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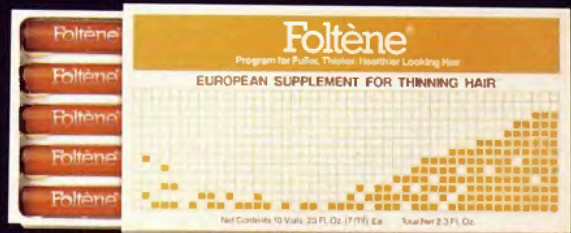
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PLAYBILL

FOR THE PAST FEW YEARS, the guy next door has been a twit in a briefcued BMW. Then, last October 19, the stock market went through what analysts called a correction but what ordinary street criminals would call a mugging. And suddenly, we have a new breed of man on the planet. Let's call his species the Post-Yuppie Generation. The good news is that you'll never again have to blacken redfish. The bad news is that there's a whole new set of rules to live by. We give you a start in our trendproof guide, *Getting Real*. For more post-Yuppie advice, we turned to people we trust. In *Taking Stock*, **John D. Spooner**, an author, investment advisor and therapist, tells us where to put our money to cure postparty depression. At the time of the crash, he was working on an article for *Playboy* titled *When to Get Out of the Market*, about which he observes, "The world is 2,000,000 years old and we were a month too late." Oh, well. We sent **Claudia Dreifus**, who interviewed **Daniel Ortega** for the November 1987 *Playboy*, to talk with **Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.** In *Seeing Daylight*, Schlesinger, a man who understands historical cycles, states flatly that Reaganism is finished, "an episode of the American past," and assures us that idealism is again just around the corner.

You may notice that two of your favorite columns are missing from this issue. **Cynthia Heimel** took a one-month break from her *Women* column, while **Asa Baber** put *Men* aside to go hunting for a conservative idol of the Eighties: **Oliver North**. *True North* is one Marine's judgment of another Marine. Baber said it was his hardest assignment ever; we think it's one of his best. It's a hard look at what ambition does to honor and truth.

Who are today's heroes? After viewing **Gerald Gardner's** send-up of the election-year candidates, *Who's in Charge Here?*, you won't look to Washington for them. (The material is excerpted from *Who's in Charge Here? 1988*, to be published by Bantam Books.) Gardner, whose irreverently captioned photos have long been *Playboy* staples, is currently working on *The Mocking of the President: A History of Campaign Humor from Ike to Reagan*.

About the only good thing that can be said about some past Presidents is that they took up golf. In *Shark Attack*, **Chris Hodenfield** profiles Australian **Greg Norman**, the sport's great white. Artist **Wilson McLean** hit a double this month; he illustrated both the Hodenfield and the Schlesinger pieces.

Some of our favorite heroes—Mr. I Hate When That Happens, Mr. Forget About It, Mr. Don't Get Me Started—live in the mind of **Billy Crystal**, this month's *Playboy Interviewee*. **David Rensin** interrogated Crystal, one of the hottest stars in Hollywood. **Steve Oney** checked in with one of America's truest artists for a *20 Questions* with **Tom Waits**. Welcome to the world of wooden kimonos, wolf tickets, smoky bars and terminal hotels. Waits, a one-man subculture, is the opposite of everything Yuppies stood for.

Scott Ely presents a fictional portrait of fighting dogs in *Pit Bull* (illustrated by **Braldt Bralds**), part of a book to be published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson. Our second fiction offering, by **T. Coraghessan Boyle**, looks at sex in the age of AIDS. *Modern Love* (with visuals by **Olivia De Berardinis**) features a heroine who suffers from mysophobia (fear of dirt and germs).

Longtime contributor **Dan Greenburg** was so moved by Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley's** celebration of *The Natural History of Lingerie* that he offered us his thoughts on the finer things in life. Speaking of which. . . **Kevin Cogan** and various automotive experts have chosen *Cars '88: The Best* (photographed by **Richard Izui**).

The market may rise and fall, but one thing remains constant—our love of beautiful women. Meet model **Janice Dickinson**, photographed in Africa by the legendary **Peter Beard**, and Playmate **Susie Owens**, recruited from our 1983 nurses pictorial, *Women in White*. If you could put these pictures in your IRA, they'd keep you warm when you retired.



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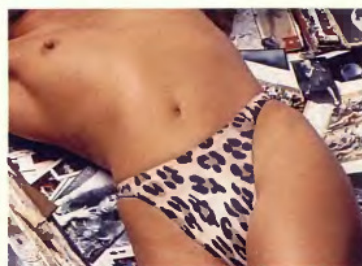
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PLAYBOY®

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CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL	3
DEAR PLAYBOY	11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	15
SPORTS	DAN JENKINS 26
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	31
DEAR PLAYMATES	34
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	37
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BILLY CRYSTAL—candid conversation	47
LIFE AFTER YUPPIES	64
SEEING DAYLIGHT—article	ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. 66
TAKING STOCK—article	JOHN D. SPOONER 68
GOING WILD WITH A MODEL—pictorial	70
SHARK ATTACK—personality	CHRIS HODENFIELD 78
A LEG TO DIFFER—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE 82
PIT BULL—fiction	SCOTT ELY 86
IF YOU KNEW SUSIE—playboy's playmate of the month	90
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor	102
TRUE NORTH—article	ASA BABER 104
CARS '88: THE BEST—modern living	106
MODERN LOVE—fiction	T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE 112
WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?—humor	GERALD GARDNER 114
THE NATURAL HISTORY OF LINGERIE—pictorial	essay by DAN GREENBURG 118
20 QUESTIONS: TOM WAITS	128
FAST FORWARD	132
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE	163



Veldt Svelte

P. 70



No Bull

P. 68



Miss March

P. 90



Suits, Socks

P. 82



COVER STORY

Our cover is designed by Managing Art Director Kerig Pope and photographed by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Model Terri Doss's stylist was Lee Ann Perry, her hair is by John Victor and her make-up by Pat Tomlinson. Her earrings are by Philip Cantrell and bracelets from Details from Design Network, Chicago. The photograph was hand-colored by Donald Bouterse. When the Rabbit plays hide and seek, he doesn't mesh around.

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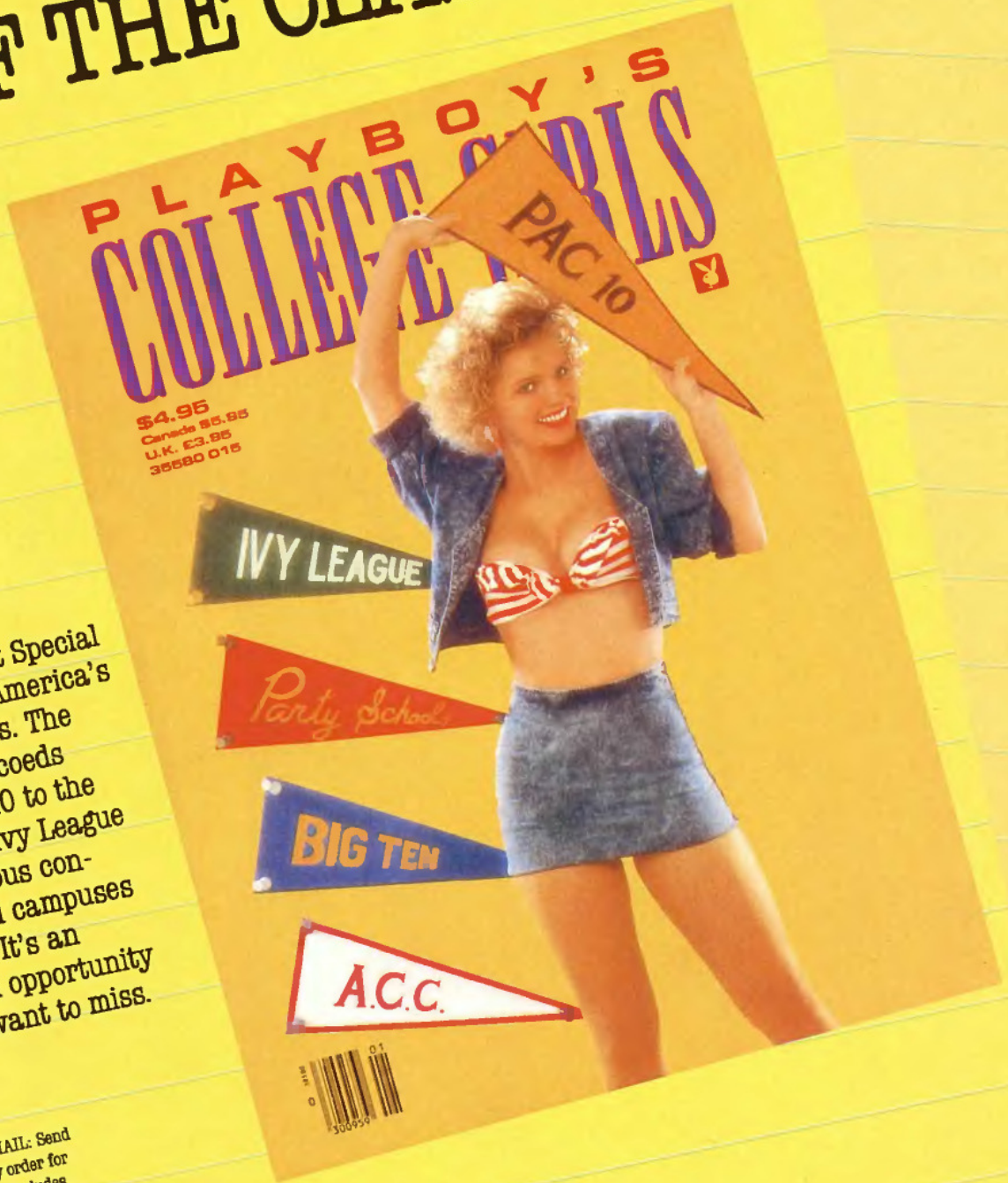
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ARS BREVIS, VIDAL LONGUS

Thank you for David Sheff's *Playboy Interview* with Gore Vidal (December). In addition to finding him incredibly intriguing, I found Vidal to be impossible, irritating, intelligent, irreverent, insensitive, irrepressible, iconoclastic, impious, impolitic, impertinent, incisive, incorrigible, irredeemable, impish and (only occasionally) irresponsible.

Alas, too often he succumbs to inanities—his self-indulgent apology for communism reads like something out of a Sixties activist's comic book. But mostly, Vidal is interesting, often irresistible. If he didn't exist, they (for Vidal, there's always a "they," a mechanism through which everything is explainable) would have to invent him.

Ed Rader
Alexandria, Virginia

Vidal's witty and robust mind serves him well in the realm of history but becomes limp-wristed the moment present-day politics land on the water bed.

Even so, his hit-and-miss score would be admirable were it not for the fact that his venom overrides his logic. Bile is a vile judge of politics; while Vidal gores them to death, his motives are an open book floating daintily between Caesar and Caligula.

R. H. Velvart
Willowdale, Ontario

Gore Vidal may be a great writer, but he is also a terrific asshole.

Ron Ownby
Kansas City, Missouri

The *Playboy Interview* with Gore Vidal ought to be required reading in all high school civics and history classes. His views of Soviet-U.S. relationships, their basis and their future, are illuminating, especially in light of the recent negotiations on arms control. His prognosis of America's upcoming depression really struck home after the stock-market crash. After passing this interview around to a number of

neighbors, I believe that Vidal has gotten quite a following in this normally conservative part of the country.

How about running for President yourself, Mr. Vidal? After all, if you followed the policies you outline, the world would be a much safer, saner place in which to live. You're a much better choice than anyone they've put forth so far.

Gary K. Arnett
Dinosaur, Colorado

Gore Vidal's opposition to social Darwinism is a lost cause. It's a shame that his self-deluded belief in Soviet amelioration exempts Russia from his sparkling misanthropy. Soviet jingoism is red in tooth and claw, and no less deserving of Vidal's fierce contempt, though it's also worth noting that (to paraphrase Vidal) most Americans have a grudging admiration for Russia as a bully. Similarly, most conservatives have a grudging admiration for Vidal as a literary predator.

Justin Reed
Phoenix, Arizona

CHANNEL CHUCKLES

Hats off to that king (or should I say Pharaoh?) of comedic investigative reporting, Jerry Stahl. In what millennium's language should I be writing, anyway?

Although I always find entertaining, amusing and enlightening articles in *Playboy*, never have I been so "transformed" into a heap of uncontrollable giggles and bursts of spontaneous laughter as I was upon reading *Channel Hopping* (December).

Thank "Mafu," Stahl has emerged from writing "god-awful epic ballads" on Atlantis to delighting us with his nonstop wit in your pages.

Shari Story
Marietta, Georgia

TRICKY BUSINESS

It was a treat to read the whirlwind thriller *Tricks*, by Evan Hunter (*Playboy*, December), under his pen name, Ed

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McBain. Hunter is a master of combining suspense, *macho* guys, sexy women, blood-curdlingly violent gymnastics and brittle dialog.

John G. Fuller
Weston, Connecticut

As movie/drama critic for WMCA radio in New York and WICC radio in Connecticut, I enjoy the best in entertainment—and *Playboy* is one of my favorite magazines. I started to buy it to read the Ian Fleming stories before they were published anywhere else, and now *Playboy* brings me that master of mystery, Ed McBain, albeit snuggled next to India Allen, Miss December. Why not publish a photograph of the rugged author himself—and let us girls get our jollies? I know you had a small snapshot of him, as well as Joseph Heller and Ray Bradbury, on the *Playbill* page, but why not more about our favorite writers? *Tricks* is diverting and delightful—let's see more McBain in the future.

Susan Granger
Westport, Connecticut

SWEET NUTCRACKER

As "girl-next-door" types have always turned me on, I fell in love with Justine Bateman the first time I saw her on *Family Ties*. Therefore, it was an industrial-strength disappointment for me to discover in her *20 Questions* interview in the

December issue that Justine is just another run-of-the-mill, spoiled, egotistical, foul-mouthed, ball-breaking Hollywood princess.

Lyn A. Sherwood
San Juan Capistrano, California

GITTE, ARCHITECTURAL WONDER

Gitte Nielsen is the Taj Mahal of the female form. Herb Ritts's photographs of



her in the December issue are among the most beautiful you've ever published.

Gary Rivers
Arlington, Virginia

A FRANK REBUTTAL

In the October *Playboy*, Asa Baber, in his *Men* column, "Hitler's Dream," discusses some comments of mine and interprets them incorrectly. Baber refers to a partial quotation, apparently, of my response to a request that I give an interview to *Playboy* about the details of my private life as a gay man. My response to that request was that I did not wish to discuss the details of my private life with *Playboy* or anybody else. That is, I rejected that request for an interview not because of the magazine in which it would appear but because of the subject matter.

Baber apparently read the quotation to mean that I was "snubbing" *Playboy*. And he suggests that there might be "an Ed Meese inside [me] secretly struggling to get out." In fact, I disagreed very much with the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography's effort to censor the sale of *Playboy* and other magazines in convenience stores.

I would be glad to discuss with *Playboy* or any other publication any public issues, including the Persian Gulf, arms control, the resistance to Russian aggression in Afghanistan, the prospects for peace in the Middle East, human rights in various parts of the world, apartheid in South Africa, the tax code, housing, discrimination against various minorities, including gay men and lesbians, the proper way to deal with AIDS, the need to resist Ed



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

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Meese's censorial instincts, etc. I will not discuss with *Playboy* or any other publication the details of my private life. It was the topic and not the publication that led me to say no. I remain available if *Playboy* wants to interview me on the public issues that come before me as a member of Congress.

Representative Barney Frank
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

JESSICA'S STORY: TAKE TWO

I am 27 years old and until last month, I had never looked at a *Playboy* magazine. I was lured to the November and the December issues by *The Jessica Hahn Story*. I was surprised by the high quality of your journalism but even more so by the shocking revelations Jessica made. I feel for her. I'm amazed by the amount of persecution she has endured. No doubt she will continue to receive bad press, but at least your magazine has published her side of the story. I am very impressed by Jessica Hahn and what she has communicated through your magazine. She has my respect.

Steven Skattebo
Yarnell, Arizona

While much of the press was laughing at (and off) the Jim Bakker and Jessica Hahn affair, *Playboy* had the good sense to go after the available truth and deliver it seriously. Too many people in this country still think of Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker, and not Jessica, as the victims. Not only is that a sad comment on the average American intellect but it gives an idea of the power TV preachers have over their viewers.

And to think the whole mess could have been avoided if Tammy Faye had done her Kegel exercises.

Vic Oberhaus
Liberty Center, Ohio

From its inception, the key ingredient lacking in the dynamics of the feminist movement has been a culture heroine, a persona who embodies the hopes and dreams of womankind, someone who has been to the depths and been resurrected, as it were, with a clear and purposeful vision. Lo, as if by divine intervention, out of obscurity springs Jessica Hahn to lead us all out of the wasteland. Here is a woman who has been down and dirty and has risen from the ashes to stomp on the heels of her oppressors.

Hahn talks turkey, not rhetoric. She has turned victimization into liberation, a comeback fueled with humor and balls. No whining, no apologies, no self-admonition. She is just going to step on Jim Bakker like a nasty little squash bug.

This woman has an instinctual command of media unparalleled since Franklin D. Roosevelt. She has shaken the complacency of a fatted middle class. Suddenly, ostensibly mature adults are kicking and screaming about the virginity of a

total stranger; but, as Marshall McLuhan would put it, she's cool.

Michel Yeuell
Brooklyn, New York

MOVIE MYSTERY

I had always thought that *Playboy* was fearless in its search for the truth and unafraid of pressure from any source.

In one recent issue, you give the movie *The Hanoi Hilton* three and a half Rabbit Heads, which I interpret as "good show, plus." In the very next issue, the listing is gone from the "Movie Score Card."

Does Jane Fonda really have that much power?

Many things that happen today are scary. The IRS has more power than the K.G.B. and our freedoms slip away by the hour. Please tell me a reason, even an excuse, for your censoring of *Hanoi Hilton*.

James D. Tilford, Jr.
Mobile, Alabama

Check your back-issue file again, James. "The Hanoi Hilton" is reviewed in our June issue and listed in July's "Movie Score Card." Dwindling audiences, not censorship, deleted it from our August listings; by then, "Hanoi" was on its way off screens and onto video. The good news: It's now available on cassette.



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BEL	Maxon	Uniden
Whistler	Radio Shack	Whistler
Sparkomatic	Uniden	Fox
Fox	Fox	Cobra
GUL	Cobra	BEL Vector
	BEL Vector	GUL
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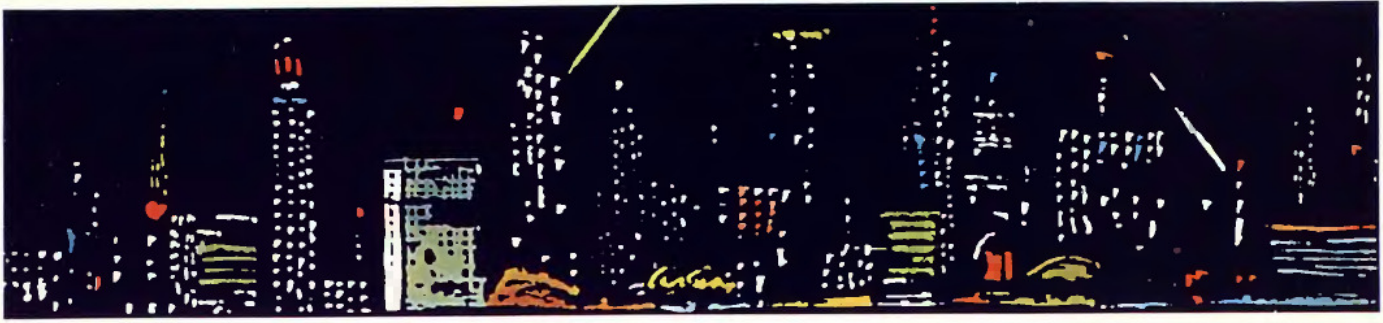
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



TRUCK-STOP TEDDIES

On a road trip a couple of years ago, Vicki Lewis surveyed the shopping at a great many interstate truck stops. She found lots of tacky coffee mugs, key rings and bumper stickers. Lewis, a former fashion-design student with no prior business or trucking experience, sensed a market for something sexier, the type of thing a guy could carry home to his significant other after a week of white-line fever.

So she came up with an appealing item—a sultry little black-lace teddy with a navel-deep neckline plunge and a barely wider-than-a-G-string back. Lewis packaged her translucent designs in glossy black gift boxes, christened them (and her new firm) Black Lace and placed samples in truck stops. The idea, says Lewis, was to let a trucker buy Black Lace on the road and keep on trucking, eliminating those time-consuming detours to the lingerie boutique. Now, just a year later, Lewis' teddies retail for 20 bucks at more than 70 truck stops around the country. One chain alone has placed a \$40,000 order. For Christmas, Lewis offered a special run of white teddies, and for Valentine's Day—you guessed it—hot-red numbers. Our advice: Proceed with caution—dangerous intersection ahead.

MINING THE ORE

Hordes of head bangers showed up last fall for a Metal Marathon at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York City. For two days, selected panels discussed such heavy-metal rock arcana as "Metal and Radio: Hell in Your Home" and "Image vs. Substance: Is It the Look or the Lick?" Here, from our reporter's notebook, are the highlights.

Keynote speaker Dee Snider of Twisted Sister on how to overcome discouragement: "Masturbation. I found that when I felt my worst, just being alone for a few minutes and relieving that tension made the whole day easier. Sometimes two, three times a day, I'd just have to step into a bathroom, a subway, anything." He was kidding . . . we think.

Snyder again on how his group came to be one of the first speed-metal bands: "It was anger, it was frustration, it was the desire to get the fuck out of there before I got my ass kicked for wearing lingerie."

Manowar bass player Joey DeMaio on heavy-metal musicianship: "Most of these bands have no talent. They have no business owning instruments. It's like giving a murderer a gun."

Producer Ric Browde on rock aesthetics: "People who equate art with music are making a mistake. Rock 'n' roll should be about Saturday night, making you want to go out, fuck, get laid, fuck some more, get drunk, maybe take some drugs, do all those things that your parents told you weren't supposed to do. That's what rock 'n' roll is. And anybody who does not make an album that makes your parents tell you to turn that shit off, they failed."

And, finally, Lemmy Kilmister of Motorhead on allegations that videos are sexist: "I want to know what's wrong with fuckin' . . . You think we don't like fuckin' anymore, so we shouldn't have girls in our

videos. I mean, girls should have boys in their videos, I don't mind. Both sides, go ahead. I love to fuck."

So who said the gentle art of conversation is dead, anyway?

IT CAME FROM HOLLYWOOD

And in keeping with the high tone established by Kilmister (see above), here's a preview of some curious movie titles to anticipate this year, according to *Variety*.

Alone in the T-Shirt Zone, Assault of the Killer Bimbos, Bitchin' Sorority Babes, Blood Frenzy, Bloody Pom Poms, Curse of the Cannibal Confederates, Deadly Daphne's Revenge, Demented Death Farm Massacre, The Dirty Filthy Slime, Eunuchs, Ferocious Female Freedom Fighters, Galactic Gigolo, Hack 'Em High, Hell Comes to Frogtown, Hide and Go Shriek, Hideous Sun Demon: The Special Edition, Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers, I Hate Actors, I Was a Teenage Sex Mutant, I Was a Teenage Vampire, In a Shallow Grave, Man Eaters, Maniac Cop, Mortuary Academy, Operation: Take No Prisoners, Raiders of the Living Dead, Slime City, Space Sluts in the Slammer, Subterraneans, Test Tube Teens from the Year 2000.

To catch these classics, we suggest that you bypass the movie ads in your local newspaper in favor of the new-arrivals board at a nearby video store. We have a sneaking suspicion that these flicks are going straight to . . . tape.

BIRDMAN

Bird, the film biography of jazz genius Charlie Parker due out later this year, has its share of surprises—not the least of which is that it's produced and directed by Clint Eastwood, who turns out to be the keeper of the bebop flame. And this is no *Lady Sings the Blues*, the largely inaccurate film biography of Billie Holiday.

Parker's story contains equal parts incandescent brilliance and mythic self-destruction from heroin, alcohol and periods of pure gluttony. (When Parker died, the



RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"There are only two occasions when Americans respect privacy, especially in Presidents. Those are prayer and fishing."—Herbert Hoover in the May 19, 1947, *New York Herald Tribune*.

THE BLIMP

Number of Good-year blimps in the United States, three; number of crew members of an airborne blimp, one or two pilots, plus a cameraman and a technician.

Average blimp altitude during a sports event: 1000 feet above the ground.

Number of gallons of fuel used per hour: ten. Length of time a blimp stays in the air during a sports event: three to six hours.

Amount of helium needed to inflate a blimp: 202,700 cubic feet.

Cost of renting a Goodyear blimp: nothing—if Goodyear decides to promote your event.

BANG, BANG

Percentage of murders in the United States committed by a relative or an acquaintance of the victim: 58.

Number of children under 15 in the United States who die as a result of handgun accidents: one per day.

Amount spent annually in the United States to treat victims of shootings: \$500,000,000.

Number of people killed by handguns in 1986: in Manchester, England, 16; in Miami Beach, Florida, 148; in Munich, West Germany, 75; in Detroit, Michigan, 635; in New York, 1582.



FACT OF THE MONTH

Percentage of oil shipped through the Persian Gulf that is bound for the United States: five. Amount of money the U.S. Department of Defense spends to protect the gulf's sea lanes: \$3,000,000 per day.

available: 22.

One of the languages in which Monopoly is not available: Russian.

LIARS AND THIEVES

In a California poll, percentage of people who say people are less honest today than they were a decade ago, 50; percentage who say there has been no change, 43.

Percentage who have called in sick to work when they weren't ill: 48.

Percentage who have received too much change and not given the money back: 44.

Percentage who have taken work supplies home: 43.

Percentage who have stolen towels and other hotel items: 36.

Percentage who have not filled out their income-tax returns truthfully: 22.

Percentage who have used someone else's credit card to make a purchase: two.

THE LITTLE BOARD

Spaces on which players land most often during a Monopoly game: ILLINOIS AVENUE, B & O RAILROAD and GO.

Number of reasons Parker Brothers initially cited in rejecting Monopoly in 1934: 52.

Amount of play money in each Monopoly set: \$15,140.

Number of little green houses produced by Parker Brothers since 1935: 2.88 billion.

Number of languages in which Monopoly sets are

attending physician examined his body and guessed him to be 55. He was 34.)

Even so, Parker, whose nickname Yardbird was shortened to the Bird invoked by jazz musicians and fans, practically invented bebop in the early Forties; he was certainly its greatest practitioner.

"It's really a labor of love. Clint wanted to be as authentic as possible," said trumpeter Red Rodney, who played with Parker in the late Forties and was hired as both a consultant and a sound-track performer for *Bird*. "And there's an important message—that jazz's greatest genius couldn't get rid of his drug habit and died at 34." Rodney said the film features a little-known true incident in which Rodney and Parker played at a Hasidic *bar mitzvah*.

Bird has been planned for years: Richard Pryor first bought the option for the Joel Oliansky script in 1980, intending to star as Parker, but the project died before the option ran out and Eastwood walked in. The film stars Forest (*The Color of Money*) Whitaker as Parker and Dianne Feron as Chan Richardson, Parker's common-law wife at the time of his death. But the real star may be the music.

Using an elaborate method to upgrade the quality of actual Parker recordings, Eastwood and composer-arranger Lennie Niehaus isolated and digitally enhanced the sax solos before combining them with newly recorded accompaniments true to the period. Among those who took part in the recording: trumpeter Jon Faddis, pianists Monty Alexander and Barry Harris, bassists Ray Brown and Ron Carter, and John Guerin on drums.

What's more, Eastwood and Niehaus, reluctant to rely solely on Parker's many reissued recordings, unearthed several never-released performances in Richardson's possession. These sessions include one "basement tape" featuring drum legend Art Blakey playing brushes on a telephone book. So when *Bird* hits theaters in late summer, it is likely that Charlie Parker will fly again.

KID STUFF

In Santa Monica, California, 3000 condom-carrying dolls called Teach-a-Bodies have been snapped up by schools, hospitals and sex-education programs. According to the nonprofit Pediatric Projects Inc., the distributor, the dolls are supposed to clue kids in on contraception and disease prevention.

Still, the dolls haven't ended up in many homes. "Parents are not used to having dolls with genitalia around," says executive director Pat Azarnoff. In fact, parents who were raised with GI Joe and Barbie might wonder what happened to mess kits and party dresses. The adult female doll comes with a tampon, a sanitary napkin and a baby on an umbilical cord that can be removed from the vagina. The adult male totes a condom in its back pocket. We wonder where makers of ultrarealistic dolls are headed. How about a one-night-stand doll? You pick it up and a day later you throw away its phone number.

MUSIC

CHARLES M. YOUNG

FOR ALL HIS legal and artistic problems in the Seventies, George Harrison has had the most successful career of the surviving Beatle alumni in the Eighties. Ringo is endorsing wine coolers and Paul can't seem to find his muse. But George now heads up HandMade Films, which has produced a string of wonderful movies, including *Withnail and I* and *Mona Lisa*. With *Cloud Nine* (Dark Horse/Warner), Harrison returns to pop music for the first time in five years, and his confidence is audible. The uncomfortable quaver in both his voice and his guitar used to navigate uncertainly between vulnerability and whine. Now, with E.L.O.'s Jeff Lynne co-producing, Harrison sings and plays solid, melodic pop with nary a trace of whine and only a few traces of E.L.O. in the rhythm and harmony tracks, which is the maximum allowable dose of E.L.O. for anyone who is not E.L.O. Harrison seems to be living proof that artists don't have to suffer to make their best art; they have to be happy.

Not to be confused with the Bags from Los Angeles of a few years ago, the Bags (from Boston) fall somewhere among the Ramones, Hüsker Dü and early Kiss. Their debut, *Rock Starve* (Restless), consists of thrilling guitar-bash riffs that pound like the sound of a herd of giant woolly mammoths going over a cliff, just enough melody rasping through shredded vocal cords and lyrics wholly unbesmirched by any panty-waist college-poetry influence: "O Lord, how can it be/My lover has become my enemy/I moved out but it's not enough/She wants to see me with my head cut off." I highly recommend it.

VIC GARBARINI

Ten years after the Band's breakup, its guitarist and chief songwriter has finally released his first solo effort. And while it's standard practice for an artist in Robbie Robertson's league to invite superstar buddies to help out on his debut, Robertson relies so much on the buddy system that he almost sounds like a guest on his own album. He's primarily backed by U2 and Peter Gabriel's band on *Robbie Robertson* (Geffen), and while such songs as *Fallen Angel* and *Showdown at Big Sky* prove that Robertson's songwriting talents are undiminished, they get overshadowed by his sidemen. In fact, *Sweet Fire of Love* and *Testimony*, for all practical purposes, are U2 songs in tone, arrangement and execution. The original Band drew its musical strength from the almost familial sense of community its members shared. Its inviting intimacy was hard won by years of touring honky-tonks and woodshedding in Woodstock. The lack of that spiritual ma-



Quiet Beatle makes out.

George, Robbie, Miki and Lynyrd, plus a word on the remix.

trix diffuses Robertson's lyrical and musical impact here. While it's heartening to see him finding the courage to re-invent himself for the Eighties, letting himself be "channeled" like some rock-'n'-roll spiritual guide—even by such ace talents as Gabriel and U2—isn't the answer. What this man needs—excuse the expression—is a band.

NELSON GEORGE

Miki Howard's debut album, *Come Share My Love*, was a decent enough first go-round. But it struck me as unfocused and, despite a couple of black chart hits, none of it made a deep impression. Howard's new *Love Confessions* (Atlantic) disproves the old sophomore-jinx truism. She shows considerable growth as a vocalist and has found a coherent musical direction. Like another impressive young female, Regina Belle, Howard taps into the strident, jazz-influenced tradition of that new trendsetter Anita Baker. Overall, *Love Confessions* is mature, mid-tempo and mellow without being maudlin. Howard takes a real risk in tackling Earth, Wind & Fire's soul standard *Reasons*, but by utilizing a different syncopation, she turns it into a new yet still moving song. The highlights are two gutsy songs with the vocal trio LeVert, *Crazy* and an instant classic, *That's What Love Is*.

Also worth listening to: Doc Powell's debut, *Love Is Where It's At* (Mercury/PolyGram), a fine mix of guitar instrumentals

and vocals from Luther Vandross' sideman, and Steve Arrington's erratic *Jam Packed* (Manhattan), in which the former funk bad boy, now a born-again Christian, vacillates between softened heart and funky roots. The funky roots win out on side two, especially on *Kelly 16-33* and *Trouble*.

DAVE MARSH

A lot of people in and outside the music industry found it amazing that Lynyrd Skynyrd's comeback tour last fall was so successful. They shouldn't have—Skynyrd wasn't only one of the biggest American bands of the Seventies but, by the time its plane went down, it was probably the best.

To understand how good Skynyrd was, listen to *Legend* (MCA), an album of leftovers. There's nothing here that matches the group's greatest hits, but on it, Skynyrd does everything it did best: blues, country, ballads. And Ronnie Van

GUEST SHOT



ACTOR/BASSIST Gene Simmons, in his own words, "has tried to incorporate women, girls and females into the manifesto of the rock band Kiss, which is 'Anything that feels good is worth doing again.' And," he adds, "some of the panties I've collected have skid marks." Who better, then, to judge a Rhino Records vocal collection called *"Va-Va-Voom!"* by the world's all-time sex kittens?

"Out of the nine singers—Jayne Mansfield, Diana Dors, Mamié Van Doren, Marilyn Monroe, Ann-Margret, Elke Sommer, Jane Russell, Sophia Loren and Rhonda Fleming—Monroe is by far the most musical. She never tries to sing out of her range and never tries to do something she's not. Mansfield does a caricature of Monroe—but, what with men being the snakes we are, junk food gets the same reaction as *filet mignon*. My favorite cut is Loren's *Bing Bang Bong*. *Va-Va-Voom!* also has gorgeous photos and great stories on each lady, and it was pressed on pink vinyl. I'm partial to the photograph of Loren checking out Mansfield's cleavage."

FAST TRACKS

R

OCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Earth, Wind & Fire <i>Touch the World</i>	7	6	7	7	7
George Harrison <i>Cloud Nine</i>	4	6	7	6	7
Less than Zero (Sound track)	7	8	8	7	6
Lynyrd Skynyrd <i>Legend</i>	7	6	7	7	6
George Michael <i>Faith</i>	7	5	9	7	6

REELING AND ROCKING: We hear that a movie bio of **Cab Calloway** is in the works, with **Kid Creole** playing the young Cab and **Lionel Richie** playing the older. Stay tuned. . . . **Kris Kristofferson** has made a deal to turn his song *Me and Bobby McGee* into a movie. Kristofferson will serve as story consultant. . . . Look for **Sting** in *Stormy Monday* with **Tommy Lee Jones** and **Melanie Griffith**. He plays the gangster owner of a jazz club. In other Sting news, he, **Miles Copeland** and an unnamed former CBS executive have formed a new record company, Pangaea, which will release pop, rock, jazz, classical and avant-garde projects. The first releases are expected any day. . . . Expect a **Tom Waits** concert film. . . . **Dionne Warwick** will score and probably sing the title song in *Force of Destiny*, a Mob movie.

NEWSBREAKS: By the time you read this, will **Prince** be on tour? That's the rumor. . . . **Seth Justman** of **J. Geils** says not to count the band out. He hopes it will record this year. About **Peter Wolf**, Justman says, "The lines of communication are open; we're on speaking terms again." . . . **Yes** will be touring into March. . . . **David Bowie** says he's gradually winning back control over much of his music catalog and that he intends to assemble an album of rarities, outtakes and ephemera as soon as it's legal. Bowie says, "There're some really interesting things. . . . [Brian] Eno and I did so much stuff that never came out and I'd really like to release it." . . . **Keith Richards** joined **Chris Frantz** and **Tina Weymouth** in the studio to add guitar on a song for the **Ziggy Marley** album. Keith played with Ziggy's father, **Bob Marley**, too. . . . **Linda Ronstadt** produced **David Lindley's** album. . . . A rock treatment of **Jules Verne's** *Around the World in Eighty Days*, with songs by

Ray Davies, is being developed to debut next summer in a theater in California. . . . **Mark Knopfler** says that **Dire Straits'** days may be numbered: "I'm not really interested in the band at the moment. . . . I just don't feel like it, and there are more challenging things for me." . . . **Paul Shaffer**, musical director on *Late Night with David Letterman*, has been working on a record with a variety of guest stars, including **Eric Clapton**, **Fats Domino**, **Donald "Duck" Dunn**, **Allen Toussaint** and **Dave Edmunds**. . . . **Mick and Keith** have been nominated for the International Award at the Songwriters Hall of Fame ceremony in April. They're competing against the likes of **Paul Anka** and **Noel Coward**. . . . Two Caribbean islands have honored **John Lennon** and **Elvis** by issuing stamps in their likenesses. . . . The Amnesty International '88 Tour may travel behind the Iron Curtain and possibly in South Africa beginning in the fall. **Peter Gabriel**, **Bryan Adams** and **Jackson Browne** are expected to be among the participants. . . . If you're a print collector who's passionate about the **Beatles**, you'll want to check out Targeted Communications' 12 original album-cover prints, from *Please Please Me* to *Let It Be*. The prints were created by **Tom Kluepfel**, former head of graphic design at New York's Museum of Modern Art. They make terrific gifts. . . . Due soon: new albums from **James Taylor**, the **Clash**, **Sade**, 'til tuesday, **Cheap Trick**, **Stevie Ray Vaughn**, **Bobby McFerrin**, **Grandmaster Flash**, the **Talking Heads**, the **Ramones**, **Rickie Lee Jones**, the **Reddings**, the **Commodores** and even **Conway Twitty**. . . . And finally, **Sting** says his song ideas come to him in his dreams. That ought to make shrinks all over the world feel great.

—BARBARA NELLIS

Zant sings his heart out.

Skynyrd never got much respect, because its members looked like what they were—a bunch of Southern ruffians. But the fact is they were ahead of their time, as you can tell even from this hodgepodge. Try *Four Walls of Raiford*, which tells a disastrous story about a Vietnam veteran ten years or so before *Born in the U.S.A.* It's some scary music, and whether or not you were around to witness Skynyrd in its glory, you ought to hear it now.

The songs on **Cross Our Hearts** (Upside, 225 Lafayette Street, New York, New York 10012), Canadian Jeffrey Hatcher's debut with the Big Beat, are shaped something like the heartland rock of Springsteen and Mellencamp, but Hatcher has something in common with Van Zant: His best songs work off a combination of wry humor and bitter anger. Here they're best expressed in yet another soldier's story, *Eye of the Needle*. These neater, more modest songs make a nice contrast and complement to *Legend*.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

The remix is half consumer fraud, half connoisseurship run amuck. Of course, a good club d.j. can jolt the assembled asses with the right dub, but most of the extra stuff the labels put on 12-inchers functions as filler for anyone except a beat baby. So I was surprised to discover three recent remix compilations that have their uses. Madonna's **You Can Dance** (Sire) leaves her biggest radio hits untouched for some future compilation; yet, not counting the dub-mad *Into the Groove*, a dance track to begin with, these seconds sound more at home in their specially segued all-new extensions than buried away on her albums. Side B of Billy Idol's **Vital Idol** (Chrysalis) is just macho disco, but side A plays up the cartoonishness of his sneering persona with special effects his videos should only equal. And moving to the sublime, we have New Order's **Substance** (Qwest). When the band was still extricating itself from the cerebral gloom of Joy Division, New Order liked disco because it was trancelike—that is, boring. But just to keep themselves awake, the band members devised their own system of kinetic percussion and topped things off with hypnotic chants, especially on the singles that are *Substance's* substance. A revelation.

Long ago and far away, Earth, Wind & Fire taught black pop fans the wisdom and beauty of the self-contained band. Although a tour featuring the two other original members is planned, the band on the new *Touch the World* (Columbia) is composed of two solo artists—leader Maurice White and his sometime *compadre* Philip Bailey—joining their voices in song with a bunch of L.A. studio and publishing hacks. Yet White still gets good music out of his trademark. No matter who created them, *System of Survival* and *Money Tight* make him sound more in touch with the world than all his solo artistry.

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Road & Track,
September, 1986



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Shown actual size.

No doubt who won.

Road & Track magazine recently tested eight popular radar detectors. SNOOPER D-4000 won big. In actual road tests where it counts. Around the corner and over the hill radar ambushes. What about current best-seller Passport? "... second only to the SNOOPER D-4000." Sorry guys.

Fact: The SNOOPER D-4000 beats Passport on performance. Fact: It costs \$115 less! No doubt who won.

"The SNOOPER D-4000 produced the earliest warning in our around-the-corner and over-the-hill tests."

Road & Track, September 1986

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All the features you want.

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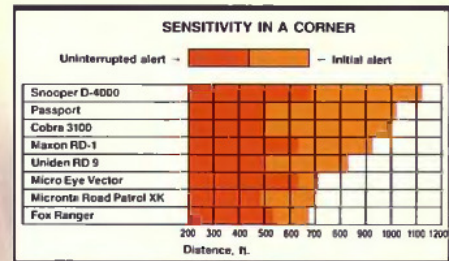


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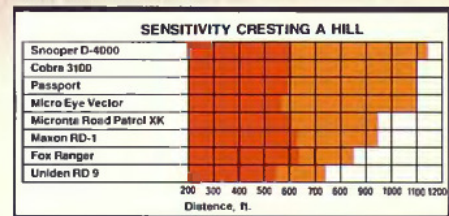
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OBSESSION FOR MEN



Calvin Klein

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

HOMELESS PEOPLE who rave in the street probably want to tell us something about being society's dispossessed. That humane message comes through loud and clear in *Ironweed* (Tri-Star), adapted by William Kennedy from his masterful novel about some end-of-the-line bums in Albany, New York, back in 1938. Director Hector Babenco, whose *Kiss of the Spider Woman* had an equally depressing subject but became a surprise success and brought an Academy Award to William Hurt, beats the odds again with this downbeat, poetic but achingly beautiful treatment of a difficult theme. Stars Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson have the charisma to draw crowds and the awesome talent to hold them. You can bet the family farm on Streep's getting an Oscar nomination for her portrayal of a broken-down former singer and concert pianist; when she croaks out a boozy ballad called *He's Me Pal* for a bunch of barflies, it's magic-moment time. Streep's part has been built up substantially for the movie, with rewarding results, and Nicholson is no less brilliant as the onetime ballplayer who keeps confronting the ghosts of his unhappy past. Carroll Baker and Tom Waits (see this month's *20 Questions*) stand out in the vivid gallery of character portraits that catapult *Ironweed* into scoring position among the year's best. ★★★

The ticker tapes full of bad tidings were still fresh when *Wall Street* (Fox) arrived, another perfectly timed big one from Oliver (Platoon) Stone. There's nary a hero for audiences to cheer in this doggedly moral tale of financial high rollers, yet director Stone, who co-authored the script with Stanley Weiser, stays on his hot streak in several respects. Slick and street smart, the movie is a kind of Faustian legend of our time: all about a hungry young stock trader (Charlie Sheen) who barter his soul—and even sells short his own dad, an old-school union man (played by his real-life father, Martin Sheen)—for a giant bite of the Big Apple. As the buyer, a corporate raider named Gekko, Michael Douglas also takes over the picture in the most dazzling performance of his career, even topping his megahit *Fatal Attraction*. "Greed is good, greed is right . . . greed works," rasps Douglas. That's a sampler from a screenplay about as subtle as a mile-long strip of billboards. Whether or not *Wall Street* wins public favor, it's a headlong, even valiant, effort to make some of the money boys' manipulations comprehensible. ★★★

For the first half hour or so, Steven Spielberg's *Empire of the Sun* (Warner) is moviemaking at its zenith. The eyes pop



Streep, Nicholson and Waits in *Ironweed*.

Star power scores in *Ironweed*, *Wall Street*; a mind-boggling *Empire*.

and the mind boggles at this sprawling, awesome, coolly kinetic adaptation of J. G. Ballard's autobiographical novel about a British boy, born to privilege but interned in a Japanese prison camp near Shanghai after the outbreak of World War Two. Working from a sensitive if convoluted screenplay by Tom Stoppard, Spielberg fills his giant canvas—much of it filmed in China—with eloquent vignettes of Westerners, all dressed up for costume parties and exhibiting chin-up complacency on the eve of Armageddon, December 1941. The role of Jim, who's 11 at the picture's beginning, is played by Christian Bale, a miraculously unaffected young actor who never tries to win us over with cutesy kid stuff. Jim's a natural survivor, torn away from his parents to grow up wild in a child's garden of horrors. His odyssey begins with Shanghai in chaos at the time of Pearl Harbor and ends after the second atom bomb pulverizes Nagasaki. Being a kid, he's more into *macho* adventure than morality and seems equally impressed by hot pilots, whether they're all-American or Japanese kamikazes. His role model in the camp is a conniving U.S. seaman named Basie (John Malkovich), who makes him an honorary Yank. While *Empire* soars high intermittently, the movie seems bogged down with the book's device of forcing us to look at everything—from sex, death and sadism to black-marketeering—through the bright prism of a boy's lost innocence. The effects lose effect as the movie's length stretches to two hours plus;

Spielberg's vision blurs, an obtrusive heavenly choir dominates the sound track and his masterful technique starts to smack of exuberant self-indulgence. Which is not to suggest that any film buff worthy of the name should pass up an epic bursting with evidence of genius. ★★★

Say yes to *Broadcast News* (Fox), on the slate of top-notch movies released at year's end, too late for more timely review but likely to stick around. Picking up roughly where Paddy Chayefsky's *Network* left off more than a decade ago, writer-producer-director James L. Brooks has wrought a far less savage but cutting-edge satire that amounts to open-heart surgery of the news-as-entertainment industry. As with his 1983 Oscar winner, *Terms of Endearment*, Brooks frames a slew of prizeworthy performances. William Hurt is smashing as a slick, photogenic nonentity who's born to make it big on the tube, though he's damn near upstaged by Holly Hunter—plainly perfect as the brainy, ambitious Washington-bureau producer who wants him but tells him, "You're uneducated, you have almost no experience . . . and you can't write." However, he counters, "I'm making a fortune." Albert Brooks completes the stellar triangle with his zinging shot as an also-ran reporter who notes, on a hazardous gig in Central America, "I just risked my life for a network that tests my face on focus groups!" Finally, *Broadcast News* boasts such rich comic assets that it can afford the luxury of Jack Nicholson in a brief but commanding stint as a smug, powerful network anchor man. ★★★

True to formula, the creators of suspense drama can seldom resist the temptation to stage a cliff-hanger climax in a monumental landmark building. That's the only good reason for Kelly McGillis to be pursued by an agile villain through the scenic sky-high catwalks of New York's Grand Central Station in *The House on Carroll Street* (Orion). Up to this point, director Peter Yates will have you believing most of the murderous intrigue afoot in Walter Bernstein's taut, provocative screenplay about the McCarthy era. McGillis plays a *Life* photo editor eased out of her job after testifying about her liberal sympathies in front of the House Un-American Activities Committee. While an FBI agent she'd love to hate (Jeff Daniels) keeps an eye on her, she stumbles onto a scheme to smuggle some Nazi doctors into the United States. They're all war criminals with fake credentials, bound for Chicago—presumably to do more foul but unspecified deeds. Behind the plot is a political shyster played with snaky relish by Mandy Patinkin. McGillis, looking plain but persuasively brainy as the heroine, is a

credible match for Daniels, who must be the most amiably easygoing leading man since Jimmy Stewart. Brim full of personality, they top an acting ensemble that adds a lot to *Carroll Street's* inviting ambience. Worth a visit if you care to poke around in a reasonable facsimile of Hitchcock's old neighborhood. **★★★★**

The United States vs. Nicaragua is the subject of *Walker* (Universal), director Alex (Sid and Nancy) Cox's misbegotten movie that makes all the wrong moves in a liberal cause. Ed Harris has the title role, his customary star power obscured in a fog of self-righteous platitudes, as William Walker, an infamous American soldier of fortune who conquered Nicaragua in 1855 with the financial backing of U.S. tycoon Cornelius Vanderbilt (played as a greedy-capitalist cartoon by Peter Boyle). Marlee Matlin, last year's Oscar-winning actress in *Children of a Lesser God*, also turns up in a brief, thankless role as Walker's deaf-mute bride-to-be, whose untimely death drives him deeper into political madness. Walker's credo was manifest destiny, a pillar of U.S. foreign policy in the mid-19th Century, when right-thinking Americans viewed imperialist expansion as a God-given right. What else is new? Not a hell of a lot, and lest anyone miss *Walker's* contemporary relevance, Cox and screenplay author Rudy Wurlitzer lay on heavy hands to press the point home. Deploying the device of black comedy when it suits them but rarely displaying any sign of political wit, they suddenly introduce *Time*, *Newsweek* and *People* magazines into Nicaragua circa 1857. Anachronistic autos and even a military helicopter zoom onto the scene as reminders that little has changed in a century or so—and for slow learners, the final credits feature Ronald Reagan on TV, restating his well-known hostility toward Managua's present regime. **▼**

Cathy Moriarty, who would be high on anybody's list of memorable screen newcomers, won an Oscar nomination for her 1980 debut as Vicki La Motta in *Raging Bull*, appeared in a so-so comedy called *Neighbors*, then dropped off our radar screen. Still drop-dead beautiful, Moriarty is back, talking street tough and captivating the camera with every move she makes in *White of the Eye* (Cinema Group). Writer-director Donald Cammell's eerie shocker casts her as a New York expatriate in Arizona. She's an impulsive sexpot who, en route to Malibu eight years earlier, abandoned her ne'er-do-well boyfriend (Alan Rosenberg) to settle down in Tucson after being turned on and tuned up by a handsome hi-fi-installation man (David Keith). Time passes and the old beau resurfaces during an outbreak of grisly murders by a woman-hating psycho who mutilates his victims. Cammell, a maverick film maker who codirected *Performance* (a 1970 cult favorite starring Mick Jagger),



Walker's Matlin, Harris.

A Walker with two left feet; the return of Cathy Moriarty.

approaches *White of the Eye* at askew angles, with supercharged, offbeat acting to match. Except for a preposterous, predictable finale at an abandoned mine site, here's a Moriarty showcase full of tingling B-movie vibes. **▼▼½**

Saddled with his own so-so screenplay for a conventional thriller called *Cop* (Atlantic), writer-director James B. Harris almost saves it by casting James Woods in the central role. As a horny, hell-bent L.A. detective who makes Dirty Harry look laid back, Woods chews the script along with the scenery. His case concerns a crazed serial killer whose bloody trail leads to a feminist bookshop whose neurotic proprietress (Lesley Ann Warren) has all kinds of problems with men. While *Cop* has loose ends galore, Woods infuses every loose end with live-wire energy. **▼**

At best reminiscent of Terrence Malick's *Badlands*, writer-director Michael Hoffman's *Promised Land* (Vestron) is an arresting vision of restless youth. Kiefer Sutherland, Tracy Pollan and Jason Gedrick play young adults who have gone to high school together in the same small Idaho town and return a couple of years later—not for a class reunion but for an unscheduled date with destiny that leaves one of them dead. Another elusive American dream gone sour. Sutherland is the mainspring character, a born-to-lose nerd and recent jailbird, abetted by Meg Ryan in a fine flamboyant stint as the manic, hoydenish wife he's dragging home for the holidays. Both are electric in an ambitious and worthy project developed at Robert Redford's Sundance Institute. **▼▼½**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Broadcast News** (See review) Hurt is the anchor man, and he's hot. **★★★★**
Cop (See review) Shallow police drama with some deep, dark Woods. **▼**
The Couch Trip (Reviewed 2/88) All the shrink jokes Aykroyd can handle. **▼**
Cry Freedom (12/87) Anti-apartheid drama, uneven but powerful—with Kevin Kline, Denzel Washington. **★★★★**
The Dead (2/88) John Huston's swan song; daughter Anjelica shines. **★★★★**
Empire of the Sun (See review) When it's good, it's Spielberg at his best. **★★★**
Five Corners (Listed only) Jodie Foster takes the Bronx, sort of. **▼**
Gaby—A True Story (1/88) Three cheers, but get out your handkerchiefs. **▼▼½**
Goodbye, Children (Listed only) Malle on a trip down memory lane. **▼▼½**
Hope and Glory (11/87) Brits during the blitz, through a glass brightly. **★★★★**
Housekeeping (Listed 2/88) Untidy but nice offbeat comedy from Bill Forsyth, starring Christine Lahti. **▼▼½**
The House on Carroll Street (See review) McGillis spying on it. **★★**
Ironweed (See review) As street people, Streep and Nicholson triumph. **★★★★**
Jean de Florette (8/87) and **Manon of the Spring** (1/88) Yves Montand in a riveting French masterwork. **★★★★**
The Last Emperor (2/88) High, wide and handsome historical epic of modern China, by Bernardo Bertolucci. **★★★★**
Moonstruck (2/88) Oh, men, oh, women, oh, Cher and Olympia Dukakis. **★★**
Overboard (Listed only) As amnesia victim, rich bitch Goldie Hawn finds simple joys with poor carpenter Kurt Russell. They keep it afloat. **▼▼½**
Pass the Ammo (2/88) Targeting Gospel truth according to PTL types. **▼**
Planes, Trains and Automobiles (Listed only) Steve Martin meets John Candy in 1001 hilarious mishaps. **★★**
Promised Land (See review) Misspent youth again, but above average. **▼▼½**
September (2/88) Woody in a gray mood. **★★**
Three Men and a Baby (Listed only) Fun with swinging surrogate dads Danson, Selleck, Guttenberg. **★★**
Throw Momma from the Train (2/88) A coup for Crystal and DeVito. **★★**
Walker (See review) Stumbling about Nicaragua back when. **▼**
Wall Street (See review) Stone's throw is still reasonably accurate. **★★**
White of the Eye (See review) At least catch Cathy Moriarty. **▼▼½**

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By THOMAS M. DISCH

I. F. STONE was the great muckraking journalist of the Fifties and Sixties. Operating without benefit of syndication or a sponsoring newspaper, he published his own *Weekly*, in which he regularly scooped the country's major news media not by the derring-do detectivework of Woodward and Bernstein but by a close, skeptical reading of such dry-as-dust sources as the *Congressional Record* and other publicly available material. You could call it the *Purloined Letter*, or hidden-in-plain-sight, school of journalism. Stone stopped publishing his newsletter in 1971 and in retirement returned to his early thwarted loves, philosophy and history. With background of only one semester of Greek in college, Stone taught himself the language, steeped himself in its literature and applied his special brand of investigative reporting to the most celebrated criminal trial in ancient history. The result is *The Trial of Socrates* (Little, Brown), a work of classical scholarship that brings ancient history to vivid life not by the usual expedient of coloring the known facts with novelistic detail but by approaching the task with passionate partisanship. Stone regards Socrates not as the noble marble metaphysician of legend but as a right-wing apologist for those who had twice subverted Athenian democracy by military coups. He hates Socrates in much the way he must hate Pat Buchanan or Jerry Falwell—and philosophy has nothing to do with it. The animus Stone brings to bear is impressive, and the case he is able to construct seems watertight. I never have liked Socrates—and now I know why.

If Dickens were alive today, he would surely make Edward Abbey a character in one of his novels, for Abbey has that Dickensian quality of being smug and sanctimonious in ways that are always consistent but are constantly surprising. He has only one idea—he loves the great outdoors—but uses it for a hundred kinds of moral pratfall. Commissioned to write about San Francisco in comparison with other Western cities, Abbey bristles, "I am not a connoisseur of cities. In general, all big cities seem alike to me: appalling places." Accordingly, he leaves behind his fifth wife and fourth child and drives off to see Big Sur, there to complain about the traffic jam caused by all the miserable tourists and to philosophize about the population problem and "the touchy subject of immigration. I am against it. . . . Sooner or later we must draw the line, say, 'No More, our boat is full. Enough is enough.'" There is another essay in which Abbey advocates spiking trees with 60-penny nails when one goes hiking in the wilderness as a way of saying, "Woodman, spare these trees."



Socrates on trial, again.

I. F. Stone brings ancient history to life; Cave Brown's book of gentlemanly spying.

For the woodman himself, Abbey shows no such compassion. Reading this latest book of essays, *One Life at a Time, Please* (Holt), could turn even Henry David Thoreau into a supporter of the Department of the Interior's efforts to dam the Colorado River and turn the Grand Canyon into a speedboat raceway.

About face. And three cheers for Lawrence Wright, who has written the most compelling and unlikely work of nonfiction that I've read in a long while. *In the New World* (Knopf), subtitled "Growing Up with America 1960-1984," is a combined memoir and history of the period from 1960 to 1984, from Wright's moving to Dallas at the age of 13 to his return there 24 years later as a journalist covering the Republican National Convention. His book touches all the major historical bases—the Kennedy assassinations, Vietnam, Martin Luther King, Jr.'s, assassination and the riots that ensued, Watergate—familiar subjects, true, but Wright manages to shape this quarter century into an era that seems, at least as he tells it, to have had a coherent meaning, and one connected to his own youth. The *New World* to which Wright refers in his title is the Sun Belt, where he grew up: Dallas, where Kennedy was killed; New Orleans; Nashville; Atlanta. Wright always has the knack of expressing just what you've always felt about all those familiar faces on the nightly news but have never managed to put into words. It's odd to

agree with someone on virtually every page of his book and still want to keep turning those pages as avidly as if the book were a suspense thriller with a baffling plot. I suppose, though, that if you think about it, that's exactly what history is. And, Lord, can Wright think—and write—about it.

"C" (Macmillan), by Anthony Cave Brown, is subtitled "The Rise and Fall of Sir Stewart Graham Menzies"; and if you've never heard of Sir Stewart and wonder what he did to merit a biography in two thick volumes, you needn't feel uninformed. Throughout most of his career as "C," an officer in and finally the head of Britain's Secret Intelligence Service, Menzies had no official existence except as a clubman and a huntsman. The book is one long obeisance to his lordliness, sagacity and unimpeachable honor, all based on secondary sources, since the British Secret Intelligence Service is nothing if not secretive. Those parts of Menzies' story that best bear repeating, such as the Ultra operation, which deciphered the Germans' Enigma code, have been told better elsewhere. On the subject that cast a long shadow over Menzies' retirement—the Kim Philby spy scandal, with all that it suggested about the endemic corruption of the old-boy system of gentlemanly spying—Cave Brown offers little more than a loyal harrumph. C supposedly served as the model for Ian Fleming's M and John le Carré's Control. He remains more vivid—and more credible—as a figure of fiction.

BOOK BAG

Time and Tide (Simon & Schuster), by Thomas Fleming: A novel of the Navy, with a sense of history, honor and struggle scattershot with suspense and action. Tough to put down.

A Girl's Guide to Chaos and Other Pieces (Fireside), by Cynthia Heimel: The script for our columnist's off-Broadway hit. Like having a seat on the aisle.

Ron Wood: The Works (Harper & Row), by Ron Wood with Bill German: An engaging collection of the Stone's sketches, portraits and candid reminiscences.

Wall Street Words (Houghton Mifflin), by David L. Scott: For those who think they still speak English on Wall Street.

Psychotic Reactions and Carburetor Dung (Knopf), by Lester Bangs, edited by Greil Marcus: Bangs walked point for rock criticism. This chronicle of the late writer's works reloads a gun left smoking much too soon.

Nanda Devi: The Tragic Expedition (Stackpole), by John Roskelley: One of the world's foremost mountaineers retraces his steps in an emotional look back at a trek gone awry up India's famed mountain.



SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

It has been said that a little blonde dish named Sonja Henie invented the winter Olympics. She won the gold medal in figure skating in 1928, 1932 and 1936. It has also been said that Sonja Henie tried to kill the winter Olympics by becoming a movie actress.

For years, all anybody knew about winter sports was Sonja Henie, who came out of Norway to steal our hearts and, occasionally, John Payne's.

There's one thing you could be sure of when you went to see a Sonja Henie movie. She might be in the role of a shopgirl, a maid, the daughter of an innkeeper or even a spy, but somewhere in the plot, she would happen upon this frozen pond.

A pair of ice skates would suddenly attach themselves to her dainty feet, accordion music would come out of a void and in her platinum hair, worn like a skullcap, she would go spinning, hopping, gliding over the pond.

Part of the charm of the winter Olympics is that ice skating and all the rest of those Olympic sports completely disappear for four years at a time.

The events haven't changed much since the first winter Olympics in 1924. They've only multiplied.

Take speed skating. There are now 7319 speed-skating events, which are all the same competition. People wearing leotards and shower caps, swinging one arm, skate around this oval until *Sports Illustrated* stops taking pictures.

In each winter Olympics, 7310 of these events are won by the same athlete, whose name is Ivar, Thun or Eric.

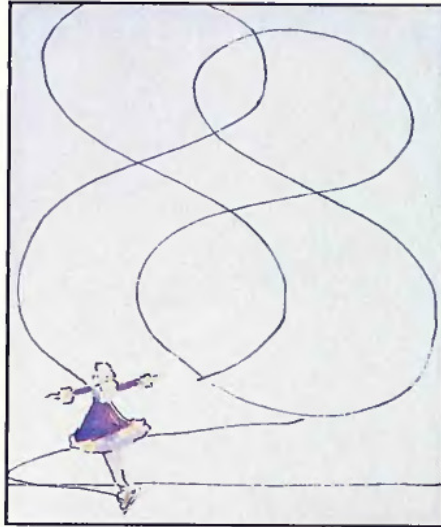
Up in Lake Placid in 1980, when Eric Heiden was winning his 7310 races, many among the press got so bored with covering it that they took to hollering at Eric each time he came around a turn.

"Fall!" more than one would shout, hoping for something different to write about.

In women's speed skating, the 7310 events are usually won by the Beast of Buchenwald.

Bobsledding has its followers. This is a sport in which demented people sit on a sled that goes 2000 miles per hour down an ice ditch. The same sport is often practiced without ice—when four drunks leave a fraternity party in a BMW.

Hockey leaves Canada every four years to go to the winter Olympics, but nobody knows it's there unless the United States beats Russia.



SNOW JOB

Cross-country skiing is a sport that still mystifies me. In another life, I covered the winter Olympics twice, once in Austria, once in France. What you do at a cross-country ski race is look for the athlete whose nose has grown the longest icicle.

These guys spend four hours in the woods, and most of the time they're going *up* something.

The winner of any cross-country ski race always has a name like Johan Sven Oddbjörn and speaks fluent salmon.

Cross-country skiing is not a sport. It's merely how a Swede goes to the 7-Eleven.

And then there's ski jumping. All of the demented people who aren't bobsledders are ski jumpers.

The athlete, whose name is Birger Viklund Saarinen Haug-Skutnabb, comes down the world's tallest playground slide and soars into the air, headfirst, hoping to land somewhere near a quaint little village below.

Beneath him, 50,000 people eagerly await his arrival, knowing that if he comes down on his head, he won't be hurt, but if he hits sideways, he can be killed.

Ski jumping is how a Finn goes to the 7-Eleven.

The least watched event of a winter Olympics is the biathlon. This is because the sport is relatively new and so misunderstood. But there is nothing complicated about the biathlon.

A Russian puts on a pair of skis, picks

up a rifle, slides around in the trees and stops every so often to shoot an East German.

Nowadays, the glamor sport of the winter Olympics is Alpine skiing, principally because of people like Andrea Mead-Lawrence, Toni Sailer and Jean-Claude Killy, handsome figures who won gold medals and brought racing stripes to long underwear.

Pleasure skiing, admittedly, can be a graceful, scenic, exotic sport. It has broken up a lot of marriages. But pleasure skiing has nothing to do with Alpine racing.

To be a great Alpine racer, it helps in no small way to be utterly stupid.

First, you have to feel comfortable leaning *down* a mountain. And then you have to relish such things as bumping into tree trunks at high speed, turning cart wheels down a slope for 200 yards at a whack, veering off course at a hairpin turn and winding up in St. Anton when you wanted to go to St.-Moritz and having your leg in a cast for three months out of every year.

I don't regret covering the winter Olympics. Those were the days when the French and the Austrians were the most interesting ski racers. They gave me great quotes.

The Frenchman who would say:

"It is, for me, good, yes, but bad, not so much. I go fast, as I have learned, but the mountain is not for me to say. Yes, my skis are good, but as a child, which is what my father taught me. He was an old man, like my teacher in the Avec Saint-Raclette, you have been? Here, yes, the mountains are high but only as steep as my heart. Each man has two legs at the top. Yes, more wine. You are paying? I must have that woman over there. Is she rich?"

And the Austrian:

"Here it is not as pretty as home. Kleiner Feister Sterner is beautiful, you have been? Yes, I am great, but I lost at Bang-Platz-Henkel, a mistake. It was my mother's illness. *Fir und fumpsig, seeben und drysig*. The snow will go with my skis. Here I must win, I think. But the mountain must tell my feet. I will live here one day and take a bath."

In the end, Sonja Henie's sport turns out to make the most sense. It's elegant, it's safe, it's indoors.

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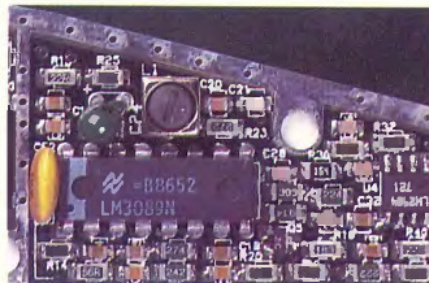
were left defenseless. But now there's a choice: drive uninformed with yesterday's radar detector or travel prepared to receive X, K and Ka Band police radar with the EXPRESS 3.

IRT[®] Breakthrough

A signal processing technology called image rejection, used in military satellite communications, provides optimum reception of satellite signals transmitted from tens of thousands of miles away.

The EXPRESS 3 contains this same technology, adapted and enhanced by BEL engineers to provide a new standard in radar detection.

When combined with BEL's Compu-heterodyne[®] circuitry, IRT[®] delivers *twice* the sensitivity of any other super-heterodyne radar detector.



The EXPRESS 3 utilizes surface mount components for reliable performance.

etection Is Here

BEL EXPRESS 3 detects X, K and new Ka Band police radar.



The new standard in radar detection.

IRT[®] Technology

The secret behind IRT[®] is the unique method by which extraneous microwave "noise" is significantly reduced as signals are processed. So significant is the noise reduction, that police radar signals previously undetected can now be identified and processed. A conventional superheterodyne radar detector can't see buried police radar signals, much less warn you in time of their presence. IRT[®] makes the difference. Even "false" signals can be recognized and eliminated with more precision than ever before. A decided plus in city travel.

Designed For You

While BEL engineers were perfecting IRT[®], our designers were at work

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Experience Shows

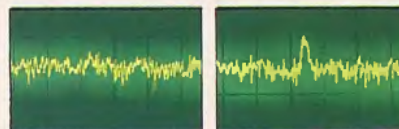
A radar detector this advanced wasn't developed overnight. The EXPRESS 3 is the result of years of extensive design and manufacturing experience in the field of consumer electronics. Over the years, BEL has introduced a number of industry firsts.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I was thumbing through some of my lover's *Playboy* issues and ran across your questions on the "fictitious" Venus butterfly of *L.A. Law*. Well, after reading a few of the responses, I realized that Venus butterfly was the perfect name for what I had been doing all these years with my lover. It not only requires instruction to perform, it requires mood. Here's how it happened: The motel room overlooked the slowly flowing river and my partner motioned toward the phone. I knew if I wanted it, I would have to make the call. I lifted the receiver and dialed room service: "Yes, I would like the peacock feathers out of the centerpiece in the main dining room, please. That's right, room 969." As we awaited the familiar knock on the door, my partner and I exchanged baited glances and began to undress. The bellboy would leave our request outside the room; we'd been here before. I took my position on the dresser, my bare back against the cold mirror, legs slightly bent and perched upon adjacent chairs. The anticipation was killing me. My nipples were growing hard and the tingling in my most sensitive place was beginning to hurt. The knock.

My partner lowered the lights and walked toward me, tapping the flowing feathers on his hand like a sensuous riding crop. He began with my half-closed eyelids, working his way downward to my throat, then my breasts. Like the wings of a butterfly, the feather brushed against my skin, lighting only long enough to cause immense pleasure . . . it wouldn't be long now. The feather brushed down my torso and touched upon my most sensitive place, the most imperceptible fluttering, causing my body to shiver with desire. The dancing flicker provoked the fierce need for a hard, tangible object inside me to complete our rendezvous. He gave without query. My partner (husband/lover) and I meet twice a week—any more often would drive a woman insane.—Mrs. B. A., Austin, Texas.

Thanks.

Here are two suggestions. When my lover performed the Venus butterfly, he began by calling room service for a pot of coffee—strong and black. Everyone knows that coffee is the one true aphrodisiac. He would take a small sip of the hot coffee, making sure it was not too hot for the tender labia and clitoris, and then nip, lick, suck and gargle the clit and surrounding skin until the coffee cooled. Then he'd repeat the process. I'm not sure if the secret is the heat, the caffeine or the tongue action. But it is probably the length of time spent using a whole pot of coffee in this manner. Or my lover would phone room service for a napkin ring and a pair of chopsticks. He would proceed to place the



napkin ring on his penis, in the manner of a cock ring (don't try this at home, kids). Taking a chopstick in each hand, he would roll the pubic hair on each side of the vagina into a tight curl around the stick and gently pull back the two lips. Then he would lick and screw as though there were no tomorrow. It's so simple.—Miss M. D., Novato, California.

Great.

Every year, it seems, auto makers find themselves up to their eyebrows in leftover cars and offer incentives to get rid of them. Rebates, giveaways, cheap financing. When will they learn? And which type is best?—R. S., St. Paul, Minnesota.

They may never learn . . . not as long as tastes are fickle, economic conditions unpredictable and product lead times several years long. Auto makers *have* been trying to wean the public from costly incentives, but that's tough when we've learned to expect and wait for them. As for which to choose, that depends on your needs and priorities. The lowest finance rates are always for the shortest terms (typically, two years), so a low-interest loan saves substantially in total cost but requires much higher payments. If lower payments are your goal, take a longer-term loan at a higher rate and go for the gift or the rebate, if offered. Your total cost will be higher, but your initial and monthly outlays lower. Beyond that, pick your car very carefully, test-drive and compare the value for the money. A good deal on the wrong car is *not* a good deal. Look for a dealer who has a lot of them in stock, since he's likely to be more flexible. Watch for salespeople's contests and incentives (Hawaiian vacations are big) and buy toward the end of the month, when they may accept less profit in order to make the

sale. And keep your eye on the total deal, the bottom line—not just the trade, or the incentive, or the top-of-the-page price or the discount on the car you're buying.

I am a single male who frequently masturbates and likes to experiment with different techniques. I'm already aware of the common variations (using the right or left hand, rubbing the penis against the belly, masturbating with or without lubrication, etc.) and would like to discover other safe, more exotic ways—different strokes, positions, locations, objects, etc.—to stimulate myself and increase the excitement. I've looked for literature on the subject, but comprehensive books specifically devoted to male masturbation are difficult to find. Have you any suggestions?—B. J., Los Angeles, California.

Well, let's see: Henry Miller celebrated the cored-apple-and-cold-cream combination. Have you tried other fruits and vegetables? You could try bondage. Tie yourself up first. No, that wouldn't work. Why not go through "The Joy of Sex" and try all of the positions, minus a partner? Maybe do it hanging upside down from a gravity-inversion bar. The only drawback to masturbation is that it leaves *everything* to your imagination. So use it.

I always thought (perhaps incorrectly) that one should match socks to trousers; e.g., gray trousers get gray socks, even though the shoes are black. Also, are cordovan shoes OK with gray or blue suits? Last, must the belt always match the shoes?—L. B., Quakertown, Pennsylvania.

With a gray suit, either gray or black socks are correct—assuming that you think they both look appropriate with the ensemble. Cordovan shoes are generally casual-looking and are inappropriate with either a gray or a blue suit. The belt need not match the shoes: if anything, since the shoes are much farther from the belt line than the pants themselves, your best bet is to wear a belt that coordinates with the pants.

Along with everybody else in America, I read *Presumed Innocent*, the heralded pot-boiler by Scott Turow. I was mesmerized by the following passage: "She bumped her behind against me until I realized that was what I was being offered, a marble peach." *Marble peach*? Is this a new colloquialism for anal intercourse?—B. Z., Chicago, Illinois.

We asked Turow, who is a Chicago attorney, as well as a hugely successful first novelist, about the marble peach in question. Indeed, he coined the phrase, which we must admit we like enormously. "It was simply a metaphor," Turow told us. "Now it seems to have taken on cult significance. One

morning last summer, I was getting off my train at Union Station and I noticed a guy in business attire approaching me with a smile. As he drew closer, he said sort of surreptitiously, "Don't say anything—just listen. Marble peach! Baskin and Robbin's flavor of the month." Makes sense to us.

Finally, I bought a car with a deluxe sound system that includes a ten-band graphic equalizer. How do I set the ten switches for maximum enjoyment?—W. Z., Detroit, Michigan.

If we tell you, will you come over to our house and teach us how to program our VCR? Just kidding. Welcome to the wonderful world of high tech. Think of each of the switches as a one-octave tone control. On old units, the basic tone control allowed you to accent either the bass or the treble. Now you can adjust bands of sound, through the ten octaves audible to the human ear. Here are some hints: To improve FM reception, nudge the 8-kHz and the 16-kHz slides—the two highest octaves. That should bring up the sound quality of cymbals, guitars and strings. If you have a lot of hiss on cassette tapes, cut back on those slides. The next-best strategy is to set the equalizer in response to the instrumentation of your favorite tapes. If you like Captain Nemo organ solos or want to turn your BMW into a bass drum, boost the 32-Hz band. To put some punch into regular rock-'n'-roll bass, try boosting the 64-kHz band. The next two bands (125 Hz and 250 Hz) are responsible for much of the warmth and richness of the over-all sound. Think mellow cello and set accordingly. The midrange slide covers 500 Hz—the range of male voices, most strings, piano and woodwinds. The adjacent upper midrange (1 kHz) and lower treble (2 kHz) cover the female voice and most acoustic instruments. Boosting these levels can accent a voice and put the singer right in the front seat with you. (Cutting these bands can cause the voice or the instrument to recede.) The three highest slides (4 kHz, 8 kHz and 16 kHz) can be juggled to create image, depth, crispness, openness, etc. Still with us? Now turn on your car engine and sit there. Adjust one slide at a time to see what the effect is. If you are listening to a violin solo, fiddling with the bass slides will have no noticeable effect. From here on, you're on your own. We set our equalizer in a basic banana shape that accents voices, but that's our taste. If you share a car pool with Bigfoot, you may want to adjust the controls to make up for that sound absorption.

Here is an unusual question. After extensive foreplay, I often become quite excited and overlubricated, which makes me too wet and slippery. I was wondering if perhaps alum, such as that used for shaving cuts, would keep me drier inside. If it won't harm me, does it come in a powdery form? If this isn't a good idea, then I'd appreciate any suggestions!—Miss J. K., Huntington Beach, California.

There's no need to try artificial drying agents in an attempt to minimize lubrication. Not only might the introduction of chemical agents cause adverse reactions to your (or your partner's) genitalia, it is an extreme and unnecessary solution. The simplest and easiest remedy is to use your hand(s) to wipe away any excess lubrication on the labia or just inside the opening to the vagina, or keep some tissues nearby for this purpose. A quick pass over your genital area can be accomplished so deftly and quickly that your partner may never be the wiser, though this is certainly not a cause for concern or embarrassment.

Two years ago, I became involved with a woman who was going through a particularly difficult divorce from her abusive husband of 20 years. We weathered death threats, assaults and ugly court scenes but came out intact. Eight months after the divorce was final (and her ex-husband had finally decided he'd spent too much time in jail for bothering her), we separated. It was a time when neither of us was sure whether I had been with her for true love or just to provide her with protection. The separation lasted six weeks. We found that we could not forget each other. We've been together since then, and things have been fantastic. We have both abandoned our self-protective positions and have discovered a new level of mutual support and dedication. We laugh, hold each other and take pride in each other's accomplishments. Now there is no doubt as to why we're together. It sounds like the perfect ending, but here is the catch: She is 13 years older than I am and worries that she will physically break down before me if we should marry. I don't believe this. She is the most physically active woman I've ever been involved with. We swim, water-ski, climb cliffs, explore caves, run and have the most pleasurable sex that either of us has ever had. Her strength and durability are incredible. I've pointed out to her that she would far outlast almost anyone else her age and that as we grow older, the difference in our ages, relative to our actual ages, will become smaller. All in all, I believe that I have found the perfect companion for me, and I know her well enough to know that she would not be nearly as happy with anyone else. There are no reasons to hurry any decisions, but I feel that marriage is a probable outcome. She likes the idea but is afraid. What is your opinion of the situation?—J. R., Boston, Massachusetts.

It doesn't really matter what our opinion is. If this woman is comfortable enough with the idea of marriage, she'll eventually come around to your way of thinking. If her past marriage is haunting her, however, you're going to be hard pressed to ease her hesitancy. We don't think age difference is the real issue here—but there's a chance she's using that as an excuse until she's more certain about her feelings for you. Give her time—and space, if

necessary. We feel that sooner or later, she'll realize that you're basically correct about the insignificance of the difference between your age and hers. We wish you both well.

I have been enjoying the beautiful stereo sound of compact discs for a few months. Recently, I've seen discs available that are "restored to original mono—digitally remastered." As a general rule, these are oldies discs, such as Elvis Presley and the Beatles. Can you explain why they make the CDs in mono when the original LPs were released in stereo?—M. A., Redwood City, California.

There may be a single reason or a combination of reasons for releasing a CD in mono even though a stereo version of the LP was once available. The decision is usually based on sound quality rather than on economic factors. Some of the very old recordings were mastered in mono but were released or reprocessed in some sort of simulated stereo that sounds even more artificial on CD. In some cases, the original mono and stereo recordings were compared and the CD was released in whichever sounded better. Because of a lack of technology and equipment in stereo's infancy, often the mono version sounds better and, just as important, has less background noise than the stereo version. Introduction of and exposure to CDs have raised the public's awareness of sound quality as no other medium ever has. The simulated stereo, limited frequency response and high background noise of the past are just not acceptable to the increasingly sophisticated public. Mono releases of oldies are being cleaned up and released the way they were meant to be heard: in mono.

For the past two years, I have been using condoms because of my fear of contracting the AIDS virus. My question is this: On the back of all the condom brands I've used, there is the warning that "petroleum-based jellies, cold creams or any other oil-based products are not to be used with latex (rubber) condoms." I'm curious to know why, and what effect, if any, these products will have on a condom.—J. S., Washington, D.C.

A petroleum-based jelly can dissolve the latex, causing it to shred. (You can test your favorite lubricant while masturbating to see if it causes a condom to deteriorate.)

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



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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

What was having sex like the first time?

Oh, my God, my mother's reading this; I know she is! I was in love, and it wasn't anything like what I had dreamed about for so many years. It was painful. We were in the front seat of a car. It was so terrible that I seriously thought, I'll never do this again, and I didn't for about a year afterward. And guess what? It wasn't any better the second time. Obviously, it's improved dramatically since then; but at the time, I didn't like it at all.



Lynne Austin

LYNNE AUSTIN
JULY 1986

I didn't lose my virginity or give it away. I found it. I found a wonderful experience. It was something I got in return for what I gave. It wasn't good or bad; it was interesting. I think a woman experiences it differently from a man. It certainly can be quick and painful. The first time isn't a great experience; it's a new experience. I was in a rebellious period. I was very nervous. I didn't really feel sexy until I got older. When I got more familiar with sex and got used to it, then I started to feel sensuous and sexy.



Luann Lee

LUANN LEE
JANUARY 1987

I was a romantic. I wanted to save sex for marriage. When I was away at school, my friends and I made a pact. We used to climb into an attic and have secret meetings. The group vowed to wait for marriage. One by one, each girl lost hers until I was the only one left. I left school without giving in, and when it finally happened, I kind of regretted it, because I didn't love him. I hadn't done it with anyone I *did* love, so why did I do it with him? That's women, I think. We're like that sometimes. I regretted not waiting for Mr. Right, but I did have a big grin on my face, anyway.



Marina Baker

MARINA BAKER
MARCH 1987

This is a delicate question. On the last day of high school, I decided it was time to have sex. I didn't have a boyfriend, so I chose a boy who had been a friend of mine for a long time. I was ready to find out what sex was like, and the most diplomatic thing I can say is that it's certainly much better now. He was just a young man, and I was pretty uptight. I had been kissed only once before. It messed up our friendship, because afterward, we were uncomfortable about what we had done. I guess the classic statement "I want to keep you as a friend" is true.



Julie Peterson

JULIE PETERSON
FEBRUARY 1987

Sex the first time was a mutual give-and-take with my first boyfriend. I was 18 and I was so involved in sports that I didn't have a lot of time for guys, even though I was attracted to guys in sports. I was very nervous and scared when it finally took place. We were in a pool. I love water—it's so sensuous—but that first time, it was pretty quick and it hurt. It wasn't great and it wasn't awful. It just happened. It didn't ruin my attitude toward sex at all. Now I enjoy it a lot, both making love and having sex with my boyfriend.



Rebecca Ferratti

REBECCA FERRATTI
JUNE 1986

It was great for me, because it happened with someone I loved. We were together for two years afterward. I was very scared. I didn't know what I was doing, but he was wonderful. I was in love with him, and that's what made it special. He was not inexperienced, though we had been together for a long time before I was ready for sex, and he put up with that. He said, "When you're ready, let me know." He never tried to trip me up. He just waited until I was ready, and to this day, I'm sure he didn't do it with anyone else while he was waiting.



Kimberly Paige

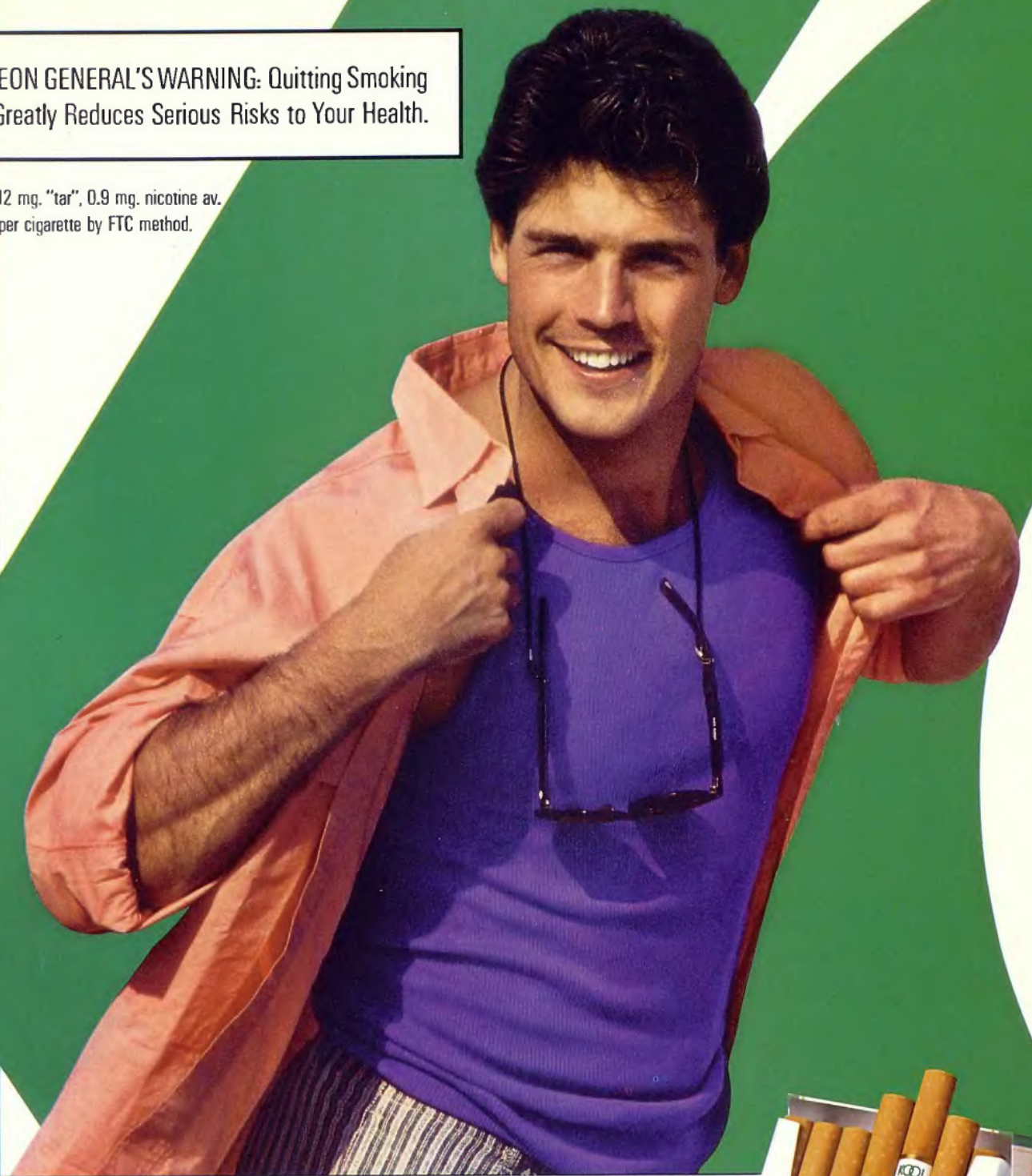
KYMBERLY PAIGE
MAY 1987

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QUESTIONS

At a fashionable dinner party in Chicago, the hostess reads aloud from *The Book of Questions*, a best-selling paperback by Gregory Stock:

“Would you be willing to murder an innocent person if it would end hunger in the world?”

“Assume there were a technological breakthrough that would allow people to travel as easily and cheaply between continents as between nearby cities. Unfortunately, there would also be 100,000 deaths a year from the device. Would you try to prevent its use?”

“Someone very close to you is in pain, paralyzed and will die within a month. He begs you to give him poison so that he can die. Would you? What if it were your father?”

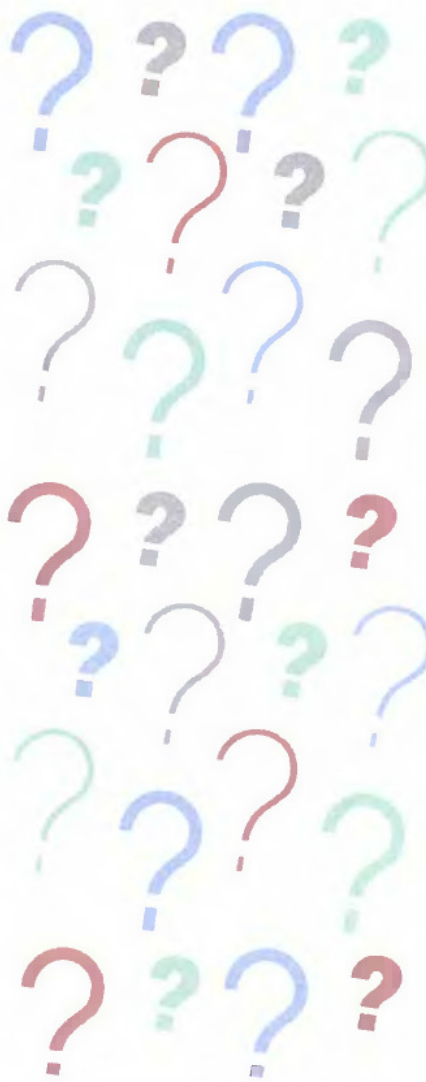
“If you knew your child would be severely retarded and would die by the age of five, would you decide to have an abortion?”

“While on a trip to another city, your spouse or lover meets and spends a night with an exciting stranger. Given that they will never meet again, and that you will not otherwise learn of the incident, would you want your partner to tell you about it? If roles were reversed, would you reveal what you had done?”

On his morning commute, a businessman reads the following questions in a full-page ad in *The New York Times*, sponsored by The Jewish Theological Seminary of America:

“You run a small business making infants’ clothing. One hundred families in a depressed area depend on you for a living. A Government agency discovers that the flameproofing ingredient used on your fabrics is carcinogenic—your entire inventory is banned from sale in the U.S.A. The government of a neighboring country imposes no such restrictions on infants’ clothing. You could sell the garments there and save your business. What do you do?”

“You are an expert in 19th Century art. At a garage sale, you spot a small oil painting in a cracked frame. The price is five dollars. You are certain that it is the work of a minor master of the period, worth tens of thousands of dollars. You could legally pay the five



dollars without disclosing the painting’s worth. Do you buy and run?”

“Your son, a high school junior, has a term paper due on Tuesday. Early Tuesday morning, he tells you that he has not finished writing it. He asks you to call him in sick so that he can finish the paper and hand it in on Wednesday without being penalized. He says, ‘Everyone does it. You want me to be the only one playing by the rules? I need this grade so I can get into a decent college. Anyway, who does it hurt?’ And what do you say?”

Allan Bloom, conservative author of the best seller *The Closing of the Ameri-*

can Mind, provokes students suffering from cultural relativism with this question:

“If you had been a British administrator in India, would you have let the natives under your governance burn the widow at the funeral of a man who had died?”

A chaplain at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, asks soldiers at a values seminar to resolve the following quandary:

“You are in charge of a fallout shelter that can hold only ten people. There are 12 people, including a doctor, a lawyer and a prostitute, who are trying to get in. How do you decide?”

A doctor considers this medicolegal problem in a copy of *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality*: “A patient has tested positive for HIV [the agent responsible for AIDS], confirmed via enzyme-linked immunosorbent assay (ELISA) and Western-blot techniques. He is asymptomatic and refuses to inform his wife of the test results, despite my explanations and urging him to do so. What is my legal obligation in this case?”

Ethical questions have replaced Trivial Pursuit as the parlor game of the Eighties. The blurb for *The Book of Questions* suggests, “Ask your friends. Ask your parents. Ask someone you hardly know.” The ad in *The New York Times* counseled, “Every day, each of us faces conflicts and confusion, temptation and the fear of seeming a sucker—tough decisions with no easy answers. If we shared our moral dilemmas with the people we care about, it might make a difference in the choices we make. If our children heard us discussing moral issues, perhaps they, too, would start asking questions.”

In a culture that thrives on novelty, it is no surprise that these questions have an inordinate ability to fascinate. The sad thing is that ethical questions strike us as novel. Most Americans don’t face them every day. We make the decisions we want to, not the ones we have to. What do these little cattle-prod questions signify?

This is either the beginning of an era or the end of one.

R E A D E R

A BYTE AGAINST PRIVACY

Janlori Goldman's "Taking a Byte Out of Privacy" (*The Playboy Forum*, November) is a load of biased garbage. There *are* cases in which innocent persons are arrested because the police use the National Crime Information Center computer, but those cases are extremely rare. Compare them with all the other times police officers and other agencies use the NCIC to arrest the guilty. If we didn't use this system, muggers, rapists, thieves and murderers would walk our streets unchecked. Criminals love liberals like Goldman—for making their lives of crime easier.

Mike Roberts, Patrol Officer
Fort Worth, Texas

Goldman is wrong when she states that "a significant percentage of [NCIC information] is inaccurate or incomplete." The NCIC regularly audits its information system. In fact, a recent NCIC audit of the Texas Harris County Sheriff Department's criminal-warrants entries found an error rate of only .10 percent. I attended a Texas-sponsored school on the NCIC system and we were told repeatedly that agencies that misused the system would be disconnected.

The NCIC is a threat to the individual privacy and liberty of only one group—criminals. Goldman and the A.C.L.U. should consider the civil liberties of *victims*.

David E. Kaup, Sheriff
Harris County, Texas

Goldman responds:

The A.C.L.U. is not opposed to the NCIC; in fact, we believe that the NCIC system, if properly used, can benefit citizens as well as the law-enforcement community. What we are opposed to is the proposed dramatic expansion of the NCIC's scope—especially without any statutory authorization. The expansion would include tracking and linkage systems far beyond anything ever envisioned when the NCIC was created. Study after study (including one by the FBI) shows that the NCIC houses a large percentage of inaccurate, incomplete criminal-history information. The Terry Dean Rogan

case is only one of the egregious examples of how an innocent person can be harmed by misusing the system. A Federal court recently held that the Los Angeles Police Department and the city of Los Angeles were liable to Rogan for damages for violating his constitutional rights. The court called their conduct "both grossly negligent and systemic in nature" (emphasis mine).

Levels of data integrity vary greatly from

state to state. Because all arrest records are sent to the NCIC system and are later accessed by law-enforcement officials around the country, there is no way for anyone to know with certainty whether he is calling up an accurate or complete record. For instance, New Jersey submits a final disposition (the record of whether a person is convicted or acquitted) for only four percent of the arrest records given to the NCIC. Ver-

mont, on the other hand, submits the final disposition 97 percent of the time. Although arrests are automatically entered into the NCIC depository, the FBI does not enforce any mandate that requires states to submit disposition data on those records. Therefore, someone cruising the streets of Chicago who makes an illegal left turn can be pulled over and checked through the computer, only to have information turn up that he or she was arrested sometime previously for murder. Chances are the records will not show that the person was later acquitted. This is particularly disturbing because, in some instances, the NCIC records are released to the non-criminal-justice community for employment or licensing purposes. In fact, 50 percent of the inquiries to the NCIC system are from the non-law-enforcement community.



FOR THE RECORD

MOMMA DON'T PREACH

Brown University, in response to Nancy Reagan's "Just say no" campaign, held a forum called The Weekend of Choice to encourage college students "to think for themselves."

One speaker, philosopher and guru Timothy Leary, told students that families, not governments, should teach morality. He himself forbids his 14-year-old son to do drugs, just as he forbids him to drive a car or use a chain saw. "Call me Attila the Hun or square, but that's the way it is. You can't fuck your mother, either."

But for those over the age of consent, he's all pro-choice: "The Reagan Administration, which is without any doubt the most harebrained, fruitlooped, nitwit, impractical regime since Caligula's, is trying to tell us what to do in the privacy of our own homes and bedrooms, and what we can or cannot put into our bodies. I want Nancy Reagan to keep her hands off our neurological pleasure dials."

The NCIC should be an aid to enforcement, never a detriment to innocent citizens. We must put a cap on this kind of system.

A. Q. White
Salem, New York

Goldman's name probably went right into the NCIC's computer when the November issue of *Playboy* hit the stands.

Robert Bradford
Memphis, Tennessee

INSULIN FROM ANIMALS

I am a diabetic, kept alive by daily doses of insulin. Someday there may be a better source of insulin than animal carcasses, but currently there's not. Stop killing cattle and you'll kill me instead. Is that what animal rightists want?

Ralph Sizer
Providence, Rhode Island

A FATHER RESPONDS

I am no feminist and have even, on occasion, been called a male chauvinist; however, I must respond to John A. Rossler, president of The National Congress for Men (*The Playboy Forum*, December). Rossler obviously does not believe that a man should feel any responsibility, love or compassion for a child conceived during a short-lived relationship. As the father of six, I cannot understand how any man can be devoid of these feelings for *any* of his children. If you don't want children, don't have unprotected sex.

William D. Cobourn
Concord, New Hampshire

SAVE OUR CHILDREN

The time, effort and money spent by procensorship people on lawyers, boycotts, lobbying and letter-writing campaigns supposedly in the name of the children would be better utilized in helping them learn and grow. With true concern and effort on the part of the adult populace, maybe our children will have an easier time facing their future.

James Haas
Gunnison, Colorado

ANTI-ABORTION UPDATE

I thought you'd like an update on "Ronald Reagan, No-Choice Advocate" (*The Playboy Forum*, December). A New York Federal judge dismissed a lawsuit by Planned Parenthood that sought to overturn the Reagan Administration's policy of denying Federal funds to overseas planned-parenthood groups that mention abortion as an alternative to pregnancy. The judge, in dismissing the suit, said, "It would amount to a ruling by this court requiring the Executive [branch] to render financial assistance abroad to applicants whose activities are squarely in opposition to the announced foreign policy of the United States." I can't understand why Reagan didn't nominate *that* judge for the Supreme Court.

W. Jacobs
Albany, New York

The Reagan Administration's denial of funds to any international family-planning agency that counsels abortion as an option to pregnancy serves only to ensure that illegal back-alley or self-induced abortions are widely practiced in the Third World.

I spent six months working at a mis-

sion hospital in Kenya, the country with the highest fertility rate in the world (the average Kenyan woman bears more than eight children in her lifetime). While there, I dealt with the consequences of numerous illicit abortions. Some were of the "coat hanger" variety, others were caused by overdosing on medicine to produce a spontaneous abortion.

Kenyan women are faced with a terrible predicament. Family-planning services are not always available (and will be even less so with the new Reagan Administration policy); sex education is opposed by the three major churches, Catholic, Presbyterian and Islamic (those religious groups feel that sex education encourages promiscuity); families are unable to provide food and pay school fees (school is not free in Kenya) for the children they already have; a tubal ligation, the most practical option for many, costs money and requires the written consent of a husband or another significant male family member (and male Kenyans consider their ability to procreate to be a sign of virility), and barrier contraceptives are impractical because of the scarcity of water. Schoolgirls who become pregnant face certain expulsion from school and the censure and possible physical abuse from older

male family members.

I am not an advocate of abortion as a means of population control. However, when population pressures impose excessive hardships on people who don't have access to adequate family-planning technology, women will be forced to resort to desperate and sometimes brutal measures.

Randy Rockney, M.D.
Cumberland, Rhode Island

HOW SWEDE IT IS

Swedish female politicians are wearing fish-net stockings and miniskirts to work these days—all in the line of duty. As they walk the streets dressed as prostitutes, they warn the men who approach them that they can catch AIDS from using hookers. Apparently, some Swedish prostitutes are I.V. drug users and have contracted the AIDS virus via the needle. Tourists, beware.

M. Powell
Chicago, Illinois

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

Douglas Ginsburg was forced to withdraw his nomination to the Supreme Court because he admitted to having smoked marijuana. Asking a candidate for the Supreme Court if he has ever taken drugs and asking a candidate for elected office if he has ever committed adultery are just the kinds of questions we should expect from a society with a history that includes the Salem witch trials.

But where do the questions stop? Perhaps we should ask all candidates for the Supreme Court and for elected office if they have ever engaged in oral sex in any of the 19 states that still have



land recently conducted a study of 619 gays and bisexuals, in which he found that the men who watched erotic safe-sex films made significant changes in their sexual behavior. There were no such changes in the men who studied sex guidelines, or who listened to someone with AIDS discuss his disease, or who read erotic stories describing safe sex.

Quadland acknowledged that some people might find the safe-sex films, which show gay lovers engaging in mutual masturbation, offensive, but "this is a health issue, not a moral issue."

Jesse Helms, listen up.

Sexually explicit comic books, written to inform readers about AIDS, have received some harsh words from Senator Jesse Helms for "not encourag[ing] a change in that perverted behavior." He added, "I may throw up."

Before Helms gets sick, he should talk with Dr. Michael Quadland, a professor of psychiatry at Mount Sinai School of Medicine. Dr. Quad-

heterosexual-sodomy statutes. Perhaps we should ask them if they've ever driven faster than 55 miles per hour. Have they ever hired an illegal alien? What about the woman who baby-sits occasionally? Have they checked her green card? Have they ever paid a handy man or a baby sitter in cash, without taking out Social Security payments or reporting the transaction to the IRS? Have they ever rented an X-rated video? If we keep screening our candidates so carefully, the only men in Washington will be clones of Jerry Falwell and Jesse Helms—or the Hitler youth.

Nathaniel Bynner
Evanston, Illinois

HEDONIC DAMAGES?

Given the fact that *Playboy* has been accused of being guided solely by hedonism, I thought you'd be interested in the fact that the Seventh U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals upheld a \$1,600,000 award that included \$850,000 in hedonic damages. The damages went to the estate of 19-year-old Ronald Sherrod, who was shot by a Joliet, Illinois, policeman. Sherrod's family sued the policeman and the city of Joliet; the jury granted them the money as compensation for Sherrod's "loss of the pleasure of living." The dollar amount was deter-

mined by an economist who estimated the hedonic value of the young man's life.

J. R. Ray
Missoula, Montana

PORN HUSKERS

"Make love, not war" is a chant that wasn't heard in Iowa last summer. An Iowa state-fair art exhibit featured two works of art that three people found offensive. One showed a woman with a breast visible through a sheer gown (artwork that had previously won first place in a Des Moines art show) and another showed a woman's nude thighs and pubic area. The three people complained and the art was removed from the show. One state-fair official said, "I'm opposed to war. Do you suppose if I complain about these tanks (displayed at the fair), they will get them out of here?"

P. Tucker
Iowa City, Iowa

JUDGE NOT

Amid reports that Jim and Tammy Bakker might return to host *The PTL Club*, Jerry Rose, president of Chicago's Christian television channel 38 said that he would drop the show from his daily television schedule if they did return. Rose said that the Bakkers were "not in any spiritual condition to lead the PTL ministry."

Whatever happened to "Judge not lest ye be judged"?

R. Perry
Chicago, Illinois

AND CALL A NUT A NUT

The follies of Jesse Helms are always worthy of reporting, and I knew you'd be interested in this Helms quote: "We have got to call a spade a spade and a perverted human being a perverted human being." Helms was, of course, referring to homosexuals. As Archie Bunker used to say, "Stifle yourself."

L. Mason
New York, New York

For another great Helms quote, see the "Forum" box "Safe Cinema."

JUST ASK HOW

Is the "Just say no" approach to alcohol as misguided as Prohibition was? I think so. I am a Brown University professor and an anthropologist specializing in alcohol consumption. Fellow anthropologist A. M. Cooper and I think that governments should teach us *how* to drink rather than *not* to drink, a position that contradicts everyone from Nancy Reagan to the World Health Organization.

We came to this conclusion after studying the drinking habits of people from a number of countries. The Italians are an example of a group of people who are taught *how* to drink and, therefore, have very few problems with alcohol. Italian parents expose their children to it at an early age, discourage them from drinking alone and set a good example by drinking in moderation. Restricting the availability of alcohol by raising the drinking age or by enacting other anti-alcohol laws is counterproductive.

Dwight Heath
Providence, Rhode Island

THE WRITTEN CONNECTION

From 85 to 90 percent of all divorced fathers do not receive custody of their children, and many of these men feel more like visitors than like fathers.

The Written Connection is a system that helps fathers communicate with their children. It evolved out of a divorced parent's need to find a better way than phone calls and occasional visits to strengthen the emotional link between father and child.

The Written Connection offers organization, monthly projects and creative-writing ideas geared toward kids between three and ten. It was developed with the help of professionals and has been endorsed by the National Congress for Men and the National Council for Children's Rights.

Kids love mail, and letters are permanent reminders of a father's interest and commitment to them.

Melanie Rahn
The Written Connection
P.O. Box 572
Chandler, Arizona 85224



Naked Threats

If *Elle*, a hot women's magazine, doesn't stop publishing brash displays of nudity like this, folks up North will be hard put to purchase this magazine.

Censorship mania has apparently moved up the ranks, from store owners' yanking "offensive" magazines, to distributors' refusing to supply them, as the following letter attests.

"Dear *Elle*: As a wholesale magazine distributor in southern Minnesota, Iowa and parts of South Dakota, I was distressed to see a woman nude from

the waist up in an article on sunscreen ('Summer Skin,' June).

"*Elle* has been a real success story for us and all distributors. But if you continue to include such nudity, we will be forced to remove it from all of our upscale supermarkets. I don't believe there's a magazine wholesaler in the country who will not be faced with the same problem."

Judith A. Hecht
Mankato, Minnesota

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

TRUTH IN LABELING

PORTLAND, OREGON—Overcrowded prisons are having an effect on the kind of punishment judges are meting out to offenders. One Oregon judge, knowing that child molester Richard Bateman, who



refused to participate in a rehabilitation program, would spend only a brief time in jail due to lack of space, ordered a short sentence and a five-year probation, with one stipulation—Bateman must post a sign at his residence and on any car he drives: DANGEROUS SEX OFFENDER. NO CHILDREN ALLOWED.

YES, WE HAVE SOME BANANAS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Members of the banana industry are thoroughly upset that the world's number-one fruit is becoming the subject of choice for condom demonstrations. The banana, which formerly took a bruising because of its potential use as a dildo, is once again getting the kind of publicity its promoters prefer to avoid.

COVERT TESTING

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Since November 1985, women applying for jobs as D.C. police officers have secretly been tested for pregnancy. The women submitted urine samples for drug testing and were not told that their sample would also be used to test for pregnancy. The tests were halted only when a female employee of the testing clinic complained that the tests were an invasion of privacy. It is not known if any candidate tested positive or was denied a position because of a positive test. D.C. police are re-examining their policy.

CRUEL AND UNUSUAL INDIGNITIES

LOS ANGELES—The sheriff of Orange County has been ordered to pay \$5050 to a convicted murderer for subjecting the man to indignities that included confining him for three months in a cell without a bed, allowing him less than 15 minutes to eat meals, not allowing him two hours of outdoor exercise a week and confiscating his subscription to Playboy. The prisoner contended that he had been singled out for harassment and the judge apparently agreed. "Knock it off," he told the sheriff, "and treat [the prisoner] with reasonable decency."

YOU BE THE JUDGE

PELL CITY, ALABAMA—A judge has held that it's OK for a school administrator to paddle a student but not OK for a parent to paddle a school administrator. Parent Vicki Elmore hit assistant principal Elsie McGowan with a paddle because her seven-year-old son had been paddled by McGowan—despite her request that McGowan notify her before disciplining her child. McGowan hauled Elmore into court and the judge convicted her of first-degree assault and sentenced her to five years in prison. "I was pleased with the sentence, because I felt that justice had been done," said McGowan. Was this a fair sentence? You be the judge.

SEX=NO-FRILLS WEDDING

HOUSTON—Roman Catholic bishop Joseph Fiorenza has instructed priests in his diocese to refuse to give couples traditional church weddings if they are cohabiting and to refuse to set wedding dates until the couples' living arrangements are known. Those who are "living in sin" will be allowed only a simple ceremony unless they agree to move into separate quarters and forgo sex for six months prior to their marriage.

HIGH-TECH ESCAPE

LOS ANGELES—The County Sheriff's Department is looking for an employee who sent out a computer message directing jailers to release an accused cocaine dealer being held on \$3,000,000 bail. The suspect bypassed five security check points and had been gone six days before he was missed.

SON OF SUSHI

LONDON—Some British researchers believe that a diet heavy in fish may help produce sons. The number of male births in Scottish coastal towns is as much as 30 percent higher than the national average. Researchers think that an organic arsenic in fish alters the male sex hormone and contributes to the higher male birth rate.

RUMOR DEMONGERING

WASHINGTON, D.C.—As an apparent good-will gesture, the U.S.S.R. has decided to retract the rumor it started that the U.S. military artificially cultivated the AIDS virus for use in biological warfare. The AIDS rumor first appeared in the Soviet press and then made the rounds of Third World countries. Soviet scientists have published an article in *Izvestia*, an official government newspaper, denying that the rumor has any basis in fact.

AIDS RECOUNT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The widely quoted 1986 estimate that 1,500,000 Americans are infected with the AIDS virus is undergoing a reassessment that will greatly alter the picture of the epidemic. White House officials admit that the 1986 figure was much too high and that new data indicates that the spread of AIDS has slowed drastically. Public Health Service administra-



tors are acknowledging that the infection "is not spreading beyond the existing risk groups." Dr. Otis Bowen, Secretary of Health and Human Services, says, "There is not an epidemic among heterosexuals, as some people think." Estimates suggest that the number of those infected may be as low as 275,000.

FEARMONGERING FOR FUN AND PROFIT

Jerry Falwell's

GREATEST HITS

Last fall, Jerry Falwell announced that he was resigning as president of the Moral Majority and its alter letterhead, the Liberty Federation. He was going back to preaching, back to winning souls.

Too bad, we thought, we'll miss opening our morning mail. Some of Jerry's best work occurred in the communiqués from the Moral Majority. Falwell is a man of letters, and in the periodic appeals for cash, he raised fund raising to the level of art. Consider the following excerpts.

"I HAVE HAD IT WITH THE EFFORTS OF CERTAIN PERSONS AND ORGANIZATIONS WHO WANT US TO ACCEPT HOMOSEXUALITY AS A NORMAL LIFESTYLE.

"Something must be done—IMMEDIATELY!"

"In July of 1983, I wrote you and thousands of Moral Majority members about the deadly AIDS threat that was raging out of control in the male homosexual community of our nation.

"We spent untold thousands of dollars trying to warn our leaders in government and medicine about the 'gay plague,' but few people realized the danger, or responded."

An interesting admission. The money collected by Falwell is spent in untold thousands, and is unaccounted for by any authority other than Falwell and friends. A former staffer for Falwell alleged that a 1979 appeal to help boat people raised \$4,000,000—much more than the \$100,000 that was pledged to and eventually given to a Cambodian relief fund. Then, in 1987, records showed that he had shifted \$6,700,000 from political contributions to his religious ministries. Falwell said, "I think that most

people are giving because I signed the letter. They could care less if the project was being administered by whatever arms of the Jerry Falwell ministry enterprise."

And they could care less if the letters are true. Falwell's character

homosexual politicians have joined together with the liberal, gay-influenced media to cover up the facts concerning AIDS.

"You must help me expose them—and tell America the truth about this deadly epidemic—which may well affect our children and grandchildren.

"I know you are a moral, conservative person. You believe, as I do, in the traditional American family and moral ethic that has made this nation an example to others.

"You do not practice the perverted lifestyles of those who originally spawned the AIDS epidemic.

"But you must realize that none of us are safe

now. The deadly AIDS virus has been spread throughout every walk of life and into every community—homosexual and heterosexual...

"THIS MAKES MY BLOOD BOIL!!..."

"Homosexuals have expressed the attitude that 'they know they are going to die—and they are going to take as many people with them as they can.'

"And this deadly plague is already spreading into the heterosexual community, because of bisexuals who are carriers—even affecting innocent young children.

"This is sexual TERRORISM—and even more deadly than a gun or bomb.

"Across the country the militant homosexuals—carriers of this deadly disease—have gained civil rights advantages which seriously compromise the health and safety of Americans everywhere."

Do civil rights cause AIDS?

acter-cally an immediate threat and accuracy of liberal-Christian forces to be defeated, and assert that only Jerry Falwell knows the truth.

"Please, I beg you—DON'T FAIL TO HEED THIS WARNING—for if we don't take immediate action, AIDS will prove to be the 'final epidemic,'—with millions dying each year—even your loved ones. . . .

"The homosexuals and the pro-ho-

"You and I are the innocent victims of this perverted and deadly lifestyle—AND WE HAVE NO PLACE TO HIDE.

"Once again—I MUST ISSUE A WARNING—and this time, the warning must be heeded, or we will not get another chance.

"Will you help me produce and air a prime time television special on the threat of AIDS—within the next 10 days? . . .

"We do not have the money to produce and air this costly special—we must work together to make it possible—to save our families from AIDS.

"WE ARE LOSING THE BATTLE NOW—WE MUST TURN THE CORNER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE. . . .

"Please help me with as large a gift as possible, but send at least \$25 by return mail."

Falwell went back to this well repeatedly in 1987, gay bashing for dollars.

"I MUST REPORT TO YOU—THE SITUATION IS EVEN MORE CRITICAL THAN I THOUGHT!

"CERTAIN MILITANT HOMOSEXUALS—THE PRIME CARRIERS OF THIS DEADLY DISEASE—ARE FIGHTING BACK ON ALL FRONTS TO PROTECT THEIR DEVIANT LIFESTYLE! . . .

"I HAVE JUST LEARNED THAT THE HOMOSEXUAL POLITICAL LOBBY IS QUIETLY TRYING TO PUSH THROUGH CONGRESS A NEW BILL GIVING HOMOSEXUALS SPECIAL RIGHTS. . . .

"THIS NEW BILL COULD RESULT IN SPECIAL RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES FOR THEM UNDER PROTECTION OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT—ALL THE WHILE THEY ARE PROMOTING THEIR DEVIANT AND DANGEROUS PRACTICES. . . .

"ATTACHED TO THIS URGENT DISPATCH IS WHAT I BELIEVE TO BE THE MOST IMPORTANT PETITION I HAVE EVER ASKED YOU TO SIGN.

"PLEASE READ IT, SIGN AND RETURN IT TO ME ALONG WITH AN EMERGENCY GIFT OF \$30, \$15, OR \$10 IMMEDIATELY."

When a gay newspaper in Seattle suggested that gays tie up Falwell's 800 number (a tactic inspired not by a gay but by a computer hacker whose invalid mother had given away most of her savings to Falwell), Falwell was quick to express his hurt:

"The militant homosexuals have at-

tacked me again—on an unprecedented scale. . . .

"Perhaps you can send \$100, \$50 or even \$25 or \$10. . . .

"And if you could have your gift postmarked within the next 10 days, it would be so helpful. We are facing some ominous deadlines."

Assuming you had given to one of the earlier appeals, you might ask yourself where the money went. Was there an AIDS special? If there was, we, along with the rest of America, missed it. Did AIDS halt the end of western civilization as we know it? It seems that Jerry had moved on to other campaigns: Enter Jerry Falwell, freedom fighter.

"And we have just spent literally every dollar we had in our campaign to alert Americans about the tense situation in Central America between the freedom fighters and the Communists."

As though *Time*, *Newsweek*, and the evening news weren't doing that already. The difference between Jerry Falwell and *Time* magazine is that *Time* asks for money only once a year.

Here is Central America according to God's gift to the *Contras*.

"It's time we go to war to solve the problem in Nicaragua.

"But the kind of war I'm calling for will not be waged with guns and bullets. Instead, it will be waged with the weapons of truth.

"And our young men will not need to die. . . .

"It's time that America learned the truth—who the 'good guys' are and who the 'bad guys' are in Central America. . . .

"The Sandinistas have massacred entire villages, buried people alive, burned homes, stores, crops, and churches to the ground. . . .

"Before we know it, Communist terrorism will be knocking at our back door!

"I don't want this situation to turn into a bloodbath. I don't want to see the United States forced to invade Nicaragua.

"But I do want to see our country aid the *Contras*, those 'good guys' who are fighting for freedom and democracy.

"And so I have decided to wage a war. Not a war with guns and bullets and tanks and planes—but a war of information. . . .

"But to wage this war, it will take thousands of dollars—money we do not have.

"This has been a long and difficult

summer for Moral Majority, and several unexpected emergencies have stretched our resources to the limit.

"That's why I need your help.

"I hope you will be able to send a gift today of \$25, \$50, or \$100, or even more to help me wage this war on Communism in Central America. . . .

"Because if we do not help them fight now—soon it will be the United States that is involved in this battle.

"I'm sure you agree that it would be far safer to help the *Contras* now than to wait until we are forced to shed American blood on foreign soil in our fight to halt Communism. . . .

"That's why I hope you'll send a generous gift today of \$25, \$50, \$100, or more to help Moral Majority get the truth out before it's too late."

Falwell wanted the money to fund a prime-time television address to the nation. When the Iran/*Contra* hearings pre-empted his initiative, he exploited the situation.

"Most red-blooded Americans are fighting mad over the way Congress has treated Colonel North!

"I am tired of what is happening in this country today.

"I am tired of these senseless Congressional hearings and the probings of the Independent Counsel. Everytime I think of the amount of our tax dollars spent on these ridiculous hearings my blood starts to boil."

Falwell's blood may be thicker than water, but it has a substantially lower boiling point. Of course, he rails against those weak Congressmen.

"I am tired of a spineless Congress led by liberal Speaker Jim Wright and Senator Robert Byrd criticizing everything right in this country. If the Congress had voted to support the Freedom Fighters in Nicaragua, this dilemma would never have occurred."

Precisely. And because they didn't, and because Colonel North and the President chose to disregard our democratic process, we found ourselves with a crisis that Falwell dispensed as a mere dilemma. Falwell's solution:

"I say its time to wake up Congress!

"I say its time to stop these ridiculous hearings!

"I say its time to get this country moving forward again! . . .

"Will you join me in this campaign? Will you help me to wake up Congress? Will you write your message to Congress?"

"And will you enclose a generous

contribution . . . of \$30, \$20 or even \$15 today to 'Wake Up Congress' and get America moving again."

Why write to your Congressman in care of Jerry Falwell? You could send your letter to Congress via the U.S. Postal Service for 22 cents. Falwell, on the other hand, would forward your letter for \$15 to \$30. This is called the privatization of democracy. You can pay Falwell to carry out your right to write. What a deal.

In another letter, Falwell asked the people on his mailing list to participate in a five-question 1987 Moral Majority National Issues Poll.

"I am plain tired of liberal, biased organizations like CBS, NBC, ABC, *The Washington Post*, etc. who claim their 'random surveys' (to a few hundred people) tell the pulse of the American people on an important issue.

"Let me ask you this—Have they ever called you and asked your opinion in one of their 'random surveys'? (I don't know many 'average' Americans who have been called.)"

Of course, in addition to participating in his poll, you could also send money to help Falwell in his campaign against liberals.

"And the liberals—supported and heavily financed by such groups as Norman Lear's People for the American Way, the American Atheist Society, militant homosexuals, the National Organization for Women, the National Education Association, the American Civil Liberties Union, Planned Parenthood, and the Communist Party—fully intend to elect a liberal president in 1988!"

"They don't mean to just have their 'own way' in the affairs of this nation—I believe that they actually want to silence you and me.

"As an American—I will not be silenced."

Falwell says that he is giving up the Moral Majority to go back to saving souls. Those of you who, like us, will miss his prose style and defense of truth, need only tune into the *Old Time Gospel Hour* and become a Faith Partner. Then you'll get on his ministry mailing list—and the rhetoric is just the same. Note this letter from Falwell telling his flock why he's going to concentrate on his ministry.

"Never before in my 31 years of ministry have I seen such a concentrated

effort by Satan to damage the cause of Christ.

"Norman Lear's People for the American Way is making efforts to remove certain Christian programs from television stations across America. . .

"Satan is having a 'field day!' The enemies of Christ are laughing up their sleeves at everything that represents Jesus Christ. . .

"We are in the middle of a raging storm! . . .

"We must be alert and careful. We must be on our guard against Satan. And we must work harder than ever before to try and bring people to the only person in whom there is NO disappointment—Jesus Christ!"

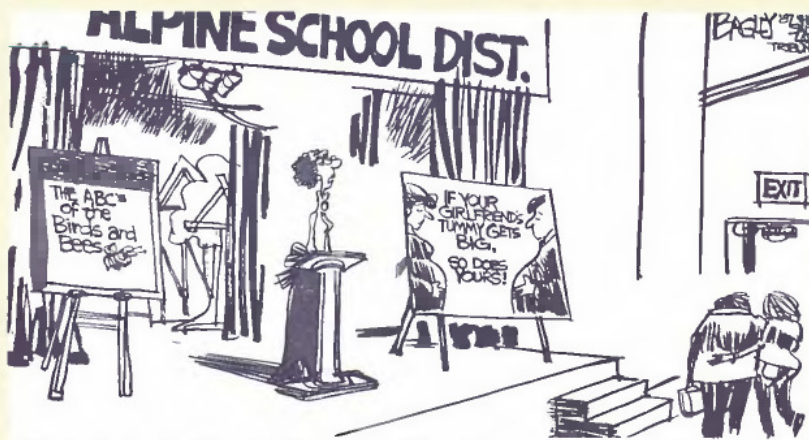
"Will you help me by becoming a Faith Partner? For just \$15 a month (or \$180 a year), you can help me stay on the airwaves preaching the gospel to a lost and dying world. . .

"As a Faith Partner of the *Old Time Gospel Hour* ministry, I will send you two gold-plated Jesus First lapel pins for you to wear as testimony that Jesus is the Lord of your life."

At least they aren't plastic.

Jerry, keep those letters coming.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY AT OREM HIGH



"If a couple does the 'S' word without using a 'C' word they could contract the deadly 'A' word . . . There, I hope that clears up any confusion there might be in your filthy little minds."

**IF YOUR
GIRLFRIEND GETS
PREGNANT,
SO DO YOU!**



PLANNED PARENTHOOD
CALL FOR CONFIDENTIAL BIRTH CONTROL COUNSELING
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.

THE INJURY

Members of the senior class of Orem High School in Alpine, Utah, asked their sociology teacher, Pamela Leetham, for AIDS education. Leetham was smart enough to solicit the parents' approval, which they gave enthusiastically, before she asked Dr. Patricia Reagan, one of Utah's foremost AIDS experts, to instruct her students.

Easy enough so far—until Leetham was informed that the school district's policy on AIDS states that teachers or lecturers "must not discuss the sex act

or the prevention of pregnancy by artificial means, whether in discussing human reproduction or transmission and prevention of AIDS or any social disease" and must not use the word condom in any context.

At that, Dr. Reagan replied, "I'm a health educator; I'm not sure I can talk about AIDS without mentioning condoms. And I certainly can't discuss AIDS without discussing the sex act."

The lecture was canceled.

THE INSULT

Leetham's attempts at sex education were thwarted on another front. An Alpine school-district administrator ordered her to remove a Planned Parenthood poster from her classroom. "There's just something about the graphicness of the poster," he said. "It appears distasteful and demeaning, making a boy look pregnant."

Leetham, her students and their parents are clearly fighting an uphill battle.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

BILLY CRYSTAL

a candid conversation with fernando, sammy jr., dopey, buddy and ali about the real-life adventures of a stand-up comic turned movie star

If you could poll some of the characters in Billy Crystal's repertoire for a joint assessment of their creator, the response might be something like this: "Tonight, friends, someone absolutely marvelous and unbelievable—and we mean that—Mr. I Hate When That Happens, Mr. Forget About It, Mr. Don't Get Me Started: Billy Crystal! Can you dig it?"

We dig him, too—and we mean that—even though these days, with his movie career exploding, introductions of Crystal can no longer be limited to Las Vegas-style wind-ups. His recent success in films such as "Running Scared," "The Princess Bride" and "Throw Momma from the Train" proves there's a lot more to the 39-year-old actor/comedian than a rubbery face and an uncanny knack for mimicry.

Of course, Crystal has had plenty of time to tune his ear. He broke into comedy at the age of five, in his parents' living room, doing shtick for relatives. Showbiz ran in his blood, or at least trickled there. Crystal's mother used to perform in shows at the local synagogue and one year did the voice of Minnie Mouse for a Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade. His uncle Mill ran the Commodore and Decca record labels and introduced "Rock Around the Clock" to the world; his dad managed the Commodore music store and produced jazz

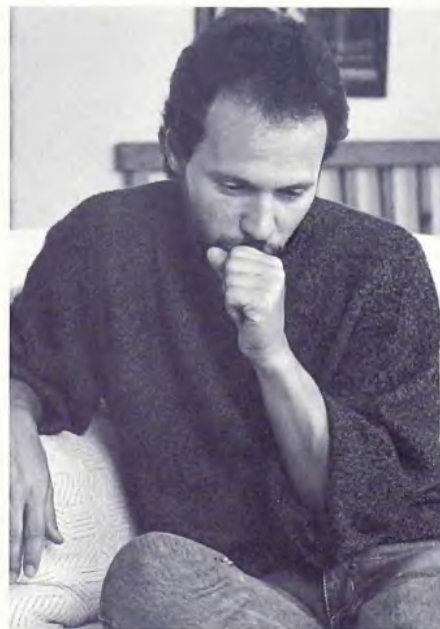
concerts in Manhattan. With such connections, it's no surprise that one of Crystal's early fans (and baby sitters) was Billie Holiday: She called him "Mister Billy." But like many New York kids of the Fifties, Crystal spent much of his wonder years watching the tube (Ernie Kovacs, Sid Caesar, Jonathan Winters and, later, Bill Cosby), following the Yankees and nurturing dreams of playing professional baseball.

Crystal did become a hot shortstop in high school but decided he was too short for the big leagues (he's 5'7") and went to college instead. While he was there, he met his future wife, Janice, and worried about the draft, until his lottery number came up 354—high enough for an exemption. Immediately, he called two friends and formed an improvisational comedy troupe named 3's Company. It proved a successful East Coast act—but not so financially rewarding that Crystal didn't have to support his wife and new baby on extra income from substitute teaching.

But the group's managers wanted Billy to try his act alone; Billy agreed. Soon, 3's Company was defunct. By 1975, he was working New York's Catch a Rising Star as a solo act when the creators of a new comedy show set to air late Saturday nights on NBC approached him to join the cast on a semiregular basis. Despite weeks of rehearsal, an ar-

gument erupted opening night over the duration and placement of Crystal's bit and resulted in his being cut from the first broadcast of "Saturday Night Live." The emotional repercussions of watching the careers of such "S.N.L." comedians as John Belushi, Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd skyrocket, after having just missed that same showcase, plagued Crystal for years.

Desolate, he joined Howard Cosell on his "Saturday Night Live"—a prime-time variety show that proved a resounding flop. As a stand-up comic, he was also opening concerts for Susan Anton, Neil Sedaka, Melissa Manchester and Billy Joel; during the day, he led a Mr. Mom life on Long Island, caring for his daughter while Janice worked. In 1976, Crystal moved the family to Los Angeles (he had been promised an ABC contract that didn't work out) and appeared as Rob Reiner's best friend in one episode of "All in the Family." In 1977, he took the role as the gay son, Jodie, on the wacky soap-opera send-up "Soap." His movie debut was as the first pregnant man in Joan Rivers' unsuccessful "Rabbit Test." In 1982, he debuted "The Billy Crystal Comedy Hour" on NBC and introduced his infamous Fernando's Hideaway. But the "Comedy Hour" was canceled after five shows. He appeared as a mime caterer in pal Reiner's "This Is Spinal Tap," and in



PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS

"Today, we've got the yellors. We've got the comics who hold up puppets and strangle them on stage. Others pull balloons out of their pants. Very few people being themselves. It's like Berlin in the Thirties. It's Dada art."

"I remember packing my stuff, walking out and Gilda running after me. I was crying. I went home. Then I watched 'Live from New York, it's 'Saturday Night!'" And I went, "That's it. I fucking blew it."

"One day, I took a clicker counter with me to see how many people would say 'You look marvelous' to me. I got up to about 170. Ted Kennedy said it to me. Then Kissinger. You know, I'm sick to death of it now."

several HBO comedy specials, and put in some memorable turns on both "The Tonight Show" and "Late Night with David Letterman." Crystal was emerging as a rare and versatile humorist who could field an impressive array of characters, remain topical and, in the tradition of the great comic actors, occasionally bring a lump to the throats of his audiences.

Then, ten years after being dumped from "Saturday Night Live," Crystal got his chance to "stop saying 'What if'" and was invited to join the show's cast, now under a new producer. That season, Crystal dominated the show with characters such as the fatuous Fernando, Ricky the Vietnam vet, Willie the masochist and a startlingly real portrayal of Rooster Willoughby, an ancient black ballplayer. His impressions of Sammy Davis Jr., talk-show host Joe Franklin, Prince and other blacks and Jews drew wild acclaim. But when Lorne Michaels, "S.N.L.'s" original producer, returned for the 11th season, Billy and the rest of the cast didn't. So Crystal made "Running Scared," cut down his touring commitments and hasn't looked back.

We asked Contributing Editor David Rensin to catch up with Crystal just before he began work on his next film project, "Memories of Me," which he co-wrote. We wanted to find out from the man who knows that it is better "to look good than to feel good" how he has handled the change-over from TV comedian to full-time movie star, from one career high to another. Says Rensin:

"When I rang Billy's doorbell, he greeted me wearing blue jeans, a sweat shirt and the beard from 'Running Scared.' I asked to use the bathroom. Billy's eyes widened. 'Oh, please. Yes. Use the bathroom,' he said almost too graciously. He pointed toward a door in the foyer. 'It's right there.'

"His eagerness to please should have alerted me. The door handle seemed oddly familiar. Closing it, I suddenly heard a static-voiced pilot radio for take-off instructions. A porthole to my right showed a sky full of clouds. A red sign flashed: RETURN TO DEN. RETURN TO DEN. A warning on the toilet seat advised against putting puppies or Playmate centerfolds into the head. Other signs were in an unfamiliar language.

"Billy was waiting with a satisfied grin. 'It cost about \$1000, plus the labor to install,' he said. 'It's from an Arab airliner. Everything's in Arabic and English. My designer located the junk parts somewhere in the Mojave Desert. I even used the same carpeting.' In fact, he rejected only the idea of including hydraulic lifts beneath the toilet for genuine airborne effects. He apparently wasn't willing to put up with the inevitable near misses.

"Such inspired flights of imagination have been Billy's ticket into America's funny bone. He is renowned for his visual humor and spontaneity. For example, he never hesitated to make a point by using a character voice, and suddenly I'd be in the room with Sammy Davis Jr. or Dopey the dwarf. Yet it was also clear that while he is enduringly fond of his characters, Billy has pretty much left the old faces behind for new ones—including, sig-

nificantly, his own. He doesn't just want to be remembered for acting like someone else.

"Billy best epitomizes what is meant by the Yiddish word *mensch*. We were immediately comfortable together. He is compassionate and kind—and his showbiz stories are great. He is the perfect bridge between the Catskills and the Comedy Store.

"One thing surprised me. During our sessions, he'd stray from the comic vein and bare an underside not covered in his press clippings. Revealed was the residue of ancient injuries and years of feeling screwed by circumstance, fate and his own optimism. Of course, one major sticking point was his having been dumped from the original 'Saturday Night Live'; another was further in the past.

"However, that first morning on his sun-drenched front patio—after the bathroom episode broke the ice—Billy seemed in fine form. He was confident and energetic and radiated a good tan.

"Just as we got started, the tape slipped through the deck-chair cushions. I searched for a secure perch, with no luck. After I'd fumbled around for a bit, Billy decided to help and offered to hold the machine."

PLAYBOY: You want to hold the tape recorder?

*"It's a bad drug,
jealousy. Eats people up.
Jealousy is the crack
of comics."*

CRYSTAL: It's OK.

PLAYBOY: Are you sure? You won't be able to move around.

CRYSTAL: Am I sure? Look, a Jewish *Playboy* interviewer and a Jewish interviewee! "Are you sure you want to hold this? You sure you want to talk today?" "No, I'm fine. I'll sit. I'll be in the shade. It'll be good." "Are you sure you want to talk about something that personal?" "No, it's fine." "You want to eat something?" "No, no. I'm here to interview. . . ."

PLAYBOY: Let's settle this once and for all: Do Jews make the best comics?

CRYSTAL: There's a great deal of laughter and joy in that heritage. And let's face it, our holidays are not the best. There's a whole day set aside to say just how miserable you are. It's "Shut the light off and don't eat today. You did terrible things, but next year, you'll be better." Hanukkah is also great—because it's eight days long. And you don't have to go to school on Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur, which, in the Fifties, meant world-series time. I'd want to watch, because the Yankees were always in it. What else? Oh, yeah. Girls thought we were great catches.

PLAYBOY: Really?

CRYSTAL: Sure. Date a Jewish guy. Look in every show-business magazine: You see

some beautiful actress with a Dr. Abraham Phlegm. Like Mary Tyler Moore's husband. Who could be WASPier and prettier than she? And Victoria Principal married Dr. Harry Glassman. See, sooner or later, they come around to our way of thinking—that it's not so bad to boil all the flavor out of the meat.

PLAYBOY: Who are your three funniest Jews?

CRYSTAL: Mel Brooks is the top two—even though *Spaceballs* made me a little depressed. Rob Reiner and I were talking about this. We know that, one on one, there's no one funnier than Mel. So to do a *Star Wars* take-off ten years later? I know he'll be mad that I said this, but I felt bad. He's right at the top, and it hurts to not see him stretching. Even if he fails. But I love the guy. He was responsible for my wanting to be a comedian.

PLAYBOY: Were you a funny kid?

CRYSTAL: I've always been very comfortable on stage. In elementary school plays, I'd go off book and start improvising while some bewildered little kid with a flower face was saying [high voice], "Who is he? I thought the ginger man was supposed to come out now." At home, I used to perform for my relatives in the living room. When they came to visit, I'd put on their hats and coats and imitate them. I still imitate them. I'd stand on the coffee table and do my impressions. If they liked the act, they gave me dimes and I put them on my forehead. The show was over when my forehead was full. [*Tries sticking a few dimes to forehead, fails*] Nah. California. It's too dry. In New York, there's humidity. They stick. [*Wets a few dimes; they stick*] See? Thank you very much. If they stay there, I think I'll do the rest of the interview like this. If I'm funny, maybe I'll make some more money.

PLAYBOY: We'll see. Let's back up. These days, stand-up comedy has become big business—if comics aren't on TV, they're in the clubs; if they're not in the clubs, they're on cable. Not long ago, someone said that once there were 200 comedians and only six were funny, and that nowadays, there are 2000 of them and, *still*, only six are funny.

CRYSTAL: That's accurate. Look, I think it's great that there are more comedians, because it says we recognize how important it is to laugh, that we *need* these people. But these days, a lot of people are saying nothing.

PLAYBOY: For example?

CRYSTAL: We've got the yellers. They scream. We've got the comics who hold up puppets and strangle them on stage. Others pull balloons out of their pants. Very few people being themselves. It's like Berlin in the Thirties. It's Dada art. Everything's high-tech. Recently, I worked with a guy in Toronto; I think his name was Putz. No, Schmuck. Charley Schmuck. He made a gigantic baseball glove and wore it on stage. Then he threw these enormous Nerf balls covered with

Velcro into the audience. Then he had the audience throw the balls back and he'd run across the stage and catch them in his big glove. It was kind of silly and goony. I remember wondering what makes a person go out as a baseball glove instead of wanting to talk about things. It's a funny idea, but maybe that's what the critics mean. Everyone comes on stage as someone else, some character, not himself. I may do a character, but I come on as me, and throughout the show I'm talking for myself. These days, audiences leave the performance with nothing. But they had a good time while they were there.

PLAYBOY: Why don't they demand more?

CRYSTAL: Because this is the generation that grew up on *Star Wars* and thinks *RoboCop* is the greatest movie ever. We have a three-minute mentality—sometimes less than that. Because of the fucking cable box, our attention span is horrible. We sit there like junkies. It's a pretty shitty world where we've got a disease that's gonna kill who knows how many millions of people. All we're hearing about is death, death, death. Shooting on the freeways. [Smiles] You know, it's a two-shot minimum now to get onto the San Diego freeway.

PLAYBOY: Cute. So in light of what you've just said—that there are a million funny-men running around, most of whom are really saying nothing—where does that leave you?

CRYSTAL: I've been a stand-up comic for a long time, and a good one. But a stand-up is different things to different people. To me, it's a man or a woman who goes out in front of people emotionally naked and talks about real things. It's not the guy who says, "Hey, my wife . . . she put my thing in the toaster." That stuff is boring to me. And I cringe when I see it, though there are guys who do it very well. I'm not putting that down. This is just my taste.

It's the difference between a comic and a comedian. A comedian says things that are really human. And a comic comes out and pulls down his pants and says, "Look, I got a rubber duck here!" That's why I love Lily Tomlin, Richard Pryor and Albert Brooks. Their stuff is about something. When I start feeling like I'm a comic is when I stop doing it.

PLAYBOY: What about other comedians who've made the jump from clubs to movies? Steve Martin, for instance.

CRYSTAL: Here's a guy who, at the height of his comic career, just boldly quit doing stand-up. Just went off and did a strange movie like *Pennies from Heaven*, with not a lot of laughs, and he taught himself how to tap-dance. I'll go with him right to the wall if he's trying something different. Who thought a guy with an arrow through his head could do the quality and the intelligence of the work he did in *Roxanne*? Even if he's goonier in the next film, it will be on Steve's terms.

PLAYBOY: Robin Williams, with whom you've worked, is another example. How do you rate him?

CRYSTAL: Explosive. Picasso. [Pauses] I wish I were closer to him. We talk, we kid, but I don't really know him. For some reason, I'd like us to be really friendly. He's opinionated, has great self-focus, knows who he is—not unlike Burns or Benny. And lately he's been getting reckless—which makes his show more dangerous. Which is great.

PLAYBOY: Is it tough keeping up with Robin on stage?

CRYSTAL: His mind is, like, "Get outa the way. Get him outa the way!" Even though he wants you to be there. It's like being in the ring with Sugar Ray Leonard at his peak. He's got you in the corner and he's bop-a-da, bop-a-da, bop-a-da. Sometimes you don't know whether he's working with you or against you.

PLAYBOY: Do you get jealous of other comics?

CRYSTAL: I was jealous of Freddie Prinze, because he made it big so suddenly. But I understand why. There's a difference between a star and a superstar—a look in the eye. A little something that's off, and Freddie had that. When he went on stage, it was boom! It's very similar to what's happened to Eddie Murphy. Both are products of television. Freddie could hear, could imitate anything. Not a lot of guts and soul but a talent that was extraordinarily electric. I remember feeling jealous years ago when things weren't so good for me. That was hard. And I still go through bouts. Jealousy is a terrible emotion, because you create your own. It's very, very destructive. It's a bad drug, jealousy. Eats people up. Jealousy is the crack of comics.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned Eddie Murphy. Does he impress you?

CRYSTAL: I don't think he's a good comedian.

PLAYBOY: Seriously?

CRYSTAL: I think he's a wonderful actor and a fine sketch player and characterizer, but I, who love comedians, have a tough time sitting there hearing, "Norton, let me shove my dick in your ass." I mean, come on. I don't even think it's funny. Rob Reiner and I saw him perform in Los Angeles. It was weird. Some guy yelled out, "Buckwheat!" The audience was restless, because they loved not only Eddie, of course, but his characters. Eddie didn't want to do any of them. So he yelled back, "Suck my cock!" The audience laughed. So Eddie turned to the audience and said, "That's all I say to hecklers. Suck my cock." At which point Rob turned to me and said, "Oh, a contributor!" I think it's gonna be exciting to see what Eddie will be like as he gets older, and what roles he chooses to play. We'll see how truly versatile he can be.

PLAYBOY: You sound skeptical.

CRYSTAL: When he came back and hosted *Saturday Night Live* during my season, it was an uncomfortable week—one of the two times I got really mad that year. He walks to the beat of his own drum section. He would come very late to rehearsals or not at all. And never apologize. He took a heavyweight-champion approach with us.

But we weren't young schmucks there. Chris Guest, me, Marty Short and the rest of the cast were treated . . . not great. Nobody was really happy about his attitude.

PLAYBOY: We'll get back to your experiences with *Saturday Night Live*, but let's finish this. How about Pee-wee Herman?

CRYSTAL: He used to annoy me. Now I think he's neat. He's found a place for himself, and you've got to admire his children's show. He devoted his energy to it—instead of *Pee-wee's Next Movie*.

PLAYBOY: Gallagher?

CRYSTAL: You're setting me up. [Laughs] I give him a lot of credit, because he's very productive, but crawling on the floor in vegetable juice—what is that? Albert Brooks called me once and said, "Billy, I want to form a thing called The Friends of Comedy. We'll get you, Rob [Reiner], people we respect. We'll be the new Friars Club. All we need is a building." Then he said, "I already know what the agenda of the first meeting will be." I said [patiently], "What, Albert?" He said, "We decide who gets to kill Gallagher."

PLAYBOY: Stand-up comedy is a field that's pretty much dominated by men. How are the women faring?

CRYSTAL: Comedy is perceived as a man's place, just as it would be weird to see a woman play major-league baseball. It's tougher for a woman to be accepted as a stand-up by audiences.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CRYSTAL: [Construction-worker voice] Because they don't have a big penis! They can't grab their dicks on stage. They can't talk about fucking their wives and how their wives don't wanna fuck them. They can't talk about their balls or how they farted last night. Can't talk about the great piece of ass they saw. Can't talk about beavers and bearded clams. . . . [Pauses] Hey, that was funny, wasn't it?

PLAYBOY: Here's a couple of dimes.

CRYSTAL: Thanks. [Pauses, seriously] But women comics *have to be* classy. Otherwise, they don't have a chance.

PLAYBOY: A chance for what? *Must* they talk about sex organs?

CRYSTAL: I'd like to see a woman stand-up do that. But I don't know if the audience would accept her talking about those things. A man says, "So, I'm fucking this chick and her legs keep flying up over her head. I said, 'Schmuck! Take off your panty hose!'" Right? That's what a guy would do. Is a woman stand-up gonna say, "So, the guy's fucking me . . ."? Wouldn't you be uncomfortable in the audience? [Pauses] I don't know. Maybe it's already happened and I've just missed it.

PLAYBOY: Which women comics impress you?

CRYSTAL: Roseanne Barr, because she's got an honest character and an edge. She's a throwback to W. C. Fields, an annoying character, a whiny thing, but funny. She's clever. Another, Margaret Smith, does a female Steven Wright sort of thing.

But when women come out playing



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instruments or doing their version of the screamer, I get nervous.

PLAYBOY: Being a screamer hasn't hurt Sam Kinison much, has it?

CRYSTAL: No, because Kinison has something to say, both outrageous and funny, within the yelling. It's not a gimmick. He screams his lungs out because that's what he really believes. He's saying that something is wrong.

PLAYBOY: With what?

CRYSTAL: Well, for example, when he tells an audience that he's pissed off at the Ethiopians—[yells like Kinison] "Why don't you move to where the food is?"—he's touching that one little chord in those selfish people who won't give anything or are skeptical and almost afraid to get involved. You know them: When the kid comes around on Halloween with the UNICEF can, they go, "Oh, here's a Milky Way. I'm not giving you a nickel. Get outta here." The way Sam touches on those things is great. I couldn't get away with it.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

CRYSTAL: Coming from me, it would seem like a sarcastic cheap shot. Coming from him, it seems OK. I think of that stuff; I just don't say it. I have one of the grossest minds around. I can do very bizarre things. It's just not what I choose to give an audience.

PLAYBOY: Give us a peek at your more bizarre side.

CRYSTAL: When Chris Guest and I did those "I hate it when that happens" skits as Willy and Frankie on *Saturday Night Live*, we were talking about meat thermometers in your ear and putting your tongue in a self-threading movie projector. Vivid images of self-mutilation.

PLAYBOY: What about something we haven't seen on *Saturday Night Live*?

CRYSTAL: Well, when I hosted *The Tonight Show* recently, I got into trouble for saying that I was getting tired of watching the news and every night seeing a map of Reagan's colon. I said, "Now they're selling them on Sunset Boulevard next to the stars' homes. You know, they sent the same camera up there that they used to explore the Titanic, because both are 75-year-old wrecks. Anyway, they shove this thing up his ass, and who's in there? Gerardo Rivera announcing 'the mystery of Reagan's colon!'" I could see the veins on [Tonight Show producer] Fred DeCordova's neck standing out. Of course, Fred's lived in Reagan's colon. He took a condo there.

Anyway, the show got upset about it. Must have been a call from the White House, where, by the way, they've got their new Reagan computer: no memory, no colon.

PLAYBOY: When you guest host *The Tonight Show*, is it true that there are certain items on Johnny Carson's desk that you're not supposed to touch?

CRYSTAL: They let me. I opened the cigarette case to do a little Sammy Davis Jr.

with Paul Shaffer. They let me run the foot panel. But I wasn't allowed to change the backdrop. There were also a couple of bits I wanted to do that they said no to. I wanted a black Cabbage Patch doll with hair that stood straight up to give to Don King. It would have been a funny sight gag.

PLAYBOY: You said Mel Brooks was your number-one—no, your number-one and -two—comedian. Didn't you also become close to the family of Brooks's old partner, Carl Reiner?

CRYSTAL: Yeah. Ten years ago, Penny Marshall invited me to Rob Reiner's 30th birthday party at his father, Carl's, house. I freaked. We'd just moved to Los Angeles. Rob and I were just becoming friends then. I'd never met Carl, but I'd worn out his and Mel Brooks's record *The 2000 Year Old Man*. At the house, I open the front door and a goat comes running out of the kitchen. The goat's scared to death—pellets are flying out of his ass. He's like this slot machine that's always paying off—ba-bi-da, ba-bi-da—dropping his little bombs. Rob is hysterical, saying, "Look what I got for my birthday!" This is my introduction to Carl Reiner's house. But Carl's not there. And I'm stiff as a board. I am like a starched shirt. It's horrible. I can't relax. To my wife, Janice, I'm saying, "Where is he? What's he gonna think of me?" Ten minutes later, the doorbell rings and here's this guy with his arms filled with Chinese-food cartons, wearing ripped jeans and a stupid hat. Carl. He was a regular guy. He'd brought everyone kazooos and toys. It was so refreshing.

PLAYBOY: Rob has since become your best friend. What was the moment that clinched it for you?

CRYSTAL: One day, while sitting right here, he was feeling miserable and I was feeling miserable. And we talked to each other for three hours about our symptoms and how our depressions manifested themselves. We went on and on and on. He said his headaches felt like rubber bands across the forehead, that he'd get them for hours and weeks at a time. And I said, "Did you ever get the one where your car hurt?" And it was like two neurotics' trusting each other.

When I get real uptight, I have the most amazing headache, which I can only describe as the Buddy Rich Band tuning up in my skull. And when Rob sees that look on my face, he says, "Buddy Rich?" Once, I was sitting in traffic in Chicago with Greg Hines. It was rush hour. We were cold and miserable. When we finally discovered what was blocking traffic, it was the Buddy Rich Band bus! Can you believe it? I ran to the hotel and called Rob immediately.

PLAYBOY: By the way, what did Carl think of you?

CRYSTAL: We got along fine. But an amazing thing happened at the party. Albert Brooks had bought Rob some books. One was *Stunts and Games*. And Albert said, "Let me read you some of these things." At first he read some real ones. Then he

started making them up and reading them as if they were in the book. "This one's called National Football League. Get 30 of your friends together, have them donate \$5,000,000 each to buy black people who can run and hit." Or "Kennedy Assassination. Pretend you see smoke coming only from the Texas Book Depository, ignoring the man with the rifle in the tree standing next to you." I'd probably never seen anyone funnier in my whole life. In fact, it was so funny that he had to leave immediately afterward. It was like a performance. I felt sad that Albert couldn't be a person; he had to leave.

PLAYBOY: Are your peers often funnier in private?

CRYSTAL: Yeah. We had a funny night a couple of months ago at a party at Teri Garr's. It was Steve Martin and me and Marty [Short], our wives, Carol Kane, Diane Keaton. It was guys-vs.-gals Trivial Pursuit. Steve was acting like a chauvinist game player. [As Martin] "Come on, girls, can't shake the dice? What's the matter? Your tits in the way?" And then, when they would confer about a question, he'd go, "Isn't that just like cats talking?" I like when a guy is naturally funny, without the make-up and the tie and the jacket. The times I attended P.T.A. meetings where Mel Brooks's son and my daughter Jennifer went to school were ridiculous. *People* magazine would have loved to cover the meetings. I had to keep pinching myself to believe I was really there.

PLAYBOY: Do you do shtick, too?

CRYSTAL: No. I get tight. I lie on the ropes. I play rope-a-dope. I'll throw a hard one only when I see the opening. I'm getting better about it now.

PLAYBOY: Where and when does the comic muse strike?

CRYSTAL: Sometimes I carry on when I'm alone in the car and do a lot of writing there. People pass me on the street, wondering, Who's he talking to? My wife and I were driving to Florida once, and out of nowhere I started singing *Penny Lane* in a raspy woman's voice. That became Penny Lane, a transvestite piano-bar character. [Gravelly, sexy voice] "Hi, welcome to the Flaming Parrot . . . I'm Penny Lane." I did a whole scene, flew back to New York that night, went into the office the next day and wrote it up for *Saturday Night Live*.

PLAYBOY: Do you get any great ideas in the make-up chair?

CRYSTAL: Tons. Different stages of make-up change one's whole face. We were taking the Sammy make-up off one night. Everything was gone except the big nose. I had a stocking cap on. Suddenly, I was Lou Goldman, weatherman. I did him on *Saturday Night Live* [Lou's crusty, aging Jewish voice]: "The weather for Thursday is 'Don't be a big shot, take a jacket!'" When I took off the Miracle Max make-up—for my character in *The Princess Bride*—I became totally bald. Then I was Dopey, the dwarf, at 90, at an NYU Film School class, being interviewed. [High-pitched,

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PLAYBOY: Do you ever wear any of the make-up home—just for fun?

CRYSTAL: When I was making *Running Scared*, I wore a scar home, with horrible results. Now I just take home my mental scars. Another time, I was on the road playing the m.c. in *Cabaret*. I wore his Kewpie-doll make-up home and my kids freaked out. [Pauses] Did you know that [silent-screen star] Pola Negri fucked Hitler and Charlie Chaplin, and Rudolph Valentino? Did you know that?

PLAYBOY: Uh, no.

CRYSTAL: Isn’t that amazing? Imagine this woman sitting at home when World War Two breaks out and there’s this guy in the paper that she fucked behind a bookstore in Berlin. And all she can say is [*old woman’s voice*] “Jesus Christ! Honey, remember that guy I told you about? Look! Hitler! He’s running the war! Lookit! The arm thing! I fucked him once.” It’s gotta be weird.

PLAYBOY: How does your wife react when you do this—slip in and out of characters during a normal conversation?

CRYSTAL: She laughs. And then she goes, “Hello in there? Can I talk to you, please? Is Billy in there? Nice to see you, Buddy Young, but Billy and I have to balance the checkbook.” Or she’ll just stare at me, like, “Schmuck? It’s *me*. What are you doing this for?”

PLAYBOY: Let’s talk about your most famous character, Fernando. Once and forever: Was he or was he not based on the late Mr. Lamas?

CRYSTAL: I’ll tell you a funny story. I met Sean Penn in a New York restaurant. He was on the phone; I was going to the bathroom. But when he saw me, he hung up and said, “You know when the song [*You Look Mahvelous*] came out and you mentioned Madonna?” And I thought, Oh, Jesus, don’t hit me. But he said, “I loved it.” Then he told me, “I lost \$1000 on you, man.” And I said, “What do you mean?” Apparently, a friend of his had said I was really doing Fernando Lamas. But Sean had said, “That ain’t Fernando Lamas, that’s something different.” The point is that Sean was hearing the *actor*. He knew that the character was not an imitation. My Fernando is a distorted caricature. I said, “You’re both right. The idea for Fernando *came* from Lamas, but it’s not him.” He said he’d get half his money back.

PLAYBOY: But you got trouble from Lamas’ widow, Esther Williams.

CRYSTAL: That was stupid. I met her at Night of 100 Stars after I took off my Fer-

nando make-up and she couldn’t have been nicer. She said that she loved the way I did the character, thought it was terrific. Then I met her son, Lorenzo Lamas, who said his dad loved boxing—so I should talk about boxing. Esther even wanted me to do a movie with her that she owned the rights to, *The Mirror Cracked*. Bottom line: She loved what I’d done. Next time I heard about any of this was when I opened up *People* and saw the story.

PLAYBOY: She objected to the “frequency and the unrelenting constancy” of your use of Fernando, who was, after all, based on her husband—

CRYSTAL: Her *dead* husband. It was a little heavy-handed. If Esther had called me and said, “I’m uncomfortable with this,” I would have made some adjustments. I wasn’t even doing Fernando frequently. Everybody else was doing it more than I was! In fact, when my single came out, disc jockeys were taking my track and putting their own words to it. So mine wasn’t getting played as much as ones by guys thinking *they* were funny. I did *not* abuse the character.

PLAYBOY: Didn’t Fernando’s popularity start to get in the way of your career?

CRYSTAL: One day, I took a clicker counter with me—just an off-the-cuff idea—to see how many people would say “You look mahvelous” to me. I got up to about 170. It got ridiculous. The far-reaching effects first hit me when Ted Kennedy said it to me. Whoopi Goldberg, Robin and I had lunch with him to talk about Comic Relief. I walked in, he said [*imitates Kennedy*], “You look mar-ver-lous.” Then Henry Kissinger said it at the Statue of Liberty. He said [*imitates Kissinger*], “Here’s my son. He wants to be a comedian. He loves you and . . . you are marvelous.” Then there’s Janice’s grandmother Pauline. I think she’s 86. She *still* says it. You know, I’m sick to death of it now.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, it stopped being fun.

CRYSTAL: I’ll tell you about one time I heard it that *was* funny: I’m in the catacombs—the ones outside Rome—five stories below ground, being led by a guide with a torch. A small group of people. Right before you leave, they have one spot where there are bones behind glass. A skeleton is all laid out. The guide says, “Who knows where they’re from.” And from the darkness, some guy says, in a Brooklyn accent, “*They* don’t look so marvelous, do they, Billy?”

PLAYBOY: What’s your best guess at the reason for Fernando’s enormous appeal?

CRYSTAL: All of the “Hideaways” were improvised; I think people knew I was winging it. Doing him was dangerous, and people sensed that. It was nice. I *don’t* miss him anymore, though.

PLAYBOY: Why, then, the album, the video, the Pepsi commercial and the book titled *Absolutely Mahvelous*? You certainly cashed in.

CRYSTAL: You’ve got to. I didn’t want to call the book that, but the publisher in-

sisted. I wanted *Don’t Get Me Started*, the same as my HBO special. I would have been happy with *The Color Crystal*, *Iacocca II* or *Elvis, Priscilla and Me*. I fought them. I almost pulled out of the project because of the title. I said, “Enough, enough!”

PLAYBOY: It was *Saturday Night Live* that brought Fernando into most living rooms. Although your experiences with that show were for the most part—excuse us—*mahvelous*, they let you get away without signing you up for a second season. Why?

CRYSTAL: A couple of reasons. Dick Ebersol, our producer, quit. Martin Short had declined to return. Chris Guest, too. Harry Shearer had been fired. I *could* have done another season if we’d gone after people like Andrea Martin and Eugene Levy; and if they’d done it, Marty and Chris would also have done a few shows. We were talking about a rotating company. I was ripe for it. I loved being in New York. In fact, when I was in Los Angeles, testing for *Running Scared*, the negotiations for Lorne Michaels [the original producer of *Saturday Night Live*] to return to *Saturday Night Live* had broken down and I got a call from [NBC’s head of programming] Brandon Tartikoff saying, “How would you feel about becoming permanent host of *Saturday Night Live*? We’ll call it *Saturday Night Live with Billy Crystal*.”

PLAYBOY: Didn’t that prospect excite you?

CRYSTAL: I would have done it. I immediately started thinking about staffing and material. But, but, but . . . this was on a Tuesday in April. I tested for *Running Scared* on Thursday. So I told Brandon, “If you’re serious, we have to talk right away, because the movie will start shooting in September and I know I have it. The test is just a formality.” The next day, NBC called back and said that *Saturday Night Live with Billy Crystal* wasn’t exactly what they meant. Then I found out that Michaels was returning and had announced that he didn’t want anybody back from the year before. He wanted to sink or swim with his own people, no matter how good Marty and I, in particular, had been.

PLAYBOY: Were there some personal problems between you and Michaels?

CRYSTAL: I hadn’t spoken to him in years. I’d seen him at a party and he came over and said hi, but I said, “Lorne, I’d love to talk to you for *six minutes*, but I can’t.” It was a joke.

PLAYBOY: Based on—

CRYSTAL: The fact that I’d been scheduled to do the very first *Saturday Night Live* and was bumped—Lorne had me in the last spot and wanted me to cut a six-minute routine down to two minutes, which I couldn’t do.

PLAYBOY: That was a tough moment, wasn’t it?

CRYSTAL: It hurt. It bothered me for years. The people on the show were doing the kind of work I’d dreamed of doing. After that, I watched the original performers go on to fame and fortune. Then I watched

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Robin Williams happen huge. All these friends of mine—on and on. Meanwhile, I'm on *Soap*, thinking, Jesus, I've got a half-page scene this week. There was four years of that. It was suffocating, even though people said, "You're getting a lot of money. You should be happy. You're on a hit show." But for a long time, I had, not a chip on my shoulder, but I was . . . moody.

PLAYBOY: How did you get involved in *Saturday Night Live's* debut season?

CRYSTAL: Lorne had met me at the Catch a Rising Star comedy club in New York. I'd been doing stand-up on my own for about a year. He told me about the show and I almost didn't believe him, because my image of a producer was, of course, a guy with gray hair and a cigar and a satin jacket with tour dates on the back. But he struck me as—I hate this word—hip. And confident. I also knew who John Belushi was, because of [the stage show] *National Lampoon's Lemmings*, and I'd heard Chevy Chase's and Gilda Radner's names.

Eventually, Chevy came to see me, along with the head writer and the director. Pretty soon, I felt like a big part of this project. We talked about my making six appearances the first season and being the first noncelebrity guest host. It was an enormous break. My first daughter was a year old; I'd just broken off with my comedy group; I'd been substitute teaching. . . .

PLAYBOY: Were you considered as a full-time Not Ready for Prime Time Player?

CRYSTAL: I'd had a meeting with Lorne, told him I thought maybe I should be one of them, because I could write and do characters, too. But he said, "You're better doing what you're doing. No one will emerge from this group."

PLAYBOY: He didn't quite get that right.

CRYSTAL: Yeah. I think he probably had his group set and didn't want to put anyone else in it. It was a producer's way of saying no. In fact, he made it sound like my not being involved in the chaos would be better for me; I'd have my freedom. So, after months of all this, he blocked out the show and put me on at five to one A.M.—last in the rundown, first to be cut. I told him I couldn't do the piece he'd requested in two minutes, that he should throw out something that *hadn't* worked in rehearsal. When I came in the next day, my manager and agent were fighting with Lorne. I offered to trim the piece to five minutes. I was waiting in the hallway when my manager came out and said, "That's it. We're leaving."

PLAYBOY: How did you feel then?

CRYSTAL: Lost. Totally lost. I'd had almost no say in the final decision. I remember packing my stuff, walking out and Gilda running after me. I was crying. I couldn't believe it. Richard Belzer was doing the warm-up; I was walking out. I went home and called everyone. It was horrible. "What did you do? What did you say? Did you get fired?" That kind of stuff. Then I watched "Live from New York. . . ." And I

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went, "That's it. I fucking blew it."

As rough as that first show was, I could tell it was going to take shape and work. After that, even when I got good reactions from something else like *Soap*, I was looking over my shoulder at *Saturday Night Live* and going, "Shit!" I was very bitter and sad. I was out of sorts with myself for more than a decade. And whenever I socialized with the cast members, I'd hear about it. My firing was *all* Belushi talked about eight years later.

PLAYBOY: If you *had* done the first *Saturday Night Live*, how do you think your life would have changed?

CRYSTAL: I don't like to indulge in what-if, but OK: Three weeks later, I come back to do another show. It doesn't go quite as well as the first, but it's good. Four weeks later, I'm back and they're saying, "Wow. We didn't know you could do characters." I go, "Yeah, it's what I started with." Five weeks later, they fire Chevy. [Smiles] They hire me. Ten years later, I'm in the Betty Ford Center.

PLAYBOY: But the truth is, you *did* go back after ten years.

CRYSTAL: All I really wanted to do was show people what I could do. I'd been hearing "Is he the guy from *Soap*?" for ten years. I was apprehensive, maybe a little desperate, certainly driven to testing myself—relentlessly so. I knew there was a lot on the line and that if, for whatever reason, I didn't happen from this show, there would be *no excuse* afterward.

PLAYBOY: And if the exposure eventually led to movie deals, all the better, right?

CRYSTAL: I would not have gone back if I hadn't thought it might lead to that. I needed a place to do my thing. My first two HBO shows were huge hits, but they were only once every three years and for just a few million people. For all its faults—with all that's been said about *Saturday Night Live*'s first decade—it was still the place to be seen.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, it worked.

CRYSTAL: [Laughs] Yeah, well, you should see the offers I get now. The first thing that came in after *Running Scared* was *Cops R Us*. Even the title was terrible. The number of bad scripts is frightening. I get buddy movies, gimmick pictures, a black ghost in a white man's body. . . .

But films are what I want to do. I just know that I've come a long way and I don't want to fuck it up.

PLAYBOY: You haven't toured as a stand-up for more than a year. Why?

CRYSTAL: I didn't feel that I was saying anything new. So I'm waiting for that inspiration to be different. I'm into something else that makes me happier. Right now, I really want to be seen as great in *Throw Momma from the Train*. Then I want to direct my own film. [Smiles] Of course, now that I'm doing something else, I'm having pangs about not performing.

PLAYBOY: Why *don't* you?

CRYSTAL: I could go to the Improv tonight

and hit on one line and feel, Hey, I've got it again! But going through the newspapers or my life to think of funny things is not a top priority now. I don't feel the pressure of "My God! I've got to get out there on stage or they're going to forget me." That's a big step for me. I don't want to use the word workaholic, but most of my career has felt like I've been running this Ironman triathlon. I've made a lot of adjustments and I'm now thought of as a creative person who can do lots of things. I'm no longer thought of as "the fag from *Soap*." And in the past three years, I've proved that to *myself*. So this is the longest time I've ever stepped back; and, coincidentally, it also feels like the most successful of my phases.

PLAYBOY: So something *can* replace the feeling you get from stand-up.

CRYSTAL: Yeah. There's an éclair that they make at Victor Banish on Third Street that's close.

PLAYBOY: Seriously—if you went back on the stage, what would your show be like?

CRYSTAL: Something more theatrical; a Broadway show similar to Lily Tomlin's *The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe*. I wouldn't have to worry about smelling booze and smoke in the audience, and the people would *listen* to what I wanted to talk about.

PLAYBOY: Which is?

CRYSTAL: Once, Lenny Bruce did nothing but impressions. Or "Make me a malted. Poof. You're a malted." *That* was in his fucking act. But people forget. If you hear the early albums, you ask, "What's the big deal?" Then you notice the adjustments in his material, how he began talking about the Kennedy assassination on stage. I need that kind of change right now. There's something going on inside me that's similar—and that's going to have to come out on stage.

PLAYBOY: Political concerns?

CRYSTAL: Yeah, things bother me: 1400 porpoises dead on the East Coast; tampon inserts and medical waste and bandages from AIDS victims washing ashore. The oceans are polluted with disease. I like *sushi*—so I'm a dead man in five years. We're killing ourselves, and it frightens me. [Pauses; laughs] What I must sound like! This is turning into the Oscar Levant interview.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever thought that maybe some of your insecurity and anxiety stem from your being Jewish? Jews *do* worry a lot.

CRYSTAL: Funny. [Hands the interviewer a dime, sings] "It's just the Jew in my soul. . . ." [Pauses] I don't know *what* it is. I think that that feeling I had for ten years—from the time I got bumped from *Saturday Night Live* until I finally went back on—stayed with me. Maybe it's residue from *Rabbit Test*, the movie bomb I was first in. It's all of that bad tumor stuff that I just want to get out of my system. I'm trying to drop that burden. I've done a

good deal of that by not touring this year.

PLAYBOY: Your social concerns go back to Comic Relief '86—your benefit for the homeless. Intended as a one-shot deal, it's now an annual event, isn't it?

CRYSTAL: I'm more involved in Comic Relief than I ever thought I'd be involved in anything, besides my family. But I really like doing it. I really get off on going to shelters and knowing that homeless people are better off than when I visited them the first time.

PLAYBOY: The show also gave you the chance to perform with your comedy forefathers. Was that a dream come true?

CRYSTAL: Yeah. No egos, conflicts or jealousies. At the first Comic Relief, I sat in the wings and watched Sid Caesar do a mime piece. I was like a kid on his first date—so nervous. I wanted to run up to him and say all these schmucky, gushy fan things. When I did, he said, "I think you're wonderful." All I could respond with was "You're the greatest." My book is dedicated to him.

PLAYBOY: And now you're in the mainstream while they fade away. Does that make you uncomfortable?

CRYSTAL: A friend of mine since sixth grade, Dr. David Sherman, put it best. He said, "You're the people who are going to make us laugh in the next 30 years." OK. Let's go. Let's get it on. It's time. What makes me uncomfortable is that I'm terrified of that day when I'll have to wear the Sansabelt pants. I imagine myself as this little man chewing on a cigar, reading the *Hollywood Reporter*. It's scary to think that someday, I may have to guest on *Love Boat* because there's nothing else out there.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any confrontations with cantankerous old-timers who are unwilling to step aside?

CRYSTAL: Yeah. Buddy Hackett. We met on a plane. Buddy'd had a couple of drinks, I guess. He said that I should come and spend a couple of days at his house to learn about the business. "Richard Pryor did it," he told me. "They all come to study. You'll come and study with *me*. . . ."

PLAYBOY: How does Sammy Davis Jr. feel about your rendition of him?

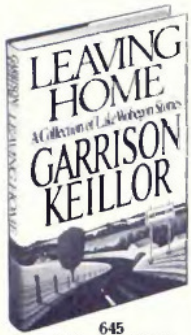
CRYSTAL: I was at his house once, after seeing him and Sinatra perform, and he told me he didn't like it, that I was doing the *old* Sammy Davis Jr. And in the next breath—and it was really sweet—Sammy gave me a huge ring and a medallion. [As Sammy] "So, when you *do* it, have something of *mine*."

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your movie career, you mentioned your movie bomb, *Rabbit Test*—which was about a man who got pregnant. What was your impression of your director, Joan Rivers?

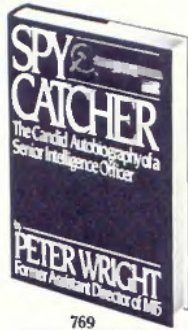
CRYSTAL: She was living in this incredible Bel-Air mansion. A butler, a maid, very English. It didn't seem like a comic's home. We talked, made jokes about a baby coming out of a guy's ass. Somehow, it just didn't fit in with "Would you like some

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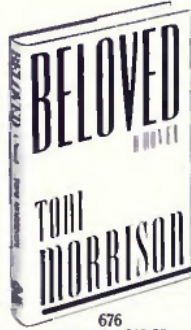
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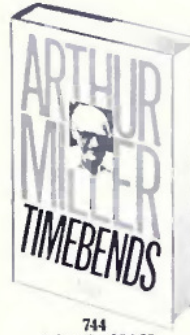
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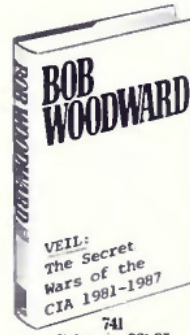
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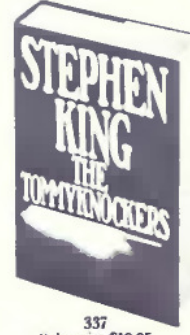
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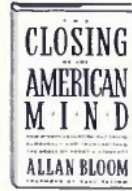
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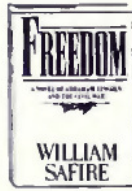
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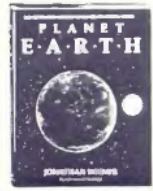
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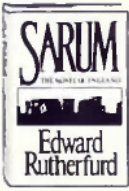
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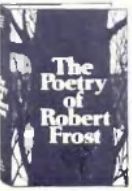
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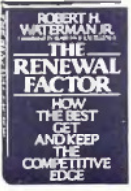
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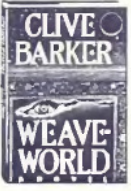
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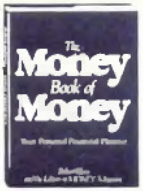
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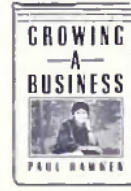
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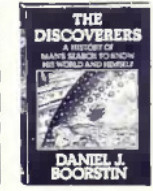
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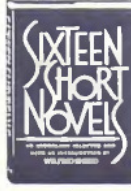
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more wine, sir?" But she was funny, charming, though at the time there was a different Joan in there.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

CRYSTAL: Not as caustic. Not as physically put together. Not as flamboyant, styled. I haven't spoken with Joan in eight or nine years. She's mad at me, because *People* quoted me as having said something like, "I like the movie, but mistakes were made." I think she took offense that I would rap the movie in *any* way in public. I don't even remember saying that. Of course, I don't remember her mentioning the movie in her *Playboy Interview*, either.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of her now-failed talk show?

CRYSTAL: I saw only little bits and pieces. I can't take her as a steady diet. Why put somebody on the spot and go, "Who are you sleeping with? Was it good? Tell me your first sexual . . .?" It's catty and yatty and *yeesh*. And she applauds like a seal! Throw her a herring and put a ball on her nose and let's call it a day!

PLAYBOY: Was the failure of *Rabbit Test* on your mind when you did *Running Scared*?

CRYSTAL: It was a bit like getting beamed and having to get back into the batter's box. I was nervous. I thought, Oh, shit. What if this one goes belly up? Will I have ruined all the work that I've been busting my ass for the past nine years? Will my momentum be killed? It certainly would have affected me emotionally. But from the moment Gregory Hines was cast opposite me and we got to know each other, I knew that things would be OK.

PLAYBOY: Your chemistry with Hines was evident on screen. What was your best off-screen moment?

CRYSTAL: OK. It's six A.M. We're in an elevator in Chicago after an excruciating night of shooting stunts, and Gregory says, "I haven't danced in five months." We're heading for the 12th floor of this building. He's wearing sneakers and starts tap-dancing on the wood floor of the elevator, dancing to the *Muzak*. Someone gets on at the fifth floor. He's still dancing. Someone gets on at the eighth floor, same thing. We get to the 12th floor, the doors open up and he finishes with a *zoop da-da diiii-up, doop-doop!* Then, "You wanna get some breakfast?"

PLAYBOY: In your new film, *Throw Momma from the Train*, you share the bill with Danny DeVito. He also directed. Is it easy taking orders from a guy shorter than you?

CRYSTAL: [Laughs] It made me feel like a power forward. Look, I'm a short guy, too. Danny is a multitalented man whom people are really gonna find out more about. In many ways, Danny's career is just beginning. I feel that way about myself. Still, with all his credits, the first thing people say is "Boy, he's a short guy!"

PLAYBOY: We were just having a little fun at his expense.

CRYSTAL: See? A little fun. You'd have a lot of fun with Gene Hackman.

PLAYBOY: With good scripts tough to come by, how about your own ideas for movies?

CRYSTAL: I've written a script that draws heavily on my past. In fact, it's about the two worst years of my life, after my father died of a heart attack when I was 15. It's called *Here Comes Mr. Sleep*. It opens with a scene exactly as it really happened—a funeral. There's a leathery-skinned black clarinetist playing a wailing blues. The camera is tight on him, then pulls around to a man in a coffin, then to a kid sitting next to his mother and his heavy-set aunt, who says, "He's only sleeping." The kid says, "Good. I'm gonna wake him up. Let's get the fuck out of here!"

What's terrible is that, in real life, my dad and I had an argument the night before he died. So I never had the chance to say "I'm sorry." Suddenly, God throws me a bogga-bogga!

PLAYBOY: Was it a struggle to write about something that personal?

CRYSTAL: For a while, every time I tried, it was too painful. I worry sometimes about creating from pain, about being self-indulgent. But I realized I had to go through with it to get it out of my fucking system.

PLAYBOY: Did your father's death make you think about your own mortality?

CRYSTAL: I think about it constantly. Every time there's a little flutter in my heart, to this day, I'm afraid. When I tuck my two girls in at night or when I go on the road, it's hard for me to say good night to them, because I never know. And that's terrible. That I don't like. But it also made me live better for each moment, because one *can't* live afraid. I went through those periods. I mean, it sounds like a Hallmark card, but we're here for such a short time and I get mad at myself sometimes for working so much—like my dad—and not *living* more.

PLAYBOY: Isn't one of your characters a homage to your father?

CRYSTAL: Face. The old black jazz musician who says, "Can you dig it? I knew that you could."

PLAYBOY: What relationship did your father have to black musicians?

CRYSTAL: My dad managed the Commodore Record store at 42nd and Lexington. On Fridays and Saturdays, he held these great, great jazz concerts called The Sessions in a building on Second Avenue, next to the Fillmore. His love for those men and their music had a very big influence on me. My house smelled from bourbon and cigarettes a lot. And those guys—their attitude; their hipness; the way they dressed; the way they never wore anything real tight. It was cool. You know? And today, I feel I'm at my best when there's a jazz to what I'm saying.

PLAYBOY: After your father died, who did you turn to for advice on such things as, say, girls? Your older brothers?

CRYSTAL: No. They were away. I pretty much turned to your magazine. [Laughs] I wasn't dating much in those days. Your

Playmates and I were a real item every month.

PLAYBOY: You also liked sports. Didn't you want to play pro baseball at one time?

CRYSTAL: Yeah. I may be small, but I could play. When I was a kid, our back yard was almost a replica of Yankee Stadium—a short right field, deep left center—and my older brother Joel invented a game with a shuttlecock from a badminton set and a little bat. It was like stickball. We even had seasons. We had an old-timers' day where we walked like old people for three innings.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever get to meet any of your Yankee heroes?

CRYSTAL: Yeah. The first time I went to Yankee Stadium, we went into the clubhouse before the game and I met Casey Stengel. I was eight years old. I said to him, "Casey, who's pitching?" He said, "You are, kid! Suit up!" Someone took my program and came out with Mickey Mantle's signature on it. I've kept it all these years, never knowing whether Mantle had *really* signed it or not.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever find out?

CRYSTAL: Twenty years later, I was on the *Dinah Shore Show* with Mickey Mantle as a guest and I took along the program. I said, "Mickey, did you sign this 20 years ago?" He said, "I sure did. I don't sign like that anymore, but that is mine, definitely." I asked him to sign it again, and he did.

PLAYBOY: And then you wound up doing the preshow with him for the 1985 All-Star Game. Didn't he say something to you on that occasion that made you cry?

CRYSTAL: Yeah. It was overwhelming. In the show, we're on the field in Coopers-town, where they supposedly invented baseball, and I'm saying my good nights. And Mantle comes into the background and says, "Will you stop talking and play some catch?" Throws me a glove and then the ball. I catch it. He says, "Nice catch, kid." Suddenly, I was this blond kid in the weeds in the middle of Iowa, you know? *The Natural* in slow motion. I looked at the camera and said, "I love when that happens."

PLAYBOY: Are there any sports figures you *don't* care for?

CRYSTAL: Reggie Jackson. I was working a Playboy Club one New Year's Eve and Janice and I were sitting alone in an upstairs room, waiting to get paid. We'd just smoked a joint. Reggie, who was playing for Oakland at the time, walked in. He was wearing a black cowboy hat. I said, "Happy New Year, Reggie." He said, "Fuck you." I was depressed for months.

PLAYBOY: Have you seen him since?

CRYSTAL: A couple of times. I never bring it up. He might say the same thing. [Pauses] Look, I respect him as a ballplayer, but I also saw him tell two autograph-seeking kids in Milwaukee to go fuck themselves.

PLAYBOY: You had a memorable evening with Muhammad Ali, didn't you?

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CRYSTAL: Yeah, at the Los Angeles Forum when he retired in 1980. He was in the audience, of course. There were 20,000 people. And I closed the show, though I was by far the least of the names. I took an imitation of Ali I had been doing and made it into a nine-minute piece called *Fifteen Rounds*, where I played Ali through 15 different stages of his life—punctuated by boxing-ring bells.

PLAYBOY: What was it like?

CRYSTAL: The young Ali was wide-eyed, bushy-tailed, handsome and ready for the world. [*Young Ali voice*] "I'm the greatest thing of all time! Sonny Liston's a big bear. Floyd Patterson's a washerwoman. I'm predicting the rounds. I'm colorful." The next Ali was lower-voiced but still strong. It's 1967. [*Ali voice*] "I will not step forward; I will not cross the line. I'm a Muslim. I will not fight in this war. I ain't got no quarrel against the Viet Cong. *I'm ready to die.*"

And that's [*pounds his fists together*] why I love that guy. What he did gets lost in the symbols of the war, the protests. We tend to think of only the era's music. But the most famous man in the world said, "I don't believe in this war." To me, that was huge. Here was the heavyweight champion saying no, no, no. And Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon were saying yes, yes, yes. [*Ali again*] "I will not go in the war. If you're going to shoot me, shoot me."

Then Ali gets older and he comes back after a broken jaw, and I do him with his jaws clenched. [*Clenched-jaws Ali*] "I'm coming back. It's never too late to start all over again." And although his jaws were wired shut, he still sounded so pretty. Still had that luster. When he loses to Leon Spinks, I play him as a very old, beaten man. A tired man. But then the spark comes back and he starts ranting and raving, and you see the hints of the younger guy we met in the beginning, and it's very stirring. [*Old Ali*] "Nobody's ever come back. I want to be champ for the third time. Nobody's ever done that before; but then again, no one's ever done anything like me. And you can be whatever you want to be, no matter what you is in life, no matter what color, no matter what religion; even if things is bad, it's never too late to start all over again. *Listen to me, 'cause I am the greatest of all time!*"

PLAYBOY: How did Ali react?

CRYSTAL: Ali is standing there with tears coming out of his eyes. It's probably the greatest moment I'll ever know on stage. I'm lost. I'm out there. The voice is nowhere—it's not even close to Ali. I'm just screaming—I love this guy—I'm screaming to 20,000 people and they stand up before I'm done.

Afterward, I went backstage. Richard Pryor and Chevy Chase met me there. Both were crying. Then I went back into this room and Ali was there. All these people around him. And he just parted every-

body, like the Red Sea, and he came over and he just lifted me up by my elbows, like you do to a little kid. He held me so tight to him and said, "Little brother, you made my life better than it was."

It was like—whoof! When does that happen, ever? I don't know many other comedians who will have that moment, you know? I know I'm sounding cocky. But it's important stuff. It makes up for that left-out feeling I've talked about. It's better than telling any joke. I know I've touched someone more than any six minutes in a stand-up spot could.

PLAYBOY: So can we safely say you're feeling better about *yourself* these days?

CRYSTAL: I'm OK. I like me. OK, there are some things I could rewrite. Seriously, they say you live two lives—the life you learn with and the life you live thereafter. Until I was 35, it was all dress rehearsal.

PLAYBOY: Do you still think there's a sword out there hanging over you, threatening to ruin everything again?

CRYSTAL: [*Laughs*] Are you kidding me? It's always there. The sword comes with the territory. It's one of the horrors of being in the business. It's worse for Jews, because we think it's gonna cut our penis again. It's that "Let's have another *b'ris* for your career. Cut off the last picture."

PLAYBOY: Maybe you'd better explain what a *b'ris* is.

CRYSTAL: A circumcision ritual. Just another excuse for Jewish families to eat. And that's the first thing I remember. When I was eight days old and they cut my penis and I was screaming in agony, I know I heard my Uncle Max say [*ethnic accent*], "Let's eat."

PLAYBOY: Any thoughts about how you'll be remembered?

CRYSTAL: I had a dream about this. Connie Chung is doing a newscast about my death and they show a clip from *Soap*. Suddenly, the lid comes off my casket and my cadaver runs down to the television station—walks right onto the set during air time—and says, "Didn't you ever see my *other* characters? The old black ballplayer? Ricky, the Vietnam vet? Buddy Young, Jr.?" But then I see the headline, "THE YOU LOOK MAHVELOUS MAN IS DEAD." [*Fernando accent*] "Remember, it's better to look good than to feel good." [*Wild-eyed*] God. What a horror. My obituary is probably already written that way. I know it!

Turn off the tape. It's over: Why go on?

PLAYBOY: Because we want you to take a stab at summing up Billy Crystal.

CRYSTAL: Yeah, but I don't want to sound like a schmuck. [*Pauses*] How about just: "Dopey—with the Buddy Rich Band happening in his head."

PLAYBOY: You can hand back the tape recorder now.

CRYSTAL: [*Touches his forehead*] OK, but I'm keeping the dimes.



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to play it again.



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GETTING REAL

Say goodbye to the greed breed.

Yuppie glut has bubbled over and left a postparty depression.

As the following pages demonstrate, getting ahead now

simply means getting it right.

PESTO CHANGE-O! The day the Yuppies died, a joke began to circulate amid the rubble of Wall Street. It cheekily pointed out the difference between pigeons and young stockbrokers: A pigeon could still make a deposit on a BMW. This was come-Yuppance, providing perhaps the only grin on the otherwise ashen face of new fiscal reality. Indeed, some considered the market crash just deserts—sans cappuccino or something chocolate and flourless. It was the end of a soulless, self-involved era that canonized robber barons (Ivan Boesky) and clown potentates (Donald Trump), plagiarists (Joe Biden) and Kennedy impersonators (Gary Hart). It was a remorseless time driven by strident status seekers; call it the So Sue Me Decade.

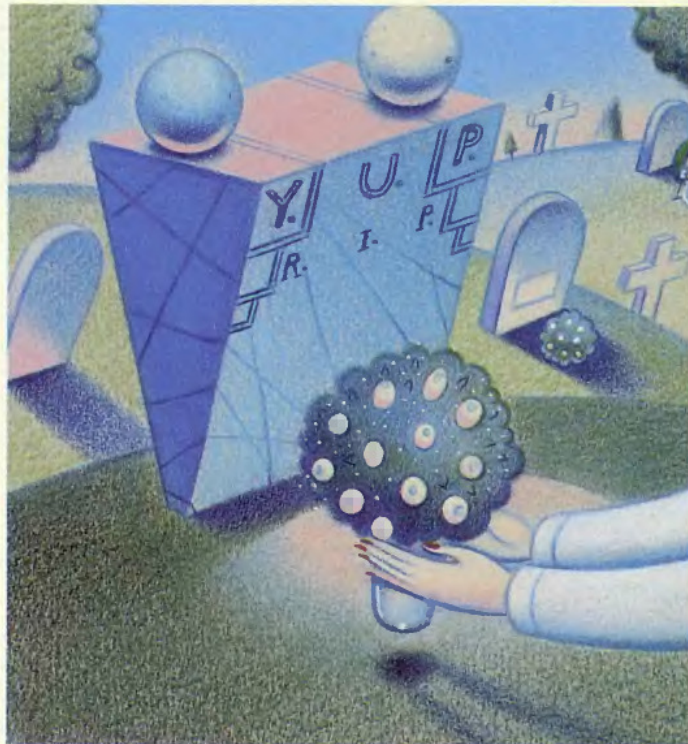
Yuppies never got any real respect—not even from other Yuppies, all of whom were loath to hear themselves so labeled. The packaging was odious from the start: running shoes padding along beneath pinstripes, cellular phones twitching inside Porsche 911s, *fusilli* spooled to the beat of Vivaldi. Yuppies were smug, post-teenage poseurs, unashamedly pretentious, completely unaware of how geeky they looked in their Walkman headsets. They drooled over the mergers and

take-overs that ruined small business and eviscerated the American dream as we knew it. They lost sight of quality and time and quality time, confused living well with living fast. But, damn, could they sniff out good Thai food!

The shitake hit the fan last October 19—not Black, but certainly Gray Monday. Yuppies are now Puppies (poor urban professionals, natch) and, thus, lives are being re-evaluated. Priorities have taken an honest turn. The obit for Reaganomics spells the end of ultimate plastic, those twin killers—debt and deficit. Easy money has given way to labor, conscience and simpler rewards. Quality is job one. Even mashed potatoes are beginning to look good again. Indeed, not all is lost—just gross habits and brand names. To help make your way in a confusing time, we offer the accompanying chart,

a sure sign that as the text of one era ends, the style of another begins.

Then, on the ensuing pages, we present the enlightened instruction of two gifted thinkers. Financial strategist John D. Spooner imparts cut-to-the-quick wisdom for getting on. Historian Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., in a feisty special interview, forecasts the end of smug conservatism and the resurrection of idealism for the next generation. Enjoy and take heart.



LIFE AFTER YUPPIES

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a trendproof guide to the new simplicity

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Frank's Place





SEEING DAYLIGHT

historian and j.f.k. aide

arthur m. schlesinger, jr., sees a new

idealism blowing in the wind

interview By **CLAUDIA DREIFUS**

You've theorized that American politics is cyclical—moving from conservatism to liberalism and back, decades at a time. If so, where are we now? Will the Reagan Presidency give way to something like the Camelot days of the early Sixties? Are the times a-changin' once again?

Yes. The new generation's time is coming—in the Nineties. And it will defy the Reagan period. If this rhythm holds, the conservative cycle will come to an end soon and herald a new mood of idealism and reform. You've got a lot of people like that in the Senate right now—people who grew up during the Kennedy years, who are quite able. So I don't mean we're going to get a lot of hippies. But in the sense that the generation of the Sixties believed in racial justice, in equality for women, in treating other countries decently, in limiting nuclear weapons, in hopes for peace—in that sense, those ideals will return with new force in the Nineties.

How can you be sure?

There is an identifiable rhythm in our politics about every 30 years. Essentially, it's an alternation between periods dominated by action, passion, idealism, reform, a sense of public purpose—periods you might call “liberal” periods or “progressive reform” periods—and periods dominated by a sense of private interest, which would be the conservative periods. Obviously, the period we live in today, the Eighties, is a time when private interest *(continued on page 134)*

TAKING STOCK

it's no bull, the market took a nasty spill.

here's how to grin and bear it

article By **JOHN D. SPOONER**

IT IS A TIME for philosophy. Whenever there is a crisis, I call upon people who know history, who can perhaps see a light at the end of the tunnel and convince me that it isn't a freight train. Such a person is Henry the Red, whose nickname comes from the color of his former hair and who for many years has been in the maternity-dress business. The motto of his company is "You knock 'em, we frock 'em." The business runs itself, allowing Henry the Red to read books, indulge his hobbies and comment on the passing scene.

"The market crash is part of adult life," he tells me. "And all of adult life is a process of preparing us for death. Each ache and pain, each whack we take in business or in our personal lives gets us used to the idea that the end may not be so bad."

"Jesus, that's depressing, Henry," I say.

"We are entering a period," he continues, "when, like it or not, honesty is everything. People are going to be comparing their losses instead of trumpeting their triumphs in real estate or the amount they overpaid for a Frank Stella painting. When I was going off to college," he says, "the last of four children, I said to my father, 'Well, Dad, all of your kids are out of the house. You're finally going to be set free.'"

"On the contrary," my father said. "My troubles are now just beginning."

"That was smart," says Red Henry, "and I think America is in for some troubles. Know what the crash really means?"

"Tell me."

"It means that the easy money is finished; it's been made, in real estate, art and stocks. The wipe-out of billions of dollars in value means that in the foreseeable future, we are going to have to work our tails off. 'Hard work' is going to be the motto for the Nineties. If you're

not willing to do it, you're going to suck wind."

Bernard Baruch was once asked, "How much money do you need to retire?"

He answered, "A little more."

I manage money for more than 1000 people all over America, from board chairmen to cabdrivers, from Pulitzer Prize winners to ex-K.G.B. agents. All of them checked in after the stock market's implosion to ask about their money and their future, and also to ask about the state of my health. "How have you been sleeping?" inquired a Hollywood producer.

"I'm sleeping just like a baby," I said. "Every two hours, I wake up and cry."

At the end of last October, the time of the crash, fewer than 28 percent of American households owned stocks. But if you think you're not going to be affected by the crash because you don't own stocks, you are wrong. It will affect all of us in varying degrees. The worst affected will be the people who believed that good times would roll forever and borrowed to live for today.

I know a stockbroker who has been called Mickey the Wise Guy since grammar school. Mickey represents the kind of person who was destroyed by the crash. He lived for the commission in the investment business, not for the clients, and he practiced what he preached; leverage was his middle name. He borrowed money in high school to buy clothes: the most pegged of pants, the bluest of suede shoes, the biggest rolled collars. And he hustled pool and candlepins to pay back the loans, except for those from girls, whom he usually stiffed or kept stringing along until graduation, when they would leave town for college and never see Mickey again. A real sweetheart, even though he did have the finest D.A. haircut in town. Mickey went where the easy action was, and in 1983, he became *(continued on page 160)*



N



EVER BEFORE has there been a wave of models as great as the ones we're seeing today," says photographer Peter Beard. "And Janice is just the greatest of them all." With plaudits like that, Janice Dickinson—whose face has launched half a thousand issues of *Vogue*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Harper's Bazaar* and practically every other fashion magazine in the Western world—might have been forgiven for becoming a stay-at-home, for sticking with the New York–London–Paris fashion axis that made her famous. Did she really need a grand Kenyan safari? She had conquered *Vogue*. She was that *Cosmo* girl



whom the reader could only dream of being. Did she really need tsetse flies? A Brooklyn girl who reached the summit of her profession by dint of "hard work, the belief that I could do anything" and the "timeless beauty" she laughingly cites instead of giving her age, Janice could have settled cozily into the satin sheets of that world she knew best—bright lights, big cities, Blass menageries of designer duds and hourly wages that might make Don Mattingly blush. Instead, she took a flier. Before it was over, she had logged 14,000 frequent-flight miles, suffered some serious sunburn and endured several hundred insect bites—not exactly what she had anticipated at the outset. "There



was an excitement to this that was unlike anything I'd ever done before," she recalls, "because it was *Playboy*, because it would take me to Africa, because I'd be working with Peter—I expected it to be the most unusual shoot I had ever done. And it was." She took the redeye to Nairobi (*every flight to Nairobi is a*

GOING WILD WITH A MODEL



redeye), a short distance from Beard's Hog Ranch near Kenya's Ngong Hills—a region made familiar to Westerners by Karen Blixen, who wrote under the pen name Isak Dinesen. Upon her arrival in Kenya, however, Janice's first thoughts were of getting Out of Africa. "It was not," she says, "the Club Med." Southern Kenya was, in fact, a vast wilderness dominated by wild beasts, strange sounds and men who

killed without blinking an eye—much like New York but without hot-dog stands and Thai restaurants. Janice, a woman more at home in a limousine than in a mud-encrusted Land-Rover, mentally itemized her luggage and realized she had forgotten to pack the necessities—things like matches, Pepto-Bismol and crocodile repellent. Here she was, a glamorous, worldly sophisticate in a land where *Bazaar* meant "a large tent where you haggle over used-camel prices." Nevertheless, there



was no denying the grandeur of the place in which she suddenly found herself. This was the site of Karen

Blixen and Denys Finch Hatton's love affair—and of their filmic reunion, played out by Meryl Streep and Robert Redford in the movie *Out of Africa*. It was a land both harsh and inelvably romantic. Life was simple in Kenya, where mosquito netting took the place of evening gowns, where animals you were accustomed to ogling in zoos might make dinner out of you. Janice Dickinson of Brooklyn, New York, gritted her teeth, stripped down to the bare essentials and set out to tame Africa.



PETER BEARD
UNCOVERS
JANICE
DICKINSON
IN HIS
FAVORITE HAUNT—
THE ANIMAL
KINGDOM OF
AFRICA

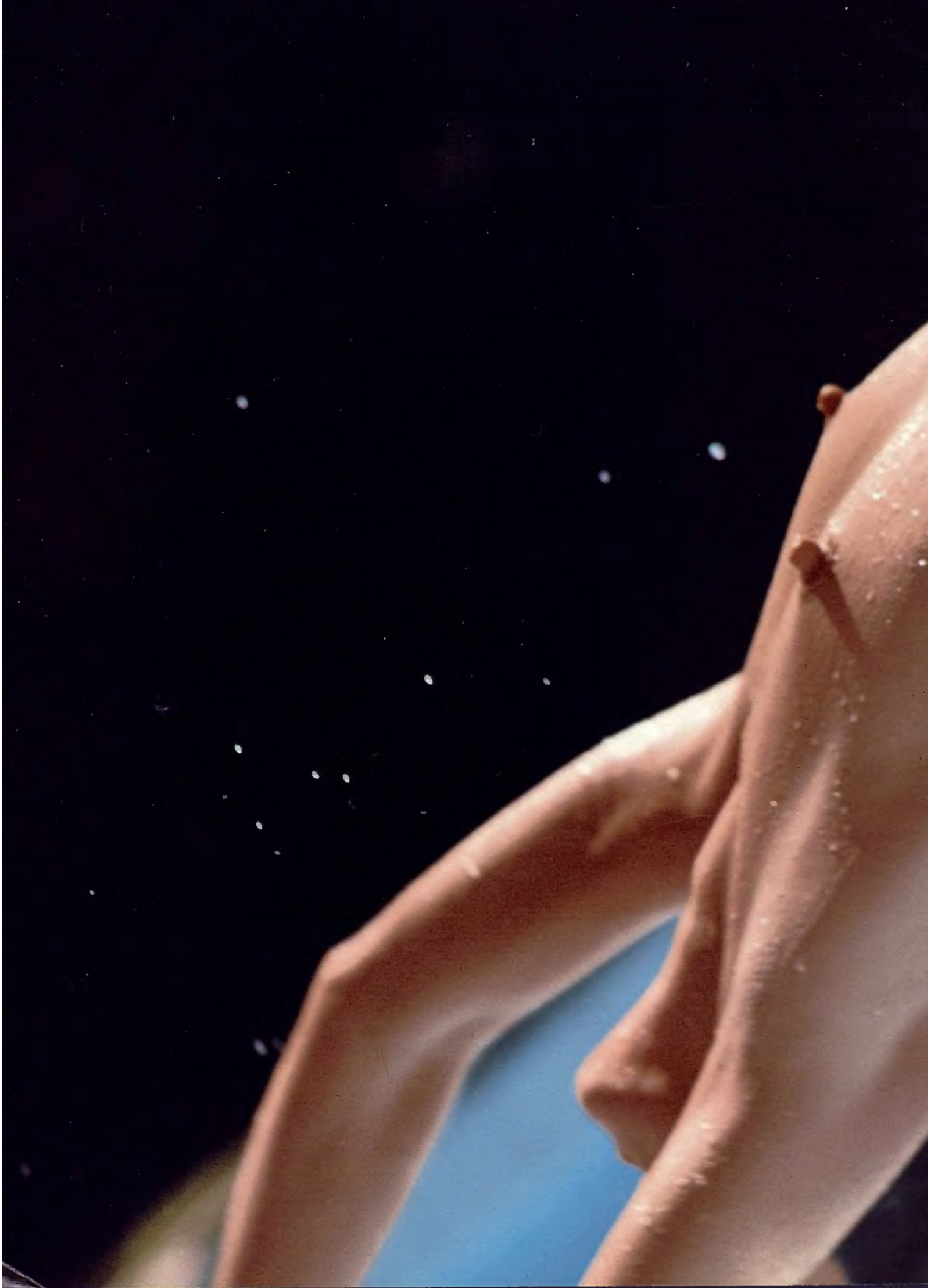


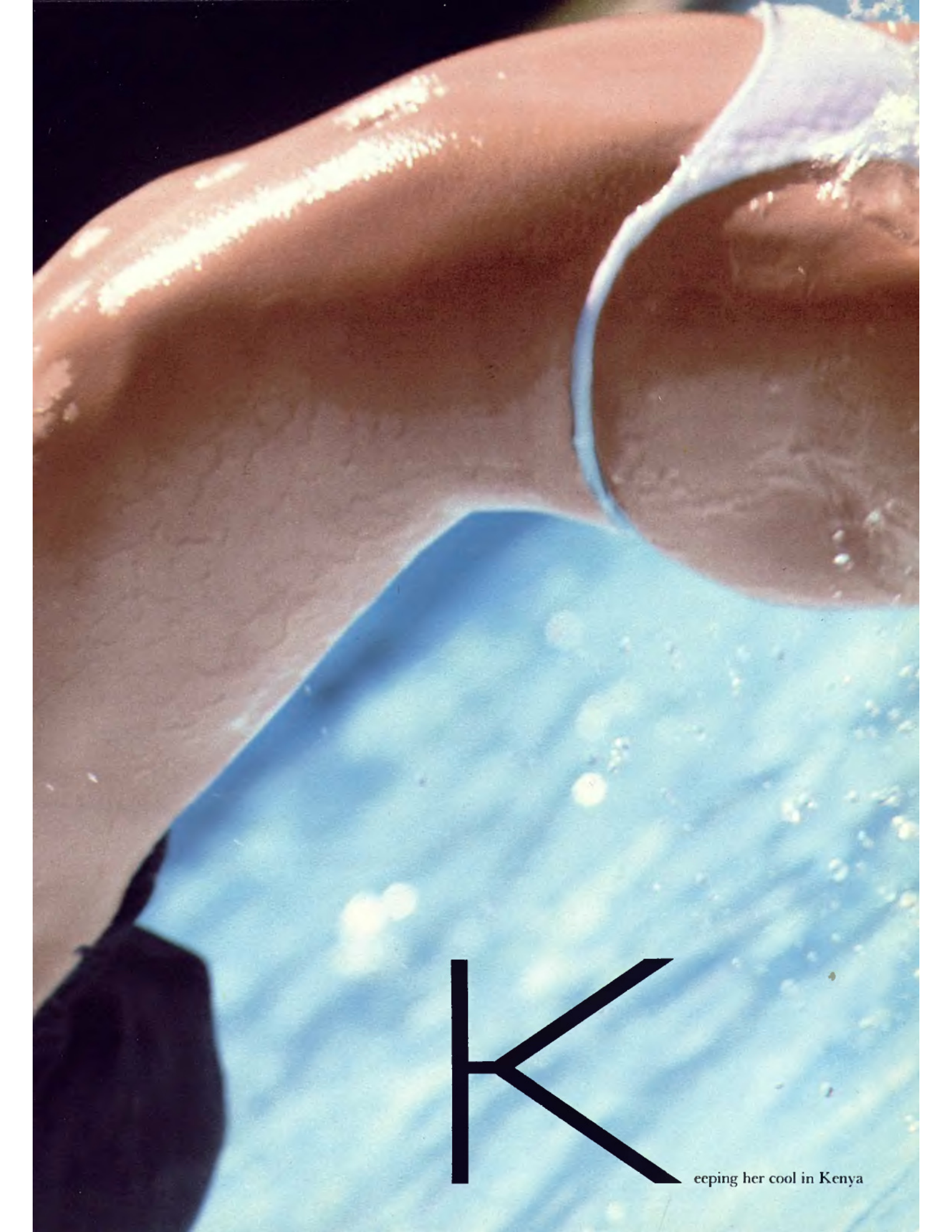
had a farm in Africa, at the foot of the Ngong Hills,” wrote Dinesen in *Out of Africa*. “The geographical position and the height of the land combined to create a landscape that had not its like in all the world. There was no fat on it and no luxuriance anywhere; it was Africa distilled up through six thousand feet like the strong and refined essence of a continent.” This is the land of Peter Hill Beard, 50, who settled on land adjoining Blixen’s farm when he was 22 and has become renowned as one of the world’s finest wildlife photographers. His 1967 collaboration with Romain Gary resulted in a legendary *Life* magazine pictorial devoted to Kenya’s elephants. Photos from his book *Eyelids of Morning*, “The Mingled Destinies of Crocodiles and Men,” were shot into space in 1977 as part of the Voyager probe’s time capsule. His book *The End of the Game*, a record of 20 years spent observing the slaughter of Tsavo’s wildlife, is a definitive document of man’s inhumanity to nature. “A monument over the Old Africa which was so dear to my heart,” Dinesen called it. Beard is also, not coincidentally, one of the world’s best photographers of women. “Beauty or the beast? I have no preference,” he says. “I love anything beautiful.” His pictures of African model Iman, one of the most sought-after models on earth, in *Beauty and the Beasts* (*Playboy*, January 1986), affirm his point. For the present shooting, Beard called on Janice, “a



great friend—one of the smartest women I know. And a joy to work with, a very good photographer herself.” Janice says she enjoyed her African sojourn with Beard but was a little less than pleased to meet some of his friends. “I was allergic to the cheetah, and I kept seeing red ants that were big enough to ride.”







K

eeeping her cool in Kenya

P

layboy sends model to Africa, model gets bitten by mites from cheetah," Janice reports with a laugh. "I had to put ice cubes all over my body." Glamorous, indeed, is a model's life in Africa. The cheetah was spectacular; Janice was more so; the cheetah's parasites thought they were both delicious. "It wasn't the easiest shoot I have ever done," says the model. "At times, it was dangerous. I didn't know why I was doing it, but it was rewarding. Being in a place like that gives you a different perspective. It puts you in a whole new time zone, that's for sure. It took me two months to reacclimate myself to the world of people." She survived to return to the land of subways, Chipwiches and ants the size of, well, ants, to cement a few friendships (Janice became Iman's daughter's godmother) and to appear briefly with Beard and Iman in an upcoming ABC-TV special, *With Peter Beard . . . in Africa: The Last Word from Paradise*, first of a projected series. Beard—back in the U.S. to work on the TV project—continues to rave about the woman he plucked from the cover of *Vogue* and took to lion country. "Janice is absolutely one of the finest models ever," he says. "Photography is subject matter, and when you're working with someone of that caliber, someone that far ahead of the pack, it's pleasure." Of course, pleasure and danger—as every big-game shooter knows—can be opposite sides of the same coin. To capture the look he was



after, Beard put Janice on the back of a crocodile and exposed her to—and with—a cheetah that still had gazelle on its breath. Now, however, our heroine is safe and sound in America, near the foot of the Hollywood Hills, with a new husband, a lifetime supply of matches and memories of a land so vast it seemed to go on forever.







G

REG NORMAN is consumed by the hungers. Whatever he wants, he wants it badly. Whatever he does, he does it full force.

If it is a friendly round of golf with his cronies—just a good ol' bunch of salesmen, duffers and hacks—Norman is still grinding away with his powerhouse specialty act that screams past your head like a flaming parrot. When you total up the damage, you see that he has thrown a 62 at you.

If he asks you to follow him out to the house for a beer, you will find yourself involved in a hell-for-leather Mad Max chase scene down some backwoods Florida two-lane, muscling cars out of the way like a moonshiner shaking off revenuers.

If he collected any car in the world, naturally it would be the Ferrari. He has three and recently put a deposit down on a fourth—the new F40, good for 200 mph. Wherever he's going, he's going with the wind howling, the streamers flying and the pedal mashed to the floor.

Modern golf is not overburdened with such swashbucklers. Norman, the Great White Shark, is one of the few professional golfers who actually appear to be full-blooded athletes. He has impressively wide shoulders, narrow waist, muscular poise. Long, angular face framed by his platinum-white surf-Nazi hair. Even amid the monotonous bronzed perfection of American golf, the sight of Norman, rifling his unconscionably long and straight drives and taking divots that should slow the earth's rotation, has inspired deep contemplation and held breath.

He has worked his way into the public

SHARK ATTACK

personality

By **CHRIS HODENFIELD**

australia's great
white, greg norman,
plays golf spikes up

consciousness with outsize images of victory and loss. Even his defeats have been titanic, unforgettable curtain scenes. He spent 1986 riding a very high wave, becoming, according to the global Sony rankings, the best in the world. Then the wave broke. He was thrust into golf lore at the 1986 P.G.A. championship when, at the last hole, his opponent, Bob Tway, sank a sand shot and instantly transformed leader Norman into a goat. But Norman could laugh about it. He had already won the British Open, and he would go on to win the most money on the P.G.A. Tour, along with nine tournament wins world-wide. The man who had held the lead in all four majors now planned to win them all.

Then the floor fell away at the 1987 Masters. Norman's tragedy happened at the second hole of the sudden-death play-off. He had already shaken off Seve Ballesteros. Now he faced Larry Mize, a mild-mannered Georgia golfer who was famous for collapsing in play-offs. Norman was safely on the green, facing a long birdie putt. Then came "the chip." Mize stood in the semirough, 140 feet away from the pin. His chip skated on the rise, rolled down a sloping putting green as slick as an ice floe—and dropped. Another not-in-a-million-years shot.

This time, the Shark was gutted. Having had his pocket picked twice, Norman went through a long, barren year looking over his shoulder, mentally clutching his wallet.

It was this troubled and overtalented man I found in Orlando one sweltering summer day. By the middle of 1987, he had dropped off the tour for a while to get a spiritual rebuild. He beat balls all day and in such coolie labor found strength. He wanted to turn himself into a machine.

Professional golf, after all, is the business of capturing a state of mind. Out in the field, the pro is pulled by a variety of impulses and compulsions. He must combine the killer instinct of Genghis Khan with a George Gobel calm that allows for about 280 cool-tempered strokes over four days of competition. One does some hard thinking out on the golf course, all the time knowing that it is going to be the teensy idle thought that yanks his tee shot into the ocean.

Is it any wonder golf is short of swash-bucklers?

Every 24 seconds, Greg Norman let loose. He stared down-range, tapped another ball into place, tightened his glove, settled his massive legs into position and gathered his thoughts. "All right," he muttered, "here's the 15th at Augusta."

He rotated until his driver was over his head; and then, in a compressed lunge, his wide shoulders swiveled swiftly and the club head flashed past and

cracked the ball 280 booming yards down-field. He drove so hard into the ball that his cleated right foot dragged forward a few inches. He finished balanced on his left foot.

Club-head speed for such a drive is about 120 mph. Achieving any kind of accuracy with such a mighty strike is akin to flicking out a cigarette with a bullwhip. But Norman's drives were straight enough. He worked generally on the fine points of trajectory. A fine-looking blast that rose ten feet too high was for him a failure.

In the distance, the practice green was



Jaws 5, the Australian: Dead in the water for much of 1987, Norman resumed his conquests in last November's Australian Open.

clogged white with balls. Norman's progress up the fairway, working his way through four irons, six irons and nine irons, was marked by a chain of divots, each the size of a manhole cover.

Almost three hours' work took him to the 220-yard mark. He pulled out the two iron and practiced his "quail-high" shots. "Here's a Scottish shot," he said. "Let's see how low I can get this." He moved his hands forward and belted a low line drive that hugged the grass for about 180 yards. Then it rose and gently dropped to earth.

Norman stared at these artful wallops with a baleful glare. His face was cut sharply, with an angled nose and eyebrows and watery, pale-blue eyes and a thin, split lip. His platinum hair flopped in his face, and even his scalp was sunburned. He was glazed in sweat. His white shorts and purple shirt were plastered down. On his golf cart, the steering wheel was draped with three golf gloves, all sopping wet.

This favored practice ground was the Grand Cypress resort, cut out of the central Florida woods. The Jack Nicklaus-designed golf course is a wee bit o'

Scotland, with terraces and sea-link swales, rolling mounds and shooting-grass rough, with picturesque waterways skimmed by long-necked herons. The vast practice grounds include a three-hole course, which makes it the perfect happy hunting ground for a dozen tour pros who live in Orlando. If you're not bumping into Nick Price there, you're bumping into Payne Stewart or Brad Faxon, all in comfy clothes, hammering balls. But in the absence of Emperor Nicklaus, Norman is the local matinee idol, the one who parks the black Rolls-Royce Corniche under the clubhouse awning, the one who slaps backs and grabs checks and makes grand gestures. The White Shark is the only one who can easily be spotted from half a mile away.

Out on the field, however, he stays locked up in a solitary force field. The only person to really enter into his private world of practice was a short, wiry man of 49 named Charlie Earp. The head professional at Royal Queensland golf club in Brisbane, Australia, he was the one who polished the young Norman's game. And now he was here to cast his eye over Norman and say a good word. With his rapid-fire Aussie argot, Earp's every third word seemed to be "bloody," and he bloody well told Norman to bloody slow down, because he was swinging like a bloody fan.

While Norman usually speaks in a flat Americanized accent, around Earp he slipped into gaudy jackaroo talk. "Christ," he'd say, as he stretched, "I'm stiffer than a honeymooner's prick."

"No wacking furry," Earp would reply, meaning there was no fucking worry.

Norman hit only 20 or so full drives, but then he spent an hour practicing chips onto the green. "Watch," he said quietly. "Here's a Larry Mize." From behind a grassy mound, he duplicated the tricky little chip that had defeated him at the Masters. This one narrowly missed the hole. He regarded it and said tonelessly, "Every shot makes somebody happy."

Around the Norman house, Mize's miracle was simply called the chip. It was spoken of the way another family would refer to "the Crash" or "the operation." His wife, Laura, finally compared it to a death in the family: "He tried *not* to deal with it and say, 'That's golf; that's what happens.' But it's hard. You go to sleep thinking, My God, I could have been the Masters champion. How could that have happened? You can't help going over it."

Watching Norman practice his Mize chips, Earp put some comfort into his voice. "Next time," he said, "it'll be your turn to do it to somebody else."

Silently, almost machinelike, Norman took his Wilson 8802 putter and went to

(continued on page 142)



"How would you like to pluck that sucker at this year's Metropolitan Boat Show?"



A LEG TO DIFFER

suits and socks—a shoe-in combo

T

RADITIONALLY, MEN TEND TO PLAY IT CONSERVATIVELY—ESPECIALLY AROUND THE ANKLES. ANY FLAIR IS SAVED FOR THE NECKTIE, A SPLASH OF COLOR IN THE POCKET SQUARE OR SNAPPY-LOOKING SUSPENDERS—WHEN ONE FEELS EXPANSIVE.



Opposite page: Wool/silk plaid on a jade, berry and copper overlaid single-breasted suit with double-pleated pants, by Austin Reed of Regent Street, about \$425; is combined with cotton/nylon Jacquard socks that have textured striping, by Laura Pearson, about \$19. His shoes: deerskin lace-ups with a low vamp, cap toe, perforated detailing and a flexible leather sole, by Andrea Getty for Jandreani, \$178. Above: Wool-blend glen-plaid single-breasted suit with a subtle overplaid, exaggerated shoulders, a ventless back and double-pleated suit pants, from Lanvin Studio by The Greif Companies, \$325; plus cotton/nylon socks with black polka dots, by Studio Tokyo, about \$10. His shoes are black-leather lace-ups with a cap toe, perforated-design front and leather soles, by Jon Franco Pirelli, about \$100.

FASHION
By HOLLIS WAYNE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

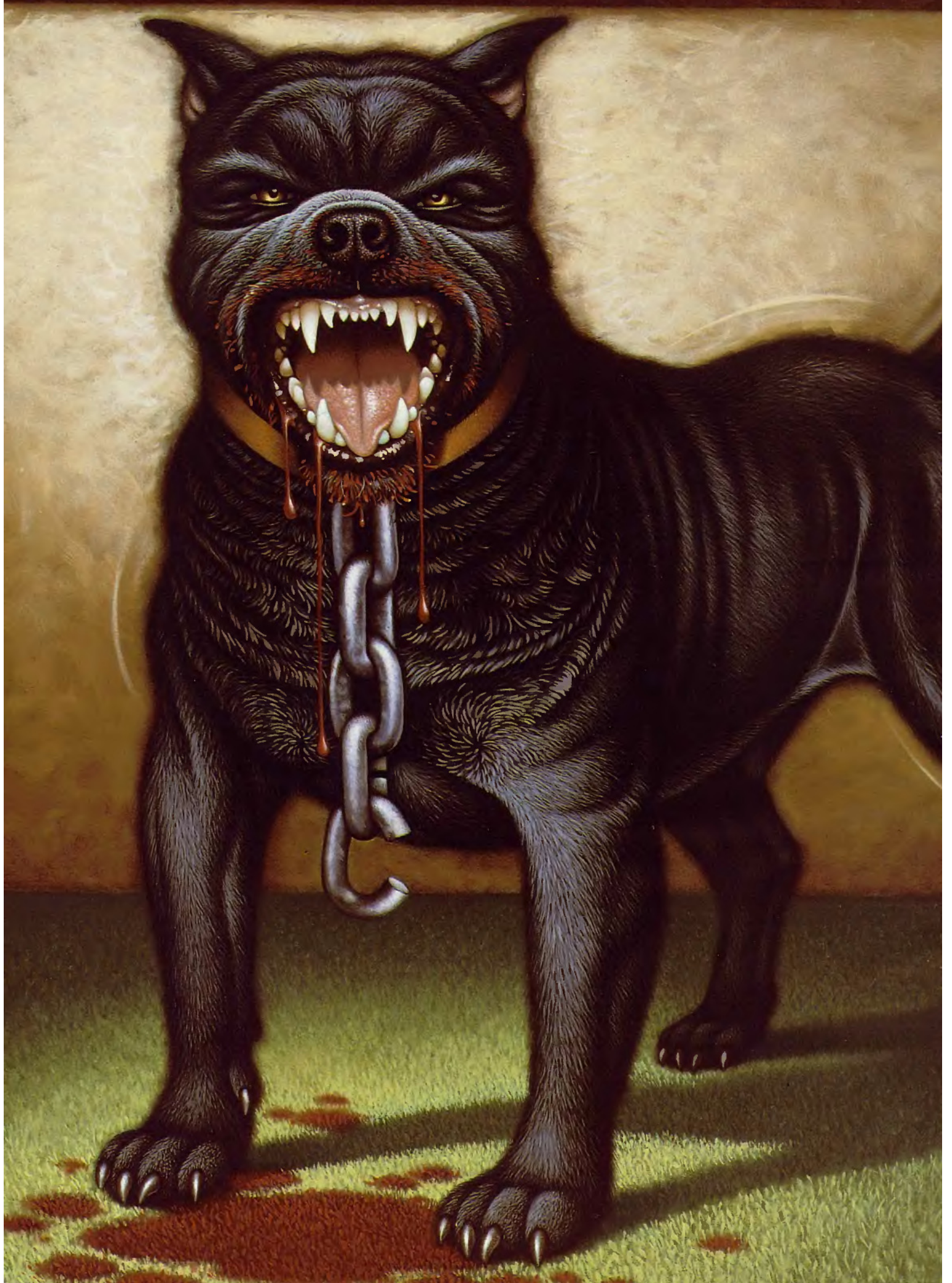


BUT MORE

AND MORE, SMART MEN ARE REALIZING THAT SOCKS ARE A GREAT EYE CATCHER—AND PERFECTLY COMPLEMENT A WELL-TAILORED LOOK. SO MATCH TODAY'S SPRING SUITS WITH SUITABLE SOCKS: IT'S AN INVITATION TO STEP LIVELY.

Above: The plaid suit (top left), from Hervé Benard by Benard Holtzman, \$495; is teamed with red/black/gray socks, by Laura Peerson, about \$19; yellow socks, by Interwoven, \$6.50; and black/aqua op-art socks, by E. G. Smith, \$7. The gray-plaid suit (top right), from Perry Ellis Portfolio by The Greif Companies, \$365; is wedded with Argyle socks, from Colours by Alexander Julien, by Merum, about \$7.50; pastel socks, by Dore Dore from The French American Group, \$16.50; and aqee socks, from Stanley Blacker by Gilbert, \$6. **Above:** A wool knit, from Firma by Andrew Fezza, \$310; and jagged-striped cotton/nylon socks, by Studio Tokyo, about \$10; turquoise socks, by Leure Pearsen, about \$19; and pink socks, by E. G. Smith, \$12. **Right:** Wool/linen suit, by Pierre Cardin, \$320; and colorful socks, by Claiberne Furnishings, \$6.50.





A vertical illustration on the left side of the page shows the lower leg and paw of a black dog. The dog is standing on a green, grassy surface. The background is a dark, textured brown. The word "PIT" is written in large, white, bold, sans-serif capital letters at the top left of the illustration.

PIT

BULL

JACK PURSE thought his father's plan to get his recently foreclosed farmland back by fighting his last pit bull was a sign the old man

was losing his grip on things. No one was going to bet against a dog that always won. It was as simple as that.

The pit bull at Jack's feet, a medium-sized black dog with yellow eyes, shook his head, rattling a swivel heavy enough to hold a bear. Alligator had a dry, acrid stink that never washed off, no matter how many times Jack swam him in the lake.

"Muzzle that dog," his father, Dexter, said from his seat in an armchair by the big mahogany wheel. Their river boat was moored to the shore of the oxbow lake the Corps of Engineers had created by cutting a channel to straighten a loop in the river.

"He won't bite me," Jack said and petted the top of the dog's head.

Alligator looked up. Jack was never sure about him. He always carried a wedge-shaped breaking stick in his belt, just in case the dog latched on to someone and he had to pry his jaws loose. Yet he let the dog sleep in his room on a rug beside his bed.

"I ain't worried about you," Dexter said. "He bites one of my neighbors, there'll be a lawsuit. You put the muzzle on him now."

Jack thought about telling the old man to go to hell. But instead, he put the muzzle on Alligator. The dog endured, as always, in silence. Jack seldom heard him make any sound. He stroked Alligator's head, the coat smooth beneath his finger tips. No puncture scars or ragged ears.

Alligator's ears stood up, and the dog looked toward the open door of the pilot house. Earl Blackmon walked into the cabin but stopped when he saw Alligator. He and Dexter had been rivals in dogfighting for years. He looked the picture of a gentleman farmer: polished boots and a seersucker suit with a blue tie. He carried a book with a green cover under his arm.

"Don't worry, we got him muzzled," Dexter said.

"You're smart," Blackmon said. "That's a crazy dog. What comes of

fiction **By SCOTT ELY**

he'd sold off all his dogs to raise cash. only alligator was left—lonely and mean

breeding fathers to daughters. Got a strong bite and good moves but no game-ness."

"He's dead game," Dexter said, the words coming out of his mouth so slow Alligator raised his head to hear.

"Hell, Dexter, you don't know that," Blackmon said.

The only way to find out if Alligator was dead game was to fight him to the death and see if he held on even after he was dead.

Dexter said, "You got the dog that'll beat him?"

"Would if you let your boy work my corner."

"He don't like to work in the pit." Dexter paused. "Pretty, though. Women like him just fine."

"Don't be so hard on the boy," Blackmon said, smiling.

"I'll take Alligator back to the truck," Jack said.

"Stay right there," Dexter said. And then to Blackmon, "See, I can't even get him mad. We used to have some good fights. Could always put him on the ground; still can."

Jack wished he had one of the frags he'd used in Vietnam in his hand right now so he could toss it to the old man. That would be a sweet way to watch him die.

Dexter continued, "Take that dog on home. I've got work to do here."

Jack left the cabin. At his truck, he took the muzzle off Alligator. Sometimes he could tell just by the way the dog carried his tail that it was safer to keep the muzzle on. It was when his eyes glazed over, a smoky-white film over the gold surface, that he became dangerous. The dog had never tried to bite him, but Jack knew he would give no warning when that day came.

He drove his truck away from the boat, the tires bouncing in the ruts, raising twin plumes of dust. He crossed the levee and went past the row of catfishermen's shacks. A little man with a beard, cleaning a shotgun on the hood of a truck, stared but did not wave. Now the land was perfectly flat, scored by geometrical rows of cotton and soybeans, all belonging to owners who lived far away from the delta.

Jack stroked Alligator, looking into those yellow eyes that never looked away and smelled his stink. He knew the dog was indifferent, content to eat and sleep and wait for his chance to grab hold and never let go.

Jack saw the vet's blue truck pull into the yard. He walked off the porch and followed the truck around to the back, where the gravel driveway ran under a sign:

TOP DOG KENNELS
HOME OF FIGHTERS THAT FIGHT AND WIN
OR DIE TRYING

"Come give me and Squirrel a hand," Dexter said to Jack as the vet got out of his truck.

The cat mill, with its long weighted arm and cage, in which Dexter kept a Halloween mask of a goblin as a lure instead of a cat, was empty. The gates to the runs for pregnant bitches stood open. Dexter had sold off his dogs, 50 in all, to raise cash and avoid feed bills. Only Alligator sat beneath the shade of his shelter.

"What's going on?" Jack asked.

"I told you I'd get my land back," Dexter said. "Alligator'll do it for me."

"Good luck on getting a fight," Jack said.

Alligator had been fought just twice. The second fight had happened because nobody believed the first—Alligator boring in under his opponent, then lifting and flipping the bewildered dog before the astonished crowd and catching him with those steel-trap jaws midway along the backbone, severing the spine with one bite.

"Earl thinks that Texas Firecracker dog of his can beat Alligator," Dexter said. "Firecracker dog outweighs him by twenty pounds. Earl thinks he's got the advantage." Then he turned to Jack and continued, "With *you* in the pit, we'd win for sure."

"I won't do it," Jack said.

"That land bought the clothes on his back," Dexter said, talking slow. "Now he won't help get it back."

"With Alligator, it won't matter who's in the pit," Squirrel said.

Jack helped them unload the equipment: a self-contained liquid-nitrogen refrigerator, milk as a semen extender, an artificial vagina and plastic straws for the storage. The A.V. had hollow walls filled with hot water to protect the semen from the shock of cold air and a collection tube at one end. The vet had brought along a hound bitch in heat to stimulate Alligator.

"We'll have Jack stimulate him while we hold his nose to the bitch."

"What you mean?" Jack asked.

Dexter laughed. "Why, give that dog a hand job," he said. "He likes you."

"I'm not doing that," Jack said.

Dexter said, "Boy, it's just a dumb animal. Nobody'll ever accuse you of liking nothing but women. Army had me do the same thing for my guard dog. Was a standing order. Did it once a week. Damn dog loved me for it."

"No way."

"Do like you're told." Dexter was talk-

ing slow and making Alligator's ears stand up.

"We'll bring him up close to the bitch again," Squirrel said.

"He's not interested," Jack said.

"It can't hurt," Dexter said. "Maybe he'll discover there's something in his life besides killing."

They brought Alligator's nose up to the whimpering bitch.

"You do it," Jack said to Dexter.

"Dog hates me," Dexter said. "You're the only one he likes. We sell enough gator juice and we're on our way to getting our land back."

"OK," Jack said. "But I don't want to hear about this next time I go to Greenville."

"Nobody'd think it was worth telling but you."

The two men struggled to hold Alligator. The dog did not kick or twist about, just moved steadily one way and then another to test their strength. Jack knelt beside him.

"Go ahead."

Jack massaged Alligator's penis, feeling the dog's heat. Alligator became excited, swelling to fill the artificial vagina as Jack guided him into it. Alligator trembled. The bitch began to howl.

"How long?" Jack asked.

Squirrel said, "For dogs it takes a long time."

"He don't have a drop in him," Jack said. "We're wasting our time."

"Don't you stop," Dexter said.

Jack really wondered why he was doing it and not the old man. Suddenly, Alligator began to come in short spurts, the milky-white semen trickling into the collection bottle at the bottom of the A.V. He smelled the sour scent of it, all mixed up with the stink of the dog. Then the smell of the last woman he had been with, a girl in a motel in Memphis, came out of nowhere, and he stopped.

"Don't stop now," Squirrel said. "You're doing beautiful. Dogs go a long time."

Jack put his hand back on the dog, and Alligator began to come again.

"We'll be able to make a thousand Alligators," Dexter said.

"Not that many," Squirrel said. "Maybe we can do ten bitches with what we done today."

"This boy's so good at it, we can do it once a week at least," Dexter said. "Took this long to find out what he does best."

"You'll never make enough money off this," Jack said. "Won't even be able to pay the taxes on the house."

"You let me worry about that. Just keep working that dog."

(continued on page 149)



"Supple, always keep your fingers supple."



IF YOU KNEW SUSIE

texan susie owens is nursing a new career and loving it

IF the lady beside that 1953 Chevy pickup (left) seems familiar, she probably is. You first saw Susie Owens as one of the nurses we featured in our November 1983 pictorial *Women in White*. She started working at 22 as a nurse in Oklahoma City hospitals, where in seven and a half years she went from delivery-room duty to cardiology and finally oncology—cancer care. Her appearance in *Playboy* caught the eyes of the



producers of an Oklahoma City television sports-talk show, who invited her to host a five-minute segment devoted to health and fitness for women and men. As she says, “I was ready to get out of the illness part of health care and into the wellness area,” so the show was the perfect remedy. Her TV stint sparked an idea that came to fruition a year later, right after she returned from a trip to Los Angeles, where she’d noticed that a large number of personal trainers actually made a decent living.



She decided to start a fitness business, FemLine, which offers personalized fitness counseling for women in the Dallas area. She's currently offering a lecture series called "Females & Fitness" at a large Dallas health club, and she's negotiating to do a radio show. She's making it. But that's just her career. You also ought to know that she just recently became unattached and shares a house with her nine-year-old daughter, Shauna Darlene. One more thing you might like to know is how a 31-year-old nurse gets herself into this kind of physical condition: squash. Intense, sweaty hours of squash. "I hate aerobics," she says. Not one to stifle her opinions, Susie has them on a wide variety of topics, a few of which we'll share with you.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



On the difference between being 21 and being 31: "When I was younger, I was silent, submissive and sexless, but I'm way past that phase. When you turn 31, you don't have time for bullshit." *On nursing burnout:* "A lot of nurses get out of it in five to seven years. That's why there's a nursing shortage. The wages are too low for the kind of grueling work we do." *On staying in shape:* "I'm not like the 18-year-olds who have it naturally. I've put a lot of work into this body. That's why I don't mind showing myself naked." *On the illusions of spandex:* "You see those girls working out in spandex outfits? Well, I've seen some of them come into the locker room and just *explode* out of them. I'm not like that. I never owned a spandex outfit and never will."

"I don't think there's a sexual prime time, though I'm in my 30s. It has more to do with how comfortable you are with yourself. Right now, I'm the happiest I've ever been and the most sexual I've ever been."





MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Susie Owens

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Susie Diane Owens

BUST: 35 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 117 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 5-28-56 BIRTHPLACE: Arkansas City, Kansas

AMBITIONS: To expand my business in every direction possible, as a fitness expert and trainer to promote women's fitness

TURN-ONS: Being a woman; educated, informed and motivated people; giving and receiving presents; wild thunder storms

TURN-OFFS: Smoking, uncleanliness, laziness, judgments (attitudes, highly aggressive & cocky men, people who are always negative

FAVORITE SPORTS: Squash, driving, good football, water sports (hopefully, snow skiing, since I'm learning!), Hunting, fishing, photography and boating

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: St. Elsewhere and The Three Stooges

FAVORITE PLACE: Lake Tahoe and the Caribbean

FAVORITE PAMPERING ACTIVITIES: Massages, having my hair brushed, having a maid, having my nails done, shopping

OCCUPATION: Registered nurse, personal-fitness trainer & speaker

MAN I'D MOST LIKE TO MEET: The one I'll someday marry. (S.O.)



Age 20
nursing school days



age 27
women in white
Nov. '83



The big 30
birthday pic



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The Scottish sergeant major walked into the local pharmacy in full military dress. As the chemist approached, he pulled a torn and tattered piece of paper from his sporran and carefully unfolded it to reveal a perforated, used condom.

"How much for a new one?" the soldier asked.

"One pound 50."

"How much to have this one repaired?"

"One pound ten."

"I'll be back tomorrow," the sergeant major said as he refolded the paper and carefully returned it to his sporran.

The next day, he walked back into the store, unfolded the paper and told the chemist, "The regiment would like this one repaired."



With their political fortunes on the wane, Gary Hart and Joe Biden are considering forming a law partnership to be known as Cock & Bull.

A very sheltered Southern girl returned to Georgia from her first trip to New York and excitedly told her equally naïve friend what she had learned there.

"Charlene, honey, did you know that up North, men kiss other men . . . down there?"

"Heavens, no!" Charlene gasped. "What do you call them?"

"You call them homosexuals. And did you know that there are women up there who kiss other women . . . down there?"

"Oh, mercy! What do you call them?" Charlene asked.

"You call them lesbians. And they also have men who kiss women . . . down there."

"If that don't beat all. What in heaven's name do you call them?"

"Girl, you call them 'Sugar.'"

How do you get a stockbroker out of a tree? Cut the rope.

A Russian had saved for years to buy a car. When he finally had enough money, he went to the auto window at the government building.

After counting out the bills, the official said, "Everything seems to be in order, but it will be a ten-year wait, comrade."

"That's fine," the applicant said, "but will it be delivered in the morning or in the afternoon?"

"What do you mean? It'll be ten years!"

"Yes, but I've got a plumber coming in the morning."

While glancing through the personals in the local paper, a dog fancier spotted this ad under LOST AND FOUND: "Lost—pit Chihuahua. Likes children, prefers tacos."

An elderly woman approached the pearly gates and knocked. "Who is it?" Saint Peter asked.

"It is I," the woman answered.

"Good God," Saint Peter muttered. "Another damned schoolteacher."

After he knocked his second consecutive tee shot into the water, the angry golfer grabbed his bag from the caddie, walked to the edge of the pond and proceeded to throw the rest of his golf balls and each of his clubs into it. Then he tossed in the bag and told the caddie, "Now I'm going to jump in and drown myself."

"You can't do that, sir!"

"I can if I damn well please!" the golfer belted.

"No, you can't, sir."

"Why the hell not? It's my life!"

"Yes, sir. But you never *did* learn to keep your head down."

When they discovered there were no vacancies in the local Moslem nursing home, Muhammad al-Shazaam's children were forced to house him temporarily in the town's Catholic home. Six months later, a room opened up in the Moslem home and his children went to move him.

"I don't want to go," he said. "I like it here."

"What do you mean you like it here?"

"These Catholics are so optimistic. See that guy over there? He has no legs, but they call him Speedy. That one there has no teeth and they call him Smily. And me, I haven't had sex in years and they call me 'that fucking Arab.'"



A posse of *federales* asked a farmer if he had seen Pancho Villa.

"A man on a big white horse came down this very road," the farmer said. "He drew his gun and told me to get off my burro. What could I do? He had a gun. I got off. He told me to eat burro shit. What could I do? He had a gun. I ate it."

"The man on the big white horse laughed so hard he dropped the gun," the farmer continued. "I picked up the gun and told the man on the big white horse to get down. What could he do? I had the gun. He got down. I told him to eat horse shit. What could he do? I had the gun. He ate it."

"And you ask me if I saw Pancho Villa?" the farmer said, shrugging. "Why, we had lunch together just the other day."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a post-card, 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.



"It would never work, Al—I'm 'L.A. Law' and you're 'Benny Hill.'"



True orth

you think ollie was a hero? a patriot? a martyr?

go tell it to the marines

article By ASA BABER

THIS COUNTRY had a love affair last summer. Televised testimony held us riveted for several days in July, while a series of posters and magazines and video tapes and paperback books presented a new hero to the American people. Lieutenant Colonel Oliver L. North, United States Marine Corps, fascinated us with his handsome features and his sincere words and gestures.

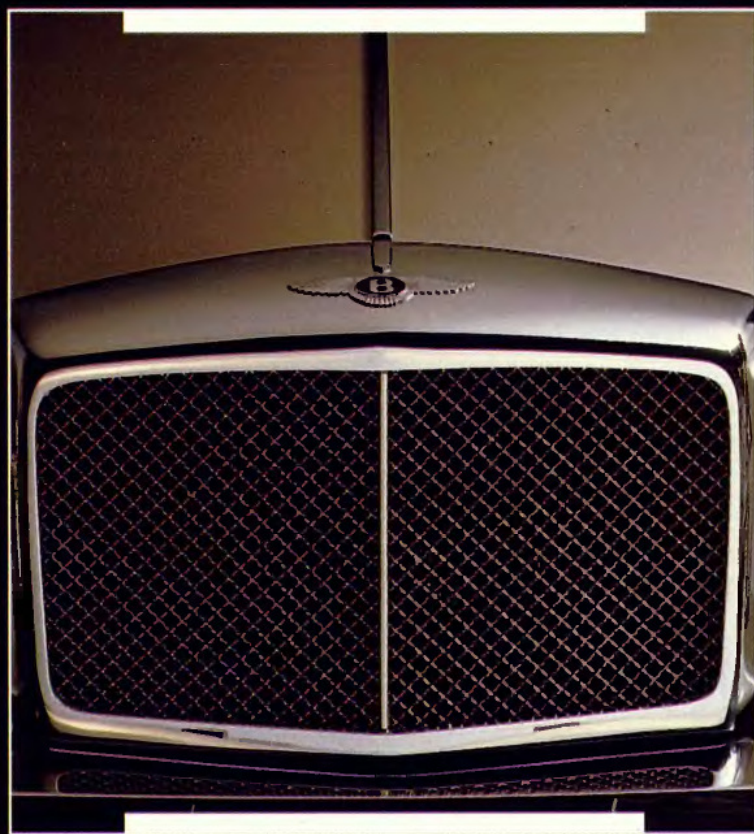
The fact that North temporarily won our acceptance is proof to some experts that we Americans are a people who can be manipulated into hasty choices. Historian Barbara Tuchman, writing about our infatuation with North when it was at its height, concluded, "The 'Olliemania' phenomenon—which now reaches from Oliver North T-shirts to clubs promoting North for President—demonstrates a distressing popular development that I consider the main point of the Iran affair, deeper than the issues of incompetence in government. It is the public's acceptance of the pictured image without regard to the reality underneath. . . . This is the result of a visual—which is to say nonthinking—culture."

Tuchman's assertion raises serious questions: Are we Americans passive participants in a "nonthinking" culture? During crises, do we foolishly accept "the pictured image without regard to the reality underneath"? Did we buy *The Oliver North Story*—about a bemedaled and uniformed war hero who was ready to face down Abu Nidal, arm the *Contras*, mine Nicaraguan harbors, sell missiles to Iran and give his President total loyalty—no questions asked? (continued on page 154)

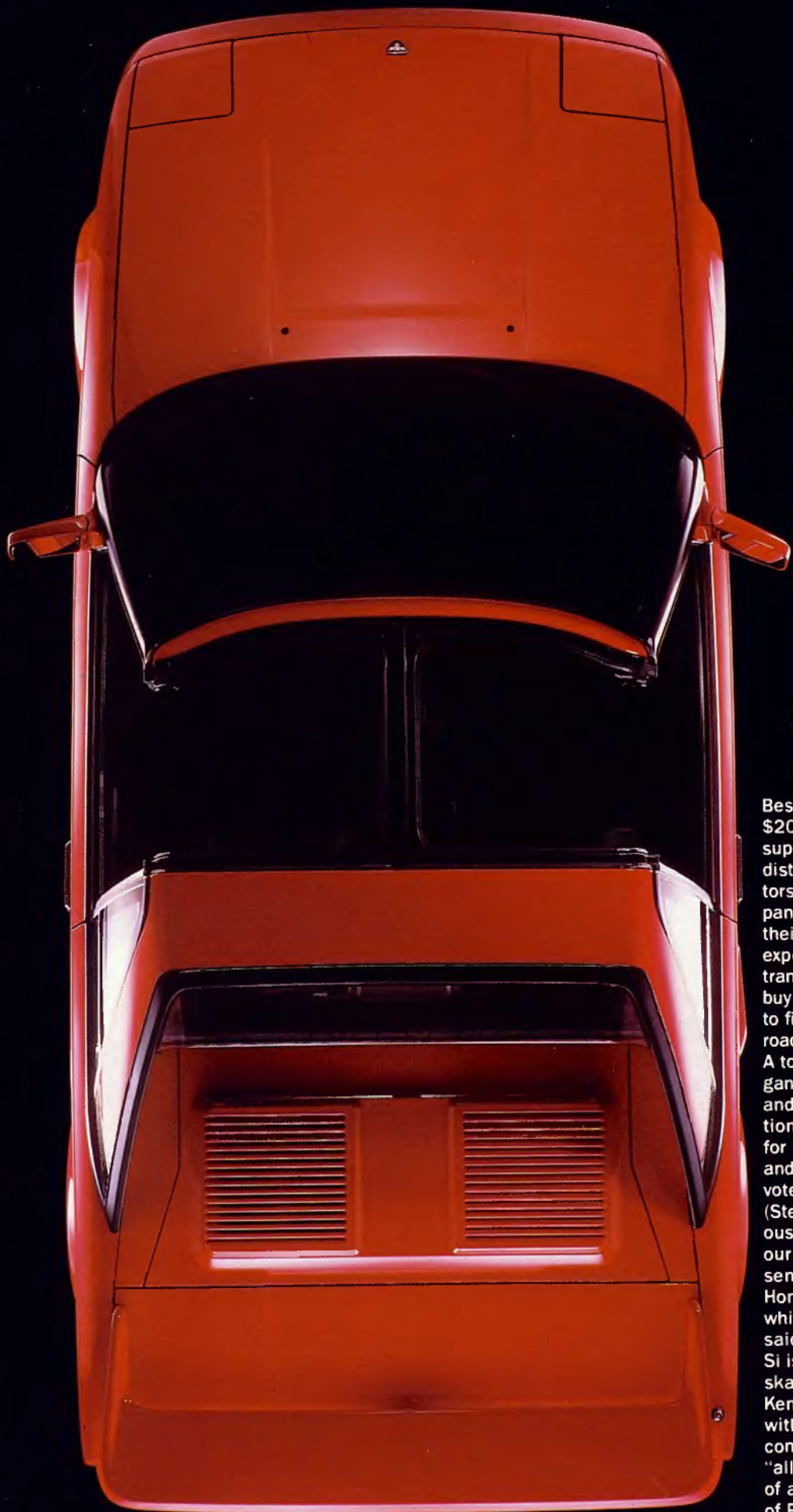
CARS '88

THE BEST

five top automotive journalists and race-car driver kevin cogan pick this year's hottest wheels



ONCE AGAIN, we've turned loose five of the best automotive journalists money can't buy—plus race-car driver and Playboy Products spokesperson Kevin Cogan—to choose Best Car in a variety of categories. Sure, we include Best Car to Impress Clients (it's the Bentley Eight, pictured above), but we haven't forgotten that not everyone can afford heavy English metal, so you'll also find expert input on categories that mere mortals can relate to, such as Best Car to Tell Your Girlfriend to Buy. (No, the criteria did not include a comfortable back seat.) Some background information on our expert panel follows.



Best Two-Seater Under \$20,000: Toyota's peppy supercharged MR2 outdistanced all competitors, with four of our six panelists picking it as their favorite form of inexpensive two-seater transportation. "After you buy this car, you'll want to find the most winding road you can to get from A to B," said Kevin Cogan. John Lamm agreed and applauded the addition of the supercharger for 1988. Brock Yates and David Stevens also voted for the MR2 (Stevens called it a "serious grinmobile"). One of our panelists' two dissenting votes went to the Honda CRX Si, about which William Jeanes said, "In traffic, the CRX Si is like a turbo roller skate on racing slicks." Ken Gross cast his lot with the Mazda RX-7, commenting that it had "all the *Sturm und Drang* of a 944 but at a fraction of Porsche's pricing."

AND THE WINNERS ARE . . .

Best Two-Seater
Under \$20,000:

Toyota MR2 Supercharged

Best Superindulgence Car:
Lamborghini Countach

Best New Engine:
BMW 750iL

Best Car to
Impress Clients:
Bentley Eight

Best Winter Car (Tie):
**Audi 90 Quattro and
Jeep Cherokee**

Best Interstate Cruiser:
**Mercedes-Benz
560SEL**

Best Off-Road Vehicle:
Range Rover

Best Car to Tell Your
Girlfriend to Buy:

Volkswagen Cabriolet

Best Basic Car
\$7000 to \$10,000 (Equipped):
Honda Civic

Best Convertible
Under \$20,000:
Ford Mustang GT

Best Convertible
over \$20,000 (Tie):
**BMW 325i and
Jaguar XJ-S**

Best Sedan (Domestic):
Lincoln Continental

Best Sedan (Foreign):
BMW 750iL

Best Car for a
California Coast Highway:

**Mazda RX-7 Turbo
Convertible**

Best Over-all New Car:
BMW 750iL

Best Suspension:
Mercedes-Benz 560SEL

Best Car for
Trouble-Free Operation:
Honda Accord

Best Engineering
Innovation:
**Honda Prelude Si with
four-wheel steering**

Best New Feature:
**Buick Riviera
cellular phone**

PLAYBOY'S PANEL OF JUDGES

Kevin Cogan: After just 86 starts, Californian Cogan, spokesperson for Playboy Products, is ranked among the top 15 in all-time Indy Car earnings. He finished the 1987 CART-sanctioned PPG Indy Car World Series solidly in the top 20 behind the wheel of the Patrick Racing Team's Marlboro March Chevrolet and is always a name in contention on the grueling Indy Car circuit.

Ken Gross: Author of *Driving in the Real World* (Playboy, September 1987), Gross is an internationally known and widely respected automobile writer and marketing consultant. His motorcar savvy has graced the pages of *Automobile Magazine*, *Auto Gallery* and *Automobile Quarterly*. His books, on Ferrari (*Ferrari 250GT SWB—The Definitive Road/Race Car*) and BMW (*Illustrated BMW Buyer's Guide*), are two volumes that belong in any car buff's automotive library.

William Jeanes: Editor of *Car and Driver* magazine and long-time automotive journalist with credits in *Playboy*—*The Loveliness of the Long-Distance Runner* (January 1986)—*Parade*, *Automobile Magazine* and *Sports Illustrated*, Jeanes is a past president of the American Racing Press Association and a member of the National Motorsports Press Association. He was on last year's panel of experts for *Cars '87: The Best* (Playboy, May).

John Lamm: *Road & Track* editor at large and well-known free-lance automotive writer and photographer, Lamm,

also returning for his second stint on *Playboy's* car panel, earned his motor-sport spurs with time at *Motor Trend* magazine and as a *Road & Track* staffer early in the Eighties. His latest project took him to Japan with World Driving Champion Phil Hill to do a story on the Grand Prix Champion Honda-Williams.

David Stevens: A veteran *Playboy* employee with more than 22 years on the magazine staff, Stevens is the Senior Editor in charge of *Playboy* service features. "Anything you can drink, drive, eat, smoke, tune, fiddle with or fondle that isn't flesh," he says. Stevens' automotive forays for the magazine date back to 1970, when he raced in the Mexican 1000 Road Race for a *Playboy* article titled *Baja's Queasy Rider*. The following year, he crossed the Sahara Desert in a Land Rover for another *Playboy* story—a journey that took one month. Stevens' personal wheels are a nonrunning 1970 Citroen DS 21 Pallas, a machine that he claims will one day rise again.

Brock Yates: Columnist for *The Washington Post Magazine* and *Car and Driver*, author of nearly three dozen articles for *Playboy* and countless other publications, Yates, it seems, will eventually write about anything that rides, rolls or traverses. He has written for the big screen and managed to find time to squeeze several books into his busy schedule. Is there anything that this guy hasn't done? Last year he sat on this panel for *Cars '87*, and this year marks the fifth start for his One Lap of America road rally.

Best Superindulgence Car. The vote was four to two for Lamborghini's raging bull of a vehicle, the \$130,000 Countach, which commands respect even when standing still. "Put this baby down in northern Australia and an aborigine tribe would worship it," said Stevens. "People stare, wave and even stop in their tracks when a Countach rumbles by. You don't have to prove a thing, except perhaps how you paid for it" was Gross's assertion. Cogan echoed it, as did Yates, who commented that "Ralph Nader has got to despise the Countach, and that's good enough for me." Lamm's and Jeanes's opposition votes went to the \$145,000 Aston Martin Volante, which is no slouch of a machine, either. Lamm said, "You have to see these cars being built to really appreciate them. . . . A true cottage industry."



Best New Engine: Our panelists gave the BMW 750iL 12-cylinder power plant a clear mandate, with five out of six voting for it. "Just when you thought it was safe to brag about your four-valve four-banger . . ." quipped Yates, while Jeanes declared that "the 750iL V12 is nothing more or less than what automobile engines ought to be. It's the Rolex President of power

units." Cogan, whose racing career has introduced him to some very potent machinery, pointed out that he is "always for more power. And if it's in a car that handles well, that's twice as nice." Stevens and Gross also cast their votes for the 750iL. Gross, especially, waxed euphoric about the engine, saying that "currently, Mercedes and Cadillac are rushing their V12s to imitate it.

The Germans love to demonstrate that they can balance a five-mark coin on the intake manifold while the engine's running. It's that smoooooth." Lamm's dissenting vote went to the Honda Civic. "While my head goes with the Honda Civic, my heart is with the BMW. Before the crash in October, I might have chosen the BMW, but now I have to go with the Honda."



MORE PICKS OF THE PACK

Best Car to Impress Clients: "Impress 'em? Hell, intimidate them!" said Yates about the \$98,000 Bentley Eight. "The Eight's posh interior is upholstered and paneled like a proper British club. The price of membership is rather bloody steep, though" was Gross's comment. Stevens agreed, adding that in the Bentley, "nobody will try to borrow your Grey Poupon mustard." Jeanes and Cogan opted for the Mercedes-Benz 560SEL, while Lamm picked the Jaguar XJ6, calling it "the best combination of newness, plushness, snobbishness and worldliness."

Best Winter Car: It was a dead heat for the Audi 90 Quattro and the Jeep Cherokee. In the Audi 90's camp were Stevens and Lamm, the latter picking it partially because "skiers love the pass-through-seat feature that enables you to carry your boards inside the car instead of on the roof or in the trunk." Yates and Gross picked the Jeep Cherokee. Yates had the opinion, however, that "this tall, tough four-wheel-drive tourer ought to have its spotty quality upgraded by its new owner, Chrysler." Cogan chose the BMW 325ix four-wheel drive ("If you live where it snows, there's nothing wrong with four-wheeling in style"), while Jeanes went for the Range Rover ("Nothing else is so civilized and capable. The capital C, in this case, is well earned").

Best Interstate Cruiser: Cogan, Jeanes, Stevens and Yates all voted for the Mercedes-Benz 560SEL, Jeanes commenting that "the Mercedes is the great-big car Detroit still can't quite figure out how to build." Yates quipped that "in it, you can outrun the cops with the kids asleep in the back seat." Gross's choice was the BMW 750iL, while Lamm picked the Jaguar XJ6, say-

ing, "It has the best ride, seats and ambience."

Best Off-Road Vehicle: "At first glance, one might think the Range Rover is too pricey," said Lamm about Range Rover's incredible \$33,000 luxury boondock machine, "but by the time you add options onto some of the other vehicles against which it's selling, it is not that far off in price." Stevens agreed, pointing out that the Range Rover makes a great urban street fighter, too. Jeanes also liked it, though his heart is with the Range Rover's more primitive older brother, the Land Rover. Gross's vote went to the Jeep Wrangler ("It'll eat a Suzuki for breakfast"); Yates liked the Nissan Pathfinder ("Just the thing for a tour of the Iran-Iraq war front"); and Cogan picked the GMC S-Jimmy ("When you are really off the road, you want dependability to avoid becoming a pedestrian").

Best Car to Tell Your Girlfriend to Buy: The Volkswagen Cabriolet was the topless turn-on for three of our panelists, with Lamm cautioning that you should suggest, rather than tell her: "I like my women to be fun-loving, and that means convertibles." Other votes went to the Honda Prelude Si with four-wheel steering, which, according to Gross, "looks very tricky in new Barbados yellow"; the Nissan Pulsar, whose design, according to Jeanes, "displays that rarest of qualities—uniqueness"; and the Honda CRX Si, about which Yates said, "Just be sure this little sucker isn't cuter than your girlfriend."

Best Basic Car \$7000 to \$10,000 (Equipped): It was four to two for the Honda Civic over the Toyota Tercel. Lamm commented that "it was really a tie with the Tercel, but the Honda wins on style points." Yates thought, "One puzzles over what might have happened if Honda had been a serious

player in World War Two." Stevens and Cogan picked the Tercel, about which Cogan said, "It's a very solid choice for those who are careful with their money."

Best Convertible Under \$20,000: The Ford Mustang GT galloped away with five of the six votes, with Cogan hanging tough for the Toyota Celica. "I always approach the Mustang GT thinking, Well, I wonder how the old fart is doing. Then I get in the car, let that V8 do its work and come away hoping I'll be as up to date when I'm an old fart," said Lamm. Jeanes agreed: "Ford keeps sawing off the teeth on this one and adding claws and muscle. It's just a hell of a car, despite its aged design." Gross's comment: "Great gobs of horsepower and a floptop that folds. The Mustang evokes those 'finest kind' Fifties feelings, and the sticker won't break your bank account." Cogan's opinion of the Celica: "Built to last, this car should blow your hair for years to come."

Best Convertible Over \$20,000: The BMW 325i and the Jaguar XJ-S tied for first, with one vote each going to the Ford Mustang GT (Yates picked it even though the car's price is under \$20,000, calling the machine "the classiest topless American since Marilyn Monroe posed nude") and the Saab 900 Turbo. "The Jag is a real prowler car," commented Stevens, "and the fact that in 1988 they'll be made on an assembly line instead of being conversions makes them even more desirable." Cogan agreed, saying, "It's a classic now and will continue to be in the future." Lamm and Gross both picked the 325i. Gross's comment: "The Yuppie's favorite floptop is a cinch to operate . . . and it's built like a little bank vault stuffed with D-marks." Jeanes called the Saab 900 "a drophead that not only works but also has a person-

ality. A strange personality, of course, but it wouldn't be a Saab otherwise."

Best Sedan (Domestic): The Lincoln Continental is "the best of a still so-so lot," said Gross. "Americans may build great sedans when they raise their speed limits to autobahn levels." Four other panelists agreed that the new Continental was no con job. "Sorry, General Motors, but Ford has done it again," was Lamm's opinion. "While G.M. makes statements, Ford makes good cars. However, the Pontiac Bonneville SSE also gets high points. It's just that it has a sort of unnecessary G.M. glitz about it." Jeanes agreed that the Lincoln Continental comes closer to the standards set by Mercedes and BMW than anything ever built in this country. Yates added, "Now, guys, hold the opera lights and the moon roof; it's fine just the way it is." Cogan cast the lone dissenting vote, opting for the Cadillac Sedan de Ville with touring suspension. "A very nice feel for a domestic. Long trips are made shorter in this one."

Best Sedan (Foreign): BMW edged out Mercedes-Benz in a close decision, three panelists (Gross, Jeanes and Stevens) voting for the 750iL (Gross drove it at 260 kph on the Frankfurt autobahn and said that "even Porsches pull over when they see those flattened kidney grilles") and two (Lamm and Yates) putting their money on the Mercedes 300E. (Lamm called it "still the best four-door sedan in the world. Period.") Cogan also went for a Mercedes but picked another model—the 560SEL—saying that "it's expensive, but if that doesn't matter, there is no other choice."

Best Car for a California Coast Highway: Voting was (concluded on page 154)



MODERN LOVE

FICTION
BY T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE

her favorite movie was *the boy in the plastic bubble*—that should have told me something

HERE WAS NO exchange of body fluids on the first date, and that suited both of us just fine. I picked her up at seven, took her to Mee Grop, where she meticulously separated each sliver of meat from her *phat Thai*, watched her down four bottles of Singha at three dollars per and then gently stroked her balsam-smelling hair while she snoozed through *The Terminator* at the Circle Shopping Center theater. We had a late-night drink at Rigoletto's Pizza Bar (and two slices, plain cheese), and I dropped her off. The moment we pulled up in front of her apartment, she had the door open. She turned to me with the long, elegant, mournful face of her Puritan ancestors and held out her hand.

"It's been fun," she said.

"Yes," I said, taking her hand.

She was wearing gloves.

"I'll call you," she said.

"Good," I said, giving her my richest smile. "And I'll call you."

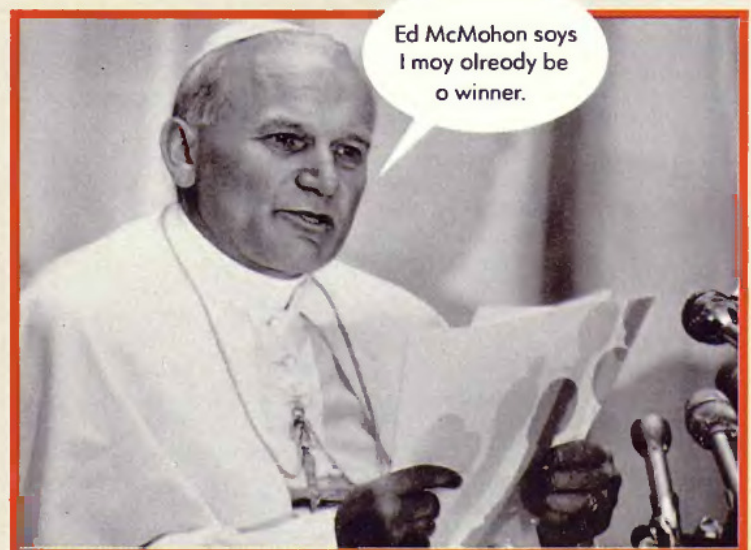
•
On the second date, we got acquainted.

"I can't tell you what a strain it was for me the other night," she said, staring down into her chocolate-mocha-fudge sundae. It was early afternoon, we were in Helmut's Olde Tyme Ice Cream Parlor in Mamaroneck and the sun streamed through the thick frosted windows and lighted the place like a convalescent home. The fixtures glowed behind the counter, the brass rail was buffed to a reflective sheen and everything smelled of disinfectant. We were the only people in the place.

"What do you mean?" I said, my mouth (continued on page 116)

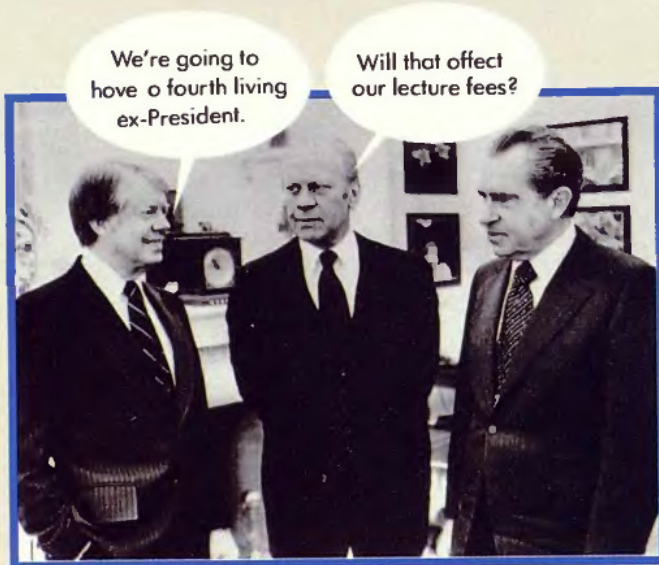
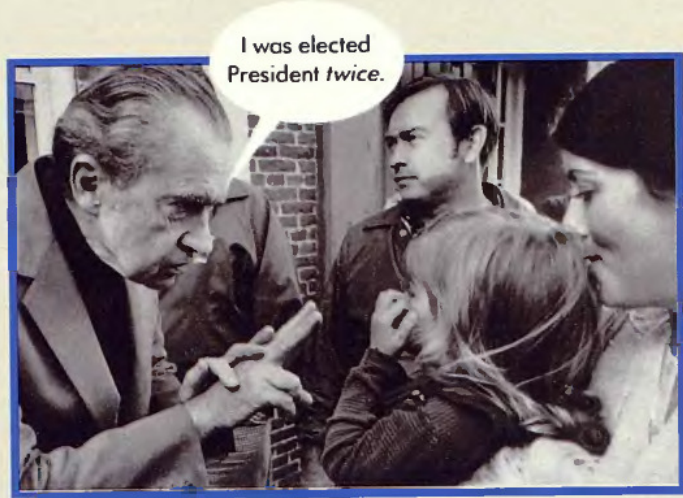


Who's in charge here?



*an irreverent
look at election
year notables*

humor By Gerald Gardner



MODERN LOVE (continued from page 113)

"I felt the soft flicker of her lips against mine. 'I love you,' she said, 'I think.'"

glutinous with melted marshmallow and caramel.

"I mean Thai food, the seats in the movie theater, the *ladies' room* in that place, for God's sake. . . ."

"Thai food?" I wasn't following her. I recalled the maneuver with the strips of pork and the fastidious dissection of the glass noodles. "You're a vegetarian?"

She looked away in exasperation and then gave me the full wide-eyed shock of her ice-blue eyes. "Have you seen the health-department statistics on sanitary conditions in ethnic restaurants?"

I hadn't.

Her eyebrows leaped up. She was earnest. She was lecturing. "These people are refugees. They have—well, different standards. They haven't even been inoculated." I watched her dig the tiny spoon into the recesses of the dish and part her lips for a neat, foursquare morsel of ice cream and fudge. "The illegals, anyway. And that's half of them." She swallowed with an almost imperceptible movement, a shudder, her throat dipping and rising like a gazelle's. "I got drunk from fear," she said. "Blind panic. I couldn't help thinking I'd wind up with hepatitis or dysentery or dengue fever or something."

"Dengue fever?"

"I usually bring a disposable sanitary sheet for public theaters—just think of who might have been in that seat before you, and how many times, and what sort of nasty festering little cultures of this and that there must be in all those ancient dribbles of taffy and Coke and extra-butter popcorn—but I didn't want you to think I was too extreme or anything on the first date, so I didn't. And then the *ladies' room*. . . ." She ducked her head and I nearly fell into her eyes. "I mean, after all that beer. . . . You don't think I'm overreacting, do you?"

As a matter of fact, I did. Of course I did. I liked Thai food—and *sushi* and ginger crab and greasy *souvlaki* at the corner stand, too. There was the look of the mad saint in her eye, the obsessive, the mortifier of the flesh, but I didn't care. She was lovely, wilting, clear-eyed and pure, as cool and matchless as if she'd stepped out of a Pre-Raphaelite painting, and I was in love. Besides, I tended a little that way myself. Hypochondria. Anal retentiveness. The ordered environment and alphabetized books. I was a 33-year-old bachelor, I carried some scars and I read the newspapers—herpes, AIDS, the Asian clap

that foiled every antibiotic in the book. I was willing to take it slow. "No," I said, "I don't think you're overreacting at all."

I paused to draw in a breath so deep it might have been a sigh. "I'm sorry," I whispered, giving her a doglike look of contrition. "I didn't know."

She reached out then and touched my hand—touched it, skin to skin—and murmured that it was all right; she'd been through worse. "If you want to know," she breathed, "I like places like this."

I glanced around. The place was still empty but for Helmut, in a blinding-white jump suit and toque, studiously polishing the tile walls. "I know what you mean," I said.

We dated for a month—museums, drives in the country, French and German restaurants, ice-cream emporiums, fern bars—before we kissed. And when we kissed, after a showing of *David and Lisa* at a revival house all the way up in Rhinebeck and on a night so cold no run-of-the-mill bacterium or commonplace virus could have survived it, it was the merest brushing of the lips. She was wearing a big-shouldered coat of synthetic fur and a knit hat pulled down over her brows, and she hugged my arm as we stepped out of the theater and into the blast of the night. "God," she said, "did you see him when he screamed, 'You touched me!?' Wasn't that priceless?" Her eyes were big and she seemed weirdly excited.

"Sure," I said, "yeah, it was great," and then she pulled me close and kissed me. I felt the soft flicker of her lips against mine.

"I love you," she said, "I think."

A month of dating and one dry, fluttering kiss. At this point, you might begin to wonder about me; but really, I didn't mind. As I say, I was willing to wait—I had the patience of Sisyphus—and it was enough just to be with her. Why rush things? I thought. This is good, this is charming, like the slow, sweet unfolding of the romance in a Frank Capra movie, where sweetness and light always prevail. Sure, she had her idiosyncrasies, but who didn't? Frankly, I'd never been comfortable with the three-drinks, dinner-and-bed sort of thing, the girls who come on like they've been in prison for six years and just got out in time to put on their make-up and jump into the passenger seat of your car.

Breda—that was her name, Breda Drumhill, and the very sound and syllabification of it made me melt—was different.

Finally, two weeks after the trek to Rhinebeck, she invited me to her apartment. Cocktails, she said. Dinner. A quiet evening in front of the tube.

She lived in Croton, on the ground floor of a restored Victorian, half a mile from the Harmon station, where she caught the train each morning for Manhattan and her job as an editor of *Anthropology Today*. She'd held the job since graduating from Barnard six years earlier (with a double major in Rhetoric and Alien Cultures), and it suited her temperament perfectly. Field anthropologists living among the River Dayak of Borneo or the Kurds of Kurdistan would send her rough and grammatically tortured accounts of their observations and she would whip them into shape for popular consumption. Naturally, filth and exotic disease, as well as outlandish customs and revolting habits, played leading roles in her rewrites. Every other day or so, she'd call me from work and in a voice that could barely contain its joy give me the details of some new and horrific disease she'd discovered.

She met me at the door in a silk kimono that featured a plunging neckline and a pair of dragons with intertwined tails. Her hair was pinned up as if she'd just stepped out of the bath, and she smelled of Noxzema and Phisoderm. She pecked my cheek, took the bottle of Vouvray I held out in offering and led me into the front room. "Chagas' disease," she said, grinning wide to show off her perfect, outsized teeth.

"Chagas' disease?" I echoed, not quite knowing what to do with myself. The room was as spare as a monk's cell. Two chairs, a love seat and a coffee table, in glass, chrome and hard black plastic. No plants ("God knows what sort of insects might live on them—and the dirt, the dirt has got to be crawling with bacteria, not to mention spiders and worms and things") and no rug ("A breeding ground for fleas and ticks and chiggers").

Still grinning, she steered me to the hard-black-plastic love seat and sat down beside me, the Vouvray cradled in her lap. "South America," she whispered, her eyes leaping with excitement. "In the jungle. These bugs—assassin bugs, they're called; isn't that wild? These bugs bite you, and then, after they've sucked on you awhile, they go potty next to the wound. When you scratch, it gets into your blood stream, and anywhere from one to twenty years later, you get a disease that's like a cross between malaria and AIDS."

(continued on page 146)



mikewiniam S.

"Louis sees me as the wind beneath his wings."

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF

Lingerie

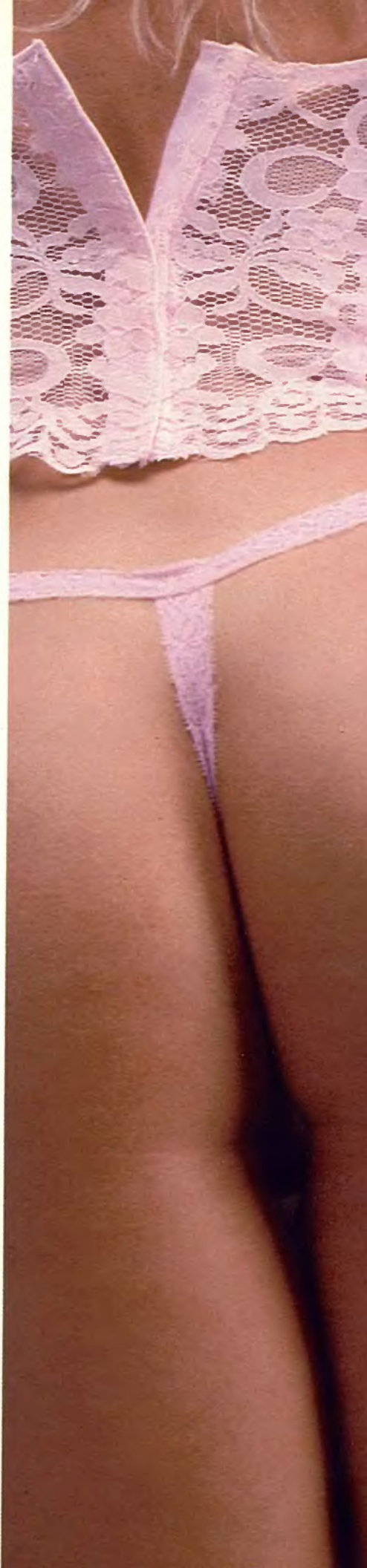
essay By DAN GREENBURG



HOW LONG has lingerie been around? It has certainly been around for quite a bit longer than Frederick's of Hollywood. Although lingerie as we know it today was actually invented in 1723 by a Parisian professor of art named Jean-Pierre Lingerie (pronounced *Lan-zhe-ree*, incidentally—not *Lawn-zhe-ray*, which refers to a form of lingerie, the grass underskirt, worn on Oahu), there are definite indications of a rudimentary type of lingerie in the *Homo habilis* fossils unearthed by anthropologist Louis Leakey at the Olduvai Gorge in Tanzania.

Thirty thousand years ago, Cro-Magnon woman was thought to have used garter snakes to hold up her stockings, and before that, *Australopithecus Prometheus* woman apparently wore the skins of koala bears—the first teddies.

But back to Professor Lingerie. On a Thursday evening in December of 1723, an event occurred in his drafty studio in Montmartre, where he taught life-drawing classes, that would alter forever not only the professor's own life but the very fabric of fashion history.







In this chilly December night, Professor Lingerie's nude model Mimi, a plump young woman from the Pigalle district, had complained of goose bumps. Mimi asked the professor if she could be permitted to cover herself, if only till the goose bumps flattened a bit, and Lingerie said, What was the point of drawing from the human body if that body were draped in folds that totally concealed it, for God's sake?

Teeth chattering, Mimi persisted. Exasperated, Lingerie looked about for something that might warm his model without totally obscuring her voluptuous figure. He spied a piece of white silk he'd been using as a paint rag—part of an old formal gown, long since discarded by his wife. He seized it, then swiftly and irritably fashioned it into a makeshift bra and step-ins. He then fitted his hurriedly constructed garments over the shivering young woman and returned to scrutinizing his students' sketch pads.

But his students—all young men in their early 20s—seemed paralyzed. They were inexplicably unable to move, unable to hear his entreaties to continue drawing, unable to do anything but stand and stare at the model now draped in two hastily fashioned scraps of paint-smeared white silk. Lingerie turned and looked in the direction of their stares and realized he had unwittingly created something even perkier than a naked lady.

That night was to be Professor Lingerie's last at teaching life drawing or anything else. He abandoned all his students and threw himself obsessively into the design and manufacture of what he called *le cou-*

vert contre le vent—literally, “the cover against the wind.” His supply of paint-smeared white silk soon gave out, however, and he was eventually forced to experiment with other materials—silk Charmeuse, satin, Lycra,



nylon tricot, rayon acetate, polyspandex. It was to be six more weeks before he realized that the new materials did not need to be smeared with paint.

Often students ask, “Did Lingerie invent the panty?” Well, he *did* have a hand in it. Here's what happened. By March of 1724, Lingerie had created a line of intimate apparel that was the talk of Paris. An entrepreneur named Jacques Panty then struck a deal with Lingerie.











anty wanted to market Lingerie's creations, but he thought the appellation *le couvert contre le vent* too cumbersome for print ads.

Panty proposed to Lingerie that the new product be called simply panties. Lingerie was livid and accused Panty of being a self-aggrandizing egomaniac. Fearing that he was risking blowing a good thing, Panty quickly recanted, suggesting that an even better name might be lingerie, and the professor perked right up.

To this day, intimate apparel the world over is known as lingerie, and only underpants are known as panties.

Scholars have also been confused about the origin of the term Merry Widow. A few biographical facts will help.

Madame Geneviève Lingerie was the neglected and long-suffering wife of the professor, who spent as many as seven days a week—and often nights as well—laboring in his atelier, creating slips, corsets, chemises, peignoirs, camisoles, teddies and *bustiers* pampered with princess seaming and Chantilly lace. Designing, cutting, sewing, fitting and altering his creations on the actual bodies of young Parisian models, Lingerie found the hours he was able to spend at home shrinking to an alarming degree.

Indeed, in the seven years following the appearance of his prototypes for the full-cut brief and the demicup underwire bra with front closure, Lingerie was home so infrequently that one evening when he entered their bedroom and prepared for bed, his wife screamed and claimed not to recognize him.

But tragedy was soon to overtake Lingerie. Working late one night in his atelier, the overzealous inventor got his head tangled in the straps of a prototype garter belt he was fitting on one of his young models, and before the startled girl



knew what was happening, the professor had turned blue and strangled to death.

When news of her husband's untimely demise reached Madame Lingerie, she reportedly burst into near-hysterical laughter that did not subside until the family physician administered a sedative some 12 days later. Cynical neighbors dubbed Madame Lingerie the Merry Widow, and the name stuck, to be subsequently co-opted by a Hungarian composer of operettas.



Western scholars have long known that the best lingerie has always come from France, Italy and the United States; but recently, the Russians have entered the field and are trying hard to be competitive. I am often asked what it is like and how serious a threat it is to our own.

While NATO nations have always excelled in the design and manufacture of state-of-the-art lingerie, lately, Communist-bloc countries have made serious inroads into what was once a primarily Western industry. The Slavic product is predictably weak on delicacy and sensuality but is effective protection in contact sports, in the operation of heavy machinery and for use by female military personnel in the frigid climate of Afghanistan.

An impressive display of combat lingerie was noted by Western observers in Moscow's Red Square at last year's May Day parade. Squads of grim-faced, solidly built women commandos trooped past the reviewing stand, decked out in canvas push-up bras, burlap bikini panties, garter belts made of industrial-strength nylon webbing and chain-link fish-net stockings.

Although lingerie representatives in New York, Paris and Milan have maintained a public posture of nonchalance and even disdain for the Soviet product, privately, Western manufacturers of intimate apparel are plotting. They feel that there is a dangerous surplus of lingerie in the market place and that it threatens an already shaky world economy.

Millions of Bolshevik underpants are stored in Russia's northern latitudes, along what has come to be known as the V.P.L., or Visible



Panty Line. Secretary of State George Shultz and Soviet foreign minister Eduard Shevardnadze have agreed to high-level East-West talks to discuss banning all medium- and high-cut briefs from the international market, if a means of effective on-site verification can be agreed upon.





T O M W A I T S

Most people know singer-songwriter Tom Waits as the poet of late-night metropolitan areas, the bard of smoky lounges and cue-ball moons. But lately, Waits has been experimenting, both on his past three albums, which have included songs nailed together from pieces of "found sound"—deafening jackhammers, sirens, strains of an Irish jig—and as an actor ("The Cotton Club," "Down by Law," "Ironweed"). Writer Steve Oney showed up at a favorite Waits hangout, a seedy café on the fringes of downtown L.A. "Waits, now 37, arrived looking wild-haired and mystic-eyed and dressed in a parson's black suit and tie," he reports. "He was insistent upon talking into a tape recorder for fear of being misquoted, but he began the conversation with the warning, 'I'm going to pull your string from time to time.'"

1.

PLAYBOY: In spite of the fact that your albums have won you a loyal following, your work is rarely heard on the radio. What kind of payola do you think it would take to get disc jockeys in Des Moines to play a few cuts from *Franks Wild Years*?

WAITS: Send them some frozen Cornish game hens. That would probably do the trick. Or maybe some Spencer steaks. The people who succeed today essentially write jingles. It's an epidemic. Even worse are artists aligning themselves with various products, everything from Chrysler-Plymouth to Pepsi. I don't support it. I hate it. So there.

2.

PLAYBOY: Early in your career, some of your songs—for instance, *Ol' '55*, which the Eagles covered—became hits, and almost all of them, no matter how unconventional, relied upon pretty melodies. But lately—especially on your past three albums—you've moved from hummable tunes to what you call "organized noise." Why?

rock's back-alley poet makes noise about music, movies, seedy bars and taking the kids to Disneyland

WAITS: I was cutting off a very small piece of what I wanted to do. I wasn't getting down the

things I was really hearing and experiencing. Music with a lot of strings gets like Perry Como after a while. It's why I don't really work with the piano much anymore. Like, anybody who plays the piano would thrill at seeing and hearing one thrown off a 12-story building, watching it hit the sidewalk and being there to hear that thump. It's like school. You want to watch it burn.

3.

PLAYBOY: To create a marketable pop song, do you have to sell out?

WAITS: Popular music is like a big party, and it's a thrill sneaking in rather than being invited. Every once in a while, a guy with his shirt on inside out, wearing lipstick and a pillbox hat, gets a chance to speak. I've always been afraid I was going to tap the world on the shoulder for 20 years and when it finally turned around, I was going to forget what I had to say. I was always afraid I was going to do something in the studio and *hate it*, put it out, and it was going to become a hit. So I'm neurotic about it.

4.

PLAYBOY: Who was Harry Partch, and what did he mean to you?

WAITS: He was an innovator. He built all his own instruments and kind of took the American hobo experience and designed instruments from ideas he gathered traveling around the United States in the Thirties and Forties. He used a pump organ and industrial water bottles, created enormous marimbas. He died in the early Seventies, but the Harry Partch Ensemble still performs at festivals. It's a little arrogant to say I see a relationship between his stuff and mine. I'm very crude, but I use things we hear around us all the time, built and found instruments—things that aren't normally considered instruments: dragging a chair across the floor or hitting the side of a locker real hard with a two-by-four, a freedom bell, a brake drum with a major imperfection, a police bullhorn. It's more interesting. You know, I don't like straight lines. The problem is that most instruments are square and music is always round.

5.

PLAYBOY: Considering your predispositions, which modern artists do you like to listen to?

WAITS: Prince. He's out there. He's uncompromising. He's a real fountainhead.

Takes dangerous chances. He's androgynous, wicked, voodoo. The Replacements have a great stance. They like distortion. Their concerts are like insect rituals. I like a lot of rap stuff, because it's real, immediate. Generally, I like things as they begin, because the industry tears at you. Most artists come out the other side like a dead carp.

6.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of when you hear the name Barry Manilow?

WAITS: Expensive furniture and clothes that you don't feel good in.

7.

PLAYBOY: In your musical career, you've tried to retain maximum creative control; yet within the past few years, you've become more and more involved in the most collaborative of all media, theater and film. What's the attraction?

WAITS: It's thrilling to see the insanity of all these people brought together like this life-support system to create something that's really made out of smoke. The same thing draws me to it that draws me to making records—you fashion these things and ideas into your own monster. It's making dreams. I like that.

8.

PLAYBOY: In *Ironweed*, you worked with Jack Nicholson and Meryl Streep. What did you learn from them?

WAITS: Nicholson's a consummate storyteller. He's like a great bard. He says he knows about beauty parlors and trainyards and everything in between. You can learn a lot from just watching him open a window or tie his shoes. It's great to be privy to those things. I watched everything—watched them build characters from pieces of things in people they have known. It's like they build a doll from Grandmother's mouth and Aunt Betty's walk and Ethel Merman's posture, then they push their own truthful feelings through that exterior. They're great at it.

9.

PLAYBOY: Have there been musical benefits from involvement in theater and film?

WAITS: Just that I'm more comfortable stepping into characters in songs. On *Franks Wild Years*, I did it in *I'll Take New York* and *Straight to the Top*. I've learned how to be different musical characters without feeling like I'm eclipsing myself. On the contrary, you discover a whole

family living inside you.

10.

PLAYBOY: Three years ago, you made much ado about leaving Los Angeles for Manhattan. You praised New York as "a great town for shoes," but now you're back in California. What happened?

WAITS: I was developing tourette syndrome. I was blurting out obscenities in the middle of Eighth Avenue. I turned into an eraserhead. But it's been arrested. With research, there is hope.

11.

PLAYBOY: If you were to give a tour of L.A., what sights would you include?

WAITS: Let's see. For chicken, I suggest the Red Wing Hatchery near Tweedy Lane in south central L.A. We're talking both fryers and ritual chickens. Hang one over the door to keep out evil spirits; the other goes on your plate with paprika. For your other shopping needs, try B.C.D. Market on Temple. Best produce in town; also good pig knuckles, always important in your dining plans. Ask for Bruce. Below the Earth, on Hill Street, is the best spot for female impersonators; then you're going to want to be looking into those pickled eggs at the Frolic Room, by the bus station. Guy behind the bar has the same birthday as me, and his name is Tom. Finally, you have to take in Bongo Bean, who plays the sax on the sidewalk in front of the Hotel Figueroa. We're talking *Pennies from Heaven* time. Bongo is tall, good-looking, there most every night. Accept no substitutes.

12.

PLAYBOY: While L.A. may be your stomping grounds, your other great love is the weehours world of America's big cities. From all your travels, what have been your favorite dives?

WAITS: The Sterling Hotel, in Cleveland.

Great lobby. Good place to sit with the old men and watch Rock Hudson movies. Then there's the Wilmont Hotel, in Chicago. The woman behind the desk, her son's the Marlboro man. There's the Alamo Hotel, in Austin, Texas, where I rode in an elevator one night with Sam Houston Johnson. He spit tobacco juice into a cup while we talked. Let's see: The Swiss American Hotel is San Francisco's insane asylum. The Paradise Motel, right here on Sunset in L.A. It's nice in the summer when there's a carnival across the street. And, oh, the Taft. I think they're a chain. You can probably get off a train in just about any town, get into a taxi and say, "Take me to the Taft Hotel" and wind up somewhere unsavory. Yeah, say, "Take me to the Taft, and step on it."

13.

PLAYBOY: Despite your reputation and songs that glorify hard living and carousing, you've been married seven years and have two children. How do you balance your domestic and creative lives?

WAITS: My wife's been great. I've learned a lot from her. She's Irish Catholic. She's got the whole dark forest living inside of her. She pushes me into areas I would not go, and I'd say that a lot of the things I'm trying to do now, she's encouraged. And the kids? Creatively, they're astonishing. The way they draw, you know? Right off the page and onto the wall. It's like you wish you could be that open.

14.

PLAYBOY: Do you do all-American-dad things, such as go to Disneyland?

WAITS: Disneyland is Vegas for children. When I went with the kids, I just about had a stroke. It's the opposite of what they say it is. It's not a place to nurture the imagination. It's just a big clearance sale for useless items. I'm not going back, and

the kids won't be allowed to return until they're 18, out of the house. And even then, I would block their decision.

15.

PLAYBOY: Your songwriting technique is very unusual. Instead of sitting down at a piano or synthesizer, you hole up alone somewhere with nothing but a tape recorder. Why do you work that way?

WAITS: I don't want to sound spiritual, but I try to make an antenna out of myself, a lightning rod out of myself, so whatever is out there can come in. It happens in different places, in hotels, in the car—when someone else is driving. I bang on things, slap the wall, break things—whatever is in the room. There are all these things in the practical world that you deal with on a practical level, and you don't notice them as anything but what you need them to be. But when I'm writing, all these things turn into something else, and I see them differently—almost like I've taken a narcotic. Somebody once said I'm not a musician but a tonal engineer. I like that. It's kind of clinical and primitive at the same time.

16.

PLAYBOY: While you may strive for musical crudity, lyrically you're quite sophisticated—interior rhymes, classical allusions and your hallmark, a great ear for the vernacular. In a sense, you're the William Saffire of street patois, rescuing such phrases as walking Spanish—inebriated saunter—and even coining some pretty good lingo of your own, such as rain dogs: stray people who, like animals after a shower, can't find their markings and wander aimlessly. What are some of your other favorite bits of slang, phrases you'd like to see get more everyday use?

WAITS: For starters, I'd like to see the term wooden kimono return to the lexicon. Means coffin. Think it originated in New Orleans, but I'm not certain. Another one I like is wolf tickets, which means bad news, as in someone who is bad news or generally insubordinate. In a sentence, you'd say, "Don't fuck with me, I'm passing out wolf tickets." Think it's either Baltimore Negro or turn-of-the-century railroadese. There's one more. Don't know where it came from, but I like it: Saturdaynightitis. Now, it's what happens to your arm when you hang it around a chair all night at the movies or in some bar, trying to make points with a pretty girl. When your arm goes dead from that sort of action, you've got Saturdaynightitis.

17.

PLAYBOY: You have said that you'd rather hear music over a crackly AM car radio than over the best sound system. What's the matter with a good CD player?

WAITS: I like to take music out of the environment it was grown in. I guess I'm always aware of the atmosphere that I'm listening to something in as much as I am



"Something to give me a heightened sensitivity to the promises of life."

of what I'm listening to. It can influence the music. It's like listening to Mahalia Jackson as you drive across Texas. That's different from hearing her in church. It's like taking a Victrola into the jungle, you know? The music then has an entirely different quality. You integrate it into your world and it doesn't become the focus of it but a condiment. It becomes the soundtrack for the film that you're living.

18.

PLAYBOY: Your score for *One from the Heart* was nominated for an Oscar. Did you enjoy writing it enough to try another?

WAITS: Working on *One from the Heart* was almost a Brill Building approach to songwriting—sitting at a piano in an office, writing songs like jokes. I had always had that fantasy, so I jumped at the chance to do it. I've been offered other films, but I've turned 'em down. The director comes to you and says, "Here, I've got this thing here, this broken toy." And in some cases, he says, "Can you fix it?" Or maybe he just wants interior decorating or a haircut. So you have to be sure you're the right man for the job. Sort of like being a doctor. Rest in bed; get plenty of fluids.

19.

PLAYBOY: You've remarked that *Franks Wild Years* is the end of a musical period for you, the last part of a trilogy of albums that began with *Swordfishtrombones*. Have you turned a corner? Is this album your last experimentation with the scavenger school of songwriting?

WAITS: I don't know if I turned a corner, but I opened a door. I kind of found a new scam. I threw rocks at the window. I'm not as frightened by technology maybe as I used to be. On the past three albums, I was exploring the hydrodynamics of my own peculiarities. I don't know what the next one will be. Harder, maybe louder. Things are now a little more psychedelic for me, and they're more ethnic. I'm looking toward that part of music that comes from my memories, hearing Los Tres Aces at the Continental Club with my dad when I was a kid.

20.

PLAYBOY: How far would you go to avoid getting a star on Hollywood Boulevard?

WAITS: I don't think it works that way. It's pretty much that you pay for it. I'm not big on awards. They're just a lot of headlights stapled to your chest, as Bob Dylan said. I've gotten only one award in my life, from a place called Club Tenco in Italy. They gave me a guitar made out of tiger-eye. Club Tenco was created as an alternative to the big San Remo Festival they have every year. It's to commemorate the death of a big singer whose name was Tenco and who shot himself in the heart because he'd lost at the San Remo Festival. For a while, it was popular in Italy for singers to shoot themselves in the heart. That's my award.



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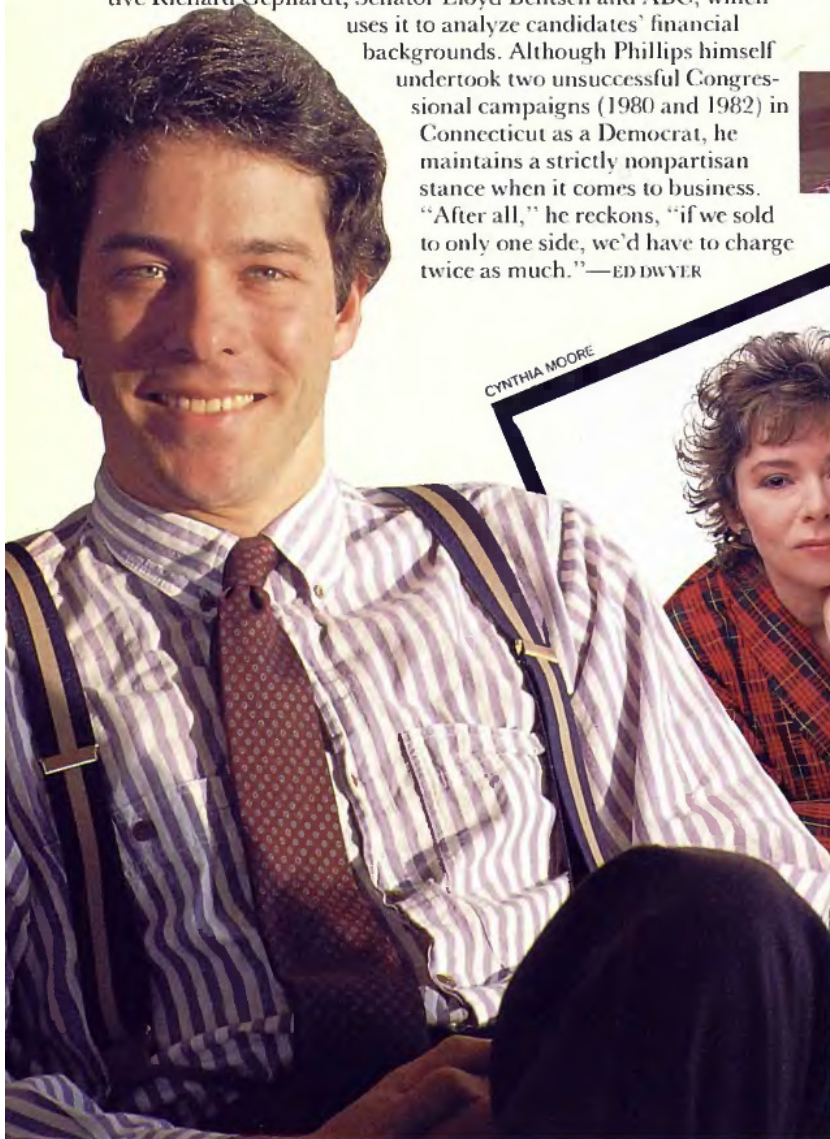


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FAST FORWARD

MR. FLOPPY GOES TO WASHINGTON

Democracy is a growth business," declares **John Aristotle Phillips**, 32, who ought to know. His Washington, D.C.-based company, Aristotle Industries, is the nation's first and largest political-campaign-software company; it streamlines campaign chores such as fund raising, mailings and polling, and sells the programs at prices even a novice pol can afford. "We're making political technology available to anyone who wants to take part in the democratic process," explains Phillips. A tireless self-promoter, he unashamedly calls his company a "K mart for office seekers." (In addition to selling franchises, A.I. offers a frequent-buyer plan, with VCRs and cruises among the incentives.) Phillips is no stranger to notoriety—he was dubbed the "A-bomb kid" as a Princeton junior in 1976, when his research paper on how to build a nuclear bomb almost fell into Pakistani hands and triggered a diplomatic storm—but the 1988 campaigns should give him and his 11-year-old company plenty of attention. Already, more than 2000 winners and losers have bought the software, and current customers include Representative Richard Gephardt, Senator Lloyd Bentsen and ABC, which uses it to analyze candidates' financial backgrounds. Although Phillips himself undertook two unsuccessful Congressional campaigns (1980 and 1982) in Connecticut as a Democrat, he maintains a strictly nonpartisan stance when it comes to business. "After all," he reckons, "if we sold to only one side, we'd have to charge twice as much."—ED DWYER



TONY COSTA



BRINGING THE WAR BACK HOME

Forest Whitaker, a big bear of an actor with the softest voice, is still making his name in uniform. A veteran of *Platoon*, he's also appearing in this year's take on the war, *Good Morning, Vietnam*, a *M*A*S*H*-like dark comedy starring Robin Williams as an Armed Forces radio disc jockey. "I always wanted to do a project on Vietnam, the right project. When *Platoon* came along, I knew it was it," Whitaker says. "I think the war still needs to be understood." A product of the USC School of Drama, Whitaker, 26, hustled a memorable game of pool from Paul Newman in *The Color of Money*, played a detective in *Stakeout* and has learned the sax to play Charlie Parker in his upcoming film biography. "I don't mind if I play good guys or bad or crazy guys," Whitaker says, "as long as they have something to say." —AMY ENGELER

Serious Laughs

It's no wonder that **Margaret Smith**, 33, is known as the Emily Dickinson of comedy. She looks frail, frazzled and deadly serious, even on stage at a comedy club, where she mumbles sorry-sounding punch lines about her alienated social life and her crackpot family. "It's that time of the month again," she sighs. "The rent's due." Her romantic life is terrible—"I'm always attracted to men I can't have. My first love was the guy on the dime"—but her career is going great. She's been on the HBO young comedians' special, has a role in the upcoming *Vibes*, with Jeff Goldblum, and has even learned talk-show etiquette (when David Letterman invited her to take a seat next to him on *Late Night*, she droned wearily, "No, thanks, I've been sitting all day"). Now there's even talk of a sitcom. But will success cost Smith her cynical edge? "Cynical?" she asks, sounding genuinely surprised. "Cynicism implies that you don't have any hope, and I could never preach that. I'm more like an idealist who gets let down all the time." —MICHAEL KAPLAN

CYNTHIA MOORE



RUVEN AF-ANADOR

W

NEW AGE IN A CAN

hen **Andy Narell** was eight years old, his father—a Jewish social worker on Manhattan’s Lower East Side—began using steel drums as a lure to keep young gang members off the street. The instrument has a legacy that intrigued the disadvantaged youths—it had been created out of 55-gallon oil barrels by blacks in Trinidad in the late Thirties and Forties when oppressive British colonialists outlawed conga drums. But no one was more intrigued than young Narell himself, and now, at the age of 33, he’s the acknowledged master—which makes him a major star in the Caribbean, where the drum is a national treasure. “I can’t even get through customs without being recognized,” he boasts. “I walk down the street and people call out my name.” Now that he’s recording with Windham Hill, the company that has cornered the market on New Age music, Narell may get similar acclaim from stressed-out Yuppies. But that doesn’t put him in the New Age slot. “It’s a delicate subject,” he admits. “My music is for stimulating, not meditating. This whole New Age thing is just a name for a bunch of people they couldn’t find a category for.”

—MICHAEL TENNESEN



TA DODGE

A SHRINK IS BORN

“A lot of actresses stop getting roles when they turn 40,” complains **Julie Carmen**, “and I’m not the type to live on a scrapbook.” So Carmen is preparing an unusual fallback career, as a psychoanalyst. Currently in her fourth year of training, she also plans to nail down a Ph.D., which hasn’t intimidated casting directors: Carmen, 29, has just finished her biggest role to date, as the

fiery, sharp-tongued female lead in Robert Redford’s long-awaited *The Milagro Beanfield War*, to be followed by that of a lusty peasant opposite Raul Julia in *The Penitent*. With a very mixed heritage, Carmen isn’t worried about being stereotyped as a Hispanic. “I don’t accept Chiquita Banana roles,” she insists. “*Milagro* doesn’t have any derivative characters; they’re all unique, whole human beings. I think it will help do what *La Bamba* has already started—bust open the door for Hispanic projects.” That boom will no doubt mean more work for Carmen, but she isn’t giving up her psychoanalytic training. “In that profession, the older you are, the better you get. That’s not always the case with acting.”—JAN GOLAB



RAUL VEGA

SEEING DAYLIGHT *(continued from page 67)*

"Reaganism is finished, whoever is elected in 1988. It's an episode of the American past."

has been the dominant ethos of the country, when we feel we can best deal with our problems through private means, through the deregulated market, and so on. In this regard, the Eighties are evidently a re-enactment of the Eisenhower Fifties, as the Fifties were a re-enactment of the Twenties, the Harding, Coolidge, Hoover years.

These periods in which private interest is the dominant value tend to run on for a while, and then they're replaced by periods in which public purpose becomes predominant. These, too, come in 30-year intervals. Theodore Roosevelt in 1901, Franklin Roosevelt in 1933, John Kennedy in 1961. What happens is that each of these phases of the cycle runs its natural course. A time of reform, idealism, and so on, is very exhilarating for a while. But the Presidents are rather demanding—Presidents such as Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, Kennedy. They call upon the people to think about public affairs, to get involved as they support actions of one sort or another. They call for change. All of this, after being exciting for a time, begins to pall. It begins to wear people out. They get exhausted by the process and somewhat dis-

illusioned by the results. So, after a time, they're ready for a change in a more conservative direction, and they're very responsive to leaders who come along and say, "You don't have to worry about politics; you don't have to worry about public affairs. You can concentrate on the private aspects of life. Turn everything over to the free market. The free market will take care of your problems. Your problems will solve themselves." For exhausted people, this has an attractive appeal. So then we enter periods of private interest, in which everyone is told that he serves the commonwealth best by serving his own interest, and in which self-interest becomes the general *modus vivendi*.

These periods go on for a while, and then they, too, run their natural course, because the problems neglected during these times become acute and threaten to become intolerable. At the same time, people begin to get increasingly frustrated by the vistas of life held out by self-interest and materialism. They want some larger meaning than chasing a fast buck. After a time, they begin to ask not what their country can do for them but what they can do for their country. When they get to that

point, they're ready for a new phase.

Is that where you think we are now—ready to chuck Reagan conservatism?

Reaganism is finished. Whoever is elected in 1988 will not be a Reaganite, even if a Republican wins. Neither Robert Dole nor George Bush is a true-blue ideological Reaganite. So I think Reaganism is an episode of the American past.

But this conservative cycle really began with Jimmy Carter—not with Ronald Reagan. Carter was the most conservative Democratic President since Grover Cleveland. After the national traumas of the Sixties and Seventies—the assassinations, the Vietnam war, the riots in the cities, the student demonstrations, Watergate—people got tired and disillusioned: The citizenry began to welcome the idea that they might not have to think about the public sphere. People became eager for a period of respite, and Carter, in a way, was a reflection of that mood. But even though Carter's appointments were a good deal better than Reagan's, his policies were not dissimilar to Reagan's.

Still, the country ultimately became disillusioned with Carter.

Yes. So we got a Republican ex-movie star who said, "Don't worry. We're going to stand tall and our problems will solve themselves." And luck was with Reagan for a considerable period. And as long as luck was with him, the people forgave him almost anything and the press overlooked what it knew about his deficiencies as a manager of events. But that time is over.



Too many things have happened. Problems are not solving themselves, they are compounding. The public is beginning to be ready for something else.

When Presidents overreach, as Reagan has done, they set in motion corrective forces to redress the balance of the Constitution. Let me give you an example. Some say that the growth of the evangelical right is a sign that the country is moving further to the right and that the cycle will remain with the Republicans. But in terms of the Republicans, what are seen as strengths are really the source of their undoing. The fact is, the stronger the right wing and the stronger the evangelical right becomes, the more it *splits* the Republican Party itself.

Why is that?

Because the Republican Party is an unstable alliance between big business and a bunch of zealots from the Bible Belt, to oversimplify. What businessmen who support Reagan care about is reducing regulation and taxes. They couldn't care less about school prayer. As for abortion, they make use of it all the time. Some of their best friends are homosexuals. And so on. So that whole agenda of the evangelicals is antithetical to mainstream Republicans. Yuppies don't like it; big business doesn't like it. That's why the more powerful the zealots become, the more they split the Reagan coalition. I'm not worried about the right. I think the Republicans would be likely to face a tough time in 1988 even if the Iran/Contra scandal, which first weakened Reagan, had never happened.

In your book "The Cycles of American History," written two years ago, you predicted very accurately when things would begin to unravel for the Reagan Presidency—about the time the Iran/Contra scandals broke. What did you know that the rest of us didn't?

Well, I thought that Reaganism was running out of steam. Of course, no one could have predicted the Iran/Contra scandals, but they were an added benefit that speeded up the end of the Reagan cycle. However, in the months before the scandal broke, you could see that Reaganism was coming apart—the debacle at Reykjavik, and so on. This culminated in the Democrats' taking the Senate in the November 1986 election, a certain sign of change. By then, there was a general realization of what people had unconsciously known for a long time: that Reagan was a negligent Chief Executive who really didn't know what was going on a lot of the time. Then the scandals broke and here we are—*Bedtime for Bonzo*.

There has been a lot of talk about the mental state of the President. Do you think he is losing his grasp?

He seems as competent to me as he ever did. He doesn't seem to me any dopier than he did in 1981.

Then do you think that people are noticing his mental lapses more?

No, people are *writing* about them; I think they've always noticed them. The fact is, the press covered up for Reagan.

The press knew perfectly well how he spun along, and he got things wrong, he invented things and he couldn't remember anything. Nothing new about any of this.

The press covered up for him. The reason it covered up is that it discovered when it wrote honestly about Reagan that his popularity was such that it got into trouble. The press has such great paranoia anyway—it's always afraid of being unpopular. So it just gave up trying to tell the truth about a popular President.

Now that his popularity is considerably less, the press is prepared to tell the truth. But I find it hard to believe that there has been any marked deterioration. He seems to me the same old fellow. If you read David Stockman's book on Reagan—*The Triumph of Politics*—the man he describes in 1981 and 1982 was pretty much the same guy.

Do you feel that the Iran/Contra scandal was as serious historically as Watergate?

I think it was different from Watergate in that Watergate was purely domestic. Iran/Contra had the effect of restraining this Administration from taking more reckless, mindless initiatives in foreign affairs. And I think that's very good. People talk about "the horrors" of a crippled Presidency—but when a President is the kind to do stupid things, it's much better to *have* him crippled. I think that the best situation would be to have this Administration in a state of passivity for the last year, rather like the last two years of the Eisenhower Administration.

But, to answer your question, yes, historically, Iran/Contra will be seen as more serious, because Watergate was a kind of dirty trick in domestic politics, while this affair was an effort to manipulate foreign policy. It was characterized by secrecy and duplicity, carried to inordinate and probably illegal lengths. And it affected our relations with other countries. It'll be a long time before other countries are going to take seriously anything that the President of the United States or the Secretary of State says to them.

Did you also predict the stock-market crash?

One had to assume that the various bubbles would burst—the budget deficit, the trade deficit, public and private debt. The illusion of Reagan prosperity was bound to go. I didn't know *when*, but I wasn't surprised.

The curious thing about this present situation is that where a President such as Hoover inherited a mess and couldn't really be blamed for it, Reagan created this one. This is a needless, gratuitous economic mess the country is in. He created it by this folly of supply-side economics—the notion that the more you lower taxes, the greater the revenue will be—which George Bush properly called voodoo economics in the 1980 campaign. And so what Reagan did was cut taxes for the rich, cut social programs for the poor and increase spending for defense. And it was

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those policies, not some ineluctable natural law, that created the present mess.

I was talking with Felix Rohatyn—he is the man who rescued New York City from bankruptcy—and he remarked that Reagan has done to the United States what Juan Perón did to Argentina, except where Perón turned the country over to the unions, Reagan has turned it over to the speculators. And that's what the notion of greed as the prime motive in life inevitably produced.

What kind of peril are we in now?

I'm no economist, but judging by what happened in 1929, we'll have a time of stabilization, then the market will fall again, then a time of stabilization, and then the market will fall again, until things will begin to reach more natural values—not pumped up by speculator fever, by leveraged buy-outs and by all this nonsense.

The problem is whether we can pursue a policy that won't tip us into a depression.

So when historians look back on the Eighties, will they interpret the Reagan era as a time in which content was divorced from form—in which style became everything?

Yes. And why should we be surprised? This is a President whose years as a young man were marked by his experiences as a *movie actor*—and I don't think that can be overestimated in understanding him. The result is that you get this tenuous sense of reality where life is defined by scripts—where the script requires you, in the course of the day, to have the world destroyed by nuclear war, and then you go home and have a swim, have a drink, and life goes on. I don't think Reagan has that kind of vivid sense of reality that other Presidents had. It's almost suggested by the fact that he *doesn't seem to age*. He's been in office for six years, he's quite old, and he's still the youngest, best-looking man of his age in the country, especially among those who've been operated on for cancer and shot in the chest. *Everybody* ages under the pressure of responsibility. Franklin Roosevelt was 13 years younger than Reagan when he died, and he had aged terribly. Kennedy aged in his short time in office. But *Reagan* doesn't age! If you don't feel the responsibility, it doesn't age you.

You talk about Reagan's being an actor. Do you think his success was all packaging?

No. I think Reagan is the triumph of a man who earnestly believed in something. And he believed in it in bad times as well as good. He went up and down the country expounding his gospel, and eventually the cycle turned from public purpose to private purpose, and it was his time. I don't think it was a triumph of packaging; I think it was a triumph of commitment. Substantive commitment.

Reagan, whatever he did, got where he is by *not* compromising on his convictions, whatever the polls said. I think that Reagan is proof of the power of conviction politics. Nothing has been more damaging than the notion that to succeed in politics,

you must move toward the center. The two most successful politicians in the United States in the past 50 years have been Franklin Roosevelt and Ronald Reagan. And both of them were conviction politicians—they stood for what they believed. This struggle right now within the Democratic Party to move toward the center is wrong. There's a feeling among Democratic leaders that, damaged or not, Reagan had a secret, and if we Democrats could only learn that secret, we could succeed, too. That secret was, essentially, to be promilitary, probusiness, antilabor, antiblack—in other words, for the Democrats to become as much like the Republicans as possible.

The last thing this country needs is two Republican Parties. It's a disastrous direction for the Democrats to take, because if the country is in a conservative mood, if it's in the conservative phase of the cycle, it's going to choose the real thing every time, not a pallid, unconvincing Democratic imitation. The Democratic Leadership Council, essentially, as I read its statement, stands for Reaganism with a human face. And when you look at people such as Bill Bradley, who was for aid to the *Contras*, who's for Star Wars, well, I don't see what relationship these people have to the Democratic Party. If the Democratic Party is going to succeed, it's going to succeed the same way Ronald Reagan succeeded, and that is by believing in something in bad times as well as good, and standing for it.

What do you think of the current crop of Democratic candidates?

I think they're a pretty capable group. As the old joke goes, one friend asks another, "How's your wife?" And the other says, "Compared with what?" So, compared with Ronald Reagan? Any of them. Even a Republican. I think Bush and Dole are pretty capable people. The value of the primary process is to sort things out, let people show their qualities, and I don't think it's too bad a situation.

Whom do you like in your own party?

Among the declared candidates, Paul Simon and Mike Dukakis are the ones who interest me the most.

And Simon wears bow ties, as you do.

Any man who wears bow ties inspires confidence.

What do you see happening on the Republican side?

I don't think either Bush or Dole would have the capacity, or perhaps even the desire, to replicate Reaganism. It's hard to tell about Bush. He's a decent man, a civilized man, but I think the Vice-Presidency is a destructive office. I have a chapter in *Cycles* arguing for the abolition of the Vice-Presidency. It's not only pointless but, far from equipping people for the Presidency, it handicaps them. I think Hubert Humphrey would have made a much better President in 1964 than he would have after four years of Vice-Presidency. The reason is that the Vice-President has nothing

to do except echo the President, wait around for the President to die. And after a time, if he's Vice-President long enough—and a loyal one, as modern Vice-Presidents feel they have to be—he begins to lose his sense of his own identity. If you keep spending all your time defending someone else's views automatically, after a while, it's destructive of your own convictions. The only reason Harry Truman was such an effective President was that he was Vice-President for such a *short* time.

And your prediction?

Politics is totally unpredictable. In 1940, if anyone had predicted that the next President of the United States after Franklin Roosevelt would be a back-bench Senator from Missouri, that the President after that would be an unknown major in the Army and that the President after that would be a kid then in college, no one would have believed it. And yet Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy were the next three Presidents.

How do you feel about such campaign issues as adultery and marijuana?

I think they're ridiculous—American politics has reached a new low when a reporter asks a candidate for President whether he ever committed adultery. When private behavior affects public behavior, that's a different matter. If a man's likely to get drunk when he's making decisions, then that's something the public has a right to know about. But I don't think marijuana and adultery are issues.

At the time that the Gary Hart case was breaking, I was attending the ceremony for the Robert Kennedy Book Awards. The award was made to David Garrow for his biography of Martin Luther King, Jr. The runner-up was a book about Cambodia by Elizabeth Becker of *The Washington Post*. I was chatting with Garrow and Becker and we discussed the fact that King, like Hart, was a man of convulsive and disorderly sexual habits. Yet King was a very noble fellow and did great things for the republic.

Pol Pot of Cambodia, on the other hand, was a man of exemplary behavior, a model of fidelity. No one ever accused him of even having lust in his heart. Perfect on the adultery standard. All he did was murder 3,000,000 of his countrymen.

Talking about disorderly sex habits, you were in the White House while J.F.K. was presumably having his flings. If everyone knew about it, why wasn't it reported?

You say everyone knew about it; I didn't know about it. Look, if all the women who claimed to have slept with John Kennedy had done so, he wouldn't have had any time for anything else. All I can tell you is that during the entire period I worked in the White House, I was not aware of any goings on or of any interruptions of his public responsibilities because of them.

Do you think that the taint surrounding Ted Kennedy's personal life—including Chappaquiddick—will ever disappear?

In the year 2000, Teddy Kennedy will

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be younger than Ronald Reagan is today. He's been an excellent Senator and has strong and clear views. I think the Nineties will be much more congenial for Ted Kennedy.

And by then, he will be old enough that his sex life is no longer an issue?

I hope one never gets too old. I say that having just passed my 70th birthday.

Given the state of this Presidency, do you think Reagan might do what embattled leaders historically do—look for foreign adventure as a diversion, especially in the closing days of his Presidency?

I don't think so. I know people have that fear. People such as Colonel North might like to do just that. But others, such as Secretary of State George Shultz and Treasury Secretary Jim Baker, are going to urge restraint. I think Reagan must have enough sense of reality to know that this would be something that would horrify Congress and the people. And in general, also, he's been rather cautious and effusive. He pulled the Armed Forces out of Lebanon rather quickly. True, he invaded Grenada shortly thereafter, an island of 100,000 with no army, navy and air force. But against more consequential opposition, I don't think he'll do much—for instance, in Nicaragua. Anything's possible, but that's not a high-priority worry of mine.

You were one of Kennedy's top advisors during the Bay of Pigs invasion. What are

the parallels between American policy toward Cuba in the Sixties and American policy toward Nicaragua in the Eighties?

I think there are many parallels. The Bay of Pigs, of course, was an operation the Kennedy Administration inherited from the Eisenhower Administration. It is something I doubt would have originated with President Kennedy himself. It was already in an advanced stage of training. More than 1200 Cubans had been assembled in Guatemala. Something had to be done with them. The choice was between disbanding them, which would have caused problems, or letting them go ahead. The problems caused by disbanding them might have been less serious than the problems caused by going ahead. At any rate, I opposed things, and my view did not prevail. We did go ahead.

There are many illusions that guided the planning of that operation and that exist with the current conduct of the Central American policy today. The Bay of Pigs was based on the assumption that an invasion would cause uprisings behind the lines in Cuba, defections from Cuban militia, and this was to strike a great responsive chord in the country. No one thought that 1200 exiles could overthrow Castro. But the 1200 exiles and the support that they would presumably ignite inside the country were thought to be enough to do it. It's the same illusion here: that the *Contras* have all sorts of support within

Nicaragua itself. Obviously, the *Sandinistas* have probably very much narrowed their support in recent times. But still, they've armed a lot of people in the country. They don't seem to fear the populace's having arms—they are not likely to arm people who will turn against them. What's more, there is no indication that the *Contras* are more popular in Nicaragua than the *Sandinistas*. So the notion that a *Contra* invasion of Nicaragua is going to set off great anti-*Sandinista* uprisings behind the line is as wrong, I'd imagine, as the notion that the CIA had about Cuba in 1961.

What are the other parallels?

We are seeing a dependence on the CIA to make foreign policy—which was certainly the case in 1961. I don't know what the situation is today, but I wouldn't be surprised if the covert-action people had sought assessments from the intelligence branch of the CIA as to the probability of the *Contras*' defeating the *Sandinistas*—and been spectacularly wrong.

What are the dangers of covert action?

Well, the short-run dangers of covert action are that you make mistakes by involving yourself in the internal affairs of other countries you don't know well enough. You choose the wrong people. You place the credibility and reputation of the United States in the hands of a lot of con men and do not achieve the results you expect. The long-run danger is that you might achieve those results, in which case you

STYLES VARY.



interrupt the normal political evolution of the country.

Guatemala, for example: In 1954, the CIA intervened successfully to overthrow the regime. They got, in consequence, a dictatorship of the right that is far worse than the earlier regime. Iran: The CIA intervened successfully to overthrow Mossadegh in 1953. We first got the shah, and now we have Khomeini. Today, we'd be so happy to settle for Mossadegh. But by preventing a sort of almost secular nationalist like Mossadegh from staying in power and by restoring the shah, we created the situation where the reaction went all the way to the mullahs. Chile—the same thing. It's very difficult for me to see that Pinochet is an improvement over Allende. So, on the whole, we're better off not trying to decide the destinies of other countries.

Isn't there also a question as to what this sort of meddling does to us as a country?

I think the notion that we have the divine right to try to shape the destinies of other countries is bad for us. And on a more mundane level, the kind of people who benefit from this sort of activity—this whole shadowy world of Bay of Pigs survivors, secret agents, arms dealers, and so on—are not good for the country, either. Theirs is a corrupt world. You get a lot of nuts, fanatics, adventurers, war lovers, violence lovers. I don't mean to say that all people involved in covert action are like

that. But it is inevitably bound to attract a certain type of person. They're hard people to control, so that the CIA officers in Langley often can't really control what their agents in the field are doing. Even with precise warnings from President Kennedy that there would be no use of U.S. forces in the Bay of Pigs invasion, some in the CIA let the invading forces believe that U.S. forces would back them. It's that kind of miscalculation I mean.

In 1986, you traveled twice to Cuba, where you finally met the nemesis of the Kennedy White House: Fidel Castro. What was that like after so many years?

It was a very interesting experience. I went to Cuba with Kathleen Kennedy and Robert White, our former Ambassador to El Salvador. The ostensible reason we went was to try to do something to get out some political prisoners, but of course we did get to meet Castro. He is a great performer. He's got this kind of cascade of jokes and rhetoric and historical analyses and impersonations of people and more jokes—it goes on and on.

On the other hand, he does listen if you penetrate, punctuate this flow, and he even will take notes on occasion, and he responds to questions. Bob and Kathleen and I drove out and saw the Bay of Pigs. We *swam* in the Bay of Pigs, in fact. Later, we talked with Castro about that experience. But Castro's not much interested in the past. He's much more interested at this

point in the question of Latin America's external debt. And what I felt was that Castro's great problem is that he has always been too big a man for a small country—too big in his ideas and his energies and his aspirations. What he would like to do is run the world. Failing that, he would like to run the Third World. He tried to do that for a while. But I think that with time, his ambitions have contracted.

I did, however, get to talk a bit about those years with Carlos Rafael Rodriquez, the Cuban vice-president.

Castro and his vice-president were men you were once committed to kill, right?

I didn't want to kill them. I opposed them.

You wanted them out of power and, by sending an invasion force to their country, hoped to kill them.

I was opposed to them, as they knew. I wrote the once-notorious white paper about how Castro had betrayed the Cuban revolution. But Castro's a professional. Times change.

Then you have changed, too, because Castro was the main obsession of the Kennedy Administration.

That's overdoing it. The Administration had other things on its mind, too. In fact, the Kennedy brothers were opposed to the invasion of Cuba. It was their actions that *preserved* Castro. If he had been their obsession, the installation of nuclear missiles would have given them an excuse that

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everyone in the world would have understood to invade and overthrow Castro.

Except that it might have precipitated World War Three.

No. It couldn't have precipitated World War Three. The Russians were in Cuba because they knew their nuclear inferiority was so great. They weren't going to commit suicide. They could never conceivably have gone to war. They were so far behind in warheads in that period, there was no chance of war's coming as a result of a deliberate decision. The thing that concerned Kennedy and probably concerned Khrushchev was a war by accident somewhere down the line. That's why Kennedy insisted on getting the command and control. He was afraid that somebody stopping a Russian tanker might do something or that some local commander might get out of control. I suppose Khrushchev had that same concern. But it would have been suicide for the Russians to start a war.

Since we're on the subject of the Bay of Pigs, it has become known that you gave out false figures on the numbers involved in the invasion force there. That's now called disinformation. In light of that, do you think you were any different from the Reagan people whom you now criticize?

It was a great mistake. I have no defense. It just shows the corrupting influence of covert operations. There was a cover story, and I gave the cover story to the press, and I've never ceased to regret it. Honest people find themselves in a position of having to repeat the cover story, and that corrupts them, and so on, in a widening circle of corruption, and I don't think it's worth it. I think there's always a certain amount of dissembling involved in government, but I think outright lying should be reserved for only the most critical and exceptional circumstances—only when the life of the republic is at stake. The life of the republic was not at stake in the Bay of Pigs. There was no excuse for it.

If it's true, as you say, that the generation brought up in the Camelot era will be assuming leadership of the country in the Nineties, how do you explain Kennedy's role in starting the Vietnam war?

I think the Vietnam commitment really went back to Truman and Eisenhower.

There were only several hundred American advisors over there when Kennedy took office.

Yes, and 16,000 when he left. He did breach the Geneva Accords. But when Kennedy was still a Congressman, in 1951, he and Bobby visited Vietnam. He became persuaded that the French could never win their war against the Vietnamese. So he was resolutely opposed to the commitment of American units. He increased the number of advisors, but these were advisors attached to the South Vietnamese army.

Proposals were made again and again in the Kennedy Administration to Americanize the war by sending combat units. He rejected them every time. He planned to remove the advisors. His plan was adopt-

ed by the Department of Defense in March of 1963, and the withdrawal of the first 1000 men was announced in October 1963. That plan was canceled after Kennedy's assassination. Johnson soon replaced the advisors and decided to Americanize the war.

What did you do in the aftermath of the J.F.K. assassination?

I resigned my White House job. At first, Lyndon Johnson didn't accept my resignation. He was always saying how indispensable all the Kennedy people were to him and how we had to stay, out of patriotic duty. So I said I would stay for the transition. But I said, "I feel very strongly that a President should have his own people around him—people who have worked with him and know him and whom he trusts." This was the end of November; I resigned in January. The second time I offered it, he accepted my resignation with great alacrity.

Did you just not get along?

I rather liked Johnson. If Mark Twain and Faulkner had collaborated, they would have produced something like Lyndon Johnson. He had this infinite repertoire of old American folk tales and jokes and expressions. He was capable of being very funny, though always at someone else's expense. He was a very good mimic. He had no gift for turning humor on himself, as the Kennedys did. But he was not for me, and I was not for him.

Did he feel that you were one of the Eastern liberal Harvard guys out to get him?

Yeah.

What made him feel that way? Differences in personal style?

He had an inferiority complex. He thought that because he came from Texas and had gone to a teachers college, people who had gone to Harvard and places like that looked down on him. The fact of the matter is, people who come from Harvard and places like that love people like Lyndon Johnson. They loved Truman. Truman got along superbly with people like Dean Acheson, who'd gone to Groton and Yale. So Johnson was quite wrong in his geopolitical analysis of snobbery.

You also clashed with Richard Nixon. But after you were both out of public office, he moved into the town house next to yours in Manhattan. What kind of a neighbor was he? Did he ever come by and borrow a cup of sugar?

No. Never. I'd been on Nixon's enemies list, of course, so our relations were undeveloped. It did not help, probably, when it was announced that Nixon was moving into the neighborhood and I was interviewed on our front steps and was asked what I thought about it and I, ungraciously, replied, "There goes the neighborhood." This was widely repeated and may not have encouraged Nixon. At any rate, my children had been used to climbing on the fence that separated our two houses. Shortly after Nixon and the Secret Service

moved in, my children were hounded off the fence. So I got a stepladder and climbed up on the fence and harangued the Secret Service people and said, "This is outrageous. My children have always climbed on this fence."

Who owned the disputed territory?

The fence was owned, I suppose, in common between us. The fact that someone who, if justice had been done, should have been in the Federal penitentiary was now trying to deprive my children of their historic right to climb the fence was unimpressive to me. The Secret Service replied that when my children climbed the fence, they disturbed certain security systems they had set up. I said that that was *their* problem. So we had inconclusive conversations. I then wrote to the head of the Secret Service to say how outrageous this was, and eventually, my children were reconfirmed in their right to climb up on the fence.

How did Nixon respond to that crisis?

One day, I came home and my wife, Alexandra, said to me, "You know, I'm beginning to feel a little sorry for Nixon." I said, "Why would you feel sorry for Nixon?" She said, "Well, I was looking out the window today, and he was in his garden. Robert was climbing the fence. And Nixon gave him a little wave." Robert was then six or seven years old, and it was heart-warming. I asked him about it. I said, "Robert, what's all this about your climbing on the fence and Nixon waving at you?" Robert said, "Yes. He was waving at me to get off the fence."

On a more serious note, the chaos surrounding Nixon's resignation caused a lot of Americans to feel shaken about their faith in the American system. As a historian, did you feel that way?

Not then. But I did in 1968. The killing of Robert Kennedy, after the killings of John Kennedy and Martin Luther King, just seemed to be too much. I suddenly had a conviction about this potential for violence in the American soul. We became a country by killing red men and enslaving black men. It's just bred into us, a capacity for cruelty and for violence. We deny it, but it exists. There's been this tradition in America, going back to our earliest years, of regeneration through violence. And that's very much part of our lives. It has to be identified and guarded against. The rest of the world recognizes our potential for violence more than we do ourselves.

What do you recommend we do?

I think that we have a great tendency toward self-righteousness. We think we're a superior race, superior to lesser breeds, outside the law, commissioned by the Almighty to redeem mankind. This conviction that Americans are a chosen people is a great source of mischief in our policy. When we think of ourselves that way, we suppress the unlovely elements in the American character, such as the violent strain. I think we'd be much better if

we ended this illusion that we are a chosen people and confronted our own history.

You've listed your criticisms. What are the things you admire about America?

What I like about America is its historically experimental attitude toward life, its willingness to try things, to measure things by their consequences. It's the attitude that produced the only distinctive American philosophy, which is William James's pragmatism. That, plus the rejection in principle—if not always in practice—of classes. A general belief in social equality and social mobility. And a reserve of idealism that coexists uneasily with the pervasive moneygrubbing and materialism.

How to be an American in a world in which America simultaneously dominates and is vulnerable is very difficult. I think the only answer to it is to have some sense of our own best traditions. That's why the Constitution is important. Although we heard a lot of abstract talk last year on the bicentennial of the Constitution, it is simply the document that codifies what our best traditions are.

Have you always believed that?

As any American historian had to, of course, I had to know all about the Constitution. But I never really recognized the majesty of that document until it was tested in the Watergate period. That led me to reread, after many years, the Federalist papers and the other writings of Alexander Hamilton and James Madison, and so on. I suddenly got a much more vivid sense than I ever had before of the extraordinary intelligence and penetration of these fellows at the beginning of the republic. I suddenly realized how blessed we were to have such a superb founding generation.

Uniquely blessed?

The longer you examine the frame of government they put together, the more you see that the Constitution is an extraordinarily wise document—which is why it has survived with a minimum of amendments. It has survived the transformation of the United States from 13 predominantly agricultural states straggling along the Eastern Seaboard into a great continental, industrial and now world power. In fact, ours is the oldest Constitution extant in the world. When you think that we've had one Constitution for 200 years, and a relatively enlightened country such as France is now in its fifth constitution in the past century, that suggests the high intelligence of the people who drafted it.

As we head into the Presidential campaign year, what advice would you give the American people?

Distrust anyone who invokes God. And I would tend also to distrust people who, when *The Star-Spangled Banner* is played, place their hand over their heart. I think patriotism is a vital emotion, but patriotism that exploits itself—the kind that's worn on the sleeve—is, as Dr. Johnson said, the last refuge of a scoundrel.



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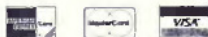
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"Nicklaus and Norman share Luftwaffe poster-boy looks and the resoluteness of an assassin."

work. Earp advised him that he wasn't setting up with his shoulders squared to the target. The news came as a revelation.

"When he was a kid," Earp said in a low voice on the side lines, "I had to bar him from the bloody course. He practiced so much, it looked like bloody pigs had been rooting up the fairways."

Little about Norman's youth suggests his later determination. He had no aptitude for school and a big aptitude for surfing and fishing all day on the Queensland coast. He briefly went out for Australian Rules football and got his nose flattened. He dreamed of being a jet-fighter pilot, but that was as far as his ambition took him. He had no desire to follow his broad-beamed father, Mervyn, into the mining-engineering trade.

His parents, however, gave him a real example of will power. "Dad is very . . . well, dogmatic might be a strong word," Norman reflected one day. "But when he wants to do something, he doesn't procrastinate. He does it [*bangs table*] now. 'That's it, boys; we're going to do it right now and we're going to do it right.' I am basically the same way."

Norman's mother, Toini, a small Finnish woman, was an avid golfer—she played the game even while pregnant with her son. She was a natural and played to a handicap of three. Her son did not pick up a club until 1970, at the relatively late age of 15 and a half, when he caddied a round for his mum. He borrowed her clubs immediately thereafter and played a round. Suddenly, the beach bum acquired the will of a Foreign Legion sergeant on a forced march in golf's desert.

His mother gave him two books by Jack Nicklaus, *Golf My Way* and *55 Ways to Play Golf*. His handicap was established at 27. It took just two years to drive it down to scratch. After another year, he won the Queensland Junior Championship and earned an entry into the Australian Open. He was in a close fight for top amateur placement when an errant tee shot struck his caddie-bag cart, incurring a two-stroke penalty. After chewing out his caddie, he burst into tears.

Turning pro, he fell under the tutorial eye of Earp, who was as strict about discipline as he was open-minded about golf technique. Norman was already accustomed to an apprentice's schedule that once had him out of bed by four A.M. so he could practice at the break of dawn, and he would turn out the lights at the driving range at 11 P.M.

"When he was young, he used to build himself up, put weights on his feet and walk around," Earp explained, sitting in a

golf cart's shade while Norman broiled himself in a sand trap. "He's lucky to be built that way—so well proportioned. He's strong in the hands and arms. He's grooved such a great swing, nothing much can go wrong with it. You will probably find that he gets better as he gets older."

When he was a young stud, Norman's ego told him to crush the ball as far as he could. His style was quickly noted. After witnessing one of his 360-yard drives, the *Brisbane Courier Mail* sniffed, "For a 21-year-old . . . it was downright arrogance."

High-stakes gambling on the course taught him something about pressure, as it will when you earn \$32 a week and have \$1200 riding on a match. With those gains, he financed his trips to the Asian and the European tournaments. But the same relentless desire that led him to, for instance, play in the Australian Open the morning after a kidney-stone operation would also betray him at times. There were choked putts, thrown clubs, rages. Only in the past few years, in fact, has he stopped trying to drive every short par four.

Still, a mere seven years after he took up the game, he won the Martini International in Scotland. He quickly stacked up impressive wins: two Hong Kong Opens, the 1980 and 1983 Suntory World Match Play Championship in England, the 1980 Australian Open, the 1981 and 1982 Dunlop Masters.

By the time he became a regular on the American tour in 1984, he had already won 28 tournaments world-wide. While he had tasted fame and the fast life in London, his greatest advantage upon arriving in America was his assumption that he was a winner—the winner.

There's a saying in tennis that you'll never get a dominating player out of Southern California now because of the massive local competition: No kid ever grows up believing that he or she is the best in the world. The wealth of talent on the American P.G.A. Tour guarantees that kind of parity in home-grown golf. This has left an opening for such overseas competitors as Norman, Ballesteros and Bernhard Langer, all of whom arrived triumphant and relatively unscarred. A few years on the American tour and they get that familiar hunted look in their eyes.

In 1983, Norman racked up six wins outside America. He gained a name in the 1984 U.S. Open at Winged Foot by inspiring Fuzzy Zoeller's famous towel-waving antics. He tied Zoeller with a ridiculous 45-footer on the 72nd and final hole, but in the next day's play-off, Zoeller stomped him 67-75; this time, Norman waved the

white towel. The startling image that remained, though, was of two funny guys out on a golf course, all dimples and teeth and sniffing the roses. Norman suddenly had an image in America. He backed it up a few weeks later in the Western Open; he failed to sink a 50-foot putt in a sudden-death play-off with Tom Watson, so he dramatically collapsed to his knees.

Cut to the 1987 U.S. Open at San Francisco's Olympic Club. Norman is enjoying a Tuesday practice round with Nicklaus and brothers Bobby and Lanny Wadkins. The betting is heavy; the wisecracks are rough. Nicklaus, signing autographs, is slow getting up to the 12th tee. He's in Norman's line of fire. "If you're going to stand there," Norman calls out, "better spread your legs."

Nicklaus looks up, surprised. His features regroup in hardened irony. Can it be? Nicklaus getting needled by this Aussie upstart? Nicklaus first saw him at the Australian Open in 1976, when Norman was a raw youth of 22. They were paired in the opening round, and Norman stepped up to the first tee with 30,000 people lining the fairway. "And I topped it," Norman recalled. "Shit, I'd never met the guy before in my life. He was my idol. And I stone-cold topped my tee shot in front of 30,000 people. I walked down the 35 or 40 yards, hit it down there, knocked it on the green and made my five. I shot 80; he shot 72. But what I'll always remember: He sat down next to me in the locker room and said, 'It was good to play with you today and I think you've got the game to play in America.' Forget the intimidation; here is a guy who has a heart."

Nicklaus and Norman share a lot besides the *Luftwaffe* poster-boy looks. Both have the resoluteness of an assassin, yet remain gentlemen. Both are avid outdoorsmen, fishermen. Both were youthful prodigies. Both have saddled their first-born sons with their famous first names. And now they are neighbors. When the Normans decided to move down to Nicklaus' Palm Beach neighborhood, Jack and his wife, Barbara, registered the Norman kids at a very private school. "We'll be living a driver three iron from Jack," Norman boasted. "For Jack, anyway. For me, it's driver wedge."

As to the matter of Norman's now-superior power, Nicklaus found out exactly how superior it was during practice at the 1987 Masters. At the 13th tee, Nicklaus pointed to some trees 290 yards down the line and bragged that he used to hit over the treetops—when he was younger, of course, and the trees were 25 years shorter. "Norman didn't even flinch," Nicklaus recalled. "He pulled the three wood from his bag, teed the ball up, picked out the highest tree and sailed the ball over it. It wasn't so much that it was long; it was about 312 yards high. He is awesome."

Another factor to guarantee Norman a long future is that he walks down a fairway in full participation with the yearning

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masses. Example: At the U.S. Open practice, after nearly canning his tee shot on the par-three 13th, Norman raised his arms like a symphony conductor and exhorted the grandstands to stand up and cheer. When Nicklaus equaled the shot, the stern elder disapprovingly mimicked the gesture.

Norman's easy, instinctive gift for sharing his emotions with the crowd calls to mind only one other golfer: Arnold Palmer. And, like Palmer, he is on his way to becoming as rich as Croesus. Greg Norman does not know when he made his first \$1,000,000. He is not even certain of his present fortune. He says to ask the wife.

He knows, at least, that impulse buying is not a problem now. A guy who strikes it rich, even a golfer in checked pants, wants to get a Ferrari or two, or three or four. To the 1972 Daytona, he has added a Dino 246 and a new Testarossa. Despite all his dreams of being a race-car driver (he counts Grand Prix driver Nigel Mansell as a close buddy), a man in his cleats will always be counseled that these machines represent a sound investment. More money is surely on its way.

Golf is one of the few sports to offer its players a steady, intimate view of empire building. A reasonably successful and amusing tour pro gets thrown together with all the captains of industry at every Wednesday pro-am. And every golfer lives with the ever-present examples of Messrs. Palmer and Nicklaus, chairmen of consortia worth \$300,000,000 and \$200,000,000, respectively. This rosy vista now crowds Norman's personal view finder.

His golf winnings alone in 1986 totaled more than \$1,300,000. But that's not what you would call steady money. Adding luster to life is appearance money, which is disallowed on the American tour; but he is worth more than \$100,000 just for showing up at tournaments in Australia and a league-leading \$100,000 in Asia and Europe. A mere one-day corporate outing, joshing and hacking with executives and their guests, means a \$40,000 payoff.

But it is in the field of endorsements that the money gets plentiful. Norman signed a multimillion-dollar contract with Reebok for a line of shoes and clothes. On that Reebok shirt sleeve, he made room for some Golden Arches, because he also signed with McDonald's. On top of his distinctive head went an ungainly-looking bushwhacker's hat, because he signed a contract with Akubra.

Add to all that his advertisements for Spalding golf clubs, Epson computers and Qantas Airways. In Australia, there are Hertz, Swan lager and Niblick shoes. For representing golf resorts in Japan and Australia, he also signed multimillion-dollar contracts. Since Australia taxes him 62 cents on the dollar, he does most of his business through American accounts, via a Dutch corporation. He does it with good reason: In the past year, he has signed contracts worth more than \$12,000,000.

His instructional video, *Shark Attack: Greg Norman's Guide to Aggressive Golf*, will appear shortly, accompanied by a book of the same name. A syndicated newspaper strip will appear in 100 papers to keep his name alive. Should he desire to turn to TV commentating, his occasional stunts on CBS telecasts have shown him to be charming and outspoken enough. Offers to design golf courses are also rolling in, and while he has strong ideas about course design, he also has, one notices, not a shred of time left in his life.

"It's important that he find time to work on his golf," acknowledges his agent, Hughes Norton. "But then I go through these deals and I just start laughing. How could anybody turn these deals down?"

"Face it: Greg loves money and loves the things money can buy. So he doesn't want to just be a monk and play golf and make nothing but prize money."

The danger is that a golfer, reeling in success and appearances, may become just a one-year meteor, like Bill Rogers. Norton should know all these dangers, as he runs the golf affairs for International Management Group, the Cleveland-based company that kicked off the sports-agency boom and helped change the face of sports. It was I.M.G. founder Mark McCormack, a golfer in the Fifties, who trans-

formed the telegenic Palmer into the king of endorsements and opened what Norton calls the Pandora's box of sports agency.

The crucial issue facing Norman is not that 25 percent is lopped off every dollar by I.M.G. It is that Norman's pursuit of wealth will sandbag his pursuit of golfing excellence.

"Before this break, I hadn't had a vacation for two years," Norman said. "I hadn't stopped playing golf for more than two days for two years."

At home in his darkly paneled office, behind a cluttered desk, Norman becomes just another outdoor laborer with a sunburned, tired face.

"You've got to honor your commitments to every company. Everybody wants a piece of the pie. It's understandable!"

"It's hard for me to say no. If people want to do interviews or something else, if I make them unhappy, I feel guilty. If you make one person unhappy, there's going to be a chain reaction."

In his airy, spacious Bay Hill house, Norman looked out his office window at Morgan-Leigh, four, and Gregory Jr., two, splashing in the pool. The view across the lake was deeply impressive, with birds hopping and wheeling and an alligator floating by, but it was not so captivating



"Say! Just how long have you been doing liposuction, anyway?"

that he wouldn't soon exchange it for a Palm Beach ocean view.

"My wife gets very defensive when Hughes comes along with another contract. She says, 'Well, what's he got to do?' We're all very protective of my time."

The former Laura Andrassy of New Jersey, Norman's wife was an airline stewardess when they met eight years ago. She recalled that her future husband was a shy young fellow on the airplane that night, and that's why she reluctantly met him for a drink. It quickly turned into a Greg Norman tour de force, with limousines' being commandeered in the middle of the night and Norman's going the wrong way from Tokyo to London just so he could see her one night in New York.

"He has that Australian *macho* image," Laura acknowledged with a teasing laugh, "but he's a better family man than I thought he would be."

Norman is, in many ways, an old-fashioned fellow. For one thing, he is a prolific letter writer. That is one way he fills his time late at night or on long plane flights. Politically, he is of the Reagan/Thatcher persuasion. His fantasy is to retire to a cat-

tle station far out in the Australian boon-docks. The schedule that he keeps would give anyone dreams of the outback.

"I was playing with Jack Nicklaus and Tom Watson for a charity in Kansas," he said, rubbing his pinkish eyes, "and I told them I'd never been able to find time just for myself. I asked Tom, 'How did you get through when you were winning all the British Opens and all the U.S. Opens, the Masters and stuff?' He said, 'You've got to set ten days aside and do nothing. Just sit with the family; don't answer the phone.'"

"So, right, we borrowed a friend's yacht and took off for the Bahamas. Just skindived and speared crabs. No phones, no golf—nothing."

He blinked and formed a dazed smile. "I'm all right now. I felt that my whole system was stale. The one thing I've missed this year is that I haven't been able to practice. Being out on the practice tee six or seven hours a day—I love it." He brightened and got some shine in his eyes. "I *love* to wake up in the morning knowing I'm going to the practice range, because nobody bothers me there. I'll tuck myself away in the corner somewhere and

stay there. I enjoy the solitude.

"And I miss that. I've been running around, been in a different city on Monday and coming back and . . . everything's been a little uneven in the keel."

He glanced outside and watched Earp hose down the kids.

"To go a week without playing is hard." He grinned, suddenly enthusiastic. "When you walk by your golf clubs and they start quivering, that's when you know it's time to go back and practice. When we got back from Palm Beach, the first thing I did was take out a club and wiggle it, to see if my hands had swollen or changed."

After just a week?

"When you're fishing or doing something different," he said, nodding emphatically, "you're using different muscles. When you use those muscles, that's when your golf goes. If one muscle gets flabby and another gets stronger, you've got a different feeling. You think that in all other sports—motor racing, tennis, football, basketball—the athletes can play golf. But a golfer can't play basketball, can't go motor racing, can't swim, can't go surfing—he uses the wrong muscles for golf. He's changing his body."

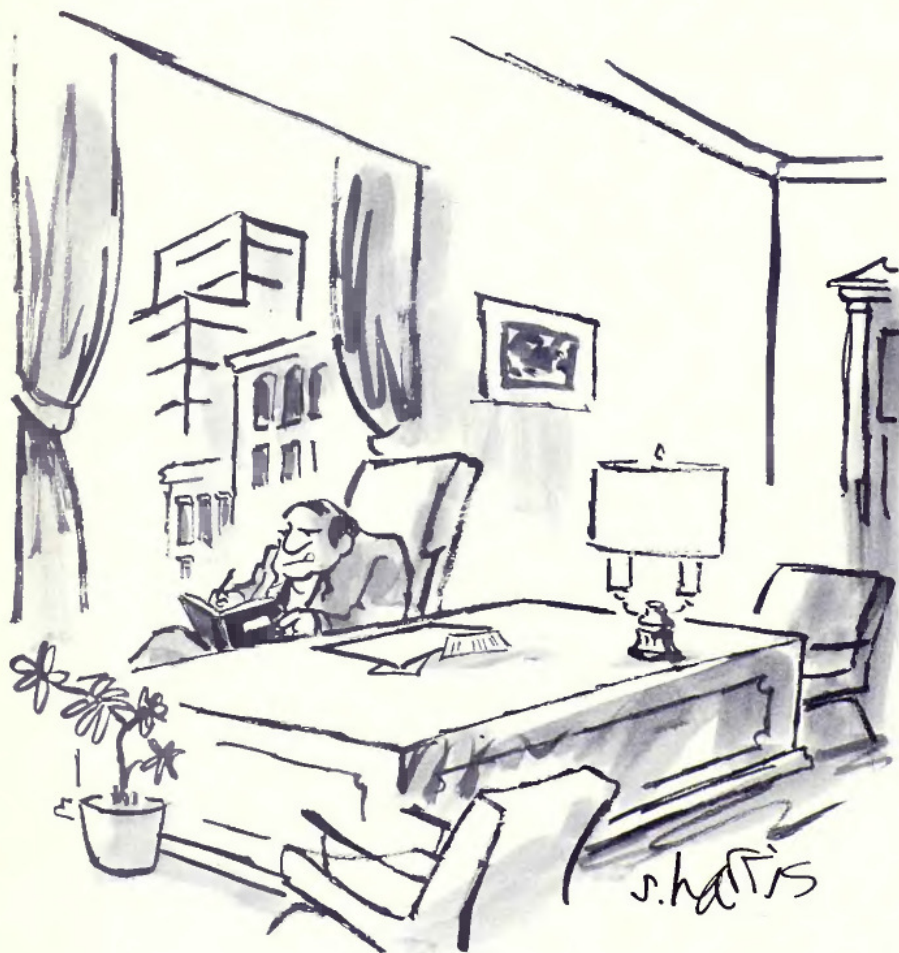
I asked if this were true for all golfers.

"If you want to try to be best in the world," he replied with stately concern, "you have to be aware that one minor change in your system may mean a major change in your golf game. If you change something by a quarter of an inch, that's 30 yards at the end of the shot. Thirty yards is going to screw you every time."

This narrow-focused world, then, is his life. Any joker on the street would perceive it to be a permanent vacation. But with Norman, it is all duty and destiny, a lark in the park lighted by flashes of lightning. It is a world wound tighter than those of chess and gymnastics. And Norman winds himself tighter than a 100-compression ball. Looking at Norman, I thought of something that the late South African golfer Bobby Locke once wrote: A golfer has to tell himself that he's going to beat his opponent over the head and keep on beating him till his skull cracks.

While that would seem a natural vocation for the big Aussie, the ever-present danger is that an aggressive golfer winds up beating his own skull, just as the teenaged Norman once threw clubs and burst into tears. In the 1987 season, he placed even more pressure on himself to win the majors. He took time off before each one and screwed himself right into the ground with practice. A friend from Australia, an owner of race horses, finally took him aside and told him he might be *overtrained*. Norman, beaten, realized that he was. By season's end, he managed a few more top three placings. On November 30, it all finally came together and he won the Australian Open by a record ten-stroke margin.

Along with the Locke quote, it is worth recalling something Johnny Miller once




"Dear diary: Mega Industries offered \$490,000,000 for our company. They're always doing things like that, and I really hate them. And they act so important, wearing those striped suits and pointy shoes all the time. . . ."

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told Tim Gallwey, author of *The Inner Game of Golf*. Miller declared that, aside from Palmer, very few golfers can handle the live-or-die syndrome. "I really think one can self-destruct earlier in his career that way. The guys with long careers are all of the same sort of temperament—Gene Littler, Julius Boros, Sam Snead. . . . They're not devastated by failure."

Norman, a proud live-or-die player, listened and nodded. "It depends as well on what you want out of it," he replied with mounting energy. "It depends on your desire, your goals. I know mine are extremely high.

"You've got to *want*; that's what it is. Golf is a matter of desire. Whatever the desire is in the individual, whatever level you want to attain, that is your level of concentration. If you're happy making \$300,000 a year," he said with a sneer, "and don't care if you win a tournament or not, fine. I'm not happy with that. My desire, ever since I started playing this game, has been to be the best player in the world.

"A lot of people think I have an obsession with the green jacket at Augusta," he said, referring to the annual U.S. Masters

prize. "I want that golf tournament more than anything else in the world. I know I will win at Augusta someday, because I want it bad enough."

As the afternoon wore on, what Norman *wanted* more than anything was to play with his children. Morgan-Leigh had asked him to take her out in the speedboat. They had a favorite hiding place far down that chain of lakes. She wanted to net some tadpoles.

For such a big-boned cuss, who even in relaxation appears to be locked in powerful concentration, Greg Norman is truly the obliging sort. He went out to the landing and lowered the speedboat.

With Gregory Jr. sitting in his lap, Morgan-Leigh holding her net into the wind and his guests safely in the back with beer in hand, Norman wheeled the boat around. It was a languid afternoon in Orlando, a fine day for a balmy old run for tadpoles. With the boat pointed toward the sun, Norman dropped the throttle on the 351 V8. A blaring roar filled the air, the boat swelled on its haunches and Norman was soon winging at top speed for the far shore.



"Nothing to be concerned about, Jonathan; it's simply our standard predating agreement."

MODERN LOVE

(continued from page 116)

"And then you die," I said.

"And then you die."

Her voice had turned somber. She wasn't grinning any longer. What could I say? I patted her hand and flashed a smile. "Yum," I said, mugging for her, "what's for dinner?"

She served a cold cream-of-tofu-and-carrot soup and little lentil-paste sandwiches for an appetizer and a garlic soufflé with biologically controlled vegetables for the entree. Then it was snifters of cognac, the big-screen TV and a movie called *The Boy in the Plastic Bubble*, about a kid raised in a totally antiseptic environment because he was born without an immune system. No one could touch him. Even the slightest sneeze would have killed him. Breda sniffled through the first half hour, then pressed my hand and sobbed openly as the boy finally crawled out of the bubble, caught about 37 diseases and died before the commercial break. "I've seen this movie six times now," she said, fighting to control her voice, "and it gets to me every time. What a life," she said, waving her snifter at the screen, "what a perfect life. Don't you envy him?"

I didn't envy him. I envied the jade pendant that dangled between her breasts, and I told her so.

She might have giggled or gasped or lowered her eyes, but she didn't. She gave me a long, slow look, as if she were deciding something, and then she allowed herself to blush, the color suffusing her throat in a delicious mottle of pink and white. "Give me a minute," she said mysteriously and disappeared into the bathroom.

I was electrified. This was it. Finally. After all the avowals, the pressed hands, the little jokes and routines, after all the miles driven, meals consumed, museums paced and movies watched, we were finally, naturally, gracefully going to come together in the ultimate act of intimacy and love.

I felt hot. There were beads of sweat on my forehead. I didn't know whether to stand or sit. And then the lights dimmed, and there she was at the rheostat.

She was still in her kimono, but her hair was pinned up more severely, wound in a tight coil on the crown of her head, as if she'd girded herself for battle. And she held something in her hand—a slim package wrapped in plastic. It rustled as she crossed the room.

"When you're in love, you make love," she said, easing down beside me on the rocklike settee. "It's only natural." She handed me the package. "I don't want to give you the wrong impression," she said, her voice throaty and raw, "just because I'm careful and modest and because there's so much, well, filth in the world, but I have my passionate side, too. I do. And I love you. I think."

"Yes," I said, groping for her, the

package all but forgotten.

We kissed. I rubbed the back of her neck, felt something strange—an odd sag and ripple, as if her skin had suddenly turned to Saran Wrap—and then she had her hand on my chest. “Wait,” she breathed, “the, the thing.”

I sat up. “Thing?”

The light was dim, but I could see the blush invade her face now. She was sweet. Oh, she was sweet, my Little Em’ly, my Victorian princess. “It’s Swedish,” she said.

I looked down at the package in my lap. It was a clear, skinlike sheet of plastic, folded up in its transparent package like a heavy-duty garbage bag. I held it up to her huge, trembling eyes. A crazy idea darted in and out of my head. No, I thought.

“It’s the newest thing,” she said, the words coming in a rush, “the safest. . . . I mean, nothing could possibly—”

My face was hot. “No,” I said.

“It’s a condom,” she said, tears starting up in her eyes. “My doctor got them for me; they’re . . . they’re Swedish.” Her face wrinkled up and she began to cry. “It’s a condom,” she sobbed, crying so hard the kimono fell open and I could see the outline of the thing against the swell of her nipples, “a full-body condom.”

I was offended. I admit it. It wasn’t so much her obsession with germs and contagion but that she didn’t trust me after all that time. I was clean. Quintes-

entially clean. I was a man of moderate habits and good health; I changed my underwear and socks daily—sometimes twice a day—and I worked in an office, with clean, crisp, unequivocal numbers, managing my late father’s chain of shoe stores (and he died cleanly himself, of a myocardial infarction, at 75). “But, Breda,” I said, reaching out to console her and brushing her soft, plastic-clad breast in the process, “don’t you trust me? Don’t you believe me? Don’t you, don’t you love me?” I took her by the shoulders, lifted her head, forced her to look me in the eye. “I’m clean,” I said. “Trust me.”

She looked away. “Do it for me,” she said in her smallest voice, “if you really

love me.”

In the end, I did it. I looked at her, crying, crying for me, and I looked at the thin sheet of plastic clinging to her, and I did it. She helped me into the thing, poked two holes for my nostrils, zipped the plastic zipper up the back and pulled it tight over my head. It fit like a wet suit. And the whole thing—the stroking and the tenderness and the gentle yielding—was everything I’d hoped it would be.

Almost.

She called me from work the next day. I was playing with sales figures and thinking of her. “Hello,” I said, practically cooing into the receiver.

“You’ve got to hear this—” Her voice

“Let me guess,” I said. “Dung?”

She let out a whoop. “Yes! Yes! Isn’t it too much? They eat dung!”

I’d been saving one for her, a disease a doctor friend had told me about. “Onchocerciasis,” I said. “You know it?”

There was a thrill in her voice. “Tell me.”

“South America and Africa both. A fly bites you and lays its eggs in your blood stream, and when the eggs hatch, the larvae—these little white worms—migrate to your eyeballs, right underneath the membrane there, so you can see them wriggling around.”

There was a silence on the other end of the line.

“Breda?”

“That’s sick,” she said. “That’s really sick.”

“But I thought. . . .” I trailed off. “Sorry,” I said.

“Listen,” and the edge came back into her voice, “the reason I called is because I love you, I think I love you, and I want you to meet somebody.”

“Sure,” I said.

“I want you to meet Michael. Michael Maloney.”

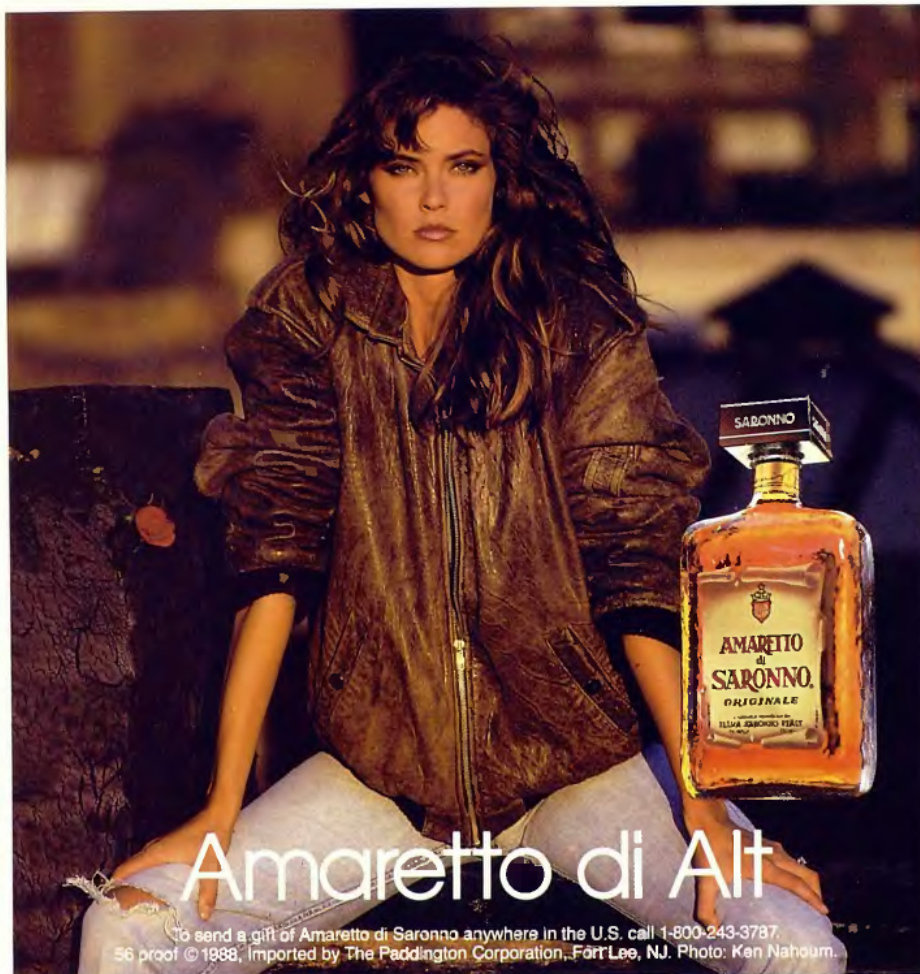
“Sure. Who’s he?”

She hesitated, paused just a beat, as if she knew she was going too far. “My doctor,” she said.

You have to work at love. You have to bend, make subtle adjustments, sacrifices—love is nothing without sacrifice. I went to Dr. Maloney. Why not? I’d eaten tofu, bantered about leprosy

and bilharziasis as if I were immune and made love in a bag. If it made Breda happy—if it eased the nagging fears that ate at her day and night—then it was worth it.

The doctor’s office was in Scarsdale, in his home, a two-tone mock Tudor with a winding drive and oaks as old as my grandfather’s Chrysler. He was a young man—late 30s, I guessed—with a red beard, a shaved head and a pair of oversized spectacles in clear plastic frames. He took me right away—the very day I called—and met me at the door himself. “Breda’s told me about you,” he said, leading me into the floodlit vault of his office. He looked at me appraisingly a moment, murmuring, “Yes, yes” into his



Amaretto di Alt

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was giddy with excitement.

“Hey,” I said, cutting her off in a passionate whisper, “last night was really special.”

“Oh, yes,” she said, “yes, last night. It was. And I love you, I do. . . .” She paused to draw in her breath. “But listen to this: I just got a piece from a man and his wife living among the Tuareg of Nigeria—these are people who follow cattle around, picking up the dung for their cooking fires?”

I made a small noise of awareness.

“Well, they make their huts of dung, too—isn’t that wild? And guess what—when times are hard, when the crops fail and the cattle can barely stand up, you know what they eat?”

beard, and then, with the aid of his nurses, Miss Archibald and Miss Slivovitz, put me through a battery of tests that would have embarrassed an astronaut.

First, there were the measurements, including digital joints, maxilla, cranium, penis and ear lobe. Next the rectal exam, the E.E.G. and the urine sample. And then the tests. Stress tests, patch tests, reflex tests, lung-capacity tests (I blew up yellow balloons till they popped, then breathed into a machine the size of a Hammond organ), X rays, sperm count and a closely printed 24-page questionnaire that included sections on dream analysis, genealogy and logic and reasoning. Maloney drew blood, too, of course—to test vital organ function and exposure to disease. “We’re testing for antibodies to over fifty diseases,” he said, eyes dodging behind the walls of his lenses. “You’d be surprised how many people have been infected without even knowing it.” I couldn’t tell if he was joking or not. On the way out, he took my arm and told me he’d have the results in a week.

That week was the happiest of my life. I was with Breda every night, and over the weekend we drove up to Vermont to stay at a hygiene center her cousin had told her about. We dined by candlelight—on real food—and afterward, we donned the Saran Wrap suits and made joyous, sanitary love. I wanted more, of course—the touch of skin on skin—but I was fulfilled and I was happy. Go slow, I told myself. All things in time. One night, as we lay entwined in the big white fortress of her bed,

I stripped back the hood of the plastic suit and asked her if she’d ever trust me enough to make love in the way of the centuries, raw and unprotected. She twisted free of her own wrapping and looked away, giving me that matchless patrician profile. “Yes,” she said, her voice pitched low, “yes, of course. Once the results are in.”

“Results?”

She turned to me, her eyes searching mine. “Don’t tell me you’ve forgotten.”

I had. Carried away, intense, passionate, brimming with love, I’d forgotten.

“Silly you,” she murmured, tracing the line of my lips with a slim, plastic-clad finger. “Does the name Michael Maloney ring a bell?”

And then the roof fell in.

I called and there was no answer. I tried her at work and her secretary said she was out. I left messages. She never called back. It was as if we’d never known each other, as if I were a stranger, a door-to-door salesman, a beggar on the street.

I took up a vigil in front of her house. For a solid week, I sat in my parked car and watched the door with all the fanatic devotion of a pilgrim at a shrine. Nothing. She neither came nor went. I rang the phone off the hook, interrogated her friends, haunted the elevator, the hallway and the reception room at her office. She’d disappeared.

Finally, in desperation, I called her cousin in Larchmont. I’d met her once—she was a homely, droopy-sweatered, baleful-looking girl who represented ev-

erything gone wrong in the genes that had come to such glorious fruition in Breda—and barely knew what to say to her. I’d made up a speech, something about how my mother was dying in Phoenix, the business was on the rocks, I was drinking too much and dwelling on thoughts of suicide, destruction and final judgment, and I had to talk with Breda just one more time before the end, and did she by any chance know where she was? As it turned out, I didn’t need the speech. Breda answered the phone.

“Breda, it’s me,” I choked. “I’ve been going crazy looking for you.”

Silence.

“Breda, what’s wrong? Didn’t you get my messages?”

Her voice was halting, distant. “I can’t see you anymore,” she said.

“Can’t see me?” I was stunned, hurt, angry. “What do you mean?”

“All those feet,” she said.

“Feet?” It took me a minute to realize she was talking about the shoe business. “But I don’t deal with anybody’s feet—I work in an office. Like you. With air conditioning and sealed windows. I haven’t touched a foot since I was sixteen.”

“Athlete’s foot,” she said. “Psoriasis. Eczema. Jungle rot.”

“What is it? The physical?” My voice cracked with outrage. “Did I flunk the damn physical? Is that it?”

She wouldn’t answer me.

A chill went through me. “What did he say? What did the son of a bitch say?”

There was a distant ticking over the line, the pulse of time and space, the gentle sway of Bell Telephone’s hundred million miles of wire.

“Listen,” I pleaded, “see me one more time, just once—that’s all I ask. We’ll talk it over. We could go on a picnic. In the park. We could spread a blanket and, and we could sit on opposite corners—”

“Lyme disease,” she said.

“Lyme disease?”

“Spread by tick bite. They’re seething in the grass. You get Bell’s palsy, meningitis, the lining of your brain swells up like dough.”

“Rockefeller Center, then,” I said, “by the fountain.”

Her voice was dead. “Pigeons,” she said. “They’re like flying rats.”

“Helmut’s. We can meet at Helmut’s. Please. I love you.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Breda, please listen to me. We were so close—”

“Yes,” she said, “we were close,” and I thought of that first night in her apartment, *The Boy in the Plastic Bubble* and the Saran Wrap suit, thought of the whole dizzy spectacle of our romance till her voice came down like a hammer on the refrain, “but not that close.”



"I'm putting in cable."



PIT BULL

(continued from page 88)

Alligator continued to fill the collection bottle for what seemed to Jack like five minutes.

Then it was over. They put Alligator back on the cable while Jack went to wash his hands with the hose.

Squirrel checked the sperm content of a sample with a photometer and pronounced it excellent. Then they mixed the semen with the milk and cooled the mixture down to five degrees centigrade. Five hours later, they added glycerol to protect the sperm from freezing and placed samples in clear-plastic straws, which they sealed and stored under liquid nitrogen in the refrigerator.

It was late afternoon. Alligator slept in the shade of his plywood shelter. The sun came through the big windows of the porch, which Jack's mother once kept filled with plants. That was before she walked out on Dexter. Now the glass shelves were empty and the squat stainless steel refrigerator, which looked like a miniature space capsule, sat on a table surrounded by empty clay flowerpots.

Jack held a straw up to the light. Milk crystals had formed, sparkling in the sunlight, Alligator's sap locked in the ice, awaiting life at the pleasure of the old man. Jack shuddered at the thought of fierce dogs whose only love was battle, matched in a thousand pits.

Dumas, Dexter's trainer, made part of his living by catching rattlesnakes and selling their venom to pharmaceutical companies. He had not worked Dexter's corner for a long time, but in the old days he was always there during a tough fight. At the end of the barge he lived on was a row of cages where he kept snakes he was milking. Usually, he milked them and let them loose in the woods. He claimed he could find a particular snake any time he wanted.

Alligator trotted over and sniffed at the sacks. Then he backed off.

"They won't stick their tusks in you," said Dumas' wife, Carrie. "Afraid they'll get poisoned." Then she said to Dumas, "What you gonna do with all them

snakes? You know they're not buying poison right now." And turning to Jack, she continued, "He's been milking snakes all morning. One of these days, he's gonna get hisself bit."

Dumas laughed. "Why, a snake would belly up in five minutes, he bit into me."

They put Alligator into Dumas' wooden skiff; he had built it himself out of cypress boards. Dumas took the oars and Jack sat with Alligator next to him.

"Get in there with the snakes and turtles," Jack said, and the dog went over the side without hesitation.

Dumas rowed up the lake at a steady pace. Alligator followed, swimming easily.

"We'll work him about a quarter of a mile today," Dumas said. "Won't overheat

"You could swim him all day long and he'd still smell," Jack said.

"He works good for you."

"Why?"

"Don't know. You raise him?"

"Nope."

"Some dogs just latch on to a person."

"I don't even like him."

Jack pulled him over the side and Alligator shook himself, spraying water on them. He sat in the bow and began licking himself dry.

"Sure you do," Dumas said. "He knows it. See how good he worked."

"Ain't going in the pit."

"I know. But fights are won in training."

"Then we'll train him good."

"How come your daddy wants to match him against the Firecracker?"

"Breeding rights."

And Jack told Dumas about the liquid-nitrogen refrigerator and the semen collections.

"He ain't that good. Twenty pounds is too much to give up. Won't be able to snatch up that dog and bite clean through his backbone."

"Then he'll lose. Dexter'll have shot his wad."

"Maybe so." Dumas paused, pulling on the oars, which creaked in the oarlocks. "What that dog needs is an edge," he said.

"How?" Jack knew that some handlers tried to cheat by putting poison or some bad-tasting substance on their dogs.

"I've been hired to train and handle a dog," Dumas said.

"I don't plan on losing."

"Daddy'll be mad; Blackmon's too smart for any cheating."

"Well, we'll train him good. That's the best way."

Back at the barge, Dumas threw a rope with a piece of truck inner tube tied to it over the limb of a big oak. Jack had Alligator take the inner tube in his mouth. They pulled him up and let him hang suspended for a count of ten. Then they lowered him and let him pull on the inner tube before hoisting him again, the muscles in his neck bulging.

Then they fed him. It was commercial



The image shows a man with short, light-colored hair sitting at a bar. He is wearing a dark jacket and looking towards the camera with a slight smile. In the foreground, a bottle of Amaretto di Saronno Original liqueur is prominently displayed. The bottle is clear with a gold label and a black cap. The background is a dimly lit bar with a "NO SMOKING" sign visible on the wall.

Amaretto di Joy

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in the water."

Jack turned his back to Dumas and watched Alligator swim. He believed the dog would continue to swim until he wanted him to stop. Swim all the way to fucking China. There was not a thing that he would have to say to him. *That* was why Dexter wanted him in the pit.

Alligator was the most dangerous thing in the lake, worse than some 100-pound snapping turtle lying in the mud on the bottom. And it was all because he had hot blood running in his veins, not some thin, cold, watery stuff. He knew the difference between love and hate.

"That dog smells like a skunk," Dumas said.

dog food out of a sack. Carrie poured broth over it, and Dumas added a liquid out of a small blue bottle.

"What's that?" Jack asked.

"Vitamins," Dumas said. "We used to think red meat was what to get them ready with. Learned we was wrong about that."

Alligator sniffed at the food and walked away.

Dumas said, "Tell him to eat."

"Go on, dog," Jack said.

Alligator returned to the bowl and ate in his usual unhurried manner.

"We'll swim him once a day for a while," Dumas said. "I want you to talk to him. Make a fuss over him. Pretend he's a girl you're sweet on."

Alligator got up and shook himself, a fine spray of water falling on Jack, the stink rising from the dog's damp coat.

Jack ran Alligator on the cat mill early Friday morning, the fight only one day away. People had come in for it from Texas and Louisiana, even from as far away as California. Dumas sat under an umbrella at the road to keep anyone from coming up to the house to get a look at Alligator. The dog pursued the fanged-goblin mask around and around.

"Remember he's fighting tomorrow," Dexter said.

"Dumas says a short workout don't hurt," Jack said.

"When you finish, I want you to put

him in the house," Dexter said. "Next new thing he sees, I want it to be that Firecracker."

Alligator stopped working and Jack took him out of his harness.

"You afraid of him?" Dexter asked.

"I'm smart."

"He likes you."

"Likes killing."

"See that," Dexter pointed off across the fields, which stretched away perfectly flat toward a distant tree line. "Dog's gonna get that back for us." Then he turned back to Jack. "I want you in the pit."

"Won't be my fault he gets beat. Dumas says he can't give up the twenty pounds."

"Let me worry 'bout that." Dexter again stared out wistfully at the fields that he had lost. "Next spring, we'll be working that land."

Alligator tugged on the lead, looking out across the same expanse.

"Smells a rabbit," Dexter said. "That's why he needs to go inside until the fight. Wasting energy worryin' about rabbits."

Jack took Alligator to his room and settled him on the rug by his bed. He lay there staring up at the ceiling, smelling the stink of the dog and through the open window the early-autumn scent of barren fields and dead poplar leaves lying in heaps beneath the big tree by his window. A hawk hung in the high blue sky, turning in slow circles over the ditches and swamps.

More than once he had thought of

shooting Alligator and destroying the frozen semen. That would end everything. But it was too easy that way. He had to see Dexter embarrassed before his friends. Or maybe . . . maybe Dexter could make his crazy scheme work and get the land back. Land that would be all his one day.

Then, in Jack's mind, Alligator swelled up and took the land's place: His eyes glazed over with a milky film, muscles in his hind legs knotted and quivering, head twisting as he searched for where the big red dog lived.

On Saturday night, the people who were going to attend the fight met in the gravel parking lot of Bascomb's church, the moonlight shining off the tin roof, the barren fields stretching away to distant lights. A school bus would carry them to the fight. Once a person got on the bus, he could not get off or leave the fight until it was all over.

Jack followed in the truck with Dexter and Alligator. He felt the lump of the Air-weight .38 under his jacket. Dexter was carrying \$10,000 to bet on the fight and had insisted that Jack go armed. The old man was carrying a .44-caliber derringer that had belonged to his father.

Jack and Dexter and Dumas had built the pit close to one of the rows of bleachers in the high school gym. It had plywood sides and a floor of green outdoor carpet. Dexter had taped scratch lines four feet from each corner. A dog would have to cross the line on signal, and any dog that shied away would be declared the loser. Wash-and-rinse tubs full of warm water had been placed behind each corner so the dogs could be washed before the fight.

They took Alligator out of the truck, the dog standing on the ground like an iron statue. He turned his head slowly and sniffed the air, locating his enemy.

"Knows he's gettin' ready to fight," Dexter said. "Muzzle him. Already goin' crazy." He turned to Jack. "You mind him. I'm countin' on you."

Jack slipped the muzzle on the dog, talking softly to him, but it did no good. The dog *knew*. And instead of the anticipation of a dogfight, Jack felt as he used to before football games. There was that dry smell of dying grass, the crickets chirping with a slower beat, and the night was cool.

Inside, people were standing about on a gym floor where just one night before, his neighbors had held a Halloween carnival. The smell of whiskey hung in the air. Dumas and Dexter both held leads attached to Alligator's collar. They tugged gently at them, afraid to do anything to set him off, and guided the dog slowly toward the pit.

The crowd fell silent as they crossed the floor. Alligator strained at the leads. Jack bent down and petted him, and it was like stroking a piece of iron. The dog's claws clicked on the floor, his paws slipping as he attempted to gain purchase on the waxed surface.

Blackmon and the Texas Firecracker,



"Play the outraged husband if you must, but as your lawyer, I must advise against your doing anything rash!"

big and red, waited by the side of the pit. The Firecracker was unmuzzled and his trainer, Tudor, knelt beside him, the lead twisted around his hands. Alligator pretended not to see the other dog, but it was all Dumas and Dexter could do to keep him from pulling them right over into the enemy's corner. The Firecracker watched Alligator carefully but did not move. Jack picked up Alligator to prevent him from wasting any more energy.

A Texas man wearing a white cowboy hat and a sharp black tux had been chosen as referee. He directed them to wash down their dogs. He gave them two towels and a blanket apiece. The trainers washed down the opponent's dog. After they were done, Blackmon said, "Taste him."

"No, that's not in the rules," Jack said.

"Was once," Blackmon said.

Dumas walked over from their corner.

"Washed him," Dumas said. "That's enough."

"What does the owner say?" Blackmon asked. "You have this old man taste the Firecracker."

"Go ahead," Dexter said. "We got nothing to hide."

So as dog men had done at the start of the sport in England, Tudor licked Alligator from head to tail. He concentrated on his ears, nose and hind legs.

"Don't taste like nothing but soap," Tudor said. He wrapped Alligator in a blanket and Jack lifted him. Alligator's stink had been brought out by the water. Squirrel was on the outside of the pit with a case of veterinary supplies. People in the crowd were making bets.

"One thousand on the black dog," a man shouted.

"You covered," the odds maker said. He looked up into the crowd, holding his arms above his head, and yelled, "Anybody else?"

More bets were placed. Odds were running three to one against Alligator. Dumas climbed out of the pit, leaving Jack alone with the dog. He took Alligator's muzzle off and removed the blanket, feeling him begin to tremble beneath his hands. Jack felt sick.

"Face your dogs, gentlemen," the referee said.

Jack wrapped both of his arms around Alligator and waited for the signal.

"Ready, gentlemen," the referee said, nodding to the timekeeper. "Release your dogs."

The dogs ran straight for each other, meeting in the center of the pit.

The Firecracker tried for a leg hold, submarining under Alligator as he went for it, but Alligator threw his own hind leg up on his back, and the red dog's teeth snapped at the air. The crowd gasped in approval. But immediately, as if at a signal, the crowd grew quiet, and the dogs fought in absolute pin-drop silence. Jack watched the muscles in Alligator's hind legs swell and heard the tendons make little popping sounds as both dogs stood on their hind

Fifteen minutes had gone by, and both dogs paused for a moment, standing inches away from each other. The red dog turned his head and shoulders away from Alligator and then went for an ear hold and shook the black dog.

"There's a turn! A turn!" Dumas shouted.

The referee allowed them to pick up their dogs because the red dog had turned away from Alligator. But it was another ten minutes before the red dog lost his hold and the two were separated. Now the red dog would have to scratch, to see if he were willing to cross the line. Jack wiped the blood off Alligator's shoulder and checked his mouth for broken teeth.

"See, he didn't keep hold long," Dumas whispered to Jack. "Don't like the taste of him. Firecracker'll wear himself out."

Jack wrapped his arms around Alligator hard, thinking it looked as if he had a chance of winning. The red dog did not seem to have his heart in the thing. The crowd continued to yell.

"Get ready," the timekeeper called.

"Twenty-five seconds, gentlemen," the referee said. "Face your dogs."

Jack held Alligator, waiting for the charge of the Firecracker.

"Red dog ready?" the referee said.

Tudor nodded.

"Let's go," the timekeeper yelled.

"Release your dogs," the referee said.

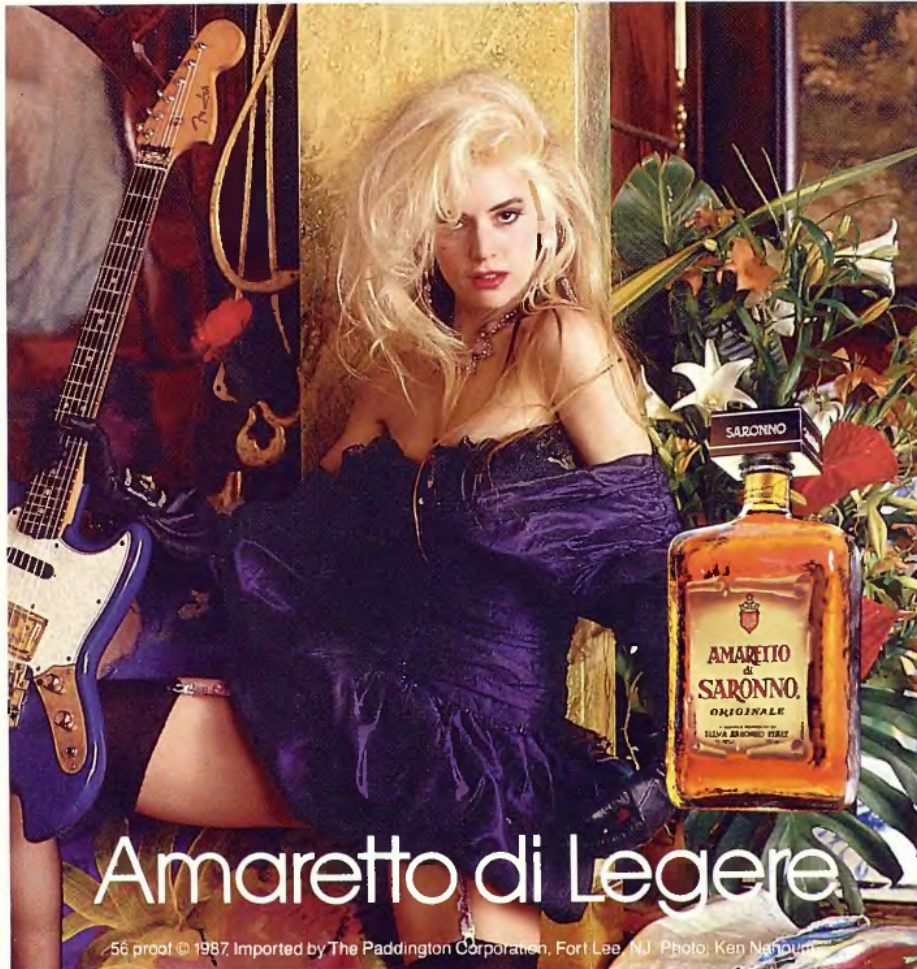
Firecracker shot across the pit with no hesitation. Jack waited until he was

only a few feet away and then let go of Alligator, who submarined under Firecracker, twisting his head and going for a hold on a hind leg. But he missed, and then the red dog closed his jaws on Alligator's hind leg just above the hock. Jack did not hear bone cracking. Alligator got a hold on the red dog's shoulder, both animals now locked together, shaking each other until they both were exhausted. The fight was now one hour and a half old.

"Crunch that bone!" Tudor yelled to his fighter. "Want to hear it break?"

"Running out of gas," Jack said to Alligator. "Hang in there."

"Red dog'll give," Dumas kept saying. "Red dog'll give." Then, in a whisper



when Jack came close enough to the corner, "Won't like the taste."

Fifteen minutes passed, both dogs still locked together, each only occasionally shaking his hold. Jack knew that when Firecracker eventually gave up his hold, Alligator would be doomed by that injured hind leg, at the mercy of a larger dog.

Then the red dog relaxed his grip, allowing Alligator to twist free.

"That old man's putting poison on him!" Tudor yelled at the referee. "You watch him."

The crowd cheered and more money was passed. Alligator's hold slipped off and Firecracker turn faulted again when the smaller dog jumped for a hold on his upper jaw. Jack yanked Alligator out at the next opportunity. He sponged him off, Tudor yelling all the time to the referee, "Look out! Look out for the poison!" Dumas checked the hind leg. Jack massaged him. The fight was now about two hours old.

"Went clean through," Dumas said. "Bone's all right."

"You watch the old man, Mr. Referee!" Tudor shouted. "I want to taste their water." Tudor came across the pit.

"Go ahead," Dexter said, and Dumas handed him the pail. Tudor scooped up some bloody water in his palm and gulped it down, wincing.

"Drink the whole fuckin' pail," Jack said.

Tudor spit.

"Taste blood, that's all." Tudor yelled it across the pit to Blackmon.

The referee ordered them to face their dogs. Firecracker hesitated just for a moment before running across the pit to Alligator, and the dogs went at it again, covered in blood. The carpet was slick with it. By now the crowd had become as sluggish as the dogs.

Alligator's left ear was shredded and a stream of red ran down to his hind leg. He never hinted at turning away.

Firecracker scratched three more times, each time hesitating more than the last, before he shot across the pit toward Alligator's corner. Tudor kept complaining to the referee that Dumas was putting poison on his dog.

The fight came up on the three-hour mark. Both dogs were fighting in slow motion. Firecracker got Alligator down by using his superior weight and bit deep into his shoulder again, shaking him like a terrier would shake a rat until, exhausted, the red dog collapsed on top of him.

"Kill him, kill him, kill him!" Tudor chanted.

"Come on, baby, get up," Jack coaxed, his face not six inches from Alligator's head.

He smelled the sweet metallic tang of blood, the air around the pit heavy with it now.

"Got that red dog!" Dumas shouted. "Worn out!"

But Alligator did not look much better to Jack. The dog should be lying in some

quiet place with a quart of Ringer's solution dripping into him.

Jack took one step to pick up Alligator, but suddenly the dog twisted beneath the big red dog, finding a chest hold, rolling the Firecracker over at the same time and shaking the larger dog as if he were a rat. The red dog wheezed and coughed as he attempted to breathe.

Then the Firecracker just quit fighting.

"That's it," Blackmon said. "You win."

"Alligator of Top Dog Kennels wins in three hours and ten minutes," the referee announced.

Jack took the breaking stick and stepped forward, but Dexter snatched it from him.

"It's not over yet," Dexter said. "God-damn, he's dead game."

Dexter knelt beside Alligator and stuck the tip of the stick into the back of his jaw.

"Pick up your dog, Blackmon," he said. "Alligator'll fight till he's dead. You'll see."

"They fight anymore, both those dogs are goin' to die," Blackmon said. "My dog's done fightin' today."

"Puttin' poison on that little dog," Tudor said, shaking his head.

"Shut up," Blackmon said to him. "It was a fair fight."

Tudor ran over and lapped at Alligator's water again. "Nothing, damn it," he said.

Dexter looked toward the crowd and said, very deliberately, "He'd *be* dead game. Damn red dog quit."

Jack realized then that Dexter had counted on Firecracker's beating Alligator. He wanted his dog to die still hanging on—that would have made him worth double at stud. "Dead game" was a holy incantation among pit-bull handlers.

Dexter twisted the stick to try to make Alligator let go.

"Pinch his nostrils shut," Blackmon suggested.

Dexter put his hand on Alligator's nose. Suddenly, the dog let go and turned on him, knocking him to the carpet. Alligator twisted his head, finding a purchase underneath the old man's ribs, and began shaking, it all happening so fast no one had a chance to move. It seemed to Jack to take forever . . . but he took three steps to his father and pulled the Airweight out of its holster.

He shoved the barrel into Alligator's ear. He pulled the trigger.

Instead of releasing, the dog shook Dexter harder than before. Jack shot again. Alligator kept on shaking, blood and brains splattered on the surface of the pit. After the third round, he finally lay still. They had to use the breaking stick to pry apart his dead jaws.

"Shit, sure enough dead game," someone in the crowd yelled.

Dexter looked real bad. He had turned the gray color of November soybean stubble and was barely conscious. Squirrel punched the Ringer's solution into the old



"I knew it would come to this. First they advertise condoms . . . now they show you how to put one on."

man's arm and they carried him to the parking lot.

Dexter escaped with just two broken ribs. He had bet for Alligator to lose, and the entire \$10,000 was gone. But people had heard about the semen stored under liquid nitrogen: The phone rang constantly with inquiries from breeders, owners and fans. Dexter talked to them from his bed, quoting prices and writing down orders in a green account ledger.

One afternoon not long after the fight, Jack was standing on the front porch when Dexter appeared carrying a military ammo box he used to carry shotgun shells on dove hunts.

"When you gonna start selling?" Jack asked.

"When I'm good and ready." Dexter wore a pistol at his hip. "Let's go for a ride."

"We going shooting?"

"Boy, you ask too damn many questions."

Dexter drove out across the levee and then to a ruined park Dexter had once built for the community. The roof of the arbor had fallen in and honeysuckle vines climbed up the sides. A jungle of weeds and small trees had grown up, much of it sumac whose leaves had turned blood-red. Jack followed his father, who carried the ammo box, out into the thicket, and they made their way out to the sand bar. Jack kept expecting to step on a snake. He gave up worrying when he realized he couldn't even see his own feet in the tangle.

When they came out of the jungle onto the sand bar, the river appeared wide and brown before them, the Arkansas shore thick with willows, whose leaves had mostly fallen off, leaving the bare trunks growing at an angle over the water. Dexter walked down to the water, the river making a sucking sound as it moved past the sand bar. He put the ammo box on the sand.

Dexter took the pistol out of the holster. It was his favorite .357 Magnum, and he offered it to Jack butt first.

"What are you waiting for?" Dexter asked.

"What?"

"Thought you wanted me dead," Dexter said. Jack looked off at the river. "Killing's easy. Living's hard. Thought you'd learned that off in the war."

The pistol in Jack's hand felt as if it weighed a thousand pounds, his arm hanging slack by his side.

Dexter knelt down and opened up the ammo box, its lid popping open with a clunk. He pulled out a handful of plastic straws.

"Can't let the people breed more crazy dogs," Dexter said. "Won't make enough money off the stuff, anyway. You were right."

"They're already ruined," Jack said.

He tossed the pistol onto the sand and took a straw out of the box. Holding it up to the light, he saw that the crystals were gone. Nothing remained but a milk-shake slush. He felt like shooting Dexter and was glad he had dropped the pistol.

"The land?" Jack asked.

"Lost."

The old man tossed straws into the river, one by one. They floated on the brown water, bobbing in the current.

Dexter said, "For the fish."

"How will you live now?"

Dexter picked up the ammo box and emptied the rest of the straws into the river. "Best way I can. Same way you will."

Suddenly, Jack embraced his father, hugging him as tight as he had held Alligator in the pit.

"Careful, my ribs," Dexter said.

A towboat pushing a string of barges came into view around the bend and gave a blast on its horn.

"Maybe I can find some work in Orleans," Jack said. "Offshore oil. That's good money."

"Go down there if you want," Dexter said.

The straws were gone now, floating down to the Gulf, and just the empty brown water and the towboat, approaching in the distance. It blew its horn again.

Together, they left the sand bar. Dexter had trouble climbing up the slope into the jungle, and Jack gave him his hand, pulling him up the slippery bank. He led Dexter into the dense insect-loud brambles of cane, briars and sumac, holding branches aside and breaking trail as they walked across the ruined park back to the truck.



"I thought he was a stiff the first couple of weeks, but suddenly, the money kicked in."

CARS '88

(continued from page 111)

all over the map in this category, but the Mazda RX-7 Turbo Convertible squeaked by the competition. Stevens and Gross liked it. (Gross's comment: "New—a bit different and cleverly equipped with a wind deflector. Its price, \$21,800, versus that of the RX-7 coupe, is so low it must be a mistake.") Other votes went to the Mercedes-Benz 300E (Cogan), the Porsche 911 Cabriolet (Lamm), the Ford Mustang GT convertible (Jeanes) and the BMW M3.

Best Over-all New Car: You guessed it; the big Bimmer, the BMW 750iL, pulled votes from three of our six panelists—Lamm, Stevens and Gross (the last saying, "Best new engine and best import sedan. BMW's new 12 is outselling the S-class Mercedes in Germany. Do you suppose they know something?"). Other votes went to the Mercedes 300CE Coupe (Cogan), the Mazda 929 (Yates said it's an "engineering sex goddess in a house dress") and the Honda Prelude (Jeanes, who would have picked the Lincoln Continental "if it weren't available with those awful casket-upholstery interiors").

Best Suspension: The Mercedes-Benz 560SEL pulled way ahead of the pack with four votes—those of Cogan, Stevens, Yates and Lamm. Lamm explained that while the big Benz was a bit stiff for some tastes, it was still his favorite, with BMW and Jaguar "just back of the Mercedes' bumper." Other choices were the BMW 750iL (Jeanes) and the Jaguar XJ6 (Gross), which "just edged out the BMW 750iL."

Best Car for Trouble-Free Operation: For day-to-day reliability, nothing beats the Honda Accord, in the opinion of four judges (Cogan, Jeanes, Stevens and Gross). Said Gross, "This car is like a hair

drier. You take it out of the box and it works without fail for ten years. Then you buy another one." Other votes went to the Toyota Camry (Lamm: "There has to be a Toyota at the head of this list. Toyota earned that reputation and hasn't forgotten how it was earned. We're talking anvils here") and the Acura Integra (Yates: "These guys are beginning to act like the smug bastards with the 160 I.Q. who ran straight A's in your calculus class").

Best Engineering Innovation: Honda's latest contribution, four-wheel steering as available on the Prelude Si, picked up five of our judges' six votes. Yates wondered, however, if "it's the first sign of technological overkill." Cogan was the lone holdout, preferring Toyota's supercharging of its MR2. "This car handles well, and when that's the case, adding power is always a great idea."

Best New Feature: The optional Buick Riviera cellular phone, which is built in and hands-free, got the call from four of our judges, mainly because, as Lamm put it, he'd "vote for anything that would get drivers' hands back on the wheel, which is where they belong." Jeanes agreed, saying, "Now you can ride down the freeways yelling 'Get me Bernie on the Coast' without endangering your fellow motorists. You can even call Buick to find out how that TV-monitor dashboard works." Gross's vote went to Mazda's new wind deflector that's incorporated in the RX-7 convertible: "Long-hairs, take note: Mazda brings you the breeze without the wind-blown look." Yates chose the Chevrolet Corvette ZR-Rated super-high-performance tires: "Now, if they could only make the car as good as the tires. . . ."

These are our winners for the best of breed in 19 categories for 1988. Take the information and ease on down your own road driving the wheels of your choice. Happy motoring.



TRUE NORTH

(continued from page 105)

We're not as dumb as Tuchman thinks.

Most of us suspected that the Oliver North story was more complicated than that, but we didn't have much information to go on. So we shut up and walked through the bookstores and newsstands and airports that were clogged with the trappings of Olliemania. To calm my own suspicions, I went to Washington, D.C. I was working on the theory that no man is a hero to his colleagues, that if you want the scoop on an individual, you interview his peers; so I talked with people who had served with North in the Marine Corps and on the National Security Council staff.

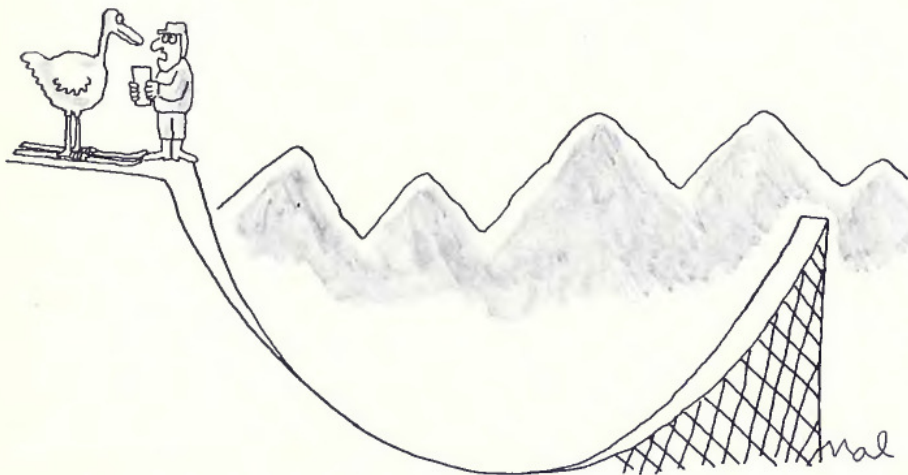
Every source I quote is a combat veteran. Each one knew North personally. Most of my sources are still active-duty Marines or intelligence personnel. They have some interesting stories to tell about their experiences with Oliver North, stories that run contrary to the publicized images of him. North is, to these men, more complex than the TV picture we absorbed last summer. Much more.

"Let's have lunch with Ollie," one former Marine officer wrote to another last July. "He can lie to Congress, but he can't lie to us." That comment may sound flippant, but if so, the flippancy has been well earned. Those two former Marines are Vietnam veterans who spent several months at Khe Sanh in 1968, participating in one of the most difficult battles in Marine Corps history.

Talk with Marines who know North and have served with him, and if you are an outsider, an automatic code of silence will go into effect. You will be frozen out. It's nothing personal, really. The Marine Corps is one of the last truly tight-knit organizations in this culture, and it protects its own people with fierce loyalty. But if you are a former Marine (as I am), an insider by virtue of your training and service, you will find Marines willing to talk with you frankly, if anonymously, about Oliver North.

Marines display a consistent reaction when you ask about the veracity of North's public image: They laugh at the gulf between the illusion and the reality. They are amused at how simplistically North has been portrayed. They think that the American people got only one side of the Oliver North story during the Iran/*Contra* hearings—not "the good, the bad and the ugly," as North claimed he was giving us, but something more like "the good, the better and the best." There is, the Marines with whom I talked suggest, a large variation between true North and magnetic North, between the complex human being they know and the simple public picture painted of him.

The bare bones of North's career are these: Born in 1943 in Texas (the son of an Army officer who earned a Silver Star in



"Now remember, if you start flapping your wings during the jump, you'll be disqualified!"

World War Two), raised in the state of New York, North graduated from high school in Philmont, New York, in 1961. He took classes at State University College of New York at Brockport in 1963 (school officials deny North's claim that he earned a degree there). He attended the United States Naval Academy, lost a year of school after he was badly injured in an automobile accident, graduated from Annapolis in 1968 (his class yearbook says he "expertly concealed his scholarly attributes from all but the Bull Department"), accepted a commission at graduation as a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps and, upon completion of Basic School (a rigorous course of instruction for all newly commissioned Marine officers) at Quantico, Virginia, in November 1968, found himself with orders to go to Vietnam.

North served in South Vietnam as an Infantry platoon commander from December 3, 1968, to August 21, 1969. In that time, he performed aggressively in combat, winning both a Silver Star and a Bronze Star. He left Vietnam in late November 1969 for an assignment as an instructor at Basic School. From 1969 to 1973, North remained at Quantico. He was promoted to captain in 1971. In 1973 and 1974, he served on Okinawa as officer in charge of the Northern Training Area (essentially a jungle-warfare school).

In December 1974, something unplanned happened to Oliver North. The details are murky, the records unavailable, but it is generally accepted among his colleagues that he cracked up. He was found in a state of high anxiety one day, holding his .45-caliber pistol and threatening suicide. He spent 22 days in Bethesda Naval Hospital, near Washington, D.C. The official diagnosis, according to reliable reports, was "delayed battle stress."

The Marines who knew North at that time were not willing to go into too many details for the record, but there were common elements in their memories. According to them, North had exhausted himself physically and emotionally while running the Northern Training Area, and it was at that juncture that he also had to face some very real problems with his marriage and his family back in the U.S.A.

"I was in Washington in 1974 when Ollie got back from Okinawa," one Marine reports. "He was interviewing for a position at Eighth and I, the Marine Corps barracks in D.C. It's the show place of the Marine Corps, really, a spit-and-polish billet with lots of parades and reviews. The next thing I knew, Ollie had disappeared. He didn't get the Eighth and I post. I was told he'd had some kind of nervous breakdown. I won't go into the particulars, but I think Ollie was affected by a lot more than combat stress."

After his release from Bethesda, North spent the next four years as a manpower analyst at Marine Corps Headquarters in Washington, D.C. In June 1978, he was sent to Camp Lejeune, North Carolina,

where he was promoted to major and served as a battalion staff officer for two years. He then attended the Naval War College in Newport, Rhode Island. On August 4, 1981, he was assigned to duty with the National Security Council. He was promoted to lieutenant colonel on October 1, 1983.

That's the basic structure of North's career, and it is fine as far as it goes. But North apparently took it further. According to Marines who should know, he presented inflated credentials in the grand Eighties tradition of the fictional résumé and the exaggerated autobiography. Men in the public eye, such as Gary Hart, Joe Biden and Pat Robertson, have all been charged with creating their own myths, editing their lives, inventing themselves, fictionalizing their exploits. North, to some, is also a man who has played loosely with biographical truth, who has orchestrated some significant elaborations about his own history.

"Ollie came over to the NSC staff in 1981," says a man I'll call Max, a professional intelligence officer who is still active in some of the most difficult assignments available. It is part of his job to keep a close watch on the world's dangerous characters. He is as tough as they come, and he has been down some alleys that North has only dreamed about. A Vietnam veteran himself, Max speaks in controlled, bemused tones about a man he knows well. Ironically, we are sitting in Lafayette Square, across from the old Executive Office Building, the home of the National Security Council.

"In 1983, North wrote a single-page biography," Max says. "It's been withdrawn since then, but you should see it. It's pure Ollie North, and it's also pure bullshit. He writes that he 'participated in both conventional and unconventional warfare operations in Southeast Asia.' He's putting that down in print. It's supposed to hint that he was playing Green Beret on the Ho Chi Minh Trail or that he was doing cross-border operations into Laos and Cambodia. He used to tell people those war stories, you know. But here he's submitting them as truth in an autobiographical document for the NSC. And that 'unconventional warfare operations' stuff is bullshit. Ollie North was an 03, an Infantry officer in a line company—nothing more, nothing less.

"Look at the rest of this biography. When we got this piece of paper at the NSC, we laughed and laughed. 'Major North is responsible for national-level contingency planning, crisis management and counterterrorism.' Do you suppose any of the rest of us on the NSC had any responsibilities? Was he really in charge of all that, as he claims? No way, José. You still reading? 'He has organized and directed combined operations with more than a dozen of our allies.' This is dated September 1983; he's been on the staff two years at this time and he's directing combined

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operations with our allies? Sounds like grade-A bullshit to me. Ollie's writing a novel here. He's claiming primary responsibility in areas where he was nothing special, just another gofer.

"This whole damned bio sheet is suspect. He says he 'has published works in various military journals.' Where are they? We can't find them."

Max hands the sheet of paper to me with a chuckle. It is autumn in Washington, still hot and muggy, and as I read North's description of himself, I think of the years he worked in the building I can see from where I am sitting.

"You want to know what we think of Ollie at the NSC?" Max asks. "We think he's the ultimate self-promoter. He's out there blowing his own bugle, baby. Full blast. All the time. And here he is, in print, for the record, jiving us as usual."

We sit for a time without talking. Max fidgets, stands up to leave, sits down again.

"One more thing. It may seem small, but it really has a lot to do with how America looks at this guy. Oliver North never wore his uniform to work while he was with the NSC. Not for six years. Not until the day he was fired. He wore civilian clothes at all times. I've often wondered how his testimony would have gone down if he'd been sitting there in front of the Iran/*Contra* committee in a three-piece suit. You know how many Marines hated to see him up there in that uniform? He dragged the corps into the scandal and he successfully exploited the image. But he wasn't working for the Marine Corps when he did all that slick NSC stuff. So he should have left the corps out of it."

This is the one theme I heard more than any other from the Marines who had worked with Oliver North. They were frustrated with their powerlessness to correct the image he had projected of a Marine officer, in uniform, admitting that he lied to his superiors, shredded vital evidence and deceived the nation.

"I worked with Ollie practically every day for five years," Max says. "I've seen him kiss ass like a choirboy and I've seen him buddy up to admirals and generals on a first-name basis. I've heard Fawn Hall call him an asshole when he got too stuck on himself. I've been on secret trips where I was embarrassed to be with him, he was so standoffish and undiplomatic."

I ask a question that has bothered me for a long time: How did a man with some fairly erratic behavior in his past gain entrance to an agency as important as the National Security Council?

Max smiles. "If you understood Ollie's history at the NSC, it might help put him in perspective. Ollie was at the Naval War College in 1980. That's a one-year stint, but he made the most of it. He wrote a paper about the recommissioning of World War Two battleships. Why did he choose that subject? Well, it may be more than a coincidence that the recommissioning of

World War Two battleships just happened to be the pet project of the new Secretary of the Navy at the time, John Lehman. And it may be more than a coincidence that Ollie's paper ended up on Lehman's desk. Ollie and Lehman got to be buddies, and Lehman had a lot to do with North's NSC appointment.

"When Ollie got to the NSC, he was basically an easel carrier. He helped set up exhibits and carry briefcases when senior officers went up to Capitol Hill to testify. Luckily for Ollie, the Reagan Administration was in the process of making the NSC its secret operational arm in all sorts of crises. Ollie was in the right place at the right time, made himself noticed by working nights and weekends, became indispensable in small ways that started to grow as the NSC grew. The Reagan Administration was saying, 'We're looking for a few good cowboys,' and Ollie was saying, 'I just happen to have my horse with me.' And when Ollie and Bill Casey met, it was two character flaws falling in love with each other. But let me make it clear: No matter what Ollie says on his own bio sheet, he was never the number-one honcho; he was not top dog in every department at the NSC. He had bosses. He had people to report to."

Max talks about his exasperation as he watched North testify at the Iran/*Contra* hearings. "I started yelling at the TV set. I couldn't believe how much they were letting him get away with. Finally, I went up to one of the Senators I know. 'Why don't you blow him away?' I asked. 'Why are you letting him build himself into a national hero? You know his real biography. He's not that special. He's got some glitches.' The Senator didn't even blink. 'Nobody wants to take him on,' he said. 'We know he's gilding his lily. But nobody wants to be the bad guy.'"

Max and I shake hands and part company. It is dusk. There are lights on in the windows of the NSC offices as I jog by the old Executive Office Building later that evening. I laugh to myself, wondering how many nights Oliver North worked under those lights, wondering whether the brief biography of North that Max showed me had been prepared and typed in that very building.

This business of North's exaggerated claims and false credentials crops up often as Marines reflect on his image. Retired Marine lieutenant general Victor Krulak wrote a column about that for the *San Diego Tribune*: "There has been a lot of press discussion about what a two-fisted fighting man North is. His combat exploits in Vietnam are romanticized, like the Sunday-supplement tale of his valiant singlehanded midnight foray across the Demilitarized Zone to capture and bring back a North Vietnamese prisoner. It is an exciting story, but, like many others, it never happened."

A former Marine Corps officer who

knew him well told me that North had had an early reputation for self-promotion. "I'm a charter member of the Olliewatchers Club," he says. "A bunch of us formed it back in Basic School when we were commissioned. We've been watching Ollie promote himself since 1968. He was in our Basic School class and he stood out. For one thing, he was politically well connected. He always had a godfather, some senior officer looking out for him. For another, he hyped himself all the time. I remember working with Ollie on Okinawa in 1973 and 1974. He did a good job running the Northern Training Area. But he also called newspapers and reporters and got himself written up in the *Navy Times* and places like that. He was such a publicity hound. The Olliewatchers laugh about it. Marine officers don't go around arranging their own PR. But Ollie did. That's just his nature."

To a man, the Marines with whom I talked resented North's continual search for the spotlight. "Showboat" and "hot dog" were terms often used to describe him by men who had won as many medals as he had, run as many risks.

"North's not like any other Marine officer I've ever known," one active-duty Marine says. "I was at the 20th reunion of Khé Sanh veterans recently. I looked around the room that night and I thought about what great guys these Marines are, what shit they'd been through in Vietnam, how modest they were about it. Most of them were quality people then and are quality people now—really normal guys who went through hell and then came back to America and tried to adjust. Some of them stayed in the corps and did their jobs and got promoted or passed over, but I'm here to tell you, they never drew a lot of attention to themselves. Some of them left the Marine Corps and became lawyers, stockbrokers, real-estate salesmen. One of my buddies is a janitor in Alaska. Another writes children's books. Another runs a truck stop in Florida. Normal guys who adjusted as best they could. They would never think of showboating the way Ollie does. They really don't approve of that. They see him as a very strange anomaly, a two-percenter. He's out on the fringe; that's all I can tell you."

The perception that North was somehow outside the normal boundaries of a Marine officer's conduct, that he was too willing to hype himself to his bureaucratic bosses at the NSC, too eager to succeed and achieve in the civilian world while holding a military commission, ran through most of the comments I heard about him. Even men who had admired him in his earlier years saw him as a person who had lost the sharp focus of the combat Marine and had turned himself into an office politician.

"Oliver North is a tremendously complex man," says a Marine officer who served with him at various times over a

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period of ten years. "Before his problems in 1974, he was one of the best officers I'd ever served with. He was good in combat, outstanding as an instructor at Quantico, terrific on Okinawa when he was running the Northern Training Area. I remember once I literally put my life in his hands when he taught me how to rappel out of a CH-53 helicopter. We were hovering 100 feet over the Okinawan jungle, and he hooked a snap link to my line, checked the knot and out of that chopper I went. He was cool and competent, and if he'd screwed up that day in 1974, I'd be dead. It's as simple as that.

"But Ollie went through tremendous changes at the end of 1974. Face it: Hospitalization for emotional problems could have a strong negative impact on an officer's advancement within the corps.

"I saw North at a Marine Corps Birthday Ball after he joined the NSC, and I was surprised at his appearance. He had the demeanor of a politician. There he was in his dress blues, medals and all, but he needed a haircut and he was talking like an Assistant Secretary of State. He was trying to be a bureaucrat, not a gung-ho Infantry officer. I watched him at the Iran/Contra hearings and I felt the same way. 'Take off the uniform, Ollie,' I kept mumbling at the TV. 'Don't bring the Marine uniform into that charged political atmosphere. A Marine officer doesn't lie to Congress. He doesn't fudge the truth. He doesn't shred documents. He stays politically neutral, because that's what his officer's commission requires him to be.'

"The real truth about Oliver North? He's an unusual alloy, a strange combination of things. He has displayed real courage in combat, and to this day, I

would follow him into battle any time, anywhere. But he's also got an enormous ego when it comes to self-promotion. Both halves of that equation are true, but I suspect that sometimes those two conflicting parts collide. The bureaucratic self-promoter and the combat Marine meet at his center and cancel each other out. What happens to him then? I don't know, but maybe he loses sight of himself and has no idea at that time who he really is."

There is a feeling among North's fellow officers that Marines belong somewhere other than the heady environs of the State Department and the NSC. They see North as a man who, essentially, got fancy. They think he didn't really know what he was doing as he tried to participate in affairs of state. He was holding the commission of a Marine Corps officer, but, in the opinion of some of his colleagues, he seems to have forgotten that. They think his actions display truly bad judgment. Bad as in deadly.

"I almost dropped at the knees when I heard about Ollie's helping with arms sales to Iran," says one former battalion commander who served in Beirut in the early Eighties. "He should have known better. Those Iranians sponsored the terrorists who blew up the Marine barracks in Beirut and killed 241 of our men. What was Ollie doing selling weapons and missiles to those bastards?"

"I think I know something about what Ollie experienced at the NSC. He felt like a big shot. I've been there. When I walked around Beirut, the press wanted to talk to me. I liked that. I liked being lionized, being interviewed. There's a saying 'If money doesn't get you, power will.' I understood that. And I guarded against it. But I think Ollie held himself in awe. And

he made some lousy judgments, like backing arms sales to our enemies."

The man pauses, searching for words. I remember how, when the news of the bombing of the Marine barracks in Beirut reached me, I almost vomited. I remember exactly where I was, what I was doing, how quickly I left the room to be by myself and hold down the nausea. That may seem melodramatic to some people, but once a Marine, always a Marine; you identify with the corps, no matter what your political convictions, and the men who are lost long after you leave the Service are still, somehow, your brothers-in-arms.

"A lot of senior officers called Ollie Lieutenant Colonel Rambo long before the public got to know about him. The only way I can put it is this: Some guys have a hidden agenda; you know what I mean? Some guys want to be in Marine recon a little too much. They want to carry lots of ammo and four kinds of knives and wear camouflage paint, even in the mess hall. They hot dog it in front of the troops and the troops love it, but you have to ask yourself what the agenda is for those guys. I always thought Ollie had a hidden agenda. I think he loved power and glory a little too much. I never would have agreed to sell missiles to the people who blew up my men, not for all the praise in Washington, D.C. But Ollie had another agenda. I'm not saying he favored the bombing of the barracks. I'm saying he didn't think clearly about the consequences of his actions. He wanted glory. And he got it. Sort of."

Ollie North leaves behind a trail of stories wherever he goes. A lot of them are about his overzealous behavior, and they frequently evoke laughter. Take the one about the lockers at Camp Lejeune.

"Ollie had a strange reputation at Lejeune because he liked to stay up for two or three days at a time—no sleep, no rest, just work," a Marine colleague relates. "It was dumb to do that. Nobody can stay up that long and not make mistakes. But Ollie thought it made him look good, I guess. Sometimes some of the senior officers would just shut Ollie down. They'd tell him to take a break, go home, be with his family. It was weird. Ollie was taken out by stress in 1974, but he piled more and more stress on himself in the next years. Why? To prove he could take it? To prove he was a man? I don't know.

"Anyway, the battalion was coming back from a Mediterranean cruise. The commanding officer wanted the lockers in the barracks checked to make sure everything was OK. So Ollie took over and walked in with the advance party and cut off all the locks on the lockers, without trying to find keys or combinations or getting any of the troops to help him. He just fired from the hip and tore the place up. The C.O. was pissed. He almost canned him then and there. The rest of us were laughing. It was pure Ollie North: Leave him unsupervised and he'll break your back."

And what of the Marine Corps itself? Is



"This is your captain speaking—the blonde stewardess with the big tits is mine."

it responsible for the actions of Oliver North? Did it manufacture him out of whole cloth, encourage him to exaggerate his autobiography, ask him to become more bureaucrat than grunt? Is Marine Corps training deficient? Does it reward workaholicism and hot dogging, punish in-depth thinking and careful planning?

It's not as if the Marine Corps leadership hasn't considered the problem. Listen to the statements of one of the men in charge of officer training.

"Long before it was public, we were aware of Ollie's activities, and we were very uncomfortable with some of them. We asked ourselves a basic question: Did our training support this kind of personality? I hate to say it, but the answer is, in some ways, yes, we are responsible for the mind-set of Oliver North. He brought a lot of problems to us, but he's also a product of our system.

"When you train Marines for combat, you aren't sitting around a table somewhere discussing computer programming. You're training Marines to go to war and get the job done. So it's always a delicate balance. You want a man who will take the hill when it has to be taken—but you also want a man who will coordinate his efforts and be part of the combat team while he's doing it.

"After the Iran/*Contra* scandal broke, I was really surprised by the reactions of the young lieutenants who were in Basic School at the time. It's true

that North was a hero to some of them, but it's also true that they had a pretty good perspective on the guy. The term hot dog came up a lot when they discussed him. They could sense that Ollie was a grandstander.

"The training has changed since North went through Basic School. We're trying to teach Marines how to fight smarter, better. We don't train them to go hi diddle diddle right up the middle, the way we used to. 'Don't confuse bravery with intelligence,' we tell them. 'If you've got the time to fall on a grenade for your buddies, you've also got the time to yell, "*Grenade!*" and hit the dirt.'"

The man pauses and thinks about his

own example. So do I. We both know men who have sacrificed themselves in just that fashion. There is a terrible beauty in such gestures. But you are sometimes left wondering if, just before that moment of self-sacrifice, there wasn't a better choice.

"Today we emphasize that we don't want people with a hidden agenda. We don't want people with a death wish. I tell every class I teach about a company commander I knew at Khé Sanh who stood up and walked around and played *macho* man every time we had incoming artillery fire. At Khé Sanh, we were taking several thousand rounds of incoming every day. I tell them what a jerk I thought that company commander was, how it was his job to be on the horn planning counterbattery fire,

tion, however, that created a blurring between means and ends."

It is precisely that blurring between means and ends that we, the American people, sensed last summer. We knew something was missing as we watched the tube and put up the posters and bought the books and read the magazines. "What's wrong with this picture?" we kept asking ourselves. We didn't articulate our doubts, really, but they were there. And rightfully so, it turns out. We were practicing a quiet, patient, careful form of patriotism in the midst of all that noise and hoopla, and we were not as dumb as some people thought.

"I always assumed Ollie would have been happy in northern Bavaria in the late 'Thirties," a Marine officer told me with a smile. "He stood up and clicked his heels whenever he talked to the President on the phone. It seemed like something out of a bad movie to me, but he meant it. And that scared me."

It is possible that if Oliver North were to graduate from the United States Naval Academy this summer and were to head for Marine Corps Basic School, he would receive the kind of training that would help him become a more secure, less frantic officer, and he would grow into a man less eager to please his superiors and more genuinely modest and humane. He might also find role models who could teach him that warriors need wisdom as much as they need ambition and

There are less expensive bourbons. There are also thinner steaks and smaller cars.

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how he should have been helping his troops by thinking and coordinating and strategizing, not swaggering around like some cowboy. We're looking for that delicate balance between aggression and common sense."

The Marines have spoken, and it is clear that they see Oliver North as a man, not a myth. He is more than a picture on a poster, more than a talking head on TV. "North's behavior," writes General Kruhlak, "has gained for him a variety of descriptors: zealot, extremist, mystic, radical, missionary, hero, prophet. While none of the descriptive terms is totally correct, all of them portray a man who has an apostolic devotion to his cause—a devo-

tion, including that sneakiest of contemporary vices, workaholicism.

But harsh reality has a way of declaring itself in the military. The fact seems to be that no educational system and no series of role models can subdue those few officers who romanticize their purpose, overdramatize their importance and fictionalize their history. Those few officers will do *anything* their superiors tell them to do, and they will do it with flair, gusto, bravery, efficiency, shrewdness, energy—and one more thing: a certain kind of blindness.



TAKING STOCK (continued from page 68)

“Remember the words of Baron Rothschild: ‘When the streets of Paris are running with blood . . . I buy.’”

a stockbroker, marking up municipal bonds four points for widows. (A point is ten dollars per \$1000 bond, the usual charge. Four points is considered a felony.) He cold-called gullible doctors and lawyers at dinnertime to sell specialized products such as movie syndications, storage centers, commodity-strategy funds and options on anything from gold to IBM. With their sizable commissions, options tend to be brokers' dreams and customers' nightmares. Mickey played the market himself, heavily into options on the Standard & Poor's 500 average, heavily into low-price stocks on margin. Mickey also bought everything else in his life on margin: a Jaguar, a beach house, a Wagoner for off-road picnics, a condominium in town, a fisher coat for his

wife, private schools for his kids—the Wise Guy's dream. Even while making \$700,000 a year in commissions, Mickey would deliberately send the mortgage check on the beach house to the finance company holding the paper on his car loans and vice versa, to pick up the float.

I recently saw Mickey in the men's room of a restaurant. He was locked into his own image in the mirror, combing his hair into a D.A., endlessly combing. Everything had been sold out from under him. “They say that the Eighties are like the Fifties,” Mickey told me tonelessly. “It's not like the Fifties. My pants aren't pegged. My killer smile is gone. I can't skip on my loans from the girls.” I left him trying to recapture his D.A. and saw the death of the Wise Guys all over America.



“Wake up! Who's Shirley MacLaine?”

If the easy money has been made and now unmade, and if we all must get back to the work ethic that made this country, what also is necessary more than ever is a plan. I suggest a three-pronged program, either to initiate a financial scheme or to rebuild from the rubble.

1. Reconstruct by buying zero-coupon Treasury bonds. These double your money in about eight years and are an ideal way for some investors to get back in the game with virtually no risk. Some high-grade zero-coupon corporate bonds have an even higher yield and may be appropriate.

2. Make a small list of several blue-chip companies, such as IBM, AT&T, General Motors. Dollar-cost averaging over several years will provide, in my opinion, a significant positive return, and you have the chance to initiate buys in companies at major discounts from their highs. Patience is the key in this strategy, as it always is when you are serious about your money.

3. Compile, or have your *new* stockbroker or advisor compile, a list of quality secondary companies—something I am calling a Vulture Fund. This third part of a portfolio that can afford risk for possible greater return should be invested in companies that either have lots of cash and no debt or have unusual long-term prospects. These stocks (particularly in the over-the-counter market) should have been hammered down out of all proportion to their worth and should be selling at two, three, four, five dollars to nine dollars a share—though they had been selling as high as ten dollars to \$25. If you buy 1000 shares of ten such companies on the bargain counter, it would cost, say, \$35,000. This is a portfolio designed to perhaps triple over the next several years because of the fictional prices of many issues that got destroyed in emotional selling. Many of these are true bargains, regardless of the pessimism that surrounds us all right now. Remember the words of Baron Rothschild when asked how he made all of his money: “When the streets of Paris are running with blood . . . I buy.”

The next several years will also be a time for concentration, for judgments that are not emotional. Gone will be the clichés of recent times, such as “Good real estate only goes one way—up.” Or “Mutual funds are the path to riches.” Or “Sure, refinance your house; a home-equity line is the best tax shelter there is.” This is what I mean by concentration:

Luigi, a tailor from a small village in the hills of Umbria, gets an audience with the Pope. He stays with the Pope a long time, 20 minutes, a private audience. When he goes home to his village, the people line the streets. They celebrate a huge welcome home for Luigi. The people crowd around their hero. “The Pope,” they cry. “*Il Papa*. What was he like?”

The tailor looks at them. “What was he like?” Luigi says. “A forty-two long.”

It is going to be a time to focus on a specialty, to make yourself particularly

good at what you do or what you are thinking of doing. In an economic climate in which fat is going to be trimmed, companies are going to be more bottom-line conscious than ever. You are not going to be allowed to fake it anymore.

For many, it will be a desperate period as well; people will not believe that the big-spending days are done. Before every period of stress in the past 20 years, a man has appeared in my office, wild to make the last big score before reality sets in. He is Sid the Schemer. His appearance always augurs tough times ahead. Sid is a psychologist by profession. He is the kind of person who gives psychology a bad name, the way doctors and dentists who spend time on real-estate deals and tax scams give medicine a bad name. In the mid-Seventies, Sid tried to get me to raise \$100,000 for a device he was promoting that would enable women to pee standing up. This time, the stakes are higher, because Sid's time is running out. "I've got letters to IBM, Digital, Wang," he says. "I've got something that will not only make us a fortune but earn us the thanks of every mother in the world. A quarter of a mil will return a *billion* in five years."

"What is it, Sid?" I ask him.

"I'm working on an implant for children, an alarm system to prevent kidnapping or sexual abuse. It's put in a tooth or underneath an arm, and it emits a signal if the child is threatened. It rings in police headquarters, and it's gonna win me the Nobel Prize. Except for IBM, Digital and Wang, I came to you first." I usher Sid from my office and tell him to wait until he hears from IBM.

Frantic people will be coming out of the woodwork. They don't want to have to go to work.

But one result of the crash of 1987 will be a bonus. My wife and I recently went to a cocktail party given by a novelist to celebrate nothing more than the season. He provided entertainment, an old-fashioned idea—a singer accompanied by a piano. The singer sang songs by Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, Cole Porter. She sang songs of romance and finished with "Let's do it, let's fall in love."

We are heading into a time when romance will be in fashion—the simple romance of strolls in the country and walks in the rain. Lyrics will inspire and sustain us. This isn't all bad.

I tried this observation out on the person who shines shoes in the office for two dollars a shine. Usually the tip is another dollar. "I agree with you," the shoeshine person said. "But that's maybe your childhood. My friends and I want to go back to softer days also—the Beatles of *Strawberry Fields*, the blues, people sharing low-down, not high time." I ignored my Quotron and listened. The shoeshine lady graduated from Wellesley College, class of 1987. She majored in history.



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Re-cess (Parliament): A unique filter for extra smooth taste and low tar enjoyment.



PARLIAMENT
Lights

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

— AS THE SPIRIT MOVES YOU —

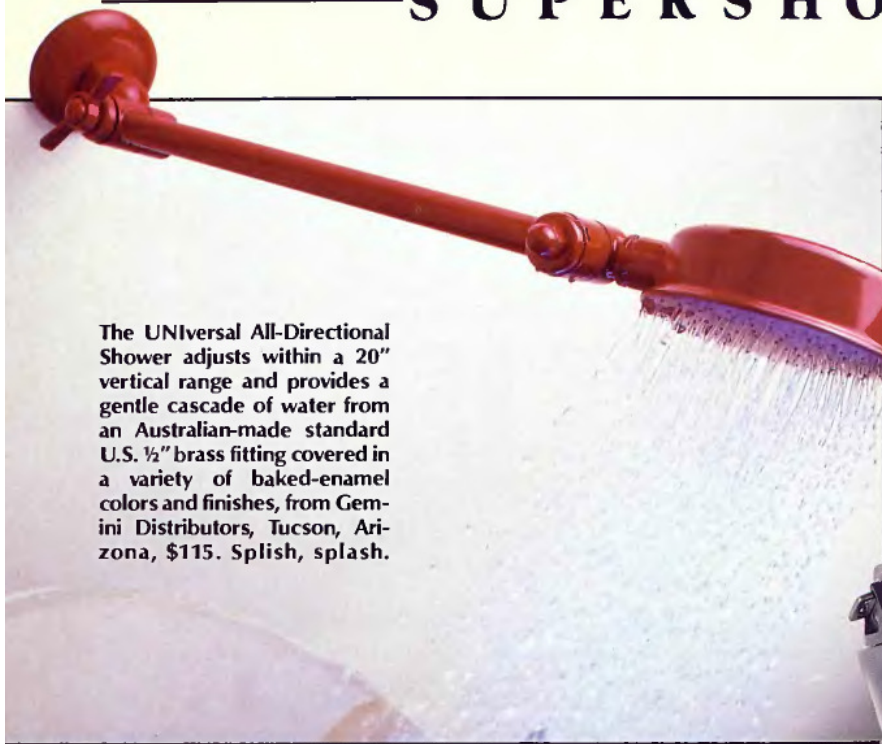
Traveling bars, flasks and other appurtenances for the executive road warrior provide not only sustenance for the journey but also a sense of panache upon arrival. Why hunker down in a hotel bar when you can relax with a snifter of your house call and a hot bath before heading out on the town? Remember that drink accessories,

both contemporary and antique, have as much style and grace as today's luggage—they boast rich leathers with flashes of stainless steel and sterling silver that mix well with glass flasks and shiny jiggers. Whichever your favorite one for the road, from a flask walking stick to a leather-cased bar, such elegant accessories definitely make traveling easier.

Clockwise from 12: Circa 1920 English leather-cased traveling bar with decanters, cocktail shaker and utensils, from Kentshire Galleries, Ltd., New York, \$400. Calfskin Trafalgar Travel Bar, from Picadilly West, Fort Washington, Pennsylvania, \$110. Italian fruit/cheese knife, from Sointu, New York, \$30. Antique walking stick, circa 1875, with concealed flask and a sterling-silver cap, from Kentshire Galleries, Ltd., \$600. A German stainless-steel corkscrew, \$28, half-pint English pewter flask, \$80, and one-pint Finnish stainless-steel flask, \$75, all from Sointu. Happy travels.



S U P E R S H O P P I N G



The UNiversal All-Directional Shower adjusts within a 20" vertical range and provides a gentle cascade of water from an Australian-made standard U.S. 1/2" brass fitting covered in a variety of baked-enamel colors and finishes, from Gemini Distributors, Tucson, Arizona, \$115. Splish, splash.

The Pentax SF1, pictured here with the SMCP-F 35-70mm zoom lens, is the first autofocus SLR camera to incorporate built-in flash with motor drive. A beep tone signals when the focus is right and a large LCD readout panel monitors the camera's functions, eliminating guesswork. SF1 body and 35-70 lens, \$500.



StereoSweats offer a clever personal sound system built right into the zippered sweat shirt shown here. The module, removable for washing, connects with any stereo radio or cassette. (Sharp's JC-F3 AM/FM personal stereo cassette player, \$39.95, is shown pocketed on the starboard side.) StereoSweats come in three colors, from Sport Electronics, Northbrook, Illinois, \$59.95.



VisiTel, from Mitsubishi, is a visual telephone display, the first still-frame telephone designed specifically for home use, featuring a built-in video camera and 4 1/2" monitor. VisiTel enables callers to send and receive freeze-frame black-and-white "video snapshots" over standard telephone lines using any modular phone plug, and it can also store images for use during the next call, about \$395 each.



The Lone Eagle flies again! For the 60th anniversary of Lindbergh's Atlantic crossing, Longines produced a 4/5 scale, limited-edition replica of the Hour Angle Watch, designed by Lucky Lindy himself, about \$1950, including the leather band.

Talking Baseball, a hand-held electronic game, by Video Technology Industries, provides the announcer's voice and crack of the bat, \$39.95.



Clear the electronic decks for clarity. These three VCR models almost double the usual 240 lines of horizontal resolution we're used to seeing on the tube. Mitsubishi's HS-423UR Super VHS VCR (top) has hi-fi audio, MTS stereo sound, wireless remote with digital program display and two-week, eight-event programming, \$1200. Sony's Super Hi-Band Beta SL-HF1000 (center) has built-in editing functions, including a character generator with eight-page memory, hi-band record and playback and three-week, eight-event timer, \$1700. The VRD700HF Super VHS deck from Zenith (bottom) features MTS stereo sound, VHS hi-fi audio, on-screen programming, indexed video search and two-week, eight-event timer, about \$1300.

The Model 1060, by Thule, \$76, is a multipurpose roof rack, designed in Sweden. With it is an angled, lockable Model 33-6 ski carrier, which holds up to six pairs of skis, \$136. The skis mounted in it include Rossignol's 4S Kevlar, the KV Comp from K-2 and Skis Dynastar's Fusion HZ. They go for \$375 per pair.





Bonet's Bonnet

Which did you see first, LISA BONET's flashy hat or the flash of her exposed breasts? Did you know that Lisa's post-Cosby comedy, *A Different World*, is a solid number two in the ratings? There'll be a quiz in the morning.



© 1987 MARK LEIVDAL

Don't Walk Away, Renee

Actress RENEE GRIFFIN may not look familiar to you yet, but she will. She's made appearances on TV's *Head of the Class* and *Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer*. We won't forget her sexy pout. How about you?

© 1987 JANET GOUGH / CELEBRITY PHOTO



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE, INC.

Two Thumbs Up

Legendary rocker BO DIDDLEY (left) and Stone RON WOOD are still on the road together on the Gun-slinger Tour. Bo made the rock Hall of Fame and Ron has a book of his portraits out. They doubled our pleasure. Go, guys!

IAIN MC KELL / RETNA

Vital Idol

Rocker BILLY IDOL's video is so hot that the unedited version will be seen only in clubs. Billy says, "It's about being a voyeur and, at the same time, being a part of it all."



MARK LEVIN / COM-ARTS NEWSERVICE



She's Got the Beat

Drummer KAREN BLANKFELD made three albums with a group called the Pandoras. She also has a poster coming out from Communication Arts. Karen's looking for a new band and we're looking at Karen. Right now, we have the better deal.



© 1987 ROSS MARINO

Brad's Bad

Night Ranger's BRAD GILLIS' T-shirt bears the ultimate rock-'n'-roll message. In the case of Gillis and his band, the news is all good. Their tour was a success, a new LP is in the works and they were nominated for a bunch of Bammies for the *Big Life* album.

The Lady in Black

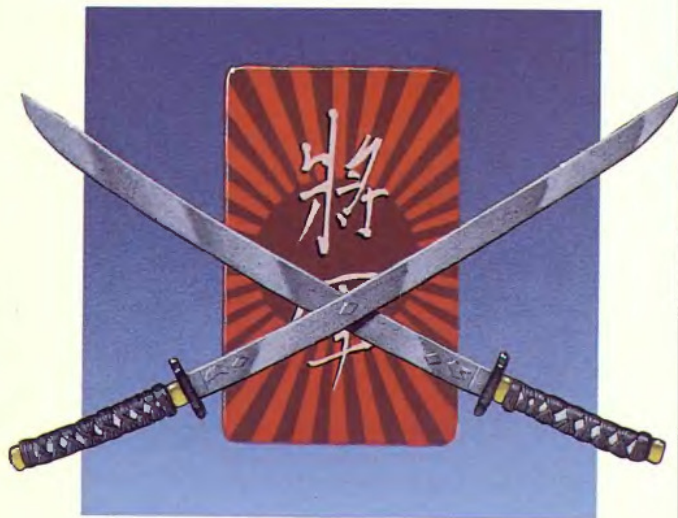
Not every woman looks good in a body suit. Actress ADRIANNE SACHS looks terrific. You saw Adrienne in *RoboCop*, *My Demon Lover* and *The Stuff* at the movies. Now you can cut her out and hang her above your desk. Think of this as another public service from your favorite men's magazine. Do we deliver or what?

© 1987 MARK LEVYDAL



GO EAST, YOUNG MAN

The time is the mid-16th Century, the age of war in Japan, and you're locked in a violent struggle for land and power with four other formidable war lords. Your weapons are secret strategies, sneak attacks and a mastery of samurai warfare; it's just the way politics is played in Washington, D.C. But you're playing Milton Bradley's latest military-strategy game, *Shōgun*; and if you make one false move, it can be *sayonara*. The price: about \$25 at game stores. Banzai!



LITTLE ENGINES THAT COULD

One glance through *Great Toy Train Layouts of America*, by Tom McComas and James Tuohy, will leave you with little doubt that model railroading has pulled out from under the Christmas tree and become the alternative to tinkering with the BMW. *Great Toy Train Layouts* showcases the best of them—including Ole Blue Eyes' own layout. A hardcover copy is \$31.95, postpaid, sent to TM Books, Box 279, New Buffalo, Michigan 49117. The authors appraise old trains, too.



TEA FOR THE ROAD

Trumps, the trendy L.A. eatery that has raised high tea to a high art à la Hollywood, has taken its four-o'clock act on the road with *Tea from Trumps*—a luxurious ensemble in a hand-painted case that includes a cobalt-blue teapot with a porcelain tea infuser, Earl Grey tea, scone mix, lemon-rosemary cake, sherry jelly, raspberry jam, sliced pickled oranges, linen napkins and some of Trumps's renowned recipes for teatime snacks, plus a large rattan tray on which to serve up your afternoon repast. Sweet Adelaide Enterprises in Los Angeles distributes *Tea from Trumps* to Gump's in San Francisco, Carson Pirie Scott in Chicago and L. Magnin and William Poll in New York, among other stores. The price is \$135—not insipid.

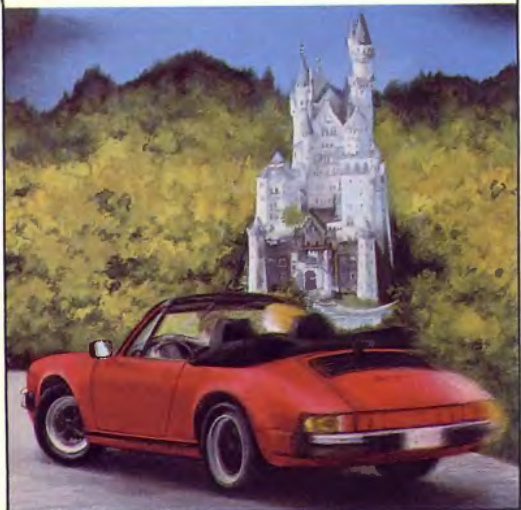


PLAYING BALL WITH VIDEO GOLF

Golf Shots, the first video magazine devoted to golf, has just teed off; and judging from what we've seen so far, the concept seems to be better than par for the course. Each issue will provide the viewer with a look at one of the world's most challenging and picturesque golf courses, with aerial shots and hole-by-hole instruction and strategy on specific aspects of the game by a famous teaching pro. There will also be a segment titled "Golf's Greatest Moments," and "In the Bag," a feature on the latest and most effective golf equipment. A subscription to the quarterly (one-hour segments) in VHS or Beta costs \$199, sent to Golf Shots, Inc., 5200 DTC Parkway, #400, Englewood, Colorado 80111. The ball's going for the green.

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

It's the ultimate automotive fantasy—a week in Germany, Austria and France with an English-speaking guide and the latest-model BMW, Porsche, Mercedes-Benz or Audi. Days are spent on the autobahn, which has no speed limit, and nights you're wined and dined in medieval castles and historic hotels. There is also an optional private driving lesson at the Nürburgring. Prices begin at \$1995, not including air fare, and Transglobe Travel, 212-765-0670 (call collect), will give you all the details. Take your helmet.



BEAR WITH US IN '88

It's not enough that the Chicago Bears are exceptionally proficient at grinding gridiron opponents into the playing field; most of these guys are handsome, too. So 14 of the best-looking ones, including McMahon and Payton, posed for the Bear but Not Naked 1988 calendar, a collection of shots in which each player chose his wardrobe to represent his personality. It's available from Clements and Associates, P.O. Box 444, Glencoe, Illinois 60022, for \$7.95, postpaid. Hike!



**BEAR
BUT NOT
NAKED**

1988 CALENDAR

THE IMMORTAL MM

Back in 1956, Jack Cardiff, a London cinematographer, was granted permission to photograph Marilyn Monroe while she was filming *The Prince and the Showgirl*. Now Jannes Art Publishing, 4840 West Belmont, Chicago 60641, is offering, for \$100 each, a hauntingly beautiful limited-edition hand-colored 22" x 30" continuous-tone lithograph of the never-before-published photo (Arthur Miller, Marilyn's third husband, said the result was his favorite image) printed on museum-quality rag paper. A nice tribute to a lovely lady, a lucky break for all Monroe fans.



LUCKY DOG

Fashion has gone to the dogs with Poochi Canine Couture, an exclusive line of jazzy dog collars and leashes featuring buckles designed by Coty Fashion Award winner Robin Kahn. Styles available range from gold- and silver-colored *karung* snakeskin (\$68 per collar, \$112 per leash) to crocodile (\$112 for the collar; about \$200 for a leash). Poochi's address is 8 Rigby, Wayne, New Jersey 07470. Call the company at 201-694-2637 to get the name of the nearest dealer.

IN THE BAG

Rossoc, Inc.'s, Backase Bag, by Tetto, has been designed as an easygoing alternative to a backpack or a briefcase. Hand-crafted in Mexico of soft Italian leather, it features a unique Strapacross configuration that keeps the bag perfectly balanced on one shoulder while offering easy access to special compartments and actually improving your posture as you carry life's daily loads. Backase Bags come in tan or black; the price is \$179, postpaid, from Rossoc, Inc., 89 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston 02155. Try it as an airline carry-on and consign your hard-sided briefcase to the hall closet.



NEXT MONTH



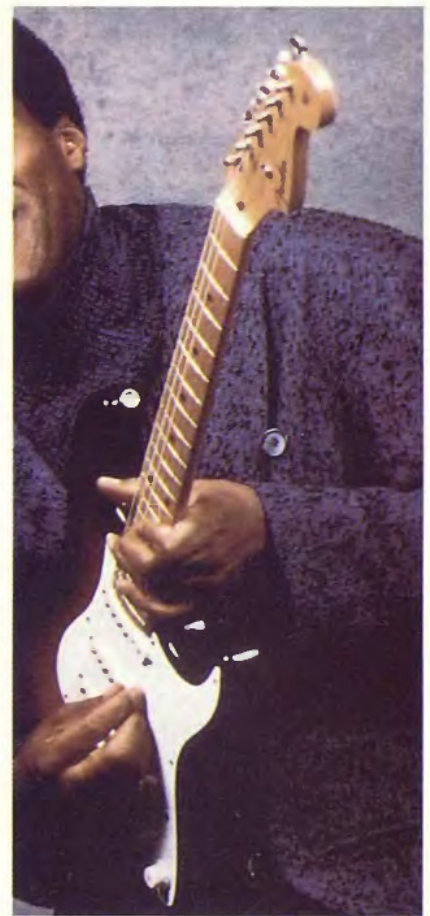
VANITY FAIR



FAB FORD



FASHION FORECAST



MUSICAL YEAR

"WILL THE REAL MICHAEL JORDAN PLEASE JUMP UP?"—IF THE BULLS' SUPERSTAR COULDN'T MAKE A LIVING ON THE BASKETBALL COURT, HE COULD DO IT ON THE GOLF COURSE. SUPPOSING HE *NEEDED* MONEY, THAT IS. PROFILE BY **MICHAEL KIEFER**

"THE BITTER TRUTH"—IS IT BETTER TO KNOW AND SUFFER, OR IS IGNORANCE TRULY BLISS? A TIME-TESTED ANSWER FROM **ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER**

"PLAYBOY MUSIC '88"—LISTEN UP: THERE'S A NEW FACE IN THE PLAYBOY HALL OF FAME; OUR CRITICS PREDICT WHAT'S COMING UP BIG THIS YEAR; AND WE DIP INTO A BARREL OF LAUGHS FROM THE PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL'S GREATEST HITS

JAY LENO, HE WHO LOVES THE SOUNDS OF BIG ENGINES AND ROARING APPLAUSE, EVALUATES THE *LITTLE WHEELS*: FOX, YUGO, HYUNDAI ET AL

VANITY JUST MAY BE ROCK'S SULTRIEST SINGER/ACTRESS. GET A BETTER LOOK AT THIS TALENTED TEMPTRESS IN AN EXCLUSIVE PICTORIAL

TOM CLANCY, BEST-SELLING AUTHOR OF *THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER* AND *PATRIOT GAMES*, TALKS ABOUT

WAR AND PEACE, SUBS AND SPIES AND REAL-LIFE JAMES BONDS IN A PAGE-TURNING, GADGET-FILLED **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"TELL IT TO THE KING"—IN THE YEARS HE HAS BEEN A RADIO/TELEVISION INTERVIEWER, **LARRY KING** HAS ACCUMULATED THOUSANDS OF STORIES. HERE ARE A FEW OF THE BEST, FEATURING **J.F.K.**, **MARILYN CHAMBERS**, **MARLON BRANDO**, **MARIO CUOMO**, **MEL BROOKS** AND OTHER FRESH CHESTNUTS

"THE DEAD MAN'S EYES"—IF ONLY FRAZIER'S WIFE'S LOVER HAD BEEN, WELL, MORE OF A MAN, THE WHOLE MISUNDERSTANDING MIGHT NEVER HAVE HAPPENED—BY **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

HARRISON FORD DISCUSSES HEROES, BULLWHIPS, CARPENTRY, MOVIE STARDOM AND DISPOSABLE DIAPERS IN A HIGH FLYING **"20 QUESTIONS"**

PLUS: **"HAUTE PIZZA"** WITH CELEBRITY CHEFS **WOLFGANG PUCK**, **ALICE WATERS** AND OTHERS; **"PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST,"** BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**; **"LUDICROUS SPEED,"** IN WHICH THE EVER-ADVENTUROUS **CRAIG VETTER** CLIMBS BEHIND THE WHEEL OF A FUNNY CAR; AND THE EVER-POPULAR MUCH, MUCH MORE

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