERS have a theory: There's no such thing as time, at least not the way the rest of us see it. Therefore, all the Sex Stars of 1988 are actually living decades ago—and today, too. Well, why not? Once you're accustomed to getting the best tables, it's probably no big trick to pick and choose among time warps, and heaven knows, the Eighties have had their drawbacks. There is something suspiciously like the Forties and Fifties in the way so many celebrities are finding themselves caught between marriage and divorce. One day, they may attempt a wholesome romance, slipping into something more comfortable but less fun; the next, they're sleeping
(text continued on page 198)

TRIPLE-HEADER

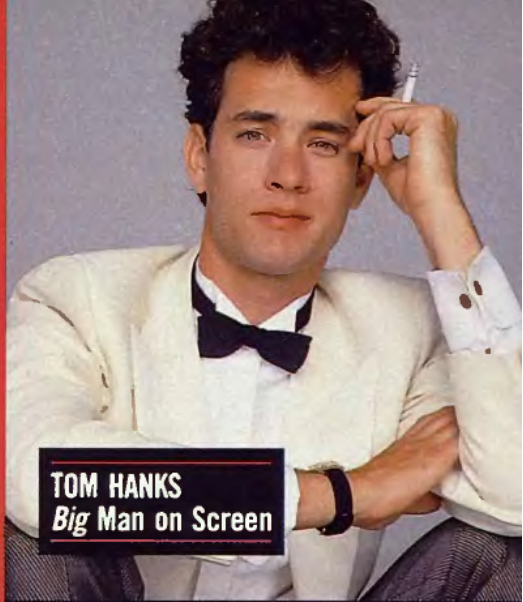
The fact that the sexiest female on screen this year is a curvaceous cartoon character may tell us something about the state of cinematic erotica. Nevertheless, Jessica Rabbit is definitely *it*. Tops in the non-Toon category, as we see it, are Kevin Costner and Susan Sarandon, whose bathtub scene in *Bull Durham* should have doubled the price of any candle-company stock.

KEVIN COSTNER,
SUSAN SARANDON
Major-Leaguers





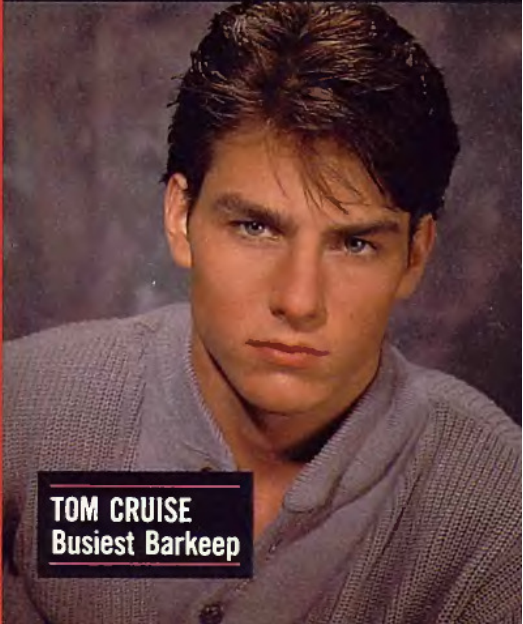
JAMIE LEE CURTIS
Wanda Woman



TOM HANKS
Big Man on Screen

HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST

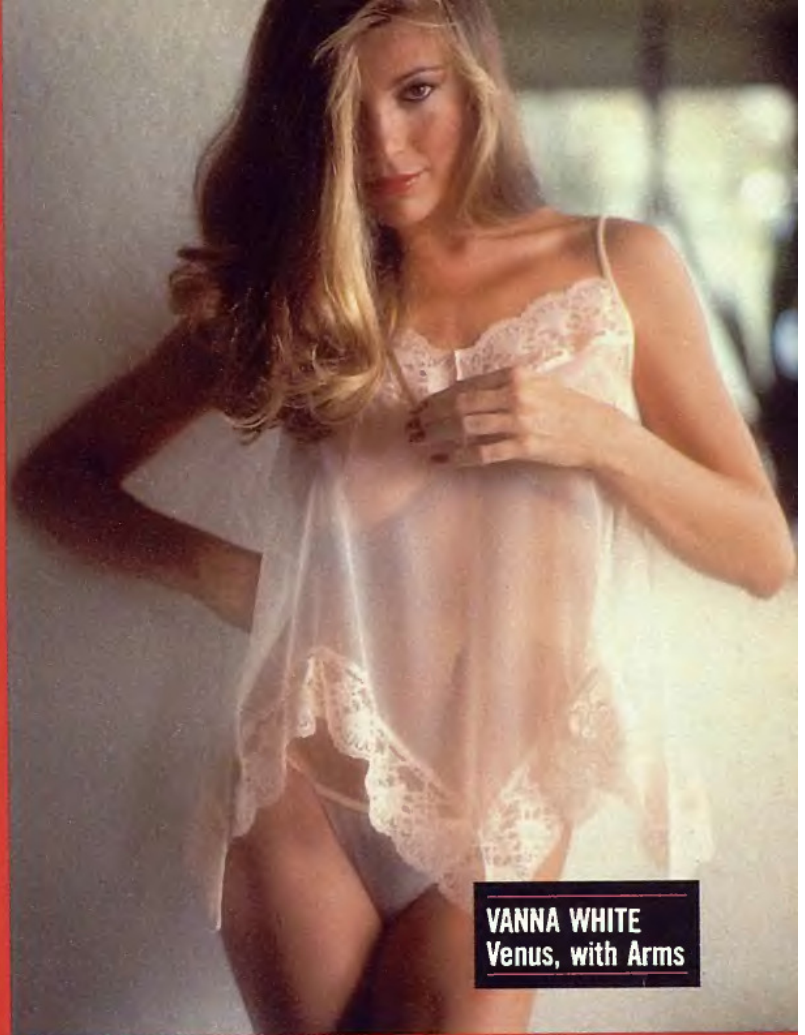
Steaming up screens big and small in 1988 (clockwise, from left): Jamie Lee Curtis, who's an irresistible con woman in *A Fish Called Wanda*; Tom Hanks, hero of the blockbuster *Big* (and the somewhat less successful *Punchline*); Cher, an Academy Award winner this year for 1987's durable *Moonstruck*; Vanna White, still *Wheel of Fortune's* cookie, who won the title role in NBC-TV's movie *Goddess of Love* (a romantic comedy in which the legendary Venus springs to life after spending 3000 years as a statue); Eddie Murphy, the African prince who fakes poverty to search for a bride in *Coming to America*; Sonia Braga, an activist in *The Milagro Beanfield War* and a dictator's mistress in *Moon over Parador*; and Tom Cruise, whose sheer hunkiness appears to have been the *raison d'être* for making *Cocktail*, in which he plays a bartender on the make. What he made most of was money, for Disney's Touchstone Pictures.



TOM CRUISE
Busiest Barkeep



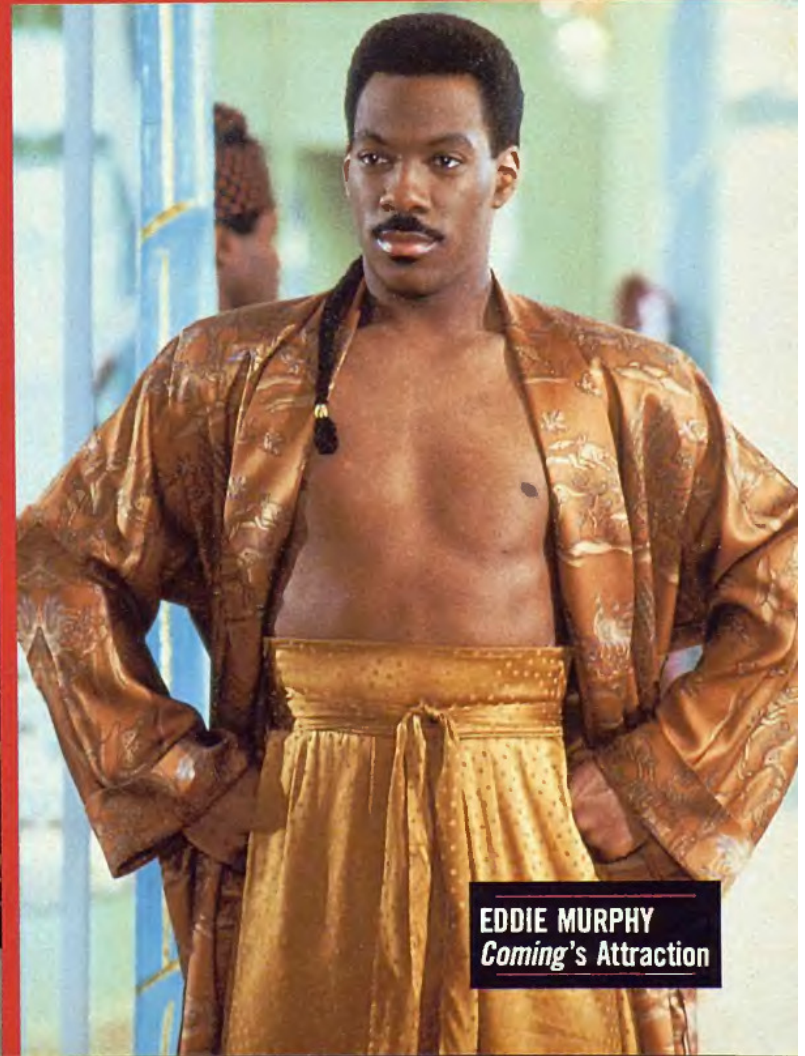
CHER
Oscar's Darling



VANNA WHITE
Venus, with Arms



SONIA BRAGA
Brazilian Bombshell



EDDIE MURPHY
Coming's Attraction



PHOEBE LÉGÈRE
Plymouth Rocker



PAMELA DES BARRES
Kiss-and-Teller



MICHAEL JACKSON
Holding On



SAMANTHA FOX
Video Vixen



VANESSA WILLIAMS
Best Career Move

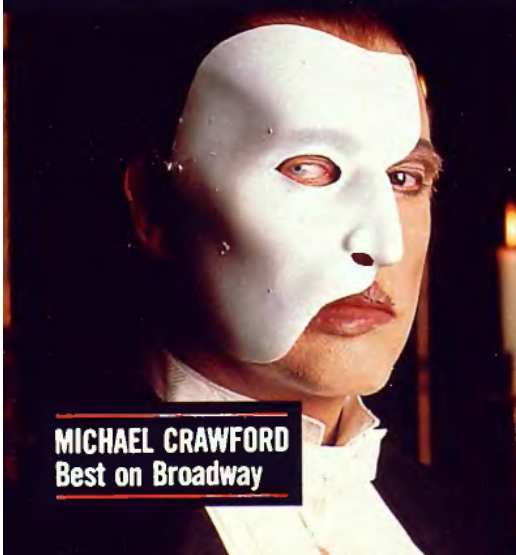


PRINCE
Royal Flesh

MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC They got rhythm (clockwise, from top far left): Phoebe Légère, the Mayflower descendant who's heating up the Manhattan club scene (and June's *Playboy* pages); Pamela Des Barres, whose book *I'm with the Band* (soon to be a movie, possibly starring Ally Sheedy) details her liaisons with a legion of rockers; Samantha Fox, whose latest single and video hit is *Naughty Girls (Need Love Too)*; Vanessa Williams, the dethroned Miss America turned singer, whose *Right Stuff* rocketed to the top of the charts; Prince, who adopted this pose for the cover of his album *Lovesexy*; Vanity, who beefed up her résumé with major-movie experience by playing a *chanteuse* in *Action Jackson*; Michael Crawford, who has been drawing S.R.O. audiences to Broadway with his portrayal of the titular *Phantom of the Opera* in the boffo Andrew Lloyd Webber musical; and the unquenchable Michael Jackson, who seems to be utilizing his mike as an incarnation of his hit single *Another Part of Me*. As we've always liked to observe, you can't keep a good man down.



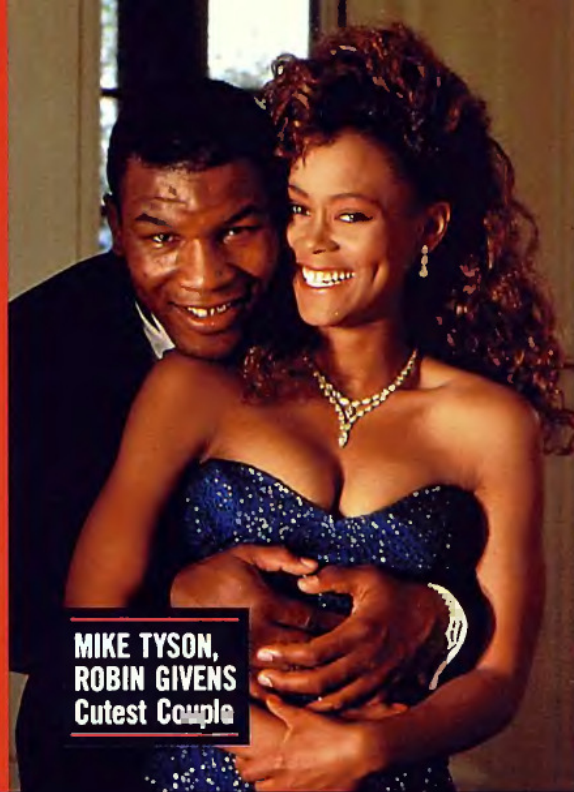
VANITY
Smoothest Action



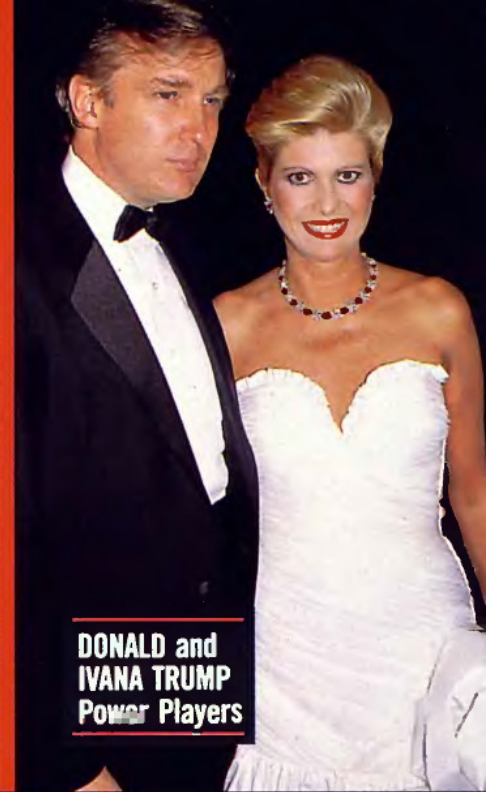
MICHAEL CRAWFORD
Best on Broadway



**LINDA KOZLOWSKI,
PAUL HOGAN**
G'day, G'bye



**MIKE TYSON,
ROBIN GIVENS**
Cutest Couple



**DONALD and
IVANA TRUMP**
Power Players

NEWSY TWOSOMES When it comes to headline making, two are better than one. Has Linda Kozlowski, his co-ster in *"Crocodile" Dundees I and II*, replaced a wife of 30 years in Paul Hogan's affections? Looks like it (above left), but did Linda actually call Paul boring? Boxing champ Mike Tyson and TV's Robin Givens (above center) tied the knot, as did actress and *Playboy* favorite Janet Jones (below) and hockey great Wayne Gretzky, who then broke Edmonton's municipal heart by moving to L.A. Megabucks mogul Donald Trump spent some \$30,000,000 to buy and \$8,500,000 more to redecorate arms middleman Adnan Khashoggi's yacht, aboard which Ivana may not run into anybody who patronizes her dressmaker.



**JANET JONES,
WAYNE GRETZKY**
Niftiest Newlyweds





GRETA SCACCHI
Mischief-Maker

BLONDES WE HAVE MORE FUN WITH

Maybe we should just give this gown the Dress of the Year award. Greta Scacchi's clinging version suits her steamy role in *White Mischief*. Brigitte Nielsen needn't wear *anything* to make an impression (notably on grid pro Mark Gastineau). As for gorgeous Virginia Madsen, her films *Mr. North*, *Hot to Trot* and *Heart of Dixie*, plus Showtime's thriller *Gotham*, may provide breaks she has long deserved.



VIRGINIA MADSEN
Girl Most Likely



BRIGITTE NIELSEN
Danish Modern




JESSICA HAHN
Born Again



CARRIE LEIGH
Carried Away

BELLES OF HOLMBY HILLS

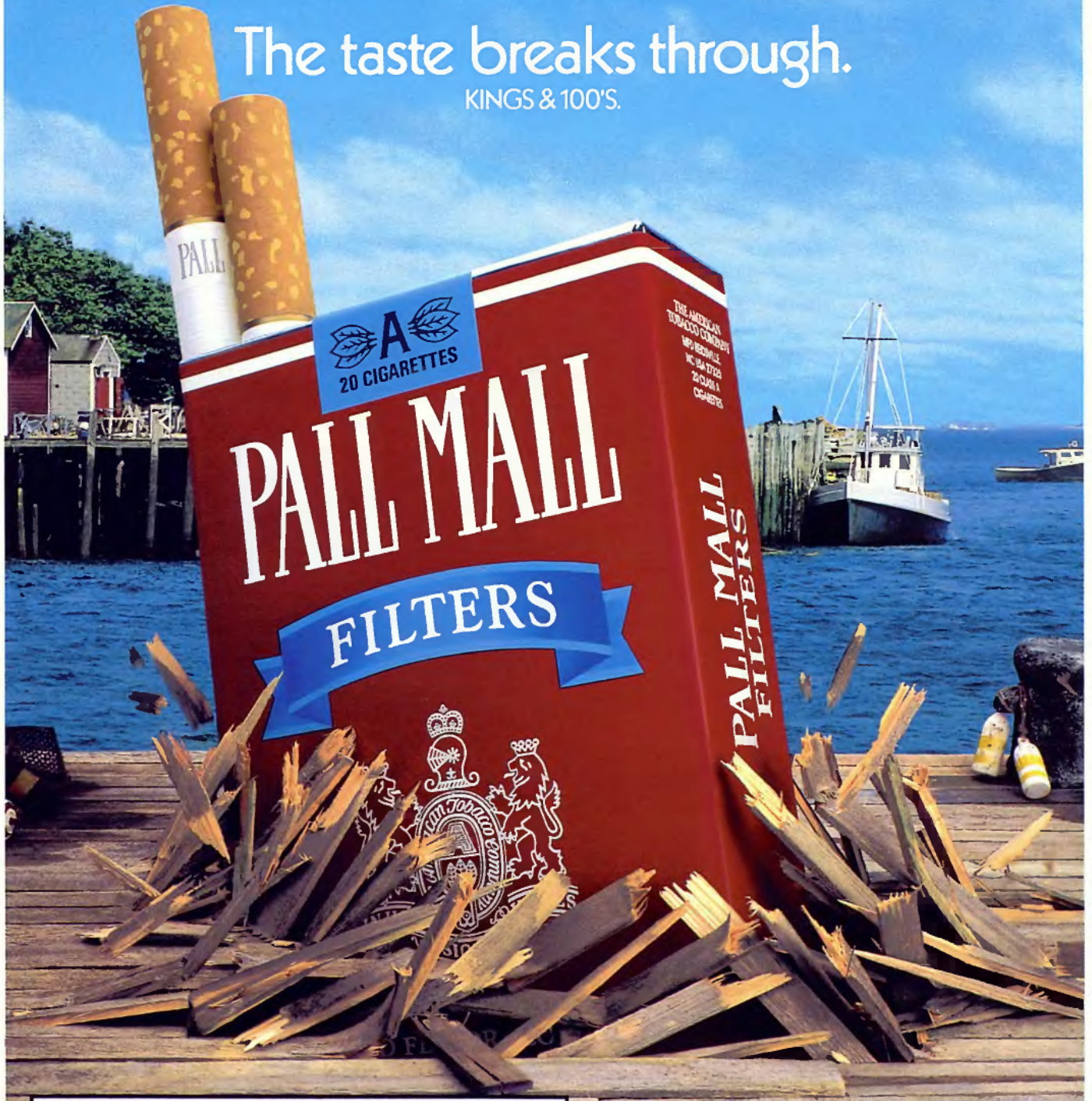
We don't usually find our Sex Stars so close to home, but Playboy Mansion West was unquestionably where it was happening in '88. Jessica Hahn found it a sanctuary after her rugged ordeal with the religious right; while there, she consulted a plastic surgeon, with the results seen here (and in the September issue of *Playboy*, where in she tells still more of her startling story). Meanwhile, Carrie Leigh, *Playboy* Editor and Publisher Hugh M. Hefner's companion for more than four years, split—and filed a \$35,000,000 palimony suit, hinting that Jessica'd had something to do with the breakup (she hadn't). Hef countersued. Further developments followed rapidly. First, the ante was upped to \$67,000,000. Then, to the surprise of the press (and palimony lawyer Marvin Mitchelson), Carrie suddenly married antiques dealer Cory Margolis and dropped the suit. For Hef, the entire affair had an astonishing up side: Shortly after Carrie's departure, into his life walked Kimberley Conrad, the January 1988 Playmate from Vancouver, who had returned to L.A. to model. Hef was smitten—this time for good. In July, he proposed and she accepted.



KIMBERLEY CONRAD
Fiancée of the Year

PALL MALL FILTERS

The taste breaks through.
KINGS & 100'S.



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

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

© The American Tobacco Co. 1988.



"In the spirit of the season, my heart goes out to the guys who aren't getting anything."



GENE SIMMONS

What do I have that other guys want? Women. Lots of them." Gene Simmons, for 15 years, with and without the make-up, has been the snake-tongued focal point of Kiss, one of the hardest heavy-metal machines to ever hit the hi-fi. He's also an actor, a personal manager and a record-company mogul. He holds a college degree in education and speaks four languages. Contributing Editor David Rensin talked with Simmons on the roof of his New York City hotel, as the renaissance rocker acquired some color before an extended Kiss tour of Europe. Afterward, over lunch, according to Rensin, "Simmons told me that the strangest thing he'd seen when a woman dropped her drawers was his Kiss face, in full make-up, tattooed on a shaved area of skin 'quite close to the gateway to hell.' Then he said he'd be in town for a few more days and to call if I got bored."

1.

PLAYBOY: You say you've been with 2500 women. After the first thousand or so, what do you notice about them that the rest of us don't?

SIMMONS: Women are like cats. After love-making, a woman will wind up cleaning herself. Guys are slob. Afterward, we just want to find an unused portion of the top sheet. But women's cleaning themselves is like a show. I've wound up asking the girls not to go into the bathroom to do that but to do it in front of me. Usually, there's a full-length mirror, and I want to see what they're doing. From the male point of view, it's like studying a strange life form.

2.

heavy metal's premiere romeo reminisces about the girls he's known, the ones he's photographed and the nun who *didn't* get away

PLAYBOY: Your intimate-photo collection is legendary. What equipment do you use? How have you refined your approach to your models since the beginning?

SIMMONS: SX70 was the weapon, and it was over in a flash. [Pauses] In the beginning, I used to say, "I have to remember this night, and I'd like to take a photo of you." And then their first question was, "Well, what kind of photo?" But as soon as that question gets

asked, it opens up all the possibilities, and the ladies of the night wind up doing many more interesting and creative things than I could ever hope for. One of them hung onto a flagpole, nude, in Davenport, Iowa. She's in the book. Then there were these two girls who were in identical school uniforms. Before the night was through, they became good friends, I became good friends with them and the fruit bowl became good friends with everybody. And the uniforms were left someplace out in the hallway.

I've never had to refine my approach very much. In fact, I often wind up saying nothing very much. The ladies hear about the collection either through the grapevine or through rock magazines. They bring up the subject. "OK, I'm ready." They think it's a ritual of some sort.

3.

PLAYBOY: Who isn't in the photo collection who you wished was?

SIMMONS: [Pauses] I really and truly had a nun once. Really. Just like in all the fantasies. I don't know if she had taken her vows, but she had an outfit with a skirt that was a little higher—looked like a nurse or something. She was young, maybe 28. I was downstairs in the hotel bar. I never drink. It's just a place to talk to people. And she was outside. She had gone there to preach to me. She kept saying, "Devil this and Devil that." But as our conversation progressed, we both found it very stimulating. I don't mean sexually. We were arguing ethics, theology. I took theology in college. Got a B-plus. [Smiles] Anyway, I never really *tried* to turn her head. The bar was starting to close; it was two in the morning. I said, "Miss, I'm going to go now. It's been very nice talking to you." But she said it was so sad, that my soul was so pure and how could I be the person I seemed to be? I told her I didn't believe sex was a dirty deed at all, that it was a wonderful thing, and certainly, you should do it to people you like being with and are attracted to, whether you know them or not. I said that if one took the religious point of view, it's a beautiful thing that God has done. She said people shouldn't do it if they aren't married. I said, "That's not so, because in the Old Testament, marriage really wasn't around. It was, 'He begat this one and he begat that one.' Who was getting married?"

I tried to excuse myself again, but she wanted to talk some more. I said, "I'm going up to my room." She said, "I'm going up there. We're going to discuss this and

you're going to see the error of your ways." So we wound up in the room, and I turned on the television. And, of course, they've got hog prices on at three o'clock in the morning, because it's a farmer town. And then the television went blank and there was nothing to do. I said, "Look, I'm going to sleep." She was sitting on the bed. And we started staring at each other. Before we knew it, we started kissing, and then it was all over. And then, she was crying. So I said, "I'll let you go." But she said, "No, no, no." I don't know what happened to her. It was terribly exciting, obviously. And then, the next morning, she left. No picture of that one.

4.

PLAYBOY: Sort of *The Last Temptation of Gene Simmons*. Choose: money, sex or power.

SIMMONS: Money. Because with money, you can get sex and power. With sex, you sometimes can get money but not always power. And with power, you can be a poor son of a bitch and not get any sex at all. You can be powerful like Gandhi. But I can't imagine somebody sleeping with Gandhi. Money is very sexy. It's better than sex. Sooner or later, you have to pay for sex with money, anyway.

5.

PLAYBOY: How long is the tongue, Gene? When did you discover that yours was longer than most boys'?

SIMMONS: It's long enough to make your girlfriend leave you and come with me. [Smiles] I've never measured, actually. But I'd say it's five inches. And it spins. I'm not kidding. Look. [Demonstrates] Everybody thinks that there's been an operation. I heard one story that I had it clipped so it would stick out farther. Well, it's not true. I'm also always asked if I do tongue exercises. That is partly true. The more you use it, the better it is. But the whole truth is that when I was born, the doctor pulled me out by the wrong appendage, and that's what got it started.

6.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember your first groupie?

SIMMONS: Yes. It happened at Electric Lady Studios in the Village. There were three bands involved—five guys all at the same time. [Pauses] I swear to you, this is not made up for the sake of a colorful interview. Anyway, she was like a queen bee. She was 6'1" and walking down the street in the days when clogs were four inches

high. I'm 6'2". She was huge. Quite attractive but big. So I pull her down to Electric Lady Studios. And before she knows it, we wind up in a sound booth. Just as I get started, there's a knock on the door and my then producer comes in and says, "What's this? I'm going to tell the guys." In a moment, four other guys run into the room, and she is totally—let's just say that both of her hands, her mouth, every available part of her was being used at once, and she was very happy to oblige. She pumped four out of five. Afterward, when I would talk about it, no one believed me. That's when I got the idea that if one goes hunting and never takes a photo of the trophy, what good is the trophy?

7.

PLAYBOY: What do groupies really want? Do they get it?

SIMMONS: To have their pussies licked out by Gene Simmons. [Laughs] Seriously, fucking rock stars is more interesting than fucking dentists. I've been developing a script about two girls from Davenport who experience a rite of passage. A group comes into town, they start following the group and their lives change. Despite all the lust, the teased hair, the torn fish-net stockings, being an easy lay—all the negatives that people talk about—these are real, live human beings who are bored to death with their lives. The way I've heard it described by the girls who have shared my bed and floor and bathroom is that, for them, it's not cheap sex. It's something grand and glorious. When they go back home, they don't hide it. They take pictures. In fact, they take a lot of stuff from my hotel room. I find sneakers missing or socks. I know I'm underlining my own name a little bit too much here, but from their point of view, they have escaped, even if it's only for one day. To some, escape means going to Paris and becoming a hermit and an artist, and to others, it means fucking Gene Simmons when he comes into town.

8.

PLAYBOY: What's your most attractive feature?

SIMMONS: I shoot straight. If I find a woman attractive, I'll go up to her and I'll say so. I'd rather not pretend. I'd rather come right out and say, "I'd like to figure out a way for us to make passionate love," or whatever the line of the day is. Skip dinner, skip the movies, I want you and I want you now. And I always risk the quick answer "Get lost, buddy." But usually, the response is "Oh, thank you very much." And that opens up the conversation. Eventually, we may even have the dinner and the movie, but then she's usually punished for being a very bad girl. I have to punish her.

9.

PLAYBOY: Have you had an AIDS test? Has

the dread disease cut into your lifestyle?

SIMMONS: Yes. We have to have one, because when you go out on tours now, insurance companies insist on it. As for my lifestyle, when it rains, you have to make sure you wear a raincoat.

10.

PLAYBOY: What is love and how do you know when you've fallen into it?

SIMMONS: That's a tough one. It's a word that's abused. What we call love between lovers is crap, nonsense. If your lover is with somebody else, that's it. She or he either castrates or kills the other one. I don't consider that love. Very few people have figured out that the emotional love is really what it's all about. It's not where you put your finger, or any other part of yourself. Unfortunately, women, especially, define it in those very terms. A man can love and be willing to give his life for his kids or his wife or his girlfriend and still have 100 mistresses on the side. And, for him, the two never meet and are never misunderstood. Guys are very clear about that, what their emotional self tells them to do and what their dick tells them to do. Unfortunately, women equate emotion with a guy's dick. Men separate the emotion from the protruding staff of righteousness.

I've fallen in love, by my definition. But every time I have that tingling sensation, which we're told by doctors is the first sign of a heart attack—I guess it is a heart attack of a different nature—I'm aware that my freedom is at stake. And then I fight like hell to keep control. It's not very romantic, but it's true. The most important thing in life is *freedom*. That word is worth dying for. The idea that relationships are based on the premise that somebody can ask you where you've been and who you've been with is hell. That ain't love. Otherwise, there's no difference between you and your dog. People have made a hell out of love. There's no equity in love. You takes a girl and you takes your chances. And who says it's supposed to be forever? If the only thing you get out of life is one day of happiness with somebody you're concerned about or you care about, so what? That's one day of pleasure and happiness that you didn't have before.

11.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the original names for Kiss that never made it?

SIMMONS: Two: Crimson Harpoon and Fuck. The idea was to get a rise out of people, ha-ha-ha. The main idea behind Kiss was to shock. So I thought it would be brilliant if two kids were talking and one said, "Hey, man, where you going? Who's in town?" "Fuck." "Yeah, let's go see Fuck." It was the ultimate outrage, the ultimate way to completely separate yourself from church, state and Mom and Dad. But, obviously, it had a down side. Here's where the

Jewish part of me kicks in: It had some limited business potential. You couldn't say the name on radio, and so on. So it was actually Paul Stanley, my partner, who was kidding around and was saying, "Hey, how about Kiss?" He was laughing about it. And everybody got quiet. We just sort of instantly knew.

12.

PLAYBOY: How important is being Jewish to you?

SIMMONS: Very important, though I don't think that the practice of the religion is important. In Israel, religion takes a back seat to survival. There's a real difference between Israelis and American Jews. The latter strike me as being weak and spineless; Israelis, because they have no choice, come off much closer to Puerto Ricans and the Mafia than to anybody else. You have to have that backbone or you're dead, it's over. Being Jewish really gives you a sense of identity more than anything else. To be Jewish is to have a sense that your mind is your strongest feature. And therein lies real power. It's books and learning. Jews have always been referred to as the people of the books, certainly not the people of basketball or the people of boxing.

13.

PLAYBOY: Do women belong in hard rock?

SIMMONS: Women haven't proved it. We're talking about music as in the word *ugh*. There's something about rock that implies hairy, stinking manhood. There have been a few all-women hard-rock bands: Fanny, Bertha, the Runaways. Wendy O. Williams, whom I produced, is about the closest anybody's come. She's 24 hours a day, but where's the female band? A Joan Jett or a Lita Ford—regardless of the fact that she plays guitar and tries to break up her voice like guys do—still has to play with guys. Women have to figure out for themselves what part of them is hairy and stinks. That will happen only when there are loads and loads of women playing together in bands. That doesn't mean they have to go up against guys. But women have to play with women. [Smiles] And that's my favorite tag line of all.

14.

PLAYBOY: A lot of surprising things get tossed on stage when you're playing. What's the most memorable item that has landed at your feet?

SIMMONS: A baby. There was a girl in the front row—well, she didn't toss it—who climbed up a little bit onto the barricades, put this baby in front of my microphone stand and was screaming at me. I thought she just wanted me to play at the kid. And she kept screaming, "It's yours, it's yours." That's memorable.

15.

PLAYBOY: You manage Liza Minnelli. That

seems like an odd pairing. Explain the attraction.

SIMMONS: There's nothing odd about my wanting to work with one of the two or three living divas in the world. Liza asked me to produce her, and I told her it would take years if we were really going to do it, but if she wanted me to, I was going to arrange for her to have a modern musical career. It's very difficult to get people to accept Liza, even though here's a person who's won Academy Awards, Emmys, Tonys, you name it. So I aim to change all that, and to that extent, I've signed her to Walter Yetnikoff's Epic Records, globally. And she's got about the best deal in the business. My job is to show people she's not just Ethel Merman, that she can rock along with the best of them but in her way. All of that "Just go play Las Vegas" stuff was proved wrong when Cher did it all by herself. And not only can Liza do it but she can do it great. This is not a foray into the rock world of, say, Led Zeppelin. But Liza will have competitive, modern, hip records.

16.

PLAYBOY: Besides playing in Kiss, acting and managing Liza, you've just started your own record label, Simmons Records. What are three occupational hazards you'd warn young rockers to avoid before they sign with you?

SIMMONS: First, trust your gut, no matter what anybody says, no matter what Gene Simmons says. If you believe in

your project, you just have to go with it, because that's all you've got, your belief. A former manager once said to me, "This group you found, Van Halen, nah, no good, they'll never make it." And these boys were signed to me exclusively in 1977. I took them into the studio, produced their demo. But I listened. I figured he knew something. I gave Van Halen back their contract. Second, lawyers and legal stuff. Get hip, get wise. When in France, learn French. When in the music business, learn legalese. Read your contracts. It will be profitable. Third, be healthy, be happy, but fuck every girl you can get your hands on.

17.

PLAYBOY: Make-up and men. What's for show, what's for maintenance? How do you keep a good complexion? Hair tips? Complexion tips? Is it more fun doing it with or without the make-up?

SIMMONS: Unfortunately, the truth about hair is if it's going to go, it's going to go, and that's life. And the only thing you can say about your face is soap and warm water, that's it. And all the rest of it—creams and everything else—is really silly. [Pauses] However, I do believe in placebos. If you believe that putting cream on your butt is what's going to make you more appealing to somebody, then that's fine. Which is why I think religion—here's a

blood smeared; they wanted it on the face. [Laughs] I obliged.

18.

PLAYBOY: If you could, what one thing would you change about women?

SIMMONS: I would give all women big fat asses. I want these derrières to block out the sun and the stereo. Because *vive la difference*, you know? I worship large butts and thick thighs. Just love them. There's nothing wrong with thin girls, but most women are really missing the boat. They're beautifully different from us. Their hips are much wider than ours, and the idea that women are trying to slim down and lose all that is totally unappealing to me. That doesn't mean that I wouldn't take advantage of a situation with a thin woman. That's different. Because, yes, girls, you're right, we are all dogs. Yet the classical concept of beauty in paintings is much more appealing—big, hefty, large, beautiful women. No ribs sticking out. Thighs touching instead of being in different Zip Codes. I want a woman to be able to stand on a mountaintop and have the wind whistle *Dixie* through her thighs. [Whistles] Incidentally, breasts are nice, too, but they don't have to be huge.

19.

PLAYBOY: You briefly taught sixth grade at P.S. 75 before starting Kiss. Have you since run into any of the kids from your class?

SIMMONS: It's interesting that you ask

that. Once, somewhere in Indiana during a tour, a girl in her 20s walks up. Beautiful. We wound up swapping spit, or peeling the raisin, because the grape had already been peeled. And afterward, I explain, "Look, I've got to get to sleep. Thank you, you have to leave." And she says, "Don't you remember me? I sat in the back row." She was one of the students. I guess she did her homework. [Pauses and laughs] I gave her a B-plus for the evening.

20.

PLAYBOY: What will be your epitaph?

SIMMONS: WHAT ARE YOU DOING TONIGHT?



To send a gift of Amaretto di Saronno anywhere in the U.S. call 1-800-243-3787.
28% alcohol by volume © 1987, Imported by The Paddington Corp., Fort Lee, NJ. Photo: Ken Nahoum.

nice *segue*—is also a harmless placebo, as long as there aren't devils like [Jimmy] Swaggart and everybody else stealing your money.

Doing it with or without the make-up depends on your partner. Because, like the tango, it takes two. For me, it was like being in that TV show *Beauty and the Beast*. Lots of women—and I'm talking hundreds and hundreds—would call on the hotel house phone and say, "I want to come up; I'm downstairs." I'd say, "All right, we'll see." And they'd say, "Please keep the make-up on, please fuck me with the boots on." They wanted the fantasy of being raped by a beast or something. They wanted the

CHANGING OF THE GUARD

(continued from page 88)

"I could spend hours slopping and sliding on the overfriendly breast and belly of Chloe."

all, in my psyche than my own poor ego. He had been my mentor, my godfather, my surrogate father and my boss. I was then 37 and felt half that age in his presence. Cohabiting with his wife, I was like a hermit crab just moved into a more impressive carapace, and waiting to be dislodged.

Naturally, like any new lover in so disruptive an affair, I did not ask for her motive. It was enough that she had chosen me. But now, after 13 years with Kittredge, 11 in marriage, I can give a reason. To be married to a good woman is to live with tender surprise. I love Kittredge for her beauty and—I will say it—her profundity. We know there is more depth to her thought than to mine. All the same, I am frequently disconcerted by some astonishing space in the fine workings of her mind. Attribute it to background. She has not had a career like other women. I do not know all so many Radcliffe graduates who have been high-echelon CIA.

Item: On the night 13 years ago when we first made love, I performed that simple act of homage with one's lips and tongue that 75 percent of all American col-

lege graduates (or is it now 90 percent?) manage to offer in the course of a sexual act. Kittredge, feeling some wholly unaccustomed set of sensations in the arch from thigh to thigh, said, "Oh. I didn't know one could do that!" She soon made a point of telling me I was the next thing to pagan perfection. "You're devil's heaven," she said. (Give me Scotch blood every time!) She looked no older on our first night than 27 but had been married already for 16 and a half of her 39 years. Hugh Montague was, she told me (and who could not believe her?), the only man she had ever known, and he was 18 years her senior. His accomplishments insulated him from her. He was very high echelon. He had worked with double and triple agents. His skill in life was to have a finer sense of his opponents' lies than they could ever have of his. Since, by now, he trusted no one, no one around him ever knew when he was telling the truth. Kittredge would complain to me in those bygone days that she couldn't say if he were a paragon of fidelity, a gorgon of infidelity or a closet pederast. I think she began her affair with

me (if we are to choose the bad motive rather than the good) because she wanted to learn whether she could run an operation under his nose and get away with it.

Her good motive came later. She fell in love with me not so much because I saved her life as because I had been sensitive to the fatal desperation of her spirit. I am finally wise enough to know that that is enough for almost all of us. So our affair commenced again. But now we were in love. She was the kind of woman who could not conceive of continuing in such a state for long without marriage. Love was a grace to be protected by sacramental walls.

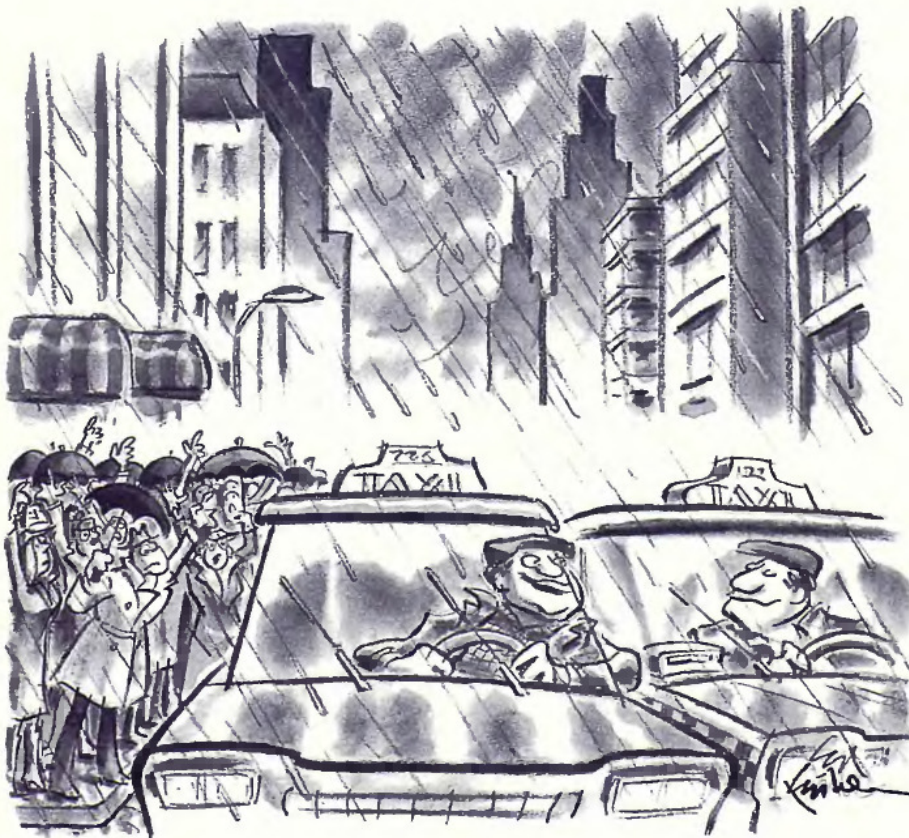
She felt obliged, therefore, to tell him. We went to Hugh Tremont Montague and he agreed to divorce. That may have been the poorest hour of my life. I was afraid of him. I had the well-founded dread one feels for a man who is probably able to arrange for the termination of people he deems are mortally in error. Before the accident, when he was tall and thin and seemed put together of the best tack and gear, he always carried himself as if he had sanction. Someone on high had done the anointing.

Now, stove in at the waist so that he conformed to the line of the wheelchair, he still had sanction. That, however, was hardly the worst of it. I was not only afraid of him but loved him. He had been my boss, yet also my master in the only spiritual art that American men and boys practice dependably—we do not hope to peer into the pond of revelation so much as to pass through the iron gate of virility. He had been my guru in *machismo*. He gave life courses in grace under pressure. The interval that Kittredge and I spent together on either side of his wheelchair is an abrasion on the flesh of memory. I remember that he cried before we were done.

I could not believe it. Kittredge told me later it was the only time she ever saw him weep. Hugh's shoulders racked, his diaphragm heaved, his spavined legs remained motionless. He was a cripple stripped down to his sorrow. I never lost that image. Abominable memories may be comparable to bruises, but since they are not visited on one's skin but one's psyche, they do not fade. They grow darker. We were sentenced to maintain a great love.

Kittredge had faith. It was teleological. To believe in the existence of the absurd was, for her, a pure subscription to the Devil. We were here to be judged; such judgment was the foundation of order. So our marriage would be measured by the heights it could climb from the dungeon of its inception. I subscribe to her faith. For us, it was the only set of beliefs possible.

How, then, could I spend hours slopping and sliding on the overfriendly breast and belly of Chloe? Her kisses were like taffy, soft and sticky, endlessly wet. From high school on, she had doubtless been making



"On nights like this, you suddenly begin to savor the taste of real power."

love with her mouth to both ends of her friends. Her groove was a marrow of good grease, her eyes luminous only when libidinal. So soon as we subsided for a bit, she would talk away in the merriest voice about whatever came into her head. Her talk was all of trailer homes (she lived in one), how ready they were to go up in flames, and of truckers with big rigs who ordered coffee while sitting on enough self-importance to run the Teamsters. She told anecdotes about old boyfriends she ran into at the drugstore. "Boy, I said to myself, has he been shoveling it in! Fat! Then, I had to ask myself: Chloe, is your butt that far behind? I put the blame on Bath. There's nothing to do here in winter except eat, and look for hungry guys like you," at which she gave a friendly clap to my buttocks as if we were playing on a team together—the old small-town sense that you heft a person's worth—and we were off again. There was one yearning in my flesh (for the common people) that she kept at trigger trip. Skid and slide and sing in unison, while the forest demons yowl.

I had met her in the off season in the big restaurant where she worked. It was a quiet night, and I was not only alone at my table but the only diner in my section. She waited on me with a quiet friendliness which was much at home with the notion that a meal that tasted right for me was better wages for her than a meal that tasted wrong. Like other good materialistic people before her, she was also maternalistic: She saw money as coming in all kinds of emotional flavors. It took happy money to buy a dependable appliance.

When I ordered the shrimp cocktail, she shook her head. "You don't want the shrimp," she said. "They've died and risen three times. Take the chowder." I did. She guided me through the meal. She wanted my drinks to be right. She did it all with no great fuss—I was free to stay in my private thoughts, she in hers. We talked with whatever surplus was in our moods. Perhaps one waitress in ten could enjoy a lonely customer as much as Chloe. I realized after a while that on pickup acquaintance, which was never my style, I was surprisingly com-

fortable with her.

I stopped off again at the restaurant on another quiet night and she sat and had dessert and coffee with me. I learned of her life. She had two sons, 21 and 22; they dwelt in Manchester, New Hampshire, and worked in the mills. She was 39 (I made her for 42) and she claimed to have had the first boy before she was 18. Her husband broke up with her five years ago. Caught her cheating. "He was right. I was a boozier then, and you can't trust a boozier. My heels were as round as roller skates." She laughed with great good humor, as if she were watching her own pornographic romp. "I didn't really care. I was bored stiff with the guy. In fact, I cut down drastically on the sauce once I got over the shock and

that, considering the uniqueness and magnitude of my marital breach, there was only a hint of sag from time to time in the good man below. I was starved, in truth, for what Chloe had to offer.

Let me see if I can explain. Lovemaking with Kittredge was a sacrament. I do not feel at ease trying to speak of it. Whereas I can give all of it away in talking about the good cruise, Bang-Bang, with Chloe; a roll in the hay is, after all, a roll in the hay, and we were like kids in the barn; Chloe even smelled of earth and straw. But there was ceremony to embracing Kittredge.

I do not mean that we were solemn or measured. If it did not come to real desire, we might not make love for a month. When it happened, however, it certainly did; after all our years together, we still flew at each other. We were fierce. Kittredge, indeed, was as fierce as one of those wood animals with claws and sharp teeth and fine fur that you can never quite tame. At its worst, there were times when I felt like a tomcat with a raccoon. My tongue (key to devil's heaven) was rarely in the center of her thoughts—rather, our act was subservient to coming together, cruelty to cruelty, love to love. I'd see God when the lightning flashed and we jolted our beleaguered souls into one another. Afterward was tenderness, and the sweetest domestic knowledge of how curious and wonderful we were for one another, but it was not in the least like getting it on

with Chloe. With Chloe, it was old valve seats unsticking, gaskets about to blow, get ready for the rush, get ready for the sale, whoo-ee, gushers, we'd hit oil together. Recuperating, it felt low-down and slimy and rich as the earth. You could grow flowers out of your ass.

Driving that car, my heart in my teeth and the road ice in my ice-cold fingers, I knew all over again what Chloe gave me. It was equality. We had nothing in common but our equality. If they brought us up for judgment, we could go hand in hand, we were playmates. Our bodies were matched in depth to one another, and we felt the affection of carrots and peas in the same meat soup. I had never known a woman so

Amaretto di Noel

To send a gift of Amaretto di Saronno anywhere in the U.S. call 1-800-243-3787.
28% alcohol by volume © 1987. Imported by The Paddington Corp., Fort Lee, NJ. Photo: Ken Nahoum.

started to live alone."

We went home together to her trailer. I have an ability developed, I believe, by my profession. I can concentrate on what is before me. Interoffice flaps, bureaucratic infringements, security leaks, even such assaults on the unconscious as my first infidelity to Kittredge, can be ignored. I have a personal instrument I think of as average, a good soldier no larger nor punier than the average man, a dick as vulnerable as any other. It throbs with encouragement and droops with the oncoming of guilt. So it is testimony to the power of my concentration and to Chloe's voluptuous exposures (call it a crime against the public pleasure she has to wear clothes)

much my physical equal as Chloe.

Whereas Kittredge was the former consort of a knight, now a crippled knight. I felt like a squire in a medieval romance. My knight was away on crusades and so I entertained his lady. We had found a way to pick the lock of her chastity belt, but I was still her equerry and she remained my noblewoman. I could not make love without having to mount the steps. We might see lightning and stars, but our bedroom was her chamber. The walls were stone. Our ecstasy was as austere as the glow of phosphorescent lights in Maine waters. I did not see creation (and, sad truth, we were childless); rather, I had glimpses of the divine. To know happiness with Kittredge was to be a stripling on the palimpsests of the heavens. With Chloe, I felt like one more driver with a heavy rig. And, in truth, if Chloe had known my real line of work, it would have blasted her panties clear off her pubes. Forgive me. She was vulgarity itself, God bless her. And vulgarity is infectious. Maybe it is the culture dish for all our other germs.

Thoughts unrolled before me like 30-second, have-to-get-your-attention commercials. On a night of driving as terrible as this—with sleet on the cusp of freezing—there was no way to meditate for long, only in bursts. I saw suddenly that Chloe had the true shape of a wife (if we are to invoke archetypes) and Kittredge was still my far-off love. In each affair, I decided, there were elements unique to the two people and parts that were exchangeable with other relationships. A kiss could belong to one soul or bring back every

mouth you had ever known. It lubricated a marriage, I now decided, if you had a wife who could allow you to live not only with herself but with ten other women she could remind you of. What was a sweet fucky marriage but the sublimation of orgies never undertaken? This was absent with Kittredge. I had been missing the promiscuity of making love to one woman who could serve for many.

Needless to say, this was not Kittredge's view. Once, about a month after we were married, she said to me, "There's nothing I hate worse than the breaking of vows. I always feel as if the universe is held together by the few vows that are kept. Hugh was awful. You could never trust a word of his. I shouldn't tell you, darling, but when you and I first began, it was such an achievement for me. I suppose it was the bravest thing I'd ever done."

"Don't ever be that brave with me," I said, and it was no threat. At the uneasy center of my voice, I was begging her.

"I won't. I won't ever." She would have had the clear blue eyes of an angel but for a touch of haze in the iris that gave her the expression of a philosopher who is forever trying to perceive objects at a great distance. Thoughtful and a little misty was her look. "No," she said, "let's make a pledge. Absolute honesty between us. No transgressions of our word. If either of us ever has anything to do with someone else, we must tell."

"I pledge," I said.



SEX STARS

(continued from page 181)

around into something more fun but rather less comfortable. Is that Dick and Liz over there, or Sly and Gitte? Did you say that singer who's on the balcony with Another Woman was the Fifties' Frank Sinatra or the Eighties' Bruce Springsteen, out for a romp with backup singer Patti Scialfa—to the dismay of his 1985 bride, Julianne Phillips, who filed for divorce? Has Clark Gable come back as Kevin Costner? If gossip died with Hedda, Louella and Walter, who are Oprah, Phil and Geraldo?

There's definitely something otherworldly about the engagement, off and on, of Brigitte Nielsen and N.Y. Jets defensive end Mark Gastineau. The pair met at the Super Bowl, fell madly in lust and broke up—but not before they'd had each other's names tattooed on their rear ends. Possibly realizing that this could limit their future love lives, they renewed the engagement pending Gastineau's divorce from his model wife, Lisa, who graciously commented, "They're cut from the same mold, both publicity conscious. I can't see him with any person who has a past—and, God, she has a past!"

Gitte's past, of course, includes several *Playboy* appearances, an ex-husband and a child in her native Denmark and a reported \$6,000,000 settlement in her divorce last year from hubby number two, Sylvester Stallone. Not to be outdone in graciousness by Mrs. Gastineau, Stallone's mother, Jackie, observed, "Gitte is the poorest example of a female I've ever known."

Sly consoled himself for a while with Alana Hamilton Stewart, ex of George Hamilton and Rod Stewart, then took up with socialite Cornelia Guest. Lying under a tank during the shooting of *Rambo III*, Stallone told how he psychs himself up for one more action shot: "I'm saying, 'Come on, Sly, one more time. . . . That'll be the one. Hang on.'" Presumably, he says much the same thing about his love life.

Nielsen—who ended up with a tasteful engagement ring with diamonds in the shape of a nine to remind her of Mark's jersey number, 99—wasn't the only beauty to fall for a jock. Not since Joe DiMaggio wed Marilyn Monroe have so many celebrity athletes been romancing actresses, with similarly mixed success. Spirited Robin Givens, star of ABC's *Head of the Class* and frequent companion to such stars as Eddie Murphy, wed heavyweight champ Mike Tyson and the two of them almost went down for the count in the tabloids. Their courtship and marriage were marred by tales of alleged fights with each other, and with family and business associates, culminating in the crash of his luxury car. Givens denied that they'd been fighting at the time of the wreck but concedes that Tyson was so disgusted that he gave the \$180,000 auto to the police. Her wifely explanation: "It was just a man going, 'Ugh! Forget it!' He didn't want to drive the car, you know, his



"The first bag is a gift. When they want more, they call our 800 number."

Bentley, with a dent in it."

Tyson's expensive sensitivities may have come from his business association with handsome zillionaire developer Donald Trump, who owns part of the boxer and a lot of everything else with his own beautiful blonde wife, Ivona, herself a former champion skier on the Czech Olympic team. Dubbed "Ivana-dis, Ivana-dat" by one New York columnist, the acquisitive Mrs. Trump has three houses and her own \$2,000,000 helicopter, which she uses regularly to commute to Atlantic City to oversee some of her husband's many casino operations. Also a former model, the leggy Ivana seems to have an enviably perfect life—and knows it.

"People get upset if you're really happy. And I think it's upsetting to people that Donald and I have it all: We're young, we're healthy, we love our work and we have a good marriage and children on top of that! People just can't stand that."

Happy, too, was Wayne Gretzky, eight times the National Hockey League's most valuable player with the Edmonton Oilers in his native Canada, who married lovely Hollywood actress Janet Jones and naturally wanted to spend more time with her and their impending offspring. So Gretzky—like Gastineau, a number 99—arranged to have himself traded to the L.A. Kings in a multimillion-dollar deal described by the sports press as a "Kings' ransom."

Not so happy, however, was Boston Red Sox' four-time American League batting champion Wade Boggs. He got a curve ball in court from California mortgage broker Marga Adams, who said that Boggs—married and the father of two—had broken a verbal agreement to pay her expenses to accompany him on road trips during a four-year love affair. Boggs denied Adams' financial claims but acknowledged her companionship on the road and said he had apologized to his wife. Adams added that she is hoping for a book deal.

No doubt about it, women have a thing for ballplayers. Susan Sarandon showed that in the sleeper hit *Bull Durham*, playing a very sexy woman who picks one heavy hit-

ter at a time. ("I am, within the framework of a baseball season, monogamous," she explains in the film.)

Sarandon has always had a fine sense of proportion. Back in 1981, after an appearance in *Playboy's Grapevine* feature, she observed, "Why not be the celebrity breasts? It's fabulous. There are so many great breasts around; it's nice to break through the ranks."

Her *Bull Durham* co-star Kevin Costner, who also reads *Playboy*, said he was a bit uneasy about his own body in the film's sexy love scenes. "I'm not the kind of guy who hangs out at a gym. You don't find me lifting weights. I know now why women get intimidated looking at *Playboy*, saying, 'This is what a woman is supposed to look

film, *Blue Steel*, commenting, "The character I play in the film has nothing to do with my body. Because my body is good, it has become a *cause célèbre*, and now it would take away from any work I do. I showed my body for the right reasons at the right times and I'm not going to do it again." Not even if we beg?

Even Michelle Pfeiffer, gorgeous star of *The Witches of Eastwick* and *Married to the Mob*, has been known to worry about her beauty. "I don't know that I've ever felt that I was extraordinary-looking," she told *Premiere* magazine. "In fact, I know that I'm not. If anything, I've always felt that I was conventionally pretty, which is an asset in some ways, and in some ways not. It's a really hard subject to talk about. You know, it's like one of those things where you're fucked either way."

Although her romance with *D.O.A.* co-star Dennis Quaid would seem to be testimony to the contrary, Meg Ryan also has self-doubts. "I'm sexy sometimes, but I'm never going to be a glamor puss," she told *Playboy*. "I'm comfortable with people treating me like a goon."

Even more comfortable, sexy Samantha Fox reported, "People always ask me the same question: 'Do you think your looks have helped you?' I always say I don't think they've hindered [me] at all. If you look good, that means kids are going to stick your picture on the wall."

Another ravishing singer, Vanity, offered her own vigorous beauty

hint: "I have a good complexion, partly because I work at it. If anything is there that shouldn't be, I squeeze it out. I'm so complexion conscious that I go around squeezing the faces of my friends, too."

Apparently, singers and actresses have a wide variety of ways to stay in shape. Belinda Carlisle runs 25 miles a week, works out with a trainer, plays tennis, hikes and rides a mountain bike. Justine Bateman chain-smokes, parties constantly and romances Leif Garrett incessantly. Hard to tell which lady looks better.

Pretty Phoebe Légère seemed quite proud of her body in the June *Playboy*, telling Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson, "People get mad because I don't buy into the

Amaretto di Holly

To send a gift of Amaretto di Saronno anywhere in the U.S. call 1-800-243-3787.
28% alcohol by volume © 1987, Imported by The Paddington Corp., Fort Lee, NJ. Photo: Ken Nahoum.

like,' because 85 percent of us walking around don't have what you would call extreme definition."

Speaking of extremes, Jamie Lee Curtis has now decided she doesn't want to show her body anymore after her sexually sizzling role in *A Fish Called Wanda*. "When I was making horror films, the same body was there all the time. But it wasn't until I did the Dorothy Stratten TV film [*Death of a Centerfold*] that people thought, Holy shit, look at her body. Let's exploit that. Now, after *Wanda*, it's going to get a lot harder to be taken seriously as an actress. It's like, 'Oh, God, here we go again,' with the scripts for sexually forthright women."

Curtis refused a nude scene in her next

patriarchal bullshit that the female body is disgusting. When one gazes appreciatively upon the female form, it's a religious act." But Légère backslid a bit in a later interview with *Village Voice* columnist Michael Musto, who said she had claimed, contrary to the obvious evidence, that the pix weren't even seminude and had commented, "I refused them about 200 times. I said, 'Over my dead body. I'm a Mayflower descendant and a Vassar graduate.'"

Towering over those who are still proud of their bodies is Greta Scacchi, whose triumph in *White Mischief* continued her tradition of taking off her clothes in nearly every film she has been in. And, fortunately, even after winning an Oscar for *Moonstruck*, Cher refused to become sensitive about her revealing fashions. "I think that Ronald Reagan looks very smart in his suit, you know? And Jim Bakker looks really nice and clean in his suit, and I'm sure that Nixon looked real tight in his suit, and I'm much more trustworthy than any two of

them with my belly button showing."

However, Cher was dressed quite somberly in black pants, tunic and jacket when she appeared at a press conference with boyfriend Robert Comillete after he was arrested and booked for investigation of felony assault with a deadly weapon (her Ferrari) of a photographer who was camped outside their Benedict Canyon home. Denying that her fella had deliberately tried to run down the *paparazzo*, Cher unloaded on the media. "I know that I have to give up lots of my rights, that people can write in a magazine that I, you know, don't have my rib cage or that this is not my chin or these are not my cheeks. I've been doing this for 25 years and so I'm pretty much used to having my private life destroyed and lies told about me." (For more Cher—lots more—see this month's *Playboy Interview*.)

Overcoming the troubles her explicit layouts once cost her, deposed former Miss America Vanessa Williams staged a comeback as a singer, cracking the top five on

the charts with her single *The Right Stuff*. Recounting her struggle to be taken seriously after her slide from grace, Williams noted, "I knew it was going to be hard, but I knew I'd get there eventually. I don't like to be written off before being able to have a chance. I'm a fighter—I always try to prove that I've got what it takes."

Vanessa's old-fashioned spunk was inspiring, providing a frequently encountered clue to a new attitude. So many of our Sex Stars seem so—well—*sensible*. Not sensible, maybe, in the sense of good oxford shoes and a black canvas bumber-shoot. But a lot of the things they are saying—about the values of life, of home and family and hard work, of giving up the wild life in favor of cottages and Keogh plans—just make so much *sense*.

Enjoying his multimillionaire status after a string of superhits—*Top Gun*, *The Color of Money* and *Cocktail*—plus his marriage to actress Mimi Rogers, Tom Cruise hopes his career will follow the steady path of his mentor, Paul Newman. "To be my age and to be this successful—I can't say I felt totally great about it in the beginning," Cruise reflected.

"Then I thought, Listen, this is where I want to be. You see some people who destroy themselves because they become successful and feel guilty about acknowledging it—and then it goes away. However terrible it is, I'm enjoying myself."

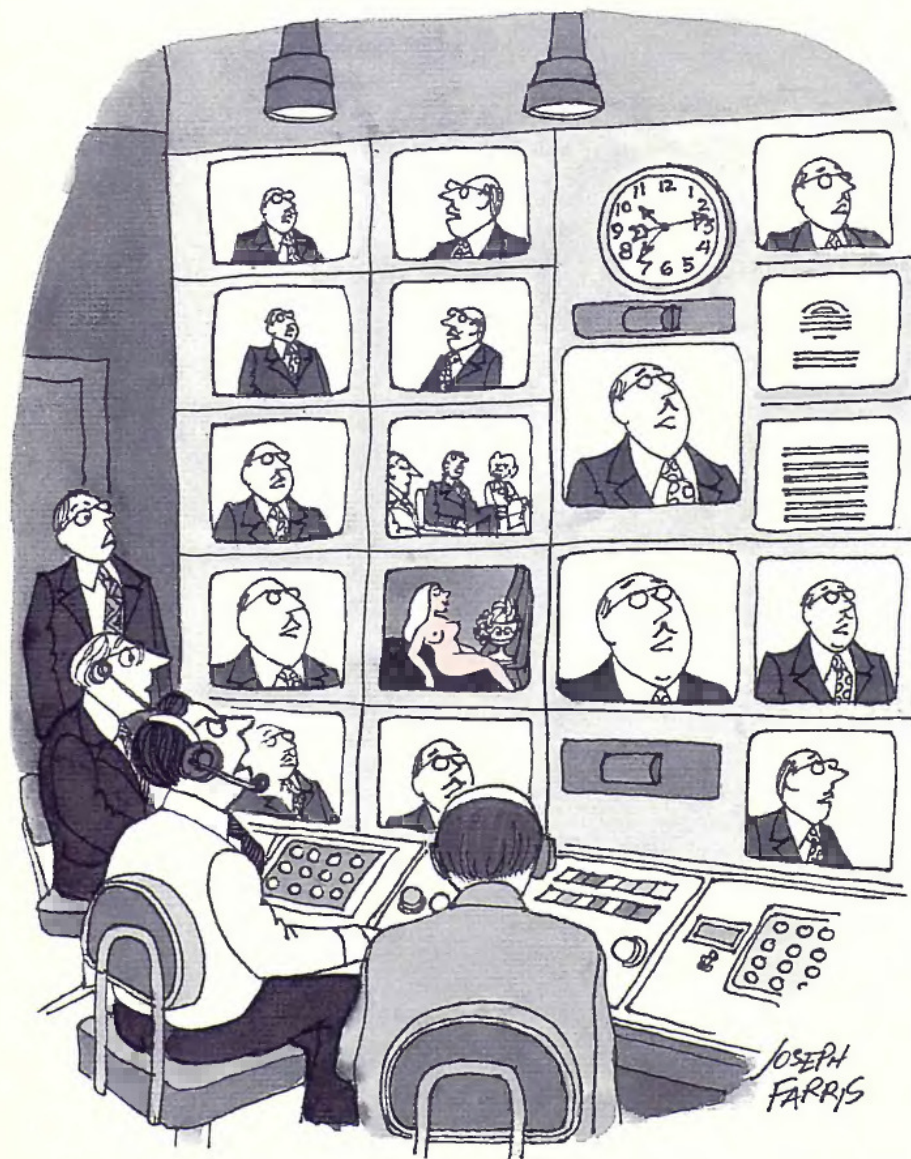
Supersensible Vanna White continued to turn her *Wheel of Fortune* letters into a career, appearing in an NBC miniseries, *Goddess of Love*. But she showed no interest in helping the producers revive *Gypsy Angels*, a film she'd shot as an unknown six years earlier. That one isn't quite in keeping with her image today as a goody-goody, though her shower scene is shown only in silhouette and reveals much less than her pre-*Wheel of Fortune* photos published by *Playboy*.

Still sensibly stringing together a respectable list of film and TV credits, voluptuous Virginia Madsen garnered good reviews in *Mr. North*, but the film wasn't a blockbuster and she's still awaiting her big break. One fringe benefit she picked up in the process, however, was a romance with the picture's director, Danny Huston, son of the late, legendary John.

When it comes to being sensible, a sense of humor helps. Still laughing after the breakup of his long marriage and a fling with "Crocodile" Dundee co-star Linda Kazlowski, Paul Hogan reported in the July *Playboy Interview* that he still doesn't think of himself as a sex symbol.

"The idea of sex symbol has become so distorted. In Australia, it means the latest young star on *The Young Doctors* or some soap, and it's almost a kiss of death. If some kid has got his TV work as a sex symbol, you know that within six months, he'll be unemployed. And that he has no sex appeal at all. . . . I'm just a short Clint Eastwood with a sense of humor."

Equally bemused, Sonia Braga pondered,



"Camera four . . . where the hell are you?"

"I catch myself sometimes in big shirts, socks, walking around the house with a coat over it, big T-shirts and the nose with the cold, also, the nose running, and I'm getting some coffee to drink, very sad, watching TV, reading a book—you know, thinking about someone who doesn't love me back—and then comes the newspaper, and it says, 'SONIA BRAGA, SEXY STAR.'"

"You look at the paper and look at the mirror and think, 'What are they talking about? Am I the sex symbol of Brazil?'"

Robert Redford, Braga's producer-director for *The Milagro Beanfield War*, certainly thought so, and photos caught the two of them leaving his Manhattan apartment, fueling rumors of trouble at home with Lala, his wife of 30 years. Asked about the rumors a month later at the Cannes Film Festival, Redford laughed, "So it's out," setting off a furor among those European papers that took him seriously.

Media mogul Ted Turner was less reticent about the split from his wife. "There was no way I could keep my wife and girlfriend happy at the same time. I know it's unfair, but you've got to roll with the punches."

Singer Lionel Richie was definitely rolling with the punches when his unhappy wife, Brenda, caught him at the Beverly Hills apartment of his 22-year-old girlfriend, Diane Alexander. After what neighbors described as a noisy brawl—during which she kicked him in a particularly uncomfortable spot—it took several policemen to pull the Mrs. off the mistress.

Brenda was arrested on a long list of charges, including "corporal injury to a spouse," who allegedly received a swift kick in "the groin area." But Lionel doesn't seem to be singing any higher.

In the Old Hollywood, there was always a new wedding to balance each divorce. It's the same in the New Hollywood. Loni Anderson and Burt Reynolds, who have been dating since 1982 and living together for four years, finally tied the knot, as did Michael J. Fox and his former *Family Ties* co-star Tracy Pollan after 14 months of courtship. It's hard to say which couple had the bigger ceremony. More quietly, Tom Hanks was married for the second time, to actress Rita Wilson.

Managing to keep their divorce plans and marriage neatly wrapped in the same package, Sean Penn and Madonna were relatively quiet this year, echoing complaints that the media make more of their spats than they do. In fact, Madonna said she has been misunderstood from the beginning. "I was surprised how people reacted to *Like a Virgin*, because when I did the song, to me, I was singing about how something made me feel a certain way—brand-new and fresh—and everyone else interpreted it as, 'I don't want to be a virgin anymore. Fuck my brains out.'"

But the unlikeliest bachelor of all to fall in 1988 was *Playboy* Editor and Publisher Hugh Hefner. After years of an inspirational single life, Hef announced his engagement to January Playmate Kimberley Conrad. His

conversion came after a messy episode that would warn any bachelor about the potential dangers of cohabitation. Hefner was sued for \$35,000,000 by Carrie Leigh, his live-in lady of more than four years. Her wild accusations and his countermoves—which resulted in a dismissal of her claims—were fully recounted in the August *Playboy*. All in all, it made marriage look good.

Although she was unfairly drawn into the mess, Mansion house guest Jessica Hahn didn't let the dirt deter her from a good time. Still in demand to talk about her experiences with televangelist Jim Bakker, Hahn was a frequent TV guest and constant partygoer; she also discovered that she was being treated by the same plastic surgeon as Michael Jackson.

Still single but with a new leading singing lady, Cat, proud Prince posed naked for his album cover on *Lovesexy*, which he promoted with a wild concert tour that was half orgy, half spiritual camp meeting. The nonspiritual part had Prince singing *Head* as Cat simulated said act on a microphone wedged between his legs.

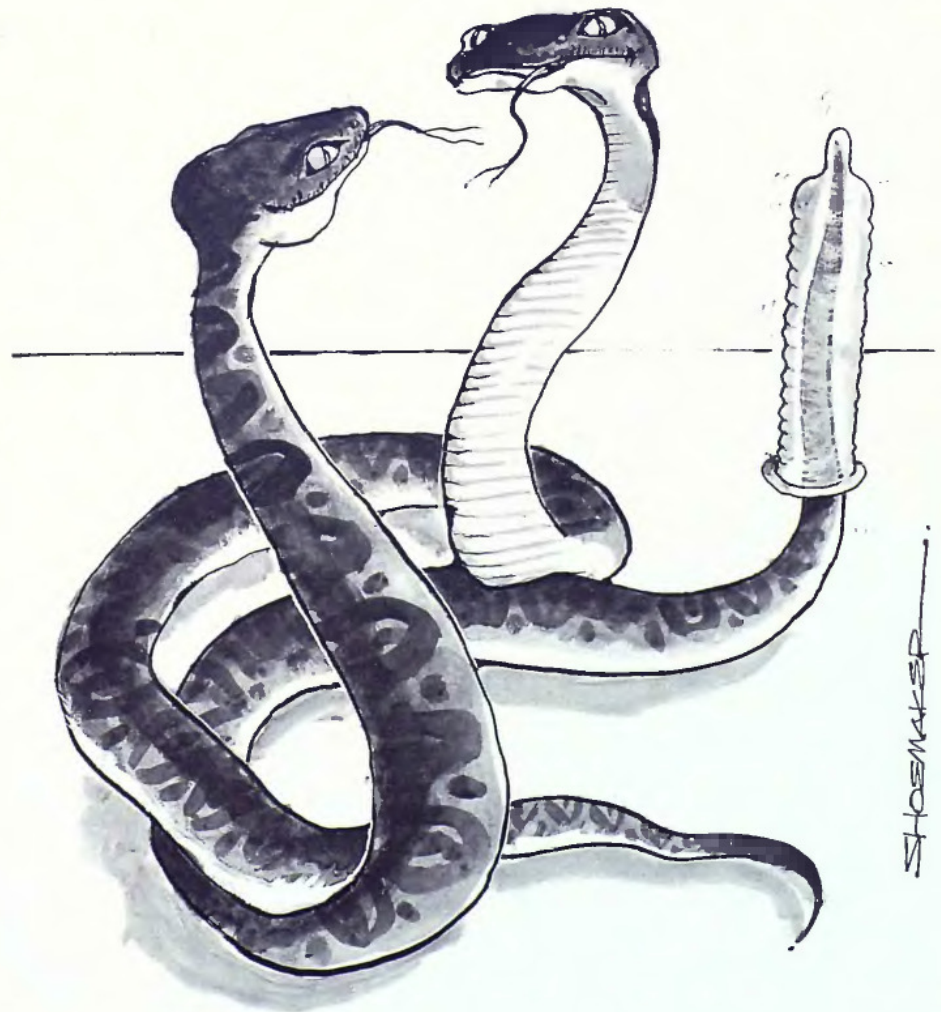
Judging by her autobiography, *I'm with the Band*, former groupie Pamela Des Barres

would once have been happy to do the real thing. Now she's too busy preparing a film of the book, which may star Ally Sheedy.

On balance, though, no Sex Star this year measures up to the copiously cantilevered Jessica Rabbit. What better love could a man have than a beautiful creature who will never change in any way? As she was drawn to our hearts in *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, Jessica will always be with us, as loving and as lastingly perfect as Snow White. Besides, as one wag noted, she's the perfect mate: "She's loyal, she's got big tits and she has a steady job."

On a metaphysical level, perhaps Jessica does have a rival. Although he claims he has been dating regularly, comedian Richard Lewis says he has finally figured out who the woman of his dreams really is: himself. "I feel that the ideal woman is me in drag. I'm the only one I can get along with. If I could figure out how to marry myself, I would."

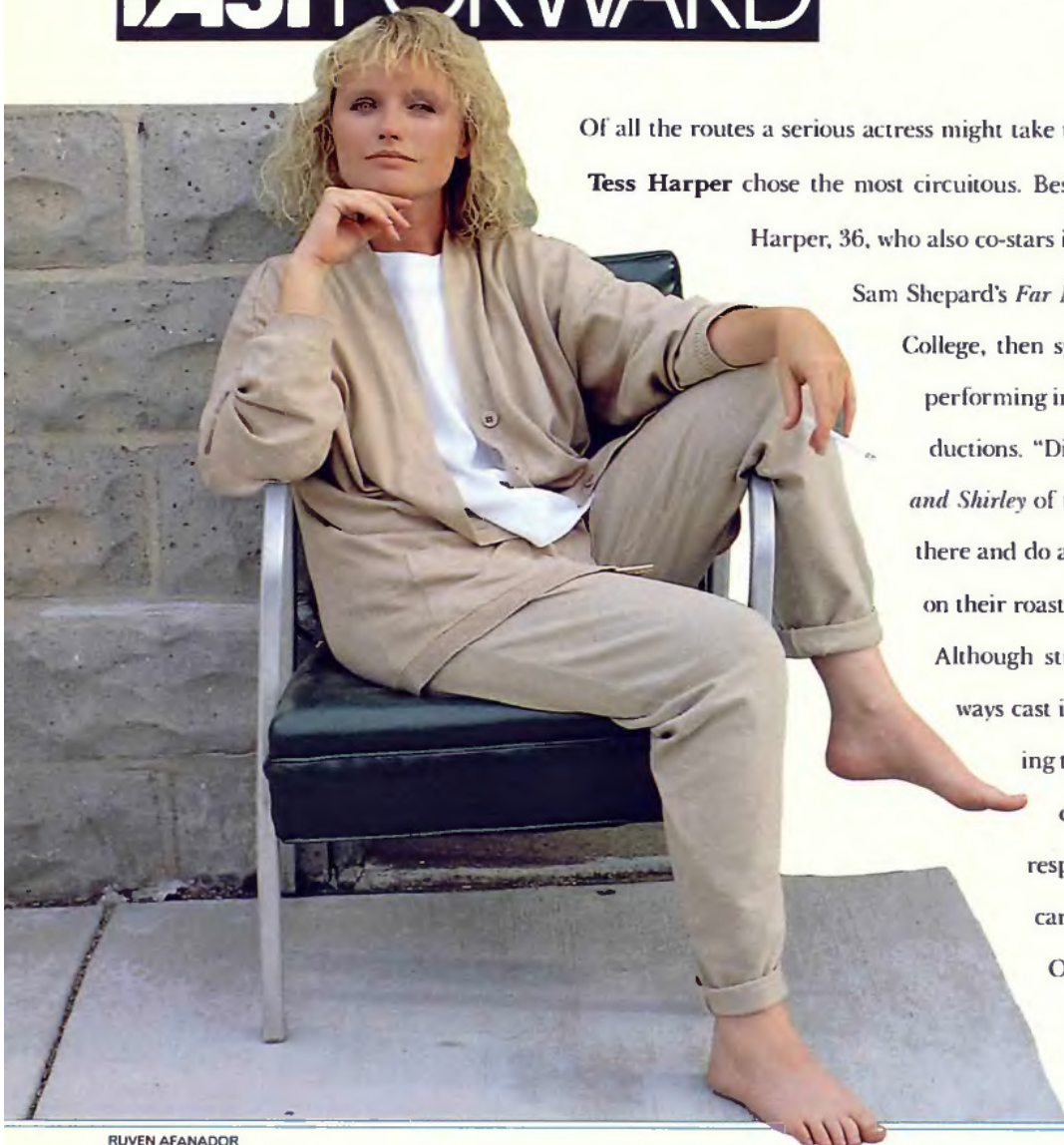
If the idea catches on, it could easily cut a Sex Stars chronicler's work in half. How simple it would be to track their romances—Gitte with Gitte, Sly with Sly, Cher and Cher alike.



"I don't care if you are wearing a condom. The answer is still no!"

FAST FORWARD

A TASTE OF CLASS



RUVEN AFANADOR

Of all the routes a serious actress might take to a career in Hollywood, Arkansas-born **Tess Harper** chose the most circuitous. Best known for her role in *Tender Mercies*, Harper, 36, who also co-stars in *Criminal Law* with Kevin Bacon and in Sam Shepard's *Far North*, attended Southwest Missouri State College, then spent eight years in Houston and Dallas, performing in small dinner- and children's-theater productions. "Dinner theater is kind of like the *Laverne and Shirley* of theater," she says. "It's amazing to go out there and do a performance with people still chomping on their roast beef and clinking their glasses together." Although strikingly attractive, Harper is almost always cast in meatier character roles. "I'm never going to get a part where they put me in designer clothes," she admits. "I want to have the respect of people in the business, but I don't care to be on the cover of *National Enquirer*." Of course, "it is nice to get a decent table at a restaurant," she says with a smile.

—ROBERT CRANE

The whole Hollywood star system—I love that," says actor **Liam Neeson**. "Over the past three years, I've thought, Yeah, I can do that. I wasn't in a position to pick and choose roles, but a body of work fell into my court, so I get my passport stamped and I'm off." Neeson's off, all right, in a big way. He has already established himself with *Suspect*, for which he earned raves as the homeless deaf-mute defended for murder by Cher, and Clint Eastwood's *The Dead Pool*. More recently, he scored as Diane Keaton's uninhibited lover in *The Good Mother*, and then joined Daryl Hannah and Peter O'Toole in the comedic ghost story *High Spirits*. It's an enviable record for a 36-year-old who started out as a boxer in Ireland—including three years as Northern Irish amateur



PLUCK OF THE IRISH

BONNIE SCHIFFMAN

champ and one as Irish champ. But Neeson, despite his imposing physical presence (he's "six-four and a wee bit"), lacked the killer instinct and hung up his gloves in order to attend the University of Belfast, where he studied physics. He switched to a school for teachers, then drifted through an assortment of odd jobs before trying acting in 1976. Four years later, he made his screen debut in *Excalibur* and set his sights on Hollywood. Neeson has worked steadily in TV and films since then. Despite his bravado and good luck, he claims, "I always keep my psychological baggage sort of half-packed. Some mornings,

you wake up and think, Gee, I look handsome today. Other days, you think, What am I doing in movies? I wanna go back to Ireland and drive a forklift."

—ERIC ESTRIN

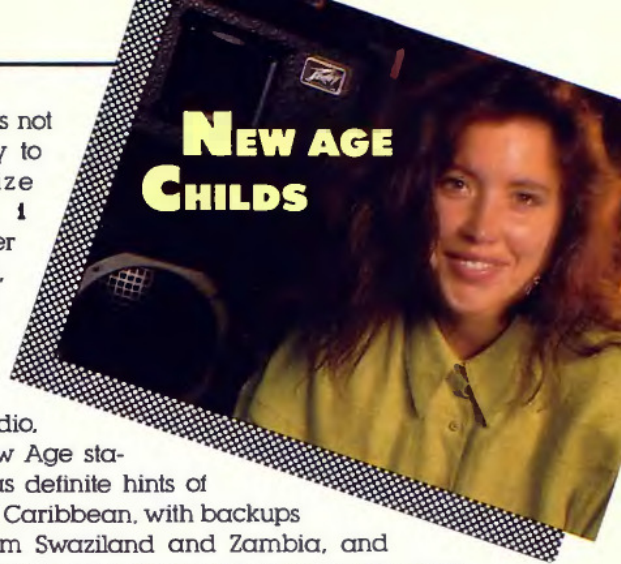


BOB HALLINEN

HIGH ON THE AIR

It was not as though the world had never heard of **Tom Bodett** before the no-frills motel chain Motel 6. After all, he'd been a commentator on National Public Radio's *All Things Considered* and he'd written a couple of funny books. But he wasn't quite prepared for the reaction he's gotten from those homey little radio commercials, the ones that end with his saying, "We'll leave the light on for ya." "It's been almost a little scary how that has spread my name around," Bodett says, in a voice that reminds one of porch swings and hammocks. Bodett, 33, has lived in Alaska for 13 years, building houses in Homer until a story he wrote for a local newspaper led to a stint on local radio and, finally, to NPR. Now, he is the star of his own syndicated radio show called *The End of the Road*. "Mostly, it's a lot of me telling stories," he explains, plus musical guests and the chance to be famous in his own right. "Sometimes it gets a little hard to steer people back to the fact that I am, in fact, a writer. They think I'm the president of Motel 6," he says. "Still, if that's the worst thing I have to complain about, I may as well shut up." —MATTHEW SMITH

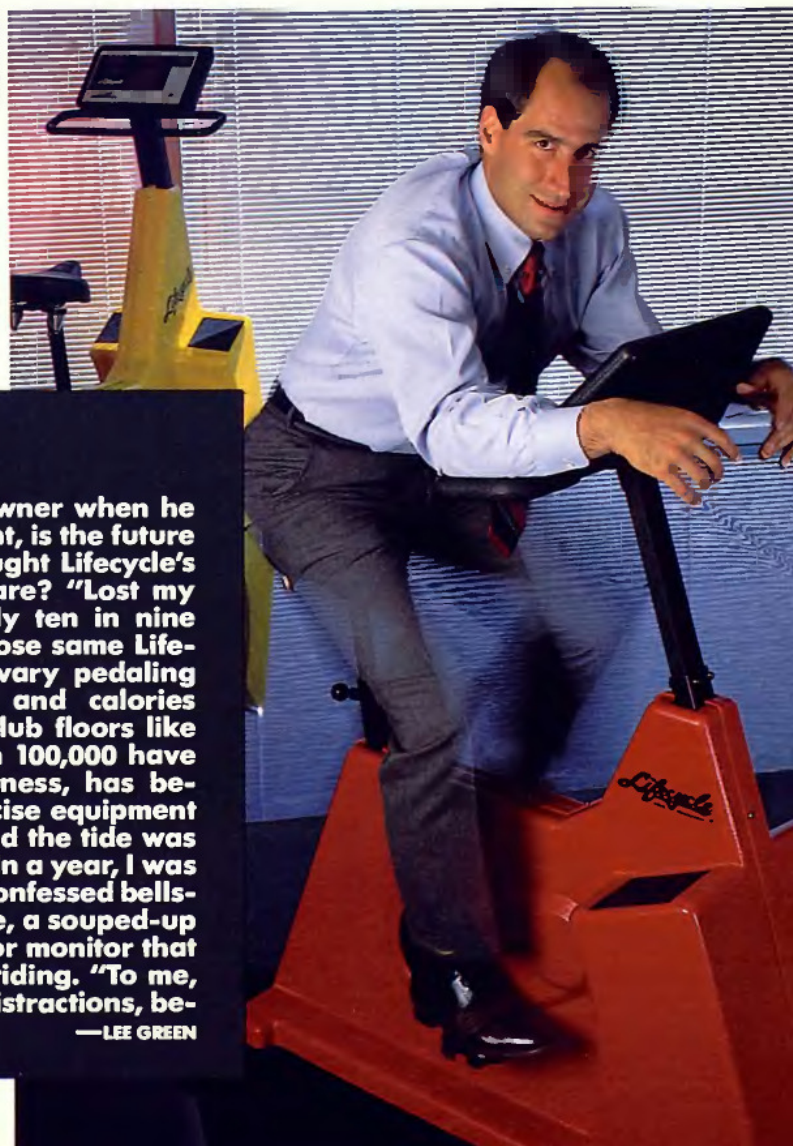
So far, it has not been easy to categorize **Toni Childs**. Her debut album, *Union*, has made her the darling of cutting-edge pop radio, as well as New Age stations. *Union* has definite hints of Africa and the Caribbean, with backups by groups from Swaziland and Zambia, and Childs herself dresses in bandannas, long muslin dresses and exotic jewelry. It's world-pop music, and Childs, 30, attributes her outlook to travel, particularly a four-year period in London. "I was becoming disenchanted with America," she explains. "When I went to England, I felt and saw why I was feeling that way. But I also saw a lot of things that made me love America." Now back in Los Angeles, she tends her vegetable garden, soaks in a hot tub kept on cool, and paints. "I can sing and I don't have to make records to do that. I can do other things and be happy, but I love doing this." —GERRIE LIM



TONY COSTA

NEW AGE CHILDS

REID ASHTON



Fit and Fun

Augie Nieto was a 20-year-old fitness-club owner when he got his first look at a Lifecycle. This, he thought, is the future of aerobic exercise. He sold his club and bought Lifecycle's world-wide marketing rights. How did he fare? "Lost my ass," he recalls, admitting that he sold only ten in nine months and lost \$160,000. Ten years later, those same Lifecycles—computerized stationary bikes that vary pedaling difficulty and provide readouts on pace and calories burned—now flank one another on health-club floors like thoroughbreds at a starting gate (more than 100,000 have been sold), and the firm he heads, Life Fitness, has become the largest seller of computerized exercise equipment in the world. The marketing stroke that turned the tide was Nieto's. "We gave them away," he explains. "In a year, I was getting 25 orders a week." Nieto, 30, is a self-confessed bells-and-whistles man. His video bike of the future, a souped-up Lifecycle, will feature sound effects and a color monitor that displays the imaginary terrain the cyclist is riding. "To me, exercise has to be fun," Nieto says. "I need distractions, because in itself, it's torture." —LEE GREEN

"At the bottom lay a Mitsubishi—or what was left of one. Fiberglass sections were strewn everywhere."

he woke up this morning. As usual, we slept on the ground in the compound where our cars were required to remain overnight. Our heads were adjacent to a chain-link fence, and our cars and mechanics were no more than 25 feet away. Yet Alain's duffel bag, which he had placed under his head for safekeeping, was nowhere to be found. In the middle of the night, someone had actually lifted his head, substituted the duffel with a jacket and set his head down.

Theft in our overnight camps is not unusual. A few nights ago, several motorcycle riders lost their helmets and boots. A lot of racers prudently threw their wallets to the bottom of their sleeping bags, only to lose them to thieves who boldly cut the bags at the foot and reached in.

It's amazing that anyone in our camps sleeps long enough or soundly enough to get ripped off. Mechanics are usually working through the night, so there's the constant clanging of parts and tools, the revving of engines, the incessant drone of generators. And there's no escaping the glare of floodlights. Even if things quiet down a bit, it's just a matter of time before another support truck rumbles into the compound.

JANUARY NINTH—ARLIT, NIGER

I have just survived a day in which I easily could have been killed. It left one racer dead and another paralyzed. Three or four motorcyclists broke their legs.

I've been out in the wilderness all over—snowmobiling in Colorado, biking, racing cars in Mexico—and I've never had the sort of eerie feeling I experienced today in Niger's Ténéré Desert. I think it was the first time I'd ever been truly fearful. Oh, I've been scared for an instant before, but today's fear was constant. When I started racing motorcycles in the Sixties, the thing that scared me the most was not the fear of injury but the fear of failure. I faced those same apprehensions going into this race, too, but at the age of 46, I sense my mortality more than I used to—I have more of a sense of my limitations. And I have a wife and four kids to think about. So now I also fear injury. Not so much a broken leg or arm; those I could recover from. But a head or spinal injury really scares me. I stopped racing motorcycles seriously years ago because of that. I'd seen too many people paralyzed or brain-damaged.

The problem today was depth perception. Or any other sort of perception, for that matter. I drove 370 miles before I saw anything. There were no people, no wells, no trees, no bushes, no roads, no signposts, no fences, no abandoned cars, no dilapidated

shacks—nothing. There wasn't even a horizon. The Ténéré is a surrealistic place where the eye can't distinguish between the white sand and the white sky. I couldn't tell if the terrain in front of me was uphill or downhill, smooth or rugged. It was like driving in a thick fog. I couldn't see the bumps; I'd just feel the car jump. At 120 miles an hour, that's a rather unsettling sensation. I slowed to 80. We shouldn't be doing this, I told myself. This is stupid. Yet I didn't sense that Alain was uncomfortable in the least. He just kept one eye on the route book, the other on the digital compass and calmly called out his conclusions: a little more right, a little more left, still more left. We sailed across the dunes like a cloudship.

Suddenly, we were airborne. We probably flew for only two or three seconds, but it seemed like a month and a half to me, because I had no idea what sort of surface or gradient we were going to land on. Uphill? Downhill? A gaping hole? Anything too radical could easily result in a flip or a roll, which, given our speed, could have had unspeakable consequences.

The answer came gently and was life-giving: a smooth landing, the downhill glide of the car conforming nearly perfectly to the downslope of the dune that received us.

Enough. I cut our speed way down and made a 90-degree turn to the north, hoping to find someone else's tracks to follow. When it's all solid white out there and there are no tracks, the whiteout is intensified. But as soon as there are tracks to concentrate on, you can kind of tell whether the terrain is going up or down or whatever's happening with it.

Alain wasn't happy with my decision. "It's gonna cost us too much time," he said. It didn't seem to occur to him that a little too much recklessness in this dune field could cost a man *all* his time.

Presently, we came upon some fresh tracks. I altered our course to follow them.

Car tracks in sand tell me what's happening ahead. When the car ahead slows down or brakes suddenly, the tracks widen, because the vehicle is no longer planing on the surface.

The tracks guided me for about 60 miles and then suddenly widened. I slammed on my brakes. The Range Rover's tires bit into the sand and we skidded to the brink of a plummet, a sharp dune drop-off of 30 or 40 feet. At the bottom lay a Mitsubishi—or what was left of one—that obviously had descended the grade in violent fashion. Fiberglass sections were strewn everywhere. In contrast to their car, the driver and his navigator appeared to be all right,

so I kept moving to avoid getting stuck.

In Arlit tonight, we learned that one of those monster DAF trucks had flipped over and ejected the navigator through the windshield with his seat and seat belt still strapped to him. DAF management's response to its colleague's death was to pull its other entries from the race. Sudden, unexpected death always brings with it a flash of perspective. For now, spending all this money so we can tear across the sand dunes in these expensive cars seems absurd.

JANUARY 11—AGADEZ, NIGER

A layover day among the Taureg tribespeople in this distinctly African city, whose mostly dirt streets wind among mud-and-stone structures and whose black denizens are robed and ornamented in silver jewelry. Agadez embraces the rally with open arms. I'm told that half of the city's annual income is derived from the rally's brief stop, which makes me wonder what the place is like the 363 other days of the year.

We have gone nearly 4000 miles—halfway—since New Year's Day, hence the scheduled day of much-needed rest. A swirl of press and TV crews has flown in from France. I'm running seventh overall. Most of the reporters tell me they are surprised to see that I'm still running at all.

JANUARY 12—NIAMEY, NIGER

Our team is staying in a hotel in this cosmopolitan city on the Niger River, and I've just enjoyed the pleasure of a hot shower, only my second during these 12 days of Mad Hatter scurrying. I continue to hold on to seventh place overall. My sole remaining teammate, Patrick Tambay, is sitting 12th, about two hours behind me in cumulative time. Inasmuch as I'm five hours and 48 minutes behind Vatanen, who is still wearing everyone out with his pace-setting Peugeot, my competitive gaze is quite naturally shifting to the factory-Mitsubishi team. The Peugeots are really out of our league, but the Mitsubishi team is quite comparable to ours, by any measure—drivers, cars, monetary investment, preparation. Vatanen's Peugeot teammate, Finnish countryman and World Rally champion Juha Kankkunen, is in second, an hour behind Vatanen, but the four other cars ahead of me are Mitsubishis. I don't have much of a chance of catching the Peugeots, unless they have serious mechanical or navigational problems, but at least two of the Mitsubishis are within my reach. Plus, I'd like to crack the top five.

JANUARY 14—TESSALIT, MALI

One of the difficulties of this race is the unusual character of the Sahara sand. It's soft and fine-grained, almost like talcum powder in some places. You'll be driving along in fairly hard stuff, and suddenly, you'll hit a pocket of powder and the car will just stop and bury itself. You never want to stop intentionally, because you may not be able to get going again. At check

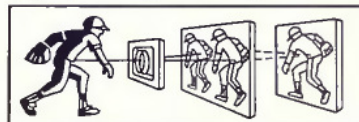
HOW QUICK CAN THE SF1 FOCUS? HOW QUICK CAN YOU BLINK?



Go ahead. Blink.
You have just experienced
how fast you can turn split-second
action into startling photographs
with the remarkable Pentax SF1.
Its 0.3 second autofocus reacts so
quickly it's the fastest you can buy.

THREE FOCUS MODES AT YOUR FINGERTIPS.

Freezing a speeding fastball?
Switch to servo for continuous
focusing when timing is critical.
Or, pinpoint your subject with



*Phase-matching guarantees perfect focus
the instant you frame your shot.*

AF single mode that won't release
the shutter until the subject is
sharp and clear. You can even go
fully manual. No matter which
you choose, the SF1's "SAFOX"
system will assure perfect focus
and exposure even in extremely
low light (2 EV).

FOCUSED ON RESPONSE.

Film loading, DX speed
setting, advancing and rewinding
are totally automatic. And, a
built-in motordrive lets you fire
off shots at a rapid 2 frames
per second.

This could explain why the
SF1 has quickly become the top
rated autofocus SLR of 1988—
and why you should get down to
your Pentax dealer. Quick.



For best results use Kodacolor Gold.

PENTAX SF1

WHAT DID **YOU** DO TO DESERVE BEEFEATER?



SUSAN SOFRONAS
ASSOCIATE MARKETING
DIRECTOR

BEEFEATER
YOUR STYLE OF GIN



YOU COULD BE IN THE NEXT BEEFEATER AD.

FOR DETAILS ON THE RULES AND HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST WRITE: BEEFEATER GIN PHOTO CONTEST, P.O. BOX 801, GIBBSTOWN, NEW JERSEY 08027.
VOID WHERE PROHIBITED. MUST BE 21 OR OVER TO ENTER. CONTEST ENDS OCTOBER 31, 1989.

TO SEND A GIFT OF BEEFEATER IN THE U.S., CALL 1-800-238-4373 (VOID WHERE PROHIBITED). IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND. 94 PROOF 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. THE BUCKINGHAM WILE COMPANY, N.Y. © 1989.

points, instead of stopping, drivers gear down and just keep rolling. The navigator holds the daily timecard out for the check-point official, who runs alongside and tries to stamp it. If he misses, you have to circle around and make another pass. A lot of times, there'll be three or four cars circling, and another two or three stuck.

Another of this race's formidable difficulties is finding your way. The organizers make it difficult on purpose, but I think they went a little bit overboard today. First, they had us searching for a nonexistent check point near the Algerian border. Then the route book advised us to take the second road to the right as we passed through a remote village, when, in fact, we should have taken the third road to the right. The guy who made the route-book instructions either had a perverse sense of humor or spent hours lost in the Sahara and perhaps never made it to Dakar. He'd better not be in Dakar when this race ends, because I know a lot of navigators and drivers who would like to get their hands on him. Tambay, for one, who ended up in the wrong country today and eventually hired a camel herdsman to sit on his navigator's lap and guide him back to Mali.

Navigating in this race isn't easy. We're flying along, bumping and turning sharply, and poor Alain is trying to look at the route book, look at the odometer, look at the compass and communicate instructions to me. It's not an enviable job, tougher than the driving, I think, because the driving comes by instinct.

One of the Mitsubishi's was lost for more than three hours today, so even though Alain and I were lost for more than an hour ourselves, we managed to move up to sixth place.

JANUARY 15—GARA JAKANIA, MALI

Earlier in the race, after hearing me grumble about lousy directions in the route book, Jacky Ickx, the Belgian driver, said to me in a very stern tone, "If everyone got lost, you could blame the route book. If only some of you got lost, it was your own fault." That makes sense. On the other hand, once a few front runners take the wrong line, it screws up the entire race, because everybody follows them. If the route book says to take the left fork but all the tracks seem to indicate that just about everyone ahead of you has opted for the right fork, it's damn hard to ignore the tracks. Especially when the route book has been such an unfaithful guide. All the Paris-Dakar veterans are saying that the route book is usually vastly superior to the one we've been saddled with this year.

That wasn't much consolation to Alain and me during today's 433-mile race, as we caromed around the futile end of a box canyon after arguing about which way to go at one of those forks. It was consoling, however, to note that virtually all of the other leaders except Tambay were bot-

ted up in the same canyon, swarming around like angry honeybees. Vatanen and Kankkunen had topographic maps spread out on the hoods of their Peugeots and were hunched over them like confused vacationers, a summit meeting that quickly drew a crowd and sparked debates in three languages. The canyon seemed to offer no escape except via the route by which we had entered. Alain and I headed back toward the spot 20 miles distant where we had taken the wrong turn. We were not happy campers.

Managing to stay clear of the box-canyon debacle, Tambay beat the field by almost an hour and catapulted from 12th place to sixth, while I fell two places to eighth. Vatanen and Kankkunen are still one-two, even though they, like me, squandered two and a half hours today.

JANUARY 16—TIMBUKTU, MALI

The organizers arranged for locals from Timbuktu to truck gas up to us in the desolation of Gara Jakania last night. The organizers did not, however, arrange for the locals to charge us a reasonable price. The option was pay or stay. We paid \$1200 to fill our car, a modest \$18 per gallon.

Here in Timbuktu, Alain introduced me to a Belgian friend of his who had raced Paris-Dakar two or three times on a motorcycle. A couple of years ago, his motorcycle broke down here. He met a black woman, fell in love, married and is now raising a family here.

JANUARY 17—BAMAKO, MALI

Tambay won the 234-mile race out of Timbuktu—he has now won two of the past three stages—and I was third, so it was a good day for Camel Range Rover. Andrew Cowan, who has probably won more long-distance off-road races than anyone else in the world and was fifth overall entering today's stage, blew the engine on his Mitsubishi. I've enjoyed the affable Scotsman's humor and hate to see him go, but at least there's now one less Mitsubishi Tambay and I have to contend with. We're sitting fourth and fifth, respectively, with only the Peugeots and one Mitsubishi ahead of us.

JANUARY 18—KAYES, MALI

Somebody strolled into the car compound just before dawn today and drove off in Vatanen's Peugeot 405. Somebody drives off in his Peugeot 405 every morning, but usually, it's Vatanen. This time, it was someone with a business proposition, conveyed by phone, for Peugeot team manager Jean Todt: If Todt wished to reclaim his front runner's car, he should start raising capital, because it would cost him 500,000 French francs—almost 100,000 U.S. dollars. Todt assumed he was the victim of a joke until he checked the com-

pound and found daylight where Vatanen's car used to be. The Peugeot manager had prepared himself for a variety of problems in the Paris-Dakar, but this wasn't one.

As it happened, Todt's immediate problem was short-lived. It seems that the thief was ignorant in the ways of race cars and didn't know how to open the main fuel-tank feeds. The car was soon found not far from where it had been stolen.

Now the Peugeot team has another problem, and no small one at that. By the time the missing car was located and recovered, Vatanen had missed his start time for today's race to Kayes, 316 miles of narrow, winding roads, ruts, washouts, river fordings and dense jungle vegetation—a thoroughly delightful little motor tour of western Mali. The organizers allowed him to race the stage late and, for now, he is still the event leader, but apparently, the Peugeot driver may be disqualified. I, for one, would hate to see a participant who has held the over-all lead in this rally the entire way—all 15 days since the opening racing section in Algeria—disqualified because someone stole his car. The word here is that the Paris-Dakar organizers want to let Vatanen continue, but, as the European press speculated, FISA (Federation Internationale du Sport Automobile) president Jean-Marie Balestre, still brooding over an old legal battle FISA lost to Peugeot, wants him out.

JANUARY 19—MOUDJERIA, MAURITANIA

Vatanen has officially been disqualified, but Peugeot has lodged a protest and asked that the Finn be allowed to continue until a final ruling has been made. The organizers have agreed to that.

There were no roads where we crossed the Mali-Mauritania border this morning, just washes, footpaths, horse and cattle trails—those sorts of things. It was a splendid place to get lost, and we did.

The rally is down to its last three days, and although we still have 827 miles to cover, only 371 of them are in race sections. The Camel Range Rover strategy at this juncture, as decreed by our team manager this evening, is to drive conservatively and make sure both of our cars get to Dakar. We're not going to catch the three cars in front of us, anyway, unless they have trouble, and going fast won't make them have trouble any sooner. With seven support trucks, an observation plane, 62 mechanics and enough spare parts to rebuild a car from scratch, how much trouble can Peugeot have?

JANUARY 21—RICHARD-TOLL, SENEGAL

Yesterday, the entire rally was swallowed up in a sandstorm. We were stuck in a bunch of dune canyons in the Mauritanian desert, everybody driving every which way, trying to find a way out. It's a wonder we didn't have some head-on collisions. Finally, the race stage was canceled and a local

CATALOGS[®] U.S.A.



ROMANTIQUE LINGERIE.

1. A fine collection of intimate apparel to help you create those romantic moments. Our 40 color pages of exciting lingerie is \$5.00. Video catalog:

2 & 3. VHS OR BETA. Watch our beautiful models come to life to exciting music. 30 min. \$29.95.

4 & 5. Videos, Color Photographs and Slides of California's best modeling exciting lingerie, sheer stockings, garter-belts, pantyhose, raised skirts, full figure poses and Now Sexy Swimwear. Custom Creative Images' Catalog with over 100 photos is \$5.00 (plus 3 future issues) OR Catalog, future issues and 4 (jumbo 4" x 6") sample color prints is \$10.00. All new for 1988. 6 & 7. LINGERIE VIDEO-A preview of 10 beautiful models in sensuous lingerie, with excerpts from their videos & photographs. 1 hour. \$34.95.



8 & 9. NEW CONCEPT EXOTIC LINGERIE. ADD to your own collection or sell for full or part time income. Finest, most extensive lingerie line worldwide. Lowest wholesale prices, no minimum order required! Confidential price lists, selling instructions (parties, etc.) and gorgeous 60 page 8 1/2" x 11". 8. (Sizes S-M-L) OR 9. Large Sizes (40-42-44) heavy-glossy full color, live modeled catalog

\$10.00. These catalogs are of collectors'-item quality. Money cheerfully refunded if not absolutely thrilled.

10. MICHAEL SALEM'S BOUTIQUE. Your Fantasy is Reality at Michael Salem's Boutique. Our catalog features Sensuous Lingerie, Corsets, Garter Belts in Satin, Laces, Leather and Rubber, plus Wigs, Stiletto-Heeled Shoes, Stockings and unusual related items. Sizes Petite to Super Large and Tall. This month's new exciting catalog sent First Class discreetly. Send \$8 deductible from first order. For women and crossdressers. (Our name does not appear on return address.)



New York Div. of Michael Salem Ent., Inc.



LINGERIE VIDEO

See sensuous lingerie come to life and enjoy shopping in the privacy of your own home as our 8 girls model sexy leddies, all face stockings, leather-look cire' and tantalizing garters on this lingerie video catalog by PRIVATE EYES. Only \$9.95 in 11. VHS or 12. BETA, or order our 13. Paper Catalog at just \$4.00.

Send coupon to: Catalogs U.S.A., Dept. PB 1288, Box 92713, Rochester, NY 14692. Check to the left of each listing the catalogs you want. Enclose a check or M.O. for the total, including a \$2.00 mailing charge. Offer expires June 2, 1989.

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| — 1. Romantic Catalog (\$5) | — 7. Custom Creative BETA (\$34.95) |
| — 2. Romantic VHS (\$29.95) | — 8. New Concept S-M-L (\$10) |
| — 3. Romantic BETA (\$29.95) | — 9. New Concept 40-42-44 (\$10) |
| — 4. Custom Creative Catalog (\$5) | — 10. Michael Salem's Boutique (\$8) |
| — 5. Custom Creative Catalog & Prints (\$10) | — 11. Private Eyes VHS (\$9.95) |
| — 6. Custom Creative VHS (\$34.95) | — 12. Private Eyes BETA (\$9.95) |
| | — 13. Private Eyes Catalog (\$4) |

Total cost of catalogs ordered \$ _____
ADD \$2.00 MAILING CHARGE \$ 2.00
Total Enclosed \$ _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

Make check or money order payable to CATALOGS U.S.A. No cash or stamps. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

camel herder was helicoptered in to lead us out. However, we ran out of daylight and ended up on an impromptu bivouac, everyone sharing what water and food he had. We start out in a race and end up on a picnic.

The camel herder led us out this morning, but every few miles he became disoriented and it took more money to clear his mind.

Vatani was part of our sandstorm folly, but he is no longer part of the race. His disqualification stands and he won't be allowed to make the final glorious run into Dakar tomorrow. I feel for the guy. He won this rally and everyone here knows it, including Kankkunen, who seems a little sheepish about accepting the victory.

JANUARY 22—DAKAR, SENEGAL

Dakar at last. This is a classy uptown coastal resort, big city all the way, an apparition after all the mud huts I've seen in the past three weeks. This is a city a lot of Americans would like. Find a different way to get here, though. Maybe it's just me, but the route I took seemed indirect.

Of the 603 of us who took that route, only 151 made it all the way. For the leaders, today's race—50 miles along the beach—was pretty much just a formality, since no one could possibly make up enough time to move up a spot. With Vatani's banishment, Tambay was third and I finished fourth, five hours and 52 minutes off of Kankkunen's winning pace. I figure that Alain and I were lost a total of six hours and drove at least 200 unnecessary miles, but what the heck. People do that in a single weekend in L.A.

For all the personal satisfaction I'm feeling and the carnival mood that embraces this city, like so many others associated with the Paris-Dakar, I can't help but be affected by the sorrows this race has wrought. Yesterday, a car being used by a film crew hit a mother and child and killed them both. Earlier, in a village in Mali, a ten-year-old girl who was watching the race was struck and killed. Other accidents killed three competitors and left two paralyzed. Fifty more were injured. In ten years of Paris-Dakar, there have been 26 deaths. Obviously, the tragedy here is not that Ari Vatani's victory was stolen.

It's going to be hard to go back to reality. The race is so long, it's like a war: You go out every day to do battle; you have a purpose, a direction, a specific goal that must be accomplished. That sort of focused effort can be intoxicating.

At the same time, there's no getting around the onslaught of discomforts and unpleasanties this race inflicts. You're hot, you're cold, you're thirsty, you're lost. You sleep on the ground nearly every night, surrounded by a mechanical cacophony. You're gritty and dirty with no shower in sight, and you're eating dinner out of a can. . . .

Would I do it again?
I can't wait.



Learn to use, program, and service today's digital electronic music equipment



With NRI's new at-home training in Electronic Music Technology, you can prepare for a high-paying career as you build your own computer-controlled music center—including Atari ST computer, Casio CZ101 synthesizer, and ingenious MIDI software—all yours to train with and keep.

No experience necessary—in electronics or music!

No matter what your background, NRI gives you the electronics skills now so essential for technicians and musicians alike—skills you master as you explore digital techniques, MIDI, waveshaping, patching, sequencing, mixing, special effects, and much more.

Mail coupon today for FREE catalog.

NRI School of Electronics
3939 Wisconsin Avenue, Washington, DC 20016

YES! Please rush me my FREE catalog describing NRI's new at-home training in Electronic Music technology, plus training in other in-demand electronics fields.

Name _____ (Please Print) Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip 119-128

BE ALMOST 2" TALLER!!



SIZES: 5-11
WIDTHS: B-EEE
FINE MEN'S SHOES

Look just like ordinary shoes except hidden inside is a height increasing innermold. Wide selection available including dress shoes, boots, sport shoes and casuals. Moneyback guarantee. Exceptionally comfortable. Call or write today for your FREE color catalog. "MD. RESID. CALL 301-663-5111"

TOLL-FREE 1-800-343-3810

ELEVATORS[®]

RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. PB8D
P.O. BOX 3566, FREDERICK, MD 21701

BUY DIRECT
FREE Wholesale Catalog
Custom Cues and Cases
CORNHUSKER
BILLIARD SUPPLY
1619 "O" Street
Dept. 7
Lincoln, NE 68508
1-800-627-8888



Be a Radio or T.V. Announcer

Job Training at Local Stations in Your Area.
By Audition Only. No Experience Required.
Call Radio Connection for Free Brochure
1-800-541-0900

PHOTOTRON

GROW ANY PLANT WITH STATE OF THE ART HORTICULTURAL TECHNOLOGY

Hello, my name is Jeffery DeMarco, president and founder of Pyraponic Industries. My master's thesis concerned the cannabinoid profile of marijuana. The knowledge gained through this research and experimentation can now be applied to the growing of any herbaceous plant from mint and basil, to roses and tobacco.

In pursuit of this master's thesis, I first had to generate the world's most extensive, nonacademic library on the subject. Second, I assembled the most extensive, scientific bibliography ever created. Then, I went into the laboratory at a major university while under federal license, and designed the most sophisticated laboratory grade growing chamber in the world called the PHOTOTRON and the methodology "Growing Plants Pyraponometrically".

The Phototron is not presented to the public as a piece of paraphernalia intended for the unlawful production of marijuana. The system was designed to grow any plant. The private cultivation of marijuana has been illegal under numerous state and federal laws since 1936. Marijuana can only be grown legally with a federal license. I worked under such a license at the time I was engaged in my research. Pyraponic Industries will never knowingly sell products to anyone expressing the intent to produce illicit substances.

If you were to research indoor plant growing techniques, as I did, a similarity soon becomes apparent. Every system before the Phototron has attempted to duplicate a tropical climate, such as Hawaii's, in a confined area. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do no better than Hawaii's results.

In fact you will grow the plant six (6) to nine (9) months with an average six (6) inch internodal length, (the distance between fruiting sites). That will produce a fruiting ratio at the tops of the plant equal to only ten percent (10%). Ninety percent (90%) of the plant material is unusable and the plants are killed off after harvest in preparation for planting the next crop.

Number one, the only thing I am waiting nine (9) months for is a baby. Number two, I don't want a tree growing in my home. Number three, I am not going to pay the electric bill to artificially reproduce the sun. That is why I made my system so revolutionary. The Phototron measures only 36 inches tall by 18 inches wide. Its potential is deceptively masked by the simplicity of functional design and compact size.

On average, the Phototron draws only \$4.00 per month in electricity. I guarantee you will grow six (6) plants, three (3) feet tall in forty-five (45) days, while maintaining a one (1) inch internodal length. I guarantee that in your Phototron each of your six plants will produce over one thousand (1000) fruiting sites from top to bottom. Mine is the only system in the world which will allow you to reflower and refruit the same plants every forty-five (45) days. You will remove from the system everyday. Beginning on DAY 20 after seed germination an average of six (6) to eight (8) ounces of plant material, such as tobacco can be harvested every forty-five days.

Please, do not allow the technical sounding nature of the Phototron scare you away. I personally service back and guarantee each unit sold. The instructions are clear and simple; the system comes to you complete. All you must do is select your seeds, plug in the system and water it routinely. Then, if you have any questions, you may call me directly. Ask your question. Get your answer.

You can not fail with my Phototron. I do not allow any of my Phototrons to fall below showcase. I personally have guaranteed every Phototron ever sold and I have never had one returned, ever, and I'm not starting now.

Call me at 1-312-544-BUDS. If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call. Can you afford not to call? *Jeffery Julian DeMarco*



PHOTOTRON	NONE	12	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
HALIDE SYSTEMS	50%	1	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
LIGHT	LEAF SHADING									
	LINEAR FEET OF LIGHT									
NUTRIENTS	SPECTRUM ADJUSTABILITY									
	COMPUTER DESIGNED FOR EACH SYSTEM									
CO ₂ SERVICE	GUARANTEE FEMALE SEX									
	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS									
	ONE-INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS = 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT									
	ONE-INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS = 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT									
	BE-FLOWER AND BE-BUD SAME PLANTS/EVERY 45 DAYS UP TO 9 TIMES PER YEAR									
	TOTALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT TO LEAF SATURATION									
	SERVICE HOT LINE FOR QUESTIONS									

Send a \$3.00 money order for our brochure "GROWING PLANTS PYRAPONOMETRICALLY" to:

PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES INTERNATIONAL, LTD
P.O. BOX 231, WINDLEY, MIDDLEBURY, VT. PHONE: 01-475-1234

PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES, INC²
P.O. BOX 1071, MELROSE PARK, IL 60160, USA

1-312-544-B-U-D-S

AS SEEN ON THE BBC'S
TOMORROW'S WORLD

AS ADVERTISED NATIONALLY SINCE 1979 WITH OVER 60,000 UNITS SOLD WORLDWIDE



SING WITH THE WORLD'S BEST BANDS!
 An Unlimited supply of Backgrounds from standard stereo recordings! Record with your voice or perform live with the backgrounds. Used in Professional Performance yet connects easily to a home component stereo. Phone for Free Brochure and Demo Record.
LT Sound, Dept. PB-12, 7980 LT Parkway
 Lithonia, GA 30058 (404) 482-4724
 Manufactured and Sold Exclusively by LT Sound
24 HOUR PHONE DEMO LINE: (404) 482-2485

TERM PAPER ASSISTANCE

Send \$2 for 388 page catalog of research papers
 Call for catalog with credit card or COD
 Order TOLL FREE **800-777-7901**
 Next Day Delivery - Custom Writing
TOPICS COMPUTER-SEARCHED IN SECONDS
 — Compare Our Price!! —
BERKELEY RESEARCH
 2385-P Ocean Ave., S.F., CA 94127
 (415) 586-3900

CABLE TV CONVERTERS

Scientific Atlanta
 Pioneer • Panasonic
 Jerrold • Oak • Hamlin



CABLETRONICS

35526 Grand River • Suite 282 • Farmington Hills, MI 48024
 Telephone 1-800-727-2300

CELLULAR DEPOT INC. and NEC

1-800-421-9175-US 215-364-7890-PA
 1-800-3-GO-CALL-CANADA
CELLULAR DEPOT INC.

Master Distributors of Cellular Phones, FAX Machines and other Modern Equipment.

ELECTRO MUSCLE STIMULATOR



- Washboard stomach
 - Build bulk
 - Complete definition
- Prices from \$299.00

Desert Sun Fitness Group
 1209 S. Cosina Center Blvd.
 Las Vegas, Nevada 89104
 1-800-835-2246 Ext. 49

PVC PIPE FURNITURE

Profitable Home Business
 Plans, Kits & Supplies
FREE BROCHURE



J & L Casual Furniture Co.
 P.O. Box 208 - Dept. PB
 Tewksbury, MA 01876 Tel. (508) 851-4514

To place an ad in PLAYBOY
 MARKETPLACE call 1-800-592-6677,
 New York State call 212-702-3952

CRACK

(continued from page 110)

patch of ground, and I wondered how fast the hope in a little girl would dissolve in the life she had to live.

A chunk of crack, smoked in a glass pipe, lasts only ten minutes and needs to be relighted constantly, which prompts people to walk around with big butane lighters. But inhaling purified crack gets it into the blood stream in under ten seconds, and the first rush is an earthquake.

Most street people say that crack began directly after Richard Pryor set himself afire while free-basing cocaine. Then somebody—probably on the West Coast—found a way to take the fire out of free-basing and developed crack.

The name comes from the crackling sound that occurs when it is being made or from its resemblance to the plaster cracks in the walls of the broken and hopeless neighborhoods of the country.

In places of no hope, people act hopelessly. "Why do you take crack?" I asked my good friend Precious one day.

"Why not?" she said.

She was on Pacific Street, taking the "ho' stroll," as she calls it. She was going to sell herself to as many men as she could. She has four children, and the last time she delivered, she left the baby with a girlfriend and went out on the street and was arrested for prostitution. It is all on paper: date of birth, of arrest, criminal-court-case number. It is the North American record for sex, postbirth. Winner is Precious from Brooklyn, age 24. Official time: eight days from delivery room to getting into cars on Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn.

At first, Government agencies were saying that because there are no needles involved in crack, it attracts heroin users, and that cuts down on the spread of AIDS. In real life, there are so many out selling bodies for crack, from the age of 12 and up, that AIDS must increase.

There was a man on Inwood Street in South Jamaica, a section of old frame houses, who complained that kids were selling crack on the street in front of his house. The man's name was Arjune and he became a grand-jury witness, and the crack dealer he complained about, a veteran named Mustafa, who was all of 26, ordered men to throw fire bombs at his house. Police assigned a car to stay in front of the house. For the 12-P.M.-to-eight-A.M. shift one Friday morning, they assigned Officer Edward Byrne, age 22, son of a retired police lieutenant, a handsome young Irish kid who had grown up in the suburbs and returned to the job of his family, to the tradition of the police department of the city of New York.

But life had changed. He was in South Jamaica in the age of crack. And on this cold night, he sat in the car alone, with the windows rolled up and the heater on; he sat bored and read the newspaper. And at

3:30 A.M., a car pulled up on the dark street behind the patrol car and two young guys got out. One was Todd Scott, 19, and the other was Scott Cobb, 24. Police charges say that Cobb made a noise on the passenger's side and Byrne looked over. Todd Scott stepped up to the driver's window and blew Byrne's head off.

It snowed the next day, and I stood with a woman and her son, who was about 25, next to a two-story frame house at the corner and looked at the crowd of police—holding carbines and shotguns—that was down the block at the murder scene. The woman shook her head. "I was asleep. I sure heard nothing."

She and her son walked around the corner to the front of the house. I stayed on the side and looked up. Two young kids in white T-shirts appeared at the windows. I motioned to them. One of them pushed the window up.

"Did you see anything last night?"

The one kid said, "I'm only nine."

The second said, "I be 12. I saw. I goin' to the bathroom when there was bullet shots."

"How many people did you see?"

"Four. Two in the street and two in the car."

"What color car?"

"Rusty."

Suddenly, the woman came around from the front of the house and screamed, "Get back!" The kids disappeared. "What did they tell you?" she demanded.

"That they saw four guys."

She closed her eyes. "Now I'm goin' have to move."

"You can shut me up easy," I said. "But then you'll have detectives around here and they'll probably hear the same thing."

"I'm moving today," the woman said. "These people kill my kids."

"Now, wait. For sure, the police will get the ones who did it."

She shook her head. "Don't matter. The others kill my kids."

Her kid sure had seen the thing. There were four involved in the assassination of a cop, and they drove a rust-colored car. After the shooting, with proper imagination, like that of a bear that doesn't know what it wants to do from one moment to the next, they drove back to the housing project where they lived, only ten blocks away, and there, the next morning, sold crack out of the doorways as usual.

Later that day, the four heard that somebody had given the police their names, and they went on the run, all the way out to 209th Street, nearly two miles away. They took girls with them for a crack party. Six days later, they were grabbed by police, and that very day, new young faces were out selling crack on the same streets.

When I went back to the two-story house

NAGEL

THE PLAYBOY PORTFOLIO



OCTOBER 1982



JANUARY 1985 I



JANUARY 1985 II

A TRIBUTE TO PATRICK NAGEL, WHOSE PAINTINGS GRACED THE PAGES OF *PLAYBOY* MAGAZINE FOR MORE THAN TEN YEARS. RARELY HAS AN ARTIST ATTAINED SUCH POPULARITY AND HELPED DEFINE THE STYLE OF A DECADE.

IT IS WITH great pleasure that *Playboy* magazine and Jennifer Nagel Dumas, in association with the publisher Mirage Editions, Inc., announce the release of the first "Nagel—The Playboy Portfolio," a beautifully boxed collection of four hand-silk-screened prints that appeared on the pages of *Playboy* magazine.

The four 20" x 16" prints selected are the quintessential examples of Nagel's full-figured paintings never before published as graphics. Each of the serigraphs will be numbered and signed by Jennifer Nagel Dumas, Nagel's wife. Since there will be only 1250 of the portfolios, and *Playboy's* allotment is limited, we recommend that all collectors who would cherish this unique



APRIL 1982

portfolio respond as quickly as possible.

Here again, for everyone's enjoyment, we present a pictorial encore of Nagel's images that first captivated our imagination. "Nagel—The Playboy Portfolio" will be a welcome and lasting tribute to a great artist and friend.

To order, please complete information requested and include payment of \$750, plus \$25 for shipping and insurance. Make your check payable to Mirage Editions, Inc. (California residents, add six and a half percent sales tax.) Call 213-450-1129 (extension 711) or send to: The Playboy Portfolio, c/o Mirage Editions, Inc., Department PF, 1658 Tenth Street, Santa Monica, California 90404.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Credit Card Co. and No. _____

Money Order _____ Check _____

As we are anticipating that this edition will be sold out in a short time, all payments for orders above and beyond *Playboy's* allotment, and/or the balance of the edition, will be refunded as soon as possible should they be received after the edition is sold out.

on the corner, a man told me that the woman with the kids had moved away.

"She didn't leave an address with me," he said.

I was in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, when they brought the aircraft carrier John F. Kennedy in from the high seas, the suspicion here is, to scare the local drug dealers. People stood on the pier and looked up at the ten-story-high gray vessel. Jutting out from the flight deck were the aircraft that carry nuclear weapons many hundreds of miles.

Only one person on the pier knew enough to look down. His name was Reed and he had just driven me down from Lauderdale, which is where a lot of drug peddlers live.

Reed pointed to a canal that was filled with small boats. "All we be needin' is an oar."

He began to snicker at the aircraft carrier and his snicker became a laugh and the laugh covered all of it—this huge, mad nation with a skinny woman with her large-looking head smiling on television, saying, "Just say no," and the blacks smoking crack and waving at her on TV; this nation that tries to blame all drugs on a general in Panama, when you can look at the sea and the sky and the dusty land along the border in the South and know that the drugs come from everywhere and cannot be stopped, because the people in the cities want them.

The first word in any economics textbook is consumer, and all of his demands are always supplied. By Bolivia, where skinny men called *cepas*, after the leaf-cutting ants, are in an endless file, carrying 100 pounds of coca-shrub leaves on their backs up and down mountains to a town where the leaves are turned into coca paste. Botanists find towns in the Amazon valley, towns hundreds of miles apart, where a low-altitude coca shrub we have never heard of grows. Forget the Andes;

watch the valleys this year.

To stop cocaine, you might start by eliminating one of the continents of the world.

On the weekend after watching the drug dealers in their cars in Atlantic City, I sat over coffee in Washington, D.C., and read in the paper that the police in East Palo Alto, California, were stunned by the first killing of a cop in the town's history. A crack dealer did it. In Washington, a man who owned four astonishing cars and his 19-year-old girlfriend were executed in an apartment. The police said that the deaths might have been drug-related, which is like saying that a death at Gettysburg might have been battle-related.

Of course, crack *can* be stopped by the words that make everybody so unhappy: day care, education and jobs with hope. But good, thoughtful white people wonder if it is worth fighting any more. As long as it is all black, then legalize it. But even the smallest fire department knows that if you let a building—even the most despised, ramshackle building—on a crowded street burn away, so many flames will be sent into the sky that something may start skipping through the air and ignite everything it touches.

Each day, for so many young blacks, the choice is a job at McDonald's, at minimum wage and with no chance of ever getting higher, or a job in the crack trade that gives you new clothes and maybe a Jaguar.

"I got the perfect job. Me and my girl are workin' together," a guy named Curtis was saying one day.

"What at?" I asked him.

"Love factory," he said. "We make the love drug. Crack. The more you take it, the more you want it."

He made a fist and shoved it between the waistband of his jeans and his flat stomach.

"Got my waist down to 26 inches. I used to have a 32-inch waist. Half my clothes I can't wear."

"What kind of a diet?" I asked him.

"Smokin'. You don't have to ask anybody to know. You just have to look at the jaws."

He rubbed his jaw, which had skin stretched over it. "Losin' weight is the only thing I ever heard of happenin' to you from crack. You walk down the streets, they say to you, 'Oh, you're going to Jack LaLanne's.' Losin' weight, that's all that happens."

"What about this guy Lenny Bias, dropped dead of it?"

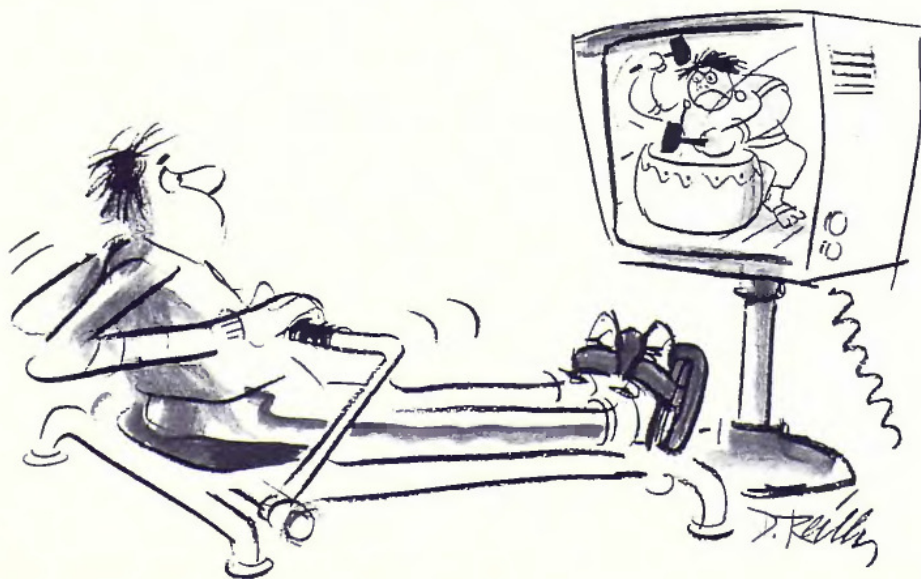
"He must of got some bad crack, that's all. We make good crack in my factory. My ride is going to be a BMW."

Now, I know that Curtis finished three years of Hillcrest High School and might have taken a science course. But I also know that his girlfriend, Iris, turns the faucet the wrong way. Their crack factory consisted of a room in the Lincoln Motor Inn, a converted girdle plant that is now a welfare hotel on Van Wyck Expressway, a couple of miles short of Kennedy airport. In the room, Curtis and Iris sat with a blowtorch, glass bottles and water. When one of the bosses appeared with a bag of cocaine, Curtis and his girlfriend dropped the cocaine and baking soda into the water, then hit the bottle with the blowtorch. The cocaine powder boiled down to its oily base. The baking soda soaked up the impurities in the cocaine. When cold water was added to the bottle, the cocaine base hardened into white balls. Curtis and Iris spooned them out, placed them on a table covered with paper and began to measure the hard white cocaine with sleepy eyes—they worked round the clock and smoked crack to keep their energy high—and chipped it into chunks about as big as a thumbnail, which were put into small glass vials, of the sort in which sequins are stored, and rubber caps were stuffed into them. Every now and then, one of the bosses pounded on the door and Curtis handed him the vials. Each time, before the guy left, Curtis asked him, "When I be gettin' the chance to get out and make some money sellin'?"

A crack-factory worker was paid \$600 a week and Curtis heard he could make himself almost \$1000 out peddling. For months, each time he asked, the boss only grunted and left to distribute the vials to street peddlers, who, at the time, sold them for ten dollars each. Then, one day, the cops made a couple of quick arrests out on the streets, for the trade was too brazen even for them, and the boss appeared at the motel door with two geniuses from a gas station.

"Show them what you do and then get down to the street in a hurry," the boss said.

Some hours later, Curtis and Iris were out selling. They wore space helmets with walkie-talkie wires attached—"NASA sets." Curtis stood inside an old garage with 40 crack vials and Iris stayed outside on the street, hustling customers and telling Curtis over the headset when a guy was going in. They started early in the



morning—crack is the first before-noon drug besides alcohol—and by midafternoon, the boss would come pulling up in his car and hurriedly grab all the money they had. He had to get over to Brooklyn and buy some more kilos of cocaine from one of the Jamaican West Indians who had driven it up from Miami.

“How about my pay?” Curtis said one afternoon when the boss grabbed the receipts.

“You got to stay out there until you make enough for yourself,” the boss said.

Curtis and Iris began putting in 16- and 17-hour days selling on the street, with the last four hours for themselves. They made \$1200 the first week and more in the weeks after that, making as much as \$1700. Once, Curtis and Iris simply stayed out for the entire 24 hours, with freezing snow water on the sidewalks, and made \$1000 each. Which is wealth that cannot be comprehended by someone young in a black neighborhood of this country.

Then, one day, Curtis was standing in the cold garage and over his NASA set came Iris' code from outside, “Raise it up,” which meant that the police were there. Curtis was still dropping his crack vials into a hole in the floor when the door came busting open. As he was being driven off in the patrol car, he looked out the window and saw two new sellers appear on the corner and the first customers approach.

While Curtis was in prison, the use of crack increased so rapidly that for the first time in memory, saloon business was hurt, as people gave up even beer to smoke crack. Crack sellers became younger; kids from 15 to 22 stood around in Reebok sneakers and gold chains making astronomical amounts—as much as \$400 a week—selling the drug and ready to kill over territory: the parking lot of a fried-chicken stand, the side of a corner grocery store, the toilet of a gas station.

The price of a vial dropped to five dollars, then, at times, to three dollars. Crack was cheaper than a movie, cheaper than a hamburger and Coke at McDonald's. School children could afford it. There appeared a nine-year-old crack user in East Harlem; then a 14-year-old, Angela Rodriguez, became news in New York when she was killed after buying crack. It turned out that she had been using it and selling her body for it since the age of 12; and in her neighborhood, the story was hardly unusual. For crack was genocide.

One night, after Curtis had done his time, he went to see a girl in the St. Albans neighborhood. At 10:30, he walked her to Montauk Triangle, where there's a monument to the 19 young men from the neighborhood who went into World War Two. On one side of the triangle is a two-story building with a crowded video-game parlor on the ground floor. Michael Lilly, 17, sat outside on a beach chair, with a pocketful of quarters, making change for anybody who needed it for the video games. On the other side of the triangle, there is a



If you'd like to purchase a cookbook full of these and other Tennessee recipes, drop us a line. We'll send you the particulars.

SIT TO CHRISTMAS DINNER at Miss Mary Bobo's Boarding House in Lynchburg, Tennessee, and you're likely to be there a while.

The occasion calls for unhurried enjoyment of Tennessee kitchen wisdom. There'll be baked turkey with cornbread dressing, tipsy sweet potatoes, zucchini au gratin and Tennessee mushrooms. Topped off, of course, with Mary Bobo's own gingerbread with ginger sauce, pecan pound cake and black bottom cupcakes. All of us in Lynchburg hope your Christmas dinner will be equally unhurried. And equally well attended by family and close friends.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'
TENNESSEE WHISKEY



Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352



1989
PLAYBOY



**PLAYMATE
CALENDAR**
\$4.95

Check these beautiful dates

America's all-time favorite calendar is at newsstands now. A great way to wish someone a beautiful year, including yourself.

Also available as a video cassette at video stores everywhere.



TO ORDER BY MAIL: Just send \$4.95 for each calendar. Include \$1.25 postage for each calendar you want plus \$2.00 handling per total order. Canadian residents, please add \$3.00. Send your check or money order to Playboy Calendars, P.O. Box 632, Elk Grove Village, IL 60009. For payment by Visa, MasterCard or American Express, include card number, expiration date and signature. Be sure to specify whether you are ordering the wall or the desk calendar.

wall of a supermarket, and a lot of people were sitting on chairs along it, smoking crack.

As Curtis walked his new girlfriend to the supermarket wall, two cars turned the corner and moved slowly onto the street—two old cars, which should have made everybody nervous; all crack business is done out of old cars or rental cars. The personal cars are for glory.

The cars rolled down one side of the triangle, turned slowly at the base and started up the other side.

Someone in the cars got nervous and aimed a gun across the triangle and shot out the window. It blew Michael Lilly out of the beach chair. Dead at 17. Then the others in the cars opened up with semi-automatics. Somebody was dead, six or seven were shot, everybody else was flattened on the pavement, hollering. Curtis was looking at Samia Tripp, 20, who stood in front of the supermarket with her two fingers pinned together from a bullet that had gone into her house during the night a couple of weeks before. She started running to Curtis and she just made it as the bullets chipped the sidewalk in front of the supermarket.

"What were they firing?" somebody asked Tripp.

"Real bullets."

That was the night that Curtis decided that a career in crack was too dangerous.

Lady Boncile had some money; everybody knew that. She had it with her on the second floor over the liquor store on Sutphin Boulevard in South Jamaica, and she wanted a lot more, because she wanted to get herself a car.

"My ride is a Jaguar," Boncile said.

Once, at the end of the Seventies, she had been out with her man, C.J., and they got a ride in somebody's Jaguar, the kind with the big old back, a Bentley-styled Jaguar, and Boncile smelled the leather and looked at the wood, real wood, and that was all she wanted, a Jaguar XJ6.

"I want my Jaguar XJ6 to be green," she said.

C.J. winced. At that time, he was running a numbers operation out of a store on 116th Avenue and Sutphin Boulevard, and while numbers was good, he never saw money like that. And still, here was Boncile, who wanted the Jaguar XJ6.

"How did he get his?" she said, pointing to the Jaguar owner.

"Some new drug he be sellin'," C.J. said.

"Then you sell it, too."

"He don't give it out."

Boncile said that was nonsense, because the drug was crack. "Just because a man is a big drug dealer, that don't make him smart," she said, analyzing the sales of the new drug. "They be dumb. Look at how people sell tooth paste. You know the man come to the store in a van and see how much tooth paste you got gone, and then he replace it with all the tooth paste you need for yourself. If they think of doin'

this crack like that, put it right out there for the customer, then they be havin' crack in every livin' room. Supposed to be that good."

Her man, C.J., shrugged. He looked around until he got his hands on some crack and then found out how to make it himself. The money piled up and Boncile had stacks of it, one of which they used to buy cocaine, the other of which was saved for her Jaguar.

Then, one day, C.J. was busted and, because he had a bad record, they put him in for \$50,000 bail. He called out in court to one of his men who was sitting in the spectators' seats, "Get Boncile to give you the money for my bail."

The runner went to Boncile's apartment. When he rang the bell, he heard the window upstairs over the liquor store open. He looked up.

"What do you want?" Boncile said.

"I need \$50,000 for C.J.'s bail."

"Ain't no \$50,000 here," she said.

"Where is it?"

"I don't know. Never been no \$50,000 around here. That man must be dreamin'."

That night, when nobody showed with his money, C.J. was carted out of the courthouse detention pen and shipped in a bus to Rikers Island. Late the next day, he got Boncile on the phone.

"I couldn't stop them," she said.

"Stop what?"

"All the runners from takin' all your money. They tell me if I don't give it to them, they shoot me."

On Rikers Island, C.J. went berserk and had to be tossed into a quiet room. On Sutphin Boulevard, Boncile walked out of the apartment over the liquor store and, both hands clutching a new large purse, walked off into the night and the beginning of a new career as a Jaguar driver.

Weeks later, when C.J. finally went back to his old grocery store on 116th Avenue and Sutphin Boulevard, he found that it was boarded up and that two 19-year-olds were on the corner, selling this new drug crack. They didn't even know who C.J. was, except that he was old, way up in his 30s, and that he was from the dim past, as long as six months ago.

"This was my spot," C.J. said.

"You old," a kid said.

The kid wore a red Troop suit and underneath it was a black Uzi, which impressed C.J. so much that he walked off and left the whole place and moved to Virginia. He spends his life in bitterness, because he missed out on the start of a major new trend, the invention of the computer in the underworld, untold money, the chance to be on the ground floor of crack.

I saw the Lady Boncile one day a year later. In a green Jaguar, waiting at a traffic light on Sutphin Boulevard. Then I heard that she was using as much as an ounce of crack a day and didn't know where she was, and then I heard that one day, like Lenny Bias, she dropped dead.



TERM PAPER BLUES?

Term Paper Assistance
Catalog of 16,278 research papers



Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD

Toll Free Hot Line 1-800-351-0222

California & Canada: (213) 477-8226
Monday-Friday 10am-5pm (Pacific time)

Or send \$2.00 with coupon below

Our 306-page catalog contains descriptions of 16,278 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Footnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years. Research Assistance also provides custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 75 professional writers, each writing in his field of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.

RA
since 1970

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE

11322 Idaho Ave. • Suite 206-KP
West Los Angeles, Calif. 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is \$2.00 to cover postage

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

J&R MUSIC WORLD

FREE CATALOGUE

AUDIO • VIDEO
COMPUTERS
CD's • MOVIES
SOFTWARE—all at
DISCOUNT PRICES

CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-426-6027

In New York 1-718-417-3737
OR WRITE
J&R Music World, Dept. P800BB
123 Park Row, NY NY 10038

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____
ZIP _____

Party-of-the-Month

Thanksgiving's just a month away. Give her a gift that'll make her day

1-718-P-A-N-T-I-E-S

WRAP THAT RASCAL

SUPPORT SAFER SEX™
Optional on Shirts No Charge

• T-Shirts \$8 (+\$2 Postage/Ea) • State Size and Color (Gy, Wt, Blk, Yl, Pk, Trq) • Bumper Stickers \$2 (+\$2 Postage/Ea) • Buttons \$2 (+\$2 Postage/Ea) • Sweatshirts \$15 (+\$3 Postage/Ea) • State Size and Color (Gy, Wt, Blk, Yl, Pk, Trq) • Golf Shirts \$18 (+\$2 Postage/Ea) (Whts) • Bikini Panties 3/5/10 (+\$1 Postage) 100% Cotton, Quality! State Size 5, 6, 7, 8 (Wt. only):

To: C. A. Crear, P.O. Box 11707 P12, Clearwater, FL 34616

SINGLE-MALT SCOTCH *(continued from page 148)*

“Even the Scots are inclined to save the single malts for the evening and have a blended whisky at lunch.”

in oak, but each distillery has its own supply of wood. Some make a point of buying casks that originally contained sherry. Other Scottish distillers use American oak barrels that have weathered four or five summers in a bourbon warehouse.

Single-malt whisky is a secret drink. Where has it been all these years? The truth is that for generations, the Scots thought their single malts were too individualistic for the tastes of even the English, let alone the denizens of the New World. For years, Scotland kept a cache of single malts to itself and used the rest to produce blends such as Johnnie Walker Red and Black and J&B.

Even the Scots are inclined to save the

single malts for the evening and have a blended whisky at lunch. The first single malt, an easy Lowland, perhaps, might be drunk after an afternoon stroll, a day's fly-fishing or a game of golf. Before dinner, a more intense, dry single malt from the craggy coast line of the west. After dinner, a Highland single malt that has spent 15 years or more in sherry wood.

Like fine wines, single malts are known by their classic regions. To stock your personal library, you will need five or six shelves. Here are some reviews, starting with the lower shelf.

THE LOWLANDS

The softest single malts come from the Lowlands. The easiest to find is the light,

fresh Auchentoshan (ocken-toshen). Also look for the delicate Rosebank, the lemony Bladnoch and the sweeter Littlemill. On the edge of this region, just across the Highland line, is the distillery of Glen-goyne, which makes a beautifully rounded single malt.

CAMPBELTOWN

Just one small town, but a recognized region in itself, on the peninsula called the Mull of Kintyre on the craggy west coast of Scotland. It has only three single malts. Springbank, a lonely malt but an acknowledged classic, notable for the salty tang of its location, is the most readily available. Also look for Longrow and Glen Scotia.

ISLAY

Pronounced *eye-la*. The classic island for single malts, with eight distilleries. Start with the flowery Bunnahabhain (boonahöven), then work your way up through Bruichladdich (brook-laddie), Bowmore and the rare Caol Ila (kaleela) to Laphroaig (*la-froig*) for the full, peaty, seaweedlike intensity that makes the island's single malts the delight of the connoisseur. Among the other islands, Skye is notable for its Talisker, and Orkney for Highland Park. Both are very full-flavored and peaty.

SPEYSIDE

By far the biggest producing region, in the valley of the river Spey, with tributaries such as the Livet and the Fiddich, all in the stretch of the Highlands between Inverness and Aberdeen. Only one single malt is allowed to call itself *The Glenlivet*, but several others mention the location on their label. The Glenlivet, the original, is the most elegant and complex of single malts, with an almost herbal aperitif quality. It's a must edition to your single-malt library. Glenfiddich is smooth and well balanced, with an aromatic fruitiness. Knockando has a light almond note. Cardhu presents a light-to-medium body and a sweetish palate. Strathisla introduces a little more oakiness. The Macallan has the most sherry-wood character among the readily available single malts. Try it at 18 years old; it is an acknowledged classic.

NORTHERN HIGHLANDS

The most remote stretch of the Scottish mainland still manages to support about ten distilleries, among which by far the best known is Glenmorangie. This very clean, lightly fruity single malt is notable for its dash of bourbon-wood sweetness. It's the perfect single malt for the cocktail hour.

In the Highlands, it will be cold now, and maybe snowy. Christmas is just around the corner and so is New Year's, which the Scots call hogmanay. Then there's Burns Night on January 25. We'll drink to all those with single malts—and winter has just begun.



“Let’s not decide if we’re going to spend the night together till later,” Beatrice said.”

the buttons on her blouse, leaving the top two as they were.

He noted the gesture, he let her know about the notation, he let her wonder whether he would let it pass. He let it pass. He liked the hang of her vest, some kind of find from the Barbary Coast Antique Clothier. “What is it now,” he asked, “nineteen eighty-eight or so?”

That was his way of letting it pass. He didn’t expect any answer. He had grown rusty at party banter. But he kind of liked this Beatrice, liked her as much now, when she might have worn a bra to a Christmas Eve get-together for those who didn’t go home for the holidays. The kind-of-like system worked with plump and also sometimes worked with lean and rangy. “I’m Watkins,” he said. “That’s my funny name I’ve been learning to live with.”

“Watkins. You’re right. Well, probably, a handicap like that is terrific for your character.”

The system slipped into gear when certain life problems laid a person open: Can’t go home for the holidays, or no money; or don’t want to go home or no home to go to. Or nobody to tease about the funny names a fellow gets.

“You two have plates,” Sheila said, peering into each of their faces, making her own estimate of the preholiday situation. “You have food on your plates, silverware, at least one of you is showing a napkin. But you’re not eating.”

“Hey, we’re getting organized.”

Beatrice dropped to a step leading to the door and Watkins sat alongside. First he tried to put the plate on his knees; that didn’t work so well. Then he tried the floor, but it was too great a bend and reach. Beatrice was laughing at him. People were jostling around them. He didn’t like shoes so close to his turkey and fixings. Beatrice was still studying him and laughing about what she had learned. “Not used to partying much, are you?” she asked. “Normally a loner, are you?”

“Normally an eater at tables,” he admitted grimly. She was delighted. The smile wouldn’t quit.

The light in the room was yellow and warm. The people were not talking very much, pending the start of wine-fueled jollity, but there was a busy clash of teeth and silver. That helped. It was the noise of ice being broken. Sheila’s house was filled with things—souvenirs, posters, season’s greetings propped up on mantels—not a menacing rich woman’s house. In a corner, on a pedestal where a person might expect a sculpture or an Egyptoid lamp, stood a complex bit of machinery with jagged teeth on its snout and the message on a

plaque: OLDEST ORANGE-JUICE MAKER KNOWN TO CALIFORNIA.

And alongside Watkins was an attractive, not-too-beautiful woman, the warmth of her flanks communicated to his. He should surely be feeling better about life. And having successfully argued the case for felicity against himself, he suddenly did. Feel better.

“You don’t have any olives,” he said. “Let that lack be remedied.”

Beatrice plucked a black olive from his plate and neatly removed the pit from her mouth with the same fingers. She was easy with him and easy with herself. She didn’t demand that life bring her only pitless black olives. Surely, all of that suggested a promising situation for a lonely divorced male. She had reached into his plate as if she belonged there. If anything can be slightly aphrodisiac to the parties concerned, it’s the ameliorating of the normal holiday depression by good luck and a bold reach. “That’s the case,” he said.

“Pardon?”

“I think aloud sometimes, even when I’m talking with people.”

“Nice, Wat. A little controlled schizophrenia is a very attractive quality in a man.”

“Maybe you better run that by me one more time.”

They were good buddies already. They joked. She called him Wat. They sat very close on the carpeted step. They were the

envy of everyone, though Sheila looked only half-envious. Her pride in the art and craft of hosting compensated her, or perhaps it was only that she didn’t really find Watkins her sort.

“The law of averages,” Kenny Jones was saying, too near to them, meaning to be overheard, “is that someone in this room has AIDS or syndrome.”

“The law of averages also states,” Sheila remarked, her patience as a hostess beginning to be tried, “that we’ll all be dead in due course. So let’s be careful. What’re you trying to suggest?”

He shrugged. “Just small talk, like anybody else. It’s on my mind.”

Reassuringly, Sheila leaned over and patted Watkins and Beatrice, in turn, on the shoulders. “Don’t you worry; I’ll vouch for both of you, especially if you obey safe practices. Let me get you some carrot and celery sticks—picks up the immune system, just in case.”

When she turned toward the other guests, Watkins asked, “Are we doing the right thing?”

The cool gray eyes of Beatrice—long eyes, lean eyes, like the rest of her—widened. “What are we doing?” she asked. He had assumed too much. He was unskilled in the matter of Christmas Eve flirtation.

“Talking only to each other,” he said. “Perhaps we’re rude.”

“Good recovery,” said Beatrice. “Way to go.” She took another olive from his plate, another black one, and again removed the pit from her mouth with the same two fingers. “Let’s not decide if we’re going to spend the night together till later. Then we’ll poll the jury.”

“Have you had legal experience?”

“Neither a plaintiff nor a defendant,”



ONE HUNDRED

100's

Playboy is famous for uncovering the most alluring women anywhere. In this current special edition, Playboy Presents: 100 Beautiful Women, you'll see page after page of world-class beauties, each showcased with Playboy's special style and flair. At newsstands now.

TO ORDER BY MAIL: Send check or money order for \$7.50 per copy (includes postage) made payable to Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009. Canadian residents, add \$3.00, full amount payable in U.S. currency on a U.S. bank only. Sorry, no other foreign orders can be accepted.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW



more sugar & spice

If you have a taste for the finer things in life, you won't want to miss the current issue of Playboy's Book of Lingerie. This special edition offers page upon page of sheer delights, sexy ladies in, and out of, the world's sexiest lingerie. It's at newsstands now.

TO ORDER BY MAIL: Send check or money order for \$7.50 per copy (includes postage) made payable to Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009. Canadian residents, add \$3.00, full amount payable in U.S. currency on a U.S. bank only. Sorry, no other foreign orders can be accepted.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW



she said, "but I keep up with my reading."

They had got past that tender point in the discussion, the moment when a person might go to get a drink and forget to return. He didn't know for sure if they were just joking. He wasn't even sure of the legal status of the term just joking. On Christmas Eve, far from home, or maybe no real home, perhaps certain rules were suspended, like alternate-side parking. He saw the point of food, drink, music and other people in such situations. They gave a legitimate reason for distraction. A person could fall silent and still seem to be paying attention. Apparently, Beatrice had been going through her own process of rumination. There was a dreamy and abstracted vagueness on her face, as of someone running various precise scenarios through her head. Apparently, the decision came suddenly in a collision of scenarios. She asked, "Your place or mine?" so loudly that, two bodies away, Kenny Jones jumped.

Watkins was ready to admit when he was wrong in both small matters and large. He had predicted that Beatrice wouldn't finish her plate. She had eaten methodically through the little mounds—creamy slaw, vinegary slaw, turkey, cranberry sauce, dressing, other festive stuff—and had finished with the parsley. Now that she had decided, she looked up at him, grinning, a bit of parsley on one tooth, and said, "Aren't you going to finish? Too nervous to eat in company?"

"Do you mean it?" he asked.

She frowned. She picked the parsley out. She tried to give him an answer. "People needed to do this sort of thing back in the Sixties, didn't they? Make all these statements to prove it did or didn't mean something?" She put an olive pit back into her mouth, giggled and removed it. "Nervous than you can imagine. Me, too."

"I like that about you, Beatrice."

"Do you shoot people? Are you a pervert? Are you an emotional mess?"

These days, all that had to be covered, also. "Not for me to say. But I'm not in a risk group."

"Well, then," she said, "it's Christmas Eve and there's got to be room at the inn. Let's be on our way."

Falling silent, the other guests stared, chewing turkey, sipping wine, as Beatrice and Watkins went for their coats. It wasn't a true silence. It was a kind of reverent hum. Sheila stared over the edge of a bowl. It was how she liked her coffee. She had the rights of a hostess and householder to her own large coffee bowl. Beatrice and Watkins hurried down the stairway. This wasn't France, where a person had to shake hands goodbye with everybody. This was America, where things can happen abruptly.

Friendly, neoconservative Rodney stood swaying at the top of the stairs, holding a plate piled with slaw. "Bless you, anyway, Tiny Tim. Just remember you owe me now. Is that agreed?"



TO MAKE THE WORLD'S MOST ACCURATE RADAR DETECTOR THIS SMALL, WE HAD TO LEAVE SOMETHING OUT.

Whistler's newest radar detector does some pretty amazing things. But perhaps the most remarkable of all is what it doesn't do: Annoy you with repeated false alarms.

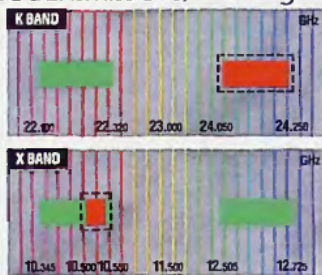
INTRODUCING THE SPECTRUM 3SE.

The Spectrum 3SE is the revolutionary new addition to our highly acclaimed Spectrum Series. And it utilizes what can only be described as a technological breakthrough to virtually eliminate false alarms.

This technology, which our engineers call "Perfect Windows," is offered only by Whistler. Advanced software now provides maximum signal discrimination so Spectrum 3SE knows where to look for traffic radar—and where not to look. As shown in the chart below, Spectrum 3SE, unlike other radar detectors, ignores signals transmitted on frequencies where traffic radar does not exist. In fact, Spectrum 3SE reports only signals within the precise "windows" where traffic radar operates.

That's why the chances a Spectrum 3SE owner will hear alarms set off by satellite and microwave transmissions, garage door openers, commercial radar, amateur radio operators and air traffic control towers are practically nil.

What's more, because the Spectrum 3SE is more *selective* about the signals it reports, it can also be more *sensitive*. This makes it the most intelligent, most accurate radar detector on the market today.



Other radar detectors report signals received on the frequencies shown in the red and green portions of the diagram—this includes large areas where no traffic radar is found. (Green portions.) But with Whistler's innovative "Perfect Windows," Spectrum 3SE reports only signals within the dotted lines which is where traffic radar is transmitted.

■ Traffic Radar
 Spectrum 3SE
■ Unwanted X and K Band signals

FALSE ALARMS.



The Spectrum 3SE (shown actual size) is the world's smallest self-contained radar detector.

WITH PULSE PROTECTION,[®] AUTOMATIC FILTER AND AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL.

Spectrum 3SE has an easy-to-read digital display that tells you everything you need to know. It uses letters to tell you if you're in Highway, Filter or City Mode. And numbers (from 1-9) to tell you how strong the radar signal is.

It also tells you about another exclusive Whistler feature: Pulse Protection. Whenever Spectrum 3SE detects pulse (or instant-on) radar, it immediately sounds an urgent, distinctive alarm and flashes the letter "P" on its digital display. At a time when pulse radar accounts for over half of all traffic radar transmissions, it's a feature you won't want to be without.



With Spectrum 3SE, Whistler introduces another exclusive feature: Automatic Self-Adjusting Filter. In the Filter Mode,[™] Spectrum 3SE analyzes the amount of signal activity in the outside environment, and automatically switches to the more appropriate mode: City or Filter.

And our new Automatic Self-Adjusting Volume Control actually measures the noise level inside your car and automatically adjusts the volume of the Spectrum 3SE's alarm.

IT'S BACKED BY THE BEST WARRANTY IN THE BUSINESS.

The Spectrum 3SE has a lot of other great features we should talk about. But there's just one more we'd like to mention here: Our exclusive three-year warranty. No other manufacturer offers anything like it. We do, because we're that confident in the design, technology and workmanship that go into every Spectrum 3SE.

So experience the world's most revolutionary, technologically advanced radar detector ever—purchase a Spectrum 3SE from your local Whistler dealer today. For the name of your nearest dealer—and more information on the full line of Whistler radar detectors—call us at 1-800-531-0004.



Whistler
STANDARD EQUIPMENT FOR THE SERIOUS DRIVER.



"And we interrupt WTKZ's 'Gospel Party' to tell you that as of now, it is Kerrr ristmas Day."

LYSETTE

(continued from page 168)

look-alike Dutchwoman who is killed in an accident and whose husband finds in Eileen a substitute for his dead wife. Neither role came easily to Lysette. "I had to learn the Belfast accent and I had to learn Dutch," Lysette recalls. "I worked very hard and it paid off. I went to Amsterdam at 22, shit-scared, knowing if I couldn't do it, I should go and have babies and let others get on with acting. I came out of that experience knowing that I could survive." She easily survived a nude scene for *Eileen* and now laughs at the recollection. "The only thing was, I was terribly fit from running and I was playing this little Belfast girl who couldn't look muscular. I had to stop running, so that when I took off my clothes, my body looked right." Amsterdam, which Lysette found liberating, killed her preference for England. "I could not just come back and say, 'Yes, I'd love to play a Dickensian character,' or 'Thank you very much, I do agree that Juliet should carry a Teddy bear and suck her thumb.' I couldn't do it. After *Eileen*, I wanted to make things happen. For a week back in London, I sat in front of the telly and wept." Then she got a grip on herself and went to work with a vengeance. She took on a project in Israel, did some modeling, made commercials, did a very well-received television comedy series, *Three Up, Two Down*, for the BBC, became the *Cosmo* girl for health and beauty and last year did a play at the Bristol Old Vic, one of the most prestigious regional theaters in England. "It was a horrendous experience," says Lysette. "Really the worst time, with actors not getting on together, everybody hating one another. The play itself, by Michael Frayn, was wonderful, but it didn't work. I thought, What am I going to do?" She decided to go to the gym every day and become "an obsessed person, then I'd sit in the bath at night with a large glass of whiskey and read poetry. I also thought about what I wanted to do. I'd been desperate to get back to Paris since I was 16. So I went, took a weeklong Berlitz course and got a French agent." That's where Lysette now spends a lot of her time—in Paris—which comes as no surprise to her mother. "She always saw me as some wild creature who kept saying, 'I'm sick of this; I'm going to Paris.'" The current man in her life, whom Lysette met in Amsterdam while filming *Eileen*, is an art consultant whose business base is in Holland. "It has been difficult, because I've been filming all year, but we're engaged to be engaged. I've never had such a strong friend. When we go on holiday—we've had two wonderful ones, in Key West and Provence—I start out tense, with a cigarette, highly nervous. By the end, I'm like a six-year-old."



©1988 The Seagram Classics Wine Co. N.Y.C.

**GREAT NAMES IN FRENCH WINES
BEGIN WITH THESE LETTERS.**



B & G

BARTON & GUESTIER
FINE FRENCH WINES SINCE 1725.

IT AIN'T TOONTOWN (continued from page 174)

"He stepped between cars to clear his head—the cars jostled him and he slipped and was crushed to death."

brother. They lived in what historian Gerber reported as "a shabby apartment in Forest Hills, Queens, from which he ventures out only occasionally." Today, they both live in Los Angeles, and DC Comics, now a division of Warner Communications, sends them an annual stipend . . . as long as they make no public statements about their history with DC or their feelings about the past 50 years or contribute to the perpetuation of said sordid history. Needless to say, I was unable to obtain any statements from Siegel or Shuster during the preparation of this article. Without word from Siegel, there is no way to verify the long-standing story that the infamous \$130 for the buy-out on *Superman* was actually money owed to Siegel and Shuster for work previously done; money withheld to force their signing of the release. As their 75th birthdays approach, fear of retaliation—via a press-blackout clause in the gentlemen's annuity deal—ensures that these men will not add to DC's weight of albatross guilt.

But for those who dote on stories that wallop you in the heart, here are a couple

that have been authenticated:

On March 29, 1966, opening night of the Broadway musical *It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's Superman*, among the crowd milling about in front of the Alvin Theater on West 52nd Street was a shabby old man. Tear your heart out just to see him. Right. But it would elicit anger more than knee-jerk sympathy to learn that it was Joe Shuster, the guy who first drew *Superman*, standing there without the money to buy a ticket to his own creation.

Shuster was working as a messenger. Broke, going blind, unable to get work in the industry he had helped bring into being, he was delivering parcels to midtown offices. Which brings us to story number two. Shuster found himself making a delivery to DC. He walked in with the parcel, and no one knew who he was. He started to leave—so the tale goes—and Liebowitz, the guy who'd gotten the boys to sign over *Superman* for \$130, came out of his office. He recognized Shuster. Frayed cuffs, old jacket, looking gray and destitute. They confronted each other after all those years.

One version has it that Liebowitz gave

him money to buy a new suit. Another version says the millionaire publisher pulled a fistful of money from his pocket, thrust it at Shuster and told him never to come back. A third version says it was ten bucks. A fourth telling ups the amount to 100 bucks. But all versions concur that the messenger service received a call from DC later that day, insisting that the old geezer who'd done the delivery that day never be given that run again.

What happened to them is not uncommon. Wally Wood, whose extraordinary art was showcased in EC comics and *Mad* for more than a decade, worn out and alcoholic, unable to draw after a lifetime at the board, worked so hard he had migraines not even a Dexedrine addiction could ease, returned from his doctor in Los Angeles, having learned he'd be hooked up to a dialysis machine for the rest of his days, put a Saturday Night Special to his head and blew his brains out. They didn't find his body for three days, there in that squalid little room.

Joe Maneely, Atlas Comics artist who drew more than half of the covers for the 70 comics a month the company was producing in the Fifties, having gone days without sleep to complete work unceasingly thrown at him by a publisher, rode a commuter train out to Jersey. He stepped between cars to clear his head—some say he'd been drinking, but so the hell what?—the train took a sharp curve, the cars

 **KOMBI**

For the cold commute...

GORE-TEX™
glove insert
Insulated with
DuPont **Dacron®**
Hollofil® II
and **TERMOLITE®**

® Du Pont Certification Mark
GORE-TEX is a trademark of W.L. Gore & Associates, Inc.

Kombi is the official glove of the Canadian Alpine Ski Team.

jostled him and he slipped between them and was crushed to death.

Jack Kirby, whose thousands of pages of brilliant art for Marvel made *Thor*, *Fantastic Four* and *The Avengers* such stars that Marvel now commands almost 50 percent of the market, only recently, after a public crusade, has managed to regain a fraction of his originals, hundreds of pages of which have been given away as convention auction items, ripped off by office personnel, tendered to fans visiting the publication offices in New York, sold and resold by dealers for a tidy fortune over the years. And to this day, Kirby receives no co-creator credit.

Jack Cole, who created *Midnight* and *Plastic Man*, whose cartoons illuminated the pages of *Playboy* in the Fifties, after 20 years of backbreaking labor in the comics Gulag, said, "Ah, to hell with it," and pulled the trigger.

Reed Crandall, whose stylish renditions of *Blackhawk* remain a pinnacle of comic art, died broke and legally blind, a night watchman in Kansas City, not one cent of pension or royalty coming to him from the uncounted pages of exemplary art that made millions for half a dozen funnybook companies.

And that's the way it was. Till 1981, till Kirby's *Captain Victory* and Sergio Aragón's *Groo the Wanderer* started making money in the direct-sales market, and

comics creators were able to break out of the beanfields of the two major publishers to begin controlling their own destinies.

And at that point, the pressure to keep comics a childish, introverted, essentially frivolous commercial product began to ease. Once there were alternatives, the maturity that had always been there, stunted and ridiculed, censored by the Comics Code Authority and the strictures of the publishers, burst loose.

By 1986, with the blasting open of the medium by Frank Miller and his *Dark Knight Returns* version of Batman as an aging, more than slightly psychotic crime fighter coming back from retirement, comic books began to achieve the mainstream notice that *aficionados* always knew was potentially possible.

If Siegel and Shuster were the artistic and imaginative godfathers of the field, if Neal Adams was the champion who shamed DC into giving them a yearly nibble at the profit pie, if Stan Lee and Jack Kirby were the first major talents to reduce the level of silliness in comics characters and show them as real people with unreal powers, then Frank Miller has been the ass-kicking, indefatigable spokesman for a new, adult outlook on funnybooks.

The past two years in the world of comics have been a real toad-strangler. Censorship, duplicity, heroes, quislings,

mountebanks and arrogant poseurs. The Gulag has turned into a feeding frenzy, and from the melee has come a banquet of tasty tidbits.

Here's the line of logic, for those who think it's been a long journey: If comics are so worthy, how come Joe Tobul's mother tossed out the books I lent Joe back in 1946, when we were both 12 years old in Painesville, Ohio?

Because Joe's mother, who was a nice lady, thought they were trash. And why did she think they were trash? Because the industry had a vested interest in keeping the material childish and narrowly focused. They were men of limited artistic vision, and their commercial view of the medium was equally tunnel-visioned. And how did they keep the unpredictable artists and writers who aspired to nobler ends in line?

They did it by holding both copyrights and trademarks on every last creation. If they owned Superman and Spider-Man lock, stock and long Johns, they could always fire those who threatened their policies, even if the one getting the sack was the talent who thought up the character in the first place. So we study the Siegel-and-Shuster case at length, not only because *Superman* was the feature that made comics as popular as they've become but because what happened to Siegel and Shuster was the same scenario for virtually

or the ski weekend.





CONDOMS BY MAIL!

All NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS

Imagine getting 100 condoms in a single package by mail! Adam & Eve, one of the most respected retailers of birth control products, offers you a large selection of men's contraceptives. Including TROJANS, RAMSES, LIFESTYLES and MENTOR plus PRIME with nonoxynol-9 spermicidal lubrication and TEXTURE PLUS, featuring hundreds of "pleasure dots." We also offer your choice of the best Japanese brands — the most finely engineered condoms in the world! Our famous condom sampler packages (\$6.00 and \$9.95) let you try top quality brands and choose for yourself. Or for fantastic savings why not try the new "Super 100" sampler of 100 leading condoms — 16 brands (a \$50 value for just \$19.95!) Here is our guarantee: If you do not agree that Adam & Eve's sampler packages and overall service are the best available anywhere, we will refund your money in full, no questions asked.

Send check or money order to:
Adam & Eve PO Box 900, Dept. PB-44
 Carrboro, NC 27510

Please rush in plain package under your money-back guarantee:

#1232 21 Condom Sampler \$ 6.00
 #6623 38 Condom Sampler \$ 9.95
 #6403 Super 100 Sampler \$19.95

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

VIDEO MOVIES

800-777-0075

(M-F 9 AM-7 PM, SAT 8 AM-5 PM, C.T.)

VHS/BETA/LSR, All Ratings
 Let our huge Family and Nostalgic catalogs (750 pages) put the world of video as close as your mailbox. Also, receive 12 monthly issues of the "Coming Attractions" video magazine, as well as periodic flyers on sale items and blockbuster releases.

The above catalog package is available for only \$6.95

Like Adult titles? Enclose an additional \$6.95 for our huge (210 page) Adult catalog.

- ET \$24.95
- Platoon \$24.95
- Lethal Weapon \$19.95
- Catalog free with order over \$75.

Write or Call Toll-Free to order. Visa, MasterCard, Am. Exp. Diners Club, Carte Blanc and COD orders accepted. Please, No P.O. Boxes.

Non-USA add \$5.00

VIDEO AGE, INC.
 4820 Excelsior Blvd., Suite 112
 Minneapolis, Minnesota 55416
 800-777-0075
 (612) 927-7484

everyone who went into the field.

And that is why it took more than 50 years for Superman to appear on the cover of *Time*; 50 years for journals such as *The New York Times*, *The Village Voice*, *The New Yorker*, *Rolling Stone* and *The Atlantic* to publish essays that said, "Wow! Look what we've discovered"; 50 years for magazines such as *Spin* (intended principally, one assumes, for MTV refugees who had the misfortune to learn to read) to write, "These days, comics stores are infinitely more exciting than record stores, even if you aren't a dweeb in highwater pants."

Because for 50 years, what could have been prevented from being. But seven years ago the creator-owned comic came into existence, and the all-powerful interests that ran the Gulag found that the best talents were cleaning up with offbeat and original work for the independent, smaller houses. In a matter of months, direct-sales comics shops were springing up all over the country, selling many times the units that were being sold by traditional newsstand-distribution methods.

Companies such as Comico, Kitchen Sink, Eclipse, First Comics, Quality and Vortex were stealing away the artists and writers who were producing the books that made them the most money. They still had *Superman* and *X-Men*, *Batman* and *Daredevil*, but Mike Grell had gone to First, where he created *Jon Sable*; Sergio Aragonés and Mark Evanier had gone to Pacific, where *Groo the Wanderer* was pulling down big numbers, and Timothy Truman was writing the revived Forties character *Airboy* for Eclipse. Even more significantly, Dave Sim, up in Canada, was himself publishing the astonishing *Cerebus the Aardvark*, copies of the first issue selling for huge sums through dealer ads in the weekly tabloid of the funnybook world, *Comics Buyer's Guide*; Steve Moncuse in Richmond, California, was self-publishing *The Fish Police* and copping reams of critical praise; Eastman and Laird had started publishing *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* in Sharon, Connecticut, as a gag parody of the profusion of *X-Men* comics flooding the market, and suddenly, their Mirage Studios was a thriving company.

So Marvel and DC, who had outlasted the hundreds of comics companies that had flourished in the Forties and been destroyed by the likes of Dr. Wertham in the Fifties, who had blossomed anew in the Sixties and Seventies, now saw the empire at peril. For 50 years the giants had stonewalled the concept of author royalties, vowing, "Over our dead bodies!" But Frank Miller, who had blown breath back into Marvel's *Daredevil*, wouldn't produce for anyone simply with a work-for-hire contract anymore, so DC lured him away with a royalty deal, and he created the astonishing multileveled six-book "graphic novel" *Ronin*; and then *The Dark Knight*

Returns... and it was all over for the plantation mentality.

Rolling Stone did a major takeout on Miller and his gritty, surreal, *film noir* vision of the myth of superheroes, set against mean streets filled with vicious mad-dog *vatos* and SWAT-crazy fascistic authorities. Batman, middle-aged, racked with guilt over the death of the young man who had been Robin, lost in memories of his caped-crusader career but retired for a decade, goes back to the shadowy alleys and rooftops of Gotham City, a half-crazed vigilante prowling in a nighttime world dolorous under the threat of imminent global nuclear warfare. Superman works for the Government. The Catwoman is a madam. The Joker, now a media celebrity, shrills at us from the set of *Late Night with David Letterman*, having at last found his proper venue.

And suddenly, U.P.I. and A.P. started blowing kisses and urging their adult audience to *get a load of this!* Not yet 30, Miller found himself riding the wave of serious attention. The evening news shows interviewed him, treating him like a modern poet of urban society. Like Fulton, Chaplin, Kerouac or Nader, Miller was in the right place at the right time, with the deliverable goods and an enormous talent, and he became the pointman for the entire comics industry. He opened the door and, because there were now alternatives to work for hire, work at command, other restless creators kicked that door off its hinges and the Gulag began to empty.

Now an adult reader who makes no snob distinctions between the value of a Jim Thompson or Harold Adams suspense novel and the work of Thomas Pynchon, Jim Harrison or Joyce Carol Oates, considered "serious" writing, can go to the nearest comics shop and find magazines and graphic novels that—in this different medium of presentation—have as much emotional and intellectual clout as the best movies, the best novels and one or two items on television. Here are a few of the best:

- *Omaha, the Cat Dancer*: a spunky, sexy, cleanly drawn contemporary soap opera about the life and loves of a nude terpsichorean who happens to be a, er, uh, a cat. Reed Waller is the intelligence guiding this fable. It is a magazine that has the religious right crazed. It is wonderful.

- *Lone Wolf and Cub*: a series of square-bound, stiff-cover reprints of the Japanese *manga* on which the "baby cart" films were based. The episodic story of a masterless samurai and his infant son wandering through blood and shogunate Nippon, staying one jump ahead of the assassins sent to slay them. Kazuo Koike and Goseki Kojima tell the tales.

- *The Spirit*: masterworks month after month by Will Eisner. Denny Colt, a cross between the young Jimmy Stewart and the Steve McQueen of *The Great Escape*,

1989
PLAYMATE
VIDEO
CALENDAR



\$19.99

This brand new edition of our popular Playmate Video Calendar Series features intimate video profiles of 12 recent centerfold favorites. Starring Lynne Austin, Eloise Broady, Carmen Berg, Brandi Brandt, Kimberley Conrad, Terri Lynn Doss, Rebecca Ferratti, Sharry Konopski, Diana Lee, Susie Owens, Pamela Stein and 1988 Playmate of the Year India Allen. Approximately 1 hour.

ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-345-6066

Charge to your VISA, MasterCard or American Express. Ask for item #1803V-VHS. Or, enclose a check or money order for \$19.99 plus \$1.25 postage for each video and \$2.00 handling charge per total order. Specify item #1803V-VHS. (Illinois residents add 7% sales tax.) Mail to: Playboy Video, P.O. Box 1554, Dept. 20046, Elk Grove Village, IL 60009. Please allow 4 weeks delivery.

YOUR SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED

If for any reason you are not satisfied with your Playboy product, simply return your purchase for a full refund.

Also available November 23 wherever video is sold





IF YOU'RE LOSING HAIR, EVERY DAY YOU WAIT IS A MISTAKE

Finally, thinning hair no longer has to be an accepted fact of life.

Redken—the hair care company built on 27 years of scientific research—announces a breakthrough formula for hair loss: Vivagen.™

Redken scientists learned that calcium build-up causes the end of the hair's growth cycle. As a result, Vivagen was formulated to reduce the level of calcium deposits in the hair, thus decreasing hair loss.

79% of those testing Vivagen experienced a decrease in hair loss after just two months.

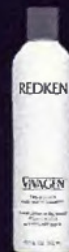
They reported "more hair," "fuller hair," and the need for "more frequent hair cuts."

It's true there is no cure for baldness,
no restorative for lost hair.
But there *is* hope for thinning hair.

TREATMENT



SHAMPOO



DON'T LOSE ANOTHER MINUTE. CALL 1-800-542-REDKEN

You'll learn where to find Vivagen locally. Or ask for it at your own salon.

REDKEN

residing under Wildwood Cemetery, helps Inspector Dolan battle crime and usually gets the shit kicked out of him in the process. Stories of character and human foible, tragic and funny and illustrated by a man whose work is simply cinematic.

- *John Constantine, Hellblazer*: a sublimely deranged view of present-day England and America as a battle between the grotty, amoral survivor Constantine and all the demons of hell that darken our lives, be they religious crusaders or violence-drenched street thugs. Jamie Delano is the deliciously perverse talent who dreams this stuff up every month. If Rimbaud and Baudelaire were writing comics today, they would acknowledge Delano as their superior in portraying decadence.

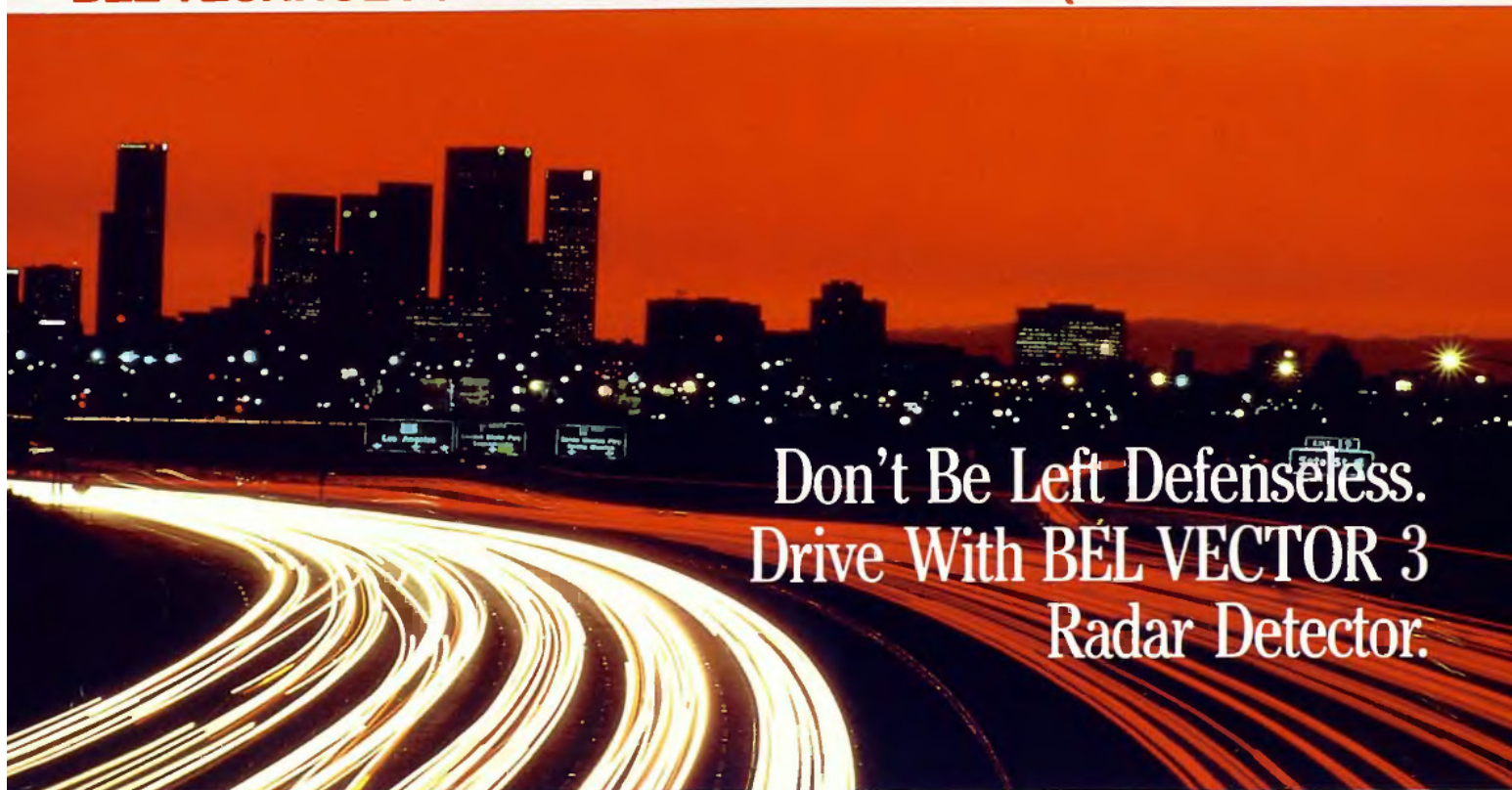
- *The Watchmen*: a 12-issue graphic novel that is what experts mean when they talk about science fiction's doing what no other genre of literature can do. From Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons, a pair of Olympian English talents, this milestone saga is nothing less than an illustrated alternate-universe novel postulating a world in which Nixon still reigns, in which superheroes have been outlawed because the common man fears them, in which a complex murder mystery is the core of a study of our times and our tenuous grasp on sanity. It was *The Watchmen*, following the *Dark Knight* opus, that kicked the Gulag's door off its hinges. As exciting as Hammett, as intricate as Proust, as socially insightful as Auchincloss, if comics have approached literature, it is here.

- *Concrete*: probably the best comic being published today by anyone, anywhere. Trying to describe the down-to-earth humanity and sheer dearness of Paul Chadwick's creation requires more than words or pictures. Ronald Lithgow, ex-Senatorial speechwriter, has been, er, uh, *altered* by alien forces. His brain now lives in a rock-hard monstrously ponderous body. And he visits Tibet, and he swims oceans, and he saves a family farm, and he performs at kiddie birthday parties, and none of this casts even a scintilla of light on the magnificence of what Chadwick is doing, issue after issue.

- *The Fish Police*: another idea that turns to gibberish when one attempts to codify it. There's this cop, Inspector Gill, who is a fish. Except he keeps thinking about something called "ankles." He is obviously some other being, from some other place where people breathe air and "walk." He may be human. It is Chandler and Willeford and the antic parts of Hammett, told as an aquatic allegory. It takes Steve Moncuse to conceive it . . . and to explain it.

If one now gets the sense that trying to encapsulate these ribald fantasies in mere narrative is akin to summarizing *Moby Dick* as a long story about a crazy one-legged guy trying to kill a big white fish, or *Citizen Kane* as a biography of a guy whose

BEL TECHNOLOGY DETECTS NEW Ka BAND (PHOTO RADAR)



Don't Be Left Defenseless. Drive With BEL VECTOR 3 Radar Detector.



Ka Band is the new police radar frequency now in use. And only the new BEL radar detectors are able to detect Ka Band.

Facts You Should Know

The Federal Communications Commission has approved Ka Band for police radar use. And now, many localities in the U.S. and Canada are using Ka Band Photo Radar. But the use of Ka Band isn't limited to picture-taking radar equipment. Standard police radar units can also utilize Ka Band. And as more states quietly introduce Ka Band radar, drivers with only X and K Band radar detectors are left defenseless. Unless they're driving with the new VECTOR 3.



VECTOR 3 comes with everything you see here.

No Quick Fix

Your existing X/K Band radar detector can't be adapted to receive Ka Band signals. For the level of protection VECTOR 3 offers you have to look to the technology leader. The first in the industry with 3 Band technology: BEL-TRONICS.



VECTOR 3 measures only 4.66" L x 3.19" W x 1.095" H.

Greater Detection Range

VECTOR 3 detects X, K, and Ka Band radar. And that's significant. But there's more, it's called Image Rejection Technology (IRT[®]). BEL engineers have incorporated this technology into VECTOR 3. The result is incredible performance and greater detection range of all police radar.

VECTOR 3 Knows

VECTOR 3 is a "smart" travel companion. It warns you when X, K, or Ka Band radar is present with separate audible and visual alerts. It also provides a special audio alert when the radar signal transmitted is Pulsed or Instant On. And for added protection, VECTOR 3 is programmed to advise

you should its radar detection circuits ever require adjustment. With VECTOR 3, you'll never question whether radar is present.

At Your Service

VECTOR 3 was designed to make early detection of police radar easy and convenient. You can own the new VECTOR 3 today for only \$279.95. Just call toll-free to order. UPS delivery is FREE. Or ask about our Federal Express overnight service. If not completely satisfied, simply return the unit within 30 days for a full refund (factory direct only). VECTOR 3 comes with a full 1 year warranty on parts and service.

1-800-341-1401 U.S.A.
1-800-268-3994 Canada



BEL-TRONICS LIMITED
The Intelligent Choice

*Registered trademark of BEL-TRONICS LIMITED

VECTOR 3 Remote

The advanced technology and performance advantage of the VECTOR 3 is also available in a remote design for only \$299.95. VECTOR 3 Remote utilizes a compact antenna for easy "under-the-hood" installation. And a very small control panel for discreet positioning in any vehicle.



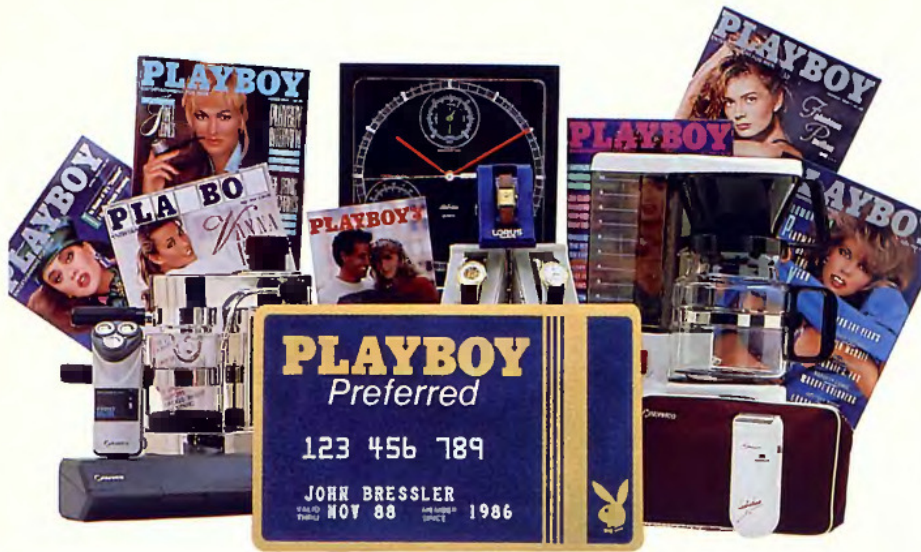
Compact control panel is only 3.5" L x 2.5" W x .67" H.

RAYNAL & RELAX





"Well, who the hell asked you to fix the elevator?"



PLAYBOY PREFERRED

the benefits go on and on

Enjoy 20–40% discounts on a wide range of top quality merchandise. Travel on luxury cruises with discounted fares to choice destinations. Receive as much as 60% off newsstand price on your subscription to Playboy Magazine. Buy fabulous merchandise from Playboy Catalog at a 10% discount. Save up to 10% or more on Hertz car rentals, low fleet rates for leasing and special pur-

chase prices on your choice of American automobiles.

The savings can more than cover the low annual membership fee of \$25.

Sign up today.

Send a check in the amount of \$25 to Playboy Preferred Program, P.O. Box 1387, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009-1387. Or call TOLL-FREE and charge your membership. 1-800-228-4018.

PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY PREFERRED and RABBIT HEAD Design are trademarks of Playboy.

WHO CARES?



Malcolm Forbes, publisher and motorcyclist. *“As one who loves motorcycling, I feel personal responsibility for helping to keep motorcycling unfettered by unneeded rules and regulations. By keeping our riding habits reasonable, it’ll help enormously to keep unwanted*

laws off the books. By muffling the unnecessary noise that annoys so many, we make friends rather than enemies. By obeying traffic safety laws, we protect ourselves and need have no truck with those who would outlaw us. That’s not much to ask if it saves cycling freedom for us and future generations of cycle enthusiasts.”



RIDE AWARE. SHOW YOU CARE.

MOTORCYCLE INDUSTRY COUNCIL, INC.

life got fucked up because he lost his Flexible Flyer . . . one has put one’s little paw on the problem.

Comics are a different medium. They combine film, animation, the novel form, the succinct joy of the short story, the mystery of the haiku and the visual punch of great paintings. They are their own yardstick. Parallels fail. They must be seen to be enjoyed.

And trying to sum up the hundred different wonders of a genre this various would fill (and *has* filled) copious volumes. There are the exquisite reprint books of *Steve Canyon*, *Li'l Abner*, *Terry and the Pirates*, *Popeye* and Shel Dorf’s meticulous reissuing of *Dick Tracy*; the English reprint comics of *Judge Dredd*, *Miracleman*, *Halo Jones*; the frequently dangerous stories of a war over which we still anguish, *The 'Nam*; Gerard Jones and Will Jacobs’ *The Trouble with Girls*, which stands James Bond on his ear; the satire on Fifties bomb-shelter Cold War paranoia, *The Silent Invasion*; Eric Shanower’s gorgeous *Oz* graphic novels; and *Nexus* and *Zot!* and the Hernandez Brothers constantly enriching *Love and Rockets* and . . . and . . .

It goes on, without drawing a breath or relaxing its grip on imagination. Volumes can be filled with praise for the treasures these past seven years have given us.

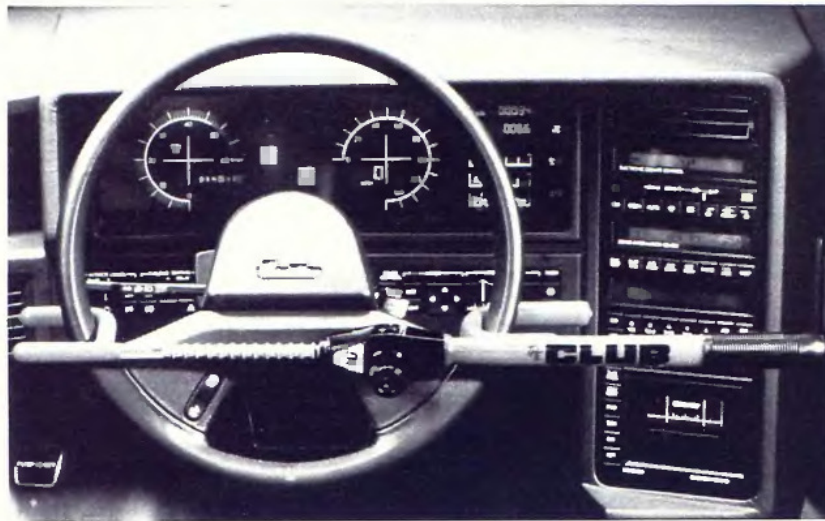
In the pages of a new newsletter called *WAP!* (for Words and Pictures), for the first time in the history of the Gulag, comics professionals are speaking out. Endless recountings of the screwings and hamstringings of their work in a field that was purposely held at an adolescent level. In the pages of *WAP!* and in the pages of *Comics Buyer’s Guide*, the new, strong voice of an art form coming to maturity can be heard. The censors tremble, the moguls fret, the occasional jumped-up fan turned editor of a critical journal (in the same way that *The National Enquirer* is a critical journal) spits bile, but after a half century, the talent is finally speaking out.

(*WAP!*—12 issues a year for \$25—can be obtained from RFH Publications, 1879 East Orange Grove, Pasadena, California 91104. *Comics Buyer’s Guide*—free copy on request—is available from Krause Publications, 700 East State Street, Iola, Wisconsin 54990. The former gives the inside, the latter the outside.)

Television wearies. Films pander to the sophomoric, to the knife-kill crazies. Novelists write smaller and smaller about less and less. Fast food gives you zits. But from the rubble of the Gulag the song of the imagination is heard. And there is an insistent rapping on the sanctified portals of the Frick and MOMA. Those who have survived come with *Zot!* and *Swamp Thing* to demand that, at last, attention, attention must be paid.

That’s truth, justice and the American way.





Problem: **AUTO THEFT**

Solution:

"THE **CLUB**" and now "THE **SUPER CLUB**"

Statistics show your car has a 1 in 50 chance of being stolen or vandalized. Of course you want to protect it. But how?

You have several options:

THE INEXPENSIVE IGNITION CUFF

This little device retails for up to \$50. It wraps around the ignition lock, and locks with its own key. Actually, a professional thief won't bother with it. He goes through the center of the steering column with a tool.

THE VERY EXPENSIVE ELECTRONIC SYSTEM WITH A SIREN

Have you ever walked past a car with its siren blaring? Or its horn tooting? That's just it. People walk right past. These systems have "hidden" switches which any thief can find. They have complex mechanisms that can bring the cost up to \$1,000. But they're hardly foolproof. Maybe that's why they're always causing false alarms.

THE MODERATE-TO-EXPENSIVE WHEEL-TO-PEDAL LOCK

This medieval monster hooks on the steering wheel and extends down to the brake. It's much easier to defeat than it is to install, as any thief can demonstrate with a good kick. It costs up to \$79. A lot for something that ends up in the trunk. **SPECIAL CAUTION:** The basic design of these locks is potentially dangerous as it interferes with the braking system. Because of their low visibility, a driver can forget it's in place. Once a car is in gear braking is relatively impossible. It's happened more than once, leaving devastating results.

THE "HIDDEN" SWITCHES.

Kill switches and fuel cut-offs only have so many places they can be hidden, and it doesn't take a thief very long to find either type. Once a thief has broken in, the damage is already done.

"THE CLUB" HOW IT WORKS

"THE CLUB" is a slide-and-lock brace that once it's locked into place, steering is impossible. The extension end is so long that it's stopped by anything immovable, such as the windshield, door post or seat. The steering wheel can NOT be turned enough to make driving possible. "THE CLUB" is bright red, and it's position on the steering wheel makes it highly visible from the outside. This visibility deters thieves BEFORE they attempt to break in.

POLICE-TESTED POLICE-ENDORSED

Pittsburgh Fraternal Order of Police declared war on auto theft in their city, using "THE CLUB" as the heart of their campaign. With the combined efforts of the Pittsburgh police and "THE CLUB", their "CURTAIL AUTO THEFT" campaign had fantastic results. Auto theft in their city was actually reduced by 40% in 90 days.

Now many policemen are using them in their own vehicles. "I've never seen a more effective deterrent to auto theft," stated Lt. John Mook, Pittsburgh Police Department. "I wholeheartedly endorse "THE CLUB" and recommend it to everyone for the best in auto theft protection," stated Lt. Ron Carnevale, L.A.P.D., head of auto theft division in Los Angeles for seven years. "THE CLUB" is also used by major fleet owners to protect their vehicles.

THE "SUPER CLUB"

It works the same way as "THE CLUB", but uses a special, state-of-the-art cross key lock. The unit is self-locking & requires a key only to unlock. The "SUPER CLUB" is enhanced security, for slightly more cost.

BEWARE OF CHEAP IMITATIONS. "THE CLUB" does have a few look-alikes out there. If it doesn't clearly read "THE CLUB" on its extension end, it's not the real thing.

GUARANTEED!

We have offered the same guarantee for over two years, and will continue to do so. "THE CLUB" comes with a registration card, which when filled out, will activate your guarantee. If your car is stolen while "THE CLUB" is properly installed, we'll reimburse you for your insurance deductible up to \$200.

The "SUPER CLUB" is guaranteed for up to \$500 of your insurance deductible if your car is stolen while it's in use. *Details inside package.

SAME DAY SHIPPING ORDER YOURS TODAY.

800-527-3345 outside of PA
412-981-1152 inside of PA
412-981-1034 FAX

Auto Club	\$59.95
Super Club	79.95
Truck Club	69.95
UPS Charges	5.00
Alaska/Hawaii	11.00
Overnight Express	16.00
C.O.D.	add 2.50
PA residents add 6% tax	

*Call for out of country freight charges. If ordering by mail, please include complete shipping address, daytime phone, charge card number and expiration date. Personal checks and money orders welcome.



WINNER INTERNATIONAL

Dept. WPPB, Winner Building
Sharon, PA 16146

Dealer inquiries invited.

“Georgetown’s Alonzo Mourning may become the most dominant collegiate center since Patrick Ewing.”

Wade brought the Maryland program back to respectability in one short year and was looking at the prospect of a very strong team this season until 6’10” center Brian Williams transferred to Arizona.

ATLANTIC TEN

Playboy Coach of the Year John Chaney has taken Temple from obscurity to national prominence in only a few years. Last season, the Owls made it all the way to the N.C.A.A. quarter finals before bowing to Duke, 63-53. Temple has lost good players to graduation and three promising freshman recruits failed to meet Proposition 48 requirements. Still, Chaney has Playboy All-America guard Mark Macon and enough coaching savvy to get Temple back to the top of the Atlantic Ten.

The big play man for coach Gale Catlett and West Virginia will be 6’8” Darryl Prue. If Catlett can find a big man to play in the paint so that Prue can stay at his natural position of power forward, the Mountaineers can improve on last year’s 18-14 record.

Rhode Island surprised almost everyone

in the N.C.A.A. tournament last year by knocking off Missouri (87-80) and heavily favored Syracuse (97-94) before falling to Duke. Unfortunately for the Rams, coach Tom Penders has moved to Texas.

St. Joseph’s, Penn State, Duquesne, St. Bonaventure and George Washington will battle for an advantage in the middle conference slots and hope for upsets of the conference leaders.

BIG EAST

The Big East is going to be big fun this year: great teams that are evenly matched, colorful coaches and exciting freshmen who are—guess what?—eligible to play.

Georgetown coach John Thompson, just back from the Olympics, has the top freshman in the nation, 6’10” Alonzo Mourning, who may become the most dominant collegiate center since Patrick Ewing. Thompson has loads of other talent, including Playboy All-America Charles Smith, guard Mark Tillmon (13.8 p.p.g.) and sophomore John Turner, who scored 30 points and grabbed 30 rebounds in Maryland’s junior college championship last season.

Syracuse came up a dollar short against Indiana in the national championship two years ago and expected to be in Kansas City last year. Unfortunately, the Orangemen couldn’t find their tournament chemistry, falling to Rhode Island in the second round. If coach Jim Boeheim can replace Rony Seikaly, lost to graduation, Syracuse can contend again.

There are few things more entertaining than watching Rollie Massimino, hair disheveled, hands waving, propel Villanova’s basketball team almost beyond its potential. In 1985, he coached the Wildcats to a national championship. Last season, he guided them to tournament wins over Arkansas, Illinois and Kentucky. Rollie has four out of five starters returning, including vastly improved Tom Greis, a 7’2” center, and guard Doug West (15.8 p.p.g.).

St. John’s is going to miss the scoring (18.6 p.p.g.) and rebounding (8.8 r.p.g.) of Shelton Jones, but coach Lou Carnesecca has recruited well. Freshmen Malik Sealy, a 6’7” forward, and Robert Werdann, a 6’11” center, could both start. Greg “Boo” Harvey will anchor the Redmen backcourt.

Connecticut, 20-14 and last year’s N.I.T. champ, returns its entire starting lineup, including 6’11” center Cliff Robinson. Seven-foot West German Marc Suhr, a Proposition 48 casualty last year, is also available to third-year coach Jim Calhoun. The Huskies should graduate to the N.C.A.A. tournament this year.

Pittsburgh has lost its entire starting front line: Charles Smith and Demetreus Gore graduated, and Jerome Lane, who would have been the top returning rebounder in the nation, turned pro. Coach Paul Evans is left with a quick and versatile group of players, including Big East Freshman of the Year Sean Miller and Brian Shorter, a 6’7” forward held out last year by Proposition 48.

Even the bottom third of the conference is exciting. P. J. Carlesimo, last season’s Big East Coach of the Year, will field a competitive Seton Hall team despite the loss of forward Mark Bryant. Boston College will have an explosive backcourt with Dana Barros (21.9 p.p.g.) and Bryan Edwards, Massachusetts’ all-time high school scoring champ. Providence has a new coach, Rick Barnes, and lots of enthusiasm, though not enough talent to stay out of the cellar.

BIG EIGHT

It took Danny Manning, the College Player of the Year, and the kinetic tension of the championship game to finally halt Oklahoma’s assault on the national title. The Sooners thundered their way to last season’s final game in the same fashion in which they rolled up an average 103 p.p.g. and broke five N.C.A.A. and 54 conference records. In the final minutes against Kansas, Oklahoma failed to put the ball in the hands of Stacey King often enough and finally froze as Manning put them away. Coach Billy Tubbs may get the chance to



“So this is your idea of a room with a view?”

profit from his experience. The Sooners return Playboy All-America King, plus Daron "Mookie" Blaylock, college basketball's version of Artful Dodger, who had more than 100 steals and 200 assists last year.

All-time Missouri leading scorer Derrick Chievous has gone to the N.B.A., but coach Norm Stewart has his four other starters back. Center Doug Smith, a first-team freshman All-America last year, will emerge as the Tigers' next big-time player. If Missouri can avoid last season's injuries, it can give Oklahoma a run for its money.

The most improved team in the conference will be Oklahoma State, with forward Richard Dumas, who ranked second only to Temple's Mark Macon in scoring among freshmen. OSU adds size in two returning Proposition 48 victims, 6'10" Thomas Jordan and seven-foot Johnny Pittman.

It's rebuilding time for three of last year's conference powers. Kansas State will miss Mitch Richmond; Iowa State, Jeff Grayer; and Kansas, last year's national champ, Danny Manning, and coach Larry "I'm staying, I'm staying, I'm going" Brown.

BIG SKY

Even up in the land of mountain men and lumberjacks, college basketball is a hot topic. Last year, Boise State won the conference tournament and gave Michigan all it wanted before bowing out 63-58 in the N.C.A.A. tourney first round. However, it may not be able to hold off an Idaho team that returns four starters, including center Raymond Brown (16.1 p.p.g.), from a 19-11 season. Idaho's success will depend on how well Kermit Davis makes the transition from assistant to head coach. Montana and Weber State return four starters each, while the rest of the conference will be busy rebuilding this season.

BIG SOUTH

The Big South not a big deal? Them's fightin' words, sir! This little conference made up of seven schools from Virginia to Georgia takes its basketball very seriously. Last year's champ, Winthrop, has a good chance to repeat. Four starters are back, the schedule features 17 home games and the conference tourney is on its home floor.

Campbell also returns four starters from last year and has added 6'9" sophomore Marvin Edmonds, a 27-year-old six-year Army veteran who has never played organized basketball.

BIG TEN

Michigan coach Bill Frieder had all the cards last year but was never able to play them in the right order. The talented and thoroughly frustrated Wolverines, 26-8 on the year, bowed to North Carolina 78-69 in the N.C.A.A. tourney's third round. They should have gone further.

Playboy All-America Glen Rice and 6'10" Terry Mills are the best one-two forward combo in the nation. Rumeal

PROPOSITION 48: PATENTED RACISM

By John Chaney, Coach

Temple University

I, being poor, have only my dreams. . . . I have spread my dreams under your feet. Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams.

—WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Proposition 48, which went into effect on August 1, 1986, was written by an N.C.A.A. ad hoc committee that represented the views of only 40 super-power universities, excluding any participation by black universities and secondary schools. The purpose of Proposition 48 was to set academic criteria for incoming freshman athletes—a 2.0 grade-point average in 11 required core courses, a combined S.A.T. score of 700 (or an equivalent of 15 on the A.C.T.). In fact, it defeats its own intentions, treading on the aspirations of young athletes and tearing their dreams to shreds.

At best, Proposition 48 is poorly conceived and ignorantly implemented. Founded chiefly on the questionable if not false premise of S.A.T. scores, it comes dangerously close to discriminating against black student/athletes coming out of inferior inner-city school systems. In fact, recent statistics show that almost all Proposition 48 students are black. The N.C.A.A. predicted that fact and still enacted the rule. To restrict Proposition 48 student/athletes from participation in college sports is therefore tantamount to restricting blacks from participation in college sports. And regardless of how they may ultimately fare academically, student/athletes who fail to meet the requirements of Proposition 48 (again, read blacks) must sacrifice their freshman year of athletic eligibility. In other words, these kids are looking, at best, at three quarters of a college sports career.

Next, the S.A.T. joke. Proposition 48 requires that a student/athlete have a combined S.A.T. score of at least 700. Let's forget for a moment that the validity of the S.A.T. test has often been questioned. Most universities consider S.A.T. scores along with other variables in their admissions screenings. They

will, for example, discount a poor performance on the S.A.T. if it is offset by good high school grades or recommendations from educators. However, a Proposition 48 student/athlete must meet all of the rule's standards in order to play ball. Without attaining that arbitrary S.A.T. score of 700, potential sports stars are being benched before they've even had the opportunity to take the field.

Ultimately, the matter comes down to whether we think the opportunity to a college education is a right or a privilege. I believe it is a right. Since universities are ready to exchange educational opportunity for athletic skill, why should the N.C.A.A. deny an entire group of youngsters who fail to meet the arbitrary standards of Proposition 48 a chance for education and success, particularly when that group happens to be predominantly black?

So what can be done? I have a few suggestions: Do not punish student/athletes, held out of competition their freshman year because of Proposition 48, by taking away a year of their collegiate athletic eligibility. Even while they are held out their first year, allow them to practice with their teammates so that they may continue to develop their athletic skills as well as keep in touch with the sport that perhaps brought them to college in the first place. Provide mandatory tutoring, guidance and drug education for Proposition 48 student/athletes. Grant them five-year athletic scholarships to give them an extra year in which to earn their college degrees.

Today, many minority student/athletes, failing to meet Proposition 48 standards, are not even attempting to enroll in college, for fear of being branded "stupid." Many coaches are apprehensive about recruiting these youngsters, most of whom are black. Some conferences and individual universities have proposed accepting no Proposition 48 cases. For these kids, Proposition 48 is the death of hope, a commodity already in too short supply among the nation's minority youth.



REAL PEOPLE.
REAL TASTE.

© 1986 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

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

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



Winston

AMERICA'S BEST.

Robinson will replace Gary Grant at point, and 6'8" Sean Higgins, held out of the second half of last season by academic ineligibility, could be the other starting guard. If the chemistry is right, the Wolverines could dominate the conference.

Illinois, a perennial tournament disappointment, is again loaded with talent, with forwards Kenny Battle and Nick Anderson back from last season. Marcus Liberty, the nation's top prep player two years ago, who sat out last year because of Proposition 48, will contribute immediately.

Ohio State is on the upswing, finishing 20-13 last year and capturing second place in the N.I.T. tournament. This season, coach Gary Williams has his best team since he joined OSU three years ago. Guard Jay Burson (18.9 p.p.g.) is back, while Perry Carter and Grady Mateen provide the beef up front.

For the past few years, Iowa coach Tom Davis has successfully used a full-court constant-pressure game because the Hawkeyes were ten and 12 players deep

and Davis could substitute freely. This year, he may have to adjust his strategy, because Iowa has only three experienced players—Roy Marble, B. J. Armstrong and Ed Horton—and a bunch of unproven underclassmen.

Love him or hate him, Indiana's enigmatic Bob Knight does things his way. He flirted with a move to New Mexico and then stayed in Bloomington. He sat forward Rick Calloway, an important member of Indiana's 1987 national champion team, so much last season that Calloway transferred to Kansas. He jerked Jay Edwards' (15.6 p.p.g.) athletic scholarship when Edwards failed to live up to his standards, though Edwards vows to play his way back into the coach's favor. None of this is to say that Knight is wrong. One certainty is that the Hoosiers, whichever players they put on the floor, will be well coached.

A lot of people, including coach Gene Keady, thought last season was Purdue's year to take it all. They weren't far from wrong, as the Boilermakers went 29-4 and

won the Big Ten title, but the season came to an abrupt end when Purdue lost to Kansas State 73-70 in the regional semifinals. Keady, who lost his three best players from last season, will build this year's team around 6'9" center Melvin McCants.

Michigan State coach Jud Heathcote landed his best recruiting class ever, but the players will take a year or two to develop. Until then, the Spartans and the rest of the teams in the conference will have to play upset maker.

BIG WEST

The old Pacific Coast Athletic Association may have a new name, but the end-of-the-season conference standings are going to tell the same old story: Nevada-Las Vegas. Coach Jerry Tarkanian, the towel gourmand, has another cast of talented runners and gunners, including guards Stacey Augmon and Greg Anthony. The Runnin' Rebels will win the conference in a walk.

Utah State, California-Santa Barbara and New Mexico State all have players with size and experience returning and will battle for second place.

COLONIAL

The parity in college basketball was never more apparent than when Colonial champ Richmond knocked off Indiana and then Georgia Tech in the N.C.A.A. tourney last year before falling to Temple. With star forward Peter Woolfolk graduated, Richmond will likely be replaced as conference king by George Mason. The Patriots have their own outstanding player, Kenny Sanders (22 p.p.g., 11.7 r.p.g.).

The real star of the conference this year will be Charles "Lefty" Driesell, the new coach at James Madison. Driesell, who may have shown some misguided loyalty and a propensity toward the unfortunate quote during the sad Len Bias episode at Maryland, is still an outstanding basketball coach and will have James Madison contending for national recognition in a couple of years.

EAST COAST

The East Coast Conference boasts some talented teams but could use more inspired nicknames. Lehigh, last year's conference-tourney champ, is the Engineers. Lafayette, our choice this season as the conference's best team, is the Leopards. Bucknell is the Bisons; Drexel, the Dragons; Hofstra, the Flying Dutchmen; and Delaware, the Fightin' Blue Hens. Even with players as good as Lafayette's Otis Ellis (17 p.p.g.) and Drexel's John Rankin (19.6 p.p.g.), these teams aren't going very far at conference time until they get some nicknames that strike terror into their opponents' hearts . . . like Tarheels or Sooners. Aw, never mind.

E.C.A.C. NORTH ATLANTIC

Last season, tiny Siena College (enrollment 2600) won the E.C.A.C. North



BRIAN SAVAGE

"As I understand it, you've been supplying countries in the Soviet bloc, the Middle East and Asia with toys and gifts. My question: Who's funding your operation?"

Atlantic regular conference schedule (16-2). But it lost a chance for an N.C.A.A. tournament berth when it got knocked off by lowly New Hampshire (3-15) in its own conference post-season tourney. Siena should get a second chance this year, because all five starters from last season return. Boston University (23-8), which picked up the N.C.A.A. bid Siena failed to capture, will again be ready to step into the winner's role if the Indians falter.

IVY LEAGUE

In the Ivy, you don't make a comeback, you have a renaissance. That's exactly the trick coach Paul Cormier has pulled off at Dartmouth. Cormier learned his magic from his high school coach back in Lexington, Massachusetts, a roly-poly guy named Rollie Massimino.

Dartmouth, which finished second to Cornell last year, has two of its main cogs back: guard Jim Barton (24.4 p.p.g.) and 7'1" Walter Palmer.

Pennsylvania's Walt Frazier, the son of the former New York Knicks great, should lead the Quakers to a second-spot finish. Princeton and Harvard round out the best of the top-bracket Ivy teams.

METRO

Was the Metro strong last year? Try this: Louisville, 24 wins; Memphis State, 20; Florida State, South Carolina, Virginia Tech and Southern Mississippi, 19 wins each. The strongest of strong in the Metro this year is Denny Crum's talent-laden Louisville squad. Pervis Ellison can be a dominating player if he keeps his head on straight. He led the Cardinals last year in scoring (17.6 p.p.g.), rebounding (8.3 r.p.g.) and blocked shots (102). Crum also has sophomore guard LaBradford Smith, seven-foot Felton Spencer, plus Tony Kimbro, who sat out last season for academic reasons. With the cool Crum at the helm, the Cardinals could be Final Four material.

Florida State has more than just a good football team this year. They return four starters from last year's hoops team that racked up an 84.3-point offensive average. George McCloud (18.2 p.p.g.) and Tony Dawson (17.9 p.p.g.) join center Tat Hunter, who, at only 6'7", led the conference in rebounding (9.4 r.p.g.).

Memphis State coach Larry Finch pulled his magician's act again last season. His two best players, Marvin Alexander and Sylvester Gray, were both declared ineligible before Christmas, and yet the Tigers still managed a 20-win season. MSU's outside game will be strong, but post play is a question. South Carolina's coach George Felton signed his best-ever group of recruits, including Troy McKoy out of East Hartford, Connecticut, but the Gamecocks may still be a year or two away. Virginia Tech has one of the best back-court combinations in the nation in Vernell "Bimbo" Coles (24.2 p.p.g.) and Wally Lancaster (23.4 p.p.g.). Unfortunately, the

Hokies don't have the talent in the front court to match.

METRO ATLANTIC

If it weren't for one player, Lionel Simmons of La Salle, the Metro Atlantic would be an evenly matched conference top to bottom. Simmons, who already has N.B.A. scouts drooling, led the Explorers in scoring (23.3 p.p.g.), rebounding (11.4 r.p.g.), blocks and steals. In other words, he can do it all—or at least enough to win the conference title for La Salle.

St. Peter's, a 20-game winner last year, returns four starters and a stingy defensive game. Holy Cross will improve, as it returns all five of last season's starters.

MID-AMERICAN

The Mid-American Conference shapes up as a three-team race this season. Give the edge to Ohio University because of forward Paul "Snoopy" Graham, who averaged 20 p.p.g. last year and figures to be the best all-round player in the M.A.C. this season. Western Michigan has all five of last season's starters back. The Broncos will have to improve a weak team defense (they allowed opponents an average of 79.8 p.p.g. last season). Rick Majerus did an excellent coaching job at Ball State last year, getting the Cardinals to 14-14 on limited talent. Majerus has more to work with this season, though Ball State may still need another year to gel.

MID-CONTINENT

Coach Charlie Spoonhour's Southwest Missouri State team won the Mid-Continent title last year on the offensive skills of

Stan Worthy and Kelby Stuckey. Worthy has departed, but Stuckey (15.8 p.p.g.) is back, along with Hubert Henderson, a 6'10" transfer from Mississippi State. The Bears will breeze to another conference title in '89.

Senior Ken "Mouse" McFadden, one of the best point guards in the country, thought he would lead Cleveland State to a berth in the N.C.A.A. tournament this year, but the N.C.A.A. slapped CSU with a two-year ban on post-season play for recruiting violations. Second-year coach Bob Hallberg was disappointed in the performance of Illinois-Chicago (8-20) last year. Darren Guest, a 6'9" center who transferred from Auburn to Chicago State to UIC, will try to make the best of his last year of eligibility.

MIDEASTERN

Last year, North Carolina A & T waltzed through the Mideastern regular conference schedule (16-0) and won the conference tourney before falling to Syracuse in the N.C.A.A. first round, 69-55. This year, conference runner-up Florida A & M will try to cut in on A & T's success. South Carolina State, led by Rodney Mack, who averaged an amazing 13.3 r.p.g. last year, could sneak by the two front runners if seven-foot center George Paulk lives up to expectations.

MIDWESTERN

At St. Louis, the feeling is that it's time to succeed. The Billikens have four starters back from last year's 14-14 squad, and coach Rich Grawer nabbed top junior college player Tony Manuel, a 6'9" forward.

St. Louis' strongest competition will

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement both in the classroom and on the basketball court. Nominated by their universities, the candidates are judged by the editors of *Playboy* on their collegiate scholastic and athletic accomplishments. The award winner attends *Playboy's* pre-season All-America Weekend, this year held at the Sheraton World Resort in Orlando, Florida, receives a bronzed commemorative medalion 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.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in basketball goes to Derek Wilson of Coastal Carolina College. Wilson is a 6'6" forward and last year averaged 14.8 points and 6.2 rebounds per game. He was chosen Big South Player of the Year last season. Derek, a senior this year, is an accounting major with a 3.45 grade-point average last year. He has received Coastal Carolina's Minority Leadership Award and has been nominated to Omicron Delta Kappa Honor Society.

Honorable mentions: Alec Kessler (Georgia), Steve Rothert (Army), Willie Haynes (St. Peter's), Rick Hall (Ball State), Michael Smith (Brigham Young), Mark Griffin (Tennessee), Scott Haffner (Evansville), Terry Taylor (Stanford), Dan Conway (Utah State), Jim Rhode (Idaho State), Kevin Presto (Miami), Barry Goheen (Vanderbilt), Robyn Davis (Wyoming), Joe Calavita (Vermont), Jeff McCool (New Mexico State), Wes Lowe (Texas Tech), Matt Roe (Syracuse), Ed Fogell (Penn State), Carl Nichols (Mississippi State), Mike Vreeswyk (Temple), Mike Butts (Bucknell), Joe Gottschalk (Navy), Michael Rios (Niagara), Bobby Reasbeck (Marist), Mark Dobbins (Kansas State).

come from last year's conference champ, Xavier. Xavier has talent but will miss four-year scoring leader Byron Larkin.

Loyola-Chicago's chances for a successful season were diminished when Kenny Miller, one of the leading rebounders in the nation last year (13.6 r.p.g.), encountered academic difficulties.

An independent for 82 years, Dayton opens its first season with the Midwestern Conference. Coach Don Donoher, who last year had an uncharacteristic losing season (13-18), will try to build confidence into a team that starts only one senior.

MISSOURI VALLEY

Wichita State, which played second fiddle to Bradley last year, is a clear favorite to take the title. The Shockers have added 6'10" freshman Phil Mendelson to complement 6'10" Sasha Radunovich in the middle. Coach Eddie Fogler's team, which has won 30 out of 32 at home, is one of the nation's top ten (453) three-point teams.

NORTHEAST

If you don't think great players are turned out by the little conferences, just watch Rik Smits, the N.B.A.'s second pick overall, hit the big time. Smits, a 7'4" import from Holland by way of tiny Marist College, was the Northeast's (formerly the E.C.A.C. Metro) premiere player. Even with Smits, Marist could only tie Fairleigh

Dickinson's 13-3 conference record. FDU got the tournament spot because Marist is on an N.C.A.A. probation that bans it from post-season play for two years.

There is no dominant player in the conference this season, but there are some evenly matched teams. Monmouth gets the nod for the conference title because of four returning starters and last year's conference Coach of the Year, Wayne Szoke. Fairleigh Dickinson will continue its "press and mess" running style, despite the graduation of forward Damari Riddick.

OHIO VALLEY

Not an Ohio Valley Conference fan? Maybe you ought to adjust your satellite dish or tune in ESPN late at night, because the O.V.C. has three teams that could surprise some big-name schools in post-season play.

Murray State, which gave national champ Kansas all it could handle in the N.C.A.A. second round (61-58), returns four players, including forward Jeff Martin, one of the best-kept secrets in the country. Martin, who averaged 26 p.p.g. last year, is the leading returning career scorer in the nation. The Racers also have one of the best under-six-foot players in the country in Don Mann (17.7 p.p.g.).

Middle Tennessee couldn't get by Murray State in the conference even with a 23-11 over-all record but did beat Tennessee (85-80) and Georgia (69-59) in the

N.I.T. Four returning starters, including Chris Rainey (16.6 p.p.g.), plus junior college transfer Kevin Wallace, make the Blue Raiders a force to be reckoned with.

Last but not least of the O.V.C.'s big three is Tennessee Tech, which returns all five starters from last season. Forward Earl Wise (17.8 p.p.g.) is the second-best player (after Murray State's Martin) in the conference. Milos Babic, a seven-foot center from Yugoslavia, gives the Golden Eagles plenty of muscle in the middle.

PAC 10

Arizona sent a message loud and clear last season: "The West is back." The Wildcats beat Michigan and Syracuse early in the Great Alaska Shootout and then proved it was no fluke by finishing the season with a 35-3 record. Coach Lute Olson, who coaches as well as he dresses, called the shots, and Steve Kerr and Playboy All-America Sean Elliott made them all the way to the Final Four before the Oklahoma juggernaut derailed the Wildcats' dreams of a national title. The dream isn't dead, because Elliott is back. Says Olson, "We want to put the best four players on the floor with Elliott, regardless of position." Two wide-body freshmen, Sean Rooks and Mark Georgeson, each 6'11" and 245 pounds, give Arizona better size inside, and underpublicized Anthony Cook (13.9 p.p.g.) will continue to improve.

Arizona will not go unchallenged in the Pac 10. Stanford, which won 21 games last year, has four starters back, including Playboy All-America Todd Lichti. With Howard Wright (15.7 p.p.g.) at forward and Terry Taylor, a deadly three-point shooter, at guard, this could be Stanford's best team ever.

Oregon State will make coach Ralph Miller's final season an exciting one. Miller, who before his induction into the Basketball Hall of Fame last April announced that the coming season would be his last, has 652 wins in 37 seasons. The Beavers, who won 20 games without a player over 6'6" in the starting line-up, have found some size in 6'10" freshman center Scott Haskin. Gary Payton, with 459 assists in two seasons, is the team leader and one of the best junior guards in the country.

Jim Harrick is the new coach at UCLA. Previously at Pepperdine, Harrick inherits two outstanding players in guard Jerome "Pooh" Richardson and forward Trevor Wilson. The Bruins' lack of success in recent years will give Harrick a chance to succeed. The winning tradition of the Wooden years has finally become history.

Arizona State, Oregon, Washington and Washington State are all a notch or two below the top contenders, but all have a chance to win more games than they lose.

SOUTHEASTERN

It's the year of the departed stars in the S.E.C. Gone are Kentucky's Rex Chapman and Winston Bennett, LSU's Jose Vargas, Auburn's Chris Morris, Florida's Vernon



"This seems to be pretty comprehensive. The crystal ball shows you meeting a stranger of average height; the tarot cards say he's the media director of a small agency; and, according to the computer, his Social Security number begins with 093."

I love museums.
I've been to Cooperstown
three times.



© 1988 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., NY, NY, Cognac Hennessy 40% Alc./Vol. (80°)

Cognac
Hennessy.
The Spirit of the Civilized Rogue.

PROJECTED 1989 MEN'S BASKET

AMERICAN SOUTH

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| *1. LOUISIANA TECH | 4. LAMAR |
| 2. ARKANSAS STATE | 5. PAN AMERICAN |
| 3. SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA | 6. NEW ORLEANS |

STANDOUTS: Randy White, Byron Newton (Louisiana Tech); John Tate (Arkansas State); Kevin Brooks, Sydney Grider (Southwestern Louisiana); Freddie Williams, Anthony Bledsoe (Lamar); Lee Boddie, Melvin Thomas (Pan American); Willie Richardson (New Orleans).

ATLANTIC COAST

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------------|
| *1. DUKE | *5. NORTH CAROLINA STATE |
| *2. NORTH CAROLINA | 6. MARYLAND |
| *3. GEORGIA TECH | 7. VIRGINIA |
| *4. CLEMSON | 8. WAKE FOREST |

STANDOUTS: Danny Ferry, Robert Brickley, Quin Snyder (Duke); J. R. Reid, Jeff Lebo (North Carolina); Tom Hammonds, Dennis Scott (Georgia Tech); Elden Campbell (Clemson); Chuck Brown, Chris Corchiani (North Carolina State); Richard Morgan, John Crotty (Virginia); Sam Ivy (Wake Forest).

ATLANTIC TEN

- | | |
|------------------|----------------------|
| *1. TEMPLE | 7. ST. BONAVENTURE |
| 2. WEST VIRGINIA | 8. GEORGE WASHINGTON |
| 3. RHODE ISLAND | 9. RUTGERS |
| 4. ST. JOSEPH'S | 10. MASSACHUSETTS |
| 5. PENN STATE | 6. DUQUESNE |

STANDOUTS: Mark Macon, Mike Vreeswyk (Temple); Darryl Prue, Chris Brooks (West Virginia); Kenny Green, John Evans (Rhode Island); Henry Smith, James Owens (St. Joseph's); Tom Hovasse, Ed Fogell (Penn State); Clayton Adams, Collins Dobbs (Duquesne); Rocky Llewellyn (St. Bonaventure); Ellis McKennie, Glen Sitney (George Washington); Tom Savage, Anthony Duckett (Rutgers); David Brown (Massachusetts).

BIG EAST

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| *1. GEORGETOWN | 6. PITTSBURGH |
| *2. SYRACUSE | 7. SETON HALL |
| *3. VILLANOVA | 8. BOSTON COLLEGE |
| *4. ST. JOHN'S | 9. PROVIDENCE |
| *5. CONNECTICUT | |

STANDOUTS: Charles Smith, Mark Tillmon, Alonzo Mourning, John Turner (Georgetown); Sherman Douglas, Derrick Coleman, Billy Owens (Syracuse); Doug West, Kenny Wilson, Tom Greis (Villanova); Greg "Boo" Harvey, Matt Brust, Jayson Williams (St. John's); Cliff Robinson, Phil Gamble (Connecticut); Sean Miller, Rod Brookin, Brian Shorter (Pittsburgh); John Morton, Ramon Ramos (Seton Hall); Dana Barros, Steve Benton (Boston College); Marty Conlon, Eric Murdock (Providence).

BIG EIGHT

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| *1. OKLAHOMA | 5. KANSAS STATE |
| *2. MISSOURI | 6. KANSAS |
| *3. OKLAHOMA STATE | 7. NEBRASKA |
| *4. IOWA STATE | 8. COLORADO |

STANDOUTS: Stacey King, Daron "Mookie" Blaylock, Andre Wiley (Oklahoma); Doug Smith, Byron Irvin (Missouri); Richard Dumas (Oklahoma State); Elmer Robinson (Iowa State); Steve Henson (Kansas State); Pete Manning (Nebraska); Brian Robinson (Colorado).

BIG SKY

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------------|
| *1. IDAHO | 6. IDAHO STATE |
| 2. BOISE STATE | 7. MONTANA STATE |
| 3. MONTANA | 8. NORTHERN ARIZONA |
| 4. WEBER STATE | 9. EASTERN WASHINGTON |
| 5. NEVADA-RENO | |

STANDOUTS: Raymond Brown, James Fitch (Idaho); Chris Childs, Wilson Foster (Boise State); Wayne Tinkle (Montana); Rico Washington, Timmy Gibbs (Weber State); Darryl Owens (Nevada-Reno); Jim Rhode (Idaho State); Mike Fellows (Montana State); Scott Williams (Northern Arizona).

BIG SOUTH

- | | |
|--------------|-----------------------------|
| *1. WINTHROP | 5. NORTH CAROLINA-ASHEVILLE |
| 2. CAMPBELL | 6. AUGUSTA |
| 3. RADFORD | 7. COASTAL CAROLINA |
| 4. BAPTIST | |

STANDOUTS: Greg Washington, Shaun Wise (Winthrop); Henry Wilson, Brad Childress (Campbell); Aswan Wainwright, Ron Shelburne (Radford); Heder Ambrose (Baptist); Milton Moore, Brandt Williams (North Carolina-Asheville); Tim Daniels, Vincent Jackson (Augusta); Derek Wilson (Coastal Carolina).

BIG TEN

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| *1. MICHIGAN | *6. PURDUE |
| *2. ILLINOIS | 7. WISCONSIN |
| *3. OHIO STATE | 8. MICHIGAN STATE |
| *4. IOWA | 9. NORTHWESTERN |
| *5. INDIANA | 10. MINNESOTA |

STANDOUTS: Glen Rice, Rumeal Robinson, Terry Mills (Michigan); Kenny Battle, Nick Anderson, Lowell Hamilton, Kendall Gill (Illinois); Jay Burson, Perry Carter (Ohio State); Roy Marble, B. J. Armstrong, Ed Horton (Iowa); Jay Edwards (Indiana); Melvin McCants, Steve Scheffler (Purdue); Trent Jackson, Danny Jones (Wisconsin); Ken Redfield, Steve Smith (Michigan State); Walker Lambiotte, Brian Schwabe (Northwestern); Richard Coffey, Willie Burton (Minnesota).

BIG WEST

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| *1. NEVADA-LAS VEGAS | 6. SAN JOSE STATE |
| 2. UTAH STATE | 7. CALIFORNIA-IRVINE |
| 3. CALIFORNIA-SANTA BARBARA | 8. LONG BEACH STATE |
| 4. NEW MEXICO STATE | 9. CAL STATE-FULLERTON |
| 5. FRESNO STATE | 10. UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC |

STANDOUTS: Stacey Augmon, Greg Anthony, David Butler (Nevada-Las Vegas); Dan Conway, Reid Newey (Utah State); Carrick DeHart (California-Santa Barbara); Willie Joseph (New Mexico State); Jervis Cole (Fresno State); Dietrich Waters (San Jose State); Kevin Floyd (California-Irvine); Andre Purry (Long Beach State); Domingo Rosario (University of the Pacific).

COLONIAL

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------|
| *1. GEORGE MASON | 5. AMERICAN |
| 2. NORTH CAROLINA-WILMINGTON | 6. JAMES MADISON |
| 3. NAVY | 7. EAST CAROLINA |
| 4. RICHMOND | 8. WILLIAM & MARY |

STANDOUTS: Kenny Sanders, Steve Smith (George Mason); Larry Houzer, Greg Bender (North Carolina-Wilmington); Byron Hopkins (Navy); Ken Atkinson (Richmond); Mike Sumner (American); Claude Ferdinand (James Madison); Blue Edwards (East Carolina).

EAST COAST

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| *1. LAFAYETTE | 5. DELAWARE |
| 2. BUCKNELL | 6. HOFSTRA |
| 3. DREXEL | 7. LEHIGH |
| 4. TOWSON STATE | 8. RIDER |

STANDOUTS: Otis Ellis (Lafayette); Mike Butts (Bucknell); John Rankin (Drexel); Kelly Williamson (Towson State); Elsworth Bowers (Delaware); Frank Walker (Hofstra); Scott Layer (Lehigh); Jim Cleveland (Rider).

E.C.A.C. NORTH ATLANTIC

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| *1. SIENA | 6. HARTFORD |
| 2. BOSTON UNIVERSITY | 7. CANISIUS |
| 3. NORTHEASTERN | 8. VERMONT |
| 4. NIAGARA | 9. COLGATE |
| 5. MAINE | 10. NEW HAMPSHIRE |

STANDOUTS: Marc Brown, Rick Williams (Siena); Jeff Timberlake, Russell Jarvis (Boston University); Derrick Lewis, Barry Abercrombie (Northeastern); Eldridge Moore, Mark Henry (Niagara); Reggie Banks (Maine); Keith Jones (Hartford); Marvin Bailey (Canisius); Joe Calavita (Vermont); David Crittenden (Colgate); Derek Counts (New Hampshire).

IVY LEAGUE

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| *1. DARTMOUTH | 5. COLUMBIA |
| 2. PENNSYLVANIA | 6. CORNELL |
| 3. PRINCETON | 7. BROWN |
| 4. HARVARD | 8. YALE |

STANDOUTS: Jim Barton (Dartmouth); Walt Frazier (Pennsylvania); Bob Scrabis, Kit Mueller (Princeton); Neil Phillips, Ralph James (Harvard); Matt Shannon (Columbia); Josh Wexler (Cornell); Marcus Thompson (Brown); Dean Campbell (Yale).

METRO

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------------|
| *1. LOUISVILLE | 5. VIRGINIA TECH |
| *2. FLORIDA STATE | 6. SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI |
| 3. MEMPHIS STATE | 7. CINCINNATI |
| 4. SOUTH CAROLINA | |

STANDOUTS: Pervis Ellison, LaBradford Smith, Tony Kimbro, Felton Spencer (Louisville); George McCloud, Tony Dawson (Florida State); Elliot Perry (Memphis State); John Hudson, Terry Dozier (South Carolina); Vernel "Bimbo" Coles, Wally Lancaster (Virginia Tech); Randy Pettus (Southern Mississippi).

METRO ATLANTIC

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| *1. LA SALLE | 5. FAIRFIELD |
| 2. ST. PETER'S | 6. IONA |
| 3. HOLY CROSS | 7. ARMY |
| 4. FORDHAM | 8. MANHATTAN |

STANDOUTS: Lionel Simmons (La Salle); Willie Haynes, Sean Moseby (St. Peter's); Glenn Trof, Glenn Williams (Holy Cross); Joe Paterno, Dan O'Sullivan (Fordham); Troy Bradford, Tom Squeri (Fairfield); Nestor Payne, Sean Green (Iona); Derrick Canada, Ron Wilson (Army).

MID-AMERICAN

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| *1. OHIO UNIVERSITY | 6. BOWLING GREEN |
| 2. WESTERN MICHIGAN | 7. CENTRAL MICHIGAN |
| 3. BALL STATE | 8. TOLEDO |
| 4. EASTERN MICHIGAN | 9. KENT STATE |
| 5. MIAMI UNIVERSITY | |

STANDOUTS: Paul "Snoopy" Graham (Ohio University); Mark Brown (Western Michigan); Curtis Kidd (Ball State); Howard Chambers (Eastern Michigan); Jim Paul (Miami University); Lamon Pippin (Bowling Green); Carter Briggs (Central Michigan); Fred King (Toledo); Reggie Adams (Kent State).

MID-CONTINENT

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------|
| *1. SOUTHWEST MISSOURI STATE | 5. WISCONSIN-GREEN BAY |
| 2. CLEVELAND STATE | 6. NORTHERN IOWA |
| 3. ILLINOIS-CHICAGO | 7. WESTERN ILLINOIS |
| 4. EASTERN ILLINOIS | 8. VALPARAISO |

STANDOUTS: Kelby Stuckey, Lee Campbell, Hubert Henderson (Southwest Missouri State); Ken "Mouse" McFadden, William Stanley (Cleveland State); Derrick Johnson, Darren Guest (Illinois-Chicago); James Parker, Jason Reese (Northern Iowa); Bob Smith (Western Illinois); Jim Ford (Valparaiso).

BALL CONFERENCE STANDINGS

MIDEASTERN

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| *1. FLORIDA A & M | 5. HOWARD |
| 2. NORTH CAROLINA A & T | 6. COPPIN STATE |
| 3. SOUTH CAROLINA STATE | 7. DELAWARE STATE |
| 4. MORGAN STATE | 8. BETHUNE-COOKMAN |
| | 9. MARYLAND-EASTERN SHORE |

STANDOUTS: Leonard King (Florida A & M); Carlton Becton (North Carolina A & T); Rodney Mack (South Carolina State); Damone Williams (Morgan State); Phil Booth (Coppin State); Paul Newman (Delaware State).

MIDWESTERN

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| *1. ST. LOUIS | 5. EVANSVILLE |
| 2. XAVIER | 6. BUTLER |
| 3. LOYOLA-CHICAGO | 7. DETROIT |
| 4. DAYTON | |

STANDOUTS: Tony Manuel, Anthony Bonner (St. Louis); Stan Kimbrough, Derek Strong (Xavier); Gerald Hayward (Loyola-Chicago); Anthony Corbitt (Dayton); Scott Haffner (Evansville); Darren Fowlkes (Butler); Darian McKinney (Detroit).

MISSOURI VALLEY

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| *1. WICHITA STATE | 5. BRADLEY |
| 2. INDIANA STATE | 6. ILLINOIS STATE |
| 3. CREIGHTON | 7. DRAKE |
| 4. SOUTHERN ILLINOIS | 8. TULSA |

STANDOUTS: Sasha Radunovich, Joe Griffin (Wichita State); Eddie Bird (Indiana State); James Farr (Creighton); Kai Nurnberger (Southern Illinois); Anthony Manuel (Bradley); Jarrod Coleman (Illinois State); Bart Friedrich (Drake); Ray Wingard (Tulsa).

NORTHEAST

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| *1. MONMOUTH | 6. LOYOLA-MARYLAND |
| 2. FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON | 7. ST. FRANCIS-PENNSYLVANIA |
| 3. ROBERT MORRIS | 8. WAGNER |
| 4. LONG ISLAND | 9. ST. FRANCIS-NEW YORK |
| 5. MARIST | |

STANDOUTS: Fernando Sanders, Harrie Garris (Monmouth); Charlie Roberts (Fairleigh Dickinson); Vaughn Luton (Robert Morris); Freddie Burton (Long Island); Miroslav Pecarski (Marist); Michael Morrison (Loyola-Maryland); Joe Anderson (St. Francis-Pennsylvania).

OHIO VALLEY

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| *1. MURRAY STATE | 5. EASTERN KENTUCKY |
| *2. MIDDLE TENNESSEE | 6. MOREHEAD STATE |
| *3. TENNESSEE TECH | 7. TENNESSEE STATE |
| 4. AUSTIN PEAY | |

STANDOUTS: Jeff Martin, Don Mann (Murray State); Chris Rainey, Randy Henry (Middle Tennessee); Earl Wise, Anthony Avery (Tennessee Tech); Darrin O'Bryant (Eastern Kentucky); Darrin Hale (Morehead State).

PACIFIC TEN

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------------|
| *1. ARIZONA | 6. OREGON |
| *2. STANFORD | 7. WASHINGTON STATE |
| *3. OREGON STATE | 8. WASHINGTON |
| *4. UCLA | 9. CALIFORNIA |
| 5. ARIZONA STATE | 10. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA |

STANDOUTS: Sean Elliott, Anthony Cook (Arizona); Todd Lichti, Howard Wright (Stanford); Gary Payton, Will Brantley (Oregon State); Jerome "Pooh" Richardson, Trevor Wilson (UCLA); Tarence Wheeler, Mark Becker (Arizona State); Randy Grant, Marzel Price (Oregon); Brian Quinnett, Brian Wright (Washington State); Eldridge Recasner, Mike Hayward (Washington); Leonard Taylor, Keith Smith (California); Chris Moore, Ronnie Coleman (Southern California).

SOUTHEASTERN

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| *1. TENNESSEE | 6. VANDERBILT |
| *2. FLORIDA | 7. AUBURN |
| *3. KENTUCKY | 8. ALABAMA |
| *4. LOUISIANA STATE | 9. MISSISSIPPI STATE |
| *5. GEORGIA | 10. MISSISSIPPI |

STANDOUTS: Dyron Nix, Greg Bell (Tennessee); Dwayne Schintzius, Livingston Chatman (Florida); Eric Manuel, LeRon Ellis (Kentucky); Ricky Blanton, Wayne Sims (Louisiana State); Alec Kessler, Pat Hamilton (Georgia); Barry Goheen, Barry Booker (Vanderbilt); John Caylor, Derrick Dennison (Auburn); Michael Ansley (Alabama); Reginald Boykin, Greg Lockhart (Mississippi State); Gerald Glass, Tim Jumper (Mississippi).

SOUTHERN

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| *1. TENNESSEE-CHATTANOOGA | 4. VIRGINIA MILITARY |
| 2. MARSHALL | 5. FURMAN |
| 3. EAST TENNESSEE STATE | 6. APPALACHIAN STATE |
| | 7. THE CITADEL |
| | 8. WESTERN CAROLINA |

STANDOUTS: Benny Green, Daren Chandler (Tennessee-Chattanooga); John Taft, Andy Paul Williamson (Marshall); Damon Williams, Ramon Williams (Virginia Military); David Brown (Furman); Leon Bryant (The Citadel); Bennie Goettie (Western Carolina).

SOUTHLAND

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------|
| *1. NORTH TEXAS STATE | 6. NORTHWESTERN STATE-LOUISIANA |
| 2. NORTEAST LOUISIANA | 7. SOUTHWEST TEXAS STATE |
| 3. SAM HOUSTON STATE | 8. STEPHEN F. AUSTIN STATE |
| 4. TEXAS-ARLINGTON | |
| 5. MCNEESE STATE | |

STANDOUTS: Ronnie Morgan, Deon Hunter (North Texas State); Anthony Jones (Northeast Louisiana); Tracy Pearson (Sam Houston State); Willie Brand (Texas-Arlington); Anthony Pullard (McNeese State); Terrence Rayford (Northwestern State-Louisiana); Torgeir Bryn (Southwest Texas State); Scott Dimak (Stephen F. Austin State).

SOUTHWEST

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| *1. TEXAS | 5. HOUSTON |
| *2. ARKANSAS | 6. TEXAS TECH |
| *3. TEXAS A & M | 7. TEXAS CHRISTIAN |
| *4. SOUTHERN METHODIST | 8. BAYLOR |
| | 9. RICE |

STANDOUTS: Travis Mays, Alvin Heggs (Texas); Ron Huery, Mario Credit (Arkansas); Donald Thompson (Texas A & M); Kato Armstrong, Todd Alexander (Southern Methodist); Richard Hollis, Derrick Daniels (Houston); Sean Gay, J. D. Sanders (Texas Tech); John Lewis (Texas Christian); Michael Hobbs (Baylor); David Willie (Rice).

SOUTHWESTERN

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------------|
| *1. TEXAS SOUTHERN | 6. JACKSON STATE |
| 2. GRAMBLING STATE | 7. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY STATE |
| 3. ALCORN STATE | 8. PRAIRIE VIEW |
| 4. SOUTHERN | |
| 5. ALABAMA STATE | |

STANDOUTS: Fred West (Texas Southern); Joseph Miller (Grambling State); Roosevelt Tate (Alcorn State); Daryl Battles (Southern); Demetrius Abram (Jackson State); Tim Pollard (Mississippi Valley State); Michael Ervin (Prairie View).

SUN BELT

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------|
| *1. NORTH CAROLINA-CHARLOTTE | 4. SOUTH ALABAMA |
| 2. ALABAMA-BIRMINGHAM | 5. OLD DOMINION |
| 3. VIRGINIA COMMONWEALTH | 6. WESTERN KENTUCKY |
| | 7. JACKSONVILLE |
| | 8. SOUTH FLORIDA |

STANDOUTS: Byron Dinkins, Frank Persley (North Carolina-Charlotte); Reginald Turner, Larry Rembert (Alabama-Birmingham); Chris Cheeks, Antoine Ford (Virginia Commonwealth); Jeff Hodge, Junie Lewis (South Alabama); Anthony Carver (Old Dominion); Brett McNeal (Western Kentucky); Sean Byrd (Jacksonville); Andre Crenshaw (South Florida).

TRANS AMERICA

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| *1. ARKANSAS-LITTLE ROCK | 5. STETSON |
| 2. GEORGIA SOUTHERN | 6. GEORGIA STATE |
| 3. TEXAS-SAN ANTONIO | 7. MERCER |
| 4. CENTENARY | 8. HARDIN-SIMMONS |
| | 9. HOUSTON BAPTIST |
| | 10. SAMFORD |

STANDOUTS: James Scott, Johnnie Bell (Arkansas-Little Rock); Jeff Sanders (Georgia Southern); Eric Cooper (Texas-San Antonio); Byron Steward (Centenary); Randy Anderson (Stetson); James Andrews, Chris Collier (Georgia State); Reggie Titus (Mercer); Sedrick Evans (Hardin-Simmons); George Christopher (Houston Baptist); Arnold Hamilton (Samford).

WEST COAST

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| *1. LOYOLA-MARYMOUNT | 5. GONZAGA |
| 2. PEPPERDINE | 6. SAN FRANCISCO |
| 3. ST. MARY'S | 7. PORTLAND |
| 4. SANTA CLARA | 8. SAN DIEGO |

STANDOUTS: Hank Gathers, Bo Kimble (Loyola-Marymount); Tom Lewis, Craig Davis (Pepperdine); Robert Haugen, Terry Burns (St. Mary's); Doug Spradley, Jim McPhee (Gonzaga); Mark McCathion (San Francisco).

WESTERN ATHLETIC

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| *1. NEW MEXICO | 6. COLORADO STATE |
| *2. UTAH | 7. SAN DIEGO STATE |
| *3. TEXAS-EL PASO | 8. AIR FORCE |
| 4. BRIGHAM YOUNG | 9. HAWAII |
| 5. WYOMING | |

STANDOUTS: Charlie Thomas, Rob Loeffel (New Mexico); Mitch Smith, Watkins "Boo" Singletary (Utah); Tim Hardaway, Antonio Davis (Texas-El Paso); Michael Smith, Marty Haws (Brigham Young); Robyn Davis, Derek Turner, Kenny Smith (Wyoming); Pat Durham (Colorado State); Mitch McMullen (San Diego State); Raymond Dudley (Air Force); Chris Gaines (Hawaii).

INDEPENDENTS

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| *1. NOTRE DAME | 10. DAVIDSON |
| *2. DEPAUL | 11. CHICAGO STATE |
| 3. MIAMI | 12. CENTRAL FLORIDA |
| 4. MARQUETTE | 13. WRIGHT STATE |
| 5. AKRON | 14. CENTRAL CONNECTICUT |
| 6. MARYLAND-BALTIMORE COUNTY | 15. NICHOLLS STATE |
| 7. MISSOURI-KANSAS CITY | 16. NORTHERN ILLINOIS |
| 8. U.S. INTERNATIONAL | 17. YOUNGSTOWN STATE |
| 9. ORAL ROBERTS | 18. BROOKLYN |
| | 19. SOUTHEASTERN LOUISIANA |

STANDOUTS: Keith Robinson (Notre Dame); Stanley Brundy, Terence Greene (DePaul); Eric Brown, Dennis Burns (Miami); Tony Smith (Marquette); Eric McLaughlin (Akron); Kenny Reynolds (Maryland-Baltimore County); Mark Oliver (Missouri-Kansas City); Steve Smith (U.S. International); Haywoode Workman (Oral Roberts); Laurent Crawford (Chicago State); Ben Morton (Central Florida); Rondey Robinson (Wright State); Bryan Heron (Central Connecticut); Donnell Thomas (Northern Illinois); Tim Jackson (Youngstown State); Stafford Riley (Southeastern Louisiana).

*Our predictions to make the N.C.A.A. post-season tournament.

Sensual Aids:

How to order them without embarrassment.

How to use them without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sensual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be sold or given to any other company. No unwanted, embarrassing mailings. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction — or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sensual aids. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to pleasure (perhaps many you never knew existed!)

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasure.

If you're prepared to intensify your own pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection Gold Edition catalogue. It is priced at just four dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

**The Xandria Collection, Dept. PB1288
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131**

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection Gold Edition catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for four dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase. (U.S. Residents only).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I am an adult over 21 years of age:

(signature required)

Xandria, 1245 16th St., San Francisco. Void where prohibited by law.

Maxwell, Georgia's Willie Anderson and Vanderbilt's Will Perdue. In fact, the only team not to lose a key player from last season is Tennessee, and that may give the Volunteers enough of an edge to win the conference.

Tennessee's best player, and the best player in the S.E.C. this year, is Dyron Nix (22.2 p.p.g., nine r.p.g.). Coach Don DeVoe picked up flashy freshman Shaun Thompson, to go along with seven returning veterans.

Florida has the best true center in the conference in 7'2" Dwayne Schintzius. But the Gators will have to depend on freshman talent in the backcourt, and Schintzius has yet to prove he's a consistent gamer.

Always talent-deep, Kentucky was surprised by guard Rex Chapman's decision to go to the pros with two years of college eligibility remaining. Chapman's decision may have been influenced by the flap surrounding the infamous Emory Air Freight caper, in which \$1000 allegedly found its way into a package sent to the father of a Kentucky recruit by a Kentucky assistant coach. An N.C.A.A. investigation is under way. The Wildcats also lost two outstanding freshman recruits, Shawn Kemp and Sean Woods, to Proposition 48. It will be a tough year in Lexington.

By season's end, Louisiana State coach Dale Brown will have convinced himself, his players and the LSU fans that the Tigers are again tournament material. It may be Brown's greatest sales job ever. The Tigers, already light on depth, lost five recruits to Proposition 48.

The Georgia Bulldogs have one of their deepest teams in years despite losing Willie Anderson, who was selected tenth in the N.B.A. draft. Alec Kessler, a 6'10" center, will be Georgia's steadiest performer.

Vanderbilt is going to find that life without Will Perdue is a lot less fun than life with him. Auburn is looking to a couple of junior college players, Kelvin Ardister and Kirt Hankton, to fill some big holes created by the departure of Chris Morris and Jeff Moore.

SOUTHERN

Marshall and Tennessee-Chattanooga battled down to the wire last year, with Marshall coming out on top in the conference standings and UTC winning the conference tournament. Both got tournament bids and both made a first-round exit. With Marshall losing more talent to graduation than UTC, give the edge this season to Tennessee-Chattanooga.

UTC's best player is guard Benny Green (17.2 p.p.g.). Marshall will try to replace high-scoring Skip Henderson with junior college transfer Gerry Strickland. Virginia Military Institute will have opponents seeing double with its identical-twin backcourt combination of Damon (16.3 p.p.g.) and Ramon (14.9 p.p.g.) Williams.

SOUTHLAND

Unless you're from deep in the heart of Texas, you probably haven't heard much about the Southland Conference. Roundball is something to pass the time until the next football season rolls around. But the conference sports some intense competition and a few outstanding athletes, and soon the Southland winner may go further than the N.C.A.A. tourney first round. North Texas, which lost conference Player of the Year Tony Worrell, will be hard-pressed to stay ahead of Northeast Louisiana and Sam Houston State. Northeast Louisiana has 6'3" swingman Anthony Jones, who finished third in ABC-TV's Slam Dunk of the Year contest and high-jumped seven feet in his first track meet. Sam Houston State has its own version of the round mound of rebound in Tracy Pearson, a 6'8", 290-pound behemoth.

SOUTHWEST

Texas may not have to wait long for the hiring of coach Tom Penders to pay off. The Longhorns, who wooed him away from Rhode Island, where he had a sparkling 48-17 two-year record, have good basketball players ready to be better in Penders' system.

Arkansas will provide Texas with its stiffest competition in the Southwest Conference, though Razorback forward Ron Huery's status is questionable because of off-court problems. If Huery can't play, coach Nolan Richardson will have to depend on 6'9" center Mario Credit to carry the scoring and rebounding load.

Southern Methodist, Texas A & M and Houston are all solid, except that there isn't a legitimate center among them.

SOUTHWESTERN

Texas Southern won 21 games last season and, with four starters returning and the addition of a couple of outstanding junior college players, should improve on that victory total.

Grambling State and Alcorn State are on the upswing, while last year's conference champ, Southern, is busy rebuilding after losing four starters from last year's 24-7 squad.

SUN BELT

There is an abundance of returning talent in the Sun Belt this season, and six out of eight teams have legitimate conference-crown aspirations.

North Carolina-Charlotte has returning conference Player of the Year Byron Dinkins (21.5 p.p.g.), plus two outstanding freshman guards, Kenneth Wylie and Henry Williams.

Alabama-Birmingham will try to re-establish its traditionally strong inside game, which mysteriously took a vacation last season. Transfer Andy Kennedy from North Carolina State will provide outside scoring punch.

Virginia-Commonwealth has lost power

HERO

A NEW COLOGNE FOR MEN FROM  PRINCE MATCHABELLI



**EVERYONE
NEEDS
A HERO.**



HERO

players Phil Stinnie and John Thompson but has added seven-foot Georgia Tech transfer Antoine Ford. Guard Chris Cheeks (17.3 p.p.g.) also returns.

Coach Ronnie Arrow of South Alabama has recruited some size to complement his two excellent guards, Jeff Hodge (22.3 p.p.g.) and Junie Lewis (21.7 p.p.g.). If his big men have any success, South Alabama will move higher in the standings.

Old Dominion and Western Kentucky, our fifth and sixth picks in the conference, both have good talent and could easily finish higher in this very evenly matched group of six teams.

TRANS AMERICA

Arkansas-Little Rock came perilously close to shutting down its entire athletic program last spring because of deficits totaling more than \$800,000. The sale of more than 5000 basketball season tickets and a restructuring of the athletic budget salvaged UALR athletics and gives the Trojans a chance at the conference title. With flashy guard James Scott, the chance is a real one.

Georgia Southern, perennially underrated, has won at least 20 games in three of the past four seasons, and with Jeff Sanders, conference Player of the Year, returning, it may be underrated again.

Texas-San Antonio, last year's conference tournament champ, will miss Frank Hampton's 18 points a game. Coach Ken Burmeister will count on guard Eric Cooper, a deadly three-point shooter, to take up the slack.

Centenary, Stetson and Georgia State all return the bulk of their starters and any of them could make a run at the conference leaders.

WEST COAST

Loyola Marymount arrived as a big-time basketball power last season. Its fast-paced offense led the nation in scoring (110.3

p.p.g.) and it posted the longest Division I winning streak (25) of the season. Former L.A. Laker coach Paul Westhead, who took over the Loyola Marymount program four years ago, has proved once again that, with good coaching, there is enough basketball talent available to turn a school without name recognition into a national power. With two of their best players back in Hank Gathers (22.5 p.p.g.) and Bo Kimble (22.2 p.p.g.), the Lions will continue to put up big offensive numbers.

Pepperdine, nestled next to the beach in Malibu, seems an unlikely spot for basketball, yet the Waves continue to put strong teams on the floor. Forward Tom Lewis (22.9 p.p.g.) is Pepperdine's best player. St. Mary's and Santa Clara will be competitive, but no one will catch Loyola Marymount in this league.

WESTERN ATHLETIC

When New Mexico couldn't pry Bob Knight away from Indiana, it did the next best thing. It hired Dave Bliss, a former Knight assistant at Army and Indiana and most recently head coach at Southern Methodist. Bliss's first order of business was persuading sophomore center Luc Longley, a 7'2" potential superstar from Perth, Australia, to return to the Lobos' team. With Longley back, New Mexico should be good, since all starters return from last season except UNM all-time leading scorer Hunter Greene.

There are five other teams in the W.A.C. with a shot at the conference crown. Utah returns four starters, including Mitch Smith (14.6 p.p.g.). Two outstanding junior college players, Mark Lenoir and Michael Bullock, will also help. Texas-El Paso will come on strong in late season when seven-foot Greg Foster, a transfer from UCLA, becomes eligible. Brigham Young will go as far as Playboy All-America Michael Smith can take it and, as Danny Manning proved last year at Kansas, one great play-

er can sometimes take a team a long way. Wyoming coach Benny Dees has to find replacements for Fennis Dembo and Eric Leckner. Junior college recruit Kenny Smith may be part of the answer. Colorado State will also be a contender, largely due to the scoring (19.3 p.p.g.) and rebounding (6.5 per game) of 6'8" senior Pat Durham. The Rams won 22 games and third place in last year's N.I.T. tournament.

INDEPENDENTS

The Independents weren't able to make much of a dent in either the N.C.A.A. tournament or the national standings last season. DePaul won 22 games but lacked a big man and couldn't get further than the tournament's second round. Notre Dame was 20-9 overall but only 4-8 against teams that qualified for the tournament. Miami struggled to break .500 and Marquette (10-18) would like to forget last season.

At Notre Dame this year, the color is green, not for Irish but for inexperience. Coach Digger Phelps has lost David Rivers and Gary Voce to graduation, Mark Stevenson to a transfer. But this Irish team, without one senior on the roster, may be one of Phelps's most interesting. Highly touted LaPhonso Ellis and Elmer Bennett, both freshmen, are the Notre Dame stars of the next few years.

DePaul coach Joey Meyer thought he'd have a shot at a top-ten ranking until point guard Rod Strickland, the best penetrator in college basketball last season, decided to take an early exit for the pros. Forwards Stanley Brundy and Terence Greene are left carrying the load.

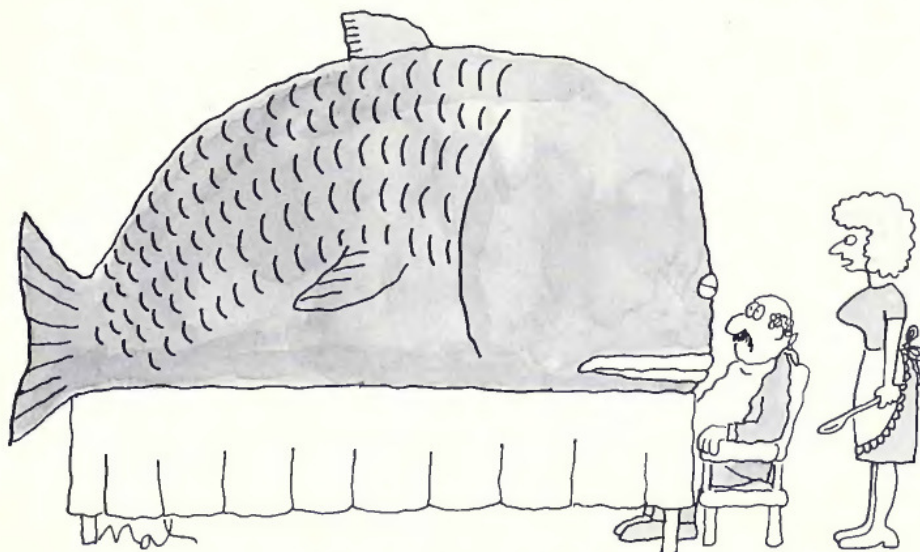
Coach Bill Foster at Miami knows how Joey Meyer feels. Foster's Hurricanes also lost their most important player to an early exit to the N.B.A. Tito Horford, the 7'1" giant from the Dominican Republic, would have been better served by another year of experience in the college ranks.

According to Marquette coach Bob Dukiet, "What happened last year will never happen again." Maybe he's right. Marquette was beset by academic ineligibilities, transfers and injuries. The plus side to the Warriors' plight is that their young players got a lot of experience.

Akron won 21 games last season but was snubbed by the post-season tournament committees because of a soft schedule. Coach Bob Huggins has scheduled all Division I competition this year.

Other independents on the upswing: U.S. International; Oral Roberts, which is trying to recapture the magic it had under coach Ken Trickey a few years ago; Wright State; Chicago State; and Davidson, formerly in the Southern Conference and currently looking for a conference affiliation elsewhere.

Here's hoping your team wins.



"I hope you like fish."

Beep, honk, toot.

You'll have to forgive Merit smokers for blowing their own horns a bit. They've found a way to continue to enjoy everything they love about smoking. The rich, rewarding taste. The genuine satisfaction. Yet, at the same time, they're getting even less tar than with other leading lights. Fact is, Merit tastes as good or better than cigarettes with up to 38% more tar. Enriched Flavor™ is the secret.

Only Merit has it. Though with all those Merit smokers, it won't be a secret for long.

Enriched Flavor,™ low tar. A solution with Merit.



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

© Philip Morris Inc. 1988

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Our distillery isn't as
quaint as some.
Fortunately, it makes
better bourbon.

**WILD
TURKEY**

8 years old, 101 proof, pure Kentucky.



PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

NEWS FROM DOWN UNDER

A new sense of style is creeping up on the men's-underwear industry. Oh, there was the boxer rebellion of a few years ago, when guys forsook their brief attachment in favor of shorts that resembled something Dagwood Bumstead would have been wearing when Mr. Dithers caught him with his pants down. Now there

are a number of styles to choose from, including tight-fitting bicycle-racer looks that extend to mid-thigh and string bikinis that leave almost nothing to the imagination. (They also leave almost no underwear line on a tight-fitting pair of pants.) In between are a variety of other cuts and colors to choose from. Anyway, it's a whole new ball game. Hang in there, men.

JAMES IMBROGINO



Clockwise from 12: White cotton-jersey knit athletic tank top, \$8.50, and cotton knit high-cut brief, \$10, both by Calvin Klein Men's Underwear. Yellow cotton knit boxer shorts with wide elastic waistband, by Joe Boxer, about \$16. Red cotton knit bikini with striped side panels, by Playboy Briefs, \$5. Striped cotton knit high-cut brief with applique striping in front, \$8, plus cotton-jersey knit tank top, \$10, both by Claiborne Furnishings. Black silk-jersey knit brief, from Man Silk by Mary Green, \$15. Nice.

Unwrapped for the Holidays

Actress TRACY DALOIA is giving us goose bumps and they're not from the winter weather. If you missed her in *Thunder Alley* at the movies, maybe you caught her on TV in the *Flamingo Kid* pilot. We'd rather catch her in all her *Grapevine* glory, waiting patiently for Santa and Rudolph.



© 1986 MARK LEIVDAL



© PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Not Colorized, Living Colour

A guy named Jagger produced the demo tapes that got LIVING COLOUR a record deal. *Vivid* is the result. If you want music that won't fade, check out the group's primary colors.



© PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Blues in the Night

First go back and listen to *Tell Mama*. Then get ETTA JAMES'S latest album, *Seven Year Itch*. Now ask yourself why you don't hear Etta more often. She's hot!



© KEN SETTLE

Wine and a Song

We caught PAUL CARRACK opening for Belinda Carlisle this past summer. He brought the house down. Get *The Carrack Collection*, a compilation of his solo and Squeeze material.



Ready, Aim, Fire!

Singer PHILIP LEWIS of the L.A. Guns is dressed for success. The Guns' album is going gold and the band has been the opening act for AC/DC with a big bang.

© KEN SETTLE



BOB SEBREE

Flower Power

Ex-Missing Person DALE BOZZIO has started over, solo. After the group disbanded in 1985, singer Bozzio took some time off to smell the flowers, then went off to make *Riot in English* with a little help from her friend Prince. The songs are originals, except for *So Strong*, a cut Prince wrote for the album. Things are coming up roses for Dale.

© 1988 MARK LEIVDAL

Country Cousins

DONNA SPANGLER (left) and TRUDY ADAMS are actresses, models, wrestlers and cousins. Donna has appeared on TV in *The Young and the Restless* and Trudy had a featured part in the movie *Another Chance*.





**A ROSE IS A ROSE
IS A BED ROSE**

The phrase long-stemmed beauty takes on a whole new meaning when applied to Bed Roses, a romantic product that resembles a real rose but is actually several condoms with the foil reworked to resemble the petals of a flower. In fact, at first glance, you can't tell Bed Roses from the garden variety. A bouquet of one dozen costs \$69, including delivery, sent to Bed Roses, P.O. Box 264, Newhall, California 91322. (Or call 805-254-3354 for a fast credit-card order.) Three Bed Roses are \$28, one is \$12.50 and a boutonniere is only \$12. Trojans are the condom of choice at the heart of your bouquet. Watch the roses grow!

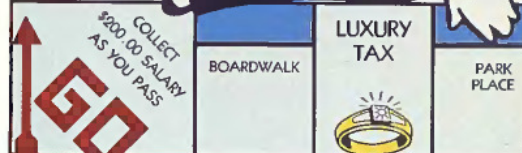
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Rich Uncle Pennybags has finally softened up, and after 50 years of silence, he has revealed the secrets of the world's most popular board game in *The Monopoly Companion*, a 200-page softcover that includes the history, trivia, anecdotes and strategies of the game. Why do the best players avoid buying hotels for their properties? Find out for \$5.95.

**MONOPOLY[®]
COMPANION**

- The Game From A to Z
- Winning Tips
- Trivia

by
**RICH UNCLE
PENNYBAGS**
as told to
**PHILIP
ORBANES**



ON DONNER! ON BLITZEN! ON HARLEY!

"Perhaps the reindeer were indisposed that night," suggests artist Tom Lovell when quizzed as to the rationale behind his limited-edition (2500), signed and numbered 18½" x 19" print *North Country Rider*, which depicts jolly old Saint Nick delivering presents atop a 100-hp motorcycle. Lovell's paintings are always rooted in fact, but with a twist. The Greenwich Workshop, a publisher of limited-edition posters, is selling the print through its nationwide network for \$95. A call to 800-243-3251 will get you the name of a dealer. What's next from Lovell? Maybe the Easter bunny in a Ferrari.

PUT THE HEAT ON

When it's winter in Chicago, we slip our hands into The Muff, a portable hand-warming system that's an officially licensed N.E.L. product developed by Oxy-Therm Products in Redondo Beach, California. All you do is open The Muff, insert a heat pack or two and in about ten minutes, the system will begin to generate its own warmth. The Muff costs \$29.95, and a call to 800-426-6250 will get you fast charge-card relief. Muff said.



LIQUID FRENCH ASSETS

This holiday season, Courvoisier has introduced the first edition of Collection Erté, a limited series of art-deco cognac decanters designed by Erté, the famous French artist, and filled with a blend of its older vintages—including one cognac that dates back to the year of Erté's birth, 1892. Courvoisier claims that the production process for each bottle takes about a month, including hand-painting a gold vine leaf. Six other limited editions will follow, each with a different design. The price for a bottle: \$275. Drink up—slowly.



NORTH TO ALASKA

To celebrate Susan Butcher's win of the Iditarod sled-dog race across Alaska from Anchorage to Nome some months ago, Took Enterprises, P.O. Box 1585, Nome, Alaska 99762, is selling T-shirts and sweat shirts that say ALASKA—LAND OF FAST WOMEN AND BEAUTIFUL DOGS. Colors available include pink, yellow, light blue, white and lavender. T-shirts are \$13; sweat shirts are \$20 (sizes small through extra-extra-large). We bet nobody else on your block will have one.



MASCOTS ON PARADE

The queen of England drives a Land Rover with a silver Labrador retriever on the hood. And if you went back to the Thirties, you'd see there was a hood ornament on virtually every car produced. Mascots Unlimited imports a tremendous selection of English-made mascots—everything from a jumping horse and jockey to the enameled Gentleman Fox pictured here. He's \$303, postpaid, sent to Mascots Unlimited, P.O. Box 7515, Naples, Florida 33941. Customwork is also available, and Mascots' catalog goes for three dollars. Our favorite is a terrier lifting its leg.



LOOKS GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT

Reynaldo Alejandro's coffee-table book *Restaurant Design* (PBC International) is such a compelling collection of elegant establishments that once you've feasted your eyes on it, you may just skip dinner. The entries are divided into categories, including full service, bars and diners, among others. You can tour the country, visiting Key West in Boston and the Willow Tea Room in Carmel, pictured here. The price: \$50. One *Restaurant Design* to go! Eat it up!

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS MUSIK, PLEASE

Visual Musik has just released a yuletide CD and chrome tape *Christmas in Other Places*, and if there's anyone on your shopping list who's into "original secular Christmas music sparkled with Renaissance flavors," this is the ideal stocking stuffer. Drummer Ric Swanson is the composer and principal player; *Midnight Dance of the Elves* and *For Snow* are the cuts we like. The CD price is \$15.95; chrome tape is \$9.95. It's a nice holiday listen that plays well all year round.



COMING NEXT: PLAYBOY'S GALA 35TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



FIFTIES' FINEST



ANNIVERSARY HUNT



SIXTIES' STRIFE



SURPRISING SEVENTIES



AMAZING EIGHTIES

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO NEXT MONTH, A YOUNG MAN NAMED **HUGH M. HEFNER** ROLLED OUT THE FIRST ISSUE OF HIS MAGAZINE FOR THE URBAN MALE. IT WAS UNDATED, BECAUSE THE FLEDGLING PUBLISHER WAS UNSURE WHETHER **MARILYN MONROE**, SHOWN WAVING ON THE COVER, WAS SAYING HELLO TO LEGIONS OF NEW READERS OR GOODBYE TO HIS DREAMS OF LAUNCHING A NEW KIND OF SOPHISTICATED MEN'S MAGAZINE. THE FIRST *PLAYBOY* WAS A SELLOUT, AND THE REST, AS THEY SAY, IS HISTORY

IN THE JANUARY 1989 ISSUE, WE COMMEMORATE *PLAYBOY'S* FOUNDING WITH A BLOCKBUSTER COLLECTION OF THE BEST OF THE MAGAZINE'S FICTION, NONFICTION, CARTOONS, INTERVIEWS, ARTWORK AND PHOTOGRAPHY FROM FOUR FABULOUS DECADES

FROM ITS VERY START, *PLAYBOY'S* WRITERS AND ARTISTS MADE, AND INFLUENCED, CULTURAL HISTORY. IN THE FIFTIES, **JACK KEROUAC** AND THE BEAT GENERATION, **LENNY BRUCE** AND THE CAUSTIC COMEDIANS AND **MARILYN MONROE** AND HER UNDRAPED PLAYMATE SORORITY MADE *PLAYBOY* THE HOTTEST THING ON NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE

AND THOSE ARE JUST THE HIGHLIGHTS. THIS TIME, WHEN WE SAY NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE WILL CONTAIN MUCH, MUCH MORE, IT'S THE UNDERSTATEMENT OF FOUR DECADES. THERE'S A NEW **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW** WITH THE ACTOR WHO DOESN'T GIVE INTERVIEWS, **ROBERT DE NIRO**, PLUS THE STUNNING WINNER OF THE HUNT TO END ALL PLAYMATE HUNTS. HELP US CELEBRATE *PLAYBOY'S* 35TH. THE PARTY CAN'T START WITHOUT YOU

IN THE SIXTIES, THERE WAS BOND—**JAMES BOND**—IN A SERIES OF **IAN FLEMING** STORIES THAT BECAME CINEMA LEGENDS. AND SUCH WRITERS AS **VLADIMIR NABOKOV**, **J. PAUL GETTY** AND **DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.**, MADE SENSE OF THOSE TUMULTUOUS TIMES, WHILE A HOST OF HUMORISTS, INCLUDING **WOODY ALLEN**, MADE NONSENSE OF THEM

IN THE SEXY SEVENTIES, THE PLAYMATES HAD NOTHING TO LOSE BUT THOSE FINAL SCRAPS OF CLOTHING. AND AS THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION AND THE WATERGATE CONVOLUTION RUMBLED ACROSS THE COUNTRY, WE SORTED IT ALL OUT WITH SUCH DECADE-DEFINING WRITERS AS **JOHN UPDIKE**, **LARRY L. KING** AND **BOB WOODWARD** AND **CARL BERNSTEIN**

ON WITH THE EIGHTIES, THE ERA OF **REAGAN** STANDING TALL AND **MEESE** SINKING LOW. AS THE COUNTRY FELL INTO THE GRIP OF SEXUAL MCCARTHYISM, THE MAGAZINE MAINTAINED ITS CLEAR VOICE OF TOLERANCE AND INDIVIDUALISM, WITH THE HELP OF SUCH WRITERS AS **TRUMAN CAPOTE** AND **ROBERT SCHEER**, NOT TO MENTION OUR CLEAR-EYED VISIONS OF **BO**, **MADONNA**, **VANNA** AND **JESSICA**

A fifth of J&B.



J&B Scotch Whisky. Blended and bottled in Scotland by Justerini & Brooks, fine wine and spirit merchants since 1749.
To send a gift of J&B anywhere in the U.S., call 1-800-238-4373. Void where prohibited.

86 Proof J&B Rare Blended Scotch Whisky. © 1987 The Paddington Corp. Ft. Lee, NJ



Made especially
for menthol smokers
by Marlboro.

Great refreshment in the Flip-Top[®] box.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1988

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

10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.