

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1988 • \$4.00

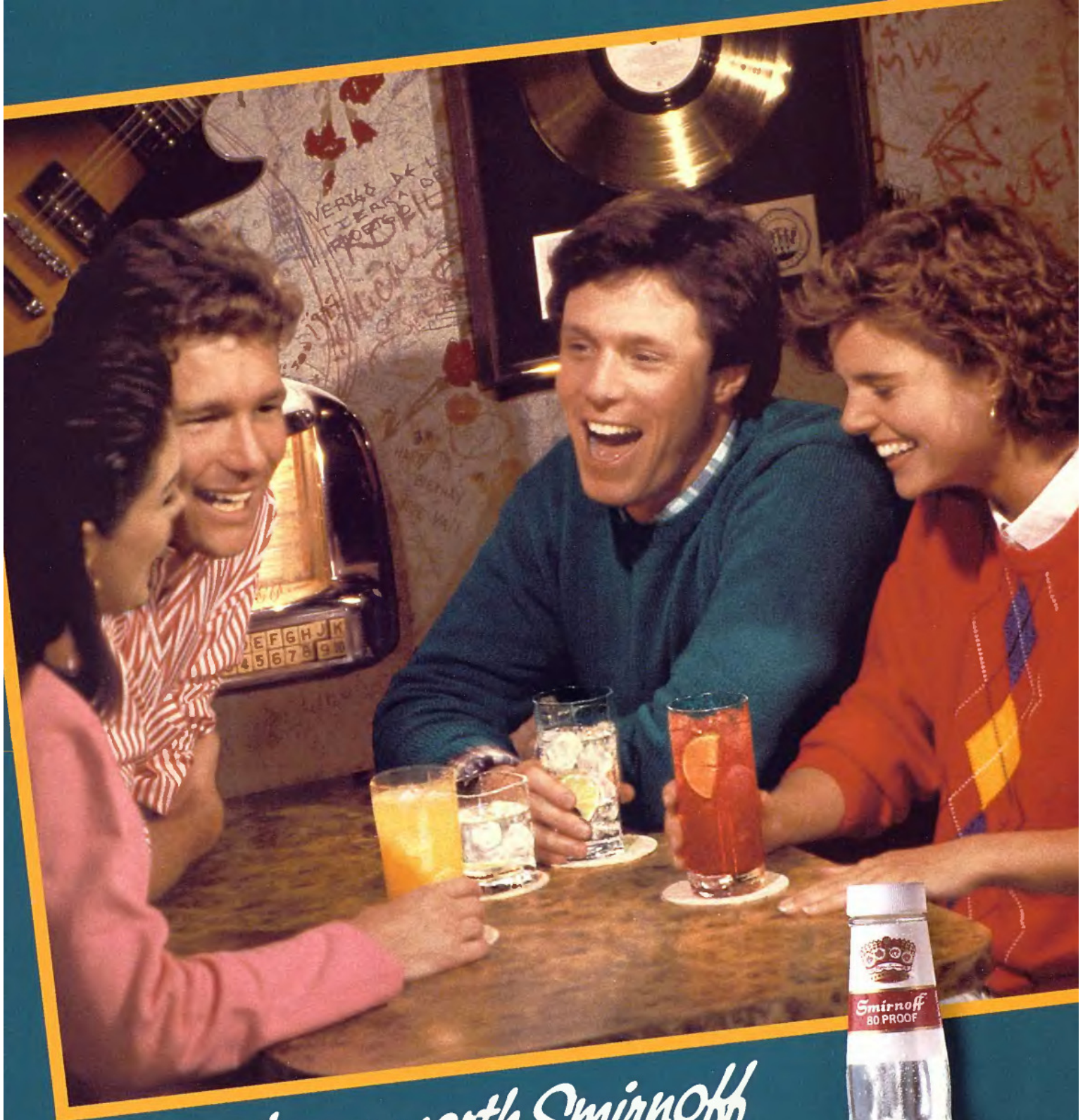
THE  
GREAT  
PALIMONY  
CAPER

COVER GIRL  
KIMBERLEY  
CONRAD  
THE NEW WOMAN  
IN HEF'S LIFE

GORBACHEV  
THE GREAT  
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# PLAYBILL

YOU TELL US, are these grounds for a lawsuit? A young woman gives up all the glamor that defines life in Canada to move into a mansion in Holmby Hills. Servants are put at her beck and call and she's wrapped in *haute couture*, introduced to the rich and famous and launched in a modeling career. If that doesn't sound like intolerable cruelty to you, you have something in common with *Playboy* Editor and Publisher **Hugh M. Hefner**, the target of a \$35,000,000 palimony lawsuit cooked up by his ex-lover **Carrie Leigh** and supported by her divorcing-for-dollars lawyer **Marvin Mitchelson**. The full story is told in *The Great Palimony Caper*; we might have called it *Cash 'n' Carrie*.

On a happier note, **Kimberley Conrad**—a.k.a. Miss January 1988—is now at Hef's side and on the cover of this issue, demonstrating that life, love and *Playboy* carry on.

While we wouldn't exactly call **Mikhail Gorbachev** sexy, he, too, is a welcome new presence, if only for the fact that he's the first Soviet leader in recent memory who doesn't seem to be rehearsing for his own funeral. **Robert Scheer**, veteran reporter on the Soviet scene, spent months interviewing Gorb's new crew of lieutenants, and in *Then Came Gorbachev* (illustrated by **Kinuko Y. Craft**), he sounds a Red alert for change.

The Soviets don't run the only mysterious empire on earth. There's another one that also sends mixed messages. We're talking about the empire of women, of course, and we have some tips on how to . . . er . . . penetrate it. In *A Man's Guide to Women's Magazines*, Articles Editor **John Rezek**, writer **Ben Pesta** and Editorial Assistant **Trish Wend** (our spy) decode the signals sent out by *Cosmopolitan*, *Vogue*, *Ms.* and *New Woman* to uncover the sexual preferences of modern women. Hot tip number one: If you see *Cosmo* on the coffee table, she may not be wearing underpants. Another perspective on women is provided by **Harry Turtledove's** short story *The Girl Who Took Lessons*, illustrated by **Dennis Mukai**. Hot tip number two: If she's taking a class, she may not have any. And **Robert Silverberg's** story *The Dead Man's Eyes* looks hard at the risks of killing your wife's lover. Hot tip number three: Don't—at least not when he's looking.

This month's *Playboy Interview* features **Harvey Fierstein**, the man whose play *Torch Song Trilogy* brought gay to Broadway. In his conversation with **Harry Stein**, Fierstein sounds off on AIDS, the search for Mr. Right and the sexual preferences of the Iran/*Contra* conspirators.

For your minimum monthly dose of testosterone, turn to *The Man Who Created Rambo* (illustrated by **Roy Pendleton**), where *First Blood* novelist **David Morrell** defends his creation **John Rambo** against critical snipers who say there's no heart under those rippling pecs, no brain beneath the bandanna.

We also offer a range of sporting activities in this issue, from fishing for trout to fishing for compliments to fomenting revolution. In *Lords of the Flies* (illustrated by the unflagging **Kinuko Y. Craft**), **Geoffrey Norman** plunges into the hottest sport in cool streams—fly-fishing—while the star of *Platoon* slides into a major-league fashion look in *Charlie Sheen Plays Ball*, shot by Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley**, who also aimed his cameras at this month's Playmate, **Helle Michaelsen**. You say you want a sporting revolution? **Harry Edwards**—the man hired to boost minorities in baseball—gives **Robert S. Wieder** blistering takes on racism in sports and the failure of America's black leaders (yes, including **Jesse**) in a hot *20 Questions*.

To relax after all that activity, book a reservation with **Tom Passavant** and **Craig Vetter** for *Aspen When It's Hot* and *Aspen When It Was Cool*, an off-season guide and a memoir, respectively, that prove that the fun has just begun when the snow melts on the Rocky Mountain high slopes.

And after you've finished dallying among the peaks and valleys of Colorado, check out the stunning geography—soaring pinnacles, scenic curves—captured by Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag** in *The Sunshine Girls*, a scintillating summer vacation with five Playmates. It's worth the climb. Why? Because it's bare. Enjoy.



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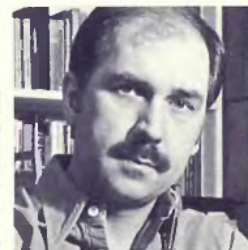
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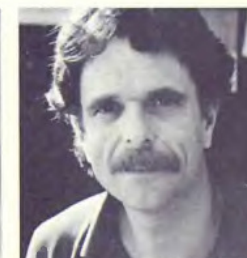
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# PLAYBOY®

vol. 35, no. 8—august 1988

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## COVER STORY

Canadian beauty Kimberley Conrad admitted to us in her January Playmate story that she had a soft spot in her heart for American men. She has certainly captured the attention of one such man: Kimberley has become the new woman in Hef's life. The cover was photographed by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda and produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski. You'll find a pocketful of miracles when you spot the hare.



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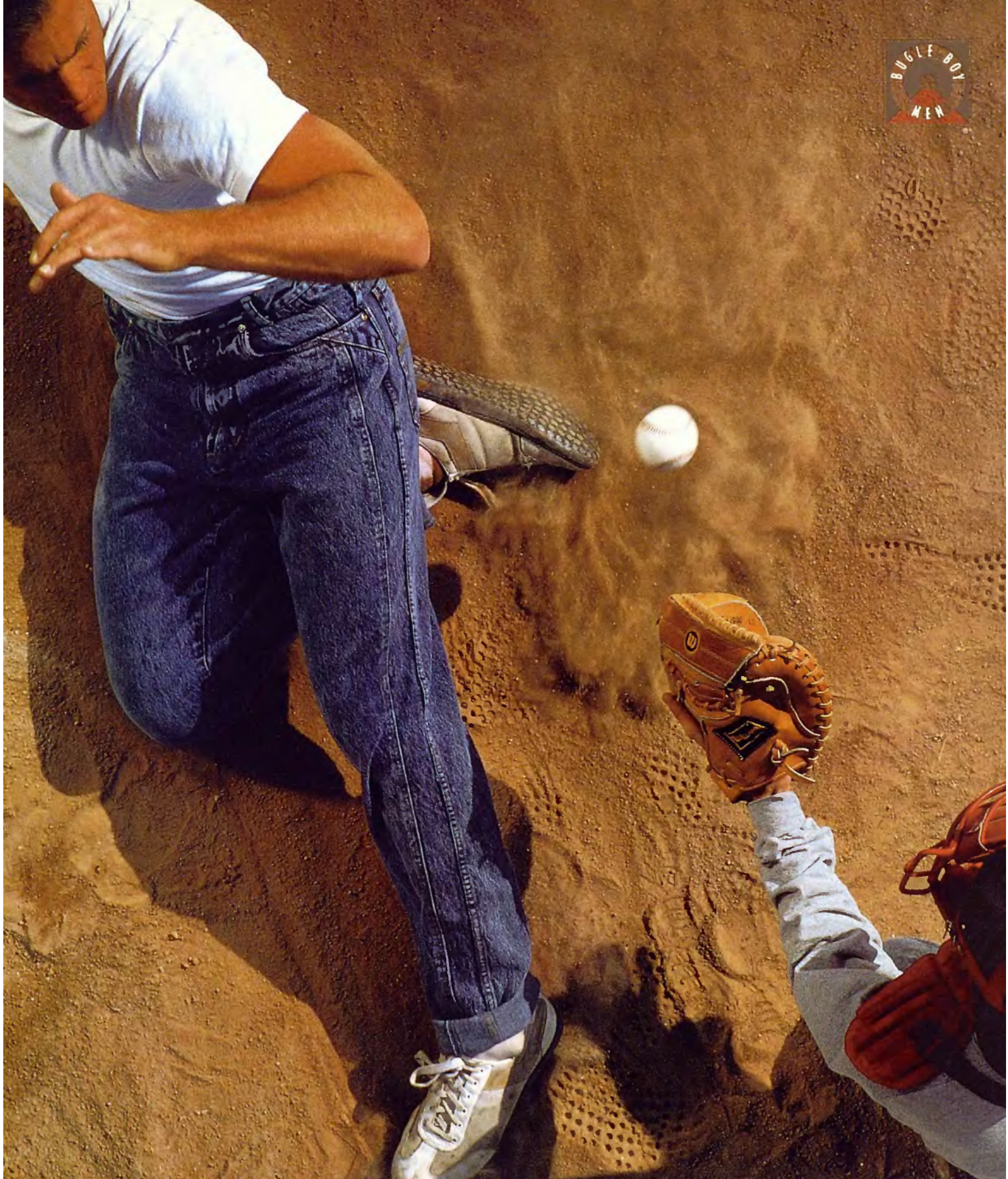
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## IN HIS HEART, HE KNOWS HE'S RIGHT

Someplace along the busy line of my life, I have undoubtedly met Larry King (*Tell It to the King*, *Playboy*, April). There is even a good possibility that I was at the Nixon party he refers to that turned into a pretty wild night. If I remember correctly, I didn't stay very long, but that's not important.

King says that we all started telling stories and that I told one about a German girl I'd slept with five or six years before. Now, I don't profess to have been a shrinking violet in those days, though at my present age, I have to admit that I am; but in all my life, I've never had an experience involving sleeping with a girl in Germany.

Furthermore, the only time President Kennedy ever called me to visit him at his office was on the day of the Bay of Pigs. He sent for me to ask me what I thought about the situation. Of course, he didn't follow my advice, but that was his business. As to President Kennedy and I having had a conversation about the girl I reportedly shacked up with, that's a lot of nonsense.

I'm sending a copy of this letter to King, because I would hate to see a story like this in any book that he may publish. He has some darned good stories to tell and doesn't have to go around making any up. I would relish hearing from him about this, and maybe I will. I just wanted your magazine, which I read, to know that there never was any hanky-panky between me and anyone in Germany, or as far as that goes, anyplace, throughout my life.

Barry Goldwater  
Scottsdale, Arizona

## KING OF ALL HE PURVEYS

After reading the May issue, I want to thank you for one of the most extraordinary interviews I've ever savored in *Playboy*, (or in any other magazine, for that matter). Don King thoroughly embodies the possibility that where there's hype, there's hope. No oppressed victim of racial castration, he carries balls big enough to bowl with, so his wisdom always seems to

be in the strike zone. Can you imagine him selling America from the Oval Office?

Keep waving that banner, Kingfish. The lessons you have learned deserve more teaching than they've been reaching!

Larry LeBlond  
Youngstown, New York

One question on the Don King *Playboy* Interview. Who is this guy bullshitting?

Don Taylor  
San Antonio, Texas

Don King states that all he gets is "scorn and the casting of aspersions" from the press. As a free-lance reporter who has written for such publications as *The Sporting News*, *Inside Sports*, *Sporting*, *The Ring*, *Boxing Beat*, *Gallery* and *The Seattle Times*, among others, I find it interesting that King strung me along for months in my attempt to interview him. After spending hundreds of dollars in phone bills, after calling him for months as he traveled all over the United States, I finally reached him. I told him I wanted to do an article on his career and on the future of boxing.

"Bill," Don said, "your questions deserve to be answered, but I'm in a meeting right now, so call my secretary and she will set up a time for us to meet."

When I called his secretary, she was so embarrassed, she was speechless.

Bob Arum, Mike Trainer, Howard Cosell, Muhammad Ali, Angelo Dundee, Joe Frazier, Jane Fonda, Burt Reynolds and Jesse Jackson are just a few of the people who have taken time out of their lives to speak with me. But Don King? No!

I won't deny that he is a brilliant promoter, but no one likes to be jacked around and lied to. Thanks a lot, Don.

William Tuthill  
Seattle, Washington

*It's enough to make your hair stand on end, isn't it, Bill?*

## RECALLING GENERAL MOTORS

As an hourly worker at General Motors, I found Albert Lee's article, *High Noon at*

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PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1476), AUGUST 1988, VOLUME 35, NUMBER 8. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$24 FOR 12 ISSUES, U.S.; CANADA, \$35 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, \$35 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51593-0222. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51593-0222, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. CIRCULATION: JACK BERNSTEIN, CIRCULATION PROMOTION DIRECTOR. ADVERTISING: NEW YORK: 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO: 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 60611; WEST COAST: PERKINS, FOX & PERKINS, 3205 OCEAN PARK BOULEVARD, SUITE 100, SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA 90405.



G.M. (*Playboy*, May), to be right on target. There are two very different worlds at G.M.: the front office and the factory. People in the factory are well aware of the outright contempt some of the higher white-collar workers have for manual laborers.

There is one irony that Lee doesn't note, probably because he is unaware of it. If an hourly worker makes a mistake that results in a substantial monetary loss (such as not checking parts while a machine is running, causing perhaps thousands of dollars of scrapped parts), the employee can be suspended from work without pay for a varied amount of time, depending on the circumstances. Roger Smith, on the other hand, can make a three-billion-dollar blunder and, as his punishment, give himself a megabuck bonus.

Management talks about sharing the pain and the rewards, but the glaring reality is that only certain members of the team get rewarded, while the rest actually lose through concessions in pay and benefits. Employee participation and teamwork don't have to be taught to anyone. They will come about automatically when people understand, not by words but through example, that their ideas and work are truly appreciated. That is something of which Ross Perot has a very good understanding. His departure was a sad loss to G.M. and its employees.

Lawrence Windhauser  
Rochester, New York

#### FIT OR MYTH?

The first half of William Barry Furlong's *The Fitness Myth* (*Playboy*, May) is a relentless diatribe against strenuous exercise that, I fear, too many readers in the emerging "couch potato" era will find only too consoling. Recently published studies pertaining to exercise physiology confirm an association between physical inactivity and heightened susceptibility to atherosclerotic coronary-artery disease. Jim Fixx did, indeed, probably hasten his own death by failing to respond to the recognized warning signs of cardiovascular disease. But given his family history of heart disease, in the long run (pun intended), he may also have added 20 years to his life.

Wilfred S. Kearse, Jr., M.D.  
San Antonio, Texas

It is a shame that William Barry Furlong, who writes so well, never learned how to read—numbers, at least. Only 25 percent of the people who jog or exercise with equipment claim to do so twice a week or more. But then, attention to the facts would not have allowed him to build a straw house that he could then set on fire.

Furlong also objects to the fact that the National Sporting Goods Association included children in its participation study. If he were familiar with the literature, he

would know that fitness among children is one of the major concerns of the President's Council on Physical Fitness.

However, the main thrust of his article is that people who engage in exercise are unthinking, a gratuitous assumption about millions of Americans (and *Playboy's* readers, as well). Furlong would apparently recommend that these unthinking Americans spend their time sky diving rather than exercise walking; after all, the "hi-psy" rewards are higher.

Thomas B. Doyle  
Director, Information and Research  
National Sporting Goods Association  
Mount Prospect, Illinois

#### COMING OUT OF A DAZE

In the May *Playboy After Hours*, Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson says that Spike Lee's movie *School Daze* is "brainless." Allow me to disagree. Williamson obviously missed the moral message of *Daze*. Lee, though perhaps too casually, brings to the screen the silly prejudices that segregate blacks from one another: light skin *vs.* dark skin, straight hair *vs.* coarse hair, Greek *vs.* non-Greek.

To compare *School Daze* to *Animal House* is absurd. *Animal House* is a movie about a bunch of fraternity guys running amuck. *School Daze*, on the other hand, delivers a very significant message that is as much about collegiate life as rape is about sex. At its end, the movie advises blacks to wake up and stop *all* segregation. It is obvious that Williamson went to the picture show, but he missed the movie.

Darryl Harrison  
New Orleans, Louisiana

#### ONE AND THE SAME

Actress Stacy Nix, in the May *Grapevine*, looks suspiciously like adult-film star Barbara Dare. Could they be one and the same?

Bob Arnold  
Millersburg, Ohio  
*Sharp eyes, Bob. Stacy Nix is Barbara Dare.*

#### THE FACE OF TERROR

On page 141 of *The Year in Movies* (*Playboy*, May) is a heart-shaped photo captioned "Jason." That is not a photo of Jason of *Friday the 13th* fame. It is a photo of The Shape, Michael Myers, from *Halloween*, which launched the lovely Jamie Lee Curtis to the status of queen of the horror flicks.

Paul Wilson  
Los Angeles, California  
*We close our eyes during the scary parts, opening them when Jamie Lee's on screen.*

#### MEAT THE PRESS

The writer of your May *Playboy After Hours* item on Walter's Barbecue in Athens, Georgia, calls it "one of America's

hippest hot spots." Had your writer been truly hip, he (or she) would have known that the band listed as the Meat Puppies is, in actuality, the Meat Puppets.

Scott DeJack  
Las Vegas, Nevada

*Ah, yes, as in "the one-eyed meat puppet." (We're talkin' cultured here.) Could have been worse: We could have called it the Band of the Hand.*

#### DENISE'S NEW ENTERPRISE

I've been an admirer of Denise Crosby (*Star Trek*, *Playboy*, May) ever since I first noticed her on *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. Sure, she doesn't get to say much on the show, but somehow, I've always felt that she could be a hell of an actress if they gave her a part to work with. Then I read that her *Star Trek* character is being killed off and that she's leaving the series. At the same time, I saw her pictorial in *Playboy* (thank you from the bottom of my heart).



Is there any relationship between the two events? I'd hate to think that the Moral Majority mentality had seeped into the decision-making processes of the producers of my favorite television show.

George Howard  
Los Angeles, California  
*No need to get your phaser cocked, George. It was Denise's decision to leave "Star Trek," not the show's producers'. Look for her on the big screen this fall; she's co-starring with Mare Winningham and Anthony Edwards in "Miracle Mile."*

#### CARR COVER

I have subscribed to *Playboy* for ten years, and the May cover is one of my all-time favorites.

The photo of Laurie Carr, by David Goldner, says, in its simplicity, a thousand words, once again proving that sometimes less is more.

John S. Pfister  
Webster, Texas





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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## PARADISE LOST

Those of us who live in the city like to believe that rural America remains untouched by such urban problems as crime. Our hopes were recently shattered by a crime spree reported in an edition of the Monroe, Washington, *Monitor/Valley News* that reached our desk. Among the heinous deeds:

A tavern owner reported that her boyfriend had been drinking and that she was scared of him. A dog was reported going through garbage. A generator fell off a pickup truck; someone noticed the generator and kept it.

A South Blakeley Street business reported a pushy telephone salesperson. Police assisted a motorist with a broken water hose. A man getting a haircut at a business on State Route Two saw a van back into his vehicle, then take off; later, the man saw the van and phoned police with the license-plate number.

Suspicious persons discovered parked at the Monroe dump were found to be "just relaxing."

A suspicious vehicle was reported behind a local tavern. Suspicious circumstances were reported at the high school, and an obscene phone call was placed to a Main Street business.

And we thought New York City was dangerous!

## ROBOGOLF

Five hundred years ago, golf's forefathers took a tree branch and hit a leather pouch stuffed with feathers at a hole that represented roughly 1/2,000,000 of the field of play. If it took seven swings to sink it, they threw the stick into the Firth of Forth.

Then came the technological revolution. Steel shafts replaced sticks. Golf got a little easier, but it was still, in the words of pundit Paul O'Neil, "an exercise in masochism conducted out of doors." Golf was still hard. That was the idea—the game's spitefulness was its allure.

No more, thanks to modern engineer-

ing. You can now swing a foam-filled metal-headed Taylor Made driver at a ball made of Surlyn or Zinthane. Today's "woods" come from labs, not trees. Today's irons are perimeter-weighted and sweet-spot-enhanced through computerized modeling techniques developed by NASA.

It gets worse. The number-one ball in the world, the Titleist, has a triangular dimple pattern for lift. It rises like a Dwight Gooden fast ball. The dimples of the Maxfli DDH are arranged in pentagons, for overkill. It hugs the terrain like a cruise missile. Using titanium, boron, beryllium-copper or Kevlar drivers, the pros can now skywrite with these new balls. Give them a Ping Eye 2 wedge (with its soon-to-be-illegal square grooves on the club face) and they will make their approach shots bite the green, back up and do calligraphy. Even hackers can make birdies with the new physics. Some of them use the already illegal "hot" balls advertised in golf magazines. The rumor is, if you hit one high enough, it will stay up.

Jack Nicklaus and Tom Watson, who re-

member the days when skill was rewarded and bad shots got wet, have suggested that all this tech may be screwing up the game. They worry about a future in which everybody stays home and shoots 65.

We do, too. We think we should ban everything but hickory, steel, feathers and leather and get back to the real meaning of the game, making excuses.

## LOVETT SONGS

*Nouveau*-country phenom Lyle Lovett is so cool that ultrahip country rocker K. D. Lang kidded him, "I bet with that hair, you get into *Eraserhead* for free." Lovett, whose hair grows way high and in the face, writes appealingly strange songs that weave classic lonely-guy images into wiggly Steven Wright-ish scenarios. For example, in *If I Had a Boat*, a pissed-off Tonto tells Kemosabe, "Kiss my ass, I bought a boat / I'm going out to sea."

Even though he has penned a few heartbreakers, Lovett has been accused of sexism for committing such criminal lines as "Well, I could handle it behind her / And I liked it on the side / But don't make me look around her, man, 'cause she's / Ugly-ugly-ugly-ugly-ugly."

"I just try to nail a particular aspect of human nature and simply show that it exists," Lovett explained. And human nature has disappointed him more than once. "I was opening at the Colorado state fair for Donny Osmond," he told us with some delight. "I saw all those teenage girls and thought they'd shown up to see me." He paused for a poker-faced second and finished, "I was mistaken." Aw, why don't you write a song about it, Lyle?

## LETTER BOMBS

You say you're tired of getting junk mail from Ed McMahon? You're looking for a change? Get a copy of *High Weirdness by Mail: A Directory of the Fringe—Mad Prophets, Crackpots, Kooks, and True Visionaries* (Fireside Books). Then you can order a fine periodical such as *The Three Stooges Journal* or Professor Matiha's giant tabloid





# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### QUOTE

"The only reason I found physics to be fun was because I had a professor who was hated by everybody, and I was charged by my classmates with making all his classroom experiments fail. So I had to learn a lot of physics to find out what tricks I could use."—Pierre Aigrain, former French secretary of state for research, in *Physics Today*.



### FACT OF THE MONTH

American taxpayers spent an estimated 1.7 billion hours last year filling out Government forms and complying with Government requests for data.

### SHOPPING

Percentage of purchases that are unsatisfactory to American consumers: 25.

Percentage of American consumers who do not complain when they have a problem: 70.

Percentage of consumers who throw away defective merchandise and pay erroneous bills without complaining: 18.

Amount of money offered last year in consumer-rebate programs: 50 billion dollars.

Percentage actually redeemed: less than ten.

In one study, percentage of consumers who say that a rebate offer affects their purchase decision: 65.

Average amount of a consumer rebate: two dollars.

### RICH BOYS OF SUMMER

Professional baseball team with the highest average salary on opening day, New York Yankees (\$657,720); with the lowest average salary, Texas Rangers (\$215,826).

Average salary in the major leagues: \$449,868.

Total amount spent on major-league ticket sales in 1987, \$350,000,000; on baseball cards, \$750,000,000.

Current value of 1952 Topps Mickey Mantle card, \$5750; 1951 Bowman Willie Mays card, \$1200; 1954 Topps Henry Aaron card, \$550; 1962 Topps Pete Rose card, \$525.

Estimated number of Americans who participate in softball leagues: 32,000,000.

Estimated number of organized softball games played per year in the United

States: 23,000,000.

Estimated number of baseball-related injuries requiring a visit to the emergency room in 1986: 361,552.

### LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD PERSONS

Percentage of the military in the United States composed of women, 10.2; in the Soviet Union, less than one; in Great Britain, five; in France, three.

Percentage of the U.S. Army composed of women, 10.5; of the Navy, nine; of the Air Force, 12.5; of the Marines, five.

Highest ranks held by women in the U.S. military: brigadier general and rear admiral.

Percentage of brigadier generals and rear admirals who are women: 1.9 (ten in all).

Number of noncommissioned officers who are women: 63,312 (8.5 percent).

Number of women in the enlisted ranks: 124,936 (11.8 percent).

## SPOTLIGHT



Dana Dane: GQ-B-boy.

Everyone thinks he can rap—football players, auto dealers, guys who write jingles for beer commercials. But if it's really that easy, why is Mike Ditka's *Grabowski Shuffle* so lame? Because Ditka isn't def, for one thing. We asked the very def **Dana Dane**, whose rap LP *Dana Dane with Fame* went gold this past spring, to give us a few tips on defness, which is sort of like coolness.

"Always wear a Kangol," he insisted. "These are the class hats. I wear the Furgora Kangol, the fuzzy jammy." His looks like a cross between a beret, a *yarmulke* and Dane's own hair. "Not too many people know what the top of my head looks like," he said. "You see, me and LL Cool J got something in common—nobody's seen the top of *his* head, either."

But there's more to it than wearing a hat, Dane pointed out. "It depends on what kind of rapper you want to be. There's your hard-rock rappers and your GQ-B-boy rappers.

"Your hard-rock rapper wears a sweat-suit-type thing, with sneakers, a hat and jewelry. *Lots* of jewelry. It doesn't matter what sweat suit it is, as long as it's the most expensive.

"The GQ-B-boy is my style. The hard-core B-boy look starts out with a Kangol hat and Bally shoes. But then you mix it with that GQ style—a silk jacket and some nice baggy slacks.

"Now, with gold jewelry, if you wear just a rope chain, you're a hard-rock rapper. If it's Italian link, you're working into a GQ. What I'm wearing now is a gold Italian link, which is GQ, but it has my B-boy part, too, the big gold square with the double D." And we suppose that's for Double Def.



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# Foltène

## EUROPE'S ANSWER TO THINNING HAIR.



## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

**SURPASSING ANYTHING** he has done since *Splash*, Tom Hanks in *Big* (Fox) fulfills all his early promise as a superlative light comedian. Of course, it helps to have an imaginatively wacky screenplay, this one by Anne Spielberg (Steven's sister) and Gary Ross. There's a handy winner in the batch of body-switching comedies released recently—this makes four, by my count—all about identity swaps between men and boys. *Big* concerns a restive 12-year-old (David Moscow plays the younger Joshua) who makes a wish on an amusement-park dream machine and wakes up the next morning as a 30ish young man. Wouldn't you know his Mom absolutely *freaks*? How he flees home to become a hot-shot executive in a toy company might not be credible but for Hanks, who manages every transition with sly nuances and an amazing sense of truth. He's hilarious in business, where his childlike enthusiasm is interpreted as marketing genius, and even better in his romantic relationship with a co-worker (Elizabeth Perkins) who finds his boyishness irresistible, to a point. When she hints that she may stay the night at his place, visions of bunk-bed fun dance in his head. "Sleep *over*?" he chortles and asks to be on top.

There's lots more, and *Big* juggles most of it with airy ebullience. Penny Marshall, in her second outing as a feature-film director (Whoopi Goldberg's *Jumpin' Jack Flash* was her first), is not yet a threat to Mel Brooks or Rob Reiner. But she's on her way—and certainly knows a thing or two about casting. John Heard as an archrival in the adult world, Jared Rushton as a nerdy friend from school and Robert Loggia as Hanks's boss are all drolly deadpan. As grown men going gaga over kid stuff at the FAO Schwarz toy emporium, Hanks and Loggia provide just one of many memorable movie moments that ought to make *Big* a bonanza. ★★★

Elegance and decadence combined with top-drawer talent bring high gloss to *A Handful of Dust* (New Line). This faithful film adaptation of Evelyn Waugh's 1934 novel, meticulously directed by Charles Sturridge, has much the same air of refinement Sturridge brought to the hugely acclaimed TV series based on Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*. Infidelity among the English gentry is the mischief afoot in *Dust*, which stars James Wilby superbly playing Tony Last, a young country squire who seems almost more devoted to his stately home than to his restless wife (Kristin Scott Thomas). So the wife rents a flat in London and plunges into an affair with a penniless socialite named Beaver (Rupert Graves, who was the gay game-keeper wooing Wilby in last year's



Rushton, Hanks make it *Big*.

Finally, a funny movie about man/boy body swapping.

*Maurice*). First cuckolded, then racked by the death of his young son, Tony impulsively sets off on an expedition to the South American jungle, where a strange fate awaits him. Loyal Waugh readers will understand the plot but may miss the author's wry black humor, while average moviegoers will probably just go away puzzled. Some sly clues to what it's all about are provided by Anjelica Huston, Judi Dench and Alec Guinness, the cream of a bookish but brilliant cast. ★★★½

Playing yet another spoiled, aristocratic young Englishman, Wilby is obviously the flavor-of-the-week actor in Great Britain. In *A Summer Story* (Atlantic), adapted from a John Galsworthy novella, he's a London chap on vacation in Devonshire, where he falls in love—and into a hayloft—with a sweet, giving country girl (Imogen Stubbs). Of course, he deserts her for a proper young woman of his own class, and of course, he lives to regret putting propriety before headlong passion. Flawlessly acted, directed in the best British manner by Piers Haggard, *Summer Story* is... well, a tidy story with a tidy moral. A bit like reading in bed. ★★

After playing the romantic leads in the adventure-fantasy *Willow* (MGM), Val Kilmer and Joanne Whalley were married. Which means that wedding congratulations are in order, along with a sympathy card for the movie that brought them together. Executive producer George Lucas

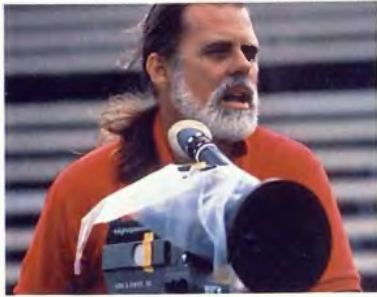
claims that he has had *Willow* on his mind for about 15 years. Filmgoers over the age of 12 will not need to think about it for more than ten minutes after the lights go up. It's a sort of quest tale about a dwarf named Willow (Warwick Davis), a wash-buckling hero (Kilmer) and a baby princess they try to save because she's destined by fate to topple a wicked queen (Jean Marsh, hamming royally) from her throne. The hunted tot inspires adorable-infant reaction shots by the dozens. Director Ron Howard also leans too much on lavish swordplay, sorcery and galloping horses. The visual overkill becomes a handicap, with Lucas' famed Industrial Light and Magic outfit going bananas to produce special effects that show budget-busting industry but precious little magic. ★★★½

The latest in a series of films he describes as "*Comédies et Proverbes*," French director Eric Rohmer's *L'Ami de Mon Amie* (Orion Classics) is a delicious, romantic fable about the mating game. It's an old story, but the setting is new—a sprawling urban community of high-rise apartments, cafés and boutiques that's typically French-modern and only a half hour from Paris but could pass for a shopping mall near Cleveland. Here, two working girls (Emmanuelle Chaulat as Blanche, Sophie Renoir as Lea) meet on their lunch breaks and make a date to go swimming. Lea lives with Fabien (Eric Viellard), who is attracted to Blanche, who much prefers Alexandre (François-Eric Gendron), who has someone else but secretly prefers Lea. And so it goes, setting off a roundelay of flirtations, betrayals and carefully timed chance encounters that come to a happy end, with everyone mixed up and re-matched. In translation, Rohmer's title means *My Girlfriend's Boyfriend*. Sounds deceptively simple, but Rohmer has a poet's flair for transforming the most commonplace boy-meets-girl foolery into pure enchantment. He goes so far as to color-coordinate the costumes worn by the couples swapping partners, and gets away with it. Eschewing steamy nude scenes or fashionable references to safe sex, he tells us everything we need to know about being young, single and searching. ★★★

Remember Jack the Ripper, granddaddy of all serial killers? An updated variation in L.A. today keeps things hairy and scary in *Jack's Back* (Cinema Group), a cutting-edge first feature by writer-director Rowdy Herrington, who picked up his know-how as a lighting technician on more than 30 films. Experience tells, even when it's not always evident in the writing. Too many hints of the killer's identity occur too soon, but the movie still has enough sharp turns and psychological twists to produce



temporary states of hypertension. One nasty-but-nice touch: the unseen assassin's penchant for singing *My Way* in the shower. Herrington also has a wholly plausible, attractive cast, with Cynthia Gibb as the



There's a Hackford in your future.

## OFF CAMERA

Next to make the leap from mere director to mogul is **Taylor Hackford**, about to emerge from a merger with New Century Entertainment as production chief of a major studio to be called New Visions Pictures. Committed to conjure up 25 pictures in five years, on relatively small budgets of about \$8,000,000 each, Hackford promises us movies with "a strong human quotient," plus plenty of music. Yes, music. This is the man whose platinum track record includes five hit songs in four successive films, from *An Officer and a Gentleman* and *White Nights* to last year's *La Bamba* (which he only produced). He also directed the Chuck Berry documentary *Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll*. His first production under the new banner will be *Rooftops*, an urban drama with integral music and dance. Hackford's professional credo is straightforward: "Generally, there is some character struggling in my films, a working-class person making it in American society. Clearly, I am affected by the American work ethic, coming from the working class myself." Fact is, he worked his way up from the mail room to documentaries for public TV, then directed *The Idolmaker* (1980), a rock-star saga, and landed on top of the heap in Hollywood. Still to come while he's taking charge at New Visions is *Everybody's All-American*, a fall release co-starring Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid and Tim Hutton, about a former football hero and his homecoming queen. This one, says Hackford without flinching, will show "how time erodes certain attitudes and changes circumstances, how the exalted can become diminished. It's about success and what we do to our human icons." Wish him luck.

seductive med student in jeopardy and James Spader in a dual role as a victim and his avenging identical twin, whose nightmares produce bizarre clues. Spader, previously typecast as the smoothly handsome blond Yuppie you love to hate (recently in *Mannequin*, *Baby Boom* and *Wall Street*), here makes a reasonable bid for leading-man status. **★★½**

You know a movie has problems when an actress portraying Gertrude Stein says to a writer character named Ernest, "Remember, Hemingway, the sun also sets." Whoever penned such dialog should have been reminded that the gorge also rises. Even so, there's some pleasure in director Alan Rudolph's *The Moderns* (Alive Films), a fact-and-fiction hodgepodge about American expatriates in Paris during the Roaring Twenties. The City of Light is bathed throughout in a golden vintage glow, with mood music to match. Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Linda Fiorentino, John Lone and Genevieve Bujold flail around in smashing costumes, while Kevin J. O'Connor, as a tweedy Hemingway, takes notes. Wallace Shawn, as a gossip columnist, pretty much steals the show by delivering his lines with well-deserved disrespect. Look, don't listen, and *The Moderns* may grab you. **★★½**

Marianne Sägebrecht, the corpulent German actress who was the generous embodiment of *Sugarbaby* several seasons ago, is back as a kind of one-woman magic show in *Bagdad Cafe* (Island). In his first English-language film, *Sugarbaby* director Percy Adlon teams Sägebrecht with another powerfully offbeat performer, CCH Pounder, as Brenda, a wild, disheveled woman whose godforsaken truck-stop motel at the edge of the Mojave Desert is changed forever by the arrival of a mysterious German tourist named Jasmin. Inexplicably abandoned by her man, Jasmin befriends the initially hostile Brenda and enchants a retired Hollywood set painter (Jack Palance) who hangs around the place. Children, truckers, someone identified as a boomerang backpacker and other local eccentrics all fall under her spell. So will movie audiences, I suspect, by the time she starts performing sleight of hand as part of the joint's floorshow. **★★½**

To assert that *Powaqqatsi* (Cannon) is about something in the usual sense might be grossly misleading. The movie has no dialog, no narration. Its images of teeming Third World humanity are accompanied by Philip Glass's musical score to produce a kind of cinematic dream state. If you tripped out on *Koyaanisqatsi*, director Godfrey Reggio's 1983 epic of alpha-wave sound and scenery, *Powaqqatsi* should prove mind-bending on another level. The title is a combination of two Hopi Indian words meaning sorcerer and life. I'm not sure it works as a film, but it may very well work as a journey to nirvana. **★★★**

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

- L'Ami de Mon Amie* (See review) Being young, single and French. **★★★★**  
*Babette's Feast* (Reviewed 5/88) A real treat, and Oscar's choice as best foreign-language film of 1987. **★★★**  
*Bagdad Cafe* (See review) Motley crew at a truck stop. **★★½**  
*Big* (See review) Child's play for Tom Hanks as a man-sized little boy. **★★★★**  
*Bright Lights, Big City* (6/88) OK on film but more fun in the book. **★★½**  
*Colors* (6/88) Penn vs. Duvall in a tough-minded, controversial drama about gang wars in East L.A. **★★★**  
*Da* (6/88) The ghost of his late father (Barnard Hughes) confronts a grieving son (Martin Sheen) in Ireland. **★★★★½**  
*The Decline of Western Civilization Part II* (7/88) Guys, dolls and groupies on the heavy-metal scene. **★★★★**  
*A Handful of Dust* (See review) Brits with glitz, from Waugh's novel. **★★½**  
*Jack's Back* (See review) The Ripper repeating himself in modern L.A. **★★½**  
*Judgment in Berlin* (7/88) Trial of a hijacker, with Martin Sheen. **★★½**  
*The Last Emperor* (2/88) A basketful of Oscars, all richly earned. **★★★★**  
*The Manchurian Candidate* (7/88) Still chilling and prophetic 1962 thriller about political assassination. **★★★★**  
*The Moderns* (See review) Paris in the Roaring Twenties fizzles. **★★½**  
*Powaqqatsi* (See review) A Third World trip that doesn't waste words. **★★★**  
*Salome's Last Dance* (7/88) Ken Russell trashing a Wilde classic. **★★½**  
*A Summer Story* (See review) Bookish, veddy British tale of lost love. **★★**  
*Sunset* (Listed only) Colorful, muddled suspense comedy about old Hollywood—with Bruce Willis as cowboy star Tom Mix, James Garner as Wyatt Earp. **★★**  
*Tokyo Pop* (6/88) Nippon rocks, with some help from Carrie Hamilton. **★★★**  
*Track 29* (6/88) Theresa Russell as a provocative mad housewife. **★★★**  
*Two Moon Junction* (Listed only) Corny but sexed-up saga about a Southern belle and a carnival roustabout. **★★**  
*The Unbearable Lightness of Being* (5/88) A horny European doctor tamed by feminine mystique. Powerful, hot. **★★★★**  
*White Mischief* (6/88) Colonials playing musical beds in Africa while England braves the blitz. **★★★**  
*White of the Eye* (3/88) The return of Cathy Moriarty to take your mind off a serial killer's compulsions. **★★½**  
*Willow* (See review) Weep for it. **★★½**  
*A World Apart* (7/88) Barbara Hershey as a housewife fighting apartheid. **★★★**

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





362228. George Michael—*Faith*. (Columbia)



364695. Wynton Marsalis—*Baroque Music For Trumpets*. (CBS Masterworks)



368443. Various Artists—*Good Morning Vietnam*. (A&M)



361402. Tiffany. (MCA)



356154. Whitney Houston—*Whitney*. (Arista)

# A Sound Investment



365494. George Harrison—*Cloud Nine*. (Dark Horse)



365716. Robert Plant—*Now and Zen*. (Es Paranza)



365189. James Taylor—*Never Die Young*. (Columbia)



364018. Foreigner—*Inside Information*. (Atlantic)

354449. U2—*The Joshua Tree*. (Island)

336396-396390. Billy Joel's Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 & 2. (Columbia)

339226. Gershwin: *Rhapsody In Blue*; more. Thomas, Los Angeles Phil. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

342097. Barbra Streisand—*The Broadway Album*. (Columbia)

343665. Debussy: *La Mer*; *Nocturnes*—Michael Tilson Thomas. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

343715. Vivaldi: *Four Seasons*—Maazel cond. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

344184. Copland: *Billy The Kid/Rodeo Ballets*—Slatkin, St. Louis Sym. (Digital—Angel)

344622. Anita Baker—*Rapture*. (Elektra)

345199. Beethoven: *Overtures*—Bavarian Radio Orch., C. Davis. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

346544. Kenny G—*Duetones*. (Arista)

346957. Steve Winwood—*Back In The High Life*. (Island)

347492. Glenn Miller Orchestra—*In The Digital Mood*. (Digital—GRP)

347567. Gershwin's *Song Book & Other Music For Piano Solo*—Leonard Pennario. (Angel)

348318. The Police—*Every Breath You Take*—*The Singles*. (A&M)

348458. Dvorak: *Cello Concerto*—Yo-Yo Ma; *Mozart, Berlin Philhar.* (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

354902. Fleetwood Mac—*Tango In The Night*. (Warner Bros.)

355164. Vladimir Horowitz *Plays Favorite Encores*. (CBS Masterworks)

355172. Ravel: *Rapsodie Valses/Pavone/Alborado*, etc.—Previn, Royal Phil. (Digital—Angel)

348649. Pachelbel *Canon & Other Digital Delights*—Davis, Toronto Chamber Orch. (Digital—Fonfare)

348987-398982. *Linda Ronstadt*—*Round Midnight*. (Asylum)

349134-399139. Beethoven: *Sonatas Piono & Violin, Vol. 2*—Stern, Istomin. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

349985. Johnny Mathis/*Henry Mancini*—*The Hollywood Musicals*. (Columbia)

350587. Kathleen Battles *Sings Mozart*. (Angel)

352534. Holst: *Planets*—A. Davis, Toronto Symph. (Digital—Angel)

353771. Bolling/Rampal: *Suite #2 for Flute & Jazz Piono Trio*. (Digital—CBS)

354514. Jody Watley. (MCA)

354951. Mozart: *Flute Quartets*—Rampal, Stern, Accardo, Rostropovich. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

354985. Billie Holiday—*From The Original Decca Masters*. (Digitally Remastered—MCA)

355115-395111. Prince—*Sign 'O' The Times*. (Paisley Park)

347955. Huey Lewis & The News—*Fore!* (Chrysalis)

355362. Whitesnake. (Geffen)

355578. Hanson: *Symphony No. 2 ("Romantic")*, Barber; *Violin Concerto*. Oliveira; Slatkin, St. Louis Sym. (Digital—Angel)

356279. Gloria Estefan *And Miami Sound Machine*—*Let It Loose*. (Epic)

356329. Randy Travis—*Always & Forever*. (Warner Bros.)

356667. Heart—*Bad Animals*. (Capitol)

357640. Wynton Marsalis—*Standards Time*. (Columbia)

356501. Benson/Klugh—*Collaboration*. (Warner Bros.)

357087. Grateful Dead—*In The Dark*. (Arista)

357350. Duke Ellington Orchestra—*Digital Duke*. (Digital—GRP)

357368. Hiroshima—*Go*. (Epic)

357657. Beethoven: *Piano Concerto No. 5*—Murray Perahic. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

365825. Billy Ocean—*Tear Down These Walls*. (Jive/Arista)

357871. Tchaikovsky: *Waltzes*—S. Commission and Houston Symphony. (Digital—Pro Arte)

357889. Copland: *Billy The Kid*; *Appalachian Spring*; etc.—Bernstein, NY Phil. (Digitally Remastered—CBS Masterworks)

358127. Kronos Quartet—*White Man Sleets*. Volans; Ives; Bartok; etc. (Digital—Nonesuch)

359927. Debbie Gibson—*Out of the Blue*. (Atlantic)

360016. Spyro Gyra—*Stories Without Words*. (Digital—MCA)

361022. Tchaikovsky: *Symphony No. 6*—Claudio Abbado, Chicago Symph. Orch. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

361048. Dione Schuur and the Count Basie Orchestra. (Digital—GRP)

361139. R.E.M.—*Document*. (I.R.S.)

361147. Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Carousel*. Barbara Cook, Samuel Ramey. (Digital—MCA Classics)

367102. Joni Mitchell—*Court and Spark*. (Asylum)

358929. Elton John *Live In Australia*. (MCA)

358937. Handel: *Music For The Royal Fireworks*—Yehudi Menuhin, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. (Digital—MCA Classics/RPO)

359018. Pat Metheny Group—*Still Life (Talking)*. (Geffen)

359075. Aerosmith—*Permanent Vacation*. (Geffen)

359695. Sarah Vaughn—*Brazilian Romance with Milton Nascimento*. (CBMA)

359711. Brahms: *Piano Quartet, Op. 25*—Murray Perahic, Members Of The Amadeus Quartet. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

361170. Yes—*Big Generator*. (Atco)

361279. *World's Greatest Overtures*—Strauss, Suppe, more. (Digital—Pro-Arte)

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231670. Janis Joplin's *Greatest Hits*. (Columbia)

244459. Santana's *Greatest Hits*. (Columbia)

246868. Jim Croce—*Photographs & Memories*—*His Greatest Hits*. (Sajal)

256560. Cat Stevens *Greatest Hits*. (Columbia)

260638. Chicago's *Greatest Hits*. (Columbia)

269365. The Band—*The Best Of The Band*. (Capitol)

286914. Fleetwood Mac—*Rumours*. (Warner Bros.)

287003. Eagles—*Their Greatest Hits 1971-1975*. (Asylum)

291526. Emerson, Lake & Palmer—*Brain Salad Surgery*. (Atlantic)

292243. Jackson Browne—*The Pretender*. (Asylum)

292284. James Taylor—*Sweet Baby James*. (Warner Bros.)

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327742. *The Best Of Kansas*. (CBS Assoc.)

341073. *A Decade of Steely Dan*. (MCA)

342501. *The Byrds Greatest Hits*. (Columbia)

351957. Yes—*Fragile*. (Atlantic)

343657. Chuck Berry—*The Great Twenty-Eight*. (Chess)

345157. Jethro Tull—*Aqualung*. (Chrysalis)

346445. Beach Boys—*Made In U.S.A.* (Capitol)

348110. Buddy Holly—*From Orig. Master Tapes*. (Digitally Remastered—MCA)

349803. Van Morrison—*Moondance*. (Warner Bros.)

350645. Rolling Stones—*Sticky Fingers*. (Rolling Stones)

353102. Jimi Hendrix—*Are You Experienced?* (Reprise)

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362079. Michael Jackson—*Bad*. (Epic)



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362665. Cher. (Geffen)

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363655. Barry Manilow—*Swing Street*. (Arista)

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# MUSIC

## VIC GARBARINI

TINA TURNER has always claimed to be more of a rocker at heart than a pop *chanteuse*. But it has been such "classy" mid-tempo ballads as *What's Love Got to Do with It* that reshaped her image and reignited her career over the past three years. On the two-record *Tina Live in Europe* (Capitol), her farewell to the road after three decades of touring, the lady manages to have it both ways: She gives a hard rock-and-roll edge to such pure pop gems as *Better Be Good to Me* and *Typical Male*. A resuscitated David Bowie duets on *Tonight* and *Let's Dance*, and Eric Clapton helps churn out a spirited *Tearing Us Apart*. There's a truly classy interchange with Robert Cray on *634-5789* and the bluesy *A Change Is Gonna Come*, but the real showstopper is an explosively cathartic romp with Bryan Adams through *It's Only Love*. On the down side, all those years jerking at the end of Ike's chain during the Turners' legendary on-stage aural peep shows may be the reason Tina sometimes turns a little too shrill and frenetic. And that's just plain unnecessary.

A decade ago, Graham Parker seemed headed for major stardom, combining Bruce's R&B-tinged fervor with Elvis Costello's caustic self-reflections. Ten frustrating years later, his RCA debut, *The Mona Lisa's Sister*, is a collection of unpolished, demolike tracks that prove that his integrity is still intact—even if his vision seems pinched. Honest and incisive, yes. But lacking in spirit and decent hooks, with the notable exception of the superb *I'm Just Your Man*—an act of grace that shows he still has the spark in there somewhere. How about an empathetic producer volunteering to help him squeeze out a few more next time?

## NELSON GEORGE

Vernon Reid is the Jesse Jackson of rock. Like the Presidential candidate, this black rock guitarist is trying to overcome white racism and black skepticism to prove that no area is invulnerable to black excellence. While Jackson tries to prove that blacks can politic as hard as whites, Reid's band, Living Colour, sets out to prove that home boys can rock as hard as white boys.

On *Vivid* (Epic), Reid and Living Colour's three other members make an uncompromising debut, demonstrating their mastery of a broad range of styles, from Led Zeppelin-like guitar wailing to speed metal, funk and even a bit of hip-hop. *Middle Man* is a tough, mean, mainstream-rock track. *Open Letter (to a Landlord)*, a song about gentrification, and *Memories Can't Wait*, a Talking Heads cover, provide dramatic shifts from soft to loud, giving Reid plenty of room for his Jimmy Page-inspired dynamics. *Glamour Boys*, one of



As the Tina turns.

Vernon Reid, Joan Jett and Ziggy Marley rock, but Tina springs eternal.

two songs produced by that old Negrophile Mick Jagger, has a hooky pop-rock chorus, while *Desperate People* is a driving funk-rock blend. Overall, *Vivid* is one of the most satisfying and important black rock records since *Band of Gypsies* or, for those of you with shorter memories, *Purple Rain*.

## DAVE MARSH

We talk about pop music as if it were a matter of songs. Almost always, if we're discussing the stuff spawned by Chuck Berry, Elvis Presley and their brethren rather than by Irving Berlin and his, what we really mean is records.

Cases in point are everywhere. Take Joan Jett's *Up Your Alley* (Blackheart). Its best material—stuff like *Ridin' with James Dean* and *I Still Dream About You*—barely qualifies as anything more than song fragments. The melodic development is as sketchy as Jett's singing, and the harmonies are just a framework for blasts of guitar. She covers Chuck Berry's *Tulane*, the last real song he wrote, and also Iggy Pop's *I Wanna Be Your Dog*, which isn't a song but a concept based on a riff. Granted, this is Jett's weakest album, but it doesn't have much to do with the songs, which are just as fine and just as minimal as ever.

The one place in American pop still dominated by songwriters is Nashville. Country singers always have good songs in the old-fashioned sense, which shows you

how meaningful that is these days. In fact, the security of performing in a medium where songs are king may hold country performers back. Take Conway Twitty, who has been sleepwalking through his career for what seems like centuries. *Still in Your Dreams* (MCA) is his best album in many years—but not especially because the songs are better. It's just that, for some reason, Twitty decided to sing them as if he were awake and had something comparatively urgent on his mind. As a result, this is a first-rate album with one classic cut: *Saturday Night Special* is probably just the product of an overheated Music Row imagination, but what a fantasy! Twitty goes into a pawnshop to buy a revolver and one bullet—for himself. But he doesn't like the shopkeeper's cheating a woman who's hocking her wedding ring, so he puts his purchase to other uses. You can imagine the rest, but you'd be better off listening to it.

## CHARLES M. YOUNG

Since the death of Bob Marley in 1980, Jamaican *reggae* has branched into some odd areas—"lick shot" (basically odes to the joy of carrying an M-16) and "slack" (graphic descriptions of sex)—that have

## GUEST SHOT



FLEETWOOD MAC *writer-keyboardist-singer Christine McVie says that Mac is in a hard-core working mode, now finishing its Tango in the Night world tour and gearing up for a new studio LP. Even so, we asked her to review the new one by Ziggy Marley, son of reggae legend Bob.*

"I'm not someone who buys much *reggae*, but *Conscious Party* works for me, because it avoids monotony in tempo. It's a very warm record, too. Ziggy carries on in his dad's footsteps, especially in the timbre of his voice, but he's also inventive. His politics are present but not overpoweringly so. In particular, the background vocals are lovely, the arrangements imaginative and only a few tracks falter. I like 80 percent of it, and I seldom like 80 percent of any album—including some of Fleetwood Mac's."



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# FAST TRACKS

# R

# ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
<b>Joan Jett</b> <i>Up Your Alley</i>	B+	B+	C	B-	A-
<b>Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers</b> <i>Conscious Party</i>	B+	B	C+	B+	A-
<b>Graham Parker</b> <i>The Mona Lisa's Sister</i>	C+	B-	C	B+	C+
<b>Living Colour</b> <i>Vivid</i>	B	B	B	C	A-
<b>Tina Turner</b> <i>Tino Live in Europe</i>	B	A-	C+	B+	A-

**DANCE FEVER DEPARTMENT:** When fans of **Gloria Estefan** and **Miami Sound Machine** rewrote conga history, representatives from the *Guinness Book of World Records* were on hand to witness the moment. The conga line was 119,984 people strong.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** Disney has picked up the rights to **Tina Turner's** bio, *I, Tina*. She's acting as consultant on the project. After 31 years on the road, Tina has called it quits. She will be recording again, though, after a well-deserved vacation. . . . **Lol Creme** and **Kevin Godley** will direct *Howling at the Moon*, starring **Gary Busey**, with a **Robbie Robertson** score. . . . **David Keith** is doing his own singing in *Heartbreak Hotel*, the movie he's making about **Elvis**. . . . Everyone wants **Whitney Houston** in a movie, but the singer is still too busy musically to make any commitments.

**NEWSBREAKS:** A **Stax** reunion tour may be in the works, since **William Bell**, **Eddie Floyd**, **Isaac Hayes**, **Luther Ingram**, **Johnnie Taylor** and **Rufus** and **Carla Thomas** were so well received in a get-together in Atlanta this past spring. . . . **Dee Snider** has left *Twisted Sister*, saying, "I've said what I had to say in *Twisted Sister*. . . I'm proud of what we accomplished together. . . the time has come to move on." . . . When asked where the name **Toto** came from, **Steve Lukather** answered, "It sure beats the *Butthole Surfers*." . . . **Janet Jackson** goes back into the studio this month to record again with **Jimmy Jam** and **Terry Lewis**. . . . **Bill Wyman's** bio will finally be written with **Ray Coleman**, the former editor of *Melody Maker*. Wyman has collected tons of **Rolling Stones** memorabilia since 1962. Other Stones news: **Ron Wood** says the boys will do a final concert tour and album next year. **Mick** announced to his cronies that getting the group together was a top priority for

him. . . . A poem written by **Jim Morrison** will be included on an album being produced to benefit Save the Children. Other musicians who appear on the record include **Stewart Copeland**, **Susanna Hoffs**, **Billy Idol**, **Jon Anderson** and **Patti Scialfa**. . . . A compilation album of hit songs in demo form by the people who actually wrote them has just been released. What songs? *Walk Like an Egyptian*, *True Colors* and *Automatic* will be featured. . . . CBS is considering **Dweezil** and **Moon Zappa** for a TV situation comedy. . . . And **Michael Des Barres** is filming an NBC pilot called *Flip Side*, which is being produced by **Don Johnson**. Des Barres describes the show as "Keith Richards Knows Best." . . . The **Little Feat** reunion, with the addition of vocalist **Craig Fuller**, will end up on an album. . . . **Marshall Crenshaw** is poking through Capitol Records' vaults to compile an album of country music from the Thirties and Forties. Crenshaw, who is a big fan of that era, will be writing the liner notes. . . . As **Poison** prepared to hit the road this past spring, the guys made a list of things they'd need on the road, from pizza to Band-Aids to 876 lubricated condoms. Who says heavy-metal groups are irresponsible? . . . Just so you disappointed fans will know: All the **Talking Heads** wanted to do a *Naked* tour, but **David Byrne** is just too busy with film and theatrical projects. They are not ruling out a 1989 series of concerts. . . . Finally, what to make of this item? **Fat Boy Darren** "Human Beat Box" **Robinson** has challenged boxer **Mike Tyson** to a fight, following some loud words between the Boys and Tyson. Robinson promised that a fight would separate the "star from the superstar" and suggested that any money raised go to charity. —BARBARA NELLIS

tended to make it less appealing to many of its previous fans in white America. Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers, who are mostly Bob's progeny, have an excellent chance of remedying that situation with *Conscious Party* (Virgin), an album that is derivative of the elder Marley in the best sense. Aside from the obvious similarity of voice, Ziggy manages to find that optimum balance among liberation politics, love and personal experience that made his father such a compellingly conscious party himself. The production, by Talking Heads Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth, achieves an up-to-the-minute technological sheen without stepping over the line into slickness and destroying the guts of the music. I'm hoping this makes injustice in the Third World hip for dancing again.

Skate thrash, a hybrid of punk and metal tailored for teenage males, hasn't achieved the artistic distinction or public recognition of *reggae*, yet there are parallels. Both forms speak to an oppressed population (in the Western Hemisphere, you have to go to Kingston to find anything more oppressive than high school), both are inspired by rage and both are fueled by mind-altering substances—either the spliff or the suds. In the past, Gang Green didn't seem to have much going for it beyond the consumption of massive amounts of Budweiser. On *You Got It* (Roadracer), the gang moves up a couple of notches by my personal rankings. Now both tighter and looser, the band has come up with some powerful raunch riffs to thunder under its shrieked accusations that adults are full of shit. Accurate perception of the adult world is, however, no excuse for cirrhosis.

## ROBERT CHRISTGAU

When you're selling exotic rhythms in a foreign language, the compilation—a natural enough way to package any dance-oriented singles music—most often seems the only way to go: You can really pick your spots. So I'm not sure how representative Earthworks/Virgin's *Heartbeat Soukous* and *Hurricane Zouk* are. All I know is that I'm sold.

The language is French and the rhythms are Afro-Caribbean—*soukous* is the guitar-based Zairean-Cuban *rumba* that has been evolving since the Fifties, and *zouk* is what happened to Antillean cadence when it bumped into *rumba* in Paris circa 1980. The *soukous* collection goes down easily, like classic disco without artificial ingredients. I dare you to resist the guitar hook on *Zouke-Zouke*. The *zouk* approach is more kitchen sink: synth parts, funny fiddle furbelows and personable singers, including Francky Vincent, a.k.a. Doctor Porn, who'll have you pulling down the *Larousse* you bought in high school. African music with a Parisian provenance sometimes seems suspiciously schlocky. This shit is just slick, Jack.



# BOOKS

JOE BOB BRIGGS, nee John Bloom, has realized the dream of every working humorist—to publish the autobiography of his alter ego. It's modestly titled *A Guide to Western Civilization, or My Story* (Delacorte), and it's less an autobiography than an exercise in the kind of running, rambling Joe Bob bullshit that originally gained fame for that persona as a deranged newspaper columnist who reviews sleazy drive-in movies for their sex-and-violence content. The humor is regional in tone, with the subtlety of a *Blazing Saddles*, uncut and unedited, and can get a little tedious in the absence of much content. But Joe Bob fans will mine it happily in search of the tasteless quip, the outrageous depiction and the allusion to such things as the Texas State Hospital for the Criminally Flat-Chested.

The Deep South of the mid-Fifties spawned a loathsome crop of truly evil bastards in fact as well as in fiction, but not many of them compare to the wacko title character of Pete Dexter's grimly taut new novel, *Paris Trout* (Random House). To describe the repellent Trout as a sadistic killer fails to do justice to his inhumanity, for this is a man without morals, conscience or even a glimmer of redemptive potential. He is a man you want to see dead, as soon and as painfully as possible, even when it becomes clear there's not much wrong with him that couldn't be cured by the right kind of medication. To follow him on his ever-widening trail of carnage and despair is to travel a familiar path through the interior of our heart of darkness, a journey that unfortunately fails to reveal little we don't already know about the violence and the madness that produce men like Paris Trout. But perhaps that's the point: Such men have existed, they exist now, they always will. Dexter has created monsters in this fine, disturbing book, which grabs the reader's attention at the outset and grips it until the last page.

Why do modern Christians believe that celibacy is a virtue, that Eve was responsible for man's fall from grace, that human nature is corrupt? Elaine Pagels (author of *The Gnostic Gospels*) answers these questions in her new book, *Adam, Eve and the Serpent* (Random House). She shows that until 400 A.D., the Christian package of beliefs was quite different from what it is now. Indeed, early Christians regarded the creation story as one of *freedom*—not enslavement. Some of the differences between early and modern beliefs can be attributed to early Christian politics, some to social turmoil and others to the sexual problems of the great teacher Saint Augustine. A truly enlightening book.

A man has his face clawed by a predatory bird. A young girl runs away from



Joe Bob's *Guide to Civilization's* underbelly.

Joe Bob Briggs trashes civilization; the return of an unlikely pair of supersleuths.

home to Los Angeles, where her mother suspects foul play. A guerrilla acting group from college has reunited with an eye toward taking over a nuclear plant. Sounds like a job for that most unlikely pair of detectives: the hardened, cynical Leo Bloodworth and the precocious 15-year-old Serendipity Dahlquist. *Laughing Dog* (Arbor House/William Morrow) is Dick Lochte's second novel in this series, and it is funnier and more tightly wrapped than the first. The game's the same: Bloodworth and Dahlquist tell the story in alternating chapters, with Lochte keeping their voices crisply apart, so that you get not only suspense but also perspective whiplash. Lochte has a wonderful time putting his improbable sleuths through their paces. Don't wait for the movie version.

## BOOK BAG

*Baboon Dooley Rock Critic!* (Popular Reality), by John Crawford: Crawford's *ad hoc* counterculture cartoon hero has heretofore failed to escape the pigeonhole of alternative press. Poor pigeons.

*The Middleman and Other Stories* (Grove), by Bharati Mukherjee: A wonderful collection of short stories, accented with the author's flair for the international and stocked with enough characters to rival a printer's type drawer.

*The Fourth Codex* (Houghton Mifflin), by Robert Houston: Guardians of the Maya

spirit, Indian curses, border intrigue. U.S. Customs agent Quintus Paz, Houston's answer to Indiana Jones, entertains a cultural collision of the head-on variety in a wild, suspense-packed search for an ancient Indian parchment.

*Murder and Mystery in Chicago* (Dembner), edited by Carol-Lynn Rössel Waugh, Martin H. Greenberg and Frank D. McSherry, Jr.: Eleven short detective stories, set pieces with Chicago as background, are rich in local color and insiders' nuances.

*The Player* (Atlantic), by Michael Tolkin: A jaw-tightening chess game of Hollywood power moves, duplicity, paranoia and plot-twisting revenge. Just like the real thing.

*M31: A Family Romance* (Harmony), by Stephen Wright: A brilliantly bizarre novel that will immerse you in another dimension—one in which rational thought is suspended and anything is possible. Welcome to the world of Dash and Dot, a husband-and-wife team of UFO gurus who believe they've descended from a race of aliens that inhabits the galaxy M31. Ozzie and Harriet, step aside.

*The Toynbee Convector* (Knopf), by Ray Bradbury: Bradbury, *Playboy* favorite and grand master of science fiction, has compiled 23 of his most recent stories for this collection. Pure entertainment.

*Bad Behavior* (Poseidon), by Mary Gaitskill: A troubling first collection of stories from a former stripper and panhandler who wrote her way to The Avery Hopwood Award at the University of Michigan. Gaitskill can find sex in the oddest places, and although her style could use some sanding, her insights are like ice water on the face.

*Border Radio* (Texas Monthly), by Gene Fowler and Bill Crawford: What happens when you take badly trained used-car salesmen, plunk them down in front of a microphone, fire up half a million watts of illegal radio power and turn them loose on North America's airwaves? What happens is the riotous history of the outlaw border radio stations that beamed pitchmen, psychics, yodelers and kick-ass rock and roll from Mexico from the Thirties to the Sixties.

*Where I'm Calling From: New & Selected Stories* (Atlantic), by Raymond Carver: A collection of 30 previously anthologized stories and seven new ones. Carver fans, consider this a Best Buy.

*Primitive Baseball* (Atheneum), by Harvey Frommer, subtitled "The National Pastime in the Gilded Age": Frommer has loaded his book like a corked bat, with baseball history, anecdotes, biographies and more. From the Cincinnati Red Stockings of 1869 taking their act on the road to the five Delahanty brothers raising hell at the turn of the century, Frommer has sent a dinger deep into power alley's Uecker seats.





# SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

**T**he best cure for baseball boredom is to go straight from the excitement of opening week to the excitement of the play-offs and the world series. What do we lose, a few stats?

Small payment, I say, for the valuable hours, days, weeks, months we'll save in not having to watch managers change pitchers every three minutes and 47 seconds.

Other cures are as follows:

*Eliminate teams nobody has ever heard of.*

The Seattle Mariners, for example. The San Diego Padres, for another. Maybe the Indianapolis Colts, or is that another sport?

If this causes an imbalance of some kind, we can bring back the Washington Senators, Philadelphia Athletics and St. Louis Browns.

*It is not a single unless the batter can whip the first baseman's ass.*

This alone should get more physical contact into the game.

*Get rid of one outfielder.*

The result is bound to be more hits and fewer easy outs.

*Right-handed pitchers must pitch left-handed and left-handed pitchers must pitch right-handed.*

This will do away with the need for batting helmets. It should also create higher-scoring games.

*It is not a stolen base unless:*

The base runner actually loads the bag onto a golf cart or into a pickup truck and drives it to a pawn shop located near the bull pen.

The base runner must do this alone. It will be a contest between himself and one D.B.P. (designated base protector).

*No relief pitchers.*

The man who starts the game must finish the game, unless his arm drops off or he is hit in the face with a line drive.

*Foul balls count as runs scored.*

Long foul balls count as four or six runs scored, as in cricket.

*Three strikes are not out if:*

The hitter is someone you've heard of, a hometown favorite or a person with a chance to win the game, as long as he's not threatening to break a record belonging to Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth or Joe DiMaggio.

The hitter is out only when he himself gets tired of swinging at the ball, says "Fuck it" and walks to the dugout.

Having declared himself out, he may, to add color or stir up a fascinating incident, give the finger to anyone he chooses.

*Double plays are left to the discretion of the*



## BUILDING A BETTER BASEBALL

*press box.*

For instance, a double play may not count if it brings an abrupt end to a thrilling rally.

*Home-run hitters get to bat again.*

And a hitter may stay at the plate as long as he keeps hitting home runs.

*An umpire's decision is not final if:*

(A) The manager, hitter or base runner can beat him up.

(B) A group of angry fans can beat him up.

(C) The television replay proves him to be an utter imbecile.

*No more face masks.*

The catcher is a person, too, and there will be no need for a face mask, since right-handers will throw left-handed and left-handers will throw right-handed.

*No extra innings.*

Nine innings are already five too many. In the event of a tie score after nine innings of play, the winner will be determined by the press box, which will decide what makes the best story for that day.

*Go for extra bases at your own risk.*

A pitcher will be allowed to try to tackle a runner going from first to second and the shortstop will be allowed to try to tackle the runner going from second to third.

*Upgrading coaches.*

A much keener interest will be shown in what, exactly, they do if the third-base and first-base coaches are entries from Miss

U.S.A. pageants wearing their briefest bikinis.

*A batter is out if he gets hit by a pitched ball, unless:*

He can sling his bat and hit the pitcher anywhere between the neck and the knees.

*No consultations.*

A pitcher may not be spoken to by a manager, coach, catcher or any infielder. It is much too time-consuming.

*Organ music will not be permitted in any ball park.*

This will, in turn, bring about Organ Night at the ball park, a night at which fans will be encouraged to bring an organ from home or office to be placed in a pile and set ablaze.

*A player may not be busted for drugs if:*

(A) He is involved in a tight pennant race.

(B) He is chasing any of Pete Rose's Astroturf records.

(C) He is in the on-deck circle.

*No book writing during games.*

Players working on exposés or confessions in collaboration with a starving sportswriter must do so on their own time and never on the playing field.

*"Kill the umpire!"*

Umpires may be shot and killed by players or fans or any group thereof whenever there is a lull in the action or whenever they're unhappy with the strike zone.

*Attention, all cup fondlers.*

It is part of the game to scratch, claw and caress your testicles, or rather, the encasement thereof. However, excessive fondling should be restricted to hitters, pitchers, first basemen and promiscuous base runners.

All-out masturbation, as in the past, should continue to be frowned upon in most ball parks.

*Rewards for pop flies.*

Let's say it's worth a \$5000 or even a \$10,000 bonus to catch a pop fly. Imagine the excitement when all four infielders, the pitcher, the catcher and both outfielders go after the same pop-up.

At the end of the season, the leaders in pop-fly catches from every team would assemble for the big Million-Dollar Nabisco Pop-Out.

It would be held at the same time as, and in conjunction with, the N.B.A.'s Slam-Dunk Contest and the Merrill Lynch Shoot-Out Championship in golf.





Offend a fellow  
human being?  
Me?



The very thought  
makes one shudder.  
So one should get right  
out there and grab oneself  
one of these new Right Guard®  
Sport Sticks.

Anti-perspirant. And deodorant. Major protection. Sleek dome top. Great new scents. All the advantages, you see. Because one would hate to be considered malodorous by one's chums, wouldn't one?

## New Right Guard® Sport Stick

**Anything less would be uncivilized.**

Fresh or Musk scent. Anti-Perspirant or Deodorant.



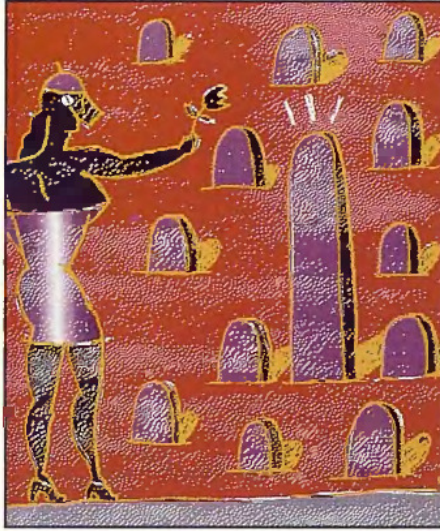
By ASA BABER

**T**he king is dead, long live the king. John C. Holmes, a.k.a. Johnny Wadd, died March 12, 1988. A lot of men took note of his obituary. It is rumored that he died of AIDS brought on by a bad drug habit and the sharing of I.V. needles. "His death was not the result of the excesses of sex but of the excesses of drugs," said Bill Margold, a former porn actor and long-time associate of Holmes's. "The result of a whole series of abuses to his body in one way or another."

No doubt, the man abused his body; but in some wonderful way, Holmes was a universal male role model. He is a man we're going to miss, the guy who lived out our fantasies on camera, the man who brought a smile to our faces and helped us pretend we were superlovers all, gigantic and invincible. The king may be physically dead, but for most of us, he lives on in our imaginations as a symbol of enjoyment and virility. The puritans in this culture will scold us for that, but it's true: Johnny Wadd is a vital part of male history and psychology, and to us, he's as famous as any movie star.

Holmes starred in thousands of heterosexual sex films, most of them "loops," ten-minute specials made for exhibition in movie machines in adult bookstores. He claimed that he had had 14,000 women as sexual partners. By rough calculation, that means he made love to an average of 460 women per year, assuming he started his magnificent career at the age of 13. I don't know how to tell you this, Ms. America, but in our heart of hearts, most men chuckle at such a thought. In fact, if God Himself came down and spoke to most 13-year-old males and said, "Son, I have good news and bad news: The good news is that you will be allowed to have sex with several hundred attractive women per year; the bad news is that you'll die at the age of 43. Care to go for it?" I am here to tell you that most of those 13-year-olds would be stuck for an answer. They would debate that one. I guarantee it. That may irritate you, Ms. America, but it's an accurate description of who we are as men—horny little fuckers from an early age.

Holmes was a scrawny white guy with an enormous schlong that was reported to be 14 inches long. In the simple, primitive male consciousness, a bodacious tool is an object of respect and glory. We do salute it, yes, indeed, and in that salute, there's a tinge of wishful thinking. I know that I'd always wished I could borrow Holmes's



## JOHNNY WADD LIVES!

dick for a weekend—not for myself, of course, because I'm hung like a horse and have to strap my dork down to my ankle and have no sexual insecurities at all—but I have a couple of buddies who are uncertain of their sexual appeal and could have used some help.

The typical Johnny Wadd film was a compendium of male fantasies. The early loops had no sound track and involved straightforward fucking without many preliminaries. They were amazing, really amazing. Johnny didn't have to talk a good game or pay penance for years or go out for dinner and dancing or buy jewels and precious gems before he could get it on. There were no tests or trials, no criticisms or rejections. It was sex sans bullshit, a condition to which, in fantasy, many men could relate. An attractive woman would greet Johnny in an apartment, at a swimming pool, on the beach, wherever, and within seconds, he would be under tender assault, his fly unzipped, Mr. Happy springing to attention under the caresses and oral ministrations of his partner for the moment. The lovemaking would be rigorous, uncomplicated, joyful, and the positions chosen were often surprising and educational. Usually, the loop ended with a blow job, a copious come shot, a sedated Johnny Wadd, a worshipful, supposedly satisfied woman smiling at him through his sperm. Typical male fantasies, as I said,

and for those women reading this who are saying, "Yukky, gross, yukky," I have no apologies. That is the way we are, and no amount of disapproval is going to change us. We are the simpletons of sex, and proud of it.

Seka, Aunt Peg and a host of other women appeared with Johnny and seemed to enjoy his presence, but insiders say he was basically a loner off the set. "He was virtually friendless by his own decision," Margold said. That loneliness was undoubtedly exaggerated by a fierce marijuana-and-cocaine habit that led him into debt and violence. He was linked to an infamous murder case, spent time in jail after refusing to testify, found his own career starting to deteriorate, ran into severe health problems and died a difficult death. Not exactly an advertisement for a life of sex and sensation, I know, but that's not the point. Here we are celebrating his memory, his decency on camera, the humor and gentleness he frequently displayed while making love.

"I would love to be able to sit back and drive a truck and be a nine-to-five guy like everybody else and forget everything that's ever happened," he told his ex-wife.

Well, maybe. But I've driven a truck for a living and hauled freight and furniture through Iowa and Illinois and put in some long hours on the loading dock, and I'm not convinced that Holmes would have truly enjoyed that life. He found his line of work and performed well in it.

There is a potential porn star in every man, and most of us are envious, in some secret way, of the little dude with the big enchilada who got to play for pay. I guess I've always been confused by concepts of pornography in film and TV. I've never understood why lovemaking is banned and killing is exalted. I've never comprehended why murder—from *Murder, She Wrote* to *The Godfather*—is considered an innocuous subject, while sexuality in its most unrestrained forms is kept under wraps. For me, Johnny Wadd was a far more honorable actor than all those hunks who play detective and Mobster and commando and sheriff and kill people with icy abandon.

Here's to you, Johnny Wadd. You taught me some things about sex, you made it look pleasant, you seemed to care for your partners and you seemed to be able to laugh at yourself and not take anything too seriously. Thanks for the memories.





By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Let's-call-her Margaret couldn't see out the taxi, because she was swoonily slumped against let's-call-him Max, her head nestled in his chest as he crooned a George Jones tune in her hair.

"No, no," Margaret murmured. "This is unfair, this is cruel and unusual, this is way below the belt. Do not sing George Jones to me; I am a good girl."

"Margaret?"

"What?"

"Can we go out? Can we see each other?"

"Yes."

"You mean it?"

Margaret sat up and put her fingers in her hair so that her curls stood straight out. "Hello, I am Glenn Close," she said. Max, to give him credit, burst out laughing.

And thus, yet another woman decided to fuck a married man. Infidelity is such a pretty word, so light and delicate. Whereas the act itself is dark and thick with guilt, betrayal, confusion, pain and (OK) sometimes enormous pleasure. I know Margaret very well, but it didn't help.

"Nothing you can say will make any difference," she said. "I already know everything. I know this will end at least in tears and possibly in agony. I know that I am being a cliché and will soon begin to hate myself and think of myself as sordid and pathetic. I know that I may soon start entertaining fruitless fantasies of his leaving his wife and our living happily ever after, and that it is absurd to think that a man who cheats on one wife will not cheat on another. I know that we are playing with a stacked deck, that he has all the aces and I have no power, that I'll never be able to just pick up the phone and call him, even if my fuse box blows up at three A.M. I know that I am indulging in a profoundly antifeminist act and will probably go to hell. I know I am violating the Seventh Commandment and that I am immoral. And I know, God help me, that I may fall in love, and that then I will really be fucked."

"But do you realize," I said, "that by filling your life and dreams with this man, you're not leaving any room for a nice, decent single guy who will bring you flowers and propose marriage?"

"Of course," she snapped. "What am I, dumb? Don't I have a shrink? Listen, this is not a pattern of mine. I don't have a string of married men in my past." Her face was red with feeling. "I have been waiting



## CHEAT STREET

around for that mythical single man for three years! Nobody's even kissed me in a year! And then out of nowhere, this amazing guy comes, and I am struck by a lightning bolt of lust. What would you do?"

"Jesus, you really are fucked," I said.

These times do not accommodate infidelity well. Those loopholes that were created in the Sixties and Seventies have been pulled tighter than Jerry Falwell's sphincter. We no longer sanction open marriages or wife swapping. We don't pretend anymore not to be jealous. We don't casually turn the other way while our mates "find some space." The sexual revolution is over, the days of randy experimentation dead. Because there is that disease. We are understandably afraid to die.

But even if there weren't that disease, we are immersed in the neo-Fifties, a time of conservatism and blind patriotism, a time of born-again Christians and TV preachers and *Fatal Attraction*, of the reglorification of the nuclear family. If *Anna Karenina* were written now, it would rocket to the top of the best-seller list.

But God or whatever it was that created the species has screwed us. We do not, like geese, mate for life. Instead, we have this overpowering sex drive. A crafty, irresponsible monster of a sex drive that rides roughshod over rules and morals and

righteousness. A sex drive that makes fools of all of us. So we can buy white wedding dresses and sharp tuxedos and order engraved matchbooks and promise in front of the entire world that we will, goddamn it, be faithful for the rest of our lives, no kidding, and still some small, frightened part of our brains will be keening. Well, anyway, I'll really try!

No matter what our brains say, our bodies will do anything, anything, to get laid. It's bigger than all of us.

The more we deny the sex drive, pretend it isn't there, the worse we will be destroyed. Witness (and laugh at) poor Jim Bakker, wretched Jimmy Swaggart. They tried too hard to put the lid on. So who among us will cast the first stone at Margaret?

"I will," she said. "I will cast the first stone at myself. I am such an asshole. Why am I doing this? Women don't do this, do they?"

"Of course we do," I said. "All the time. The most we can ever do to stop ourselves is to really, I mean really, do our damndest to be faithful, not to go after another woman's man. Never to do it lightly, or casually, or to get back at someone, or because we're bored or depressed or feeling fat. Because infidelity is serious shit. It deserves respect and fear."

"Did you hear about Beth?" she asked. "Fifteen years married to the same guy; suddenly, she goes cold, can't sleep with him anymore. She runs away with a sexy young penniless musician, and now, instead of being an art patron, she's waiting tables at a coffee shop."

"Just goes to show you the lengths we will go to to get good sex," I said. "Meanwhile, her husband, I happen to know, was having at least three affairs a year."

"How do you know?"

"Never your mind, missy. I'm just pointing out that even in this area, women are different."

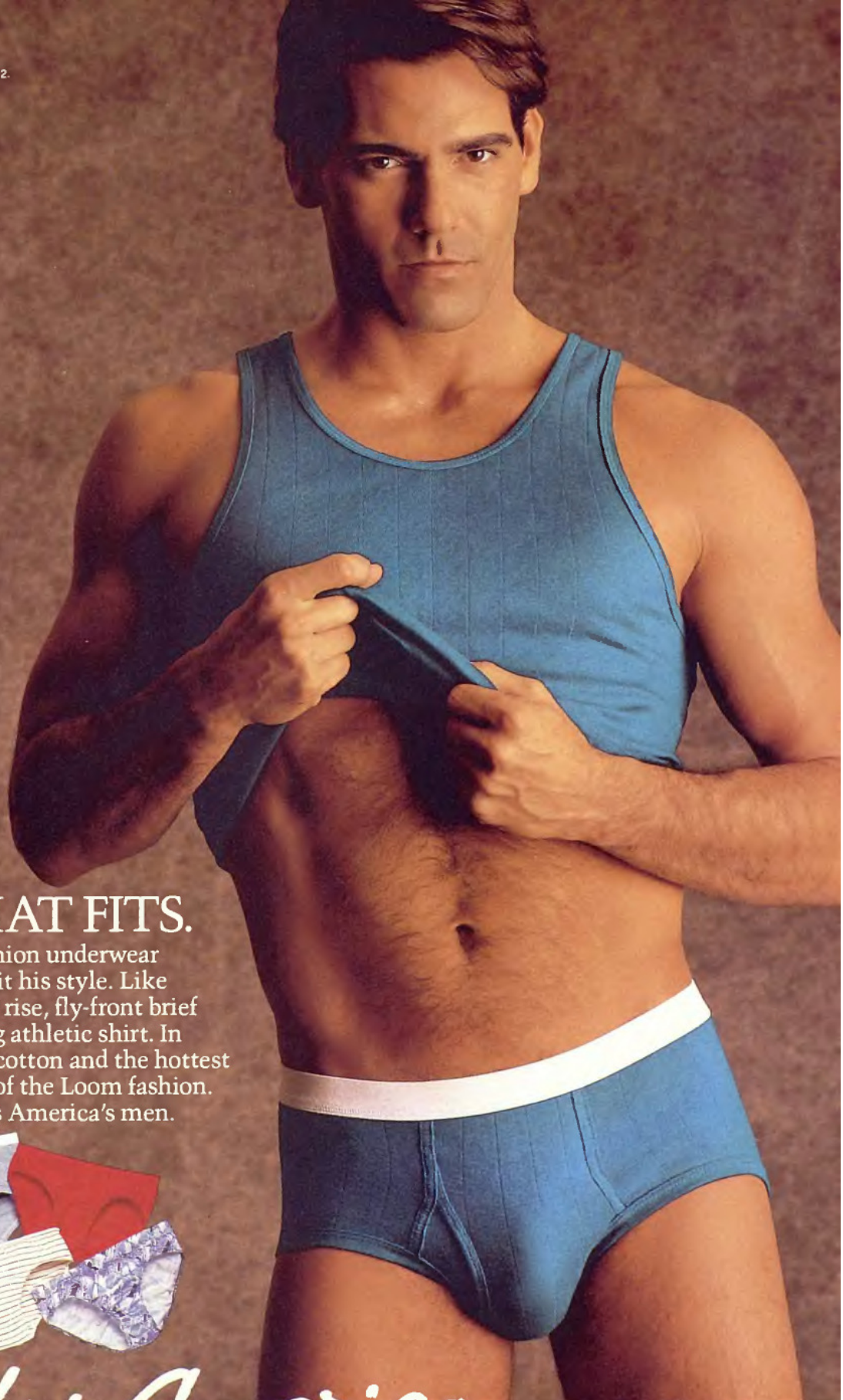
Sure we are. Men can separate love from sex better than we can. If your woman is being unfaithful, nine out of ten times, she's doing it because she's profoundly dissatisfied with the relationship, not just for a random thrill. You must pay attention.

"Do you think Max's wife is dissatisfied?" asked Margaret, the fool.





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*We fit America*





# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

In the movie *Belle de Jour*, Catherine Deneuve plays a woman living out her fantasies as a prostitute. One of her clients is a large Oriental gentleman who carries a wooden box. It's about twice the size of a cigar box, and a loud buzzing, like the sound of insects, comes from it. I've always wondered what's in the box. How is it supposed to have been used during their liaison?—J. E. H., Fairfax, Virginia.

Welcome to the "Wonder Years." The mystery box in "*Belle de Jour*" is the counterculture's equivalent to "L.A. Law"'s Venus butterfly. Does the box contain a hive of hungry bees or love-starved beetles? One of the prototypes of the Orgasmatron vibrator? Angry dentures that you could wind up and turn loose on your lover's body? Luis Buñuel, in his autobiography, "My Last Sigh," complains, "Of all the senseless questions asked about this movie, one of the most frequent concerns the little box that an Oriental client brings with him to the brothel. He opens it and shows it to the girls, but we never see what's inside. The prostitutes back away with cries of horror, except for Séverine, who's rather intrigued. I can't count the number of times people (particularly women) have asked me what was in the box; but since I myself have no idea, I usually reply, 'Whatever you want there to be.'"

Do any of you keep toys in an erotic hope chest? Tell us what's in your tool kit and we'll publish the best.

Please help me settle an argument. I am starting my first job and just bought three new suits. One is double-breasted and the others are single-breasted. I want to have the pants taken up and would like to put cuffs on all of them. My girlfriend says that cuffs are for casual pants only. Are there any rules about cuffs?—P. M., New York, New York.

You win. Tell your girlfriend she has a lot to learn about fashion. Cuffs are one of those things that do come and go in popularity as times and fashion trends change. Right now, they are definitely in. Cuffing all three of your suit pants would be fine, provided there is enough length to make a cuff (your tailor can advise you on that). There are no definite rules on cuffing, but do keep a few things in mind: Pleated trousers often look best when cuffed; tall men should cuff trousers to give an impression of a shorter leg; cuffs should be hemmed on a straight line and be one and three fourths inches long or slightly shorter if you are less than 5'10". Happy cuffing!

During lovemaking, my husband will start licking my feet and sucking on my toes one by one. It also drives him crazy whenever I am barefoot, wearing sandals, open-toed pumps, high-heeled open-toed dress shoes, fish-net stockings or see-through hose. I have always had a desire to



masturbate my husband with my feet, instead of always using my hands and fingers to get him off. About the closest I have come to that is that when we are in a restaurant, I will sometimes slide off my shoes under the table and place one or both of my feet in his lap and gently caress his crotch by running one or both of my big toes up and down his zipper, which usually produces an erection. He will tell me to stop for fear of exploding in his pants.

Is there such a thing as foot sex? Can a woman give a man a foot or toe job? If so, how is it supposed to be done? Is there a right or a wrong technique?—Mrs. D. H., Flint, Michigan.

You're on the right track. Next time you're in a restaurant, play toe football—for keeps. After he explodes in his pants (actually, we think he'll merely erupt, not explode), spill a glass of water in his lap and make sounds of dismay to cover his cries of orgasm. You can also try this at home, reclining on opposite ends of a couch, maybe during "60 Minutes." Or try it during your bridge club.

Just priced insurance on the new sports car I'm thinking of buying. The figure my company quoted blew my socks off. How can you believe in justice when it costs as much as \$5000 to insure a Mazda RX-7 for a year? Two other companies I checked would not insure the car at all. What gives?—T. W., Dallas, Texas.

Welcome to the world of high performance, where sticker shock begins with the car itself. The cold, hard fact is that insurance companies look at every driver/car combination as a "risk." A sports or performance car—especially in the hands of a young, inexperienced or "problem" driver—represents a relatively high risk that may outweigh the potential in-

come from premiums. Aside from the owner's age and driving record, insurance companies used to judge the vehicle itself largely by intuition. Now they have enough statistics to swamp an aircraft carrier. They know the damage and personal-injury loss rates, based on experience, of every vehicle on the market. If your coveted car raises a red flag—whether it tends to be involved in more accidents, has higher injury claims or is more expensive to repair than the average car—you'll end up paying much more for insurance. You did the right thing by checking before buying. Our advice is to comparison shop other cars (as well as insurance companies) to find the most desirable yet affordable combination. Consider a sports sedan, for example, instead of a two-seater or sports coupe. Because four-door cars are generally rated as lower risks than two-doors (even two-door versions of the same models, probably because they are typically driven by more conservative drivers), they can be much cheaper to insure. And a four-door sports sedan, equipped with the right engine and suspension, can be just as much fun as a sports car, while a lot more practical. Not to mention much less visible to the speed police.

As your typical starving college student, I've been forced to cut my expenses by sharing a residence with four other gentlemen. Unfortunately, though, along with the lowered rent comes the trauma of cleaning up after five people. To ease the problem, we divided the cleaning. Everything was going hunky-dory until one of my roommates began to complain. His job is to clean the bathroom, which includes cleaning the shower drain. His complaint is that he is tired of cleaning what he calls masturbation residue from the drain every day. He believes that a certain individual is constantly leaving the remains of his sexual frustration to clog the drain. What seemed to him to be a valid gripe appeared to me as a case of mistaken identity. I contested that this love residue was actually skin residue, dandruff and soap scum. He protested, though, that we couldn't possibly lose enough skin to stifle a bathtubful of water. In turn, I argued that if it really were semen he kept discovering every day, then by now, our drain would be permanently stopped; and besides, even as horny as the culprit appears to be, something tells me that a daily shower ritual of this proportion isn't feasible. Please help me settle the argument once and for all; we're running out of Drano.—M. S., Glendale, California.

Right. That's one frustrated individual. Five people using a shower daily could easily produce clogged drains, but only because of the natural hair loss that occurs during shampooing, along with soap residue and other natural by-products of the cleansing



process. However, any remnants of masturbatory activity are easily whisked away with water and should not require a thorough cleaning by a professional, particularly if Drano is not helping the situation. You might also begin using one of the soft-rubber perforated drain covers designed to prevent hair and the like from going down the drain, which would at least prevent any further clogging or stoppage. You might also get a date for your frustrated roommate.

**M**y new car should arrive at the dealership soon. Do you have any advice for checking it out before taking delivery?—W. G., Nashville, Tennessee.

You did inspect and test-drive a demonstration car before ordering, didn't you? The procedure for taking delivery should be much the same—but is even more important. This isn't some demonstrator you're looking at: This is your car. And it's likely to be your car for some time to come. Don't let your excitement overcome the practical side of your brain. Start with a thorough walk-around. Is it clean and shiny? Are there flaws in the fits of adjacent parts? Carelessly aligned trim pieces? "Orange peel" or runs in the paint? Inspect the interior fits and finish just as thoroughly. With the salesperson's help, check out every switch and control, every feature and option. You should be familiar with everything—and sure that everything works—before taking delivery. Did you get all the options you ordered? Are the owner's manual, warranty

book and other documents (tire warranty, separate accessory instructions) in the glove box? Are the proper spare tire, jack, lug wrench and special tools (if any) in the trunk? Did the salesperson provide you with copies of the purchase and loan (or lease) contracts, extended warranty (if any), spare keys, registration and title papers? We also recommend a brief drive to make sure everything is right. If you do find something wrong, try to get it corrected before accepting the vehicle. If that's not possible, insist on acknowledgment in writing, signed by both you and the dealership manager, that they'll correct it as soon as possible at no charge. Now enjoy your new car.

**M**y husband and I have been married for about eight months and have enjoyed a fairly satisfying sex life. A few problems have arisen, however. We use the diaphragm for contraception and have found it difficult to achieve the near-ecstatic orgasms we used to enjoy. Previously, with manual stimulation, I had wonderful orgasms. Now I find that the diaphragm inhibits my husband from stimulating me both manually and orally. I have never had an orgasm with traditional vaginal intercourse because of the damned diaphragm. Consequently, we've fallen into a sexual rut: I orally bring him to an erection and then we have traditional—boring—sex. I love my husband dearly and we share a desire to please each other in all ways. We're

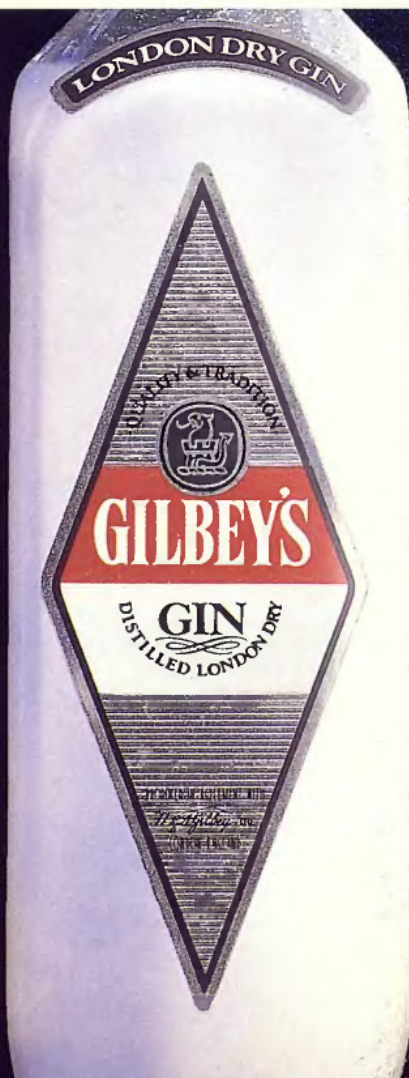
not inhibited, so give us your best suggestions.—Mrs. J. S., St. Louis, Missouri.

Go for an orgasm manually. Then go for an orgasm orally. Then put in the diaphragm and go for an orgasm genitally. Then go to sleep.

**I** am 25 years old. I have had wet dreams occasionally, but they have increased in frequency in the past few months. This has become a concern for my wife of one and a half years, and she wonders if it is as normal as I have tried to tell her it is. I have told her I have no control over when they happen, but it doesn't help much. Is there any explanation as to why wet dreams occur, and can they be controlled? My wife needs to be put at ease before she makes me start believing they *aren't* normal.—S. W., Lincoln, Nebraska.

Nocturnal emissions (wet dreams) are quite normal. If you've just started having an increasing number of them, it could be that your body is trying to tell you something. For some men, the dreams come in cycles. One year you'll have more than another year. Perhaps you're not getting enough sexual release during waking hours. You can drop a subtle hint to your wife that if she wants to decrease the number of your wet dreams, she can volunteer to increase the frequency of your waking sexual encounters.

**B**oth my girlfriend and I enjoy looking at erotic videos, but we have noticed a



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slight difference in our viewing tastes. When I go to the video store, I look for films that feature new actors. When she goes, she looks for videos with the same old faces. And when looking at a given video, we find that I get more excited when there are lots of characters, while she gets excited following the same characters through an involved story. Is this a normal difference?—E. P., Chicago, Illinois.

*You are an astute observer of human behavior. We found a research paper in the Archives of Sexual Behavior, volume 15, that seems to confirm your experience. Female and male subjects watched an explicit film for four days straight, then watched either (A) a film showing the same actors engaged in different sexual acts or (B) one with different actors engaging in the same activities shown in the original film. After four days of the same old same old, none of the subjects were very excited; however, when introduced to novelty, the men and women responded differently. Men reported being more turned on by new faces, women by new acts. We don't think the difference poses much of a problem: She will learn new tricks from the videos she rents and you will be there to enjoy those tricks. You'll get turned on by the actresses in the videos and she'll be there to enjoy your arousal. Neat.*

In the February *Playboy Advisor*, a man writes that his girlfriend refused to shave off her pubic hair. I've read many letters

and articles in *Playboy* to which I've considered responding, but that one demands my attention. Seven years ago, my husband suggested that I shave my pubic area. I was reluctant and he didn't make an issue of it. I believed that the hair was part of what changed my body from a child's into a woman's—and wasn't it somehow wrong to shave? After all, the only place I'd ever read of a woman's being shaved was in an occasional article in *Playboy* or a similar magazine. A few weeks later, after a day at the beach, we were getting ready for a shower and my husband again suggested getting rid of the hair. I agreed and he did it for me. That first shave took more than an hour and it was a sensuous, delightful experience for both of us. It progressed into a two-day discovery period that gave me a new outlook on sex.

To all women who have pubic hair, I say this: The mere touch of the penis on that bare, exposed skin causes truly unbelievable sensations! So do fingers with a touch of lubrication! And I refuse to try to describe the sensations created by the touch of a tongue! Orgasms are frequent—and great—without actual penetration. No woman knows how unbelievably wonderful sex can be until she has experienced it with a freshly shaven pubis and the man she loves. I would never let that hair grow back. Pubic hair does not a woman make; ask my husband—or any other man who has experienced this. Other benefits are

no stray hairs coming off in his mouth or getting caught in his throat and no interruption of her sexual enjoyment. Now, a few facts: (A) After seven years of shaving, I'm just as sensitive in the pubic area as ever. (B) I've contracted no sexual diseases during that time. (C) I've had no medical problems with my reproductive organs. (D) My gynecologist (whose wife shaves) says there's nothing wrong with shaving. According to him, it's a regular practice in several other countries. I highly recommend this experience to every woman. Fight the feeling that there's something wrong in doing it. Just try it, and I'm sure you'll decide to keep that hair off forever. I think there are more women who shave than anyone suspects—we don't shout it from the rooftops, you know. It's a private act, a private decision and it results in a semiprivate display of fireworks.—Mrs. D. K., Columbus, Ohio.

*Thanks.*

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*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.*



# FROST



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# DEAR PLAYMATES

**T**he question for the month:

**How do you keep a long-term relationship vital and fresh?**

**I**t takes some effort, especially if both partners work long hours at demanding jobs. I travel a lot, so when I go home, we're always really glad to see each other. Not living together all the time makes both people happy to be together. Another thing I've done is to set aside one day a week, unplug the phone and concentrate on the relationship. It also doesn't hurt to care about your appearance — dress nicely, shave your legs and don't be too predictable. Do something out of the ordinary once in a while. Don't patronize me with fake attention and don't neglect me. The main thing is knowing your own needs and those of your partner.



*Julie Peterson*

JULIE PETERSON  
FEBRUARY 1987

**I** think you shouldn't ever get to a point where you're bored with each other. Sometimes, after you've been going out with a guy for a while, you start to stay home more and stop seeing other people. Keep up your mutual social life, see friends, do not spend every minute of the day together. Give yourselves a chance to miss each other a little bit. If your sex life needs a shot in the arm, don't have sex for a while. Get some new ideas, read some sex books.



*Brandi Brandt*

BRANDI BRANDT  
OCTOBER 1987

**I**'m engaged to a man whom I've known for more than five years. We have a couple of ways to revitalize our relationship. We have a fight. Then we make up. We usually come out of a fight a lot closer. Or I leave for a time to do a Playmate promotion. Absence *does* make the heart grow fonder. He's into sports. He works out like a maniac. We're apart a lot during the week, so we try to make up for it on the weekends. Frankly, we haven't needed to consciously revitalize our relationship yet. We're so busy right now that whenever we get together, it's usually good.



*India Allen*

INDIA ALLEN  
DECEMBER 1987

**T**he main ways to keep a relationship energized are to take enough time away from each other and to have different interests. Then, when you are together, you have things to share. Your own interests and outside activities keep you excited and you bring that to your relationship. It's important to have a balance between career and love life. That balance is what keeps a couple from getting bored with each other. Everyone needs challenges to keep life fresh and interesting.



*Laurie Carr*

LAURIE CARR  
DECEMBER 1986

**T**here are times when you just feel it's going to end unless you do something drastic. That's pretty emotional, and the perfect moment to sit down and have a long talk. Each person gets an opportunity to straighten things out. Whatever has been dragging down the relationship, each partner has the chance to make things easier on the other. By understanding each other's feelings. By not being selfish. By improving communication.



*Rebecca Ferratti*

REBECCA FERRATTI  
JUNE 1986

**C**hange doesn't necessarily mean a relationship is dying or needs revitalization. But both of you ought to stop once in a while and re-evaluate what you need and express it to each other. Or find a new environment to explore, maybe take a class together or discover a new restaurant. Both people have to be willing to try new things, not new people but new ideas, better communication. You've got to throw in some romance and be willing to work at it. If you can see your partner in new ways, it's like falling in love all over again.



*Cher Butler*

CHER BUTLER  
AUGUST 1985

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







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# SORRY, PLANNED PARENTHOOD

A K I S S I S J U S T A K I S S I D

A Planned Parenthood study released earlier this year concludes that network television is "bombarding" us with 65,000 "sexual messages" per year. The report, prepared by Louis Harris and Associates, claims that a typical TV viewer sees 14,000 of these messages but, alas, only 165 references to sexually transmitted diseases, sexuality education, birth control and abortion—and not one advertisement for birth-control products.

With good reason, Planned Parenthood nails the networks for not running contraceptive ads. It should have stopped there. It apparently reasoned that since right-wingers blame network television for everything from the destruction of the family to the spread of communism, liberals can do likewise. And, doing likewise, it used its study to blame network television for teen pregnancy.

I don't buy the right wing's argument against TV and I don't buy Planned Parenthood's, either. For one thing, Planned Parenthood doesn't make a very good argument. Consider the time slots it chose to study. It picked one week last September and looked at programs on the three major networks that aired between 12:30 and four P.M. and between eight and 11 P.M. How many teenagers watch TV between noon and four o'clock? Most states have laws that keep children under 16 in school until three o'clock or so. Those who drop out at 16 and stay home to watch television and have sex doubtless had problems before they started watching afternoon TV. Shouldn't Planned Parenthood be examining the high schools instead of *The Young and the Restless*?

The study's method of evaluation is also suspect. Each television show was evaluated by two viewers. When a major discrepancy occurred between the two evaluations, a third viewer stepped in, who ended up watching more than 20 percent of the shows, a fact that underlines the subjectiveness of the study.

And some of the so-called sexual references on the researchers' tick sheet

are laughable. Heading the list are Kiss, Embrace, Suggestiveness or Sexual Innuendo, followed by the more explicit Intercourse, Masturbation, Contraceptives, Abortion, Sexuality Education, Sexually Transmitted Diseases and Deviant or Discouraged Sexual Behavior. Kissing and hugging? This is the sex that is "bombarding" us? Is Leo Buscaglia to blame? Grand opera and *It's a Wonderful Life* must cause teen pregnancy, too. Suggestiveness or innuendo

kissing, hugging and intercourse—as two incidents if both parties were willing participants. If one party was passive, they scored it as only one incident. By that method, necrophilia is tamer than a mutual kiss. I have to agree with the NBC press release: "The shortcomings of such a survey . . . should be apparent."

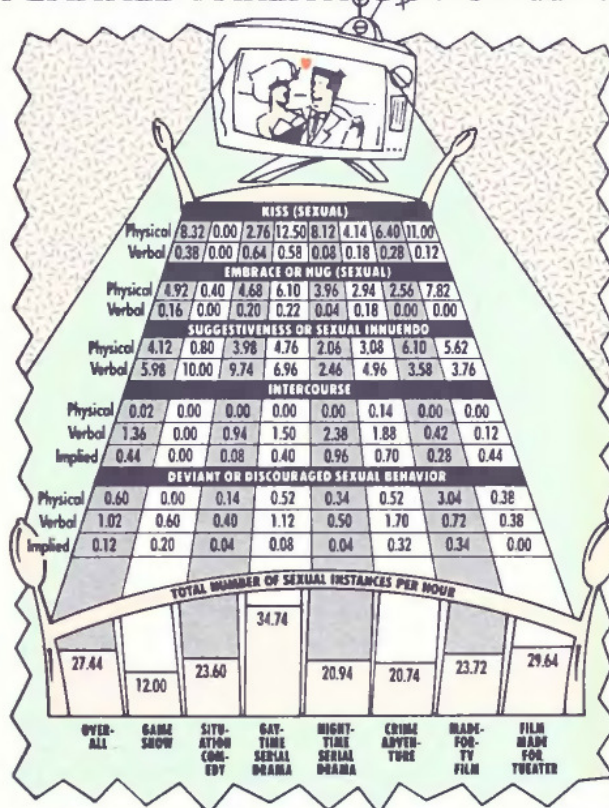
The Planned Parenthood PR kit urges networks to provide a generous dose of sexual consequences during prime time. (I thought that was what Maddie received on *Moonlighting*.) Its theory is that through exposure to realistic information, teenagers will develop more responsible sexual behavior. Its goal, of course, is to avert teen pregnancies, which should, indeed, be a priority. And teenagers should, indeed, be given every opportunity to get the facts. But Planned Parenthood overlooks the obvious: The culprit is hormones, not Hollywood. To say that each time Corbin Bernsen ogles a blonde he plants the seed of sexual passion in his teen audience shows remarkable ignorance—and a short memory for what it is to be a teenager. To teenagers, life itself is a prime-time commercial for sex. What turns them on? Other teenagers. With whom do they hang around? Other teenagers. Maybe Planned Parenthood should consider attacking high schools—where teens mass daily—instead of network TV.

How, exactly, does television fit into a teenager's sex life? I ran Planned Parenthood's

theories past a teenager I know and found out something interesting—teenagers don't find role models among such old-timers as David and Maddie or Spenser and Susan. Those aging baby-boomers have no credibility with the young. Good grief, they're—ugh!—grownups. And nothing disgusts a teenager as much as the thought of old people having sex. Lisa Bonet, Michael J. Fox, Kirk Cameron—now, *those* are celebrities to watch. And they, says my source, "always wind up *not* doing it."

—KATE NOLAN

## PLANNED PARENTHOOD SWEEPS



Mean number of instances per hour of selected sexual behaviors on TV for each program type, from "Sexual Material on American Network Television During the 1987-1988 Season," conducted by Louis Harris and Associates, Inc., for Planned Parenthood Federation of America

do? Good thing Groucho Marx was off the air before modern teens could be corrupted. Intercourse? They recorded only one instance, and that was under the sheets. Masturbation? Doesn't that seem to be more the antidote to than the cause of teen pregnancy?

One peculiarity in the study's tally is that all categories are counted equally. A kiss counts the same as deviant sexual behavior. A flirty quip equals intercourse.

The researchers scored activities that involve more than one person—



# AIDS AND THE LAW HAVE SEX, GO TO JAIL

Page through the newspapers of the past year and read the AIDS-related headlines: "MAN CLAIMING AIDS CHARGED IN THREE ASSAULTS," "CHARGES FILED AGAINST BLOOD DONOR IN AIDS CASE," "AIDS-INFECTED SOLDIER FACES TRIAL FOR HAVING SEX," "SOLDIER WITH AIDS VIRUS TO BE IMPRISONED FOR SEXUAL CONTACTS." AIDS, once thought to be strictly a medical issue, is fast becoming a criminal-law issue.

In June 1987, Private First Class Adrian Morris, Jr., was charged by the U.S. Army with aggravated assault, a crime that requires use of a "dangerous weapon or other means of force likely to produce death or grievous bodily harm." The offense? Having sex with three other soldiers. The weapon? The AIDS virus.

In December 1987, Sergeant Vincent Stewart was court-martialed for having had unprotected sex with a female soldier—without informing her that he had tested HIV-positive. Stewart pleaded guilty to charges of aggravated assault and being absent from his post and was sentenced to 24 months' confinement.

The military has led the way in prosecuting its personnel for reckless disregard of another's life, and, to alter an old saying, as the military goes, so goes the nation. Although the intentional transmission of AIDS is not yet a criminal act nationwide, Florida has enacted a statute prohibiting a person infected with HIV from having sexual intercourse without informing his partner of the infection; Idaho prohibits a person with AIDS or an AIDS carrier from knowingly or willfully exposing another to HIV; Tennessee prohibits AIDS carriers from donating blood and Louisiana prohibits the intentional sexual exposure of another to the AIDS virus without consent.

Congress is also getting into the act by considering a bill that would punish sexual intercourse by any Federal employee who knows he carries the AIDS virus and does not disclose his condition to his partner and does not protect his partner by using condoms.

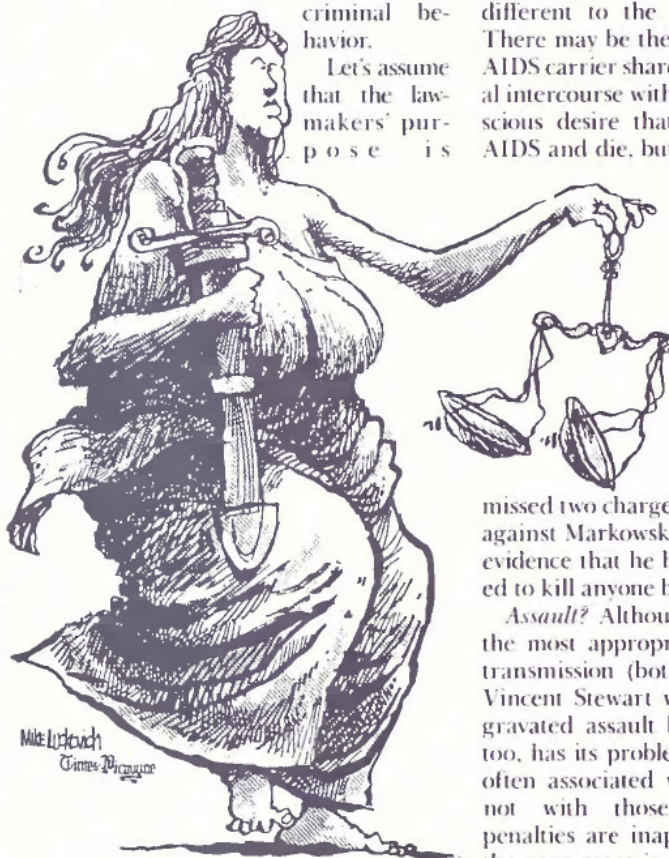
However, before rushing to enact laws that criminalize the knowing transmission of AIDS, lawmakers should consider what the purpose of their legislation is.

Is their purpose to get retribution for reprehensible acts? If so, they should consider that not all acts of AIDS transmission are reprehensible; many are accidents, not acts to willfully harm someone. And seeking—or gaining—ret-

ribution against someone terminally ill from AIDS is a questionable action.

Is their purpose deterrence? The threat of punishment to a terminally ill person is hardly a deterrence. Moreover, the acts most likely to transmit AIDS—sexual intercourse, needle sharing, blood or organ donation, conceiving and giving birth to a child—stem from risk-taking behavior, not from a conscious desire to transmit AIDS. What lawmakers would be deterring is the taking of risks—not criminal behavior.

Let's assume that the lawmakers' purpose is



admirable. How would they define the transmission or the risk of transmission of the AIDS virus?

**Homicide?** Murder is defined as the killing of another human being purposely, knowingly or recklessly under circumstances manifesting "extreme indifference to the value of human life."

A person with AIDS who commits a felony, such as rape, that results in death may be charged with murder. And AIDS victims who deliberately expose others in order to gain revenge should be no less culpable than a person who deliberately injects a victim with a lethal poison in the hope of causing death. But cases of purposeful murder by AIDS transmission

are likely to be rare.

In addition, charging people who sexually transmit AIDS with homicide (murder or manslaughter) requires that the victim has died and, in many states, that the victim died within a year and a day of the act that caused death. It can take much longer than a year for a person to die of AIDS.

**Attempted murder?** Attempted murder is applicable only in those cases where the perpetrator knows of the risk and is indifferent to the result of his actions. There may be the rare case in which an AIDS carrier shares a needle or has sexual intercourse with a person out of a conscious desire that that person acquire AIDS and die, but that is not the typical means of AIDS transmission.

Even in a case such as that of Joseph E. Markowski, a male prostitute and drifter who knowingly sold his AIDS-infected blood to a blood company, attempted murder is difficult to prove. A judge dismissed two charges of attempted murder against Markowski because there was no evidence that he had specifically intended to kill anyone by selling his blood.

**Assault?** Although assault seems to be the most appropriate charge for AIDS transmission (both Adrian Morris and Vincent Stewart were charged with aggravated assault by military courts), it, too, has its problems. Because assault is often associated with minor offenses—not with those causing death—its penalties are inappropriately lenient in the rare cases in which transmission is purposeful or knowing. But because recklessness is sufficient for liability, assault can be charged even if the victim does not become infected.

Given that our existing laws are inadequate for dealing with the criminalization of AIDS, some states are developing their own AIDS laws. There seem to be four approaches to those laws.

One is that the reckless or negligent transmission of AIDS should be criminalized—and juries would decide whether or not the AIDS carrier was reckless or negligent. Unfortunately, popular anxiety, irrationality and even hysteria about AIDS are far too likely to cause vindictive or discriminatory



verdicts, especially while AIDS is disproportionately concentrated in unpopular groups such as gay men and intravenous-drug users.

The second is that AIDS victims should abstain from behavior bearing any risk of transmitting the virus to others—regardless of whether or not the person discloses his condition to his partner. But that policy might well be self-defeating. A ban on all sex for AIDS carriers would create an adverse incentive: If having sex were criminal no matter what one did to inform or protect one's partner, why bother with information or protection?

The third approach is that AIDS victims, as long as they informed their partner, could pursue their sex lives in any manner they wished. However, not all people would assess the risk intelligently; some might not understand the risk and love or desire might lead others to discount the risk.

The fourth is that AIDS victims who know they are infected would be forced to disclose that information to their partners and take sufficient precautions against transmitting the disease (that is the thrust of the bill currently before Congress).

Although the last approach is undoubtedly the most reasonable one to take, even it has its problems, for enforcing any law that required AIDS-infected people to practice safe sex or to abstain from having sex would entail state investigations into the sex lives of AIDS carriers, their partners and their partners' partners. The enforcement would be highly intrusive and would require wholesale sexual surveillance.

In addition, the victims of AIDS are predominantly gays, I.V.-drug users and the poor. Law-enforcement personnel might well use criminal laws to harass the dispossessed or unpopular and to reinforce irrational fears of homosexuals (in the District of Columbia, police wear face masks and plastic gloves when they raid homosexual social clubs).

Finally, there is a danger that criminalizing AIDS transmission would drive AIDS underground—a counterproductive result in a society seeking to contain the disease. People who knew they carried the virus would be punished. Criminalizing the transmission of AIDS would discourage people from getting tested to find out whether or not they carried the virus.

There is one last legal tack to take and that is to use civil—not criminal—remedies to combat the knowing transmission of the AIDS virus. Under existing law, a victim can seek revenge and monetary compensation in a civil suit. Unfortunately, with AIDS transmission, the vic-

tims may not learn that they have become infected until a long time after the virus has been transmitted, and it may be difficult for a victim to prove how he got the virus. Any lawsuit would involve the plaintiff in a detailed investigation of his own sex life. Moreover, the defendant might have died by the time the suit was resolved or might have exhausted his finances on his own AIDS treatment and thus be unable to pay any substantial damages.

The solution to stopping the sexual transmission of AIDS lies neither in the criminal nor in the civil courts. We need to prevent transmission from occurring—not imprison or fine AIDS carriers. Lawsuits cannot undo what has been

done, and, more importantly, they are unlikely to deter transmission. Many of those who transmit do so out of ignorance either of their own condition or of the methods of transmission. And many of those who transmit are already dying and, therefore, beyond the reach of any legal system.

Passing criminal laws is an easy response to our fear of AIDS. It provides a platform for politicians and gives us a false sense that we are "doing something" to fight the epidemic.

It would be far more constructive if we used the resources we are seemingly willing to expend on AIDS prosecution for AIDS education.

—MARTHA A. FIELD, professor of law at Harvard Law School

## WEDDING-BELL BLUES



There is an old blues song that goes, "If it wasn't for bad luck, wouldn't have no luck at all." In Illinois, the state legislature rewrote that line: "If it wasn't for bad law, wouldn't have no law at all."

Illinois was the second state to buy President Reagan's voodoo health policy: Legislators passed a law requiring AIDS testing for all marriage-license applicants. (Louisiana is the only other state with a premarital-AIDS-testing law.) The sponsor of the bill, state senator Beverly Fawell, said, "If we find just 100 people who could have possibly infected another 100 people, it will have been worth it."

The naïveté of the lawmakers is astonishing—they seem to assume that the couples haven't already consummated their relationship. They seem to ignore the fact that people who are getting married aren't, as a rule, homosexual, promiscuous or prone to drug abuse.

But it's cost-free legislation. Couples who want to get married have to fork over as much as \$300 for the blood test, and the taxpayer, without paying a penny, can rest assured that something is being done.

Governor Jim Thompson, a man who knows how to use a headline, if not his head, signed the bill into law over the protests of public-health officials and top AIDS experts. Praise the Lord and pass the legislation.

Unfortunately, the law is a disaster: Marriage-license applications

in Cook County alone have plummeted 60 percent—from 1500 in the first three weeks of January 1987 to 600 in January 1988. Cou-

ples are simply crossing state lines to get married or postponing marriage. In addition, already overburdened test facilities are providing tests and counseling to the people who need it least—thus cutting off access to high-risk groups that need quick information.

Illinois Senator Paul Simon supports AIDS education and voluntary testing but is highly critical of the state law: The State of Illinois is giving the country an excellent example of how not to test for the AIDS virus, he said. "There was a long waiting list already for those who really want to be tested. Dropping thousands of low-risk individuals into that situation invites chaos. Those who know they have AIDS rarely spread AIDS. But when you have to wait four weeks or more for a test, you have the equivalent of a bomb walking around out there. To use those test facilities for low-risk groups—and couples planning to marry certainly qualify as low-risk groups—is a huge waste of our limited resources. I can only hope that other states will realize how counterproductive this approach is and concentrate their testing where it will do the most good."

As we go to press, the Illinois House Human Services Committee has sent the House three bills that would repeal the controversial law.



**WILDMON'S ANTI-SEMITISM**

Barry Lynn's excellent article on the Reverend Donald E. Wildmon of the American Family Association, formerly the National Federation for Decency ("How to Separate the Men from the Boycotts," *The Playboy Forum*, April), fails to mention Wildmon's anti-Semitism.

Wildmon is fond of quoting a Lichter-Rothman survey that found that a majority of television-network executives are Jewish, then claiming that there is a conscious, deliberate conspiracy to create "anti-Christian" television programming.

Wildmon first made his anti-Semitic insinuations in 1985 at a convention of the National Religious Broadcasters. In response, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith wrote to him, "Your remarks imply that Jews create and condone anti-Christian programming. . . . You seem to be saying that the 'fact' that there are so many Jews who are involved with commercial-television programming is an explanation for the anti-Christian nature, as you see it, of that programming."

In September 1986, in his *NFD Journal*, Wildmon again raised the specter of a conspiracy among network executives, 59 percent of whom, he reiterated, are Jewish, to create prime-time anti-Christian programming. He concluded his article with: "What we are witnessing by the networks and advertisers is a genuine hostility toward Christians and the Christian faith. This anti-Christian programming is intentional and by design. It took me years to believe that, and to be willing to say so publicly, but it is true."

In 1987, Wildmon continued to make anti-Semitic comments and repeatedly used the Lichter-Rothman survey to back up his statements. "If I am anti-Semitic for quoting hard findings, then in my mind, those who prepared the study who are Jewish are anti-Semitic."

I sent my file of Wildmon quotes to the Center for Media and Public Affairs, which conducted the Lichter-Rothman sur-



FOR THE RECORD

**TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT**

"If you take an act of fellatio out of context by photographing it, then publish the photo in a magazine with a title like *Swallow My Leader*, and sell it from the back rack of a dingy little newsstand, you invest the original act of fellatio with a lurid power it might not otherwise have had. Lacking any hint of the byplay of personalities, the picture becomes a mere symbol, a lightning rod for the cravings of its beholder.

"That's pornography—the objectification of bodies.

"Now imagine a teapot. It's been designed by a postmodern architect with a household name (well, in the *right* households). Handcrafted from the finest metals, it retails for \$100 in hushed, spacious stores with industrial shelving and salesboys who style themselves after Edwardian fops. The teapot gleams. Its form reveals a charming playfulness, balanced by its underlying architectonic sobriety. . . . This teapot is no longer about boiling water. It's about being able to pay a lot of money for a teapot. It's a teapot that, once in your possession, reflects your obvious good taste. It's a teapot that seemingly shouts for all the world to hear, 'Praise be to the god of *objets* that I am owned by someone with as developed a sense of style as YOUR NAME HERE.'

"Thrusting off the yoke of its original, dreary context as a utensil—sad cousin to tongs and strainers—the postmod teapot becomes instead a symbol, a lightning rod for the economic and class aspirations of its owner.

"That's Yuppie pornography—the objectification of objects."

—from "Sweet Savage Teapot: The Rapid Rise of Yuppie Porn," by Bruce Handy, *Spy* magazine

vey and received the following reply from S. Robert Lichter: "We naturally abhor any imputation of anti-Semitic inferences from our survey of television producers and executives. Our report simply noted the religious backgrounds of respondents, along with many other demographic and attitudinal findings. The survey drew no conclusions about the nature of programming or the precise motivations of program creators, beyond a general endorsement of using TV for a vehicle for 'social reform.'"

Wildmon's attempt to hide behind the Lichter-Rothman survey is shown for the dodge it is. He promotes a theme that will do nothing but divide Christian from Jew—something far more serious than businessmen's watching R-rated movies after ten P.M. in one of our hotels.

Robert L. Brannon  
Vice-President  
Corporate Communications  
Holiday Corporation  
Memphis, Tennessee

As stated in Barry Lynn's article, *Holiday Inns*, owned by Holiday Corporation, are under attack by Wildmon and company for providing access to R-rated pay-per-view movies in hotel rooms. Holiday Inn has resisted Wildmon's insistence that this cable service be dropped.

Robert Brannon's letter confirms what we already knew: Wildmon distorts surveys and studies to support his own misguided beliefs.

Please inform Wildmon that people were being raped and murdered long before pornography was published and before movies were invented.

S. Cummings  
Boston, Massachusetts

**SEX POLICE**

I don't know what kind of job James R. Petersen has, but it's obviously a long way from the street life for which he thinks he has solutions ("The High Cost of Sex Police," *The Playboy Forum*, May). He can't be running a hotel whose patrons are concerned about the whores walking near it. He can't be with the Health De-



partment, whose employees are concerned with the spread of sexually transmitted diseases.

Perhaps Petersen lives in a neighborhood where prostitutes look like the girls on *Miami Vice* and doesn't know that in reality, streetwalkers are most often unkempt, dirty boys and girls, runaways and victims of abuse who will likely end up victims of robbery, rape or other violent crimes.

In fact, prostitutes have their fingers on the pulse of crime and are very knowledgeable about where the "real crooks" are. How do these girls who are so unworthy of our attention know where every crack house is?

Maybe the prostitution solution is obvious. All of them should be taken in by men such as Petersen who can protect them from further police abuse.

Larry J. Salit  
Oxnard, California

We'd like to correct one error in "The High Cost of Sex Police." *New York City* spent \$23,000,000 in 1985 to control prostitution, not \$2,300,000 as reported. Where does that money go? Busting those "unkempt, dirty boys and girls, runaways and victims of abuse who will likely end up victims of robbery, rape or other violent crimes." The point of the article is that the money would be better spent protecting prostitutes (who are themselves victims) from the real criminals.

In cities where prostitution is illegal (as is drug use), many drug users turn tricks to support their habits. In Nevada, wherever prostitution is legal, the sex-and-drug connection is unclear. But there are few, if any, cases of AIDS. If you are concerned

about health, spend the money on health care, drug treatment and sex education—not paddy wagons.

Actually, since the girls are so "knowledgeable about crime," they should be hired by the police, who have had their heads in the vice for too long.

A word of warning for any man considering taking a stroll through Orlando, Florida's, scenic Langford Park: You'd better take a woman with you. Orlando police are using a little-known ordinance that allows them to arrest individuals for "walking aimlessly." But so far, they have arrested only single males. The police apparently are trying to curtail the number of homosexuals and male prostitutes in the park.

It's nice to know that Orlando is so free from murder, rape and burglary that the city can spare policemen to arrest park strollers. Indeed, Orlando sounds like paradise—unless you're a single male.

Donald Vaughan  
Greenacres, Florida

REVERSE SEXISM

I read with interest Dr. Andrew S. Ryan, Jr.'s, article "Reverse Sexism" (*The Playboy Forum*, April). As a lifetime member of the female sex, I don't like to think that women take part in such an insidious practice; yet to deny that it takes place would not be very objective.

Men didn't know that they were sexists until women informed them. Now maybe it's the women's turn to learn from men.

Kim Huffman  
Atlanta, Georgia

RICO ROULETTE

In "A Real Threat: The Rico Trap" (*The Playboy Forum*, May) Richard Cohen is quoted as saying, "No one has yet died from [pornography]. . . ." An article in a National Coalition Against Pornography publication states, "One pornographic photo shows a murdered boy about nine years old—naked and with a butcher knife stuck in his chest." Apparently, people have died from porn.

Dale L. Eble  
Burlington, North Carolina

Taking your letter at face value, we would have to conclude that the boy died from a butcher knife, not from the act of taking a photograph. Is the photo porn? No. It is evidence. And we hope the district attorney knows enough to prosecute the person responsible for the act of violence.

Richard Ryan's article on the case of *The United States vs. Pryba* (*The Playboy Forum*, May) should have a sobering effect on anyone who values his First Amendment rights.

Ruben Bolnick  
Brooklyn Park, Minnesota

In my opinion, the real criminals in the Pryba case are Henry Hudson and Edwin Meese.

John E. Pinson  
Greenville, South Carolina

The Government is using precious time and money to penalize the Prybas for selling a few movies and books.

Adam Swetlik  
Fort Stewart, Georgia

TV VIOLENCE

I became aware of the crusade against cartoon violence from reading James R. Petersen's "Praise the Lord and Pass the Popcorn" (*The Playboy Forum*, August 1987). The National Coalition on Television Violence is trying to get rid of all war toys and battle shows. It should realize that these shows are fads like anything else. Remember playing cowboys and Indians? *Star Wars*? *GI Joe*? Already, some of the cartoons the N.C.T.V. complains so bitterly about (*Rambo* and *Inhumanoids*) are apparently off the air—dead from the lack of viewer interest. Any organization that thinks it has the answer to the ills of the world is highly suspect. The cartoon [at left] says it all.

N. Mason  
New Orleans, Louisiana

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# INJUSTICE IN AN "OBSCENITY" CASE

BY RALPH GINZBURG

*Memo: To Justice William J. Brennan, Jr.*

A new book is out, *Black Mondays: Worst Decisions of the Supreme Court*, by a Washington lawyer, Joel D. Joseph, with a foreword by your brother Justice, Thurgood Marshall. I regret to say that it includes a decision that you wrote in *Ginzburg vs. United States*.

That was a freedom-of-the-press case, decided in 1966, in which the United States Supreme Court sent me to prison in 1972 for publishing a magazine called *Eros*. You and four other Justices found, in effect, that *Eros* violated your personal criteria of good taste with respect to sexual literature, and you ruled my magazine "obscene."

*Black Mondays* reports that "Justice Brennan, who authored the *Ginzburg* decision, has changed his mind, and now believes that . . . *Ginzburg* and a slew of other obscenity decisions were mistakes." The book furnishes proof of this change of mind.

Well, I'm glad you've seen the light. My regret, of course, is that you did not see it sooner, since you cast the swing vote in a five-to-four decision that could have spared me eight months in Feder-

al prison, four years and four months of probation, Draconian fines, and a half million dollars in legal costs, emotional torment for my family, disgrace before my professional colleagues and the public and the near ruination of my career.

Also, I might add, your vote could have preserved for the American people a significant magazine. Ironically, at the same time that the Justice Department was prosecuting me for publishing *Eros*, the State Department was exhibiting it in Moscow as a paradigm of American periodical publishing.

Well, that's all blood under the bridge, as the writer Truman Capote—one of the many intellectuals, worldwide, who decried my imprisonment—once said.

What can you do to make amends? I'll tell you what.

The next time an obscenity case comes before the Court (and, during its most recent full term, 18 obscenity cases reached the Court, according to the Freedom of Information Center at the University of Missouri), you can do what the founding fathers commanded you to do—namely, as stated unequivocally

in the First Amendment, ensure that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of press."

They didn't say "except for sex" or "except for literature that fails to mirror sexual tastes of a majority of Justices on the Supreme Court at any given time."

The concept of sexual "obscenity" is a relatively new one, little over a century old. It didn't exist at the time the Constitution was written. It is a transitory sociological aberration, exactly like witchery.

It does not merit consecration on our statute books. Moreover, it makes a mockery of American jurisprudence. Nowhere is our law more hypocritical than on the subject of "obscenity."

The Supreme Court decision in my case, for example, yielded seven different opinions by the nine Justices. Almost none could agree with anyone else—except that five Justices felt I should be imprisoned for whatever it was that I had done.

Mr. Justice, you would go down in history if the next time you wrote a majority opinion for the Supreme Court in an "obscenity" case you banished "obscenity" laws altogether.

There would be a hue and cry from a small—but hysterically vocal and, in my opinion, highly neurotic—segment of society, no doubt, but the majority of the American people would applaud your action. That majority will widen with successive generations as college education becomes nearly universal and psychological sophistication broadens.

The irony of the Supreme Court's upholding the "obscenity" laws while alleging abhorrence to censorship was dealt with in a statement I read to newsmen at the prison gate when I was freed on October 10, 1972.

It was titled "In Contempt of the Supreme Court," and declared: "Let history mark that in the year 1972, in this supposedly civilized, professedly free society, a man was manacled and muzzled for trying to tell the truth about sex."

*Ralph Ginzburg is the publisher of three magazines, among them Moneysworth.*



Some modern-day interpreters of the Bill of Rights would have us believe that the founding fathers would have disapproved of porn if it had existed. It did; they didn't. Drawings such as this were quite the rage in the constitutional era.



what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

## HOUNDED DOGS

MC ALLEN, TEXAS—Rocky and Barco are the U.S. Border Patrol's most successful drug busters. In one year of duty at the McAllen Border Patrol, the two Belgian Malinois detected \$130,000,000 worth of



marijuana, cocaine and heroin. But success has its down side. Border Patrol guards have learned via their underworld informants that drug smugglers have placed the canines on their hit list—and have issued a \$30,000 contract on their lives.

## ILLEGAL TAPING

BANNING, CALIFORNIA—A 40-year-old Riverside County man was sentenced to 14 months in jail for secretly video-taping himself having sex with his various girlfriends. The man's roommate told one of the women that he had seen the tapes and that there "isn't a part of your body I don't know." The man was charged with illegal wire tapping and found guilty of three counts of eavesdropping. His roommate was sentenced to probation on one count of eavesdropping.

## PLUGGING AWAY

News from the front in the war against sperm:

- A Chinese scientist claims to have developed an inexpensive, 100-percent-effective and reversible male-contraceptive technique that uses liquid polyurethane to

plug up the sperm duct. The fluid solidifies rapidly to form an elastic obstruction that is compatible with body tissue, prevents the passage of sperm, can be removed and has no effect on sexual functions.

- Vanderbilt University researchers are starting the second phase of human trials on a male-contraceptive drug that prevents sperm production and can be administered either as a once-a-month injection or as a nasal spray.

- Scientists at Eastern Virginia Medical School are working with a recently discovered hormone, inhibin, to see if it can be developed as a long-acting, injectable male contraceptive. Inhibin, unlike other hormonal contraceptives, would affect only the gonads, not the rest of the body.

## A MONKEY ON HIS BACK

NEW LENOX, ILLINOIS—A junior high school teacher has sued local education officials for not letting him teach the Biblical version of the earth's origins. He claims that he is being denied his First Amendment rights. The superintendent of schools disagrees. Federal courts have held that teaching creationist science is the same as advocating a religion, he says. Furthermore, he states, the issue involved is the separation of church and state—not the teacher's First Amendment rights.

## THE FRIENDLY SKIES

CHICAGO—A California couple who allegedly used oral sex to relieve the monotony of a transatlantic flight home were taken off an American Airlines plane in Chicago and charged with public indecency. Their problem started when a 13-year-old girl observed the couple and told her mother. The mother told a flight attendant, who told her supervisor, who told the pilot, who called the police. An airline spokesman commented, "It is human nature that on some flights, at any time of day or night, people will try this."

Two other passengers who pelted food at the meddling flight attendant were also taken off the plane and charged with disorderly conduct.

## VIDEO VIEW

GLASFORD, ILLINOIS—A 37-year-old public school teacher resigned after parents discovered that the videotape of a

girls' basketball game he had lent out actually contained scenes of the man performing sexual acts. "Trust me," he said. "I thought I erased [those scenes]."

## MORE DOPE

LOS ANGELES—L.A. County police found out just how desperate—or dumb—some drug buyers can be. After arresting 50 suspected drug customers, a deputy sheriff with a jacket clearly marked SHERIFF and a Sheriff's Department cap clearly marked NARCOTICS was approached by two men who said they wanted to buy some cocaine. They were arrested.

NEW YORK—Federal agents on a flight en route to Miami detected the odor of ether coming from the lavatory and ordered a flight attendant to open the door. Inside was a passenger—allegedly using a butane torch to free-base cocaine. The plane returned to New York, where the passenger was arrested and charged with drug possession and interference with a flight crew.

## DIRTY DANCING

RANCHO CORDOVA, CALIFORNIA—The 18 members of the cheerleading squad of Cordova High School performed a dance number between cheers—and were sus-



pended from the squad for their efforts. Administrators had warned the girls that their dance routine was sexually suggestive, but the girls apparently decided that that's what cheerleading's all about.



# WALKING THE PLANK

on the subject of abortion, our two major parties are sharply divided

"The unborn child has a fundamental individual right to life that cannot be infringed. We therefore reaffirm our support for a human-life amendment to the Constitution, and we endorse legislation to make clear that the 14th Amendment's protections apply to unborn children. We oppose the use of public revenues for abortion and will eliminate funding for organizations that advocate or support abortion. We commend the efforts of those individuals and religious and private organizations that are providing positive alternatives to abortion by meeting the physical, emotional and financial needs of pregnant women and offering adoption services where needed.

"We applaud President Reagan's fine record of judicial appointments, and we reaffirm our support for the appointment of judges at all levels of the judiciary who respect traditional family values and the sanctity of innocent human life."

—Anti-abortion plank, from the Republican Party Platform, adopted at the 1984 Republican Convention in Dallas

"The Democratic Party recognizes reproductive freedom as a fundamental human right. We therefore oppose government interference in the reproductive decisions of Americans, especially government interference that denies poor Americans their right to privacy by funding or advocating one of a limited number of reproductive choices only. We fully recognize the religious and ethical concerns that many Americans have about abortion. But we also recognize the belief of many Americans that a woman has a right to choose whether and when to have a child. The Democratic Party supports the 1973 Supreme Court decision on abortion rights as the law of the land and opposes any constitutional amendment to restrict or overturn that decision. We deplore violence and harassment against health providers and women seeking services and will work to end such acts. We support a continuing Federal interest in developing strong local family-planning and family-life education programs and medical research aimed at reducing the need for abortion."

—Reproductive-freedom plank, from the Democratic Party Platform, adopted at the 1984 Democratic Convention in San Francisco

By the time you read this, it will be all over except for the shouting, the funny hats and the streamers. And we expect that this year's Republican and Democratic delegates will change the words, but not the tune, of their 1984 platforms.

This was a year when candidates were forced to take stands on issues concerned with sex—from AIDS to abortion rights. In October 1987, we looked at the candidates' positions on AIDS and noticed distinct party differences ("Where the Candidates Stand on AIDS," *The Playboy Forum*). All of the Republican candidates favored prisoner and immigrant testing, and half were against safe-sex education. Democrats largely opposed mandatory testing and quarantines, and all favored safe-sex education.

The differences can be stated in broader terms: The Republicans want the right of privacy stripped from the umbrella of constitutional protections. In the name of protecting their families, they want the Government to invade the privacy of individuals. The hidden agenda is to make war on the victims—not the virus. And don't breathe a word about sex to our children. In contrast, the Democrats view AIDS victims as Americans and seek to help their fellow man through research, education and medical care.

The parties' positions on abortion parallel their positions on AIDS. "The Democratic Party recognizes reproduc-

ive freedom as a fundamental human right," while the conservative branch of the Republican Party—the Falwells, the Robertsons and the Schlaflys—has divided America into us and them; it places pro-choice citizens in league with the Devil. If you listen to those Republicans, you'd think that only unwed black teenagers or rich white liberal Democrat career women had abortions.

The National Abortion Rights Action League prepared an interesting analysis of anti-abortion and pro-choice positions, focusing on the stereotypes held by the conservative right. According to NARAL: "Official statistics from the Federal Government indicate something of the fallacy of relying on these stereotypes. For example, in 1983, the latest year for which statistics are available, only about one quarter of the abortions in America were for women under the age of 19. Likewise, married women accounted for one fifth of all abortions in 1983. . . . Many Americans believe abortions are not for people like them, that it is 'other people' who choose abortion. . . . Voters who take this view are less likely than their social counterparts to see the legal right to choose an abortion as a right in which they have a personal stake and, therefore, as a right they should support."

How popular is the pro-choice movement? According to NARAL and Voters for Choice: "The majority of the electorate is pro-choice. Six years of President Reagan, the great communi-

cator, espousing his anti-choice position has not weakened public support for safe and legal abortion. In 1975, 75 percent of the people polled believed that abortion should be legal in all or some circumstances, and today it is 76 percent." Other figures: "A clear majority (56 percent) support 'keeping it legal for women to be able to have an abortion when they decide to have one'; 63 percent oppose passage of a constitutional amendment that would make abortion illegal again. More than three quarters (77 percent) of the electorate agree that 'abortion is a private issue between a woman, her family and her doctor. The Government should not be involved.' About three quarters of the electorate (74 percent) agree that 'since nobody knows for sure when life begins, people should follow their own moral convictions and religious teachings on the abortion issue.'"

NARAL states succinctly the problem facing the Republican Party: "The challenge for mainstream pro-choice Republicans will be to guide the Republican Party into rational consideration of reproductive choice. For the party to successfully maintain its cohesion, and to grow, it cannot simply espouse the 'new right' social agenda but must begin to address the concerns of the new young, professional, fiscally conservative and socially liberal voting population." In short, it must listen to the voice of the people, not the bully pulpit.





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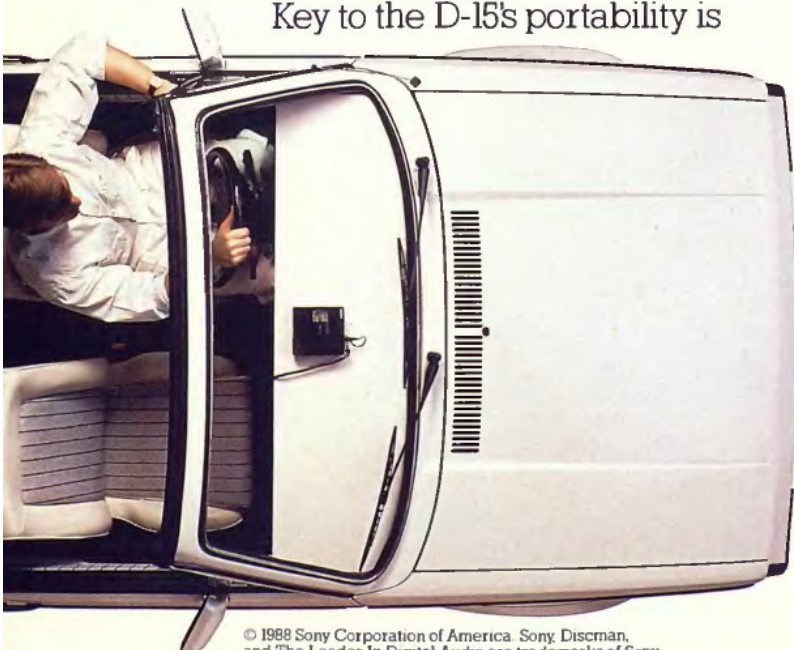
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## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

# HARVEY FIERSTEIN

*a candid conversation with the outspoken homosexual playwright about gays and straights and life and death in the age of aids*

It was on a Sunday evening in June 1984 that Harvey Fierstein first imposed himself upon the national consciousness. Just announced as the Tony award winner for Best Book of a Musical for "La Cage aux Folles," he rushed onto the stage, smiled into the network-television camera and, in a Brooklyn rasp that has been variously likened to the mating call of a bulldog or a backed-up vacuum cleaner, declared his everlasting gratitude to his male lover.

Such was the force of the impression he made that almost no one recalled that something similar had occurred just a year earlier. In fact, it was a preshow admonition to the audience by the executive producer to "please, please avoid last year's embarrassment"—when someone had quietly thanked his male lover—that prompted Fierstein to say what he did.

"Before that," as he later recalled, "I couldn't have cared less if I won, since I had two Tonys already; but suddenly, the gauntlet was down. I had to win just to prove that we ain't gonna take that kinda shit."

Not that anyone who knew him was at all surprised. Fierstein has rarely hesitated to stand up for the proposition—summed up in the rousing anthem for "La Cage," "I Am What I Am"—that gay people don't need the straight world's approval.

That stance, however, has often proved to be a professional inconvenience. A situation comedy Fierstein developed about a gay couple—"It was going to portray them as people," he says, "instead of caricatures"—could not get past top network executives. The Wall Street Journal killed a profile of Fierstein after he refused to allow his use of the word gay to be changed, in accordance with the paper's stylebook, to homosexual. Nor, he claims, is he any longer welcome on "Late Night with David Letterman," following a famous on-air duel of put-downs with the comedian: When Fierstein remarked that he assumed everyone was gay unless told otherwise, Letterman snatched up a pencil and a pad and wrote, "I'm not," and turned it toward his guest; but Fierstein directed his written response—"Would eight o'clock be OK?"—at the camera.

The attention accorded to Fierstein as a representative of gay pride, and the considerable flair he brings to the role, sometimes conspire to draw attention from the gift that brought him to public notice in the first place. In fact, at 34, he is recognized as one of the most eloquent voices in contemporary theater.

That reputation is predicated, above all, on "Torch Song Trilogy," the nearly four-hour-long, frankly autobiographical opus that won 1983's Tony for Best Play. It also

won Fierstein a Best Actor award. In the role of Arnold Beckoff, a nice Jewish boy whose mother had wanted him to grow up as anything but a drag queen, his performance was a tour de force. Yet it had taken four years for the play to make its way uptown from off-off-Broadway, perhaps because, he says, his homosexual protagonists "don't commit suicide at the end or repent their evil ways."

In fact—and this certainly had no small part in the play's eventual success—for all its candor and the depth of its gay sensibility, "Torch Song's" values are essentially traditional ones. "Arnold Beckoff wants what most people want," the play's coproducer, John Glines, once observed. "He's very middle class, and he wants a job he doesn't hate too much, enough money to live comfortably and someone to share it with. He wants a family life. What Harvey proved was that you could use a gay context and a gay experience and speak universal truths."

"Gay liberation should not be a license to be a perpetual adolescent," as Fierstein himself noted at the time, adding a postscript that struck a chord within as many straights as gays: "If you deny yourself commitment, then what can you do with your life?"

Not, finally, that any of that should have been surprising. Fierstein grew up middle class and, unlike many social activists, has



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'ROURKE

*"When you have AIDS, you're judged on how much sex you've had in your life and what kind. But there's nothing wrong with having had a lot of sex, with putting your arms around someone, holding them, feeling great."*

*"If gay people had enough self-respect to stand up when somebody made a gay joke and say, 'Fuck you in the heart, you little asshole, I'm gay and I resent that'—that would make all the difference."*

*"This is the sexual revolution. What we did in the Sixties and Seventies was a bunch of bullshit—child's play, kids let loose in a toy store. The real discovery is that you have to take responsibility for your actions."*



never disavowed or disparaged that background. Although he was a fat kid—by adolescence, he weighed 240 pounds—he more or less fit in.

It was to please his parents that after high school, Fierstein studied painting at Brooklyn's Pratt Institute. But by then, having already made his stage debut—as a drag queen in Andy Warhol's "Pork"—he was in love with the theater. For a while, he worked, like Arnold Beckoff, as a female impersonator before turning to writing. "It's a fine old theatrical tradition," he would later explain, "of uncastable people who get frustrated and start writing for themselves."

Fierstein's early efforts—"Flatbush Tosca," "Cannibals Don't Know Better," "In Search of the Cobra Jewels" (the last featuring a cockroach chorus)—tended toward camp. It was only with "Torch Song," first produced at the tiny downtown La Mama Theater (and slated for release this year as a film, with Fierstein playing Arnold and Anne Bancroft as his mother), that he displayed his range.

As a blockbuster musical, "La Cage aux Folles" confirmed not only his broad-based commercial appeal but his status, as he characterized it, as the first "real-live, out-of-the-closet queer on Broadway."

But by then, the AIDS epidemic had already begun to take its ghastly toll. Although he had never professed to be a spokesman for anyone but himself, Fierstein soon found himself regularly called upon by the media to speak out on the crisis, cast, despite himself, as a kind of emissary from the gay community to the straight, laboring to dispel the pervasive misconceptions about the disease and those who have it. When he would later appear with physicians and AIDS researchers on programs such as ABC's "Nightline," often it was Fierstein's vivid remarks, more than the figures and the science, that made the strongest and most memorable impression on viewers.

Fierstein's next play, "Safe Sex"—actually, a trio of one-acts—was also largely autobiographical and dealt with, among other things, the dehumanizing impact of AIDS on all of us. In the words of New York Times drama critic Frank Rich, "If it would be grotesque to suggest that anything good has come of AIDS, it can be said that the theater has found its own voice in rising to the disease's challenge."

With evidence of public confusion about the role of homosexuals in the spread of AIDS, and a backlash against gays in some parts of society, Playboy sent writer Harry Stein to see Fierstein. The former "Ethics" columnist for Esquire, Stein is the author of "One of the Guys: The Wising Up of an American Man." His report:

"In a sense, Harvey is the easiest interview in the world. It is rare to run across someone both so at ease with his convictions and so adept at expressing them. His passion, even his intense dislikes—for the Reagans, for example—are never tempered by the caution

that comes as second nature to most of those in the public eye.

"Yet it is that same quality—the tendency to come on so strong, to engage in verbal overkill and, sometimes, deal in generalities—that makes talking with him such a challenge. Harvey is a gifted performer, and at the beginning of our conversations, it was hard not to sense that what I was getting was something of a creation, the public Fierstein.

"In retrospect, it ought to be acknowledged that part of the problem—probably more mine than his—had to do with our different sexual orientations. Although we are roughly of the same generation and social background, in fundamental ways we have inhabited different worlds; and, like most straight men, I approach his with a certain trepidation. It took a little while to get beyond all that. But, eventually, we established considerable rapport.

"Fierstein spends a lot of his time alone these days, with a pair of dogs in rural Connecticut—a seeming anomaly for a man whose life and work are so closely linked to the beat of the city. In fact, although he has by no means surrendered all his compulsions—he continues to chain-smoke and to punish himself with a variety of diets—he is extraordi-

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*"Everything I've done is out of cowardice. I was too stubborn to go along with the world, so I made the entire world gay."*

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narily at ease there, more than once interrupting our conversation to point out the window at some natural magnificence. 'You should hear the Canada geese honking late at night,' he noted at one point. 'It sounds just like the Belt Parkway in Brooklyn. Then you go outside, and they're flying against the full moon, and you're in a Walt Disney movie.'

"But, no, the man will never be confused with Marlin Perkins. For although the gentleness of spirit has much to do with his distinctive voice, it plays off a gritty, often outrageous honesty.

"A couple of weeks after our first meeting, I found him in his other new home, a duplex in a just-completed building on New York's Upper West Side, surrounded by paintings and prints waiting to be hung, making plans to head up to Toronto to shoot one of the 'Safe Sex' plays for HBO.

"You know," he said, nodding toward the bedroom upstairs, "I've got no curtains up there yet, and this morning, when I got out of the shower, I noticed there were all these workmen on the roof of the building across the way, staring in at me. What could I do? I walked over to the window and stared right back." He smiled and shrugged. "I figured

they were the ones who ought to be embarrassed, not me."

**PLAYBOY:** We understand that as a child, you were a regular reader of this magazine.

**FIERSTEIN:** Incredibly enough, yes. We had some relatives in Ellenville, New York, and the two boys were the same age as my brother and I. They had some books there, really dirty books. Every other word was fuck and shit.

**PLAYBOY:** How old were you then?

**FIERSTEIN:** Oh, I had to be, like, nine, ten. Anyway, one time, my mother opened up one of these books and she practically had cardiac arrest. So my parents made a deal with my brother and me. If we didn't read these gross books anymore, they'd get us a subscription to *Playboy*.

Of course, what my parents didn't know was that very few of the pictures really enticed me. I liked only the *Sex in Cinema* features. Those were the only pictures that I found at all sexy, because they had men in them.

**PLAYBOY:** So you already knew you were gay.

**FIERSTEIN:** Oh, yes. Gay. I was so gay, they don't make them any gayer.

**PLAYBOY:** How was it to be surrounded by all the heterosexual stimuli as a child? What did you feel about yourself then?

**FIERSTEIN:** I would say that anybody who is an out-of-the-closet gay, or even a practicing gay person, has gone through more analysis in his own head than he'd get from paying some Freudian analyst \$4,000,000. Because what happens when you're a kid is that you go through an identity search. When straight kids go through it—boom!—they come up with the answer and they fit right in.

What happens with a gay kid is, you go through this identity search and you come out with the wrong answer. Then you go through it again and you come out with the wrong answer. And then you come out again with the wrong answer. So you're constantly rethinking your feelings, figuring out where you fit in. Am I a man trapped in a woman's body? Am I a woman trapped in a man's body? Is homosexuality normal? Am I gay because my mother yelled at me and my father didn't? I mean, you deal with all these questions on a basic level before you even know that psychological theories exist.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you remember your first homosexual stirrings? Was there a moment when you said to yourself, I'm attracted to boys as opposed to girls?

**FIERSTEIN:** No. I just always *was*. I always had more in common with girls in the sexual games. And was always attracted to men. I remember at sleep-away camp that many nights I used to fake not being able to sleep and being homesick so that I could get into bed with my counselor. He must have been 18, but, to me, he was this big man and he wore this cowboy hat and this





## Instant-on radar: How it works. How to defend yourself.

Instant-on radar—sometimes called “pulse” radar—has been around for years. But it’s being used more frequently now as radar operators try to defeat detector users. Here’s how it works.

### First things first

Ordinary radar and instant-on radar use exactly the same type of radar beams. In fact, most radar guns can operate either way. It’s just a matter of which buttons the operator pushes.

### How ordinary radar works

In an ordinary radar trap, the radar gun is aimed at traffic and it continuously transmits a beam of radar waves. The effective range for the radar to “see” your speed is less than a half mile for most cars, longer for trucks.

### How radar detectors work

A radar detector is a radio receiver tuned to radar frequency. A high-performance radar detector is sensitive enough to pick up the radar waves before you drive within speed-measuring range. It’s as simple as that.

### How instant-on radar works

The instant-on radar trap is set up just like an ordinary radar trap. The only difference is that the gun doesn’t transmit until the operator pushes a button. So there is no radar signal for a radar detector to find.

Then when you’re within speed-measuring range, the operator triggers the beam. Hence the term “instant-on.” The radar reads your speed within a fraction of a second, too quickly for a human to respond.

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The maker says this feature “tells you when you’re being shot at!” And that’s the problem. When you’re being shot at, it’s too late.





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butch-looking outfit and all the girls carried on with him. But *I* slept in bed with him. And this was before, obviously, I knew anything about sex.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you talk with anyone about it? Could you confide in your brother?

**FIERSTEIN:** No. You know, I always thought I was extremely honest with myself. Then, all of a sudden, something happens. I'll give you an example. A while back, my mother came to visit me for the weekend and—you know how mothers are—she brought this big bag full of old junk she thought I might want to have. There was one piece of paper in an envelope. I opened it and I freaked. It was one of those notes family members leave for one another on the kitchen table, saying where we are and when we'll be back. My handwriting was on it, but I didn't consciously read it. I just started yelling at my mother to stop dragging up ghosts. "If you want to save this kind of crap, go ahead!" I shouted. "But don't inflict it on the rest of us!"

Even *I* couldn't understand why I had reacted the way I had. So a few days later, I mentioned it to my brother, and he asked what was in the note. "I don't know," I said. "All I remember is that I quoted a Joni Mitchell song—you know: 'I've looked at life from both sides now.'" He said, "You don't remember the 'both sides now' note? It's when you came out to the family."

And, of course, I had totally blocked it. Because, in my case, there were no fights to remember, no screaming. Maybe fighting it out would have helped at that age. I don't know.

**PLAYBOY:** How did your father react?

**FIERSTEIN:** The only thing I specifically remember was, we were taking the dog to the vet in Jersey, and during the car ride, he asked me if I wanted to try a prostitute. I was 13 years old. And I said no, it wasn't necessary. I don't know how painful it was for him, but it was definitely never dealt with by that screaming, yelling crap that you see on television.

**PLAYBOY:** You were very lucky.

**FIERSTEIN:** Yes, I was extremely lucky. But, in a funny way, my parents had no choice, because that's how they brought us up—that whatever you believed in you should stand behind.

**PLAYBOY:** It seems like an extremely troubled childhood.

**FIERSTEIN:** Just bizarre. Because the entire time, I was also going through these stages of trying to figure out who I was in this world that didn't match. Back then you never saw a homosexual anywhere.

**PLAYBOY:** There was no guilt, no feeling that there was something wrong with you?

**FIERSTEIN:** Not at all. You know, people say how brave I am about what I've done and all that. I say it's the opposite. Everything I've done is out of cowardice, out of fear of being different. I was too stubborn to go along with the world, so I made the entire world gay. I wanted the entire world to see that homosexuality is normal and this is the way a lot of us are.

**PLAYBOY:** But, again, you were lucky never to have been ostracized by your family. Lots of gays are rejected by their parents when they come out.

**FIERSTEIN:** Yes, but I always think it's their fault, too. I mean, I just went through it with somebody whose lover was dying of AIDS. He went home to tell his family—his nine siblings and his parents—that he was gay. He just dropped it on them.

I certainly understood that he needed the support of his family. But that's just not the way to do it. You don't just walk in the door when you're 30 years old and say, "Guess what? I'm gay and my lover is dying of AIDS!" Who *wouldn't* freak? He went to them as this desperately needy person and expected them to act out this scenario that he'd written in his mind: "Oh, Johnny, we love you so and we don't care that you're gay and you poor thing!" Instead, the family had this big meeting, and they decided that if they all pulled back from him, he would change his ways.

But, of course, he was doing the same thing to them. He was also going in unprepared to compromise. It was set up to be a disaster. Not that there would be any mistaking whose side *I'm* on. The fact is, I have trouble even with most heterosexuals who profess to "understand" us.

**PLAYBOY:** That's certainly a recurrent theme in your writing.

**FIERSTEIN:** Thank God we live in a time when at least I'm able to write about it. It's just been in the past ten years that all these writers who have always been gay are finally getting to write gay characters, are finally able to express themselves without having to change the name from Leonard to Leonora. But, even now, "well-intentioned" straight people, if they see a gay play in which the main character is loveless, or miserable and self-destructive, they're going to love it. But if a gay person is happy and proud and triumphs at the end, they're going to hate it and call it a whitewash of homosexuals.

Straight critics have written that in *Torch Song Trilogy*, I "steal" the values of hearth and home and family. When the fuck did heterosexuals get the patent on home and love and hearth and family? These are human terms! For the three years that *Torch Song* ran on Broadway, in every interview, I'd say, "This is a gay play." The journalist would say, "It's not a gay play, it's universal." "No," I'd repeat, "it's a *gay* play. Gays are human beings, and you, as a straight human being, can understand it, because we're all human beings. But it is a gay play and you will not take *that* away from me." And then I'd read the article and, of course, it would say, "*Torch Song* is a universal play." [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think straight people were surprised to find that they could perceive gays as human beings, feel the same things that they felt?

**FIERSTEIN:** Yes. Since the show moved them, they had to adopt it. It couldn't be gay, it had to be universal. Otherwise, they'd

have to stand back and say, "Oh, my God, this is a gay play. I relate to this *gay* play!" That was somehow threatening to them. It was the same thing with *La Cage aux Folles*. When I was brought in on that show, it was set in New Orleans. The first thing I said was that we had to move it back to the French Riviera, where the movie had been set. Why? Because, for the audience, it's safe to have gay people in this foreign place. After all, everything is sort of queer to start with, everything is sort of different. But when the same thing happens in America, it frightens people right away.

**PLAYBOY:** You've often expressed anger at what you see as condescension by the straight world toward the gay world.

**FIERSTEIN:** Well, look what happened during the last big vote in Congress on AIDS education! [Senator] Jesse Helms stood up and attacked a Gay Men's Health Crisis comic book that had drawings of men having safe sex, showing how to make your lover put on a condom. Helms held it up as pornography. He called the [1987] AIDS march on Washington a mob of perverted human beings and a national disgrace, and the amendment lost by a vote of 94 to two. They voted to take away safe-sex funding. Only Lowell Weicker and Pat Moynihan voted for it. All the other liberals—our so-called friends—voted against us.

I was asked afterward about our friends—the Ted Kennedys and so forth. We homosexuals are fine to these liberals—they love us—as long as we don't get into bed, as long as we don't have sex. They'll shake our hands, they'll march with us, they'll go for gay civil rights, they'll talk about housing and employment and all that, but *don't have sex*. Please, don't do that. Don't put that thing in your mouth. *Please*, don't put that thing in your mouth! It scares the shit out of them.

I trust the Catholic Church as much as I trust Ted Kennedy. It's exactly the same. We're told that the Church loves homosexuals, it just hates homosexuality. What does that mean? It's like saying I love the idea of Christianity, I just hate the Church. Either you love people and accept them for what they do or you don't. And if they do something that you don't like, but they're not hurting anyone, you deal with it in whatever way you have to. *But you don't tell them how to live their lives*. You don't say, "You can be alive as long as you don't take your dick out." That's none of your goddamn business! Of course, people like that love to bring up things like bestiality. [Laughs] Well, I've been gay a lot of years and I've known a lot of gay people, and I never met one who had sex with a dog. Maybe I live a sheltered life.

**PLAYBOY:** We didn't know people linked bestiality to homosexuality.

**FIERSTEIN:** That's what I mean. It's like transvestism. There is exactly the same percentage of transvestites in the straight community as in the gay community. If ten percent of the world is gay, ten percent of



all transvestites are gay. But, of course, transvestites are what get thrown in our faces. Bestiality, transvestite teachers. If you find a teacher who's a transvestite, it's 90 percent more likely that he is going to be a heterosexual than a homosexual. And, of course, the ever-popular "child molester." We've long known the truth about that. All the figures show that gay people don't go out and do that to children any more than straight people do.

**PLAYBOY:** But there is a correlation between being gay and early sex, isn't there?

**FIERSTEIN:** Yes, a lot of gays do start having sex at a young age. I was having sex at 13. But that's not specifically gay, either. There's a line in *Torch Song*—the 15-year-old kid says it—to the effect that no matter how many petitions people sign, they can't get God to change the age of puberty to 18. Kids have sex, period. When I came out at 13, it was against the law for anybody of age to sleep with me. But I needed to experiment. I needed sex. My mother works in a junior high school and, believe me, things haven't changed. The danger in sex today is the lack of education.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you mean?

**FIERSTEIN:** My worry now is for straight people—kids and adults. If you look at the studies out of San Francisco, the gay community has learned how not to get AIDS. People getting sick now have mostly been carrying the virus for a long time and are now getting full-blown AIDS or develop-

ing ARC [AIDS-related complex]. So I'm not as worried about the gay community, because I know that we've learned what to do.

It's straight ignorance that is really most dangerous. The ones I'm worried about are married men who are getting infected. There's a parking lot a couple of miles from here in Brooklyn where these straight guys, on their way home from work, pull in and suck each other off. And they are going to take it back to their wives. I go past the Metropolitan movie theater. I see the guys going in and out of there. And I know what they're doing in there because of what I used to do in there. And then they go home to their nice little wives.

**PLAYBOY:** Wait; we came prepared to talk about the devastation of AIDS in the homosexual community. You say *your* concern is with the straight community?

**FIERSTEIN:** You bet. I worry about the girl who gets sent on her 16th birthday to a ski lodge and meets a boy and is too embarrassed to ask him to use a condom. So she gets over the trauma of "Oh, my God, I had sex" and goes home and goes to school and all that, graduates from college and gets married, and then she has a baby, and all of a sudden, she's positive and she's dying. She has AIDS.

**PLAYBOY:** Last year, *Playboy* published an article suggesting that AIDS was *not* going to spread to the heterosexual community as had been anticipated. Other articles in

medical journals, in *The New York Times* and in *Cosmopolitan* have added to a consensus that the risk is overwhelmingly confined to gays and drug users.

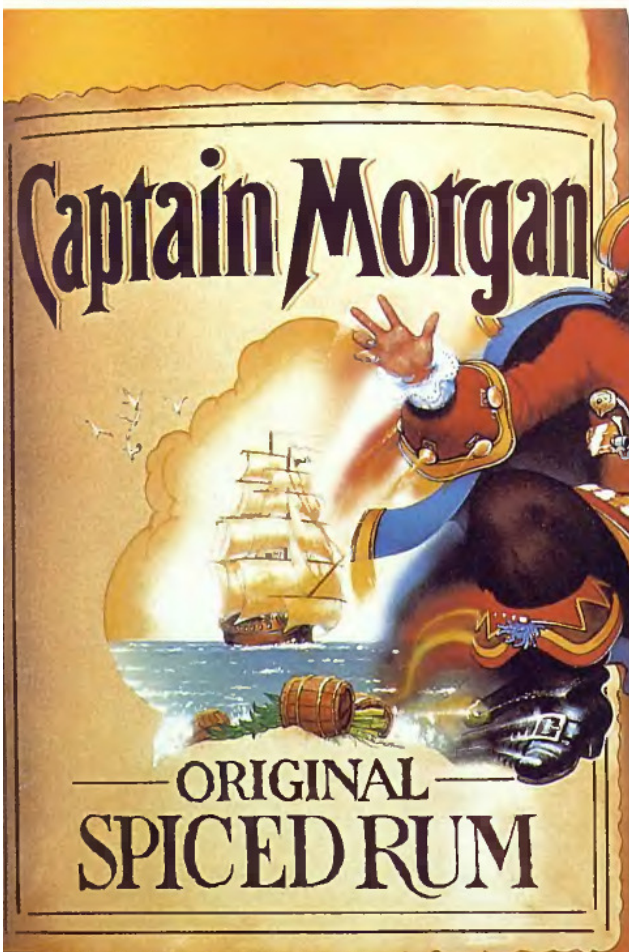
**FIERSTEIN:** I don't believe that. I know somebody who was just now diagnosed. Straight. Never been with men. Never abused drugs. Got it from a prostitute. I mean, that's the only place he could have gotten it, or from an old girlfriend he hasn't seen in ten years.

**PLAYBOY:** That's pretty anecdotal. Studies are beginning to show that heterosexual victims, when followed up, end up admitting either to homosexual experiences or to drug abuse.

**FIERSTEIN:** Well, we all know that it's a disease that has a long incubation period. Straight people are not going for voluntary testing. Married men who do prostitutes and are maybe doing drugs, or maybe have a girlfriend on the side—none of these people are going for voluntary testing. We will not find out about them for maybe another ten years.

**PLAYBOY:** It has been studied now for eight years, and the statistics appear to show that prior to 1987, two percent of AIDS cases were heterosexual without apparent contributing factors. And there has been no increase in that percentage.

**FIERSTEIN:** I just don't believe that. The cases that are reported to the CDC [Centers for Disease Control], I believe, are less than ten percent of the real cases in the



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United States. If you came down with AIDS and you went to your private doctor, do you really think he, knowing your position—that you have a wife and children and this and that—is going to report you to the CDC? No. Believe me.

**PLAYBOY:** But still, isn't there a real fear among gays that if, in fact, AIDS is perceived in the public mind exclusively as a disease of the high-risk groups, those groups are going to be abandoned, with no real help from the community at large?

**FIERSTEIN:** What's new? That's the way it was and that's the way it still is. Where do you see any other support? I don't see why you think that if it remains a gay disease it's going to make it any different. We still raise all the money. We're still out there doing all the work.

**PLAYBOY:** The truth is, until AIDS was seen as a heterosexual problem, there wasn't much concern about it.

**FIERSTEIN:** No. It was the "gay plague," and how many straights really worried about that? But I think it's important to note, given all the awful news, that, for the gay community, there have been some positive aspects to the AIDS crisis. First, no one can deny any more how many of us there are. Just from the numbers of people who are sick. They know that we're everywhere. There are 25,000,000 gay people in America. Everyone knows now that Rock Hudson was gay, but they have no idea how many of the stars they worship on a daily basis are gay.

But it gives people the feeling that they can't be absolutely sure about anyone. They say, "Oooh, you never know, do you?" Liberace was no great shock to America. I mean, even the stupidest person could have figured him out. But Rock Hudson really shook up people. I remember way back, when I was about 14 or 15 and just getting into the theatrical world, I told my mother that Rock Hudson was gay. She went into a depression for the longest time.

**PLAYBOY:** She believed you?

**FIERSTEIN:** Oh, yes. She already knew my information was good.

Another positive thing that's come out of AIDS is that a lot of gay people are being more supportive of one another than ever before. There was a recent study that indicated that in the three years since it was determined that AIDS is sexually transmitted, we have almost completely stopped the epidemic in the gay community. And that would not be happening if the gay community were not strong—and out of the closet.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't it also true that the stigma of being gay—among straights—has been greatly magnified by AIDS?

**FIERSTEIN:** Yes, definitely, there's some of that. I have a friend who's a dentist who works with children. Although he is out privately, he feels that there's no way he could come out publicly now, because parents would stop going to him. So, yes, there's some of that.

But, actually, I think there's a lot more of

the opposite. In general, I don't see that people are more scared to be identified as gay now. I mean, when you're first coming out, you're up against so many things. That is one more obstacle. And if anything, in my mind, it's not as much a real problem as it is one more reason not to come out, one more excuse not to be real.

**PLAYBOY:** But let's take as an example your friend the dentist. Objectively, wouldn't a lot of people, gay and straight, hesitate in this atmosphere to go to a gay dentist? Right or wrong, who wants to have somebody who may be infected putting his hands in his mouth?

**FIERSTEIN:** I don't think that gay people would. But maybe we should define our terms, create a Harvey dictionary. When I talk about gay people, I'm talking about self-accepting gay people, people who are out of the closet. I don't suggest that everybody do what I did—go on *The Tonight Show* and talk about being gay. I'm talking about people who are openly gay, whose friends are gay and who have no trouble with that. There's another kind of gay person who says, "What I do in my private life is my business," and all that and hides in the closet. I don't consider him really gay.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you consider him?

**FIERSTEIN:** I consider him homosexual. In that group are all the married men who go to truck stops and the guy who works as a banker and thinks nobody at the bank knows.

My gay people are not scared to go to a gay doctor or dentist. I always encourage people to go to gay doctors, even straight people! I say, "Go to gay doctors; they know about diseases!" I mean, we went through hepatitis B. We've gone through many strains of syphilis and gonorrhea and now AIDS. And so gay doctors do tend more to stay up on things and put a lot more work into being doctors.

**PLAYBOY:** But getting back to your friend the dentist, presumably, his practice is mostly straight—

**FIERSTEIN:** Yeah, because it's children.

**PLAYBOY:** And would you really argue that his practice wouldn't be hurt if he came out of the closet?

**FIERSTEIN:** That question would never even occur to me. And if it did—if people are that ignorant—then maybe he should be out there educating, instead of being scared that he's not making the almighty dollar. *It is not worth lying.* There is nothing worth lying about. There's nothing to be embarrassed about in being gay. And for him to consider, above everything else, that it may hurt his practice is, to me, disgusting and is not worth even thinking about. *I could not, obviously, do anything in which I had to hide who I was.*

But think about how many gay people have children! And how many others would like to. When *Torch Song* was being performed, people would ask my opinion about gay adoption. I would say, "Give us the retarded children, just the retarded kids. We'll take care of them. Close the or-

phanages." If straight people weren't so fucking uptight, convinced that those children would be sexually abused—for which there's no proof whatever!—we could close every orphanage in the world. We'd take the unwanted children. We have the money, the love and the caring. And we have the community to support one another.

**PLAYBOY:** Having seen so much death by AIDS in recent years, and so close at hand, what has it done to you personally?

**FIERSTEIN:** [Pauses] It's a very, very, very complex question. Traditionally, throughout history, each generation has had two periods of loss. First, almost every generation has had its war, because as long as there have been heterosexuals, there has been war. People die. And then, of course, there is the period when one's friends and acquaintances grow older and die.

But we, in our time—particularly those of us in the gay community—we have had a minimum of four periods of loss. We had Vietnam and we had our normal cycle of aging to look forward to. But we also had drugs. I lost a lot of friends to drugs. Some others, if they didn't actually die, fried their brains, and aren't much good now. Now we have AIDS, before going on to lose everybody else. It is incredibly unfair.

Now, it's safe to say that the majority of people in this country do not know about the AIDS generation firsthand. They've read about it in *People* magazine, maybe. But I'm on my third personal phonebook this year, because I couldn't stand to see the crossed-off names anymore—so incredibly many names crossed off. Take something as finite as *Torch Song*, that one show. I lost both of the men who played my lover. I lost one of the actors who played my son. And I lost one of my pianists. That's four out of a group of 15. On *La Cage aux Folles*, we've had six deaths already.

In terms of other friends and acquaintances, the numbers are beyond phenomenal. I had a week when five people died. It was just every day. . . . This one died, that one died, this one died, that one died. They weren't, necessarily, all people I was close to, but they kept dying.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you taken the AIDS test yourself?

**FIERSTEIN:** No. I would never test. What's the difference? If I'm positive, I'd just worry. If I'm negative—which I probably am; it's been a *lonng* time since I've had unsafe sex—it wouldn't change my lifestyle either. I wouldn't be any less relaxed or caring about people who are positive. It makes far more sense to be tested for syphilis or gonorrhea. At least those are things you can do something about right now. But test for AIDS—what for?

**PLAYBOY:** For the relief of knowing one way or another.

**FIERSTEIN:** Listen, if I get sick, I'll deal with it. Frankly, I wonder why people would even *want* to know they're negative. People sometimes say to me, "I'm negative," almost like a boast. Do they think that makes



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them sexier to me? Does that replace "I've got eight inches"?

**PLAYBOY:** Have you nursed anyone through the illness yourself?

**FIERSTEIN:** No, I've never been a primary nurse for someone who is dying. I've been secondary, tertiary. I had to play a very strong role with one friend, a very strong role in his death. He was one of the boys who played my son in *Torch Song*. Twenty-two years old. Another friend and I spent most of a day trying to get him to die.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you mean?

**FIERSTEIN:** He was virtually dead already. He was paralyzed. He couldn't swallow. He hadn't eaten in weeks. They had to take him off diapers, because his ass was rotting away from lying.

**PLAYBOY:** Bed sores?

**FIERSTEIN:** Beyond bed sores. He was on intravenous morphine just to keep down the pain. He couldn't really talk anymore. He made no sense. His brain was gone. He was bald from the radiation. There was nothing left of him. There was nobody there anymore. He was dead, but they would not let him die. They kept dumping more and more medicine into him. And so we tried to talk him through to death, because we didn't want him to die alone or in pain. We worked with him for hours, trying to help him let go. I began by talking to him about my country house. He'd been too sick to go there. He loved flowers. I'd been sending him photographs almost daily. I'd go out and take photographs of the garden and send him pictures of flowers, and every time I went down to see him, I'd cut flowers from the garden for him. What I was doing that day in the hospital was taking him on walks through the garden, mental walks. And then, eventually, I was going to bring him to the light and let him go through the light and pass on. So what happened is that we were walking, looking at the flowers, and he said, "Can we pick some of these?"

**PLAYBOY:** He was talking through that? He heard everything?

**FIERSTEIN:** Yes. See, he was very materialistic. That's why he was hanging on to life. He always wanted something physical. And so he picked some irises. Then we went on to the next flower. After 20 flowers or so, he finally got beyond picking them, which was real good. I felt we were getting somewhere. Then I said, "Now we're coming around the bend, a little bridge. Isn't it beautiful?" He said, "It's red, isn't it?" "Yes, it's a red bridge, a red Japanese bridge." And he went over to the pond to see the water. "Now let's wade into the pond." But suddenly, he started freezing up. "No, no, no. Not the pond!" And I remembered he was scared of water. [Laughs]

It took a while, but I finally got the mood right again. But then there was a knock on the door! The nurse had to come in and stick a thermometer up his ass. So that effort was killed. My friend arrived and the

two of us went to work. But every time we'd just about get him through, something would go wrong. Someone would come in or there'd be a loud noise in the hall. It was frustrating, comic, almost. We got him to die six or seven times, but he always came back to tell us about it. I said, "Chris, don't tell us about it. Just go away."

**PLAYBOY:** What do you mean, "Don't tell us about it"? About what?

**FIERSTEIN:** This is where you get into controversy. Many people believe that when they're near death, they see the light and people they know and all that. But what it is is the brain shutting down. Have you ever had heat prostration? Everything goes white. The same thing. That's what people who are dying see and that's very real. There are those who believe it's a physical reaction, as I do, and those who believe they are entering heaven.

We finally got him to the point where he saw lights and people, some he knew and some he didn't, and he thought they were angels. It was very funny, because he was at the gateway, as they say, but he just wouldn't go through. He said, "Is it real? I'm scared to go there." And I said, "Honey, you're walking. Look at your legs. You can move your legs. Look at your arms. You can move your arms. You're talking. You have hair. And think about yourself in this bed. You can't even move your fingers. You can't swallow. You haven't had a drink of water in three weeks. You're asking if *that's* real? Go, baby, go." I felt very good that we got him there, so that he knew there was nothing to be scared of. He's buried now in my back yard.

**PLAYBOY:** How many people have you seen die in the past few years?

**FIERSTEIN:** I have no idea. I have no idea. Far more than I ever thought I would. And I'll tell you something. There is also an impact watching the people who have this disease. People with AIDS [P.W.A.] are different from anybody else. They know something that none of us will ever know. A while back, I was going to write a play about somebody with AIDS, and a P.W.A. said to me, "You have no idea what it's like. I don't care how well you know me or anybody else who has died of AIDS or is sick; there's no way that anyone else can know what it's like." He meant that when you have AIDS, you don't simply have a disease like cancer.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you have?

**FIERSTEIN:** To start with, when you have AIDS, you're part of a media event. When you have AIDS, you also have everything that comes with it. The judgment of people about how much sex you've had in your life and what kind, or the suspicion that you shoot up drugs and all the rest—every nasty, filthy lie that is told about homosexuals. The fact is, *there's nothing wrong with having had a lot of sex*. There's nothing wrong with putting your arms around someone, even if you don't know them very

well, and kissing them and holding them and having a good time with them and then going away feeling great. But judgment comes with AIDS! There's also a certain look in the eyes that I've noticed. You hate making generalizations like this, but there is a certain look I see in everyone I've met who has this disease.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you mean?

**FIERSTEIN:** Something that sets them apart. It usually does not appear at first, during the denial stage. But once in the acceptance stage, there's a certain look that just hits you in the heart. It's a kind of desperation, but not the sort you see in other people who know they're dying.

And although most people with AIDS lose a lot of weight, it doesn't have to do with that, either. In fact, when AIDS patients start taking A.Z.T., there's usually a honeymoon period when they start putting weight back on—but it doesn't affect the look in the eyes. Those AIDS eyes! I joke.

**PLAYBOY:** You say that the gay community has changed its behavior because of AIDS—it's practicing safe sex. Wasn't that a big change for gays? Isn't sex more important to gays than to straights, if only as a unifying factor for the community?

**FIERSTEIN:** I don't believe that it's more important. I do think of it as the only identifiable trait that we share. We're not white, we're not black; we're homosexual. But the thing is, if people really were comfortable with safe sex, things wouldn't have to change. You can sleep with 1000 people a night and never be at risk. Even if all 1000 people had AIDS. People don't have to stop having sex. You just have to know what you're doing.

**PLAYBOY:** Nevertheless, do you believe that the sexual revolution—gay and straight—is over, that we're doomed to return to the secular mores of the Fifties?

**FIERSTEIN:** Not at all. *This* is the sexual revolution. What we did in the late Sixties and early Seventies was a bunch of bullshit—child's play, kids let loose in a toy store seeing how many possibilities there were. You don't have to change your lifestyle to do that. The real discovery is that you have to take responsibility for your actions, responsibility both for yourself and for your partner.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of the new candor in talking about all of this—the public-service commercials telling kids explicitly to use condoms, and so forth?

**FIERSTEIN:** I think that's absolutely good. It goes back to people's having respect for their own body. In the long run, people are so desperate for affection that they think to challenge somebody else is going to take that affection from them. [Imitates teenage girl] "But if I say that to my boyfriend, it's like telling him he has AIDS! I can't do that to him. He's so nice and he won't call me anymore!" Well, if you don't respect yourself enough to protect your own life,



and he doesn't respect you for wanting to protect both of you, then what do you want this person for?

Look, syphilis and gonorrhea are both curable. And both are sporadically in epidemic proportions in the United States. Why? Because we don't talk about sex. And because magazines like this one keep it dirty.

Just look at the personal ads in so many gay and straight publications. They're incredible. I think all the loneliness in this society, all the separation of people from people, has to do with self-hatred. The woman who stays with a husband who beats her is staying because she doesn't think she deserves any better. Kids who are incest victims don't report it, because they believe on some level that they're at fault. It's not just gay people. It has to do with childhood, too. It has to do with hearing no much more than yes. It has to do with being told to stand in line instead of being urged to explore and find out on your own. It has to do with the way society operates.

**PLAYBOY:** And yet, isn't it also true that men, whether they're straight or gay, tend to view relationships differently from the way women do? By and large, isn't the initial impulse among men sexual, with the emotional dimension afterward? While for women, doesn't it generally seem to be the other way around?

**FIERSTEIN:** Absolutely. And it's magnified in the gay community, because you're putting together two men or two women. The old joke is that there's no such thing as a one-night stand for a woman. You know, they move in for at least six years. And with guys, it's, Never ask somebody's name until you've had sex. [Laughs] Actually, that's something that's nice—dating is coming back. I mean, when I was a kid, that's what I wanted to do. I wanted to go to dinner. I wanted to go to the movies. I didn't even know about casual sex then; I thought you dated and maybe had sex while you were dating, and eventually, you either stayed together or went on looking for Mr. Right.

I mean, I've had more than my share of back-room sex—wham, bam, thank you, ma'am. That was a lot of fun, too. But even then, I wanted to do the other thing. Even when I was having sex on a three-or-four-night-a-week basis, ten, 20 men a night, that thought was always there—someday, your prince will come. I mean, maybe tonight will be different, maybe the fourth dick I suck tonight will be *him*.

But back then, nobody wanted to date. Now, all of a sudden, this new possibility has been given to us.

**PLAYBOY:** Romance.

**FIERSTEIN:** Yeah. Real romance. Well, we always had romance and love, but they more often happened by accident. It was after you'd had sex and you were lying there and you really didn't want to leave and he didn't want to leave, and then you figured out there might be something.

**PLAYBOY:** Those figures you mentioned—

ten, 20 men a night—

**FIERSTEIN:** You have to remember one thing: It's so easy for two men to have sex, so much easier physically than for two women, and that figures into it, too. You just open the zipper, flop the thing out, and you do it. You can do it standing in a bar; you can do it at the Metropolitan Opera: suck each other off during the show. With women, it's much harder. For most women, it takes a lot more than standing and grinding against your partner's leg on the dance floor, while two men can have sex on a dance floor with their clothes on grinding up against each other. The old dry hump, as it were.

**PLAYBOY:** The sheer number of partners is still stunning to a lot of straight men. Ten years ago, we used to hear straight men say, "Boy, it must be fantastic to be gay and just get right down to it—no courting or preliminaries."

**FIERSTEIN:** For a long time, I was a great fan of anonymous sex. I much preferred anonymous sex to getting into bed with somebody and having to deal with whether you'd have to get dressed to go home or how you'd get rid of him. I had a little survival kit for someone I'd bring home; it had a token in it and instructions on how to get to the train station and two aspirins. On the other hand, I've lived with people who prefer a monogamous relationship.

One thing to remember, though, is that gay couples operate under disadvantages that straight couples don't have. You can have the most open relationship with your mother, but you still won't get the same support from her that you would in a straight relationship. You're not going to hear, "You can work it out; do it for the sake of the children." They don't think a gay breakup is nearly as bad as a divorce.

**PLAYBOY:** But you often have long-term gay relationships in your plays.

**FIERSTEIN:** Yeah. And I've had friends say to me, "Oh, come on, Harvey, you know, you and your plays. . . That's really not possible." Well, I was very lucky, because the first gay couple I knew were together almost 40 years. So I know it is possible. Not only possible but highly pleasurable. And they had a wonderful relationship.

**PLAYBOY:** Do people really hope your relationships won't work out?

**FIERSTEIN:** Oh, it's not as simple as that. But when I broke up with my last lover, everybody *was* delighted. [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** They didn't like him?

**FIERSTEIN:** No, they liked him a lot. They just didn't like me married. It cut down on my time with them. I had a relationship that I had to work at, spend time on. I did have a relationship once, the one that *Torch Song* is loosely based on, in which we had something that I didn't think was possible. I really did love him and he really did love me and it was the kind of love that didn't ever have to be discussed. I always knew what he was thinking. He always knew what I was thinking.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you still see him?

**FIERSTEIN:** Occasionally. And the connection's always there.

**PLAYBOY:** In the play, the character thinks of himself as heterosexual. Did this guy see himself that way?

**FIERSTEIN:** Yes. Desperately.

**PLAYBOY:** And he thinks of his gay past as an aberration that he has overcome?

**FIERSTEIN:** I don't think he can deal with it. He's married now, just like the guy in the play, but he never looks happy to me anymore. He used to be one of the happiest people I knew. Happy in his work, happy in his home life. Interested in a lot of things. He loved theater, music, his work as a teacher. And when I see him now, he seems very boring, as if he were partially dead, as if that part of him has just died.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you know a lot of men like him, who are homosexual but who live lives of heterosexuality?

**FIERSTEIN:** A lot. In fact, I assume a person is gay unless I'm told otherwise. I used to be attracted to the, shall we say, straight-acting man. I dated a lot of them in my young days. And something I've noticed in my sexual study, which is very unscientific, is that the butcher they are, the more they like to get fucked.

I used to be a Christopher Street queen. There were a lot of queens on the street, and we didn't have money to go into bars and drink, so we'd just hang out on the street and cruise from the time it got warm in the spring till it got too cold in the fall. And one of the first rules you learned was, If you want to get fucked, pick up a drag queen. If you want something to fuck, pick up a butch guy, because butch guys, their legs go up like they're attached to helium balloons. Another rule, by the way, was, Never let them take you to New Jersey. You'd rather *die* than get stuck in New Jersey.

But I wouldn't sleep with a married man now. Even then, I knew it was morally wrong. They'd have a wife at home who didn't know that the other woman she was fighting was a man. And there was no way she could compete, because that's who her husband really was. Gay.

You look at the ads in the gay press. Look how many of those ads are people who are looking for "right after work" or "in the afternoon." The ten percent of the population that is gay doesn't include those guys. There's probably a much larger percentage who are actually gay in our society. The point is, you can stick it in any hole. You know, there are real straight men who can have gay sex. It doesn't make them gay. And there are plenty of gay people, as we know, who have straight sex, and it doesn't make them straight. It has nothing to do with learning to stick it in one hole or the other. It has to do with who you are inside.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you look for in a relationship now?

**FIERSTEIN:** Who knows? [Laughs] I can tell you all about bad relationships but not about great ones. I mean, you know that book *Smart Women, Foolish Choices*? That's





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the story of my life. I do know, though, that I want somebody who really likes life and really likes what he's doing with his life and is able to share that intimate part of himself. I don't want to have to entertain someone. I've done that a lot of times. I don't want someone who needs to be taken care of; that's not my idea of a relationship. I want somebody secure enough to leave me alone. And trustworthy, because I'm the jealous type. I don't know if all that's possible. But I imagine it is.

**PLAYBOY:** That's what everyone wants.

**FIERSTEIN:** Yeah. Well, it took me a long time to realize it. I thought what I wanted was that all-encompassing love: The two of you don't breathe unless you're together. And I finally figured out that ain't it.

**PLAYBOY:** That's the adolescent fantasy.

**FIERSTEIN:** Yeah.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's get back to the impact AIDS has had on the lives of gay men. Are you concerned by what some perceive as an antigay backlash?

**FIERSTEIN:** Look, let's put it in perspective. There are 40,000 cases of AIDS. And the majority of those are I.V.-drug users. For argument's sake, let's say there are 500,000 people affected with the AIDS virus, and let's say 250,000 of them are gay. That still is only one percent of the gay community, a tiny minority within a minority. [According to the CDC, of 59,000 cases of AIDS, 18 percent are I.V.-drug users.] AIDS and homosexuality, there's no equal sign between the two. What I'm saying is that "terror" is ridiculous; it doesn't make sense.

**PLAYBOY:** But it's not a question of logic. Are you saying that straight attitudes have had no impact on gay life?

**FIERSTEIN:** Sure, occasionally, you hear things. I got a call from a young woman who goes to a college in Virginia, and she said that in the cafeteria, they've been passing out really hateful antigay material.

**PLAYBOY:** And you were surprised?

**FIERSTEIN:** In a college? Yeah. My feeling is that history doesn't go backward. It can repeat itself, but it's always progressing on another level. I'm not denying the degree of fear out there. Of course people are afraid. But honestly facing that fear, seeing it for what it is, is the only way of putting it to rest. And it's not just straight people. Several years ago, one of our gay leaders, one of our major spokesmen in New York, asked me how I could let people with AIDS swim in my pool. Initially, I was very angry. But I was glad, finally, that he was able to express it. "Eddy," I said, "don't you read the same shit I do? You ain't going to get it in a pool. You ain't going to get it from a towel." He just had to be reminded. It's one thing to be aware of those kinds of fears; it's another thing to become hysterical or go around telling people you can get AIDS by going to a restaurant where they have gay waiters.

There are a lot of people who find it easier to be openly gay now, because they're coming out for a cause. There are people who are unchanged by AIDS, and

there are people who were set back in the cause and there are people it has helped come out. People who are running around saying, "I don't want to be gay." Do they not want to be gay because they're scared of a disease? Of course not.

**PLAYBOY:** In *The Boys in the Band*, gay playwright Mart Crowley seems to say that nobody ever wants to be gay in the first place, and that produces self-hate.

**FIERSTEIN:** I can think of very few people who would honestly say, "I'm very glad that homosexuality exists, and I'm very glad I'm gay." You know, in a utopia, there would be no difference among any of us, and nobody would get dumped on. But it doesn't work that way. It can't work that way. Because if sexual preference weren't an issue, we'd find something else to hate about each other. That's the way human beings are.

**PLAYBOY:** Larry Kramer, the gay writer and activist, seems to feel far different from you about the threat to gays. He gave a speech about AIDS recently that was an appeal, a cry that the gay community is being destroyed. Let us quote from it: "Easily half of all gay men in San Francisco and New York are now infected with the virus. We are walking time bombs." And he adds, "Definitive studies in San Francisco now prove beyond any doubt that after six and a half years, 76 percent of those with the virus will definitely come down with AIDS or ARC if they have no treatment at all. This 76 percent gradually increases in the following years to almost 100 percent." It's really an apocalyptic forecast.

**FIERSTEIN:** And I understand. I respect Larry greatly, but I do not respect those figures. The difference between Larry's approach and mine is that, for him, this is already done. These people are already dying. My view is, Let's get out there and make sure nobody else gets exposed. It's not that I think fewer people will die. I just think that we have to go for the most positive point of view, which is, What can we do about the disease?

**PLAYBOY:** But Kramer is making a desperate appeal. He's saying, "We *have* to get a cure; we have to release the drugs that have not yet been tested. There are things to be done right now. . . ."

**FIERSTEIN:** I agree with that. But my anger is directed elsewhere. For instance, I'm pissed as hell with the minority communities. In New York City, more than half the AIDS cases are minorities, and they're getting no support from their community. They're not out there speaking about AIDS. They're not out there educating. They're not out there saying, "This is our problem." They're very happy to lay the problem on gays, because everybody knows we're somebody to kick around. A lot of it has to do with *macho*, which is why on Gay Day, it's a sea of white faces.

**PLAYBOY:** Granted, but don't you acknowledge that you may be dealing with a new tide of hostility against gays—one that seems to us much greater than it was five



years ago—as a result of AIDS?

**FIERSTEIN:** Listen, I've lived my entire life with heterosexual hatred! All my life, I've been the queer down the hall. So this bothers me no more than any of the rest. It's a constant attack. I don't see why you think that all of a sudden, AIDS has given the haters more space than they ever had. It's *always* been there! Every Gay Day parade in New York City has had hundreds of thousands of people marching down Fifth Avenue, and the local TV coverage has shown a drag queen, a few people throwing things at St. Patrick's Cathedral and the 25 antigay protesters and has given them equal time to the 100,000 marching. There is homophobia on a huge incredible level. It has not changed because of AIDS. It may not have gotten much better, but it has not gotten worse.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't think certain people now feel it's open season on gays?

**FIERSTEIN:** I read a column recently by that idiot Pat Buchanan, saying that AIDS was a result of gay degeneracy, of moral bankruptcy. This man's problem is not AIDS. He is scared to death of homosexuals, period. AIDS didn't create that. I understand your point—he can now make this kind of statement more freely. But a man like him would have found *another* way to make the statement. It's merely the newsprint equivalent of a guy telling gay jokes at the office. Moral bankruptcy? Where is Buchanan's article about syphilis, which is totally curable and which often is in epidemic proportions in the straight community right now? You run a blood test, two shots, curable. Where is his condemnation of morals in the straight community?

My point is, if gay people had enough goddamn self-respect to stand up when someone made a gay joke and say, "Fuck you in the heart, you little asshole. You go home and watch your lesbian porno movie or whatever you do, but I am gay and I resent your saying that"—*that* would make all the difference. Look, when people tell racial jokes, they look around to make sure that they are not telling them in front of a black person or a Hispanic bus boy. But gay people are invisible. Unless we make ourselves visible, we will never shut up an asshole like Pat Buchanan.

**PLAYBOY:** But getting back to the—

**FIERSTEIN:** And if your ideal of morality is to be in a monogamous relationship, then you have to accept gay people and let them get married! *Then* you can yell at them if they fool around with somebody. But you can't tell gay people that they cannot do this and think they'll just go and be heterosexual. They'll explode and go to a backroom bar and have anonymous sex. If you want a moral society, then accept homosexuality as a viable lifestyle. Let us get married, if that's what we want to do. Some people will do it, some won't. Just like heterosexuals.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you personally see monogamy as an ideal?

**FIERSTEIN:** I think the whole idea is a little strange. It's like saying, "I will have dinner only with you the rest of my life. I will never eat without you again." I mean, it doesn't make sense for thinking human beings.

For me, people are about choices and possibilities. The kids who get married right out of high school, and neither of them has ever fooled around—that, to me, is chilling, because they've so limited themselves. Probably, they won't do anything or add much to the society. They'll never push at any boundaries; they'll never create anything new. They won't paint experimentally if they haven't experimented with the rest of life. You can't be creative in one section of your life and not in others. Creativity, to me, is not the guy who buys the cookbook. Give me the guy who wrote the cookbook. And those people, who are truly creative, you cannot lock in with a rule. You meet somebody, you have sex with that person and that's it for life? I don't know anybody like that worth knowing.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you believe that the gay community in general is more creative than the straight community?

**FIERSTEIN:** Oh, absolutely. Only because we have to do so much self-searching just to

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*"I've lived my entire life with heterosexual hatred! All my life, I've been the queer down the hall."*

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find out who we are. How many straight people do you know who lie as well as a guy who's in the closet? I mean, can you imagine the creativity that goes into constantly covering up, to be 60 years old and pretend to your family you've never had sex?

**PLAYBOY:** You continually make the point that gays should be all the way out of the closet. How are you regarded by homosexuals who want to keep their homosexuality a secret?

**FIERSTEIN:** I scare the hell out of them. Gay celebrities shy away from me, like I'm mad. Gay movie stars refuse to be photographed with me. Rock Hudson wouldn't be photographed with me. We knew people in common, but he wouldn't be photographed with me.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you confront him with it?

**FIERSTEIN:** He was sick already. When I met him, he was on the way. But I've confronted several gay stars.

**PLAYBOY:** And what reply do you get?

**FIERSTEIN:** I'm told to shut up. [*Laughs*] One person said to me, "Look, America can deal with one of each type. You got there first, Harvey, so you're the out-of-the-closet gay person America can deal with. It won't work if I do it, too."

**PLAYBOY:** He was—

**FIERSTEIN:** It was a she.

**PLAYBOY:** A she? We don't have a big lesbian star yet. That slot is open.

**FIERSTEIN:** Well, we almost do. We have somebody who isn't too uptight about it.

**PLAYBOY:** But uptight enough so that we won't mention her here, right?

**FIERSTEIN:** You know, a gay woman isn't nearly as threatening. A man in a dress is funny; a woman in a suit is sexy. There are so many people in places of power who are gay and self-hating. I know a big executive in television who is gay—everyone knows he is—but he thinks it's a big secret. And when it comes to doing gay subjects on TV, he is the most homophobic person there is. All the straight people say, "Yeah, let's do that project," but he always nixes it. But it's not just show-business people. Look at how many gay people were involved in the Iran/*Contra* scandals. Nobody ever talked about it, but take a look.

**PLAYBOY:** To whom are you referring?

**FIERSTEIN:** I'm being cryptic, because I really can't tell you. But a lot of those people who were in the news as "American heroes" are gay. The people who did the deal are gay. But politics in this country are just disgusting. I mean, we had Bill Buckley actually saying that all people with AIDS should be tattooed—he said drug users should be tattooed on their arms, gay people should be tattooed on their asses. I say, "Where are you going to tattoo the babies?" Did he bother to think that most people have sex with the lights off?

Not, when it comes right down to it, that Ron and Nancy Reagan believe any of this crap. I mean, they have a lot of gay friends. But they think it's what people want to hear. There're only two people I trust in Congress—Barney Frank and Gerry Studds. And I trust them only because they're out of the closet, our first two out-of-the-closet elected officials. Of course, if we wanted to, we could fill the Houses of Congress with elected gay people. That's what gay people have to realize. There are 25,000,000 of us. If we voted as a bloc, we could name our own President.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you'll ever have that kind of cohesion?

**FIERSTEIN:** Probably not, unfortunately. Because the gay community, when it comes right down to it, is not a community at all. It's too diverse. There is no Reaganite like a gay Reaganite. There is no right-wing conservative like a gay conservative. And there are still far too many gays afraid to open their mouths. When some of us were organizing to fight [Supreme Court nominee Robert] Bork, I got into a discussion about it with a gay couple even Pat Robertson would love. They're the most heterosexual homosexuals you'd ever meet. A nice married couple. They've been together 20 years. They have a house in the country and an apartment in the city. They both work hard. They have lots of friends, most of them heterosexual. They're not militant, they don't make noise.

**PLAYBOY:** They're not troublemakers.



**FIERSTEIN:** Yeah, the nice homos down the block. And they said to me, "Oh, Harvey, we really wish that you and the gay community would not be so very vocal against Bork, because it will look like the lunatic fringe is fighting this man and then he will definitely get approved."

And I said, "What you say may be true. But in this world, if you keep your mouth shut, then you have no rights. You have to be out there doing everything you can to affect the world—or get the hell out of it."

**PLAYBOY:** In the end, what do you think is so threatening to heterosexual men about homosexuality?

**FIERSTEIN:** That they might enjoy it.

**PLAYBOY:** And if they enjoyed it?

**FIERSTEIN:** It would mean to them that they were queer.

**PLAYBOY:** And what is so awful about being queer?

**FIERSTEIN:** Don't ask me. Personally, I couldn't imagine it any other way. [Laughs] You're asking the wrong person on that one. Mostly, I guess, it's fear of their own feelings. I don't know a man who's ever said to me, "I hate getting a blow job." And, of course, another great fear is anal sex. I did a funny scene in *Torch Song* in which I was being penetrated, and every night, the women in the audience screamed their heads off, loving every second, while the men covered their eyes. Scared to death to even imagine a man being penetrated. And, yeah, of course, it's also pragmatic. Who wants to be different? It is definitely easier to be white, rich, heterosexual, thin, blond and blue-eyed in this world.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said that you don't particularly care whether straights accept you—

**FIERSTEIN:** No, *approve*. There's a difference between accept and approve. You *have* to accept me. You have to accept my rights as a human being and my right to live my life. I don't care if you hate me for it, or think I'm an abomination. Just get the fuck out of my way, 'cause I'm gonna do what I'm gonna do.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think there's a possibility that the majority of straight society will accept—and understand—homosexuality?

**FIERSTEIN:** Yes. When gay people stop hating themselves. When homophobia is gone in the gay community, it will disappear very quickly in the straight community. But realistically? I'm not holding my breath. I wrote a play, never produced, called *Cannibals*, which is set in an all-gay society. Two kids announce that they're straight and it rocks the family. One of the fathers says to his son, "But who else but another man could possibly satisfy you? Who else would know your body better and could know what every little 'ooh' and 'aah' meant? And who else could you relax with more than another man?" To this character, it is inconceivable that anybody would even want to have heterosexual sex, other than to have children.

But it doesn't work that way. Unfortunately, we're *not* all gay, so we'll keep on having trouble with you heterosexuals.



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# THE DEAD MAN'S EYES

it was an impulse murder:  
he did it for marianne

fiction

By **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

ON A CRISP AFTERNOON of high winds late in the summer of 2017 Frazier murdered his wife's lover, a foolish deed that he immediately regretted. To murder anyone was stupid when there were so many more effective alternatives available; but even so, if murder was what he had to do, why murder the *lover*? Two levels of guilt attached there: not only the taking of a life but the taking of an irrelevant life. If you had to kill someone, he told himself immediately afterward, then you should have killed *her*. She was the one who had committed the crime against the marriage, after all. Poor Hurwitt had been only a means, a tool, virtually an innocent bystander. Yes, kill *her*, not him. Kill yourself, even. But Hurwitt was the one he had killed, a dumb thing to do and done in a dumb manner, besides.

It had all happened quickly, without



premeditation. Frazier was attending a meeting of the museum trustees to discuss expanding the Hall of Mammals. There was a recess; and because the day was so cool, the air so crystalline and bracing, he stepped out onto the balcony that connected the old building with the Pilgersen extension for a quick breather. Then the sleek bronze door of the Pilgersen opened far down the way and a dark-haired man in a grubby blue-gray lab coat appeared. Frazier saw at once, by the rigid set of his high shoulders and the way his long hair fluttered in the wind, that it was Hurwitt.

He wants to see me, Frazier thought. He knows I'm attending the meeting today and he's come out here to stage the confrontation at last, to tell me that he loves my famous and beautiful wife, to ask me bluntly to clear off and let him have her all to himself.

Frazier's pulse began to quicken; his face grew hot. Even while he was thinking that it was oddly old fashioned to talk of *letting* Hurwitt have Marianne, that, in fact, Hurwitt had probably already had her in every conceivable way, and vice versa, but that if now he had some idea of setting up housekeeping with her—unbelievable, unthinkable!—this was hardly the appropriate place to discuss it with him, another and more primordial area of his brain was calling forth torrents of adrenaline and preparing him for mortal combat.

But no: Hurwitt didn't seem to have ventured onto the balcony for any man-to-man conference with his lover's husband. Evidently, he was simply taking the short cut from his lab in the Pilgersen to the fourth-floor cafeteria in the old building. He walked with his head down, his brows knitted, as though pondering some abstruse detail of trilobite anatomy, and he took no notice of Frazier at all.

"Hurwitt?" Frazier said finally when the man was virtually abreast of him.

Caught by surprise, Hurwitt looked up, blinking. He appeared for a moment not to recognize Frazier. For that moment, he was frozen in mid-blink, his unkempt hair a dark halo about him, his awkward, rangy body off balance between strides, his peculiar glinting eyes flashing like yellow beacons. In fury, Frazier imagined this man's bony nakedness, pale and gaunt, probably with sparse ropy strands of black hair sprouting on a white chest, imagined those long arms wrapped around Marianne, imagined those huge knobby fingers cupping her breasts, imagined that thin-lipped wide mouth covering hers, imagined the grubby lab coat lying crumpled at the foot of the bed and her silken orange wrap beside it. That was what sent Frazier over the brink, not the infidelities themselves, not the thought of the sweaty embraces—there was plenty of that in

each of her films, and it had never meant a thing to him, for he knew it was only well-paid make-believe—and not the rawboned look of the man or his uncouth stride or even the manic glint of those strange off-color eyes, those eerie topaz eyes, but the lab coat, stained and worn, with a button missing and a pocket flap dangling, lying beside Marianne's discarded silk. For her to take such a lover, a pathetic, dreary poker of fossils, a hollow-chested laboratory drudge—no, no, no—

"Hello, Loren," Hurwitt said. He smiled amiably; he offered his hand. His eyes, though, narrowed and seemed almost to glow. It must be those weird eyes, Frazier thought, that Marianne has fallen in love with. "What a surprise, running into you out here."

And stood there smiling, and stood there holding out his hand, and stood there with his frayed lab coat flapping in the breeze.

Suddenly, Frazier was unable to bear the thought of sharing the world with this man an instant longer. He watched himself as though from a point just behind his own right ear as he went rushing forward, seized not Hurwitt's hand but his wrist, and pushed rather than pulled, guiding him swiftly backward toward the parapet and tipping him up and over. It took, perhaps, a quarter of a second. Hurwitt, gaping, astonished, rose as though floating, hovered for an instant, began to descend. Frazier had one last look at his eyes, bright as glass, staring straight into his own, photographing his assailant's face; and then he went plummeting downward.

My God, Frazier thought, peering over the edge. Hurwitt lay face down in the courtyard stories below, arms and legs splayed, lab coat billowing about him.

He was at the airport an hour later, with a light suitcase that carried no more than a few days' change of clothing and a few cosmetic items. He flew first to Dallas, endured a 90-minute layover, went on to San Francisco, doubled back to Calgary as darkness descended and caught a midnight special to Mexico City, where he checked into a hotel using the legal commercial alias that he employed when doing business in Macao, Singapore and Hong Kong. Standing on the terrace of a tower 30 stories above the Zona Rosa, he inhaled musky smog, listened to the squeals of traffic and the faint sounds of far-off drums, watched flares of green lightning in the choking sky above Popocatepetl and wondered whether he should jump. Ultimately, he decided against it. He wanted to share nothing whatever with Hurwitt, not even the manner of his death. And suicide would be an overreaction, anyway. First he had to find out how much trouble he was

really in.

The hotel had InfoLog. He dialed in and was told that queries were billed at 5,000,000 pesos an hour, prorated. Vaguely, he wondered whether that was as expensive as it sounded. The peso was practically worthless, wasn't it? What would that be in dollars—100 bucks, 500, maybe? Nothing.

"I want Harvard Legal," he told the screen. "Criminology. Forensics. Technical. Evidence technology." Grimly, he menued down and down until he was near what he wanted. "Eyeflash," he said. "Theory, techniques. Methods of detail recovery. Acceptance as evidence. Reliability of record. Frequency of reversal on appeal. Supreme Court rulings, if any."

Back to him, in surreal fragments, which, at an extra charge of 3,000,000 pesos per hour, prorated, he had printed out for him, came blurts of information:

*Perceptual pathways in outer brain layers . . . broad-scale optical architecture . . . images imprinted on striate cortex or primary visual cortex . . . inferior temporal neurons . . . cf. McDermott and Brunetti, 2007 . . . utilization of lateral geniculate body as storage for visual data . . . inferior temporal cortex . . . uptake of radioactive glucose . . . downloading . . . degrading of signal . . . degeneration period . . . Pilsudski signal-enhancement filter . . . "Nevada vs. Bense," 2011 . . . hippocampus simulation . . . amygdala . . . acetylcholine . . . U.S. Supreme Court, 23 March 2012 . . . cf. Gross and Bernstein, 13 Aug 2003 . . . Mishkin . . . Appenzeller . . .*

Enough. He shuffled the print-outs in a kind of hard-edged stupor until dawn; and then, after a hazy calculation of time-zone differentials, he called his lawyer in New York. It took four bounces, but the telephone tracked him down in the commute, driving in from Connecticut.

Frazier keyed in the privacy filter. All the lawyer would know was that some client was calling; the screen image would be a blur; the voice would be rendered universal, generalized, unidentifiable. It was more for the lawyer's protection than for Frazier's: There had been nasty twists in jurisprudence lately, and lawyers were less and less willing to run the risk of being named accomplices after the fact. Immediately came a query about the billing. "Bill to my hotel room," Frazier replied, and the screen gave him a go-ahead.

"Let's say I'm responsible for causing a fatal injury and the victim had a good opportunity to see me as the act was occurring. What are the chances that they can recover eyeflash pictures?"

"Depends on how much damage was received in the process of the death. How did it happen?"

"Privileged communication?"





*"Now, there's a woman who knows how to drive!"*



"Sorry. No."

"Even under filter?"

"Even. If the mode of death was unique or even highly distinctive and unusual, how can I help but draw the right conclusion? And then I'll know more than I want to know."

"It wasn't unique," Frazier said, "or distinctive, or unusual. But I still won't go into details. I can tell you that the injury wasn't the sort that would cause specific brain trauma. I mean, nothing like a bullet between the eyes, or falling into a vat of acid, or—"

"All right. I follow. This takes place in a major city?"

"Major, yes."

"In Missouri, Alabama or Kentucky?"

"None of those," said Frazier. "It took place in a state where eyeflash recovery is legal. No question of that."

"And the body? How long after death do you estimate it would have been found?"

"Within minutes, I'd say."

"And when was that?"

Frazier hesitated. "Within the past twenty-four hours."

"Then there's almost total likelihood that there's a readily recoverable photograph in the victim's brain of whatever he saw at the moment of death. Beyond much doubt, it's already been recovered. Are you sure he was looking at you as he died?"

"Straight at me."

"My guess is there's probably a warrant out for you already. If you want me to represent you, kill the privacy filter so I can confirm who you are, and we'll discuss our options."

"Later," Frazier said. "I think I'd rather try to make a run for it."

"But the chances of your getting away with—"

"This is something I need to do," said Frazier. "I'll talk to you some other time."

He was almost certainly cooked. He knew that. He had wasted critical time running frantically back and forth across the continent yesterday, when he should have been transferring funds, setting up secure refuges and such. The only question now was whether they were already looking for him, in which case there'd be blocks on his accounts everywhere, a passport screen at every airport, worldwide interdicts of all sorts. But if that were so, they would already have traced him to this hotel. Evidently, they hadn't, which meant that they hadn't yet uncovered the Southeast Asia trading alias and put interdicts on that. Well, it was just a lousy manslaughter case, or second-degree at worst: They had more serious things to worry about, he supposed.

Checking out of the hotel without bothering about breakfast, he headed for the airport and used his corporate credit

card to buy himself a flight to Belize. There he bought a ticket to Suriname, and just before his plane was due to leave, he tried his personal card in the cash disburser and was pleasantly surprised to find that it hadn't yet been yanked. He withdrew the maximum. Of course, now there was evidence that Loren Frazier had been in Belize that day, but he wasn't traveling as Frazier, and he'd be in Suriname before long, and by the time they traced him there, assuming that they could, he'd be somewhere else, under some other name entirely. Maybe if he kept dodging for six or eight months, he'd scramble his trail so thoroughly that they'd never be able to find him. Did they pursue you forever? he wondered. A time must come when they file and forget. Of course, he might not want to keep running forever, either. Already, he missed Marianne. Despite what she had done.

He spent three days in Suriname at a little pastel-green Dutch hotel at the edge of Paramaribo, eating spicy noodle dishes and waiting to be arrested. Nobody bothered him. He used a cash machine again, keying up one of his corporate accounts and transferring a bundle of money into the account of Andreas Schmidt of Zurich, which was a name he had used seven years before for some export-import maneuvers involving Zimbabwe and somehow, he knew not why, had kept alive for eventualities unknown. This was an eventuality now. When he checked the Schmidt account, he found that there was money in it already, significant money, and that his Swiss passport had not yet expired. He requested the Swiss chargé d'affaires in Guyana to prepare a duplicate for him. A quick boat trip up the Marowijne River took him to St. Laurent on the French Guiana side of the river, where he was able to hire a driver to take him to Cayenne, and from there he flew to Georgetown in Guyana. A smiling proxy lawyer named Chatterji obligingly picked up his passport for him from the Swiss, and under the name of Schmidt, he went on to Buenos Aires. There he destroyed all his Frazier documentation. He resisted the temptation to find out whether there was a Frazier interdict out yet. No sense handing them a trail extending to Buenos Aires just to gratify his curiosity. If they weren't yet looking for him because he had murdered Hurwitt, they'd be looking for him on a simple missing-persons hook by this time. One way or another, it was best to forget about his previous identity and operate as Schmidt from here on.

This is almost fun, he thought.

But he missed his wife terribly.

While sitting in sidewalk cafés on the broad Avenida Nueve de Julio, feasting

on huge *parrilladas* sluiced down by carafe after carafe of red wine, he brooded obsessively on Marianne's affair. It made no sense. The world-famous actress and the awkward, rawboned paleontologist: Why? How was it possible? She had been making a commercial at the museum—Frazier, in fact, had helped set the business up in his capacity as a member of the board of trustees—and Hurwitt, who was the head of the department of invertebrate paleontology, or some such thing, had volunteered to serve as the technical consultant. Very kind of him, everyone said. Taking time away from his scientific work. He seemed so bland, so juiceless: who could suspect him of harboring lust for the glamorous film personality? Nobody would have imagined it. But things must have started almost at once. Some chemistry between them, beyond all understanding. People began to notice and then to give Frazier strange little knowing looks. Eventually, even he caught on. A truly loving husband is generally just about the last one to know, because he will always put the best possible interpretation on the data. But after a time, the accumulation of data becomes impossible to overlook or deny or reason away. There are always small changes when something like that has begun: They start to read books of a kind they've never read before; they talk of different things; they may even show some new moves in bed. Then comes the real carelessness, the seemingly unconscious slips that scream the actual nature of the situation. Frazier was forced finally to an acceptance of the truth. It tore at his heart. There was no room in their marriage for such stuff. Despite his money, despite his power, he had never gone in for the casual morality of the intercontinental set, and neither, so he thought, had Marianne. This was the second marriage for both of them: the one that was supposed to carry them happily on to the finish. And now look.

"Señor? Another carafe?"

"No," he said. "Yes. Yes." He stared at his plate. It was full of sausages, sweetbreads, grilled steak. Where had all that come from? He was sure he had eaten everything. It must have grown back. Moodily, he stabbed a plump blood sausage and ate without noticing. Took a drink. They mixed the wine with Seltzer water here, half and half. Maybe it helped you put away those tons of meat more easily.

Afterward, strolling along the narrow, glittering Calle Florida, with the stylish evening promenade flowing past him on both sides, he caught sight of Marianne coming out of a jeweler's shop. She wore Gaucho leathers, emerald earrings, skin-tight trousers of gold brocade. He grunted as though he had been struck and

(continued on page 138)



# THE GREAT PALIMONY CAPER

## HEFNER'S FORMER LIVE-IN LOVER WANTED \$35 MILLION FOR HER STAY AT THE MANSION

**I**N THE GREAT HALL of Playboy Mansion West hangs a portrait of Hugh M. Hefner, a 1987 Christmas gift from two dozen of his friends. The painting is a romanticized, more mature version of the boy entrepreneur who turned being a playboy into a philosophy of life. For three decades—since the breakup of a boyhood marriage convinced Hef that, for him, at least, matrimony was antithetical to romance—he has lived by Woody Allen's law: "Marriage is the death of hope."

He lives in a paradise of his own making. Thirty-five years ago, he brought forth a new magazine, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that bachelorhood is the best of all possible worlds. His magazine grew into an empire headquartered in a Tudor mansion in Holmby Hills, California. The man's home is his castle—a full-service monument to love, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

"It's a palace fit for a sovereign—and he rarely leaves," reports *USA Today*. "I live in a world where I'm at the center," he says. "You can use a euphemism like king, I suppose. The woman in my life has a similar status and is treated that way."

Lovers who have shared his life agree. "Let's face it, the man knows how to treat women," Shannon Tweed told the national newspaper, recalling the way Hef charmed her mother by filling a guesthouse with flowers, hiring a limousine and handing her \$1000 in "mad money."

"Who wouldn't enjoy living there? Everywhere you look, there's beauty," says Sondra Theodore, Hef's lady from 1976 to 1981, now married, with a young son and another child on the way.

"You're waited on hand and foot," confirms Barbi Benton, 1968–1976. "Hef treated me better than I imagine any woman has ever been treated. He made me feel like a queen."

On this day in February 1988, Hefner feels a bit like Midas, the king whose golden touch brought him grief. His fabled

generosity has long been his strong suit. Now an ex-lover is trying to take advantage of it—and of him. *La Dolce* Hef is being sued for \$35 million by his mansion mate of four-plus years, Carrie Leigh. Previous live-in loves Barbi, Sondra and Shannon gave him one last embrace before moving on. Carrie is different. Carrie wants combat pay. Her \$35 million demand represents \$21,289.53 for every day she spent with Hef—suffering through chauffeured shopping sprees and having servants cater to her every whim.

Like a spoiled child, Carrie has turned on her provider. She claims that Hef, the world's most ineligible bachelor, stepped out of character when no one else was around and promised her marriage, motherhood and a piece of Malibu. To assuage her alleged disappointment, she now wants enough cash to buy a castle of her own.

"Carrie's claims are pure invention," Hefner says. "This is not a palimony suit, it's a publicity stunt."

He is stung. The last thing he expected when he took Carrie Leigh under his wing was a legal three-ring circus—with the prince of palimony, Marvin Mitchelson, as ringmaster. Hefner feels betrayed. He gave Carrie the best years of her life; she gave him the back of her hand.

She was 19, a frustrated sometime model, anxious to get out of Toronto and an unhappy marriage, when she moved into the Mansion in 1983. He had just broken up with Shannon—like

Carrie, a leggy Canadian who came to California to become a centerfold. With Hef's blessing and support, Shannon pursued an acting career that has led from TV's *Falcon Crest* to the movies. Shannon, too, had dreamed of becoming Mrs. Hefner, but her two-year reign as Hef's consort taught her that he was open to almost anything but that.

"Marriage?" she says. "We joked about it. If he wanted something from my side of the bed, I'd tell him, 'Sure, I'll hand it over if you marry me.' Hef getting married was such an absurd idea—we thought it was funny."

Marriage, no. Love, yes. A self-described hopeless



This portrait of playboy publisher Hugh M. Hefner by artist Olivia DeBerardinis was a Christmas gift from his Mansion friends. But Carrie Leigh had a post-holiday surprise for Hef of her own.





romantic, Hefner has always fallen in love the way Pete Rose slid into second base—headfirst. “For me, being in love is the very essence of being alive,” he concedes. “I think life is deadly dull when a relationship becomes routine and boring. Carrie Leigh was never boring.”

Carrie was dark, flashy, with a wide, sensuous mouth, brown eyes burning with ambition and the kind of body men see in their most ambitious dreams. She wore dresses “slit down to the waist, up to the waist and sideways at the waist,” recalls *Playboy's* West Coast Photo Editor, Marilyn Grabowski, a confidante of Carrie's. When Carrie walked onto the scene, Hef was smitten.

Friends saw something sinister in this new arrival. “Carrie could be Machiavellian,” says Grabowski. “When she first arrived, she was especially anxious to meet Hef.”

On her Playmate Data Sheet, for “Famous Men I Most Admire,” she wrote, “Hugh Hefner, because he is a man who started with nothing and built an empire on what he believed, which is in the beauty of the human body and its sensuality.”

“She was very sweet and loving at the start of the relationship,” says Grabowski. “Once she had him hooked, she changed. But from the start, Hef was mesmerized by her.”

“A man in his position should be wary of gold diggers,” says Shannon. “But Hef's innocent in that way—it's the only way in which he is naïve.”

“He was so affectionate toward her; it used to bother me,” Michael Roche told *People* magazine. Roche owns the Sunset Strip boutique Addictions, where Carrie shopped. Even he, Roche says, “knew in the back of my mind what she was going to do to him.”

“There were early signs of instability,” says Hefner's secretary, Lisa Loving. “She got drunk one night and ran down the hall naked, threatening to throw herself off the balcony.”

“She could act crazy and create a scene just to get Hef's attention,” Grabowski says. “He never knew what she might do next, and she used that as a source of power.”

“I saw the vulnerable, insecure side of Carrie. It was the ‘crippled bird’ quality in her, combined with her stunning sexual presence, that attracted me to her,” says Hefner. “So I was able to tolerate a lot of her bad behavior.”

“There was a lot I didn't know, too, of course,” he now confesses. “A wise man once said that love is blind. In my case, it was deaf and dumb, as well.”

Hugh Hefner has the resources to

These Helmut Newton photos, shot at the Playboy Mansion in 1986, hint at the chill to come between the two lovers. Carrie was already scheming to turn that chill into cash.











indulge one of the most appealing facets of his character—his boyish devotion to the idea of an all-consuming romantic love. Those who do not know him expect him to be jaded. He is the opposite—a wide-eyed innocent in love with the process of falling in love. It's not the *safest* way to go through life, but Hef is most comfortable with his heart on the sleeve of his pajamas. This passion built an empire, and made him what he is.

Grabowski, charged with shepherding Carrie through her Playmate pictorial, found her an exasperating subject. "We'd start shooting, and almost immediately, she'd want to leave," says the Photo Editor. "Or she'd come in late—or she wouldn't show up at all. Let's say she had a short attention span."

Expenses on Carrie's Playmate pictorial exceeded \$100,000—twice the usual budget—and when it was finally completed, she went to Hef and said she no longer wanted to be "just another Playmate." She wanted to do a "celebrity pictorial" à la Joan Collins, Bo Derek and Kim Basinger. The problem with that, Hef tried to explain, was that she wasn't a celebrity.

Hef gave in eventually. Carrie's persuasive powers were at their peak early in the relationship, when he was head over slippers in love.

"We did a major feature on her—*First Lady of the Mansion*," Grabowski recalls, "including a cover."

In March 1985, Hef had a mild stroke. "A stroke of luck," he called it. The stroke changed his life. He put away his pipe and, with it, the work and play habits of a lifetime.

"I quit burning my candle at both ends and started savoring every day," he says. "The stroke made me aware of my own mortality. My rapid recovery fueled my desire to make my September years the best of what had already been a rather wonderful life."

In her lawsuit, Carrie claims that she nursed him back to health after the stroke. Nothing in her eight-page legal assault on her ex-lover is more fanciful. Instead, Hef says, Carrie gave him what amounted to an ultimatum. "She took this moment to suggest a marriage in which she knew I had no interest—and when I declined, she left me."

Carrie returned to Toronto, for what she would later describe in some detail as three delirious weeks of drinking, drugs and sexual excess. Early one morning, she phoned Hef from the bathroom of her Toronto hotel suite. She was calling from the bathroom, she said, because her partners of the night before were still asleep in the bedroom. She wanted to come home, she said. He welcomed her back.

Sick with mononucleosis and more, Carrie spent the next several weeks in bed, with *him* taking care of *her*.

On May 19, 1985, she wrote, "Dear Hef, you are the most important part of my life. These past few weeks have been so

Jessica Hahn and Carrie were good friends when they posed for this sultry *Vogue*-style photo. But Carrie was jealous of Jessica's fame and furious when she wouldn't help in her plot against Hefner.

special to me. If I never get well again, I don't care, as long as we are together. Please just tell me that you love me every day from this day on."

During the long weeks of her convalescence, Hef gave Carrie what he called "Dr. Bunny" gifts whenever she got depressed. And if he wasn't ready to commit to marriage, he was willing to express his affection with the diamond ring she had coveted. In the palimony suit, this is referred to as an engagement ring, but Carrie herself called it a friendship ring in interviews. In a cover story on Hefner in its August 4, 1986, issue, *Newsweek* reported, "Leigh sports a conspicuous 'friendship ring' from Hef but says, 'If we got engaged, it would have to be ten more carats.'"

To hasten Carrie's recovery, Hef gave her an allowance of \$5000 a month and her own checking account and credit card, in return for her pledge of sobriety and sexual fidelity. He had already given her more clothes, furs and jewels than she had any use for, so for her 22nd birthday, he gave her a check for \$22,000—\$1000 for every year of her life—and encouraged her to put it away for the future. He did the same on each birthday thereafter—\$23,000 when she turned 23 and \$24,000 on her 24th.

This attempt to establish a more stable relationship was short-lived, however. As soon as Carrie was well enough, she was back to her wanton, wandering ways.

"They must have patterned the phrase *party animal* after Carrie," remarks Anne Randall Stewart, the May 1967 Playmate and wife of Dick Stewart, both close friends of Hef's.

"She outcaroused Hef, the champion carouser of all time. She made passes at his pals, and she made passes at some of the Playmates, too."

In 1986, when she was most actively courting celebrity as Hef's companion, she was also pursuing other sexual conquests and was already contemplating her palimony suit. In it, Carrie would claim she gave up a "lucrative modeling career" to devote herself to Hef as his "companion, confidante and social hostess," but her *Playboy* appearances were the only significant modeling assignments she ever had and provided the publicity that would have made a career possible if she had cared to pursue it.

Hef helped her get the green card she needed to work in the U.S., an acting coach and an agent, but she never went on an audition. He hired four top Hollywood photographers to take pictures of her for her modeling book, but she never signed with an agency or went on a single call.

"Part of modeling is getting out of bed at six in the morning and hoofing the streets, not sleeping until three in the afternoon and getting your nails done," boutique owner Roche told *People* magazine.

"Do you love me?" she would ask. "Am I beautiful?" But no amount of reassurance was sufficient.

She became a cosmetic-surgery junkie. What began as a simple nose job soon became an obsession that included three



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL HARRIS / OUTLINE

There are those who say Marvyn Michelson knows how to use the media better than the courtroom. He and Carrie held a press conference in Michelson's posh Century City offices (complete with Jacuzzi), announcing their demand for \$5 million in palimony. Later, they upped the ante to \$35 million—and got even more publicity.



separate operations on the nose, a facial peel, cheek implants and breast enhancement. The last and most improbable surgery involved the transfer of fatty tissue from her buttocks to her lips, prompting Mansion wags to suggest that there was now no alternative to "kissing Carrie's ass." After the breakup, she would tell *Life* magazine that Hef had "manipulated" her into having painful cheek implants.

"He paid for it," a friend says, "but he didn't like it. He liked her the way she was when he first fell in love with her."

British Playmate Marina Baker, a close friend of Carrie's during her stay at the Mansion, told the English tabloid *The People* that she began to see Carrie as a Cruella De Vil, the wicked lady in Disney's *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*. "In the flesh, she wasn't quite the way she appeared in photographs and on film. She had dyed black hair enhanced with hair extensions, huge breasts which had been cosmetically enlarged, surgically improved cheekbones and enormous bewitching eyes." Marina felt sorry for Hef, she told the tabloid.

"It was sad to watch him papering over the cracks in his relationship with Carrie in such a gentlemanly fashion."

Carrie's shopping sprees grew legendary. She filled Mansion closets to the bursting point. "Spending £3000 a week on clothes was no big deal to Carrie," Marina recalls. "She would happily slash or cut up an expensive designer outfit that didn't quite fit and turn it into something casual to wear on a beach. She simply had no respect for anything. She never had to do anything for herself; she never washed up a plate or prepared a meal.

"She never washed her underwear or did any ironing. She dropped her clothes on the floor at night and a butler would come along in the morning and hang them up for her.

"She was very immature for a 24-year-old and actually seemed to be regressing in intelligence the longer she stayed at the Mansion."

Controversy over her choice of clothing caused a major rift the evening Hef and Carrie attended the Barbra Streisand fund raiser for Democratic candidates in the fall of 1986.

"Leigh's dress is as tight as the casing on a Dodger hot dog," *People* magazine enthused. "The front of this creation consists of two pieces of cloth crisscrossed over her breasts; she looks like a railroad crossing guard in a Russ Meyer movie. At dinner, served on Barbra's tennis court, Ms. Leigh is the centerfold of conversation. 'I sure wish I had a body like that,' says Sheena Easton, between bites of mesquite-grilled veal loins with wild mushrooms by Wolfgang Puck of Spago. 'I sure would know what to do with it.'"

What Carrie Leigh decided to do with it was disappear into the night before hostess Streisand had sung a note. Having consumed a great quantity of champagne and a couple of Quaaludes, she wound up in bed with a gay Iranian at the apartment of Michael Roche. The following afternoon, she was playing kissy face with Hef at the wedding reception of

Whoopi Goldberg as though nothing had happened.

The night of the Streisand affair, Carrie lost her diamond ring. Hef replaced it with another, larger heart-shaped diamond of her choosing as a Christmas gift. She asked him if they could have a "just pretend" engagement, but Hef pointed out that even a make-believe betrothal implied the intention of marriage. Only later did he realize that this had been a ploy to compromise him in her contemplated palimony suit.

Then she told him she was pregnant.

"Leigh alleges Hefner told her he wanted to have children with her, then impregnated her and pressured her to have an abortion," *People* magazine reported. "Hefner says he did not urge the abortion on her. He also says that, given his own precautions, he was surprised by the pregnancy."

He actually doubted that it was his. "I'm a very careful guy," he says. "It's one of the reasons I've never had any paternity suits."

"When Leigh refused to use birth control," he told *People*,

"he posted an 'exact chart' of her menstrual cycle next to his bed to prevent accidents. He was especially careful, he maintains, after his daughter, Christie, warned him that Leigh might try to get pregnant as leverage against him. Roche claims Leigh told him she'd discussed that tactic with Mitchelson, who allegedly told her it wouldn't be necessary if she could just stay with Hefner a few more years."

Carrie's friend, Playmate Julie McCullough, says that Carrie never considered having the baby and didn't even discuss her plans for an



After the wicked witch, a beautiful princess: Hef's new live-in lover, Alabama-born, Vancouver-raised Kimberley Conrad, is this month's cover girl. The two first met while she was shooting her January 1988 Playmate pictorial in Las Angeles. When Carrie moved out of Playboy Mansion West, Kimberley, and her menagerie, moved in.

abortion with Hef until after it was over.

Celebrity was very important to Carrie, and Hefner included her in most of his publicity, from the cover of *Newsweek* to a segment of *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*. She appeared at his side in the Playboy Mansion scene with Eddie Murphy and Brigitte Nielsen in *Beverly Hills Cop II*, the top-grossing movie of 1987.

Nielsen was an obvious role model for Carrie, especially after the surgically enhanced Scandinavian beauty won a \$6 million settlement from her marital split with Sylvester Stallone and gossip had her involved in an affair with her secretary/companion, Kelly Sahnger. When Carrie left Hefner a few months later, she introduced her own gal pal Kelly Moore to Helmut Newton as "my secretary."

"Carrie certainly identified with Brigitte Nielsen," says Anne Randall Stewart. "They shared the same taste in harlot/motorcycle dyke outfits and they both seem to enjoy their seductive-villainess images."

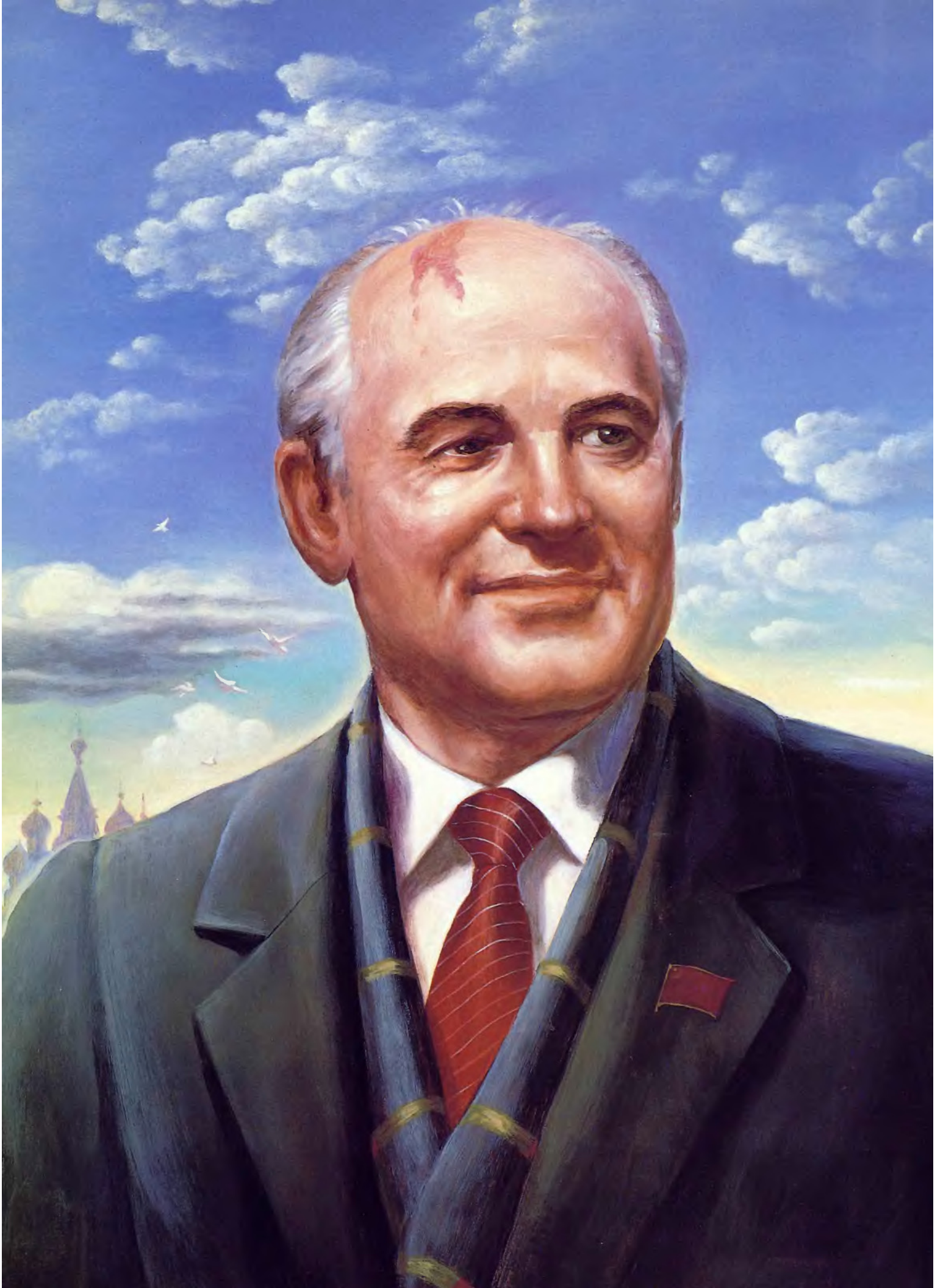
"One of Carrie's favorite movies of 1987 was the Theresa Russell/Debra Winger thriller *Black Widow*, about a woman who marries and murders a number of men for their money.

"Carrie and her girlfriend Kelly used to watch it constantly on video tape," recalls Hef in a wry moment: "It didn't occur to me that Carrie might be viewing (continued on page 146)











# THEN CAME GORBACHEV

MIKHAIL GORBACHEV. AS I watched the man at a reception in the Palace of Congresses at the Kremlin, where my outstretched hand had been pushed aside by Yoko Ono's mad charge to present the top Bolshevik with some memento of John Lennon's music, while off to the side, Gore Vidal sought to engage Andrei Sakharov, just released from his exile in Gorky, and Andrei Gromyko wanly smiled at Norman Mailer, it seemed as if we had all just stepped through the looking glass.

Unbelievable. A pragmatic and appealing Soviet leader replacing the septuagenarian hacks who had seemed destined to run that nation into the ground. Before him, there seemed little hope for altering the collision course of the superpowers. After him, the Soviet Union and the Cold War would never be the same.

How did it happen? What playwright would dare introduce a character who is such an immense departure from the characters who preceeded him? Who is Gorbachev, what does he represent, who are the people around him and will he last?

For three months in the spring and the fall of 1987, the year of *glasnost* (openness) and *perestroika* (restructuring), I talked with the new Soviet elite—leading editors, Central Committee and Politburo members of the Communist Party, high government technicians who had been swept into power by this new man and his program. I talked also with the new crew running the Chernobyl nuclear power plant after the disaster that, more than any other factor, had jolted the Soviet leaders into a full appreciation of what nuclear weapons might do. And I talked with the people who had gone to college with Gorbachev to glimpse the roots of this man who, like Peter the Great, would attempt once again the great Westernization of Mother Russia.

Documenting Gorbachev's biography and many other facets of Soviet life remains difficult in that still-closed society, but it is now possible to begin a serious inquiry that would have been impossible just a few years ago. That is why I went.

It helped that a number of the people I talked with were familiar with my writing on arms control and other U.S. for-

## ARTICLE BY ROBERT SCHEER

ign-policy issues. My earlier trips to the Soviet Union, my articles for the *Los Angeles Times* and my book on Reagan's nuclear strategy were a kind of calling card, in their view, and so they were willing to skip a lot of jargon and skim a lot of basics.

I have had a lifetime of being lectured and lied to in capitals from Hanoi to Washington and from Cairo to Havana. But nowhere was the interview process reduced to such depths

of stultification as in the Soviet Union of the recent past. On my trips there during the Sixties and the early Seventies, the effect of reporting on the Soviet line was so—*boring* is the only word that fits—that I resolved never to return again as a journalist.

This time, I was shocked by the pace of change in my area of interest. I don't mean changes in factory management, chicken production or even the democratization of the Communist Party, all of which have been promised by Gorbachev and are still emerging. But out there on *my* beat, armed with my tape recorder, notebooks and lots of questions, the new mood was intoxicating. Who in his right mind could have predicted that talking with Soviet officials and other notables might prove stimulating, even—Marx forbid—fun?

Over seemingly endless trays of cookies and tea served in the Politburo offices of Aleksandr Yakovlev, the far-larger quarters inherited by Ivan Laptev, editor of *Izvestia*, the government newspaper, or the downright dingy and cluttered cubicle of cinematographer and pacifist Alex Aleksandrov, the themes and the spirit were similar. The message was a replay of Lenin's old question What is to be done? It seemed again a call for a revolution within the revolution, rendered more urgent now that much of the post-Lenin program has been judged a failure. What is to come? What kind of economy? How much pluralism? What about bureaucracy and human rights? I found the questions—an urgent, constant pecking at the once forbidden—mostly brash and open. The answers elusive. All the more elusive since none of this change is occurring without resistance, which is pervasive and palpable.

This uncertain chapter of Soviet history, with its vast



implications for the world, took most people by surprise. But if you listened closely, you could hear the sound of change coming even before the reign of Gorbachev, in the final days of Yuri Andropov. He was the dour K.G.B. chief who, in his brief 15 months as head of all the Russias, managed to set in motion the process now called *perestroika*. Georgi Arbatov, the director of the United States of America and Canada Institute, was the first to sing Andropov's praises to me. "He is a modern man and if he lives, you will see big changes," Arbatov had said when I first encountered him in 1983 at the Amsterdam conference of the International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War. Andropov didn't get his chance, but he did have an impact.

As head of the K.G.B., Andropov learned the full truth of the sorry state of the Soviet economy and the degree of corruption that ran rampant through its political life. Rather than join in sharing the spoils, he began plotting the demise of the Brezhnev era by advancing the careers of men such as Gorbachev, who appeared to have avoided corruption. While Andropov certainly had the blood of K.G.B. repression on his hands, he seemed, by his own brief actions as General Secretary, and by the company he chose to keep, to have been committed to a better way.

During one afternoon Arbatov spent with me, ruminating in the den of his cluttered office in a 19th Century merchant's house in Moscow in 1987, he showed me a poem that Andropov had sent to him in the last weeks of his life, which contained the line "It is said that power corrupts men, but I have learned that it is men who corrupt power."

Did it begin, then, with a revulsion against corruption? It is an odd thought, considering that the elite pushing for reform could easily have gone the other way and simply have indulged the perks of their privileged rank. Arbatov and his men work in the high-ceilinged, chandeliered rooms of a mansion once occupied by a confidant of the czar, but they are now frantic and overworked. Why, in the cubbyholes of this sagging, dimly lit building, are Arbatov and the (relatively) young army of reformers with whom he has surrounded himself willing to risk another turn of the wheel?

Arbatov was born soon after the Revolution, is part Jewish, was wounded at Stalingrad and has been close to the last four heads of government. He can be both charming and tough, and he knows the West; for decades, he has traveled there several times a year, meeting its leaders. Indeed, he appears to know the West and its leaders better than most of the Western reporters who seek to interview him. Some don't like Arbatov. I do. They claim that he is an elusive prop-

agandist. I find him as honest as you can expect from a top man in any organization.

Late one day, I sat in the old merchant's tearoom with Arbatov and three of his top aides, trying to make a brand-new Japanese VCR work. After some false starts, the machine began, and we watched a video cassette of the once-banned movie *Repentance*—now being shown to millions of Soviet moviegoers—which in a chilling fashion excoriates the crimes of Stalin and Beria, his secret-police chief. When the movie ended, Arbatov asked me for my reaction. I replied that after watching the movie, I could not understand why he or the others in the room remained in the Communist Party. There was an awkward pause, and he answered, "That is the challenge."

In the West, the idea of actually *being* a Communist is rarely taken seriously. When it is, it generally means something dark, totalitarian. It means coercion at best, repression at worst. And after 40 years of Cold War, the notion that communism may occasionally touch an idealistic impulse at some point in the lives of its followers is as difficult for a Westerner to accept as convincing Palestinians of Zionist idealism. Yet despite everything, it's there. Otherwise, Gorbachev—and Andropov before him—makes no sense.

The men around Gorbachev called themselves the Khrushchev generation. They were the group of future leaders most affected by Khrushchev's bold indictment of at least some of Stalin's darkest deeds. Despite Khrushchev's rashness and his fall from grace, it was during his regime that the younger men first saw the possibilities of change. "Our generation was waiting in the wings to make these changes," Gennadi Gerasimov, Gorbachev's press spokesman, told me this spring. "The only question is why we didn't move sooner."

It is ironic that the battle to limit arbitrary power was next advanced by Andropov, one of Beria's successors in the secret police. But in the land of the czars, one takes what one gets. Andropov's enduring legacy is that, from his deathbed, tied to a kidney-dialysis machine, he somehow managed to nudge into place a new elite, which, though stalled by Konstantin Chernenko, his immediate successor, has now come to the fore. The new elite is remaking Soviet society in a way not predicted by a single Kremlinologist, most of whom had developed emotional and professional stakes in the idea of a Soviet Union governed in perpetuity by corrupt, brutal gangs of aging and unyielding Bolsheviks.

The members of this new elite aren't particularly mysterious, as I discovered in months of interviews. They are inveterate travelers, for one thing, especially

to America, and one cannot help thinking that their goals are more the working out of their own domestic problems than the pursuit of some monolithic foreign-policy objective. In January 1988, for example, I was in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, at a small retreat hosted by the Eisenhower World Affairs Institute and the United States Information Agency. About 50 Soviets and Americans representing their respective cultural establishments hunkered down in that sleepy but historic town, drinking beer at the old inns and visiting the Civil War graves, which reminded one of the imperfections of our own national experience. While socializing, everyone was chatty and off guard. But once the sessions began, one side reverted to its expected Cold War role—and I don't mean the Soviets.

Our side, which included Lisa Jameson, head of the Soviet desk at the National Security Council, the coordinator of the USIA Soviet-exchange program and a hawkish Congressional aide, reminded me of the Soviet delegates I used to run into—generally stodgy and always careful not to betray their "cause." Although a couple of American delegates from the art world enlivened things, in general, they perceived the meeting as yet another battle of Cold War politics.

The Soviets, by contrast, were free-wheeling and often divided. At one moment, the director of the Taganka Theater took on a high official from the ministry of culture. The subject was whether a theater director needed to get approval to accept an offer to stage a play abroad. Both men were young and loose. "You never answer my phone calls," said the director. "Why should I have to go through your ministry when I can make my own arrangements around the world?"

A leading Soviet cosmonaut on the panel, who had seemed bored at the proceedings, suddenly sprang to life. "The theater company is government-financed!" he said. "It's not your personal property; how can you just go running off everywhere you want?"

The director shot back that cosmonauts are highly paid and know nothing of the economic hardships of the acting class: "My actors have to work as waiters! The theater is dark for two months every summer and I have to feed them; you maybe don't know about such problems."

Then two top men in the Soviet book-publishing world crossed swords over *their* positions on the director's rights; a celebrated Soviet hockey goalie muttered that it was a fight about nothing and that all present should go out to eat. A columnist for *Izvestia* ended the match by holding up his hands and saying sardonically, "Well, this is *perestroika*."

(continued on page 80)





*"What's the Japanese word for enchilada?"*



# CHARLIE SHEEN PLAYS BALL

from dugout to night out, the star of *eight men out* is a hit in winning baseball looks

*fashion* By HOLLIS WAYNE

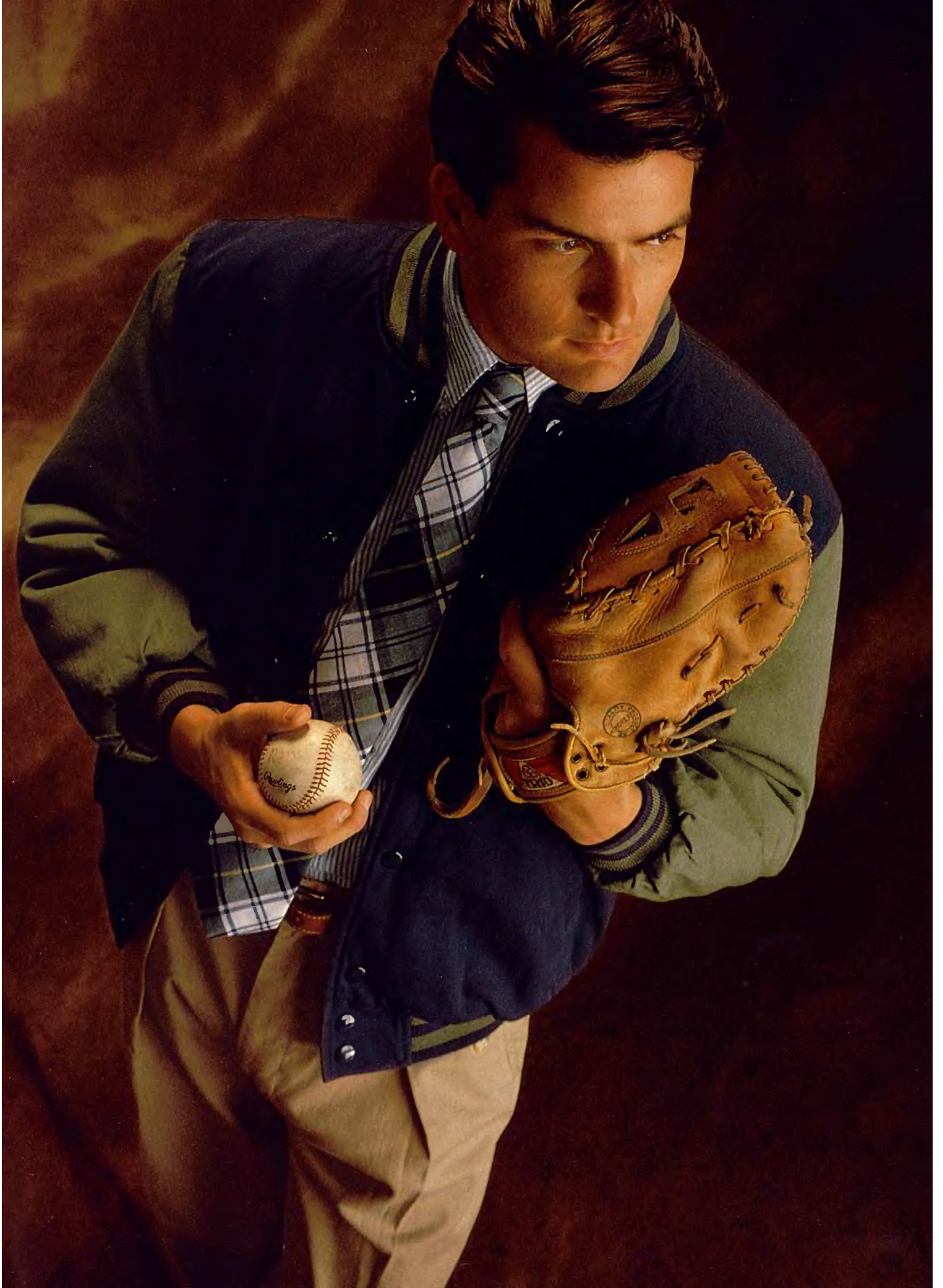
IF THE movie business were a baseball team, Charlie Sheen would probably be its most valuable player. Fresh from roles in *Platoon* and *Wall Street*, Sheen has also laced up his spikes for Orion Pictures' *Eight Men Out*, Hollywood's version of the 1919 Chicago White Sox baseball scandal. If Sheen looks like a natural in these baseball-inspired outfits, it's because the former Santa Monica High shortstop considers America's pastime his first love. Judging by looks—from the comfort of casuals to more formal wear—these fashions and Sheen are batting 1.000.



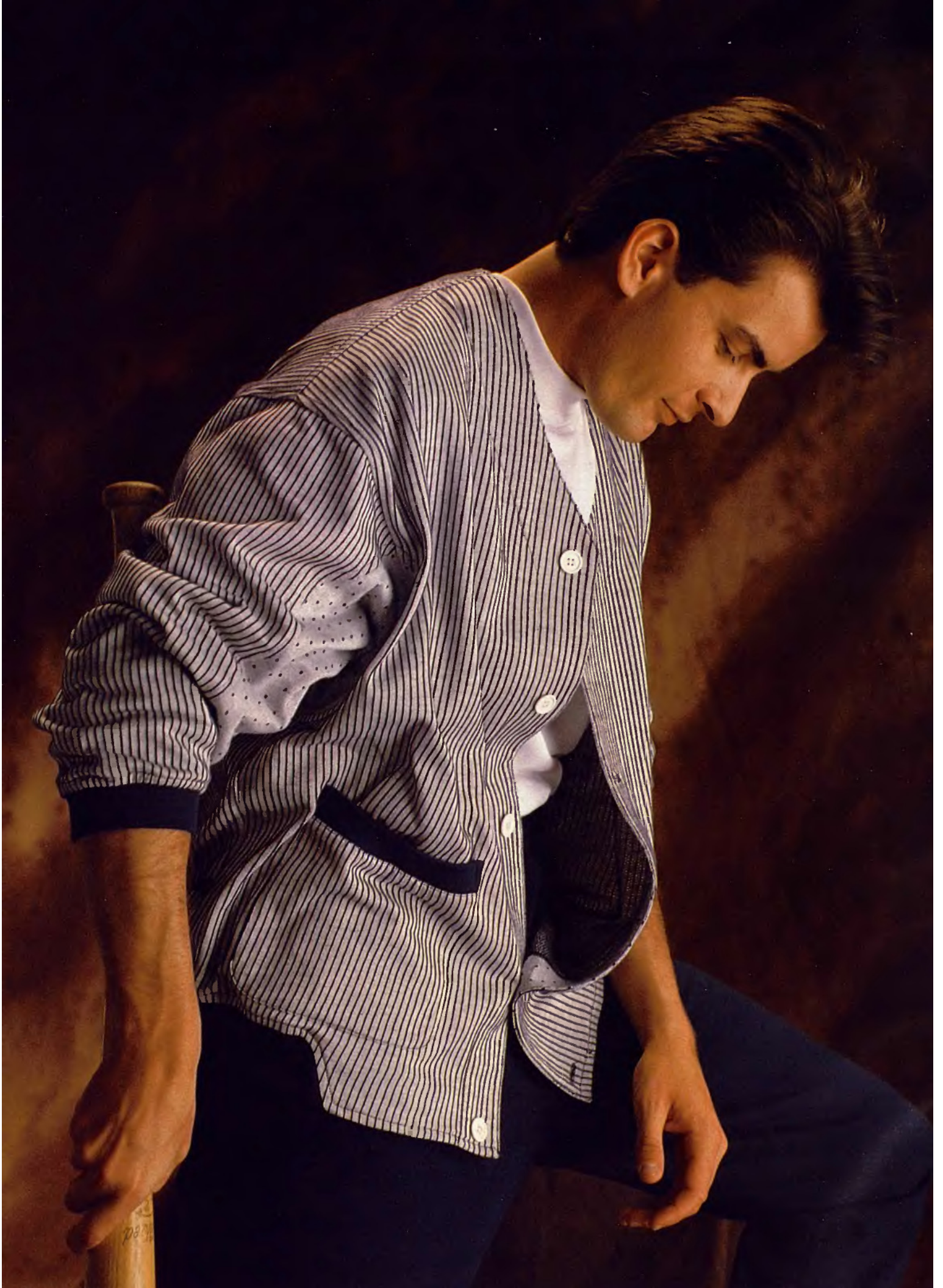
**L**eft: Silk-taffeta baseball jacket, by Jean Paul Gaultier, about \$825; cotton/wool knit turtleneck sweater, \$100, and cotton-jersey knit pants, \$100, both by Joan Vass, USA; knit socks, by E. G. Smith, \$9; driving shoes with rubber soles, by To Boot New York, \$125. Right: Chino-twill baseball jacket, \$150, cotton-oxford shirt, about \$54, chino-twill pants, about \$65, flannel tie, about \$20, all by Scotland Yard Authentic Wear.













**C**harlie at

the bat. Left: Pinstripe cotton cardigan with baseball collar, \$135, mock-turtleneck shirt, \$55, and French terry-knit pants, \$75, all by Palmer & Palmer Australia. Right: A playing field of nifty baseball-inspired fashion accessories and *bibelots*, including a bat tie with printed wood-grain pattern and squared-off bottom, by Belle Neckwear, \$20. On it: A 14-kt.-gold baseball-and-bat tie clip, from Matthew C. Hoffmann, New York, \$750. Nearby: A sterling-silver baseball paperweight, from Tiffany & Company, Chicago, \$895. Wool-blend socks with embroidered baseball player, from Headphones by Inatome International, about \$12. Circa 1950 wrist watch with a baseball player on the face, \$375, and a Fifties baseball wrist watch with Mickey Mantle's signature, \$250, both from Time Will Tell, New York. Next to the player watch is a 14-kt.-gold bat-and-glove lapel pin with six points of full-cut diamonds, about \$220, and a 14-kt.-gold baseball-diamond lapel pin with 14 points of full-cut diamonds, about \$285, both from The Sportsman's Diamond Collection by Wideband. (The nifty Goudey 1933 Babe Ruth baseball card, in good condition, from the coin department at Carson Pirie Scott Chicago, \$2500.)





PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
RICHARD FEGLEY

GROOMING BY  
LUCIENNE ZAMMIT FOR CLOUTIER



**M**

ore fashion hits. Left: Velvet evening baseball jacket, about \$395, cotton Jacquard dress shirt, about \$195, wool tuxedo pants with Hollywood waistband, about \$290, and silk cummerbund-and-bow-tie set, about \$130, all by Cecilia Metheny. Right: Wool-melton baseball jacket with assorted appliqués, \$305, cotton knit pullover shirt with hood, \$150, straight-leg denim jeans with button fly, about \$60, all by Paul Smith.







*"There was Gorbachev on stage and Sakharov in the audience. And the system didn't crumble."*

Even more surprising, when I announced that I wanted to write about the exchange, the Soviets, to a man and woman, said, in effect, "Go for it." It was the Americans who, in general, wanted to keep it off the record, arguing that this was a private retreat. But since what I was reporting concerned the Soviets, and they were the ones who had to worry about how it would play in Moscow, I went with their vote for *glasnost*—openness, remember.

During earlier visits to the Soviet Union in 1963, I had witnessed the optimism of the Khrushchev era—when Stalin's crimes were first discussed openly—deteriorate into what was essentially a sterile society in 1970. The first inkling of what the future might hold was given to me in Amsterdam in 1983 by Arbatov. He was open to argument, spoke on the record and was capable of controversial comments. But the best thing he did for me at that meeting was to point out a stout fellow down the hall whom he suggested I interview on scientific and nuclear-weapons issues.

So I approached Yevgeny Velikhov. Remember that it was not so long ago that no top Soviet would consent to an interview without an eyewitness, or a K.G.B. guide, present, and the answers all came out as party-line static. But here was a top Soviet physicist and member of the Central Committee willing to disappear with me into a hotel room to face several tape recorders and some barbed questions. Velikhov would later confess that one of his remarks to me that, "of course," we do have our crazies who might also want to build a Star Wars system caused him some moments of discomfort.

But Velikhov is a brave man, as he would later demonstrate when he risked at least some years of his life flying in a helicopter over Chernobyl, desperately seeking a way of containing the smoldering disaster below him. And, as is well known to a large number of American scientists who have dealt with him on many sensitive intelligence matters (including getting the supersecret Krasnoyarsk radar installation open to Western inspection), he is driven by an urge for honesty.

It is an urge born early in his student days, when he sought to master the rigors of the scientific method at a time when the madman Lysenko controlled Soviet science. (Velikhov was a few years behind Gorbachev, but part of his generation.)

He would later tell me that the computer gap and other failures of modern Soviet technology stem precisely from the heavy hand of such political interference. Nevertheless, the physical sciences always fared better than the social sciences in the Soviet Union. The physical scientists were better positioned to defend their turf, because the preservation of their scientific methods was vital for the national defense. As Velikhov put it, "The social scientists just started to repeat or illustrate the political development, and after this, it was not science at all. Science is very demanding; if you are not honest with science, you lose very fast."

The revolt of the scientists, led by the hard scientists, is basic to the coming of the Gorbachev revolution, and they had their first success with Sakharov's rehabilitation.

I was at the February 1987 Moscow peace conference that Sakharov attended upon his return from Gorky. I caught up with him at the cloakroom as he was bundling up to go out into the cold. He granted a short interview in which he made the same critical remarks about the Soviet presence in Afghanistan and human rights that he had tried to make from internal exile. Who would have thought that a little more than a year later, the Soviets would be getting out of Afghanistan and that Sakharov would be supporting Gorbachev in his efforts in restructuring Soviet society? Or, as he put it in *The New York Times*, "I think this kind of leader is needed in a great country at such a decisive moment in history."

Sakharov's unrepentant presence as a delegate at that conference had to be one of the most amazing moments in all Russian history. At the closing session, he was seated in the grand hall of the Kremlin about 30 rows back from the stage. Gorbachev was on the dais, listening intently, while Frank Von Hippel from Princeton, summarizing the work of the scientists' group, ended by saying, "We were especially pleased to be able to have the participation of academician Andrei Sakharov . . . [who] stressed the particular importance of openness and democratization . . . the theme for which he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize." And I looked. There was Gorbachev on the stage and Sakharov in the audience. And the system didn't crumble.

Velikhov, as vice-president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, was instrumental in the opening to fellow academician Sakharov. But his goal is larger: to free

Soviet science and scientists from the restraints of all political cant. Although a member of the Central Committee and a close advisor to Gorbachev who has accompanied the leader on all of his foreign trips, Velikhov insists on the need for a science independent of politics. When we talked about this after a lecture he had given at Moscow State University on the history of nuclear weapons, in which he admitted to disgust at having to use American data because Soviet data are still secret, he cited a peasant proverb: "Hair is a good thing, and soup is also a good thing; but when you mix the two, what you get is not good."

Peasant maxims notwithstanding, the fact is that for much of its history, the Soviet Union has been ruled by a politics that is stylistically and substantially out of joint with the requirements of a modern society. Thus, many influential technocrats such as Velikhov and Roald Sagdeyev, the head of the Soviet Space Research Institute, believe that a profoundly different politics is required if restructuring is to proceed.

As Gorbachev said in 1987 in a major address defining *perestroika* for the Central Committee, "Reorganization is a decisive turn to science, the businesslike partnership of science and practice to achieve the best possible end results, an ability to ground any undertaking on a sound scientific basis."

But scientific openness is not compatible with a society driven by political paranoia. For that reason, among the reformers, the push for domestic change is inevitably tied to a re-evaluation of the Soviets' foreign-policy agenda.

At the heart of this new thinking is a challenge to the siege mentality built up over decades to ensure the survival of Soviet state power. It recognizes that 40 years of Cold War confrontations with the West and deep entanglement in Third World politics have drained Soviet resources without a commensurate addition to Soviet security.

"What is your interest to have a war?" asks Arbatov, who says the historical identification of land, people and resources with power has been turned on its head.

"The Germans fought for *Lebensraum* [living space], and now they have the smallest *Lebensraum* in their history, and they are better off than ever," he says. "The Japanese have less territory with fewer resources than ever, and they are the fastest-growing economy in the world."

As Deputy Foreign Minister Vladimir Petrovsky told me in the ornate foreign-ministry headquarters, one of the wedding-cake buildings that Stalin ordered built, "Nowadays, the initial Leninist

(continued on page 142)





*Interlandi*

*"I like to think these are going to spermicidal sponges rather than to some damn car wash!"*



# L O R D S OF THE F L I E S

the lore and lures of fly-fishing

*modern living*  
By GEOFFREY NORMAN

FLY-FISHING has been an irresistible passion for so many men for such a long time that it is hard to think of it as being trendy. But there is an increased interest in this timeless sport. All sorts of people are slipping into a pair of waders and stepping into a cold stream to cast for trout. Clean running water and elegantly colored fish, finely made tackle and exquisite technique—these things appeal as strongly to the hard-pressed, fast-lane brokers of the late 20th Century as they did to leisured sporting gentlemen of another age.

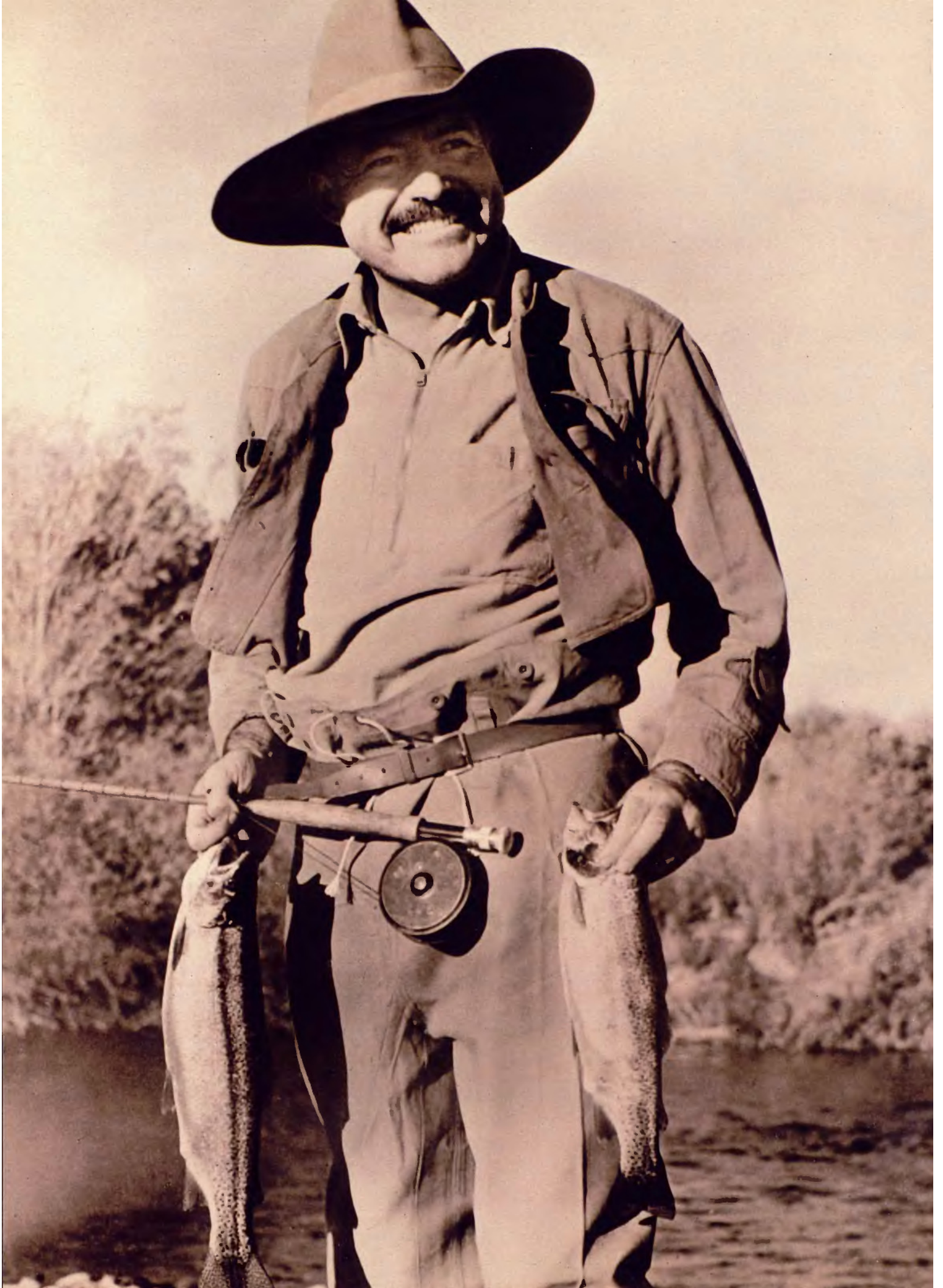
Fly-fishing is not especially demanding physically and it is not a competitive activity. Brute strength does not count for much. Technique and touch are far more important. Success, which is hard to measure, depends on observation and detached inquiry. Aggressiveness is less important than patience and persistence. Fly-fishing is, in many ways, a contemplative enterprise that seems to appeal most profoundly to men of action.













**W**e all know that Hemingway was a passionate fly-fisherman.

Chuck Yeager, the supreme fighter pilot, is a fly-fisherman. So were Presidents Herbert Hoover and Dwight Eisenhower. Fly-fishing is a calling among spies. General Walter Bedell Smith, a director of the CIA, was a fly-fisherman. So was



**The lodge of the Crescent H Ranch. Adjacent to Fish Creek and the Snake River at Wilson, Wyoming, the ranch has miles of private spring-fed trout streams.**

James Jesus Angleton, head of counter-intelligence for many years.

The appeal of this simple sport is various. On the most fundamental level, it surrounds you, by necessity, in beauty. Trout require clean water, and the best trout streams are those that are unpolluted and in something close to their natural state. Even the most hardened spirit will be refreshed after some time on a

**Catch of the day: A well-outfitted Ernest Hemingway offers up a brace of rainbow trout, trophies for labor in fast-running Idaho waters.**

cold, achingly clear stream flowing through a stand of fragile aspen.

Then there are the fish. All trout are beautifully colored. Bright but never gaudy, they invite admiration and wonder. Just looking at them gives you pleasure. And while they

are not smart, they are wary, fastidious and unpredictable. Few trout are easy to catch, and some, such as the browns in Vermont's Battenkill River or the rainbows in Silver Creek, outside Ketchum, Idaho, are damned difficult. They are a challenge to anglers who have been at it for a lifetime and who have come to honestly love and respect these challenging fish.

The tools of fly-fishing account for another part of its appeal. During the last century, when fly rods were made from cane that was split into sections that were mitered down according to private formulas and glued together for strength, the best came out of the shops of gunsmiths and violinmakers. The

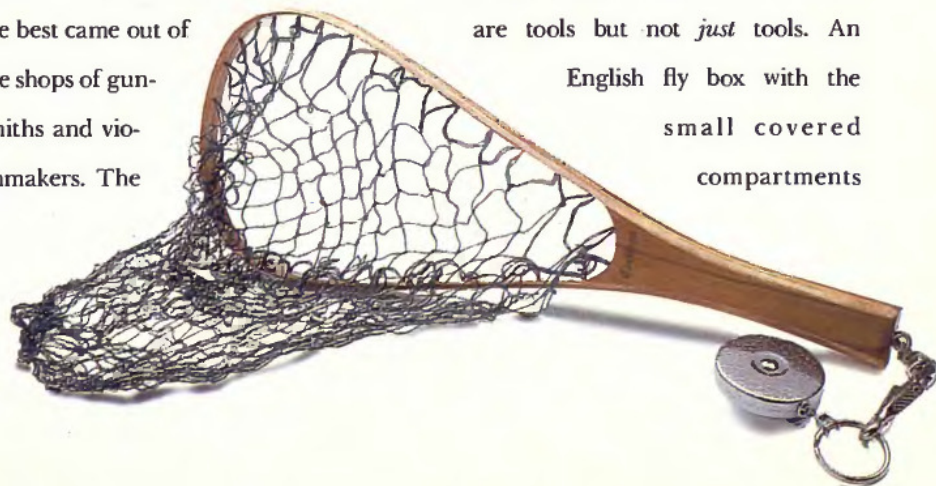


**The Royal Coachman is one of the most widely used lures in fly-fishing. Unlike lures that resemble and mimic the movements of certain insects, the Coachman is specific to none and looks very neat on a cap.**

craftsmanship in those rods was of the highest order. There was honest pride in mere ownership, but the rods were built for use and some are still in use today, though most rate as collector's items at fantastic prices.

Although cane is still available, still beautiful and still preferred by some traditionalists, most rods today are made from a graphite composite that was derived from space research. These rods are not as *warm* as their ancestors, but they are made well and they breathe with function. There is something irresistible about a good fly rod. Your hands want it, the way they do a well-used ax.

The other implements of the sport also have something of this property. They are tools but not *just* tools. An English fly box with the small covered compartments





suggests a kind of precision and order that you seldom find in ordinary life. There is not the bulk that you associate with some of the passions. You can pack what you need for a week-end of fishing in the trunk of a small sports car or, in a pinch, in a carry-on bag.

For many anglers, it would not be fly-fishing if it weren't for the flies and the fly tying. The fly consists of some fur and feathers tied to a hook in any of thousands of proven patterns.

**This 7 1/2' classic Battenkill bamboo rod, with CFO III reel, line and front-loop splice, is from Orvis in Manchester, Vermont. The price: \$1050.**

The fly is the thing that fools the fish, and it can be tied with care and precision or not. While fly tying is not an art, there is much art in it, and some tiers have built reputations and their work is collected



## WHO'S WHO — IN — FLY-FISHING

These people have taken up fly-fishing and, thus, done something useful with their lives:

Tom Brokaw  
Jimmy Carter  
Prince Charles (above)  
William Hurt  
Don Johnson  
Michael Keaton  
Charles Kuralt  
Jack Lemmon  
Daniel Patrick Moynihan  
Jack Nicklaus  
Dan Rather  
Paul Volcker  
Ted Williams

and exhibited. Usually, the angler who ties his own flies does so because it gives him pleasure. And there's always the hope that one day, he will fool a five-pound rainbow with a fly he tied himself.

Casting that fly is the thing for many anglers. It requires a combination of timing and touch, so that when they do it right, it just plain feels good. Many anglers find that if the fish are not biting, they still enjoy themselves, taking their satisfaction from the sweet, repetitive rhythm of their casting. Lifting the line from the water and turning it over with a crisp backcast, *(continued on page 153)*

## BLUE TROUT À LA NORMAN

While most trout are not caught for food these days, it is still permissible to eat one, provided it comes from a stream where it's legal to keep them and provided you kill only as many fish as you intend to eat immediately. A trout loses any claim as a delicacy once it has been frozen.

The best way to limit the eating of trout is to make your meals at streamside. A delicious dish called blue trout requires very fresh fish. Its color results from the presence of the lubricating agent that makes the fish slippery to the touch.

The restaurant method of preparation calls for scalding the fish in a mixture of boiling vinegar and water, then simmering it an additional 15 or 20 minutes in a court bouillon that is made from white wine, salt, pepper, onion, celery, thyme and carrots, among other ingredients. The finished trout is served with hollandaise sauce, which is something like serving straight bourbon with a strawberry. Also, it is more trouble than you want to go to at streamside.

You can make a wonderful blue trout merely by boiling some water and adding two tablespoons of acid—vinegar or lemon juice—per fish. Clean your trout and add it to the water. When it comes to a boil, cover the pan and remove it from the heat. Allow it to stand for about five minutes. Drain the fish carefully and serve it with some baby potatoes you have already boiled, butter the fiddlehead ferns that you have picked and open a bottle of Pouilly-Fuissé that you have chilled in the stream. Before you lie down in the sun to nap, be thankful that we live in a world that has learned to get along without heavy sauces.











O

NE YEAR AGO, I was on a publicity tour for one of my novels. On impulse, after a TV interview in Dallas, I stopped at a bookstore.

"I'm a writer," I said. "I'm just checking on how my books are doing."

"Writer?" the manager asked. "What did you——"

"I created Rambo."

The manager stepped back as if I might be dangerous. He looked me over, all five feet, nine inches and 155 pounds of me. "Sure you did." He gestured soothingly. "Of course."

"But I did. I really did."

"Oh, I'm sure." He nodded, with that just-another-nut look in his eye. "I really believe you. I do. But, just for the record, didn't Sylvester Stallone . . . ?"

"No, he created Rocky."

"But what about Rambo?"

That's a long story.

In the summer of 1969, I was 26, a graduate student at Penn State University. Specializing in American literature, I'd finished my master's thesis on Ernest Hemingway and was starting my doctoral dissertation on John Barth. But, in my heart, I wanted to be a novelist.

I knew that few novelists made a living at it, so I'd decided to become a literature professor, an occupation in which I'd be surrounded by books and allowed time to write. A Penn State faculty member, Philip Klass, whose science-fiction pseudonym is William Tenn, had given me generous instruction in the techniques of fiction writing. Still, as Klass had pointed out, "I can teach you how to write but not what to write about."

What *would* I write about?

By chance, I watched a television program that changed my life. It was the *CBS Evening News*, and on that sultry August evening, Walter Cronkite juxtaposed two stories whose friction flashed like lightning through my mind.

The first story showed a fire fight in Vietnam. Sweaty American soldiers crouched in the jungle, shooting bursts from M-16s to repel an enemy attack. Incoming bullets kicked up dirt and shredded leaves. Medics (continued on page 134)

**WRONG.**

**T H E**

**HE'S A SKINNY**

**M A N W H O**

**MIDWEST PROFESSOR—**

**C R E A T E D**

**AND HE THINKS**

**R A M B O**

**SLY'S AN ANGEL**

**article**

**By DAVID MORRELL**



## FROM CHILLY DENMARK COMES SOMEONE AS HOT AS

# Helle

**H**ELLE MICHAELSEN stands on the balcony of her West Hollywood apartment, eyeing the luxurious swimming pool three floors below. It's an unusually warm day for early spring—even by Southern California standards—with the thermometer hovering in the low 80s. Helle would be at the pool except that she has business to attend to. And Helle (pronounced hell-a) is very serious about business. “I want very much to be a success,” she says in the charming accent of her native Denmark. “I love Denmark, but if you are a success-minded person, you cannot succeed there. That’s what made



me take the step to move to another country.” Actually, Helle did succeed in Denmark. From an early age, she knew she wanted to be an actress, and by the time she was fresh out of high school, she was working regularly in Danish films and TV. Helle (who uses the first name Helena for acting) top-lined three action films that played Scandinavia and gained some notable publicity. But being a film star in Denmark is like being an auto magnate in Peru—the real game is in Hollywood, and Helle, who is now 19, wants to be a player. “I love being around people who really want to be successful,” she













says. Despite her accent and newcomer status, Helle has already found work and an illustrious social life in Hollywood. She recently worked as an extra in the upcoming Tony Curtis film *Midnight*. In Denmark, she was a leading lady; in America, she is still a bit player. "But that's good for you," she philosophizes. "You appreciate things more when you have to work for them." Socially, things are a bit more in keeping with her stellar past. She met fellow transplanted Dane Brigitte Nielsen at several parties, and it was the ex-Mrs. Rambo who recommended that Helle try out for *Playmate*. "Being a *Playmate* is important to me," says Helle. "It's a way of advertising myself." She plans to use

"I love masculine, conservative men," insists Danish-born Helle. "American men are like that to me. They have the best manners—they open the door for you and pay for dinner. You can get spoiled being around American men."











"Somehow, most of my friends are men. I'm more comfortable with them than with women," says Helle. "I'm the kind of person who needs security around me, and being around men gives me that kind of security."



her Playmate money to hire a voice coach to help her work on her accent, which sometimes stands in the way of bigger, better parts. As it turns out, Gitte isn't the only potentially helpful friend Helle has met socially. At another party, she was introduced to Gitte's ex, who, despite gossip linking him to superdeb Cornelia Guest, asked Helle to join him for an evening of champagne and dinner. "Sylvester Stallone is a very attractive man, whether he has money or not," says Helle. "For me, being around people like producers and actors is a learning experience. I look up to them, because I want to be

the same as they are." Not surprisingly, Helle sees both Gitte and Sly as her kindred spirits. All three are dedicated to their careers, and all three are self-made. But Helle may feel a bit closer to her fellow countrywoman. "Brigitte is very sweet and very intelligent," she says. She laughs when Gitte's controversial reputation is discussed. "Scandinavian women have to live up to their reputations, right? I mean, we are free girls. We're out on the market," jokes Helle, adding with a mischievous wink, "and we usually like anything Italian."

"My mother always tells me, 'You have never been in love. You don't know what love is.' And I guess she's right," admits Helle. "You know how girls are. We meet nice men and we go out on dates, and after a while, we look for something else."







MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Handwritten text on the sock: "vassalson" and "H2H"



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Helle Michaelson

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 33 1/2

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: ok

BIRTH DATE: 11/2/68 BIRTHPLACE: Aalborg, Denmark

AMBITIONS: To become a great actress and a good wife

TURN-ONS: Fun people, the theater, animals, nature, my family

TURN-OFFS: Disloyal people, cold weather, red meat

FAVORITE MOVIES: Sophie's Choice, Casablanca, Gone with the Wind

THE ACTRESS I'D MOST LIKE TO MEET: Meryl Streep and Glenn Close - they're my idols

IDEAL DATE: A cool evening, a warm Jacuzzi and a hot man

THE THING I LIKE BEST ABOUT AMERICAN MEN: They're sexy, they have great manners and they know how to talk to women



Still innocent and in High School



17 yrs, me and "my best friend" still



ok, guys, don't touch!







# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**W**hile on a visit to the Holy Land, Jimmy Carter was given a private tour of the sights by Israeli prime minister Yitzhak Shamir. When they arrived at the Wailing Wall, Shamir explained that anything said near the wall was heard directly by God and suggested that Carter stand close if he had any special requests for Him to hear.

The former President approached the wall and said, "I wish that the U.S. Federal budget deficit were lower."

"God has heard every word," Shamir said, "and will certainly grant your wish."

"I wish," Carter continued, "that there were peace between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R."

"You are talking directly to God," Shamir said. "Your wish will surely be fulfilled."

"And I wish," Carter said, "that the Israeli-occupied territories be returned to the Arabs."

"Mr. Carter," Shamir huffed, "remember, you are only talking to a wall!"

**W**hat's the difference between a poodle's humping your leg and a pit bull's humping your leg? You let the pit bull finish.



**M**other, what's wrong?" the daughter asked, responding to an urgent phone message.

"Darling, first the bad news. Your father mistook some cyanide for tooth powder this morning and died."

"Oh, my God!" her daughter exclaimed. "What could be the good news?"

"Cyanide fights plaque."

**A** man walked into a Baltimore bar and asked the bartender if he could bring his cocker spaniel inside to watch the baseball game since it loved to watch the Orioles play. Business was slow and the bartender liked animals, so he agreed to let the dog sit on the bar near the TV set.

In the fifth inning, the Orioles scored a run on a double and a long single. The dog jumped around in circles and yapped excitedly. In the eighth, they scored another run after two walks and a bloop single. Once again, the dog went wild.

"Man, he really gets excited," the bartender said after the Orioles blew the game three to two. "What in the world does he do when the Orioles win?"

"I don't know," the owner replied. "I've only had him two years."

**T**his is for waiting for me till I got outa the joint," the convicted burglar said to his girlfriend as he draped a full-length mink over her shoulders.

"Oh, Bubba, it's gorgeous," she squealed, prouetting before a mirror. "It must be worth at least three to five years!"

**A** Baton Rouge barber claims he knew that Jimmy Swaggart was up to something funny when the fallen evangelist asked him to trim the top, take a little off the sides and shave his palms.

**S**ign spotted in a bikers' bar: THANK YOU FOR NOT BREATHING WHILE I SMOKE.

**A**n elderly woman entered a large furniture store and was greeted by a much younger salesman. "Is there something in particular I may show you?" he asked.

"Yes, I want to buy a sexual sofa," she said.

"You mean a *sectional* sofa," he suggested.

"Sectional, schmectonal," she said, shrugging. "All I want is an occasional piece in the living room."



**T**wo gay friends met at a health club. While bringing each other up to date, one whispered, "I got circumcised two weeks ago."

"How marvelous!" the other said. "Let me see."

He pulled down his shorts and proudly displayed his equipment.

"Ooooh!" his friend shrieked. "You look ten years younger."

**A**n attorney approached Saint Peter at the pearly gates and complained, "There must be some mistake. I'm not supposed to be here yet—I'm only fifty-two."

"I'll have to check our records," Saint Peter said. "Your name?"

"John Miller. You'll see; it's not my time."

Several minutes later, Saint Peter came back and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Miller, everything seems to be in order."

"It can't be! I'm only fifty-two."

"Not according to our records, Mr. Miller," Saint Peter replied. "I personally checked your file and, based on your billing hours, you're seventy-eight."

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*





*"Why is it every time we get together we end up squabbling?"*







# A MAN'S GUIDE TO WOMEN'S MAGAZINES

they may be for her, but they're about you

**N**ONE OF US came with an owner's manual. And so much of what we read is supposed to tell us who and what we are. Women's magazines—that vast sea of lip-gloss ads and erotic fashion layouts—have elevated that chatter to a high volume.

What goes on inside women's magazines? Work your way past the pages of ads for nail polish and hair gel and consider some typical features: "Loving an Unfaithful Man," "Why Smart Men Still Want Dumb Women," "25 Ways to Meet a Man," "What His Wallet Says About Him," "Your Alarm-

ing Prince Charming," "How to Get a Man to Wear a Condom." Get the feeling someone's talking about you?

Each month, *Cosmopolitan*, *Redbook*, *Glamour*, *Elle* and the rest offer their tens of millions of readers hundreds of thousands of words of advice about *us*. Some of it is diagnostic, sort of: "Infidelity is a complex problem with numerous causes" (*Women's Day*). "As a general rule, someone of 40 who has never been in a solid relationship is not considered a good bet for commitment" (*New Woman*). "Couples who have good sex seem not to take sex all that seriously. They play at it rather than work at it. They know it's OK to laugh in bed" (*Redbook*). "Guys are probably unfaithful at some point without women knowing it" (*Self*). "Men do indeed have fears. . . . Big men are afraid of little men, little men of big men. Some are afraid of the dark, one of cornfields, many of being interviewed. Some fear





## SEX-SURVEY SCOREBOARD

	REDBOOK 1974	REDBOOK 1987	COSMO	NEW WOMAN
1. Want more sex	38%	N/A	63%	15%
2. Lost virginity before 16	13	50	21	19
3. Six or more lovers	15	32	63	65
4. Intercourse three times a week or more	40	31	44	N/A
5. Orgasms: always	15	22	20	N/A
6. Orgasms: usually	48	39	49	N/A
7. Masturbate frequently	16	N/A	28	18
8. Give head	85	50	84	84
9. Enjoy it	72	67	N/A	64
10. Get head	87	45	84	77
11. Enjoy it	90	84	N/A	65
12. Anal sex	43	40	13	61
13. Enjoy it	40	12	N/A	14
14. Sex on first date	N/A	N/A	69	55
16. Extramarital affairs	29	26	54	41
16. Group sex	4	N/A	19	14
17. Lesbian experience	3	N/A	21	12
18. Drink when making love	81	40	66	N/A
19. Use pot when making love	14	14	30	N/A
20. Use sex toys	21	N/A	N/A	43

N/A = Not Asked

### COMMENTS:

- Glamour* readers (April 1988): 56%. The rate for *Cosmo* readers under 18 was even higher: 67%.
- Redbook's* 1987 survey asked question as "17 or younger."
- Percentage of *New Woman* readers who've had 25 or more lovers: 19. Percentage of *Cosmo* readers who've had 25 or more lovers: 15.
- Percentage of *Cosmo* readers who answered "At least once a day": 8.
- Most orgasmic group of *Cosmo* readers: 35 and older: 26%.
- Percentage of *Cosmo* readers who report having had 11 or more orgasms in a single session: 6.
- Percentage of women who said "Never": *Cosmo*, 11; *New Woman*, 13; *Redbook*, 26. Only *Cosmo* had a separate category for "every day": 4%.
- Percentage of *Cosmo* readers who said their mouths responded erotically to stimulation: 65.
- Other magazines asked, "Have you ever?"; *Cosmo* asked, "Do you regularly?"
- Percentage of *Cosmo* readers who do so "frequently": 13.
- Percentage of *Redbook* readers (1974) who confess to having had "a fairly strong desire" to have one: 38. Percentage of *Cosmo* readers over 35 who've had one: 69.
- Percentage of *New Woman* readers who say they'd like to try it: 10.
- Percentage of *Redbook* readers who described it as "very" or "somewhat enjoyable": 70. Percentage of *Cosmo* readers who've ever had a lesbian experience and are still having them: 19.
- Redbook's* 1974 survey asked only about pot; in 1987, it was pot (14%) and cocaine (5%).
- Redbook* readers' favorites: vibrator, 39%; oils, 25%; "penis-shaped objects" (don't ask), 19%; feathers (*feathers?*), 2%; other, 16%. *Cosmo* asked, What do you use when masturbating? Answers were hands, 84%; water spray, 28%; vibrators, 27%. Incredibly, *Cosmo* included no categories for oil, feathers or "penis-shaped objects."

beautiful women, others not having work. One Westerner, believe it or not, feared John Wayne's death" (*Cosmopolitan*). Obviously, there are a lot of women out there who've wondered, "Why are guys like that?" Most of them are probably still wondering.

Which is why so much of the advice is practical: how to get a man, and what to do with him once you've got one. What *Field & Stream* is to duck hunters, *Cosmopolitan* is to single women. Among its "25 Ways to Meet a Man": "Develop an interest in bowling and, whenever the moment seems romantically ripe, be sure your fingers suddenly get stuck in the ball." Or "Develop an interest in horse racing." Or "Get a dog and walk it often. Dog-walking men are as proud of their pets as new fathers are of their babies." Or "In the supermarket, subtly maneuver over to a man whose cart holds one bottle of Mexican beer, one frozen Salisbury-steak dinner and one quart of chocolate-chocolate-chip ice cream. He's sure to be single!"

Once the women's-magazine reader has met her man, what then? So copious is the advice that it's hard to believe women ever navigated this mine field without their favorite magazine. The very grammar of relationships lies in these pages. "Seduction often begins with an evening of conversation, otherwise known as a date," *New Woman* advises. But then she'd better watch herself. "Fast sex," according to *Glamour*, "while sometimes exciting, often hinders the development of intimacy. The usual pattern is that the person who is most uncomfortable exchanging confidences begins to feel bored (often a disguise for fear) and initiates sex as a way to avoid further revelations." *Redbook* tells its readers, "A hug can say things like: I am here for you any time. I really understand your feelings. Please celebrate my joy with me. Allow me to share your sadness." A men's magazine might think a hug simply says, "Hey, are those for real or what?"

In fact, these days, any kind of sex can be a dicey proposition. AIDS has changed the rules, and each women's magazine has its own bias when safe sex rears its latex-covered head. "Some activities are 100 percent safe," *Self* says. "Dry kissing, hugging and caressing, massage, mutual masturbation (provided he doesn't ejaculate near your vagina or broken skin)." *Vogue*, with its customary nod to fashion, warns that "getting a man to wear a condom isn't as simple as saying,



# THESE ARE A FEW OF THEIR FAVORITE THINGS



**Ping putter and extra-virgin olive oil she may not use for cooking.**

## ◀ THE COSMO MEDICINE CHEST

**That Cosmo girl is always prepared. She stuffs her chest with a year's supply of pills—pills to make her thin, to keep her temperature down, to keep her options open. She also has ointment to protect you from her active lifestyle. She can shower, shave, frost, polish and generally get herself spiffed up with only 22 minutes' notice. She says yes to life, yes to fun and, probably, yes to you.**

## ◀ THE VOGUE REFRIGERATOR

**One reason that Vogue woman is always on the go is that she doesn't have anything to eat at home. Just the essentials: champagne, caviar, diet gelato. And the even more essentials: designer water to spritz on her face, cosmetics that cost more than a**

## ▼ THE ELLE PURSE

**Here inside her Chanel bag lies the body of the Elle girl's thought. It's where she stores her religious artifacts: her Bible, the Filofax, her shroud, a Hermès scarf, her holy water, Evian. She has her vitamins, her cards, her keys and a pair of fresh ones—in case her date lasts a little longer than she figured. Oh, yes, and a condom, because she's nobody's martyr.**

"You look better in a hat." *Cosmo* doesn't see a problem here but counsels, "When you're on the verge of sleeping with a new man, don't bring out a box of condoms that has only one or two left in it."

Not even *Cosmo* maintains that every Mr. Right Now will turn into a Mr. Right. How many ways can you tell readers, "This is the wrong man for you"? In her popular "Agony Column," *Cosmo's* Irma Kurtz variously characterizes readers' men—"appears to have difficulty maintaining intimate relationships," "too young for the commitment you require," "a user,"

"an insecure, selfish hothead with a complete lack of scruples or self-control," "a useless anchor"—and advises, "Tell him you will leave him if he doesn't shape up." *Mademoiselle* makes no bones about what is not acceptable behavior: "If any nonviolent crime deserves capital punishment, it is lateness."

If much of this advice seems self-evident (not to mention contradictory and hostile), maybe that's because women find us complex and confusing. Not so different, really, from the way we find women. But thank goodness we know where the clues lie buried: in her magazine rack.





# THEIR BODIES, THEIR MAGS: A COMPARATIVE GUIDE TO WOMEN'S MONTHLIES

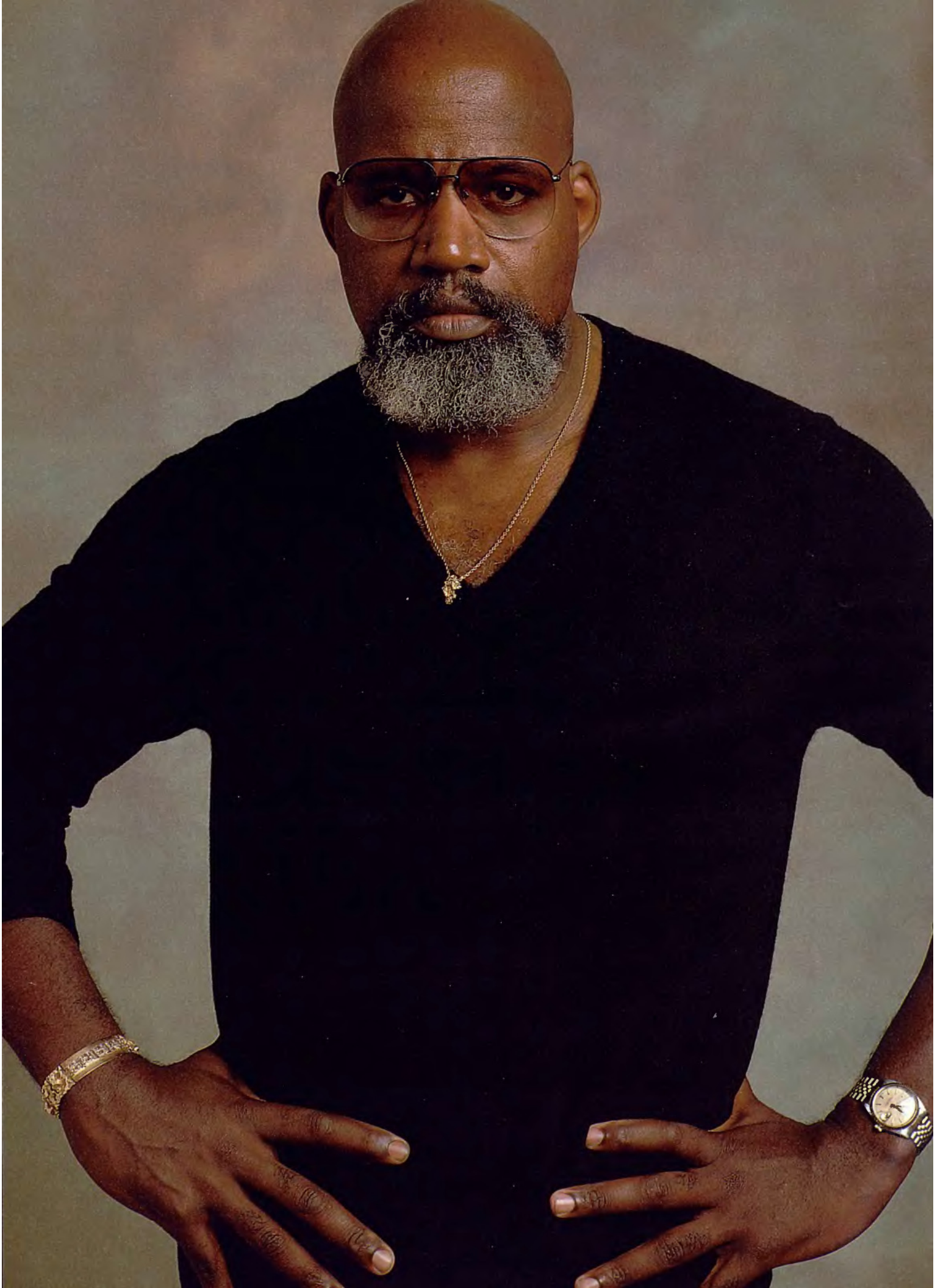
	COSMOPOLITAN	VOGUE	GLAMOUR	ELLE	WOMAN'S DAY	MS.
<b>Price Circulation*</b>	\$1.95 2,928,651	\$3 1,245,712	\$1.95 2,310,970	\$2.50 851,152	99¢ 6,021,136	\$2.25 484,809
<b>Actual cover blurbs</b>	"When You Lie About Your Past" "Passion: How to Reignite It"	"On Top!" "100 Best Looks"	"Loving an Unfaithful Man: When to Split, When to Stay"	"The Touchables: Velvet, Knits, Leather, Silver, Denim, Plaid" "Tropicolor Beauty: Solar Yellow"	"Keep Cool with Microwave Cooking" "Three Weeks to a Firmer Fanny"	"The 'Baby M' Dilemma: Mary Gordon Explores the Tough Questions"
<b>Actual Features</b>	<i>Am I Neurotic or What? (Quiz)</i> <i>When You Turn Your Life into a Lie...</i>	<i>Bonjour, Excess</i> <i>The New Persuasion of Pants</i>	<i>Masturbation: Who, What, Where, When and Why</i> <i>Loving a Coke Addict</i>	<i>Take a Bow Wow!</i> <i>Skinplicity</i> <i>Power Drinking</i>	<i>Hurry-up Call for Queen-Size Beauties</i> <i>Yes! We Do Window Boxes</i>	<i>Brokenhearted Me—Does a Feminist Have the Right to Sing the Blues?</i>
<b>Feature we'd most like to see</b>	<i>How to Seduce Yourself</i>	<i>Morocco on Two Dollars a Day</i>	<i>What to Do with Those Pesky Random Thoughts</i>	<i>Sick and Loving It</i>	<i>Cooking with Dirt</i>	<i>How to Grow Your Own</i>
<b>What typical reader would never do</b>	Wash afterward	Ask how much it costs	Swallow it	Introspect Pass a mirror without looking	Leave the light on	Get him hard
<b>What she drinks</b>	Kir Royale	Le Montrachet (from a good negotiant)	Rum and Tab	Evian	Kahlua and cream	Jack Daniel's neat
<b>Dream vacation</b>	Gstaad	Tuscany	Telluride	Charlie Sheen's trailer	Marriott Weekend Getaway	The office on Sunday
<b>Bedside reading</b>	<i>Men Who Hate Women and the Women Who Love Them</i>	Christie's Auction Annual	<i>Cathy</i> books by Cathy Guisewite	<i>The Unbearable Lightness of Being</i>	Lillian Vernon catalogs	Anything by Peter F. Drucker
<b>Favorite toy</b>	His wife	Cartier Panther watch	Louis Vuitton bag	Moped	The Maytag	Rape whistle



Movie she has seen three times	Fatal Attraction	That Obscure Object of Desire	The Big Easy	Diva	Terms of Endearment	Scarface
<b>Ideal man</b>	Michael Douglas	Donald Rumsfeld	Spalding Gray	Sean Penn, but just once	Frank Sinatra	Her secretary
<b>Favorite body part</b>	Cleavage—hers	Ring finger—hers	“Down there—you know.”	Whatever is fabulously clothed	Ring finger—his	Anything with hair
<b>When she'll sleep with you</b>	First date, if everything goes perfectly	After she assesses your net worth	Third date, no matter what	When you live closer to her job than she does	Every anniversary	When hell freezes over
<b>Favorite workout</b>	Reading his mail	Soliciting donations	High-impact aerobics	Throwing up	Giving birth	Crushing male stereotypes
<b>Where she'd tolerate extra weight, maybe</b>	On her breasts, when it results in cleavage	In her diamonds	On her thighs, until bikini season	On other girls	On him	In her salary
<b>Sleepwear</b>	Anything from Victoria's Secret	A garment with no thermal properties whatsoever	A teddy one size too small	His undershirts and her under-pants	Flannel nightgown with animal theme	Surgical gloves
<b>Secret vice</b>	Candida Royalle movies	Cubic zirconia	Sexual indifference	Decisiveness	A capacity for irony	Barbie-doll collection (in storage)
<b>What she wants but would never ask for</b>	A night in front of the TV	To fuck below her station at least once	Respect	A hickey	A divorce	
<b>Sweet nothings she'll respond to</b>	“The divorce is final.”	“OK, then. Dinner at eight. Bring your passport.”	“You choose the wine.”	“Did you lose another five pounds?”	“I'll do the dishes.”	“You deserve a raise.”
<b>Why she'll say no</b>	Her husband is going through a difficult time right now	You didn't make partner	You smell funny	You're too short	You got fired	She got fired
<b>Signal for sexual readiness</b>	She lays her napkin on the table	She activates her phone-answering service	She finds <i>everything</i> you say amusing	She's naked	She emerges from the bathroom after two hours	She loosens her bow tie
<b>Unexpected sexual skill</b>	Knowing when to stop	Cuddling	Not afraid to use spit	Enthusiasm	Alertness	Gratitude

\*Approximate paid-circulation averages for six months ended December 31, 1987, from Audit Bureau of Circulations







## HARRY EDWARDS

**B**earded, egg-bald and huge (6'8", 260 pounds), sports sociology professor Harry Edwards looks like a cross between Isaac Hayes and Paul Bunyan. The organizer of the black protest at the 1968 Mexico City Olympics—which climaxed in Tommie Smith and John Carlos' black-power salute on the victory stand—Edwards has become the principal torchbearer for minority athletes in America. In that capacity, he is kept busier than the Chicago Cubs bull pen. After long phone conversations with baseball commissioner Peter Ueberroth and the front office of the San Francisco 49ers (he's a consultant to both) and interviews with two TV news teams, Edwards addressed our questions with the casually ominous erudition that characterizes his demeanor. Says interviewer Robert S. Wieder: "My editors suggested that I ask tough questions to get a rise out of Edwards. Unfortunately, they neglected to ask where I wanted my personal effects sent."

## 1.

**PLAYBOY:** You correctly predicted the protests at the 1968 Olympic games, the violence in 1972, the African boycott of 1976, the U.S. boycott of 1980 and the Soviet boycott of 1984. What's on tap for the 1988 Seoul Games?

**EDWARDS:** As I've said since 1983, an unmitigated disaster: a situation where people who plan to go to the games change their minds and people who are at the games leave. It wouldn't take much to set that stampede off. South Korea is not recognized diplomatically by a substantial number of nations, it's technically still at war with North Korea, it's a country that has tremendous domestic problems and it's a client state in a global ideological split. The demonstrations of 1968, the boycotts of 1980 and 1984 and the violence and terrorism of 1972 could all come to the fore in 1988, unless something changes radically and rapidly.

the angriest  
man in sports  
tackles n.f.l.  
racism, cries  
foul at college  
corruption and  
predicts olympic  
mayhem

## 2.

**PLAYBOY:** But the Soviets and the Eastern Bloc nations have already

accepted the invitation. You still see trouble?

**EDWARDS:** Remember, in 1984, they sent the same message to Peter Ueberroth until the very last. By what logic would they tell the country they were going to boycott that they planned to do so? They'd let them go ahead and spend the money to provide for them, and then, as the games approached, look for an excuse to pull out—domestic demonstrations, a threat of terrorism. That now is a pattern. South Korea can hold the games by creating a virtual police state, but those aren't the games of brotherhood that supposedly highlight one's athletic career.

## 3.

**PLAYBOY:** Ueberroth hired you to help increase the number of minorities employed by professional baseball teams in nonplaying positions. What's in it for you?

**EDWARDS:** Each generation has its obligations in terms of "the struggle." Jackie Robinson had his obligations. Curt Flood had his. I'm shouldering my part of the burden. It's like embalming: Somebody has to do it. I'm glad it's me.

## 4.

**PLAYBOY:** Remarkably few baseball managers have been sacked since you were hired. Has the visibility of your efforts kept some inept managers in their jobs?

**EDWARDS:** We're looking at a backlash here, but that can't sustain itself for two years. I'm more concerned about the racial configuration of baseball two, three or eight years from now. In ten years, minorities will be a majority of the players. Baseball can't remain stable with a plantation system of organization, where you have lily-white front offices and minority players. Then you get labor-management problems overlaid with race and class problems. If you have minorities in the front office, you can handle drug abuse without considerations of race, and you eliminate the problem that came up in the football strike, where Gene Upshaw stated flat-out, They won't negotiate because I am black and they are white.

## 5.

**PLAYBOY:** If there's no real progress, what's your recourse?

**EDWARDS:** There's only so much that jaw-boning can do. At some point, the owners have to make the decision that giving

minorities access to front-office positions isn't just good, it's good business. If they don't make that decision, my exit will be as public as my entry.

## 6.

**PLAYBOY:** When a Jimmy the Greek or an Al Campanis blurts out some racist nonsense, are you indignant or are you pleased to see racism in sports reveal itself?

**EDWARDS:** I'm indignant only when there isn't a reaction appropriate to the statement. For example, I am very indignant over the reaction to [Houston Astros pitcher] Bob Knepper's statement that women have no place umpiring, that his religion says God intended women to serve plates, not work behind them. That was received in the media as a joke. If he'd said that blacks were meant to be on the field only as athletes, we'd have had another Al Campanis situation. But because we are an avowedly sexist society even more than a racist society, it's a laughing matter. When I see Knepper's kind of pathological sexism received with snickers, I'm outraged. We can't go on reducing women to ambulatory incubators and vegetating intake valves. And I think *Playboy* has had a major role in perpetuating that image of women. I don't buy the idea that a woman's body is to be hidden, but where's the goddamned balance? Keep the centerfold, but put as much emphasis on women's legitimate achievements.

## 7.

**PLAYBOY:** Proposition 48, the rule requiring a C average in high school and decent S.A.T. scores for college freshmen to play sports, is two years old. Is it working?

**EDWARDS:** To the extent that it can. The fact is, it has very little to do with the athlete's academic success once he's on the college campus. After your freshman year, you can have less than a C average and still compete. Proposition 48 was capable of sending the message, particularly to black communities, that we expect kids to excel in academics as well as in athletics. But it isn't completely successful, and it may have provoked more cheating, in the same way that drug testing hasn't really reduced drug abuse among athletes but has created a black market in urine.

## 8.

**PLAYBOY:** Why should anyone who simply wants a pro (continued on page 132)









# ASPEN

## WHEN IT'S

# HOT

NEXT TIME YOU PLAN TO VISIT  
THIS GLITZY MOUNTAIN  
SKI RESORT, WAIT UNTIL THE  
SNOW'S GONE

*travel* By TOM PASSAVANT

FOR SOME, the aim of a summer vacation in the great outdoors is the experience itself. If you go rock-climbing or river rafting, the price you're supposed to pay is beans on a tin plate or a hard night in a sleeping bag on the ground. But for others—count me among them—the destination is just as important as the journey. If I've been out wrestling mother nature all day, someone else can set up the bivouac; I'll take a couple of mesquite-grilled lamb chops, a bottle of California cabernet and a nice new condo with a hot tub in the living room. That's *my* idea of a destination.

There's a place out West that has that kind of summer vacation figured out. It's the winter ski mecca, Aspen, Colorado. Yes, Aspen, capital of glitz, snow and movie stars in stretch pants. But—surprise!—this small town of 8000 year-round residents, nearly 8000 feet above sea level, has a secret it is parting with reluctantly: You may come for the winters, but you stay for the summers. Because it's in the grassy months that you actually see the colors and hues of the gorgeous terrain; nor does access to that terrain require bindings, tickets, lines or lessons. It requires only that you choose something and *do* it: hike, canter, climb, raft, fish, golf, jog, lob, soar, paddle, swim or loaf. And then, having done, you may dine, sip, shop, soak, browse, stargaze, applaud, luxuriate.

Aspen in the summer is the perfectly balanced leisure experience for the upwardly mobile. You can revel in the wildflowers and huff and puff to your heart's content—and do it just minutes from a collection of trendy restaurants and glittery shops worthy of a major city. A morning hike up a mountain trail to the utter stillness of the lake at the foot of the Maroon Bells may be followed



# WHEN IT WAS COOL

*roll out those trippy, hippie,  
dippy days of summer*

memoir By CRAIG VETTER

WHEN I LIVED in Aspen, the favorite movie there was *King of Hearts*. They used to play it at the Wheeler Opera House two or three times a year, and it was very tough to get a seat. And if you did manage to jam in, it was tough to hear the dialog for the cheering and laughing and general yahooping that swept the beautiful old theater from the moment the film began to the moment it ended. The people of Aspen loved that movie, and when I finally saw it with them, I understood why. It's the story of a pretty little town that is abandoned entirely to the care of the inmates of an insane asylum. Alan Bates plays a soldier who stumbles into the place out of the "sane" world and eventually gives in to the deep charm of lunacy behind the notion that if everyone around you is hopelessly bent, playing it straight is crazy. A rose in a banana forest, after all, is a weed.

By the time I'd been in Aspen six months, it occurred to me that *King of Hearts* was more along the lines of a documentary than a work of fiction. The real lunacy of the place ripens in summer, of course, about the time you see the first skate-board stoner making who-cares slaloms between the motor homes and the Porsches down the Independence Pass road. When the pass opens, usually sometime around the beginning of June, Aspen is no longer the end of the road, and people begin to stop for a few days on their way to other places. I stopped in late spring of 1973 for what was going to be four days. Somehow, it turned into three years. I tried to leave several times in those first couple of months, and I remember a friend's telling me that if I were going to get out, I'd better do it while the hills were mud and the trees were bare, because if I were still there when the big green hand of summer got a grip on the valley, it would wreck me for life at ordinary altitudes.

I felt the full truth of his admonition that Fourth of July. It was twilight. Several thousand people had crowded onto the lawn in Wagner Park and faced themselves toward Ajax Mountain as if it were about to

speaking. Which it was, in a way: We were waiting for a fireworks show. It was warm and there were clouds overhead, remnants of one of the afternoon thunderstorms that move through the valley as if they have been hired by the chamber of commerce to green the hills and tamp the dust. The smell of marijuana hung like campfire smoke over an Indian village, and as the smudgy clouds parted and lifted, a full moon rode out from under them and then just stood there smiling at the big yellow drama of her own entrance, and the crowd went absolutely fucking crazy. They screamed and yelled and some of them got down on their knees and salaamed. When the fireworks were finally shot off the flanks of the mountain, there was some clapping and oohing, but nothing compared with the tidal ovation that had greeted the moon.

I stood there thinking, Yes, I could make a life among these bananas, here at the foot of one of the prettiest mountains on earth, in this thin air, in a town whose idea of law and order is to come within a hair of electing Hunter Thompson its sheriff. Thompson was actually the reason I'd gone to Aspen. We were in the process of scissoring and splicing a long series of nearly unintelligible tape recordings into what would finally be a *Playboy Interview*. I'd figured it would take three or four days to wrestle a first version out of the raw material, so I took a parlor room over the bar in the Hotel Jerome, laid out the transcript, set up a typewriter and got ready to go to work. Thompson, who keeps roughly the hours of a vampire bat, arrived sometime after midnight, and from that moment on, the room was host to a carnival of loons—bartenders and waitresses, cowboys and carpenters, politicians and artists, smugglers and athletes—all of whom described themselves as refugees from whatever is serious about the world.

"Work?" I remember Thompson saying when I suggested that we probably ought to try to make a start on our project. "There'll be no work until we are too" (concluded on page 128)

by lunch at Gordon's, arguably the best restaurant between Chicago and Los Angeles. An early-morning horseback ride up a twisting copper trail may be followed by cappuccino and fresh *croissants* at Pour La France, where the pastry would hold its own with that of a café on the Boulevard St. Michel. Are you beginning to get the drift?

Another aspect of Aspen appealing to the discerning summer sybarite is its political sensibilities. Think of most of the beautiful places where rich people go to play. Do the words Republican and WASP spring to mind? Palm Springs names streets after Bob Hope and Frank Sinatra. Newport is full of Top-Siders and matrons who send their money out to be dry-cleaned. Las Vegas hasn't seen a natural-fiber garment in years. Santa Barbara is populated by unindicted Cabinet members. Where's a nice liberal boy or girl with disposable income going to have fun? Aspen's the place. It's where Democrats from Hollywood and New York can drive their fully loaded Jeep Grand Wagoneers to Little Cliff's Bakery for doughnuts in the morning. It's where Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell call home. It's where Don Johnson met Barbra Streisand. It's where Gary Hart met his Waterloo.

Another seasonal secret is that although Aspen happily caters to the incredibly rich and the stop-and-stare famous, you don't have to be in either category to enjoy the place, especially in the summer. The tourist board may not like the word, but summertime is . . . discount time in the Rockies. Two thirds of all visitors to the Rockies come in the summer—surprise again, ski fans. But until recently, many have been adventurers driving Winnebagos. Now the pleasures of mountain resorts such as Aspen are being discovered by people who prefer condos to campers, and who like paying half the winter rate for luxury lodgings.

The notion that the pleasures of the great outdoors can be combined with more indoor, civilized pastimes is not new in these parts. Miners who flocked to Aspen in the 1880s to pickax silver out of the mountains used some of their grubstake to erect the Wheeler Opera House—which is still standing and doing standing-room business. After the silver ran out, the town faded but got a rebirth after World War Two, when Chicago industrialist Walter Paepcke decided it was the perfect place to create a retreat for business types who could gather among the pines, hold conferences and solve the world's problems. The New Age began early in Aspen. That's why the town now hosts the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, a prestigious summer camp (continued on page 151)





*"Your troubles are over, sir—Maxine here is  
our answer to premature ejaculation!"*



# THE GIRL WHO TOOK LESSONS

"my god," he gasped, stunned. "what you've *learned!*"

*fiction*

---

By HARRY TURTLEDOVE

---

KAREN VAUGHAN looked at her watch. "Oh, my goodness, I'm late," she exclaimed, for all the world like the White Rabbit. Her fork clattered on her plate as she got up from the table. Two quick strides took her to her husband. She pecked him on the cheek. "I've got to run, Mike. Have fun with the dishes. See you a little past ten."

He was still eating. By the time he'd swallowed the bite of chicken breast he'd been chewing, Karen was almost out the door. "What is it tonight?" he called after her. "The cake-decorating class?"

She frowned at him for forgetting. "No, that's Tuesdays. Tonight it's law for nonlawyers."

"Oh, that's right. Sorry." The apology, he feared, went for nought; Karen's heels were already clicking on the stairs as she headed for the garage. Sighing, he finished dinner. He didn't feel especially guilty about not being able to keep track of all his wife's classes. He wondered how she managed herself.

He squirted Ivory Liquid onto a sponge and attacked the dishes in the sink. When they were done, he settled into the rocking chair with the latest Tom Clancy thriller. His hobbies were books and tropical fish, both of which kept him close to the condo. After spending the first couple of years of their marriage wondering just what Karen's hobbies were, he'd decided her main one was taking lessons. Nothing that had happened since had made him want to change his mind.

Horseback riding, French cuisine, spreadsheets—what it was didn't matter, Mike thought in the couple of minutes before the novel engrossed him. If UCLA Extension or a local junior college or anybody else offered a course that piqued her interest, Karen would sign up for it. Once in a while, she'd sign him up, too. He'd learned to waltz that way. He didn't suppose it had done him any lasting harm.

Tonight's (continued on page 149)











# THE S · U · N · S · H · I · N · E GIRLS

five fantastic playmates in a lazy, hazy, crazy daze of summer

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



**B**ODY HEAT. You know it when you see it: the kind of temperature that brings a sheen of sweat to the curves we admire most. Sweat is the body's way of taking a shower from the inside out. It moves down your skin like a lover's lips. Sweat is the taste of salt on the rim of a glass filled with south-of-the-border-fever dreams. Summer, of course, is that time when all women look like Playmates and all Playmates look like goddesses. We love the beach, where we watch lithe turn to languorous. We love the wisp of cloth, the way the need for ventilation produces designs that cause the very breath to catch in our throats. The images of midwinter fantasies take shape and move through waves of heat. We invited Playmates Lynne Austin (opposite), Anna Clark (above left and right), Brandi Brandt (above center), Sharry Konopski and Pamela Stein (overleaf) to participate in a sunshine-expression session. Forget those wintertime swimsuit issues. Forget swimwear catalogs. Welcome to the tan for all seasons.











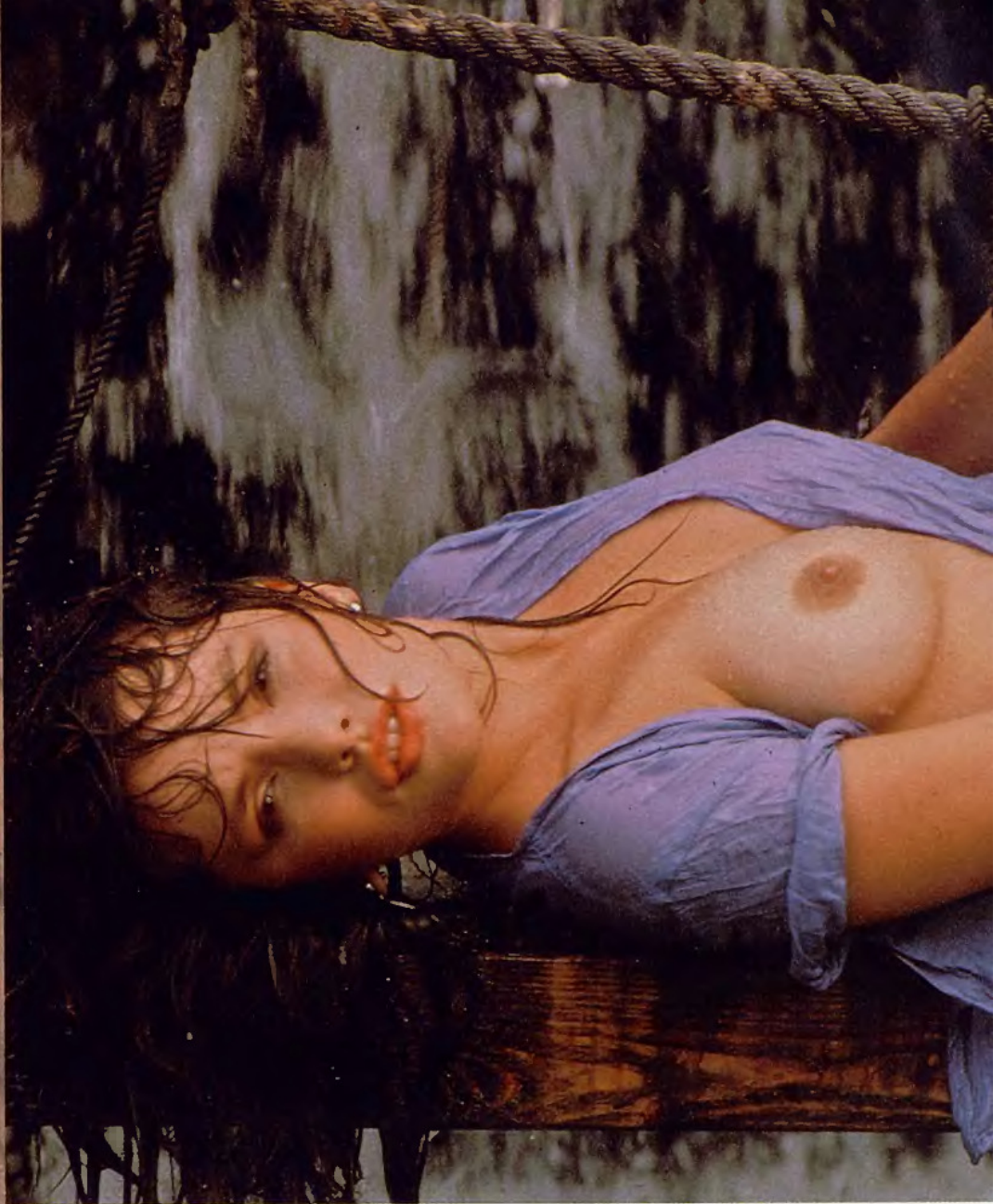




Heat. Lynne Austin summons ancient images of the savanna. Like a lioness, she moves from shade into sun, moved by hunger to hunt. There are eyes to feed.







Lynne turns her back, Pam strolls, Brandi looks at the world through designer sunglasses, Lynne stretches, Brandi refreshes. Summer. So much time, so little to do.





**Sharry takes a break, Pam finds an oasis. Summer is a study in extremes of sensation. Sand and water, thirst and relief, tension and easy living, the tanned and the untanned.**







Summer is fun afloat with Anna, flag waving with Sharry. It's fireworks and the Fourth of July. Is that the rocket's red glare, or are you just glad to see me? It's a time for celebration, for the leisurely pursuit of happiness.









# ASPEN WHEN IT WAS COOL (continued from page 114)

*"Twenty of us with automatic weapons, pistols and shotguns went to war against an entire hillside."*

sick and too weird for anything else." And there was no work. Not for a long time.

The drugs had something to do with it. Drugs had something to do with everything in Aspen. I mean, I know that here in the late Eighties, drugs are "a plague upon the land," and that you have to be very careful to identify the illegal stuff as the road to hell. But it just isn't possible to talk about Aspen as it was back then without talking about every drug in the entire underground pharmacy. There was a different attitude toward controlled substances in Aspen in those days. Something like the attitude of fish toward the sea. In fact, that first night, I saw more drugs on one table than I had ever seen in my life. Everybody who came by seemed to be holding a different root, powder, pollen, spore, leaf or chemical. It was like a potluck dinner, except that there wasn't any food, unless you counted the limes that came with the tequila.

I used my share: up, down and go see Alice. Nowadays, just remembering the poisons that my friends and I used to mix makes me shake and sweat, and all I can say is that we were young and stupid,

and whatever the risks, whatever the mortgage we were taking on body and soul, the laughter alone seemed worth it. Some people are just like that.

We didn't use the whole buffet that first night. When the maid waked me the next afternoon, there were still scraps of this and that scattered around the room. I had a reflexive jolt of paranoia when I saw her, but I needn't have worried. I was in Aspen. She just smiled and started her work. It turned out that she had just graduated from the University of Texas. Fine arts, she said. Then she allowed as how if I intended to tip her, she'd just as soon have it in Mr. Natural, a brand of LSD, the remains of which lay on my night table. Mr. Natural took its name from the R. Crumb character who was stamped all over the perforated blotter paper. I gave her four full men, 16 hits, for her trouble. She thanked me heavily and said she was going to save it for the next full moon, when she and her boyfriend planned to make the hike up to Conundrum Hot Springs and get neck deep in the natural baths.

Aspen was full of outdoor dopers: strong, beautiful, athletic people who saw

no contradiction in trading whatever was wholesome about a sunny summer day in the mountains for the edge that comes on to things when you have a head full of mushrooms or weed. I knew a guy who used to like to dose himself on acid before he flew his hang glider off Ajax. And rock-climbers who used to relax themselves the same way before night climbs somewhere up Independence Pass.

It always makes me feel saner than I really am to be around people like that, but I wasn't exactly innocent of the spirit that always looks to gild the perfect lily with the perfect high. I remember a day along Little Woody Creek with my girlfriend. We lay naked in the sun for hours on a big flat rock next to the stream, while little birds chattered at us from the dogwood. We had wine and cheese, and we'd make love and then roll into the icy stream, climb out, grease each other down, fall asleep watching jet contrails against the blue, then wake up and start all over again. There was a pure, natural perfection to that day that only fools would have tampered with. I mean, we probably didn't need the mescaline and the marijuana, or the wine, for that matter, to get where we got that lovely afternoon. But we took it anyway. Some people. . . .

All of us knew there'd be a price to pay, of course, and by now, all of us have paid it in hard coin of one kind or another. Some are dead, some went to jail, some joined the Church and some are scattered around the country, going to three and four A.A. meetings a week, probably telling stories about how bad they were in Aspen all those summers ago.


I left in the fall of 1976 under the premonition that if I stayed much longer, they were going to have to ship me down the hill in a bag. It wasn't that the fun was over. But it was beginning to take its toll, and I'd known since the day I got there that Aspen was the kind of fair that they warn you not to stay at too long.

I spent my last Fourth of July in Aspen at a party up on Thompson's place in Woody Creek, and that particular Independence Day turned out to be not so much a commemoration of the Revolution as a re-enactment of it: Twenty or 30 of us with automatic weapons, pistols and shotguns went to war against bottles, cans, a television set, chairs, an entire hillside. I don't remember any sparklers, but somebody did set off a stick of dynamite sometime after dark. The flash was beautiful, the peacocks flew, a great boom echoed back and forth between the mesas. I know: It was crazy. Drugs, alcohol, firearms and the company of lunatics. Pure insanity. But nobody was hurt or killed that day. Everybody survived. In a way.



*... whimsical by nature... these mammals seem to love to play alongside our vessel....*





*"He knew I wanted  
a watch that was  
different from  
all the rest.*

*Something with sensa-  
tional style. Now, in the of-  
fice...on the town...people  
stop me and ask Where did  
you get that? I smile and  
say it was a gift.*

*"It's an original by Amer-  
ica's foremost jewelry de-  
signer, Alfred Durante.  
He's designed fabulous jew-  
elry for really exceptional  
women. Like Linda Evans,  
Liz Taylor...and me.*

*"My friends will never find  
it in any stuffy old store  
because he got it from  
The Franklin Mint. Pure  
sculpture electroplated  
with silver and twenty-two  
karat gold. So rich. It's  
hard to believe it was just  
\$195.*

*"I love it. He knew I  
would."*

© 1988 FM

FASHION BY ANGIUA

## THE CUFF WATCH. SHE'LL LOVE IT.

The Franklin Mint  
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091  
Please accept my order for the imported Cuff Watch by  
Alfred Durante. I need send no money now. Please bill  
me \$39.\* in advance of shipment, and the balance in  
four equal monthly installments of \$39.\* each, after  
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# FAST FORWARD

## ZIGGY'S STAR DUST

**Z**iggy Marley's first visit to Africa was the type the impressionable preteen would never forget. He was there with his family the day Rhodesia became the independent state of Zimbabwe; and as he stood in the stands, watching the British flag being lowered and the new standard being raised, there came the announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, Bob Marley and the Wailers!" Any doubts the young Marley had about the unique role his father played—both in Third World politics and as the pre-eminent reggae artist of all time—were quickly put to rest. But that changed in 1981, when Bob Marley died of cancer. "Since Daddy died, reggae has stopped growing," says Ziggy, now 19. "I want to make it grow again." And he's doing it in a family way—his band, Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers, consists of siblings Stephen, 15, Sharon, 24, and Cedella, 20. *Conscious Party*, its latest album, features mostly songs written by Ziggy and has become one of the year's most-talked-about LPs. He seems to have inherited his father's social conscience but insists, "I'm not trying to say politics, I'm just trying to say truth." Music, he thinks, should have a purpose, "not just to bullshit people. We are working for a better Jamaica, a better Africa, a better world." His dream gig, he says, is to play South Africa the week after apartheid ends. —MICHAEL TENNESEN



TIMOTHY WHITE / ONYX

## THE QUEEN OF THE WILD WEST

In 1974, **Marlene Eddleman** had to choose which side of the rodeo reviewing stands she liked better. She was the Colorado all-around high school rodeo champion, state high school rodeo queen and first runner-up for national high school rodeo queen. "They started grooming me for Miss Rodeo Colorado," Eddleman recalls, "but I didn't like the politics. I would rather win the rodeo. When I win, I want it to be recognized as fair and square—and that clock doesn't lie." Eddleman, now 31, learned to ride when she was three and first competed in barrel racing (picture a horseback-slalom event)

when she was 13. In 1983, she was the sport's pro world champion. Eddleman saw her Colorado ranch just ten days that year, because she raced in 120 rodeos, so she decided to cut back—sort of. Last year, between product endorsements and marketing a line of saddles and rodeo-training videos, she rode in about 75 and still managed to take away a second-place world rating. She also competes at all-girl rodeos in such butch events as goat tying and calf roping (in 1976, she won an intercollegiate championship in the latter), but she'd rather not. "Not that the danger scares me," she drawls. "It's not a very feminine sport." —MICHAEL KIEFER



JAMES SCHNEPF



# LOW ART?

New York photographer **Cindy Sherman** was perfectly content to receive negative notices on her latest series of photographs—truly repulsive yet intriguing images of vomit on a picnic spread, a corpse half buried in the sand and a large mooning ass covered with festering boils. "It just seemed creepy that no matter what I did before, I would get good publicity. I didn't trust it," Sherman explains. "I think sometimes people collect art because they're told to. I wanted to challenge collectors and museums; they really have to think seriously before they put a pimply ass on their walls." Sherman, 34, has her work in dozens of museums world-wide, including the Museum of Modern Art and the Metropolitan in New York and the Pompidou in Paris. "I don't see these photographs as gory or scary or disgusting as much as funny," she says. "I guess it's just strange that they could be art." Sherman's huge Tribeca studio, where she also sleeps, looks like the prop closet of a B-grade horror flick—it's filled with plastic body parts, wigs, busts and containers of Slime (a toy gel that resembles mucous). Now that she has reached a unique zenith of gauche, Sherman is unsure of what to do next. "I've sort of cornered myself now," she says. "People think I'm going to wallow forever in the lower depths of taste." —AMY ENGELER



ABE FRAJNDLICK

# MR. NORMAL

Comedian **Jerry Seinfeld** has a lot on his mind—none of it very important. "The things that interest me are usually these minute, overlooked little things. Like kicking your underwear up in the air and trying to catch it when you get undressed at night. I feel that God looks down at man at times like that and says, 'I should've given the baboons a shot.'" Seinfeld, 34, is obsessed with making people laugh. He spouts his good-natured sarcasm around the country



MARK HANAUER

and on talk shows, traveling at least 200 days a year and never taking more than two nights off consecutively. While comedy insiders are among his biggest fans, his over-all fame has been slower to grow. "I don't have any strange clothes or props, and I don't do any screaming," he says. Still, Seinfeld's droll comments have made him a headliner, but the prospect of switching to TV or film doesn't thrill him. "Stand-up is what I want to do," he says. "What's the big deal in having someone tell you where to stand, when to move, what to say? Is that like a step up?" —ERIC ESTRIN

# TOUR GUY



GEORGE LANGE

Last February 21 in San Diego, golfer **Steve Pate**, 26, stood over a six-foot putt worth \$117,000. "Guys like me are supposed to make good shots—that's why we have our names on our bags," he said after knocking it in. "If you think about the money, you're in trouble; so I just blocked everything out and hit the ball." In his first six months of hitting the ball with Nicklaus, Norman and the rest back in 1985, his biggest payday was \$900. But as he drove north from San Diego to his home in Simi Valley, California, he stood second on the 1988 money list, with \$229,888 in winnings. "The worst thing about playing the tour is the traveling," Pate says. He consoles himself with frequent-flier miles, six-figure winner's checks and the thought that "playing a game for a living is pretty hard to beat!" —KEVIN COOK

—KEVIN COOK



*"When you turn on the N.C.A.A. championship games, it's going to look like Ghana playing Nigeria."*

sports career even have to attend a college? Where's the connection?

EDWARDS: Ultimately, we'll have to deal with that question. In the meantime, we're stuck with the system we have: If you want to be a pro, you have to go to college. My argument is that under those circumstances, there has to be some commitment to academics. Otherwise, it's utter exploitation of the athlete by the institution and utter self-delusion on the athlete's part. Only two percent of athletes on scholarships ever make a pro sports roster, and 60 percent of those are back on the street within four years. Most pro players would be better off if they got a job they could do for the next 45 years. Then they're not on welfare or in jail, and they're not out on the street knocking you and me on the head for what we have.

9.

PLAYBOY: As long as college sports do function as *de facto* minor leagues, generating big revenues for the schools, why not just pay college athletes?

EDWARDS: The first thing you'd do is eliminate probably 80 percent of the institutions involved in college sports. You'd no longer be talking about collegiate athletic teams but about colleges' warehousing semiprofessional teams. Most colleges won't go for that. At least under the

present system, they can claim a legitimate kind of relationship, however remote. And the athletes, as 17-to-19-year-old freshmen, would be besieged by people who flocked around because there was money involved, and not just the money the athlete is making this year but the money he's likely to make down the road. Not to mention drugs and all the rest. Burying the stench under money doesn't diminish it whatsoever.

10.

PLAYBOY: You make college and sports sound like a bad marriage that survives only because divorce is impractical.

EDWARDS: We not only have a bad marriage, we have an internal feud that is threatening to blow up into a racial conflagration, because the revenue-producing sports are increasingly dependent upon black athletes, particularly at institutions that do not hire black coaches and black athletic directors. Black athletes are going to overwhelmingly dominate collegiate revenue-producing sports. Basketball will be all black, football will be 80 percent black. When you turn on the bowl games and N.C.A.A. championship games, it's going to look like Ghana playing Nigeria.

11.

PLAYBOY: Could you see, ten years from now, a nationwide walkout of black colle-

giate athletes?

EDWARDS: Oh, there's a possibility of that coming down before then. Right now, I'm dealing with a frustrated, angry group of 157 black assistant coaches who are in about the same situation as black ex-major-leaguers who've had the door slammed in their faces for the past 40 years. They were brought on board essentially to recruit athletes out of the ghettos for traditionally white Division One institutions. They have no access to head-coaching jobs, to athletic-director jobs, to public-information-director jobs. They've made it very clear that if there is no movement in terms of opening doors for blacks in college athletics at traditionally white institutions, they are going to mobilize a walkout of black assistant coaches during bowl games and N.C.A.A. championship basketball games, and of the athletes they've recruited. They are saying that unless this changes, then this year we are going to call for massive boycotts of bowl games and N.C.A.A. championship games. If the schools think they can win basketball games or go to the Rose Bowl and share in that \$11,000,000 without black athletes, wonderful—we'll give them a chance to prove it.

12.

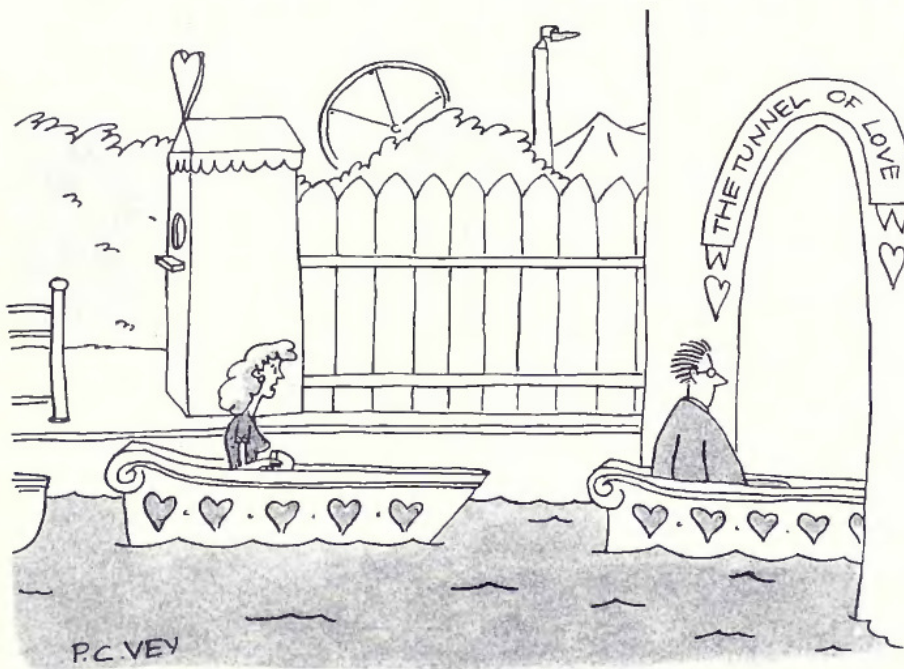
PLAYBOY: Last January, much attention was given to Washington Redskins quarterback Doug Williams—the first black to guide a team to a victory in the Super Bowl. Was his race a real issue or just media hype?

EDWARDS: It was a genuine issue. Why did it take so long for there to be a black quarterback in the Super Bowl? We still have a tremendous racism problem in the N.F.L.: We're going into another season with the longest-standing record in N.F.L. history intact—not a single black head coach. Where the media did go wrong was in hounding Williams and John Elway on the race issue, making the game such a black-versus-white thing. Both men deserved better. But the media have problems themselves. Of 658 beat writers in football, baseball and basketball, only 28 are black.

13.

PLAYBOY: You've admitted that sport is regarded as "the toy department of human affairs," yet you've devoted your life to the subject. How do you reconcile that?

EDWARDS: One reason people questioned my academic integrity was that I was writing seriously about what they considered to be fun and games played for money. The fact is that sport involves the most serious, deeply rooted values and ideals of a society. To the extent that we ignore what is happening in sport, we lose an advantage in understanding these values. Sport is as serious as any institution we have, and as the only mainstream institution where blacks participate in disproportionately high numbers—even if it is in a plantation context as the laborers—it has to be a central concern.



*"You don't love me anymore, do you?"*



14.

PLAYBOY: Do you view sports as a corrupting influence?

EDWARDS: Sports reaffirm the values that govern social behavior. Kids who are second-generation welfare are, all of a sudden, coming up with \$12,000 to matriculate at State U, "paying their own way." Of course, the boosters are just giving them the money. If fans then see college presidents winking at the cheating and lying that take place, they feel no conscience in terms of *their* business and social relationships. Then sports people see Ivan Boesky, the Bakkers, Watergate and Irangate and it becomes self-perpetuating, with the basic thing being to succeed, to be number one, irrespective of methods. When that is broadcast for the whole nation to emulate, the role of sport becomes malignant, because no society has ever accomplished anything of worth through the systematic violation of agreed-upon rules. You simply can't say, "These are the rules, but it's all right to do anything you can get away with."

15.

PLAYBOY: Can this be the same Harry Edwards who recently said he was optimistic about sports and America?

EDWARDS: I am, because we are having an open dialog about the situation. I've been to the People's Republic of China, to the Soviet Union, to Japan and Europe, places where a debate this

honest about these kinds of issues would never take place. Also, I'm convinced, given the past record, that Americans will move in the proper direction to resolve the situation. We have moved effectively as a nation to deal with segregation; that's why I'm sitting here.

16.

PLAYBOY: Has there been one notable radicalizing event in your life?

EDWARDS: No. There has been a series of developments, going back to slavery, that made it clear that there was no way I would be able to account for my life to my children unless I became involved in that struggle. To this day, I do not understand

black people who are not involved, and in a very fundamental way, I probably don't like them.

17.

PLAYBOY: You've talked of "a bankruptcy of black leadership" and differed with America's black leaders on a lot of issues. What's your basic disagreement?

EDWARDS: I think that this country's black leadership operates on an agenda that was established decades ago. The whole notion of integration as the ultimate goal of black political struggle is a joke, a farce. No people have ever advanced significantly in America without their institutions intact. That means a black society developing its own culture and participating as a full and

perspective on Jesse Jackson, but nobody asks me about Gore or Dukakis or any of the other interchangeable faces. If you're black and not supporting Jesse, that's news! It's also racist. Hell, I don't support any of them. We're in sad straits when these are the candidates we come up with for the Presidency. What really gets me is the lack of vision about where this country should be headed and what we should be as a people, and I have to believe I'm not alone. As in 1980 and 1984, I'm in the position of going into the damn voting booth holding my nose and trying to think of somebody I can write in. The only President in recent memory who's even kept his pre-election promises has been Reagan. He promised us less government, and we wound up with no government at all.

19.

PLAYBOY: So where do you stand on Jesse Jackson?

EDWARDS: I am not for running black candidates. I am for running candidates who have an appeal to everybody and who happen to be black. I am not a Jesse Jackson fan. There is a lot of lip service given to the Rainbow Coalition, but it's made up of black people. And Jesse's drug policy: When he says "Up with hope, down with dope," he has 14th Street in Oakland confused with Sesame Street. I think that it comes down to not running as a black but running as an individual who has a controlling influence over political, educational, economic and religious

institutions to such an extent that others want to hook their wagon to the horse. Jesse has done more than anyone since Franklin D. Roosevelt to get the oppressed, disregarded and dispossessed into mainstream politics; but if you're going to be in politics, you've got to be political, and that means exercising power. You can hear the Republicans lip-smacking and chop-licking right now.

20.

PLAYBOY: If Jackson doesn't make the Democratic ticket, can he fill a role as the mouthpiece of the oppressed?

EDWARDS: If I want to hear a sermon, hell, I go to church.



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equal partner in America, not in becoming some component of white society. We must begin to realize that the overwhelming majority of blacks are going to be in black communities. We must forget about busing and develop black schools that meet our children's needs. I don't believe in black support of black businesses. I believe in black economic development to get some of *everybody's* business. That's the only way the black community will develop.

18.

PLAYBOY: Did you join the black community in support of Jesse Jackson's Presidential campaign?

EDWARDS: Everybody wants to know my



*"With America splitting apart because of Vietnam, it was time to shove the war right under our nose."*

scrambled to assist the wounded. An officer barked coordinates into a two-way radio, demanding air support. The fatigue, determination and fear on the faces of the soldiers were dismayingly vivid.

The second story showed a different sort of battle. That steamy summer, the inner cities of America had erupted into violence. In nightmarish images, National Guardsmen snapped bayonets onto M-16s and stalked the rubble of burning streets, dodging rocks, wary of snipers among devastated vehicles and gutted buildings.

Each news story, distressing enough on its own, became doubly so when paired with the other. It occurred to me that if I'd turned down the sound, if I hadn't heard each story's reporter explain what I was watching, I might have thought that both film clips were two aspects of a single horror. A fire fight outside Saigon, a riot within it. A riot within an American city, a fire fight outside it. Vietnam and America.

What if I wrote a book in which the Vietnam war literally came home to America? There hadn't been a war on American soil since 1865. With America splitting apart because of Vietnam, maybe it was time to write a novel that dramatized the philosophical division in our society, that shoved the brutality of war right under our nose.

I decided my catalytic character would be a Vietnam veteran, a Green Beret who, after many harrowing missions, had been captured by the enemy, had escaped and returned home to be given America's highest distinction, the Congressional Medal of Honor. But he would bring some-

thing back with him from Southeast Asia, what we now call posttrauma stress syndrome. (It's an overused term these days, but it wasn't in 1969.) Haunted by nightmares about what he had done in the war, embittered by civilian indifference and hostility toward the sacrifice he had made for his country, he would drop out of society to wander the back roads of the nation he loved. He would sleep in the woods and live off the land. He would let his hair grow long, not bother to shave, carry all his possessions in a rolled-up sleeping bag slung over his shoulder and look like what we then called a hippie. In what I loosely thought of as an allegory (don't forget, I was a professor in training), he would represent the disaffected.

His name would be. . . . I am asked about his name more than anything else. One of my graduate school languages was French, and on an autumn afternoon, as I read a course assignment, I was struck by the difference between the look and the pronunciation of the name of the author I was reading, Rimbaud. An hour later, my wife came home from buying groceries. She mentioned she'd bought some apples of a type she'd never heard about before, Rambo. A French author's name and the name of an apple collided, and I recognized the sound of force.

"His name was Rambo, and he was just some nothing kid, for all anybody knew, standing by the pump of a gas station on the outskirts of Madison, Kentucky."

While Rambo would represent the disaffected, I needed someone to embody the

establishment. Another news report, this time in print, aroused my indignation. In a Southwestern American town, a group of hitchhiking hippies had been picked up by the local police, stripped, hosed and shaved—not just their beards but their hair. They had then been given back their clothes and driven to a desert road, where they were abandoned to walk to the next town, 30 miles away. I remembered the harassment that my own recently grown mustache and long hair had caused me. "Why don't you get a haircut? What the hell are you, a man or a woman?" I wondered what Rambo's reaction would be if he were subjected to the insults those hippies had received.

In my novel, the establishment's representative became a police chief, Wilfred Teasle. Wary of stereotypes, I wanted him as complex as the action would allow. I made Teasle old enough to be Rambo's father. That created a generation gap—with the added dimension that Teasle wishes he had a son. Next, I decided that he would be a Korean War hero, his Distinguished Service Cross second only to Rambo's Congressional Medal of Honor.

What happens when Rambo encounters Teasle is familiar now. It is enough to say that Teasle, for his reasons, hassles Rambo, and Rambo, for his reasons, won't take it. A jail escape leads to a man hunt. Teasle thinks he is in Korea. Rambo thinks he is in Vietnam. In that conflict, the conventional tactics used in Korea don't have a chance against the guerrilla methods of Vietnam. Almost killed, Teasle struggles down from the mountains, accepts the help of Rambo's Special Forces instructor and hunts Rambo yet again, with the result that Teasle's town is virtually destroyed, Teasle is killed and Rambo is executed by his former instructor, who takes the top of his head off with a shotgun.

Yes, Rambo is killed. And the cop isn't the broadly sketched antagonist of the film but a character who many readers (depending on their political viewpoint) believed was the hero of the novel. And Rambo's instructor isn't the sympathetic Richard Crenna but a cold professional. And the novel tries to show that escalating force results in disaster; that nobody wins.

Because of the rigors of graduate school, I didn't finish my novel till after I'd graduated in 1970 and taught at the University of Iowa for a year. In the summer of 1971, I submitted it to a literary agent, but I had misgivings. How could an assistant professor expect to gain tenure when he'd dramatized such unremitting violence? To hedge my bets, I sent along my dissertation on John Barth.

Three weeks later, the agent called. "I sold it."

"My dissertation?"

"First Blood."

"Oh, Christ."

Time not only gave the book its lead review but claimed that it represented a new



*"I like what he stands for: evolution, not revolution."*



kind of fiction, “carnography,” violence’s equivalent of pornography. I didn’t mind. For a terrified first novelist, any kind of attention feels great. Most other reviews were glowing, and the paperback advance didn’t hurt—my family could stop eating frozen potpies. When the Literary Guild accepted the book, I felt legitimate. The round-the-world translations made me raise my head in wonder. And then came the movie deal.

Ah, yes, the movie deal.

For ten years after its publication, the story passed through three movie companies, 18 screenplays and such directors as Stanley Kramer, Richard Brooks, Martin Ritt, Sydney Pollack and John Frankenheimer. Paul Newman, Al Pacino, Steve McQueen, Clint Eastwood, Robert De Niro, Nick Nolte, Brad Davis, Powers Boothe and Michael Douglas were all considered to play Rambo. The novel became a Hollywood legend. How could so much money and so much talent be spent on an enterprise that somehow couldn’t get off the page?

Part of the reason was the mood of the Seventies. America’s involvement in Vietnam had ended badly, and feelings about the war were bitter. The few films that referred to Vietnam reflected that attitude. *Coming Home* is a good example.

But another reason *First Blood* wasn’t filmed for so long had to do with actors and scripts.

In the middle Seventies, I met Sydney Pollack, a brilliant director, who mentioned his involvement with Steve McQueen on the project.

“McQueen? He’s one of my favorite actors,” I said. “He’d be great as the cop.”

“Well, that’s the problem,” Pollack said. “Steve liked the motorcycle chase. He wants to play the kid.”

“Rambo? But McQueen—”

“Looks too old for the part. We had to adjust the story. It didn’t work.”

That typified the problem—how to match actor and role.

Years passed. I wrote other novels, banked my movie-sale money (not an option but an outright purchase) and de-

spaired that *First Blood* would ever be filmed. A new decade arrived. Now Reagan was in the White House. America was feeling optimistic again. The defeat in Vietnam seemed long behind us.

At that point, two film distributors successful in the Orient, Andrew Vajna and Mario Kassar, decided to become producers. Seeking a project, they happened upon the legendary *First Blood*. The script they read was by William Sackheim and Michael Kozoll (the latter a cocreator of *Hill Street Blues*). With modification, the story would play well in America, Vajna and Kassar thought, but more important, their experience in foreign film markets told them that the movie, if it emphasized action, would attract large audiences

the movie, even though changes were made from my novel. The locale was shifted from Kentucky to the Pacific Northwest (to avoid harsh winter weather; ironically, the production was shut down by a blizzard). Rambo’s Green Beret instructor, Samuel Trautman, was upgraded from major to colonel. Rambo acquired the first name John (“When Johnny comes marching home”). Also, he was made less angry, less violent (he’s far more savage in my novel). On the screen, he kills one man by accident (a rock thrown at a pursuing helicopter causes a vicious deputy to lose his balance and fall to his death in a gorge). Later, Rambo bumps a stolen truck against a pursuing car filled with gun-blazing deputies. They veer off the road and fail to

avoid a car parked along the road. That’s the total body count in the film (the police chief—now, I’m afraid, a stereotypical redneck—though badly wounded, lives). But in my novel, the casualties are virtually uncountable. My intent was to transpose the Vietnam war to America, whereas the film’s intent was to make the audience cheer for the underdog.

The most important change between my novel and the film almost didn’t occur. In a vault in L.A., there’s a film clip in which Rambo shoots himself. But second thoughts prevailed. Another ending was filmed, and Rambo lived.

I don’t object, though I would never change the ending of my novel, in which Trautman is Rambo’s execu-

tioner. The reason I don’t object is that Rambo in the novel causes so much destruction that the authorities would hunt him down, even if they had to use a Nike missile. But Stallone’s revision of the script makes Rambo so reluctant to use force, so sympathetic a victim, that his survival seems justified.

I blessed the attorney who, in 1972, had charged me \$500 (at that time, a fortune for me) to revise the fine print in the movie contract.

“David, you now have profit participation not only in the *First Blood* movie but in any sequels.”

“Sequels?” I cringed, convinced I’d wasted my hard-to-come-by \$500. “But

around the world.

Provided they found the right actor. These days, audiences forget that in 1981, Sylvester Stallone’s only film success—at least financially—had been as Rocky. So when Vajna and Kassar offered Stallone the role, industry observers were skeptical. For that matter, so was Stallone. At the time, he was quoted as saying that he feared *First Blood* would be the most expensive home movie ever made.

On the contrary, it grossed \$120,000,000 and became a cult classic.

I know it’s fashionable for authors to complain that their work has been bastardized by Hollywood. The fact is, I like



almost every major character's dead at the end of the novel. How the hell can there be sequels?"

"David, you don't know what Hollywood can do with a novel. It may end up as a musical. By the way, I've also asked for profit participation on any merchandise associated with the film."

"Merchandise?"

"Dolls. Lunch boxes. Television cartoons. Who knows? Anything's possible. That's why you hired me. To predict the future."

"Dolls? Impossible!"

How wrong I was.

While *Rambo: First Blood Part II* was being filmed, Andrew Vajna asked if I'd be interested in writing a novel based on the script by Stallone and James Cameron. My impulse was to tell him no. Novelizations are derivative, an inferior literary form, and I'm serious about my fiction, even if I aim toward the broadest audience possible.

"You don't understand," Vajna replied. "This is a \$27,000,000 picture. It'll be an enormous hit. You want to be associated with it."

"No. I won't be an automatic typist and simply add description to someone else's screenplay."

"You're not listening, David. *This is a \$27,000,000 picture.*"

More phone calls, morning and after-

noon, for a week. Each time, I said no. Finally, my doorbell rang at eight A.M. and a messenger handed me a package. I peered inside to discover a video tape. Groggy, still in my pajamas, clutching a cup of coffee, I stumbled toward my VCR, inserted the tape and slumped on my sofa. Suddenly, music blared as Rambo piloted a helicopter, attacking an enemy compound. I spilled my coffee. "Donna, get over here!" I yelled to my wife. "You have to see this! It's a \$27,000,000 movie!"

So I agreed to write a novel for *Rambo: First Blood Part II*. In the first place, no one else could do it. I hold the literary copyright. That's something else my wonderful \$500 attorney put into the movie contract. The producers can do anything they want with Rambo on film, but I'm the only writer allowed to publish fiction about him.

In the second place, I began to see the chance to accomplish something distinctive. Novels based on films are usually transcribed screenplays. But the bargain I had made with Vajna was to follow the bones of the movie's story but to invent, color and interpret as I wished, to write a *novel* based on a plot that happened to be supplied to me. I also saw the way to counteract the backlash I sensed some critics were ready to slam toward Rambo.

The truth is, Rambo hates war. He loathes what he is and what he has been trained to do. He reacts with justified rage

only when pushed to the wall. On the set of *Rambo III*, Stallone and I talked at length about that issue. Anger's a last-resort emotion, we agreed. People shove you around, and most of the time, you acquiesce. Why retaliate unless it's a critical issue? If your family's threatened, you have to respond. Or your life. Or your country. But it has to be a genuine threat. Otherwise, it's better to back away. Because if it's necessary to retaliate, you have to go *all* the way, and you have to accept the consequences.

That's the secret to Rambo. Fate pits him against relentless bullies and, like the gunslinger determined to retire, he reluctantly straps his guns back onto his waist.

When Vajna and Kassar hired me to write the initial script for *Rambo III*, I thought that Rambo's fundamental anti-war stance could be sidetracked only if Trautman, Rambo's surrogate father, were in serious trouble. My version had Trautman as a military advisor in Central America, where his wife and daughter paid him a visit, only to be abducted by marauders from a neighboring enemy country. Rambo's love for Trautman and his family compelled him to become a warrior again.

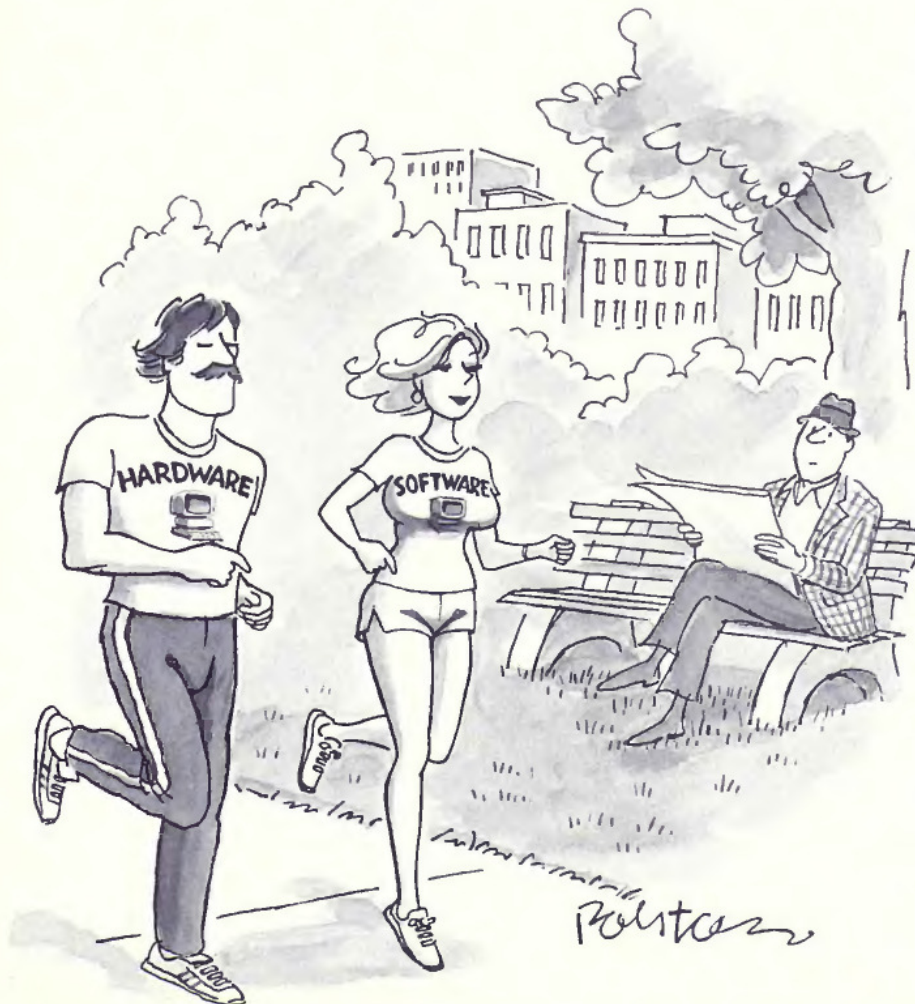
Eventually, the story's setting was changed from Central America to Afghanistan (to get away from the confining forest and jungle of the first two pictures, to give *Rambo III* a different look, the stunning scope of a desert).

Stallone and Sheldon Lettich prepared a brand-new script, necessarily changing the story to fit the war in Afghanistan. But Sly agreed with my interpretation of the character, with Rambo's desire for peace. Eliminating Trautman's wife and daughter, Stallone decided to put Trautman himself in jeopardy, captured by the Soviets on the Afghanistan-Pakistan border.

I wrote an amplified novel based on the script and in it emphasized Rambo's complex emotions. At the same time, I added new elements to his character. Now we learn that in his youth, he was battered by his father. To escape his troubled home, he joined the military (another paradox: Seeking peace, he entered a violent profession). He feels affection for Trautman, because Trautman's the only authority figure who ever showed him respect.

In *Rambo: First Blood Part II*, Stallone had a character describe Rambo as "part German, part Indian, a hell of a combination." I liked the idea of Rambo's mixed background but modified it. In my sequel novels, Rambo's father becomes Italian, his mother Navaho.

Why the change? To deepen the character. In my books, Rambo is raised in both the Roman Catholic and the Navaho religions, learning guilt from the first and mysticism from the second. While in Vietnam, he becomes attracted to Zen Buddhism. In *Rambo III*, he enters Afghanistan, a Moslem country. There, he finds elements of the Islamic faith that help him come to terms with his troubled soul. A





character with four religions. Hardly the simple *macho* man some critics berate.

If you match my books with the films, you get the full story. Sometimes, to make my points, I add and subtract scenes from the films. Indeed, in *Rambo III*, the process was reversed. Stallone liked some elements I added to my novel of his screenplay and put them into the film.

Let's talk about Stallone. Several months ago, I went to a cocktail party in L.A. Most of the guests were from the movie industry. An assistant director discovered I'd created Rambo, approached me and inexplicably began insulting Sly.

"Stop. Have you ever met the man?" I asked.

"No, but from what I've read. . ."

"Listen," I said, "my 15-year-old son just died of cancer. I tried to do everything to give Matt hope, to provide his final days with quality. Toward the end, wanting something unique for my son, I asked Sly to call him. He didn't have to do it, but he responded and talked with Matt for almost 40 minutes. Before my son died, his conversation with Sly was one of his fondest memories. As far as I'm concerned, Stallone's a compassionate, decent man, and I won't let you dump on him."

So you know my bias. I'm tired of critics' giving Stallone bad press. His income has been widely publicized, mostly with negative connotations. Hey, would you turn down a ton of cash if someone offered it? Sure as hell, I wouldn't. And then there's Sly's personal life. It's none of anyone's business. How's *your* life doing these days? Would you like your privacy violated? Of course not. Gossip columnists have pried and twisted and distorted beyond the point of tastelessness. In my experience, he has been modest, generous, humorous, intelligent and extremely verbal, a great guy to talk with. Rambo doesn't speak much, but that's a character. As Sly says, "What people don't understand is, I have to communicate Rambo's silent intensity, everything he's thinking, the anguish he's feeling, just with my eyes. Critics should try it. To communicate without words is

challenging, frustrating, terribly difficult."

Then there's the Rambo backlash. Politics. In October 1987, Nicaragua's president Daniel Ortega made a speech at the UN. "Let President Reagan recall," Ortega said, "that Rambo exists only in the movies. The people of the world do not want Rambos. The people want men of peace." The U.S. delegation walked out in protest, and they were right, as far as I'm concerned, because Ortega was wrong on several counts. Rambo exists *in print* as well as in the movies. And Rambo, like the people of the world, wants peace.

Rambo, as a generic word, has become, unfortunately, a simplistic reduction of complex issues. "U.S. RAMBO JETS BOMB LIBYA," the *London Times* announced when

galaxy far away, whereas Rambo addresses controversial contemporary issues. It's true that most Vietnam vets didn't suffer post-trauma stress syndrome. But then, most of them didn't belong to the Special Forces, Rangers, Recon or Seals. The soldiers in those cadres learned skills no one should ever have to learn, let alone put into practice. Their missions were nightmares with long-lasting psychological consequences. I've never yet spoken to a Vietnam veteran who didn't identify with Rambo's turmoil.

The new movie will, no doubt, cause more controversy. Rambo against the Soviets in Afghanistan. I can imagine the further accusations of Red bashing. But the Soviets have forced 6,000,000 Afghans from their homes. A million others have been exterminated. The new spirit of cooperation between the Soviets and the West sounds good, and I certainly hope that the recent Afghan peace agreement is honored, but the Soviets *have* been practicing genocide. *Rambo III* reminds us of that fact. It's action-adventure, but it's also passionate about its message. Popular yet serious. A paradox. Like Rambo—a man of peace yet war.

During one of our conversations on the *Rambo III* set in the Negev desert in Israel, Stallone was called to return to the camera. As he rose from his chair, Israeli children surrounded him. Dozens of extras from the village scene. Crowding, hugging, kissing. Sly stooped and kissed them in return. He ruffled their hair. He used

both arms to embrace them. Thinking of my dead son, I wished I had a photograph of this display of affection.

"Rambo!" they shouted. "Rambo!"

Stallone and I later discussed it.

"See, it isn't me they're hugging," he said. "It's Rambo. The children don't know about the politics and the controversies. They see him as a hero. A protector. He's violent, sure, but reluctantly, and they know he's on their side. Against the bullies. In defense of the helpless."

"Rambo! Rambo!" the children shouted. Their voices echoed through the desert canyon, so simple, so complicated. "*Rambo! Rambo!*"



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I was on a book tour in Great Britain in 1986. The word is in everyday use in several languages, it's a favorite of political columnists and sports announcers, and it's always misinterpreted either in militaristic or in *macho* terms. On my tombstone, I've requested the following: HERE LIES DAVID MORRELL, WHO INVENTED A WORD THAT FEW UNDERSTOOD. The Rambo character is violent, yes, no question. But only as a last resort.

Let's talk about violence. If your idea of entertainment is *The Sound of Music*, the *Rambo* movies aren't for you. They're action pictures. You could say that you think their action's excessive. But the *Star Wars* movies have far more violence. Of course, *Star Wars* happens a long time ago in a





*"They had recovered the murder prints: a nice shot of Frazier, embedded deep in the cortical tissue."*

pressed his elbows against his sides as one might do if expecting a second blow. Then an elegant young Argentinean uncoiled himself from a curbside table and trotted quickly toward her, and they laughed and embraced and ran off arm in arm, sweeping right past him without even a glance. He remembered now: Women all over the world were wearing Marianne's face this season. This one, in fact, was too tall by half a head. But he would have to be prepared for such incidents wherever he went. Mariannes everywhere, bludgeoning him with their beauty and never even knowing what they had done. He found himself wishing that the one who had been sleeping with that museum man was just another Marianne clone, that the real one was at home now, waiting for him, wondering, wondering.

In Montreal six weeks later, using a privacy filter and one of his corporate cards,

he risked putting through a call to his apartment and discovered that there was an interdict on his line. When he tried the office number, an android mask appeared on the screen, and he was blandly told that Mr. Frazier was unavailable. The android didn't know when Mr. Frazier would be available. Frazier asked for Markman, his executive assistant, and a moment later, a bleak, harried, barely recognizable face looked out at him. Frazier explained that he was a representative of the Bucharest account, calling about a highly sensitive matter. "Don't you know?" Markman said. "Mr. Frazier's disappeared. The police are looking for him." Frazier asked why, and Markman's face dissolved in an agony of shame, bewilderment, protective zeal. "There's a criminal charge against him," Markman whispered, nearly in tears.

He called his lawyer next and said, "I'm calling about the Frazier case. I don't want

to kill the filter, but I imagine you won't have much trouble figuring out who I am."

"I imagine I won't. Just don't tell me where you are. OK?"

The situation was about as he expected. They had recovered the murder prints from the dead man's eyes: a nice shot, embedded deep in the cortical tissue, Frazier looming up against Hurwitt, nose to nose, a quick cut to the hand reaching for Hurwitt's arm, a wild free-form pan to the sky as Frazier lifted Hurwitt up and over the parapet. "Pardon me for saying this, but you looked absolutely deranged," the lawyer told him. "The prints were on all the networks the next day. Your eyes—it was really scary. I'm absolutely sure we could get impairment of faculties, maybe even crime of passion. Suspended sentence, but, of course, there'd be rehabilitation. I don't see any way around that, and it could last a year or two, and you might not be as effective in your profession afterward, but considering the circumstances—"

"How's my wife?" Frazier said. "Do you know anything about what she's been doing?"

"Well, of course, I don't represent her, you realize. But she does get in the news. She's said to be traveling."

"Where?"

"I couldn't say. Look, I can try to find out, if you'd like to call back this time tomorrow. Only, I suggest that for your own good, you call me at a different number, which is—"

"For my good or for yours?" Frazier said.

"I'm trying to help," said the lawyer, sounding annoyed.

He took refresher courses in French, Italian and German to give himself a little extra plausibility in the Andreas Schmidt identity and cultivated a mild Teutonic accent. As long as he didn't run up against any real Swiss who wanted to gabble with him in Romansh or Schweizerdeutsch, he suspected he'd make out all right. He kept on moving—Strasbourg, Athens, Haifa, Tunis. Even though he knew that no further fund transfers were possible, there was enough money stashed under the Schmidt account to keep him going nicely for ten or 15 years, and by then, he hoped to have this thing figured out.

He saw Mariannes in Tel Aviv, in Heraklion on Crete and in Sidi Bou Said, just outside Tunis. They were all clones, of course. He recognized that after just a quick, queasy instant. Still, seeing that delicate high-bridged nose once again, those splendid amethyst eyes, those tight auburn ringlets, it was all he could do to keep himself from going up to them and throwing his arms around them, and he had to force himself each time to turn away, biting down hard on his lip.

In London, outside the Connaught, he saw the real thing. The Connaught was where they had spent their wedding trip back in '07, and he winced at the sight of its



*"Our PR lobbying consultants in New York say we'll never be accepted as a democratic government until you get rid of that hat."*



familiar grand façade, and winced even more when Marianne came out, young and radiant, wearing a shimmering silver cloud. Dazzling light streamed from her. He had no doubt that this was no trendy clone but the true Marianne: She moved in that easy, confident way, with that regal joy in her own beauty, that no cosmetic surgeon could ever impart, even to the most intent imitator. The pavement itself seemed to do her homage. But then Frazier saw that the man on whose arm she walked was himself, young and radiant, too, the Loren Frazier of that honeymoon journey of ten years back, his hair dark and thick, his love of life and success and his magnificent new wife cloaking him like an imperial mantle; and Frazier realized that he must merely be hallucinating, that the breakdown had moved on to a new and more serious stage. He stood gaping while Mr. and Mrs. Frazier swept through him like the phantoms they were and away in the direction of Grosvenor Square, and then he staggered and nearly fell. To the Connaught doorman, he admitted that he was unwell, and because he was well-dressed and spoke with a hint of an accent and was able to find a 20-sovereign piece in the nick of time, the doorman helped him into a cab and expressed his deepest concern. Back at his own hotel, ten minutes over on the other side of Mayfair, he had three quick gins in a row and sat shivering for an hour before the image faded from his mind.

"I advise you to give yourself up," the lawyer said when Frazier called him from Nairobi. "Of course, you can keep on running as long as you like. But you're wearing yourself out, and sooner or later, someone will spot you, so why keep on delaying the inevitable?"

"Have you spoken to Marianne lately?"

"She wishes you'd come back. She wants to write to you, or call you, or even come and see you, wherever you are. But I've told her you refuse to provide me with any information about your location. Is that still your position?"

"I don't want to see her or hear from her."

"She loves you."

"I'm a homicidal maniac. I might do the same thing to her that I did to Hurwitz."

"Surely, you don't really believe—"

"No," Frazier said. "Not really."

"Then let me give her an address for you, at least, and she can write to you."

"It could be a trap, couldn't it?"

"Surely, you can't possibly believe—"

"Who knows? Anything's possible."

"A postal box in Caracas, say," the lawyer suggested, "and let's say that you're in Rio, for the sake of the discussion, and I arrange an intermediary to pick up the letter and forward it care of American Express in Lima, and then on some day of your own choosing, known to nobody else, you make a quick trip in and out of Peru and—"

"And they grab me the moment I collect the letter," Frazier said. "How stupid do you think I am? You could set up forty intermediaries and I'd still have to create a trail leading to myself if I want to get the letter. Besides, I'm not in South America anymore. That was months ago."

"It was only for the sake of the dis—" the lawyer said, but Frazier was gone already.

He decided to change his face and settle down somewhere. The lawyer was right: All this compulsive traveling was wearing him down. But by staying in one place longer than a week or two, he was multiplying the chances of being detected as long as he went on looking like himself. He had always wanted a longer nose, anyway, and not quite so obtrusive a chin and thicker eyebrows. He fancied that he looked too Slavic, though he had no eastern European ancestry at all. All one long, rainy evening at the mellow old Addis Ababa Hilton, he sketched a face for himself that he thought looked properly Swiss: rugged, passionate, with the right mix of French elegance, German stolidity, Italian passion. Then he went downstairs and showed the print-out to the bartender, a supple little Portuguese.

"Where would you say this man comes from?" Frazier asked.

"Lisbon," the bartender replied at once. "That long jaw, those lips—unmistakably Lisbon, though perhaps his grandmother on his mother's side is of the Algarve. A man of considerable distinction, I would say. But I do not know him, *Señor* Schmidt. He is no one I know. You would like your dry martini, as usual?"

"Make it a double," Frazier said.

He had the work done in Vienna. Everyone agreed that the best people for that sort of surgery were in Geneva, but Switzerland was the one country in the world he dared not enter, so he used his Zurich banking connections to get him the names of the second-best people, who were said to be almost as good, remarkably good, he was told. That seemed high praise, indeed, Frazier thought, considering it was a Swiss talking about Austrians. The head surgeon at the Vienna clinic, though, turned out to be Swiss himself, which provided Frazier with a moment of complete terror, pretending, as he was, to be a native of Zurich. But the surgeon had been at his trade long enough to know that a man who wants his perfectly good face transformed into something entirely different does not wish to talk about his personal affairs. He was a big, cheerful extrovert named Randegger, with a distinct limp. Skiing accident, the surgeon explained. Surely, getting your leg fixed must be easier than getting your face changed, Frazier thought, but he decided that Randegger was simply waiting for the off season to undergo repair.

"This will be no problem at all,"

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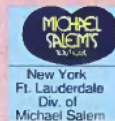
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Randegger told him, studying Frazier's print-out. "I have just a few small suggestions." He went deftly to work with a light pen, broadening the cheekbones, moving the ears downward and forward. Frazier shrugged. Whatever you want, Dr. Randegger, he thought. Whatever you want, I'm putty in your hands.

It took six weeks from first cut to final healing. The results seemed fine to him—suave, convincing and authoritative face—though at the beginning, he was afraid it would all come apart if he smiled, and it was hard to get used to looking in a mirror and seeing someone else. He stayed at the clinic the entire six weeks. One of the nurses wore the Marianne face, but the body was all wrong—wide hips, startling scatopygous rump, short muscular legs. Near the end of his stay, she lured him into bed. He was sure he'd be impotent with her, but he was wrong. There was only one really bad moment, when she reared above him and he couldn't see her body at all, only her beautiful, passionate, familiar face.

Even now, he couldn't stop running. Belgrade, Sydney, Rabat, Barcelona, Milan: They went by in a blur of identical airports, interchangeable hotels, balling shifts of climate. Almost everywhere he went, he saw Mariannes and sometimes was puzzled that they never recognized him, until he remembered that he had altered his face: Why should they know him now, even after the ten years of their marriage? As he traveled, he began to see another ubiquitous face, dark and Latin and pixyish, and realized that Marianne's vogue must be beginning to wane. He hoped that some of the Mariannes would

soon be converting themselves to this newer look. He had never really felt at ease with all the simulacra of his wife, whom he still loved beyond all measure.

That love, though, had become inextricably mixed with anger. He could not even now stop thinking about her incomprehensible, infuriating violation of the sanctity of their covenant. It had been the best of marriages—amiable, passionate, close, a true union on every level. He had never even thought of wanting another woman. She was everything he had wanted; and he had every reason to think that his feelings had been reciprocated. That was the worst of it, not the furtive little couplings she and Hurwit must have enjoyed but the deeper treason, the betrayal of the hermetic seal that enclosed their perfect world.

He had overreacted, he knew. He wished he could call back the one absurd, impulsive act that had thrust him from his smooth and agreeable existence into this frantic, wearisome fugitive life. And he felt sorry for Hurwit, who had probably been caught up in emotions beyond his depth, swept away by the astonishment of finding himself in Marianne's arms. How could he have stopped to worry at such a time about what he might be doing to someone else's marriage? How ridiculous it had been to kill him! And to stare right into Hurwit's eyes, incontrovertibly incriminating himself, while he did it! If he needed any proof of his temporary insanity, the utter foolishness of the murder would supply it.

But there was no calling any of it back. Hurwit was dead; he had lived on the run for—what, two years, three?—and Mari-

anne was altogether lost to him. So much destruction achieved in a single crazy moment. He wondered what he would do if he ever saw Marianne again. Nothing violent, no, certainly not. He had a sudden image of himself in tears, hugging her knees, begging her forgiveness. For what? For killing her lover? For bringing all sorts of nasty mess and the wrong kind of publicity into her life? For disrupting the easy rhythms of their happy marriage? No, he thought, astonished, aghast. What do I have to be forgiven for? From her, nothing. She's the one who should go down on her knees before me. I wasn't the one who was fooling around. And then he thought, No, no, we must forgive each other. And after that, he thought, Best of all, I must take care never to have anything to do with her for the rest of my life. And that thought cut through him like a blade, like Dr. Randegger's fiery scalpel.

Six months later, he was walking through the cavernous, ornate lobby of the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo when he saw a Marianne standing in front of a huge stack of suitcases against a marble pillar no more than 20 feet from him. He was injured to Mariannes by this time, and at first, the sight of her had no impact; but then he noticed the familiar monogram on the luggage and recognized the intricate little bows of red-plush cord with which the baggage tags were tied on, and he realized that this was the true Marianne at last. Nor was this any hallucination like the Connaught one. She was visibly older, with a vertical line in her left cheek that he had never seen before. Her hair was a darker shade and somehow more ordinary in its cut, and she was dressed simply, no radiance at all. Even so, people were staring at her and whispering. Frazier swayed, gripped a nearby pillar with his suddenly clammy hand, fought back the impulse to run. He took a deep breath and went toward her, walking slowly, impressively, his carefully cultivated distinguished-looking-Swiss-businessman walk.

"Marianne?" he said.

She turned her head slightly and stared at him without any show of recognition.

"I do look different, yes," he said, smiling.

"I'm sorry, but I don't—"

A slender agile-looking man five or six years younger than she, wearing sunglasses, appeared from somewhere as though conjured out of the floor. Smoothly, he interpolated himself between Frazier and Marianne. A lover? A bodyguard? Simply part of her entourage? Pleasantly but forcefully, he presented himself to Frazier as though saying, Let's not have any trouble now, shall we?

"Listen to my voice," Frazier said. "You haven't forgotten my voice. Only the face is different."

Sunglasses came a little closer, looked a little less pleasant.



*"Well, I guess I asked for that nightmare. I haven't been all that up front lately with my subconscious."*



Marianne stared.  
 "You haven't forgotten, have you, Marianne?" Frazier said.  
 Sunglasses began to look definitely menacing.  
 "Wait a minute," Marianne said, as he glided into a nose-to-nose with Frazier. "Step back, Aurelio." She peered through the shadows. "Loren?" she said.  
 Frazier nodded. He went toward her. At a gesture from Marianne, Sunglasses faded away, like a genie going back into the bottle. Frazier felt strangely calm now. He could see Marianne's upper lip trembling, her nostrils flickering a little. "I thought I never wanted to see you again," he said. "But I was wrong about that. The moment I saw you and knew it was really you, I realized that I had never stopped thinking about you, never stopped wanting you. Wanting to put it all back together."  
 Her eyes widened. "And you think you can?"

"Maybe."  
 "What a damned fool you are," she said gently, almost lovingly, after a long moment.  
 "I know. I really messed myself up, doing what I did."  
 "I don't mean that," she said. "You messed us both up with that. Not to mention him, the poor bastard. But that can't be undone, can it? If you only knew how often I prayed to have it not have hap-

pened." She shook her head. "It was nothing, what he and I were doing. Nothing. Just a silly fling, for Christ's sake. How could you possibly have cared so much?"  
 "What?"  
 "To kill a man, for something like that? To wreck three lives in half a second? For that?"  
 "What?" he said again. "What are you telling me?"  
 Sunglasses suddenly was in the picture again. "We're going to miss the car to the airport, Marianne."  
 "Yes. Yes. All right, let's go."  
 Frazier watched, numb, immobile. Sunglasses beckoned and a swarm of porters materialized to carry the luggage outside. As she reached the vast doorway, Marianne turned abruptly and looked back, and in the dimness of the great lobby, her eyes suddenly seemed to shift in color, to take on the same strange topaz glint that he had imagined he had seen in Hurwitz's. Then she swung around and was gone.

An hour later, he went down to the consulate to turn himself in. They had a little trouble locating him in the list of wanted fugitives, but he told them to keep looking, go back a few years, and finally, they came upon his entry. He was allowed half a day to clear up his business affairs, but he said he had none to clear up, so they set about the procedure of arranging his passage to the States, while he watched like a tourist

who is trying to replace a lost passport.  
 Going home was like returning to a foreign country that he had visited a long time before. Everything was familiar, but in an unfamiliar way. There were endless hearings, conferences, psychological examinations. His lawyers were excessively polite, as if they feared that one wrong word would cause him to detonate; but behind their silkiness, he saw the contempt that the orderly have for the self-destructive. Still, they did their job well. Eventually, he drew a suspended sentence and two years of rehabilitation, after which, they said, he would have to move to some other city, find some appropriate line of work and establish a stable new existence for himself. The rehabilitation people would help him. There would be a probation period of five years, when he'd have to report for progress conferences every week.

At the very end, one of the rehab officers came to him and told him that his lawyers had filed a petition asking the court to let him have his original face back. That startled him. For a moment, Frazier felt like a fugitive again, wearily stumbling from airport to airport, from hotel to hotel.  
 "No," he said. "I don't think that's a good idea at all. The man who had that face, he's somebody else. I think I'm better off keeping this one. What do you say?"  
 "I think so, too," said the rehab man.



My name is Jeffery DeMarco, president and founder of Pyraponic Industries. My master's thesis concerned the cannabinoid profile of marijuana. The knowledge gained through this research and experimentation can now be applied to the growing of any herbaceous plant from mint and basil, to roses and tobacco.  
 In pursuit of this master's thesis, I first had to generate the world's most extensive, nonacademic library on the subject. Second, I assembled the most extensive, scientific bibliography ever created. Then, I went into the laboratory at a major university while under federal license, and designed the most sophisticated laboratory grade growing chamber in the world called the PHOTOTRON and the methodology "Growing Plants Pyraponometrically".  
 The Phototron is not presented to the public as a piece of paraphernalia intended for the unlawful production of marijuana. The system was designed to grow any plant. The private cultivation of marijuana has been illegal under numerous state and federal laws since 1936. Marijuana can only be grown legally with a federal license. I worked under such a license at the time I was engaged in my research. Pyraponic Industries will never knowingly sell products to anyone expressing the intent to produce illicit substances.  
 If you were to research indoor plant growing techniques, as I did, a similarity soon becomes apparent. Every system before the Phototron has attempted to duplicate a tropical climate, such as Hawaii's, in a confined area. I suggest that when you finally achieve the recreation of Hawaii, you can do no better than Hawaii's results.  
 In fact you will grow the plant six (6) to nine (9) months with an average six (6) inch internodal length, (the distance between fruiting sites). That will produce a fruiting ratio at the tops of the plant equal to only ten percent (10%). Ninety percent (90%) of the plant material is unusable and the plants are killed off after harvest in preparation for planting the next crop.



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# PHOTOTRON

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Number one, the only thing I am waiting nine (9) months for is a baby. Number two, I don't want a tree growing in my home. Number three, I am not going to pay the electric bill to artificially reproduce the sun. That is why I made my system so revolutionary. The Phototron measures only 36 inches tall by 18 inches wide. Its potential is deceptively masked by the simplicity of functional design and compact size.  
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NUTRIENTS	GUARANTEE FEMALE SEX	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS
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*"Put simply, the change in Soviet foreign policy appears to signal the end of the Cold War era."*

concept that we can prove the triumph of socialism only through our domestic policies is installed as an official policy." Stalin's building has remained, but his foreign policy is finally being dismantled. Petrovsky is one of those who had correctly predicted to me that the Soviets would be leaving Afghanistan by the end of this year.

The change in Soviet foreign policy is more profound than most people seem to grasp. Put most simply, it appears to signal the end of the era of Cold War. Or, as Ray Kidder, a physicist at the Livermore weapons laboratory in California, said, "The Soviets have let go of the rope in the weapons tug of war." They have done this not out of some new-found pacifism but out of a recognition that the weapons race has hit a strategic dead end.

They know that there isn't anything you can do with the big nuclear guns that makes sense, and that their existence rules out conventional war between the superpowers. "The whole meaning of force changes now," Arbatov said. "You can have a lot of military force and you cannot use it. The only size of war where you can be successful is a Grenada-size war; anything bigger creates great problems. All of the intricate military strategies are built on a foundation of illusions, if you really analyze the fundamentals. How can the weapons be used, where does the present trend lead and what is your interest to have a war?"

This view was shared by Marshal Sergei F. Akhromeyev, chief of the Soviet general staff, who replied to my questions, "Today, the use of nuclear weapons is meaningless. No nation at present can strengthen its security by nuclear weapons. Mountains of nuclear weapons continue to grow. However, the security of the nuclear powers decreases." He also rejected the plausibility of any strategies for fighting limited nuclear war, arguing that the result of any use of nuclear weapons would mean "the entire humanity and the whole life on our planet would be annihilated." However much fun it had been for some of the Soviet wargamers to *putz* around with "winnable" nuclear-war scenarios, the experience of Chernobyl took the fun away.

Nuclear-war planning, indeed, is a game until you have gone, as I did with Velikhov's aid, to Chernobyl. I was one of the first Western reporters allowed there, and it was profoundly sobering to go through the scores of checkpoints and washdown systems and the eerie landscape where clothes hang on lines never to be collected and children's toys lie scattered in the neat gardens to go forever unused.

As for the cancers the disaster has caused, no one quite knows the rules of death here. Are the fish in the river safe to eat? Maybe, if the sediment on the bottom is not disturbed by the current. Here, we can go with the Geiger counter, but there, beyond that barbed-wire fence, no one should ever go. Particularly disturbing was the sight of a collective farm, complete with all the requirements of living: white farmhouses with blue trim, tractors and other farm implements, clothing hanging on a line and some children's playthings. All the requirements except people. And this was a small accident.

"With Chernobyl, we were able to mobilize the resources of the entire country," Velikhov told me upon my return from that ghastly area where one will for centuries be afraid to pick a flower, adding, "but a nuclear war involves many more frightening incidents, including the more devastating effects of blast and heat. So what could you do? Nothing."

Velikhov, the theoretical nuclear physicist, had come up against the reality of the destructive power of his science, and although he had never given much credence to nuclear-war-fighting scenarios, after Chernobyl, he was filled with contempt for such notions.

"After two weeks of discussion with the army corps," he said, "I asked, 'How do you wish to survive a nuclear war if you have no possibility to clean this small piece of nuclear garbage?'" He added, "Here we had no panic, but in nuclear war, you would have much. We had full access to support from all over the country, and only because of such access, we had tens of thousands of people working here. A soldier can be used for only 90 seconds in the hot place. After that, he is free for life from any [nuclear-related] duty, the same with pilots of the helicopters. It [the Soviet nuclear effort] cost thousands of people who are no longer able to work in this industry. Without this possibility to use the nation's resources, it would have been impossible to save the 135,000 people who were relocated. It didn't change my thinking about civil defense, because I never believed in it. But it opened the eyes of all people that civil defense is nonsense."

The impact of Chernobyl on Soviet nuclear thinking was profound. More than any other single event, Chernobyl prompted grave doubts within Soviet policy-making circles over the wisdom of continuing to put faith in technological fixes. Nuclear science had somehow seemed pure and logical. Suddenly, Chernobyl opened a window through which could be glimpsed a vision of what nuclear war would bring.

Chernobyl ended the debate between those who thought you could have limited nuclear-war options and those who thought that the nuclear-arms race was leading inevitably to the end of civilization. There was, of course, the additional fear fueled by the Reagan Administration's rhetoric about the winnability of nuclear war, which to the Soviets meant that adults were no longer minding the American store. New costly challenges such as Star Wars, coupled with a sagging Soviet economy, prompted a re-examination of what power and security mean in the modern world. The result is, I feel, a growing realization among the Soviet leaders that being a modern nation does not depend upon having a certain number of troops and certain kinds of weapons; it is now possible to be a nuclear Gulliver and an economic Lilliputian.

How widespread is this view? In the West, you hear much talk among Soviet experts about the opposition to Gorbachev from hard-liners. Perhaps. Who knows? It's still a closed society, and neither I nor the Kremlinologists are privy to the inner debates of the Politburo. But I tend to accept the assessment offered to me by Politburo member Aleksandr Yakovlev: "I cannot recollect any divergences on foreign policy; there is a very firm consensus, including the military." Without such a consensus, Gorbachev would not have been able to move as boldly as he has on arms control and Afghanistan, both of which reflect a commitment to disengagement.

The military people whom I interviewed corroborated that idea. In one session that took up the better part of an afternoon, I asked, perhaps once too often, if the Soviet military brass didn't really have a vested interest in keeping the urgency, self-importance and perks brought about by a heightened state of international tension. Surely, I argued with as much impertinence as I could muster, their very way of life in the military would be threatened if peace were to break out. Surely, I said, there are risks in the new peace proposals.

General Yuri Lebedev, a no-nonsense member of the general staff, pounded impatiently on the table. "Our security depends on our people finding the same quantity and quality of goods in the stores as your people find!" he almost shouted. Lebedev, whom some Soviet intellectuals regard as a hard-liner, insisted that arms-control agreements with the United States are part of *perestroika* and that it was the military who were behind the major proposals on cutting back arms. "During recent times, we have had to take into account that we have major problems to resolve—the food problem, reconstruction of our economy. . . . We certainly understand that to carry out these tasks, we need resources, and these resources can be obtained through reducing military expenditures.



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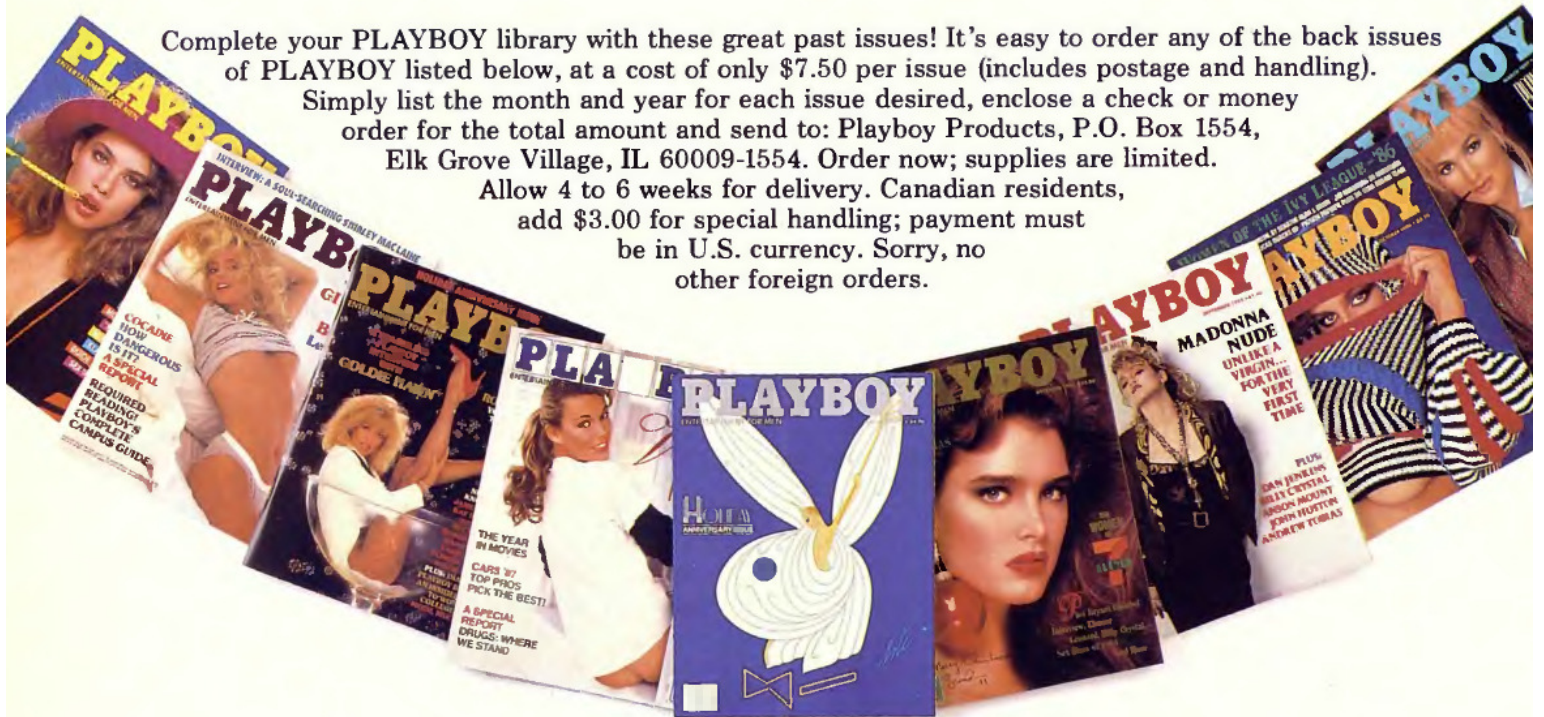


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"We have to give the people an example that something is being changed, and the first sign of something being changed for a man in the street is goods in the stores—goods that are available in the West. So we have a big job to do. But in waging *perestroika*, we are winning in a political and moral sense, and we are gaining our supporters in the West." Which is an understatement, given that in a recent USIA poll, 90 percent of the West Germans and 88 percent of the British had a "favorable" impression of Gorbachev but only 44 percent of each felt that way about Reagan.

While the Soviet reformers see a reduction of military competition with the West as a necessity of their domestic reconstruction, they do not foresee an end to competition on other fronts. There is, for example, a strongly stated position among those officials that improvements in the quality of Soviet life and a move to a more flexible and pragmatic foreign policy will expose certain weaknesses in the U.S. model of development. For instance, Yegor Yakovlev, editor in chief of *Moscow News*, one of the liveliest publications to emerge in the Gorbachev era, is convinced that the U.S. military-industrial complex will actively seek to prevent an end to the arms race and that the more reasonable the Soviet posture, the more obtuse and warlike the American response.

This view was defended by Anatoly F. Dobrynin, the former ambassador to the United States, one night in a lengthy informal discussion in his imposing office at the Central Committee headquarters. Dobrynin, now a secretary of the Central Committee, speaks a Washington columnist's insider English and noted, "You know, this idea of a military-industrial complex was invented by General [Dwight D.] Eisenhower, not by us." And when I replied that surely, a comparable complex must exist in the Soviet Union, Dobrynin, who had spent more than 25 years in Washington, smiled and said, "When our generals retire, they go fishing. They don't become vice-presidents of aerospace companies or lobbyists to the Kremlin. As to the military industry, instead of tanks, it can make cars. We need cars, and the profit will be the same, because we set the profit."

"Our intention is to have a period in which we would be able to concentrate on domestic affairs," said Deputy Foreign Minister Petrovsky, who continued with a reference to Immanuel Kant. "This is the categorical imperative of our time. The best way to prove which system and which way of life is better is by putting your own house in order.

"Sometimes, some people here think that foreign policy can compensate for domestic shortcomings, and that is wrong. The roots of foreign policy are at home; for foreign policy to be effective, it must rely on a well-organized domestic order."

Such an order, according to Dobrynin, must include democratization of decision

making. But he concedes that the institutionalization of public restraint on government is a novel question for Soviet society.

Ivan D. Laptev considers that the main problem for the Soviet Union. "The people must know everything," he says. "It's the main measure of control, of monitoring official activities to prevent mistakes, and that is the main value of democratization and openness in our society, so that the whole party will be prevented from making mistakes and people's eyes will be open."

Toward that end, the Soviet press has been publishing the results of Politburo meetings for the first time, running a variety of information from critical ministerial reports, muckraking journalism and some foreign observations. It failed miserably, however, in covering the recent ethnic challenges, particularly in Armenia and Azerbaidzhan, where there was a blackout like in the bad old days. But still the progress is remarkable.

In one startling article carried by *Izvestia* titled "Where Did the Nos Come From?" the author listed dozens of prohi-

bitions ranging from dress codes to ideas. The answer offered was that the official *nyets* were the result of mindless bureaucratic imperatives.

Laptev refers to this problem as a "disease of thoughtlessness" and says that it "is a heritage from those days when it was considered a rule that whoever is the boss knows the truth, and this disease took hold of our psychology. Now we are trying to change this mind-set."

The tough-looking product of a Siberian orphanage, Laptev, whose parents died in World War Two, is also one of this country's new men. He started his professional career as a crane operator, while studying in the evening to graduate from the Automobile Institute. Eventually, he went to Moscow as a champion bicycle racer and entered the Moscow State University school of journalism, where he finished by writing a doctorate on the social and political problems of ecology. He has gone on to write several books, one of which, he says, predicted the rise of the pro-environmental Greens Party in West Germany.

After a stint working for the Central



"About time!"



Committee, he went to *Pravda* and ended up head of the editorial board. After 18 months, he was "unexpectedly brought here to edit *Izvestia*," where he has been for the past two years.

Asked about the prospect of *Izvestia's* criticizing Gorbachev himself, the editor replied, "We haven't had him for long, but I think that if this atmosphere of *glasnost* is established, you can expect this criticism to occur." Guys such as Laptev leave one feeling optimistic about the future of the Soviet system, not just because they have the right intentions now but also because the system, even in its worst days, produced Laptev . . . and Gorbachev.

Will it work? That depends on a lot more than the intentions of the new elite. As to its intentions, I have little doubt. Gorbachev and his crowd believe that there is no alternative to sweeping changes, and they will attempt whatever is necessary to make their society a player in the modern world economy. But they had better be prepared to hang in there for the long haul, because the stagnation with which they are grappling has its fans. I refer not to the conspiracy theories of some Western observers who point to presumed blackguards in the Communist Party. Gorbachev has proved too tough and resilient to be done in by such plots, if they do exist. As Gromyko, who has lived with many a Soviet hard-case leader put it, behind Gorbachev's smile are teeth of steel. He can play rough and has done so, and the current composition of the Politburo and Central Committee is largely of his design.

On another level, he has already been widely successful in ways that I don't think can easily be reversed. *Glasnost* has been introduced at a breath-taking pace, and as a result, the political and cultural norms of Soviet life have seriously been altered. A cowed population has been given its head and found it fun to be free. Of course I mean freer, for there is a long way to go to guaranteeing human rights in the Soviet Union. But it's still the difference between day and night compared with what was before. Three years ago, Western experts said that the Soviets would never introduce computers on a broad scale, because people could print and communicate on their own; now millions of computers are being introduced. One after another, the "You can't do that" of the Kremlinologists have been refuted, whether it be in the cultural area, where once-banned books and movies have been put back on the shelves, or in the formation of thousands of private organizations, or protests against the abuse of the environment, national rights and even the war in Afghanistan. Lake Baikal was saved and the plan to reverse major rivers in the Soviet Union was stopped by environmentalists. And the Soviets are disengaging from Afghanistan.

Ironically, it has turned out to be easier to introduce a significant measure of political freedom into the Soviet Union than

economic progress. The problem is not with *glasnost* but with *perestroika*. Restructuring the Soviet economy has not yet proved its value to the average citizen. The reforms have not gone far enough and there is a great deal of resistance.

The debate now unfolding in the Soviet Union is still largely within elite ranks; successful restructuring depends upon the continued ascendancy of the new elite that desperately welcomes this spirit. The opposition to it is real. There has even been talk of "paralysis" of Gorbachev's reforms, as U.S. correspondents gloomily report on resistance by political hard-liners in the Soviet Union. But it is difficult to imagine all of the reforms just blowing away. Too many of the new people, from Gorbachev on down, have made too public a commitment to the new course.

One hard-liner was purported to be Yegor Ligachev, who has been referred to in the past by the Western press as Gorbachev's number-two man in the Politburo. Around Ligachev, some Western correspondents thought they saw the seeds of rivalry for Gorbachev and his policies. Ligachev's departures from Gorbachev's policies were seen by those Western journalists not as the rough-and-tumble politics common in the West but as evidence that the reforms were going to be stopped in their tracks.

That analysis is too simple. Ligachev has resisted some aspects of *glasnost* but has evidently enthusiastically embraced much of the *perestroika* drive. He may have approved the March article in *Sovetskaya Rossiya*, which has been interpreted as an anti-Gorbachev manifesto. But that effort was trounced by a subsequent *Pravda* editorial and strong statements by Gorbachev and other members of the ruling elite.

In any event, Aleksandr Yakovlev, who has emerged as the leading Politburo member dealing with ideological matters, is a dedicated reformer. His take on the movement of Gorbachev's reforms is like the admonition about the impossibility of getting a little bit pregnant. "*Glasnost* can have no limits," he told me a year ago. "We cannot talk about broader or narrower *glasnost*. People should know everything and about everything. Of course, we have people who don't want democracy at all. I would be insincere if I didn't mention that there are people who would say that *glasnost* and democracy will backfire. That's precisely why we need restructuring."

It has become an axiom of the Soviet reformers' new faith that past efforts at change failed because they did not make that linkage. But how far will the new leadership really go down the path toward power sharing? I don't know and neither do they, because the answer depends on many variables, not the least of which are successes in the economy and improved relations with the U.S., permitting a major cut in the bloated Soviet military budget. But I do know that most of the top players now empowered in the Soviet Union are

betting their personal futures on vast change and would themselves be the victims if the wheel suddenly started spinning in reverse.

This is a settled-in society. Too many people have learned over the decades how to make the system, bad as it may be, work for them personally. They know when and how to grease the palm and offer the smile. They can do that talk and that walk. And now Gorbachev is asking them to stop, to sacrifice for a way of life whose worth, in the economic sphere, has yet to be demonstrated. "The atmosphere in our society has grown tense as the *perestroika* effort has gone deeper," Gorbachev admitted in his recent book, "and we have heard people say, 'Was there any point to starting this at all?'"

It used to be said that an authoritarian country can make its trains run on time but cannot provide more freedom for its citizens. In Gorbachev's Russia, which remains authoritarian, the reverse is true. And he must accomplish both to succeed.

But even if Gorbachev fails, there is no going back to the worst days. No Soviet leader since Stalin has become a Stalin. This is a different society from Russia of the Thirties and the Forties: educated, aware of alternatives. It operates in a very different world context. The Soviets, liberals and conservatives alike, know very well that they must function in a postnuclear, jet-age, computerized world in which the rhythms of the old Red Army songs and the rumble of its tanks are just so much static interfering with what people really want to do. That is, to tune in a clear satellite picture of real life as the modern world is living it, then play it back on the VCR.

What makes one optimistic, ultimately, is less faith in the Soviets, or in Gorbachev, than in a recognition that the world's evolution has made Cold War more untenable for modern life. Secrecy, paranoia, militarism, chauvinism are all out of sync with the requirements of this new age, which is fluid, changeable, dependent on new information from all sources and internationalist. The new generation, with or without Gorbachev, was waiting, as Gerasimov put it, in the wings. The failed militarists of old, Japan and Germany, have shown the new way: power without military might. Freedom is now established, for all to see, as the essential conductor of progress.

If this sounds Utopian, bear in mind that Communists put a lot of stock in written declarations of purpose—manifestoes—whether by Hegel, Engels, Marx or Lenin. And here is what Gorbachev, the current head of the Soviet Communist Party, wrote: "It is no longer a question of whether [we] will continue the policy of *glasnost*. . . . We need *glasnost* as we need the air. . . . There is no present-day socialism, nor can there be, without democracy." Sounds like a manifesto to me.









# GREAT PALIMONY CAPER (continued from page 68)

*"Utter nonsense," Hef replied. "The level of fabrication in her accusations is almost funny."*

it as a sort of training film."

In a similar film-character connection closer to home, Carrie has been cast in the lead role of a yet-to-be-financed American First Run pictures chiller titled *Devil Woman*. The advertising brochure for the film features a close-up of Carrie's perilous eyes and copy that reads, "Look at her, and you are marked. Touch her, and you are seduced. Love her. And you are lost. . . . Forever."

Hef smiles at the overwrought prose but admits, "She had me mesmerized. If Carrie had not walked out on me, it is difficult to imagine how our relationship would have ended. I can't imagine throwing her out—I had forgiven her and taken her back so many times."

In a confrontation last September, Carrie smashed a \$15,000 sculpture by Frank Gallo and stalked off the property. She stayed for four days with Kelly Moore and her boyfriend, returning with the news that she had met with legal beagle Marvin Mitchelson and that she wanted a beach house in Malibu in return for not filing a palimony suit.

"It was simple extortion," Hefner says. "Of course I refused."

When her ploy proved unsuccessful, she appeared repentant, but to Grabowski, she confided, "I still haven't given up on the house." Kelly joined Carrie soon after, when her boyfriend kicked her out just before the holidays.

To add to the Mansion melodrama, Jessica Hahn moved in immediately after completing the national publicity tour for her

story on the Jim Bakker-PTL scandal published in *Playboy* to prepare a further feature for the magazine and start writing a book. Carrie and Jessica became close friends, though some now suggest that Carrie was jealous of Jessica's celebrity, perceiving a palimony suit against Hef as the equivalent of Jessica's toppling of the PTL.

A few months earlier, Carrie had managed to surreptitiously sneak Hef's keys from his pocket, unlock a closet in the master bedroom and swipe a video tape of a multipartner sexual frolic he had made with several friends back in the swinging Seventies. Carrie thought she might be able to use the tape against him in some way in conjunction with the further threat of a lawsuit. As Roche remarked to *People*, "She's a real sick pup."

Carrie shared her scheme with Jessica, giving her the tape for safekeeping. Jessica turned the tape over to Lisa Loving, who promptly returned it to Hef. That spelled *finis* for the friendship between Carrie and Jessica, but Carrie waited until after the Christmas gift giving was over to split the scene. In a post-holiday depression, she departed for New York, with Kelly and another female friend in tow.

With a phone call four days after her departure, she announced that she would not be returning to the Mansion, and two days later, rumors surfaced that she was meeting with Mitchelson again and that a palimony suit was in the making.

Mitchelson, variously referred to in the legal profession as the great white shark of palimony, shyster to the stars and an empty suit, is the man who shepherded the land-

mark *Triola vs. Marvin* case through the courts. He lost that case on appeal and most of the similar suits he pursued thereafter, but in the process, he created a new field of law for wanna-be celebrities: palimony, a cross between alimony and payola. He now convinced Carrie that she could parlay her years with Hef into a lucrative, high-profile lawsuit.

On February 11, Mitchelson called a press conference in his plush Century City offices to announce that he had, that morning, filed suit in Los Angeles County Superior Court on behalf of his client Carrie Leigh, demanding \$5 million of Hef for breaking his promises to marry her, have children with her, purchase her a home in Malibu and support her for the rest of her life.

Seated next to Marvelous Marvin behind a bank of microphones, looking a little scary in a black dress with a neckline that plunged to her lawyer's desk, Carrie played the role of a lifetime while Mitchelson referred to the event as a "photo opportunity."

In response to a question about Jessica Hahn, Carrie announced that she had been "instrumental" in the breakup but refused to elaborate. The mere implication of a Hefner-Hahn affair became headline news.

"Utter nonsense," Hef replied. "To support the claims in this lawsuit, Carrie would have to perjure herself. The level of fabrication in her accusations is almost funny."

A reporter asked Carrie, "Don't you consider five million dollars for five years a little greedy?"

As if she anticipated sympathy for five years of Mansion pampering, Carrie answered, "Not for the life that I've lived, no, I don't."

Then she upped the ante to \$35 million.

The increase, Mitchelson explained, was intended "to dissuade [Hefner] from maintaining his long-enjoyed practice of seducing teenage girls, supporting them for a few years and then discarding them."

"But, in this case, who really did the seducing and discarding?" Hef wondered.

*USA Today* sought reactions from Hef's previous live-in lovers. Barbi Benton, Sondra Theodore and Shannon Tweed, the paper reported, "gush about his generosity, kindness and honesty. . . ."

"Some pals fear public jealousy could affect the palimony trial," the paper continued. "'A lot of people would love to see Hefner get it, because he's had it good for so long,' says Tweed. 'I'm not sure there is an unbiased jury for him.'"

"Others are not concerned. 'Carrie isn't going to get a dime,' says Theodore. 'There are too many people who'll get up on the stand and tell the truth—she's a bad seed.'"

"I think people are pretty perceptive," [Hef says.] "The way I treated her and the way she treated me all translate into very



*"My son was saying you give great head."*



human terms." He smiles."

The press did not disappoint him on this occasion. "Hugh Hefner," *People* magazine observed, "has played Pygmalion to a pantheon of Playmates over the years, picking the comeliest from the pages of his magazine, then transforming them from mere pinups into living symbols of his *Playboy* philosophy. Showering them with money and furs, posing them before the finest photographers, offering them up for the attentive appraisal of Hollywood agents and producers, Hefner has shown his women how to turn T and A into taxable assets, so that when their tenure as First Bunny ends, they do not leave empty-handed."

Columnist Frank Swerlow of the Los Angeles *Daily News* remarked upon attempts to peddle her story to the tabloids in America and abroad, calling Carrie "the Lucrezia Borgia of Beverly Hills."

The plaintiff failed to carry even the female vote: Ann Gerber of the *Chicago Sun-Times* wrote, "Does she deserve the [millions] she's asking in palimony? She should pay Hef. She had the best clothing, entertainment, food and lodging in the world, access to the rich and famous, and now she can get a role in a steamy flick, pose for *Hustler* [and] bring out a line of Leigh Lingerie for Lovers. Leigh says Hef promised her a baby. Remember Barbi Benton, button-nosed beaut who enjoyed erotic needlepoint and kept Hef amused for years? They parted when she insisted on marriage and a child. Since Hefner fathered the ultimate woman, brainy stunner Christie, C.E.O. of Playboy Enterprises, why should he go back to the drawing board?"

Columnist Cindy Adams of the *New York Post* noted that Carrie was contemplating taking acting lessons. "Carrie wants us to believe Hef promised to marry her," wrote Adams. "She should give creative-writing lessons."

Even Jay Leno got into the act in his opening monolog as the host of *The Tonight Show*: "Where did this woman come from?" he asked. "Like, here is Hugh Hefner, a man who's had ten thousand girlfriends, and she thought he was going to settle down. She says he interrupted her career! Last night, I went out with a girl. She called today and said she's suing me for \$9000—I interrupted her career for four hours."

On March ninth, Hefner took the offensive with a countersuit and a press conference of his own. Providing a "photo opportunity" clearly intended to top Mitchelson's, Hef filled the living room of Playboy Mansion West to overflowing with members of the media. While flamingos stalked the lawn and bare-breasted beauties swam in the private lagoon, he proceeded to effectively dismantle Mitchelson and his palimony claims.

This lawsuit, Hefner charged, was "an orchestrated publicity stunt, and neither the plaintiff nor her counsel have, or rea-

sonably should have, any belief in the validity of the alleged causes of action. The only reason to initiate this action was to create public interest and media attention so as to maintain Mitchelson in the public eye, thereby increasing his ability to attract new celebrity clients, and to provide a spotlight for the plaintiff so that she might be able to profit by selling her story to the tabloids, magazines, movies or television."

In other words, Hef was pissed. He did not like being used as a launching pad for others' career ambitions. He was concerned about Carrie, but he felt that his personal reputation was being manhandled by Mitchelson and Leigh.

"Why not give Carrie \$100,000 and let her walk off into the sunset?" a reporter asked.

"I offered to help her. That's not what she was looking for," Hefner explained. "Someone like Mitchelson manages to convince a client that there's a case when there really isn't. What we're talking about here is the improper use of the judicial system . . . a quasi-legal attempt at extortion and celebrity. I want to put a stop to it."

Hef's attorney, Tony Glassman, had his say, and then the playboy of the Western world introduced the new woman in his life, Kimberley Conrad—beautiful, blonde and serene, as sweet as Carrie was seductive: Readers met her as the Playmate of the Month in the January 1988 issue and she is on this month's cover.

"I have always felt that my life was rather like a movie," Hef confesses. "But my relationship with Kimberley is better than any script."

Two weeks after Carrie's call from New York concluding their tumultuous four-and-a-half-year affair, this Alabama-born, Vancouver-bred beauty arrived from Canada to change his life.

"Kimberley was in Los Angeles for two days on a modeling assignment with Helmut Newton," Hef explains. "I was planning on screening a couple of French films, *Jean de Florette* and *Manon of the Spring*, for a few friends, and I asked her if she might be interested in watching them with me. She declined, but on the second evening, she joined us in conversation around the dining-room table after the film. We'd met several times before on stays at the Mansion during the shooting of her Playmate pictorial, but there had never been any suggestion of anything personal between us before that night. What I didn't know and could not have guessed was that this remarkable creature had been quietly falling in love with me—and I realized the same had been true for me. If this had been a movie, there would have been strings, and maybe a little Bobby Hackett horn. After that, a long weekend together was all that was required for us to know that this was something quite special."

"This is the best thing that has happened to Hef in a very long time," says Grabowski.

"Kimberley has turned his life around,"



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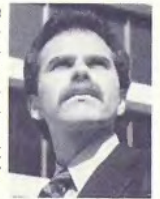
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says Loving. "She's like the sunshine after the rain."

When Kimberley moved in, she brought Leilynd, a golden Lab, Dior, a Doberman, and Spooky, a Burmese kitten, along with her other belongings.

"I already had two small dogs, a white Persian cat and a pair of parakeets," Hef says, "so we now have a veritable menagerie living with us in the master bedroom."

"The love of animals is just one of the interests we share. She likes old movies,

games and hanging out at home, just like I do. She's open, sincere and straight—just what I need at this point in my life. I've never been happier."

Kimberley describes her life with Hef at Playboy Mansion West as "paradise." Does the difference in their ages matter? someone asks. "I don't even think about it," she replies. "I adore him."

How can he throw himself into another romance so soon after Carrie? a reporter

wants to know. Most men would be more cautious after facing a multimillion-dollar palimony suit.

"I'm not willing to give up that part of my life," he admits. "That's simply too great a price to pay. I admit that I'm still the same romantic pushover I was when I was young. I don't want to change. I think what's important is that this time, I've picked the right lady."

Two weeks after the Mansion press conference, Mitchelson upped the ante again—this time from \$35 million to \$67 million—filing a \$32 million slander suit against Hefner, which was a source of great amusement at the Mansion.

"Pathetic," mused Hef. "This man files lawsuits the way the rest of us change our socks." To the press, he said, "Mitchelson should go back to law school. What he calls slander are the charges in our legal response and countersuit—and we fully intend to prove them in court."

It was not a good week for Mr. Palimony. On the same day he filed his latest suit against Hefner, Mitchelson was ordered by the Court of Appeals of the State of California to pay \$15,000 for prosecuting a "frivolous appeal" in a similar case.

In the decision of *Kurokawa vs. the Estate of Robert Beaumont*—which began as an unsuccessful palimony complaint—the court of appeals concluded that Mitchelson's client "never had the type of relationship she pleaded in her verified complaint or that she set forth in the claim filed in the probate court." The case was "replete with inconsistent conclusions and . . . allegations, cradled in opportunism." For his part in the action, the court ruled, Mitchelson would be assessed \$15,000 and would have to "share responsibility for the flood of lawsuits launched on gossamer-thin evidentiary support and warped analysis of applicable legal theories."

Six days later, nationally syndicated columnist Liz Smith wondered in print, "Isn't the beautiful Carrie Leigh having second thoughts about her multimillion-dollar palimony lawsuit against Hugh Hefner? Insiders think she now feels that attorney Marvin Mitchelson perhaps led her down the garden path, and she'd prefer to forget the whole thing, since very little public opinion has turned in her favor. But Hef is inclined to let her twist slowly in the wind."

Savoring sweet victory on the horizon, Hefner was actually inclined to forgive and forget. He was too happy in his new relationship with Kimberley to hold any grudges for the deceptions and betrayals of the past.

In early April, it was over. Carrie Leigh had suddenly decided to marry a young man named Cory Margolis, whom she had met in New York. Over Mitchelson's initial objections, she dropped her suit, and then Hef did the same. It was a victory for romantics everywhere, and a beaten but unbowed Mitchelson was free to pursue his next frivolous prosecution.



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*"College has given me the opportunity to grow physically, mentally and emotionally and to develop as a total person. The fact that I still can't read or write is no big deal."*



# LESSONS

(continued from page 116)

chicken breasts, sautéed in a white-wine sauce with fresh basil, garlic and onions, were a legacy of the French-cooking class. That was one that had left behind some lasting good. So had the spreadsheet course, which helped Karen get a promotion at the accounting firm for which she worked. But she hadn't even looked at the *épée* in the hall closet for at least three years. That was all right with him. They could afford it, and he'd come to look forward to his early-evening privacy. He started turning pages in his page turner, and the barking thunder of assault rifles made him stop worrying about his wife's classes.

He jumped at the noise of Karen's key in the dead bolt. By the time she got in, though, he was back to the real world. He got up and gave her a hug. "How'd it go?"

"All right, I guess. We're going to get a quiz next week. God knows when I'll have time to study." She said that whenever she had any kind of test coming up. She always did fine.

While she was talking, she hung her jacket in the closet. Then she walked down the hall to the bathroom, shedding more clothes as she went. By the time she got to the shower door, she was naked.

As he always did, Mike followed appreciatively, picking up after her. He liked to look at her. She was a natural blonde and not a pound—well, not five pounds—heavier than the day they got married. He wished *he* could say the same.

He took off his own clothes while she was getting clean and scratched at the thick black hair on his chest and stomach. He sighed. Yes, he was an increasingly well-fed bear these days.

"Your turn," Karen said, emerging pink and glowing.

She was wearing a teddy instead of pajamas when he went back into the bedroom. "Hi there," he said, grinning. After a decade of living together, they did a lot of their communicating without words. She turned off the light as he hurried toward the bed.

Afterward, drifting toward sleep, he had a thought that had occurred to him before: She made love like an accountant. He'd never said that to her, for fear of hurting her feelings, but he meant it as a compliment. She was as competent and orderly in bed as out, and if there were few surprises, there were also few disappointments. "No, indeed," he muttered.

"What?" Karen asked. Only a long, slow breath answered her.

Their days went on in that regular fashion, except for the occasional Tuesday when Karen came home with bits of icing in her hair. But the magnificent chocolate cake she did up for Mike's birthday showed she had really gotten something out of that class.

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to send her to Chicago for three weeks. "We just got a big multinational for a client," she explained to Mike, "and fighting off a take-over bid has left their taxes screwed up."

"And your people want *you* to help straighten things out?" he said. "That's a feather in your cap."

"I'll just be part of a team, you know."

"All the same. . ."

"I know," she said, "but three weeks! All my classes will go to hell. And," she added, as if suddenly remembering, "I'll miss you."

Typical, thought Mike. But he wasn't too annoyed. He knew Karen was like that. "I'll miss you, too," he said, and meant it; they hadn't been apart for more than a couple of days at a time since they'd been married.

The next Monday morning, he made one of love's ultimate sacrifices—he took half a day off from his engineering job to drive her to LAX through rush-hour traffic. They kissed in the unloading zone till the fellow in the car in back of them leaned on his horn. Then Karen scooped her bags out of the trunk and dashed into the terminal.

While she was away, Mike did a lot of the things men do when apart from their wives. He worked late several times; going home seemed less attractive without anyone to go home to. He rediscovered all the reasons he didn't like fast food or frozen

entrees. He got horny and rented *Behind the Green Door*, only to find that few things were lonelier than watching a dirty movie by himself.

He talked with Karen every two or three days. Sometimes he'd call, sometimes she would. She called one of the nights he stayed late at the office and, when he called her the next day, accused him of having been out with a floozy. "'Bimbo' is the Eighties word," he told her. They both laughed.

Just when he was eagerly looking forward to having her home, she let him know she'd have to stay another two weeks. "I'm sorry," she said, "but the situation here is so complicated that if we don't straighten it out now, once and for all, we'll have to keep messing with it for the next five years."

"What am I supposed to do, pitch a fit?" He felt like it. "I'll see you in two weeks." From his tone of voice, she might have been talking about the 21st Century—and the late 21st Century, at that.

Another thing for a man to do is hug his wife silly when she finally gets off the plane. Mike did it.

"Well," Karen said once she had her breath back. "Hello."

He looked at his watch. "Come on," he said, herding her toward the baggage claim. "I made reservations at that Szechwan place we go to, assuming your flight would be an hour late. And since you were

only forty minutes late—"

"We have a chance to get stuck on the freeway instead," Karen finished for him. "Sounds good. Let's do it."

"No, let's have dinner first," he said. She snorted.

The world—even traffic—was a lot easier to handle after spicy pork and a couple of cold Tsing-Tao beers. Mike said so, adding, "The company doesn't hurt, either." Karen was looking out the window. She didn't seem to have heard him.

When they got back to the condo, she frowned for a few seconds. Then her face cleared. She pointed to Mike's fish tanks. "I've been gone too long. I hear all the pumps and filters and things bubbling away. I'll have to get used to screening them out again."

"You've been gone too long." Mike set down her suitcases. He hugged her again. "That says it all." His right hand cupped her left buttock. "Almost all."

She drew away from him. "Let me get cleaned up first. I've been in cars and a plane and airports all day long, and I feel really grubby."

"Sure." They walked to the bedroom together. He took off his clothes while she was getting out of hers. He flopped down on the bed. "After five weeks, I can probably stand waiting just about another fifteen minutes."

"OK," she said. She went into the bathroom. He listened to the shower running, then to the blow drier's electric whine. When she came back, one of her eyebrows quirked. "From the look of you, I'd say you could just barely wait."

She got down on the bed beside him. After a while, Mike noticed that long abstinence wasn't the only thing cranking his excitement to a pitch he hadn't felt since their honeymoon and maybe not then. Every time, every place she touched him, her caress seemed a sugared flame. And he had all he could do not to explode the instant she took him in her mouth. Snakes wished for tongues like that, he thought dizzily.

When at last he entered her, it was like sliding into heated honey. Again, he thought he would come at once. But her smooth yet irresistible motion under him urged him on to a peak of pleasure, and then to a place past that. Like a thunder-clap, his climax left him stunned.

"My God," he gasped, stunned still, "you've been taking lessons!"

From only a few inches away, he watched her face change. For a moment, he did not know what the change meant. Of all the expressions she might put on, calculation was the last he expected right now. Then she answered him. "Yes," she said, "I have. . ."

The law-for-nonlawyers course did not go to waste. A couple of months later, she did their divorce herself.





## ASPEN WHEN IT'S HOT

(continued from page 114)

for intellectuals, dedicated by Albert Schweitzer, as well as about a festival a week between June and September. Name a topic—food and wine, llamas, ballet, music, hot-air balloons, photography, arts and crafts, saving wildlife—and Aspen probably has a festival for it.

Aspen's range of choices makes it easy to find something for most tastes—unless you find variety stressful. That's the reason the locals think it's better when the weather's warm: In the winter, it's ski or shop. In the summer, it's, well, just about anything that goes with gorgeous scenery. And there's no dearth of entrepreneurs to help you make the pick: professional outfitters with whimsical names ranging from Blazing Paddles (rafts and kayaks) to Blazing Pedals (mountain bikes) to Blazing Trails (back-country jeep tours). The list of things to do is endless, so, rather than natter on like a waiter at one of Aspen's tony restaurants, let me offer a few of my favorite topics and observations—personal and, no doubt, eccentric—culled from summer visits over the past few years.

### 1. Nobody's fat in Aspen.

Title of a song, and too, too true. Nowhere have I seen a fitter, better-looking group of human beings. Most seem to be blond, and you see one beautiful body after another jogging along the mountain trails. The sun, the clean air, the sweat on those taut thighs produce so much sexual energy that if it could be bottled, the publisher of this magazine would have to find another business.

### 2. Everybody should be fat in Aspen.

If everyone ate as well as he could, that is. Exhibit A: At Gordon's, the chef arranges to have his herbs and lettuce grown in a special greenhouse down Roaring Fork Valley—God forbid they should wilt on the flight in from L.A. The menu is wildly eclectic—Kick Ass Swordfish is a signature dish (it's cooked with tequila)—and exotic seasonings show up in unexpected places, such as on your duck *confit*. Save room for dessert, too. It's prepared by Gordon's wife, Rebecca, and her Heath Bar cake can induce sweetness trauma.

If Gordon's is booked, starvation does not automatically follow. Aspen has about 80 restaurants. Try the new Pinons, the casual Grill on the Park, Abetone or Poppies Bistro. About ten miles away, in the sister village of Snowmass, Chez Grandmère and Krabloonik are worth a special trip. Best Aspen dining story of 1988 (so far): A rich New Yorker likes Aspen so much that he recently persuaded the owner of his favorite Manhattan restaurant to open a branch in Aspen so he shouldn't be without during vacation. That's why there's a Mezzaluna in Aspen—not the best restaurant in town,

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but the pasta and the pizza are fine. Can Spago and Lutèce clones be far behind?

3. *Shop till you drop.*

I know that sounds unreasonable, but I'd rather shop in Aspen than in either New York or Los Angeles. OK, there are only 16 art galleries, plus three crafts stores, nine jewelers and three stores carrying nothing but clothes for children. But you can also pick up moose-antler chandeliers and kayaks. You want a white ski suit with leopard-print inserts and a matching handbag for your girlfriend? Head for the Stefan Kaelin ski shop and take your Platinum card. Not only is the selection of goods around town impeccable but you don't have to contend with rude salesclerks, buzzers on the doors, steel grates on the windows and other charming features of shopping on Madison Avenue. Prices are high, but so is the quality. And in summer, the good stuff is often on sale.

4. *So you're a country-club kind of guy?*

Try The Snowmass Club in the summer. Picture yourself in a lounge chair beside a pool. A golden-haired teenager in tight tennis shorts and a tank top is peering at you through her regulation-issue Vuarnets, waiting to take your order. You blank out momentarily from oxygen deprivation. When you come to, you're staring out across the golf course to the snow-capped spire of Mount Daly. Your piña colada arrives, and you decide that you must call Continental Express airways and move your flight back to next Tuesday, or next October.

During the summer, The Snowmass Club is my favorite place to stay in Aspen (actually, it's in Snowmass). The food has had its ups and downs, but everything else is exceedingly pleasant—not what you'd expect from a mountain spa. There are 13 tennis courts, a golf course and a sort of

Ralph-Lauren-goes-skiing decor that's soothing.

It's far from the only place to stay in the area. Some prefer Aspen itself, and the downtown place to beat is the Hotel Jerome, a cowboy version of New York's Plaza hotel, renovated last year (for about a zillion dollars) to a state of unabashed Victorian splendor. The Sardy House is Aspen's idea of a simple bed-and-breakfast inn, while the Aspen Ski Lodge has a touch of Eurostyle in the Rockies. The Snowflake Inn has gentler prices, plus the requisite pool and hot tub. Again, the fact that summer rates are in effect adds a lot to their allure.

5. *Rocky Mountain high notes.*

The Aspen Music Festival is now in its 40th year, and it's as good as they come. This distinguished festival and associated music school bring a swarm of top-notch performers and students to town for nine weeks every summer. Sitting under the big white tent on a summer's afternoon while The Aspen Festival Orchestra has a go at Beethoven or Dvořák is pure pleasure. Every day, the streets are filled with student soloists, impromptu brass trios and string quartets. Restaurants invite them in to play for dinner guests. Favorite moment: Last year, I was sitting under the tent on a July afternoon. Conductor Kenneth Jean was about to cue the orchestra for the opening bars of Earl Kim's *Where Grief Slumbers*, a song cycle set to poems by Rimbaud and Apollinaire. The opening words of the first song were "Listen to it rain," and as the soprano sang the first note—you guessed it—a brief, furious downpour. Every eye lifted heavenward. Magic.

6. *Leavin' on a jet plane. . . .*

Sardy Field, Aspen's local airstrip, is barely bigger than the deck of an aircraft carrier, but on busy days, it seems to have more take-offs and landings than O'Hare.

Lots of those planes are making regularly scheduled hops from Denver, but plenty more are the private Learjets and Gulfstreams of the ultrawealthy. They are the toys that really separate the men from the boys, and just watching their steeply angled take-offs over the valley provides a vicarious rush of adrenaline. Look for the custom paint jobs, which mean that the jets are privately owned, not merely rented. Last year, a wealthy retailing titan landed his private 727 at Sardy Field. It was the biggest plane ever to touch down there. The owner and his friend got off, checked on the progress of the 20,000-square-foot house they're building in town, had lunch and flew out again that afternoon. Roger.

7. *No movie-star-home maps available. Yet.*

Red Mountain, a smooth, treeless slope on the side of the valley opposite the ski lifts on Aspen Mountain, is aswarm with 8000-square-foot chalets that sell for a cool \$6,000,000 or so. (One local real-estate guide divides its listings between those that sell for more than and those that sell for less than \$1,000,000.) Leon Uris, Barbi Benton, Jack Nicholson, Glenn Frey, Goldie Hawn, not to mention the fella with the guitar, Mr. Rocky Mountain High himself, all have homes there. Also Rupert Murdoch. Didn't we mention that this was a progressive town? Why isn't Murdoch in Palm Springs, where he belongs? Is something happening? Watch your local tabloid for signs of taste.

8. *The cops drive Saabs in Aspen.*

Yes, cute white ones with flashing lights on top. The handsome, invariably mustachioed local gendarmes stroll around town in the summer in jeans, cowboy boots and baseball caps. Cool or what?

9. *The hike to the Maroon Bells.*

Aspen sits at the head of the Roaring Fork Valley, and just to the south are some of the tallest mountains in Colorado, peaks that top out at more than 14,000 feet. The best-known local spires are the triple summits of the Maroon Bells. Their raw, exposed faces of crumbly rock soar nearly straight up from the surrounding meadows. These peaks form the backdrop for those cereal ads with John Denver and for countless other commercials.

A hike from the parking lot at the top of Maroon Creek Road to Crater Lake, at the foot of the Bells, will take about an hour, and you should start early in the morning. When you get to the lake, set out a picnic. If you and your companion happen to be city folks, the little creatures who join you on the blanket may look like mice, but they're not. They're chipmunks, they live there and they like you. It's all too cute for words, but it happens to be real. Now take out that bottle of Moët et Chandon, pour it into the two glasses you stuffed into your knapsack and drink a toast to Aspen in the summer. There's nothing quite like it.



"Oh-oh, I think this contest is already history."





## LORDS OF THE FLIES

(continued from page 86)

letting it straighten out, then driving it forward at just the right moment with a slight haul so that slack line will shoot effortlessly out over the water to land in a straight line some 60 or 70 feet long. After a short drift and mend, the angler will pick up the line and do it again. When it is right, it feels the way it does when you drive a golf ball perfectly, catching it with the sweet spot on the club so that you are almost unaware of the impact.

After the beauty of the rivers and the fish, the satisfactions of the equipment and the flies and the pleasurable activity of casting, it does not seem that there could be much more. But that is all merely the fishing, and, as an eminent angler once said, paraphrasing Izaak Walton, "The least important thing about fishing is fishing."

There are other pleasures in fly-fishing that are as vivid as lunch on the bank of a stream, with a bottle of chilled white wine. There are companions, some of them lifelong, with whom you share only angling. There are hours spent in shops or with catalogs during the off season or evenings spent reading from the considerable literature on the sport.

Anglers look upon their sport as something more than a pastime or a hobby. To them, it is a calling. And they make a record of their progress, their findings and their growth. To be a fly-fisherman, you don't have to be prepared to write a book, merely to risk trying something that you may find irresistible. In the end, as Arnold Gingrich once said, "Fly-fishing is just about the most fun you can have standing up."

### LEARNING

The traditional way to learn how to fly-fish is to grow up with it, being taught a little more each season by your father or some other figure of authority. Lacking that, there is commercial help. Twenty years ago, the first formal fly-fishing school was organized by The Orvis Company to attract fishermen from New York and Boston to Manchester, Vermont, home of the company's retail store. The school was a tremendous success. "It took us all by surprise," says Leigh Perkins, president of Orvis.

Now the Orvis schools are an institution. Drive through Manchester on an afternoon in late spring or early fall, and you will see the students out on the lawn, next to the store, waving their rods and sending their lines out over the ponds that are stocked with trout. Before graduating, the students will fish the Battenkill, perhaps the toughest river in the East. For information, call Orvis at 802-362-3900.

There are many fishing schools in the West, but if you had to choose one, it should be the school Mike Lawson runs for one week out of Elk Creek Ranch, near the Henry's Fork of the Snake River in Idaho.

Lawson is a large, friendly man who has guided many prominent fishermen on the Henry's Fork and has taught some celebrated novices, including Don Johnson and Harrison Ford. His shop, Henry's Fork Anglers in Last Chance, Idaho, is a meeting place for anglers.

Lawson's one-week program includes instruction by himself and Mel Krieger, arguably the world's foremost casting coach. There are float trips on the local rivers, including the Henry's Fork and the Madison. The instruction covers everything and the fishing water is the finest in North America. Lawson can be reached at 208-558-7525.

Lee and Joan Wulff's school in Lew Beach, New York, is another first-rate clinic. Wulff is one of the grand figures in American angling and his wife, Joan, is a tournament caster. They can be reached at 914-439-4060.

L.L. Bean, Inc., conducts clinics in Maine and elsewhere. These schools are under the supervision of Dave Whitlock, an innovative flytier and angler. The L.L. Bean number is 800-341-4341.

Also, the Fenwick Company, maker of an excellent line of rods, conducts The Fenwick Western Fly-Fishing Schools not far from Yellowstone Park. Call 714-897-1066 for information.

Any of these schools will get you over the initial awkwardness of trying to simultaneously wade a stream, spot a fish, check for insect activity and make a delicate, accurate cast with a nine-foot graphite rod.

### SUBLIME STREAMS

Thousands of miles of rivers, creeks and streams in North America hold trout—and salmon—but some hold more and are easier to fish or have more tradition associated with them. These are considered special by anglers. Here are some of America's premiere streams.

The Beaverkill (and Willowemoc Creek) in the Catskills of New York. Only a two-and-a-half-hour drive from Manhattan, these are quality fishing waters and the birthplace of much of the American angling heritage. Theodore Gordon—the godfather of American trout fishing—once cast over these waters. The fishing is still very good because of regulations that prohibit the killing of trout or fishing with live bait. There are lovely, small Eastern waters that suffer only from crowds and the proximity of a major highway. With a little work, you can get away from both, fish out the evening May-fly hatch on Sunday and still make it back to the city for some Chinese food before bed and work in the A.M.

The Ausable in the Adirondacks of New York. Another fine freestone river, this one in more rugged, distant and less-populated country than the Beaverkill.

The Au Sable in Michigan. A gentle, fertile stream that flows out of the low cedar country of Michigan through the old timberland and into Lake Huron. The Au

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Sable has a gravel bottom with weed growth and a heavy population of aquatic insects and trout. The river flows through Grayling, a picturesque town founded during the logging days.

The White River in the Ozarks of Arkansas. This is probably the southernmost quality trout stream before you reach the Andes. The water in the river remains constantly near the optimum for trout, since it is all dam-released. That means you can fish for trout in Arkansas when the streams elsewhere are covered with ice.

The Firehole in Wyoming. If Dante had been a fly-fisherman, this would have been his favorite stream. Fed by the same geothermal system that accounts for Old Faithful, this Yellowstone Park river remains warm very late in the year. In October, it is common for insects and snowflakes to mingle in the air. The trout feed hungrily on the insects.

The South Platte in Colorado. Despite the fact that it is near Denver, the South Platte is one of the best big trout streams in the country.

The Spring Creeks of Paradise Valley. Just outside Livingston, Montana, you can find several lethargic-looking streams meandering through the mountains. They are fed by underground sources, so they maintain a near-constant flow and temperature that are good for the insect populations and, hence, the trout. Ultimately, that is good for the fisherman. He can spend a wonderfully productive and relaxing day in the shadow of the Absarokas, fishing Armstrong, Nelson or DePuy creeks.

There are, of course, dozens of other streams. The Green in Wyoming. Hat Creek in California. The Big Hole in Mon-

tana. The Umpqua in Oregon. Silver Creek in Idaho. The Alaskan rivers. The rivers of the Canadian Maritimes for Atlantic salmon. And then, as the angler raises his sights, he will see the rivers of Patagonia, New Zealand, Norway and Scotland. So many rivers and so little time.

#### PLACES ALONG THE WAY

Except when in the stream, fly-fishermen like to hang around with other fly-fishermen. (In the stream, they become misanthropic.) In the old days, Manhattan editors, account executives, bankers and brokers who were obsessed with fly-fishing would spend their lunch hours at the old—and now defunct—Abercrombie & Fitch store, where they would commiserate over the flies and the rods, occasionally taking one of the latter up to the roof, where they would practice in the 50-foot casting pool.

If you fish, you will want to stop by such places as these along the way.

Antrim Lodge in Roscoe, New York, near the junction of the Beaverkill and Willowemoc. This small country inn established in 1890, where anglers ate, drank and slept, is worth a stop for the memories.

Judith Bowman's rare-book business specializes in angling titles, including first editions and signed copies. Her latest catalog covers angling, hunting and natural history. You can write for it in care of Judith Bowman, Bedford Village, New York 10506.

Martin Keane deals in classic cane rods and other collectibles. You can reach him at P.O. Box 888, Stockbridge, Massachusetts 01262.

The American Museum of Fly Fishing in Manchester, Vermont, has on display

such items of interest as rods owned by Hemingway and Eisenhower. They also have a large collection of good art. Winslow Homer, among other artists, found the trout a challenging subject.

There is almost certain to be a tackle shop near most major trout streams. Some are better than others. At the better ones, there will likely be a fly-tying bench, a telephone you can use, a place to sit and read a magazine, abundant free advice and things for sale. The Gates' Lodge in Grayling, Michigan, is such a place. So are George Anderson's Yellowstone Angler just outside Livingston, Montana, and Craig Mathew's Blue Ribbon Flies in West Yellowstone. In Jackson, Wyoming, you should stop in at the Jack Dennis Outdoor Shop, which features sporting goods of all sorts and an extensive collection of excellent contemporary art.

Finally, the fly-fisherman who wants to put some distance—physical and spiritual—between himself and the daily routine will want to commit himself to one of the many lodges designed for that. The air will be clean, the nights quiet and full of stars. The food will be good and hearty, and there will be something stronger than white wine when he is thirsty. There will be a big fireplace and wool blankets on the bed. Good fishing and good talk.

There are many such places, but any short list should include the following:

Steamboat Inn on the North Umpqua River in Steamboat, Oregon, is Valhalla for steelhead fishermen.

Lone Mountain Ranch in Big Sky, Montana, is a year-round operation that features cross-country skiing in the winter and horseback riding and fishing in the summer. Its proximity to Yellowstone and several first-class trout streams account for much of its appeal. The food accounts for the balance.

Falcon's Spencer Lake Lodge outside Bangor, Maine, may be the pinnacle of *haute sport*. This is the old fly-in sort of arrangement brought up to late-20th Century standards of comfort and service. It is the sort of place Charles Ritz (a famous fly-fisherman) would have established in the Maine wilderness if he had not been busy running his own hotel in Paris.

One final recommendation for fly-fishing for trout. It seems to make conservationists out of those who are passionate about it. You cannot wade in a clear, untainted stream, catching fish and returning them to the water, and be indifferent to the possibility that it may be poisoned for some dubious economic advantage or by simple indifference. For all of its immediate payoffs and the many ways in which it satisfies the senses, fly-fishing for trout has a way of making the angler consider the future and commit himself to the oldest and best hope of all—renewal.

You can't ask more than that of any sport.



"Excuse me, John. Is that your beeper or mine?"





# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### A REASON TO TERRY

**W**hat's white and shabby and hanging behind your bathroom door? The same old buddy with a ripped belt loop and a torn pocket that you've been wrapping your after-shower body in for years. OK, but your terrycloth robe isn't that bad, you say. Sure, fella, tell *that* to the pool attendant. Towels with arms

have escaped from the back-of-the-door hook and emerged as swim cover-ups that make a stylish statement all their own. There are ample looks to choose from, including white terries with contrasting piping, reversible and hooded models, bold stripes and bright patterns. But the bottom line is that a terry robe is a towel to go—with pockets. See you at the pool.



Above left: The easy elegance of a cotton terry/velour robe, by Neri Del Ponte, about \$300. Center: A luxurious hooded cotton terry/velour awning-striped maxilength robe with a large button-tab-collar closure, by Bill Blass, about \$90. Right: Striped for action in a cotton hooded robe with an absorbent terrycloth lining, \$95, and matching terry-lined cotton beach pants, \$35, both by Caulfeild for F.B.P. Marketing.



# S U P E R S H O P P I N G

Fan-tastic is about the only way to describe the new Boca Raton—model ceiling fan with a seven-foot blade span of broadcloth silk strung to fiberglass fishing rods that rotate on two bicycle-sprocket hubs. Three light fixtures are available, in four color combinations, by Casablanca Fan Company, City of Industry, California, \$1500. Without the light, \$1250.



The Marantz RC-20 Programmable Remote Remote Control memorizes commands from most infrared remote units. Its 60-function keyboard controls TV, VCR, compact disc player and tuner/amplifier or receiver, \$99.



The condom has come of age, and now there are elegant cases in such exotic skins as alligator, crocodile, ostrich and buffalo in which you can carry your French letters, all from Luc Benoit, New York, \$80 to \$200.



An attaché with panache! The front panel of this elegant Italian-made 16" x 12½" cowhide case folds down to become a suede-lined lap desk that includes compartments for credit cards, magazines, etc., plus a portfolio file for daily records and places for pens and pencils, from T. Anthony, Ltd., New York, \$525, in brown or black leather.





Shabooms ceramic AM/FMs are a blast from the past, with colors, designs and shapes recapturing the great golden age of rock and roll, when radio truly rocked around the clock. Each of these Fifties-style radios operates on one nine-volt battery and comes in a funky gift box, from Leadworks, Solon, Ohio, \$60 each.



Three sleek halogen lights, designed by Gabriella Montaguti, include a Graal model 65"-tall adjustable floor lamp (left), \$560, a similar Graal desk lamp (center) that rotates 360 degrees, \$360, and a Lancillotto floor lamp (right) with a brightness regulator, \$400, all from Thunder & Light, New York. Nifty!

A perfect addition to picnic basket or tackle box, this neat folding utility knife includes a 3 3/4" blade, a corkscrew, a



screwdriver, a bottle opener and an ice pick that doubles as a marlinespike, by Mouli, Belleville, New Jersey, \$15.



Sharp's 3ML100 LCD TV, shown in its actual size, provides amazing picture clarity on its 3" screen with more pixel picture dots than any other tiny TV. It's pocket-size, portable and runs on a dry-cell, a car or a rechargeable battery or A.C. current, about \$600.



## Tunnel Vision

The Boss, **BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN**, takes a quiet moment with an audience, *not* unusual on his Tunnel of Love Express concert tour. Says Bruce, "I knew I was going to do something thematically different . . . to break with the past a little bit." Visionary.

PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC



## She's Got the Whole World in Her Hands

Well. Anything we can tell you about actress **MICHELLE CARLISLE** pales next to this photo. If you still happen to be reading, you can see Michelle at the movies in *Ninjas Are Us* or *Dragnet*. Do we know how to salute summer, or what?

## A Is for Amy

Actress **AMY HABERMEL** is quite a dish. You've seen her in *Personal Foul* and *Another Chance* on the big screen and in Levi's television commercials. We think you're seeing her here at the top of her form. Amy's grade is a perfect ten.



© VAN ROOYEN LONDON FEATURES INT'L



## Extending the Range

**BRUCE HORNSBY's** recent album, *Scenes from the Southside*, rolled up the charts, while he and his band, the Range, are rolling through a U.S. summer tour. Catch the action.

© 1988 MICHAEL LYNNE

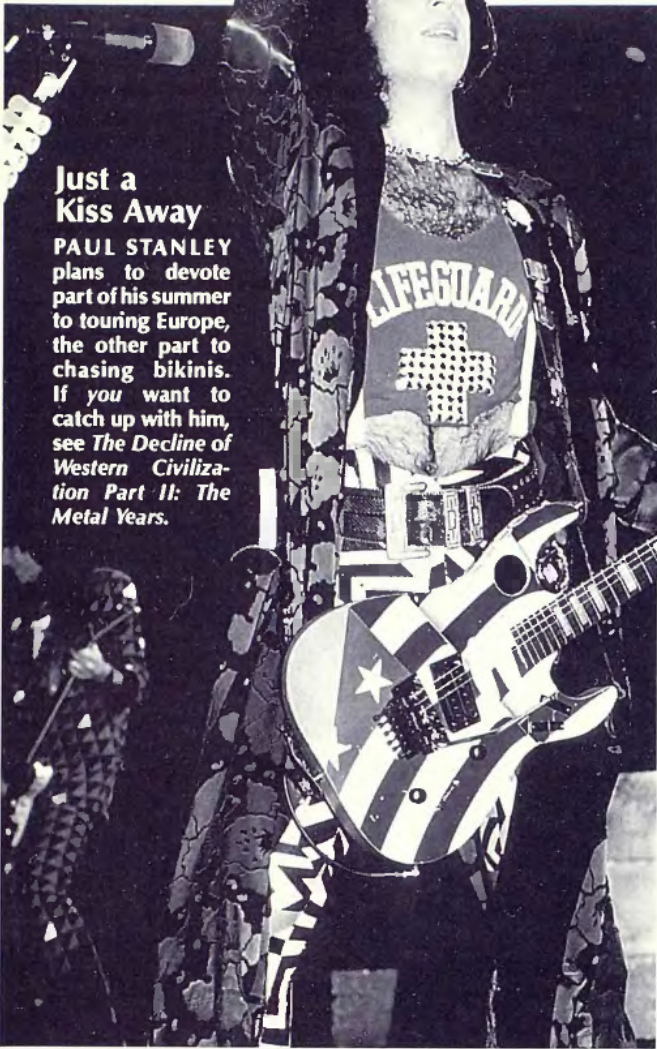


## A Peek into the Bateman Archives

JUSTINE BATEMAN is a knockout, and the dress isn't too shabby, either. Get ready for one last season of *Family Ties*, then the Keatons retire to syndication heaven. Don't worry about Justine; more movie projects follow. Little Mallory's all grown up.

## Just a Kiss Away

PAUL STANLEY plans to devote part of his summer to touring Europe, the other part to chasing bikinis. If you want to catch up with him, see *The Decline of Western Civilization Part II: The Metal Years*.

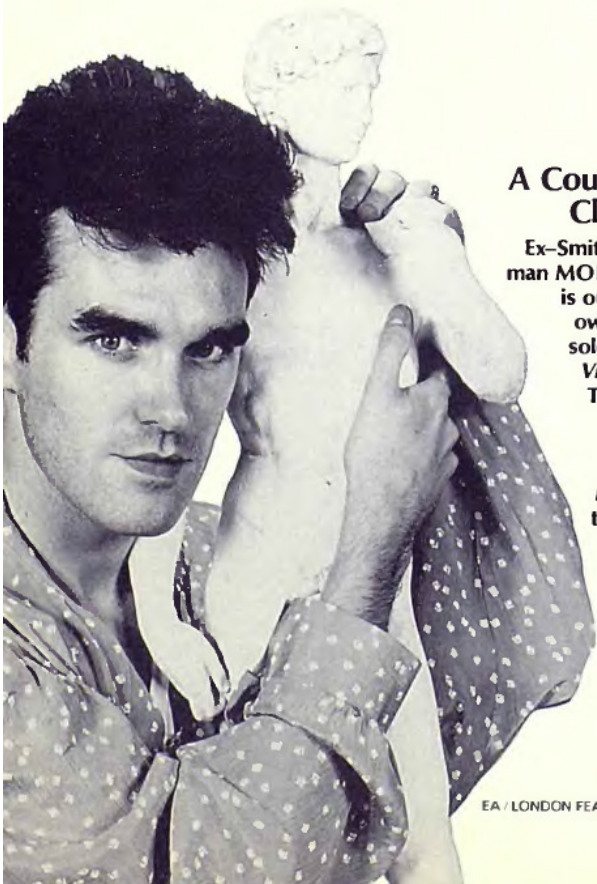


© NICK CHARLES

## A Couple of Classics

Ex-Smiths' front man MORRISSEY is out on his own with a solo album, *Viva Hate*. The video for the single *Suedehead* is a tribute to James Dean. Morrissey's music is offbeat, but go for it, anyway.

EA / LONDON FEATURES INT'L



© SCOTT DOWNIE / CELEBRITY PHOTO







**FOR SWINGERS ONLY**

The Royal Viking Line has just raised the anchor on a series of golf cruises being offered through December on a number of its top vessels. Ports of call are all over the map and, depending on your ship's itinerary, will include Copenhagen, Dublin, Barbados, Rio and other destinations dear to the heart of the dedicated duffer. While ashore, you'll have a shot at such world-class links as St. Andrews, Gleneagles, St. Thomas' Mahogany Run and Rio's Gavea Golf and Country Club. On board, there'll be clinics, lessons and celebrity golfers to keep you in the swing of things, plus plenty of time for kibitzing at the 19th hole. Since the lengths and the prices of the cruises vary from \$3134 to \$12,272 per person, double occupancy, you'll want to contact Royal Viking Line, 750 Battery Street, San Francisco 94111, for all the details.

**FIVE STARS OVER COLORADO**

Not long ago, winners of Mobil's coveted Five Star Award assembled at The Broadmoor resort in Colorado Springs (itself a Five Star winner) for a gala black-tie weekend of nonstop entertainment. While no new winners were announced this year, representatives from 31 hotels, resorts and restaurants were present, including our favorite Shangri-la, Tall Timber, a luxurious hideaway outside Durango, Colorado, reachable only by railroad or helicopter. Mobil Guides are \$8.95 each. A good buy for when you're going bye-bye.



**GOING SOLO**

Solo Sports Video in Dana Point, California, makes videos for people who hate spectator sports—and we're not talking about a backwoods game of Gotcha. Serious surfing, skate- and snow-boarding, skiing and bicycling are just some of the subjects that the daredevils at Solo Sports shoot; for example, for \$52.95, its video titled *Impact Zone* is as fine a film on windsurfing as you'll probably ever see. A call to 800-233-6625 will get you a catalog.



**SEE SHELLS TO COLLECT**

Remember the old joke about going to the beach and having your clam digger give out? If that happens to you, just borrow one of your girlfriend's Body Shells and keep digging. A Body Shell, as you may have guessed, is the lightweight acrylic top pictured here that comes in a variety of colors from black and white to periwinkle and teal. Hutchie de bôdie, Inc., 201 30th Street Drive Southeast, Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52403, sells the Shells in two sizes—medium (shown) and large, for \$20, postpaid. Shells with 24-kt.-gold trim are \$32 a pair. When she's not playing mermaid, they also look great with an open shirt or an evening wrap.



## VINTAGE MM

It stands to reason that a wine named Marilyn Merlot would be called by some learned oenophiles "the best full-bodied red of 1987." But this limited bottling, from the Nova Wine Partners in Napa Valley, California, is no joke. The wine is 95 percent *merlot* grape, five percent *cabernet franc*. MM fans will wish to fork over \$12 just for the label. (Yes, the wine has the approval of Marilyn's estate.) At this time, Marilyn Merlot is available only at upscale vino emporiums in California and New York. A very good reason for a trip to the Coasts.



## PARTY TIME!

In case you didn't recognize him, that's Christian Dior dressed as the king of beasts for the *Bal des Rois et Reines* held in Paris in 1949. Fun, eh? And he's just one of the many international thrill seekers to whom you'll be introduced in *Legendary Parties* (Vendome Press), a coffee-table hardcover by Prince Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge that's a bash menagerie of glitzy galas held between 1922 and 1972. Fifty dollars is your entry fee. Onward, into the night! Let the good times roll!



## BRIEF STORY

Little wonders never cease. Just when you think that you've seen every possible type of furniture ever created for the executive suite, along comes something new—The Original Executive Briefcase Chair. It's a pint-sized hardwood model only 16 inches tall at the seat, adorned with a personalized brass medallion, that's the perfect height on which to rest a briefcase. Dawson Alliants Corporation, P.O. Box 250227, Atlanta, Georgia 30325, sells the Briefcase Chair for \$85, postpaid. And if you're a little Mr. Big and not *too* heavy, you can also sit on it.



## A BREAK FOR THE PRISONER

Remember *The Prisoner*, that allegorical TV series starring Patrick McGoochan as Number Six, a man who resigned his top-secret job only to be kidnaped and taken to a mysterious village? To celebrate the show's 20th anniversary, there's going to be a reunion in Wales. A stamped, self-addressed envelope sent to The Prisoner Appreciation Society, P.O. Box 172, Hatfield, Pennsylvania 19440, will get you information on the reunion and how you can join the society.



## RIDIN' 'EM DOWN UNDER

Aussie fever continues, and if you're an able-bodied horseperson and you hurry, you may still be able to sign aboard The Never Never Outback Ride, a two-week adventure that includes a five-day camping trip on horseback, boating on the Great Barrier Reef and much more for only \$3900, including air fare from Los Angeles and all meals and drinks on the ride. The Never Never Outback Ride, P.O. Box 987, Malibu, California 90265, is where to write for more details. And ask for the catalog of neat Aussie products, too.





# NEXT MONTH



BORN AGAIN



ARISTOTLE LIVES



SEXY MACHINES



COKE KING

**"GOLDWATER"**—EXCLUSIVELY IN *PLAYBOY*, ONE OF THE MOST RESPECTED SENATORS OF RECENT TIMES HAS HIS SAY ABOUT **MCCARTHY, IKE, J.F.K., NIXON AND REAGAN** BUT SAVES HIS BEST SHOTS FOR TODAY'S POLITICIANS AND MEDIA MOGULS—BY **BARRY GOLDWATER** WITH **JACK CASSERLY**

**"NOUVELLE BIBLE BELLE"**—SNEAK A PEEK AT THE **JESSICA HAHN** JIM BAKKER NEVER SAW. ONE GLIMPSE AT THE NEW JESSICA—IN RARE FORM—AND WE'RE SURE YOU'LL AGREE SHE'S HEAVEN ON EARTH

**TRACEY ULLMAN** OFFERS ADVICE TO **TAMMY BAKKER**, DISCLOSES THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY'S LOVE SECRETS AND REVEALS HER FOOLPROOF METHOD FOR FLUSTERING **DAVID LETTERMAN** IN AN OUTLANDISH **"20 QUESTIONS"**

**"A MODEL YEAR"**—DON'T MISS OUR PREVIEW OF ELITE'S 1989 CALENDAR *EXTRAORDINAIRE*, FEATURING THE HOTTEST SUPERMODELS IN THE WORLD

**"CONDOMS AND COLLEGIANS"**—FIND OUT WHAT STUDENTS THINK ABOUT PROPHYLACTICS (AND WHAT THEY DON'T DO WITH THEM) IN AN EXCLUSIVE CAMPUS SEX SURVEY—BY **JANET LEVER**

**"PICTURE THIS"**—WHAT IF ARISTOTLE CAME TO LIFE WHILE REMBRANDT WAS PAINTING HIS PORTRAIT? WITNESS THE MIRACLE OF TRANSFORMATION WROUGHT BY **JOSEPH HELLER**

**"THE MAN WHO WOULD BE COCAINE KING"**—**CARLOS LEHDER** ADMIRERED BOTH **JOHN LENNON** AND **ADOLF HITLER**, AND MADE THE *FORTUNE* LIST OF RICHEST PEOPLE AT THE AGE OF 38. HE ALSO BUILT THE VIOLENT GANG SAID TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR MOST OF THE COCAINE SMUGGLED INTO THE U.S. A COMPELLING REPORT BY **HOWARD KOHN**

**BRUCE WILLIS**, *MOONLIGHTING*'S BAD BOY, TALKS ABOUT *CYBILLING* RIVALRY, HIS BARROOM-BRAWLING DAYS AND HOW FATHERHOOD IS ABOUT TO CHANGE HIS IMAGE IN A RACY **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**PLUS:** OUR ANNUAL PRE-SEASON PRO-FOOTBALL FORECAST BY **GARY COLE**; **"GO TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS,"** BACK-TO-CAMPUS CATALOG FASHIONS BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**; A LOOK AT SOME OF EUROPE'S MOST INTRIGUING CARS SOON TO HIT OUR STREETS; A VISIT FROM **LITTLE ANNIE FANNY**; AND MUCH MORE



**THE RICHER TASTE OF MYERS'S RUM  
ALWAYS COMES THROUGH.**



If your Rum and Cola tastes like you forgot to add rum, try Myers's Original Dark Rum. Its deep, rich Jamaican flavor always comes through. Of course, Rum and Cola is just one of many drinks that Myers's Rum can improve. For our free recipe booklet write Myers's Rum, FDR Station, P.O. Box 1645, New York, NY 10150.

**MYERS'S RUM. THE TASTE WON'T MIX AWAY.**

MYERS'S RUM. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY THE FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. BALTIMORE, MD. © 1986.



# VANTAGE

ULTRA LIGHTS

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

5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



*ULTRA TASTE PERFORMANCE  
IN AN ULTRA LIGHT*

